

Senate discusses new pay scale

by Beverly Ellerbrock

Daily Aztec staff writer

A faculty salary schedule proposed by CSUC Chancellor Glenn Dumke met with opposition in the University Senate yesterday.

The schedule, which supporters feel will eventually alleviate crowding in the College of Business Administration, was opposed by Senate Personnel Committee members.

Committee chairman David Dufault told the senate that based on the report sent from the Chancellor's office the committee could not support a policy that would cause more problems than it would solve.

The proposed schedule supported by CSUC university presidents—including SDSU President Day—would more than triple available salary steps and add \$8,000 dollars to the pay scale. Merit raises, up to now given on a virtually automatic basis, would also be revised so that only those deserving of the increase would receive them.

However, because no additional funding from the legislature was listed in Dumke's report, committee members were concerned that funds would be taken from across-the-board pay raises to finance the new merit steps. Such funding, they said, would provide higher salaries for a few at the top of the pay scale, at the expense of many others below them.

Dufault added that the lack of faculty consultation on the proposal had led to "a large number of misunderstandings about the program." Specifically, he said his committee needed to know how funds for the proposal would be distributed among colleges and how merit evaluations would be conducted.

SDSU Vice President Albert Johnson defended the proposal, telling senate members that a proposal for additional funding for the plan had been sent to Dumke and only part of the funding would probably come from across-the-board increases.

Johnson admitted Dumke had made a mis-

take by not consulting with faculty, but urged Senate members not to "close the door" on the proposal because of this. He also encouraged faculty members to make suggestions for revising the plan, keeping in mind the problems the university is facing with the current pay scale.

Johnson said problems caused by the present pay scale are the inability of the university to attract qualified personnel, and tenured professors who have no opportunity for advancement because they are at the top of the pay scale.

Dufault said that his committee did not oppose the proposal in theory but was basing its objections on what appeared to be inadequate funding listed in Dumke's report. He added that the committee was unaware of the additional funding mentioned by Johnson.

Committee member Elizabeth Lynn said that the committee might be able to recommend the proposal if it "had the chance."

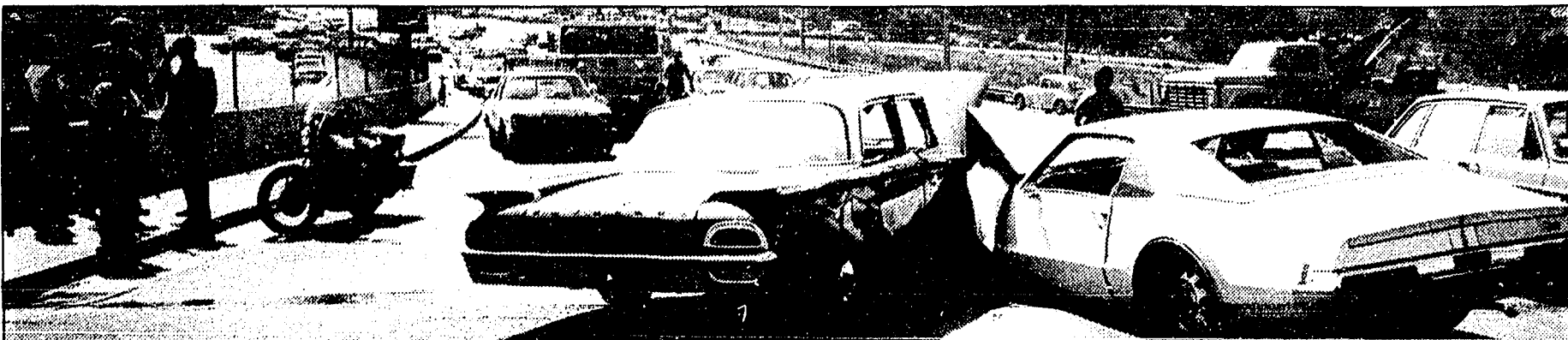
She said the committee needed more time to answer specific questions it has about the prop-

osal, and that such decisions could not be made by the November meeting of the Board of Trustees.

SDSU President Thomas Day told the Board of Trustees in September that he hoped the plan would reduce crowded conditions in the College of Business Administration by increasing the university's ability to attract new personnel.

Dufault and Lynn agreed that there is a problem in those areas but said student concentration in various colleges is subject to fluctuation, and they want more information on how the salary proposal will deal with those changes.

Last week in a Senate Personnel Committee meeting Lynn said changing the whole salary structure to correct a few specific problems was "using too big a flyswatter" to solve overcrowding in the Business school. She suggested that adjustments be made for specific colleges without overhauling the whole system.



SMASHING REUNION—The driver of a red Ford Fairlane attempted to stop his wife's runaway car, which apparently couldn't stop because of falling brakes, and failed at his heroic endeavor yesterday. His wife was traveling south on College Ave. near the Interstate 8 east off-ramp at 12:40 p.m. when she struck a Cadillac, according to witnesses. Her Oldsmobile Tornado then caromed into her husband's car while he was trying to maneuver in front of it to help brake the runaway

vehicle. Following that collision, the husband backed into a car driven by SDSU student Kathy Krommenhoek, who was stopped 200 yards north of the College and Alvarado Intersection. The couple's cars finally nosed together (above) ending the series of accidents. Two people were injured in the mishap, according to San Diego policemen on the scene.

Daily Aztec photo by Scott Linnett.

Amnesty International

They write for rights

by Ken Hunter

Daily Aztec staff writer

For two years, Gary Jenson has been fighting to free a political prisoner in Argentina that he will probably never meet.

Jenson, an instructor at the SDSU American Language Institute, has been writing to government officials in South America to plead for the release of a 23-year-old man imprisoned for distributing illegal trade union materials.

The Argentinian is only one of two prisoners that the San Diego chapter of Amnesty International is trying to persuade foreign officials to release.

The other prisoner is a Russian woman who was imprisoned for violating Soviet policy and attempting to resettle in her ancestral homeland of Crimea.

Amnesty International is a worldwide human rights organization founded in Britain in 1961 that works for the freedom of "prisoners of conscience," people being held in prison for their political beliefs.

A "prisoner of conscience" must not have used or advocated violent means of protest, according to Jenson. Amnesty International is a peace organization that operates through diplomacy.

"We're not here to get involved in political arguments," Jenson said.

He claims that the 1972 Nobel Peace Prize winning organization has been called an "arm of imperialism" by the Soviet Union and "a communist plot" by dictatorships such as Argentina.

"We believe that human beings have certain universal rights and that everyone has the right to be free from torture, arbitrary imprisonment and state their views in a non-violent way," he explained.

Jenson said Amnesty International includes thousands of people in 70 different countries. He joined three years ago while living in Spain.

Amnesty International has helped thousands of political prisoners, Jenson claimed. However, the group does not know exactly how many prisoners they have helped. Occasionally, they do receive letters of gratitude from

people who say the efforts of the group contributed to their release.

The release of a prisoner can be a lengthy process, Jenson said, and members learn to have patience. Most of the work is done primarily by writing polite letters to government officials in the countries involved.

"Most government officials are concerned about their human rights record. I don't think you'll find any leaders that will admit they are in violation of human rights," he explained.

"A great deal of Amnesty's work is based on mobilizing public opinion and trying to touch the conscience of some these men (leaders)," Jenson said.

Many of the governments Amnesty encounters are used to being under political fire, Jenson said. He added that polite letters are more effective than threats.

"The idea is not to alienate the different governments. Even though that happens with a courteously worded letter," he said.

In addition to pleading for freedom, the letters request information about the prisoner's location and welfare.

Replies are very rare, Jenson admitted.

Jenson said that scores of letters could be written and no reply is ever received. In many cases, the prisoners may not even know if anyone cares.

At this time, the San Diego chapter or "adoption group" is composed of what Jenson calls "seven hardcore members." He said the group will welcome anyone who wants to come and learn about what they do.

"There are often people who come now and then. That's fine. Some people just come for one meeting and that's good, too," Jenson said.

The group will meet at 7:30 p.m. Oct. 14 in the Newman Center at 5855 Hardy Ave. Contact Jenson at 582-1263 or Nick Stannon at 283-1637 for further information.

Jenson said even if the San Diego group never hears if their prisoners are released, that will be all right.

"Maybe it's kind of idealistic and hopeless," he said, "but I feel like I'm doing something."

Food stamp rules getting stickier

New laws aimed at students

by Terry Wells

Daily Aztec staff writer

Restrictions aimed at eliminating the majority of students from receiving food stamps are now in effect, according to Carol McGinnis, San Diego County food stamp ombudsman.

McGinnis said students who work less than 20 hours, have no dependants and do not receive federal aid will not be permitted to apply.

"Each year the regulations for students get tighter," she said. Last year students were automatically ineligible if they could be considered dependants, McGinnis said. As of September 1, 1980, students must fit into one of four categories before they are to apply for food stamps at county welfare offices.

Students receiving federal aid in either the work-study or the WIN (Work Incentive) programs are eligible but this does not insure they will receive the stamps.

Students with children and students who contribute to over half the support of one or more persons in the food stamp household are also eligible to apply.

If a student does not fall into one of the above three categories, the only way to be eligible is to be working at least 20 hours per week. Presently, a student isn't required to earn a specific amount of money, but documentation is required for 20 hours employment per week, regardless of salary, McGinnis said.

According to Merkel Harris, director of Welfare Rights (an organization which helps citizens with complaints against the welfare department), students receiving federal money in the form of grants or guaranteed student loans may also be eligible.

She said eligibility depended on the size of the loan, its use by the student and the student's resources. Financial aid is considered to be income, Harris said.

A student who can show with receipts that little of the loan is left after paying for basics like tuition, books and rent, could be eligible.

The recent law applies nationwide, and pertains only to students, McGinnis said the majority of single students are not eligible.

If a student is eligible to apply, the wages earned are considered in determining the size of the award. A student earning \$60 a week may be allowed up to \$48 each month in food stamps, McGinnis said.

McGinnis said persons found ineligible after their application is processed have the right to appeal.

Harris said the working student exemption may be closed once the county adopts new, tighter restrictions.

Please turn to page 8.

Headlines—

—World—

Jordan warned

LONDON (AP)—The United States and Britain have warned Jordan that active military support for Iraq would invite Iranian reprisals and widen the Gulf war. Western diplomats said.

Jordan's King Hussein appeared determined to go on helping his Arab neighbor, proclaiming his support after a 24-hour visit to Baghdad. His government announced Monday it was mobilizing fleets of trucks to ferry supplies to Iraq.

Air attacks

BAGHDAD, IRAQ (AP)—Iraq and Iran Tuesday intensified air attacks on each other's oil centers. The Iraqis reported Iranian air attacks against Kirkuk, center of Iraq's oil industry 170 miles north of Baghdad, and the Kurdish-populated town of Penjuin, 60 miles east of Kirkuk. They said two civilians were killed and nine wounded in Penjuin.

Iranian provincial officials have reported in statements broadcast by Tehran Radio that at least 50 percent of the Abadan refinery had been destroyed and that several months would be needed to resume operations there. The Abadan oil refinery, one of the world's largest, was set on fire during Iraqi air and artillery barrages in the first three days of the war.

—National—

Lifeboat dispute

JUNEAU, ALASKA (AP)—As the luxury liner Prinsendam drifted and burned uncontrolled in the Gulf of Alaska, a spokesman for the ship's owner Tuesday disputed complaints that lifeboats used to rescue passenger might have cost them their lives.

"As far as we've been able to determine, lifeboats were lowered quite expertly. They were all put into a swelling sea...and it was done successfully without any injury whatsoever," said the spokesman for Holland America Cruises.

Some passengers criticized the handling of the lifeboats.

— State —

Coastal waste

SAN FRANCISCO (AP)—The federal government's decision to dump thousands of barrels of radioactive waste into the sea off both coasts has formed a "radioactive dumping ring" around the United States, Rep. John Burton, D-Calif., told a Congressional subcommittee Tuesday.

"Various scientific groups are disputing the seriousness of the problem, and the federal agencies have added to the problem by not keeping complete records on the location and ingredients of the dumping," he said.

Compiled by Harry Fotinos

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-Calendar-

Today

• The Women's Studies Department continues with its "New Views of Women" lecture series with Van Johnson presenting *Copenhagen: International Decade of Women* in SS-100 at 3 p.m.

• The SDSU Water Ski Association meets in Aztec Center, rms. K & N at 6 p.m. Tonight's agenda includes a discussion of the upcoming river trips and Sunday bay skiing. For more information contact Rob at 697-7019.

• Pre-Ventive Dentistry meets in the Health Center, rm. 201 at 2 p.m. For further information contact Paul Velton at 466-7569 or Rick Wearda at 566-3191.

• The Backdoor (lower level of Aztec Center) holds its second Hoot Nite of the fall at 8 p.m. Admission is \$1. Performers should sign up one week in advance or at the door at 7 p.m. Wednesday. For more information contact Guy Richard at 265-6562.

• The Aztec Ski Club meets in the Aztec Center, rms. C, D, E & F at 6 p.m. The agenda includes a guest speaker speaking on "What Skis Are Best For You", trip sign-ups and tailgate information.

• ABC Samahan holds an important meeting in Aztec Center, Presidential Suite at noon. Members who

signed up to sit in the booth at the Club Faire should attend. Today is the deadline for T-shirt money. For further information contact Nancy Castro or Edgar Deguzman at 265-6298.

• The Circle K Club meets in Aztec Center, rms. L & M from 5:30 p.m. to 7 p.m. New members are welcome. Contact Mary Beth Casement at 265-8787 for further information.

• The Advertising Club meets in Scripps Cottage from 5 p.m. to 7 p.m. Guest speaker Alan Bonnie, vice-president of Larson & Larson Ad Agency speaks on "What They Don't Teach You in School About

Working For An Advertising Agency." Refreshments will be served.

Thursday

• The Drama Department presents the Alan Ayckbourn one-act play *Ernie's Incredible Illusions* in the Experimental Theater, DA-102 at 11 a.m. The play lasts approximately 30 minutes.

• The Cultural Arts Board continues its film series with Mel Brooks' *The Producers* in Montezuma Hall at 6 p.m. and 8:30 p.m. Admission is free.

• Sociedad Hispanica holds a general meeting in AH-4144 at 11 a.m. The agenda includes discussion of future events. All students interested in Spanish are welcome.

• The Pre-Law Society holds an organizational meeting in LE-348 at 4 p.m. Committee positions are still available. Dues are \$5 a semester or \$9 a year. For further information call 265-6773.

• The Society of Women Engineers meets in E-424 at 11 a.m. Crista Martin from General Dynamics speaks on "The Role of Women in Engineering." New members are welcome.

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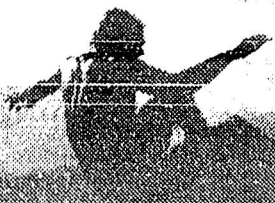
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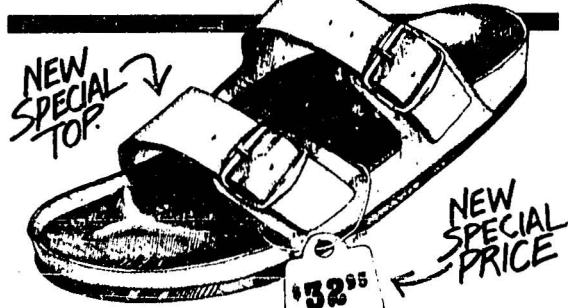
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The Daily Aztec is published Monday through Friday during the regular school session. The editorial (265-6975) and advertising (265-6977) offices are located in SS-135.

—Editorial—

Handling sticky fingers

It looks like 1980 is literally going to be the "Year of the Rip-off" at SDSU for students who buy parking permits. About 115 parking stickers have been reported stolen in the first few weeks of this semester, a rate which translates into about an 800 percent increase over last year.

This increase is causing people to look for ways to stop the thefts, but apart from a few ideas that might help in the future, there appears to be little that can help students this semester.

Nobody knows exactly why parking sticker thefts are on the rise. The stickers are supposed to be impossible to remove from the car without destroying them, but evidently someone or some group has found a way around this obstacle, according to John Carpenter, university police chief. Carpenter said that it might be because of students placing the stickers on dirty bumpers or because of a faulty adhesive on the sticker. He suggests that students make sure they clean the bumper before they apply the sticker.

However, it seems more likely that a defect in the sticker is the problem, because nothing else has changed greatly from previous semesters. Carpenter had a test done on the stickers by applying three of them to a car, leaving them on for a day, and then trying to remove them. It turned out that these stickers could not be removed without destroying them. However, Carpenter

says this experiment could not rule out the possibility that a small number of stickers were defective.

Carpenter says that he's working with the company that makes the stickers in order to see if they can be made even harder to remove. If their response is unsatisfactory, he says that the university will switch to another company.

There is one idea that has the possibility of almost completely solving the problem in the future. It is to place the parking sticker on a window of the car instead of the bumper, and on the inside instead of the outside. Thus, anyone trying to steal the sticker would have to break into the car—and this should deter most potential thieves.

Unfortunately, placing the sticker on the back window is against the California vehicle code, according to Carpenter. He added that placing the stickers on other windows caused a lot of student complaints when it was tried several years ago because it was unsightly.

About the only thing that students can do to protect their stickers this semester is to cut it with a razor into little pieces. The sticker will still be on the bumper, but it will be much more difficult to remove in a usable condition.

These suggestions will not make the problem go away, but should help reduce it. However, students who still have their stickers will be glad to know that time is on their side. The longer a sticker is on the car, the harder it is to remove—at least until next semester.

—Commentary—

Survival vs. imperialism

by Elizabeth Ochoa

The television special, "Playing for Time," about a "half-Jewish" French singer interned in a concentration camp was a moving and inspiring drama. Vanessa Redgrave as the leading character was not only believable (with her hair actually shaven off for the role) but was exceptional in her performance.

If the hundreds of Jewish people who had gone to meetings and rallies protesting her right to play a Jew had instead watched the program, they might have been slower to judge and gained a little reminder of what it is they should really be fighting against.

I saw the main character as a profoundly aware woman who refused to see everyone as either black or white, Jew or gentile. She repeatedly told the other prisoners, "We are all Jew and Nazi alike—human being first and that is the absurdity of it all" (the war and their situation). She rejected all the sectarian types that wanted to classify and alienate each other in the camp.

