

## Voice support for English TAs

# Graduate students vote to form own association

By GREGG FIELDS  
Associate Editor

A group of about 40 teaching assistants from at least eight UK schools and departments voted overwhelmingly yesterday to "form a union or association of all graduate and professional students."

The group also endorsed a resolution "supporting EGSO (English Graduate Student Organization) in its efforts" and "are organizing to make this a campus-wide effort."

But an amendment asking for English Chairman Joseph Bryant's resignation, which the EGSO requested last week, was withdrawn after protests from TAs in other departments.

The vote to form an association was passed 30-3. Only 11 of the 38 in attendance were from the English Department.

The meeting was organized by EGSO members, who said they were partly motivated by statements of Bryant published last week calling TAs "too immature" to teach literature in freshman composition courses. Bryant has banned Henry Miller's *Black Spring* and William Faulkner's *Light in August* from freshman courses after the parent of a UK student complained about sexual passages in the Miller book, used in a freshman course taught by TA Betty Jean Gooch.

"In the wake of our chairman's attitudes we found that our classroom credibility has been undermined," said EGSO member Dick Anderson. "Some students haven't turned in papers because we're too impatient to handle them."

Added Vicki Lyle, another English TA, "We need to familiarize those we've had frantic phone calls from with problems we've had in the department and what action we're

going to take."

But they stressed that Bryant's actions were a catalyst, not the sole reason for, yesterday's meeting. "People were talking about these things already," said Lyle. "It (the organization) was on the way."

The English TAs found an audience eager to organize, as well as supportive of them in their bouts with Bryant. "We've no quarrels with our faculty," said Debby Donnellan, an anthropology TA. "But we're willing to do anything legal to support you (English TAs) in this."

The crowd burst into laughter when Donnellan added that, "I can't stay much longer. I have to pick up the baby I'm too immature to raise."

In listing the goals of the new organization, the group cited clarification of job description first, but several pointed out that they needed a say in the description. "It seems to me Gooch performed the job to the best of her abilities, and then

when she did it, he (Bryant) told her she couldn't do it," said physics TA Lon Clay Hill. "We don't need that kind of clarification."

But Hill, 39, warned against shortsightedness. "If Bryant was our only problem, we'd be in great shape," he said. "The focus isn't Bryant, but all the other problems (for TAs)."

Some of those problems, according to yesterday's group, are low pay, too-strict residency requirements and lack of a program to help TAs improve their teaching.

Organization of the new group will be done by an executive committee, composed of TAs from various departments. Lyle said she thinks the group can meet soon "to define the organization and set up the machinery."

"If everyone will get back to me before Friday (on who their representatives are) I'm hoping they can meet early next week," she said.

Anderson said the group needs "to

make sure the representatives can get the groundwork laid in the summer so that in the fall we won't have to figure out how we can get it done, but can actually get down to work."

Several of the English TAs requested support in their current battle with Bryant. "Someone said the English meeting tomorrow (today at 3:30 in CB 108) is an open meeting where Dr. Bryant is going to speak on this (book banning and TA responsibility) issue," said Michael Moran, of the English department. "If it is open, it'd be nice if we could all come," he said, as several people laughed.

When someone asked if the meeting would be open to people not from the English department, one TA said, "Show up anyway and make them turn you down."

"And bring some friends," chimed in another.

Moran also said he thought the

administration is trying to stonewall on Bryant's actions until the end of the semester. "Keep in mind the *Kernel* only publishes three more days," he said. "The deans are all counting on this, so that everyone can forget about it over the summer."

Several TAs requested their name not be used for publication, saying they feared losing their jobs. "If they want to get rid of you they can think of a reason," said one.

But they made no attempt to hide their feelings. "Just the words 'teaching assistant' make it sound like we're passing out materials or something while a professor teaches," said a TA who has taught a foreign language for several years.

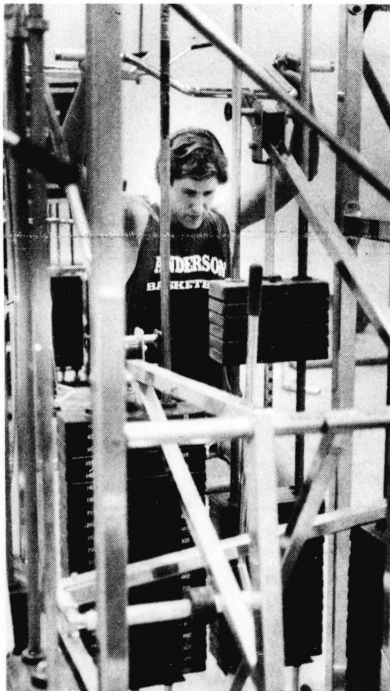
Both Lyle and Anderson said they were encouraged by the meeting. "I think it's very encouraging," said Anderson. "The people who came here didn't come for a party organization, but to deal with some very serious issues."

# KENTUCKY Kernel

Vol. LXXI, No. 154  
Wednesday, May 2, 1979

University of Kentucky  
Lexington, Kentucky

an independent student newspaper



By DAVID MAYNARD/Kernel Staff

## Pumping iron

Eying the weights slowly rising before him, John Gilbert, Chemistry major, seems to be standing behind a jungle of bars. Gilbert is pressing weights at the Seaton Center.

## today

### local

**AN 18-YEAR-OLD LEXINGTON YOUTH DIED EARLY YESTERDAY** in the Fayette County Detention Center, four hours after his arrest on a disorderly conduct charge.

Coroner Chester Hager said John Marcum apparently died of a drug overdose, but his body was sent to Louisville General Hospital for an autopsy.

Hager said he pronounced Marcum dead at 3:29 a.m. after a deputy jailer discovered the youth unconscious in his cell.

Marcum was arrested after police received a call that he was acting hysterically outside his house.

Marcum suffered cuts after reportedly running head long into a tree, police said.

### state

**WORK CREWS REBUILT A DAMAGED SECTION OF TRACK** in East View yesterday and began the task of removing 11 Illinois Central Gulf freight cars that derailed in a rural area near this Hardin County community.

## Statewide energy conservation measures to be put into effect by the end of this year

By MARIA BRADEN  
Associated Press Writer

FRANKFORT — After more than a two-year delay, statewide energy conservation standards for new and renovated buildings should be on the books by the end of this year, Deputy Energy Secretary Damon Harrison said yesterday.

The state Energy Department proposed a state conservation plan in 1977 that included new thermal and lighting standards for buildings.

Under the plan submitted to the Federal Energy Administration, Kentucky proposed to reduce its projected 1980 energy usage by some 7 percent through the implementation of five mandatory measures including lighting and heating standards.

However, energy officials were unsuccessful in several attempts to

issue a regulation setting the new standards. The legislative subcommittee, which reviews administrative regulations without approval on grounds that the legislature did not intend to give the department enforcement authority, and earlier this year the Attorney General's office said the department did not have the authority to impose and enforce those energy standards.

As a result, Harrison said, the standards are being included in a statewide building code now being developed by the state Department of Housing, Building and Construction under a 1978 state law.

Harrison said he doesn't expect opposition to the code, which will be based on one developed by the Building Officials and Code Administrators International Inc. — generally referred to as the BOCA code.

"The real reliable builders are already exceeding the code," he said.

Deputy Housing Commissioner John R. Groves said a final version of Kentucky's code will be issued by the end of August. Six months after that, or about February, 1980, the code will be applied to all large buildings across the state and to construction in counties with first and second class cities. The code will be phased in over the next two to three years in counties with smaller cities.

Harrison said adoption of the code will complete implementation of Kentucky's energy conservation plan — which also included development of a program to promote carpools and public transportation and of energy efficient purchasing policies for state and local government.

Harrison said calculations indicate that Kentucky will reach its goal of a 7

percent reduction in energy consumption by 1981.

By late summer, the energy department expects to embark on another phase of energy management — training maintenance personnel to do energy audits in schools, hospitals, public-care facilities and local government buildings.

An audit, or analysis, of a building's energy weaknesses will provide the basis for instituting energy conservation measures, Harrison said. The Lexington firm of Chrisman, Miller and Wallace has been hired under a \$30,000 person service contract to design a workbook and special audit forms for the training session, he said.

Kentucky could qualify for as much as \$5 million under the 1978 National Energy Act for preliminary audits, technical assistance and conservation measures.

## Carter's gas rationing plan faces uphill House fight

By TOM RAUM  
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON — President Carter's standby plan for gasoline rationing was sent limping toward an uncertain fate on the House floor yesterday by a deeply divided House Commerce Committee.

The panel barely agreed, on a 21-20 vote, to have the full House decide the issue. The committee, spurning Carter's nationally televised appeal for its support, decided instead to send the plan to the House floor without a recommendation.

The "no-recommendation" vote came after supporters of the plan failed for the second time within a

week to win committee approval of it. A motion seeking that endorsement died yesterday on a 21-21 tie.

Later in the day, an effort was launched in the same committee to block another Carter energy initiative, the administration's plan to lift controls from domestic crude oil prices beginning June 1. But a vote on that issue was delayed until today.

Carter's standby rationing proposal, which would allocate gasoline during severe shortages solely on the basis of registered automobiles, faces "a hard fight" on the floor, acknowledged Rep. John Dingell, D-Mich., House manager of the measure. "I think it has a good chance," Dingell said after yesterday's

committee action. Then he added: "I'm not saying I think we can get it through. I'm just saying I think there's a chance."

Dingell said the measure will see floor action within the next few days. The plan will die unless both chambers approve it by May 12. A 1975 law required submission of a standby rationing plan to Congress.

During a nationally televised news conference Monday, Carter had called his proposal "imperative" for the nation to deal with any future fuel shortage emergency similar to the shortage forced by the 1973-74 Arab oil embargo.

Last Wednesday, the House Commerce Committee tentatively

voted down the rationing proposal by a 22-20 margin. But administration allies, buoyed by approval of the proposal one day later by the Senate Energy Committee, had hoped to turn the vote around.

Despite Carter's direct appeal and a heavy White House lobbying campaign, the White House was only able to switch one vote in the intervening week — that of Rep. Timothy E. Wirth, D-Colo.

Rep. Clarence Brown, R-Ohio, noting earlier claims by House leaders that the rationing measure would get a floor vote regardless of what the panel did, claimed "this exercise through which we have gone is rather pointless."

### nation

**THE BODIES OF 15 PEOPLES TEMPLE MEMBERS** who followed the Rev. Jim Jones to South America arrived in Oakland, Calif., yesterday to a bleak homecoming.

Only two relatives were at the Oakland Army Base when three 44-foot moving vans pulled up to the mortuary at dawn, bearing the bodies in stacked steel coffins. Base officials would not let the pair watch the unloading. They also turned

### world

**A SPECIAL COMMISSION IN CAPE TOWN, SOUTH AFRICA**, yesterday recommended that discriminatory labor laws be abolished so blacks may have the same pay, training and union membership as whites, a move sure to spark an uproar in this white-dominated nation.

The suggestions were seen as an effort to fill skilled and semi-skilled positions for which there are not enough whites

and, in part, to assuage foreign criticism of the nation's racial policies.

The recommendations from the two-year-old government-appointed panel would erode the cornerstone of the white minority-ruled nation's three-year-old laws of apartheid that often mandate separate bathrooms and cafeterias at work.

**ONE OF IRAN'S TOP MOSLEM LEADERS WAS ASSASSINATED** yesterday as he left a dinner party in Tehran.

Ayatollah Morteza Motahari, who was closely associated with the new Islamic Republic of Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, was struck in the head by a single bullet and died early today at Torsh Hospital.

### weather

**BECOMING PARTLY CLOUDY, BREEZY** and warmer today. Highs in the upper 70s. Tonight, mostly cloudy with widely scattered showers and possible thunderstorms developing late tonight, becoming more likely tomorrow. Low tonight in the upper 50s to low 60s. High tomorrow in the upper 70s to low 80s.

# KENTUCKY Kernel

editorials & comments

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## Bryant acted appropriately; EGSO out for blood

By KENNETH KING

I am writing as an English graduate student and former teaching assistant who opposes the EGSO demand that Dr. Bryant make a public "apology" and resign as department chairman.

I want to make clear at the outset that I, too, was disturbed by the remarks — or at least by that portion of them appearing in the *Kernel* — which Dr. Bryant made in the interview with Eli Simpson. I think any teaching assistant is justified in being disturbed by the remarks, and particularly so since they have appeared in a public medium. If the controversy which has arisen had restricted itself to those comments, and if EGSO's response had been more temperate, I would not be submitting this opinion.

I do not feel, however, that the actions Dr. Bryant took three or four months ago deserve the abuse that has been heaped upon him. English 101 and 102 are composition courses; such works of literature as are included in those courses are supposed to serve the purpose of teaching students to write.

They do this — or are supposed to do it — in two ways: by giving students ideas to write about, and by providing them with models of good prose. It is no doubt true, however, that as teaching assistants we have sometimes tended to teach the literature for its own sake — we ourselves enjoy the literature, and many of us get no other opportunity to teach it. There would have been no problem with that if we had not been doing it in a composition course required of all freshmen, many of whom regard it as an affliction rather than a blessing.

It is therefore not unreasonable for the chairman of the department to insist that the literature works used should not be excessively difficult for the average composition student, and that they should be models of good English prose. Nor is it a put-down of freshmen to say that some works of literature are too difficult for most of

them. Teachers within all disciplines start with simpler subject matter and save the more demanding for advanced courses. It has been my own experience, furthermore, that some students in freshman composition prefer that their work not be too difficult. The work should be, no doubt, more difficult than they desire, but there is a limit to what may reasonably be expected of them.

It is unfortunate that Dr. Bryant's actions had to occur after a complaint by a student, but it is an unfortunate fact of life that problems are usually brought to our attention in unpleasant ways. I do not think that, under the circumstances, Dr. Bryant acted unwisely. He in fact gave us his reasons for those actions at a meeting three months ago. He explained to us that he was personally reviewing the 102 book proposals for the immediate semester, and was only doing that until a more satisfactory system of controls could be established for the future. He also did at that time — in spite of the EGSO reference to his "recent refusal to discuss even the criteria for your decisions" — suggest some criteria for us to choose books by; the books should be prose works in the mainstream of English literature, not too difficult, not too long, not too esoteric.

Of more than a hundred works or authors proposed, Dr. Bryant apparently rejected only five: Moliere, *Junival*, *Dracula*, *Black Spring* and *Light in August*. Of the five, I have read only *Light in August*, but I do think that particular work an unwise choice for freshman composition class. While it is not so difficult as *Absalom, Absalom* or *The Sound and the Fury*, it is difficult enough, aside from being (in my Modern Library edition) 480 pages long — and Faulkner cannot be read quickly.

I myself see no reason for assuming that Dr. Bryant failed to act with good intentions or in good faith. Yet that assumption seems to have been made from the beginning of the controversy

three or four months ago. It was made by the anonymous English department official who, B. J. Gooch says, "told her the whole controversy had erupted because Bryant needed a reinstatement of his authority over the

### commentary

TAs in some way or another and it was some kind of ego thing." It has been made by numerous letter-writers who have castigated Dr. Bryant for allegedly "bowing" to "political" pressure from Mr. Goss. It has been made more recently by the drafters of the EGSO letter, when they described his remarks as an "attempt to demoralize our students and us."

It is an unfortunate fact that at least a few of my fellow graduate students did enter into the controversy three or four months ago with the assumption that Dr. Bryant was out to "get" them. At the first meeting which EGSO held to discuss its response to Dr. Bryant's actions, three or four of the ten or so

people present wished immediately to write a hostile letter "demanding" an explanation. I and one or two others objected to this antagonistic posture, suggested that a letter of concern would be more appropriate, and pointed out that only a small minority of the EGSO members were present. One of the hostile members retorted that the other people could have attended if they so desired, and that he saw no reason why the EGSO "Executive Committee" could not take it upon themselves to write the letter. Fortunately, it was finally determined to hold another meeting before sending the letter. I did not attend that meeting, but I understand that more people were present than had been at the earlier one, and that a less antagonistic letter was sent. But I think it clear that a small number of English graduate students have been out for blood from the very beginning.

After receiving the letter, Dr. Bryant met us and explained his actions. I was satisfied with his explanation, and I had thought that the majority of my colleagues were. This happened about

three months ago, and the only thing that has occurred since is the Freshman English Committee's establishment of an approved book list for English 102. The whole affair seemed to have been resolved until the appearance almost three months later of the April 21 *Kernel*. Inexplicably, the *Kernel*, which for three months had shown no interest in the dispute, suddenly printed in two consecutive issues three articles and an editorial, all dealing with the original "controversy" and not with that which has since arisen over Dr. Bryant's remarks. The effect of that spontaneous publicity has been to resurrect a dead controversy and give birth to a new one.

About the remarks themselves I have little to say. I doubt that they are an accurate statement of what Dr. Bryant really thinks about us. I suspect they are, if anything, an irritated reaction to the constant badgering and questioning of motives which Dr. Bryant has been subjected to since January. The remarks were made, however; they were publicized; and I

cannot condemn any TA for being upset by them. What I do condemn is the hostile attitude taken by a small number of TAs long before the appearance of any offensive remarks. I will not join in any form of response involving the participation of these people, and I cannot share in their glee over each new piece of adverse publicity Dr. Bryant receives. I regret that the remarks were of such a nature as to give offense to a number of people who, like myself, respect and admire Dr. Bryant. Many of these people were involved in the recent EGSO deliberations; I respect their good-faith participation and hope that we may continue to be friends. I think, however, that the EGSO demand for a public apology and for Dr. Bryant's resignation is vindictive rather than remedial; I cannot comprehend how Dr. Bryant's resignation would "restore public confidence in Freshman English and the graduate English programs."

Kenneth King is a graduate student in the English department.



## Letters to the Editor

### Time has come

This is a letter to all the University of Kentucky. I fully agree with the actions taken by Mark Goss, his father and Doctor Joseph Bryant. The time has come for someone to stand up against the tasteless material which was taught by Betty Jean Gooch.

If books are to be chosen as examples of good journalistic quality, they should meet the specifications as set forth in the University of Kentucky Bulletin of course descriptions for English 102, which states the following quote: "This advanced writing course investigates the logical and rhetorical problems involved in argumentative, analytical, and documented papers." Does the quote that appeared in the Tuesday, April 24 edition of the *Kernel* meet the above criteria? (editor's note: the quote, from Henry Miller's *World of Sex*, was part of Ms. Gooch's remarks on Mark

Goss' theme paper.) How could materials of this caliber possibly set a good example for writing in a documented paper, or achieve the goal set forth by the University?

If instructors think that books should be used in this composition course, then books of at least minimal value should be chosen. Also, if instructors aren't capable or willing to select relevant literature, as Ms. Gooch obviously wasn't, then someone with better judgement should intercede. It disturbs me to think that my tax dollars are paying for the salaries of TAs such as Ms. Gooch. Therefore, they should be responsible not only to me, but to any taxpayer that feels money spent for this type of instruction in this manner is wasted.

