Fire at the Gay Community News

by Dave O'Brien

It is possible, of course, that the fire was purely accidental. But all the signs, as well as the obvious suspicions, point toward arson. If so, whoever set the fire that gutted the downtown offices of the Gay Community News early last Wednesday morning destroyed a whole lot more than the equipment and files of a struggling but unique little newspaper serving a very special audience.

All the physical evidence, as well as the analysis of a noted arson expert, points to this scenario. Someone sneaked down an alley off Bromfield Street, climbed up a fire escape at the rear of a century-and-a-half-old granite structure, kicked in a steel window grating on the second floor, and torched the place. The result was the gutting of a couple of historic institutions (the newspaper and the building itself) and the destruction of the creations of several artists whose studios were on the building's third and fourth floors. The fire very nearly claimed those artists' lives.

The fire department was notified at 5:24 a.m. by artist Donald Shambroom, who says he was working in his third-floor loft on a series of elaborate fantasy murals when he was alerted by the piercing whine of the smoke detector in the corridor. He looked out the window and saw flames blazing away in the second-story office of Fag Rag, a paper published intermittently by a gay-community collective. "It was going pretty good," he said. "It immediately ran up and down the stairs and knocked on all the doors." Seven alarms were sounded, Shambroom and two other artists escaped the building by means of a fire ladder, and four or five others fled the building via the same fire escape that the arsonist would have used. Their work, however, was destroyed. "Virtually everything I own was in there," Shambroom said.

The fire was extinguished an hour and a half later, but by that time most of what had been the offices of the Gay Community News (GCN) for the past eight years was also destroyed, as was the Glad Day bookstore and its stock of gay literature. "All our financial records were

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COMING SOON: CANDY ON TAP

It comes in two-inch-high containers made to look like beer cans, bearing hicky brand names such as "Pilsheh," "Scotch" — "Never to the Same Place at the Same Time." It is made of dextrose (sugar) and yellow food color no. 5. It's a candy "beer" called Chug-a-Can.

The American Beverage Association, looking down the road a ways, is concerned that youngsters habituated to the sugar rush will seek to repeat the ritual thing in even greater numbers — making the sugar binge dangerous. So, according to the July 5 issue of New England Business, the AAA has undertaken a quiet campaign to persuade retailers of the bastardized brew to stop selling the stuff.

Carol Winemiller, public relations manager of the AAA branch in Bedford, New Hampshire, says her organization has gotten the owners of the 7-11 and Cumberland Farms chains to drop Chug-a-Can. On the other hand, she says, Woolworth's will continue to retail whatever sells. The candy's manufacturer, Floorecop of Philadelphia, reportedly is unwilling to discuss the matter.

The question remains, will the tides of today become the turners of tomorrow? Or will they just continue seeking that sugar high?

BY A WAR, GET A CHECK

Neither a borrower nor a lender be, the saying goes. But for the small shop of young age. Men. But if you must borrow to pay the bills, you better hurry.

An amendment to the Defense Authorization Act, recently signed by the US Senate would deny government-financed student loans to any 18-year-old male who has not signed up for the draft. The measure, sponsored by Senators S.I. Hayakawa (R-California) and Mack Mattingly (R-Georgia), also stipulates that the names of all student-loan applicants who cannot prove that they've registered will be turned over to the Selective Service System.

Representative Gerald Solomon (R- New York) last week offered a similar amendment to the House's version of the defense bill. Solomon's amendment would go further, prohibiting non-resignants from receiving any kind of federal help — including welfare, food stamps, employment under the CETA program, and other benefits. The House Alliance Against Registration and the Draft (HAAARD), a local affiliate of the national Committee Against Registration and the Draft (CARD), predicted that the bill will glide through the House and be heartily approved by President Reagan.

BAAARD argues that the brunt of this second measure will fall on "minority and working-class" youth who depend on federal benefits and job training. As a result, the group says, those young men will be forced to register in disproportionate numbers.

GASOHOLICS ANONYMOUS

You can fuel some of the people some of the time. That seems to be the marketing strategy of Big Oil, which has begun selling gasohol — a mixture 90 percent gasoline and 10 percent grain alcohol — under a variety of new product names. In the '70s, after the Arab oil embargo, "gasohol was the patriotic thing to put in your gas tank," according to the July/August issue of AAA World, the magazine of the organization that to the July/August issue of AAA World, the magazine of the organization that...
Israel and the Hypocrites

Continued from page 1

that the tongs of bones and skeletons were the remains of some six million Jews put to death in carefully planned and carried out acts of genocide.

Oh, the world was shocked. Those nations that had refused to grant asylum to the Jews of Europe were moved by guilt—or perhaps even compassion—to give the Jews their homeland. The poor Jews. You had to say this, though, and you could say it in '54 and in '69 and in 1945—those Jews certainly did have a moral edge.

The "moral edge." This quality or virtue, says a commentator for one of the television networks, is what the Jews of Israel have lost by invading Lebanon.

Anthony Lewis, of the New York Times, argues that the Israeli invasion has "cracked the moral and political consensus that sustains Israel, abroad and at home." Mary McGowry, the Washington Post's syndicated columnist, calls the invasion "the world's worst current violation of human rights.

How tempting it must be for the pundits of our time to search for historic ironies: eureka! The once oppressed Jew has traded all the world's moral support to give the Jews their homeland. The West Bank, but to all of Israel. If the pundits are seeking historic ironies, let them mull over what Benno Weissner, a retired Israeli diplomat, wrote last month in the Herendi American: "In 1947, the United Nations passed the Palestine Partition Resolution, which envisioned a Jewish and an Arab state in Palestine. The Jews accepted, the Arabs rejected. It is mind boggling how different the Middle East—and the world—would look, had they, too, accepted. Among other things, the Palestinians would have had by now for 34 years their Palestinian state, on a territory one and a half times as big as the West Bank and the Gaza Strip. But they preferred war and lost."

Israel seeks secure borders. It has secured them on the south by making peace with Egypt and by returning land that it had won with the blood of its own soldiers. To the east, it may have some understanding with Jordan, which, by 1970, had had it fill of PLO terrorist outrages. Bombed or strafed civilian facilities to Lebanese uprooted by war? Where was the curiosity about PLO some 4000 tons of ammo, 12,506 light weapons, and 516 heavy weapons? The Israelis had no doubt about PLO intentions. Israel contends that the PLO committed more than 150 acts of terrorism, of the US-sponsored truce that Israel and the PLO agreed to last July. "We've had mines," says David Kimeche, director-general of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs. "We've had bombing, and we've had a great many miracles, because there have been many bombs planted in marketplaces, in supermarkets, at a kindergarten in a town, in schools, which could have created a tremendous amount of damage and loss of life. We've had many bombs planted in marketplaces, in supermarkets, at a kindergarten in a town, in schools...." The Israelis were bombarded Beirut, rival Lebanese gangs were still blowing up cars near center of population.

Where was the worldwide outrage while all this murder was taking place last year? Where was the condemnation from American evangelists, liberal politicians, European statesmen, and Third World UN spokesmen when the PLO massacred 30 Israeli civilians in a bus on the Haifa-Tel Aviv road in 1978? Where was the truth about PLO intentions when the Israelis announced that their army had captured the PLO some 4000 tons of ammo, 12,506 light weapons, and 516 heavy weapons?

In Lebanon, one Israeli soldier looked at the devastation he and his comrades had caused and admitted that it was horrible, and said that the only thing more horrible is what would have happened to Israel had it has as a nation chosen to play the role of the passive Jew, of a half-century fated to suffer. In their minds, the Jews feel guilty. West Beirut is likened to the Warsaw Ghetto, though it is no less carping from humanitarian observers. When most nations do so aggressively, the action is called an aggression, even a holocaust? A holocaust?

What hypocrisy and posturing this is. If a nation measures only eight miles across from an insecure border to the sea, how then should it fight defensively? The Israelis understand that in such a situation, the best defense is an offensive. That the Jews have learned this is a tribute not only to their own military prowess, but also to the likes of such Gentiles as Philip Sheridan, Erwin Rommel, and George Patton.

So the Israelis crossed their border with what used to be Lebanon, brushed past that joke of a UN peace-keeping force, and proceeded to roll back, wipe out, or take prisoner those whose moral goal is to kill Jews and destroy Israel. Had a group with similar intentions toward Americans and America launched Soviet-made rockets from New Brunswick, Canada, into Presque Isle or Houlton, Maine, the armored cavalry would have bared its teeth. The war, which would have bared its teeth in record time. When Franchi Villa crossed and recrossed the Rio Grande, we sent "Black Jack" Pershing and the home soldiers, who spent a lot of time violating large pieces of Mexico's territorial integrity. When missiles showed up in Cuba, we entertained the possibility of World War Ill. Rare is the nation that has not moved to defend its own borders and citizens. When nations do so aggressively, the action is called an invasion; when Israel did so, the invasion was called a slaughter. Genocide, even a holocaust, some clergymen called it.

