

# KENTUCKY Kerhel

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University of Kentucky  
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an independent student newspaper

## The Iranian crisis

### U.N. Council expected to meet today

By WILLIAM N. OTIS  
Associated Press Writer

UNITED NATIONS (AP) — Security Council members agreed to meet on the U.S.-Iran crisis and the council president said the session probably would begin today despite an Iranian plea for a week's delay.

Council President Sergio Palacios de Vizzio of Bolivia told reporters he expected a meeting last night or today in response to Secretary-General Kurt Waldheim's urgent request that the 15-member council convene on the issue.

Waldheim took the unusual step of calling the meeting Sunday, saying the conflict over Iranian militants holding 49 American hostages in the U.S. Embassy in Tehran threatened world peace.

Iranian special envoy Saeed Sanjabi told a news conference the next few days are "of high political and religious

significance" in Iran and "we have expected postponement to the next week of this meeting."

"At that time our foreign minister will be coming here to New York to participate in the meeting of the council and to explain the demands of our people," Sanjabi said.

Abolhasan Bani Sadr, Iran's acting foreign minister, had said Sunday he would fly to New York yesterday. But the country's revolutionary government announced hours later he had postponed his trip for a week because of Ashura, the most important holiday for the Shiite Moslem sect, and the Dec. 2 referendum on Iran's new Islamic constitution.

Although Palacios de Vizzio met before Sanjabi held his news conference, he said he was aware Iran "requested a postponement" but the council would go ahead with its plans to hold a formal meeting.

Sanjabi, reading from a prepared statement, noted Iran had asked on Nov. 13 that the Security Council meet and was "glad" that request had come to Waldheim's attention. The United States had blocked Iran's plea for a meeting, but then announced Sunday it would support Waldheim's request, on grounds the session would focus on a call for an immediate release of the hostages.

Sanjabi said "threats made by the U.S. and its propaganda campaign have created a dangerous atmosphere for the region and entire world." He added Iran wanted deposed Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi "and other members of his regime" returned to Iran to stand trial and that "the wealth stolen by these criminals" be given back to Iran.

The shah is undergoing treatment in a New York City hospital.

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### Specialist to remove shah's gallstone

By KEVIN MCKEAN  
AP Science Writer

NEW YORK (AP) — A prominent radiologist is traveling from Canada to remove a gallstone from the deposed Shah of Iran in the next few days, medical sources said last night.

Dr. H. Joachim Burhenne was to arrive here last night after a flight from Vancouver, B.C., where he heads the department of radiology at Vancouver General Hospital.

A spokesman for the hospital, Eamon Brennan, refused to confirm or deny the report last night. The shah's chief physician, Dr. Benjamin Kean, said he could not comment.

Burhenne and Dr. R. Mazzariello of Buenos Aires, Argentina, are credited with developing the gallstone technique, which is done without anesthesia and is relatively painless.

The procedure can be done in as lit-

tle as half an hour, if no complications arise. The shah's doctors have given it a 50-50 chance of success, but Burhenne has said the chance of success is probably 80 percent.

The shah's doctors have said that if the operation fails, a second "exceedingly grave" operation would be needed to remove the stone, and it could not be done for a month or more.

Many patients do not need to be hospitalized before the operation and walk away when it is over.

"He (Burhenne) is one of the authorities on this operation and probably the one with the greatest experience with it in the United States by a long way," said Dr. David S. Zimm, a New York radiologist.

There were reports the procedure could be performed on the former monarch as early as today. Burhenne said last week that he was consulted on

the case and advised that the soonest the stone should be removed was tomorrow.

Other doctors familiar with the procedure have said the shah should be able to travel and could leave the United States once the gallstone is removed, provided there are no complications.

The gallstone was left in the shah's body after surgery to remove his gallbladder and other gallstones on Oct. 24. He is also being treated for cancer.

Militant students holding 49 Americans hostage in the U.S. Embassy in Iran have demanded that the shah be returned to Iran for trial in return for the safe release of the Americans.

The hostages have been held at the embassy in Tehran since Nov. 4. The U.S. has resisted their demands and threatened to use "other measures" besides persuasion to obtain the release of the hostages.

## today

### state

**FORMER CORBIN POLICE** officer and city commissioner-elect Terry Shelby was killed yesterday when he fell more than 100 feet from the top of a water tower.

Shelby, 33, had been replacing bulbs in a Christmas star on the water tower on Kentucky Hill. He was positioned about midway up a six-foot ladder on top of the tower when the accident occurred shortly before 11 a.m.

A safety rope was attached to Shelby to prevent such a mishap, City Manager Tom Thurston said at the scene. But, Thurston said, the rope was tied to an apparently corroded steel pole supporting the star.

When Shelby fell, the pole broke in two at its base sending the star, ladder and Shelby to the ground.

**FOUR CHILDREN DIED** when a fire apparently started by a gas heater destroyed a trailer yesterday at Kimber, Ky., in the Johns Creek area of Pike County, officials said.

Dora Mae Casey, 14, daughter of Peggy Marie Casey, told investigators she was sleeping on the couch in her family's trailer at Prater's Trailer Park when she awakened after 1 a.m. to find the kitchen area in flames.

She went for help, and could not re-enter the trailer because of the fire, state police said. Two of her brothers and two neighbor children who were spending the night with the Casey's died in the fire.

**SEVEN KENTUCKY PRISON** inmates serving terms without parole were given the opportunity of parole in an order issued by Gov. Julian Carroll and released yesterday.

Carroll, who leaves office Dec. 11, also issued one pardon. The executive orders spelling out the actions were issued last Wednesday, but not publicized at that time.

Gary Auxier, the governor's press secretary, said that because he was attending the prelegislative conference at Kentucky Dam Village State Park and was not able to arrange for release until yesterday.

**SENIOR U.S. DISTRICT** Judge Robert Van Pelt recommended that the boundary between the Kentucky and Indiana be fixed at "the low water mark on the north side of the Ohio River as it existed in 1792, when Kentucky was admitted to the Union."

The recommendation came in a report prepared by Van Pelt, a Lincoln, Neb., judge, for the Supreme Court.

Kentucky had argued that the boundary should be fixed at the low-water mark as it exists today, a move which would give it jurisdiction over more of the river.

**THE JUDICIAL NOMINATING COMMISSION** yesterday submitted three nominees each for vacancies on the Court of Appeals and the Supreme Court to Gov. Julian Carroll.

The nominees included outgoing Attorney General Robert Stephens, Fayette Circuit Judge N. Mitchell Meade and Lexington attorney Charles Landrum Jr. for the Supreme Court seat that becomes vacant today when Scott Reed is sworn in as a U.S. District Judge.

The commission nominated John K. Carter, Robert G. Breetz and Herman E. Frick, all from Louisville, for the seat on the Court of Appeals left vacant when Boyce Martin was sworn in as a member of the U.S. Sixth Circuit Court of Appeals in Cincinnati.

Carroll will appoint one man from each of the list to serve until the November general election, when a permanent replacement for the two judges will be selected.

### nation

**BOTH DAILY NEWSPAPERS** in Cincinnati will be produced by a single production operation beginning Dec. 6 following approval of a waiver of antitrust laws yesterday by Attorney General Benjamin R. Civiletti.

The ruling, only the second under the Failing Newspapers Act of 1970, ends more than two years of hearings although litigation continues in U.S. District Court in Cincinnati.

Under the agreement, *The Cincinnati Post*, owned by the E.W. Scripps Co., will keep its editorial independence. The printing, advertising and circulation will be conducted by the morning *Cincinnati Enquirer*.

*The Enquirer* is now owned by the Gannett Co.

**THREE MEN WHO ROAMED** an eastside Evansville neighborhood asking "where Iranians live" are being sought in connection with a shooting incident at an Iranian student's apartment, police said.

A bullet was fired through the door of the apartment shortly before midnight Friday. But neither Mohammad Mohammadi, a University of Evansville student, nor his Iranian roommate, Mohammad Abbasi, a non-student, were home at the time.

Patrolman Larry Willett said that at least two people living in the apartment building where the shooting occurred told police that the three men were going door to door asking "where the Iranians live."

He said police have a description of the men.

### weather

**INCREASING CLOUDINESS** today with a good chance of rain developing by afternoon and tonight. The high today will be in the upper 40s.



Swing your partner

By TIM GIBNESKI/Kerhel Staff

Jeff Ayres, Arts and Sciences freshman, and Cindy Hardesty, Arts and Sciences junior, perform at halftime of the Lady Kat's Blue-White Game last night. Ayres and Hardesty, members of the UK Dancers, were performing a disco number.

## Leaning Tower of Kirwan?

Although it's leaning, officials say not to worry

By SUSAN WELLE  
Reporter

The Leaning Tower of Pisa has become international attraction in Italy, but the UK campus may have a leaning attraction of its own with Kirwan Tower.

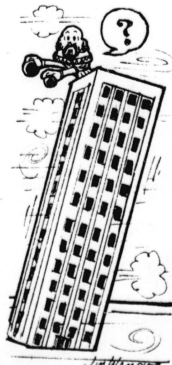
And although UK engineers agree that the tower may be leaning slightly, they deny the rumor that the twenty-three story dormitory is going to be torn down and rebuilt because of it.

Bill Collins, an architectural engineer employed with UK's engineering department said, "I can't imagine where or how (the rumor) got started, but I can assure you that it is only a rumor and no more."

Collins said if there were any truth in the rumor, the "proper people" would know about it, and the dorm would have been evacuated.

"There's just too many chances of lawsuits and people being hurt that something like that could possibly go unnoticed," he said.

Although Collins is not directly involved with campus construction, he said he does know enough information about construction to know the rumor is completely false.



Clifton J. Marshall, an architectural engineer in UK's Department of Design and Construction said, "We may have had some problems with the

Kirwan Tower, but that's certainly not one of them."

He said if the dorm, which is made of concrete, bricks and steel beams, were leaning, it would be doing so at the base of the building, with one side of the dorm sinking into the ground while the other side stayed the same.

"Take the famous Leaning Tower of Pisa for example," Marshall said. "The reason it leans has nothing to do with the construction, but to the type of ground which it was built on."

"The only major problems that we have had with the high rise dorm was brick spalling which was due to bad construction and planning," Marshall said.

Brick spalling occurs when water seeps behind the bricks and has no way of getting out, causing pieces of concrete and brick to fall off.

After brick spalling, lawsuits were brought against the contractors, suppliers and architects of Kirwan Tower, but the case was settled out of court.

The construction company, Foster and Creighton Co. of Nashville, Tenn., and the architect, Edward Durrell Stone of New York, corrected the construction problem and paid \$4,191 to UK.

One thing which could have started the rumor is that the tower sways in strong winds.

"It does sway an inch or two, but all tall building do, even the 103-story Empire State Building sways a few inches," Marshall said. "If they didn't, they would break in half from all the stress."

High rise buildings must be built with enough elasticity in the mortar so that the construction can withstand strong winds, Marshall said. Most towers are built to withstand 75 to 100 miles per hour winds, he added.

"It is possible for the occupants on the higher floors to feel the tower moving ever so slightly during a storm," Marshall said. "And for those who don't know the cause, there's no telling what they might think or say."

Yet, even with logical proof given for the swaying of the Kirwan Tower, at least one resident of the building is still not sure it is standing straight.

"I don't know if the building was built crooked or what, but I can even tell that it's not totally horizontal, and I don't know the first thing about the construction of the buildings," said Danny Hieman, a resident of the twenty-first floor.

# KENTUCKY Kernel

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## Attack on Iran would be swift, easy, but could carry bitter price

What has for so long been unspeakable in America has been spoken: the U.S. government has threatened another nation with military action.

We are faced with the grim prospect of having to attack Iran in response to any actions taken to harm the 49 Americans still being held in the U.S. embassy in Tehran.

And the prospects are indeed grim — American officials acknowledge it would be virtually impossible to use military force to rescue the hostages. Any such military action would utilize helicopters to fly from aircraft carriers in the Persian Gulf or from nearby U.S. allies.

But because the Iranians are equipped with sophisticated American-made radar defenses, such a mission would be detected at its beginning and the hostages would surely be killed.

So force could be used only after the death of one or more of the hostages. It would be a retribution, an act of revenge.

But is this what we really want? Arguments can be made for both answers to the question.

— The United States must demonstrate to the terrorists and fanatics of the world it will not be a captive

of its size. Simply because the nation is powerful, it is not musclebound. We will not be a sounding board for every fringe group's frustrations and tantrums.

— Isn't revenge an immature action? We pride ourselves as being a mature, just people. We have told the Iranians that violence isn't the way to resolve problems. Doesn't this advice also apply to us?

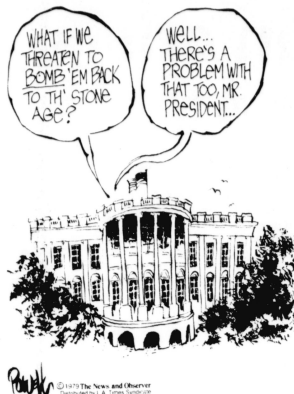
In addition, it must be remembered that we are dealing with religious fanatics who have expressed a desire to be martyrs. The threat of military action is effective when dealing with rational individuals, but that isn't the case with Iran.

To be sure, any attack on Iran would be swift and easy.

Like most of that nation's institutions, its military is in total disarray. Most of the weapon systems are in a state of disrepair. Discipline has evaporated.

Victory would be sure. But it could have a bitter price.

The most likely targets for attack are the Iranian oil fields. But Iran is a major oil supplier for most of America's allies. The United States would be expected to help alleviate any shortages our actions would cause for them. Stopping the flow of Iranian oil would cause extensive disruption of the world's economy.



There are no easy answers to this question. For the present, the United States must continue its present course of diplomatic initiatives. The proposed U.N. Security Council meeting on the situation provides a glimmer of hope. We must hope that the weight of

world opinion changes the Ayatollah Khomeini's mind.

In an earlier period, politicians and editorial writers turned to Thomas Paine for consolation: "These are the times that try men's souls..."

## Letters to the Editor

### Trees and parking

The new parking lot on College View Avenue will mean almost 500 new parking spaces for faculty and staff (actually the lot is for students), but it also means fewer trees and more urban blight. In order to build the new lot, about 15 mature trees were bulldozed down and shredded up. I miss them and I'm sorry that the University acted as though trees and parking lots were incompatible.

The trees, in a quiet area behind the Memorial Coliseum, were beautiful, and the now-blacktopped lot looks cold and negative. The first day that I was there, the big trees lay on the ground all rust and yellow — five or six elms, the same number of maples and a few trees that I think are called sour gums. Kentucky has lots of trees but couldn't the University leave some of them standing in the parking lots? A tree surrounded by a traffic island would probably displace two and a half parking spaces so that would have left at least 450 spaces for cars. Is that such a high price to pay for keeping a little of nature in our community?

I feel that the University should stop this strip mine approach to our transportation problems. We can have parking lots and trees, if we want. And I do. Remember that anyone can a parking lot make but "only (you know who) can make a tree."

Michael Farrall  
Social Work graduate student

### Other side

Teresa Young, associate editor (now special editions editor) of the *Kernel* staff, reported in a front page article on Nov. 19 that "the men of Phi Gamma Delta were the most vocal" in reference to the heckling aimed at several women demonstrating against violence and rape.

Now Teresa, we don't know what you were trying to do by singling us out like that, but that statement was totally unfounded and uncalculated.

We know that you don't want to hear our side of the story, or you would have shown a little journalistic expertise and listened to it before you printed that story. However, we would like to tell it anyway, and try to save a little face with the students and faculty of this campus.

The facts are: Six members of Phi Gamma Delta, curious about the police lights and chanting women, walked out and stood across Kalmia Avenue with a large crowd that had formed there to watch the march. During the march, we did hear some comments aimed at the marchers which were totally unnecessary, but these came from people we didn't know or care to know. After the march was over, we returned to our house. Nothing lewd or disgusting had been said by any Phijs present.

Now, we don't want to ask for any apologies; it's too late for that. We have already had more feedback from the women on this campus than we

care for. All we ask is that you let people know what really happened. We hope that in the future you try and get both sides of your stories, because journalism like that isn't going to get you a job with the *National Enquirer*. It's this kind of reporting that has given the press a bad name in recent years.

Doug Fields  
Undecided sophomore

Tim Ivey  
Accounting senior

### CHE seat

Now is the time for your needs to be voiced. A bill providing a student seat on the Council of Higher Education will be set before the legislature in the upcoming session. This current issue should be of major concern to all students. It would better our ability to partake in decisions, such as where and how our money will be spent, what programs will be improved, and we would generally start to get more things accomplished for the student.

The above issue is just one of many issues involving students at UK. Each year the Student Government Political Affairs Committee organizes a lobbying effort representative of our University's student interests. The committee focuses on affairs which are of interest to the student, both present and future. But to fully represent student interests we need to know

what issues you are interested in, and we need your support.

Instead of sitting around complaining about the injustices imposed upon students, or dreaming about how good things would be if only... get off your posterior and get involved. A group of students as large as that of UK can successfully organize a unified effort that will have substantial influence on legislators, and we have been influential in the past.

An open campus meeting will be held on Nov. 27 at 7:30 p.m. in Room 115 of the Student Center. All ideas are welcome and anyone interested in the lobbying effort is urged to attend. Come tell us your ideas.

Dee Jay Cooper  
Political Affairs Committee

### Islamic law?

In the first few paragraphs of the lead story in the Nov. 19 *Kernel*, an Iranian student was quoted as being "bothered" by the fact that only Iranian students were subject to the present scrutiny by Immigration Naturalization officials. Although I am no authority on international affairs, I feel that perhaps one reason is that only Iranian students are presently engaged in the takeover of the U.S. embassy in Iran and the holding of 49 American citizens hostage. This blatant violation of international law bothers me.

Iranian students in the U.S. have been very vocal in the past couple of years in their support of the overthrow of the previous Iranian government, and equally as vocal in their condemnation of the U.S. Now the Shah has been overthrown, the Ayatollah is in power, and with him the doctrines that the Iranians have supported. With their major goals accomplished the present should be a time of internal reorganization, rebuilding, and recovery from the supposedly corrupt regime of the Shah. Instead, we witness hostile actions against the U.S., aggressive revenge against all members of the former government, and supposed supporters of the new regime who are reluctant to return to Iran. This, I suppose, is Islamic law.

However, I do find one point of agreement with the Iranian students. One student was quoted as saying that "The trial of the Shah is going to be scandalous." Judging from the reports of the numerous "trials" and subsequent executions following Khomeini's rise to power, I would even predict that if the Shah ever goes to trial in Iran, the spectacle will be resignedly abominable.

George Barry Burton  
Animal Science graduate student

### Wrong message

This letter is in response to the article on the front page of the Nov. 19 edi-

tion of the *Kernel* and to the letter to the editor of that same edition.

An Iranian student said that the takeover of the U.S. embassy was a political "message." Fine. Unfortunately, the Iranian students messed it up in sending it. The "message" presented was one in which they said that they have no respect for diplomatic procedures. If you don't like the things that a government, or the people representing that government have done, you throw the people out. You don't hold the people hostage.

And to the Iranians in this country who don't understand the American reaction to this incident, I say this, you obviously haven't learned anything about the American people. You have failed to realize that the American people love their freedom more than anything. We, the American people, can identify with the individuals being held in Tehran. The Iranian students are not holding an American embassy, they are holding a group of American individuals against their will and without trial for allegedly spying. (And I wonder, would a trial be fair anyway?) The Iranian government, if there is one, could have done other things to "punish" the U.S., but did not. Instead, they let the embassy be taken over and are now in support of that takeover. I don't think that the demands that are being made is what the American people are mad about. No, it is the way in which the Iranian government makes those demands.

The American people do not like for individual Americans to be used to "get at" the U.S. government. That's where the line is drawn. The taking of American hostages has drawn that line, and the American people are mad and upset. Americans have fought and died to keep their freedom, and they get upset when even one American is denied his freedom unjustly. That is why the American people have reacted to this situation in the way they have, and not in the way that the Iranian students and government thought that they would react. The demands of the Iranian students and government will fall upon deaf ears for as long as Americans are held hostage. You don't get someone to listen to you while you hold a gun to their head.

