

KENTUCKY Kernel

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Lexington, Kentucky

Letter to mayor indicates feds may join in Woodland Park fight

By Lisa Wallace
Assistant Entertainment Editor
and Bill Steiden
Senior Staff Writer

A letter addressed to Mayor James Amato by the U.S. Heritage, Conservation and Resources Service has threatened a cutoff of federal funds for Woodland Park if a proposed senior citizens' center is built there, according to Anne Marie Fugate of the "Save Woodland Park" organization.

Fugate said the existence of the letter, mailed by the HCRS Dec. 17, was discovered this month by her husband Michael, a landscape architect who has frequent dealings with the HCRS office in Frankfurt. The letter's existence was made public recently at a meeting of the

Urban County Council.

She said the letter warned that \$10,000 in federal funds for park improvements might be withheld if the council approves construction of the senior center in a one-acre site within the park, and claimed that it implied clearance by the U.S. Secretary of Interior might be necessary before construction could proceed.

However, Mayor's Assistant Rick Bubenhofer said the letter made the funds impinged upon use of the land for "recreational purposes," a term he said has not been precisely defined by the Urban County Government's legal department.

"We really prize Woodland Park and we'll look at every alternative," he said, adding that if an

equivalent site is proposed, "we'll jump on it."

Nevertheless, a site with the advantages of Woodland Park may be difficult to find, according to Bubenhofer's analysis.

"There's a big elderly majority in that area," he said, "and Woodland Park is easily accessible to bus lines. It's very centrally located."

He added that a new senior center is needed because the city's present facility, Bell House on Sayre Avenue, "is too far out," and Lexington's elderly population "is growing all the time."

Ed Houlihan, Urban County commissioner of parks and recreation, said Woodland Park is also attractive because it is "free land," already owned by the city.

"Working on a total budget of \$400,000 (the federal money allocated for design and construction of the center) it would be advantageous to use government-owned land," he said.

"We're not about to jeopardize funds," he added.

However, Anne Fugate, a UK landscape architecture major, said that selection of the Woodland Park site might end up costing the city as much or more than any other possible location. Citing laws she claimed govern such land usages, she said the city would be required to replace the one acre of land occupied by the center and a surrounding buffer zone with a property of equal value and usability, thus maintaining the park's original acreage.

Bubenhofer said he was aware of such laws, but once again deferred to the city's legal department, which he said was researching the legal implications and might not necessarily agree with Fugate's interpretation. He also pointed out that the center, as proposed, would occupy the same space as the former Woodland Auditorium, demolished "about six years ago."

"In effect, we'd just be replacing a building with another building," he said.

Both Bubenhofer and Fugate said their respective organizations are actively searching for alternate sites.

"We don't feel it's the responsibility of Save Woodland Park to find these sites," said Fugate, "but

we're getting everything we can get our hands on (concerning alternate sites)."

She said she believed a decision on the senior center site would come at the first Urban County Council meeting following the next full meeting of the Urban County Citizens' Commission on Services for Older People, Feb. 11, adding that her organization will present a report on alternate sites to the Feb. 6 meeting of the commission's steering committee.

Fugate warned that an approval of the Woodland Park site would result in legal action by the group's attorneys.

Bubenhofer would not venture to predict the outcome of the conflict. "I have no idea when or what will be decided," he said.



By TOM MORAN/Kernel Staff



By BEN VAN HOOK/Kernel Staff



By BURT LADD/Kernel Staff

Woodland Park is a popular place to play volleyball, sit and chat, throw frisbee or pursue a variety of other activities. The proposal to build on the site has raised opposition from area residents.

Pay up (or else)

By CHRIS ASH
Senior Staff Writer

A presidential advisory committee yesterday failed to take action on a proposal which would make students owing the University \$10 or more considered delinquent in payments.

"More people should be aware of this proposal. It could really cause a problem for people who are not chronic delinquents" in paying their fees, said Brad Sturgeon, Stu-

dent Association president. Sturgeon is a member of the committee which is considering possible changes in the Student Code of Rights and Responsibilities.

"What we're saying to students is we're going to make it more difficult for you if you owe the University money," said Jack Blanton, vice president for business affairs. "This is directed at those people who legitimately owe the University money."

The student code revision com-

mittee has scheduled a meeting for Thursday, Feb. 12 to consider lowering the amount considered as delinquent from \$20 to \$9.99. According to Robert Zumwinkle, vice president for student affairs, that meeting will be closed to all but committee members. Yesterday's meeting was also closed.

Zumwinkle said he does not believe students need more chances to express their opinions on the proposal. He said students will be informed of the proposed

changes through advertisements published in future editions of the *Kernel* and will be able to write letters to the committee before final action is taken.

Zumwinkle added, "The quality of our work is more important than drumming up public approval for our actions."

The student code delinquency rule was not followed last semester, according to Blanton. He said he forgot about the \$20 delinquency rule and directed his staff to con-

sider any student delinquent who owed the University \$10 in fees.

These fees include tuition, housing payments, library fees and returned checks from the University bookstore and student check-cashing services, according to Blanton.

A few students were denied the privilege of preregistering (for this semester's classes) who had a delinquency of less than \$20 but more than \$10," Blanton said.

Blanton said he instructed his staff to follow the \$20 figure listed in the regulation after being informed by Britt Brockman, SA vice president, that his office was violating the student code. Brockman, phar-

macy senior, owed \$10 for a traffic ticket and discovered that he was listed as being delinquent in payments when he attempted to preregister for classes.

"I received a notice from the College of Pharmacy saying I couldn't preregister for classes. I had to go to (Safety Director Tom) Padgett's office and pay the bill and then run all over campus" to different offices before he was allowed to preregister.

The committee also proposed adding a definition of "hazing" to the student code. Sturgeon termed the action "a matter of clarity," saying "any behavior offenses (would be) under the jurisdiction of the student affairs office."

Former nurses can return to professional fields through Medical Center's retraining program

By JOHN HARDIN
Staff Writer

Nine nurses who have been professionally inactive for an average of 15 years are returning to the field through a program which began Monday at the Albert B. Chandler Medical Center.

Program Coordinator Mary Jo McClure said that the eight-week program will help supply more personnel to the field of nursing. Recent nurse shortages nationwide

have led to the creation of similar programs around the country.

Although the program costs \$150, students who work part-time at the Medical Center for at least one year following completion of the course will have the money refunded. According to McClure, "We in Lexington are probably not any more severe in our shortages than other areas."

Nurses who have been outside of their profession for at least five years are no longer eligible to hold

an active nursing license in Kentucky, and must go through a certified refresher course before resuming nursing duties.

"McClure said that similar programs have been offered in Lexington before, but none have been as comprehensive as the course offered at the Medical Center.

About 40 people have inquired about the program in addition to the nine nurses who signed up. The program will probably be offered again in September, McClure said.

The eight-week course is divided into two sections of study. The first three weeks students focus on new trends and approaches to the profession and the changing role of the nurse in medical care. During the remaining five weeks students will spend three days per week in patient care at the Medical Center, as well as attend a class in pharmacology.

McClure said this type of program is necessary in the fast-

Continued on page 8

Beat high food prices by eating at home

By LINI KADABA
Reporter

When your stomach growls, don't race to a fast food restaurant or turn to the traditional student staple of peanut butter unless your body and budget can bear the cost.

Despite rising food prices, home cooking is still the consumer's best buy, according to University home economists and nutrition specialists.

"Meal prices are expected to increase by six to eight percent over the next five months, with an estimated increase of eight to 10 percent for pork," said Less Meyer, a UK extension market analyst. Price increases are also predicted for produce — eggs, citrus fruits, potatoes, cabbage and lettuce, she said.

Fudelo Maruyama, a food and nutrition specialist, said, "Even with an overall 13 percent rise in

food prices, it still costs two and one-half times more to eat out than prepare a comparable meal at home."

"The per-person cost is less at home for a family of four, while it would be more at a restaurant," she added.

Maruyama suggested preparing meals to serve four, and storing the leftovers. She recommended cooking large quantities of food on weekends and freezing it to use later. Proper storage is important to prevent the food from spoiling, she said.

Other price-savers she mentioned involve using low-cost substitutes. Crunchy cereal or toasted oatmeal can serve as dessert toppings, instead of nuts. One-day-old bread is less expensive than fresh bread, and it can be refreshed by heating.

Extra-lean ground beef contains more water than regular beef, so the final product gives you no more

beef than the regular package.

Watch for specials at grocery stores and for in-season produce. Fresh oranges, grapefruits, and tangerines (all contain Vitamin C), as well as apples, prunes, and winter pears are in adequate supply this winter. This has led to lower prices at the grocery store.

Darlene Forrester, also a food and nutrition specialist, agreed with Maruyama that with smart shopping, eating at home is more economical than eating out.

She offered advice for smart grocery shopping:

• Take a shopping list. Forrester stressed the importance of an organized and well-planned grocery list, which should be adhered to.

• Shop by yourself. "Don't take children," she said.

• Take advantage of coupons and sales. Compare products on the bases of cost per ounce, quantity and

Continued on page 8

Reagan drops price controls on domestic oil

By TERENCE HUNT
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON — President Reagan abolished the last federal controls on oil prices yesterday in the hope that higher costs for consumers will force more conservation in homes and spur increased production by the industry.

As a result, motorists may pay 3 to 5 cents more a gallon for gasoline in the days ahead, said Energy Secretary James B. Edwards. Consumer groups said the increase could be as much as 12 cents a gallon.

Edwards said the impact on home heating oil prices would be minimal, if there were any at all. Energy Action, a consumer group, said heating oil prices could jump by more than 10 cents a gallon in February.

Edwards, a dentist by profession, readily admitted he did not know the full impact of Reagan's order and, at one point, said he was "a little confused" about some of the details.

"We did it because the president promised it in the campaign," Edwards said. "We think it's good for America, and we have certainly studied (it) to some extent. I'm the man I don't have all the statistical data at my fingertips that you may desire."

He said, for example, he did not know how much the industry might reap in additional profits, or how many additional barrels of oil might be produced as a result.

Reagan, in a statement, said, "Ending price controls is a positive first step towards a balanced energy program — a program free of arbitrary and counterproductive constraints — one designed to promote prudent conservation and vigorous domestic production."

The president said controls had held U.S. production "below its potential, artificially boosted energy consumption, aggravated our balance of payments problems and stifled technological breakthroughs."

"Price controls have also made us more energy-dependent on the OPEC nations — a development that has jeopardized our economic security and undermined price stability at home," Reagan added.

At a White House briefing where the action was announced, Edwards said the federal government may reap an additional \$3 billion to \$4 billion annually from taxes, under the "windfall profits" tax on industry, stemming from increased production. "Until told otherwise, Edwards did not know that the estimate was an annual figure rather than a onetime, overall gain.

inside

Chuck Vanderber returned to the Kentucky lineup last night in the Wildcats' 71-64 win over the Mississippi State Bulldogs. See page 6 for details.

outside

Cloudy skies and a general drop in daily high temperatures are in store for Lexington through Friday. Today's high will be in the mid 30s to around 40, with a nighttime low in the teens. Friday's high will range in the upper 20s.

editorials & comments

The Kentucky Kernel welcomes all letters and opinions. Letters and opinions should be typed, triple-spaced and include name, residence and proper identification including U.K. ID for students and UK employees. Letters should be limited to 300 words and opinions and comments to 800 words.

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Resurrection of community spirit a good sign

Parks used to be considered sacred — land dedicated to the preservation of open space and public recreation.

In the cities, parks were often the only places where urbanites could go to "get away from it all." A park was the city dweller's little slice of nature. There his children played, his dog barked, his birds sang and his flowers bloomed in the spring. A neighborhood's parkland served as its focal point, and any proposal that it be altered or encroached upon met with vehement resistance.

However, as crime in the streets became commonplace and neighborhood character succumbed to transience, the movement to the suburbs and absentee landlordism, the perceived importance of parks to the well-being of urban areas lessened severely.

In cities, parks were allotted ever-smaller funding as tax bases decreased and

decay set in. Encroachment became a matter of course as mayors' offices searched for cost-cutters — like free land.

In Cincinnati, a park that long served as the community center of the city's eastern neighborhood became part of the right-of-way along a new interstate highway, while in several large eastern cities, parkland was converted into sanitary landfill and industrial properties. What little resistance such conversions met was invariably lost in stifling apathy.

In Lexington, which grew explosively during the '70s (and continues to expand at a chaotic rate), the development of public recreation facilities was never truly realized. Open land on the UK campus and the many horse farms ringing the city served the citizenry just as well, and besides, Lexington was moving too quickly to take time out for fun and games.

Then, with rising gas prices and growing

dissatisfaction with life in the suburbs, young professionals began moving back into the city, restoring older homes and later occupying new high-rent housing built to accommodate them. For better or worse, they were back to stay, and they brought their accustomed taste for the active life and the wide-open spaces with them.

At the same time, expansion of the University consumed much of the formerly unused space on campus, and horse farms became suburban housing developments. More parkland was and is needed, but Urban County Government has not added significantly to its park acreage.

Instead, improvements were made to the few city parks, especially Woodland, where huge crowds gather when the weather turns pleasant, stumbling over each other in attempts to stretch out and enjoy the sunshine. Despite its smallness, the Aylesford area neighborhood loves its park like the

communities of old, a fact that Mayor James Amato is realizing, much to his chagrin, as a battle shapes up over the city's proposal that a senior citizens' center be built on parkland.

Bumper stickers reading "Save Woodland Park" have popped up everywhere, and concerned Aylesford residents have turned out in droves to organize resistance to the construction venture, young and old alike searching out alternative sites for the senior center.

All in all, it's a good sign. Revitalized interest in the neighborhood park indicates a renewed sense of community in the surrounding area. Here in Lexington can be seen a small example of one of the most encouraging trends in recent years, the repopulation and rebuilding of our nation's cities — a movement the Kernel endorses unreservedly.

Media hype can spoil the really interesting news

Journalism is the ability to meet the challenge of filling space.
— Rebecca West, Scottish-born author and journalist

As one who plans to work in mass communications for the rest of my life, I am aware of what such a put-down of the media means. But what is going on these days? Reagan's inauguration coverage was incredibly overdone, the Super Bowl hype was enough to make me puke, and even the former hostages are getting a surprisingly large amount of column inches and air-time.

There is no doubt that the start of a new presidential administration is newsworthy. But the inauguration is mere ceremony, and this year's was exceptionally trite.

Couldn't we just have the outgoing president shake hands with the incoming one, wish the new guy lots of luck, swear him in and make a quick parade back to the White House?

No, we've got to have fireworks, elaborate decorations, the Mormon Tabernacle Choir, Frank Sinatra, orchestras and such. I, half-expected Jesus Christ to show up and give his blessing.

Then the hostages came home from Iran. Thank God they're all home. Most seem to have lost some weight and a few are emotionally shaken, but all in all, they seem to be in very good shape.

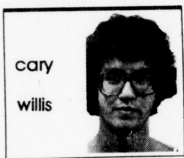
Certainly the return of 52 Americans who have been held captive for 14½ months is front-page material. But they're back now; they've been free for well over a week, and they're back to their homeland.

Unfortunately, now we've got television and newspaper crews covering their every move. Network commentators, who can't see any more than the rest of America, describe the buses the 52 ride: "Well, Walter, the buses are silver 1980 GM XR-454B coaches with blue stripes. The windows are very dark and I can't see anything inside. Can you, Walter?"

"No, Charles, I can't see anything either." And then there's the Super Bowl. The ultimate game. Every year. The ultimate proof of machismo.

The ultimate representation of commercialism in today's society. Twenty-two people at a time run into each other, throw each other down and toss an inflated piece of leather at each other on a long field. One hundred million people watch.

Commercials during the Super Bowl telecast cost hundreds of



CARY WILLIS
Entertainment Editor

thousands of dollars. And just in case the game isn't close and nobody calls a timeout, we have those wonderful TV timeouts. About every four minutes.

We get to see camera ads, automobile ads, soft drink ads, department store ads and beer ads, to name a few. The local commercials are even more... um, interesting. One includes an O.J. Simpson lookalike pushing local beer and saying, "I used to run through supermarkets..."

Another one featured a local mobile home park. We see the dealer's first name spelled out in shrubbery from an aerial view; really classy.

There were a few other things that disturbed me about the Super Bowl:

↳ the inane beer taste test at half-time

↳ the pre-game and post-game hype — anything to keep those suckers watching

↳ such insightful comments from the game announcers as, "The Eagles are going to have to score some points to get back in this game."

Yes, sir, the media sure do help spice things up.

But with a little bit of insight and creativity, it could have been even more dramatic.

We could have moved Inauguration Day to July 4 to coincide with Independence Day. We could use both sets of fireworks on one big celebration. The weather would be warmer, and we could get more people to turn out in Washington.

Invite every orchestra and choir in the nation to come and sing for the new president. The climax would be a massive rendition of "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow."

Meanwhile, the Super Bowl would be played at the same time in the all-new air-conditioned Capitol Stadium. The roof would open up at half-time, and President Reagan's motorcade would be lowered by helicopter into the arena.

Reagan and his newly-chosen cabinet would then participate in the Executive Schitz Beer Test, while the Mormon Tabernacle

Choir sings "99 Bottles of Beer."

Network commentators would speak in simply glorious adjectives of the terribly tasteful clothes of the president and his lovely smiling wife. Minutes after the beer test, a 2,000-foot artificial tree would emerge from the field, wrapped in the world's largest-ever yellow ribbon.

Suddenly, the 52 former hostages would float down in parachutes while the crowd members sang the "Star Spangled Banner" and held

up placards which formed 52 American flags. Planes would fly overhead, forming an image of Reagan and Carter shaking hands in colored smoke.

