

Friday

KENTUCKY Kernel

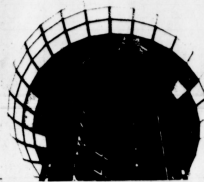
Vol. LXXXIV, No. 155 Friday, April 30, 1982

University of Kentucky Lexington, Kentucky

An independent student newspaper since 1917

Sunny Studying

You just might be tempted to enjoy the sun instead of studying this weekend. Today will be mostly sunny and warmer. Highs will be in the upper 60s to low 70s, with winds five to 10 miles an hour. Increasing cloudiness will occur tonight, with lows in the upper 40s to low 50s. Tomorrow will be partly cloudy with a 20 percent chance of showers, with highs in the low 70s.



Fair enough

The 1982 Worlds Fair opens in Knoxville next month to fanfare galore. But is it what it's made out to be? Two intrepid Kernel artswriters who even now are waiting in the Volunteer State for admittance to the World's Greatest Spectacle ask some probing questions about the whole affair on page 6.

Housing prices will rise 14.85% for next semester

By BILL STEIDEN
Editor-in-Chief

This year's record-breaking average 11.85 percent increase in University housing rates fell by the wayside yesterday as Jack Blanton, vice president for business affairs, released proposed rate increases for the 1982-83 fiscal year averaging 14.85 percent (see accompanying chart).

Also released was a proposal for more moderate increases in meal plan rates for the coming year.

Most of the proposed housing rate increase will fall on apartment dwellers, who are for the most part graduate students already hard-hit by graduate financial aid cutbacks. Rates for Commonwealth Village, Shawneetown, Cooperstown and University-owned efficiencies and apartments on Linden Walk and Rose Lane will rise an average of 17.17 percent, or \$31 a month.

The greatest increase — 18.41 percent — will be for one bedroom apartments at Commonwealth Village, bringing their monthly rate to \$239 from the current \$195.

Residence hall dwellers, who bore the brunt of the housing rate hikes this year with a 17.06 percent increase, will pay only 8.57 percent more, bringing their cost to \$1,118 for fall and spring semesters combined, up \$88. The Greg Page apartments will also be spared, with an increase of only 8.57 percent for undergraduates and 10 percent for married students.

Blanton said the Board of Trustees is expected to approve the proposed housing and meal plan rate increases at its May 4 meeting.

He attributed the marked increase in rates for Commonwealth Village, Shawneetown, Cooperstown and the

Rose Lane/Linden Walk units to dramatic hikes in the price of natural gas, which has risen 224 percent since the 1975-76 fiscal year. Most of the University's apartments, with the exception of the all-electric Greg Page units, have gas utilities.

Blanton said the University's housing department is planning to request a Physical Plant Department study on the feasibility of connecting the apartments to the University's coal-burning main power plant, a move that could reduce utility costs. He said such an undertaking, while costly, might be worthwhile considering the even greater hike in gas prices expected if it is decontrolled as expected in 1984-85.

While housing rates continue to climb, the average increase in meal plan rates actually dropped from last year's 6.24 percent level to 5.32 percent, or \$42 (see accompanying chart).

Allen Riemann, director of food services, said the relatively small rise in meal plan costs is largely the result of over-budgeting this year.

"Food costs didn't go up as much as we expected," said Reiman. "They generally stabilized around the middle of the year, so we were able to carry some over."

An obviously-pleased Blanton said the carryover is also in part the product of Reiman's management abilities.

Riemann said the cost savings and the negotiation of a favorable contract with the University's dairy product supplier will permit some improvements in the meal halls.

Debuting in all cafeterias next year, he said, will be soft-serve ice cream machines, and a delicatessen operation similar to the Student Center's Equinox, which accepts both cash and meal cards, will open for business next fall in Blazer Hall cafeteria.

PROPOSED HOUSING CHARGES 1982-83					
	Units	'81-'82	'82-'83	Increase	% Increase
Residence Halls	672	\$1030	\$1118	\$88	8.54
Commonwealth Village	69	155	180	25	16.13
Greg Page Apartments	672	1050	1140	90	8.57
Lindenwalk	26	155	180	25	16.13
Apartments	237	145	170	25	17.24

PROPOSED SUMMER SCHOOL RATES				
	'81-'82	'82-'83	Increase	% Increase
Double Room	\$260	\$280	\$20	7.69
Single Room	325	350	25	"

PROPOSED DINING RATES						
Plan	Contracts		Proposed Rate		Increase	
	'81-'82	% '81-'82	'81-'82	'82-'83	\$	%
3 Meal/7 Day	260	5	\$1048	\$1090	\$42	4.01
2 Meal/7 Day	1300	25	934	982	48	5.14
3 Meal/5 Day	3484	67	772	812	40	5.18
2 Meal/5 Day	156	3	876	930	54	6.16
Total	5200	100%	N/A	N/A	N/A	N/A

Meal plans for summer are offered

By KATHIE MILLION
Staff Writer

Students who are staying on campus this summer will now be able to purchase a meal plan.

This is the first time UK has offered a summer meal plan. UK food services' summer meal plan will offer students two plans: one meal, five days a week for \$13 per week or two meals five days a week for \$25 per week.

The value of each meal on the meal ticket is \$3. If the price of the meal goes over \$3, the student will have to pay the difference and if they go under that price they will not be compensated.

"No change will be given," said Robert Braun, assistant to the director of food services. But he said students who purchase the meal plan will be getting a discount.

He said the food service started the meal plan because it was requested by many summer school students.

"We had quite a few requests from students who are here in the summer," said Braun. "We decided to try it and see" if it would work out.

Food services will require a one week minimum purchase and a one week advance payment. "You have to buy it (meal ticket) for at least one week... we do require a week's advance payment," said Braun.

The summer meal plan is more convenient, he said, because a student won't have to clean up the mess and the food is already prepared for them.

The summer meal will begin Monday, May 24 and last until Friday, Aug. 6.

Students can pick up meals at any of the food services that will be open this summer, which are the Student Center Cafeteria, the Wildcat Grill, K-Lair Grill and Kirwan-Blanding Commons Cafeteria.

Bathroom philosophy

Some show dissatisfaction with quality of campus graffiti

By LARRY THOMPSON
Reporter

Where has all the good graffiti gone? Everywhere you look you see the same old s--- you saw in high school. Let's get some respectable graffiti.

(jokingly signed) Otis S.

The author of this scrawled complaint found on a library desk covered mainly with sexual references was joking about his name but not necessarily about the quality of UK's graffiti.

Sociology professor Bob Goldman shares this dissatisfaction for the quality of graffiti. He said a lot of UK's graffiti is unoriginal and mindless compared to other campuses, such as the University of Texas, which he attended in the late 1960s.

Its slogans and long, profound statements created a "bathroom philosophy" that UK lacks, he said.

UK's graffiti, however, is often racist and sexist, Goldman said.

The majority of UK's graffiti is sexual, including pornographic and perverted references, he said. "Is there anyone here besides me who isn't perverted?" asks one graffiti writer on a library desk.

"Didn't anyone come here for an education?" reads another desk filled primarily with sexual requests and offers.

"NO" is the scribbled answer. Graffiti found in public toilet stalls provided data for behavioral and social scientists who conducted studies at Illinois high schools and at the University of Massachusetts.

When the writer's identity is unknown, gender is usually the only characteristic that can be determined with public toilet stall graffiti.

In both studies, the researchers concluded that males write more erotic messages while females tend toward romantic ones, such as "John loves Mary."

The researchers think the difference is because of either basic sexual differences between males and females or cultural conditioning of expression methods.

Graffiti itself results because people are prevented from releasing their work, school and family pressures through a legitimate outlet, according to Goldman.

The wall or desk becomes a forum to vent frustrations on, he said.

A message on a library desk echoes Goldman's viewpoint: "Graffiti is the sublimation of fears, hopes, dreams. It is a wonder that entire colleges aren't covered with it," the message stated. "What other place offers so few rewards for so much work?"

The large amount of sexual graffiti reflects the repressed sexuality of some people, according to Goldman. One remark written on a desk said, "This desk is a medium for the sexually frustrated."

A message on a bathroom wall stated, "People who write on walls have warped minds."

The humor found in graffiti indicates that many remarks, even those with social or obscene content, probably do not seriously reflect the writer's psyche, Goldman said. The reason graffiti often uses vul-

gar instead of "acceptable" language is because the author's anonymity allows uninhibited, totally free expression, according to an article in the *Journal of Social Behavior*.

The article described graffiti as "a form of spontaneous self-expression without the inhibitor of accountability," which "reflects areas of conflict or 'popular preoccupations' of the general public."

However, those who have to clean up the graffiti do not view it as a

form of expression but as a form of vandalism, which costs UK thousands of dollars each year.

Omer Kirtly, service department superintendent for the Physical Plant Division, estimated that more than 200 custodians spend about 20 to 30 minutes each washing graffiti off walls and desks on the main campus alone each day.

This task could total more than 25,000 man-hours per year, he said. Repainting restroom walls and partitions can also be expensive.

Jess Harp, superintendent of the PPD paint department, said the cost of the paint and labor for a small restroom ranges from \$30 to \$40.

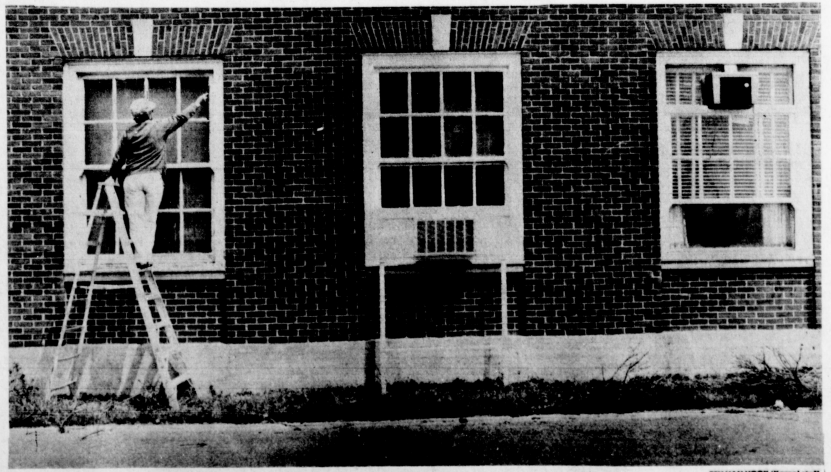
Although most restrooms are painted each year, some, such as the ones in the Fine Arts Building, the M.I. King Library and Pence Hall, require frequent paintings ranging anywhere from every two months to twice a week because of heavy graffiti, Harp said.

Along with sexual messages, some graffiti reflects political concerns

dealing with such topics as Iran, El Salvador, Ronald Reagan and the draft.

And some graffiti may be just for entertainment, like this statement found on a library study desk: "Life is like a bath, once you've been in it for awhile, it ain't so hot."

Others include, "I'd rather have a bottle in front of me than a frontal lobotomy"; "You must not be very good if you have to advertise" (in response to a sexual remark); and "Jesus saves souls like the ones that write on this desk."



All in a row . . .

Taking on what appears to be quite a job, Chester Gayhart, a painter for the Physical Plant Division, was busy yesterday scraping window frames at the Agricultural Engineering Building on South campus. He was readying the frames for a fresh coat of paint.

By VAN HOOK / Kernel staff

Persuasion

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And as another year draws to a close...

That's all, folks.

The Kernel now brings its publishing year to a close. It's time to pull the plug until the first edition of the summer Kernel appears June 11.

It's been a long, hard year for all of us. Things are tense — you can see it in the faces of students walking across campus and feel it in the air. Everybody is worried about money — inflation, recession, tuition and financial aid. We are all looking to our leaders in Frankfort and Washington to lead us out of the growing economic morass into which the nation has been plunged by the mistakes of the past.

But no answers are forthcoming. Although the future of this country remains bright, we are told things are going to get worse before they get better.

Perhaps it is the fault of our leaders — men like President Ronald Reagan and Gov. John Y. Brown are far from great intellects. But the electoral system has degenerated into nothing more than a clownish popularity contest. The candidates are bought and paid for before they are ever put on the market, so quality is no longer an issue.

Our problems are not forever, however. The political vanguard of the last quarter-century is aging quickly, and its time is almost past. As the old faces fall, new ones will rise to take their places. And it will not be this first crop of the "new" politicians

who will rescue us — men like Reagan, Bush and Mondale merely serve as a transition between the status quo and the very different time that lies in the future — in our lifetimes. What that will be, nobody can yet say.

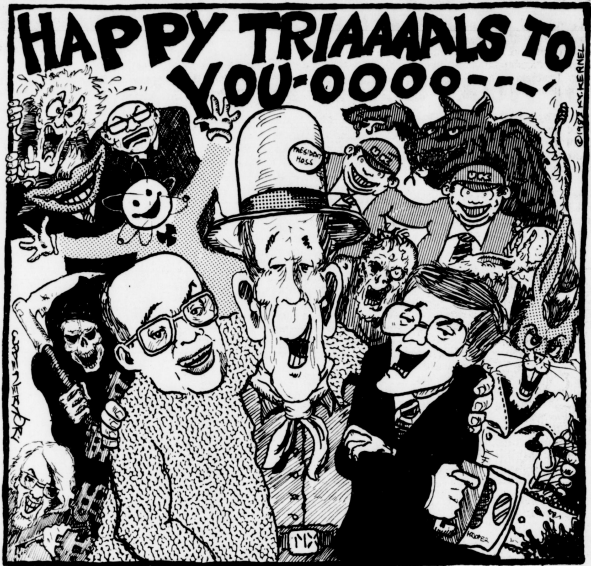
It looks increasingly as though our generation will be left holding the bag. Where our recent predecessors walked a path gilded with grants and loans, we are learning the hard, but valuable, lessons of self-sufficiency.

And therein will lie our strength. The 1980s will be a time of great difficulties for college students, but, ironically, this decade will also present perhaps the greatest opportunities of this century.

The world is changing at a heretofore unheard-of pace. Communications, medicine, industry and countless other fields are going through revolutions of unprecedented speed and proportion. Jobs undreamed of 10 years ago are arising to take the place of those lost to mechanization, and improvements in electronics are continually expanding our horizons.

It is the hard times during which progress is made and great leaders arise. Our lives and legacies have unimaginable potential.

But it will take personal bravery to make the first great strides forward. We must walk with the confidence that, whatever has come before, we can equal or better. Don't let the bastards get you down.



Three-fer: forget exams, save the News and thank you

Today you get a bargain. You get my last column of this year, and what's more, you get a three-fer. So what? you say. So there's "Bloom County" on the bottom, and the Golden Forks on the other side. Now take off.

Don't get me wrong — I'm not in a bad mood. I guess it's what mothers call "cranky." I'm cranky. I'm tired, angry, burnt-out, jealous and unemployed for the summer. I want nothing more than a cabin on the coast of Maine without a phone or a doorbell, and 10 cases of Molson Brador with an option on 10 more. I'm tired because this semester's been hell — and I'm only a part-time student. I'm winding this one out with an enviable record: two previously-trusted professors are gonna nail me; both my cars have had the course; I accidentally killed the Goose that Laid The Golden Egg; my financial life is in ruins, and I'm not going anywhere for an apprenticeship on a "actual" newspaper (as if to say, "What the hell have I been doing the last eight months?").

I imagine a toupeed sportscastrer with an instantly recognizable voice in the background of my mind. "It has come down to this," he's moaning. "Eight months of grueling punishment inflicted on his body and his mind are now reduced to a mere grain of sand on the beach of education history." At which point I tune out my mind and tune in Cawood on the radio.

In spite of all the good that's come out of this school year, I'm tired and I want to pack this crackerbox in. Take off to the Great White North and those 10 cases of Brador. But not without leaving you all with these words to take finals by.

Life does not end today. For those of you facing the hell of next week's final exams, let me clue you to something.



Jim Harris

The tests you are about to take are, in the final analysis, worthless questions on worthless pieces of paper. Now a lot of you B&E'ers will say, "Bull biscuits," and a lot of you Bio and Chem majors busting them for the great med school will break in on the second chorus, but it's cruelly true.

All the psychoses, all the paranoia, all the No-Doz and coffee and colas you will suffer through in the next seven or so days will be forgotten once you get to the real final exam — which comes next Saturday for some of you.

Life, ladies and gentlemen, is a never-ending, comprehensive final exam for which you cannot study. You can only go to it, sit down, take out all the pens and blue books you can find and dig in.

The questions are ambiguously worded, jilted-part-long monsters you never have time to fully answer. They are worth nothing in part, but added together they begin to pile up the points.

And here's the hard part — it is impossible to get any more than a "C" on it. There are always too many mistakes made, too many corrections you wish you had the time to go back and stick in.

For those of you whose sweat

glands have begun to work overtime, for those of you who have suddenly found your whole bodies shaking like a bulldozer without an off switch, for those of you who vow to kill yourselves if your "A's" fall through the floor if you screw up "this exam," remember... It's only one more line in the Big Blue Book. The sun will still come up in the East tomorrow morning.

I am about as angry as I can be about the New York Daily News. "New York's Picture Newspaper" is going Tubes City, and, being as penicillin as I am, there's not a thing I can do about it.

If the nation's most famous tabloid daily newspaper goes belly-up in the next few weeks, the sound of the vacuum that will engulf the New York metropolitan area will surely deafen some journalistically tuned ears. I know it will be curtains for a part of my cultural heritage.

For those of you who have never seen the News, you are undoubtedly missing one of the great wonders of journalism. A paper that started as a companion for the plain man, with its sensational headlines and stories and its flamboyant — and terrific — pictures, the News has become the New Yorker's link with the world.

It was said last week on the CBS Morning News by a News columnist that everyone reads the News — Henry the tin-knocker, Henry Kissinger and everyone in between. I count myself in the latter.

The Sunday tabloid comics — "Dick Tracy" on the front cover, "Dondi" on the back (replaced by "Peanuts" some years back), the

sports, the columns, the double-truck center spread of large pictures, the headlines ("Ford to N.Y. — Drop Dead") on the front page was a personal favorite — it's too much for New York to lose with one fell swoop from its parent Tribune Co.

Its fictional heritage — as the Daily Planet, where Clark Kent works — and its journalism heritage must be preserved. So send your tax-deductible contributions to me, care of "The Stop Rupert Murdoch Fund", Kernel offices.

After all, wouldn't you like to adopt a newspaper?

I started doing this as a forum for

those of you who wanted to spend 10 or so minutes reading something that wasn't just the same old chopped liver. After talking with many of you, I guess my mission has been a success.

Therefore, a heartfelt "Thank you" is in order for those of you who have offered your compliments and advice to a writer who oftentimes sat before his terminal on Sunday night with sawdust for brains. I appreciate the feedback, because it makes me better. And if I'm better, you get a better product.

I'm returning next year with a different title, but I'm not haughty about it. So I'll be the managing editor of the fifth largest morning newspaper in Kentucky. I'll still be

taking life over the coals every other week.

If you want to stop by and leave a message, the welcome mat is out. I'll be writing for the summer edition, that is unless someone drops out of the sky and offers me an internship. And come fall, my desk will be in the left-hand corner.

If you've got a free minute, drop in. Bring the beer. See you next year, "same time, same channel."

Some people are here on the five-year plan. Kernel Assistant Managing Editor Jim Harris is here on the six-semester plan. He is a senior during all six, thinking he majors in journalism.

Billets Doux

'Girls'

Dear Dean Eardley:

I was so glad to read your statements in the Kentucky Kernel about the condition of women in the architectural profession. I was impressed by the women who were "sucking all their babies in the back of each lecture class."

They must have been quite remarkable and I think should be commended. They managed a household. They took care of a child. Yet at the same time, they designed and studied architecture. And I am sure that their work was excellent or they couldn't have possibly made it through your program. That's a remarkable feat in my opinion, and I trust that you share that opinion with me.