So, to the Iranians in the U.S., when you try to justify the taking of American hostages to other Americans, just remember not to be too surprised when they ignore you.

Leslie Eugene Lewis  
Physics senior

### Consumer boycott

The Lexington-Bluegrass chapter of the National Organization for Women unanimously passed a resolution endorsing the consumer boycott of J.P. Stevens products and calls upon all stores and especially Shillitos department store to discontinue its sale and promotion of Stevens merchandise. This includes the Utica and

Tastemaker brands and cloth merchandise of towels, sheets, hosiery, table linen, draperies, blankets and carpets.

The resolution was passed because the J.P. Stevens Company is the nation's number one labor law violator, having been convicted of more violations of the National Labor Relations Act than any other company in American history and has been convicted twice in federal court for massive racial discrimination, and is under investigation by the Equal Opportunity Commission for company-wide practices of discrimination.

The workers of J.P. Stevens face cotton dust and noise levels which are many times higher than levels permitted by the Occupational Safety and Health Administration.

We hope every consumer will join in the boycott of J.P. Stevens and will encourage Shillitos and other stores to stop buying their products, because of the many violations the company has committed.

Patricia Todd  
Lexington-Bluegrass National Organization for Women president

### Economic sanctions

Economic sanctions must be taken against all governments abetting terrorist activities. The power of the American Agricultural Products Cartel must be wielded to preserve peace, to promote economic stability, and to perpetuate international leadership.

Bill Arrott  
Engineering junior

The *Kentucky Kernel* welcomes all contributions from the UK community for publication on the editorial and opinion pages.

Letters, opinions and commentaries must be typed and triple-spaced, and must include the writer's signature, address and phone number. UK students should include their year and major and University employees should list their position and department.

The *Kernel* may condense or reject contributions, and frequent writers may be limited. Editors reserve the right to edit for correct spelling, grammar and clarity, and may delete libelous statements.

Contributions should be delivered to Room 114 Journalism, University of Kentucky, Lexington, Ky. 40506.

For legal reasons, contributors must present a UK ID before the *Kernel* will be able to accept the material.

Letters: Should be 30 lines or less and no more than 200 words. They should concern particular issues, concerns or events relevant to the UK community.



# DIVERSIONS

## Album review

### Fear not Head's latest recording

**FEAR OF MUSIC**  
Talking Heads  
(Sire)

The wonders of New Wave have struck deep into the heartland with this year's version of self-analysis, *Fear of Music*. David Byrne's persona moves even closer to the edge of sanity in *Fear* as he explores various often-overlooked areas of life. He is probably the most unique songwriter producing material today. His original, yet everyday topics are put into musical form with tantalizing results.

*Fear of Music* is a misnomer. It seems that music is the only thing that singer-songwriter/guitarist Byrne does not fear. In this successor to 1978's *More Songs About Food and Buildings*, we are told of apprehensions about relationships,

finding a place to live, writing, war, pollution and even of being human. The lyrics question, challenge and reveal the ultimate fear—of failure. Fear is everywhere, but no one has thought to look for it.

All the members of the group are former art school students. The Talking Heads is not a commercial group; the music is accessible though, even danceable.

The husband-and-wife rhythm section of drummer Chris Frantz and bassist Tina Weymouth provide the rock bottom foundation from which Byrne climbs to his shaky heights as guitar lines provide an eccentric contrast. Keyboardist Jerry Harrison adds mood and melody to the mix. But the center of attention is Byrne's vocals. Only he could

give his lyrics adequate treatment. His voice adds another dimension to lyrics that already reveal a mind turning over in fear, passing through various mental stages. Byrne's approach is sometimes blunt, while at other times so oblique that he barely alludes to the topic.

Freud wouldn't believe it. In the final delivery, Byrne conveys his powerful voice into exhortations of pure ad, alternating them with urgent, confident statements of opinion.

Byrne's singing has been compared to the cry of a chicken shortly before decapitation; some say he is neurotic; others call him an artist. He would probably tell you that whatever he is, *Fear of Music* "ain't no foolin' around."  
—Mark Green

### 'Tartuffe', 'Da' make up stage feast

Stage presentations seem to be running in streaks this year in Lexington — it's either feast or famine.

The next two weekends will be feasts for theater fans. UK Theatre will open its production of *Tartuffe* Thursday night and the Lexington Opera House will play host to the touring company of *Da* a week later.

*Tartuffe* is a classic Renaissance comedy written by Moliere in the 17th Century. A satirical play dealing with a religious hypocrite and the effect he has on a French landowner, the work was highly controversial in its time.

Moliere wrote three drafts of the play, the first being presented in 1664. It was immediately banned by the church, which threatened performers with excommunication. It was not until 1669 that the play was performed regularly in Moliere's own theater. It became his most successful play during his lifetime.

George Elliott and Walter Tunis portray *Tartuffe* and his convert Orgon in the UK production, which runs Thursday through Saturday and Dec. 6 through 8 in the Gignoul Theatre. All shows are at 8 p.m. Tickets are \$3 for students, \$4 otherwise at the Fine Arts Building ticket office. For reservations call 258-2680.

In contrast to the classic antiquity of *Tartuffe* is the recent success of *Da*, the Opera House's second "Broadway Nights" attraction of the year.

Written by Irish playwright Hugh Leonard, *Da* was a highly acclaimed Broadway production of the 1978 season, winning the Tony Award (Broadway's Oscar) for "Best Play," among others. The play is still running in New York City.

Set in Dublin, the comedy-drama deals with a young man's reflections as he returns home for the funeral of his father. As the son (Ian Stuart in this production) shifts through his father's effects he is joined by the spirit of his "da" (Jack Aranson). "Da is a beguiling play about a son's need to come to terms with his father — and with himself," wrote Mel Gussow of *The New York Times* after the opening of the New York production. "Warmly but un sentimentally, it concerns itself with paternity, adolescence, the varieties of familial love and the tricks and distortions of memory."

Tickets for the production, which runs Dec. 6 through 8 (Thursday through Saturday), are \$12 and \$10 for the three evening performances, \$10 and \$8 for the Saturday matinee. Curtain time is 8 p.m. for the evening shows and 2 p.m. for the matinee. Information is available at the Lexington Center ticket office, 233-3535.

### '10' is 'Panther'-style fun; 'Onion Field' script is film's only drawback

## film reviews

**10**  
Directed by Blake Edwards  
(Orion/Warner Brothers)

George Webber, a well-known composer in California, has just turned 42. Although he lives in a fine home, has a high income and dates a successful actress, (Julie Andrews), George is not satisfied with life. In fear of growing old, he insists on having one last fling and seeks to fulfill his wildest imaginations with a beautiful blonde (Bo Derek) who captivates George's desires.

These are the ingredients of the new Blake Edwards film, *10*. Edwards, writer/director of the Pink Panther movies, uses the same splashy style and a practical setting to comically convey the "growing old" trauma of male menopause.

Dubbed as "a temptingly tasteful comedy for adults who can count," *10* offers a funny and entertaining perspective on life without involving sharks, spaceships or old wives.

Played by Dudley Moore, George's quest for the ultimate ends in the realization of his needs as he comes face to face with the problem — and the girl.

As in the Pink Panther series, Edwards uses a klutz as his subject and succeeds in presenting a fast and funny movie that is a lot of fun. Cleverly written, underscored by the music of Henry Mancini, *10* is a must for Pink Panther fans, with a meaningful plot and a simple love story hidden beneath the humor.

—Donnie Ward

## THE ONION FIELD

Directed by Walter Coblenz  
(Avco Embassy)

We should be thankful that Joseph Wambaugh spent a decade or so in the wrong job. If he hadn't been a Los Angeles cop during the sixties he wouldn't have had the material for the startlingly realistic novels of police life he has written. *The Blue Knight*, *The New Centurians* and *The Onion Field*.

Wambaugh's works have provided a fertile ground for Hollywood, but he has been less than enthusiastic about the

translation of his novels and short stories into movies and television series.

For that reason, he had almost complete control over the film version of *The Onion Field*. He financed the production, wrote the screenplay and oversaw filming. As a result, *Onion Field* has a firm grip on the real world — a view of policemen and the people they deal with as more than cardboard cops and robbers — missing from most movies of this type.

In the spirit of the old *Dragnet* television shows, *Onion Field* begins with the

legend, "This is a True Story." It's the story of Karl Hettinger (John Savage) and his partner Ian Campbell, two LA cops.

Hettinger and Campbell were captured in the summer of 1963 by a pair of small-time criminals. Campbell (Ted Danson) was murdered in a onion field near Bakersfield, Calif., while Hettinger escaped. But for the next 10 years he is haunted by that night.

The LAPD command calls his actions cowardly, and he is forced to recount the night repeatedly, as the trials of the killers drag on from legal loophole to loophole.

He progresses from nightmares to kleptomania to impotence during the period. He is even forced to resign from the police department.

The killers are a misfit pair of petty thieves. One (James Woods) is a compoone neurotic, a lately homosexual schemer convinced he has the system to beat the world. The other (Franklyn Seals) is a young, black ex-con who regards his partner warily.

The acting and directing in *Onion Field* is uniformly competent. There are no standout performances, but everyone does a good job of

making his character a full human whose motivations and emotions the viewer can see and understand.

But the real credit for this must go to the quality of the writing. Wambaugh's script maintains a nice level of tenseness. The settings are authentic, the dialogue is genuine.

Ironically, though, the script is the only major drawback of *Onion Field*. This is the first film Wambaugh has actually written, and it shows.

This film has the structure of a novel, a long novel. In a book, an author can take the time to

explore the various quirks and eccentricities of an individual. But if these explorations aren't limited in a film, the film's focus is blurred.

That's exactly what happens here. Because each character is examined in such depth, *Onion Field* often resembles an exhaustive documentary, rather than a tight melodrama. But we really shouldn't complain too loudly. *Onion Field*'s a gritty, gripping dissection of a crime and its aftermath. It reaches a level most movies of this type can only hope to reach.  
—Richard McDonald

### Kernel Crossword

ACROSS

- Saturated
- Pack
- Sphere
- de cacao
- Love
- Waiting for the Roat
- raigs
- Antic
- Swarm
- and heathered
- Substitute
- Minerals
- Brittle
- Disparage
- Midl season
- Seed coats
- Soil
- Brit fliers
- Crowds
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- Reduces
- Where
- Augusta is
- Chalice
- Ordered
- back
- Marked

DOWN

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- Insh exclamation
- Split
- Involves
- Abandons
- Youngster
- Muslim
- prince
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- Conduct
- Girl's name
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- word
- California
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More than 3 weeks after seizure

# U.S. officials have no direct access to Khomeini

By BARRY SCHWED  
Associated Press Writer

WASHINGTON (AP) — More than three weeks since the seizure of American hostages, the U.S. government still has had no direct access to the Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini, the Iranian revolutionary leader.

Neither the State Department nor the White House has been in contact with the revolutionary leader. And since the fall of the civilian Bazarjan government soon after the Tehran embassy takeover, access to the Iranian foreign ministry

also has been very limited. w. Bruce Laingen, who headed the U.S. mission, happened to be at the ministry when revolutionary students seized the American embassy on Nov. 4.

There, in the first few days, Laingen met regularly with Ibrahim Yazdi, the foreign minister. But Yazdi quit office with the fall of the Bazarjan government.

This left Laingen in touch only with low-level officials, except for a couple of talks with Abolhassan Bani Sadr, a member of the ruling revolutionary council and the new

acting head of the foreign ministry.

Laingen has not seen Bani Sadr in more than a week. Presidential emissaries Ramsey Clark and William Miller were turned back on their way to Iran three days after the embassy fell. There have been no official U.S. representatives sent to Iran since.

Rep. George Hansen, R-Iowa, flew to Tehran on his own and visited the hostages on Sunday. But he is there on a personal basis, and not as a government representative.

In fact, the Carter administration is against such individ-

ual missions so long as the hostages are being held. "I don't think that sort of thing is helpful," Jody Powell, the White House press secretary, said Monday.

Powell agreed with a suggestion that the Iranians might misinterpret Hansen's statements as U.S. "feathers."

"If he (Hansen) gives a conflicting view to the students, he could prolong their (the hostages) stay," Powell said.

At the embassy, where 49 Americans are being held a 23rd day, the State Department is in contact with student lead-

ers. Department officials refuse to provide any details, except to confirm the channel is open.

Two batches of mail from the families were sent to Tehran. Again, the official said, "we are unable to give a flat guarantee that it got through."

Hansen is the only American, aside from the hostages, to get into the embassy. He reported the hostages were still kept with their hands tied loosely. The congressman found them "anxious" but healthy.

# Khomeini urges Iranians to unite against U.S.

By ALEX EFTY  
Associated Press Writer

TEHRAN, Iran (AP) — Ayatollah Ruhollah Khomeini raged against the United States on yesterday and told his followers all Iranians must learn to handle weapons, drop their divisive arguments and unite

with all their might against America or "we will disappear for good."

This attempt to solve the U.S.-Iranian crisis got under way at the United Nations in New York. Khomeini broadcast a speech from his headquarters at the holy city of Qom to revolutionary guards asking

that they mobilize against the "Satanic" power of America.

And 100 miles away, in Tehran, the 49 American hostages that are his price for return of the deposed Shah Mohammad Reza Pahlavi spent their 23rd day as captives in Tehran's U.S. Embassy.

"An Islamic country ought to be a military one... Everyone must learn shooting and military skills... In addition to the religious equipment and faith that (the youth of our nation) possess, they must also be equipped with materials and arms... A country that will have 20 million youths in a few years time, should have 20 million armed men." The Moslem patriarch said on Tehran radio, monitored in London.

Shortly afterward, the radio broadcast a statement from the guards' central headquarters saying it had formulated a nationwide program of military training for all which would be explained in further announcements.

Religious fervor heightened as Moslem leaders called for demonstrations and again alleged United States responsi-

bility for invasion of the Grand Mosque, Islam's holiest shrine in Mecca, Saudi Arabia.

Thousands gathered in an unusual night demonstration outside the occupied embassy, listening attentively to speeches then, on cue, bursting into deafening chants denouncing the U.S. government. Many wore white mourning shrouds signifying their readiness to die for Islam. "Death to Carter, death to the Shah," they shouted.

The embassy has become a place of pilgrimage for thousands of devout Moslems who travel there from all over Iran to denounce "infidel America" in response to the appeals of Khomeini and other religious leaders.

The hostages, held inside the embassy buildings since mid-November, took it over Nov. 4 and demanded the shah be extradited from New York, where he is undergoing cancer treatment, had had their first American visitor.

Rep. George Hansen, R-Iowa, described them as well but worried after a brief visit with 20 of them on Sunday.

# Despite Iranian plea for delay, U.N. Council to convene today

Continued from page 1

Diplomats following the private U.N. consultations said earlier that the United States and Iran were working at cross purposes.

The diplomats, preferring not to be identified, said U.S. Ambassador Donald F. McHenry sought to have the council meet soon and call for the hostages' release.

They said Iranian Charge d'Affaires Jamal Shemirani asked that the meeting be put off until after Saturday.

When Walheim made his request Sunday, he told reporters he considered the current confrontation the worst threat to international peace since the 1962 Cuban missile crisis involving the United States and the Soviet Union.

Iranian students have held the hostages since Nov. 4. The United States has resisted their demands and threatened to use "other measures" besides persuasion to get the hostages released. U.S. ships have been moved to the Indian Ocean, south of Iran, and Iran has put its own navy on full alert.

Diplomatic sources here

familiar with the U.S. position said the United States believed the council "should focus on the hostages." They also said that while the United States might not mind some delay, it did not want a delay until next week.

Walheim was the second secretary general to use his chartered power to bring to the council's attention "any matter which in his opinion may threaten the maintenance of international peace and security."

The first, Dag Hammarskjold, convened a council meeting in 1960 because of trouble in the newly independent Congo, a former Belgian colony.

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By GARY LANDERS/Kernel Staff

Lady Kat Debbie Oden (right) scoops up a loose ball as freshman Valerie Still (12) takes a seat during last night's scrimmage at Memorial Coliseum.

## Freshman Still stellar; vets take scrimmage

By ROBBIN MULLINS  
Reporter

Despite Valerie Still's stellar performance for the Blue team, the White squad pulled away with an 81-76 victory last night at Memorial Coliseum in the last UK Lady Kat basketball scrimmage before the season opener Saturday.

Still, the sister of former UK All-American football star Art Still, poured in 36 points, pulled down 22 rebounds, made five steals and accumulated four block shots. The Cherry Hill, N.J. native, hit 12-of-35 shots from the field and connected on 12-of-18 free throws.

Continued on page 6

# Curci owes senior Doug Vescio an apology

By PAUL MANN  
Copy Editor

Contrary to popular belief, being a college football player is not a very glamorous life. The next time you see a UK football player, ask him if he's glad the football season is over. His reply will probably be yes. Then ask him if he is disappointed about not being able to participate in the Hall of Fame Bowl. The response may surprise you, but more than likely he will say no.

Of the players I've talked to, most are tired of having to practice every day and are ready for the rest. Others didn't want to go to a post season bowl game because that would have meant having to practice in colder weather, some wanted to hit the books in order to get ready for finals and some just wanted to go home.

Of course, not all felt that way. Some players showed that they were not as apathetic

about football. But for one such player, that fact seemed to make little difference to the UK coaches.

### commentary

Before the kickoff of last Saturday's game against Tennessee, the 13 seniors on UK's squad stepped onto the field to receive final recognition for their four-year tenure at UK. However, while watching this ceremony it became evident that something was wrong.

Doug Vescio, a senior wide receiver from Richmond, walked onto the field with the rest of the UK seniors. But instead of wearing the Wildcat blue and white, Vescio was dressed in civilian clothes.

At first glance it seemed as if Vescio was injured, but later it was learned that to keep within the SEC 60-man squad limit Vescio was not allowed to dress with the rest of the team.

In Sunday's *Herald-Leader* Vescio said he learned last Thursday that he would not be allowed to suit up for his final game. "I was very surprised when I was told I wouldn't be dressing for the game because I thought it was a tradition around here," Vescio said.

He went on to say that UK coach Fran Curci never said a word to him about not dressing out for the game.

This is a great injustice for a young man who has spent the last four years of his life trying to prove himself as a football player. Even though he didn't set any pass receiving records at UK or bring drooping pro scouts, Doug Vescio deserves more respect than what he received Saturday.

There is no reason why Vescio should not have suited up with the rest of the Wildcats for the Tennessee game. There are plenty of freshmen who did not see any playing time who could have been sacrificed so Vescio

could have left in style. That is the least he deserves.

He has practiced just as hard as the rest of the team. He has been a member of the squad for the same amount of time as the other seniors. And being a walk-on on a team composed primarily of scholarship athletes hasn't made the situation any easier for him.

The saddest part of this story is that there are a lot of Doug Vescios around. Boys in the state of Kentucky start playing football at an early age with dreams of someday becoming a Kentucky Wildcat.

To achieve this goal, these young men go through junior

and senior high school trying to become the best football player they can be. For the most dedicated, the dream of playing at UK becomes a reality.

For some the dedication pays off, but, for the majority of UK and other college football players, the experience brings few rewards.

Vescio will not be remembered as a great football player at UK. But he should be remembered as an athlete who wanted to play football and was dedicated enough to stick it out for four years.

Fran Curci owes Doug Vescio an apology.

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# Macy finds lessons in Duke loss

By CHARLES WOLFE  
AP Writer

With Kentucky's season-opening loss to Duke duly recorded as a game of missed opportunities, the young Wildcats head north to Alaska for three games that will determine whether they learned from their mistakes.

Kentucky blew a nine-point lead against Duke and fell 82-76 in overtime in the Nov. 17 Hall of Fame Classic at Springfield, Mass. The loss was disappointing, but served a purpose.

"We watched the film and it did bring up some of our weaknesses," senior guard Kyle Macy said in an interview. "It also brought up a few areas where we were a little stronger than we thought."

The Wildcats play Bradley in Friday's first round of the Great Alaskan Shootout, a six team affair hosted by the University of Alaska at Anchorage. A victory would pit them against the winner of the game between Pacific and the host Seawolves. Iona and Texas A&M round out the field.

