

KENTUCKY Kernel

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University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky

David kills 5 in Florida, moves toward Georgia

AP Dispatches

A weakened Hurricane David bypassed Miami yesterday, skirted up Florida's golden eastern coast and turned slightly westward yesterday as it punished the resort beaches of central Florida with winds of 80 mph in its march towards Georgia and South Carolina.

Meanwhile, the National Hurricane Center was keeping a close watch on Hurricane Frederic, a smaller hurricane which is carving a path similar to David. Although David spared populous southeast Florida yesterday, it surged inland to carve a path of destruction through beachfront condominiums and trailers south of the nation's space-launch complex.

Furious winds blew refrigerators and television sets out of wrecked apartments like toys and tossed ruined trailers a quarter of a mile along windswept beaches, police said.

Forecasters said the storm would likely return to the sea before the end of the day and track toward Georgia and the Carolinas, possibly reaching those coasts by tonight.

Though five deaths were indirectly attributed to storm conditions, evacuation along Florida's beachfronts appeared to have averted a higher loss of life.

Wind scoured beaches from Cape Canaveral — where missiles already on launch pads were lashed down — south as David swung inland at midday shortly after passing the mansion enclave of Palm Beach.

Until then, the giant storm had remained just offshore, considerably weakened since stunning the Caribbean islands of Puerto Rico, Dominica and the Dominican Republic with at least 640 deaths.

Then near noon its eye curved ashore. "It's the first time the eye has been going directly over land areas" in Florida, said forecaster Paul Hebert at the National Hurricane Center. "It's just been inching off to the west, but it looks as if it won't go far inland."

The National Hurricane Center was also keeping a close watch on Hurricane Frederic, which could follow in David's path.

Hurricane Frederic was located west of the island of St. Martin, Virgin Islands, and 170 miles east of San Juan, Puerto Rico. It was expected to pass a short distance north of St. Thomas, Virgin Islands, about midnight and 50-60 miles north of San Juan about daybreak today.

In Paris, the Ministry for Overseas Territories said Frederic, packing 80-mph winds, skirted past to the northeast of Guadeloupe, a French island where David's 150-mph winds last Wednesday knocked down thousands of homes and wiped

out crops.

Jose Colon, director of the National Weather Service in San Juan, said there were electrical shutdowns on Antigua, one of the Leeward Islands north of Guadeloupe, but no reports of serious damage. There also were no reports of casualties or severe damage from nearby Barbuda, like Antigua a British protectorate.

Gary Goldstein, civil defense spokesman, said damage estimates reached \$1 million in Palm Beach County where the eye of Hurricane David brushed Singer Island, a resort hideaway near the mansion city of Palm Beach, about noon with 75 mph winds.

"It was just beautiful," said Roy Showman, who invited nine friends to his Palm Beach home little more than a block from the ocean. "We sat outside and watched the wind blow, watched the water blow and watched the transformers blow. I thought it was going to be a lot worse, but it just knocked down a bunch of trees."

At 2 p.m. EDT a hurricane watch extended north to the coasts of Georgia and South Carolina and in the northwestern Bahamas. A hurricane warning was in effect from Boca Raton to Daytona Beach in Florida.

David was centered near Jensen Beach, Fla., at latitude 27.1 north and longitude 80.1 west. It had veered a little to the west, but was expected to resume a north-northwest course at 12 m.p.h.

Georgia officials urged the evacuation of the barrier islands, such as the popular resorts of Tybee and St. Simons islands, and civil defense authorities opened emergency operation centers in Glynn, Chatham and Camden counties.

The threat also spurred preparations in the Carolinas.

"We're going to start moving people into Charleston at this point," said Dennis Johnson, disaster director of the Greater Carolinas Chapter of the Red Cross. "We'll follow it up the coast."

David's lethal eye stayed at sea as the hurricane hugged the Florida coastline on its trek northward.

Loss of life and property in Florida appeared far lighter than officials had feared. But Neil Frank, director of the National Hurricane Center in Miami, was clearly worried about states farther north such as North Carolina, where Labor Day crowds were packing beaches and mountain resorts.

"We think the hurricane is going to parallel the coast and continue north and be a threat somewhere in the Carolinas sometime in the next 48 hours," said Frank. He said the winds could hit South Carolina by late Tuesday.

Continued on page 3



By DAVID COYLE/Kernel Staff

Firemen clean up the mess after yesterday's two alarm fire at Joe B.'s. The popular pizzeria, a favorite of many, received smoke and water damage.

Two-week shutdown

Basement blaze closes Joe Bologna's

By TERESA YOUNG
Associate Editor

A two-alarm fire broke out in the basement of Joe Bologna's Restaurant, corner of East Maxwell and South Limestone streets, at about 11 a.m. yesterday and caused substantial damage to the basement as well as smoke and water damage to the first floor.

Battalion Chief Ralph Durbin said it was reported that one of the two employees present was "cleaning up grease with paint thinner" in the

basement. Durbin said this might have caused the fire.

Bob Daley, vice-president and general manager of Joe Bologna's, said neither employee was hurt.

The first alarm was called in at 11:08 a.m., with a second alarm called at 11:25 a.m. for added manpower "because of the amount of smoke coming (from the premises)," Daley said.

Four engine trucks, two hook-and-ladder trucks and one emergency vehicle responded to the alarm, Durbin said.

The two employees were doing

general cleanup in the basement when the fire broke out, Daley said. Although he could not give the exact amount of damage to the restaurant, Daley estimated it to be between \$20,000 and \$25,000.

Because the restaurant was closed yesterday, its stock of perishable foods were low, Daley said. But he added that, "for insurance and health reasons, we are saving no food."

There was also some damage done to the electrical wiring in the building, Durbin said.

With the amount of repair and

clean up needed, Daley said Joe Bologna's would be closed no longer than two weeks.

The restaurant employs about 35 people, including 15 students, and Daley said he was not sure whether they can receive unemployment funds. Some of the employees will be paid to clean up the damage from the smoke, and others will be used at the two Joe Bologna's Restaurants located in Southland and on New Circle Road, he said.

"Hopefully we will be able to take care of them (the employees) with some satisfaction," he said.

Business records good, Brown says; refutes claims from Republican camp



JOHN Y. BROWN

By SY RAMSEY
Associated Press Writer

FRANKFORT — John Y. Brown Jr. claims his business record since he became a multimillionaire is far better than Republican "distortions" would have the electorate believe.

The Democratic nominee for governor said in an interview that aside from misleading allegations about his so-called lifestyle, his political enemies are disseminating falsehoods about his expertise in various enterprises.

"They make heavy emphasis in their accusations about Brown hasn't been as successful after he got out of Kentucky Fried Chicken," he said there have been several

examples of businesses that haven't worked out."

But in truth, the candidate said, "all they're referring to are some development concept ideas that every company tries" which are not always successful.

"It's a form of research and development," he said. "And money has never been my idol. I haven't had the same motivation since KFC."

"Besides, no one required the Wright brothers to build another airplane."

Brown said that when one delves into his business career, "I think you'll find that every major involvement of mine has been responsible and productive."

He said there have been several big undertakings since he sold KFC,

other than testing of new concepts.

"One was Lum's which was a bankrupt company that had closed over 200 stores before I purchased it," he said.

"I just liked the challenge of trying to turn it around, and during this period it was turned around... and the restaurant industry I think will report it was one of the most dramatic turnarounds in the field because everybody expected it to go under."

What this proves, the Democratic nominee said, is that he has the ability to manage, the discipline and the correct judgment in making decisions — "they do show qualifications to serve as governor."

Brown cited the national

Continued on page 3

today

inside

Moped madness
can be fun — and dangerous.
See page 4 for safety tips

state

THREE FATALITIES YESTERDAY BOOSTED TO EIGHT the number of persons to die in traffic accidents on Kentucky highways during the Labor Day weekend. State police reported an arrest in connection with one of the fatal mishaps.

Police said Robert William Boggs of Porter Creek in Carter County was charged with second-degree manslaughter in the hit-and-run death of Thomas Arthurs last Saturday. Arthurs, 26, of Lawton Olive Hill, was struck while walking along the Rawdon Ridge Road about four miles south of Olive Hill.

The deaths raised the state's yearly count to 590, compared with 569 for the same period last year. Ten fatalities were recorded in Kentucky during the 1978 Labor Day holiday weekend.

nation

SINCE THE FALL OF THE SHAH OF IRAN last winter, Saudi Arabia has emerged by far as the biggest U.S. arms buyer, a Wisconsin congressman said yesterday.

"Saudi Arabia is buying 11 times as much as the second largest military customer," said Rep. Les Aspin, D-Wis., a member of the House Armed Services Committee.

Aspin said oil-rich Saudi Arabia has signed up for \$3.7 billion, or 54 percent of the \$6.3 billion in goods and services that the Pentagon has agreed to sell under the foreign military sales program since February.

PIONEER 11, AFTER BLAZING A TRAIL other spacecrafts will follow to Saturn, left excited scientists poring over their five best-ever pictures of the giant moon Titan yesterday.

"I feel really very good about the fact we have the data and pictures at all, and even better that it looks like the data are going to be very useful... in probing the atmosphere of Titan," a unique and fascinating world in its own right, said Martin Tomasko of the University of Arizona.

Pioneer flew past Saturn on Saturday, then swung within about 220,000 miles of Titan as it sailed away from the mother planet.

Because Titan is the only moon in the solar system known to have an atmosphere, some scientists have speculated it might harbor some form of life.

PRESIDENT CARTER TOLD A GATHERING of labor leaders last night that America's "willingness to go beyond where we are obliged to do... will get us through our current problems."

world

In remarks prepared for delivery at a White House picnic for 1,000 members of the labor movement, the president told the Labor Day audience that he has returned to the nation's capital "with a renewed appreciation of the fundamental strength of our nation." However, he added, he also returned with an intense awareness of Americans' fears about the future.

The president returned late yesterday afternoon from a four-day vacation in his home town of Plains, Ga., where he visited friends and relatives and fished and jogged.

EGYPTIAN PRESIDENT ANWAR SADAT SAILED for Israel aboard his presidential yacht yesterday, having declared his hope that the trip will produce a breakthrough on Palestinian self-rule.

It is Sadat's third trip to Israel and the first for his wife, Jehan, who accompanied him aboard the yacht along with a small group of the president's closest advisers.

Until recently, the three-day visit to the Mediterranean city of Haifa was expected to be largely ceremonial. But last month Sadat helped Israel stave off an American initiative that might have cleared the way for a dialogue with the Palestine Liberation Organization. And last week, making a direct reference to the PLO issue, Sadat made it clear he hopes to cash in on good will he feels has been built between him and Begin.

TASS political analyst Yevgeny Babenko focused his comments on Sen. Frank Church, chairman of the Senate Foreign Relations Committee, who last Thursday said U.S. intelligence sources had confirmed the presence of the Soviet troops.

Babenko's commentary said sarcastically that Church had somehow developed "striking distance vision."

Cuba, now hosting a conference of non-aligned nations, declined comment on the Church allegations except to say they were made to embarrass Cuba at the conference.

GOVERNMENT TROOPS STRIKING UNDER COVER of jet fighters, helicopter gunships and tanks breached rebel defense lines outside this Kurdish stronghold city yesterday, driving most of the guerrillas into the surrounding hills.

As the troops advanced in a two-pronged attack aimed at crushing the rebellion, the main guerrilla force and most of the city's population filtered into the surrounding hills and vowed to fight on.

The 64th Infantry Division and the 81st Armored Division burst through Kurdish defense positions on the city's northern approaches, but observers at the scene said they apparently did not want to enter the city at night and probably would make their final push into Mahabad at daybreak today.

weather

PARTLY CLOUDY, WARM AND HUMID THROUGH TOMORROW with a few widely-scattered thunderstorms during the afternoon and early evening hours. Low temperatures tonight in the mid 60s to around 70 and highs both today and tomorrow in the mid 80s to around 90.

KENTUCKY Kernel

editorials & comments

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Lexington's 'blue laws' should be enforced or forgotten

Three out-of-town companies selling furniture, carpets and books during a liquidation sale at the Lexington Center Sunday were cited for breaking state blue laws.

Metro police issued citations after local businessmen complained and threatened to sign warrants against the companies. If the businessmen had not complained, would the police have issued citations?

State law prohibits retail stores — except those providing necessary public services such as supermarkets and drug stores — from opening on Sunday. Who gave the out-of-town companies permission to rent space and sell merchandise on Sunday?

John Flack, manager of carpet sales with John Flack Carpets of Atlanta, told The Lexington Herald that he couldn't remember anyone mentioning that it is against the law to sell on Sunday when he rented the space. Who opened the doors of the Civic Center to customers Sunday and why didn't they know about the law?

The businessmen who complained and threatened to sign warrants against the com-

panies unless they were cited for breaking the law are correct when they say out-of-town companies have sold items at the Civic Center on Sundays and never been cited by Metro police.

Lillian Kuznof, a manager for Mattress and Furniture Distributors of Cincinnati — one of the companies present at the Civic Center — said her company has sold merchandise in Lexington on Sunday twice before this weekend without being cited.

Surely Tom Minter, general manager of the Lexington Center Corporation, is responsible for the overall operation of the center. He can not claim he was unaware of the state law after the publicity it caused for some local stores this year.

When he dismissed a closing law charge against a lack garden shop owner, Fayette County District Judge Don Paris called the law "unenforceable."

According to a Chamber of Commerce poll taken last year, 61 percent of Lexington's businesses are opposed to Sunday openings. Lexington businessmen may not want to open their doors on Sundays, but why should they react

so strongly against other companies opening their doors?

Money. "That money is bound to be going out of town," said Bob Ferguson, manager of Plaza Carpets in Lexington and one of the businessmen who complained to police Sunday. He was quoted by the Lexington Herald as saying, "We just felt that, if we're not allowed to be open on Sunday, neither should they."

Who has decided that the state law is void for out-of-town companies and who gives them permission to use the Civic Center — which is city property — on Sundays?

This spring, a Lexington Leader survey showed that not one of the fifteen Urban County Council members was willing to ask for a change in the blue laws, although some Kentucky cities — including Louisville, Frankfort and Winchester — have used the local option to open stores if they wish.

And, Vice Mayor Jim Todd said in a Lexington Leader article that he was firmly opposed to Sunday openings. "I'm afraid if we let the barriers down, we'd become another Pittsburgh

or Chicago or some city less desirable than Lexington," Todd said.

If the leaders of Lexington are so set against changing the blue laws to allow Sunday openings, why have they closed their eyes to sales at the Civic Center in the past? If they are going to allow Sunday sales, why do they allow out-of-town businesses — which don't pay city taxes — to make money while local businessmen lose dollars for obeying the law?

If the blue laws are not enforced against businesses in Lexington, all merchants should be allowed to open on Sunday without fear of receiving a citation.

It is time to face the issue and to decide whether to enforce the state law or use our "local option" and allow business on Sunday. Members of the Urban County Council said it was up to the voters to decide; but first, the voters must see whether the law is actually being enforced.

If out-of-town businesses continue to sell merchandise on city property on Sundays, then local businessmen should open their doors also until the issue is decided by a court decision or by the voters.

American morality is determined by liars who suppress freedom

BY GREGG FIELDS

Don't get me wrong — I used to respect authority. For instance, in high school the principal decided that the prom could no longer be held in the gym because it was a fire hazard.

I respectfully dissented, pointing out to him that most of those who attended were usually too drunk to start a fire anyway, and that the school was near a lot of a cheap hotels.

He, of course, was not swayed, and decided to hold the prom at a safe, commercial establishment. He chose the Beverly Hills Supper Club. Losing the fight made me rather submissive. Social commentary became something that was — well, unnecessary.

This summer, however, I covered the financial community for a newspaper in a major American city. During the course of the summer a man was convicted of illegally trying to mislead people into selling the stock they had in a company. This man planned to purchase this stock — at a rate that would be cheaper because of the lies he told — and then retain control of the

company. Something about this man was familiar. And then I remembered back to when I was a child, and a friend and I went downtown to buy clothes. This man, this very same man, was standing on a street corner

commentary

He picked up a copy of Playboy magazine and set fire to it. "We must stop this type of perversion that threatens to undermine our society and destroy the minds of our children," he said, as the flames enveloped the magazine. "We must eradicate those forces which seek to change America from a respectable, god-fearing place to a Gomorrah waiting to fall."

Well, the crowd went crazy. They loved him. And while God never scared me, I have to admit I didn't want anything to undermine society. That is, nothing as unnecessary as a centerfold.

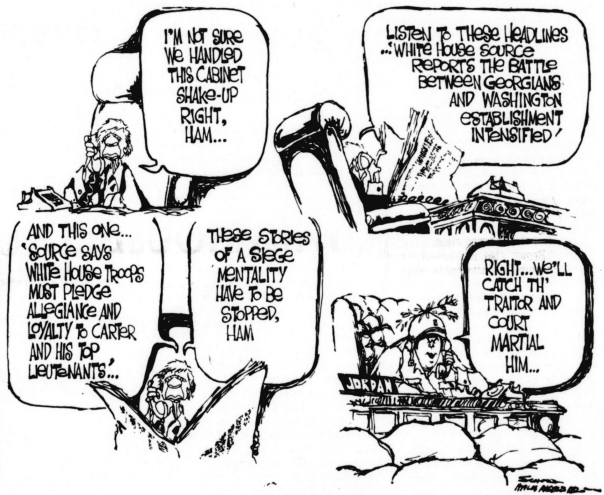
But this summer, as I saw this man convicted of lying to stockholders, I realized that he had lied before. And that most people

like him, really, are liars. That nothing, really, threatens to undermine society so much as the close-minded mentality that presumes anyone who doesn't believe in God is somehow perverted; that it's okay to steal and lie — but do it in the name of apple pie.

This man, of course, could never have dreamed that America is not the land of plenty for the millions of people who have been lied to and stolen from. In fact, a paper which the man is closely associated with editorialized last summer that "Americans may one day look back fondly to the days when an anti-communist such as Anastasio Somoza ruled Nicaragua." And we very well might. But I don't think the Nicaraguans will.

What all of this has resulted in is that now when anyone says they're doing something in the name of freedom, morality or God, I assume they're lying. I really wish I didn't feel that way; guess I just went to too many proms.

Gregg Fields graduated from UK last semester. He will soon start working as a financial reporter for a midwestern newspaper.



Hamilton Jordan: Is he trapped in an image he 'deliberately embraced'?

Hamilton Jordan is now busily denying the ties he cultivated in his disco-crawling days. But it is hard to live down an image deliberately embraced — he appeared in outlaw costume for *Rolling Stone*, and went to Studio 54, and mocked the serious types who lived in the White House before him.

During the 1976 campaign, Jordan told me that if he went Washington it

would just be for a while, to help get things started. Then he would depart. Why? "Because if I stayed I might become another Ted Sorenson." The

garry wills

hostility toward establishment types that radiates from the Carter administration comes mainly from Mr. Jordan, who (during the same campaign) fired Cyrus Vance as secretary of state before his boss ever had a chance to hire him.

Carter told *The New York Times*, in 1976, that he differed from Lyndon Johnson in one respect. He was not afraid of intellectuals. I think that may be true. But the president has relied on Mr. Jordan, who hides his fear in contempt, and thinks he can demonstrate ease by simple rudeness. Jordan deliberately snubbed congressmen and insulted Cabinet members. He wanted to show how unorthodox he was. For months he calmly left scowflaw charges on his illegally tagged and parked car. He was to be a Washington outsider in every way — even outside the law. Now he wishes he could undo all that calculated boorishness. His record in

these matters does not confirm that he casually sniffed coke at a trendy dissipation spot, but it explains why the charge is taken seriously. The White House tried to dismiss the matter as tainted at its source, since it comes from the owners of the very place Mr. Jordan went to see and be seen. Some have hinted that the charge is "McCarthyite," since one of the disco's owners' lawyers is Roy Cohn, who used to work for Joseph McCarthy. But another lawyer relating the charge is Mitchell Rogovin, known as a man of shrewd integrity in Washington.

If the charge is false, it is a vile one, and those making it should be (and probably will be) treated more harshly, not less, for their use of it. But the sad thing is that the public only takes the matter seriously because the person who has been described as "the second most powerful man in America" is widely perceived as contemptuous of the law itself as well as of the social code or mere civilities of Washington.

Jordan, no doubt, is coming to wish he had stuck to his resolution not to linger in Washington. It is a wish that President Carter must be entertaining, too.

Garry Wills writes a syndicated column out of Baltimore.

Letter to the Editor

Not that long ago

Let's get the facts straight, *Kernel*! On page one of your August 30 edition you reported that "a large quantity of fatal nerve gas, some of it left over from WWI, is stored at the Richmond facility" (of the Bluegrass Army Depot). You've misrepresented the facts. The fact is that in 1936 Dr. Gerhard Schrader, a research chemist working with the I. G. Farbenindustrie in Leverkusen, synthesized a heretofore unknown and highly toxic compound — "Tabun." Dr. Schrader who was researching insecticides at the time,

forwarded a report of his discovery to the German Ministry of War. Subsequent German research lead, unfortunately, to the development of the first nerve agents, "Sarin" in 1938 and "Soman" in 1944.