Any parent, including Mr. Goss, that pays for an education has the right to stand up and speak out against offensive material. Why should a parent be forced to send his son to a Christian college to retain his moral

convictions and academic freedom? Do you have to attend a Christian college to stand up for what is morally right...?

Leonard Pigman  
Mining engineering sophomore

### Hook 'em horns

This brief statement is directed to D. J. Blackmon, whose article appeared in the Friday, April 27 issue of the *Kernel*. I fail to see the humor in your comment, "...may I suggest a Christian college in Tennessee, or better yet, Texas." May you be stamped by Texas longhorns!

Pamela F. Multin  
Graduate teaching assistant from Texas

### Goss has guts

I can sympathize with Mark Goss

and his feelings toward the material covered in his English 102 class. I also had personal objections to the material presented in my 102 class, although it wasn't as repulsive as the comments Ms. Gooch wrote on Mark's final theme paper. Would you enjoy reading a book that was filled with obnoxious photographs of a senile old man, using the bathroom on a piece of newspaper or standing naked, laughing in front of a picture window? I felt this was totally irrelevant to the requirements that the course was to fulfill.

I tip my hat to you, Mark, for I was glad to see someone stick up for what they believe in! How would you feel if your parents were sitting in on a class composed of the type of subject matter that Betty Jean Gooch so delighted in discussing? I doubt if anyone could honestly say that it would make little difference!

On the subject of academic freedom,

I feel positive that if a Pinkoe Atheist objected to the Bible being crammed down his throat by an instructor, everyone would jump to his defense. But who stands up for Mark Goss when his morals are being violated? Only those people who have self-respect and pride enough to stand up for what is right — that's who!!!

Sheila Nickles  
A & S sophomore

### Resents cliché

I feel that as both a citizen of Harlan County and a student at UK I am obligated to respond to D. J. Blackmon's letter to the *Kernel* (April 27). I am in agreement that the banning of books is totally unacceptable in a university that professes to foster the growth of free thinking. Although I do not believe that one must embrace every idea one encounters, I do believe that exposure

to these ideas broadens one's intellectual development and encourages critical thinking.

What I do strenuously disagree with are D. J. Blackmon's sweeping generalizations about rural people. I find these implications completely inappropriate. Although D. J. Blackmon condemns "prejudice and ignorance," he attributes Attorney Goss' actions to the fact that Goss is a "backwoods hayseed." Being a backwoods hayseed myself I deeply resent Mr. Blackmon's implication that Harlan Counties would like to bury "truth and a thousand dreams in a Harlan pigsty." I realize Blackmon ambiguously did not specify all Harlan Counties, but the intent is evident.

You may clip this out, Mr. Blackmon, and see it as a reminder that not all ignorance and prejudice comes from Harlan County.

Jim Edwards  
Psychology junior

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uk student government



sports

# Hurt, Minniefield impressive in Derby Classic; Wildcat cheerleading squad gets four new faces

When Shelby County's Charles Hurt and Lexington Lafayette's Dirk Minniefield signed basketball letters-of-intent to attend UK, I had doubts that they, unlike Wildcat recruits 7-1 Sam Bowie and 6-7 Derrick Hord, could contribute much for Kentucky as freshmen next season.

But the doubts surrounding these two home-grown kids have been erased. After seeing Hurt and Minniefield in last Sunday's Kentucky Derby Festival Basketball Classic in Rupp Arena, I'm convinced now that it won't be very long when they start helping the Cats to win some key games. They are going to play a lot in their freshman year.

Before the Derby Classic, I'd seen them play in state high school tournaments—Hurt in the 1978 tourney and Minniefield last March. But, for some unknown reason, I wasn't that impressed with their play. I thought it would take them awhile to polish their skills at UK.

But last Sunday they changed my attitude, utilizing their roles beautifully against the nation's best seniors.

Hurt, who was named Kentucky-Indiana All-Stars' Most Valuable Player, used his 6-6 muscular frame to battle Bowie, Hord, 6-11 Missouri-bound Steve Stipanovich, 6-9 Notre Dame signee, Tim Andree, 6-7 Clark Kellogg, who's headed for Ohio State, to name a few, on the boards.

Hurt had 18 points and 10 rebounds in 29 minutes in that contest, but he even had a better game statistically Saturday night in the Derby Classic's first game at Louisville, getting 23 points and 12 caroms.

He'll be snatching plenty of headlines at UK next season.

Meanwhile, Minniefield, playing against people like 6-1 Isiah Thomas (who will play for Coach Bobby Knight at Indiana) and 6-2 John Paxson (who signed with Notre Dame), displayed some of his natural leadership ability. He took charge of the team and got the job done where it counted the most. He found the open man for assists with ease.

Another good point about him is that he's as quick as lightning.

The 6-3 guard gunned in 16 points and handed out seven assists in the first Derby contest, receiving the MVP award for the Kentucky-Indiana squad, while in Sunday's encounter he had 17 points.

After Kyle Macy leaves UK

**jamie vaught**

next year, look for Minniefield to take his place, playing next to speedster Dwight Anderson in the backcourt. The duo will make Kentucky the quickest team in the country.



DIRK MINNIEFIELD

But the individual stats of Hurt and Minniefield in the Derby Classic didn't attract me. I saw them play and was impressed with their hard work, determination, hustle and attitude.

Not including high school All-American (or All-Pro) 7-3 Ralph Sampson of Harrisonburg, Va., I think the Wildcats' starting five for the season opener against Duke Nov. 17 (in the Hall of Fame game at

Springfield, Mass.) will be Bowie and Hord or sophomore-to-be Chuck Verderber at forwards, Macy and Anderson in backcourt, and senior-to-be LaVon Williams at center.

Bowie, who would rather play in the corners, shooting 20-footers, and Williams will probably switch their positions back and forth, depending on their offensive and defensive assignments.

UK will have four new faces on its Wildcat cheerleading varsity squad next fall. Chosen by the judges in last week's tryouts at Memorial Coliseum, the new cheerleaders are Sandra Burton of Frankfort, Greg Medley of Louisville, Jimmy Mortimer of Glasgow and Pat Bowles (alternate) of Louisville. The graduating cheerleaders are Renee Mussetter and Dan Kendig.

Returning cheerleaders are Dana Emberton, Paula Sumner, Barbara Betts, Cathy Caudill, Jennifer Parks, Jeff Fossett, Jeff Collins, Richard Polk and Darrell Fisher.

Terry Barney was chosen the Wildcat mascot for the second year in a row.

Meanwhile, the Lady Kat yell leaders for the 1979-80 academic year are Mona Wilson, Martha Walker, Leslie Davis, Tanya McGay, Greg Williams, Bobby Kendig, Tim Hudson and Mark Wingate.

Cheerleaders' sponsor T. Lynn Williamson said approximately 40 candidates

participated in the tryouts.

In case you haven't heard, the *Kernel* has named John Clay the sports editor for next season, replacing me for the post. Clay is currently the assistant sports editor.

But I'll be back here next fall. While going to grad school, I'll

still be writing sports as assistant sports editor (that's right I'll be No. 2 behind Clay after being No. 1 this semester.)

Jamie Vaught, accounting senior, is *Kernel* sports editor. This will be his last sports column of the semester.

**Ray White**  
Republican Candidate for Governor

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Wednesday, May 2  
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- Students who are in legitimate Academic Programs during the summer, but are not enrolled in courses may pay the Health Fee.
- Students attending summer sessions who do not pay the Health Fee may use the Health Service on a fee-for-service basis.

There is only one fee for the entire summer. It is \$12.00. It covers the period from May 14 thru August 26.

The \$12 summer health fee is paid only once when tuition is paid for the session in which the student is enrolled. If a student is enrolled in both sessions the health fee should be paid when tuition is paid for the 4 week session. If the health fee is paid at the beginning of the 8 week session, the coverage is retroactive to May 14th. Payment of the health fee is subject to the same deadlines as the tuition deadlines for each session.

The minimum per-visit charge is \$12.

Students who can provide Billings & Collections Office with an authorized statement from their department that they will be engaged in an academic program during the summer even if they are not enrolled in classes are eligible to pay the \$12 health fee. Authorization forms are available at the Health Service, the Graduate Student Office and the International Student Office.

The deadline for payment of the health fee by students in this non-registered group is May 29.

If there are questions about the Summer Health Fee please call Mrs. Vivian Smith at the Health Service (233-6465) or the general information number, (233-5823).  
A brochure describing the services covered by the Health Fee is available at the Health Service.

The Kentucky Kernel, 210 Journalism Building, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. 40506, is published each class day during the spring and fall semesters and weekly during the summer session.

Third class postage paid at Lexington, Kentucky, 40511. Subscription rates are mailed \$5 per year or one cent per year non mailed.

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## Gubernatorial candidates state their positions on campaign issues

By SY RAMSEY  
Associated Press Writer

There seem to be a few wild fiscal promises by major candidates for governor this time.

The general theme appears to be: Place a limit on state spending and reduce taxes in a particular area in a responsible manner.

That is one conclusion from a survey taken by *The Associated Press* to all gubernatorial candidates, often with follow-up telephone calls to those who had not responded.

Seven major contenders answered. Former Republican Gov. Louie Nunn had not returned his questionnaire before publication.

Republican Ray White would reduce Kentucky's sale tax from 5 to 4 cents "if there

are sufficient surplus revenues."

Democrat John Y. Brown says his platform will focus on the "regressive" state income tax and try to slash it by \$3 million for lower and middle income taxpayers.

Democrat Thelma Stovall prefers "an across-the-board" tax cut.

Democrat Terry McBrayer favors \$64 million in income tax relief.

Democrat Harvey Sloane is content to promise that "taxes will be cut during my administration."

The two anti-administration Democrats, Congressmen Carroll Hubbard and State Auditor George Atkins, both opt for \$1 million tax cuts which they claim are possible if "waste" is cut.

There were few surprise responses.

As expected, Atkins said administration integrity, one of eight topics submitted by the AP, is the major issue in the campaign, while Hubbard said that "more than any other" issues, it will determine who is next governor.

Sloane said his administration would be remembered as "fair and decent."

McBrayer said officials must avoid even the appearance of conflict of interest and that he has set the example for the belief.

Brown promised to "trade no jobs, promise no contracts" and tighten various types of financial disclosure operations.

White echoed that pledge and added that success depends most on the governor serving as an example of integrity.

Lt. Gov. Stovall also commented that "the only effective safeguard to

wholesale corruption is home leadership."

Here are the candidates' extracted comments on six other subjects covered in the questionnaire:

### State Spending and Budget

Hubbard would review the budget and all state spending practices, sell half of the state's airplanes and sharply reduce personal service contracts under which the state pays for outside work.

White wants a constitutional amendment to limit state government growth, keyed to per capita income.

Mrs. Stovall, in addition, is "very concerned about the growing bonded indebtedness in Kentucky."

Atkins also favors a constitutional spending limit as part of a seven-point reduction

plan. Brown, declaring state spending has doubled in the past four years, cited his big business experience in being able to handle cuts.

McBrayer calls for a 5.5 percent limit on state spending. Sloane wants a constitutional limit, too, tied to the growth in state personal income.

### Coal Production and Conservation

McBrayer opposes "environmental reclamation standards so stringent they drive the small coal operators out of business."

Sloane called for "a fair and reasoned application" of federal strip mine rules.

Atkins proposes construction of coal-burning electricity plants in the coalfield to

stabilize a fluctuating coal market.

Brown said both coal producers and environmentalists "must be prepared to make some compromises in their positions."

White proposes a Life Quality Commission to help safeguard the environment and "yet not unduly restrain the production of coal."

Mrs. Stovall is "firmly committed to the proposition that state regulations should not exceed federal regulations."

Hubbard wants increased coal output, an end to past mining abuses and greater attention to the plight of the small coal operator.

### Tobacco and Agriculture

Sloane calls for concentrated

research on producing a safer cigarette.

Mrs. Stovall said "there must be more leadership from the University of Kentucky College of Agriculture to help the farmers of Kentucky upgrade operations."

All the candidates pledge continued efforts to help state farmers.

### Lieutenant Governor

Cooperation with the governor is the keynote of all candidates' comments, with most favoring additional lieutenant governor duties.

Mrs. Stovall wants the restoration of the chairmanship of the Legislative Research Commission to the officeholder.

Sloane favors a lobbying role in Washington for that official.

# HANG ON TO WHAT YOU'VE GOT

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- This exchange, commonly referred to as theft, cost you \$126,311. this school year.
- Although the University Police recovered \$70,000. worth of your valuables, we could do better if you want help . . . and you could do something that would greatly reduce the likelihood of being bothered by theft.
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**Ask any  
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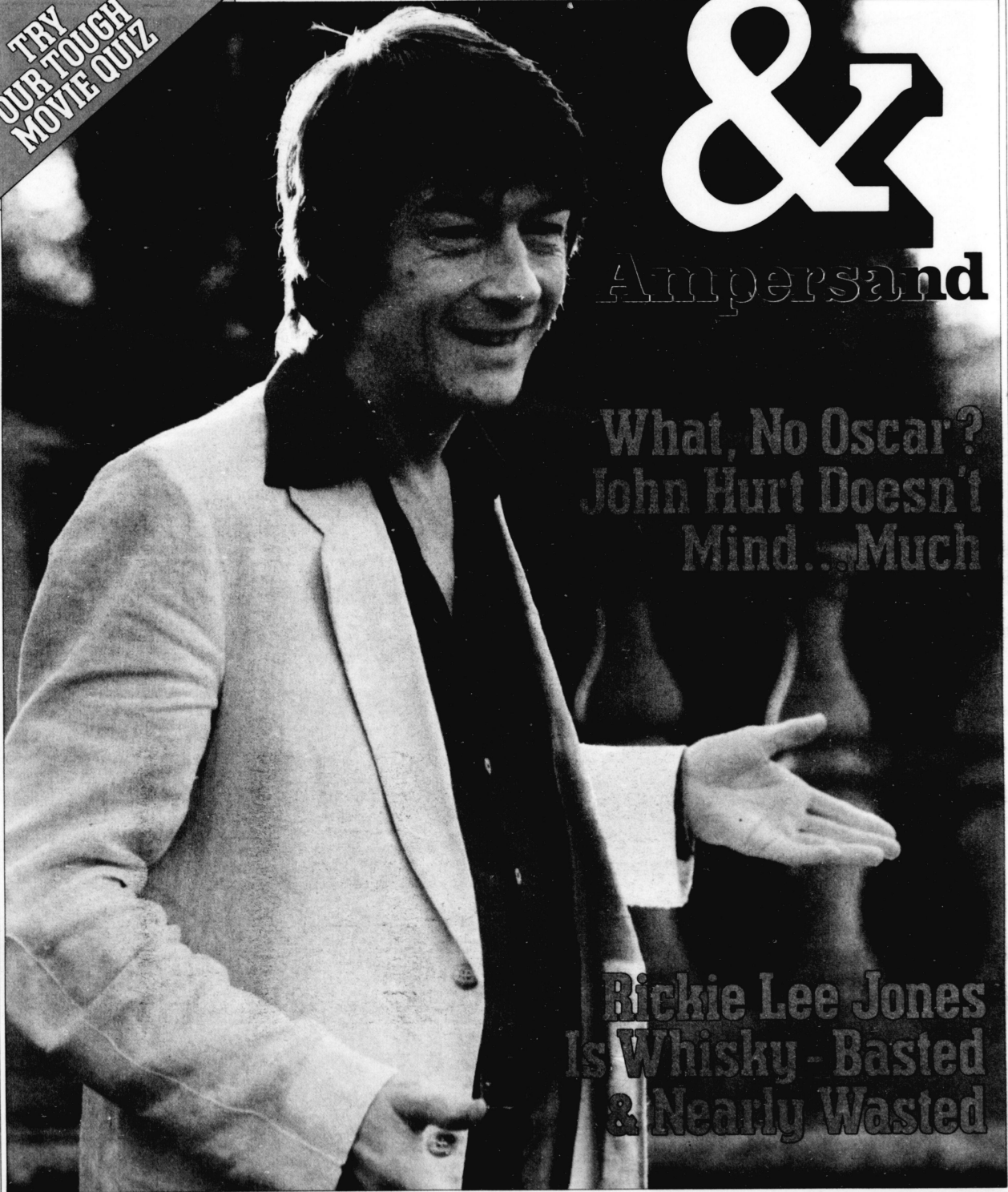
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and don't hesitate to call on us  
next fall when you need us.

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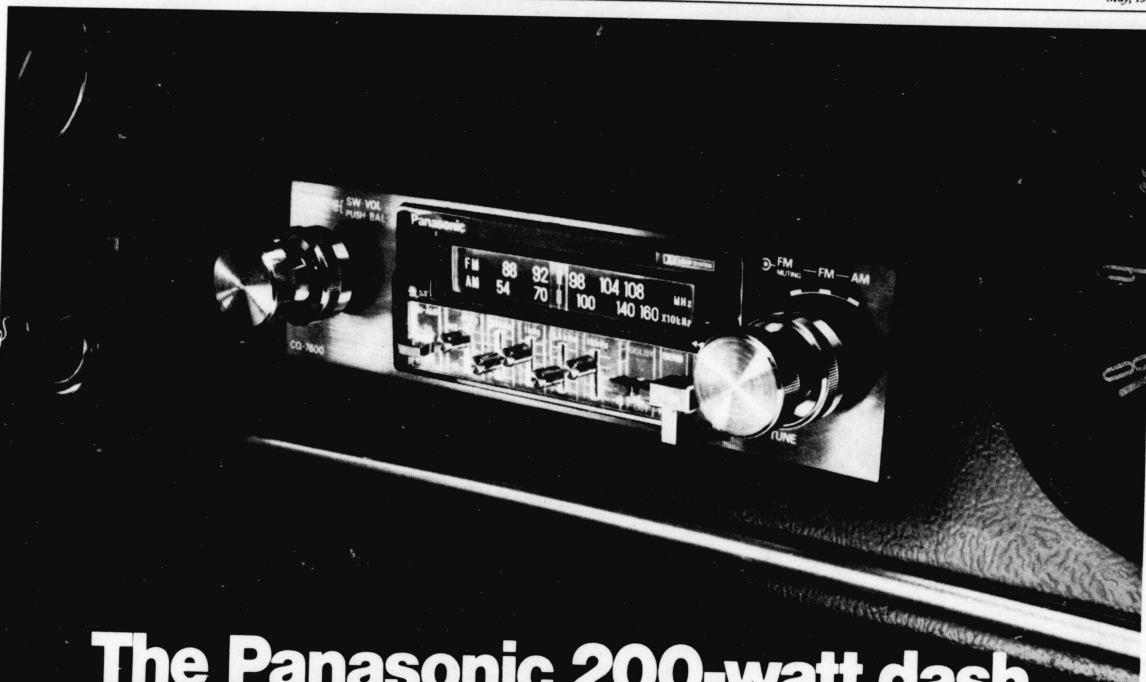


**&**

**Ampersand**

What, No Oscar?  
John Hurt Doesn't  
Mind... Much

Rickie Lee Jones  
Is Whisky - Basted  
& Nearly Wasted



## The Panasonic 200-watt dash. Win it with a built-in graphic equalizer.

Vast expanses of curved glass and valleys of vinyl all encased in steel. A less than ideal place to listen to music. But, unfortunately, a lot of us do. Because this is the interior of a car. It's here that Panasonic teams up two 100-watt amps with a built-in graphic equalizer to create the stereo system that can outrun the problems your car's interior creates.