And it would only cost \$17.3 billion. Maybe we could even make a series out of it...

Cary Willis is the entertainment editor. His column appears every other Thursday.

Ghetto neighbors can make life interesting

It was another of those Friday afternoons in the radio business. For some reason everything was going wrong, and in my opinion, the station, the horse it rood in on and the entire world could go right reem themselves.

By the time I reached the office home twenty and gulped down half a stiff screwdriver, I realized that last thing I needed was a mainiac beating my door down.

It was Clyde, one of the Roach Brothers from the apartment downstairs. His roommate, Uncle Ned, had left.

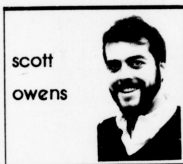
After a few useless exchanges of words with Clyde, I learned that Uncle Ned left a farewell declaration. My first reaction to this was surprise, because I didn't think he could even talk, let alone write.

You'd have to understand Uncle Ned to appreciate that fact. You see, for eight years he'd lived somewhere in the ozone. Or was it in orbit around Pluto? I really don't know, but I do know that he hadn't seen a straight moment for a long time.

Finally Clyde was calm. Still felling the pressures of the day, I reluctantly agreed to walk down to their apartment and take a look at the note.

Clyde and Axis: (Axis is Clyde and Uncle Ned's other roommate)

Remember that party we had last month, when I did 28 bag hits and didn't wake up for two weeks? (Clyde sobbed when I read that party) Well, during my ensuing coma, I missed completing an order for my employer, the Right-Way Greeting Card Company of Frostbite Falls, Minnesota. Today I received a letter informing me that my employ-



SCOTT OWENS

ment had been terminated. Realizing that your life's calling has been snatched from your grasp is enough to crush anyone. Needless to say I'm crushed. Therefore, I'm returning to Los Angeles to resume my former profession as a neurosurgeon.

It may be tough after an absence of eight years, but if an actor who's made movies with a monkey can be president, I can easily pick up on the art of performing frontal lobotomies again.

By the way, if you guys ever need any brain surgery done, don't hesitate to give me a call.

Upon the completion of my recitation, Clyde collapsed in a chair and began to sob heavily. I was touched beyond words. The note written by what I thought of as just some basic burned-out moron made me think of him as being, instead, a fluke of the universe, especially because of what went down the night before. Uncle Ned and I had a lengthy conversation. It was the first time we had the chance to talk since I moved to the ghetto. As I mentioned before, I wasn't even sure he

could talk. He started by telling me of the days in his hometown of Cowspit, Texas. (Cowspit — not to be confused with other biological bi-products of cows.)

In Cowspit, school was not the hip thing. Instead, you punched out cattle, mended fences and did other macho things.

At least that's what most young men did, but not Uncle Ned. He worked for the Springback Bedding Company, a firm that manufactured motel beds and was a division of the right-Way Greeting Card Company of Frostbite Falls, Minnesota. His main function at the plant was installing the magic fingers in the mattresses.

Because he didn't go to school, a formal education was obviously hard to come by. Uncle Ned learned to read by studying the labels on cleaning products in his bathroom. The first phrase he learned to read was, "If swallowed, induce vomiting and call a physician."

It wasn't until his third year of medical school that he actually knew the meanings of the words "induce" and "physician." (He already knew what "vomiting" meant because that was the word his mother used to describe what she did when she looked at him while eating supper.)

Uncle Ned told some interesting things about his mother. She stood about 6-foot-3, 180 pounds, and worked two different jobs. Her chief occupation was working on a garbage truck. It wasn't a bad job, \$15 a day and all you could eat. What more could you ask for?

Her secondary source of income was selling make-up for some company called Eau De Cowpwe Cosmetics, another division of the Right-Way Greeting Card Company.

Uncle Ned's father had only one

source of income. He owned the garbage truck his wife worked on. Hey, times were tough.

At age 15, Uncle Ned was fed up with his life in Texas. He ran away to California and was accepted into a school called Fred's School of Bartending and Brain Surgery. It was a wonderful institution funded by — you guessed it — the Right-Way Greeting Card Company.

He never graduated from the brain surgery sequence, but after four years there, he could mix one helluva drink. So Uncle Ned found a job in a local bar called the Electric Pushbar.

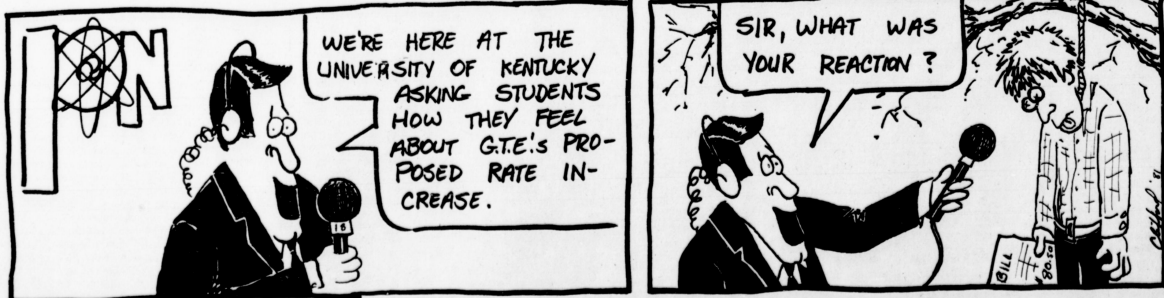
The more he thought about it, the more he realized he still had to learn brain surgery. So after about three years tending bar, he accumulated enough money to buy the needed transcripts and resumes necessary to get into a major medical school.

As I stated last week, Uncle Ned practiced neurosurgery, specializing in frontal lobotomies, at L.A. County Hospital. It was there he realized his calling in life. Not to the Cloth, but to the Right-Way Greeting Card Company of Frostbite Falls, Minnesota. Until today, he wrote clever little verses for their greeting cards on a correspondence basis.

This, of course, brings us up to date with the beginning of the column.

Uncle Ned left for L.A. and there we sat, wondering what to do. After many hours of thinking of what we should do, I went to the gas station, filled the tank, grabbed my toothbrush and some clothes, called the office, and said, "Let's go." Tune in again next week...

Scott Owens is a telecommunication senior. His column appears every Thursday.



news roundup

compiled from
ap dispatches

State

Up to 10,000 low-income households may still be able to get help with their winter fuel bills under the Home Energy Assistance Program, state officials said yesterday.

Some \$2.3 million in funds remains undistributed and on Friday, the Bureau for Social Insurance will begin accepting names, addresses and telephone numbers of people who want to apply for the program benefits.

About 75,000 applications for assistance were accepted during the first three days of the program's operation on Jan. 5, 6 and 14. Applications were coming into local offices at a rate of 4,000 per hour and the bureau stopped accepting them after two hours of business on Jan. 15.

"We had every reason to believe that enough people would apply in these two hours to exhaust funds for this phase of the program," said bureau Commissioner William Huffman.

"For some reason, the number dropped off dramatically, leaving more than \$2 million available to those who need it."

Another reason for the amount of money left was the denial rate, Huffman said. About 6.9 percent of the applicants were denied benefits because they did not meet eligibility requirements. The bureau had predicted a 5 percent denial rate.

To be eligible for the emergency benefits, a household must be without heat or facing a fuel cutoff, have an income of less than \$355 per month and have liquid resources of less than \$5,000.

The emergency benefits, with a maximum of \$200, are available only to households that have not received help through the regular Home Energy Assistance Program, the bureau said.

Administrators in several western Kentucky school districts say copies of the Ten Commandments probably will be removed from classrooms in voluntary compliance with an advisory opinion issued last week by Attorney General Steven Beshear.

But not all administrators appear happy about that.

"What my personal feelings are and what my professional feelings are are not always the same," said Henderson County Superintendent Bill Rideout.

"We've got one (copy) in every classroom. We've even got them in the Board of Education office," said Crittenden County Superintendent Lenny Pyle.

Pyle said he doesn't know what action Crittenden school officials will take.

Rideout said Henderson County officials will decide Feb. 17 at a school board meeting whether to take down the commandments.

But Owensboro school officials already have decided to comply.

On Monday, Superintendent James Hilliard announced that the Owensboro Independent School System would remove their copies.

On Tuesday, the Daviess County School System followed suit.

School principals were advised of the decision Tuesday and were asked to have all the estimated 375 copies down by the end of the week.

Nation

Computer cards, print-out sheets and other assorted paper — including 100 miles of now-rare ticker tape — will flutter down from office buildings on New York's parade route on Friday.

But were it not for a New York, Conn., firm, New York's welcome to the returning Americans would not be what Mayor Edward I. Koch has promised: the biggest ticker-tape parade in New York history.

Technically, it would not have been a ticker-tape parade at all.

Ticker tape has been in decidedly short supply since the mid-1960s when Wall Street financial houses discarded their old tickers for computerized electronic price displays and video screens.

So, earlier this week, TransLux Corp. trucked 100 miles of yellow and white ticker tape from its Connecticut headquarters to Koch's office.

That tape, along with all the other paper, will shower down on the parade route as the former hostages ride through a section of New Broadway known as "Hero's Canyon." Huge crowds are expected to line the way.

Many people who saw the great, pre-computer, ticker-tape parades for heroes like Lindbergh, MacArthur and Glenn say it won't be the same, since cards cannot duplicate the "blizzard effect" of ticker-tape streamers and punch-outs.

Even if today's office workers had ticker tape to

throw, many of them would be frustrated by the fixed windows in modern office buildings.

It won't be known if Koch's promise is met until Friday's parade is over, and then only by the last detail in any such march — sanitation crews, who measure size by the amount of paper they have to clean up.

By that standard, three parades stand out: the spontaneous ticker-tape celebration over announcement of victory over Japan in 1945 (5,438 tons); astronaut John Glenn's motorcade parade in 1961 (3,474 tons); and Gen. Douglas MacArthur's parade upon his return from Korea in 1961 (3,269 tons).

The best recent showing was for the Miracle Mets in 1969, when New Yorkers dumped 1,254 tons of paper on the World Series winners.

Although Charles Lindbergh's 1927 parade, which attracted more than a million onlookers, is frequently cited as a classic ticker tape parade, it produced only 1,750 tons of waste paper.

United Mine Workers President Sam Church, taking a tougher stand on the possibility of a strike, says the UMW will not extend its contract if negotiators fail to reach a new agreement before the current pact expires in March.

Speaking on Tuesday with southern West Virginia local union officials, Church said he would not seek an extension if union members fail to ratify a new accord by March 27, when the present three-year contract ends.

Last summer, Church said he would consider asking the

UMW governing board to extend the contract if a package was not worked out by the expiration date. Many union members criticized the plan, saying it violated a traditional "no contract, no work" policy.

Church also said last summer that he thought a contract could be reached without a strike. He remains optimistic.

An 111-day strike by the UMW in 1977-78 cut coal production nationwide by between 40 percent and 50 percent.

Millions of workers stayed off the job yesterday in spreading wildcat protests that have crippled industries nationwide. The nation's largest trade union accused the communist government of creating "another dangerous crisis" by failing to live up to concessions won during last summer's widespread strikes.

The independent trade union Solidarity, in an apparent attempt to regain control over its local unions, also proclaimed a nationwide one-day warning strike for Tuesday.

At the same time, however, Solidarity urged an immediate end to the spontaneous local and regional protests and reaffirmed its willingness to open talks with the government.

Solidarity accused the government of putting the "brakes" on agreements reached after last summer's strikes, including a five-day workweek, union access to the news media and the

farmers' right to form unions.

"The new wave of regional and local strikes starting in mid-January is the result of the policies of authorities," Solidarity said in a commu-

que. "Attempts to forego agreements plunged the country into another dangerous crisis." Since last fall, the unrest in Poland has raised the possibility of Soviet intervention by divisions poised on the border.

campus crime

WED. JAN. 2 — Campus police received a report of a wallet stolen from a second floor Kirwan IV dorm room.

THU. JAN. 22 — A Herald-Leader delivery car driver was robbed of \$182 in cash at a knife point. A purse and its contents — valued at \$82 — was taken from the fourth floor West nursing station at the Albert B. Chandler Medical Center. Also taken was a wallet and some cash, estimated at \$45, from an 11th floor Kirwan Tower dorm room.

According to police records, a UK freshman attempted suicide by slashing her wrists. A 31-year-old UK employee was arrested by campus police for possession of marijuana. Also, police arrested a 22-year-old man on drunken driving charges.

FRI. JAN. 23 — A tire and rim, worth \$120, was taken from a car parked in the Hilltop parking lot. Police arrested a 21-year-old man from Versailles, Ky., and charged him with drunken driving, possession of marijuana and driving with a suspended license.

SAT. JAN. 24 — Campus police arrested a UK Medical Center employee on a charge of reckless driving and indicated in the police report that the employee had been drinking. An LTI student was

charged with drunken driving and driving without operational tail lights.

SUN. JAN. 25 — Several license plates were taken from cars parked in the Shively Sports Center lot. A 78-year-old Lexington man was arrested by campus police on a charge of reckless driving and the police report indicated the man had been drinking. Police also arrested a Lexington bricklayer for public intoxication. They charged a UK Medical Center employee on the charge of driving under the influence of marijuana.

MON. JAN. 26 — A dictation machine, valued at \$183, was taken from a second floor room at the Albert B. Chandler Medical Center. Also reported stolen from the Medical Center were: money, a calculator valued at \$183, dental equipment and a dental cabinet worth \$1,900. A wallet containing \$306 in cash was taken from a room in Alumni Gym.

TUE. JAN. 27 — Three batteries were taken from cars parked in the Greg Page Apartments. Total value of the batteries is estimated at \$170. Police arrested a 19-year-old Lexington man on disorderly conduct charges. Also arrested was a 60-year-old Lexington man for public intoxication at the Medical Center.

P.P. sez:

Dear P.P.,
How does an IUD work?
Wondering

Dear Wondering,
There are several different theories as to how intra-uterine devices prevent pregnancy, and no one is sure which is correct. The most likely explanation is that an inflammatory response caused by the IUD prevents the fertilized egg from implanting on the uterine wall. (About 25 percent of the time, without an IUD, fertilized eggs do not implant.)

There is also the possibility that cells resulting from the inflammatory response are capable of destroying the sperm before they ever reach the egg. Also, the sperm's movement may be reduced by the copper on some IUD's.

Dear P.P.,
How can I tell if I am pregnant before I miss a period?
Pretty Sure I Am

Dear Pretty Sure,
Planned Parenthood has a new urine test that can determine pregnancy 10 days after conception. Any pregnancy test you have should be confirmed by a pelvic examination. However, until a woman is six weeks pregnant (about eight weeks from the first day of her last menstrual period) her uterus will not have enlarged enough for a doctor to be able to confirm her pregnancy and tell her how far along she is.

Most clinics that give prenatal care and abortions require pelvic confirmation of the pregnancy. While a pregnancy test done before a missed period may ease your mind, final confirmation will have to wait several weeks.

For answers to your questions on birth control and related topics write: **PARTNERS' PLACE**; Lexington Planned Parenthood, 508 W. Second St., Lexington, Ky. 40508. Or call 252-8494.

Correction

The article in Tuesday's paper on the possible establishment of a new sorority on UK's campus incorrectly identified one of the four national chapters. Alpha Omicron Pi was incorrectly identified as Alpha Omega Pi.

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Kernel Crossword

ACROSS

- 1 Important
- 6 Dropsy
- 11 Lick
- 14 Plea
- 15 Rare gas
- 16 Far off
- 17 As man —
- 18 Simple
- 20 Assets
- 22 Time periods
- 23 Reduce
- 25 Flower part
- 28 Quarry
- 29 Greek letter
- 30 Shipworms
- 32 Jostle
- 34 Deciphering
- 39 Dropping
- 42 Comforter
- 43 Garments
- 45 French river
- 46 Filleted
- 49 Tennis shot
- 50 Overdue
- 54 Sutor
- 55 Deal
- 56 Thwart
- 58 Saturated
- 60 Actor's

DOWN

- 1 Cask
- 2 U.N. agency
- 3 Schedule
- 4 Dishonor
- 5 Fluff
- 6 English city
- 7 Erased
- 8 Compass pt.
- 9 — and Pop
- 10 Fresh
- 11 Substitute
- 12 Alert
- 13 — walsy
- 14 Fiber knot
- 21 Mimic
- 23 Gripes
- 24 Attorney —
- 26 Drinks
- 27 Demented
- 30 Taunts
- 31 Not hollow
- 33 Palm leaf
- 35 Prerequisite
- 36 Old Norse
- 37 Alcohol
- 38 Diving bird
- 40 Seines
- 41 Developed
- 44 Coast
- 47 Unruly one
- 48 Result
- 50 Crippled
- 51 Lessen
- 52 Keepsake
- 53 Rather
- 55 Committee
- 57 Buckets
- 59 Extinct
- 61 Before
- 62 Young goat
- 64 Harem room
- 65 Color

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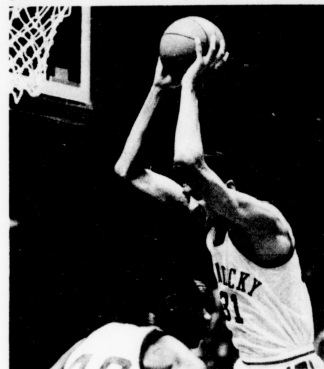
sports

Cats — the big brutes — beat Butch's Dogs

By **ROBBIE KAISER**
Staff Writer

Well, what did you expect from a game like this? You knew this roller coaster race between the home-standing Kentucky Wildcats and Mississippi State would be a wild one when, with 5:30 left in the first half and UK leading 28-26, MSU went and put in some guy named Butch Pierre.

Butch Pierre, for crying' out loud. Sounds like a sissy bully. Sounds half bad and half good.