Now a little bit of mental arithmetic tells us that WWI was over a good 15 years before Dr. Schrader's discovery. Let's get the facts next time, *Kernel*.

Sherman R. Couch
Physics sophomore

and major; University employees should list their department and position. The *Kernel* reserves the right to condense or reject contributions, limit the number of submissions by frequent writers, and to edit all contributions for style, spelling, grammar, clarity and libelous statements.

Quad



Mopeds' popularity calls for increased safety



By RANDOLPH E. SCHMID
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON — How would you like get 100 miles to a gallon of gasoline on your daily commute to work?

Sounds impossible, you say. Not so, if you are willing to join the thousands of Americans riding mopeds: motor-assisted bicycles.

Long popular in other countries, moped sales have grown rapidly here in recent years, with more than 900,000 of them expected to be on America's streets by the end of the year.

But the National Highway Traffic Safety Administration fears this explosion of moped use will lead to more highway deaths and it is urging moped users to have particular caution, because auto drivers often fail to see the small two-wheelers.

In addition, safety officials urge moped riders to wear motorcycle-type safety helmets.

Mopeds sold in the United States have to conform to federal safety standards so when you shop for a machine, look for the certification label attached to the frame near the handlebars.

The label confirms that the vehicle is equipped with lamps and reflectors, drum brakes and proper tires and controls.

Moped prices range from \$350 to \$800 and experts say an added option that should be seriously considered is a turn-signal kit.

These kits cost about \$50 but the light signals are more visible than using your hands, especially at night. In addition, with the lights you can keep both hands on the controls and concentrate on driving the moped. A good, loud horn can also be a lifesaver.

The National Council of Better Business Bureaus has some suggestions for persons shopping for mopeds. Here

are the things they suggest looking for:

— Rear braking action. While mopeds have both front and rear brakes, most riders rely on the rear brakes because a rear-wheel skid is easier to control. Test ride the machine and test the brake action.

— Acceleration. Mopeds are not powerful vehicles, but the ability to move out readily from a stop can be important in city traffic. Check this in your test ride and be sure to check out uphill acceleration also.

— Handling and comfort. Since they have a top speed of 20 to 30 miles per hour, you will often be driving your moped wide open, so test ride it this way before buying. Also check the controls, balance, seat comfort and maneuverability around road hazards such as potholes.

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SIB UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Campus Calendar

SEPTEMBER

3 MONDAY

- SCB Movie: "A Boy and His Dog". SC, SC Theatre, 5 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- Labor Day - Academic Holiday.

4 TUESDAY

- SCB Movie: "Performance". SC, SC Theatre, 7 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- SCB Movie: "A Boy and His Dog". SC, SC Theatre, 9 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- Panhellenic Meeting, 5 p.m.
- \$20 late registration fee in effect.
- English as a Second Language Class begins.
- LTI in Oswald Bldg., rm. 210, 8:30 am-4:30 pm.
- Meeting-All Dramatics Meeting. (Seasonal announcements, tour of theatre, and etc.) Fine Arts Bldg., Lab Theatre, 7pm.
- Council of Aging Forum-"The State of the Newspaper". Student Center, 4pm.
- Intramurals - "Entry deadline for Tug-O-War".

5 WEDNESDAY

- SCB Movie: "Day of the Locust". SC, SC Theatre, 6pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- SCB Movie: "Butley". SC, SC Theatre, 8:30 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- LTI Meeting, Oswald Bldg., 8:30 am-4:30 pm, Rm. 210.
- SCB Big Blue Breakfast. Speaker: William Adams. Student Center, Pres. room, 8am.
- Last day to enter an Organized class.
- Last day to withdraw from University with partial reimbursement. (80%)
- \$20 late registration fee in effect.
- SCB Informal Panel discussion of current topics - "Brown Bag Forum". Student Center, rm. 245, 12 noon-1:30 pm.
- Intramurals - "Play begins for Tug-O-War". Seaton Field, 4pm.

6 THURSDAY

- SCB Movie: "Butley". SC, SC Theatre, 6pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- SCB Movie: "Day of the Locust". SC, SC Theatre, 8:30 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- UK Dancers Auditions. Barker Hall, 8:30 pm.
- Intramurals "Entry deadline for Flag Football". Seaton Center, by 5 pm.

7 FRIDAY

- SCB Movie: "Jaws". SC, SC Theatre, 6:30pm and 8:45pm. Adm. \$1.00.

8 SATURDAY

- SCB Movie: "Fearless Vampire Killers". SC, SC Theatre, 11 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- Play: "Charley's Aunt". Fine Arts Bldg., Guignol Theatre, 8pm. Tickets available at the Fine Arts Bldg., Box Office, price Students \$3.00 Faculty \$4.00.

9 SUNDAY

- SCB Movie: "Swingtime". SC, SC Theatre, 2pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- SCB Movie: "Cameleo". SC, SC Theatre 4:30pm and 7:30pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- Bluesgrass Tour for International Students and Faculty: Hilltop Open House, 11 am.

10 MONDAY

- SCB Movie: "Laserblash". SC, SC Theatre, 7 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- SCB Movie: "Grand Illusion". SC, SC Theatre, 9 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- Student Ticket distribution for Sept. 15 game (Miami Bidg.) at Memorial Coliseum.
- Study, Reading, and Classroom Strategies class begins. CB, 217, 3pm.

11 TUESDAY

- SCB Movie: "Grand Illusion". SC, SC Theatre, 9 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- SCB Movie: "Laserblash". SC, SC Theatre, 9 pm. Adm. \$1.00.
- Special Exam for Freshman English Credit. CB Bldg., 102, 110, and 118 rooms, 7 pm.
- Study Skills for Women in Continuing Ed. Mathew Bldg., rm. 302-d, 12:30 pm.
- Intramurals "Officials Clinic Football". Seaton Center, rm. 213, 4pm.
- Council on Aging Forum "Dangers of Smoke Inhalation for the Older Person". Student Center, 4 pm.

Where To Go After The Dust Has Settled
(Beginning Sept. 4, 1979)

Payment of Tuition and Fees (Including \$18.00 Health Fee)
Billings and Collections Office 7-2006 Room 200, Service Building 8am-3:30pm, M-F, including Noon hour. If fees are not paid by Sept. 12 registration will be cancelled. Refund/return period is Sept. 12-21, with payment of \$50.00 reinstatement fee and full registration fees. Deadline for paying health fee is Sept. 21.

Meal Cards (New and Replacements)
If no prior contract has been signed student must first go to the Housing Operations Office (see paragraph below) Director of Food Services 8-4711, Food Storage Building (Same as K-Lair Office) 8am-4pm M-F.

Housing and Dining Payments (If there are any left!)
Housing Operations Office 7-1886 Room 218 L, Service Building, 8am-11:00am & 3-3:30pm

Student Parking Permits
Public Safety Division 8-5757 Room 101, 305 Euclid Avenue (northeast corner of Rose & Euclid), 8am-4:00pm M-F.

Blue Cross/Blue Shield Insurance Information
Student Health Service 3-8281 - Student Insurance Office, Medical Center Annex No. 2 (on Rose Street across from Med. Center) 8am-4:30pm. Deadline for payment for fall semester Sept. 28, 1979.

Student Financial Aid
Student Financial Aid Office, 3rd floor, PCT, 8-5708 8-8:00am-4:30pm, M-F, Loans and Grants - room 567 8-8006, BECO info - Room 561, 8-251, Work Study Info - Room 553, 7-2743, LTI Students - Room 518 8-4750.

Student I.D. and Activity Cards
Photographic Services 2-0221 Open 24 Hours Mon. (except Labor Day) 1:15-11:15pm, Thurs. 8:15-11:45am. If no I.D. picture has been made (new students only):
Rm. 0005 Kastle Hall. Person must have paid fee and be on mail payment print out.
ID's will be validated and Activity Cards issued at same time. Deadline Sept. 12 that \$5.00 replacement fee. Replacement of Lost ID or Activity Card check first at the Admic. Dean of Students Office 375 PCT, where all lost ID's are to be turned in and fees of \$5.00 collected if Activity card is to be replaced. Picture taken in Rm. 0005, cards will be issued and validated. Proof of fee payment necessary (either fee payment slip or name status from full time to part time student or vice versa). 2. Name change due to marriage or legal action. 3. Error on the original (incorrect spelling, wrong social security).

Freshman Register Distribution
To be mailed directly to students at their home address from printer. Refer questions regarding the Freshman Register to Student Center Program Office, Room 203, 8-4867.
S.C. Director's Office, Room 208, 8am-4pm M-F. Locker will be assigned with a deposit of \$5.00. Refund will be made when key is returned, less \$1.00 for each semester locker is used. Lockers to be returned at beginning of each 16 semester. No refund will be made if the key is lost.

Coliseum Pool And/Or Seaton Center Campus Recreation Locker
Pay \$20.00 of Billings and Collections in the Service Building. A \$5.00 fee is made if lower service is desired. Take receipt for payment to Coliseum Pool and/or Seaton Center where a locker will be assigned. The same receipt entitles holder to a locker at both places if this is desired.

Football Game Tickets
Student Tickets - will be available with full-time ID and Activity Card on the Mon. and Tues. before the home game. Consult the Kernel for specific information for each game. Sports Tickets - Ticket book for 5 home games may be purchased for \$50.00 cash only at the Coliseum Main Ticket Office inside the Lexington Ave. ground floor entrance from 8am-4pm M-F after Aug. 27. A copy of a marriage certificate must be presented in the time of purchase along with a valid ID and Activity Card.

Credit Carding Service
Complex Center Facility - 8am-2pm, 3rd floor of Center Facility. Service is limited to residents of Complex, Donovan, and Haggin Halls. Limit \$50.00 - 108 semester charge for student or faculty-staff ID card is required. Limit is \$50.00 per day and 108 validated fee for each credit card. Mon 213 SC 8:57H.

Student Center Bookstore
Open 8am-5:15pm starting Sept. 4, M-F 8-4731.

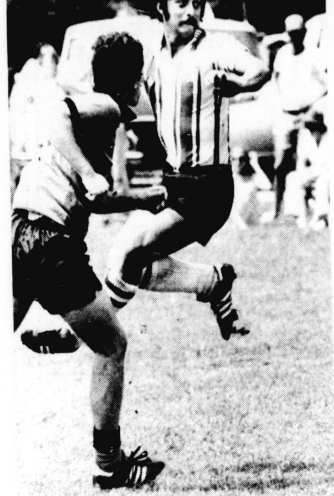
General Telephone Co.
Room 111 & 113 through Sept. 7 to accept applications and receive payment for off-campus service and credit cards for dorm residents.

Central Kentucky Concert and Lecture Series (CKCLS)
Full-time students with I.D. Activity Card may attend free. Sports Tickets Sept. 5-28, 206 Student Center \$5.00 upon presentation of spouse ID and some identification showing relation. Regular season tickets for faculty and staff \$15.00.

sports

Youth movement

Lady Kat tennis team to rely on newcomers this season



By TOM MORAN/Kernel Staff

Kentucky Kicker soccer player David Penalba tries a header during yesterday's championship match of Soccerama '79. Led by Manjot Randhawa's two goals the Kickers, seeded fifth in the tournament, defeated the Louisville Strikers 2-1 for the title.

By CAROLYN FLYNN
Staff Writer

Fran Curci isn't the only one who will be relying on freshmen this fall. Seventh-year tennis coach Claudia Young will be seeking to lead a youthful Lady Kat team to a fourth straight Kentucky Women's Interscholastic Conference state title.

Young is left with only two veterans from last year's 165-2 team after the graduation of No. 2 seed Jackie Gibson and No. 6 seed Cindy Kearney. Lisa Scheper and Susan Nolan will be returning as seniors in a lineup otherwise consisting of two sophomores and four freshmen.

Challenges begin Wednesday to determine their rankings.

Last year's No. 1 seed, Kiki Smith, decided to rest out a year of tennis and school around the first of the summer. Later she became engaged and will be married in May. Currently she is going to school part-time and teaching lessons out at the Tennis Club.

"She wanted to reevaluate her priorities," said Young. "She wasn't happy in school and decided to take off a year to think about what she was doing. She's not tired of tennis; she just wanted to be

her best. She made it clear she would come back next year."

Yet, Young is optimistic. "We have good depth. All of them are about equal in ability. Our No. 1 seed won't be as strong, but our strength will be evenly distributed. It is just as important as having all your strength at the top. With the freshmen being so good, we will put (seeds) 4, 5, and 6 regularly. Our doubles will be stronger. We'll have strength in different places."

Taking up the slack will be Scheper and Nolan, the highest ranked returning seeds (3 and 4 respectively). "Scheper is aggressive, hits hard. She's a good doubles player because she's aggressive at the net," commented Young. "Nolan is steady; she uses ground strokes and finesse to outlast her opponents. She's an experienced player; she uses her head."

Nolan will be providing the leadership as the team captain. "She's more enthusiastic than before. She's matured; she works harder," added Young. "She went through a slump, but I could see she was changing last spring, playing better than

Scheper and Nolan have played an important role in leading the Lady Kats to their past three state championships, accumulating a dual meet record of 51-11 over three years.

"It will be rough at first," said Young about the adjustment they will have to make as the leaders after playing 3 and 4. "The competition in the state is tough. But they're seniors, and they're settled. In fact, Nolan likes the spotlight. She didn't play as well at No. 4 as she did at No. 1 when she was a freshman."

Also returning from last year is sophomore Debbie Grimes, who posted the best individual dual meet record last season, 18-2. Walk-on Rachel Kroog will be back for her second year. "Grimes is strong, and has hard ground strokes," said Young. "Kroog is determined, works hard. She's enthusiastic. She helps team spirit. Both of them should be helped by the experience of last year."

Three incoming freshmen will also play decisive roles. One is Cathy Gill, 4th ranked in Ohio, another is Patsy Lukas from Nebraska where she was ranked No. 1 in the state, and No. 6 in the Missouri Valley region.

"Lukas is good all-around and strong in doubles," Young commented.

The most promising of the freshmen is Lynn Shores from West Virginia where she was ranked No. 1 in the state, No. 2 in the Ohio Valley Section, and No. 10 in the Western Division. "She's consistent and she has tournament experience," said Young. Shores beat Nolan last week in auditions.

The Lady Kats open their season Sept. 18 at Northern. The 1979-80 schedule should be tough, particularly with the second meet being at UT-Chattanooga, two-time AIAW National Small College Champion. "We try to toughen our schedule every year," commented Young. "It's a hard one to start with, Lady Kats will also play in the first annual SEC tournament in Nashville.

meets will show us what we have to do. It will take a while to adjust."

The state has been redivided into three divisions instead of two, with the Lady Kats remaining in Division I. Division I is down to five teams with Northern and Mehaid moving to II. Beside the Lady Kats, Eastern and Western appear to be the strongest teams statewide.

This spring the Lady Kats will play in four tournaments, including the Second Annual Indoor Lady Kats Invitational Tournament. Indiana, Ohio State, and Tennessee will be playing in the tournament being held at the Lexington Tennis Club in March. The Lady Kats will also play in the first annual SEC tournament in Nashville.

Continued on page 6

258-4646

is the number to call for information about the best read bulletin board on campus. The Kernel Classifieds. The deadline for classified ads is noon, one day prior to the day of publication.

The Kernel Classified office is located in room 210 of the Journalism Building on campus. All ads must be paid in advance.

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- FOR SALE's etc. All wood adjustable drawing/drafting table with metal stool. Excellent condition. \$75 for both. 272-1194. 3154
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- FOR SALE-J. C. Penny refrigerator like new counter top high, call 257-2197. 3054
- FOR SALE-1976 Camaro, yellow with spoiler P.S. P.R. Auto A.M. FM Tag 278-490. 3054
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- PHILIPS GA211-Electronic stereo turntable top condition, call 259-1158 evening. 455
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- WINDOW AIR CONDITIONER-800 BTU, Automatic Thermostat, usable for Shawneetown or Cooperstown. Alan 277-5497 or 257-1876. 3155
- BEER 3.99 CASE-Big Daddy Liquors, 372 Woodland Ave.
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- PHOTO PROCESSING-Part time help needed immediate placement for individual to work an average of 4 hours a day 6 days a week must be thoroughly reliable and precise experience helpful but employer will train. Reply in writing to Bluegrass Color Lab 201 Kentucky Avenue. 31431
- OPTICAL LENS-grinding shop needs part time help 4 to 6 hours daily job to run approx. 8 weeks. HAOURS FLEXIBLE. Call Ken Michel-Snyder-Gorham Optical Co. 254-8888. 3154
- PART TIME COOK-No experience necessary, just hard worker, apply in person 2-5, 2070 Richmond Rd. Barabara Tavern. 3157
- TEAM OF TWO STUDENTS-capable of working without supervision, mowing grass on large horse farm in Midway. Salary negotiable, call (606)846-4418. 3154

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- SECRETARY FULL TIME OR TEMP-then December 31, 1979, must be experienced and excellent typist, call 271-7338, Ra.m. til 4:30 p.m. 2955
- POSITIONS AVAILABLE-1000 to 5000p. 5000p. to Close Good starting wages, apply in person, Arby's 212 Southland Dr. or 2649 Richmond Road. 2955
- WORK FARM-Preparing very large confinement for November sales. Need two qualified workers. References required. Hurricane east Georgetown Pike. No phone calls please. 2955
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- INDIVIDUAL-or college student desiring free room and board in exchange for one hour work in morning and approximately two hours in the evening. 272-7498 after 5PM. 3157
- MONDAY THROUGH FRIDAY HERALD ROUTES-Morning delivery five days a week Richmond Rd Area. Monthly profit \$320 or more. Call Greg Ward 251-1114. 3157
- SOMEONE TO CLEAN OFFICE-and cut gas. Call Mrs. Lewis. 277-6135 3157

lost & found

- LOST WALLET-brown leather, campus vicinity, please call Mary 253-0629. 3154
- SET OF KEYS-found in Classroom Building. Call 257-3194. 455

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- ROOM FOR RENT-five minute walk from Medical Center. Graduate student preferred. Call 253-3838. 2954
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wanted

SEMINAR NOTICE-Professor Mohamed El-Hodri, University of Kansas, "Profile Analysis of Consumer's Demand." Friday, Sept. 7, 1979, 3:30 p.m. Sponsored by The Graduate School. 457

UK OUTDOOR CLUB MEETING-anyone interested in getting out of Lee, into the woods on weekends, drop by Wed. 7:30 p.m. Seaton Center, Rm. 123 455

memos

THERE WILL BE: Rugby organization meeting at Seaton Center, 4 Thursday Sept. 6, for all of those interested in playing. 456

UK KOREAN KARATE CLUB-beginning and advanced classes begin 9:55 Seaton Conditioning Room Mon and Wed 8:00PM. Call 257-2307 for info. 455

UK DANCERS AUDITIONS-Thursday Sept. 6 & 8, Barker Hall (women's gym). Male Dancers encouraged minimal experience. More info 258-2887. Old members meet 6:45, 6:50. 456

VETERANS-Pick up your copy of the Veterans Services Newsletter for Fall 1979 at room 206 Gillis Building. Read it to stay better informed! 455

VETERANS-Tue V.A. will only permit you to drop courses which create a change in your enrollment status through Wednesday, September 5. Avoid overpayment problems! 455

STUDENT GOVERNMENT ACADEMIC AFFAIRS COMMITTEE-will meet tonight at 8:15 in Room 119 Student Center. Interested students are welcome. 454

LALECHE LEAGUE-will meet Sept. 4, 8:00, 141 Chesham Rd., Lexington to discuss Advantages of Breastfeeding Babies. Babies welcome. For information call 266-1232. 454

UK THEATRE-ALL DRAMATICS MEETI G. Lab Theatre, Fine Arts Bldg 7PM Season announced, tours of facilities. All interested students in theatre are welcome. 454

YESLINE NEED VOLUNTEERS-Yesline, a volunteer phone service which answers questions about Human Sexuality Training. Session will be held September 8, interested, call 276-2428, 266-9996. 3155

services

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HOW TO STUDY-\$1.00 papers Dept. Kt. Box 25126 Lansing, Mich. 48909. 2956

WHITE'S WINDOW CLEANING SERVICE-Residential, Commercial and Industrial. Suburban, 269-8448. Services performed for free stated. VISA and Master Charge. 4528

EXPERIENCED AND PROFESSIONAL-Typing, Nancy Jones. 299-6447. 2901

UNCONTESTED-divorce no property to be divided, no children. - \$150.00 plus court cost. Simple will. \$75.00. Pam E. Goldman, Barbara S. Suburban, attorneys. 269-8448. Services performed for free stated. VISA and Master Charge. 4528

TYPING WANTED-Dist. accurate service, reasonable rates work guaranteed. Doris LaDow 273-2149. 4528

E.S.T. COMMUNITY GUEST SEMINAR-UK-Lexington down town 347 E. Main Street. 7:30PM. Wednesday, September 12, 1979. All are invited to attend. For info call Alan 255-4395. 457

PIANO LESSONS-all ages, all levels. Experienced teacher with advanced degrees in music. 273-2043. 295112

TYPING-PROFESSIONAL-experienced in thesis and dissertations. Wanda Hodges. 299-6522. 2901

roommate wanted

ROOMMATE WANTED-Female to look for two bedroom Apt., call 269-7862 after 7:30PM. 3057

FEMALE GRADUATE STUDENT WANTED-to share furnished three bedroom campus apartment with fireplace and private 1/80 month (includes utilities) 252-2332 or 257-1844. 3056

ROOMMATE-to share large unfurnished townhouse - three bedroom - 887.50 month. 266-3900. 455

ROOMMATE NEEDED-Two bedroom townhouse completely furnished except for your bedroom \$137.50 month, loan fee. 266-5288. 456

FEMALE-non-smoking roommate wanted to share really nice one bedroom apartment only three blocks from campus! call 253-4660. 456

ROOMMATE-Female two bedroom partially furnished, 255-9255 before 5, 233-9906 after 7.30. 3054

ROOMMATE WANTED-265 Kalmia Apt. 1, one bedroom, \$225 plus utilities, study lots, party a little, contact Bruce. 3056

persons

ATTENTION-Lambda Chi Little Sisters, Important Meeting Sept. 4 at 7:00PM in Lambda Chi house. Please attend. Any questions, call 299-5155. 454

ARE YOU A COMPETITOR-Pershing rifles are. Interscholastic competitions, Varsity letters. The Kentucky Derby, Much More Mixer Sept. 6. Student Center Room 206, 7:30. Pershing Rules Room 108, Barker Hall. 454

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Winning kick

Wayne Coley sprints on to victory Saturday in the Joe Bink 10,000 meter run in Louisville. Coley, a UK grad student in Physical Education ran the 6.2 miles in 30:58.