"A brutal invasion it has been, yes, for all invasions sadly are. When the innocent and the unarmed are maimed or killed, the operative adjective is brutal. Whether the killing is done by Allied bombing of the Axis powers or by terrorists machine-gunning tourists at airports. But genocide? A holocaust? Those words are intended to make us feel guilty. West Beirut is likened to the Warsaw Ghetto, though it is no less carping from humanitarian observers. Israel occupies the Golan Heights to keep Syria at bay. And now, Israel has invaded Lebanon, or what used to be Lebanon. Despite all the years of turmoil and warfare between Israel and Arab, for much of Israel's history the Jews and the Lebanese had managed to coexist in relative peace. But once driven out of Lebanon, and if one is looking for signs of genocide in the Middle East, let him remember the avowed intent of the PLO with respect not only to Gaza and the West Bank, but to all of Israel."

If the invasion was the work of madness or if it was some design of genocide, why were Israelis volunteering their homes and farms and medical facilities to Lebanon up也不要战? Why, after converting their oil refineries in West Beirut, were they debating how to let them out with their pearls and their personal weapons intact?

What nation of warmongers allows its war

"Goodbye, moral edge. Good-bye, moral consensus. Go in good health. And welcome security—even temporary security. The Jews of a century ago in Russia, of a half-century ago in Palestine, of four decades ago in Europe, might gladly have traded all the world's moral support for a supply of whatever the state-of-the-art weaponry was at the time.

Now the Jews of Israel have the weapons. Some they have invented and manufactured on their own. Others they have bought from the US. Americans, having sold these weapons to the Israelis, now attack the Israelis for using them.

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ZEAL PARTISANA

Although we think it’s educational for your readers to be aware of the tedious step process which linked the Boston Phoenix, the city of Boston, and WBZ-TV to create a cigarette industry money to the Concerts on the Common series (News, July 4), there were also several instances of editorializing as well as inaccuracies of facts which this letter is intended to correct:

1) The author's characterization of our organization as a "smoke-free zealous realists" is less precise than more accurate. There is in every national and local poll (Gallup, Harris, 1975) that results you present in Massachusetts) the overwhelming majority of citizens are in favor of non-smokers' rights such as smoking in public places. A phrase "mandate of the people" is therefore more accurate than the implications associated with "zealous realists".

2) The author states that "GASP... would have been satisfied with the arrangement as it was..."

3) The costs [of R.J. Reynolds withdrawal] will be borne almost entirely by artists lovers in Boston." GASP is unwilling to accept the role of being a " whilst the city's choice to select Camel cigarettes' money was an insult and disservice to the arts-fund principle of the organization's core purpose. We certainly didn't support a "compromise" in the withdrawal of the cigarette type from the concert ads. We consistently said that only a complete withdrawal of all mention of Camel would be acceptable.

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5) The author stated: "It was difficult for me to tell if 'Camel's off the Common' was an editorial or a failed attempt as an objective news article. Normally I find the Phoenix's feisty but evenhanded approach to local news is a welcome relief from other news sources. For that reason it was very disappointing to read an article on your front page that made no attempt at all at evenhandedness."

6) "It didn't take an anti-smoking 'zealot' to

7) The article implied that we tried to make the concert performers feel guilty about an association with Camel cigarettes. That is far from the truth. As the representative from GASP, I identified myself with the performers' position against Camel's sponsorship and certainly didn't support a "compromise" in the withdrawal of the cigarette type from the concert ads. We consistently said that only a complete withdrawal of all mention of Camel would be acceptable.

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WHERE IT'S DUE

We inadvertently dropped two credits in last week’s edition of the cover of Section Four of our Guide to the Concerts on the Common series (News, June 29). Three successful music concerts were held that week and 30,000 people were in attendance. We regret the oversight and hope to make sure it does not happen again.
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CONVENTIONAL WISDOM

by Mac Margolis and Jim Miller

The NAACP is an organization heavily dependent on corporate largesse and loaned Fortune 500 executives, but which, at the same time, can attract members like Nashville, Tennessee, branch president Walter Searcy, who "used to run around in a dashiki" and still sees "the world through a dialectical-materialist perspective.

In its time, the NAACP has been called both the stodgiest, most outwardly bourgeois of civil-rights establishments and, as one 50th-veteran delegate quipped, "the most progressive black political organization in the country." It's a sign of the times, perhaps, that just about every description—from guerrilla safe house to corporate cad—has been tacked up on the NAACP edifice.

"The reason we look at the NAACP with such expectation and criticism," reflected Byron Rushing, a black candidate for the state legislature from Roxbury and a long-time scholar of Black America, "may be that they've only seen one leaf. They are the survivors, the Catholic Church of the civil-rights movement. Who else is around to scrutinize, now?" To the survivor belong the spoils of the past rivalries, and the NAACP, now nearly three-fourths of a century old, had the ashes of most of the civil-rights era to pick over when it rolled into town. It may have been a disappointment, but it was no surprise, that what the organization offered its 2800 convention delegates was mostly conventional wisdom.

At 73, three years older than the nation's president, the NAACP is arguably facing the most arduous time since its birth. The Boston convention couldn't have opened at a potentially moment in history. In the year since Reagan was the guest speaker at the last NAACP convention, in Denver, his administration threatened just about every major piece of civil-rights legislation enacted in the past two decades, from a shameless, unsuccessful attempt to restore tax-exempt status to racist Bob Jones University to an 18-month fight against extending the 1965 Voting Rights Act. And the Supreme Court was sitting on a handful of cases that, had they gone the wrong way, might have blunted the NAACP's legal strategy clear out of the water.

To make matters worse, the group had caught flack for bringing the annual gathering here, to the heart of whiteness, during a season known for racially motivated stonings, and only a few weeks after three black families had been fire-bombed out of their homes. The NAACP, one Boston observer noted, had recently sued the city for discriminatory allocation of federal housing monies, and still had the city under court orders for school segregation. Now the national organization was coming to a town where, as even the NAACP leaders acknowledged, the black community would not be a whit better off for the $3 million conventioners would drop that week.

And the NAACP itself was in near-chaos: for close to five years, the rolls had remained at a disappointing 400,000, despite yearly membership drives. Scanting rents were forcing the organization to move its national headquarters somewhere cheaper: the national staff had already been slashed considerably. What's more, there were nagging rumors of internecine strife; not even W.E.B. Du Bois, whose nationalism Malcolm now, safe to hand "combat," said a stern Margaret Wilson, may well be what's required to engage "the invading domestic force."

But the Boston convention was not a throwback to the impasioned times of 12 and 15 years ago, but rather a vivid, often painful, example of how distant that era has become. It's safe to quote brother Malcolm now. Safe to thump the drum of impending "class warfare" hell, even the Democratic Party poles in Stuyvesant huts do that nowdays. The language and style of a ruder, more iconoclastic period has become mandatory for those who seek to gather up the injured and the oppressed, and even an organization that is determined to advance the interests of "colored" people.

And none of those angrier kin are around to challenge the application of their legacy. Nor Malcolm X, whose nationalism embraced and frightened the integrationist civil-rights leaders as much as it ignited the imaginations of lumpen blacks; not Robt. Williams, who scandalized NAACP brass by arming his Monroe, North Carolina, branch in retaliation for Ku Klux Klan terrorism; nor even W.E.B. Du Bois, whose increasingly radical tilt toward nationalism prompted the NAACP to oust him as its leader in 1934. Malcolm is dead, and Du Bois is dead, and Williams died in Canada with the federal government on his tail. The NAACP has outlived them all. It has plodded on, in its sure-footed but lumbering fashion, through all the muddle of the past decade, and has arrived tattered but mainly intact in post-liberal America.

Anyone who might have wandered into Hynes Auditorium during one of the staged highlights of the convention might have been struck by a complicated, sometimes ironic picture. The wooden rhetoric was tossed to a Sunday-school congregaion and accompanied by the gentle phrasings of gospel. This was a convention that, within a span of a few hours, featured the most brazen attacks of the political season on the Reagan administration and the annual NAACP beauty contest.
the NAACP initiates. The conten-
tion was that the LDF had mis-
siphoned off funds intended for the
"true NAACP," as party
loyalists call it, because of the con-
dfusion over the shared ini-
tials. The LDF, formerly the legal
arm of the NAACP, is also
allegedly guilty of misman-
ing the money, according to the
historical 1954 Brown v. Board of Education
decision as its victory. Whatever the
erit of the misappropriation — and
there may be some on both sides of
the bar — it was hardly a case to
galvanize thousands of blacks
staring down the barrel at one of
the direst moments in civil-rights
history.

Yet the gathering that opened
under such a pall ended up a
jubilee. On Tuesday, Reagan
buckled in and signed the Voting
Rights Act extension that he'd
been calling unnecessary. The
next day, the Supreme Court,
bypassing pressure from the Rea-
gan Justice Department, ruled in
favor of an NAACP-supported
voluntary school-desegregation
plan state lawmakers had
challenged in Chicago. (The high
court denied another desegrega-
tion appeal, however, holding that
a municipality — Los An-
geles, in this case — must be
found guilty of intentional dis-
 crimination before a court-ord-
cered desegregation plan can be
imposed.)