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The Panasonic 200-watt dash gets off to a running start with the CQ-7600: An AM/FM stereo tuner, graphic equalizer, cassette player with Dolby and a bi-amp. The bi-amp further separates the music by routing most of the low notes through the rear speakers. And most of the high notes through the front speakers. The CQ-7600 runs in concert with a matched pair of CJ-5000 power amps. Each with 100 watts of total power (30- and

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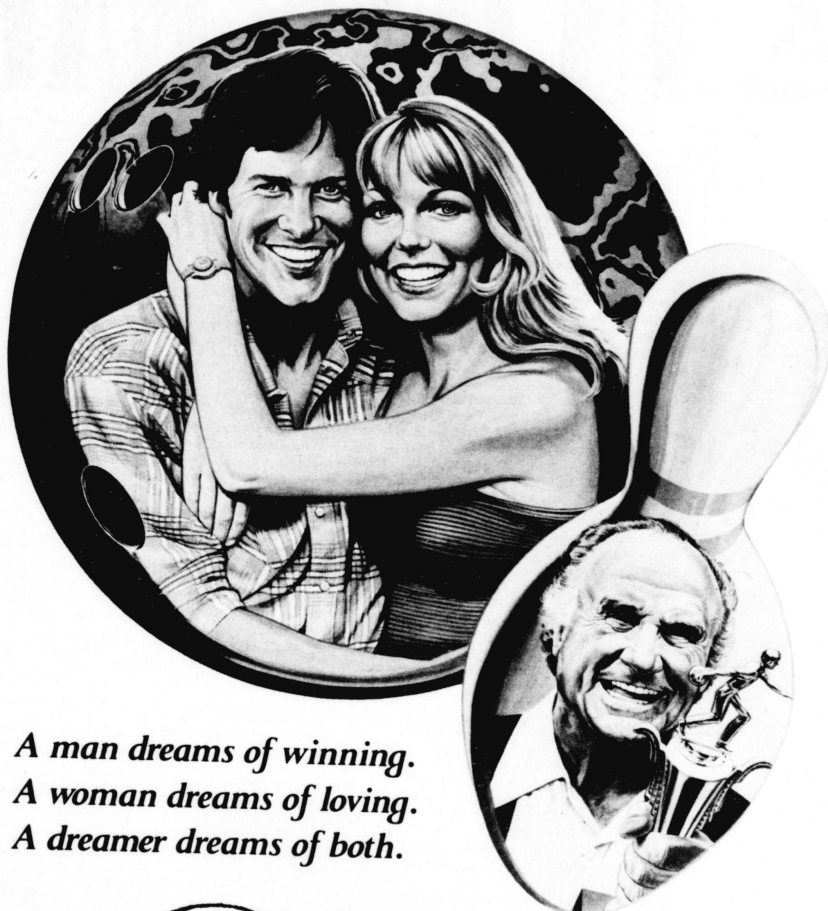
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*A man dreams of winning.  
A woman dreams of loving.  
A dreamer dreams of both.*

# Dreamer

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A MICHAEL LOBELL PRODUCTION    as Harry  
DREAMER

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Written by JAMES PROCTOR & LARRY BISCHOF • Music by BILL CONTI

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**New Contributors**

PAUL ANDERSEN (On Disc) thought there weren't enough good jazz magazines around. So he started his own—a lively piece of work called *Jazzin' L.A.* Sample copies can be had for a quarter apiece, just write to Paul at 1920 Hillhurst Avenue, Los Angeles 90027.

RICHARD LEVINSOHN (On Screen) is an alleged musician, bon vivant, near-about-town and professional dilettante, who is currently at work on his fabulous space-rock extravaganza, "Disco Leper."

BART MILLS (On Tour), from a London headquarters, covers entertainment news for newspapers throughout England, Europe and the United States. All that afloats, yet he still found time to be smitten by Joan Armatrading. It's an example for hyperactive romantics everywhere.

STEVE WEITZMAN (On Disc), chronicler of the Dire Straits phenomenon, once an editor at *Gig* and a contributor to *Playboy*, is certifiably crazy about music.

ALISON WICKWIRE (In Print) lives in New Jersey and shows no signs of radioactivity... yet. She's a tall, lithe blonde and the liveliest, funniest person in her state.

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# IN ONE EAR...

## Aw, Shucks

I thought I'd tell you how much your monthly rag is looked forward to on the U. of Indiana campus. It's really enjoyable reading. The features are consistently interesting, and the reviews are often the best around. In fact, your publication can easily stand up to the one you're probably most often compared to (incorrectly, of course)—*R.S.*, which may finally have become tragically hip. In sum, thanks for the entertainment.

(Okay, Mom, okay! I wrote the letter! But I still say there's no way they can get me into UCLA.)

RANDY HASSAN  
BLOOMINGTON, IL  
P.S. Please keep cutting down: Steve Martin, Peter Frampton, disco, Led Zepplin, Rod Stewart, disco, Boston, Top 40, radio, Top 40 radio, Aerosmith, disco. Thanks!

The animation department tells me that they received about 40 inquiries from artists based on the *Ampersand* inquires [announcing Disney Studio's search for new young animators]. None of those have been selected yet for the staff, but that isn't unusual since the requirements here are pretty stiff. Nonetheless, it's impressive that your magazine generated that much response.

THOMAS L. WILHITE  
DIRECTOR OF PUBLICITY  
WALT DISNEY PRODUCTIONS, BURBANK, CA

Atkinson missed something else: the audience cries "Meatloaf for dinner again" because the guests are in fact eating Eddie (played by Meat Loaf).

We are sorry that Ms. Atkinson does not like the film. She is, of course, entitled to her opinion. However, the opinion of a film critic loses much of its weight when that critic misrepresents and misquotes a film.

SARA TOMPSON, KATHY GRIFFITH  
HILLARIE OXMAN (MEMBERS OF THE NORTHERN ILL. SCIENCE FICTION ASSOCIATION  
NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY  
DEKALB, IL

I am writing in regards to your review of the recent film *Hair*. Judith Sims really botched up this one. Not only is *Hair* a wonderful film full of emotion and ideas, but the music deserves more than just pleasant. Rarely have songs ever carried so much impact in lyrics as well as naked musical structure.

It was really a letdown when *Ampersand* put *Hair* to the pits and I felt compelled to alter Miss Sims' opinion a bit. I would also like to make a correction, the words to "Aquarius" are "Peace will guide our planet and love will steer the stars," not "rule the stars." She could have at least done her homework on that famous song.

J. GREGORY BLACKWELL  
INDIANAPOLIS, IN

## Questions

I have been trying for a long time to find an album by Ray Price entitled *Ray Price Sings San Antonio Rose*. The album was a special tribute to Bob Wills.

I would like to know if there is only one volume to this album and how I can get it. If you cannot give me this information, could you please suggest who I could contact to get it?

STANLEY DUNBAR  
LUBBOCK, TX

*The report from Research: First, congratulations on settling in Lubbock, home of Buddy Holly and Joe Ely. Second, a check with CBS and MCA, which own Ray Price's catalogues, revealed no such album. Apparently it's out of print and therefore available only through used record stores. Gold will be where you find it. To counter your frustrations, try The Best Damn Fiddle Player in the World (Or My Salute to Bob Wills) an excellent outing by Merle Haggard and the Strangers and some of Wills' Texas Playboys. If no satisfaction results, hook a six-pack of Lone Star and make the world go away, as the Cherokee Cowboy himself might put it.*

Eric Clapton has been cranking out great albums since his days with Cream. I haven't heard much from Ginger Baker or Jack Bruce, the other members of that "supergroup," since the group disbanded. I haven't heard anything from them since Ginger Baker's *Air Force* or Bruce's stint with Mountain. What are they up to now?

BRUCE PETKOVSEK  
COLUMBUS, OH

Both Bruce and Baker were last spotted on RSO, where they released "Best of" albums, but a phone call to that company revealed no current information.

Baker, who turns forty this year, bought land in Akeja, Nigeria, after his *Air Force* failed to click, and split time between building a studio there and playing with localite Fela Kuti. Paul McCartney used Baker's Nigerian studio in 1973 for *Band on the Run*. Starting in 1974, Baker cut three albums with Baker-Garwitz Army (is this guy a military fetishist?) and a 1977 solo called *Eleven Sides of Baker*.

Bruce, 35, a one-time, scholarship student at the Royal Scottish Academy of Music, made a string of solo albums (*Songs for a Tailor*, *Harmony Row*, *Out of the Storm* and *How's Tricks*) plus projects with John McLaughlin, Tony Williams, Carla Bley and ex-Rolling Stone Mick Taylor. A banding with Bley and Taylor aborted, possibly because of Bruce's heroin-related problems. Bruce didn't play with Mountain. Rather, he pumped heavy metal with West, Bruce and Laing. In an extensive 1977 interview with now-defunct *Gig* magazine, Bruce claimed to be off junk and ready to contribute, but the record-buying public, unfortunately, didn't respond.

## Write to Us

Many of you have been writing to your local school papers telling them what a swell publication *Ampersand* is. Don't tell them, tell us! Send epistles to *In One Ear*, c/o *Ampersand*, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Los Angeles, CA 90028.

## In Here

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OUR COVER	
John Hurt, the devastated Max in <i>Midnight Express</i> , is a funny man and a busy actor; he was photographed for us at <i>Greystone Mansion</i> in Los Angeles by Neil Zilovover.	

# Technics SILVER EDITION

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SU-8099			ST-8077			
Continuous Power Per channel into 8 ohms	Total Harmonic Distortion at Rated Power	Phono S/N	FM Sensitivity 50 dB (stereo)	FM Selectivity	Stereo Separation (1 kHz - 10 kHz)	Total Harmonic Distortion (stereo)
115 watts (20 Hz - 20 kHz) 100 watts (5 Hz - 100 kHz)	0.007% (20 Hz - 20 kHz) 0.05% (5 Hz - 100 kHz)	96 dB (5mV)	37.2 dB	75 dB	45/35 dB	0.1%

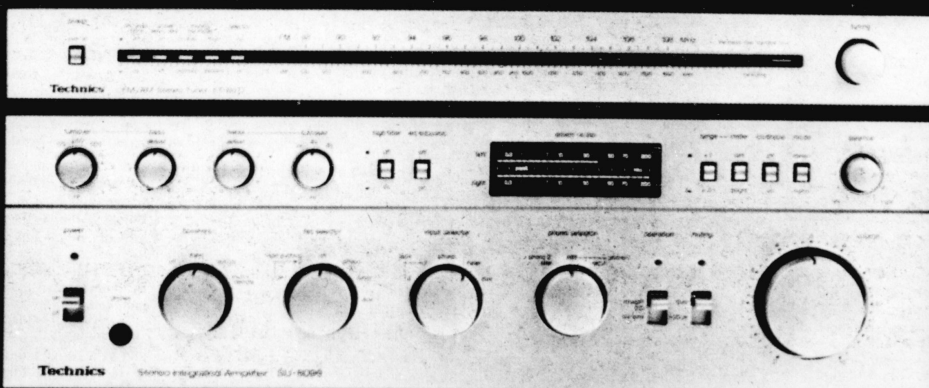
In the preamp section, we included both a moving coil pre-preamp and an extremely quiet phono equalizer complete with Technics-developed ultra-low-noise transistors.

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To really appreciate what these new components do for music, listen to the Silver Edition from Technics.

## Technics new approach to amplifier and tuner design. The Silver Edition.



# & OUT THE OTHER

Oh Yeah? Well, Maybe You  
Bother Us, Chump!

**BEFORE JOHN TRAVOLTA** would agree to star in *Urban Cowboy* (directed by James China Syndrome Bridges), he reportedly insisted on personally inspecting the Texas locations chosen for the film. He demanded that Paramount, the studio behind *Cowboy*, provide him with a private plane for his jaunt, but Paramount told him to fly first class on a commercial airline. Little John does not like to be "bothered" by his ardent fans, not even the first-class ones, so Warner Bros. Studios (which has no financial interest in *Cowboy*) saved his psyche by allowing him to use their company plane. He wasn't bothered by a single fan. That's not all: Travolta next wanted to bring his own personal chef on location with him. What, no handmaidens? No Nubian slaves?

## Here We Go Again

**WE'RE IN FOR** another Woodstock, set for August 15-17 this year, the tenth anniversary of the original blowout at Yasgur's farm in upstate New York. Michael Wadleigh, who directed the original film (and hasn't done much since) will not only direct but produce and supervise the soundtrack (Orion has film rights, CBS will release the record). This celebration, so they claim, will be organized; tickets will be sold to applicants selected at random by a computer; each lucky selectee can buy four, no more, tickets at \$37.50 each (ten years ago the price was \$17.50). Wadleigh and co-producer John Morris claim they'll have 29 acts; approximately one-third

will be from the original shebang, one-third superstars of the Seventies (Springsteen, for example) and one-third newcomers. The promoters still haven't selected a site, but dozens of locations have been offered, from an abandoned winery to an old summer camp. All in upstate New York, of course.

## Ins & Outs

**MICKEY THOMAS**, who sang on Elvin Bishop's "Fooled Around and Fell in Love" hit a few seasons back, will replace Marty Balin as lead male vocalist for the Jefferson Starship. Grace Slick has definitely rejoined the band, after spending several months drying out and being domestic: baking cookies for daughter China's grade school class, carpooling, PTA meetings (how she remained sober through all that is astounding).

Balin will embark on several projects, such as co-producing the next Jesse Barish album; a solo album (about time); waiting for an unnamed producer to scratch up financing for Balin's film *Rock Justice*; and trying to set up a 13-week local San Francisco cable TV show that would showcase Bay Area groups. Did Balin depart the Starship on friendly terms? "Of course not," replied a friend of the group, refusing to divulge juicier gore.

**JOHN HARTMAN**, original Doobie Brothers drummer, and lead guitarist Jeff "Skunk" Baxter, a later addition to the group, have quit the Doobies just as the group knocked the Bee Gees out of the Number One singles slot with "What a Fool Believes" and with their *Minute by Minute* the second-best selling LP in the country. The remaining Doobies, a quartet once again, are now touring the U.S. until early July.

## Record Stars=Screen Stars

**THE WHO**, bless 'em, will return to the stage after a two-year absence in Cannes. In France. They will appear May 12, right in the middle of the annual film fest; not coincidentally, the Who films, *The Kids Are Alright* and *Quadrophenia*, will screen the night after the concert. Best news: the group will tour Europe and the U.S. this summer.

**THE BEE GEES** will star in their first-ever TV special, a 90-minute epic for NBC which will trace the Gibb brothers from birth in Great Britain to youth in Australia and success back in England and the rest of the known world. Maybe even China... since a U.S. arts delegation to China, headed by RSO vice-president Bill Oakes, will most likely include the Bee Gees. Falsetto Diplomacy.

**BRAZILIAN JAZZ ARTIST** Flora Purim will not play herself in *The Flora Purim Story*, but she will do the music. The TV movie (and possibly a book) will tell Purim's story since her arrival in America, including her drug bust, prison ordeal and drug withdrawal. Her real-life husband, percussionist Airtio, may play himself.

**THE FIRESIGN THEATRE** will write and star in *The Future Adventures of Nick Danger*, based on their weird records of the past decade. The group is still Phil Austen, Peter Bergman,

David Ossman and Phil Proctor; they recently celebrated their reunion (after a two-year hiatus) with a three-night stand at the Roxy.

## Stiffed

**THERE'S A BROKEN** contract for every light on Sunset Strip: GRT Corporation, which owned Janus Records, recently decided to exit from the rock & roll business by dissolving Janus. Kayak, on the charts with *Phantom of the Night*, and Charlie—Janus' two active rock groups—are on the street again, looking for another label. Berserker Records, home of the Rubinoos, Jonathon Richman and Greg Kihn, was distributed through Janus and now must find a new home.

## LATEST ON THE THOROGOOD CASE:

Threatened by lawsuits, MCA Records is putting "on hold" their plans to release a George Thorogood album. Early tapes of the ascendant young blues-rocker were sold to the corporation by Danny Lipman, once Thorogood's manager. Thorogood, through a Rounder Records press release, called MCA's earlier plans "a sign of disrespect to me as a professional musician" and the tapes they bought from Lipman "obsolete and inferior."

**STIFF RECORDS** ("If It Ain't Stiff, It Ain't Worth a ---"), home of Ian Dury ("Sex and Drugs and Rock & Roll"), Wreckless Eric and other strange and wondrous music experiments, may soon be distributed by CBS Records, according to rumors. Interest at CBS was piqued by the upsetting Ms. Rachel Sweet, whose album, *Fool Around*, was reviewed in *Ampersand's* April issue.

## Togetherness

**THE SUPERSESSION CONCEPT** isn't dead, it's just been dormant: Ron Wood, about to release a solo album called *Gimme Some Neck*, will tour in late spring with Keith Richards, Willie Weeks, Stanley Clarke and Andy Newman, called in aggregate, the Barbarians. Neil "Quick-change" Young was scheduled to come along, but has since decided not to. Jeff Beck is an unconfirmed rumor. Guests on Wood's new LP include the Glimmer Twins, Charlie Watts, Mick Fleetwood, Ian McLagan, Dave Mason, Jim Keltner, Bobby Keyes and Pops Popwell.

**ROD STEWART** married Alana Hamilton (she must think he's sexy); their attorneys were reportedly kept busy hammering out pre-nuptial agreements. Insiders say Rod and Alana want children; judging from the offspring of their contemporaries, this parent potential definitely belongs in the Spare Us column.

## You Guys Are So Busy

**MARTIN MULL** is set to star in *Religion*, written, directed and produced by TV mogul Norman Lear. Studying for the role inspired Mull to write a new song, "I Wanna Be God (Not Jesus, but God)." Before Mull embraces *Religion*, however, he will probably make *The Serial*, a film version of the snide best-seller about Marin County. And some-

where along the line he wants to make *The Martin Mull Story, Part I*. He would probably assume the title role.

