

# KENTUCKY Kerbel

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## Got the time?

Time for testing... Steve Bender checks his watch while Ernest Oliver catches a few more rays before getting up to take their marketing exam yesterday. The two business administration seniors had been cramming on the administration lawn and paused for a few minutes to gather their thoughts.

## New computer may aid UKPD in collecting fines

By DALE G. MORTON  
Staff Writer

University officials hope to be collecting more parking funds with the assistance of a new computer system to be installed during the summer.

By interconnecting three terminals at UK's police headquarters with the new computer, traffic records can be filed and retrieved almost immediately, UK Director for Public Safety Tom Padgett said. The new system, which will be located on the third floor of the Service Building, is expected to increase the number of parking tickets collected by 50 percent and to increase the department's efficiency, according to University officials.

According to Gene Williams, director of organization and management analysis for UK, the \$37,000 for the WANG Laboratories Inc. central system will come from state funds.

The three terminals to be used by the police, which will cost the safety division \$15,000, will be distributed among the traffic department, the parking department and the dispatcher's office, he said.

Money to pay for the terminals will be generated from parking ticket revenue, Padgett said, adding he thought the system would pay for itself in the near future.

With the computer "we will be able to keep up with people who have not

paid their fines," Padgett said. "We'll be able to keep the delinquency records up (therefore making it) easier for officers to check the records much more quickly and accurately."

UK police are now writing approximately 800 to 900 tickets a week, Padgett said. It takes approximately two weeks to record the tickets at that rate, he said.

This delay in recording traffic citation transactions has occasionally resulted in towing a car that shouldn't have been towed, Williams said. As a result, the University ends up paying the towing charges.

"It will also eliminate the need of hiring a full-time person, which they desperately need," Williams said.

The computer system was originated primarily to relieve pressures the business affairs offices faced in record-keeping. Until now, business transactions took a back seat to academic programs at "computer central."

Presently, no administrative work can be performed on the computer located at McVey Hall until after all academic work is through, sometimes requiring several days to get a program run, Williams said.

"We've been centralized in our computing," he said, adding the new computer will allow for immediate data retrieval and storage by any University agency willing to shell out the money for a computer terminal.

The additions to the base can be

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At Student Center Sweet Shoppe

## Need a break? Sadie Hayden's got it for you

By JULIE HAHN  
Reporter

If you have a sweet tooth, need a smoke, or are sick and tired of reading your books while in the Student Center, you have probably wandered over to the Sweet Shoppe.

And chances are if you've ever bought a pornographic magazine, candy, or cigarettes at the Sweet Shoppe, Sadie B. Hayden, manager of the shop, sold it to you.

Adult magazines are very popular with students, according to Hayden. "It's very amusing watching

the customers. If a lot of girls are around, the guys walk around until the counter is clear before buying a Playboy magazine," she said.

Laughing, Hayden continued, "The girls do the same thing when buying Playboy or they whisper among themselves, 'I don't see it; they must not have come in yet.'"

Along with a variety of magazines, the Sweet Shoppe offers a variety of candy including hard candy, chocolates and nut mixes all sold by the quarter-pound. The Sweet Shoppe also operates as a lost-and-found for the Student Center.

"Students' favorite kinds of candy

are the chocolates: malted milk balls, chocolate-covered peanuts, peanut clusters, and bridge mix," said Hayden, adding, "Sometimes I order a favorite candy suggested by students."

According to Hayden, candy costs are no exception to inflation. "Candies have gone up quite a bit, especially in the past four years," Hayden said.

Hayden said student eating habits leave much to be desired. "Kids today eat more junk food. As soon as I get my gates up at 8:45 (a.m.) I'm selling candy and cigarettes." She added, "If the cafeteria line is long, they (students) run to the Sweet Shoppe to

ride them over until they get a good nutritional meal."

A native of Lexington, Hayden has been working in the Student Center candy store for 12 years and is responsible for ordering candy and other sundries available at the Sweet Shoppe such as chewing gum, cigars and cigarettes.

Despite working at the candy counter five days a week, from 8:45 a.m. to 4:30 p.m., Hayden said she finds it pleasant to work with the Sweet Shoppe students and staff. Her secret, "Take your time. Don't let impatience bother you. Control yourself, and just do your best."

## Help wanted:

By MARY KATHERINE MILLER  
Reporter

Summer time! To UK students, that word brings to mind thoughts of sandy beaches, a break from textbooks, and for most of us — a summer job.

A full-time job in the summer offers many opportunities, but for some students, it is a fact of life, necessary to finance the ever-increasing costs of attending college. For others, it provides an opportunity to meet friends and combine vacation with work.

Still others find career-oriented jobs that will help them prepare for life after graduation. After working in a zoo Katherine "Kay Kay" Gerwin, an undecided freshman from Cincinnati, is leaning toward a career working with animals. Last summer Gerwin worked at the Cincinnati Zoo, with gorillas and other animals.

The gorillas were part of a study on primates, in which the object was to get the animals to behave as they would in the wild. Gerwin had to care for the 15 animals — with such colorful names as King Tut and Penelope — and work with them every day.

"I've worked with horses all my life, but the gorillas were really fun," Gerwin said. "They're just like people; they love attention!" She also helped care for other animals, such as the rare tiger.

Another student who is also preparing for careers with animals, Debbie Trumbo, an animal science

junior, spends her summers working on the family farm in Shelby County. "In the little community I live in, if you lived on a farm, you worked on a farm," she said.

Some of Trumbo's duties on the farm included moving cattle, mowing hay and working with hogs. Although she will probably go into the meatpacking industry after graduation, Trumbo said her ultimate goal is to own her own farm.

Education senior Debbie Miller got a taste of her chosen field when she tutored a sixth-grader in reading last summer. Even though she had never tutored before, Miller said she enjoyed it and recommended tutoring to other education majors who want to find out what teaching is really like.

While most college students do not envision careers on the assembly line, many find the high wages appealing enough to work in factories for a summer. Linda Woolums, a pre-pharmacy sophomore, worked in the Rand McNally plant in Versailles during the summer of 1978, and plans to work there again this summer.

Many college students worked at the factory for the summer, she said, adding that no one ever complained about the job. "Everybody was there for the money; it was just for the summer," she said. Woolums estimated the starting hourly salary at Rand McNally to be approximately

\$4.50 this summer.

Business administration and Spanish junior Karen Clark worked at the Corning Glass Works in her hometown of Danville last summer, and said she plans to work there again this year. The Corning plant makes glass for lightbulbs. Clark worked at different jobs in the factory, but said

the most fatiguing job was working on a machine that chopped glass tubing. She said working with hot tubing was sometimes dangerous, and she had been burned by the glass several times.

The Corning plant is a closed shop, so Clark had to join the union for the summer. Although Clark said she

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## Bodies of U.S. commandos are center of political game

By the Associated Press

A leading ayatollah put the bodies of eight U.S. commandos at the center of a new political tug-of-war in Iran yesterday, saying Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini or the Revolutionary Council, not President Abolhassan Bani-Sadr, must decide whether the Americans' remains should be sent home.

As Ayatollah Mohammad Beheshti set out these conditions, two Catholic clergymen were visiting the Tehran morgue where the bodies were being kept.

The two — Greek Catholic Archbishop Hilarion Capudji and papal nuncio Monsignor Annibale Bugnini — prayed and sprinkled holy water over the remains of eight servicemen killed in an aircraft collision when the attempt to rescue the U.S. Embassy hostages was aborted last Friday in the Iranian desert.

Capudji, with the Swiss government and the International Red Cross, has

taken on the responsibility for transferring the bodies out of Iran. Iran's domestic troubles, meanwhile, flared into terrorist violence in London.

Three "Arab power" militants took over the Iranian Embassy on a quiet London back street yesterday and threatened to kill their 20 hostages unless Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini's regime frees 91 political prisoners held in Iran's Arab-populated oil belt.

If the Tehran government does not meet their demand by noon today, the gunmen said, they will blow up the building.

The three terrorists, reportedly armed with submachine guns or carbines, identified themselves as Arabs from Khuzestan who support autonomy for that region of southwest Iran.

The British Broadcasting Corp., which received the ultimatum in a telephone call from the embassy, said the gunmen reported one of their

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## today

### state

**PARENTS OF CHILDREN** in private schools will get some financial help from the state when school begins in the fall.

State funds totaling about \$500,000 will be used to help purchase textbooks for private school students. That will be increased to about \$1 million for the 1981-82 school year. The money was appropriated by the 1980 General Assembly.

Catholic schools apparently will benefit most from the special fund because 51,000 students attend them. Another 24,000 attend other private schools and may also benefit.

Government aid to parochial schools has been a controversial topic in recent years, spawning a number of court challenges.

**THE BELLE OF LOUISVILLE** won the 17th Annual Great Steamboat Race yesterday by a mile — some 20 miles to be more exact.

The other half of the race, the Delta Queen, was still battling high water and stiff currents on the Ohio River some 25 miles downriver of Louisville when the race got underway around 5:25 p.m.

The Belle cruised across the finish line at the Clark Memorial Bridge shortly before 7 p.m. after doing a flamboyant double loop at the half-way point near Six Mile Island.

The victory evens the series eight to eight. The Julia Belle Swain won the trophy in 1976. The Delta Queen defaulted in 1971.

**SOME OF THE 129** employees who will be laid off May 15 from the state Department of Human Resources have indicated they plan to file a class action suit if necessary.

Such a suit need be filed only by a few persons with the stipulation that the outcome will affect all others similarly situated.

Human Resources Secretary Grady Stumbo commented yesterday that "it would certainly be the right" of laid-off employees to take legal action if they wished.

"My part was to look at the budget the 1980 General Assembly approved and to say we don't have the money," he said.

### nation

**THE THIRD STEEPEST** plunge on record in the government's index of economic indicators suggests the upcoming recession may not be the mild and short variety predicted by President Carter.

The Commerce Department said yesterday the index that is designed to forecast the future course of the economy fell 2.6 percent in March following a drop of 0.4 percent in February.

Feliks Tamm, a Commerce Department analyst, said the recent weakness in the index "means forces

are very much tilted toward recession." He said the average decline in the index since October has been 0.8 percent.

A large number of economists, along with officials in the Carter administration, believe a recession started in February or March. It would be the seventh recession since World War II.

**MORE WAVES OF REFUGEES** mixed with convicts released from Cuban prisons swam ashore at Key West, Florida yesterday as the Carter administration worked to negotiate an airlift to replace the illegal boat convoys between the United States and Cuba.

More than 5,000 Cuban refugees have sailed to Florida since the "Freedom Float" began last week. In the past two days alone, about 1,500 refugees checked in at the swamped processing center in Key West.

Coast Guard air surveillance yesterday showed that dozens of ships had set out from the Cuban port of Mariel to take advantage of calm waters in the Florida Straits after three days of rough weather. An additional 200 boats left Key West yesterday, bound for Cuba.

### weather

**WELL, IT COULDN'T BE NASTY** forever. Partly sunny and warmer through tomorrow. High today in the mid to upper 60s, high tomorrow in the low 70s. Tonight's low should be in the mid to upper 40s. Derby Day outlook: fair and warm.

# KENTUCKY Kernel

editorials & comments

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## Class of 1980 needs to change attitude of uncertainty, paranoia

Barring any catastrophes, such as nuclear explosions, Iranian takeovers or Russian invasions, the UK Class of '80 will graduate on May 10.

Where it goes or what it does from there is anybody's guess. But the stage has been set — and it isn't very optimistic. There is, however, hope.

Economists tell us a recession, and possible depression, is right around the corner. Military action, even war, are commonly discussed issues among the nation's policy makers and leaders. And the overall attitude of U.S. citizens seems to be one of uncertainty, almost paranoia.

The solutions given for the problems are as numerous as the people in the United States. Everyone seems to have an answer, but no one seems to listen. "Me Tim has hit an all-time high.

Hopefully, this year's class will start a new trend — a trend towards sincere involvement and away from superficial participation. It has few other alternatives.

For too long, students at UK have sat on their collective derriere getting stoned and talking about anything but the creeping national malaise. And even when discussions have turned to some of the nation's problems, people have often been too busy talking to listen.

Luckily, apathy seems to have reached its pinnacle, though not necessarily by choice. Students are finally having to either be aware of what is going on or they are left to doodle out in left field.

One reason for emerging activism is the economy. Students are beginning to realize that the economy is an overbearing factor in how they can live, for when you threaten to take something away from someone — in this case "the good and easy life," a reaction is usually imminent.

In the 60s and early 70s, the standard of living was taken for granted by many of the middle class collegians — Daddy footed the bill with no problems.

To lay the lack of knowledge solely on the students, however, would be a grave injustice. After all, during their drive to maturity, students were glued with television, books, movies and magazines all pushing "the good life" and edging on the very conservatism that has done much to lock our nation into terminal inflation.

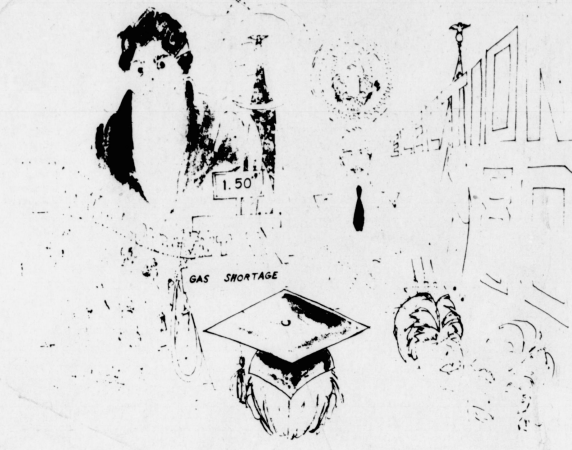
And now, one of the only ways left to stop spiraling inflation is to cut back on the amount of funds available for people to spend — to thwart consumerism. One of the bad side-effects in doing this is that people will face increasing unemployment, since tight money in business leads to decreased demand for laborers.

Because the first ones to feel the job squeeze effect will be students — especially those who have labored in the liberal arts only to find decreased demand for social scientists — these students and recent graduates are finally, for their good, being forced to become involved in events which affect their style of living.

Upon graduation, students will not only face economic problems, but also problems with how the system is run. World interdependency is a big factor in keeping everything running as smoothly as possible.

Witness Saudi Arabia and other OPEC countries, for example. Twenty years ago, the Mideast countries were nothing more than suppliers of cheap oil. Now these countries dictate oil prices by virtue of their resources, and hence have become friends and fellow businessmen.

Instability in this section of the world would be a great blow to the United States and its allied countries. Consequently, the European Common



Market countries and Japan have recently strengthened alliances in an attempt to warn Russia and her allies to keep their hands off and their noses out.

The Iranian and Afghanistan crises have given new dimension to the power struggle. Tension has mounted to the point where some military action has been undertaken and more may be pending — yet many students have been oblivious to the situation, saying that they're getting tired of hearing about it.

Tired or not, what happens in the next few weeks, months and years should be of utmost concern to students, especially those who are graduating.

In America, the decade of the 80s is going to prove crucial as to how the system survives and functions, and maybe even whether the system survives and functions. It's time for students to become involved, and not just a bunch of zombies or puppets.

Hopefully, the Class of '80 will set out in that new direction.

## Letters to the Editor

### Water facilities

Well, the weather is warm again, and it's time to think of lying on the beach, swimming, canoeing, water skiing, and other such summer activities; but here on campus thinking is about as far as you'll get, unless you are a frequent visitor to one of the many grass beaches on campus.

UK's facilities for swimming and other water-related activities are not very good compared to most major colleges of its size. An accurate analysis of student recreation has been taken before, but needs to be taken again.

Many letters have been written about UK's water recreational facilities and about the recent fountain reconstruction, recommending such solutions as flooding the Commonwealth Stadium and erecting a high dive facility on the Patterson Office Tower. Though these methods may not work, their points are well taken. Concerning the classroom court fountain, of course, the contracts are all signed and the approximate \$64,000 will be spent.

However, I wonder if a more inexpensive structure could have replaced the old fountain instead of spending \$64,000-plus for maintenance costs.

Though water features on campus add to the school, they fail to provide adequately for student needs. My wild alternative is to construct a small artificial lake complete with a sandy beach and park in the south campus area. This type of feature has been constructed before and could have been done here.

When Commonwealth Stadium and the Page Apartments were constructed, a surface run-off pond was created but no thought was given to the possible benefits this run-off could provide to students. In recent times these holding ponds have been modified to accommodate recreation and nature study areas without much added cost. I'm sure the college officials were concerned about accidents and liabilities but student needs should outweigh these concerns.

Dave Berra  
Landscape Architecture sophomore

### Dangerous drugs

It is very well for college students like Mark Koopman to accuse the University of "gestapoism" in any modest or conservative effort it might make to stymie the use of illegal drugs.

It is very well for college students who are sheltered from social responsibility and pressure to break

the law of the state and country for an establishment of their right to try a new variety of intoxicant of a criminal and illegal variety.

Can the sheltered pot-user in the University believe that if he advocates the use of illegal substances, he is championing substances that are associated with serious crimes, such as murder, extortion, smuggling, bribery, and prostitution? Perhaps "being high" does not have any relation to criminal acts, but use of an illegal substance brings one closer to the "state" of the criminal elements through which they are obtained.

