

Alcohol study Student liquor use examined; report due

By GIL LAWSON
Kernel Staff Writer

The Division of Student Affairs has initiated a study of alcohol abuse among students to determine if any serious problems exist and to find what is being — or could be — done about them.

Dr. Robert Zumwinkle, student affairs vice president, began compiling the study last August. "I've had some reports from staff members that this (alcohol abuse) is something of a problem at UK," Zumwinkle said.

He said the completed study should be presented to his staff later this month.

Zumwinkle added that the problem was not unique to UK. "We have a need for staff members to become more sensitive and see what other schools are doing."

Bob Clay, area coordinator of the Kirwan — Blanding complex, is in charge of the study. He said the major problem at UK is the students' lack of knowledge about alcohol.

"The problem is an attitudinal one rather than one of abuse," Clay said. He said the depth of commitment within the university is another problem. "There is a departmental commitment but not a total division commitment."

He said that UK needs to make an "institution-wide commitment" in order to better understand the problems of student alcohol abuse.

Clay's observations in his nine years as a UK head resident will be part of the study. In addition, he has interviewed staff members and students for the report.

Clay contacted several other universities to check the types of programs they had set up to deal

with alcohol abuse. He said that only three schools — Indiana University, Michigan State and the University of Florida — have advanced programs dealing with student alcohol problems.

Michigan State has established a rule requiring an equal amount of non-alcoholic beverages to be served with alcoholic drinks at all campus establishments and at all campus parties. IU has made a film to help educate students on the problems of alcohol abuse.

Clay said he would like to begin an awareness program at UK. He suggested that campus resources could be used to "make it real" for students. He added that the university could present the students with the information and "ask them to make their own choices in terms of alcoholic consumption."

The residence halls presently have a training program for residence advisors that deals with alcohol problems. Clay said that making moral judgments about alcohol was not in the training program. Instead, an attempt is made to help the students decide what responsible drinking is and where it fits into their lives, Clay said.

Ray Daughterty, executive director of the Kentucky Alcoholism Council, said the years spent in college are one of the two peak drinking times for Americans.

He added that college can be a "time of high stress. There is a lot of high anxiety and the emotional things that go along with that."

Daughterty estimated that 95 percent of the students here over-drink on some occasion and are not aware of the short- and long-term effects. Daughterty said that an Alcoholics

Anonymous group could probably start on campus. He added that there are a lot of full-grown problems with liquor among young college students.

"There is a lack of good information to help make decisions,"

Daughterty said. He added that there are many incorrect attitudes among students concerning alcohol. These attitudes include the idea that drinking is masculine and that getting drunk is something funny and should be laughed at.

U Senate receives freshman report

By DEBBIE McDANIEL
Kernel Staff Writer

Academic Affairs Assistant Vice President Dr. James Chapman and Student Affairs Assistant Vice President Dr. Dave Stockham reported to the Senate Council yesterday they have made some progress in carrying out proposals on Freshman Year Program improvements, which included increasing the number of National Merit scholarships based on actual merit.

The Freshman Year Program was initiated in 1976 to research methods to ease incoming freshmen from high school to campus life. It developed through a need for change shown by a comprehensive study of the UK freshman experience, which was conducted by the Joint Commission on the Freshman Year, which was formed in 1975.

The 59-person commission, which consisted of students, faculty and staff, divided into four task groups and a steering committee. The task groups submitted reports to the steering committee on their findings

and recommendations concerning topics such as student recruitment, pre-admissions contact, the worth of summer advising conferences and freshman reaction to the "campus climate."

The commission's published report contained proposals for possible improvement of the freshman experience, and requested appointment of two program coordinators to carry out the report's proposals. Chapman and Stockham were named as the coordinators and initiated the following actions to improve the freshman experience:

The number of National Merit Scholarships based solely on scholastic merit rather than need was increased by four.

New criteria were established to increase the number of minority students eligible for scholarships. (The present criteria now qualify students who are National Merit semi-finalists and have ACT composite scores of 23 or better.)

Career-planning seminars and residential hall classes were established.

Plans were made to redistribute the Images booklet to incoming freshmen during the summer advising conferences.

Continued on page 3



Senior UK forward Jack Givens was named a first team All-American yesterday. See page 4.



En' point

A UK fencing instructor corrects the aim of one of his student's foils during a recent practice session at the Seaton Center.

Right place, right time

Wilson says job 'accident'

By MARY ANN BUCHART
Kernel Staff Writer

With the resignation of Sarah Jenkins in January, the post of assistant dean of students and the accompanying role of Panhellenic advisor were left vacant.

Davis Wilson, who is temporarily filling the job, said it was something of an accident that she got the post. She had just resigned as a teacher at Henry Clay High School when Jenkins left UK. "It's just one of those things. I was available and I had the experience."

Despite the fact that her job is temporary, Davis added, "I hadn't thought about staying more than one semester, but now that I'm here, I may think about it."

After only one and a half weeks, Wilson has gotten quite involved in her work. "Everyone I work with is so nice and I've had so many girls just coming in to introduce themselves to me. Besides advising Panhellenic, I've been counseling

individual girls." Wilson has found that she can aid the sorority officers with chapter problems as well as with personal advice.

While her main duty is to serve as advisor to UK's Panhellenic Council, Wilson will also have other duties assigned to her by Dean of Students Joseph Burch. "I've been so busy between Panhellenic Council meetings, PH alumni meetings, PH Executive Council and various other sorority officers' meetings, I always have something to do."

"I'm still trying to get my feet on the ground, but it hasn't been hard with all of the cooperation that I've had," Wilson said.

She added, "UK has a good strong Greek system. On the whole, there are good feelings among all the chapters."

Burch said selected Wilson to temporarily fill the position because he was familiar with her past involvement in sororities. He knew Wilson through her husband Doug, who has been the director of UK's

Human Relations Center for almost two years.

Wilson's experience with sororities began at Oklahoma State University. As a student there, she was a member of Chi Omega sorority. She later advised that same chapter for five years.

She stayed at OSU to earn her bachelor's degree in business management and her master's in education. "I got my human relations training as a high school teacher in Oklahoma. I was federal grants for a program training our school's teachers to deal with the students."

Burch said that Wilson's "helping out" gives him the opportunity to look for and recruit other candidates for the position. "We need Wilson through the summer because it's hard to fill the position in mid-semester." Burch said he is still planning to look for someone to fill the vacancy in the fall.

today

inside

THERE IS A SURPRISINGLY LARGE NUMBER of students who haven't declared a major. See the story by Steve Massey on page 3.

state

BOWLING GREEN AUTHORITIES were not told for nearly eight hours that a train with hazardous cargo had derailed near the city, because it was believed the crash posed no immediate danger, railroad officials said yesterday.

Thirty-two cars of a 90-car Louisville & Nashville Railroad freight train — two carrying dangerous chemicals — jumped the tracks about six miles northeast of Bowling Green at 1:20 a.m. Tuesday, L&N officials said.

The Bowling Green Fire Department was notified at 8:52 a.m. State police were called about 9:30 a.m. And the Firestone Textiles plant near the crash site was notified about 9:40 a.m.

Nearby Bristow Elementary School and Warren East High School never were notified, a school spokesman said yesterday, but both schools were closed Tuesday because of bad weather.

ELECTRIC UTILITIES AND BUSINESS INTERESTS protested yesterday in Frankfort regarding portions of the proposed curtailment plan of the Public Service Commission.

At a crowded public hearing, they said they approve of the concept, but disapproved of a blanket order which makes no provision for individual circumstances.

The curtailment plan, unless delayed or cancelled, is scheduled to go into effect Monday.

The PSC proposal would begin 25 percent curtailments for residential, commercial and industrial users.

nation

THE ADMINISTRATION STIFFENED ITS STAND on a new nuclear arms treaty yesterday in Washington, warning the Russians against interference in Africa and ruling out major American concessions in the ongoing negotiations.

The warning came from Zbigniew Brzezinski, the U.S. national security adviser, who said, "unwarranted intrusion" into conflict between Ethiopia and Somalia would complicate efforts to work out a new U.S. — Soviet arms treaty and to get it ratified by the Senate.

A HONOLULU-BOUND DC-10, on a flight that was to be the pilot's last before retirement, blew two tires as it approached takeoff yesterday in Los Angeles, then tipped over and burst into flames, killing two passengers and injuring up to 50 others.

Fire department spokesmen said the two dead — among 184 passengers and 14 crew members — were killed during frantic efforts to escape the burning Continental Airlines plane. They said the aircraft's left wing was burning, and flames left through the open escape hatch into the cabin.

weather

MOSTLY CLOUDY TODAY with light rain beginning late this afternoon and changing to snow before ending tomorrow morning. High today in the mid to upper 30's. Low tonight in the mid and upper 30's. High Friday in low and mid 30's.

KENTUCKY Kernel

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'Winking' at rules?

Liberalizing dorm hours would be more sensible

"How are you going to keep them down on the farm after they've seen Paris?"

If that line has any meaning, then most UK students who live in dormitories have probably never been to Europe, or even to other large state universities. If they had been, there would be a loud demand for more liberal dorm hours here.

Visitation hours were increased last fall after a proposal made by dormitory residents and staff. Dormitory residents now can mingle until 1 a.m. on weekends, 10 p.m. before class days (visitation begins at noon on weekends, after dinner on weeknights). Freshmen, however, have no visitation on weeknights.

In comparison to other universities, especially in the North, UK's dorms are virtual nunneries. Even at a school as close as Indiana University, it's possible to live around the corner on the same floor from someone of the opposite sex.

There is a need for some dorms to have limited visitation, to "protect" students who are living away from home for the first time. Freshman may still be vulnerable to temptation, and restricted hours can help block temptations to sin and perdition.

While *in loco parentis* is still excusable in those cases, the University should not impose prison-style visitation restrictions on everyone. Many

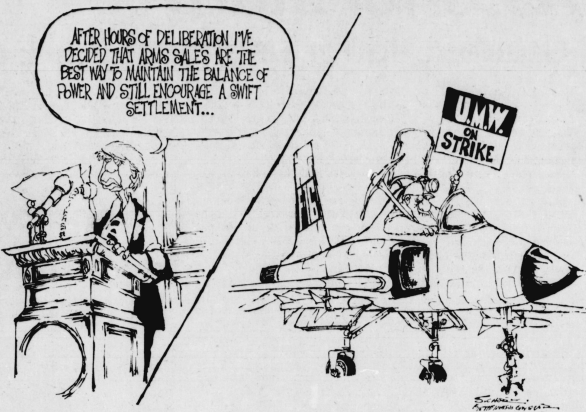
people live in residence halls not to find a safe haven, but because they are convenient, relatively inexpensive and easy places to meet people.

One old argument is that "open dorms" with free visitation are hazards to studying and other academic pursuits. That bromide looks less valid each time visitation hours are liberalized, and there would still be Resident Advisors to make sure rules are followed. Besides, if open dorms are forbidden because they might reduce study time, what happens to basketball games and concerts?

Perhaps the reason dormitory residents haven't protested visitation hours is because the rules are so easy to ignore. It is difficult to keep thousands of students divided by gender, with hundreds of rooms to worry about.

If that's the case, the University has the best of both worlds. The students are kept peaceful with regulations that are winked at, and bothersome alumni are kept at bay, believing the rules are being adhered to.

But that's a poor state of affairs for an institution that should be conducting honest relationships in all of its dealings. UK needs to offer a wider choice of visitation hours to dormitory residents, because for college students there's no better time to prepare for adulthood than right now.



Letters policy

The Kentucky Kernel welcomes letters and commentaries submitted for publication. Articles must include the signature, address, phone number, year and major if the writer is a student. Commentary authors should have expertise or experience in the area their article pertains to. The Kernel editors have final decision on which articles are published and when they are published. The editors reserve the right to edit submissions

because of unsuitability in length, grammatical errors, or libelous statements. All letters and commentaries become the property of the Kernel. The best-read letters are brief and concern campus events, though commentaries should be short-essay length. Letters and commentaries can be mailed to the Editorial Editor, Room 114, Journalism Building, University of Ky. 40506, or may be delivered personally.

Be careful

The man on your left just might be addicted to Nihil

Look at the person sitting next to you. It is imperative that they have no idea you are observing them. Just casually watch them out of the corner of your eye. Pretend that you are cleaning your pen or setting your watch.



John Cooke

Mark their respiration. Are they breathing with a relatively small rise of the chest, at an approximate rate of 15-16 breaths per minute? Now look at their eyes. Are they scanning the books in front of them with short, rapid strokes, blinking about once every five seconds? Do they occasionally shift in their seat?

Do they scratch their head, neck, or any other part of their body? They yawn and stretch at intervals, correct?