Macy was mum about the strengths and weaknesses that

were underscored by the Duke game, but Coach Joe B. Hall complained that his players were too slow offensively.

"We hadn't played a game. We had five freshmen and one (Bowie) was going to start," Hall said. "It was pretty hard to be rated against Duke."

"We were just kind of walking through the offense instead of running it and making good, sharp cuts," agreed Macy. "That's partly because we're such a young team. We're still going through the feeling-out process, getting to know each other. With time, we'll improve."

That is nothing new for Macy, who admitted having problems last year while trying to run Kentucky's offense and adjust simultaneously to the play of three freshmen. The problem has since been compounded.

Kentucky this year has five highly touted freshmen, all of whom saw action against Duke in the 7-foot-1 Sam Bowie totaling 22 points and 17 rebounds in his debut.

Most experts feel, as Bowie progresses, the Wildcats will have a dominating center for

the first time in a decade. "I think he's going to be a real good player," Macy said. "It's kind of a new adjustment to some of the other players who haven't really played with a big man in the middle. Everyone is going through a learning experience, including him. He hasn't played against big

centers in high school." Kentucky was ranked No. 2 before the Duke game and the Wildcats were overrated.

"It was pretty hard to be rated that high right off the bat," said Macy. "We feel we have the capabilities of working our way up there. We know

we're a young team and we're going to make a lot of mistakes early, but hopefully we can just improve on that.

"We're trying to smooth out our own game. We feel like if we can play our game, it's not really going to matter what the other team does."

## Frosh Still impressive for Blues but veterans take final scrimmage

Continued from page 5

Lori Edgington, a freshman from Louisville, added 23 points for the Blue squad (composed of six freshmen) which held a 45-37 lead at halftime.

The freshmen held on to that lead until the last few seconds of the contest when a couple of costly turnovers gave the Whites the victory.

The White squad (composed of upperclassmen), fell far behind in the early stages of the second half but were able to rely on experience and tough defense to pull back into the game.

Tanya Fogle led the victors with 20 points. Liz Luckschu added 18 and Maria Donhoff 17 to back Fogle.

However, Luckshu, a senior from Owensboro, managed only 10 rebounds as compared to Still's 23.

The Blue squad shot only 30 percent from the floor for the contest but connected on 22-of-31 free throws.

The White team hit 44 percent from the floor and 60 percent from the field in the second half.

There were 47 turnovers in

the game — 28 of which belonged to the upperclassmen.

Coach Debbie Yow's squad opens their season Saturday when they travel north to face Cincinnati.

**White (81)** — Fogle 20, Luckshu 18, Donhoff 17, Edelman 12, Oden 11, Grigsby 3

**Blue (76)** — Still 36, Edgington 22, Garland 8, Wise 8, Barber 2, Hedges 0

White ..... 37-44-81  
Blue ..... 45-31-76



SCB Coffeehouse  
Committee

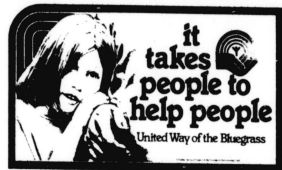


is soliciting for

### Local Talent Tryouts

on Wed. & Thurs. Nov. 28-29  
3-6 pm in the Student Center

Anyone interested should  
contact the Student Center  
Board Offices 258-8867 for an  
appointment.



# PABST® SPECIAL DARK

PRESENTS UK's INTRAMURAL PAGE

## INTRAMURALS '79

### Basketball dominates Intramural action

**3-on-3**

Intramural three-on-three basketball begins Monday, November 26. Fraternity and Men's Residence Hall division play starts Monday and Tuesday and other divisions begin Wednesday and Thursday. Come to the intramural office and check the appropriate bulletin boards for the times and court locations. All games will be played at the Seaton Center. Finals of all divisions will be Wednesday, December 5 starting at 6:00 p.m. IM rules can be picked up at Seaton Center Room 135.

**One-on-One**

IM one-on-one basketball will begin on Sunday, December 2 at 7:00 p.m. in the Seaton Center Gymnasium.

This will be a single elimination tournament and will include both a men's and women's division. The first player in each game to score eight baskets will be the winner. IM

Championship T-Shirts will be awarded to the first and second place finishers in each division.

Participants must report to Seaton Center by 6:30 p.m. on Sunday. IM rules can be picked up at Seaton Center Room 135.

**HORSE**

The first annual HORSE Basketball Tournament will be played Sunday, December 9 at 7:00 p.m. in the Seaton Center Gym. All participants must report to the gym by 6:30 p.m. This will be an all campus event with players competing against other divisions. T-Shirts will be awarded to the first and second place finishers in the men's and women's divisions.

*Spring semester*

**5-on-5**

Entries will be taken starting December 10 for Intramural five-on-five. All entries are due by 5:00 p.m. on Friday, Jan. 18, 1980. Play begins on Monday, Jan. 28.

**Officials needed**

There will be an important meeting for all persons interested in officiating Intramural Basketball on Tuesday, December 11 at 4:00 p.m. in Room 213 of the Seaton Center. This will be the first organizational meeting so everyone must attend. If you are interested but have a conflict on that day, contact Russ Pear in Room 135 of the Seaton Building or call 258-2898. Officiating is an easy way to pick up some extra spending money.

**Rec-Check**

Call the Intramural Rec-Check after 5:00 p.m. on weekdays and weekends for the up-to-the-minute facility and IM hours and programs. The number is 257-3928.

**Extended building hours**

**SEATON CENTER**

M-F 4:00 p.m. to 12:00 p.m.  
Sat. 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.  
Sun. 12:00 noon to 10:00 p.m.

**GYMNASTICS ROOM**


Mon. & Wed. 7:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.  
Sunday 3:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m.

**ALUMNI GYMNASIUM**

M-F 6:30 p.m. to 12:00 p.m.  
Sat. 9:00 a.m. to 9:00 p.m.  
Sun. 12:00 noon to 10:00 p.m.

**COLISEUM POOL**

M-W-F 7:00 p.m. to 10:00 p.m.  
Sat. 2:00 p.m. to 6:00 p.m.  
Sun. 12:00 noon to 6:00 p.m.  
M-W-F for faculty/staff 12:00 noon to 1:00 p.m.  
T-Th for faculty/staff 11:00 a.m. to 1:00 p.m.



THE LIGHTER DARK BEER.

A Music, Arts & Entertainment Magazine for College Newspapers

# BETTE

*Midler Grabs More Gusto*

the **CARS**  
*Tricky, Precise*  
the **KINKS**  
*Buzzsaw Renaissance*



**Ampersand**

VOL. III, NO. 3 NOVEMBER, 1979 • NEIL ZLOZOWER

This Panasonic stereo has one component  
your component system doesn't have.

A handle



AM/FM STEREO CASSETTE RECORDER

The best stereo sound used to come only from components. Until Panasonic put a handle on it. Now great sound carries everywhere with the Panasonic RX-5500 AM/FM stereo cassette recorder, a super portable that packs the features found in many component systems.

Like linear-scale tuning that helps you pinpoint FM stations even on a crowded dial. For even more accuracy, there's a 14-stage LED tuning meter with separate right and left level channel indicators.

The 5500 also has component-like sophistication in the cassette section. Starting with the Dolby<sup>®</sup> Noise Reduction system. To a three-position tape selector that lets you handle the three most popular types of tape (CrO<sub>2</sub>, FeCr and normal). There are two built-in, sensitive condenser microphones for great live recordings. And with mike-mixing you can record along with your radio favorites. While the digital tape counter, Cue and

Review and locking pause control add up to effortless recording and playback.

The 5500's speakers are just as remarkable, with two powerful 6½" woofers and two 1¼" tweeters. And with separate controls for treble and bass, you can tailor the sound to your taste. There's even a variable sound monitor that lets you adjust the volume of the speakers without affecting your headphones. Or vice versa.

And all of this incredibly sophisticated sound travels just about anywhere because it operates on batteries (not included) and on any of the 4 international voltages. Even from your car with an optional adapter (RP-952).

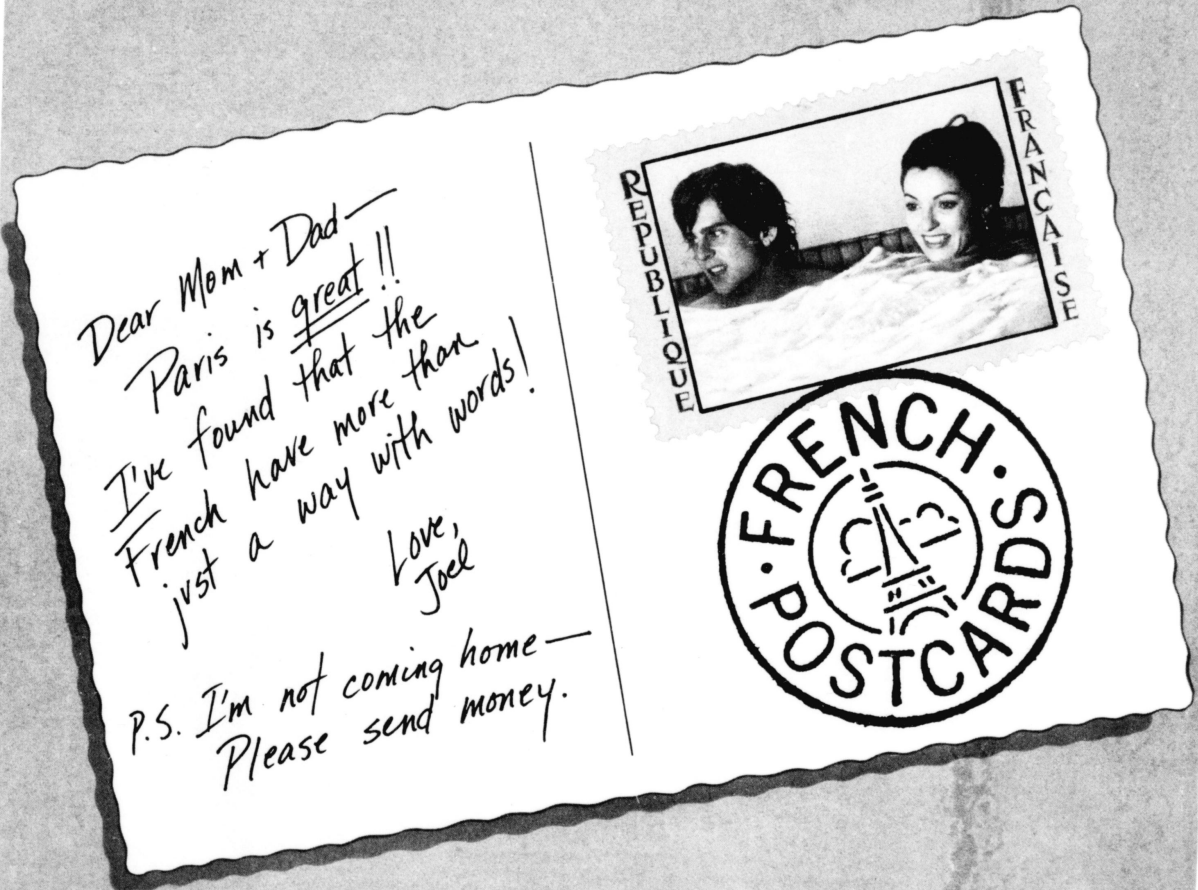
The RX-5500. It's part of the line of Panasonic "Stereos with a Handle." Pick one up.

**Panasonic**  
just slightly ahead of our time.

\*Dolby is a trademark of Dolby Laboratories



**American students go to Paris...The less they study the more they learn.**



Paramount Pictures Presents "French Postcards"

Starring Miles Chapin • Blanche Baker • David Marshall Grant • Valerie Quennessen • Debra Winger

Marie-France Pisier and Jean Rochefort • Music Score by Lee Holdridge • Produced by Gloria Katz

Written by Willard Huyck & Gloria Katz • Directed by Willard Huyck

A Paramount Picture

PG PARENTAL GUIDANCE SUGGESTED  
SOME MATERIAL MAY NOT BE SUITABLE FOR CHILDREN

NOW A FAWCETT PAPERBACK

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**NOW PLAYING AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.**

### Long Journey to Purdue

Regarding Purdue University's recent complaint that their free Journey concert never materialized (September *Ampersand*), Jim Hernandez of Journey's management company, Nightmare Productions, said they are working with Jeff Chamberlain on the Purdue University Student Concert Committee attempting to schedule the concert during Journey's 1980 tour — which starts next June. "We're actively pursuing this, stardom has not taken its toll, we intend to fulfill our obligation, and we salute Purdue for winning the contest," Hernandez said. He also noted that Nightmare had received a considerable quantity of mail from disgruntled Purdue students. Hang in there; by June, 1980, 2½ years will have passed since the contest.



## Ampersand

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#### New Contributors

JAMES ANGER (On Disc). Poet, novelist, world traveler, raconteur and bon vivant, none of these words adequately describe — or even relate to — James Anger, a life-long rock & roll enthusiast with perhaps the country's largest collection of Nash, Hudson, Kaiser and Studebaker dashboard clocks. SAL MANNA (On Screen) says he's "a short, wimpy guy" whose hero is Woody Allen. Manna graduated Northwestern University and now freelances for *Out*, the *Los Angeles Times* and others.

# IN ONE EAR...

Why don't you give any ethnic music a review? Where are all the blacks, latinos, etc.? Sports? Where's classical music represented? Look how you interviewed John Klemmer — you asked him if he listens to rock & roll! Hell, can't you guys stop trying to be *Rolling Stone*? Shape up your magazine. There are other college readers besides white, mindless, unhealthy Led Zeppelin fans. The "power" lies in the rest of the world, which you've ignored. Asians and other minority folks ought to take over your crummy office.

E. CHIN  
SAN FRANCISCO, CA

*I'm sure Toshiko Akiyoshi (June Ampersand feature) will be surprised to learn she's not Asian; as for classical, jazz, etc. . . . have you actually read this rag?*

In the September review of *New Values*, Alison Wickwire reports from the "inside" that "Angel" is a re-make of an old, unreleased Stooges song called "Johanna." "Johanna" was co-written by Iggy Pop and James Williamson, and it appeared on their 1977 collaboration, *Kill City*. Scott Thurston, as well as Tony and Hunt Sales, appears on this album which was released on the Bomp label (BLP 4001).

THOMAS STANBERRY  
AUSTIN TX

In the October "In Both Ears" Martin writes about recording records. How about a story on the newest idea, using a computer numbering system to "label" each note then reproduce it later on the record? Second, page 23, that ad on birth control. How about a story on how and what does and does not work? That ad is dangerous in its "simplified" view of the subject.

Take Care, Keep Up the Good Work.

JAMES TALBERT  
INDIANA UNIVERSITY

I have recently moved, and to my chagrin, I have found that I've thrown out my favorite issue of *Ampersand*. Rather than have fits, I have determined to remain calm and ask if you sell back copies of your magazine. I haven't the vaguest idea how much this will cost.

MISS DEBBIE PRYOR  
IOWA CITY, IA

*We do indeed sell back issues (except we're out of Volume 1, No. 1). Just send \$1.00 for each issue, including mailing; be sure to specify which issues you want — if you can't remember the number, tell us who's on the cover.*

On page 27 of *Ampersand* (Sept. '79) you incorrectly referred to Herman Brood as a German, and to Nina Hagen as a Dutch punk star. The reverse happens to be the case; rectification would be appreciated.

PETER LEVENBACH  
BOSTON UNIVERSITY

Your ill-considered comments on the movie *Cruising* (Vol. III, No. 1) suggest that protests against it violate the First Amendment. Come now. Of all the pious, art-for-art's sake defenses I have read of this particular piece of exploitation, yours is the most ludicrous. The First Amendment protects citizens from the government, not Hollywood from the citizens, gay or otherwise.

If Friedkin had decided to re-make *Birth of a Nation* on 125th Street, blacks would have been outraged. Any distinction you perceive between that and filming a movie that will lead to gays being beaten (at the least) in the streets of Greenwich Village must spring from your own lack of concern for the lives of gays.

Every version of the script discussed thus far makes it clear that the movie's core will be violent attacks on gays. Every responsible gay group in New York (including the National Gay Task Force) fears that such a movie will only serve to increase the already alarming assaults on gays. Yet you would have the gay community sit quietly by while Pacino and company use the streets of gay neighborhoods to put gay lives in jeopardy.

F. C. RIECH, JR.  
LAW STUDENTS FOR HUMAN RIGHTS  
UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS LAW SCHOOL  
AUSTIN, TX

I wonder if you will print this rebuttal to your editorial condemning the gay community's outrage against William Friedkin's filming of *Cruising*.

Do you lend support to the making and showing of a film that depicts the destruction of human beings as self-inflicted and deserved, as *Cruising* does? As writer-activist Doug Ireland has stated, "*Cruising* is a snuff film." Your free speech argument does not stand up any more than did claims that Nazis had a constitutional guarantee to march through Skokie calling for the gassing of Jews. *Cruising* is an incitement to murder and beat gays — as was Anita Bryant's hate campaign, which resulted in a nation-wide wave of brutal attacks on gay men. Finally, you cannot rationalize by quoting the producers of the film about the nature of their product; I have read the script printed in a major gay magazine, which is absolute evidence that *Cruising* is a vomit-bag glorification of killings of gays.

*Cruising* has no right to be supported by public protection — the New York City police, who have severely beaten protesting gays — nor does it have a right to exist and be shown publicly. An outraged gay community will see to it that this threat to our lives will never be shown.

In gay pride,

STEVE KELLER

*The editor replies: "I do not lend (or withhold) my support to any film until I have seen the film; I don't condemn any book until I have read it, I damn no music until I have heard it. That may sound pious to you; I think it's practical and just. The Bill of Rights guarantees certain freedoms to all of us, not just to those we like and approve.*

*The Nazis had a right to march in Skokie, William Friedkin has a right to make Cruising. Films cannot be judged by published scripts because words on paper are not the same as images on a screen. The film may be better, worse or simply different; we won't know until we see it."*

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### OUR COVER

*The Divine One takes hold during her recent performance at the Greek Theater in Los Angeles, as photographed by the peripatetic Neil Zlozower.*

# HEAR IT LIKE THE PROS, AT AN UNHEARD-OF PRICE. JBL'S NEW RADIANCE SERIES.



*JBL. By far the leader with the pros.*

You'll find JBLs in America's top recording studios.

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These new JBLs are designed to reproduce music with accuracy. They have clean highs and tight bass. Radiance speakers require an ampli-

fier with only 10 watts per channel — highly efficient when compared to other speakers in their class. And yet they can handle large power — from 80 watts per channel to 200 watts per channel.

Radiance loudspeakers come in three models: a two-way system, a three-way system with a 10" woofer, and a three-way system with a large 12" woofer. With their front grilles on, their appearance is classic, traditional, fitting any room decor. With their grilles off, they have a striking, space-age look.

The Radiance Series was designed by the same engineers who designed JBL's more expensive systems and professional equipment. They're evaluated with the

same computer facilities and test equipment used in the development of the more costly JBL speakers.