Lady Kats preparing for season

Continued from page 5
Women's teams are starting to play in the same tournaments and conferences as men. "I think it's a good idea. I'm anxious to play them. The SEC has competitive teams. I feel that the Lady Kats need to play strong teams to become better. It's good to play in established tournaments, to bring up our position."

Young said she will enjoy seeing what the freshmen can do, seeing how well they perform. "The state will be the highlight of the season," she said. "We'll work all season towards it, getting our doubles organized and strong. In the spring, we'll try to do as well or better. We have the four tournaments, and maybe the southern region."

Collins, Foster lead Reds to 6-5 victory

ATLANTA (AP)—Dave Collins' run-scoring single in the eighth inning gave the Cincinnati Reds a 6-5 triumph over the Atlanta Braves last night as Gene Garber set a major league record for most losses by a relief pitcher in a season.

Garber's loss was his 15th, erasing the record of 14 held by pitchers in both the National and American Leagues, the last by Mike Marshall of Los Angeles in 1975.

The score was tied at 5-5 when Ray Knight led off the Reds' eighth with his single to center off Garber, 6-15.

George Foster had put the Reds ahead in a three-run

third with a two-run single. Then after the Braves battled back to take the lead on a two-run single by Joe Nolan in the

fourth and run-scoring singles by Gary Matthews in the fifth, Foster belted a two-run homer in the seventh.

Frosh Jenkins impressive as punter-QB

(AP)—Randy Jenkins' versatility practically guaranteed that he would get some playing time this season for the UK football team.

But Jenkins says he didn't expect to be so near the surface of the depth chart as a freshman.

The Stickleyville, Va., native currently is the No. 1 punter — not surprising for one who averaged 44.6 yards per punt as a prepster. But he also is running second to Mike Shutt at the quarterback position.

"I'm surprised to be running No. 2 this quickly," said Jenkins, "but I wouldn't be No. 2 if it weren't for Mike. He's helped me with my reads and sets and Shutt's the kind of person who will give you a tip, even if it jeopardizes his own position."

Jenkins' quarterback status is considered a bonus because it was his punting ability that attracted scouts from all over.

"I had two kicks that carried 72 yards — one that rolled and the other that seemed to stop dead," Jenkins said. "It's just like a batter when he connects with a fast ball. I know when I've really hit one."

The pressures of college punting, however, have required a drastic change in his style.

"I've gone from being a three-step punter to a two-step punter because they rush you faster in college than in high school and I wanted to cut the time down," Jenkins said.

"It was a tough assignment for the first two or three days, but now I've got my distance back and I feel comfortable with the two-step approach."

Cocher Fran Curci probably appreciates Jenkins' booting ability more than usual, since the freshman nearly became an opponent.

"I almost signed with Tennessee," said Jenkins. "It finally came down to Tennessee and Kentucky. I visited both schools three or four times. But I've always been a Kentucky fan and this is where I wanted to go to school."

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Amperсанд

September, 1979

Four letters page

Some of you may have noted that this is not a letter. We try to put letters in this space judiciously but since this is our first issue after a long, hot summer, there are a few flimsy letters.

Dear summer: I've not been excited, no more sand in the typewriter. Complaints, hand, snicker or questions, but do drop us a line. And while you're at it, write your mother.

Send missives (not missals) to *One Eye*, 1686 N. Vine Street, #201, Hollywood, CA 90028.

To be honest with you, *Amperсанд* is one of the BEST magazines I've begun reading this year. Thanks so much for mentioning Morley Pugh in your magazine and keeping me up to date on what's going on with their new movie and them. I am a dedicated fan of theirs so please continue to print MORE information you have on them. It goes to see that there is somebody else in this world that knows WHO MONKEY!

Review: not much! Amperсанд still features an interview with Pugh. Graham Chapman and a review of their Life of Brian movie.

Contributors

WILLIAM WYLLI COLEMAN (On Paul McCartney and the Beatles) is a writer from San Francisco, California, near the University of California at Santa Barbara, which he attended for one year. He is currently in San Francisco, California, in the Bay Area, but his typewriter knows no rest.

TRUDY HILL (On The Bee Gees) is a writer from Atlanta, Georgia, who has been writing for the past few years. She is currently in Atlanta, Georgia, and is a member of the Atlanta Writers Guild.

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JERRY TACALCA (On Pugh) is a writer from Los Angeles, California, who has been writing for the past several years. He is currently in Los Angeles, California, and is a member of the Los Angeles Writers Guild.

What in the world ever happened to the FREE Journey concert that thanks to the hard work of some individuals and their project to curb cuts on the campus?

The concert was held way back in 1977

and Purdue was announced as the winner in a fall issue of *Amperсанд* in 1978. The student body would not allow to have a journey come before we all become too old to listen to rock and roll.

Dying slowly. GARTH CLARK
PURDUE UNIVERSITY

A live Journey concert was indeed seen by Purdue University. We have several times asked the group's management, *Nightmare Productions*, when this obligation would be fulfilled, each time to serve effort as a new cause. They're out of the country! They're recording! They're out of the country! They're recording! They're out of the country! They're recording!

That complaint where it might do some good, *Nightmare Productions' address is Box 604, San Francisco, CA 94102.*

Crusading

At *PURDUE* next film, *Crusading*, shooting in New York City, has recently been the focus of hostility, threats, and protests by the city's homosexual community.

Crusading, written and directed by William Friedkin (*The Exorcist*, *French Connection*) is the story of a New York detective trainee, Pacino, who investigates a series of brutal homosexual murders and in the course of his investigation — according to an early script — discovers his own homosexuality. The gay leaders in New York claim such a film might inspire similar violence to homosexuals in other times and places. So far, according to a spokesman for the production, there have been protests, but no disruption. The gay club originally chosen for local shooting has backed out of their commitment under pressure, and the company has changed locations. New sources say the script has been slightly changed: Pacino no longer turns gay, but whether this is the result of the confrontation or just one more in a long series of script changes, no one will tell us. Also, the principal members of the cast and crew now have backgrounds, although there have been no personal threats against Pacino and others, so chances are being taken. All this has created a considerable anti-gay backlash, with one New York newspaper reporter claiming, "... a minority should be very aware of the rights of the other minority..." The spokesman for the film added, "They can't really object to the way gays are portrayed in the film because they haven't seen the film, it isn't finished." It's one thing to influence a film's performance did by agitating Against Vice, but it's quite another thing — censorship, violation of the First Amendment, even — to attempt to keep a film from being made.

Fame Among the Mustangs
SHY, GADGET-CRAZY Roger McGinnis (Byrds, McGinnis, Clark & Hillman) stayed on the fringes, wearing a black jack-



Neil Young and Billy Pugh and the crowd.

and talking to a friend over a walkie-talkie while participants — Neil Young, Nicolette Larson and producer David Briggs among them — celebrated Young's *After Hours* concert movie with hot dogs, sno-cones, pizza and cotton candy. Staged in the chain-link enclosed at 1600 Bush St. in Berkeley, Calif., the film that specializes in denied Sixties Mustangs, Comes and Returns, the party was crashed by a curious TV news crew who found Young's grinning mug squarely in front of their camera searching, "Are there any celebrities here?"

"Isn't it sad," a British journalist commented a few moments later, seeing McGinnis hunched over his walkie-talkie by the rear fender of a pink convertible, "how Roger's been reduced to working the security force?"

Wax Fax

DENNIS WILSON is a beached boy, he won't be touring with the group this time as a result of a controversy between the drummer and Mike Love who reportedly lived two ex-CIA men as bodyguards after the *Frankie*. Dennis will still record with the paramour Christine McVie. Best Beach Boy news: Brian Wilson has purchased the control board in studio 5 of United Nations studios where he's been working all by himself. It's the same board he used to record *For The Love of God*.

ALAN PARKS, writer/singer of several excellent albums and composer of the soundtrack for *Barfly* Men (in which he also appeared) will make an all-too-rare tour of this country during this month.

NEW WOODSTOCK: J.D. Souther and Stevie Nicks, who were recently reduced to driving J.D.'s pickup truck to the Box (to see Louise Goffin, Carole's kid, and Greg Kihn) because the limo never arrived, thanks to record company cracks. Awww.

Movie Poop

JANE CURTIS, like most of her Saturday Night Live co-horts, will star in a movie, *How to Build a Better Life*. Belushi and

& OUTLINE

Amperсанд

AKROYD are finishing *The Blue Brothers* movie in Chicago, while Bill Murray pretends to be Hunter Thompson in *Where the Buffalo Roam*, after which he and Chevy Chase will star in *Caddyshack*.

WHEN ROBERT REDFORD'S *Electric Hearts* appears at local theaters this December it will be accompanied by a short film, executive-produced by Redford, directed by Saul Bass, a sort of introduction to solar energy.

ANY TRYING will make an honest man out of Seven Spielberg; they'll be married this fall after several years of cohabitation.

9.5 will begin shooting in October, starring Lily Tomlin as a secretary having an affair with her boss, Billy Patten as the new secretary in an insurance company. Colin Higgins (*Shogun*, *Hawaii 5-0*) will direct.

THE LONGHORNERS is a western about various outlaw gangs, which is not unusual, what's unusual is the fact that all the historical figures are played by real life brothers. David Keith and Robert Carradine as the Younger brothers, James and Stacy Keach as Frank and Jesse James, Dennis and

Randy Quaid as the Millers; and Nicholas Cage as the Forde. Debra and Christopher Gatt as the Forde. Debra and Christopher Gatt as the Forde. Debra and Christopher Gatt as the Forde.

TUESDAY WELD has a sense of humor; she broke up with hubby Fanny Danley Moore (*Disturbed*, *Four Play*) last year, and now they're reportedly in amou with Soviet toster Martin Mull, who apparently no longer craves about his wife Sade.

Widening the Gap

THE CREDIBILITY GAP: Last audible on *Blue Rondo*, will return to record stores in October via a two-record set with two distinct albums and titles (one per side), to sound confusion. Plans a collection of the Gap's annual inimitable radio commentary on the Rose Parade, and *A Great Gift* is a re-issue of an old Gap album.

People who bought copies *Flora* and *A Great Gift* will be released on Sierra Records. The world's cutest record company, says Harry Shearer, the one-third of the Credibility Gap who isn't on *Loose and Shaky* (Leary and Spangue are really David Lander and Michael McKean).

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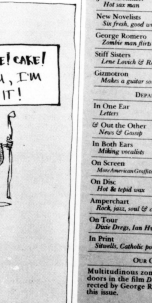
Multi-million dollar annual glass doors in the film *Bar of the Dawn*, is the most...
George Romero, profiled in

Meanwhile, WGBH, the Boston PBS television station, has expressed interest in making a documentary of the Gap coming over on the Rose Parade. "One of the silver pieces of film you'd like to see," the Gap, was recently seen on the *TV* with Rob Reiner, and Shearer and Reiner are currently writing a screenplay *The Road*.

This Bandwagon Has Eight Small Wheels

TWO DISCO ROLLER SKATING movies are already in production: *Roller Brags* with Scott Baio and a host of unknowns; *Newton John*, which isn't a skating flick, but has a big skating finale. Wait, there's more: *Shut Man* (owned by an emperpimp mother and daughter), is a line of skating and skating fashions so successful they've launched their own group, the *Hot Wheelers*, already a book of *Roller* for the National Disco Award. Also, the Arthur Godfrey special, *Dancing 'N' Whoo!* is TV special and the aforementioned *Roller* and *Shut Man* are really David Lander and Michael McKean).

Come to the party... and get your fill of cake, beer, wine, chili, party games, bingo, raffle and general merriment. All to be found in Amperсанд's Party Down, a special supplement for good times. Look for it on the October Amperсанд Cover, as you see.



JAMES LONGSTREET

I Shot the Sheriff but I Did Not Shoot The Professor

EVEN ATTENDED a seminar where the professor illustrated some of his major points by dancing 'Nell. Later Heaven Lowe, the president of Mango Records, and an associate secretary for record company president, for that matter and Reggae. A *Man of Light* is no ordinary seminar.

The program was initiated when Reggae fan Susan Harris, Extension Program Administrator for Cal State San Bernardino, asked Heaven Lowe to do a seminar there earlier this year. Despite some technical hitches, as an informative, entertaining presentation, Heaven Lowe grew up surrounded by Jamaica's reggae subculture, so his insights ran far deeper than any formal academic analysis. The seminar covers the historical and evolution of Jamaica popular music from the calypso days to the present and brief segments on the emerging British reggae scene and women in reggae. Also featured are video tapes of Bob Marley & the Wailers, Peter Tosh and Third World in concert, the award-winning documentary *Riots: Reflections and the Feature Film *Rockers**, starring many of Jamaica's top reggae musicians.

Anyone wishing to bring Reggae: A Win of Light to his or her campus should contact Susan Harris, Office of Continuing San Bernardino, CA 92487.

Wanna Corral Some Backs, Budner?

BAYTAN BOOKS OF BETT CENTURY-FOX are sponsoring the First Western Novel Competition, with a hefty first prize of \$25,000 (that breaks down as \$1000 outright, \$10,000 non-refundable advance and \$19,000 from Fox for the movie rights; if the movie actually gets made, an additional \$20,000 bonus will materialize, plus profit participation). Anyone may enter, so long as he or she has never previously published a novel (poems, essays, magazine articles are OK), entrants must be U.S. residents, novels must be between 50,000 and 75,000 words and submitted by September 1, 1979 and before March 31, 1980. Bantam's *Man of Apphia* has his American tradition of Louis L'Amour, Zane Grey and Luke Short. For more information, send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: BAYTAN BOOKS/20th Century-Fox Film Western Novel Competition, Box 358, Boulder, CO 80508.

Corralled Backs

MARIO PIZZO, author of *The Caddyshack* and no stranger to big box will lead \$2 million...
(Continued on page 3)

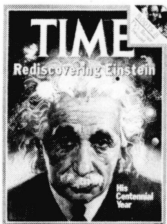
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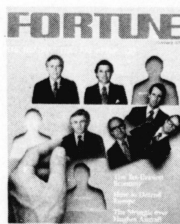
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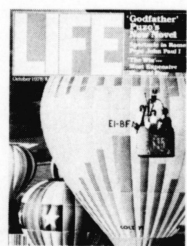
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IN BOTH EARS

Using a mike for reinforcing or recording vocals would seem so simple that no explanations are required, yet this apparent easiness contains sonic pitfalls.

Vocals can be miked close up or at a distance, can be set up for solos or accompanied by one or more musical instruments, for speech or singing, mikes can accommodate gospel, folk or country vocal troupes, pop, western, small groups, big bands, a choir. They can record children's voices only, adults, or some combination of these.

To make matters a bit more complicated, some vocalists stand still, other gyrate, some prefer to hold the mike, other insist on a stand or boom-mounted type, reluctant to let the mike come between the face and the audience.

The gist of all this is that using a mike for vocal recording depends on just what is to be put on tape or reinforced. There is no single mike, no universal type suitable for

all solo vocalists simply because no two vocalists are alike. Some like to work close in, practically swallowing the mike, producing an extremely high sound level, possibly hard rock; others whisper, depending heavily on electronic amplification.

When a mike is to be used with high sound pressure levels, it must work well under overload conditions. Some performers have mike preferences and look for a mike that delivers brilliant sound, increasing intelligibility and more forward vocal projection. When the performer does stage gymnastics, the mike must be strong enough to take such punishment, with the mike element thoroughly shock mounted, with no response to external mike or connecting cable vibrations.

If the vocalist likes to move around but objects to holding a mike, the recordist is faced with the problem of large and unnatural variations in sound. One technique is to ride the gain control, trying to anticipate the vocalist's movements. Another is to use several mikes pointed inward toward the singer with prior instructions to the vocalist to confine movements to a certain space. With just a single mike, some recordists rely on turning up the gain, but this can lead to possible feedback problems.

When the vocalist moves but the mike is fixed, select a mike that is comparatively free from bass coloration. Particularly with cardioids, bass overemphasis will occur when the mike is too close, and vocal timbre will change as the performer moves in and away from the mike.

When mikes are used too close to the mouth, there is always a chance of recording the vocalist's breathing, which happens when the mike is just about an inch from the mouth. Another inch or two of working space reduces or eliminates the effect. Some recordists prefer aspiration (breathing) as a 'natural' effect, or may use it to produce an odd result. To convince the vocalist that breathing can be heard, make a brief recording with the mike held in close and with the same mike a few inches away, a necessary test since the vocalist is unable to hear breathing sounds.

For soloists, the best selection is the hand-held cardioid. Because the mike is held relatively close to the mouth, the signal-to-noise ratio is good, very little sound is picked up from the audience. A hand-held mike also means better separation and control when the vocalist must compete with an accompanying instrument. Some mikes come equipped with a three-position mode switch, useful in reducing bass response. This helps produce more vocal brilliance against an instrumental background.

Recording a vocalist will also depend on the sex of the performer. A single-element cardioid is more directional in the treble range than an omni. When miking a female vocalist a more sharply defined high frequency response is created by pointing the mike right at the mouth. To reduce treble crispness, point the mike upward or to one side.

Caution the vocalist to sing over the top of the mike or slightly off to one side. In this way there will be less chance of popping p's; t's, sibilants and breath sounds will also be reduced.

Finally, don't put up a mike and assume all will go well with the first try. Experiment by making a number of tape recordings, keeping a record of the vocalist's working position and mike distances. Comparing the results will indicate the direction to go.

Martin Clifford

CAMPUS SAVINGS!



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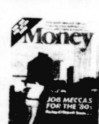
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Ron Howard, Cindy Williams, Candy Clark & Charles Martin Smith proving it's better the first time around.

On Screen

MORE AMERICAN GRAFFITI, starting Paul Le Mat, Cindy Williams, Ron Howard, Candy Clark, Charles Martin Smith; written and directed by B.W. L. Norton.

More American Graffiti, like its predecessor, is a look back, (at the same people, minus Richard Dreyfuss), but this time the hindsight is distorted, anachronisms abound. The four separate but slightly related segments take place on various New Year's Eves, from '63 to '66; with its rock & roll soundtrack, flashy cinematic techniques and familiar faces, it fools us into thinking *More* is more than it is.

It's never clear why housewife and mother-of-twins Williams wishes so passionately to take a three-hour-a-day job over the vociferous objections of insurance-salesman hubby Howard. This sequence later wanders into Sixties campus protest, where it never feels quite comfortable. Candy Clark, the blonde bubblehead of the first film, here lives in San Francisco with a hippie guitarist whom she supports by dancing topless. McKenzie Phillips appears so briefly and inconsequentially she needn't have bothered to show up at all. This is by far the weakest of the stories, which may explain why the director chose to use a fancy split-screen device: to jazz up the otherwise dreary frames. Paul Le Mat has become a well-known drag racer; his segment takes place at a strip and saddles him with a preposterous love story and corny competition.

The Vietnam scenes (filmed, as was the entire movie, in Marin County, California) hold *More* together; they're tense, frightening, grim and funny. Charles Martin Smith, the once-bumbling Toad,

starts out as a gung-ho Cong killer and ends up desperately determined to escape. Whenever the other plots start to sag, the deadly sound of choppers keeps us from dozing off.

George Lucas, director of the original, is here the executive producer, which implies an insufficient degree of involvement. In the long tradition of sequels (broken only by *Godfather II*), this stepchild is not so good as the original. *More* is not enough.

Judith Sims

RUST NEVER SLEEPS, starring Neil Young, Billy Talbot, Ralph Molina and Frank Sampedro; directed by Bernard Shakey. Filmed in Rust-o-Vision.