By **DAVID COYLE**/Kernel Staff
UK center Sam Bowie tips down a rebound during last night's win over Mississippi State at Rupp Arena. Bowie led all scorers in the game with 27 points and he also had 12 rebounds.

Sounds like Kentucky beat Mississippi State 71-64 last night to raise its record to 14-3, 7-2 in the Southeastern Conference.

"We played in spurts," said Wilkai guard Derrick Hord, who scored 12 points, 10 in the second half.

The whole game was divided into spurts with little in between. In the first five minutes of the second half, UK center Sam Bowie scored 12 of his game-high 27 points, canning three layups, two jumpers, and a hook to break the 34-34 halftime tie and

doom MSU to its seventh SEC loss and its tenth overall against seven wins.

But, oh, it didn't come easy. There was the Bulldogs' Jeff Malone, who scored 25 points on long jumpers to lead his team in scoring for the 15th time this year. And there were dry spells for the Cats. And then there was Malone. And Malone.

And there was Butch Pierre, who didn't score a point but should have been the mascot for this schizophrenic game. It started with a Bowie stuff, a Dirk Minniefield layup, and two Hord free throws. Sandwiched in the middle of each butch UK offensive, however, was a Pierre defense that was giving up two rebound baskets to 6-foot-5 guards.

Despite a running Cat attack, following every Cat attack, Malone put up a zillion long shots on his way to 15 first-half points. The ones he missed (yes, he really did miss one or two) were put back in by either 6-7 Ron White or 6-9 Kalpatrick Wells, as Kentucky was being beaten on the boards.

The biggest Kentucky lead in the first half was only four. His offense worked but its zone defense watched Malone's bombs sail overhead.

"Malone," said Hall, "is an outstanding player. They were ready to play. Their shooting was excellent the first half."

"I'm glad we won," said MSU coach Jim Hatfield, "I'm proud of our effort. We missed 7 of 8 shots

early in the second half and allowed Kentucky to pull ahead."

After Bowie's spurt to start the second half gave Kentucky a 49-42 lead, its longest of the night, Hord and Minniefield began connecting outside.

Malone continued to hit, too.

Minniefield hit a layup at 9:45. At 9:27, Malone sank a 12-foot jump shot to cut the Cats' lead back to five, 53-48.

Then, after dropping in two free throws to extend the margin to 55-49, Hord hit a 16-foot jumper to counter a free throw by Terry Lewis, who finished with 11 points. The score was 57-50.

From that point on, Mississippi missed three of

five free throws, Malone's being the only two to fall. Of course.

Hord hit another jumper, this one from 18 feet. Cowan hit a six-footer, Minniefield scored a 22-footer and a layup, and Kentucky led 65-56.

It wasn't over, though. Not quite. After a timeout, MSU's Donnell Allen hit a layup, Hord missed the front end of a one-and-one situation, and so did Jim Master, one of the leading free throw shooters in the SEC.

With another layup, this one by Lewis, the Bulldogs were down only 67-64 with 32 seconds remaining.

Then it happened. Minniefield was fouled with 29 seconds remaining.

Continued on page 7

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Who cares? By DAVID COYLE/Kernel Staff

Students in section 31 of Rupp Arena show their disinterest in the Bulldog lineup by reading the Kentucky Kernel during the introductions prior to last night's game.

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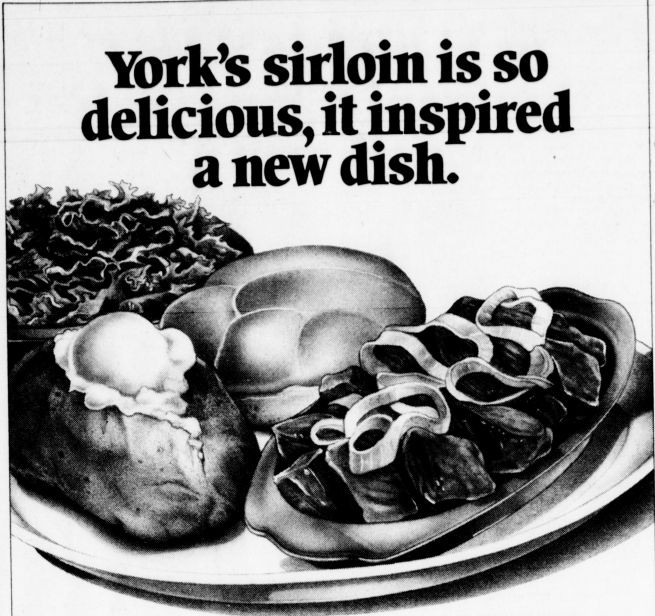
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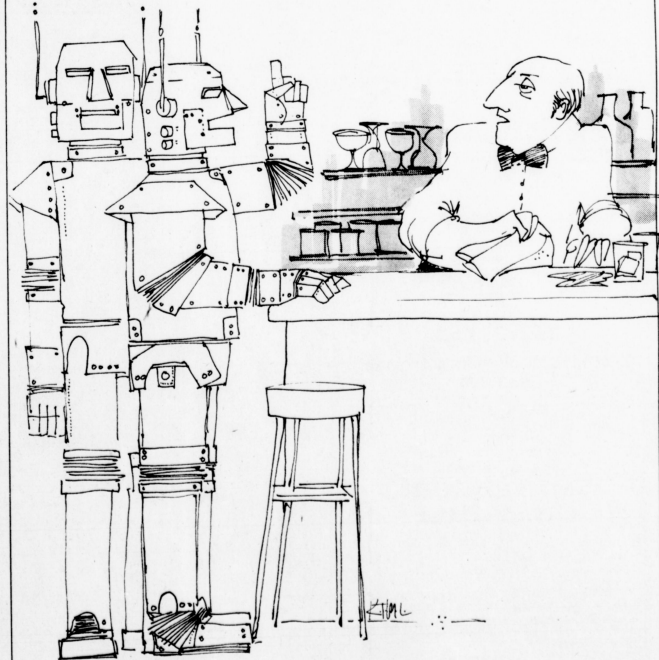
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"Do you serve Robots?"

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Verderber chucks bench in Cat win

By STEVEN W. LOWTHER
Assistant Sports Editor

The day was January 28, Wednesday. What had been anticipated was soon to become an actuality. The Kentucky Wildcats were playing host to the Mississippi State Bulldogs. But that wasn't the story.

Even the fact that Mississippi State, 7-9 on the season and in last place in the conference, tied the score at 34 just before halftime wasn't the real story.

The story was the long awaited event that took place with 16:12 left in the first half, when Kentucky Coach Joe Hall signaled to junior forward Chuck Verderber that it was time. Verderber rose from the bench and checked in at the scorer's table.

As he pulled off his warmup jersey, the 6-6 forward was greeted with a large ovation from the crowd. Eight seconds later the cheers grew

louder when he replaced senior forward Fred Cowan.

"It made me feel real good," he said of the warm welcome from the crowd. "It helped get the butterflies out. I just wanted to play hard."

Yes, Chuck Verderber was back. Back from an acute appendicitis attack that had kept him out of action since Kentucky's 67-41 loss to Notre Dame Dec. 27.

Yes, it's true that he played a total of only eight minutes, but the Kentucky Wildcats are back to normal now that Verderber is back in the lineup. The Wildcat machine was out of sync without No. 34, but now that vital cog is back and ready to work.

"I was pleased to see Verderber come in and play with his usual enthusiasm," said Hall. "I thought we got out of him about as much as we could. He played eight minutes and I think that was his limit tonight. He played very well during that time."

Nobody had expected Verderber to be back this soon. His doctors originally said six weeks, according to Verderber. But, just four weeks to the day, here he was back in the lineup.

At 15:21 of the first half, Verderber took his first shot under game conditions since Notre Dame. The ball bounced around on the rim and rolled off. His first bucket came two minutes later on a tip-in to give Kentucky a 16-12 advantage.

It was not all roses for Verderber, though. A four-week layoff has a tendency to rob stamina. "There's no comparison," he said of his physical condition compared to the beginning of the season. "I lost it all. All that training before the season was just drained away."

How was Verderber able to come back so much sooner? Through hard work and an intense desire to help a team that just wasn't the same without him. "I've been practicing hard and I worked real hard to get back into shape," he said. "One thing that really helped was getting into the

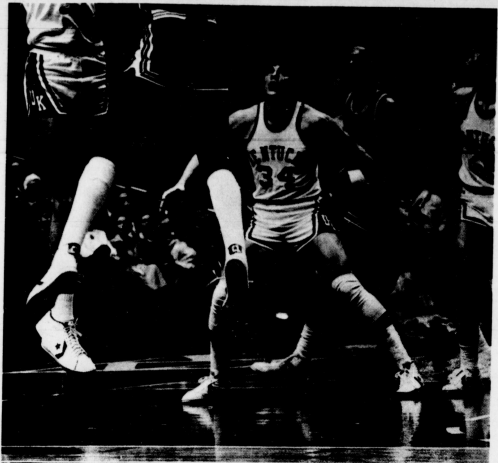
pool (at Memorial Coliseum) as soon as I could."

But even when he got into the game, Verderber was still feeling apprehensive. "I was holding back," he said. "I didn't feel well. I just didn't feel comfortable enough to shoot the ball when I first went in."

Hall was so impressed with Verderber's play in the first half that by the second period he was a starter again. He soon removed himself in favor of Charles Hurt, however.

"I could go for two-minute spurts," said Verderber. "I think that's the best way to get back into shape. I wish I could have done some more things. I just went in there and tried to do the right things."

After that two minutes at the beginning of the half, Verderber would not return to the floor. But even the most vital pieces of machinery have to be unplugged and given a rest after a long respite. And last night, although he saw limited action, Chuck Verderber earned a much-needed rest.



By DAVID COYLE/KERNEL Staff

Kentucky forward Chuck Verderber posts up for a rebound in the first half of last night's game against Mississippi State. The

71-64 win over the Bulldogs was Verderber's first game after an appendectomy sidelined him for four weeks.

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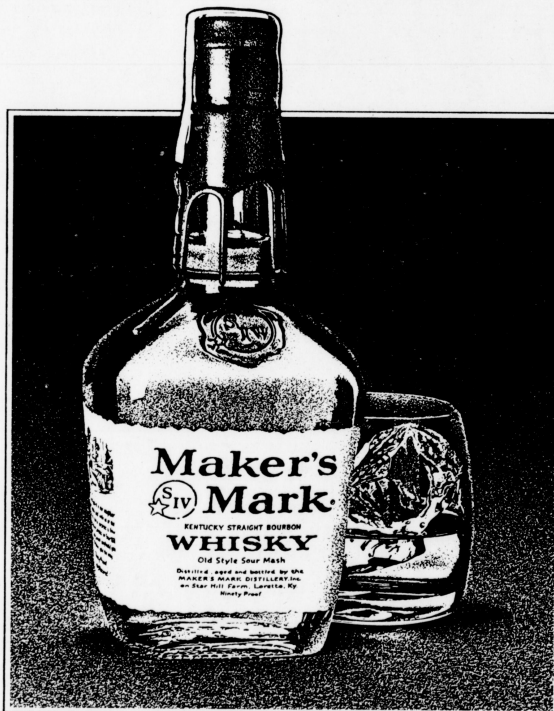
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Louisville's Crum is wary of point shaving threat

By JOHN NELSON
AP Sports Writer

Coach Denny Crum of Louisville, a gambler of sorts in his own right, says he understands and acknowledges point shaving as a threat to the sport of college basketball.

"I'm a gambler myself, I gamble when I play golf, I gamble at the racetrack, but I never have bet on an athletic event," Crum says. "Oh, I know that horse racing is an athletic event, but there it's accepted, but I've never bet on a fight or a basketball game, or any event of that sort."

Reacting to the recent point shaving scandal that has resurfaced in his sport — this

time at Boston College, several of whose players are under federal investigation — Crum says: "I understand how it works. A gambler is looking for an edge. If he can control the game, he makes a fortune."

"The Las Vegas casinos make an awful lot of money with less of an edge than a guy who fixes a basketball game," Crum said. "I haven't seen any here, thank goodness, and I don't have any first-hand knowledge of anyone trying to fix a ballgame, but I see how it can happen."

Crum said he hadn't recalled it until recently, "but we used to have an ex-U of L football player who worked for the FBI come here every year to talk to the ballplayers

about these things."

"He'd warn them about people hanging out around the gym," Crum said. "He'd

warn them that even without a payoff, these guys are looking for an edge, a piece of inside information, that will help them make money."

It's schizophrenia time when Cats beat Bulldogs

Continued from page 4
seconds to go. He hit both free throws. The up-and-down, peak-and-valley game was finally out of MSU's reach, on the upswing just at the right time for Kentucky. Malone had fouled out, Kentucky had more points and more rebounds and Chuck Verderber had made his first appearance since an appendectomy. And "Bowie's size and talent were big factors," according to Hatfield.

seconds left so he could make the free throws to ice the game?

Why, Butch Pierre, of course.

MISSISSIPPI, (64)
Green 3-0-2, White 3-1-2-7, Lewis 2-2-4, Malone 11-3-4-25, Wells 1-2-11, Pierre 0-0-0, Peyton 0-0-0, Davis 0-2-2, Allen 3-1-2-7. Totals 27-10-64.
KENTUCKY (71)
Cowan 1-4-4, Hurt 2-0-4, Bowie 12-3-4-27, Minniefield 4-4-12, Hord 3-6-12, Beal 0-0-0, Master 3-0-1-6, Bearup 0-0-0, Verderber 2-0-1-4, Turpin 0-0-0. Totals 27-17-71.
Halftime — Mississippi 34, Kentucky 34. Fouled out — Malone. Total fouls — Mississippi 20, Kentucky 22. Attendance — 23,521.

Katfish defeat ISU in dual meet

The UK men's swim team beat Indiana State University 59-52 in a dual swim meet Saturday at the Memorial Coliseum pool. Both teams have been riddled with the flu, but the Wildcats had too much depth for the visitors.

Sophomore Mark Russell won the one- and three-meter diving events. In the one-meter competition, he scored 279.9, which is just 0.1 points short of qualifying for the NCAA diving event. Freshmen Jeff Bush and David Phillips won two events each to pace the swimmers. Bush captured the 200-yard freestyle with a time of 1:45.77 and the 200-yard backstroke in 2:00.40. Phillips, from Yorkshire, England, won the 1000-yard freestyle in 9:55.6 and the 500-yard freestyle in 4:47.3.

Junior Ron Sharpe set a

new UK dual-meet record in the 200 yard butterfly with the time of 1:55.6, beating the old record of 1:56.3.

Kentucky is now 2-1 on the season and Wynn Paul's Wildcats next meet will be against SEC powerhouse Georgia Friday night at the Coliseum at 5 p.m.

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memos
Donovan Scholars Forum will meet Thursday, January 29 at 3PM, S.C. Theater. Mrs. Lorraine Palmer will speak on "Thomas Hart Benton, The Artist".
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The SCB Little Kentucky Derby Steering committee is looking for enthusiastic, hard-working students to work on committee and chairman positions. The meeting will be held in the Student Center Board Offices at 7:30 P.M. Thursday, Jan. 29

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By CHUCK PERRY/Kernel Staff

Presidential boo

President Otis Singletary and his wife, Gloria, voice their opposition to a referee's call in last night's basketball game with Mississippi State.

Med Center's 8-week course helps nurses return to work

Continued from page 1
changing world of medicine, and students in the program agree.

Margaret Sayeg, a program participant who has been out of nursing for more than 20 years, said "You can imagine how many machines have changed."

"I'm really enthusiastic

about it," she said. "I really didn't think I was going into nursing anymore. I guess there always a little women's lib in all of us."

Sayeg and another participant in the program, Judy Dretziester, both said they were impressed with the outline of the course.

Dretziester said that the

purpose of the program was to "reorient" the students into nursing, and said it is not comparable in depth or detail to instruction in UK's College of Nursing.

Her immediate plans are to work part-time in nursing, but she is considering working full-time when her children are older.

No arms for Iran, says Haig

By R. GREGORY NOKES
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON — Secretary of State Alexander M. Haig said yesterday the United States will refuse to sell military supplies to Iran and will not turn over equipment the Tehran government already has purchased.

Making clear the Reagan administration will continue to view Iran with great suspicion, Haig also said American businesses should use the "most careful caution" in future trade with Iran.

Haig indicated the United States will abide by the terms of the agreements that freed the 52 American hostages, although he said U.S. officials will want to be sure the Iranians are living up to their obligations under the agreement as well.

"The United States govern-

ment will fulfill its obligations in accordance with both international law and the accepted norms of domestic legal practice," Haig said at his first news conference as secretary of state.

He cleared up one loose end not specifically covered in the agreements, which was the disposition of nearly \$500 million in military equipment purchased but not shipped by the time the hostages were seized on Nov. 4, 1979. Then-President Jimmy Carter halted further shipments of the equipment in retaliation for the hostage seizure.

"Let me state categorically today there will be no military equipment provided to the government of Iran, either under earlier obligations and contractual arrangements, or as yet unstated requests," Haig said.

reported that Iran has paid for about \$457 million worth of U.S. military equipment that was not delivered. Most of the gear is spare parts for U.S.-built jet fighters, tanks, helicopters and other weapons sold to Iran before the overthrow of the late Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi.

The revolutionary regime now in control in Iran has not requested shipment of the equipment, and the subject was not raised in the long negotiations leading to the hostage release agreements, officials have said previously.



Home cooking helps beat inflation

Continued from page 1 packaging. "You must remember the psychological factors," Forester cautioned. "Products are so arranged to get you to buy the high priced ones."

She also had some warnings for the busy student, who eats at fast food restaurants.

"A lot of people eat to get full," she said. "They need to be aware of the high calorie and fat content of fast food items, and they should consider prices in terms of nutrients and quality of ingredients."