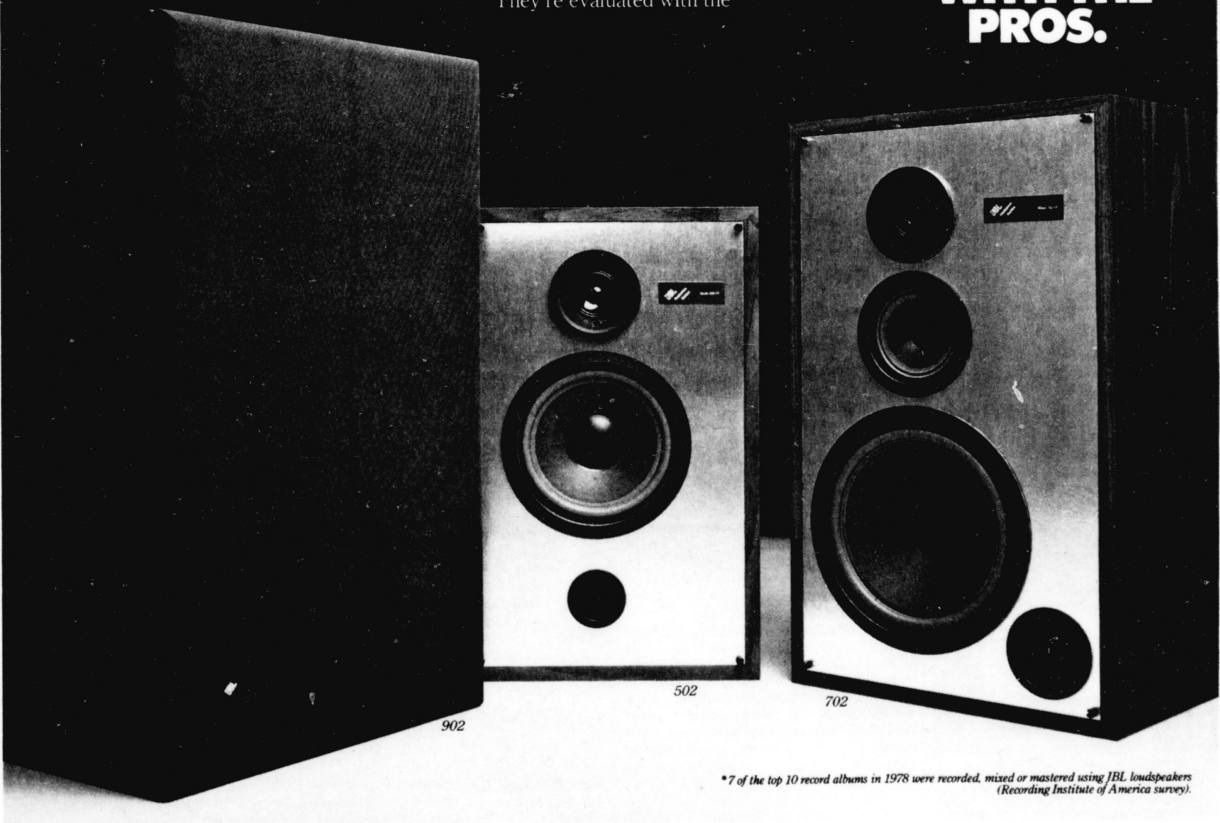
And they're subjected to the same rigorous demands of JBL's listening panel, the committee that must give the final auditory "o.k." to any JBL.

The results are unheard-of in this price range.

Hear them now. JBL's new Radiance Series.

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**FIRST**   
**WITH THE**  
**PROS.**

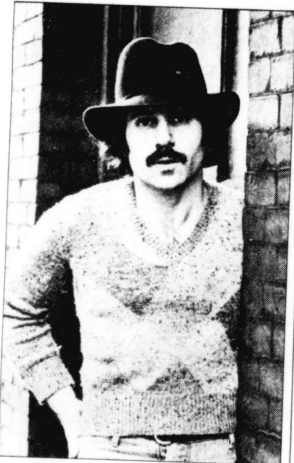


\*7 of the top 10 record albums in 1978 were recorded, mixed or mastered using JBL loudspeakers (Recording Institute of America survey).

# & OUT THE OTHER

## Rape by Instrumentality

**PRELIMINARY HEARINGS** were recently held in the case of composer/producer/musician Jack Nitzsche, who was charged with rape by instrumentality, burglary, assault with intent to commit murder, assault with a deadly weapon and false imprisonment, all stemming from his alleged June 29 visit to actress Carrie Snodgrass, who says she and her son Zeke, 7 (by Neil Young), were asleep when Nitzsche arrived at 2 a.m., brandishing a handgun. Guest Paul Williams (the director, not the song writer) fled into the night while Nitzsche reportedly pistol-whipped Snodgrass, threatened her son, and then committed rape with the barrel of his revolver. Snodgrass suffered a fractured cheekbone, bruises and abrasions, and had an 18-stitches cut on her thumb. This case will be one of the first to apply a new California statute which outlaws rape by instrumentality — using an object other than sexual organs. (The new rape law is sometimes called the *Born Innocent* law; a 9-year-old San Francisco girl was raped with a beer bottle by four kids who were inspired by a similar assault in that TV movie). Nitzsche, 42, pleaded not guilty to all counts. Nitzsche worked with Neil Young and Crazy Horse during the six years that Snodgrass lived with Young; Nitzsche did the music for *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest* and *Performance*. Earlier in his career, Nitzsche worked as an arranger for Phil Spector, had a 1963 hit single, "The Lonely Surfer," and appeared as pianist and arranger on a few Rolling Stones album. Snodgrass, 33, was nominated for an Oscar for her performance in *Diary of a Mad Housewife*, and recently appeared in *The Fury*.



## Whatever Happened to ...

**PAUL SIMON** who hasn't released an album since *Still Crazy After All These Years* in 1975,

is now at work on his first movie (still untitled). He wrote it and he stars in it, playing a contemporary musician "in conflict with changing times"; other cast members are Blair Brown as his wife and Dan Stern (who played Cyril in *Breaking Away*). There will be concert footage of various big-name acts of the Sixties — such as Peter, Paul & Mary, the Byrds, Sly Stone — but none of these has actually been signed (yes, there will be new Simon tunes, at last, and a soundtrack album). Director is Robert M. Young, who did *Rich Kids*, and filming started a few weeks ago in ... Cleveland! Short people got no reason.

## No Knack for Humor

**EVERY SATURDAY IN HOLLYWOOD** there is a post-midnight musical memorabilia swap meet in the parking lot across from Capitol Records' Vine Street headquarters. Until recently, San Francisco artist Hugh Brown had the hottest items on the lot — an array of "Knuke the Knack" shirts, bumper stickers and buttons ridiculing the well-hyped Capitol "new wave" group. One hilarious night, leader Doug Fieger and other Knack members grinningly purchased armloads of Brown's satiric goodies, but the joke was referred to the Knack's legal eagles soon after "Honk if You've Slept with Sharona" bumper stickers became Brown's top seller. Under a salvo of charges — "trademark infringement, copyright infringement, unfair competition, defamation and invasion of privacy" — Brown has knuckled under. Thus Saturday night collectors are deprived forever of what was to be Brown's next comment on the Knack phenomenon — little voodoo dolls of everyone in the group, pins included.

## Energy Drain

**ESTIMATED RECEIPTS** from the MUSE (Musicians United for Safe Energy) concert, held September 19-23 at Madison Square Garden, have dropped from \$750,000 to "less than half a million," according to concert spokesman David Fenton. Spearheaded by John Hall, former leader of Orleans and now a solo artist, the MUSE shows were brightened by a hot Bruce Springsteen performance, along with appearances by James Taylor, Carly Simon, the Doobie Brothers, Ry Cooder, Chaka Khan, Tom Petty, Bonnie Raitt, Paul Simon, Peter Tosh and others. What went wrong is that the concert went so right: overtime fees to the huge Garden staff were necessary because the shows cooked on till 1:30 some nights. However, notes Fenton, a film of the event and a soundtrack album may boost the take back up. Elektra-Asylum, which has the record rights, has not yet set a release date. An outdoor rally near the World Trade Center, held on the last day of the concert series, drew approximately 200,000 anti-nuke demonstrators.

But what about the lonely pro-nuke demonstrators? A pair of them was recently



## Ins & Outs

**BLACK SABBATH** has cancelled its fall tour; in fact, the group has cancelled half its members, with guitarist Tony Iommi and drummer Bill Ward remaining. Vocalist Ozzy Osbourne has been replaced by Ronnie James Dio (formerly with Rainbow), and bassist Geezer Butler was re-

placed by Craig Gruber. Iommi reportedly wants to make more polished noise, like Queen or Foreigner, while Osbourne — in Los Angeles auditioning musicians recently — claims he'll carry on with the pulverizing riffs and a new band. Sabbath hopes to re-schedule for mid February.

sighted at Los Angeles International Airport, separately, of course. One, a young woman reminiscent of Gilda Radner's Lisa Looper character, wore a sign that read "More People Have Died in Ted Kennedy's Car Than in Nuclear Accidents." A few days later her place had been taken by a blond and pudgy young man whose slogan was "Nuclear Plants Are Built Better Than Jane Fonda."

## Big Deals

**ALAN ALDA** and Jane Fonda (build or no build) are both much richer these days; Alda signed a deal with Universal that gives him total artistic control of any film he wants to make, providing he stays under a \$7 million budget. His first project, *The Four Seasons* (which he wrote), traces the friendships of three couples in a one year period. Only Woody Allen has such a good deal, at U.A. Fonda, meanwhile, gets \$2 million from Columbia, her biggest salary yet, for *Her Brother's Keeper*, about a woman prison guard.

**THE ILLUSTRATED GEORGE CARLIN** is the comedian's first starring/producing film venture, for which Carlin sent out this call for supporting players: "male, varied age, 300-400 lbs, female, varied age, 300-400 lbs; males (2) and femme, varied age, midgets."

**KEN RUSSELL**, the British director who gave us *Lisztomania*, *The Devils*, *Valentino* and others, will next make *The Monster of Loch Ness*, no less, in which said monster

emerges as a mutant victim of radiation fallout — just like all those ants, blobs, and Things of the Fifties. More bad news: screenwriter is John Byrum, who wrote the wretched *Mahogany*.

**JOHN CONTARDO**, after nine years as Sha Na Na's ballad specialist, has scored a solo album deal. Plans call for a touch of disco, a heavy serving of romantic balladry and absolutely no "oldies but goodies," of which the handsome Contardo seems to have become pretty sick. But he won't hang up the gold lame pantsuit just yet. "Sha," as he calls the durable act, still makes tidy sums from its tours and television show.

## Lucrative Kiss-Off

**AS HER MARRIAGE** to Kiss' cuddly Peter Criss veered toward the rocks, Lydia Criss did as so many of today's smart women do: she hired attorney Marvin Mitchelson, mouthpiece of choice in several recent celebrity alimony and living-together-no-longer settlements, Michelle Triola Marvin's and Britt Ekland's among them. How did the former Mrs. Criss make out? "All I can say," gloated Mitchelson, "is that she's glad to be a millionaire."

## Don't Fall In

**DISNEY STUDIOS** is sending Dr. William J. Kaufmann III on a ten-university lecture

(Continued on page 22)

# can you be bribed?

You get \$35.21 in bribes when you try 10 DAK ML90 high energy cassettes risk free for only \$2.19 each. Your bribe is bigger than your purchase!

Hats off to Maxell. Their UDXL cassette established a new standard of sound quality for all cassettes.

The new DAK ML90 starts another new technology. A technology of protection from Hi frequency loss and of extreme reliability.

Later we are going to offer you valuable bribes, just for testing these cassettes, risk free; so read on!

### YOUR TIME IS PRECIOUS

Imagine yourself just finishing recording the second side of a 90 minute cassette and horrors, the cassette jams. Tape is wound around the capstan, your recorder may be damaged and you've just wasted 90 minutes of your time and perhaps lost a great recording off FM.

Enter DAK. We manufacture over one million units of cassette tape each month in our factory. Many of our tapes are used for high speed duplication where they are recorded at speeds up to 8 times normal. This is the ultimate stress for cassettes and causes more failures than any other use.

When we first started, 12 years ago, DAK's cassettes failed, just like many others. So we installed over \$20,000 worth of high speed duplication equipment at our factory and set out to design the perfect cassette.

### MOLYSULFIDE

Failure after failure. For six years we substituted, remade, tested and retested until we positively linked the major cause of cassette failure to the slip sheets, or liners in the cassette. Evidently, 3M and TDK were hot on our heels, because they have now also come out with new liners.

We developed polyester slip sheets with raised spring loaded ridges to guide each layer of tape as it winds. We coat the liners with a unique formulation of graphite and a new chemical, molysulfide.

Molysulfide reduces friction several times better than graphite and allows the tape to move more freely within the cassette. The molysulfide is tougher and makes the liner much more resistant to wear.

**Hi frequency protection!** Tape is basically plastic, and as it moves within the cassette internal friction causes the build up of static electricity, much as rubbing a balloon against your hair, or scuffing your shoes on a carpet in dry weather.

Static electricity within the cassette was drastically reduced by the low friction of the molysulfide and easily bled off, so that its tendency to erase very high frequencies was drastically reduced. A very important consideration for often played tapes.

### MAXELL IS BETTER

Yes, honestly, if you own a \$1000 cassette deck like a Nakamichi, the fre-

quency responses of Maxell UDXL or TDK SA are superior to DAK and you just might be able to hear the difference.

DAK ML has a frequency response that is flat from 40cps to 14,500  $\pm$  3db. Virtually all cassette recorders priced under \$600 are flat  $\pm$  3db from 40cps to about 12,000cps, so we have over 2000cps to spare, and you'll probably never notice the difference.

**No apology.** We feel that we have equaled or exceeded the mechanical reliability of virtually all cassettes and offer one of the best frequency responses in the industry. Maxell UDXL is truly the Rolls Royce of the industry, and DAK is comparable to the 100% US made Cadillac or Corvette!

**Price DAK manufactures the tape we sell.** You avoid paying the wholesaler and retailer profits. While Maxell UDXL 90s may sell for \$3.50 to \$4.50 each at retail, DAK ML90s sell factory direct to you for only \$2.19 each complete with deluxe boxes and index insert cards.

### YOU WIN

You are paying less for the 10, 90 minute cassettes than you would pay for the comparable bribes we are offering if you went to a Radio Shack store.



Yours Free

### CHECK THE VALUE OF THE DAK BRIBES AT RADIO SHACK

The next time your batteries are dead in a calculator, radio, flashlight or battery operated recorder, you'll be glad you have this versatile battery eliminator AC adaptor.

You'll save lots of money on batteries because now you can plug in, instead of using up expensive batteries. 4 voltages: 3, 4.5, 6 and 9 volts plus 4 plugs to fit virtually anything battery powered. Radio Shack sells a similar 4 voltage adaptor for \$9.95.

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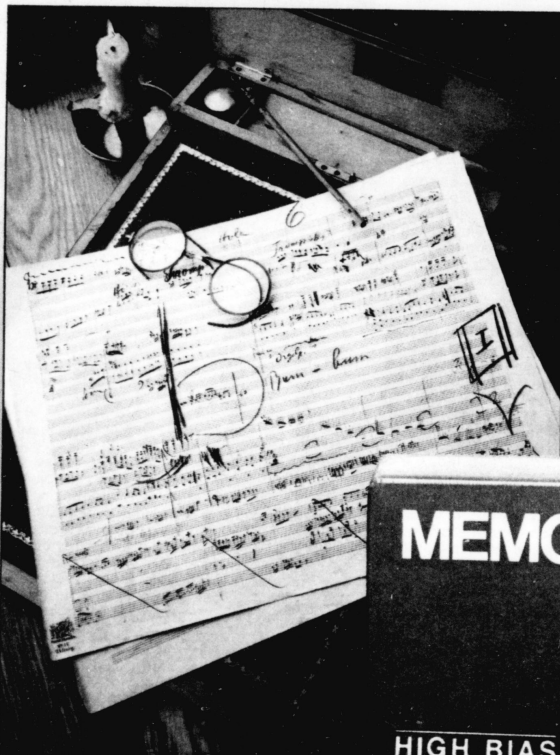
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# On Screen

**NOSFERATU**, starring Klaus Kinski, Isabelle Adjani, Bruno Ganz, written and directed by Werner Herzog.

Laughter that director Werner Herzog never wanted gurgled from segments of the *Nosferatu* audience the night I saw the film. To some, Klaus Kinski's tormented, spindle-fingered, alabaster-domed Count Dracula was sillier camp than old Bela Lugosi, not to be given the respect drawn by sophisticated, brilliant Frank Langella in the recent, poorly-directed remake of *Dracula*.

But Herzog, besides making a film full of visual glory — steeped in somber, grainy browns, blacks and creams — has done something unique and worthwhile with the frequently-revived tale of Transylvania's star attraction. *Nosferatu*, like Herzog's not-to-be-missed *Aguirre, the Wrath of God*, provokes meditation as much as horror. No great amount of time is given over to lurking, to the springing of inevitable blood ambushes; more is given to action-linked characterizations, detailing how love, anguish, sexuality, horror, compulsion and death work on and within the human heart. The laughter of people with fast-food brains aside, this is a profound film. Herzog aims to get soul-deep, and there's precision to his plans; hardly a motion or an expression or a landscape is recorded that doesn't resonate with the atmosphere and intention of the movie.

Isabelle Adjani, so beautiful she seems not of Earth, is the central character as Lucy Harker. Women exist in most vampire tales to be seduced, but though Adjani does trigger Dracula's bizarre longing and willfulness, she also fully understands his menace, before anyone else, and by herself destroys the seemingly omnipotent monster. Incredible visions anchor the movie in memory — townspeople carrying processions of fresh, unpainted coffins in lines that look from overhead like outsized tapeworms passing through the city's broad streets; mummified human remains (filmed in Guanajuato, Mexico) that appear still desirous of life; slow shots of single bats, swimming through air like sharks through salt water. Laughter is certainly a great commodity, but those who take *Nosferatu* straight will see an eloquent, soulful masterwork.

Byron Laursen

**QUADROPHENIA**, starring Phil Daniels & Leslie Ash; written by Dave Humphries, Martin Stellman & Franc Roddam; directed by Roddam.

The story goes that just before the late Keith Moon sold his California home to Alice Cooper, he first drove his Rolls Royce into the swimming pool. From smashing guitars on stage to smashing conventions within their own industry, the Who have always emphasized basic emotions. Even after a decade of successes they're still the tough kids on the block called rock & roll. *Quadrophenia*, based on the Who's two-album set of the same name, is rock's own version of *West Side Story*, but instead of Sharks vs. Jets, it's mods vs. rockers; instead of New York, London. But *Quadrophenia* is a tougher film than its Fifties counterpart. It concentrates a great deal

on frustration, the aggression it causes and the effects: drugs and a certain everyone-for-himself attitude.

The film focuses on Jimmy Cooper (played convincingly by Phil Daniels), a messenger boy by day and a mod by night. He hangs out with his gang of pill-popping, lower-class teenagers and makes war on rockers. The latter are leather-jacketed James Dean types who prefer the music of Gene Vincent and the Ronettes to the harder stuff the mods favor — the Who, for example.

Stephanie (Leslie Ash) is the girl Jimmy wants. But this isn't *West Side Story* and Stephanie is no Maria. She dumps Jimmy after securing his emotional loss of innocence and launching his heart-rending search for identity. The final affecting scenes, with virtually no dialogue, tell of Jimmy's break from the mod gang and the discovery of his individuality. A line spoken earlier reverberates as he overlooks the spectacular white cliffs of England, "I don't want to be the same as everybody!"

*Quadrophenia* is a difficult film to relate strongly to. The mods vs. rockers schism never infiltrated America. Rock & roll was rooted in the English lower classes, whereas America accepted it into its middle class. While the film's full two hours are masterfully plotted and photographed, the viewer is left with little at the end beyond a meager understanding of aggression and the pleasure of hearing the Who on the soundtrack. *Quadrophenia* needed to present a four-dimensional character, as the album did, and not just the raw, tough side.

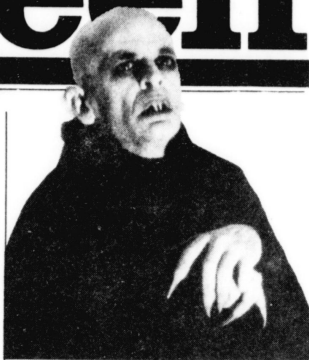
Sal Manna

**A MAN, A WOMAN AND A BANK**, starring Donald Sutherland, Brooke Adams and Paul Mazursky; written by Raymond Gideon, Bruce Evans and Stuart Margolin; directed by Noel Black.

There are films that are like onions... and, there are films that are like tennis balls. The onions may not look that great on the surface, but they have layers and depths which become apparent on closer inspection. The tennis balls are pretty bougie at first glance, but a good hard look reveals them to be hopelessly empty. *A Man, a Woman and a Bank* is a tennis ball, no doubt about it.