What recently happened to a youth not fortunate enough to have the protection of a "gestapo" type atmosphere, or protective home, could happen to more people than him alone. I am referring to Marcus Frederick Paul, whose story was in the *Lexington Herald*, April 30.

I think Mr. Koopman and all interested in pot and other illegal drugs should check out the history, ancient and modern, of illegal drugs and their uses. I am afraid that college students who champion the cause of drugs used illegally are ignorant of the types of danger they can conceal. Tragedies like that which has happened to Marcus Frederick Paul cannot be ignored as "rare exceptions"

to any idea, popularly accepted or not, that possession of drugs is not a "real crime" and that criminal involvement or activity can easily be controlled in accordance with one's aim in life.

I have deep sympathy for Marcus Frederick Paul, but it is hard to accept that students will refuse to see that drugs are big factors in tragic events such as this one, and that drugs can hurt anyone, as well as make them "high." Extreme susceptibility or desperate need, and maybe ignorance or innocence, are the only excuses I can see for students to accept marijuana once the dangers which accompany them become clear.

Charles Manson was hard to believe, I guess; more staggering, the still popular embrace of illegal activities such as drugs — that seem in themselves so harmless.

Mary Ruth Mann  
English junior

### Shady dealings?

As the semester draws to a close, we have become increasingly concerned about a situation which we think

adversely affects the quality of education at this University. The loss of outstanding faculty members and the retention of mediocre ones makes us wonder if the University is honestly concerned with the education of its students, or is too caught up in political nonsense to amend this situation.

In the College of Home Economics alone, there has been a high turnover of excellent faculty in the past few years. It would seem that a college that has so little to brag about would strive to improve its academic standing by retaining good faculty and disposing of poor faculty, instead of the opposite.

We are referring specifically to the case of Dr. Laura Szekley, a professor in the department of Human Environment in Textiles. Dr. Szekley was a faculty member at the Fashion Institute of Technology, in New York City, which is one of the nation's leading schools of design. We seriously question the validity of the grounds for her dismissal. Although she is an outstanding and stimulating teacher, an excellent advisor, and is concerned

about the total education of her students, Dr. Szekley was dismissed because of "unethical modes of teaching, and lack of time spent with her advisees." We doubt the validity of these reasons since we have found Dr. Szekley to always be available for consultation and to be a highly motivated instructor. Aside from this, she has also published a book and several articles while being employed by the University. We cannot understand why the College of Home Economics can willingly lose an instructor with these kinds of credentials.

Although nothing can be done about the loss of Dr. Szekley, we were upset enough about the situation to want to inform the UK community, so that this will not recur. How can UK expect to uphold a reputation of quality in higher education, when the better instructors are chased away by shady political dealings?

Diane M. Smithling  
Home Economics senior  
Malvaria J. Smith  
Civil Engineering junior

## College shouldn't be whole life

By SARAH UNDERWOOD

This column is an exercise in creative procrastination; I should be writing a paper. It's also a personal reminder of what is really going on at UK. This is the last week of the semester and summer's ahead if nothing else. And maybe some of us need to be reminded that as serious as a college career may be to some of us, it really shouldn't be everything.

Some people are running around worrying about term papers not yet started, but still due Friday (or worse, due last Friday). Others seem to think they might have trouble reading seven books between now and their comprehensive finals on Monday.

The international situation, admittedly, looks bad. But as long as we don't treat our nuclear weapons as toys and destroy ourselves completely, (and we haven't yet anyway), there is still room for optimism.

Students seem to be equally worried about grades and other academic things. This might be a good time to remember that the real world doesn't revolve around them.

A grade card full of F's doesn't necessarily signal a ruined life. The sun

will still rise. There is always another semester. It may just be time to try some new tactics — maybe they'll work the second time.

Those of us already on academic probation and destined to be asked to leave indefinitely might have better experiences away from college. If they are not better, by the time it becomes obvious, a return to school will look like child's play. It might look more like a game than a nervous breakdown situation.

### staff column

The point of all of this babbling is only meant to serve as a reminder that the University of Kentucky is by no means the whole world. We have lovely weather right now. Our parents and/or children probably won't disown us. Maybe we won't starve to death. Soon the swimming pools will be open. Beer might go on sale. Maybe we will solve our international and domestic problems, or at least manage them.

And no matter what happens, life will continue. School is mostly a game, and at this time of year we forget that it can be, and should be, fun.

Unfortunately, some of us are here for a purpose. Some of us hope a degree will help smooth the way towards an exciting, maybe well-paying, job. Still, bad grades don't have to ruin everything. When a person makes less money, he spends less money and sometimes adapts to being less than affluent. A boring job can lead to a greater appreciation of free time.

School can be a life and death situation, but it's much healthier to think of it as a game, especially at this late date. People who have papers might try just sitting down and throwing words together. Simply make sure every sentence begins with a capital, contains a verb and ends with a period.

If these papers don't make sense, you might fool your professor into thinking you've created a new style. At any rate, you can hand something in along with your classmates. If you know nothing asked on an exam, make something up. Make yourself believe you're playing a game. But most of all, have fun.

Sarah Underwood is a *Kernel* staff writer and a graduate student in English at UK.





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The UK Dancers, shown last fall, will dance again Friday night.

## Dance program Friday

The Spring Cotillon, an informal studio performance by the UK Dancers, will be held Friday at 7 p.m. in Barker Hall. The performance will bring together the Dancers' entire repertoire for the last year — which has never been performed in its entirety. "Blues Suite" and "Bluegrass Suite," both choreographed by dance instructor Judy Bannister, should show off the group's jazz and modern talents, while two works by Dotye Ricks, the other dance instructor, will feature ballet dancers in the company. "Blues Suite" will be accompanied by local musicians Rodney Hatfield and Dwight Dunlop on harmonica and percussion instruments. Admission is \$1 for adults and free for children under 12.

## Art by Kentucky's best on display

Continued from page 4  
"I feel it is a very interesting exhibit was selected by Ted Potter, director of the Southeastern Center for Contemporary Art. Sixty-seven works by 57 artists were selected by the juror. Twenty-two works by 20 artists were invited by the director.

"The museum is open daily from noon until 5 p.m., except on Mondays.

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ACROSS

- 1 Speed
- 6 Rattans
- 11 Lump, 5 kn
- 14 Pointed
- 15 "Old Pal"
- 16 Ms. Gardner
- 17 Curtan
- 18 Arizona VIP
- 20 Canada's —
- 22 Thorn
- 23 Evil
- 25 Rap
- 28 Toddlers
- 29 — and outs
- 30 Nominal
- 32 Complexion
- 34 Footproof
- 39 Biblical man
- 42 A Roosevelt
- 43 Charled
- 45 Play
- 46 Egyptian god
- 48 College deqs.
- 50 Gial
- 54 Absolve
- 55 Bread
- 58 Some exams
- 58 Clergyman
- 60 Antiquated

DOWN

- 5 Greek resist-
- 6 Comp. pt.
- 7 City on the Nile
- 8 Pretend:
- 9 Color
- 70 Lock
- 71 Sewer
- 1 Possessed
- 2 Atmosphere
- 3 Bridge feat:
- 2 words
- 4 Tent
- 5 Greek resist-
- 6 Telling
- 7 Lying
- 8 No value
- 9 Expire
- 10 Basties
- 11 Proportion
- 12 Happening
- 13 Taxi users
- 18 Disposed
- 21 Enjoy the slopes
- 23 Clergyman
- 23 — ear
- 24 Furnace con.
- 26 Hint
- 27 A Marx
- 30 Journeys
- 31 Clarinets.
- 33 — Sun
- 35 Distant
- 36 Mistress
- 37 Brutus, e.g.
- 40 imitator
- 41 Withered
- 44 Furnace con.
- 47 Instruments
- 48 Pronoun
- 50 Strength
- 51 Got up
- 52 Worried
- 53 Tree
- 55 Card game
- 57 Religious group
- 59 Informed
- 61 Swiss river
- 62 Fasten
- 64 Luau dish
- 65 Hospice

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## Get the Derby Spirit!

**Celebrate with a Mint Julep**

**Traditional Mint Julep Recipe**

- In a separate container mix water and sugar into a syrup, about 1/2 oz. per julep.
- Bruise sprig of mint inside glass; remove mint leaves.
- Fill glass with cracked ice.
- Slowly pour bourbon over ice.
- Add syrup, but do not stir.
- Top glass with additional cracked ice.
- Garnish with fresh sprig of mint.
- Sip slowly, and dream of simpler times.

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# This week's Derby festivities are 'Louisville's version of the Mardi Gras'

By **BILL BERGSTROM**  
Associated Press Writer

**LOUISVILLE** Fly in for one Kentucky Derby party this week and a girl in colorful jockey silks will hand you a mint julep at the plane.

Try to book a funeral for Saturday Derby Day at one funeral home near Churchill Downs and you will be asked to pick another day. The 106th Kentucky Derby

will take about two minutes Saturday. But it is preceded by about a week of Derby fever, Louisville's version of Mardi Gras.

Enough people come Churchill Downs predicts 130,000 if the weather is good to make the track Kentucky's third largest city on Derby Day.

And their Derby fever is catching. The only remedies seem to be mint juleps and win

tickets on the right horse. Symptoms include spending a lot for a motel, for cabs and for food at inflated prices.

Some things are free. The Kentucky Derby Festival starts with balloon races, a mini-marathon footrace and bicycle races the weekend before the Derby.

During the week there is a sternwheel steamboat race on the Ohio River. This year's was run yesterday as a formality by

the Belle of Louisville alone, after the rival Delta Queen from Cincinnati failed to show. The Delta Queen couldn't complete a trip from St. Louis by race time because of fog and high water on the Ohio River.

Crowds will gather today on Broadway for the Pegasus Parade with more than a dozen floats and enough school bands and other entries to total about 90 units.

The festival has other events, such as a footrace for waiters and waitresses carrying trays of full wine glasses, and a Friday night rock concert — not free featuring Journey and the Babys.

And there are private parties all week — the largest an annual bash by painting contractor Bob Whitehouse, who expects 500 guests from California, New York, Louisiana, Georgia, Pennsylvania and other states for the

Wednesday through Sunday extravaganza.

His guests are the ones handed the mint juleps at the airport. At his house they will find a "Wild West" theme. He has built "Dirty Bob's Saloon," a Western-style hotel, store, jail, and boothill cemetery. There are covered wagons and teepees, horses to ride, a joggling path and a small golf course as well.

For those without parties, Jefferson County has extended closing hours for bars outside city limits from 2 a.m. to 4 a.m. for the week, to match the closing time in the city year round.

Louisville restaurants tell the state Commerce Department their business increases 13 percent the weekend of the Derby, sales at bars and nightclubs increase nearly 3 percent and hotels and motels report a more than 26 percent

increase in business.

Derby week started rainy and cold this year, and a few hotels at first reported vacancies, unheard of during Derby week.

But the weather improved by midweek, and the city Visitors Bureau, which keeps a listing, said downtown hotels were booked solid, with only a few

rooms left at motels on the outskirts of town.

Other accommodations can be had, though, through classified ads in *The Courier-Journal* and *Louisville Times* — from houses renting for \$2,000 for the weekend, condominiums, apartments and sleeping rooms to mobile homes and a houseboat.

## Summer jobs pay, teach workers

Continued from page 1 found the job tedious and boring, she admitted. "This is the best money I've run across."

Some jobs may not be extremely high-paying or

### New computer to keep track of parking fines

Continued from page 1 accomplished easily, but "any user has got to justify and get the funds he needs on his own," he said.

Selection of the WANG computer was the result of "a pretty exhaustive" selective process study, Williams said.

When deciding which computer to choose, the three-member selection committee kept in mind two major requirements: the ease of use and the ability to service the computer.

Williams explained they were looking for a computer that would be easy to use and would not necessitate any additional hirings. Ease of use, or "friendly software," was probably the biggest concern of those responsible for deciding which company would supply the computers, he said.

Other companies considered were I.B.M., Deck, Hewlett-Packard and Burroughs.

career-oriented, but do provide an opportunity for fun and relaxation.

Debbie Dewese, a political science junior, spent last summer working at Cedar Point Amusement Park in Sandusky, Ohio, and plans to return again this summer. The park is staffed primarily by college students, who live in dormitories on the premises. Dewese was assistant foreman on a ride that averaged 7,000 customers per day. She said the job taught her a lot about

people. "You have to be nice to them, even when they're obnoxious to you and threaten to get you fired," she said.

Mary Lynn Hurt, an arts and sciences sophomore, worked at Barren River State Park last summer, near her hometown of Scottsville. Hurt said her job was renting bicycles to park patrons. While she said the job was sometimes boring, she also said it was "good money for just sitting under a tent all day doing nothing," and that many of her friends worked there.

**Jim Barrett**  
B.H.F.C. Member



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**Tug-of-war**

**U.S. commandos' bodies still held**

Continued from page 1  
 hostages had been wounded and they wanted a doctor. The victim was not identified.

Witnesses had said they heard gunfire as the terrorists forced their way into the building at 6:30 a.m. EDT.

The only other casualty reported was a woman captive who was released in late afternoon suffering from what police said was severe shock. She was carried out on a stretcher and rushed off by ambulance.

Police later confirmed the gunmen's demands were similar to those reported by the BBC. And, "there is certainly a threat of hostages being killed," Deputy Assistant Police Commissioner John Dellow told reporters.

He also said, "Twenty-four hours has been mentioned."

The British Foreign Office was in contact with the Iranian revolutionary government of Khomeini, and assured that Britain would end the siege speedily "and so far as possible without casualties."

Arabs are an ethnic minority in Iran, concentrated in the oil-rich Khuzestan province. Dissidents among the 2 million Arabs there have been agitating for the past year for greater

autonomy from the Persian-dominated central government.

Among other things, they want the right to use Arabic as their official language, greater control over education and a larger share of the oil wealth. Some want outright secession. Militants in Khuzestan —

the Arabs call it Arabistan — have sabotaged pipelines, set off bombs in city streets and attacked government officials and security men. Several have been executed in recent weeks.

The London terrorists said the 91 whose freedom they were demanding were all being held in Khuzestan.

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# sports

## Derby Drama

*Tested Rockhill Native and Plugged Nickle are favorites for Saturday's Kentucky Derby*

By MARTY McGEE  
Reporter

Drama and suspense promise to return to the Kentucky Derby this year as Churchill Downs expects 12 well-matched 3-year-olds to pass the entry box this morning.

The ominous presence of a Seattle Slew or Spectacular Bid does not haunt the rest of this year's field, as almost every expected contestant is being given a fair shot at taking home the Roses.

Rockhill Native and Plugged Nickle are lukewarm favorites for Saturday's 106th renewal of the "world's greatest horse race," which in recent years has been dominated by such superstars as Secretariat, Seattle Slew, Affirmed and last year's winner, Spectacular Bid.

Others expected to have great hearing on the outcome of Saturday's race include Jaklin Klugman, Genuine Risk, Rumbo, Super Moment and Gold Stage.

The deadline to enter a Derby horse was 11 this morning. The fee to enter a horse in the Derby is \$4,000, and another \$3,500 is due Saturday if the horse is a starter. Drawing for post positions was also to be held today at 11 a.m.

Much of the attention for this year's running of the first jewel in racing's Triple Crown has been devoted to the first filly to contest the Derby in 21

years. Bertram Firestone's Genuine Risk, undefeated until her narrow defeat to Plugged Nickle in the Wood Memorial, is seen as a serious threat to upset her male rivals and thus become only the second filly in history to ever win the Derby.

### Kentucky Derby 1980

Adding another unusual dimension to Saturday's Derby is the fact that the likely favorite is a gelding. Rockhill Native, who was de-sexed at an early age — "He was gelded for a three-part reason, none of which had to do with him being 'studdish,'" says trainer Herb Stevens — is expected to enjoy slight favoritism at the betting windows with the usual overflow, mint julep-logged Derby Day crowd.

Another gelding, Execution's Reason, was also expected to pass the entry box this morning and contest the Derby.

Actor Jack Klugman is in a position that sportswriter Oscar Madison would envy. He is the owner of Jaklin Klugman, a definite contender for Saturday's race. The popular star of the TV series "Quincy," Klugman may not be the only celebrity to make an appearance at Churchill

Downs Saturday, but he is surely the only one with any chance of making it to the winner's circle.

Jaklin Klugman, the colt with the filly's name, was impressive in last Saturday's Stepping Stone, winning the one-mile prep by four lengths.

Only a victory by Plugged Nickle would keep in step with recent Derby tradition — a colt, owned by normal people, in a favorite's role. Based on his sparkling performances in earlier Derby preps — wins in the Hutcheson Stakes, Florida Derby, and most recently, the Wood — victory for John Schill's prize colt is not out of the question.

For all Derby-goers who ballyhoo the "professional" aspect of horse racing and plunk their \$2 on a horse because of its name, sex or color, this year's Derby has just what the doctor ordered.

There are two horses in this year's field blessed with the ever-popular color of grey — Jaklin Klugman and Degenerate Jon.

Women in attendance Saturday must surely favor Genuine Risk over her chauvinistic opponents.

And Rockhill Native's name has just the right sound to it — a classy, powerful-sounding name that would look just right on a mint julep glass. More than one person has been heard to say this about Rockhill Native's name: "It's got DERBY stamped all over it."

After all, can you see Tonka Wakhan or Rumbo on next year's Derby glass?