**ANIMAL HOUSE** producer Matty Simmons will tackle a spoof of *Jaws* and *Jaws II*, to be written by three *National Lampoon* editors and titled *Jaws Three, People Zero*. All about a film crew that shoots a movie about sharks in Mexico, until real sharks rear their ugly heads. Chomp.

**LATEST ON THAT** double Eagles album: sixteen sides are done, they're back in the studio for the next six weeks hoping for a July 4 release date. It's now called *No Shoes*, after the Brothers Grimm tale of *The Red Shoes*, in which a girl cuts off her feet—and the red shoes which keep her dancing—so she can get some rest and settle down with the nice woodcutter.

## Collegiate Capers

**CHEVY CHASE** and Christie Hefner, daughter to Hugh, doled out the annual Focus Film Awards to outstanding student filmmakers at a Schubert Theatre ceremony in Los Angeles. Michael Korolenko of Boston University's School of Public Communication received this year's *Playboy* internship along with a car and six months' rent for his elaborate time-capsule production, *Since '45*. (Last year's winner, Judy Boswell, is now working for a Hollywood film producer, so there must be something to these awards.) Chase also announced the winners of best film, director, actor and actress awards voted by college students across the country: *Heaven Can Wait*, Woody Allen, Warren Beatty and Jane Fonda, respectively.

**AT A RECENT** college radio convention in Virginia, several record companies, as is the custom, set up hospitality suites complete with videocassette machines and dozens of tapes of the labels' various artists. Atlantic Records announced that nobody would be admitted to its party unless dressed as a Blues Brother; although this caveat was not enforced, more than a hundred conventioners arrived in old suits, dark glasses, hats, handcuffs, briefcases and harmonicas, looking like an army of underfed syndicate flunkies. The Irony of It All: Atlantic's videocassette seemed to offer every act on the label except the Blues Brothers.

## Stay As Sweet As You Are

**LOOK FOR** a major change in Tom Waits. This intriguing hint comes from sources close to Waits who would only tease, damn them. So we made up our own versions:

He's joined the hari krishnas, shaved his head and traded his winklepicker shoes for bare feet.

Sassoon styled his hair (the dry look), Sy Devore stitched up some three-piece suits, and he'll be modeling soon in *GQ*.

He bares all in *Playgirl*. He's stopped drinking and smoking and has embraced God. Or Debby Boone. Or both.

You can all play this game. Send us your suggestions for Major Changes in Tom Waits, and we'll see that he sees them.



**WHEN BONNIE RAITT** dropped by WB's Burbank HQ recently she was told Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits was just down the hall. "Omigod!" cried ravishing Raitt. "I look terrible! Do I look terrible?" She scurried down the hall looking much better than terrible; Knopfler was equally awestruck by Raitt's presence, and they spent some time in mutual admiration. When not haunting the halls of WB, Raitt is at work on a new album, produced by Peter Asher; and she is producing a film of herself and blues writer-singer Sippie Wallace, whose songs Raitt has presented on previous albums.

**"Filled with humor, tenderness and gusto, 'Voices' is a winner!"**

— Kevin Thomas, Los Angeles Times



# ***"Voices: I Will Always Wait For You."***

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**COMING IN MAY TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU!**

# ON TOUR



**Dire Straits,  
The Bottom Line, NYC**

On the early dates of their first American tour, the Straits have shown they are a more than capable live act somewhat lacking in fire. Oddly, for an English band, everything they emulate is American. Lyrically, many themes deal with the cowboy ethic and the Old West, while musically, they're closer to Muscle Shoals than any American band.

Mark Knopfler, 29, is the genius behind this band. The songs are his, the lyrics are his, the lead singing and the lead guitar playing are his. Even the jokes are his. After the opening seconds of their first tune, "Down to the Waterline," which Knopfler kicks off with some subdued but passionate guitar, he waded to the crowd. "Thanks very much," he cracked. "Goodnight." His guitar playing is undeniably the key to this band and doesn't take a back seat to even his tremendous songwriting ability. The lines he plays are somewhat reminiscent of Clapton's country-blues but are delivered with much more tension. His sense of improvisational melody is nothing short of awesome and is the reason so many people have latched onto Dire Straits.

Live, Dire Straits' material takes on another dimension in twists and turns, as they are not content to deliver their songs in rote fashion. "In the Gallery," for example, is a typical Straits song—the choppiest (or funk) of the tune is the result of Mark Knopfler's guitar being in almost constant

counterpoint to the bass and drums. Knopfler's leads, in fact, fall in opposite bars of his vocals; while he's singing, he underscores the tunes by adding another rhythm voice on guitar. His stage presence for a rookie is equally impressive.

Six new tunes were debuted at the Bottom Line show, each easily as good as anything to be found on *Dire Straits*: "Once Upon a Time in the West," "Lady Writer" with some burning Mark Knopfler guitar at the end, "Single Handed Sailor" with a five-note run on guitar repeating the refrain, "News,"—a ballad, again defined by Knopfler's guitar, and two classics which will no doubt be among the strongest songs on their next album, "What's the Matter with Ya, Baby" and "Where Do You Think You're Going?" And, yeah, they did the hit "Sultans of Swing" and people screamed. The line, "It ain't what they call rock and roll" got the biggest cheers.

**Steve Weitzman**

**Boomtown Rats  
Coconut Grove, Los Angeles**

The Rats are showbiz pure and simple. There's nothing to make them too alien or threatening to American fans and their politics extend only to attacking those institutions that induce conformity and prevent good times. Despite a sound system that perversely rewarded the blasé sorts seated in the wings with better sound than the ardent fans

ersand

May, 1979

jamming the front of the stage, the band's well-paced 75-minute set delivered the musical goods.

The Rats are most reminiscent of the Kinks. They're not a staggeringly original crew but, in the grand rock & roll tradition, they've stolen wisely from excellent sources. There are traces of the Stones, Bowie and Thin Lizzy to be found—a new song titled "I Don't Like Mondays" had marked Costello undertones in its embryonic voice-piano presentation—but they've been adeptly synthesized into a sound that spells Boomtown Rats. The band is competent instrumentally but not flashy, seemingly most comfortable when locked into the raucous, British R&B groove of "She's So Modern" and "Lookin' After No. 1" than the more pop-oriented *Tonic* for the *Troops* material that comprised the bulk of the set.

The Rats' chief asset is the irrepressible frontman Geldof, who has the best line in crowd manipulation techniques this side of Ray Davies. Cajoling, haranguing, aiming barbs at the seated Columbia execs checking out their latest investment, pulling people onstage to dance to the utterly silly "Do the Rat." Geldof doesn't request audience participation so much as demand it. The tone is aggressive but it's a mock aggression designed to jolt people out of a passive listening stance, and his remarkable ability at doing just that will undoubtedly serve the Rats well in coming months.

**Don Snowden**

**Joan Armatrading, Wembley Arena,  
London, England**

If Joan Armatrading says "Hullo" to an audience, she's in a talkative mood. Armatrading stands for the right to define relationships on our own terms, and she defines her relationship with audiences as one of adores to the adored. The adores applaud and she responds, "Yes, yes, you're absolutely right."

There's no rock performer in Britain whose songs mean more to her audience than Armatrading. There was more reverence per square foot at her two concerts in London's 8,000-seat Wembley Arena March 12-13 than on Easter Sunday in St. Peter's Basilica. Is she black? You'd never know it from listening to her. Color doesn't matter when the lights are out. Is she a woman? Well, yes—but she makes no concessions to the record industry's idea of femininity. Is she British? She's as British as Joni Mitchell is Canadian.

Though the most visible part of Armatrading's audience in Britain has always been pairs of women, her emotional directness now appeals far beyond her original cult. In a country where there is no tradition of mature rock, Armatrading has created her own mainstream. Britain has very little middle ground between the Top 40 and Mantovani, but even so Armatrading has achieved respectable album sales.

In five years, she's never modified her recording style, nearly always working with the kind of small group sound she could duplicate on stage. What she has modified, over the four years I've been going to her concerts, is her stage presentation.

She's no more talkative than ever, but for her Wembley dates she made such concessions to theatricality as not wearing jeans and not standing in one spot for 90 minutes. She dressed up in brown trousers, white shirt and tie. She took the mike off the stand and made the spotlight aimers earn their pay. I could swear she smiled quite often.

Numbers which are merely comforting when heard at home late at night at low volume (Armatraders are courteous people) become in concert actively therapeutic. She

plays "Stepping Out" solo on her plugged-in acoustic guitar, in as vigorous a style as, say, Richie Havens. The effect of this hymn to independence is galvanizing when she choruses, "Steppin' into life."

Armatrading's encore number is her classic "Willow," a hymn to dependence. It's the loveliest tune on her 1977 *Show Some Emotion* album. In concert, it becomes an incantation, a soft and slow invitation to seek "shelter in a storm."

Armatrading, 28, has always maintained that her songs aren't autobiographical. They just happen to be written in the first person. If they were autobiographical, she would be a highly contradictory individual, always saying things like "I am not in love but I'm open to persuasion."

On her most recent album, *To the Limit* (A&M), she sings at one point, "I wanted your love, but not at any price." Elsewhere, she sings, "All I really want is to be with you."

Croaked in a wise old voice which yelps into the yodel range every now and then, Armatrading's songs amalgamate jagged jazz lines, back-beaten R&B—even reggae, as foreign to her West Indian birthplace of St. Kitts as jazz is to Birmingham, England, where she grew up. All the forms which Armatrading puts to use add up to an exciting new genre for which there are as yet no rules.

The one thing that can be said in the face of all Armatrading's apparent contradictions is that she makes people want to be around her. We don't know what's behind the hand she covers her face with on the back cover of *To the Limit* any more than we know what's behind the face she's not covering with her hand on the front cover.

But I suspect she wishes us only good and doesn't want anything from us we haven't already given. As she sang in her opening number at Wembley, "Down to Zero": "When you fall, fall at my door." She can wait. She's all right.

**Bart Mills**

**Dizzy Gillespie, UCLA's Royce  
Hall, Los Angeles**

Looking like a dap Greyline tourist in a green velvet coat and fashionable cap, Gillespie acknowledged the opening applause by remarking, "Ain't no use in doin' all that, I ain't gonna play no better." He then got down to business with Luis Bonfá's "Morning of the Carnival" from *Black Orpheus*.

On Don Redman's sugar-daddy's anthem, "Gee Baby, Ain't I Good to You?" Dizzy squeezed and slurred his notes to create an erotic tension. Gillespie's own "Kush" was a vehicle for his harmonically beautiful solo intro. Bassist Ben Brown took an interminable solo that rambled from Mid-Eastern modality to flamenco to funk and ended with a plodding blues backbeat.

Gillespie came back to the helm and told about last year's historic White House jazz party as an introduction to "Salt Peanuts," the number requested by President Carter. Guitarist Ed Cherry got off some fine bebop lines reminiscent of Jimmy Raney. Cherry took the featured spot in a T-Bone Walker-inspired blues piece that proved to be his most impressive contribution to the proceedings.

The Gillespie trumpet, for all these years so quick, powerful and clear of tone, showed its first evidence of wear. The time allotted to his trumpet solos is now at a premium and a few of the seams are beginning to show on some of his demanding patented lines. The overall impression was that of a giant seeking repose. Let's hope that it's a temporary condition.

**Kirk Silsbee**

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## Ochs in the Shadows

The title of Marc Eliot's new biography of the late singer-songwriter Phil Ochs is, like the book itself, just okay. *Death of a Rebel* (Doubleday Anchor, \$4.95) doesn't sum up the subject so well as the title given to Michael Ochs' collection of his brother's recordings, *Chords of Fame*, named after one of Phil's songs. The latter title seemed to be suggested by what Eliot alleges to have been Phil's favorite movie, *Paths of Glory*. Perhaps the best name for the biography could have been taken from another more obscure film—*Man in the Shadow*.

I don't know if Phil ever saw that western, but chances are he did: he was an incurable moviegoer and stargazer, something Eliot repeatedly details. The handsome, dark-haired folksinger (or, as he preferred to be called, "topical" singer) also had his heroes among other singers. A true fan, he was awestricken by the talent and presence of figures like Brando, Dean, Presley and Dylan. He stood in their shadows and looked upward worshipfully. And enviously. He wanted to be a star.

He came close. At one point, Ochs may have indeed been what is claimed on the back-cover blurb of this book—"... considered, behind Bob Dylan, the most promising and authentic American folk singer of his time." Trouble was, he remained far behind Dylan, never gaining ground. Like Eric Andersen and all the rest, Ochs was fortunate and justly praised for the part he played in the MacDougal Street-based folk/political movement of the Sixties, but at the same time cursed by the glaring prominence of Dylan's genius.

Phil Ochs sang well, if not brilliantly, and wrote even a little better than well. But he lacked Dylan's special qualities—that compelling, oblique, oddly funny, surreal (and more) edge. So did everyone else. Some took the situation in stride. Not Phil. It bugged him unmercifully. He began to take it out on those around him—friends, business associates, audiences. His comeback attempts became ridiculous spectacles (the Elvis-gold lamé suit period) or sad persona changes (the "John Train" period). The downhill run became too steep and scary for him to handle. There were further frustrations, bad decisions, bad breaks, accidents, unromantic run-ins with the law. Then, on April 8, 1976, he killed himself.

Eliot has painstakingly gathered descriptions of the good times and the bad times, and tells the story affectionately but unflinchingly. The writing is occasionally clumsy (especially the italicized, thought-stream interpolations) and the book is not in the same class as David Henderson's magnificent Jimi Hendrix bio. But *Death of a Rebel* captures the time, and competently presents for our view several sides of a fine, interesting man who was neither the great performer he wanted to be, nor the worthless has-been he pictured himself to be in the end.

Terry Atkinson

## Reggae Revel

... So we called up our pal (and editor) Judy Sims and said that we had finally found a

book that we liked. *Nay, loved!* This is it, this is the one! Not only is *Reggae Bloodlines* (by Stephen Davis & Peter Simon, Anchor Press, \$6.95) the absolutely definitive volume ever written about the search for the music and culture of Jamaica, it is an admirable model for any book that intends to deal with the social significance of any music to its parent culture. Rock historians and Rastafarians, this book could very well become your new bible. It has for us. Admittedly, yours truly, F & E, discovered the wonderful world of the dreadlock about ten years too late to be considered in on the new wave of things, but when we finally did make contact, we did it to the hilt. Ask us anything! What was Big Youth's first album titled? Why is Augustus Pablo considered by many a saint? How high can a human get if he smokes his weight in cannabis daily?

It was probably this final question and the isolated discovery of Junior Murvin's "Police and Thieves" on our weekly excursions to Toronto, via Air Canada's Muzak system and Smirnoff vodka, that led us onward toward Babylon. Prior to this, "The Harder They Come" was about it. But ignorance is no

excuse... so with the assistance of Allan McDougall, a pal at Island Records, and Davis and Simon's fantastic book plus a strong commitment to Kaya, Ol' Anglos Flo & Eddie decided to travel to Trenchtown by proxy.

Ahhhhh... Light a huge spliff and listen to "King Tubby Meets the Rockers Uptown" as you travel with the authors into Jamaican homes to drink of their ganja tea and learn of their suffering generations and their holy commitment to the Imperial Haile Selassie and to the magic weed.

These people—the Rastas living in the hills—are as close to the spirit (at least as far as we remember) of the Sixties rebellion as the Eighties will probably ever understand. And they are singing *real* protest songs, make no mistake about it. Songs of the people and the hypnotizing music makes you just want to light up another one, mon, and read on... interviews with Lee Perry, a long-time legend and Marley's first producer; all you want to know about Zap-Pow and/or the Heptones; photos of the Maytals, circa 1965.

The volume is a handsomely designed softback and Peter Simon's photographs add incredible depth to Davis' text with insightful candid photos of the people and the poverty and the countryside. The discography is invaluable and Davis (a former *Rolling Stone* editor) almost makes us feel the Caribbean sun beating down on our locks.

Do yourself a big favor. OK? Now, trust us... put on some Marley, Tosh or Toots—Cliff

will do, too—light a bomber for us, and get sucked into a whole new culture.

It's worth it. We promise.

Flo & Eddie

## Fluting It Up

Kelly Cherry's second novel, *Augusta Played* (Houghton Mifflin Company, \$9.95), is a funny book with one sad flaw—too many sentences have too many words. On page 182, for specifics, there's a 111-word whopper that confuses rather than entertains, and it's not the only one. These unrelenting mouthfuls occur on an average of one every three pages and badly dilute the hilarious flow of characters and plot.

Meanwhile, Ms. Cherry presents a marriage from inception to divorce between Norman (Jewish) and Augusta (Waspish) Gold with heart-piercing insight. Through a tangled series of lies and assumptions, the five main characters (Norman, his father Sid, Augusta, her ex-lover Richard and Sid's extra-marital companion Birdie Mickle, who's known in the stripshow world as Miss Chicken Delight) collide in a huge and impossibly plausible misunderstanding. As the question of who is *really* sleeping with whom unravels, the reader is left quite breathless with admiration for the author's deft and devious mind.

The culmination of this confusion peaks in a classic scene of high comedy in which Augusta, after marriage-long preparation,

## STRANGER THAN "SCIENCE" FICTION... Are the Regional Conventions of Science Fiction Writers & Readers

BY RUSSELL MADDEN

A young man of cool demeanor sauntered past the clusters of conversing drinkers. He paused. Then with a melodramatic flourish of his sable cape, he revealed to those crowded excitedly around him... a laser rifle. An honest-to-god laser rifle.

But while that beret-adorned fellow demonstrated his "weapon" to an audience which flourished its own simpler versions of "light sabers" and ray guns manufactured by General Technics, another circle of fans was helping to inaugurate the thirteenth annual Minneapolis Minicon science fiction convention.

Led by author Wilson "Bolt" Tucker, each fan in turn imbibed from the traditional bottle of Jim Beam and raised his right hand. At the completion of the circle, the "initiation by firewater" was followed by a simultaneous downswEEP flourish of hands and a heart-felt chorus of "Smoo-o-oth-h!

There in the hospitality suite were two poles of the science fiction convention community: the hardware aficionados and the booze-and-party lovers. And between the two wandered the strange looking, wide-eyed girl with the prop-topped beanie on her head.

The activities at regional conventions such as Minicon and I-Con in Iowa City, Iowa, are designed to offer information and diversion for these or any other type of fan.

Panel discussions featuring authors such as Hugo and Nebula Award winners Joe Haldeman, Roger Zelazny, Frank Herbert of *Dune* fame, and Samuel Delany cover topics ranging from "Booze and Science Fiction" to "Creating Exotic Alien Creatures." And there are talks for the technically minded on subjects such as L-5 space colonization, black holes, and the U.S. Voyager project to the outer planets.