I was also delighted to see your picture in the Kernel along with your words of wisdom. If I was an employer, I would hire you — I think you're cute.

Mary Bennett and Carol Close LTI students

Athletics

For the few weeks, the American public has been inundated by the flood of publicity about how corrupt college athletics has presumably become.

Almost every day new and increasingly serious disclosures are headlined. Basketball is being bombarded by television, radio and mostly by newspapers all exposing the terrible road down which we are

told college sports is traveling.

This picture that has been created is unfair.

I am by no means ignorant of the recruiting violations that occur and related abuses that do exist in college sports. I am most concerned, however, that the current wave of publicity, in the absence of any counter-balancing reporting dealing with what college athletics are doing that is positive, has inadvertently given the American public a misleading look at the academic and athletic programs at most schools.

I am not the stereotype of the absent-minded professor walking down the primrose path of academia, oblivious to all that is happening in the real world of college athletics today — unfortunately "guilt by association," in the public mind, an association that stems at least in part from the one-sided media accounts. As a result, all colleges have come under the cloud of suspicion.

Let us not dwell upon the evils of the system. I believe that most of it is alive and well, and committed to academic integrity and excellence. Let's hear a few words for the good guys.

Jeffrey G. Turner
Marketing/Sales Junior

Statistics

This letter is in response to a letter to the editor from Vicky Dorsey.

I am sorry you felt the need to write to the Kentucky Kernel about the alleged "cheating" in the Statistics 291 test on April 14, 1982. Such matters are usually better dealt with away from the limelight, particularly when they reflect badly on

the dishonest practices of some of your fellow students. You are compelling us, unwilling though we are, to respond through the same medium.

Because of increasing enrollments, and the need for large student classes, it is difficult for one person to monitor adequately 80-90 students sitting together in a crowded lecture theatre. You omitted to mention that the monitor walked around the class at the start of the 50 minute test, and again at its end.

In the intervening period, he monitored from the dais, remaining there in order to answer the numerous queries raised by students. He may well have missed the cheating activity, but why did you not report it to him directly on the spot? Had you done so, he could have taken immediate action.

The Department of Statistics does not wish to enter into lengthy discussion about optimal methods of monitoring examinations. It only wishes to say that it recognizes the difficulties of monitoring large groups of students, whose honesty it has always preferred to trust.

Fortunately this particular test counts for only 14 percent of the total grade for the 291 course, and the instructor believes (after his discussion of the matter with you) that no injustice will be done if matters are left to stand as at the moment.

Thank you for alerting the Department to your fellow students' dishonesty. We shall be far stricter from now on, and take appropriate measures to minimize further cheating.

J. Gani
Statistics chairman

BLOOM COUNTY

by Berke Breathed



The 1982 Kernel Golden Fork Awards

Welcome, those of you who dare to venture through each day's edition of the *Kernel*. Today is a special day. Not only can we celebrate the conclusion of another school year, this is our turn to take a close look at the events, statements and other off-beat activities that caught our eyes over the past 12 months.

Prepare yourselves. To the recipients of the annual Golden Fork Awards we apologize, not for the content, but because you cannot fight back. These awards are meant as an amusing reflection. It's all in good clean fun. So, sit back and enjoy.

The "Brother, Can You Spare A Dollar?" Award goes to our esteemed governor, John Y. sure could spare a dollar for good ol' U of K in his spending increases for the state's flagship university, in fact, about 29.2 million of 'em. Problem is, he still left his ol' alma mater about \$12.6 million short. So much for sails with holes in them.

The "Why's A College Dean Leavin' On A Jet Plane?" Award goes to the current administration, who, with four of the 19 college deans packing it in this year, will be asking the above question sometime real soon. Now if the Council on Higher Education is listening...

The "Skewed Priorities" Award goes to SA President Britt Brockman, whose cohorts found his lack of a decent chair pressing enough to push through an emergency measure to get him another.



The "Callous Disregard of Public Opinion" Award also goes to Brockman, who, in defense of his new \$140 chair, said "now that I'm getting it, I'm going to put a motor on it, and a quadrophonic stereo and an ejector seat and damn it, I'm going to sit in it."

The "We're The Kentucky Basketball Team, We're #1, Or Didn't Anyone Tell Middle Tennessee?" or the "Joe's Gotta Go!" Award goes to Joe B. Hall and the rest of the team. GO BIG BLUE!

The "Aren't You Glad To See How Your Tax Dollars Are Working?" Award to the state General Assembly, which spent 90 percent of its last session debating earth-shaking topics like mandatory UK-UL games.

The "College Girls Are Putting The Prostitutes Out Of Business, Because They Give It Away" Award goes to Jed Smock. Even though this line is neither new nor original, it takes on a greater significance when Jed says it.



The "My Grandmother Could Do It Better" Award belongs to former head football coach Fran Curci. Need we say more?

The "Where Are We Going To Put Them" Award goes to the federal government for placing the Haitian refugees in the Federal Corrections Institute. We guess their crime was being foreign, but we're not sure.

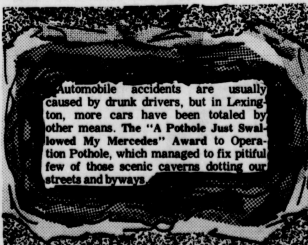
The "Speak Into My Breastpocket" Award goes to Gary Huber and the Lexington *Herald-Leader* for bringing us the lowdown on what's really said in the University President Otis Singletary's office.

The "Sorry, We Won't Be Coming To Town" Award goes to Mick Jagger and the Rolling Stones. After announcing no Stones for Lexington, a petition was signed by a handful of fans, and the Stones decided to grace us with their presence. It was only rock and roll, but we loved it.

The "Nicest Manner At The Country Club" Award goes to John Y. Brown for that little bit of blue language he expelled in the presence of the people and the press while at his country club. A lot of people thought this was out of place, at least concerning the Governor, but, heck, we use those phrases all the time when talking about the man. *\$~%&~&#!

The Kentucky Movie Federation deserves an award simply because of the efforts it has made to create a version of Hollywood here in the Bluegrass State. So what if the movies stink (*Stripes* was OK simply because John Candy was in it). So what if the only stars appearing in the movies were only marginal box-office draws? So what if the movies are commercial failures? ... Out of pity, we'll give them The "Movies So Bad, They Could Have Only Been Filmed In Kentucky" Award.

The "Birds of a Feather" Award goes to Honors Program Director Raymond Betts for attempting to build a dorm for people studying Humanities. Too bad you can't raise enough money.



Automobile accidents are usually caused by drunk drivers, but in Lexington, more cars have been totaled by other means. The "A Pothole Just Swallowed My Mercedes" Award to Operation Pothole, which managed to fix pitiful few of those scenic caverns dotting our streets and byways.

The "Let's Build A Concrete Jungle" Award to the city of Lexington and the brothers Webb, who have diligently strived to erect the ugliest, least tasteful buildings imaginable downtown. If this is progress, what would happen if we regressed?

The "It Was Real Nice Of Y'all To Come To This Rally - I Know I Almost Didn't!" Award goes to the Governor. We knew you'd be there... eventually.



The "So What If We Don't Have Faculty, We've Got A New Computer System" Award goes to UK's computer science department.

The "Old Family Tradition" Award goes to SA senator-at-large Rayvon Reynolds for his founding of the ambitious - and well-diversified - UK Student Corporation. Way to go, R.J.!

The "Good Taste? I've Got No Taste" Award goes to *Herald* staff writer Jim Joseph, whom sources say prepares the newspaper's infamous people column. Hey J.J., sexism's out of style, or didn't you know?

The "Hi, I'm a Medievalist" Award deservedly belongs to the Moral Majority for its views on book banning and burning. So much for freedom of the press and speech.

The "Fossils are Just God's Way of Saying HI!" Award to the Lexington Creationist lobby for its attempt to mix science with religious hocus-pocus.

The "It's Just a Little Inconvenience" Award to Lexington Mayor Scotty Baesler, who took the laissez-faire approach to snow removal during January's snow storms. Two-by-fours strapped to dump trucks just don't do the job, Scotty.

The "Barry Manilow Forever" Award to Lexington FM "rock" radio stations WLAP and WKQQ for their putrid programming. Try picking up a few new selections at Cut Corner, guys.

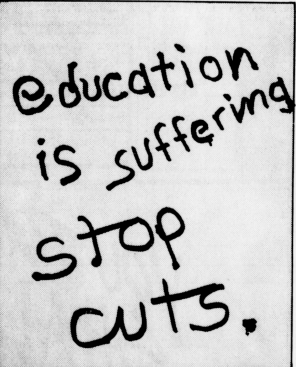
The "Joseph Goebbels/McCarthy" Memorial Award to state representatives Woody Allen and Tom Riner who, in the name of public morality, seemed to ignore ethics. In an attempt to defeat a bill mandating state aid to spouse abuse centers, these two misrepresented the purpose and operation of these centers.

The "Birds Do It, Bees Do It - But If You're Under 18 and Wanna Risk It Without Risking Pregnancy, First Fill Out These 28 Forms in Triplicate, Show At Least Five Kinds of ID, And Obtain The Approval Of Your Parents, Grandparents, the School Board, National Security Council and The Standards And Practices Department Of NBC-TV" Award to the Fayette County Health Board members who voted for, and won, their endorsement of Reagan's plan to limit teenagers' access to birth control.

The "Things Aren't Always Better Together" Award to entertainer John Belushi, who learned of the hazards associated with "speedballing."

The "Que Sera, Sera" Award goes to George Allen, the former National Football League coach who John Y. tried to hire as Fran's successor. Sorry, George. Instead of the big job at UK, you got a snow job at Montreal. Too bad that didn't work out, either.

For some unknown reason, women have not had a fair shot at key administrative positions. So, to those responsible for preventing well-qualified women from advancing, we give The "Pigs In Space" Award.



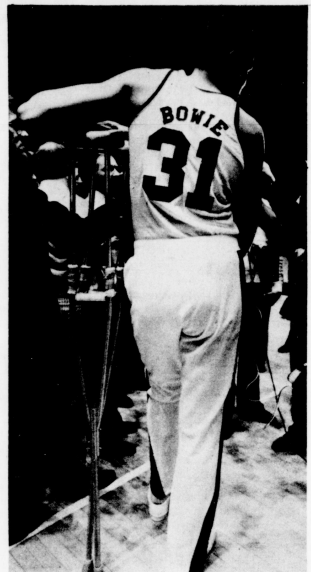
The "Walling Wall" Award goes to those who felt compelled to spray-paint the sides of campus buildings in protest of higher education cuts. The money used to clean up the mess could have paid a semester's tuition.

The "I Can't Walk On Water, But I'm From Kentucky So That'll Have To Do" Award to current head football coach Jerry Claiborne. Jerry left some turtles in Maryland to come lame a bunch of Wildcats, and in the process got the best reception since Jesus' ride into Jerusalem on Easter Sunday. Is he that good? Stay tuned.

The "I'm Willing To Live In Poverty This Year, But If I Have To Next Year I'm Going To Move" Award to our teaching assistants who have not had a raise in three years and are having a difficult time buying such luxuries as food and clothes.

The "Sorry We're Busy Writing Parking Tickets, Could You Call In Later About That Rape?" Award goes to UK's "finest," - that's right, the men in blue who carry a big stick and a fast pen.

The "Maybe I Will, Maybe I Won't" Award goes to the Wildcat Basketball team from everybody's favorite red shirted, Sam Bowie.



The "I Will Not Lose My Cool" Award to Vice President for Business Affairs Jack Blanton. After presenting a speech giving the University administration's position on the Robinson Forest issue, Blanton told a member of the audience his question was "a sophomoric analogy" and added he "won't give a serious answer until you ask a serious question."

The "If It's Thursday, Liquor Will Cost More" Award goes to the Alcoholic Beverage Control Board. Through their efforts, Lexington residents were treated to several days of cheaper liquor prices; however, any celebrations were short-lived.

The "I'm MADD as Hell and I'm Not Going to Take It Anymore" Award to those mothers who are trying to do something about those who decide to drink and then get behind the wheel of a car. They lobbied for stiffer laws against drunken drivers but eventually got slammed by narrow-minded legislators.

The "Everyone Should Drink Sensibly, That's Why There Are So Many Kegs of Beer Here" Award goes to those hellacious party-throwers, BACCHUS. They should also get an award for having people sign cards vowing not to let friends drive drunk - for one day in the middle of the week. It makes a lot of sense to us.

The "Where's The Elmer's Glue" Award to our country's First Lady. It seems Nancy could not bear eating brunch from spinach-stained china, so she purchased a complete new set. We wonder if she had to purchase a new dining room that matched the new dishes!

The "Two and Two Is Five, Or Is It Nine, Or Maybe - No, Wait, Don't Tell Me, Uh - 13, Right?!" Award to SA Comptroller Will Dupree, for his masterful handling of the organization's finances. Things become confusing when one runs out of fingers and toes on which to count, eh, Will?

The "I Learned My Lesson This Time" Award to who-mever allowed Air Florida Flight 90 to leave a Washington, D.C. airport with an excessive amount of ice on the fuselage, causing it to crash.

The "I'll Eat Anything You Give Me" Award to David Stockman, budget director in the Reagan administration. It was he who uttered the profound statement that ketchup can be considered a vegetable for the purpose of school lunches. That makes you want to go buy a doughnut, doesn't it?

Who could forget this year's "top" flick - Polyester? There was something about that scratch-and-sniff card which made this movie deserving of The "Of Course There's a Logical Reason That Explains Why Hundreds Of People Would Smell A Dirty Tennis Shoe, A Fart and Dog Shit" Award



News

Roundup

State

FRANKFORT — Kentucky lawmakers will get a new break on federal taxes, thanks to a measure that allows them to deduct a flat rate for living expenses each day the state legislature meets.

According to a new federal tax provision, state legislators who live at least 50 miles from a state capitol are entitled to claim a standard deduction for living expenses.

The basic deduction in Kentucky is \$50 a day, but the provision also permits lawmakers to deduct for weekends the legislature is in session.

It also permits deductions for interim committee meeting days and allows legislators to amend their tax returns back to 1978 to claim the breaks.

A Legislative Research Commission analysis shows Kentucky legislators can claim as much as \$2,660 for 1978, \$1,190 for 1979 and \$3,465 for 1980, not counting committee meeting days. The General Assembly did not meet in 1981.

Nation

WASHINGTON — President Reagan's Housing Commission yesterday recommended broad changes in the way America builds, buys

and rents shelter. But it concluded that what troubled buyers and builders need most is a stable economy built on Reagan's principles.

Most of statement of principles in the commission's final report read like Reagan's own economic philosophy, saying that national policy must "achieve fiscal responsibility and monetary stability in the economy, encourage free and deregulated markets, rely on the private sector, promote an enlightened federalism with minimal government intervention."

Not until the fifth principle did the commission specifically mention housing. Despite reliance on private business, officials must "recognize a continuing role of government to address the housing needs of the poor," it said.

World

WARSAW, Poland — Martial law authorities began freeing 1,000 interned Solidarity unionists, farmers and intellectuals yesterday and their release came so fast that some found no one to greet them at a prison bus-stop.

Four Solidarity chiefs in hiding called for talks with the Communist government and freedom for union boss Lech Walesa, who has been held since the Dec. 13 crackdown.

The releases came one day after a government communique announced the partial amnesty and a major easing of martial law restrictions, including suspension of the 11 p.m.-5 a.m. curfew and other concessions.

The announcement came the same day as Poland's spiritual leader Roman Catholic Archbishop Jozef Glemp said at the Vatican that Polish-born Pope John Paul's scheduled August visit had been postponed until conditions improve in Poland.

John Paul has backed Solidarity and criticized martial law.

Britain's armada closed in on the Falkland Islands to impose a total war zone today, Argentina girded for battle, and the United States conceded there was "little basis for optimism."

Argentine naval sources said the British flotilla was approaching "at a not excessively slow" speed yesterday, but "keeping away from the coast and constantly changing position."

Anti-aircraft defenses, radar and other electronic warning posts were reported strengthened around major southern Argentine cities.

Britain's blockade 200 miles around the Falklands takes effect at 9 a.m. today in the Falklands (7 a.m. EDT), and Britain has warned that any ship or plane violating the zone will be liable to attack.

Plan to reduce nuclear arms offered for U.S. and Russia

By MIKE FEINSLBER
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON — The former commander of U.S. forces in the Pacific offered a sword-into-plowshares proposal yesterday under which the Soviet Union and the United States would turn in some of their nuclear weapons for conversion into fuel for electrical power plants.

Retired Adm. Noel Gayler advanced the idea as one way to overcome the barriers that have prevented strategic arms limitation talks from succeeding. He said his plan had the advantages of simplicity and easy verification.

Under Gayler's plan, each nuclear device, regardless of size or sophistication, would count as one and each country would match the other, device for device, until both had reduced their nuclear arsenals to a level they considered necessary for deterrence but beyond the point where either could start a nuclear war.

George F. Kennan, former U.S. ambassador to the Soviet Union, endorsed Gayler's proposal as "bold and decisive" and "very remarka-

ble, very well thought out, very imaginative."

Both spoke at a news conference sponsored by the American Committee on East-West Accord, which seeks to promote peaceful relations and trade, and includes several prominent business executives on its board of directors.

Gayler's plan was endorsed by Robert D. Schmidt, president of the committee and vice chairman of the board of the Control Data Corp.

Gayler served as Pacific commander from 1972 to 1976. For the three years previously, he was director of the National Security Agency, an intelligence operation that seeks to intercept other countries' coded communications and to protect American communications from interception.

A chart accompanying the admiral's presentation envisioned a slow start, with an initial turn-in rate of a few hundred devices per month while both sides gain confidence in the process and the machinery is set up for converting the nuclear elements to electrical power. Within nine months or so, the chart envisions a turned-in rate of 1,200 weapons per month.

New four-year program developed in College of Nursing

By KATHIE MILLION
Staff Writer

Because of the nation-wide nursing shortage, UK's College of Nursing has developed a new four-year program, effective this fall semester, said Alma W. Baker, assistant dean of undergraduate education.

Baker said the nursing program was revised to admit two types of students: the beginner and registered nursing students.

"We not only educating registered nurses for the Commonwealth of Kentucky, we are also educating new students."

Presently there are two nursing

programs on campus: at the College of Nursing and at Lexington Technical Institute.

The program at LTI offers nursing students an associate degree and the program at UK is for upper division RN students who want to get a baccalaureate degree, said Baker.

She said the four-year program is basically like merging the LTI program with the UK program, "but it's not a merger because we are adding two new years" to the UK program, while the LTI program will stay in tact.

The College of Nursing had the four-year program at UK in 1978 but it was discontinued because an RN who already had an associate degree had to go through all four years.

One of the main reasons the program is returning to UK's campus is because it is in high demand, Baker said.

"We had over 600 inquiries from people who have expressed an interest in a new baccalaureate program."

Another reason the program is returning is because there has been a nursing shortage since 1970, Baker said. She estimated that 100,000 additional nurses are needed.

She said the need is most crucial in states like Kentucky that have rural areas like Eastern Kentucky where there is no nursing programs available.

Because of the shortage, many health-care facilities, hospitals, nursing homes and health depart-

ments have had to close out units, reduce staff, and decrease the utilization of beds, according to Baker.

It is not just one factor that has caused the nursing shortage, Baker said. Contributing factors include low salaries, inadequate staffing, few opportunities for professional growth and poor communication between nurses, doctors and administrators.

When the program opens this fall, Baker is expecting about 100 to 150 students although she does not have an exact figure yet.

"The curriculum of the nursing program has been revised by the staff and contains academic as well as clinical courses," said Baker.

The first two years of the program will be for "new students, who

will take liberal arts courses and introductory nursing courses.

In the third year, the beginning student and the RN students will be on different tracts with the beginner student taking advance nursing courses.