### The probable field

- Rockhill Native
- Plugged Nickle
- Jaklin Klugman
- Genuine Risk
- Rumbo
- Super Moment
- Gold Stage
- Witholding
- Bold N'Rulling
- Execution's Reason
- Tonka Wakhan
- Degenerate Jon

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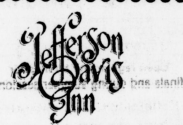
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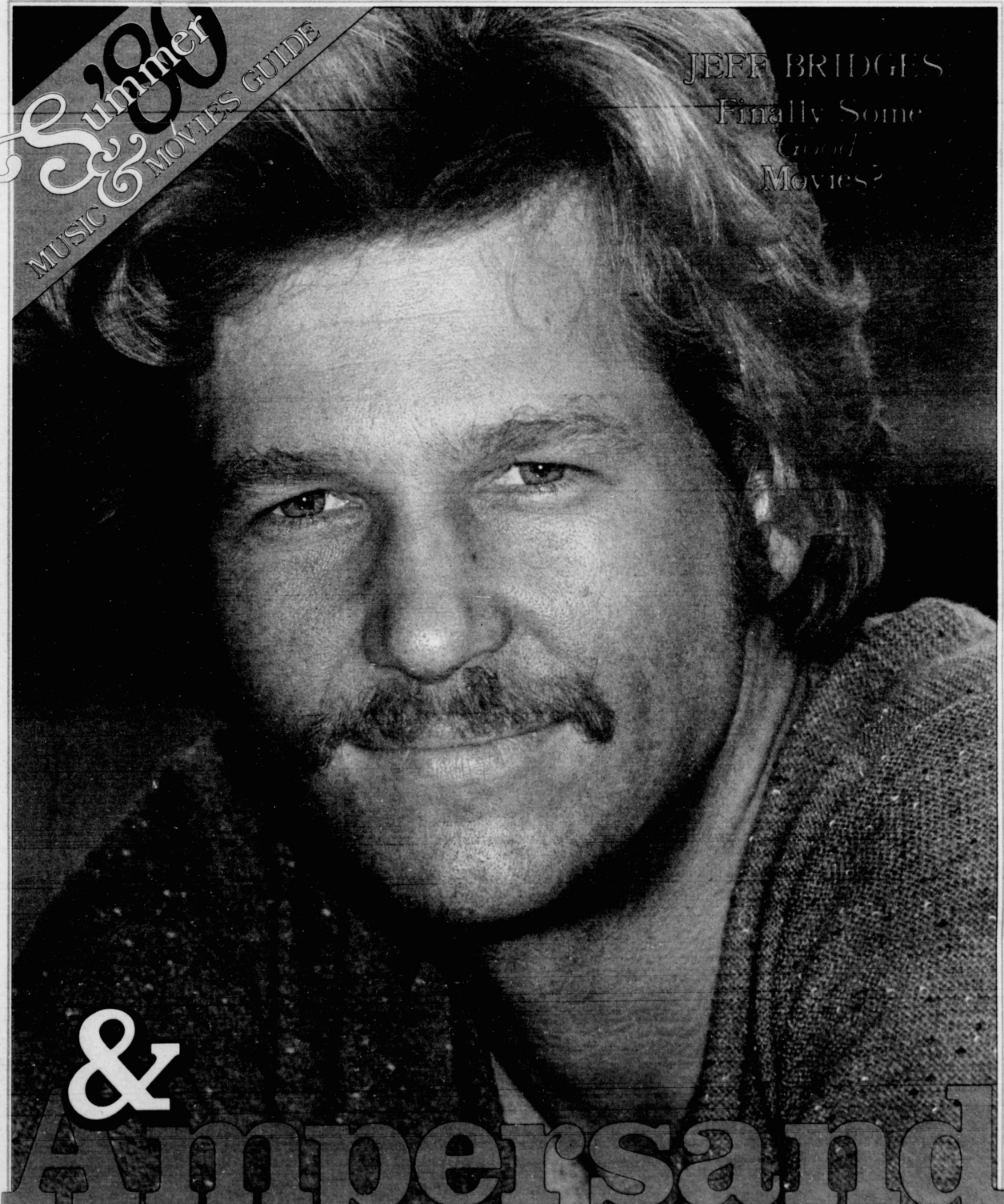
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† Limited 3-year warranty on the direct-drive motor and limited 2-year warranty on the deck. Includes labor and parts. Carry-in service. Proof of purchase required. Warranty is void for commercial use. ‡ Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories.

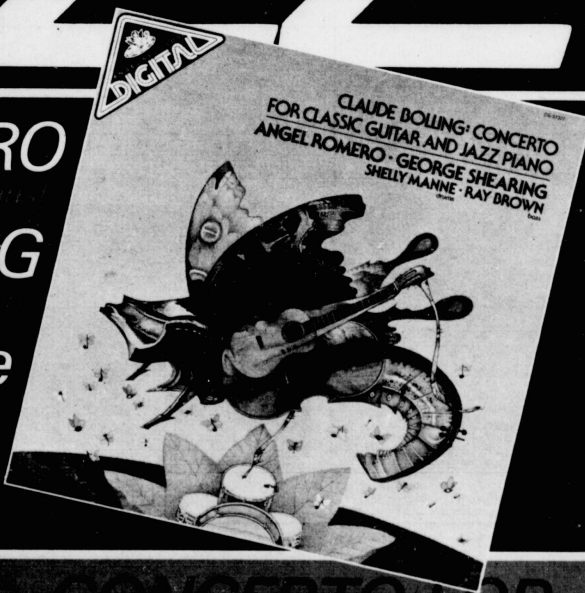
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#### New Contributors

VERA CARMIGNANI (*On Tour*), an active music and entertainment photographer in Los Angeles, is headed soon for an assignment in Texas, where they play her favorite kind of music all the time.

DAVID COURSEN (*In Print*) lives in Eugene, Oregon, where he writes, on film mostly, for *Sight and Sound*, *Film Quarterly*, and *Take One*.

JON GINOLI (*On Disc*) thinks there's room for improvement around Champaign, Illinois, his hometown, when it comes to New Wave music coverage. So he publishes his own sheet, dense with mimeographed print. Journalism talent scouts take note: we've located a compulsive one.

W.B. REEVES (*In Print*) lives in Atlanta, writes for Georgia State's *Signal*, and is very patient.

STANLEY SCHAFF (*In Print*) writes to us on University of San Diego, Office of the Provost stationery, which may or may not mean something. He is the author of *Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.*, which does mean something.

MITCHELL SCHNEIDER (*On Disc*) has reviewed records and profiled musicians in *Rolling Stone*, *Crawdaddy* and other, even sillier, places. A Bronx native, he passes for a Californian with ease, at least until asked his opinions.

SALLY STEVENS (*On Disc*) won her rock journalism credentials the hard way—taking naps during recording sessions of thunderous country rock groups. She also holds the current land speed record through the Cahuena Pass, Burgundy Fiat Division.

TIM YOST (*In Print*) is a graduate student (writing and lit.) at Michigan State; he also labors as a freelance writer and photographer and claims he doesn't smoke, drink, chew or carouse.

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# IN ONE EAR...

Judith Sims, say no more! I am one female who enjoyed *Kramer vs. Kramer* for its dramatic realism and was not particularly concerned with Benton's stereotypes of men and women. However, after reading the responses to your review, I am amazed (and enraged) that to some men criticizing *Kramer vs. Kramer* is tantamount to being sexually frustrated! This merely adds fuel to your belief that there is indeed a male backlash toward the demands of women in this country for equal rights.

KAREN GELMAN  
BERKELEY, CA

That *Cruising*, as released, has absolutely no "redeeming value" could not be disputed, except perhaps by Bill Friedkin. However, to state that "a provocative film about violence and sexuality in the all-male leather world of New York's tough gay bars" could have been made, based on Gerald Walker's *Cruising* is an absurdity.

From a piece of "writing" now ten years dated (something of little or no consequence to a piece of literature) Friedkin did a fine job of making a film as bad if not worse than the book from which it came. *Cruising* is one piece of trash, and the dedication would seem to serve as an indicator, "To the eighteen who turned it down."

MARIA FOTIPOULOS  
UNIVERSITY OF OKLAHOMA

I think your "In Brief" comment on The Jam LP *Setting Son* (March/April 1980), is so far from the truth you must have listened to it once and only once and you had both ears closed at the time. Paul Weller is a lyricist that can be compared to Ray Davies in his prime and Weller's guitar playing is magnetic enough to impress the master himself, Pete Townshend. The playing of Foxton and Buckler is getting better and better. If you can get past the accent of Weller's singing, which I have and you should, you can find that *Setting Sons* and the three prior Jam albums have enough energy to pick up even dead weight like you and refuse to put you down. So thank the Jam for keeping rock alive and Meltzer, I only wish you would let them harden that L.A. sun-softened brain of yours.

PAMELA GILL  
HYATTSVILLE, MD

I was just wondering if plagiarism is now acceptable? I refer to Sol Louis Siegel's review of *Being There* ("On Screen," March/April 1980). He states: "Andy Warhol had it all wrong; everybody doesn't become famous for fifteen minutes; they become famous in fifteen minutes." This sounds very similar to Warhol's own remarks in *Andy Warhol's Exposures*, where he says, talking of Studio 54: "It's the place where my prediction from the Sixties finally came true: 'In the future everyone will

be famous for fifteen minutes. I'm bored with that line. I never use it anymore. My new line is, 'In fifteen minutes everybody will be famous.'"

PATRICIA PRICE  
SAN DIEGO, CA

Mr. Siegel replies: "(A) I thought it was a good line, and (B) I never steal from anyone, not even Andy Warhol."

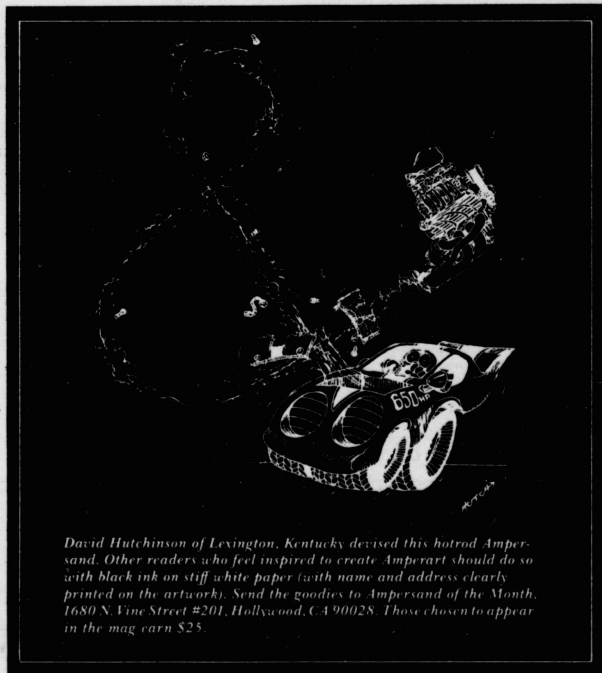
In your review of Cheap Trick's concert ("On Tour," March/April 1980), the guitarist is Rick Nielsen. Get the difference? In the same issue, the article "A Wonderland of Books" contains a stupid mistake: *Down and Out in London and Paris!*? Not likely.

Does this mean that you obtain your information third-hand? As for your content, a snuffle for the tree that died to carry this bullshit to the public.

LORA WILDENTHAL  
OKEMA, MI

Omigod! We typo-ed Nielsen instead of Nielsen, and transposed London and Paris! Thank you, thank you for using up an entire sheet of paper—a fraction of that poor dead tree—to tell us this.

You too can curse us, praise us, and squeeze us, but do it in letter form, please. Send complaints, opinions, questions to *In One Ear*, 1680 N. Vine Street #201, Hollywood, CA 90028.



David Hutchinson of Lexington, Kentucky devised this hotrod Ampersand. Other readers who feel inspired to create Ampersand should do so with black ink on stiff white paper (with name and address clearly printed on the artwork). Send the goodies to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street #201, Hollywood, CA 90028. Those chosen to appear in the mag earn \$25.

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### OUR COVER

Blue-eyed beauty Jeff Bridges was photographed by not-bad-himself Ladi Jansky on the set of *Cutter & Bone*.

**They'll never get caught.  
They're on a mission from God.**



**JOHN BELUSHI      DAN AYKROYD**

**THE BLUES BROTHERS**

**JAMES BROWN • CAB CALLOWAY • RAY CHARLES • CARRIE FISHER  
ARETHA FRANKLIN • HENRY GIBSON • THE BLUES BROTHERS BAND**

**Written by DAN AYKROYD and JOHN LANDIS**

**Executive Producer BERNIE BRILLSTEIN**

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# & OUT THE OT

## Also Rans

**DEBORAH HARRY** auditioned for the lead in *Night People*, a film about Los Angeles folk who toil at night (starring Gene Hackman), as did *WKRP's* Loni Anderson, but neither was chosen; Lisa Eichhorn (see feature this issue) won.

**EGAD, NOT ANOTHER ONE:** we made a mistake in the last issue when we claimed *Being There* was nominated for a Best Picture Oscar. The nominators weren't so astute.

## And Now, That Hilarious Viet Nam War

**NO LESS THAN THREE** TV series about Viet Nam are scheduled for primetime, one on each network. CBS offers *Bureau*, a one-hour comedy-drama about a news bureau in Saigon in 1965; *Six O'Clock Follies* will appear on NBC, where it's called a *M.A.S.H.*-like half-hour sitcom about a military television station in Saigon. Over on ABC, look for *Bringing Them Home*, another (they hope) *M.A.S.H.*-like half-hour about rank-and-file soldiers in funny old Nam.

Also, *The Deer Hunter* may eventually see the light of the small screen — as a TV series. CBS refused to air the film in its

full-length version (realizing that the Russian roulette scenes were integral to the plot), but EMI is preparing some series scripts based on the DeNiro and Savage characters after the war. (Other recent films turned into TV series — *Breaking Away*, mentioned last issue, and now *Foul Play*, in which Deborah Raffin plays Goldie Hawn and Barry Bostwick assumes the Chevy Chase role.)

## Overambition, Thy Name Is Copyrighted

**FIVE SONGS** on Bernie Taupin's forthcoming solo debut album, *He Who Rides the Tiger*, have been copyrighted for use as films. Though his collaboration with Elton John sold a reputed 100 million records worldwide, Taupin has remained rather non-famous, particularly since ceasing to work regularly with John. A subsequent collaboration with Alice Cooper proved pointless. But the determined songwriter is high on the possibilities of his new work. "The Whores of Paris," one of the copyrighted-for-film songs comes, says Taupin, "from my experiences when I was hanging out at L'Hotel, a crazy small hotel in Paris, with only 25 rooms, where both Oscar Wilde and Sarah Bernhardt died."

## You Gotta Know When to Clothe 'Em

**REPORTS THAT JERRY LEE LEWIS** will open a Nashville night club turned up an interesting item: Kenny Rogers, whose career solidified around the success of "The Gambler," a well-crafted (by someone else) sentimental C&W tune, and who recently starred in a dumb TV movie based on the song, once ran the same club. But Rogers, whose appeal is now very middle-American, was forced to close the nitespot by persistent police raids, provoked by equally persistent nude dancing acts. Lewis plans to feature music by live, clothed performers.

## Good News, Odd News

**A SMALL REVIVAL** of John Steinbeck's work is in progress; *East of Eden* is currently filming in the Salinas Valley, bound for television, while Nick Nolte is poised to star in a big-screen version of *Cannery Row* (which will also reportedly include bits of *Sweet Thursday*, plus other stuff Steinbeck never wrote), written and directed by David Ward (who won an Academy Award for his screenplay for *The Sting* and was subsequently sued for ripping off the idea). Michael Phillips (*Taxi Driver*, *The Sting*) will produce... and he'll also produce *Heartbeeps*, to star Andy Kaufman. A dubious distinction for the flick: it will be directed by Allan Arkush, whose main claim to fame is directing *Rock and Roll High School*.

**ALBERT BROOKS** is working on a new film (his first since *Real Life*) which he's co-writing with Monica Johnson; he'll probably direct and star in it too.

**THE STRANGEST PEOPLE** show up in *Variety's* casting news column: *Betail*, a sci-fi film fantasy, stars Marty Robbins, Peter Tork, Billy Barty, the Ricci Martin Band and Joey Mitchell. Marty Robbins is the country-western singer-songwriter ("El Paso," "White Sport Coat," etc.); Peter Tork was once a Monkee; Billy Barty is a well-known Hollywood midget; and Ricci Martin is Dino's son. Producer Joe Buccheri says the flick (title of which is pronounced bay-tie and means "animal" in Cajun) concerns a rock promoter who incorporates science fiction and folklore into his concerts... until fiction becomes a reality. "We have an eight-foot creature and a space craft," said Buccheri. Joey Mitchell, by the way, plays Jimi Hendrix.

## Scoreboard

**ACTRESS AMY IRVING** and director Steven Spielberg (after living together many years and planning their marriage this summer) split up recently; Amy started spending time with her *Honeysuckle Rose* co-star Willie Nelson, who is many years her senior (and still married). Meanwhile, Spielberg is comforting himself with *One Day at a Time* star Valerie Bertinelli, who is many years his junior.



