

## For his revenue sharing votes

# Neuhauser joins blasting of Mezvinsky

By MARK MITTELSTADT  
Asst. News Editor

Iowa City Mayor Mary C. Neuhauser Thursday joined Republican Gov. Robert Ray and Republican Congressional hopeful James A. Leach in lambasting First District Congressman Edward Mezvinsky for his votes on federal revenue sharing.

"I'm very disappointed with Ed," Neuhauser said following Mezvinsky's subcommittee votes earlier this week favoring a year-by-year appropriation of the revenue sharing funds instead of a multi-year appropriation.

Explaining that the year-to-year appropriation would make budgeting "very difficult" for municipalities, Neuhauser said, "I don't think he understands

budgeting, much less long-range planning."

However, Mezvinsky's aide involved with the revenue sharing legislation, John Kent, refuted Neuhauser's charges, saying they were "just her fighting words."

Kent said Mezvinsky's subcommittee favors "forward funding" where funds would be put into the revenue sharing account two years in advance, and that this provision would be recommended to the House Appropriations Committee, which would determine the revenue sharing allocation. "I'm sure Ed'll be for it," Kent said.

Neuhauser, Leach and Ray also charged that Mezvinsky's votes were contrary to earlier positions Mezvinsky

had stated. In a recent campaign flyer, Mezvinsky said he favored "continuation of a strong and fully funded program."

Neuhauser said the thing that "really burns" her was Mezvinsky's "saying one thing but then turning right around and doing another." She said she is sending Mezvinsky a letter highly critical of his votes.

Both Ray and Leach have sent Mezvinsky telegrams protesting the Iowa City Democrat's vote Monday on the House Inter-governmental Relations Subcommittee Mezvinsky sided with the majority in the 7-6 decision in favor of the one year approach to appropriations. The revenue sharing program began with a five-year appropriation which runs out in December.

Neuhauser was attending a Washington D.C. conference of the nation's mayors at the time that the subcommittee voted on the program. "The other mayors were really burned up," she said.

"He (Mezvinsky) told us his major concern with the program was that Congress needed more scrutiny over the allocations.

"There's no way that a Congressional committee can scrutinize this immense of a program," Neuhauser said. She said a "massive bureaucracy" would be needed to effectively scrutinize the program, adding: "That's been the truly nice thing about this program — having only 90 people to administer it.

"If they want to scrutinize it, they can build it in at their Congressional districts," Neuhauser said.

With annual allocations of about \$500,000, Iowa City will have received a little more than \$2.5 million in the five years of the revenue-sharing program by the end of this year.

City, county and state officials whose governments have received funding have been highly receptive to the revenue

sharing program. The funds can be used for virtually anything and can be received without specifying what they will be used for. The various governments have become highly dependent on revenue sharing allocations, and officials say it is necessary to know they are guaranteed the funding for several years in order to incorporate long-range plans in their budgets.

In a letter being mailed to mayors in the First District, Mezvinsky shys away from his votes on year-by-year funding, emphasizing, instead, his vote in a separate subcommittee decision in favor of a 3 1/2 year renewal of the revenue sharing authorization. "This is a time frame which represents a reasonable balance between the need for local officials to plan their budgets and the responsibility of Congress to remedy defects and respond to evolving difficulties on a regular basis," Mezvinsky said of the 3 1/2 year authorization.

Leach, in his own letter to the district's mayors, charged that there was "often no relation" between authorization bills and the actual appropriations which may be for shorter time periods than the

authorization.

A Bettendorf businessperson making his second attempt to unseat Mezvinsky, Leach in a telegram to Mezvinsky said the subcommittee's 7-6 vote "effectively emasculated the revenue sharing program. Your one vote made the difference."

Leach called for Mezvinsky to reconsider his vote.

Ray, in his telegram, said he was "surprised and disappointed" with Mezvinsky's vote.

"One-year funding will make it virtually impossible for states and localities to plan their budgets in a reasonable fashion, since no advance information will ever be available," Ray said.

Neuhauser said it would be hard to tell what effect the subcommittee's votes might have on the city's budget until the Congress comes up with a definite proposal.

Concerning what kind of plan may be developed by the Congress, Neuhauser said she "anticipated" there will be enough pressure to fund the program for the following year and then it will be dropped "once the election is over."

## Professionals on decline

By MARY SCHNACK  
and  
BILL JOHNSON  
Staff Writers

Applications for the 1976-77 academic year to the UI Colleges of Law and Dentistry have dropped considerably, while the applications to the College of Medicine have remained constant.

Howard Porter, dean of admissions at the College of Law, projected that the law school would receive approximately 950 applications for the upcoming year. This is a drop from the 1,167 received in 1975 and the 1,199 in 1974. The deadline for applications was March 1, although Porter said some applications are still being accepted. The law school accepts approximately 330 applications each year, he said, in anticipation that 225 students will actually enroll.

Dr. Devore Killip, chairperson of the admissions committee at the College of Dentistry, said 379 students filed final application forms, competing for 96 places. In 1975, 453 applications were received.

Thomas C. Taylor, coordinator of

admissions and records for the College of Medicine, said there were 480 formal requests for admission in 1976 for 175 available positions. Both of these figures are about the same as last year, Taylor said, adding that the number of Iowan applicants has increased 50 per cent over the last five years.

According to Killip, "Our enrollment has been increasing since the Vietnam war." In 1971, only 75 of the 442 applicants were admitted. Taylor said the medical college has no plans to increase the number of available spaces.

The law school accepts the highest percentage of women of the three schools. In 1975, 28 per cent of the new students accepted were women. The law school is the only college of the three that has not yet completed processing of 1976 applications. The dental college admitted 10 women this year, 14 per cent of the class, and for the last two years, approximately 18 per cent of the applicants accepted by the medical college have been women. The school accepted 175 applicants this year, of whom 30 were women.

"I think the increase (in women accepted) is due to an increasing number of qualified women who apply," Taylor said. In 1971, only 9 per cent of those accepted were women. "I think it is part of the overall awareness of women of (opportunities for them in) the professions," he added.

The dental school accepted four fewer women this year than it did last year. In 1971, only one woman was accepted.

According to Taylor, "We do not lower our standards to try to attract students. If a student does not meet our standards in science grade-point or the Medical College Admission Test or any other standards he is not admitted."

"The Educational Opportunity Program provides academic assistance to educationally-disadvantaged students from minority groups, Taylor continued. "We will not lower our standards."

The law school accepted 57 per cent of the women and 44 per cent of the minorities that applied in 1975. Dean Porter said approximately 90 members of minorities and 178 women applied this year, which is "about average."

Continued on page three

## Seek primary victories

# Reagan, Wallace in N.C.

By The Associated Press

Ronald Reagan and George Wallace, each seeking his first primary victory of the presidential campaign, sought support from North Carolina voters on Thursday as Sen. Frank Church of Idaho joined the seven-man field of major candidates for the Democratic nomination.

Former Georgia Gov. Jimmy Carter also was in North Carolina, telling voters he could defeat Wallace in every southern state except Mississippi and Alabama.

Republican Reagan, whose challenge to President Ford has been hurt by five straight primary defeats, insisted his candidacy was in better shape than he had anticipated before he launched his campaign.

Church said he was entering the race because "there is no sense of over-riding purpose, no serious discussion of fundamental choices which determine our future course."

In an announcement in Idaho City, Church compared his candidacy to the race between the tortoise and the hare. "Like I'm doing, he started slowly but came on strong to win."

He cited his nearly 20 years in the Senate, including recent work in investigating the CIA and FBI, as qualifications for the presidency.

Reagan said he would stay in the race even if he loses to Ford in Tuesday's primary.

"I don't see why suddenly this has turned around," Reagan said in Fayetteville, N.C., in an apparent reference to reports that his campaign is faltering because he has not won a primary and he will have to withdraw if he doesn't get a victory soon. "I don't think the press has been unfair but I think there's been some falling in line with the Ford campaign strategy on trying to pin everything on these first few primaries."

Later in Hickory, Reagan told reporters: "Go back to Nov. 20 when I

declared. I remember distinctly reading that if I got 40 per cent in New Hampshire and came close in Florida, the President would have to seriously consider dropping out."

He did not say where he read the prediction. Reagan got 47 per cent of the vote in the Florida primary and 49 per cent in New Hampshire.

White House Press Secretary Ron Nessen said in Washington that Ford and his associates want to do what they can to assure that Reagan and his campaign workers will be welcomed "when Reagan decides to give up his campaign."

Asked if he meant to suggest that Reagan's eventual withdrawal was a foregone conclusion, Nessen said, "That's for Reagan to decide."

Nessen said Ford "has not asked nor authorized anyone on his staff or at the PFC (President Ford Committee) to put out any feelers to Reagan" urging that he withdraw.

Democrat Wallace told an enthusiastic crowd at the Kinston, N.C., airport that his health was fine and would prove no obstacle to his serving as president. "I feel good," Wallace said. "If I wasn't in good health, I wouldn't be in Kinston."

The Alabama governor, confined to a wheelchair since a 1972 assassination attempt, lost to Carter in Florida and Illinois but outdistanced him in Massachusetts, won by Sen. Henry Jackson, D-Wash.

Wallace told the Kinston crowd that Carter was supported by former backers of Sen. George McGovern, the party's 1972 nominee. "I don't have any McGovern workers with me and I don't want any," he said.

Meanwhile, Carter told a crowd at a downtown Charlotte rally that, "Wallace, for a long time, unfortunately, has been the spokesman for the South. But times have changed and I think the South is much better represented by people like me."

Carter later motored to Concord, where he donned an apron and helped cook pancakes for the Cabarrus County Boys Club annual pancake feast.

A poll published earlier this week by the Raleigh News and Observer showed Carter with an 11 per cent lead over Wallace in North Carolina.

Also on the ballot in North Carolina are Democrats Jackson, Rep. Morris Udall of Arizona, former Sen. Fred Harris of Oklahoma and Texas Sen. Lloyd Bentsen, who has dropped out of the race.

However, they have decided not to campaign actively here and are spending their time in other states.

In other political developments: —Jackson said in New York City's Spanish Harlem that jobs, education and housing are his top priorities. "I'm talking about our people," Jackson said. "I'm talking about the Puerto Rican people, the black people."

—Harris said he planned a major effort in Pennsylvania's April 27 primary and would scale down his efforts in New York and Wisconsin. "With (Pennsylvania) Gov. Shapp out, a number of delegates who had been for him have now ... indicated they will go for me," Harris said. Gov. Milton J. Shapp withdrew from active presidential campaigning after defeats in Massachusetts and Florida.



Photo by Dom Franco

## Lazy day grazing

# CUE suffers concerts lapse

By LARRY PERL  
Staff Writer

"You'll probably see some really good acts (bands) this summer," the chairperson of the UI Commission for University Entertainment, (CUE), Joel Carl, mused Thursday. The remark was followed by perhaps 10 seconds of silence. "But not in Iowa City." He laughed hollowly.

CUE hasn't had much to laugh about this year. Last semester the student organization, which schedules and sponsors concerts in the Field House, came through with only Jethro Tull in the Field House, and Jimmy Cliff in the Union Ballroom.

CUE had the Field House reserved for a possible concert there on March 19, but was unable to schedule any acts for that night.

CUE also has the Field House reserved for the night of April 24, and have several other open dates later this semester, but Carl said "the chances are pretty slim"

of coming through with any concerts.

"There are an amazingly minute number of bands on tour right now," Carl said. "Ninety per cent of all acts aren't touring. Instead, they're waiting until this summer to do outdoor shows."

Carl said, "A band can make more money doing one big outdoor show than it would be touring for a week. And due to all this Bicentennial bullshit, all the bands want to play outdoor concerts. We've got some open dates, but there's nothing available. It's a pretty sad situation."

Carl said that in Performance magazine, a concert industry magazine which tells what acts are touring, there have been four or five groups touring in the past three months which CUE would consider bringing into the Field House.

"We've tried to get bands," Carl said, "but either they won't be in the (Iowa City) area during the dates that are open to us, or else they're demanding more

money than we're willing to pay and won't consider coming down to our price range. And now, with no one touring, there's no talent (popular enough) that we could headline alone."

Carl said CUE has also tried to book two or three "smaller," less popular acts in the Field House for the same show, what he called "combination acts."

"But that's wierd too," Carl explained. "Each band thinks it should be the headline act, and wants more money if it isn't going to be the headline act. They all want their (group) name to be big on the posters. It's pretty frustrating for us."

Carl said CUE had three acts on the line for the March date. "But in the two weeks that it took us to settle everything, two of the acts canceled out, and we couldn't headline the remaining act by itself."

Carl reeled off a list of well-known bands planning outdoor shows this summer that would make the modern music lover weep for joy.

"The (Grateful) Dead are going on tour this summer," he said. "(Jefferson) Starship, the Who, Rod Stewart, The (Rolling) Stones, (Paul) McCartney; they're coming out this summer all at once.

"I'm not even sure there's enough money to go around if all these bands play (in the United States) at the same time. It costs a good \$12 to \$15 to go to one of those shows. I don't know if people have that much money," Carl said.

None of which helps CUE. "It's expensive to open the Field House doors for a concert," Carl said. "We need an act that will break us even. We have to gross \$25,000 to \$30,000 in order to pay the talent and overhead costs for the use of the Field House."

This means CUE must book bands popular enough to draw large audiences and induce audiences to pay \$5-7 for a ticket. The bands popular

Continued on page two

## Rockwell woos Pentagon brass

WASHINGTON (AP) — Rockwell International, the nation's 10th largest defense contractor, entertained 100 Pentagon figures at a hunting lodge on Chesapeake Bay and at other company facilities, Sen. William F. Proxmire has disclosed.

Among those hunting at the lodge on Wye Island or visiting facilities at Farmington, Pa., Pine Bloom, Ga., and Bimini in the Bahamas were Adm. Thomas Moorer, who was then chairperson of the Joint Chiefs of Staff.

Others included Vice Adm. Vincent de Poix, former director of the Defense Intelligence Agency; Maj. Gen. M. E. Carl, inspector general of the U.S. Marine Corps; Adm. William Thompson, chief of Naval Information, and Lt. Gen. Ken Schultz, commander of the Air Force's Space and Missile Systems Command; and Adm. Carl Holmquist, chief of Naval Research.

Rockwell International is the developer of the B1 bomber and is also involved in rocket and space technology.

A list of 43 new names made public Wednesday by Proxmire, D-Wis., includes seven admirals, five generals, six Navy captains, eight Army and Air Force colonels among other civilian officials and military officers who visited Rockwell facilities.

A separate list includes the names of 14 officials of the National Aeronautics and Space Administration.

The list of 43 names was supplied to Proxmire by Rockwell International at the senator's request.

## Weather

On this the feast day of St. Joseph, we watch as the swallows return to Capistrano — and, if you're not careful, the starlings will getcha in Iowa City. Highs this weekend will be in the 70s, with a threat of rain Saturday or Sunday.

# Daily Digest

## CUE

Continued from page one

### Hearst arguments end

SAN FRANCISCO (AP) — Patricia Hearst's prosecutor portrayed her Thursday as a liar who should be convicted of bank robbery while the lawyer defending the young heiress implored her jury to view her participation in the crime as a matter of survival.

F. Lee Bailey, in a surprisingly brief closing argument for the defense in the eight-week trial, told the jury: "This is not a case about bank robbery... It is a case about dying or surviving. That is all that Patricia Campbell Hearst thought about."

Bailey's final statement, the one he said could win or lose the case, followed an often dramatic two-hour presentation by U.S. Atty. James L. Browning Jr. The prosecutor urged the panel to reject Hearst's "entire testimony as not credible" and pronounce her the willing revolutionary she proclaimed herself to be while in the company of the Symbionese Liberation Army. She was, Browning said, the "rebel in search of a cause" described by government psychiatrists. Dismissing her story as "incredible," he said she took part in the robbery with "nerve" and without coercion.

In a final response before court was recessed, Browning told jurors:

"I'm sorry Patricia Hearst was kidnaped. I'm sorry anyone was kidnaped... but can you assume that she was a kidnap victim for the next 19 months?"

"Don't be misled by the smokescreen that the defense has raised. Judge this case on the merits. Judge this case on the evidence."

The scene thus was set for final instructions and presentation of the case to the jury on Friday — six months to the day after Hearst, the fugitive heiress, was arrested in a San Francisco apartment.

### Italian Demos weaken

ROME (AP) — Premier Aldo Moro's Christian Democrats, plagued by economic crisis and Communist electoral gains, appeared Thursday to be edging toward an accommodation with the powerful Communist party.

The U.S. Embassy repeated Washington's opposition to a Communist role in government here.

In fast-moving political developments, the Christian Democrats, dominant but declining, opened a crucial party congress expected to determine the role of the Communists, Italy's second largest party, in the immediate future.

At the congress, the Christian Democrats acknowledged the growing strength of the Communists, who took a third of the vote in recent regional elections and spoke of the need to check out the moral conduct of politicians in the wake of the Lockheed payoff scandal.

The U.S. Embassy, meanwhile, reiterated the Ford administration's opposition to Communist participation in Italian government, saying it would "call for a reassessment" of America's economic, military and other relations with this NATO country.

A spokesman queried after Moro consulted publicly with Communist leader Enrico Berlinguer said his comment signaled no change in the U.S. position and merely reaffirmed recent statements by President Ford and Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger.

### Lover not damaging

DOYLESTOWN, Pa. (AP) — A Common Pleas Court judge has struck down the right of a husband to sue his wife's lover for damages because, the judge ruled, a woman is entitled to choose her sexual partner.

"The principle that one person has a cause for action for money damages against another arising out of his spouse's voluntary... sexual activity with another person is abhorrent and repugnant to modern standards," Judge Isaac S. Garb of the Bucks County court said Wednesday.

But Garb emphasized that in setting new legal principles in marriage, he wasn't favoring marital infidelity. "This is not to advocate or even condone such conduct," he said. "This is merely to acknowledge what we consider to be a given fact in the evolution of our moral and sexual mores."

Garb said it was a woman's constitutional right "to engage in voluntary sexual relations with a person of her choice," and he added this privilege also was enjoyed by men.

"We do not believe that the conclusion we reach constitutes the destruction of the family as an institution in Pennsylvania," the judge said.

Pennsylvania courts have permitted spouses to sue under an ancient common law principle that a husband has the right to "the services, fidelity, consortium, body of his wife."

Recently wives began to bring actions against girl friends of husbands under the equal rights amendment adopted by the state legislature.

Supported by two other Common Pleas Court judges in this Philadelphia suburb, Garb dismissed the suit filed by A. B. Kyle of New Britain Township, near Doylestown.

enough to draw such audiences and ticket prices are holding out for the summer outdoor shows, however, making it impossible (thus far, at least) for CUE to book such an act which would gross the amount of money needed to pay talent and Field House overhead costs.

"It's not like we've been sitting on our ass," Carl said. "It's simply a condition that exists right now. It's just been a bad year. There are good years and bad years."

This isn't the only bad year for CUE, which financially had been in the red two years ago, and had only begun to see black with last year's successful Yes and Jefferson Starship concerts which reaped CUE some \$50,000. Other successful shows in recent years include the

### Regents request delay on Old Brick demolition

By DAVE HEMINGWAY Staff Writer

The state Board of Regents has written to First Presbyterian Corporation President Dr. Richard Peterson, asking that the razing of the old First Presbyterian Church building on the corner of Market and Clinton streets be delayed until after the regents' April 8 meeting.

The Friends of Old Brick, a non-sectarian Iowa City group seeking to preserve the building, is planning to meet with a negotiating committee of the church next week, according to Friends member Abigail Van Allen.

The letter marks the regents' first formal request that the

Presbyterians delay demolition so that the Friends can continue efforts to save the structure. The Friends are trying to raise \$140,000 to buy the site in order to preserve the church. The regents are contracted to take possession of the land — minus the Church building — May 1.

The 120-year-old building was placed on the Federal Register of Historic Places in 1965. Iowa law prohibits any institution receiving federal monies to demolish buildings on the register. The First Presbyterians, who do not receive federal monies, are required, by their contract with the regents, to raze the building before the regents take possession of the land.

### Elections commission restructure in impasse

WASHINGTON (AP) — A wrangling Senate admitted defeat Thursday in efforts to pass legislation restructuring the Federal Election Commission before the March 22 deadline set by the Supreme Court.

After three days of debate, party leaders said the measure will be taken up again next week in a fresh attempt to break the impasse.

The controversy is not over providing presidential appointment of FEC members to comply with the court's Jan. 30 decision, but focuses on other proposed changes in the campaign finance law passed in 1974.

Even if the Senate had passed a bill this week, a companion measure was not slated to be brought up in the House before next Thursday.

The delay in congressional action will leave the FEC in limbo, unable to approve further federal campaign subsidies for presidential candidates or to carry out other parts of the 1974 law.

Recognizing this, the FEC voted 4 to 2 earlier in the day to reject requests from the Democratic and Republican parties to advance funds for their presidential nominating conventions.



Photo by Lynn Hopkins

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Allman Brothers Band concert and the Grateful Dead concert.

But then there are the failures, including the loss of several thousand dollars on the Dave Mason concert last year, even though Mason charged only \$7,500 for his performance. Last year's Lou Reed show also lost money.

In a Daily Iowan article last year, the former chairperson of the Hancher Entertainment Committee (HEC), Mike Dierdoff, depicted one of CUE's more pressing problems.

"Who can afford to pay \$6 for a ticket?" Dierdoff said, referring to the average ticket price of a CUE-sponsored concert. "When the cost of living goes up, the cost of entertainment goes up with it. It's all reflected in the ticket cost. 'Actually,' he continued, 'The audience sets the price, because the customers are the ones paying. CUE knows what it has to get, and when they get up in the \$6 range, they run into trouble.'"

HEC doesn't have the

financial worries that come with obtaining the higher priced bands. "A lot of really big acts are rock and roll," current HEC chairperson John Gallo said earlier this year. "(James) Wockenfuss director of Hancher Auditorium) won't allow anything in Hancher that might tend to get people too rowdy, because the hall would get torn up. So we're pretty much restricted to mellow, lesser known performers."

However, louder rock and roll has come to Hancher recently (Little Feat and Bruce Springsteen, for example). With the current shortage of bands touring, however, CUE must worry about finding a band or bands who are touring, before they can begin to worry about ticket prices. Apparently, the chances of finding bands on tour aren't good.

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## Without Stark, no opera career

# Cuccaro returns to honor teacher

By JEAN BOLLHOEFER  
Staff Writer

She's spirited, warm and glowing. She's a former UI music student — and an ex-meter maid — who hit it big in opera. She's Constance Penhorwood Cuccaro — known in international opera circles as Constanza Cuccaro. And she's back in town for a retirement dinner Saturday honoring her former mentor, UI music professor Herald Ira Stark.

"He is my career," Cuccaro said. An energizing wave of obvious love and respect spread over her face. "Without him, there would be no career."

Cuccaro, a coloratura soprano, came to Iowa City from Ohio in 1964 and began studying with Stark, affectionately known as "Prof," the next year. According to the singer, Stark — not just her natural talent — led to her winning of the 1967 Metropolitan Opera Auditions (as the youngest to ever win the auditions, according to Stark). Stark, she said, led to her becoming a member of the Zurich Opera Co. in 1969 and joining Deutsche Oper in Berlin in 1972. She made her Metropolitan Opera debut last fall as Rosina in *The Barber of Seville*, something that rarely happens so early in a career.

"His understanding of the singing voice is the finest in America, as proven by these accomplishments," she said. After winning the Metropolitan auditions, Cuccaro said she received numerous offers to study in New

York. She added that the Metropolitan Opera director asked why she would even consider coming East when she already had the "finest" teacher.

"Prof prepared me so well that colleagues still comment on my technique as well as my security on stage," she said. "It's a positive approach that I learned under his guidance."

Once, while on stage, her zipper broke and she had to completely change the staging. Because her technique in breathing and tone quality was so automatic, she could do what Stark had always instructed: "Go out and sing, have a good time and communicate. At this point, forget technique." She did just that.

During her four years of study here, Cuccaro said that Stark never rushed her into anything for which she was not prepared. She said he never made her nervous or upset and added that he made her feel as if she could only do good things. In Cuccaro's eyes, this led to her solid progress.

"The best thing is his ear for a voice," noted Cuccaro, "because he could hear in 1965 what my voice would be like 10 years later. Few people in the world have this gift."

While she was overseas, Stark would go to Europe each year to give her lessons. In turn, she would come to the States annually in order to work with Stark.

Stark, head of voice in the Music Dept. and holder of the Fisher Chair of Opera since



Photo by Dom Franco

Opera singer Constance ("Constanza") Cuccaro sings for her instructor, UI voice director Prof. Herald Ira Stark. "He could

hear in 1965 what my voice would be like 10 years later," the Metropolitan Opera singer said. "Few people in the world have this gift."

1972, was born in Nebraska in 1907. He graduated with a Bachelor of Science degree in education from the Nebraska State Teacher's College at Kearney, where he racked up band and orchestra experience. In 1932, he was offered the

equivalent of a graduate assistantship at the UI, and two years later, he received his master's degree in music. He never left.

Stark, who was director of music and conductor of the Chancel Choir of the United

Methodist Church from 1933 to 1971, is listed in "Who's Who in the Midwest."

George Tepping, a graduate student from Dayton, Ohio, is chairperson of the dinner honoring Stark for his 44 years on the UI Music Dept. faculty. Invitations have been extended to 500 former students of Stark, as well as to current vocal students, school of music faculty members and other special guests. Tepping said that at least 150 people have

said they'll attend the event, which includes a "musical roast."

Cuccaro said that one of her most treasured memories is from her Metropolitan Opera audition when "Prof" came to share the thrill.

"It was not my night, but our night," she said.

Perhaps Saturday will truly belong to Herald Ira Stark.

## Professionals

Porter said that, in 1969, a Law School Admissions Council statistician said law school applications would double in the next three years. They did. According to Porter, the statistician said last year that applications would drop and then level off for three to five years before increasing again.

Last year, applications at law schools across the nation were down 15 to 35 per cent, but the UI did not experience any drop in its enrollment until this year, he added.

The selection committee for the College of Dentistry has 14 members, besides three ex-officio members from the UI and dental offices of admissions, according to Chairperson Killip. He said, "The voting members include one dentist who is a general practitioner, one professor in the basic sciences, one senior dental student, and 11 faculty members from the dental college."

