

KENTUCKY *Karnel*

Vol. LXXXIII, No. 118
Friday, March 6, 1981

An independent student newspaper

University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky

Cats shocked by Vandy; suffer 60-55 loss in SEC

By JOHN CLAY
Sports Editor

BIRMINGHAM, Ala. — The first six minutes were paradise. Ahead 10-0 the Kentucky Wildcats looked earmarked for a blowout. But in this wild and crazy Southeastern Conference tournament there are no blowouts, only upsets.

And last night, Kentucky — fresh off its biggest win of the season — watched a possible murder turn into a suicide.

The Vanderbilt Commodores upset the seventh-ranked Wildcats 60-55 in the second round of the SEC tournament at the Jefferson Civic Center.

Earlier in the day, Mississippi upset Tennessee 81-71 and Georgia knocked off Alabama 88-80. Now it was Vanderbilt's turn.

"They just threw us for a loop," said UK coach Joe Hall.

The Wildcats jumped to a 10-0 lead before the Commodores finally got their first basket with 13:02 left in the first half. But the paradise was short lived.

"Once we started scoring that was the key," said Vanderbilt coach Richard Schmidt. "Even though we couldn't score we knew we were still in the game because Kentucky was having trouble scoring."

So the Commodores awoke with a start. Five minutes after Vandy's first basket the score was tied at 17.

"That 10 point lead just flattened us out," said Hall.

What looked like a mismatch was now a game. And it wasn't Kentucky's.

With the score tied 27-27 at halftime, Vanderbilt slowly built a small lead in the second half until Kentucky finally recaptured the lead at 42-41 with 9:03 left — the Wildcats only lead in the second half.

The Wildcats had a chance to stretch that advantage to three when forward Charles Hurt stole a pass at mid-court and barreled for an apparent dunk. But the shot missed and Hurt was called for charging.

"I thought that was the turning point," said Hall.

Continued on page 7

Kentucky may gain time on university desegregation

By BILL STEIDEN
Senior Staff Writer

and The Associated Press

Kentucky may gain a temporary reprieve in formulating and enacting desegregation proposals for its state universities as required by the U.S. Office of Civil Rights.

U.S. Secretary of Education Terrel H. Bell, addressing the American Association of State Colleges and Universities Wednesday, said the Carter Administration may have acted too quickly on the desegregation issue, and said he wants to reopen negotiations with Kentucky and seven other states affected by desegregation suits.

The states, including Alabama, Delaware, Florida, Missouri, Pennsylvania, South Carolina and West Virginia, were notified near the end of President Carter's term in January that their public colleges and universities retained vestiges of illegal segregation and required them to submit desegregation plans

within 60 days.

Bell, speaking in Washington, told the presidents that he was "trying to weigh philosophically" the Reagan Administration's stand on the college desegregation cases.

The Louisville *Courier-Journal* reported yesterday that members of the Kentucky Council on Higher Education, a subcommittee of which is developing the plan for submission to the council at a March 11 emergency session, were not yet sure of the implications of Bell's statements.

UK President Otis Singletary, in Birmingham yesterday for the Southeastern Conference tournament game between UK and Vanderbilt University, could not be reached for comment, but UK Vice President for Administration Donald Clapp said he had "thought all along that (the required desegregation proposals) were on a really tight turntable."

Clapp declined to speculate on the effects of the possibility that Bell might renegotiate the OCR order.

Donovan Scholars display talents

By BEN VAN HOOK
Staff Photographer

They peer in the door with looks of apprehension — almost always wearing smiles. When they see someone they know, the wrinkles disappear from their brows and they touch each other and say "hello."

These people — Donovan Scholars — are a group of students over age 65 who attend the University tuition-free. They have gathered at the Student Center for a talent and craft show.

Casually, they chat about their experiences since their last meeting. One lady mentions that she is serving on a jury downtown and that when she sees a young man, like the photographer in the back of the room, it reminds her of the boy that is on trial to be sentenced to ten years in prison. She says she can't send him to jail. Having children of her own makes that decision an easy one.

Another lady says she wants to go on another field trip — she likes those. But lack of funds might restrict future trips, according to one Donovan Scholar.

A man rings a bell and everyone becomes quiet. The man then asks if any one knows of any Donovan Scholars that are ill and not in attendance.

There are none.

Bernice Beers is first on the program. As Beers shows fabrics from other lands, the people in the back strain to hear and see. Some stand to get a better view. They are very attentive, hanging on to every word, with ears that are receptive as children's.

Next is 74-year-old Alton Porter. He's been playing the violin for about 60 years. As he pleases the audience with four selections, his foot continuously taps out the beat. Some people clap to the music, others just close their eyes and reminisce about earlier times. Porter earns a hearty round of applause with his sense of humor.

Last to perform is Mildred Holwerk who sings two songs accompanied by Dr. Jessica Davidson on the piano. Again, some in the crowd close their eyes and clasp their hands together. Others smile and hum along.

At the end of the program they all linger about and talk of things they are doing these days. One by one, they bundle up in their coats and go out the door looking forward to the next Donovan scholars get-together.



Mary McMurtly, age 82, cuts down the glare while watching one of the performances.



Donovan Scholar Bernice Beers applauds as Alton Porter finishes up his violin solo.



Porter's 60-year-old violin case wears a rich patina of age.

Photographs by
BEN VAN HOOK
Kernel Staff

Proposed cuts in Medicaid program would affect Med Center

By JOHN LITTLE
Senior Staff Writer

State and possible federal budget cuts in the Medicaid program may reduce the number of days a patient will be covered on the health service from 21 to 10.

"We can't absorb the funding cuts," said Peter Bosomworth, vice president of the Albert B. Chandler Medical Center. "We have absorbed all that we can do."

The Medicaid program provided health care for 4,572, or 36 percent, of the patients at the Med Center in fiscal year 1979-80, Bosomworth said.

Bosomworth said 38,110, or 26.8 percent, of the total days of care were covered by Medicaid. Of the \$11.6 million revenue the Med Center received that year, 23.2 percent was from Medicaid.

Bosomworth said if the number of days Medicaid covers is reduced from 21 to 10, 20 percent of the people now using the program will be forced to pay the rest of the hospital costs

themselves.

"If the cuts are implemented on April 1, 1981 as proposed we will have a loss of \$50,000 to \$600,000 for the rest of this year," Bosomworth said. "And currently we are expecting between a loss of \$2.5-3 million for next year. This would be a reduction of the days factor alone."

He said the state is considering four other budget cuts which would affect state hospitals. They are:

- Not reimbursing hospitals with occupancy below 60 percent. "This would not affect us (the Med Center) because we run at an 80 percent occupancy rate," Bosomworth said.
- Only paying for surgery authorized by the Kentucky Department of Human Resources.
- Not reimbursing hospitals for weekend days of care. This does not apply to emergency patients, Bosomworth said, adding, "This might affect us but I don't have a dollar figure on it."
- Not paying for plastic and reconstructive surgery. Bosomworth

said the facility does not perform much of that type of surgery.

"The biggest factor that would hurt us would be the reduction in days," Bosomworth said. "The patients who are most likely to be affected are those in the residential unit (where the average length of stay is 21 days); some O.B. (obstetrics) deliveries."

"There are some complicated deliveries where the patient has to be hospitalized before and after the delivery — people suffering from sprains or trauma and pediatric patients with complicated and complex problems."

Another area where the budget cuts might affect the hospital is with the possible leaving of some of the doctors. "It depends on the consequences of the cuts. If they affect the kind of services that we are now providing it could have a negative effect on our capacity to retain physicians," Bosomworth said.

Many people criticize Medicaid for the large increase in the number of people using the program. "This is a

misconception. The number of beneficiaries is stable," Bosomworth said.

"The people have changed," he said referring to the income level of people in the program, "but the number has not."

Bosomworth said Medicaid costs have increased principally because of the "expansion of nursing home costs. It has risen at twice the level of hospital care."

Nursing home costs have risen, Bosomworth said, because "there has been a significant increase in nursing homes constructed. Also, approximately 70 percent of the people in nursing homes are covered by Medicaid."

"We (Kentucky) have one of the highest percentages in the country. Nationwide, only 43 percent of the people in nursing homes are covered by Medicaid."

"In Kentucky there are not any other alternatives (to caring for the elderly) except for institutionalization," Bosomworth

said. He said it would be cheaper if Kentucky could provide a way for the elderly person to stay at home and for programs such as Meals on Wheels and Home Health Care to assist them.

"We have to figure out a way to have people stay at home and have better services provided," he said.

According to Bosomworth, Kentucky is starting to implement more programs designed to help the elderly person live at home. "Human Resources' Secretary (Grady) Stumbo is giving priority to keep funding for state programs that do this, and I support him."

For every tax dollar received from the state, the federal government pays \$2, Bosomworth said. "We have to find out if the state can make up the difference, or if further cuts will

be needed," he said.

"Whether we can continue to care for patients we are now caring for is now in analysis. We are going to have to examine services and admissions policies."

"We are just at the beginning, and it will get worse."

inside

Contributing columnist Neil Fields examines sexism in the media. See page 2.

The UK Placement Service is offering a series of lectures to familiarize minorities with their operations. Story page 5.

outside

Weather in the Bluegrass area should remain clear and cold for the weekend. Highs today will be in the mid-40s with temperatures dropping into the teens tonight.

Weather alert

In March, UK students could again face dangers of becoming frostbite victim

By LINI KADABA
Reporter

Despite the rush of recent spring weather, the winter season is not over and neither is one of its ills — frostbite.

"It can affect anyone. Children can get it while sleighing," said Jane Duncan, safety specialist at the Lexington Chapter of the American Red Cross.

Frostbite is the formation of ice crystals, superficial or deep, in the fluids and underlying soft tissues of the skin. It occurs when the skin tissue is exposed to low temperatures for prolonged periods of time.

"The victim is frequently not aware of frostbite," Duncan said. Just before frostbite occurs, the af-

ected area may appear flushed, and the victim may feel intense cold and numbness. "Though initial pain may occur, it quickly subsides," he said.

As frostbite develops, the skin tissue turns pale and glossy, assuming a white or grayish-white tinge.

"In a superficial case, the surface skin appears and feels waxy, but the tissue underneath remains pliable," said Charlie Parrish, a resident physician in emergency medicine at the Albert B. Chandler Medical Center.

"If the frozen area goes deeper, the section will be hard, like a piece of wood, and large blisters will appear," he continued.

Students are fairly conscious of their dress, Parrish said. "In my opinion, students dress warm in

general. But, there's always the possibility of slipping and falling in a puddle of water, and not thinking anything of it."

Among students, Parrish said runners are the most susceptible. "Often they just throw on a sweatshirt," he said.

In treating frostbite, Duncan and Parrish both recommended rapid rewarming of the affected area. The section should be immersed in or sponged with 105 or 110-degree water until a healthy color returns to the skin.

Duncan gave the following precautions:

- Do not apply hot water bottles or dry heat, such as heating pads and electric blankets.
- Do not place the victim near

stoves, fireplaces or radiators.

- Do get a tetanus shot, if blisters appear.
- Do not break the blisters.
- Do not attempt to walk if the feet have been frozen, since thawed tissue is highly susceptible to infection and injury.
- Do get immediate medical attention, once frostbite is determined.

Parrish provided two theories for causes of frostbite.

According to the crystallization theory, water in the tissue freezes, causing damage. The other theory says the water, after freezing in the tissue, causes blood vessels to constrict in the affected area, preventing sufficient circulation.

Parrish warned against the myth

Continued on page 5



editorials & comments

The Kentucky *Keruel* welcomes all letters and opinions. Letters and opinions should be typed, triple-spaced and include name, residence and proper identification including UK ID for students and UK employees. Letters should be limited to 200 words and opinions and comments to 800 words.

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Jacki Rudd Day Editor					Dan Clifford James Flynn Staff Artists

'Tuck-in' services grow in popularity, recalling the good ol' days

WASHINGTON — What's been the rage on college campuses this winter? Getting tucked into bed. Though it may sound like the makings of a sleazy prime-time show, late-night tucks are now the stuff collegiate dreams are made of.

As warmer temperatures quicken the pace of campus life, students are still hot about the idea of being tucked into a cold bed.

The "college tuck" doesn't necessarily recall the protective knit that mom and dad used to give us at bedtime.

At Yale University, for example, one dormitory council features over 30 different kinds of bedtime delights, ranging from your basic "tuck-in and goodnight kiss" to a "fantasy tuck" that features women with whips and chains who spirit the

customer on to the dreamland of his choice.

Of course, tucking isn't just for men. One college boasts a "barbershop quartet" with four chorists who arrive after midnight in red vests and seersucker jackets. They shave a female customer's legs, run through a few songs, and hit the lights on the way out.

Can tucking ever get out of hand, as some might suspect? You betcha. A service at New Hampshire's Dartmouth College fell apart after one student complained that her tucker wouldn't leave after all was said and done.

According to the founder of Dartmouth's short-lived Big Green Bedtime Service, just as visions of sugar plums danced in one student's head, visions of something else began to dance in another's.



"It was a story, a stuffed animal, and then the tuck-in," said the enterprising Dartmouth student who somehow fell into a lengthy conversation with one customer. "I merely leaned over for a second kiss and was promptly booted out."

Dartmouth would prefer to forget the whole affair. But what began as Pillow Talk, Inc. at the University of Maryland months ago has led to similar services at the Universities

of Iowa, Indiana and Oregon.

Alas, there is no free tuck. Most of the tuckers we talked to reported that 50 cents buys a whole range of services. But at the University of Kansas, inflation has struck: a tuck-in will cost you \$3.50.

Admittedly, a good tuck-in the 1980s isn't all the different from the romantic serenades of the 1950s, when fraternity brothers sang lullabies from the street. Today, psychologists might brand the fad as a "substitute for mother love," when it's really just an innocent way of saying good night, all things considered.

Yet, it is true that many college students arrive at college with their teddy bears, only to leave without them. While they may miss mom and dad for a few months, many soon find substitutes to keep them company.

Titles and pronouns — such as the she/he controversy — are easy to catch. More deeply rooted sexism, however, finds its way into printed copy, undetected by editors and readers. As long as the underlying sexism remains, women are doomed to second-class citizenship.

Susan B. Anthony had the problem solved when she wrote, "Until women own some of the presses, we're condemned to see and view the world as men see it." But until women own more presses, immediate solutions are needed.

Enter the public. Readers need to be aware — if they aren't already — of sexist journalism. Question and complain. Journalists are not exempt from making errors, and there's always room for improvement.

Embarrassingly enough, sexism is alive and well at UK. "The area of beauty and erotic love is largely women's domain," the 1979 textbook *Sociology* reads. It continues in another section: "Nor do women suffer from the same pressures to achieve that haunt men in our society. Although women may strive to reach the top of their profession, there is little shame or failure in achieving only moderate success. Most women do not suffer from career syndrome."

Contemporary *Economics* reacts of sexism. Ironically, when addressing "price discrimination," the text reads: "However, he (the buyer) can

enlarge his total receipts considerably..."

H.W. Janson's *History of Art* is a classic in itself. The text carries nothing about women artists. Worst of all, it's still being in introduced

to women and men.

Moreover, sexist journalism and sexist textbooks are reinforcing the stereotype that "boys will be boys and girls will be girls." Sickening, isn't it?

No wonder parents are worried. It's not a long way, sweetheart, from "tuck in" to "get in."

As far as tuck-in services go, one wonders where clean college fun stops and an abbreviated escort service begins.

But let's face it. A good night's tuck-in isn't just for kids anymore. It could do a lot of single adults some good, too.

With 40 percent of all marriages currently ending in divorce, some college tuck-in services might consider expanding their clientele.

We can see it now: branch offices at airports and hotels, and listings in metropolitan newspapers.

What about some of these tucks? Can they be far behind?

* "The Just-Divorced Tuck" — offered only in the early evening, this delight would be administered by an

upperclassman who brings your supper and tells you how great it is to be young and single.

* "The Grandfatherly Tuck" — geared toward older gentlemen, this special would feature female students with hot toddlers, promoting alumni activities.

* "The Empty-Nest Tuck" — for both singles and married couples, this would call for two baby-faced freshmen running around the house in flannel nightgowns. No more quiet nights at home without the children.

There could be a tuck for everybody. But we can't guarantee that a good night's tuck-in would get you through the next day.

Maxwell Glen and Cody Shearer are nationally syndicated columnists working out of Washington, D.C. Their column appears every Friday.

Sexism is perpetuated by subtly biased, irresponsible journalism

By NELL FIELDS
Contributing columnist

Movies, television programs and advertisements rarely portray women accurately. And somehow the public tolerates it.

Television programs show that 27.7 percent of the American population is female, according to the United States Civil Rights Commission. Half of those are teenagers who wear skimpy clothes and wiggle a lot. Other women have no real identities or roles (such as Edithunker, Louise Jefferson). The working women are almost exclusively homemakers, secretaries, nurses or teachers. And who has ever seen a bad-looking woman on TV?

Certainly such media myths are not believed, though the same stereotypes haunt us constantly. Even the great defender of truth, the newspaper, falls into the guilty category.

A distinguished journalist recently noted that a few years ago many American newspapers might have carried a story reading: "Margaret Thatcher doesn't look the part, but this glorious mom of twins has bedded her apron for a fling in British politics."

Fortunately, such obvious sexist statements have changed. Though, sexist journalism hasn't disappeared altogether. Many news stories still assume maleness.

Alma Graham of McGraw-Hill contends that newspapers still demean women but in more subtle ways. "Journalism says that Rosalynn Carter is good, Bella Abzug is bad,"

she said. "The stones continue to condemn the women in politics, and praise the women married to politicians."

Sexist journalism was so rampant that the Associated Press revised its 1977 style book to remedy the problem. Under the "women" entry: "Women should receive the same treatment as men in all areas of coverage. Physical descriptions, sexist references, demeaning stereotypes and condescending phrases should not be used."

Consider these items, some of which were easy mistakes, found in recent newspapers:

"When a student is sent to the testing center by a department chairman..." (Only men chair departments?)

"In short, the loser is the breadwinner..." (There is no breadwinner commission protecting this guy, no government agency saying he can charge his employer 48 percent more for his services.) (Women are breadwinners, too.)

"SCB Concert Committee co-chairman Carla Geros, said she..." (Though the man had a knife, she (the victim) managed to get away with only a small cut on her face.) (The sentence implies that a small cut on the face by a man with a knife doesn't rate with really traumatic experiences like attempted rape.)

"A UK student reported she had been assaulted in front of the UK Law Library while jogging last Wednesday evening." (Reported? She was assaulted, why doubt her now?)

"Until women become secure in

their desires and goals, men are destined to become less secure in their relationships with women." (The same old theme: blame the woman.)

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letters to the editor

All contributions should be delivered to 114 Journalism Building, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. 40506. The *Keruel* reserves the right to edit for grammar and clarity and to eliminate libelous material, and may condense or reject contributions.

Sickening

In a time when black people have been wantonly murdered in more than one U.S. city, the answer to the Brubaker case seems obvious: reinstate Brubaker and fire every employee who saw that poster and didn't register a complaint against the sickening person who passed it out.

Martha Hawes
Graduate student

Way to go, Brubaker

I just have a few things to say, just to get them off my chest. Way to go, Brubaker! I'm really glad to see that some of UK's racism has backed off. Do you all now see how some of these white people that skin and grin in your face are just waiting for you to turn halfway around so they can stab you? (Brubaker's back must be killing him!) I think it's really... what word do I want to use... let's see... STUPID for somebody to "backstab" another person of the same race because of what he advocates and/or appreciates in another race. In this case it's white "screwing" white because one white (you could say) took up for a black person who was being jeered behind his back.) And now Mr. Brubaker has to stand up to the humiliation of being called a liar and cheat by his own race. How's that for a flip of the disc? Well, good luck, Brubaker!