**Professor Longhair** died on Wednesday, January 30, at age 72, undisputed king of New Orleans musicians. Through his joyous, polyrhythmic piano playing — and through disciples like Fats Domino, Art Neville, Allen Toussaint and Dr. John — he created a lasting influence on American popular music. As Neville smilingly put it in a 1977 interview, "Goin' on seventy years old and he's still treacherous." Longhair's last LP, among the best of a thirty-year recording career, is reviewed on page 12.

## Music Makes Movie Money

**AFTER 29 YEARS ON TV**, *American Bandstand* will be a movie — about a boy and a girl who meet while dancing on the show and fall in love. Awww. Dick Clark, needless to add, will play the show's genial host. Although this flick will take place in modern times, the *American Bandstand*-early Sixties heyday of South Philadelphia crooners and rockers is the setting for *The Idolmaker*, based on the discovery and promotion of a singing star vaguely reminiscent of Fabian.

## Damn the Depression, Sign 'em Up

**DAVID GEFFEN**, once head of Asylum Records, is back in the music business: his new label, still unnamed, will be the fourth under the Warner Communications Inc. banner (after Warner Bros., Atlantic and Elektra/Asylum) and will follow the small artist roster formula Geffen devised for Asylum. Geffen's past few years were spent as an ill-fated exec at WB pictures, after which he holed up in New York, occasionally teaching courses in music biz survival at NYU.

**INTO THE FREQUENTLY BORING** and generally lily-white world of L.A.'s "new wave club scene" has come the refreshing and highly danceable force of the Bus Boys, a black and chicano outfit some observers already call the best rock & roll band in town. Their recent stand at Madame Wong's West drew top brass from the *L.A. Times*, Elektra/Asylum Records and Arista Records, among others, and prompted one happy dancer to exclaim "We've needed these guys!"

## Wax on the Way

**CARLY SIMON**, who has always had a good ear for innuendo, is considering some spring tour dates to pump sales of her soon-to-be-released LP, *Come Upstairs*. The B-52s, meanwhile, have titled their next opus *Urgentissimo* and Devo will soon be out with *Freedom of Choice*, a self-promoted venture on which, say inside sources, they're "going leisure suit." Which should create a stir in Norman, Oklahoma, to say the least.

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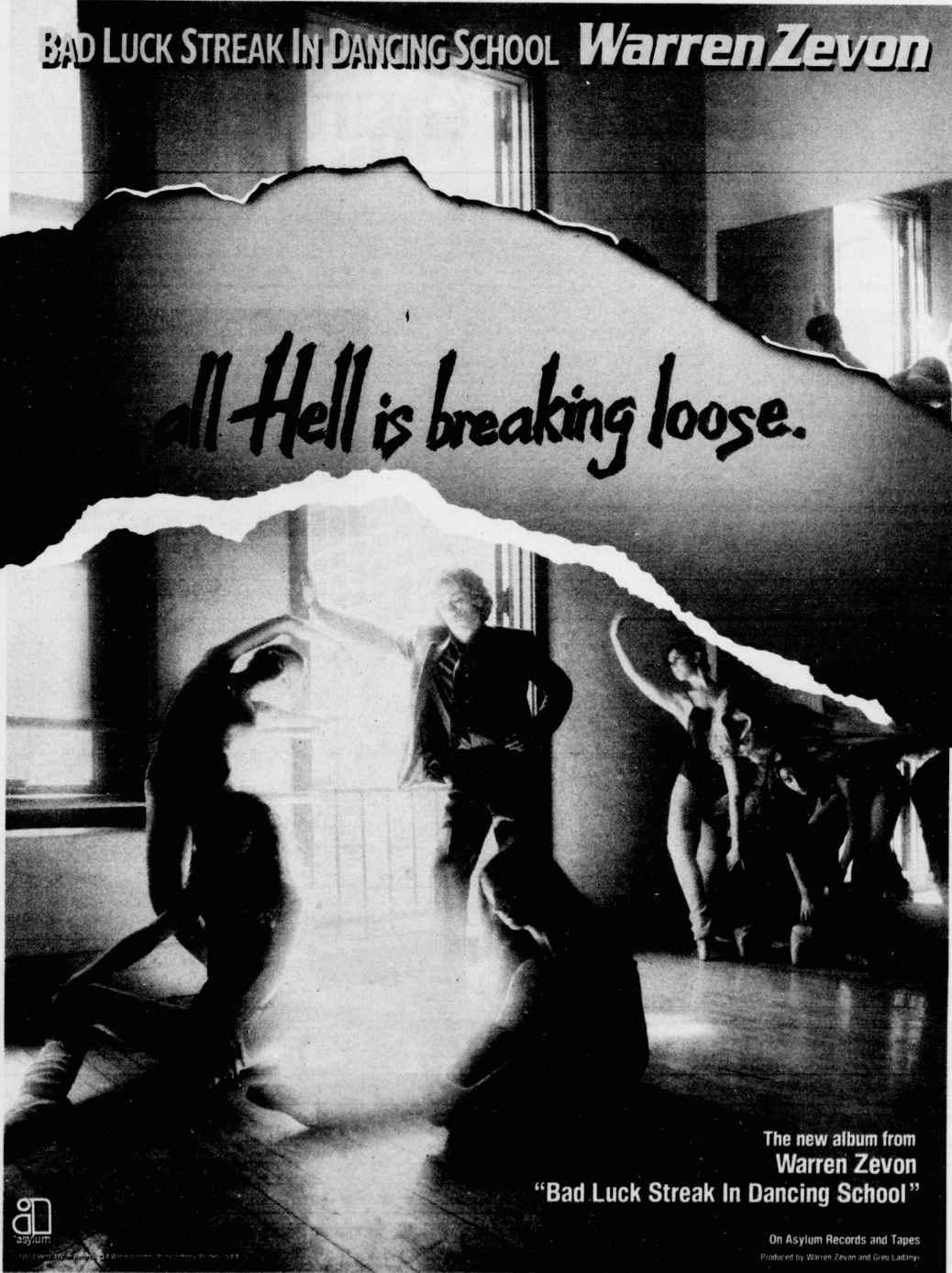
## Graduating? Transferring Schools?

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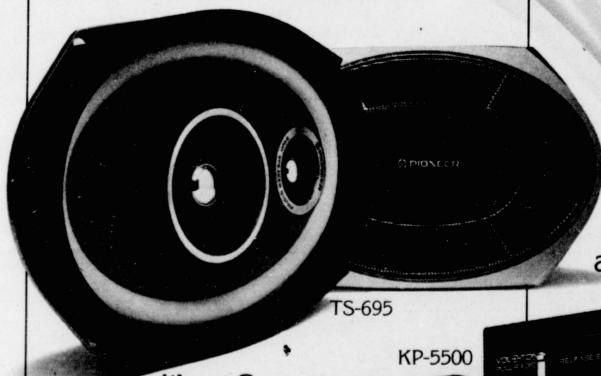
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**PROFESSOR LONGHAIR**  
*Crawfish Fiesta (Alligator)*

Professor Longhair, who died of a heart attack earlier this year, was one of those underappreciated pioneers whose rumba/boogie piano style heavily influenced New Orleans keyboard tinklers from Fats Domino and Huey Smith to Allen Toussaint and Dr. John. Though posthumous collections (particularly those by unjustly obscure legends) tend to be eulogized regardless of quality, *Crawfish Fiesta* is an excellent collection of rollicking New Orleans rhythm & blues that shows Longhair's talents were undiminished.

The production may be a bit odd to those with ears accustomed to rock records. The Professor's vocals and piano, John Vidacovich's drums and the horns are emphasized but

that's perfectly appropriate for the syncopated second-line rhythmic thrust of his music (Dr. John's *Gumbo* album is in the same vein). The material is divided equally between Longhair classics like "Big Chief" and "Bald Head" and r&b covers. The band, featuring Dr. John on guitar, cooks up a tasty, danceable groove throughout.

Don Snowden

**BOB SEGER**  
*Against the Wind (Capitol)*

It is quite possible that Mr. Seger has temporarily lost the ability to top himself. *Against the Wind* doesn't have the strength of *Stranger in Town*, but it's still a worthy addition to the Seger opus.

Opening cut "Horizontal Bop" celebrates a favorite physical pas-

time with Seger's distinctive raspy voice and a thundering back-up from the Silver Bullet Band and sessionman Dr. John, an all-stops-out entrance that leads to "You'll Accompany Me," a medium-tempo piano/acoustic guitar thing about Seger's desire for an unobtainable woman.

Like the Eagles' "The Long Run," with which comparisons are unavoidable, "Against the Wind," which opens side two, sounds destined to be a classic. From an easy piano intro it slides gently into the lilting piano/guitar melody, accompanied by Seger's tough-but-tender vocals and into the loud harmony fade-out by Seger and Glenn Frey. Unfortunately, it's followed by "Good for Me," an ersatz praise-my-woman song that hovers unconvincingly on the edge of gospel with quavery

female backup vocals. After the energetic "Betty Lou's Gettin' out Tonight" and "Fire Lake," the current single, the album ends on another piano-oriented, quavering backup number called "Shining Brightly," in which Seger assures us that it's been a long, hard road, but things are looking better—another filler cut.

*Against the Wind* is somewhat of a risk, though it has enough good tunes to make it worth half of what it costs and, God knows, inflation isn't Bob Seger's fault. He's still the same.

Sally Stevens

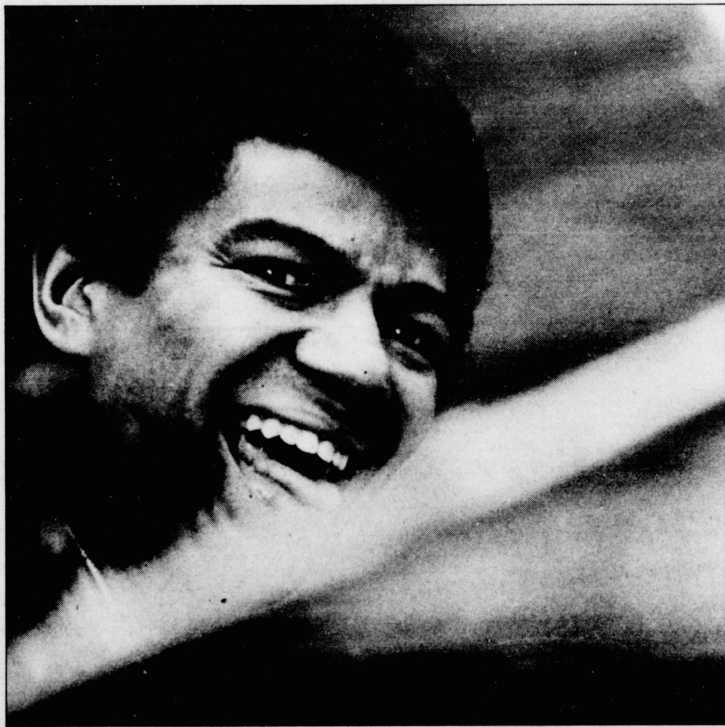
**"GLORY BOYS"**  
*Secret Affair (I-Spy)*

"Glory Boys," available in America only as an import, owes plenty to the Sixties and Seventies but has a finely

sculpted face of its own. Featuring a self-production every bit as majestic and varied as *Who's Next*, the LP ranges from the anthemic pop of "Shake and Shout" through the utterly modern r&b/rock of "Don't Look Down" to the slashing aggression of "New Dance," which is as musically epic as the Who's "Won't Get Fooled Again." Underlying Secret Affair's mod battle cries are trumpets, saxes and tympani.

The Affair is fronted by 19-year-old Ian Paige and David Cairns. Their *endlessly* catchy melodies, along with Paige's rich, smooth vocals, distract from the general arrogance of the lyrics in a manner that is totally disarming and witty.

Considering it may never be released here, immediately search out "Glory Boys" in the import bins.

Mitchell Schneider  
(Continued on page 21)**JACK DEJOHNETTE**  
*Special Edition (ECM)*

Jack DeJohnette, drummer, composer and pianist, has come up with an album that might make jazz radio stations play jazz again, an incredibly welcome, somewhat surprising record.

Over a decade ago, that same surprise and welcome greeted two other records—Tony Williams' *Emergency!* and Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew*—that are oddly linked to DeJohnette's new work. What happened then was a confrontation of jazz and rock. It was a logical step. Where else would jazz go after Coltrane's "Ascension" and Davis's own travels to the edge of listenability? How else would jazz

and its musicians respond to the chaos around them and to the new electronic instruments that spoke so well for the noisy, acrimonious late Sixties?

We didn't get the answers right away. The authority of *Bitches Brew* and its few brilliant companions splintered into a decade with fusion's aimless banalities on one side against a confounded mainstream and bleep-blopping avant-garde on the other. The latter music was lousy with integrity and challenge but it was damned hard to get next to.

With *Special Edition* DeJohnette has made moot both the commercial antagonisms and the artistic malaise of jazz in the Seventies. *Special Edition* swings, with kudos and affection

to the mainstream (see "Zoot Suite"). Its two renditions of Coltrane ("Central Park West" and "India") give us a kind of Coltrane without tears—taking care of dead leaders and the shadows of giants.

Saxophonists Arthur Blythe and David Murray summarize tradition and sketch a new one. DeJohnette and bassist/cellist Peter Warren rewrite the literature on rhythm sections. DeJohnette's composition knits his own and jazz's history into a new compatibility.

*Special Edition* is about confidence and authority. It even swaggers a little with heady self-assurance. It answers more than a few of *Bitches Brew*'s questions.

Linda M. Eklund

# Ondisc

## In Brief

**INTENSIFIED!** Original SKA 1962-66 (*Mango*) A potpourri of pre-reggae island hotstuff, much of it with ultra-familiar mainland roots but worked thru a Caribbean filter that makes it all sound downright otherworldly. So there's alternate R & B ("Housewife's Choice"), alternate soundtrack ("James Bond"), even alternate nutso novelty ("Duck Soup")—all of it hopped up, raucous and extremely alive.

**JAMES BROWN, People, (Polydor).** Unlike Ray Charles, whose most recent LP represented somewhat of a comeback for him, James just sinks further into the muck. There're moments of passable intensity here, unattractively draped in neo-disco cloth that isn't even authentic enough to get James the belated attention of that waning crowd. (Tragic).

**SMOKEY ROBINSON, Warm Thoughts (Tamla)** "Let Me Be the Clock" is a standard lower-echelon Smokey—cutesy wordplay with an emotional compass still more accurate than Mick Jagger's. Otherwise, black MOR *per se*, a genre he's always seemed better suited for than conspicuously commercial overreachers like Stevie Wonder or Marvin Gaye.

**J.J. JOHNSON, Pinnacles (Milestone).** The goddam inventor of bebop trombone, J.J. sure doesn't have much to say—er—blow anymore. Title cut features some of the most nondescript ascending-riff clichés of the past humpteen years, and his backup team (incl. Tommy Flanagan, Ron Carter and Billy Higgins) seems bored beyond tears. *Z-z-z-z-z...* Go for *The Eminent J.J. Johnson* on Blue Note instead.

**DAVID SANBORN, Hideaway (Warner Bros.).** With "mood pieces" ranging from tepid to jive-hot to

funky-cool, this outing by the saxophone voice of *Saturday Night Live* is no more of a fiasco than Gato Barbieri w/strings, which is to say some terminal cocaine users may find it simply cosmic.

**BUZZCOCKS, A Different Kind of Tension (J.R.S.).** Pouches under the eyes have called for hazing out Pete Shelley's features two LPs in a row now, but the music itself is totally pouchless (fresh stuff). Better tho is their debut LP on British U.A., which if you're rich y'might pick up.

**CRETONES, Thin Red Line (Plante).** A shameless coverup for the record industry's fear of the Real Thing (i.e., punxperimental), the term "new wave" has been stretched so thin it no longer means dogdo. Out of an utterly conventional lot with not one collective ounce of musical courage between them, the Cretones are (so far) the lamest, most reactionary n. wavers of all, with vocals that think they're Elvis Costello but're really Paul Simon by way of Roger McGuinn.

**BLASTERS, American Music (Rollin' Rock).** Nice to see some kids under 40 finally get it right—the Blasters are easily the most unaffected rockabilly unit on wax. Great covers, great originals, solid rhythms.

**BEACH BOYS, Keepin' the Summer Alive, (Caribou).** These dinosaurs (meanwhile) have been together longer than the Who, with whom they share a common goal of just tryin' to keep their musical asses alive. As always, the product is listenable, bearable—if all you wanna do is listen, bear. At least Jan & Dean have a credible alibi—a doctor's note.

**KITTYHAWK, (E.M.I.).** Fusion music for 1967 (April), featuring the sitar of the Eighties, the Chapman Stick. When the instruments exceed the tunes in interest, it's time to look elsewhere.

R. Meltzer

# JEFF BRIDGES

## Still Looking for His Best Shot

BY DAVIN SEAY

From his good ol' boy starring role in *The Last American Hero* to the hippie ecologist in *King Kong* and the faltering whimsical toy department clerk of *Somebody Killed Her Husband*, Jeff Bridges remains essentially the same: his broad, open face, easily winning smile and loose-knit frame reflect a flaky optimism and off-handed charm that seem a very real part of his character. A man at ease with himself and his craft, Bridges, the younger son of the famed Hollywood acting family that includes brother Beau and their durable sire Lloyd, has had innumerable opportunities to exhibit his singular cinematic presence over nearly a decade. His early efforts ranged from handsome, dumb Duane in *The Last Picture Show* (for which he won a supporting actor Oscar nomination) to an intriguing rendering of a young 1930s radical in *The Iceman Cometh* to the delightful would-be writer in *Hearts of the West*. Through such spotty later efforts as the hopelessly muddled *Winter Kills*, the flawed but energetic *Stay Hungry*, the macho Eastwood action flick, *Thunderbolt and Lightfoot* (for which he earned a second supporting actor Oscar nomination) and the above-mentioned *Somebody Killed Her Husband*, a Farrah Fawcett-Majors vehicle of dubious merit, Bridges has emerged intact if not exactly unscathed. He is a working man doing his best in a chancy business; failures and successes are met with equal aplomb. It is, finally, just a job.