Then, on Friday, the bright
news that an affirmative-action
 pact had been struck between the
NAACP and the nation's power-
gas and electric utilities was
followed up by word of a stun-
ing, 8-0 Supreme Court ruling
 invalidating the NAACP's Missis-
sippi branch of a $1.25 million
penalty imposed by a lower court
following a black boycott of
white merchants in Clarksbor
County 12 years ago.

When NAACP general counsel
Tom Atkins announced the de-
cision, the stately Hynes au-
dience went berserk; in a matter
of moments, a sober political
convention was transformed into
—an stodgy neo-conservative
analyst Martin Kilson of Harvard
was moved to comment on
WNJ-TV — "an old-fashioned
black revival meeting." The near-
ly 30 Mississippi delegates leapt
from their seats, raised their state
banners like a carnival idol, and
graybeards and children together
— paraded around the hall belli-
ing out thank you Jenees.

W.E. Campho, a 71-year-old
survivor of the original Port
Gibson, Mississippi, boycott, had
a mixture of glee and surprise
written on his face when he
heard the news. His startling
green eyes flashed like pho-
numes as he fanned the battery of
microphones and notepads.

On this day, he revealed, 400 acres —
$60,000 worth — of personal
property he had put up as secur-
y while the boycott appeal was
pending were released. "No man
gonna step on my land now!" he
bockled.

But hovering over the jubila-
tion was a grimmer, grayer mood,
one that had hung around the
NAACP's Mississippi branch for
years. The "albatross that had hung
around for the past 10 years," one
NAACP official put it. But W.E. Campho
probably said it best when asked
in an impromptu press con-
ference how the tiny Mississipi
town had changed since those
pre-boycott days. "Oh, it's just
about the same. The whites are
quiet now, but it's just the same."

It is part of the magic — and
the tragedy of segregation that
just the same" can come out
looking like a new chapter in
history. During the NAACP Bos-
ton gathering, all the excitement
had been pumped in by events
that were decided, finally, in far
away courts and political
chambers. Although NAACP
leaders were quick to note the
group's contribution to those
decisions — the vigorous NAACP lobbying for the Voting
Rights extension, for example —
there may be some on both sides
of the bar, it was hardly a case to
galvanize thousands of blacks
staring down the barrel at one of
the direst moments in civil-rights
history.

The actual business of the
Boston convention was, at best
pro forma. Most of the resolu-
tions acted upon were general in
scope and wording (Whereas
the civil-rights climate of the '80s
is maturing... . . one began) and
the gathering's central
authority recommended
"non-concurrence" with the majority
of them anyhow. Although a
number of delegates brought
news of encouraging programs in
their various cities and regions (a
low-equity food co-op here, an
aggressive campaign against
police use of deadly force there),
the convention was a rigidly
structured affair that best reflect-
that the national organization's
firm grip over the hinterlands.

For all the brazen rhetoric,
unbottled, unbridled, and un-
tamed action is strongly dis-
couraged. Branches apparently
must ask permission to form
collaborations with other organiza-
tions, and no branch may initiate
a boycott without clearance from
the national board. A few years
ago, the head of the Atlanta
branch was suspended for bend-
ing the party line on school
desegregation (he settled for bend-
ing the court-ordered desegregation
results). A group of black plaintiffs in the 10-
year Boston School desegrega-
tion case, citing sluggish results
and increased racial tensions,
proposed this spring to replace
the court-ordered desegregation
plan with a "free choice" enroll-
ment system. Immediately, Tom
Atkins lashed out and reassert-
the NAACP positions. He stood
up to the black parents, who had
called an emergency meeting; he
traded angry charges with black
plaintiffs' lawyer Larry Johnson;
and he snapped in a public
gathering that "constitutional
decisions are not overturned by
plebiscite." Just last month,
Providence branch head Antone Cruz had
an open session back for endorsing
a slate of local and state political
candidates — a practice that's
strictly taboo. And when re-
porters started to talk to jubilant
Mississippi field representative
Robert Walker immediately after
the news of the Supreme Court's
Port Gibson decision, national
press spokesman Denton Linds-
ley — usually an amiable soul
fell in to muzzle Walker. "The
official statement about the
Mississippi case will come from
Ms. Wilson or Reverend Hooks,"
he fumed.

The convention did amass an
ambitious voter-registration
drive, aimed at netting 1.5
million new black voters in 105 con-

Among the Sunday-schooled congregation

Wilson, Edward Kennedy, and Hooks

Edward Brooke, Dick Gregory, and Wilson

Continued on page 20
Talking politics

Friends indeed: For now, King loses on the surtax by Renée Loth

How sweet it would have been. The centerpiece of Edward J. King's re-election campaign converted into public policy as he masterfully mobilized the legislature to cut taxes — and in the home stretch of the gubernatorial campaign. What better way to convince the voters that Michael Dukakis, his rival for the Democratic nomination, had been the last governor of Taxachusetts. Eliminating what had become known in televised advertising as "the Dukakis tax" would have been the political masterpiece that cut the Gordian knot of broken and half-fulfilled promises by which Edward King is bound.

It mattered little to the governor that the surtax — a 7½-percent levy on the personal income tax — was most costly to the rich; that its elimination would not benefit the working or middle class in any real way; that it was stupid public policy in any analysis this side of the Laffer Curve. What fell, he could still ride the anti-Dukakis tax-cut crusade to re-election.

As the crusade evolved this spring, Gerald Morris, the governor's press secretary, revealed the cynicism on which the tax-repeal strategy rested. Morris told the Globe that the average taxpayer doesn't particularly care how his taxes are cut, so long as there are less of them. Seems the operating wisdom is that reason is no match for television when it's in the hands of King's media wizard, Tony Schwartz. As for the legislature, King did not hide his certainty that it could be brought around. The governor: high stakes gave little credence to the early mutterings of House Speaker Thomas McGreevy that the state needed more revenue, not less. Thanks to Proposition 2½ and Reagan budgets I and II, or to arguments from the Senate that any tax cut ought to benefit the little guy.

Mentored by his own advertising, King seemed out of touch with what his message really meant. But the legislature, it was clear, hadn't been spending its time watching television. The Senate's forceful repudiation of King's proposal was an indictment of the governor's political acumen. But that King seriously entertained the notion of repeal, the income surtax provides a chilling insight into his governing philosophy.

By mid-afternoon Thursday, July 1, word was out that the legislature would consider the surtax repeal before recessing for its protracted July 4th holiday. Predictably, reporters' mailboxes began filling up with press releases from the interest groups that had assailed the plan since King first proposed it, last September. The Massachusetts Human Services Coalition, whose clients are dependent on tax revenues, called the surtax repeal "simply ridiculous," and "a hoax." The liberal Americans for Democratic Action called it regressive. The Massachusetts Teachers Association and the Massachusetts Municipal Association, whose members also depend on tax revenues, each weighed in against it. Senate Ways and Means Committee chairman Chester Atkins (D-Concord) had a double incentive for opposing the tax cut: it erased his $35-million hedge against inflation and state deficits; and it excluded his own plans for progressive income-tax relief. Atkins called King's proposal "totally irresponsible," "a riverboat gamble," and worse.

Far more daunting than the keenings of liberal lawmakers and their public-sector allies, however, was the treatment King's tax cut received from his friends. First in a House committee chairman's meeting, and later on the Senate floor, one after another rose to attack the proposal as

Continued on page 23

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With Special Guest

Billy Squier

The Boston Phoenix, Section One, July 13, 1982

All politics is local politics

by Michael Recendez

ARABE, ZIMBABWE — Every day is bright and cool in the
immaculately kept streets and parks of
the newly renamed capital of this two-
year-old nation. On the avenues of the
city, it's hard to find signs of the vicious
seven-year guerrilla war that ended
nearly a century of white-minority rule
by British colonials. The Black men and
women who have finally taken political
power wear three-piece business suits
and dresses that would be fashionable in
Boston or New York. Here, at the heart of
the eastern section of the country, known
as Mashonaland, an occasional soldier
clad in fatigues is one of the few
reminders of the war for independence.

But the fragile nature of the peace that
has helped nurture this young and
potentially rich country was dramatized
in a pre-dawn gun battle on June 24
between a band of uniformed men and
armed guards at the gate of Prime
Minister Robert Mugabe's home. The
incident was immediately placed in the
light of the long-running rivalry between
Mugabe, the head of the Zimbabwe
African National Union (ZANU), and
Joshua Nkomo, the leader of the Zim-
babwe African People's Union (ZAPU).

In a matter of days, the government
detained eight soldiers and an un-
disclosed number of civilians in connec-
tion with the attack, and, before two
weeks had elapsed, Mugabe had for-
mally charged Nkomo with responsi-
bility for the shooting.

