

MAY 4 1978
University of Kentucky
Library

KENTUCKY Kerhel

an independent student newspaper

Volume LXIX, Number 150
Thursday, May 4, 1978

University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky

State suing Rentex rental service after misrepresentation charge

By M. TIMOTHY KOONTZ
Kernel Reporter
and
RICHARD McDONALD
Copy Editor

Lexington's rapidly growing population and its yearly influx of college students have combined to produce a rental housing market tightly bound by a vacancy rate of around three percent.

One firm has been formed to take advantage of this situation: Rentex of Lexington. Rentex advertises itself as "serving the nation with rental information." But the state Attorney General says the company misrepresents the services it offers and is suing Rentex for consumer fraud.

According to Rebecca Cullen, assistant attorney general, Rentex is violating an agreement with the state which stems from court action in 1975. At that time, Rentex agreed to stop representing itself as a rental agency when, in fact, all it does is provide customers with lists of housing available for rent.

Rentex locations in Lexington, Louisville and Covington still provide their customers — for a \$40 fee — with such lists.

Because Rentex doesn't guarantee the availability of the housing in writing and because it provides no other services besides the lists, the state considers the firm in violation of the 1975 agreement.

The local Rentex office maintains lists of apartments, houses and farms in metropolitan Lexington. Included in each listing are the rental price, the landlord's phone number and general characteristics of the rented property — whether pets are allowed, if utilities are included in the rent and if the home is air-conditioned.

Rentex lists the property free of charge to landlords. All that is necessary to have a piece of property listed is a call to the Rentex office.

In response to questions on the methods used to secure property for the lists and about any Rentex guarantees, T.L. Hall, manager of the company's Lexington office said he had been ordered by his supervisors in Louisville not to respond to questions about the firm. Hall's supervisor, Zane Allen could not be reached for comment.

Lexington's Better Business Bureau said it has received several complaints about Rentex since the

company opened here in August 1977. All of the complaints were handled within the company, however.

In order to get a first-hand view of Rentex' services, Kernel reporter M. Timothy Kooztz, posing as a home-hunter, visited the company's Lexington office. Here is his report:

Inside the Rentex storefront on East Main Street, the furnishings are spartan except for large plastic maps covering the walls and signs informing the customers of Rentex locations in the U.S., Canada and Australia. Behind the service counter, Rentex employees stand on a one-foot riser when dealing with customers.

When potential customers inquire about Rentex' services, employees courteously assure availabilities which will satisfy customers' needs. If the customer is in need of a three-bedroom house in a nice neighborhood for \$80 per month or a two-bedroom apartment for \$250 plus utilities, Rentex employees assure him that their listings include such dwellings.

Customers are asked about price range, location and type of dwelling

they wish to rent. They are only allowed to see the listings of available rental properties that match the customer's specific characteristics.

On the lists of two-bedroom apartments near campus in the \$250 per month price range, four landlords' phone numbers were listed repeatedly.

It was discovered that all of these are the phone numbers of managers of large apartment complexes. When contacted, all the managers said their apartments are listed in the classified advertisements of the local papers. In addition, one manager said the apartment on the list had already been rented.

(Although the identification card and customer contract given Rentex customers states the company doesn't guarantee housing availability, Lexington Rentex manager Hall said the company guarantees listed property "is available and can be rented immediately.")

Rentex apparently has no operating expenses other than employee salaries, advertising and office costs. The firm's entire income comes from the \$40 charges customers pay to see the lists.



Technician Mike Cinglesmith demonstrates a piece of solar energy equipment designed at UK to engineer sophomore Mitch Griffith. Built at the Agricultural Engineering building, the device uses solar power to heat air, which in turn heats rocks that are used to dry grain. The demonstration was part of Sun Day activities at UK.

Here comes the sun State, nation celebrate solar prospects under clouds

(AP) — Sun Day celebrants across the country paid tribute to the power and potential of solar energy yesterday with displays, demonstrations and demands for federal action. But most Kentuckians had to strain to see the sun as cloudy skies prevailed over the Bluegrass on the international observance.

About 30 people showed up for a sunrise service at a field near UK's Commonwealth Stadium.

"This seemed to be an appropriate way to begin the day," said Hank Graddy, a Versailles lawyer and president of the Kentucky Conservation Committee. The lobbying group coordinated the Sun Day activities in the Lexington area.

The effort to focus attention on the sun throughout the country was sponsored by Solar Action Inc., a Washington-based non-profit group. Backers included consumer activists, environmentalists, businessmen, government officials and labor leaders.

Speeches and displays of solar devices were scheduled throughout the day at UK. A Sun Day bash was planned at a downtown restaurant.

As for Kentucky's solar energy progress, Graddy said, "I'm advised that Kentucky is well behind the rest

of the country. The reason for that is coal. And that has meant that, politically, no one has wanted to talk about solar energy."

Graddy added that Kentucky is one of the few states that does not provide tax incentives for solar devices.

Visitors to Louisville's riverfront Belvedere for the Derby Festival Steamboat Race were confronted by exhibits of solar energy-collecting devices, both homemade and manufactured.

A sunrise prayer service preceded the exhibit overlooking the Ohio River.

In the nation's capital, the area around the Washington Monument was turned into a giant sundial, as the day was filled with speeches, music and solar-cooked food.

President Carter spent the day preparing a trip to Colorado and a speech at the Solar Energy Institute.

One sign of federal support for solar power came in an announcement by the Department of Energy awarding grants to five hospitals to help pay for experimental, solar hot water systems. One of the institutions was the Children's Psychiatric Hospital in Dayton, Ohio.

March across town' campus

Iranian students protest arrests

By DEBBIE MCDANIEL
Kernel Staff Writer

Bearing banners and chanting "Free the 12," members of the Iranian Muslim Student Organization and other students marched yesterday to protest the charges against anti-CIA demonstrators arrested April 12 at the Student Center.

The protesters gathered at the Fayette County Courthouse downtown and marched from there to the Student Center patio. After a 20 minute pause, they resumed marching across campus to Funkhouser Drive, then turned down Rose Street towards the Public Safety Building at Rose and Euclid.

For nearly an hour they continued their demonstration outside this building, which houses UK police, to display support for those arrested during the CIA Director Stansfield Turner's speech.

In addition to the criminal charges filed after their arrest, three Iranian students face disciplinary action from the Dean of Student's office for

their participation in the April protest. Dean of Students Joe Burch said yesterday that "the ones we have identified as students we intend to talk to about violation of the student code."

The arrests of the 12 protesters (including one juvenile) were made by UK police during Turner's speech which was held in the Student Center Ballroom. Approximately 50 people picketed the event, chanting and carrying signs denouncing the CIA's involvement in Iran.

When individuals carried signs into the ballroom and shouted protests during Turner's speech, UK police arrested them on charges of disrupting a public assembly and took them to the Lexington Detention Center.

According to UK Police Chief Paul Harrison, "all of the people arrested, except the three Caucasians, gave false names during the booking because they didn't want their names registered back in Iran as protesters. We did contact (federal) Immigration officers) to determine the proper

names and proper identifications." Harrison said the department waited approximately five days after the arrests before talking to the Immigration officials. "The only reason we contacted them (Immigration)," he said, "was because their attorney promised us that she would bring the proper identification to this office, which she has not yet done."

Attorney Barbara Sutherland, representing the 12 arrested, disagreed with Harrison's statement concerning the number of false identities given. "Two of them gave their correct names," she said, "it's not clear that giving false names to a cop is a crime."

Sutherland agreed that she told Harrison she would provide the identifications, but said, "We did not tell him when we were going to do that, and before we had an opportunity, we appeared at the juvenile's arraignment and an immigration officer was there."

Sutherland said seven days elapsed between the time she agreed to provide real names and the

arraignment date. Sutherland had no comment about why she had not contacted Harrison during the seven days.

According to a leaflet distributed during yesterday's cross-campus march, the Iranian Muslim Student Organization indicated that the use of the Immigration official to identify the demonstrators was an act to betray them to their government. The document contained the following allegations:

"When one of the arrested Iranians had to appear in court last week, officers of the Immigration and Naturalization Service also showed up and revealed that they had been called in by UK police. Clearly, UK authorities are co-operating (sic) with federal authorities, which are in turn co-operating with SAVAK (Iranian secret police) in harassing (sic) dissident Iranian students in the U.S."

Continued on page 7



The Organization of Iranian Muslim Students and their supporters marched yesterday at various spots across campus to protest the arrest of 12 people at the recent Stansfield Turner speech in the Student Center. The Iranian

students and their supporters have marched many times during the year, including the above demonstration on the Student Center patio last Fall.

today

nation

IN A VICTORY FOR PRESIDENT CARTER, the House International Relations Committee voted today to lift Congress' 3-year-old embargo of U.S. military aid to Turkey.

The committee approved Carter's request to lift the ban by an 18-17 vote.

Rep. Lee Hamilton, D-Ind., a leader of the effort to end the embargo, said the vote will also be close in the full House and that he could not predict whether it will pass.

The U.S. embargo against all U.S. military aid and commercial U.S. arms sales to Turkey went into effect Feb. 5, 1975.

A RHODE ISLAND MAN WHO WAS NOT ALLOWED TO BECOME A FIREFIGHTER because he is less than 5 feet 6 inches tall has charged in U.S. District Court that his constitutional rights were violated.

Bruce W. Dias, 19, said he was forced to take off his sneakers and stand against a wall to be measured. Dias says firefighters do not fight fires without footwear, and the height test should be disallowed.

word

VICE PRESIDENT WALTER MONDALE GAVE PHILIPPINE PRESIDENT Ferdinand Marcos a pointed message Wednesday — improve his martial-law government's record on human rights or face continued friction with the United States and loss of American popular support.

Mondale also met with a half-dozen anti-Marcos dissidents. One of them, former Foreign Minister Salvador Lopez, said afterward he was satisfied the American was not here "on a pleasure trip."

It was the first full day of Mondale's five-nation Far East swing, aimed at demonstrating U.S. commitment to the region.



IT'S A JOKE — Comedian Don Rickles clowns with a cap belonging to player Steve Garvey. Los Angeles Dodgers. He makes a career of needing — but in jest.

weather

A RAINOUT PREDICTED, BUT ACT NORMAL. Occasional showers and thundershowers today and tonight, diminishing Friday. 80 percent chance of precipitation today, 60 percent tonight. Highs today in the upper 50s, lows in the upper 40s and highs Friday in the upper 50s.

Compiled from Associated Press and National Weather Service dispatches

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Problem Solving 101?

Using the house of ideas

We congratulate University library officials, who took advantage of an environment where there is supposed to be an abundance of fresh ideas to find what may be a solution to the stolen book problem.

The library sponsored a contest to find the best security improvement plan, and rewarded the co-winners with equal shares of the \$1,000 prize. According to Library Director Paul Willis, 15,000 to 20,000 books are stolen each year, at a cost of about \$90,000.

To solve the problem of book theft, the two students made proposals that will bolster existing security measures. There are also some additional measures, some that probably aren't being publicized.

The plans call for more thorough searches of persons leaving the library and recommends that they be required to empty carrying bags and take off coats.

The suggestion will be effective in cutting down on stolen books, but many people won't take kindly to the new measures. After years of racing by dozing monitors at the library door, it will be difficult to submit to what amounts to a

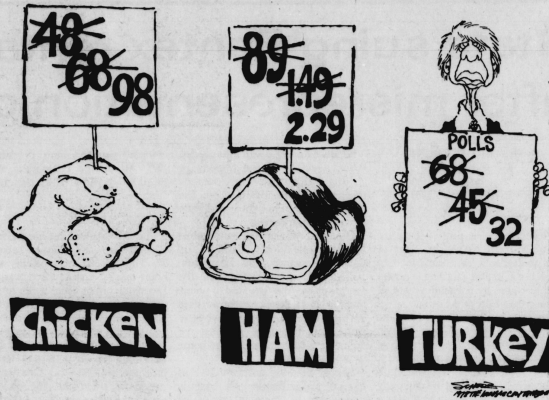
body search.

When they redesign the exit checkpoint, library officials should make the new system as polite as possible, with signs notifying people of the new regulations, and ample space for people to leave books while putting coats back on.

The use of better inspections (along with other measures) should cut down on library book theft, and if it's done correctly, won't offend too many people.

Perhaps the idea of offering money prizes could be used to tackle other problems at the University. Certainly there is no shortage of material: crowded parking, wasted food, student-faculty relations and other concerns have frustrated professional problem-solvers for years.

Maybe certain types of classes could spend a semester concentrating on one campus problem. An engineering class, for instance, might look for ways to save energy. You don't have to leave UK to find challenging problems, and it would be a constructive way to use available talent and ideas.



Letters to the Editor

Pooch

I sympathize with Holly Schumacher and her problems with the leash-law enforcers (letter to the editor, May 1). But unlike her, I have no personal objection to the city regulation.

Considering the traffic situation around the campus area, combined with my almost unnatural over-dependence on my dog for companionship, not to mention the many lifeless unclaimed bodies of dogs and cats I have tried not to see along the Sidewalks of Maxwell and Rose streets, I have never even considered letting my dog run loose around here.

A squirrel gathering acorns on the other side of the street triggers a dog's natural hunting instinct, and even the most intelligent and rigorously trained dog can forget to "look both ways." I have seen too many beautiful dogs, obviously AKC registered, almost becoming bloody messes under squealing tires on Maxwell Street.

Dogs do not belong in the city. I will be the first to admit it. The city is a dangerous and unhealthy environment for them (and people too, but that's another matter).

Anyway, back to the problem with the leash-law enforcers. On the same morning that Ms. Schumacher's dog was cited for being loose, I arrived home from classes to discover that my dog Scout had pushed the back screen door open and was somewhere out there. Alone, in the concrete jungle, chasing squirrels and dodging cars. Frantic, I immediately called the humane society and told them of the situation. Their response: "We've already patrolled that area today." I guess that was when Ms. Schumacher's dog got it.

I quite naively suggested that they might cruise around again. I even promised to pay any fines. The woman on the other end of the line very politely informed me that they were very busy all over town, but that if someone was to complain

about my dog doing something in their yards or emptying garbage cans, they would come and look for him. I hung up and considered calling back (with a disguised voice, of course) and registering a complaint against my own sweet Scout.

Instead, I called up the campus police, and the dispatcher assured me that she would alert the patrol cars to be on the lookout for my lost dog. (If that dispatcher is reading this, thank you for understanding.) Luckily, the story ends quite anticlimactically. I found good old Scout pointing a squirrel in front of the classroom building. Somehow he had crossed Maxwell, Rose and Euclid without a scratch. But I can still hear the horns honking and tires squealing in my imagined memory.

The moral of the story? I shouldn't have gotten a dog before I got out of the city. Right now Scout is wistfully watching out the screen door as cars flow down Maxwell at what sounds like incredible speeds. He wants to chase squirrels. At 5:30 this afternoon, when all the professors and secretaries have gone home for supper, I'll put him on his leash and take him over to campus to sneak up on the squirrels who think they finally have the place to themselves.

Glenda Conway
English graduate student

Talk to me

I am writing, hoping that my name and address might be listed in your paper. I am currently confined in the Attica Correctional Facility and desire correspondence.

As confinement brings on loneliness, I would appreciate pen pals. I will be sure to answer all letters. My confinement is not due to any deviate or violent act.

Any and all consideration would be greatly appreciated.

Carl Van Avery
Box 149
Attica, NY 14011

I'm real

Hey Bill Dewe! Collect your brew! I am a living, breathing, walking, talking human being. Hopefully I pray I am the only Eli Simpson on this earth, because I hate to think more than one of us came from birth.

I don't know which letter you refer to, because I must have missed that edition. And I've sent the Kernel about 20 or 30 letters to the editor. I just think now an uneducated person like myself can finally be heard and not discriminated against for lack of big words.

Eli Simpson
Communications freshman

Nothing funny

There can be no justification for the recent memo appearing in the Kernel calling for Dean John Stephenson's resignation on grounds of incompetence. None whatsoever.

In less than a column inch, Student Government has, actively or passively, taken the role as driving force behind a petition amounting to nothing more than an unjustified witch hunt. For such a grave action to be justified, it would have to be extensively discussed and approved by the senate as a whole.

Only after intensive discussion, both of the circumstances prompting the decision and of the consequences such a decision would necessarily have, and only after a formal vote would anyone with even the slightest concept of responsibility allow Student Government's name to become associated with such an action. And yet there was no discussion. There was no vote. There was only the irresponsibility of a poorly conceived act.

As bad as the petition may be, it is not nearly as bad as the attitude of those within Student Government who regard it as a joke. There is nothing funny in the fact that this

petition has the potential to do grave harm to the student-administration rapport that Student Government has worked extremely hard to establish.

There is nothing funny in the fact that this petition can make it extremely difficult for Student Government to adequately represent student concerns before the administration. And, finally, there is nothing funny in this petition's potential for destroying Student Government's credibility before the very students that Student Government must work for.

Whether this petition is the parting shot of the old administration, the opening shot of the new, or the work of a crank, the result of, and consequently the responsibility for, such an action must remain the same. An administration must ultimately be responsible for any actions taken under its name. There is nothing to be done about an unauthorized action which takes the ad-

ministration by surprise, but if such is the case, there is likewise no excuse for allowing such an action to continue. The administration of Student Government owes no less than a public apology, both to Dean Stephenson and to the students of UK, for what is undoubtedly the most distasteful and disastrous action it has taken all year.