"Applicants are selected on the basis of their overall grade point average, their science grade point average and the Dental Aptitude Test, which is given nationwide," Killip said. Asked whether many of these students were taking dentistry as a second choice to medicine, he said he feels that the majority of dental students are "primarily oriented toward dentistry" as their first choice. He does not feel that the dental school gets many students who have been denied entrance to medical school.

The law school admissions committee hopes to be finished by

May 1, according to Dean Porter. It had admitted about 40 per cent of the 1976-77 class by spring break, Porter said. The committee had processed half of the applications by then.

Last year, the committee did not finish processing applications until June.

Porter said the admissions committee consists of himself and four faculty members who are chosen by the dean of the college. "We generally get one new member every two years," he said.

The committee selects no more than 10 per cent of its new students (for the next year) in January, no more than 15 per cent in early February, no more than 50 per cent from mid-February through mid-March, and the remainder in whatever time is necessary to complete the process.

The law school has higher standards for out-of-state students than for native Iowans. The College of Medicine has no set quota on how many out-of-state students are selected, but applications from an out-of-state student must be in by August 15 of the year before the student wishes to enter the school. Applications for in-state students are accepted until the spring before the year in which they wish to attend.

The College of Dentistry saves from five to 15 positions for out-of-state applicants, depending on the qualifications of the in-state applicants.

Continued from page one

## American 'meddling' enrages Chirac

PARIS (AP) — Premier Jacques Chirac blasted what he termed "uncalled for" American intervention in French internal affairs Thursday while U.S. Ambassador Kenneth Rush met with Socialist leader Francois Mitterrand, reportedly for the third time in 18 months. Mitterrand attacked what he said were President Ford's "particularly unwarranted remarks" about French domestic politics.

Warnings from Ford, Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger and American diplomats that Communist participation in a future French left-wing coalition government would be viewed with disfavor in Washington have led to an uproar among French politicians.

The U.S. Embassy in Rome, uneasy over possible participation by Communists in an Italian government, repeated a similar warning to Italian officials Thursday.

Both the Italian and French Communist parties say they are pursuing their own independent brands of Marxism-Leninism and are publicly committed to achieving power through parliamentary means.

While the United States is upset over the prospect of Communists sharing power in NATO allies France and Italy, the Kremlin is also making angry statements. But Moscow's irritation is over the Western parties' pursuit of "national" communism.

Talking to correspondents shortly before Mitterrand and four of his top aides went to lunch at Rush's embassy residence, Chirac said he found it "shocking" that the Socialist leaders should turn down repeated invitations from President Valery Giscard d'Estaing but accept one from Rush "only a few days after the uncalled for intervention by the American authorities in the internal affairs of our country."

Emerging from his 2½-hour luncheon with Rush, Mitterrand brushed aside Chirac's complaint, declaring, "Mr. Chirac is not the depository of the honor of France."

But Mitterrand said he, too, "found an opportunity to point out and condemn" Ford's "particularly unwarranted remarks on the internal political situation in France."

The Socialist-Communist alliance scored significant advances in departmental (regional) council elections Sunday, polling more than 51 per cent of the total vote and seizing control of 15 of the 62 regional councils previously held by government coalition parties.

### Love for Three Oranges

April 9, 10, 11 Hancher Auditorium

\*Opera tickets on sale, now to University of Iowa students only, at Hancher Box Office.

April 9 & 10 at 8 pm—\$2.50 (student)

April 11 at 3 pm—\$1.00 (student)

\*Tickets on sale Mon., March 22, to all students (any university, or secondary or elementary student) and to non-students.

Hancher Box Office-353-6251  
an Iowa Center for the Arts Production

### This Weekend!

#### Impulse

(Jazz Quintet)  
Friday, 9-12 p.m.  
Real knock-your-socks off jazz

#### Prairie Grass

(Bluegrass band)  
Saturday, 8-12 p.m.

#### FREE

Brought to you by those twisted souls from the...

#### Wheel Room



## NOTICE

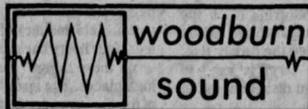


### PRICE INCREASE



## WARNING

JBL has announced a general price increase of 10% in April. So if you've been planning to buy a pair of speakers, do it soon!



402 Highland Ct. 338-7347



In the Hall Mall



109 S. Dubuque

## YOU & ME:

Exploring Communication  
Human Relations Weekend

March 26-28

University Counseling Service

353-4404

Lutheran Campus Ministry  
presents a  
Lenten  
Matins Service

Sunday, March 21  
11:00

at

Gloria Dei Church

Special guests:  
Phyllis and Herb Anderson, of  
Wartburg Seminary,  
present a "Sermon Dialogue"  
All Welcome!

## Music by Three

featuring Robert Rouch,  
French Horn  
Monday, March 22  
at 8:00 p.m.  
IMU Main Lounge

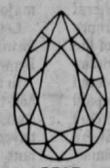
An informal mini-concert  
and discussion  
No Charge



Young Concert Artists, Inc.

## FIVE C's IN FOUR SHAPES

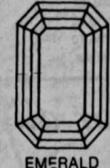
- CONSISTENCY OF
- CUT
- COLOR
- CLARITY
- CARAT WEIGHT
- PEAR
- EMERALD
- MARQUISE
- OVAL



PEAR



MARQUISE



EMERALD



OVAL

Whatever the shape of the diamond, its most important ingredient for beauty is the mystery with which it is cut & polished. That's why we suggest our Herteen & Stocker-cut diamonds. Ideally cut for maximum brilliance & consistently beautiful regardless of the size. See them in traditional round shape & also their glamorous variations: Pear, Emerald, Marquise & Oval shapes. From \$100 to many thousands.



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**the Daily Iowan**



# Interpretations

## 'Immorality' unleashed

The Iowa House tried to pass legislation Tuesday that would bolt the closet doors and keep Iowa's morality "safe." Rep. Robert Kreamer, R-Des Moines, tried to tack onto a rape reform provision of the proposed Criminal Code an amendment to make homosexuality a felony. "I find this whole area of behavior repulsive," he said.

It was Kreamer's behavior that was repulsive. He tried to force his moral standards upon people of the state. Rep. Horace Daggett, R-Kent, said it is a "moral issue" and "we have to be careful of the environment we create about us." What Daggett failed to do in endorsing the amendment is to define who "we" and "us" are. Certainly we of the university community would prefer to create our own environment, rather than depend on the Legislature.

Iowa Citizens can be proud of their representative, Democrat Arthur Small, who said, "When this amendment first came up, I thought you were kidding, but apparently you were not... Advocates (of the amendment) seem to be under the impression that we're rewriting the Ten Commandments." He voted against it, as did William Hargrave, D-Iowa City.

Sixty voted against the amendment, but 32 voted in favor. One of them was Rep. Terry Branstad, R-Lake Mills, who feared that lack of a prohibition against homosexuality will "put greater pressure on our young people to experiment with this type of activity."

What Branstad — and the other 31 supporters — must not

realize is that sexuality is a part of all of us, but we manifest it in different ways. Most children, who probably are totally unaware of laws governing sexuality, experiment or at least dream of many types of sexual relations.

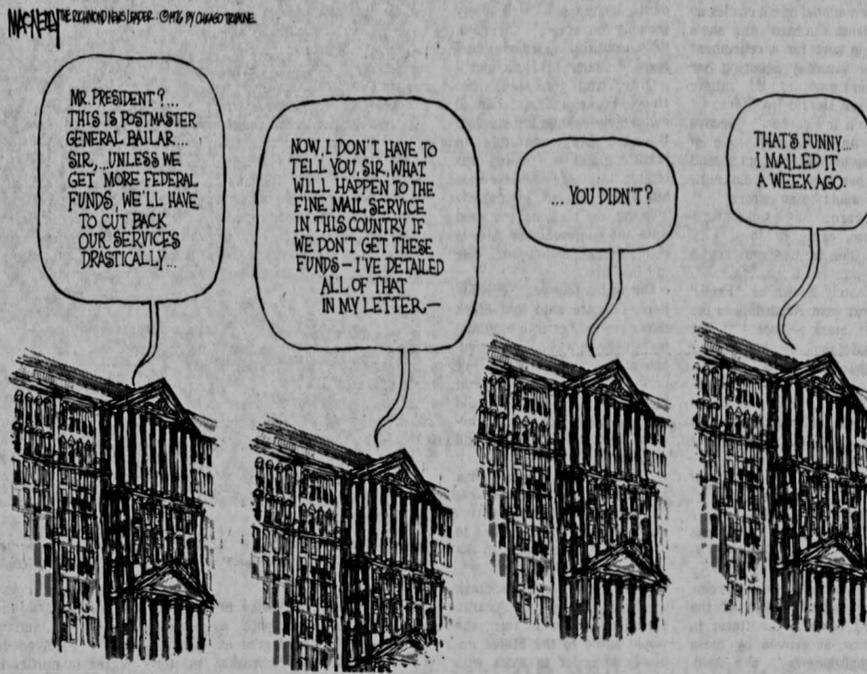
Rep. James Spradling, D-Orange City, a psychologist, pointed out that if the legislature is truly representative of the total populations "there are 15 to 20 practicing homosexuals in this body."

Types of sexual activity among consenting adults are not for the House to decide. Kreamer, by introducing the amendment, is trying to play God by telling Iowa citizens what lifestyles they may lead. Kreamer and the other 31 supporters are grossly misusing their legislative powers.

Voters in the districts of those 32 legislators should let their representatives know how outraged they are at this behavior. And more importantly, when election time rolls around bigoted, antiquated remarks and support of such issues should not be forgotten.

It's frightening that legislators think they have the power to enforce their moral beliefs on us, especially concerning the private matter of one's sexuality. If the House wants to spend the time on an issue such as homosexuality, it would be better off trying to take off the books the already existing law against sodomy — an act punishable with a 10-year prison term.

MARY SCHNACK



## Growers exposed on elections

On Feb. 6 the California Agricultural Relations Board (ALRB) was forced to close all its offices for lack of operating funds. This means that all farmworker elections have stopped, as have all hearings to determine the winners of previous elections which have been challenged. In the face of overwhelming United Farm Workers (UFW) election victories the growers and their Teamster allies have decided that secret ballot

Marshalling enough Republicans and rural Democrats in the state legislature, they managed to defeat a \$3.8 million emergency appropriation to continue funding the ALRB through the end of the current fiscal year in June. Although the vote was 20-15 in favor of the funding, a two-thirds majority was needed. (In June only a simple majority will be needed to fund the ALRB as part of the 1976-77 general budget.)

Growers demanded fundamental changes in the election process as their price for the emergency funding. They want to extend the period between petition filing and election from the present seven days to 21. Since many harvests last less than three weeks this would give many growers an easy means to prevent elections.

Another proposed change would completely eliminate the provisions allowing union organizers the right to meet with workers on grower property. The UFW has understandably rejected these changes as completely unacceptable.

So the growers and Teamsters have given their answer to how they really feel about those "free elections" they professed to champion. By effectively stopping the ALRB, major organizing drives among Coachella Valley grape workers and farmworkers in the Arvin-Lamont area have been sidetracked and no elections are likely. Reprisals on ranches which voted for the UFW may become a major problem.

Letters protesting this shameful performance should be sent to Gov. Jerry Brown and Sen. Clare Berryhill.

In addition to the continuing boycotts of non-UFW table grapes, iceberg lettuce and Gallo wines, the UFW has also called for a boycott of Sun-Maid raisins and Sunsweet nuts and processed fruits. Support the boycotts!

James P. Walters  
1303 Lukirk  
Iowa City

## Holy holdouts menaced

TO THE EDITOR:

In this bicentennial year we are scheduled to undergo a crucial test of perhaps the nation's strongest *raison d'être* and principle cause for settlement — religious freedom.

The Supreme Court has decided to rule on whether a person can be fired or refused hiring due to his religious belief that God commands him not to work on the Sabbath — from Friday sunset to Saturday sunset.

The matter has been gaining attention lately as more and more employees — mostly Orthodox Jews, Seventh Day Adventists and Worldwide Church of God adherents — have been seeking protection from Saturday work through the courts. Courts have generally ruled in the employees' favor... So now Parker Seal Co. is asking the Supreme Court to rule ... in favor of employers.

The outcome will, of course, be vitally important to all whose deepest and most fundamental personal *raison d'être* — obedience to God — cannot allow working on the Sabbath. Losing out on a good job or career which one is trained for and is competitively qualified for can be for anyone quite depressing and emotionally destructive.

There seems to be two fundamental questions involved here. The first asks if the United States can afford to sell out its moral foundation of individual human dignity and personal civil liberties in order to force two million citizens to give up their moral convictions so that no employer will ever be inconvenienced by them.

The excuse given by employers for legitimizing such ruling is that if the government were to stop an employer from rejecting a Sabbath keeper for not working the Sabbath, the government would be establishing religion, thus contradicting the First Amendment, which states: "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion or prohibit the free exercise thereof..."

These employers are looking at this backwards. To allow ... employees to exercise their religion freely — that is, without the cost of losing a livelihood, career and ability to support a family — is not to establish a government religion or to impel others to join in refraining from Sabbath work. On the other hand, by allowing others within its jurisdiction (employers) to make laws or enforceable rules prohibiting the free exercise of religion, the government would be indirectly imposing a religion of non-Sabbath observance upon those who don't hold that religion...

It should further be noted that those who are "too moral" to work on Saturdays are also "too moral" to join in the annual multibillion dollar binge of employee theft, and they are "too moral" to assault or rob others. They're the safest people to be around...

In this bicentennial election year politicians are groping for solutions to our economic problems, but none to my knowledge has ... even mentioned trying God's solution: "...keep my holy day free..."

Lyle D. Briggie  
222 E. Market  
Iowa City

## Recycling 218 urged

TO THE EDITOR:

Recently The Daily Iowan has given attention to the Freeway 518 issue. Much of the controversy has been centered on the effort to save historic Indian Lookout. While Citizens for Environmental Action (CEA) strongly supports this position and this effort, our opposition to 518 goes beyond the attempt to save this historic place...

CEA is not opposed to good roads, but is in favor of maintaining and improving our present road system. Highway 218 is admittedly in very poor condition and unsafe. The people who must use 218 deserve something better. The question is whether

to improve 218 or replace it with freeway 518...

Building a four-lane freeway consumes the equivalent of one family farm every five miles at the cost of over \$1 million per mile. Here in Iowa, one of our most important natural resources is our top quality farmland. To build a new four-lane concrete strip parallel to an existing road is a deplorable waste of our most valuable resource, our land...

Regardless of whether 518 is built, 218 will still need improvement. People living along 218 and others who use 218 for short trips will not be served by a freeway with limited access. If an alternative to 218 is built, whether it be two or four lanes, 218 will be reclassified and turned over to the county to maintain and improve. This will add to the responsibilities of the county in terms of time, total road bed served, and county road budget problems...

Even if 518 is constructed, it would have only a marginal impact on relieving projected traffic problems in Iowa City and may create additional problems for residential streets such as Melrose Avenue... Freeways and expressways tend to generate additional traffic that would not otherwise have occurred, especially truck traffic.

CEA realizes the importance of maintaining an adequate north-south highway, and we sympathize with those who must use 218 in its present condition. Throughout Iowa and across the nation, the idea of recycling our resources is gaining wide support. Recycling, remember what it means: renovating or in some other way reusing the existing, rather than using up more resources to replace it. It is time to apply this principle to transportation.

Jack Hennes  
Administrative Assistant  
Citizens for Environmental Action

## Old Brick's 'gift'?

TO THE EDITOR:

I find it incongruous that a serious effort is being made to collect \$140,000 to save a crumbling building when there are so many urgent needs in the community.

Johnson County United Way fell short of goal this year. The Volunteer Service Bureau was closed for lack of funds. Goodwill Industries is trying to close an old mortgage so they can look to the future. The Youth Emergency Shelter's living room chairs are spewing steam onto the floor and there are no replacements.

If "Old Brick" could speak, I'm sure she would say, "Take my photograph, write my history, remember me as part of your heritage — but don't spend \$140,000 to preserve my aching bones! Spend it on God's children." What more suitable memorial could there be to an old church?

Bette K. Miller  
4420 Lakeside  
Iowa City

Letters to the editor should be typed and signed, with phone number included for verification. Phone numbers will not be printed with the letter.

## The bird for all our turkeys

doug wilhide

I'm one of those people who still get excited about a new word. A revived archaism, a skewed up cliché, a new piece of slang — anything which vitiates the language — can loosen me up like a bottle of Ripple. One of the great disappointments of the Illiterate Generation has been their lack of linguistic imagination. I mean you can only go so far down a dead end street on O'wow, fuhsure, farrou and lilliwerd.

But they have given us one word which almost makes up for everything. It's a word which has been around since the very beginnings of American history, but which has just recently been allowed to come into its own as a universal term. It's a word which is a kind of copout because it sometimes is a cover for what you really want to say, but a word which has its roots in the corn, so to speak, a real folk term which has an unmistakable significance when uttered. The word is: turkey.

As I say, the turkey has been with us since our forefathers. It was what they fed to the Indians on the first Thanksgiving. They fed the Indians a lot of other stuff, too, which eventually cost the Indians their land and their turkeys, but that's another story. Let them eat crow.

For a long time the turkey was only a bird and used only as a noun. But it began to take on adjectival possibilities when it was discovered that he turkey is kind of a dumb bird. You call the guy who asks for bordukes wine a turkey, or the guy who haughtily tells the service station attendant to "fill 'er up" and discovers that he's at a self-service pump. A lot of self-service pumps re turkeys.

Pretty soon there was a whiskey named after turkey, though I'm not sure if that means



anything about the people who drink it. In the '40s there was a dance (perhaps originated by drinkers of the whiskey?) called the turkey trot. I understand that the same term is used to describe the reaction to certain dishes served in the dorm.

In Iowa the term has a special significance. When I first came here they told me that the sports teams were named after an American bird. I figured it was probably the Iowa Eagles. Imagine my amazement when I went to a game and heard the fans yelling "TURKEYS!" at the team. It took me a while before I learned that

that was the fight song.

But it is just recently that turkey has come to be used for so many concepts. People who give up smoking, drinking, swearing, taking pills, etc., are said to stop "cold turkey." If you drink too much, or smoke the wrong kind of cigarette, or take too many pills you can pass out cold turkey. People who are straight, don't swear, don't drink, virgins, etc., are sometimes referred to as cold turkeys.

There are turkeys constantly presented to us on TV. The guy who draws a red line on his bald head for some kind of cough syrup, people who paint numbers on their noses, kids who look for ring around the collar, wives who sniff for medicine breath, guys who are drier on their left sides — all turkeys. Baby Mikey is a turkey.

In Iowa City, too, a lot of things which we might have described as chickenshit, are now described as being promulgated by turkeys, or attributed to the general turkeyness of the town. Stoplights that aren't synchronized, book prices, three people in two-person rooms, eight people in no-person lounges, the quality of the sports pages, the non-quality of the radio stations, the restaurants and lack of them, the fact that it's at least four hours back to civilization as we know it — all these things seem to be due to turkeys in high places. The birds which editorialize in front of the library every spring and fall are thought to be incognito turkeys.

Education has its share of turkeys. There are turkeys in all the classes — some of them learn, some of them teach, some of them giggle, some of them sleep. There are whole classes which are turkeys. There are turkeys who serve on committees and insure the continuance of

procrastination. There are administrative turkeys, dean turkeys, secretary turkeys and T.A.s who are turkeys. There are turkeys who write in The DI and turkeys who don't.

Perhaps the biggest flock of turkeys is in the political arena. I've mentioned that the turkey goes back to our country's very beginnings and certainly our political history is replete with examples. I don't think that the radical group trying to make textual changes to some of our finest political rhetoric will succeed (fill in the proper six-letter bird: We hold these truths to be self evident, that all men are created — —; ask not what your — can do for you, ask what you can do for your —), however, in an election year perhaps we should be a bit more conscious of the turkeys in the race.

Ford would be a turkey if he had enough personality. Reagan is kind of a crippled turkey — he only has a right wing. Scoop Jackson seems to be a "lunch bucket" turkey. Jimmy Carter — do they feed turkeys peanuts? I'm sure you can think of others.

The turkey's time seems to have arrived. I don't know if this is the Year of the Turkey in China, but perhaps we should consider it such in America. Theodore Roosevelt once tried to get the national animal changed to the grizzly bear. His was a well-intentioned if misguided effort. Perhaps now is the occasion, as we celebrate our bicentennial, to recognize the bird that has meant so much in our history. Certainly the turkey's linguistic platform is broad enough now, that it ought to be a candidate for a national symbol. I'd venture to say that were it on the ballot, it would outpoll most of the candidates who go by other names.

## Daily Iowan

—Friday, March 19, 1976, Vol. 108, No. 168—

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The opinions expressed on this page are the opinions of the signed authors, and may not necessarily express the opinions of The Daily Iowan.

# Postscripts

FRIDAY

## Lectures

William Neill, University of British Columbia, will speak on insularity, Community Structure and Coevolution of Zooplankton in Oligotrophic Lakes" at 4 p.m. today in Room 201, Zoology Building.

Phillip Hubbard, UI vice-president, will speak on "The University from the Central View-Point" at 4 p.m. today in Room 3407, Engineering Building.

Thomas Armstrong, Kansas, will speak on "Solar Particle Composition As Observed by Explorers 47 and 50" at 3:30 p.m. today in Room 301, Physics Building.

Paul de Man, prof. of French, Yale, will speak at 3:30 p.m. today in Room 304, English-Philosophy Building.

## Recitals

The Iowa Brass Quintet will present a recital at 8 p.m. today in Clapp Recital Hall.

Linda Carolan, percussion, will present a recital at 8 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

A Chamber Music Recital will begin at 6:30 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

## 'Zulu'

The film Zulu will be shown at 7 p.m. today in Shambaugh Auditorium. Admission is \$1.

## LINK

A resource is a skill, a hobby, a technique, an interest. If you can find a playable cello and bow, LINK can put you in touch with a person who is interested in teaching you whatever to get around the way you would like-cello music is wonderful. Call LINK at 353-3610.

## Orientation Committee

The Orientation Committee is looking for student volunteers to help in the Student Faculty Home Visits Program Aug. 23. For more information call 353-3743.

## Impulse

Impulse, jazz quintet, will be featured from 8-12 p.m. today in the Union Wheel Room.

## Scuba Registration

Registration ends today for Elementary Scuba. This is the last certification course this spring. Sign up in Room 122, Field House. The course begins at 7 p.m., March 22, in Room 200, Field House.

## Readers' Theatre

Readers' Theatre Hunger Pains, a new play by Fred Hoffman, will be presented at 12:30 p.m. today in the Union C.D.R. Room.

## 'She and He'

The Program in Asian Studies will present the Japanese film She and He at 3:45 p.m. today in Room 70, Physics Building.

## Voices of Soul

Voices of Soul Concert will begin at 8:15 p.m. today in Hancher Auditorium.

## MEETINGS

Core Committee for Student Interprofessional Health Team Conference will meet at 4 p.m. today in the Union Yale Room.

The Folk Dance Club will meet from 7:30-11 p.m. today in the Union Hawkeye Room.

The Iowa Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of German will meet at 10 a.m. today at the Union.

Iowa City Duplicate Bridge Club will meet at 7:30 p.m. today at the Carousel Conference Center, Coralville.

The Coffeehouse will provide an open stage from 9 p.m. on today, corner of Church and Dubuque streets.

Films for Children will begin at 10:30 a.m. and 1:30 p.m. today in the Public Library Story Hour Room.

The Johnson County Board of Social Welfare will meet at 1 p.m. today in the Conference Room, Social Services County Office, 911 N. Governor St.

HERA offers problem-solving, body work therapy group for women from 3-5 p.m. Fridays at Wesley House, 120 N. Dubuque St. For more information call 351-3152.

The Over-22 Club will meet at 8:30 p.m. at the Union east entrance to go roller skating. Cost is \$1.50 plus fifty cents for skate rental.

The Brown Bag Luncheon Program will feature Laura Lechenger, graduate student, Poetry Workshop, speaking on "Sex vs. Art and Women in Literature" at 12:15 p.m. today at the WRAC.

Continued on page seven

# Union 'Open Mike': 'professional-quality' acts

By JIM MORSE  
Staff Writer

If you're looking for something to do on campus in the evening, the Union Wheel Room might be just what you need. With the addition of the "Open Mike" program, entertainment is now provided in the Wheel Room six nights a week.

"Open Mike" is the latest addition to the Wheel Room's bevy of entertainment and is now in operation every Monday night.

"It ('Open Mike') is that nice in-between of paid performing and just playing for friends," said Michael Monahan, A2, after he and his partner finished their acoustic-guitar medley.

"It is a good way to get used to playing in front of people," agreed Monahan's partner, Dan Hoellwarth, A1.

"Open Mike" means that the microphone on stage is free for use by any type of artist that wants to perform.

"Everyone that has played down here has been of professional quality," according to Howard Weinberg, who serves as moderator every other Monday.

Dennis Jones, who also believes the entertainers have been of a high caliber, was an originator of the Wheel Room's first open microphone in 1972-1973. "The quality of musicians in Iowa City has gone up incredibly in the last two-to-three years," he said. "Open Mike" didn't work as well in those earlier years and was discontinued until just recently.

Chris Frank, co-moderator of "Open Mike," thinks the experience achieved through the program will help the musicians find openings in town. "The idea is to give people a chance to play in public and get jobs here (the Wheel Room) or at local bars," he said.

"There isn't anyone here that would hire them," according to Weinberg. "Some have thought they are auditioning, but they aren't." "Open Mike" is mainly for the enjoyment of the performer and the audience.

Each act is given 20 minutes onstage. According to Frank, the program has averaged seven or eight shows a night. The function of the moderator is to introduce each musician and fill in if a gap

occurs.

Most of the acts have been guitar and vocal and a few bluegrass bands. Frank, an elementary music teacher here, hopes the variety of performers will expand. "I would like to see some mime (pantomime) or even magic tricks," he said.

Any musical instrument would get good response, according to Weinberg, who noted that a woman playing a string bass was well accepted by the audience in one of the first programs.

The program runs from 8 p.m. until the Union closes at 11. As far as crowd response is concerned, both Weinberg and Frank believe the program has been successful. They plan to keep the sessions going at least through the end of this semester.

Prospective performers for "Open Mike" are asked to sign up on a sheet posted outside the Committee for Alternative Programming (CAP) office in the Union to be assured a chance to do their act.

