

The Daily Guardian

Monday, October 29, 1979

University of California, San Diego

Volume 38, Number 27

Right to Abortion at The 'Core of Our Freedom,' Rally Participants Vary

By Sam Gooch
Staff Writer

"At the core of all our freedoms is the most basic right to make decisions about our own bodies," claimed Gracia Pick of the Abortion Rights Action Week Steering Committee at the Pro-Choice Rally held at UCSD last Friday.

In a stirring speech that brought frequent applause from a crowd of about 100, Pick stated that the whole feminist movement revolves around the right to choose to have an abortion.

"Women must have freedom of choice over their reproductive lives," she said.

"It's important for people to know that those who want to take away your right to choose an abortion are the same ones who would take away all your rights," Pick said in reference to groups who support a constitutional amendment that would make abortion a capital offense.

Pick also discussed the adverse consequences of "forced motherhood," especially among women of low socio-economic status. "There should not be one child born to this world who is not wanted," Pick said.

Sandy Ackerson of the National Organization for Women reviewed abortion legislation in the United States since the 1973 *Roe vs. Wade* Supreme Court decision making abortion legal in "medically acceptable" cases.

"The Supreme Court has limited its own decision by ruling that government health funding for abortions could be used only to prevent death of the mother or in cases of rape or incest," Ackerson said. "Poor women continue to turn to back-alley abortionists," Ackerson added.

Certain powerful factions are trying to introduce a US Constitutional amendment to be known as the Human Life Amendment to the House of Representatives by 1980 that would make abortion and most forms of birth control illegal, according to Ackerson.

TODAY'S WEATHER

Night and morning low clouds and fog with sunny afternoons. Temperatures will be 63-69 degrees, winds 8-12 mph. Breakers will be 2-4 feet at 12 second intervals.

"The 'pro-lifers' are advocating punishment for having sex for any reason other than procreation," Ackerson said.

Jim Ollis, a Presbyterian minister from the Religious Coalition on Abortion Rights, denounced pro-life groups for wanting to force their morality on others. "Many of the pro-lifers come from unrealistic, authoritarian backgrounds and have just as many, if not more, problem pregnancies as other people," he said.

AS Letter Arouses Ire Of Council

By Caitlin Horowitz
Staff Writer

A memo last Thursday scolding AS Council members for succumbing to "Campaign Fever" has stirred up a hornet's nest for its author, AS President Carlos Montalvo.

The memo's original design, according to Montalvo, was to improve communication among council members whose actions, of late, have come under increased internal scrutiny.

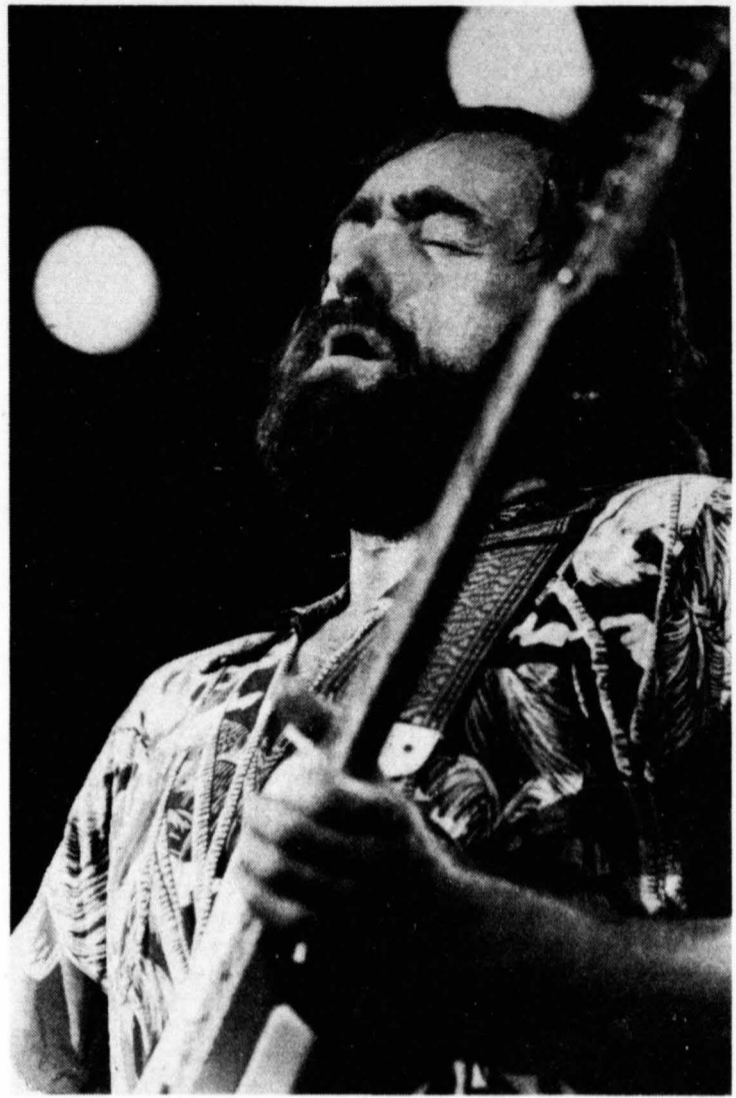
"People (on the council) are spending more energy on misinterpreting the motives of other people than on doing their own jobs, or recognizing the honest efforts others are making. Everybody's worried about someone's voting on a particular issue in a certain way because he or she might be running for an office," said Montalvo.

"Anyway," he continued, "it's way too early to even be thinking about campaigning. I'm quite pleased that there is so much concern — there's really been a resurgence of student involvement, and I think it's great — but that everyone is getting so preoccupied so early is ridiculous."

Notwithstanding its intent, the memo is eliciting a very different response from Council members than Montalvo expected.

"It was a pompous thing to do," said Montalvo.

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Dave Mason, who performed with Jerry Riopelle and Double Shuffle Band, was at UCSD Friday night. Review page 10.

Attempt to 'Rename' Third Tabled in Forum Vote

By Risa Lee Podolsky
Staff Writer

Another attempt to designate Third College as Lumumba-Zapata failed yesterday when a student forum voted to inform "present and future students about the goals and philosophy of the college," instead of deciding the name.

Debate over the proposed letterhead on the college council's stationery began the controversy, which has flared on and off since the college's inception earlier in the decade. The forum considered placing "Lumumba-Zapata Third College" on the stationery instead of the present Third College.

However, by a vote of 24 to 4, with two abstentions, the forum voted to keep the "Third College" letterhead.

Please turn to page 5

Friends, Co-Workers, Honor Marcuse

By Katherine Hafner
Staff Writer

Over 200 people attended last Friday's campus memorial service in honor of the philosopher Herbert Marcuse, the UCSD professor who died in West Germany over the summer at the age of 81.

Opening remarks were made by Marcuse's third wife Erica Sherover. She read from his last book, entitled *The Aesthetic Dimension: Toward a Critique of Marxist Aesthetics*.

Marcuse's "oldest and closest friend," Leo Lowenthal, Professor Emeritus at UC Berkeley, acted as Master of Ceremonies of the service, interjecting anecdotes and remembrances of his life-long friend in the course of the evening.

The memorial was sponsored by the philosophy and literature departments.

The three-hour long memorial, humorous in places ("The last thing Herbert would have wanted is a sad and tearful service") and moving in



Peter Marcuse was the final speaker at the memorial service for his father.

others, was a mixture of speech and songs by the German composer Gustav Mahler "in honor of the sensitivity" of Marcuse.

Twelve speakers read excerpts from dozens of reminiscences sent to the Marcuse Memorial Committee by friends, relatives and former students of Marcuse from around the world. Of the fifty or so contributions, said the

Committee's chairman Bram Dijkstra, not all could be used. Only a paragraph or so could be read from most.

According to Dijkstra, the Committee plans to privately publish a compilation of the statements in book form. It will be available to those who would like a copy. What follows is a sampling of the statements received by the Committee:

Barrington Moore, Jr.: He was no facile optimist with the faith that potentialities for change were always somehow inherently constructive. He saw and frequently stressed the dangerous and destructive potential in modern societies...In my judgment that was his most important contribution. His arguments were like corrosive acids that dissolved the rationalizations with which all social orders defend themselves, to lay bare the skeletal essentials of their anatomy. Yet even if critical analysis was his strongest point, he was no mere cynic. Instead, he taught us that cynicism by itself was

only a cover for intellectual laziness. (Moore co-authored *Repressive Tolerance* with Marcuse and Robert Paul Wolff).

Jeremy J. Shapiro: Shortly before Kant's death in 1804, he was visited by his doctor. Kant, who was very weak and could scarcely talk, would not sit down before his guest, who could not understand his behavior. Kant mustered all his strength and declared, "The feeling for humanity has not yet left me." These words of Kant I hold, I believe, for Marcuse. The feeling for humanity never left him, and is embodied in his works and what we know of him as a person.

Michel de Lerteau: Marcuse loved the insolence of life: jokes, laughter, friends, children. He would walk murmuring brusque or tender words to the flower-trees of Southern California...Bashful, he grumbled with pleasure before the interminable ocean...He was in his office almost everyday...he loved to converse with

Please turn to page 5



Jane Fonda and her husband Tom Hayden spoke at SDSU Friday. At right she hugs her son Troy.

Fonda, Hayden Appear; She Will Drop Politics

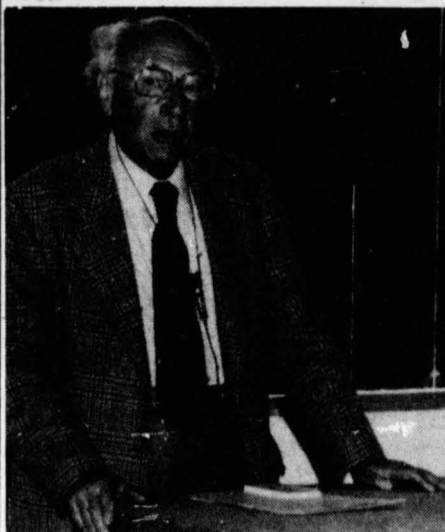
By John Hondros
Associate News Editor
Taking a final shot by calling Lt. Gov. Mike Curb "the new Nixon," Jane Fonda announced Friday night that she will withdraw from political activities for a while to concentrate on her film career. Fonda and her husband Tom Hayden concluded a 35-day national tour Friday which, according to Hayden, tried to "arouse the people in this country again to a spirit of activism."

The event, which packed San Diego State University's Montezuma Hall, was sponsored by SDSU's Political Science Society and Associated Students. While the couple claimed they found welcome audiences in their 50-city, 14-state "grassroots" tour for the California Campaign for Economic Democracy, they also picked up some protesting followers -- namely the pro-nuclear "truth squad," Curb (his comments have followed their appearances) and, at SDSU, the John Birch Society. "We oppose Jane Fonda and what she stands for," said an elderly woman who was

handing out literature from the John Birch Society before the lecture. "What she did was hit the lecture trail on behalf of a Communist enemy killing Americans in the field...It apparently never occurred to her that if she were a citizen in a Communist country she would not dare tell a university audience that if students knew what freedom really was they would pray for freedom in their country," the literature said. Friday's lecture saw an end to Fonda's political activism for the near future. "I have six films in the works and I intend



to spend the next several years concentrating on my profession." But, she said, "When I was a student in the 1950s I was extremely non-political, extremely apathetic, very dull." The anti-war movement, though, brought "more meaning" to her life. She added, "When, for the first time, I began to use myself for a purpose, I was called a traitor." Earlier, in a press conference at Lindbergh Field, Hayden criticized the University of California for investing "hundreds of millions of dollars in utilities for the direct, expressed purpose of developing nuclear power. Hayden said he puts "first and foremost the issue of how to build a strong grassroots movements for economic democracy in California," but added he had no plans to run for office in 1980. Hayden also blasted the US Government for worsening the current "energy crisis."



Leo Lowenthal, Professor Emeritus of Sociology at UC Berkeley.

Marcuse Honored

Continued from page 1
the impassioned or the militant, ready to continue...the struggle...against every kind of domination. He spoke out in public against the racist remarks or a visiting British philosopher, and against the astronomical sum paid ex-President Ford for his lecture, reactionary and empty, at UCSD. (Lerteau is a Literature professor here.) Carol Becker: Herbert Marcuse's rigor was not reserved solely for the world of ideas. Those of us who organized political events in San Diego were continually forced to greater levels of thought about our plans by consultation with him. He always asked the most difficult question -- the one that was key to our project -- the one we'd forgotten to consider. He often pushed us beyond our own limits to make a leaflet more articulate, an event radiate political integrity. He spoke at teach-ins, demonstrations, small or large gatherings, giving his carefully apportioned time, energy, and years of study. His office and his

home were always available for meetings, for coffee, wine, late night caucusing. And when factions would arise among us, he would inevitably intervene to get to the core of the problems, attempting to mediate what he perceived as self-destructive to our intent. (Becker is a former student of Marcuse.) Angela Davis: Good teachers are rare -- even among those who are most knowledgeable in their fields. Herbert Marcuse was a good teacher, a great teacher, in every sense of the word, a great teacher who was willing to share his learning with anyone who desired to embark upon the path of acquiring knowledge. As a young student at Brandeis University I timidly approached Herbert and told him of my desire to study philosophy, confessing at the same time my ignorance of many of the most elementary principles of philosophy. He reached out immediately: I should begin by reading some texts from the pre-Socratics and should return the next week to let him know what I thought about these pioneering philosophers. And so throughout the semester I received my first instruction on the history of philosophy in weekly private meetings with Herbert. He was indeed a great teacher, not only because he knew his subject backwards and forwards but also because he was a sensitive, warm and caring human being. Those of us who studied with Herbert, those of us who struggled with him, those of us who developed enduring friendships with him, want Erica Sherover Marcuse to know that we will always feel inspired by his indomitable spirit -- his brilliance -- his fearlessness, and those smiling rays of warmth around his life which can never be extinguished. (Davis studied with Marcuse at Brandeis and was later instrumental in pushing for the formation of Third College.)

Montalvo 'Campaign Fever' Memo Arouses AS Ire

Continued from page 1
Commissioner of Appointments and Evaluations Brad Barham. "If he wanted to get us communicating he should have called us together, at least on an individual basis. But he couldn't do that. He's not capable of doing it." "Carlos is a shitty leader," continued Barham, and he's going to have a hard time getting his point across, even if it's valid, because nobody listens to him. Most people (on the council) just turn him off. He's slapped all of our hands with this." Barham was named in the letter, along with Bill Topkis, Jamie Montgomery, Jan Breslaner, Linda Sabo and Nancy Laga. Responding to Barham, AS Vice President Laga said, "I cannot support the method of this letter, although I'm sure Carlos is aiming toward the right things. But I hope the response opens his eyes. More direction, and certainly more communication is needed...People must be reprimanded. But I can't really say too much -- my position, constitutionally speaking, is to support Carlos, not to cut him down." Montalvo plans to introduce the topic at the commissioner's meeting today at 9 am. He also has doubts about the effect of his crusade. "Geez, I don't know what's going to happen. I really don't understand why everyone is so upset. There's got to be a grain of truth in what I've said -- or else why would everyone be taking this so personally? You know, a dirty joke is only as dirty as the mind of the person who hears it." Laga is doubtful about the success of the meeting. "Carlos," she said, "is not the greatest diplomat. He manages to alienate people pretty often. I hope that he will get his point across and people will listen, but..." Laga also expressed a fear that Montalvo's leadership might reflect badly upon the AS in general. "I'm really afraid that all of this business will hurt the credibility of the AS. We all work so hard; it would be foolish to allow these little internal problems to jaundice the good we do."