Her friend prostituted herself for bits of food, even to the worst killers in the camp. She learned later, when the other Jews stoned her, that survival at any cost was not worth it in the end. It reminded me, sadly, of Israel's attitudes today.

The lessons the Holocaust survivors should have learned seem to have been quickly forgotten for the sake of "survival." That today Israel continually and almost exclusively sells arms and weapons to fascist and racist dictatorships (Somoza before his ouster, South Africa and many others) all over the world can only strike one as ironic. Has 30 years made them forget so quickly that supporting these modern-day Hitlers is in a sense prostituting themselves for

"survival" at any cost?

Have the American Jews forgotten how Begin's band of Zionist terrorists pillaged, murdered and violently drove off Arabs from their homes and villages outside of Jerusalem in a quest for "peace" and more "homeland" and took even more such land in the 1967 war. Why can't the American Jews open their eyes and distinguish between Jewish survival and Zionist imperialism? They were certainly some of the most outspoken opposers of the same type of situation in Vietnam.

And why aren't these same supposed opposers of the Nazis, Klan and other fascists able to see the same thing in the governments that Israel supports today? And why can't these vocal supporters of free speech give others the same opportunity? I saw the film "The Palestinian" and

thought it was poorly done, very subjective and I didn't agree with a lot of it. However, I will vehemently defend Redgrave or anyone's right to express herself or himself and not be blacklisted as were many Jewish and radical actors in the '50s. Freedom of speech only works if it's for everyone—even those that don't agree with your sentiments.

Let me close by speaking from my knowledge of history, from marriage to a former Israeli (I also have a "half-Jewish" son), from knowing many Israelis who share my views, and from my heart that we are all human beings first and should begin to look beyond merely survival of our ethnocentric values, sects and ideologies, but rather look to the survival of each other as people.

Elizabeth Ochoa is a journalism junior.



Daniel M. Weintraub— Acting out the 'big lie'

1984 may be three-and-a-half years away, but an interesting news item out of San Francisco this week indicates another Orwellian prediction has come true.

The San Francisco public library has banned "Mary Poppins."

That's right. The innocent children's story of a little boy and girl going on trips through fantasy-land with their nanny, Mary Poppins, has been found by the censors to be unfit for public consumption.

It seems the screening committee determined that the book, written in 1934 by P. L. Travers, takes unnecessary shots at minorities, so it's racist.

According to the news article, Travers made some changes in the Poppins book several years ago after the book was criticized for referring to a black child as a "pickaninny" and portraying a black woman welcoming Mary Poppins by offering her a slice of watermelon.

But these changes were not enough to satisfy the censors, who said that only "superficial" alterations had been made and the "basic racism was still there."

So, in the interest of presenting children with the "correct" view of minorities, the San Francisco library has removed the offending material from its shelves, offering only the assurance that such decisions are not reached "in some arbitrary fashion."

But it appears these well-meaning upholders of morality are victims of what has been called the "big lie." By convincing themselves that their choice of which books to ban and which to let be is made after careful deliberation, the censors are ignoring a much more important fact.

One of the reasons this country was established in the first place was to offer people the freedom to worship, write and think as they wished. The theory of the free press, whether it be applied to the publishing of newspapers or books, was that we could afford to let "truth and falsehood grapple" in the belief that truth would always win.

This philosophy was intended to protect the rights of men and women to publish serious criticism of their government. In the case of "Mary Poppins," political freedoms are not threatened directly, only the right of an author to describe a fictional situation.

In addition, the censors who banned "Mary Poppins" failed to recognize that they were not dealing with a contemporary piece. To hold Travers responsible for alleged racial slurs in a book she wrote almost 50 years ago is unfair. Travers' writing reflected the attitudes of her time; naturally, these attitudes might seem offensive today.

Using the same logic, one could make an argument for banning hundreds of books written before the Civil War, books that undoubtedly contain racial slurs. To take this line of thinking to extreme proportions, we could stop teaching history to children for fear that once exposed to the ideas of white supremacy, our young might wish to go out and recreate that era.

It's not likely that the banning of "Mary Poppins" in San Francisco will lead to the destruction of our freedom of thought. But the censors' action is just one more sign that the day we take our intellectual freedoms for granted, we will lose them.

Sports



Daily Aztec photo by Rick de la Torre.

FOLLOWING THE LEADER—Brian Blue, SDSU's No. 1 cross country runner, leads a group through the misty Balboa Park course in last Saturday's Aztec Invitational. Blue finished 38th overall with a 31:33 clocking over the 10-kilometer course. Several Aztec runners improved their individual times, but SDSU only managed to finish 9th in a 16-team field.

Spikers out to chase Rainbows

Fight team, boisterous fans

by John Shea
Daily Aztec staff writer

Visiting Honolulu to play the University of Hawaii in a "friendly" game of volleyball isn't as exotic as it may seem. Opponents generally say that Hawaii is a school that does just about anything to win, in any sport.

Hawaii's fans—and there are plenty—are accused by opposing teams of being too loud and boisterous; the referees are sometimes looked upon as biased.

When the SDSU women's volleyballers play the Rainbow Wahines in a two-game series ending today, they will try to win in Hawaii for the first time ever.

Senior Wendy Wheat, who has played on three Aztec teams that lost

in Hawaii, said the 1980 Aztecs have an excellent shot at beating last year's national champions.

"They (Rainbows) play very well at home in front of their fans and with their refs," Wheat said. "But this year we're going to change their undefeated record."

"They've always been a better team although this year I think it's changed. Their fans can change our momentum and help put a few points on Hawaii's board but we're going to try to not let them bother us."

Hawaii, which may be under-ranked at sixth in the nation, has already beaten second-ranked Pacific (3-1) and third-ranked UCLA (3-0) at home.

Last weekend the Aztecs took first place in the eight-team UC Berkeley tournament. They downed Stanford (15-10, 15-9, 5-15, 15-12), Portland State (15-13, 15-12, 15-6), and the University of Hawaii at Hilo (15-10, 15-9, 10-15, 15-4) before defeating the Stanford Cardinals again in the title match (15-9, 9-15, 15-9, 15-5).

Wheat received most valuable player honors and Mary Holland was selected to the all-tourney team. "Wendy was the best setter in the tournament and Mary was the best hitter," Aztec coach Rudy Suwara said. "It's great to have a combination like that."

"We finally started to work as a team in Berkeley," Wheat said. "Our serving and passing is improving although we still lack consistency."

Hilo finished third behind SDSU and Stanford, and Cal placed fourth. The also-rans included Portland State, Oregon, Fresno State and San Jose State.

The remaining four players on the all-tourney team were Chris Anderson and Jan Linden from Stanford, and Glenn Adams and Charlene Kahuanui from Hilo.

Sophomore Annie Cunningham was hospitalized in Hawaii with a virus and will not see action against the Rainbows. She is questionable for this Friday's conference match with Arizona at Peterson Gym.

Wildcats, Bruins win

by Rick de la Torre

The 38th running of the Aztec Invitational cross country meet at Balboa Park Saturday saw UCLA and Arizona dominate both the men's and women's competitions. A showcase of talent from both schools, it became clear why they are considered two of the nation's strongest teams.

In the men's 10-kilometer run, UCLA ran away from the competition. Five Bruin runners made it into the top 20 to take the team crown with a low score of 33 points. Arizona was the runner-up with 82.

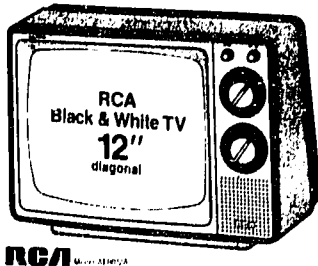
The Cal Poly, San Luis Obispo "A" team rolled up 106 points for third. SDSU finished ninth in the 16-team field. UTEP, always one of the strongest teams in the country, failed to show up.

In the women's race the story was pretty much the same. The Arizona Wildcats came out on top, jamming five of their runners into the top ten to win with 24 points. UCLA was the runner-up with 57. The SDSU women finished a respectable third in the 10-team field with 90 points.

Please turn to page 6.

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Bruins, Cats run wild

Continued from page 5.

The Aztec men saw the return to competition of their No. 1 runner, Brian Blue. Recovering from an illness, Blue had the best Aztec finish, coming in 38th with a time of 31:33. Ernie Alarcon, also a senior, ran surprisingly well, finishing in 46th place with a time of 31:50. Senior co-captain Barry Boettcher placed 56th.

SDSU's current No. 1 woman runner, Liz Baker, placed ninth overall in 17:34, her fastest time this season. Sophomore co-captain Debbie Chaddock took 17th place, while freshmen Lynda Prentice and Janey Hummell finished 23rd and 25th, respectively.

Women's coach Fred LaPlante said that the women finished where they were expected to—somewhere behind the Arizona and UCLA teams.

"Arizona proved to be strong, stronger than I thought they were," he said.

The Aztec women will face both the Wildcats and the Bruins in the Western Collegiate Athletic Association meet on Oct. 18.

"I don't see how we are going to catch them (Arizona) in two weeks," he added. "UCLA might be catchable."

Men's coach Allen Hazard was pleased with his squad's overall performance in what he called "one damn tough meet."

Soccer showdown set

Tonight's soccer showdown between SDSU and Cal State Fullerton in Aztec Bowl at 7:30 is billed by many as the conference game of the year. Both teams are coming off one-goal upset losses to Azusa-Pacific College but should be ready for the match that could eventually determine the conference championship.

The Aztecs and the Titans are the top two contending teams for the Southern California Intercollegiate Soccer Association title. Last week SDSU (5-2-1) and Fullerton (6-3-1) were ranked third and fourth, respectively, in the Far West soccer polls.

On paper (comparing opponents, scores and injuries), the game is a toss up with maybe a slight advantage to the visiting Titans, currently

ranked 19th in the nation's top 20 poll.

For the third consecutive game SDSU will be without defensive star Jeff Wollrabe. Wollrabe's leadership and defense has been missed by the Aztecs.

Since the injury to the team captain against San Jose State Sept. 28, SDSU has allowed six goals in the last two games.

Earlier in the season, with Wollrabe in the line up, the Aztec defense only surrendered five goals in its first six games and recorded four shut-outs.

Offensively is where SDSU appears to have the stronger team, averaging almost one more goal per game than Fullerton. In eight games

this season, the Aztecs have averaged 3.1 goals a game and allowed their opponents an average of 1.4 while Fullerton has averaged 2.3 goals a game and given up 1.2.

Correction

The soccer story in yesterday's Daily Aztec incorrectly stated that the Aztecs lost to UC Berkeley last week, when in fact they beat the Golden Bears, 5-3. The Aztec regrets the error.

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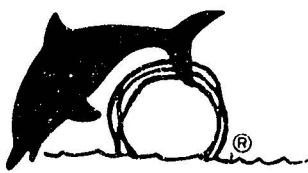
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ANNOUNCEMENTS

ATTENTION ALL NEW AND RETURNING SAM members. Info on all events will be in the Announcements section of the Daily Aztec. More info can be obtained in BA 433 (SAM office) or call 286-1280. What a semester coming up. (0580)

ANYONE WHO WITNESSED the accident that occurred on 55th St near the Corner of Mary Ave on the morning of Friday, Sept. 12, 1980 at around 8:05am, please call Dan at 283-2915 or 265-5813. (0580)

DEEP THROAT Wed Oct 8 Montezuma Hall Tickets now avail. 4 Big Shows. (0487)

FREE PREGNANCY TESTING, counseling, and medical and financial aid referrals. 24 hours at 583-5433. (0587)

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HAVE FUN AND GET INVOLVED at the same time! The A.S. has openings for Student Directorships. There are openings for: Director of Local Government, Director of Affirmative Action, Director of Legislative Affairs. For more information contact Patrick Wilson in the A.S. office or call 285-0571. (0507)

HIPPO BIRDIE TWO EWES!!!! Logos has everyone's favorite birthday cards...come in and pick some out at 6512-F El Cajon Blvd (behind Dalaya). (0583)

JOIN S.A.M.! State's general club for everyone. TGIFs/Tailgates/Seminars and more. Come talk to us at the Club Fair today or call 286-1280. (0595)

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WHAT'S NEW AT THE DINING COMMONS? Lunch at the Healthy Haven, good nutrition made easy. Watch all semester for more information. (0330)

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Please turn to page 8.

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Laws stick students

Continued from front page.

"The intent is to deny food stamps to students and single adults," Harris said. She explained that "workfare" is one such attempt, requiring recipients of food stamps to register for work with the county welfare department.

A pilot program at the Mission Valley and Kearny Mesa welfare offices now requires some people, including students who have passed the eligibility requirements, to work about two days a month before receiving food stamps, Harris said. She added that the County Board of Supervisors may soon extend food stamp workfare throughout the county.

Harris said documentation is important when applying for food stamps. Paycheck stubs, children's birth certificates, telephone bills, and grocery slips are some examples of this. Applicants are told which documents to bring back to the office after filling out the application.

According to one worker, who preferred not to be identified, the handwritten rent receipts many landlords use are not by themselves proof of address, but a utility bill with the person's name and address on it would be.

The worker said the caution is because of the availability of the receipt books. The department has had problems with transients forging records and others simply omitting disqualifying data. The worker added that the forms were being carefully monitored by county and state officials. For this reason it is especially important to fill out applications carefully and to provide all required documents.

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Real water brings real life. Even though man may not be thirsty physically, he has an inner thirst which must be quenched. This deep longing can be satisfied, not by drinking a glass of water, but by "drinking" a living Person. This Person is Jesus.

One day in Jerusalem a great crowd gathered on the final day of the Jewish feast of Tabernacles. The people already had been feasting for several days. Harvest time was over. Labor was ended. It should have been a high time of enjoyment.

But Jesus knew the real situation. In John chapter 7, verse 37, the Bible says, "Now on the last day, that great day of the feast, Jesus stood and cried, saying, 'If any man thirst, let him come unto me and drink.' All their labor, which should have resulted in satisfaction, only left them thirsty.

The same is true today. Man's feasts, his pursuit of earthly pleasures, the temporal enjoyments, only leave him thirsty. Whether you are seeking a Ph.D. degree, a professional career, marriage or travel, you will only be left thirsty. Whatever you thirst for now, when the goal is reached, the thirst will not be quenched. You may be enjoying a "great feast" today but when it ends, the dryness will remain.

How to quench the inner thirst, how to fill up the emptiness inside, are questions we've all asked. The answer is in the Living Person.

Jesus said, "He that believeth in me, as the scripture hath said, from within him shall flow rivers of living water." (John 7:38, American Standard version)

It really is so simple. God's intention is that man's real needs be met by Him. As the dust, man needed to have the "breath of life." (Gen. 2:7) As a living person in the garden, he needed to have the tree of life. And out of the garden flowed a river, bringing man the water of life.

Do you hunger for an exciting life? It can only leave you thirsty. Do you want to live a simple life? It will only leave you dry. Only the living water which Christ supplies will satisfy.

From the very beginning of the Bible, God presents Himself as a river dividing into four heads and bringing life to man in four directions over all the earth. (Gen. 2:10) In the final book of the Bible, the river is still there. It is a "river of water of life" out of which is growing the tree of life. (Revelation 22:1-2)

All of this is to meet man's needs. God does not desire to be studied or even worshipped in a religious way. God desires to be a life supply to man, meeting man's every need. When man takes a drink of the "living water" he will never thirst again. (John 4:14) Christ is the only real thirst-quenching drink. We are enjoying this living water and would like to share it with you.

CHRISTIANS ON S.D.S.U.

Bible Study, Wednesdays at 12 Noon, Aztec Center

Today: Guest Lounge, Montezuma Hall

Classifieds

Continued from page 7.

UNWANTED HAIR REMOVED PERMANENTLY in college area at Alvarado Medical Center. Call 296-1601 for appt. (0117)

(UP) THE GHOST OF THE LATE DU Founder, Pedro Morales, who was recently killed in a bizarre composite picture explosion, has allegedly been sighted. A witness gave this account: "Chit man, I was polishing the hubcaps of my '64 Chevy and I look up and see this dude wearing Sasoon pants and Gucci hushie's floating around. It was really trippy. Then he said something about a Thursday night bash." Update Anap. (0558)

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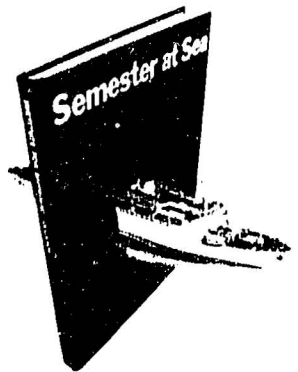
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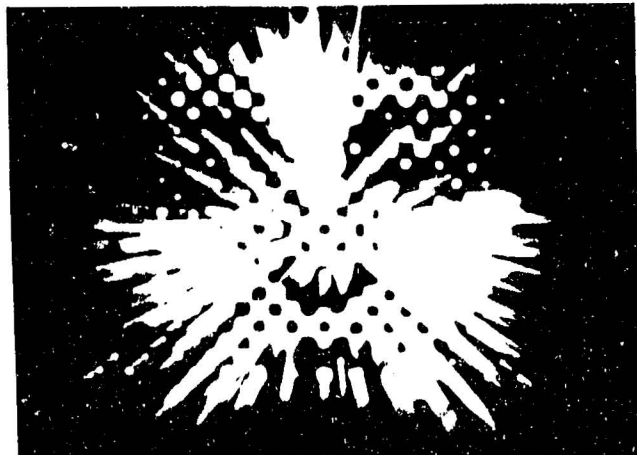
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COSMIC COALESCENCE

Where does science fiction end and reality begin? It's all in the mind's eye. Be it the creative imagination used to produce Star Wars, The Black Hole, and The Empire Strikes Back, or the more scientific approach of hypothesis testing and experimentation, the distant galaxies of science fiction coalesce into reality with the advanced technology now being developed at a company called TRW.