Along those same lines, I'd like to comment on the cartoons drawn above the article "Cheating Incidents on the Rise." To me these look like black people! You could have easily put a fair-haired (straight haired, small lips) white person in your cartoon, don't you think? It gives people the wrong impression even before reading the article. When you read the article, you look back on these cartoons and apply the whole article to blacks. I personally don't appreciate this at all. It's like adding insult to injury by first reading the Brubaker article, and then looking down and seeing two black people cartooned with the article heading underneath reading, "Cheating incidents on the rise." You editors should take into consideration that there are more than just black people who could take the brunt of this idiotic satire. Why don't you use the white race for a while? (I wonder how the Official Runnin' CRACKER Target would look?)

Sorry if I hurt some feelings... but what goes around comes around! I'm not alone in saying that I'm pretty tired of people insulting me because I'm not of the white race. Then again, I'm not black either. So figure that one out! Meanwhile, watch who you make fun of next time!

Ms. Rosie Sales
Department of Medical Technology

Systems failure

It seems that in his article "Return to Real Capitalism..." (March 5) Dana Pico says that capitalism is our professed economic system which leads to people who work hard getting their share, and those that don't getting nothing, which leads to "the rich getting richer and the poor getting poorer." I find it hard to believe that the overall goal of our economic system has deteriorated from what should be the primary goal of any economic system — meeting basic human needs — to a system which by definition perpetuates a class system.

How are the poor to rise up from their poverty, work or no work, if their government will not support them? Anyone can go to school, but it still takes money. The rich can have their fathers pay their way, but the poor, without help from the government, would have to work while going to school. (If you think that's feasible, you try it.) But he says that it is expected, maybe even desired, that the poor always get hurt. He doesn't realize that without education, a poor man can do no better than a poor man's share. I don't think that Reagan is in favor of perpetuating the lower classes, but I believe that it would be alright with Mr. Pico. Sure, there will always be the poor, but this does not release us from our moral obligations of helping them.

The people of the United States are not bound to any socio-economic system which is as exploitive as Pico asks for. All men, the poor included, are guaranteed the right to the pursuit of happiness, regardless of what their chances are of obtaining it. If a man cannot improve himself because of being exploited by capitalists, he is not the failure, the system is.

Paul Fargen
Mathematics junior

Vegetarians, unite!

Attention Kentucky vegetarians! I understand that the University of Kentucky does not have a student vegetarian organization. As vice-president of the Vegetarian Student Union at the University of Virginia, I would like to offer my assistance to any UK vegetarians who wish to start their own campus organization.

There must be plenty of vegetarians at Kentucky who would be willing to support such a group. If you are a vegetarian and you would like to help start your own local organization, please write to me at this address:

Vegetarian Student Union
P.O. Box 594
Newcomb Hall Station
Charlottesville, Virginia 22901

The Vegetarian Student Union, the only one of its kind that we know of in the South, is always happy to hear from vegetarians at other schools. I would really appreciate hearing from you.

Joe Armour
Vice President, Vegetarian Student Union
University of Virginia

Uncle Jim

For the reason of my captivity, (as part of your captive audience here at UK), I "have" to "react" to read the *Keruel*. While that no-other-choice matter prevails, I therefore "have" to respond to some of the latest dribble in your paper — which ought to be printed on yellow paper!

Like yourselves, though, I can't think of anything positive about the way you all have handled the news lately relating to black presence at UK. Today (March 3) — not to mention yesterday — I was bothered by the juxtaposition of the Atlanta kids killing story alongside the Brubaker "Runnin' Nigger Target" and the caricature of the "cheaters" who, to the discerning eye, were meant to be black people. Even if only one (the one on the right) is black, the implication is that fully half of the cheating on this campus is done by blacks. Finally, lest I forget my general belief in universal brotherhood, I want to say that I think that most of the garbage invented by humankind has been done so in the name of race, or as a "joke" to ridicule the reality of it. I found a poem by Countee Cullen (whom you do not know), which fits my feelings about being black at UK today. You're making Uncle Jim's analysis quite correct.

UNCLE JIM

"White folks is white," says Uncle Jim;
"A platitude," I sneer.
And then I tell him so is milk,
and the froth upon his beer.

His heart walled up with bitterness
He smokes his pungent pipe,
And nods at me as if to say
"Young fool, you'll soon be ripe!"

I have a white friend who eats his heart
Away with grief of mine,
Who drinks my joy as tipples drain
Deep goblets filled with wine.

I wonder why here at his side,
Face in the glass with him
My mind should stray the Grecian urn
To muse on Uncle Jim.

Copper Sun (1927)

Get to that!

Miss Patricia Madison
Business and Economics freshman

news roundup

compiled from
ap dispatches

State

Michael G. Kareu, a Louisville attorney and Reagan campaign worker, has been appointed deputy assistant secretary for multi-family housing in the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development.

The post pays \$50,100 and would put Kareu two ranks below HUD Secretary Samuel Pierce Jr. Kareu, 34, worked full-time for the Reagan campaign beginning in November 1979 in Kentucky. He moved to the national campaign staff several months later as an advance man.

Kareu previously had served on the staff of Louie B. Nunn's unsuccessful 1979 gubernatorial campaign.

Kareu said he has had experience in the housing field, as part owner of an Ohio construction firm and as an attorney who helped developers deal with HUD and the Farmers Home Administration.

Kareu said Wednesday he will be in charge of what's known as Section 8 and other multiple-family housing programs.

He has been associated in a law firm with former Jefferson County Judge Todd Hollenbach, Richard Belles and Ronald Bakus.

A prosecution witness testified in Frankfort yesterday that Larry Scott Johnson told him he set a fire at the Southern Hotel last Christmas because he felt he was "no good."

Johnson, 25, of Frankfort, is on trial in Franklin Circuit Court on charges of arson and murder stemming from the fire, which resulted in two deaths.

The small, curly-haired defendant, dressed in slacks and a sport shirt, sat quietly at the defense table as state police arson investigator Lowell Hamilton read a statement he said Johnson made Dec. 26.

According to Hamilton, Johnson said in the statement that he set fire to a trash can he set a fire at the Southern Hotel last Christmas because he felt he was "no good." and tried unsuccessfully to extinguish it by pouring half a jar of iced tea in the trash can.

Nation

A car crashed broadside into a school bus carrying day care students and several adults yesterday, killing the bus driver and injuring 21 others, police said.

The driver of the bus, JoAnn Stiles, 49, of Jackson, Michigan, was dead on arrival at Foote East Hospital in Jackson, said hospital spokesman Glen Scott.

Four people were admitted to the hospital, including Eleanor Watwood, 64, of Jackson, the driver of the car which collided with the bus, he said. Six passengers were treated and released and 11 others were being evaluated at the hospital, Scott said.

The bus, loaded with day care students and adults ranging in age from 9 months to 26 years, was struck near downtown Jackson, police said.

Witnesses pried open the doors of the school bus and helped remove the screaming children.

A gunman seized a Jettliner yesterday at Los Angeles International Airport, taking six people hostage and demanding \$3 million after the pilot and about 80 passengers escaped, authorities said.

Seven hours after the 9:30 a.m. takeover, five of the hostages had walked off the Continental Airlines Boeing 727, leaving a woman flight attendant captive, authorities said. No injuries were reported and no shots had been fired.

Four of the hostages came off at 1:15 p.m., and Continental spokeswoman Jan Harris said the last passenger was released at 4:15 p.m. Harris could not identify the woman, who came off the plane with an FBI agent, waving and smiling.

Continental spokesmen said the captive flight attendant, Barbara Sorenson, 35, of Chicago, is married and has been with the airline 13 years.

"The hijacker has demanded \$3 million," said Fred Farrar, a Federal Aviation Administration spokesman in Washington, D.C.

Immediately after the takeover, two FBI agents boarded the jet to negotiate with the gunman, who took off a ski mask he had been wearing when he seized the aircraft. He was described as a man about six feet tall and 40-45 years old, FBI agent Edgar Best said he spoke with a European accent.

The pilot and the rest of the cockpit crew all climbed down from the cockpit on emergency ropes before the gunman could confront them.

Police Lt. Dan Cooke said most of the passengers were able to exit safely because a stewardess spotted the hijacker's gun before he had made himself known. She slipped off the plane and called police.

The man was seated in the first-class section as passengers continued to board, Cooke said.

Acting on instructions from police, the stewardess returned to the plane, closed the curtain separating the first-class section from the remaining passengers, and began quietly alerting the coach passengers to leave the plane by the rear exit, the lieutenant said.

World

Afghan rebels, crippled by shortages of weapons and food, have largely abandoned a 14-month fight to oust Soviet troops from the countryside and are concentrating instead on the major cities, a reliable source in Kabul reported yesterday.

The report from the Kabul source said information reaching the Afghan capital indicates large numbers of Afghans in some northern and far-western areas of the country are dying of hunger. Food shortages are said to be especially acute in remote areas.

This, combined with a persistent inability to acquire large caches of weapons with which to fight the estimated 85,000 Soviet soldiers in Afghanistan, is driving the guerrillas into the cities, the source said.

The Kabul source said the food shortages have developed for two reasons. Money collected from Afghans and foreign countries by various groups of "Mujahidin," or Moslem freedom fighters, to buy food and weapons has never reached resistance groups inside the country.

The Soviets are using food as a weapon.

The Soviet Red Army has been in Afghanistan in force since December 1979, when a Soviet-backed coup toppled the government of Hafizullah Amin, who had been waging a losing battle against the Moslem rebels, and installed Babrak Karmal in his place.

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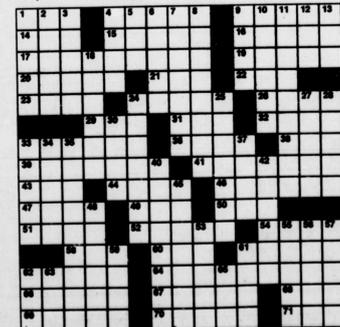
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'And that's the way it is'

Tonight is swan song for CBS newsman Cronkite; network executive claims change will not hurt

By TOM JORY
Associated Press Writer

NEW YORK — Walter Cronkite leaves CBS' "Evening News" tonight's broadcast, with the rival networks eagerly awaiting a tug-of-war for viewers no longer bound by loyalty to the anchorman recognized as one of the most trusted men in America.

Both ABC and NBC are mounting print and on-air campaigns promoting their own news programs. But no one would forecast an early end to CBS' 13-year reign as the No. 1 network in news after Dan Rather, a "60 Minutes" correspondent since 1975, replaces Cronkite on Monday night.

"I don't see any immediate change," said William J. Small, president of NBC News and a former

CBS News executive. "If it does come, it will be a matter of months."

The stakes are enormous, and both ABC and NBC — who have run almost neck-and-neck in second place since late in 1979 — are anxious to increase their evening news ratings at CBS' expense. A single rating point for the news can mean as much as \$7 million a year in advertising income.

Cronkite, who is 64, will remain with CBS News as a correspondent and anchorman for the network's new "Universe" science magazine.

CBS, certainly mindful of the competition for viewers about to ensue, emphasized in its own promotional campaign the 49-year-old Rather's experience and its own record of success.

"It's become a kind of event," acknowledged William Leonard, CBS

News' president and the man who picked Rather to succeed Cronkite.

"But I already know how Dan Rather will do. He's done the 'Evening News' 30 times in the last year, and what he looks like as anchorman will be no surprise to me. I saw him do it just a few days ago."

In fact, painters were ready to move onto the "Evening News" set Saturday to paint over Cronkite's beige background with a blue-gray deemed more suitable to Rather.

Rather himself insisted that whatever changes are made, they will be in substance, not superficial.

One thing is certain: Cronkite is leaving the "Evening News" as the pre-eminent figure in television journalism. A former United Press correspondent, he joined CBS News in July 1950 and took over as "Evening News" anchorman from Douglas Ed-

wards on April 16, 1962, with the broadcast still 15 minutes long.

"Walter has been a symbol of authority and responsibility, and all of us are grateful to him for that," said Frank Reynolds, anchorman for ABC's "World News Tonight." "He helped set standards for television news at a time when the business was vulnerable. A different person might have led us in a different direction."

As for Cronkite, whose closing line, "And that's the way it is," became a signal of assurance for nearly 19 million viewers each weeknight, the long-anticipated change will not be easy.

"I don't doubt that I am going to miss this a great, great deal," he said. "And I'm not sure that in six months, I won't say, 'I made a big mistake.' I don't think that will happen."

campus crime

WED. FEB. 25 — A wallet and money with a total worth of \$38 were taken from a first-floor room at the M.I. King Library. Sixty-two dollars in cash was taken from a room on the second floor of the Service Building. A wallet and money, worth \$30, were taken from the fourth-floor room in Haggin Hall.

THU. FEB. 26 — UK police arrested a Lexington man on a warrant for contempt of court and a Lexington woman for driving under the influence.

FRI. FEB. 27 — Campus police arrested a 59-year-old man for reckless driving — had been drinking, and warrants for second-degree bail jumping, operating on a revoked license and public intoxication.

SAT. FEB. 28 — A \$300 ring was among several items taken from the upper level of Memorial Coliseum. Five hundred dollars worth of camera equipment was taken from a third-floor room in Haggin Hall. Two UK students were arrested by campus police — one for driving under the influence and the other for public intoxication.

SUN. MAR. 1 — Wallets were taken from several dormitory

rooms. A total of \$99 was taken in thefts from rooms on the first floor of Blanding I, the fourth floor of Haggin Hall and the third floor of Kirwan I. Campus police arrested two people at Rupp Arena, charging one with disorderly conduct and the other with public intoxication. Two people were arrested and charged with driving under the influence and two others charged with public intoxication.

MON. MAR. 2 — Occupants of six first-floor rooms in Donovan Hall reported thefts. A \$50 battery was taken from a car parked in the red lot at Commonwealth Stadium. A \$150 bicycle was taken from the rear of McVey Hall. Two "A" parking signs, one handicapped zone sign and signs from Breckinridge, Kinkead and Bowman Halls were taken. UK police arrested a Lexington man and charged him with stealing a street sign.

TUE. MAR. 3 — A citation was given to the father of several children who were playing in the street. The citation was for "endangering the welfare of a minor." Police arrested a Lexington man and charged him with third-degree assault and loitering.

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'In sight'

Placement Service's lecture series designed to increase black students' use of facilities

By DAVID PAULEY
Staff Writer

To inform minority students of its purposes and services, the UK Placement Service is conducting a series of lectures. "In Sight," a three-part career outreach program, was created by Sondra Fields, a telecommunication senior and intern for the Placement Service.

Fields, who will serve as program coordinator for minority students for the Placement Service, said, "The program was started just from my

observations last semester that not many minority students used the facility."

She added, "A lot of these students are not aware of the facility — where it is and what it does."

Fields said the program will show the students the functions, services, and types of programs offered by the Placement Service.

The series began Feb. 19 with a lecture on "Career Planning and Utilization of Placement Service." Approximately 15 to 20 students attended the talk.

On March 25 the lecture will be

"Interviewing and Resume Writing" at 2 p.m. in the Student Center President's Room. "Tapping the Hidden Job Market" will be the lecture at 2 p.m., April 13, in 206 Student Center.

There are 795 minority students of UK's 23,130. This is 3.4 percent of the total enrollment.

These are the minority enrollment totals and the percentages of total enrollment for each classification:

- freshman — 247, or 4.9 percent of the total class size.
- sophomore — 155, or 4 percent.
- junior — 111, or 2.7 percent.
- senior — 87, or 2.1 percent.
- 5th year — two, or 1.6 percent.
- professional — 31, or 2.6 percent.
- doctoral — 32, or 3.4 percent.
- post graduate not working toward degree — 21, or 3.8 percent.
- non-degree undergraduate — 47, or 5.4 percent.
- transients and auditors: eight, or 4.2 percent.

Drema Howard, assistant director of the Placement Service, said, "There is a very great demand for minority students with the different companies coming in. They (the

companies) show a very great interest in talking to these students. "These companies cannot request whom they talk to, however; they must talk to any student regardless of race, creed and sex."

John T. Smith, vice president for minority affairs, said "most businesses, those with government contracts, usually have a provision giving access to all races."

He added that a business not under any government contracts usually feels it has a moral obligation to diversity its staffs. "Generally,

throughout most businesses an effort is put forth to diversify the staff. This shows that they are giving an equal opportunity to those qualified."

Smith said "in recent years blacks have been reluctant to use the Placement Service. We try to encourage minority students to use the Placement Service because it gives them the best chance of getting jobs."

"No student," he said, "is guaranteed a job through placement. Companies have their people come in and look for a specific person for a job."

Wet clothing, smoking and alcohol use may increase possibility of suffering frostbite

Continued from page 1 of "cold therapy," or applying snow or ice to the injured part. "It will only lead to more damage."

"Frostbite has become more common because of an increasing popularity for outdoor sports," he said.

"You can get frostbite at above-freezing temperatures," Parrish said, "if you get wet, and are then exposed to wind." He advised using extra caution when performing winter activities around water.

Parrish recommended always having an extra change of clothing. "If you do get wet, protect the area from the wind, and get indoors."

Fatigue, intoxication and recent illness can increase the risk of

frostbite, cautions Jean A. Seligmann in the Feb. 14, 1977 Newsweek article, "Frostbitten Winter."

"It can also develop within minutes — and if a person touches extremely cold petroleum or metal, it can be instantaneous," she said in the article.

If the victim cannot find shelter, he should try to cover the frozen parts of his body with extra clothing or blankets. "A warm drink will also help," Seligmann said.

Drinking alcohol and smoking are not advisable, she said, because alcohol causes a loss of centralized body heat, and smoking decreases bloodflow to the extremities.

To avoid gangrene (tissue death),

do not rub the affected area and do not thaw it if there is any chance of refreezing.

To avoid frostbite, Seligmann said, "The body as a whole must retain enough heat to supply warm blood to the extremities." Thermal underwear and wind-and-water repellent outerwear are suggested.

Because areas such as the nose, cheeks, ears, fingers and toes are highly susceptible, one should wear face, head, and ear coverings; an extra pair of socks; warm boots; and wool-lined mittens.

However, clothing should be loose and bulky, and footwear should not restrict circulation.

Phyllis George Brown at present uncertain as to her return to 'NFL Today' sportscast

By SY RAMSEY
Associated Press Writer

FRANKFORT, Ky. — Phyllis George Brown says CBS has invited her back on the "NFL Today" show for next September, but she does not know yet if she wants to return.

"They've picked up the sports option," Kentucky's first lady said in an interview.

She did not elaborate, except to say that this year — without overshadowing personal events such as childbirth and the transition to becoming a governor's wife — "I feel like I can handle" the CBS post.

Mrs. Brown, wife of Gov. John Y. Brown Jr., indicated she is more concerned at the moment with two immediate pet projects — raising money to renovate the governor's mansion here and promoting Kentucky crafts in New York — than about the nationally televised NFL show.

The show created some excitement and intrigue last fall.

For example, there was the out-of-studio fistfight between Brent Musburger and Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder in October.

And the time in December when Snyder made a comment about Mrs. Brown's husband, reducing the

former Miss America to tears.

"I told Phyllis I love you, I just hate your husband," he said, adding that the remark had to do with money in connection with his former public relations work for Brown.

Mrs. Brown seemed chipper Wednesday as she chatted casually in her office.

A few rooms away, her husband was spending hours with his aides and legislators trying to resolve the state's worst fiscal crisis in modern history.

The discussion of finances dampened part of the interview, with Mrs. Brown saying that the problems may be worse than people realize.

On her personal outlook, however, Mrs. Brown said that after a weight gain because of the birth of her first son, Lincoln Tyler George Brown, "I'm back to my size 10, comfortably."

And "Line," as the eight-month-old is nicknamed, appears to be on the verge of talking, according to his mother.

Mrs. Brown also has a new hairdo. She decided to cut herself bangs at 2 o'clock one morning, and the rest of her honey-colored hair is pulled back.