The few wire-service stories that ap-
ppeared in newspapers in the United
States echoed government officials who
believe army deserters loyal to Nkomo
conducted the attack. It did not seem
unlikely. For many weeks, a crescendo of
robberies and killings in Matabeleland,
Nkomo's stronghold in the western part
of the country, had been officially blamed
on disaffected members of ZAPU's military
arm, the Zimbabwe People's Revolutionary
Army (ZIPRA).

For days after the attack, however,
there was no lack of speculation that the
violence was staged with an eye toward
setting Nkomo up for another fall.

Political observers in the capital who
did not wish to be mentioned by name and,
of course, followers of Nkomo in
Matabeleland, do not believe details of
the shooting add up to a closed case.

Just after dawn on June 24, about two
hours after the attack, on Mugabe's
residence in the upscale, formerly all-
white section of Harare, a similar band
of uniformed men opened fire on the home
of Enos Nkala, the minister of national
supplies. In the aftermath, police and
army personnel discovered automatic
weapons and ammunition — including
rockets and rocket launchers — buried
near the homes of both men, as well as
the body of a man who had been shot in
the throat at such close range that the top
of his head had been blown off. The
body was later identified as an army
sergeant, but newspaper reports in
Harare did not say whether, before
independence, he had been a part of
ZIPRA or a soldier with the Zimbabwe
African National Liberation Army
(ZANLA), the wartime military wing of
ZANU.

Those who believe the violence might
have been staged as part of a frame-up
to the hours that passed between the
two attacks at locations not more
than five kilometers apart, and to the
fact that the dead soldier was almost
certainly killed by a companion. But
whatever the facts are with regard to
the attack on Mugabe's home, the prime
minister clearly has embarked on a
policy designed toemasculate Nkomo
fully and finally, and to eliminate his
party as a force in Zimbabwe.

The day after the shooting, I drove
the 400 kilometers (about 250
miles) from Harare to the western
city of Bulawayo with a small group of
American journalists, and met Nkomo at
his home the following morning. We left
the rich farmland of Mashonaland, home
for the Shona people, and entered
Matabeleland, where the Ndebele people
are experiencing what some say is
the worst drought of the century. Here,
where raising cattle is more important
than it is in the east, and where the
Ndebele speak a different language from
that spoken by the Shona, a burgeoning
political crisis is compounding a natural
disaster and tribal differences.

Most of the people in the area are
members of Nkomo's ZAPU organiza-
tion, the party that failed to win a
majority in the pre-independence elec-
tion held in February, 1980. At that time,
American observers feared that ZANU
and ZAPU would divide the vote evenly
and then court civil war. But ZANU won
a solid majority and now holds more
than 60 percent of the seats in parlia-
ment. Some might have attributed the
ZIPRA. After the arms were found, and ex-combatants who fought in of several arms caches on farms owned by Nitram, a company set up by Nkomo such a treatment.

February with the televised "discovery" point. "In all the 30 years of my struggle against what we call imperialism, I never had another room, was a second, more abstract painting of him. But the portrait showed none of the obvious distress of the man who talked with us.

"Let me tell you this," Nkomo said at one point. "In all the 30 years of my struggle against what we call imperialism, I never had such a treatment."

The treatment began in earnest last February with the televised "discoveries" of several arms caches on farms owned by Nitram, as company set up by Nkomo and ex-combatants who fought in ZIPRA. After the arms were found, Mugabe accused Nkomo of plotting a coup, and then dismissed him from his post in the government as minister of home affairs.

The Mugabe government seized all of the Nitram farms, as well as several businesses run by Nitram. That seizure may have put as many as 1000 former freedom fighters out of work, or displaced them from new homes — something that might well account for the rising violence in Matabeleland during recent months. Nkomo has yet to be arrested. But he says that other top officials in Nitram have been detained, and that a number of former ZIPRA fighters, who were incorporated into the regular army after independence, have been also detained, and possibly killed. ZIPRA commanders were taken for questioning," Nkomo said. "Some of them never returned and some of them are believed killed in these interrogations. Stories like this come out of here, but we cannot verify them. But the fact is that quite a lot of ZIPRA boys have been taken into custody and are being interrogated, and some of them possibly have died."

Nkomo says the Zimbabwe press has not reported the full story of the campaign against him. For example, he says that a speech he was to deliver in parliament on the day of the attack on Mugabe's house had to be canceled the previous day when he learned that his house in Harare was seized — an action, he says, that remains unreported in Zimbabwe. Finally, Nkomo is concerned about both the uncertainty in his life and the safety of his family. He settles off the gloomy possibilities: "I'm arrested tomorrow. I'm not arrested. I [may] be shot. And my family has no home now. We don't know, this house could be taken tomorrow. My wife is some 100 kilometers from here on our country farm — the one that was attached by Mugabe. She's there. She won't leave until they physically throw her out of her home. I've tried to reason with her... . I keep here in case they do something to this little property in Bulawayo."

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After our session with Nkomo, a drive through the western suburb of Bulawayo revealed that the army had begun the anticipated crackdown on the so-called dissidents, or bandits, that had been operating in Matabeleland with increasing frequency since Nkomo was dismissed from the government. Armored army vehicles blocked roads and intersections, and long lines of traffic formed as literally Continued on page 12
Zimbabwe

Continued from page 11
everyone on those roads was searched, all those without national identification cards were detained and questioned. A man who claimed to be a reporter for the Chronicle, a Bulawayo newspaper, directed us through a neighborhood of quiet streets near Nkomo's house to an empty lot where about 100 men were being held behind a wire fence. Other neighborhoods in the suburbs of Pumula could not be entered at all, even after the military had searched us. Small aircraft and helicopters flew low over the streets, sometimes urging people to cooperate with the army. An appointment with a representative of an association of rural cooperatives had to be canceled because her husband had been detained. Several beatings were reported.

It's difficult to judge whether Nkomo was actually planning a coup, as Mugabe charged last February. Certainly the stockpiles of arms that were found on the Ntimafun farms were of a significant size, but Nkomo says that, with two exceptions, they were found near assembly points — places where the guerrillas gathered and were disarmed after the negotiated settlement of the war. Indeed, and that such arms caches should not be considered unusual after more than a decade of guerrilla war and tension seems a widely held belief that the Mugabe government knew about. Yet it is also widely held that the Mugabe government knew about, and that it waited for an opportune moment — after Nkomo had given a speech urging national unity and media crews could be assembled — before announcing their existence. Either way, it is certain that the political consequences of Mugabe's campaign against Nkomo will be serious.

Serious, but probably not great. In the first place, the Mugabe government's considerable achievements — especially in the rural communities, where the majority of people in the country live — mean that any significant scale to overshadow the problems in Mashonaland, nationwide, the school population has more than doubled — and in some cases the cost to intermediate stations may be less than the regular fare by paying the appropriate Dollar Return Fare. Travel must be completed by midnight, September 30, 1982. Stopovers are not permitted and tickets must be purchased in the United States on July 2 and 5, or September 3 and 6. Only original coupons will be honored. Fare applies to Coach accommodations only.

If Mugabe has his way, the day will come when there is only one party in Zimbabwe. As in other matters, the prime minister has not been precise when discussing his plans for a one-party state. He has said that such an arrangement would not necessarily preclude regular elections for a new head of state. But the important point is that the idea of a one-party state isn't anathema to politicians in Zimbabwe. The concept has been implemented in other African countries as a way of circumventing tribal differences that could divide nations. Even Nkomo says he wouldn't object to a one-party state in Zimbabwe. But it's the timing of Mugabe's proposal that makes its impact on the war of liberation. Nkomo and the two liberation armies were united under the banner of the Patriotic Front; ZAPU accepted assistance from the ZANU guerrillas. In Bulawayo, Joshua Nkomo is surrounded by a coterie of aides who revere him, but he is also the man who won both white South African big-city mayor at the head of a patronage-based political machine also slow, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slowly, the government is purchasing more than one third of the national budget to support the rural economy. And slowly, perhaps too slow...
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A paper burns

Continued from page 1

The paper is a complete loss," said managing editor Cindy Patton, on the job for her first full week. "But we'll continue publishing. The 10th-anniversary issue will be thinner than we'd planned, but we'll get it out. Except for the Blizzard of '78, we've never missed an issue." Patton was "shell-shocked," she said, but Nancy Wenchler, a member of the GCN board of directors, was displaying a stronger emotion. "Under the shock and depression," she said, "there's just an incredible amount of anger that some person or some group thought they had the right to burn our building. It's one thing to have a political disagreement and a whole other thing to destroy those you disagree with, to say they don't have a right to exist. There has to be a public outcry about this. Otherwise we're all in trouble. Everybody. Your newspaper, too." GCN reporter Larry Goldsmith, meanwhile, was skeptical that the Boston Fire Department would conduct a full investigation of the fire and had put together all these pieces of the puzzle by the end of the day. At that point, few of the artists who were in the building when the blaze broke out, and who had been interviewed by Scondras, had as yet heard from any other arson investigators (both the fire department's arson squad and agents from the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms had been on the scene). Scondras, however, seemed to think that including the possible motives was something that had to be done quickly. "There are many gay-community institutions that are equally vulnerable," he said. "If this was the opening shot in an unfolding drama of hate, we've got to know that immediately."