It was the Defense and Space Systems Group of TRW who made possible the Viking Lander biological experiment which looked for life on Mars and the High Energy Astronomical Observatory which looks for quasars, pulsars and black holes in deep space. Professionals at TRW-DSSG are now involved in such impressive technologies as high

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By day they ran a motel...by night they ran amok

MOTEL HELL



"MOTEL HELL" starring RORY CALHOUN PAUL LINKE NANCY PARSONS NINA AXELROD
and **WOLFMAN JACK** produced by STEVEN-CHARLES JAFFE and ROBERT JAFFE
executive producer HERB JAFFE written by ROBERT JAFFE and STEVEN-CHARLES JAFFE
directed by KEVIN CONNOR music by LANCE RUBIN

R RESTRICTED
UNDER 17 REQUIRES ACCOMPANYING
PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

ENTER THE SECRET GARDEN IN

DOLBY STEREO
IN SELECTED THEATRES

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OPENS NATIONWIDE FRIDAY, OCTOBER 24

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OUR COVER

Little Stevie Orbit was captured in concert by New York Photographer Peter Cunningham.

NEW CONTRIBUTORS:

Harold Goldberg (On Tour) has written a novel and is now trying to raise enough money "to get the damn thing typed."

Eric Jensen (On Tour) took Headwave Festival photographs, sharp ones. Jensen's work also appears on the last Boston album.

David Lubkin (In Print) lives in East Lansing, Michigan, and says he "masquerades as a science fiction writer."

IN ONE EAR

I saw the ad in the September *Ampersand* for the Warner Bros. album *Troublemakers*. Do I have to send away for it or will it be available in the record stores? If it's in the stores, will it be the same price?

Art Cobb
 Bloomington, IN

Troublemakers is a mail-order-only sampler album—two albums, actually, for a mere \$3. Send WB the money, they need it. If you can't find last month's Ampersand, here's that address: Warner Bros. Records, Box 6868, Burbank, CA 91510.

So what's wrong with my campus? I was down at Eastern Michigan University last year, visiting a friend, and saw *Ampersand*. Why aren't you distributed by Western Michigan? Prejudiced against west-erners?

Tom Joyce
 Western Michigan U.
 And proud of it.

It's not our fault. Ask your campus news-paper's business manager.

I enjoyed your article about Murray Langston, alias the Unknown Comic.

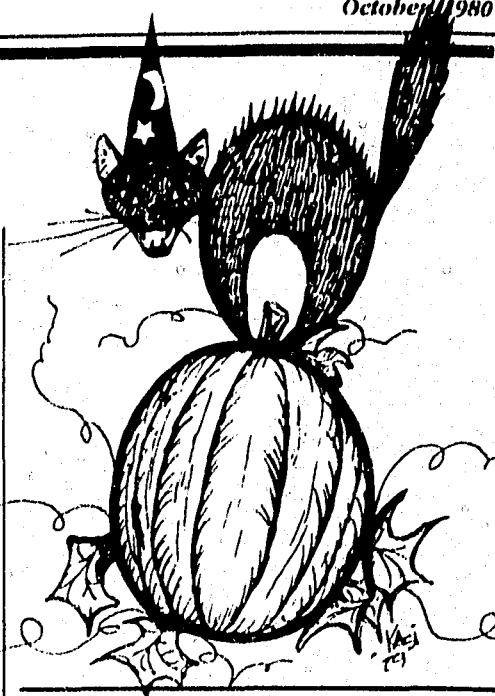
Could you tell me how to get one of those "centerfold" posters of Murray? I have an empty space on my wall, and I think it's just what I need.

An address and the cost would be most helpful. Thanks.

Darlene Rife
 Charlottesville, VA

Alas, Mr. Langston tells us the original Unknown Comic poster is no longer available, but he promises a new one soon. We'll stay alert.

You too may have your wise and wonder-ful words printed in this letter section, but first you must write us a letter. Simple! Send those kudos, complaints and com-ments to In One Ear, Ampersand, 1680 N. Vine Street, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028.



The witch cat on the pumpkin, October's Halloween Ampersand of the Month, is by Karen C. Copeand of Hillsborough, NC. This is her third appearance in this slot (no, she is not related to any staff member). But anyone may submit an Ampersand of the Month; art must be original, in black ink on sturdy white paper, with artist's name clearly printed on the art. Send the goodies to Ampersand of the Month, 1680 N. Vine, Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028. Each chosen Ampersand of the Month earns its artist \$25.

& OUT THE OTHER

Too Many Mamas

NO LESS THAN THREE projects based on the life of the late Mamas and Papas sing-ing star Cass Elliot are currently planned. Cass' sister, Leah Kunkel (herself a singer/songwriter on Columbia and legal guardian of Cass' 14-year-old daughter, Owen Vanessa) announced plans for a film to be written by Carl (Jaws) Gottlieb, who will also direct (no title yet). Kunkel said she initiated the project simply because "I want an authorized, tasteful biographical film that would not exploit Cass' memory... like *The Buddy Holly Story*, something that would protect her privacy but also inform. Actually," Kunkel added, "I'd like to see no project done for a long time, but people were coming out of the wall at an alarming rate." Actress Michelle Phillips, once a member of the group with Cass, announced, while a guest on the *Merv Griffin Show*, that she's working on a screenplay about Cass; about the same time Mamas and Papas co-founder John Phillips (recently in the news for his drug-peddling bust) said he would write a screenplay (a TV movie, reportedly) on Cass' life, collaborating with New York actor-director-writer Tamara Wilcox. It is this Phillips-Wilcox project to which Kunkel objects, passionately, which could lead to a serious collision... in court.

Surprise Musical Partnerships of the Year

WE'RE NOT AT LIBERTY to discuss it," say Tom Waits' managerial forces, and also a few of his close friends, but we have it on good authority that the ultimate saloon singer has wed Kathleen Brennan, an employee of 20th Century-Fox Studios. This would explain why Waits made several nervous phone calls to *Ampersand* before our September cover story hit the presses with the information that he was looking for "A white girl, with bad teeth and big tits." We wish him every happiness.

NEW WAVEY JOHN HIATT, will play guitar on the upcoming Ry Cooder album.

Cooder is best known for re-arranging blues and folk and ethnic musics into in-triguing mosaics, most recently on the R&B-flavored *Bop Till You Drop*. Further-more; Hiatt and his band will tour Europe as Cooder's backup band, a position once held by the legendary Chicken Skin Revue. "This Is the Way We Make a Broken Heart," a Hiatt tune, is scheduled for the next Cooder album, possibly with Rickie Lee Jones

R. Hood & K. Arthur

SEAN CONNERY, Shelley Duvall, David Warner, John Cleese and Michael Palin (the latter two of Monty Python) will star in *The Time Bandits*, about which we know little except that the film takes place in Robin Hood times, was filmed on location in Mor-occo (that looks like Sherwood Forest?), was written by Pythons Palin and Terry Gil-iam (the animator) directed by Gilliam, and executive-produced by Dennis O'Brien and George Harrison (who did the same for *Life of Brian*). Meanwhile, John Cleese starred in a BBC version of *The Taming of the Shrew*, directed by Jonathan Miller, which, if we're lucky, will eventually appear on American TV. The long awaited new Python album, released September 17, is titled *Contractual Obligation Album*, probably be-cause it fulfills the group's commitment to that label. One of the tracks: "Life is Fine When You're 69," and they don't mean age.

GEORGE ROMERO, the director who gave us *Night of the Living Dead* and *Dawn of the Dead* (and featured in the September '79 *Ampersand*), has just finished shooting *Knightriders* (filmed in Pennsylvania, where Romero lives). Due for release next spring, *Knightriders* is a modern-day King Arthur legend on wheels, about a circus troupe in medieval drag that features twelve "knights" who joust (brutally, no doubt) on motorcy-cles. By December or January Romero will begin *Shoo-Be-Doo-Be Moon*, a science fic-tion fantasy about Fifties rock & roll in the future (say what?), after which Romero still has to film two Stephen-King works, *Creep-show* and *The Stand*. Then, maybe, we'll get

the final installment in Romero's trilogy, *The Day of the Dead*.

ANIMAL HOUSE and *Blues Brothers* *A*Movie director John Landis, the man of a thousand camera angles, is off to England, there to direct *An American Werewolf in London*. Landis wrote the script in 1969 while eighteen and "a flunky" on the set of *Kelly's Heroes*. "It's definitely not a com-edy," says a Landis associate, "but it hap-pens to be very funny." A Landis re-make of *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* is also tentatively planned. The Mark Twain satire has been filmed five times—Will Rogers did both a silent and a talkie version—but, so far, none has ever been faithful to the original. Landis was recently married to his long-time sweetheart De-borah Nadoolman, a costume designer

Hit & Miss

ALIEN, 1979's hit film about the bloodlust-ing, ratchet-jawed people eater hiding in a spaceship, is semi-officially the first "hit" in the home video market, a segment of show business many observers believe will be worth tremendous bucks in the years to come. Released on videocassette in June, *Alien* has remained the industry's biggest seller ever since, expected to do \$2 million by the end of the year. Suggested retail price is a horrifying \$55.

WITH NO ONE HERE GETS OUT ALIVE, the Jim Morrison biography, high on bestsel-ler charts, Elektra/Asylum will repackage several of the Doors' greatest tracks as *Fa-mous Radio Songs*, due in early October.

TV or Not TV

YOUNG AND RESTLESS SUDS stars David Has-selhoff and Wings Hauser, who play the Foster Brothers on the daytime weeper, have formed their own rock group called, yep, the Foster Brothers. Hasselhoff is the singer, Hauser the writer and player of guitar and keyboards (he had an RCA album in 1977 titled *Wings Hauser*).

The Brothers are one of the first acts (continued on page 22)

Introducing the Italian sports car from Detroit.

We have America's A-Tomase, one of the most beautiful sports cars ever designed in America. Dodge's 2400 cc. V-6 engine, 174 hp, 174 torque, 0-60 in 7.4 seconds, 130 mph top speed. It's the Dodge De Tomaso.

Of course, you're attracted by a beautiful car, but you also want a car that's fun to drive. The Dodge De Tomaso is a car that's fun to drive.

When you're tempted by the comfort of the back seat, you'll

find back sport bucket seats, the feel of a leather-wrapped sport steering wheel and the visual interplay of the instrumentation.

Turn up the 2400 cc. overhead cam engine and feel the power surge around you. A smooth four-speed manual transmission gets the show on the road with horsepower of 174, overall top gear ratio, cast aluminum wheels and wide steel belted radials. Front-wheel drive, a four-wheel independent sport suspension, rack and pinion steering and front disc brakes help Dodge De Tomaso slide off the corners, smooth out the bumps and snap to a stop quickly and precisely.

Of course, Dodge De Tomaso is not for everyone. But if you insist upon superior design, state-of-the-art engineering and an exhilarating driving experience, Dodge De Tomaso may be what you've been waiting for.

It's the eye-exotic Italian sports car that's made in America for the American road.



De Tomaso. De Dodge.



IN PRINT

The Number of the Beast

ROBERT HEINLEIN
Pawcett, \$6.95

Plot Number One (Real Life)

The circumstances surrounding veteran science fiction author Heinlein's latest book are almost as interesting as the novel itself; after successful brain surgery, Heinlein tore up his novel in progress and started on TNOTB. Rights were auctioned off for an estimated \$500,000. The Science Fiction Writers of America Model Contract was signed for the first time ever and immediately renegotiated upward. The book has split the Sci Fi world into very loud opposing camps.

Plot Number Two (The Book)

A scientist-genius, his daughter-genius, their friends the yenta-genius and the boychick-genius—all prime examples of Heinlein's "Competent Man"—are forced by aliens to leave their own universe. They start exploring the 666 immediately accessible universes (explaining the title).

Phil Farmer's Riverworld is a grand concept wherein anyone in history can meet anyone else. Heinlein goes one better and allows fictional characters. His geni go to Barsoom and Oz, where they meet both Alice and Lewis Carroll. Heinlein himself and all his friends show up. Best of all, Lazarus Long and all of Heinlein's past characters join the fun.

The book itself is very high value per dollar. It's an oversized trade paperback, the equivalent of over a thousand regular pages. Richard Powers' drawings are more illustrative than illuminating, but they're pretty.

I'd read about twenty pages and stop because I couldn't stand his too-perfect characters or the controversial statements he throws off as fact. Half an hour later I'd be back for another round. Heinlein is very exasperating and very good. TNOTB will probably annoy you, but it will never bore you. Give it a try.

David Lubkin

The Soldier's Embrace

NADINE GORDIMER
Viking Press, \$8.95

The short story form, which demands clarity, precision and strength, separates the writers from those who merely embroider with words. In today's literary climate where wretched excess often passes for profundity, the sheer stinginess of the short story form makes it fascinating, and there is no finer practitioner of the art than Nadine Gordimer.

Gordimer lives in Johannesburg,

South Africa, where her books are banned by the censors as immoral and seditious. She's an insightful, knowing story-teller who weaves politics so tightly into her stories we're almost unaware of its presence; yet we could no more pull that political thread out than we could separate the warp from the woof in weaving without destroying the material.

Many of her stories deal with the duality of life in modern Africa: "A Soldier's Embrace" concerns a liberal white couple who want to stay in their homeland after the blacks take control, but find that too difficult. Far easier to go to a white-dominated country (implied but not expressed as South Africa) and work for the civil rights of blacks under a cruel system that still favors whites. No less stunning is "Siblings" about a crazy girl and the cousin who can't let go of her love, or "Time Did," in which a mature woman tells herself and her lover that he will soon leave her for younger flesh, less demanding minds.

Another story deals with a Swedish scientist who without thinking defies the race laws and takes as his mistress a colored girl, a transgression with dire consequences which neither of them will ever attempt again. Still another details an old love affair renewed when a piece of graffiti reminds a woman of what once was.

Gordimer uses words carefully; there are no wasted adjectives or gratuitous digressions. By writing so specifically about Africa, she lays a strong claim on universality. These short stories are a masterful collection of intensely drawn observations that, without moralizing, always reveal the moral center.

Jacoba Atlas

The Harder They Come

MICHAEL THELWELL
Grove Press, \$12.95

The Book of Jamaica

RUSSELL BANKS
Houghton Mifflin, \$10.95

The Book of Jamaica is a novel disguised as a first-person memoir. It suffers from 60 utterly superfluous pages of speculation on Errol Flynn's involvement in a Jamaican murder (is this International dump-on-Errol-Flynn-year or what?), a conclusion that doesn't resolve a damned thing and Banks' clumsy style throughout. I may not be a college teacher (as Banks is) but somehow stringing clause after clause of pointless detail into sentences that run on farther than Rosie Ruiz did in the Boston Marathon doesn't strike me as particularly good writing.

The bulk of the book concerns the

nameless narrator's gradual immersion in black Jamaican culture and subsequent effort to bring together two scattered villages populated by descendants of the Maroons (prospective slaves who upon landing headed for the Jamaican interior and waged a 100-year guerrilla war culminating in a you-don't-bother-us, we-won't-bother-you treaty with the British circa 1739). The Book of Jamaica isn't very good but the rub is that Banks has tackled a good subject: the quandary facing a white person who has no sympathy for the exploitive actions of his own race but is irrevocably separated by color and culture from "the others" he feels more philosophically in tune with. It's a shame such a potentially rich theme goes to waste.

Michael Thelwell set out to write a Jamaican novel, not a novel about Jamaica, and The Harder They Come, like Perry Hentzell's classic film of the same name, is based on the exploits of the Jamaican folk hero Rhygin. Thelwell faithfully follows Hentzell's script in tracing protagonist Ivan Martin's development from naive country boy to street-wise urban hustler, reggae singer, ganja dealer and cop-killer hero, but this is a far cry from the quick-bucks novelizations being cranked out these days.

Thelwell's crucial contribution is an extensive account of the events and beliefs shaping Ivan as he grows up in rural Jamaica, which provides the necessary background for the emotional and ethical dislocations of life in the modern city. Thelwell also wisely avoids Anglicizing the rich Jamaican patois; it only takes about 50 pages (maybe 100 for reggae neophytes) to adjust to the rhythm and phrasing, making the book infinitely more authentic.

The one problem for me is that Ivan seems just a mite too unaware of the forces shaping events outside his own immediate world, particularly the transformation of his old rural homeland into a tourist wonderland that triggers his final blitzkreig bop through the Kingston ghetto. Still, The Harder They Come is an excellent book for the sheer enjoyment of a good, exciting story and the information to be gleaned about Jamaican society from the bottom up.

Don Snowden

Getting by on \$100,000 a Year (& Other Sad Tales)

ANDREW TOBIAS
Simon & Schuster, \$10.95

Tobias may or may not be an astute financial advisor, but he is funny most of the time, charming when he isn't funny, and interesting always.

Getting by is a collection of his articles published in various magazines in the Seventies, including interviews with Paramount Pictures' Frank Yablans, a fabulously wealthy New York building tycoon, a blind investment broker, and several others. In one brief chapter, "Household Finance," Tobias writes simply and pithily about buying his co-op apartment in New York City, an episode that had me not laughing, howling. "Darts" tells us what we've always suspected—if we throw darts at a list of stocks and then buy those stocks that we impale, we'll come out equal to or ahead of the knowledgeable brokerage houses. The book's title piece is written with just the right balance between the tongue-in-Tobias' cheek and the concern in his heart for a friend who can't live within his \$100,000 income.

In his introduction, Tobias explains the pitfalls of owning stock in a small Ohio oil company (the wells don't gush, they ooze—slowly): "I don't think of my oil as the batch in the tank of a speeding ambulance. I see it as the batch chauffeurs use to keep the motor running, air conditioning going, and windows rolled up when it is 70 degrees outside and they have two hours to kill while their passengers are in watching A Chorus Line. Mine is the oil that generates the electricity it takes to heat the water that's left running while the nation shaves."

A man after my heart. For years I've been ignoring Tobias' articles in Esquire, New York, et. al., reasoning that since I had no money, what did I need with financial advice? Now I know. I'll invest in Tobias. I'm on my way to find copies of his previous books, The Only Investment Guide You'll Ever Need, The Funny Money Game and Fire & Ice.

Judith Sims

Collected Poems (1944-1979)

KINGSLEY AMIS
Viking, \$10

The Punished Land

DENNIS SILK
Penguin, \$7.95

Water and Stone

R. G. VLIET
Random House, \$5.95

Poetry East

Periodical, \$3.