Attempt to Call Selves Lumumba-Zapata Fails

Continued from page 1
"The issue is not the letterhead," says Zephyr Goldsmith, chair of the forum meeting. Instead, the purpose of the change was "to publicize the philosophy and re-educate the students on the history of Third College, and to attain the original goals and ideas of Third," a Third College Student Council member said. The forum is an advisory body of student representatives and "leaders." At the center of efforts to rename the college are students favoring the name Lumumba-Zapata. The name was originally part of the demands which sparked the formation of the college in 1969. "The Lumumba-Zapata demands are embodied in the original goals we are trying to achieve," stated Flores. However, the name will be tabled indefinitely. "We don't have any position until some future time," explains Happy Araneta, Third Student Council member.

WARREN COLLEGE UPDATE

HALLOWEEN HARBOR CRUISE

November 2nd, from 8:30 to 10:30 pm, the Warren College Program Board brings you the Halloween Harbor Cruise. There will be dancing to a live band, door prizes and a costume contest! COSTUMES ARE A MUST! Tickets are on sale at the UCSD Box Office. \$4.00 per ticket. Tickets are limited so don't wait until the last minute to get yours!

LEADERSHIP TRAINING: SKILLS WORKSHOP

Helping Your Group Work Together Effectively: Brian Storrs from Counseling and Psychological Services will be conducting this workshop session on Tuesday, October 30, from 12:00 noon until 1:00 pm in 405 WC (the Student Government Building). Anyone who is interested in developing and/or strengthening their leadership skills is welcome to attend.

HUMANITIES & SOCIAL SCIENCES CAREER ADVISING

Special arrangements for Humanities and Social Sciences Career Advising for Warren College Students have been scheduled for the month of November (beginning October 31) on Wednesdays-- 10 am to 11 am at the Warren College Provost Office, 302 WC. Stop by and see Michael Hulfactor, the H&SS Career Advising Services Coordinator.

NEWSLETTERS

The first issue of the Warren College Newsletter is out. If you did not receive your copy, please stop in the Provost Office to get yours (and leave us your address so that we may make sure that you receive the next issue). DON'T BE LEFT OUT OF THE MAINSTREAM JUST BECAUSE YOU DID NOT HAVE YOUR NEWSLETTER-- WHICH CONTAINS VITAL NEWS ITEMS AND UPDATES.

CAREER CONNECTION WORKSHOPS

Learn about your skills and career possibilities: Tuesday, October 30, 10 am to 1 pm, at the Warren College Outback Cafe and Thursday, November 8, 2 pm to 5 pm at the Muir College Center Conference Room. Sign ups at Career Planning and Placement.

COMMUTER LOCKERS

Do you need a place to keep your things while you are on campus all day? We still have lockers available to rent for the 1979-80 year. Stop by the Warren College Provost Office and ask for Ellen.

WORK STUDY JOB OPEN

If you qualify for work study and are interested in working on the Warren College Newsletter then contact Ellen at x4355. The position involves preparation of the newsletter-- typing skills are a MUST!

ALL UNDERGRADS

The deadline for Dropping a Course is Friday, November 2. If you want to drop, you will need your instructor's signature or the department stamp on your add-drop card, and you will need to pay a \$3.00 fee. DON'T FORGET-- DO IT BY FRIDAY, NOVEMBER 2!

COMMUTER BOARD WEEKLY TGIF

Join us each Friday from 4 to 6 pm for a good time. (The TGIF this week is no-host-- we'll provide the company, you provide your own beverages.) Look for special attractions at each TGIF in the future!

TRAGEDY AND TRIUMPH

TONIGHT there will be a slide and lecture presentation about ten women who climbed Annapurna, at 7:30 pm in USB 2722 Gen. Adm. is \$2.00. Students \$1.00. Tickets are available at the UCSD Box Office.

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ENROLLMENT INFO, WINTER 1980

November 1 & 2: REGISTRATION PACKETS distributed to continuing UNDERGRADUATE students at the OFFICE OF THE REGISTRAR, AC 101, 9:00 am to 3:00 pm.
GRADUATE student packets will be sent to departments.
November 6: Schedule of classes available in bookstore.
November 5-9: Advisement Period.
November 12-16: Registration Week.
November 16: Last day for CONTINUING STUDENT enrollment without \$10 fee.
December 4: Course confirmations available for enrolled students. Undergraduates who live on campus will receive their confirmations in their dorm boxes. All other undergraduates may pick up confirmations at the Registrar's Office, AC 101, beginning at noon. Graduate confirmations will be sent to departments.

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04. No checks.

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Waterpolo Weekend: Can't Win 'Em All

Split Pair In Natatorium

By Jon Goetz
Sports Editor

An early Cal State Fullerton three-goal barrage kept the water polo team from a perfect weekend, as UCSD split a pair of games at the natatorium.

The Tritons outgunned Cal State Los Angeles 16-12 Friday night, then fell to Cal State Fullerton 15-12 on Saturday afternoon. CSLA beat UCSD 11-7 in the Whittier Tournay late last month, but couldn't find the firepower to win again.

Avenging a loss to CSLA may become somewhat of a tradition for UCSD. Last year the Tritons lost to LA 13-6 in their second game of the season, then won 11-6 later on.

On Friday, CSLA came out shooting recklessly, from as far out as half-court. UCSD powered in some outside shots of their own, however.

They rolled up a 7-4 halftime lead on two shots from the wing by Toby Raymond and strong shots of Kai Loedel, Jeff Elliott, Dan Eby, and Ken South.

Sloppy ball-handling and missed passes in the opening of the third quarter gave CSLA a quick opportunity to score, and they seized it.



The Daily Guardian
Sports

Ken South passes the ball into the "hole", the UCSD man in front of the goal. Guardian photo by Peter Allen

Three quick goals tied the score at seven. The score remained close until UCSD fast breaks confused the CSLA defense, allowing Loedel, Eby, Raymond and South to put in quick points.

Coach Russ Hafferkamp criticized the offense for its inconsistency. "It kind of irritated me to see them slip into their shell. It's a turtle offense," he said. The quick breaking down the pool probably saved the game for UCSD.

After spending a week in practice working with the 35 second clock and anticipating

when time will run out, the team knows when to break now. "We're getting one or two breaks we didn't get three weeks ago," said the head coach.

"The biggest thing we're lacking now is confidence," said Hafferkamp. "We really don't have anyone confident of their play."

Yet goalie Willie Morris proved him wrong the next afternoon against Fullerton. He didn't give up after Fullerton muscled in three goals in the first two minutes of the game. "There was at least one — maybe two — that I

thought I should have had," said Morris.

After these first few minutes, however, the UCSD defense tightened up and Morris got aggressive. He swept away several Fullerton drives, swam several yards out of the cage to foil a number of Fullerton attacks, and made a few crowd-pleasing saves.

His play wasn't enough to counter those first three points, though, and the team ended up losing by that same margin, 15-12.

The Tritons scored twice with help from two Fullerton ejections, closing the gap to

one goal. Yet they had trouble keeping a player open in front of the goal, and most UCSD drives were thwarted by Fullerton's alert play.

UCSD had their best luck with their strong outside shooters, like Loedel. He rifled in five goals, most of them from several years out.

The Tritons now have four days of practice time until they host Arizona at the natatorium on Thursday.

No Place Like Home

Runners Are on Winning Track

By Barbara Haas
Staff Writer

The eucalyptus trees of the UCSD cross country course provided a reassuring atmosphere for the Tritons Saturday, as the women won a home meet and the men's team tied for first place.

USIU was the only team originally scheduled to run with UCSD at the meet, but runners from USD and an Oceanside track club also competed, blurring the meaning of the final standings.

The men tied USIU with 28 points, but this result disregarded the unscheduled teams. By usual standards, Please turn to page 9

Cross Country Teams Win On Home Course

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UCSD won.

Runners from opposing schools placed first in both the men's and women's races, establishing course records on the first competition held on the new UCSD course setup. Melinda Priette of USD set the women's three mile mark at 20:21, and Mike Page of USIU set the five mile record of 28:39.

Sports Erratum

The Daily Guardian reported on Oct 22 that Kelly Geredes of the cross country team finished 85th in the UCLA Invitational. She actually finished in 58th place. Patty Farrell of UCSD came in 54th, ahead of Geredes, in the field of 95 runners.

The women's team did not actually compete with runners from USD or USIU. In order to have a possibility of scoring in cross country, a team must have at least five members; and both USIU and USD entered only three athletes.

"There was no way we could have lost," said Kelly Geredes, who placed third in the meet behind second-place Patty Farrell, also from UCSD. Farrell crossed the finish line at 20:32. Geredes ran twelve seconds behind, 20:44. The fourth runner was also from UCSD. Brigitte Ducharme came in at 21:48 for her three mile mark.

The women enjoyed competing on their own course for the first time. "It's a good course," said Geredes. "I had a lot of fun running it. It feels good to get out and run on your own course for a change."

Coach Andy Skief added that "the course is one of the tougher ones around here. This will be the permanent, established course now unless we get moved around by construction work or something else." The previous route, also located near the Central Library, was destroyed by heavy rains last year.

The only regulation men's team besides UCSD was USIU, although runners from USD and the North County Track club also competed.

Once again Emery Mitchell flew over the finish line first for the Tritons. He was third overall with a time of 29:59, eighty seconds slower than the USIU winner. Behind Mitchell came Mike Redman, with a 30:10 clocking.

Steve Kiely, usually one of the strongest runners, finished third for UCSD with a time of

30:50. Instructed not to exert too much effort in the race because of an injury, Kiely ran surprisingly well. The teams travel to Point

Loma Saturday for their last regular meet of the season, then prepare for their regional qualifying meets the following weekend.

NFL Results

Sunday's Game

Pittsburgh 14	Dallas 3
New Orleans 14	Washington 10
Houston 27	New York Jets 24,
Buffalo 20	Detroit 17
Cleveland 38	St. Louis 20
Baltimore 31	New England 26
Tampa Bay 12	Minnesota 10
Chicago 28	San Francisco 27
Miami 27	Green Bay 7
Denver 20	Kansas City 3
New York Giants 20	Los Angeles 14
Cincinnati 37	Philadelphia 13

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OPEN FORUM ON THE STABLES

Many of you are aware that the University owns property across Torrey Pines Road from the campus known as the "Stables." This property is currently leased to a private operator for use as a stable. The campus for a number of years has considered alternative uses for this property which are commensurate with its market value and which would be of benefit to the campus community.

Although several suggestions for development of the stables have come forth, I would like to receive a broad sample of opinion from the entire campus community. I have, therefore, asked the Campus/Community Planning Committee to take on the assignment of seeking campuswide viewpoints. The Committee has arranged the following meetings to inform you of the issues and discuss alternative development possibilities. Following the meetings, you will be asked to complete a short questionnaire. As we must come to a consensus on the fate of this property very shortly, I encourage your participation.

William D. McElroy
William D. McElroy
Chancellor

Burke Using Same Pushiness He Resents in Christians

Continued from page 2

accidental universe there is no logical basis for trusting our senses and faculties; there is no means of assuring ourselves that they report the actual case of things, or that they correspond between individuals, or that they remain consistent. There is no way to know if "logic" and "reason," "truth" and "knowledge" are not the sheerest fantasies, and at any moment apt to vanish or transform themselves beyond recognition.

But the practical necessities of existence force us to waive such questions of logic and simply operate on the apparent fact that our senses and faculties do in some sense "work" to maintain our survival. Nevertheless, the philosophical basis for such inescapable daily behavior—whether we are conscious of it or not—is a faith in a rational, orderly universe, not in a fundamentally random one. If you're going to contend anything about a random, non-created world, or the things and events you perceive in it, you must acknowledge that both the basic world-view, and the assertions based upon it, are essentially and inescapably matters of the purest faith, and ever susceptible to the flat denial of unbelief. Both the idea that there is a God, and the idea that there is none, are faiths upon which alternative systems of knowledge are built. Each of us has to decide which system seems best to account for the phenomenon of life which he observes.

But it seems to me there is no reason to be moved for or against either one by fanatical, pushy, ridiculing, arrogant denunciations. You betray the weakness of your position by adopting in your articles the same methods you claim to abhor in certain Christians. Indeed, in a recent article you shared with your readers the meaning of such behavior on your part: It is a reaction to

suggest the opposite, if one is willing to search them out and consider them as diligently as he does their counterparts. But the fact is, as the Bible itself asserts, that man is ultimately guided by his will more than by his intellect. It would be entirely within the power of an infinite God to supervise the recording, preservation and transmission of his messages to humankind.

assumptions. The theory of evolution, which balances precariously on these floats, may even capsize and sink under the weight of such criticisms. But we hear nothing of these critiques at UCSD. Why? Is it because these critiques are the progeny of faith any more than the theories they question? Or that they present solid scientific data and reasoning any less?

or the cemented scholar's condescension, but with a simple, honest empathy, the self-consistency and plausibility of the counter-view I've shared, as a worthy contender against modern intellectual orthodoxy.

I won't tell you to get off your high horse, Ted. I fear it's not in your power. Time will do that job for you. But, then, as others have, you just might succeed in keeping your saddle until one final jolt plants you on your back permanently. I hope that doesn't turn out to be the case. But, as I said, I'm writing not strictly to you personally, but to anyone who happens to read this newspaper, and who has shared too easily the views and attitudes you project so forcibly. I guess I just grew weary of people waving their smelly diapers in the air and thinking it was something to be proud of.

My hope is that I can shed a little light, and reopen in some minds serious consideration of an option no one really has the intellectual authority to close.

CAPE Not Advertising

Continued from page 2
evaluation, which was barely mentioned in the write-up. One wonders why the reporter chose to focus on the subject in conversation, only to ignore it in print.

We hope this letter clears up some of the misconceptions created by your article. Thanks for providing the information you did.

THE CAPE STAFF

"Both the idea that there is a God, and the idea that there is none, are faiths..."

overbearing, hypocritical treatment inflicted upon you by those naming themselves Christians during your earlier childhood. Such a reaction is not shameful or unusual. It's a normal, healthy part of growing up. It's especially healthy if our parents, teachers, or society have been hypocritical or just plain wrong.

But maturity comes in process of time and experience—often humbling of grinding experience. And then, one acts rather than reacts, and is willing to bear not merely the reproach of his parents, but also the reproach of his most valued peers and even the reproach of his own intransigent heart, if acknowledging the truth demands it.

For all the objections and pretended proof of God's non-existence or irrelevance, there are as many rebuttals and proofs equally powerful to

It would also be predictable, and entirely within the power and inclinations of a creature as corrupted by pride and self-will as the Bible asserts man to be to earnestly endeavor to fabricate knowledge systems that might successfully deny and supplant the biblical world-view. For thereby he could hope to shuck the sense (so aggravating to a selfish mind) of accountability for his deeds to someone above him. He could hope to believe that he really, basically is "a good guy," and not (that galling term) "a sinner."

I say these things not to prove the Bible true, but merely to suggest how much more likely it is to be true than a mind consecrated to its alternative is willing to admit. There are substantial scientific criticisms of the creed of radiometric and geologic-layer dating, for being circularly inter-dependent and floating on unprovable and unlikely

Not at all. A study of books and articles published by the Creation Research Society (which has an office in San Diego) will silence such convenient excuses. The absence may simply demonstrate (as I believe it does) the prevailing will of a creature that is determined, at a level beneath the pretensions of conscious thought, to make of himself a god. Wasn't this the impulse that ever motivated Satan, according to the Scriptures, and the impulse with which he then motivated man? A being so given over to this object simply will not see anything that threatens to obstruct or undermine his advance, and if he can shoe away the cursed questions and objections entirely, like gadflies, with a seemingly unworried sweep of his hand, so much the better.