If your subject exhibits any of these symptoms, you owe it to yourself to make this final test. Granted, you will certainly forfeit your position of discretion and detachment, but the result will be well worth the humiliation. Grab the person with some force, (sly on the upper arms, shoulders, or neck, if you can reach it) and scream, "God is a prune and I ate him for breakfast!" If your subject reacts in a confused, indignant, abrupt, violent, quiet, understanding, religious, frightened or motherly manner, then you have your answer: he is without a doubt under the influence of the drug Nihil. If you perform this fool-proof test

(which was constructed by the Council of Unusual Drug Abuse) on a number of people, you will find that the majority are in the lethal grip of the drug. The conclusion is disheartening, to say the least, and utterly terrifying at most. This is the Nihil generation.

Now, I certainly do not want to alarm anyone, but Nihil is perhaps the most obvious symptom of the metastasis of Western culture (and the Eastern culture if it keeps watching TV). The public must face the ugly truth. The only real hope lies in an effective drug education and prevention program—or the nuclear holocaust.

Nihil has snuck in the back door and dug in. As one would expect, the public has been lulled into a false sense of security, blinded by the

wives' tales that Nihil is harmless. Nothing could be further from reality.

Eric Shunn, the poet-philosopher of Terre Haute (the city's first) and author of the definitive phenomenological cookbook *Much Ado About Muffins*, has come forward to publicly admit under oath that he has been a Nihil user for well over twenty years.

Shunn was testifying in connection with his 1975 arrest. Apparently, he ingested too much of the drug to maintain any sort of psychic equilibrium. In a frenzy, he rolled into downtown Terre Haute on a reckless buying spree, purchasing more than 60 leisure suits with contrast stitching. In one fell stroke, he obliterated his credit and his reputation as a bon vivant.

After he confessed his intimate connection with the drug, Shunn's long history as an alcoholic and manic-depressive was ruled as inconsequential. He was sentenced to a lifetime 60 years at hard labor.

This is only the first story to surface, but there will be more, rest assured. All heavy users have their own repertoire of similar tragedies. Strong evidence is now coming to light that extended use of the drug leads to hair loss, dry skin, facial wrinkles, renal failure, cancer, cardiovascular complications and, eventually, death.

The average life expectancy for an individual who claims only moderate abuse of Nihil is a paltry 69.71 years. When the drug is combined with others, such as alcohol, PCP, barbiturates, heroin or

Sterno, death is too often the grim outcome.

But, the public continues to use Nihil (it goes by many other names: nada, zip, vacant, non, minus, null or absent, depending upon your area. Check your local paper for details), oblivious to the danger. I suppose history has taught us that nothing can be done about Nihil until it has wrecked a tragic number of lives.

As a final bit of information, a person in the final stages of Nihil overdose will often grab people by the throat and scream something incoherent. Will God never get here in time?

John Cooke is an English junior. His column appears every Thursday.

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Numbers increasing

'Undecided' popular major

BY STEVE MASSEY
Kernel Reporter

There are 1500-1800 official "undecided" majors at UK. But according to an official in UK's largest college, that figure is "misleading, because it's probably too low." Barbara Mabry, coordinator of the Academic Advisory Service in the College of Arts and Sciences, said the figure would be higher except many students hesitate to choose the "undecided label."

The statistics seem to bear out Mabry's views. The average UK student changes majors three to three and one-half times during his stay at college. Being undecided, once thought of as an easy way out, is now a popular transient major for many freshmen and sophomore UK students, not for the convenience of "bunny" courses and round-the-clock partying, but because students are seriously concerned about rushing into something which may later prove unsatisfactory, Mabry said. The biggest single factor in making the "undecided" decision, according to Mabry and Dean of Undergraduate Studies John Stephenson, is the general confusion a student can feel about his or her interests and where they fit into academic life.

Contrary to popular opinion, Stephenson believes that most undecided students are serious about school. As a result, he said, "these students are properly fearful of not being totally or sufficiently informed about subjects. They are trying to avoid making any premature decisions." Stephenson said declaring a

major while unsure might limit the student to something from one perspective. The student may disengage himself from other possible — and better — majors, he said. There are advantages to remaining undecided in the first years of college. Being undecided does not give a student a bad name with University officials, although

The University does require a legitimate declared major by the end of the sophomore year. And in a recent publication, Mabry reports that, "Among the advantages of being 'undecided' — not seeking early specialization — are time and freedom to explore the many opportunities for growth that the University offers."

Stephenson described this freedom as "a reality in itself. A good environment for a time of spiritual, social, and intellectual growth."

Consequently, Stephenson and Mabry consider a general study outline as a good way for the new college student to acquire a better understanding of where his or her interests lie and how these interests can be integrated into a self-satisfying academic program. Undecided advisors, activated by A&S, play a very important role in helping a student pick a major. Each undecided major is assigned one of five advisors. These advisors, according to Mabry, assist students in recognizing programs that UK offers for personal development, such as the counseling center and distribute information about academic program choices.

Progress reported

Continued from front page Staff and faculty participation in in-state exhibitions of "open house" student recruitment was increased. Computer form letters and publications sent to prospective students were personalized by signing the department chairman's or

Dean's name rather than ending the letter with form numbers. It was hoped this new practice will ease the cold and unfriendly impression former freshmen have reported experiencing when reading the unorganized literature mailings of past years, according to Chapman.

Bark is not waste, it can be useful

By GAIL MCCULLAH
Kernel Reporter

UK's Forestry Department is currently doing research converting sawmill waste into a mulch that can aid in the reclamation of strip-mined land. According to an article on the project in The Kentucky Farmer by Donald H. Graves, assistant professor of forestry; Robert R. Kruspe, a reclamation specialist for the Institute for Mining and Mineral Research; Stanley B. Carpenter, associate professor of forestry; and the Forestry Department in cooperation with the Institute for Mining and Mineral Research; the Mountain Drive Coal Company and the

Estes Coal Company began research on the effectiveness of tree bark as a fertilizer, or mulching medium, on surface erosion, and has been successful even on the harshest of sites. They also state that trees respond well to bark mulching. They attributed this to the significantly increased moisture available for plant growth in surface mine spoil and to the reduction of high temperatures which kill newly germinated seedlings.

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memos THE ORGANIZATION of a NAACP (College Chapter) will be held on Thursday, March 2, 1978, 11:30 Student Center, University of Kentucky, Room 217, 9:30 to 10:00 am. 192



sports

Givens and Ford get honor

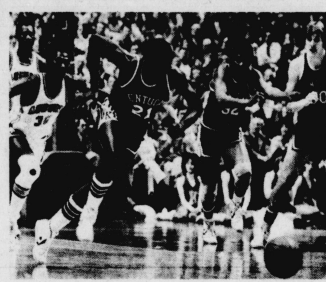
WICHITA, Kan. (AP)—Kentucky's senior forward Jack Givens was selected to the 10-man U.S. Basketball Writers Association All-America team yesterday.

Phil Ford of North Carolina was named college basketball's player of the year.

Ford, Rod Griffin of Wake Forest and Mychal Thompson of Minnesota were repeat selections from last season's All-America team.

Other named to the writers' team were Butch Lee of Marquette, Larry Bird of Indiana State, David Greenwood of UCLA, Freeman Williams of Portland State, Ron Brewer of Arkansas and Michael Cooper of New Mexico.

Steve Schuler
All-American Jack Givens



Erdal's win in indoor mile stuns himself

By TOM MORAN
Kernel Reporter

In Montgomery, Ala. this past weekend, UK runner Dean Erdal won the individual championship in the Southeastern Conference indoor mile.

Erdal's best distance had been the three-mile run, but early-season illness and bad weather prevented him from training for that distance. He had to rely on his natural speed to win the SEC championship.

"The experience was "like a dream come true," according to Erdal.

In a qualifying heat Friday night, he ran a 4:13.4, which was only a half-second off his personal record, to make it to the final on Saturday afternoon.

In the final, Erdal ran what he called "a real smart race," pacing himself carefully and staying in contact with the rest of the pack.

"I went to the front with two laps to go and took off from there," Erdal said of the most exciting race in his career.

His devastating kick left the rest of the field in the dust and the crowd of 3,600 in awe of his time of 4:09. Not only did he surprise himself; he also amazed his teammates.

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BEYOND AND BACK
Times: 12:00 3:00 5:00 7:00 9:00 No Passes

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WE ARE NOT ALONE Times: 8:30 10:30
CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND No Passes!

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Ampersand



MULLING OVER MARTIN

NEIL ZLOZOWER/MIRAGE

Discover why Kayak was the #1 Most Added Album at FM Radio



Kayak - Starlight Dancer

Charlie Returns With A Brand New Album And A U.S. Tour



CHARLIE TOUR

DATE	CITY	VENUE
3/1	GREENVILLE, N.C.	STYRIA MOSQUE
3/2	RICHMOND, VA.	COLISEUM
3/3	CHARLOTTE, N.C.	COLISEUM
3/4	FAYETTEVILLE, N.C.	CUMBERLAND CNTY. COLISEUM
3/5	COLUMBIA, S.C.	COLISEUM
3/7	ATLANTA, GA.	S.E. MUSIC HALL
3/9	EVANSVILLE, IND.	COLISEUM
3/10	HUNTINGTON, W. VA.	CIVIC CENTER
3/12	GREENSBORO, N.C.	COLISEUM
3/13	NORFOLK, VA.	ROGUE'S
3/16	NEW HAVEN, CONN.	OXFORD ALE HSE.
3/18	NEW YORK CITY	PALLADIUM
3/19	WASHINGTON, D.C.	BAYOU
3/20	BALTIMORE, MD.	STONE BALLROOM
3/23	BUFFALO, N.Y.	AFTER DARK

CHARLIE LINES



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IN ONE EAR...

Rating Randy

Randy Newman is the best. I've loved his songs for years, all the time thinking maybe three other people besides myself bought his albums. Now that he's on the covers of magazines with a big hit single, I wonder if I'll still love him. After all, fame might change him. He might go straight.

MARIANNE CARSON
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS

No. Too bent. But he appreciates your concern.

It's so weird to see Randy Newman treated like a big star. Thanks to Sam Sutherland for an intelligent assessment of Newman's work, and not the usual "gee, doesn't he write strange songs?" approach.

SAM BRADY
UNIVERSITY OF COLORADO

I'm shocked and dismayed that you would put Randy Newman on your cover. I suppose you think it's funny to make fun of short people, but dwarves and midgets have a very difficult time adjusting to their shortness. It doesn't help to have everyone else poke fun and nasty cracks, like "tiny little voices going peep peep peep." Newman should be ashamed of himself, but he's probably laughing all the way to the bank.

GLENDIA PACKARD
PURDUE UNIVERSITY

In your interview with Randy Newman you described his accent as "an amalgam of western, southern and — oddly — a certain New York tautness . . ." I am from New Orleans (as is Newman) and I am tired of people assuming that New Orleans people have a southern accent. The combination you described as Randy Newman's accent is distinctly New Orleans. It's a unique accent that goes with a one of a kind city. I hope you will pass this on to clear up this common misconception.

JO VALLEY
NEW ORLEANS, LA.

The Silmarillion

After reading Naomi Lindstrom's review of Tolkien's *The Silmarillion* in *Rolling Stone* . . . uhh, *Ampersand*, I was left with a number of uncomfortable thoughts. Aside from my irritation at Lindstrom's vain and inflated critical approach, I wonder about her knowledge of our literature. She claims, ". . . there was no source, Tolkien held, to which the English reader could go for the Big Picture on good and evil, heroism and villainy, roots." Is Lindstrom aware of, say, *Paradise Lost*? *Beowulf*? *The Faerie Queene*? Alas, they aren't in the latest issue of *Book Digest* and so they may have escaped her attention. Lindstrom is also going out on something of a limb in attempting to describe Tolkien's intent in writing the book.

Lindstrom is, it seems, aware of the problem with her review. "Perhaps it's crass to go on like this," she says, before she admits her present inability to grasp the point of reading a book like *The Silmarillion* in the first place. Not to worry, Naomi. Let's turn on the tv and in a few minutes all those nasty big words and complicated concepts will be nothing more than an unhappy

memory. Fonzie will tell us all we need to know about Good and Evil. And we could always catch a rerun of the animated "Hobbit" if we need a little myth. . .

JEFFREY S. HUDSON
GOLETA, CA

P.S. As for *Ampersand*, can't you find some better material with which to frame the advertisement?

P.P.S. The only way to explain the immense sales of *The Silmarillion* is that most of the people who are buying it haven't tried reading it. Regardless of the book's quality, it requires a level of attention that most readers (Lindstrom is a good example) aren't going to be willing to give.

Ampersand is pretty good, generally. "In One Ear . . . & Out the Other" are pretty good; and I know how hard a good letter column is to assemble. The Randy Newman article was nice, but a little lightweight and a little too short.

