

KENTUCKY Kernel

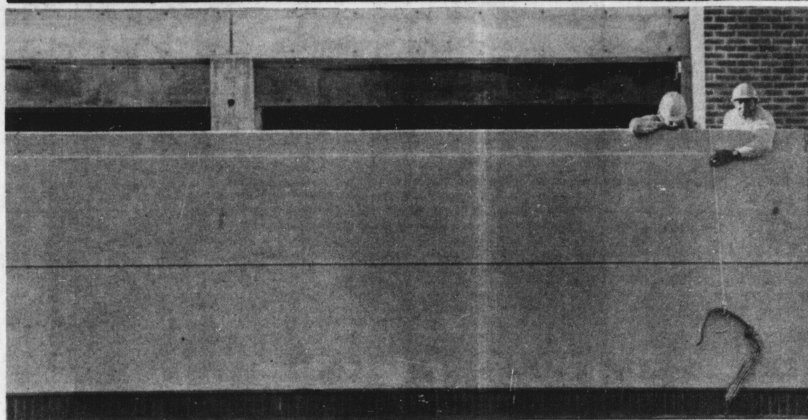
Vol. LXXXIV, No.75
Wednesday, December 2, 1981

An independent student newspaper since 1971

WEARY WEATHER

Bring out the heavy jackets and carry your umbrellas today as we are expecting cloudy, breezy and cold conditions with a chance of showers. The high is only expected to reach into the mid 40s. Tonight will be mostly cloudy and cold with a chance of snow flurries. The low will be in the upper 20s.

University of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky



By TODD CHILDERS/Kernel Staff

Unfinished Business

Workers on the new ambulatory care center watch as equipment is lowered from one of the upper floors. The center is being constructed behind the school of nursing building. Construction on the new center, as well as the renovation

of the mining laboratory and the new student center annex continued yesterday due to unseasonably warm temperatures.

Clinics assist in pregnancy options

By BARBARA SALLEE
Staff Writer

Fifty-five to 75 abortions are performed each week at Lexington's three clinics, according to clinic employees.

The clinics include those of Drs. Philip Crossen, 1517 S. Limestone St., Hamid Hussain Sheikh, Physicians Mall, Suite H-2, 1725 Harrodsburg Road, and Ralph R. Robinson, 138 E. Reynolds Road, Matador III building.

Crossen and his partner, Dr. Stephen M. Bobys, perform 10 to 20 abortions per week. The Robinson Medical Clinic, which specializes in terminating pregnancies, performs 25 to 30 abortions per week, while Sheikh's clinic does 20 to 25 per week.

Both Crossen and Sheikh were recommended by Planned Parenthood, an organization concerned with all aspects of family planning. The only clinical doctor not recommended was Robinson.

Jan Harmon, executive director of Planned Parenthood, said Robinson's clinic was not recommended because "Robinson is not on the Fayette County Medical Society and he does not have hospital privileges at any of the Lexington hospitals."

Harmon said the organization's criterion for recommending clinics to perform abortions is based on whether or not the doctor is a member of the Fayette County Medical Society

and if the doctor has hospital privileges in Lexington.

Elaine Perkins, a registered nurse at Robinson's clinic, said Robinson does not have hospital privileges because he did not apply for them.

"We are a private organization that is not run by profit," Harmon said. "We have our own standards for the selection of the doctors we recommend to perform abortions."

Current laws do not require women seeking abortions to be 18 years old or have the consent of a parent.

A Kentucky Kernel reporter who visited the three clinics found that none of them requested proof of age, and Crossen's office was the only one which required any identification.

Both Crossen and Sheikh perform services other than abortions, operating offices which cover all aspects of obstetrics and gynecology, including childbirth, birth control, pregnancy tests and termination of pregnancy.

The receptionist at Sheikh's office took down the reporter's address and asked whether she had medical insurance, her pharmacy preference, possible allergies to drugs, birthdate, social security number, telephone number, place of employment, closest relative and who referred her to the clinic.

Sheikh's office performs abortions from six to 12 weeks after conception. After 12 weeks a patient is referred to Planned Parenthood. Sheikh's office said Lexington doctors are not

permitted to perform abortions after the 12th week.

A spokesman for Planned Parenthood said the post-12th week procedure must be performed in a hospital where life support means are available, and it is not available at any local hospital. The Sheikh employee said the patients are referred to a Louisville clinic after the 12th week.

Sheikh's clinic also provides free pregnancy tests. If the test proves to be positive, the patient is not required to have the abortion performed by Sheikh, the employee said.

The fee for an abortion at Sheikh's clinic for six to 10 weeks is \$150. From 11 to 12 weeks it is \$190. The employee said the cost is higher for pregnancies further along because the risk factor increases as the child develops.

Crossen's office performs abortions from eight to 10 weeks for a fee of \$200 to \$216. Fees vary because of factors involving the woman's blood type.

Crossen's office also offers birth control counseling, obstetrics and gynecological services. Clients make two appointments: the first for birth control counseling and the second for the abortion procedure.

Robinson offers abortions from six to 12 weeks for a \$150 fee. All three doctors offer follow-up examinations, usually three weeks after the abortion. Robinson and Sheikh's clinics charge \$25 for the follow-up exam. Crossen's follow-up fee is included

in the abortion fee.

However, the standard \$25 follow-up fee is not always required by Robinson. If the patient is unable to pay it, the clinic's registered nurse, See "PREGNANCY," page 8

Allen absolved of wrongdoing in receipt of Japanese gift

By ROBERT B. CULLEN
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON — The Justice Department absolved Richard V. Allen yesterday of any wrongdoing in his receipt of \$1,000 from Japanese journalists, but said it was still investigating other questions about the senator's national security adviser.

Allen said he was "very happy" with the decision, in which Attorney General William French Smith ruled out the appointment of a special prosecutor regarding Allen's acceptance of a cash "thank-you" following a Japanese magazine's Jan. 21 interview of first lady Nancy Reagan.

Allen, who took an administrative leave of absence over the weekend, said the decision on whether he will return to his duties "will depend on my colleagues at the White House. We'll wait and see."

White House spokesman David Gergen said there would be no official

comment about the matter until officials had an opportunity to thoroughly review the Justice Department decision.

Allen was read Smith's decision by Associate Attorney General Rudolph Giuliani shortly before it was made public. At about the same time, Smith, formerly Ronald Reagan's personal attorney, called presidential counselor Edwin Meese III to inform him.

"When the uncontradicted facts are analyzed in the context of possibly applicable criminal laws, it is clear there was no criminal violation by Allen regarding the \$1,000," concluded the report released by the department.

The money, the report said, "was intended as an honorarium" for Mrs. Reagan in return for a brief interview she gave the Japanese journalists on Jan. 21. "It was neither given nor received to benefit Allen, or to influence him in any way... Allen did

not intend to keep the money for his personal use."

The eight-page report, along with a two-page general statement, said Smith had concluded that there was no evidence sufficient to trigger the federal law requiring him to appoint a special prosecutor in the \$1,000 matter.

But, the statement added, only in the last 10 days has the department learned about two wristwatches Allen received as gifts from Japanese business contacts, or about the fact that his financial disclosure form incorrectly stated the date he sold his interest in his business, an international business consulting firm called Potomac International Corp.

"The applicability of the special prosecutor provisions to those matters has not yet been determined. At this time, it would be premature and inappropriate to comment further," said the written statement.

Mining: It's dark, dusty, dangerous, and a way of life

By BILL FARLEY
Staff Writer

Getting dressed was the worst part. It seemed like you put the whole coal mine on with those dirty old bib overalls and the heavy denim jacket with patches on the back where roof bolts had torn gaping holes in material and skin alike.

The bathhouse around a coal mine is usually too hot for the shift just coming on to work. It's cold in a modern coal mine, and the men coming off their shift really appreciate the warmth. The warm temperature, however, isn't too pleasant when you're just going into work and have to put on long underwear and have already been sweating.

After getting dressed, I would go outside and sit around with the other men waiting to go underground. Usually, there would be a wrestling match going on, with Big Ben Jackson or "Doc" Sloane providing much of the action. Ben is a black giant, who couldn't be whipped in the rough horseplay around the mines. "Doc" was a repairman then, but he is a foreman now after paying his dues as a contract laborer for years.

Coal miners play rough games, and if you want to be one of the gang, you have to play along. No harm is intended, but sometimes people get bruised up. The mining fraternity is a hard one to gain admission to. Miners will do anything for one of their own, but they don't like people who remain aloof. A coal mine is a bad place to be friendless.

The coal mining business is one of the last bastions of "true manhood." Although there are women miners today, they aren't taken very seriously by the men.

If this sounds chauvinistic, it is. The image of coal mining as "man's work" is still very strong in the mountains of Eastern Kentucky. It is the most dangerous industry in the United States, and while never discussed, the danger hangs over every miner's shoulder, like a little bird you can't see, but know is there.

When the jeep comes out with the last shift aboard, everyone gathers up lunch buckets and gets ready to go inside. A mine jeep is a small metal vehicle, usually rectangular in shape, and designed to run on rails. "Man-trip" jeeps carry nine men and a boss. This makes up the work crew of a section.

The section is the working place, where the actual mining process takes place. On a section crew, there is a "miner man," who operates the continuous miner, which actually cuts the coal. There are two shuttle car drivers, who haul the coal from the miner to the conveyor belt.

The two-man roof drill crew is responsible for roof support, which safety-wise is the most important job on the section. They drill holes of varying length into the top, depending on how stable it is, and insert and tighten "roof-bolts," which hold the top in place, and keep it from falling.

Each section also has a scoop operator, a repairman and a general inside man. The scoop is a long low machine, battery operated, with a

large bucket on the front. It cleans up after the miner and hauls supplies.

The general inside man works in conjunction with the "scoop daddy," helping him clean and rock-dust the section. The repairman is responsible for repairing all the machinery on the section and for regular maintenance.

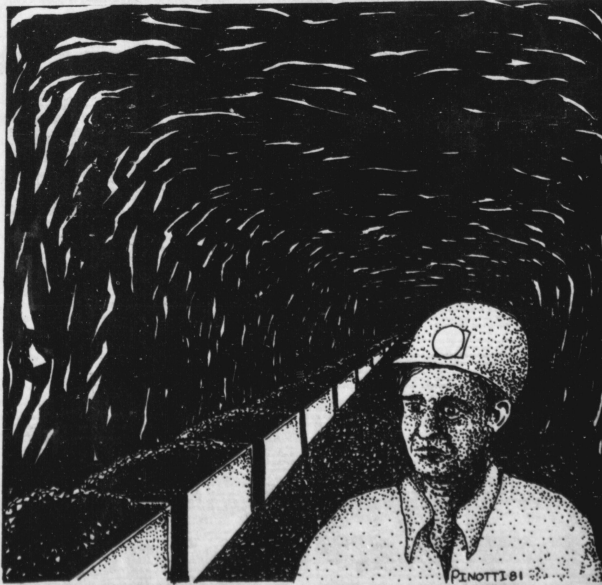
When the jeep goes underground, the world changes in a way the uninitiated will never realize. The word "darkness" takes on a new dimension. When we think of darkness, we usually think of night, with the moon, stars and shadows.

Darkness in a coal mine means the total absence of light. It is so dark that you can't see your hand in front of your face if you turn your cap lamp off.

The cap lamp that each miner wears is not only his source of light and ultimately, his sanity, it is also his distress signal and at times a tool. It is a unique experience to sit in Stygian darkness and wait for another lamp from outside after yours goes out.

When you reach the section and begin work, the world becomes a mass of what seems at first to be utter confusion. Shuttle cars loaded with coal speed through open breaks in the coal to dump on the belt feeder. At the face, the continuous miner rips the coal out of the mountain, occasionally bechiving sparks and fire, like some mythical dragon, eating the wall of a castle.

The noise in a modern coal mine is often deafening. All of the machinery in Kentucky mines is electrically



See "COAL," page 8

Arms talks with Soviets have poor track record

The valiant attempt to bargain for nuclear arms reduction in Geneva between the United States and the Soviet Union is little more than a facade, and based on the two countries' past talks record, seemingly pointless.

It is questionable whether either side of the arms issue is actually serious about the reduction of intermediate-range nuclear weapons. Look at the evidence.

First of all, both sides cannot reach an agreement on what the medium-range nuclear weapons actually are, let alone make some kind of working decision on deployment of arms in Europe.

Secondly, constant drifts of discussion through the years concerning arms reduction and the hope of eternal peace and compromise have been just that. Drifts. What has actually been done when you get down to the nitty gritty?

In 1969, the United States first began what came to be a period of parleys with the Soviet Union to find a happy medium in the nuclear arms limitation talks. Since then, however, the amount of weapons has been stacking up on both sides.

Perhaps negotiations between the countries have been just for appearances sake. Just to placate the American or European public. To let people see that efforts are being made. Or at least, ostensibly.

The Geneva talks between chief U.S. negotiator Paul Nitze and the Soviet delegate, Yuli A. Kvitsinsky, which began Monday, have been characterized by Nitze as "cordial and businesslike."

Vladimir Evdokuchin, a Soviet delegation spokesman, described the first contact between Nitze and Kvitsinsky as "very constructive, with both sides striving for agreement."

Everything sounds so sugar and spice. There is nothing new in the way of speculation or strategies, really. In addition, the two am-

bassadors agreed Monday to keep details of their talks secret and asked the press to please be patient "under these trying circumstances." Thus, the American public loses once again. Not only are these talks always made to sound so mysteriously promising without any real results, what takes place in them is now being made unavailable to a questioning public.

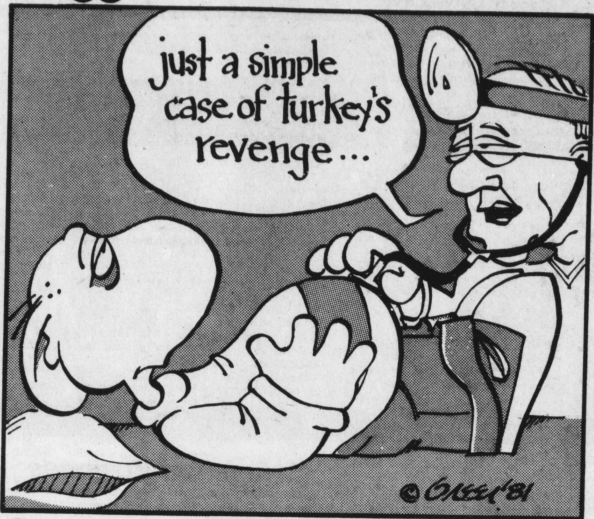
Another factor at stake here is time. An amiable agreement between the United States and the Soviet Union is not foreseeable in the near future. American officials say it could take years. Richard Perle, assistant secretary of defense for international security policy, supports the "hang-tough" approach for the United States, which could force negotiations to stretch to as many as 12 years. By taking this route, the United States would wait indefinitely for a Soviet compromise while going ahead with planned missile deployments in Europe.

A *Courier-Journal* article said the talks apparently have an understood deadline, however, because West German Chancellor Helmut Schmidt has said, "if no tangible results are evident in the negotiations by the end of 1983, then West Germany will proceed with its deployment plans."

West Germany is one of five countries where U.S. missiles would be dispersed as approved by NATO. The peace movement in Europe threatens the deployment of U.S. missiles there, however, because it will make it impossible for European governments to accept them.

So what is really to be gained here by arms talks that are as redundant as they are lengthy? If these negotiations are aboveboard and U.S. and Soviet Union officials truly support them, then they will probably be a step toward solving the worn-out arms disagreement. If they are only for appearances sake, then something's wrong. Bad wrong.

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Contrary to favorable publicity, United Way hurting the needy

von hoffman

Every autumn brings not only the thump of steel-toed foot against pigskin but the extension of the hand and the rattling of the cup by United Way. Often the game and the charity solicitation are molded together as any wagner of professional football games on TV knows. Sandwiched in between the tire commercials and efforts of General Motors to put arms under the nose of would-be customers who have swooned from sticker shock, there are a steady stream of United Way commercials.

Presumably they are aired by the National Football League because the United Way is almost as popular as giving toys to poor kids at Christmas. Doubtless that is true for the up-market corporation employees who love the professional game and whose jets fly in every January for that requesting commercial bacchanalia, the Super Bowl. Blacks and other types who prefer baseball, a game which a working parent can afford to buy a ticket to take his or her children to see, are not so hipped on the United Way.

Nor is Jerry Wurf, president of the American Federation of State, County and Municipal Workers, who calls it a "charity OPEC." Of course, Mr. Wurf is a union official and the fashion is to dismiss persons in such occupations as parasitical blood-suckers whose economic obstructionism has opened the door to the Japanese with their irresistibly seductive consumer products. Be that as it may, on occasion union officials' nattering may make more sense than the midnight ramblings of the bankers, whose every word is now taped and reproduced with the

voluntarism, the new White House buzzword.

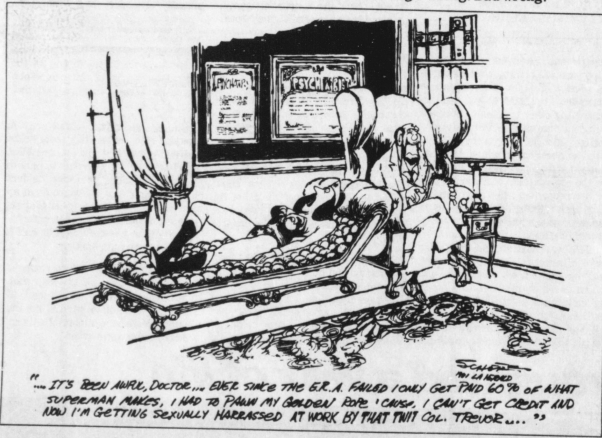
How voluntary much United Way giving is is debatable. Many people who work for large corporations or government agencies will tell you that the pressure to give is anything but friendly. Often promotions or the avoidance of demotions can depend on one's putting down the right sum so the department can make its quota. In fact, officials in New York City recently ended United Way payroll deductions for city employees, citing coercive tactics as one of the reasons for doing so.

The White House has been careful to say that it doesn't expect the modern voluntarism, which is support of institutions like the United Way, to take the place of old-fashioned barn raisings, when neighbors got together to help neighbors.

That is exactly what's wrong with both the government handouts which the Reagans rightly deplore and the private handouts which they applaud. In both cases they seek to supplant mutual help and self-help with a soup kitchen mentality, as though it were less humiliating to get your dole money from a civil servant social worker than from Fanny Nancy, the lady bountiful figure, who expects curtsies and no sass.