In the second semester of the third year and all of the fourth year, the classes will be merged and the students will be taught together, Baker said.

The purpose of the two different tracts is to prepare the beginning student for some homogeneity and to prepare them to take the state board examination for licenses, according to Baker.

"The chief goal of the program is

to educate nurses to deliver health care to the people in the Commonwealth of Kentucky," said Baker.

"And also to increase the number of RNs."

"We hope it will be a successful program," she said.

One hope for the nursing program is increasing the number of males in it. Presently there are only eight males in the nursing program. Baker said she thinks that number will increase because there has been a number of males who have expressed an interest in the new program.

Candidates for the nursing program should apply immediately at the College of Nursing.

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Var.
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part. Abbr.
18 Old radio union
19 Once more
20 Porch
22 Predicts 1 --- cheese
24 Verse
25 Carries on
27 Plant genus
29 Doze
30 Hard drink
33 Land masses
37 Erudite
38 Staggering
39 Letter
40 Charms
41 Indecent
42 Eeriness
44 Parcel
45 Thai tongue
46 Affirmative
47 Florida city

49 Alms seeker
53 Putrefy
57 Plow part
58 Day's march
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65 Franz ---
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3 Lisson
4 Exploded
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47 Gemstone
48 Oriental
50 Dance
51 Love
52 Renovate
53 Transaction
54 Fancy case
55 Coupes
56 This Sp.
60 Label

Law 'not clearly defined'

School should provide interpreters, says deaf student

By BRENDA KAY ESTES
Reporter

Barbara Underhill doesn't talk with her mouth; she uses her hands. She is deaf and, because she wasn't taught to read lips, American sign language and written English are the only two ways she can communicate.

Even if she could read lips, statistics show that no more than 35 percent of the words formed on the mouth can be lipread under ideal conditions.

A 26-year-old visiting student from Danville who is enrolled in two graduate-level education classes at UK, Underhill needs a sign language interpreter for her classes.

Her problem is although she is working as a house parent in Danville at the Kentucky School for the Deaf, and earns about \$6,000 a year, she does not think she will be able to pay for an interpreter because of schooling, gas, and other expenses.

Underhill said she has not been able to contract any interpreters for this semester because she has not been able to promise payment; she has just been able to find people who would agree to interpret one or two times to help her out. And, she has not always been able to find a qualified interpreter.

One time she had to have her mother interpret for her. But because Mrs. Underhill had been out of school for many years and was unfamiliar with the course and the

lecture material, Underhill did not get as much from that class as she would have with an experienced interpreter in college-level classes.

Underhill wants to teach in a deaf school, and to do that she must earn her master's degree before she can be certified in special education at Western Maryland College. She is only six classes away from her masters degree, and the two classes she is taking at UK this semester are required in her program.

She was able to earn her bachelor's degree from Gallaudet College in Washington, D.C. by working two summers at a motel and by receiving financial aid from the Vocational Rehabilitation Department.

It was not until this semester that Underhill has had so many problems hindering her from completing her education.

She thought the University would help her find, and pay, for an interpreter because Section 504 of the 1973 Rehabilitation Act which states she is "no otherwise qualified handicapped individual in the United States . . . shall solely by reason of his handicap, be excluded from the participation in, be denied the benefits of, or be subjected to discrimination under any program or activity receiving Federal financial assistance."

The act, which went into effect in 1977, also says the handicapped student should not be discriminated against because of the absence of educational auxiliary aids. These aids include note-takers, taped texts and interpreters.

Another part of Section 504 says

schools may require students to apply for auxiliary aids with an outside agency which usually offers these services, such as the Bureau of Vocational Rehabilitation. Then, if the outside agency does not provide the requested aid or service, the college or university must do so.

Underhill said she went to see Jacob L. Karnes, Jr., director of the handicapped Student Services. She said he told her the University did not have an updated list of interpreters because deaf students were usually referred to Vocational Rehabilitation. He also said she would have to apply for financial aid to see if UK could pay for an interpreter.

Karnes said UK's policy is to refer students to Vocational Rehabilitation first. If that agency cannot help the student, then he or she should apply for financial aid through the University and list the interpreter as a financial expense.

If the student is eligible for aid, but "no traditional source of aid, such as (Basic Educational Opportunity Grants), etc." is available, Karnes said, then UK will help.

But, if no financial need is determined, Karnes said UK will not provide funds for the interpreter.

Karnes said it was "true and not true" that UK seemed to do more for other handicapped students than it did for deaf students.

"If the sole need of the deaf person is an interpreter, this office (Handicapped Services) does very little in a sense to fill that need.

"On the main campus there are never more than two or three deaf students at one time," he said, as

compared to about 20 blind and 35 wheelchair handicapped persons.

He also said he could recall two similar cases in the past when deaf students were unable to find interpreters.

Karnes said the trouble with Section 504 is that "the law is not clearly defined."

Nancy Ray, assistant vice president for administration and coordinator of Affirmative Action at UK, agreed that this is a very complicated issue. "Deaf students are a difficult problem for the courts and everyone else" due to the inherent communication block of their handicap.

"They are not part of the political process" and this "cuts them off from the understanding that people need" to communicate with them, she said.

Underhill said, through an interpreter, "We (the deaf) are smart, the same as hearing people, but we have a communication problem."

Both Karnes and Ray cited legal cases that have gone to court over problems connected with the Section 504 law and the deaf.

Ray said the most important case in the courts now is University of Texas vs. Camenisch. This case was sent back to the lower courts by the U.S. Supreme Court because of a legal technicality, but the question involved is whether the university is required to pay for interpreter services for Walter Camenisch, a deaf graduate student.

"I was hoping last year we'd get an answer on Camenisch, but now it

looks like we'll have to wait," Ray said.

She also said if the Supreme Court decides that Section 504 requires the institution to pay for interpreter services "without regard to the source of funds," then UK would change its policies.

Ray said at present "absolutely no federal money has been allocated to" UK to pay for interpreters. She added that if someone wanted to make a grant or donation to be designated for payments to interpreters for the deaf, it could be arranged.

"It is a moderate and reasonable burden" for institutions to provide the assistance in finding interpreters for the deaf, but the courts are still deciding on whether institutions should also be required to pay for them, Ray said.

Karen Cross, who has her Comprehensive Skills Certificate in interpreting for the deaf, has interpreted for several students at UK and said she knows of two or three students who have had trouble finding and/or paying for interpreters.

"To my knowledge, the school is not making any effort to contact interpreters, let alone pay for them," she said.

Cross said not all interpreters listed in the Kentucky Register of Interpreters for the Deaf are certified. "Uncertified does not necessarily mean unqualified, but certified does mean qualified."

She said certified interpreters should earn between \$12.50 and \$15.00 per hour. But because there are uncertified interpreters who will work for minimum wage, schools

will hire them to save money.

"That's not fair to the deaf students," she said, because the interpreter may not be qualified.

"They (the deaf) have a right to be understood and a right to understand," especially in matters where their rights are supposed to be protected by the law, Cross said.

Since trying to get help from the University, Underhill has talked to Vocational Rehabilitation. She said she was told it is usually not the organization's policy to help students with graduate degrees, and that it could not help her this semester because it had to know of need in advance before giving financial aid.

She was told that in the future if she contacts the agency before school starts, and qualifies for assistance, then it would probably be able to help.

Underhill's sister, Becky, said she thinks Barbara will be able to find the money to pay for this semester's interpreters, and that her grades will probably be good, despite the trouble in finding interpreters.

She also said one of Barbara's professors helped her find an interpreter one time when she couldn't find one on her own.

In spite of Underhill's problems, it appears she will be able to complete her classes at UK. The constitutional question still remains as to whose responsibility it is to pay for deaf students' interpreters.

Underhill's mother, who is also a house parent at KSD, said, "I'm not requiring that they (UK) find an interpreter, but that they pay for one."

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BANK SHOTS, TRICK SHOTS AND OTHER TABLE MANNERS.

by Steve Mizerak

I'm gonna teach you a couple things that'll 1) impress your friends, and 2) maybe lose some friends.

All you need is good eyesight, a little dexterity, and three essentials: a pool table, pool cue, and some Lite Beer from Miller.

CHEAP SHOTS

Here's a goodie. I call it the "Cheap Shot." Place a ball on the edge of the corner pocket. Then, take a half-dollar and lean it against the side rail at the other end of the table. (If you don't have a half-dollar, you can always write home to your parents; they'd love to hear from you.)

Tell your friends you're gonna sink the ball in the corner, using the half-dollar as a cue ball. It's not hard. Hit the coin solidly on the edge, just above the center, and it will roll along the rail knocking the ball in the pocket. But don't forget to scoff up the half-dollar. Because you're not supposed to lose money doing trick shots—just win Lite Beers.

THE COIN TRICK

This one drives people nuts. Place a ball on the head spot. With the chalk, make a circle around it, approximately 8" in diameter. Then put a quarter or half-dollar on top of the ball. (Yes, you can use the same one from before, or you can write home to your parents again.) Place the cue ball behind the foot line and have your friends try to knock the coin out of the circle. Chances are, they won't be able to (this is a good time to work on your Lite Beer and ad smug).

When you shoot, do one of two things: hit the object ball head-on with follow-through so the cue ball knocks the coin out, or hit the cue ball very, very slowly so the coin rolls off the object ball.

TABLE MANNERS

Now for simple table etiquette. After you've "hustled" your friends, you gotta keep 'em. So do what I call "Clearing the Table." Simply offer to buy the next round of Lite Beer. They'll all clear the table fast and head for the bar (or to your room or apartment). Then, once they all have Lite (just one piece—you're not too rich, remember), tell them with Lite in hand and a smirk on your face that your shots were no big deal—you were just showin' off.

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Entertainment

The excitement starts today

'82 Worlds Fair opens in Knoxville

By JOHN GRIFFIN
Arts Editor
and
BILL WIDENER
Arts Writer

KNOXVILLE, Tenn. — Judy Garland isn't around to bid her sweetheart to meet her at the fair, but tomorrow the world's attention will be directed toward Knoxville as the 1982 World's Fair opens.

There is excitement around the town and in the streets. People are seen peeking over the walls. The activity and preparation for the opening seems to more frenzied as the day draws near.

Long a symbol of excellence, the World's Fair has provided innovations in all areas combining art, food, architecture with some good fun.

Ecdysiast Sally Rand danced with her fans, Buffalo Bill performed at a rodeo and, in 1893, a new contraption (the Ferris Wheel) spun visitors around in the air.

This year a batch of similar performers will work their magic on the crowds as Bob Hope, Bill Cosby, Johnny Cash, Japan's Grand Kabuki Theatre and several international symphonies will appear. An old favorite, though vastly modernized, the Ferris Wheel will once again give visitors a bird's eye view of the park.

Landmarks known worldwide have stood as moments of these exhibitions: the Eiffel Tower in Paris, the Space Needle in Seattle, the Statue of Liberty while such everyday features as the department store, the telephone and the television made their debuts at various fairs.

This year a 296-foot-high "Sun-sphere," with its five-level globe will join that list. The globe is enrobed

with glass manufactured with 24-karat gold dust. With the gold tint, the sphere will radiate a glow that will be distinguishable for miles.

It is doubtful the sunsphere will join the class of past World's Fair landmarks because it doesn't live up to the heightened expectations that was aroused by the publicity.

A sunsphere was chosen because the theme of this year's fair is "Energy Turns the World." That is also why Knoxville was selected as the location site, the first in America since 1975: the headquarters of the Tennessee Valley Authority are in Knoxville and the nuclear power plant at Oakridge is nearby.

In relation to the energy theme, the 24 nations and 30 corporations which have agreed to participate have brought the latest in their technological advancements to Knoxville to share with the world. The World's Fair will provide an important forum for these ideas as countries exhibit their progress simultaneously.

The United States built a \$21 million pavilion made of glass and steel and packed it with talking computers and robots. The Japanese built models of energy-efficient cities for the future and the Australians will be bringing some modern windmills. In Canada's exhibit there will be a futuristic automobile which runs on hydrogen rather than fossil fuels.

Transportation around the fair will be different: gondolas and chairlifts will fly overhead transporting spectators to various areas on the ground.

About 60,000 visitors are expected to cross turnstiles at the fair's three main gates each day, with up to 100,000 entering on peak days, meaning congested traffic for miles around. With the nearest international airport in Atlanta, these problems will be intensified instead of alleviated.

This seems ironic considering the

theme of the fair; with the emphasis on energy, there will be millions of people wasting gasoline in the crowded city streets and highways (not to mention all the electricity needed to keep the fair and the surrounding hotels in operation).

Nonetheless, elaborate exhibits from all countries over the world, including Saudi Arabia, the Federal Republic of Germany, Japan, Italy and the Republic of Korea will be on display throughout the duration of the fair.

A late entry came to officials when the People's Republic of China agreed to join the celebration by setting up a pavilion covering 20,000 sq. ft.

The announcement was made by World's Fair President S.H. Roberts Jr. from Peking: "After two years of working and three days of extensive talks, the People's Republic of China has definitely decided to participate in the Fair."

As always, construction of the fair will be almost but not quite complete.

"It's going to be a photo finish, but all the horses will cross the line," said Paul Creighton, readiness manager for the six-month fair.

Fair president S.H. Roberts Jr. said three countries participating in the fair — Mexico, France and the Philippines — were having "difficulties" finishing their exhibits.

Roberts said fair officials discovered the other three nations' problems during a walking tour of the downtown exposition site. He said the nations' elaborate displays were causing the delays.

But Creighton said he thinks all three will be ready by opening.

A contractor, however, hasn't even been chosen for Panama's exhibit and fair officials have conceded that Central American country's display won't be ready May 1. Creighton said any construction on

the fair site after opening day will be between midnight and 7 a.m., when the 23-nation, 50-corporation exposition is closed to the public.

He said the first crowds on the fair's site will answer some of the questions of designers, who have tried to anticipate the best places to cut paths and walkways.

On opening day, singer Dinah Shore will serve as mistress of ceremonies during the various festivities scheduled for the grand opening. Fair officials said the formal opening will be at 10:30 a.m. EST on the Court of Flags at the center of the narrow, 72-acre fair site.

President Reagan is scheduled to speak at the ceremony, as are Senate Majority Leader Howard Baker, R-Tenn.; Sen. Jim Sasser, D-Tenn.; and Gov. Lamar Alexander.

In addition, the U.S. Army herald trumpets, the University of Tennessee choir and marching band, a combined marching band of all Knox County and Knoxville high schools, and a half-dozen Tennessee musical groups are to entertain.

Promoters of the fair have predicted up to 100,000 people may show up during the first full day of operation.

The Stokley-Van Camp Company will sponsor a folklife festival that showcases artwork indigenous to Appalachia and the southern United States. Everything from Southern cooking and bluegrass music to tin-smithing and barrelmaking will be a part of the largest festival of its kind in history.

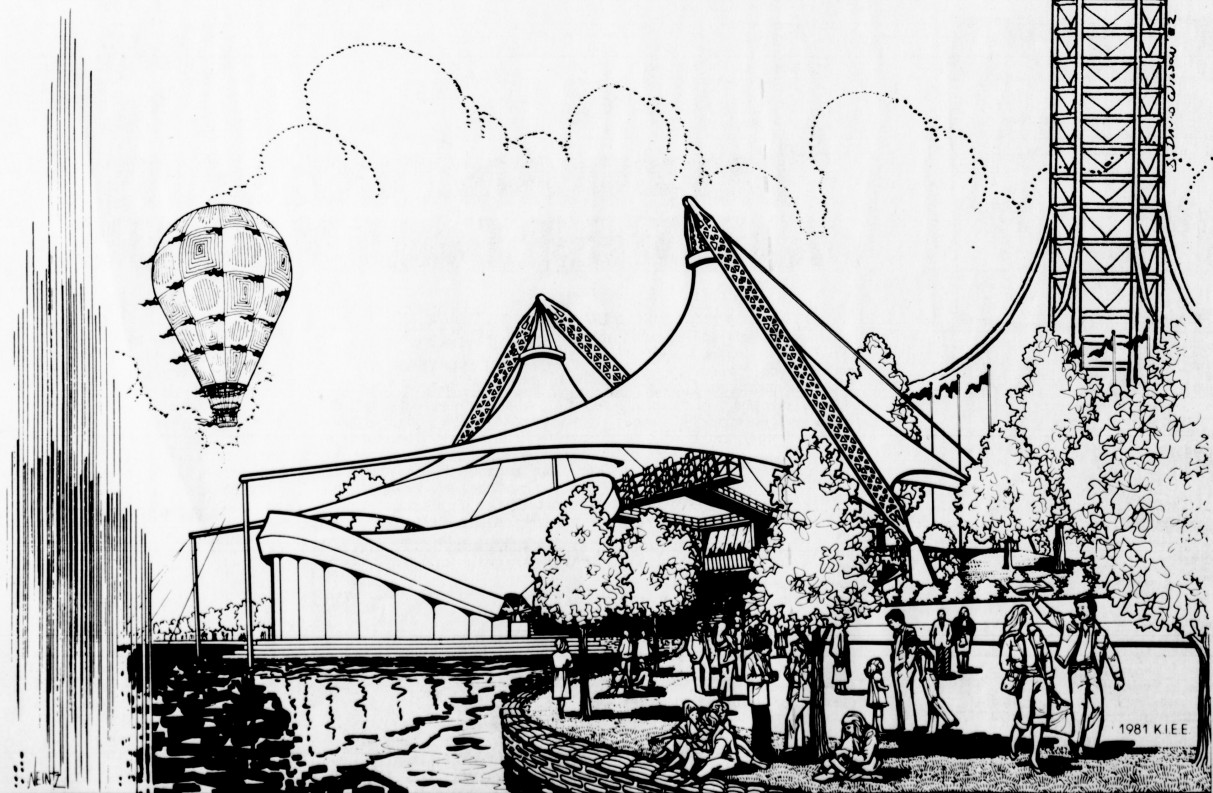
In addition to Southern cooking, delicacies from around the world will be served. About 40 concession stands and restaurants will offer menus that contain Italian canolis, Japanese fast food, Philippine egg rolls, jambalaya and hush puppies so people can eat and enjoy.

Advance tickets sales for the fair have been tremendous. More than 100,000 season tickets for the exposi-

tion have been sold. They are \$55 apiece and are good for the duration of the event. Over 1.5 million single day tickets, at \$9.95 for an adult, have also been dispensed.

A word to the wise: the fair is not inexpensive. In addition to the aforementioned tickets, a two-day pass can be had for \$15.95. Food will range in price from 80 cents for a hot dog to around \$10 for a complete meal. And of course there will be the typical theme park paraphernalia which can run into thousands of dollars for World's Fair jewelry and art.

For any additional information contact the Knoxville International Energy Exposition, Box 1982, Knoxville, Tenn. 37901.



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Groups give help to pregnant women

By BRENDA MEARS
Reporter

Women who are pregnant and unmarried often face a difficult choice—delivery or abortion.

Several local organizations can offer advice to help make that decision.

However, because of a law passed earlier this month by the Kentucky General Assembly, women under 18 years old must receive consent from their parents to get an abortion.

Also, women who are married and want to terminate their pregnancy must tell their husbands before getting an abortion.

Lee Moureaux, education director at the Lexington Planned Parenthood chapter, said she fears the new law will intimidate young girls from coming in for counseling and increase the number of black-market abortions.

Planned Parenthood, which is one of the largest voluntary health agencies in the United States, describes itself as "pro-child, pro-family and pro-choice."

Its counselors discuss the options of pregnancy continuation, adoption and abortion with explanations of each.

Moureaux, however, said the counselors give no opinions about the best or morally right method. The final decision is always made by the woman, she said.

Most teenagers choose to continue their pregnancies and all the young women are encouraged to tell their parents about their decision, she said.

Steve Petrey, director of Birth Right of Lexington, a pro-life organization, said his counseling groups reach out to young women who want to continue their pregnancies.