You (or your writers) are right about *The Silmarillion*, *Led Zeppelin*, and the Stones, but I think you're giving Kiss the benefit of too many doubts.

You should shift your attention away from exhausted subjects (Randy Newman and *Star Wars*, for two) to people far more deserving of your limited (or anyone's unlimited) space. For example, Linda Ronstadt (sigh) and Stevie Nicks.

KIRK MESSMER
MICHIGAN STATE UNIVERSITY

P.S. You can't beat the price with a club.

Just to set the record straight, lots of people who read Tolkien are *not* insane. Granted some people just can't stay interested in all his names and dates and places. Some just BLEEP over names like Aragorn, Boromir, or Elendil — but others (including myself) are all the more fascinated by all these complications. I've read his *Trilogy* and *Hobbit* at least five times over and can't wait for *The Silmarillion* to come out in paperback. For those who would like to claim they've read some of Tolkien, but don't want to get involved with his bigger books, I suggest *The Farmer Giles of Ham* or *Smith of Wootton Major*. These are simple books to be read in leisure time. But if you don't like fantasy or faerie tales, then stick to things like Steinbeck or Hemingway!

SARAH HOLLINGSWORTH
TEXAS TECH UNIVERSITY

Give Us a Break

Comparing Kiss to Led Zeppelin is like comparing Lynne Manor to a good rock critic. Saying that one of the most talented groups today is "musically unsophisticated" is unbelievable. I admit they are loud in concert, but they are also excellent in concert and on record. She then says that Zep should expand their horizons and "try something new." I can see what she means; they never change and all their music sounds the same. I mean, "Kashmir" sounds just like "Dazed and Confused." There is no musical change between the albums *Presence* and *Led Zeppelin III*. The classic "Stairway to Heaven" is totally "unsophisticated." Shows you how much she

knows about music, which, after reading her review on the Stones, seems to be very little. Your magazine as a whole is really very good, but I guess every magazine has a flaw somewhere.

JAMES BAKER
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

In reference to your article, *Play Around This Year*, I would like to add a few comments about your "playtesters." The game I am specifically speaking about is Avalon Hills "Panzer Leader." I would like for you to know that the comments given this game were disgusting exaggerations. I can back up my feelings with several reasons.

1. I have been playing Avalon Hill games for eight years. I find them as simple to learn as chess. There is no game that a person masters instantly. The rules are read once, a game is played, the rules are reread and presto, you have a good idea of the concepts of the game. And those "tiny little squares with letters and numbers" have a logical application to real life. I think if you really try you can see that PL is a realistic game.

2. You decided to playtest a game rated Tournament IV on the Avalon Hill difficult rating scale. It would have been easier to start with a game rated Introductory I or II. Ample warnings are given in the rule booklet.

3. From personal experience I feel that Panzer Leader can be enjoyed by anybody with any amount of common sense and intelligence. I also know that it can be set up, played (15 turns or 8) and put away in 5 hours. Many Risk and Monopoly games

outlast that by a couple or three hours quite often.

4. In summing up I would like to say that the game wasn't given a fair shake. PL does not deserve unruly comments, it is one of Avalon Hill's best games. If you should ever playtest it again, it would be a good idea to leave the kids out, P.L. is an adult game. I also think that once you get used to the system you will end up playing it quite often. But next time, don't give up so easily.

BOB SIMPSON
UNIVERSITY OF KENTUCKY

Gee whiz. You mean we should have been serious? We promise to try harder next time.

Give us credit for some degree of perception! I would (and did) recognize Joni's face anywhere. Sheesh!

HAZEL THORNTON
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS



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RICHARD E. OSBORN (Star Words), toils and teaches in the English Department of Western Illinois University.

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ON THE COVER

Debonair Martin Mull, Mr. Sincere, was photographed in his Malibu backyard by Neil Zlozover.

& OUT THE OTHER

Caught Short

NOT ONLY DO THEY GOT NO REASON TO LIVE, they got no sense of humor: 5-foot-5 Maryland state legislator Del Isiah Dixon is causing some fuss in that end of the country; he says that he's drafting a bill to prohibit radio stations in the state from playing Randy Newman's "Short People." Despite what singers who can't get their records played may have said in the past, there is no historical case of a record being "banned" in any legal sense. A station may refuse to air a record, but when you consider how many — perhaps most — playlists include between 30-60 selections, the chances of any tune getting played are statistically slim.

TOO, TOO PERFECT, Jeff Wald, manager and husband of Helen Reddy, has announced plans to form his own record label. Name of said label: Ego Records. Probably no truth to the rumor the diminutive Wald wanted to call it Short People Records.

SHORT, CHUBBY RICHARD DREYFUSS is taking singing and dancing lessons (and losing weight — but, alas, growing no taller) for his starring roll in Bob Fosse's movie musical, *All That Jazz*, about a Broadway choreographer/director not unlike Fosse himself. Dreyfuss just finished *The Big Fix*, based on Roger Simon's detective novel.

Splits

BIANCA JAGGER HAS REPORTEDLY asked Roy Cohn (once infamous throughout the land as attorney for Joe McCarthy's commie-baiting Senate subcommittee hearing in the 50s) to be her divorce lawyer;

Cohn's office wouldn't confirm or deny. Mick, meanwhile, was off somewhere with frequent companion, model Jerry Hall. Bianca must be serious about the divorce . . . she went out and got a paying job. She'll be acting (well, that's a job) in a movie called *Ringer*, co-starring Jeff Bridges and Ned Beatty, to be filmed in Munich. It's a comedy caper flick, and Bianca plays a high-priced call girl. No comment.

ROBBIE ROBERTSON, ERSTWHILE GUITARIST for the defunct Band, has left his wife and moved in with recently divorced film director Martin Scorsese (*Taxi Driver*; *New York, New York*); the two met when Scorsese filmed (and has yet to finish) the Band's last-concert movie, *The Last Waltz*. Insiders say the bachelor pad in Bel Air is like Grand Central Station — and all the commuters are gorgeous females.

NOW THAT THE SEX PISTOLS HAVE SPLIT UP, and not a moment too soon, Paul Cook and Steve Jones had time for a little vacation . . . in Rio de Janeiro, where they hobnobbed with the only extant Great British Train Robber, Ronnie Diggs. Seemed odd natural, since Jones was once a burglar himself.

Splices

REUNIONS PLANNED FOR 1978 include the Allman Bros. Band, apparently through with the fighting that followed Brother Gregg's fining on roadie John "Scooter" Herring in a drug bust three years ago; Peter Paul and Mary, a folk trio from the 60s; Black Sabbath, whose Ozzie Osborne has returned to the fold after a three-month re-

irement. Bet you didn't know he was missing. Bet they didn't even know he was missing.

WE THOUGHT HE RETIRED: Elton John is up in Seattle recording his next album at producer Thom Bell's new studio. Bell abandoned Philadelphia, where he was a prime mover behind the Philadelphia-International label, because he didn't want his kids growing up there. Seattle has had a lot of favorable publicity lately as the Best City in the Country, and Bell wasn't the only one who believed it: film producer Stanley Kramer plans to move his family and offices to Seattle.

Leave Us Alone

PEOPLE MAGAZINE is readying a television magazine-format show, on the general order of *60 Minutes* (but with much shorter stories, natch). For host of this goodie, producers are considering Cheryl Tiegs. David Sheehan (a local Hollywood CBS film critic), Dick Gautier (game show regular) and Jack Ford, Jack Ford? Doesn't he work for *Rolling Stone*?

THEY'VE GOT RHYTHM, who can ask for anything more? There's a bill before the Minnesota legislature that, if passed, would outlaw the use of mechanical drumming devices in live performance.

WE CAN WAIT: these two films are actually being made; someone put up real money for them. According to *Daily Variety*, *The Secret World War* is a "comedy action adventure feature about the total destruction of the world by alien beings using rock and roll music and marijuana gas"; *Judy's Army* is "a light comedy about a girl who wants to be a drill sergeant in the Army." Judy is the Brigitte Bardot/Raquel Welch type, in case any of you are planning to audition.

On The Road

DURING A RECENT MIAMI PERFORMANCE, Jackson Browne was joined on stage by singer-composer Maurice Williams, whose 1960 hit, "Stay," is reprised on Browne's current album. Williams may be making a bit of a comeback: "Little Darlin'" which Williams wrote while leading the Gladiolas, appears on Elvis Presley's *Moody Blue* album.

ORIENTALS AREN'T NECESSARILY all that inscrutable: fans of Ritchie Blackmore's Rainbow rioted at a concert by that group in Sapporo, Japan, Jan. 27. Two thousand members of the audience reportedly rushed the stage; a 19-year-old girl was crushed to death and several other persons were injured in the melee.

WHAT A TROUPER: Dan McCafferty of Nazareth, on tour somewhere in Indiana before the snows hit, injured his Achilles tendons in a stage mishap. Very difficult to walk. When asked if he would continue the tour, McCafferty replied, "I didn't hurt my voice."

Rock Around The Block

THE WHO ARE MAKING A MOVIE called *The Kids Are Alright*, conceived and directed by an American Who fan, Jeff Stein. A documentary, it will include footage from their

early High Numbers days, plus some recently filmed performances at the Gaumont State Theatre in Kilburn near London. According to a report in *Trouser Press* Magazine, the group has settled most of its internal disputes, and they may be around — together — for a dozen more years. The film will be released in the summer, maybe, the soundtrack earlier.

AMERICAN GRAFFITI WILL BE RE-RELEASED this May . . . and over at Paramount they're readying a rival to *Graffiti* called *American Hot War*, a more serious drama about the birth of rock and roll, no less, culminating in the first rock concert. It was a literal riot. Film stars Tim McIntire as Alan Freed, real life disc jockey and one of the first to play rock music over the airwaves. Rock and roll may be forever, but it wasn't always.

CAPITOL RECORDS JUST (Feb. 1) raised the price of Bob Welch's hit *French Kiss* by a dollar. Serves you right for not buying it earlier. Meanwhile, Paul McCartney's "Mull of Kintyre" is his first single to hit #1 in England since the Beatles' split and is that country's biggest seller since "She Love You" — by the Beatles — in 1964. The single didn't raise a ripple here, of course, which may be why Capitol raised the price on Welch's album.

The Clattering of Too Many Typewriters

KRIS KRISTOFFERSON PULLED OUT of his starring role in *Honoree Street* (a World War II love story set in London, co-starring Genevieve Bujold) and Harrison Ford has replaced him. Kristofferson reportedly had the change of heart because he hated the script, which was revised . . . but he hated the revision even more. Kris said he won't make any movies for a while. But he may write one . . .

ROBERT SHAW, ACCORDING TO A REPORT in the *Ottawa Citizen* (we read everything) says that he's "considering" retiring from acting to pursue his literary muse. Shaw, who's starred in *From Russia With Love*, *The Sting*, *Jaws*, and *The Deep* (in that order), says that decent scripts are becoming increasingly difficult to find. Evidence at-hand proves him right. Shaw has been writing all along, of course, with his novel *The Man in the Glass Booth*, subsequently turned into a play and a film, his best known work.

MARIO PUZO'S NEXT NOVEL runs a reported 1,000 pages, is titled *Fools Die*, and will be published this fall. In the meantime, he's started on *Godfather III*.

WE'RE NOT SURE, BUT we think this has never been done before: writer John Fowles (*The French Lieutenant's Woman*, *Daniel Martin*) has re-written his novel *The Magus* in response to many letters from readers who were confused. Fowles says he never meant to be confusing, but *The Magus* was his first novel (although it was published after two others) and he used it as a learning process. The new *Magus* will be out later this year; essentially the same book (albeit more erotic), several passages have been clarified, including the ending. By the way, if you have an original version of *The Magus*, hang on to it; it's soon to become a collector's item.



Terry Kath

R.I.P.

THE DEATHS OF Chicago guitarist Terry Kath and Blood, Sweat and Tears saxophonist Greg Herbert a week apart, January 22 and 29, stand as more grim evidence for the theory that it's the good guys who go first. Kath, who according to police reports was demonstrating "Polish roulette" (where, so goes the gag, all of the chambers are loaded) to a friend, did so too well. Herbert evidently overdosed in a hotel room in Amsterdam, where the band was on tour. Tony Klatka, who discovered him, at first



Greg Herbert

believed Herbert to be asleep. Both bands say that they intend to continue. But how can Chicago replace a founding member, the group's only guitarist, frequent lead singer ("Colour My World," "25 or 6 to 4"), and a man largely responsible for determining their style? And how can Blood, Sweat and Tears replace a man heralded by *Down Beat*, who should know, as "possibly the finest young tenor player in jazz?" Kath was 31; Herbert a year his junior.