James T. Lobb
Political Science senior

Thanks, folks

I would like to take this opportunity to publicly thank Dr. Herbert Drennon (A & S), Mr. Jack Delap (A & S) and Ms. Patti Frederick Rhodus (Department of German) for their help and support in my pursuit of professional school. During the past two years, they have helped me immeasurably with both

sound academic guidance and the needed moral support. Although it is their job to help students, the extra effort they put forth is noticed and appreciated. Thank you again and may God bless you.

William A. Kordiah
Arts and Sciences

Yeah, he's real

This letter is directed to William Dewe, whose letter in the May 2 issue wanted to know if Eli Simpson is real. The truth is — get ready to buy a keg of beer. We are two students from Cynthiana and there is such a person. It has to be the same one because he's always firing off similar letters to the Cynthiana Democrat.

Names withheld by request

An identity crisis

In which the author confirms his own existence

Another column from the man who revealed the secret ingredient.

It was last Tuesday. I came to school at the usual time. Strolling through the classroom building, I stopped to pick up a copy of the Kernel to peruse before class. I was doing fine until I hit the letters section. There was something disturbing there. I would like to quote the section of that disquieting letter:

john
cooke

"A keg of beer is on the line here, so please tell us... is John Cooke a real person, too, or is he merely another schizophrenic manifestation of your strange Editorial Editor?" The letter was signed by William I. (Bill) Dewe, an Animal Science senior.

Well, you can imagine my surprise to find that my very existence was in doubt. It was quite unsettling. I didn't attend my first class, but instead rushed out to find a local paper. Ripping it open to the last page of the first section, I scanned the obituaries for my name. I wasn't there. I couldn't think what to do next. I decided to call my mother at home. She said she remembered me quite well and that she was sure I existed and continued to exist. She had the bills to prove it.

I felt a bit better, but still not completely confident. My mother was not the most reliable person. I started to call my friends. All of

them, with one exception, insisted that I was indeed a "real person" and that they had the bottles to prove it. The one exception said that none of us existed "except Barbara Williams, but who cares 'cause she's still a virgin" and did I want to buy some dope.

I still had some doubts and no change yet (besides, this idiot wanted to use the phone) so I went to the editorial office at the Kernel. I wanted to find the Editor and make sure that I wasn't a manifestation. No one wanted to talk to me. They just looked the other way, coughed and said he was out. I said that I hadn't seen him all semester and that I desperately needed some information. Not one person in the office would even offer the most minute bit of information.

Feeling reckless and panicky, I pulled out a revolver and demanded some immediate answers. I screamed that it was a matter of life or jest. They looked very uncomfortable and finally, the sports editor confessed that Chas Main was a hopeless alcoholic and had been in treatment since February. He had not written a single article since that time. I asked who was writing his articles, but no one seemed to know. I made some threats and waved my gun around until I was convinced that they were telling the truth and they were convinced that I was insane.

Running from the building, I prepared to hide from the police. I was certain that they would be after me soon, and if I proved to be a manifestation it would make the legal procedures very tedious. Time was running out and I had to answer this question.

Climbing up the service stairs of the office tower, I worked my way

up to the 14th floor without incident. Crouching low, I moved along the corridor, looking for an empty room. I knew that I could barricade myself in there and claim to be a disturbed philosophy major.

I found a room. There was a student directory on the desk. I looked up my name. I was there. I looked up William I. (Bill) Dewe. He was there. I dialed the number. Chas Main answered the phone.

"Cooke, I thought you would never get my message. I am not at all well."

"That's nothing. I might not be at all well."

"No, you are."

"Are whom?"

"You."

"Then who is William I. (Bill) Dewe?"

"Me."

"Then who is Chas Main?"

"Me, too."

"Why?"

"Because I'm a hopeless alcoholic and I have an assumed name. You read the first part of this article."

"Sure, it all fits together now."

"I guess you know who writes my articles now, eh?"

"Eli Simpson?"

"Right, so that explains why..."

Another year has slipped from us like a dead fish covered with Valvoline. See you all next year. Wish me luck with my charge of carrying and brandishing a deadly weapon. Let's all hope Chas Main recovers soon. Eli Simpson has almost wrecked the young man's career.

John Cooke is an English junior. This is his last column this year.



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Many risks involved

Blood donation calls for precautions

Editor's note: This is the last of a three-part series about "blood banking" in Lexington. Yesterday's story dealt with the processes of giving blood and plasma.

By JENNIFER GREER
Kernel Staff Reporter

Two plasma banks operate in the Lexington area, competing against the Central Kentucky Blood Center. Plasma Alliance and Plasma Derivatives offer financial incentive for plasma donations, which can be done as many as eight or nine times a month.

Plasmapheresis, the process of donating plasma, is a nearly one hour operation—compared to about 15 or 20 minutes for whole blood donation. The financial incentive makes plasma donation the preferable process for many students, although it is not without its dangers.

The greatest single hazard in plasmapheresis is the possibility of receiving another donor's incompatible

cells. After blood is first drawn, the red and white blood cells and platelets are separated from the plasma and pumped back into the donor's arm.

This process brings up the possibility of one donor receiving the cells from another donor. Such a mistake could trigger a massive transfusion reaction, which can be fatal.

For this reason, both plasma centers take extra precautions—which include four or five different safety checks—with identifying individual blood cells.

When asked about the health risks of staying on a plasmapheresis program for an extended period of time, say five to ten years, Dr. Jon Gockerman, assistant professor of Medicine in the division of hematology department, said this:

"The procedure itself is a safe one and there's no proof that it does any harm for about three or four months. However, there is a very practical concern among those in the medical

profession and at the National Institute of Health that a twice-a-week frequency for any longer than that results in a depletion of normal blood proteins.

"In addition, there is a theoretical concern that constant stimulation of the immune system may cause damage and loss of certain white blood cells that fight infection and resist tumors. I know I wouldn't do it."

Both managers of the Plasma centers are medical technicians and their staffs are comprised of registered nurses, practical nurses, assistants, screeners and secretaries.

"About 65 to 70 percent of our donors are men and most are regulars, (we don't take transients) although we have people come in and never see them again. We only reject about 10 percent. Because we're not close to the downtown area, we don't get a lot of the wins and skid row types that need to be turned away," said Tony Patton, manager of Plasma Alliance.

Manager Phil Lapinski of Plasma Derivatives, a center

which depends on donations in the downtown area, said he hesitates to put anyone in the "skid row" category.

"We're on a first name basis with most of our clients. People are a lot more honest than you think. We seldom have to destroy plasma because someone wasn't truthful about themselves and it's bad."

"In fact," Lapinski continued, "there's one guy who drives up in a Cadillac, donates, and takes the \$10 down the road to give to charity. That kind of money doesn't have to lie for money."

Plasma is big business in the United States as evidenced by the fact that more than 4.5 million units are collected annually.

Neither Lapinski or Patton knew what kind of profit they're making, but the latter "ventured to say that Plasma Alliance does very well."

They must, for Plasma Alliance and Plasma Derivatives sell the plasma they've drawn here to national pharmaceutical

companies, who use it to manufacture expensive medicines.

A pharmacist at the UK Medical Center quoted the following hospital prices for average doses of these fractions, several of which can be drawn from one unit of plasma: plasmanate \$33, albumin \$34, Factor 8 for treating hemophiliacs, \$37 and Factor 9, also for hemophiliacs, \$56 (the last two must be used in large quantities and are usually quite costly).

Patton explained his philosophy concerning plasma banks. "We're a business, of course we are in this to make money. But we like to emphasize the medical need for these plasma fractions and the valuable service our donors are performing."

"Nowhere in the country is a volunteer plasmapheresis a success. You can't get people to donate like this without offering them some kind of incentive. In a sense, we're paying them for their time."

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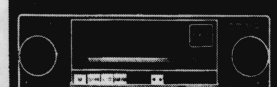


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Default rate on student loans lower at UK than averages

By JACK WAINWRIGHT
Kernel Staff Writer

The growing national default rate on the National Direct Student Loan Program has received much attention lately. But the problem at UK, say officials, is not as severe.

UK's delinquency rate is 13.5 percent, compared to a national default rate of 17 percent (students who do not pay back their loans). The collection rates for all schools were released on March 20 by HEW.

"From the \$10.5 million we have loaned out, only \$522,000 is currently delinquent," said Walter Fister, head of loan

collections at UK.

The University maintains a tough policy on those who default, and has averaged two to three suits each week against people who have defaulted on loans, he said. "We actively pursue our delinquent accounts," said Fister.

"Suing is a last resort," said Fister. The University turns over delinquent accounts to the Wachovia Company in Winston-Salem, N.C., he said. Wachovia, which is responsible for the billing and the mailing of statements, takes up active collection if the debts are not repaid.

"If Wachovia is unable to

collect the debt, I will then send out three letters in an attempt to collect," said Fister. "In the third letter, I will notify the person that a private agency will be used to collect."

"The account is then handed over to a private collection agency which has offices in all 50 states, England and Canada. The agency has their own attorneys to handle litigation or suing, which makes it easier on us," said Fister. The collection agency receives 30 percent of the amount collected.

"Before we sue, we will check a person's assets and job, if any, to see if we can go to litigation," he said. The University sometimes decides that filing suit is the only reasonable course available.

Fister said there are two reasons for the steady rise in delinquency rates. "The first reason is because of the rise in the minimum payment from \$45 to \$90," he said. The second reason, he said, is a tight job market that causes higher unemployment, and a lack of funds to pay off the loans.

"For every nine dollars that the federal government allocates, we must put up one dollar," said James Ingles, director of the financial aid office. "If we were to turn the collection over to HEW we would forfeit our 10 percent," he said.

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arts

Second oldest

Music society holds auditions

The Central Kentucky Music Society will be holding auditions for new members in the Fine Arts Building during the weekend of May 19, 20 and 21.

Selection for new members is made on the basis of musical ability, competence and maturity, as well as current needs of the Society in instrumentation.

The second oldest in-

dependently chartered organization, the CKMS currently sponsors two youth orchestras. The concert orchestra holds a membership of 85 young musicians and functions as a preparatory ensemble for the youth symphony.

The youth symphony holds a membership of 70 student musicians ranging from grades eight through 12. This

ensemble concentrates on the performances of standard orchestral literature in its three concert appearances.

Through sponsorship of the Kentucky Arts Commission, the orchestras have been able to travel to other parts of the Blue Grass State, besides its regular Lexington concerts.

A number of out of state performances have also been given over the years in places

like Cincinnati, Chicago, New York, Washington, D.C., Atlanta and Indianapolis.

In addition to weekly three-hour rehearsals during the regular school year, an annual summer workshop is held which consists of a week of intensive study in an informal atmosphere under the leadership of outstanding professionals.

The 1978 workshop will be

held on the campus of Centre College in Danville from July 16-22.

Student musicians who desire further information and an application form should fill out the coupon which appears elsewhere in the paper. There are openings in all sections. However, the orchestras have special need of double bass players as well as oboe and bassoon.

Arts Center offers various workshops

A series of four week workshops for adults will begin the week of May 8 at the Living Arts and Science Center, 362 Walnut Street.

The classes, meeting once a week during the month will introduce students to a variety of Center programming.

Beginning Tuesday morning, "A Drawn Experience" will introduce students to

line, shape, value, and texture using a variety of materials.

Meeting at the same time will be a beginning primitive weaving class which uses a backstrap loom to form basic patterns.

Tuesday evening will offer classes like Introduction to Photography, Stain Glass Art, Oriental Brushwork, and Beginning Woodcarving

using chip carving, whittling and small figure carving techniques.

A new class called Batik and Tye-Dye, the ancient technique of combining hot wax, dye, and imagination to design fabric, will also be introduced.

Wednesday mornings offer a dabbler's class in water-based paint called "Experiences in Color & Design."

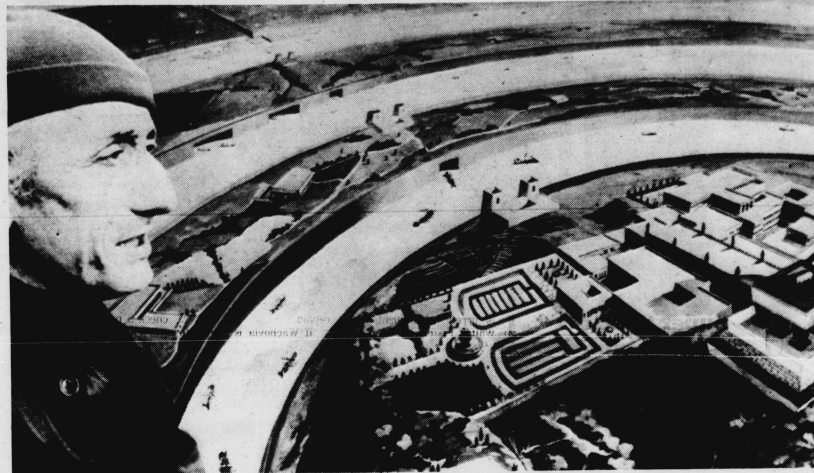
Also offered at that time is a beginner's course in tote painting and a course entitled "Assertive Communication."

A course on bookbinding meets on Thursday mornings which teach students the basic techniques of case binding from start to finish.

Also offered then is "Creative Crafts for Summer Youth Leaders," a course designed

for youth leaders to learn creative projects in painting, printmaking, sculpture, puppetry, creative art, and recycled art.

Tuition for the workshops is \$15 and registration must be made one week in advance. For registration and further information, call 252-5222 or visit the Living Arts and Science Center.



Cousteau sails again

KET will repeat the entire two hour episode of "Calypso's Search for Atlantis" this Saturday at 7 p.m. Capt. Jacques Cousteau examines whether Plato's account of the Utopian city of Atlantis is which abruptly vanished thousands of years ago was based upon actual fact. The special will be aired locally on Channel 68 as well as all KET stations.

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CRAIG T-600 AM/FM MPX Cassette	156.45	8.05	193.65	21.50
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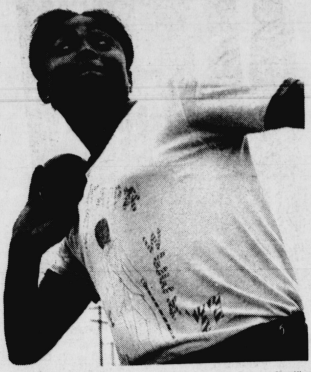
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Fieldwork aids health classes

By EVE HUTCHERSON
Kernel Reporter



Steve Hirsch

Putting forth

Debra Oden, who is normally seen on the basketball court as a player for the UK LadyKats, practices her shotputting as a member of the UK Women's Track and Field Team. She is preparing for the pentathlon event at a meet on May 25-27 in Knoxville, Tenn.

Iranian students protest arrests

Continued from front page

The paper also asked individuals to join the marchers in demanding the charges against the 12 be dropped and an end to the harassment of "Iranian students and progressive Americans."

"I understand that that's concerning the charge against UK authorities," and I also understand there is no evidence to support it. The Immigration officers have the right to inquire of the University into certain matters dealing with foreign students. There are certain laws dealing with foreign nationals and we have an obligation to inform them of these kinds of matters."

According to Assistant Professor George Potratz, who was arrested before Turner's speech began, "Even if the University is not trying to deport anyone, they're clearly trying to stifle any type of political dissent."

Burch disagreed strongly with Potratz's view of the situation. "The University is interested in preserving the right of free speech," he said. "They've exercised their right to free speech and demonstration and have handed out literature. I don't think anybody can honestly say they haven't been allowed to exercise their rights."

According to Burch, the protestors were arrested because they had infringed on

Turner's right of free speech, and said the demonstrators had violated Article I, Section 12(a) of the UK Student Rights and Responsibilities handbook.

This regulation defines as punishable the "interference, coercion or disruption which impedes, impairs or disrupts University missions, processes or functions, or interferes with the rights of others on University property." It continues under Article 6, Section 6.32 as "prevention of the convening, continuation or orderly conduct of any University class or activity or of any lawful meeting or assembly upon University property."

T. Lynn Williamson, assistant dean of students, said he notified the three students by mail last week that they must make an appointment with him to discuss the situation. Unless they comply with his request, he said, they will not be able to return to school in the fall.

"It's quite possible we have not identified all of them," said Burch, "but I'm going to make every effort to find out who are students (at UK) and who are not. They say there is a problem unrelated to us back in their own country. But they are here, and they are students and they will be expected to conform to the same regulations as is expected of any other UK student."

for them to participate in facilitating rather than directing behaviors."

The Summer Interdisciplinary Team Experience program is an eight-week summer commitment, operating in much the same manner as Kentucky January. The usual credit for the winter program is three hours, while SITE credit varies with students and their fields of study. Clark said some students use SITE for independent study, clinical practice and other various requirements.

Clark said the center has a large commitment to research and development in interdisciplinary education, and uses the administration of Kentucky January and SITE as laboratory experiences.

The center offers a free consultation service for institutions which are considering implementing a similar program. In addition to his UK duties, Clark has been traveling around the country doing feasibility studies for other colleges.

The center was founded with the aid of a \$1.2 million grant from the federal government. The five-year grant falls under the non-competitive special projects category of funding and, in conjunction with state funding, helps pay the center's operational costs.

A survey recently conducted among former students who had participated in the program showed 90 percent of the respondents felt the team were useful to them after school, said Clark.

The survey also showed that about 30 percent of the students return to rural areas to work after graduation.

A team of seven students and one faculty member is assigned to a community in which they will live for the duration of the program. The team studies the community's health service, participates in patient care and studies how the various disciplines interact with each other in the process.

The faculty positions in Kentucky January are also competitive. Clark said he considers the program a broadening experience for the faculty as well as the students.