At first flush, the film is seemingly entertaining. It reunites the team of Donald Sutherland and Brooke Adams from *Invasion of the Body Snatchers* and adds the wild card of Paul Mazursky, a brilliant director (*An Unmarried Woman*) and former actor of general renown. The underlying precept of the film — that machines can be used to undermine other machines and thereby rob burglarproof banks — is solid, and the pacing of *A Man, a Woman and a Bank* is so swift that it isn't until the film is over, and you're searching for your car, that you realize you've been tossed a marshmallow. The old wool has been pulled over your eyes. You've been dealt a funny deck. You've been had.

What's missing here is: 1) Tension — we're never really made to wonder whether Sutherland and Mazursky will pull off their robbery. We always assume they will. They're too nice to go to jail; 2) Empathy — Mazursky and Sutherland



Kinski as the Vampire.

aren't really schleppey enough to feel sorry for, and aren't slick enough to act as behavioral models. They just kind of are, stranded somewhere between cartoon characters and non-entities; 3) The Big Device — Sutherland and Mazursky find the plans to the computer system by just walking into the construction site. At night, they just walk in to check it out. When they're robbing the bank, Sutherland just walks past a guard with 250 pounds of money on his back. And he's almost caught when a policeman stops him for having a defective stop light.

*A Man, a Woman and a Bank*, in the end, is so contrived that even its contrivances aren't interesting. If you're going to tell me lies, at least tell me lies I might want to believe.

Merrill Shindler

**STARTING OVER**, with Burt Reynolds, Jill Clayburgh and Candice Bergen; written by James L. Brooks; directed by Alan J. Pakula

Well, well, well, another mid-life crisis movie. This time Bergen throws away hubby Reynolds (if anyone can imagine throwing Reynolds away...) in order to "find herself" in her new songwriting career. Reynolds returns to Boston to build a new life for himself. We should be grateful this wasn't titled *An Unmarried Man*.

Jill Clayburgh is excellent as a wary schoolteacher who wants nothing to do with a separated man (she changes her mind, no surprise). Reynolds is Reynolds; he's not a wooden Indian any more, but he still reacts to every situation with a cute, incredulous stare, as if he's amazed to be part of such silliness. Bergen is the revelation: she plays a woman so self-absorbed she doesn't realize she's a buffoon — at least when she's singing, and sing Bergen does, loudly, with panache, and a terrible voice. When she maneuvers Reynolds into a motel room reunion, her first move is not to douse the lights and hit the sack; no, she turns on her handy cassette machine and sings to him, to his extreme discomfort. Bergen never flinches, she gives her all, and her all is definitely enough. After many years of being primarily decorative, Bergen seems to have finally decided to act. Our gain.

But in spite of all these terrific stars and a few very funny scenes, *Starting Over* never really gets started. It's slick, predictable, it exploits the same old familiar situations (we know it's hard to launch a new

life after a divorce; we've heard this before), and if it weren't for the high-priced talent smiling away on screen, this would be just another TV movie (not surprising, considering writer/producer James L. Brooks once wrote and produced *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*). Even the music sounds like TV; would someone please break Marvin Hamlisch's piano... preferably over his head?

Judith Sims

**AND JUSTICE FOR ALL**, with Al Pacino and Jack Warden; written by Valerie Curtin and Barry Levinson; directed by Norman Jewison.

Those who hate lawyers, think the legal system is a crock and admire everything Al Pacino does will probably enjoy *And Justice for All*, but those of us who think movies ought to do more than just pander to our most juvenile anti-establishment impulses will be left with a very sour aftertaste.

Not that *And Justice for All* doesn't have its moments, especially in the beginning. For a while, it's so funny and perceptive about the labyrinth known as the American legal system, it's like watching the ultimate movie for the Seventies. Then, just as we're certain the film is on solid ground, it becomes nothing more than an ego-stroking star-trip for both Pacino and director Jewison.

The movie ultimately becomes so calculated it's a cheat. By the end, when every character we care about is destroyed, and everyone save Pacino has been exposed as an immoral opportunist, we're too exhausted to care. What no one making this movie seemed to realize is that farce must be believable if it's to work. Black comedy depends on keeping enough reality so that the insanity of the world makes absurd sense. *M.A.S.H.* (the movie) and *Hospital* did that for medicine; *Network* did that for the media; *And Justice for All* does not do that for the legal profession.

Jacoba Atlas

**PROMISES IN THE DARK**, starring Marsha Mason, Michael Brandon, Susan Clark, Ned Beatty and Kathleen Beller; written by Loring Mandel; directed by Jerome Hellman.

This is a straightforward film about a 17-year-old girl (Beller) who dies of cancer, and how her illness affects the lives of her parents (Clark and Beatty), friends and doctor (Mason). It's an earnest effort to de-glamorize death, which in movies and television programs traditionally takes place with perfect makeup, teary eyes and trembling chin.

The subplot of Mason's affair with radiologist Brandon never quite jells; it seems to exist only to show how Beller's courage has inspired Mason to live a fuller, more compassionate life (their affair proceeds like all movie affairs — cutely). There's no such thing as an uncut cinematic courtship anymore). Better to spend the time showing us the daily strain of living with a terminal cancer patient, so that we'd better understand the rather odd behavior of the parents. I've been assured that's exactly the way people act in such situations, but the film should have made that clearer to those of us fortunate enough not to have lived through similar tragedies.

The most affecting parts of the film are those moments when Beller spends time with her boyfriend and girlfriends; they are all high-spirited, intelligent, likeable kids, except that she's dying and they aren't. The unmentioned contrast is more poignant than all the hand-wringing.

Judith Sims

## AUTHOR HARRY CREWS

### *Swampy Lust, Blood & Guts*

BY GLENN ABEL &  
JOHNNY MCLEAN

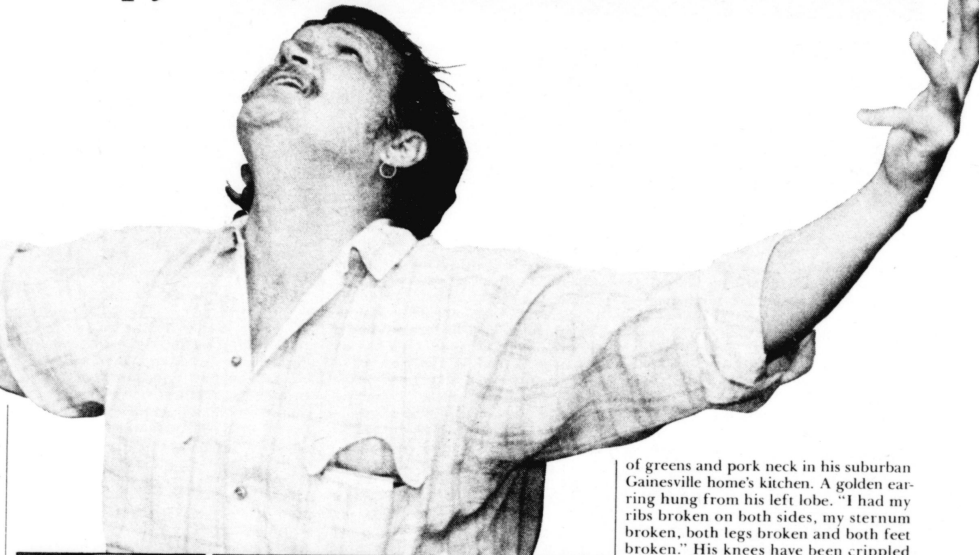
**T**he black twirlies still haunt Harry Crews. He fights them daily, pounding away at his 1920's manual typewriter, occasionally throwing the machine across the room in fits of creative rage, but the twirlies persist. They come at night after the writer has laid himself to rest; they come before his lectures at the University of Florida; they follow in his travels, often driving him into libraries in distant cities — just to reaffirm his identity by looking up his name in card catalogs.

Crews, like many authors, feels an acute dread of creative impotence. "I live with the constant fear of waking up one morning and not being able to write," said the forty-three-year-old creator of ten books and countless major magazine articles. "It is always with me — the fear, the sinking black twirlies."

Like the hero of Kris Kristofferson's song "The Pilgrim," Crews is a walking contradiction: he's a hard-drinking man whom violence stalks like a cat after fresh meat; at the same time, he is an erudite professor of English. Crews is a cock fighting aficionado with the sensitivity of a poet. He's a southern cracker, raised in the abject poverty of rural Georgia, who has perused every major literary work in the language. His writing has garnered dozens of awards, but he is proudest of the South African government ban on his novel *The Gospel Singer*.

Crews, as the song goes, is partly truth and partly fiction. One week he may be addressing groups of up to 500 students at Florida's flagship university in Gainesville; the next week he may fade into the Alaskan back country or into the secret society of the Klu Klux Klan on assignment for magazines such as *Playboy* and *Esquire*.

Despite Crews' rising literary star, his unconventional lifestyle has earned him more than a few detractors in the academic community at UF. Nonetheless, students pack his lectures and there is always a lengthy waiting list for class registration. "I don't understand why a man like Crews is allowed to teach at any top college," said one of his peers at UF. "Professors are supposed to set an example for students — not self-destruct in front of them."



JOHN KIELEY

"Crews may occasionally come to class behind a few drinks," countered one of his past students, "but Crews drunk is better than ninety-nine percent of the other professors in this university. He cares about his students: he gives them their money's worth in class, and he treats them like human beings. Besides, he's the best writer in Florida."

Crews needs the academic life. The university gives him a touchstone to return

to — a place to finetune his craft. His life on the edge provides raw material for stories — the basis for his insights into the human condition.

"Being vulnerable," as Crews calls it, has caused him to be cut, broken and boiled alive. As a child, Crews stumbled into a cast-iron wash pot filled with water hot enough to scald the hide off a hog. "I broke my neck when I was seventeen," Crews said, leaning his 215-pound bulk over a vat

of greens and pork neck in his suburban Gainesville home's kitchen. A golden earring hung from his left lobe. "I had my ribs broken on both sides, my sternum broken, both legs broken and both feet broken." His knees have been crippled from childhood ailments, motorcycle accidents and a recent beating. At a south Florida dog fight Crews found himself on the business end of a straight razor; he now sports a new set of short purple scars. Bouts with alcoholism have also taken their toll on Crews. "I am one of the all-time, sloppy, disgusting drunks," he admits, "the kind mothers can point out to their children as an example of the final evil of alcohol."

But trauma is the stuff Crews' art is made of. In *A Childhood: the biography of a place*, which *Time* dubbed the best non-fiction book of 1978, Crews tells of growing up poor in Bacon County, Georgia, a place with "so little margin for error, for bad luck, that when something went wrong, it almost always brought something else down with it." The book begins ten years before Crews' birth, with his father catching gonorrhea from a Seminole girl while working in the Everglades. It ends with Crews standing in a tobacco field, back from three years in the Marines, knowing he would never leave his people completely, but realizing he had put a distance between himself and Bacon County that he would never again be able to cross.

"*A Childhood* was by far the most difficult book I've ever written," said Crews, who has produced eight novels and two non-fiction books. "It was difficult for many reasons — as a writer you have to get some distance on a subject to be able to do anything with it. Otherwise you just warp it, distort it, whatever. Secondly, the people I wrote about are still alive. Or their children are still alive. And I have better things to do with my time than to make people feel bad about themselves."

"The book is obviously a search for my father, whom I never knew, who died when I was twenty-one months old. There is nothing unusual in that, it doesn't make me unique, except that in my case it influenced everything."

*A Childhood*, like most of Crews' works, is



a series of stories carefully woven around a central narrative line. The stories are told in an authentic southern voice with a compassionate yet never condescending tone. Crews evokes sympathy and understanding for his characters through incisive use of dialogue, and a painstaking attention to detail and mood.

"The night was dark as only the swamp can be dark and they could not see each other there in the bunkhouse. The rhythmic stroke of the dredge's engine came counterpoint to my daddy's shaky voice as he told Cecil what was wrong.

"When Cecil finally did speak, he said: 'I hope it was good, boy. I sho do'...

"He had not wanted her, but they had been in and swam for three years... So since he could not have what he wanted, he tried to want what he could have, but it had been miserable, all of it because of the way she sounded and the way she smelled and the mosquitoes clotted about their faces thick as a veil and the heavy black flies crawled over their legs. "It weren't that good," daddy said."

—A *Childhood*

Crews is a storyteller in the oral tradition of the deep South. His talent grew from hours of sitting on a floor with a sugar-tit in his mouth, listening to talk at quilting parties, from listening to men converse as they dipped their feet into the washtub around the fire at night.

"I started out to be and only want to be a storyteller," Crews said. He spooned a small amount of liquid off the greens and pork concoction and tasted it with satisfaction. Outside, Crews' teenage son and a friend romped through the woods surrounding the house. Crews' wife, Sally, a thin, energetic woman whom he's married three times, watched from the porch. "If you're a storyteller in the traditional sense," he continued, "then your strong suit has got to be the narrative line. It's called, after all, the narrative art. That's not much to want to be I reckon, but that's all I want to be. I want to tell stories. Stories which hopefully inform the human situation. After all, the keepers of the legends and myths in primitive societies were always the shaman, the priest, the throwers of the chicken bones, the lookers of the goat entrails... And I think that's what telling stories is all about.

"When I started out, I thought it was enough to learn to write well, which God knows is hard enough. But unfortunately that's not enough. Ultimately you have to have something to say. And that includes everybody," Crews said. He pressed his head back and expanded his neck. His hair rimmed his head like a shaggy halo and his earring glistened in the late afternoon light filtering in through the kitchen window. "I don't know what my associates at the university think of my work: they see me being sent to Alaska to do a story and I write about a whore having her ass tattooed while blowing cocaine up her nose. What the hell is that?"

Crews' unorthodox style of journalism has made him one of the most sought after, highly-paid free lancers in the business. *Blood and Grits*, his most recent book, is comprised of non-fiction works which first appeared in *Esquire* and *Playboy*. Before you have settled into the book—the ice in your drink has not yet melted—Crews' has told tales of a fellow named "Dog" plighting his troth with a 300-pound Frosty-Creme waitress and of an elephant being hanged to death for stomping a little girl. The collection has been generally well received, but one reviewer, Christopher Lahmann-Haupt of the *New York Times*, raised Crews' hackles.

"He said he didn't believe an elephant

was hanged from a winch in Erwin, Tennessee," Crews growled. "All he had to do was pick up the phone and call Erwin and see if there was one hanged there. Hell, there was a period of time during the Thirties in which there was this genocide of elephants throughout the South.

"You can never trust a man who has three initials in front of his name or a hyphenated last name. And the next time I see Christopher Lahmann-Haupt, I'm gonna take the hyphen right out of his name."

Ernest Hemingway once said no one has the right to dig up an author's journalistic work—writing done against deadlines, writing done out of necessity—and compare it to work he has written to write the best he can. Crews feels no such qualms.

"The technique and craft of fiction is there in all of my non-fiction. Dialogue is there, character is there, place is there, transitions are there. There are all kinds of transitions: spiritual transitions, emotional transitions—it's all there. But, as Robert Frost said, 'It's bad when it gets too bookish.' You can't allow yourself to get isolated and cut off from the street."

While Crews often justifies—or at least explains—acts of violence in his writing, he is not a particularly violent man. His athlete's body has sagged with age and abuse, and when he is drawn into brawls he rarely hits more than the ground. He sees his fascination with blood sports—cock and dog fighting—as a natural, ingrained result of his southern rural upbringing. "I've always been addicted to blood sports of all kinds," Crews, also a falconing enthusiast, wrote of the illegal games. "And I make no apology for it. Where I come from, we don't confuse animals with people. We don't sleep with poodles or whisper baby talk to horses."

He was in south Florida recently working on a pit bull fighting story for *Esquire*: "I wasn't bullying up to anybody. I was just trying to see the end of the fight. I thought this one dog was going to quit because the other dog had been at his throat twenty minutes. But the dog got to his feet and shook the other dog out and kicked his tail. I wanted to see the end, so I asked this fellow to move. I was so excited, I didn't notice how really big he was. Jack, when he hit me I went down like a sack of flour. Things happen, you know. You're subject to get hurt at a dog fight.

"I get into things sometimes, you can't deny that. The world is a very, very dangerous thing for anything mortal. But what the hell are you going to do because it's dangerous? Go hide in a closet?"

Of all the dangerous situations Crews has put himself in while working on a major magazine piece, his latest assignment may be the most hazardous to date. He's just finished an installment of *Playgirl's* "His Turn" column, which features a different male contributor each month. Crews' opening line should have feminists nationwide calling for his head: "I'm sick and tired of women being in my face and on my case."

"I mean, I don't even know what to call them anymore," Crews explained, tugging on his earring. "'Lady' will do in some parts of the country, 'woman' will do in others. But the word that stands up best is 'person,' which is the most faceless, bloodless, anonymous word—one of the worst in the language."

Will Crews make the ultimate commitment to his art? Will he pose in the nude? "No," he said with a wide grin. "But hell, if they had asked a few years ago, I would have gladly shucked down."

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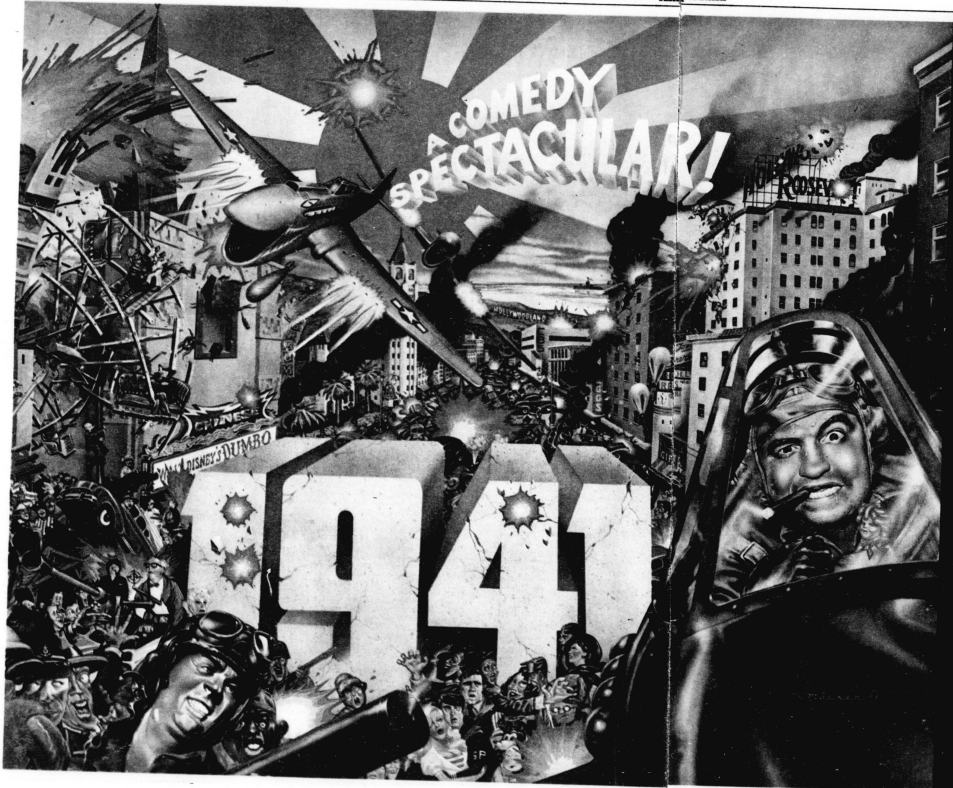
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# Is Bette Midler a Changed Woman? Yes... and No

**BY MICHELL KORT**

**W**hen Bette Midler came on stage for the "Night for Joy Rights" benefit at the Hollywood Bowl two years ago, she had to face a restless, angry crowd. Richard Piro's earlier routine — which ended with a request to "kiss my rich black ass" — had intimidated the predominantly gay male audience.

"Her" stomped Midler when her turn came. "You can kiss my rich white ass!"

Since she burst on the mass public consciousness in the early '70s, Midler has had the knack for making fun of pretension — her own and others — in shows that are part humor, part nostalgia (for the Twenties through the Sixties), part show-biz news, parody, and part straightforward pop-rock. She has good time with the whole idea of roles. Ellen Willis observed in a 1975 review, by sharing with audiences "what it meant to be a performer, what it meant to be a fan, why all of us were a little both."