"I look exactly like I did in high school," said the 31-year-old native of Denton, Texas. "Well, almost."

And there was the good news that her Tennessee Walker mare, a gift from Brown months ago, gave birth this week to a filly the Browns have named Bonnie.

"Nobody knew she was in foal when John gave her to me," Mrs. Brownsaid.

KSU students march in protest

By DIANA TAYLOR
Associated Press Writer

FRANKFORT, Ky. — About 400 Kentucky State University students marched 1½ miles from the campus to the Capitol yesterday, chanting slogans of support for their school and calling on state officials to "stop playing politics so we can get back to the business of learning."

The students then stood in the rain for 90 minutes, listening to speakers who maintained that Kentucky State is being made a "whipping boy" by state government and the press concerning federal desegregation orders.

The U.S. Office of Civil Rights has told Kentucky that it must file a desegregation plan because the state's colleges and universities still have signs of illegal segregation.

The absence of such a plan could cost the state \$90 million in federal aid.

Under the order, the seven predominantly white universities in Kentucky are to speed integration of their facilities, staff and students. Kentucky State, historically a black university, is also to desegregate in

tack the quality of education at Kentucky State," the statement said.

"... It is our contention that Kentucky State's size increases the quality of education" because students can receive more personal attention from faculty members.

Darryl Niles, a KSU student who organized the march, stressed the university's potential for serving the community and the state. But he said the students "have to be unmotivated" if they are to learn.

"Don't question us through your newspapers," he said. "Come to us and ask" about the university's purpose or performance.

The students' statement maintained that KSU has been "the victim of oppressive policies by the powers that be" of the state of Kentucky. The results of the actions of some of these powers have stunted the growth of Kentucky State.

The state Council on Higher Education has stifled attempts to develop new graduate programs at the university, the statement said, and government policy has allowed KSU's programs to be duplicated by other state universities.

the state's desegregation problems, the students said, and singling out the university violates federal desegregation criteria.

In a position statement read by KSU senior Ron Culver, the students said federal criteria require that desegregation problems be addressed statewide, rather than on a school-by-school basis.

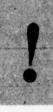
"Therefore, no one school, especially KSU, can be blamed for the state's desegregation problem," the statement said.

The students also made several references to recent action in a legislative subcommittee, where an effort was made, unsuccessfully, to recommend closing KSU and turning the campus over to the University of Kentucky.

At the time, the subcommittee was discussing budget cuts in higher education, and two legislators who supported the proposal said KSU has poor facilities, the highest per student cost in the state and is too small to be operated economically.

"As students, we are very concerned with recent allegations which at-

Kats



The Kentucky Kernel 210 Journalism Building, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. 40506, is published each class day during the spring and fall semesters and weekly during the summer session.

Third class postage paid at Lexington, Kentucky 40511. Subscription rates are mailed \$20/year, \$10.00/semester, \$5.00 for summer and one cent per year non-mailed.

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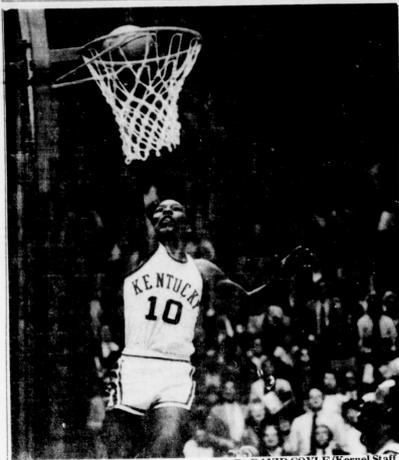
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By DAVID COYLE/Kernal Staff

Kentucky guard Dirk Minniefield completes a layup in a breakthrough during last Saturday's 73-71 thriller against LSU at Rupp Arena.

SEC Tournament roundup

Ole Miss, Georgia, lead upset parade

BIRMINGHAM, Ala. (AP) — Carlos Clark and Sean Touhy combined for a 17-2 spurt that put Mississippi in control as the Rebels upset 10th-ranked Tennessee 81-71 yesterday in the quarterfinals of the Southeastern Conference basketball tournament.

The Rebels will meet "under" tomorrow after the Commodores upset seventh-ranked Kentucky 60-55 in another quarterfinal yesterday. Ole Miss trailed 43-41 when Clark and Touhy started their streak.

Clark, who had nine of those points, opened it with a 15-footer that tied the game with 18:05 remaining and Touhy, with the other eight — his only points of the game — ended the streak on a drive down the lane that gave the Rebels a 58-45 lead with 13:56 remaining.

The Volunteers staged a rally behind the shooting of Dale Ellis, the game's leading scorer with 31

points. Tennessee (20-7), however sixth-place finisher in the SEC, to 14-13.

Dowell led the Ole Miss scorers with 22 points and Clark added 21. Elston Turner had 17 for the Rebels before fouling out with 4:26 remaining.

Howard Wood contributed 12 points for the Vols and Gary Carter added 10 before fouling out about midway through the second half. He was never able to get closer than six.

Cecil Dowell sank nine of 10 free throw attempts in the final three minutes to preserve Mississippi's advantage.

Georgia, 17-10, trailed 22-15 in the first half when Vern Fleming and Terry Fair led a charge in which the Bulldogs outscored Alabama 26-9 to take a 41-31 lead 1:22 before halftime.

Fleming had nine points during that spree, and Fair contributed five and later came back with a tip-in at the buzzer to give Georgia a 43-36 intermission advantage.

With Eddie Adams and Mike Davis leading the way, Alabama rallied in the second half and finally tied the game at 60 with 10:41 to play on a layup by Eddie Phillips, who led the Tide with 25 points.

Fair hit a baseline jumper two minutes later to break the tie, and Georgia led the rest of the way,

pulling away to a 74-67 lead on five consecutive baskets by Fair, Wilkins and James Banks.

Three other players scored in double figures for the Bulldogs,

Eric Marbury with 16 points and Fair and Fleming with 15 each.

Alabama, 17-10, got 14 points from Adams, 12 from Davis and 11 from Ken Johnson.

LSU survives early scare from Florida; Win easily

Freshman Leonard Mitchell scored a career high 27 points as third-ranked Louisiana State avoided a rash of upsets and dined Florida 85-73 in the quarterfinals of the Southeastern Conference basketball tournament Thursday night.

Two other nationally ranked powers were upset victims. It appeared during the first half that the SEC might see its fourth upset of the day, when Florida dominated the early play against LSU, building a lead of 11 points, 41-30, just before halftime.

However, two straight baskets in the final 12 seconds by LSU reserve John Tudor chopped the margin to 41-34.

It didn't take LSU long to assert its authority in the second half. Howard Carter started the rally

with two straight 18-footers as LSU outscored the Gators 17-2 during a six-minute span to turn a 43-36 deficit into a 53-45 lead.

Carter had eight points in the streak and Mitchell added five.

Florida never was able to close within five points the rest of the way.

The victory lifted LSU, which had a 26-game winning streak snapped by Kentucky on Sunday, to 28-2 and Florida finished the season at 12-16.

Carter added 20 points for the Bengals. Cook 13 and Rudy Macklin, who sat out the final 19:40 of the game with four fouls, scored 13.

Florida was led by its freshman duo of Vernon Delancy, with 26 points, and Ronnie Williams, with 23.

Baseball team opens season Monday

By STEVEN W. LOWTHER, Assistant Sports Editor

Yes, it's that time of year again. With most people's thoughts turning toward spring break and the beaches of Florida, the Kentucky Wildcats baseball team is preparing to open the season Monday against Georgetown University at 3 p.m. at the Shively Sports Center.

Southpaw Mark Martin will open the season on the mound for the Cats. Martin was 4-1 for Kentucky last season.

Coach Keith Madison is optimistic about his team as the mild weather, he says, has really helped. "We've really made a lot of progression so far in our workouts," said Madison,

"because the weather has been so cooperative. We've been out practicing every day with the exception of the few days of rain we've had and we really feel we're ready.

"We've got a pretty good mixture of power and defense." explained Madison of his early optimism. "Last year we were 13th in the nation in defense and we've got all but one player (First baseman Mark Hrednak) coming back from that group."

However, Madison said that the team's real strong point will be its pitching depth. "For the first time I think I can really say that our pitching staff goes 10 deep," he said. "We have really excellent pitching depth with seven seniors on the staff. We're a lot stronger pitching wise

than last year."

Tuesday Kentucky will play host to Bellarmine at 3 p.m. at Shively. The Cats then will face West Virginia in a single game at 3 on Wednesday before finishing the set on Thursday at 1 p.m. with a doubleheader against West Virginia.

Madison said the games during the week will act as a warmup for the conference schedule. "We plan on using a lot of young players against the smaller schools in the schedule," he said. "Not to say that Georgetown and Bellarmine are pushovers, though, by all means. I just want to try to see how the younger players respond to playing against major college competition."

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Vandy upsets Cats

Continued from page 1

Vandy capitalized on the break by outscoring the Wildcats 8-2 to take a 49-44 lead with three minutes left. However, Kentucky pulled within two points at 51-49 as a Chuck Verderber jumper with 1:41 left.

But two freethrows by Vandy freshman guard Al McKinney (two of which ended up to be seven of eight clutch freethrows down the stretch) and a breakaway slam by center Ted Young off the UK press gave the Commodores a 55-49 lead with 1:19 left.

Almost one minute later, Vandy led 59-51 and it was over. The win was a sweet one for the Commodores, who finished a disappointing seventh in the conference standings.

"It was a great win," said Schmidt. "I can't say enough about our freshman guards (McKinney and Al Miller, the games leading scorer with 17 points).

"We made a lot of mistakes down the stretch but we didn't let that hurt us." Kentucky meanwhile just made mistakes, starting with the early advantage.

"We had beaten Vandy by 32 points at home," said Hall. "And then we went out and took a 10-4 lead against them. I guarantee that when you do that it is hard to keep things in order."

UK sophomore guard Dirk Minniefield agreed. "We got 10 points ahead and we just got impatient on offense," said Minniefield. "We were just shooting the ball up there and we weren't in good position to rebound."

In fact, Hall was so concerned with UK's offensive inefficiency that he yanked center Sam Bowie six minutes into the first half. At the

time, Bowie had a slam dunk and three blocked shots.

"Sam was wandering on offense," said Hall. "(Melvin) Turpin had played well Sunday and we were going to let him play more."

"I don't ask questions about it," said Bowie of the call to the bench. Vandy scored six unanswered points before the big man returned.

But if the early lead took something out of the Wildcats, Hall wasn't convinced that Sunday's 73-71 win over conference champion LSU had.

"I don't know, I just can't tell," said Hall. "It looked like we were ready to play the first five minutes."

When the Wildcats looked up, the game was slipping away. "Kentucky wasn't scared they were just surprised," said Vandy's Miller of the Cats down the stretch.

"I'm sure Joe B. didn't know what to do then because he hasn't been in that kind of situation before."

However, Hall said the Wildcats were neither scared nor surprised. "I think the big problem was mental discipline. Tonight was the poorest mental discipline we've had all year."

A prime example came when Kentucky trailed 45-44 with seven minutes left in the game and had a chance to go ahead. But Bowie forced a turn-around jumper that didn't grab iron.

Then after Kentucky regained possession on a jump ball, Bowie could not shake loose on an inside move and crammed the ball into the bottom of the backboard.

"We just made two moves down low where we didn't get a good shot," said Hall.

Kentucky shot just 39.7 percent for the game from the field and hit only 9 of 16 freethrows. Vandy hit 54.4 percent from the field and 79 percent

of the line while establishing a tournament record for fewest field goal attempts with 32.

"We are doing things closer to the best now," said Schmidt. "The kids are at a point where they are doing the things in the trenches."

The surprising loss dropped Kentucky to 25-5 on the season. Someone asked Hall what the loss meant to a team surely headed to the NCAA tournament next week.

"It's a loss," said Hall. "And I'd much rather it had been a win."

VANDERBILT (60)
Jones 2 2 2 6, Turner 3 0 0 6, Young 4 4 12, McKinney 1 7 8 9, Miller 7 3 4 17, Lenz 0 0 0 0, Davis 2 6 10 10, Allsmiller 0 0 0 0. Totals 19 22-28 60.

KENTUCKY (55)
Verderber 3 2 4 8, Hurt 5 2 5 12, Bowie 5 3 12, Minniefield 3 2 2 8, Hord 2 1 2 5, Beal 0 0 0 0, Master 5 0 0 10, Bearup 0 0 0 0, Cowan 0 0 0 0, Turpin 0 0 0 0. Totals 23 9-16 55.

Halftime — Vanderbilt 27, Kentucky 27. Fouled out — Verderber. Total fouls — Vanderbilt 19, Kentucky 25. A — 10,659.



By DAVID COYLE/Kernel Staff

Kentucky's Charles Hurt goes up for two last Saturday against LSU.

Fydrich trying to come back...again

LAKELAND, Fla. (AP) — Mark Fydrich stands on the mound in Marchant Stadium. He is throwing batting practice to Larry Doby Johnson, a non-roster catcher brought in to help handle the army of Arms Detroid Manager Sparky Anderson has surrounded himself with here this spring.

He is closing out his stint, Fydrich fires a ball low and Johnson swings, missing. "All right!" Fydrich exclaims, continuing to bat as he prepares to deliver his last

pitch. This one is high, and Johnson's bat is nowhere near it as it comes around.

Johnson laughs, but as Fydrich scurries off the mound to get in his daily running, the sparse crowd has already tuned him out, and words of encouragement along with a smattering of applause drift off the stands.

Only Fydrich could draw applause for throwing strikes in batting practice, but perhaps only Fydrich could

do what he did in 1976. It is long over now, a brief episode in baseball history. Yet, it is still fresh to those who followed it.

Back then, with his open, presumptuous approach, Fydrich became baseball's pied piper. He captured the imagination of all who were involved with the game.

His was to be a short reign, though. As fast as it happened, it was over. Only for the past few years, Fydrich has tried, and failed, to recapture the moment.

His physical miseries, and his attempt to overcome them, are as well-documented as the sudden success which made him a star.

But because he has not quit, those in the stands have not given up either. Nor have the Tigers, who have done everything but send him to some witch doctor in an effort to affect a cure.

This spring, there is new hope. Last year, for the first time since 1976, Fydrich actually pitched.

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Right! A lot of Episcopalians not all kneel during parts of the service.
They have a funny way of looking at worship. They don't attend church for the primary purpose of enjoying stirring sermons of beautiful hymns. "This is no spectator sport," they say.
Worship, to them means offering a bit of themselves to God. Their first thought is one of giving, not receiving. Kneeling sometimes helps.
Sure! Episcopalians, too, have music & messages from the pulpit." But if the choir is lousy—or the sermon something less than eloquent—the hour isn't really wasted. Every individual gives a bit of himself. And if kneeling seems to help, then God probably doesn't mind.

Maybe you, too, would find some of the Episcopal "peculiarities" more acceptable if you understood the reasons behind the rather formal services; refraining from chit-chat inside the church, reading from a prayer-book, and offering guidelines—not straight-jackets—for Christian living.
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Holly Near singer/songwriter (played guitar in concert) 10PM Wed. Mar. 11 UK Center for the Arts Concert Hall. Tickets \$6 at door, \$5 advance at Special Media Bookstore. UK Community Education, 273-2977.
Ch-Ch-Ch, Shake, Rattle and Roll Sun. Mar. 8 7PM at SC Ballroom. Music by Chills, the "N", and Nuthouse. \$1.75 Free Drinks.

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The UK Department of Theatre, College of Fine Arts will hold auditions for room during Spring Break. March 6-7, 10PM-1AM.
Head Ride to Florida Spring Break. One way will share expense 272-8505 after 5.
Head Ride to Winston Salem, NC or nearby Spring Break. Share expense 277-5869.

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Be at the West Side of New Fine Arts Bldg. TODAY AT 3:00 p.m.

Kathy Jean from Greg Page looking for you at Fine Arts bus stop. Please respond Jim.
Hillal Lou and **Begal** brunch Sunday, March 8 11:30AM Erickson Hall Lounge. Speaker from Louisville.
Help need ride to Houston will pay. Call 259-2223.
Happy Birthday You'll love you.
Florida Two sorority girls driving to Florida Spring Break. Need two drivers to share gas. Call 266-1170.
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Valde M. and Teresa A. Welcome to Kentucky babies with Saturday at Dayton Drill meet! Smile!

Are you a compulsive Overeater? Overeaters Anonymous meets Saturdays at 10:45AM in the Newman Center.
Warm up your weekend at the "Big Party Upstairs" with Chillum, The "N", and Nuthouse. Sunday March 8 7PM. Dance, Dance, Dance!
Love and Ellen Happy 19th Birthdays. Love Jimmy and Jan.
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Students and Faculty concerned with the budget cut organizational meeting Tuesday, March 10 Room 111 Student Center 7PM.
Remember 8.5 Middle Hall Who will be the next SNAP winner? Will it be the H.K. or will it be the one who always everything? Good rate accurate. Ward's Dodge 299-4832.

Kevin Thanks for being so special for just being you. Krazy K.
Attention AREA Teachers meeting Monday afternoon 4:30-6:30 PM. Application of officers for '81-82. Please send! Room 128 Erickson.

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HIRING NOW FOR KEENELAND RACE MEET

Turf Catering company will be hiring for the upcoming race meet which runs April 3-24. A variety of jobs are available. We need both full and part-time help and can hire you to work either a day or evening shift. If possible, we can schedule you to work around your classes. We also need people to work only on Saturdays. A chance to earn good wages in an exciting atmosphere.

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THE KENTUCKY KERNEL

THE KENTUCKY KERNEL is now accepting applications for Editor-in-Chief for Summer 1981 and Fall-Spring 81-82. Anyone wishing to apply for either or both positions should make separate applications.
REQUIREMENTS FOR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:
1. Must be enrolled full-time on the UK Lexington campus during the term as editor.
2. Must be in good academic, (2pt. GPA) disciplinary and financial standing with the University at time of application and during term as editor.
3. The editor-in-chief must have had a minimum of one year's publications experience and be familiar with the operation of a newspaper.
4. Persons applying for the position who have not worked in the Kernel prior to applying must provide a recommendation from a previous employer, advisor, or both.

APPLICATIONS FOR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF SHOULD INCLUDE:
1. A resume describing previous journalism experience (including The Kentucky Kernel if any, and any other general information about the applicant, and a complete grade transcript).
2. A detailed statement of philosophy and goals for The Kentucky Kernel, including any specific proposals for change.
3. At least three, but not more than five letters of recommendation, including at least one from a faculty member and preferably one from someone involved in the communication field.
4. Samples of work. If the applicant has not published anything, he or she should submit some work which is representative of his talent and in some way qualifies him for the job, (examples: clippings, cartoons, papers, creative writing assignments, etc.).

APPLICATIONS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE FOR OTHER STAFF POSITIONS
Application Deadline: March 27, 1981 - Applications can be picked up in Room 113, Journalism Building.

THE KENTUCKY KERNEL

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Call for the Dept. of Physics and Astronomy and Dept. of Chemistry will be held Friday March 6, 1981 at 6PM in Room 153 Chemistry-Physics Bldg. The speaker will be Dr. F.S. Levin of Brown University who will be speaking on "What can Many Body Scattering Theory Tell us About Atomic and Molecular Structure?" Public admission and refreshments. Free Public Talk. Mrs. Bruce Thompson, Friday March 6th 6PM. 8PM. 8PM. House.

The Blue Grass Gam - Mineral Club will meet Sunday April 13 at 2:30PM in the Mitchell Fine Arts Building on the Transylvania Campus. Featured will be a display of Kentucky night only recently discovered by hobbyists. The plans for the first field trip of the group to Lynch County for geology will be announced. Visitors welcome. UK geologist Dr. Irvine Fisher, a personal favorite of the club will speak on "Mineral Identification."