"Faculty members, like students, are products of the mono-disciplinary approach to education. This is a chance

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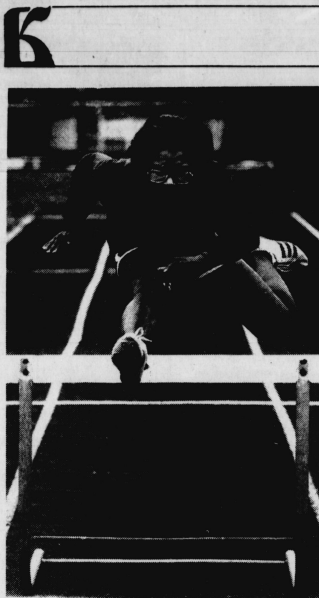


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ANITA BROWN

Brown and Oden reach nationals in pentathlon

By BRIAN RICKERD
Kernel Staff Writer

Track is not the top priority for either Anita Brown or Debra Oden but, ironically, both of them have qualified in the sport for national competition to be held at Knoxville, Tenn. May 25-27.

Brown said that field hockey is her "first love." The freshman from Tinton Falls, N.J. played for the Lady Kats field hockey squad in the fall. She led UK in scoring and made the all-state team.

Oden, on the other hand, is well known for her efforts on the basketball floor for coach Debbie Yow's nationally-ranked team.

These girls have something else in common—they participate in the same event in track, the pentathlon.

The pentathlon is a scaled down version of the decathlon. It is still a grueling event, however, because the pentathlon competition lasts just one day compared to the decathlon, which traditionally is competed

over a two-day span.

The pentathlon is composed of the high jump, long jump, 100-meter hurdles, 800-meter run and shot put.

"I was shocked when I qualified," Brown said. "When coach Barnett told me at the beginning of the season how many points (3,400) it took to qualify, I never thought I'd get it. In my first meet I got only 2,600 points and I said, 'no way.'"

Oden, meanwhile, qualified for the nationals last year as a freshman. She got an all-expense paid trip to Los Angeles for the competition. She said she finished "27th or 28th out of about 40."

"I do it as a way to stay in shape," Oden said, "but it is fun too."

"My track coach in high school had gone to college in Kentucky and he said the land was beautiful and the people were nice," Brown explained.

Brown said she did well in high school track but frustratingly followed in the footsteps of another local girl. "This girl did every event that I did and she was

fantastic," Brown said. "All four years I was just treading in worn shoes."

Brown said the women's track program at UK leaves much to be desired. "It's lacking, to say the least," she said.

In the winter the team ran in the Seaton Center while "about 100 guys" played basketball.

"It was a mess," Brown said. "I am surprised that no one got hurt. I didn't realize how our facilities were lacking until I went away to other schools and saw what they have."

Brown said men and women share training facilities at most schools, but not here.

"The men have everything here and we have nothing," Brown said. "Our training room is in the corner of the women's locker room in the Seaton Center."

Nevertheless, both Brown and Oden will be back at their "first loves" in the fall. Brown, field hockey and Oden, basketball.

Three other UK players drafted Late starter Grant goes to Buffalo

(AP)—Kentucky center Will Grant could be excused for possibly discounting his chances in the National Football League player draft at the start of the 1977 season.

Grant, a Milton, Mass., native who came to the Wildcats by way of Idaho State, found himself playing second fiddle to regular center Dave Hopewell, an established veteran.

But Hopewell's season ended prematurely with a knee injury in the fifth game, a 23-7 victory over Mississippi State, and Grant had his chance. He performed ably and his chances in the draft grew steadily brighter.

Grant was drafted yesterday in the 10th round by Buffalo.

Other Kentuckians drafted yesterday included linebacker Mike Martin, defensive tackle Jerry

Blanton and defensive back Dallas Owens, all of UK, and running back Calvin Prince of Louisville.

Martin went in the ninth round to Chicago; Blanton was taken by Buffalo in the 11th round and Owens was selected in the 10th round by Baltimore. Prince was an 11th-round pick by Cincinnati.

"The coaches told me I could be expected to be drafted some time in the middle to late rounds," Grant said in a telephone interview. "Plus, some pro scouts had been in. They all spoke very highly of me."

Although he did not rejoice at Hopewell's injury, Grant conceded, "It was the break I needed."

"I always had the abilities, I thought. The coaches, they play who they want."

"I'm glad I experienced going to Idaho State (where

he spent his freshman season)," Grant said. "I learned an awful lot out there, especially pass blocking. They were a strictly pro set, drop back passing team. You worked on your passing an hour and a half each practice."

"We had some real nice guys on the line out there that taught me some pass blocking tricks."

Kentucky was a grind-it-out, run-oriented team and Grant said his Idaho State experience didn't count for much at first, but paid off during the past season.

"This year it helped because Derrick Ramsey did unwind," he said.

Grant said he was "very excited" about playing for the Bills, despite buffalo's frigid winter weather.

"It's close to home for me. I don't mind the weather," he said. "I'm very excited."

Right now, I'm just gonna work at making the team. Camp starts in July. I don't know where I didn't even ask them."

As for his wife, Susan,

ABC comes to UK to film NCAA show

The Joe B. Hall Wildcat Lodge had a special visitor yesterday in the presence of ABC commentator Bill Fleming.

Fleming was on campus to interview Hall and some UK players for the network's 30-minute show, entitled Kentucky Countdown, to be aired in the near future.

Hall said that the film will also be used by ABC for public relations, civic clubs and other organizations around the world. It will also

be available for use by other schools around the country.

It is a show which ABC has developed through the last three years during the NCAA tournament. It started with the opening rounds of the tournament and brought the show through the Final Four in St. Louis this past year.

The Kentucky players who were interviewed for the show are Rick Robey, James Lee, Jack Givens and Kyle Macy.

After hours in the Kernel office...

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PHOTO EDITOR

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PHOTO EDITOR

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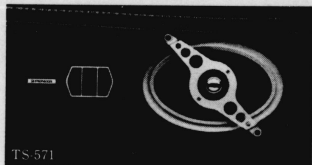
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New Contributors

KEN BEGLE (On Disc) is a 22-year-old Denverite who migrated 25 miles to Boulder to get his education in the ways of the world. Among other things, he likes pizza.

LORRAINE BOSWELL (Photo, On Tour), 21, is an Animal Science major at the University of California at Davis.

SAM EMERSON (Photo, & Out the Other) is a hotshot Hollywood photographer who's snapped so many famous faces he probably doesn't remember them all.

BECKY SUE EPSTEIN (On Disc) received her M.A. in Middle English from the University of Bristol, England. There being little need for Chaucerian scholars in Los Angeles (now they tell her!) Becky spends her time listening to music, reading books and writing.

PAUL HELFORD (In Print) is a late-night TV movie host and sales director for KOZY-TV in Eugene, Oregon.

THOMAS MARTIN (In Print) is a 30-year-old journalism major at Central Michigan University. Before that he ran a record store.

JOEL PATTERSON (On Tour) is a 20-year-old creative writing student at San Francisco State; he also plays guitar in a "sort of reggae" band. "We started as punks," he says, "but we've matured."

JAYSON Q. WECHTER (On Tour) is a San Francisco freelancer whose work has appeared in *Cracked*, *Sick* and *Crazy* as well as the more off-beat *New West* and *Boston Real Paper*.

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IN ONE EAR...

Aw, Give the Kid a Break

As Jeffrey Hudson puts it in your March issue, can't you find some better material with which to frame your advertising? *Ampersand*, for all its sophisticated packaging, would seem to be written for less than bright groupies. I hope that your opinion of college students is a little better than that.

Your March cover implies that there is a lengthy article on Martin Mull inside: the article, taking up much less space than the two photographs of the subject, was disappointing. Who cares if Martin Mull and his girlfriend "neck publicly," and that Hank Nuwer thinks they must have a lively love life? Did Nuwer run out of serious information from the interview, or did he think he was writing for *Playgirl* again?

Chris Clark's album reviews are even sillier. He (she?) evidently knows something about current music, but seems too interested in his own proud state of jadedness, slinging names and far-fetched metaphors at random, and being cutesy and clever, to talk about music. Come off it, C.C., your mental idiosyncrasies aren't that interesting, and your bombastic prose stinks. Better watch the dumb cracks about "thilly thavages," too.

Most of your regular feature are eminently forgettable at best and downright bad work otherwise. " & Out the Other" borders on viciousness, but maybe that's inherent in gossip columns. Jacoba Atlas' review of *Coming Home* was well done; and Ed Cray was informative on Bach — couldn't you have spared him a little more space for such a large topic?

Over all, the blatantly commercial nature of your ... magazine? is offensive. I'd suggest that if you want us to keep looking at your big slick ads for albums you should bribe us with a little more intelligent writing. If that's impossible then at least prominently label your publication as an advertisement, lest someone briefly mistake *Ampersand* for an attempt at journalism.

MELODY IVINS
UNIVERSITY OF NORTH CAROLINA
CHAPEL HILL

I'm writing in response to two glaring injustices done by one Chris Clark in your March issue. The first was his review of Jackson Browne's latest album; the other was his use of "cheap substitute" regarding Rush, among others, in his Starz review. Something should be said in defense of these two musical entities. Jackson Browne is the epitome of self-expression through music. He writes with gut feelings, emotions with which we have all come into contact. He deals with real life at the individual level — as a man, a lover, a musician, a human. Rush base many of their lyrics on literary works, some of which are undisputed classics. They show intelligent reflection on our society. Science fiction epics, like *2112*, warn us of what is in store for us, should our world continue on its present course. As for the music, both Rush and Jackson Browne implement basic major and minor chords for a specific reason — the vast majority of our

society can best identify with these structures. Music isn't supposed to be so esoteric so as to appeal only to Tibetan gurus; music is for people.

Rush and Jackson Browne are making valid, accessible musical statements about our society and its people. The artists are craftsmen, professional in both attitude and approach. Their music has a point, and is distinctly their own. Perhaps Mr. Clark might even *listen* to the music which he critiques; then he might understand what is being said. If he *still* doesn't understand, then Jackson Brown and Rush must demonstrate wisdom which Mr. Clark cannot fathom, due to total incapability on his part. He shows an insensitivity to musical expression, and an inability to critique as well. He should be demoted to a position he can handle, like supine.

LARRY MACCHIONE
UNIVERSITY OF ARIZONA

After extracting double fistfuls of hair, my first coherent thought was to sue Chris Clark for intentional infliction of emotional distress. I had just read Clark's review of *Rabbit Test* in the April issue of *Ampersand* and my teeth are still clenched.

The film was about to open in Austin and, being a fan of Joan Rivers, I looked forward to seeing it. I began reading Clark's review out of curiosity about the movie (having little concern for an unknown critic's opinion) and I finished it in a maniacal rage.

That (expletive deleted by the writer) Clark not only revealed what I take to be the comedic climax of the film but gratuitously threw in a few of the presumably funnier gags. To add insult to injury, he interjected his travesty of a critique with questionable word choices, grotesque metaphors and no less than 10 alliterative phrases, three in the last sentence.

Among all the Woodward and Bernstein disciples who are glutting our journalism schools (UT's included) surely you can find a better contributing critic than this clown. Clark should have his season theater pass shredded and be relegated to hawking the *National Star* on street corners.

RICHARD FINEGAN
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS AT AUSTIN

P.S. Your graphics are great. Encourage more contributions and you can edit more tightly and not have to use junk fillers. All in all, a surprisingly (make that refreshingly) good publication.

Chris Clark snaps back: "Gee thanks, guys and gal, I love being reduced to a cultural stereotype. Randy Newman once said that being mellow is like being senile, meaning Jackson Browne has been six feet under since the first Eagles album. How he's milked the same three chord progressions for five albums, I'll never know, and I wasn't aware of Rush knowing any chords at all. And as far as supine is concerned, don't knock it 'til you've tried it. You get the best view of the personalities of your detractors from this angle."

Thank You

I am sick and tired of the rain of stupidity that has gushed forth from some of your

readers who obviously don't have the slightest clue as to what good critics are made of and what they have to do. In order for one to offer professional opinion or criticism about any subject, it is necessary for that person to point out what is *wrong* with it; what the flaws are, what needs improvement. That, dear friends, is a critic's job! It would be foolishly easy for anyone who knows how to use a typewriter to praise and laud the Rolling Stones or Led Zeppelin, or any moderately famous rock group, and get no guff about it at all. But for anyone to state unpopular opinions about such supergroups simply because he or she happens to feel something was wrong or lacking takes guts and professional conscience. No, I don't agree with Miss Manor about the Stones, but I admire her courage to say what she thinks need to be said. If all the readers wants is someone to tell them how beautiful everything is, then they don't want a critic, they want a milktoast coward who'll never print anything of any value or interest at all.

I hope you continue to print Miss Manor's views, and if you are the kind of magazine I think you are, you will. There are those of us out here who want to hear the truth, without the sugar-coating. The rest should be reading high school newspapers.

SCOTT LAURENCE BAIN
SAN DIEGO STATE UNIVERSITY

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<i>Illustrator, cartoonist and bon vivant, Derryle Parrcell is in his late 20s, single, and has a business card that reads, "Artist, Cate."</i>	

& OUT THE OTHER

Allman in No Man's Land

"Right now, I'm very much into Sea Level, and I don't wanna have anything to do with it." Such was the emphatic reply from ex-Allman Brothers keyboardist Chuck Leavell, now leader and mouthpiece of Sea Level, when questioned by writer Stephen Peeples about the latest Allman reunion rumors. Dickie Betts wasn't available for comment, but his manager Steve Massarsky spoke for him: "Dickie hasn't closed any doors, but the timing just isn't right," Massarsky said.

According to Leavell, the wounds left by Gregg's damanaging testimony at former Allman Brother road manager Scooter Herring's drug trial a couple years ago have pretty much healed. Herring, in fact, has been Sea Level's road manager for the last several months, out on bond pending an appeal for a new trial.

So Gregg's ice-testing seems to be nothing more than poor timing. It'd probably be great timing for him, though — his checkered relationship with Cher has apparently died the last of many deaths, and that duo album they did recently was met with critical catcalls and no sales. Gregg's latest efforts to find somebody to play with centered on a D.C. bar band called the Night Hawks; when they played Rosie's Cantina in Atlanta, Georgia recently, they arrived one night to find a Hammond organ on stage. They don't use an organ. It was Gregg's subtle way of asking to jam, and they let him.

What Price Integrity

ROCK MANAGER IRV AZOFF is by his own account so dismayed with the film *FM* that he's asked that his credit as executive producer be pulled from the picture. According to Azoff, the film doesn't represent what really happens at a typical FM station. For example, during one scene a d.j., played by Cleavon Little, shows up for a 6 a.m. shift dressed in a snappy 3-piece suit. Azoff is apparently of the opinion that deejays don't dress that well, especially at six in the morning — though what the Eagles' manager is doing checking out radio stations at that hour is beyond our ken. Anyway, many of Azoff's clients remain in the film, and will be heard on the two-disc soundtrack album. And, according to a source at his office, Azoff doesn't plan to relinquish any financial participation in the flick — he may have principles, but he isn't stupid! . . . From the same office comes a report that Aerosmith's managers, Steve Leber and David Krebs (the money behind *Beatlemania*), may be producing a film based, loosely, on the Eagles' *Desperado*. If any Eagles are seen on screen, the source cautions, it'll be in minor roles . . . And, speaking of *Beatlemania*, Ringo Starr is telling reporters that the late lamented Fab Four aren't getting any money as a result of the production other than what relatively little they receive (Ringo, of course, next to none) from songwriting royalties.

Television Discovers Radio

IF YOU HAVEN'T LEARNED MORE than you really wanted to know about radio after seeing the aforementioned film *FM*, stay home

with your tube. Two TV production companies are pitching radio-oriented pilots at the networks; one is from the Mary Tyler Moore folks, starring no one you've heard of, based on a mythical Cincinnati station and titled *WKRP*. The second pilot, yet untitled, follows a female disc jockey through life at a "major metropolitan station." If either of these shows gets on the air and shows any semblance of reality, radio may receive the same sort of revised attitude that the Mary Tyler Moore show brought to local TV news. Serve 'em right, too! (Meanwhile, we're waiting for someone to make a successful film about life at a magazine, so that we can see our zany selves spun off on television . . .)

Woosome Twosomes

ARETHA FRANKLIN MARRIED ACTOR GLYN TURMAN (*Cooly High*) in her father's Detroit church on April 11. They've both been married before — he has two children, she has four . . . Anjelica Huston and Jack Nicholson are back together again . . . Warren Beatty and Diane Keaton are still an item . . . and Cher is serious about Kiss' blood-drooling bassist Gene Simmons. Honest. Cher just signed with Casablanca, Kiss' label, which may explain everything. She was married to Sonny Bono when they both recorded for Atlantic, and to Gregg Allman when they were both on Warner Bros. Records. Maybe her next move will be to Takoma Records so she can date John Fahey.

Bilbo the Dildo?

ANY MINUTE NOW YOU'LL BE ABLE TO BUY cute little dolls that look like Bilbo, Gandalf and Frodo, but if dolls are a bit jejune for you, there will be posters, t-shirts, games, jewelry, maybe even marital aids, all based on J. R. Tolkien's characters. The dolls are patterned after the characters in Ralph Bakshi's animated film *Lord of the Rings*, due in November.

La-De-Da

LOOKS LIKE OL' BOB DYLAN MAY HAVE A CRUSH on Diane Keaton . . . even though they haven't met. He's written a song for her, which she might include on her first album if she ever gets around to signing a recording contract (Caribou via Columbia looks closest). Bobby has also talked about writing a part for Diane in his next movie, which will start shooting this September and which will not be four hours long, like *Renaldo and Clara*. Of course, just because he writes her in doesn't mean she'll be in, especially now that she's a big-time Academy Award winner.