Midler recalled that evening at the Bowl when we met recently in her rented home high above Beverly Hills: "What a nightmare! I had no idea what was going on." I reminded her that she had spent much of her act sipping blood off her horses, and she recalled that it wasn't an infrequent occurrence at the time.

"I used to drink a lot when I was out," she said. "There was one time I did that I was drunk the whole tour. I used to do 28-foot knee slides with no knee pads. After two weeks of this I woke up with knees that were so swollen I had to be taken to the hospital and wear ice packs. Yet I still kept doing those knee slides."

She also threw up before shows and cried a lot. "I was terrible," she said. "I would get so frazzled I couldn't remember my lines. Once I did a show that was four hours long because I was so drunk I couldn't get off the stage."

"Finally last year I had enough," she said. "I didn't want to do it that way any more."

Midler made other big changes in her professional life in the past year, like firing her longtime manager, Aaron Brown. Managing herself, she recorded and released an album, *Philly and Whispers*, which she calls the best she's made in a "long long time." She finished a week of sold-out shows at L.A.'s Greek Theatre, and she's about to tour Europe.

On the personal side, she's maintained a five-year steady relationship with actor Peter Riegert. And she's about to become a movie star.

The film is *The Rose*, which was "loosely inspired" by the lives of Janis Joplin and movie performers now in rock and roll biographies who "were on sort of a runaway railroad car, just living too fast," as Midler described them. The four premises in early November, but more on that later.

The ambitious starring role as "the Rose" is a far cry from Midler's first film work as an extra in *Hawaii*, which was shot in the state of the same name, where Midler grew up. The money she earned from *Hawaii* paid her way to New York, where she climbed from department store clerk to chorus girl in *Fiddler on the*

NEIL ROUNDELL



*roof*, to a principal role in *Fiddler*, to Village Clubs, to the gay male Continental Baths, to John Carson, and to stardom as "The Divine Miss M." Around the time of her triumphous three-week engagement at New York's Palace Theater in the fall of 1973, she was called "the first show business phenomenon" and was nearly everybody's cover girl. She soon in its cover story, was moved to remark: "It's safe to say that even Garland's legendary appearances in the great old house were not as much an integral part as Bette Midler's Palace debut."

It's also safe to say that Bette Midler has never receded quite so high a plane since. She's hardly been inactive or unsuccessful, recording six albums, taping two TV specials, and putting together a grand tour Broadway show, "Clams on the Half Shell." On the other hand, after her second album her record sales were only modest, and she tended at times to disappear from public view. "I didn't do that much," she admitted. "I did 'Clams.' I did little interviews, but I really wasn't doing anything. I was sort of in a period of frustration, forming up, I guess."

Perhaps the frustration media by pie of 1973 had been hard on her. "Not really," she replied. "I was just having much attention. I was pretty much living my life the way I always lived. I was just trying to get the music work and the stage shows interesting, and as they get bigger they get harder."

When we especially hard it seems, was the failure to find a formula for her records after the popularity of her first two albums. One could remember early Midler songs like "Do You Wanna Dance" or "Friends," or "Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy of Company." "But that's what can we learn from her early albums," I asked her third record very much, "said Midler, "but it was not a big seller and it disappointed me. My record career has been kind of checkered. I didn't have a lot of communication with the label, didn't know there was still even though I've been with them a good long number of years."

She also lost the services of Barry Manilow after her second album as he caught a quick flight to superstardom, and that left her without a musical director. "I didn't like to be just to call up in the middle of the night and sing songs with I like to work with somebody, good musicians."

Midler's current upbringing has a lot to do with how she's reminded her nagging musical direction and recording problems. *Philly and Whispers* she said, "It has an energy that which my last couple of records haven't had. There's a lot of stuff in it that's very personal, accessible, and it's placed real well and sang real well, which is nice for a change."

Midler attributes the lack of energy to frustration in the studio and a fearful need to please critics, and managers. But "I no longer have that fear," she said. "I don't have anyone to please but myself. I'm more willing to take chances."

*Philly and Whispers* is slickly produced and arranged by Alf Marini and features Midler's typical mixture of upbeat songs and ballads, R&B and big band, parody and poignancy. The biggest

change is the disco flavor to many of the songs. I like the album but feel that her voice is rather buried, a problem with most slick pop record productions these days. She completely disagreed. "Maybe it's your pressing," she suggested. "You should turn the treble up on your machine. On my machine my voice is really loud."

Our talk turned to the band that's now backing her, which in lines talented 20-year-old keyboard player, Randy Berber, who now writes with Midler the song "Hurricane" on the new album. "I like they band very much," she said. "I like they band very much. The girl performer, like the Chers, and the Van Margrets, they don't have hands. They have someone who looks after them and that fellow puts the band together. But I really want to do it that way and more. I've gotten to the point where there's a certain kind of commercial and financial commitment you have to make if you're going to be a musician. You have to get that group of people around you who can express your ideas. It takes me a long time to get to that point."

If Midler expresses a real "take charge" attitude toward her career now, it goes with the fact that she is in charge. She's been managing herself for about seven months since she fired Brown, a man who's sometimes portrayed by the media as Midler's Svengali figure.

"I was in New York, give me a break," she said with an edge of disdain. "I'm frustrated here in the world, just being. Oh, I shouldn't be rude. He was a fairly manipulative person. There were certain kinds of withholding appropriation to get games that went on between us that were not really healthy. When I finally came around realizing I didn't want to play the games any more, I knew it was time to go, and so I went."

Midler has an assistant, a lawyer, and business people to help her manage herself, but she's about ready to hire another full-time manager. "Managing yourself," she found out, "means you lose your sense of humor."

"I didn't realize," she said ruefully, "that once I was named as the one who had the overview, then the voices would be raised to the great heights of ego and me and my taste. In other words, anyone with any kind of a snark would come to me. I would be so busy worrying about that that side of the stage people were going to enter from and whether they were going to get per dem out and who was going to buy road cases that I didn't remember my own name literally. That was what it was like in the first couple of weeks. And I turned it over to the people who really should have done it in the first place."

Bette Midler, manager, is a role she's ready to relinquish. Bette Midler, manager, is a role she may soon have to embrace. She seemed a little embarrassed at the possibility, but obviously it's crossed her mind.

"I've been sort of trying not to think about it, but the day has been getting closer and closer and it's building up a bit. It's exciting just because everyone else is excited about it."

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"I've been sort of trying not to think about it, but the day has been getting closer and closer and it's building up a bit. It's exciting just because everyone else is excited about it."

Michelle Kort, in Los Angeles, heard live/encyclopedia in a rehearsal, a rehearsal and a rehearsal time ago.

**HILTON RUIZ**  
Excitation (*SteepleChase*)

Ruiz is a vibrant young pianist first exposed through his work with Charles Mingus. His second album for the SteepleChase label of Denmark shows a broad musical scope and a knack for choosing empathetic cohorts. Reedman Frank Foster, trumpeter Richard Williams, bassist Buster Williams and drummer Roy Brooks, A-1 New York pros all, dig into this program of traditional jazz works with élan and sensitivity.

Ruiz' "Dedication to the Cooker" is reasonably straightforward until the bridge, where he starts tossing 3/4 and 4/4 time back and forth, a rhythmic diversion that keeps everyone on their toes. The title track opens with all voices playing free, an exhilarating yet slightly chaotic sound. Foster tickles the heights with his wispy soprano while Ruiz blocks out idea-forming chords. Bassist Williams uses small figures and long runs, mumbling low and whistling high. Ruiz' solo begins clear and cool, but soon he's a mad bull on the loose roaring wildly over the keyboard. A ruminative duet with bass and drums ends this fervent piece.

Side two has a rich, poignant ballad played by Foster on tenor sax, and a rockhouse blues.

Zan Stewart

**FLEETWOOD MAC**  
Tusk (*Warner Brothers*)

The label of Fleetwood Mac's long-awaited *Tusk* says it straight: "Special thanks from the band to Lindsey Buckingham." Most of the interesting material, spread thin in an otherwise typical Mac offering, is Buckingham's. His "Tusk," the most ambitious song on the album, benefits from Mick Fleetwood's propulsive beat and hauntingly claustrophobic production. "Not That Funny" is as close to hard rock & roll as Mac will ever get. "The Ledge" is a surprisingly raw stab at rockabilly.

Besides his usual steady-as-a-rock drumming, Fleetwood's aggressive double-timing in "What Makes You Think You're the One," literally carries the tune. Christine McVie's long suit is the lilting love ballad, represented here by "Over and Over," which echoes her work in *Future Games*. But her "Honey Hi" and "Brown Eyes" are built on a single melody line without so much as a chorus change. Luxurious production gives an illusion of freshness, but there's nothing unique in the songs. "Think About Me" is a successful rocker, something *Tusk* could use more of. Given her vocal and artistic limitations, it's no wonder Stevie Nicks' contributions are the most predictable. "Sisters of the Moon" is her token gypsy claptrap, arranged like "Starway to Heaven." "Beautiful Child" is awash with the naive lyricism that makes Nicks' writing so tiresome: "I'm not a child anymore/I'm tall enough to reach for the stars/I'm old enough to love from afar/...I will do as I'm told." *Tusk's* superb production may placate old fans — there's still a huge audience for smooth-as-milk music. But without Buckingham's creative boost this album, which cost \$1 million to make, would be the costliest puff pastry in history.

Jeff Silberman

**TOM VERLAINE**  
Tom Verlaine (*Elektra*)

Those familiar with Tom Verlaine's earlier work with the now-dissolved Television won't be too surprised: his inventive, spare guitar lines, the surreal rural dreamscapes of his lyrics and his reedy voice dominate this solo effort, as they did *Adventure* and the daring *Marquee Moon*.

Jay Daugherty, Patti Smith's capable if obvious drummer, maintains the beat reliably, providing a steady ground for Verlaine's explorations. Second guitarists Mark Abel and Ricky Wilson build a Television-like rhythmic complexity on "Last Night" and "Breakin' in My Heart," the only songs on which Verlaine takes extended solos. Verlaine's playing, unadorned and willfully unvirtuosic by most standards, eschews the clichéd histrionics of most rock and roll guitarists. His solo structures, curiously static, abjure obvious hooks and climaxes for a more compelling form based on ir-resolution and extension.

Vocally, Verlaine is much looser here than on previous outings. Along with Patti Smith, he helped pioneer an edgy, modernist singing style which has since broadened and become capable of carrying more moods.

On *Adventure* Verlaine sang that he "loved disaster and loved what came after." What has come after is an elegant and precise set of music.

Peter Sstrom



# Ondisc

**JOHN PRINE**  
Pink Cadillac (*Asylum*)

John Prine's seventh album was recorded in Memphis, at Sam (Sun Records) Phillips' studio, the place where Elvis Presley, Jerry Lee Lewis and Roy Orbison cut their early records. *Pink Cadillac*, while not as lyric-centered as the discs that contained "Sam Stone," "Paradise" and "Hello in There," is arguably the gravelly-voiced Chicagoan's best album to date. Backed by a foursome of players raised on rockabilly and Bo Diddley (bassist Tom Piekarski, keyboard/sax man Howard Levy, guitarist John Burns and drummer Angie Varias), and produced by Sam Phillips' sons Knox and Jerry, *Pink Cadillac* is a raw, bare-to-the-bones excursion into Prine's variably funny, tragic, prejudiced, hard-edged world.

Prine kicks off with "Chinatown," a rowdy, downright rude blues stroll through the sidestreets of ethnic bigotry, where "The moon is yellow and the people are too/They roll their eggs on a bar-b-cue," where the singer, "Feelin' kinda tacky with a headful of saki," gets a "sidways hic-

key from a slant-eyed chickey." Vulgar, alcohol-laced humor makes Prine sound less desperate than usual. Still, there's Roly Salley's achingly unhappy "Killin' the Blues," the Viet Nam vet of Saigon who exclaims, "The static in my attic's gettin' ready to blow," and the moody, unreal "Down by the Side of the Road," about the mysterious shooting of the singer's girlfriend.

Offsetting these weird, affecting mumbblings are a series of amicably humorous tunes — "Cold War," a drunken Texas waltz, the raucous "Ubangi Stomp" and Elvis Presley's lusty old "Baby Let's Play House."

*Pink Cadillac* is about as uncommercial and basic as a record can get these days. Yet repeated playings won't wear down its appeal. The playing is pliant, but not drag-footedly sloppy. Prine, hobnobbing with the mid-Fifties ghosts of Memphis, Tennessee, has backed off a step from his sullen singer/songwriter stance to make an album that sounds just as great as it reads.

Steven X. Rea

**THE LAST**  
LA Explosion (*Bomp*)  
**THE MOTELS**  
The Motels (*Capitol*)  
**THE POP**  
Go! (*Arista*)  
20/20  
20/20 (*Epic*)

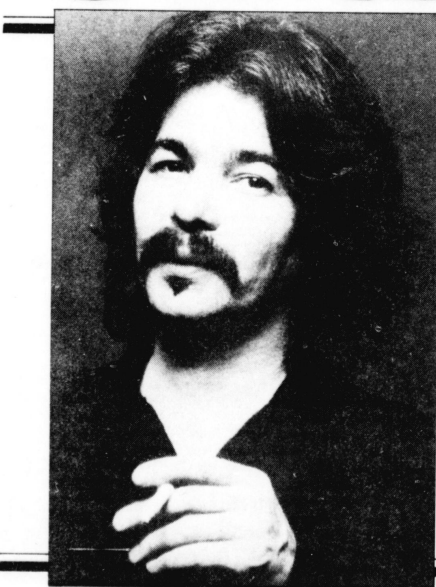
Los Angeles hasn't offered much in recent years to the growth of rock and roll, but perhaps this lull will be reversed by the flurry of new wave-inspired activity, the results of which are now appearing on vinyl. Among the earliest and most impressive releases are those from 20/20, the Pop, the Motels and the Last.

20/20 is a band in the true collaborative sense. Songwriting, lead vocals and guitar leads are shared by guitarist Steve Allen, bassist Ron Flynt and Chris Silagi, who adds third-part harmonies as well as guitar and simple synthesizer lines. Mike Gallo's drumming propels their tunes into great dance music.

The Pop helped initiate the LA music surge, but, since signing to Arista a year ago, they've been absent from the scene. *Go!* seems detached, concealing the wonderful street band instincts of the Pop's first album, independently released on Automatic. Only "She Really Means That Much to Me" and "Shakeaway" reflect the earlier reverence for infectious melodies.

Martha Davis, lyricist and singer for the Motels, makes each number an intimate experience, her expressive voice tuning songs of lonely frustration — like "Total Control" and "Counting" — into emotional pleas. She likes to twist words; in "Dressing Up," the lyrics "outfitted to fit in" reduce the rules of high fashion to a childish game. The album's guitar interplay is also exceptional, as is Martin Jourard's stirring sax work.

The Last take an aggressive stance on *LA Explosion*, touching at times on social themes. The album's generous cuts vary from folk rock, surf music and acid punk to the Mersey beat sound, but occasional lyric blurtings like "Love is a gobble, love is a turkey," obscure the Last's intensity and potent use of dynamics. Quality is recovered with the fierce yet



humorous slugging of "A Fool Like You," the well-constructed "Looking at You" and others.

Vicki Arkoff

CHUCK BERRY  
Rockit (Atco)

From angry Anglo punksters like the Clash to blues-rock revivalists like George Thorogood, way on back to the Beatles and the Stones, almost everyone has copped licks and entire songs from the indefatigable Chuck Berry. Without him, rock & roll probably wouldn't exist. The sly, spy creator of "Johnny B. Goode" remains smitten with the spirit of rock, as *Rockit*, his umpteenth release, testifies. All ten songs are originals, except a reggae-fied reworking of his languid "Havana Moon." Berry's lyrics, notably on "It Wuden't Me," are wry, raunchy and angularly ungrammatical: poetry rife with playful verbosity. Though a mite slower in his fifth decade, Chuck Berry's still got it.

Steven X. Rea

DAVID JOHANSEN  
In Style (Blue Sky)

David Johansen's first solo album, *David Johansen*, successfully combined the devil-may-care raunch of his old band, the New York Dolls, and mainstream hard rock. *In Style* is smoother and more tuneful, but misses the mark. Johansen, who evokes Mick Jagger while trying to sound like the Four Tops' Levi Stubbs, fails to capture the dirty-streets romanticism he aims for. Worse, Johansen has gone in for cultural plundering. "She Knew She Was Falling in Love" cops reggae licks and stock Jamaican catchphrases to minimal effect. "Swaheto Woman," a hapless meeting of Giorgio Moroder and the E Street Band, giddily advises the women of Soweto, the dreadful Johannesburg ghetto, to hold their heads up high, stand up for their rights, and they will be free. Bwana Dave doesn't say what to do should they get caught on the white side of town without passbooks.

Elsewhere, "She" and "Wreckless Crazy" are typically frenzied Johansen rockers and "Melody" a straight cop from the Four Tops songbook. A wonderfully impudent sense of style, apparent on these last numbers, has always made Johansen's music enjoyable. It's ironic he should name an LP *In Style* just when that sense was least secure.

Don Snowden

LED ZEPPELIN  
In Through the Out Door  
(Swan Song)

Though Led Zep never actually called it quits, after three years away from the studio, this is effectively their comeback album, with varied styles and influences represented. Jimmy Page bares some firmly planted country roots on "Hot Dog," as disposable (here synonymous with commercial) a piece as "D'Yer Mak'er." "Carouselambra" is a modernization of *Physical Graffiti*'s majestic "Kashmir," with contrasting movements built on keyboards and synthesizers, sometimes as overlapping patterns — including one with

(could this be?) a disco riff. "All of My Love," another highlight, is a supreme love song in Zep's grandiose, primeval tradition. Unfortunately, it segues into "I'm Gonna Crawl," with a sappy orchestrated intro and a pas-sel of Robert Plant's trite utterances.

After three years, releasing a new Led Zeppelin LP is like tossing Alpo to a pack of starving dogs. Weak spots aside, it's a satisfying continuation of the Zep bombast. In the wake of *In Through's* immediate coursing to Number One, seven of the band's previous eight albums have returned to the charts. With fans like that, Led Zeppelin can come in through any door it damn well pleases.

Vicki Arkoff

J.D. SOUTHER  
You're Only Lonely (Columbia)

One of the finest singer-songwriters ever to emerge from the smogpots of Southern California, J.D. Souther has written brilliantly twisted songs like "New Kid in Town" for the Eagles and "White Rhythm and Blues" and "Faithless Love" for Linda Ronstadt. But his own career has never really jelled, perhaps due to Souther's reputation for being a rock & roll asshole. In this age of Pink Lady and Bee Gees, the fans want love, not malice. Which is too bad, because there's more to Souther's occasional fits of pique than all the falsetto jive talkin' in the world. Like Souther sings it, "The sun is sinkin' and people start thinkin' at twilight." It's at twilight that the music of J.D. Souther cuts deepest.

Merrill Shindler

JULES AND THE POLAR BEARS  
Phonetics (Columbia)

Jules and the Polar Bears, owners of the best band name in years, are a critics' fave, which means that all the soft-between-the-ears ersatz intellectuals who write about rock put on their headphones, listen to their records about 97 times at high volume and emerge to discourse at length. Actually, *Phonetics* is an interesting album, as was last year's praised-to-the-skies *Got No Breeding*. But it slides from memory like water off a duck's back. That's usually the problem with critics' bands.

Merrill Shindler

GARLAND JEFFREYS  
American Boy & Girl (A&M)

In this concept album about urban runaways and hostile street life, Jeffreys has returned to the expert blendings of rock, reggae and Hispanic flavorings with heartfelt social observation that made 1977's *Ghostwriter* great. Several of the new songs are based on the experiences of kids from a 24-hour crisis center in Times Square. Jeffreys includes several straightforward romantic songs, his warm, rich singing studded with subtle inflections. But *American Boy & Girl* principally expresses the urban hustle for survival, the desperate maintenance of life's spark. *Ghostwriter*, something of a masterwork, was more immediate, but *American Boy & Girl* is an illuminating return to form.