Neil Young's mighty concern with posterity has led him to buy back from Warner Bros. whole batches of pressed and jacketed albums that, he believed, weren't right for their times. He has also gone to somber and raw musical extremes immediately after the public voted for his softest, most melodic albums, just to avoid typecasting. Now, in order to document with clarity his in-concert personality and present, one assumes, a more accurate idea of his creative range, the Canadian/Californian rocker has released concurrently a live album and a movie, both entitled *Rust Never Sleeps*.

The album stands among Young's most powerful. Much of its music fills the movie, which also touches on the earliest songs ("Sugar Mountain"), the Buffalo Springfield era ("I Am a Child"), and various Young solo releases.

The film manifests Young's goofy, mordant sense of humor better than any record ever has. His best device is an inspired transformation of roadies into

"roadeyes" — hooded, glowing-eyed supporting actors. They scuttle through the set changes, mission-bent, with a series of outsize props that (perhaps) symbolize the distorted way fans view performers, or performers view their fame. Funniest among these is a four-foot tuning fork which one of the roadies intermittently whangs against the stage, vibrating the entire set into "tune."

"Rust Never Sleeps" was a slogan for Rustoleum paint, written by one of the members of Devo in pre-band days. Young, justifiably proud of keeping an artistic flame alive while many of his contemporaries and former bandmates have become slugs, makes his point: rust sets in when artists become formula-matic. "It's better to burn out than to fade away," says the pivotal line of "Out of the Blue," one of the new album's songs. Though *Rust Never Sleeps*, the movie, will sit best with those who are already Young's fans, it proves to all who'll listen that Young — equipped with humor, vision and talent — will not likely burn out or fade away.

Byron Laursen

THE CONCORDE — AIRPORT '79, starring Alain Delon, Susan Blakely, Robert Wagner, George Kennedy & others; screenplay by Eric Roth, story by Jennings Lang, directed by David Lowell Rich.

Take the worst possible thing that can happen to an airplane, add several passenger stories with humor and poignancy, and produce a happy ending making heroes of the pilots, the aircraft itself and some of the passengers. That's the premise for the *Airport* series, and no one saw any reason to change it here.

The handsome owner of Harrison In-

dustries (Robert Wagner) and his new-caster girlfriend (Susan Blakely) experience a setback in their relationship when she receives information that he is guilty of selling arms illegally to foreign powers. He has to kill her, of course, hence the "accidents" that befall the Concorde on which she's riding from Washington, D.C., to Moscow (with a stopover in Paris).

The pilots/heroes Metrand (Alain Delon) and Patroni (George Kennedy) handle the Concorde like a B-52 bomber; Delon is in love with a stewardess; John Davidson's in love with one of the Russian athletes (Andrea Marcovicci); Cicely Tyson's flying with a heart (really!) for her son's transplant surgery (about which a stewardess says earnestly, "It must be rally hard to find a heart"); Jimmy Walker keeps getting high in the head and Martha Rave has a bladder problem.

Previous *Airports* gave us a mid-air pilot transfer, an underwater airplane, a mid-air collision, and an exploding bomb. Here the needle-nosed aircraft is pursued by a heat-seeking drone (dispatched by Wagner's company) and then by attack planes firing nasty little missiles. These unfriendly skies send the Concorde into two extended nose dives, two or three complete barrel rolls, two upside-downs, two spectacular landings and several explosions. And after all this, do the passengers run screaming to a relatively safe DC-10? Of course not; like fools they get right back on the same plane.

Much like the audiences who keep lining up for *Airport* movies.

Dorene Lauer

BREAKING AWAY, starring Dennis Christopher, Dennis Quaid, Daniel Stern, Jackie Earle Haley, Barbara Barrie & Paul Dooley; written by Steve Tesich; directed by Peter Yates.

Although almost every critic in the country has already praised this film, I'd like to add one more voice to the heap of hyperbole. If you missed *Breaking Away* this past summer, see it now. Or see it again. It is one of four truly good movies to come out this year (the others: *Manhattan*, *Dawn of the Dead* and *A Little Romance*).

Filmed near and on the University of Indiana campus, *Breaking Away* details the funny, touching, sometimes sad coming-of-age of ace cyclist Christopher and his three friends who are "wasting their lives together" one last summer. There is a subtle background of class struggle, hopes denied, futures compromised, but the forefront is sweetly hopeful, with a dazzling bicycle race finale. Yates (a British director most famous for *Bullitt* several years ago) and Tesich should be justly proud; they've created a bittersweet, charming movie that warms the heart without ever numbing the brain.

Judith Sims

THE WANDERERS, starring Ken Wahl, John Friedrich, Karen Allen; written by Rose Kaufman and Philip Kaufman from Richard Price's novel; directed by Philip Kaufman.

Gee whiz, another gang movie. We haven't seen one of those in *days*. This one is about a New York street gang, the Wanderers (named after the old Dion and the Belmonts hit) and their fights with the Baldies, the Duckies, the Wongs and the Del Bombers. Lots of fights and one football game (because it's a law in Hollywood now: there must be a sporting event in every movie). There are two girls, one of whom (Toni Kalem) gets pregnant and has to

(Continued on page 28)

WHICH NEW HIGH BIAS TAPE WINS WITH MAHLER'S FOURTH SYMPHONY?



Original manuscript sketch for the first movement of Gustav Mahler's Fourth Symphony. Courtesy of The Newberry Library, Chicago.

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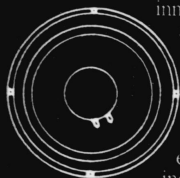
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**FIRST
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THE KNACK

Get the Knack (Capitol)

THE UNDERTONES

The Undertones (Sire import)

Every aspect of the packaging for *Get the Knack* — from title and cover photos to the resurrection of Capitol's mid-Sixties rainbow logo on the record itself — leads to the inevitable conclusion that the Knack are the long awaited successors to the Beatles. But, as another reviewer astutely pointed out, this Los Angeles quartet is actually the Anti-Beatles, a band that perversely inverts the classic innocence of mid-Sixties pop-rock into an ugly sneer.

Only "Your Number or Your Name" really captures the flavor the Knack aims for. The music plunders the archives for familiar sounds — "My Sharona," for instance, marries a Zeppelinesque riff to a "Sweet Jane" mid-section — but frequently succeeds through catchy melodic hooks, commendable energy and good musicianship. Bruce Gary is a powerhouse drummer and Berton Averre a solid lead guitarist, but lead singer Doug Fieger can't handle ballads ("Lucinda," "Maybe Tonight") and his laughable attempt at a country-inflected vocal undermines the excellent chorus to "Good Girls Don't."

But the most objectionable aspect is Fieger's lyrics. *Get the Knack* could have been called *Fieger's Revenge*. There isn't a trace of compassion or affection for the women in his songs, only an incessant torrent of sexual demands and complaints about not getting laid on command. It's the conquest mentality rearing its head again — the girl's sole reason for existence is to submit and be discarded. God knows male sexual frustration has been the motivating force behind many, if not most, great rock songs, but Fieger's eroticism is thoroughly neurotic and truly distasteful.

Listening to the Undertones illustrates just how contrived, derivative and twisted the Knack really is. The contrasts couldn't be more glaring — four glamorous LA types in their mid-to-late twenties striving to be teen idols lined up against five dour, almost homely Irish kids who don't have to worry about being sufficiently "teenage" because that's what they are (the eldest Undertone checks in at a ripe old 22).

The Undertones' approach is firmly rooted in the modern pop sound of the British new wave. The songs, mostly written by rhythm guitarist John O'Neill, combine a neo-Ramones powerdrive with a commanding flair for pop melody and superbly crafted arrangements.

There's something to hook us in every song on their debut album (available only as an import currently, but Sire has plans to release it domestically). If it's not an impossibly catchy chorus

Ondisc

("Girls Don't Like It," "Billy's Third," "I Gotta Getta"), it's the driving instrumental attack ("Family Entertainment," "Jump Boys") or a guitar solo that slices through the song like a melodic buzzsaw ("Male Model"). Mostly it's the emotional sincere singing of Feargal Sharkey who has this little bleat in his voice that's well nigh irresistible.

The Undertones, too, deal with the male rites of passage but even when they're frustrated by girls who won't ("Wrong Way"), they display tenderness and understanding completely foreign to the Knack. Fieger certainly doesn't have enough charity in his heart to write a love song as warm and moving as "I Know a Girl."

Nick Lowe's phrase "pure pop for now people" describes precisely what the Undertones deliver time after time. "Trendy images for gullible people" sums up the Knack.

Don Snowden

DAVID BOWIE

The Lodger (RCA)

Like the fiction of Thomas Pynchon or the films of Nicholas Roeg, the music of *The Lodger*, Bowie's new album, has that astonishing quality of dissembling itself even as it assembles a wholly cohesive work of art. It is a pivotal point in the artist's career, a rare moment when the past is encompassed and the future glimpsed, a summation and prospectus in one.

It is not surprising that an album as consummate as *The Lodger* should engender such paradoxes. Bowie has built a career on paradox, yet the complexities of *The Lodger* extend far beyond simple binary themes: its greatest achievement is the coded musical and poetic language it employs. Like intersecting vortex rings, each song is its own starring place in the very literal world view Bowie presents.

The Lodger immeasurably enhances Bowie's stature as a poet. The lyric imagery of the album's ten songs has been reduced to clipped slogans, sudden suggestions, terse observations; as with all good poetry, juxtaposition occurs somewhere behind the conscious mind — explanations are made in a spiritual realm. The intensely expressive music is the pay-off to Bowie's long association with Brian Eno; the severe architecture of *Heroes* and *Low* has itself been dissembled and wrought with elements of *Station to Station*, *Alladin Sane*

and *Young Americans*. Like the awesome purity of Bowie's voice and the stinging accuracy of his phrasing, the music expresses specific values.

What are those values? Perhaps, as many critics contend, Bowie's themes are deterioration and fragmentation. Yet he asserts in "D.J.," "I am what I play." Given that assessment, the tremendous creative energy evident on *The Lodger* suggests a truer estimation of who Bowie is than any nihilism, real or imagined, operating in this masterful effort.

Davin Seay

THE WHO

The Kids Are Alright (MCA)

The Who is the greatest rock band in the history of the known world. So, for that matter, are the Rolling Stones. And so is Bruce Springsteen. But neither the Stones nor Springsteen are at issue here. Therefore, we take as a given that the Who is the greatest rock band in the history of the known world. With that fact as a given, it is with great pleasure that I can take note that the greatest rock band in the history of the known world is something less than perfect.

They've even put out an album to prove it. The album is the soundtrack from their film, *The Kids Are Alright*, a chronicle of the Who years. And the Who cuts on that album, 20 of them, range from raw amateur to ripe professional. It's a pleasure to follow those cuts, for even at their least professional the Who are alive with a spirit that few bands can even approach today. For all their mincing, prancing and cowering, acts like Ted Nugent, Aerosmith and Van Halen are mere poseurs next to the Who. Even the Sex Pistols and the Clash, armies of the night in a world of disco, don't approach the sheer energy exerted by the Who on classics like "My Generation," "Magic Bus," and "Baba O'Riley." I'm glad the Who released this album with all their warts showing. When they slip, when they miss, it makes their many triumphs worth all the more.

Merill Shindler

NICK GILDER

Frequency (Chrysalis)

None of the tracks on Nick Gilder's third album sound remotely like his recent huge hit single "Hot Child in the City." Instead he's chosen to make a pop record that sounds slightly reminiscent of T. Rex and a whole lot like

David Bowie of five or six years ago. The songs and arrangements are not so innovative now and not at all startling, but they are not bad.

Gilder and guitarist James McCulloch compose well together. They've a fine sense of the catch-you hook and turn out eminently listenable songs like "Watcher of the Night" and "Metro Jets." This last song, for some unnameable reason, brings "Wild Things" (yes, the Chip Taylor-penned Troggs' classic) to mind and is the LP's best cut by a landslide.

On the other hand, *Frequency*'s not without static of the pop driveline kind and is fairly jammed with adolescent refrains like "Don't keep secrets/Make our worlds collide."

Riffs-you've-heard-before you can hear again and again on this one; overall the musicians sound uninspired — and a little tired.

Tasteful but unoriginal use is made of a vocal chorus throughout, most notably on "The Brightest Star," which is blessed with an interesting arrangement and lyric ("You're too busy making scenes, lightly dancing over dreams/Everybody says you could be the brightest star").

The annoying thing about this album is that while some of it is good, more of it is the kind of blather that can be somewhat successfully made to sound mindlessly OK by superb production (which it has). Can't help but wonder why Gilder's high standards weren't evenly applied.

Alison Wickwire

DIRE STRAITS

Communique (Warner Bros.)

THE CARS

Candy-O (Elektra)

Both Dire Straits and the Cars shot instantly into the multi-platinum league for one simple reason — each had fashioned a fully matured, distinctive style out of familiar elements. The problem facing them now is equally clear-cut: what to do for an encore without alienating their following or merely dishing up pale re-hashes of the first LP and neither has quite conquered that problem this time out.

The secret to Dire Straits' success was the energetic bite the English quartet brought to an essentially laid-back J.J. Calecum-Dylan sound, but on *Communique* (recorded before their debut LP was even released here), Mark Knopfler and company have narrowed their creative scope. The results are pretty

bland — *Communique* boasts the same classy sound of *Dire Straits* but Knopfler's songs are far less interesting and even his striking lead guitar is less exciting. The best tracks — "Lady Writer" and "Angel of Mercy" — are little more than slight variations off the best songs from the first album.

Dire Straits' commercial future may be assured but the band desperately needs to broaden their sound and take some of the creative pressure off Knopfler's shoulders to avoid becoming mired in a stylistic rut.

The Cars fare marginally better on their second outing. Some of the obvious derivativeness (i.e., the Roxy Music influence) has been stripped from the sound and replaced by a more overt Sixties pop feel, but *Candy-O* still doesn't measure up to their debut.

Ric Ocasek's melodies are less distinctive, the bemused irony of his lyrics less stimulating and the greatest problem of the first album, an overwhelming sameness of tempo, surfaces again here. "Let's Go," "Got a Lot on My Head" and "The Dangerous Type" are the highlights but the remaining songs don't deposit much in the memory banks.

Don Snowden

NICK LOWE

Labour of Lust (Columbia)

DAVE EDMUNDS

Repeat When Necessary (Svan Song)

Lowe and Edmunds are the twin figureheads of Rockpile, the British quartet (also featuring guitarist Billy Bremner and drummer Terry Williams) that's the best rock and roll band in the classic Chuck Berry-rockabilly-r&b-derived world in the world these days. Rockpile is the backing unit on both these LPs and the result is a pair of strong, eminently enjoyable albums.

Labour of Lust is a far more unified effort than the scatter-shot eclecticism of Lowe's solo debut last year. There's still plenty of variety, ranging from his trademark pure pop ("Cruel to Be Kind") and sappy ballads ("You Make Me") to second-line New Orleans r&b ("Big Kicks, Plain Scrap"). Lowe's sense of craftsmanship and clever turns of lyrical phrase remain intact but his notorious reputation for lifting melodies from other sources is pretty much kept in check. Only "Crackin' Up" is blatantly derivative, a clean steal of Creedence's "Green River" and none the worse for it.

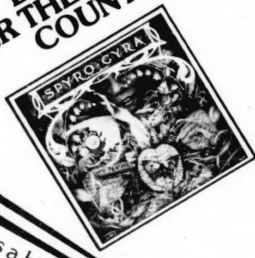
Mickey Jupp's "Switchboard Susan" boasts a couplet that qualifies for the R&R Hall of Fame ("When I'm with you, girl, I get an extension/And I don't mean Alexander Graham Bell's invention") but the killers are saved for the end. "Born Fighter" is a thundering straight-ahead rocker and the bluesy swagger of "Love's So Fine" proves conclu-

(Continued next page)

Warning

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sively that boogie doesn't need to be a pejorative term.

Edmunds is the more traditionally oriented of the two. The Welsh guitarist doesn't write his own songs but he has a marvelous knack of making ancient material sound more modern and vice versa.

By and large Edmunds has selected well this time out. Elvis Costello's "Girls Talk" isn't really suited to his style but Graham Parker's ode to a man and his car ("Crawling from the Wreckage") is right up his alley with its clipped rhythm guitars and pissed-off vocals.

There's a stronger country-rockabilly flavor than usual running through *Repeat*. Hot Band steel guitarist Hank Devito contributes a pair of tunes and Albert Lee adds a slithery lead guitar solo to a strong version of "Sweet Little Lisa." Elsewhere Edmunds displays his mastery of traditional pop ("Take Me for a Little While") and raunchy Chicago blues ("Bad Is Bad").

Repeat When Necessary doesn't quite have the personality of Edmunds' earlier *Get It*, but a hunger for high-quality rock and roll can be satisfied by following the instructions given in the title.

Don Snowden

IGGY POP

New Values (Arista)

Finally, an Iggy Pop album we can crank up to 10 without clearing the room, a great and utterly listenable record. Sing hosanna in the highest!

Lemme tell ya, this one's so good even the "Raw Power" fans are gonna love it. And that's because the exposed nerve that is Iggy Pop and the musical genius of his longtime collaborator, ex-Stooge James Williamson, have successfully made a 12-song album in which there's not even a glimmer of a crack through which those who might like to could cry "Foul" or "Sell Out."

New Values is pure Pop at his original best. "Five Foot One," "I'm Bored," "Billy Is a Runaway" and "Curiosity" fairly strangle us with the confusion and clutter that is man's attempt to fit into or alter his environment — an ongoing Pop theme. "I'm bored," he screams, "I'm the Chairman of the Bored." And then, a song or so later, he asks, "Why be bored?"

Ladyloves (and their accompanying troubles) are another recurring Pop focus. Here is a song that says it all, pointedly titled "Girls." And whew, what have we here — a ballad, a beautiful love song? Yes, "Angel," co-written with Scott Thurston who contributes guitar, keyboard, synthesizer and harp work. I understand from an insider that this song is actually a re-make of "Johanna," an old, old — and unreleased — Stooges piece.

Iggy Pop is the progenitor and grand master of punkism and nu wave — the man who lived and sang and bled it all before the Sex

Pistols were in their teens. With this LP he (and James) have picked up the fallen standard of rock & roll and made it fly.

"I gotta hardass pair of shoulders, I gotta love you can't imagine/I'm looking for one new value but nothing comes my way." Oh Iggy, at last.

Allison Wickwire

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA

Discovery (Jet Records)

The Electric Light Orchestra has always fielded an interesting array of musicians; some have nothing more in common with one another than a background in classical or rock music and a desire to merge the two.

The Electric Light Orchestra's eighth album, *Discovery*, has been trimmed, with only group leader Jeff Lynne, drummer Bev Bevan, keyboard player Richard Tandy and bassist Kelly Groucutt remaining. Touring last summer for *Out of the Blue*, the group numbered seven. Unfortunately, the only "discovery" this slimmed-down grouping makes is of ELO's shortcomings.

To be fair, "Last Train to London" is a gorgeous piece of commercial rock that ranks as one of ELO's catchiest tunes. Likewise with "Shine a Little Love," a standard ELO classical-pop tune, and "Don't Bring Me Down," a throwback to the group's *Eldorado* days.

ELO's records have always been filled with better than average pop-rockers, in addition to two or three astounding classical-rock pieces. *Discovery's* problems don't lie within the pop-rockers — they're adequate. But, with ELO's classical side downplayed, the LP is like an attractive boxer who dances a lot for show but fails to produce a knockout punch.

Dancing, in fact, is what the album is for. But, five years ago, when ELO was making "progressive" rock progressive, who ever thought they would wind up at a disco?

Unlike their past works, there is nothing here to warrant special attention. No NFL running backs will be filmed breaking tackles to the tune of "Need Her Love" as they did to "Fire on High." It's just not that kind of a record... From a band that is capable of doing so much better, more is expected.

John Trausch

YACHTS

Yachts (Polydor/Radar)

From its apt opener, "Yachting Types," Yachts' debut album is an unrelenting, rip-roaring rock-out attack in the best British tradition. A guitar-keyboard-bass-and-drums quartet from Liverpool, Yachts pummel with thumping full-speed-ahead rhythms, trashy Sixties organ chords and rollicking guitars. Additionally, Yachts' songs (the bulk of them by keyboardist Henry Priestman) evince a corny romantic wit and a keen, crafty

irony that tempts comparisons to such songwriting luminaries as the Gershwins, Cole Porter and Irving Berlin. In "Love You Love You," lead singer/guitarist Martin Watson takes a biting anti-romantic stance: "I wouldn't climb any mountain for you/Ford every stream/That's a daft thing to do/Yes I'm cynical cynical cynical through and through," while the band go at it with the devotion of adulterous lovers on a midnight tryst.

Yachts' concerns are with decidedly "old school" British trappings, making their nautical moniker all the more appropriate. Lyrics are rife with references to the upper crust ("Tantumtount to Bribery," "Heads Will Turn") and rampant with hauteur. Yachts are about as far removed from the Clash's angry working class politics as a band can get. But beneath all the effete, behind all the tongue-in-cheek chatter, Yachts play with a bouncy elan that belies their social indifference — transforming their misanthropic, self-centered disclaimers of affection into just what they're pretending not to be: obsessive admissions of warm, passionate love.