The organization does not offer abortion counseling and will not refer women to an abortion clinic, he said. The group's counseling is geared toward "helping the young girls help themselves."

Birth Right offers the pregnant woman assistance by providing baby clothes, furniture and group and job counseling.

It also helps young women in a financial bind by making payments on water, electrical and telephone bills in the hopes of being repaid in the future.

Cathy Linck, past director of Birth Right, said counselors find young women temporary homes if they need them, through churches and other church organizations.

Birth Right is a Christian-based

organization and most of its money comes from area churches, she said. "The essence of service at Birth Right is love and friendship," Linck said.

The women set up their own appointments for jobs or with doctors, she said.

UK has a NEXUS telephone service tape explaining Birth Right. Right to Life, another pro-life organization, will support women who decide to carry out a pregnancy.

Hilda Pullen, who works with the Right to Life chapter in Lexington, said it is primarily an educational organization and does a little counseling of young women who want to continue with their pregnancy.

There are homes such as the Florence Crittenton Home/Services that provides pregnant women with shelter and education through federal funds, she said.

There is also a Women/Infant Care program set up by the Health Department that offers balanced meals to women in poor financial situations and their children.

Allowing a young girl to have an abortion without parental consent, Pullen said "causes a breakdown within the family, a breakdown of parental rights and is totally unfair to the young girl."

Pullen said she feels a young girl

is not mature enough to make a decision about an abortion.

Most abortions are "done out of convenience," she said. Although "a woman does have rights over her body... this should not mean she is entitled to kill an innocent being who also is entitled to life."

Pullen said she feels even counseling places like Planned Parenthood are a "self-propelling business which is destructive to parents and encourages young women to keep things from their parents."

Moureaux, however, said she does not condemn the beliefs of organizations like Right to Life but feels they do not provide enough financial or other services to reach all the women in need.

"There just aren't enough choices available to (pregnant girls) from these types of programs," she said.

Young girls can receive medical cards that will help them financially if they are disowned by their parents or if their parents are financially unstable, she said.

She also said she thought anti-abortionists will be surprised when the law begins to affect their lives and their children's lives. "Abortions are not being performed on just poor white kids, blacks and protestants."



By YAMMOOSE Herald Staff

The 1982 WKQG Donor Derby which was co-sponsored by the Central Kentucky Blood Center and held April 6, 7 and 8 collected nearly 600 pints of blood from the university community. Beginning this year, plaques were given to the campus organization and dormitory which had the most donors. The awards were presented last night to Jimmy Estes (left) of Holmes Hall and Michael Duckworth of Farmhouse Fraternity by Lee Peretz, donor service representative of CKBC.

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There is only one fee for the entire summer. It is \$21.00. It covers the period from May 10 to August 22. The deadline to pay the summer health fee is June 11, 1982.

Students who are in legitimate academic programs during the summer but are not enrolled in courses may pay the health fee. A special authorization form, which is available at the Health Service, must be signed by the department chairman.

Students attending summer sessions who do not pay the summer health fee may use the Health Service on a fee-for-service basis.

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FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL: 233-5823

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KENTUCKY Sports

So long. Furlong? Furever.

It is Time for this Writer, editor and gambler to make his last horsey predictions as this paper's best loser

Racing fans, farewell. No more McGee on the *Kernel* sports page. In my four years with the *Kernel*, from Spectacular Bid to Tasmanian to Rockhill Native to Hi Ho Black, I have written on a variety of sports — but mainly horse racing. This is my last column for this paper on those wonderful beasts. In many of those preceding this final piece, including each of my pre-Derby columns, I have analyzed, dissected and thoroughly investigated many aspects of the issue in question. Enough of that. It's time to have a little fun. I'm picking this Derby on one consideration — names.

Air Forbes Wins — This name should cause the most confusion. If Air Forbes wins, will it be forever said and written that Air Forbes Won won or that Air Forbes won one? Also, shouldn't they be calling him Bold Forbes To, since he's a son of Bold Forbes? And what about win Air Forbes Won whens, will the president call? Hopefully, to avoid all the confusion, the colt won't even finish in the Top Four. Muttering — Nobody likes a horse with just one name. There's nothing catchy about them, and unless it's Secretariat or Affirmed to overcome such dullness, the horse doesn't stand much of a chance in the Derby (how's that for a fool-proof handicapping theory!).

him after the race. Star Gallant — A nice name, but too much on the sissy side. You almost expect to hear the jockey whispering sweetly in his ear, "Gallant Gallant little Star..."



Marty McGee

Gato Del Sol — ¿Como puedo hablar de el si yo no conozco que significa su nombre? Bold Style — If the Derby won on names only, Bold Style wins this one at the entry box. Would look

right at home on next year's official Derby glass. El Baba — Sounds too much like a song by the Oak Ridge Boys. "My hea-a-a-arts on fi-yur for..." Cassalaria — No doubt he's made of macaroni noodles and a little Hamburger Helper. Cupecoy's Joy — Only a New York-bred deserves this name. Rockwall — Like a couple other thoroughbreds with names like his, he'll find the Churchill Downs strip as likable as a Stonewalk and hit a Brick Door at the top of the stretch. Royal Roberto — I approached Howard Cosell Wednesday at Churchill Downs and, after telling him he was 'The Greatest,' I asked him who he liked for the Derby.

"There's no question, young man," said Humble Howard. Well, who's that? "There's no question who will win the Derby," he repeated. Oh, it must be one of the California horses Gato? "Gato Del Sol," announced Howard, only as he can. "No, not him." Oh, then it's Air Forbes? "No," Howard said. "No. Royal Roberto. Royal Roberto will win the Kentucky Derby." It must have been the way Howard Cosell said those names. ROY-al Ro-BARE-toe. GAW-to-del SOL. I've gotta go with the gospel according to Howard — in part, anyway. Here's saying that Gato Del Sol will win the Derby, followed by

Royal Roberto, Star Gallant and Muttering. It's too bad so many injuries occurred to the best horses before the Derby. I could have included them in this last piece. After all, my dad tells me I've only been held hostage by the *Kernel* for four years and that a Timely event will prove I'm the missing Linkage) in a string of great sports writers. Marty McGee will graduate from UK this May. He would like to thank everyone who has put up with all his bad jokes, his losing ways, his obsession with horse racing and gambling, his inclinations to mock UK and pull for U of L, and any other things he has written about that he expects to land him a job.

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Correction

The name of Carol Gallagher, founder and author of *The Pride of Life*, was inadvertently omitted from yesterday's story on the drama. Also, the play will be enacted at the Carriage House on Saturday, May 15, at 2 and 8:30 p.m.

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Opens Everywhere June 4

Completed, depleted Derby field still third-largest ever

By ED SCHUYLER JR.
AP Sports Writer

LOUISVILLE — A one-eyed colt, a filly and a gelding were among 20 3-year-olds entered yesterday for the Kentucky Derby in a year in which several top candidates have been sidelined by illness and injury.

Cassalera, missing his left eye, drew the No. 18 post position for tomorrow's richest Derby ever, while the filly, Cupecoy's Joy, drew the rail in the third-largest Derby field ever.

Cupecoy's Joy also was entered in today's Kentucky Oaks for 3-year-old fillies, but Roberto Perez, her breeder and co-owner, said she would start in the Derby if she drew an inside post position. "We're in for the big one," Perez said after the draw.

No. 2, New Discovery, 8-1. No. 3, Royal Roberto, 20-1. No. 5, Wavering Monarch, 15-1. No. 6, Laser Light, 30-1. No. 8, Music Leader, 8-1. No. 9, Reinvested, 8-1. No. 10, Rock Steady, 8-1. No. 13, Water Bank, 20-1. No. 14, Rockwall, 30-1. No. 15, Wolfie's Rascal, 8-1. No. 16, Star Gallant, 8-1. No. 17, Gato del Sol, 10-1. No. 19, and Majesty's Prince, 8-1. No. 20.

The added money for the 108th Derby at Churchill Downs was increased from \$200,000 to \$250,000, the entry fee was boosted from \$4,000 to \$5,000 and the starting tab was increased from \$3,500 to \$5,000.

So, if 20 horses start — the filly will carry 121 pounds and the others 126 each — the purse will be \$27,600, with \$422,600 to the winner. The previous records were a gross of \$413,415 and a winner's share of \$317,200, set last year when there were 21 starters.

Post time is 5:38 p.m. EDT, with ABC to televise from 4:30 p.m. to 6 p.m.

was in the Arkansas Derby, where he carried Kentucky Derby weight of 126 pounds.

Two of El Baba's five victories in an unbeaten 2-year-old campaign were at Churchill Downs — in an allowance race and the Kentucky Jockey Club Stakes.

Air Forbes Won, who didn't race as a 2-year-old because of an ankle problem, finally got to the track March 4 and won a maiden race by seven lengths. Ridden by Angel Cordery — who rode his sire, Bold Forbes, to victory in the 1976 Derby — Air Forbes Won then won an allowance, the Gotham and the Wood Memorial. He carried Derby weight of 126 in the Wood.

The only horse not raced as a 2-year-old who won the Derby was Apollo in 1882. Air Forbes Won also is an Ohio-bred, and only one of them has won a Derby — Wintergreen, in 1909.

Tartan Stable's Muttering raced seven times as a 2-year-old, winning three, but has raced only twice this year under trainer Wayne Lukas' strategy for preparing the colt for the Derby. He finished second in the San Rafael, then won the Santa Anita Derby.

Cassalera, owned by 20-20 Stable, finished sixth in the Santa Anita Derby, then third behind Rockwall and Water Bank in the California Derby. His one victory in four starts this year came in the El Camino Real Derby.

Cassalera will run as part of a Ron McAnally-trained entry with El-mendorf's Water Bank, winner of the Santa Catalina and Gold Rush.

Cupecoy's Joy counts three stakes, two of them this year, among four wins in 14 lifetime starts, but they were stakes for New York-bred fillies. In her last start, she ran third against colts in the Jim Beam-Spiral Stakes at Latonia.

Real Dare is the sixth-highest money winner in the field, but most of the Louisiana-bred's earnings of \$180,081 came from victories in the HTS Parade Futurity and the HTS under trainer Wayne Lukas' strategy for preparing the colt for the Derby. He finished last in the Louisiana Derby.

Last Saturday night at Jefferson Downs, Real Dare won a seven-furlong, \$10,000 allowance for his seventh victory in 10 starts.

The California Derby was Rockwall's only stakes start and only his second race of the year. The Nelson Bunker Hunt-owned colt finished second in an allowance race.

The other member of the strong California-based contingent, which

includes Muttering, Cassalera, Water Bank and Rockwall, is Gato del Sol. The colt, owned by Arthur B. Hancock and Leone J. Peters, won the Del Mar Futurity. His best performances this year were seconds in the San Felipe Handicap and Blue Grass.

Another colt in the field who has carried 126 pounds is Live Oak Plantation's Laser Light, who carried that weight to a third-place finish in the Wood Memorial. His one stakes victory was in the Remsen last year.

No New York-bred ever has won the Derby, but there are two in this year's race. Joining Cupecoy's Joy is Key West Stable's Royal Roberto, the winner of the Everglades. Royal Roberto has not had a workout since April 9, six days after finishing fourth in the Florida Derby.

Since coming to Kentucky, the stretch-running Royal Roberto has finished second to Linkage in the seven-furlong Fore-runner Purse at Keeneland and third in the one-mile Derby Trial Stakes last Saturday at Churchill Downs.

No matter where Buckram Oak Farm's Star Gallant finishes, his jockey, Bill Shoemaker, will set a record for Derby appearances. Shoemaker will be riding in his 22nd Derby, seeking his fourth victory.

Star Gallant won the first four starts of his career, then finished second in the Florida Derby to Timely Writer and second in the Derby Trial to Listacpage, who was not nominated to the Derby.

Wavering Monarch won his first two starts, both this year, then fin-

ished third in the Blue Grass. Rock Steady finished fourth in the Derby Trial.

Bold Style won the Rebel Handicap and was third in the Arkansas Derby. New Discovery has raced in 12 stakes but won only an allowance race in 16 career starts. Music Leader was third in the Arlington-Washington Futurity last year and fourth in the Rebel Handicap this year.

Reinvested won the Budweiser-Tampa Bay Derby and was fifth in the Wood Memorial. Wolfie's Rascal won the Lucky Draw and was fourth in the Wood. Majesty's Prince finished second in the Rebel Handicap and fifth in the Arkansas Derby.

Cupecoy's Joy, New Discovery, Music Leader, Reinvested, Real Dare, Rock Steady, Wolfie's Rascal and Majesty's Prince were coupled as the mutual field for wagering purposes because there can be only 12 betting interests.

There have been two bigger Derby fields. In 1974, 25 started, which led to the money-winning rule. Last year, 21 ran. There was no also-eligible list and the owners of Flying

Nashua and Mythical Ruler, who were not in the top 30 money owners, went to court and won their way into the race. The field was reduced from 22 to 21 when the filly Wayward Lass was scratched.



Cupecoy's Joy will try and join Regret (1915) and Genuine Risk (1980) as the only fillies to win the Derby.

Real Dare, who was purchased by owner J.E. Jumonville for \$750,000, will try and become the eighth gelding to win the Derby and the first since Clyde Van Dusen in 1929. Real Dare will break from the No. 12 post.

The three early favorites for what has to be considered a wide-open race are El Baba, winner of eight of 10 career starts, at 5-2 from the No. 4 post; Air Forbes Won, unraced as a 2-year-old but unbeaten in four races this year, at 7-2 in No. 7; and Muttering, the Santa Anita Derby winner, at 4-1 in No. 11.

Also entered were Bold Style, 15-1.

As recently as two weeks ago, it appeared there would be a relatively small field for this Derby. Then, Timely Writer, the early favorite who had won the Flamingo and Florida Derby, underwent surgery for an abdominal problem April 20; trainer Henry Clark announced he was skipping the Derby with Blue Grass winner Linkage, and Hestage, winner of the Arkansas Derby, broke a bone in his right leg during a workout last Monday.

El Baba, owned by Mrs. Joe W. Brown, is the top money winner in the field with earnings of \$384,863. Of that, \$233,960 has come this year, as El Baba has won three races and finished second twice in five starts. Six of the victories was in the Louisiana Derby and one of the seconds

was in the Louisiana Derby and one of the seconds

Kentucky Derby Entries

- POST POSITION-HORSE**
- 1-Cupecoy's Joy
 - 2-Bold Style
 - 3-New Discovery
 - 4-El Baba
 - 5-Royal Roberto
 - 6-Wavering Monarch
 - 7-Air Forbes Won
 - 8-Laser Light
 - 9-Music Leader
 - 10-Reinvested
 - 11-Muttering
 - 12-Real Dare
 - 13-Rock Steady
 - 14-Water Bank
 - 15-Rockwall
 - 16-Wolfie's Rascal
 - 17-Star Gallant
 - 18-Cassalera
 - 19-Gato Del Sol
 - 20-Majesty's Prince

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POP QUIZ 1

Question: Which one of these UK students live in Chase Park?

A: Is 1 of 6,000 students in a dorm; the noise and pranks prevent him from studying or sleeping (constantly has the flu and athletes foot).

B: Couldn't find parking space; generally makes 1 class out of 5.

C: Rents a room off campus; shares a kitchen and bath w/4 boys, 6 girls and 2 cockroaches.

D: Lives in Chase Park townhouse. His secure home away from home is only 1 block from campus; has a fully equipped kitchen; 2 bedrooms; 1 1/2 baths; afford him the privacy and quiet-time to study as well as a distinguished atmosphere for his social life.

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TASTE TEST.

Match your musical tastes with the artists above each group of questions. Circle the correct answers.

THE BLASTERS

Produced by the Blasters

1) Are you fed up with the senseless tide of foreign-made American music flooding our shores?
(a) yes (b) no (c) need more information (d) if other people are

2) Where was rock & roll invented?
(a) England (b) Gibraltar (c) Liverpool (d) US of A

3) What's the most likely reason for you to be shaken?
(a) rent due (b) religious rite (c) the economy (d) a strong national defense (e) car out of alignment (f) the new Blasters single (g) most of the above but especially 'f'

(c) brilliant (d) all of the above

2) Do you like the sound track to "The Border" ?
(a) yes (b) no (c) need more information (d) if other people do

3) What kind of songs do we need more of?
(a) love songs (b) songs about partying (c) songs about how hard it is being a rock & roller (d) songs about dancing your gonads off (e) songs about something interesting

4) (a) love songs (b) songs about partying (c) songs about how hard it is being a rock & roller (d) songs about dancing your gonads off (e) songs about something interesting

5) (a) love songs (b) songs about partying (c) songs about how hard it is being a rock & roller (d) songs about dancing your gonads off (e) songs about something interesting

6) (a) love songs (b) songs about partying (c) songs about how hard it is being a rock & roller (d) songs about dancing your gonads off (e) songs about something interesting

7) (a) love songs (b) songs about partying (c) songs about how hard it is being a rock & roller (d) songs about dancing your gonads off (e) songs about something interesting

8) (a) love songs (b) songs about partying (c) songs about how hard it is being a rock & roller (d) songs about dancing your gonads off (e) songs about something interesting

9) (a) love songs (b) songs about partying (c) songs about how hard it is being a rock & roller (d) songs about dancing your gonads off (e) songs about something interesting

10) (a) love songs (b) songs about partying (c) songs about how hard it is being a rock & roller (d) songs about dancing your gonads off (e) songs about something interesting

SECRET POLICEMAN'S OTHER BALL

Produced by Martin Lewis

1) Who hopes Amnesty International's benefit concert album above doesn't make a piaster of profit?
(a) Chile's generals (b) yes (c) no (d) ASAP

2) When was the last time Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton recorded together in the same band?
(a) Woodstock (b) Isle of Wight (c) when they were in the Yardbirds

3) Would you like to hear intimate personal performances by Sting ("Rosanna," "Message in a Bottle") and Phil Collins ("In the Air Tonight") without the usual supergroup hubbub that follows them in the Police and Genesis?
(a) haven't made up my mind (b) yes (c) no (d) ASAP

JOHN HIATT ALL OF A SUDDEN

Produced by Tony Visconti

1) What kind of guitarist is sought by both Ry Cooder and Elvis Costello to play in their bands?
(a) pretty decent (b) ruggely individualistic

2) Do you like female vocals to convey both innocence and irony?
(a) if they don't undermine a strong national defense (b) I don't want to commit myself on this issue (c) yes (d) especially when they've got something to say

3) How long has it been since a new band came along that really sounded different, one that didn't try to fit any radio formats, that managed to have fun and maintain some semblance of integrity at the same time?

EYE TO EYE

Produced by Gary Katz

1) Would you be interested in a new band produced by Steely Dan's producer Gary Katz, and featuring almost the entire cast of Katy Lied, including Donald Fagen?
(a) somewhat (b) more than somewhat (c) more than more than somewhat (d) ecstatically interested (e) not right now

Featuring: Sting, Jeff Beck, Eric Clapton and Bob Geldof, Johnny Fingers, Phil Collins, Donovan, The Secret Police.

1) Who hopes Amnesty International's benefit concert album above doesn't make a piaster of profit?
(a) Chile's generals (b) yes (c) no (d) ASAP

2) When was the last time Jeff Beck and Eric Clapton recorded together in the same band?
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(a) haven't made up my mind (b) yes (c) no (d) ASAP

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And to what does Sandy owe the incredible performance which also saw him collect nine RBIs?

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What were it in that beef roast must have been some potent stuff because it did wonders for those that partook of it...

Sikes blasted two homers and Ryan collected three homers a day when Sandy's performance kept everyone thinking the game was a solo affair...

For those that saw the game, Sandy's feat was nothing less than

Mom's cooking roasts the beef

Sandy puts meat behind his homers

unbelievable. "You don't see it happen but once in a lifetime," said Gary Key...