Kingsley Amis, the author of Lucky Jim, The Anti-Death League, and a host of other smart, stylish and occa-

sionally quite silly novels, writes wise and vaguely stodgy poetry, full of long gentlemanly metaphors but without much crispness of language. His Collected Poems 1944-1979 is, as any bag of 35 years' worth of anything has every right to be, a bit of a hodge-podge. There are some prematurely greying early works of some elegance, rather reminiscent of early Philip Larkin or John Wain ("Belgian Winter," "Retrospect"); there is some doggerel ("Pair Shares for All"); there is some sophomoric drivel ("Toys," "Report"); there are fine things ("Science Fiction," "A Song of Experience"—the latter with witty, well-crafted verses like "He tried all colours, white and black, and coffee/Though quite a few were chary, more were bold/Some took it like the Host, some like a toffee/The two or three who wept were soon consoled."). Amis is an able versifier, but he seems dispassionately distant, the outsider looking through the window—noticing death behind the carnival mask of sex, say, then shrugging smugly and moving along the sidewalk.

An English-born poet only slightly younger than Amis, Dennis Silk, writes with an air of distance, too, but of a very different sort. In The Punished Land the author, who has lived in Jerusalem since 1955, seems to feel more strongly than most the spiritual implications of the ordinary, the deep religious possibilities of the merest object or encounter; these feelings seem to awe him. He is like, not a prophet, exactly, but a philosopher (in the older sense), passing (invisible?) through a "punished land," too beautiful for its inhabitants—but passing, at the same time, far too readily from the real world to the spirit world. Hardly getting his feet dusty he writes of "the toes that attack me/because I am with them so seldom." His is the distance of riddle from truth.

R. G. Vliet's Water and Stone is a deceptively quiet collection, of neat, image-rich work, largely what might be described as observations ("In a Photograph by Brady") or aperçus ("The Shade," "Girls on Saddleless Horses"). There is also, incidentally, some particularly chilling cancer imagery in various places ("cobalt/basilisk stare, the destroyed blood"; "the crab/under the heart, the thickening node"); and the death-soaked title work, a sort of Japanese No drama, is frighteningly memorable.

Poetry East (paperback, \$3) is a new periodical, edited by Richard Jones and Kate Daniels. This debut edition offers an eclectic, mostly finely-wrought bunch of verse, including a section of Swedish poems, from the Imagist miniatures of Harry Martinson to the brusque commonplaces of Sonja Akkeson ("There is an interest in Swedish poetry here in America which is quite remarkable," says editor Jones, perhaps somewhat hopefully); a healthy chunk of presumably new American work (including a moving tribute to Cesare Pavese by David Wojahn and a backhanded one to the Irish poet Patrick Kavanaugh by the redoubtable Louis Simpson), and welcome translations of works by the Spanish poet Gloria Fuertes and the Hungarian poet Miklos Radnoti (who was executed in 1944 and some of whose works, including several represented here, were found on his body when it was exhumed two years later—a posthumous work if ever there was any).

Colman Andrews

BOLD

DESE SINGLES BARS
IS A PASSÉ 70'S
PHENOMENON!

RILLY?

YAS! A NEW ETHIC IS
SWEEPIN' DA 80'S!
NO MORE MEET
MARKET!

RILLY?

DEFINITELY! FROM NOW
ON, ONLY TROO INTRA-
POISONAL RELATIONSHIPS!
ONE TA ONE!

RILLY?

PIPPLE WILL GATHER
IN DA OPEN, GIVING
AN' GETTING LOVE
WITHOUT PLAYIN' GAMES-
FREE, DIRECT, SINCERE!
SUBLIME LOVE IS DA
IT OF DA 80'S!

RILLY!

SO WHADDA YA SAY
WE MERGE SOULS?

NOT THIS
DECADE; I
HAVE A
HEADACHE.

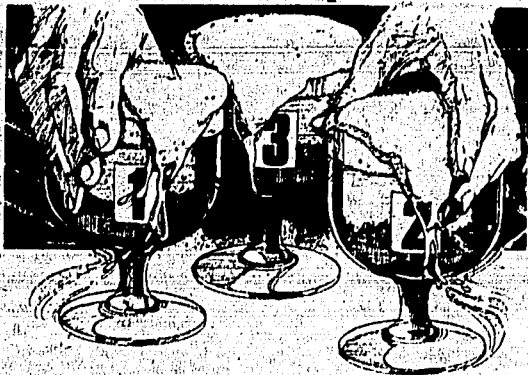
If you think you could pick your beer with your eyes closed, here's your chance.

Probably just one beer drinker in 3 can pass this test.



All three major premium beers are distinctly different in taste. After all, they're made by different brewers using different ingredients and different brewing processes. Still, it takes a pretty educated tongue to tell them apart.

You may not win, but you can't lose.



This test requires a blindfold. That's so your eyes won't influence your mouth. Because taste is all that counts—in this test, and in a beer. Here's how the test works. You pour Schlitz, Bud and Miller into identical glasses. Have a friend label them 1, 2 and 3 and switch them around. Now, taste. The one you pick may not be your beer, but it's the beer with the taste you want. See? You can't lose.

What is that taste you're tasting?

Maybe beer tastes so good because you're really tasting each sip more than once. First, the lively, refreshing character of beer comes from the aroma and flavor of the hops. Next, as you swallow, you sense the richness—the body—that barley malt adds. Finally, the finish. Now the balance of tastes becomes clear. No one taste should intrude on your total beer enjoyment.

How do Schlitz, Budweiser and Miller compare on taste?

That's for you to decide. Simply rate each beer from 1 to 10 on the flavor characteristics below. When you're finished, try to guess the brands by name. Very, very few people can do this.

Does the taste of a beer ever change?

Yes. All beers have changed over the years. One example is Schlitz. Two years ago a master brewer named Frank Sellinger came to Schlitz. He came to be president. And to brew a Schlitz that was smoother than any other beer. Taste that beer for yourself. Because taste is what it's all about.

The best beer is # _____

	Refreshing	Faintly sweet	Full bodied	Smooth	Mellow	Mild	Full flavored
10							
9							
8							
7							
6							
5							
4							
3							
2							
1							
	Flat	Too bitter	Watery	Biting	Too strong	Overly carbonated	Bland


Place beers' numbers on each scale from 1 to 10.

Beer #1 is _____ brand
Beer #2 is _____ brand
Beer #3 is _____ brand



Today's Schlitz. Go for it!

PLAYBOY MUSIC POLL



VOTE!

The Real
Election
Is Now!
You could
win big!

See nominees
and ballots
in November

PLAYBOY

WIN!

Superscope
AM/FM Cassettes

Marantz
Stereo Systems

Cheap Trick
Concert Tour

Cheap Trick's new album,
All Shook Up, is available
on Epic records and tapes.

Listen to these stations,
beginning October 6, for
details about the contest
and prizes!

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Chicago—WLUP
Cleveland—WMMS
Denver—KAZY
Detroit—WABX
Los Angeles—KWST
New York—WNEW-FM
Philadelphia—WYSP
San Diego—KPRI
San Francisco—KMEL



In
November
PLAYBOY
On Sale Now!

PLAYBOY

ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN

ELECTION SPECIAL!
HOW WASHINGTON
REALLY WORKS
A PRIMER
FOR JIMMY
HON OR JOE



**THE WOMEN OF
THE U.S. GOVERNMENT**
TEN PAGES OF UNIMPEACHABLE BEAUTY

WHO
T.J.P.
D. EVIL
INTERVIEW WITH
GARY HAGMAN
A VERY GOOD
YEAR FOR
SEX IN CINEMA
PLAYING WITH
PAIN: LIFE
IN THE N.E.L.

ON SCREEN

Willie and Phil

with Margot Kidder, Michael Ontkean, Ray Sharkey. Written and directed by Paul Mazursky.

Paul Mazursky makes movies the way Californians are accused of embracing fads—tasting everything but digesting nothing. *Willie and Phil* is a primary example of this slippery superficiality. It's as tedious and condescending as a smirk, but it sure does hit all the high points of the late Sixties and Seventies. Mazursky can't pass up any trend, philosophy or argument that may have made the cover of *New York* magazine.

Willie and Phil is inspired by Francois Truffaut's classic love story, *Jules and Jim*. Two men, Willie, a Jewish intellectual (played by Michael Ontkean) and Phil, a streetwise Italian scrapper (Ray Sharkey) meet at a Greenwich Village revival house and decide that because they both love *Jules and Jim* they can be friends for life. In a life-follows-art progression they both pick up a free-spirited girl in Washington Square (Margot Kidder) and spend the next fifteen years of their lives trying to live with and without each other.

Paul Mazursky has always had a propensity for eulogizing the ordinary, but never before has it seemed so defeating. Willie, Phil and Jeanette are simply not interesting enough to hold our attention; each lacks complexity, drive and passion. Their ambitions are out of a Werner Erhart training manual while their parents, who unfortunately play a major role in the movie, are out of a Norman Lear sit-com.

Those who enjoy Mazursky movies say he's the poet of the middle class, raising the banal to the level of art. Nonsense. What he does is bring a medium which has the potential for greatness down to a level of mediocrity that renders it fit for K-Tel marketing. *Willie and Phil* picks up and discards issues as if they were nothing more meaningful than Bloomingdale's latest baubles.

Mazursky is a director without ideas and without visual style, leaving nothing for the audience but his characters. And here, Mazursky defeats his interesting cast completely. It's impossible to figure out what

these three people see in each other, and the connection they make is so cursory we can't imagine why it holds together over the years. In the wake of this vacuum the actors are left struggling. Michael Ontkean is an extremely charming actor, but by the time his Willie runs off to India to find the meaning of life, we're ready to drown him in the Ganges. Sharkey is a fine character actor, but he can't conjure up the magnetism needed for a romantic lead. Oddly enough, neither can Margot Kidder, an intelligent, lovely actress who unfortunately lacks the mystery to make her "love object" seem viable.

Ultimately what destroys this movie is Mazursky's lack of heat as a director. He's all surface smoothness: he has the moves, but he doesn't have the depth. He's fooled a lot of people with his movies because they all have an "au courant" veneer, but when we strip away the tinsel of this movie, we're left with nothing. By the end, when Willie and Phil are back together as best buddies and Jeanette has found herself a Russian dancer (what else?) as her new lover (she's also making a documentary in New York City), we feel totally bloated, even though we have a sneaking suspicion we've missed the meal.

The advertising for *Willie and Phil* asks us, "What is this thing called love?" *Casablanca* has an answer; so do *Notorious*, *Amie Hall* and *Jules and Jim*. *Willie and Phil* doesn't even have a clue.

Jacoba Atlas

Hopscotch

starring Walter Matthau, Glenda Jackson, Sam Waterson and Ned Beatty; written by Brian Garfield and Bryan Forbes; produced by Eddie and Ely Landau; directed by Ronald Neame.

After their amusing and successful pairing in *House Calls*, Matthau and Jackson are back together—but not very amusingly. Matthau plays a CIA agent who, when forced out of the field and into a desk job by his mean boss Beatty, decides to wreak revenge by writing his memoirs. Said memoirs are

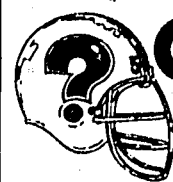
(continued on page 22)

Willie & Phil's Margot Kidder & Michael Ontkean



COLLEGE GAMES

A not-for-credit mind-bender fiendishly devised by the editors of GAMES magazine to drive you bananas.



CONFERENCE BOWL A College Football Nickname Quiz

In our continuing effort to enhance the college experience, we at *Games* have devised this little item to keep your brain warm during those long halftimes. (We're sure that you already have a few methods of keeping the rest of your body warm.)

Below are the names of twelve major college football conferences. The object of the quiz is to identify the school and nickname of each 1979 conference

title holder. Since few of you have the time to sit down and memorize a sports almanac, we've provided you with cryptic clues for each nickname. If you're still stumped, the letters *italicized* in each clue provide an anagram of the team's college.

If you savor competition, try playing against your buddies with a ten minute time limit. You might even be able to round up some cheerleaders. Go team!

1. IVY LEAGUE: (Their play exalts their founder's spirit)
2. BIG TEN: (A Woody ran this chestnut tree)
3. MID-AMERICAN: (A once mighty Indian tribal sect)
4. SOUTHEASTERN: (Moses and Aaron turned water into blood)
5. ATLANTIC COAST: (Large group of lobos attacking on the field)
6. SOUTHERN: (Tangy apache footwear)
7. BIG EIGHT: (Quicker, faster, more rapidly than now)
8. SOUTHWEST*: (The rear of a Shick when shaving) *TIE
(No southern pussycats)
9. MISSOURI VALLEY: (These were almost extinct across the plains)
10. PACIFIC TEN: (Their horse caught ancient folk by surprise)
11. WESTERN ATHLETIC: (Try pumas belonging in Utah)
12. PACIFIC COAST: (Just the best and most courageous)

For correct answers, see this space in next month's *Ampersand*.

GAMES magazine. A Playboy Publication. 515 Madison Ave., NYC.

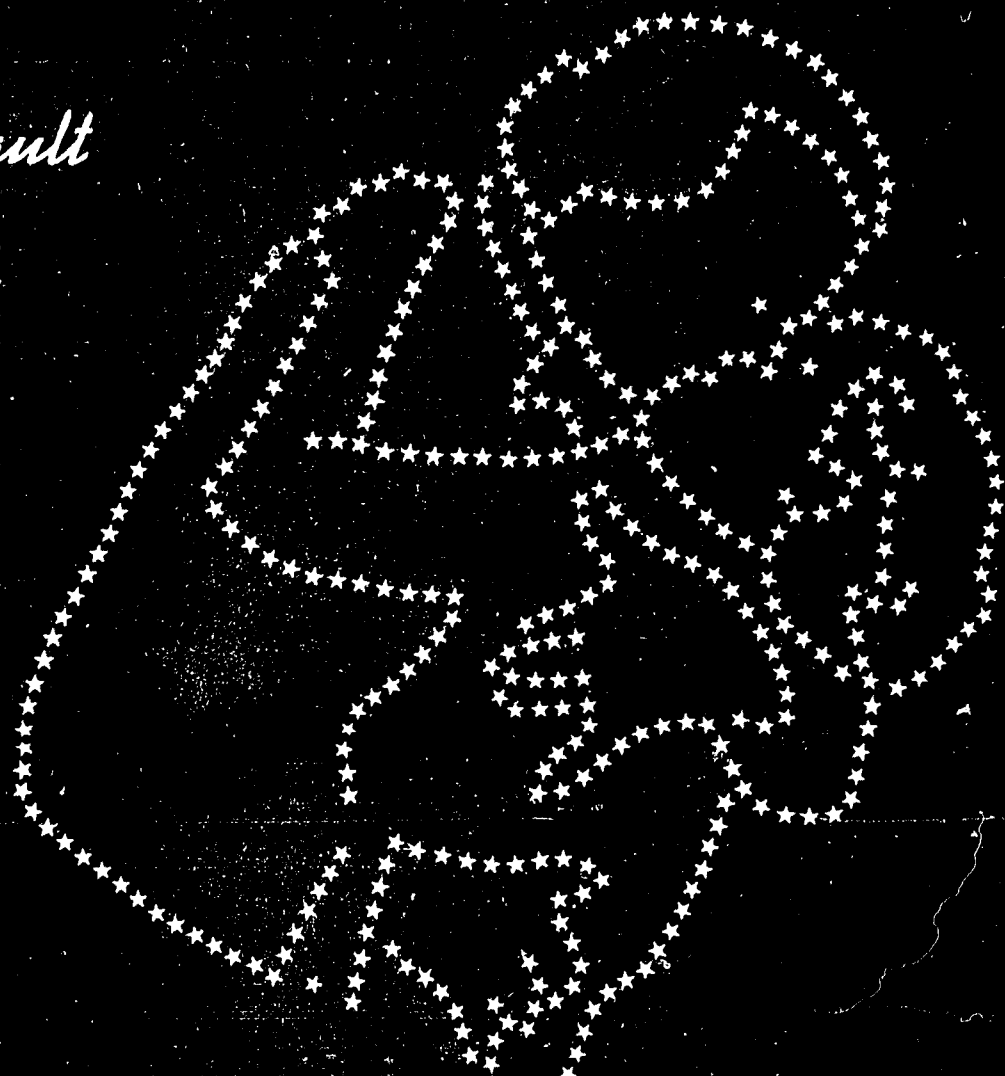
Woody Allen

Charlotte Rampling

Jessica Harper

Marie-Christine Barrault

Tony Roberts



Stardust Memories

A Jack Rollins - Charles H. Joffe Production "Stardust Memories"

Producer

Written and Directed by

Executive Producers

Robert Greenhut Woody Allen Jack Rollins - Charles H. Joffe

Director of Photography

Production Designer

Gordon Willis Mel Bourne

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THE FORBERT SAGA



Don't Call on Me, I'll Call You

by Byron Laursen

Like his songs, Steve Forbert has plenty of surprises beneath the surface. Sure, the diffident 25-year-old Mississippian has his modest ways: "I'll have a go at talking," he says, wrapping up a thuddingly difficult New York interview on the eve of his first Japan tour and third album, "but what I do is write songs and sing them." Nonetheless, inside that denim-jacketed heart, behind those covertly smiling eyes and that radical pug nose, one senses big ambition. *Alive on Arrival*, his heel-kicking 1978 debut, moved zealous writers to compare Forbert with classic heartland American music-makers the likes of Gram Parsons, Bob Dylan, Elvis Presley, Hank Williams, Woody Guthrie and Jimmie Rodgers. Then came *Jackrabbit Slim*, the 1979 follow-up, a helping of string and chorus-sweetened love songs, and the critics scooped their superlatives back again.

Though the public embraced *Jackrabbit* and its hit single, "Romeo's Tune," 600,000 copies worth, Forbert remains glaringly suspicious of the

media. Many reporters, early on, stereotyped him as "the new Dylan." The comparison was inevitable, given Forbert's harmonica and guitar-driven, folk-flavored style, but the singer resented being written into a corner. Moreover, with an eye on the kind of tragedy that came to Presley, Parsons, Williams and others in his line of work, Forbert seems terrified of the psychological fallout of fame.