1978
ANDREW GOLD HAS KEPT HIS PROMISE



IT BEGAN WITH THE HUGE HIT SINGLE "LONELY BOY"
AND NOW CONTINUES WITH A GREAT NEW ALBUM FROM
THE MOST PROMISING ARTIST OF 1977

"ALL THIS AND HEAVEN TOO"

INCLUDES THE HIT SINGLE "THANK YOU FOR BEING A FRIEND"

PRODUCED BY ANDREW GOLD WITH BROCK WALSH
ENGINEERED BY GREG LADANYI WITH DENNIS KIRK



In Print

ampersand

March, 1978

Tasteless Educators, Educated Tastes

Old Vladimir Ilich Ulyanov once said, "Whenever the people's cause is entrusted to the professors, it is lost." This observation might serve as an epigraph for Richard D. Mandell's book, *The Professor Game* (Doubleday, \$8.95).

Mandell's thesis is that colleges and universities today do not serve "the people" — that, instead, they are devoted to the maintenance of the status quo, both in society at large and within the educational system — at "the people's" expense, if necessary.

College professors in general, Mandell says — and he is one himself — are overpaid, underworked, petty in their personal and professional relationships, and terrified of being fired. They are more concerned with politics than pedagogy. Their sabbaticals are often just vacations at someone else's expense. Some of them use university facilities to conduct private business on a major scale. They grovel, toady, snipe; as a class of people, they are racist and sexist; they drink too much, and, if we are to believe Mandell, they shuffle around campus in a perpetual state of erotic excitement. They have had breath.

Not a pretty picture. Mandell says things that need to be said to a popular audience. His history of the development of the university system in America is lucid and brisk. His tales of intradepartment backbiting and infighting are chilling and entirely too believable. He offers what seem to be sound opinions on the damage done both to students and to the educational process by the misplaced priorities of the self-serving educational bureaucracy.

But Mandell, alas, turns easily into a petty sniper himself. Having made us believe quite vividly in the bitterness and viciousness of his colleagues, in their frightened, mean contempt for themselves, their students, and their fellows, he then goes on to demonstrate that even he is not immune from these unfortunate qualities.

In his descriptions of other professors — individuals or composites — and of the way they live and work, he seems unable to resist an opportunity to be snide or cruel. One can almost see his fangs as he writes, "The new offices are customarily wall-to-wall carpeted . . . There are lots of pale green or pale gray

steel bookcases, a large plastic-topped desk, a vinyl-upholstered, swivel-tilt armchair that squeaks . . ." or, "A professor in Savannah regularly serves chilled Mogen David with Chef Boy-Ar-Dee spaghetti at his dinner parties." Aha. So that's what's wrong with academe!

Worse still is Mandell's preoccupation with schoolyard sexuality and the florid prose he uses to describe it, as in, for instance, an imagined scene on the Chapel Hill campus of the University of North Carolina — "heavy, hard-nipped breasts sway in thin, patterned blouses . . . The girls stand close to graze big boys who have heavy, coiled baskets of strength below their hips." (Coiled baskets?)

And his five "illustrations" of professional types, which take up a good part of his book, are tawdry little sketches that sound uncomfortably like personal attacks on teachers he has known, and whose breathless style seems perilously close to that of those mock-scientific porno paperbacks with titles like "Female Auto-Erotic Fantasies: Five Case Studies."

In one of these "illustrations," for example, the author writes, "Michael watched horrified as Maggie . . . softly bounced her mons veneris against the opposite edge of his desk . . ."

Meanwhile, the reader watches horrified as Richard D. Mandell, who is apparently as game as the next professor, softly bounces his own purple prose around what otherwise promises to be — and ought to be — a serious book.

The Taste of America by John L. Hess and Karen Hess (published early in 1977 by Grossman, and more recently released in paperback by Penguin, \$2.95) is all squawk and no action.

No thinking, tasting, person can quarrel with the Hesses' thesis that, in America, "our palates have been ravaged . . . our food is awful . . . our most respected authorities on cookery are poseurs." Or that we are, as a nation, addicted to sugar (average per capita consumption, including children, is a third of a pound a day!). Or that both junk-food stands and high-priced "Continental" restaurants serve pre-cooked, frozen, highly adulterated food.

But once that has been said and agreed upon, what comes next? In *The Taste of America*, the answer is, Not much. A large selection of a la carte generalizations. Some patent nonsense, like the statement that food in Paris was fresher at Les Halles than it is at the new Parisian market at Rungis (it may have been more romantic in the old days, but the food had further to go from its sources — all the way into the heart of the



Our first Ampersand of the Month winner (of \$25, no less) is Sarah Shelton from the University of Texas at Austin; she also provided a mantra for this caricature — "Om ay om ay om ay bak." She said it, we didn't.

The response to our request for original Ampersands was positively gratifying, but don't let that discourage more of you from submitting art: black ink on white paper, please, and try to be neat.

Ampersand of the Month

city —), or the contention that "good vintners" in California "make a wine without character." A good many chapters on cookbooks of the past and food writers of the present. Some well-deserved but weak-kneed slams at the underlying concepts of "home economics." An important but almost desultory (and lamely documented) exposure of "the Green Revolution." Some clever lines here and there . . .

Like some of the overblown chefs of the "new cuisine," whom they would no doubt damn, the Hesses seem to take themselves too seriously, and their raw materials not seriously enough.

Michael S. Lasky, in his *The Complete Junk Food Book* (McGraw-Hill, paperback, \$7.95) does a calmer, better job of describing and condemning the sort of comestibles that comprise all too large a part of the American diet today.

Lasky writes easily about why we eat junk food and how we make excuses for so doing. He supplies surprisingly enjoyable little histories of the soft drink industry, the doughnuts trade, the ice cream business, etc. And he supplies — and for this alone he deserves your \$7.95 — a cross-country comparison of junk-food chains, rating them for quality of food and service, serving time, cleanliness, ambience (sic), prices, and even "grease quotient." He also lists calories, sugar content, nutritional ratings, and ingredients for scores of popular brands of candy, ice cream, frozen pies and cakes, etc.

David Johnson's sharp illustrations — they look like a cross between George S. Price and Gahan Wilson — are frosting on the Twinkie.

It's a question of interest, I guess. If you're the sort of person who is simply dying to learn "how Nichelle Nichols made Joan

cry" or "Why it took three fans to bring DeForest Kelly one quart of orange juice" (one to hold the orange juice and two to . . . oh, never mind), then *The Making of the Trek Conventions*: by Joan Winston (Doubleday, \$7.95) is definitely for you.

If, on the other hand, you haven't the vaguest idea who Nichelle Nichols or Joan or DeForest Kelly are, then don't give the book another thought. Something to do with a TV show that used to be on the air. Space ships and all that. Kid stuff.

John Sanford's *View from This Wilderness* (Capra Press, \$10) is a companion volume to his *A More Goody Country*. The latter was a book of highly inventive, usually quite moving vignettes about and around American history, with Sanford assuming a variety of styles and voices, his own and yet not his own, to illuminate (mostly) familiar material from sides on which the light doesn't usually shine.

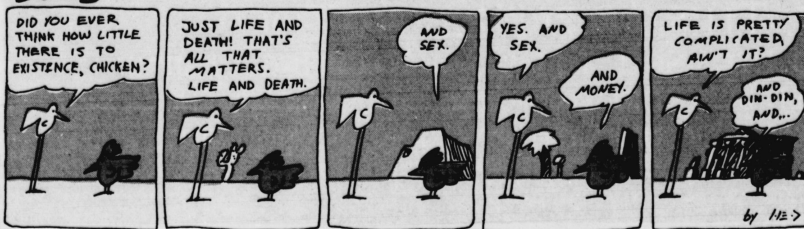
This book's business is "American literature as history," and the characters herein — culogized, paraphrased, sketched out, and sometimes second-guessed — range from Columbus to Increase Mather to William Dean Howells to Heywood Brown to John Berryman. Sanford's pieces are sometimes mannered, but they are always well-formed and strong with the energy of literary honesty.

This is the second volume of a trilogy; the third, *To Feed Their Hopes*, whose subject is women in America, is completed and will be published this year by Capra.

Great Cheap Wines by James Nelson (McGraw-Hill, paperback, \$3.95), subtitled, unfortunately, "A Poorperson's Guide" — McGraw-Hill is a great one for rubbishy "non-sexist" terms like "poorperson" — is a chatty, homey little collection of general information on wine and "ratings and comments on hundreds of wines for less than \$3." The trouble with books like these is that, even if you agree with the writer's taste more or less — which I don't particularly in this case, and I write professionally about wine — is that they're out of date almost as soon as they appear. Vintages and prices change; distribution patterns ebb and flow; tastes develop. A trustworthy wine merchant (and such creatures do exist) is worth a dozen books like this.

Colman Andrews

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On Screen



In *Coma* a frightened but plucky Bujold (above, with Michael Douglas, left) faces danger, while *Coming Home*'s Fonda chooses paraplegic Voight (below left) over Marine husband Bruce Dern (below right).



Two Hits, Three Misses

RENALDO AND CLARA, starring Bob Dylan, Joan Baez, Sara Dylan, Ronnee Blakely, Ronnie Hawkins, David Blue; written, produced and directed by Dylan.

Lucky for us Bob Dylan decided to explain, in several interviews published before the release of this movie, just what the movie was about, otherwise reviewers wouldn't have known what to say. How fortunate that of Bob revealed how his movie is an intimate personal glimpse of his relationships with three women, that it's *Daring*, that it's *Art*. He neglected to mention that it is also *Boring*.

Renaldo and Clara are played by Dylan and his ex-wife Sara, while Blakely plays Sara and Ronnie Hawkins plays Dylan. "Plays" is the operative word; in this case it does not mean "act." Incoherent episodic scenes start and end nowhere, thanks to

editors Howard Alk and Dylan, both of whom obviously attended the John Casavetes school for editors: never cut a scene when you can let it run on and on.

The only moments that are vaguely sustaining are those concert scenes (well shot and recorded) filmed during the Rolling Thunder Revue tour of New England two years ago . . . and a few enjoyable monologues by David Blue, whose reminiscences about the old days in the Village with Bobby, Fred, Mark and Phil are the only genuinely amusing and moving parts of this mess.

There are endless visual non sequiturs — a preacher and another man haranguing and being harangued by a crowd; Sara Dylan riding around in a horse-drawn carriage or walking down streets carrying a coil of rope; Blakely and Steven Soles in a clumsily improvised lovers' quarrel. Throughout the film Dylan, except when he's performing, is a near-silent skinny spectre hanging around the edges of the frame. A few times we see him walking down a cold snowy street all by himself.

The whole movie is one big cheat, because Dylan is trying — or *claims* he is trying — to Tell Us Something About Himself. If he's so anxious to share with us, why couldn't he be Bob Dylan instead of Renaldo? He isn't willing to give anything away, he merely poses and teases. When Joan Baez sidles up to him at a bar and asks what it would have been like if they'd married, we have a moment's interest, but Dylan cuts away after a mumbled "I don't know" instead of showing us the whole scene (as reported in Sam Shepard's book, *The Rolling Thunder Log-book*). There wasn't a lot more to the scene — a remark or two about their respective marital choices — but it's interesting that Dylan chose not to let us hear it all, while giving us far too much of other pointless and pedestrian scenes.

A large number of people will probably sit through *four* stuporous hours of this film trying desperately to understand it, because it's Dylan and he was once a genius. He may still be a genius, but he certainly isn't much of a director.

Judith Sims

COMA, starring Genevieve Bujold, Michael Douglas, Richard Widmark; written by Michael Crichton (based on Robin Cook's novel); directed by Crichton.

Two people, young and healthy, mysteriously go into irreversible coma after routine operations at a Boston hospital. A doctor, Bujold, best friend of the first comatose case, is devastated and confused; in an effort to "do something," she begins checking into the deaths . . . and so begins the suspense in what is the tensest movie to come down the spooky pike in a long time.

To illustrate these changing times, the hero this time is a woman. A little angrier than she needs to be in the beginning (with a token women's lib argument with her lover, Douglas), Bujold gains courage and strength while the rest of us get sweaty palms. She is remarkably — but believably — clever in her sleuthing and her narrow escapes; in a nifty plot twist, we don't know until the end if Douglas (who is more concerned with hospital politics than with her growing paranoid suspicions) is on her side or not. The one moment when the dialogue and plot sags is the villain's explanation of his villainy; it makes very little sense, but it doesn't last long.

Coma has none of the hokiness of Crichton's earlier success, *Westworld*, because *Coma* is almost believable. Playing on our worst hospital fears, Crichton has us squirming in our seats and squeezing popcorn boxes into big sticky wads.

Coma has, inevitably, been compared to Hitchcock's work, and most reviewers have said, quite rightly, that it can't match the brilliance of the master's best. But it's a hundred times better than Hitchcock's second best.

After all, it was Hitchcock who made *Topaz* and *Torn Curtain*, either of which can put me into a *real* coma.