## WORKSHOPS ON COLLEGE TEACHING

\*Computer Assisted Instruction:  
Developing CAI Materials  
Dr. Bobby Brown 7-9.30 P.M.  
Tuesday, March 23 302 Lindquist Center

\*Constructing Tests . . . . . that measure  
more than memorized facts  
Dr. Doug Whitney 7-9:30 P.M.  
Monday, March 29 Harvard Room, Union

\*The Ever Popular Lecture  
Dr. Charles Johnson—Making it Interesting  
Dr. Barry Bratton—Making it Educational  
7-9:30 P.M.  
Wednesday, April 14 Harvard Room, Union

## U.S., Ireland agree to reduce arms flow

WASHINGTON (AP) — President Ford and Irish Prime Minister Liam Cosgrave said Thursday they have agreed to an intensified effort to halt the flow of illegal arms from the United States to Northern Ireland.

In a joint communique issued after Cosgrave's meeting with the President, the two leaders also appealed to people in both countries to halt financial contributions to organizations which provide weapons to the provisional Irish Republican Army.

At a news conference later, Cosgrave said there is a clear link between the supply of weapons and the New York-based Irish Northern Aid Committee, which has about 80 U.S. chapters.

"The connection is very direct indeed," he said. The prime minister cited the case of a shipload of arms seized off the Irish coast in 1973. A number of persons arrested for their part in arranging the purchase were officials of the aid committee, he said.

He said some committee officials "have been living it up in Ireland, living on the ill-gotten gains" obtained from robberies in England and Ireland and

## Nutty gun nut

OMAHA, Neb. (AP) — Authorities have rejected a request for a gun permit after the applicant was truthful about his purpose for wanting to carry a firearm.

Asked his intended purpose, the applicant wrote, "robbery." Police discovered the man was wanted in another state and jailed him.

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- The Story of Our Lives . . . . . Charles Dodge
- Syrinx . . . . . Claude Debussy
- Synchronisms No. 1 . . . . . Mario Davidovsky
- Nadam No. 1 . . . . . Michael Grove
- Bearbeitungen uber das glogauer Liederbuch  
for four instrumentalists Charles Wuorinen
- Arrival Music IIC . . . . . William Parsons

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# Loss of confidence in higher education is 'clear danger'

By ROBERT K. BOWER  
Staff Writer

Public disenchantment with higher education "constitutes a clear danger and a challenge to the academic community to set about regaining the public's confidence as rapidly as possible," according to Alan Pifer, president of the Carnegie Corporation.

Pifer issued the warning in an introductory essay to the recently published 1975 annual report of the corporation, one of the largest benefactors of education in America.

Nowhere, Pifer wrote, is the "negative vision of higher education's future" greater than among some elected state officials. "In certain states there seems an outright determination by legislators to reduce their great public universities from hard-won national and international ranking back to the status of purely local or, at best, regional institutions."

Reversal of this trend, he warned, will be "an enormous task, involving public officials, leading citizens, young people, the general public and, most of all, academic institutions themselves."

"No one can promise that this urgent undertaking will succeed. If it does not, however, it will not be higher education alone, but the entire nation that will be at risk...."

Pifer said the causes of the present disenchantment may stem from "a broad sense of alienation felt by many Americans from their leading social and political institutions, based on a gnawing consciousness of the nation's mistakes and failures in Southeast Asia, its seemingly powerlessness to solve its most serious problems, and its inability to achieve a stable economy."

Now that higher education is past the "era of unprecedented growth, affluence and exalted status" of the 1960s, it is no longer assured of the unquestioning public regard and financial support it once enjoyed, Pifer wrote.

**Princess to get legal separation?**

LONDON (AP) — A divorce for Princess Margaret and her husband, photographer Antony Armstrong-Jones, has apparently been ruled out because of their two children, but a legal separation is likely, Buckingham Palace sources said Thursday.

Their two children are David Viscount Linley, 14, and Lady Sarah Armstrong-Jones, 11. Another possible factor in choosing separation is the position of the Church of England, which firmly opposes divorce.

Margaret herself cited the admonition against divorce when she turned down a marriage proposal 20 years ago from divorced Group Capt. Peter Townsend. But one veteran observer of royal affairs said Buckingham Palace and the Church used "thumbscrew techniques" to make Margaret call off that union.

Reports from palace sources have suggested that Lord Snowdon wanted a divorce but that Queen Elizabeth was reluctant to agree to any such move. She is secular head of the Church of England and as such is automatically on the side of those who oppose divorce.

Rumors of a rift in Margaret's marriage have circulated for more than 10 years, only to be scotched by the couple turning up at some affair arm in arm.

"Increasingly," he continued, "doubts are being voiced as to whether (higher education's) benefits are not outweighed by its costs and burdens."

Pifer called some of these doubts "well-intentioned and well-informed. Others seem prejudiced and even tinged with vindictiveness. Still others appear to be part of a new journalistic fad of disparaging the value of college attendance."

Pifer cited several measures academic institutions should take to encourage the emergence of "a new consensus regarding the position of higher education in American life...."

First, the institutions "must stop trying to sell higher education to potential students on the grounds primarily of its economic benefits." Rather, the appeal should be made "on the much more legitimate grounds" that higher education will enable individuals "to enjoy life more fully and contribute more effectively to the general welfare of mankind."

Second, higher educational institutions "must continue to press ahead with the administrative and educational reforms on which they are now embarked," but without de-emphasizing the liberal arts, "which are the very heart of higher education."

Third, cost-cutting, while at the same time preserving or even improving quality, "should not be designed just to save institutional expense but to effect real savings for students, parents and taxpayers."

Another area for consideration could be faculty productivity in teaching and research, according to Pifer. Finally, higher education should review its operations, "to be certain that the highest ethical standards are adhered to in every facet of institutional life...." Pifer called this "the very heart of the reform higher education must undergo if it is to regain wide public regard."

The Carnegie Corporation of New York was founded in 1911 by Andrew Carnegie for the advancement and diffusion of knowledge and understanding among the people of the United States and certain Commonwealth countries.

During 1974-75 the corporation appropriated nearly \$14 million for grants to schools, colleges, universities and other organizations.

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James Metc...  
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HULLO...  
3-19  
A social comedy...  
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**Postscripts**

Continued from page five  
**SATURDAY**

**Percussion Ensemble**

The School of Music Percussion Ensemble will present a concert at 1:30 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

**Recitals**

Barbara Anderson, trumpet, will present a recital at 4:30 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

Julie Hahn, horn, will present a recital at 8 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

Lynn Fletcher, violin, will present a recital at 3 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

**Scuba certification**

Scuba Instructor Certification Institute will begin at 8 a.m. today in Room 200, Field House.

**Bluegrass**

Prairie Grass, bluegrass band, will be featured from 8-12 p.m. today in the Union Wheel Room.

**Spring Ball**

Mu Delta Chapter of Omega Psi Phi Fraternity, Inc., will hold its annual Spring Ball March 20 in the Carousel Inn Crown Room. Cold Sweat will be featured and the evening's highlight will be the crowning of the Mu Delta Chapters Miss Omega Sweetheart. Tickets are \$3 for singles and \$5 for couples. The Ball will last from 9 p.m.-1:30 a.m.

**MEETINGS**

Newcomers division of the University Club will sponsor a Progressive Dinner Party beginning with cocktails from 6-7:30 p.m. today from which each couple will progress to dinner at different homes from 7:45-9:30 p.m. All couples will meet at Bill and Betty Oglesby, R.R. 4, The Woods, for a desert extravaganza. Co-chairwomen for the dinner are Ms. Cavitt and Ms. Daniel.

The Iowa Chapter of the American Association of Teachers of German will meet at 9 a.m. today in the Union Grant Wood Room.

Story Hour for Children will begin at 10:30 a.m. today in the Public Library Story Hour Room.

Films for Children will begin at 1:30 and 2:30 p.m. today in the Public Library Story Hour Room.

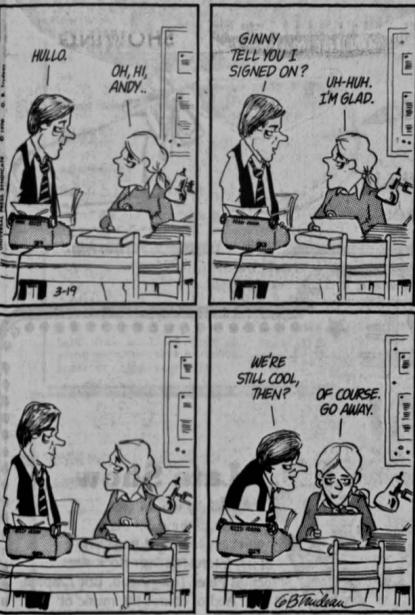
The Iowa City Genealogical Society will sponsor the second of five free classes at 10 a.m. today at the State Historical Society Library, 402 Iowa Ave.

**SUNDAY**

**Lecture**

James Metcalf will speak on "America's Secret Places" at 2:30 p.m. today in MacBride Auditorium.

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**Callaway ouster 'almost certain'**

WASHINGTON (AP)—White House sources said Thursday that Howard H. ("Bo") Callaway is almost certain to be replaced as President Ford's re-election campaign manager. The post is to be given to Rogers C. B. Morton, former Maryland congressman, former Republican national chairperson, and former secretary of the Interior and of Commerce. Meanwhile, a formal inquiry was launched into the waiver of

charter airplane regulations for flights to a Colorado ski resort partly owned by Callaway. He has been suspended from the Ford campaign due to the waiver.

"It's all a question of timing," said one White House source who asked not to be named. The charter flight inquiry was announced by the Civil Aeronautics Board, which granted the waivers starting in 1969 to landing sites near the ski resort.

"The board has no information indicating improprieties in the grant of any waiver or exemptions," the CAB statement said. "However, the board is undertaking a review of the circumstances under which the waivers were granted."

The Rocky Mountain News published an article saying that Callaway arranged one or more meetings between CAB officials and his brother-in-law to speed up the charter flight permit.

Callaway, a onetime Richard M. Nixon campaign official and a former Georgia congressman, resigned as secretary of the Army to head Ford's re-election campaign.

The President, voicing full confidence in Callaway's integrity, suspended him from that job last Saturday — at Callaway's request, he said — after reports were published that Callaway pressured the Agriculture Dept., while in the cabinet, to grant favors to the ski resort.

A White House spokesman said Thursday the question of replacing Callaway on a permanent basis "is under study, but nothing has been worked out yet."

Ford's press secretary, Ron Nessen, told reporters that Callaway was accompanied by his attorney, Jerris Leonard, to a 30-minute White House meeting Wednesday requested by Richard Cheney of the presidential

staff.

Did that mean Callaway was resisting efforts to oust him from the campaign post? Nessen replied that he had nothing further to say on the matter.

Did Leonard's presence suggest that Callaway and White House officials were in an adversary relationship? "Not that I'm aware of," Nessen said.

An investigation was promised into another aspect of Callaway's interest in the Crested Butte ski lodge owned by him and his brother-in-law, Ralph O. Walton.

Sen. Floyd Haskell, D-Colo., said he is not satisfied with information about a tentative Forest Service decision to permit expansion of the ski area onto 2,000 acres of federal land.

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Give Heart Fund  
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**New Music**

The Center for New Music will present a concert at 8 p.m. today in Clapp Recital Hall.

**Recitals**

Ann Knickel, piano, will present a recital at 3 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

Allen Unklesbay, percussion, will present a recital at 1:30 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

David Guion, trombone, will present a recital at 6:30 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

Lucinda Van Ark, violin, will present a recital at 4:30 p.m. today in Harper Hall.

**Family plays**

Two family-oriented plays, He Who Says Yes and He Who Says No and Free to Be...You and Me, at 3 p.m. today at the First Presbyterian Church, 2701 Rochester Ave. A free-will offering will be taken.

**MEETINGS**

Lutheran Campus Ministry will sponsor a Lenten Matin Service at 11 a.m. today at Gloria Dei Church.

The Coffeehouse will sponsor a meal and film on the '68 primaries.

The Soccer Club will start spring session with a game at 2 p.m. today at Kinnick Stadium. There is a practice at 4 p.m. March 19 behind the Field House and another at 10 a.m. today at Kinnick Stadium.

Explore avant garde rock nightly at 9:30

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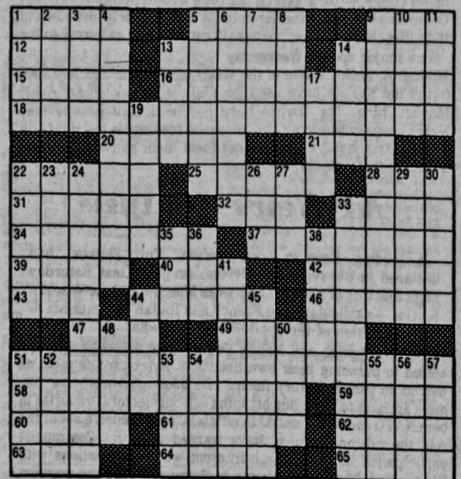
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**CROSSWORD PUZZLE**

Edited by WILL WENG

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  - 56 Knit in reverse
  - 57 German admiral



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**Rod and custom car show**

# Cruising culture captures curious crowd

By HAL CLARENDON  
Staff Writer  
MONTICELLO—The shiny wheeled vans, the pick-ups and the just plain brand new family sedans are pulling up to the Jones County Fairgrounds to see the Rod and Custom Car Show held on a recent Saturday here.

Inside, the crowds file by the sparkling, lacquered, hand-rubbed exhibits—from all over Iowa—displayed under bright colored lights and set off by loudly playing music of the '50s, '60s and '70s.

Revolving red, yellow and blue lights show off a gleaming pick-up called the "Chevy 1976 Stepside." It has been modified, its label says, with a five-inch "top chop," a Frenched antenna, filled side lights, filled tailgate, custom grille, sun roof and a filled gas door. A sprayed view of the Golden Gate bridge in the moonlight shines on the deep red tailgate.

Bill Day is busy rubbing his lemon yellow 1937 Chevy, which has a fire-tongued hood. He has put \$3,000 and untold hours of labor into a car that, as he put it, he found "rolled, rotted and a piece of junk down to the frame."

Day's customized car, which he drives every day and calls a "street rod," is being admired

by young couples that stand together arm-in-arm. They like the car's personal touches, like the padded area behind the front seats that Day has set aside for his kids, or the orange pin-striping that reads "Bill" on the driver's side door and "Shirley" on the passenger's side. And Day keeps the whole car—the seven gallons of hand-rubbed interior and even the wide "mag" tires—dustlessly clean with spray furniture polish.

Lee Pratt drives his pearl-white top-chopped '65 Buick almost every day, too. Pratt is tall and thin, and his long hair is swept back in '50s style. He's been customizing cars for 16 years, but his '65 Buick features more customizing work than any other car he's ever done.

The wide doors, the endless white hood and trunk have no handles or latches; they open electrically at the push of a secret button.

The roof Pratt hacksawed off and lowered eight inches. Shaped sheet metal adds 15 inches to the front and 10 inches to the rear. And the suspension system has been rebuilt out of surplus aircraft landing gear.

Aircraft hydraulic cylinders and pumps give the car the potential of over a foot of clearance; the car can be

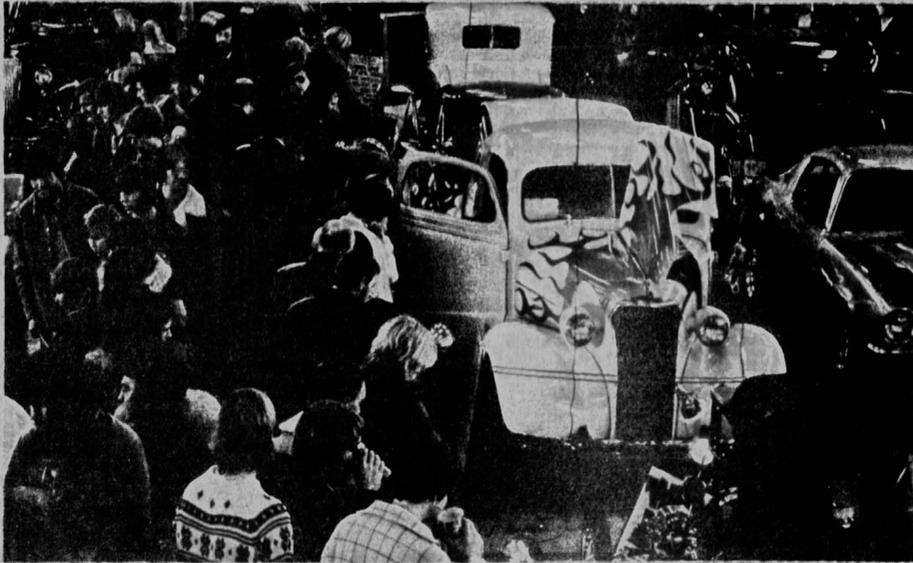


Photo by Art Land

lowered until its frame rides a few bare inches above the ground.

Pratt has experienced the end of the American customizing craze. All through the '60s, Pratt made a living by shaping sheet metal and removing chrome for those

wanting their cars customized. But after 1969, Pratt's business dropped off suddenly.

"With costs the way they are now," he explains, "I couldn't do the work if there was any and come out with more than \$2 an hour for my labor." Now he's going into the insurance

business.

But Pratt still loves driving around in his pearl white customized Buick with the "metal-flake" purple painted roof. He still turns heads when he passes. He drives what is fast becoming the obsolete past of the American dream.

## Local survey for arts directory

By THERESA CHURCHILL  
Staff Writer  
The Iowa City-Johnson County Arts Council is conducting a survey of local artists' activities and resource needs for the purpose of compiling a directory that will help coordinate Johnson County area art activities.

The directory will list individual artists, organizations and performing groups in addition to providing the names of organizations which might employ various artists. It will also list available rehearsal, performance, studio and exhibition space.

Michal McCall, associate director of the Art Resource Survey, said the survey is attempting to reach musicians, writers, dancers, craftspersons, dramatic artists, folk artists and visual artists. Approximately 1,800 surveys have been mailed to students and local residents, with a 50 per cent return rate so far, she said. Surveys are also available at the Civic Center, but they will not be accepted after May 31; the directory may be published by late August.

"We're hoping to make the directory available as widely as possible," McCall said, adding that the cost of individual copies will be kept low, possibly under two dollars.

"The arts council does intend to update the directory from time to time, probably annually," she continued.

Money for the project was provided by the National Endowment for the Arts (NEA) with matching funds from the Iowa City municipal government. The NEA awarded the arts council a \$10,000 City Spirit Grant for 1976, for which the arts council needed to initiate "some kind of project aimed at stimulating community involvement in the arts," McCall explained. She said a portion of the grant will be used for program development in the community.

"Perhaps it would have been nice to have gotten support grants for individual artists," she said, "but the arts council felt this would help more." When the council applies for grants, the directory will provide enough data so that specific requests can be made, McCall said.

The Iowa City-Johnson County Arts Council elected a 22-member board of directors March 1, having been in existence for about a year. Donna Friedman, UI assistant professor of art, is chairperson of the board, which meets monthly.

Regular meetings of the arts projects committee are held at

7:30 p.m. on the third Monday of each month in the Iowa City Recreation Center. McCall said interested persons should attend if they wish to "initiate ideas" for arts programs.

"While it's true that the arts council is very young here, and both the board of directors and membership are volunteer," McCall said, "it's been able to accomplish an awful lot in one year." She said, that as a "fledgling organization," it has contributed labor, rather than funds, to various community art events, including the

Blackhawk Arts Festival last spring and summer and a city sculpture festival last October.

The arts council plans to participate in Iowa City's Bicentennial celebration in April, co-sponsor an artists workshop involving legal problems and protections on April 1 at the UI Art Building, and sponsor a small group of performing artists, who will appear in conjunction with the dedication of Old Capitol in July.

An arts council membership drive is underway, but McCall

feels that membership will remain open and inexpensive. "The openness has had the advantage of making the arts council more a blend of artists and people interested in the arts," she explained.

McCall said the arts council hopes to also serve artists by acting more as a "referral agency" between artists and organizations interested in them. She said the council is already serving that purpose, but that the directory will facilitate it by providing a central information source.

**DINNER AT HILLEL FOUNDATION**  
6:00 pm. Sunday,  
March 21  
**THE MENU:**  
TUNA, EGG, &  
VEGETABLE SALAD,  
HERRING, ASSORTED  
CHEESES, & FRUITS.  
CORNER OF MKT.  
AND DUBUQUE

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Mixed Nougat of Carnations,  
Pom-Poms, Statice  
Regularly \$6.00  
**\$3.19 CASH AND CARRY**  
FOR FOLKS BACK HOME—REACH OUT AND TOUCH THE FTD WAY.  
Florist Eicher florist Greenhouse  
14 S. Dubuque 410 Kirkwood  
9-5 Daily 8-9 Daily 8-6 Sat. 9-5 Sun.

**ZULU**  
March 19  
7:00 p.m.  
Shambaugh Auditorium  
\$1.00  
Starring  
Sir Michael Redgrave Stanley Baker Michael Caine

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walk the earth...  
see the land  
the moccasin - it fits.  
it's handcrafted  
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it's for you  
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## Kremlin denounces W. Europe parties

MOSCOW (AP) — After months of trying to play down its differences with Western Europe's independent-minded Communist parties, the Kremlin is now publicly denouncing their ideas of moderate, "national" communism as heresy to the

In a major speech Wednesday night, chief Soviet ideologist Mikhail A. Suslov spoke of the Westerners in almost the same terms the Soviets have used for their chief ideological rival, Maoist China. The Soviets have now told both groups that Moscow's understanding of Communist ideology is the right one and that the Soviet Union will not meet them halfway on practical and theoretical questions.

### AP News Analysis

A leading Kremlin spokesperson, Yuri Zhukov, had declared in his regular television program last Saturday night that talk of a full split between Moscow and the Western parties—particularly the French and Italian Communists—is a concoction of the capitalist news media.

Both the French and Italian Communists are publicly committed to pursuing their own brands of Marxism-Leninism as well as to parliamentary means of achieving power. The formula appears to be paying off with regional electoral victories in both NATO countries, and U.S. officials, apprehensive about the way the tide might turn, have warned that any Communist participation in national government will cool relations with Washington. The U.S. Embassy in Rome repeated the warning Thursday, and French Premier Jacques Chirac said similar warnings addressed to France amounted to "uncalled for intervention by the American authorities in the internal affairs of our country."

Whether the split between the Kremlin and the Italian and French parties is complete or not, Moscow's relations with the Western parties appear to be at their lowest ebb ever. A top Czechoslovak Communist official, Josef Kempny, sounded a similar warning against independent-minded parties last weekend in a speech in northern Bohemia, suggesting the entire East Bloc may be involved in the campaign. Romania, however, has been pursuing its own independent foreign policy for some time.

Suslov, 73, did not mention Western parties by name. But Western Communists on Thursday took the speech as aimed squarely at them.

"Everything opportunists present as some regional or national versions of Marxism have nothing in common with revolutionary theory and do harm to the cause of the working class," Suslov told a meeting of the Soviet Academy of Sciences.

**BIJOU THEATRE**  
3rd Floor, IMU

**JIMI HENDRIX**  
Late Show  
A skillfully woven biography of the great black musician who died tragically at 27. Interviews with Rock stars such as Peter Townshend, Eric Clapton, et al. And of course the music of Jimi Hendrix.  
Friday 11:45  
Saturday 7, 9 & 11:45  
Bijou \$1

**The Ruling Class** Sunday 7 & 9 pm  
Ballroom \$1  
Peter O'Toole, Alastair Sim, Arthur Lowe, Harry Andrews. O'Toole won his fifth Academy Award nomination for his tour-de-force performance as the quite mad 14th Earl of Gurney. Peter Medak directed this satire about a member of the House of Lords who thinks he's Christ, reposes on a cross, & dances the 'Varsity Drag.'

**The Phantom Tollbooth**  
Bored teen-ager takes an educational (but amusing) journey from a live world into an allegorical-fantasy land of letters, numbers, music & sound & grows mentally & intellectually. Voices: Butch Patrick, Mel Blanc, Hans Conrard, Patti Gilbert, Shep Menken, etc.  
Sunday 1 & 3 pm  
Bijou Adults \$1 Child 50¢

**That Cold Day in the Park**  
Directed by Robert Altman  
Robert (M.A.S.H.) Altman's first major film stars Sandy Dennis as a Canadian spinster who invites up to her apartment a young hippie she notices one rainy afternoon in the park. The precursor of Altman's 'Images.'  
Sunday 7:30 & 9:30 \$1 Bijou

**"The last word in thrillers. Terrific."**  
★ PLUS ★  
**'REPORT'**  
Friday 7 & 9:30 Bijou  
Saturday 7 & 9:30 Ballroom  
Sunday 4 pm Ballroom

# Intramurals

by Mike Wellman

Warren Slebos has handed down his final basketball poll of the season, but before I reveal it I think something should be pointed out about one-man polls. The college wrestling poll which people hereabouts have watched for all winter is another solo job. I imagine that one-man polls are generally about as rare as one-man bands. At any rate, this one knows 10 selections:

1. MAD (All-U Champs)
2. AKK (All-U Runners-up)
3. Westlawn CC
4. PKA
5. The Lamb
6. Delta Upsilon
7. Kappa Sigma
8. DSD
9. Rienow 7
10. The Gauchos

Slebos said that MAD received 100 per cent of his mind's first-place votes.

I SAID I WOULD have some reflections on the IM basketball championship games and I guess I do, even though they don't seem quite as timely as they once might have.

The women's game came first on the night's agenda and that was certainly appropriate if you're an exponent of the "save the best for last" doctrine.

Actually, the game wasn't all that bad. In many ways, it was basketball. For the Dauminoes, who beat the Hot Dogs 25-18, Zoe Carter played well inside and Carol Hudson both dribbled and shot well from outside.

The women even yelled at the refs and so did their coaches ("I thought body checking was only allowed in hockey"). And, finally, I'm not sure, but I think the winners were happier than the losers. Too bad.

There's really not much to say about the coed game, except that it's interesting watching a bunch of football players on the court one minute and a band of somewhat smaller women the next. In case you don't know the coed format, two platoons of women go at it for five minutes and then two teams of men replace them. Women play the first and third quarters, the men the second and fourth. I think it would be more interesting if they put five men against five women. At any rate, Lamb beat Ebony 42-28.

The men's game was a classic contest between sheer ability and organization and strategy.