Again, I ask you only to try and consider, without the customary zealot's revulsion

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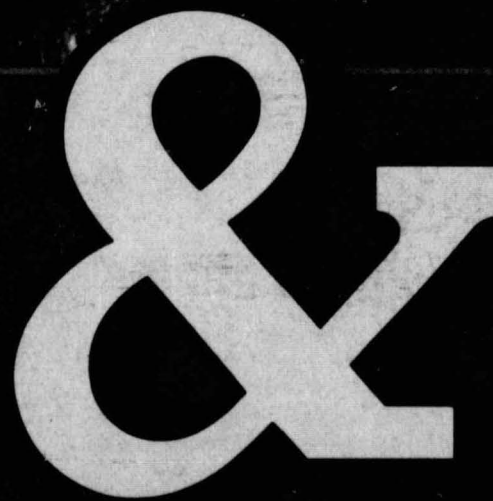


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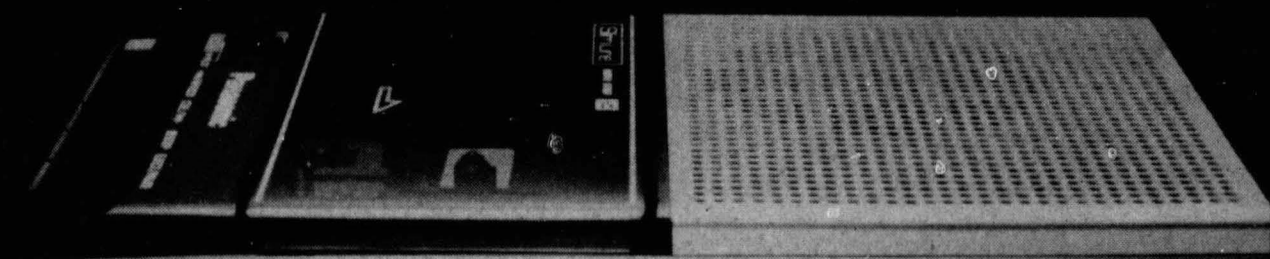
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the tall blond one

BY TERRY ATKINSON

We know that face, that ever-so-elegant voice. It's a Monty Python, the one who plays all the doctors and soldiers and London bobbies with Welsh accents. King Arthur in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. He's the (relative) straight man in a loony bin, the foil, he's the tall blond one, Graham Chapman.

Chapman has been a Python since 1969 when *Monty Python's Flying Circus* first beamed over the BBC at 11:30 Sunday nights because, as one Python has noted, "the BBC thought no one would be watching." This series came to U.S. TV stations four years ago, at about the same time their first film, *And Now for Something Completely Different* was released and seen by very rabid—but very few—fans. *Monty Python and the Holy Grail* followed soon after and did very well, earning \$10 million so far (\$5 million in the U.S. alone); hundreds of thousands laughed at the knight getting his arms and legs cut off, and the big wooden rabbit, and other nonsense. In this time the group released five record albums: *Monty Python's Flying Circus* on BBC; *Another Monty Python Record*, *Monty Python's Matching Tie & Handkerchief*, *Monty Python's Previous Record*, and *Live at Drury Lane*, all on Charisma. But yet very few people could recognize the tall blond Python if he were seen, for instance, shopping at the local supermarket without his King Arthur beard.

"I'm by nature a little lazy," Chapman says, sipping a Tab in his rented Hollywood Hills home. He speaks softly, with that British upperclass accent; very polite. "Provided I've got enough to do, I'm not pushy for parts," so he is usually assigned the less flamboyant roles in Python films and TV sketches. John Cleese, the "Tower of Babel," is "more grotesque; certainly more recognizable with that chin." These two tallest Pythons are frequent writing partners, and in fact are responsible for the story line of *Life of Brian*, the group's latest film, as well as some of the most revered, hysterical, monumentally mad moments in Python TV history: the Dead Parrot, the Cheese Shop and the Argument Clinic, among others. Although they all write together in the sense that they all contribute whatever and whenever they're so inclined



from *Life of Brian* by Chapman

Chapman-Cleese are most often partners while Terry Jones and Michael Palin frequently write together, and Eric Idle usually brings even more—an acting graphic artist, also writes—and co-directed, with Jones, *Holy Grail*.

We'd never know any of this if they didn't occasionally break down and confess, as there are no clues to their individual contributions listed in their television series or albums. Their films list them in their various guises, but as these are usually disguises, it's still difficult to tell one from the other.

There are still some devoted Python fans who can't tell Jones from Palin: Jones is short with dark hair and likes to remove his clothes; Palin has lighter hair, is also short and is usually but not always clothed; Palin has hosted

Saturday Night Live and starred in the best-forgotten *Jabberwocky*. Idle (who also hosted a *Saturday Night Live*) has a long face and a very distinctive, one might even say grating, voice. Idle was the creative force behind another TV show, *The Rutles*, a near-perfect satire on the rise of the Beatles; it bombed in the ratings.

Perhaps all this fragmentation and individual endeavors will at last bring the Pythons separate identities. For Chapman, it might bring even more—an acting career, for instance. His portrayal of Brian transcends the silliness; "It was an interesting part, not getting beards glued on or having to wear terrible wigs," Chapman says with somewhat typical modesty. Chapman has just finished a film project of his own, *The Odd Job*, in which he stars and which he wrote and co-produced

with friend Bernard McKenna (who appears in *Life of Brian*; all very incestuous). Since *The Odd Job* (about a man who hires another man to kill him, then changes his mind, a not unfamiliar plot), Chapman and McKenna have been writing yet another film, a pirate movie called *Yellow Beard*, and Chapman has started work on a book called *A Liar's Autobiography*, which he describes as fiction and non-fiction. "It's going to be very hard to sort out the lies from the truth, as it is in real life. It's Volume 6, for a start. You're not going to know whether there's a Volume 1 or not. I'm not telling anybody."

But for these next several weeks *Life of Brian* will take some of Chapman's attention, what with the group's and film's mainstream coverage in *Playboy*, *Rolling Stone*, et al. *Holy Grail* may

have started life with a cult following, but *Brian* is already the Big Time.

Which is weird, considering it's an irreverent swipe at religion, that most sacred of cows, and other ancient travesties. *Life of Brian* is set in Judea at the time of Christ; Brian is a young man who, despite his protests, is declared the Messiah by his desperately hopeful followers, and his life parallels that of Jesus in several ways. Satire, of course, runs rampant. So do absurd and unexpected twists, set against a realistic background that avoids anachronisms. There are lepers who don't want to be cured because it ruins their business (begging and groveling), Roman soldiers who speak like London bobbies, crowds that shout in unison like throngs in a Cecil B. DeMille spectacular.

Ah, blasphemy, you say—and so did the film's initial backer, EMI, which pulled out and left the film flat until it was rescued by George Harrison, a long-time Python admirer. Harrison became co-executive-producer, found the funding (it cost \$4 million) and even appears in the film as Mr. Papadopoulos (he has one line).

When *Life of Brian* opened in Los Angeles a few weeks ago, local newspaper letter columns were filled with sputtering, raging messages from offended Jews and Christians alike.

Chapman contends that *Life of Brian* is not offensive to Christians. "Even though we are agnostics, I think Jesus comes out of it very well. It's not at all blasphemous; in fact, it's quite moral. Warner/Orion (distributors of *Brian* in the U.S.) has not asked for a single cut."

But *Brian* started out as a slightly more scandalous idea. "After we'd done some publicity work for *Grail*, we all went to eat at a Chinese restaurant in London. It was the first time the group had been together for some time, and we were saying, 'What next?' Somebody said, 'Why don't we go for the big one?' Then Eric suggested, 'Why don't we call it *Jesus Christ—Lust for Glory*?' as a kind of joke. Then we all began to think, well, wait a moment, there might be something in that—the area of religion, the origins of religion, maybe."

And it came to pass the six Pythons and a large cast and crew assembled in Tunisia (coincidentally the location for some of *Star Wars*, which may or may not have inspired a bizarre live action/animation outer-space interlude in the middle of *Brian*). "We were

(Continued on page 18)

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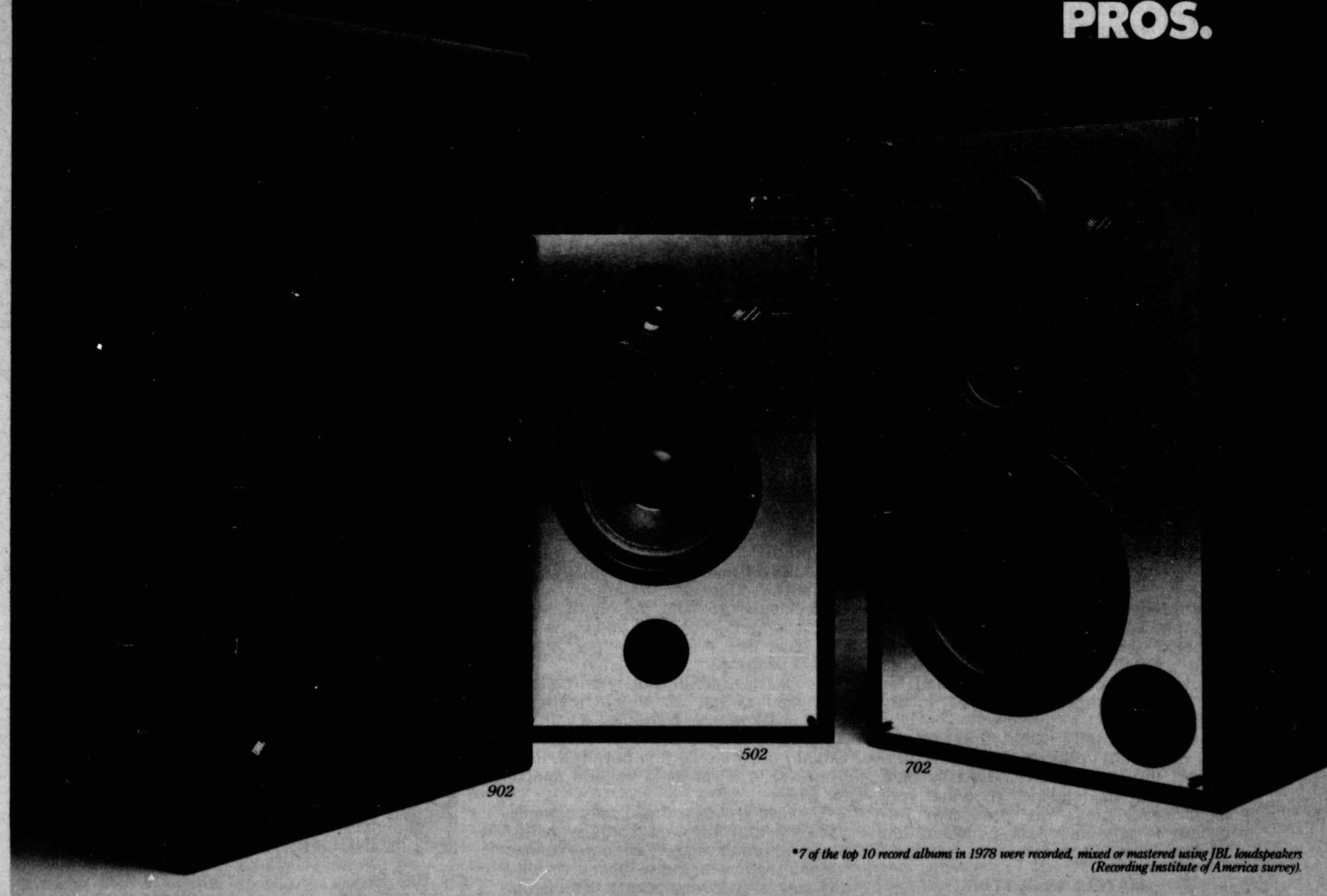
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Dope, Sex & Cheap Thrills

Everyone always told us that rock and roll was sordid, druggy and decadent, totally without redeeming social value. Now we hear it again, only more so: Tony Sanchez lays out a tawdry, perverse world of the Rolling Stones in a gossipy, questionable book titled *Up and Down with the Rolling Stones* (William Morrow, \$8.95) that is certain to make just about everyone sick to his or her stomach.

The main thing we learn by reading Sanchez's account of the band from the early Sixties to Mick's wedding to Bianca is that the human body can ingest all sorts of death-inducing drugs and still defy the grim reaper. Chapter and verse on just about every illegal substance known to man is recited in gross detail until I wanted to cry out. Apparently Sanchez worked for Keith and his common-law wife, Anita Pallenberg, for a number of years, mainly as a gofer and procurer; when one reporter asked the Stones' publicist who Sanchez really was, Paul Wasserman replied cogently, "a gentleman's gentleman."

Ah, if it were only so. If only a percentage of this book could be true, the life depicted is still a dizzying descent into debauchery on a juvenile level. These heroes of rock and roll aren't very nice people, in fact they're quite rude, mean and miserable. Sanchez isn't concerned with their talent (he only gives Brian Jones credit for that), he's more interested in telling us about their bad skin, their sexual activity (Keith, he says, is a non-energetic lover) and their conquest of illegal substances.

Keith emerges as a weak-willed person, totally dominated by the powerful Anita (the "sixth" Stone by virtue of her romps with Brian, Keith and Mick), who practiced black magic and put a curse on Bianca when she married Mick because, Sanchez says, Anita wanted Mick for herself. Mick doesn't fare much better—he's dismissed as hopelessly middle-class and incapable of caring about anyone. Sanchez "proves" that by saying Mick refused to recognize Marianne Faithfull's dependence on heroin and then co-opted her first line when awakening from a coma, "Wild horses couldn't drag me away," for a song.

Other of our fave raves also flit across Sanchez's book to more or less disastrous results, including John Lennon (once on heroin), Paul McCartney (high on himself) and Eric Clapton, to say nothing of Ron Wood, who eventually out-Stones the Stones in perversity. Conspicuous by their absence are Charlie Watts and Bill Wyman, who apparently don't take drugs or live with women who like to bed young girls. Ah well, maybe someone else will tell us their secrets.

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Rius: Reinventing Comix

The comic book has suffered many unexpected fates in our time, some of the worst of these dealt out by the relentlessly well-meaning instructional-media people. These individuals tend to regard the comic as a Skid Row wino who can be made to straighten up and fly right in the service of education. The result is usually a series of drawings concerning a simultaneously tormented-and dull-looking young person who needs, gets and assimilates information on career opportunities or sexually

transmitted diseases. This is a curious state of affairs, since the essential compatibility of instruction and elegant amusement has been evident since ancient fable-telling times.

Rius (Eduardo del Río) is the self-taught Mexican graphics genius who managed to fuse the wild invention of the best comic with out-and-out, unabashed teaching. Political satire was Rius's original specialty (in *Los agachados*, translatable as *the clobbered-down*, perhaps, and indicative of the short-end-of-of-the-stick segment of society, and in *Los supermachos*). Working in this role quickly brought him to an unhappy limitation: the generally low level of socio-political awareness among readers. The kind of humor Rius wanted to do was a critique of the organizing mechanisms of a bureaucratic-capitalistic state, and it required a reader alerted to the contradictions inherent in such a society.

The obvious solution to such difficulties is to cartoon at the readers' level, but Rius chose not to. Instead, he made his graphic humor the source of diffusion for concepts and information necessary to a comprehension of social weirdnesses, which could then be found funny in a horrible way. Smoothly worked into the fabric of silliness were whole bundles of data, statistics and all, about electioneering, media bombardment, dollar imperialism and class distinctions. Rius readers, far from rejecting this teacherliness, formed a massive cult. They followed Rius's innovation of a full-length comic-book treatment of one question: TB as social problem, university uncease, election fraud. When, at one point, Rius lost control of *Los supermachos* and a more mainstream bunch came in, it became clear the preachy cartoonist had a following that would go with him wherever he cared to publish. The ultimate mutation of the Rius comic was its transformation into neo-textbook. The Rius audience, having started out with a relatively standard batch of funnies, was now willingly purchasing and absorbing introductory texts on Marx, Cuba and petromadness.