J.S.

COMING HOME, with Jane Fonda, Bruce Dern, Jon Voight; written by Waldo Salt and Robert C. Jones; directed by Hal Ashby.

How do the 60s look to people who didn't live through that decade and weren't affected by the fundamental changes it produced? To those of us who did, the 60s are the standard by which everything else is measured. Like the Depression for our parents, the 60s became the dividing line between those who know and those who don't. *Coming Home* is about the 60s and the film's power might depend on how you view that decade. It's an extraordinary film: honest, audacious and provocative. It has force and it doesn't let you off the hook. *Coming Home* is like the era it depicts — it's challenging, tough to take and (if this doesn't sound too pretentious) important.

Essentially the movie tells the interlocking story of three people: a dutiful wife (Jane Fonda), married to a Marine captain (Bruce Dern), who becomes involved with a Vietnam vet, a paraplegic (Jon Voight). Interestingly enough, the movie is not a Vietnam story, although the war is never far away; nor is it a feminist treatise, although Fonda grows and matures before our eyes. *Coming Home* is about the 60s — without being judgmental.

At the film's heart are three bravado performances that redefine what screen acting can achieve. Fonda and Dern are both brilliant, but it's Voight who's the revelation. He's romantic, sexy and forceful, turning in an electric performance that will be talked about all year. *Coming Home* also contains

(Continued on page 13)



The "Point of Know Return."
From Kansas, on Kirshner
Records and Tapes.



Distributed by CBS Records. Produced by Jeff Glixman.

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Mulling Around with Martin

BY HANK NUWER

Martin Mull jokes around a lot these days for a guy whose TV show — *Fernwood 2-Night* — was recently cancelled. But perhaps Martin is consoled because Norman Lear has handed him a brand new series called *America 2-Night* which is bankrolled for \$2 million and guaranteed for 65 episodes. Moreover, the show is to be run during primetime viewing hours instead of the Somnax slot that Martin has heretofore been assigned.

Two years ago, Martin entered the set of Louise Lasser's ill-fated *Mary Hartman, Mary Hartman* show, cast in the role of Garth Gimble — a PR man who had more success beating his wife than the system. Garth got his in the end — or rather in the chest — when he wound up skewered on an aluminum Christmas tree.

Garth's demise brought, if not a mountain of mail demanding Martin's return, a rather large bill, so that Norman Lear felt justified in exhuming Martin one season later in the role of twin brother Barth Gimble in *Fernwood 2-Night*.

The premise of *Fernwood 2-Night* was simple. What if the town of Fernwood gave a TV talk show . . . and everybody came! *America 2-Night* expands on that concept. Talk show host Barth Gimble moves the program to "Altacoma," a fictional Hollywood suburb, and starts up a national program to rival Merv's and Johnny's. Although Barth will continue to interview wacky guests, such as a pianist who plays while in an iron lung, he will also interview genuine celebrities whose personalities can blend into the program's zany format — such as Peter Frampton, Cindy Williams, Charlton Heston, Phyllis Diller, Burt Lancaster and Milton Berle.

Thus in April, Martin Mull moves into the enviable, yet unenviable, position of starring in a show that everyone is going to watch — in particular, the critics. But if he is worried about the pressure of coming up with fresh material every week, he's doing a good job of masking his nervousness.

"One thing I found out about myself is that I work well under duress," Martin claims. "Though actually," he confides, "I'd rather not have found that out about myself. It's like Evel Knievel finding out he heals quickly. He'd rather have found out that he doesn't get hurt."

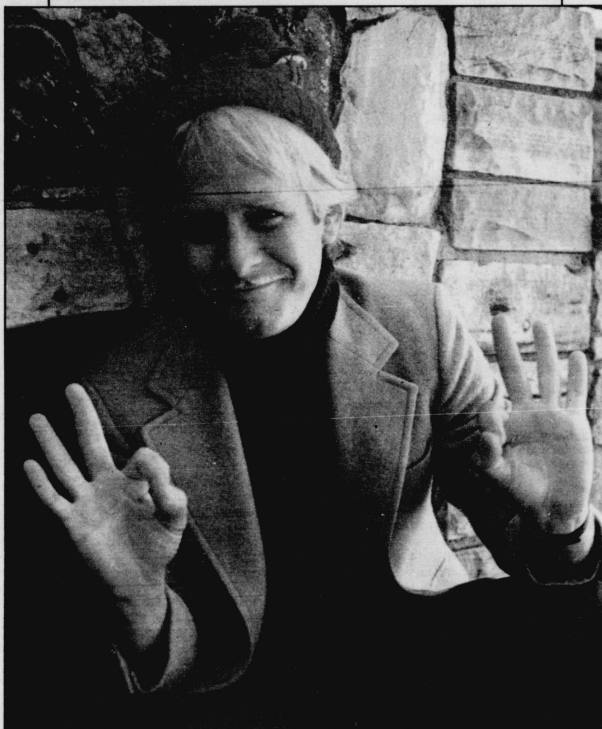
Now that Martin is becoming a ready-for-prime-time player, he plans to make some slight changes in the character of Barth Gimble. "I think maybe Barth will be a little less mercenary. Although," he quips, "I'd like to see the guy playing him make more money this time."

Martin is not surprised that America has taken so well to know-nothing con artist Barth Gimble. "It's corny to say so," he cautions before saying so anyway, "but there's a little of him in all of us. He's a guy that we run into in our daily lives quite a lot. But since we don't want to think poorly of real people, it's a pleasure to hang it on somebody who's just pretend."

But, this interviewer asks, isn't there just a little of Barth Gimble in the real life persona of Martin Mull? "Sure," he admits, "you can't totally fake a character. Part of that jerk is me, a part that I'm not necessarily working to maintain, but one I try to remember enough to enact."

Particularly when contrasted with the smug, egocentric characters he plays, Martin Mull in person turns out to be incredibly unassuming. "If I'm famous, I'm not aware of it," he remarks and later downplays his own creative talents as a writer of comedy.

"I like to talk to plumbers and gardeners and get far away from show business whenever I can," he says. "I always keep an ear open so that I don't do so much write things, as just repeat



Is there anything you would have done differently while attaining success?

MM: Yeah, I would have done it at 12.

ifies his statement. "It's like a movie for the blind," says Martin, "a very cinematic approach to making an album."

Martin was married during years of struggle to artist Kristin Johnson. The covenant itself lasted only five years, but the couple has yet to sign the final divorce papers.

At present, according to the entertainer, "the love of my life, the most important person in the world to me," is a classy brunette named Sandra Baker who also serves time in Norman Lear's employ as a costume designer. Martin says his dream is to get away with Sandra and her two teenage children to a villa in the south of France. "That would be beautiful," he muses.

If there is one thing that can be deduced from the way this showbiz couple necks in public "while shopping in Chinatown for stuff that's cheap," it's that they aren't "just once-a-weekers sexually" — unlike "Normal" folks Martin satirizes in a recent comic song.

Yet though the comedian relishes his frequent excursions with Sandra away from the rat race in Tinseltown, Martin Mull is not averse to partying occasionally with Tom Waits and others in the Malibu rock set.

About his own taste in music, Martin notes that "there's so much out there now being played that I don't care for." What the comic singer does like is the sound of Randy Newman. "I'm so pleased to see that 'Short People' is on top of the charts," he says. "It's nice to see someone like that being received. It renews my faith."

The same thing could be said about the fruition of Martin Mull's career.

Consider it said.

Hank Nuwer is a freelance writer without a home who is currently driving his '58 Buick to Niwona (which, he suspects, is somewhere east of Salina, Kansas). His writing, usually done when he's parked, is found in Oui, Playgirl Advisor, Chic, Mother Jones, New West, Human Behavior, and Gentleman's Quarterly.

them. I let other people write, and I simply remember stuff later."

Of course, there was a long time when it seemed to Mull that *only* plumbers and gardeners wanted to talk to him.

Though regularly turning out comedy albums and serving as a warmup comedian for rock bands in LA clubs such as the Roxy and Troubadour, Martin was ignored by all except his immediate family and a couple of thousand diehard fans.

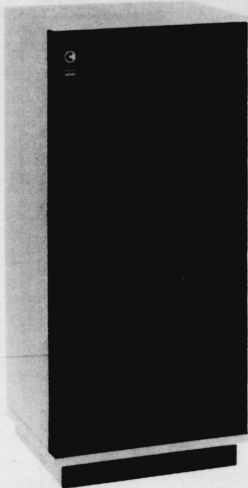
One reason might have been that Martin simply spread himself thin over too many areas. In his 34 years, Martin has been a high school star athlete, a conceptual artist with a Masters from the Rhode Island School of Design, and a folksinger who reportedly "felt that messages should be sent by Western Union, not by music."

Martin went from folksinging to singing comic songs when he realized that his witty remarks to introduce his tunes were better received than the vocals themselves. Eventually, he began adding props to his act which brought additional laughs; suddenly "Martin Mull and His Fabulous Furniture" had become an underground hit with audiences in the small New York clubs he then was playing.

Today, Martin is headliner at the Roxy and any other club he agrees to play these days. But what he *really* enjoys is making his sidesplittingly funny comedy albums. He has another coming out this spring. "It's called *Sex and Violins*," says Martin. "We made the album under the premise that it's a television show with no picture — and that it's an old movie being played."

He thinks for a moment and then qual-

3



IN BOTH EARS

Woofing & Tweeting

The way a speaker will sound in a dealer's showroom can be, and usually is, entirely different from the way that same speaker will reproduce music in your home. The kind of sound you get will not only depend on the speaker itself, but on the settings of the tone controls of your receiver or amp, or equalizer if you have one, on where you position the speakers, on the settings of the controls on the speakers if they are control equipped, on the size of your listening room and what you have in that room, and finally on your sex and the physical condition of your ears. With so many variables it is impossible to predict in advance if a speaker will produce the kind of sound you like. Your own personality, musical preferences, and musical training also get into the act.

To make speaker selection even more difficult, it is almost impossible to tell a speaker from its enclosure. Many speakers look alike and if it were not for the logo and the price you could not differentiate some speakers from others.

To make the situation even more complicated, you can buy a speaker for as little as \$50, but if you want to spend \$6500, you can get one hand made to your order, provided you are willing to wait a few months for delivery. In between these two price extremes, you have several hundred manufacturers, each supplying a 'product line' of speakers, so making a personal selection can be a personal hassle. And, of course, you are going to hear all sorts of claims and counterclaims. Basically, a speaker is about the simplest of all high-fidelity components and that's what makes it all so exasperating. To create sound all you need is to move some air. That's all that happens when you talk, sing or play a musical instrument. If you fan yourself with a newspaper on a hot summer's day, you have the basic element of all speakers, an air-moving element. In a speaker it could be called a cone or diaphragm, depending on its shape. Attached to one end of the cone is a small coil of wire

called a voice coil. This coil receives electrical currents from the power amp and when it does, moves back and forth in step with these currents. As it does so, it pushes the cone, which also travels back and forth. The currents, though, are audio currents, and are the electrical equivalent of sound, both music and speech.

When you talk, sing or play a musical instrument, the vibration of the strings or your vocal chords produce a corresponding movement of the air. When the voice coil and its attached cone move, you get the same displacement of air. It is really a duplication, but much stronger, of the air that is moved when you talk or make music.

That all sounds simple, and it is, but the problem with speakers is that the cone should move back and forth instantaneously, depending on what the audio currents in the voice coil are doing at any moment. But as long as the cone has weight, this is something it cannot quite achieve. That is why speaker cones are made as light as possible. However, we want the entire cone to move at one time, and so this means it should be as rigid as possible. We want it to work like a piston, but for the cone to be rigid it must be strong and to be strong it must have weight. So we are back to where we started since the cone should be weightless to move back and forth in step with the very rapid changes in voice coil currents which are also in step with the original sound. Making a speaker, then, is a matter of compromise. Manufacturers try to make the cone as lightweight but strong as possible.

All speakers (also known as drivers) must ultimately be connected to the output of the power amp. Since the speaker must be able to work with that amp, buying a speaker means you must also consider the amount of audio power the amp is able to supply. Speakers are rated in terms of minimum and maximum audio power. If a speaker has a minimum power input of 10 watts, your amp must be capable of delivering at least this amount of audio power, preferably more, or you will not get the kind of sound your high-fidelity system can deliver.

The maximum power of the speaker is the greatest amount of power it can handle. If your amp can deliver 100 audio watts and the maximum power rating of your speaker is 20 watts, it would be no great problem for



that amp to send the speaker to Valhalla, or Heaven, or wherever speakers go when they pass on. So for a happy hi fi operating procedure, your speaker should have a minimum power rating that is smaller than the minimum power rating of your amp and should have a maximum power rating that is greater than the power rating of that same amp.