Anti-gay hatred is a likely cause of the fire, said Amy Hoffman, who had just stepped down after three years as GCN's managing editor and who was the first staff member to arrive at the scene at 5 a.m., while the four-and-a-half-story building at 20-24 Bromfield Street was still ablaze. "We also lost all our copies of back issues. We still have them on microfilm, except for the first year, but we won't be able to send out any more back issues to readers.

"The worst thing is to lose the space," she said. "Still, on the scene five hours later as other staff members were doing their best to retrieve files, books, and half-used Rolodexes from the charred and blackened remains of their office. "It's horrible. I think I'm in a state of shock right now. Part of it is just my emotional attachment to this space. For the past three years, most of my waking hours have been spent here." She paused. "So much history has gone through this place." Indeed, the Gay Community News got its start on the site of the abandoned building. "It's horrible. Everyone. Your newspaper, too," GCN reporter Larry Goldsmith, meanwhile, was skeptical that the Boston Fire Department arson squad would investigate the fire fully enough. The paper's offices, after all, had been shot at and vandalized in the past. "The reaction of the cops has been, 'You have to expect this sort of thing,'" he said. While the burned-out tenants of the building's second floor were calling for a full and complete investigation of the fire, which they immediately saw as an obvious, open-and-shut case of homophobic arson, the fire department would not even con- cede, for the record, that it was "suspicious." Kenneth Brynnei, the department's public-information officer, said the fire caused an estimated $500,000 in damage, but stressed that the cause is listed as "undetermined." And though the arson squad is, indeed, investigating electrical equipment in the GCN office; nor were there obvious fire hazards of any sort. "I know about the reputation of newspaper offices," said Cindy Patton, "but this office was extremely neat." Second, the office had been padlocked at 11 o'clock Tuesday night, after several GCN employees finished folding and collating inserts for the 10th-anniversary issue. That front door was still securely locked when the firefighters arrived Wednesday morning. So no one had entered the building from the front. But that steel window grating on the second floor had been kicked in before the fire department arrived. And third, arson investigators on the scene Wednesday morning made note of the fact that molten metal and glass near that rear window indicated that the fire reached temperatures as high as 1200 degrees - much higher than temperatures that would have resulted from an accidental fire. "Preliminary testing at the spot where the fire first flared up indicated a strong probability that an accelerant was present," said David Scondras, long-time community activist and the chief arson investigator for Urban Educational Systems. His conclusion? "Someone went down the alley, up the fire escape, kicked in the grating, and put in an accelerant." Translation: the fire was set. Scondras and UES launched an instant investigation of the fire and had put together all these pieces of the puzzle by the end of the day. At that point, few of the artists who were in the building when the blaze broke out, and who had been interviewed by Scondras, had as yet heard from any other arson investigators (both the fire department's arson squad and agents from the federal Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms had been on the scene). Scondras, however, seemed to think that including the possible motives was something that had to be done quickly. "There are many gay-community institutions that are equally vulnerable," he said. "If this was the opening shot in an unfolding drama of hate, we've got to know that immediately."

Anti-gay hatred is a likely motive for the fire, he said, but there are others. "It could have been a random, kook fire," said Scondras, "but that's extremely unlikely. Those usually involve abandoned buildings out in the neighborhoods. This was an inconvenient location for that sort of thing."

On the other hand, 20-24 Bromfield Street is a rundown building - a firetrap, the tenants say - in the midst of the downtown shopping district and lots of prime redevelopment space (indeed, the trust that owns the building is known as the Downtown Development Company). It is managed by the Drake Company, which has not been maintaining the building at all, tenants complain. (Phone Continued on page 16)
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Fire

Continued from page 14 calls to the management company, in an effort to elicit an response, went unanswered.) Broken windows at the rear of GCN's second-floor office — where the fire started — were not repaired despite continual complaints, Amy Hoffman said. And the leaky roof just kept getting worse. Despite all this, all the third- and fourth-floor tenants received a notice a week before the fire that their loft rents, which averaged $150 a month, were being hiked to $200. The talk on Bromfield Street in the fire's wake last week was that the Druker Company's redevelopment plans for the area were not going terribly well. Two street-owned by Downtown Development and managed by Druker, moved out after their rents were tripled; these storefronts remain vacant. And burned-out tenants of 20-24 Bromfield, also owned by Downtown Development and managed by Druker, said Donald Shambroom, the artist who reported the fire, and who has had a studio in the building for eight years. "Because of all the development in the area I thought I'd have two years left in the building at the most." And, no, he wasn't insured. "It was not possible for an artist to get fire insurance in that building," he said. So the fire destroyed about three years' worth of Sham-broom's work, including the murals he'd been designing for a show at the Institute of Contemporary Art. Luckily, however, he had recently had the works photographed, so they can be reproduced. "I'm going to do it," he said. "I'm not going to let this setback my career, but it's going to be a challenge." And for Brenda Lowen-Siegel, a painter whose third-floor studio was directly above the spot where the fire began, it's going to be a bit more than that. "I lost all the paintings of my life, from graduate school until now," she said. "I've lost my whole past!" Similarly, the Gay Community News — which had grown into a serious journal of gay news, culture, and opinion, with a national reputation — has lost a big piece of its past, and has always just barely scraped by financially anyway. It now must rely on the generosity of the community at large if it is to survive. (Donations can be sent to the "Rebuild GCN Fund," c/o Gay and Lesbian Advocates and Defenders, 2 Park Square, Bos-ton, MA 02116.) Finally, if the burned-out building has to be demolished, the city of Boston will have lost a crucial piece of its past as well. This gray, granite structure was built in the 1840s, and may be the only remaining downtown commercial structure of its type. "I think it's a very important build-

ing historically," said Brian Pow-ell, a student of Boston's architec-ture who researched this building for the Boston Landmarks Com-mission. "It's not important in the sense that the Old State House and the Trinity Church are, but it is an example of the commercial buildings of Boston during a real golden age. There was a time when this was a granitic city, and this building is the only real survivor." This piece of urban history, incidentally, is also one of the very few survivors of the Great Boston Fire of 1872, which started in a warehouse mere two blocks away. Now, who will be the survivors of the Bromfield Street fire of '82? Well, the artists will continue to create, and the tenants who they've lost a part of their com-munity, what remains of it, is responding to their plight. "I love Boston and I intend to stay," said Donald Shambroom. "I really appreciate the support I've gotten from the art community. I was carrying out my paintings, and they were all ruined," said Bren-da Lowen-Siegel. "I sat down on the curb and a woman — a bag lady really — came up and asked me if I needed some money for living expenses and so kind." The Gay Community News is beginning to look for help and temporary office space as well. Unfortunately, though, the comments of passersby last Wednesday were not uniformly supportive. As GCN staffers were hugging out their file cabinets, and trying to piece together charred back copies of the paper, one elderly fellow finally figured out just what sort of a publication this was. "Printing at the pile of papers, he suddenly announced. It's a real shame — except for this." And the GCN people started back at him in disbelief.

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ATARI INTELLIVISION ACTIVISION
by Michael Gee

One of the few things most voters have in common is that they have had intimate sexual experiences.

— The Almanac of American Politics

Summer in Washington is a theatrically expensive, and it seems to bring to the worst in our elected representatives. From Bobby Bork to Betsy McCaughey, the recent charges of cocaine and illicit sex rings in both the Senate and the House. Congress reserves its fistfuls of dildoes and daddies’ scandals for the hot months. Mayby that’s because they don’t have major league baseball to help fill up all that idle time. In any case, it’s been for the newspaper business, especially for those papers that go in for 64-point-type headlines.

Luring minors into sex, of whatever variety, is a crime, and one that society considers very serious. To date, there have been lots of accusations tossed about, but no charges have been filed, or even names named. One Justice Department source was quoted in last Wednesday’s New York Times as to the effect that as far as illicit congressional sex goes, “So far, where there’s smoke, there’s smoke.” But charges need not be accurate to be entertaining. Indeed, the jittery the accusations, the more people can imagine that congressional vice has spread throughout both branches. A single, unsubstantiated accusation from an 18-year-old kid looking for attention can lead votes from Ranger to Walla Walla to suspect that their congressmen’s Merchant Marine Committee hearings routinely ended in a frenzy of amyl nitrate, and once votes are in the press. That’s something the last time our standards of outrage seemed to produce a whole series of hysterical articles, asserting that various senators and representatives had a) had sex with them; b) sexually harassed them: c) given them drugs or d) all of the above and more. Since the kids were minors, CBS allowed them to make their charges with faces hidden and voices electronically altered. That gives the maker of such accusations total protection from the consequences of lying. Well, despite headlines like NAME HOUSE VIP’S IN GAY SEX RING no such charges have been filed. More incredible, given the nature of Washington, is that no names of miscreant congressmen have been leaked to the press. This is an election year, after all. Could it be these scandalous accusations are simply figments of overheated teenage imaginations?