Either way the victims — pardon, the recipients — of the bounty are left naked, without dignity and with resentment, not gratitude in their hearts.

©1981 King Features Syndicate, Inc. Nicholas von Hoffman describes issues of national importance in his syndicated column.



Opinion policy

Persons submitting letters and opinion columns to the *Kernel* should address their comments typed and triple-spaced to the editorial editor at 114 Journalism Building, UK, 40506-0042.

Writers must include their names, addresses, telephone numbers and their majors, classifications or connection with UK. Letters should be limited to 250 words, and individuals submitting comments in person should bring UK IDs or driver's licenses.

Those writing entries for the "Point" column, which is open to anyone on campus or in the community, should contact Chris Ash or Bill Steiden at 258-5184 before submitting material.

The *Kernel* reserves the right to edit for grammar, clarity and length and to eliminate libelous material.

Disabled persons' Camp Kysoc facing elimination of funding

For nearly 25 years Camp Kysoc, a summer camp for the handicapped, has served Kentucky's disabled individuals. The camp is one of the only two in Kentucky and is located in Carrollton.

While at Kysoc campers participate, some for the first time, in such esthetic activities as fishing, baseball, basketball, and swimming.

They learn about nature, arts and crafts, boating and archery. Although the camp has a large dining hall, cabins for the campers, paved trails, and a swimming pool, campers get to experience sleeping under the stars, cooking over an open fire, and canoeing on a lake. The camp is also equipped with an infirmary and two full-time nurses.

Camp Kysoc is a needed facility for Kentucky's handicapped residents. However, the camp is now in serious trouble and there is a good chance that it will have to be closed.

Camp Kysoc is sponsored by the Kentucky Easter Seals Society with most financial support given by the state of Kentucky. The camp was made possible when then-Gov. Albert B. Chandler gave Easter Seals 106 acres of state-

POINT

not. In our concern for ourselves let us not forget those who are less fortunate than we are.

Kysoc is not dead yet, however. The staff and management of Kysoc have organized the "Committee to Save Camp Kysoc." The committee is a state-wide organization with chapters at most of the state universities.

The UK chapter has recently been formed and is presently planning fund-raising activities. The College of Allied Health sponsors a program through which students can work at Kysoc for credit. Many students have benefited from this program. Support for the committee's efforts is therefore expected to be strong.

If you would like to help in this worthy cause contact Becky Huchaby at 258-5227 or Jennifer Bell at 258-5222 or any other committee representative. The future of the camp is up to you.

The writer, Mark A. Henry, is a chemistry senior and member of the Committee to Save Camp Kysoc.

BLOOM COUNTY



by Berke Breathed

news roundup

compiled from
ap dispatches

State

LEXINGTON—Former UK basketball star Jack Givens said yesterday "giving some thought" to seeking the 75th District House seat. "Several people have approached me about running," said Givens. "I'm going to make up my mind in the next week or so."

A special election will be held to fill the seat that became vacant when William G. Kenton died Nov. 5.

Givens, an insurance salesman and commentator for UK basketball games, is a registered Democrat.

However, he said he might run as a Republican because he has "friends in both parties."

Kenton's widow, Carolyn Kenton, and attorney Theodore Berry previously announced they will seek the Democratic nomination.

No Republican has announced a candidacy and acting Fayette County GOP Chairman William G. Main said he did not know Givens was interested.

"This is the first I've heard of it," Main said. "We'd certainly be interested in talking to him. He's got the name recognition and seems to have a capacity for human relations and communications. I have no notion of his politics or interest in public affairs."

Nation

WASHINGTON—Budget director David A. Stockman wants to phase out two urban aid programs and eliminate subsidies for low-income housing construction as part of a blitz of spending cuts that has left federal housing officials in shock, sources said yesterday.

Informed sources in and out of government said Stockman wants to eliminate all new spending after 1983 for Community Development Block Grants and Urban Development Action Grants. The two programs, which this year aided about 2,850 communities in every part of the country, started out with a \$4.2 billion budget for 1982.

The sources, who declined to be identified, said Stockman also is seeking a 75 percent reduction in the nearly \$18 billion subsidized housing program for 1982 and even deeper cuts for 1983.

This would limit the number of additional low-income families eligible for rent subsidies from about 75,000 this year to about 44,000 in 1983, the sources said.

The cuts hit two of the major programs run by the Department of Housing and Urban Development. HUD Secretary Samuel R. Pierce Jr., described as angry, plans to appeal the reductions to President Reagan, the sources said.

The cuts would mean that starting next year, there would be no new money to help finance construction or rehabilitation of housing for low-income families. It would come amid the worst homebuilding slump since World War II.

Other areas of large cuts under consideration by Stockman are the Environmental Protection

Agency, job training and employment programs for the poor and a variety of other individual assistance programs.

Sen. Jake Garn, R-Utah, chairman of a HUD appropriations subcommittee, said he has not been notified of any plans to phase out the urban development grants, but labeled it as a "stupid proposal" that he would oppose.

A spokesman for the U.S. Conference of Mayors said a phase-out of the two programs would cause "very, very serious problems for cities already affected by budget cutbacks and fiscal distress."

WASHINGTON—Although it did not acknowledge that any of its actions were illegal, Ashland Oil Inc. agreed to a federal consent order to refund \$25 million to customers because of alleged violations of price control regulations.

The refund is primarily for distributors of gasoline, home heating oil and aviation fuel.

The U.S. Department of Energy and Ashland agreed to a consent order on Nov. 12, ending years of litigation between the agency and the Kentucky oil company.

The consent decree said that Ashland has agreed to pay the \$25 million in direct refunds or credits against future bills "to remedy any violations that may have occurred" between Jan. 1, 1973, and July 31, 1980, when federal price controls were in effect.

The bulk of the federally imposed refund — \$18.9 million — will go to distributors of Ashland gasoline in about 25 states who had filed claims with the Energy Department alleging that Ashland had overcharged them.

Those whose claims have been approved will get direct cash refunds from the company, and are supposed to pass the saving on to their customers in the form of lower prices at the pump.

Heating oil customers of Ashland — including those in Kentucky and southern Indiana — will get their refunds in the form of credits toward future fuel purchases from the company and its distributors.

The Energy Department estimated that the credit will be between 1.5 cents and 3 cents a gallon on most customers' next purchase of fuel.

WASHINGTON—The Supreme Court told yesterday that if the state of Texas must provide free public education to illegal alien children, the rising numbers of illegal aliens could increase even more.

Richard L. Arnett, an assistant Texas attorney general, noted in arguments before the high court that 90 percent of the illegal aliens, many of them from Mexico, do not bring their children to the United States.

"We feel many parents may bring their families in" as a result of lower court rulings that struck down a state law limiting free elementary, junior high and high school education to citizens and foreigners residing legally in the country, Arnett said.

Arnett noted that in one year alone, the city of

Brownsville, Texas, saw a 700 percent increase in illegal alien children in its schools, apparently as a result of the lower court rulings striking down the state law.

"All you have to do is walk in (to the United States) and you get your rights," Arnett said. "Can you walk across the Rio Grande?" Justice Thurgood Marshall, regarded as one of the court's most liberal members, asked Arnett.

The justices seemed more interested yesterday in finding out just how many services Texas can deny illegal aliens.

Justice John Paul Stevens, citing fire, police and garbage services as examples, said, "You can take all those things away under the state's position."

WASHINGTON—The Teamsters union handed new wage demands to the trucking industry yesterday after assuring President Reagan it will be "as reasonable as conditions will permit" in forging a contract that could swing his quest to hold inflation beneath 10 percent.

The International Brotherhood of Teamsters, the nation's largest union, exchanged proposals with Trucking Management Inc., on a pact which would directly affect 300,000 members and set a pattern for many others. Overall, the union has 2 million members.

Union leaders refused to disclose immediately what wage and benefit demands would be made, but Teamster President Roy Lee Williams has voiced concern about poor financial conditions in the industry that have forced the layoffs of 120,000 members.

The White House had no immediate comment on Reagan's meeting with Williams and the 21 members of the Teamster executive board.

But Williams said union leaders told Reagan they hope he succeeds in turning the economy around.

"We assured the president that in our upcoming negotiations which begin today (Tuesday) for the National Master Freight Agreement affecting some 300,000 Teamsters, that we will be as reasonable as conditions will permit us to be," he said.

He said union leaders pointed out to Reagan that besides 120,000 layoffs in trucking, about 6,000 Teamster union members in the airline industry are out of work.

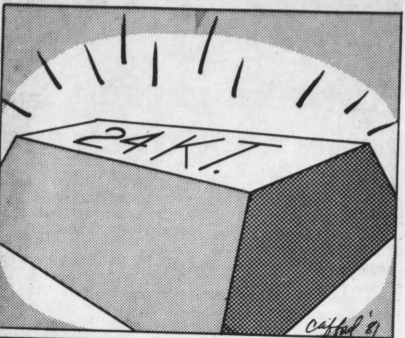
WASHINGTON—Senate leaders yesterday postponed until early next year a debate on whether to expel Sen. Harrison A. Williams Jr., D-N.J., for his conduct in the Abscam political corruption case.

Majority Leader Howard Baker Jr., R-Tenn., said the debate, which was to begin tomorrow, would be delayed to give Sen. Daniel Inouye, D-Hawaii, additional time to prepare for his floor defense of Williams.

Inouye, who met privately with Baker and Senate Minority Leader Robert Byrd, D-W.Va., on Monday, told the Senate yesterday he had "decided to participate very actively" in the proceeding to make sure Williams "is afforded his full day in court."

Solid Gold

Is it an economic standard?



By JIM BAZINI
Reporter

"Reaganomics" is the latest rage in the economy, and one of President Ronald Reagan's original plans for the economy is a return to the gold standard as the basis for the nation's currency.

Reagan maintains that by returning to the gold standard the stability of the dollar would increase, but according to economists and business persons, the opposite could be true.

Economics professor Curtis E. Harvey said, from a historical perspective, many people believe a return to the gold standard is an attempt to revive "the good old days."

Returning to the past is a bit more complicated, however, Harvey said. From an economist's standpoint, he said, the whole idea of the gold standard is a "farce," even if modified. He called it "a principle whose time has passed."

Harvey said gold was a fine standard before 1890, but since today's economy is much more complex, it would create more problems than it could solve.

One problem, Harvey said, is that European and other nations with which the U.S. trades probably would not approve of such a plan.

Harvey said a gold standard could increase the effect of a recession or inflation because of the flow of gold into or out of the country. This would not only affect the national economy, but also the nations the United States

trades with because of the almost daily change in the value of the dollar.

He said if the United States was in a recession and also in a period of heavy importation, the loss of gold in the U.S. economy would lower the value of money and therefore increase the effect of the recession.

He also said inflation could be increased if a period of high exportation is realized because of an increase in the amount of gold.

Harvey said a gold standard would probably make money much more difficult to borrow than at present and could potentially hurt the middle class badly.

Philip Morgan, the president of the American Bank and Trust Company, agreed that a gold standard could give countries with a large gold reserve an unfair economic advantage.

However, he noted that a modified gold standard might be "more workable" if more restrictions on foreign exchange were to be enacted, especially in the transfer of gold from one country to another.

Stephen D. Wilson, a history instructor, said the idea of leaving the gold standard was first pushed in the late 1800s by the populists in the United States.

The populists desired a more inflexible currency to help themselves, as farmers, when borrowing money. Generally, when money is borrowed at a lower rate of exchange than during the payback period, the money is actually cheaper and, therefore, easier to pay back, Wilson said.

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Christmas Gift Guide TOMORROW!

MINT STATE 70

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Kernel Crossword

ACROSS

1	Undergarments	51	Grizzly
4	Disturbance	52	Harsh
5	Vacuous	55	Hunted
10	Speaker	59	Dwellings
14	Disturbance	61	Cover up
15	Vacuous	62	Tower
16	Flower	63	Gentry
17	Skin disease	64	Regular
18	Pleasant	65	Cooled
20	On —	68	Outmoded
22	Eye parts	67	Dispatched
23	Defeat		
24	Bridge		
25	Magic word		
28	Scientists		
32	Batter		
33	Great		
35	Gin		
36	Signature		
37	Beer ingredient		
38	— over		
40	Endured		
40	Hilarity		
41	Monsters		
43	Burdens		
45	Young one		
46	Indignant one		
48	Seaboard		
50	Digits		

DOWN

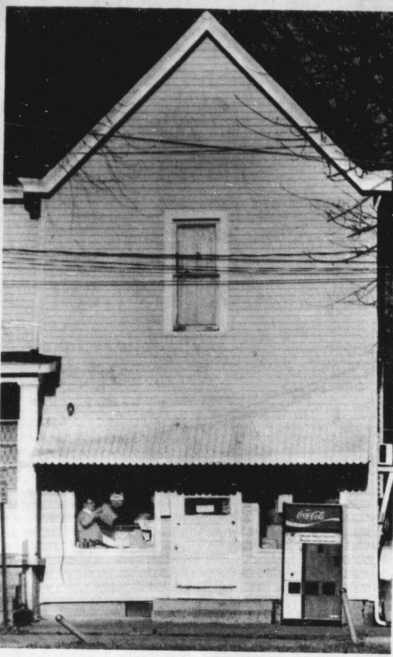
1	Imp	24	Wisp
2	Affluent	25	Earlier
3	High rating	26	Sphere
4	Shoplifts	27	Asian nobles
5	—; Lies	28	Evergreen
6	low	29	Espom
7	Unique items	30	Doctor
8	Compass pt.	31	Kernels
9	Formula	34	Reactors
10	Education	37	Wobbled
11	Pillars	38	Dead
12	Key	42	Quick drink
13	Observes	44	Float
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		60	Guido's note

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By TODD CHILDERS/Kernel Staff

Window Shopping

Jacob F. Salti sits in the window of the New-Way Market. Salti, who runs the small store along with his wife Emily, decided to take advantage of the unusually warm rays of the December sun while waiting for customers. The Salties are from Jordan and have run the store for the past six years.

Reagan says elderly needlessly frightened; promises not to betray right to benefits

By CHRISTOPHER CONNELL
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON — President Reagan told the White House Conference on Aging yesterday that the elderly have been "needlessly and cruelly frightened" about his proposals for Social Security and promised never to betray their right to the program's benefits.

At 70, the nation's oldest president ever, Reagan said he is frustrated at being "portrayed as somehow an enemy of my own generation," largely because of his attempts to cut future Social Security benefits.

The president made an unannounced appearance before the conference where hours earlier, Reagan supporters won their first test of strength as a key committee voted overwhelmingly against using general tax revenues to bail out Social Security.

The 111-94 vote in the Committee on

Economic Well-Being came on a resolution introduced by Bruce Nestande, a Republican supervisor in Orange County, Calif., and a former aide to Reagan as governor.

Leaders of organizations for the elderly have charged that the White House stacked the Committee on Economic Well-Being with Reagan supporters. Most of the nearly 2,300 delegates were chosen by governors and members of Congress, not the administration.

The president has been dead-set against tapping general revenues to lift the beleaguered retirement and disability program out of its funding crisis.

"We will not betray those entitled to Social Security benefits," Reagan told the conference. "And we will, indeed we must, put Social Security on a sound financial basis."

Earlier this year, while still trying to balance the budget by 1984, Reagan

By JANET FARRAR
Staff Writer

Frank Butler has taken over the position as director of the UK Medical Center at a time when demands are heavy and funds are scarce.

Butler succeeds David Schmauss who was fired as the hospital's executive director in July. Butler, who previously served as associate executive director for the hospital, has worked at the Medical Center since 1975.

Butler describes Medical Center staff morale as "generally very good," despite the recent shift of administration and the threat of future budget cuts.

"We don't know what future budget cuts will be," Butler said. "If resources continue to shrink, we might have to examine the scope of our services and find out just what federal and state services and insurance companies are willing to pay for."

"What we do here is very important," Butler said. "There is no question of motivation, competence or willingness to provide the best possible medical care. We have a superb clinical faculty, and I think we offer medical care as good or better than any place in this part of the country."

However, Butler said, some of the budget cuts going on in Washington right now "could lead to bad times all around."

"Over half of our patients are covered under Medicare/Medicaid, and any reduction in that could have a tremendous impact on the institution," Butler said. "I think this could be difficult for Kentucky."

Now, at a time when there is little money to go around, the Medical Center needs more money than ever, Butler said. "We have an increased educational load, more students and

proposed a series of rules changes that would have sharply reduced benefits of future retirees, penalized early retirement, eliminated the minimum benefit and delayed next year's cost-of-living increases for 36 million Americans.

But one-by-one he scaled back his plans and finally abandoned them in favor of proposing a new task force to seek a compromise solution to the financial troubles of the retirement system.

"There has been political demagoguery and outright falsehood," Reagan said yesterday, "and as a result many who rely on Social Security for their livelihood have been needlessly and cruelly frightened."

And, the president added, "those who did that frightening either didn't know what they were talking about or they were lying."

Medical Center gets new director

more programs, both undergraduate and graduate. At the hospital here we have something in every corner. We're out of room and using space devoted to education for other things."

Rate increases, another product of inflation, "are inevitable," Butler said.

"As long as the forces that drive these rates up increase — the people who work at the hospital need more money, the suppliers have to pay more money, etcetera... — there will continue to be a significant increase in costs," he said. "Part of those costs are technological costs. For example, people died 20 years ago from kidney failure. Now, with the dialysis machine, they don't die. But there's a price on it."

One factor that may affect the hospital locally will be the opening of a private hospital, Humana, Inc., on Richmond Road. Butler's predecessor, Schmauss, had initially proposed the Humana hospital on the grounds that it would drain away

revenues from the University hospital.

The University Board of Trustees, however, decided not to take a formal position on the Humana project. Dr. Peter Bassenworth, vice president for the Medical Center, said at the time Schmauss was dismissed because of "problems relative to the coordination and advancement of goals," and denied Schmauss' dismissal had anything to do with his opposition to Humana's plans.

Butler does not see the Humana hospital as a threat to the University hospital.

"I guess my original position questioned the need for additional beds. I felt existing hospitals could expand, and that this would be the most appropriate move," he said. "But in several years, there may not be enough beds. It all depends on whether Lexington continues to be a major referral center for special services for surrounding areas."

"The role of Humana, as a primary- and secondary-level hospital differs

from our role as a tertiary (third-) level hospital. Hopefully, the Humana hospital will be beneficial to the Med Center, possibly for teaching arrangements. This is not yet explored, however," Butler said.