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THE KENTUCKY KERNEL

THE KENTUCKY KERNEL is now accepting applications for Editor-in-Chief for Summer 1981 and Fall-Spring 81-82. Anyone wishing to apply for either or both positions should make separate applications.
REQUIREMENTS FOR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF:
1. Must be enrolled full-time on the UK Lexington campus during the term as editor.
2. Must be in good academic, (2pt. GPA) disciplinary and financial standing with the University at time of application and during term as editor.
3. The editor-in-chief must have had a minimum of one year's publications experience and be familiar with the operation of a newspaper.
4. Persons applying for the position who have not worked in the Kernel prior to applying must provide a recommendation from a previous employer, advisor, or both.

APPLICATIONS FOR EDITOR-IN-CHIEF SHOULD INCLUDE:
1. A resume describing previous journalism experience (including The Kentucky Kernel if any, and any other general information about the applicant, and a complete grade transcript).
2. A detailed statement of philosophy and goals for The Kentucky Kernel, including any specific proposals for change.
3. At least three, but not more than five letters of recommendation, including at least one from a faculty member and preferably one from someone involved in the communication field.
4. Samples of work. If the applicant has not published anything, he or she should submit some work which is representative of his talent and in some way qualifies him for the job, (examples: clippings, cartoons, papers, creative writing assignments, etc.).

APPLICATIONS ARE ALSO AVAILABLE FOR OTHER STAFF POSITIONS
Application Deadline: March 27, 1981 - Applications can be picked up in Room 113, Journalism Building.

lost & found
Lost Miss Beagle - mixed color, answers to "No" 254-5000. Reward.
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Forum on women's rights highlights Women's History Week

To commemorate the contributions and impact of women since the beginning of history, Gov. John Y. Brown is proclaiming March 8-14 as Women's History Week.

The kick-off for the week at UK will begin Sunday, March 8. Awards will be presented to Lexington's outstanding women from 2 to 2:30 p.m. in the President's Room of the Student Center.

Art exhibits will be open from 2:30 to 3 p.m. in rm. 245 of the Student Center. The Photographic View of Kentucky Women, 1880-1930, Portraits of Kentucky Women.

From 3 p.m. to 4:15 p.m., an event

welcome will be given by Susan Abbott, associate professor of anthropology and a member of the Women's Studies Committee, and Molly Cone, a member of the Kentucky Commission on Women.

A solo presentation will be given by Clara Womack Porter, a doctorate candidate in music at UK. The program will be introduced by Jeanie Faulkner, city editor of the Lexington Herald.

The program — "Yes is better than no. The working rights of women" — will focus on the efforts of women, past and present, to organize women against job discrimination in the

workforce. The co-presenters of the program, Betty Jean Hall, the legal counsel for the Coal Employment Project, and Leslie Lilly, director of the Southeast Women's Employment Coalition, are currently engaged in national efforts to achieve job equity in non-traditional fields of employment for women.

The forum, sponsored by the National Organization for Women and the Women's Studies Committee, will cover solutions regarding current issues affecting women, including the Human Life Amendment, the Equal Rights Amendment, sexual

harassment, the safety of women in the streets and on campus, and curriculum reform.

Pamela Conover of the political science department will be discussion moderator.

The panel will include: Margie Stewart, dean of the College of Home Economics; Gloria Singletary, a member of the UK Woman's Club and the wife of UK President Otis Singletary; Debbie Early, a history and political science sophomore, and Pam Remer, assistant professor in educational psychology and counseling.

Anna Boling, assistant dean of students; Pam Mathis-Yon, a graduate student in social work; Joan Haddix, administrative secretary in the UK Development Office; and Marion Sprague, a Donovan Scholar, will also serve as panelists.

Other activities are planned throughout the week. For a booklet listing more detailed information on each event, call Community Education office at 257-2794 or Continuing Education for Women at 258-8707.

The co-sponsors of the activities for the week are the Kentucky Commission on Women, NOW, South Central FEW, Suburban Women's Club, UK

Panhellenic Council, Student Association, UK Woman's Club, and the YWCA Spouse Abuse Center.

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Kernel?

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Burrito 79¢ Another special highlight of the week will be the Women's Issues Forum on Monday at 7 p.m. in 245 Student Center.
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ON P. 15

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SPECIAL TRAVEL SECTION
Looking, Key West, Costa Rica,
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VOL. V, NO. 6 MARCH 1981 • DAVID PETERS

The Music, Arts & Entertainment Magazine for College Newspapers

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Löwenbräu. Here's to good friends.

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IN ONE EAR

In The Red

All Hollywood is waiting (with assorted attitudes) to see whether Francis Ford Coppola's Zoetrope Studios will close or remain open, and whether his currently-in-production film, *One from the Heart*, will be completed. Coppola is in serious financial trouble unless he can come up with a million or two. All this less than a year after Coppola bought the old run-down Hollywood General Studios with promises of revitalizing Hollywood. At press time his studio employees had agreed to take cuts in salary, but this was a temporary measure.

Jungle Jack Flash

THIS YEAR MAY NOT BE A ROLLING STONES tour this year because Mick Jagger is reportedly stranded deep in the Amazon jungle filming *Fitzcarraldo*, directed by Werner Herzog (who filmed *Aguirre, Wrath of God* in a nearby locale) and starring Jason Robards as an obsessed madman keen on building an opera house in the jungle so he can hear Caruso first hand. Jagger plays Robards' feeble-minded nephew; together they venture deep into the jungle to find rubber. Stay tuned.

Football Has Been Very Very Good to Me

OHIO STATES controversial former football coach, Woody Hayes, will be the subject of a film titled, rather predictably, *The Woody Hayes Story*; script is by Budd Schulberg (who wrote *On the Waterfront*

and *The Harder They Fall*, among others); Jack Nicholson is being pursued for the title role.

Two more rumored football flicks: *The Jim Plunkett Story*, all about the man who just led the Raiders to their Superbowl victory; producer Roger Corman supposedly wants Erik Estrada to star. Ed Asner is the reported choice to play Knute Rockne in *The George Gipp Story* (do you believe these titles?). Our president once played George Gipp ("Win one for the Gipper!"). How depressing.

Terminations

DESPITE A HOT SINGLE with "The Tide Is High" and a very popular (if semi-purrid) album with *Autoamerican*, rumors persist that Blondie has broken up. According to whispered conversations, Deborah Harry and Chris Stein have fired the rest of the band.

LOU REED has shifted from Arista Records, headed by his professed friend Clive Davis (a.k.a. "Jive Clive"), to RCA Records, where he cut his original solo material and the Velvet Underground albums. Reed's recent Arista albums got generally good critical notes, but, in the words of a New York record store manager, "they didn't sell for s--t."

Listen to the Wookiee

STAR WARS will be on the radio—National Public Radio is finally offering the first audio installments, a full year after originally promised, but welcome anyway. The only familiar *Star Wars* voices will be Mark Hamill as Luke Skywalker and Anthony

As a reviewer, Gene Sculatti is out to lunch. If all he got from *Double Fantasy* by John Lennon was the fact that it took Lennon 5 years to learn housekeeping, then Sculatti has a lot to learn about his trade. Lennon has an immense amount to say in *Double Fantasy*, and it all flies right over Mr. Sculatti's head. The reason the roughness is gone in this album is because Lennon's anger is gone. The whole idea is to show Lennon living the peaceful, loving life which he for so long preached about (all you need is love). He couldn't do that with a Plastic Ono Band-style album.

Lennon comments on many other areas in *Double Fantasy*, such as male-female relationships. It's plain to see John is saying in "Clean Up Time" and "Woman" that men don't have to be super-macho to be men and women don't have to be housemaids to be feminine. This is only the tip of the Lennon-meaning iceberg. Mr. Sculatti would do well to listen closer to the albums he reviews in the future.

Jim Glusky
 Michigan State University

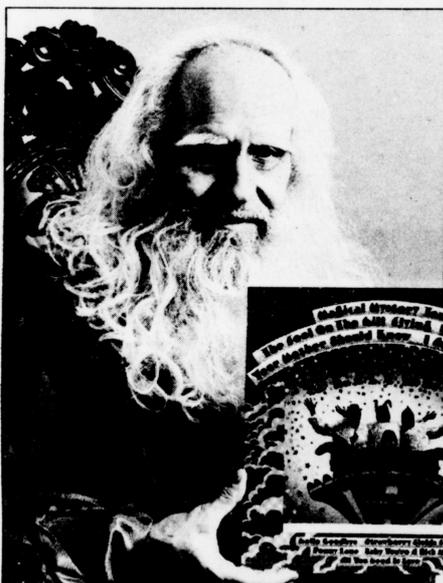
NEW CONTRIBUTORS:

David Lubkin (In Print) not only reviews sci fi books, he writes them. In Michigan. Nobody's perfect.

Howard Rosenberg (John Hiatt) has finagled his photographs into *Rolling Stone*, *Time* and, finally, *Ampersand*. Rosenberg says he's a devotee of natural light, but fails to specify whether he means beer or available sunshine.

Duncan Strauss (On Tour) who stalks the elusive "Blood" Ulmer in this issue, covers entertainment for the *California Aggie* (U.C. Davis) and *BAM Magazine*.

Gene Sculatti (On Disc) may or may not be the infamous Chuck Steak, whose *Unprovoked Attack* radio show featured an interview with Jim Morrison and Prof. Ledass of the University of California, Magic Mountain. But we know for certain Sculatti's writings have appeared in *New West*, *Out*, *Rolling Stone*, and the late, sorely missed *Wax Paper*.



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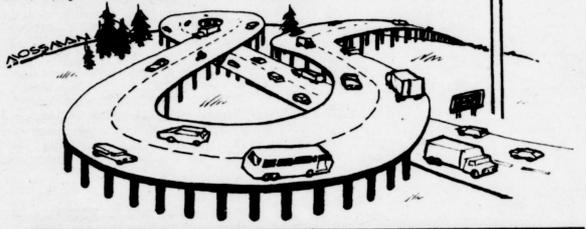


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& OUT THE OTHER

Two "on the road" Ampersands this month, to celebrate our special travel section. The road sign is by Maritza Kabalin of Okemos, Michigan; the crooked freeway is by David Mossman of Austin, Texas (whose work has appeared here before). Each receives \$25. Other creative readers are encouraged to send their original Ampersands, in black ink on sturdy white paper with name and address on the art work, to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.



Daniels as C3PO; Perry King will portray Han Solo, Brock Peters will be Darth Vader, Ann Sachs, Princess Leia. The first 13 episodes will be a "greatly expanded" version of the first film; new characters will be introduced who may appear in forthcoming films, so pay attention. About 200 National Public Radio stations will carry *Star Wars* starting in the first or second week of March. Check your locals. Oh yes — the series will also incorporate sophisticated stereo sound techniques, including the nifty John Williams score.

More Boobs for the Tube

BAND ON THE RUN, an hour-long new series from MTM on CBS, gives us the on-the-road adventures of a country & western band (three guys, one gal); said band is pursued by a nasty former manager's mean henchman. Sounds like *The Fugitive* meets *The Monkees* on *Hee Haw*.

COUNTRY SINGER MEL TILLIS and Steeler quarterback Terry Bradshaw were supposedly so funny together in *Cannonball Run*, the latest Burt Reynolds epic, that NBC signed them up for a series, called *The Stockers*, based on their *Cannonball* characters.

Genius & Others at Work

RICHARD DREYFUSS will portray Albert Einstein, age 26, in a Disney production — described as a cross between a "straight biography and *Fantasia*." The untitled picture will use animation and special effects to show how Einstein devised his theory of relativity. Dreyfuss' brother Levin and David Landsberg are the project developers.

STEVE MARTIN, Bernadette Peters and Christopher Walken are starring in *Pennies from Heaven*, about a sheet music salesman in the Thirties. Although full of song and dance, the film is dramatic; Martin's dull, boring life and unhappy marriage send him into musical fantasies. Peters starts out as a schoolteacher, has an abortion and ends up a prostitute, while Walken plays a pimp. As hinted by all this, *Pennies* is not a typical Steve Martin routine. "This is his first dramatic role," quoth the film's publicist, "he's definitely not playing this with an arrow through his head." Martin spent four months on tap dancing lessons, but no one

in the film sings; rather, they all lip-synch to original recordings of the Thirties.

And after that, Martin is supposed to revert to type, playing a private eye in *Suck the Bullet* (a tentative but memorable title).

Digital Delay

RY COODER has sworn off digital recording. Though his recent *Borderline* is digitally recorded and last year's *Bop 'Til You Drop* was promoted as "rock's first digital LP," Cooder wants to go back to the sounds of the pre-transistor era. Nevertheless, digital has several new converts to its clean, lively (& expensive) sound: Billy Joel, Jefferson Starship, Rickie Lee Jones, Paul Williams, the Outlaws, the Village People (remember them?) and Quincy Jones are all making digital LPs. Digital studio time is about \$25 an hour more costly than standard recording. "I like the clean, perfected sound of digital," Grammy-winner Christopher Cross told *Billboard* recently, "especially for my type of music. Of course," he added, "if I was Mott the Hoople I probably wouldn't think it was such a good idea."

In the Studio & on the Road

DAVID JOHANSEN is in New York studios, working on his third album for Blue Sky Records. Also in console country is Tom Verlane, former leader of Television, now a solo artist for Warner Bros.

ANTICIPATION is high for a new Garland Jeffries album, his first for Epic. *Escape Artist* will feature the ? and the Mysterians classic, "96 Tears" as well as "Miami Beach," a song about the recent Freedom City riots, and a 4-song reggae EP including contributions from David Johansen, Lou Reed, Big Youth, Linton Kwesi-Johnson, E Street Banders Danny Federici and Roy Bitan and a couple of members of the Waiters. The Rumour, formerly Graham Parker's quintessential backup band, is accompanying Jeffries on a European tour.

ERIC CLAPTON begins a four-month, sixty-concert tour in March. For those chagrined by the sleepwalking qualities of Clapton's recent discs, the lively Fabulous Thunderbirds will open the bill. Clapton's tour is in support of a new LP (first studio work in two years) called *Another Ticket*.

Frogs Dig Blues

BLUESMAN ALBERT COLLINS, a great, sweaty showman who likes to prowl audiences with a long cord on his Fender, tossing off insinuating glances with his nasty riffs, just received the 1981 "Prix Big Bill Broonzy" in Paris. The award, granted by the French Academie du Jazz, celebrates Collins' recent *Ice Pickin'* LP on Alligator Records.

What Might Have Been (A Continuing Saga)

TWO MUSICIANS were on their way to Ampersand's cover recently, but each got uniquely sidetracked.

Delbert McClinton, now Top Ten with "Givin' It up for Your Love," was slated for a flight to Los Angeles recently, there to meet with Ampersand, *Rolling Stone*, *Newsweek* and the camera crew of *Solid Gold*, a TV pop music series. Came Tuesday and no Delbert. "We don't know where he is," chortered McClinton's manager and record label. "But we think he had a fight with his wife and he might be somewhere in Mexico ... maybe."

Tom Petty, triple platinum a year ago with *Damn the Torpedoes*, an album made in the midst of legal battles, is delaying completion of his newest album because MCA, parent label to his Backstreet Records, wants to retail the finished product at \$9.98. Arguing that a whopping price would damage his personal image, Petty adds, "For once in my life, I'd like to make a record without a legal battle. It's just not fair to the kids."

"Maybe," countered an anonymous MCA spokesperson, "if he didn't burn up a million dollars making the record, it wouldn't have to cost so much."

De-evolution

DEVON, PENNSYLVANIA has a headache. Avid fans of Devo, the Akron, Ohio, rock and roll mindbenders who postulate that humans are experiencing retrograde evolution, have taken to proving that theory with a thorough campaign to change everything labeled "Devo" to "Devo." Thus, hundreds of children have attended "Devo Elementary School" and commuters by the thousands have taken the "Devo" highway interchange.

FABIAN has reportedly filed a \$64,250,000 lawsuit against Transamerica, United Artists, producers Gene Kirkwood and Howard Koch, Jr., Bob Marcucci and writer Edward D'Amico, claiming, among other charges, that their film *The Idolmaker* constitutes an invasion of his privacy and holds him up to ridicule. Kirkwood said at press time that he had not yet been served any papers. "But Paul Land [who plays the young singer in the film] may sue *Fabian* for defamation of character," Kirkwood wisecracked. Marcucci, it should be noted, was Fabian's discoverer and manager back in the early Sixties — not unlike the Ray Sharkey character in the *Idolmaker*.

They Shall Be Released ... Maybe

THE WORLD ACCORDING TO GARP, script by *Breaking Away*'s writer Steve Tesich, will reportedly star Robin Williams as Garp ... Lillian Hellman's three autobiographical books, *Penitence*, *An Unfinished Woman* and *Scoutardel Time*, are planned as one film, so far untitled and unstarred ... Producer Julia Phillips has Erica Jong's *Fear of Flying* in beginning stages (no cast yet),

while Jong herself is trying to produce a version of her latest novel, *Fanny* ... It's rumored that Peter O'Toole has agreed to star in a remake of *The Bridge on the River Kwai*, but from the Japanese point of view ... James Caan and Al Pacino, who co-starred in the first *Godfather*, will reunite in *The Pope of Greenwich Village* ... *Conan*, currently filming in Spain with Arnold Schwarzenegger as the big bad barbarian, will also star James Earl Jones and Max Von Sydow, with production design by Bill Stout, prominent in the Tits and Lizard school of fantasy illustration ... Sissy Spacek, who won the Golden Globe for Best Actress in *Coal Miner's Daughter*, will next appear in *Raggedy Man* with Sam Shepard and Eric Roberts, a 1940s tale of marriage and separation ... Alan Alda's *Four Seasons* will be released in mid-May; this is his first acting-writing-directing accomplishment (he wrote and starred in *The Seduction of Joe Tynan*), about friendship among three couples ... Tim Hutton will spend four weeks in military training — shaved head, 5 a.m. pushups, etc. — to prepare for his role in *Taps*.

THE GREAT AMERICAN PHOTO CONTEST, mentioned last issue, has postponed its deadline to March 27, giving all you amateur photogs more time to enter. Call 800-251-1790 for more details.

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OUR COVER

Artist David Peters (remembered from his bot, flash Talking Heads cover two issues back) has created another rock 'em, knock 'em dead assemblage of famous faces—winners of the Ampersand Readers Poll.

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ON DISC

JOE "KING" CARRASCO
& THE CROWNS

(Hannibal Records) If party music is a lost art, nobody told these guys. The thirteen cuts locked in the grooves of Joe "King" Carrasco and the Crowns debut LP don't just cook—they parboil, deep fry and barbecue. It's the most unabashed 40 minutes of fun since the invention of the polka and long overdue proof that the best rock is played straight to the feet, not the head.

Texas bred Joe and his rollicking Crowns recall a galaxy of trashy Tex-Mex, rock and R&B heroes on this delightful album, including Sam the Sham and the Pharoahs, ? and the Mysterians, the Swingin' Medallions, Sir Doug, Buddy Knox, Music Explosion, the Kingsmen and a host of others. Yet, it's not so much the discernible influences—including some head banging pogo rhythms—that endow this outing with an authentic good times feel, it's really the group's own exuberant energy. They don't invite you to dance—they dare you not to.

Nominally, the band uses the Tex-Mex cumbia rock of South Texas much as a good Mexican chef would use refried beans—a hearty and nourishing base to which are added mounds of spicy condiments. The resulting aural tostada hits all sorts of musical flavor buds at the same time and the whole concoction slides down with a pleasant sizzling sensation. Genuine rock primitives, the Crowns—anchored by the cheesy splendor of Kris Cumming's Farfisa organ—have accomplished the impossible; a record with no bad cuts. Songs careen into each other with hapless and happy abandon. Not only are there no slow songs—even the vinyl between cuts crackles with energy.

Dancing, laughing, eating—Joe "King" and the Crowns recall them all, to which might also be added, drinking, leching and howling at the moon.