A lot of them probably are, but some are undoubtedly not. It’s hard to imagine even a congressman being dumb enough to make a move on an underage page of his or her sex, given the public’s unbreded lust for scandal. It is, however, easy to imagine a congressman being dumb enough to let an aide or a page make a phone call to an overall managing service for him. Our elected officials enjoy Congress in large part because so many government-paid hangers-on are there to cater to our every whim. If such whims include wearing garish belts and lace, well, it’s a high pressure job, after all.

Until indictments are actually announced, it’s best to ignore all this babble, except for its sheer entertainment value. What this scandal demonstrates best is how our standards of outrage have changed. There are male and female pages, and, apparently, accusations of sexual misconduct with both sexes, yet no interest in congressional statutory rape against girls has surfaced in the press. That’s something I dare say has been going on since the days of the Madison administration. Although few voters would approve of such behavior, it has lost its power to... Continued on page 26
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“Personality Crisis,” “Funky But Chic,” “Frenchie,” “Melody,”

It need ever stop?

DAVID JOHANSEN. “LIVE IT UP.”

NAACP

Continued from page 7

provincial districts with significant black populations. But some organization members worried

that simply registering voters is ineffectual. Providence's Cruz, who reluctantly withdrew his

branch's endorsements, noted that "voter registration always

gets a few people, but often the effort fades away" before election
day. Cruz said he plans to dispute

the organization policy on en-
donements, on grounds that naming names — friends and

enemies — would be a positive,

unified response to the desperate

situation black folks face today.

He argues further that to throw

NAACP muscle behind

particular candidates "would
demonstrate we are involved in

the way in the political process

and that people can have a

thunderous voice."

Although targeting candidates

is not exactly unprecedented for

the NAACP (the organization did

publicly work to defeat Barry

Goldwater in 1964), no thunder-

ous chorus seconded Cruz's mo-

tion.

Cruz himself didn't even

show up in Boston until late into

the convention week. Instead, delegates were treated to a look-

show up in Boston until late into

the convention week. Instead, delegates were treated to a look-

government-sponsored parade of political

friends; including three Demo-

crats, two of them ( Mondale

and Kennedy) presidential hopefuls;

and one renegade Republican

(Lowell Weicker). The endorse-

ment battle ended up a squashed

protest in the provinces. Even

the announcement of the new

NAACP money would be avail-

able for the registration drive

because of the costly Legal De-

fense Fund suit.

The convention was at least

an occasion for Boston to

thrash itself with the
terribly thorny question of its

own racism. Should the NAACP

have come here or not? WERI's

much-debated editorial said yes,

but advised delegates not to go to
certain parts of the city — the

same certain parts, in fact, that

they had been warned against by

colleagues before they arrived.

Mayor White said yes, and in-

vited the delegates to go "from
downtown Boston to the base of

Bunker Hill monument." Earnest

as the mayor was, it sounded like

a cruel joke. Poor Kevin, who is

mayor of nothing if not of con-

ventions, was roundly booed on

the stage of the first convention

of this convention season. He

looked and sounded defensive; he

still says "the blacks," as though to put three more letters between himself and citizens of

city, and he beat a hasty retreat

nearly as the last syllable left his

lip.

The Boston police said, yes, you are welcome and safe, and —

in an action that must have been reassuring — proceeded to

blanket downtown with a militia of cops. Police also provided a

motor escort to the NAACP's

Bunker Hill tour in the good

village of Charlestown, but dared

not publicize the tour in advance,

apparently for fear (as the

Globe's Alan Richman aptly put

it) of what the same good vil-

lagers there might do.

The Globe itself issued an

enthusiastic yes, welcoming del-

egates with an urgent, 28-page

front page: "Whither Black America?" pull-

out supplement, and even gave

away 10,000 copies to the

NAACP delegates. (The Globe

was more shy about its story two

days later, reporting — on page

74, in the business section — that

our city's paper of eminence was

found in violation of US Depart-

ment of Housing and Urban

Development regulations for

publishing discriminatory hous-

ing ads that portrayed only white

families.) Meantime, delegates

from other cities were quick to

note that Boston isn't the nation's

only racial tinderbox. The con-

vention might have been held in

Nashville, where police use cattle

prods and are allowed to shoot

fleeing felons; or in Milwaukee,

where there's a death at the

Liberty City riots, party brass

issued what's become a standard

rhetorical response: "We go

where there's trouble." Actually,

the NAACP heeds not for trouble

but for big hotels and

auditoriums, and it books con-

ventions five years in advance.

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Continued on page 22
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NAACP

Continued from page 20

ing, and possibly the most suc-

cessful petitioner for blacks in
corporate America. It toils, as

ever, squarely within the bound-

aries of law and order, and it has

comported itself with stately
dignity. Unashamedly middle-
class in tone and outlook, the

NAACP has repeatedly sounded

a simple, patient call to open up

the narrowly proscribed arenas of

American power and opportuni-

ty. "Racism," said Ed McClure,

community-relations specialist at

the US Justice Department office

in Boston, "is like you have
drawn a circle to exclude me. The

NAACP," he reflected, "has
drawn the circle to include both

of us."

The NAACP, which, never

quite achieved W.E.B. Du Bois's

vision of a true mass organiza-
tion, was nearly as scandalized as

were white racists by the mili-
tants who sprang up — if for a

brief historical moment — in

ghetto America. It was part of the

established chorus condemning

black rioters, and its leaders

vehemently rejected the

charismatic appeals of na-
tionalists like Malcolm X and

Marcus Garvey. It clung — and

clings still — to the distant hope

of a fairer America, not a separate

black state or a 'Back to Africa"
movement. Twice the organiza-
tion voted in anti-communist

resolutions, and in 1967 it official-
ly disassociated itself from

Martin Luther King's public state-
ments against the Vietnam War.

While other groups denounced

American adventures and re-
pressive governments abroad,

the NAACP remained steadfastly

parochial. (One resolution this

year condemning human-rights
abuses in Haiti was rejected on
grounds that it wasn't a "civil-
rights" issue and would interfere

in the affairs of a foreign state.)

Yet it was arguably these more

militant appeals and groups —

small, desperate, and ill-fated as

they were — that helped usher

the NAACP into national

prominence. The NAACP had

been for a time a group that

looked eminently sane and well-

behaved to white politicians who

saw only a crumbling and

barbarous landscape. During the

turbulent civil-rights years, the

NAACP enjoyed a direct line to

the Kennedy and Johnson White

Houses and it played-those con-

nections well. "It is in the federal

government that the integra-
tionists... place their ultimate

faith," said Harold Cruse in The

Crisis of the Negro Intellectual.

But Cruse wrote these words an

ancient 15 years ago, and all hell

has broken loose since. Now, for:

the first time in two decades, the

NAACP has lost its hotline to the

White House. Since then, "we've

been standing outside throwing

stones," said an exasperated Ben

Andrews, Connecticut NAACP

head and a Republican.

Initially, this breach seems to

have shot adrenaline through a

wearied body politic ('Reagan

has brought black people closer
together again," one delegate

buzzed excitedly). Suddenly, the

NAACP sounds bold again, do-

ing the same things it has always

done: pushing for more black

voters, more black' jobs, and

singing those old freedom songs.

But the NAACP has changed

little in its time. Rather, it is the

country which has shifted treach-

erously around it.

It is perhaps a litmus test of the
time that Hooks could stand at

"the podium in a major US city

and boast to an audience full of

black people of all political lean-

ings that "the NAACP is the most

feared, the most revered, the

most criticized, the most vilified,

yet the most effective civil-rights

organization in the world," and

have the only response be

thunderous applause.
Surtax

Continued from page 8

imprudent, dishonest, or just plain bad politics. And this in an election year when, as one senator put it, "all of us, bar none, would simply love to cut taxes."

Especially in the Senate, where members put themselves on record with a roll-call vote, there was precious little support from the lawmakers representing the solidly Democratic, blue-collar population centers King always has claimed as his own. Senators from Revere, Lowell, Brockton, Somerville—cities King won against Dukakis in 1978 and must win again this September—voted against their governor on the signal issue of his campaign. In the House, Speaker McGee, who would almost certainly prefer another four years of Eddie King to a "new" Mike Dukakis, took to the podium and said, "If I had to vote a tax cut, the surtax is not the one I'd choose."

The reason for McGee's disenchantment with the surtax repeal, and a large part of why it lost in the Senate, is that the measure simply doesn't do much for the average taxpayer in the average Democratic ward. For all King's high-minded rhetoric—"We want to make every effort to put more money in the pockets of the working men and women of the Commonwealth"—the surtax repeal would save exactly 19 cents a week for 60 percent of the state's taxpayers. Any taxpayer making under $20,000 would pocket less than $7.50 in the first year of the repeal.