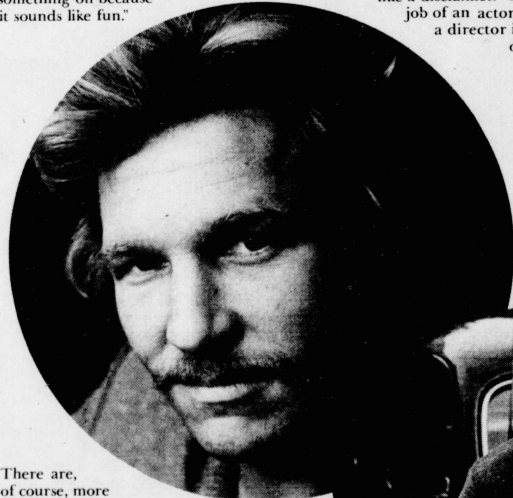
Bridges' current efforts hold the promise of an altered, if not entirely changed, screen presence. A meaty role in Michael Cimino's troubled epic, *Heaven's Gate*, scheduled for release this Christmas, could do for Bridges what *Apocalypse Now* did for Martin Sheen: that is, place a competent actor in a monumental setting. *Cutter and Bone*, Bridges' most recent film is, by his own estimation, the most "different" role he has played to date. He dubs the character "a stud," something obviously and quite refreshingly far from the relaxed and lackadaisical Mr. Bridges.

It is on the set of *Cutter and Bone*, or rather in Bridges' rickety trailer in the back of the Culver City sound stage where the film's final sequences are being shot, that the veteran (at age 30) actor holds forth on a variety of subjects, beginning with his unruffled approach to the manic demands of cinema.

"I don't treat my films like precious little jewels," remarks a tanned, slim Bridges, lounging on a couch. "I like doing variety and films like *King Kong*, or the Farrah thing, which are really 180 degrees from my earlier stuff, are the kind of movies I really enjoy. If variety alone isn't enough reason to finally jump into a film, I'll usually think up another reason. I'm not afraid of doing commercial Hollywood films because that's what people like to see."

While not precisely defending himself against claims that the quality of his pro-

jects has declined from their promising beginnings, Bridges is cognizant of the fact that his reasons for accepting roles are different from those of actors more concerned with image and career curves. It is typical of Bridges that he decided to play the lead role in *King Kong*, "because I loved the movie as a kid. Maybe that seems kind of cute when you consider that it was nine months out of my life. How can you be flippant about something that takes all that time and energy? But sometimes I take something on because it sounds like fun."



There are, of course, more critical determinations, even for an actor with Bridges' distinctly unorthodox style. "A lot has to do with the people involved," he allows. "*Somebody Killed Her Husband* was directed by Lamont Johnson, who did *Last American Hero*. I like certain people's style of working, or sometimes it's just the raw script. I remember I made a couple of films with a fellow named Bill Richards. The first was *Winter Kills*." Bridges agrees with critics as to that film's almost total lack of sense. "When I saw the movie I really didn't understand it. I mean, I made it, and I couldn't follow it. But even after that weird experience, I made another film with Bill because I felt the guy had potential. That one never got released."

"Sometimes," Bridges muses, "you get real creative people and a good script and it still doesn't come together. It's a kind of magic and you can't worry it too much."

Talk shifts to *Heaven's Gate*, one of the most controversial productions in recent years and certainly the most expensive. Wildly over-budget, cloaked in thick secrecy that was breached only by bizarre tales of a maniacal director mad with power, shooting endless re-takes of the same scene while actors and crew simmered near open rebellion, *Heaven's Gate* has created the kind of advance publicity that virtually guarantees box office glee. While Bridges admits that the film's shooting was "an extreme situation even by Hollywood standards," he is guarded in his estimation of director Cimino (who won fame — and

an Academy Award — directing *The Deer Hunter*) as a Svengalian manipulator, willing to sacrifice all, including human life, for his vision. "Cimino is an intense guy," says Bridges, revealing his penchant for understatement, "which was something you could feel on the set. Each film has its own rhythm, usually set by the director, and Cimino created tension purposely. We were asked to do some wild, dangerous shit. But I enjoy that. It's all a question of your point of view. For every guy on the set who felt trapped there were two others who, you know" — and he lets out a lusty Apache war cry — "are into playing cowboys and Indians."

"Cimino got a lot of people angry with him," continues Bridges, "and it's hard to work with someone you don't like." He concludes with what sounds suspiciously like a disclaimer. "I feel it's the job of an actor to support a director in what he's doing. If you

want the picture to be terrific you have to give up some of your personal opinions and rights."

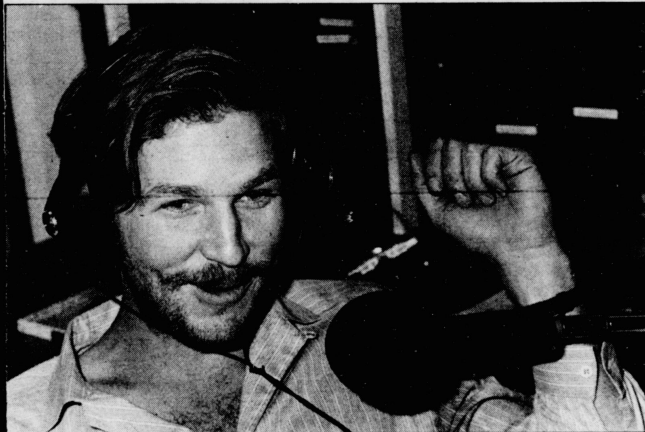
But perhaps Bridges gave up too much. "After *Heaven's Gate*, I never wanted to work again. A script would have to be stunning to get me involved, but after a while I just got horny to work. I picked this (*Cutter and Bone*) because it was by far the best thing around." Pausing, he adds, "I've been acting all my life and I remember a time right between *Last American Hero* and *The Iceman Cometh* when I wondered if this was what I really wanted to do. So I took *Iceman Cometh* as a test to see if I really wanted to act."

The implicit question posed is not answered as Bridges adds, "I'd like to be offered more parts that I'm not suited for, so that I'd work harder at different kinds of roles. Each job offers an opportunity to be your one great shot, but so far I don't think I've played it."

Unlike many of his more obsessed fellow actors, the profession is, for Bridges, far from an absolute justification for existence. While he obviously enjoys his work, he also finds pleasure in painting and playing guitar, both of which he has studied sporadically. Another area that takes up much of his present attention is his recent marriage to Susan, a Montana native (they met while he filmed *Rancho Deluxe* in that state). "I got married last year," he explains, "and it was really hard for me. It was either get married or lose



LADI JANSKY



the girl. She told me as much and I was scared for a long time wondering if it was going to work out, which it is, but that first year was really rough."

One ambition Bridges shares with what often seems the entire acting establishment is a desire to direct. He is already involved in one project, the nature of which he declines to divulge.

But he is not nearly so reticent about his involvement in EST and its Hunger Project. In the spring of 1979 Bridges conceived, organized and lent his considerable prestige to a *Gathering for Hunger*. The event, billed as a benefit for world hunger, was held at the Los Angeles Convention

Center and featured, aside from Bridges and his brother Beau, fellow actors Harvey Korman and Bud Cort, singer Melissa Manchester and others. It was something less than a complete success. Aside from scant attendance the affair had the added misfortune of ill-timing. Just prior to the well-intentioned evening, *Mother Jones* magazine ran a piece describing in some detail the dubious ties between the Hunger Project and the EST organization. True, the Hunger Project, which aspired to end world hunger by the turn of the century, was the brainchild of EST founder Werner Erhard, who had recruited, aside from Bridges, a number of celebrity

types with EST affiliations, foremost among them John Denver. The problem, alleged *Mother Jones*, was an intricate web of cross-financing between EST and the ostensibly separate Hunger Project organization. A tax dodge was indelicately hinted at, as well as all manner of ulterior motives on Erhard's and EST's part. Whatever the facts turned out to be, not much has been heard of the Hunger Project since then, and world hunger seems no closer to ending tomorrow or twenty years from now.

Bridges, who acknowledges his own misgivings at reading the *Mother Jones* account, nevertheless asserts the pure motives of himself and the others involved in the *Gathering for Hunger*, and in the process reveals something of his own involvement in the EST lifestyle.

"The original idea of the Hunger Project, as Werner described it, was that hunger represented the main f--k-up. People try to rationalize it because they think they're helpless to change it. We had a lot of facts at our disposal and we wanted to put them out there and give the individual a chance to do something about the situation. We wanted to put the idea of ending world hunger by the year 2,000 in their heads, we just wanted to keep the idea going."

While Bridges denies any direct involvement between his *Gathering for Hunger* and the EST organization, certain contradictions arise in his account of events leading up to the clouded event.

"Werner wanted each of us to do our own hunger project," he explains, "so I chose not to make mine an EST event because EST has such bad P.R." The separation was never effected, not even, it seems, in Bridges own mind. "When the *Mother Jones* thing came out it was really a shock to

me because I had questioned that stuff when I was in EST. You know, you think, 'Is Werner a Nazi, is he trying to get my brain?' The *Mother Jones* article made me really confront my involvement with EST and I decided that I didn't give a shit about Werner and what he thought, but I agreed with what he said about stopping world hunger. Which is why I did the *Gathering for Hunger*. In fact, I'm thinking of doing another one."

Bridges' commitment to EST seems as off-handed as his career considerations. Admitting to being drawn to "all kinds of psychedelic bullshit, anything that has to do with exploring the mind," he describes the EST experience as "a roller coaster ride on a roller coaster you built yourself and that you can make as intense as you want. I used to go to EST meetings a lot and still occasionally drop by to get a hit of Werner's trip." But another area of spiritual exploration has drawn his attention of late. "I got involved with some born-again Christians on the set of *Heaven's Gate* and it's amazing how EST and Christianity dovetail. I got into this thing of praying in my acting. I'd pray to God in the morning and turn my body over to Him and ask for signals during the day to know what He wanted me to do. Usually He'd tell me 'don't do anything,' which I can really understand as a way of dealing with anxiety and paranoia."

"On a basic level I know what to do, but I just don't do it. I know, for instance, that I shouldn't smoke so much pot, or that I shouldn't overeat, but I smoke a lot and overeat a lot. Work takes care of a lot of things for me. I shed pounds and don't smoke all day. I think I've really got what I've been looking for all my life, which is me. Now, all I've got to do is express that and have faith in it."



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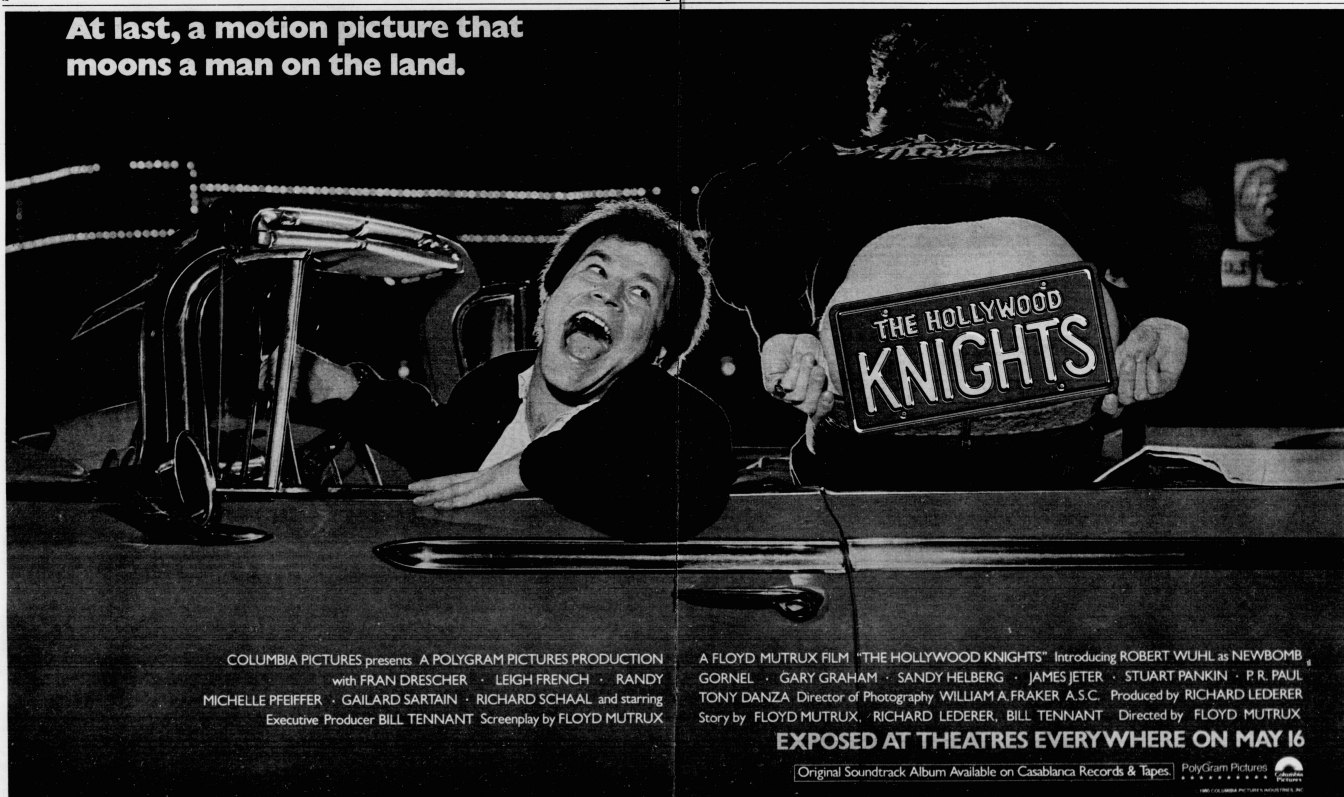


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## Europe? Cheap? Are You Kidding?

To many travelers, the idea of seeing Europe on a budget must sound too good to be true. It is; rising prices and an endlessly falling dollar have made Europe on a Budget a myth, a relic from a bygone era, but people who spend a fortune on movies about spacemen will certainly find a few dollars to invest in guides to "budget travel."

The two most popular and successful budget travel guides are probably *Europe on \$15* (formerly \$10, and, before that \$5) a Day (Frommer Travel Guides, \$3.95) and *Let's Go: Europe* (Harvard Student Agencies, \$5.95). Both are widely respected and each is full of travel information and suggestions, but anyone seriously interested in seeing Northern Europe comfortably and cheaply would do about as well consulting *VFO* magazine.

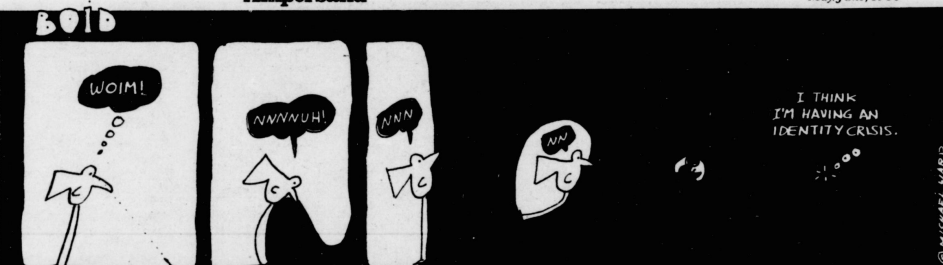
Arthur Frommer probably invented the budget travel guide when he developed *Europe on \$5 a Day* during the 1940s as a way to share his travel secrets with the public. Today, the format has become so successful that he shares those "secrets" in a whole series of guidebooks and heads a travel bureau with the modest name of Arthur Frommer International. As a mini-conglomerate, Frommer may no longer be the best source for tips on budget travel. More to the point, any time *\$15 a Day*—or any other guidebook—recommends a place, it becomes the "discovery" of thousands of readers. The arrival of hordes of budget-happy tourists is almost certain to overwhelm local flavor, increase demand for rooms or tables, drive prices up, and generally change the things that made the place worth recommending in the first place.

Frommer's taste in restaurants is nauseous; he consistently praises the budget meals to be found in cafeterias, youth hostel dining rooms, and other places that serve dull, institutional food. In a recent edition he gushed: "... a pleasant little room of eight tables covered with pink-checked oilcloths... Is it a stage setting? A Russian plot? The work of a saint returned to earth?" *Let's Go: Europe* described the same place in less romantic terms: "Don't expect too much. It's dirty and the most you can say for the food is that it's food, but where else can you eat a full meal for \$1?"