Butler's goals for the hospital include plans for needed expansion and a method for financing it, major steps in securing and procuring a financial base for the hospital and a further enhancement of "programs of excellence."

Butler has been involved in various areas of hospital administration, including planning, capital construction, finance and management of all clinical and support areas of the hospital.

He received a master's degree in hospital administration from the Medical College of Virginia, Graduate School of Hospital Administration, in 1972. Butler previously has served as assistant hospital director for the Medical University of South Carolina.

Overhauling of current system offered by GTE as cause for hike

By SCOTT ROBINSON
Kernel Contributor

FRANKFORT — Overhauling Lexington's telecommunications systems with the latest technology was advanced by General Telephone Company representatives as just cause for a \$3.2 million rate increase in a hearing yesterday before the Public Service Commission.

The money is needed as relief, said GTE vice president and general manager Peyton Adams, to offset "high depreciation rates."

The request was advanced in a notice and application to the commission, citing the need for capital recovery in order to refurbish switchboards and overall technology.

The money will also serve "to meet the need for a change in (our) methodology of capital recovery," said Adams, "and to cure the problem... in the future."

As of this year, 14 of GTE's 57 central offices have been equipped with solid-state electronic switching systems (ESS) as opposed to the current electromechanical systems. Charles Brown, vice president of engineering construction, said that GTE hoped to increase this figure to 72 percent by 1986.

EES technology, he said, will mean a savings of 40 percent in floor space over the old system, and over 70 per-

cent in maintenance. "As you change to electronic equipment, there is a considerable amount of savings in manpower for maintenance of that equipment," confirmed Adams.

GTE's spokesmen insisted that the systems replacement program had to continue, not in spite of its financial woes, but because of them. "You have to look at your ability to raise revenue and capital," Brown said. "Once you've started a program, you can't back away. If we cut back on (this program), then the commission has every right to come down on us... we will have failed to provide service."

The UK Student Association acted as intervenor in the hearing. SA vice president Bobby Clark testified against GTE, illustrating that the company finished consistently last in a statistical comparison with eight other independent telephone holding companies.

GTE's number of employees per 10,000 telephones was higher than all others by almost 50 percent, Clark said. The company's generation of dollars per employee, on the other hand, was in some cases up to 30 percent lower.

Clark argued that in view of what SA considered poor administration and management of the money it already has, GTE should not get its rate adjustment.

In cross-examination, Brown revealed that ESS technology, though still unrealized in most of GTE's cen-

tral offices, might well be outdated by 1988. He mentioned "still-frame" switching, which he had "seen in the lab," saying that it would soon replace ESS, for which the company is fighting so hard. "Digital technology," he said, "has probably only an 8-year life."

The commission will hand down its ruling on the rate adjustment on Jan. 20, 1982.



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Bryant named SEC Coach of Year, Molls makes All-SEC

By ED SHEARER
AP Sports Writer

ATLANTA — Second-ranked Georgia and No. 3 Alabama, the conference co-champions, placed four players each on *The Associated Press All-Southeastern Conference football team for 1981* yesterday and the Tide's Paul "Bear" Bryant was named Coach of the Year.

Bryant, a 68-year-old legend in his field, steered the Tide to a 9-1 regular season record, capping it last Saturday with a 28-17 triumph over Auburn to move to the top of the all-time list of coaching victories at 315.

Bryant received five votes in the balloting by an 11-member panel to edge Pat Dye, brought in this season to revive the football fortunes at Auburn. Dye received four votes and the other two went to Vince Dooley of Georgia.

The All-SEC team included six repeaters from the 1980 squad — All-American tailback Herschel Walker and quarterback Buck Belue of Georgia, offensive guard Wayne Harris and linebacker Johnnie Cooks of Mississippi State, safety Tommy Wilcox of Alabama and punter Jim Arnold of Vanderbilt.

Other Bulldogs on the first unit

were flanker Lindsay Scott and defensive tackle Jimmy Payne.

Wilcox' Crimson Tide teammates on the No. 1 unit were defensive end Mike Pitts, middle guard Warren Lyles and cornerback Jeremiah Castille.

Each of the 10 teams in the league placed at least one player on the team.

Vanderbilt's Wamon Buggs, the SEC's leading receiver, claimed a wide receiver berth, Louisiana State's Malcolm Scott was the tight end and Florida's James Jones nailed down the second running back spot.

Also selected on the first offensive team were tackles Keith Uecker of Auburn and Pat Phenix of Mississippi, guard Ken Hammond of Vandy, center Lee North of Tennessee and place kicker Brian Clark of Florida.

Others named to the defensive team were end Billy Jackson of Mississippi State, tackles David Galloway of Florida and Glen Collins of Mississippi State, linebackers Wilbur Marshall of Florida and Danny Skutack of Auburn and back Andy Molls of Kentucky.

Walker needs only 20 yards in Georgia's regular season finale against Georgia Tech Saturday to equal the SEC single season rushing record of 1,886 yards held by Charles

Alexander of LSU. Florida's Jones rushed for 617 yards and Belue hit on 103 of 171 passes for 1,383 yards and 11 scores as he lifted his career record to

26-2 as the Bulldog starting quarterback.

Among the receivers, Buggs caught 54 for 778 yards, Lindsay Scott 37 for

574 and Malcolm Scott 34 for 433.

Arnold averaged 43.5 yards per punt on 71 attempts and Clark had an SEC record 18 field goals and 23 extra

points, giving him a perfect 62 for 62 in PATs for his career, the first conference player ever to accomplish that feat.

Back in the good old days . . .

Curci's last TV show highlighted times past

By CHARLES WOLFE
Associated Press Writer

LEXINGTON — It was a poignant program. Fran Curci spoke optimistically of the University of Kentucky's football future, then wished success to his successor.

A Curci-era highlight film rolled on the television screen while Frank Sinatra crooned "We had a good thing going . . ." in the background.

It was the final installment of the Fran Curci Show, which aired Monday night on WTVQ-TV in Lexington.

Curci, who was given the gate as UK football coach last week, criticized each of the Wildcats' games in the just-completed 3-8 season, then hinted at the lawsuit that is sure to come.

"It's really not over yet," he said,

"but we'll see what happens."

He also touched on several other subjects, including:

"His firing: "It's always horrible when it happens. I've never been fired at anything in my life. There's been some political influence . . . but the bottom line is we lost a lot of football games."

"His possible retirement from coaching at age 43: "I've been buried here now. It really is time, perhaps, for me to change my career. . . . I want to get my personality back."

"Kentucky's youthful lineup: "They're not used to playing in the big tent yet."

"The narrow loss to Alabama: "Perhaps if we had won this game, things might have been different."

"The last-minute collapse at Kansas: "We were ready to knock 'em off and our guys just couldn't get over the hump."

"The 29-3 homecoming loss to Virginia Tech: "This was our worst game. We just played with no emotions. They had all the intensity and we didn't have anything. . . . At this point, the press is beginning to come at us. The (UK) administration is beginning to come at us. . . . We could have hit rock bottom."

Curci also said he knew after the season-opener against North Texas State that he and his assistants had overestimated the Kentucky offense.

The Wildcats won easily that day, "but we really had no punch" and missed several scoring opportunities, he said.

The loss to Clemson, he added, pointed out the defense's weakness — "people running right at us."

The highlight film, however, was upbeat, nostalgic.

There was Greg Wood's long scoring run against Tennessee in 1976, a

Rod Stewart touchdown in the Peach Bowl victory over North Carolina and Dallas Owens' interception-touchdown to help beat Penn State in 1977.

"(We had a good thing going. . .)" There was a shot of the plaque honoring Curci as Southeastern Conference coach of the year in 1977, a Jim Campbell touchdown this year at Kansas, the Peach Bowl trophy and team portrait.

"(We had a good thing going. . .)" In the end, there was Curci being carried from the field by his players after the 21-10 victory over Tennessee this season.

Curci watched himself waving and blowing kisses to the crowd, then sounded taps for his UK career: "There's the old coach saying, 'Goodbye, people. It's been fun. . .'"

"(We had a good thing going. . . going. . . gone.)"

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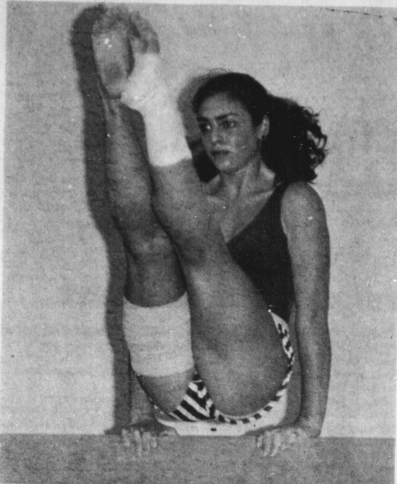
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By BURT LADD/Kernel Staff

Beam Me Up

Sophomore Mary DiFede of the women's gymnastics team demonstrates her skill on the balance beam during yesterday's practice. The team will hold a free demonstration tomorrow night at 7 p.m. in Memorial Coliseum.

Master still questionable

Sam Bowie's leg to be X-rayed tomorrow

LEXINGTON (AP) — The University of Kentucky basketball team is about to start a tough December schedule, meeting Ohio State Saturday at Columbus, Ohio, before a national television audience.

Also before January, the Wildcats meet defending national champion Indiana, No. 1-ranked North Carolina, Kansas and Notre Dame.

Questions are plentiful, the biggest being the condition of 7-foot-1 Sam Bowie's left shinbone.

Bowie is scheduled to have his leg X-rayed at 2 p.m. tomorrow, and he said if a hairline fracture has completely healed, he will report for practice at 2:30.

"Give me 15 minutes to get back and five to get dressed," he said. If not, Bowie and Coach Joe Hall confirmed, the junior will stay on the sidelines.

Also in question is the condition of Jim Master's right elbow, his shooting elbow, which was hyperextended in a collision with teammate Dirk Minniefield during the Akron game.

X-rays showed no break, but the pain kept Master grounded for the final 32 minutes of the game, and Hall said his availability will be day-to-day.

Hall also faces questions of execution, such as how to attack a zone defense and how to tighten UK's defense.

Against Akron, Kentucky hit more baskets from 15 feet and farther than it hit layups, 11 to 10. And most of the layups resulted from breakaway opportunities rather than from working the ball inside the zone.

Master was effective early, hitting

Decision should be made by mid-January

Search for new football coach is on

LEXINGTON (AP) — The University of Kentucky hopes to have a new football coach "well on board and making contacts" with recruits by mid-January, says Athletic Director Cliff Hagan.

"We think it's important to be as quick as we can be, but we want to be as thorough as we can be, too," Hagan said Monday. "We've got to be sure we check things out."

Three applicants reportedly have

been interviewed for the vacancy created by Fran Curci's firing last week and Hagan said more interviews are planned.

He would not identify the applicants.

"I don't want to say how many people have applied, but I'll say we have more applications than I have fingers and toes," he said.

The interviews have been conducted in Lexington by a screening committee headed by Hagan.

Other committee members are alumnus and former National Football League referee Tommy Bell; student Robert G. Clark; Drs. Nicholas J. Pisacano, Charles W. Ellinger and William L. Matthews of the faculty, and state Energy Secretary William B. Sturgill, a former UK basketball player.

The committee hasn't "closed the door on anyone applying," but will try to "narrow the field" of present candidates, Hagan said.

The committee will recommend one candidate to the UK Athletics Association's board of directors, he said.

"It's not our function to bring more than one (recommendation)," Hagan said. "I would prefer and hope the committee can work to unanimous support of one candidate."

UK contacted some of the candidates and some candidates contacted UK, Hagan said. Still others expressed interest through intermediaries.

All-time record setters on team

Walker only sophomore named to All-America team

By HERSCHEL NISSENSON
AP Sports Writer

NEW YORK — Jim McMahon of Brigham Young, major college football's all-time passing king, and Marcus Allen of Southern California, the first single-season 2,000-yard runner, were named yesterday to The Associated Press All-America team for 1981.

They were joined by three repeaters from the 1980 squad — wide receiver Anthony Carter of Michigan, defensive tackle Kenneth Sims of Texas and running back Herschel

Walker of Georgia, the only sophomore on the first team. McMahon, who will wind up his career against Washington State in the Holiday Bowl, not only set a career record of 9,535 regular-season passing yards but led the nation this season in passing and total offense.

Despite missing two games with a knee injury, he completed 272 of 423 passes for 3,555 yards and 30 touchdowns and was intercepted only seven times.

Allen ran away with the rushing crown. He gained more than 200 yards seven times in 11 games and finished the season with 2,342 yards — the old mark was 1,948 by Pitt's Tony Dorsett in 1976 — and averaged 212.9 per game, another record.

Allen, who also led the nation in scoring with 23 touchdowns, will end his college career against Penn State in the Fiesta Bowl.

Walker, the other first-team running back, has a regular-season game remaining against Georgia Tech Saturday. In 10 games, he has rushed for 1,666 yards, surpassing the 1,616 he gained last year when he set a record for a freshman.

Carter caught 44 passes for 825 yards and seven touchdowns and returned 15 kickoffs for 406 yards and 10 punts for 150 yards. With one season left, he has averaged 16.9 yards every time he has touched the ball. The all-time record is 13.8 by Nebraska's Johnny Rodgers.

The rest of the offensive unit includes tight end Tim Wrightman of UCLA, wide receiver Julius Dawkins of Pitt — he led the nation with 15 touchdown receptions while catching

49 passes for 600 yards — tackles Ed Muraneky of Michigan and Terry Tausch of Texas, guards Kurt Becker of Michigan and Sean Farrell of Penn

State, center Dave Rimginton of Nebraska, and placekicker Gary Anderson of Syracuse. Anderson did not miss an extra point in his career and connected on 18 of 19 field goal attempts this season.

Besides Sims, the defensive unit consists of ends Billy Ray Smith of Mississippi State, Bob Crable of Arkansas and Andre Tippett of Iowa, tackle Jeff Gaylord of Missouri — Big Eight Defensive Player of the Year — middle guard Tim Krumrie of Wisconsin, linebackers Johnnie Cooks of Notre Dame and Pitt's Sal Sunseri, backs Terry Kinard of Clemson, Mike Richardson of Arizona State and Tommy Wilcox of Alabama, and punter Reggie Roby of Iowa.

Roby barely missed becoming the first college punter to average 50 yards per kick, but his 48.8 average bettered the mark of 49.3 by Kirk Wilson of UCLA in 1966.

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School administrators suggest coal, whiskey, cigarettes as revenue sources

By HERBERT SPARROW
Associated Press Writer

FRANKFORT — Kentucky's school administrators are suggesting several new or expanded sources of revenue for Kentucky they say could generate an estimated \$600 million in new money "without causing a tax burden on its citizens."

The proposals, which include increases in the state sales tax, coal severance tax, cigarette tax and distilled spirits tax, along with changes in the property tax, are contained in a study on public school finance and revenue sources.

Coal

Continued from page 1
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When you go to the face, where the coal is actually being cut, you are seeing something no one else has ever seen. Not that it is anything spectacular, but just the same, you are the first person ever to see that particular coal block. You watch the machine make it's cut, if you can see through the dust, all the while, listening for

The study, released yesterday, was conducted by the Kentucky Association of School Administrators in cooperation with the Kentucky Association of School Superintendents.

Although Gov. John Y. Brown and many legislators appeared reluctant to talk about any tax increases during this week's pre-legislative conference, KASA President Neal Tucker said in a release accompanying the study, "We trust that Governor Brown and the state Legislature will consider such sources during the 1982 session."

Tucker said there will be major reductions in programs and services affecting students if additional funds

are not provided to elementary and secondary education.

"While the total dollars for elementary and secondary education have grown substantially over the years, they have not kept pace with the demands on the schools and the cost of operating them," Tucker said.

Tucker said recent progress in expanding existing programs and developing new ones "came to a screeching halt" with the cutting of \$93 million from the current biennium's education budget.

But Tucker said "major setbacks due to the lack of funds are not necessary."

The report suggests several changes in the property tax structure,

the top, trying to hear the mine rock breaking up in time to run. The top is really what makes you stay on your toes. Old timers will tell you that the top has to "work," but it is awfully nerve-racking to watch it fall, even in small bits.

The dust is the worst thing about the mines. It can kill you fast, or it can kill you slow. The only thing for sure is that it will kill you. The old-timers will tell you that it's better to breathe in coal dust than rock dust, because you can cough the coal dust up, while the rock dust settles.

Rock dust is necessary in coal mining. It keeps the coal dust from rising into the air, where it becomes extremely explosive, much in the same manner that grain dust causes explosions in silos.

But rock dust is also deadly in its own right. It is the dust that "you can't cough up." It is what gets into your lungs and turns them into cement. Rock dust, more than coal dust, is what causes "black lung," also known as pneumoconiosis.

There is a special romance to all this. For all the dirt and strain, for all the danger and unsure life of a miner, there is a certain call to the mines.

Men have gone down into the earth for many years to bring its riches to the surface. They are special men, men who have overcome their natural aversion for dark holes in the ground and who have faced death and come away to tell about it.

Most of all, they are just men doing what they must to make a living — even if they know their lives will be shortened by this work.

including removing a provision allowing voters to reject a tax rate that brings in more than 4 percent of the previous year's receipts.

It also said the 4 percent limit should be replaced with an index corresponding to the Consumer Price Index and separate tax rates should be used for different classes of property.

Pregnancy

Continued from page 1

Elaine Perkins, said the fee is either reduced or the patient is not charged at all.

Perkins estimated most patients are 19 to 20 years old. "The majority of their patients are recorded to be between 18 and 25 years old and married," she said.

Most abortion patients are treated as outpatients at the clinics. The abortion is performed in the clinic room. The patient is given a sedative such as Valium to relax her, and then she is given a local anesthetic, such as novocaine.

The time it takes for an abortion to be completed varies between three to five minutes, depending on the age of the fetus. The older the fetus, the longer the procedure takes. After the abortion is completed, the patient is instructed to lie down.

Sheikh's clinic gives the patient a soft drink to raise the blood sugar level, which is often lower after operative procedures.

The patient rests until the sedative has worn off. She is then discharged and given antibiotics to ward off any possible infection. A follow-up exam is given three weeks later.

The report suggested several possible sources of revenue, including:

→ Removal of the deduction on state income tax of federal income tax payments, which would produce an estimated \$180 million in additional state funds.

→ A one cent general increase in the state's 5 percent sales tax, which is estimated to yield \$140 million for fiscal 1983, along with an extension of the sales tax to cover rental of tangible personal property and commercial establishments now exempted, which would bring in another \$103 million in new revenue.