Because the income-tax surcharge is a flat 7 percent regardless of income, removing it saves the most for those making the most, and saves less for those at the lower ends of the income scale. As McGee put it to his House colleagues, "The average people in my district would not benefit. It would not be the tax cut that would benefit most of the people in the Commonwealth."

Senator Francis Doris (D-Revere), whose district's delegation to the Democratic state convention in May included the largest percentage of King supporters in the state, said he voted against King's proposal because "it didn't appear to be a major issue back home." Doris said he even received two phone calls from King supporters urging him to vote against the cut. "The people in our districts," Doris said of his Senate colleagues from large Democratic cities, "with the income levels they're at, would receive very little benefit at all. Why BS the people just [to get] something before election day?"

Senator Patricia McGovern, who represents the aging mill city of Lawrence, renamed the surtax repeal "the McDonald's tax," because "the average family couldn't buy a Big Mac with this tax cut." Senator Sharon Pollard (D-Methuen), who represents a string of conservative towns near the New Hampshire border, pointed out that the average family in her district would save 10% cents a week. "You can't buy 30 minutes of time at a meter in downtown Lawrence with 10% cents," she said. Neither Pollard nor McGovern could fairly be considered King supporters, but many of their constituents are. Obviously, neither senator thought the tax cut substantial enough that her vote against it would anger the folks back home.

King's latest surtax plan would phase in the tax cut over four years, instead of over two years, as he originally proposed. It would save $15 million in taxes the first year, not the $80 million King's handlers continue to cite. When all is said and done, the proposal would cut the "in-Continued on page 24
Surtax

Continued from page 23 famous Dakukia "surtax" from 7.5 percent to 6.7 percent in the first year. Not the kind of dramatic shift in the tax burden, one would have to look on which elections be won or lost. But King did lose, and unceremoniously. The Senate voted 19-13 against suspending its rules so that the bill could be brought out of committee for debate. By refusing to release the bill to the floor, senators were able to oppose the tax cut without strictly voting against it. But some in the Senate were unequivalent.

The next morning, King's camp-
paign workers were peeved and
gengaful: "We'll take care of Anne Buckley," said one of King's advisors, in reference to the senator from Brockton. Buck-
ley, a staunch liberal, did not rise to debate, but silently voted against the tax cut despite her allegiance to King. At a post-
mortem press conference, King chastised the Senate for what he called "its very complimentary" behavior, and vowed that the fight to cut the surtax would continue.

King was asked if he thought his proposal would have fared any beter if there had been a more significant savings for the working- and middle-class voters who, after all, are the people he purports to represent.

"Well, maybe," the governor conceded. "But I think there is some fairness in the proposal that those who pay a greater share of taxes ought to be reduced proportionally."

Did the governor mean that he was making the money tax should get the biggest benefits of the cut?

"Well, they're paying more," he said.

The governor's remarks reveal two things about the tax cut. First, that it is a supply-side fix only (the Reagans户d to love — indeed, King's bill was wildly popular with Senate Republicans. By cut-
ting taxes at the upper level of the income scale, or so trickle-down thinking goes, more money is released into circulation, thus stimulating the economy with investments and consumer purchases, and eventually every-
one gets a bigger slice of a growing pie. As King himself has said too many times to count, "The best social program I know of is an expanding economy."

Having lost his anti-tax gamble, at least for the time being, King predictably tried to take credit for every tax reduction he could think of. At a press conference last Tuesday, King said he was "amused" to hear that Dukakis was holding the surtax defeat as an indication of "lack of leadership." Dakukia failed to mention, said King, that "this was the sixth tax that his administration had helped re-
duce. King ticked them off: ex-
cise, capital gains, corporate in-
terest deduction, personal, and the rental deduction.

What King failed to mention was that of those taxes — auto excise, property, and rental — were cut directly by the people as a result of Proposition 2 1/2. The other two, indirectly for the business community, and produced no direct relief for the state's consumers. (Tony Schwartz couldn't have put it any better.)

King went on to complain that if the surtax cut was not to the liking of the legislature, he had yet to hear of an alternative. But then, maybe he hadn't been listening. At the start of the session, Senate President Thomas Atkins floated a proposal to increase the income-tax exemp-
tions — cutting taxes from the bottom up instead of from the top down. Over on the House side, Representatives Thomas Gal-
lagher (D-Allston-Brighton) and Michael Barrett (D-Reading) drafted an amendment to the surtax bill that would substitute an increased exemption for every step of the surtax repeal. "The beauty of this amendment," said Barrett, "is that it speaks directly to the desire of politicians to have an increased exemption for every step of the surtax repeal. "The beauty of this amendment," said Barrett, "is that it speaks directly to the desire of politicians to have an increased exemption for every step of the surtax repeal. The way the current system is set up, it means less goes to the IRS and more goes to the taxpayer."

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Congress

Continued from page 18

shock, because it's no longer new to us. If these headlines persist, we may see representatives admit to adultery with their secretaries in order to reassure their constituents that, if not perfect, their congressman at least respects the young, and is suitably virile.

Indeed, the page revelations may show that even charges of a salon committing homosexual acts aren't enough to titillate, unless accompanied by charges of rape against the underaged. In 1980, Rep. Robert Bauman (R-Maryland) admitted to having sought the services of homosexuals in Baltimore. He was defeated in that fall's elections, but that was a special circumstance, since Bauman was a self-appointed leader of the 'New Right,' a renowned gay-baiter, and a denouncer of others' morals. Whether the good people of the Eastern Shore punished him for perversity or hypocrisy is unclear, but if it was for the latter, there may yet be hope for the reputation.

As you may know, Amy Carter is spending the summer as a congressional page. How long will it be before her revelations hit the front page of the New York Post? The cocaine charges are apparently more substantive, yet even more ludicrous to consider. A good percentage of this country's elected representatives have been face-down-in-the-salad drunk since the first Continental Congress. It's common knowledge in Washington (so common that even I have heard) that one extremely powerful senator has two aides assigned full time to the task of hauling him around at night when he's in his cups, which is nearly always. Significantly, Bauman defends his behavior by saying he was the victim of alcoholism. Baume was also the excuse that Abecam defendants Raps, Otis Myers (D-Pennsylvania) and John Jenrette (D-South Dakota) gave for having accepted bribes. If alcohol abuse is such an all-purpose congressional alibi, to worry about a few reps snorting coke is silly. What are people worried about, that it'll affect the point spread on the Agriculture Department appropriation?

As proof of our citizenry's common sense, allegations of congressional drug abuse have stirred far less popular concern than the equivalent charges about the National Football League. But they have brought forth this reporter's favorite Washington story of the year. Rep. Robert Dornan (R-California) let narcotics officers investigating cocaine traffic on Capitol Hill work undercover out of his office. Dornan, you may recall, recently introduced a bill requiring record manufacturers to print a warning that certain songs, when played backwards, contain messages advocating the worship of Satan. Oh, it's going to be a wonderful made-for-TV movie.

Fade-In, Credits: The Page


with Sly Stone as Linc. The scene opens in the large but austere offices of Rep. Dornan, who is regarding his three visitors with skepticism.

Dornan: "The Teds tell me you're the best they've got, but you're so young.

All three: "That, unfortunately, is how some of your colleagues like them, congressman.

Dornan: "All right, then here's how you'll handle it. Jeff, Amy, I want you to head over to the Hill. There's an important hearing today, and I'm afraid, well, that there'll be some dirty work.

Jeff: "Yes sir.

Dornan: "Linc, I want you to interview the head of Cerberus Records. Tell him I want to find out how to get my turntable to spin in both directions."

Line: "Yes, sir.

They leave. As the door closes behind them, a horrendous cacophony erupts, and there's a cry of 'My God, Paul is dead after all.'

Cut to: The House Banking, Finance, and Urban Affairs Sub-committee on General Oversight and Renegotiation. An assistant secretary of the treasury is testifying on a $100,000,000 loan to Bulgaria's shrimp industry. The entire subcommittee is asleep, except for the chairman, whom Jeff and Amy confront.

Jeff: "C'mon congressman, we know you wouldn't be in finance except for the dope."

Amy: "It's not our fault we're hooked. It's this high-pressure environment, the endless glare of publicity."

Chairman: "I don't know anything about that.".

Jeff: "I suppose you'd like to hear my electronically distorted voice telling Dan Rather how..."

Chairman (weakly): "All right, all right, I'll make a few calls to a few NBA owners and we'll get you something, but both of you take your damn hand off my knees!"

Cut to: The offices of Cerberus Records, which are decorated entirely in one-way mirrors, even the floors. Linc bursts from an inner office, pursued by vicious Dobermans. After a dramatic foot, bus, and car chase, the Dobermans crash their Ferrari into a bridge abutment, and Linc escapes to find a phone booth.

Linc: "Get me the congressmen, quick! Good lord, do you know what's going on in there? I had to listen to every Eagles album ever made, backwards, while all the A&R men lit incense and set fire to a goat! We've only got 24 hours or we're doomed!"