Yachts was produced by Richard Gottehrer (Blondie, Robert Gordon) and booms out of the speakers with solid, punchy aplomb. While Sixties influences are apparent (Dave Clark Five, the Mysterians and fellow Liverpudlians, the Beatles) Yachts have set sail under a power that's all their own.

Steven X. Rea

THE B-52's

The B-52's (Warner Bros.)

Devo do "Secret Agent Man" on their latest LP, but the tune really belongs to five Georgians who call themselves the B-52's. To that tacky, shadowy-intrigue organ-and-guitar sound indigenous to Johnny River's hit, to "Theme from Peter Gunn" and the intro music to the James Bond flicks, the B-52's have added equal servings of Sixties soul music, surf music and good ol' New Wave, emerging with one of the silliest, most infectious records around.

The two girl/three guy outfit writes songs with lyrics comparable to verses from a first grade poetry class. "Rock Lobster," a crustacean homage to beach parties, goes in part: "We were at the beach/Everybody had matching towels/Somebody went under a dock/And there they saw a rock/It wasn't a rock/It was a rock lobster." "Planet Claire" tells the story of a girl who hails from outer space. How can they tell? Because she drives a Plymouth Satellite "faster than the speed of light." Hey, but of course.

The two girls, Kate Pierson and Cindy Wilson, wear beehive wigs (dubbed in the South "B-52's," hence the group's name) and sing in high, wailing often screechy

tones—but they rarely grate nerves like, say, the warbly yapping of Yoko Ono. On "Dance This Mess Around" the girls salute the Supremes, half-stealing "Stop in the Name of Love." Fred Schneider, mustachioed and seersucker-suited, shares the singing chores with Kate and Cindy.

The B-52's rely on strong, backbone rhythms. The songs conjure up warm Southern climes, tropical reveries, interstellar sojourns [another tune's titled "There's A Moon in the Sky (Called the Moon)"] and the standard adolescent fare: girls and boys and cars.

The B-52's sound simply lame when they try to resuscitate Petula Clark's "Downtown." But then, who can hold grudges against a band that alerts its audience, "HERE COMES A BIKINI WHALE!"

Steven X. Rea

WINGS

Back to the Egg (Columbia)

There are many things, both wise and wonderful, about Paul McCartney's latest album: it isn't *Red Rose Speedway*; it doesn't contain McCartney's abomination of a disco hit, "Goodnight Tonight"; at no point on the album jacket does Linda McCartney look directly into the camera; and there are 14 cuts on the LP—a bargain in these hard pinched times. Otherwise, the album must be

giving the six-digit executives at Columbia Records, who recently forked out a reported \$20 million to steal McCartney away from Capitol Records, absolute apoplexy with a serious side order of the rockin' pneumonia and the boogie woogie heebie jeebies. No way is this collection of silly songs, about love and not about love, worth the millions it cost Columbia. If anything, *Back to the Egg* generates a new maxim: "Money makes boring art and absolute money makes absolutely boring art." For his past several albums, McCartney and his merry band of Wings have been more obsessed with *where* they record than *what* they record. In the case of *London Town*, the music was put together on a yacht floating off the Virgin Islands. It was easily one of the most pointless albums of the Rock Era. *Back to the Egg*, on the other hand, seems to point in every direction at once. This, I suppose, is the result of being recorded in Lympne Castle, once the home of Thomas à Becket, along with a variety of studios in Scotland and London, and the garden of McCartney's Scottish homestead. The results run from catchy McCartneyisms like "Old Siam, Sir" and "Getting Closer"—both catchy, upbeat, Beatlesque

numbers—to the strange disaster of McCartney's "Rockestra." The Rockestra, a 23-piece rock orchestra featuring some of the best names in British rock—Peter Townshend, Ray Cooper, John Bonham, Ronnie Lane, etc.—is possibly the most vacuous piece on the entire album, proving that quantity alone will not necessarily make for any semblance of quality. But then, McCartney has apparently grown so used to doing things in a big way that the idea that "less is more" seems to have wholly evaded him. Even the Beatles started small.

Merrill Shindler

ANNETTE PEACOCK
X-Dreams (Tomato)

Here is an album that is clearly not destined for mass acceptance. Annette Peacock will win loyal fans with it, though, and she deserves them.

Lovers of Foreigner and other predictable sounds need not browse. *X-Dreams* is an eclectic and fierce poetry collection put to bluesy music—sometimes spoken, sometimes sung. Duly noting the dangers of comparison, I'd say some of the music on Side

One is joyfully Zappaesque (the first time to my knowledge a

woman has pulled that off) and other bits smack of Patti Smith with maybe a tiny stab of Nico thrown in.

Side Two is quieter. It's a perfect companion for a dreamy afternoon. The musicians are wonderfully skilled and include beloved players Mick Ronson, Tommy Cosgrove, Chris Spedding, Steve Cook, Rick Morotta and Dave Chambers. A heated blues-jazz tension rumbles under her spirited tunes that knowingly contrasts with the lilting Latin rhythms of the more subdued pieces.

All the material is original except a very different version of "Don't Be Cruel," for which some people will want to shoot her on sight. You never heard that oldie like *this* before.

As producer, writer and performer it'd be hard for Peacock not to succumb to self-indulgence. She does a little and that's too bad, but it doesn't dismantle the album. On "My Mama Never Taught Me to Cook," for example, what Annette Peacock is busting to tell us is not what her mother left out but what her brother specialized in.

Definitely not for the weakened, but hot stuff for adventurers. *X-Dreams* is unusual, avant-gardey and a good first try.

Alison Wickwire

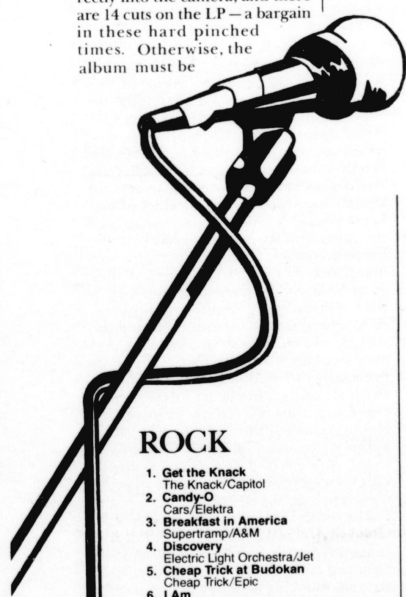
ELTON JOHN
The Thom Bell Sessions (MCA Records)

On the heels of his successes with hit singles like "Philadelphia Freedom," "The Bitch Is Back," and "Don't Go Breaking My Heart" (which borrowed from the Bell production style), it came as little or no surprise in 1977 to hear that Elton had set the plans for a collaboration with Bell himself. That's right—the three songs on this platter were all recorded more than two years ago, and only released after a remix in London by Clive Franks and Elton John.

Apparently John was insulted or disturbed by an undue emphasis on the Spinners' backup vocals, as originally mixed by Bell. Certainly this is understandable in light of the stogy, vacuous adolescence of John's own singing—it brands the whole package as the work of a bored prima donna.

The longest cut, "Are You Ready for Love," is a textbook example of taking a good thing too far. Bell has used stereotypical riffs before in his records with people like the O'Jays and the Stylistics, but they came off because of the singers' authentic emotion. Unfortunately, the only

(Continued on page 29)



Amperchart

ROCK

1. **Get the Knack**
The Knack/Capitol
2. **Candy-O**
Cars/Elektra
3. **Breakfast in America**
Supertramp/A&M
4. **Discovery**
Electric Light Orchestra/Jet
5. **Cheap Trick at Budokan**
Cheap Trick/Epic
6. **I Am**
Earth, Wind & Fire/Arc
7. **Back to the Egg**
Wings/Columbia
8. **The Kids Are Alright**
The Who/MCA
9. **Million Mile Reflections**
Charlie Daniels Band/Epic
10. **Dynasty**
Kiss/Casablanca
11. **Queen, Live Killer**
Queen/Elektra
12. **Rickie Lee Jones**
Rickie Lee Jones/Warner Bros.
13. **Communique**
Dire Straits/Warner Bros.

SOUL

1. **Teddy**
Teddy Pendergrass/P.I.R.
2. **I Am**
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
3. **Bad Girls**
Donna Summer/Casablanca
4. **Street Life**
Crusaders/MCA
5. **Winner Takes All**
Isley Brothers/T-Neck
6. **Devotion**
L.T.D./A & M
7. **Whatcha Gonna Do with My Love**
Stephanie Mills/20th Century
8. **The Jones Girls**
The Jones Girls/P.I.R.

JAZZ

1. **Street Life**
Crusaders/MCA
2. **Morning Dance**
Spyro Gyra/Infinity
3. **Live at the Hollywood Bowl**
Chuck Mangione/A&M
4. **Heart String**
Earl Klugh/United Artists
5. **I Wanna Play for You**
Stanley Clarke/Nemperor
6. **Mingus**
Joni Mitchell/Asylum
7. **Paradise**
Grover Washington, Jr./Elektra
8. **Livin' Inside Your Love**
George Benson/Warner Bros.
9. **New Chautauqua**
Pat Metheny/ECM
10. **Fever**
Roy Ayers/Polydor
11. **Together**
McCoy Tyner/Milestone
12. **Part of You**
Eric Gale/Columbia
13. **The Love Connection**
Freddie Hubbard/Columbia

COUNTRY

1. **Greatest Hits**
Waylon Jennings/RCA
2. **The Gambler**
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
3. **One for the Road**
Willie Nelson & Leon Russell/Columbia
5. **Great Balls of Fire**
Dolly Parton/RCA
6. **Loveline**
Eddie Rabbitt/Elektra
7. **Blue Kentucky Girl**
Emmylou Harris/Warner Bros.
8. **Images**
Ronnie Milsap/RCA
9. **Stardust**
Willie Nelson/Columbia
10. **We Should Be Together**
Crystal Gayle/United Artists
11. **New Kind of Feeling**
Anne Murray/Capitol
12. **The Best of Don Williams, Vol. II**
Don Williams/MCA
13. **Classics**
Kenny Rogers & Dottie West/United Artists
14. **Ten Years of Gold**
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
15. **The Oak Ridge Boys Have Arrived**
Oak Ridge Boys/MCA



TOM HILL

The Dixie Dregs
The Roxy, Los Angeles

Two revealing instances of loud applause burst from the hardcore Dregs attendees: the first came before the show, at the mere mention of the upcoming appearance of ex-Yes drummer Bill Bruford, another progressive rocker. The second happened before the Dregs did a satirical encore complete with ensemble kicks and twirls. Bassist Andy West, who handles most introductions for the group, stepped up to the mike and said, "Disco sucks, and you know it!" It was as if he had thrown fistfuls of hundred-dollar bills into the crowd.

Dregs fans think of themselves as being a little more sophisticated than the average disco-goer or Ted Nugent fan — and without a doubt their Atlantean heroes deliver an ambitiously structured music. They put in a strong, spirited Roxy set covering some hard-rocking territory, some grandiloquent rhapsodizing, touches of down-home bluegrass licks, and much more.

Steve Morse, the Dregs superb lead guitarist, in his stage presence and attitude toward rhythmic support resembles such past masters as Roy Buchanan and Steve Cropper, both comparatively impassive individuals visually. The energy each saves by not gyrating and posturing is devoted to playing guitar. Morse's brief



ON TOUR

duet with drummer Rod Morgenstein was amazingly interactive, alive and intelligible. At his more raucous moments he brings to mind Jimmy Page or Alvin Lee, but Morse can also slip into ethereal moods with beauty and control seldom heard from those gentlemen.

"The Bash," from *Night of the Living Dregs*, the group's most recent release, was a high point of the set, finding burly bassist West chugging out an archetypal country bumpkin line, and his compatriots wailing away over it like Flatt and Scruggs at the helm of a 747. Violinist Alan Sloan sawed off a series of traded bars with Morse that left listeners wondering how his strings remained intact.

Christopher Kathaman

Ian Hunter
Santa Monica Civic Auditorium,
Los Angeles

Ian Hunter played the rock star role to the hilt during his Mott the Hoople days, but with an air of unpretentious self-awareness that cemented an exceptionally strong bond between him and the audience. That bond helped the veteran British rocker through some rocky passages in an inconsistent but ultimately winning performance at the sold-out Santa Monica Civic.

Hunter and chief collaborator Mick Ronson were forced to hurriedly assemble this seven-piece ensemble when *You're Never Alone with a Schizophrenic* skyrocketed into the Top 100 and, predictably, the band is still going through some teething problems. Hampered by a terribly distorted, high volume mix and disorderliness on stage, the set's sporadic highlights were marked by a loose ramshackle feel much like the New Barbarians' recent tour.

After an opening instrumental, Hunter strolled out, clad in blue and white striped T-shirt, vest, jeans and a pair of

garish blue plastic sunglasses, and kicked off with a limp version of "Once Bitten, Twice Shy." The set combined most of the songs from *Schizo* with a surprisingly heavy dose of Mott the Hoople standards. That the Mott songs elicited the greatest audience response wasn't too surprising; the fact that rousing versions of "One of the Boys" and "All the Way from Memphis" were the highlights of the set was.

One reason for that was the continually grating, pseudo-gospel wailing of Ellen Foley (you might remember her from the Meatloaf LP) who positively ruined both "Standing in My Light" and "When the Daylight Comes," the latter re-worked into an effective, albeit overextended, doo-wop arrangement. Hunter's success as a singer rests on the subtlety and nuance of his phrasing but Foley, apparently unacquainted with the word restraint, simply drowned him out with piercing banshee shrieks.

For such a commanding stage figure in the Mott days, Hunter betrayed a surprising tentativeness early in the set. But when he strode to the lip of the stage, slashing out rhythm guitar chords inches from the eager, extended fingers of fans, it proved conclusively that — given time for his new band to jell — he'll have no trouble reclaiming his position.

Don Snowden

Gennady Rozhdestvensky & Viktoria Postnikova
Mann Music Center, Philadelphia

Visually, these two are an odd couple. Rozhdestvensky, one of the Soviet Union's leading conductors, middle-aged, bald at the top, looks more like a misplaced elementary school principal than a baton-wielder. Ms. Postnikova, a prize-winning pianist, is light-haired and very pretty. She looks almost young enough

to be Rozhdestvensky's daughter instead of his wife.

Rozhdestvensky's concert, part of the Philadelphia Orchestra's summer series, was all Prokofiev (his recording of Prokofiev symphonies helped to establish his reputation on this side of the Atlantic). After opening with the *Russian Overture*, which sounded like a pastiche of rejected sketches for the *Romeo and Juliet* ballet, Ms. Postnikova came on to play the Second Piano concerto. This is a product of Prokofiev's *enfant-terrible* period, though later rewritten, and is one of the great pianistic obstacle courses, from the opening movement with its long, brutal solo cadenza to its brilliant and somewhat rambling finale. All the thing requires is awesome technique, tremendous musicality and the stamina of a blacksmith. She had it all, and even managed some dynamic shadings previously unheard in a hall whose acoustics have broken the heart of more than one fine pianist. Of course, with her husband conducting she didn't have to worry about getting sympathetic accompaniment. She earned one of the season's biggest ovations from a crowd that clamored in vain for an encore.

The second half of the program was devoted to *Alexander Nevsky*, the cantata arranged from the score for the Eisenstein film, arguably the finest film score ever written. Watching Rozhdestvensky at work here was a pleasure. His technique is straightforward and economical, with even his big gestures under firm control, and he is capable of getting the most out of his forces with minimal effort. His *Nevsky* was a joyous thing that never flagged or gave way to portentousness for a moment. Florence Quivar sang the mezzo solo very nicely, the Orchestra played surprisingly well for a muggy night, the chorus was with them all the way, and everybody went home very happy.

Soi Louis Siegel



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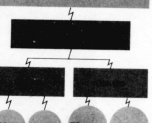
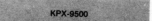
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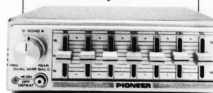


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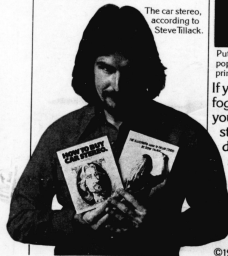


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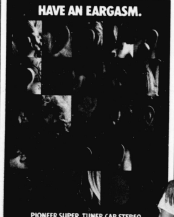
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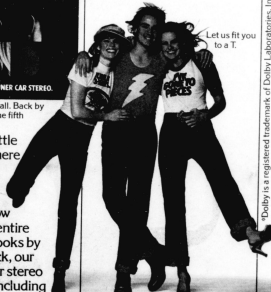
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John Klemmer

POP GOES THE JAZZ MAN

BY STEVEN X. REA

John Klemmer's wooden, livid-brown ranch-style house sits on a shadowy, serpentine street in the Sherman Oaks hills, on the far side of Mulholland Drive from the clamor of Hollywood. It's an unassuming place, laid out modern-smart, with a minimum of clutter. If it weren't for the jet black piano — where he composes most of his work — and the room stacked high with records, reel-to-reels and cassettes (a quick glance catches discs by Sonny Rollins, Sinatra, Coltrane and Debussy), Klemmer's domicile has all the earmarks of belonging to an upwardly mobile management exec or advertising honcho. In fact, Klemmer himself has the modern-smart look: dark South American guitarist Oscar Castro-Neves. "I keep on growing and looking for new territory," Klemmer explains in a detached, resonant monotone.

At 33, Klemmer is one of the most popular tenor saxophonists around, with more than fifteen albums spanning an 18-year-long career that has included tours and collaborations with such varied names as avant gardist Anthony Braxton,

bandleaders Don Ellis and Oliver Nelson, Earth, Wind & Fire's Maurice White, the Crusaders' Joe Sample and renowned Southern American guitarist Oscar Castro-Neves. "I keep on growing and looking for new territory," Klemmer explains in a detached, resonant monotone.

In 1973, Klemmer left Impulse for its pop parent label, ABC, his music taking a decided turn away from polyrhythmic, exploratory sounds (*Constant Throb*, *Intensity*) on to "straighter," more lyrical jazz turf. Klemmer's landmark recording in this vein — and the one that put Klemmer on the map in the pop world — is 1975's *Touch*. Since then, the tall, lanky Chicagoan has been traversing ever more commercial ground, excavating and embellishing the rhythmic warmth of Latin music on recent LPs like *Arabesque* and *Brazilia*. How did a white, upper-middle-class kid from the Windy City get into South American music? "I played in some Latin bands —

Salsa type stuff — as a kid. Not too long ago I got to a point, after going through straight-ahead be-bop, avant garde jazz and the very laid back, ballad type thing of *Touch* and *Barefoot Ballet*, I was looking for something new. So, by a process of elimination and just where my heart was going, Latin music and Brazilian music seemed to be the right direction."

Klemmer also continues his explorations of the Echoplex, an echo-delay device he employs in much of his solo saxophone work (as on last year's *Cry*) that creates washes of spontaneous, improvised self-dialogues. Klemmer's been experimenting with the Echoplex since 1968, when he toured with the Don Ellis Band and plugged into Ellis' Echoplex during a solo.

Elbows out, hands locked behind his head, Klemmer reclines on a lawn chair

beneath a trellis in his back yard. "I keep the doors wide open for anything to come in," he says. "That way I continue to keep myself inspired and alive and growing."

The saxophonist's receptivity is part of the reason he listens to as much music as possible, all kinds. Classical. Rock & roll. Even New Wave. If Klemmer lags behind on his listening he'll stage a marathon "catch up" session, spinning new records with a friend sometimes until four in the morning. "Even if I don't like it, I'll listen to it — just to be aware," he asserts. Recently he gave an ear to new albums by Dire Straits, Tonio K, and the Cars. "I found the Cars to be very limp. It scares me — the lack of energy and passion in it. The Cars, and other groups like that that I've heard, they either seem to be too slick or just infantile. I was listening to a lot of these rock groups last night, to the lyrics, and I said to myself, 'What happened to truth, to love and beauty? All the positiveness?' And it's a little frightening, what I see happening in our times, what a lot of rock music is saying and doing. It's going backwards

(Continued on page 28)



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Getting the Words Out: Good & Great Writing Today

BY FRED SETTERBERG

American literary critics are fond of drawing circles around our nation's golden ages. They argue that it all really began with Emerson and Thoreau, these great gluts of talent that seem to crop up every few years and crystallize the national experience with a definitive novel, a particular way of seeing, a prose style. Following the Transcendentalists there were Twain, Howells, and Henry James at mid-century, then Dreiser, Jack London, and the social realists. In our own age, and most conspicuously, there has been the continuing influence of Hemingway and company. Like grapes, the really important writers seem always to come in neatly packed bunches.

Such are the orderly benefits of viewing literary history through the artificial lens of the decade. By embracing this tactic we can turn the unruly factors of the talent into artifacts, measurable commodities hot off the production line of the imagination. It is all very neat, but it is not very real. Good writing does not necessarily align itself with the demanding theories of critics and social historians. And anyway, there are many people who firmly believe the evidence that good and great writing is produced during most any age. Even our age. The problem — now, as always — is getting the word out.