Fans can mingle with their favorite writers at meet-the-author parties, roam through stacks of old and new books, comics and sf magazines in the "huckster room," bid on paintings of alien landscapes during the art auction, or watch all-night movies with titles like *Everything You Know Is Wrong*.

Folk songs often last into the wee hours as Joe Haldeman or Gordon

Dickson on guitar regales the fans with tales of the drunken adventures of an interstellar lover. And at the costume party, fans can compete for awards as Best Ghoul, Best Bird, or receive a special commendation for having the *least* costume. (Slave girls perennially do well in the latter category.) And at the latest Torcon in Toronto, Canada, a pair of fans dressed as the *Enterprise* and a Klingon battle cruiser and, lying on roller skates, staged an interstellar conflict before the delighted audience of fans.

For the authors, these "cons" afford an opportunity to discuss the genesis of a new novel with those who will be reading (and buying) it. And the presence of editors and publishers such as Ben Bove (late of *Analog* and now at *Omnib*), Lester del Rey from Ballantine, and Donald Wollheim, publisher of DAW books, offers them a chance to conclude a story deal or promote an idea for a novel.

For both publisher and author, autograph-signing sessions at the convention or a local bookstore boost book sales, as do publicity from newspaper, radio or television interviews.

But beyond these practical considerations, a convention is a unique (and fun) the guest of honor, an expense-paid) setting in which to party and relax.

For many people, an sf convention means three days with barely that many hours of sleep. At Mini Con II, it meant sharing a single room with eight guys and one girl. Or, the year before, stalking the streets for an all-night restaurant without getting arrested for being dressed like Jack the Ripper. For all fans, being among people who will understand a desire to be different and not laugh at green facial make-up or jewelry that flashes a rainbow of lights. Perhaps most of all it means indulging impulses and finding excitement in a field that most people do not appreciate or understand.

But for some people the end of a science fiction convention means sitting wrung out at a dead-dog party and trying desperately to figure out where the hell that guy got a... laser rifle??

Russell Madden is a free-lance writer who lives in Iowa City and has been known to paint himself green. James M. Longstreth lives in Portland, Oregon, and paints bizarre things—but, so far, he has not painted himself... at least, not green.

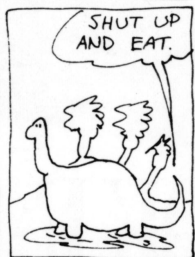
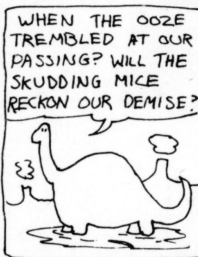
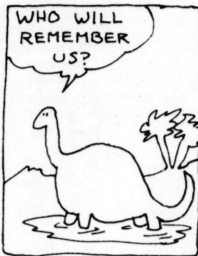
JAMES LONGSTRETH





# LONG AGO AND FAR AWAY

by H.E.T.



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makes her solo flute recital debut at New York City's Town Hall. By the time she ends the concert there are, on stage, two dwarves (one reciting Caliban), Augusta's canary uncaged and singing, Miss Chicken Delight and her interpretive dance accompanist (a Mr. Universe in rooster regalia), Richard, his wife and children, Norman, a pair of friends (one of whom decides to strip with Birdie) and an unmanned synthesizer going amok with a recording of Ravel's "Bolero" blaring from the wings.

So the question remains, is it worth ploughing through 100-word sentences, and the answer is a triumphant yes. You know what else? It'd make an even better movie.

Alison Wickwire

## Cloning Around

Though the practical possibility of cloning adult human beings is remote in the extreme, it is theoretically intriguing; there has been a recent flurry of popular-press discussion of the topic, spawned by reports of successful experiments with embryonic frogs. These articles follow the usual pattern of fantastic elaboration loosely related to a scientific achievement, the real implications of which are considerably more modest. A spate of fictional works on the topic is, of course, inevitable, and Patrick Watson's *Alter Ego* (Viking, \$9.95) is one of the spate.

The novel's premise, though implausible, is potentially interesting. Most everyone "talks to himself" from time to time, but what if the phrase's referent were literal rather than figurative? What on earth would you say? Obviously, the usual run of openers would be precluded (Where are you from? What's your favorite color?), and the practical difficulties also would be considerable (Who gets the car for the weekend? Or the girl?). If, as Dr. Freud tells us, we each harbor an atavistic Narcissus, curious erotic possibilities might be expected to present themselves. Most seriously, the notion of the self as a radically unique product of nature and nurture is done extraordinary violence by the idea of cloning in adulthood, and the philosophical implications are complex and possibly profound. The premise thus offers considerable potential for fiction, either

whimsical or serious. Unfortunately, *Alter Ego* offers neither.

The clonee here is a rather boring philanthropist who makes television documentaries. He seems eminently suited to his work. Once he is two, interminable discussions ensue which read like transcripts of some not-very-clever student's training analysis. Elsewhere there is a graphic love scene so badly written as to be embarrassing, e.g., "She said, choked, 'I want you to be huge in me.' . . ." How that sort of hackneyed schlock got past an editor, I cannot imagine.

What we have then, is a good idea gone wrong. Too bad, but not to worry. Surely dozens of other novels in this vein are already in press. Perhaps one of them will be the "psychological thriller" promised on the *Alter Ego* dust jacket.

J.C. Norton

## Mr. Not Bad

First novels, at least a great number of them published in the last decade, seem generally self-indulgent, whining and long. Carolyn Banks' first novel, *Mr. Right* (Viking, \$9.95) is none of the above.

Lida, the liberated heroine (is there any other kind these days?) teaches English to subliterate college students. One day she dashes off a fan letter to a Mr. Duvivier, who writes sado-masochistic thrillers; they meet, sparks fly. But it seems this Duvivier is really a former teacher-cum-murderer, and Lida may be his next victim. This makes mystery and suspense, as Lida's friend Diana (who coincidentally and not very convincingly Learns the Truth) tries to find and warn her friend.

Banks is best when she describes Lida's wretched lovers and her angry remorse at being so wretchedly loved. Banks is witty and often funny, and *Mr. Right* zips along, rarely dull, with a genuine plot that develops nicely—although too quickly. The only problem here, and it looms larger as the book progresses, is the shallow characterizations. Duvivier is positively incredible, in the literal sense, and the ending is a cheat. Still, this book takes about two minutes to read, and most of us could use an occasional two-minute diversion.

Judith Sims

"REAL LIFE AIN'T THIS WAY... BUT ROCK AND ROLL IS!"

Jay Ferguson

Jay Ferguson's new album. On Asylum Records and Tapes.

Produced by Jay Ferguson and Ed Masheal  
Executive Producer: Bill Szymczyk for Pandora Productions, Ltd.



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(6E-158)



# BARROOM SMOKE & WHISKY MUSIC

BY STEVEN X. REA

The pink neon "COCKTAILS" flashes on and off outside the Raincheck Room on Hollywood's Santa Monica Blvd. On a side street around the corner, Rickie Lee Jones talks to two blacks who park cars for the Mexican restaurant opposite where she'd left her yellow and black '57 Lincoln Premier. She takes out a Winston filter, leans into one of the valet's cupped hands, her features momentarily match-lit as she pulls in the smoke. Decked out in a flowery, 1940s-ish, wine-red dress, Jones sways slightly in the late night breeze. Her off-balance strides to the Raincheck's front door suggest some hours already whiled away in another bar.

Rickie Lee Jones talks through a cigarette-and-Scotch rasp and looks out from tired, faraway eyes. Just 24, she looks like a seasoned bar lady, an independent broad straight from the pages of a Raymond Chandler story. Circling the pool table, a beret angled over her long brown hair, she shoots with quick, certain movements. Between shots, in the Raincheck's crowded pool room, she'll drink her Jamesons on the rocks, take on a cigarette and nod knowingly as Peggy Lee and Ray Charles croon from the old jukebox speakers. Yet when Rickie Lee Jones sits down to talk—friendly, husky-voiced—it arouses wonder. Where did she find all those love-and-booze-soaked years—the barrios, the barrooms and the broken hearts that her mannerisms and the songs from her debut album, *Rickie Lee Jones*, evoke with such authenticity?

"My father has worked in restaurants as a waiter and manager most of his life," says Jones. "He wrote 'The Moon Is Made of Gold,' a lullaby, when I was born back in Chicago in '55." The family—father, mother, two other sisters and a brother—moved

around the country a lot: Phoenix; Elmo, Washington (near Olympia, where her brother operated a pool hall); the Windy City. "My family's full of characters," Jones says, "cow rustlers and poets and actors. Kind of American hillbilly gypsies."

Early in 1977, with nothing much in mind, she drifted to Los Angeles. Waitressing work, then piano lessons at Santa Monica City College somehow led to a shady job with a shady Mafia type: "He had a little shop that was a front for something. I don't know what it was because all I did was sit there and write songs and he'd pay me to tell him who called. He showed me the gun under his arm. His name was Rocky. He ran out on my last paycheck."

The unemployment line followed, and three-or-four-set nights for fifteen bucks at little clubs in Hollywood and Venice where Jones interspersed her own compositions with old jazz standards, backed sometimes by bass, sometimes a piano—trios, quartets, quintets. "Occasionally a couple of horn players would come down," she remembers, propping her head back against the bar's dark wood-paneled wall. "And a drummer. In the little subterranean jazz community of Venice I knew a lot of people. We did a lot of work, and a lot of hustling for next to no money."

Then, on only her fourth solo gig—as the story goes—Warner Bros. producers Lenny Waronker and Russ Titelman saw Jones at the Troubadour. That was May of '78. She was signed in June and began recording in September. Waronker and Titelman fleshed out Rickie Lee's late-night ramblings ("It's a strange kind of hepster jazz," she explains) with session musicians like Steve Gadd, Andy Newmark, Willie Weeks and Tom Scott—the tough, streetwise punks of



"Young Blood," the down-in-the-dive scenario of "Danny's All-Night Joint," the auto mechanic/lover metaphors of "The Last Chance Texaco" dovetailed into a slick, sensuous jazz/pop style. "I'm very proud of the record. But perhaps it would've been more streetier, a little more jazzy without Russ and Lenny." The LP took five months to record. "Russell paced and Lenny worried—banged his head on the board and I patted them on the back. The engineer did the rest."

Jones lives nine blocks from the Pacific Ocean in a small, old house in Santa Monica. Most days she wakes up after noon, her glistering black Yamaha upright piano standing amidst a clutter of clothes, cigarette butts, bottles, records, books (Damon Runyan, *Catch 22*, Vonnegut), plants, a television, old lamps, old furniture, old paintings. She's got two guitars: a pre-war Gibson and a newer, dark brown Martin.

Jones' songs, and her nocturnal, other-era lifestyle, share with Tom Waits' denizen-of-the-night persona an affinity for old cars, old bars and love scenes played to the tune of jangling ice cubes in a glass of Cutty Sark. Not surprisingly, the two are close. "Tom and Chuck Weiss [subject of Jones' "Chuck E's in Love"] and I are old buddies. We drive around and play when we can. We fight. Yeah, we're good friends."

"They played my whole album on the radio last night and Tom and Chuck and I sat on the porch and listened to it on a transistor radio that we couldn't get in. We were all drunk and pissed off and yelling at each other. We didn't get to hear it very well. But I heard them say my name and that scared the shit out of me."

Things are happening with remarkable swiftness for Jones. With little initial record company support, tracks from the album began getting strong airplay. Nothing, short of cash itself, bewitches a record executive like airplay. An April appearance on *Saturday Night Live*, a rush-released single version of "Chuck E's in Love" and a small, club-date concert ensued. "I really get off on touring with all these good looking cats in the band," the big-boned singer says, smiling.

Jones cites Waits, Randy Newman, Laura Nyro and Bonnie Raitt among her contemporary influences, in addition to the work of Louis Prima, Ray Charles and Billie Holiday, to whose songs she grew up listening. But Jones possesses a keen writer's eye all her own. She works sitting up in her living room: "I'll smoke a lot of cigarettes, use up a lot of paper, pace around, stop, watch some of a movie, go back and write," crafting hazy, bluesy stories on her piano or one of her guitars. "I've wanted to write some short stories," she explains. "It's not so hard to write a story and rhyme everything, but it's not that easy to write a story and *not* rhyme everything."

"I know this cat, an old man in Santa Monica, who walks around the mall and up and down Wilshire Blvd. and he'll rhyme everything that he says to you, why, he'll say 'How are you today? You know, I just came from the valley and say, it was sure hot my god, and I saw this cat in an old hot rod.' He scares the shit out of people, they run from him, and I sit there sometimes and try to do it back to him. I think it's a disease—the rhyming disease."

There's a reckless, notional quality to Jones that suggests the old rhyming man is just another character from one of her songs. But whether he really casts rhymes away on the Santa Monica sidewalks or just inside the singer's head is irrelevant. As she does for the light-duty hookers and street-corner clowns of her songs, Rickie Lee Jones infuses the old rhymers' life with a reality of its own. &

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**COLORED PAPER**

FRANK ZAPPA  
Sheik Yerbouti (Zappa Records/Mercury)

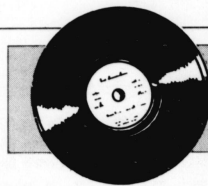
My idea of a national monument is Frank Zappa. In the midst of the national humor drain, Zappa is one of our most vital national resources. Sure, he's accessible to only about a tenth of one percent of the population, but what the heck... who understands Twyla Tharp or John Cage? With that in mind, it's sort of jolting to notice that Zappa is scaling the *Billboard* singles charts for only the second time in his long career (first time was back in 1974 with "Don't Eat the Yellow Snow") with his derisively anti-disco number, "Dancin' Fool." But Zappa, a man with his feet firmly rooted in Middle America and his heart in the wrong place, doesn't stop with a topic as simple to lampoon as disco. *Sheik Yerbouti* (such a good name!) and such a great cover shot!) rides roughshod over repairmen ("Flakes"), love ("Broken Hearts Are for Assholes"), adolescence ("Tryin' to Grow a Chin") and, most viciously of all, the Jewish American Princess ("Jewish Princess"), with a song so brutally anti-Semitic it should ban Zappa forever from B'nai B'rith luncheons.

But Zappa stands outside of such simple human foibles as morality, human rights and the dignity of man. His creative vein is one of the brightest in a universe of dimbulbs like John Denver and Debby Boone. Zappa's lampoons cut deep to the heart of the American Dream.

Merrill Shindler

GRAHAM PARKER & THE RUMOUR  
Squeezing out Sparks (Arista)

Graham Parker goes for the throat. Elvis Costello has enjoyed greater commercial success by copying an image that everyone can relate to—the neurotic nerd everybody



## n disc

shit on during adolescence now getting the chance to vent his spleen on his tormentors—but Parker is more direct, more primal if you will. Dylan Thomas wrote "Rage, rage against the dying of the light" and that's precisely what Graham Parker does.

*Squeezing out Sparks* is Parker's first Arista album after four critically acclaimed but poor-selling LPs for Mercury. (Characteristically, he penned a tune called "Mercury Poisoning," lambasting that label for keeping him "the best kept secret in the West" in such vitriolic fashion that Arista thought it best not to include the song on the album.) It's more of a throwback to the sound of his first two albums—producer Jack Nitzsche's spare production focuses attention on Parker's vocals and songwriting talents rather than the instrumental power of the quite exceptional Rumour.

Parker's intensity and lyrical pre-occupation with the extinction of emotion in the modern world does lend a certain one-dimensional flavor to his work. Most of the songs fall into the same moderately uptempo, electric Dylan-cum-Stax-soul-band style and Graham spits, snarls and growls the lyrics, offering none of the seductive pop phrasing that Costello, for example, uses to lighten up his message.

And when Parker hits home on a song like "You Can't Be Too Strong" (inspired, I've read, by his gut reactions to the abortion of

what would have been his child) he gets in so deep it scares me. Passion is no ordinary word, to borrow a Parker song title. Likewise, *Squeezing out Sparks* is no ordinary album and Graham Parker is no ordinary talent.

Don Snowden

BADFINGER  
Airwaves (Elektra)

Remember when the central question about a new band was whether they sounded like the Beatles or the Stones? If the Beatles, they usually sang pop tunes and were calculatingly coy. If the Stones, they were loud, played the blues and were obnoxious. Boy, those were the days.

Two bands that not only sounded like the Beatles, but were often accused of being Fab Four echoes, were the Bee Gees and Badfinger. Everyone knows what became of the Bee Gees, but what of Badfinger?

It's not a pretty story. The suicide of founding member Peter Ham has been attributed to the shameless rip-offs the group suffered at the hands of numerous music industry low-lives. Badfinger struggled through a series of poorly received albums and interminable personnel changes, sinking and re-surfacing like a drowning man with a will to live.

Yet there was a time, early on, when Badfinger produced fine, well crafted pop tunes. "Come and Get It" from the film *The Magic Christian*, "Carry on Tomorrow," "No Matter What," and the Badfinger-penned Nilsson hit "Without You" were all exemplary Top 40 productions, while the masterful "Day After Day" was, to these ears, a significant offering.

Two original Badfingers, guitarist Joey Molland and bassist Tom Evans, clinging tenaciously to a vision, have released a new album for Elektra, *Airwaves*, recorded even while members were being hired and fired, is not up to the group's best work, yet it succeeds because of its total lack of pretension.

Badfinger, to their credit, still sound very much like the Beatles. No disco, punk or fusion influx here; the group has retained its original concept intact: flyweight Beatles with a taste for puffery. *Airwaves* is a bit more rocked out, but the basic elements are still there and still work: vintage mid-period Beatle vocals, George Harrison guitar runs, chunky fuzztone McCartney Rickenbacker bass lines, heartfelt ballads and fun-filled blues derivations. *Airwaves* is kind of gear, kind of marvey, and while it may be true that time waits for no man, it will occasionally linger for a while, as it has done, charmingly, with Badfinger.

Davin Seay

PERE UBU  
Dub Housing (Chrysalis)

No one on the current scene is making rock music as experimental and inventive as Pere Ubu. The Cleveland-based quintet clearly owes a debt to Beefheart's surrealistic desert-rat blues but there's also an urban, industrial feeling to Ubu's intelligently textured music.

Crucially, and unlike most rockers who aspire to something beyond the Saturday Night song and dance, Ubu never forgets that it's a rock & roll band. The songs don't follow the standard verse-chorus format but most—particularly "Navy," "On the Surface" and "Caigari's Mirror"—temper the

sonic explorations with highly accessible melodies. Others start in the outer reaches and stay there; the second half of "Thriller" is centered around some noise that sounds like a hacksaw cutting through the microphone.

But even the white noise flavorings, most coming courtesy of Allen Ravenstine's keyboards, are skillfully incorporated to add emotional impact rather than just being gratuitous weirdness for weirdness' sake. Likewise, it's difficult to pick up the words David Thomas is singing, but his plaintive wail has a highly charged, emotionally evocative quality that speaks volumes in and of itself.