"I'm obsessed with the idea of the loss of innocence," Forbert told a *Newsweek* reporter a year ago. An innocent quality certainly suffuses the country boy-meets-New York City material of *Alive on Arrival*. As I watch Forbert rehearse his road band, that innocence sparks again. Every time they run through *Arrival's* "Goin' Down to Laurel," the singer breaks into an exuberant, cowboy-booted shuffle. Music, including his own, is Forbert's obvious delight. A Meridian, Mississippi guitar teacher recalled him as "... an average player, but all fired up." In 1976, Forbert left home and a truck driving job to play Greenwich village coffeehouses.

"I tried for months to get him as a client," says Danny Fields, Forbert's manager. "He was always wary. But then one day he called up and said he was 'behind schedule.'" Soon Nemperor Records executive Nat Weiss saw the singer open a show at Trax. Then *New York Times* critic John Rockwell predicted "huge success, and soon." Both Nemperor contract and public acclaim came shortly thereafter, Forbert made his schedule.

Ampersand's interview, which followed the rehearsal session, culminated
(continued on page 22)

Take Henny Youngman...Please

BY DALE WHITE

Surely those old gags would have gasped their last. How long can a comic repeat the same wife-ethnic-sex jokes and secure a strong laugh? If the comic is Henny Youngman, the answer is—a lifetime. "The King of the One-liners" has used the same schtick for almost 50 years—and it still works.

The advances and ads in the press for his recent University of Florida appearance were few and brief, though occasionally tagged with a boastful "Take your wife—please." Nearly 2,000 students appeared to hear his 40-minute routine; noted poets, playwrights and politicians have failed to attract so large an audience at the campus.

When the comedian finally lugged his 6-foot-2-inch frame across the gymnasium floor with his famous short-step gait, the audience immediately granted him a standing ovation.

At 74, Youngman seems to be as enduring as his jokes. His hair has thinned, his back and shoulders are perhaps more noticeably hunched, the bags beneath his eyes darker and deeper. But time hasn't altered him much. The black suit with the silk lining, the stiff bow tie: the image is intact. And so are the jokes.

"I got an offer to do a movie with Bo Derek—you know, that 10 girl." Some male members of the audience hooted and whistled. "Producer called me up. Said, 'How about \$50,000?' I said, 'I'll think about it.' He called again. Said, 'We'll make it \$20,000.' I said, 'I'll pay it.'"

"Derek and I got dressing rooms next door to each other. I noticed there was a little hole in the wall. I thought, 'What the hell—let her look.'"

Years ago he may have used the name of Racquel Welch or Ursula Andress, but the joke would have been the same. It hasn't changed and neither has its response, an almost unified laughter that comes right on cue.

In an interview after the program, Youngman admitted his "biggest thrill is playing colleges such as this—seeing a couple thousand students come out to hear my stuff."

From a generation that usually identifies with the humor of a George Carlin, Gabe Kaplan or Richard Pryor, Youngman extracts laughs without reference to drugs or four-letter words.

"I try to keep it clean. I don't think it has to be filthy. But it

doesn't bother me when younger comics do dirty stuff. They're doing their own thing."

Youngman's style is what grants his humor a lasting quality. It's a rapid-fire technique that hasn't changed since he mastered it in the Thirties. He'd been working as a night club comic, employing a cigar instead of a violin as his prop, when he signed (without an audition) to do a six-minute spot on the Kate Smith radio show. He was an instant hit and the producer extended his routine to 10 minutes. With a \$250 check in his pocket for 10 minutes of work, Youngman realized he was a sudden success. Since his time was so brief, he decided to stick to jokes that could be delivered quickly. Youngman's jokes not only had punch lines, they had punch words.

"The 'take my wife—please' thing started kinda by accident when I was on the Kate Smith Show. About 15 minutes before it was supposed to go on my wife can up to me with several ladies. They had tickets but she didn't. So I asked them to take my wife—please. It stuck." The wife in all those jokes is Sadie Youngman, who sold sheet music at Kresge's when they first met. They've been married 52 years.

Wife jokes have become a Henny Youngman trademark and he relied on them heavily with his college audience:

"I'm bow-legged. My wife's knock-kneed. When we stand beside each other we spell OX."

"My wife is on a diet of coconuts and bananas. She hasn't lost any weight—but can she climb trees!"

"Man walking through a cemetery sees a funeral procession. A hearse with two caskets, then a line of men following this guy with his dog. He asks the guy with the dog, 'What happened?' 'My dog bit my wife and my mother-in-law.' Man asks: 'Can I borrow the dog?' Guy says: 'Get in line.'"

Then, of course, a few ethnic cracks:

"A Polish terrorist was sent to blow up a bus. He burned his lips on the exhaust pipe."

"A Polish rapist is in the police line-up. They bring the woman in. He points at her and yells 'That's her!'"

The key for Youngman, though, is to incorporate those well-worn gags with some audience participation:

"Any of you out there Italian?" Scattered voices in the crowd yelled in the affirmative. "Okay then—I'll talk slower."

"Two men are talking. One says, 'I just lost my third wife.' 'What happened to the first?' 'She died from eating poisoned mushrooms.' 'And the second?' 'She died from eating poisoned mushrooms.' 'What happened to the third?' 'Cracked skull.' 'How?' " Youngman lifted his hands toward the audience. "'She wouldn't eat the poisoned mushrooms,'" chorused 2000 people.

Youngman raised his 19th century Italian violin and his audience cheered, encouragingly. "There are two ways I play the violin. For pleasure and for revenge."

Few of his jokes are originals, he admitted. "I don't create. I gather. I have writers." Joke collecting occupies a great portion of his time. He has estimated that he has spent more than \$250,000 on his four-hour repertoire. (His writers have included Morey Amsterdam, Norman Lear and many others.) He knows more than 1500 jokes, but the jokes themselves aren't what makes him successful, he said. "It's the way I do it."

Youngman thinks of his jokes as cartoons. They have the same impact; a simple image and a simple punch. His method is hit-and-run. If a joke flops, it doesn't matter. He's already into the next one.

An avid student of such glib greats as Eddie Cantor, Al Jolson and George Jessel, Youngman incorporated everything he could learn into an act that is strictly his own, and it works so well, he can't give it up.

"I try to be on the road as much as I can. Last night I was at a convention in Chicago. The night before that I was in—" He sorted out the dates and places in his mind. "Let's see, I was in Philadelphia. I'm always working." He acts as his own agent, sometimes booking more than 200 shows a year.

His silly joking and sour technique with the violin have guaranteed Youngman a steady six-figure income. It makes him glad he'd never pursued a career as a concert violinist as his Russian father intended.

"If I played the fiddle any better, I'd be making \$125-a-week."

Dale White is another in a seemingly endless supply of freelance writers living in Florida

OFF THE WALL

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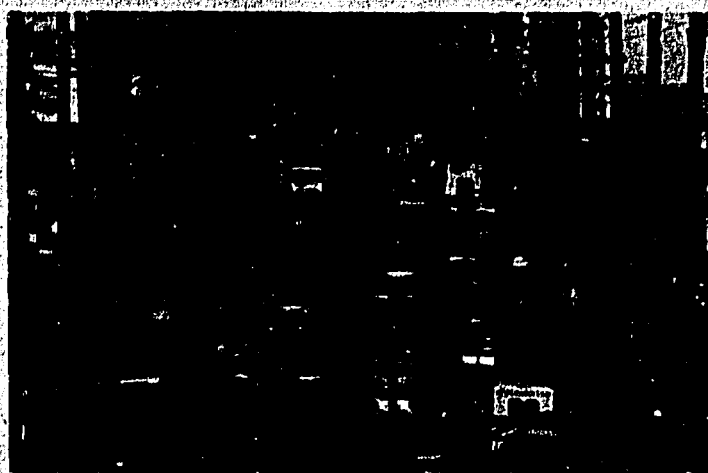
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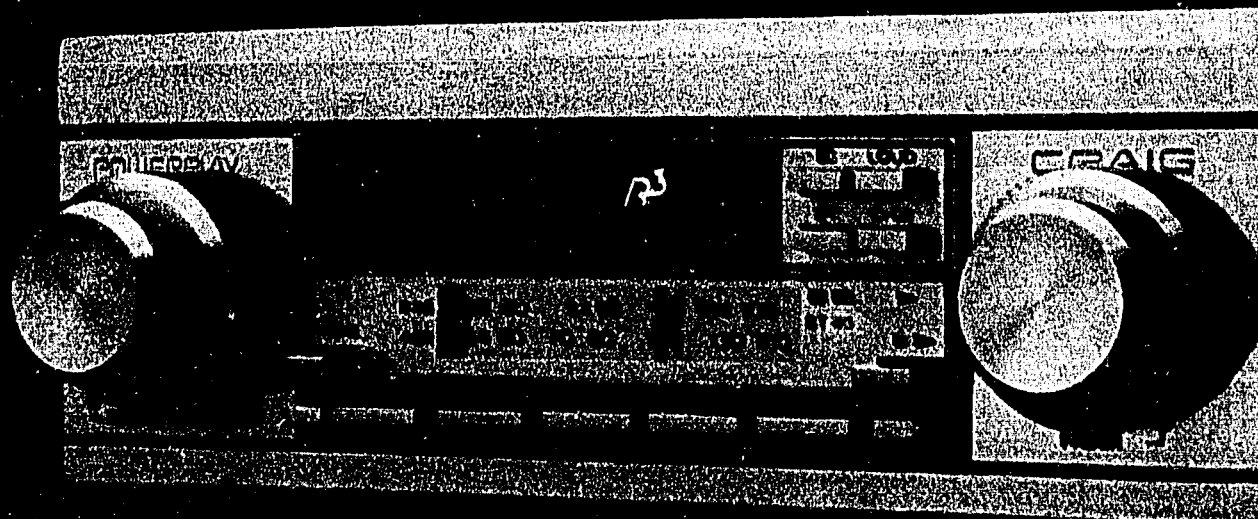
The road is one mean obstacle course, but the Craig Road-Rated Receiver was built to handle it.

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Now prove it to yourself. Listen to ours. Listen to theirs.

In the showroom, they sound good, too. But out on the road, they just won't move you like Craig.



ON TOUR

The Flying Karamazov Brothers

OREGON COUNTRY FAIR, EUGENE

Having synthesized themselves into juggling siblings four years ago while attending the University of Santa Cruz and Stanford University, the Brothers Karamazov decided that performing and traveling the country in their converted school bus marked "Weird Load" was more fun than using their degrees. The Karamazovs have since performed at colleges, theatres, on national television, and even placed second in the World Team Juggling Competition.

On stage in wooded fairgrounds, the foursome, clad in black velvet berets and gypsy balloon pants, expertly juggled sickles and meat-cleavers and then displayed their musicianship during "Percussion Quartet for Jugglers" as they tapped out 5/4 rhythms with flying tenpins.

Later, the Brothers proclaimed a contest in which Ivan would attempt to juggle for 10 counts three objects produced by the audience. If he met with success, he would receive a standing ovation—if not, his face would be met with a cream pie. Ivan failed in his first two attempts at keeping a music stand, gas mask and disposable diaper airborne, but finally the cheering crowd was obliged to rise.

Perhaps even more impressive than their feat of juggling nine objects—including loosely-corked champagne bottle, torch, skillet and egg—which landed neatly in the pan at its conclusion—was the finale performed for fair merchants at a special midnight show. The four doffed their clothing and fearlessly juggled 12 flaming torches—a foolhardy feat for anyone less skilled.

And just for the record, the Karamazovs once juggled a chainsaw in their act, but didn't do so at the Fair.

Laura Kaufman

The Heatwave Festival

MOSPORT PARK,
BOWMANVILLE, ONTARIO

Avid festival goers arrived believing they'd see the Clash, the Ramones, Graham Parker, Dexy's Mid-



The Flying Karamazovs: Timothy Daniel (Fyodor), Randy Nelson (Alyosha), Paul Magid (Dmitri) and Jay Patterson (Ivan).

night Runners, Third World, Rockpile, Holly and the Italians, Teenage Head, the Pretenders, the B-52's, Talking Heads, Elvis Costello, the Kings and the Start—but the first five in that lineup didn't perform. Even so, most in attendance seemed to agree that Heatwave was just fine.

This big New Wave bill wasn't a Woodstock, a Monterey Pop Festival or any of those powerful old things. Mosport Park was plagued by millions of genuine locusts jumping to the music and on the crowd. This formed the ambience for rock adventure: we were all on a wagon train rolling somewhere rugged and unknown.

The morning events were like a late Seventies stadium gig. The Canadian Teenage Head ram-rocked rockabilly numbers at the horde, but few danced. Then Rockpile spouted pop music with wit, the crowd leaped to its feet, but only those near the stage danced. A man with a safety pin earring, a woman draped in imitation leopard-skin, lots of folks with painted hair—the hard core folks finally woke up. When would the mass dance?

Chrissie Hynde and the Pretenders know what to do. When they played rock with reggae, blowing it through the giant speaker stacks, the bodies begin to bob. Hynde flung off her satiny blue jacket and turned on the

Chrissie Hynde of the Pretenders (below left) starts Canada's Heatwave Festival dancing while David Byrne of Talking Heads (below) unveils a nine member ensemble. New Wave goes funky.



PHOTOS BY ERIC JANSEN



power in her independent, pouty voice. "Private Life" was like a rhythmic transfusion; the bobbing became quicker. The B-52's, with their white child rhythm and blues, rescued everyone's childhood with the beach party movie-ish "Rock Lobster," the festival's first real showstopper. The dressed up New Wavers, the jeans and tee-shirt people, the drunks, the urban cowboys all jumped and the locusts scattered.

The Talking Heads hit the stage, enlarged to a nine-member funk ensemble with Nona Hendryx singing backup. The result was a sort of space disco—primal dance music without a particular time frame. The rhythm was rubbery during "Life During Wartime," the tone elastic during "Take me to the River."

Elvis Costello pumped in with an uncharacteristic happy expression. With the original Attractions, Costello

DAVE DAVIES AFLI-3603

(RCA) Staunch Kinks fans have been predicting/anticipating a Dave Davies solo LP ever since his solo single "Death of a Clown" soared to the top of the British charts in 1967. There are dashes of wry Kinkian humor in the packaging—AFLI-3603 is named after its catalogue number and Davies' head is replaced by a computerized bar code on the front cover portrait—but the music is a bit slight for those who've been waiting 13 years.

It's strictly a one-man operation, save for four songs with an outside rhythm section, and the chief villain is producer Davies. He's chosen a simple, hard rock sound dominated by multi-layered guitars, but lead singer Davies winds up badly buried in the mix. And producer Davies should spring for a rhythm section next time; the rudimentary nature of musician Davies' bass and drums work leaves it to the guitar licks to create melodies and hooks.

Songwriter Davies has contributed some absolute gems in the past but the neo-Nugent power rock of "Nothing More to Lose" and the simple

crooned the new popper, "Clubland," enhanced the reggae in his older songs and romped in his exaggerated stage presence. Finally, in a reversal of his usual stage tactics, a five-song encore of "Radio, Radio," "Pump It Up," "What's So Funny 'Bout Peace, Love and Understanding," "Mystery Dance" and "I Can't Stand Up for Falling Down."

Harold Goldberg

Janis Ian

THE ROXY, LOS ANGELES

It's always been easy to feel sorry for Janis Ian. Fifteen years ago, she gained notice as a persecuted teenager condemned for interracial dating with "Society's Child." In the mid-Seventies, she won public attention again for her melancholy recollection of high school, "At Seventeen." In those cases, at least, her sorrows were transformed into moving artistic statements. These days, though, she's in a sorrier state yet: attempting to conform to the musical tastes of the moment.

Ian's appearance at the Roxy seemed to reflect her worries over her place in the record marketplace. Having failed to sustain a comeback effort, she is currently striking out in a rock direction, punching up her usually restrained style with almost New Wavish touches. At least at this concert, her tougher stance was not convincing. There were some impressive moments in her performance, to be sure—but they did not come when she stepped out as a born-again rock and roller.

The show's opening minutes were promising. Striding into the spotlight with guitar in hand, Ian offered "When

the Party's Over," one of her best up-beat songs. Next, her three-piece band joined her for a tastefully-rendered, diverse selection of tunes, including the brooding "From Me to You" and the breezy, samba-tinged "I Would Like to Dance." When Ian again took a solo spot for the plaintive "Jesse," the pacing and atmosphere of her concert couldn't have been better.

Unfortunately, Ian was intent on proving that even "sensitive" songwriters can rock and roll, and ran through several tepid compositions from her last LP, *Night Rains*. Worse, Ian turned over the spotlight several times to her guitarist, Scott Zito, whose cliched rock star showboating was difficult to endure. Ian went through a few of the motions herself, essaying an awkward leap or two in her high heels.

It was sad to see Ian laboring in a style inappropriate for her, because she proved herself capable of handling so many other musical genres that night. She ventured into European cabaret balladry with "Party Lights" and "In the Winter," singing with a Continental touch of theatrics over her melodramatic piano work. "Silly Habits," a warm supper-club blues tune, was equally charming. Her encore, the bittersweet show business ode "Stars," presented her at her finest, revealing great songwriting craft while ringing true emotionally.

Apparently, these qualities are not enough to score points in the music biz right now, and Ian feels she needs to refashion her sound and image. At the Roxy, these attempts brought few positive results. Ian wants to rock out in front of audiences rather than win their sympathy—and that's the real pity.

Barry Alfonso

ON DISC

keyboard melody to "Doing the Best for You" are the best things he comes up with here. The lyrics tend towards little-people-against-the-impersonal-modern-world-but-we'll-still-beat-'em-in-the-end sentiments that are altogether admirable and practical in normal conversation but sound cloying and a mite naive coming out of stereo speakers.

Don Snowden

PAUL SIMON One-Trick Pony

(Warner Brothers) "Mature," "tasteful," "polished"—not the most exciting accolades with which to praise a pop musician, I'll admit. Yet it's Paul Simon's gift to turn moderation into a virtue. As a solo artist he's recorded quietly charming music that's soothing without being dull. His talents have grown over the years, and *One-Trick Pony*, his first all-new LP since 1975, is evidence of his sure touch.