Darin Seay

SIR DOUGLAS QUINTET
Border Wave

(Takoma)—As gratifying as it is to welcome back long gone musicmakers, such affairs have a way of being pretty dismal. One thinks of such misadventures as the various Byrds reunions, short-lived second tries by the Righteous Bros. and Four Seasons, the ill-advised "return" of Sam the Sham or Country Joe & the Fish. In most cases, the shock of recognition wears off and the warm embrace turns quickly cold.

All of which makes the reunion of "Sir" Doug Sahn with members of his original Quintet such an unexpected triumph. *Border Wave* may just be the best music Austin's laconic Sahn has ever made, and it surely matters that he's making it with "Mendocino" era accompanists "Oogie" Meyer and John Perez, along with Alvin Crow and Speedy Sparks.

Things get off to a hot start with what sounds like the fastest, most 'up cut' of Sahn's career, an unlikely cover of the Kinks' "Who'll Be the Next in Line." There's a punky, 1965-ish reading of Roky Erickson's (and the 13th Floor Elevators) "You're Gonna Miss Me" that restores all of that chestnut's

pre-psychedelic glory. And there's a drastically improved update of "Revolutionary Ways," one of the underrated originals from Sir Doug's late Sixties solo career.

Most impressive are the Quintet's new songs—Crow's "Tonight Tonight" (Meyer's organ-izing should at least get him elected President some day), Sahn's polka-dotted title cut, "It Was Fun While It Lasted" and "Old Habits Die Hard," songs as fine as any he's ever written.

There are few requirements for anyone liking this record. New Wavers, Texans, unreconstructed hippies—none should have any reservations whatsoever. In an age when mass appeal equals bland, along comes the Quintet to remind us what "crossover" really means.

Gene Sculatti

RY COODER
Borderline

(Warner Bros.) After dabbling in such exoticisms as Hawaiian guitar stylings (*Chicken Skin Music*) and antique jazz-roots material (*Jazz*), Ry Cooder seems to have settled into a niche he wishes to develop at length. *Borderline* finds the veteran guitarist pursuing a Latin/blues/pop direction, capturing an appealing Texas flavor of outlaws, romance and fast living.

Tex-Mex melodies and rhythms are in vogue in rock at the moment, making this LP very much in step with the times. Cooder brings out the plaintive, melodramatic tinge to Latin music through lively, uncluttered arrangements. A number of his sidemen distinguish themselves, particularly drummer Jim Keltner and organist William D. Smith, who play with surprising authenticity. While some of Cooder's choices—for material ("Speedo," "Down in the Boondocks") might seem unlikely ones for this album, they turn out well—every song has the sound of a Cantina serenade, intimate and folksy.

If *Borderline* has one deficiency, it's that Cooder's renowned slide guitar is featured too sparingly. Though his stinging style does highlight several tracks ("Never Make Your Move Too Soon" most notably), we're left wanting to hear more. Though he can be a diffident, overly precise artist, Cooder's humor, good taste and affection for his music win us over.

Barry Alfonso

'80/'81
Pat Metheny

(ECM) When a leader surrounds himself with talents like saxophonists Dewey Redman and Mike Brecker, bassist Charlie Haden and drummer Jack DeJohnette, provocative and alluring sounds are expected and '80/'81 is surely that. Straying temporarily from his electric, contemporary format, guitarist Metheny seeks new ground here and often lands solidly, even managing to overcome producer Manfred Eicher's amazingly boring propensity for sameness within a project.

The two-disc outing is in four chunks. Side one's "Two Folk Songs" opens with Brecker stating the melody in full, rounded tones then soloing at length over a highly-charged rhythm section supervised with élan by De-



Ry Cooder captured by outlaw (romance & fast living).

Johnette's spirited, always-shifting pulsations. The tenorist almost immediately breaks away from the back-and-forth harmonic center and explores freer values. Afterwards, Metheny holds all together while Haden and the drummer work around inside, then the bassist, wistful and delicate, plays what resembles "Bury Me Not on the Lone Prairie," at half the previous tempo, followed by a bright guitar passage, with Metheny evoking images of the Great Southwest, almost like a western soundtrack except that no western has had a Delohnette furiously egging on a guitarist. This is the album's highpoint.

The second portion is a tribute to Ornette Coleman, with two Metheny vehicles in the Coleman tradition and the saxophonist's classic blues, "Turnaround." "80/81" has a brisk tempo with a startling half-time melody against that pulse at the bridge, creating a rush of tension. The leader's wide, wiry sound works well with the go-where-you-will rhythm section that's constantly grooving. Redman and Haden know this course well, and Metheny shows he's no slouch either. Redman emits a darker, more robust sound than his compatriot Brecker, and is less extreme in his melodic presentation, but he, too, cooks like a Cordon Bleu grad. "The Bat" is a radiant ballad, delivered with a stately elegance and highlighted by Haden's sensuous, luxurious tones. The blues opens with the bassist's sure-fingered reading of the line and shows that Metheny, for all his contemporariness, has not forgotten this ancient twelve-bar journey.

The third segment consists of "Open," which, excepting the brief melody, is totally free, and "Pretty Scattered," which though well played, is too much of what just went before.

The last disc centers around "Every Day (I Thank You)," more in the pop vein that we expect from Metheny and a feature for Brecker, whose intensity at first is refreshing, as he sprays double-timed utterances over an aggressive trio accompaniment. But he stays too long at the fair, and a reprieve from this onslaught is not soon coming. The leader's "Goin' Ahead" closes the session; while lyrical and persuasive, it is insufficient to balance out the previous cut's rawness.

The whole of *80/81* is a bit much to take in one sitting, but in small morsels it is an enjoyable, and often quite musical, release.

Zan Stewart

MY LIFE IN THE BUSH OF GHOSTS

Brian Eno/David Byrne

(Sire) Talking Head Byrne and producer, electronics whiz Eno lifted the polyfunk concept of *Remain in Light* from this collaboration effort, initially recorded beforehand. Yet *The Bush of Ghosts* is far more experimental.

The album opens with an evangelist declaiming that "America is waiting for an answer of some sort." A Beeheart-like meter, Byrne's staccato guitar clanging and Eno's whooshing synthesizer frames his speech, as he condemns us for having "no will what soever, absolutely no integrity!" The throbbing music in "Mea Culpa" meshes deep, resonant whispers with somebody repeating, "I'm sorry, I made a mistake..." The black preacher howling in "Help Me Somebody" is backed by a furious funk beat; the effect is not unlike James Brown in his prime.

But the LP's masterpiece is "The Jezebel Spirit." An intense dance beat is established, Byrne adds a sharp guitar melody, then Eno enhances it with a synthesizer that swells menacingly. An evil-sounding laugh is heard. "Do you hear voices?" asks what sounds like the Rev. Ernest Angely. "You do, so you are possessed!" He then goes on to exorcize a demon from a woman, who can be heard hyperventilating with passion. As he reaches an emotional peak, demanding "Out, Jezebel! Out, destruction!" The music peaks in intensity.

The music on the second side is subtler, with more of an emphasis on Middle Eastern sounds. "Qu Ran" is typical of that influence; the wailing voices are reminiscent of the Turkish Muslim prayers in *Midnight Express*. Other songs evoke moody auras. "Mountain of Needles" is a stellar example of using silence to amplify simple piano and bass notes, or the reverberations of a gong.

More exotic dance and mood music than *My Life in The Bush of Ghosts* is hard to find. Other artists have inserted taped spoken passages into music, but Byrne and Eno have given the concept a whole album's worth of effort, and the results have rarely been as spectacular. What the Talking Heads hinted at in their most recent release, Eno and Byrne amplify in a blaze of glory.

Jeff Silberman

Delbert McClinton Rocks His Way from Honky Tonks to a Hit Record



After 20 years of hard nights in honky tonks, after a string of luckless affiliations with 10 different record labels, after five critically acclaimed but seldom heard albums, Delbert McClinton suddenly finds himself in the commercial music mainstream. McClinton's new single,

with legendary bluesmen like Howlin' Wolf, Lightnin' Hopkins and Jimmy Reed.

Delbert's first record, a cover of Sonny Boy Williamson's "Wake Up Baby," set a precedent in 1960 as the first platter by a white artist to air on Ft. Worth's black radio station. But this distinction was totally lost on the white

With more than two decades of performing in smoke-filled roadhouses throughout rural America, Delbert is arguably the best white southern blues rocker around.

"Giving It Up For Your Love," is rapidly becoming a nationwide radio favorite, and sales on his recently released Capitol LP, *The Jealous Kind*, have already eclipsed any of his previous appearances on vinyl.

How do you explain this surprising emergence? People who know music aren't surprised at all. For years aficionados have recognized Delbert as arguably the best white southern blues rocker alive. But many would also allow that McClinton's uncompromising stylistic commitment to his "black-and-blues" musical roots has kept him from success in the mass marketplace.

"I'm not saying that I'm right and the world is wrong," draws Delbert, "but the old stuff just sounds better to me. It inspires me, keeps me goin'."

Keeping things going hasn't been easy. More than two decades ago, McClinton started singing and playing harmonica on the rawhide-and-cold brew circuit in southern Texas. Between the boozing and brawling, he honed his chops by jamming

buying public.

Two years later, Delbert's searing harmonica work on Bruce Channel's "Hey Baby" helped make the song a worldwide number one hit. The record's success prompted a club tour of England, where at one of the dates a promising quartet from Liverpool opened the bill.

"After one of the sets, somebody from the opening act asked me to show him something on the harmonica," Delbert recalls. "I showed this guy a few things, but I didn't think anything of it." Within a year the results of this backstage lesson could be heard on "Love Me Do." The Beatles' first single. Delbert's impromptu pupil had been John Lennon, and the opening act none other than the fledgling Fab Four.

But while The Beatles went on to redefine pop music, Delbert went back to a dozen years of redneck beer joints and regional obscurity, punctuated by an abortive shot at the big time in 1970 when he headed for Hollywood and wound up working in a West

Coast dog food factory.

Record deals in the late '70s produced a succession of albums that pleased critics but generated only moderate airplay and sales. Knockout live shows across the country brought Delbert a loyal cult following, especially among musicians and other performers. But even an appearance on "Saturday Night Live" proved a short-lived burst of national exposure that paid meager dividends at the record racks.

It wasn't until McClinton teamed with Muscle Shoals Sounds Records, the independent label (distributed by Capitol) of the famed studios in Sheffield, Alabama, that things began to happen. Delbert's new album, recorded at Muscle Shoals with an all-star roster of session musicians, has a fuller, cleaner sound than anything he's done before.

"I never could get everything I wanted onto a record," he says. "But I feel like I grew up with these Muscle Shoals guys. They have no barriers. We could take it in any direction we wanted to go. I just did what I've always tried to do—find some songs I can put my heart into and sing 'em so they sound good to me."

The songs sound good to others as well. Top 40 radio has discovered Delbert's sassy and

souful style, while powerful renditions of Al Green's "Take Me To The River" and the sensuous "Shotgun Rider" are bringing the rockin' blues back to album-oriented airwaves.

It's been a long upstream journey for Delbert McClinton, but he's finally getting the recognition that he and his music deserve.

It's about time.



McClinton's first Capitol album, *The Jealous Kind*, is a current favorite on album-oriented stations across the country, while "Giving It Up For Your Love" has been "discovered" by Top 40 formats as a powerful new single.

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IN PRINT

Shatterday

HARLAN ELLISON
Houghton Mifflin, \$12.95

It seems repetitious to review Harlan Ellison's newest canister of phantasms. The man reviews them himself, after his fashion: seventeen stories, seventeen introductions—eighteen, if you count the general intro. He tells you how to read each story, what was going on in his life when he wrote the story, what was going on as he wrote the introduction, what being a writer is all about, what he thinks of what people think of his stories, and generally, what life is like for a tough, gritty, hard-boiled, barb-witted, iconoclastic, brutalized, one-step-ahead chiaroscuro chimera named Harlan Ellison—all the while pumping us with false-ringing pleonasm about how the following fantasies are *our* bad dreams, *our* fears, *our* mortal dreads, "transmogrified" through the "purifier of my imagination." Well, it is 98 per cent hokum, and a lot of fun, too.

The introductions seem worthy of mention, because they are skewered on the same connecting rod that holds all the stories together, namely Ellison's ego, which rants and rampages, behind and out front of the literary masque. It's like a child intensely make-believing, alternately delighting and alarming us. This phenomenon makes for stories with no characters, save one that ingenious and horrified Mind, cackling, smirking, commenting wryly, or lifting a what-do-you-make-of-it eyebrow in a flitting moment of near-serious reflection. There are no characters. There is only "the woman with the serious smile," the "man lying in the fog," and so on. These particular wraiths, we learn at the end of "The Other Eye of Polyphemus," are merely "lost bits" of the main character. They are "Malformed... hairless, blind, atrophied, ruined." They are "Damaged, forlorn; but no longer bound to him." It's a pretty straightforward case of artistic exorcism, problems being worked through in isolation. Ellison is not even concerned with character as an aspect of the story (in a particularly effective miniature called "Opium," an hallucinating attempted-suicide named Anne Marie Stebner has a page-long conversation with the Seven Dwarfs, who are planting a bonsai tree on the front lawn of her duplex) and in fact he gets along quite nicely without it. His forte is suspense, page-flipping readability, as shown in the longer stories, "All the Lies That Are My Life" and "Shatterday," both stories of the ego under siege, in one case by symbiosis, in the other by conscience.

Ellison's style is polyglot, informed as it is not only by the serious fantasists (Irving, Hawthorne, Poe, and Twain, to name a few of them) but by pulp magazines, comic books, radio serials, Hollywood, and life on the wet side of rocks. There is a wonderful description of a magic shop in "Shopper Keeper," and in "Opium" Ellison's penchant for injecting jokiness into macabre dreams is at its eerie best. Here is Anne Marie again, slowly bleeding to death from a razorblade incision in her arm.

"Sailing the catamaran through the reefs of sapphire rocks, she made for the island. The wind smelled of freshly mown grass and carried with it the faint tinkling of wind

chimes.

"If it gets too lonely out here," she said aloud, "perhaps I'll start a fast-food franchise. Something with Lebanese food, maybe."

That's nice, sort of Bruce Jay Friedman with horns. Elsewhere, the rib-poking gets tiresome, as in "How's The Night Life on Cassida?" in which we're subjected to an endless litany of real-life media celebrities having coitus with a "disgusting thing" from an alternate time/universe. Whatever happened to defamation suits?

Clarke Owens

Beyond the Blue Event Horizon

FREDERIK POHL
Ballantine/Del Rey, \$9.95

New Voices III

GEORGE R. R. MARTIN
Berkeley, \$1.95

The three top awards in sf are the Hugo, the Locus Award and the Nebula. Collectively they are science fiction's Triple Crown, and in 1978 Fred Pohl's *Gateway* won all three. *Beyond the Blue Event Horizon* is the sequel.

In *Gateway* mankind had discovered alien (Heechee) faster-than-light spacecraft. One catch: no one knew how the controls worked. Sure, if you pressed "GO" it would take you somewhere. If you were lucky, the food would hold out. If you weren't lucky, you were dead.

Robinette Broadhead survived three trips, struck it rich and lost the girl he loved. Now he thought he had a chance to rescue her and save a starving Earth, along the way becoming the richest man in history. A lost explorer had stumbled onto a Heechee Food Factory, which could convert comets directly into food. An expedition found the Factory still working. That wasn't all they found.

I didn't breathlessly turn pages, but I kept coming back to *Blue Event*. I didn't care what happened to his people, although I believed in them. The concepts were intriguing, even grand, but too late in coming. Pohl is a competent, experienced craftsman, worth reading, but *Blue Event* is not award quality.

Also every year the John W. Campbell Award for Best New Writer is given. *New Voices III* is a collection of original stories by the 1975 nominees and winner. (There is a substantial lag before book publication.) Fred Pohl is typical of state-of-the-art; these people are signs of things to come, with the notable exceptions of John Varley, already one of our best,

and Alan Brennert, equally gifted though not as acclaimed, who recently chose to leave the field.

The stories are fresh and *alive*; they reach up and claw out your carotid artery while you're not looking. The results are mixed: the inexperience shows, but so does the talent.

David Lubkin

Live at the Village Vanguard

MAX GORDON
St. Martin's Press, \$12.95

This slim volume (146 pages) is an entertaining account by Gordon, the sole proprietor of New York's oldest jazzclub. Gordon has a way of taking the reader into his confidence as if speaking over a cup of coffee in the Vanguard kitchen during a late night set. Perhaps Gordon is not the sharp-eyed scribe that Nat Hentoff makes

him out to be in the introduction, but Gordon gets his story across quite well.

Gordon was a failed law student, a seemingly unlikely candidate for entrepreneurship, but he opened a depression-era coffeehouse (the Vanguard) which featured, in turn, Greenwich Village literati, a satirical revue boasting an unknown named Judy Holliday, folksingers Josh White and Leadbelly, comics from Wally Cox to Lenny Bruce. From the early 1950s to the present, Gordon has staunchly adhered to a jazz policy, even though it would have been more financially expedient to book rock groups.

The strongest points of the book are Gordon's discursive portraits of the artists who have played the Vanguard over the years. The most incisive and interesting chapter deals with the patron/adversary role he was forced to play with Miles Davis. "Don't talk to me like a black man," Davis bullied. "You're a white man and don't forget it." Davis seemingly enjoyed flaunting

his accumulated wealth, offering Gordon the services of his tailor, girlfriend or the use of his luxurious whirlpool bath.

By contrast, the chapter on Charles Mingus consists of a kitchen dialogue between Gordon and Mingus' longtime drummer and alter ego Dannie Richmond. We learn more about the politics of Mingus' ghostband, Mingus Dynasty, than we do about the man himself. Stories and rumors are tossed about, recounted more accurately elsewhere.

A final word about truth in advertising: the photo on the dustjacket collages Gordon with an array of celebrities in front of the Vanguard. There are also many photos inside, but several of those pictured are not mentioned in the text, save for captions. To include two pictures of Charlie Parker, who probably never even played the Vanguard, and omit him from the story is less than honest.

Kirk Silsbee

IN BOTH EARS

The Phono Cartridge

Of all the components in your hi-fi system, the most improbable, the most unlikely invention of all, is the phono cartridge. Looking like a small, rectangularly shaped box sitting on the end of the tonearm, it is supposed to translate the extremely fine grooves in phono records into clean sparkling sound. Further, the stylus must track these grooves at a speed of more than a thousand feet per minute. And while traveling at this speed, the stylus may wiggle back and forth more than a million times a minute.

While doing all this the stylus jiggles a tiny rod, a cantilever, and this, in turn, moves a magnet, or a coil of wire, or a bit of iron, jiggling them at the same incredible rate. These are the devices, vibrating in the magnetic field supplied by a permanent magnet, that change movement into an equivalent audio electric current.

But that isn't the whole story. The phono cartridge must be able to respond to peak amplitudes of about 0.002" with average amplitudes of less than 0.000002," corresponding to the loudest and softest sounds, and to forces producing accelerations commonly in excess of 1200 times the force of gravity and sometimes greater than 2500 times. Any astronaut subjected to such forces would become a blob of human jelly.

As a final requirement, the stylus

must respond uniformly to these changes in amplitude, something that is often called flat frequency response, but which would be more correctly termed uniform amplitude response.

Also, as a crowning insult, the stylus of the phono cartridge must travel in the exact center of the record grooves, yet be immediately responsive to every slight change in that groove, not moving of its own volition, but only in response to the configuration of the groove walls.

The concept of a phono cartridge is bizarre, but the system does work and works well enough for us to enjoy the music supplied by phono records.

Theoretically, the stylus should move only when forced to do so. But there is a law of Nature that a body in motion tries to stay in motion and a body at rest tries to remain that way. The stylus can produce movements not dictated by the groove walls, thus supplying sounds that were never created by an orchestra.