Rius's work has only sporadically invaded the United States. A raggedy newsprint edition of *Cuba for Beginners* surfaced in Berkeley in English. *Marx for Beginners* was occasionally available as a British import item. Now, suddenly, Rius is here. A U.S. translation of *Marx for Beginners* (Pantheon Books, \$2.95) is on sale; pages of it have appeared in *The Village Voice*. Richard Appignanesi, the translator, followed the same model in his *Lenin for Beginners* (also from Pantheon and \$2.95). I have not seen the latter work, but Andrew Hacker reports it is like Rius only less engaging.

Why exactly do readers accept being

Naomi Lindstrom

lectured by Rius, sometimes at considerable length? Visually, he wins the eye over with his rampant eclecticism. He has a Ralph Bakshi-like fondness for mixing the hand-drawn with the image. Quaint and dusty-looking drawings fascinate him, and not only for reasons of copyright; not content with ransacking old advertisements and illustrated manuals, he fabricates his own instantly passé graphics. In *Marx*, the capitalist exploiters display a luxury of soaring silk hats and waistcoats, with heavily furbelowed womenfolk. The poor are wretched in the approved Dickensian mode. In tune with the melodramatic tenor of the visuals, Rius provides his figures with larger-than-life dialogue. A young intellectual of Marx's day, eager to illustrate the ferment of heavy ideas typical of the moment, has a balloon hanging over his head with the words "What is Man?"

If *Marx for Beginners* really catches on, there is a wealth of relevant Rius material waiting to be Englished and distributed. Some of his work is too specific to Mexico to win wide audiences elsewhere—for instance, an exposé of right-wing dirty business at the University of Monterrey. Others, such as his recently-issued comic analysis of the new Mexico-petroleum-and-U.S. situation, have a more worldwide relevance (the petro-document also shows how much teaching and how little drawn-and-doodled visual interruption Rius can get away with). In fact, Rius already has a U.S. following among persons able to read Spanish. One devotee, Phyllis Procter, wrote her 1972 doctoral dissertation about him (University of Texas), while others limit themselves to reading Rius when they should probably be doing something more required and less educational. The obvious eventual result would be a cooptation of the inimitable Rius's techniques by U.S. manufacturers of instructional materials; hardly a fate worse than what they now give us. Even if Rius's complete works were to vanish instantaneously from the surface of the earth, he would still have made a very significant point about the potential for renovating mass-culture artifacts and accommodating them to the purposes of increasing political and social awareness.

Naomi Lindstrom

White Love in the Dark Continent

Until the time of Jomo Kenyatta and Julius Nyerere, Africa may have belonged to the blacks by birthright, but it was the white European colonists, who, in their supreme self-righteousness, imposed themselves by force as rulers and took from the land, and the people, whatever they wanted. And though the three tales in Georges Simenon's *African Trio* (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, \$9.95) are personal, intense, psychological portraits, they are based in this ambience of supremacy, disregard, expendability. The blacks understood their position implicitly and simply accepted it—they had not yet the power to

change the political order. But Simenon stretches our horizons by showing that life was hard for everyone in Africa in the Thirties and Forties, white and black, aristocrat and commoner alike. And he makes this point ring true by having his European characters endure great suffering—the white man may be 'massa' but he pays a heavy price for that honor.

Each of these novelettes (they run about 100 pages apiece) by the inventor of that famous Parisian personality, Inspector Maigret, is from the outset filled with



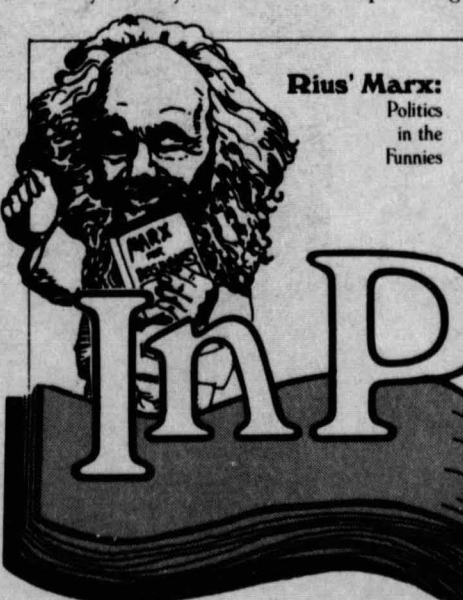
This month's aerial Ampersand is from Michael Upham, a graphic design student at Santa Fe College in Gainesville, Florida. He's now \$25 richer for any other would-be Ampersand creators. Here are the rules. Send us finished art work using black ink on white paper, and put your name and address on the art work. Be whimsical, clever, precise, gory, cute or meaningful, but do be neat.

foreboding, so that the trek through these pages is not always pleasant, but it is certainly provocative.

A strange, irrational love affair, with people distinctly unsuited for each other, is central to each story. In *Talatala*, the owner of a coffee plantation in the upper Belgian Congo falls in love with an English noble woman whose small plane has crashed on his property. He follows her blindly to Istanbul only to be totally rebuked—she has a husband and children and her life goes on. The young protagonist of *Tropic Moon* arrives in French Equatorial Africa and finds that the job he's come for doesn't exist. He is seduced by a tainted hotel proprietress and her subsequent disdain for him only deepens his attachment to her, eventually, with the help of a case of *dengue* fever, driving him past the brink of sanity. *Aboard the Aquitaine* finds a Congo Railway engineer's wife falling for the ship's purser. When he jilts her, she begins amours with a poor account clerk who's been put into first class, instead of the second he's paid for, for the sake of his ill baby and his weakened wife. This liaison ends frightfully when the clerk strikes a wealthy passenger and is banished from the premier section's dining room and bar.

The atmosphere surrounding these affairs is dark, dank, unhealthy, ominous. Everywhere it's incredibly hot. People are constantly sweating through their clothing and bedding and the stench of humanity hangs in the humid air. Passions rise and death slips in its sure hand: an overzealous commissioner, and the reality of life in the bush, leads his young assistant to take his own life; a blackmailing native receives lead instead of the 1000 francs he expected. Simenon doesn't dwell on these

(Continued on page 22)



Wild Should Wild Remain.

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

ALDO LEOPOLD

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

ROBINSON JEFFERS

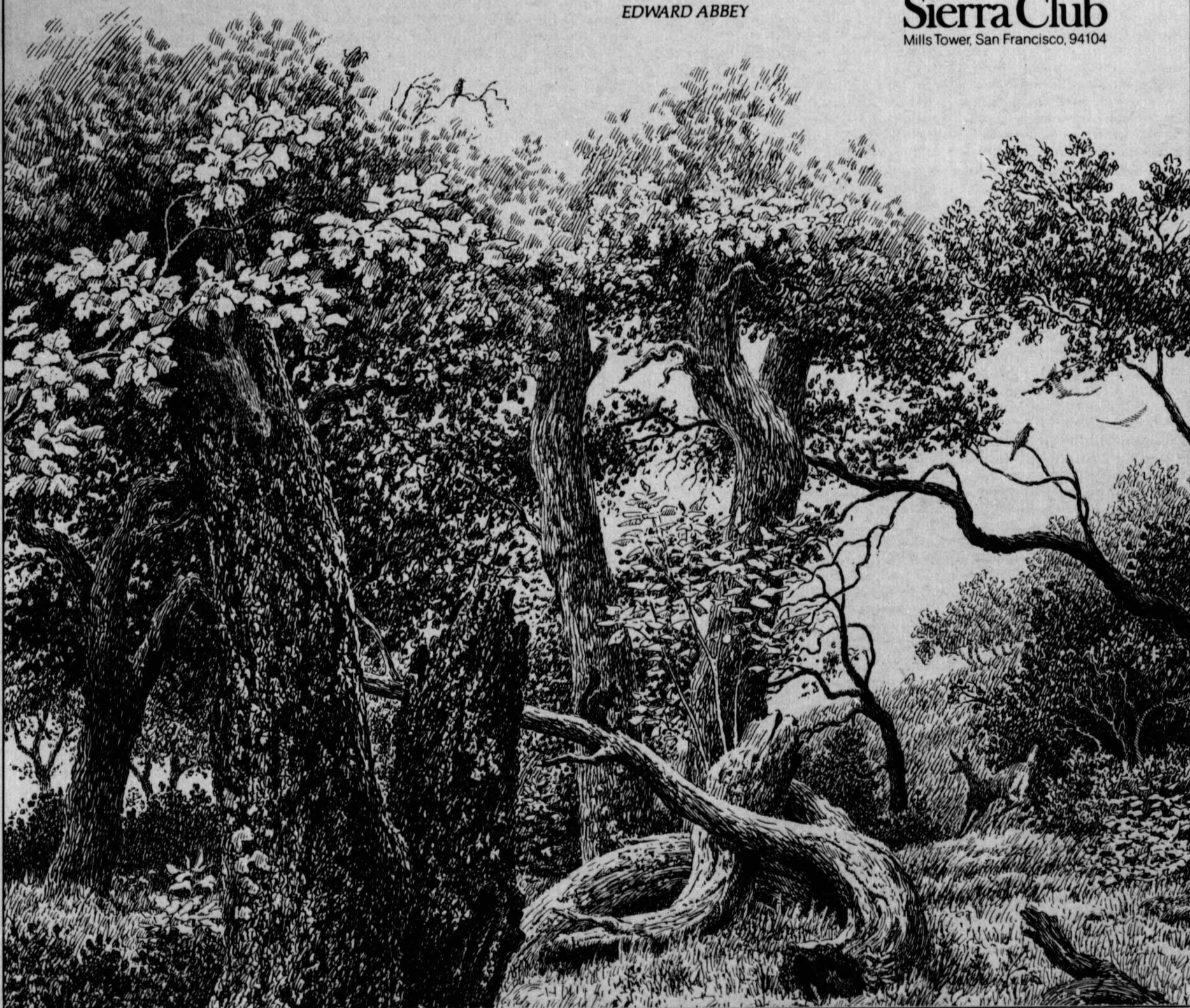
"The love of wilderness is more than a hunger for what is always beyond reach; it is also an expression of loyalty to the earth, (the earth which bore us and sustains us), the only home we shall ever know, the only paradise we ever need—if only we had the eyes to see."

EDWARD ABBEY

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

WALLACE STEGNER

Sierra Club
Mills Tower, San Francisco, 94104



More Champagne, Hold the Tequila

BY BYRON LAURSEN

A chilled split of Moët-Chandon champagne effervescing in front of him, Jimmy Buffett, 32, sits crossways in a posh Hotel Carlyle armchair. Midtown Manhattan and a dark green limousine wait twelve stories below, where thousands of office workers are now pouring home by subway and cab. A resolute 'Bama grin settles on his face. "I work hard for my money," says he. Millions of his best friends would scoff.

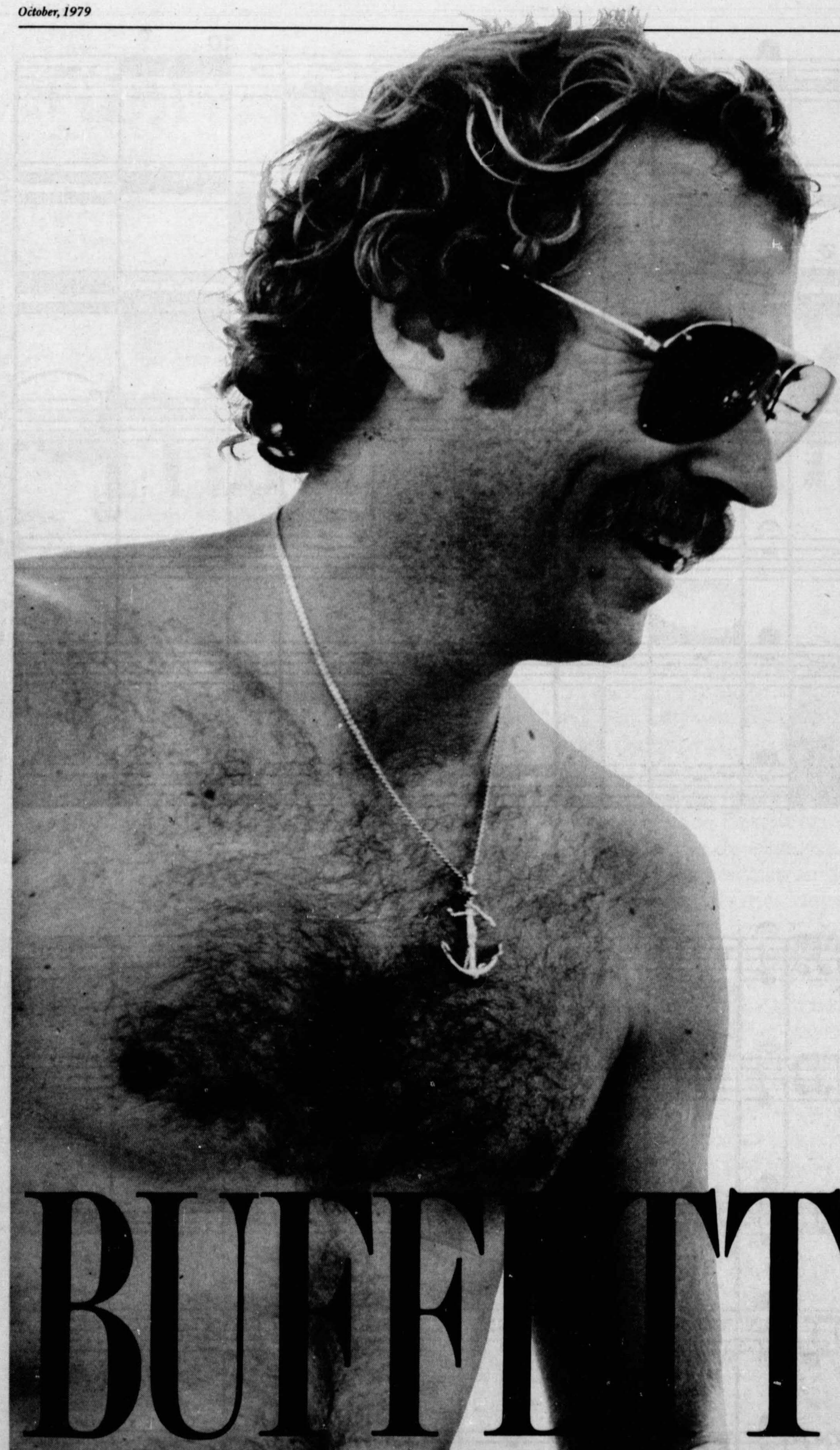
To much of his audience, which grew from cult to mass after 1977's "Margaritaville" hit single, Buffett embodies the lifestyle his albums delineate—pub crawling, rum-lubed Caribbean cruises, infinite vacationing. Working ain't in it. But Buffett, by now a twelve-year music business vet, also logs a hundred-show-per-year schedule, carting a twenty-seven person entourage. "You have to be a businessman," he says. "If you're in there for longevity, you've got to have some practical sense."

Practical sense Buffett has, plus a gregarious turn of nature, a love of storytelling and a folkie's command of guitar. Combined with an urge for longevity, these have made him the author of several light and smartly crafted tunes, mostly about romantically carefree, adventurous living. Buffett's albums are the soundtrack for being twenty-five years old into perpetuity. "There's a lot of other people writing what I call 'piss-and-moan' songs," he says, locking his hands behind his head, squirming lower in the armchair, hooking a leg over the side. "I write escapism music. I don't draw from the traumas."