As befits the score for an upcoming film, *One-Trick Pony* has a consistent musical mood, sustained by a glossy studio sound which refines Fifties rock and r&b styles into a sophisticated whole. While Richard Tee's shimmer-

ing electric piano is overused and Tony Levin's bass lines are muddy at times, the overall sound mix is lovely, highlighting Simon's understated vocal manner to good effect. The basic tune-writing is strong—"Nobody" gently rocks to one of the prettiest melodies I've heard in ages. Simon put a lot of care into the composing, arranging and recording of this album, and it shows.

If craftsmanship were the LP's only virtue, it would be a superior record. But Simon has too much poetry in him to let arranging skill carry his songs alone. Offbeat, ambiguous images pop up in "That's Why God Made the Movies," "Oh, Marion" and "God Bless the Absentee," adding color to the vaguely melancholy feel of the verses. Simon has his occasional missteps—"How the Heart Approaches What It Yearns" is an awkward hook line no matter how cleverly it scans. But the album is more than redeemed by compelling lines like "Who was the witness to the dream/Who kissed my eyes and saw the scream... Nobody."

One-Trick Pony's theme is of an aging rock star trying to cope with his confused lifestyle. In Simon's own case, though, he's playing the role of pop elder statesman quite well. He's a genuine rarity: a veteran singer/

Honky Tonk Heroes



WAYLON JENNINGS

WAYLON'S incomparable style, and songs written by Steely Dan, Jimmy Buffett, J. J. Cale, along with some of the finest players all combine to make the music album by the MUSIC MAN WAYLON

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They're a little country, a little rock'n roll & R&B—they're RCA's hottest new group debuting with the #1 single "TENNESSEE RIVER" and great new album MY HOME'S IN ALABAMA that also includes the hits "I WANNA COME OVER," "MY HOME'S IN ALABAMA" and latest single, "WHY LADY WHY." The south shall indeed rise again with ALABAMA!

GARY STEWART

Years spent prowling honky tonks and clubs with his growling guitar have lit the fuse exploding GARY STEWART into a major star. Gary's stompin' steamin' new album extends his reign as the rockin' king of Honky Tonk, while he shares the stage and studio with the southern rock elite, coming up with such destined-to-be-classics as "CACTUS AND A ROSE," "ROARIN'," "GHOST TRAIN" AND "HOW COULD WE COME TO THIS." It's Rock'n Roarin' GARY STEWART at his untameable best!

RCA

ON DISC

songwriter who's developed rather than burned out.

—Barry Alfonso

THE CARS

Panorama

(Elektra) When the Cars first broke

through anti-New Wave biases of radio programmers two years ago, their sound was a refreshing change. Their brand of rock was crisp and catchy, an easy-to-like backdrop for Rick Ocasek's more-challenging verse. But yesterday's innovations can become today's status quo, and it's clear from *Panorama* that the Boston-based quintet are standing pat for the moment.

The elements that made the Cars debut so much of a kick to hear in '78 remain—Elliot Easton's jangly guitar licks, the slamming-door drum bashings of Dave Robinson, the keyboard blips and tweets of Greg Hawkes. What's missing is any real sense of change or growth on the group's part, any sign of a desire to build on past accomplishments. Truth be told, the melodic content of *Panorama* is somewhat lower than earlier efforts—there's no inspired cut like "My Best Friend's Girl" or "Let's Go" that leaps out as a natural hit. It's all formula, formula.

Ric Ocasek's lyrics retain their Op Art evocativeness, though their intriguing qualities lessen a bit with each album. As before, some of what he writes is gibberish ("I get rhythm/I get cornflakes"), but on occasion his flair for imagery is arresting ("The peeping keyhole introverts/With the monkeys on their backs..."). Again, no major complaints, but no exceptional praise either. Ocasek is in a creative holding pattern on this album.

In this lean period for the music biz, a group can't really be faulted for playing it safe. Still, the Cars always had the air of *artists* about them, and it would've been nice to have seen them stretch their talents. As it is, their *Panorama* exhibits a rather limited musical horizon.

Barry Alfonso

SPLIT ENZ

True Colours

(A&M) Australia's Split Enz presented themselves as sort of Down Under Mothers of Invention on their first two Chrysalis LP's. Like a house band at the Laughing Academy, the group relied heavily on strange hairdos, clown makeup and other loony props to make their point. *True Colours*, their first album for a new label—A&M—reveals Split Enz for what they really were all along—a lightweight pop band whose delusions of whimsy were ill-suited to the septet's musical skills. Neither as outrageous as the Bonzo Dog Band nor as wicked as Deaf School, Split Enz belonged in the harmless ward. Be that as it may, *True Colours* is their most engaging effort to date. Stripped of the heavy-handed nuttiness that marred both previous efforts, the Enz have concocted a pleasant enough collection borrowing heavily from the Anglo-pop bag of licks. The Hollies ("I Got You"), Sweet ("Shark Attack") and the Beatles ("What's the Matter with You") are all quoted with shameless aplomb. The ballad "I Hope I Never" that closes the first side pretty much sums up the band's reliance on threadbare formulas, yet it still manages to make its point with some hand-me-down hooks and a performance that could be described as consummately mediocre.

As forgettable a hit-making unit as Split Enz may be, one can only be grateful that they have left their former excesses behind, perhaps realizing that emulation, in their case, is the better part of valour.

Davin Seay

CONTRASTS

Sam Rivers

(ECM) ECM is a label with two differ-

ent streams: the ephemeral Euro-techno sounds and the more earthy American and African black sounds. In Sam Rivers' first ECM release as leader, the music definitely falls into the latter category.

Rivers restricts himself to tenor and soprano saxes and flute (no piano ramblings here) and renders seven miniatures with ensemble. The profound bassist Dave Holland and AACM drummer Thurman Barker are old friends, but trombonist George Lewis is the kicker in this lineup, the wildcard quadrant. Lewis adds a dimension of tones, colors, shapes and textures that complement Rivers' corporeal hornwork.

"Solace" illustrates what an illusive structuralist Rivers can be as a composer. His soprano and Lewis' trombone are phantoms flickering across a de Chirico landscape provided by Holland's arco bass and Barker's dramatic marimbas. This coagulates into a traffic jam where all four face off and deliver epigrams to each other.

Living up to the title of the album, "Verve" is an engaging funky stew served up by Rivers' Caribbean-flavored flute. He is one of the few jazz artists who has made the funky beat interesting as well as danceable. On a cooker like this, Dave Holland isn't about to be relegated to ostinatos—his bass lines are just as mobile and pithy as Rivers'.

Rivers is revered for his tireless explorations on his instruments, especially the tenor sax. The complex tenor lines on "Dazzle" alternately bring to mind a fervent Baptist minister and an aural chess game. Lewis comps in a detached manner and then takes his most personal and evocative solo on the al-

bum. On "Images," Lewis punctuates with accents that suggest the colorful rectangles in a Mondrian painting.

Rivers has enlarged the language of the tenor saxophone in many different contexts, covering new ground each time. *Contrasts* is a welcome addition to his already impressive discography.

Kirk Silsbee

ART ENSEMBLE OF CHICAGO

Full Force

(ECM) The Art Ensemble of Chicago (Lester, Bowie, trumpet; Roscoe Mitchell and Joseph Jarman, reeds; Malachi Favors, bass; Don Moye, drums, and all members play various additional instruments) is the current darling of contemporary music, garnering fervent critical acclaim and a growing popular following. *Full Force*, a substantial offering, clearly shows that the band's success is warranted. In these performances—which combine elements of jazz (though the AEC is by no means strictly a jazz band), chance music and drama—there are many moments of charm, wit, fun, and good music.

The group's strong suit is surprise, the compositions, structured with adventure in mind and played with verve, lead the listener (this isn't background music) on the most unpredictable aural voyages. The prime example is "Magg Zelma," a 20-minute work which begins with a forest of blended sounds—oriental bells, sitar, noisemakers imitating ducks and babies crying, flutes, saxes, whistles, et al.—interspersed with patches of si-



Rockabilly Romeo

One of the newest Hopefuls on the L.A. club scene is Keith Joe Dick, Rockabilly Romeo, who—in the process of reprising some of the best of Elvis, Gene Vincent, Eddie Cochran, et al.—often does a sort of reverse strip tease. The first few numbers are delivered in white socks, strap-style t-shirt and jockey shorts. After gradually adding pants, shirt and sports jacket, all of them appropriately Fifties-ish cat clothes, Mr. Dick checks an imaginary wristwatch, exclaims "You just caught me getting out of the shower, I've got to leave," and vanishes.

Byron Laursen



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lence. The intensity grows to a tumultuous climax that mimicks the roar of a human crowd. Then Favors plays a tidy bass figure, getting a rotund, pleasant sound, and Mitchell lends some full-bodied statements on his tenor, though the louder he plays, the weaker his intonation becomes. Suddenly, Moye sets up a pattern in 6 and an African-based chant, reminiscent of Randy Weston's "African Cookbook," which itself was an African derivative, ensues, with the saxes barking out a three-note centering figure while Bowie's dripping-at-the-edges trumpet spouts crackling phrases. A free-for-all, with the reedmen madly playing one horn after another, is finally superseded by a short, colorful ensemble passage—part swing, part mariachi—that closes the piece. "Old Time Southside Street Dance" and "Full Force" are also in the who-knows-what-next vein but the subdued "Charlie M," which we surmise is for Charles Mingus, is in contrast to the others, evoking a feeling of unfettered Thirties swing, with Favors' bouncing notes underpinning a brash, flutter-tongued Bowie solo, as the saxes contribute support. In the manner of the great Cootie Williams, the marvelous trumpeter who played with Ellington for decades, Bowie whispers, growls, sings, shouts and expounds during this winsome outing. In his solo, Favors exhibits simplicity, a sure sense of pulse, and an honest, woody sound.

The only disappointment with this recording, given the mixed musical bag the band assumes, is the absence of strong reed soloists (neither Mitch-

ell nor Jarman are technically well-versed), but since most people won't buy this album to hear the perfected elegance of a Count Basie or the superb line-playing of a Sonny Rollins, this drawback is hardly noticeable. ABC, which won this year's *downbeat* critics poll, is touring extensively until the end of November.

Zan Stewart

MARTHA AND THE MUFFINS

Metro Music

(Virgin) Funny names do not the New Wave make. It's a point proved in spades by Toronto's Martha and the Muffins, along with Pearl Harbor and the Explosions, Scott Wilk and the Wails, Pam Windo and the Shades and a distressing collection of others. Once the mid-Seventies frenzy of Punk had spent itself, groups of this ilk were faced with a crisis of direction. In the binary world of rock, the choice was obvious—go progressive. What we are witnessing here is the birth of a new generation of Yes, Genesis and Gentle Giant. That the vaunted new wave has become the repository for such noodling obsessions is an indication of how limited rock horizons have really become.

The problem here is not so much the Muffins as Martha—actually two Marthas, both vocally indistinguishable. Instrumentally, the band acquits itself ably enough. The mix is somewhere on the mellow side of the Mot-

ors or Bram Tchaikovsky and chugs along unobtrusively under its own steam. The Marthas, on the other hand, dredge up a lead-lined vocal style so laden with pretense and humorless profundity that the listener is tempted to take the next flight to Toronto and cut their wrists for them. These girls make Nico and Marianne Faithfull sound like the Andrews Sisters. It's toneless, emotionless and hopelessly unmusical singing that utterly bogs down the proceedings. On and on they drone, ruminating at length over "Salgon," "Indecision," "Terminal Twilight," "Monotone" (perhaps their theme song?) and "Revenge Against the World." When it's all over the question left begging is—who cares? Martha and Martha need an expectorant, an enema and a blood transfusion without delay. Then they should look for another job.

Davin Seay

THE ROOTS OF ROCK & ROLL

Various Artists

(Savoy) "We give away more copies than we sell," moans a Savoy publicist. Too bad, because these nine double discs should be anything but the best-kept secret in Rock & Roll.

The *Roots* was begun in 1977 and a fresh volume has emerged every three months since, more or less. The first, titled simply *The Roots of Rock and Roll*, presents an amalgam of early styles to

which later volumes are entirely devoted. Wild Bill Moore, a Texas tenor sax player, kicks off side one with a 1947 recording of "We're Gonna Rock, We're Gonna Roll," one of the earliest references to R&R; in it, boogie woogie piano, screaming sax and uproarious vocals meet an immovable backbeat, and rock & roll is born. Other noteworthy artists introduced in this set are sax legend and wild man Big Jay McNeely, pianist/writer extraordinaire Sam Price and the little known but immensely talented and important blues singer from the Fifties, Big Maybelle. For the variety included, from very early Do-Wop to some of Rock & Roll's first shouters (Nappy Brown, etc.) to straight ahead boogie woogie rock, this LP is a perfect cross example of roots music. And as with all *Roots* volumes, the extensive and well-written liner notes are invaluable.

Volume 5, *Ladies Sing the Blues* (featuring Big Maybelle, Little Esther, Albinia Jones, Miss Rhapsody and Linda Hopkins) is a must-have primarily because of an entire side by Big Maybelle (eight tracks), one of the most explosive singers of all time. Born Mabel Smith in 1924, she reduced the 1958 Newport Jazz Festival to ashes with her performance. Unfortunately she died after a long bout with heroin in 1972. She is sorely missed.

Honkers & Screamers (vol. 6) is perhaps the most definitive Rock & Roll album in the series. This instrumental LP of very early (mostly around 1948) sax-led rock features Paul Williams (not the short blond mutant), Hal Singer, Big Jay McNeely (the main

argument for this set) and other important sax screamers. McNeely's ferocious sax attacks coupled with some of Rock & Roll's earliest arrangements are powerful statements indeed. In a sense, this record hints at a very primitive form of jazz rock: highly improvised yet controlled-by-the-arrangement sax playing is set against jazz's traditional "walking bass" and pounded home with a solid 4/4 beat. Uplifting stuff.

Also uplifting (to say the least) are four sides of *Sam Price & the Rock Band* (vol. 7). Backed by some of the most important players of the day—sax legend King Curtis and jazz guitarists Mickey Baker and Kenny Burrell, Price is a wonderfully versatile boogie woogie piano player and writer (he wrote or co-wrote all 25 tunes). This set, mostly from 1956-57, features Curtis at his absolute best; his stutters, yowls and screams on sax constitute the perfect Rock & Roll instrumental voice. When Sam Price and friends hit their boogie woogie stride on tracks like "Roll 'em Sam," "Bar B-Q Sauce" and "Honky Tonk Caboose," nothing else seems to matter.

The Shouters (vol. 9), just released, presents frontmen like H-Bomb Ferguson, Nappy Brown and Gatemouth Moore in their earliest and most passionate incantations with performances showing the evolution-to-come of R&B-based rock singers.

Each release in this series is an important one and several are of the Highest Order of Rock & Roll importance. May it never end.

Steve Wetzman



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Punk Flicks (Old Tricks)

Clash in the Cannes (Film Fest)

BY P. GREGORY SPRINGER

It took almost too long to squeeze the punk rock rationale through the multi-million dollar movie needle.

When punk finally did raise its little pointed head on the whore-worn streets of the Cannes Film Festival this year, most of the new rock movies arrived outdated, blaring examples of being in the wrong place at the wrong time.

Hopeful eyes were fixed upon Dennis Hopper's new film, *Out of the Blue*, expecting it to do for punk what Hopper's *Easy Rider* had done for communes and cocaine. Unfortunately, *Out of the Blue* keeps slipping back into country flowerhead basics with New Wave trim. It takes its title from Neil Young, dresses up Linda Manz (*Days of Heaven*) as a rebellious punkette who alternately sings Supertramp songs and punches safety pins through her face, and it glaringly dates the death of Elvis Presley incorrectly, somehow linking him with Sid Vicious.

Hopper also stars in the film as Linda's father, whose alcoholism and sexual perversity have contributed to Linda's spiraling decline, obviously, Linda, suited for the part but laboring under the random references to last year's chart listings and a script that forces her to embody a homicidal punk metaphor, finally snuffs her folks while singing "Teddy Bear."

Although it was filmed in Vancouver, someone at Hopper's flippant press conference had to ask where the film was supposed to take place. Was it a contemporary Western, an urban melodrama in cowboy drag, or just another Canadian tax-shelter project?

Breaking Glass was given tuxedo reception at Cannes, confidently announced as a "post-punk" tale, with stereo Dolby treatment, and followed by a blow-out reception, dubbed "event of the year" by some hyperbolic press bulletins. The film details the rise and fall of a London band (bearing many resemblances to X-Ray Spex), with street-found star Hazel O'Connor as leader of the idealistic group. She self-promotes on subways, takes on gigs at skinhead pubs and political rallies, and ends up with record contract and sold-out laser light shows. Phil Daniels, star of last year's *Quadrophonia*, plays the little manager who gets squeezed out by the big label but retains his integrity. *Breaking Glass* gets the dynamic concert finish, with electric costumes and tight-tuned music (penned by O'Connor), but it is unfortunate that the flashiest, most appealing part of the picture comes at the narrative moment of the heroine's greatest moral and psychological decline, casting doubt on the purpose

and impact of primal rock's message. The movie also charts the rise and fall of the original punk movement, if one allows some metaphorical leeway. It's *The Rose* of a revolution.

An even greater contradiction is *Telephone Public*, the hottest ticket among French locals in Cannes. French New Wave group Telephone, in stark contrast to the espoused ideals of the band in *Breaking Glass*, relishes its role as supergroup, spreading itself thinly across the Cinemascope screen. The members give opinions on any and every subject, frequently flaunting their new wealth. Female bassist Corine Marlenneau even lets her mother be interviewed. The "what is your favorite toothpaste?" dialogue is interspersed with the rogish posing and extended amplification of this lightweight heavy metal band in New Wave drag.

Although director Paul Verhoeven (*Soldier of Orange*) has a certified hit with *Spetters* in his native Netherlands, this Dutch version of *Saturday Night Fever* would have to cross many cultural barriers to be accessible to American youth. Riding motorbikes with glee, munching french fries and mustard, and wrangling with Calvinist consciences, the Spetters (translated Aces) are rebellious youth who "live like there's no tomorrow." The soundtrack consists of second-rate juke box numbers from the Johnny Rotten timevault, but it is probably the flaunted flesh in *Spetters* which has made it a box office success. There are masturbations, erections, girl-swappings, older women, and a penis-measuring contest, all apparently dear to international punks.