She explained that although fast foods may appear to cost less than meals prepared at home, their nutritional value is low and they often contain "empty calories" (calories

with little nutritional value). According to a 1976 study by the WARF Institute and the American Diabetes Association, a quarter pound hamburger contains 420 calories, fried fish has 400 calories, an order of regular fries has 210 calories and a chocolate shake has 365

calories. Forester suggests eating popcorn, cereal mixtures, dried or fresh fruits, and nuts for nutritional snacks.

Both Maryama and Forester also advised against so-called convenience foods. Hamburgers, hot dogs and luncheon meats are all "terri-

ble buys," containing too much fat and too many calories. As for peanut butter, the traditional student staple, although it is nutritious and a good source of protein, it too is expected to undergo a price increase, according to a U.S. Department of Agriculture bulletin.

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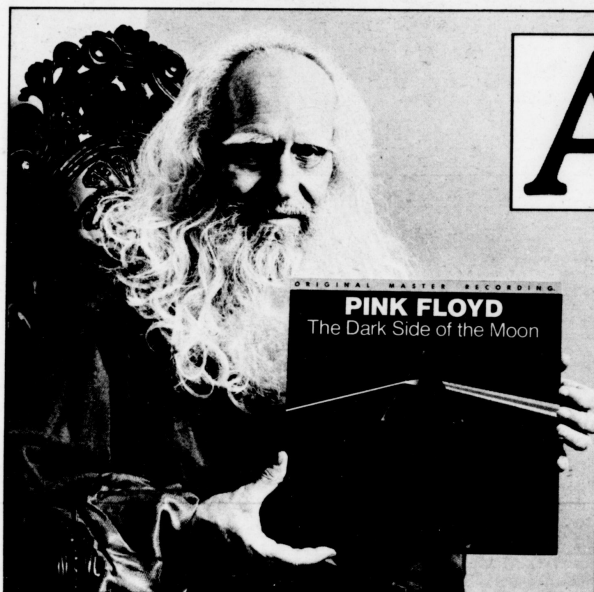
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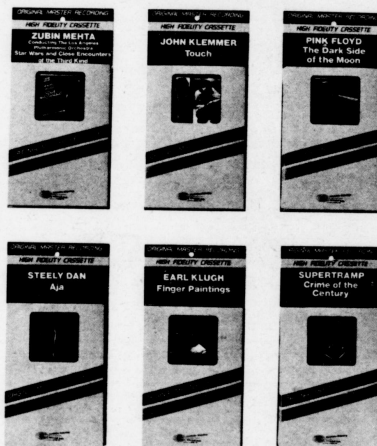
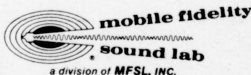
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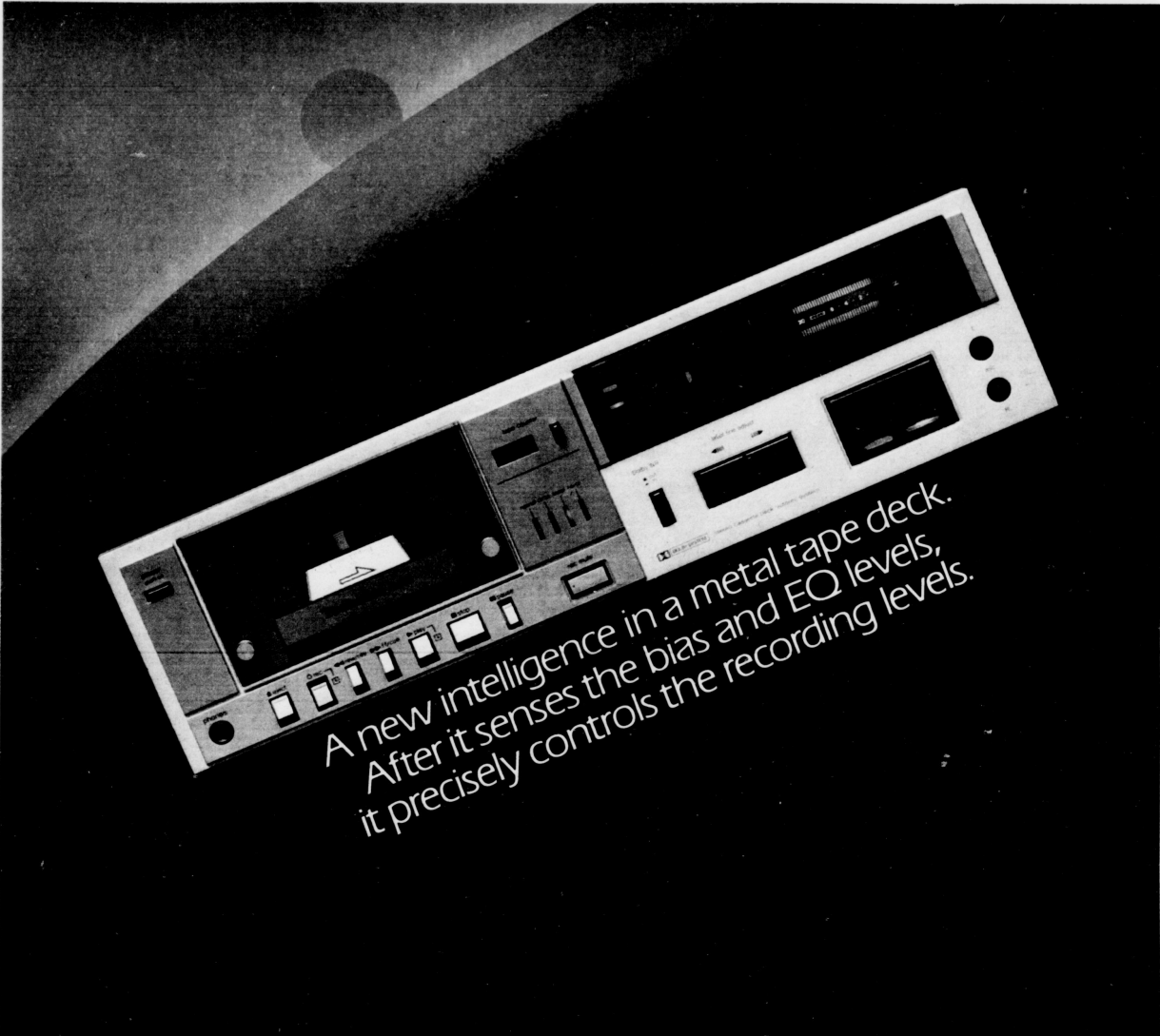
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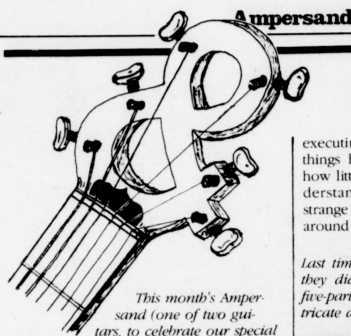
IN HERE

FEATURES

- Fred Astaire
A rare interview with the reclusive legend. **8**
- Special Sound Section
Jeff "Steak" Baxter's advice on home recording, Martin Clifford's words on room acoustics & cartridges. **10**
- Amy Irving
A real winner—and not just in The Competition. **18**
- DEPARTMENTS
- In One Ear
Letters **4**
- Out of the Other
News & Rumors **5**
- Off the Wall
College comic Tom Parks **6**
- In Print
General Motors, Naming Names, etc. **7**
- On Disc
Lennon, Wonder, etc. **12**
- On Tour
George Thorogood, Tiella Tharp **12**
- On Screen
Raging Bull, Nine to Five **16**

OUR COVER

While it may be premature to suggest that Amy Irving (photographed here by Herb Rits) is already America's cinematic sweetheart, we wanted to put the idea around. She is, no doubt about it, *Ampersand's* A-Number One top choice. This month.



This month's *Ampersand* (one of two guitars, to celebrate our special sound section) is by Steve Manno of the University of Maryland. He earns \$25—and so does the other one on page 7. Submit your original *Ampersand* on stiff white paper, use black ink, and put your name and address on the art work. Send it all to *Ampersand* of the Month, 1680 N. Vine, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028.

The Results of The *Ampersand* Readers' Poll were supposed to appear in this issue. We did promise and we didn't forget, but many polls arrived late (blame it on the holidays); we decided to include those in our tabulations, but this will take a bit more time. We will be finished in time for the next issue. We promise.

On page seven of the November 1980 *Ampersand*, there appeared an article about Dire Straits' new album, *Making Movies*. The author, Alison Wickwire, talks about former Bruce Springsteen pianist Roy Brittan. First of all, Roy is not a former pianist for the E-Street Band, but the current one. He is still alive and well and performing with Bruce. And secondly, his name is not Roy Brittan but BITTAN! Just had to clear that up.

Colleen Miller
Boulder, Co.

Furthermore, The Illustrated Encyclopedia of Rock misspells his name Roy Bitten. Which, in Latin, means "somebody sunk their teeth into the king." Our thanks to sharp-eyed reader Miller. We must have been snake-bit on proofreading day.

In regard to Judith Sims' review of *A Change of Seasons* (December 1980), I was appalled at her idea of most of the women in this country who supposedly "live for men, react to men—they have apparently, no other reason for being." Give us a break. Just because Derek will reduce herself to a piece of flesh, doesn't mean the rest of the female population should be judged accordingly.

Carole Johnson
Ohio State University

Sims replies: "I ended that sentence with 'an unfortunately accurate depiction of most women in this country, feminism notwithstanding.' Most women still spend endless hours worrying about getting and keeping a man. This has been going on for thousands, maybe millions of years, and it is changing slowly. I'm delighted that you're offended by the situation (even if you mistakenly blame me for merely mentioning it)."

In your November article on the Bus Boys you mentioned that "We may soon be seeing a quintet of white guys in tuxedos, singing five part harmonies and

executing some intricate steps." Stranger things have already happened..." Seeing how little you focus on R&B artists it is understandable how you overlooked the strange Average White Band. They've been around some time.

Percy Ellis
San Diego

Last time we saw the Average White Band, they did not wear tuxedos, did not sing five-part harmonies and did not execute intricate dance steps. But they were Average.

Movies Are More Than Ever

NATIONAL LAMPOON GOES TO THE MOVIES is the title of the next (and first since *Animal House*) flick from the *Lampoon* team. *N. L. Goes to the Movies* will consist of four separate parodies of movie genres: *Kramer vs. Kramer* domestic angst, some Harold Robbins-type trash, a Joseph Wambaugh-type cop film and an Irwin Allen-type disaster. The two directors (two segments each) are Henry Jaglom and Bob Giraldi; so far Robby Benson and Candy Clark have been signed. Shot in and around Los Angeles, *N. L. Goes to the Movies* has a mid-June release date, in time to brighten the summer. We hope.

IN 1980 THE NUMBER OF FILMS released was up 19 per cent over 1979, but box office receipts were down 10 per cent (after adjusting for inflation's higher ticket prices). Even more movies are scheduled for 1981, which has prompted some industry execs to moan and groan, claiming the public can only absorb so many pictures. What these executives fail to comprehend is that the public will always (well, almost always) absorb good pictures; the drek we've been getting has earned its journey down the toilet.

T IRED OF HEARING ABOUT SONGS made into movies? Stifle a yawn and read on: Harry Chapin's "Taxi" and "Sequel" may be made into one or two TV movies, and his latest hit, "Protest Singer," could be feature-bound. Worse, there's a chance Chapin might star in the latter. Meanwhile, Alex Harvey will reportedly co-star with Geraldine Page and Sissy Spacek in a \$10 million movie of his "Delta Dawn." Harvey will also produce.

HEAVEN'S GATE, poor thing, has reportedly been cut by director Cimino from its original 4 hours and 39 minutes to 2-1/2 hours, but United Artists wants it slashed to 2 hours. Insiders believe UA won't even recoup advertising costs for *Heaven's Gate*, let alone production costs—about \$35-40 million. Ooops!

Lawsuits, Boycotts & Plea Bargains

REMEMBER OUR LAST ISSUE's item about Robert Stigwood and the Bee Gees and all those lawsuits? Seems Stigwood is also being sued by *Grease* writers Jim Jacobs and Warren Casey for \$7 million; they claim they too were shorted on royalties.

JOHN PHILLIPS, former leader of the Mamas and Papas, recently pleaded guilty to narcotics charges in Federal District Court in New York City; he agreed to testify against fellow defendants charged with selling pills

and cocaine over a three-year period. Phillips was indicted last September on the same charges.

TOWER RECORDS, a large retailer on the West Coast, is currently boycotting MCA Records product, and a number of colleges and universities are boycotting Arista product. The former, because of financial disagreements; the latter, because silly Arista is now charging \$150 a year to service college radio stations with albums.

In a Cast

RAQUEL WELCH was fired from her starring role in *Cannery Row* after working on the picture three weeks. Industry gossip claims Welch demanded script changes; the official reason: "creative differences." Producer Michael Phillips and director/writer David Ward wouldn't comment, except to say they expected a lawsuit. Replacing Raquel is Debra Winger, the actress who made such a hit in *Urban Cowboy*.

DIANE KEATON AND ALBERT FINNEY will appear in *Shoot the Moon*, a love story, directed by Alan Parker (*Midnight Express*, *Fame*)... Timothy Hutton of *Ordinary People* next stars in *Taps*, about a student rebellion at a military academy... Lainie Kazan and Nastassia Kinski have been added to the cast of *One from the Heart* (that's the one starring Frederic Forrest, with music by Tom Waits)... since *Star Crazy* is one of the few movies packing 'em in lately, Gene Wilder and Richard Pryor may make yet a third movie together (their first was *Silver Streak*), but not before Wilder appears in *Traces*, a suspense comedy, and *Haunted Honeymoon*, which he'll also write and direct... Jane Fonda and Kris Kristofferson will star in *Roll Over*, about high finance... silliest casting idea this month: Woody Allen starring as Peter Sellers in a biopic... Steve Guttenberg will play goalie Jim Craig in *Attack on Ice*, about the U.S. hockey team that pucked the Russians in Lake Placid... Matt Dillon of *My Bodyguard* will next appear in *Liar's Moon*, with Hoyt Axton and Cindy Fisher... Robert De Niro's next is reportedly *King of Comedy*, about which we know nothing...

The Tube of Boob

WINDS OF WAR, by Herman Wouk, will be a 16-hour miniseries on ABC, starring Jeff Bridges, with locations in the U.S., Australia, West Germany, Italy, England and Yugoslavia (so who's counting?)... Buddy Ebsen, who was a yuck 'em up Beverly Hills before he was Barnaby Jones, will do two TV movies based on the first-named series, tentatively titled *The Ballad of Jed Clampett*... *Kent State*, the TV film about the four killings on that campus in 1970, will air February 8 and 9 on NBC, postponed from late January... CBS has ordered a series based on the movie *Private Benjamin*... Ruth Batchelor, former film reviewer for scuzzy tabloid *Midnight*, will replace Rona Barrett on *Good Morning, America*... Francis Coppola, pleased with the way his specially edited and expanded *Godfathers* came out on TV, plans to add footage to *Apocalypse Now*, making it into a three-part, six-hour TV movie, for which networks are now bidding... Dick Clark's *All Kindsa Stuff*, which piloted in late December in the *Saturday Night Live* slot (which was hardly missed), may be a regular show next spring.

& OUT THE OTHER

John Lennon 1940-1980
R. I. P.



Projects & Productions

DIRECTOR WALTER HILL, whose *Warriors* was one of the more interesting films last year, is now at work on *Southern Comfort*, filming in Shreveport, Louisiana, starring Keith Carradine and Powers Booth, and concerning some National Guardsmen who tangle with Cajuns ... William Friedkin, di-

rector behind *The Exorcist* and *The French Connection*, will do *Thy Neighbor's Wife*, based on the Gay Talese book; film will feature two "American marriages" of the Seventies, whatever that means—unlike the book, which featured all kinds of boring sex ... Francis Coppola and Joseph Papp are supposedly discussing a film collaboration — Linda Ronstadt in *Pirates of Penzance*,

this in spite of the Eric Idle version of *Penzance* now in the works, mentioned here last issue ... *The Thing* will be remade, directed by John (The Fog, Halloween) Carpenter; this version will more closely follow the original story ... Roman Polanski now scouting locations in Thailand for *Pirates*, based on the experiences of Viet Nam refugees attacked by river boat people ... Paul McCartney and George Martin will reunite to work on an animated musical film starring Rupert Bear, a British cartoon character; McCartney will write the story and songs and produce the film, Martin will orchestrate and produce the music.

Polyvinylchloride News

ELTON JOHN has signed a \$15 million contract with Phonogram International, to distribute his (and his label Rocket's) records worldwide. U.S. distribution is by Geffen Records, from which Mr. John also received big bucks.

ANDY WARHOL has formed Earhole Productions and issued a limited edition 12-inch single by Walter Stedding and the Dragon People, produced by Blondie's Chris Stein. Warhol, back in the Sixties, was involved with the Velvet Underground.

JONATHAN RICHMAN, who's been called "the Charlie Chaplin of Rock" and Jack Kerouac meets *Leave It to Beaver*, is in Los Angeles cutting a new album, adding new critics to his cherished repertoire of Rockin' Leprechauns, Martian Martians and his inimitable Abominable Snowman in the supermarket.

LOOK FOR A COMEBACK LP soon by Rick Nelson, TV (and real life) son of Fifties sitcoms Ozzie and Harriet. Always a credible country-toned rocker, Nelson's now going in for thumb/thumb/thumb/thumb New Wave bass lines and tunes by Graham Parker and John Hiatt.