MAD is an exceptionally talented team, though the men don't always play as though they're anxious for people to know that. Dave Jackson and Nate Washington are especially capable. In fact, I think it was Washington who iced the triple-overtime marathon against Purdue in the Field House two years ago. The score was 112-111 I believe, a tally still in possession of mucho records for scoring.

AKK PLAYED ADMIRABLY and it seemed fitting that the winning basket resulted from a play that was a microcosm of the game as a whole. With seconds left, AKK tried a well-conceived play to get the ball inside to the team's leading scorer, Dave Howard. It was only a great effort by Washington that batted the ball loose and took it to the top of the key for the shot at the buzzer. MAD won 44-42.

Next week, entry blanks for the spring sports will come out. Those include softball, mixed doubles in tennis, and the Tug-o-Wars. Slebos says the softball format this year will consist of a huge tournament which will utilize all softball diamonds in Iowa City and Coralville. It will be held the weekend of April 23-25.

# Basketball tourneys

- NCAA Playoffs  
Semifinals  
NCAA East Regional  
Rutgers 93, Connecticut 79  
Midwest Regional  
Indiana 74, Alabama 69  
Midwest Regional  
Missouri, 86, Texas Tech 75  
NIT Playoffs  
Kentucky 79, Providence 78

**DAILY IOWAN CIRCULATION DEPT HOURS:**  
8 - 10:30 a.m.  
2 - 5 p.m.  
Call 353-6203

**GREEN THUMBS, ETC.**  
WOULD like to rent garden plot for the summer. Call anytime, 354-3465. 3-22

**PERSONALS**  
WANTED: Used books and journals, all kinds, for American Association of University Women's Community Book Sale. Proceeds go for scholarships. Tax deductible. Will pick up. Call 351-3956; 337-9590 (east side); 338-0245 or 338-4437 (west side). Sale date: April 3rd; 9 a.m. - 4 p.m., Wesley House. 3-31

**ATTENTION ALL VETERANS:**  
Play basketball every Wednesday afternoon from 4:30 to 6 p.m., North Hall Gym located behind Stanley Hall Dorm. Bring your own towel and lock. Come on out and break a leg! 3-24

**WANTED - Wagner ring scores,** three months rental study, \$15. 626-6478. 3-24

**CALLIGRAPHY** authored by YWCA starts April 7. Register now! 351-3221 or 354-1128. 3-31

**ARABIC** dancing authored by YWCA starts March 22. Register now! 351-3221 or 354-1128. 3-22

**HIGH FASHION** at Red Rose Old Clothes, 114 1/2 E. College, 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. 3-22

**FEEL bad?** Therapy groups by women, for women of all ages. Call 338-3410; 351-3152; 644-2637. 4-27

**CONFIDENTIAL** Pregnancy Testing - Monday, 9:30 - 7 p.m.; Tuesday, 9:30 - 4:30; Saturday, 10 - 2 p.m.; VD screening, 9:30 - 7 p.m. on Mondays at Emma Goldman Clinic, 337-2111. 3-24

**GAY** Liberation Front counseling and information, 353-7182, 7 p.m. - 11 p.m. daily. 4-20

**HANDCRAFTED** wedding rings, christening gifts. Call evenings, Terry, 1-829-5483 (collect); Bobbi, 351-1747. 3-29

**PROFESSIONAL** palm reading, Tuesday and Thursday, 11 a.m. - 5 p.m. or call for appointment, 351-9412 or 338-4507. Emerald City, Hall Mall, \$2.00. 3-22

**DRINKING** problem? AA meets Saturdays, noon to 1 p.m., North Hall Lounge. 4-6

**EUROPE** less than 1/2 economy fare. Call for free 800-325-4867. Unifair Charters. 10 day advance payment required.

**STORAGE STORAGE** Mini-warehouse units—all sizes. Monthly rates as low as \$25 per month. U Store All. Dial 337-3506. 4-8

**THE BIBLE BOOKSTORE!!!** Many books and Bibles at special prices! Phone 338-8193, 16 Paul-Helen Bldg, 209 E. Washington. 3-22

**PROBLEM** pregnancy? Call Birthright, 6 p.m. - 9 p.m., Monday through Thursday, 338-8665. 4-5

# 353-6201 Classified Ads 353-6201

## PERSONALS

HELP sessions for 22M:01, 22M:02, 22M:03 scheduled in B14 MacLean Hall. Sponsored by Mathematical Sciences Club. 3-19

THE DAILY IOWAN is looking for people who plan to leave the country for good (or know of those who have expatriated, or who themselves have expatriated and have returned to the States) for newfeature article. Call Bob Jones at 353-6210.

INDIAN jewelry repair, custom fabricating and alterations. Emerald City, Hallmall, 351-9412. 3-29

FREE film on revolutionary health care in China, "Away With All Pests". Shown on March 20 at 2 p.m. at Public Library. 3-19

GILPIN'S is now carrying Liquitex Artist Acrylic and Oil Colors and Gesso. Gilpin Paint & Glass Inc., 330 E. Market, 338-7573. 4-2

CRISIS Center - Call or stop in. 112 1/2 E. Washington, 351-0140, 11 a.m. - 2 a.m. 4-2

EACHday a little later now lingers the western sun, far out of sight the miracles of April are begun. Oh lonely and lovely lass, hopeless you wait no more: it's nice and warm at Gaslight Village and love is at the door. 3-23

**OOTS** Wrap-around skirts & uni-sex shirts in bright spring colors! Quetzal Imports Hall Mall 114 1/2 E. College Upstairs

**SUPPORTIVE**, low cost abortion services available at The Emma Goldman Clinic, 715 N. Dodge St. Call 337-2111 for information. 3-24

**RAPE CRISIS LINE** - A women's support service, 338-4800. 4-12

**TIRED** of indifferent service and Ripwell's prices? Tonight, try Blue Magoo's - the friendly place - where giving the customer a fair deal is still in style. 206 N. Linn. 3-30

**PHOTOGRAPHS**, pottery, wooden things at Lasting Impressions, 4 S. Linn, 337-4271. 4-12

**REBEKAH'S** Piano Service: Tune - Repair - regulate - rebuild. Spinets - uprights - grands. 354-1952. 4-27

**SEWING** - Wedding gowns and bridesmaid's dresses, ten years experience. 338-0446. 4-8

10% off Kodak film processing at Lasting Impressions, 4 South Linn. 337-4271. 4-12

**AUDIO REPAIR SHOP** Complete service and repair amplifiers, turntables and tapes. Eric, 338-6426. 3-29

**CHIPPER'S** Tailor Shop, 128 1/2 E. Washington, Dial 351-1229. 4-9

**BIRTHDAY / ANNIVERSARY GIFTS** Artist's portraits, charcoal \$10, pastel \$25, oil \$100 and up 351-0525. 4-2

**STEREO**, television repairs. Reasonable. Satisfactory guaranteed. Call anytime, Matt, 351-6896. 4-15

**FOR** repairs, sales and installation of C.B. radios - C.B. Mar is Iowa's No. 1 shop, 901 1st Ave., Coralville. 351-3485. 4-16

**BLOWN RECEIVER** Try our output stage transplant. AUDIO AMPLIFIERS repaired, improved, designed. 338-0436. 4-16

**MISCELLANEOUS A-Z**

**FUJICA** Z600 movie camera, perfect condition, many outstanding features and extras. Call Jim nights, 353-0935. 3-24

**PENTAX SP-1000** with 17mm f/4 and 55mm f/4 macro. Excellent condition. 351-0443 after 7 p.m.; 353-3259 afternoons. 3-31

**500mm REFLEX NIKKOR 2.8**, 35mm auto-Nikkor, North Face Volume tent, \$85. 338-6823. 3-19

**TWO ESS AMT 5** speakers, \$250. Ampex reel-to-reel auto tape thread auto reverse, \$150. Akai eight track player/recorder. 353-1872. 3-23

**STEREO** - Kenwood 3400 receiver; Garrard 82 turntable; Scoot speakers; Harmon-Kardon 8-track; Koss headphones. Superb, must sell. moving. 337-5950. 3-19

**REMODEL** your entire home with our fourteen pieces especially selected new furniture - Includes living room, bedroom and dinette. Entire three rooms only \$199. Goddard's Furniture, West Liberty. 4-26

**COMPLETE** bedroom set only \$119 includes box spring and mattress. Goddard's Furniture, West Liberty. E-Z terms. 4-26

**SOFA** and chair, Hercules, only \$119 - Goddard's Furniture, West Liberty, open every night till 9 p.m. 627-2915. 4-26

**COMPLETE** component stereo for sale, Dual-Kenwood-Aztec. Must sell. 338-2659. 3-22

## CHILD CARE

I do baby sitting, my apartment, Hawkeye Drive. References. 354-3416. 3-30

**WORK WANTED**  
COLLEGE coed interested in child and/or housekeeping during May. 353-1592. 3-23

**PETS**  
PROFESSIONAL dog grooming. Puppies, kittens, tropical fish, pet supplies. Brennenman Seed Store, 1500 1st Ave. South 338-8501. 3-31

**RIDE-RIDER**  
CALIFORNIA riders wanted - San Francisco, March 31. After 6 p.m. 338-0647. 3-30

**WANTED** - Ride to Oregon May, share gas. After 5 p.m., 338-9563. 3-30

**NEED** person to drive car to Reno or San Francisco end of March. 351-0177. 3-23

**RIDE** wanted to Cleveland for two, March 26-27. 338-9889. 3-23

**LOST AND FOUND**  
FUZZY, black, male cat lost last week Burlington-Summit. Reward! 337-2056. 3-23

**ANTIQUES**  
"TALKING MACHINE", records included at Red Rose Old Clothes. 3-22

**BLOOM** Antiques - Downtown Wetman, Iowa, Three buildings full. 4-21

**INSTRUCTION**  
ELECTRIC - Former university secretary. Term papers, letters. Close, reasonable. 338-3783. 4-29

**LEARN TO SWIM** before you need it - WSI qualified instructor, heated pool, Royale Health Centre. 351-5577. 4-15

**TRAVEL**  
BICYCLE Holland and Scandinavia with small group July 21-August 21. Other European tours available. For information call, 353-0829. 3-17

**BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES**  
ALANDON'S Bookstore for sale. Well run, profitable. 337-9700. Honk! Honk!

**HELP WANTED**  
WANTED - Cocktail waitress-waiter, preferably experienced, Friday and Saturday nights, 9 p.m. to 2 a.m. apply in person after 9 p.m., The Shamrock, 525 S. Gilbert Street. 3-22

**PLANNED** Parenthood of Southeast Iowa needs a program coordinator for Henry County. Qualifications: Post high school education in the Liberal Arts or equivalent experience in Social Service work. Salary \$550 per month. Send resume to Planned Parenthood of Southeast Iowa, 125 1/2 West Monroe Street, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa 52641. An equal opportunity employer. 3-22

**ATTENTION STUDENTS HELP WANTED** Waitress - Walters Apply in person, 9 a.m. to 9 p.m. COUNTRY KITCHEN 1401 S. Gilbert on Hwy. 6 Bypass 3-19

**LAW** firm needs experienced secretary, pleasant working conditions, attractive salary and benefits. Please call 354-1104 for interview. 3-19

**ALTERNATIVE** employment with Blooming Prairie Cooperative Warehouse Management Collective begins April 1. Salary \$225 per month. Call 337-4471. 3-23

**HELP** wanted - Waitresses or waiters, immediate openings for full or part time persons to work 11 p.m. to 7 a.m. shift. Starting pay is \$2.15 plus tips. Also positions open on both day and night shifts. Apply in person, Howard Johnson's Restaurant. 3-19

**WORK** study qualified male or female to participate in children's development Dum Dum Day Care. 353-5771. 3-22

**STUDENTS** to represent Encyclopaedia Britannica throughout the State of Iowa on a part time basis. Work mainly leads by appointment to sell in homes. Contact Mr. Hocker, 309-786-1418. 3-19

**MORNING** work-study secretary needed. Typing and filing skills necessary. Contact Benita Diley, 353-5467. 3-22

**WORK** study secretary wanted—Liberal Arts Student Association, 317A Zoology Annex. Contact Carol Dahl, 338-7847 after 6 p.m. 3-19

**LOOKING** for a summer job? Start now. Flexible hours. Work-study secretary, \$2.70 an hour, 15 to 20 hours weekly. Call 353-4953. 3-19

**HEY THERE!** The DI needs a carrier for Hawkeye Court. If you are interested, please call 353-6203 after 3:30. Ask for Bill Casey. 3-30

**CHILD CARE**  
I DO occasional baby sitting in my home near Mercy. 337-4502. 4-19

## HELP WANTED

WANTED: Qualified person to teach a picture framing workshop. Call 353-3119 for an appointment. 3-22

**LEGAL SECRETARY** 1/2 or full time legal secretary required for summer 1976. Days, 337-9606. 3-19

**FULL AND PART-TIME HOUSEKEEPING EMPLOYEES** needed immediately. Apply in person, HOWARD JOHNSON'S MOTOR LODGE 3-24

**TYPING**  
EXPERIENCED jazz-folk guitar and voice instruction. 338-4615, 8 - 10 a.m. 4-3

**THESIS** experience - Former university secretary, IBM Selectric, carbon ribbon. 338-8996. 4-26

**PROFESSIONAL** IBM typing - Fran Gardner, SUU, secretarial school graduate. 337-5456. 4-19

**GIRL** Friday Professional typing and quick service IBM Selectrics. 354-3330. 4-14

**TWELVE** years' experience Theses, manuscripts. Quality work. Jane Snow, 338-6472. 3-24

**TYPING** - Carbon ribbon, electric; editing; experienced. Dial 338-4647. 3-24

**REASONABLE**, experienced accurate - dissertations, manuscripts, papers. Languages. 338-6509. 3-19

**PERSONAL** typing service, experienced, located in Hawkeye Court. 354-1735. 3-16

**TYPING**, editing, carbon ribbon, IBM Selectric II. 337-2429 after 5:30 p.m. 4-12

**TYPING** Service - Experienced, supplies furnished, fast service, reasonable rates. 338-1855. 3-29

**ENGLISH** graduate, former secretary, experienced, IBM Selectric II. Gloria, 351-0340. 4-2

**MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS**  
TRUMPET for sale - Leblanc, silver model, good condition, make offer. 337-7801. 4-1

**SPINET-CONSOLE PIANO SALE** Wanted: Responsible party to take over Spinet Piano. Easy Terms. Can be seen locally. Write: Credit Manager, P.O. Box 207, Carlyle, IL 62231. 3-22

**LUDWIG** drums, hi-hat, cymbal, stands; best reasonable offer. 338-3095. 3-31

**LUDWIG** snare drum, dull finish with collapsible stand and hard back case, like new. Retail for \$143, will sell for \$85. 351-5400 leave a message. 3-24

**5-STRING** banjo, \$60. Electric guitar, \$30. 351-2386, keep trying. 3-22

**HEATHKIT** amp 120 watt RMS, reverb, trem, fuzz, \$325. 337-5031. 3-22

**NEW** GUILD M-75 electric guitar, humbucker pickups, \$400. Fender Bandmaster amplifier, \$140. 338-2571. 3-30

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# ROOTING!

The recruiting wars for basketball talent are steam-rolling along, and Iowa basketball coach Lute Olson and his staff are right in the thick of things.

Olson is presently in Des Moines taking a hard look at the talent in the state high school tournament. His assistant, Floyd Theard, was in town briefly Thursday and is probably making his way toward the border for the Illinois high school playoffs today.

With national letter of intent day a few weeks off, nothing can be done for the moment except to say a few quiet prayers.

"I think things are going pretty well," Theard offered. "But, you really never know until that all-important national letter of intent day."

Athletes can already sign letters of intent for the conference, but few do, preferring to wait a little longer and to weigh their options.

**THIS YEAR, THE NCAA** has limited the number of basketball tenders to 16 per team, and Iowa must comply with those regulations by September. With Dan Frost, Fred Haberecht, Scott Thompson, Jim Magnusson and Larry Parker finishing their careers this spring, Olson has 12 athletes on scholarship.

That leaves four to work with, and one will be awarded to 6-3 guard Tom Norman, who transferred from Iowa State this season and has three years of eligibility remaining.

With three-front line players exiting along with sweet-shooting Thompson, there aren't any scholarships to toss around lightly.

According to Theard, Iowa is allowed to have 18 athletes visit, and as soon as the tournaments cease, the catering will begin.

There are reportedly four or five players in Iowa that Olson is taking a good strong look at, particularly Chuck Harmison of unbeaten Ames high school and Chris Kern of Des Moines Lincoln. Olson has been scouring Illinois very hard, preferring to limit his recruiting to within a 250 mile area.

"OUR IMMEDIATE NEEDS, of course, are front line players," Theard said. "But if there is a great guard that wants to come, we'll have to consider him."

A good deal of the recruiting isn't just watching a few basketball films or giving someone a tour of the campus and the "hot spots."

It starts with getting the recruit aware of the university's offerings, and Olson got his foot in the door with his summer camps last year. Quite a few of the top athletes, a few hopefuls and distant talent attended. From there, it doesn't hurt to show 'em what you can do and Iowa's win over Illinois at Champaign was a definite boost.

"We had several recruits down to watch the game there," said Theard. "It's always important to play well, but when you do it on the road and win — that's impressive. Just the general good feelings of our players meeting the

recruits afterwards helps out.

One of the top recruits that Iowa is reportedly after is Levi Cobb of Morgan Park High school in Chicago. At 6-5, Levi can leap with the best of them, but just as important, he's packing 200 pounds with his frame that are needed for the rugged Big Ten play. Cobb was all-city and all-state as a junior, and shoots well and handles the ball nicely, we're told. His team is in the Illinois tournament this week and after that he'll be visiting Iowa.

But some 50 other schools wouldn't mind landing him, either, so the race continues.

\*\*\*\*\*

Jim Magnusson of Fort Dodge ended his career in that Illinois game with an errant jump shot and a turnover, but from talking with those associated with Iowa basketball, Jim contributed much more than statistics.

"Jim Magnusson would do anything for Iowa basketball," responded junior varsity coach Jim Rosborough. "He's an inspiration to us all. He really comes to play."

"Mags" turned things on with close to 35 points a game for the JV's last five contests, including a career-high 40 against the intramural all-stars.

After talking with the other Iowa players, it's safe to say Mags could have won a Mr. Congeniality Award had there been one. And his hard work and perseverance have given him a new goal to work on — coaching.

"I'D REALLY LIKE to coach someday," Magnusson informed us. "Coach Olson has really impressed me with his honesty and motivation, and that's important. The most important thing he taught me was to 'always be ready when the time comes.'"

Mags was always ready, but his timing was off as he played behind Thompson, a second-team all-Big Ten selection, and a roommate for four years.

Though Mags would have enjoyed more playing time, he can count some blessings. "I've improved a lot since coming here, particularly in the last two years. It took a lot of hard work, but I enjoyed it," he said. "For me, it was just great to be a member of the team and be associated with all the guys."

Lute Olson, I'm sure, would add a simple vice-versa to that.

\*\*\*\*\*

Larry Parker will get one last, painful reminder of his Iowa basketball career this week. He'll undergo surgery on a knee he injured at Minnesota Jan. 10 and played on for only a few minutes later in the season, re-injuring it.

And Cal Wulfsberg is also walking lightly these days. Wulfsberg twisted his knee in the second half at Illinois — the same knee that caused him to miss all the 1974-75 season — and may have to undergo treatment.

## Play now, talks later as baseball camps open

By The Associated Press

Baseball's spring training camps began opening Thursday in the wake of Commissioner Bowie Kuhn's order that ended the 17-day shutdown, but there was no progress towards a settlement of the labor crisis.

Both sides have reassembled in New York following weeklong negotiations in Florida that failed to produce a final solution to the problem. However, there

were no talks Thursday and there probably won't be any before Sunday.

Meanwhile, most teams held their first organized workouts of the spring.

In Fort Lauderdale, Fla. 14 New York Yankees were on hand, including rookie pitcher Scott McGregor, who flew all night from California and went straight to the workout after his plane landed at 7 a.m. Missing

from the Yankees' workout, however, was outfielder Mickey Rivers, who lives in nearby Miami.

The Kansas City Royals had 20 players on hand and they ran through a three-hour drill at Fort Myers, Fla. The St. Louis Cardinals had 16 players in camp with 16 more expected at St. Petersburg, Fla., Friday.

Other teams that got started were the world champion Cincinnati Reds, the Philadelphia Phillies, California Angels, Baltimore Orioles, Chicago Cubs and American League champion Boston Red Sox.

## Gymnasts get last shot at ending loss streak

By JON FUNK Staff Writer

The Iowa gymnastics team journeys to Chicago Circle Saturday for its final dual meet of the season.

The Hawks, who over spring break saw their loss string stretch to eight meets at the hands of Wisconsin, should almost be back to full strength. Only junior ring-man Jim Scholott, who injured his shoulder in Wednesday's practice, will be missing.

The competition doesn't get any weaker this weekend since Chicago Circle is perennially strong in gymnastics, drawing most of its talent from Chicago's inner city. Holzaepfel said Chicago Circle scored well

against Indiana State and he expects it to be a tough team. "They're a good team, about equivalent of a 190-200 point team," Holzaepfel said.

Holzaepfel said the Iowa team will be depending heavily on the performances of all-around performers Clayton Price and Mark Reifkind. He expects to get a lot of support from Randy Matsunami in floor exercise and looks for Bob Pusey and Bob Siemianowski to do well in the sidehorse.

In vaulting, the Hawks will be depending on two freshpersons, Werner Hoeflich and Randy Matsunami, for good performances, while veterans Nate Robbins and George Wakerlin should be in top form on the high bar.

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No. 23 in a series

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The following are selected Bicentennial projects from Mrs. Schemmel's 1st Grade class of Penn Elementary School, North Liberty.

**Liberty Bell and American Flag**  
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Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Seaba  
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**The Boston Tea Party**  
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Daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Richard Wilson  
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Teacher, Mrs. Schemmel

**Drummer Boy**  
Jerry Sprague  
Son of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Sprague  
70 Zeller St., North Liberty  
Grade 1  
Teacher, Mrs. Schemmel



1781: The end of a very long war.  
Lord Cornwallis has been joined by Benedict Arnold, who is most unhappy about not advancing fast enough in our army. Their objective: to conquer Virginia. They see it as a weak link, protected only by Marquis de Lafayette and his meager force. Cornwallis waits in Yorktown for his reinforcements, but the French navy gets there first. And so does General Washington, who's always at the right place at the right time. We surround Cornwallis and his troops. He has no choice. On October 19th, he surrenders his sword, and his army becomes our prisoners of war. We march them to Lancaster, to Cornwallis's chagrin. To the King's chagrin, many a Britisher thinks we've done a topnotch job. Years later, even Cornwallis admits he agrees. ☺

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Longshot p. 3  
Goldfish p. 5  
Books p. 8

**THIS SIDE UP:  
And The Musical  
Money Hustle**

**THE RIVER CITY  
COMPANION**



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# movies

## Hollywood on Hollywood on...

Hollywood, I'm sure you've heard, is dead. It seems that every day there's another sign of its demise, another obituary: the death of some studio or former producer, another treatise on the Golden Age of Hollywood, the auctioning of Dorothy's magic slippers. And this week at an uptown theater you'll get yet another chance to pause over the grave and say Goodbye, Norma Jean, kissing Marilyn Monroe and the silver screen goodbye one more time.

It won't be the last kiss however, because the latest rage of the "new" Hollywood seems to be saying goodbye, with varying degrees of reverence, to the "old" Hollywood. The spate of movies about Hollywood and movie making these days is a rather odd phenomenon, and I think its appeal goes deeper than what the media have dubbed America's current Nostalgia Craze.

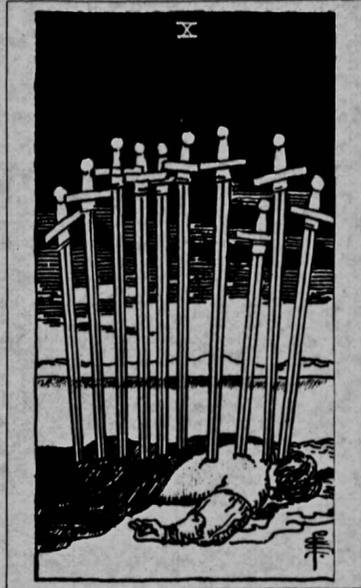
Along with television's resurrection of once-popular series ("the sun never sets on I Love Lucy"), the movie industry is also venturing into resurrection, pulling a variety of stars, moguls, and monsters out of oblivion and putting them back under the arc lamps. Among the past celebrities besides Monroe who have been or are being rejuvenated on celluloid are W. C. Fields, Clark Gable, Carol Lombard, Fatty Arbuckle, Irving Thalberg, King Kong, and Rin Tin Tin. But unlike the televised version, these are not simply reruns — or at least not in the conventional sense. Times are most certainly changing, and the movies are tuning in with their usual tendency toward myopia. In the remake of King Kong, for instance, the mighty ape heads not for the Empire State Building to swat at airplanes, but instead scales the twin towers of the Trade Center. Yes, folks, times have certainly changed.

The two editions of That's Entertainment are actually the only films which have delivered the "old" Hollywood to us intact. The appeal of these films is not substantially different from that of late night television's dragging Casablanca out of the film cans one more time. Most of the other recent films about Hollywood, however, have attempted instead to tell us what that Dream Factory was really like. Films like The Day of the Locust, The Last Tycoon, Hearts of the West, The Wild Party, Gable and Lombard, and now Goodbye, Norma Jean, all pretend to demystify the process of movie making in America. But it's becoming increasingly apparent that in supposedly exposing our past myths, these films are in fact refurbishing them in only slightly different attire.

Somewhere in here you wonder if Hollywood is indeed dead, where are all of these movies about

Hollywood coming from? That's a good question, especially considering the fact that commercial film making in America had its most profitable year in history in 1975, grossing upwards of two billion dollars. Somebody's obviously making movies somewhere.

But the production system has been restructured, and as a result today's film makers have a different perspective on the workings of their predecessors.



Instead of studio producers organizing studio-financed pictures shot on the studio lot, nowadays independent financial wizards like Dino DeLaurentis or corporate conglomerates like MCA are raising the money and garnering directors, scripts, and stars for their latest projects, which are shot almost exclusively on location outside the studio. Consequently, studios like Warners and Universal are now functioning more as distributors than as production companies. Of all the Academy Award nominees for best picture, for example, Jaws is the only real Hollywood film in the sense that it was produced in the traditional system of studio financing and production.