Pieces of the Whole: The Short Stories of James Alan McPherson

James Alan McPherson is a case in point. For the last fourteen years McPherson's short stories have been running in national magazines, finding their way into literary anthologies, winning major prizes. Yet, only last year — not insignificantly, after winning the Pulitzer — did his name begin to enjoy anything approaching a familiar ring. True, his output in terms of pages has been modest: *Hue and Cry* (1968) and *Elbow Room* (1977), two excellent volumes of short stories characterized by insight, compassion, and, in the words of Miguel de Unamuno, "heroic hope, absurd hope, mad hope." The best of McPherson's characters exhibit the timeless values of integrity and plain good sense. Or at least, in their absence, there is a conviction that such things are possible in this world, they are worth striving for. McPherson's stories (and he is a storyteller in the oldest tradition) examine our continuous grasp for wholeness that is so often hedged by the accidents of birth, race, sex, and class.

"An Act of Prostitution," a classic example of pain so senseless and severe that it makes us laugh out loud, is a farce about justice, municipal judges, and a street-walker who traipses into court "pathetically blonde, big-boned and absurd in a skirt sloppily crafted to be a mini." Other stories are more penetrating and serious. The title pieces of both collections deal with idealistic love relationships between young black women and white men. "Elbow Room," in particular, sets up

the basic contradictions of professed morality and actual conduct, man and woman, parent and child, and most obviously, black and white. The stories' urgent needs for resolution express the ambitions of our age. McPherson shows the love between a man and woman to be a powerfully compressed equivalent of the individual's relationship to the world, a literary context in which the personal is political. As Ralph Ellison has asserted, this especially fine short story may reveal "more about the spiritual condition of Americans during the 1960s than is to be found in most novels."

Shady Jokers

Anyone who has taken a Shakespeare course should be able to recall this pointed advice: Watch out for the clowns, they are dead serious. Joking through the apocalypse is one of the great literary traditions, and in our own age we have had a bounty of practitioners. Don DeLillo is one of my current favorites, and this is how his characters engage reality:

"I've had conversations with the guy. He's pretty interesting, albeit a little bit stereo."

"What do you mean — stereo?"

"I mean psycho. Did I say stereo? What a funny word to use."

"You said albeit a little bit stereo."

"Did I say albeit? That's incredible, Gary. I'd never use a word like that. A word like that is way out of my province."

"But you used it, Jimmy. I'm certain."

"I must have been speaking in tongues...."

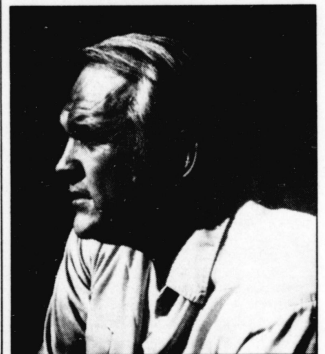
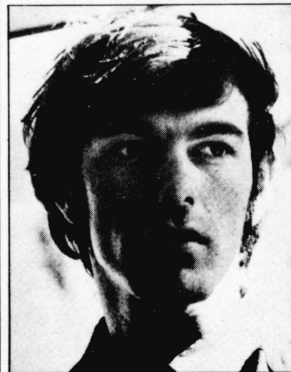
DeLillo's novels are born of the comic's dark conviction that every object of esteem must nourish a corresponding roster of absurdities. Like most DeLillo exchanges, these particular absurdities come equipped with their own value system and logic; in the end, it is the complicated structure of foolishness that we actually find ourselves admiring. The preceding conversation is taken from DeLillo's second novel, *End Zone*, a portrait, more or less, of the ties between sport and global warfare.

DeLillo has further toyed with terrorism in *Players*, and rock music and magic in *Great Jones Street*. In his latest book, *Running Dog*, we are led through a maze of American conspiracy (by now, a sacred cow in its own right) searching for Adolph Hitler's final legacy — a feature-length porno film shot in a private bunker during the final days of the Reich.

Working Blues and Union Deals

"He has no difficulty" wrote George Orwell "in introducing the common motives, love, ambition, avarice, vengeance, and so forth. What he does not noticeably write about, however, is *work*."

Orwell was criticizing perhaps the greatest descriptive writer in the English language, Charles Dickens. Dickens' inability to confront the everyday realities of the workplace is matched in countless other writers of our own age. In recent years we have seen exceptions to this rule in a few excellent portrayals of working people, on and off the job, by writers such



as Richard Price (most notably, *Blood-brothers*), and Lawrence Swaim's 1930s-styled novel, *Waiting for the Earthquake*. However, probably the most successful recent novel to use work — doing it, hating it, losing it, needing it — as the core of its construction is John Sayles' *Union Dues*.

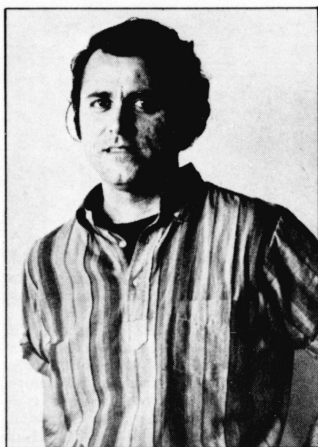
In many ways, Sayles has also built the "big" novel of the Sixties that so many writers have been straining to get down on paper. He shows us the McNatt family and the agonies of the nation that have finally found their way to a small coal mining town in West Virginia. When teenaged Hobie McNatt runs away from the unpromising company town, his father, Hunter, is forced to take up the search leaving behind his lifelong job in the mines while adapting to factory labor in Boston — an education into how things work in the big city that also mirrors Hunter's own struggles back home with the corrupt Tony Boyle UMW. Throughout McNatt's long search for his son we hear the hopes and

confusion of the decade voiced in the skillfully constructed words of Irish and Italian factory hands, cops, streetwalkers, miners, short order cooks, and most sharply, a cadre of caustically delineated young middle class radicals. With great energy Sayles portrays the phenomenon of social upheaval: the way in which formally drawn class lines are temporarily relaxed and ideas and experiences are shared among people who would normally have very little in common. The book is bordered by history, and not unlike Flaubert's description of 1848 radicalism in *Sentimental Education* or even Orwell's own foreshadowing of WWII, *Coming Up for Air*, we learn much about the lives of ordinary people caught in the pressure cooker of events, the personal details of an age on fire.

John Sayles is also the author of *Pride of the Bimbos*.

The Detective As Writer

We can look for good writing in the sports page and perhaps come up with the occasional likes of Ring Lardner or Dan Jenkins, and we can look for good writing in a mystery or detective novel and find the



Janwillem van de Wetering (top left) writes of Zen and Dutch detectives; John Soyles (lower left) creates forceful blue collar prose; Alice Hoffman (top center) presents street-wise youths in Property Of; Joe Gores (lower center) writes tough detective fiction like Hammett; and Don DeLillo (above) "jokes through the apocalypse."

clean, hard stylists like Joe Gores and Janwillem van de Wetering. Neither of these writers is exactly unknown among suspense buffs, but they have not yet crossed over to the wider general readership which they probably deserve. Dutchman van de Wetering has also written two books about his experiences as a serious student of Zen (*The Empty Mirror* and *A Glimpse of Nothingness*) and perhaps it is this perspective that informs his work with a flavor more tarried and deliberating than his American counterpart. His novels, starting with *Outsider in Amsterdam*, are as convincing in a procedural sense as they are temperate in philosophy—the former characteristic, at least partially the result of van de Wetering's moonlighting as a sergeant on Amsterdam's Special Constabulary. His most recent novel is *The Maine Massacre*.

Joe Gores also worked some years as a private investigator. The locale for many of his taut, often extremely violent novels is the San Francisco Bay Area—another piece of linkage to Gores' apparent mentor, the prototype for every detective-turned-author, Dashiell Hammett. In fact, Gores' best and probably most widely read novel is *Hammett*, an ingenious work that employs the ex-Pinkerton as a fictional character cracking a sordid case of slave-trading while putting the finishing touches on his own *Red Harvest*. This is the early Hammett, another embodiment of all the vices and virtues that we usually associate with Nick Charles of *The Thin Man*. The political sympathies that brought the real-life Dashiell Hammett so many problems in later life receive no mention here, nor does his involvement with a certain lady playwright. But what we do enjoy remains a work of compelling historical suspense by a writer whose stories are

typically, honest to God, hard to put down. Other Gores novels include *Interface*, *Dead Skip*, and *Final Notice*.

And the Reader as Detective

Time recently reported a literary prank in which a Los Angeles freelancer pseudonymously submitted for publication a freshly typed, untitled copy of Jerzy Kosinski's 1969 National Book Award winner, *Steps*. The manuscript was rejected by 14 publishers and 13 literary agents. The point being that it's damned hard to get a first novel published, previous award winners notwithstanding. Unfortunately, the message can be carried one step further. Once published, first novels also have a difficult time getting reviewed and read, and many a good book ends up on the one-dollar sale table at your local bookstore.

I'd like to mention one recent first novel that has suffered this fate because its experience points up the situation for so many other promising writers. Alice Hoffman's *Property Of* is a tense, ferocious novel about the self-sufficient values of a New York street gang called the Orphans as told through the romantic but never sentimental perceptions of a teenaged girl whose involvement with the gang President, McKay, leads her unblinkingly through murder, rape, various betrayals, and heroin use. The harshest facts of urban life have been stated many times over, from *The Young Manhood of Studs Lonigan* to *Looking for Mr. Goodbar*, but it is not the obvious violence and its corresponding code of honor that give this particular book its great interest. Rather, it is the understated portrait of adolescence that the nameless narrator embodies as she searches for the Orphans while "Snow was falling and the moon was howling light onto the Avenue," or as she pines over her dangerous beau: "I could conjure the name, the sound of his bootheels on the cement; I could recite the number of the license plate of his '69 Chevy in my sleep." Passion is always mixed with irony, the dreams of growing-up hedged by the likelihood of an early grave. Though Hoffman's novelistic world is peculiar and grim, she manages to convey the broad experience of growing up frantic, every act fraught with keenness and risk. In some sense, she speaks to the style in which we all matured.

Now this book—like too many others—deserves a wider audience. But despite generally good reviews and excerpts in reputable magazines, *Property Of* has not enjoyed a great deal of circulation. The loss, of course, does not solely affect Alice Hoffman, nor for that matter, any other relatively unknown yet talented author. It affects everyone. Sadly, short of sparking insurrection within the publishing business there seems to be very little we can do about it. Perhaps the best solution is a simple one: keep ears and eyes open, take chances, pass along the gold. To be sure, the losses will continue, but maybe we can skim some winnings off the top.

Fred Setterberg is a free lance writer who lives in Oakland, where he is also program coordinator for the East Bay Center for the Performing Arts.

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Zombies for Fun & Profit & Social Commentary

Dawn of the Dead creator George Romero flirts with big-time Hollywood.

BY JACOBA ATLAS

Almost twelve years ago George A. Romero, a young graduate of the University of Pennsylvania, took \$70,000 and the promise of some additional funds, rented a farm house outside Pittsburgh and proceeded to make a dandy little horror film based on the first part of a short story trilogy he had left in a drawer, presumably to gather dust forever. When the low-budget screamer was released, it turned out to be every film student's fantasy: it earned a bundle of money and had the critics—particularly those with an understanding of cult and B movies—sitting up and saying, "hey, look, that fellow can direct!" Earning a reputation for the goriest movie ever made, the film soon became an oh-no-not-again fixture on the revival film circuit. The movie: *Night of the Living Dead*.

That one movie made Romero a legend in certain horror movie film circles. His outrageous sense of the macabre, his fearless blood-letting and his strong allegorical underpinnings put him in a class with the masters of the genre. That first film wasn't a fluke. Romero went on to make another classic little venture titled *Martin*, a vampire movie which, pre-dating Anne Rice's novel *Interview with a Vampire* by several years, also took up the plight of a modern-day Nosferatu trying to survive ever-changing times. *Martin* came complete with a nightly phone call to a disc-jockey who just loved interviewing the vampire, and gave us a cameo performance by Romero as a local Pittsburgh priest who doesn't believe in exorcism. *Martin* was shopped at the Cannes Film Festival in 1972, and quickly went into the black.

But the real breakthrough for Romero, in terms of the established order, came earlier this year with the release of *Dawn of the Dead*, the second part to that three-tiered terror. Shot in dazzling color, at a budget of almost \$1 million, *Dawn* did what every movie studio executive hopes a film will do: it became an overnight blockbuster.

Full page ads in the Hollywood trade papers attested to its dollar value: \$4.5 million in two weeks; \$11 million in two months. In Japan alone it did nearly \$2 million in less than a week. *Dawn of the Dead*'s success came at just the right moment to catch Hollywood's attention. This past summer almost every major studio was struggling to cash in on the horror film market, from the heights of *Alien* to the depths of *Prophecy*. King Gore was ruling the gilded roost and Romero's credentials made him a viable heir-apparent.

So Romero, fulfilling every independent movie maker's secret ambition, came to Hollywood to do a little flirting. Like a dutiful daughter not certain whether she

should allow a first kiss, Romero, cautious, friendly, a self-described workaholic, is letting the studios do the heavy courting while he sits back and tries to figure their intentions. Romero doesn't want to make the mistakes he's seen other mavericks commit when asked to run with the pack.

Tobe Hooper, who directed *Texas Chain Saw Massacre*, signed a three-picture deal and then was never heard from again. Michael Miller, who helmed *Jackson County Jail*, thought he was making the breakthrough when he signed to direct *The Eyes of Laura Mars*, only to be fired before production began by hairdresser-turned-producer Jon Peters. Romero doesn't want to make the plunge so fast he breaks his neck. With a certain appealing irony he says he has no desire to be this year's resident genius.

He would like to make a deal with a major studio that guarantees him freedom and money, two commodities that often seem mutually exclusive when signed with a major film studio. "I don't want a development deal," he says, turning his back on the ambition of at least half Hollywood's gate crashers. "We have cash to buy any property we want and if the budget is small enough we can even make the movie. What we're doing here is feeling around and I'm not sure if they're ready to give me the kind of budget on the kind of property I like. What we're doing is seeing if we can find a home."

Romero views the major's sudden interest in horror films with amusement and he scoffs at *Newsweek's* revelation that horror movies are a new phenomenon and are suddenly hot business. "That's hokey," he insists. "Nothing's changed. Horror stuff always worked, but in the past they've come from Crown International, Dimension or Joe Brenner. Now the big studios are producing them. That's the only difference. Everyone says B movies have disappeared, but in reality, it's the A movies that have disappeared. All that's happening is the big studios are producing B movies elevated to major productions."

But while *Newsweek* and other such pundits are finding all sorts of sinister meanings hidden in the public's thirst for horror, Romero finds its acceptance a blessing. Not so surprising, he only turned to horror films because "no one wanted to finance my scripts which were really going to set everyone straight." Betraying his Sixties activist bent, he says, "the horror film has always been an anarchistic prototype. Any force that suddenly comes in and shatters what's going on from the outside, symbolically shatters the establishment, and that's terrific. Because unless that happens,

we're in a bad way. That celebration of anarchy is hopeful, even if it's an evil being because there's always the chance it'll bring us together or produce some new kind of beginning."

"I mean we're still arguing over basic economic systems, which should be past. Political ideology," he scoffs. "Tell me about it. It's really irrelevant to the state of the planet now, all political regimes are. But as long as there is a power structure that works off of political ideology or works off of an economic approach, forget it, because you'll never argue it down. It'll require a total revolution to knock it out."

Romero, who travels extensively on the college lecture tour ("they don't always like me; I tell them not to try the impossible, if you raise \$100,000 for a film, you have an obligation not to blow it"), thinks horror movies are evidence that the silent generation is a myth. "I really believe among the younger generation that they're feeling all those pressures, and they see that Monster crashing through the wall as Hope. First of all it's threatening the status quo and that's great. In the so-called revolutionary Sixties people went out and kicked in the wall themselves. Well, now for many reasons they sit back but they can still applaud someone else for doing the kicking. It's a very positive thing. It's something cutting through the silence, cutting through the apathy."

Cutting through silence and apathy plays a major role in Romero's films. *Night of the Living Dead* and *Dawn of the Dead* both show humans battling zombies, spaced-out, staggering dead who feed off the living. Each film cuts a swath of social commentary a mile wide, yet each can be enjoyed solely on what Romero calls "the rollercoaster level." But what gives these films their edge—most notably the far richer *Dawn*—is their allegorical nature. Romero makes very bold statements about materialism, the finite existence of life-producing facilities, and the power structure manipulating the haves and have-nots. *Dawn*, for instance, has humans making their last stand against the zombies in a multi-million-dollar shopping center. Gunfight at the J.C. Penney corral.

"In those old horror movies we were all brought up with I always felt sorry for the zombies. There was Karloff, up in the castle having a good time while the zombies were out picking cotton in the sun. That's why I sympathize, the oppression of the zombies."

"Everyone wants me to do the third part of the trilogy yesterday, but I don't really want to, not yet. If I did I'd probably make something close to *Dawn of the*

Dead, unless, of course, as I once said facetiously, I'd take it to where the zombies have taken over the planet and make some stale, *My Three Sons* sitcom.

"Actually, the skeleton is there. The allegorical side in the trilogy was always about revolution, but I don't consider myself a socio-political analyst, so I don't have a burning desire to get my climax out. I don't have much to explain because what I'm doing is really fairly obvious. It's certainly not new, but maybe if I wait and see, I'll find a new way of saying it."

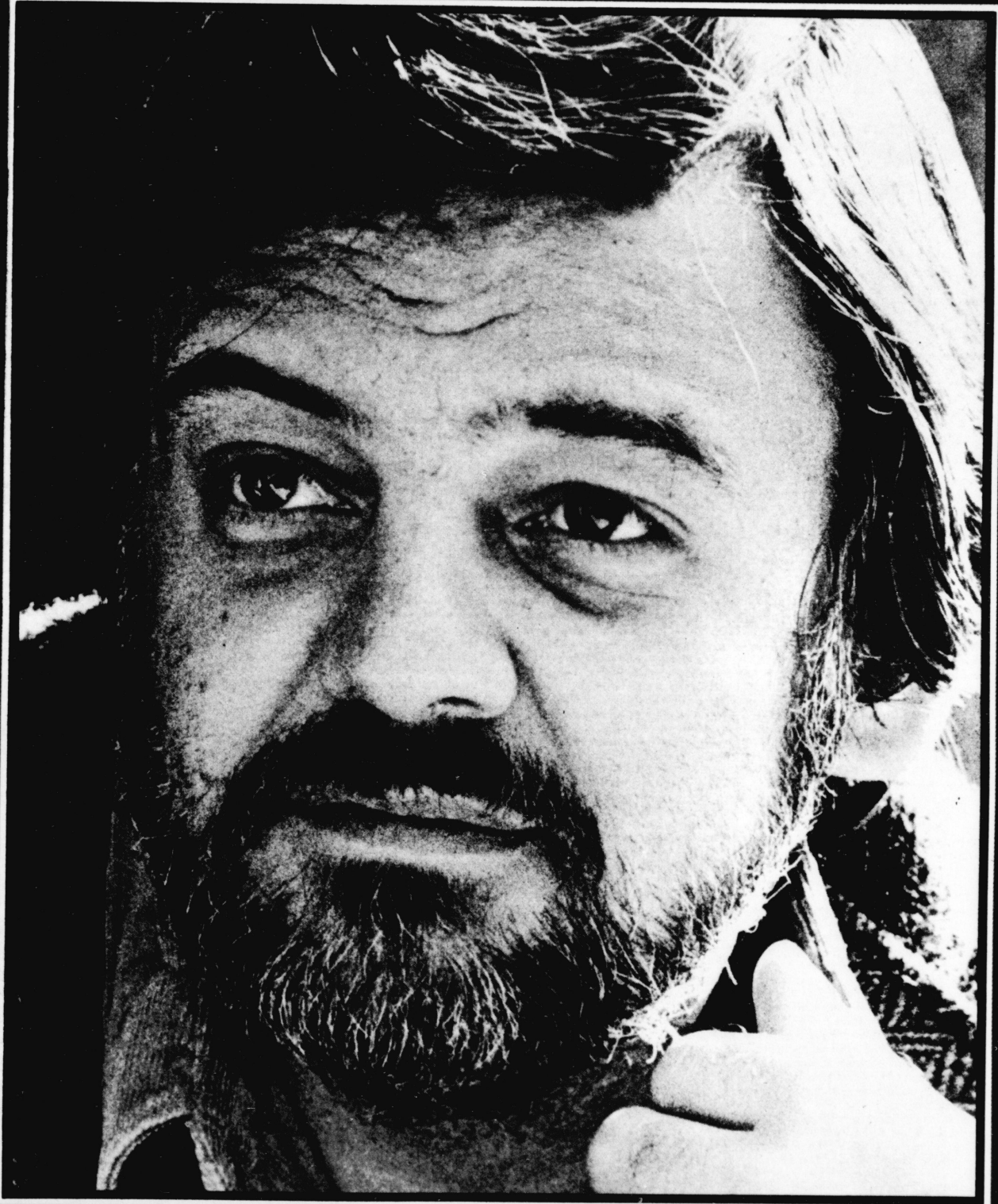
Romero has the time to wait and see. Aside from whatever develops with the big studios (he's signed for a foreign distribution deal with United Artists for his next film, about bikers trying to create their own Camelot, a movie he describes as "knights on bikes"), the 40-ish director has a burgeoning business in both New York and Pittsburgh making commercials and documentaries. Romero modestly says his company's success is based on luck, mainly the fortuitous choice of Pittsburgh as the company's home base instead of the over-populated film centers of New York and Los Angeles. "We were a success right away," he explains, "because we were the only game in town. We picked up multi-million dollar accounts like U.S. Steel and Galgon because we were based in Pittsburgh, and so I still fly back there a lot, whenever New York gets too much. And the company banks there."