ALL RECORD COMPANIES are not alike (it's the records that all sound alike); Capitol Records' office Christmas party theme was "Honky Tonk Holidays," and workers were encouraged to dress "urban cowboy" style, while down the street at A&M, spiffily garbed staffers dined and danced to a big orchestra, accompanied at one point by boss Herb Alpert himself, who joined in on "Rise."

Campus Capers

COLLEGIATE HEADLINES tells us that G. Gordon Liddy is a more popular lecturer on the college circuit than Jerry Rubin, who has been greeted by occasional boos and cries of "sell out!" since accepting a job on Wall Street. Also, a group of students at Stanford are studying humor. That's right. According to Prof. Allan Pont, "Humorous Work is taken too lightly and rarely analyzed ..."

THE GREAT American Photo Contest deadline is February 27, 1981. Grand prize, \$10,000, amateurs only. For entry brochures and blanks, write Great American Photo Contest, Box 120050, Nashville, Tenn. 37212 or call 800/251-1790.

OFF THE WALL



Comedian Tom Parks: "I'm not black, not Jewish. What have I got to be funny about?"

BY GLENN ABEL

Tom Parks is feeling a bit antsy. He's been pacing the massive, chaotic control room at Atlanta's 24-hour TV Cable News Network for almost an hour, awaiting his first nationwide TV appearance.

"I always get a little nervous before things like this," he confides. "Do I look alright?"

Parks' musings are cut short by an anchorman's voice. "Coming up in just a moment, Tom Parks, a very funny and successful comedian."

"Hey, did you hear that?" Parks says, smiling through his neatly clipped beard. "I'm funny and successful. It must be true. We just heard it on the news!"

Parks, 30, is here ostensibly to speak on college humor, a subject which he knows intimately. As one of the biggest drawing cards on the cut-rate college-entertainment circuit, the former Atlanta resident travels nine months a year, yukking it up in schools with names like Oglethorpe University and the Embry-Riddle Aeronautical University. On a good week, he'll play four or five campuses. Each year, he performs at 70 or more.

The CNN programmers have Parks

last on the interview show, following TV comedy writer Gail Parent and Abscam scandal video star John Jenrette. The lineup delights Parks to no end.

"I like the way you put three comedy segments together here," he tells his interviewers soon after he's cued on camera. "Gail, John Jenrette and me." Parks launches into a manic imitation of the congressman, leaving his hosts slackjawed—"I didn't do it! OK, so I did take the money. But I was drinking ..."

"Uh, Tom," the female host says, interrupting. "Do you have to be a little crazy to be a comedian? I mean, are you normal when off the stage?"

Parks' eyes light up. "Are you talking ... leather?"

An hour later, Parks reconsiders the interviewer's question as he careens his rented luxury car toward nearby Athens, Georgia, where he's booked later that night.

"Actually, I'm not crazy. I'm pretty quiet. Comedy has been sort of a protective coloration for me. It's camouflage. If I acted the way I act in life and was a bank president, they'd have me taken away. But now I can exhibit that wild behavior and people go, 'He's just a comedian. It's perfectly normal.'"

"I can go up to a guy's date at a party and smash my lips on her lips and the boyfriend will say, 'Isn't that funny! I love him, he's so funny!'"

"I've always worried about being white and being a comedian. I'm what you'd call a white, upper-middle-class Protestant, not black, not Jewish.

What have I got to be funny about?"

A graduate of the University of Florida, Parks moved to Atlanta in 1973. He found a "real job" with a public relations firm and didn't like it.

"One night a girlfriend took me to see Harry Chapin at the Great Southeast Music Hall. I watched him tell stories between songs and talk to the audience and people would laugh. It hit me that I had stories that were similar and just as funny. I went back to the club a few days later and told them I wanted to be a comedian."

He signed up for the Music Hall's amateur night and also landed a job there as a ticket taker. The first taste of performing hooked him. "I did 10 minutes of material and they all laughed. I knew then that was all I wanted to do. It was the greatest moment of my life."

During his stay at the club, Parks occasionally filled in for cancelled headliners ("I was available. And cheap.") and studied the parade of professional comedians which played the club. "It was a terrific education. Lily Tomlin, Robert Klein, Cheech and Chong, David Steinberg, Steve Martin, Martin Mull, they all worked there. Then I went after a career."

When Parks contacted a big Atlanta talent booking agency, he got no further than the front desk. "You want to be a comedian?" the secretary asked. "Go play Foreign Legion halls and VFW banquets."

"I knew I couldn't do that," Parks recalls. "So I had to invent ways to perform—like apartment complex par-

ties for \$15 a crack. Then one day I got my hands on a college directory and got on the phone. I started getting work right away."

Parks finds his college audiences fairly aware and receptive to new things—"mainly a comedian they've never heard of."

"Working colleges a lot, you tend to be isolated from what's happening in the rest of the world, though. College audiences are very homogenized now, thanks to TV. You get a little lazy because they're easy to play to. But the college market is really incredible. You can go to thousands and never repeat one. It's given me a lot of time to work up my material."

Parks has his hopes set on a multifaceted career in nightclub comedy, TV, film and writing, but admits he'll have to go through a definite transition to get from colleges to the Big Time. Toward that goal, he recently moved to Los Angeles ("I live under the big 'H' in Hollywood") and began acting lessons. So far, his dramatic talents have surfaced only in a banking commercial, in which his hand appeared.

"Hey, look at that," Parks exclaims suddenly, pointing with the starstruck hand at a dysentery-green building on the outskirts of Atlanta. "The VFW. See, I could have played there tonight."

The Speakeasy is a walk-down club in Athens that caters mostly to the nearby Georgia Tech crowd. Parks shares the bill tonight with an old friend, a musician from Atlanta, and they're both worried about the size of the audience. The Thanksgiving



weekend has sent a lot of students home for the holiday, but the performers are optimistic because the Georgia/Georgia Tech football game will be played the next day across town.

By showtime, about 50 persons have wandered in. Parks seems satisfied with the turnout, and hits the stage in good spirits.

"I know you don't know who I am, but we're recording a live album here tonight," he says, after receiving a modest welcome from the crowd. "Let's try it again. Go beserk. I don't mind a faked response." He's introduced again, and the gamble pays off. Parks is rolling.

Early on, he adopts an amicable, but stylishly condescending attitude toward his audience, a mixed bag of college students, townsfolk and out-of-town football buffs.

"I'm a little nervous," he confides. "This is the first gay club I've ever worked." The place explodes with laughter. Half the guys in the crowd are looking over their shoulders.

Parks handles his dollop of hecklers handily. He plays off the crowd's reactions, dishing up a blend of campus, drug, sex and just everyday humor, generally eschewing one-liners for interlocking story lines that fit together like an ambitious, yet shaky Erector set model.

"Say, do you have a Frederick's of Athens here? That's where they sell those tasty black lace bib overalls. . . . I keep expecting Reagan's face to melt off and Nixon will be underneath saying, 'I made it, I made it.' . . ."

"I did a screentest for ABC last summer. Then I went on strike. It was a brilliant career move."

After Parks runs through his set patter, he settles down to respond to written questions and comments he's solicited from the club-goers.

"What are you giving for Christmas?" one asks.

"The new Slim Whitman holiday album, of course."

"Do you have any fetishes?"

"I'm into Mazola Oil, and heart and lung machines. Anything to do with medical equipment I love it."

Parks continues to field the queries—peppering his responses with a liberal dose of four-letter words—while a small group of middle-aged southern gentlemen and their wives is fuming in back. "Do you think he's funny?" groans one man. "Good God almighty. He went to school?" The discussion degenerates into a debate over what kind of firearm would be most effective in silencing Parks. They settle on a telescopic, high-powered rifle.

Meanwhile, the object of their attentions has a new toy on stage. It's a fancy pocket calculator programmed to beep out ditties like "Hail to the Chief" and the Notre Dame fight song. The crowd sings along. Someone requests "In-a-Gadda-D-Vida." Parks quickly calculates the exact day of New Year's Eve, 1999.

"It's Friday!" he announces to the audience's cheers. "Do you think we should make reservations now?"

After the show, Parks clutches a cream drink and leans on the club's doorway. He talks of the exhilaration that comes from performing, of sharing with an audience, of the rewards of being a modern-day jester.

"You know," he says with a weary grin, "I still can't get over the fact that they pay me for having all this fun."

IN PRINT

Naming Names

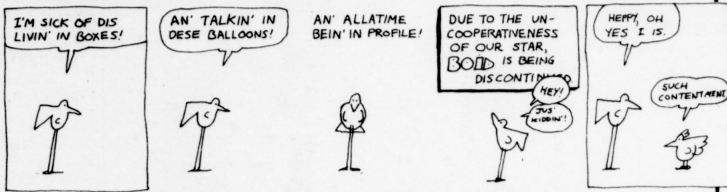
VICTOR S. NAVASKY
Viking Press (\$15.95)

Are you now or have you ever been a member of the Communist Party? And are you willing to name the names of other people who are or were? From the mid-1940s to the late 1950s these questions were put to thousands of Americans—Civil Service employees, tenured professors, movie actors, directors and scriptwriters—first by the House Un-American Activities Committee (HUAC), then by the Senate Subcommittee on Investigations dominated by Joseph McCarthy, the junior senator from Wisconsin whose name now characterizes that period.

Navasky's *Naming Names* focuses on HUAC and the strange love-hate relationship it had with the Hollywood film community. Fan and fanatic scourge by turns, HUAC seemed bent on "punishing" the moviemakers for their fancy houses in the Hollywood Hills, their six-figure salaries and their sex appeal, as much as for any actual or alleged flirtation with Communism. (The committee could never prove Communist propaganda had slipped into the movies themselves.) But with the studios cowed and eager to cooperate with HUAC, the guilds and unions falling into line and the agents also going along, the company town of Hollywood came up with the blacklist—a semi-formal system of identifying those unemployable because of their political associations. You got on the blacklist by being named as a Communist, a Communist sympathizer or merely a liberal supporter of a so-called Communist-front organization; you got off by naming names.

In fact, two out of three subpoenaed by HUAC in Hollywood refused to cooperate; only a third informed. Navasky has interviewed people on both sides, but he pays special attention to the informers, probing the reasons and rationalizations they have for naming names. For some, like actor Lee J. Cobb, it was brute economic pressure; others, like Budd Schulberg, who left the Communist Party when its cultural commissars told him to turn *What Makes Sammy Run?* into a proletarian novel, had a long-standing personal grudge. And many others

The Other Ampersand of the Month is by Nancy Lampierro of Santa Barbara, CA.



cited political disillusion with Stalin and the repressive iron hand of Communism. Convincing reasons, perhaps. But Navasky throws his support to those who would not inform, no matter what the reasons.

Naming Names is a superb work of oral history, whose subjects are the most talented, talkative, articulate people of a talented town. Navasky combines a sure sense of how to get these people to talk intimately into the tape recorder, a journalist's ease in laying out the sequence of events, and a lawyer's skill in clarifying the legal and ethical issues. *Naming Names* is a must for anyone who cares about modern American history, Hollywood, or the behavior of a community under illegitimate political pressure.

Cornelia Emerson

The Book of Tests

BRUCE M. NASH & RANDOLPH B. MONCHICK, PhD.
Doubleday and Co., \$8.95

At the outset, *The Book of Tests* appears harmless enough, but it's just one more manifestation of the current compulsion to analyze ourselves *ad infinitum* with dimestore psychology. It even describes itself as "The ultimate collection of quizzes to . . . find out what you're really like." But in spite of a "just havin' fun folks" disclaimer, the book is disturbingly sexist.

One test considers it "true" that men should be more aggressive sexually than women. More offensive is the fact that virtually all the sex-related quizzes are aimed at women ("Would You Make an Ideal Mistress?" "Can You Hold the Man You Love?"). The payoff is the "How Feminine Are You?" test which throws the definition of womanhood back into the Dark Ages with scoring based on cooing over babies and preferring marriage to a career.

Sure, the book could be good for a laugh, but most will find it silly instead of revealing and, possibly, offensive rather than fun. Save your money and figure out "what you're really like" on your own.

Oh yes, and if you answered "a" back in the first paragraphs, you are (according to *The Book of Tests*) an artistic snob—next time take *Ampersand* to the salon with you.

Nelle M. Engoron

Ghost Waltz

INGEBORG DAY
The Viking Press, \$11.95

The tone of this book is what remains after a reading. It is a steady rain of quiet and somberness which perfectly matches the book's subject: the insidious evil which led to the death of six million Jews in Nazi-

occupied Europe during World War II. *Ghost Waltz* records Ms. Day's attempt to understand not only why her Austrian father could have become a Nazi SS member, but also why, three decades after the war, the Holocaust still has tarnished her own mind beyond all cleansing.

As this self-analysis proceeds, the book appears to become both courageous and dangerous. For what are her choices, she asks: an Austrian by birth, the daughter of a Nazi, now living in New York city, she calls Jews her friends and co-workers. Doesn't she forfeit all objectivity toward Jews simply by virtue of her heritage? The truth, she finally admits, is that, deep in the most irrational corners of her mind, she remains in the hopelessly tenacious grip of anti-Semitism.

Given any decent publicity, *Ghost Waltz* is certain to be controversial. But, far from being a dangerous book, it is a thoughtful testimony to the fact that the foundations of bigotry are laid early in life and that, left unchecked, they can build into a fatal psychological cancer.

Craig Mindrum

The Healer

LEONARD LEVITT
Viking, \$12.95

For students of abnormal behavior, psychopaths have always held a unique fascination. They are a very special breed, and the older term for their condition, moral insanity, captures better than the present psychiatric nomenclature (antisocial personality disorder) both the profundity and specificity of the pathology.

The physician similarly captures the public imagination—witness the number of doctor novels, movies and TV shows. Granted that there has been some decline in the prestige of the profession in recent years, most of us still see doctors as special people, with special privileges bought at the cost of special obligations. Among the latter is the obligation to serve the cause of life, whatever the cost, whatever the personal sacrifice.

The doctor and the psychopath represent polarities in the public mind. On those occasions when they are one and the same, the phenomenon compels our attention in an especially horrifying way. In the context of the Nazi Holocaust, the acts of Doctor Mengele seem somehow uniquely grotesque, and the case of Dr. Charles Friedgood, the New York surgeon, apprehended attempting to flee the country with \$600,000 looted from the estate of the wife he had recently murdered, likewise strikes us as different from the usual intrafamilial homicide.

Drawing from a wide range of sources—friends, family, police—Friedgood's lifelong pattern of social, professional and economic disasters and his repeated avoidance of what would seem inevitable exposure

through charm, deceit and brazenness. The murder itself and Friedgood's subsequent behavior also stretch the imagination. Is it possible for a man to perform acts of mercy in the afternoon, violently inject his wife with multiple doses of Demerol in the evening, then chat with the maid over breakfast as the corpse lay cooling upstairs? No, our guts tell us; yes, the facts declare.

This compelling book joins Cleckley's *The Mask of Sanity* and Capote's *In Cold Blood* in describing the psychopath. It also points out the abysmal failure of the medical profession to ensure one of its own; Friedgood functioned as a surgeon until the day of his conviction, dismissed from post after post, but never banished from the fraternity.

J. C. Norton

Chrome Colossus

ED CRAY
McGraw-Hill, \$14.95

This is an exhaustive study of the fourteenth largest "nation" on earth—General Motors, the once innovative, now bloated giant of the American automotive industry. Cray [an *Ampersand* contributing editor, in his off hours] pursues his subject with a meticulous exactitude, telling his tale with precision rather than superficial drama. He has quite an account to put down, and does it with a minimum of bias or pontification.

The growth of General Motors described here can be seen as both a classic American story and an indictment of modern capitalism's flaws. We are presented with a variety of characters, figures in GM's history of contrasting personality—the reckless, energetic founder of the dynasty, William Durant, Henry Leland, the proud and idealistic Cadillac designer; the fastidious Alfred P. Sloan, GM board chairman and inventor of the modern corporate structure; James Roche, the embattled company president caught in the changing times of the Sixties. These and other men parade through *Chrome Colossus*, ambitious, arrogant and, occasionally, heroic.

The meat of the work, though, is Cray's detailing of the development of GM's automobiles. From the first Buicks manufactured in the early 1900's through the contemporary sub-compact, we see how commercial concerns and even petty whims frequently have overruled auto safety in corporate minds. GM's attitudes came to guide and permeate U.S. industry as a whole—Sloan's concept of "planned obsolescence" was taken for granted by the buying public. Cray makes clear that, until recently, America worshiped the auto as a technological godsend. *Chrome Colossus* is an impressive history of this faith.

Barry Alfonso

(Continued on page 19)

Top Hat & Tales:



BY HARVEY GELLER

Fred Astaire

Fred Astaire, whose taps and tonsils have launched more pop perennials than anyone in entertainment, has long been lionized as a towering inferno of grace, insouciance, elegance and unstudied sophistication. "That," he flatly insists, "is a hideous myth dreamed up by over-zealous studio publicists. At the risk of disillusionment, I must admit that I detest top hats, white ties and tails. I am always arriving at dinner parties not wearing a dinner jacket when I should or vice versa. Invariably, I don't know how to get there or what time to arrive. Things are always spilling on the tablecloth in front of me. I've had some devastating experiences with beets. My hats are too small, my coats are too short, I am full of faults."

He sits in the living room of his quietly elegant Beverly Hills mansion, dressed as if he had accidentally wandered out of the firecracker dance sequence in *Holiday Inn* — white shoes, pleated pants, an open-collared blue oxford shirt and a foulard scarf knotted, with studied carelessness, at the neck.

"I expect I'm going to annoy you," he warns. "I simply hate talking about myself."