The frequency response of your speaker system is the width of the sound spectrum it will reproduce. While your own hearing range may extend from about 60 Hz to 15 kHz, get a speaker whose response range exceeds this. A reproducing range of about 40 Hz to 20 kHz is quite good.

The impedance of the voice coil of your speaker is in ohms, a unit of electrical opposition to the current flow. Most high fidelity speakers are rated at 8 ohms. This is the nominal impedance and is measured by manufacturers at a specific frequency, such as 400 Hz or 1 kHz. The impedance of a speaker should remain constant over the entire audio range, but it does fluctuate somewhat, even with the best speakers. The impedance of your speaker should match the output impedance of your amp, generally also 8 ohms. Some amps have output terminals marked 4 ohms, 8 ohms, and 16 ohms. For maximum transfer of audio signal energy from your amp to the speakers, connect 8 ohm speakers to the 8 ohm terminals of your amp. There are some speakers that have voice coil impedances of 4 ohms or 16 ohms. These are exceptions.

Sometimes speakers must be some distance from the amp. Since you will have current flowing in the wires connecting the speakers to the amp, use wire that is thick enough to carry those currents without distress. For short distances, up to 20 feet, wire gauge No. 18 is suitable. For longer distances, up to about 30 feet, wire gauge No. 16 is satisfactory. You can use either solid or stranded wire, but just make sure it isn't bare, uncovered wire. You can also get so-called 'speaker wire' but it is no better or worse than ordinary wire. It has no special magical properties and won't make your speaker sound better or poorer. You can even use lamp cord.

For best stereo results, position your

speakers so they are about 8 feet apart, or more, if possible. Your receiver or amp should have a left/right balance control so you can adjust the sound output from each speaker to suit your listening tastes and also to take your listening position into consideration.

Some rooms soak up bass tones the way a sponge takes up water. Other rooms try to do away with treble. You can compensate for this by using your tone controls. Your speaker may also have such controls, so you can adjust all of them to suit your listening conditions. A lot also depends on you personally. Some listeners prefer strong bass, and if you are one of them, just turn up the bass tone control. No two persons hear the same way. Some women have very good hearing in the treble range, so what would seem adequate treble output to a male, might sound shrill or overemphasized to a female. This is the way our ears are constructed and has nothing to do with chauvinism. Men and women are different in more ways than one.

Try experimenting with speaker positioning. You may find that placing the speakers diagonally against two joining walls and sitting on the floor gives best results — that is, supplies the kind of sound you like best. The walls and floor act as sound reflectors and you may find this position excellent for getting good bass response. Also try mounting the speakers off the floor, or putting them in different locations in the room. Treble tones are highly directional and so you may need to point the speakers in the direction of your ears.

A speaker can reproduce a limited range of sound frequencies. A speaker having a large diameter cone, a type known as a woofer, is best for bass. A small speaker, a tweeter, is used for treble, and an in-between size for the midrange. The speakers can be completely separate units but housed in the same box or enclosure. They can also be mounted on the same frame and are known as coaxial if there are two speakers, triaxial if there are three.

Speaker enclosures are basically available in two types: sealed boxes and vented port types. The sealed type is lined so as to absorb sound from the rear movement of the speaker cone. This means they require more signal driving power. A variation of the sealed type is the air suspension, often used in bookshelf speakers, in which the woofer is mounted in a soft baffle suspension so it can have long piston movements for better bass response.

The vented port type is more efficient and boosts bass sound by sending part of the rear-produced sound out of the front through a tube or port. Since both the front and rear sound produced by the speaker are utilized, it is as though there were two woofers inside the enclosure.

To improve bass response, some speaker setups include what is called a passive radiator, a woofer that isn't connected to anything at all. Its cone is set in motion by air vibrations from the nearby active radiator, the woofer connected to the amp.

To make sure that each speaker, woofer, midrange, and treble, receives only its portion of the audio signal from the power amp, crossover networks are used. These electronic traffic cops route the bass tones to the woofer, midrange tones to the midrange speaker and treble tones to the tweeter.

The ideal speaker is one that adds nothing to the sound it reproduces. And, like the search for the Holy Grail, we may be looking for it forever. But on the way we keep acquiring more and more knowledge resulting in better speakers. And that's quite a reward in itself.

Martin Clifford

STAR WORDS

Perhaps you're the one who walked out from the theatre after Star Wars with your eyes closed — confident that the Force would guide you home. It worked, and now you think science fiction is the greatest thing since KISS tee shirts. You've seen all the television shows and all the movies, and you've even gone so far as to contemplate reading some science fiction. Unfortunately, your college isn't offering a course in science fiction until next semester, or the class is always

so crowded that only last-semester seniors are allowed in. Where can you start?

The following compilation is an attempt to guide the novice into the literature of science fiction. This list does not include the absolute best in the genre, for often the best is also the most difficult, and a plunge into the depths of a complex work could prove a discouraging and frustrating endeavor. Therefore my list begins with less complex (but still rewarding) works

and moves toward the most complex (and ultimately the most rewarding).

This list, then, should serve as a hook. It should grab you with the first selection, build in you a desire to read on and complete the listing, then encourage you to continue with works of your own choosing. With these books behind you — this list could pass for a college course — you can confidently guide yourself through any future journey into written science fiction.

BY RICHARD E. OSBORN

I, Robot

by Isaac Asimov

This is a collection of short stories linked by their presentation as a history of robots, a history that sees them advancing from simple babysitters and factory workers to the actual governing force of all mankind. In other words, they advance from child to god. Asimov has taken the robot tradition, started in part, according to Franz Rottensteiner, by Shelley's Frankenstein, Bierce's *Moxon's Master*, and Capek's *R.U.R.*, and has forever altered their actions in literature with his "Three Laws of Robotics."

The Martian Chronicles

by Ray Bradbury

This is another collection of connected short stories in which Bradbury paints an intriguing mural depicting the colonization of Mars by mankind, complete with many allusions to the colonization of North America. There is some critical debate over whether Bradbury is really a science fiction writer — his Martians seem surprisingly Illinois-bred — but he is such a masterful writer of eloquent prose that he is surely the reigning poet of science fiction, even though he has written but a handful of poetry.

Rendezvous with Rama

by Arthur C. Clarke

This is in fact a mystery novel — a huge, artificial object arrives in the Solar System, and mankind attempts to decipher its many puzzles, with only questionable results. The reader is left with a sense of mystery, of strangeness, of wonder, all of which is exactly as the author wishes. Clarke is showing his readers that they cannot expect to completely comprehend such a foreign culture, and that an alien race will be just that — truly alien — to mankind's understanding.

The Sirens of Titan

by Kurt Vonnegut, Jr.

This is early Vonnegut, his second novel, and is simply fun to read. Several elements of the author's black comic vision that crop up in his later, more polished works, find their start here. The novel traces the meanderings of Malachi Constant (the richest man in the world), his conversion to a Martian fighting machine, his stay on Mercury, his use of a religious symbol, his stay on Titan, and his eventual demise.

The Stars My Destination

by Alfred Bester

Despite its clumsy title, this novel is another science fiction black humor classic. It is very similar to Vonnegut in both style and tone, and makes a fine companion piece to *The Sirens of Titan*. The action takes place in a time when any normal human being can make use of teleportation (travel by mental powers only), and the plot deals with a man who possesses a very special power, a wildly tattooed face, and an overpowering mission of revenge.

The Mote in God's Eye

by Larry Niven and Jerry Pournelle

Another excellent example of the first human contact with an alien culture. The "Moties" are fascinating creations, and their sudden thrust into the affairs of man results in quite a few surprises. No less an authority than Robert A. Heinlein has called this book "possibly the finest science fiction novel I have ever read."

The Left Hand of Darkness

by Ursula K. LeGuin

What makes this novel so exceptional is not its action, or its futuristic gimmickry, but rather the magnificent manner in which LeGuin has constructed her imaginary world. It is a world where the sex of otherwise seemingly normal humans is only temporary; they readily switch from male to female and vice versa. It is a lushly detailed world in which the normal human protagonist explores what it really means to be "human."

Dune

by Frank Herbert

This is possibly the finest science fiction novel ever written. Herbert has created a fascinating future populated by various equally fascinating cultures. Also brilliant in its vivid detail, *Dune* traces the maturation of Paul Atreides from deposed ruler of the desert planet Dune, to the mythic-religious cult leader of the desert natives of the planet, and finally to the eventual monarch of an interstellar empire.

Lord of Light

by Roger Zelazny

Readers might have trouble with the time sequence of this book — it begins in the middle, then moves back to the beginning before finishing up — but once that is mastered he can sit back and enjoy this novel of god-like men of a future time on a distant planet. This is a future where some men have set themselves up as the gods of the Buddhist religion and rule over others in a rigid, anti-scientific, caste society. Zelazny mixes a sophisticated sense of humor with his prose, exemplified by this pun — probably the best in science fictiondom — concerning an epileptic Shan on a horse: "Then the fit hit the Shan."

The Door Into Summer

by Robert A. Heinlein

I can think of no better hook into science fiction than this novel. This is noncontroversial Heinlein — an animal that apparently vanished in the Sixties — and is a very entertaining and well-written novel. The elements that make it science fiction do not dominate the story; they are, however, essential. The plot revolves around a talented engineer who is betrayed by his business partners, shunted forward in time via suspended animation, and who eventually wangles his way back to correct the whole problem.

Slan

by A.E. Van Vogt

This novel is more "pure" science fiction than Heinlein's, hence it makes a logical second step in this initiation process. It follows the shoot-'em-up tradition of what critics have labeled the "Space Opera," and deals with a persecuted minority of artificially mutated super-human beings — the Slans — and their resulting revolution against the humans. It has a few holes in logic but moves very fast with *Star Wars* type action. It ends with quite a surprise.

The Time Machine

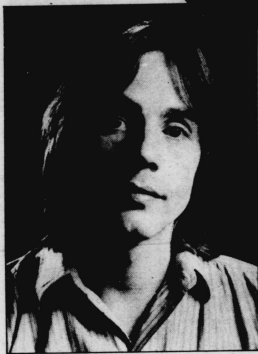
by H.G. Wells

This is a true classic of literature which really needs little comment. Its theme is less obvious than the preceding two: an inventor travels forward in time and there witnesses the decadent existence of a mankind split into two separate species.

An Initiation into Science Fiction



n disc



Jackson Browne:
Running On Empty (Asylum)

Having me review a Jackson Browne album is like inviting Roman Polanski over to babysit your children. My vibes are so bad, I can melt Joan Armatrading albums with a single glance, and my karma is somewhere between Hunter S. Thompson and Attila the Hun, so don't blame me if I don't preach an hour's worth of hippy-drippy tie-dye tidbits of transcendental insights concerning this disc. They may be in there somewhere, but I'm not about to pull a Cameron Crowe on this assignment.

Enough excuses. Save the death threats for next month's Dolly Parton exposé



The miraculous mutant strain

(they're balloons). A good, unique concept about the road recorded on the road in some pretty strange studios, *Running on Empty* epitomizes the best musical aspects of the avoiding those David Geffen excesses. Only the essentials for this unit, heavy on Browne's piano and Russell Kunkel's punch-a-hole-through-the-floor drumming, while the rest of the band is as tight as any of Cheryl Tiegs' see-through swimsuits.

Wailing his melancholy blues about the trials and tribulations of touring, Browne's voice has that easy-going flow of a lazy Sun-

day afternoon without any saccharine-sweet inflections. Songs about roadies ("The Load-Out"), riding in the bus ("Nothing but Time," recorded aboard a Continental Silver Eagle), a groupie named Rosie ("I guess I might have known from the start/ she'd come for a star"), and truckers ("Shaky Town") will bring a tear to the eye of any seasoned musician who's been to every Holiday Inn from Pasadena to Poughkeepsie, but we suburban slugs need our quota of impassioned plea-bargaining between lovers to maintain the granola shuffle Jackson advocates. I've heard most of

these "Route 66" sob stories on countless previous recordings, so the ideas here wear out long before the music does.

Which leaves the listener alternating between rapture and coma most of the time, playing the record more out of habit than desire. *Running on Empty* may be doing just that, but Jackson Browne still writes some of the finest tunes around ("Take It Easy" is forever) and one slightly-jaded (who else do you know who owns both Dictators LPs and is proud of it!?) cynic won't keep the LA lemmings from buying this latest offering from rock's own Holden Caulfield.

Chris Clark

Starz: Attention Shoppers! (Capitol)

"Help me doctor, please. Ted Nugent's gone hunting water buffaloes in Uganda, Aerosmith has been pronounced dead of a mascara overdose, and those pretty Kiss faces are going to hell. The critics and Vac-U-Form void-oids are pushing punk while the masses disco down to the sound-track from *Saturday Night Fever*. Is there any hope? Safety pins make my cheek bleed and I never could do the Hustle, but all my heavy-metal heroes have digressed into monolithic machines playing methadone music and I need at least one Zeppelin-Xerox album a day to drive my neighbors up the wall and across the ceiling. I'm telling you, doc, I don't know how much longer I can take Elvis Costello, my skin is getting blotchy, and someone keeps singing "Rhiannon" in my ear. Can you help me?"