Practical sense has Buffett in Manhattan for a four-day stretch of interviews to push *Volcano*, his eighth LP and first for the MCA label, which recently bought out ABC Records. The day before he took in sailboat races up at Martha's Vineyard, the guest of friends James Taylor and Carly Simon, well-to-do authors of many a piss-and-moan song. Today he flew early in the afternoon by chartered plane into La Guardia Airport and rode by limo to the RCA Building, just in time to appear on comedian Robert Klein's radio talk show.

Born 1946 on Christmas Day in Pascagoula, Mississippi, Buffett came up in Mobile, Alabama. "On the coast," he clarifies. "The Gulf Coast, which is not like what you think of the rest of Alabama. It's very loose." Childhood reading, including Robert Wilder's *Winds from the Carolinas*, hooked him permanently on Caribbean lore. He played folkie dates while earning a journalism degree at the University of Southern Mississippi. He toured cocktail lounges, got married, moved to Nashville for a roll at song-selling, took a job at *Billboard*, the music business journal, made a study there of the "politics and workings" of the industry, and finally contracted a record deal with an outfit called Barnaby Records. The resulting first LP didn't sell

(Continued on page 22)



BUFFETT

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C. M. M. Glaser

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PRIMA BELLA

L.A.'s Dancer/Choreographer
Bella Lewitzky
(Who Needs New York?)

BY ED CRAY



are called legends. Critics and public speak respectfully of their dancing, and their choreography.

And if they're lucky — or maybe if they're just survivors, tough ones, those whose flinty sense of commitment won't let them pack it in, or sell out to the Dean Martin variety shows — the money begins to come. A grant from a foundation, another from the federal government pay for what couldn't be had before or, wonder of wonders, even give the dancers a hundred bucks a week so they can keep their souls together if not their stomachs full.

With a little publicity, a little recognition, the tours get

longer, the audiences grow from sparse clusters of dance freaks to enthusiastic coteries, and the prestigious universities with posh performance centers replace community colleges and barren multi-purpose rooms on the schedule.

It's a life only for the true believer, someone like Bella Lewitzky, born as she puts it, "into a birthing time when modern dance was being shaped, fortunately able to be part of that."

Sixty-three years old, a dancer for as long as she can remember, a veteran of half-a-hundred experiments in the arts and education, Lewitzky is the grande dame, the legend of

contemporary dance. If anyone has inherited the torch lighted by Isadora Duncan and carried onwards by Martha Graham, it is this elegant woman born in a utopian socialist community in the Mojave Desert in 1916. They are her "tap roots, and I can't but help reflect their work, philosophy and ethic. To that degree I carry forward that particular era and pass it on."

California, the arbiters of dance maintain, is a backwater, or a sinkhole of panderers few can resist. Artists do not thrive there, they come from there, to New York, of course, or to Europe, especially Europe if they are opera singers. Bella Lewitzky stayed in Los Angeles, through the early years of politically inspired dance, the Federal Theater Project of the Depression (perhaps the most vibrant creative period in American history), through the frightened years of the blacklist when she couldn't even get those "pagan" dance jobs in Debra Paget jungle epics that paid the rent.

She stayed, explaining later of avoiding New York, "People there are reduced to human garbage. You must step over them to survive, and survival is not what it's all about. I have friends who live in that atmosphere. They create in order to escape the environment. I create to celebrate the environment."

In Los Angeles she taught wherever she could, performed whenever she could, dreamed of her own company, and kept the faith. Overweight housewives came for a little exercise and she taught them. Mothers brought in their gawky daughters and she taught them too. One by one she found young dancers, people she could mold, people she could infuse with her vision.

Denied a teaching position at UCLA in 1954 because she wouldn't sign a loyalty oath, twelve years later she gave a lecture-demonstration at that university which became pivotal. Invitations followed from other universities, and her reputation spread. There were workshops in Utah, Texas, North Carolina, and even a two-month stint in Israel as a guest teacher and choreographer.

In 1971, after more than three decades of grubbing, Lewitzky took her company, seven women and two "boys" — male dancers are always "boys," regardless of age, regardless of marquee-power — on its first eastern tour. New York's powerful music press, which is to say the *New York Times*, discovered her. The legend had come to St. Paul's and was canonized.

She was not then the woman, the creator, of earlier years, and she is not now, eight years later, the choreographer she was on that first New York tour. Her dancing, then her

choreography — she retired from dancing three years ago — has progressively grown more abstract, less concerned with stories, with statements even more focused on line and movement, on vitality.

Her newest ballet, "Rituals," premiered at Los Angeles' prestigious Music Center in 1979, carries Lewitzky even farther from the programmatic. It seems like it might be about racial integration, or some kind of integration — black costumes on one group, white on another, the groups at odds, then blending. But that is too facile an explanation, and Lewitzky is long, long past the obvious political statements of her work in the Federal theater. If "Rituals" has any specific meaning, that is for the audience to decide at that performance. As Lewitzky puts it, "My works tend to be abstractions rather than manifestos. Each tends to be a new statement of the place I am."

However much Lewitzky's work has evolved, one thing seems constant: her fey sense of humor. It sneaks in everywhere, and is central to the rousing spoof "Pas de Bach," choreographed in 1977 with a decor by former-dancer-now-clothes-designer Rudi Gernreich (he of the topless bathing suit). Lewitzky satirizes artistic snobbery, her fellow choreographers who have doted upon good J.S. Bach's music, Hollywood musicals, the *Floradora* Girls, ballet in general, and two or three other affectations which flitted by too quickly to be identified.

Not many troupes are so well trained they can move, en masse, from the sober to the absurd as deftly as do Lewitzky's minions. It is a mark of the quality of her teaching and the cohesiveness of the eleven dancers she has bonded together into a working company.

Moreover, she has sympathetic technical support, notably from music director Larry Attaway, whose score for "Rituals" is as dichotomous as Lewitzky's choreography, moving back and forth from Notre Dame organum to Luciano Berio. Such unity of enterprise only the most secure, on-going companies achieve.

They still skimp to make the payroll; all dance companies do. They still tour small colleges; more dance companies should. The lady born into a birthing time works on, teaching contemporary dance anew, passing it on to the next generation.

It's one of the obligations of being legendary in one's own time.

Besides, as she explained, "I don't want to carry it to the grave with me."

October, 1979

IN BOTH EARS

Direct-to-Disc
The Truest Sound?

Of all the cockeyed inventions the world has ever seen, the phono record must surely be somewhere near the top of the list. It was astonishing enough when disc sound was all mono, but then to impress stereo and later four-channel sound into the grooves is even more incredible, particularly now that the disc is a centenarian. Yet this electronic senior citizen is still our most important sound source.

Tape machines didn't come along until many decades after the invention of the phonograph. Prior to that development the output of a microphone was connected directly to the record cutting machine, and since just one mike was used, the musicians clustered in a group around it. There were several problems. The musicians had to be right the first time, and if they made a mistake it was recorded directly to the grooves, and so they had to start all over again. The tempo of a composition was sometimes governed by the amount of playing time permitted by the record. If the musical composition couldn't fit, it was too long, the musicians played a bit faster.

When tape finally came along, all that changed. The tape could be edited and offending passages removed. With multitrack recording, musical instruments could be recorded separately at different times and different places. Recording engineers pieced the whole thing together and then a master was made from the final tape. Another advantage is that through the use of multitrack tape, a variety of special effects can be obtained, such as sound with sound, echo, sound on sound.

No rose without its thorn, no garden without its weeds. The problem is that tape recorders help limit dynamic range and add noise, plus the fact that it is the recording engineer and not the musical conductor who often has the final say about the musical content of the master tape. Tape decks and tapes also supply their own quota of noise and this can become an integral part of the music.

While tape recording does make life easier for the musician, there is a big difference between performing solo and working with a group. In an orchestra each musician not only concentrates on his instrument but on the music produced by his instrument in relationship to all the others. You could say that the musician, in a competitive situation, playing solo to a tape recorder, with each instrument to be combined later by the recording engineer, is weakened by the lack of incentive.

Today we have a "new" technique known as direct-to-disc recording, a throwback to the methods used in the early days of

phono records. In direct-to-disc, all the musicians must be assembled and they must all play together. As soon as the composition starts, a record-cutting lathe goes into action, and what is produced is a master disc. If any errors are made by the musicians, those mistakes are also recorded. If the faults are serious, there may be a retake, an expensive procedure. To avoid this possibility, direct-to-disc requires a number of rehearsal sessions, including the person operating the cutting lathe. But with tape/record, if a musician makes an error, the group or orchestra can stop, move back just a few bars and continue from that point. There is no need to start all over again. Musicians are less apprehensive about errors and know that if one does happen correction will be kept to a minimum.

Both techniques, direct-to-disc and the tape/record process, use microphones and mixing consoles, but in direct-to-disc the output of the console goes directly to a record-cutting lathe and the tape/disc process feeds into a 30 ips recorder.

Recording techniques for direct-to-disc and tape/record are essentially the same, though. Both methods use microphones for changing the sound into an electrical waveform; what sound results is based on the number and kind of microphones used, and their placement. The difference is that in direct-to-disc there is no opportunity for experimenting with microphone placement. With tape/record, if a take isn't quite right, some adjustments can be made. However, it isn't all gravy since such experimentation takes time. Usually sound engineers have enough experience to avoid this.

To be able to hear the difference in direct-to-disc as compared with recording via tape requires audio components that are absolutely top quality. Direct-to-disc records are more expensive than discs using the tape recording process. The higher cost is attributable to the fact that these are limited editions. Only a certain number of pressings can be made from each master, and then that's it. As a result, some earlier direct-to-disc recordings have become collectors' items. With ordinary records, the audio signal is put on tape which can always be used to cut another master.

Direct-to-disc recordings are not only higher-priced and have a limited number of labels, but some record stores refuse to carry them. Stores that sell records depend on built-up demand, but they know that even if demand is high, they may not be able to fill orders. A characteristic of direct-to-disc is limited output and once that output is distributed, no more records of that particular cutting will be available.

Direct-to-disc records are being made by smaller companies and they don't have the top artists. Nor is it likely that big time artists will drift over to the direct-to-disc recorders since record royalties from limited sales don't make it worthwhile financially. The result is that direct-to-disc offers a limited selection.

Those who had had experience with direct-to-disc claim that the sound is superior to records made via tape. It is true that with the tape method noise is produced by the tape recording process, but the fact remains that noise is also produced by the plating process in disc manufacturing. Whether noise is audible or not would seem to depend, in both cases, on the care and expertise used in record manufacturing.

Martin Clifford



HANDMADE FILMS Presents MONTY PYTHON'S "LIFE OF BRIAN"

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TERRY GILLIAM, ERIC IDLE, TERRY JONES, MICHAEL PALIN

Executive Producers GEORGE HARRISON, DENIS O'BRIEN

Produced by JOHN GOLDSTONE

Directed by TERRY JONES Animation & Design by TERRY GILLIAM

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PARENT OR ADULT GUARDIAN

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LOOK FOR IT AT YOUR
LOCAL THEATRE.

BOB DYLAN
Slow Train Coming (Columbia)

To dispassionately review a provocative blend of music and religious philosophizing like *Slow Train Coming* is impossible. But, if Wallace Stevens can propose "Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird," can not *Ampersand* present two ways of looking at an album? Forthwith are two biased viewpoints.

This Train Delivers

With the release of *Slow Train Coming*, there is no question left to ask regarding Bob Dylan's new Christian belief. He himself has answered them within the context of this extraordinary LP. Yes, Dylan is a Christian; his belief has had a profound effect on his world view, the content of his music, the way he looks at himself and others. *Slow Train Coming* reveals a changed man, a change extending not only into the future but reaching back into the past, bringing a sense of completeness to Dylan's long, mercurial career. The ring of authority with which this album resounds is the sound of prophecy fulfilled.

The truest persona in the protean Mr. Dylan's long public history was his first; the lone sojourner with a guitar, singing out against injustice, social, spiritual and relational. It is particularly fitting that, on *Slow Train Coming*, Dylan should again find his voice of protest, a voice now grounded in the conviction that there is an answer to the suffering and ills comprising our lot, a moral certitude that frees him, at long last, to again point out where we have all gone wrong, not excluding himself in the indictment. When Dylan decries "fathers turning daughters into whores" on "Gonna Change My Way of Thinking" or "sheiks...deciding America's future from Amsterdam or Paris" on the LP's title track, it is the same chilling, decisive truth illuminating "Blowin' in the Wind," "The Times They Are a-Changin'" or any of Dylan's impassioned, early work.

The comparison does not end there. Dylan's voice has returned to the gravelly, highly emotive style of those early days; he has never sounded better, more honest or assured in what he is saying. His lyrics lack almost completely the purposeful obscurity and subliminal metaphors of so much of his middle and later period; while *Street Legal* was a distressingly hollow return to the dense word associations of *Highway 61 Revisited*, *Slow Train Coming* is a powerful reaffirmation of the poetic honesty of *The Freewheelin' Bob Dylan*. Where once words were the muse's delight, they have again become weapons and tools for Dylan.

The centerpiece of *Slow Train Coming* is Jesus Christ. In nearly every song He is referred to, more often directly than not. That this album is a triumph artistically, a delight musically

Ondisc



Would You Buy a Used Bible from This Jew?

and a rebirth for an artist who has been prematurely eulogized more than once, points directly to Dylan's claim that he has, at last, discovered the truth. It is a claim not easily dismissed in light of this certified masterpiece.

Davin Seay

Same Train, Different Track

The evaluational ante is always high with a Dylan album, and this time the drama of his religious conversion boosts the odds ever more. While this is a strong enough record to take the wear of the many axes that will be ground against it, it's also a human enough creation to show flaws. Dylan's musical and lyrical stocks-in-trade are all in evidence, but they're sometimes applied with little finesse — judged by the standards of Dylan's most remarkable work has set. Here is a cut-by-cut overview.

You Gotta Serve Somebody. A moody, minor key organ intro and ominous tempo brings "I Heard It Through the Grapevine" to mind. The insistence of the chorus is effective,

but the reductionist school of thought — "It may be the Devil or it may be the Lord," is disquieting.

Precious Angel. Mark Knopfler of Dire Straits introduces this one, which itself introduces the notion that a woman friend sparked Dylan's conversion. "You either got faith or you got unbelief/There ain't no neutral ground," says the lyric.

I Believe in You. Again, a slow tempo. Knopfler's fills are subdued, liquid, graceful. This album features Dylan's smoothest production yet. Very spare. His voice is the only rough-edged instrument, standing in high relief. The instrumental understatement implies latent power.

Slow Train. This is a worthy title track. The anger of the righteous is expressed, with plenty of ready imagery from the modern world for fuel. Still, Dylan has written more effectively. The images, perhaps too literal, don't illuminate so much as catalogue. "Hard Rain" will outlast this song.

Gonna Change My Way of Thinking. Another simple

structure — a "You Really Got Me" style riff and cowbell timekeeper. For the first time producers Jerry Wexler (Ray Charles, Aretha Franklin, Sanford and Townsend) and Barry Beckett (practically everything out of Muscle Shoals) are coloring with horns, their use oddly sparing for a Muscle Shoals-recorded gospel-style LP. Maybe considering the literalness of thought evident elsewhere, horns seemed too carnal. Sample hackle-raising lyric: "Who's not for me is against me."

Do Right to Me Baby. Knopfler backdrops this crossbreeding of the Golden Rule and "All I Really Want to Do" with light, trebly fingerpicking. One of the more palatable songs on the record.

When You Gonna Wake Up. This is the best-written cut. Dylan has long understood that it can take a paradox to reveal the cutting edge of a truth. "You got some big dreams, baby/But in order to dream you gotta still be asleep." Not bad, though not on the order of "Too Much of Nothing." My

current favorite lines in this song are "The rich seduce the poor/And the old are seduced by the young...There's strength in the things that remain."