But even as it struggles to liberate itself from the archaic studio system, the American film cannot seem to get that stern parent off its collective mind. The fascination with the old Hollywood, with the Emerald City of our American Dream, rears its awesome head in a number of different guises. The past is

irretrievable, these films seem to be saying, and yet they cannot help but try to retrieve it.

We'll show you what the studios and the stars were really like, these films say — but how can they? How can Marcus Welby's insipid junior partner hope to don the mask of Clark Gable? Isn't the basic premise of stardom that the star is a unique personality that cannot be duplicated? And how can the glitter of The Day of the Locust really expose the truth behind the glitter of Hollywood in its Golden Age? It seems these films that claim to debunk the old Hollywood — and thereby American — myths of success and excess are not debunking them at all, but simply recasting the same old movies with people who are not dead yet.

There is a very real sense in which movies, despite their reliance upon objects and inhabitants of the real world for their images, do not deal with our world at all. Rather they create a world of their own design to accommodate a vague sense of audience needs, and hence pragmatic commercial ends. America in the movies — whether they are products of the old Hollywood or the new — is in many ways an alien, idealized landscape inhabited by mythic men and women. Their equally mythical pursuit of happiness once led to smiles at film's end. That pursuit now leads to something quite different, but no more true to the audience's experience.

But our collective involvement in these dreams, and our willingness to pay exorbitant prices to see the dreams remanufactured endlessly, testify to our collaboration in perpetuating them. The movies have always maintained a kind of magic that set them off from products of other commercial mass media and gave them a character substantially different from that of any other popular art. And hence the peculiar appeal of making movies about making movies.

Of the recent films of this kind, only Francois Truffaut's Day for Night has eulogized movie making without attempting to place the activity within some socio-cultural context. Truffaut seems willing enough to accept the magic of film making on its own terms, and he doesn't burrow beneath it to discover some deep-seated desire to recreate the world according to our mythified image of it. Other film makers, however, have not been able to resist toying with the idea. The results, even in a genuinely engaging film like Hearts of the West, have been not the exposure of the myths underlying movie making but rather the complication and intensification of those myths.

We seem to need the myth of Hollywood, even when the Hollywood that once engendered the myth has died. But the myth is no opiate. Instead, it's the sugar-coated pill offered to hypochondriacs, the pill that somehow helps make sense of reality. Film making in America may have outgrown the Hollywood studio system, but we the audience apparently have not outgrown that sugar-coated pill.

—Tom Schatz

## Country

### Western

If all the music you hear is either on television or radio, you probably think country is pretty lame. Combining the worst aspects of western, rock and pop: crass commercialism, records to be broken instead of listened to. But radio bop and Nashville pop even lumped together aren't the real country-western sounds. Norman Blake plays blue grass style on any number of stringed instruments, and he plays everything: fiddle tunes, jigs & reels and ballads about what southern life was like when he was a child growing up on the sunny side of Look Out Mountain 30 years ago. His is the country of country-western.

And Longshot is a local band that plays the western side. Western swing is a danceable, commercial mixture of thirties' swing a la Goodman, Basie, et al; blues and Dixieland jazz, Norteno music, polka band music and huge doses of country. Bob Willis is the king of western swing and the first time you hear it you'll be reminded of the sound tracks of old Roy Rogers movies.

Blake is used to picking just what he wants and little else. He did session work for Johnny Cash, Bob Dylan, John Hartford and dozens of commercial country performers during the sixties. But now he just plays his own ballads about rural southern life years back: his favorite Charlie Monroe tune, "Bringing in the Georgia Mail"; his own and traditional reels, breakdowns and jigs.

"Anytime I was used it was to supply a particular sound," says Blake, bitter about his experiences with Nashville. "Traditional music is an outlaw to the others. They acknowledge we exist, we play some gigs they'd like to have and when they smell a buck they jump on the bandwagon. A couple of years ago commercial Nashville thought they'd discovered traditional music. They look down on us but they'll use us to make a buck. They don't care about the music."

"The big thing in Nashville is to do it their way. It's my opinion there was music long before there was a Nashville music industry but they talk like they invented notes. I love Nashville for what it was. I grew up listening to the Opry. There were vibes there that make me feel a part of what was."

Norman grew up in Sulfur Springs, Georgia; listened to the Opry, a few local pickers and the traveling hillbilly shows that played in the school house at nearby Rising Fawn. He dropped out of that school at 16 to play with the Dixie Drifters, a blue grass band that did okay till around the mid-fifties, when Presley knocked the bottom out of country music. Blake gave lessons after that and formed the Fort Kobbe Mountaineers while putting in his military service in the Canal Zone.

After his discharge he was in the Carter Family's back up band. Johnny Cash liked his style and had him play on "Understand Your Man" and just about everything else Cash recorded during the sixties. Cash got his television show and there in the shadows behind the big man in black was Norman picking those fantastic licks. When Dylan came to town to record Nashville Skyline, Blake was lead guitar player.

"I don't like the term folk singer when applied to myself. I play old timey country music. Not country-western in any sense of the word. My audience is

predominantly a freak audience strange to me. Southern music the South and probably never prophet in his own land.

"I will say this. As a rule better than contemporary country about being a shit kicker, sequined suits and bouffant about the eternal triangle. People being shit kickers. The songs art, not very country and not sure are commercial. I love favorite shit kicker, but he do kicking music.

"My own style hasn't changed much as developed. I play country — actually a straight ten years ago and do more in more far out on the solos like dope."



Norman's sets usually er Georgia Mail." Fingers of get hopelessly behind after a he really starts making tim guitar and the audiences b sounds you associate with "oooooh" and "aaaaaaa one?"

Step right up, step a little workings of a solid swing ban a piece at a time, the trick be piece rhythm section swing t players (several of whom a that it all sounds like half as meet the payments on the e truck and a van. The utilit SOB's threaten to turn off western swing band, you tal pedal steel and throw in a I've been getting drunk to years. They've gone from b called Sundance, that play music and considered a c

Everly Bros. or the Beatles, piece band that swings, classics by Hank Williams,

# iowa tires

## Iowa Homestyle:

### A County Jail

Iowa county jails are more than just a little bit like home. Take the jail in Iowa County, for example. It's a clean and sunny place in the middle of what is more than likely twenty-four square miles of connubial happiness and ploughed fields.

Gus George lives alone. He came back from Minnesota to the Iowa county jail. Not long ago in Minnesota he was in a card game. He was having a beer. Earlier in the day he was in a pool game. That lead to a cue breaking incident and bottle smashing and to the arrest of the man that turned Gus in. It had been four months since Gus cut his way out of the Iowa County jail.

William J. Spurrier is Iowa County sheriff. His white clapboard house is added on to the white brick jail that was built in 1891, one year before the spired county court house that sits out on the lawn in front.

William J. is popularly and affectionately known as "Squeeky", and his voice works in the high ranges. "W.J.", is on his name card and he worked in a grocery store before he was a deputy sheriff in 1948. He became county sheriff ten years later. The prisoners, he's been

saying lately, "about come and go about when they feel like it."

Not too many prisoners come to the neat white jail with the upstairs room with the high window, the one through which Gus George escaped. Most prisoners are shipped to the big reformatory in Anamosa—the place Gus calls "the joint." It was "the joint" which caused Gus' escape because, it seems, "the joint" is the last place a prisoner wants to be.

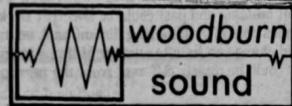
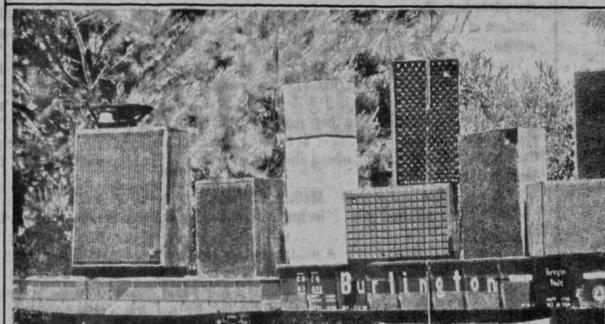
Much better the Iowa county jail with its one wide empty room, its card table and an old worn deck of cards — the pencilled sign that's hung beneath the book shelf says, "Home Sweet Home."

"Did you call Orville?" sheriff Spurrier asks his prisoner, who is eating a fig newton and thinking about taking a shower. Orville is Gus' attorney.

"Naw, I'll do that later."

"Well, you've got a lot of things to settle now that this happened," the sheriff adds. He looks at the untouched plate of food sitting on the waterheater. "What do you want for dinner, something light?"

continued on page twelve



JBL, the critics cho engineers, music

# ovies

from? That's a good question, but the fact that commercial film has had its most profitable year in 1975, with sales upwards of two billion dollars, is a fact that makes the industry's film makers have a different perspective on the workings of their predecessors.



radio producers organizing studio-shot on the studio lot, nowadays studio wizards like Dino DeLaurentis and conglomerates like MCA are raising the ring directors, scripts, and stars for the studio. Consequently, studios are now functioning more as production companies. Of all the nominees for best picture, for the only real Hollywood film in the traditional system of production.

struggles to liberate itself from the American film cannot seem to get off its collective mind. The old Hollywood, with the Emerald City Dream, rears its awesome head in different guises. The past is

irretrievable, these films seem to be saying, and they cannot help but try to retrieve it.

We'll show you what the studios and the stars were really like, these films say — but how can they? How can Marcus Welby's insipid junior partner hope to don the mask of Clark Gable? Isn't the basic premise of stardom that the star is a unique personality that cannot be duplicated? And how can the glitter of The Day of the Locust really expose the truth behind the glitter of Hollywood in its Golden Age? It seems these films that claim to debunk the old Hollywood — and thereby American — myths of success and excess are not debunking them at all, but simply recasting the same old movies with people who are not dead yet.

There is a very real sense in which movies, despite their reliance upon objects and inhabitants of the real world for their images, do not deal with our world at all. Rather they create a world of their own design to accommodate a vague sense of audience needs, and hence pragmatic commercial ends. America in the movies — whether they are products of the old Hollywood or the new — is in many ways an alien, idealized landscape inhabited by mythic men and women. Their equally mythical pursuit of happiness once led to smiles at film's end. That pursuit now leads to something quite different, but no more true to the audience's experience.

But our collective involvement in these dreams, and our willingness to pay exorbitant prices to see the dreams remanufactured endlessly, testify to our collaboration in perpetuating them. The movies have always maintained a kind of magic that set them off from products of other commercial mass media and gave them a character substantially different from that of any other popular art. And hence the peculiar appeal of making movies about making movies.

Of the recent films of this kind, only Francois Truffaut's Day for Night has eulogized movie making without attempting to place the activity within some socio-cultural context. Truffaut seems willing enough to accept the magic of film making on its own terms, and he doesn't burrow beneath it to discover some deep-seated desire to recreate the world according to our mythified image of it. Other film makers, however, have not been able to resist toying with the idea. The results, even in a genuinely engaging film like Hearts of the West, have been not the exposure of the myths underlying movie making but rather the complication and intensification of those myths.

We seem to need the myth of Hollywood, even when the Hollywood that once engendered the myth has died. But the myth is no opiate. Instead, it's the sugar-coated pill offered to hypochondriacs, the pill that somehow helps make sense of reality. Film making in America may have outgrown the Hollywood studio system, but we the audience apparently have not outgrown that sugar-coated pill.

—Tom Schatz

# na tires

out come and go about when they feel

prisoners come to the neat white jail room with the high window, the one where George escaped. Most prisoners in the big reformatory in Anamosa — the "the joint." It was "the joint" which he came because, it seems, "the joint" is what a prisoner wants to be.

the Iowa county jail with its one wide card table and an old worn deck of cards and a sign that's hung beneath the book "Sweet Home".

Orville?" sheriff Spurrier asks him while eating a fig newton and thinking about Orville is Gus' attorney.

that later." Orville got a lot of things to settle now that this sheriff adds. He looks at the untouched waterheater. "What do you want something light?"



continued on page twelve

# music

## Country Western

If all the music you hear is either on television or radio, you probably think country is pretty lame. Combining the worst aspects of western, rock and pop: crass commercialism, records to be broken instead of listened to. But radio bop and Nashville pop even lumped together aren't the real country-western sounds. Norman Blake plays blue grass style on any number of stringed instruments, and he plays everything: fiddle tunes, jigs & reels and ballads about what southern life was like when he was a child growing up on the sunny side of Look Out Mountain 30 years ago. His is the country of country-western.

And Longshot is a local band that plays the western side. Western swing is a danceable, commercial mixture of thirties' swing a la Goodman, Basie, et al; blues and Dixieland jazz, Norteno music, polka band music and huge doses of country. Bob Wills is the king of western swing and the first time you hear it you'll be reminded of the sound tracks of old Roy Rogers movies.

Blake is used to picking just what he wants and little else. He did session work for Johnny Cash, Bob Dylan, John Hartford and dozens of commercial country performers during the sixties. But now he just plays his own ballads about rural southern life years back: his favorite Charlie Monroe tune, "Bringing in the Georgia Mail"; his own and traditional reels, breakdowns and jigs.

"Anytime I was used it was to supply a particular sound," says Blake, bitter about his experiences with Nashville. "Traditional music is an outlaw to the others. They acknowledge we exist, we play some gigs they'd like to have and when they smell a buck they jump on the bandwagon. A couple of years ago commercial Nashville thought they'd discovered traditional music. They look down on us but they'll use us to make a buck. They don't care about the music."

"The big thing in Nashville is to do it their way. It's my opinion there was music long before there was a Nashville music industry but they talk like they invented notes. I love Nashville for what it was. I grew up listening to the Opry. There were vibes there that make me feel a part of what was."

Norman grew up in Sulfur Springs, Georgia; listened to the Opry, a few local pickers and the traveling hillbilly shows that played in the school house at nearby Rising Fawn. He dropped out of that school at 16 to play with the Dixie Drifters, a blue grass band that did okay till around the mid-fifties, when Presley knocked the bottom out of country music. Blake gave lessons after that and formed the Fort Kobbe Mountaineers while putting in his military service in the Canal Zone.

After his discharge he was in the Carter Family's back up band. Johnny Cash liked his style and had him play on "Understand Your Man" and just about everything else Cash recorded during the sixties. Cash got his television show and there in the shadows behind the big man in black was Norman picking those fantastic licks. When Dylan came to town to record Nashville Skyline, Blake was lead guitar player.

"I don't like the term folk singer when applied to myself. I play old timey country music. Not country-western in any sense of the word. My audience is

predominantly a freak audience. It doesn't seem too strange to me. Southern music has never been big in the South and probably never will be. Sort of like a prophet in his own land.

"I will say this. As a rule I like country-rock a lot better than contemporary country music. I don't care about being a shit kicker and I can't see all those sequined suits and bouffant hairdos and just singing about the eternal triangle. People down there get off on being shit kickers. The songs aren't much in the way of art, not very country and not very shit kicking but they sure are commercial. I love Charlie Daniels. He's my favorite shit kicker, but he doesn't play the official shit kicking music."

"My own style hasn't changed over the years as much as developed. I played a lot more straight country — actually a straighter form of blue grass — ten years ago and do more improvisational now. I got more far out on the solos like anyone else who smokes dope."



Norman's sets usually end with "Bringing In the Georgia Mail." Fingers of imaginary guitars usually get hopelessly behind after about four bars, long before he really starts making time on his old C.F. Martin guitar and the audiences begin to make the kind of sounds you associate with a fire works display: "oooooh" and "aaaaaaaah" and "Did you see that one?"

Step right up, step a little closer and I'll explain the workings of a solid swing band. You build a swing band piece at a time, the trick being to make a four or five piece rhythm section swing behind seven or eight horn players (several of whom are dynamite soloists) so that it all sounds like half as many musicians and still meet the payments on the equipment and gas for the truck and a van. The utility bills you let go till the SOB's threaten to turn off the power. For a solid western swing band, you take out a few horns, add a pedal steel and throw in a fiddler or two or three.

I've been getting drunk to Longshot's music for five years. They've gone from being a great boogie band called Sundance, that played mostly other people's music and considered a classic something by the Everly Bros. or the Beatles or "Trucking," to an eight-piece band that swings, plays its own tunes plus classics by Hank Williams, Bob Wills, and for all you

Buck Owens fans, and there's a bunch out there, "Sam's Place."

"We started doing western-swing because we like it and it suits us," says lead guitarist Andy Lamberson. "When you got a band this big you should take advantage of it."

"Vassar Clements helped popularize western swing a lot and there's that whole Austin trip that Asleep at the Wheel came out of," says fiddler Al Murphy. Some of the Dan Hick's stuff was borrowed from western swing. It always remained pretty popular in California, and a lot of bands picked it up there. I've been into it for so long, though I guess I never noticed it was getting more popular.

"The turning point for us was the first gig with Asleep at the Wheel. That gave the band a view of how it's done, how it should sound. We were inspired by that and we've been changing ever since, or trying to. We do a lot more swing stuff since those concerts. At least that's the way I see it. We're still a long way from straight swing but we're getting closer. I never played swing before so it's all new to me."

Murphy's record collection consists of George Jones, Bill Monroe, Hank Williams, Roy Acuff, Tex Ritter and Ernest Tubb and Jimmie Rodgers plus dozens of mainline country-western artists of the fifties and sixties.

The classic western-swing bands playing the Texas dance halls had horn sections. Longshot compensates for a lack of horns by playing the leads in two, three and four-part harmonies. "We're trying to incorporate as many instruments into lead harmonies as we can," says piano player Tom Finley, who hears accordion parts on some songs.

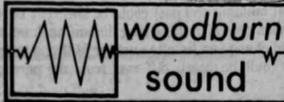
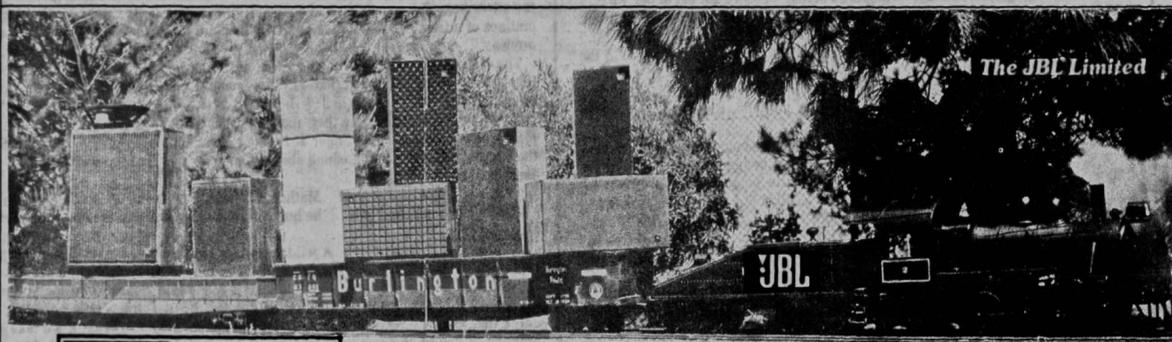
Can Longshot get it together to be something besides a very popular regional band playing such hot spots as Tom's Turkey Tap in scenic downtown Davenport? Murphy, a member of the semi-legendary Blue Grass Union, figures: "It's just a matter of kicking it in the ass, getting ourselves in the frame of mind that we're going to do it. I played three years at Bart's. We got loaded a lot to keep from getting bored. The jokes were as much for our benefit as they were for the audience. People asked why we didn't strike out, start touring or try to cut a record. But it was an easy job, so it was easy to sit back. With a band this big we have to work hard just to get paid."

Consider this: the bucks come with a single in the summer — which generates more gigs, bigger audiences, album sales — played on AM stations. To get played on AM stations and even most FM stations you need a song with a hook — something catchy that people want to hear and don't mind hearing a lot. This is a good hook, and it belongs to Longshot:

Three Feathers, Four Roses,  
Five Stars, Six O'clock High,  
Seven Crown, eight-year-old bonded,  
Whiskey gets me by.  
Jack Daniels, Jim Beam,  
Hiram Walker and CC.  
They cool down my lovin'  
— and they comfort me.

—from Whiskey Gets Me By, by Bill Lamberson and Mike Seydel.

—Colfax Mingo



JBL, the critics choice, preferred by audiophiles, recording engineers, musicians, and accoustical consultants.

# time trading and other crimes

Time travel has only recently been discovered. Three powerful organizations compete to control it: International Time Travelers, an underground art-theft cartel, using time travel to steal buildings from the past; The Government, with its vicious chronocops; and New Corpulence, Assoc., headed by Felicity Bosch, tampering with the past to tyrannize the future. John Roberts and Mohg (a

female frog-like alien) are employed by the Boss of ITT, who in the last episode was still amnesiac. J.R. & Mohg steal primitive Iowa City buildings for Kai Smithson-Bericcotti, from whose aquarium Mohg rescued the imprisoned ex-linotype printer, Morry Coney, who fell in love with her. Meanwhile, J.R., mistakenly thinking Mohg dead and one of his stolen buildings lost, searches for the latter in

ancient Troy. In fact, the building fell from the sky to Moab, Utah. Meanwhile, Morry Coney and Mohg have been captured and brought to the Boss's headquarters, where his arch-enemy Felicity Bosch is about to blow ITT to bits. In this chapter Coney, Mohg, Bosch and the amnesiac Boss converse, with an attempted seduction and murder and a lengthy digression on theories of time.

The room was a shambles; the Boss's headquarters always had been. Amnesia didn't help. Felicity stood between the Wurlitzer jukeboxes, wires and blasting caps filigreeing her bolero jacket. Really, thought Mohg, last year's fashions and poorly worn at that. Or, she wondered, is Bosch suicidal? Are they real? Mohg advanced, looking around the room, flicking her tongue nervously, picking her way through the seven cats, the three broken videocrisis compelling machines, the innumerable cases of food hypos. Coney stood at the doorway, surrounded by cases of limburger cheese, still waterlogged from his years in the aquarium, staring dubiously at Felicity and the jukeboxes. The Boss never could throw anything away. Coney'd never met the Boss, but he decided no one could be worse than Kai Smithson-Bericcotti.

"The fact that I'm about to blow up the headquarters of International Time Traders," said Felicity, leaning debonair on the left Wurlitzer, "and, not coincidentally, you, Mohg, and your soggy friend, should in no way be misconstrued as one of the simpler experiments New Corpulence, Assoc. has attempted." She'd been rehearsing that; and brought it off nicely, she thought. Coney sat down on the closest Limburger crate. Hopeless, he thought; a jump from the aquarium to the pirhana's jaws. It's all those blasting caps. She'll blow herself up too, he suddenly realized. Stupid woman. New Corpulence — some kind of kamikaze outfit, probably. Now he'd never be able to tell Mohg his real feelings for her.

"No," continued Bosch, "New Corpulence not only takes advantage of time travel; we're a rigorous organization. We'll go to any lengths to achieve our purposes. We can always go into the past to repair any damage now committed; but we'll take care that once ITT is exploded, it'll stay exploded. But it's a time bomb," she continued, brushing a hand across the wire decolletage, "so you'll just have to wait."

Mohg saw Coney become even more uneasy. He stared at Bosch, the chubby rodent fascinated by the snake. Mohg wondered if he would be able to take the added strain on his heart. It was time for her to apply her considerable intelligence to the crisis, she reminded herself. Coney and she were at stake, the Boss too (and where was he?), the past, the future, poor John Roberts wherever, whenever he was. Ah, dear John.

Always, she had been ill at ease with males. Gangly and unfashionably emerald, a wallflower back on her own swampy world, she had tried to make up for her homeliness by excelling in her studies. She supposed it had paid off — she'd been selected to do the earth tour. And then she'd expatriated, become a naturalized human (legally, anyway), and then gone underground to steal buildings for ITT. And she'd met John Roberts.

She wondered about the Bosch woman. If the blasting caps lacework was the bomb, then New Corpulence's director was a fool; all that needed to be done was to cut the wires. Bosch was seventy if she was a day, even allowing for juvenalient treatments, but so confident. Bosch had never been an alien, thought Mohg, never had to learn earth like a hunting ground, custom by custom. But Mohg still felt and dreamed in frog. Could she handle intellectual combat with the cosmetically ferocious Felicity. Mohg was so quiet by nature.

She thought of the knife in her left galosh. Plan 1: to get it to Coney, have him approach Bosch and slash the wires. Plan 2: to find the real bomb, if the blasting caps weren't the real threat, and defuse it. And she would have to distract Bosch as she searched.

The kitchen door flew open. The Boss, still gaunt and unshaven, as always in his bathrobe and tie, stumbled into the room. "What—" he said. He went up to Bosch, confidentially. "How odd," he said. "A party? Have I been invited? Have they been invited? Am I late? What time is it? Time? That rings a bell...time...time...once, I worked with time."

Quickly, Mohg removed her left galosh, careful to keep the water in it to defuse any other bomb. If it takes too long, she thought, I'll dry out.

If she dried out, she could lose her foot. Her job too. She'd no longer be a whole frog. But she had to try. She scurried back to Coney. "Oh dear," he said, "I suppose we're lost."

"Take the knife. Quickly, Coney," whispered Mohg. "You've got to cut her wires." The Boss stood in front of Bosch, anxiously twisting his bathrobe. "But you haven't been served a drink yet," he said tremulously. "That isn't right at all."

"I can't, Mohg," Coney said aghast. "She'll kill me! She'll put me back in the aquarium!"

"She doesn't think you're capable of anything. You're perfectly safe," Mohg hissed. "I've got to go. Get close to her however you can. Flirt with her. We're depending on you."

She shuffled back to the watery galosh. "A daquiri!" shouted the Boss, running back to the kitchen. Mohg lifted the galosh gingerly, began peering for anything that could be a bomb. She'd thought she knew the headquarters perfectly — nothing ever was put away, just piled here, there, till it toppled over — surely she could find it. Coney cut himself on the knife trying to hide it up his sleeve. Miserable, he looked down at the scratch on his wrist, and noticed the label on his perch: Famous Limburger Cheese, ITT imports, Ancient Delights Inc. An inspiration, the first in so many years, hit.

"A party! What's better than a little cheese," he tried, and stopped, realizing he'd whispered. Try again. "What we need here is a little Limburger cheese," he called to Bosch. He began ripping open the box, hands trembling. "A few hors d'oeuvres to die by," he trilled, and lifted out the cheese. How could he approach Bosch with the cheese? Dared he hope it pained her to see him making overtures to another woman? Why were these cats converging on him from all corners of the room?