Head coach Keith Madison lauded the young slugger for his homerun barrage against Eastern...

Another amazing facet of Sandy's day was that he almost hit another homerun that would have broken the NCAA record...

There are quite a few players that would like to be in his slumping shoes. After the Eastern game...

Yesterday, Sandy improved on his homerun total by blasting a 400-foot homer over the right-centerfield fence...

A professional career is almost a certainty for Sandy, a senior business major. Madison said that the pro scouts have taken a stronger interest in Sandy...

Sandy said that a pro career would be a dream come true for him. "Money would not be a factor in deciding whether or not I would turn professional..."

There are quite a few players that would like to be in his slumping shoes. After the Eastern game...

him and cook for him, his baseball career looks to be set. With his hitting and his mother's super beef roast recipe...

The Bat Cats cornered two wins against the Thundering Herd at Marshall yesterday at Shively Field...

The first game of the twin-bill saw freshman pitcher Jay Ray improve his record to an unblemished 5-0. Marshall scored first with a solo homerun in the fourth inning...

The fifth inning included a tape-measure homerun by Sandy that made the score 5-1 in favor of Kentucky...

They were going to play "error ball." It was the rest of the coaching staff who were going to bail the team this year...

Freshman starter Jeff Hellman started the game but did not last long. A combination of walks with a few hits sandwiched in between saw Hellman relieved by another freshman...

Carroll came in the game and put a damper on the Marshall bats just long enough for the offensive cavalry to save the day. It was none too early for the bats to come around either...

The Bat Cats trailed in the game of the sixth, 7-4. But the team must have heard the bugle call for a charge. The inning started with a Mike Botkin bomb that went out of the park faster than it came in...

Third baseman Sikes promptly stepped to the plate and singled Sandy in to make the score 7-6 in favor of Marshall.

Ryan then hit into a double play that almost became a force play, but the Marshall shortstop threw errant to the first baseman...

Then, Swigert, a senior, showed the value of experience with a two strike single that knotted the game at seven apiece.

Senior Tim Anderson, who earlier in the game had a solo homerun, then lined out sharply to the centerfielder for the second out of the inning. Switch-hitter shortstop Mark Mangione ended the game with a shot to left-centerfield that scored Campbell.

Madison said that the two wins were a welcome sight to the Kentucky team, which now stands at 19-29. "We made some costly mistakes today but our guys showed their composure and pulled through for us..."

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Amperсанд

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I recently saw a copy of *Amperсанд* dated January/February Volume V, No. 4, 1982. It is unavailable in any stores in my city. I was wondering if it would be possible for me to order this issue.

Mary Wilcox
Eau Claire, WI

We have, alas, many such complaints; we are distributed within, and only within, college newspapers. No newsstands. But back issues can be ordered, \$1.50 per issue, or you can avoid any future problems by subscribing. Costs six whole dollars per year (send check and address information to *Amperсанд* Subscriptions, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028).

At the ripe old age of twenty-four I am about to do something I have never done before: write a fan letter. As I sat half asleep and bored to tears in my Federal Jurisdiction class last Friday, I happened to spy a copy of *Amperсанд* (January/February '82). The cover alone was enough to snap me out of my boredom and the article — on Timothy Hutton — was enough to bring me back to life.

Russell Harris, Fan

Send letters to *In One Ear*, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.

Consuming Mass Quantities

IN THE WAKE of irrepressible funster John Besh's death from a synergistic mix of heroin and cocaine come these two coke-laced reports from a recent *LA Times* edition. First, actor Lou Gossett (you loved him in *Roots*) and girlfriend Honey Rufner were recently arrested for, among other things, giving her two children and his seven-year-old son drugs. It's called "Child Endangerment" in these parts. Detectives found cocaine and freebasing equipment in Gossett's home. Freebasing is a highly volatile method for cooking out the impurities — baby laxative and worse — that greedhead dealers routinely mix into cocaine. Freebasing also cooked out most of comedian Richard Pryor's epidemics between phallus and adam's apple a few months back, and helped Pryor cut his time in the 100-yard dash to practically nothing.

Second, corpulent Beach Boy Brian Wilson — whose apparently permanent drug-induced psychosis has been public knowledge for years — has reportedly resumed cocaine consumption, with the help of his brother Dennis. The news came to light because of a Santa Monica court action. Dennis Wilson and Stan Love, former collegiate All-American and Los Angeles Lakers basketball player, agreed recently via a mutual restraining order not to "harass, molest, threaten or strike" each other.

Love, a first cousin to the Wilson brothers, had spent the mid-Seventies as a sort of nurse/coach to Brian Wilson, trying to cure the once highly creative singer/songwriter's bouts with dependency and binges with drugs through an exercise program and strict supervision (which, apparently, was abandoned some time ago). He alleges that representatives of Brian Wilson, including Wilson's business manager, told him that the Dennis-to-Brian cocaine connection had re-

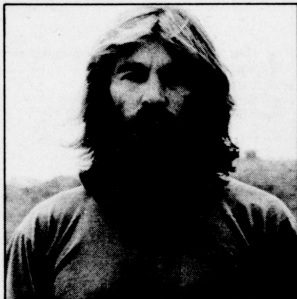
New Contributors

DENNIS CARLYLE DARLING (*Butch Hancock, Jimmie Gilmore photos*) teaches photography and graphics in the Journalism Department of the University of Texas at Austin. His credits include *Rolling Stone*, the *Washington Post*, *Popular Photography* and *Modern Photography*. Clinching an *Amperсанд* assignment was a major career thrill but, avers Darling, "I won't give up my day job yet."

RICHARD GRAHAM (*In Print*) lives in San Diego and signs his letters with impressive calligraphic flourishes.

MIRA TOOMBS (*In Print*) had better write to us soon and tell us where to send the check.

& OUT THE OTHER



Dennis Wilson — his brother's dealer?

cently grown to \$10,000 worth of nose candy in a two-month span. Love and companion Rushon Pamplin went out to "confront" Dennis Wilson about the matter. Their meeting was short on good vibrations. The Beach Boy drummer was chased through his own house, Love whaling the bejeezus out of him all the while with fists, feet and a telephone, meanwhile smashing windows and furniture. Fortunately, a majority of the blows landed on Wilson's head, an object that's been of no use for several years.

Richard Pryor has spun his burning flesh experiences into some four minutes of stand-up comedy. Dennis Wilson lives in "constant fear of further attack." Lou Gossett is free on \$2,500 bail after just one night in the slammer. John Belushi is finally off drugs... may he rest in peace.

On the Road Again?

IT APPEARS TO BE semi-definite: The Rolling Stones will tour Europe this summer, somewhere between May and July. According to the Stones' Los Angeles publicity firm, the group was recently discussing the possibility of this tour while working on a film of last year's American tour and a live album of same (with any luck, both should be out this fall).

Beatty Sued Again

WARREN BEATTY has been slapped with his second screenwriting lawsuit (the first, for *Shampoo*, which he co-wrote with Robert Towne, was ultimately reversed in the appellate court, to Beatty's relief). This time William M. Greene and Helen Smith have filed a \$20 million lawsuit, claiming Beatty reneged on their contract and paid only \$250 for rights to their unpublished book *Louise Bryant: Biography of a Radical* (Bryant was played by Diane Keaton in the film *Reds*). Greene also claims Beatty took advantage of his naivete and his research.

Between the Lines

THE LATE ROCK STAR JIM MORRISON will be back in bookstores soon: Frank Lisciandro, photographer, filmmaker (he edited the Doors film *Feast of Friends*) and once a friend to Morrison, has published *An Hour for Magic* (Delilah Books, \$9.95). Lisciandro told *Ampersand* that the book contains 130 photos of Morrison taken by him, "Ninety-nine point nine per cent of them never published before." The text, 30,000 words of it, was written by Lisciandro (who now lives in Santa Barbara), except for ten Morrison poems which the singer's estate allowed Lisciandro to publish. Lisciandro, who worked with Morrison on film projects when he wasn't taking pictures, claims his book was written partly as an effort to dispel the nasty image Morrison suffered in the book *No One Here Gets out Alive* (by Jerry Hopkins and Danny Sugarman). "It's mainly my personal kinds of experiences with Jim," Lisciandro said. "I tried to show Jim leaning toward poetry and philosophy and filmmaking... everything I wrote was something I experienced first hand."

FRANK HERBERT, author of the assorted *Dune* books, just signed a contract with Putnam for *Dune 5* (title to be changed) for the tidy sum of \$1.5 million. Not such a bad deal for Putnam,

considering that the five *Dune* books (most recent, *God Emperor of Dune*, a best seller) have sold 7.5 million copies in the U.S. alone. As for the alleged film version of *Dune*... it still simmers away. As of February, screenwriters on the case were David Lynch, Christopher DeVore and Eric Bergren, with Lynch (*Elephant Man*, *Eraserhead*) to direct. Producer will be Dino De Laurentiis.

NO LESS THAN THREE CELEBRITIES threaten full exposure on the printed page. Richard Harris' is titled *Those Who Did and Those Who Didn't*. French film director Roger Vadim is writing a novel, not a memoir, titled *The Hungry Angel*, in which two female characters are said to resemble his ex-wives Jane Fonda and Brigitte Bardot. And Tony Toon, once Rod Stewart's manager (fired by Rod 8 years ago) promises to reveal more of the rock star's intimate secrets when his memoir is published. Are there any secrets still unrevealed, after *True Brit* of a few years back?

Say Goodbye

MASH will return for one more year, and then finito. The producers announced that the last show will be a two-hour special in which the war is ended and all the characters prepare to go home.

BARNEY MILLER will not even return for one more year, its final episode will air April 24, with the precinct being closed down.

Lotsa Movie Stuff

APPARENTLY UNWARE of the sagging economy, Hollywood plans to make dozens of movies in the next few months — after a half year of cut-backs, slowdowns and reductions which left most of the guilds and industry suppliers reeling and hungry. Supposedly we have the following to anticipate in the next year (or two):

Brooke Shields will not frolic in a lagoon, but she will disport herself in the sand — when she stars in *Sabara*, based on a 1928 auto race across the title desert... *Mike's Murder* will star Debra Winger (late of *Cannery Row*), to be directed by Jim Bridges, who discovered Winger for *Urban Cowboy*... Susan Sarandon and Richard Dreyfuss will star in *Buddy System*, in which they portray a court stenographer and a security guard brought together by her 11-year-old son... Chuck Berry plays himself in the class reunion scene for *National Lampoon's Class Reunion*... Faye Dunaway, Alan Bates and John Gielgud star in *The Wicked Lady*, to be directed by Michael (Death Wish II) Winner... Burt Reynolds will first star in *Best Friends* with Goldie Hawn, then segue quickly into *Bogart Slept Here*, which was originally written by Neil Simon as a kind of sequel to *The Goodbye Girl*, and was to have starred Robert DeNiro, to have been directed by Mike Nichols. Now Reynolds himself will direct... Richard Pryor will co-star in *Superman III*, then co-star with Dreyfuss in *Ain't No Heroes*, then assume the title role in *Malcolm X*, a biopic of the late Black Muslim leader... *Greystoke*, based on Edgar Rice Burroughs' tales of Tarzan's early life, will be made by producer David Puttnam and director Hugh Hudson (the team that brought us *Chariots of Fire*). *Greystoke* was originally in the hands and slow typewriter of Robert (Personal Best) Towne... Olivia Newton-John will star in *Suing*, a contemporary musical... Scott Spencer, who wrote the novel *Endless Love*, has finished an original script called *Rapture*... Joe Eszterhas, former *Rolling Stone* editor who wrote *F.I.S.T.* (starring Sylvester Stallone), now has *Pluck the Eagle* (a comedy) and *City Hall* (not a comedy) poised for production...

DIRECTOR JOHN LANDIS (*American Werewolf in London*, most recently) is currently working on *Whereabouts* ("That's not the title, but we don't have a title yet"), after which he'll do "a secret" project with Steven Spielberg and two other as yet unchosen filmmakers ("we'll be contributing in an unusual manner," Landis said, revealing nothing) and the oft-mentioned *Dick Tracy*. Waldo Salt has been assigned the task of writing the screenplay for Landis' future version of Mark Twain's *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court*.

The Results Are In

LAST DECEMBER'S *Ampersand* included a Readers' Movie Poll, and here, after many hours of tedious tabulation, are the results: **The Top Ten Actors**, according to the more than 1500 replies, were (in descending order) Harrison Ford, Dustin Hoffman, Dudley Moore, Robert DeNiro, Burt Reynolds, Robert Redford and Alan Alda (a tie), Richard Dreyfuss, Clint Eastwood and Timothy Hutton. **Favorite Actress**: Jane Fonda, Meryl Streep, Goldie Hawn, Katherine Hepburn, Sally Field, Barbra Streisand, Marsha Mason, Diane Keaton, Faye Dunaway and Sissy Spacek. **Favorite Films**: *Raiders of the Lost Ark*, *Ordinary People*, *Arbur*, *The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Body Heat*, *The Empire Strikes Back*, *Stripes*, *Time Bandits*, *Superman II* and *Four Seasons*. Readers also proclaimed their favorite kinds of films — Comedy was by far the favorite, followed not very closely by Adventure, Suspense, Science Fiction, Real Life, Romantic, Horror, Foreign, Animation and last (to our chagrin), Western.

Monroe/Jane Russell film *Gentlemen Prefer Blondes*, gets a laconic folk-rock treatment which produces an unexpected sex-change. Instead of a witty, urbane bit of drollery, the song becomes a sort of parable of temptation that's oddly funny. At a recent Hop Singh show, Warren Zevon climbed onstage. Two nights later at the Cafe Bla Bla, without the aid of celebrity guests, Burnett reached into the funnier side of his song bag until nearly three a.m. "Well I've never been to art school," went one lyric, "But I kinda like Picasso/All his women look Egyptian/But then what the hell do I know?"

Woosome Twosome

HAS TAPS STAR Tim Hutton been greeting reverie with insipid songstress Nicolette Larson? They've been spotted keeping cuddly company. Larson embittered Neil Young a couple of years back when, after the conclusion of their affair, she ran a lightweight rendition of his tune, "A Lotta Love," to a high spot on the charts. Maybe she'll remake the Hutton vehicle, *Ordinary People*, as *Ordinary Voice*.

Rolling Stone Rumbles

LONG TIME RECORD REVIEW editor Paul Nelson has reportedly left his post at *Rolling Stone* over a battle with publisher Jann Wenner. New policy for the section is said to be: one lead review and the rest no more than 32 lines long; no use of simile or metaphor (don't want to confuse those sophisticated *Stone* readers); and absolutely no new wave records unless they have "Top Ten sales potential."

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P G

OUT THE OTHER ON SCREEN

of croons. Most video discs, pressing is done in Japan (Japanese pressing plants are like hospitals. They American equivalents are generally more like slaughterhouses). Officially in the Land of the Rising Sun have refused to allow even such non-sexy fare as First Monday no canvas, leopards and escape from Alcatraz to be made...

Conan the Barbarian

starring Arnold Schwarzenegger, Sam Allen, Stephen, James Earl Ray, and Ann by John Milias and Oliver Stone, directed by Milias.

second welder herself) has a startling American accent and vernacular. Nothing seems real, but there is no sense of otherworldliness either. The elaborate temple look phony, the battles are unconvincing (sword hits by inches) and the millions of Conan's followers seem to pop out of the earth, existing on nothing in the middle of nowhere...

Victor/Victoria

starring Julie Andrews, James Garner and Robert Preston, written by Mike Edwards, produced by Edwards and Tony Adams, directed by Edwards.

It is Paris, 1935. You can tell this because the shops and cafes have French names and the actors speak so English with an French accent. Victor is a hard luck case who hasn't had a decent meal in days and who can't get a job in a cabaret even though she happens to sing exactly like Julie Andrews...

face restaurant makes, then hurry off to see Victor/Victoria. Steven X. Lee

Cat People

starring Nastassja Kinski, Malcolm McDowell and John Heard, written by Alan Croney, directed by Paul Schrader.

In 1962, Val Lewton, a producer of imagination, made Cat People, a B movie that has since gone on to cult status. Now Cat People is remake, a costly remake, full of costly mistakes. While it's far more psychologically complex than its inspiration, this upstart debut itself at every turn with muddled writing, pretentious direction and ludicrous plotting.

by gals, Cat People is a splashy mixture of beast and man, seduction and lust, sex and amputation, but the movie doesn't mesh properly with these themes as you thought them.

in any in a horror film, but Schrader subverts the power of his material with bad storytelling. Unusually horror films have to play into our dreams, and although Schrader's come-up with three or four strong moments, he can't sustain the illusion.

suburban Herbie Tucker who can't have relationships, and would rather gamble his money at the races than his idea at the studio. And Ann-Margret has big breasts.

Together, father and daughter fight and she (the girl), scabrous, bright, irresistible) until he cries, she cries, they hug, March Mauer, I mean Ann-Margret, interrupts the feisty yet strong relationship by begging clumsy, grumpy Richard Dreyfuss, I mean Walter Matthau, to make a commitment...

The Babe

THE BABE movie, which we can rarely see on TV, will reappear on Showtime. Once again, we're being promised new episodes. We won't look our hearts, but we'll be eternally grateful.

A new movie was series of Little Gloria, Happy on Last will appear on player or cassette.

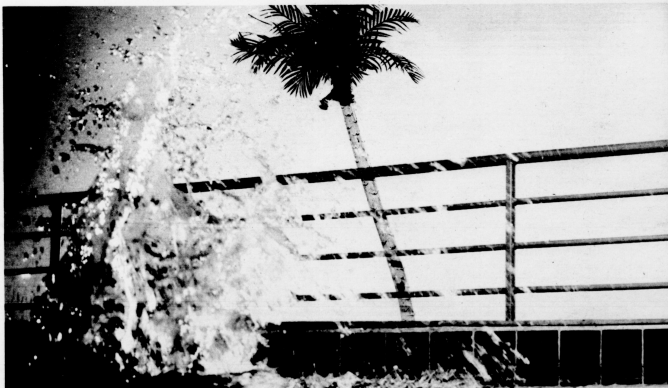
THE ROAD WARRIOR (see Summer Movie Guide this issue) turns out to be the sequel to Mad Max, directed by Australian George Miller. The first of the two was said by some to be so action-packed it made directors of the Last Day look like an inept Bergman film.

THE WIND AND THE LION, also written and directed by John Milias, is one of my all-time favorite romantic adventures when John Milias and Oliver Stone directed by Milias.

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Joe Ely: The New Pride of Lubbock

BY PAUL CULLUM

"We like this kind of music. Jazz is strictly for the stay-at-homes."

—Buddy Holly

"Hot dog I like it a lot!" —Joe Ely

It's a smoky yellow evening outside, still warm, and the Joe Ely band is onstage at some Lone Star dancehall, tuning up. John Lennon's just been shot a couple of nights ago, and the crowd's milling around, not much spirit for the night ahead. Ely, a high school dropout from Lubbock with a passel of 5-star albums to his credit, hasn't looked at the crowd yet.

So the band seems ready, and Joe faces the mike now, serious. "Y'all heard the news?" And the crowd—as one man—thinks, "Great. Whole world's falling apart. What next?" ... when Joe slams rhetorically into a Roy Brown standard: "Ya heard the news?/There's good rockin' to-night/Which sets off not just the catharsis, but elation bordering on gratitude.

Or the time at Gruene Hall ("Texas' Oldest Dance Hall") when the sheriff came out after 2 a.m. to shut them down and Jesse Taylor, the bear-like guitarist, poured a beer in his hat (forcing them to dive into the crowd to have an escape). Or London at the Venue, when Ely and Butch Hancock were out after the show howling at the moon, and the bouncers tried to chase them down and kill them (forcing them to hide in a Dempsey Dumpster until a safe car could come around).