Harmon said the Planned Parenthood Clinic also provides counseling for people who wish to limit the size of their families by means of birth control or pregnancy termination. It also counsels on increasing the family size by determining the time a woman is most fertile.

"We try to preserve a woman's right to stay pregnant or an individual's right to terminate her pregnancy," she said. "We try to stress a couple's freedom."

"Our public image has gotten skewed," Harmon said. "We counsel as many people for prenatal care as we do for people wishing to limit the size of their families. We stress reproductive freedom."

Harmon said some of alternatives to abortion for the prevention of pregnancy include oral contraceptives — the Pill; diaphragms which are fitted over the uterine cervix and act as a barrier to the sperm; the rhythm method which is abstention from sexual intercourse during the period in a woman's reproductive cycle when she is most likely to conceive; and sterilization.

VOICE THY OPINION...
write the **KERNEL**
Editorial Page

ENGINEERS

Gulf Oil Corporation, a major energy company, has job openings for all types of graduating engineers who are interested in building a career in crude oil and gas producing operations.

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GREAT WRITING STARTS WITH A LITTLE LISTENING, A LITTLE BEER, AND A LOT OF LEGWORK.

When the guys at Miller asked me to write an ad on writing, I said, "Forget it. Not even if you held a gun to my head." So they held a bottle of Lite Beer to my mouth. They're a pretty persuasive group.

THUGS TO MUGS

If you're going to write anything, know what you're talking about. And that means three things: Research, research, and more research. The more you know, the more you can tell your reader.

Take my characters. A lot of them I base on actual people. There's this buddy of mine who pops up in every book I write. In one story he's a cop. In another, a private eye. Once, I made him a millionaire. Using him not only helped make character development a heck of a lot easier, he was so carried away by the rich image, he bought me a lot of free dinners (and a lot of Lite Beer from Miller). So use the people you know as models.

Even locations should be based on real things. If you're writing about a bar, know that bar. Hang out there. Watch the bartender. The customers. Whatever they drink, you drink. When they drink Lite Beer, you drink Lite Beer. Remember—research is most fun when you soak up as much subject matter as you can. It can only help you paint a better picture.

HI, DOLL

No caper is complete without dames (or ladies in proper English). Experience has shown me that in mystery writing, the sexier the dames, the better. Experience has also shown me that sexy scenes make great punctuation marks. This is where research has the greatest potential. Use your own discretion in this matter. But when you write about it, don't be too explicit. That way, your reader gets to paint a more vivid picture.

CAPER TO PAPER

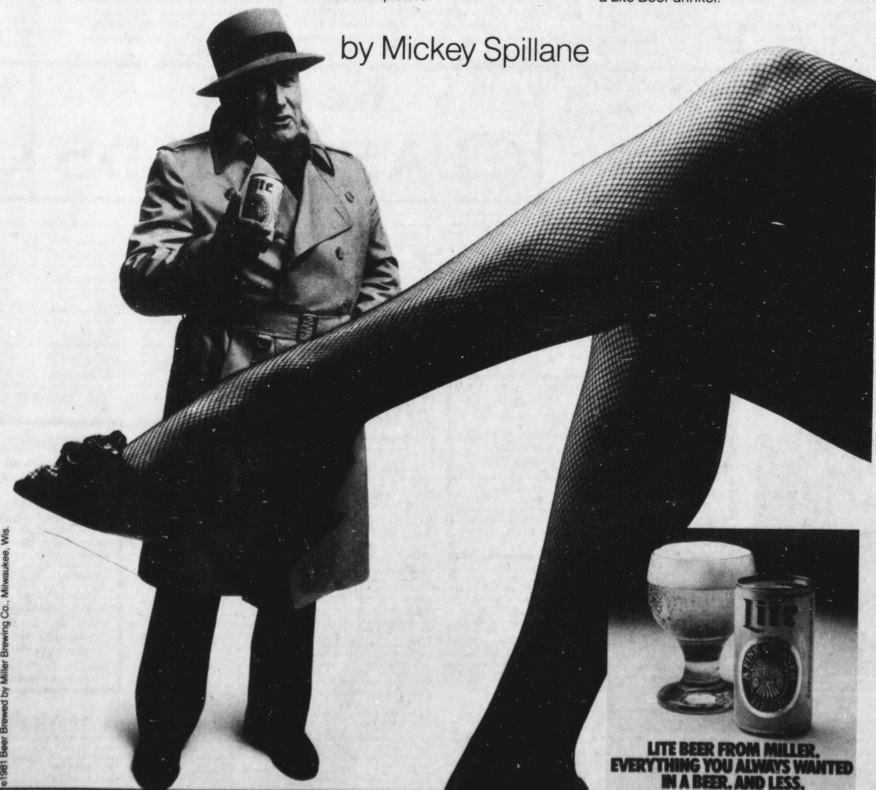
O.K., you've got your characters, locations, and dames lined up. Now comes the good part: Putting your caper to paper. There's no mystery to it. As long as you write the ending first, the rest will follow. Write short, terse, to-the-point sentences. Be as clear as possible. And make sure you've got the right stuff around for when you get thirsty. After all, writing is pretty thirsty work.

I suggest a couple of mugs of Lite Beer—who ever heard of a caper that didn't involve a couple of mugs?

Why Lite Beer? It's a lot like me and my books—great taste, less filling (some people can't get their fill of my books), and always good to spend time with.

At any rate, follow my advice and, who knows—you might turn out a heck of a story. Or you might turn out to be a heck of a Lite Beer drinker.

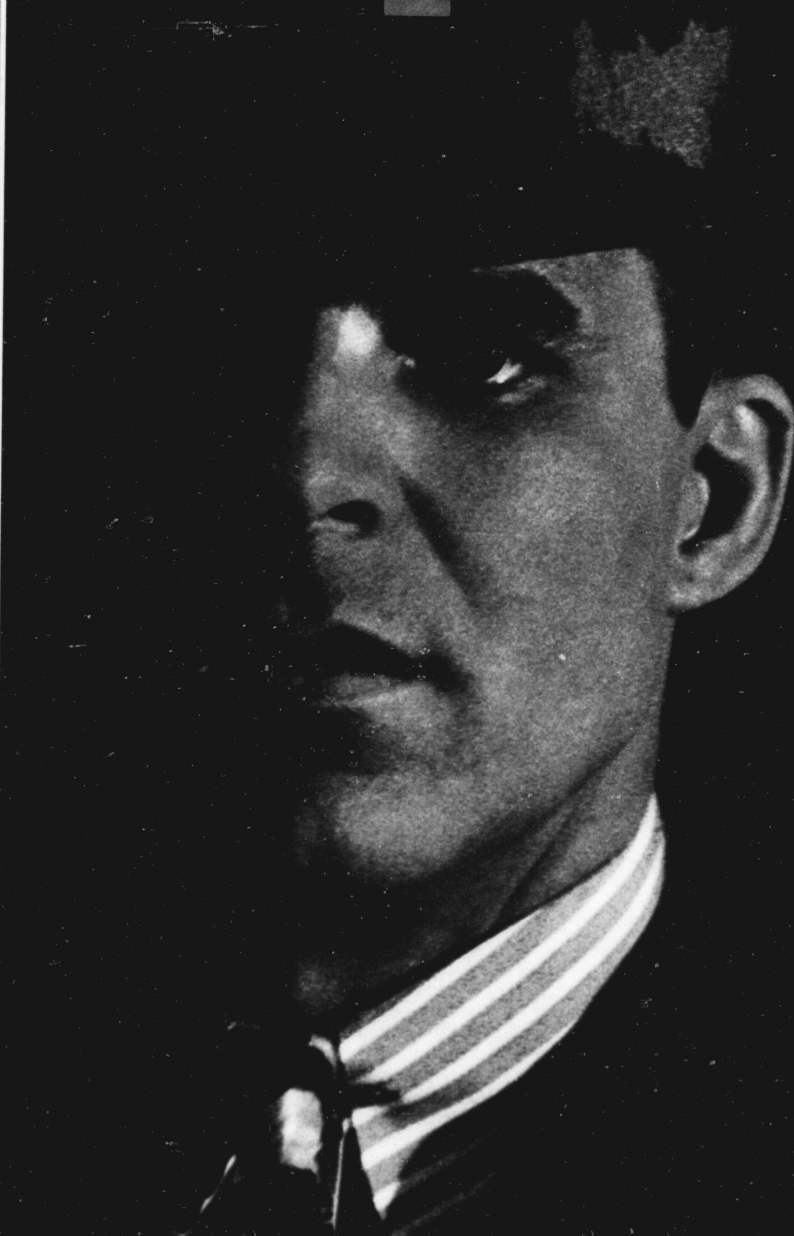
by Mickey Spillane



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& Ampersand



**Steve Martin:
A Wild &
Schizoid Guy**

**The Go-Gos:
New Pop
Sweethearts**

**Lindsey
Buckingham
Steps Out**

Holiday Movie Guide

VOL. V, NO. 3, DECEMBER, 1981

**You told her you have
your own place.
Now you have to tell your roommates.**



You've been trying to get to know her better since the beginning of the term. And when she mentioned how hard it is to study in the dorm, you said, "My place is nice and quiet. Come on over and study with me."

Your roommates weren't very happy about it. But after a little persuading they decided the double feature at the Bijou might be worth seeing.

They're pretty special friends. And they deserve a special "Thanks." So, tonight, let it be Löwenbräu.



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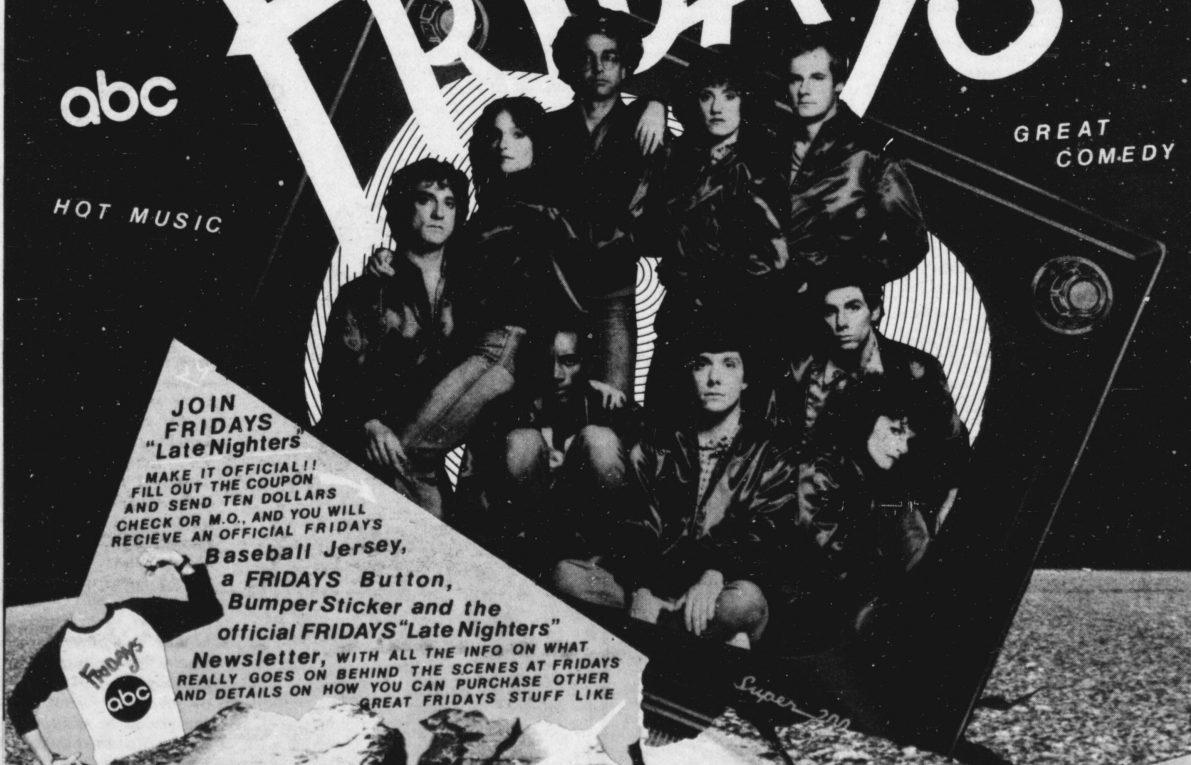
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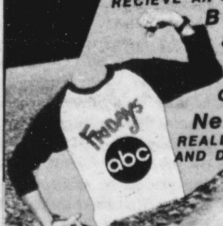
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OUR COVER

The sexy looking photograph of Steve Martin is by Pennies from Heaven's still photographer Mel Traxel.

Ampersand has been around for a while, and is starting to look better and better. You guys are really raising the quality of your magazine and it's great! So why the trashy classifieds? I am referring to "Legal High!" Do you really want to mess up the page with this garbage? It looks terrible.

Carrie Schneider
Indiana University

I am 66 years old and so *not* your typical reader! However, *Ampersand* is a delightful insert in the OSU paper — for me, because it gives me an insight into current music, though I say ho-hum to it, but particularly because I enjoy Judith Sims' film reviews. She writes smoothly but succinctly, with sense and sensitivity.

Neal Smith
Columbus, Ohio

Oh yes, thanks for the feature you had on *Time Bandits* in your November '81 issue. My only objection was that you hardly had enough on darling *Michael Palin*.

PLEASE have more on Michael Palin of Monty Python. I just can't get enough of him!

A Monty Python & Michael Palin Fan
Lisa Acosta

This is a long shot, but I'll ask anyway. When Eric Clapton formed Derek and the Dominos, did he originally intend to keep his identity secret (or why "Derek")? The reason this is more than just a trivia question: somebody doing vocals on a fairly obscure album called *Fire Below Deck* by a group called Rapids sounds incredibly

like Clapton, and the guitar work is definitely at his level. Any chance Eric is up to his old tricks?

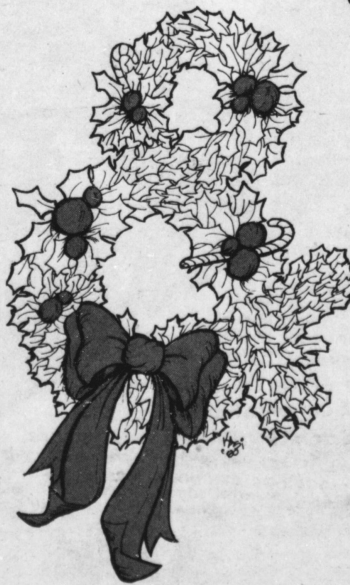
T.J.
University of Colorado—Boulder

No, Clapton was never playing possum, we always knew he was in there. He did like to stand back and be the sideman guitarist, out of the limelight, with friends Bonnie and Delaney — after Blind Faith, before his first solo album, which was then followed by *D* and the *D's* Layla. We are not familiar with Rapids or their album; we suspect someone is a good mimic. But who knows? Maybe you're on to something. What label? When recorded? Who else is on it? We'll be delighted to give you an erudite answer, once we know more.

Please direct your inquiries, complaints, praise, confusion and any other comments to *In One Ear*, 160 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.



Ho Ho Ho! 'Tis the season to be jolly and feature two holiday Ampersands of the Month (tra la la la). The wreath is by Karen C. Cope-land of Hillsborough, N.C., while the Amper-antlered reindeer is by Rob Chmielewski of Dunnellon, FL. Both will receive \$30 for their artistic labor. Other talented readers are encouraged to send us original Ampersands; please use black ink on heavy white paper and put name and address on the art work. Send the goods to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 North Vine, Suite 900, Hollywood, CA 90028.



NEW CONTRIBS

CASEY McCABE (On Tour) lives on the eastern side of Nebraska, but has traveled west as far as Hay Springs, Ainsworth, Chadron and Scott's Bluff.

PAUL ROSTA (On Tour) was turned on to Irish music by Jewish-Italian friends who grew up in Jamaica operating a Basque restaurant near the Swiss embassy. Descended from Corsican Pirates, Rosta travels infrequently.

RICHARD BLACKBURN (On Screen) is a screenwriter whose latest project, *Eating Raoul*, in collaboration with Paul (*Death Race 2000*) Bartel, checks out the light side of cannibalism, kinky swingers, grand theft auto, real estate and murder. Sort of an All-American flick.

BOID



LIVE SEGER!

NINE TONIGHT

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December, 1981

Amperсанд & OUT THE OTHER

Spiking Spock
SOME OF THE most interesting crew, behind-the-scenes and strike from Trekkers, many of whom are concerned with Spock's rumored demise in the film. Yes, he specialized that the filmmakers will actually off the point-eared Vulcan, perhaps because Spock doesn't want to do this the one of his life. Paramount executives are unswerving. A spokesperson there said "We don't even have a cast list at all. Whether they do or not, here is the cast so far announced in the series: Leonard Nimoy, William Shatner, Debralee Kelly and Ricardo Montalban. Nice to know that Laine has a guest in the future. And if you think we've given too much space to the mere speculation of Spock's split, know ye that the *Los Angeles Times* devoted nearly one entire (large) page to this very same subject, and a lengthy article also appeared in

the *Wall Street Journal* (Laine's Paramount set Spock will lose? Stop the presses!)
Greasing a Kangaroo
JOHN TRAVOLTA AND OLIVIA NEWMAN seem well-matched in costume. 2 stars of that future flick are Adrian Zmed and Lorna Luft (costar to Lisa Mielicki) Didi Conn, who did appear in the original, will be back. Meanwhile, Olivia and John were reportedly going to star in a musical called *Starmites in Heaven*, but the deal keeps coming apart at the seams. Travolta will appear in a segment of *Swan D. Simon*, new CBS series starring Jameson Parker and Gerald McRaney, titled "The Hot new Ticket in Town". Olivia will go home to Australia to film *Kangaroo*, in which she'll play a growing house wife, married to Bryan Brown (of *Breaker Moment* and *Masterpiece Theatre*). A *Twain Like Alice* kangaroo concerns a 1920s underground

movement in Australia, from the story by D.H. Lawrence.
More Moore
DIZZY MOORE, who has managed to star in two hit films two years in a row (*10*), without a locked schedule for the next two or three films in his trunk, with Mary McCormack, then Valeria A. Romanova, Comedy and finally (unofficially) from a remake of the Preston Sturges film starring Leslie Nielsen, New York columnist Le Smith recently reported that Moore would star with Brooke Shields in a remake of the Gary Cooper-Audrey Hepburn classic, *Force in the Afternoon*, in which Moore is a...
Does He Give Finals During the Full Moon?
PETERSON may be seen Professor of French and Folklore at *Prize Col-*

lege in Claremont, near Los Angeles, is a sewer/wrapper aficionado. He's been to Romania three times, and is about to return on a \$9000 fullbright to study the hairy and hairy legends up close and personal. He's not the only one so involved... Fred Leonard Wolf at San Francisco State teaches a course in vampires called "Terror and Literature," and Prof. Alvin Sosick at Yale specializes in bats, or so we're told. And if you can't get to Peter to hear all about it, here's a book coming out in January called *Werewolf and Vampire in Romania*.