Man Gave Names to All the Animals. This one might be admissible as evidence of brain damage. Moronically transparent verses build to predictable rhymes. A day-nursery sort of charm is almost invoked, probably unintentionally, but the "pregnant" ending is a failure.

When He Returns. With its stately gospel piano foundation and its brevity, this suits perfectly to cap the LP. As is said of politicians' speeches, a song doesn't have to be endless in order to be eternal. The feeling imparted is that Dylan has made a testament rather than a diatribe. Although he has written of God, conviction and rage before, *Slow Train Coming* takes Dylan the extra step from spiritual longing to surrender. *Slow Train Coming* is more powerful than eloquent. The "either for or against" mentality is truly disturbing. I believe the album will ultimately stand as one of his better, not one of his best. However, after the muddle of *Street Legal*, the boringly indulgent *Renaldo and Clara* film and his smarmy recent tour, in which the "poet of rage" looked more like Neil Diamond, Dylan's work on *Slow Train Coming* is a beacon of clarity and purpose.

Byron Laursen

THE CLASH
The Clash (Epic)

This is the long awaited and much delayed compilation album of material from the English punk rockers' earliest recordings that were never released domestically before. The material ranges from the band's first single ("White Riot") to its most recent, post-*Give 'Em Enough Rope* EP ("I Fought the Law") and the two songs on the bonus single.

The bulk of the songs are drawn from the first English album and subsequent trio of classic singles and, by and large, have been well selected. The only grievous omission is "Capitol Radio," an acerbic attack on air-wave conservatism that not only preceded Elvis Costello's "Radio Radio" but far surpasses it in vitriolic force.

The earliest songs have been re-mixed as well (poor sound quality being one of CBS Records' official excuses for not releasing the album at first), again largely for the best. The classic "Complete Control" loses some of its darkly ominous power but, overall, the drums punch through cleaner, the guitars bite harder and Joe Strummer's lead vocals are more easily discernible.

Strummer's lyrics may be derived from the political circumstances facing English youth in 1977 (the other major CBS rationale for not releasing it), but he's also dealing with themes that

cut across national boundaries. The chorus to "Janie Jones" certainly wouldn't sound foreign to American ears, nor would the exhilarating way the band kicks into "I Fought the Law" need translation at the United Nations. "I'm So Bored with the U.S.A." not only makes some trenchant points about American cultural imperialism ("Yankee detectives are always on the TV/Cause killers in America work seven days a week") but does so in hilarious fashion ("Move Up Starksy to the CIA/Suck on Kojak for the U.S.A.").

The album could have been sequenced better, thus avoiding the occasionally grating juxtaposition of old and newer material, and why the first beats of the martial drum intro to "Janie Jones" were cut out is mystifying (sounds like a very minor detail but it definitely throws the rhythm out of whack for a while). But *The Clash* is an absolutely essential album by the best rock band in the world today.

Don Snowden

TALKING HEADS
Fear of Music (Sire)

Whether it sells as well as *Buildings & Food*, *Fear* shows the Talking Heads noticeably improved in performance, production and inspiration.

David Byrne continues to use inanimate or impersonal objects as sources of inspiration. Here he describes his feelings through paper, cities, air, heaven, and an electric guitar. His "camera eye" lyricism is ingenious; he parallels a disintegrated love affair with holding paper up to the sun ("some rays, they passed right through"). "Drugs" is a vividly accurate, yet unromantic portrayal of the paranoid, schizoid moods and perceptions in a psychedelic high.

Byrne usually masks his paranoia in comic exaggerations. He worries about the dangers of air, being laughed at by animals, and surviving war with a change of identities and a two-day supply of peanut butter. His singing is less shrill but still edgy.

The band is as tight as ever; the ever-present staccato guitar chords bristle with energy. Tina Weymouth supplies a more emphatic bass line to compliment Jerry Harrison's brisk beat. Chris Frantz and Byrne even have room to cut loose with clear, biting lead work.

Their precise musicianship is enhanced by Eno's fuller production. *Buildings & Food* had all the instruments upfront, resulting in a clinical feel. Here Eno adds a deeper texture to the layered arrangements. He occasionally submerges a vocal line or a rhythm track for a more dynamic effect. Instead of special effects as frill to the regimented melodies, his synthesizer treatments are better molded into the songs.

The Talking Heads' music, no

matter how finely presented, will still alienate a lot of people. Some won't stomach Byrne's dry wit and vocal style. Others won't have enough desire to get involved with what the group's trying to say.

Still, *Fear of Music* is further evidence that the Talking Heads will be a major creative force in the music of the 1980s. If only people would conquer their fears about adjusting to different and unique sounds.

Jeff Silberman

NAT ADDERLY
A Little New York Midtown Music (Galaxy)

Nat Adderly has enlisted some top-drawer talent to make this tasty album. The cornetist-leader pulled in Roy McCurdy, drums, and Victor Feldman, piano, from Los Angeles, bassist Ron Carter from New York, and saxophone wizard Johnny Griffin from Holland, though the latter was actually making his first U.S. tour in 17 years. These five men explore a variety of modern jazz compositions, including four by the leader, in an invigorating and thoughtful manner that makes this album worth repeated hearings.

It turns out that Griffin and Carter are the stars of the show. Griffin left the U.S. in 1962, after stints with Art Blakey and Thelonious Monk, to find happiness and work in Europe. He is an unabashed jazz player, holds no affection for contemporary "cross-over" music, and through his saxophones and his words in print, is rapidly becoming the relevant spokesman for America's native art form. Carter, known to many through his tenure with Miles Davis, is a superlative technician who combines warmth, wit and intelligence in his performances.

Brother Nat wasn't at the peak of his game last September in Berkeley, when this album was cut; in fact, he *stuffs* more than a few, but his noble cohorts burn right on through, more than holding up their end of the bargain. On "Fortune's Child," Carter's floating bass lines, full of glissandos and firm, solid notes, provide points of interaction for McCurdy's aggressive yet sensitive drumming, and together they push Feldman and Griffin into inspired moments.

The title track and "Come Rain or Come Shine" feature Adderly on muted horn, sounding a little like Miles but getting a more open, throatier tone. These two tracks give us some attractive Adderly, though Griffin's stellar moments stay with the listener longer than the leader's.

But, even with a so-so performance from the leader, *A Little New York Midtown Music* presents Adderly with four hip new tunes and the best of co-players, that's a good payload for any album.

Zan Stewart

ELECTRIC LIGHT ORCHESTRA

-Discovery-



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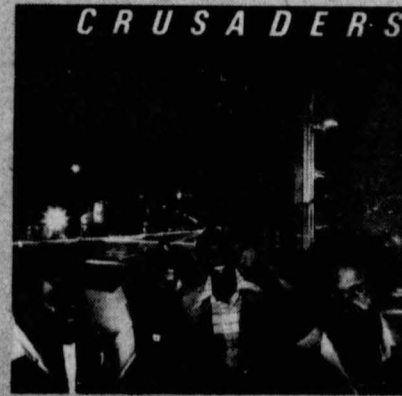


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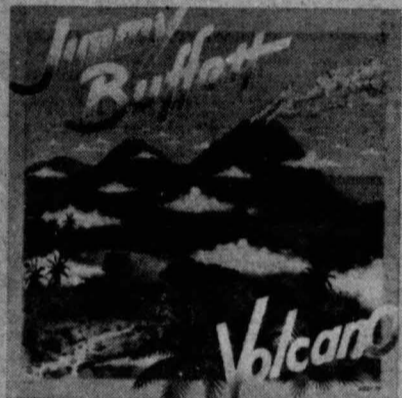
"Shine A Little Love"
"Don't Bring Me Down"
"Confusion"

But, even with a so-so performance from the leader, *A Little New York Midtown Music* presents Adderly with four hip new tunes and the best of co-players, that's a good payload for any album.

Back To School Music



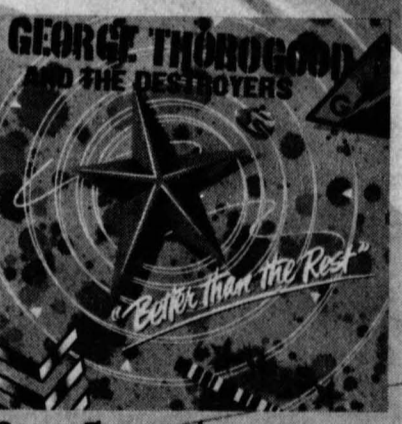
The Crusaders



Jimmy Buffett



Barbara Mandrell



George Thorogood

GEORGE THOROGOOD & THE DESTROYERS Better Than the Rest (MCA)

George Thorogood's rise to national prominence playing 20-year old material on a pair of albums released by a folk- and bluegrass-oriented label with no promotional clout certainly ranks as the left-field success story of the late Seventies. But his basic appeal isn't too difficult to trace. Thorogood is every frat bro' who's ever harbored secret desires about becoming the life of the Saturday night kegger by magically turning into a guitar hero, kicking out those basic Chuck Berry jams.

The remarkable thing about this collection of five-year-old material — given to MCA by his former manager over Thorogood's strong objections (the case is still in litigation) — is how little his approach has changed over the years. Obviously, this is the work of a less polished, not fully developed

talent — the production is terrible, there's a different bass player, George's guitar is often double-tracked and his vocals are less effective. Essentially it's the same assortment of blues, Berry and Fifties rhythm and blues. He does break one of rock & roll's cardinal unwritten laws on "Howlin' for My Darling": no one except Captain Beefheart should try to imitate Howlin' Wolf's singing style.

While most of the songs boast enough hot licks to sustain interest, only the surging powerdrive of "In the Night Time" and the acoustic slide blues "You're Gonna Miss Me" qualify as first-rate. *Better Than the Rest* probably won't disappoint those who want everything Thorogood has recorded, but the two Rounder LPs remain better introductions to his music.

An added consumer note: *Better Than the Rest* contains a paltry 28 minutes of music.

Don Snowden

blond one

(Continued from page 6)

in the south, in the Gabès, a maritime oasis," Chapman says. "There were irritations, but you got used to it, I suppose. If someone above you was lucky enough to have a room with a bath, you'd find your room was flooded. If that didn't happen, one of the torrential rainstorms would do it. And then there was a variety of little companions in one's room, too — insects and other wonders of nature. Quite fascinating. Fortunately, there were no scorpions inside, but lots outside. In fact, while filming the Sermon on-the-Mount-type scene, I made a rough estimate of the number of creatures on the set; it came to something like 24,000."

Some of those creatures were probably a BBC-TV crew, there to interview the Pythons; this was aired over some U.S. PBS stations recently and was, besides funny, eye-opening; Chapman, who makes no secret of his homosexuality, was filmed with a young man sitting on his lap (no such young men were in evidence during our interview.)

The only real problem on location was dysentery. Chapman knows — not because he suffered from it, but because he treated it, often. He was the company physician. He is a genuine accredited doctor, who, upon graduation from Cambridge, accepted a post as an ear-nose-throat specialist. As there was a six-month waiting period before he could assume his doctor duties, Chapman spent the time writing comedy with Cleese and liked it so much he never practiced medicine except on cast and crew. His medical knowledge has

come in handy in other ways, too, especially when he began to notice that his drinking habits were catching up with him near the end of 1977. "I became aware that I was — or at least was very close to being — a compete alcoholic. I really was drinking a monumental quantity of gin. I realized I'd gone far enough when I started to notice signs of liver damage and short-term memory lapse. I've tried to analyze why it crept up on me," he says, puffing on his pipe; "somewhere there was a feeling of inferiority in me." Throughout school and professional success, as he reached one plateau after another, he had the feeling at each stage that he didn't deserve to be there, that he wasn't smart enough. "Finally, I had to admit to myself that I was quite bright... and I realized, 'Okay, I can do it sober.'" So, before tackling *Brian and Odd Job*, he went cold turkey and hasn't ingested a drop of gin since.

Instead, he sips at his Tab and patiently bears a few last-minute questions.

Would Python ever do another TV series? "I doubt it. We may do some specials or something like that, but we prefer films; there's more freedom." And, presumably, more money. Do the Pythons see much of each other socially? "No, though I see a fair bit of Michael Palin, since we both have places near each other in London."

Any idea what the next Python film will be about? "Yes, but I'm not telling."

Any special ambitions? "Yes. I want to act more and perhaps write a bit less." After nearly ten years as "one of the Pythons," perhaps he can be forgiven the urge to be recognized as Graham Chapman, and not "the tall blond one."



IAN SONNENBAIR

Patti Smith Group The Palladium, Hollywood

The Patti Smith Group, which had delivered a breathtaking musical event one year ago at the Santa Monica Civic, seemed at the Palladium in the midst of a religious rite gone haywire. Smith, as high priestess, was totally unable to satisfy the adoration of the faithful, refusing time and again to bleed herself in the rock ritual. Smith's performance and her relationship to the audience were frighteningly incoherent.

A year earlier there was no question that Smith was all she claimed to be; a poetess, a singer and a visionary. "Because the Night" was on the airwaves. Success, creative and popular, was in her grasp. Firmly at the helm, she steered the band through dangerous musical waters by sheer exuberant force. Risks were undertaken, reserves tapped, fate tempted.

But Smith has since paid dearly for success. She has a new following, people who wouldn't read Rimbaud unless his poems were printed on Gene Simmons' tongue. Made cynical by the indiscriminate adulation coming her way, Smith apparently lost the will to center and direct her mindless audience. "You wanted some new blood," she shouted hoarsely during a disjointed rendering of "Time Is on My Side." "Well, you got it in me." She threatened to kick those pressed against the stage if they knocked against her monitors, then halted an hour into the set for a ten-minute break that lasted thirty. Repeatedly asking the throng to "relax," Smith stalked the stage in what seemed to be a state of nervous exhaustion.

The music, of course, suffered terribly in this exchange between artist and audience. Her voice strained and ragged, Smith — who has previously established herself as a singer of no small ability — tore through each song with masochistic determination.

When the dust had settled, a question remained. Could it be that Smith's poetic

sensibilities are being strangled at the source by the demands of commercial success? It's a question that one of Smith's mentors, Jim Morrison, also needed to answer. His silence seems somehow significant.

Davin Seay

Delbert McClinton & Fenton Robinson The Bottom Line, New York

A few more shows like the ones Delbert McClinton has been putting on the last year or so around New York and our friend from Fort Worth is going to have to become a movie-style Texan and pack a six-shooter just to ward off his well-wishers. Blessed with one of the best voices in rock & roll — soulful, potent, soaked in whiskey and sweat — and backed by a six-piece, kick-ass Texas band (three of them have played with him for 22 years!), McClinton's New York shows are becoming events. Semi-regular sit-ins have included Elvis Costello, the Allman Brothers Band and Belushi and Aykroyd of the Blues Brothers.

McClinton's opening act at the bottom line was Fenton Robinson, the blues songwriter from Chicago who wrote the classic "Loan Me a Dime." Robinson, who appears to be in his late forties, plays a Gibson hollowbody and sings in a voice somewhat like Albert King's without the slight rasp. Accompanied by a second guitarist, bass and drums, Robinson entered the stage while his band played the standard blues-vamp opener, "Chicken Shack." They performed a highly competent set of uptempo country-blues, which sounded at times all-too-familiar and at other times made the listeners feel they were doing a valuable service by keeping this traditional music alive and vibrant. Surprisingly, however, "Loan Me a Dime" (which people still associate with Boz Scaggs since Robinson's credit was left off Scaggs' album) was tucked in the middle of the set and given a low-key, offhanded treatment and not

played as a blues at all. It moved along with an unexpected sprightliness, was over in three or four minutes (Scaggs' version clocks in at 12:48) and contained none of the pain etched strongly in Scaggs' vocals and Duane Allman's crying guitar.