Don Snowden

(Continued on page 19)

# This Christmas

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*The Cars, Paramount Theatre,  
Portland, Oregon*

Elliot Easton, lead guitarist for the Cars and an expert at looking like Mick Jagger's photograph on the cover of *Black and Blue*, appeared briefly perplexed. The problem: the Cars were midway through the first set of a sold-out Portland show, and their sound system was obliterating one of their songs.

Small wonder. When you've got two banks of speakers, each the size and shape of the *Hollywood Squares* Tic-Tac-Toe set on either flank and you crank two or three zillion watts of energy through both simultaneously, you're bound to invite audio overkill.

Enough decibels were being pumped out of those monsters, in fact, to create an actual wind. This didn't seem to bother their wall-to-wall stable of fans, however. The Cars comprise one fat swell of the New, Newer, Newest Wave and, considering the health of that movement in Portland, it would have been no surprise to have found the place full up with all those young people in black and white who spend scads of time reading Rimbaud and trying to figure out what sex they want to be.

But no. The audience was a middle-class crew. Demure. Adidas-ed young ladies. Guys coiffed with \$20 Son-of-Farrah shags and wearing football jerseys that said things like HAWAII 78 on the back. Pretty split level.

And nobody seemed to mind that, early on, the cacophony and distortion was such that the band came across like the world's loudest underwater all-electric ensemble.

Still, the sound was unfortunate because the Car's lead singer Ric Ocasek is a genius, and his long suit is constructing music that is not only extremely powerful, but tricky and precise. They were playing at the Paramount, a beautiful art-deco Disneyland-style ex-movie theatre, a medium-sized hall that should have been acoustically perfect. Big enough to handle the Cars' orchestral energy and small enough not to force them to go batshit powerwise to make their point.

The droll and tidy Cars are aggressive, sophisticated studio musicians; their two albums have established them as the subtle, snazzy archivists of Seventies popular music. Carefully re-inventing lots of the best hooks recorded over the last decade or so, the Cars on record are at the creative service of the ghosts of those as diverse as T. Rex, Bryan Ferry, Lou Reed, Spirit, Led Zeppelin, Country Joe and His Ancient Fish, Abbey Road-period Beatles, the Seeds, and even the Association. (If you don't believe me on that last one, just listen to the background vocals on "My Best Friend's Girl.") Polished, creative, yet classic. Think of these guys as the expensive Swedish furniture of rock. In Portland, however, it's possible they were slumming it a bit. One of the best things about the Cars is their packaging — the gorgeous Vargas rendering on the cover of *Candy-O*, the super-slick production work, the artfully cool and obscure lyrics, and, hey, no doubt about it, the Cars are all great dressers. Probably everyone should dress just like they do on the jacket of that second album.

Here, though, they were a little loose. Co-lead singer Benjamin Orr was the belle of the ball, vamping around the stage like the true tart we all know him to be, duded out in high-heeled cowboy booties, black tights and a red sleeveless leopard-skin pullover — the kind of threads J. C. Penney's might sell to an AC/DC refugee from the Marvel Comics Outer Space Super

# ON TOUR

Hero series. To his theatrical credit, however, Mr. Orr is able to convey that special little secret something that lets us know: look, I'm not a raving fruitcake. Heavens no!

Four or five numbers into the evening, the Cars' sound began to cohere. And by mid-show, when they launched into the icy, wild and thumping "Living in Stereo," things started to get pretty entertaining. Greg Hawkes co-wrote this stunner with Ocasek. Hawkes, dressed in white shirt and tie, looks like he might just be old enough to join the army, but he knows exactly what he's doing behind his keyboards. He may be one of the few people on earth who can overdub fake strings intelligently *live*. After "Stereo," the music just got better and better. What saved them, if nothing else, is that — despite the fact that they play *all* original material — the Cars have scarcely a melody to their name that couldn't cut it as a successful single. They may be asleep during sound-check, but their material is uniformly excellent. They closed the show with two encores and, in total, a good time was had by all.

Mark Christensen

*The Kinks, Johnny Cougar  
McDonough Gym, Georgetown  
University Washington, D.C.*

Propelled across the stage and back again and again, showing off an hilarious fluency in body language, Ray Davies made everyone forget a miserably rainy night outside. Renowned veteran frontman of the Kinks, the red hot Davies was in absolute command of the crowd from first note

to last.

Material for the show was drawn from the two most rocking periods of the Kinks' twenty-five-plus album career, their earliest stuff and their latest. They've put away most of their mid-period reclusive ballads and reclusive silliness onstage in favor of a tight and glorious statement, a little renaissance in hard rock. A key factor in the transformation is the redevelopment by Ray's brother Dave of the buzzsaw guitar technique that made "You Really Got Me" such a grabber in 1964 and so often imitated in the years since.

*Sleepwalker, Misfits* and *Low Budget*, their last three albums, combined with vigorous touring, have won the Kinks one of rock's broadest audiences. Many in attendance were local hiscoolers too young to pronounce "radio" when the Kinks first hit big. And at least one University of Virginia professor braved the elements to catch the show.

Singer Johnny Cougar and his band began the show almost two hours late. They claimed power problems, an ironic excuse for D.C., and went on to deliver an uninspiring set of hard rock punctured, to poor effect, by Cougar's commentary. "I Need a Lover Who Won't Drive Me Crazy" has been picking up airplay, so the band wisely stretched out the song's well-modulated, catchy guitar duet intro in concert. Wisely, because Cougar is between poor and fair as a lyricist/singer and worse than that as an emcee; his unnecessary speeches interrupted many songs in mid-measure. Cougar needs more due-time in front of a friendly hometown audience instead of angry, rainsoaked Washingtonians.

John Kroat

*The Wild Tchoupitoulas, New Orleans' singinest Indians*



*Mardi Gras Mambo, Roxy,  
Los Angeles*

At heart, this was the Meters' Mambo. A secure grasp of essential New Orleans R&B made that group, which once opened a Rolling Stones tour and appeared on dozens of other people's hit records, a deeply influential unit.

Art and Cyril Neville, formerly the Meters' keyboard and percussion nucleus, again established the musical backbone for a night of variously-styled New Orleans performers. Though the stinging guitar and polyrhythmic drumming of ex-Meters Leo Noncentelli (now with Robert Palmer) and Joe "Zigaboo" Modeliste (recently with Ron Wood's New Barbarians) were missed, the Mardi Gras Mambo was the best display of R&B music to hit Los Angeles since the last visit of Clifton Chenier and his Louisiana Hot Band.

Working from an old-style R&B Revue format, the show opened with the New Orleans All-Stars, a melding of the Neville Brothers Band and some of Fats Domino's current sidemen. "Caravan," their first song, interweave tenor sax and trumpet lines into a voodoo rumba. Art Neville's swampy, behind-the-beat organ chords led tempo shifts all the way into light swing. Next, an upbeat blues vamp served to showcase the reedmen.

Earl King held court for the second segment, suffering from a slight case of laryngitis. Yet his guitar playing — with honking, pushed-up block chords — combined lead and rhythm into a single, arresting style. "Trick Bag," his trademark song, was a crowd pleaser despite the gruffled vocal delivery.

Up next was Aaron Neville, so smooth-voiced he made Marvin Gaye seem like a hoarse shouter by comparison, yet so slick he almost came off like a lounge-singing weasel. Neville over-used his supply of velvety vocal quivers, but still triggered a collective swoon when the audience recognized his early Sixties signature hit, "Tell It Like It Is." Singalongs greeted each chorus.

After the third distracting stage change, the Neville Brothers Band took over and the show reached boiling point. Opening with "Fire on the Bayou," the chunky title track from one of the Meters' Warner Bros. albums, the band served such a persuasive gumbo that dancing lines popped up between tables. Leading their set through a red-hot version of Little Willie John's "Fever" and a downright insane take on "Honeydripper," the Neville Brothers Band briefly made the night as festive and hypnotic as any Crescent City Music enthusiast could have wished.

Framed with extravagant plumage and sequined breast-plates, looking like a humanized blend of flamingo, ostrich, jukebox and '58 Buick, the Wild Tchoupitoulas next demonstrated Mardi Gras costumery at its most flamboyant extreme. Their performance was more show than go, although Big Chief Jolly and his tribesmen chanted with spirit, particularly on "Meet the Boss on the Battlefield."

Though not necessarily a show for the current pop music audience, the Mardi Gras Mambo's peak moments captivated a clubful of black and white listeners more pleased to revel in classic R&B than pursue the Next Big Thing. New Orleans music, a bottom-heavy blend of all that's danceable from several musical and racial traditions, proved again that in the long run casting a spell is more effective than sinking a hook.

Tom Vickers  
Byron Laursen

# On disc

(Continued from page 17)

**MICHAEL JACKSON**  
*Off the Wall (Epic)*

Like most great popular singers, Michael Jackson has an immediately recognizable voice. That unique instrument has never been so well used as on *Off the Wall*. Jackson's first solo album since leaving Motown four years ago. Along with the credit due Jackson, high praise is also due producer Quincy Jones, who found for Jackson a perfect balance of gritty funk and slick R&B.

Dance numbers dominate Side One, leading with the smash "Don't Stop Till You Get Enough." Jackson wrote or co-wrote three of the side's four songs, each of them striking an adventuresome yet contemporary sound. "Rock with You," written by Rod Temperton of Heatwave, is a perfect commercial groove, already being played as the album's second hit. Side Two, with uneven material, is less compelling. Still, it's a joy to hear Jackson come into his own, outside the famous family grouping. This is also a giant step for Quincy Jones, for most of all this is an album of mood, where the colorings and shadings of the production set Jackson's bouyant voice off with subtlety and brilliance.

Tom Vickers

**VAN MORRISON**  
*Into the Music (Warner Bros.)*

Give an open ear to *Astral Weeks*, *St. Dominic's Preview*, *Tupelo Honey* or most any of Van Morrison's albums and it becomes clear: the Belfast bluesman has been living on the edge, beyond the fringe and into the ether longer than any of us has even known that stuff was out there. Which maybe is why it's so hard to understand what he's doing. Since splitting from Marin County's mellow-er-than-thou lifestyle and re-absorbing spiritual hits from his Irish homeland, Van Morrison has released three eclectic albums — *Period of Transition*, *Wavelength* and now *Into the Music*. Where early Van Morrison was brilliance crystallized and middle Van Morrison was murky but soulful, the current stuff sort of isn't. If these albums do share a direction, it's toward rebirth, celebration and religion. "Moving from the dark end of the street to the bright side of the road," as *Into the Music*'s first lyrics put it. Maybe they encompass our entire belief system, who knows? I think this is a great album, and knowing has nothing to do with that realization.

Merrill Shindler

**BLUE STEEL**  
*No More Lonely Nights (Infinity)*

Blue Steel play a good ol' bar room variety of rock & roll, booze and boogie music with its feet planted firmly in the middle of a road that stretches back to the Fifties and beyond. These boys have worked the

roadbed thoroughly, having individually toured and recorded with Rondstadt, the Eagles and Jackson Browne to name a few, and it shows up to their advantage on this debut album on Infinity. California rock and Southern Boogie are the two dominant forces here. The tunes usually end up with some heads down, no-nonsense jamming that indicates the live roots of this band. The songs — about rock & roll, girls, playing guitar, girls who won't, life on the road, dope and girls who would like to — are unlikely to expand the consciousness of the listener. But that is of lesser importance to the goodtime nature of the music, which is well played with a genuine spontaneity about it.

James Anzer

**WOODY SHAW**  
*Woody III (Columbia)*

Of all the current artists signed to Columbia Records, cornetist-Flugelhornist Woody Shaw is foremost in preserving the jazz tradition that was inspired by the life and music of John Coltrane. Shaw's records are fiery and provocative, yet pleasing to the ear.

Side one is a three-part suite, *Woody I, II, and III*, all utilizing a large ensemble for compositional diversity and broadness of sound. *Woody I* varies between a tension-building vamp and straight swing, with Shaw, pianist Onaje Allen Gumbs and saxophonist Carter Jefferson playing with passion. *II* is more uptempo and highlights the remarkable trombonist Steve Turre, whose fat, trembling sound and rocket-like technique are only sidelights to an unshakable rhythmic sense that makes this artist the next major voice on his instrument. Curtis Fuller, an elder statesman from the generation before Turre's, has warm trombone phrases on *Woody III*, a lovely and quiet piece that also has energetic Flugelhorn from the leader.

Side two comes out of the hole like a 5-second dragster with "To Kill a Brick," a hell-bent blues that has good solos from Shaw, Gumbs, bassist Buster Williams, and alto saxophonists Rene McLean and James Spaulding, all interspersed between readings of the melody. Then the horns trade four-bar phrases so that the contrasting approaches of these artists can be further revealed. Drummer Victor Lewis, here as elsewhere, sparks the take with a vivid, prancing cymbal. A beautiful segue is "Organ Grinder," a shimmering quartet vehicle for Shaw's sassy, bright Flugelhorn and guest pianist George Cables' spread-out voicings and nimble-fingered lines. You can play this one over and over, it just keeps right on singing. The closer is a 'live' take from New York's Village Vanguard, with the leader, reedman Jefferson and Gumbs simply tearing up "Escape Velocity," the 32-bar modal tune based on Miles Davis's "So What." It's some heady stuff.

Zan Stewart

## Study This Great Music



Tanya Tucker



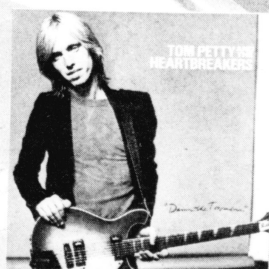
Point Blank



Rufus & Chaka Khan



Elton John



Tom Petty & the Heartbreakers

MCA RECORDS  
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## Do Unto Others

In the lengthy prologue to his new novel, *Jailbird* (Delacorte Press/Seymour Lawrence, \$9.95), Kurt Vonnegut quotes a letter from an Indiana high school student who claims to have discovered the idea that lies at the core of all his work to date: "Love may fail, but courtesy will prevail." Vonnegut goes on to say that if he'd known that before, it would have saved him the trouble of writing several books. Fortunately, he didn't find out before he finished this nifty little fable, his best novel since *Slaughterhouse-Five*.

The narrator, one Walter F. Starbuck, is a pathetic little creature, a weak-willed Washington bureaucrat, the sorriest casualty of both the McCarthy era and Watergate. In typical Vonnegut fashion, the narrative skips back and forth in time, relating Walter's childhood as the son of domestics for a stammering scion of a robber-baron industrial magnate, his brief career as a campus Communist in the Thirties, his rise and fall in Washington, and his imprisonment after getting enmeshed in the Watergate business. At last, he is out of prison, an old man bereft of money, friends and prospects, when a sudden twist of fate makes him an executive in a superconglomerate bent on buying up the whole country.

But Vonnegut isn't out to give us a tragicomic history of modern America; what he's really after is the American Free Enterprise System, with its attendant emphasis on the sacredness of private property, forces which, he seems to contend, lie behind all of our recent history. Through the narrative and its seemingly irrelevant asides to things like American labor his-

I know, I know, this sounds like basic Marxism. But Vonnegut says that isn't the answer, either, because something always manages to go wrong with any revolution. In the end, at least in this book, the only happy people aren't the ones with money, but the ones who do nice things for each other.

There are some flaws here, most notably a plot twist that Vonnegut gives away much too soon, but it's still a fine book. It succeeds in moving us without preaching, and in lifting the spirits even at its most pessimistic. We don't need money or revolutions of science or even love to make life better, Vonnegut tells us. All we really need is kindness and simple decency to each other. They may not save the world, but they're about the only things that make it tolerable.

Sol Louis Siegel

## Pretty Pictures

Once upon a time there were two brothers who drew pretty pictures for the Moguls, Tolkien and Lucas, that they would turn them into gold in the guise of *Star Wars* posters and *Lord of the Rings* calendars. "Gaww!" said one brother. "Why don't we write and illustrate our own book?" "Damn!" said the other. "What stories we could tell!" "And what money you could make," said their agent.

Thus the brothers Hildebrandt labored mightily, and brought forth *Urshurak* (Bantam, \$8.95), with writer Jerry Nichols helping in the delivery. *Urshurak* is coolly calculated to separate foolish sword and sorcery fans from their \$8.95, from the frontispiece ("full color Urshurak posters... just send \$5.00") on. The narrative, like the cover, is a full-blown menagerie, with something for everyone: Elves, Dwarves, Hobbits, Robin Hood, Amazons, Vikings, Nubians, winged unicorns — and those are just the good guys. We even get two

wizards, hurling enough *deus ex machinas* about to keep even the most bumbling heroes out of trouble.

In fact, *Urshurak* is downright annoying in its constant pandering to the lowest common denominator of liberal Seventies alternative consciousness: we are told (but not shown) that ecology is good, becoming one with something (anything) is good, sexism is bad, reason is bad, technology is very bad, except when used to slaughter evil (bad) and gain freedom (good).

The complexity of theme and depth of character that make Tolkien's trilogy a classic are nowhere to be found in these expensive pages. There is instead a happy land where the capacity for extreme destruction does not corrupt, where the bad guys are pronounced evil and live in an evil-looking city that could pass for Gary, Indiana on a bad day, though they don't really seem to do anything worse than put people to work. Tolkien's quest is a metaphoric rite of passage from childhood innocence to the mixed blessing of adult maturity — this sortie is little more than a sophomoric search-and-destroy mission, punctuated by beer drinking and hell raising. But then, this is supposed to be fantasy.

The book is nearly redeemed by the Hildebrandts' illustrations. Their work, especially in the 12 color plates, is at once photographic in detail and surrealistic in color and composition. Their fantasy is rooted in reality, which makes it all the more arresting. They capture dawns and dusks in which even commonplace objects are transformed. Shadows are long and luminous, skies chartreuse and turquoise; clouds hover eerily like purple and orange UFOs. Their paintings succeed because, unlike the *Lord of the Rings* illustrations, these do not have to compete with our pre-conceived notions of what the characters and settings look like. The pictures shine so brightly that they overpower the limp and often ludicrous prose, which is little more than a crudely sketched screenplay (the brothers conceived this story as both novel and film, and no doubt a rotoscoped epic is in the offing), hurrying along with great violence and little sense. Most readers will gladly let themselves be left behind, gazing at the pretty pictures.

Michael Ward

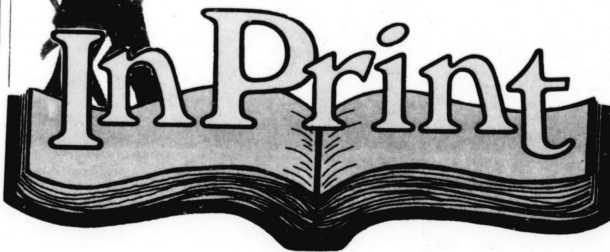


Fantasy artists, Tim (left) and Greg Hildebrandt, on location in New Jersey.

tory and science fiction stories (another typical Vonnegut technique), we see how the American mania for money and property results in vast scrap-heaps of unnecessary human refuse and demeans the haves as well as the have-nots.



Zyra, Amazon princess in *Urshurak*



## Folk, Rock & Disco

Taken together, side by side, these three books — *Baby Let Me Follow You Down: The Illustrated Story of the Cambridge Folk Years* by Eric von Schmidt & Jim Rooney (Anchor, \$8.95), *Born to Run: The Bruce Springsteen Story* by Dave Marsh (Doubleday Dolphin, \$7.95) and *The Complete Book on Disco and Ballroom Dancing* by Ann T. Kilbride & A. Algosio (Hwong, \$7.95) — make absolutely no sense at all.

The first is a voluminous compendium of photographs, drawings, anecdotes and "I was there" reportage of the late Fifties/early Sixties Cambridge folk era, when pimply, skinny kids like Bob Dylan, Eric Andersen, Joan Baez and Tom Rush used to sit around in coffee houses playing their guitars, scribbling lines like "Thirsty boots" and "From the crossroads of my doorstep my eyes start to fade" on torn-up pieces of paper.