*Dub Housing* doesn't quite match the concentrated power of Pere Ubu's exceptional debut album (*The Modern Dance*, released on Mercury's now-defunct Blank subsidiary), but it's a haunting, powerful LP that will satisfy more adventurous listeners. Kudos to Chrysalis for releasing it here (it's been available as an import for three months) and may they realize this is one band whose worth can't be measured solely in terms of units shipped.

Don Snowden

THE ALLMAN BROTHERS BAND  
Enlightened Rogues (Capricorn/Mercury)

The Allman Brothers Band has not released an album of original work since their highly successful *Win, Lose or Draw* in late 1975. Since then, these latter-day good ole boys from Macon have gone through what may be euphemistically referred to as hard times.

The band split back in 1976 in what was one of the uglier breakups in recent memory. Since then, the band's various members went on to a vast array of semi-successful and outright failed projects—Chuck Leavell, Lamar Williams and Jaimoe Johnson to Seal level, Dickey Betts to Great Southern, and Gregg Allman to the worst fate of all—husband to Cher and father to one of her children.

The current reunion of the Allman Brothers Band brings to mind Paul McCartney's standard answer to questions about whether the Beatles will ever re-form. It wouldn't really matter if the Beatles ever re-formed, McCartney says, because they wouldn't be the Beatles. The Beatles died a decade ago and that's that, R.I.P.

Much the same can be said for the Allman Brothers Band. The triple guitar attack is still there, as are the haunting, swampy rhythms. But the lyrics are inane, the melodies hopelessly repetitive and the creative spark a sad reminder of what the band once was. A strong public reception has proven the world is hungry for sweet Southern rock, but in the end, the Allman Brothers are not the *Enlightened Rogues* their album title promises.

Merrill Shindler

ROXY MUSIC  
Manifesto (Atco)

Roxy Music's break-up after *Siren*, their fifth and most consistent album, was shattering to Roxy aficionados. Its "Love Is the Drug" single earned Roxy their greatest U.S. airplay and promised future audience growth, but since then all Atco Records offered to maintain that new success were two pallid rehashes: *Viva! Roxy Music* and a "best of" collection.

With Roxy's reunion album, their sixth studio LP, the band tries to regain the momentum they built prior to the split—but there's little on *Manifesto* to help attain that goal.

Each of Roxy's five earlier studio albums had one solid, instant Roxy classic—from "Virginia Plain," "Do the Strand," "Street

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Life," and "The Thrill of It All" to "Love Is the Drug"—but with their sixth, nothing. With its sappy romanticism, "Angel Eyes" comes the closest and maybe "Ain't That So" or the spunky "Trash" (again proving the new wave affects them all), but none quite make the grade.

More often than not, reunion albums are miserable failures. *Manifesto* is not another statistic by any means, but it's clear that when the Roxy members got back together after their various solo experiments (Bryan Ferry, Andy MacKay, Phil Manzanera) and projects (Manzanera's 801, Eddie Jobson's U.K.), it was extremely difficult for them to fit back into the same mold (and Jobson decided not to try).

Close listening shows Manzanera's time during the hiatus was well spent. His playing is tasty and increasingly refined, but as usual, Roxy hinders his talents. In *Manifesto's* song arrangements, Roxy is more concerned with rhythm and musical sparseness than on, say, the lushly produced *Siren*. This results in Manzanera's guitar work being further buried in the mix and reedman MacKay being limited to ominous overtones, bringing Ferry even more forcefully to the listener's attention.

More so than in the past, Ferry deserves this extra attention. His suave, warbling voice is more skillfully controlled and confident than ever. Compare *Manifesto's* morose "Spin Me 'Round" to the similar "2HB" from the first Roxy Music album—Ferry's vocal improvements are astounding. In addition, Ferry's songwriting dominates, explaining the accent on a Sixties White American Cleancut style, meshing well with the cool Ferry sassiness we've learned to expect.

This album marks Roxy's seventh band player (talk about job security), the end of

the traditional Roxy cover-girls on the jacket and Paul Thompson's graduation from sledgehammer drumming. *Manifesto*, though disappointing, is certainly worth the wait.

**Vicki Arkoff**

**HERBIE HANCOCK/CHICK COREA**  
An Evening with Herbie Hancock & Chick Corea (Columbia)

A milestone. Intuitive. Refreshing. Inventive. Pure music. Stupendous chops. All these terms could be and were, at the time, used to describe *An Evening with Herbie Hancock & Chick Corea*, recorded during their double acoustic grand piano 1978 tour.

It was an adventurous move by the two pianists. Both shelved popular electronic ensembles in an effort to "get back to the roots," and, as this double set proves, they pulled it off with ease and style, not to mention taste.

Like last year's excellent Milestone Jazzstars *In Concert* set (another one-tour-only group), *An Evening* exists as both a memento to those lucky enough to attend the concerts and as a satisfying substitute to the many fans who couldn't catch them in person. Either way, the sounds contained within are astonishing.

The two ex-Miles Davis pianists become one mind with four hands and a two-keyboard reach. It is hard to believe two people could be so totally hooked into each other. The ideas, the notes, the magic flow back and forth between the twenty fingers with nary a deflection.

Most people will probably be drawn to sides one and four ("Someday My Prince Will Come," "Liza" and "Maiden Voyage," "La Fiesta" respectively), because of their familiar themes, but listeners ought not pass over the middle of the program. "Button Up"

on side two is a percussive co-composition with a friendly tension that lends an almost humorous touch. "February Moments" (side 3) is Herbie's solo spot, and he manages to include touches of everything. He should definitely do a solo album at some point soon in his career. He has a lot to say.

**Paul Andersen**

**RICK JAMES**  
Bustin' out of L7 (Motown)

James burst upon the scene with one of last year's biggest crossover hits, "You and I." As the funk movement has gained strength as black music's new-wave alternative to disco, James has become a freak hero of sorts outside the R&B mainstream. In the same way white performers baffled the industry ten years ago during the days of lightshows and flower power, James is in the vanguard of today's funk-rock performers who have industry moguls scratching their heads while street kids, both black and white, are rocking and freaking to his distinctive, commercial sound.

"Bustin' out of L7" opens with James' freak funk anthem, "Bustin' Out," one of the hottest dance tracks to hit in a year already loaded with them. The pace stays up with "High on Your Love Suite" and its exploding electric intro, sly dope references and pounding rhythm track derivative of "You and I." From there, the album flows into a more standard black style as it segues into "Love Interlude,"—and lewd it is with love moans and various wet sounds filling in the spaces. "Space Love," an astral ode to Patti LaBelle, closes the side.

"Cop N' Blow" opens side two with another uptempo funkier about trying to convince a young road love into bed that rings of questionable sincerity. The high schoolish

"Jefferson Ball" follows where Rick tries to bring Barry White's smooth style to his younger audience in the form of a mawkish love ballad. The album closes with "Fool on the Street," an uptempo groove and "you knew me when" lyrics written to an old lover. Aside from the youthful freak themes, this is one of the few tunes on the album with any sincerity.

James' strength is in his attitude and stance. By becoming a figurehead of this new musical movement, he succeeds best when fitting his music into his updated version of the black freak. When he tries to update old forms, or fit his style into more traditional formats, the results seem forced and too cute instead of loose and too cold.

**Tom Vickers**

**SUPERTRAMP**  
Breakfast in America (A&M)

The cover of Supertramp's latest release is funny, marvelously rendered, highly imaginative. The entire ad campaign, in fact, is among the best in recent memory—A&M is to be congratulated.

As for the music: Supertramp is among the last legitimate vestiges of the tradition of English studio groups which finds its direct antecedent in the Beatles. Multi-layered sound, lush vocals, ringing guitars and an emphasis on keyboards, all trademarks of the school, are all used by Supertramp to creditable effect. Other practitioners of the art, most notably 10CC and the attenuated Yes—while certainly Supertramp's equal in studio wizardry—lack a basic ingredient that makes this group, and the ten songs on *Breakfast in America*, so enjoyable—an instinct for the hook. With scant exception, the material on *Breakfast* is prime AM radio product, in the best sense of that phrase.

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George Benson/Warner Bros.
2. **Feets Don't Fail Me Now**  
Herbie Hancock/Columbia
3. **Carmel**  
Joe Sample/MCA
4. **Touchdown**  
Bob James/Tappan Zee
5. **Follow the Rainbow**  
George Duke/Epic
6. **Angie**  
Angela Bofill/GRP
7. **Tiger in the Rain**  
Michael Franks/Warner Bros.
8. **An Evening with Herbie Hancock & Chick Corea**  
Herbie Hancock & Chick Corea/Columbia
9. **Exotic Memories**  
Lonnie Liston Smith/Columbia
10. **Patrice**  
Patrice Rushen/Elektra
11. **Morning Dance**  
Spyro Gyra/Infinity
12. **Light the Light**  
Seawind/Horizon
13. **Awakening**  
Narada Michael Walden/Atlantic
14. **Pat Metheny**  
Pat Metheny/ECM
15. **Stuff It**  
Stuff/Warner Bros.
16. **Flame**  
Ronnie Laws/United Artists
17. **Super Mann**  
Herbie Mann/Atlantic
18. **The Joy of Flying**  
Tony Williams/Columbia
19. **Children of Sanchez**  
Chuck Mangione/A&M
20. **In Concert**  
Milestone Jazzstars/Milestone

## RECOMMENDED NEW RELEASES

- Paradise**  
Grover Washington, Jr./Elektra
- Land of Passion**  
Hubert Laws/Columbia
- Street Life**  
The Crusaders/MCA
- Fine and Mellow**  
Ella Fitzgerald
- John-Luc Ponty Live**  
John-Luc Ponty/Atlantic

## ROCK

1. **Minute by Minute**  
Doobie Brothers/Warner Bros.
2. **Dire Straits**  
Dire Straits/Warner Bros.
3. **Desolation Angels**  
Bad Company/Swan Song
4. **Spirits Having Flown**  
Bea Gees/RSO
5. **Blondes Have More Fun**  
Flood Stewart/Warner Bros.
6. **Livin' Inside Your Love**  
George Benson/Warner Bros.
7. **Enlightened Rogues**  
Alman Brothers Band/Capricorn
8. **S2nd Street**  
Billy Joel/Columbia
9. **Breakfast in America**  
Supertramp/A&M
10. **Cheap Trick of Budokan**  
Cheap Trick/Epic
11. **Parallel Lines**  
Blondie/Chrysalis
12. **Brief Case Full of Blues**  
Blues Brothers/Atlantic
13. **George Harrison**  
George Harrison/Dark Horse
14. **Legend**  
Poco/ABC
15. **Three Hearts**  
Bob Welch/Capitol
16. **The Cars**  
The Cars/Elektra
17. **Heads First**  
Babys/Chrysalis
18. **Outlandos D' Amor**  
Police/A&M
19. **Armed Forces**  
Elvis Costello/Columbia
20. **New Kind of Feeling**  
Anne Murray/Capitol
21. **Totally Hot**  
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
22. **Life for the Taking**  
Eddie Money/Columbia
23. **Toto**  
Toto/Columbia

24. **Van Halen II**  
Van Halen/Warner Bros.
25. **McGuinn, Clark, Hillman**  
McGuinn, Clark, Hillman/Capitol

## RECOMMENDED NEW RELEASES

- Squeezing out Sparks**  
Graham Parker/Arista
- Tilt**  
Soundtrack/MCA
- Jerry Lee Lewis**  
Jerry Lee Lewis/Elektra
- Garden of Eden**  
Passport/Atlantic
- Forever**  
Orleans/Infinity
- Real Life Ain't This Way**  
Jay Ferguson/Asylum

## SOUL

1. **2 Hot**  
Peaches & Herb/MVP
2. **Livin' Inside Your Love**  
George Benson/Warner Bros.
3. **We Are Family**  
Sister Sledge/Cotillion
4. **Instant Funk**  
Instant Funk/Salsoul
5. **Bustin' out of L Seven**  
Rick James/Gordy
6. **Destiny**  
Jacksons/Epic
7. **Here, My Dear**  
Marvin Gaye/Tamla
8. **Disco Nights**  
G.G./Arista
9. **Knock on Wood**  
Arni Stewart/Aniela
10. **C'est Chic**  
Chic/Atlantic
11. **Love Tracks**  
Gloria Gaynor/Polydor
12. **Chuck Brown & the Soul Searchers**  
Chuck Brown & the Soul Searchers/Source
13. **Crosswinds**  
Peabo Bryson/Capitol
14. **Promise of Love**  
Delegation/Shadybrook
15. **Madame Butterfly**  
Tavares/Capitol

## RECOMMENDED NEW RELEASES

- The Music Band**  
War/MCA
- Wardell Piper**  
Wardell Piper/Midson International
- Whisper in Your Ear**  
The Whispers/RCA
- Roads of Life**  
Bobby Womack/Arista

## COUNTRY

1. **The Gambler**  
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
2. **New Kind of Feeling**  
Anne Murray/Capitol
3. **Willie and Family Live**  
Willie Nelson/Columbia
4. **TNT**  
Tanya Tucker/MCA
5. **Every Which Way but Loose**  
Soundtrack/Elektra
6. **Stardust**  
Willie Nelson/Columbia
7. **Our Memories of Elvis**  
Elvis Presley/RCA
8. **Sweet Memories**  
Willie Nelson/RCA
9. **When I Dream**  
Crystal Gayle/United Artists
10. **John Denver**  
John Denver/RCA
11. **Heartbreaker**  
Dolly Parton/RCA
12. **The Best of Barbara Mandrell**  
Barbara Mandrell/MCA
13. **The Oak Ridge Boys Have Arrived**  
The Oak Ridge Boys/MCA
14. **Expressions**  
Don Williams/MCA
15. **Larry Gatlin's Greatest Hits, Vol. I**  
Larry Gatlin/Monument

## RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Classics**  
Kenny Rogers & Dottie West/United Artists
- Half and Half**  
Jerry Reed/RCA
- Outlaw Is Just a State of Mind**  
Lynn Anderson/Columbia

Without reverting to disco's 126 beats a minute, Supertramp is able to invest their tunes with a pleasant staying power—we really don't mind that the song goes on in our minds all day long. There is enough meat here to satisfy the musical appetite without following the bloated feeling that leads over-indulgence in junk food for the ears.

While lack of passion is a valid criticism of *Breakfast in America*, it misses the point. True, the lyrics are not particularly challenging; Supertramp lacks the punster's penchant that was both the strength and downfall of their closest competition, 10CC. But on the other hand, there is nothing overtly offensive here; the words simply serve as additional aural coloration for what is, finally, a masterful use of available studio technology and a stunning exercise in pop manipulation. *Breakfast in America* derives from fifteen years of collective effort by an earnest and richly endowed school of contemporary music to bring the full resources of studio science into rock & roll. Both the album and the group do the heritage justice.

Davin Seay

JOHN ABERCROMBIE QUARTET  
Arcane (ECM)

The five original compositions on this album (two by guitarist-mandolinist Abercrombie and three by pianist Richie Beirach) all have a meditative, ethereal quality to them, due not only to their off-discordant and reflective tonalities, but to the arrangements, and particularly to Abercrombie's fondness for the volume control pedal and for such techniques of musicianship as the fast finger-slide.

The most accessible cut is "Arcane," which is based on a four-note theme repeated throughout the track's nine and a half minutes. But perhaps the most interesting piece is "Neptune," in which an eerie, undersea mood is evoked by having the melodic line played on the bass with a bow (so that it sounds like a cello) while cymbals simulate the sound of waves sweeping ashore with their loud-and-soft alternation, and Abercrombie's high-register notes suggest ripples, bubbles and currents.

The quartet is unusually well-integrated, a whole that seems greater than the sum of its parts, and the result is entrancing music.

Clarke Owens

## BAD COMPANY

Desolation Angels (Savan Song)

Stalwart old-school British rockers, Bad Company warrant some respect for their steadfast, straight-ahead blues-based approach. Formed five years ago, following separate internships with rock outfits Free and Mott the Hoople, the quartet hasn't changed—Simon Kirk and Boz Burrell's bass and drum tandem still pound solidly away behind Paul Rodgers' gravelly, gutsy vocals, while Mick Ralphs injects lean, wiry guitar lines into the mix. In fact, Bad Company's incessant unchangeability is such that songs from *Desolation Angels* could easily be resequenced onto any of their previous LPs and no one—except perhaps the group and their engineer—would know they came from different sessions.

To their credit, the venerable Bad Company boys still manage (mostly) to pull it off; the music is simple, enthusiastic (you'd think they'd begin tiring of this stuff) and deftly delivered. *Desolation Angels'* slow numbers work best: "Crazy Circles," with its wash of acoustic guitars, and "Early in the Morning," "Rock 'n' Roll Fantasy," "Evil Wind" and "Lonely for Your Love" admirably represent your standard Bad Company rock 'n' roll fare.

Steven X. Rea

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# AMERICA IS HAVING A LOVE AFFAIR WITH "A LITTLE ROMANCE"



## *A Little Romance*

PAN ARTS Presents  
A GEORGE ROY HILL FILM  
"A LITTLE ROMANCE"

Starring  
LAURENCE OLIVIER

ARTHUR HILL SALLY KELLERMAN DIANE LANE and THELONIOUS BERNARD as the lovers  
Produced by YVES ROUSSET-ROUARD and ROBERT L. CRAWFORD Executive Producer PATRICK KELLEY  
Screenplay by ALLAN BURNS Directed by GEORGE ROY HILL Original Music by GEORGES DELERUE  
Based on the novel "E=MC<sup>2</sup>, MON AMOUR" by PATRICK CAUVIN Published by the EDITIONS JEAN-CLAUDE LATTES

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### COMING SOON TO A THEATRE NEAR YOU

COLORED PRINT

# On Screen

**REAL LIFE**, starring Albert Brooks, Charles Grodin & Francis Lee McCain; written by Brooks, Monica Johnson & Harry Shearer; directed by Brooks.

There were always a lot of satiric possibilities in the William Lounds, the Santa Barbara family that was invaded by a PBS documentary team that recorded their every move, from the time one son, Lance, came out of the closet to the final decision that divorce was the logical end for both the family and the series. While the Lounds—even the once ubiquitous Lance—have faded from view, comedian Albert Brooks seems to have hit pay dirt unearthing their memory for his own weird purposes.

Though the inspiration for *Real Life*, Brooks' first feature, might be dated, the humor is light years ahead of most of today's film comedy. Brooks, who serves as co-writer, director and star, has transferred his off-beat vision to the Loud affair, casting himself as the head of the film crew that starts chronicling the Yeager family of Phoenix. But all does not go well once the filming starts. The father—a veterinarian played by Charles Grodin—becomes so unnerved by the cameras he's invited into his life that he mucks up open heart surgery on a prize show horse. That mistake pushes him into a catatonic funk, and he drags his typically suburban family down with him.