McClinton's band is a rarity in contemporary music, able to shift from Texas rock & roll to blues to country and even some funk as smoothly as an Alfa Romeo. Chuck Berry's "Talkin' 'Bout You" featured a torrid duet between Robert Harwood on sax and McClinton on harp, as did "Back to Louisiana." Willie Nelson's "Nightlife" showcased McClinton's vocals and "Corrina" included a funky, rhythmic harp and drum duet. But the McClinton originals, "B Movie" (one of the funkiest, hottest rock and roll tunes in memory), "I Received a Letter" (a country classic if there ever was one) and "Take It Easy" are just as powerful as the covers, which include a scorching version of Willie Dixon's "Spoonful" most nights.

McClinton, a Fort Worth native who cut his teeth on blues-bar performing, remains one of the most natural rock and rollers on the planet.

Steve Weitzman

Mal Waldron The Jazz Safari, Long Beach, California

Waldron, a fixture in Charles Mingus' early groups, a collaborator of Eric Dolphy, Billie Holiday's last regular accompanist and a distinguished composer of film scores, has resided in Munich since 1967. He usually makes it to New York about once a year; his last California appearance was in 1957 with Billie Holiday.

Waldron began with an improvised solo piece that wound into a tapestry of strong, swinging fabric, displaying the most immediate earmark of his playing, its dominant rhythmic sense. The left hand hammered out an obtuse, percussive ostinato while the right punctuated with spare, sharp chords.

Drummer Lawrence Marable and bassist Herb Lewis, two L.A. veterans, joined the set early on. With the rhythmic support of bass and drums, Waldron's left hand was free to drop odd, harmonic bombs while the right rifled off a flurry of notes on Miles Davis' "Milestones."

Thelonious Monk and Bud Powell, the two wellsprings of modern jazz piano, are prime raw materials for Waldron. Monk's masterpiece "Round Midnight" was Waldron's homage to Monk.

Reverence for Bud Powell was displayed in a swinging workout of "With a Song in My Heart," minus any of the sentiment. The tempo was way up with Marable providing all of the necessary underpinnings so that Waldron's left hand could comp while the right played an harmonic machine gun.

The final piece was Dizzy Gillespie's "Night in Tunisia," played earthy and hard. Waldron wisely used the strong undercurrent line of the song's original arrangement.

Though this show was a rare treat, knowing Waldron had more to offer added a sense of loss to the occasion.

Kirk Sillabee

Louise Goffin & Greg Kihn The Roxy, Los Angeles

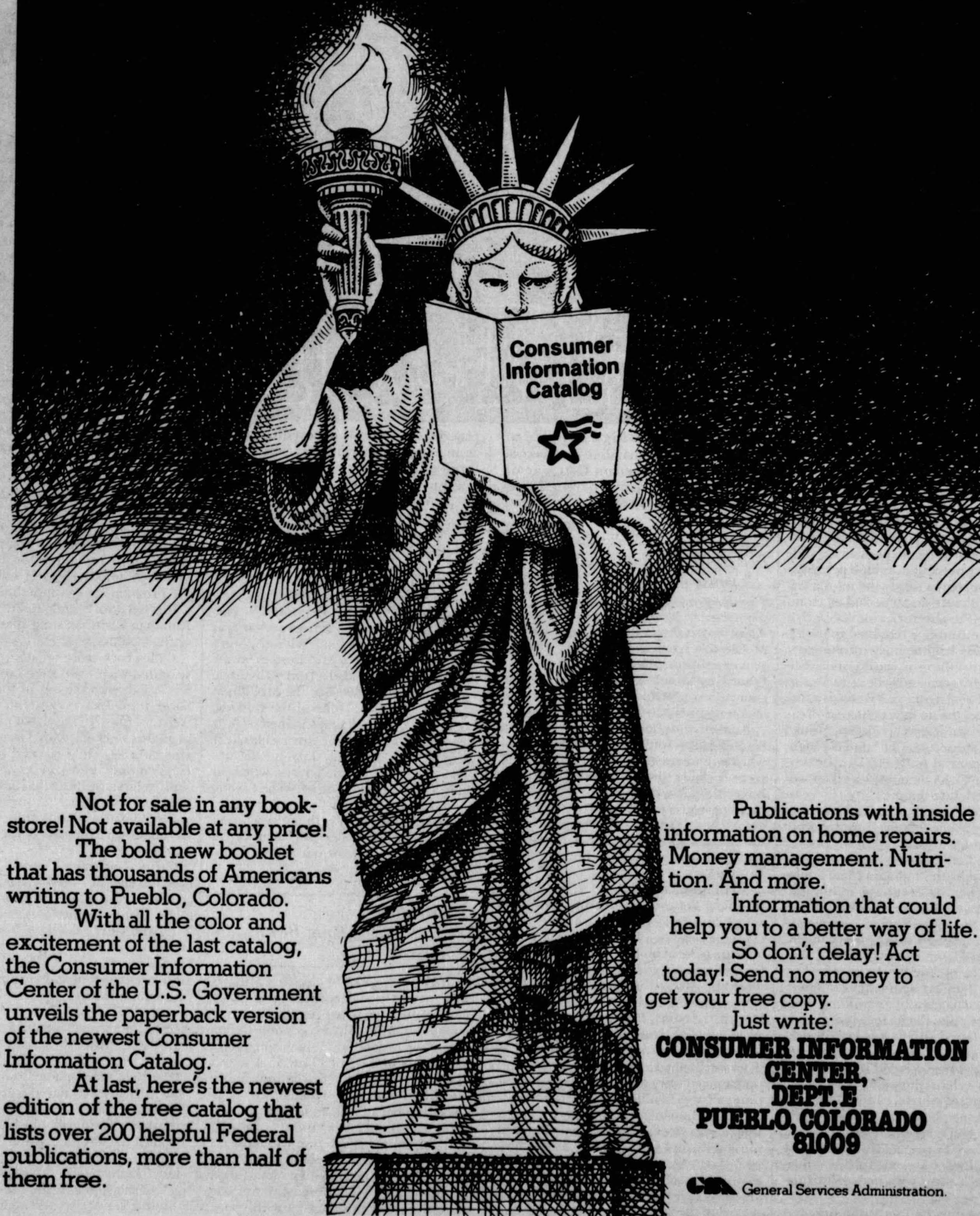
Elektra Records passed out little cloth badges for the fans, calling this combined tour "The Next Chapter in Rock and Roll." What a straight line! But in fairness, Kihn and his band moved their set from commonplace to rousing in small but sure steps. A Bay Area favorite for some time, Kihn plays a clean, honest-feeling pop blend that homogenizes influences from Springsteen to the Byrds. Disciplined, cushiony, sung without grit or irony, the Kihn sound became most compelling after the smooth-faced leader announced, "We're well into the rock & roll portion of the program," then capped his show with "Life's Too Short" and "Roadrunner," the Jonathan Richman song that frequently anchors Kihn's sets.

Called back twice for encores, Kihn responded with "For Your Love," trading lead vocals with the rest of the four-piece band, then "In the Museum," and, finally, "Telstar." In the latter, an early Sixties organist's workout, Dave Carpenter, he of the radically shag-cut red hair, hit the tune's melody notes on guitar, sustaining with volume at distortion levels. The result, simultaneously more rocking and more human sounding than the original, became a neat summary of the Kihn band's virtues.

Cute as Shirley Temple, with tight pants, suspenders and a big-stripe t-shirt and several gallons of rampant blond locks, Louise Goffin (daughter of Carole King and Gerry Goffin — how time flies) started the evening with a professional workout, full of bouncing, audience-pointing and air-boxing. In lieu of communicating, she "sold" the songs, and herself. Though Goffin ultimately seemed more shallow than cynical with her calculated approach, at least one stomach turned when she encored in an artfully ripped and safety-pinned punkette t-shirt. She sang a nearly unrecognizable version of the Sex Pistols' "Problems," whirling to reveal a professionally block-printed "The Problem Is You" across her back. Goffin may score hits with her pro, well-coached, showbiz ways but the actual problem is her lack of substance. If she's the author, the next chapter of rock will be light reading.

Byron Laursen

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APOCALYPSE NOW, starring Marlon Brando, Robert Duvall, and Martin Sheen; written by Francis Coppola and John Milius; directed by Coppola.

After three years and \$31.5 million, after all the jokes about "Apocalypse Never," Francis Coppola (the middle name Ford has mysteriously disappeared) has at last relinquished his Viet Nam epic. Most of it was definitely worth the wait.

Martin Sheen, who is in almost every frame of the film (despite third billing, a ludicrous testament to "star power" vs. major roles), plays an army assassin ordered to Cambodia to execute "insane" Brando; the army brass want Brando dead because he has gone native, he is outside their influence, beyond their control; they do not appreciate creative warfare. As Sheen rides upriver on a navy patrol boat (with a young, drugged, rock & roll crew), he reads Brando's dossier, and we're hooked. Intense foreboding, even titillation: is Brando so crazy? No crazier than the astonishing things we see along the way, with Duvall outstanding as an officer who fancies himself a cavalryman (his helicopters are bugled off to battle!). Duvall orders his troops to attack and hold a Cong beach just so he can watch his new surfers hit the waves. He stands upright, wearing his cavalry hat, in the middle of the bombing, he cranks up Wagner's "Ride of the Valkyries" on a huge sound system in his chopper because "it scares hell out of the slopes." The few minutes of this attack are dazzling, heroic and stupid, macho mayhem taken to its ultimate horrifying giggle.

More madness: not violent butchery, but the abject decadence of a USO show in the middle of the jungle with Playmates bumping and grinding for the troops. The most painful scene of all comes when the boat crew annihilates innocent natives aboard a sampan because of their own nervous fear. Coppola's Viet Nam (the Philippines, actually) is alternately lush and inviting, stark and brutal. Small wonder the young soldiers drugged themselves, trying to erase the war by erasing their minds.

Alas, when Sheen finally arrives upriver — and finds Brando's bizarre, painted army just waiting around some temple ruins, as if any guerilla force would occupy such an easy target — the film falls apart. Coppola fine-tunes us, squeezes us with fear and numbing anticipation, and then drops us. Coitus interruptus. Instead of the heart of darkness, the core of madness embodied in a self-proclaimed god, a crazed, cold killer, we find Brando, fat, middle-aged and bald in what may well be his first uninteresting screen appearance.

Brando's character, Kurtz, fills the movie before we ever meet him; we sense a confrontation with man's primitive soul, the uncivilized savage never far beneath the surface; Kurtz, we believe, has peeled away his 20th-century character and confronted his timeless demons; he has reverted, slipped back to primeval ways, with painted face and necklaces made of enemies' bones. We wait for Kurtz to peel away some of our layers, or at least Sheen's, but he doesn't. Not even a glancing blow. Perhaps it isn't fair, isn't possible for one actor to personify Viet Nam's madness, and to do so in about five minutes. We might have sustained our fearful quiver if we'd never met Kurtz, or if he'd been frighteningly sane. Too many ifs.

After some pretentiously oblique conversation, Brando waits to be killed, and Sheen obliges with a ritual machete

On Screen

execution, intercut with the ritual butchery of a hapless animal by Brando's natives. Visually exciting, but emotionally empty. Nothing really happens; the different ending which will be used in the small theater/35mm version (a big-boom apocalyptic finale) won't change that. Sheen does not see himself in Brando, there is no transference, no revelation, just a lot of staring and sweating. This isn't Sheen's fault, but he just doesn't look like a killer, there is no cutting edge in his voice or eyes; he is desperate, but never demonic.

The script (with additional narration written by Michael Herr) is excellent when it sticks to the story, but Coppola and his cohorts occasionally lapse into philosophical observation, as when someone intones that the Viet Cong know only "death and victory," or when Dennis Hopper as a freako photographer with Brando's army blurts out that Brando has said, "The word 'if' is in the middle of life." Such profundity. Why, the word "ill" is 3/4 of "kill."

Although Coppola almost realizes his ambition "to create a film experience that would give its audience a sense of the horror, the madness, the sensuousness, and the moral dilemma of the Vietnam war," he falls prey to the same boogiemania that has beset previous Viet Nam films, namely our simplistic belief that the Cong are, or were, invincible. We didn't win the war, in fact we lost a great deal more than the war, but that does not mean the North Vietnamese are supermen; Brando's speech about the "pure, perfect" acts of the Cong, who kill with no judgment, is clever but meaningless claptrap.

Apocalypse Now, especially its ambiguous ending, will be discussed and dissected for years to come and will probably yield more treasure with each search. I fully intend to see it again and again, by which time I too may paint my face and wear bones around my neck.

Judith Sims

MONTY PYTHON'S LIFE OF BRIAN, starring Graham Chapman, John Cleese, Terry Gilliam, Eric Idle, Terry Jones, and Michael Palin; written by all of the above; directed by Jones.

Now that their achingly silly TV series has run its course, now that I've seen all their films and memorized all their records, I measure my years in new Python offerings, and this year brings their best movie yet, *Life of Brian*.

This is the Pythonesque version of a Biblical epic; Brian was born in the manger next to you-know-who and grew up with many of the same problems, not to mention the same gruesome fate. Brian is played by Graham Chapman (see feature, this issue), who was last seen as King Arthur in *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. Chapman plays two additional roles, a Wise Man and Biggus Dickus, a lispng Roman centurion. John Cleese has six roles, from revolutionary to centurion to Jewish official to a stoning; Terry Jones clocks in with five including Brian's mother Mandy; Palin is most visible with ten parts, best of which is a lispng Pontius Pilate; Idle has eight roles, including a sexually confused revolutionary, Stan, who wants to be called



Martin Sheen on a mission of death and mystery in *Apocalypse Now*.

Loretta. They all take aim at religion, a subject rife with satiric possibilities, and they don't miss a shot. The Nativity, Pilate, disciples, prophets, intellectuals and familiar Biblical scenes are all stung by the collective snake. For instance: when observers at the back of the crowd can't quite hear the Sermon on the Mount, an intermediately placed person translates for the others: "I think he said 'blessed are the cheesemakes,'... and 'blessed are the Greek.'" Since women were not allowed to attend stonings, Python has them buying phony beards and speaking in deep voices so they can hurl stones at the criminal. The beard seller is Idle, who also purveys stones and gravel for throwing.

And at the end, several men, nailed to crosses, sing a vacuous little tune (written by Idle) called "Bright Side of Life." They're nuts, bless 'em.

Judith Sims

THE KIDS ARE ALRIGHT, starring the Who; directed by Jeff Stein.

Great rock & roll movies — those about bands — have largely been limited to the Beatles' *A Hard Day's Night* and *Help*, and, to a lesser extent, the Monkees' *Head*. These days' serious musicians see themselves primarily as artists, not entertainers, so we're stuck with a few inane fantasy movies featuring the questionable talents of Kiss, Donny and Marie and the like. Serious musicians, like the Band, Rolling Stones, Pink Floyd, Yes, Led Zeppelin and Grateful Dead, have chosen to showcase themselves in live concert films.

The Who, until Keith Moon's untimely death a year ago, had been together, intact, for 15 years. Director Jeff Stein takes full advantage of this span in constructing their on-and-off stage saga, *The Kids Are Alright*.

Mixing footage from various periods of the Who's career offers the unexpected and provides a fascinating glimpse of the band's development — musically and culturally (although a more comprehensive

view of the latter will be presented in *Quadrophonia*, due out later this year.)

The film starts with the Who destroying their instruments on the *Smothers Brothers* TV show, and makes extensive usage of sequences filmed at Woodstock, Monterey Pop and the (previously unseen) *Rolling Stones' Rock and Roll Circus* (wherein the Who provide the movie's most satisfying moment with an inspired "A Quick One While He's Away").