The lower the mass of the stylus tip, the more accurately it will track transient signals which require precision response in the treble range. To reproduce high frequency musical overtones the stylus tip must be tiny so as to make good, firm contact with the high frequency modulations in the grooves. But there is a penalty. The smaller the tip, the greater the pressure it can put on the grooves. The result is that the vinyl can become de-

formed as the stylus travels through it.

The phono cartridge isn't an isolated component, but must interface with the preamp. There may be a radical change in response when connecting a cartridge to a different preamp because the electrical characteristics of the preamp input—its resistance and capacitance—can vary from one preamp to the next, and not necessarily those of different manufacturers. So while the response of a cartridge may be reasonably flat from 20Hz to 20kHz, it may not be so after the preamp gets a grip on it.

Not only can the preamp behave in a villainous manner, so can the phono record. Records are made of vinyl, an elastic material. So somewhere along the line the vinyl is going to push back against the stylus. If, when listening to a record you note that instruments have a sort of metallic sound, then you are listening to vinyl in action. (Or, perhaps, AC-DC.)

Records aren't perfect, a choice understatement. Manufacturers try to make the pickup cartridge, its headshell and the tonearm as light as possible to avoid sound coloration due to record warp. But you can help too. Clean records with a professional record cleaner, not soap or detergent and water. Keep records in their jackets when not in use. Treat records with an antistatic fluid or use an antistatic mat beneath the disc. Clean the stylus with a stylus brush and follow the manufacturer's instructions in its use. When you put a record on the turntable, push down at the center to make sure the spindle comes completely through the center hole of the disc. Don't play records with the turntable's dustcover in its up position. Follow the manufacturer's recommendations on tracking force.

Finally, the phono cartridge is a delicate mechanism working at a tough job. Don't let the cartridge drop down on the record surface, an action that won't help the cartridge; the phono record or your budget.

Marvin Clifford



DAN EICHOLTZ



Reliving the Thirties with Cowley, Kazin, Wilson & Orwell

THE DREAM OF THE GOLDEN MOUNTAINS
Malcom Cowley, Viking \$14.95

STARTING OUT IN THE THIRTIES
Alfred Kazin, Random House \$2.95

THE THIRTIES

Edmund Wilson, edited by Leon Edel Farrar, Straus & Giroux \$17.50

ORWELL: THE TRANSFORMATION
Peter Stansky & William Abrabams, Knopf \$12.95

BY FRED SETTERBERG

If history occasionally opens a wider door and demands extraordinary participation from ordinary men and women, then the Thirties, the Depression, the "Red Decade" was such a time. Presently, we are experiencing a renewal of interest in the Thirties. Given the dreary state of our economy, the rumors of war, and the bland, compromised, uncomprehending expression of our political leadership, it should come as no surprise that the Thirties are once again emerging as a touchstone for our popular culture. As a nation fixated with the idea of interpreting history through a tapelooop of revolving decades, we stand as more-than-willing subjects for this particular brand of memory, though strongly enamored of nostalgia, and we can prove as much by the implausible rise and blather of our major public figures. But amid the prevailing notions about the good old days— notions that for the most part are fraudulent, self-serving, and bi-partisan—there is a more complicated, corrective, and oftentimes ambiguous vision of the Thirties. This is the appraisal of the decade by the extraordinary participants—of which these four books focus upon one particular breed.

Now clearly, these memoirs of Thirties literary life do not provide a man-in-the-streets perspective of the Depression years. (Malcom Cowley relates the ambience of his *New Republic* office as including "good

French cooking" and "deck tennis on Wednesday afternoons.") Nor do we learn much first-hand about the rise of trade unions, radical political movements, nor government reformism. (For these inside accounts, we might turn more profitably to Arthur Schlesinger's *The Crisis of the Old Order*, Al Richmond's *A Long View from the Left*, or library copies of *New Masses*.) Rather, it is the peculiar experience of the middle-class, Left-leaning intellectual that is explored here. Or more to the point—particularly given the special status and influence of the four men who were to become America's leading literary critics and contemporary England's finest essayist—it is the keenly documented journey from personal containment to public commitment, from radical sympathies to political action (and back again) that makes these books interesting and serviceable beyond the narrow pale of literary criticism. "Many writers had the feeling (I more than some others)" admits Cowley, "that we were living in history."

Of course, we all live in history. But what these four volumes seem to be implying is that we also *relive* history, and the choices that we now find ourselves facing are not so different from those that were grappled with, agonized over, and finally left unresolved by the activists of the 1930s. "I was a literary radical" Alfred Kazin writes of him self in the early Thirties, "indifferent to economics, suspicious of organization, planning, Marxist solemnity and intellectual system-building. . . ." And so, we suspect that Kazin would have been speaking for many of his contemporaries were it not for the bothersome role of history, the intrusion of world events into the writer's plane of purely personal existence.

In the end, it is not so much the story of events that makes these memoirs so valuable, but rather the portrayal of civilization's continuing history of conscience. We are interested here primarily in the quality of choices; we learn how commitments are formed—and then how they are sometimes forgotten. For many of the writers and intellectuals profiled by Cowley, Kazin, and Wilson, or identified with Orwell, it all finally seems to boil down to a matter of simple usefulness: how can an individual, particularly a man of letters, be of some influence in the world? Cowley speaks most perceptively of the "moral qualities that writers had missed in bourgeois society: the comradeship in struggle, the self-imposed discipline, the ultimate purpose . . . the opportunity for heroism, and human dignity." At last, it is the universal drive towards community, productivity, and compassion that allows us to identify so strongly with the struggles of Cowley and friends. To paraphrase the bearded, 19th century German philosopher who had become so fashionable among the 1930's liberal literary establishment: novelists, playwrights, and poets have interpreted the world; the point now is to change it.



NOWHERE MAN

Backpacking the Desert Trails

By Don Roberts

They cannot scare me with their empty spaces
Between stars—an stare where no human race is.
I have it in me so much nearer home
To scare myself with my own desert places."
Robert Frost

After a 10-11 winter the mind starts to warp, turns to dementia and homicidal fantasies. While suppressing a Boris Karloff laugh, one may easily entertain and devise an infinite variety of ways to skin the household cat. Ah, but outside the porches and daffodils have already zipped open green skirts to brazenly exhibit their bright-hued sex organs. These innocent blossoms are the tender flags signaling a race—a foot race into the great, gawd-all-Friday I can breathe again, out-of-doors.

Get out . . . exchange blood in the eye for a bouquet of blisters. Beyond the ever-closing walls, the sedentary-pedantry, and the self accusing notes taken in Beginning Abnormal Psychology 303 (one must start on a career of perversity somewhere), there is redemption. There is the desert, a fragile void waiting to swallow you down into the entrails of nowhere. Do not fear; there is no timid examination at trail's end.

While evicting spiders from the of backpack and abominably priming the suction cups on the ancient, unused ensembles of one's mind wanderers to the serrated silhouette of a sapphire mountain range. Forget it, Changochock. Unless you score stopping through Sierra cement (wet, packed snow and ice) you must disregard the temptation of getting Rocky Mountain high. Turn the channel on John Denver and tune in on Death Valley Day—regulate with 20 Miles Team Borax and, if you're a lucky cowboy patrol, Ronald Reagan.

March, April and May in the U.S. of A. is prime time to trek into an oasis of desolation, the backside of the bad lands, the gloriously hostile, more than a little dangerous vastness of the Great North American desert.

Think of it this way: by hiking and camping in rigorous

desert regions you will automatically avoid the most pervasive threat to cosmic sanity—the crowd. Including: Bleeding hearts of hippies, social climbers (paleontologic groups dressed in those revolting Lederhosens), ruddy squalls of drug-crazed Gilt Soups, overly affectionate, possum-breathed hillbillies, and the inevitable busloads of retirees with canines sprouting from their stomachs. And don't worry about the possibility of boredom. Ask any Beckman. It is virtually impossible to be lulled and lulled by the desert. Killed, yes, but never bored.

In his lyrical book, *Desert Notes*, Darryl Holtzman Lopez comments, "Prepare for the impact of nothing." But don't misconstrue his admonition. Between you and that delicious sense of nothingness (a mental more than physical phenomenon) there exists a deceptive abundance of natural stimuli.

In mountainous regions the intensity of the seasons forces all life into periods of ebb and flow. In the desert, wildlife abounds in constant, symbiotic reticence. The animals are there, but they are shy, retiring, wary—subtle in their movements as the shimmer of heat waves which hover above the torrid landscape. If you approach softly you will eventually intrude upon bobcat, coyotes, rodents of every size and brand name, mule deer, antelope, bats, birds (including the elegant and mystical raven), lizards, snakes, and a host of exotic insects.

At night, with the scent of halibore and sage pressing against the desert tarmac, you will be serenaded by a chilling cacophony of cries and whistles. It quickly becomes evident that the Hollywood conception of howling coyotes is a ridiculous auditory myth; this discovery alone justifies the trip. Although each melody is different,

coyotes never string together a series of extended OW-OW-OW-OW-OW-OWs, as if being tortured by the German S.S. In reality, coyote songs are more in the Miss Davis school—a beat splintered by broken and deprecatingly critical dissonance, more like the shrill laughter and marrow-piercing squeals of startled school girls.

Not to be ignored is COLOR: living, breathing, changeable character in the desert realm. Everywhere one looks the stark brilliance of rock and sky, the raw exposition of minerals, assaults the eye. Nowhere else on earth does the wondrous stratosphere hemorrhage so freely at sunrise.

It is not for nothing that Madison Avenue advertising agencies audit everything from refrigerators to Farrah Fawcett into such desert wonderlands as Arches National Monument for surreal film sessions at the apex of a month.

Okay, you're talked into it; you're ready to part company with the seemingly sane, the rational, the hopelessly predictable. You are ready to saddle up your Detroit steed and follow the bouncing ball into Gila-land. Go ahead, strap on a chaps, hitchhike if you must, or even straddle a cross-road (motorcycle), but do not forget to entice your civilized ass from the security of rump-hyde once you arrive. An auto keeps you hermetically sealed from the environment, particularly the desert, upon which you must wander and suffer to even begin to "see."

There are, fellow mesa manufacturers, some practical considerations. First and foremost, unless you prefer traveling in bad company, never go alone. (With the right kind of companion, solitude remains accessible.) If you happen to shatter a lonecap, sit on a cactus, or stick

your big toe into a rattlesnake's kiss; it is much more rewarding to panic with a friend. The second important preparatory consideration is the care and maintenance of the most important organ (with the exception of the brain) that the backpacker possesses—the foot, preferably a matching set.

For desert tramping a pair of high-top tennis is usually preferable to those awesome, heavy-trucker' alpine boots armed with three-inch lugs. But foot fashion tends to be a very personal item which must be chosen to suit the individual's own pedestrian predilections.

Pre-seasoning the old pads will also spare you loads of both sheer anguish and Dr. Scholl's foot pads. One week prior to departure spend each evening listening to Roy Rogers' hit recording, "Happy Trails," while soaking your feet in a brine solution composed of one part coarse salt to five parts plain of tap water.

The following list of provisions will greatly reduce the odds of gambling with your bones.

Essentials for Desert Hiking and Camping

1. Matches in waterproof container. (A Bic lighter, if you don't mind cheating . . . Remember that a "Mogave master" never, never builds a raging inferno. Keep fires small and do not pollute living vegetation. That scraggy juniper close to camp was a resident when the first Platte dug for grubs at its base.)
2. High energy food. (Quinmeal, gorp, Twinkies, anything that constitutes a "moveable feast" . . . as Gino Sly points out in *Appaloosa Rising*. "You know what those birds like to eat? Appaloosa! Ya see 'em on the highways jumping on the road kills . . . 'n all they eat are the ass-



BEWARE THE EUROPEAN LEECH

Foreign Studies Programs Are Not Always . . . Foreign

BY DEBORAH BAKER

In the spring of her sophomore year in college, a young woman decided to spend a semester of her junior year in France for credit towards her French major. For twice the amount of tuition as a semester at her home university she was accepted into a program sponsored by a respectable American university. When she arrived in France she found herself living in a dormitory of American students and being taught French by American French professors. Instead of being registered as a student of the area university [in this case, the University of Bordeaux], she discovered that the program was linked to an independent organization with no official relationship to the French university. Consequently, she was not allowed access to the university's library and had to depend upon a feeble selection of books from the city library. She returned to the States with only a vague sense of the French educational system and student social life.

Such an experience is not unusual. The increasing number of American students choosing to spend their junior year abroad has brought about a corresponding increase in the number of foreign study programs—many of them hoping to exploit the "rich" American college students, hungry for the experience abroad but naive in their choice of programs.

There are three basic types of foreign study programs. One is sponsored by an American university in an association, that may be real or merely implied, with a British or continental university. The second type is sponsored by a foreign university and aimed explicitly at the American student. The third type of program is linked with a wholly independent organization, either foreign or American, and set up in the locale of a foreign university—frequently with no recognition or authorization from that foreign university.

The quality of a program set up by an American university depends largely upon the commitment of that university to the program. There is a tendency for some universities to "ship students off," entrusting them to the care of "representatives" from foreign universities. There are cases in which the official liaison in the foreign university has little, if any, official status in that academic community. Eminent foreign universities look upon these academic entrepreneurs as leeches, and take steps to prevent unauthorized American students from entering their lecture halls and using their libraries.

On the other hand, European universities less concerned about their academic reputation perceive American students as a ready means of making extra money. Some rent out dormitories at a stiff price to the parent university in the States, and allow limited access to student organizations and facilities. Even this does not always mean the use of libraries or the benefit of foreign faculty instruction, certainly crucial elements of a good foreign study program.

There are, of course, varying degrees of quality among the numerous foreign study programs available to the American student. All of them, however, tend to be very expensive. One way to avoid the prohibitive costs of a foreign study program is to apply directly to the university in the foreign country. Most European universities are public institutions that are heavily subsidized by the government. Thus tuition fees are very low, even if the student is not a citizen of the country.

Naturally this involves a more independent spirit—the flight, living accommodations, field trips and grade transfers will not have been arranged upon arrival. There will be no American community to commiserate over homesickness. Still, the direct experience of a foreign school—its social life and academic standards—will be a far more demanding challenge than traveling under a study program tailored like a tour for retired senior citizens. (Obviously, a confident grasp of the language is necessary to make this approach.) To find out which universities open their registration to non-citizen students, the crucial source of information is the foreign country's embassy in Washington, D.C.

A warning, because many American universities will not accept independent credit from foreign universities, a

foreign study program may be the only means of acquiring academic credit if it is needed. In this case, it is necessary to approach the sponsoring academic institution or organization with questions that may not be answered in its brochure. Are courses specially designed for American students (that is, will all one's classmates be Americans)? What are the qualifications and nationalities of the instructors? Does the student have an official relationship with a foreign university? If so, what does this include—library privileges, faculty instruction, membership in student organizations? Cambridge and Oxford, for example, do not accept any foreign undergraduates, independently or in a foreign study program, though there are many summer programs and even year-long programs conducted in their vicinity.

Finally, before even considering a foreign study program it is necessary to evaluate one's academic and personal expectations of a foreign study experience. The questions that students should ask of themselves are as important as the questions asked of the program. What sort of living accommodations would be preferred, family or dormitory? Could the student in a foreign study program strike out from the security of American classmates to make friendships and speak the language of the country? Would the student be happier traveling under the supervision of a knowledgeable superior or guided solely by personal motivations, interests and expense?

Living and studying in a foreign

country can be an invaluable experience if one is wise in the selection of a program. Even if one's college or university has its own foreign study programs it is important to compare them with others. Where would one rather be—Paris or Bordeaux? Is it possible to save money for more pleasurable pursuits by arranging one's own flight? How demanding is the program in academic standards? Does it allow for personal initiative, time for travel? Remember, the more someone else takes care of the student in the foreign study program, the more expensive it will be and, perhaps, the less will be gained from the experience.

Bon Voyage.

For more specific information about foreign study programs, Deborah Baker suggests the following publications:

The New Guide to Study Abroad 1978-1979

(John A. Garrety, Lily von Klemperer, Cyril J. H. Taylor, Harper & Row, New York.) "A practical, authoritative, and up-to-date handbook of year and summer programs for high school, college, university students and teachers."

U.S. College Sponsored Programs Abroad

Gail A. Cohen (ed.)

Vacation Study Abroad

Gail A. Cohen (ed.)

Publications of the Institute of International Education, clearing house for foreign study information, 809 United Nations Plaza, New York, New York 10017.

Deborah Baker spent the last year reading English and History at Cambridge University and working in London as a research assistant. She is now at the University of Virginia and claims she is bright and beautiful.

MOSEYING AROUND EUROPE... PODNER

BY RICHARD LEVINSON

Ah, Europe, where the river Thames thunders out of the Alps and flows lazily past stately Dutch windmills, where the Eiffel Tower stands vigilantly over the houses of Parliament, where every street corner is filled with boisterous Germans hoisting festive glasses of Ouzo and dancing merrily to the strains of a traditional Flamenco guitar.

Well, fine, but, being the stylish sort you are, you're also heavily invested in the *du so courant* cowboy trend. What, you wonder, will the colorful natives think of your tall-in-the-saddle look?

Relax. The place is lousy with cowboys, and if you carry a battered guitar along too, you'll probably be asked for your autograph. (Sign it "Johnny Lee" and get invited to the best parties.) Not only will you score big with the locals as you saunter, legs bowed, down the Champs Elysees, but in at least two major cities, you'll find establishments made just for you.

The Studio (41 Rue du Temple, Paris) is an honest-to-gosh Tex/Mex restaurant 6 blocks from Notre Dame. Run by Frank Charat, a French-born Texas-raised entrepreneur, the Studio offers chili at least as good as most urban American restaurants, and a full selection of tortilla dishes. It's also a good place to meet American peer-groups. The address is a very dark alleyway leading to an inner courtyard where the restaurant is located, but don't be put off by the *darkness*. The Studio is warm and friendly, and on certain nights an American bluegrass band plays later in the evening.

In Amsterdam, The Bronco (1 block from the Amsterdam Somesta IX hotel in the Centrum) is a full-fledged Urban Cowboy bar complete with live C & W music and a bucking machine. One gets the feeling that it was hastily built to cash in on a current "trend," and will be just as hastily rebuilt to cash in on the next one. No matter. The drinks are real drinks, the waitresses are the most beautiful you'll ever see in a country bar, and while you're eating passable pizza, you can ask someone all the questions about Amsterdam everybody asks. (Sample answers: Yes, you can in some places. Yes, there are lots, at competitive prices.) While there, find out how to get to the Last Water Hole, which is a good deal rougher, but I bet that's where you'll find just what you're looking for, if you catch my waf.

Have a nice trip, and don't worry a bit about the fact that when you get back everybody over here will be wearing Lederhosen, and you won't even be able to get Goodwill to take your now worthless wardrobe off your hands.

THE "KEY" TO A GREAT SPRING BREAK

BY ALISON NELSON

It's an annual predicament. As spring break approaches, many college students get the urge to head south. Trouble is, most are short on funds, with parents who think the ideal spring vacation is a week at home with the family. Sun worshippers, take heart: there is a way for students to enjoy a fabulous Florida vacation without running into debt or staying at Aunt Sadie's condominium in Tampa. It's called "camping in Key West."

A mere sixty miles from Cuba, Key West is the southernmost point in the continental United States, the last in a string of tiny islands off the coast of Florida called the "Keys." Key West is rapidly becoming the springtime mecca for college students from Florida to Michigan.

Vacationing in Key West needn't be expensive. Those willing to travel on the "economy plan" (foregoing such luxuries as plane flights and hotel rooms) can have a sensational Key West vacation for as little as \$150-\$200 per person. Besides traveler's checks, all one needs are summer clothes, suntan lotion, a tent and a sleeping bag. Car-owners will be spared the hassles of finding a ride down, but those who are stuck with a gas guzzler may need to find a couple of friends to share expenses.