The documentary team goes down, too. Brooks is so panicked that his once promising project is becoming a study in boredom that he starts a steady—and funny—deterioration, and the movie becomes a race to see who goes crazy first.

The result is a nicely cerebral comedy—part straight satire, part inspired lunacy. There are some wonderful touches—like a gynecologist who's on the lam from *60 Minutes* and the speakerphone voice of an unseen big studio exec (played by Jennings Lang, a real-life big studio exec). But the true strength of *Real Life* is that Brooks keeps his aim consistently high and never stoops for cheap yucks. With so much slapstick masquerading as high comedy these days, *Real Life* stands out as genuinely intelligent film satire. Which, unfortunately, is an increasingly rare breed.

Stephen Randall

**WALK PROUD**, starring Robby Benson and Susan Holcomb; written by Evan Hunter; directed by Robert Collins.

**BOULEVARD NIGHTS**, starring Richard Yüiguez and Marta du Bois; written by Desmond Nakano; directed by Michael Pressman.

The much publicized violence that has erupted at theaters showing recent gang movies has been blamed on the films themselves, but there is violence in the ghetto or barrio (hell, everywhere) no matter what's appearing at the local theater. Neither director of the above films exploits this violence, but neither recognizes that there is life in the barrio beyond gangs and cars.

*Walk Proud* (originally titled *Gang*) and *Boulevard Nights* are both small-budget, earnest attempts to reflect the Chicano experience in Los Angeles; they question the importance of gang membership, especially the brutality reinforced by strict codes of honor and machismo. Both films fail, on almost every level.

Both productions used real-life gang

members as extras or consultants, and between the two films more Chicano actors earned paychecks than in many previous years put together. Members of the Chicano community have endorsed both films, ostensibly because of the anti-gang messages.

The plots are withered old chestnuts, the scripts abysmal clichés, and with few exceptions the acting is either overacting or not acting at all. *Walk Proud* offers Robby Benson as a tough Azteca gang member of Venice (and if you can believe Benson, the appealingly naive basketballer in *One on One*, as a Latino, you have more imagination than you need) who falls in love with rich Anglo Susan Holcomb (she played the mayor's daughter in *Animal House* and is appropriately wholesome here). But it isn't her love for him that leads him to reject gang membership—no, it's a ludicrous identity crisis precipitated by the discovery that his father is a drunken Anglo and not a "handsome Mexican businessman" as his mother has always claimed.

With *Boulevard Nights*, the slightly more

believable story has older brother Yüiguez trying to rise out of his East L.A. gangland past and make a new life for himself and fiancée du Bois. But his younger brother, overplayed by Danny de la Paz with sinister bug-eyed craziness, is an apparent idiot who wants nothing more than gangland camaraderie. In both films, the hero's job ambitions center on cars (can't Chicanos do anything else?) and home life consists of a single parent, a loving mother who worries. Also in each film, the gang members do a great deal of back thumping, fist clenching and slogan shouting. If there is a central theme here, it is that gang members are utterly stupid—which may be true, but if we're to understand why these youths, in defiance of religious, moral and cultural tenets, find gangs so appealing, we should see beyond the stupidity. Endless use of the word "macho" explains nothing.

I'm certainly in favor of giving new young filmmakers their shot at the big time, but Collins and Pressman aren't ready. Their

films are wretchedly paced, they don't know what to do with their actors, and they can't even recreate the feeling of locations as distinctive as East L.A. and Venice. Neither director comes close to making us feel the isolation of the Chicano community, their alienation from our Anglo culture, schools and language. Very little Spanish is heard anywhere in these films, but Spanish is the first—and often only—language for more than 1 million L.A. Chicanos.

*Walk Proud* and *Boulevard Nights* are valuable simply because they are the first popular attempts to present a culture and people formerly invisible to movie audiences. I hope these are not the last attempts.

Judith Sims

**THE WICKER MAN**, starring Edward Woodward, Britt Ekland & Christopher Lee; written by Anthony Shaffer; directed by Robin Hardy.

*The Wicker Man* isn't a sci-fi movie (despite the awards it's copped) or a sensationalist exercise in cheap horror (contrary to what the trailer suggests). What it most resembles is an English version of *Hardcore* with a pagan twist—the struggle of a deeply religious, sexually upright man to cope with what he views as a latter-day Sodom and Gomorrah.

A police lieutenant from England is lured to a remote British island by an anonymous letter addressed to him that details the mys-

## Who Was That Masked Man?

A movie trivia quiz for those who think they know a lot.

BY JOHN P. HAYS

1. What do Elizabeth Taylor, Julie Harris and Natalie Wood have in common?
2. *Metropolis*, *House of Wax*, and *They Died with Their Boots On* have what in common?
3. What is the common denominator among *The Incredible Shrinking Man*, *Comedy of Terrors* and *Die! Die! My Darling*?
4. What is the familial tie between *The Thing* and *Beginning of the End*?
5. Directors Arthur Hiller and Maurice Ostrer "share" what credit?
6. What does the director of *Animal House* share with the star of *Schlock*?
7. What two actors debuted in Laurence Olivier's *Hamlet* and later appeared together in *Horror Express*?
8. What have the Beatles to do with Raquel Welch and Charlton Heston?
9. What actor appeared in *Star Wars*, *Jabberwocky*, and *A Clockwork Orange*?
10. What two films were based on the novel *I Am Legend*?
11. What is the link between *Julia* and *The Maltese Falcon*?
12. What's the connection between *Equus* and *Sleuth*?
13. Who wrote the theme song for *One on One*? Who sang the score?
14. Anthony Perkins and Stephen Sondheim collaborated on what project?
15. Two different movies, two different titles, but they mean the same thing (hint: time of day).
16. What do Albert Finney and Alistair Sim have in common?
17. What actor, later famous, appeared in *Johnny Stool Pigeon*, and under what name?
18. What is the most expensive American movie ever made?
19. What film has the following line of dialogue: "He has bold eyes for a cheesemaker's son"?
20. What was the name of Robert Mitchum's horse in *The Wonderful Country*?

John P. Hays is a senior at Cal State Long Beach where he spends most of his spare time becoming successful, famous and rich. He must not have much spare time.

### Scoring

- 16-20 You know as much as we do, or you cheated.  
11-15 You have a fair memory.  
6-10 Modestly knowledgeable  
1-5 You think movies are for gnomes.  
0 You don't know what a movie is.

### Answers

1. They all co-starred with James Dean, in *East of Eden* and *Rebel Without a Cause*, respectively. 2. They were all directed by one-eyed men: Fritz Lang, André de Toth and Peter Crane, starred in *Beginning of the End*. 3. *Love Story*, too. *The Maltese Falcon*: Hammett was portrayed by Jason Robards in *Julia*. 4. *Equus* was written by the novel. *The Maltese Falcon*: Hammett was portrayed by John Huston in *Julia*. 5. All were written by Richard Matheson. 6. The same book; they are both John Landis. 7. Peter Cushing and Christopher Lee. 8. *Equus* and *Sleuth* were both written by C. D. Brown. 9. *Star Wars* and *Jabberwocky* were both written by George Lucas. 10. *I Am Legend* and *The Omega Code*. 11. *Hamlet* and *Horror Express* were both written by Anthony Shaffer. 12. *Equus* and *Sleuth* were both written by C. D. Brown. 13. *One on One* was written by the same man who wrote the score for *Equus*. 14. *Equus* and *Sleuth* were both written by C. D. Brown. 15. *Equus* and *Sleuth* were both written by C. D. Brown. 16. *Equus* and *Sleuth* were both written by C. D. Brown. 17. *Johnny Stool Pigeon* was written by Robert Siodman. 18. *Equus* was the most expensive American movie ever made. 19. *Equus* was the most expensive American movie ever made. 20. *Equus* was the most expensive American movie ever made.



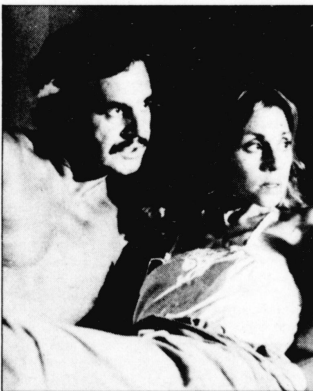
terious disappearance of a 12-year-old girl several months before. Rather than the sordid sleaze of the L.A. street scene that confronted George C. Scott, he comes face to face with an isolated, insulated society that has reverted to ancient pagan religious beliefs celebrating the sun, the sea and sensuality.

Edward Woodward gives a fine performance as the priggish lieutenant, his stiff upper lip turning livid red as he discovers couples copulating in the road outside the village inn, naked nymphets performing a fertility dance and young schoolgirls being taught about phallic symbols and the like. His quest for the missing girl turns into an obsessive desire to save her for Christ from the island's rampant heresy, but his character is so unsympathetic that it's virtually impossible to cheer him on.

Nor does his chief adversary, the urbane lord of the island, fare much better. As Lord Sumerisle, Christopher Lee delivers some tellingly droll lines puncturing the Christian logic behind Woodward's spluttered accusations of paganism but, in the wake of Jones-town, his charismatic hold over the populace becomes frightening by the end.

Without a sympathetic central character and with an essentially threadbare plot (I figured out the conclusion halfway through, but there were enough intriguing twists to sustain interest), the chief focal point is the depiction of the island's religious ceremonies. Shaffer (who's given us *Friday* and the excellent *Sleuth*) has certainly done his anthropological research—I don't doubt for a minute that these rites were practiced at one time. *The Wicker Man* isn't a classic movie, not even a minor one, but if bizarre rituals hold the same fascination for you as they do for me, you'll probably find it quite enjoyable.

Don Snowden



A PERFECT COUPLE, starring Paul Dooley and Marta Heflin; written by Robert Altman and Allan Nicholls; directed by Altman.

Just a few weeks after critics dumped all over Altman's *Quintet* comes this unassuming little love story about an older man, dominated by his father, and a younger woman, a singer in a rock group, who meet through a computer dating service. Half of the film involves their misunderstandings, missed appointments and mishaps in getting together, while the rest of the film is rock music, as played by Keepin' 'em off the Streets (a group formed specifically for the movie, or so claims the program).

The music is written, with various collaborators, by Allan Nicholls, who co-wrote the screenplay with Altman. It's not bad, it's just Muzak, the sort of "rock" played in Vegas lounges. One of the singers, Tomi-Lee Bradley, has obviously studied the Janis Jop-

lin legacy, screeching, belting and stomping like a woman possessed—but possessed by what is not clear.

Altman might have been wiser to concentrate on Dooley and Heflin; when they are together the movie has a sweet, delicate halo, balanced by some hilarious moments. Dooley's dumb jokes mask a lonely, clumsy middle-aged man yearning for some affection and the chance to get out from under his father, who rules his kingdom-family like a czar. The father conducts classical music . . . in his living room, to records, while his family sits and silently watches the invisible orchestra. Heflin lives in a communal loft with the band, a group of androgynes led by Teddy Neeley, a hard-ass, fine-levying, beer-drinking redneck. Heflin literally drifts through the movie, wearing flimsy gauze garments on her emaciated frame (doesn't she ever eat?), a wraith with big, trusting eyes.

Altman's cynicism (rampant in *A Wedding*) is here limited to the peripheral characters (especially a sex-hungry veterinarian who almost devours Dooley), including an anonymous couple who wander through the film, smooching nonstop, counterpointing the Dooley-Heflin affair. They are listed in the credits as *The Perfect Couple*, a little Altman joke. But Altman allows Dooley and Heflin to be endearing, and, endearingly, they make the movie.

Judith Sims

PHANTASM, starring Michael Baldwin, Bill Thornbury, Reggie Bannister & Angus Scrimm; written and directed by Don Coscarelli.

It is so rare to walk out of a "horror" film smiling, and find that the rest of the audience is in facial agreement, that the experience should be cherished as a happy fluke.

Not that *Phantasm* is, by any means, a great motion picture. The acting is decidedly so-so, and the film uses a lot of "open-the-mystery-door-excruciatingly-slowly" techniques to shore up what is essentially a flimsy script. But it works.

If the measure of a good horror movie can be taken in crowd response, this is a well-paced, well-directed effort. Coscarelli knows what is important in creating suspense and terror and sticks with it. Things which might be necessary to the success of other forms, such as believable characters and dialogue, are overlooked, but not really missed.

There are almost no scenes of revolting, violent, blood-for-blood's-sake mutilation, and the one instance that could be accused of that kind of exploitation is so well done that the audience is thrilled by the sheer hideousness of it. (There is more to the flying sphere than is suggested in the TV promos.)

The plot of the movie is engaging enough. The explanation of all the goings-on at the local funeral parlor is a genuine surprise and adds an inventive science-fiction twist to the otherwise strained story. This is wisely left until the end of the film and is presented as a nice little disclaimer to make the metaphysical occurrences more palatable to the audience.

The special effects deserve note, and the gimmicks appear so matter-of-factly that there is really no question about suspension of disbelief.

And, finally, although *Phantasm* cannot be called a particularly uplifting movie, it assuredly does not cater to the same crowd as the darker, sadistic, and laughably unhorrible films which are now characteristic of the horror genre. It successfully straddles the line separating true terror and comedy. It is not a laughable movie, but, rather, a movie that can make us laugh with delight at being scared to death.

Richard Levinson

LISTEN...  
 YOU MAY RECOGNIZE  
 THIS FACE,  
 YOU'VE SEEN HIM...  
 on stage with Joni Mitchell,  
 Tom Scott, George Harrison  
 YOU'VE HEARD HIM...  
 on albums with Kenny Rogers,  
 Barbra Streisand, the Styves

ROBBEN FORD

# JOHN HURT

## W A S

BY SHELLEY TURNER

John Hurt is only just being discovered by Americans, but his reputation as one of Britain's finest younger actors is rock solid. He has worked steadily in films (something like 20 of them), on stage and in radio and television since he was 22 and fresh out of R.A.D.A. (the Royal Academy of Dramatic Arts), traditionally the spawning ground of British acting talent. Prior to *Midnight Express* his best known parts in the U.S. have been brilliant TV portrayals of Quentin Crisp in *The Naked Civil Servant* (for which he was awarded the equivalent of an Emmy for Best Actor) and crazy Caligula in *I, Claudius*. (He is incensed that this series received no Emmies and that *Holocaust*, which he describes as "dreadful rubbish," cleaned up.) Some Americans may recall an earlier role of his, as the insidious Richard Rich—the young man who betrayed Sir Thomas More—in *A Man For All Seasons*. Prior to playing Max, the character for which he felt most passionately was Timothy Evans in the film *10, Rillington Place*. Timothy was the inarticulate young man unjustly hanged for the Christie murders in post-war London. When the mistake was realized, it became a national scandal and several books were written about it. The film is widely known in the U.K. and Hurt still says of Evans, "I think I know him better than I've ever known anyone."

The most pronounced feature of John Hurt's career, apart from his propensity for playing weirdos (the motley assortment of psychopaths, junkies, homosexuals and penguin-fanciers), is that he has been "discovered" with dismal regularity, only to have the buzz subside with no appreciable ground gained. Reading between the lines penned by the publicist on his current film (an expensive space-thriller called *Alien*), I grew apprehensive about meeting a man with steely artistic integrity and a king-sized chip on his shoulder. This wasn't too far off the mark. Fortunately the chip hasn't got too hard because it is whittled down by the approval of his peers, soothingly basted at his local pub—and forgotten entirely in the subtle transports of playing cricket. No one knows better than Hurt what a complex and difficult mixture he is. He'd love to have an Oscar ("I'm not like George C. Scott: *I like awards*."), but he is constitutionally incapable of playing the show-biz game—of "putting himself about," as they say here in England. He has never worked in America, and would accept only a first-class part in a first-class film. (And he got one; he will appear in *Heaven's Gate*, with Kris Kristofferson, Christopher Walken and Jeff Bridges, directed by *The Deer Hunter's* Michael Cimino, locationing in Montana.)

Before the chance came to speak to him, the thorny matter of Hurt's failure thus far to be a global household word was under discussion and the publicist's assistant ventured that he wasn't exactly Robert Redford, by which she meant that he was on the short side, liberally freckled, with unruly hair and limitless evidence in his face of familiarity with closing-time bars. She was on a wrong tack, though. Masculine pulchritude, praise the Lord, is not the principal criterion for superstardom on the silver screen. (I could start with Dustin Hoffman and you could list

Max in *MIDNIGHT EXPRESS*  
 Caligula in *I, CLAUDIUS*  
 Anthony in *THE SHOUT*  
 Forbush in *FORBUSH & THE PENGUINS*  
 Timothy Evans in *10, RILLINGTON PLACE*  
 Richard Rich in *A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS*  
 Tristan Tzara in *TRAVESTIES*  
 And dozens more

### SOON HE WILL BE

Kane in *ALIEN*  
 Raskolnikov in *CRIME & PUNISHMENT*  
 John Irvine in *HEAVEN'S GATE*



NEIL ZLOZOWER

the next 50. . . .) Besides, we are dealing here with a man who has the wit, the salt, and the formidable Celtic charm (English by birth, but Scots/Irish by blood) to be appealing at will. No, the crux of the matter, despite his arsenal of credits, has got to be exposure, and there is every chance that his portrayal of Max in *Midnight Express* could be a watershed. Although the film is almost monolithically Brad Davis, which, Hurt himself points out, is to be expected in a biographical property, the scenes with Max have a crucial, lingering grip on the imagination. (Just as many people's first major memory of Jack Nicholson would be his small, irresistible role in *Easy Rider*.)

Hurt reckons Max is the best thing he has ever done—and he snapped up the part sight-unseen, as it were. "I've never accepted a job more quickly. David Putnam [the producer], whom I've known for some time, rang me up and said, 'Will you come in and see me?' You know how sometimes some things seem auspicious? He said, 'Alan Parker [the director] wants you to be in a film of his.' I said, 'Accept it.' He said, 'You haven't even read it.' I said, 'I don't care. If it's Alan Parker, I want to do it.'" (Putnam's pictures include the rock and roll sagas *That'll Be The Day* and *Stardust*; Ken Russell's *Mahler* and *Lisztmania* and former advertising wizard, now filmmaker/novelist Alan Parker's first feature, *Bugsy Malone*.) In fact, Hurt never read the book by Billy Hayes on which the screenplay was based. He worked solely from the script, which scarcely defined the character at all. "Junky in a Turkish jail falling to bits—that was my brief!" says John, who assembled the part of Max from scratch. Doubtless it was in keeping with his belief in portents and propitiousness that he should stumble, almost hours before departing to Malta for filming, upon an invaluable chunk of raw material. "A friend of mine asked if I wanted to meet a man who'd been in a Turkish jail for a similar offense. I said if he wanted to come along to the pub, I'd be glad to have a chat with him. So he came up, and it's extraordinary, because I got—if not the entire—then one whole side of the character from him. I got the *laugh*. Like a lot of spaced-out people—junky or ex-junky or whatever he was—he would make a remark which for no apparent reason amused him immensely, and then he'd go. . . . (John duplicates the light, demented Max-laugh.) He never laughed when something was *meant* to be funny, so that was quite useful. I nicked that. All actors are thieves. He told me a lot about prison, although he wasn't in that particular prison, which is meant to be the worst, and when I told him what would be in the film, he said it was all absolutely true and that the only thing missing—which is very difficult in filmic terms, because you need a novel for it—is the acres and acres of boredom."