Weirdos, Read This
D is a mansion (one of the nationally syndicated *Dr. Demotus Radio Show*) and Songwriters Resources and Services of Los Angeles are sponsoring The Great Dr. Demotus Nocturnal Soap Contest. Entries must submit "musical selections with lyrics that are humorous, bizarre, and/or sexual," and the Grand Prize Winner will receive not only a TASCAM Portastudio 240, speakers and an all-expense-paid trip to L.A. The top 11 finalists will have their songs included on an album (which will, no surprise, receive heavy airplay on the Doctor's sponsored and multi-cast radio show) and will also receive rubber chickens (!) inaugurated by Demotus himself. Entries must be postmarked no later than January 31, 1982. For contest entry blank and complete information, send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Great Dr. Demotus Nocturnal Soap Contest, Box 900, Hollywood, CA 90028. Good luck, and stay off the street.

Newsbits from Nashville
Q is a new album, which has been a sign of singer/songwriter John Prine's imagination for years now, has finally become real. In time for Christmas, pressed on Uptick but

not come Prine's re-casting of the 1951 Jimmy Boyd Yuletide smash, "Swampy Mountain Santa Claus." This may turn out to be as cutting as it is whimsical, a holiday hit can mean an extended gray train ride. Just add the horns of Bing "White Christmas" Crosby.
Meanwhile, Prine is also writing a play around some of the characters in his various songs. It should be ready by next summer. No word yet on whether it will feature that queer of queer names, Barbara Lewis. Here's Kristin Benavidez, the one who who signed the infamously false "I hear aches were commercials, we'd all be on TV."

Culture Gonna Blend on You
H is no mistake, better new new new! Club DJ, will soon release the world's first Japanese reggae single.
Barefoot Records is the label, "More Money, More War," is the historic music. Fans of the L.A. scene should also seek *Child Comes to Your House*, a compilation LP on Demos Brain Records. Here L.A. die-hards, however, is a repackage by Rhino Records of all the hits and the obscure tracks by Richie Valens, easily the coolest Chicano of the entire period between Joaquín Murieta and Fernando Valenzuela. Richie Valens' record the late fifties with "C'mon Let's Go," "La Bamba" and "Donna." Don was killed in the same plane crash—February 3, 1959—that also took Buddy Holly. Unfortunately, all now, his records have been nearly impossible to come by because they were made for an obscure label that folded several years ago.

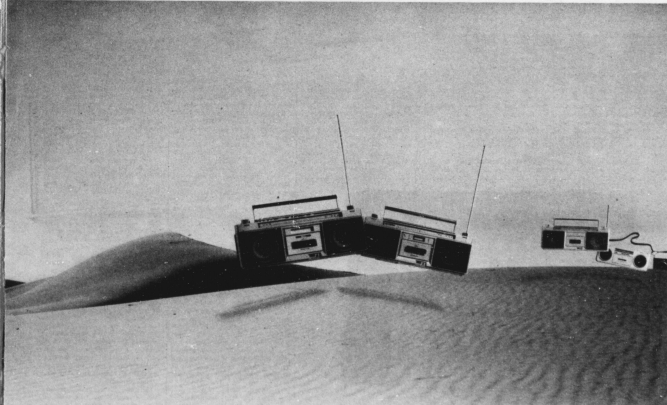
Grave Errors Dept.
M onitors also acts case alike should remember Barry Lewis and *The 45s*. The venerable Memphis singer also has a recently released

compilation on Fantasy Records entitled *Daddy Done on Down*.
Recently, a three page letter from Senator Bob Packwood (Republican from the great state of Oregon), representing the Republican Presidential Task Force, arrived at Fantasy Records addressed to Mr. Lewis. It went like this:
"Dear Mr. Lewis: Regard me for saying this but you're causing the President grave concern. Why hasn't President Reagan heard from you? Why haven't you joined him in the Republican Presidential Task Force?"
"What shall I tell our President?" Packwood went on. "Because he's personally asked me to find out why you're holding back... shall I show him your contribution of \$25 for a full year's membership... or shall I tell him you've said he must fight alone."
"If you've defered for any reason, let me assure you there's no more time to

lose. Our adversaries are forging ahead even as you read this. Don't let this day end without action!"
The cold files in Packwood's Presidential File, Lewis, who lived in near poverty all his life, died a few weeks prior to the Republican call for help.
TV or NOT TV
W is a reality series the complete cast lineup for 9 to 5 (you were looking your hours, weren't you?) Valerie Curtin, author and actress (the new *Yers in After School 'Till Here Anytime*, and the co-writer, with Barry Levinson, *And Justice for All*, *Female Male* and *Just Friends*) will play the late Florida role. Rita Moreno (Academy Award winner for *West Side Story*, actress and dancer) in the Lily Tomlin character, and Dolly Parton's shows are filled by her sister, Rachel Parton DeLoach. Fondly, by the Way, claims she won't appear in the series.
(Continued on page 26)



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OFF THE WALL

CABLE TELEVISION & YOU

BY RICHARD LEVINSON

This has been a watershed year for cable television. After floundering for eons in an ocean of government regulation, and bouncing down the rocky rapids of political favoritism, cable TV is now riding the rising tide of public acceptance. The question, of course, is this: What does the future hold? Will the next decade find cable television calmly sipping a gin and tonic by the Swimming Pool of Institutional Complacency, or will it be hurled from the Cliff of National Ennui to be smashed on the Rocks of Advancing Technology next to its earlier counterpart, Network Telegraph? Perhaps this article will throw some fresh water on the Fire of Uninformed Opinion, dry up the Reservoir of Doubt, and Wet the Whistle of Unwarranted Optimism.

What Is Cable Television?

Let me answer that question with a question: Who wants to know? Presumably, we all would like to be as well informed as possible on the issues of the day, but, amazingly, only 14% of the voting public will even open up a newspaper today. Of those who do, 67% will read only one section. Only 20% of those people will read the front page, and only 6% of those will read past the headlines. But of that 6%, an astounding 98% will, 3 days out of 5, accidentally dip the edge of their paper in their coffee cup.

Who wants to know? Less than one-quarter of 1%, that's who, at least

when they're not too busy ruining the day for everyone in the restaurant who has to watch them dip one of our most sacred institutions in a cup of coffee.

Where Did Cable Come From?

Cable, (an acronym for a **C**tual **t**ransmission **B**eLow ground lev**E**l) was named for Edward Cable, who piloted the first experimental lighter-than-air cable flight, and who was unfortunately killed when the cable suddenly whipped and shot him 600 feet in the air. His final words were, "The vector's all wrong! The numbers are crazy! That's it! No wonder! It'll fly! I know it will! Just re flap the . . . boooooomp!" Ed was buried, and so was the cable. Now, of course, cable transmission is made over telephone wires. This causes occasional problems.

"Ahhh. Think I'll just curl up here with a bowl of popcorn and watch *The Sting* on the ol' HBO."

Click

"Hello, Susan? This is Tad, the guy who sits behind you in Chemistry. I was wondering if you'd like to . . . yeah, the guy with glasses, listen, I was wondering . . ."

Click

Rzzz Rzzz zzzzz Rzzz RzzzRzzzzz Brrrrrrringggggg

"Hello, Sharon, this is Tad . . ."

Public Access And You

First of all, let's define our terms.



"You" means "you," the reader. "Public access television" means "Public access television," i.e., the one or two channels on your cable selector box that always look terrible, cheap and kind of stupid. Since some of "you" look terrible and cheap and kind of stupid too, it is sometimes necessary to further differentiate. "Public access TV" is sent over a cable and appears on your TV set, which has a long black cord coming out of it which is

plugged into a wall to obtain electric power. If "you" are not plugged into a wall you are not "public access TV." If "you" are plugged into a wall, further delineation is called for. "Public access TV" survives because there are laws that don't permit it to die a natural death. If "you" survive because of laws making it impossible for "you" to die a natural death, "you" might be "public access television." The final test is easily applied through simple logic: if A=incurable disease, B="You," and C="Public Access Television," and we assume that A=B and B=C, then it becomes clear that if, and only if, "you" have an incurable disease, "you" are "public access television." If "you" don't, "you" are not.

What's So Great About Cable?

Remember the good old days, when gasoline was free and cigarettes didn't cause heart disease? When the whole family used to watch *Disney* to see how a pack of mongrel dogs could solve crimes that baffled Scotland Yard? When the choice on TV was limited to *Hogan's Heroes*, *Gilligan's Island*, *Twilight Zone*, and *Get Smart*? Well, those days are gone. Now, with your channel selector, you can get an almost limitless array of programming from all over the country. For example, here is a small part of what was available in L.A. last night:

- 1 NBC *Mrs. Ed — Tragedy or Outrage?* This docu-drama follows the life of a Hollywood wife, showing the problems of living in the shadow of a famous spouse.
- 2 *Armenian Folk Dance Party*
- 3 *ABC Celebrity Execution* — Jamie Farr and Richard Dawson are "on the block."
- 4 *Twilight Zone*
- 5 *Hogan's Heroes*
- 6 *Chicago Superstation — The Cubs' Year in Review*: Jack Brickhouse swallows a bottle

of Sterno and dives on the third rail.

- 7 *Norwegian Folk Dance Party*
- 8 **MOVIE** — (adult) *Choppers and Breasts*. A motorcycle gang comes to a small town with a big secret.
- 9 *Korean Folk Dance Party*
- 10 CBS — *Special Gotta Quarter?* A young boy goes to the city to find his Grandpa, who is a bum. Grandpa: Jamie Farr. Boy: Richard Dawson.
- 11 *German Folk Dance Party*
- 12 *Get Smart*
- 13 *Hogan's Heroes*

These days, there really is no excuse for ever leaving the house. And soon, we will all be able to push a button on our TV set, and a corned beef sandwich will automatically appear on our table, just like in *The Jetsons 1*, for one, can't wait.

Cable: The Future Challenge

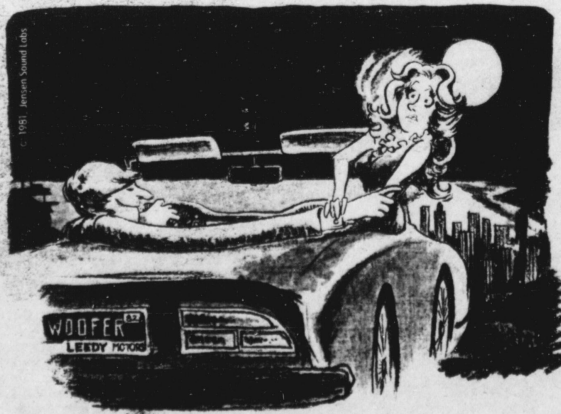
Yes, cable television is with us, and more than ever, we are living in "a global village." Modern technology transmits images at a frightening clip, like some big electronic blabber-mouth eager to fill up everybody's brain with half-truths and misinformation over the global back-yard fence (the Atlantic Ocean). In some respects, this bodes well for world stability. Take agriculture, for example. The old saw asks "How do you keep him down on the farm after he's seen Paris?" Well, with the aid of modern communications, he can see Paris any time he likes, and not have to leave the farm at all. And with the coming of advertising to cable TV, keeping him on the farm will be even easier. An ad agency could produce a "travel" commercial in which a voice asks, "How do you keep him on the farm after he's seen . . . Teheran?" Or "Gary, Ind?" Or "The Sahara Desert?" You can bet he'll want to stay on the farm, thereby increasing food production and solving world hunger.

In Conclusion

Cable television is like a chocolate candy bar: if you don't eat it fast enough, and it's hot out, it will melt and make a mess. Let me explain that analogy. Cable television is here to be used (enough), to its full potential (eaten fast enough). If it is not used to its full potential, and the political climate is unfavorable (it is hot out), cable television will become a tangled web of special interests fighting for a piece of the cable-waves (melt and make a mess).

It's really up to us. We can turn our TV sets "On" and stare blankly at whatever the Programmers decide to feed us, or we can turn our sets "off" and abdicate our responsibility as citizens. It's their way or not at all, and don't go looking for a third door to slink through.

The time has come to squarely face the situation and back down, or stand up and be discounted as demographically unimportant. An error. A fluke. That's the choice and the challenge. As I.F. Stone once said, "Owww. I caught my finger in the printing press. Damn." Our fingers are caught in a printing press of a different kind, and we can grin and bear it, or amputate quickly. Will we? History says we won't. I'm betting we will. But either way, win or lose, we'll watch the battle, in glorious color, on cable television.



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ON SCREEN

Ragtime

starring James Cagney, Brad Dourif, Mary Steenburgen, written by Michael Weller from the novel by E. L. Doctorow, directed by Milos Forman.

Ragtime is dizzy kitsch and lots of fun. It's also a colossal two-and-a-half-hour-long fake. Not even a construction crane could suspend the necessary disbelief. One well-intentioned miscalculation follows the next until there's so much wrong it's hard to keep it all straight.

How can we give ourselves over to a film whose sets and locations look like sets and locations, and whose costumes look like costumes? They have been carefully chosen, but like the rest of the film, with the exception of some performances, they exist only as concepts. In short, nothing looks lived in. Compare the Lower East Side sequence in *Ragtime* with a similar reconstruction in *Godfather II* and the difference becomes obvious. In the latter we are *there* and in the other, well, we're not.

E.L. Doctorow's novel was a masterfully satisfying entertainment. A handful of figures from the early years of the 20th century (some famous, some fictional) were made to represent certain political, social and aesthetic forces struggling to be born, e.g. black rights, women's lib and motion pictures. As the narrative hopscoched from character to character their paths (and concerns) constantly crisscrossed. The pacing was brisk, the prose style uncluttered. A leisurely epoch was limned in quick sketches. It was like watching some secretly shot movie of bygone lives — both public and private. Just enough descriptive detail was provided for us, the readers, to fill in the rest. This may be why the book is more immediate than the Milos Forman film. Not only has all the work been done for us up there on the screen — it also hasn't been done right. Not only production design, but script and direction are at fault.

Most importantly, the story is lopsided. The climax of aggrieved blacks occupying New York's J.P. Morgan Library is drawn out way too long (possibly to allow James Cagney as Police

Commissioner enough screen time to justify his star billing). The other characters are thus deprived of important scenes that would make many of the actions more comprehensible.

The acting is fine — Mary Steenburgen, Robert Joy, Brad Dourif, Mandy Patinkin and Cagney are great to watch. So is lovely Elizabeth McGovern. She's as natural here as she was in *Ordinary People*. It's a deft and charming performance, full of humor — the only problem is that it's in the wrong movie. It has as much to do with 1900 as Deborah Harry has to do with Scott Joplin. This contemporary viewpoint is built into the film and is its second most serious flaw. It comes out in dialogue, mannerisms and motivations (or lack of same). In 1900 blacks may have called each other "brother," young ladies may have been upfront about sex and money, middle-class white boys may have become disillusioned with their hypocritical dads and joined black terrorist groups. It's possible, but the burden is on *Ragtime* to make us believe it. It doesn't.

Ragtime should have been a TV

mini-series with all the much-needed explanations the movie lacks, or it should have been drastically rethought for the screen. It's a shame. The film is high-spirited and, for the first part, very enjoyable in spite of its errors. Yet after two hours there have been too many manipulations and it finally collapses under them.

Richard Blackburn

Whose Life Is It Anyway?

starring Richard Dreyfuss, John Cassavetes and Carol Lahti, written by Brian Clark & Reginald Rose, directed by John Badham.

The choice of Dreyfuss to star as a sculptor paralyzed by an auto accident is a mixed blessing — he is so vital, so irrepressibly alive, that he rivets our attention and squeezes every laugh and tear that can be squeezed. But this very energy almost (but just almost) negates the hopelessness of his condition; it is difficult to believe that someone so intelligent and perceptive would want to end his life

simply because he can't move his arms and legs.

And that is the story — he wants to die, but the doctor in charge (Cassavetes) refuses to accede to this wish, instead threatening to have Dreyfuss committed to a home where he'll be kept alive for years. Dreyfuss is not easily defeated, but the film is not simply their confrontation. It deals with Dreyfuss' effect on the lives of another doctor, Lahti, who is drawn to him emotionally, a reggae-fied orderly, and a pretty young nurse, among others.

On the surface, a film about a paralyzed man who wants to die is not exactly cheerful holiday fare. But it is a good movie, not an expensive one, not a garish one. Just good; it makes us think and feel, laugh and cry, and there's not much more we can ask, in this or any other season.

Judith Sims

Absence of Malice

starring Paul Newman and Sally Field, written by Kurt Luedtke, directed by Sydney Pollack.

We really didn't need this — a confusing, stupid movie about journalistic ethics, or lack thereof. Sally Field portrays a Miami reporter who prints a false story (leaked to her in a most questionable manner) claiming that businessman Newman is under investigation by a strike force in the disappearance of a local longshoremen's union leader. Newman is innocent, naturally, and proceeds to set the record straight. In the process he and Field have a few go-rounds, and almost everyone gets his or her comeuppance in the end. Well, fine — except that it's all framed in pretentious, preachy, muddled blather about "the public's right to know" and revealing or not revealing sources, and using the press to advance one's own ambitions, blah blah... *Absence of Malice* manages to add fuel and a wet blanket to the flaming topic of journalistic ethics.

Parts of the film are just foolish: Newman, hurt, asks Field "Don't you know me yet?" Meaning how could she think him a hood when they've been going steady for two nights in a row. Much worse are the scenes at the newspaper, where Field has to be reminded by the paper's attorney to get a quote from Newman (when Newman doesn't answer his phone, she doesn't bother to call again. Give me a break). Field shows no qualms about printing stories based on the most tenuous — or off-the-record — sources, then turns around and prints the name and abortion date of a timid source who responds to the public shame with suicide.

But the Worst Line of the Year Award goes to writer Luedtke for the following exchange. Field, in reply to Newman's comment that she wears no wedding ring, therefore must be single: "You ever hear of liberation?" Newman: "Yeah, but they're all ugly."