At 81, Astaire is wallowing in a wave of popularity unsurpassed in his seven-and-a-half decades in show business. Last September Astaire was presented with the Pied Piper award by the American Society of Composers, Authors and Publishers; the statuette was inscribed, "To Fred Astaire, one of the best friends words and music ever had." Astaire and new wife Robyn Smith actually showed up for that evening. He did not attend a musical tribute to him staged several months ago at Carnegie Hall and featuring Mel Tormé, George Shearing, Stan Getz and Gerry Mulligan. Astaire continues to reject most media offers, including million dollar contracts to perform in Las Vegas and, a most recent proposal, to costar with Lucille Ball and 38-year-old Smith in a movie titled *Rose and Me*. Smith, a former member of the acting workshop at Columbia Pictures, was, until recently, renowned as the most famous and glamorous female jockey in America. Now she is internationally immortalized as the wife of the world's most celebrated song and dance man.

In a profession notorious for its attachment to the symmetry of its male practitioners, Astaire is a baffling anomaly who, in all his 38 films, has displayed a hairpiece along with a chin unquestionably borrowed from the late Stan Laurel. There is a cherished legend that when he was screen tested by Paramount in 1928 the word came back — "Can't act. Can't sing. Balding. Can dance a little."

Yet through 76 years of vaudeville, Broadway shows, films and television, Astaire has proven himself not simply a dazzling dancer who just happens to sing but a persuasive, endearing vocalist who has managed to introduce a forest of evergreens. More, in fact, than Frank Sinatra, Al Jolson and Bing Crosby combined.

In one of his earliest films he spent 17 screen minutes of 1934 on the futuristic Brightbourne Hotel esplanade twirling Ginger Rogers to "The Continental," a tune that was to be enshrined as the Motion Picture Academy's first Oscar-winning song. In all, he has unveiled nearly a hundred Hit Parade classics, among them 11 Academy nominations: "Cheek to Cheek," "Lovely to Look At," "The Carioca," "The Way You Look Tonight," (another Oscar winner in 1936), "They Can't Take That Away from Me," "Change Partners," "Since I Kissed My Baby Goodbye," "My Shining Hour," "Too Late Now," "Something's Gotta Give." But there are dozens of other celebrated Astaire standards snubbed by the Motion Picture Academy, including "A Foggy Day," "One for My Baby," "Top Hat," "Let's Face the Music and Dance," "A Fine Romance," "Let's Call the Whole Thing Off," "Isn't This a Lovely Day?" "The Piccolino," "Nice Work If You Can Get It," "I'm Putting All My Eggs in One Basket," "I'm Old Fashioned," "You Were Never Lovelier" and "I Concentrate on You."

Another song offered to Astaire in 1954 waited eight years for its Oscar. "I was absolutely insane about it," Astaire laments, "and I'm furious that I didn't get to do it."

Songsmith Sammy Cahn recalls that when he was first informed that he and Jimmy Van Heusen would be writing for Astaire he told his agent, "I want that job no matter how much we have to pay."

"I thought it would be the peak for me. Fred Astaire doesn't especially sing. He does much more than sing. The film was titled *Papa's Delicate Condition* and we wrote four of five songs including 'Walking Happy.' I remember going to Van Heusen's house to read the script, which seemed to have the word 'irresponsible' throughout — this 'irresponsible' character, this 'irresponsible' man. When Van Heusen went to the piano and noodled out the tune 'Call Me Irresponsible' as we know it now, it all seemed to fall into place and, about one o'clock in the morning, we had our song. The next day at the studio we rehearsed it for two hours before going to see Astaire."

"When we got through the first half of the song, Astaire said, 'Stop ...' I thought Van Heusen would have a heart attack. But before he went into cardiac arrest, Astaire said, 'That's one of the best songs I ever heard.' I said, 'That's one of the best half songs you ever heard.'"

"But Astaire was called away to a prior commitment at MGM and the film was abandoned for seven years. I never quite got over the let-down of not having Fred perform it."

Astaire, né Frederick Austerlitz, was born in Omaha, Nebraska, and made his first appearance with his sister Adele at the age of 4-1/2 in a kiddie show in Keyport, New Jersey. Fred portrayed a lobster and Adele was a glass of champagne. It was the early age of ragtime, Lilly Langtry, Laurette Taylor, Maude Adams and Jesse Lasky's "Piano Phriends."

"The wedding cake act became our most successful number," Astaire recalls. "Adele wore white satin and I was in full evening dress — black satin knickerbockers, white tie and tails. And, naturally, a top hat. For years I've been trying to dispel the idea that I was born with one."

"I would go to various music publishers looking for material and that's how I first met George Gershwin who was demonstrating songs at Remick's. George was amused at my piano playing, a sort of knocked-out, slap-left-hand technique and the beat pleased him. I told George how my sister and I wanted to get into musical comedy. 'Wouldn't it be great,' he fantasized, 'if I could write one and you could be in it?'"

During those early years playing Perth Amboy, Passaic, Shamokin and Lancaster with dogs, acrobats and monologists, it was Adele who monopolized the plaudits of crowds and critics.

A fine exhibition of whirlwind dancing," wrote the *Boston Record* reviewer, "although it could be wished that the young man would give up some of that blase air which he constantly carries with him. He's too young for it and it deceives no one."

In Washington, D.C.: "The girl is superior to the boy."

When they debuted on Broadway in the Gershwins' *Lady Be Good* the *New York Times* damned Fred with faint praise: "Adele Astaire fascinates ... not only with her glorious grace but as a first rate comedienne ... Fred gives a good account of himself."

When Adele retired in 1931 to marry Lord Charles Cavendish, Fred's first solo appearance in *Gay Divorce* (where he introduced Cole Porter's "Night and Day") did not impress Harold Lockridge of the *New York Sun*: "He gives a curious impression of unemployment."

Quoth another: "Fred stops every now and then to look off-stage towards the wings as if he were hoping that his titled sister would come out and rescue him."

The *Daily Mirror's* Burns Mantle insisted: "You would never pick Astaire out of any line-up to play a romantic hero, with or without music. He hasn't the hair, for one thing."

It's small wonder that Fred has scrupulously avoided writers. Soon after he arrived in Hollywood the local press named him among the town's top ten most uncooperative actors.

"I've tried hard to please, but I've been asked some of the damndest questions — 'How many miles do you dance in a picture?' ... 'Why have you never married one of your dancing partners?' ... 'What is your favorite hate?' ... 'Have you any broken toes?' I don't like to be rude, so I can't say, 'That's the stupidest question I ever heard!'"

"I particularly object to critics who write about something they know nothing about — and that happens too often. A lot of writers have been kind to me, but that doesn't mean I should love them. I don't even appreciate a good notice on something I've done that I don't think is very good ... some critics simply don't know how to review musicals."

Veteran Hollywood columnists who have covered the studio beat through the years maintain that his relationship with Ginger Rogers, beginning with her upstaging him in a feathered dress in the "Cheek to Cheek" sequence of *Top Hat*, has been polite but untrusting.

"Everything went well through the rehearsal of 'Cheek to Cheek,'" Fred concedes, "but when we did the first movement of the dance, feathers flew in all directions—as if a chicken had been attacked by a coyote. It was like a snowstorm."

"The Astaire-Rogers films," writes critic Arlene Croce, "were romances, or rather, chapters in a single epic romance ... Dancing was transformed into a vehicle of serious emotion between a man and a woman. It never happened in movies again." It may have never happened at all if a girl named Dorothy Jordan, who had been cast opposite Astaire in *Flying Down to Rio*, hadn't decided to marry Merian Cooper, head of the RKO studio, and go off on a honeymoon rather than dance with Astaire. It hasn't been generally publicized that Rogers was the second choice for the role of Honey Hale.

Astaire's recording career may be unprolific, but most every song he has put on record since his debut with George Gershwin at the piano in 1924 has become part of our nation's musical folklore. The score to *Lady Be Good* was recorded during the London run of the show and was only recently reintroduced by Monmouth-Evergreen. Most of the tunes to the original *Funny Face*, including "S'Wonderful" and "My One and Only," are once again available on the same label.

In 1974 Columbia Records affectionately reissued 30 of Astaire's most enduring sides (recorded between 1935 and 1938) including songs by the Gershwins, Irving Berlin, Dorothy Fields and Jerome Kern, that capture the flair and flavor of what many regard as the greatest musicals in film history.

"A lot of people ask if I watch my old movies on television and they're astonished when I say I don't look at them. It's rather appalling to me to think that they may still be running a hundred years from now. And every so often, someone wants to know if I still practice dancing as I once did. He's stunned when I say I have not tapped in 25 years."

Astaire's objectivity toward himself and his disavowal of the Astaire legend are indicated in one of his pet anecdotes.

"During World War II, when I was in Europe touring with the USO Camp Shows, I stopped to stretch in some Belgium town. It was in the center of the place, no traffic to speak of and no people around, only a lonely MP in the middle of the cross-street, directing traffic.

"I stood idly by watching, when a boy rode past and noticed me. He kept going around the square, coming back to look again. Finally he got off his bike and said in a high pitched Belgian voice, 'I-know-you!'"

"I replied, 'You do? Who am I?'"

"The boy thought for a moment, kept staring, then sputtered as he pointed at me, 'Uh-hh-oh-Ginger Rogers!'"



& MORE

Determination makes dreams come true for songstress Amy Holland

Can dreams still come true in modern-day Hollywood? Just ask Amy Holland. With a Capitol recording contract and a debut album that has already spawned two hit singles, fantasy has finally become reality for the attractive blonde entertainer. But like many show business Cinderella stories, success didn't come easy.

The daughter of two performers — her mother was a country and western novelty act known as "Esmerelda," her father Broadway opera singer Harry Boersma — Amy was an adolescent prodigy. By 17, she had her first recording contract with an independent L.A. producer. "I was young and in love, living in Hollywood and making a record," she recalls. "It all seemed too wonderful to be true."

But suddenly everything wasn't so wonderful. Her first single scarcely made it out of the mailroom, in spite of the fact

that an unknown singer-songwriter named Michael McDonald played keyboards on the record and even wrote the flip side tune. Within a year, her contract expired and she was nowhere.

Discouraged and disillusioned, Amy "took a long vacation from the music business and drifted into a series of mundane jobs. For awhile I was apprenticed to a Hungarian seamstress," she remembers with a grin. "Later I sold cowboy boots to rock stars in Beverly Hills."

Eventually Amy was persuaded by a fellow musician to rekindle her performing career with live club work which inturn led to demo dates for L.A. music publishers. Convinced that she had to develop her own material to succeed, she also began to write songs with session mate Patrick Henderson. But fame and fortune remained elusive.



Amy's debut album, *Amy Holland*, is a success story all its own.

Then one day in late 1977, a unique voice from her past changed Amy's luck. "I was driving down the road," she remembers, "and suddenly I hear Michael McDonald's voice on the radio singing 'Takin' It To The Streets.'" When Amy called to congratulate the new Doobie Brother on his success, McDonald suggested they reestablish old ties.

The result of the reunion is Amy's first album, co-produced by McDonald and Henderson, a catchy blend of pop and r&b flavors applied to a stylish collection of ballads and laid-back rockers. Featuring some of L.A.'s top recording artists, including McDonald himself as writer, background vocalist and keyboard contributor, the record has already generated one nationwide Top 40 hit, "How Do I Survive?" A second single, "Here In The Light," is now moving up the charts, and Amy couldn't be more pleased.

"It's better than I ever thought it could be," says Amy of her life now. "My friends gave me their faith, talent and time. That's what it took to make my dreams come true."



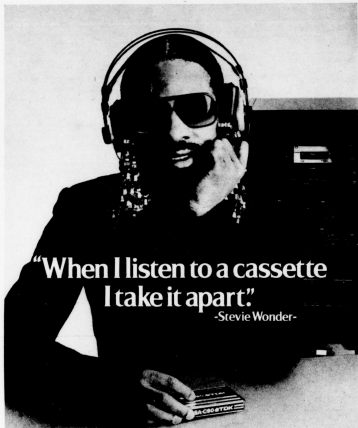
Amy Holland knows how to survive.



Give the gift of music.

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S O U N D S E C T I O N



"When I listen to a cassette I take it apart!" -Stevie Wonder-

Stevie's reputation as a perfectionist is well known. He puts everything into a song. And he doesn't want it lost in a recording. Before he takes a cassette home, it must deliver big studio sound. The kind of sound he can't take apart. The cassette Stevie likes most is the high bias TDK SA. TDK's unique Avilyn magnetic particle gives it a startling musical memory. You'll hear the full timbre and richness of the human voice. The subtle harmonics of a piano. The vibrant dynamic energy of strings. No nuance is beyond its range. No instrument is forgotten. And there's plenty of headroom for the blast and bluster of rock. Most of the world's deck manufacturers, themselves perfec-

tionists, use the SA to set the sound standard in their machines. Everything about the SA sets a standard. Its many components are checked thousands of times. 117 check points for the shell alone. TDK makes sure it will perform a lifetime. Which makes it very easy to like. And very hard to take apart.



TDK The Amazing Music Machine

In the unlikely event that the TDK cassette tape does not perform to the above standards, simply return it to your local dealer or to TDK for a free replacement.

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Baxter on Rolling Your Own



Who has no financial backing from a record company. So how do you make a tape if you can't get it?

Well, this is where the semi-professional, or what they call semi-pros, come in. Although the methods and equipment for the most part, are up to high audio standards business go, in it. You really can make a good record in your own home.

People tend to forget that George Martin mixed down some of the best of the Beatles' records on a four-track machine.

If you have to do a recording session and somebody already has some material ready for you, you can take it home and work on it. It's like doing homework if you're a songwriter. It's an invaluable tool. Because the better you can make your demo sound, the better you sound.

So let's say now that you've got a four-track tape recorder, make sure the better ones. I hesitate to use brand names because you can get many good tape recorders for the price. Get more money together and the job gets easier. This would all be used equipment, of course. Again, as technology becomes more and more sophisticated, you can get more sophisticated gear for less money. The semi-professional audio market has given us logic and brains since the Sixties. This is obviously due to two things. Getting into a recording studio is difficult sometimes, and the prices can be very high in some-

Clifford on Hearing It Best

Increasingly left is an electronic way of trying to recreate the original sound of music. Like the Holy Grail, original sound may be sought but never reached. The problem is that no two people at a concert ever hear the same music, and microphones used for recording, however placed and no matter their number, have the same difficulty.

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ing room. But neither the recording engineer, and certainly not the audience of your listening room, take your music away from you. And these things differ from person to person. You can modify your relationships by adjusting speaker level controls, or by adjusting your receiver's tone controls, or by using an equalizer. Or by some happy combination of all these.

Some audiophiles feel that by setting tone controls to their "flat" position, in effect removing tone controls from having any influence on the sound, the reproduced music will be a more true replica of the original. This would be true if it could eliminate the recording engineer's and room acoustics, but setting tone controls to their flat position is simply an evasion.

Speakers should be separated by at least 8 feet. If you want stronger bass, carry-over the speakers on a bare wooden floor. Bass tones however, carry a lot of musical energy and so you may lose the proper balance between bass and the more delicate treble. As much increases, tones tend to become more invasive. For best re-

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Guitar songwriters know Jeff "Shank" Baxter. In his four years of Double Brothers and his guest appearances on albums by Barbra Streisand, Anita Brolin, Elton John, the Spinners, Carly Simon, Dolly Parton, Glen Campbell and Barbra Streisand, others recall his all-too-short time as a columnist for Guitar. Here magazine, and the production work that made his letters of the famed Newark Act in further production Rolling Stone Ben Wood is a former client and the development of the guitar synthesizer. Baxter goes on and back to his sound advice.

Photo: [unreadable]

STEVIE WONDER

Hotter Than July

(Tama) The past few years have seen Stevie Wonder bury his soulful fire with overblown pretention (*Songs in the Key of Life*) or symphonic dross (*The Secret Life of Plants*). When he did come up with his best tune in years, Wonder handed it over to a younger protege (Jermaine Jackson's only hit in his solo career was Wonder's "Let's Get Serious").

But after not being Stevie for a while, now Wonder apparently feels it's safe to come outside, and *Hotter Than July* is an appropriate vehicle to make him whole again. This is the Wonder that has been obscured in the past few years. The cutesy (some might say corny) songs battling with their grandiose arrangements are gone, replaced by a sparser, crisper sound. Compare the busy horn arrangement on "Sir Duke" with his current hit "Mister Blaster Jammin,'" and you get the idea.

With all the pomposity absent from Wonder's arrangements, his self-importance has also vanished from the lyrics, leaving an album full of great melodies and boss jams. The entire first side contains some of the strongest material Stevie's cut since the mid-Seventies. "Did I Hear You Say You Love Me" opens the side in a funk/rock groove and doesn't let up until an abrupt segue into a mid-tempo love ballad "All I Do." "Rocket Love" follows in a similar tempo but with more of a Latin feel while in the straight-ahead "I Ain't Gonna Stand for It" Stevie sings about what might happen if he finds his love is betrayed. The side ends with "As If You Read My Mind," another Latin-sounding tune, driven by a dominant piano and a weirdly melodic harmonica solo by Stevie.

Wonder's reggae tribute, "Master Blaster Jammin,'" opens the second side with one of the most rhythmically infectious tracks he's produced in years. A Caribbean feel of steel drums decorates the instrumentation on "Do Like You" while the lyrics are a playful look at the grooving feet of Stevie's son. "Cash in Your Face" is social commentary you can dance to, reminiscent of "Livin' for the City." The only ballad on the album, "Lately," follows and though it's not the best Wonder ballad it serves the purpose of slowing down the exuberance that marks the rest of the material. "Happy Birthday" closes the album on an up note.

Overall, this is Wonder's best album since *Fulfillingness First Finale*. Stevie has gone back to what he does best. He seems more prepared for popularity now than he did five years ago. If the album has a fault, it is that Wonder has gone backwards into old styles and formats. This results in a certain sameness, not only in the lyrics, but in the mid-tempo Latin, Jamaican, and Caribbean grooves that add fuel to the fire. But what a fire it is.