Is Anyone Else Tired of This Stuff?

IN THE WAKE OF *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters* come two big-budget sci-fi projects. Best known, of course, is the return of *Star Trek*, at last as a film. All of the original series characters have been signed to appear in the project, with Leonard Nimoy holding out longest — and probably getting the most. A large chunk of the \$15 million budget is assigned to special effects, natch; the bulk of live-action filming will in fact take place over a few weeks' period and the remaining

months will be spent with models, animation, etc. *Star Trek* is slated to hit the first-run houses next summer. In the meantime, it's entirely possible that all of the sets and effects could be used in a new, updated television series. Sooner still — next season, to be specific — are seven television movies, an hour each, under the "series" title, *Galactica*. Lorne Greene will star as the space ship commander; each episode carries a \$1 million budget, twice the industry average for TV movies.

Orbison Still in the Saddle

NEVER UNDERESTIMATE THE POWER OF "The Big O": A fifteen-year-old English schoolgirl, in a coma for nearly two weeks, opened her eyes for the first time when she heard a taped get-well message from singer Roy Orbison. The singer's records had been played at her bedside in the London hospital's intensive care ward as well. Orbison's last hit was "Cry Softly, Lonely One," in 1967; the girl is a big fan nonetheless. He still records, of course, and is enjoying considerable royalties from Linda Ronstadt's version of "Blue Bayou," which he wrote in 1963.

Maverick & Monty Ride Again

UPCOMING FROM ABC IS A TWO-HOUR TV MOVIE, *The New Maverick*, with a possible spin-off series. The original comedy western, which played first-run from 1957-1962 and can still be seen in syndication, introduced James Garner, Jack Kelly, and Roger Moore to TV audiences as brothers Bret and Bart Maverick, and their English cousin, Beau; Garner also played Bret and Bart's father, "Pappy." Efram Zimbalist, Jr. appeared fairly regularly as con-man Dandy Jim Buckley. Kelly and Garner will appear in the two-hour version, which stars Charles Frank as Ben Maverick (Beau's son) and his real-life wife, Susan Blanchard, as the love interest. Trivia to amaze your friends with: there was yet another Maverick in the original series, brother Brent. He was played by Robert Colbert, and lasted but 2 of the series' 124 episodes.

The one, the only, the original Monty Python's Flying Circus has regrouped for a movie. Called *Brian of Nazareth*, it's about a saint who was born one manger over from Jesus and subsequently had a rough time of it.

Shorts

UNCONFIRMED RUMOR: former Cream drummer Ginger Baker may be starting his own polo school in England. Or maybe it's a soccer team . . . Our First Annual Award for Gushy Teen Journalism goes to *Time Magazine's* John Travolta cover story (April 3) . . . Neil Young's proposed title for his next album, *Gone with the Wind*, has been changed to *Give to the Wind*. Maybe he found out about the movie. The record is due in May, but don't hold your breath . . . *Every Day, Every Night*, the new album from Flora Purim (*Down Beat's* top female jazz singer for five years straight), is produced by Rufus' helmsman, Bob Monaco. Purim, by the way, will no longer tour with husband Airtio. Separate careers make happier marriages, or so they say . . .



SAM EMERSON

LOU REED'S APPEARANCE ON TV'S *Midnight Special* on Friday, April 28, will be strictly a speaking role, thanks to program censorship, Reed's adamant attitude, and an unusual compromise.

The problem began when the show's producers asked Reed to host *Special*. When somebody got a look at the lyrics of what Reed expected to sing — "Heroin," from the Velvet Underground days; "Walk on the Wild Side," a top-20 record in 1973; and "I Wanna Be Black" and "Street Hassle" from his current album — all hell broke loose. The producers, apparently ignorant of what Reed's been up to for the last decade, asked him to rewrite (shades of "Let's Spend the Night Together"!); Reed refused, but said that the "offensive" words could be bleeped. The producers evidently felt that would make Reed's performance largely pantomime.

What will happen is a discussion on censorship, with Reed interviewed by rock's token intelligentsia, Howard Kaylan and Mark Volman (Flo and Eddie.) The interview, lasting 40 minutes, was held on April 5, and will be edited for broadcast. The set consisted of three chairs, one of them slightly tacky Naugahyde, a small table, semi-Oriental lamp, and a huge *Midnight Special* sign hanging in back. Reed, dressed in black leather and minus his dark glasses for most of the time, was coherent and deadly earnest, much like a Scientist making his pitch.

Among the rather less than startling revelations: the FCC is prohibited by law from censoring anything, and Reed plays his records for his mother, who likes them.

The show's producers, who made all of the decisions, are looking for viewer feedback. If you have any opinion of all of this, particularly if you see the program, feel free to write to Burt Sugarman Productions, 9000 Sunset Boulevard, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

Throw a good-bye party the dorm will never forget.



After final exams it's time for some rip-roaring, pull-all-the-stops-out partying. **Pure Prairie League's** blissful blend of easygoing country rock is exactly what's needed to set the pace for a good time. And **Flame's** flair for hard rock will blast all that tedious research work right out of your head. Even if everybody's already hung over, these two albums are sure to get the gang stompin', clappin' and rarin' to raise hell. Throw the dirty wash out the window. Use the album covers as frisbees. *Wheeee!* Summer is coming, and everybody deserves it.



Available at a Record Store near you.

Rising like creeping vines from an urban jungle, the architectural wonderlust of Century City reveals not only the ingenuity of man but his empty spirituality: shopping centers, huge high-rise offices, towering apartment complexes and a token park complete with sodded grass and color-coordinated water fountain effects, all constructed with respect for the best intentions of the Bauhaus — cold and functional, where arty flourishes border on kitsch.

Twenty-four hours after his solo debut at Hollywood's Roxy Theatre, Rick Danko, the 34-year-old (perhaps) former Band bassist, contemplates his future within the 15th-floor conference room of Arista Records, shielded by the concrete fortress of Century City from the outside world. Clad in blue workshirt, a tough brown suede jacket, Levi's, and black boots of Spanish leather, Rick sheds the protective coating that has heretofore insulated the Band's personalities from the media. He exhibits a frisky, extroverted demeanor as he leans back on a beige chair.

Rick Danko is a warm, sensitive and unguarded character further described by friends as funny and manic. He's still smiling from his Roxy stint, where he packed the room for two nights and showcased his new group to the likes of Ali MacGraw, Leo Sayer, Alice Cooper, Al Stewart, Ronnie Hawkins, and Band mates Garth Hudson and Robbie Robertson. The paying public made the most noise, demanding and receiving two encores each performance.

Danko's backing outfit includes his brother Terry on guitar; Danny Siwell from an early flight of Wings on drums; Marty Greb, once with Bonnie Raitt, on organ; Michael DeTemple, once associated with Dave Mason, on another set of guitars; Jerry Peterson on saxophone; and Walt Richmond on piano.

Since the Band's "Last Waltz" in San Francisco on Thanksgiving, 1976, Danko has put together a bubbling, celebratory rock and roll unit that combines urgent, festive white southern blues with Southern California humor and precision.

Danko admits that there are strains in the music akin to past works of the Band. Talking to one writer, he said, "Well, you gotta remember that I've been in the Band for years. But I don't think what we're doing is as disciplined as the Band's music. I was looking for a simpler, fresher routing. It's an extension, that's for sure. But I really like this new group. I can go out and perform the record now."

"I'm the focal point on stage this time, and it doesn't bother me. I put this new group together. I telephoned them all. I sought out personalities who could bus and fly together and continue to put up with each other. What I do is collect performances from everyone. I make quicker decisions in this position than when I'm a member of the Band."

Born on December 9, 1943, Danko grew up in the small Ontario rural town of Simcoe. Country music was all over the radio dial and he admits to especially liking Hank Williams, Lefty Frizzell, and Johnny Horton. Later, young Rick listened to 30,000-watt Nashville country station WLAC. At 14, he quit school and worked briefly at cutting meat for a market, but before he logged time in the butcher shop, the Grand Ole Opry had made a major impression on Rick's musical sensibilities. He learned to play guitar, bass, mandolin, and a variety of other instruments.

Not much time had passed when he put down his cutting knife and formed a group who would rent halls, book themselves, and clear up to \$300 per night. After five sets opening for Arkansas rockabilly singer Ronnie Hawkins one night, Danko was asked to join his band, the Hawks.

In the late Fifties, Hawkins scored U.S. chart success with remakes of Young Jesse's "Mary Lou" (recently again revived by Bob Seger) and Chuck Berry's "Thirty Days," mysteriously retitled "Forty Days" for that reincarnation. "It was different back then," Danko told Richard Blackburn for *Circus*. "When the cops knocked on your motel door, they weren't looking for acid or grass. They were looking for guns, man. Guns, blackjacks, and pills. And underage girls."

Rick was still a teenager when the Hawks broke from Hawkins to work under names including the Crackers, the



DANKO'S NEW DANCE

*It Isn't a
Last Waltz*

BY HARVEY KUBERNICK

Canadian Squires, and then Levon Helm and the Hawks. In that last form, they recorded several classic singles including "Leave Me Alone" and "The Stones That I Throw (Will Free All Men)." Helm wrote what was to become a rhythm and blues classic, "You Cheated."

(Four years ago, a record buff approached another Band member and Hawks alumnus, Richard Manuel, and in jest asked him to sing a couple of bars of "Leave Me Alone." Manuel responded immediately with much more than a few bars, as if the group has been performing the song, uninterrupted, for the preceding decade or so.)

John Hammond, the white blues singer, invited the Hawks to New York, where they participated in some of his best recordings. In 1965, they met Bob Dylan in Atlantic City. Dylan had completed his first electric-music sessions, with studio musicians providing the backup, and was looking for a road band. The Hawks toured with him in late '65 and '66 before settling in West Saugherties, New York, with a big, pink house serving as their headquarters. In 1968, they had again changed their name, to the Band, and released their first album, *Music from Big Pink*.

Ten years later, Danko is equipped to give a complete dissertation on the Band. He lights a cigarette and grins. "We put out that first album and it was a relative underground success. Then we issued *The Band*, and it sold a million copies immediately," he snaps his fingers. "Just like that."

But now, says Danko, the Band is "on ice" for a while. "It

had become like eating dinner night after night with the same person. It was time to make a change.

"A week or so after our second album came out, we were on the cover of *Time*," he remembers. "From that point on, everybody was . . . uh . . . a little spaced." Danko had said earlier to Daisann McLane of the *Soho Weekly News*. "I stayed in my house for about a year and a half once, not really speaking to anybody. Then we went out and spent a million dollars touring. It changed everybody's life immediately, and took all of the fun out of it."

"We've in no way broken up," he assures me. "In fact, we've just signed a collective record contract with Warner Bros. *The Last Waltz* soundtrack is issued this week. It's the live show plus a side of new studio material."

[The album was *not* released that week. More than a month after this interview, Warner Bros. was still awaiting master tapes, to be delivered by the album's producer, Robbie Robertson. The three-disc set *may* be out by the time you read this, but nobody's holding his breath.]

In 1976, the Band played about thirty live dates before their Thanksgiving eve Last Waltz at Winterland. After sixteen years on the road, the Band decided to bow out while on top, rather than diminish to self-parody in the manner of, say, the Beach Boys. The Band refused to sacrifice what they felt to be their integrity, and months before the actual concert they began planning the special performance.

"We focused on one last concert. It gave us something to concentrate our energies on. When people heard that we weren't going to perform anymore, the phone wouldn't stop ringing. They all wanted to be there: Eric Clapton, Bob Dylan, Neil Young, Joni, Van Morrison . . .

"You were there. You saw the concert. Wasn't it terrific? The cameras didn't inhibit *anyone*. We wanted to feed five thousand people a gourmet dinner — and I think we also gave 'em a good show." He winks.

"The movie was a labor of love. At the start, the Band had to raise a few hundred thousand bucks so that the event could take place. We were taking a chance. We almost hocked our houses. We would have been the *perfect* House Jand. Even the rehearsals were incredible. It cost \$125,000 to renovate Winterland. I hate to keep relating to money, but I want to show you how important it was for us to have the theme and decor amplify the mood of the celebration.

"Preparing for the gig was a trip in itself. For four days, we did nothing but play music. We finished *Islands*, our last album for Capitol, then began nonstop rehearsals for the Last Waltz.

"The Band really came alive that night. We had been cruising for the last year, and that was obvious. For the *Waltz* show, we were onstage for six hours and worked 'til five a.m. the night before. We rehearsed with Dylan at the hotel. We presented the cameramen with a 300-page script. The Band has always been into precision, like a fine car. We didn't take it easy during preparation. I think that it will show in the movie. There's no split screen stuff, and very little backstage footage to pad the performances. *No way* was I going to wing it next to Joni Mitchell. And Muddy Waters — wait 'til you see Muddy in the film. I was playing next to him and got chills," he confesses. "I think that both Muddy and Ronnie Hawkins arrived at the high point of their lives that night.

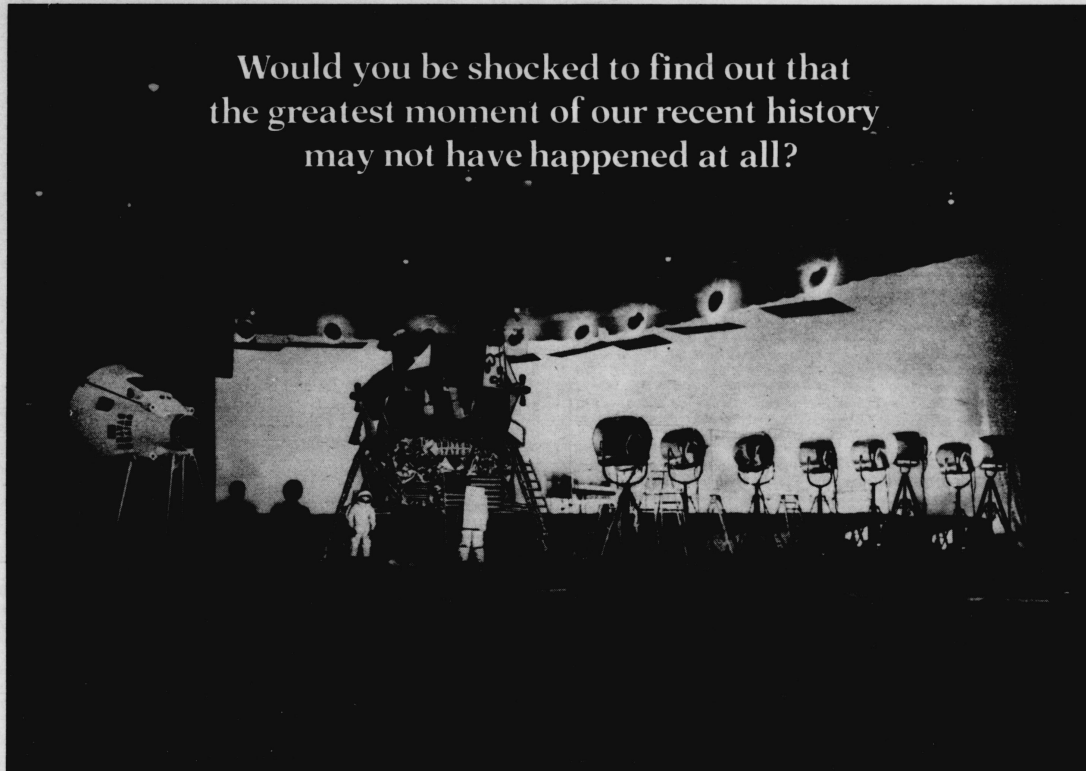
"It's a very honest movie," Rick says enthusiastically. "It was a very special and a very memorable night for all of us."

"It was the Band's last performance. What more can I say?" he concludes, slightly out of breath and forgetting, perhaps in his excitement, his earlier contention that the Band has "in no way . . . broken up."

"The truth of the evening will come out on the soundtrack. The essence of *The Last Waltz* is in the grooves." &

Harvey Kubernick is the Los Angeles correspondent for *British music weekly*, *Melody Maker*. His work has also appeared in the Los Angeles Times, *Crawdaddy*, *Bay Area Music*, and *Record World*. Al Stewart performed at his most recent birthday party. Harvey adds that he prefers girls who wear glasses and are into Bruce Springsteen.

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Eine Kleine Mozartmusik

The legend of the four-year-old Wolfgang sitting at the piano, atop a mound of pillows, and boggling the assembled aristocracy with his incredible musicianship has become a part of western European folklore.

Indeed, the image is so pervasive that all child prodigies since have been measured against little "Wolfgang's" imagined accomplishments. To their detriment — for with the possible exception of Steve Wonder (remember when he was billed as "Little Stevie"?), it is doubtful if any infant has been born with such raw musical genius as Wolfgang Amadeus Mozart.

In little more than 30 years, Mozart produced 626 catalogued compositions, small and large, including no less than 41 symphonies, 25 concertos for piano and orchestra, 17 operas and operettas, 23 string quartets, and something like ten masses.

Half of this output, even a quarter, would have been enough to rank Mozart among the enduring titans of "classical" music. Yet one after the other, the compositions poured out, mostly written on commission at knock-down prices (50 Viennese ducats for the made-to-order Requiem, his last work).

The music came so spontaneously Mozart habitually kept two manuscripts going simultaneously, one darkly serious, the other light and sunny. He would alternate between the two as the mood or practical exigencies demanded.

No one can own records of the complete Mozart; there is just too much. Moreover, a couple hundred are, well, immature, and of interest only to pedants.