*Let's Go: Europe*, revised annually by Harvard students who have spent the previous summer touring Europe, discusses cheaper places and generally seems to be written for younger travelers. At its best, it provides well-written, thoughtful, and realistic descriptions of hotels and restaurants, along with knowledgeable sight-seeing suggestions and practical information about everything from exchanging currency to buying drugs or selling blood. (Occasionally, the information gets a little too practical for comfort—"If you're really down and out, a good place to scrounge for discarded food is...") In general, though, the realistic descriptions in *Let's Go* are a refreshing contrast to the gushy, Chamber of Commerce enthusiasm of *\$15 a Day*. *Let's Go* identifies places that are dirty, noisy, poorly managed, or overrated, and even suggests a few places to avoid altogether.

Unfortunately, *Let's Go's* non-professional researchers are not always accurate, sometimes leaving out important details like street addresses.

*Let's Go* readers may dis-



cover that a recommended place has raised its prices, changed its policies, or simply disappeared without a trace. To make up for its own unreliability, *Let's Go* is careful to identify tourist information centers and to offer suggestions for readers who find themselves looking for their own accommodations.

A good deal of time, effort, and experience (both books are in their third decades of publication) have obviously been devoted to *Europe on \$15 a Day* and *Let's Go: Europe*; if popularity means anything, they are the best of their kind. The disappointing, uneven results suggest how difficult it is to compile a useful, reliable travel guide, particularly one devoted to a subject as elusive as Europe on a Budget.

David Coursey

## Collegiate How To

There is something curiously similar about the vast majority of books which are devoted, in one way or another, to aiding the college student scramble through the academic experience. Perhaps it's a function of the genre that all those study aids and guidebooks possess a usually subtle, occasionally abrasive element of what Mr. Rogers embodies so pedantically on TV: talking down to the pupils.

Take, for example, Michael Edelhart's *College Knowledge* (Anchor Press/Doubleday, \$7.95), an imprudently indiscriminate guidebook resting on the notion that college is a four-year experiment in growing up. Edelhart's assertion that one's education in college is only partially related to the classroom is a verifiable one indeed. His conclusion, however, seems to be that the average college student is an inept, apathetic youngster for whom inexpensively decorating a room or filling spare time is a difficult achievement. *College Knowledge* is plagued with a lot of what should be considered superfluous material: consumer sections on buying autos and sound equipment, psychological guidance for cohabiting couples, where to buy art reproductions.

There is some nifty advice under the litter: reference sections on summer employment, internships, financing and careers (especially the Dept. of Labor's OIS program of career information) indi-

cate some hefty research and an eye for the offbeat.

Edelhart's worst mistake is his shallow advice on academic ingenuity; the 25-year-old graduate should have left how-to-study remarks to those who take the matter seriously, such as James and Ellin Deese, whose third edition of *How to Study* (McGraw-Hill, \$4.95) reaps the benefits and shortcomings of the professorial approach. Here, too, one finds excessive explanation and a tinge of the humiliating, but the handbook, written in the dry, authoritative tone seemingly earmarked for such concerns, offers helpful sections on note taking (organize!), reading textbooks (highlight!) and studying foreign languages (recite!). Revisions are most apparent in the paragraphs on calculators, in which the authors advocate that every student should own one (a dubious prescription), plus adding emphasis on reading and writing, no doubt sparked by good ole' Johnnie, who can't write or read.

In *Playing the College Admissions Game* (Times Books, \$12.95), Richard Moll attempts an entertaining, readable approach to what is the prelude to the college experience, actually getting into an institution, which has always been a truly acute event. *Playing* relays tips from the Director of Admission at Vassar College, whose overriding advice, and it's excellent, is for the applicant to take real initiative to insure that his/her high school is properly "defining classroom accomplishments" and that his/her personality is evident in the application.

In an intriguing dialogue between members of a fictitious Admissions Committee, presumably based on Vassar, Moll shows us how and why selections are made in the private, relatively posh segment of American education. In a discussion which ironically assumes an intelligence and worth in its high school readership, a refreshing exception to the rule, Moll verifies the ineffectiveness of many high school guidance counselors and insists that one must fight to retain the services of those hired to serve.

Moll seeks to help us get into college, Edelhart strives to cushion life at the college level, and the Deeses demand wizardry in the college classroom. Enter Cliff MacGillivray with his manual for the college-bound gourmand, *The Simple Fool's*

*Handbook to Cooking* (Far West Publications, \$4.95). Those who have been accepted into college and are adjusting beautifully both in and beyond the classroom need not worry about another essential concern, eating. There is a college handbook, it seems, for everything.

MacGillivray, a 23-year-old graduate who apparently conceived of the manual in between phone calls to mom for tips on escaping dormitory food, lists over 150 recipes which he terms "tasty, economy-minded, quick'n easy." Virtually half of the meat dishes call for ground beef, the sauces are based on canned soups, frozen vegetables are preferred, and casserole dishes, in which one flips on the oven and bakes, run rampant. *Fool's Handbook* is written with crisp humor and gleeful anecdotal illustrations (by John Torrey) and there are some wild ideas, such as making a grilled cheese sandwich with an iron and formulating soup in a coffee pot. The hints on cooking in a dorm room bear the book's greatest fruits.

Having tried a few dishes myself, I can say that (hard to believe) this author relies excessively on the intelligence of his student audience. (Amateur gourmands require explicit guidelines.) Of course the *Fool's Handbook*, in the final reckoning, charms as much as whets the appetite. The food it recommends isn't all that tasteful, but *The Joy of Cooking* never looked so stuffy. MacGillivray, by the way, is distributing his own book, if it can't be found in local bookstores, write to him at Far West Publications, Box 953, South Pasadena, CA 91030.

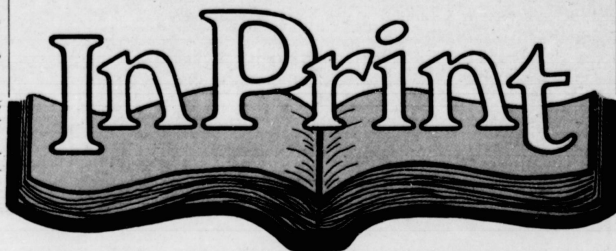
William W. Bloomstein

## Science Fiction

Science fiction writer Roger Zelazny's new novel is the latest installment in his continuing mythology of the motor vehicle, a mythology begun early with short stories such as "Devil Car" and "Auto-Da-Fe" and previously brought to fruition in the novel (and later the movie) *Damnation Alley* (1969). His latest motor myth is *Roadmarks* (Ballantine Books, \$8.95), in which a superhighway through time is the scene of the action.

Zelazny wastes little effort justifying the time-road's existence or explaining how it works. Instead he concentrates on Red Dorakeen, a tough time traveler who spends his days driving up and down the centuries in a blue pickup, searching for a way back home again. Red is accompanied or accosted by a variety of weird robots, mutants, throwbacks and hitchhikers, and though there's lots of talk about what's happening out in the "real" world of the off ramps, Red and his friends rarely go there.

*Roadmarks* has little in the way of a plot, but much of the action is generated by a



vendetta against Red, a series of attempts to kill him when he stops overnight along the road. This is not one of Zelazny's best books; his fans will probably want to wait for the inexpensive paperback. Nevertheless, Zelazny is one of the best SF writers going and *Roadmarks* is definitely worth the read.

Neal Wilgus

## Pitching Words

Every morning for five years Michigan State University American Thought and Language professor, Michael Steinberg, arose before dawn to participate in an informal baseball hitting clinic conducted by MSU exercise physiology Ph.D. and Minnesota Twins pitcher, Mike Marshall. At first, Steinberg, who is an ardent softball player, balked at the way his friend put his "pupils" through a variety of simultaneous drills. There didn't seem to be enough time to master one skill before another came spinning at him. Soon, however, Steinberg began to marvel at how productive his lessons were and began to look for ways to apply Marshall's approach to a writing program he and MSU English professor, Clinton Burhans, were formulating.

Burhans, an expert in language acquisition and language processing, had set up a successful six-year language arts program in two Michigan school districts which replaces the traditional grammar-oriented writing curriculum (the one some of us learned to write in spite of) with a cognitive, meaning-centered approach. They combined Burhans' holistic strategy with Steinberg's revision and rewriting

methods into a real-world worktext which stresses simultaneous pre-writing, drafting, and rewriting; and, about the time Marshall was collecting his league-leading thirty-second save last fall, the pair was putting the final touches on *The Writer's Way* (Spring Press, \$15.95), the first writing book ever dedicated to a Cy Young Award-winner.

Students who follow this worktext (so called because students read and summarize spirited explanations and complete exercises right in the book's perforated pages) are asked to adhere to a vigorous schedule of simultaneous writing tasks designed to give conscious control over all three integrated steps of the writing process. Any given week will find the student immersed in several stages: drafting a fable or application letter; polishing off some existential sentences or haiku; peer-editing, revising, and rewriting exercises encompassing techniques from sentence structure to similes; and, at the same time, keeping a writer's journal.

Writing instructors will be happy to find an accompanying teacher's guide outlining a suggested grading system that encourages students to write frequently, while freeing the instructor from counter-productive "theme correcting." With all that going for it, *The Writer's Way* looks like this year's MVP.

Timothy Yost

## A Female James Bond

Americans love a good conspiracy. We all want to know if the CIA did plan the assassination of JFK and why the government is hiding the truth about flying saucers. In *Speed of Light* (Simon & Schuster, \$9.95)

Gwyneth Cravens describes a grand conspiracy that links together Adolf Hitler, EST, a Governor Brown clone, and some sorcerers who are vintage Carlos Castaneda, and also, amazingly enough, manages to make sense out of two recent events: the Russian invasion of Afghanistan and the terrorist attack in Mecca.

Ella Speed is an unlikely heroine who quits her job because she yearns for something better. Her travels lead her to a cave deep below Mexico, the holy city of Mecca, and finally to Afghanistan. She even learns to travel outside her body.

Cravens is able to make us believe in the power of sorcerers. She even reveals testimony from the Nuremberg trials to show that Hitler believed that whoever ruled Central Asia would rule the world. Deep in the hills of Afghanistan is a secret cult that nourishes itself on human hysteria and death.

Ella Speed is a tough woman, a survivor who adapts whether the role is an Anthropology graduate student, a topless bar maid, a hardboiled journalist, or a secret agent. After two decades of James Bond books and movies, Speed is a welcome relief. Cravens is able to write a female version of *From Russia with Love* and make us ask for more.

Stanley Schatt

## Vidiot

*Station Identification: Confessions of a Video Kid* is a 215-page post-mortem of one man's love affair with the tube. Mark Bowie takes us on an extended walking tour of his life beginning with early childhood, passing through an extended adolescence and coming of age while

watching Edward G. Robinson on a hotel room TV screen with a woman Bowie picked up in a local singles bar. Along the way Bowie plays his tour guide role to the hilt, rather like a native hyping local history for the unenlightened visitor.

As might be imagined, the scenery leaves a good deal to be desired. After all, most people born in the United States within the last thirty years have spent a great deal of time watching TV. Why should they fork over \$9.95 to read about someone else's video addiction?

The author seems to recognize this contradiction and he takes steps to insure the reader's interest. Before we are halfway through the first chapter Bowie is playing doctor with the little girl next door and explaining the significance of *Howdy Doody* in early sexual development. This pattern of titillation is repeated throughout the book. Whenever the going gets a little too thick, usually after some profound sociological point has been attempted, Bowie throws in something lurid to keep our attention.

Bowie generalizes about an entire generation from his own peculiar experience. Thus, we are informed that the turbulent political and social outcry of the 1960's was nothing more than a kiddie show rerun. The emotion and tragedy of that decade are degraded to the level of a high school wild oats episode.

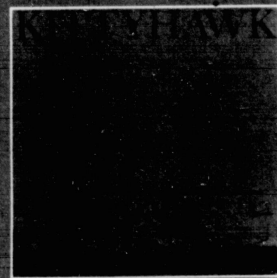
It is as if everything is to be viewed as the latest TV series while social and political issues are merely occasional variations in programming. This superficiality pervades the entire book. *Station Identification* tries to make us laugh at this sort of spiritual lobotomy, but it is a little too sad, too pathetic and too true.

W.B. Reeves

There's Something New In The Air....

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Direction: Gary Borman Management

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# On Screen

**MY BRILLIANT CAREER**, starring Judy Davis and Sam Neill; written by Eleanor Witcombe from the novel by Miles Franklin; produced by Margaret Fink; directed by Gillian Armstrong.

Sybilla Melvyn, eldest daughter of a care-less farmer and his well-born, once-beautiful wife, is determined to be somebody — a singer, a pianist, a writer — to have, as she writes in her schoolgirl notebook, a brilliant career. But young women in turn-of-the-century Australia were fated for marriage and a baby a year or a menial job like teaching other farmers' children to read and write.

Sybilla wins a reprieve from teaching when her grandmother invites her to while away the summer in relative splendor, during which time Sybilla still dreams of a career, but she does so in comfort: new clothes, dances, parties, her rough hands soaked in lemon water, her hair brushed by a maid. And in the course of this idyl Sybilla falls in love with Harry Beecham (Sam Neill), the young, handsome plantation owner neighbor who at first appears unattainable but soon becomes intensely attracted to her. The underlying sexual tension between them is frustrating and compelling.

Uncertain of her looks and social graces throughout most of the film, growing up homey in the shadow of a beautiful mother (everyone remarks how Sybilla didn't get her mother's looks; "pity") she is nevertheless quite certain what she doesn't want. When she is forced to return to her family, Beecham's aunt remarks that life will indeed be dull without Sybilla. She starts out the ugly duckling and ends up a graceful, independent swan; actress Judy Davis makes us believe every minute. With her broad, freckled face, masses of untamed hair and a defiance born of a secret conviction that she deserves more from life than she's getting — while at the same time believing that she is clumsy and unattractive and undeserving — Davis makes Sybilla genuine, likeable, awesome and heroic.

Written, produced and directed by women, based on the book (perhaps autobiographical) by Miles Franklin (actually Stella Maria Sarah Miles Franklin; she was 16 when she wrote *My Brilliant Career*, 22 when it was published in 1901), this film is no shrill polemic for feminism, but it is firm and true, honest and fine and gentle and every bit as brilliant as a young school-girl's dreams.

There are very few films I ever want to recommend without reservation; this is one of them. See it. If it means driving 60 miles in hard weather and a weak car, see it.

Judith Sims

**HIDE IN PLAIN SIGHT**, starring James Caan, Jill Eikenberry, Robert Viharo; written by Spencer Eastman; produced by Robert Christiansen & Rick Rosenberg; directed by James Caan.

In 1967, a Buffalo factory laborer suddenly found his two children incommunicado after the Justice Department relocated their mother and new stepfather, a mafioso turner of state's evidence, to another, unspecified part of the country.

In *Hide in Plain Sight* James Caan portrays the bereaved father, Thomas Hacklin, as stolidly as someone who's just lost a new pair of bowling shoes, and not had the fruit of his loins wrenched from his loving grasp. As Hacklin attempts to find his children, officious bureaucrats snub him at every turn, members of Con-



Davis & Neill: brilliant as a schoolgirl's dreams

gress lie to him, a contemptuous lawyer humiliates him, and the tire factory in which his family has forty-four years of combined service sacks him; we keep waiting — indeed, hoping — for him to explode, but he never does, a couple of halfhearted token acts of vengeance notwithstanding. Through all of it, Caan appears confused rather than infuriated, perturbed rather than anguished.

Confounding our expectations, he's infinitely more audacious behind the camera in this, his debut as a director. A couple of times — as when, at the end of the scene in which his ex-wife informs him that she's married the hoodlum paramour she'd earlier promised to give up, the camera pulls back across the street and traffic noise drowns out the dialogue — he seems to be trying very much too hard, for the movement makes no sense of any kind. Elsewhere, though, he accomplishes at least one striking juxtaposition when he cuts from a close-up of the blissful face of the schoolteacher with whom Hacklin's fallen in love to a close-up of his harried ex-wife's face as she whispers through a prison window to her mobster beau in such a way that one woman seems to become the other.

Aside from the generally listless performances, this picture is also impaired by a screenplay which assumes that the kids' feelings about being taken away from their father are of no interest. Between the time that they disappear and their reunion with Hacklin in the film's one emotionally charged scene outside an Albuquerque diner, we glimpse them but once, and then only very briefly.

Say what you will about *Walking Tall* having been lurid and manipulative — the remarkably bloodless and untouching *Hide in Plain Sight* would be ten times the film if it had a hundredth the passion and action of the former.

John Mendelsohn

**SIMON**, starring Alan Arkin, Madeline Kahn, Austin Pendleton; written by Marshall Brickman; produced by Martin Bregman; directed by Brickman.

Famous heretofore as Woody Allen's col-

laborator on the *Annie Hall*, *Manhattan* and *Sleeper* scripts, Marshall Brickman now begins his solo director-writer career with *Simon*, starring his old pal (they were once members of a folksinging group, the Tarriers), Alan Arkin. Predictably, many critics have faulted Brickman because he isn't Allen — or because there are too many similarities, or not enough similarities. But never mind all that.

Arkin plays a university professor kidnaped by a mischievous, omnipotent "think tank" group of weirdo intellectual scientists-philosophers; to satisfy their twisted whim, Arkin is brainwashed into thinking he's an alien. In the process Arkin gets a showstopping routine — reenacting several million years of biological history, starting out as a plankton and evolving quickly through upright man (with slyape- $\&$  bone homage to 2001).