Once in Key West, most college stu-

dents on a budget stay at Boyd's Campgrounds. Boyd's is reminiscent of the migrant camps where the loads stayed in *The Grapes of Wrath*; the place is rather dump-looking, but everyone there is friendly and willing to share food, beer, and a helping hand in putting up a tent. While far from swanky, Boyd's has showers and telephones, and at \$6 per night for two people, the price can't be beat. The campground sponsors inexpensive scuba and snorkel lessons, and is located only a short drive from town and the public beaches.

Those who arrive at Boyd's on a Saturday have the best chance of getting a fairly decent campsite: in the shade under some trees, with a small picnic table nearby. The less fortunate will end up out in a large open lot under the blazing sun, camping on something akin to kity litter. If the campground is temporarily full, the best place to go is *not* the beach or a public parking lot. The Key West police don't take kindly to college high jinks, and those who camp in unauthorized areas often end up in jail for several days, awaiting bond money from their parents. Fortunately, there are several other campgrounds in the area, all of them slightly farther away from town and the beach.

Except for sleeping, showering, and a couple of campsite cookouts, student camps spend most of their time at the beach or in the downtown area called Old Key West. There the streets

are lined with charming boutiques, shops, restaurants, bars, theatres, and art galleries. Those who do have extra money usually spend it here. For those with a weakness for unique and beautiful clothes, Bahama Mamma's on Duvall Street is a must. This boutique features stunning handpainted dresses, skirts, bathing suits, and men's shirts, all originals by proprietor Vaughan Cochran.

One nightly ritual that no one will want to miss is the sunset gathering at Mallory Pier, overlooking the bay. Tourists, students, and townspeople gather to watch the sunset and be entertained by jugglers, mimes, musicians, dancers, and other local characters like the "Iguana Man," a grizzled old fellow renowned for his unusual pets. When the sun finally dips below the horizon, all activity stops and there is a silence, followed by a round of applause.

After the sunset, a favorite before-dinner stop for students is a stand near the pier called Cap'n Conch's for an appetizer of hot and spicy conch fritters at \$1.50 per dozen. For a more substantial meal, there are several Cuban restaurants that offer both local color and low prices. Yes, it is possible to replace Big Macs and shakes with Cuban sandwiches, black beans, conch chowder and sangria without blowing an austerity budget. At places like Cacique and Al Mar dinner for two will cost \$10 or less. For those who have

(Continued on page 19)

HERE THEY ARE:

Results of The First Annual Readers Poll

At last, we're keeping that promise—here are the results of The First Annual *Ampersand* Readers Poll. Calm down, now. Please hold your applause until all the winners are introduced.

The best rock album of 1980, a hands-down no-contest winner, was *The River* by Bruce Springsteen. Runner up (about half as many votes) was Billy Joel's *Glass Houses*; trailing that (with half again as many nods) were *The Wall* by Pink Floyd and *Empty Glass* by Pete Townshend.

Best Classical Albums (nearly a tie): Pavarotti's *Greatest Hits* and Beethoven's *9th Symphony*.

Best Jazz Album: Jeff Beck's *There & Back* edged out Herb Alpert's *Rise* by one vote. Among the 8 remaining albums named there was an 8-way tie, including David Sanborn's *Hideaway*, Pat Metheny's *American Garage* and *80/81*, Benson (as in George), *Live* by Jean Luc Ponty, *Gaucho* by Steely Dan, *Extensions* by Manhattan Transfer, and *Carnaval* by Spyro Gyra.

The Best Soul Album, leading the pack by a wide margin: *Off the Wall* by Michael Jackson. Second—*Diana* by Ms. Ross.

The Best Country and Western Album was the *Urban Cowboy* Soundtrack, receiving more than twice as many votes as Emmylou Harris' *Roses in the Snow* and Kenny Rogers' *Greatest Hits* (both tied for second place).

Best Rock Single went to Springsteen, for "Hungry Heart" followed by Devo's "Whip It" and Casio's "Another One Bites the Dust."

Best Classical Single, naturally, was Ravel's "Bolero" (thanks to the movie *10*), while the jazz single was Alpert's "Rise." Soul: "Upside Down" by Diana Ross, followed by George Benson's "Give Me the Night." Country & Western: "Lady" by Kenny Rogers, then "Driving My Life Away" by Eddie Rabbit and "Looking for Love" by Johnny Lee.

Top movie choice was *Ordinary People*, which raked up exactly one vote more than *The Empire Strikes Back*, which had 8 votes more than *Elephant Man*. Also ran: *The Shining*, *Fame*, *Caddyshack*, *The Swansong* and *Alphaville*.

Favorite Male Movie Star was Dustin Hoffman; second favorite was Robert Redford, then Jack Nicholson, Clint Eastwood and Burt Reynolds (such esoteric choices).

Favorite Female Movie Star: Jane Fonda. Trailing in her wake were Mary Tyler Moore, Meryl Streep, Goldie Hawn, Jill Clayburgh and Sally Field.

The Best Recording Artist, no doubts about it; with nearly three times as many votes as any other artist—Springsteen again. Galloping along in the distance were Billy Joel, Jackson Browne, Barry Manilow and Pete Townshend.

Best Female Recording Artist, with not quite twice as many as number 2, was Pat Benatar. Number 2: Barbra Streisand, followed by Linda Ronstadt, Carly Simon and Donna Summer.

Best Group (here we go again): Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, followed by Talking Heads, REO Speedwagon, the Clash; all three tied for second place.

Best Concert (sure to guess?): Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band, with three times as many votes as Elton John, who was followed by the Who and Bob Seger, with the Eagles and Linda Ronstadt distant fourths.

Best Weekly Television Series: *M.A.S.H.* After that, *Dallas*, *60 Minutes*, *Soap*, and *Lou Grant*.

Best TV Miniseries: *Shogun*, with four times the votes of *Cosmos*, *Holocaust* and *Roots* (both decidedly pre-1980) tied for third place; *Scorpions* and *Tinacres, Tallies, Soldiers*, *Spy* tied for fourth.

Best One Time TV Special—a first place tie between *Scared Straight* and *Playing for Time*; second place was won by Kenny Rogers' special, and third place was a three-way tie: Steve Martin's special, *The Smothers Brothers Comedy Hour* (actually two shows, not one), and *Baryshnikov on Broadway*.

Best Fiction books. Stephen King has a few fans in collage-land: *The Shining* won first place; *The Dead Zone* and *Firestarter* tied for third place. Second place—*The Lord of the Rings*. Only *Firestarter* was published in 1980; the others are ancient history.

Best Nonfiction Book was the Jim Morrison biography, *No One Here Gets Out Alive*, followed by *The Right Stuff*, *The Real War*, *Thy Neighbor's Wife* and *The Bible* (1), all tied for second place.

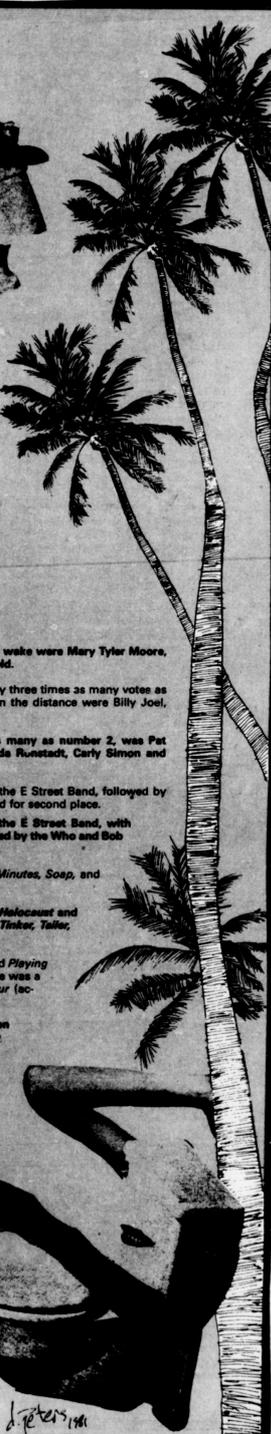
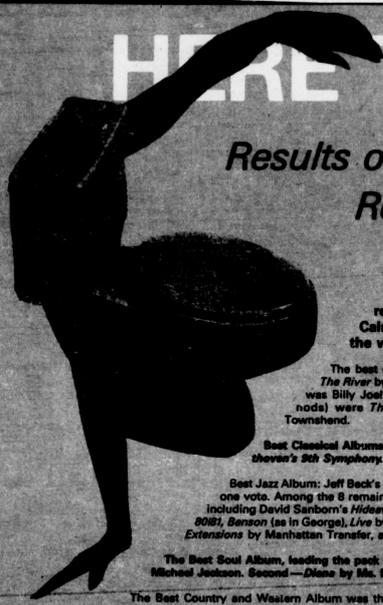
Best performances, Dances: Baryshnikov in *The Nutcracker* ranked first, followed by Bob Fosse's Broadway production of *Dancin'* and a third place tie between *A Chorus Line* and the Harlem Dance Company.

Best play: *The Elephant Man*, with twice as many votes as *The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas*.

Other best performances: Richard Pryor, Robin Williams and Rodney Dangerfield tied for first place, while Bill Cosby and Steve Martin tied for second.

Best Lecture: Andrew Young scored first place, followed by Gloria Steinem; Ralph Nader, Mel Blanc (the voice of Bugs Bunny, among others), G. Gordon Liddy, Woody Hayes, Vincent Price and Leo Buscaglia tied for third place. Who is Leo Buscaglia?

But really, dear readers, we expected great, unusual, off-beat pearls from an informed, intelligent, educated audience like yourselves. What did we get? Top 40! Best sellers! Big deal! We're going to do this again next year ... and we're going to keep doing it until you get it right.



J. Peters 1981

John Hiatt takes his time. He's in no rush to bare his soul, despite the comfortable melancholia that's settled over the Santa Monica bar. It's one of those maulin, three-quarters drunk evenings that invite world-weary philosophizing, all but forgotten by morning's light.

Slight, pale, dressed in a blue windbreaker, jeans and a pair of battered bucks, the 28-year-old Indianapolis native is not so much nervous as intensely wary. The message, couched in some masterful body language, is "not too close." He responds to questions as if they were blows, leaning into them across the table or pulling back in his chair, returning each jab with disdain, bemusement or an ominous scowl. It's all represented in his high forehead and elegantly expressive eyebrows — he's reached a few conclusions in his time, but he's not volunteering a thing.

Nothing, that is, until the waning moments of this precipitous night. Up until now he's been sticking close to the facts and, granted, it's a pretty revealing odyssey. Hiatt first looked the rock & roll beast square in the eye at age eleven.

He played guitar in the obligatory string of Midwestern garage bands, lied about his age to club owners, dreamed the journeyman's dream. It's the same old story with one important difference... Hiatt didn't know how to do anything else. He wasn't holding onto a CPA degree or a job in a rubber plant in case things didn't work out. Hardly tucked into the middle of the seven-member Hiatt brood, he took his single option very seriously. He quit high school at 16. At 18 he moved to Nashville.

"It was heaven," he confides, recalling those first two years in Music City. He had landed a \$25-a-week staff writing job at Big Tree Publishing, lived in an \$11-a-week cold-water flat and subsisted on a diet of hand-rolled cigarettes, baloney and beans. An auspicious start, but the Nashville tenancy proved ultimately a dead-end. There was a certain and specific gap between his keyed up, highly personal songs and the prevailing rhinestone aesthetic. Later, of course, all sorts of people figured out he was a hell of a writer. Three Dog Night gleaned a middling hit from "Sure As I'm Sittin' Here." Conway Twitty's cut of "Heavy Tears" was number one country. There were soundtracks, a *Movie of the Week* score, lots of appreciation from left field, but back in those early days it was strictly, well, baloney and beans.

It was taking a lot of risks, throwing a lot of curves. Nobody knew what to do with my songs," he remarks. Then there was the matter of those two Epic LPs. The fate of *Hangin' Around the Observatory* and *Overcoats*, both released in '74, was a crash course in the ritual sacrifice the industry often performs on artists. Both were marked by a lyric whimsy that seems utterly alien to Hiatt's later persona, and both went absolutely nowhere, thanks to a studios lack of support by Epic. His subsequent wandering minstrel period — a year playing coffeehouses and folk clubs in 34 states and most of Canada — was hardly a feast for the ego either. "It was hard for audiences to deal with my kind of emotion." The remark has the ring of classic understatement. The fact was, Hiatt was no more a folkie than a good ol' boy. He had cut his teeth on R&B and what he calls "his white variant" — rock and roll — but it wasn't until he came to Los Angeles

in '78 that he got down to the serious business of his destiny.

That year, LA was in the throes of its new wave seizure. The club scene was percolating nicely and the A&R Einsteins were turning up the next big thing every hour on the hour. Enter Hiatt, with a new band and a batch of songs that kicked up lots of attention pronto. A year later he released his first MCA LP, *Slug Line*, followed by *Two Bit Monsters* in October of '80.

In retrospect, Hiatt's ascent up the ladder of critical respectability has a sort of astrological inevitability to it. Jaundiced, often cynical, always unsparring, Hiatt's consummate blend of paranoia and purpose came along at just the right time. He was called the American Elvis Costello, a term which did nothing to endear its subject to the rock press, and his MCA output was hailed for pointing out new wave's post-pogo directions.

"It was a unique time," Hiatt admits. "I mean, when a guy like me could

make a record and say exactly what I wanted and a company like MCA would put it out with no questions asked. Too bad it didn't work."

Both albums were, in fact, brilliant, with some direct and unembellished rock, reggae and R&B motifs and some breathtakingly risky lyric turns. Cuts like "Madonna Road," "Slug Line" and "Take off Your Uniform" from the first LP and "Back to Normal," "Face the Nation" and "Cop Party" from the second did indeed herald a significant new talent working, at last, in the proper musical setting.

The record buying public couldn't have cared less. After a dismal sales run, Hiatt switched managers, was excommunicated from the MCA deal and formed a new band. He also did some recording on Ry Cooder's latest, *Borderline* (featuring the Hiatt original "The Way We Make a Broken Heart"), that resulted in his hiring on as

a member of Cooder's road band for a Euro-American tour, winding up in March.

All of which brings him to this particular juncture, in an empty bar, staring moodily at an ashtray full of butts and trying to address some pointed questions about a checkered career and an enigmatic body of work. It's not easy.

"I'm really optimistic," Hiatt has been insisting throughout most of this boozy evening in downtown Santa Monica. It's been a hard statement to support, especially in view of the positively foreboding quality of his music. "That's part of the problem," he parries, "especially with rock critics. They put too much emphasis on lyrics. It started with Dylan and I don't think I'll ever forgive him for it. I think I handle the characters in my songs with a lot of tenderness. If that means pointing out their problems, that's between them and me."

Maybe. Hiatt's positive dread of ex-

plaining his music beyond what's lying in the grooves extends to his role as a new wave weathervane. "The new wave didn't do much for me," he says with a shrug. "I mean, there was a big upheaval three years ago, but the lid's back on now — tight. Just listen to the radio. It's Kenny Rogers and Pat Benatar. And the Clash. I know everybody loves that band, but I sure can't figure out why..."

A long silence ensues. What really seems to be eating Hiatt are those constant demands for self-revelation, as if he owed something to the press and public.

"I just want to be loved and adored by millions. That's part of my problem," he concedes, watching a patrol car cruise Ocean Avenue. "I mean, if selling records is the point, I'll be a perfect custodian of success. Vote for me and I'll never put out a crummy record. What else do people need to know?"

What else indeed? Well, there's Hiatt's well-publicized discontent with nearly every aspect of his recorded output, in direct contradiction to his no-crummy-product promise. "Let's face it. I'm a slow learner," he counters. "The recording studio process is still a mystery to me, after four albums. I never had enough money or time to do things right. I needed to play with a band that weren't a bunch of dogs on leashes... and where do you find a producer with a gold coke spoon around his neck?"

Abruptly, Hiatt changes tack. Yes, he concedes, he's been surrounded by a "a bunch of assholes" for a long time now, but things are different. It's looking up. He's got some high powered management, a decent group and a lot of lucrative recording offers. (Warner Bros. is a distinct possibility.) He lives in a nice house in the Hollywood Hills with his wife and cat. What could be better?

will all these good times change his music? Is he going to start writing songs about happy, well-adjusted folk instead of ones who die in motorcycle accidents, get old too fast or need desperately to escape?

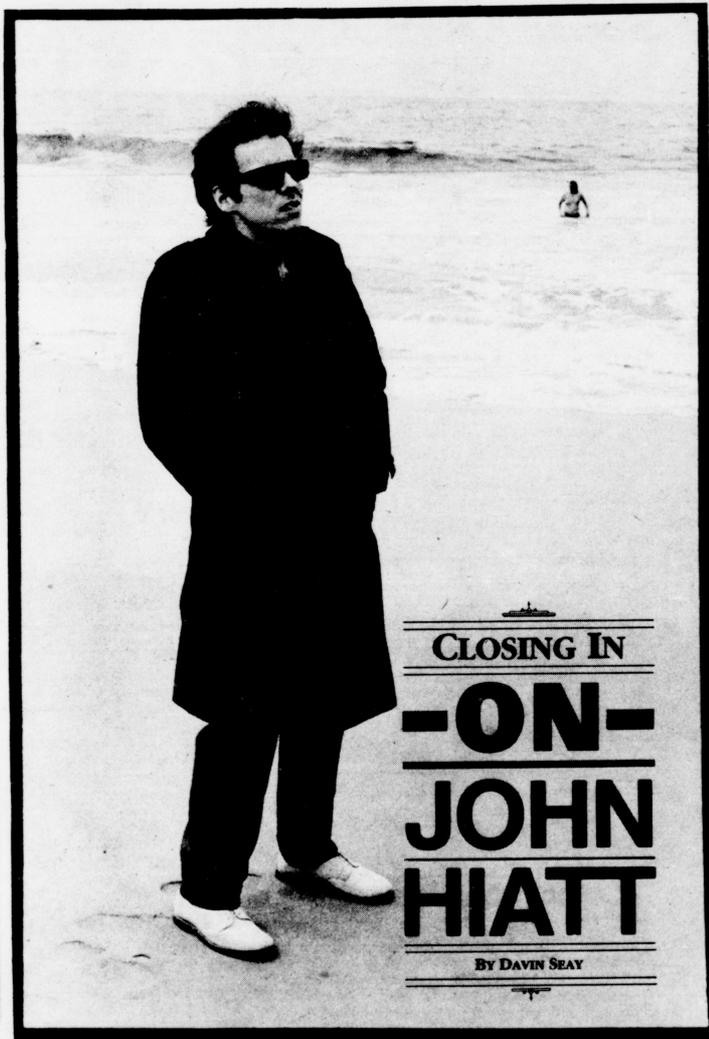
Exasperation wells beneath those lowering eyebrows. Suddenly, the Critical Interview Moment has been reached. "Why should anyone care what I think?" he snaps. "Sure, everything is corrupt, except maybe my cat. Do they need me to tell them that I write songs, that's all. I'm not even really a musician. I'm just not. I use the guitar, I don't play it. Rock and roll is a limited form of expression, but I don't object to limitations. So why should other people?"

There's no stopping him now. "If I weren't doing this, I think I could write good short stories. I like John Cheever, Walker Percy. I really like Flannery O'Connor. She wears her Catholicism well. I was raised a Catholic too. It's one of the things I'll eventually have to face in my music."

The sound of the bartender's fingers drumming on mahogany abruptly dissolves the tension. The moment has passed. The interview is over.

"I'm afflicted with guilt," Hiatt says, rising and tossing a handful of change on the table. "Sometimes, I'll do something without thinking and have to live with the consequences for a long time. Like this interview. But that's okay. I appreciate the gnashing."

It seems as close as anyone's going to get to John Hiatt's creative processes. The bartender has moved to the front door, holding it open. Hiatt, hunched against the cold air, is looking for his car keys. It's closing time.