Joe Ely in concert is like no other—him charging and careening, flailing about, falling into the drums or climb-

ing up on the peana. He has more fun onstage than a white person has a right to.

There's lots of places we could meet, I'm thinking. The Alamo Hotel, the sparkling and virulent Thirties brownstone where LBJ's brother decayed from cancer. The base of the Texas Tower—count the sniper's bullet holes out on the concrete mall. Some chill parlor or domino hall with a sense of history. Any old icon.

"Tell ya what,"—Ely speaking with that same goofy deadpan in his drawl—"you bring your tape recorder and meet me at the Austin Bowl-O-Rama."

"Next up in mixed league competition, we got Hall's Package Stores vs. the Lane Tamers on Lane 2, and Edgebrook Texaco vs. the Hair Flair on Lane 22. Parents, please keep those youngsters off the end lanes, we have a tournament going on down there."

"Y'know," he's studying the orange headpin now on the lane just in front of us, "there's some real good sauce you can get at Tom Thumb grocery stores. It's called Cox's Texas Hot Sauce, and it comes in a mayonnaise jar from Dangerfield, Texas. You try it sometime—it's delicious."

Master of non sequitur, Joe is dressed in a vintage British tweed jacket, black corduroy shirt and pants, wing-tipped oxford or something boots, silk scarf, and a blood-red bolo tie with tiny toy gun clasp. That and the neo-rockabilly chopped pompadour clump-swirl coiffure (compliments Yardley English Lavender). For a Lubbock boy who used to play for nothing but Rebel Tractor drivers, he looks to be out of place in any culture he could claim.

Joe Ely was born in 1947 in Amarillo, Texas. His father worked for the railroad, as had his grandfather, so they shifted: from Amarillo to Fort Worth, Houston, San Antonio and then Lubbock. He played hooky from high school, tried out amps and guitars in the downtown stores, eventually starting to work in local clubs. Over the past ten years or so he's gone from being just another Texas secret to open-

ing for the

Rolling Stones and touring with the diverse likes of Merle Haggard, Carl Perkins, Tom Petty and the Kinks, acting as Clash clown and Linda Ronstadt's next trend to ride ("Honky Tonk Masquerade" on her next LP), at long last putting two albums on the *Billboard* charts (*Musta Notta Gotta Lotta* and *Live Shots*), and bringing country music into the Twentieth Century.

Peter Guralnick called Ely's work "some of the hardest-hitting music of the decade" in *Country Music* magazine, adding, "It has all the intensity, the single-minded drive, conviction and explosive originality of first generation rock 'n' roll." *Rolling Stone* found Ely's albums "Full of poignancy, insight and affection for the Southwest and its people." The *LA Times* tagged him "... the most impressive male singer to enter country music in the '70s." Twentieth Century-Fox approached Ely to star in *Not Fade Away*, a planned film biography of Buddy Holly that never got made. (Ironically, Gary Bussey—later the star of *The Buddy Holly Story*—was to have played the part of Holly's drummer.) Chuck Berry caught a 1978 Ely set in St. Louis and, after midnight, jumped onstage to join the band on "Jambalaya" and "Mountain Dew."

The corners in-between were packed up with a lot of his term, "colorful misery." He slept on the beach in Venice, California with a Fender Super Reverb amplifier for a pillow, rode a lot of rails ("The Rock Island Express out of Amarillo, up east to watch the leaves turn"), played the subway circuit in NYC, and slept on the Staten Island Ferry. He zigzagged around in the entrails of the continent, working as a fruitpicker, dishwasher, feeding the llamas and the world's smallest horse for Ringling Bros., sopping up the scenery in places like Louisiana, Arkansas, New Mexico, Old Mexico, Colorado—all those Texas outlands he's been made responsible for.

"I helped build Angel Fire Ski Run up in Eagle's Nest. Drove a concrete truck up and down that mountain, like to scare me to death. I was unloading hundred-pound sacks of concrete and they asked could anybody drive a truck, so I said 'sure,' anything to get out of loading concrete." And could he drive a truck? "No, course not. But, y'know—you learn real fast, a hurtling down the side of a mountain with about two tons of concrete right behind you."

Ely came into American radio through the backdoor of the English

Gilmore & Hancock: The Minds Behind the Songs



DENNIS CARLYLE DARLING

A lot of the bands who come through Austin, from U-2 to the Stray Cats, believe all those stories Joe Ely tells over in England—chicken wire across the stages to protect the bands, people shooting off guns inside of bars. So invariably, they get depressed by all the redevelopment—fern bars, gentrification, ossification, cartilage to bone, the spread of mellow capitalism up Sixth Street like a pastel disease.

After that, they generally like what they find: The Fabulous T-Birds/Cobras/Stevie Ray Vaughan blues confluence. The Huns/Records/Norvells new wave exes nexes. And the Emmajoe's aggregation.

Emmajoe's is the socialist roadhouse (named after Joe Hill and Emma Goldman) which is local home to the modern country crowd—people like Townes Van Zandt, Lucinda, Rank and File (formerly the Dils, premier West Coast punk outfit), Butch Hancock and Jimmie Gilmore.

Hancock and Gilmore are always mentioned in tandem, probably a disservice, since both go back to the Flatlanders, the Lubbock band circa 1970 that they formed with running buddy Joe Ely. The Flatlanders' one album is finally on Charley Records as a British import. Together they have written over a third of the songs on Ely's albums.

Jimmie Gilmore is responsible for "Treat Me Like a Saturday Night," "Tonight I think I'm Gonna Go Downtown," and "Dallas," three ballads of subtle clarity. They speak of loneliness and grey light, and the high gentle whistle of the Lubbock winds. Technically, it was Jimmie Dale and the Flatlanders.

Butch Hancock, on another hand, is the best songwriter in America. This is not hyperbole. In the folk poet tradition, singer-songwriter, one man/one guitar, Hancock is the best there is.

press. Much has been made of his adoption by the Clash, their English tour, the oxymoron of that alliance. But if the new wave was ever about anything, it was about structural integrity—purity of essence, reconnecting to roots of form.

"The first couple of Clash shows we did in England were really hilarious, the first time we were confronted with what would be a normal Clash crowd, y'know? Especially places they'd grown up, like Camden Town, were really rowdy crowds. They'd be throwing stuff, and we'd throw back buckets full of ice. To me it felt about like a Saturday night in Austin."

That was the *London Calling* tour, and Joe's *Live Shots* LP was almost named *Lubbock Calling* Stateside, the Clash wanted Joe to open their Texas dates, and he ended up signing on for the rest of the American tour. (It's probably instructive to remember that the Sex Pistols said their San Antonio audience was the only one to respond with violence in kind. Two thousand people in a concrete skate palace, guys with shaved heads and safety pins in their scalp, and this big cowboy saying, "If y'all'd just move about a c-t hair closer, we could get some more people in here.")

The Clash were playing Houston, Austin and Dallas on their swing through Texas, and they had a couple of days before they had to go out west, so I talked 'em into playing Lubbock. They scared everybody there, it was great. Then they wanted to see the

"Boxcars," "Fools Fall in Love," "Wishin' for You," "She Never Spoke Spanish to Me" ("All her favorite poets said/Spanish is the loving tongue...")—over and over again. Perhaps his most accessible songs show up on the Ely albums, those on his own being more private, more mystical. But there are gems like "Dominos" or "Own and Own," about Texas' rural to urban shift and things lost to progress, or the ballad "Mario y Maria" (subtitled "Cryin' Statues and Spittin' Images") which are shared between an audience of maybe 5000 people.

Hancock has five albums—*West Texas Waltzes* and *Dust-Blown Tractor Tunes*. *The Wind's Dominion* (double), *Diamond Hill*, and two new live collections, 1981: *A Spare Odyssey*, and *Firewater* (*Seeks Its Own Level*), with Jimmie Gilmore. If he lived in Los Angeles and hustled the clubs on the Strip for five years, he would be famous in more places than just Texas and Italy (where they love him). But that would probably kill whatever it is that makes him Butch Hancock. Hancock is also a practicing architect, makes video documentaries, once won an argument with the Soviet ambassador over Afghanistan, and built the bar at Emmajoe's. But those are other stories.

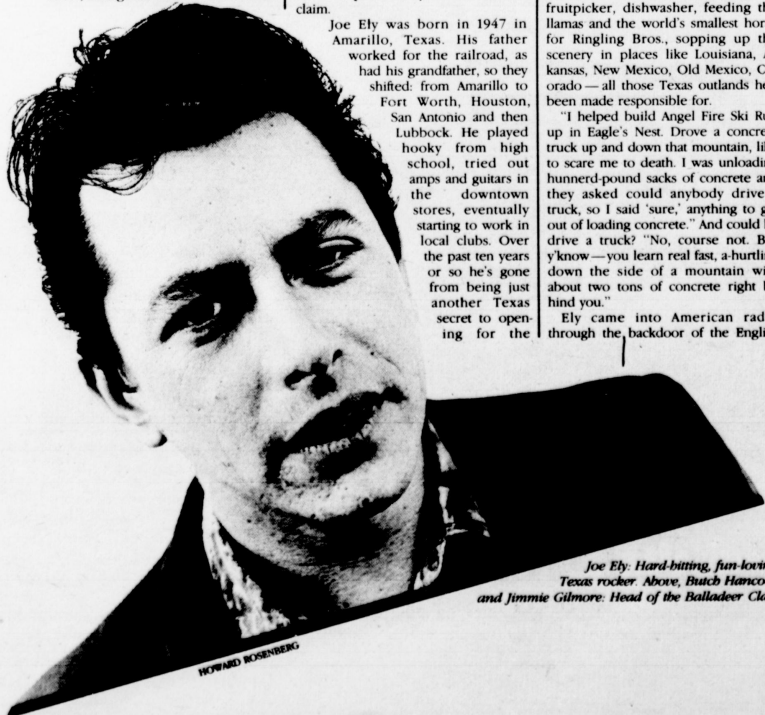
Hancock's albums are available for \$7.00 from Drawer 810, Clearend TX 79226.

sights of Lubbock. Y'know, there just aren't too many sights in Lubbock. So I showed 'em Prairie Dog Town, the high school where Buddy Holly played, that's just about it. We ended up getting some six-packs and spending the night out at Buddy Holly's grave."

Lubbock was where Ely came of age, where he took guitar lessons from Buddy Holly's old guitar teacher, where at age 11 he saw Jerry Lee Lewis outside of Pontiac House. ("There was Jerry Lee on a flatbed truck, wind blowing, dust everywhere...") It's where he says he learned to shoot pool. (He played a friend's wedding last year and took some Aspen developer types for about five hundred dollars.) It's where he lived through his first three LPs (*Joe Ely*, *Honky Tonk Masquerade* and *Down on the Drag*). The 6th LP, the one he's fast at work on at his lakehouse outside Austin, could well be the one to finally force him out of this cult ghetto he's been reposing in the last four years. Another Linda Ronstadt LA-country album is a small enough price to pay.

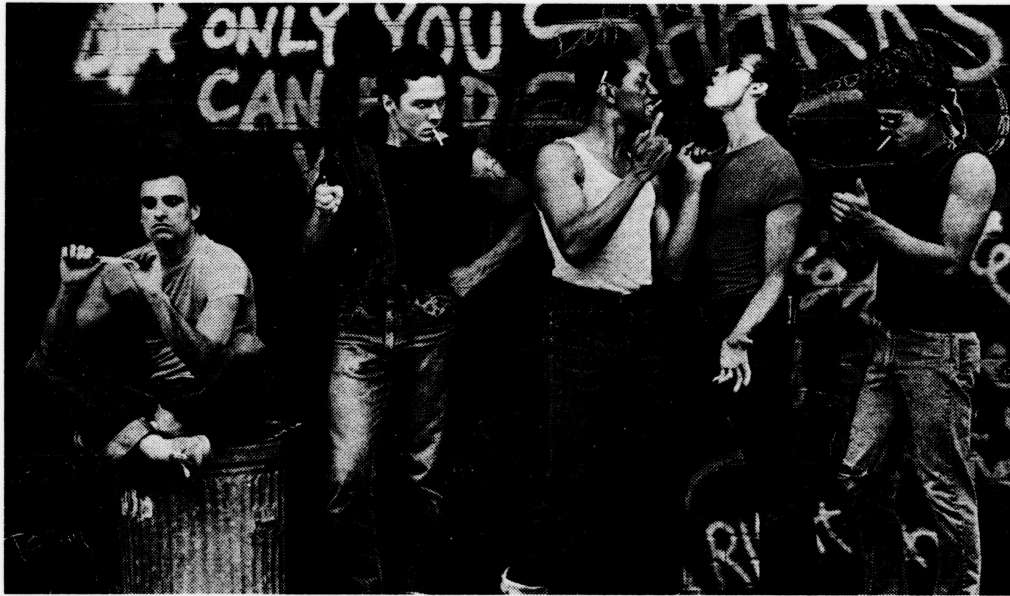
"Bowlers, I'd like to remind you of the *Diamond Jubilee* next week, we'll be having one shift and one shift only, and that will be the 8:00 shift. Also, there will be a deaf tournament here. It's gonna be real quiet."

"He say 'Death Tournament'?"
"I think he said 'deaf tournament.'"
"Oh, good... Least we won't have to hear all this racket."



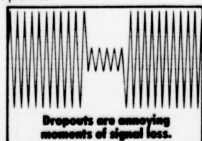
Joe Ely: Hard-biting, fun-loving Texas rocker. Above, Butch Hancock and Jimmie Gilmore: Head of the Balladeer Class.

HOWARD ROSENBERG



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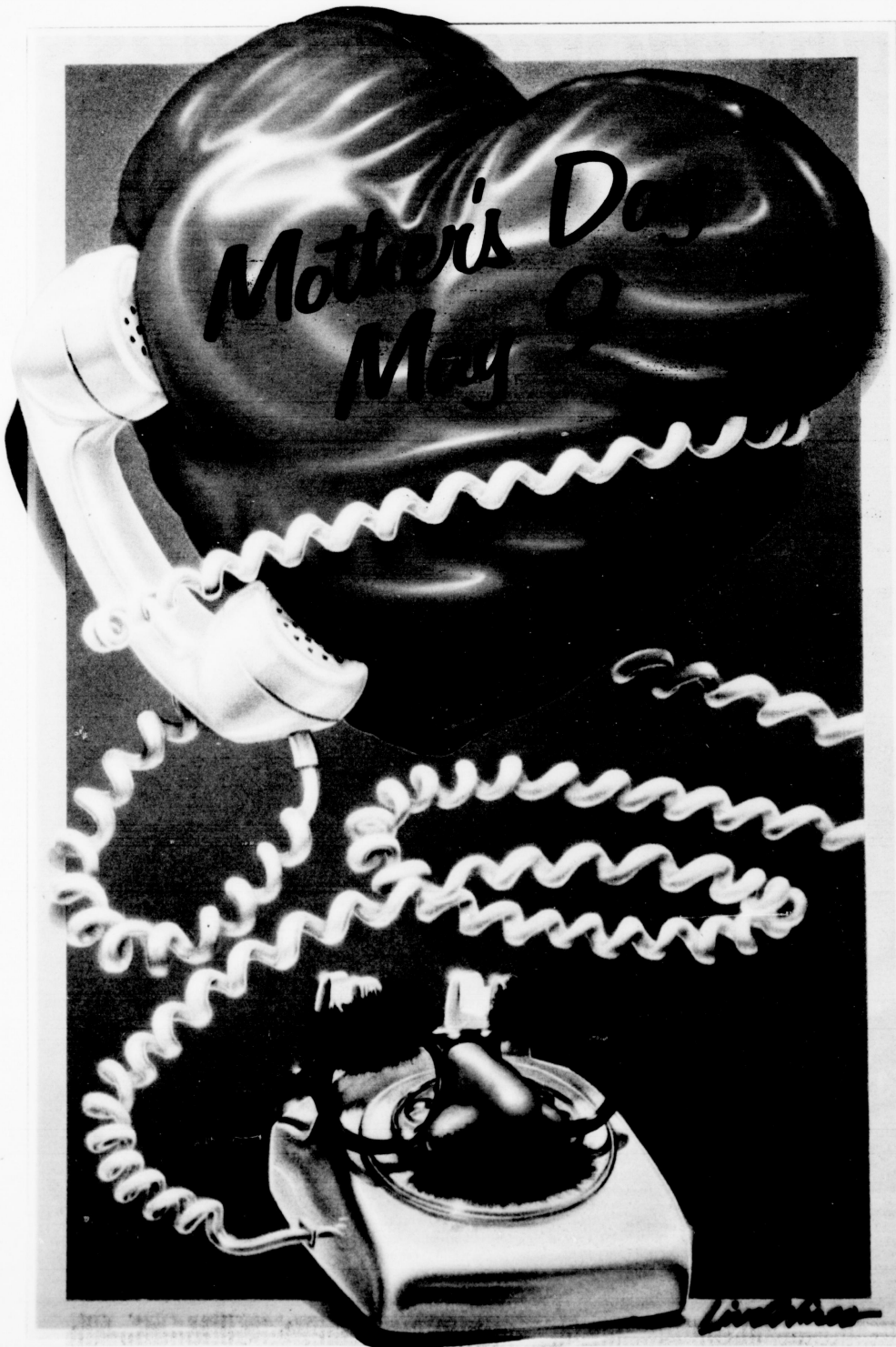
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midnight movie madness

BY JOSEPH PATTON

In 1968, George Romero made a low-budget, explicit shocker called *Night of the Living Dead*. The dead, revived by an intense dose of radiation, roam the countryside, automatons with one motive: attack and devour the living. Even the "dead" must eat to stay "alive." *Living Dead* opened in drive-ins, where most films wind up, but it was soon revived at the Elgin Theatre in New York, where it played to young, enthusiastic viewers Fridays and Saturdays at midnight. Audiences went repeatedly to scream with delight as cannibalistic cadavers munched on bones and gorged on intestines and livers.

Night of the Living Dead pioneered the phenomenon of "midnights" — special midnight showings of films too excessive, too outrageous, too "weird" to be shown at any other time. Ben Barenholtz, who owned the Elgin when *Living Dead* was unleashed, has compared midnights to pajama parties where all the rules are broken. They're not just movies, but events, and thrill-seeking spectators frequently dress in costume, talk back to the screen, roar, boo, cheer, clap, whistle and shout. At midnights, restraint is out of place. Every midnight is Halloween.

Films that attract late-night clubs are as close to comic strips as live action can be, with something crazed and irreverent about them. Take *Martin*, for instance. When Romero's sly, spooky debunking of the Dracula legend surfaced at midnights in 1978, it was obvious that he had scored again. Martin is a shy, attractive 17-year-old who looks like the boy next door, but he has a freakish fixation: bloodsucking. Martin's ancestors emigrated to Pittsburgh from Transylvania, but since he is fan-

less, Martin uses a hypodermic to knock out his victims and hacks at their wrists with a razor blade to drink their spurting blood. Viewers leave *Martin* unsure whether he is a victim of the vampire inheritance running in the family, or a psychotic delinquent with a horrible habit.

Not much later Romero's *Dawn of the Dead* was sneaked at midnights, played briefly in regular runs, and then settled in for long runs exclusively at midnight. *Dawn* is a sicker, slicker *Living Dead*. Three men and a woman seek shelter from swarms of marauding cadavers inside a shopping mall. "Instinct brings them back here," all one of the survivors says. "This place was a very important part of their lives!" All of Romero's films are awash with gore, but *Dawn* proves, once and for all, nothing succeeds like excess. A ghoul stumbles into the path of a whirling helicopter blade, and the top of its head is sliced off. A corpse bites a chunk from a victim's neck, and blood gushes like water from a fire hydrant. Spectators are open-mouthed in horror when the carnage begins; gradually, their screams dissolve into raucous laughter; eventually they break into wild applause, cheering on the last of the survivors as they escape scores of stalking goons in the best cliff-hanger tradition of vintage Saturday matinee serials. For Romero's fans, though, too much is not enough. *Day of the Dead* is in the works, completing the *Zombie* trilogy.