"OK, stop drooling, son. I have just the thing for your manic depression, obviously caused by the final breakup of Uriah Heep . . . (turns to camera) . . . yes, Starz is the miraculous mutant strain which combines the best of the rest and passes the test by renewing your zest without using east! Increases your latent bondage tendencies, develops gang-warfare instincts, and builds

Bach's Best: A Guide for the Bewildered

This is a form of self-inflicted madness, selecting the "best" of Johann Sebastian Bach's more than one thousand surviving works.

The reason is simple enough. No other composer so combined sheer musical genius with such emotional intensity. When Bach is having fun — which is often — the music laughs and bumbles. When Bach is at his religious devotions, the conviction of his Lutheran soul suffuses every phrase.

There are no half-measures with the man. What he did, he did fully, and Western European culture may pretend to "civilization" because of his contribution.

Like so many of the major figures in music history, Bach can appear forbidding to the initiate. The key to understanding both the man and the music is to let Bach speak for himself, to let the torrents of a fugue catch you up, or the agony of Christ cast you down, to let your emotions match Bach's own.

A last note: My own preference is for the sparer, more authentic versions of Baroque music in general, hence a certain bias towards a handful of performers. It is a matter of taste, and the more brisk, dry, "correct" readings may take a bit of getting used to, but it is worth the effort as an antidote to

the overloaded bombast of much of today's music.

With that, then, this hesitant selection, arranged in a suggested order of purchase.

The four suites for orchestra (Bach called them "overtures") are the master at his most accessible. This is cheerful music meant for entertainment, full of lovely tunes (the famous "Air on the G String") and sprightly dances. Four two-record sets — Telefunken, Philips, Argo and Archive — are excellent.

The six Brandenburg concertos apparently were a personal favorite of Bach; he borrowed parts of them repeatedly for other works, which might be considered their best endorsement. Written in 1721 as a gift for the Margrave of Brandenburg, these are Bach at his witty, sophisticated best. For stylistic fidelity to Bach's times, the best versions are those of the Collegium Aureum on RCA; the Vienna Concertus Musicus on Telefunken; the English Chamber Orchestra on Philips; and the Munich Bach Orchestra on Archive.

The solo harpsichord concertos would be next logically. Igor Kipnis has recorded the complete set on Columbia with Neville Marriner conducting. If that impressive four-record set overwhelms the pocketbook,

the one-record selection of three concertos recorded by Gustav Leonhardt on Telefunken is choice.

Try then music for solo harpsichord. George Malcolm has recorded a select program on London 6197, including the "Italian Concerto" and "Chromatic Fantasy," demanding test pieces which boggle minds and fingers of all but the most adroit. Beyond that, the "Goldberg Variations" is a canny work that ranges from the simplest tune to the grandest fanfare and processional. Never mind that this variation is a canon and that a fugue; that is stuff for musicologists to ponder. As music it is to be treasured. Ralph Kirkpatrick on Archive and Gustav Leonhardt on Vanguard are preminent.

One misses the old, romantic (decidedly unauthentic) Wanda Landowska recording of the "Well Tempered Clavier," the 48 studies Bach composed for his enormously talented nine-year-old son, Wilhelm Friedemann. In its absence, Anthony Newman's quicksilver recordings on Columbia are worthy.

In sheer sonority, there is a great leap from harpsichord to organ, but the similarity of the musical forms suggests a program of organ works would be the logical next

purchase. Any one of three records commend themselves: Helmut Walcha on Archive, Anton Heiller on Bach Records, and the bargain anthology of Bach's most celebrated organ works on Nonesuch. (A note of caution: avoid as the plague orchestral transcriptions of these compositions. They range from the grandiose to the flautulent.)

The organ music, intended largely for devotional use, leads naturally to the single unchallenged monument of Western European "art" music, *The St. Matthew Passion*. Composed in 1729, it is a richly painted tonal picture, infused with Bach's own religious fervor, one of the few musical works whose dramatic qualities alone would mark it a masterpiece. Well-performed, as on the Richter recording (Archive), or less expensive Swarowsky set (Nonesuch), the *St. Matthew* is unerring in its beauty.

There is so much more music which might have been selected: the *B-minor Mass*, the cello sonatas, the *Magnificat*, the violin-harpsichord sonatas. The wonderment is that the list is so long, yet still so incomplete. Most composers, would settle for just one composition of this stature and call it the work of a lifetime.

Ed Cray

your resistance to strychnine without using costly smoke bombs or original ideas. Mix two parts cat scratch fever with one part Ritchie Blackmore, add a dash of Ramones ("X-Ray Spex") and a Kiss of death ("She," they even borrowed the title), put it in the nearest Iron Butterfly jacket, and there you have it, the latest escapades of the post-third, pre-fourth generation of rock rodents. Of course, you can always use a cheap substitute like Styx, Rush, or Status Quo, but why not settle for the real thing? If you're feeling pretty vacant, and need that cocaine kick you can't find on any dirty toilet seat, pick up a copy of *Attention Shoppers!* from Starz."

Test-tube babies never had it so good.

C.C.
Angel:
White Hot (Casablanca)

Arising from the bowels of rock's soft white underbelly, Angel reverses the chain-leather mentality of Kiss into heavenly headrushes, featuring gobs of synopacted synthesizers, the cutest costumes this side of the Banana Splits, and a hairdresser that must give David Bowie cuticles curled in envy. As proficient as any Runaway before she hit puberty and twice as pretty, you can almost hear the boys whispering about "those thilly thavages" waiting backstage, and Punky Meadows couldn't play a guitar if Leslie West crammed one through his Ultra-Brite smile. Is this the future of rock and roll? Don't bet your Sid Vicious sweatshirt on it, sweetie. Divine excrement.

C.C.
Stanley Cowell:
Waiting for the Moment (Galaxy)
Sonny Rollins:
Easy Living (Milestone)

Two well-respected, perhaps venerated, jazzmen have released albums placing them in unusual settings. Both are uncommonly listenable in this age of disco-funk, and both indicate that truly great musicians can adapt themselves to the damndest conditions. We mustn't forget that two of Duke Ellington's most interesting albums were recorded with Charles Mingus and John Coltrane.

Cowell, generally considered a modernist, here examines his early influences and a few of his later ones. While he is the only player on the album, with one side devoted to his solo work, the various tracks find him playing a number of instruments — simultaneously, thanks to overdubbing, on side two. Side one features straightforward, lovely excursions through ragtime (sort of), boogie-woogie, and bebop on grand piano, with a final number, Bill Lee's "Spanish Dancers," played on the kalimba, an African thumb piano. Two of the tunes on this side are by Jimmy Heath; also included are respectful readings of Bud Powell's "Parisian Thoroughfare" and Thelonious Monk's "Round Midnight." Side two, with various electric and acoustic keyboards overdubbed, consists of four Cowell originals. The album was apparently intended to be a tour de force for the founding member of the Collective Black Artists Ensemble and, to these ears, clearly qualifies.

Rollins' album is, by contrast, more conventional. There's no overdubbing save for Rollins himself on one tune, only some electricity, and there's a real band throughout. But the saxophonist (tenor and soprano) has surrounded himself with assuredly good and thoroughly contemporary company, including keyboardist George Duke and still youthful percussionist Tony Williams. The result speaks well for all concerned, including producer Orrin Keepnews — who, perhaps not coincidentally, executive-

produced the Cowell affair, with Ed Michel at the helm.

Selections include two long-time favorites of improvising musicians — the title number and "My One and Only Love" — plus three Rollins originals and a vibrant, no, celebratory reading of Stevie Wonder's "Isn't She Lovely" that is, by itself, well worth your six bucks. Released as a single, it could become a jukebox standard in no time at all.

There needn't be much more to say. One of Rollins' strongest virtues has always been that, perhaps despite the high quality of his musicianship, he's managed to keep close enough to the street to remain a most accessible jazzman (the recording tape commercial, with Sonny playing alone on a bridge, is more a sign of ad agency hipness than of Rollins' selling out. He was a perfect choice). *Easy Living* is no exception.

Del Porter
Otis Blackwell:
These Are My Songs! (Inner City)

Those of us who saw last year's Don Kirshner Rock Music Awards will remember a lengthy, touching scene where Stevie Wonder brought a man onstage and passed his — Wonder's — trophy on to him. The man was Otis Blackwell, composer of a number of the songs that helped define rock and roll. Wonder's point was that Blackwell has been all but ignored by the industry. I might point out that you didn't see Wonder getting Blackwell signed to Motown, but he did get the composer a good deal of nationwide TV publicity, which is something.

Here, Blackwell sings several of his best-known compositions: "All Shook Up," "Fever," "Great Balls of Fire," "Handy Man," and a bunch more. The surprise, if it is one, is that the versions are so very fine. Blackwell has an excellent, ageless voice, with lots of character and inflection. And his small rock band, all unknowns, play like all-get-out.

There is even a new song for would-be superstars to pick up on, the funny blues "Back Trail." It shows that Blackwell hasn't lost his touch. The album may be hard to find, but is well worth the search (Inner City's address is 43 W. 61st Street, New York 10023).

Ray C. Robinson
Manhattan Transfer:
Pastiche (Atlantic)

Manhattan Transfer's precious eclecticism makes Bette Midler sound as crushing as Aerosmith by comparison: one imagines the Transfer members sitting around the studio — Tim Hauser in white tie and spats, Alan Paul in drugstore cowboy drag (or, perhaps, his newly-pressed leather jacket), and the women in something slinky — trying to think of new ways to make old songs sound like old songs. The mind boggles. And yet, the results are frequently rewarding. On their second album with the current personnel, honors probably go to a country version of Cole Porter's "Love for Sale," this despite the fact that Crystal Gayle has already done the same thing, just as effectively, with "It's All Right With Me," and not trying as hard. A long fiddle trio introduction, backed by a Los Angeles session-man rhythm section, gives way to the Transfer's fairly straight vocals and a nice solo by long-time Duke Ellington trombonist (and New York session-man) Britt Woodman. To a greater or lesser degree, it's all like that. Other titles include Woody Herman's "Four Brothers," copied from Lambert, Hendricks and Ross; the Supremes' "Where Did Our Love Go?"; "It's Not the Spotlight," with Booker T. and the (current) M.G.'s; etc. etc.

Del Porter



Five Marines in a dungheap

OnScreen

(Continued from page 7)

some of the most mature and gently erotic love scenes ever put in a Hollywood film.

Director Hal Ashby, like John Ford, is a man obsessed with what it means to be an American. Films like *The Landlord*, *Bound for Glory* and *Shampoo* capture something fundamental in this country's psyche. *Coming Home* also holds up that same clear mirror.

Final word: the film uses as its theme the Rolling Stones' song "Out of Time." When that song was first released in '67 it sounded like the ultimate macho put-down of a jet set girl, the sort of song feminist Ellen Willis ate for breakfast. In *Coming Home*, it takes on a completely different significance: it becomes a painful eulogy for a country gone astray — evocative and precise.

Jacoba Atlas

A NIGHTFUL OF RAIN, with Candice Bergen, Giancarlo Giannini. Written and directed by Lina Wertmuller.

A Nightful of Rain is so soggy, so perversely slick that it's impossible to find the charity to graciously ignore Lina Wertmuller's first try at an English language film. Certainly working in a foreign language created a barrier with formidable problems, but the entire movie is so wrong-headed and downright silly, the blame is not simply on cross-culturalization. In fact, *A Nightful of Rain* is muddy enough to call into question all those other Wertmuller films that seemed so clear in the past.

Wertmuller has always been a problematic director; she wants everything. Her previous films (*Sweet Away*, *Seven Beauties*, etc.) are filled with contradictory philosophies welded together with more energy than finesse. What kept her movies afloat under the weight of too many superficial ideas was her incredible audacity and wit. Somehow you went along for the ride even though the vehicle was shaky. In *A Nightful of Rain*, however, Wertmuller wants us to cross a stormy sea in a leaky boat; it's too much to ask.

A Nightful of Rain takes place on the tenth anniversary of the marriage of Lizzy (Candice Bergen), an American spoiled brat, and Paolo (Giancarlo Giannini), a rich Italian macho maniac. They're in the throes of breaking up, recalling their marriage. Lina seems to think the problem is politics, but Lizzy talks like Minnie Mouse Gone to College while Paolo's Marxist rhetoric is so

phony even a red-baiter would blush. Wertmuller has taken a very complex issue — the difficulty men and women face when trying to live together in dignity — and comes up with the most simplistic explanations. It seems incredible to say so, but *A Nightful of Rain* gives credence to Harry Cohn's (founder of Columbia Pictures) statement that messages should only come from Western Union.