In the beginning, the Who were brash and colorful. Their intense musical statements about youth (like "My Generation") were matched by the band's literally explosive stage show — flamboyantly destroying guitars and drums — and visually exciting pop-art-inspired stage apparel. Through short interview segments we are given some glimpses of the Who as people. In early interviews (circa 1965), Townshend reveals a precocity and naivete that contrasts sharply with his present-day evasiveness. Except for a sequence where John Entwistle shoots his gold records out of the air (ala skeet shooting), his non-musical identity is nil. Similarly, Roger Daltrey is remembered more for his amazing and consistent singing than for any spoken words.

The late Keith Moon steals the show, a hyperactive kid continually making jokes, pulling legs (literally) or ripping off clothes, and uncontrollably hamming it up. In one segment he demonstrates the art of wrecking a hotel room, and in another he refers to the time he drove a car into a swimming pool. If it weren't for the fact that he was, perhaps, rock's greatest drummer — in the movie you'll see how his constant onslaught doesn't merely keep the beat but propels each song — he could've made a classic slapstick movie comedian.

The Who are at a strange impasse. Last year's LP *Who Are You*, presented the band at its blandest. With Moon replaced by drummer Kenny Jones (ex-Faces), the Who's current sound is not, regrettably, the exciting band of *The Kids Are Alright*.

Harold Bronson

BUFFETT

(Continued from page 11)

much, nor did the tour that followed make money. His marriage failed. Later, after Buffett's ABC albums took flight, Barnaby released another disc from leftover tracks.

When Nashville proved too trying, Buffett decided to join friend Jerry Jeff Walker in Miami. Sojourns to the nearby Keys reawakened his fascination with pirates, schooners and life in the warm sun. Soon he was dabbling in the contrabandista life, running light dope shipments. Thomas McGuane, then working on the novel *92 in the Shade*, soon to write screenplays for *Rancho Deluxe* and *The Missouri Breaks*, became Buffett's partner in hell-raising as the pangs of Nashville and divorce were getting stir-fried out of his system. The novelist, brother of Buffett's current wife, Jane, also wrote liner notes for the debut album on ABC, *A White Sport Coat and a Pink Crustacean*. Cut in Nashville and released with the fall of '72, it introduced a bar-stool anthem that won Buffett compadres in all four corners of the U.S.A., the plainspoken "Why Don't We Get Drunk (and Screw)." Clearly off to a good start, he has ever since banked on his instincts for playfulness, raunch, and the combination of drink and song. The lilt of Caribbean music forms has affected his melodic sense as much as the rock-country-folk material of his mainland heritage. "The curious hinterland where Hank Williams and Xavier Cugat meet," McGuane put it in the liner notes. Later in history, Buffett did the soundtrack for *Rancho Deluxe* and Jack Nicholson's *Goin' South*. He also appeared briefly in *FM*, a cinema vehicle for music stars that was pure failure.



"Come Monday," off Buffett's 1974 release, *Living and Dying in 1/4 Time*, made its way into the Top 20. By the end of the same year he was back in Nashville to cut *AIA*, which featured the snapshot-cum-postcard cover decorations that help link Buffett with down-island imagery. With its

heavy dose of Caribbean settings, *AIA*, named after the road that connects Miami and Key West, prefigures the current *Volcano* more than any of his other records.

In 1976, after he had played an antinuclear benefit with the Eagles, Buffett chanced to meet diminutive mogul Irving Azoff at the bar of the Hotel Jerome in Aspen. Azoff, respectfully tagged "His shortness" around the offices of his Front Line Management firm in Los Angeles, had managed the Eagles to multi-platinum status and built a reputation for brash, gutty tactics in the process. Boz Scaggs, Steely Dan and Warren Zevon are also in Azoff's stable. He asked Buffett to open for the Eagles on an upcoming national tour, an offer no ambitious musician could refuse. Soon, Azoff was managing Buffett's career as well.

The following year saw another new album, *Changes in Latitudes, Changes in Attitudes*, very much along the lines of the previous recordings. Nestled in the LP was "Margaritaville," a drunkard's ditty of light remorse that Buffett claims he wrote entirely in five minutes. With whimsical rhymes (tattoo/clue, pop-top/flip-flop) and a lazy, airy melody, it pulled the album to platinum. One succeeding album, *Son of a Son of a Sailor*, also went platinum, but the double live *You Had to Be There* sold less healthily.

Volcano came about on Monserrat, an island about 17 degrees above the equator, near Puerto Rico, the Virgin Islands and Martinique. George Martin, former producer of the Beatles, recently built Air Studios there for the double benefits of sunshine and lenient tax laws. Buffett and his Coral Reefer band descended on the facilities, along with James, Hugh and Alex Taylor, who came to sing harmonies. "It's a great little island" says Buffett, "very conducive to getting a lot done." Rum-sucking reputation notwithstanding, he recorded the album in a disciplined seventeen days.

Larry Solters, an Azoff aide assigned to steer Buffett to all his New York appointments, waits for Buffett's tardy chartered flight to arrive from Martha's Vineyard. Solters lights for a moment and says, "The last time I was in New York doing interviews with Jimmy, I spent four hour one night chasing him from bar to bar, telling him what he was supposed to do on the next day. He would go up to the second floor, up to the storeroom, and tell them if I came in to say he wasn't there."

Buffett deplanes, barely half an hour before the scheduled Klein taping, and says, "Did I ever let you down, Larry?" We jump directly for the limousine. The driver looks a lot like Burt Young in *Rocky*. Buffett, in tan, woven shoes and frayed bellbottom denims, appears either to be growing a beer belly or smuggling a tortoise beneath his flowers-and-egrets sport shirt. A funny woven cord loops behind his thinning, ringletted blond hair, hooked to a pair of sunglasses. "Are the Yankees on TV?"

At the RCA Building, Klein greets Buffett with a crack. "You were fogged in at Martha Vineyard? I wish I had excuses like that!" An MCA publicist rushes up with "the numbers," statistics on how many radio stations are starting to play the just-released LP. Seated in the engineer's booth while Klein introduces him to the studio audience as "a man who should be ashamed, taking money for the kind of life he leads," Buffett draws a photo from his wallet. It's his eleven-week-old daughter, Savannah Jane. "Think I'm in trouble?" he says. "She's just gettin' into yellin' now."

After the taping, I remark to Buffett

that most stories about him involved following along on a bar-hopping round. "Yeah," he says, shouldering into an elevator. "And I gotta go home and live with that." We drop back into the limo, drawing fire from one of New York's aggressive panhandlers. "That'd be a wino," Buffett says while pushing a button for the electric plexiglass sunroof, "a wino and a junkie." One of his most-quoted lines, "living my life like a song," is from a song called "The Wino and I Know."

We cross Manhattan at the start of rush hour, interviewing as the blur passes by. Eventually, we're settled in the Hotel Carlyle's calm, costly rooms. "I've always looked for a bar like the one in *To Have and Have Not*," Buffett says, "where Hoagy Carmichaels' playing piano and there's ceiling fans and Lauren Bacall and Bogart are drinking at the tables. It doesn't exist. But you do find characters on the run down there. That's where I pick up ideas for songs, talking to those people."

Doesn't this mix of socializing, drinking, toking, snorting and sailing wear a body down? "They've been doin' it in the Caribbean for centuries," Buffett says. "It really is a historical fact. You can be healthy and still do it. There's actually nothing else to do. Hell, who can turn down a piña colada when it's eighty degrees on the beach?"

I ask if Klein's opening remark, about taking money for an idyllic-seeming life, bothered him. Still smiling, Buffett flashes an expression that says he's dealt with this one before. "Nobody else was there when it was just me and a rent-a-car, driving to play the Holiday Inns." But the scuffling days are long past. Buffett keeps a home in the islands, another in Aspen, another in Alabama. *Euphoria III*, now being built, will carry him around the islands in style.

Another line of questioning: When fans identify with a performer, sometimes it forms a trap. They respond to certain elements in the performer's work — say, an emphasis on drunken good times — and ignore other subtleties. "Worst thing you can do is fear your audience," Buffett says, sipping his champagne from a plastic cup. "I don't want to be a shut-in, it's not my personality. I'm playin' for their enjoyment. Oh, they bug me sometimes, sure. I get calls like, 'You wanna just come down for a beer?'" Buffett swirls his eyes around the ceiling. "Hey, Larry, could you get that cap from my suitcase?"

Solters hands him a deckhand's hat from the United States Coast Guard Cutter *Diligence*, one of the boats assigned to crack the Caribbean smuggling trade. Somebody stole it to make Buffett a gift. "This is the cops and robbers catch boat," he says, striding around the room with the hat on, looking for a mirror. "They paint marijuana leaves on the stack for everyone they bust. They got a big flag they fly when they pop one." Glee is in his eyes. "And you just know every asshole on that boat smokes."

The future involves some writing, though Buffett isn't sure just what it'll turn out to be. "It'll naturally be something funny, with a lot of story. I keep journals, so that'll make it easy. There's somethings I'd like to say that won't fit into three verses and a chorus." Buffett took a screen test for *Nashville*, but no role resulted. Will he take another shot at film? "It's in the works," he says. "But I can't talk about it yet. I've been offered some things to do, some acting, but I want to wait till it's something comfortable." How much longer will he tour and make albums? "Forever," Buffett asserts. "Long as they buy 'em. That's the thing I do best. I'll never stop."

Jacoba Atlas

In Print

(Continued from page 9)

acts, seeming to say that death is as much a part of life as birth, and there are many more living, so let's concern ourselves with them. Still, it's made particularly clear that the lives of blacks, and minorities in general, aren't worth a nickel. Framing a native for a murder a white has committed is common practice. Life in Africa is hard and cheap.

To make his artistry complete, the author places the action in settings as vivid as his characters. The luxuriant foliage, the rough landscape, the ramshackle bungalows and buildings, all are easily seen with the mind's eye.

African Trio is an immensely readable, masterfully written volume. You'll want to share it with your friends.

Zan Stewart

A Genuine Heroine

Too many recent novels about women seem to rely solely on females who try to find themselves by careening between their psychiatrists and Bloomingdale's. *Burger's Daughter* (Viking, \$10.95), written by acclaimed South African author Nadine Gordimer, is a welcome exception to that trend and a remarkable accomplishment. She has written a novel with a genuine heroine — one who would be worthy of the morally weighted novels of, say, George Eliot or Edith Wharton. Rosa Burger, unlike many current heroines, doesn't earn her stripes by having the slimmest hips or the fastest dirty mouth or the most acrobatic sexual maneuvers; she becomes a heroine slowly, painfully and reluctantly by exploring the difficult relationship between personal pleasures and moral commitments.

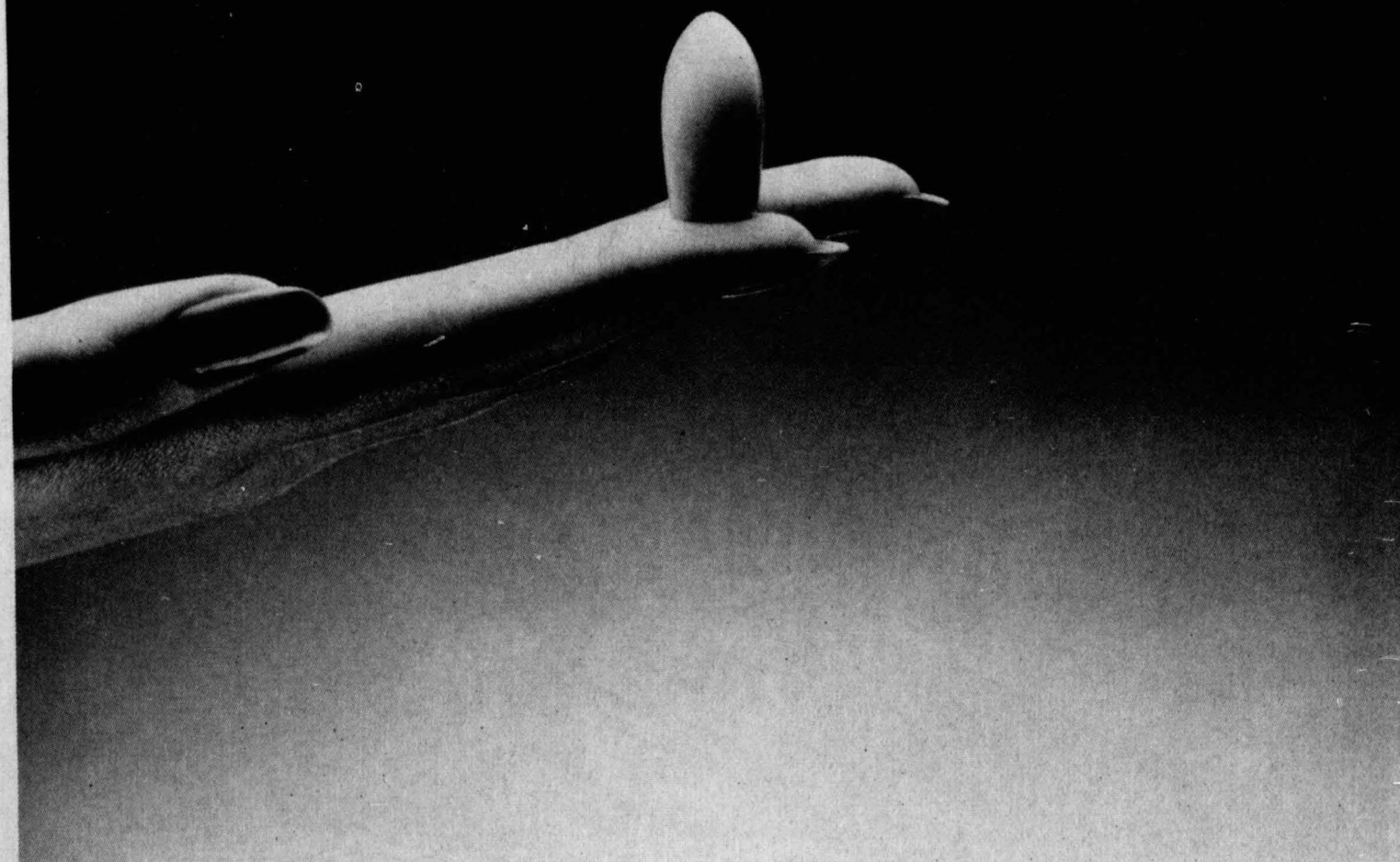
Burger's Daughter is about decisions. It's set in South Africa and deals with apartheid, at least so far as that scandalous rule applies to the Afrikaner Burger family. Rosa is the daughter of two political activists who are willing to die for what they believe. As the child of martyrs who are eulogized throughout the world by those who would see South Africa change, Rosa grows up in a household that takes personal sacrifice for granted the way others may count on milk for growing bones. But Rosa didn't choose her life, she inherited it, the way other children inherit a certain religion or blue eyes. It takes a long time for Rosa, (prophetically named for Rosa Luxemburg) to grow into her heredity.

What makes this book so powerful is that Gordimer never allows her political bias to interfere with her people; she has instead managed the near impossible and meshed them together totally. There are no absolutes in her novel, and she keeps our interest by introducing a myriad of unexpected, but totally possible, plot twists. The ending seems predictable in retrospect but when reading it emerges with valuable shock appeal.

Gordimer's style of writing is not unlike the film vocabulary introduced in the early Sixties by New Wave director Alain Resnais (*Last Year in Marienbad* and *Hiroshima Mon Amour*), fragmented and evocative. The book is crammed with memorable characters who lead honest lives. At its simplest level, *Burger's Daughter* is about the age-old conflict of how to be good to one's self and good to other people. Gordimer's novel makes an eloquent attempt to give us some answers.

Jacoba Atlas

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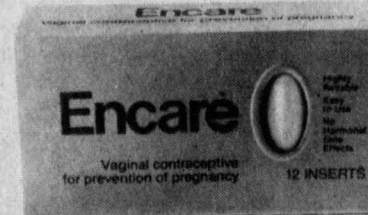
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