Cut the wires — it sounded so simple, but did Mohg, an alien in spite of, or because of, her charms, realize how unlikely a seducer a water-logged butterball was?

Water-logged: he was that, and it caused him to shudder, remembering vividly how he had struggled to breath, bobbing and burbling ceaselessly in the tank, the sound of the air filter always in his ear, the aquarium light always on. Where he used to drift with only the most limited control over his movement, snapping at the food which floated, greasy, on the surface of the water, before it sank to the bottom of the tank and past his reach. He'd so longed for just a dry rock to sit on, just for a moment. To keep himself sane he used to line up whole pages of type in his mind, carefully counting characters and spacing the words out just so. But now he had to concentrate on Bosch. He threw the cheese to the Boss' cats, and taking another from the box, stuck the knife in it and slowly walked towards the jukeboxes. I'll do it for Mohg, he thought.

Felicity glared, as haughtily as she thought proper, at Coney cum limburger. She noticed the frog smile at him and nod. What was up between them? She'd tried to make the blasting caps as obvious as possible so the two bumbler would head straight for them. Couldn't they even do that without such confusion? Why was Mohg wandering over by the file cabinets with that enormous shoe? (Really, it's a mess in here, Bosch thought.)

Mohg saw her watching. "Madame Bosch," she said, "seeing that we're all about to be exploded out of time and space, and given all that we've heard about you and your organization, could you take the time to explain — finally — time to a simple frog-like alien who's never really understood it?" A little heavy, she thought. Bosch looked anxiously at the galosh. "I mean, we can use the machines and pull the switches and set the dials, what is time, really? You know, essentially? Cosmically? How can the past really exist? Only the present moment exists."

"It exists," said Felicity, "as a matter of matter, matter in different universes. You just go from one to another. Each —" she waved away Coney's offer of limburger, so gauchely obvious.

"Each one is at a different point in time, all of them strung out in a lovely chronological string, rolling along like identical videotapes started split seconds apart. Just ticking away..." Ticking? Bosch stopped and cocked her shell-like bedangled right ear. No ticking! Then, "tick, tick-tick, tick, tick-tick," the sedate rhythms started again.

An interesting image, thought Mohg, the bent ear: not one a frog, lacking an external ear, would have chosen, yet Mohg was acculturated enough to recognize it. But what was she listening to? Mohg peered, almost tipping the galosh, and saw, gleaming softly amidst the comic books and baseball cards piled on top of the cluster of typewriters on the floor, a compact silver box, etched with a iconographic smiling face within a circle. Ah, she thought. But is it waterproof? And now to distract the beaming Bosch.

Mohg hadn't seen it, Bosch decided. "Ticking, yes," she continued. "Now if each present moment exists, why shouldn't it exist a minute from now, a year later, a hundred years from now? What's more, why shouldn't the only group with enough capital and entrepreneurial skill find that moment, and finding, fix it? And fixing, alter the future for more capital? You steal buildings. Small stuff, sweetheart. We steal eternity. We invest in the past, you might say, for future securities."

"Please have some limburger, Madame Bosch," Coney said. He couldn't bring himself to cut the blasting caps. What if they blew up at the first touch of metal? Whether tis nobler to wait, and waiting, die, or to seize the time and knife — the cheese fell off the knife. He was left with the knife. Bosch walked past him, towards the typewriters.

"But the present moment only exists for the present moment," Mohg said, placing herself between Bosch and the bomb, galosh in her right hand. "Then, it is a memory in a frog (or human) brain. And if *deja vu* is caused by chemicals in the brain, any memory may be caused by them too, and in that case, the past is just the whoosh of chemicals around some grey cells."

"Put down that galosh," Bosch said softly, "or I'll blow us all up." Coney advanced, trying to get on the front, wirey side of Bosch. Mohg glanced at the silver box. The engraving had changed; now etched in its side were the stark outlines of a flamingo and a date palm. "I thought you planned to blow us all up anyway," she hissed back. "In this time frame, at any rate."

The kitchen door flew open. The Boss, eyes ablaze with an inner fire, burst through. "Stop at once!" he cried. "I'll have none of this vile and hateful behavior in my parish. You'll burn in hell!" He turned to Coney, smiling happily. "That's right isn't it? Something like that, that enthusiasm? It feels like the real me..." He wagged a threatening finger at Bosch. "You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe and burn it asunder..."

"You're not Cotton Mather, Boss," Mohg said firmly. "No? No I'm not. And why..." he hurried anxiously back into the kitchen, "and why not..."

Mohg glanced at the bomb. A wild mountain side flickered onto the etching, replacing the date palm. It must be ready soon to go off. Bosch looked nervous.

"What you've forgotten about time, Felicity," Mohg said, "surely you don't mind if I call you Felicity, is the greatest probability of all: that time's only perceived, only exists as perceived experience, and that a virtual unknown. That if we take a building, if you fix the past, that building and past could be sheerest Berkeleyan illusion, dreamt by one anonymous person in time long distant back on my home planet, that those illusions could change an infinite number of times in any given second, that what you perceive could be utterly different from the perceptions of

—continued on page five



goldfish 1

Sam Goldfish  
Santa Monica, California  
June 6, 1850

Mr. Herman Melville  
Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
My Dear Mr. Melville:

I'm hoping you won't put this aside as some sort of "crank" letter, owing to my name and its possibly satiric comment on your great, great book. It is not such a comment — it is my real name. And this is not a crank letter, but one of very serious intent.

Your publishing agent, a Mr. Cudahy, took the liberty of showing me a good many of the proof sheets for your novel "Moby Dick," which I enjoyed very much and was excited enough about it to read straight through. It is a very gripping story — which I'm sure I don't have to tell you, Mr. Melville — and one fraught with dramatic possibilities. This is where I come in.

I am a producer of dramas for the stage, a profession which has brought joy to me and, I would hope, has allowed me to bring joy to others (see clippings enclosed). I think a stage production of your book would be a wondrous and very profitable thing, for all concerned. Does this whiff of an idea interest you at all? Would you be willing to give me the go-ahead for a treatment of such? I'm hoping you can find time in your busy schedule, what with writing and all, to drop me a line and let me know your feelings. I think, to be honest with you, that we could work very well together.

Yours respectfully,  
Sam Goldfish

Herman Melville  
Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
August 19, 1851

Mr. Samuel Goldfish  
Santa Monica, California  
Mr. Goldfish:

Pray forgiveness I have not answered your missive till now. 'Tis dark and great ravens circle the farm, the incessant beating of their wings sending up great clouds of dust. Ocher. Panels of wood, salty and moist. O, tremors! I remain unmoved.

Melville

Santa Monica, California  
August 20, 1851

My Dear Mr. Melville:

Call me Sam. This is not meant to be a joke, but everyone calls me "Sam" and not "Samuel," so please don't feel you're being presumptuous.

Did you mean yes? Your letter was very wonderful. I have shown it to my wife, and she was awestruck, too, but I found it difficult to tell whether you liked my idea or not. I think you did. I hope you did. Let's knock it around awhile longer, shall we, and see what comes about?

Yours as always,  
Sam Goldfish

Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
January 3, 1852

Mr. Goldfish:

Pray forgiveness. Hope that curtains and not shrouds fall across our years; waking, the great white fish rolls to one corner of the oceans, and yet his fin touches another.

Melville

## Time Trading cont'd

the rest of the world." She stopped for breath, took a sip of water from the galosh. "Berkeleyan theories long ago gave way to Bradley's" Bosch exclaimed, "and I do think I have to be going." The scenes on the bomb changed more rapidly. Now a Japanese formal garden, now a beach with "Hello from Honolulu" emblazoned across. Someone had to act fast.

The kitchen door flew open. The Boss entered, a replica of a T.V. dinner in his hand. When he saw the frantically ticking bomb, he hustled straight to it. "Oh, good, a microwave oven. Just what I need to prepare dinner for poor Fred when he comes home from a hard day at the construction works. Husband? Office? If I could just get my time frame right, I think I could figure out who I am. Nice little

Harry Chapin March 20, 8 p.m. Hancher

My Dear Melville:  
I was so glad to hear of great white fish rolls to you don't mind my quack opening — delivered from a "knack" for dramatic v can see it now!

Of course, there's much uphill from here, but we'll long, if I know my business of dialogue — first draft, if you wish. About the whale mind, or were you thinking. This is a matter we should



Goldfish:  
Pray forgiveness. I understand. Whale? Thou will not

My Dear Melville:

This isn't meant as a critique off my chest before it is kind between us. You see, it's of utmost importance. Don't shape up just fine, thank seasons so far, and — now what with the book remaining best that we try to open with the public's mind. I know point to a great writer such I know this business.

At any rate, on to business to mean that you were in organic than mechanical, a Wheelchuck to build us a dred and fifty-two dollars more than willing to pay me enclosed. For another fortnight says he can make the most of wires. Do you think this will come in handy, especially Ahab rescues Dorothy from

# Trading and other crimes

en) are employed by o in the last episode y J.R. & Mohg steal y buildings for Kai tly, from whose rescued the im- pe printer, Morry in love with her. mistakenly thinking one of his stolen ches for the latter in

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Cut the wires — it sounded so simple, but did Mohg, an alien in spite of, or because of, her charms, realize how unlikely a seducer a water-logged butterball was?

Water-logged: he was that, and it caused him to shudder, remembering vividly how he had struggled to breathe, bobbing and burbling ceaselessly in the tank, the sound of the air filter always in his ear, the aquarium light always on. Where he used to drift with only the most limited control over his movement, snapping at the food which floated, greasy, on the surface of the water, before it sank to the bottom of the tank and past his reach. He'd so longed for just a dry rock to sit on, just for a moment. To keep himself sane he used to line up whole pages of type in his mind, carefully counting characters and spacing the words out just so. But now he had to concentrate on Bosch. He threw the cheese to the Boss' cats, and taking another from the box, stuck the knife in it and slowly walked towards the jukeboxes. I'll do it for Mohg, he thought.

Felicity glared, as haughtily as she thought proper, at Coney cum limburger. She noticed the frog smile at him and nod. What was up between them? She'd tried to make the blasting caps as obvious as possible so the two bumbling would head straight for them. Couldn't they even do that without such confusion? Why was Mohg wandering over by the file cabinets with that enormous shoe? (Really, it's a mess in here, Bosch thought.)

Mohg saw her watching. "Madame Bosch," she said, "seeing that we're all about to be exploded out of time and space, and given all that we've heard about you and your organization, could you take the time to explain — finally — time to a simple frog-like alien who's never really understood it?" A little heavy, she thought. Bosch looked anxiously at the galosh. "I mean, we can use the machines and pull the switches and set the dials, what is time, really? You know, essentially? Cosmically? How can the past really exist? Only the present moment exists."

"It exists," said Felicity, "as a matter of matter, matter in different universes. You just go from one to another. Each —" she waved away Coney's offer of limburger, so gauche obvious.

"Each one is at a different point in time, all of them strung out in a lovely chronological string, rolling along like identical videotapes started split seconds apart. Just ticking away..." Ticking? Bosch stopped and cocked her shell-like bedangled right ear. No ticking! Then, "tick, tick-tick, tick, tick-tick," the sedate rhythms started again.

An interesting image, thought Mohg, the bent ear: not one a frog, lacking an external ear, would have chosen, yet Mohg was acculturated enough to recognize it. But what was she listening to? Mohg peered, almost tipping the galosh, and saw, gleaming softly amidst the comic books and baseball cards piled on top of the cluster of typewriters on the floor, a compact silver box, etched with a iconographic smiling face within a circle. Ah, she thought. But is it waterproof? And now to distract the beaming Bosch.

Mohg hadn't seen it, Bosch decided. "Ticking, yes," she continued. "Now if each present moment exists, why shouldn't it exist a minute from now, a year later, a hundred years from now? What's more, why shouldn't the only group with enough capital and entrepreneurial skill find that moment, and finding, fix it? And fixing, alter the future for more capital? You steal buildings. Small stuff, sweetheart. We steal eternity. We invest in the past, you might say, for future securities."

"Please have some limburger, Madame Bosch," Coney said. He couldn't bring himself to cut the blasting caps. What if they blew up at the first touch of metal? Whether tis nobler to wait, and waiting, die, or to seize the time and knife — the cheese fell off the knife. He was left with the knife. Bosch walked past him, towards the typewriters.

"But the present moment only exists for the present moment," Mohg said, placing herself between Bosch and the bomb, galosh in her right hand. "Then, it is a memory in a frog (or human) brain. And if *deja vu* is caused by chemicals in the brain, any memory may be caused by them too, and in that case, the past is just the whoosh of chemicals around some grey cells."

"Put down that galosh," Bosch said softly, "or I'll blow us all up." Coney advanced, trying to get on the front, wirey side of Bosch. Mohg glanced at the silver box. The engraving had changed; now etched in its side were the stark outlines of a flamingo and a date palm. "I thought you planned to blow us all up anyway," she hissed back. "In this time frame, at any rate."

The kitchen door flew open. The Boss, eyes ablaze with an inner fire, burst through. "Stop at once!" he cried. "I'll have none of this vile and hateful behavior in my parish. You'll burn in hell!" He turned to Coney, smiling happily. "That's right isn't it? Something like that, that enthusiasm? It feels like the real me..." He wagged a threatening finger at Bosch. "You hang by a slender thread, with the flames of divine wrath flashing about it, and ready every moment to singe and burn it asunder..."

"You're not Cotton Mather, Boss," Mohg said firmly. "No? No I'm not. And why..." he hurried anxiously back into the kitchen, "and why not..."

Mohg glanced at the bomb. A wild mountain side flickered onto the etching, replacing the date palm. It must be ready soon to go off. Bosch looked nervous. "What you've forgotten about time, Felicity," Mohg said, "surely you don't mind if I call you Felicity, is the greatest probability of all: that time's only perceived, only exists as perceived experience, and that a virtual unknown. That if we take a building, if you fix the past, that building and past could be sheerest Berkeleyian illusion, dreamt by one anonymous person in time long distant back on my home planet, that those illusions could change an infinite number of times in any given second, that what you perceive could be utterly different from the perceptions of

—continued on page five

# goldfish to melville

Sam Goldfish  
Santa Monica, California  
June 6, 1850

Mr. Herman Melville  
Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
My Dear Mr. Melville:

I'm hoping you won't put this aside as some sort of "crank" letter, owing to my name and its possibly satiric comment on your great, great book. It is not such a comment — it is my real name. And this is not a crank letter, but one of very serious intent.

Your publishing agent, a Mr. Cudahy, took the liberty of showing me a good many of the proof sheets for your novel "Moby Dick," which I enjoyed very much and was excited enough about it to read straight through. It is a very gripping story — which I'm sure I don't have to tell you, Mr. Melville — and one fraught with dramatic possibilities. This is where I come in.

I am a producer of dramas for the stage, a profession which has brought joy to me and, I would hope, has allowed me to bring joy to others (see clippings enclosed). I think a stage production of your book would be a wondrous and very profitable thing, for all concerned. Does this whiff of an idea interest you at all? Would you be willing to give me the go-ahead for a treatment of such? I'm hoping you can find time in your busy schedule, what with writing and all, to drop me a line and let me know your feelings. I think, to be honest with you, that we could work very well together.

Yours respectfully,  
Sam Goldfish

Herman Melville  
Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
August 19, 1851

Mr. Samuel Goldfish  
Santa Monica, California  
Mr. Goldfish:

Pray forgiveness I have not answered your missive till now. 'Tis dark and great ravens circle the farm, the incessant beating of their wings sending up great clouds of dust. Ocher. Panels of wood, salty and moist. O, tremors! I remain unmoved.

Melville

Santa Monica, California  
August 20, 1851

My Dear Mr. Melville:

Call me Sam. This is not meant to be a joke, but everyone calls me "Sam" and not "Samuel," so please don't feel you're being presumptuous.

Did you mean yes? Your letter was very wonderful. I have shown it to my wife, and she was awestruck, too, but I found it difficult to tell whether you liked my idea or not. I think you did. I hope you did. Let's knock it around awhile longer, shall we, and see what comes about?

Yours as always,  
Sam Goldfish

Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
January 3, 1852

Mr. Goldfish:

Pray forgiveness. Hope that curtains and not shrouds fall across our years; waking, the great white fish rolls to one corner of the oceans, and yet his fin touches another.

Melville

Santa Monica, California  
January 4, 1852

My Dear Melville:

I was so glad to hear you say it! Beautiful! "The great white fish rolls to one corner of the oceans," if you don't mind my quoting you. What a perilous opening — delivered from offstage, of course. You have a "knack" for dramatic work, believe me, Melville. I can see it now!

Of course, there's much work ahead of us. It's all uphill from here, but we'll have "curtains" before too long, if I know my business. I've included a few pages of dialogue — first draft, feel free to make any changes you wish. About the whale: do you have an actor in mind, or were you thinking in terms of a contrivance? This is a matter we should take care of fairly soon.

Yours,  
Sam



Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
March 6, 1853

Goldfish:

Pray forgiveness. I understand little and assume much. Whale? Thou wilt not own a mortal parent.

Melville

Santa Monica, California  
March 7, 1853

My Dear Melville:

This isn't meant as a criticism, but perhaps I should get it off my chest before it creates any misunderstanding between us. You see, in this game, timing is of the utmost importance. Don't get me wrong — the play's shaping up just fine, thanks in great measure to your suggestions. But we've already missed two theatrical seasons so far, and — now don't take this harshly — what with the book remaindered and all, I think it's best that we try to open while you're still somewhat in the public's mind. I know this sounds like a trifling point to a great writer such as yourself but, believe me, I know this business.

At any rate, on to business. I took "no mortal parent" to mean that you were in favor of something less organic than mechanical, and so have contracted a Mr. Wheelchuck to build us a whale. Base cost is one hundred and fifty-two dollars, of which, of course, I'm more than willing to pay my half. Rough sketches are enclosed. For another forty dollars, Mr. Wheelchuck says he can make the mouth open and close by means of wires. Do you think this is necessary? I tend to feel it will come in handy, especially for the scene in which Ahab rescues Dorothy from the leviathan's jaw. As

always, of course, final decision is up to you.

Yours,  
Sam

P.S. I appreciated the levity of your sending back my second act cut into bits and pasted as sails on a model barquentine. Quite amusing — even my wife thought so. But, at this stage, we do need to criticize a little more constructively — n'est-ce pas?

Pittsfield, Massachusetts  
August 16, 1853

Goldfish:

Forgiveness. From what awful carving drops this final line? Proceed. Proceed. To look back is most terrible darkness.

Melville

Goldfish-Melville  
Theatrical Productions  
New York, New York  
August 17, 1853

My Dear Herman:

As per your latest instructions, I have had our whale completed — your bill should be delivered sometime soon — and rented us a fine playhouse not too far from Broadway. Perhaps, in time off from casting, etc. (you know how trying these last weeks are) I could hire a coach and driver and spend some weekend with you. Please address all future correspondence to my new location.

On to business. We haven't, of course, reached the dress rehearsal stage yet, but there have been some problems in the read-throughs. How do you wish the line "I understand little and assume much" delivered? Remember, Ishmael has just been through that nasty business with the chieftain's daughter, and if we play it too blithely our audience might not take the marriage vows to heart. Whether Ishmael means to go through with it or not, people shouldn't realize that she isn't really a native until at least act two, scene four.

What's your opinion, though? Also: our Ahab sprained his wrist trying to manage the harpoon and guitar at the same time. Must we really harpoon the whale? It's a lovely tune. I'd hate to throw it out.

Yours,  
Sam

New York, New York  
September 15, 1853

Mr. Melville:

Your actions last Sunday were, to my view and that of the entire cast, and of all the other people who worked so hard to make "Flesh Against the Sea" a success, totally uncalled-for and an outright smear on the good name of American theater. We knew we had a production the public would take to their hearts, Mr. Melville — it's a crime you've kept that joy from them.

I was so pleased to have worked with you all these months, shared your home and so on. Fool that I am, I was happy and proud — proud! — to see you walk into our playhouse that day. The great Mr. Melville! Our author! I guess I'll never learn.

Well, what's done is done. You've made a lot of people unhappy, Mr. Melville — I hope you're satisfied. Maybe that will carry you through the litigation that, I assure you, is only so far away as my attorney's door.

Yours in closing,  
Sam Goldfish

P.S. Your book stinks.

—John Bowie

## Time Trading cont'd

the rest of the world." She stopped for breath, took a sip of water from the galosh.

"Berkeleyian theories long ago gave way to Bradley's," Bosch exclaimed, "and I do think I have to be going." The scenes on the bomb changed more rapidly. Now a Japanese formal garden, now a beach with "Hello from Honolulu" emblazoned across. Someone had to act fast.

The kitchen door flew open. The Boss entered, a replica of a T.V. dinner in his hand. When he saw the frantically ticking bomb, he hustled straight to it. "Oh, good, a microwave oven. Just what I need to prepare dinner for poor Fred when he comes home from a hard day at the construction works. Husband? Office? If I could just get my time frame right, I think I could figure out who I am. Nice little

silver gadget, though. Great view of Honolulu."

"Don't touch that bomb!" shouted Mohg, and emptied the galosh over bomb, Boss and Bosch. She'd lose her foot for sure now. But was the bomb defused?

The bomb kept ticking, but slower. Bosch inched toward the front door, tugging the maundering boss along behind her. He might come in handy, but only if he were alive. The etchings began changing faster on the bomb, backwards, already at the wild mountain scene. If it weren't defused, that would be the end for Mohg and Coney, for all time.

Meanwhile in Utah, the plutonium plant quivered from the impact of the fallen building. The sunflower plants took one giant step in unison towards the building's half-broken door. Times were changing too quickly to unravel, when—

—to be continued.



Harry Chapin March 20, 8 p.m. Hancher

—H. Van Ruggles

# playing for money, playing funny and sometimes playing jazz

It's a Saturday, the club is packed, maybe two-thirds single women, maybe more. The band has its following, even its groupies. These things happen, like good contracts and broken equipment, gifts and curses from that minor double-knit Bacchic deity who smiles on lounge bands. The carpet's red, the booths black leather, the bartenders not bad-looking, after the fashion of shoe salesmen and bank tellers. The lounge is filled with shoe salesmen, bank tellers, secretaries, a flutter of students, salesmen, secretaries, more salesmen. A married couple or two, a bouffant hairdo rising phoenix-like in the low-lit corner, but mainly shags from four years past, a discreet mustache here and there. Everybody's all dressed up with their hairspray on. A scotch and soda dream of fraternity life after thirty-five.

A long bar lines the back of the lounge, with glasses of intriguing shapes and sizes dangling from the ceiling, throwing off a massive collage of reflections.

A dimly lit dance floor is hidden in the corner. The five band members mingle, conspicuous in velvet tuxedos, sequined, very posh, very safe nostalgia.

Five minutes after the entertainment is scheduled to begin, four of the five musicians of This Side Up strut onto the stage, shuffling those platform shoes.

An instrumental: "It's Too Late," designed for the thirties-minus portion; and then (equal time, equal mix) the lead singer arrives, Tom Jones imitation slightly wrinkled but basically intact, for an original arrangement of "I Left My Heart In San Francisco."

Or shouldn't it be "Let us entertain you", let us give you some back-up music for the night's pick-up, the night's platonic dancing, let us clown around a little for you. Not many bands get enough work to play six nights a week. The band moves into a medley of Glenn Miller, a lighter touch of the Mills Brothers, Glenn Campbell, and an arrangement by THIS SIDE UP's bass player David Green called "Will It Go Round In Circles." It surely does tend to.

Living a typical vagrant existence on the club circuit, they travel from town to town in Iowa. They eat hamburgers and french fries at the all-nighter restaurants, sleep in run-down motel rooms or apartments with no phones and broken furniture, and often drive nearly 100 miles back to Iowa City. Overnight rooms aren't always provided in their contract.

Considered (some say charitably) as performers as well as musicians, This Side Up combines a variety of acts, fancy costuming, choreographed dancing — from the step and shuffle of the '50s to the 2-step Bossa Nova from the 30s, and redoubtable comedy routines, along with their music. They smile a lot. No David Bowie nastiness, none of Dylan's sulks or

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**"However, owners of nightclubs around eastern Iowa have been more generous with my boys this year," Jackie says.**

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folk social consciousness, Nashville sentiment on tap, a little sex on tap, romance on tap, and Dancing Tunes! Because you have to give them what they want, and they want it all on tap.

After all, what better way is there to help people enjoy themselves and forget their woes, than to replace that frown with a smile.

Playing a little something for everyone, This Side Up's musical material ranges from slow instrumental tunes, to the Dubie Brothers' "Long Train Running," John Coltrane's "Giant Steps," to the boogie scene and rock 'n' roll, "alive with the master of rock 'n' roll, Mister Chuck Berry..."

A very important aspect of their music is the complete absurdity of trying to categorize it. They incorporate the "better" musical styles of the past 50 years.

Donald Edelbrock, a talented and versatile musician, THIS SIDE UP's version of John Coltrane or Charlie Parker, plays the guitar, saxophones, flutes and clarinet for the group.

Coming from a family of devoted musicians (his brother's in the Armed Forces Brass Quintet, and his parents both teach music), Edelbrock studied at the university for four years. In his off time he played and studied with Tommy Dorsey, Phil Woods, Peter Townshend of The Who, Diana Ross and the Supremes, and the omnipresent Glen Campbell.

He quit because the music department couldn't offer him what he wanted — jazz. Jazz remains largely untaught and unrecognized at the university.

In 1973, Edelbrock's junior year in college, he joined with Greg Hillman, 23 (known as Harpo to THIS SIDE UP's following. He does look like a cross between Abbie Hoffman and Harpo) and David Green, 32, and John Kessel, 21, to begin an experimental jazz quartet, called Who Knows? Harpo plays keyboard, horn and sings, Green plays the bass and synthesizer, and Kessel's on the drums.

"We did this for about nine months. Then we decided we'd better get a vocalist, and do a commercial trip people could identify with," Edelbrock says.

Intentionally setting out for a female singer, the group says they couldn't find one with enough variety or "class" that was worth hiring. They ended up hiring one Tom Lippert, who decided he had to leave "through mutual vibes" about a year later.