Romero counts himself a very lucky, happy man. He thinks he knows how to pick his battles ("no tilting at windmills for me") and has won a couple that still give him pleasure, such as refusing to take an X rating for *Dawn of the Dead*. (It is shown unrated.) "I'm always concerned about the morality of what I'm doing. But to me *Dawn* is an exuberant film. Yes, some people run out because they're repulsed by some graphic sequences, but mostly people like being on a rollercoaster. But I don't think it's a traumatizing film. It doesn't leave you stunned."

"Once you get past the first fifteen minutes you adjust to what's happening visually. I don't have any compunctions about *Dawn*. We could have cut it back to get an R rating, but that would have been false. It would have made the movie into an exercise in perversity. It would have been titillating instead of out-front. The film is meant to be fantasy violence and the minute you cut back, it approaches realistic violence and that's dangerous."

Ironically, *Night of the Living Dead*, once thought to be among the most gruesome films ever made, now appears frequently on afternoon television. ☞

Ampersand



In Print

Edith, Osbert & Sacheverell

In this day of instant celebrity, where people with as little claim to interest as Margaret Trudeau become media darlings, it's difficult for us to understand the major role played by a group of English eccentrics just after World War I. But without question, a handful of men and women dominated their cultural scene with a vibrancy that still fascinates. Some were very talented, like the mistress of Bloomsbury, Virginia Woolf. Some were merely beautiful, like the very wealthy and very controversial Nancy Cunard. What they shared was the lime-light, and none claimed that focus more passionately than the Sitwells: Edith, Osbert and Sacheverell.

Their names alone conjure up images of strange, bizarre people; although the poems and plays they left behind are rarely known to anyone outside devoted English Lit majors, the Sitwells' greatest contribution to art was their own lives — their ability to seize the moment and play it for what it was. *The Sitwells: A Family's Biography* by John Pearson (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$15.00) ably illustrates what set this trio apart. Aside from their formidable appearance (Virginia Woolf once described Edith as "a clean hare's bone that one finds on a moon with emeralds stuck to it") and their serviceable writings, their lives intertwined with all the artistic titans of their day, from D.H. Lawrence to T.S. Eliot to Serge Diaghilev. They lived a richly textured life on a grand scale in a manner totally foreign to today's standards. It seems almost inconceivable that Edith and Osbert lived into the Sixties.

The children of a repressively belligerent father and a naively impulsive mother, the Sitwells broke barriers of class and breeding to claim their place in the sun. Edith's story is particularly touching. She was considered so ugly as a child her father refused to look at her; in accordance with Victorian standards, she was put in a back brace and a nose brace to try to "correct" her natural failings.

It's perhaps Edith's story of rebellion and growth that holds the most interest today; she seems a prototype for women struggling to find a place for themselves against formidable odds. She made the climb admirably. She became a major celebrity, a Dame of the British Empire and a darling of society. She also became a first-rate critic and essayist. Sacheverell married and raised a family; the homosexual Osbert lived abroad, where such irregularities were considered more acceptable.

This is an enviable biography, written with clarity, wit and drama. Pearson (who once collaborated on a weekly newspaper column with 007 creator Ian Fleming) draws us into an extraordinary story without drowning us in too many details, despite the book's length and density.

The Sitwells is a book to be savored by those already fascinated with England's eccentrics, and by those wanting an introduction.

Jacoba Atlas

Catholics & Poets

Well, there's a lot of Catholics running around loose out there (this reviewer, for one), and there's a lot of poets, though not so many as there are Catholics of course, and if you stop to consider these two facts together then it isn't exactly surprising to think that there's even a fair herd of folks on the prowl in open space who are both Catholics and poets. Eugene J. McCarthy, *that* Eugene J. McCarthy, isn't exactly a Catholic and a poet, but is or was a Catholic and a man who *strives* to be a poet (and, it must be said, falls about as far short of that goal as he did of that other noble goal he had, back around 1968). Geoffrey Hill is more than a Catholic and a poet: He is a Catholic poet — a man who draws vocabulary, rules of reasoning, and lineaments of spiritual integrity from his faith.

Hill's new collection, *Tenebrae* (Houghton Mifflin, \$7.95), includes four sequences of poems and six shorter works. The language is spare and almost cold sometimes (the way the stone floor of an old church is cold — inspiring a hint of chill but seeming at the same time somehow solid, reassuring —), but can be stunningly intricate with its internal rhymes and clattering rhythms. ("...The red-coat devotees, mêlées of wheels," appear in one sonnet; in another, "On blustery lilac-bush and terrace-urn/bedaubed with bloom Linnaean pentecosts/put their pronged light...") Hill has been called "the strongest British poet now alive" and "the monumental English poet of the latter 20th century." I believe that his concerns are far too, shall we say, parochial for that, and that his studied simplicity sometimes nags banality — but his care and purity are impressive, and the human elegance with which he limns the sublime deserves respect.

The best that can be said about ex-senator McCarthy as a versifier is that he is kind-hearted, right-thinking, and well-

read. His new collection, his second, is *Ground Fog and Night* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$8.95). Many poetasterly forms are represented therein: doggerel, pastiche, the laundry list (in this case a catalogue of books found in an old hotel), bleeding-heart drivel (as in "My Lai Conversation," which I regret to report includes such lines as "Why did you carry water to the wounded soldier, now dead?/Your father./Your father was enemy of free world" and "Good-bye, small six-year-old Vietnamese boy, enemy of free world")...The faults here are all the usual faults of failed poets — flat language, hoary metaphor, leaden rhythms, lack of ironical distance, dogged literalness — and most of all, most fatally, the apparent inability to make the leap, to go beyond mere words into the scary, thrilling poet's realm of the nearly inexpressible.

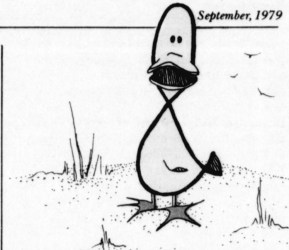
Morley Jones

Trivia, Variety, Necrophilia

"Why am I writing this book?" asks William Saroyan in *Obituaries* (Creative Arts Book Co., \$7.95), a haphazard recollection of the showbiz personalities registered in *Variety's* Obituary list of 1976. "To save my life, to keep from dying of course. That is why we get up in the morning."

There aren't many people with the audacity and the verve to explore, with the written word, that single aspect of life which is beyond all known experience: death. And there aren't many people like 69-year-old Saroyan, whose reflections upon life's Final Mystery have undoubtedly been growing along with his anticipation of it. *Variety's* Necrology Pantheon serves as the springboard from which one of America's (and Armenia's) finest writers, or so he would love to be considered, lets his mind, and his pen, ramble meanderingly and for the most part disrespectfully about living, dying and looking for a meaning in both. From Agatha Christie ("The Dame thrived on champagne and oysters") to Howard Hughes ("he finally became grotesque") to Adolph Zukor ("during all of his long years he did nothing, really, at all") we follow Saroyan's reminiscences of former friends, enemies and even those, not on the list, who enter the scheme by association.

Underlining the effort, of course, is a thinly disguised mockery of logic which fits the subject matter most mirthfully. To theorize about the inconceivable through language is simply ludicrous. What can you say? Accordingly, Saroyan plays with the reader, teasing our sensibilities with satire aimed at the absurdity of both *Death* and *Variety's* selectivity within its all-



Ampersand of the Month

This beguiling Ampersand duck was submitted by Stephen Ralston who's studying architecture at Texas Tech University. He gets \$25 for his ducky inspiration. Any other would-be artists out there in Readerland are encouraged to submit their original Ampersands of the Month. The rules: be neat, use black ink on white paper, write your name and address on the art work and send to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine Street #201, Hollywood, CA 90028. And learn patience, we're just getting around to our favorites from last year (but we're notoriously fickle; flashy new ampersands may get booted to the front of the line, so take a chance). We keep all art, because we never know when we may want to use one, or two, or three.

encompassing dimension. Platitudes like "it is intelligent to be happy" or "death is inappropriate" are uttered in full recognition that they are as trite as they are truthful.

The book, like life itself, is full of things which are beside the point. *Obituaries*, after all, is merely the contemplation of a writer approaching the twilight of his earthly existence; he may be a superbly crafted and supremely confident man of letters but he is still a mortal who, unfortunately, has no answers. "Reader, take my advice, don't die," writes Saroyan in his typically solicitous fashion. "That's all, it doesn't pay."

William W. Bloomstein

Soft Cactus

Cactus Pie, a collection of short stories by Gerald Green, is described on the book jacket as "Ten Spiny Funny Savory Slices of American Life" (Houghton-Mifflin, \$9.95). More like eight, really, as one's set in Mexico and another in Italy. Most of them appeared originally in *Playboy*, *Penthouse*, *Argosy* and *Seventeen*, and they are all slick and slanted to these respective readerships. I didn't care for them because although Gerald Green is a clever writer, there is no magic — here, at least — in the way he turns a phrase. The characters are more often caricatures, especially where there is heavy-handed regional or ethnic dialogue. He is at his worst with Southern or yokel types; he's OK with Jewish



ones, because the clichés are an integral part of the charm. Predictably, females are presented sympathetically only in the stories for *Seventeen*. In the others, where sex is occasionally used for spice — it is never the hinge of the story — it doesn't amount to much more than a desperate, solitary reflex. The stories range in temper from nasty to maudlin; their common denominator is paranoia. Somebody is always trying to get somebody, or else there are just general fears of doom and frustration.

He can write in convincing and sometimes entertaining detail about shady car mechanics, army procedures and poker hands. There is a sort of energy in the way many of the stories suddenly lift off their credible moorings to become airborne fantasy. There can be an enjoyable heaping up of incident, whereby a gas-pump jockey buys out his crooked boss, or a taciturn West Virginian transforms his dismal army base in Britain into something an American could call comfortable, or a 92-year-old Jew sets a bunch of Hare Krishnas on the path to economic independence.

Gerald Green is prolific (14 novels, assorted non-fiction), but not terrific. I was already prejudiced against him because he wrote the well-intentioned but poorly wrought *Holocaust* for TV.

Shelley Turner

The Skeptical Inquirer

Readers of science fiction, whose interests probably tend to shade off into straight science on one hand and fantasy and/or the occult on the other, will probably perk up their ears when they hear about a magazine devoted to scientific investigation of the so-called paranormal. And perk they should, for *The Skeptical Inquirer* (editorial address: 3025 Palo Alto Dr. NE, Albuquerque, N.M. 87111 \$15 a year, 4 issues) is a first rate, professional job supported by the Committee for the Scientific Investigation of Claims of the Paranormal, a group of Establishment scientists and scholars such as Carl Sagan, Martin Gardner, Philip J. Klass and B.F. Skinner. Also fellows of the committee are SF giants Isaac Asimov and L. Sprague de Camp, and the magician James "The Amazing" Randi, who specializes in exposing Uri Geller-type "psychics."

Former *Science News* editor Kendrick Frazier brings six years of experience to the task of editing *Skeptical Inquirer* (formerly *The Zetetic*) and the result is a lively and informative quarterly that will be of lasting interest long after the *National Enquirer* and its ilk are blown to dust. With emphasis on the skeptical, the *Inquirer* looks into a variety of paranormal subjects, including such old favorites as ESP, astrology and UFOs, plus a host of relative newcomers such as Velikovsky, the Bermuda triangle, the Amityville horror and the ever-popular Ancient Astronauts. Veteran science journalist Frazier leads off each issue with some News and Comments on the latest wave of paranormality, followed by some hard looks at specific cases by writers like UFO-killer Klass, psychicslayer Randi and such notables as James E. Oberg, a computer/space science specialist; William Sims Bainbridge, a University of Washington sociologist; and Paul Kurtz, a philosopher and chairman of CSICOP.

In addition to the feature articles, the *Inquirer* continues the attack in its book

reviews, editorials, news items and even the letter column, although here there are occasional dissenting voices raised in defense of the paranormal. The main shortcoming of *Skeptical Inquirer* is in fact this single-mindedness that sometimes seems to go beyond scientific examination into an inquisition mentality ready to stamp out all signs of paranormal heresy. Granted that 95 percent of paranormal claims are baloney or outright fraud, and granted there is a crying need for a group like CSICOP and publications like the *Inquirer* — I still wish I didn't sense that quiver of fanaticism in some of the articles...

But, no matter. There is much in *The Skeptical Inquirer* worth keeping permanently as a ready reference when a flurry of paranormalities begins to snow us under.

Neal Wilgus

Summer Reading

The Wampanaki Tales (Doubleday, \$8.95) is a light-hearted, light-weight story about a summer boys' camp, much sharper and funnier than the movie *Meatballs* — no relation, except in its summer camp setting. Here author James Howard Kunstler exploits boys' fears rather than men's sex drives. When the lads aren't terrified of monsters they're plotting dire and suitable revenge on Ernest, certainly one of the more despicable fat slob in recent fiction.

The Main Chance (Viking, \$9.95) promises political, romantic and journalistic thrills; after all, author Jules Witcover is a political journalist, and a good one. This, his first novel, should convince him to remain a political journalist. His plot is simple-minded (ace reporter covers bid for re-election by a deposed president who believes, with some justification, that ace reporter was instrumental in deposing him), his characters not quite fleshy enough for cardboard. The ace reporter drinks a lot, is cynical but with a soft heart, is great in bed and is, of course, a perfect journalist. When ace reporter's young partner leaves to manage his senator brother's bid for the presidency, ace reporter promotes their lissome female researcher to partner status, and it is her unbridled ambition that gives the book its title and creates general ruin. But before she screws up, she screws the ace reporter in an embarrassingly corny scene. She claims, emotionally, that he's the best she's ever had, the first to give her "the big O." Honest. I wouldn't make this up.

I saved the best for last. *The Dogs of March* (Viking, \$9.95) is the first novel by Ernest Hebert, who lives in Keene, New Hampshire, also the scene of his book. Hebert's not-so-simple tale revolves around Howard Elman, an uneducated man betrayed by modern times, forced to cope with unemployment, the alienation of his children's affections by a rich-lady neighbor, his wife's hysterical paralysis, the threatened loss of his property and a host of smaller annoyances. Hebert writes about working class people, particularly Elman, without anger or condescension, but with understanding, sympathy, clarity. Hebert uses words — and uses them very well — to convey the sense and feeling, the inarticulate rage and frustration of a man who is ignorant and afraid of words. These people aren't winners or losers, they savor their little triumphs and try to cope with their setbacks. I was sorry to come to the end of *The Dogs of March*. I only hope Hebert writes another book, soon.

Judith Sims



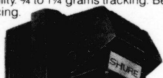
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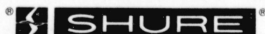
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BY GARY KENTON

Lene Lovich and Rachel Sweet are not scheduled to go 15 rounds at the Fabulous Forum anytime soon. On the contrary, these two budding rock & roll starlets are quite chummy. Lovich did some nifty harmonies on Sweet's current *Fool Around* LP and each professes admiration for the other's work. But, even though they're significantly unlike in some ways, the parallels in their careers invite, almost demand, comparison. With both of their impressive debut albums released simultaneously in England six months ago and more recently in the U.S. (Lovich on Stiff/Epic, Rachel on Stiff/Columbia), neither denies the existence of "friendly competition." They may never raise their dukes, but with what these two women have to offer there's almost bound to be a skirmish, at least on the charts.

The most obvious thing Lovich and Sweet have in common is the circuitous route by which both brought their talents to the attention of the American public.

Although they first earned fame in Great Britain, both hail not just from the U.S. but from that same stretch of industrial bleakness which comprises the northern part of the American Midwest. Lovich was born in Detroit in 1949 (on her recent promotional tour she visited friends and relatives there for the first time in nearly a decade) but now makes her home in London, while Sweet still resides, when not touring or recording, in Rubber City—Akron, Ohio—home of Devo, Tin Huey, et al. Only 17, Sweet has been involved in one form of show business or another for 10 years, a bit longer than the elder Ms. Lovich.

The other basic similarity between these chanteuses is that both were unleashed through the auspices of Stiff, that most eccentric of British record labels, the same outfit that introduced Elvis Costello, Ian Dury, Wreckless Eric and others. Of the two, Lovich is more severe and consciously artistic; Stiff affords its artists an uncommon degree of freedom ("they never tell me what to

do," she says) and Lovich seems bent on exercising that freedom to the limit. Not that her pop roots aren't so firmly entrenched as Sweet's—she did, after all, cover the Tommy James and the Shondells AM nugget "I Think We're Alone Now" and Nick Lowe's Fifties-inspired "Tonight" on her *Stateless* LP—but far more affecting is the original rarified, modernistic material she brings to light. Chief among these are such clever compositions as "Lucky Number" (a top ten hit in England), "Home," and "One in a 1,000,000," the result of a collaboration with her guitarist/keyboardist/producer/fiance Les Chappell. If *Stateless* is a bit rough or off-beat for some tastes, some of it may be explained by the fact that 90 per cent of the album is comprised of demo tapes produced by the band, none of whom had any previous practical experience in the studio. "We were working in the dark a lot," Lovich readily admits. Considering the outcome, the presumption is that her next LP, currently being recorded under more

professional circumstances in London, could be an absolute blockbuster.

The daughter of a Yugoslav father and an English mother who later split up, Lovich returned with her mother to England at age 13 where she eventually enrolled in art school. It was there that she learned to play both saxophone and violin, while making the acquaintance of Chappell, with whom she fell into several divergent bands and in love.

Although *Stateless* refers literally to Lovich's lack of a passport at the time it was recorded (she has since renewed her U.S. citizenship), she explains further that "each song is about a different emotional state of mind. 'Stateless' means that there's a variety of emotions to look at." Lovich's description makes *Stateless* sound like another of those conceptualized British art-rock artifacts, but the LP is rescued from such a fate by the directness of the songs and by the alluring, albeit quirky, warmth in Lovich's voice. An additional reason *Stateless* does not have a contrived, art-school aura is that there was a healthy

span between Lovich's exit from school and the launching of her solo career. It simply took Lovich and Chappell a while to settle on their idiosyncratic, synthesized rock style and to find the proper niche for it in the musical marketplace.

They found that niche with the aide of Charlie Gillett (author of *Sound of the City* and *Making Tracks*), the British musicologist/disc-jockey/entrepreneur whose Oval Records supported the recording of the demo which became *Stateless*. Gillett, whose knack for spotting potential at an early stage of an artist's development led him to 'discover' such luminaries as Graham Parker, Dire Straits and Ian Dury, among others, contacted Lovich on the basis of an advertisement she ran on his now-defunct BBC radio show. She did a couple of gigs with a large ensemble called the Oval Exiles before splintering off with Les to form her own group. "Up until then," says Lene, "I had tried to sing on various occasions but I was always shouted down. Charlie encouraged me to pursue it." Gillett also put Lovich together with Jimmy O'Neill, author of *Stateless* tracks "Telepathy" and "Say When," which latter song has become a staple of Lovich's live show, with British audiences mimicking the exaggerated arm movements with which Lovich accompanies the song like a gym class doing calisthenics. "It's hard to find songs written by somebody else that you feel good about," says Lovich, "but I liked 'Say When' straightaway. It was originally written for Suzi Quatro, you know." Interestingly, O'Neill is now the leader of Fingerprintz, the Virgin recording group currently backing up Rachel Sweet. The plot thickens.

While not involved in the women's movement or politics per se (she says she believes in "people power"), Lovich is acutely aware of being a female in a traditionally male-dominated business. Although some observers feel her on-stage flamboyance plays into sexist stereotypes, "I concentrate on theatrics because I want people to know that I'm serious," Lovich says. "The atmosphere is much healthier now than it once was. Up until recently, women had to be monsters — they either had to be very aggressive and stomped around and swear a lot on stage (i.e., be like men) or they had to stand there in a revealing dress and look sweet and cute and sexy (i.e., for men). I'm an extremist anyway. I just don't like to be caught in the middle." In other words, Lovich doesn't mind being a monster (with her black pigtailed, flowing dark garments, wide beautiful eyes and dramatic make-up, she sometimes resembles Morticia of the Addams Family) so long as she is a monster of her own creation.

In addition to her second album, which Chappell promises will be "a bit heavier, with two added keyboards," Lovich has also begun making a film with German recording star Herman Brood (who recently toured the U.S. with his band, the Wild Romance). Lovich and Dutch punk star Nina Hagen portray terrorists who "use music as a cover for subversive activities." Chappell, who is strikingly bald and likes to wear black shirts with white ties, was perfectly cast as the getaway driver of the terrorist gang's car. Since the dialogue is in German, Dutch and English, sometimes all in the same scene, wide distribution of the film in the U.S. is unlikely.