With that in mind, this selected list of the prime cuts. As with the Bach recommendations two months ago, there are numbering omissions, but on the theory that too few are better than too much — at least for the pocketbook — we suggest this "top ten."

Number one with a bullet is necessarily *Eine Kleine Nachtmusik*, otherwise known as the Serenade in G, Mozart's most famous composition. Any of a dozen recordings will do, though a personal favorite remains the old Columbia-Odyssey version by Bruno Walter.

Next in accessibility is the light-hearted Serenade No. 10 for thirteen wind instruments. Mozart's serenades were meant to be entertaining background music for the parties of Vienna's upper-crust. The record of choice is clearly that of the Netherlands Wind Ensemble on Philips.

Logically, the four horn concertos should follow. Three are engaging works, written literally to tease a horn-playing friend to virtuosic heights; the fourth is shaded with darker strokes, hinting of the profundities which were to emerge in later years. The favored recording here would be that of horn soloist Barry Tuckwell on Angel though Denis Brain's out-of-print reading on Angel is one of the truly great recordings of our time.

Almost any of the piano concertos would belong in a good record collection, but a handful of readings would seem to

be especially worthy: Peter Serkin's recordings of Numbers 14 and 17 on RCA; Alfred Brendel's versions of Numbers 19 and 23 on Philips; Robert Casadesu's pairing of Numbers 26 and 27 on Columbia. Beyond these, of course, is the now famous theme from *Elvira Madigan*, actually the second movement of Number 20. Grza Andia couples that with Number 21 on RCA, but the Rudolph Serkin reading on Columbia is equally commendable.

A piano virtuoso himself, Mozart wrote a considerable amount of music for that instrument including 17 piano sonatas. Most are short, intended as entertaining parlor music. The Wilhelm Backhaus recording of Numbers 4, 5, 10 and 12 on London would be the record of choice unless the budget will stretch to accommodate the three-record set by the well-matched Lili Kraus on Columbia's bargain-basement Odyssey label.

Mozart's symphonies tended to alternate between stylish amusement and somber philosophies. The problem is that most conductors cannot gracefully accommodate both aspects of Mozart's personality, the riotously profane and the sublime. George Szell's readings with the Cleveland and Bruno Walter's with a variety of orchestras are especially noteworthy. The older Klemperer recordings of Numbers 38 and 39 on Angel are exceptional as well.

There is a huge library of chamber music for groups of all sizes, but the unchallenged accomplishment among all of it are the six quartets dedicated to Franz Joseph Haydn, a composer of no mean accomplishment himself. The Quarneri Quartet versions on RCA are first rate, though the older Juilliard set on Odyssey has a large price advantage and quite acceptable sound.

The three towering masterworks — if that overworked word has any meaning left — fill out this top ten.

Strictly speaking, *The Magic Flute* is an operetta since it has spoken lines in it, but this Masonic mystery tour flashes from giddy humor to religious solemnity to philosophic musing. The version led by Karl Bohm on Deutsche Grammophon is excellent, with the Georg Solti set on London also worthy.

Don Giovanni is quintessential Mozart, sophisticated in style, its melodies immediately attractive, its message endlessly provocative. The Barenboim set on Angel, the Colin Davis on Philips, and the Bohm on Deutsche Grammophon are all excellent, with perhaps a slight edge to Davis.

Finally, the Requiem, Mozart's last composition, left unfinished at his death in 1791, a work of sublime beauty which he recognized would be his funeral ode. The Barenboim version on Angel has the best soloists, but the Davis reading on Philips the grander, more moving overall conception.

Necessarily, so much is not here — the clarinet concerto, the violin sonatas, the quintets — but this sampling will serve by way of introduction. And beyond these, there are some 600 other works to discover for yourself.

Ed Cray



Heavy Metal Mayhem

Wailin' Van Halen

Van Halen
(Warner Bros.)

If I could have written the script to *A Star Is Born*, it would've read something like this: high-school garage band forms deep in the heart of Hollywood with Aerosmith illusions, allusions, and delusions of grandeur. Group spends a year playing everything you wanted to know about Kiss (but valued your sanity more in comparison), moves to original material, clubs, and a few opening slots at local UFO concerts, gets big recording deal, cuts an album that makes Montrose look like the Mouseketeers, sells a zillion copies, inherits the earth, destroys the evil Empire, and rules the universe. Barbra can play Rhinestone (a groping groupie) and I would cast Kris as Rat Scabies in this Horatio Alger abortion. But the real stars of this show are Van Halen, an Old Wave reincarnation of all those things you *really* like in a rock 'n' roll band, such as blazing guitar telepaths, Robert Plant eunuch screams, and bass runs that crack the foundation, plus real songs instead of glorified two-chord razor-blade rampages. Their story may be a bit typical, but their sound is somewhere between Cheap Trick and the Apocalypse in terms of original heavy-metal mayhem. It's been a long, lonely, lonely time since such riffs have blown through my Adverts, but there isn't one wasted groove on *Van Halen*, a power-packed debut disc that should send pacemakers pumping in Ted Nugentland for months to come.

Ed Van Halen's distortion drama and greased fret-board frenzy will surely appease the Mahogany Rush guitar-garbanzos in the audience; he plays like a one-man Blue Oyster Cult on every cut, while microphone-extension David Roth redefines Jim Dandy and grafts Sammy Hagar onto his own distinctive vocal hi-jinks. Couple this to a rhythm section that'll alert the National Guard after two bars, and you've got some-

thing that may bury the Led Zeppelin myth for good.

No turkeys on Van Halen's been influenced by everything since Steppenwolf was hatched. "Runnin' with the Devil," "Little Dreamer," and "Feel Your Love Tonight" come from the Bad Co.-Foreigner book of laser-licks, while "Jamie's Crying" and "I'm the One" make Rick Nielsen sound like Rod McKuen, and "Atomic Punk" and "Eruption" should knock the rocks out of Queen's pretty little heads for a while.

"On Fire," and a Warning-blender version of "You Really Got Me" are the clinchers on this real rocket to Russia, to hell with the bollocks. Rock isn't dead, just backdated, and Van Halen may just be the band to redirect us from the blank generation to the days when it was considered an asset to be exceptional songwriters and talented musicians (it *has* been a long time, hasn't it?). Am I nuts over this or just plain nuts? Only your psycho-analyst knows for sure, but don't blame me if he starts puking blood on your carpet.

Chris Clark

Little Feat:

Waiting for Columbus (Warner Bros.)

Little Feat enjoy the reputation among many of their fans as the finest band in America. Personally, I'm a little nervous about making commitments like that, but if some crazed hipster were to hold a gun to my head and demand to know who's best, I probably wouldn't hesitate too long before answering Little Feat.

And if this crazed hipster demanded proof, I'd immediately offer to play him the new live Little Feat album, *Waiting for Columbus*.

Like most live albums, *Waiting for Columbus* is pretty much a greatest hits package. And, like most live albums these days, it's a two-record set. Unlike most live albums, the versions of the songs included here are almost without exception superior to the original studio tracks.

Except for the very nice touch of adding a

Dixieland jazz break to the middle of "Dixie Chicken," these arrangements aren't drastically different from the originals — they're just more energetic. This is what a live album should be but all too rarely is: a chance for the musicians to loosen up and play in what's at least supposed to be their natural habitat, the concert hall.

But not to worry. Even when the Feat loosen up, they're still one of the tightest rock bands to be found. A quick listen to the live "Rocket in My Pocket" should convince non-believers. With musicians of this band's caliber, loose isn't the same thing as sloppy. These guys just sound like they're having a much better time on stage than they do in the studio. (Though, I'll admit, they never used to sound too bad there, either, until I heard this record.)

As might be expected, there are various solos throughout the record, and they're intelligently and articulately done within the context of the songs. Nobody resorts to mere flash or spotlight-grabbing, which is one of the band's main strengths. Each member seems to understand that he is just that, contributing his part to the total sound. As a result, the solos work at least as well on record as on stage, a rarity indeed when a concert is transferred to vinyl. Lowell George, once considered the "leader" of Little Feat, makes his presence known just often enough to let you know he's still a vital part of the band, but he seems more than content to share the spotlight with others, most notably Bill Payne on keyboards and Kenny Gradney on bass.

The Tower of Power horn section adds fine backup on several cuts, while never intruding at all.

And if all this isn't enough to convince skeptics to get hold of the record, it's also got some of Lowell George's by-now-infamous liner notes. What more could a person want?

Ah, what the hell. Why should I be nervous? I'll say it. Maybe Little Feat is the finest band in America. One of them, at least. Now I just wish this crazed hipster would put his gun away.

Ken Beagle

Jimmy Buffett:
Son of a Son of a Sailor (ABC)

On the album cover, Jimmy Buffett looks pleased; his songs sound it. His record company has given star packaging to this traveling club-band-made-good, and Buffett is freer now to enjoy sea, sun and drink. Production is appropriately lively for ditties, slow western and barroom tunes. Three songs especially — "Fool Buttin'," "Livingston Saturday Night" and "Cheesburger in Paradise" (an ode to the carnivorous life) — exude an atmosphere of raunchy fun.

"The Coast of Marseilles" and "African Friend" are, above all, romantic. "Marseilles," one of the two cuts on the album not written by Buffett, is a simple song which could have been thrown away because it's so short. However, the arrangement builds it into the type of gently pleasant song you'd want to put on again.

Looking for something to begin where "Margaritaville" left off, I didn't really find anything. "Son of a Son of a Sailor" sounds the closest. But then there's "Mañana," the hippest song on the album. Don't let the references to Steve Martin and Anita Bryant stop you from listening. "Son" or "Mañana" could be on the radio a lot.

Maybe it's incongruous to have a happy musician. Maybe Buffett's paid his dues and deserves to enjoy himself and indulge his love for the sea. Whatever it is, the record sounds like he's in control of a seasoned band in one of his favorite bars.

Becky Sue Epstein

Richard Torrance:
Double Take (Capitol)

When "Runaround Girl" pops out of the speakers, it pops. There's no Aphex Aural Exciter, but the band still sounds like it's doing a session in the next room. Torrance has obviously put a lot into this album with John Carter, a new producer for him on several selections, and the performer's new confidence shows up. You can tell that he's heading in the direction he wants to be going — toward a good, hard, rock band. (The remaining selections were produced, uncredited, by John Haeny and remixed by Carter.)

The first two cuts on the album are the strongest. "Runaround Girl" and "I Can't Ask for Anything More Than You" both use some elements of early Motown production, which also helps by association with what we remember as the more carefree era of rock. Blending disco with an early Sixties sound, "I Can't Ask" could be Torrance's "Stayin' Alive."

Torrance has written or co-written 6 of the 9 tunes on the album. Though he doesn't hold back on any of the cuts, several should sound better live. Torrance sings particularly hard on "Got No Shadow," and on "Long Lonely Nights." "Get Into the Music" is rock and roll not heavily done, and very listenable.

But after hearing the whole album, the first two cuts still stand out. They're bright, uncomplicated, and they'd get you moving on a dance floor and humming to the radio. They're hot.

B.S.E.

Dissolution Jazz

- Ubiquity:**
Starbooty (Elektra)
Dee Dee Bridgewater:
Just Family (Elektra)
Lenny White:
The Adventures of Astral Pirates (Elektra)

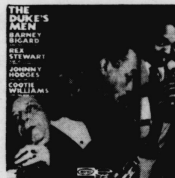
Now, I know that there are many mansions in the house of music. I know that music has many styles and many purposes and many widely, wildly different guises. I know that taste in music, like taste in anything, is highly subjective — and that there is, ultimately, little to be gained by disputing tastes with which one, as an observer or a reviewer, has no sympathy.

I know all this, and know it well. But I still feel honor-bound to report that I have the feeling, way deep down in my music-loving little heart, that there is something less than sublime going on here. That, for example, a small complement of slightly unsynchronized voices chanting in a loud r & b whisper the words, "I'm a star, you're a star; Starbooty. I'm a star, you're a star; Starbooty" against a conventional electric rhythm track is not among the highest achievements of contemporary artistic or intellectual civilization.

So what? you may ask. So what, indeed. The three albums considered here are the first releases in Elektra's new, informally linked "fusion" line. The "fusion" referred to is that between jazz and rock and/or R&B — which is to say that it's the sort of music that results when good jazz players (accomplished or promising) decide that they want a house in the hills just like Herbie Hancock's. And no two words describe "fusion" better, in my way of thinking, than . . . So what?

I have one main objection to fusion music:

(Continued on page 17)



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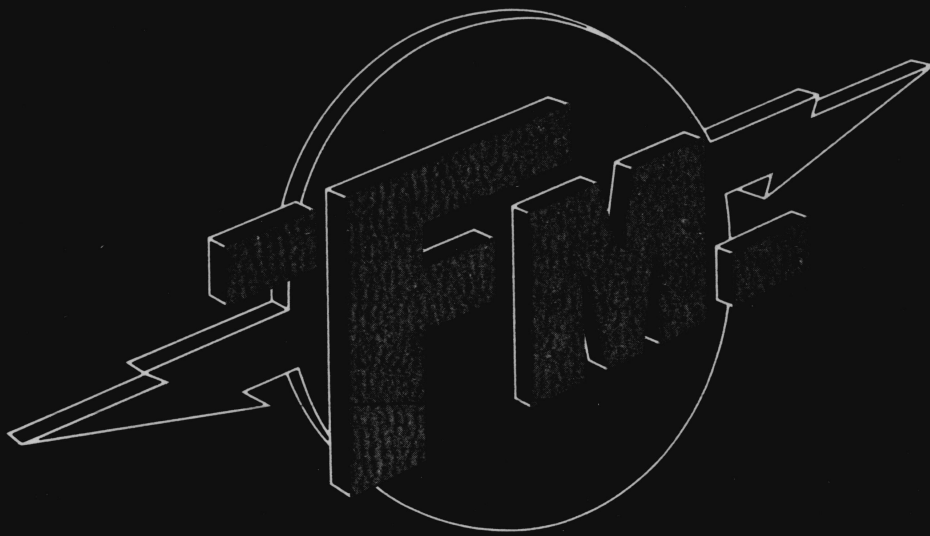
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 Guest Editorial



 BY IAN WHITCOMB

I hate the Beatles. And I hate the Stones, and Bob Dylan. I hate them because they were destroyers of childhood. They wrecked the funfair, stopped the carnival, knocked the rock. And they did this by dragging dreary REAL LIFE into the wonderful world that was POP.

Poor children of the late Sixties and early Seventies! No romance to make first love to! No exchanging of rings, no white sport coat and pink carnation at the senior prom! No struggle to undo that bra! Instead the grim reality of chemicals: the pills and syringes. And who made the chemical world popular? Who advocated filling oneself with poison, and who pronounced this message with high pretentiousness and thus sent many kids to their doom? The Beatles and the Stones and their followers.

These invaders of Peter Pan Popland not only advocated drug taking as the new "reality," they also started dragging current affairs into the scene. The Beatles did this and went up the creek, sloshing around in philosophy of a particularly wet and foreign kind (I mean the faker fakir called Mahar-what's-his-name. Like most foreigners, Indians are only good for their cooking). Following them came the illiterate, whining Bob Dylan, with his moaning about his trivial problems and his finger-pointing at poor buggers like the clerkly Mr. Jones.

The more I write about that awful period of the Sixties the iller I become. Why, I may have to reach for an aspirin soon! What was that wonderful world of pop, before the Beatles? Why did I adore it so!

Well, the main thing was that in those days, in the Fifties and very early Sixties, the worlds of pop and real life were separate. And we, being intelligent, though innocent, teenagers, knew that. We were sensible enough to see pop music as akin to eating a mammoth hot fudge sundae. In other words, pop was a treat. Too much of the stuff could make you sick. We knew that the joys of real music, of art, were ahead of us: of Beethoven, Brahms, Charlie Parker, Jelly

Roll Morton and Scott Joplin. Music and Pop were worlds apart. Pop had, and should have, little to do with music, but a lot to do with youth society.

Let me be specific: the heroes of the golden age of rock and roll were wildmen writing in gold suits with a fleet of Cadillacs gleaming in the background (Elvis Presley); or wildmen stalking the tops of grand pianos shouting about having a chicken in the barn while there was a whole lotta shakin' goin' on (Jerry Lee Lewis). These heroes were crazy when they were on stage, or record, or film. They did what we would like to do, but they confined it to the safety of the stage. In real life such behavior would have resulted in a jail term. We knew that, they knew that, the authorities knew it too. And the world turned and was OK.

And to counterpoint these stage outlaws of rock and roll there were glamorous, relaxing singers called Bobby (Vinton, Vee, Darin) and sweet girls like Connie Francis (she of the bleacher-reacher voice), and just plain good-lookers like Fabian (for rough trade lovers) and Ricky Nelson (for those with more sensitive leanings).

All these performers, caged on a stage, were managed by older men, by father-figure managers. These managers were respected — as the old should be respected. That is the way the world turns.

But then! In come the Beatles, etc. and break the rules. The inmates take over the asylum. The Rolling Stones, a rude bunch who, being middle class, ought to have known better, refused to be produced on TV shows like *Shindig*. Mick Jagger told producer Jack Good to "fuck off," when all Jack was doing was making a little pop art. The Beatles gradually sent their manager Brian Epstein into the world of redundancy and, hence, to eventual oblivion. Managers were sent packing, sent helter skelter. The old wise men ran scared. Some departed the business. Others, presidents of major record companies included, embraced the enemy by signing up groups who openly advocated a way of life in

which anything goes. Hard drugs were handed out by the major companies to their big-selling acts.