Tom Vickers

MERLE HAGGARD

Back to the Barrooms

(MCA) This is a striking, innovative album, from perhaps the most increasingly important figure in country music today—call that "American



music," because Merle Haggard has always culled the best from several traditions, including blues, swing, and jazz as well as country.

This album, as in Hag's recent live performances, draws on some more sources and comes up with something the performer calls "country jazz." Twelve or thirteen musicians—mostly Hag's band, "The Strangers"—are used. There are two acoustic and two electric guitars and such unlikely-for-country instruments as saxophone and trumpet. The album has a terrifically free-wheeling feel. Though some of the numbers start out conventionally enough, soon fiddles intertwine with saxophones and bluesy, rhythmic piano gives way to sweet pedal steel. Some ensemble passages seem almost improvisational. Riding over all this is Haggard's distinctive, mellow voice.

The subject matter is a little more limited than on "The Way I Am," (which had some of the greatest songs ever on a country album), drinking and broken love about says it. But Haggard, an uncompromising songwriter, adds twists that make many of them his own, and let us into his life. "Makeup and Faded Blue Jeans" has some fresh imagery, and "Leonard," about a "mystery star" and former cohort of Haggard's whose drinking and pill popping led to his decline, is affecting. And there is another strong love song, "Our Paths May Never Cross." In this day of the phony "urban cowboy," Haggard is still one man who effectively separates himself from the (good ole) boys. His newest albums are among his strongest.

Judy Raphael

CHEAP TRICK

All Shook Up

(Epic) Everybody got their Venus Colored Pencils ready? It's time to Rock by Numbers with Cheap Trick.

The Tricksters have often used the palettes of other rock bands to fill in the blank spaces of their sound, but on *All Shook Up*, their fifth and least inspired studio album, it's hard to detect the group's own colors amid the borrowed daubings of the old masters. Licks, vocals, lyrics and even melodies are copied wholesale on such a grand scale that little, if any, of Cheap Trick's own piquant personality emerges.

The record is a virtual encyclopedia of Cheap Trick's major influences. The Who are reflected in the Daltryesque stutter of "Baby Loves to Rock." John Lennon's vocal inflections are filched from the Beatlesque ballad "The World's Greatest Lover." Rod Stewart's "Hot Legs" turns up in barely altered form as "I Love You Honey (But I Hate Your

ON DISC

Friends)." The Move's "Brontosaurus" bass lick materializes on "Go for the Throat."

So where's Cheap Trick in all this? Hard to tell. Only on the album closer, "Who D'King," a throwaway chant/goof, does Rick Nielsen's wacked-out humor rise to the surface. For the most part, *All Shook Up* is a schematic, a straight-faced and fagged-out paste-up of yesterday's rock 'n' roll papers. Cheap Trick is a once-entertaining band that clearly is in need of a breather.

Chris Morris

JOHN LENNON, YOKO ONO

Double Fantasy

(Geffen) I'm one of those people who gave John Lennon a lot of credit for his self-imposed 5-year exile from recording. After all, why make music just because millions of people think you should? On the other hand, John Lennon makes music. That's what he does, like a baker makes bread or a bricklayer builds walls. And vacations always have a way of ending. When they do, the worker goes back to work.

Lennon's return to work on *Double Fantasy* raises one pretty obvious

question: was it worth the wait? On the basis of the (seven) performances he gives here, I think not. As one of the great rock 'n' roll primitives (along with Dylan, Lou Reed and precious few others), Lennon has always maintained one great strength: his music generally retains an edge, a roughness and naivete that forever separates him from such polished ear-candy salesmen as McCartney, Elton John and whoever's topping the charts this week. While he still sounds direct and unadorned on *Double Fantasy*, Lennon appears to have lost considerable intensity, if not outright inspiration.

Fantasy documents Lennon's slip into marial bliss and bland music the way *Nashville Skyline* and *New Morning* did Dylan's. We get lovey dovey tributes ("Dear Yoko," "Just Like Starting Over"), paeans to the Lenonns' son ("Beautiful Boy") and sappy feminist apologies ("Woman," "I'm Losing You"). "Cleanup Time" may be the most condescending song Lennon's ever written. It details something he's spoken of in recent interviews: how his recent inactivity taught him to become a "house husband" and how this gave him a better understanding of the plight of the everyday housewife. "Making bread and honey" in the

kitchen, it took Lennon five years of moneyed indolence to learn to keep house—something the average poor person, single man or conscientious husband grasps rather more quickly.

John's most listenable song, "Watching the Wheels," is at least a candid admission that nothing's shakin' in JL's world (cf. Dylan's "Watching the River Flow"). It's a musical peak on an LP which is otherwise relentlessly content, satisfied and lacking in energy. (For the most part, Yoko—usually the deserving target of criticism on record—acquires herself well. Her contributions here, particularly "Kiss Kiss Kiss" and "Hard Times Are Over," resemble conventional songs more than any of her previous work and achieve a likeable sense of oddball pop.) In the end, *Double Fantasy* may say more about the people who buy it than about the people who made it. How long will fans demand great music from the once-great? The dream may well be over: ignoring the fact only compounds the delusion.

Gene Sculatti
Editor's Note: Sculatti's review, written before John Lennon's death, remains an honest opinion. Lennon believed in honesty.

(Continued on page 19)

ON TOUR

Twyla Tharp Dance Foundation

UC SAN DIEGO MANDEVILLE AUDITORIUM

When she first gained notoriety some 15 years ago, Twyla Tharp's choreography was hailed as highly innovative, even radical. Choosing to present her conceptions everywhere from museums to outdoor settings, juxtaposing pop tunes with classical pieces to fuel her recitals, she proved a most welcome addition to the post-modern dance scene.

Opening the program was "Brahm's Paganini," a strikingly kinetic, expressive work divided into two books. The first presented William Whitener alone on the stage as he rode the shifting rhythms of the music with masterful skill. Sliding into a frolicsome gallop from a moping shuffle, his command of the work's phrases made his performance seem as unaffected as a solitary stroll. Buckling and melting at times, then reaching up in supplication, Whitener was moving to watch. When he was joined by fellow Foundation members Christine Uchida, Anthony Ferro, John Malashock, Shelley Freydon and Jennifer Way for the second book, the mood on stage became feistier and less emotionally intense, humorous at times in its near-collision of dancing bodies.

The introspective qualities of the Brahms piece gave way to rock and roll swagger with "Ocean's Motion," a suite of dances built around a series of Chuck Berry numbers. Frankly sexual in their hip-swingings and strutting, these essays in teenage mating rituals refined old rock and roll dance steps into a sophisticated but still earthy creation. The high point was "Too

Pooped to Pop," where Shelley Freydon whirled herself about like a giddy teen posing before a mirror. Her graceful tantrum of arm swings and leaps won the strongest applause of the evening.

Concluding the triple bill was "Sue's Leg," a sequence of brief dances set to brassy, brazen jazz recordings from the Twenties through Forties. As with "Ocean's Motion," the moves were based upon popular dance—elements of the jitterbug and the lindy hop were interlaced with more contemporary motions.

Tharp can take well-earned pride in having brought pop culture and "serious" dance together in her work to date. The blend is as fresh as ever each time it's brought to life by her superb Foundation dancers.

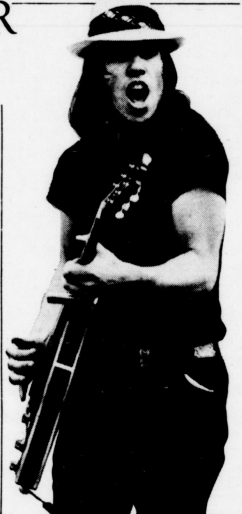
Barry Alfonso

George Thorogood and the Destroyers

ROYAL OAK MUSIC THEATRE
ROYAL OAK, MI

Some rock performers have to be seen live to be fully appreciated. George Thorogood is one of these. From his first smile, welcoming the audience to a "Friday night hoedown and hootenany," it was apparent that something special was about to happen. By the end of the opener "House of Blue Lights" the entire audience was on its feet cheering Thorogood's Chuck Berry-style duckwalks and karate kicks. And the more the crowd yelled, the wider Thorogood's smile grew.

But there was something bothering a Thorogood more used to playing in the intimate surroundings of a club: "Where's the dance floor at the Royal



Oak Music Theatre?" he shouted. After declaring "One Whiskey, One Scotch, One Beer" to be a "ladies' choice dance" because "the guys are too cool to dance," Thorogood and the Destroyers got concert-goers of both sexes dancing in aisles.

The highlight of the act was "Night Time" which appears on a new album (cleverly entitled "More George Thorogood and the Destroyers.") Thorogood kicked, shook, shimmed, danced, duck-walked, all the while soloing madly or trading licks with saxophonist Hank Carter.

Despite the nearly two-hour length of his set, Thorogood came back for an encore of Chuck Berry's "Reelin' and a Rockin'" that put the original to shame. When he walked off stage again, the crowd chanted "We want more, we want George."

Walt Tarouski

All those years,
all those miles,
all those stories,
all those songs,
all those sights,
all those sounds,
all those dreams...

all those sons,
one of them
is going to be a star.

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its soldiers and its lovers,
its builders and its dreamers.**

**They lived for him and died for him and
everything they did, they did to music.**

This is his story. These are his songs.

**It's an epic journey down through the music of
American time through the eyes and spectacular
moving art of Ralph Bakshi, the creator of "Fritz
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CINEMA ACADEMIA

A COLLEGE MOVIE QUIZ

Are college students really as wild as they're made out to be in the movies? In between torrid love affairs, blowing up the chem lab and the obligatory food fight where do they find the time to go to classes, take exams and put up with the looming spectre of post-graduate unemployment? Do our professors mirror their celluloid counterparts in being gifted with this remarkable ability to relate to all our problems? And what about pimples? How is it that not a single cinematic co-ed ever cuts class because of zits?

Whatever discrepancies might exist between reality (if college can ever be considered reality) and the college life portrayed on the screen are not going to be resolved here. The object of this little quiz is to match the title of each film listed with the name of the college or university at which a major part of it takes place. Don't be fooled into thinking that it's too easy. Not every college listed will be used and some will be used more than once. If you match all ten correctly, you're obviously too smart and should quit school for a career in screenwriting.

1. _____ *The Paper Chase*
2. _____ *The Graduate*
3. _____ *Love Story*
4. _____ *Animal House*
5. _____ *Horsefeathers*
6. _____ *Breaking Away*
7. _____ *Knute Rockne, All American*
8. _____ *Night And Day*
(The Cole Porter Story)
9. _____ *Marathon Man*
10. _____ *Bonzo Goes To College*

- | | | |
|--------------------|-------------|---------------|
| a. Columbia | e. Berkeley | i. Harvard |
| b. Sheraton | f. Huxley | j. Faber |
| c. Louisiana State | g. Cornell | k. Indiana |
| d. Yale | h. Maryland | l. Notre Dame |

For correct answers, see this space in next month's *Ampersand*. And for more mind-stimulating quizzes, puzzles and other fun features, pick up the current issue of GAMES wherever magazines are sold.

Answers to last month's quiz: MUNCHIE MADNESS: 1. Oreos 2. Fritos 3. Chee-Tos 4. Seven-Up 5. Potato Chips 6. Fig Newtons 7. Pizza 8. Twinkles

GAMES magazine. A Playboy Publication. 515 Madison Ave., NYC.

ON SCREEN

Raging Bull

starring Robert De Niro, Cathy Moriarty, Joe Pesci, written by Paul Schrader and Mardik Martin, directed by Martin Scorsese.

Watching *Raging Bull* is the cinematic equivalent of ten tough rounds in the ring: it never lets down, never stops pounding and mauling the audience, and when it's over, it's hard to say whether we feel triumphant or defeated. In spite of these ambivalencies, *Raging Bull* is an extraordinary film in a season glutted with mediocrity and nice-tries.

Based on fighter Jake La Motta's book (written with Joseph Carter and Peter Savage), *Raging Bull* pulls no punches; La Motta is consumed with jealousy, hatred, impatience, fury; he not only smashes his boxing opponents, he beats his wives and brother and almost destroys himself.

It's never clear what Scorsese and De Niro want us to think of La Motta. We are manipulated into rooting for him and caring about him, but this is reluctant sympathy. La Motta is a bona fide bastard, and Scorsese and writers Schrader and Martin make no excuses for him, offer no sociological motives for his picaresque career (La Motta ends up reciting poetry and Budd Schulberg prose to classy audiences at the Barbizon Hotel).

De Niro is downright spooky. He disappears into La Motta (quite literally, gaining more than 50 pounds to authenticate Jake's later years and girth) and rewrites the acting catechism in the process. Unlike almost any other major actor we can name, De Niro is not a "star." He does not tailor a role to his personality or politics, like Eastwood, Reynolds or Redford; he does not encompass a role like Olivier or Brando, the role encompasses De Niro, and eerily so—but then his roles have not had a wide range: so far, lots of alienated loners, and inarticulate-but-sensitive working class heroes.

Time for a romantic comedy, Robert.

Judith Sims

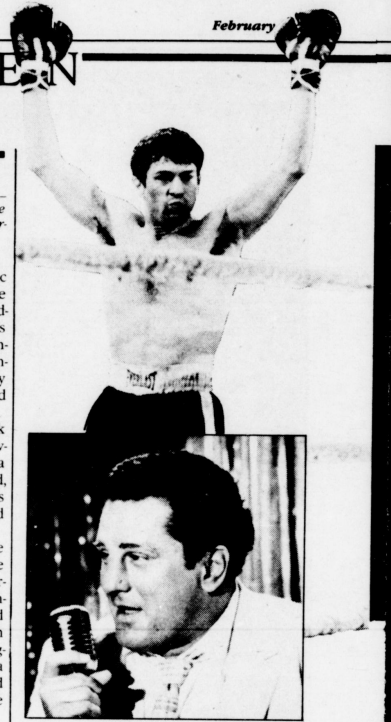
The Competition

starring Richard Dreyfuss, Amy Irving and Lee Remick, written and directed by Joel Olsansky.

For Paul Dietrich (Dreyfuss), the international classical piano competition is a last chance to make it big before facing reality and a 9-5 job; as for Heidi Schoonover (Irving), rich girl with no immediate problems, it's not even her idea to enter the competition; she's there to fulfill the ambitions of her famous teacher (Remick). Naturally, Dreyfuss and Irving fall in love, reluctantly at first, and never without serious problems—such as, what to do when the one you love is better at your life's work than you are...

Although there are a few scenes and characters that flirt with cliché, the actors never falter. The music is wonderful; although Dreyfuss is not as convincing in his piano pyrotechnics as Irving, he does convey the spirit of the classical musician: a joyful exhilaration combined with intense concentration and tedious practice.

Since *The Competition* deals with a form of music and contest generally considered elite in this country, some moviegoers may



De Niro as La Motta the champ (above) and the overweight has-been (below).

shun it in favor of more familiar territory. A mistake! *The Competition* is an old-fashioned (in the best sense of the term), engrossing love story with a modern twist, a better-than-decent script (Olsansky wrote the excellent TV movie *The Law* a few years back), plenty of nervous tension and two very attractive stars. I loved it.

Judith Sims

Nine to Five

starring Jane Fonda, Lily Tomlin, Dolly Parton and Dabney Coleman, written by Colin Higgins and Patricia Resnick, directed by Higgins.

It starts off so promisingly: Fonda is the new employee, freshly divorced and timid in the ways of big business; Tomlin is the veteran officeworker who holds everything together, including her family of four children; Dolly Parton is the private secretary who inspires, but does not reciprocate, lust. Dabney Coleman is their boss, a smarmy, rotten sexist who keeps the women under his thumb (nay, foot) until circumstances reverse the situation—and that, unfortunately, is when the film becomes stupid, unbelievable and anticlimactic. The message is subtle and disturbing: there's no way to get back at the wretched boss except in silly fantasies.

Lightweight, inoffensive and cute, *Nine to Five* does give a whole new dimension to Snow White and M&Ms, proves Dolly Parton can handle the movies (although she shows her inexperience by trying a little too hard) and reaffirms that Tomlin is terrific. (Fonda, though fine, does not dominate.) The interaction of the women is convincing, warm and friendly; the movie, ultimately, doesn't attain such heights.

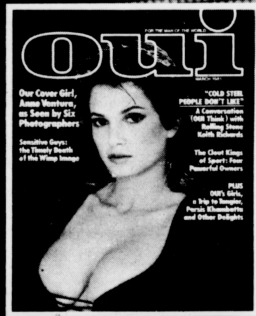
Judith Sims

KEITH RICHARDS: The Rock 'n' Roll interview of the year.

This month in OUI you'll read an incredible, stoned-out interview with the driving force behind the greatest rock-'n'-roll band in the world. There are three subjects close to Keith Richards' heart and mind—namely, sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. In March OUI he covers all three, and then some. With spring training just around the corner, OUI also provides intimate profiles of baseball's real power hitters—owners George Steinbrenner and Ted Turner. Also this month: a sexy photo feature and chat with *Star Trek's* Persis Khambatta, the confessions of a sensitive guy, travels to Aspen and Tangier and, naturally, the world's liveliest, loveliest women. March OUI at newsstands now. Your emotional rescue depends on it.



on
sale
now



AMY IRVING WANTS TO BE A STAR

BY MICHELE KORT

The publicist for the Columbia Pictures film, *The Competition*, pecked in at the door of actress Amy Irving's trailer on the Burbank Studios lot and informed her that she wasn't needed on the set for another half hour. Added the publicist, "It's up to you if you want to continue the interview" (which had already run beyond its pre-arranged limit of 30 minutes).