Cha Cha, another Dutch film, combines phoney detective dramatics with comic violence and political protest, but impromptu performances by Lene Lovich and Nina Hagen more than compensate for lapses in the story. When they sit together at a bar, spontaneously crooning up lost melodies

and inhuman sounds in deadpan seriousness, they win the "Lucy and Ethel of the Eighties Award" hands down.

On the spare aesthetic side are *Radio On* and *Union City*, two story films with rock references. *Radio On* (title signifying the primary mechanical function for properly operating a motor vehicle) was financed by Road Movies, the Wim Wenders film company. It comes as no surprise that the film is the British equivalent of the early Wenders movies, *Alice in the Cities*, *Kings of the Road*, and others. Punctuated by songs of David Bowie, Kraftwerk, Ian Dury, Lene Lovich and more, the black-and-white film follows the odyssey of a man in search of his brother's house, where an unexplained suicide has just taken place. After a confrontation with a psychotic lower-class hitchhiker, an encounter with a German woman searching for her daughter and asides for pinball and pool, the conclusion of *Radio On* strands the roving philosophical boy on a precipice where the car refuses to budge. Dedicated to the electronic age and Fritz Lang, the film also offers Sting, the Police singer, in a brief cameo, crooning tearfully as a garage attendant in love with Gene Vincent.

Union City has the chic punk sensibility of New York fashion. Starring Deborah Harry in a non-singing role, the story is based on a cheap thriller, *The Corpse Next Door*. With garish Fifties sets and color, astutely overacted in Eisenhower-era soullessness, the psychological disintegration of a jealous husband is slowly depicted. The husband thinks he has accidentally murdered a milk thief and hides him in the empty apartment next door; a plot mechanism which allows the actors and actresses to camp up their roles to the limit, while dressing up in fashionable rags as well.

Debbie Harry's performance is an analogue for the psychological violence of the cold war days, all pouty and conformist. She invests her love in new shoes and a blonde bleach job.

The soundtrack is credited to Chris Stein, the other Blondie personage, but his electronic accompaniment resembles a melodramatic mix of Robert Fripp and Bernard Herrmann, not the band's dance beat.

The Clash steered clear of the Festival, unlike the Who, whose appearance the year before sold out a Roman coliseum. Perhaps the philosophy embedded in *Rude Boy* kept the Clash at an ideological distance from Cannes' party-hopping.

Rude Boy, filmed in 1978 at the peak of punk, uses an extreme of European minimalist filmmaking technique, allowing little storytelling. The film offers, also, the most accomplished interaction between documentary footage and staged events since *Medium Cool*, although Clash fans aren't likely to care much. The band members fought distribution for a while, sensing that they might be revealed in an awkward stage of their career.

Joe Strummer, Mick Jones, Paul Simonon, and Topper Headon are shown living their day-to-day lives, doing things like standing trial for shooting pet pigeons and discussing the Red Brigade ("It's a pizza parlor, isn't it?"), while their fictitious counterpart, played by Ray Grange, wanders from concert to concert, drinking heavily and prying comment from the band. More than once, it seems that the filmmakers have intruded upon Clash concerts in order to beef up the action in the film, including the taunting of an unruly Rock Against Racism crowd. Late into the rambling film, a racial element is pasted on, but the real meat of it is in the (spontaneous?) dialogue coming from Strummer, as he talks politics or introduces the song "I'm So Bored with the USA," dedicating it to Freddie Laker, "the man who made it all possible." Later, Strummer sings lyrics a cappella on a studio dub of "All the Young Punks," undermining his own lyrics with harmonic "c--s" on the final rhyme. One senses validity and importance in this early version of the Clash; one also imagines Clash Muzak in some future elevator.

The fans awaiting the premiere of

Rude Boy at Cannes were impatient, loud, and rowdy outside the theatre, but except for jeers at some well-integrated footage of Margaret Thatcher, there was little response throughout except stunned silence.

The Sex Pistols have a double autopsy in D.O.A.—the *Last Tour in America* (which, appropriately, failed to arrive in time for a Cannes screening), sub-titled, in mock self-denunciation, *The Great Rock-and-Roll Swindle*. The latter goes through agonized, pornographic, animated, insistent, transcontinental, and terminal lengths to prove that the Sex Pistols were nothing more than a "Cash from Chaos" scheme of their killed manager Malcolm McLaren. It is not only fascinating, but convincing. Like the film's beleaguered production, its distribution is currently halted, but you'll probably get a chance to see it someday. It's slick revisionism.

The belated appearance of punk movies will likely perpetuate the musical momentum of the old New Wave for a while. Other projects, planned or underway, include *Times Square* (promised as New Wave *Saturday Night Fever*, argh, by producer Robert Stigwood), and *Urgh: A Music War*, concerts of Magazine, Pere Ubu, X, Dead Kennedys, and Wall of Voodoo, the new New Wave.

Credit the Cannes moguls for one thing. They know when to drop a cold potato. Except for *The Apple*, an Israeli version of *The Wiz*, and a pathetic promotion for *Can't Stop the Music*, there was no mention of disco at all.

P. Gregory Springer is writing a novel about a gay soccer team.

OUT OF THE BLUE

Robson Street Productions, director Dennis Hopper

BREAKING GLASS

Allied Stars, dir. Brian Gilbert

TELEPHONE PUBLIC

Ossard-Bernart-Gaumont, dir. Jean-Marie Perle

SPETTERS

Seauvel Films, dir. Paul Verhoeven

CHA CHA

Black Tulip Filmprod, dir. Herbert H.A. Curiel

RADIO ON

BFI and Road Movies, dir. Chris Petit

UNION CITY

Kinesis Productions, dir. Mark Reichert

RUDE BOY

Atlantic Releasing, dir. Jack Hazan and David Mingay

THE GREAT ROCK & ROLL

SWINDLE

Boys and Virgini, Dir. Julian Temple



Spetters: erections, masturbations, girl-swappings, etc.

Punk Tracks (New Acts)

Record Biz Success The New Way

BY DON SNOWDEN

The so-called "Big 6" record companies (CBS, WEA, Polygram, EMI/Capitol, RCA and MCA) control the distribution of 85 per cent of the records released in America and the radio airwaves still cater to their tried-and-true favorites plus the occasional newcomers. Yet the two most influential musical forces of the late Seventies, Disco and Punk-New Wave, developed outside of established channels. Disco, originally the province of Latinos and gays, was wholeheartedly embraced by the industry, but the New Wave has spawned an alternative, underground network of small record labels, distributors, clubs and publications convinced that the music business is hopelessly out of touch with the musical times.

"Record companies are still conditioned to the late Sixties style of breaking new bands," charges Greg Shaw, "their whole approach to underground music is completely outdated." Shaw's Independent Bomp label and distributorship was formed in 1969. "The most effective marketing strategy today is to go through import channels. Elvis Costello, to name but one, was broken in this country through imports."

Inspired by the do-it-yourself ethic of the British new wave scene, independent labels and imports are exerting an increasingly powerful influence on the American music industry. Devo, Pere Ubu, the Shoes, the Romantics and 20/20 all parlayed self-financed and independently distributed singles or albums into major label deals. Several majors have attempted to keep abreast of the times by striking up distribution deals with leading British independents—Polydor with Radar, CBS with Stiff, Atlantic with Virgin and A&M with the recently formed International Record Syndicate (IRS).

The Clash's first American release, *Give 'Em Enough Rope*, barely nudged the lower reaches of the Top 200 album charts but import sales of its debut LP and singles were so strong that the British punk quartet was able to sell out a 12-date tour of 2-3,000 seat halls in February, 1979. English new wave bands 999, Magazine, Gang of Four, Penetration, Ultravox and Sham 69 toured America without the benefit of a Stateside recording contract—acts of unprecedented chutzpah and optimism—and found enthusiastic crowds already familiar with the music packing their club dates. The Gang of Four and 999 subsequently landed domestic label deals.

The Police story is a blueprint for a

successful alternative approach to making it in the record industry. Formed in the wake of the British punk uprising, the band released one single on its own Illegal label before signing with A&M. They shattered precedent by undertaking a short East Coast tour in late '77 without any record company support—flying Laker Airways and carrying drums as hand baggage to cut down on costs. When the Police concluded their first proper American tour in Los Angeles in May, 1979, they turned down a \$12,000 offer to play a second night at the 3,300-seat Santa Monica Civic in order to perform at Madame Wong's, a small restaurant in LA's Chinatown which only months before had changed its entertainment policy from Polynesian dancers to local unsigned bands.

"There was a lot of resistance to my ideas, initially," reflects the Police's intense, bespectacled manager Miles Copeland. "A&M didn't want to release 'Roxanne' as a single. They told me the way it was done in America is you release the album and take the single when the DJs tell you what to play. I said we know what we want as the single and we don't want a DJ at some s---tass AOR station telling us what we know is right."

"The other secret ingredient we had was the Paragon (booking) Agency. My brother Ian was there and he gave us the license to bring unsigned bands over here. American agencies just don't do that because they don't want

to know about you until you're on the charts. You can't even get 'em on the phone unless you've got a hit act."

"When I first started bringing the English bands over, I had to turn over rocks to find something," admits Ian Copeland. "I'd almost have to trade promoters—an Allman Brothers date just to do me a favor and give me a date for this band."

"We found a kind of circuit, the Rat in Boston, CBGBs in New York, the Hot Club in Philly and the Edge in Toronto. That was it; those four clubs. Each tour got bigger and bigger as the word spread and we were able to add cities to get us further across America. Since then, every little town in

America suddenly has a New Wave room."

Ian now heads the Frontier Booking International (FBI), an agency specializing in New Wave performers. Miles created the International Record Syndicate (IRS), an umbrella organization of seven young, aggressive independent labels which are distributed by A&M while retaining complete artistic control over their releases.

Independent labels have traditionally served as a renegade force within the record industry. Fifties labels like Atlantic (then an indie), Chess, Specialty, and Sun brought the black blues and Rhythm & Blues (previously classified/stigmatized as "race" music) and Rockabilly of such artists as Chuck Berry, Elvis Presley and Ray Charles

The Police: Sting, Andy Summers, Stewart Copeland

into the pop mainstream. The first British invasion in the mid-Sixties launched a stream of American one-hit wonders released on small independent labels such as Soma, Laurie, Tower, Bang and Crescendo.

The American music business has since evolved into a multi-billion dollar industry aimed largely at an expanding older audience. It now takes about \$250,000 to establish a new band, so the major labels, their sights firmly locked on platinum-plus sales figures, are less and less willing to take a chance on adventurous music; the new independents are stepping into the breach.

"It seems the majors have gotten to the point where they're only interested in selling millions of copies," contends Bob Say, the head of the west coast branch of Jem Records, the largest distributor of import records in America. Jem started in 1971 as a three-man operation pushing a catalogue dominated by progressive rock albums out of a house trailer in New Jersey. Their business mushroomed dramatically when the major American labels turned their backs on the Punk bands emerging in England three years ago.

"The New Wave definitely gave Jem Records more prestige in the United States," Say relates. "It created a lot of news, both good and bad, and we were bringing in 80 per cent of the records at the time and we're still bringing in the majority of them."

Currently, Jem operates with a staff of 60 employees and approximately 50,000 feet of warehouse space in the States in addition to a small London office. The company now has two labels of its own (PVC and Visa) and handles those Stiff, Radar, and Virgin artists not picked up by a major label.

Fans agree that the quality of import pressings and the total packaging are superior to the domestic editions. Import singles frequently contain songs that never appear on an album and the LPs often feature different tracks. American albums are often a collection

(continued next page)

Punk Mags (New Rags)

If you're interested in sampling some of this new music, write for information to: Jem Records, P.O. Box #362, 3619 Kennedy Rd., Plainfield, New Jersey 07080 or: Jem Records West, 18615 Topham St., Reseda, California 91335.

Here are a few publications you might find interesting, but bear in mind that the list is heavily slanted towards the major metropolitan centers. There should be fan magazines of some sort in most areas of the country—if you're interested, seek them out and support them. If there aren't any in your neck of the woods and you think one should exist, find some like-minded friends and start one.

New Musical Express (for subscription information write to NME, By Post, c/o Jim Watts, Room 2613, Kings Reach Tower, Stamford St., London, England SE1 9LS.) Easily the most interesting, entertaining and informative music publication in existence. You'll have to get used to having some of your favorite American artists trashed unmercifully, but NME will certainly keep you posted on the English and underground American music world.

New York Rocker (166 5th Avenue, New York, NY 10010) The Rocker was giving the Ramones, Talking Heads and Blondie major coverage well before the mainstream press caught on and covers the English, West Coast and Midwestern scenes as well. Lots of typically arty, New York-is-the-center-of-the-universe attitudes, but it's well worth it.

Slash (P.O. Box #48888, Los Angeles, CA 90046) Abusive, abrasive, often profane, hard-core Punk ideologues and proud of it, *Slash* combines enthusiastic coverage of the local LA punk scene with interviews with visiting dignitaries.

Trouser Press (147 W. 42nd St., New York, NY 10036) The most mainstream of the American fanzines in style and content, *Trouser Press* focuses on English artists from the Pistols to Genesis and underground American artists as well as mainstreamers like Cheap Trick and the Cars.



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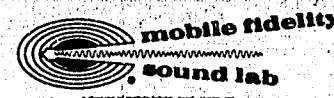
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Tracks

(continued)

of the best songs from two import albums (the Fabulous Poodles' *Mirror Star*) or a combination of album cuts and singles (*The Clash*).

Major labels sneer at import sales figures: only one of 50 import singles sells more than 500 copies and a good-selling import album does about 2500, compared to the 100,000-plus sales needed for a Big 6 group just to stay afloat, just to earn the chance to make another album.

But import sales can sometimes exert a marked influence on major labels. Warner Bros. was forced to rush-release Dire Straits' *Communique*, fearful that imports would cut heavily into domestic sales figures. Both Deep Purple's *Live in Japan* and Bob Marley & the Wailers' *Live* earned domestic release as a result of their enormous import popularity. Cheap Trick's *Live at Budokan* was Jem's fastest-selling import earlier this year. Epic took heed, rushing a domestic release that finally established the band's long-predicted stardom.

"We sold 25-30,000 of *At Budokan* in 26 months and that was selling for \$12-\$15 in stores," reports Say. "Epic wasn't planning to put it out here but it got so huge they had no alternative."

The chief obstacle remaining for

new music in America is radio. In its early days, FM was an important outlet for artists who didn't fit into the context of Top 30 AM programming. Now FM is mostly computerized formats staffed by "air personalities" more concerned with getting their egos stroked, buying that new Porsche 914 GT and making their condominium payments than exposing the music of the young performers who will set the standards in the Eighties.

"American radio has gotten to a tremendously stagnant situation because they're afraid to take a chance," Miles Copeland complains. "I personally can't listen to any station in this country for more than five minutes without tearing my hair out."

"We want to help those stations that will play new stuff and that's college radio because they're not caught up in the commercial necessity of playing the hits. We hope college radio can do to radio today what FM did ten years ago."

"I think it's time the world buries the likes of Foreigner, Aerosmith and Boston. It's time they begin to see real bands again, get back in the clubs and see the new generation because that's where the real excitement is. I think kids ought to wake up and stop listening to forty-year-olds and their clones."

"Sitting back and crying about it and saying you're bored isn't going to do anybody any good. In ten years we'll expect a new generation to come along and move us out, just like that."

Cheap Trick's Rick Nielsen: following the new import route to success.



IN BOTH EARS

Portable Radios

The earliest portable radio was the most portable ever made, the lightest, the least expensive and completely solid state. And this was almost 60 years ago. It consisted of a galena crystal detector mounted on a necktie stickpin and had four connections, for antenna, ground and headphones.

It required no batteries, could work forever, had no moving parts except for the detector. It had its problems, though. It picked up all broadcasting stations but could not separate them and its sound volume was barely noticeable.

When vacuum tubes came along the popular approach was "the bigger the better." Portables were the "in thing" in the thirties, but since they were battery operated, they demanded a strong back. The batteries alone, and each portable needed three different types, weighed much more than about a dozen modern units. These portables were popular for beach use, but to prevent physical exhaustion had to be carried there in a car.

The solid state semiconductor transistor changed all that. Capable of being powered by tiny batteries and of delivering loudspeaker volume, transistors revolutionized the portable receiver. They were made so small they fit easily into shirt pockets or dangled by a chain from the wrist. Some could be worn like wrist watches.

Early portables were AM only. FM became possible by making the circuits do double duty. For AM reception a built-in loopstick antenna is used; for FM, a telescoping antenna which recesses into the case of the portable.

When cassettes showed they had music reproducing abilities, the portable became the popular unit it is today. The portable became more functional and it wasn't too long before short wave bands were added. All this meant price increases, so today it's possible to buy a portable for as little as \$10, or several hundred.

The \$10 and under portable sounds too cheap to be any good, but at one time the cost of a single transistor in these radios sold for much more. Mass production and low labor cost in Hong Kong and Taiwan has brought these down to where they are highly affordable. They cover only the AM band but they have a tuning control, combined on-off switch volume control, and a lightweight "in-your-ear" headphone is supplied. The battery is a single 9-volt type and the overall weight, with battery, is 10 ounces or less. Many portables, including the least expensive, are supplied with a wire type built-in metal stand so they can be put in a tilted position.

The name of the portable game is features, but these bring up the cost. The first of these is the two-band unit, covering both AM and FM; it has a carrying strap and a rear mounted switch for selecting AM or FM, a telescoping antenna and a jack for an in-the-ear headphone. It's possible to pick up stereo FM stations but these portables are designed for mono only, and have just a single small speaker. The power source is a single 9-volt battery. Total weight, including the battery, is about 10 ounces.

Portables can be quite sophisticated.



One unit is not only AM/FM but is equipped with a liquid crystal diode (LCD) digital clock. A separate lithium battery with a service life of one year is used for the clock and three AA penlight batteries for the radio. The clock is equipped with a beep wake-up alarm that will run for about four minutes after the selected alarm time has been reached and it will then turn off automatically. Unlike analog clocks, the digital in the radio has an AM and PM indicator. The clock has an hour switch, minute and second display switches.