By the mid-Seventies pop had sunk into a sloshy stew of wall-to-wall Muzak, epitomized by the pap of the grotesque, fat and balding Elton John. Behold! A bank clerk elevated into rock Stardom!

And the guilty ones who started the destruction of pop childhood innocence — where are they? Where have all those flowers gone?

Many are dead from chemicals; others, with teeth and hair falling like a hard rain, are sliding into middle age. Dylan sits alone and unrecognized at ball games, deserted by his followers because they have seen the light and become the hard-working Mr. Joneses he once attacked. And what of the Beatles? Constantly being re-cycled, mummified, made into moving wax museums (see *Beatlemania*), molded into the very stuff of nostalgia. Nostalgia — the most destructive force in the world. The true evasion of reality.

One real Beatle does survive: Paul McCartney. For him the whole Beatle trip had a sensible goal: the raising of a tight-knit family far from the madding crowd.

But are there nights when his dreams are full of the ghosts of the children of the late Sixties? They scream: "You took away our childhood, you filled us with poison, you led us down the yellow brick road into the land of poison. And you survived — while we sit up here in Rock Heaven listening to the shrill demented choirs of Janis Joplin, Jim Morrison, Jimi Hendrix. Why, they're so fucking loud we can't hear Buddy Holly singing 'I Guess It Doesn't Matter Anymore'!!!!!"

Ian Whitcomb's book, After the Ball, is a text in many pop culture courses. He received his degree in American history at Trinity College, Dublin. He wrote and recorded "You Turn Me On" and "N-Nerous," respectable hits in the wake of the English Invasion. Since then, he's settled in Hollywood where he continues to write, record, and entertain. Mae West, whom Ian once produced, subsequently called him "a genius." He never hears from John, Paul, George, or Ringo.

REPEAT THE BEATLES

BY SALLEY RAYL

It's been more than seven years since the Beatle Break-Up and fans still clamor for a reunion: the whys and what-ifs arise in nearly every conversation about the phenomenon that first touched American soil in 1964. One of the most significant factors of Beatle nostalgia is that virtually no time elapsed between the break-up and the nostalgia. From the anticipated but dreaded announcement in 1970, the sentimentality for the Beatles only grew. With it the Beatle mystique reached proportions like none other in contemporary music. Perhaps the mystique is becoming even bigger than the Beatles themselves.

So here we are — 14 years after the rise of the four lads from Liverpool — riding the crest of the most frenetic commercial wave yet for a mass Beatlemania revival. A couple of years back, *John, Paul, George, Ringo and Bert* was presented on the London stage. Then, in 1976, the Capitol Records repackages began. Last year, *All This and World War II* made the attempt to unite old war clips with Beatle songs (what the Beatles had to do with the Big One is anybody's guess). *All You Need Is Cash*, starring the "Rutles," was a recent parody of the history of the Beatles. The Steven Leber/David Krebs production of *Beatlemania* hit Broadway last summer. Los Angeles last winter. And hot on the heels of the Broadway hit are two feature-length motion pictures — *Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band*, and *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*. With these films, plus the advertisers' gimmicks, contests and prizes, and promotional freebies, everyone will have the chance this summer to partake in the "new" Beatlemania. Indeed, a whole new generation of fans is ready to re-meet the Beatles ... or at least a facsimile.

Two years ago, producer Robert Stigwood put *Sgt. Pepper's* through a dry run as a Broadway musical. That production, directed by Tom O'Horgan, *Hair's* original director, ran 66 performances and bombed, but Stigwood was pleased with the audiences' response and decided to redo the project as a film. Rock journalist Henry Edwards spent six months writing the original screenplay, which basically serves as a vehicle for songs drawn from four Beatle albums, including *Abbey Road*. Stigwood was able to secure the rights to the musical material by promising that he would not alter the lyrics of the songs and that John



"Visually they are a nightmare: tight dandified, Edwardian-Beatnik suits and great pudding bowls of hair. Musically, they are a near disaster: guitars and drums slamming out a merciless beat that does away with secondary rhythms and harmony and melody."

—*Newsweek, Feb. 24, 1964*

Lennon and Paul McCartney would have final script approval. The storyline of this non-stop music extravaganza (there are only eight lines of dialogue) opens with a flashback to World War I where Sgt. Pepper (Woody Chamblis) and his Lonely Hearts Club Band are marching through Germany striking down enemy troops with music played from their magic instruments, then moves to the present and follows the rise of the "new" Lonely Hearts Club Band with Billy Shears (Peter Frampton) and his best friends, the Henderson Brothers (the Bee Gees). Hometown Heartland (the back lot at MGM) nearly succumbs to a plot by Mean Mr. Mustard (Frankie Howerd) to eliminate all love and joy from the world, but is saved by music and the recapturing of three magical musical instruments.

Sound familiar? It should. The concept is not much different from the animated *Yellow Submarine* (1968). Most of the characters are interchangeable.

At \$14 million, *Sgt. Pepper's* is the most expensive rock movie made to date. Stigwood predicts

it will outgross his rock musical, *Tommy* — primarily because of the more melodic nature of Beatle songs. Considering the bad taste displayed in *Tommy* (Ann-Margret in a sea of beans, etc.), "outgross" may be an unintentional pun. Some acts in the hole: Frampton and the Bee Gees. It's interesting to note that the leading female role, Strawberry Fields, was offered to Fleetwood Mac's Stevie Nicks, among other pop/rock femmes. When notable figures turned down the offer the Stigwood organization called for open try-outs — an event that resulted in lucrative publicity. Sandy Farina, formerly with a New York band called *Odyssey*, landed the role, primarily because of her uncanny resemblance — complete with a toothy smile — to Frampton. But, the grandiose *Sgt. Pepper's*, directed by Michael Schultz (*Car Wash, Which Way Is Up?*), is a fantasy film and with the exception of *The Wizard of Oz*, no fantasy film has ever made money (*Finian's Rainbow, The Little Prince, Bluebird* were all losers). It's obvious that *Sgt. Pepper's* big production and star-studded cast

— which also includes George Burns as Mr. Kite, Paul Nicholas as Dougie Henderson, and cameo appearances from Steve Martin (Dr. Maxwell Edison) and Alice Cooper (Father Sun) — are the saleable elements of the film.

Stigwood spent \$1 million on the extravagantly artificial Heartland set but it doesn't show. The shades of bright, almost fluorescent, pink, green, purple and red, rather than reflecting harmony, merely take us back to our Mattel days. At best, the set looks tacky. Besides, if you want color, *Yellow Submarine* is your best bet. The most symbolic of Stigwood's commercial techniques lies with the finale of the movie, a failed attempt to re-create the famous *Sgt. Pepper* album cover. The scene (at press time) was to open with a spinning weather vane that comes to life as a pied piper who leads Heartland's townspeople in a version of "Get Back." As the song segues into the chorus of "Sgt. Pepper's," the camera pulls back and the townspeople's faces fade into the faces of movie and rock stars from recent eras

(Helen Reddy, Keith Carradine, Jose Feliciano, Carol Channing, Yvonne Elliman, Tina Turner are a few) — all singing praise to Sgt. Pepper. During the four months of filming, it was rumored that John, Paul, George and Ringo would make an appearance for the finale. We should've known better with a film like this.

On several occasions, this one in particular, the 7 a.m. to late evening schedule takes its toll on the rock stars who are used to a routine that begins much later in the day. The "Here Comes the Sun" sequence is being filmed with a full-size hot air balloon designed and built especially for *Sgt. Pepper's*, and Peter Frampton has the flu. The scene is shot several dozen times, re-rehearsed and shot another three times before it's right. With every "CUT" that's shouted, Peter's cheesecake smile disappears. According to one of Frampton's bodyguards, the early morning calls became drudgery. During the filming, one could sense occasional antagonism between the rock stars. Set and press photographers had a habit of focusing most of their attention on Frampton, as if the film were *Peter in Wonderland* instead of *Sgt. Pepper*. In fact, midway through the filming, the Bee Gees hired a photographer so they could have their own glossy memories of the filming. "I don't know how good or bad it's going to be," says actor Paul Nicholas, as the action moves to Frampton and Farina in a Heartland pick-up truck, decorated with tiny blood-red hearts. "All I know is that the music is very good and the people performing the music are good so that's a big plus. A lot of people think Beatle songs are sacred and shouldn't be touched, but I see no objection to it," he muses.

All the while, "Here Comes the Sun" permeates the air. It's the same song, same arrangement (musical director George Martin, the Beatles producer, was loyal to the original arrangements), but it sounds different. Certainly the Beatles songs aren't sacred, but the covers should at least do justice to the prototypes.

Why would people pay to see Frampton and the Bee Gees, who are successful with their own material, sing Beatle songs? Is there a demand for a rock musical of this sort? Barry Gibb seems to think so: "The Beatles influenced all of us in the music world today and I can't think of any reason we shouldn't be singing Beatle songs at this date. The whole film is a send-up on show

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Pam Mitchell, agog over Beatle hairs in *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*; crazed Beatle fans (right).



Teresa Saldana (left, below) Wendy Jo Sperber (center), and Mitchell stalk the Beatles.



The Bee Gees, Frampton, Donald Pleasance and Paul Nicholas (far left); Sgt. Pepper's \$1 million Heartland set (near left).



business," explains Barry. "The B.D. Brockhursts (the corrupt record company president who signs the LHC in L.A.) come up all the time in this business. The good guys are a minority. It's too big of a business for them not to be. But, this is not an acting film. It's a lot-of-fun rock musical."

Four teenage girls, topped with bouffant hairstyles, crowd into a service elevator in the Beatles' hotel in New York City. The elevator door closes, then opens. On cue, one girl shrieks. Another screams. "It's a print!" Robert Zemeckis, 26, is directing and very much in control of his first feature-length film, based on a screenplay he wrote with friend Bob Gale. Watching the action of *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* from the side of the set, Steven Spielberg's gaze is intense, but, at the same time, complacent. It was Spielberg who convinced Universal Pictures to assign the project to Zemeckis. "My role as executive producer," he says, "initially was to reassure the studio that a first-time-out director, like Bob — whom I had complete faith in — could direct a major studio film, and I would be in the wings in case he was run over by a honey wagon. Which we knew would never happen," he chuckles. "I was like a kind of negative pick-up deal to insure Bob's ability, even though he's only had two USC shorts to his credit." Spielberg's track record included *Jaws* and *Close Encounters*

of the *Third Kind*; how could Universal doubt him?

Where *Sgt. Pepper's* has a cast of stars, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* is full of unknowns. "It's like a family," says 27-year-old Nancy Allen, one of the film's six principal players. "It's not a very serious, uptight set, basically because we're all young."

Set in February 1964 amidst the chaos surrounding the Beatles' arrival in the United States, *I Wanna Hold Your Hand*, budgeted at a modest \$3 million, is the story of four teenage girls from Maplewood, New Jersey who make plans to travel to New York City, sneak into the Beatles hotel and, maybe, get into the *Ed Sullivan Show* to see the Beatles perform live. Photographer Grace Corrigan (Teresa Saldana); Beatle fanatic Rosie Petrofsky (Wendie Jo Sperber); anti-commercial activist Janis Goldman (Susan Kendall Newman); and Pam Mitchell (Nancy

Allen), who decides to make her last pre-marital fling with the Beatles, are joined by Larry DuBois (Marc McClure), the undertaker's son who "borrows" one of his father's limousines for the trip; and Tony Smerko (Bobby DiCiccio), who has the hots for Janis — not the Beatles.

Universal Studios' Stage 33 — which for the purposes of this film is the Beatles' hotel — is a flashback to the early Sixties, complete with Capri pants, ratted hair decorated with bows, white lipstick, crewcuts (the most difficult to find for the casting director), and pointed shoes. Relaxing on a sofa in an alcove near the Beatles' bedroom, Wendie Jo Sperber, who was only five years old in 1964, ponders: "I can't believe people really dressed like this." Wendie's 15-year-old Rosie character is the most ardent of Beatle fans and is in love with Paul McCartney.

In reality, only two of the

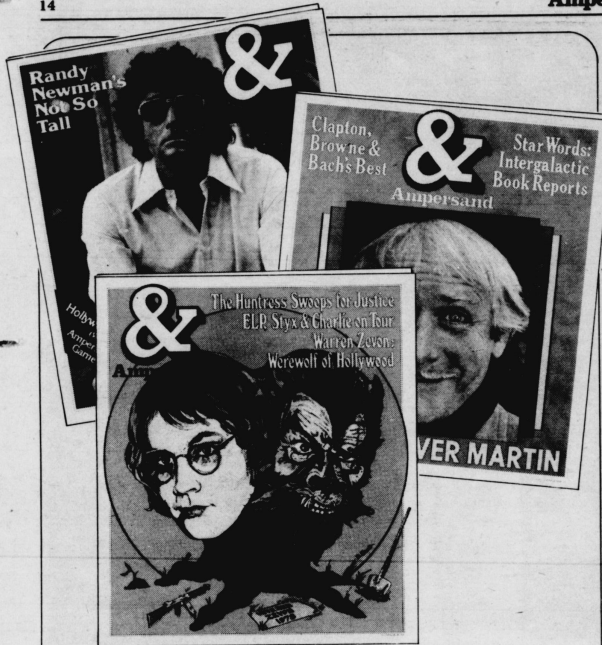
cast's six leads are old enough to remember the clothes and effect of the Beatles. At home in Sherman Oaks, California, Susan Newman, daughter of Paul, reminisces. "I went to a lot of Beatle concerts. I stood in line and saw *A Hard Day's Night* 39 times. I knew every single line, the order of the songs and every song by heart. Yes," Susie sighs, "I was very much caught up in the Beatles." A reminder of days gone by, a personally autographed poster of the Beatles, hangs on her living room wall. "They were the stepping stone for me," she said, "from your basic kid into your basic adolescent, and nothing else seemed to affect me as much as they did." Later Susan adds, "This isn't a profound film, but it does begin to deal with what people do with that whole concept of hero worship. And, let me tell you," she says, "when you get into that Hollywood Palace (which stands

in for the Sullivan theatre in New York) and they turn on the tape and 'She Loves You' comes blaring out over the loudspeakers and 400 extras are jumping on their feet screaming and crying, it does take you back." Twenty-year-old Marc McClure found himself somewhat amazed by it all: "It's a mad, mad world — really."

What makes *I Wanna Hold Your Hand* that much different from *A Hard Day's Night*? "Richard Lester's films about the Beatles are wonderful," says Spielberg, "but this picture is more about the social impact on six kids from New Jersey who come down to New York City for different reasons to be part of the mania. Why did she scream, hyperventilate and pass out? What was the magic? What was in the air that year that caused so many people to come unglued from themselves?" Within Spielberg's questions lie a certain validity for this film — the attempt to give some respectability to a hoard of screaming, crying, fainting girls, and perhaps even touch on the sociological whys and wherefores that caused the phenomenon.

"I think the time is right for a Beatles movie," Spielberg says, "but you never really know until the audience tells you. There's enough time certainly between the Beatles' debut on the *Ed Sullivan Show* and now — 13 years is enough time between the two extremes. Besides," he chuckles, "nostalgia is the junk food of America."





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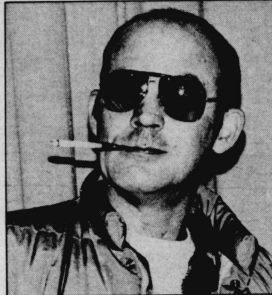
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On Tour



Hunter S. Thompson, UC Davis

Dr. Hunter S. Thompson, father of gonzo journalism and self-proclaimed raving freak in his own time, sparred with the witty and idolatrous among 300 wildly enthusiastic aggies who packed UC Davis' Freeborn Hall.

Running the gamut of trendy issues (from his role in electing Jimmy Carter president to his opinion of reality), the good doctor expanded on his books (*Hell's Angels*, *Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas*, *Fear and Loathing on the Campaign Trail*) and delivered a brief diatribe against cartoonist G. B. Trudeau and his *Doonerbury* comic strip, in which a character remarkably like Thompson appears regularly. "I've never met the bastard," the Gonzo said of Trudeau. "First time I do I intend to light him on fire. That may sound weird, but the first time I met Hamilton Jordan, I lit him on fire... it's easy."

More highlights: Thompson: I'm not exactly sure what we're going to talk about... I've always tried to make it clear to everybody involved in this thing that I have nothing to say, nothing to sell, and I can't imagine why anybody would pay... But what I can do is argue with you.

(Thompson received \$2200 for his appearance, one of many this past year; these appearances may be his only source of income, since his relationship with *Rolling Stone* editor Jann Wenner cooled.)

Question: Do you suppose that people on other planets are into drugs?

T: If there's intelligent life, yes, I would think so. They probably have better dope than we do.

Q: What happened to the Brown Buffalo (Oscar Acosta, lawyer, author and fellow Gonzo)?

T: All the evidence suggests that he is no longer with us. However, I've never been a great believer in evidence and would bet even money that he is still with us, in some form. I don't like to blow my friends' covers, so as far as I'm concerned, he's dead. Until he tells me differently.

Q: What was the greatest rush you ever had?

T: I would say, just right off the top of my head... and in partial response to the gentleman here who wanted to know the meaning of life... going down Highway 1, at night, wearing nothing but a pair of shorts and a T shirt, with the lights out, 120 miles an hour... is about as high as you can get.

At one point someone in the audience stood up and said "I want to compliment you on being so coherent." We'd all heard reports that Thompson tends to leave his body on occasion, but this evening he was

on top of everything — full of drugs (he imbibed nitrous oxide, ether, freon gas and whisky before and during his "lecture") but handling them well.