At this time Rob Napalitano, 28, joined the group. Napalitano dominates the group when he's on stage. He's originally from Long Island — his father's a laborer there, big in the local union. Napalitano plays the New York cabbie with a hearta gold, Casanova from Schenectady, Lothario from the Lower East Side, ties it all up with the Tom Jones bit. And it drives them wild, they beg for more, they fall into little sodden pieces in eastern Iowa's lounge clubs. It works. Actually, Napalitano came to the UI for a degree in English. He says he's been reading mainly books on psychoanalysis this past year.

Although older than the others, survivor of a couple marriages, Napalitano definitely has the kind of charisma calculated to flutter midwest female hearts, from sixteen to sixty.

He attended the UI when Don was still in high school, and after having bad luck with several other local bands, decided to join This Side Up.

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Kessel started his career as a drummer at four. "I started playing with wooden spoons and pot lids," he claims, "and advanced at the age of seven to a practice pad made out of an old innertube and an orange crate."

Later on, he advanced to play with Gary Burton and Chick Corea. His reactions: "I dug being in the whole trip."

THIS SIDE UP, he says, "can now produce many levels of AM music, many levels of FM, in the style of many different bands. We are so diverse stylistically that our direction would be hard to define." Kessel wants to develop a personal technique for visual enhancement of musical images.

"Electronic music isn't complete unless you have something visual to go along with it. Part of performed music is the visual aspect, and a communication. Not just a reproduction of an ordered number of pitches."

Green, the bass play and synthesizer master, is one of the more experienced musicians in the group. He was already twenty-five when he began playing the bass. He later played for three years with Jeri Butler.

And he played with just about every black group, Motown or obscure, you can name. But he came to Iowa, he says, to get off the road. He'd been living in Chicago inbetween jobs, and "I was fed up with being shot at, held up and just had to leave."

"I didn't have any credentials to get another musical job," he says, "so I went back to school for a while. I'd like eventually to consider myself a fine musician and write music that sounds good, both to the band that's playing it and the people that are listening."

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Jackie Blank, 42, an Iowa City realtor, and agent-manager for the group, became interested in This Side Up in August of 1975.

"It was in August of 1975 that the group first dedicated themselves to attempt a career solely as musicians," she says. "There was a need to become involved in the business — as well as the musical sense — of the career attempt."

Jackie is a businesswoman, a professional. She smiles determinedly and often, slightly less when discussing the band's finances.

"The first thing we had to do was to look rationally at five people, four of whom had other people to support besides themselves. To live with any kind of decency at all, we needed to set our standards at a good dollar," Jackie says.

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**"We're selling ourselves short, because we use up all our energy doing what we don't want to."**

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The plateau price for local nightclub work in eastern Iowa is \$2,000 for six nights a week. If you break that, you're a superstar, according to Jackie. "But not too many lounges in eastern Iowa can economically afford to pay a band that much," she adds.

Jackie calls THIS SIDE UP "her boys, her baubles." According to Napalitano, she only takes a token percentage, if that. The band seems to feel they've got the best buy available in local managers.

"When I go to arbitrate, and if a club owner does not meet my standards, I freely turn them down, and tell them to give me a call when they increase their entertainment budget," Jackie says.

"However, owners of nightclubs around eastern Iowa have been more generous with my boys this year, and our standards are usually met," she says. "But they deserve it, because of their talent, ability and energy and the good relations they can provide for night clubs."

The members of the group manage to keep up \$180 a month apartment rents — or mortgage payments. But their actual take home pay, in the lucrative world of other lounge musicians, "doesn't even come close."

The expenses incurred keeping up the razzle-dazzle are enormous. Cleaning the costumes, repairing them, constantly purchasing new ones, always with those Liberace velvets and silks, runs up a huge yearly bill. The costumes are important. They reassure the audience, the club managers. The group has six costumes, which range from dress pants and casual "off the rack" shirts, to those navy-blue crushed velvet tuxedos with black pants.

Chris McDonald of Cedar Rapids just finished sewing white satin suits with sequins on the lapels and the sides of the pants. Harpo's wife Julia, and Jackie's daughter Mindy, are making black satin shirts with a pattern of white stars to complete the outfit. The Faithful Following clothes and cares for THIS SIDE UP, one of the minor deity's other gifts.

Then there's the equipment. THIS SIDE UP has no roadies. Roadies are a sign of making that one step further up the road to affluence. Although most lounges provide their own sound system, This Side Up purchased its own and takes it along wherever the band appears.

Kessel says their sound system is "very sophisticated." It consists of a eight input Peavey 800 mixer, powered by a phase-linear 400 power amplifier into a four Bose Pro speaker system.

Even more expensive is the cost of personal traveler's road insurance. "Musicians have the highest premiums on insurance because they play in places where liquor is served and usually drive several miles late at night when a performance is over," Jackie said.

"Many lounges think that if a band is doing something they like, and enjoying it, they can be paid very little or not at all, and will perform anyway. But it is important to remember that it is very difficult for us to get even an amount of money to live middle class."

"You can find jazz bands all over the place that are scratching for a living," Harpo says. "We don't want to scratch."

There are lounge groups that don't play much music at all, according to Harpo. They work with mime, with stand-up comedy routines, a little music thrown in off and on for variety. THIS SIDE UP throws in the comedy now and then. Harpo's the main comic, playing Pagliacci (who played pretty obviously at clowning himself), very serious underneath, very high school cut-up on the surface. The clientele's buying youth, among other things; the band's younger than their usual customers, and there's something very sellable in being "Jackie's boys." They're not:

# money, y and sometimes

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The plateau price for local nightclub work in eastern Iowa is \$2,000 for six nights a week. If you break that, you're a superstar, according to Jackie. "But not too many lounges in eastern Iowa can economically afford to pay a band that much," she adds.

Jackie calls THIS SIDE UP "her boys, her baubles." According to Napalitano, she only takes a token percentage, if that. The band seems to feel they've got the best buy available in local managers.

"When I go to arbitrate, and if a club owner does not meet my standards, I freely turn them down, and tell them to give me a call when they increase their entertainment budget," Jackie says.

"However, owners of nightclubs around eastern Iowa have been more generous with my boys this year, and our standards are usually met," she says. "But they deserve it, because of their talent, ability and energy and the good relations they can provide for night clubs."

The members of the group manage to keep up \$180 a month apartment rents — or mortgage payments. But their actual take home pay, in the lucrative world of other lounge musicians, "doesn't even come close."

The expenses incurred keeping up the razzle-dazzle are enormous. Cleaning the costumes, repairing them, constantly purchasing new ones, always with those Liberace velvets and silks, runs up a huge yearly bill. The costumes are important. They reassure the audience, the club managers. The group has six costumes, which range from dress pants and casual "off the rack" shirts, to those navy-blue crushed velvet tuxedos with black pants.

Chris McDonald of Cedar Rapids just finished sewing white satin suits with sequins on the lapels and the sides of the pants. Harpo's wife Julia, and Jackie's daughter Mindy, are making black satin shirts with a pattern of white stars to complete the outfit. The Faithful Following clothes and cares for THIS SIDE UP, one of the minor deity's other gifts.

Then there's the equipment. THIS SIDE UP has no roadies. Roadies are a sign of making that one step further up the road to affluence. Although most lounges provide their own sound system, *This Side Up* purchased its own and takes it along wherever the band appears.

Kessel says their sound system is "very sophisticated." It consists of a eight input Peavey 800 mixer, powered by a phase-linear 400 power amplifier into a four Bose Pro speaker system.

Even more expensive is the cost of personal traveler's road insurance. "Musicians have the highest premiums on insurance because they play in places where liquor is served and usually drive several miles late at night when a performance is over," Jackie said.

"Many lounges think that if a band is doing something they like, and enjoying it, they can be paid very little or not at all, and will perform anyway. But it is important to remember that it is very difficult for us to get even an amount of money to live middle class."

"You can find jazz bands all over the place that are scratching for a living," Harpo says. "We don't want to scratch."

There are lounge groups that don't play much music at all, according to Harpo. They work with mime, with stand-up comedy routines, a little music thrown in off and on for variety. THIS SIDE UP throws in the comedy now and then. Harpo's the main comic, playing Pagliacci (who played pretty obviously at clowning himself), very serious underneath, very high school cut-up on the surface. The clientele's buying youth, among other things; the band's younger than their usual customers, and there's something very sellable in being "Jackie's boys." They're not:

they're capable of more: they're even capable of being genuinely funnier. But these days, innocence or perversity sells the best, until you're famous enough to play at being yourself. Of course, the comedy routines keep you from getting bored, going through the fifteenth rendition of "The Hustle" in three weeks.

The yellow phone on Harpo's piano begins ringing. He answers it and pretends it's Glen Campbell. (Gasp of recognition from the audience, Titters, guffaws.) Glen explains that he was on his way to the club to sing his latest hit, "Rhinstone Cowboy," but couldn't make it because he and his horse stopped off at Taco Grande — and now his horse knows what the "trots" really are. So Harpo says he'll do it for him. He begins singing, and Rob smashes a torn up cowboy hat on his head. Towards the end of the song, Harpo throws a saddle on Rob's back and rides him until the tune is over. Rob makes a joke at the "Hawaiian Cowboy," and Harpo gets back saying, "What would you call an Italian horse?" Rob answers, "A horsa, of course'a." Harpo also completes the rhythm section on rock 'n' roll numbers with two garbage can lids, and sometimes he puts a large plastic duck on his head.

Old music in new medleys, and their devastating theatrics have kept THIS SIDE UP employed for two years, six nights a week.

"Keeping up with the top-40, rehearsing as often as possible, cleaning our clothes, tearing down and setting up equipment, just doesn't give us time to do what we really want to," Edelbrock says.

The group would like to do original recordings and get on the national musical circuit, and eventually achieve recognition as a respectable jazz band.

"We're selling ourselves short, because we use up all our energy doing what we don't really want to do, and we're working toward too many things at once. To get where we want to, we need a solid string of singles on the radio," Edelbrock says.

Harpo Hillman is more interested in making that first recording hit as commercial as possible. Hits, naturally, by definition are as commercial as the industry chooses, whatever the musicians' intentions. Not bubblegum necessarily, but not Coltrane. Ever.

Edelbrock's afraid that first hit might not be jazz. He feels if the first hit is pop music, he'll never be able to get his name reestablished with jazz.

THIS SIDE UP's goals seem to conflict. Surviving the lounge scene can do that to you. On the one hand, they'll provide whatever's wanted. If dance music is requested, they'll do that. If listening music is in demand, they'll try that, make it interesting musically. Whatever the style, they'll do it well. Eastern Iowa isn't a profitable place for professional musicians who insist on playing the very best — bluegrass, country-western, jazz, whatever. Musicians have had to leave Iowa to make a break. THIS SIDE UP wants to stay in Iowa, to develop a taste for jazz in the lounges, to make the clubs adapt to them at last, as much as they've had to adapt to the clubs. They've trying to incorporate some of Edelbrock's original jazz compositions into their commercial performances, two in particular: "Fairway Zephyr" and "Tensions." Audiences sometimes get ruffled, call out for "some real music." They want to dance.

So the band also talks about doing TV and radio commercials, anything, anything, that'll take them off the lounge circuit.

Jackie says they're always hopeful that they'll be heard by people with influence and capital, for it takes both.

"Right now we're looking for a specific and particular style that is unique; a sound, an arrangement, a routine," Jackie says. "We're looking for a sound right now, a sound that is new, alive and exciting, but first and foremost, of good quality."

The group is dedicating the month of May to the development time needed. Playing six nights a week leaves no time for developing jazz, much less a potentially successful commercial jazz style.

It can be frustrating for THIS SIDE UP, after the past two years, to have had one of the best lounge bands in eastern Iowa and pretty much nothing to show for it, but recurring colds, a few scars and hundreds of fans.

Right now, they don't have anything that is really them. They are a little bit of everybody, a little bit of everything, which is good for the clubs, but not for making that break.

But with Vaudeville extinct, and big city nightclubs on the decline, these isolated clubs in eastern Iowa survive off the followings of bands like THIS SIDE UP.

THIS SIDE UP tried playing jazz — mostly jazz — this past weekend at the Serendipity. Napalitano said he hadn't done any jazz singing for four years, that it was great getting back to it. Kessel pointed out that arrangements had been rehearsed three or four days that ideally would've been rehearsed weeks, maybe months.

After the second break, they played a lot of good — very good — jazz. A lot of Edelbrock on the flute and sax, Harpo virtuoso on the keyboard. "Play some real music," someone rumbled out from the crowd. "Yeah!"

The band moved into the theme from *Last Tango in Paris* and followed up with a heartfelt version of *The Hustle*. THIS SIDE UP's sense of humor can show in subtle and mysterious ways.

—Lori Newton

# books

**DREAM CHILDREN**  
by Gail Godwin  
Alfred A. Knopf, \$7.95

Young Mrs. McNair, in the title story of Gail Godwin's collection *Dream Children*, reads from a book: "At last I was beginning to understand what Teilhard de Chardin meant when he said that man's true home is the mind. Understood that when the mystics tell us that the mind is a place, they don't mean it as a metaphor."

And a lonely, mad place it is for Mrs. McNair, and for others in Godwin's stories. Mrs. McNair flirts with death by day, galloping her stallion through meadows treacherous with woodchuck holes; by night she visits in her dreams the two-year-old son she never had. In "Interstices," Lucy Prince, just back from a mental hospital and an unsatisfactory affair with her husband's school chum, plots to poison herself and her family with spoiled food from the freezer.

The woman of "A Sorrowful Woman" looks at her son and husband one winter evening: "The sight of them made her so sad and sick she did not want to see them ever again." She withdraws from them, locks herself in her room where she combs her hair and writes sonnets, and finally, kills herself.

These stories are tight, clean, well-made, and savage in irony. They are the work of a piercing intelligence. Godwin is a skillful story-teller, and at her best she draws the reader into the sorrows and horrors and fantasies of her characters' minds.

But there is throughout her book a tendency toward the abstract, toward idea, which flaws some of the stories. In "False Lights," "My Lover, His Summer Vacation," "Why Does a Great Man Love?" and "The Woman Who Kept Her Poet," the reader senses that certain characters are trying to break free from the story, to become something different than the shape the writer allows them. The stories are arbitrary, when they should be inevitable.

Violet, the young wife of a middle-aged solipsistic novelist in "False Lights," tries to make contact with her husband's former wife, Annette. She wants to reach through time for companionship, for adventure, for meaning from the older woman. She already feels she is drowning in her husband's stale world; fears she, like Annette, will be entombed in her husband's art. Her letter is beautifully poignant. "Perhaps one

night," Violet writes, "in spite of himself, he'll experiment with a better form of me, and then I will join you. We will meet at last. That is a chance I made up in my mind I would take. Do you think, for yourself, it's been worth it?" Her question is never resolved. The older woman rebuffs her, and refuses further communication. The issue is suggested, probed at, but never faced by the story.



Characters too often remain flat, or worse, they are types. The husband of "My Lover..." leaves his mistress behind for a two-week vacation with his wife and son. The husband is a milksoy; he likes order. He gets nervous when his wife delays their trip by staying too long in the shower. The son is a weak little brute who reads comic books and watches T.V. He worships sports heroes. The wife is resigned. She knows the marriage is going to hell. She submits to her husband's love-making because it's the last night of vacation. She has her duties.

The mistress will be thirty-two her next birthday. She spends too much money on clothes and cosmetics. She reads Jane Eyre. It all sounds too familiar, and it is. Yet the mistress struggles against the flatness of the

story. She, like Violet, tries to reach another woman. She addresses a letter to Charlotte Bronte: "...for two years (I) have been doing something Jane refused to do. Yes, I am mistress to the man I love. His wife is still living, and, unfortunately, not confined to the attic. I don't think he is capable of loving me as much as Mr. Rochester loves Jane, for, you see, he has never known solitude."

This woman understands something, something important. But she is not allowed to grow; the husband-lover returns, he calls, he'll see her Tuesday, if he can find the time. The point of the story is made. But the reader suspects at the end that it is not herself who keeps the mistress locked into her futile patterns, it is Godwin.

Ironically, a passage from "The Woman Who Kept Her Poet" points at the weakness of some of Godwin's narratives. The teen-aged wife of an old poet holds her husband in her arms as he sleeps and relishes the smell of his body: "Unlike his poems, which were formal, cool, pure little gems of intellectual control, which sank like stones into your consciousness and refused to be dislodged or disintegrated into anything other than themselves, his smell was warm, pungent, and perishable. It was sweet and vulnerable." When they are not working, Godwin's stories are too much like those poems.

Still, there is much to recommend *Dream Children*. I have not touched upon "Some Side Effects of Time Travel," which will be interesting to students at Iowa for its portrait of an Old English Scholar named MacFarlane and the sketch of Borges' first visit here. I have not mentioned "Notes for a Story," which is just that, but more, and one of the most powerful tales in the book.

And there are two stories, "Nobody's Home," a retelling of Hawthorne's "Wakefield," only this time it is the wife who decides to abandon her home and watch the effects on her husband, and "An Intermediate Stop," a story about an English vicar who has had an "interview with God" and visits a Southern women's college to promote his book about the experience, both of which possess the quality Godwin's stories sometimes lack, the warm and vulnerable smell of life.

—Ross Howell

**SEPARATE FLIGHTS**  
by Andre Dubus  
David R. Godine, \$8.95

The metaphor for this collection — a novella and seven short stories — is in its epigraph from Unamuno: certain spiders spin "floating threads out of their own entrails, delicate webs by means of which they hurl themselves into space unknown." So do the characters here.

Dubus isn't a display writer. His stories are not neat intellectual puzzles for readers who like tricks or who enjoy a good act. His great talent — a talent that's sometimes shocking it's so absolutely true — is in getting closer and still closer to the motives of his characters. He is especially gifted in showing the process by which a person gradually wakes up to himself and the people close to him. What he finds in the human heart is not despair, although sometimes depression; it is not gothic terror, although it is sometimes disintegration; it is not simple but always very complicated; and nearly always he finds the sad compromises of maturity. His people do not want to hurt or be hurt, but they do and are. They have scars from having lived and felt. For the reader who knows about such feelings and compromises, those scars are roadmaps.

Like the epigraph, the title of this book is absolutely appropriate. Dubus reaches the part of us that knows we all do make separate flights. But that, as well, we always long for connection.

The novella's title comes from a remark made by a drunk friend: "Come see us again sometime; nobody's home but us, and we don't live here anymore." This is the story of two marriages, the adultery between them.

The couples switch spouses; it doesn't work. At the end the marriages remain intact but their form is all that's left. The affairs were a light that showed these

marriages to have no content substantial enough to throw shadows. No love here but adjustments, and compromises.

The flaw in this novella is its failure at times to truly see its women. It's large success is its relentless inwardness in searching these two marriages, turning up another discovery on almost every page. The discoveries are not attractive. Still one sympathizes



because they are so true.

As for the stories, five are very good. Two, I think, fall short.

"The Doctor" is a short piece on a man who fails to save a drowning boy. As a good story will, this one rises out of the particularity of its occasion into a larger sense of the absolute limits of our abilities to prevent accident and disaster, no matter how well-trained, how competent, we are.

"If They Knew Yvonne" is a more upbeat story about a Catholic boyhood and sexual guilt finally resolved.

"Going Under" does an extraordinary job of anatomizing a man's breakdown. The simplest act has become utterly difficult. For whole pages the main character is unable to leave his apartment and reach his own garage; to drive to a friend's apartment and to save himself. Finally his friend directs him over the phone as if she were an air traffic controller. The moment is so perfectly written, so authentic to this experience, one simply wonders and admires.

"Separate Flights" is the story of a middle-aged woman going down, loveless marriage, booze. Her descent is steady, banal, hopeless, and there's no traffic controller to help her out again.

There's a great deal to admire in this book. Dubus knows about emotions. His stories are full of moments, small recognitions. They have the feel of a prism — one reads to find each new refraction, and the surfaces glitter and shock.

The book is excellently produced by a fine small publisher, and it is a pleasure to hold as well as to read. The stories previously appeared in *North American Review*, *The New Yorker*, *Sage*, and *Northwest Review*. Dubus is a first-rate writer and well worth attention.



—Mary Peterson

(Books courtesy of Iowa Book & Supply)

**MOISE AND THE REAL WORLD**  
By Tennessee Williams  
Simon & Schuster, \$6.95

**TENNESSEE WILLIAMS: MEMOIRS**  
By Tennessee Williams  
Doubleday, \$8.95

Wonder what Tennessee Williams has been up to lately? Idle he has not been, judging by these two volumes: *Moise*, which is a novel (his first since *The Roman Spring of Mrs. Stone*) and which appeared early last year; and the more recent *Memoirs*, which speak for themselves (and how). And in some ways it can be said Williams has never been in better form.

*Moise* is comedy in the classic sense: the ending is happy, the possibilities open — but not before intervening trials. It is the story of three artists, three lovers: the narrator, "a distinguished failed writer at thirty" (of fiction, however, not drama); his best and now deceased love, Lance, the "the living nigger on ice" (who is, yes, black, and a professional ice skater as well); and *Moise*, a painter and sometime Cassandra of New York.

Williams provides a helpful pronunciation key for his title character's name: "Say mo. And then say ease, with the accent placed (ironically) on the ease." He fails however to point out that the name is also French for Moses. And this is indeed the role she plays in this book, translating the other world, handing down the law in oracular outbursts that accompany epileptic seizures.

The plot of the novel concerns events surrounding a party given by *Moise* to announce her departure from "the real world," owing, we later hear, to the death of her patron, her subsequent poverty and inability to finance her career (let alone confront her life). The narrator records the party-day events, reminisces about his meeting with *Moise* and Lance, Lance's death, his subsequent friendship with *Moise*, his new lover; and describes how he loses that lover at *Moise*'s chaotic bash and, later, gains another — and, of course, better.

Williams has always clung strongly and romantically, as he himself says, to the possibility of creation, growth and regeneration in art and love. He does no less here. The final pages are genuinely touching, guaranteed — if you can accept his heroes for the true heroes they are — to leave good feelings. *Moise* is not flawless. The style is loose, sometimes sloppy, sometimes embarrassing; but I think it is healthy embarrassment. The first fifty pages might make you wonder, but if you can relax with the cadence

of the narrative voice

is here. The *Memoirs* were in the *Forward*, for "immediately obvious that money. This book is in a life in a continuous one at that — against 'physical being,' but artist ends up suffering as well.



The style is loose narrative, alternating daily (and nightly) in the book of his recollections. This question of form, of the subject is professional matter? Is this book, then, with professional matter? deeper necessities than plies, and I think that detriment of my career. Advantage. Career? The work, nothing so pretentious never had any choice but to keep this aesthetic principle in mind where wise this somewhat disjointed collection of anecdotes merely indulgent and the book is either.

**FAR TORTUGA**  
by Peter Matthiessen  
Random House, \$10.95

*Far Tortuga* is a marvelous, moving book. It recounts the doomed voyage of the *Lillias Eden*, a turtle fishing boat in the Caribbean. The crew is a motley assortment, the only men foolhardy enough, or desperate enough to sail under the *Eden*'s irascible captain, Raib Avers. It's a bad trip right from the beginning, they are late starting and so the season is practically over. The ship is poorly outfitted, there are no life preservers, no fire fighting equipment, and the radio-telephone can receive, but not send.

Moreover, the way of life they follow is also ending, the young men of the islands are rejecting the hard life of turtle fishing for the easy gains attached to the burgeoning tourist industry. A sense of nostalgia for a better past hangs over the story as the men discuss the "modern times" they can only dimly apprehend. There's a sense of growing corruption in the world, drunken dissolute captains resembling the pirates of the past grown random and vicious, echoing the casual brutality of the modern age. One of the men mentions that the kind of men you see on fishing boats today you used to see only in jails.

*Far Tortuga* is, however, much more than a simple sea story. I can't remember reading a book recently where the style is so uniquely correct for the content, where the telling so perfectly echoes that which is told. The book drives forward on an amazingly spare, evocative prose, frequently with the power of concrete poetry as poetry should be, when it isn't being silly. Like a series of perfectly realized moments, from the simplest one word statement: "Daybreak," to narrative passages lasting several pages.

It seems to me hard to praise this achievement too highly. The author's love of this world is carried over into his obvious joy in this world's words, its languages. His is always an act of creation rather than description. Matthiessen has made a Caribbean, a lovely one

of languages that probably there,' with its tourists litte lives...

Cut into the book:



"Cock crow.

Wind and cloud sail down sweet warm wind comes, parched cactus and palm

Sunrise in trackless All blue spines of an iguana. from its hole, a land crack grain of earth rolls down Sunrise at Old Man, on with dark shutters, close

The characterization was The men are what they sa

"in spite of himself, he'll ex-  
form of me, and then I will join  
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ce of the narrative voice, there are wonderful little gifts  
here.

The *Memoirs* were written, Williams freely admits  
in the Forward, for "mercenary reasons." But it is im-  
mediately obvious that there is more at stake here than  
money. This book is in fact the very moving portrait of  
a life in a continuous holding action — and a tenacious  
one at that — against death; not just the death of a  
"physical being," but the other death Williams feels an  
artist ends up suffering, that of his "creative power"  
as well.



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narrative, alternating journal-like entries of Williams'  
daily (and nightly) activities while engaged in writing  
the book of his recollections. Williams faces squarely  
this question of form, of whether or not his approach to  
the subject is professional. Again, from the Forward:  
"Is this book, then, with its rather unusual structure, a  
professional matter? Has any of my writing been 'a  
professional matter'? I have always written from  
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never had any choice but to be a writer." It is impor-  
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wise this somewhat disjointed — but always energetic  
— collection of anecdotes and musings might seem  
merely indulgent and tedious. And I can't believe this  
book is either.

Though it contains very little direct comment on the  
major work of his life, the plays (which, as Williams  
notes, speak for themselves) it is laden with gossip and  
histories of lovers, friends, travels, traumas, triumphs,  
breakdowns, breakthroughs: you name it, it's  
here, with the unmistakable clarity of honesty. To the  
point of pain. The cast of characters is large, rich,  
varied, and present in dozens of photos: from  
Hemingway to Candy Darling, Fidel to Tallulah. But  
Williams is also careful to include those other "little  
people" who have filled his life. The book becomes a  
kind of homage not to a single life but to *Life*: getting it,  
getting by, getting through.