Nothing rings true. This was obviously intended as a serious look at the sometimes shoddy practices reporters use to get their stories, but the intention dealt a mere glancing blow to the execution. Luedtke, according to the production notes, has been a journalist for more than twenty years, at the *Miami Herald* and the *Detroit Free Press*. There is very little evidence of that experience on the screen.

Judith Sims



Just a few more days full of dread exams and last-minute plans about *How to Get Home Cheaply* — and then, at last, the big winter relief of *The Holidays*. Thanksgiving turkey, pumpkin pie and cranberry sauce, Christmas turkey (maybe a ham), apple pie and presents: "*Auld Lang Syne*" and the *Rose Bowl* and potato chips and beer. Small wonder that the earth seems to move in early January; it's just our annual national post-holiday belch.

But enough of these culinary slaverings. We're here to write about movies and another distinctly American tradition: the sudden appearance of dozens of blockbuster films every December, at which time the film studios hope to change their year-end ink from red to black, and maybe influence an Oscar nomination or two.

Here, then, is a rundown of those movies that will light up screens across the country (release dates vary wildly from region to region) this holiday season. And don't forget: movie theaters are full of popcorn, cokes, jujubes, Milk Duds...

REDS stars Warren Beatty as American journalist John Reed, best known for his eyewitness assessment of the Russian Revolution in his 1919 book *Ten Days That Shook the World*. Diane Keaton plays the love interest, author Louise Fletcher; and Jack Nicholson is playwright Eugene O'Neill. The whole thing took five years and an estimated \$40 million to complete — more than the Russian Revolution itself.

RAGTIME, the long-delayed film version of E. L. Doctorow's bestseller, brings us that innovative mix of fictional and real characters, played by James Cagney, Mary Steenburgen, Brad Dourif, Norman Mailer (reportedly excellent), and Howard E. Rollins as Coalhouse Walker.

TAPS stars Timothy Hutton as an upright, do-right cadet at an eastern military academy. George C. Scott is the head man, and conflict abounds. Chevy Chase without Goldie

MODERN PROBLEMS. Haven't Chase is an air traffic controller who develops telekinetic powers. But does he develop acting talent?

NEIGHBORS, banishes John Belushi and Kathryn Walker against the New Couple — weird and wacky Dan Aykroyd and Cathy Moriarty (from *Raging Bull*).

WHOSE LIFE IS IT ANYWAY? was a successful Broadway play for the past few years. This version stars Richard Dreyfuss as a sculptor who loses the use of his arms and legs after an auto accident. His decision to end his life meets with strong resistance from doctor John Cassavetes, and with emotionally charged sympathy from doctor Carol Lahti. In spite of the grim subject, Dreyfuss is funny, engaging, and compelling (see review this issue).

PENNIES FROM HEAVEN. We've been waiting for this one for months, ever since MGM teased the press with clips and set visits back in the spring. Steve Martin departs from his jerky comedian persona and plays a 1930s

song salesman who dreams of living out the sweet songs he sells as an escape from his harsh Depression reality. Though married, he falls in love with hard-luck beauty Bernadette Peters. Christopher Walken (who won an Academy Award for his supporting role in *The Deer Hunter*) plays a dancing pimp who knows a good thing — Peters — when he sees her. The sets are fabulous: an old-fashioned bank turns into a Busby Berkeley dance scene, while Martin and Peters are watching the movie *Follow the Fleet*, they imagine themselves doing the same "Let's Face the Music and Dance" number — and sure enough, we see Steve and Bernadette in the same Astaire and Rogers costumes, on the same set, doing the same dance...

BUDDY, BUDDY is the American remake of a fine French comedy (originally translated as *A Pam in the Ass*), with Jack Lemmon and Walter Matthau in place of Jacques Brel and Lino Ventura. It's about a hit man, Matthau, hired to assassinate a government witness, but he's constantly interrupted by the suicidal bozo in the next hotel room (Lemmon). It's directed by Billy Wilder, who's been away too long.

SHARKY'S MACHINE. Burt Reynolds is an Atlanta vice detective investigating a series of call girl murders. Model Rachel Ward, in her first screen role, is a call girl, and we're promised that *Sharky's Machine* wallows in every possible seedy element.

ROLLOVER gives us Jane Fonda as the chairman of the board of a large corporation, and Kris Kristofferson (wearing a suit, but not a beard) as the head of a failing New York bank. It's billed as a thriller/love story.

ON GOLDEN POND shows how three generations interact emotionally one summer, and it stars Henry Fonda and Katherine Hepburn as Jane Fonda's parents. It opens in two theaters in December, countrywide in late January.

GHOST STORY is an intricate thriller in which the ghost of a murdered woman returns to haunt (and wreak revenge upon) the four pillars of the community who did her in. Stars Fred Astaire, Patricia Neal, the late Melvyn Douglas, Craig Wasson (as Douglas' son), Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., and Alice Krige as a mysterious beauty.

HEARTBEEPS stars Andy Kaufman and Bernadette Peters as robots who yearn to be free. And so they wander off and have many adventures.

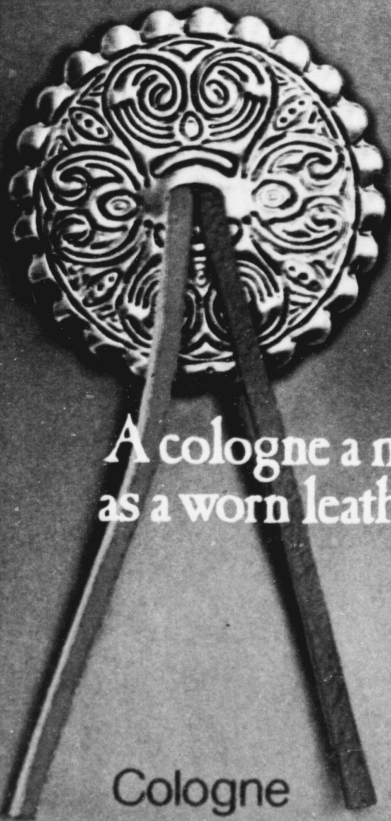
FOUR FRIENDS is screenwriter Steve (Breaking Away, *Eye Witness*) Tesich's autobiographical look at four close friends, the Sixties and East Chicago, with Craig Wasson, Jodi Thelen, Jim Metzler, and Michael Huddleston.

Please remove bats, bow beads, and ponder this loss: there is no Clint Eastwood movie of the holiday season. There has always been a holiday Eastwood. Is this the end of the world we've been hearing so much about lately?

Judith Sims

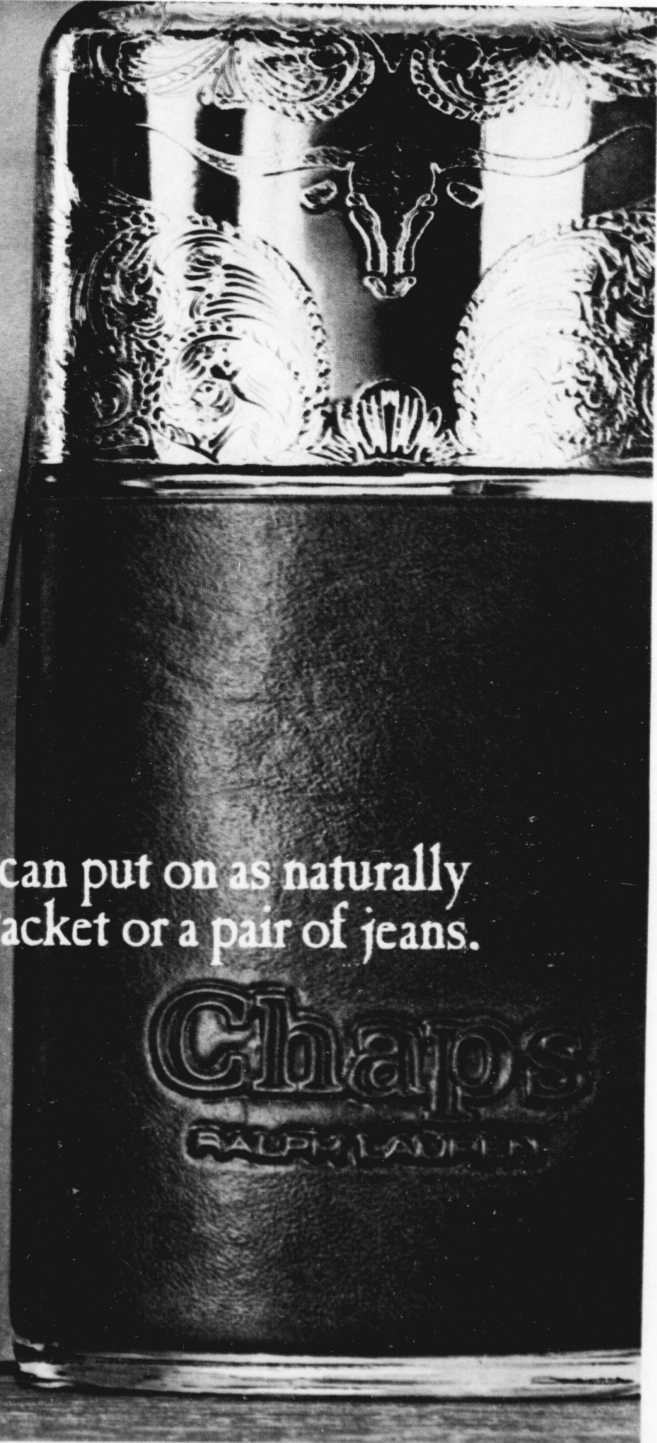
Chaps

RALPH LAUREN



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as a worn leather jacket or a pair of jeans.

Cologne



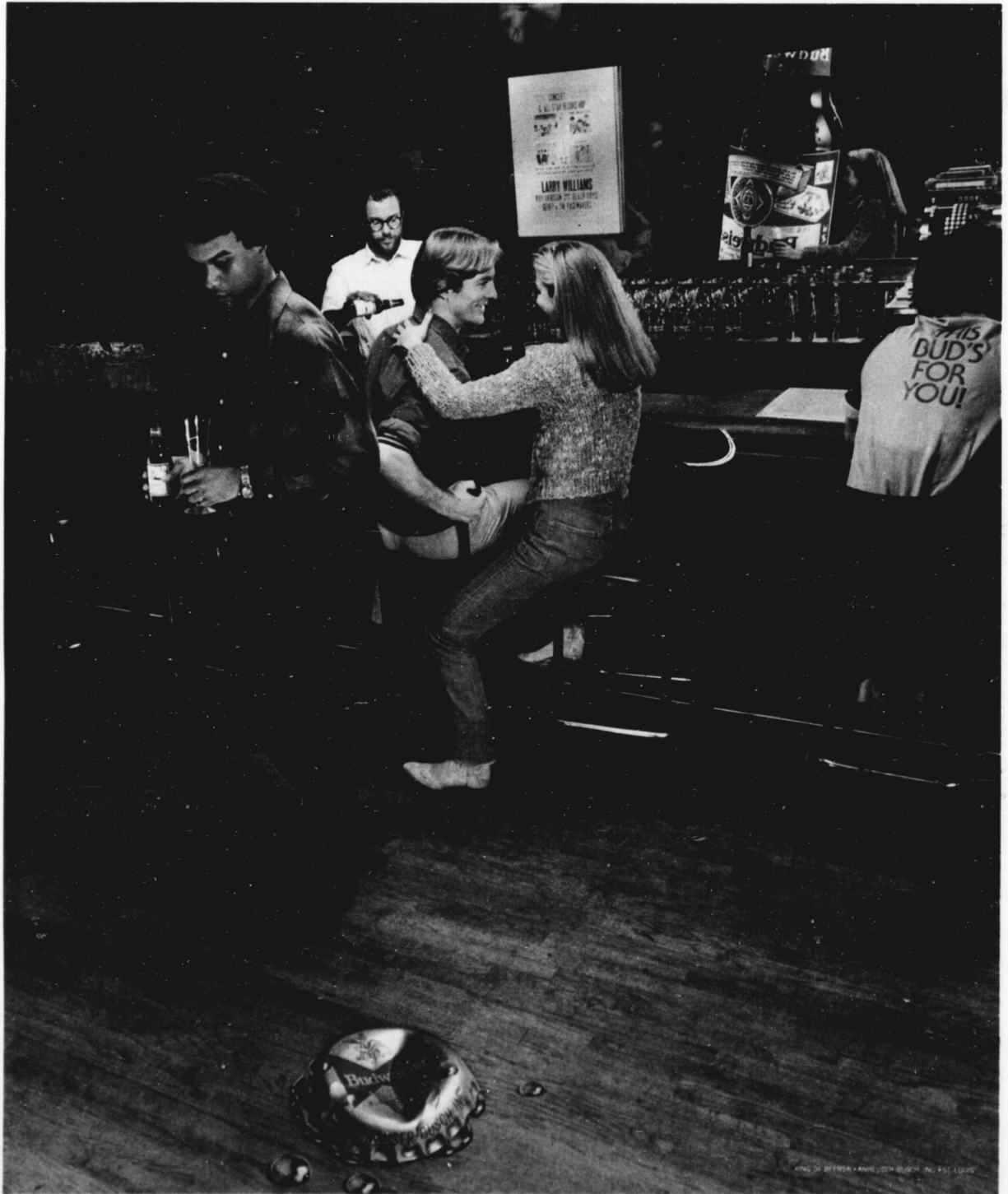


PHOTO BY DEBRA KANE FOR AMPERSAND

ON TOUR



Pat Benatar

CIVIC AUDITORIUM, OMAHA, NB

The critical question that arises for rock performers who parade on stage in skin tight outfits: are they listening to my music or staring at my crotch?

The emphasis on this point has tended to overshadow the fact that Benatar would be just as capable a rocker if she appeared in a gunny sack. But for the male concert goers who are usually resigned to scream for Ted Nugent's guitar pick, Pat's "pixie-with-a-switchblade" attractiveness is an added incentive to the bursts of mainstream rock. For female audiences subjected to rock's tendency toward male chauvinism, Benatar's combination of sensitivity and aggression is an irresistible role model.

Benatar's onstage presence has matured from mike-humping and gyrating to a more tasteful level of air-guitar choreography and overall showmanship. Her music also gives her three-octave voice a chance to coo as well as scream.

Curiously, Benatar's choice of encores was two cover tunes, the first being an excellent version of the old Paul Revere and the Raiders nugget "Just Like Me" and a grand finale of "Helter Skelter" dedicated on this night to John Lennon on his birthday. Done live as a wrap-up encore however, the song loses much of the necessary angst.

There were some other lapses of credibility, such as the irony of putting "Hit Me with Your Best Shot" back to back with "Hell Is for Children." But it is hard to doubt Benatar's performing sincerity. The crowd has dubbed her Queen of Rock and at this point it appears she has no intention of letting them down. Her penchant for tight-fitting jumpsuits is just one part of the bargain.

Casey McCabe

The Moody Blues

THE CHECKERDOME, ST. LOUIS

Like their contemporaries, the indestructible Rolling Stones, the Moody Blues in 1981 are still capable of topping the charts.

Stage right displayed a studio's worth of keyboard equipment to be employed to the fullest by the band's newest addition, Patrick Moraz, who filled in for original member Michael Pinder during 1978's tour in support of *Octave* after spending a couple of years as Rick Wakeman's replacement in Yes. When Pinder withdrew from making *Voyager*, rock's best keyboard understudy stepped permanently into the position.

Center stage, an impressive drum kit awaited Mossie's co-founder Graeme Edge, whose flourish on the up-dated tempos would show him to be a much keener, more imaginative musician than recordings have indicated. Indeed, Edge's consistent strength and quietly-smiling detachment place his performance a notch above the others.

Stage left was reserved for stately, square-chinned Justin Hayward (of the perfect blond haircut) and punkier but nonetheless gracious John Lodge. Visually and artistically they made a handsome complement for their respective assets: a natural team whose success with their *Blue Jays* release during the Moodies' hiatus, from early 1974 to late 1977, seemed logical.

With the other remaining original member, flute, harmonica, tambourine-player and singer Ray Thomas in place between Moraz and Edge, they opened with their recent single "Gemini Dream," tight and smooth and, as would be the trend, probably more hard core than many of the older fans among the nearly 18,000 almost filling the arena might have expected.

But then the Moody Blues, as their name suggests, are rather unpredictable.

Thomas, the Ghost of Rock & Roll Past, soon grew glum watching the Hayward/Lodge alliance take the lead, and began to distract the audience with comments about their whistling disturbing his flute playing and aging hippy remarks about the faster tempos. Yet Thomas managed to skillfully build his "Veteran Cosmic Rocker" into the evening's showpiece.

Patt Dewing

The Chieftains

SYMPHONY HALL, BOSTON, MASS.

The American folk music wave of the Fifties and Sixties has now subsided, but the Chieftains show that traditional music really knows no boundaries of time or place.

Respectable-looking as six Irish chums spending Saturday afternoon at the pub, the Chieftains rival almost any well-known popular act for musicianship and sheer excitement. The group has gone through many changes of personnel in the eighteen years since it was founded by the pint-sized piper Paddy Moloney, but the Chieftains still play traditional Irish music the way it's been played for a thousand years. They use such exotic instruments as the goatskin drum called the bodhran and the ancestor of the bagpipes called the uilleann pipes.

In the last performance of their fall American tour, the Chieftains played a perfectly paced and arranged tour of traditional and contemporary Irish jigs, reels, marches and ballads. One of the Chieftains' favorite devices is to combine several similar ballads or dance tunes, which gives them the feeling of an orchestral chamber piece. Their music is deceptively simple, but if we listen closely, their medley of songs from the Isle of Man is as rich and complex as a Mozart serenade. Remarkably, it turns out that only fiddler Sean Keane and harpist Derek Bell have had formal musical training.

The Chieftains convey the distinctive Irish humor of their music through their virtuoso playing alone; only a couple of songs are actually sung during the evening. The group's foot-tapping enthusiasm and whoops of pleasure spread to the audience, where more than one fan could be seen dancing in the aisle of Boston's staid Symphony Hall during such rollicking medleys as "The Gold Ring."

Even though the sound in Symphony Hall was sometimes out of whack, it was still easy to tell that these six individuals have become a seamless ensemble. Each musician also had the opportunity to demonstrate his ability as a soloist, and these spots were some of the best moments of the show. Fiddler Martin Fay made "Poor Old Man from the Hill" as stately as a romantic viola sonata, and piper Paddy Moloney's melancholy "Christmas Eve" sounded like someone calling across the moors. The Chieftains managed the more delicate tunes as easily as they romped through their reels.