Thompson didn't always wait for questions, but his random soliloquies were pertinent and pithy:

"What I was counting on with Carter was his egomania guaranteeing sort of a minimum performance level. I thought he would be ashamed to fail, whereas Nixon gloried in it.

"If there is any central characteristic of Gonzo Journalism it is participation in the story. And when you're backing off and talking about it, you're not participating in any way. You're touching it. So that almost precludes the gonzo approach. Unless of course you want to play with the Rolling Stones... I could play drums with the Stones, and then write a review of the album. That'd be gonzo all the way. But the participation factor is major, and primary.

"New Journalism, whatever that means... is people trying to break out of this wretched mold. The stupid relaying of alleged facts. New Journalism is a better form of what journalism should have been all along. Reporting the truth, or somehow trying to get at the truth."

Q: Do you have a role, a cultural role, to uphold in your work?

T: Well, it worries me that you'd ask that question, but... no. If I worried about that I'd go totally crazy.

Joel Patterson

Low Reed, Old Waldorf, San Francisco

When they called Lou Reed's seamy brand of New York underground rock — songs about drug addiction, violence and kinky sex — "depraved" and "demonic," you could almost imagine him crouched below manhole covers on a dark night, trading lyrics with the devils beneath the pavement. He was street-tough and defiant, a kind of urban James Dean, singing — first with Andy Warhol's Velvet Underground and later alone — with a rough, sometimes passionate swagger. His music was raw city-rock, and it grated like the growl of a garbage truck at four AM.

His fans in San Francisco — who made all eight shows at the Old Waldorf sellouts — found him true to form when he played there last month. After the commercial success of a hit single ("Walk on the Wild Side") a few years back and the addition of a seven-piece backup band, including a saxophonist and two female vocalists, Reed is still rough and raunchy. On opening night the audience gave him a rousing welcome, and kept their enthusiasm throughout the set.

They were a cleaner, more respectable looking crowd than you'd expect for the man some call "the odd father of punk," which might have had as much to do with the high (\$9.50) ticket price as with changing styles. The leather and heavy makeup boys were absent, and nary a safety pin was seen.

Reed avoided much of his older material, working chiefly from his newest album *Street Hassle*, and aside from an occasional shout for Velvet Underground's classic "Heroin," the audience seemed content.

Opening for Reed was England's Ian Drury, an inventive and irreverent singer/songwriter whose music is several cuts above the usual bawdy punk-rock material. He used cockney slang, clever wordplays and driving rhythms to keep his five-piece band rumbling along.

Jayson Q. Wechter

IN BOTH EARS

A Little More Traveling Music

To a car radio receiver, any signal on its antenna is welcome. This creates a problem. The trouble is that the antenna cannot differentiate between signals produced by AM and FM broadcasting stations and the electrical signals generated by the ignition system in your car, by the ignition systems in passing cars and trucks, by machinery in buildings, by advertising signs, and by your turn indicator signals. In the invisible world of electric waves there is no segregation.

The most notorious offender is the ignition system in your own car engine. And, to add violence to mayhem, the auto antenna is generally mounted — you guessed it — as close to this noisome nuisance as possible. So if you can, put your antenna at the rear if the engine is in the front, and vice versa. It does mean that you'll need a longer connecting cable between the antenna and the receiver and it'll be more troublesome installing this cable.

One of the advantages of having an AM/FM receiver instead of AM only is that if the noise is too aggravating on one broadcast band you can always shift to the other. FM is touted as containing noise reduction circuitry and that's quite true, but it isn't the whole story. AM stations broadcast a stronger signal and you'll be able to pick up AM over much longer distances than FM. So neither band, AM or FM, has a clear-cut noise victory over the other.

There's no point in being stoical about noise, and unlike death and taxes it doesn't always have to be with us. You can fight back.

Park your car and listen to the radio. If you get good reception on AM and FM, but the sound is accompanied by noise when you turn on the ignition switch, then the noise is due to your engine. If the sound is noise free until there is a passing truck or

car, then you are picking it up from other motorists and there isn't much you can do about that. Fortunately, most cars are equipped with various noise suppression devices, so you won't have much trouble here. Some trucks are rather bad offenders, though.

Spark plugs like nothing better than to act as miniature transmitting stations, with noise as the main source of entertainment. You can suppress this tendency by installing spark plugs with built-in noise resistor suppressors. Or, if you prefer, you can use resistor cables. Alternatively, you can try shielded ignition wiring. Spark plugs produce a noise all their own, a sort of popping effect that becomes faster and stronger as the car accelerates.

Another offender is the distributor. You can handle this by connecting a distributor suppressor to the center terminal. The noise suppressor isn't an exotic part and is just a resistor. Before you try it, check to make sure your car doesn't already have a noise suppressor built in, either in the distributor cap or in the ignition leads. Putting in more suppressors if you already have them will only reduce the operating performance of the car.

Newer cars have alternators; older ones have generators. Either can be noise producers. Both have rotating armatures with carbon or copper brushes designed to bring current in from the battery. These brushes tend to spark and generate electrical interference. Connect a bypass capacitor between the armature terminal and the car frame. Noise produced by the generator or alternator has a whining sound which changes pitch as you vary the speed of the car.

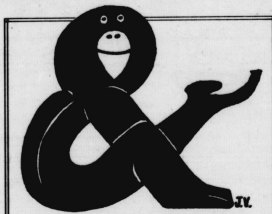
Ideally, the hood of the car should shield the antenna from the electrical noise produced by the ignition system, but it will only do that if the hood makes good metal-to-metal contact with the car frame. Since the interior of the hood is painted, the shielding effect can be quite poor since the hood and car frame do not make good electrical contact. A way around this is to connect the hood to the firewall by means of metal braid. Try metal braid on both sides near the firewall and allow enough slack so that the hood can open and close easily. When using the braid, scrape the connecting areas around the hood and firewall so that the braid makes good electrical contact with both.

There are a few other things you can do to improve radio reception. The newer cars come with a fixed length antenna. The telescoping type can usually extend to a greater length, permitting more signal pickup. Antennas are inexpensive and substituting one for another is no great job. You can also get an antenna that has a built-in signal amplifier in its base. This unit is actually a two-channel amplifier with one made for FM and the other for AM. Since it amplifies the signal at its source, that is, right at the antenna, it improves the signal-to-noise ratio. This doesn't mean that noise is eliminated, but the signals you want to hear are made so much stronger that the noise is masked and isn't noticeable.

If convenience is your thing, you can get a motorized antenna. The antenna hides in a well in your fender until you turn on the radio and then automatically raises itself to its full height. In other types this happens when you use the ignition key. Still others require a separate switch. The advantage of having an antenna that retracts is that it is more vandal-proof than the others.

Martin Clifford

This is the second of three columns on car stereo.



Ampersand of the Month

This month's winner of \$25.00 and our enduring admiration is Joseph J. Vissers, a sophomore majoring in Asian Studies at the University of Texas at Austin. He calls his creation "Monkey with Banana," and rightly so. And yes, we know that all three Ampersands of the Month have come from Texas, and no, we don't know why. They're just better at making crooked little squiggles.

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Anne Sexton: A Long Time Dying

It is indecent to attend the funeral of a stranger. There is little enough privacy left in the world that we must share our death with others, but we do — daily — on the evening news, on the front pages of newspapers, in weekly tabloids, and in letters to people we love.

Ann Sexton died on October 4, 1974, but her dying was a long, grim ritual acted out most of her forty-six years. In *Anne Sexton: A Self-Portrait in Letters* (Houghton Mifflin, \$15), the poet's daughter, Linda Gray Sexton, and confidante and biographer, Lois Ames, have made it possible for the voyeur to stand at the unshaded window and observe her manic struggle for survival. Sexton's letters are painful and bloody. It is not easy to read or accept them with the passivity of a stranger curled up with a book for a night's leisure. Like her poetry, Anne's letters plummet to abyssal depths, but offer the reader no way out, no catharsis — no excuse for continuing the struggle.

Living on the edge of sanity, Sexton admitted herself to mental hospitals as frequently as a woman visiting the beauty parlor. Poetry began as therapy and served as a lifeline until it played out. Again and again in her letters, especially to the poet, W.D. Snodgrass, Anne blessed poetry for giving her an alternative to the madness that awaits the flagging spirit.

Her letters also reveal her husband's valiant attempt to save their marriage; the awful ambivalence toward her parents; the grotesque spectacle of her mother dying, her father going to pieces, and his death soon after; Anne's discovery of poetry and her meteoric development as a writer leading to the publication of her first book in less than two years.

She wished she could write sweeter poetry, but it wasn't in her — it would have been dishonest, and she was seldom dishonest.

She was a member of a diminished school of writers that included Sylvia Plath, John Berryman, and Robert Lowell. They were a brilliant, doomed coterie of poets trying to exercise real and imagined guilts through the medium of poetry.

A Self-Portrait in Letters will serve, no doubt, as a companion piece to Ms. Ames' soon-to-be-published biography of Sexton. I don't think I'll read it. A biography can only be more fleshy, more gritty, more harrowing.

Tom Martin

Off & On Photography

Susan Sontag's new book, *On Photography* (Farrar Straus, \$7.95) — her first collection of essays since 1969 — offers the unusual experience of watching a massive amount of brains and erudition go into arguing some rather unbelievable points. It's like meeting a splendidly articulate, educated person who happens to represent the Flat Earth Society.

Like Marshall McLuhan, Sontag sets out to think about an entire medium, its peculiar

features, effect on consumers and its plusses and minuses. Photography, as Sontag sees it, is under suspicion in many areas. In particular, she worries that we are inundated in too many photographic reproductions, resulting in "image pollution." Also troublesome is the possibility that photographs may give us the feeling we are confronting reality (Vietnam, for instance) without really making us face much of anything — in fact, getting us off the hook. The photography fan seems an especially disturbing phenomenon. As Sontag views him, he is too often looking for easy effects, not critical enough about the ideas behind the images he collects, not willing to think out the implications of a Diane Arbus. In fact, Sontag grows so wary of the potentially attenuating effects of photographs that she doesn't allow any photo to enter her book, grimly determined to make the reader think very hard all the way through.

Sontag's own violent experience of photographed horror provides the most memorable part of the book. After twelve years lived as a "horror virgin," she discovered the world's foulness by leafing through a book of concentration camp pictures. Now she claims that her life falls in two halves, Before and After. The obvious conclusion would be "photography can bring about illumination," but she's not ready to buy it. She notes that today, when gory or pain-filled images crowd the pages of newspapers and magazines, no child could duplicate her own searing awakening. For Sontag, this means that too frequent and too easy an exposure to horrible images has robbed us of a part of

Let's Hear It For the Sixties

Peter Tauber's novel, *The Last Best Hope* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich) is the story of a war baby, Tyler Bowen, and through him, the story of America in the sixties. It is a profoundly sad tale, punctuated with violent death and culminating in the ascension of the ultimate social villain, Richard Nixon. Nixon is, in a sense, the summing up of the sixties: cynicism and deceit enjoying the final victory over idealism. Woodstock becomes Altamont, the Jefferson Airplane makes Levis commercials, and there you have it, crappola grande.

As fiction, *The Last Best Hope* has many strengths, compelling characterization paramount among them. Tyler, the bright, gifted, likeable young man, is indeed the prototype of America's hope. His friend, St. Paul Hooper, is a wonderful incarnation of the wise fool, sixties-style, the doped up misfit who converses directly with God, and whose personal craziness paradoxically highlights the institutional craziness of a system into which he simply cannot fit. And Johanna, Tyler's lover, epitomizes the enigmatic heroine whose motives and needs elude equally her conservative, rationalist husband, and the liberal, emotional Tyler.

Tauber's interplay of themes is complex and provocative — science and politics, the quest for truth and the quest for power, and the subversion of the former in service of the latter. This last is central to Tauber's view of the sixties and it is developed through the lives of his characters. Tyler works as an information officer for a government project, but his role is to disseminate, not information, but system-serving lies. Willie, Tyler's brother and a reluctant soldier, is given the Congressional Medal of Honor, but the reasons for the award are reconstructed to serve propaganda purposes. Even heroism is de-

success, and a serious contribution to our evolving conception of the Viet Nam war and the social chaos it engendered. It is a depressing book and a very good one. Read it.

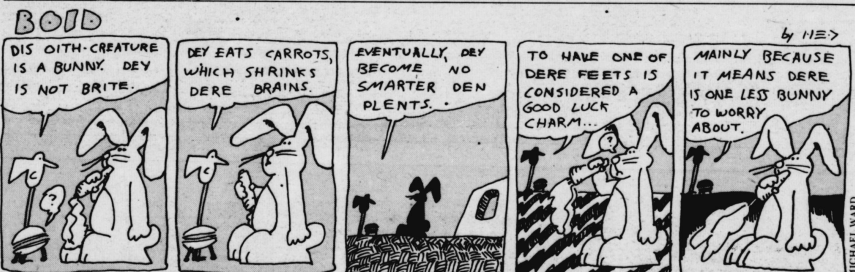
J.C. Norton

Oscar Trivia

There have been surprisingly few books dealing exclusively with the Academy Awards, so *The Oscar Movies From A-Z* (Taplinger) by Roy Pickard is probably the best reference book on the subject — but it should have been better. Every film that has ever won an Oscar in any category (with the exception of documentaries and short films) is listed in alphabetical order. Under each entry is the year of release, the number of Oscars won and in which category, a brief synopsis, the production company, director, cast, technical process, and running time. Following the alphabetical listing are five appendices — including a partial year-by-year list of both winners and nominees and a list of honorary winners — and an index of winning films and people. There are also 48 pages of pictures.

Unusual aspects of some of the Oscar-winning films are included. Imagine what a smash you can be at your next cocktail party when you alone know that *The Adventures of Robin Hood* is the only swashbuckler to have ever been nominated for a best picture Oscar and that *The Exorcist* is the only horror film to have been so nominated. If you've been losing sleep because you couldn't remember why Elmer Bernstein didn't win an Oscar for the musical score of *The Magnificent Seven*, you can now rest easy. It's because Ernest Gold won that year for *Exodus*.

Still, *The Oscar Movies* is not the definitive work it should have been. There are errors and inconsistencies that leave the book less than complete. To not include at least a list of documentary and short film winners is inexcusable. Nor is there any reason to note



MICHAEL WARD

our ability to shudder, to recoil. She goes on to relate this desensitization to Viet Nam; in fact, she argues this notion of photography-as-anesthetic so insistently, so passionately and so intelligently that I feel ignoble saying "Well, how can you prove there's less sensitivity? How can you show that photography is to blame?"

Nobody could dispute Sontag's complaints against Us in General: that we let ourselves off too easily, that we don't make ourselves think critically enough of the time, that we like facile ironies better than great complex profundities. Mea culpa! Mea maxima culpa! But I still can't believe that the first step toward redemption is to crack down on the image pollution currently imbalancing the ecology of our photo-filled society. To use an utterly Sontagian comeback: that's too simple.

Naomi Lindstrom

based.

The novel's weakness, if indeed there be one, lies in the *Ragtime*-like mix of fiction and fact. There are hazards in setting a story in recent history, using specific events as a frame for fiction: if a writer cannot generate a powerful image of his own, he can always pull one out of the newspaper. I found myself waiting for Bobby Kennedy to be shot, and not much caring how Tyler felt about it, since the event has such immediate and potent connections in my own experience.

This is perhaps a stylistic quibble — I just don't like novels written this close to fact. That aside, Tauber has given us believable and moving characters, and has painted a grim and valid portrait of what was, in retrospect, an essentially tragic era. If you believe, as I do, that the role of fiction is not simply to divert, but to illuminate, then *The Last Best Hope* must be counted as a major

George C. Scott's refusal of his Oscar but not Marlon Brando's refusal of his. George Burns is credited with being the oldest acting winner, but Tatum O'Neal isn't cited as the youngest. Walter and John Huston are credited with being the only father and son to have both won Oscars in the same year for the same film (*Treasure of the Sierra Madre*), yet father and son Coppola did the same thing for *The Godfather Part II*. In *Old Arizona* is, at one point, called *In Old Oklahoma*. James Gleason gets a credit for Jackie, Paul Williams loses his "Evergreen" lyric writing to John Williams, and so on.

As the best of the Oscar reference books and a boon to movie trivia buffs, *The Oscar Movies* is recommended, but be warned: When showing off your Oscar knowledge, check at least one other reference before making any heavy bets.

Paul Helford



(Continued from page 9)

it is blindly, damnably egalitarian. It is too much of a piece. There are no hierarchies in fusion, no saints or goddesses or princes. All the instruments (including voices) are given the same value — sometimes literally the same dynamic value and same values of timbre, as in cases wherein electric and electronically-enhanced guitar, piano, and, maybe, tenor saxophone all blend to the extent that one is literally indistinguishable from the other. It is melting-pot music, in the worst possible sense of the term. It represents not so much a fusion as a dissolution.

Jazz — and, for that matter, much of rock — has always been an individualist's music, a music which stresses — which depends upon — the split-second, highly personal invention of new music based on established musical patterns. At its best, it is perhaps the most impressive form of composition in the world. Fusion music, on the other hand, discourages the individual. It asks him or her to fit neatly into established patterns, to parrot clichés (many of which were invented, though this is commonly forgotten these days, by John McLaughlin and the members of his various groups). It asks the musicians who play it to remember their places. What comes out may have moments of beauty, moments of excitement; much of what results makes good, compelling dance music. But it also represents, it seems to me, a sorry waste of talent — and, worse, a kind of enforced artistic entropy. Fusion music sashays, often to a disco beat, into a creative cul-de-sac.