With prejudices romantic and otherwise freely  
acknowledged, I found these *Memoirs* compulsively  
readable, funny, sad, sometimes to the point of  
pathetic, painful often to the point of terror. And con-  
tinue to find irresistibly charming a man who could  
write of the first sexual encounter in the most impor-  
tant and longest love relationship of his life like this:

I don't want to overload this thing with homophile  
erotica, but let's say that it was a fantastic hour in the  
dunes for me that evening even though I have never  
regarded sand as an ideal or even desirable surface on  
which to worship the little god. However the little god  
was given such devout service that he must still be  
smiling—

And find very moving the man who writes:

I write of "little people." But are there "little  
people"? I sometimes think there are only little con-  
ceptions of people. Whatever is living and feeling with  
intensity is not little and, examined in depth, it would  
seem to me that most "little people" are living with  
that intensity that I can use as a writer.

Or:

After all, high station in life is earned by the gallan-  
try with which appalling experiences are survived with  
grace.

If Williams is not the most graceful of creatures, he  
is far from graceless. And he has certainly had — as  
this book amply and honestly testifies — more than his  
share of appalling experiences. And isn't a hero, of any  
sort, one who persists and insists even when there's  
every reason not to?

—Michael McGuire

**FAR TORTUGA**  
by Peter Matthiessen  
Random House, \$10.95

*Far Tortuga* is a marvelous, moving book. It  
recounts the doomed voyage of the *Lillias Eden*, a  
turtle fishing boat in the Caribbean. The crew is a  
motley assortment, the only men foolhardy enough, or  
desperate enough to sail under the *Eden's* irascible  
captain, Raib Avers. It's a bad trip right from the  
beginning, they are late starting and so the season is  
practically over. The ship is poorly outfitted, there are  
no life preservers, no fire fighting equipment, and the  
radio-telephone can receive, but not send.

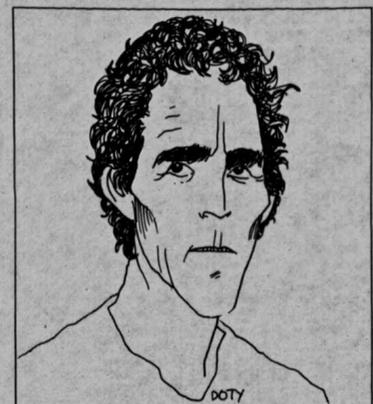
Moreover, the way of life they follow is also ending,  
the young men of the islands are rejecting the hard life  
of turtle fishing for the easy gains attached to the  
burgeoning tourist industry. A sense of nostalgia for a  
better past hangs over the story as the men discuss the  
"modern times" they can only dimly apprehend.  
There's a sense of growing corruption in the world,  
drunken dissolute captains resembling the pirates of  
the past grown random and vicious, echoing the casual  
brutality of the modern age. One of the men mentions  
that the kind of men you see on fishing boats today you  
used to see only in jails.

*Far Tortuga* is, however, much more than a simple  
sea story. I can't remember reading a book recently  
where the style is so uniquely correct for the content,  
where the telling so perfectly echoes that which is told.  
The book drives forward on an amazingly spare,  
evocative prose, frequently with the power of concrete  
poetry as poetry should be, when it isn't being silly.  
Like a series of perfectly realized moments, from the  
simplest one word statement: "Daybreak," to  
narrative passages lasting several pages.

It seems to me hard to praise this achievement too  
highly. The author's love of this world is carried over  
into his obvious joy in this world's words, its languages.  
His is always an act of creation rather than descrip-  
tion. Matthiessen has made a Caribbean, a lovely one

of languages that probably fits loosely over the one 'out  
there,' with its tourists and their higgledy-piggledy  
litter lives...

Cut into the book:



"Cock crow.  
Wind and cloud sail down the island, east to west. A  
sweet warm wind comes, sucking faint damp from the  
parched cactus and palmetto.  
Sunrise in trackless Ally Land. New light strikes the  
blue spines of an iguana. Its chewing slows. Starting  
from its hole, a land crab pauses, then withdraws; a  
grain of earth rolls down into the hole.  
Sunrise at Old Man, on the north coast. Blue shacks  
with dark shutters, closed."

The characterization works in much the same way.  
The men are what they say and how they say it; they

only gradually distinguish themselves. They're voices  
first, and names, then gradually they take on per-  
sonalities.

"The man in the turquoise shirt lays his suitcase flat  
and sets the mango bag on top.  
What say, mon? Easy, mon! I give you a hand dere  
with dat drum!  
Dat okay — I got dis by myself. Long's he don't  
squish dat sailor in de boat, Speedy doin fine!  
Call dat a sailor? Dat old vemon! What say,  
Vemon?"

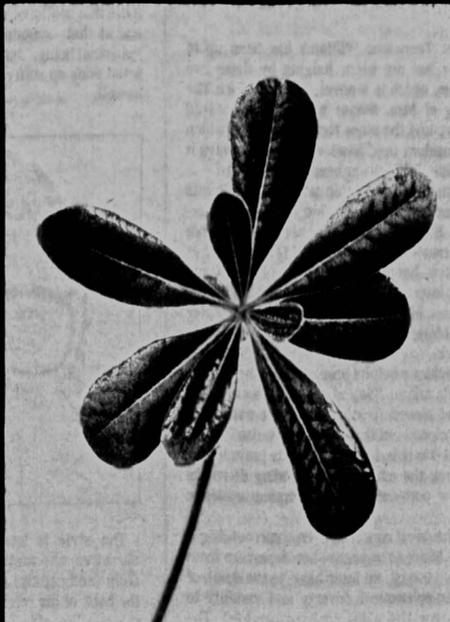
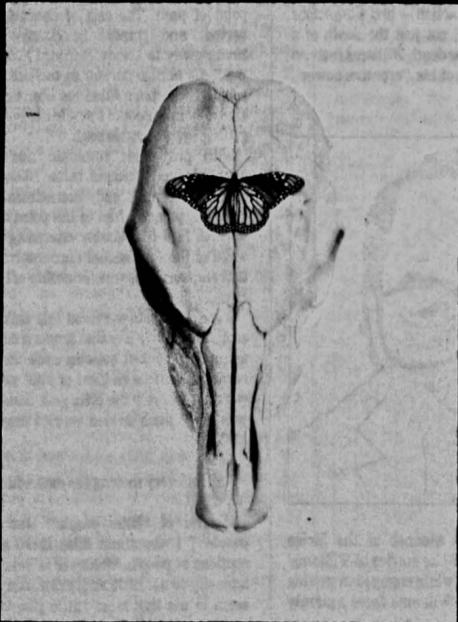
The dialect is surprising at first, but one quickly gets  
used to it, it's so consistent. A great deal of this book is  
told in dialogue. The men tell stories, bait each other  
and squabble over trivialities, much, I suppose, as any  
humans would if they had the misfortune to be confined  
with the same people for extended periods of time.

Beyond this, almost like another character, is the  
sea, the "bleak ocean," as the turtle fishermen call it.  
It is a constant presence, found in the shades of its  
color, the flight of its seabirds, the expanse of its sky  
and stars.

And it is the classic conflict of man's love for and fear  
of the sea that gives the book its resonance and raises  
the events of the story to near mythic quality. The men  
seem appropriately puny, specks floating across the  
face of the implacable sea, on their journey to  
mysterious *Far Tortuga Bay*... If the book does falter,  
it might be in the direction of being somewhat to facile.

Nevertheless, it is a beautiful book, and beautifully  
made. Designed by Kenneth Miyamoto, the book is  
physically lovely, and Random House is to be  
congratulated for having the courage to permit all  
those essential white spaces. This is one of those few  
books that actually deserve to be owned in their hard-  
bound incarnation.

—John Givens



RICHARD FAUGHN

# Compan

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If you have an item for the biweekly companion calendar, please call us at 353-6210 or mail to The River City Companion, care of The Daily Iowan, University of Iowa, Iowa City, IA 52242.

## Movies

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March 19-20 *Jimi Hendrix*. Late show.

March 21 *The Ruling Class*, Peter Medak's satire with Peter O'Toole. 7 & 9:30 pm.

March 21 *That Cold Day in the Park*, Altman's first major film. 7 & 9:30 pm.

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March 27-29 *The Soldier's Tale*. Studio Theatre, 8 pm.

March 31 *Marylee Settle* will read her fiction at 8 pm, English Dept. Lounge.

## Bars & Bands

### THE MILL

March 19 & 20 *Captain Blink*.  
March 25 Greg Brown.

# wine

## I Found My Thrill

### On Strawberry Hill

Nobody knows who made the first wine, but there have been grape seeds found in prehistoric caves, which does lead to interesting speculation. Whether or not the Neanderthals were crafty enough to let their fruit ferment a bit is an open question. Certainly, it could have done them no harm, in an age of saber-tooth tigers. By the time the Nile Valley gave birth to what we call civilization, though, the Egyptians were first rate wine makers. They wrote laws about the making and sale of wine, they cultivated vineyards, and the rich buried themselves with a goodly supply, tucked inside the pyramids. From that point on, very little has changed in the way wine is made. The grapes ripen, they are picked, crushed, left to ferment and wine — wonderful wine — just happens.

Enter the brothers Gallo, several years ago. It seems that young people were beginning to get interested in wine, but not in very dry table wines. Some were drinking the few fruit wines being made, most of which were kosher wines from the East Coast. They were inexpensive if not of the highest quality, and were often sickeningly sweet. To make a long story short, pop wines came into the picture under the Gallo label of Boone's Farm. They were such an instant success that supply in no way could keep up with demand. There was, and still is, Apple, Wild Mountain Grape and Strawberry Hill.

The appeal of the wines was that they were rather sweet and not dry. They had fruit flavors that everybody likes, they could be drunk on the rocks (and oh, how we love our ice) and best of all they were and still are cheap.

Also, not that it matters, fruit wines are not really wines. Some are merely alcoholic fruit juice and some are wine with fruit flavor added. All of them are basically sweet and inexpensive, and many of them are lightly carbonated. Between Gallo and Annie Green Springs, the other giant of the trade, you have a choice

of apple, strawberry, grape, currant flavors. In most of these wines is less than average alcohol compared to a more usual



people who enjoy pop wines mix them with other spirits. Some wine has been sold in the punch bowl in the country. Then the unexpected happened: who started buying Boone's

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March 19 & 20 **Captain Blink**.  
March 25 **Greg Brown**.

March 26 & 27 **Warren County String Ticklers**.  
April 2 & 3 **Arkansas Sheiks**.

### THE SANCTUARY

March 19 **John O'Connor**  
March 20 **Rosehip String Band**. Matinee, 2:30 pm.

March 21 **Midwest Express**.

March 24 **Impulse**.

March 25 **Tom Curran Trio**.

March 26 & 27 **One Man: Robert V. Johnson**.

March 28 **Captain Blink**.  
March 31 **Dennis Schaeffer & Old-timey music**.

April 1 **Tom Curran Trio**.

April 2 **Blue Phil**.

**GABE & WALKER'S**

March 19 & 20 **Southfield Junction**.

March 24 **Magic Show**.

March 25 **Norman Blake**.

March 26 & 27 **Dixie Flyer**.

**COD**

March 19 & 20 **Revelations (Solstice)**.

April 1, 2, & 3 **Shawn Colvin**.

April 8, 9 & 10 **Sons of Chaplin**.

**MAXWELL'S**

March 19 & 20 **Sunquest**.

March 23-27 **Space Coast Kids**.

March 30-April 10 **Ian Quail**.

### DIRTY HARRY'S

March 19 & 20 **Cimarron Show Revue**.

March 22-25 **Rock's Gang**.

March 26 & 27 **Chuckie & the Dipsticks**.

## Music

March 19 **Voices of Soul**. Hancher 8:15 pm.

March 19 **Iowa Brass Quintet**. Clapp, 8 pm.

March 20 **Florentine Opera: The Crucible**. Milwaukee Center for the Arts, 8:15 pm.

March 20 **School of Music Percussion Ensemble**. Harper Hall, 1:30 pm.

March 20 **Strauss' Ariadne auf Naxos**. Texaco-Metropolitan Opera Radio Network.

March 21 **Center for New Music**. Clapp, 8 pm.

March 22-23 **Count Basie**. Hancher, 8 pm.

March 22 **The Don Cossacks of Rostov**, U. of Minnesota, Northrop Auditorium, 8 pm.

March 24 **Music by Three: Lucy Chapman, violin; Lydia Artymlw, piano; Robert Rouch, French horn**. Clapp, 8 pm.

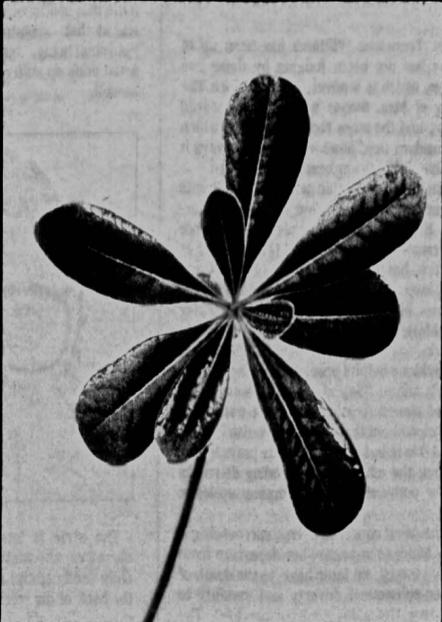
March 26 **Chamber Music Concert: UI woodwind faculty**. Clapp, 8 pm.

March 27 **Illinois Wesleyan Collegiate Choir**. 1st United Methodist Church, 7:30 pm.

March 28 **Berlin Philharmonic Octet**. Hancher, 8 pm.

March 29 **SPECIAL EVENT: Mstislav Rostropovich, cello**. Hancher, 8 pm.

March 31 **UI Sinfonietta**. Clapp, 8 pm.  
April 2 **Composer's Concert**. Clapp, 8 pm.



RICHARD FAUGHN

# wine

## I Found My Thrill On Strawberry Hill

Nobody knows who made the first wine, but there have been grape seeds found in prehistoric caves, which does lead to interesting speculation. Whether or not the Neanderthals were crafty enough to let their fruit ferment a bit is an open question. Certainly, it could have done them no harm, in an age of saber-tooth tigers. By the time the Nile Valley gave birth to what we call civilization, though, the Egyptians were first rate wine makers. They wrote laws about the making and sale of wine, they cultivated vineyards, and the rich buried themselves with a goodly supply, tucked inside the pyramids. From that point on, very little has changed in the way wine is made. The grapes ripen, they are picked, crushed, left to ferment and wine — wonderful wine — just happens.

Enter the brothers Gallo, several years ago. It seems that young people were beginning to get interested in wine, but not in very dry table wines. Some were drinking the few fruit wines being made, most of which were kosher wines from the East Coast. They were inexpensive if not of the highest quality, and were often sickeningly sweet. To make a long story short, pop wines came into the picture under the Gallo label of Boone's Farm. They were such an instant success that supply in no way could keep up with demand. There was, and still is, Apple, Wild Mountain Grape and Strawberry Hill.

The appeal of the wines was that they were rather sweet and not dry. They had fruit flavors that everybody likes, they could be drunk on the rocks (and oh, how we love our ice) and best of all they were and still are cheap.

Also, not that it matters, fruit wines are not really wines. Some are merely alcoholic fruit juice and some are wine with fruit flavor added. All of them are basically sweet and inexpensive, and many of them are lightly carbonated. Between Gallo and Annie Green Springs, the other giant of the trade, you have a choice

of apple, strawberry, grape, plum, peach, cherry and currant flavors. In most cases the alcohol content of these wines is less than average — about 8-10 per cent compared to a more usual 12 per cent. Of course, many

real wine, and eventually developed their taste for it. One very direct result of that phenomena is that last year, for the first time ever, Ernest and Julio Gallo began selling varietal wines in bottles with real corks in them. They never miss a trick, those two.

But the pop wines are still around, and I tasted a couple of them recently. Strawberry Hill and Boone's



Photo by Dom Franco

people who enjoy pop wines, spike them with vodka, or mix them with other spirits in a punch. And enough pop wine has been sold in the past five years to fill every punch bowl in the country.

Then the unexpected happened. A lot of young people who started buying Boone's Farm got curious about

## Black Cherry Soda with a Jigger of Vodka

Farm grape I find altogether too sweet. Perhaps if they were used in a punch they would be better. Annie Green Springs Berry Frost, which is really grape wine with currant flavors, is less sweet and better balanced. It has an interesting taste — much like a can of Shasta Black Cherry soda with a jigger of vodka tossed in. There is even, upon opening the bottle, a little sparkle.

Of course, all these wines are best enjoyed very cold, as the makers recommend. Using ice, in this case, is more than acceptable, for the only way to drink a fruit wine properly is as an aperitif or a dessert drink. Combining foods with them is not a very good idea, unless you are thinking in terms of fruit.

On the whole, I would seriously recommend that anyone who likes these wines try the fruit wines of the Amana Colonies. The Sandstone Winery's cherry wine and most of the other grape wines (particularly the red concord) should really please Boone's Farm fans. They are a step closer to dry table wines and they might get fruit wine drinkers interested in something more suited to the table.

— John P. Gillespie, Jr.

### County jails

continued from page two

"Ya, a hamburger and a stack of fries." Gus replies. The sheriff hangs around a little while, and then he goes out to the blue Torino in front, and drives away.

"Did you find all those hacksaw blades?" Gus asks Blake Steinfeld, the deputy sheriff who is bringing Gus back from his court appearance for breaking out of jail.

"I got all those in the bowl," the deputy says, and the ash flakes softly from his Jewel cigar.

"Did you get all them out from beneath here?" Gus is feeling around behind the toilet bowl. Deputy Steinfeld waits for him to produce something. Gus can't find anything, no blades behind the bowl and deputy Steinfeld puffs once on his thin cigar.

"Someone snitch on you, is that how they got you?" Steinfeld asks and the vague smile leaves Gus' small face.

Gus is thin, his blonde hair is thinning out, and not a year or a hard time shows up on Gus' face.

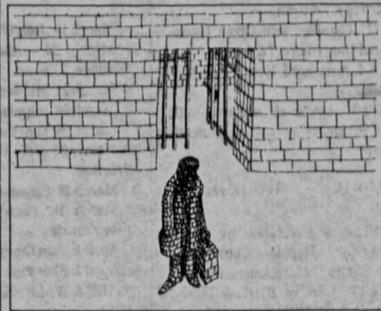
"Ya, I was snitched on."

"Now you don't know that for sure. You've got no reason to think that, Gus." Gus, he remembers, is a pretty good eater. He'll like the hamburger and fries sent down from the South Side Cafe.

"Well I wasn't having much fun being escaped anyway." Gus says into the sunlight, where he cut the bars that night. "It was too much looking over the shoulder."

Deputy Steinfeld nods. Gus is well-known in the area. Gus and the deputy have at least known about each other for a long time.

"But I'm ready for it now." Gus adds, "The joint." The deputy takes the prisoner down the stairs, out of the big white room that doesn't have the bull pen anymore, down to the cell and the bunk that is maximum security here. A turn to the left and through



the door marked "No Firearms in the Jail" and Gus could be free. Gus looks fast, and he could probably disappear in downtown Marengo. The deputy pulls at his after lunch cigar. Gus goes into his cell, he's got a pack of Marlboro's on the bunk. He looks safe in that cell, and almost happy

— Hal Clarendon

### The River City Companion

THIS SIDE UP: Lori Newton is a regular DI staff writer. She also is an accomplished musician with her own band.

MUSIC: Colfax Mingo eats junk food to equalize the pressure from the outside, and contributes to various magazines under various names.

IOWA TIRES: Hal Clarendon is an Iowa City freelance writer.

MOVIES: Tom Schatz is working on his dissertation on film genres, and is a regular Companion contributor.

GOLDFISH TO MELVILLE: John Bowie makes videotapes, writes everywhere, works on a journalism MA and contributes regularly to the Companion.

BOOKS: Ross Howell is working on a PhD in English with a creative dissertation. Mary Peterson is a freelance writer and editor and a member of the Iowa Writer's Workshop.

Michael McGuire and John Givens are both teaching-writing fellows in the Iowa Writer's Workshop.

WINE: John Gillespie teaches a course on wines and contributes regularly to the Companion.

PHOTOGRAPHY: Richard Faughn.

TIME TRADING: H. Van Ruggles keeps giving us different pasts. Now Ruggles' family comes from Hellweg, the Westphalian German plain. Ruggles likes Campari Soda, lived in Australia and owns a yellow-spotted South American Sideneck turtle.

COVER: Photography by Dom Franco; Color by Tom Conry.

CARICATURES: Cat Doty.

EDITOR: Chris Brim.

## Adieu to semi-annual waiting Computers to

By LORI NEWTON  
Staff Writer

A new method of pre-registration through computers, that would eliminate the twice a year fiasco at the Field House, was revealed by Phillip Hubbard, UI vice-president for student affairs, Friday.

Hubbard explained the new registration method, which is expected to be instituted the spring semester of 1977, during a seminar concerning the administrative relationships and working philosophies of the UI. Pre-registration is currently being used at Iowa State University, Hubbard said.

According to Hubbard, a task force was appointed in December to research the academic and technical problems that could result from the pre-registration method.

The task force includes a representative from each of the UI's colleges, 10 colleges, W. A. Cox, university registrar, Edward Jennings, assistant dean of academic affairs, and Stan Podhajsky, assistant director of the administrative data processing department.

The pre-registration method, which is

already being utilized by the College of Business Administration and is in the process of being implemented by the College of Nursing, involves only a small amount of student-adviser contact.

Hubbard said the new method will begin near the end of a semester when a student will go to his or her academic adviser, discuss a schedule and take this desired schedule to an operator who will enter it into a computer. All of this will take place during a one week period, he explained.

During this time, information will be continually provided to individual UI departments for analysis. The departments will determine if all the courses in demand can be offered, and which courses should be canceled.

The computer will then send back to each student his or her complete schedule, including classes, times and room numbers. If a student is not satisfied with the schedule, the computer process can be repeated until the student's schedule is satisfactory.

Cox, chairperson of the subcommittee investigating the new registration technique, is in the process of drafting a

# THE DAILY IOWAN

Vol. 108, No. 169

## CIA memos link Oswald to Cuba

WASHINGTON (AP) — A Cuban defector told the Central Intelligence Agency in 1964 that Lee Harvey Oswald may have been in contact with Cuban intelligence agents seven weeks before he killed President Kennedy, newly released documents show.

The defector, described as "a well-placed individual who has been ... in contact with ... officers of the Cuban Directorate General of Intelligence (DGI)," also told the CIA that the DGI took extraordinary security precautions immediately after the Kennedy slaying, according to the documents.

The information was relayed to the Warren Commission which "saw no need to pursue this angle any further," a June 1964 CIA memo says. No mention of the defector or his information appears in the Warren Report, which concluded that there was no evidence of a foreign or domestic conspiracy behind the Kennedy assassination.

Memos regarding the Cuban defector were among some 1,500 pages of CIA documents released to The Associated Press. Also included is a 1975 CIA memo stating that the Warren Report should have given more credence to the possibility of a foreign conspiracy in light of promising leads that were not pursued.

The documents originally were provided to the Rockefeller Commission on the CIA and have since been turned over to the Senate intelligence committee, where a subcommittee headed by Sen. Richard S. Schweiker, R-Pa., is investigating the Kennedy assassination. Schweiker has predicted that the Warren Report will "collapse like a house of cards."

The memos regarding the Cuban defector quote him as saying "I have no personal knowledge of Lee Harvey Oswald or his activities and I do not know that Oswald was an agent ... of the Cuban

government." However, the same memos offer differing accounts of what the unnamed defector said about the possibility of a contact between Oswald and Cuban intelligence agents.

The first mention of the defector appears in a May 5, 1964, internal CIA memo in which he is quoted as saying that Oswald "was in contact" with three Cuban agents "before, during and after" his visits to the Cuban and Soviet embassies in Mexico City in late September and early October 1963. A subsequent May 8 memo quotes the source as saying that "I believe" Oswald was in contact with the Cuban agents.

When the information was forwarded to the Warren Commission on May 15, a memo said that "according to the source, Oswald may have been interviewed by Vega (one of the Cuban agents) or his assistant ... but this is strictly conjecture on his part." A June 19 memo reporting the commission's decision not to pursue the lead any further says that the defector had "no information linking (Oswald) to the Cuban intelligence services in any manner."

The memos consistently quote the defector as saying that after the news of the assassination reached the DGI, orders were issued for all its offices to sort and package all documents. The material, once packaged, was to be held pending further instructions. All travel by DGI officers and all DGI mail pouches were suspended temporarily.

According to the memos, the defector did not know the reason for these security measures but believed they were taken "because of the possibility that the United States might take some type of action against Cuba and the DGI offices."

Other memos show that Cuban reaction to the Kennedy slaying was of intense interest to the CIA.

## Shocked Hearst v

SAN FRANCISCO (AP) — Patricia Hearst's father paid a jailhouse visit to his daughter, now a convicted bank robber, Sunday while attorneys began wrangling over how soon the newspaper heiress can be hustled to Los Angeles for arraignment on more serious charges.

A grim-faced Randolph A. Hearst emerged from the San Mateo County Jail after two hours and 15 minutes. He said of his daughter, convicted a day earlier of willfully taking part in a terrorist bank holdup, "She's all right," then drove back to the Nob Hill apartment where his wife Catherine was in seclusion.

"She doesn't feel very well today," he said of his wife. Hearst told reporters the verdict had been a shock to the family.

"Sure, we were surprised and shocked by it," he said. "It was a disappointment to all of us."

He was accompanied by Patricia Hearst's sister, Virginia, and her husband, Jay Bosworth. A psychiatrist who testified for Hearst, Dr. L.J. West, also visited and reported the 22-year-old heiress was "sad."

Meanwhile, U.S. Atty. James L. Browning Jr., Hearst's prosecutor, said the government will surrender her to authorities in Los Angeles for arraignment within the week. But one of Hearst's attorneys, Albert Johnson, said he would fight any effort to move her before sentencing a month from now. Johnson said he would ask for a special court session on the issue if necessary.

In another development, one of Hearst's jurors was quoted as saying that her case was hurt by her participation in a Los Angeles shootout one month after the bank robbery and her defiant statements after her arrest. "She did a very good job of being a fugitive," Norman Grim told Newsweek.

"I can't buy the fact that she was being coerced," Grim said. "We just couldn't buy (F. Lee) Bailey's whole package — and the way it was presented, you had to buy the whole package."

Browning, in an impromptu news conference, said the judge had agreed to allow her transfer after interviews with probation officers.

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Sonata in C Major, Opus 65	Britten

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