The physical depiction of Max was, purely fortuitously, shockingly accurate. "I freaked Billy out. He thought they'd got the real Max back!" The broken glasses taped together and the shabby sarong were Hurt's inventions. "I happened to have picked up the sarong when I did a film in Ceylon. It seemed a good idea because I figured Max was the kind of guy who'd travelled around the East."

**BEST COPY AVAILABLE**

# Wild Should Wild Remain.

*"Man always kills the thing he loves, and so we the pioneers have killed our wilderness. Some say we had to. Be that as it may, I am glad I shall never be young without wild country to be young in."*

ALDO LEOPOLD

*"Integrity is wholeness, the greatest beauty is organic wholeness, the wholeness of life and things, the divine beauty of the universe. Love that, not man apart from that...."*

ROBINSON JEFFERS

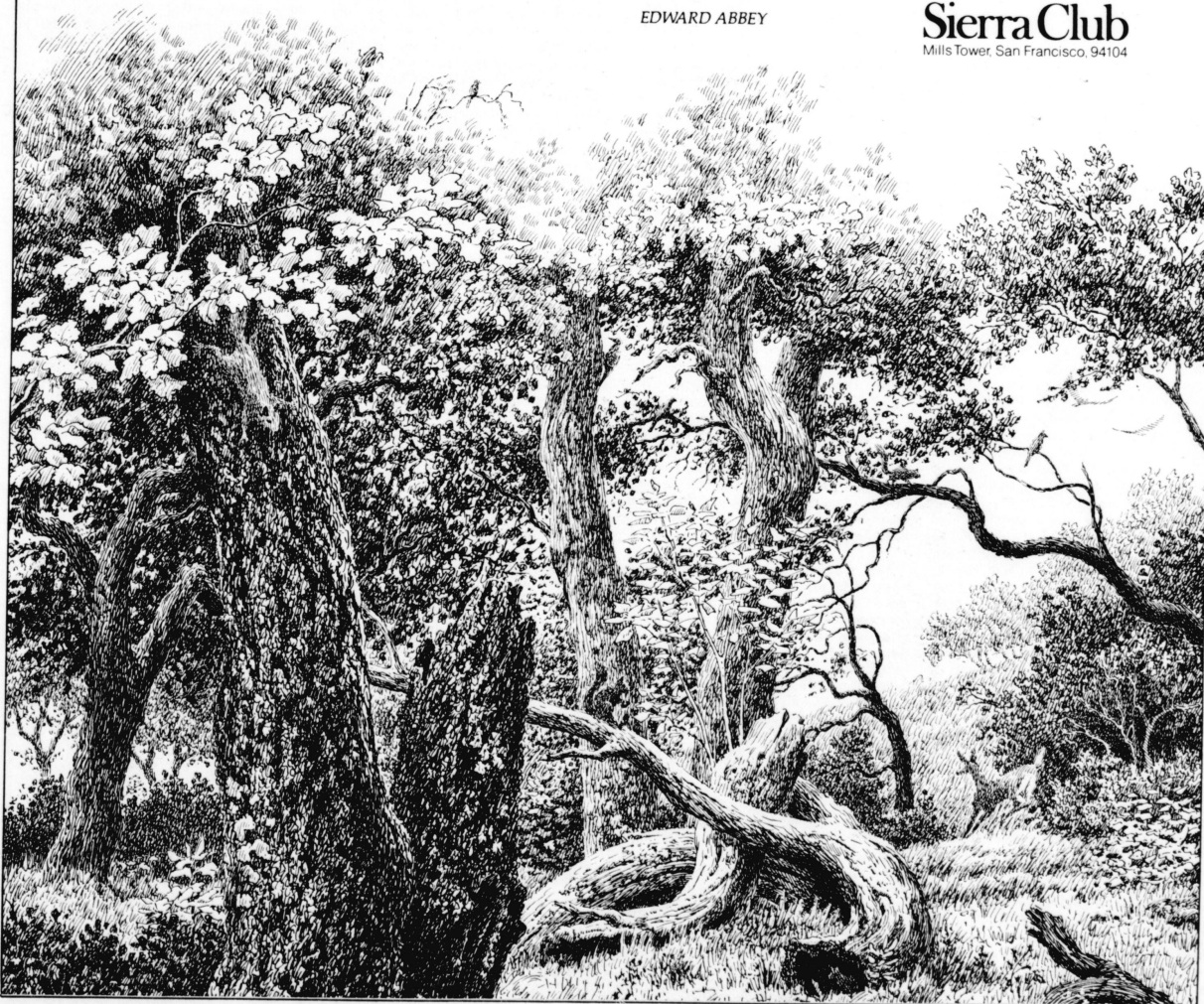
*"The love of wilderness is more than a hunger for what is always beyond reach; it is also an expression of loyalty to the earth, (the earth which bore us and sustains us), the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need — if only we had the eyes to see."*

EDWARD ABBEY

*"We need wilderness preserved — as much of it as is still left, and as many kinds... It is important to us... simply because it is there — important, that is, simply as an idea."*

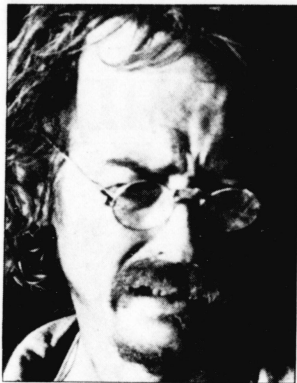
WALLACE STEGNER

**Sierra Club**  
Mills Tower, San Francisco, 94104



# IN BOTH EARS

May, 1979



Hurt As Max in *Midnight Express*, shaved forehead and broken glasses.

And Hurt was right; that's what the real Max wore. Its other virtue, Hurt says, is that it covered his limbs. "You've got to be quite clever about that sort of thing," he says, explaining how he made himself look so convincingly wasted. Already of spare build, he lost a further 20 pounds so that his clothes would all be too big for him, and shaved away the front of his hair so it would look as if it were falling out. He thinks it would have been politic, could he have got free from his commitments on *Alien*, to attend the U.S. opening of *Midnight Express*, "looking the way I really do." Ironically, he is one of those actors like Guinness or Chaney whose appearance alters with every role.

Perhaps Hurt's greatest gift is that he manages to make us laugh with, not at, Quentin, Caligula and Max. In what was a pretty relentlessly grueling film, Max got the laughs. "Yes, well I made very certain of that. I mean, that film needed humor like crazy at one stage. Funny enough, Alan [Parker] thought originally that Jimmy Bell would provide the humor, but that's not the way Randy [Quaid, who plays Bell] works. So we worked it out. Orson Welles was right when he said a lot of comedy depends on happy accident. In the middle of tragedy, there's always laughter. Too many actors are not aware of that side of life. They get what they think is an intense part, so they're gonna be intense and man are they intense!"

Parts like Quentin and Caligula could so easily have suffered a kind of overkill tantamount to burlesque in the hands of an actor lacking Hurt's deft, light touch. Of *The Naked Civil Servant* John says, "I've always been completely liberal about homosexuality. I mean, we normally are in this business. Quentin used to say to me [Hurt slips into his Quentin voice], 'I don't know how you can do this. Don't you find it humiliating?' It took four years to get that project off the ground. Wardour Street [*i.e.*, British film financiers] were willing to put up the money so long as they could get Danny LaRue, England's best-known cabaret drag queen. "And if not Danny LaRue, then Peter O'Toole. That would be spectacular—little Quentin/booming Peter..." Hurt's contempt for "Wardour Street thinking" is not even thinly disguised. "Now they're going to do it as a musical on Broadway! They offered me \$5,000 a week. I said, 'One: no way—that's not the reason I made the piece anyway; secondly, I don't sing and thirdly I don't dance. Do you still want to offer me that?' So they thought again and now they've got David Bowie. We did spend a hilarious night in the pub thinking up tunes and lyrics."

Of his work in *I, Claudius* John says, "The

main thing was being able to think in terms of a pre-Christian ethic. And that's quite a big step. It's like turning life upside down, because that which is outrageous was not necessarily outrageous." When I mention that there are cultures on the planet today that are, in effect, pre-Christian, he snorts, "Indeed, and look at the way they behave! Most of the civilized world—even the Third World—has been very much tainted by Christianity and Christian thinking. But *Claudius* is untainted by Buddhism or anything; it's completely pagan. I damn near turned the part down. I read it and thought, well, no one could run the whole of the known world that way. I'm glad I did it though, because, apart from being immense fun, it's nice that it should be so successful as well."

On the strength of his Caligula, John was given *carte blanche* to pick his next BBC series role. "I thought, classic drama, that's what we're talking about, so I said Raskolnikov in *Crime and Punishment*. I'm a bit worried about the age (he's 39), but I photograph very young. He also looks a wreck anyway. He doesn't have a lot of jokes and I do actually like a joke or two. There should be just enough laughs to get through—not as much as *Claudius*, though. *Claudius* was wonderfully funny."

For all the serious-mindedness of this man who likes a joke, he is not especially formally educated. "I wasn't academically interested; I didn't want to go to university. I always knew I wanted to perform since I was nine, and first did a stage play in front of people. It's a peculiar thing. It's a need that you'd be denying yourself the life you feel you should have if you didn't do it." His parents wanted him to have something to fall back on, so he agreed to do the National Diploma of Design. He still paints for recreation. "I don't read a lot; I look a lot more than I read." There is nothing theatrical in his family background. His father is a Church of England clergyman and a brilliant mathematician, his mother a qualified engineer, his brother a Roman Catholic priest and his sister a teacher. Spot the rebel. John may not have been a scholar, but his tastes in film and theatre are well on the intellectual side of pop. He loves Buñuel, Truffaut, Zinneman and has the highest regard for newcomer Alan Parker. He's also keen on Tom Stoppard's plays, having played the tongue-twisting role of Tristan Izara in the original cast of *Travesties*. (In *Watership Down* he does the voice of Hazel. Perhaps a man who plays Dadaists and rabbits is too versatile for his own good.)

As he got up to go put his dreadful space-suit back on and return to the wildly elaborate set of *Alien* (a production in which he displayed no particular interest), I asked him, since he seemed to be so prickly and contradictory about it, what for him would constitute success. "Whatever happens next. I don't know what success means. I'm not being pretentious. I don't need to be rich. I just need enough money to walk round the corner." That would be the corner in Hampstead, where he lives in a tiny house with a tall, dark-haired model named Marie-Lise. Well, he may not be in it for the money, but certainly recognition means a great, great deal to him. Bearing in mind his deep devotion to his pub (which seems to figure so consistently in his professional life as a place where ideas are hatched, as well as a sublime respite), I asked, "Would success mean not being able to go down to your local on account of being too famous? "My God," his voice and eyes flash with real horror, "That would not be success, would it?"

Shelley Turner, Connecticut born, now lives in London where she claims to enjoy the weather.

There's no question about it—no hi-fi system is complete without at least one pair of headphones. The only component that brings sound directly to your ears, headphones are ideal for testing sound output. If there is hum or distortion, headphones will reveal it. Any hi-fi that can pass the headphone test, is definitely working the way it should.

Headphones do more than that. They free listeners from the acoustic qualities of a room, whatever they may be. Wearing headphones allows a walk around the room without alteration of the character of the sound; there are no restrictions about where to sit. And phones equipped with a volume control allow remote sound level adjustments. Further, such a control makes it possible to move the sound space image about a bit, emphasizing left or right sound arrival, or make the sound seem to come from inside your head.

Headphones use the same electronic principles as speakers. In the dynamic type a voice coil is attached to a movable diaphragm and is suspended between the poles of a permanent magnet. In the electrostatic type, a moving membrane is mounted between a pair of metal plates. The electrostatic requires an external power source to furnish a polarizing voltage, a nuisance overcome by the use of an electret. The electret receives its electrical charge during the time of its manufacture and is capable of retaining this charge for years. The electrostatic headphone uses an extremely light diaphragm, measuring only about 0.0005" thick and is excellent for reproduction of treble tones.

Another type of headphone uses what is known as the piezoelectric effect. In this unit a thin film of vinylidene fluoride coated with aluminum on both sides is the active element, expanding and contracting when an audio signal voltage is applied. It is this film movement that produces the sound.

The objective in any reproducer, whether speaker or headphones, is to make the cone, or the diaphragm, or any other type of moving element, as light as possible. A minimum moving mass means better transient response. Sansui's Model SS-80 uses a polyester/metalized film. The same headphones are equipped with separate tone and volume controls for each channel.

Headphones vary in weight from a few ounces to a pound or more. Individuals also vary in their reaction to wearing headphones—some find the weight, however small, and the effect of ear enclosure, to be

intolerable after a short time. Others do not mind massive phones supplying full ear coverage. Fortunately, a large variety of phones is available, enough to satisfy each personal preference.

One of the great advantages of headphones is that, unlike speakers, they aren't power hungry. A typical pair of headphones is content with no more than half a watt or less. Connect them to an amp rated at just a few watts maximum output and they're acoustically satisfied. This means an amplifier can run at low volume, close to its minimum distortion point.

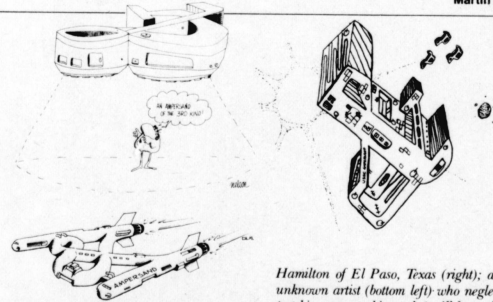
Headphones look deceptively alike, but there are important differences. They can be categorized basically as circum-aural and supra-aural. The circum-aural type have a closed back and tight ear seals to create an enclosed world of sound. Not only are extraneous sounds excluded, but since the audio sound is coupled directly to the ear canal, the bass response is better.

The supra-aural type, also known as open air or velocity phones, are lighter; in addition to the music, they let in surrounding sounds. Some find this to be more "natural," whatever that may be.

A problem with headphones is that they have an electronic umbilical cord, connected to the audio output of the receiver or amplifier. These cords range in length from 6' to 15', are often coiled to make themselves inconspicuous, but still restrict movement. Beyer now supplies its new DT 444 S infrared stereo headphone that eliminates the cable when used with their ISS 76 stereo transmitter. In this setup, invisible infrared light forms the link between the stereo source and the headphone. The infrared system has a guaranteed response of 20Hz to 20kHz. The infrared receiving electronics are separate for each channel, housed in the corresponding earcup, with individual volume controls for each channel to set loudness and balance. The DT 444 S is an open air type.

A new technique, to be introduced by AKG in their forthcoming model K 340, makes use of six passive membranes. The membranes aren't electrically connected, but they do influence the frequency response at low frequencies. The same headphones use a dynamic driver to supply bass and midrange tones and also contain an electrostatic transducer for the treble. The combination of dynamic and electrostatic units in each headphone supplies unusually good response over the entire audio range.

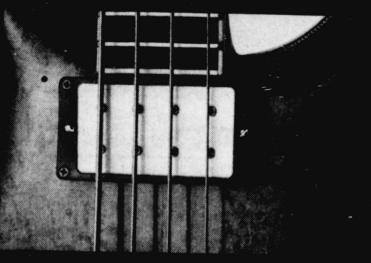
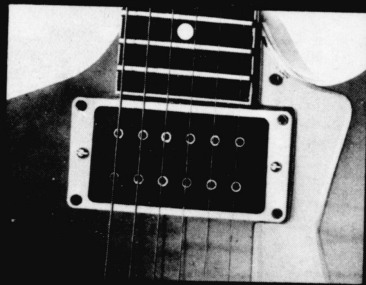
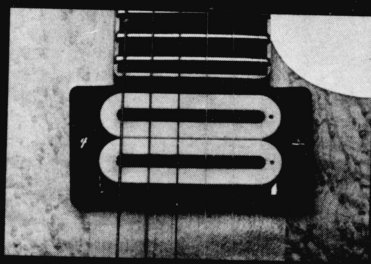
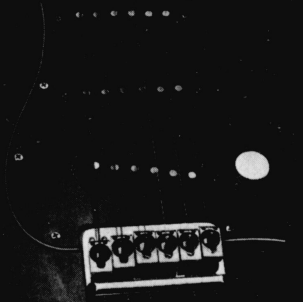
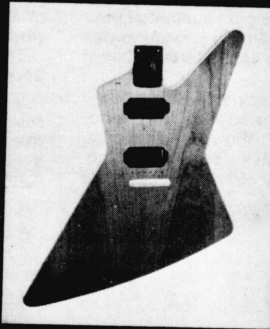
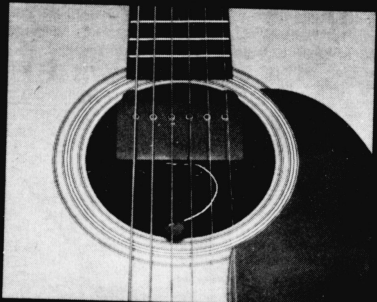
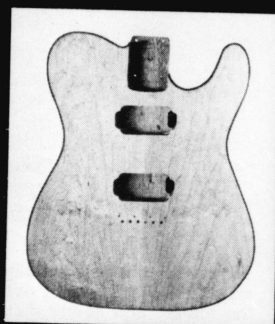
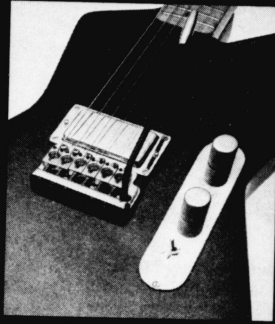
Martin Clifford



OK, space cadets, here are three Ampersands of the Month with the same theme submitted by Bob Nelson of San Francisco, CA (left); Brian

Hamilton of El Paso, Texas (right); and an unknown artist (bottom left) who neglected to put his name on his work (we'll know he's the Real Thing if he tells the name he gave his spaceship). All three receive \$25. Each. We're so good-hearted.

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# tech talk:

0.04% WRMS (JIS C5521) wow and flutter. -70 db (DIN 45539 B) rumble.  $\pm 0.06\%$  speed deviation.

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