Starbooty, by Ubiquity, which is the group former jazz vibraphonist Roy Ayers leads, is easily the least interesting of these three albums. The music is strong but repetitious (Ayers produced the album but does not play on it), the lyrics are inane, and if there are any distinguished players or singers here, they cannot be discerned.

Dee Dee Bridgewater's album is relatively without gimmickry, and there are some fine musicians present — including Stanley Clarke, who also produced Chick Corea, George Duke, Alphonso Johnson, Airtio Moreira, Bobby Lyle, Ndugu Leon Chanler, and violinist Scarlet Rivera. But the music never comes alive. It fits too neatly into overly familiar patterns, and the songs themselves are nothing special. (The only well-known composition here is "Sorry Seems to Be the Hardest Word" — which is scarcely among the best songs Messrs. John and Taupin have written.) Bridgewater's voice is clear and intense, but the material she does is mostly pretty blurry.

The Lenny White album is a mildly pleasant surprise. The packaging suggests a comic-strip sci-fi "Star Wars" rip-off. There's even a synopsis of "a musical space odyssey" about space pirates, a "Heavy Metal Monster Machine," "Mandarin Warlord Starships," and such (in one passage, "Images of Millenniums [sic] past race by") but, fortunately, this nonsense doesn't actually find its way onto the vinyl. There are some nice, if very simple, melodic themes on *Astral Pirates*, and a few moments of true fire from Don Blackman on good, old-fashioned organ and good, old-fashioned acoustic piano, and Lenny White's percussion is crisp and hard-driving (though his one extended solo, which begins brilliantly, soon becomes a muddle). The music is undemanding, but not at all unenjoyable. It might be called "cocktail fusion."

Colman Andrews

AMPERCHART

ROCK

- 1 **Saturday Night Fever**
Soundtrack-RSO
- 2 **Slowhand**
Eric Clapton-RSO
- 3 **The Stranger**
Billy Joel-Columbia
- 4 **Aja**
Steely Dan-ABC
- 5 **Running on Empty**
Jackson Browne-Asylum
- 6 **Even Now**
Barry Manilow-Arista
- 7 **Point of Know Return**
Kansas-Kirshner
- 8 **Jefferson Starship Earth**
Jefferson Starship-Grunt
- 9 **Weekend in L.A.**
George Benson-Warner Bros.
- 10 **The Grand Illusion**
Sly & A&M
- 11 **News of the World**
Queen-Elektra
- 12 **Foot Loose & Fancy Free**
Rod Stewart-Warner Bros.
- 13 **Blue Lights in the Basement**
Roberta Flack-Atlantic
- 14 **Double Live Gonzo**
Ted Nugent-Epic
- 15 **Rumours**
Fleetwood Mac-Warner Bros.
- 16 **Street Player**
Rufus & Chaka Khan-ABC
- 17 **Waiting for Columbus**
Little Feat-Warner Bros.
- 18 **Bootsy? Player of the Year**
Bootsy's Rubber Band-Warner Bros.
- 19 **Waylon & Willie**
Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson-RCA
- 20 **Excitable Boy**
Warren Zevon-Asylum
- 21 **French Kiss**
Bob Welch-Capitol
- 22 **Simple Dreams**
Linda Ronstadt-Asylum
- 23 **Infinity**
Journey-Columbia
- 24 **Feels So Good**
Chuck Mangione-A&M
- 25 **Chempagne Jam**
Atlanta Rhythm Section-Polydor

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- | | |
|--|--|
| Magnum
Nash-Musroom | London Town
Wings-Capitol |
| This Year's Model
Elvis Costello-Columbia | Champagne Jam
Atlantic Rhythm Section-Polydor |
| And Then There Were Three...
Genesis-Atlantic | Kings
Bob Marley & the Wailers-Island |
| Double Exposure
Hot Tunes-RCA | Hop! Ohayon
Nigel Olsson-Columbia |
| Songs in the Trees
Carly Simon-Elektra | Son of a Gun of a Baller
Jimmy Buffet-ABC |

JAZZ

- 1 **Weekend in L.A.**
George Benson-Warner Bros.
- 2 **Live at the Bijou**
Grover Washington, Jr.-Kudu
- 3 **Rainbow Swisher**
Joe Sample-ABC
- 4 **Feels So Good**
Chuck Mangione-A&M
- 5 **Hold On**
Noel Pointer-UA
- 6 **The Mad Hatter**
Chick Corea-Polydor
- 7 **The Path**
Ralph McDonald-Martin
- 8 **Let's Do It**
Roy Ayers-Polydor
- 9 **Funk in a Mason Jar**
Harvey Mason-Arista
- 10 **West Side Highway**
Stanley Turrentine-Fantasy
- 11 **Herb Alpert & Hugh Masekela**
Herb Alpert & Hugh Masekela-Horizon
- 12 **Heads**
Bob James-Columbia
- 13 **Tequila Mockingbird**
Ramsey Lewis-Columbia
- 14 **Just Family**
Dee Dee Bridgewater-Elektra
- 15 **Say It with Silence**
Hubert Laws-Columbia

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- | | |
|---|--|
| Every Day, Every Night
Flora Purvum-Warner Bros. | A Portrait of Bud Powell
Al Hager-intony |
| Lenny White Presents the Adventures
of Astral Pirates
Elektra | Lionel Hampton Presents: Buddy Rich
Who's Who in Jazz |
| Gilder
Auracle-Chrysalis | Unfinished Business
Jimmy Smith-Mercury |

SOUL

- 1 **Saturday Night Fever**
Soundtrack-RSO
- 2 **Bootsy? Player of the Year**
Bootsy's Rubber Band-Warner Bros.
- 3 **Weekend in L.A.**
George Benson-Warner Bros.
- 4 **Blue Lights in the Basement**
Roberta Flack-Atlantic
- 5 **Funkentelechy vs. Placebo Syndrome**
Parliament-Casablanca
- 6 **Street Player**
Chaka Kahn-ABC
- 7 **All 'n All**
Earth, Wind & Fire-Columbia
- 8 **Thankful**
Natalie Cole-Capitol
- 9 **Golden Time of the Day**
Maze featuring Frankie Beverly-Capitol
- 10 **Raydio**
Raydio-Arista
- 11 **Stargard**
Stargard-MCA
- 12 **Once Upon a Dream**
Enchantment-Roadshow
- 13 **Reaching for the Sky**
Peabo Bryson-Capitol
- 14 **When You Hear Lou, You've Heard It All**
Lou Rawls-Philadelpia
- 15 **Warmer Communications**
Average White Band-Atlantic

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- | | |
|--|--|
| My Favorite Fantasy
Dan McCoy-MCA | Part Avenue Sound
Gloria Gaynor-Polydor |
| We Came to Play
Tower of Power-Columbia | Pressure Principle
Parle-Casablanca |
| Single
The Flotadors-ABC | Swallow
Sun-Capitol |
| Journey to the Light
Bunton-Tabu | Mandala-Motown |

COUNTRY

- 1 **Waylon & Willie**
Waylon Jennings & Willie Nelson-RCA
- 2 **Ten Years of Gold**
Kenny Rogers-UA
- 3 **Here You Come Again**
Dolly Parton-RCA
- 4 **Simple Dreams**
Linda Ronstadt-Asylum
- 5 **Quarter Moon in a Ten Cent Town**
Emmylou Harris-Warner Bros.
- 6 **Take This Job and Shove It**
Johnny Paycheck-Epic
- 7 **Someone Loves You Honey**
Charley Pride-RCA
- 8 **Best of the Statler Brothers**
Statler Brothers-Mercury
- 9 **'Til All Come Back Backoon**
Oak Ridge Boys-ABC-Dot
- 10 **We Must Believe in Magic**
Crystal Gayle-UA
- 11 **It Was Almost Like a Song**
Ronnie Milsap-RCA
- 12 **Heaven's Just a Sin Away**
The Kendalls-Ovation
- 13 **Let's Keep It That Way**
Anne Murray-Capitol
- 14 **Love Is Just a Game**
Larry Gatlin-Monument
- 15 **Out of My Head and Back in My Bed**
Loretta Lynn-RCA

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- | | |
|--|---|
| Soft Lights and Hard Country Music
Moe Bandy-Columbia | Lovely Hearts Club
Bills Jo Spenser-UA |
| Verdiana
Eddie Rabbit-Elektra | Old Fashioned Love
The Kendalls-Ovation |
| Tanya Tucker's Greatest Hits
Tanya Tucker-MCA | Entertainers... On and Off the Record
Statler Brothers-Mercury |
| Eastern Island
Kia Kirocherson-Monument | I've Craved the Blue Right Out of My Eyes
Crystal Gayle-MCA |

Lukewarm Wax

On Screen

AMERICAN HOT WAX, starring Tim McIntyre, Laraine Newman, Fran Drescher and Jay Leno; written by John Kaye; directed by Floyd Mutrux.

Though it sports more than a little merit as an example of slick exploitation movie-making, the faults of *American Hot Wax* are strong enough to qualify it as a failure for not achieving the higher purpose to which its creators may have aspired.

In fact, one wonders what producer Art Linson, writer John Kaye and director Floyd Mutrux may have had in mind. Certainly Paramount Pictures' advertising department had no idea: *American Hot Wax* is touted as documenting "the beginning of an era," when the story is quite obviously — and equally erroneously — about the end of an era.

The idea, evidently, was to present a brief span in the career of real-life '50s disc jockey Alan Freed (the main character bears his name) who is credited with coining the term "rock and roll" in its musical, rather than strictly sexual, sense. Freed, a top-rated New York air personality, promoted concerts on the side, was an active businessman and a "victim" of the payola scandals of the early 1960s. As a result of the ensuing congressional investigation, Freed lost his job, took a huge financial loss, and suffered emotional crises probably leading to his death in Palm Springs five years later. It's a story with a lot of intrinsic drama, right?

Not enough for this film's creators. Facts are juggled without reason, historical data is ignored, and the resulting film becomes something only slightly more realistic than "Happy Days" — another Paramount production.

The film is filled with what may appear to be authentic details, some of which are, and some of which hint at the production staff's callous disregard for facts. The date is set precisely at Buddy Holly's birthday — September 7, 1959, and the two days following.

Contrary to what *American Hot Wax* implies, Freed's last concert was not in New York City at the Brooklyn Paramount, it was in Miami sometime later.

Straw men are set up. According to this account, Freed was victimized for his insistence on playing black r&b music during a conservative, Ivory Soap-white era. He may have done just that, but it wasn't in New York, and it certainly wasn't in 1959 — Freed committed that particular heresy in Cleveland several years earlier. The payola investigations were largely the result of a war between ASCAP and BMI, the former group feeling that their member songwriters weren't getting enough airplay. The race war, such as it was, was all but long gone. Most of the music played on the soundtrack — the film's strongest asset by far — dates back to the mid-Fifties, when that particular battle was going on.

Which leads to some interesting anachronisms. "Teenage Louise," the Carole King-type played by Laraine Newman, claims to have written two songs — "ABC's of Love" and "Why Do Fools Fall in Love" — that had been hits for Frankie Lymon three years earlier than "Louise" is said to have "written" them. Producer Richard Perry, in a funny cameo, helps a white Danny and the Juniors-type group arrange "Come Go With Me" — exactly as done by



Chuck Berry reelin' and a-rockin' in *American Hot Wax*.

the racially mixed Del-Vikings in 1957. A district attorney cites as evidence against rock and roll Chuck Berry's "filthy" version of "Reelin' and Rockin'" — lyrics that weren't released on a record until 1972! — and Billy Ward's "Sixty Minute Man," an r&b hit in 1951! A songwriter claims to have come up with "Oh, What a Nite," which had in fact been a hit for the Dells, though in 1956. It's hard to take any of this seriously, when the filmmakers themselves show so little regard for accuracy.

All of this is even more puzzling (who, after all, expects facts in musical biographies?) in light of Mutrux's slavish and often quite hip attention to detail in capturing other aspects of the period. The wall of Freed's radio studio is decorated with photos of little-known acts like Ersel Hickey; actors including genuine music-biz figures like singer Eric Mercury and producer Artie Ripp have the period's sleazier elements down to the minutist detail; and the scenes involving young teenager Moosie Drier as a Freed groupie will melt the heart of any kid who has hung around a local station fetching coffee for his d.j. hero, hoping to become involved somehow in the whole glorious hustle. Costuming, language, and the sets are remarkably true-to-life — especially considering that the film was shot entirely in Los Angeles nineteen years after the supposed fact.

The producers' argument in explanation of the conflict between reality and *American Hot Wax* might be that they are striving to retell the "legend." There is, in fact, a semi-prominent disclaimer, saying that none of the characters really existed or bear any resemblance to real-life personalities. So be it, but consider yourself warned. Enjoy the music, which doesn't depend on a period for effect — it's great, no matter what era it begins, ends, or represents. And enjoy

American Hot Wax as entertainment. As history, it's less true to life than exploitation quickies like "Don't Knock the Rock" were, back when it was all really happening.

Todd Everett

STRAIGHT TIME, with Dustin Hoffman, Gary Busey, Harry Dean Stanton and Theresa Russell; directed by Ulu Grosbard.

Dustin Hoffman filed a \$30 million lawsuit against First Artists for allegedly taking *Straight Time* away from him before he could complete his final cut. It's a particularly tricky suit because Hoffman, along with Barbra Streisand, Sidney Poitier, Paul Newman and Steve McQueen, is a principal and co-founder of First Artists. That battle will be decided in the courts, but the movie we see in the theatres cannot be viewed as a mangled classic, a lost film butchered by a greedy producer; I can't see how a different edit would solve the film's fundamental problems of character and motivation.

Quite simply, Hoffman never should have made *Straight Time* in the first place. It's a seedy little film, grim without being insightful. Hoffman plays an all-time loser, just released from his latest eight-year jail sentence. He's a petty crook, without any skills or motivation, and he just can't stay clean. A tough parole officer and a friend on junk are enough to turn Hoffman back to his old games, but we just don't care. We're supposed to see Hoffman as some sort of consummate outsider, enraged by demons he can't articulate. It's a catchy literary notion that often attracts writers, it's even made a good film or two (see Louis Malle's *Thief of Paris* if it's ever revived), but *Straight Time* isn't up to the conceit. The overall response to the movie is apathy — hardly a credible emotion for a two-hour movie.

Hoffman acts with his usual skill, but his character goes from unlikeable in the beginning to hateful in the end. Only Gary Busey as a con on dope and Harry Dean Stanton as a con bored by suburbia have some interior life that makes them interesting. Newcomer Theresa Russell, seen briefly a couple of years ago in *The Last Tycoon*, does okay as a girl who befriends Hoffman, but she's a cliché and remains so to the end.

Save your money.

Jacoba Atlas

THE BIG SLEEP with Robert Mitchum, Sarah Miles, Candy Clark; written and directed by Michael Winner.

Die-hard Raymond Chandler fans are not going to be pleased with this latest remake of *The Big Sleep*. For one thing, it's set in present-day London, a totally bizarre decision (made for tax purposes) that plays havoc with the narrative. Chandler was the ultimate Los Angeles writer, and his vision was tied to that city. Like much vintage wine, Chandler doesn't travel well, and by the time *The Big Sleep* makes it across the ocean to England the sediment has almost muddied the grape beyond recognition.

Writer-director Michael Winner has decided to make sense out of Chandler's convoluted narrative, something that screenwriters Leigh Brackett, William Faulkner and Jules Furthman were unable to do in the 1946 classic. That clarity is now possible because censorship laws have relaxed. Today you can tell a story about heroin, pornography, nymphomania and homosexuality and not have to invent subterfuges which fool some and confuse the rest. So here we have Chandler's unvarnished plot: a millionaire, played by James Stewart, calls in private detective Philip Marlowe to find out who is blackmailing him into paying his youngest daughter's gambling debts. That straightforward request sets off a chain of events that includes several murders, an excursion into the gaudy nightlife of the bored rich, an encounter with petty pornographers and wealthy homosexuals and finally leads to the discovery of insanity right on the old man's doorstep.

Robert Mitchum again plays Marlowe (as he did in *Farewell, My Lovely*) with style and panache. His world-weary eyes and natural elegance neatly complement Chandler's notion of Marlowe as a giant in a universe of midgets. Sarah Miles, on the other hand, flounders as the older sister Charlotte (played in 1946 by Lauren Bacall). She's no longer the love interest, and since she can't compete with her younger sister for morality, Charlotte has very little to do except stand around wearing pink silk and frizzy hair.

Candy Clark, however, all but chews up the scenery as the nympho-wacky sister Camilla. Her acting is so over-ripe, she fairly drips when she moves. At one point, believe it or not, Candy goes into such a fit she actually foams at the mouth. When was the last time you saw that in a movie! However, both women are slightly marred by the fact that Marlowe is morally repulsed by them. Chandler was the ultimate puritan, but Mitchum is just too sexual a man to make us believe he's as disgusted as he pretends to be.

In the end, what keeps *The Big Sleep* from working is that it has no point of view. Without Chandler's landscape, the movie is nothing more than a detective story. Marlowe needs another dimension the way Dante needed Hell: without that, he's just driving down the same old streets.

J.A.

CARLY SIMON

BOYS
IN
THE
TREES

Featuring current single
"YOU BELONG TO ME"

Appearing at the
BOTTOM LINE
May 5th-7th

Produced by ARIF MARDIN



M U S H R O O M R E C O R D S
P R O U D L Y A N N O U N C E S
T H E R E L E A S E
O F

Heart

M A G A Z I N E



THERE'S MAGIC UNDER OUR UMBRELLA