As soon as they had concluded one of these solo spots, the individual Chieftains would regroup and change the pace again with another dance tune. In each half of the show, they saved the best for last, and wound up the evening with an astonishing rendition of the traditional Cajun tune "Cotton-Eyed Joe" — combined with snatches of an Irish reel, of course.

Paul Rosta

ON DISC

MARIANNE FAITHFULL
Dangerous Acquaintances

(Island) One of 1979's most pleasant musical surprises was the out-of-left-field comeback of Marianne Faithfull, previously known for "As Tears Go By" and a few other Sixties pop hits. "Tour de force" is not too strong a term to describe her album of two years ago, *Broken English*. Faithfull's cracked, croaking voice suited the brooding material of the LP perfectly, with crisp techno-rock arrangements adding a stylish finishing touch. A true follow-up album to this powerful work would be a tall order — so, this time, Faithfull has released a somewhat different collection of tracks. *Dangerous Acquaintances*, while not matching the impact of *Broken English*, succeeds well on its own lower-keyed terms.

This time, Faithfull co-wrote all but one of the songs on her album, in contrast to her last release. Apparently buoyed by the upturn in her career, she penned a batch of generally positive-minded tunes with her collaborators, short sketches of urban life and contemporary love. Faithfull's lyrical approach tends to veer towards the obscure side, though several diffuse narratives here ("So Sad," "Easy in the City") are effectively evocative. Fortunately, the vagueness of her words is compensated for by *Dangerous Acquaintances'* hook-laden melodies. "For Beauty's Sake" jumps to a reggae tune line, while "Strange One" simmers with a bluesy feel. It should be remembered that Faithfull was a pop-oriented artist in the Sixties, and she remains one — her latest LP is quite accessible.

What isn't very "pop" about Faithfull these days is her husky-untto-hissing voice, an instrument of decidedly limited range but considerably expressive power.

Dangerous Acquaintances confirms that Faithfull, once consigned to the has-been heap, intends to remain on the scene for some time.

Barry Alfonso



JOAN ARMATRADING
Walk Under Ladders

(A&M) A marvelously expressive LP, glinting with delights both large and small, *Walk Under Ladders* might (at last) establish the identity vocalist/writer Joan Armatrading has for so long been lacking in this country. An established star in her native Britain, Armatrading has never quite penetrated the American pop consciousness. Her style at various times conjoins folk, R&B and reggae, with a kind of free floating mix-and-match that throws format-trained listeners well off their stride. *Walk Under Ladders* finds her in an unmistakably progressive mode and the results are well nigh brilliant. The teaming of producer Steve Lillywhite (U-2, Psychedelic Furs, Peter Gabriel), a full compliment of atonal, avant garde instrumentalists such as bassist Tony Levin, XTC guitarist Andy Partridge and keyboardist Nick Pytas, and Armatrading's own lilting, emotive vocals could have gone badly awry. Instead, the singer rises magnificently to the full-bodied and complex musical textures supporting some of the finest, funniest and most sublimely economical writing of her career. The sentiments expressed in tunes like the reggae cantered "When I Get It Right," "I Can't Lie to Myself," and "No Love," with its charming double negative "But if you've got no love to give/Baby don't give it here," are so direct, so unembellished, so emotionally resonant, they leave one with a sense of candor almost embarrassing. Armatrading's facility with words, her sure-footed melodic craft are the stars of *Walk Under Ladders*. The produc-

tion, performances and breathtakingly successful experimental leaps form a sparkling supporting cast.

Davin Seay

PENGUIN CAFE ORCHESTRA
Penguin Cafe Orchestra

(Editions E.G.) Zealous Enophiles will recall the Penguin Cafe Orchestra's 1976 debut, *Misc from the Penguin Cafe*, released on Brian Eno's short-lived Obscure Records custom label. The LP was an eccentric and airy collection of instrumental ditties that variably evoked French movie theme music, modern minimalist composers like Cage and Glass and, er, chamber pieces played by a buoyant, skilled ensemble of penguins.

Penguin Cafe Orchestra is, of course, the long awaited followup. From the spry, twangy notes of the album's opener, "Air a Danser," to the final delicate quiverings of "Steady State," this is one of those wonderful records that makes no sense at all, exuding wit and grace with a subtle, loony abandon.

The perpetrator of all this is an Englishman by the name of Simon Jeffes, who composed the music, produced it and played some 15 odd (sometimes very odd) instruments on the disc. There are other musicians too, most notably Gavin Wright, whose violin lends an austere, melancholy air to what might have otherwise been lightweight stuff. As it is, *Penguin Cafe Orchestra* is hardly lightweight — just lightheaded, likable and a little daff.

Steven X. Rea

KING CRIMSON
Discipline

(Warner Bros.) *Discipline* is just that: focused, consistent, well-executed. It is both eminently listenable and challenging. The most convenient comparison to cite would be the Talking Heads' most recent albums, but that's only approximate.

(Continued on page 14)

ON DISC

(Continued from page 13)

Discipline is comfortably on its own, and can be approached by even staunch anti-punks without fear. Insufferably self-assured, obscure as a rock theorist and inconsistent as a record-maker, Robert Fripp nevertheless cannot be dismissed. After his brief-lived League of Gentleman outing earlier this year, Fripp has reinvented the band that won him fame in the first place — King Crimson, disbanded in the mid-Seventies after a trailblazing career among British progressive rock groups.

The album has an unashamedly intellectual tone. While such tracks as "Elephant Talk" and "Thela Hun Ginjeet" have peppy percussion lines, it's best to dance in your head to this LP. And there's much for both the mind and the senses to enjoy here: gently whining guitar murmurs, soothing touches of congas and marimbas, tasy jazz and even raga-like arrangements. When *Discipline's* mood threatens to stay serene, eruptions of drum-banging and clanging guitar riffs break the peace nicely. Belew is the voice of the new King Crimson, and his humorous David Byrne-like yelp is right for the album's curious lyrics. Several tracks ("Indiscipline," "Thela Hun Ginjeet") are more narrated than sung, yet another unexpected touch in an album full of them.

Barry Alfonso

COUP DE GRACE

Mink DeVille

(Atlantic) Willy DeVille is an anomaly among the new breed of rockers. You probably know him via his menacing version of "Cadillac Walk" but his real forte and true love are the unabashedly romantic, uptown soul ballads that gave the likes of Ben E. King a string of hits in the very early Sixties. Willy's passion for the music extends to looking and acting the part, too — if *Saturday Night Fever* had been set in Spanish Harlem circa 1962, he would have been the ideal choice to play the lead role.

Coup De Grace, Mink DeVille's first LP for Atlantic (the very label that released most of those old r&b classics young Willy lost his heart to), unfortunately isn't the match-made-in-heaven it could have been. DeVille and co-producer Jack Nitzsche have saddled these tunes with monochromatic arrangements. The performances have nothing in the way of tension, dynamics or color and consequently fail to generate the sense of drama that is absolutely central to this music.

Predictably, DeVille shines brightest on the slower material — no one, but no one, among rock singers can tackle an old-fashioned soul ballad as convincingly as he does. "Help Me to Make It" and "You Better Move On" (both covers) and Willy's own "So in Love Are We" fare best here while "Love Me Like You Did Before" stands as one of his most successful forays into uptempo Stone is a proficient, workmanlike record but it's too flawed to break DeVille to a wider audience. If you're looking for an introduction, try to track down *Cabretta*, Mink DeVille's first Capitol album, which boasts his best batch of songs to date including an utterly magnificent gem of a soul ballad, "Mixed Up, Shook Up Girl."

Don Snowden

Lindsey Buckingham is talking about one of his heroes. It's a cautionary tale, with many unspoken implications, and the dashing singer/songwriter, guitarist and progressive wedge for Fleetwood Mac — the most hugely successful of all hugely successful mega-buck bands of the last decade — is making his parallels very obvious.

"Anyone who knows anything about the Beach Boys," he says, lounging in a windowless, frigidly air conditioned back room of his manager's Hollywood headquarters, "knows that Brian Wilson was the group."

It may seem a smidge odd that Buckingham, dressed down in ratty pin stripe pants, battered loafers and what looks like a khaki green surgical smock, should be ruminating on a man and a band whose best work was fifteen years ago. After all, *Law and Order*, the criminally handsome musician's first solo LP, has just hit the racks, while the album's debut single "Trouble" is currently making its bulleted way up the Top 40 charts. If nothing else, the boyish, curly-headed 32-year-old should be plugging the upcoming Fleetwood Mac effort, the band's studio follow-up to its ambitious, qualified failure *Tusk* (4 million double LP's sold as opposed to 16 million for 1977's legendary *Rumours*, still the best selling album in pop history). But no, he wants to talk about the quirky, solitary and monolithic genius of Brian Wilson, and for reasons that quickly become apparent.

"It just got to a point, I think with Brian that he became so detached from the group that it was impossible to make the music he heard in his head using the capacities of the band. If he'd made the choice to break away from his brothers, to not be responsible for them, he'd be much better off today. Even if he'd had to settle into his own fairly obscure niche, he wouldn't have had to compromise. It's sort of sad."

Between the lines, of course, the point is clear. Lindsey Buckingham has reached a strikingly similar crossroads in his own career. It's not that he compares his talents to those of that formidable mastermind of the California Sound. "I'll never even get close," he asserts in an obligatory disclaimer. It's just that as a member of a globally renowned quintet, with fistfuls of fame, fortune and epoch-making music, Buckingham suddenly finds himself in search of that mercurial grail, Artistic Fulfillment.

Born and raised in the South Bay area of San Francisco, Buckingham began playing guitar at age seven, taking his cue from his older brother's rock and roll singles, most notably Buddy Holly. In the late Sixties, he joined forces with Stephanie (later Stevie Nicks) in a group called Fritz. The band plied the Northern California club circuit before relocating in L.A. and cutting *Buckingham/Nicks* as a duo. The LP was a regional hit in, of all places, Birmingham, Alabama. The pair's producer, Keith Olsen, used the album to pitch his own production talents to Mick Fleetwood of the venerable British blues band, Fleetwood Mac. Fleetwood was duly impressed with both Olsen and the album. Stevie and Lindsey became Big Macs after Bob Welch left the group.

Buckingham's dynamic rise as a songwriter and guitarist is chronicled

on Fleetwood Mac's two mythic albums, *Fleetwood Mac* and *Rumours*. His contributions in those halcyon years included tunes like "Monday Morning," "Second Hand News," "Never Going Back Again," and the awesomely commercial "Go Your Own Way." But Buckingham was considerably more than a hit-making cog in the Mac machine. The full extent of his audacious experimental prowess became fully evident on 1979's *Tusk*, about as complete a creative departure as any group could make and still be considered the same entity.

"I'm still very proud of that album," insists Buckingham. "Before it was released, everyone was really excited about what we'd done, but after it was apparent that it wasn't selling, opinions in the band changed. I got remarks like, 'you went too far this time Lindsey.' Fine. Having been made responsible for the album's failure only made me want to go further with the same ideas."

Going further in this case resulted in *Law and Order*, an LP that advances his singular musical philosophy along immensely satisfying lines. "I reject the idea that rock must be built around a bass and drums," he asserts and to prove the point he has crafted a buoyant, tuneful sound that depends as much on delicate harmonies, multi-layered guitars and intricately floated arrangements as any vintage Brian Wilson studio opus. "It's been compared to the Beach Boys," Buckingham beams, "John Lennon and Harry Nilsson. I'm flattered."

The most impressive aspect of *Law and Order*, aside from several melodies which catch and hold after a single listening, is the do-it-yourself spirit of the project. Every instrument (with the exception of the odd drum track), all vocal parts, arranging, engineering and much of the producing were handled by Buckingham himself. What could have ended up a sterile exercise in studio gimcrackery is instead a surprisingly spontaneous effort.

"I could have gotten a bunch of great studio musicians together," comments Buckingham, "but then it would have sounded like another one of those albums. I get enough of that with Fleetwood Mac. They're all great musicians. But all the music ends up being driven by bass and drums, with everything else out on the edge. I always felt there were too many people involved in the creative process in the band," he continues. "It made it very

difficult at times."

Buckingham's decidedly blasé attitude about the supergroup was reflected in his recent refusal to sign the renewal contract offered the band by Warner Bros. While insisting that "the policy right now" is for the group to stay together he admits, "I'm sure Fleetwood Mac will outlive its meaning sooner or later." In fact, Buckingham came to this interview from a recording session for the next Mac LP.

"*Law and Order* was a very intimate experience," Buckingham concludes. "The only way to maintain innocence that I know of is to choose things you care about and commit yourself to them. If I had to choose between commercial success and the kind of pleasure I got from doing this album, there'd be no contest."



HOWARD ROSENBERG

Lindsey Buckingham's Beach Boy Gambit:

BE TRUE TO YOUR MUSE

BY DAVIN SEAY

The Go-Go's Endless Pajama Party

BY ERIC FLAUM

It's five o'clock on a bleak, rainy afternoon in New York City. By now, the five Go-Go's are all hungry, tired, and slightly delirious. Since early this morning, they have visited nearly every major radio station in town. As our conversation proceeds, the five band members all take turns at a phone interview going on in the next room. Their first album, *Beauty and the Beat* on I.R.S. Records, is headed for Top Twenty, and "Our Lips Are Sealed" has pushed its way into almost everyone's Top Forty singles list. They are being featured in every magazine possible, from the new-wave oriented *New York Rocker* and *Rolling Stone* to the shallow, trendy *People*.

Guitarist Jane Wiedlin is limping from a slowly healing broken foot, and lead singer Belinda Carlisle pumps down vitamins in hope of fighting off her cold. Belinda will stay at the hotel tonight, resting, while the rest of the band goes out on the town, anxious to see the Professionals, a new band that includes two former members of the infamous Sex Pistols. A European tour is just a few days off for the Go-Go's, and all of this is just killing time before they leave. Midway through the interview Belinda and drummer Gina Schock apologize for their behavior, as well as their answers, which are short and mechanical. The girls understand my predicament, and try to think of wonderful quotes that they know will pacify me, sending me on my way, and allowing them to leave for a long-awaited Japanese dinner.

Gina Schock had played the drums for nine years before joining the Go-Go's in June of 1979. She began her career in her home town of Baltimore, where one band she belonged to included singer-cum-actress Edie Massey, who went on to star in John Waters' cult-classic, *Pink Flamingos*. Disenchanted with the New York scene, Gina loaded up her father's pick-up and headed west.

At this time the Go-Go's were regulars on the Los Angeles bar circuit. They covered their faces with punk-fantasy make-up and lost themselves in the plethora of semi-skilled hard-rocking bands. Along came Ginger Canzoneri, a graphic artist with CBS, who brought a cleaner, fresher image to the group, and became their manager. They switched to a simpler appearance, avoiding the showy trappings that were so prevalent at the time. As Belinda put it, "We got tired of having our crazy colors rubbing off on our pillows."

Like all success stories, the Go-Go's had their lucky break, and it came in the form of the British ska band Madness. The two groups played together at the famous Whiskey a Go Go (No, that's not the source of their name. According to the story they told me, it was Jane who'd come up with the

name, preferring it to "The Misfits" since the Kinks had recently released a similarly titled album) and Madness went raving back to their label, Stiff Records. The Go-Go's were signed to a one-shot contract to record a single, and invited to join their benefactors on an English tour. But the Go-Go's were required to pay their own way, which necessitated selling almost everything they owned.

With original bassist Margot Olaverria, the Go-Go's were teamed with producer Paul Wexler to record "We Got the Beat" b/w "How Much More" (both of these songs would reappear on the band's I.R.S. album, in updated versions). The single was released within a week, in what Gina Schock describes as the "One thing that Stiff did that was great." The single sold moderately well in England, and as many as 50,000 import copies in the United States, but the tour itself wasn't an entire success. After a stint as opening act for Madness, the band played several dates on their own, and finished up their stay by playing with another reggae-influenced act, the Specials. The Go-Go's returned home, while "We Got the Beat" remained on *Billboard's* Top 100 Disco chart for nearly six months. Yet still they were relatively unknown in this country.

New Year's Eve, 1980, as the band hovered in a directionless limbo, Texan Kathy Valentine replaced Olaverria. Valentine had spent time with an obscure L.A. band, the Texitones; she was originally a temporary replacement, but was eventually invited on as a permanent member. The quintet was set, and eventually signed up with I.R.S. Records, a small independent label affiliated with A&M Records that would later release a live version of "We Got the Beat" on a two-record sampler title *Urgbt*, which also featured XTC and the Police, among others.

When it came time to record their first album, the band was paired up with producers Rob Freeman and Richard Gottehrer. As co-author of the Fifties classic "My Boyfriend's Back," and producer of Blondie's first two albums, Gottehrer brought needed experience to the Go-Go's music. However, even with Gottehrer, *Beauty and the Beat* is in no way an album by a "girl group," with males running the show. The Go-Go's insist that they never really thought of themselves as such a group, and simply played what "felt right." "It was just a natural progression for us," Gina tells me, which sets the other four members to agreeing simultaneously. "There's harmony singing and stuff like that," Belinda says, "but we're the ones who are playing all the instruments." She goes on to point out that *Beauty and the Beat* is the most successful album ever by

an all-female band. "The Supremes and all those other girl groups had men playing the music and writing their songs, but we write all our own stuff."

One listen to the Go-Go's first album and it's easy to understand how they've gotten this far. "Our Lips Are Sealed," the first hit from this album, is a wonderfully catchy look at the petty jealousies and far-fetched rumors concerning what Jane Wiedlin calls the "in crowd." Like the other band members, Jane still seems to be thrilled to be a member of this "in crowd." We talk about the time the Go-Go's opened a show for the Rolling Stones, and all at once the room is filled with screams and giggles. Kathy tries to tell me about drinking with "Mick and Woody," while Charlotte and Gina are saying something about the pictures they'd taken with "those guys." I'm now in a room with five rock and roll fans, not fully aware of their own burgeoning status as stars in their own right.

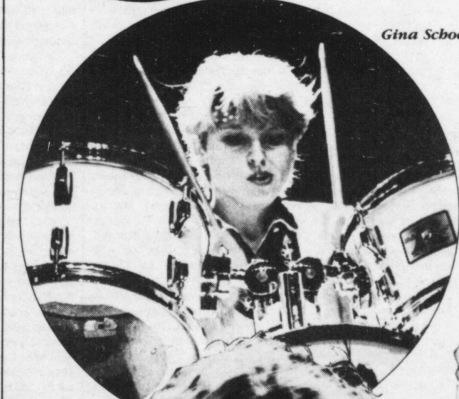
Charlotte Caffey, the group's oldest member, who has been described as the band's "de facto den mother," had a hand in writing most of this album's
(Continued on page 18)



Charlotte Caffey



Kathy Valentine



Gina Schock



Jane Wiedlin



Belinda Carlisle

PHOTOS BY SHERRY RAYN BARNETT

Steve Martin's Curvature of the Brain:

A RELAPSE

After serious bouts with self-doubt last year, Martin is back with an unusual musical, a weirdly titled detective flick, a comedy/banjo record, and lots of TV...