Some of the larger portables are designed for stereo FM and use a pair of 4" to 6" speakers. But because the speakers are separated by a few inches, all sound, whether stereo or not, will be heard in mono only.

The sound quality of portables is nothing to get excited about. Many of them distort seriously, particularly when the volume control is advanced. There is less distortion with headphone listening since less sound power is required.

Portables with a built-in cassette tape facility are heavier and larger than the AM only or the AM/FM types and

weigh about 4 lbs. including the batteries, usually four size C cells. In some portables the cassette is for playback only and these are less expensive than those that have a playback/record facility. Those that can record have a condenser microphone built into the case. An interesting feature is that these units generally have a tone control, not found in less expensive portables. The cassette tape section is operated by switches, either piano keys or pushbuttons. The cassette section includes fast forward, play, rewind, record and a button that is a combined stop and cassette eject.

With a portable of this kind it is possible to take along cassettes recorded at home, or commercially prerecorded cassettes, and to record any external voices or sounds. Portables are also available that are cassette recorder/players only, but aren't radios.

Portables now range from a few ounces in weight to a few pounds or more. Size, weight, features, styling—all of these affect the cost. But no portable manufacturer emphasizes sound quality—or its lack.

Martin Clifford

ON SCREEN

(continued from page 9)

very embarrassing to his superiors (and his inferiors), so the rest of the film is simply the CIA chasing Matthau and his book. Matthau is aided in his cat-and-mouse game by Jackson, whose astringent looks and acerbic wit are here exaggerated to butch effect. Their few scenes together have none of the wit or underlying sexual currents present in *House Calls*.

Matthau, lovable in his curmudgeonly way, is not convincing as a superspy, and though there are lots of plot twists and a requisite amount of action, none of this intrigue is very *intriguing*. It isn't even mindlessly diverting fun because it's slow and unattractive; the whole film looks as if it were photographed with second-hand film stock, washed out and grainy. Even the far-flung locations, from Salzburg to London to Washington, D.C., are ho hum. If there's nothing to delight the eye or the mind and very little to nudge the funny bone, what's the point? I spent most of the time wondering why Sam Waterston isn't a leading man instead of a second banana.

Judith Sims

Those Lips, Those Eyes

starring Frank Langella, Glynis O'Connor, and Thomas Hulce; written by David Shaber; produced by Steven-Charles Jaffe and Michael Pressman; directed by Pressman.

For some of us, Frank Langella's face on screen is enough to ensure two hours of rapt attention, but *Those Lips, Those Eyes* offers even more: a sweet, nostalgic look at a third-rate summer stock company in Cleveland, 1951, plus the sentimental (but not maudlin) coming-of-age of a stage-struck young man (Hulce).

Like so many stories about The Theater, this one believes that a life devoted to the stage (or even behind the stage) is infinitely more rewarding than any mere job, and certainly more fascinating than the life of a doctor. This group narcissism is forgivable only because the film's characters emerge as people and not just set decorations. Langella is complex, a helpful co-conspirator in Hulce's sexual pursuit, nasty when he's hurt, but generally all too aware of who and what he is. O'Connor is one of the company's dancers who makes Hulce's summer memorable in more ways than one. Hulce (remembered as the man who unhooked a bra in *Animal House*) is the most predictable character, bumbling at first, eager to learn, who abandons his medical studies because he's "hooked" on the magic of the theater.

And what magic: garish, painted sets, and those dreadful/wonderful musicals that have been "thrilling" (or perhaps just numbing) audiences for generations, like *The Desert Song*, *The Vagabond King*, *Rose Marie*, all done up with corny choreography and energetic overacting. This is a valentine to Broadway-in-the-Boondocks, and it's completely charming.

Judith Sims

The Great Santini

starring Robert Duvall, Blythe Danner, Michael O'Keefe, Lisa Jane Persky, and Stan Shaw; based on the novel by Pat Conroy; written and directed by Lewis John Carlino.

Santini isn't his real name; it's the *nom de guerre* (literally) of "Bull" Meecham, Marine colonel, pilot extraordinaire, drunk

and practical joker, outrageous egomaniac, and father of a large family which he likes to run like a boot camp. Ben, his oldest boy, is a gentle soul who's beginning to chafe under the discipline, to say nothing of his father's determination to mold him in his own macho image.

This is the stuff of classic (not to say old-hat) family drama, and Carlino makes it work primarily by putting Duvall and O'Keefe in front of the camera as father and son and letting them have at each other, with Danner, the long-suffering mother and

wife, as occasional reluctant referee. Since all three are tremendous, it comes off beautifully. Duvall, in a full-voiced extension of his Kilgore character in *Apocalypse Now*, is one of the recent movies' great eccentrics, and O'Keefe foils him by showing more range than an actor his age deserves to have.

What is most likely to upset people who see *Santini* is the refusal, as in life, of its volatile mix of comedy and tragedy to fall into a convenient narrative pattern. That and the lack of superstar names probably

explain the film's failure in six test markets, prompting Orion to sell it to cable before they could be persuaded to give it a New York opening. Thanks to the huge success of that engagement, you may at last get your chance to see it in a local theatre.

Sol Louis Stegel

OUT THE OTHER

(continued from page 4)

signed to new label Fast Forward (owned by former Capricorn exec Frank Fenter).

KENT STATE, a four-hour NBC TV-movie to air in January, ran into several problems. First, Ohio refused to have anything to do with the production, so the unit scouted more than 200 locations, ending up in Gadsden, Alabama, where three separate small colleges combined to look eerily like Kent State. Then the Alabama National Guard refused to cooperate (although the town of Gadsden presented no problems), and the Defense Department ordered that no National Guard equipment or uniforms could be used. Producers ended up buying \$50,000 in trucks, a tank, uniforms, etc. John P. Filo, who took the famous Pulitzer Prize-winning photograph of the young woman kneeling over her dead friend, is in the movie—taking the picture. *Kent State* was written by Gerald Green (*Holocaust*).

Families

GILDA RADNER, who plays a U.S. President's daughter in the soon-to-be-released *The First Family*, will next star in a Broadway play, *Lunch Hour*, written by Jean (Please Don't Eat the Daisies) Kerr, directed by Mike Nichols. Gilda's role: the Other Woman.

OCTOBER 1 (remember that date) Bantam Books will publish not one, not two, but *three* books based on the characters in TV's *Dallas*. *The Quotations of J. R. Ewing* will have a black and white pic of the Evil One on every page, along with, sure enough, quotations. *The Ewings of Dallas* by Burt Hirschfeld is the first of a series of novels about these folks—original, not just TV rewrites. *The Dallas Family Album* has pictures, bios of the stars, and, what we've all been waiting for, the Ewing family history. What with the actors' strike keeping new episodes away from the small screen, *Dallas* junkies must now be forced to read about their fave family. Egad.

Fall Waxings:

RETAILERS IN YOUR VICINITY should soon have *Rhodes and Doves* by Neil Young; *Dirty Mind* by Prince; *The Wanderer*, by Donna Summer, who just wandered from Casablanca Records to Geffen Records, with million dollar lawsuits and counter-suits trailing in her wake; *Heart* by Heart, a mix of live hits and new studio-recorded songs by Seattle's contribution to womanly rock & roll, *All Shook Up* from Cheap Trick, who recently left baseball-stadium-sized audiences in Japan in just that condition; a new album from indomitable bluesman Muddy Waters; another from state-of-the-art New Wavers Talking Heads (see On Tour for coverage of their Heatwave Festival appearance); *New Directions in Europe*, a live one from Jack DeJohnette; *Triumph* from the Jacksons; plus new albums from Rickie Lee Jones, Paul Butterfield and George Harrison, not to mention a reunited George Jones and Tammy Wynette, a partnership responsible for some of the best duets in recent Country & Western history.

THE FORBERT SAGA

(continued from page 11)

A two-year pursuit. In it, Forbert flashed between a pained, quasi-articulate attempt at honesty and abrupt stonewalling.

"Are you still on schedule?"

Forbert faces sullenly forward on the naugahyde couch, a kid called once more into the principal's office and sick of it.

"On schedule. Yeah. I'm on schedule."

"Well, I was wondering what other milestones you see ahead for your career?"

"Milestones. Well, I plan to keep doing what I'm doing."

"You were on the road a long while with the first two albums. Now you've had a chance to stick in New York for a while. How has your life been going?"

"About the same as it's been going the last few years."

Minutes pass. The phrase "folk music" appears in one of my sentences. Forbert launches a gravelly monologue on the theme "What is folk music, really?" Then we find safe, pleasant ground in a mutual admiration for Mississippi novelist William Faulkner. Somehow, that subject takes an uncanny turn toward Forbert soliloquizing about how people need direction and motivation, how—if they haven't found it yet—they should continue to search. For the first time, eloquence of a sort enters the room. Out of the mud, the lotus flower blooms. I extend a handshake, happy to have what few notes I have, catch an L.A.-bound plane and spend the next three days and nights pondering how to frame this quaint communication into a story.

Monday afternoon brings a call from a New York publicist. "Steve sat up in bed the night after he talked to you and realized there was more he had to say."

One and a half hours past midnight, the phone rings again. (ring) "This is Steve. I wondered if you realized that what I said last Friday was all nonsense."

"Didn't realize it. I'm sorry to hear it was nonsense."

"How do you know it was nonsense?"

"You just said so."

Ten or fifteen minutes more of this verbal frolic and I essay a politely inane closing riff. "Well, good luck on your Japan tour. I'm sure it'll be a good shot for you."

"A good shot for me. I mean, what am I after? It doesn't matter. I mean, that's why I'm calling. I don't want to be nominated for youth leader or anything."

"I understand that. But you want to be heard, don't you?"

"Well, I wanna be heard. Yeah. But what is *being heard*, really? What does it mean to be heard?"

"If we could turn things around, what kinds of questions would you want to be asked?"

"I'm not trying to create any new questions. I'm trying to destroy older ones."

Finally, come Thursday afternoon, an important artifact arrives: an advance cassette copy of *Little Stevie Orbit*. Forbert's third album to feature a coyly self-referential title. "Can't tell what something's like 'Til you've been there yourself," says "Laughter Lou," a blast at critics that's sandwiched between two disarmingly open-hearted love songs to two different women. "Sailed around the world alone," says a song to an emotionally isolated rich girl. "Too bad it took ya nowhere."

Throughout the album, as on the two before, several basic styles merge—a sea-chanty-like instrumental called "Lucky" precedes "Rain," which kicks off with a vintage Nashville feel. Then "I'm an Automobile" features a hard rock thump and a lighthearted come-on called "Schoolgirl" arrives with a skipping, folksy tempo. True to the ways established on the first two EPs, Forbert's melodies are catchy and his lyrics hang around to provoke rethinking. The songs not so much demand attention as engage it, sidling up to a listener's imagination with payloads of humor, observation and, some times, frustration. Whatever other items may be on the singer's imaginary schedule, whatever psychological armor he thinks he needs to wear, it's still a privilege to hear the fresh blends Forbert has to offer. His unspoken ambition—to be really worthy of the flattering comparisons he's inspired—just might come true.

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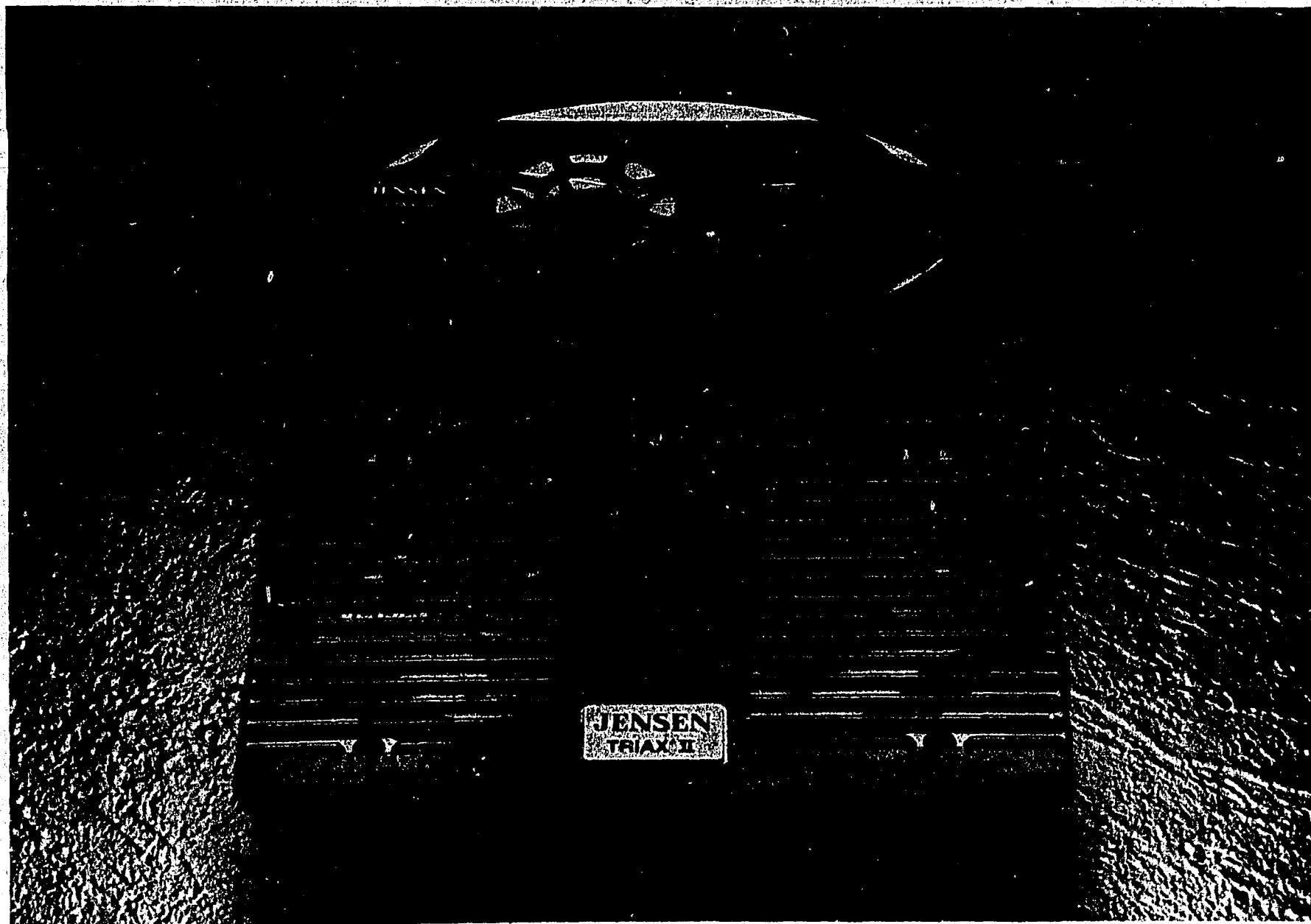
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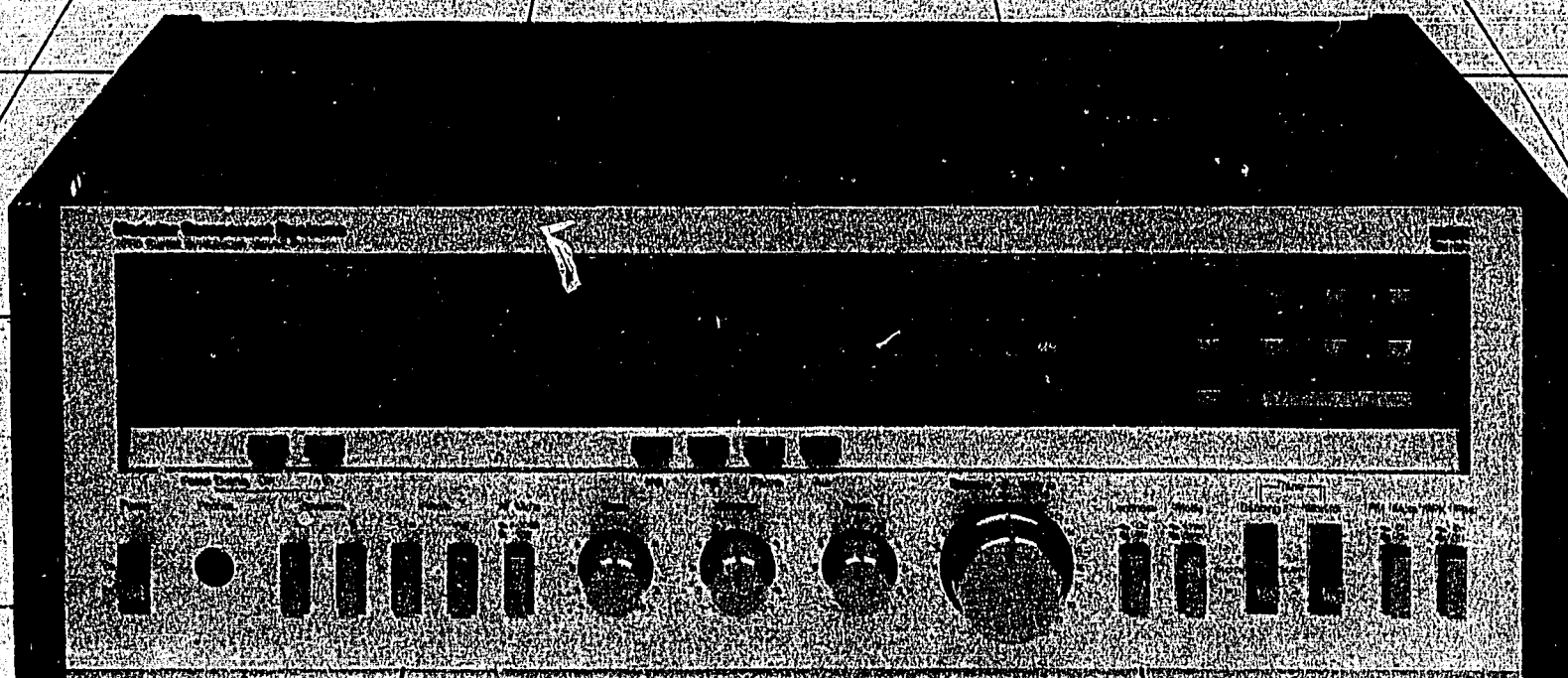
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