Brickman manages to combine sweet optimism with intellectual cynicism, all the while taking potshots at the endless petty annoyances that make our lives so dreary and dreadful: Muzak, bad drivers, those strips of paper wrapped around motel toilet seats. Brickman also hits bigger targets, like the think tank itself (this one headed by Austin Pendleton, Machiavelli with an overbite and a leather jacket), television, academia and the military. And it has a nice happy ending. Enjoy.

Judith Sims

**NIJINSKY**, with Alan Bates, George de la Peña and Leslie Browne; written by Hugh Wheeler; directed by Herbert Ross.

After the success of *The Turning Point*, director Herbert Ross and his producer-wife, the former ballerina Nora Kaye, were able to raise money from a major studio to film a biography on Vaslav Nijinsky. But whereas *Point* was as wholesome as American corn bread, *Nijinsky* is as decadent as a hothouse truffle.

In many ways *Nijinsky* is *The Red Shoes* without the censorship which forced the impresario in the latter movie to drive a ballerina to her death instead of a danseur. In 1948 overt homosexuality was too scandalous for movies, but that's certainly not the case in 1980. But instead of using the

freedom to paint a valid, complex picture of Nijinsky and his need and love for both Serge Diaghilev and Romola de Pulsy, this movie reduces these three complicated people to cardboard puppets.

Only Diaghilev fares well, perhaps because Alan Bates is skilled enough to play between the simplistic lines, but George de la Peña as Nijinsky and Leslie Browne as Romola are both so outclassed by Bates I wanted to tell Bates to stop hurting the children. There can't be a tug-of-war for the body and soul of one man when the two opposing sides (Romola and Diaghilev) are so ill-matched.

Even without this emotional complexity, *Nijinsky* might have worked visually if Ross had been able to capture a sense of the times. Diaghilev's band of artists — from the painter Leon Bakst to the composer Igor Stravinski — were turning the art world upside down, but that revolution is missing. We never understand how these people were living on the edge of time and creating a whole new language that is still spoken in today's music and dance world.

The best thing that can be said about *Nijinsky* is that it's beautifully art directed, but this is hardly sufficient. For a film about passion, obsession, creation, madness and death, *Nijinsky* is painfully flat. Where is the flamboyant outrageousness of Ken Russell when we need it?

Jacoba Atlas

**A SIMPLE STORY**, starring Romy Schneider, Claude Brasseur, and Bruno Cremer; directed by Claude Sautet.

Marie (Romy Schneider) is Sautet's almost-40 heroine, and between her pregnancy that opens the film and a different pregnancy of hers that closes it, nothing much of dramatic import occurs. And that's as it should be, for this is a slice-of-life film that intentionally skims life's more mundane facets; in style, pace, and mood *Story* is like a grown-up *Peppermint Soda*. Marie drops her current lover, dallies with her former husband, tries to help a suicidal friend, and eats and drinks a good deal with an attractive group of friends — all in all, not bad company for two hours.

Robert L. Liebman

## MISCELLANEOUS MISERIES

*Die Laughing* is so wretchedly execrable, so thoroughly unamusing, so disastrously devoid of charm one wonders who was foolish enough to pay for this nonsense. Jon Peters, the one who lives with Streisand, is the executive producer; Robbie Benson is the star, the co-writer, the co-producer and the songwriter, and what started out as a disarmingly sincere young man in *One on One* has turned into a cheap, sleazy trickster who should think seriously about giving up show business for something worthwhile, like pounding sand in ratholes.

*A Small Circle of Friends* has already been rightly panned in several national mags, but I feel compelled to add one more nail to the coffin. For those interested in the Sixties, see instead *The War at Home*, a documentary (featured in a recent *Ampersand*) that far outstrips *Small Circle* in emotion, nostalgia and political insight.

*The Solar Film* lasts eight minutes and wouldn't earn much more than a cursory glance if Robert Redford's name weren't at the top as executive producer. It's a lamentably jejune look at the enefy crisis and the lucky old sun, and it's about as informative as a *Dick and Jane* reader.

Judith Sims

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The first sentence above tells you that 45 watts are the least amount of continuous (RMS) power the amplifier portion of the 3248 will deliver to each speaker channel when hooked up to 8 ohm speakers.

The second sentence states that at least 45 watts of power will be delivered over the entire audible range of sound frequencies. From 20 to 20,000 vibrations per second (20 to 20,000 Hz).

The last sentence contains the most important information of all. It tells you that under these conditions the unwanted overtones or harmonics will not exceed three hundredths of one percent of the output signal (0.03% THD or total harmonic distortion).

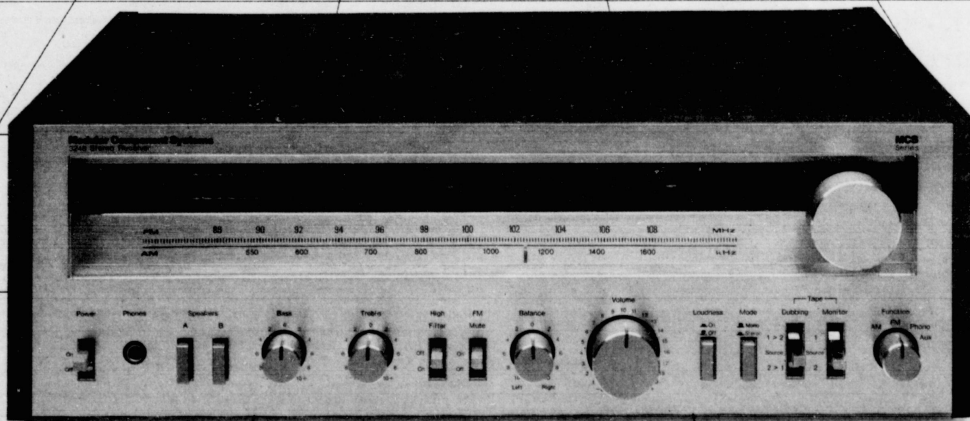
\*Prices higher in Alaska, Hawaii and Puerto Rico.

When you consider that THD of up to 3% is considered virtually inaudible you can understand just how remarkable the MCS Series 45 Watt receiver really is.

So come to your nearest JCPenney and see for yourself. See the LED power meters. The tape monitoring system that lets you compare what you're recording to the program source while you're recording. The tape dubbing control that lets you record from one tape deck to another, and back again, at the flick of a switch. The loudness switch that boosts bass and treble ranges when the volume is low. See all these features and much more. Or just come in and listen to the MCS Series 45 Watt receiver. You won't have to look any further. The MCS Series 45 Watt receiver only \$379.95\* and only at JCPenney.

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# IN BOTH EARS

BY MARTIN CLIFFORD

In hi-fi, a speaker yields the moment of truth. Unfortunately, the speaker is still the weakest link in the system, though it doesn't bear the entire responsibility. What is heard depends not only on the speaker, but on the size of the listening room, its shape, acoustics, speaker positioning, on the physical condition of the ears, musical training, age and sex.

This means that the sound from speakers is subjective, tempered by a collection of variables. It just isn't possible to plunk a pair of speakers anywhere and expect superior results. Luck plays a very small part in speaker positioning.

The first step is to separate the speakers until the stereo left/right sound is satisfying. This can be done by playing a familiar stereo record while trying the speakers in different locations along the floor or on a bookshelf. The sound should have a distinct left/right characteristic and should not seem to come from a single speaker, an imaginary unit between the two.

Once the stereo balance is satisfying, the speakers can be placed at various distances above the floor, if possible, with the help of

speaker stands. This changes the response in the bass, midrange or treble. Generally, speakers near floor level will be "boomier." Also, treble tones come cleanest when aimed at ear level. Tilting the speakers left/right or up/down is also helpful. This doesn't mean both will be placed identically. One may be higher or more at an angle. The final criterion is that the sound should be pleasing.

Speakers and power amps have a symbiotic relationship. If a speaker requires a minimum input of 10 watts and has a maximum rating of 60, then the amplifier can be somewhere between these two extremes.

While that's the safest way, it isn't the best. An amp rated at 100 watts won't always use this amount of power. A transient or momentary peak can reach 100 watts with minimum distortion and, since this power demand is short lived, can be safely handled by a 30-watt speaker. Most hi-fiers use amps with power ratings in excess of speaker ratings.

Most in-home hi-fi speakers are 8 ohms, the impedance of the voice coil. Speakers should be connected to the 8-ohm taps on the amp, even if it has 4 and 16 ohm taps. Matching amps to speaker impedance supplies the greatest possible transfer of sound energy. Most auto speakers are made with a 4-ohm impedance.

The efficiency of a speaker is the ratio of sound output vs. audio power input. If an amp drives a speaker with 10 watts and it delivers 1 watt of sound pressure, that is 1/10 or 10 per cent efficiency, rather high. A low efficiency speaker would be one rated at about 0.5 to 2 per cent. The higher the efficiency the smaller the possible power requirement of the amp. High efficiency or low is a matter of personal pref-

erence. Both types can give good results.

Use #18 gauge wire, or even slightly thicker, for connecting speakers to amps. The smaller the gauge number, the thicker the wire. Speakers should not be connected to amps with the power turned on. When records are played it is best to keep the volume turned down until the sound comes on and then advance the volume control.

Turning up the bass tone control and the loudness and volume controls simultaneously may be asking for trouble. With these advanced the bass speaker is being asked to work hard and it may not be able to do so, or at least not for very long.

Speaker fuse ratings are coarse, unreliable, and don't work fast enough. They are better than no fuses, but not by much. It is better to rely on good operating practice, for this will help speakers from going prematurely to their electronic Valhalla.

Speaker grilles are not only decorative but protective. It's easy to damage speaker cones so don't remove grilles unless it's necessary. Grilles are made to be acoustically transparent, so sound is not improved with the grilles off.

Good hi-fi specs are important, but refer only to new equipment. As a system gets older, rumble, wow, flutter, high frequency oscillation and hum may become evident. These produce sounds that make speakers work more, so amps and turntables should be checked periodically. Some audio dealers do this without charge.

BY BYRON LAURSEN

If music be the food of love, how can we improve the flavor? Santa Monicans Wayne Umbertis and George Carlsen have something that seems to turn the trick, a between-amp-and-speakers, sub-\$200 add-on they call Dynamic Compliance Fidelity Enhancement System.

"Somebody described it," boasts Umbertis, "as looking through a window with the screen removed." Indeed, handed a switch box that cut the Dynamic Compliance feature in and out of two sets of speakers, one of them cheap and the other high-cost, I heard a sense-pleasing improved fullness of sound over both sets, with the greatest enhancement effect noticeable on the cheap pair. It was like the difference between hearing a great acoustic guitar in one's own lap and a fair one over a p.a. system. Frequencies that were harsh, irritating and tinny without the device became round and luxurious when Dynamic Compliance was switched on.

The device's essential components are a power booster, which allows the main amp to operate at lower levels, hence farther from distortion, and circuitry that purportedly refines the communication between amplifier and speakers.

Dynamic Compliance, Inc. plans the same strategy that made the Dolby Noise Reduction System profitable for its inventor: they'll sell direct to consumers via mail order, but the future rides on licensing agreements from established stereo equipment manufacturers.

Already, Concord Electronics has released two Dynamic Compliance amplifiers for car stereo, with a brochure full of impressive claims about slewing rate, intermodulation distortion and amplitude linearity. By me, a thoroughly non-technical type with an oversized appetite for music, no spec sheet could make so dramatic an impression as did the switch box that clarified everything the speakers had to deliver.

**fact:**  
this small  
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collection  
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\$1,000  
investment

It's true—the largest investment in almost any hi-fi system is frequently the cost of the records played on it... and it is equally true that a badly worn phono stylus tip may ruin a valuable (or irreplaceable) record in a single playing!

With the rising cost of new phonograph records—and the difficulty in replacing treasured, older favorites—it's the worst kind of false economy to risk damaging them with a worn stylus.

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at least once a year**

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Appletree Stereo, Normal  
York Radio & TV, Bloomington  
Glen Poor's Audio-Visual  
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La Salle Electronics, De Kalb  
Appletree Records, De Kalb  
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Stereo Lab, Columbus  
Custom Stereo Electronics, Columbus  
Lucas Appliance & TV Center, Columbus  
Swallen's, Columbus  
EASTERN MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, YPSILANTI  
Hi Fi Buys, Ann Arbor  
CENTRAL MICHIGAN UNIVERSITY, MT. PLEASANT  
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MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY, EAST LANSING  
Hi Fi Buys, Lansing  
Rogers Distributing, Lansing  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY, BLOOMINGTON  
Karma Records, Bloomington  
PURDUE UNIVERSITY, LAFAYETTE  
CWY Electronics, Lafayette  
Graham Electronics, Lafayette  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY/PURDUE UNIVERSITY,  
INDIANAPOLIS  
Karma Records, Indianapolis  
Hi Fi Buys, Indianapolis  
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY, LEXINGTON  
Dis Jockey Records, Lexington  
UNIVERSITY OF WISCONSIN, MADISON  
Happy Medium, Madison  
Lake Street Station, Madison  
The Nutcracker Sweetie, Madison  
Specialized Sound, Madison  
UNIVERSITY OF IOWA  
World Radio, Ames  
Walden's Photo & Stereo, Ames  
UNIVERSITY OF NEBRASKA, LINCOLN  
Dirt Cheap Records, Lincoln  
Communication Center, Lincoln  
Stereo Studio, Lincoln  
World Radio, Lincoln  
Richman-Gordman, Lincoln  
UNIVERSITY OF MISSOURI, COLUMBIA  
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RK Sound Labs, Salt Lake City  
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**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

# Ondisc

(Continued from page 9)

**ELVIS COSTELLO & THE  
ATTRAXIONS  
Get Happy!! (Columbia)**

In the past 2½ years, Elvis Costello has given us one singer-songwriter album (*My Aim Is True*), a rock band LP (*This Year's Model*), and one modern pop long player (*Armed Forces*). *Get Happy!!* is the bespectacled Brit's rhythm and blues record, an album permeated with references to the soul music tradition.

"I Can't Stand up for Falling Down" is an old Sam & Dave B-side and both "Five Gears in Reverse" and "Beaten to the Punch" are virtual throwbacks to the Stax era. "Secondary Modern" is a very close cousin to the "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" groove while "High Fidelity" sounds like a backing track from Motown's mid-Sixties heyday. "Opportunity" boasts the throbbing, slow-burn sensuality of an Al Green song and "Human Touch" is based on the Jamaican ska rhythm that's all the rage in England these days.

But the black influence extends only to the music. Lyrically, Costello has largely returned from the political commentary of "Oliver's Army" and "Goon Squad" to his familiar themes of romantic obsession and thwarted desire. His flair for the brilliant wordplay ("He's got double vision/when you wanted him double-jointed") is still there and Elvis struts his lyrical stuff best on "Riot Act," the brooding "New

Amsterdam" and the country-tinged lament of "Motel Matches."

*Get Happy!!* contains 20 songs and close to 50 minutes of music but this admirable display of quantity isn't quite matched on the qualitative end. Muffled, distant production prevents the hooks from really sinking in. There's a sporadic air to the album — the songs sound good while they go in one ear but quietly slip out the other 15 minutes later without leaving much of an impression.

**Don Snowden**

**LINDA RONSTADT  
Mad Love (Asylum)**

The scene is the West Hollywood office of Peter Asher, producer/manager extraordinaire. As the curtain opens, Peter is engaged in an intense discussion with Linda Ronstadt, singer/superstar. Linda is furiously chewing gum and pouting at the same time, a talent she alone in the world possesses. The play begins:

*Linda:* Gosh, Petey, (chomp chomp), why can't I do a punk album? I've just gotta branch out, or I'll go cray (chomp chomp) zee.

*Peter:* (a bit angry) And how do you expect me to produce that kind of album, anyway? I've made a very successful career, thank you, taking rock 'n' roll and running it through limiters and compressors and smoothing out every rough edge. Now you want me to work with that craftless noise? Why, it would take a damn near Herculean effort to reduce it to proper blandness. I'm get-

ting on, ducks, I don't think my heart could take it.

*Linda:* Aw, Petey, yer the best! You could do it (chomp chomp), I know you could. You made Chuck Berry's "Livin' in the U.S.A." sound like a Carpenters' "B" side, didn'tcha?

(The phone rings. It is Joe Smith, Chairman of the Board of Elektra-Asylum Records.)

*Joe:* Lissen, on this new Ronstadt thing, I gotta great idea. Let's go New Wave on this one, awright, sweetheart? The kids'll eat it up. I figure a couple Costello things, some fuzzy electric guitars to kinda jazz it up a little, y'know, can't lose....

*Peter:* You tell Linda. I've got to tie down. (Hands phone to Linda.)

*Linda:* Hiya, Joey. What's happenin'?

*Joe:* You are, baby, you are. (The curtain lowers.)

**Richard Levinson**

**PUBLIC IMAGE, LTD.  
Second Edition (Island)**

Listening to *Second Edition* is like experiencing physical harm, which is exactly what John Lydon's gang of four, Public Image Ltd, had in mind. The bass guitar dances circles around you. The drums pin you against the wall. The guitars and keyboards stick in the knives. Lydon's vocals pour vinegar on your wounds.