ON SCREEN

Tess

starring Nastassia Kinski, Peter Firth and Leigh Lawson; written by Gerard Brach, Roman Polanski and John Brownjohn, based on Thomas Hardy's novel *Tess of the D'Urbervilles*; directed by Polanski

Tess (Kinski) is a beautiful young late-19th century English countrywoman, poor but proud, whose life is changed forever when her wastrel father learns the family may be connected to the aristocracy—they could be D'Urbervilles, not mere Derbyfields. Tess is sent off to meet, and extract money from, their supposed rich relations; the scion of the manor (not related after all, but a rich family that simply bought the title and land) rapes and keeps Tess until she summons the courage to leave. From that foreboding beginning, Tess trudges stoically through poverty and grinding labor, suffers the birth and death of an illegitimate child, and for a brief summer finds love and happiness and a husband (Firth, in a remarkably restrained performance) before her inevitably tragic end.

Polanski filmed *Tess* in France, because he feared extradition to this country if he wandered too close to England. He even recreated Stonehenge somewhere in France, and packed German-born Kinski off to live with a Dorsetshire family for a year to learn the proper accent (she didn't, quite). Polanski's landscapes are beautiful, pastoral, but always slightly threatening; he keeps reminding us, in the smallest details, that this story does not have a happy ending—and this makes the few genuinely joyful moments all the more poignant.

One scene in particular has taken root in my mind: when Tess' child (whom she loves in spite of its shameful origins) dies, she is refused the right to bury it in the churchyard; no bastards allowed near the good dead people of the village. At night, in defiance of her vicar, church, and townspeople, she buries the baby in the church cemetery and erects a pathetic little wooden cross.

Kinski, for all her sensuously innocent beauty (her resemblance to the young Ingrid Bergman is downright eerie) never convinced me she really understood Hardy's heroine. Tough and resilient, stubborn and practical, Tess is a wonderful invention, straightforward and honest in an age when women were expected to be clinging, pious ornaments. Kinski's soulful brown eyes and sad looks are not quiet enough; Tess should have some fire and spirit, too. But while Kinski may not bring enough to the role, she doesn't detract from it.

Polanski frames his actors precisely and emotionally (but never sentimentally). He is a masterful manipulator, a man who never uses a bludgeon when he can casually slip a dagger into our hearts.

Tess may not elicit sobs in the theater, but the sadness lingers after.

Judith Sims

Every Man for Himself

starring Isabelle Huppert, Jacques Dutronc and Nathalie Baye; written by Jean-Claude Carrière and Anne-Marie Miéville; directed by Jean-Luc Godard

In *Every Man for Himself*, avant-garde director Jean-Luc Godard (*Breathless, Weekend*) not surprisingly opts for style and mood rather than plot and characterization, but the film's style is mostly baffling, and its mood, on those occasions when the story is comprehensible, is depressing. It contains enough references to incest and anality to occupy an army of psychiatrists for years, and Godard's stylistic flourishes (stop motion, for example, and sound-track manipulations) are regarded in certain film circles as a cinematic Second Coming, but the only blessing a general audience is likely to find in this idiosyncratic work is its relative brevity (87 minutes). If not for Godard's technical skill and vaunted reputation, the movie might easily be dismissed for obscurity and pretentiousness.

The Dutronc character is blatantly autobiographical: in addition to being a director, his name is Godard, and he is hit by a car (several years ago Jean-Luc Godard had a serious car accident). But like Woody Allen in *Stardust Memories*, Godard lacks distance from his anger, and he too criticizes, mocks, and alienates his audience. (In a fitful and not altogether successful way, Godard may be trying to demonstrate that in a world full of whores, he alone is pure). Godard may have retreated from the excesses of his Maoist films, but *Every Man* indicates that he hasn't yet chewed an essentially solipsistic and self-indulgent approach to moviemaking.

Robert L. Liebman

The Return of the Secaucus Seven

Featuring Mark Arnott, Gordon Clapp, Maggie Cousineau, Adam Lefevre, Bruce MacDonald, Jean Passanante, Maggie Renzi, David Straubkorn, and Karen Trotz; written and directed by John Sayles

A handful of old college friends gather for a weekend in smalltown New England. Nothing much happens: a little basketball gets played; several pounds of hamburger are pounded into patties, fried, and then consumed; someone drinks too much and throws up. But no one dies during the course of this film, no critical decisions are made, no ideals forsaken; there's not the stuff of terror nor pity lying about here. What does occur is far more prosaic, far more realistic than the fables and characterizations we are accustomed to seeing on the screen. Again, the actors are all quite ordinary-looking, no more witty nor foolish than you, me, or any of our closest friends. And that is precisely what makes this charming, funny, talky film so irresistible.

Ten years ago, on the road to an anti-war demonstration in Washington, D.C., a small group of young college students, VISTA volunteers and dropouts found themselves waylaid and arrested (charges dropped) in Secaucus, New Jersey; thus, with appropriate self-deprecation, the *Secaucus Seven*. Now, continuing with their lives, they struggle to make some sense, and some joy, out of a rather different world. They teach high school, go to medical school, work for a liberal Senator, dream of hitting it big on the record charts; none of them, it should be noted, is employed on Wall Street. Their aspirations have leveled-off, or rather, focused upon good friends, good work, love, family, and some measure of justice; they are idealists in a non-heroic fashion, equipped with irony and a prevailing sense

of humor. They're good company, familiar and generally admirable in words and actions.

Novelist John Sayles, author of the National Book Award-nominee, *Union Dues*, has written and directed a marvelous evocation of one generation's shared experience. It's roughly made (\$60,000 budget, originally shot in 16 mm.), nicely cast, and beautifully scripted. What's more, the realistic eye of *Secaucus Seven* reminds us of how truly awful and off-the-mark were all those early Sixties exploitation films like *The Strawberry Statement* and *Getting Straight*. Now, at last, someone has made a film about the post-Counterculture who knows what he's talking about, someone with the wit and skill to hammer it all together.

Fred Setterberg

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DAN EICHOLTZ



(Continued from page 14)
 their hearts set on a romantic island dinner at one of Key West's better restaurants, the Rose Tattoo on Duwall Street offers charming atmosphere and fresh seafood.

Night life in Old Key West ranges from classy discotheques like the Monster to sleazy pool halls complete with strippers, like the Boat Bar. Other favorites of the college crowd include Captain Tony's, Sloppy Joe's, Maynard's and the Bull, all featuring live entertainment. Cover charges vary, and the price for a beer is \$1, \$2 or more for mixed drinks.

When a bad case of sunburn makes the beach out of the question, Key West offers a variety of interesting and inexpensive tourist attractions. One can tour the exotic house of the late Ernest Hemingway, now inhabited by the 42 cats that the novelist provided for in his will. The Historic Turtle Kraals, a small but fascinating maritime zoo, features a 750-pound loggerhead turtle—the world's largest in captivity—as well as sharks, Florida lobster, conch, sea turtles, and many other varieties of fish and marine life.

all explained in a lively tour by a marine biologist.

Another interesting place to visit is the Key West Cosmetic Factory, which manufactures and sells all-natural cosmetics, perfumes, and toiletries made with aloe, a tropical plant known for its burn-healing properties. A warning: those who are badly sunburned should beware of this place. From the moment a sunburn victim walks in the door, he or she is assaulted by aggressive salespeople who insist on slathering aloe lotion all over the visitor's body. The stuff does do wonders for a sunburn, but all the attention made me feel like a heel for not buying any of their outrageously expensive products. A single bottle of aloe bubble bath costs \$8!

A terrific way to wind up any Florida vacation is to spend a day at Disney World in Orlando. A whole day of fun costs about \$25 per person, and even the most sophisticated student will have a blast. Besides, it really helps break up the long ride back to school.

The author, a recent graduate of the University of Virginia, spent two spring breaks in Key West.

COSTA RICA IS NOT NICARAGUA

By MANFRED WOLF

Costa Rica may seem somewhat out of the way to students planning their Easter or summer vacation, but several new possibilities for traveling to this little Central American country open up often, from occasional charter flights to low weekday fares on LACSA and other airlines. But however you get there, you should know a few things first.

1. *Costa Rica is not Nicaragua.* Some tourists have been staying away in the mistaken belief that there's trouble in all of paradise; however, the problems of El Salvador and Guatemala do not affect Costa Rica, which anyway prides itself on being as different from Nicaragua as possible—democratic, peaceful, orderly. Homogeneity has something to do with Costa Rica's oddly non-violent history: the population is almost entirely descended from Spanish and more recent European settlers.

2. *Costa Rica is not Mexico.* Americans often expect to find the discomforts associated with Mexican travel or the occasional anti-gringo sentiment. Neither of the above. Drink the water, eat the lettuce, and don't bother peeling the tomatoes. On that score—and on others—it's a little like roaming around Europe, especially Spain. A further pleasure is the unabashed enthusiasm for Americans that obtains in Costa Rica—*macho* here means blond, and a blonde woman is *muy macho*. Just try peddling that concept in Zacatecas or Torreon or Oaxaca!

Most Costa Ricans live in, and most tourists go to, the San José area, on the lush, cool central plateau. San José is a rather plain modern city in a beautiful setting. Its sights (National Theatre, museums, etc.) are quickly seen, but

lesser known excursions out of town are hereby strongly recommended: a bus ride to the old colonial capital of Cartago, or to the university city of Heredia, or to the mountain village of Acosta. Centrally located San José will probably be headquarters; despite rising prices it's possible to find a room for five dollars a day at the Pensión Nizza, on the western end of the Paseo Colón, or at the Pensión Costa Rica, near the Morazan Park, for a little more.

Young travelers wanting to test the warmth of the Costa Ricans should know that discotheques in and around San José welcome singles mainly on week nights. Zeus in the Los Yoses area and Barocco (near the Playboy Club) were favorably mentioned by young Costa Ricans who also said that if they wanted to meet someone of the opposite sex they'd go to a dance hall, e.g., El Gran Parque in San Rafael Abajo or Los Molinos in Cartago. It's a measure of the modern influence on Costa Rica that there's even a singles club, Club de Solteros, which is also, strangely, San José's only vegetarian restaurant.

Most vacationers will inevitably be drawn to the spectacular tropical beaches. The Caribbean town of Limón, reached by a famous railroad through mountains and jungle, is very worthwhile but not for swimming. Go south from there to Cahuita for the beach of your dreams. On the Pacific side of the country, a short bus ride from San José, is Puntarenas, which has a fine beach—though the more adventurous folk go to Coco Beach in Guanacaste, Costa Rica's Wild West. This has become a favorite meeting place of the young. At all of these and many others, rent *cabinas* if luxury hotels aren't for you. Or sleep on one of the country's deserted beaches. ☺

ON TOUR

Wilson Pickett PRIVATES, NEW YORK

The spotlight of profitability is restless. It landed on Wilson Pickett in New York lately and that's reason to get grieved. Not to the fickle market that buried him in the Seventies, but to the Wicked One, the Midnight Mover himself. Onstage at Leber & Krebs' chandeliered new showcase called Privates, Wicked Pickett was all sex and sugar, confident, blatant, hot-shot and sweet.

And he was timely. After seven low-visibility years, Pickett showed legitimate cheek to say, "Don't call it a comeback, I never left." In 1978, New York dance club deejays unshelved their Motown, Atlantic, and Muscle Shoals-Fame sides. In 1979 everyone opened a rock lounge with a soul-and-punk playlist. In 1980, James Brown showed Studio 54 the meaning of sequins in that club's last grasp at groove, and suddenly everyone looked for tickets on the new soul train in town. An inconstant limelight? Hell, yes; but Pickett commands it on his own terms.

Pickett showed Privates what a classic is: something with built-in merit that fashion can't dismiss. Cruising onstage like a teardrop Packard, hyped by mock delirium from his well-horned band, Pickett did a whole show of greatest hits. Pickett sang like he wanted to hear the old stuff as much as everyone else. No Memorex here: just raw thrust and command.

"In the Midnight Hour." The women—punk hair and all—get visions. "Green Grass." "Everybody Needs Somebody to Love." The man beside me starts making moves. Pickett starts to embody sexual belonging. The females hear him *liking* women. The men remember confidence and swag-ger.

"In the wee hours you need somebody to hold real tight." Pickett purrs. No clinical removal. He's not discussing sperm motility and co-tus "634-5789." I'll be right here at home/All you have to do/is pick up your telephone/and dial 634-5789." Ah, the simple prescription—the love on hand; just make your move, woman; and you know I want it.

In Pickett's presence, the language of sexuality had content. His style was playful, tough, and mildly cynical, but never vacant.

Pickett's vocal mastery, engaged drive, musicianship, and sensuality made a good case here for merging head and body, style and content, meaning and swagger. Rock and roll's giddy planned obsolescence dismisses a half-generation every three months but Pickett won't be slagged so easily.

L. M. Eklund

Richard Brautigan UNIVERSITY OF OREGON, EUGENE

What does a best-selling author do when he has a new book to promote? The usual answer, taking to the road for assorted autograph parties, interviews, and talk-show appearances, may be fine for Judith Krantz, but for a former cult hero like Richard Brautigan, a promotion junket seems a bit on the tacky side. Brautigan's style demands something more dignified,

say a lecture tour of college campuses. Reading to students may look classier than mixing it up with Zsa Zsa on the Merv Griffin Show, but the difference turns out to be mostly one of style.

As he was being introduced, Brautigan, resplendent in wrinkled blue jeans and a faded blue shirt, wandered onto the stage smiling beatifically like a giant pixie. He began the evening by giggling with delight at several of his own jokes and ignoring ("I just got off the plane and I can't bear") shouted requests from the audience. After he stared down an early heckler—"farting in the wind" he called the interruption—even his rowdiest admirers lapsed into respectful, if not quite reverent, silence. After offering several dozen readings from his latest book, *The Tokyo-Montana Express*, Mr. B. accepted an amazing series of questions from the audience: "Are you trying to make a statement?" "Have you ever actually done much trout fishing?" and (so help me, I wouldn't make this up) "Does your mother read your poetry?" A few of these stunned Brautigan momentarily, but he endured them all, answering with patience and surprising good humor.

After some nineteen books, Brautigan still seems locked into the persona of the Sixties innocent: "I don't read contemporary fiction," he told one questioner, "just the *National Enquirer*." His reaction to the 1980 election: "I am apolitical." Somehow, by now all this seems more irresponsible than innocent. This came into focus each time Brautigan stumbled toward incoherence and then used his odd travel itinerary (Tacoma, Washington, to Eugene, by way of Meridian, Mississippi) to excuse the lapse. There was a time when a successful writer who left his Montana ranch for a lecture tour that squeezed too many miles into too few days and short-changed his fans as a result would have been the subject, rather than the author, of a wryly wistful Brautigan sketch.

David Coursen

Echo & the Bunnymen

THE LONDON RAINBOW

Multi-colored fog, camouflage and netting smothered the stage. Above, an Arthurian castle flanked with palm trees stretched toward thousands of stars flickering on the ceiling. Welcome to the London Rainbow for Echo and the Bunnymen (and pass the Electric Kool-Aid).

Like the drug-inspired psychedelic bands of the Sixties, the Bunnymen make music for the expanded consciousness. A hand to watch and absorb, but not necessarily to dance to, they hinge songs on a remote bass and a wandering, lazily arpeggiating guitar. Solid drumming is the only element that is really upfront.

Fluffy-haired singer Ian McCullough affects the orotund phrasing of the late Jim Morrison, yet personally resembles a furry animal more than a handsome spoiled poet. Along with deep and formidable vocals, he shares with Morrison a matter-of-life-and-death rock & roll vision, sometimes taken seriously, and sometimes mockingly. "I've been in a daze for days," McCullough ex-

pounds to a galloping beat as "Villiers Terrace" is measured off. "Once I like crying/Once I like laughter/Come on tell me/What I'm after," he sings in "Read It in Books."

What he and the rest of the Bunny men are apparently after is an Eighties form for the crusading bent-brain visions of the Sixties. Bunny music is more industrial and vacuous than its Sixties psychedelic cousins, but it's nonetheless full of interesting tone color, idealism and moments that will make listeners feel they had too much to dream (last night).

Jeff Hays

James "Blood" Ulmer

THE STONE, SAN FRANCISCO

A capacity crowd arrived at the nondescript North Beach club, most in their early to mid-20s, wearing trendy New Wave garb and pogoing on the tiny dance floor. The only anomaly on the scene was onstage—a 38-year-old black jazz guitarist, James "Blood" Ulmer, just flown in from New York, bearded, wearing African garb. He stood nearby still to play, and out came a challenging music at once similar to that of Jimi Hendrix and—in some important respects—freer.

Ulmer first picked up a guitar at age 17, became a professional musician at 17, then hit the road for a ten-year stretch as a sideman in all kinds of rock, R&B and jazz outfits.

He eventually hooked up with saxophonist Ornette Coleman, whose composing and playing style (called harmelodic) became a great influence—as is quite evident on Ulmer's two recent solo albums, *Tales from Captain Black* (which featured Coleman as player and co-producer) and *Are You Glad to Be in America?*, released last summer on Rough Trade.

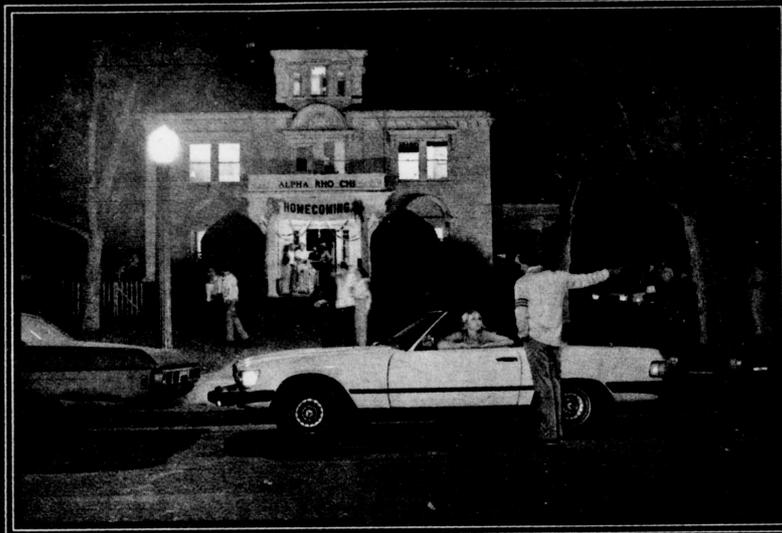
At the Stone, Ulmer powered through an hour of music that was as distinctive and rewarding as it was demanding and difficult. Its roots were in jazz, but it branched determinedly into fiery shoots of rock, R&B and, particularly, funk. His charged-up synthesis of various musical forms does not, however, at all resemble the bland stuff most people think of as "fusion."

Ulmer performed with only two sidemen, the brilliant rhythm section of bassist Amin Ali and Calvin Weston, a 19-year-old drumming prodigy. When a number demanded it, Ali and Weston could construct a solid, anonymous rhythm foundation to support Ulmer's cascading guitar runs. But most of his compositions call for more active, prominent participation by bass and drum, which meant Ali and Weston were often laying down a sturdy beat as well as sharing the instrumental forefront with Ulmer.

The set was heavy with turbulent instrumentals. Ulmer mixed things up a bit with the blues-flavored funk number "Jazz Is the Teacher, Funk Is the Preacher" and "Are You Glad to Be in America?," a gliding tune that could probably slip inconspicuously into a Grateful Dead set.

The latter song was also one of the few pieces laced with Ulmer's gruff chant-singing, a strange vocal style that was forceful and convincing, almost in spite of itself.

Duncan Edwards



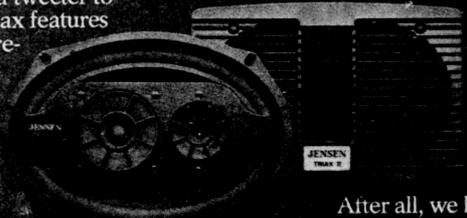
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