If the Lene Lovich film is destined for the underground theaters, any Rachel Sweet movie would be routed directly into

the drive-ins. More conventional and, yes, cuter, than Lovich, Sweet works confidently in her more basic rock style. It is easy to forget Sweet's tender age, especially when one notes that the original, British version of her album bears the dominating mark of Liam Sternberg, a friend of Sweet's family from Akron, who wrote 7 of the LP's 11 songs and produced. The assumption might be that Sweet is a gifted, probably mindless prodigy whose career is less in her own hands than in a mentor's. But the American version of *Fool Around* finds Mr. Sternberg's role reduced, and word has it that he may not be involved in Rachel's follow-up, working instead with Kirsty McColl (daughter of English folkie Ewan McColl), also a Stiff artist. Besides, it would be a grave error to think that Sweet is not the mistress of her own career; she knows what she wants — commercial success — and she's got the tools to get it: a winning smile and a voice somewhat reminiscent of Brenda "I'm Sorry" Lee.

Any notion remaining that the precocious Akronite is merely a voice, a studio sweetheart, was completely shattered by her recent mid-summer U.S. tour. With Jimmy O'Neill's Fingerprintz laying down a firm backbeat, the diminutive Sweet (she's approximately five feet tall) rocked out in fine fashion. In L.A., her rendition of Elvis Costello's "Allison" (right in Linda Ronstadt's back yard!) and Eddie Cochran's "Come on Everybody" caused the *Herald Examiner's* Ken Tucker to exclaim in print, "The girl has passion and wit." While Lovich is admirably concerned with asserting her artistic intent, Sweet is more simply occupied with, as the MC5 used to say, kicking out the jams.

Sweet's attitude toward being a woman in rock is similarly less aesthetic, but more common-sensical, than Lovich's. "I think it has its advantages and disadvantages," Sweet says, a slight frown shading her round countenance, "you always have to prove yourself, but there aren't that many women doing straightforward rock, so people are basically more interested in you as a female. But I don't think of myself as trying to do a man's job... I'm trying to do a universal job." Sweet stands apart from many of the artists on the Stiff roster, Lovich in particular, in that she seems to see herself as an entertainer in a more old-fashioned American sense; she is not afraid to be inconsistent or unhip. The material on *Fool Around* ranges from Sternberg's sardonic views of suburban lives and loves ("Who Does Lisa Like" and "Suspended Animation") to Elvis Costello's paean to country music ("Stranger in the House") and to such lightweight classics as Carla Thomas' "B-A-B-Y" and Dusty Springfield's "Stay Awhile." The origins of Sweet's "old trooper" dedication to show business are easy to trace. With her parent's encouragement, she began appearing in TV commercials at age 7, pushing everything from candy bars to bananas, while also singing and dancing in summerstock productions of several Broadway musicals. "My parents didn't really push me," she asserts, though Akron-to-New-York jet flights became commonplace in her young life. Ensuing years saw her open on several dates for Mickey Rooney (!?!!) and tour with Bill Cosby. Later she entered the music business as a country singer with the tiny Derrick label out of (where else?) Texas. She attained the lower reaches of the charts with her version of "We Live in Two Different Worlds" but was still signed to Derrick, with little to show for her efforts, when Liam Sternberg contacted her

(Continued on page 30)

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OnScreen

(Continued from page 8)

marry the "hero" (Ken Wahl), who really loves the other girl (Karen Allen) after feeling her up on the street. The Duckies are portrayed as short, short-haired space cases who always appear in heavy fog, wielding big sticks; their scenes look like outtakes from *The Warriors* and have nothing in common with the rest of the flick.

There are some neat things here: the music, which is energetic and appropriate (unlike *More American Graffiti*), the acting, a strip poker game, bizarre Hawaiian shirts worn by the local godfathers, and the black cheerleaders for the football game, but most of the time I wished these good parts could have been in a good movie and not in this confused mess.

Richard Price's other book, *Blood-brothers*, was also made into a movie recently (it was worse); it too ended with two people driving away from New York, escaping to that well known haven, New Jersey.

Unfortunately, there seems to be no escape from stupid movies like this.

Judith Sims

most annoying flaw. It isn't clear, at the end, whether Alda is nominating a president or trying to become one; does he suffer no remorse shafting Douglas? Why doesn't he tell his wife he's running for president? Why doesn't his daughter tell anyone why she's so miserable? And why in hell does wife Barbara Harris agree to stay with him in the end, after he has betrayed her in so many ways?

For all its faults, *The Seduction of Joe Tynan* (a double entendre, of course) deserves some measure of success because it's a serious effort to show how part of our government works (in contrast to *Mr. Smith Goes to Washington*), and because Alda should be encouraged. His acting here is precise, never reminiscent of TV's Hawkeye Pierce, and his script is interesting and literate, however cluttered. If this movie makes some money, he'll probably write a better one someday. And if he's lucky, Jerry Schatzberg won't direct it.

Judith Sims

Klemmer

(Continued from page 18)

instead of ahead. I really miss the Sixties." Klemmer's Aquarian Age attitudes come off like the espousals of some mellowed-out hippie in a *Doomsbury* strip. But Klemmer is earnest about maintaining his grasp of those high-ideal spiritual concepts and weaving them into his life and his music. His album jacket's liner notes offer up "thought space to dream and love" and blessings such as "Let the waters of your soul flow..." Bandying about spiritual euphemisms is a waning trend, but Klemmer's struck it off apparently without alienating his audience. There are a lot of people out there who can relate — whether it be the spiritual platitudes of the liner copy or just the earthy, tropical tones emanating from his horn. Each of his last 7 LPs has been in the top 5 on jazz sales charts, most of them eventually reaching Number One.

One gentleman who can relate particularly well is Joe Smith, chairman of Elektra/Asylum Records, who personally signed Klemmer to his diskery when Klemmer's ABC contract expired.

Klemmer is presently preparing his first album for Elektra with long-time producer Stephan Goldman. It's an outing he describes as "more pop — I think it will surprise everybody." Does that mean jumping (like fellow jazzbos Herbie Mann and Herbie Hancock) on a disco/funk bandwagon? "Nope. I have no interest in doing disco music," Klemmer replies quickly. "I like something I can dig my teeth into and can have fun with. Funk music, disco — it's more rhythmic than it is melodic or harmonic. There's no challenge for me as a melodicist and an improviser. There's not much there: a couple of chord changes and after a while it gets rather boring."

The new pact with Elektra calls for the release of a number of projects on Klemmer's *Age of the Artist* series. "It will be an area for me to do aesthetic projects of the nature of the solo saxophone album, and hopefully for me to get more involved in producing other artists.

"What I like to do is plant a lot of seeds for the future," Klemmer explains, lighting up a cigarette in the early evening glimmer. "What I'm doing now is planting seeds for five or ten years from now, because I know they might take that long to blossom."

THE SEDUCTION OF JOE TYNAN, starring Alan Alda, Barbara Harris, Meryl Streep, Melvyn Douglas, Rip Torn; written by Alda; directed by Jerry Schatzberg.

Alan Alda wants it both ways: his script shows us how easily a senator is nudged away from his original populist ideas, how quickly his family is ignored in favor of fascinating, beautiful colleagues, how he is co-opted and exploited while doing a little exploiting of his own, but always with basically noble ambitions. At the same time Alda expects us to like him, sympathize with him, forgive him. Fine; we should be able to take a character with virtues and warts, but Alda and director Schatzberg (who directed the dreadful *Puzzle of a Downfall Child* and the slightly less dreadful *Scarecrow*) just won't leave us alone to make up our own minds.

The central political conflict is whether Alda will lead the opposition to a Supreme Court appointee because of the man's racist background; his old Senate friend Douglas wants the man approved, which will somehow convince Douglas' constituents that he isn't too old for his job (hub?). It will be enough if Alda just votes against him without making a fuss. Alda agrees, and immediately changes his mind when strong evidence against the would-be judge is presented. Conveniently, Douglas cracks up the hearings — obviously too old for the job — so Alda never has to come to terms with his betrayal.

Alda's personal conflict at home is similarly confusing. He professes constant love for wife and children, but something is obviously wrong. His daughter, a whiny, sulky brat, refuses to reveal the source of her misery, and Alda just keeps breaking promises to them all. His affair with Meryl Streep, a political activist who helps him derail the racist, becomes the focal point of the film because here at least we understand what's going on. When Streep and Alda suddenly realize There's More to This Relationship than Politics, the movie hovers while they silently eye each other. Neat. But whenever we're ready to be angry with Alda — for dumping on his wife, for undermining his old friend Douglas, for his self-congratulatory attitude — our anger is diffused, misdirected... like the movie.

This damned vagueness is *Seduction's*

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On disc

(Continued from page 13)

time Elton John is Teddy Pendergrass is in his dreams — certainly not on this song, which, done by Teddy and the old Blue Notes, would have been a killer.

At his best, Thom Bell uses overlaid voices and instruments, like his fellow Philadelphian Todd Rundgren, to achieve a luxuriously thick sound. In this instance, there are some brilliant tidbits, such as an artfully chicken-picked guitar and mysterious clackety-clack noises in the background, but overall, formula prevails, and the writing for the MFSB horns and strings is pedestrian compared to so many of Bell's past triumphs.

"Mama Can't Buy You Love" is stuffed with clichéd scratchy wah-wahing, harps, and some truly puerile vocalizing by John to complement Bell's lame lyrics. To add insult to injury, John's ten thumbs in the remix dissipated the unified sonic "picture" that Bell normally achieves, and many small instrumental motifs are criminally obscured.

This ought-to-be-stellar record is only minimally danceable or listenable, which is a crying shame considering that it comes from two men whose products are normally very much the best of both those worlds.

Christopher Kathman

THE KAZOOS BROTHERS Plate Full of Kazoos (Rhino)

The Kazoos Brothers take inanity to its farthest reaches, parodying Dan Aykroyd and John Belushi's Blues Brothers review into an all-kazoo catastrophe. Brought to you by the same folks who dished up the Temple City Kazoo Orchestra's version of Led Zeppelin's "Stairway to Heaven," *Plate Full of Kazoos* features "Soul Man," "Rubber Biscuit" (with Aykroyd and Belushi's guffawing, ersatz soul chatter reduced to kazoo riffing), "Little Darlin'" and Otis Redding's "I Can't Turn You Loose." The Kazoos Brothers are, for the record (and only for the record, mind you), Elvin Abdul Kazoos and Jackson "Action" Kazoos. Jake and Elwood Blues they are not. Sam and Dave they are not. Funny? Well, they are that, sort of, depending on how much satiric kazoo attack a given listener can handle.

Steven X. Rea

IAN DURY & THE BLOCKHEADS Do It Yourself (Stiff/Epic)

This is not Ian Dury's greatest album. That album appeared last year. It was called *New Boots and Panties* and it's well worth searching for in import bins and discount houses. It was a perfectly nasty, perverse, disgusting

album filled with all the things that make music so much fun — particularly sex and drugs and roll & roll, which was also the name of a cut on *New Boots. Do It Yourself* is a far tamer product than *New Boots*, but in these days of the marching morons of music, even an imperfect piece of sincere rock is a joy to behold. Ian Dury, part of the incredibly verdant and bellicose Stiff stable — which includes the likes of Nick Lowe, Elvis Costello, Lene Lovich and Rachel Sweet — is the gnome king of Stiff rock (their motto: "If it isn't Stiff, it ain't worth a f-k"). Trapped in a misshaped body not of his own doing, Dury strikes out with songs filled with dark irony and quiet vengeance. Songs like "Hit Me with Your Rhythm Stick" and "Dance of the Screemers" are rife with gnawing images of the underdog. Ian Dury is the revenge of the lower class against the pompous asses who people Monty Python routines. This is music that always has the last laugh.

Merrill Shindler

WILLIE NELSON & LEON RUSSELL

One for the Road (Columbia)

Willie Nelson may prove, in time, to be the best thing that's happened to American music since Cole Porter, Irving Berlin and George Gershwin. After years of being the Outlaw Prince of Country Music, a title he shared with Waylon Jennings, Kris Kristofferson and a whole gaggle of lesser luminaries like David Allen Coe and Eddie Rabbit, Willie Nelson turned last year to, of all things, low Americana. He released his darndest album, *Stardust*, in which he crooned along in his dusty off-key way to such old potboilers as "Georgia on My Mind," "September Song," "On the Sunny Side of the Street," and "Moonlight in Vermont." And to cap the whole improbable project, Willie Nelson chose Booker T. Jones, for producer. None of it made any sense.

Except for the music, which was just terrific. Songs which had long since vanished into the abyss of kitsch and Muzak suddenly re-emerged as really, truly great pieces of music, born again through the eyes and voice of one of country music's most genuine originals. *Stardust* was a great success. It also was acclaimed as something Willie Nelson could pull off just once. But... Willie Nelson — being Willie Nelson — has now managed to pull off his Americana hat trick a second time, with a double album of great songs from the good days of this century. Although he's taken Leon Russell, Bonnie

Bramlett and Maria Muldaur along, *One for the Road* is strictly Nelson's achievement. Russell's contribution is sparse.

The *Stardust* formula holds true on *One for the Road*, only more so. This time, Willie rides roughshod over "Sioux City Sue," "You Are My Sunshine," "Stormy Weather"... even "Danny Boy." Bless him, he gets away with it every time. Sure, the vocals are occasionally rough and gargly; sure, the piano playing and guitar solos run to the eccentric. But at the center of it all is a sort of blue-eyed soul that elevates these snatches of supermarket music to levels of great meaning. Indeed, Willie Nelson is busy creating a musical heritage for all of us to carry into the 21st century. For that act alone, he deserves to be carved large on the side of Mt. Rushmore, flashing a big, good-ole-boy smile at his only peers — Washington and Company.

Merrill Shindler

LOU REED The Bells (Arista)

Predicting what a new Lou Reed record will sound like is no easy task, considering the uncertainty and inconsistency Reed has always exhibited.

Just after critical acclamation peaked with last year's *Street Hassle*, Reed released *Take No Prisoners*, an uneven live album. This exemplified his rollercoaster career of peaks (the *Velvet Underground*, *Transformer*, *Street Hassle*) and valleys (*Sally Can't Dance*, *Metal Machine Music*). Now Reed has brought both worlds to one disc with *The Bells*, an album as fascinating as it is uneven.

Reed's experiment with jazz is in the forefront of *The Bells*. Rock seems to have faded to the background of his repertoire. Reed's primary concentration has usually been lyrical, and although most of *The Bells* music is expertly crafted, the lyrics take precedent.

Reed's better half comes out on "Families," an excellent tale of his family rejecting his lifestyle. "And no, I still haven't got married — no, there's no grandson planned here for you..." he sings, before resigning to his father that "there's nothing here we have in common except our name... I don't think I'll come home much anymore..." His honesty is sobering.

But as good as some of *The Bells* tunes are, there is little excuse for fare like "Disco Mystic." The man who always ignored trends has suddenly caught four minutes of the "Fever," and sings "Disco... disco mystic..." a few dozen times. A bad song or luke-warm joke?

This album just proves that when Lou Reed is bad, as he occasionally is on *The Bells*, he's horrible, and when he's good, as he is on most of the record, he's in a class by himself.

John Trausch

Break into the

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GIZMOTRON: Stratocaster String Section

BY BYRON LAURSEN

English musician and inventor Kevin Godley is sprawled on his publicist's couch, reeling with flu symptoms. Lol Creme, Godley's former bandmate in the pop-rock outfit 10cc, opens the door, visibly bushed from a full day of promotional interviews. "But we'll keep our peckers up if everyone else does," affirms Creme.

The Gizmotron, inspiration for their fatigue-worn tumescence, hugs the face of a dark, sunburst-finish Stratocaster leaning against a small amplifier nearby. A plastic, electric-motored device conceived from Godley and Creme's collective imagination, the Gizmo can drive the strings of an electric guitar with the same kind of continuous, undistorted tone a bow imparts to a violin. It looks like a misplaced part from a toy accordion. Six little toothed, rubbery wheels, commanded by six color-coded buttons, sit over each of the instrument's strings. Press any of the buttons and the affected strings resound with tones usually heard from cellos, violas and the like.

"It means you can do absolutely anything," says the personable Creme. "You can improvise your own orchestrations as you play." To illustrate, he takes up the

transformed Strat and plays a prancing, cello-like passage, punctuated with the sound of chording violins. Then he plays two bars of standard, single-note blues, answering himself with the sound of a string section playing a horn-like chorus. "I think what we've done is to provide the guitarist with the missing link, if you like, in order to do anything that's possible with guitar...the long note, without fuzz or distortion...clean harmonies with control over exact length and attack."

Emboldened by Creme's facile demonstration, I accept an offer to test the device. Out of the Strat comes a sound midway between a sitar and a howling Hereford. "You're in business," says Godley. "It'll frighten you a little at first. You need an hour to get comfortable. George Benson had about twenty five minutes, then he was happy for the rest of the day. Paul McCartney was instantly happy. He used one of the prototypes on *Venus and Mars* and *London Town*."

"Foon, isn't it," adds Creme. "That's the main thing. It's foon. We could take them off the guitars and race them across the room."

Godley and Creme, schooled as graphic designers before they became musicians, rendered their first notions of the Gizmotron in cardboard-and-paste models in 1971. 10cc obligations and a

host of niggling design problems kept the project half alive until 1976, when the team decided to make it their principal concern. A breakthrough came when, because of a government program designed to aid British industry, they won the assistance of the Manchester University Physics Department. Ironically, because the right production deal couldn't be struck in England, the Gizmotron is now made in Rosemont, New Jersey. "So much for British industry," notes Godley.

Since production began earlier this year, orders have come faster than units can be built. Two of the largest guitar retailers in Los Angeles have only been able to get four Gizmotrons apiece to date. At the Guitar Center in Hollywood, the device is reported more popular with "jazz and classical orientated" (sic) players than with rock & rollers. Valley Arts Guitar in North Hollywood says its whole allotment was bought up in one day by studio musicians. Listed around \$250, the Gizmotron will probably be discounted as supply catches up to demand.

One of Godley and Creme's next projects, along with a Gizmotron for electric basses, is a book examining the rock industry from inside. "The Gizmo has to sell," Creme says. "We're going to need the money for libel suits."

& OUT THE OTHER

(Continued from page 5)

lion from Simon and Schuster for his next novel, reportedly about a Sicilian bandit, a sort of pre-World War II Robin Hood, who joins the Allies to fight the Germans.

Two More Feet of Clay

THIS MONTH'S *Mother Jones* has an interview with Mike Wallace in which our once-revered journalist is revealed as a conservative, chauvinistic, anti-feminist rich pig.

Toga Troubles

In the past few months it has been brought to our attention that one of our advertisers last fall did not fulfill all the mail orders from an advertisement titled "Attention Toga Nuts." The ad ran in *Ampersand*'s November 1978 issue. At the time the ad was placed the firm appeared financially sound; unfortunately, the firm went out of business. We apologize to those who placed orders and did not receive the items requested. (You are not alone; we have never received a dime for the ad.) Just send us a copy of *both sides* of your cancelled check with a note listing the item(s) ordered from the ad; mail to Ampersand Toga Troubles, 1680 N. Vine Street, # 201, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Stiff Sisters

(Continued from page 27)

to make a demo for Stiff three years later. Only one incident in the interim bears relating: according to Sweet's publicists, she turned down Linda Blair's role in *The Exorcist* because of "all that bad language." Hmmm.

Sweet now seems firmly committed to rock & roll. "I like to perform for kids my own age," she says. Her plans for the future include writing some of her own songs and retaining the services of Fingerpritz after the recording of her second LP (due to be completed this fall). "I'd love for it to turn out to be a Graham Parker & the Rumour sort of situation," Sweet says, alluding to the Rumour's pursuit of their own career while remaining Parker's back-up band. Beyond that? "I'll give rock & roll about 20 more years." Sweet concedes, quite seriously, "then I'll slide easily back into country music or something like that." It sounds like a long way off, but, to put matters into better perspective, in 20 years Ms. Sweet will only be 37.

It will be interesting to see how each of these artists fares on the American marketplace. Both have made considerable inroads in England, but almost anything released on the Stiff label enjoys a certain built-in audience over there. Sweet may have the inside track by virtue of her appeal to a wide audience, even middle of the road, without compromising herself. But Lovich is as striking a new female artist as has come onto the rock scene since Patti Smith (whom she sometimes resembles vocally) and, while her music may be farther out than Sweet's, it is hardly inaccessible.

"I want everyone to know my music," Lovich asserts. "I don't want to stay in a dark corner."

"There's always competition when you're selling records," counters Sweet. "I'm a very competitive person, anyway."

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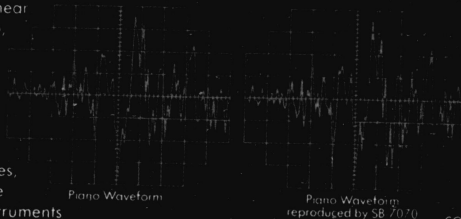
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