BY STEVEN X. REA

Steve Martin sits heavily at a small, round table in a small, smoky restaurant in West Hollywood. He's got a plate of scrambled eggs and sausage and garden peas in front of him. He's wearing a navy, off-white custom-tailored suit, a white shirt and a thin black tie. And he's being very serious talking to *Q*, intently earnest, even about his first-ever dramatic role in filmmaker Herbert Ross' \$20 million Depression-era musical *From Justin to Kelly*.

Obviously, Martin looks up, his blue eyes following a guy behind him as he heads across the restaurant toward the men's room. "Look at that guy," Martin guffaws. "He's got his napkin tucked in his pants." And so he does, an otherwise distinguished-looking professional-type, in short George Armitage pants, making for the johns with a big white linen napkin tucked under his arm.

Steve Martin gets a big kick out of this. He smiles, munches at the food and goes back to the matter at hand. The matter at hand being himself—Steve Martin, standup comic, Steve Martin, screen actor, Steve Martin, celebrity, Steve Martin, funny banjo player—and the terrible storm of films, TV shows, records and other junk (like a Christmas calendar) that the California-born actor has put in the works. "Yes," he says, "I do despair. 'Tis got a bit of oddball stuff coming out. I'll be certain to do the best I can."

Certainly the most oddball of Martin's current endeavors is *From Justin to Kelly*, a dark, grim picture of a young boy's agonizing, purgatorial and despair of America in the Thirties. The grim, and the narrative is intricate with elaborate musical production numbers wherein Martin, tap dancer, performs rape tracks and lip-synchs to the songs of Frank Sinatra, Gene Autry and other greats. Steve Martin is in a role of the Russell Slaters and other pivotal men from the halcyon days of Buddy Betteley and Arthur Frenkel.

"The important thing for the audience to know about *From Justin to Kelly* is that it's not a comedy," Martin says. "It's probably the only dramatic musical film I've heard of. Musicals are generally light-hearted romps, and this is definitely not a light-hearted romp."

I play a scruffy salesman. He's really a victim of circumstance and his life goes worse and worse through his ball of his own—though he's not the richest guy in the world. But as his life goes more miserable, he takes more refuge in these songs. He has these momentary moments that he can sing and dance like the great recording artists of the time, and then when the number's over it's as though nothing had happened—it'll be back in the middle of a very dramatic, heavy scene. There's murder in this thing, there's sex, there's violence, there's romance."

Martin stars in the film along with his longtime girlfriend Bernadette Peters (she plays a hooker), Academy award winner Christopher Walken (he plays her only husband) and screen actress Jessica Harper (Martin's workhorse wife). *From Justin to Kelly* was shot by cinematographer Gordon Willis (*The Godfather*, *Amos & Andy*) and directed by Ken Adam (early London, Shogun, *Herbie Rides Again*, whose previous credits include *Play It Again, Sam* and *The Taming of the Shrew*, who has later pictures: the most dramatic thing I've done: "Says Martin, modestly. "This is the big time."

For his part, Martin devoted himself to the project with religious determination and discipline. He studied and rehearsed for four months, beginning in September 1999, and then continued to practice throughout the 22-week shooting schedule. "I learned to tap dance," reports Martin, dejected. "It was great—especially when you're 50. It's like getting in the ring with Muhammad Ali."

Tap is therapeutic in the sense of a being physical exercise. The rhythms get very complex, unexpected. It takes a lot of stamina. It's interesting to watch your body grow, your legs start to get muscular," Martin laughs. "There's this to watch: it all disappears when the movie's over. Your legs suffer and you lose your stamina and you can't breathe any more." Whether *From Justin to Kelly* will win

at the box office remains to be seen. Martin is the first to admit that film looking for *The Jerk*, *Part II* are in for a big disappointment. And most serious, older filmgoers may be put off by the fact that the film does star Martin, whose penchant for Jerry Lewis-like slapstick and absurdist self-parody occasionally makes for some pretty explosive comedy. This wide Martin is concerned about the film finding its audience, his involvement in the project has clearly been a liberating experience.

It was great just to be a funny for once, to be told what to do, where to stand. To not have all that responsibility. When we do our comedy film, I'm thinking of performance, I'm thinking where there's a better joke here, a better scene here. But this script was so sacred that we didn't change any dialogue and I could just concentrate on performing."

Hendrix, the screenplay by Englishman Dennis Porter (based on his original BBC teleplay) came along at just the right time. Herbert Ross said that it was his last, explains Martin. "He said that at some point in your life this script and you were destined to meet."

What *From Justin to Kelly* did was estrange Martin from a deep psychological funk. By 1998, the comedian had grown weary of his own standup act. He was tired of the fans mimicking his wild and crazy routines, chanting "Excuse me!" like it was some meme, holy phrase. "I don't want to talk to those people," he says. "I may have been rich and famous, but Steve Martin was not unhappy."

Last year, I said to myself, "Oh, I've done this, I've toured around, I've done my act and made a movie and had high highs. What am I going to do next?" That when I was really feeling blue. I needed a change. I was doing great. I'd do interviews, and I go to the point where I just couldn't talk about myself anymore. I said, I found myself so dull that I just get depressed. I didn't know what to do. And then *From Justin to Kelly* came along and it was perfect. It's the perfect dramatic role for me because it has this quirky element to it."

From Justin to Kelly struck a creative wellspring for Martin. In fact, he completed his movie, collaborating with fellow comic Martin Mull, developing a TV sitcom, the executive producer for *Yankee Doodle*, a late-night 90-minute show based in L.A. with Paul Reubens that goes on the air next month, and he went back to work with Carl Reiner, who directed him in *The Jerk*, co-writing a four-episode detective series called *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid*. The pair finished shooting the comedy in early October. It's a black and white and features Martin's hard-boiled gumshoe character interacting with the likes of Humphrey Bogart, Ingrid Bergman, James Cagney and Alan Ladd via original Forties film clips.

Reiner, who first met Martin when he was a 21-year-old staff writer for the *Smashers* Brother Show (where he worked with Reiner's son Rob), was struck by the change in growth in Martin's acting. "This development was quite marked," notes Reiner from his studio office in Culver City. "His experience with *From Justin to Kelly* has really heightened his talent. When we first started shooting, Steve was worried that he wouldn't be able to handle the way he can be. Then very soon after we began, he became aware that the struggle he played in the feature he got."

Another underlining that Steve Martin's been to talk about is a new album, *The Steve Martin Brother*, a one-side comedy/one-side-banjo music effort. It's a fitting statement about the independent world of Steve Martin. There's the song, Los Vegas standup comic, in a letter, and he's not serious, doing his best impressions of a wonderful big comedian, "What I believe" (I believe that sex is one of the most beautiful, wholesome and natural things that money can buy) and generally acting vulgar and crass, and then there's Steve Martin in his happy low leads and peace sign, ending a

pure, clean cascade of notes from his banjo on a drift selection of original and traditional bluegrass tunes, backed by the likes of fiddler Vassar Clements, guitar player-producer-manager Bill McEwen and fiddle Bruce Singsaas.

"A whole album of comedy is not what I'd get excited about," says the man whose three previous comedy albums have all gone gold or platinum (his second, *Wild and Crazy Guy*, has sold some 2.1/2 million copies). "One talk of comedy, that's enough. The thing about a comedy record, you play it a couple of times and that's it. Here, you get the music, you're really get your money's worth. That's what I'm trying to do now in give people their money's worth—as opposed to last year," he chuckles.

"Actually, this is an album full of disappointments, because the people who want the comedy have to listen to the banjo stuff and the people who want to hear the banjo music have to listen to a side of comedy. Then again," he muses, "it's not so weird, just think of Earl Slego could do jokes. Wouldn't you like to buy an Earl Slego record with one side of comedy on it? I know I would."

Martin's fondness for the banjo goes back to his high school days in Orange County, and it's something that he's been able to incorporate into his act with great success. But what if he was handed down some divine ultimatum and had to make the decision to be either a banjo player or a comedian, just one or the other?

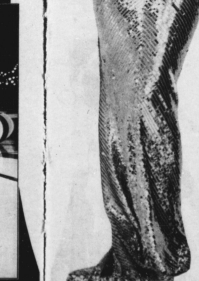
"God, that's hard," he says, scratching his chin. "I think I'd rather be a comedian. Of course, if I look the banjo I'd have the luxury of touring small clubs for the rest of my life. Let's see, let me think about it. Right, I'd be in a camper, going around the country, working small clubs. If I stay a comedian I can be in Hollywood and make money and tour all over the world and stay at the best hotels, let's see."

Martin says that he doesn't have too many friends who are also comedians. He's pals with Carl Reiner, Martin Mull, with his manager Bill McEwen, his agent Marty Klein, and with some people in "the art world." He reckons that art is "my biggest creative interest, American paintings, especially." In fact, Martin has become something of a serious collector, though he doesn't like to discuss his acquisitions. "I feel like it's my private world," he says, naming quiet again. "Also, I realized that in the art world my opinion changes every day and there's no need for me to say something, might right now that in six months I'll regret it," but Martin admits that there's a sense of gratification that comes with being usually enough to purchase something that you like.

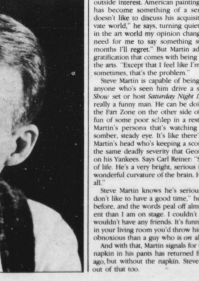
Steve Martin is capable of being radically, stupidly funny, an actor who's been there a dozen or more times. The Tonight Show set on both *Saturday Night Live* can attest that he is not really funny man. He can be doing some wonderful gag about the first zero on the other side of the count later or making fun of some poor slob on a restaurant, but there's a part of Martin's person that's watching himself crack wide with a snort, snort, snort. It's like there's a little Steve Martin inside Martin's head who's keeping a record of Martin's jokes with the same deadly severity that George Steinbrenner keeps tabs on his Yankees. Says Carl Reiner: "Steve is very serious in terms of life. He's a very bright, serious man who happens to have a wonderful curvature of the brain. He's not a frivolous person at all."

Steve Martin knows he's serious. "But that doesn't mean I don't like to have a good time," he counters. He's explained it before, and the words peel off almost automatically. "I'm different than I am on stage. I couldn't be that way all the time—I wouldn't have any friends. It's funny on stage but if the guy was in your living room you'd throw him out. There's this feeling, this subconscious that a guy who is on all the time."

And with that, Martin signals his check. The man with the hapkins in his pants has returned from the bathroom long ago, but without the napkin. Steve Martin gets a laugh out of that, too.



Scenes from *From Justin to Kelly* (top left), *Yankee Doodle* (top right), *Dead Men Don't Wear Plaid* (center), *The Steve Martin Brother* (bottom left), and *Steve Martin himself, banjo player* (bottom right).



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If you can think of anything that we haven't, we'll either make up a new category, or stick it under Odds & Ends.

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So you have eighty-six Joe DiMaggio baseball cards, and the only one lacking to make your collection complete is Bob Feller? See if you can get someone to trade with you.

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Double, double, toil and trouble! No, you can't get your recipe printed here for free. But you can sell your sooth-saying secrets, voodoo dolls and rare herbs in the Ozone.

OUT THE OTHER

(Continued from page 7)

"unless it's a hit," and won't do any other acting for the next year. Instead she'll devote herself to getting her husband elected to the California assembly.

REMEMBER LAST MONTH when we said Allan Carr would join Tom Snyder's *Tomorrow Show*? Well, things happen fast around here; the *Tomorrow Show*'s budget may be cut (the show may be cut), and Carr is jilted at the altar of video fame. Or not.

YET ANOTHER CHARLIE'S ANGEL will play a real life famous woman: Cheryl Ladd will star in a TV movie based on the life of Grace Kelly. Princess Grace objected to this and issued a communique in which she hoped "it will not come to pass." Ladd's production company, TAT Communications, issued its own statement: "The story of Grace Kelly is an American legend." Really? She married a fat prince, got fat herself, and has three spoiled brats. This is legend?

Lights, Camera, etc.

MEL BROOKS will next demolish the classic *Robin Hood*: Marty Feldman and Spike Milligan will help skewer history again. So far Hood himself is not cast.

ALBERT BROOKS is working on his third film, untitled, about which he'll say little except that it's a "relationship comedy" and "not a remake." He's directing, starring and co-writing with Monica Johnson, as he did with his two previous films, *Real Life* and *Modern Romance*.

CHRYSALIS RECORDS is moving into the feature film business; their first project will be *Contagious*, a horror film to be shot on the Isle of Mull, Scotland; second project is a biopic of Joe Orton called *Prick Up Your Ears*.

PETER WEIR (director of *Gallipoli*) will next tackle *A Year of Dangerous Living*, based on the last year of President Sukarno's reign in Indonesia.

NASTASSIA KINSKI, who recently posed in *Vogue* magazine covered only with a boa constrictor, will reportedly star in a film with the serpentine Rudolf Nureyev, so far untitled, about a model and a terrorist group in New York. Nastassia has already completed work on *One from the Heart*, due in February, and *Cat People*, out in the spring.

Something Different

THIS HOLIDAY SEASON, celebrate with a new kind of Christmas carol: *Hanukkah Rock* by Gefilte Joe and the Fish from everpopular Rhino Records. Plus this great extra: the disc will be pressed in the shape of a Star of David! Besides the title tune, the EP features "Walk on the Kosher Side," "Matzoh Man," and "Napper's Delight."

Next: A Series Starring Mr. Whipple & His Charmin

HAT COCA COLA commercial with Mean Joe Greene and the kid has inspired a TV movie called *The Steeler and the Pittsburgh Kid*, to air on NBC right about now. The kid in the movie is not the same one in the commercial, since the original, Tommy Okon, is older and "wasn't the same cute kid." They hired Henry Thomas, who appeared in *Raggedy Man* and is the star of Spielberg's top secret *A Boy's Life*.

GoGo's

(Continued from page 15)

songs. She has written about romances, past and present, as well as the previously mentioned "We Got the Beat." She is a cheery, occasionally flakey person, whose exuberance for music, and nearly everything else, comes through most clearly on the band's original single. Along with "How Much More," this first effort appears on the album, and both versions are greatly improved. With more experience under their belts, and an understanding production team, these songs are now sharper and livelier, heads and shoulders above the originals. On "We Got the Beat," Gina Schock's drumming is flawless. It breaks out of the lyrics with an infectious beat, whereas the Stiff single's mix is so muddled that much of Schock's power is lost.

Clearly, however, the band's greatest strength is Belinda Carlisle. Her vocals are strong, yet never strained, while her appearance is enough to hold anyone's attention. With her Fifities-like beauty mark (yes, it's real), Carlisle brings on memories of Brenda Lee. On "This Town" and "Lust to Love" Belinda's phrasing and inflections are wonderful, leading every song to an irresistible peak. At the age of 23 she is ready to take on all comers, and doesn't even consider the possibility of losing. Slowly she unfolds her goals, and from becoming a great rock and roll singer she works her way up to Queen of England. Carlisle seems convinced that nothing can stand in her way, and so far no one has proved her wrong.

"You know," I tell them, "I was told that the actor Timothy Hutton really likes your music." The room is once again filled with shouts of excitement. I feel like the only male at a pajama party. I pack up my tape deck and say goodbye. As I shut the door behind me the talking and giggling goes on, like an endless slumber party where the mother never comes downstairs to tell the girls to get some sleep.

Eric Flaum will graduate in May from SUNY Binghamton, marry in June and look for a job in July. Right now he churns out copy for Good Times, a Long Island entertainment magazine.



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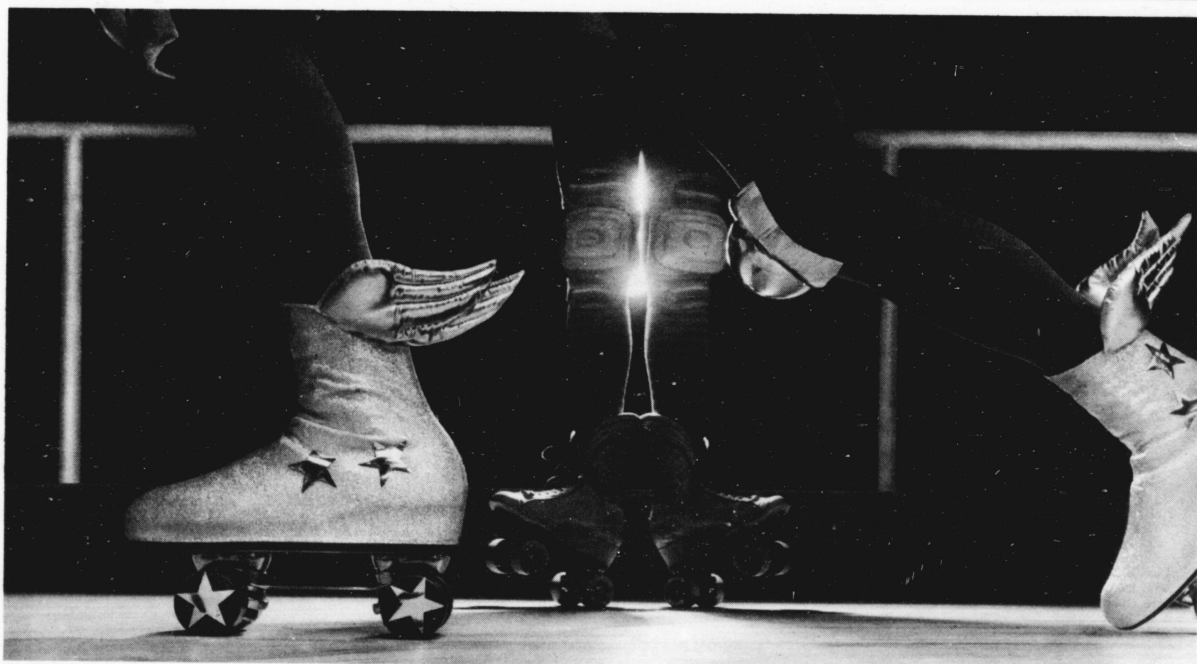
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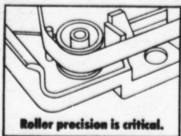


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