*Baby Let Me Follow You Down* is, if not an essential book, at least one no one will regret having purchased. The authors reminisce, recount and recreate the amoeba-like group's romantic intertwinings (Dylan and Baez, Eric and Debbie Andersen, Richard and Mimi Farina, Geoff and Maria Muldaur), the musical intertwinings (rural bluesmen meet rich kid Bonnie Raitt, hillbillies meet Paul Butterfield's Blues Band, and so on) and the many eccentrics and outright weirdos who were part of the scene (remember Mel Lyman from Kewskin's Jug Band — Cambridge's answer to Charles Manson?). Somehow, *Baby* ties it all up into a happy, sentimental oversized hodge-podge, managing to throw in the Chambers Brothers, the Lovin' Spoonful and Peter, Paul and Mary for good measure.

*Born to Run* is a picture-permeated fan's book on Bruce Springsteen, chronicling his early Asbury Park days (Marsh points out that Springsteen actually grew up in Freehold, New Jersey, about fifteen miles inland from Asbury Park — Ha! Another myth squashed!), his apprenticeship in local bar bands like Steel Mill, and then on to his bumpy ride to the summit of rock & roll stardom. Marsh, with a minimum of hype and hyperbole, has carefully and earnestly documented Springsteen's career, enhanced with healthy dollops of biographical straight from the horse's mouth. Marsh lays out the *Time* and *Newsweek* cover boy's life story (including all the ill effects resulting from that media overkill) and in doing so manages to document the evolution of rock itself, from its Sixties innocence to its Seventies cynicism.

The *Disco* book is self-explanatory. Two-hundred-and-eighty pages of dance steps (diagrammed in left foot, right foot, dot-dot-dot graphics) and photos of these two natty ethnic-type couples doing endless variations on the Hustle, the Salsa, the Slow Disco, the Bump, the Freak, the Ride-A-Bike and "free style" dances like the Split Pivots, Taxi Driver (wherein the dancer shaves his head Mohawk-style, packs some mean hardware and attempts to assassinate a well-known politician) and Dolphin Rolls (which everybody knows are what dolphins eat for breakfast). The introduction features a "Historical Roots of Dance," with photos of scantily clad African tribespeople doing war stomps around a fire.

In fact, taken together, these three books do make some sense. The camaraderie, the new consciousness and innocence manifested by the Cambridge folksters strikes a sharp contrast to the



awesome pressures the pop music industry has plopped on its media-made superstars like Springsteen. That late Seventies causticity, in turn, pales next to the anesthetized, robotized decadence of the cocaine, Qaalude and spray-on Spandex disco world.

Steven X. Rea

## Murder: Fact & Fiction

Perhaps that eminent sleuth Sherlock Holmes said it best: "Life is infinitely stranger than anything that the mind of man could invent...the things which are really mere commonplaces of existence, make all fiction with its conventionalities and foreseen conclusions most stale and unprofitable." The point is, when it comes to murder, verifiable atrocities are irrepressibly repulsive and intriguing when compared to the casual wanderings of the imagination.

The recent release of two books devoted to this same curiosity in homicide offers a choice example. In *Best Detective Stories of the Year - 1979* (E. P. Dutton, \$9.95), we have an idiosyncratic selection of 16 short-story mysteries by editor Edward Hoch, whose own story, written from the criminals' viewpoint, is one of the more charming. Published annually for the past 33 years, the anthology picks from mystery magazines and is designed for the hardcore buffs who thirst for young, award-winning talent in the field of fiction.

On the other hand we have *The Murderer's Who's Who* (Methuen, Inc., \$17.95), a work of substantially more import from J.H.H. Gaute and Robin Odell. (Yes, it's unfair to compare fiction with compendiums of fact, but such are their fates on

a valuable tool for the morbid soul and a fine addition to the literature of murder. Gaute and Odell are not trying to be comprehensive; they deal with over 650 notorious or law-changing cases in a way which presumes a socio-psychological bias. Apparently the authors are infatuated (like Mr. Holmes) with the philosophy of murder, and in the *Who's Who* we reap the benefits of their scholarly ardor.

*Best Detective Stories* is neither inappropriate nor uninspiring; writers like Brian Garfield, Frank Sisk and Barbara Owens have contributed tales of cunning and worth, and Mr. Hoch's comments relieve us of historical ignorance. But the intellectual allure of murder, which is as old as the first murderer, seems more accessible and significant as a science than as a hobby.

William Witt Bloomstein

## Science Fiction & The Not-So-Bizarre

Regular readers of science fiction probably already know about *Best Science Fiction Stories of the Year*, edited by Gardner Dozois (Dutton, \$9.95), but even the occasional dabbler in SF should definitely look into this book; it lives up to its title.

The eighth annual collection of this "Best SF" series has the cream of the crop for 1978: among the eleven stories are John Varley's "The Persistence of Vision," Christopher Priest's "Whores," Joan D. Vinge's "View from a Height" and Gene Wolfe's prophetic short novel "Seven American Nights," along with lesser, though still rewarding, efforts by Isaac Asimov, Thomas M. Disch, Gregory Benford and several others. The Varley story alone is an instant classic, winning a Nebula award and appearing already in *1979 Annual World's Best SF* from DAW Books, as well as headlining a collection of Varley's stories.

Editor Dozois not only selects the best SF stories for us, he also gives a detailed overview of the field in an excellent introduction, giving current information about the top writers, editors and magazines. There are also brief biographical introductions to each of the stories, as is common in SF anthologies, and a list of 90 honorable mentions — stories that might have been the best if Varley and company had bombed.

Since many SF readers are also fans of the bizarre, they should beware Harold E. Priestley's *Truly Bizarre* (Sterling, \$8.95), a rambling collection of "believe-it-or-not" trivia that is rarely bizarre and usually not even interesting. *Truly Bizarre* is a lead balloon — put your money into the SF collection and you're way ahead.

Neal Wilgus

## Many Elements, Not That Much Style

When E. B. White published his famous *New Yorker* essay on his former professor's writing textbook in 1957, it provoked so much excitement that White revised the book for contemporary use. *The Elements of Style*, by William Strunk Jr. and E. B. White, is now in its third edition (Macmillan, \$1.95), and this one promises to be as popular as the first two. One reason for the book's immediate success was the implicit promise White's essay — now the

(Continued next page)

Break into the



In the last two years *Ampersand* has paid out some \$25,500 to freelance contributors — writers, artists, and photographers — and this year wads of bucks are just waiting for ace *Ampersand* contributors. (Lucky devils!) This is real money, not Monopoly paper; we pay 10¢ per published word, \$25 per black & white photo, more for color. Think of it, your name in print. Your mother will be so pleased.

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2. Submit a list of story ideas that you are ready and able to do. Be practical; don't offer to interview Farrah if only we'd pick up the plane fare. We're most likely to use book, concert, record and film reviews. We're also in the market for qualified textbook reviews, pithy assessments of guest lecturers on the college circuit, off-beat features, and cartoons (but no comic strips, please). You may prefer to submit a finished "on spec" article rather than a query; fine, but if you want it back — if you want *anything* back — you must enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope.
3. Tell us your telephone number(s), in case we become so excited by your brilliance we just can't wait for the mail.
4. Be brief.
5. Be neat.
6. Be literate.

If you've already been published in *Ampersand*, you needn't go through all this again — just tell us of any change of address. And soon. Send your stuff to Break into the Big Time, *Ampersand Magazine*, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028.

WOULD YOU BELIEVE COLONEL SANDERS?



November's *Ampersand* of the Month is a turkey (no smart remarks) from Karen C. Copeland of Hillsborough, NC, who will receive \$25.

this occasion.) While the *Who's Who* is not the first of its kind (Colin Wilson's *Encyclopedia of Murder*, still the definitive reference tool, and Jay Nalsh's *Bloodletters and Badmen* come to mind), the work entails a new dimension in recording the history of murder: a cross reference system by which a listing of sources is offered for each case. One doesn't have to scramble to locate several references on, say, Albert Fish, who acknowledged at least 100 crimes involving dismemberment and cannibalism before being electrocuted at Sing Sing. Or Amelia Dyer, executed in 1896 for strangling 7 (if not more) children with tape and then tossing their bodies in a river. Or...

With a further innovation, a classified index of cases, the *Who's Who* is undeniably

# InPrint

Introduction — seemed to hold: follow these rules, avoid these missteps, and you too can learn how to write. The debate on student and general illiteracy was already strong in the Fifties, and this ancient text with its brief prescriptions could possibly come to the rescue.

Alas, it didn't work out that way. It was naive, and still is, to think that this book, or any other, could do much to improve writing in an increasingly non-writing, non-reading culture. Moreover, it isn't really a very good book. It's a hodgepodge of "rules of usage" (e.g., "Form the possessive singular of nouns by adding s"... "The number of the subject determines the number of the verb") and "principles of composition" ("Use the active voice"... "Avoid a succession of loose sentences"). This is all good advice but no better than that given by thousands of textbooks.

Another flaw is a certain affectation, an archness, an occasional metaphorical turn that is meant to be crisp but calls attention to itself in a way the book warns against doing: "There are occasions when obscurity serves a literary yearning, if not a literary purpose, and there are writers whose mien is more overcast than clear." Or, in a passage criticizing such business words as *update* and *finalize*: "Its portentous nouns and verbs invest ordinary events with high adventure; the executive walks among ink erasers, caparisoned like a knight. We should tolerate him — every man of spirit wants to ride a white horse. The only question is whether his vocabulary is helpful to ordinary prose." The only question I have is whether this kind of prose is helpful to ordinary students. Each example suffers from a certain cuteness and inci-

dentally violates two of the book's rules: "Use figures of speech sparingly" and "Avoid fancy words."

This takes me to "Words and Expressions Commonly Misused," a chapter White has revised for this edition. Though he gives much good advice for avoiding vague or confusing words, he is cranky much of the time. White's prejudice is against newer words and shifts of meaning. *Nauseous* should not be used for *nauseated*; it means "sickening to contemplate." Most people would disagree. *Transpire* means to "become known," not to "happen" or "come to pass." "Many writers so use it..." he says, "but their usage finds little support in the Latin 'breathe across or through!' This is proof?"

Then there's *cope*. White says it's an "intransitive verb used with *with*." But that ignores the new use of the term: "How's he doing after the divorce?" "Oh, he's coping." To be sure, this comes close to the dread psychobabble, but it still expresses something unique and valuable — as do many of the new jargon words, however irritating or overused, such as *closure*, *space*, *validation*.

Finally, there's the matter of *hopefully*. White: "To say, 'Hopefully I'll leave on the noon plane' is to talk nonsense. Do you mean you'll leave on the noon plane in a hopeful frame of mind? Or do you mean you hope you'll leave on the noon plane? Sorry, but I think White is willfully uncomprehending. We know perfectly well that this means he hopes he'll leave on the noon plane."

For all its lightness and wit, *The Elements of Style*, in whatever edition, is often sour and wrongheaded. I don't deny that we can learn from it, but the book does not have enough to do with the language as it is actually used, and it has an offensive way of celebrating its own stuffiness.

Manfred Wolf



Of all the components you buy for your hi-fi system, the only ones that absolutely require reliance on the manufacturer's performance and capability promises are the speakers. A listening test in a dealer's demo room may give you a feeling of accomplishment, may act as a psychological crutch, but as a valid test its value is zilch.

What you think you hear from a pair of speakers depends not only on the speakers, but also where they are positioned, your age and your sex. Even more important are the acoustic properties of your listening room. If you want to know what sort of sound your fi system is delivering, a pair of top quality headphones will give you an approximate idea, but even such a test has its limitations since the headphones plus your ear cavity form a sort of resonating chamber, a room in miniature.

Your hi-fi listening room always interfaces with your speakers, forming an indissoluble partnership. What you actually hear is what is left over after your room gets through with the sound. As far as fi sound is concerned, you are the last person in the hi-fi chain of events, low man on the sonic totem pole.

Several things take place in your listening room, and for openers we can consider sound as existing in two categories. The first is dry sound, the sound that comes directly from your speakers. Dry sound or direct sound is what a musician hears from

this instrument. This sound travels out into space, strikes walls, the floor, ceiling, chairs, rugs, furniture and people. Some of the sound bounces off, scattering in all directions. This reflected or reverberant sound is a sound source, just like your speakers.

All the objects in your listening room reflect a certain amount of sound, but also absorb some of it, converting it to heat, while letting some of the sound pass through. An open window, excluding the frame and glass, does no sound absorbing, permitting sound to travel on through, unrestricted. Close the window and that pane of glass becomes a sound reflector.

Offhand, it would seem that reflected sound, the reverberant sound, is the villain of the piece, yet consider that sound indoors is always more satisfying than the same sound heard at an outdoor concert. What our ears and our brains like to hear is a combination of direct and reverberant sound. Reverberant sound adds a certain richness and body to music it does not otherwise have. The amount and quality of reverberant sound depends on the size of your listening room, its shape and the sound absorption properties of everything in that room.

You can have too much reverberation or not enough but there is no such thing as a proper amount and there are no rigid rules to which you must adhere. The kind of sound, the combination of direct and reverberant sound your speakers and your listening room produce and which you may enjoy is a subjective experience. If the reverberation isn't quite right for you personally, then your speakers will not sound right no matter what. The same speakers in a different listening environment may sound like the best you ever heard.

Ideally, when listening to a composition you should get a mental image of the space in which it was performed. A symphony should give the impression of being played in a large hall; an organ in a cathedral and chamber music in an intimate room. There is no way in which your listening room, unaided, will do all these things for you.

Reverberant sound can produce problems. Two sounds can augment or negate each other. Where they assist those frequencies sound louder; where they oppose they can become inaudible. These actions occur at various places in the room, so what you hear is determined by your speakers, their positioning, by the acoustics and by where you sit. The same is true when you attend a concert: what you hear depends on where you sit. If, at a live performance speech sounds muffled or some of the instrumental music sounds muddy, change your seat. Ditto at home.

You can modify reverberant sound to some extent. You can make your room more lively, more reverberant, by removing materials which are notorious sound absorbers. You can put your speakers on stands, either homemade or of the storebought variety. This stops the reverberation of floorboards, which muddies up bass response, and gives treble tones better direction. The result: cleaner sound at both ends of the spectrum. An empty room with hard walls, closed windows, no curtains and with no one present but yourself will give maximum reverberant sound. This decreases as you add furniture, carpeting, people and open all the windows. Alternatively, you can add a time delay device to your fi system to add artificial reverb. If you do, use additional speakers at the sides and rear to supply reverberant sound only.

Martin Clifford

## & OUT THE OTHER

(Continued from page 6)

tour this November to talk about — black holes. Dr. Kaufmann, astrophysicist and black hole expert, will arrive with films, slides, diagrams and "spectacular astronomical photographs," and it's all part of the Big Push for Disney's most expensive movie ever, *The Black Hole*, opening in December.

### Yawn

**SATURDAY NIGHT NOT LIVE:** NBC is moving reruns of their late night silliness to prime time — Wednesday, 10-11, thereby ousting *From Here to Eternity* from the fall schedule. It will be optimistically titled *The Best of Saturday Night Live*.

**THE MARSHALL Tucker Band,** Spartanburg, South Carolina's contribution to the deep-South boogie brigades, was recently named Official Ambassadors to the Winter Olympics. In exchange for their high-falutin' title, the lads are obliged to throw a fund-raising show for the U.S. team and a free concert for the whole gang of competitors when they assemble next winter at Lake Placid, New York.

### Casting Calls

**MONTY PYTHON'S** John Cleese will play

Count de Monet in the French Revolution segment of Mel Brooks' *History of the World, Part I*. Cloris Leachman will play Madame de Farge. Brooks himself will play a chamber pot valet (ah, toilet humor through the ages).

**BLONDIE WILL APPEAR** in the film *Roadie*; they'll do a concert number and Deborah Harry will do even more... a featured role. The star of this effort is Meat Loaf, director is Alan (Welcome to L.A.) Rudolph, Mick Jagger, Tatum O'Neal, Orson Welles and Jackie Gleason reportedly turned down roles. This acting gig, by the way, will further delay completion of Meat Loaf's long overdue album; it was scheduled for release early this year and is nowhere near finished.

**ROBERT REDFORD'S** first directorial effort, *Ordinary People* (from the best seller of a few years back) stars Mary Tyler Moore and Donald Sutherland. *Cutter & Bone* will star John Heard as Cutter, Jeff Bridges as Bone, Lisa Eichhorn as Mo.

### Exploiting the Exploitive

**SOME ENTERPRISING** types put together a cute little flick called *Guyana, Crime of the Century*, and then even got Universal to

**WILL MICHAEL UPHAM,** designer of last month's Ampersand of the Month, please send us his address. We'd like to pay him, but the post-office won't cooperate.

agree to distribute... but Universal is suddenly shy. The movie is now called *Guyana, Mystery of the Century*, and although the original dialogue was in English, the entire movie has been redubbed. (The stars, and we use the term loosely, are Stuart Whitman, Gene Barry, John Ireland, Joseph Cotten, Yvonne de Carlo and Bradford Dillman.) This sudden attack of cold feet may prove that there *are* limits to Hollywood's tastelessness.

**BANTAM BOOKS** is re-releasing its paperback version of the original *Crusing* novel by Gerald Walker. Mere coincidence, swears Bantam, that the uproar over the film version should so closely precede the January publication date (book's been out of print since it first emerged in 1970).

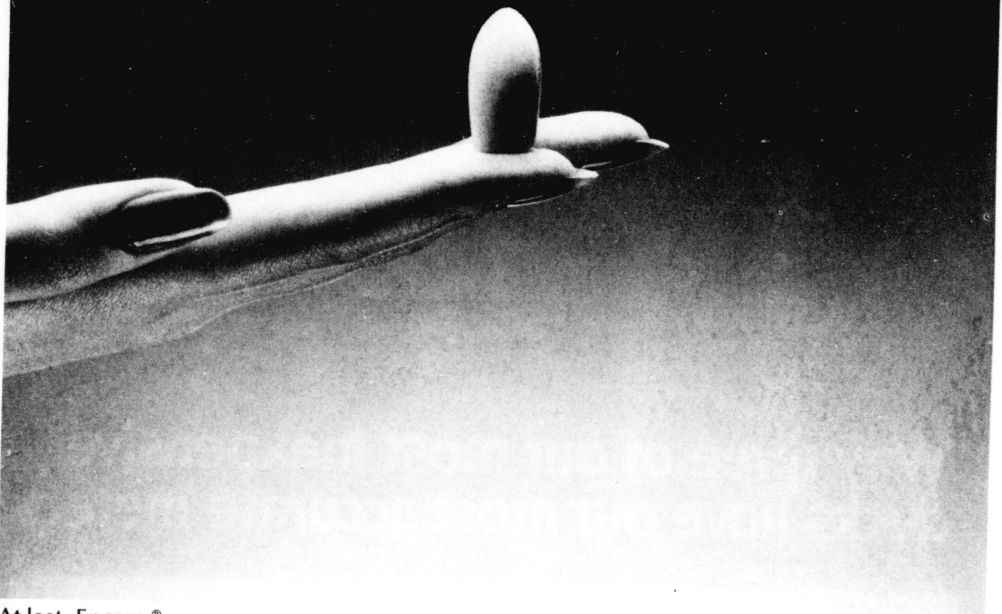
**A FILM** titled *Chappaquiddick*, using Ted Kennedy's name, will allegedly be made by one Glenn Stensel, who claims it's all perfectly OK, since, after all, Kennedy is a public figure and fair game. Stensel was once going to make a film about Billy Carter called *Peanuts*, but we were spared that one.

### Good God; What Was Least Important?

**FARRAH FAWCETT** fired her longtime manager and PR hotshot Jay Bernstein, who said in a trade interview after the axe that his work building Farrah into a worldwide star attraction was "the most important thing I've done in my life."

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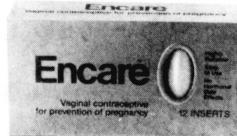
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Model	Wow and Flutter	Frequency Response	S/N
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RS-M18	1.0% WRMS	20-20kHz FeCr CrO <sub>2</sub>	66 dB Dolby in
RS-M22	1.0% WRMS	20-20kHz FeCr CrO <sub>2</sub>	67 dB Dolby in

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