John Waters uses Romero's favorite device—shock—with gleeful abandon in *Pink Flamingos*. When it came out in 1972, *Flamingos* provoked howls of

disgust, acquired a rowdy cult following, and made its leading actor, Divine — a 300-pound female impersonator billed as "the greatest grossout of all time" — the first superstar of the midnight circuit. Divine lives in a burnt-out trailer with her son, a long-haired punk with a chicken fetish, and her mother, who has a thing for eggs. They enter a contest sponsored by the *National Enquirer* to find "the filthiest people alive." Tacky, sleazy, berserk, *Flamingos* is rated X, but viewers who expect hard-core sex are disappointed; all they get to witness is incest, fellatio, castration and exhibitionism. "To me, bad taste is what entertainment is all about," Waters writes in *Shock Value*. "If someone vomits watching one of my films, it's like getting a standing ovation." *Flamingos'* climactic scene — Divine scoops up a fresh pile of French poodle excrement and eats it, lickety-split — is one of the most talked-about in the history of midnights. The strong of stomach are outraged and amused at the same time, while the squeamish look in vain on the back of the seat in front of them for an emergency bag.

David Lynch's *Eraserhead* rivals and, quite possibly, surpasses *Pink Flamingos* in sheer grossness. It combines elements of science-fiction and fantasy, but it's impossible to categorize, let alone explain. *Eraserhead* concerns Henry, a simpleton with a bouffant hairdo that resembles a fright wig; Mary X, his moronic wife; and their offspring, a cross between a human and a dinosaur. Baby's crying sends Mary home to Mother. Henry feeds Baby a worm, and Baby grows... and Grows... and GROWS!! Poor, startled Henry retreats into a sordid dream world, torn between the Beautiful Girl Across the Hall, a hooker who pouts prettily, and the Lady in the Radiator, who sings sweetly while worms fall around her and squish underfoot. In

the end Henry loses his head, and it is turned into an eraser. *Eraserhead* fans, who roar with satisfaction during its grosser scenes, believe that a truer picture of the mind of middle-class America would be hard to find, except maybe at a K-Mart checkout lane. Lynch, of course, went on to fame directing *Elephant Man*.

Jim Sharman's *Rocky Horror Picture Show* — an outrageous melange of cliches from monster epics, Marvel comics, beach-blanket frolics and Fifties and Sixties rock 'n' roll — is the quintessential fluke. It bombed in 1975, but not long after that it resurfaced at midnights and mushroomed into a national phenomenon. Brad and Janet, two clean-cut kids, get mixed up in the weird antics at a castle where Frank N. Furter, a transvestite scientist from outer space, is conducting manic experiments, creating drag revues and a blond stud he plans to put to good use — his own.

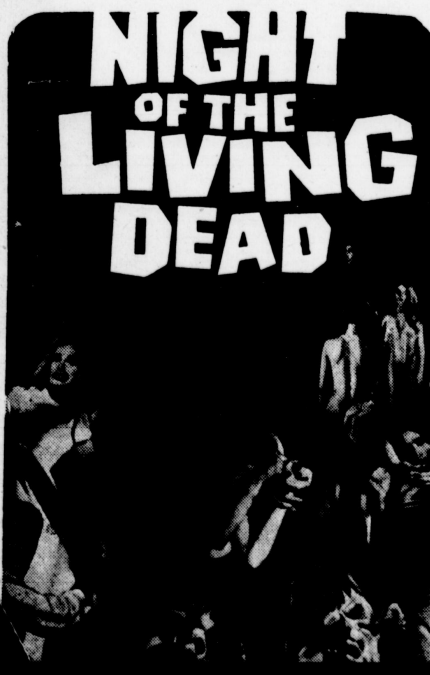
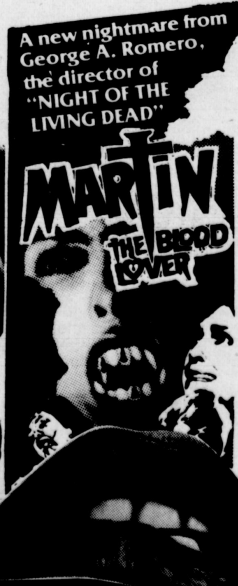
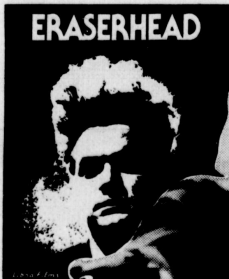
Audiences turn *Rocky Horror* into a midnight masquerade, dressing as members of the mad doctor's kinky household: Riff Raff, the hunchback henchman; Magenta, his sister; the tap-dancing Little Nell; and Frank N. Furter himself, in black corset and high heels. Audiences dance the Time Warp in the aisles, throw rice, spray water, flick cigarette lighters and sing along with the soundtrack. "Toucha, toucha, toucha, touch me/I wanna be dirty/Thrill me, fill me, fulfill me/Creature of the night." *Rocky Horror* is the most popular midnight so far, perhaps because it catches the confusion of two all-American kids agape at the sexual permissiveness of the Seventies.

Shock Treatment, a sequel from the makers of *Rocky Horror*, opened at the Waverly Theatre in New York last October, but it hasn't caught fire the way *Rocky Horror* did. Since they're aberrations, it's hard to predict what films will inspire midnight madness, but Frank Perry's *Mommie Dearest*, with Faye Dunaway in a monstrous caricature of Joan Crawford, has the stuff midnights are made of: outrageous humor, shocking behavior, topsy-turvy morality. Audiences have mimicked Crawford's abuse of her daughter, Christina, and her obsession with cleanliness, mock-strangling people sitting next to them with wire hangers and attacking gummy theatre floors with scrub brushes and Bon Ami.

Midnight movie fans often dream up their own bizarre scenarios. Here's mine: a solitary figure totters in high heels down Hollywood Blvd. Whatever it is, it looks like Joan Crawford in the last stages of leprosy, with the blank stare of the "living dead." Rolling her eyes, twisting her lips grotesquely, she cries "Chr — ist — in — ahh!"

Outside the theatre, a poster reads: "The Maddest Mother of All Time Is Back — And This Time She's Really A Monster!! With apologies to George Romero, Wire Hanger Productions presents Divine in a film by John Waters, *Afternoon of the Living Dead* (NOT a Soap Opera). The Abuse Continues..."

Tickets, anyone? Joseph Patton lives in Charlottesville, Virginia, for the past three years or so he's managed a company that rents theaters in college towns to exhibit midnight movies. He knows whereof he speaks.



GEORGE CARLIN: STILL SANE AFTER ALL THE SE YEARS



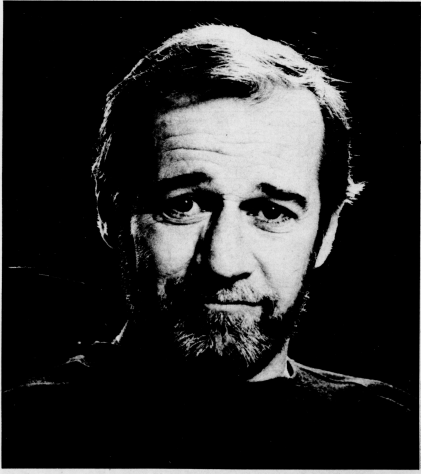
BY RICHARD LEVISON

George Carlin is sitting in a director's chair in a Los Angeles photo-graphy studio, mugging for the camera. "Hey, Jerry, Brody, if you go, you gotta get some stuff that'll really make me laugh," Carlin says to his wife of twenty years and his longtime friend (and personal manager) Jerry Hanna. "What're the seven deadly sins?" asks Carlin.

"Seven," answers Hanna. Carlin's face suddenly becomes very grimy. "Click. One frame."
"Try again." "Click. Click. Not quite."
"See. Ahhh, ha. Carlin's face grins, but he holds it in a struggle back for three frames. He's got him down."
"Come, come. How about anger?" suggests Hanna.
"Anger." "Oh, yeah, but I can't do that one. It takes too much out of you."

"I think that's the one," says Hanna.
The photographer calls a break, and Carlin gives his face a rest. The camera, on its own, falls forward on its tripod. "That's the laughing, isn't it?" asks Hanna. Carlin looks at the camera. Hanna starts laughing, then goes over to the telephone to do some business. Hanna, where there's a phone, directs an office. "Right."
These dark years, a lot of business for Hanna to do. After almost five years of relative obscurity for this normally high-profile comedian, George Carlin is back and back hard. A new album (*Black Box* for MCA), a *Playboy* interview, plans for books, more records, a cable TV show on HBO ("The biggest laugh in the history of cable comedy," says Hanna), more frequent tours and *Tonight Show* appearances. ("I've been known who the most popular goes has?" Hanna knows) and has and has of ask her witness as Carlin returns to the spotlight. But, like everything else in his sometimes turbulent career, this re-emergence is on Carlin's own terms. A brief *Carlinography* he advanced some history in the States as a "satirical" comic and satirist known for such bits as "The Indian Language" (which you still can find in audio street-cry programs, wedged between Bob Newhart and Phyllis Diller) and for the *Liar's Club* ("Wonderful WHOO? Happy Happy Whistlerman"). He built his Las Vegas price up to \$12,500 per week, but in 1970 led the conduct of the Vegas stage club. The much-remembered story of his heavy exit from his straight career says less about comedian's (and comedians') careers than it does about Carlin himself. He simply had more to say than the audience was ready to hear, so he was by far the Vegas. Carlin began playing colleges as the first serious and signed school success, recording an album (*Blue Grass*) as a "comedian's" comedian and as a "social critic." Labels that Carlin himself would use.

"I don't do politics. Basically, I do this for myself. My main priority is to be funny, to get them to say, 'God, wasn't that clever?' to send my childhood ego. I don't want to be in your refrigerator, how your dog and cat are different words you use without knowing what they mean. Beyond that, I have a great need and then there's, which surface along with the other stuff. It's another version of personality. But I don't rely on that. I go out there to be funny."
The mad scientist brought a lot of changes, some particularly for the better. Massive cocaine consumption, a heart attack, the pursuit



of a movie that was never to be completed, and years of therapy kept Carlin out of the public eye. He survived, health, we said, almost as importantly, career-wise. That kind of illness might lead to a fatal blow to the career of one or another entertainer, but in many ways, Carlin's comeback has been easier than his going away. He attributes this to the professional groundwork he has laid over two successful career phases so far.
"Monologues are the basic thing I do. They always will be. That's one thing that got me from spending behind all the guys on the corner to standing in front. If I'm able to expand and develop other forms of writing and performance, they're the good for me. But they'll never entirely eclipse that the basic thing I do. I think about things, stand up and tell them. Having established over a long period of time that I am someone who can come back and do that well, I would expect the audience to have full confidence, so to be ready for me."
Missing the face points of coming back to the task of Carlin's professional adviser, headed by Hanna. Forget how Carlin might describe himself in conversation, his more recent image is that of a rubber-limbed, wild-eyed clown who, as often as not, would

get himself in trouble saying the right thing to the wrong people. Now, his presentation to the public is very neatly sculpted. The official photo on Carlin's press kit shows a rather mature, intelligent face with a neatly clipped beard, a friendly, amused expression. A narrow look like a cross between a happily removed college professor and a liberal, socially aware (and I say so) priest.
Although he must have approved of the milder image (nothing in his career goes by him), it doesn't prevent him from being whatever he feels like at interview time.
"I don't see much hope for the sector, maybe even the human race. [The population] segment I identify with is the one that feels, as I do, that it's hopeless. The things I do that are possibly any consolation are just my way of saying, of standing across the street and talking to the fat. So, I do them, and try to make them as funny as possible, so they are entertaining to the segment that doesn't give a [insert one of the seven words you can cover up on TV, or give it this magazine]. The trouble is, people, I think the only real hope is to talk about these or four hundred million people, maybe even a billion, and start all over again without cash



Added shows in Pittsburgh, says Hanna.

"No, they're all over. You'd have to aim mainly at the financial centers, the commercial centers. I want to be far. When you're killing that many people, you want to be as far as possible. It'll be more because you'll get a lot of Christians, too."
Carlin doesn't like Christmas very much. "Christians have spread more evil than most. I don't like the many organized religions, including Judaism. But the Jews have usually been packing and running — it was the Christians doing the chasing."

"It's the trouble in the teachers, or are people just reading it wrong."
"You've answered the question. Nothing wrong with the teachers. But you let a couple of greasyheads get a hold of some gold, and they'll f--- up a good philosophy every time." Carlin adds that this will probably end up as a routine, perhaps a companion piece to what he does on life after the theater holocaust.

That's the trouble talking with George Carlin. You never really know if you're hearing the man or the comedian. It's a line Carlin is consciously trying to erase. "I want to get as close as being myself on stage as I can. It's a structured, orderly, professional skill, but it's still me. So, the more an audience knows about me personally, the better."

It's the field of person and comic that makes it possible for Carlin to do his damage on Christmas, then turn around, go on the *Tonight Show* to do a new, very funny 10 minutes without a trace of controversy, and then, in both cases, he has presented a valid side of himself. ("And now, the news. A man, attempting to walk around the world, drowned today.") There's a lot of death in Carlin's *Tonight Show* material, but death has never been a forbidden subject on television.

The problem with doing the *Tonight Show* is that so many people see you there that never see you anywhere else. A woman wrote me a letter asking for her \$10 back for the album. She went through such a story about how she'd loved me on the *Tonight Show*, and played the album for her husband and friends, and got so embarrassed I saw her the ten. That's not to set a precedent. If it appears in this magazine, I'll ask for it.

"Now, as far as the career goes... Carlin wants to be his favorite subject, his future. It seems that he gets paid to do what he loves most and does best talk. On the new cable show, I'm going to be doing a lot more characterization, so continue to be me, my characters have just been supporting players. Now, I'm going to put them in front. The show will have maybe twenty minutes of monologues, and about forty minutes of sketches, blackouts, vignettes, whatever."

"Yes, I'm going out soon for 18 days in the East, Midwest, and South."
The album?
"It could have had a better December, but my album has always had good, solid, steady growth. They will get it, and for a first step in a new direction, it's doing magnificently." Legs? Such a showbiz term for this anti-showbiz comedian. But somehow, the paradox never crosses into hypocrisy. No one feels Carlin has been the know-show and success every aspect of his career. He's the one taking the chances, he's the one making the decisions. If anyone has to know about the business side, it's going to be George. And characteristically, he's more than willing to talk about it.
"I've been autonomous all my career, all my life. That's done all the things for me that have happened. The fact that I made the choices. When a posture of that type pays off so handsomely, both in personal satisfaction and money, it's harder and harder to pull away and let other people in. But, with the cable show and other conceptual projects, other artistic people will have to be involved. I'm taking it by the reins. As long as I'm the person doing the writing and acting, I can have others advise me. I think I can open myself to that now."
The photographer is ready for a few more shots. I ask Carlin how many photo sessions he's had in his career.
"One hundred and fourteen, exactly. Not counting the ones that didn't come out."
As the pictures are snapped, Carlin does a few lines, gentle ones for a man bent on killing a tall thin people. "Don't you have a woman who will take up of night, and there's a spike crawling on your pillow, and you don't know his name?" Brenda laughs, and Carlin says, "That laugh, other twenty years, that still what it's all about."
"I want to share the little wonders of the world. Not the big ones, those are out the books. But the little ones, I'm afraid it's a losing battle. But I think kids and comedy can connect. You can be relatively smart and still be pretty funny."
As the session winds down, Hanna and Hanna are talking. I walk over with the tape recorder. They, Jerry, better watch that corporate stuff. The recorder's on," Carlin is laughing. Then he adds, apparently in reference to their discussion, "Time life." The two things they know nothing about, they use as their name.
Now everyone is laughing, a sound familiar to Carlin. I ask him if he has anything he'd like to add before he takes off. He got an answer really after 114 photo sessions and years of interviews, you better believe he's got an answer ready. He sounds like he means it.
"I'm happy, and I'm looking forward to what ever happens to me next."

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ON DISC

VAN MORRISON
Beautiful Vision

(Warner Bros.) Here's a scenario: William Blake and W.B. Yeats are swooped up in a cosmic time ray and transported to the Sixties where they're exposed to a relentless barrage of soul and R&B records, after which the poetic pair's respective consciousnesses are fused together and transplanted into the pudgy body of a wacked-out Irishman who used to front a rock group called Them.

Maybe it didn't happen quite like that, but after listening to Van Morrison's latest solo album (his 14th), one begins to wonder. *Beautiful Vision* is a glorious, screwball affair featuring Van the Man in the throes of spiritual ecstasy, reveling in his Celtic roots, celebrating his heartfelt hodgepodge of religious beliefs and summoning up his uncanniest of musical chops.

Song titles like "Aryan Mist," "She Gives Me Religion," "Dweller on the Threshold" and "Across the Bridge Where Angels Dwell" tell part of the story, with Morrison knee-deep in mystical hyperbole, quoting from tomes as diverse as the Bible, the Bhagavad-Gita, Alice Bailey's *Glamour—A World Problem* and Jack Kerouac's *On the Road*. But then, on the stunning, funny "Cleaning Windows," Van forgets all the portentous deity-dropping to deliver a simple first-person narrative from a "workin' man in my prime" who washes windows on week days and then goes "blowin' saxophone on the weekend in some downtown joint."

Either way—adrift in metaphysical hokey or wiping clean his squeegee—Morrison gets away with it. Flanked by a trio of cooing female backup singers, Van grunts, groans, growls and warbles like a man possessed, while his band churns out rhythms and riffs that combine the earthiness of *Tupelo Honey* and the august, ethereal strains of *Astral Weeks* with a funky verve (check out Pee Wee Ellis' sax on "Cleaning Windows") heretofore unmatched in Morrison's career.

Steven X. Rea

LOU REED
The Blue Mask

(RCA) Our story thus far: Lou Reed, famed for penning such exercises in rock decadence as "Heroin" and "Walk on the Wild Side," cleans up his act and opts for the decent life. He marries (a woman, even) settles down and stops writing songs about junkies and senseless violence, ultimately releasing an album of (almost) conventional love songs, *Growing up in Public*, some two years ago.

Now there's an update: Reed's melowing has (thankfully) not been total. While fans could congratulate him on his new-found personal contentment, there was evidence that his creative powers were not at their height. *Growing up in Public*, for all its good intentions, suffered from self-conscious lyrics and amorphous music. Reed's best work had addressed themes of ugliness and despair with a heroic directness—heart's-and-flowers sentiments didn't seem to suit him.

The Blue Mask is a distinct step in the right direction. If not up to the standards of his startlingly innovative

work with the Velvet Underground (his brilliant band in the Sixties), it nevertheless shows that he retains the grit and honesty that were his trademarks. His latest LP doesn't find him denying the changes in his lifestyle, but it does show him capable of more than mundane love songs.

The album's real strength, however, is its fierce musical approach. Supported by a new band, Reed plays guitar with a slashing edge that's sadly been missing from his records for some time. The atonal screechings he revealed in back in his Velvet Underground days are heard once more in "Waves of Fear" and "The Blue Mask." Complementing his renewed playing abilities, Reed's singing has regained much of its old dramatic nuance.

Barry Alfonso

D WIGHT TWILLEY
Scuba Divers

(EMI) "And now I'm back again, with a hole in my shoe/I'm back again, now everything's new..."

Dwight Twilley is unarguably back. Seven years after his "I'm on Fire"

torched the Top 20, three years since his last album, the boyish Southwestern popster returns. Twilley has a new label and a new album, but it sounds suspiciously like someone else's music.