"I'm enjoying this," said Amy Irving. "It's been real harmless. I'll throw her out when she starts getting personal."

Journalists have already extracted more personal information from Irving than she ever cared to reveal—especially about her four-year liaison (which ended last year) with director Steven Spielberg. In fact, the Spielberg connection—and Irving's subsequent rumored romance with country star Willie Nelson—have brought more attention to the 25-year-old actress than any of her film roles to date. *Carrie*—in which she had a small but memorable part as the student who survived the psychokinetic holocaust—was the only one of her films to receive any box office support. *The Fury* and *Voices*, in which she played major roles, sold just enough tickets to insure that Irving would keep working.

But her "recognition factor" increased with *Honeysuckle Rose*, in which she co-starred with Willie Nelson and Dyan Cannon, and *The Competition*, which pairs her with the popular Richard Dreyfuss, can only help. She's most excited about the latter film. Irving plays a concert pianist competing with—and falling for—fellow pianist Dreyfuss. "This role is probably my favorite," said Irving as we sat at the trailer's "dining room" table. "He [writer/director Joel Olanoff] has given me a character who's smart and who's got a lot of energy and can be funny and sensitive. I'll never play a girl again after this. I don't have to deny certain knowledge; I can use a lot of my own life experience."

"Which," she offered, "is scary, because it's exposing more. Usually you can hide behind characters..."

Rather than hiding behind them, Irving's been able to embrace at least certain aspects of her characters in "real life." For *Competition*, she learned how to play piano; for *Honeysuckle Rose* she learned the guitar and sang with Willie Nelson's band, and for *Voices* she studied sign language and ballet. So now she plays and dances, sings and signs, right? "It's funny," said Irving ruefully, "everyone thinks it's so nice gaining all this knowledge of things, but once I finished the dancing film I immediately had to go into practicing the guitar. Then I had a guitar sitting there but all my free time was spent playing the piano."

"My piano teacher says I could be a pianist, my guitar teacher says I could be a guitarist, my dance teacher says I could be a dancer. It's nice to know, but I chose acting so I could dabble in



everything."

Irving was literally born to act. Her father, the late Jules Irving, was founder of the San Francisco Actors Workshop and later head of the Lincoln Center Repertory Theater in Manhattan. Her mother is actress Priscilla Pointer, who played Irving's film Mother in *Carrie* and *Honeysuckle Rose* and also appears in *The Competition*. "All three of us kids [including an older brother who's now a director and an older sister who teaches deaf children] were put on the stage before we could talk," said Irving. "At nine months I played a baby in *Rimpelstiltskin*. When I was about two I had my first speaking part in *The Magic Butterflies*."

"I was a ham from the beginning,"

she confessed. "I never thought I wanted to do anything else." When Irving was 11, the family moved to New York because of her father's new position at Lincoln Center, and the scope of that theater made it impossible for all the Irvings to continue as company members ("We're talking big business here," Irving explained). Nevertheless, the youngest Irving continued to study acting in New York (and later in London) and appeared in Off Broadway productions. Before embarking on a film career she appeared in various television series and movies.

While still a student in New York, she joined the Poor People's Theatre as one of the "token whites." The predominantly black group toured schools and churches with a play

about Martin Luther King and also conducted acting workshops. "We did Shakespeare classes," recalled Irving fondly, "and these ghetto kids could make some new sense of Shakespearean words."

Although the experience was mainly a positive one, Irving found that her participation didn't guarantee acceptance by the black community—onstage or off. "I used to get so upset," she recalled, "because I'd walk home from school and maybe some black people would bother me and I'd think, 'Why are they bothering me? I'm going out there in that play? I thought I was this righteous human being but they didn't know it.'"

Her sincere attempts at taking the "righteous" stance backfired again with

the movie *Voices*. The deaf activist community protested that a deaf actress didn't play the Irving part, and expressed anger that the general release print was not captioned. Irving, however, feels that she and the filmmakers honored the deaf world as best they could (they *tried* to find an appropriate deaf actress; they provided captioned prints to special audiences), and the criticism stung. She was especially mortified to attend a deaf convention where the *Voices* controversy bore the brunt of an MC's jokes. "I was sitting there feeling this big," she shuddered. "I felt like I was doing the right thing, and to be shot down by the very people involved was hard to take. I was really proud of the work and the research that went into it to make it honest."

One senses a tremendous vulnerability in this young actress, but also a guardedness learned from painful experience. When I asked her if her role in *The Competition*—that of a woman dealing with her lover's fear of her success—at all mirrors her recent past, she firmly said "No" and visibly tensed. Personal information about Steven Spielberg and "significant others" in Irving's life is now off-limits to the press, although she will reaffirm Spielberg's lack of influence on her career: "If I knew I was getting work only because of Steven, [the publicity] would have bothered me. I knew that Steven had nothing to do with anything that has happened in my career. As far as what people write in fan magazines or whatever, who cares?" She punctuated the last remark with a nervous laugh and then admitted that she was indeed bothered sometimes when the press focused unduly on Spielberg. "When I was promoting *Voices*, I cared a lot and had a lot to say and they'd ask me three minutes about Steven and the whole article would be about Steven."

Besides learning how to handle the press, Irving has also discovered ways to take the cruel vagaries of the motion picture industry in stride. She's no longer afraid of film crews (she used to assume they hated her because she was a novice), she's able to freely choose the roles she wants to play, and she lives far from the Hollywood scene (in Malibu). "I used to feel a lot of pain about this business," she said, "take everything personally and feel that people had control over me. I now have the luxury with these films I'm in that I can separate myself from the film world—not eat, breathe, and s-t this world."

"I don't think it's the ideal world, but I can get what I want from it," she added, warming to the topic. "This acting business gives me a great diverse life. I can be everything I get to live so many peoples' lives, to experience so many emotions, learn skills. It's really a luxury life." Catching herself in the middle of her upbeat recitation, Irving suddenly reflected, "What am I so positive about today? I started off so negative, what did I take? Really," she concluded in a Steve Martin patois, "I'm such a lucky guy!"

As she readied herself for her return to the set, I asked a final question: Had she dreamt as a child about being a movie star, a dream that now seemed a possible reality? Her answer revealed the willfulness behind her vulnerability:

"I didn't dream about being a movie star. I dreamt about becoming the greatest stage actress. Somewhere I got waylaid. I think I kind of always knew that if I wanted it I could have it, because I always wanted to play the lead character."

"I always wanted to be the star."

ON DISC

(Continued from page 12)

DIRE STRAITS
Making Movies

(Warner Bros.) It's tough not to be a sucker for Mark Knopfler's guitar playing. Dire Straits' leader is the most lyrical of contemporary players, and the closest thing to a guitar hero for the Eighties. He coaxes a lean, whining, rhapsodic sound out of his Stratocaster, and his tasteful, soulful, mathematical solos might remind one of a spruced-up Robbie Robertson. Unfortunately, Knopfler's songwriting isn't commensurate with his instrumental prowess, and *Making Movies* is largely a waterlogged affair.

Efforts have been made to give the band some bite: rebellious sibling/rhythm guitarist David Knopfler has departed, and the E Street Band's Roy Bittan sits in on keyboards (his most noteworthy contribution is an ornamental version of Richard Rodgers' "Carousel Waltz"). The playing is tight and pungent, but never has so much effort been applied to such slim material.

The songs (seven in all), like those on *Communicue*, enter and exit the head in a trice. Knopfler is a capable melodist, but his tunes sink under the weight of lengthy arrangements and contorted, "sensitive" lyrics. None of the songs are strikingly original; either there are vestigial borrowings from Elmore James ("Hand in Hand") and Bob Dylan ("Solid Rock"), and even an attempt to rewrite "Sultans of Swing" in gay bar terms ("Les Boys").

If Knopfler can apply his clearly prodigious melodic skills and glass-cutting voice to some gutsier material, he may still be able to come up with that elusive second hit. For now, though, most of *Making Movies* belongs on the cutting-room floor.

Chris Morris

DONNA SUMMER
The Wanderer

(Geffen) Donna Summer always seemed to have more sincerity and class than the disco craze she became identified with. Her emotive singing on such hits as "Last Dance" and "MacArthur Park" cut through the synthesized haze of her instrumental backup with a believable passion. Critics hoped that she would outlast disco's popularity and lend her talents to a broader range of musical styles in the future.

Well, disco's supremacy is through and Summer is a free agent, if not quite "the wanderer" adrift in unexplored musical territory. On the whole, her new LP has a forced, overly derivative feel. If her vocalizing is less than inspired here, it's in keeping with the generally lukewarm rock/r&b ambience of the tracks.

On the drawing boards, *The Wanderer* must've looked promising. Synthesized backdrops, once the trademark of Summer's records, were to be used sparingly; harder guitar textures would be featured for more punch. But the final product suffers both from timid Doobie Brothers-style pop-soul and histrionic stabs at New Wave of the sort that married Linda Ronstadt's and Carly Simon's recent albums.

There are some bright spots. The title track is a mildly imaginative techno-funk variation, highlighted by effective use of reverb in Summer's whispered vocals. More distinctive still is "Grand Illusion," a shimmering whirlpool of keyboard and percussion effects, sensual and haunting. In a more traditional Summer vein, "Looking Up" and "Who Do You Think You're Foolin'" rekindle some of "Last Dance's" fire, allowing Summer to offer expansive performances.

The full-fledged rock numbers fall short, however. The rhythm track on "Gold Love" is too sledgehammer-heavy and mock-punk to be convincing. When the ex-disco diva belts out a rocker ("Running for Cover," "Night Life"), she becomes a mere Pat Benatar understudy. Summer has to find a rock/r&b groove in which she's truly comfortable to equal—let alone expand upon—her past work. With more sympathetic production, she may find it yet.

Barry Alfonso

MADNESS
Absolutely

(Sire) It's easy to get pigeon-holed into a precise style and image when a band adopts a musical form as limited in scope as ska, but Madness has thus far worked admirably within those boundaries. Although it offers no surprises, *Absolutely* is even more professional, melodic, danceable and enjoyable than Madness' debut.

Vicki Arkoff

XTC
Black Sea

(Virgin) With each album, XTC's style becomes more sophisticated and playful. Andy Partridge continues his creative manipulations of the pop form which dominate *Black Sea*, at the expense of Colin Moulding's warmer contributions; the contrast is missed. Steve Lilywhite's lush and elegant production makes *Black Sea* both XTC's and Lilywhite's most mature recording to date.

Vicki Arkoff

JOE JACKSON
Beat Crazy

(A&M) *Beat Crazy's* festive, day-glo cover disguises a rather serious record. Jackson's stated purpose was "to attempt to make some sense out of Rock and Roll." How noble. How stupid. Besides admonishing punk, he actually makes moral judgments on social topics ranging from race relations and feminism to sexual standards. More often than not, those judgments become confused and essentially pointless.

When treated less seriously than Jackson apparently intended, the album stands on firmer ground. Lyrics are colorfully articulated, melodies vibrant and Jackson's phrasing poignant. Preaching aside, *Beat Crazy* is a solid work... Jackson's best yet. Now if only he would step off that pedestal.

Vicki Arkoff

IN PRINT

(Continued from page 7)

Producing Hit RecordsDENNIS LAMBERT & RONALD ZALKIND
Schirmer Books \$9.95

There has never been a more misleading title slapped on a book than "Producing Hit Records." One expects a step-by-step instruction manual on how to make a fortune in the sluggish but still potentially lucrative record industry. My pen was sure poised to take a few notes. After all, Dennis Lambert has made a fortune producing hit records (Glen Campbell, Santana, Player, Grass Roots), so who should know better?

Lambert may know, but he isn't really telling. The book is a gobbledygook of information ranging from the most basic recording studio terminology ("playback speakers are called 'monitors'"), to business esoterica ("cross-collateralization is the bane of record contracts"), to space-filling bulk (the complete text of A.F.M. and A.F.T.R.A. recording industry agreements; 58 pages worth.)

Much of the content is indeed fascinating, and just about anyone in the business, or trying to get in, will find a few indispensable "I didn't know that" tidbits. The problem lies in the confused heaping together of data about studio construction, contracts, record labels, deals, etc., etc. One finds just about everything, in fact, except how to produce hit records. Of course, even if Lambert could explain that, he probably wouldn't. These days, there aren't enough good projects to go around.

Richard "Scoop" Levinson

The Vampire TapestrySUZY MCKEE CHARNAS
Simon and Schuster, \$11.95

Suzy McKee Charnas interrupted the writing of the science fiction trilogy begun in *Walk to the End of the World* and continued in *Motherlimes* in order to add her two cents to the glut of vampire stories flooding the thought-waves. She wasted her time and penicils.

The Vampire Tapestry is billed as a novel but it could have been a collection of short stories and almost is—the first three sections are complete enough to stand on their own, but the last two require support from the others to make sense.

Charnas' Dracula is another of those long-lived suckers who drift through the modern scene all unbeknownst to us mere humans. This time the vampire masquerades as Edward Weyland, a professor of anthropology with an ideal setup, directing a dream study project and feeding off the sleeping volunteers.

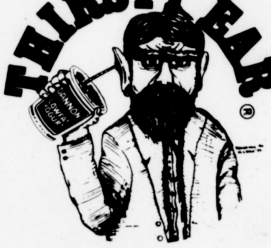
The first story/section is told from the point of view of a woman who discovers the truth about Weyland and puts him temporarily out of commission with a pistol. In the next two segments the vampire is victimized by some occult freaks and analyzed by a female psychiatrist—the high points of the book with the best writing and most convincing characters. Alas, in the final two sections Weyland goes west, haunts the Santa Fe Opera and eventually decides to pull his periodic, disappearing act, none too soon.

Weyland in the west is a disappointment, the characters are faceless strangers, the action rather pointless. Weyland himself is lackluster, mainly concerned with his diet and mostly contemptuous of the human cattle he

feeds on. He teaches us next to nothing.

Oh well, Charnas—back to the trig. At least that's about something.

Neal Wilgus



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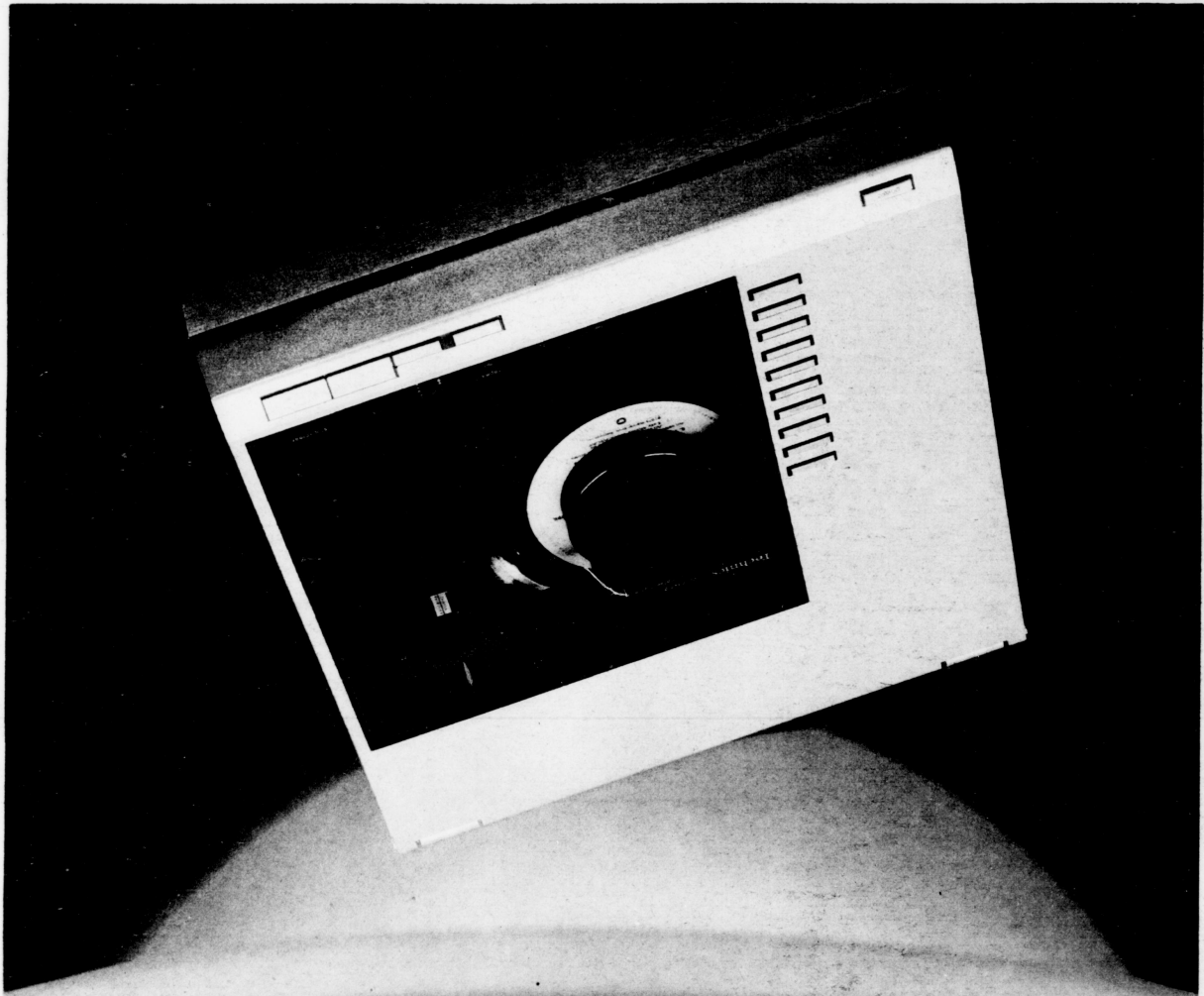
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