As with Brian Eno before them, Public Image aim to reinvent music as we know it. Their songs — which generally begin sparsely and then expand, swell and finally burst — are simultaneously primitive and futuristic, repetitive and intricate,

militaristic and random. Blending elements of reggae, ska, dub and disco, the group winds up with a sound that's somewhere *out there*.

Lydon's voice is central to the group's oblique strategies. Twisting words and even syllables beyond recognition, Lydon shrieks, moans, howls. But ultimately, the lyrics don't matter so much as the momentum and timing with which Lydon exercises them. Check out his delivery in "No Birds," a song that terrifyingly presents heaven — "Life in lovely allotted slots" — as another hell.

Some may write off Public Image as heartless experimentalists. But they'd be dead wrong. Their mission — teaching us to respond differently to familiar noises and creating new ones — is quite heroic and actually compassionate.

Buy *Second Edition* for your children. It's beneficial, like a good spanking.

**Mitchell Schneider**

**JOE PASS  
I Remember Charlie Parker (Pablo)**

*I Remember Charlie Parker* is Pass' tribute to the jazz world's most influential figure — a collection of standards from Parker's first album with strings. Parker didn't contribute any originals to that date, but by all accounts it remained one of his favorites and an appropriate choice for a guitarist with Pass' melodic gifts.

There's a reason Pass is sitting atop the most recent *downbeat* Best Guitarist poll and it's convincingly demonstrated on "They Can't Take That Away from Me." Glistening

single-note flurries, walking bass lines, perfect color and chording — all there and all beautiful. An impressive addition to the solo work already turned in on *Virtuoso 1, 2 and 3*, Pass must be only two or three albums

*Glistening single-note flurries, perfect color and chording.*

behind Oscar Peterson in the race for most-recorded Pablo artist. With albums this good, he's in no danger of overexposure.

**Terry Gioe**

**LENE LOVICH  
Flex (Stiff/Epic)**

Lene Lovich sings like silent movie stars used to act — her flourishes, exaggerations, swagger and warble are vehicles for a delightful quirkiness. She renders nonsensical all insistence that rock is inviolate as a style. Both with *Flex* and last year's brilliant debut, *Stateless*, Lovich and co-conspirator Les Chappell have made rock synthesis work, blending disparate forms into a cohesive whole.

The primary influence on *Flex* is Middle European and Baltic music, although strains of opera, country & western, cabaret, *Wide World of Animals* sound effects and a severe techno-frigidity that makes Gary Numan sound like Andy Williams are also prominent.

**Davin Seay**

**E A R L K L U G H**

*Dream Come True*

The album he's had in him a long, long time.

on **UA**  
United Artists Records

# Summer MUSIC & MOVIES GUIDE

**MOSE ALLISON**  
May 13-18 ..... Detroit, MI  
May 19 ..... East Lansing, MI  
May 20 ..... Suttons Bay, MI  
June 2-7, 9-14 ..... Ft. Lauderdale, FL  
June 16-21 ..... Washington D.C.  
July 3-6 ..... Seattle, WA

**AZTEC TWO STEP**  
June 26 ..... Norwich, CT

**THE BABYS**  
May 9 ..... Hempstead, NY

**BOBBY BLUE BLAND**  
June 7 ..... San Diego, CA  
June 15 ..... Houston, TX  
June 27 ..... Atlanta, GA

**THE CRETONES**  
May 2-5 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**JOHN DENVER**  
May 3 ..... Cincinnati, OH  
May 4 ..... Kalamazoo, MI

**THE DIRT BAND**  
May 2 ..... Elon, NC  
May 3 ..... Williamsburg, VA  
May 16 ..... Eureka, MO

**DIXIE DREGS**  
May 3-4 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**FLEETWOOD MAC**  
May 1 ..... Seattle, WA  
May 9-10 ..... Minneapolis, MN  
May 11 ..... Madison, WI  
May 14-15 ..... Chicago, IL  
May 16 ..... Indianapolis, IN  
May 20-21 ..... Cleveland, OH  
May 23 ..... Detroit, MI

**MIMI FARINA**  
May 17 ..... Berkeley, CA

**FREDDY FENDER**  
June 7-8 ..... Walla Walla, WA

**GANG OF FOUR**  
May 1 ..... Allentown, PA  
May 2 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
May 3-4 ..... New York, NY  
May 7 ..... Boston, MA  
May 12 ..... Detroit, MI  
May 15-16 ..... New York, NY

**GENESIS**  
May 23 ..... Oakland, CA  
May 24 ..... Long Beach, CA  
May 26 ..... San Diego, CA  
May 30 ..... Houston, TX  
May 31 ..... New Orleans, LA  
June 1 ..... Atlanta, GA  
June 4 ..... Kansas City, MO  
June 5 ..... St. Louis, MO  
June 6 ..... Chicago, IL  
June 7 ..... Milwaukee, WI  
June 9-10 ..... Detroit, MI  
June 11 ..... Cleveland, OH  
June 12 ..... Cincinnati, OH  
June 13 ..... Pittsburgh, PA  
June 14 ..... Columbia, MD  
June 16 ..... Boston, MA  
June 25 ..... Rochester, NY  
June 26 ..... Buffalo, NY  
June 29 ..... New York, NY  
June 30 ..... Saratoga Springs, NY

**DIZZY GILLESPIE**  
May 3 ..... Hempstead, NY  
June 13 ..... Dallas, TX  
June 14 ..... Houston, TX  
June 19 ..... Medford, OR  
July 4 ..... Atlantic City, NJ  
August 23 ..... Acme, MI  
August 26 ..... Detroit, MI  
August 28 ..... Monaca, PA

**JOHN HAMMOND**  
June 13-14 ..... Savannah, GA  
June 20 ..... Newport, RI

**JOHN HARTFORD**  
May 2 ..... Tulsa, OK  
May 3 ..... Austin, TX  
May 10-11 ..... Palo Alto, CA  
June 13 ..... Roncesverte, WV

**EARL "FATHA" HINES**  
May 7 ..... Cleveland, OH  
May 14 ..... St. Louis, MO

**JOHN LEE HOOKER**  
June 20 ..... San Francisco, CA

**JOE JACKSON**  
August 13-14 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**MILLIE JACKSON**  
May 9 ..... San Diego, CA  
May 11 ..... Oakland, CA

**JEFFERSON STARSHIP**  
August 3-4 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**ALBERT KING**  
May 2 ..... Chicago, IL

**B. B. KING**  
May 9 ..... Boston, MA  
May 15 ..... Tulsa, OK  
May 16 ..... Louisville, KY

*The Empire Strikes Back or Star Wars II*, also stars Harrison Ford, Carrie Fisher and those cute robots.

*Brubaker* stars Robert Redford as a reform-minded prison warden.

*Oh Heavenly Dog* has Chevy Chase turning into Benji - reincarnation with a vengeance.

*My Bodyguard* is the larger of two kids; the grownups are Martin Mull and Ruth Gordon.

*How to Beat the High Cost of Living* stars Jane Curtin, Susan Saint James and Jessica Lange as three housewives who steal.

*Dressed to Kill*, a psychological murder mystery, stars Michael Caine and Angie Dickinson, directed by *Fury* and *Carrie's* Brian De Palma.

*K-GOD* is a religious TV station; meant to be funny, isn't.

*Underground Aces* are parking garage attendants; sort of a *Car Wash* without the water.

*Happy Birthday Gemini* stars Madeline Kahn and Rita Moreno.

*Fame*, and the pursuit of it by teenagers attending a New York performing arts school.

*The Long Riders*, in which real brothers star as real brothers - the Carradines, Keaches, Quaid and Guests as the James, Dalton, Miller and Younger brothers.

*Roadie*. Meatloaf, Art Carney, Blondie and music.

*The Big Red One*, adventure with Lee Marvin.

*Sea Wolves*, more adventure, this with Gregory Peck, Roger Moore & David Niven.

*Those Lips, Those Eyes* - gorgeous Frank Langella in a comedy about summer stock.

*Why Would I Lie?* stars Treat Williams as a chronic liar and Lisa Eichhorn as a social worker.

*The Nude Bomb* (the Return of Maxwell Smart). Don Adams.

*The Gong Show Movie* stars Chuck Barris and is, we're told, semi-autobiographical. Who cares?

*The Island*, author Peter Benchley's latest venture into deep waters, stars Michael Caine, David Warner.

*The Blues Brothers*, starring Aykroyd, Belushi, Chicago and lots of old cars.

*Cheech and Chong's Next Movie*. 'Nuff said.

*Xanadu* has Olivia Newton-John and Michael Beck in a musical fantasy.

*Smokey and the Bandit II* stars Burt Reynolds, Sally Field, Jackie Gleason. More of the same.

*Tom Horn* was a famous Indian fighter; famous Steve McQueen plays him.

*The Shining*, Stanley Kubrick's long-awaited thriller starring Jack Nicholson and Shelley Duvall.

*Up the Academy*. *Mad Magazine's* answer to *Animal House*.

*Bronco Billy* has Clint Eastwood and Sondra Locke and a wild west show.

*Caddyshack* is about golf caddies and stars Chevy Chase, Rodney Dangerfield, Ted Knight and Bill Murray.

*No Nukes*, the film of the big anti-nuke concerts in New York a year ago.

*Honeysuckle Rose*: Willie Nelson, Amy Irving and Dyan Cannon in a country music tale of romance and adultery (hot damn!).

*Divine Madness* - Bette Midler in concert.

*Urban Cowboy*, at last; John Travolta struts his stuff in Texas.

*Rough Cut* stars Burt Reynolds and Lesley-Anne Down in a cute caper.

*Airplane*, a spoof of disaster movies, with a cast of "thousands" including Kareem Abdul-Jabbar and Jose Feliciano (huh?).

*The Hunter*, based on the life of bounty hunter Ralph Thorson, stars Steve McQueen.

*Hog Wild*, yet another youthful-antics flick.

*Tulips* has Gabe Kaplan and Bernadette Peters in a black comedy about suicide.

*Hollywood Knights*, about some hot rodders in L.A.

*Holy Moses*, a Biblical spoof, stars Dudley Moore and Laraine Newman.

*Blue Lagoon* has Brooke Shields and Christopher Atkins, alone on a desert island.

*The Mountain Men* are Charleton Heston and Brian Keith.

*The Special Edition of Close Encounters of the Third Kind* has 20-odd minutes that the first edition didn't.

*Used Cars*, about, not surprisingly, used car salesmen, stars Kurt Russell and Jack Warden.

*The Watcher in the Woods*, in which an American family encounters bizarre events when they move to an English country manor. Bette Davis, David McCallum.

**THE RAMONES**  
May 2 ..... Champaign, IL  
May 3 ..... East Lansing, MI  
May 4 ..... Chicago, IL  
May 6 ..... Carbondale, IL

**LEON REDBONE**  
July 12 ..... Washington, D.C.  
July 25 ..... Purchase, NY

**DEBBIE REYNOLDS**  
May 23-26 ..... Buena Park, CA  
June 30-July 6 ..... St. Louis, MO

**SMOKEY ROBINSON**  
May 2 ..... Monroe, LA  
May 3 ..... Houston, TX  
May 4 ..... Dallas, TX  
May 23 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**KENNY ROGERS & DOTTIE WEST**  
May 2-15 ..... Lake Tahoe, CA  
June 19 ..... Spokane, WA  
June 20 ..... Portland, OR  
June 22 ..... Seattle, WA

**SONNY ROLLINS**  
June 28-29 ..... Milwaukee, WI  
August 1-2 ..... Chicago, IL

**LINDA RONSTADT**  
May 5 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**RUSH**  
May 13 ..... Hershey, PA  
May 14 ..... Pittsburgh, PA  
May 16 ..... Providence, RI  
May 17 ..... Seattle, WA  
May 18 ..... Denver, CO  
May 20 ..... New Haven, CT  
May 21 ..... Buffalo, NY  
May 23 ..... Nassau, NY

**GIL SCOTT-HERON**  
May 2 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**BOB SEGER**  
May 2-3 ..... Oakland, CA  
May 5 ..... Portland, OR  
May 7 ..... Seattle, WA  
May 10 ..... Denver, CO  
May 17 ..... Minneapolis, MN

**THE SELECTER**  
May 3 ..... Houston, TX  
May 11 ..... Chicago, IL  
May 18 ..... Boston, MA

**SISTER SLEDGE**  
May 17 ..... Arlington, VA  
June 1 ..... Oakland, CA  
June 13 ..... Houston, TX  
August 23 ..... East Rutherford, NJ

**AL STEWART**  
August 25 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**TAVARES**  
June 26-27 ..... Pleasanton, CA  
June 28-29 ..... Scottsdale, AZ

**TRIUMPH**  
May 1 ..... San Antonio, TX  
May 2 ..... Dallas, TX  
May 3 ..... Houston, TX  
May 4 ..... Austin, TX  
May 6 ..... McAllen, TX  
May 7 ..... Beaumont, TX  
May 8 ..... Wichita Falls, TX  
May 9 ..... Amarillo, TX  
May 10 ..... El Paso, TX  
May 11 ..... Midland, TX  
May 13 ..... Corpus Christi, TX

**UFO**  
May 3 ..... Houston, TX

**UTOPIA**  
May 8 ..... Eugene, OR  
May 9 ..... Medford, OR  
May 11 ..... San Jose, CA  
May 12 ..... Davis, CA  
May 14 ..... Seattle, WA  
May 15 ..... Portland, OR  
May 17 ..... Berkeley, CA  
May 19-20 ..... Phoenix, AZ  
May 21 ..... Tucson, AZ  
May 24 ..... San Diego, CA  
May 26 ..... Fresno, CA  
May 28-29 ..... Los Angeles, CA  
May 30 ..... Santa Barbara, CA

**VAN HALEN**  
May 1 ..... Washington, D.C.  
May 3 ..... Hyannis port, MA  
May 5 ..... Buffalo, NY  
May 6 ..... Rochester, NY  
May 7 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
May 8 ..... New Haven, CT  
May 9 ..... Philadelphia, PA

**THE WHO**  
May 2 ..... St. Paul, MN  
May 3 ..... Chicago, IL  
June 23-25, 27-28 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**Z.Z. TOP**  
May 1 ..... Springfield, MA  
May 3 ..... Boston, MA  
May 4 ..... Pasaic, NJ

May 17 ..... Memphis, TN  
May 18 ..... Nashville, TN  
May 29 ..... Norman, OK  
May 30 ..... Fort Worth, TX  
May 31 ..... Shreveport, LA  
June 7 ..... San Diego, CA  
June 8 ..... Houston, TX  
June 13 ..... Oakland, CA  
June 27 ..... Atlanta, GA  
July 26 ..... Milwaukee, WI  
August 1 ..... Cincinnati, OH  
August 2 ..... Washington, D.C.  
August 9 ..... Philadelphia, PA

**LITTLE RIVER BAND**  
June 30 ..... Los Angeles, CA

**GRAHAM NASH**  
May 2 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
May 4 ..... Pittsburgh, PA  
May 6 ..... Atlanta, GA  
May 8 ..... Miami, FL

**NAZARETH**  
May 15 ..... Lexington, KY  
May 19 ..... Philadelphia, PA  
May 21 ..... St. Louis, MO  
May 23 ..... Chicago, IL  
May 24 ..... Detroit, MI  
June 6 ..... New York, NY

**RICK NELSON**  
May 27-31 ..... Houston, TX  
June 3-8 ..... Dallas, TX

**WILLIE NELSON**  
May 1 ..... Fort Myers, FL  
May 2 ..... West Palm Beach, FL  
May 3 ..... Sunrise, FL  
May 4 ..... St. Petersburg, FL

**TED NUGENT**  
May 23 ..... San Francisco, CA  
May 24 ..... San Bernardino, CA  
May 25 ..... Los Angeles, CA  
May 27 ..... Portland, OR  
May 28 ..... Seattle, WA  
May 29 ..... Spokane, WA

**JOHN PRINE**  
July 9 ..... Ambler, PA  
July 12 ..... Washington, D.C.

Meet the waiters of Camp Oskemo,  
they make war, make trouble and make out.



# GORP\*

\*a bunch of fruits, nuts and flakes.

SAMUEL Z. ARKOFF presents A JEFFREY KONVITZ PRODUCTION  
"GORP" MICHAEL LEMBECK • DENNIS QUAID • PHILIP CASNOFF  
FRAN DRESCHER • DAVID HUDDLESTON

Story by JEFFREY KONVITZ and MARTIN ZWEIBACK Screenplay by JEFFREY KONVITZ

Produced by JEFFREY KONVITZ and LOUIS S. ARKOFF

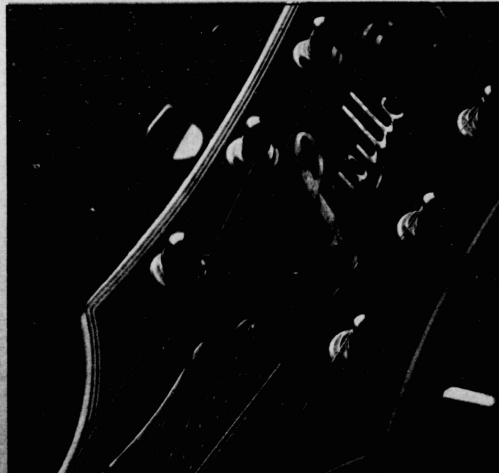
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PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN



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1. At standard record levels, no high bias tape has a flatter response across the entire frequency range.
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**MEMOREX**



**MEMOREX 90**



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