It took me halfway through the first side of *Scuba Divers* to realize I wasn't listening to the new Tom Petty album. Even taking into account regional similarities and both musicians' fondness for buzzy Byrdsian arrangements, "I'm Back Again" and "Somebody to Love" (DT's current single) uncannily resemble the mealy-mouthed Floridian at his worst. These are tepid pieces, exercises in recycling that add little and annoy plenty. They're not isolated instances either; the flippide offers "Dion Baby," weak-kneed pop of the most dismissible stripe, and "Cryin' over Me," an unsubtle attempt to toughen up that cops its lick from—of all the tired warhorses—Lep Zep's "Whole Lotta Love."

Twilley's return isn't all bad; the title track, while nonsensical lyrically, packs some charge, and "Touchin' the Wind," which breaks the Petty lock of Side One, achieves the kind of yearning romanticism that so rightly earned Twilley praise in the wake of his first

(with Phil Seymour) lp, *Sincerely*. "I Think It's That Girl" is standard Beatle-esque stuff, good for a spin or two.

The lack of inspiration on *Scuba Divers* may have any number of causes. Apparently, the tracks were recorded over a period of time, at different locations, for several prospective labels. Or maybe the well's simply gone dry. Or the genre that Twilley works—melodic, Sixties-inflected pop-rock—may have yielded all its going to yield in terms of riffs and rhyme. Whatever the causes, Twilley's return delivers much less than fans who fell for "Fire," "TV" or "Twilley Don't Mind" had a right to expect.

Gene Sculatti

OKEH REISSUES

(Epic) Culled from a half-century of pivotal American music, brilliantly and copiously annotated, handsomely packaged—Epic Records' five-album ten-LP reissue of the best from the gold mine vaults of the venerated

Okeh label may be the most significant reissue series of recent years.

Okeh Records (1918-1969) was known primarily as a purveyor of "race music," that euphemistic appellation that encompassed jazz, R&B, soul and the blues during each of those genre's halcyon eras. This beautifully conceived and presented series further documents the label's forays into Western Swing. With two-album packages highlighting the company's contributions to each of these musical forms, the listener is treated to the early recorded work of such pivotal names as Muddy Waters, Major Lance, Bob Wills, Little Richard and Ahmad Jamal cheek by jowl with such forgotten greats as Johnny Shines, Billy Butler and the Enchanters, the Light Crust Doughboys and the ineffable Sandmen. Screamin' Jay Hawkins shares the grooves with Doc Bagby on *Okeh Rhythm & Blues*; Sons of the Pioneers segue to Emmet Miller & His Georgia Crackers on *Okeh Western Swing*; Victoria Spivey compliments The Yas Yas Girl on *Okeh Chicago Blues* and on and on. It's a marvelous cornucopia, a musical motherlode that delights, astounds and preserves.

Davin Seay

IN PRINT

Pinball

JERZY KOSINSKI
Bantam Paperback, \$7.95

Goddard's not your typical rock superstar. No Hollywood Bowl concerts, no corporate-sponsored national tours, no full-color magazine cover shots of his dates or his arrests—in fact, no photos at all. Goddard wants the impossible: to sell three million records a year while maintaining a private life and identity despite (or because of) his fans.

To that end, he's managed an anonymity so complete that not even the executives at Nokturn Records have seen his face, or learned the address of his secret recording studio home. How Goddard becomes the prey of a fan desperate to know him is part of the story Jerzy Kosinski tells in *Pinball*. The rest of the story is not so straightforward. It involves Patrick Domostroy, a faded composer who's seduced into assisting the desperate and evil Andrea Gwynplaine, Donna Downes, a sensuous black Chopinist whose ambition at the piano needs Domostroy's experienced touch to succeed, and Jimmy Osten, the Clark Kent flip side of Goddard.

Kosinski's preoccupation with a celebrity's right to privacy is understandable. He was, after all, only hours away from meeting Sharon Tate for dinner at her home when an airline luggage mix-up prevented him from taking his flight to Los Angeles and a ringside seat at the Manson murders. It's his Harold Robbins-style perspective on male-female relationships, and women in general, that's hard to figure. Pianist Donna Downes speaks for all of *Pinball*'s lascivious ladies when she tells of the night when "Marcello and I returned to the bar. I was still excited. My whole body oozed sex, and I spun from one orgasm to the next. Like heartbeats, they kept on

coming—for as long as I wanted..."

It could be that the cardboard women like Donna effectively serve to point out the existential despair that only Kosinski's men are capable of feeling. Or, it could be that the pop novel formula of sin-seduction-and-servitude doesn't easily adapt to the serious and worthy questions Kosinski seems to have in mind about privacy and society's expectations of its artists.

Or, it could be that Kosinski hasn't noticed that the mechanics of pinball have been replaced by electronic video games, and that the mechanical sex of the pop novel has been replaced by living, breathing sensuality in the best fiction of the Eighties.

R. Sue Smith

Majipoor Chronicles

ROBERT SILVERBERG
Prairie Books, \$5.95

Majipoor Chronicles is not really a novel—it is a collection of short stories set on the planet Majipoor, the world of Silverberg's *Lord Valentine's Castle*. The stories are linked with an ingenious narrative device—Hissune, Lord Valentine's successor-designate, is allowed to delve into the Hall of Records, where telepathically encoded memories of the citizens are stored.

We see Hissune, at first merely a mischievous boy, grow and mature as he lives these people's lives. Some of them are giants of intellect and courage, some are petty, lost in their prejudices and hatreds. All are fascinating, and all help Hissune to understand the world he will one day rule.

Indeed, the only time one can truly smell blood flowing through the tales is during the numerous and varied sexual encounters. In fact, sexuality is the most dominant form of physical action. This is by no means an insurmountable problem: Silverberg's talent is so strong that his concern for these

people and their lives pierces the veil of intellectual satyrism.

Majipoor is a fascinating creation, a tree which will undoubtedly bear additional fruit, but it is to be hoped that further adventures will be experiences of fuller spectrum—it is something of a cheat to give us such a tantalizing world, and then limit our perception of it.

Steven Barnes

Sound Effects

SIMON FRITH
Pantheon, \$8.95

Simon Frith leads an intriguing double life: on the one hand he is a professor of sociology at the University of Warwick, England—a most respectable position—and on the other, a smirk—*rock critic*. The happy convergence of these two seemingly contradictory employments is a writing style which, transmitted to us via columns in *Creem* and (presently) *New York Rocker* and now through this book, is consistently informed and thought-provoking.

In *Sound Effects* Frith sees rock'n'roll (which he uses to describe chiefly the Fifties form) and rock as a cultural phenomenon grounded in the youth and leisure activities of the past (particularly the 1920s) but with a value and meaning all its own. The book is structured around a production/consumption theory of rock culture—the chapters are titled "Making Music," "Making Money," "Making Meaning" and so on—but the emphasis is important: Frith's analyses of the means of production and of marketing are vital but not unprecedented, his real concern is how music is *consumed*, an area he feels has been unjustly neglected. He explores with great insight and care the uses of rock as background music for teenage activity, as the rallying point for youth

"community," as a means of making sense out of one's existence.

Sound Effects is clearly intended as a text and is, as Frith himself introduces it, "a solid and generally sober work." Thus, the going may be slow at times—a comparison between the Frankfurt School and Marxist theories of mass culture doesn't exactly make for fun reading—but Frith has a way of making sense out of even intellectually abstract concepts.

Mikel Toombs

Are the Kids All Right?

JOHN G. FULLER
Times Books, \$13.50

Rock and roll will never die, but you just might." That seems to be the message John G. Fuller is attempting to convey in this gripping recreation of the infamous Who concert at Cincinnati's Riverfront Coliseum on December 3, 1979. Fuller's unique—and certain to be controversial—theory endeavors to explain the forces that contributed to the deaths of the eleven fans who were asphyxiated as they stood among the huge crowd waiting to enter the Coliseum.

Using the Who concert as a focal point, Fuller traces the history of hard rock violence from the mid-Sixties clashes between England's Mods and Rockers to recent disturbances at Van Halen concerts and argues that such disturbances result from a hidden death wish on the part of the rock generation. Fortunately, Fuller keeps his theorizing from becoming too dry by combining it with fascinating biographical information on Jimi Hendrix, Janis Joplin, the Doors, the Rolling Stones, the Who and other such rock superstars. The central story of the events leading us to the disaster at the Who concert is suspensefully told, and makes the book difficult to put down.

Richard Graman

OFF THE WALL

Futzie Nutzle: A Stickman for Our Times

BY BILL BRAUNSTEIN

Futzie Nutzle is not the latest flavor of the week at Baskin-Robbins. Futzie Nutzle is not the lint you find in your navel at the end of the day. Futzie Nutzle is not an esoteric hardware part. "With a name like that," he says, "when people meet me, they are disappointed. They expect some sort of clown that jumps out of a box."

What people do meet is a cartoonist whose best known work appeared on the Letters page of *Rolling Stone* from 1975 to early 1981. But Nutzle's cartoons, which can be likened to drug-addled ideas developed at 33-1/3 rpms and drawn at 78 rpms, have been all over. The publications that have carried his work range from the high and mighty (*Esquire*, *Quest*, *New West*, *Road and Track*, *Out* and the *Village Voice*) to the low and shabby (the *Free Spaghetti Dinner*, *West Bay Dadist* and the *Weekly Breeder*).

"You're probably wondering," says Nutzle, standing by the door of his grey-blue woodframe house, "why I lead an isolated life out here in nowhere's land" a tiny town in the Monterey Bay area of Northern California. A very tiny town. Cattle in the fields nearby out-number people. The main street consists of a post office, fire house and grocery store.

It's a good question, considering that Nutzle's deliriously gonzo sketches are concerned with space-age man facing contemporary problems. His first book of cartoons, released last September, is even called *Modern Loafer*. Yet the look from Nutzle's porch is early American barnen.

"This will explain," Nutzle gets into his silver 1957 Chevy, fires it up and drives a few minutes before stopping. He is surrounded by hills which seem to tumble over one another in an endless cascade of purple hues. Wood and wire fences run just outside the car, separating pastures from the dirt road. A cow munches some grass. "This is beautiful—and it's just a mile from my home. As an artist, if you can't be inspired by this, forget it."

Nutzle's inspirations have appeared outside the pages of newspapers and magazines, on display in such prestigious places as the Museum of Modern Art and the Whitney in New York. His second book, *American Nutcase*, will be out sometime next fall, and he is currently negotiating a contract with a Los Angeles animation studio, finalizing plans to make a feature-length animated film.

Here, most certainly, is a man on the move, yet everything about him is shaded in mystery, either by design or out of an inert strangeness. Nutzle, for example, will refuse to be interviewed if the town in which he lives is mentioned. He also refuses to be photographed. Even Nutzle's agent is in on the game: he legally changed his name to Freeman Zygote a few years back, cryptically citing reasons having to do with freedom and unfertilized eggs.

Then, of course, there is Nutzle's name. He is introduced in a wide variety of ways; some call him Futz, or Futzie Nutzle, or Nutty, but most friends call him just Nutzle. There's no great story or moment of truth that lead to the name change, Nutzle ad-



The Futz and his alter ego stick figure (above), a Nutzle closeup (far right), and three samples from his latest book, *Modern Loafer* (elsewhere).

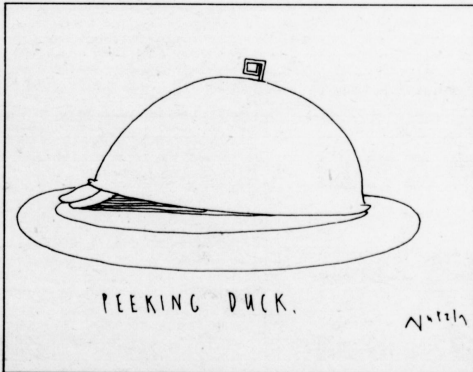
mits. It came from a character he was drawing for a late Sixties underground newspaper called the *Balloon*. His other artist friends had pen names, so he took one, too.

"At first I was uncomfortable with the name," he says. "It's really silly and my art isn't always that silly. But in another way, it's part of the plan. It gets me further than my real name would, and it's become sort of a trademark. Then there's the question of how much of my real personality do I want to expose. I'm not really sure, but Nutzle takes the pressure off."

After a morning cup of coffee strong enough to launch a rocket ("Why drink four or five cups to get going," he says, "when you can drink only one?"), Nutzle leads a visitor to the barn in back of his house that serves as his studio. "It's perfect back here," he says. "I have nobody banging on my door. In fact, sometimes I wish the phone would ring just to make something happen."

A quick glance around reveals the helter-skelter atmosphere of a childhood that wouldn't let go. The walls are covered with posters and paintings. Stereo speakers hang from the loft, usually blaring out the jazz of Charlie Parker or John Coltrane while Nutzle works. An HO-scale train set complete with miniature tracks, bushes and houses, sits in one corner. On a nearby shelf is a lineup of about 15 Hawaiian hula-girl dolls, with nodding spring heads. "Great for monitoring earthquakes," Nutzle says. A glass case by the trains contains an extensive array of Hopalong Cassidy collectibles. And overhead, a pair of gymnast rings dangle from the ceiling.

Somewhere in this conglomeration is an artist's table where Nutzle works. But the room also serves as a study,



where Nutzle has collected literally hundreds of books on cartoonists he admires. Shelves lined with names like Otto Soglow (creator of "The Little King"), George Herriman ("Krazy Kat"), Charles Addams and Rube Goldberg.

In rapid succession he takes out old *New Yorkers* from the war years, an issue of *American Artist* dated 1948 with a Saul Steinberg drawing on the cover and even some old *EC* horror comics. The book collection is the result of doggedly attending swap meets and scouring antique shops and garage sales.

As he turns the pages of a book, the cartoonist becomes animated himself, obviously enjoying the works of the past masters. "These books on cartoons say just about everything," Nutzle says. "They poke fun at the rich, at people who are successful, at the middle class and at the poor."

He opens a cabinet in the room's center and takes out a huge box containing the drawings that will compose his next book. Like a father holding a baby, he carefully displays a few of his latest sketches. The influence of the older styles Nutzle studies is obvious, like tracing one's lineage on a family tree, similar yet different. "I think the older times, like the Fifties, were more interesting than the present. For that reason all my cartoons have funky old buildings and huge cars, plus modern things. I see a real contrast between the old and new."

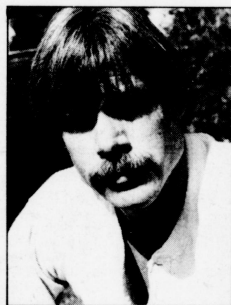
Describing Nutzle's drawings is no easy task. Their humor often relies on

puns, double and triple entendres. He'll sketch "news anchormen" as just that — people with anchors for heads. A "sandwich" is drawn as two pieces of bread with sand overflowing out the sides. An illustration of "body building" will be a structure shaped like a body. On a good day, Nutzle will concoct up to a dozen sketches, using his right hand, then sign his name using his left, to give it a child-like quality.

Offentimes there is no joke, per se, his purpose being to simply create an image that stays with the reader for no other reason than being interesting to look at. Spare and to the point, his sketches look like the absent-minded doodling one might do while talking on the phone. Nutzle himself acknowledges his shortcomings as an artist. "It's not what you'd call a real slick approach," he admits.

"The style is derived from my being unable to sit at a table for hours and hours. I hate that. I usually find that the successful drawings are just about finished before I even realize that I sat down to draw them. Something will be twirling in my brain and when it finally starts to jell, I'll sketch it. If the sketch is legible and has something going for it, I consider it a success."

The closest Nutzle comes to using a character is his version of Everyman, a figure who wears a blank expression and has three hairs coming out of his head. That person, he says, is his fantasy counterpart. "Who else could it be but me?" he asks. "But I don't want to get caught in the trap of having a particular character. It keeps changing. I



don't want to draw a Snoopy five million times in my life."

If Nutzle's Everyman is a befuddled figure often confronted by strange circumstance, perhaps it is because his own life has been a jumble of mixed experiences and extensive travel. Nutzle was born Bruce Kleinsmith in 1942 in Cleveland, Ohio. His father was killed during World War II's Battle of the Bulge, and his mother remarried, giving him a step-brother and -sister.

He held different jobs as he grew, working in a foundry, driving a truck, cutting weeds along highways, landing his first painting job at 17. "Painting a bridge silver was my first masterpiece," he says. Nutzle's first published drawings, caricatures of teachers and friends, appeared in his high school paper.

When he entered Ohio State University he was still uncertain about what career he wanted to pursue. That changed when he saw the first real painting he'd ever seen hanging in a university gallery. "Watching the canvas, the weight of the painting, and watching it vibrate when I pushed it—that did it. I was completely intrigued. It was there I decided that I wanted to be an artist."

After dropping out of Ohio State, he attended two other art schools, the Cooper School of Art and the Cleveland Art Institute, before deciding he wasn't the school type. He dropped out of college for good and moved to Fort Lauderdale. Returning to Ohio for a brief fling as a commercial artist, Nutzle next realized that he wasn't cut out to lead a normal 9 to 5 existence. His next stop was Lake Tahoe, where he worked for a hotel removing money from slot machines. After brief stays in San Francisco and Santa Cruz, Nutzle settled in the Monterey Valley area in 1975 with his wife of six years, Laura, and their young son, Adrian.

Which brings us back to this tinker toy of a town, so simple and unaffacing, it looks like a cartoon that Nutzle might have sketched. "Yes, I like it here," says Nutzle as he leads a visitor to his car. "It's unaffected. There isn't a cute little coffee shop where hip people go to hobnob with their friends. The birds don't have Tupperware parties in the garden. It's the lack of distractions that give me my inspiration."

Just the spot for a cartoonist to spend the rest of his days, right? "No," says Nutzle, with part of that inert strangeness resurfacing. "I'll only stay here about five more years." A mysterious grin crosses his face. "After that I'll move even further away from civilization."

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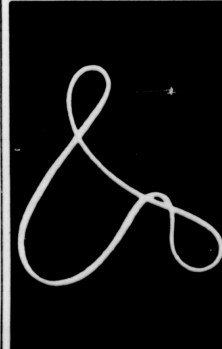
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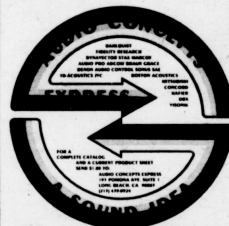
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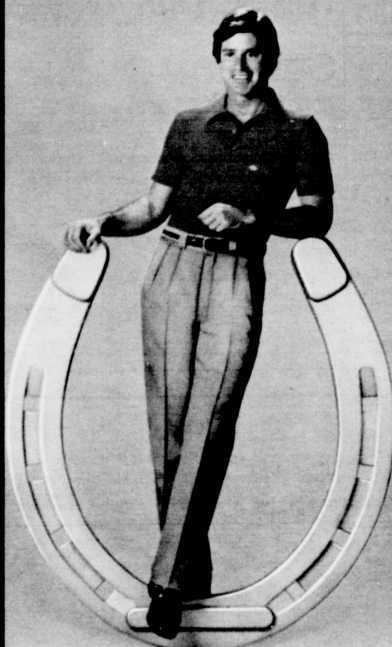
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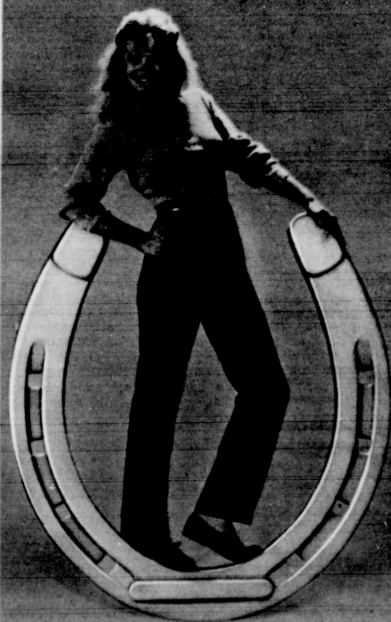
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