J.A.

THE BOYS IN COMPANY C, starring Craig Wasson, Andrew Stevens, Stan Shaw, Michael Lembeck, James Canning, James Whitmore, Jr.; written by Rick Natkin and Sidney J. Furie; directed by Furie.

This is, unfortunately, the first of several films about Viet Nam scheduled for release this year. It has to be the worst. The others must be better than this offensive pile of macho-Marine-buddy bullshit. Only those viewers who delight in barracks language and vivid gore, pointless shouting and general stupidity will find anything to enjoy in this dungheap.

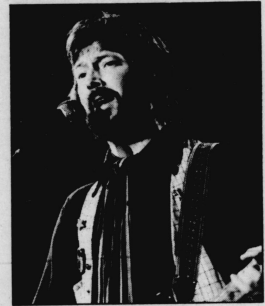
The plot, such as it is, follows five young men from boot camp to Nam. We have here your five basic Marine stereotypes: the shy, bookish fellow who's keeping a diary and wants to be a writer (James Canning); the smart-ass big-city hustler (Michael Lembeck); the peace-loving hippie (Craig Wasson); the Southern-drawling high school jock with pregnant girlfriend (Andrew Stevens); and the Mean Black Man with a Sensitive Soul (Stan Shaw). Screenwriters Natkin and Furie apparently couldn't decide what to do with the Marines or the movie; at first we see a quango-Marines-make-men segment, then blood and guts in Viet Nam, led by a crazy commander (is there any other kind?), and last and not least, a *Longest Yard* give-'em-hell soccer game that has nothing to do with anything except some very confused ideas about pride.

The actors try, but they flounder. And shout. Everyone shouts. And to show you how "realistic" it all is, when Shaw (who, we are led to believe, enlisted just so he could establish a direct dope connection) is approached by the Chief Doper to set up the export system, Shaw declines to participate because, supposedly, Stevens has succumbed to dope. This is quite enough to give Shaw a large dose of conscience. Sure it is.

If there is any truth in this story, if indeed an entire company of 110 men was virtually wiped out, and for nothing, then those men and all the others deserve a better fate than this execrable film.

J.S.

On Tour



Eric Clapton, Santa Monica Civic Auditorium, Los Angeles

Eric Clapton's two-hour set includes a few token blues numbers, probably to satisfy his fans who date back to the Yardbirds and Cream days. But from all appearances, the fellow once (and possibly still) touted as Britain's preeminent blues guitarist would rather be playing with Delaney and Bonnie, or J.J. Cale, or Don Williams. For he's adopted and adapted styles, approaches, and sometimes material from all of them. The current Clapton show, then, could stand as the most eclectic package currently touring. What's remarkable is that the singer-guitarist and his fine backing group have managed to homogenize all of that diversity.

Musically, the outfit doesn't put out any more than a really good bar band might; it's Clapton's past that's gathering him the ovations during the first couple of numbers. But once the hysteria has died down, the audience is faced with what's left of two solid hours.

Taking his cue from supershy Cale, who's been known to seat himself to a far side of his backup band clear out of the light, Clapton (though center stage most of the time) doesn't hog the show. Like Williams, he seems to prefer soft, crooning vocals whenever possible. And like Delaney Bramlett, Clapton's surrounded himself with a gang of roughhouse Southwestern musicians and allows a female, Marcy Levy, a good percentage of the vocal work, including two solo numbers, including the last encore.

The selections played consist of much of Clapton's current, countryish *Slowhand* album, the bluesy "Key to the Highway" and "Going Down Slow," "Badge," "Knockin' on Heaven's Door," and a couple of unexpected treasures — the Don Williams hit "She's in Love With a Rodeo Man," featuring a fine accordion solo by keyboardist Dick Sims, and two out-of-the-ordinary Levy vehicles: Buddy Holly's "Fool's Paradise," and Rogers and Hammerstein's "You'll Never Walk Alone" (that last encore). Surprising in their absence were "I Shot the Sheriff," "After Midnight," and "Hello, Old Friend," all of them hit singles.

Clapton's band is the crowd he's been working with for a couple of years, trimmed down to Levy, Sims, bassist Carl Radle, drummer Jamie Oldaker, and second guitarist George Terry. All save Levy and Terry keep pretty much to the background; Terry contributes mightily, taking a surprising number of leads.

Todd Everett

ROCK

- 1 Soundbreak
Saturday Night Fever/RSO
- 2 News of the World
Queen/Elektra
- 3 Foot Loose & Fancy Free
Rod Stewart/Warner Bros.
- 4 Running On Empty
Jackson Browne/Asylum
- 5 Rumours
Fleetwood Mac/Warner Bros.
- 6 All 'n' All
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
- 7 The Stranger
Billy Joel/Columbia
- 8 Simple Dreams
Linda Ronstadt/Asylum
- 9 The Grand Illusion
Sly/A&M
- 10 Draw the Line
Aeromith/Columbia
- 11 I'm Glad You're Here with Me
Neil Diamond/Columbia
- 12 Point of No Return
Kansas/Kirshner
- 13 Down Two Then Left
Box Stagg/Columbia
- 14 Slowhand
Eric Clapton/RSO
- 15 Aja
David Sanborn/Capitol

- 16 Alive II
Kiss/Casablanca
- 17 Little Criminals
Randy Newman/Warner Bros.
- 18 Greatest Hits, Etc.
Paul Simon/Columbia
- 19 Galaxy
War/MCA
- 20 Fresh Kiss
Bob Welch/Capitol
- 21 Live
Commodores
- 22 Don Juan's Rhapsodic Daughter
Joni Mitchell/Asylum
- 23 Street Survivors
Lynyrd Skynyrd/MCA
- 24 Linger Long
Dan Hill/20th Century
- 25 Watermark
Art Garfunkel/Columbia

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- All This and Heaven Too
Andrew Gold/Asylum
- Starlight Dancer
Koyak/Janus
- Deep Gales
Sanford & Townsend/Warner Bros.
- Safety in Numbers
Chuck the Sky/Columbia
- Exotable Boy
Warren Zevon/Asylum
- Level Headed
Sweet/Capitol
- Double Live Garage
Ted Nugent/Epic

COUNTRY

- 1 Wayton & Willie
Wayton Jennings & Willie Nelson/RCA
- 2 News You Come Again
Dolly Parton/RCA
- 3 Simple Dreams
Linda Ronstadt/Asylum
- 4 Ten Years of Gobs
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
- 5 We Must Believe in Magic
Crystal Gayle/United Artists
- 6 Take This Job and Shove It
Johnny Paycheck/Epic
- 7 Greatest Hits
Olivia Newton-John/MCA
- 8 Daytime Friends
Kenny Rogers/United Artists
- 9 It Was Almost Like a Song
 Ronnie Milsap/RCA
- 10 I Want to Live
John Denver/RCA
- 11 Or Wayton
Wayton Jennings/RCA
- 12 Heaven's Just a Sin Away
The Kentucky Headhunters
- 13 You'll Come Back Sison
Oak Ridge Boys/ABC/Dot
- 14 Love Is Just a Game
Larry Gatlin/Monument
- 15 Country Memories
Jerry Lee Lewis/Mercury

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Wayton & Willie
Wayton Jennings & Willie Nelson/RCA
- Quarter Moon in a Ten Cent Town
Emmylou Harris/Warner Bros.
- Free Battle
Hayt Axton/MCA
- Let's Keep It That Way
Aimee Murray/Capitol
- Best of Jerry Lee Lewis, (Vol. 2)
Jerry Lee Lewis/Mercury

JAZZ

- 1 Live at the Bijou
Gravy Washington/Kudu
- 2 Heads
Bob James/Columbia
- 3 Feels So Good
Chuck Mangione/A&M
- 4 Reach for It
George Duke/Epic
- 5 Tequila Mockinbird
Fannyo Lewis/Columbia
- 6 Enigmatic Ocean
Jean Luc Ponty/Atlantic
- 7 Ruby, Ruby
Gato Barbieri/A&M
- 8 Action
Blackbyrds/Fantasy
- 9 Weekend in L.A.
Zigaboy Johnson/Warner Bros.
- 10 Magic
Billy Cobham/Columbia
- 11 New Visions
Maynard Ferguson/Columbia
- 12 Bluebeams
Eric Gale/Columbia
- 13 Inner Visions
McCoy Tyner/Millstone
- 14 The Marcus Summell (Vol. 1)
Various Artists/CTI
- 15 Havana Candy
Patti Austin/CTI

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- Hold On
Noel Pointer/United Artists
- Rainbow Boomer
Joe Sample/ABC
- Weekend in L.A.
George Benson/Warner Bros.
- Herb Alpert & The Tijuana Brass
Horizon/A&M
- Just Family
Dee-Dee Bridgewater/Elektra

SOUL

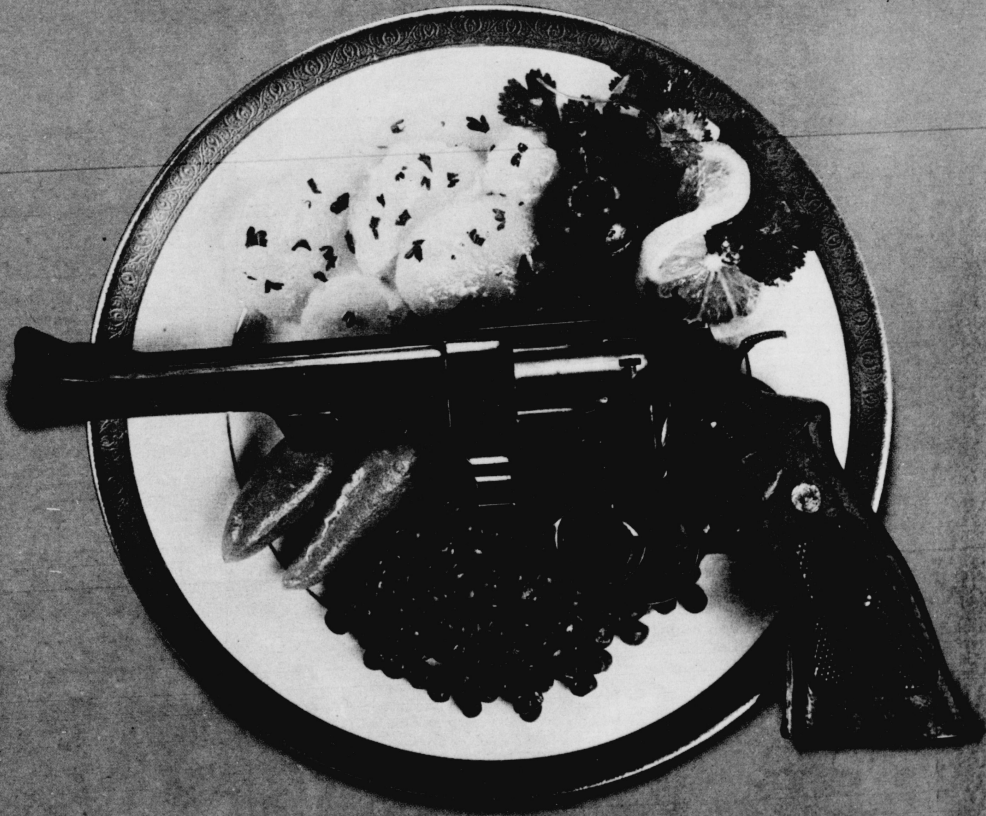
- 1 Saturday Night Fever
Various Artists/RSO
- 2 All 'n' All
Earth, Wind & Fire/Columbia
- 3 Funkadelic Vs. Phosbo Syndrome
Parliament/Casablanca
- 4 Live
Commodores/Motown
- 5 Thankful
Natalie Cole/Capitol
- 6 Secrets
Con Funk Shun/Mercury
- 7 Blue Light in the Basement
Roberta Flack/Atlantic
- 8 Flying High on Your Love
Sax-Rob/Mercury
- 9 When You Hear Love, You've Heard It All
Lou Rawls/Philadelphia International
- 10 Galaxy
War/MCA
- 11 Chic
Chic/Atlantic
- 12 In Full Bloom
Rosa Royce/Whitfield
- 13 Reach for It
George Duke/Epic
- 14 Too Hot to Handle
Hustav/Epic
- 15 Menagerie
Bill Withers/Columbia

RECOMMENDED RECENT RELEASES

- We've Got the Moves
The Commodores/Fantasy
- Golden Time of Day
Maze/Capitol
- Sweet Player
Rufus & Chaka Khan/ABC
- Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band
Blacks/King Records
- RCA
- We All Know Who We Are
Cameo/Chocolate City

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Rolling Stone
February 23, 1978



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