Cut to: The offices of the president of Cerberus Records. In a $8000 all-leather-and-gold executive chair, a bulky figure dressed in dark red is chuckling ominously. He bears a startling resemblance to a setts politician. To be continued....
LISTEN.... CLUB CASINO
HAMPTON BEACH, NEW HAMPSHIRE 603-926-4300

JULY 13
in a tribute to the Rolling Stones
BLUSING BRIDES
with special guest
PURPLE HAZE EXPERIENCE
...and Jim Hendrix
8:30 & 7:30

JULY 14 & 15
COUNTRY GIANT
M-M-M-MEL TILLIS
SPECIAL GUEST
TINA WELCH

JULY 18 (17)*
DR. HOOK
"Cover of the Rolling Stones"
"Easy Eye" "Dale Makes The Wise Years Talk"
THE BLEND
8:30 & 6:30

JULY 20 (21)*
Southside Johnny
AND THE ASBURY JUKE
"I Don't Want To Go Home"
REBECCA & THE DOCTOR
8:30 & 6:30

JULY 22 (23)*
GREAT BALLS O' FIRE IT'S
JERRY LEE LEWIS
Special guest Memphis Backsliddy
8:30 & 6:30

JULY 25
THE MARSELS SPINNERS
"Let's Go With The Band"
"One In A Million"
8:30 & 10:30

JULY 28
DAVE MASON
JONATHAN EDWARDS
8:30 & 6:30

JULY 30 (31, AUG 1)
Davy Jones' Last Command, featuring
"Hymn and Inspiration"
SHUTDOWNS
12:30 & 11:30

AUG 4
SHA-NA-NA
12:30 "Save Special Matinee"
REBECCA & THE DOCTOR
8:30 & 6:30

AUG 5
A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS
MISSION OF BURMA
THE NEIGHBORHOODS
8:30 & 7:30

AUG 6
LEON RUSSELL
"MADISON SQUARE"
JOHN LINCOLN WRIGHT
8:30 & 6:30

AUG 8
JERRY JEFF WALKER
"One"
8:30 & 7:30

AUG 12 (13)*
THREE DOG NIGHT
"Easy To Be Hard" "It's A Country Thing"
8:30 & 7:30

AUG 14
POINTER SISTERS
"Here To Stay" "Here's A Girl"
8:30 & 6:30

AUG 19
ROY ORBISON
"Pretty Woman" "Only The Lonely"
8:30 & 6:30

AUG 22
NRBQ & JOHN SEBASTIAN
"We're All In The Same Boat" "Special Guest"
8:30 & 6:30

AUG 25
MAMAS & PAPAS
8:30 & 6:30

AUG 28
JOE COCKER
8:30 & 6:30

SEPT 2
MICKEY GILLEY
"Don't Want To Go Home" "Pretty Woman"
8:30 & 6:30

SEPT 4
CLANCY BROS.
8:30 & 7:30

NORTH EAST WINDS

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CHARGE BY PHONE:
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SHOWTIME 9 PM
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PHOTO ID REIQUIRED AGE 18 AND OVER

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AND ENJOY CLUB CASINO'S HOTTEST SUMMER EVER!

RADIO UPDATES ON: WGIR-101 WHEB-100.3 WCGY-94 WOKQ-97.5 WEEI-103 WMGX-93.1
There's a tradition at Anheuser-Busch. A tradition that says never be satisfied until you've achieved the best. Now, out of this tradition, comes a light beer worthy of the King of Beers. One with a clean, distinctive taste. Budweiser Light. It took time. Patience. And a quest for quality that led to the proud list of ingredients and the Beechwood Aging process made famous by the King of Beers.

We know the best never comes easy. That's why there's nothing else like it. **Bring out your best.**
A woman I know who originally hails from Jackson, Mississippi, turns a wider shade of scarlet every time someone calls her a Southern belle. Her drawl is a dead giveaway, though, and since she’s lived on both coasts in the last 10 years, she’s heard the South slandered by accentless Californians and effete Washingtonians alike. But the most ludicrous commentary she’s endured to date was delivered by a Bostonian a few years back, when the busing nightmare was at its worst. This man launched a sort of party-line-leftist assault on her heritage, as well as the entire reactionary history of the South. Wondering how he dared to cast the first stone, she mentioned the sins of his own home town. He dismissed the parallel. “Oh, that,” he said. “That’s just the Irish.”

When Jimmy Carter made his infamous slip of the tongue about maintaining the “ethnic purity” of neighborhoods, the keepers of the flame of progressive thought hollered racism, while the candidate’s speechwriters ran off to rewrite the quote and throw in a few mea culpas. But Carter’s line was not so much a slur as it was merely stupid, betraying (in a Southerner, yet) a thickheaded... Continued on page 4
BABY LOVE, INDEED

A noble romance brought him to us: From a love supreme.
Like a jewel in the Royal Crown; Sparkling captivating.
All the world is celebrating; Bless our Baby Love.

— Lester Lanin

Our Baby Love
If Princess Di ever so much as throw a glass slippery at her hubby, the whole damned Brit Empire may sink like Atlantis. The media hype that has surrounded Chuck and Di bears Lisa and Richard for high camp and a Baby Berkeley routine for excess. The Royal Couple’s image has made blue blood fashionable, squabbling sexy, and gender-based selfish somewhat charming. First came the Royal Courtship (see-hed), then the Royal Wedding (gas-ps). The media provided seed pearls and Chantilly lace until I was ready to start another revolution against the motherland, not to mention dismiss the notion of maternity forever. Get these two wed, thought I, and leave me to read the Times in peace. Then came the Royal Copulation, which was followed by eight-plus interminable months of the Royal Pregnancy. The Royal Labor, we are told, lasted for around 16 hours, at the end of which the Royal Wee One uttered a “cute” cry. The day the blessed event took place, the media went bananas. June 22 was also the day John Hirschky was acquitted by reason of insanity — an event of sufficient significance, one presumed, to warrant top billing. Not so, at least not yet. The Herald America. OH BOY! hollered the four-inch headline; a smaller “Hickock Immanent” was tucked in the lower left-hand corner. We learned from the Herald how Di had begun “to get the terriers barking relief, a euphemism befitting Camelot, and a few days later that the odds of the Royal Ken and Barbie naming the little prince “Elvis” were about 1000 to 1. Charles and Diana made page one of the New York Times as well, wherein we were told that the delivery had been overseen by the Royal OB-Gyn, a “jolly, white-haired” fellow, and that the proud father “absolutely everybody the moon” about the whole shindig. He and Di had a small spat about what to name the kid, but finally settled upon the timehonor but-so-so-Tory William Arthur Philip Louis. And the hood hadn’t flowed so blue in a coze’s age — the official fact-finder announced that Willie Art Phil Lou is 58.8 percent Brit. But the news side couldn’t come close to the gimick arranged for the Royal Arrival by one whiskey manufacturer. Johnny Walker Black has been trying to out-Chivas Chivas Regal for years as the no plus ultra of status Scotts. So in the days following Willie’s birth, full-page ads appeared in the New York Times, the Washington Post, the Los Angeles Times, and the Wall Street Journal. And what a subliminal delight they were. Tiny Johnny Walker Black bottles, 14 of them, tucked into an elegant cigar box offered forth by a manly hand. “A future King of England should be announced with more than a cigar,” reads the quiet, dignified logo underneath. And just in case Di had gone and done something silly, like having a future queen, Johnny Walker Black was ready. The other version of the ad (with the same baby bottles) was scheduled to read “The arrival of a princess should be announced with more than a cigar.” Well, heavens, one hopes so.

The JWB ad people were only a few among the things who breathlessly awaited the birth. All four newspapers were given down-to-the-finger instructions about using the pink or blue version of the ad in order to assure the correct placement of it within a day after the birth. The advertisement was a one-shot寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡寡卵

SNAKE IN THE GRASP

This started off a simple story — and a somewhat sentimental one. A few weeks ago a fellow reporter dropped a present on my desk, a tiny package of Jumbo Magic Black Snakes purchased at the corner Christy’s Market for a mere quarter. And oh, sweet memories. I hadn’t seen the likes of such things since I was a mere quarter. And oh, sweet memories. I hadn’t seen the likes of such things since I was a mere quarter. And oh, sweet memories. I hadn’t seen the likes of such things since I was a mere quarter. And oh, sweet memories. I hadn’t seen the likes of such things since I was a mere quarter. As my sister used to say, who (along with my sister) used to run the sidewalks every July with package after package of black snakes. God, were they goss. We’d put a match to the little black pellet and watch it squirm. And squirm. And hurt itself all over the concrete, until it had turned into a long, ugly, writhing, black, pseudo-snake. These wondrous creatures were the unnoticed proletariat of fireworks — cheap, safe, and predictable, guaranteed to make you laugh and keep your fingers and toes intact.

Since these special little icons from ‘30s America still came in the same camps package (and still went for a quarter a shot), they seemed the perfect bargain for July ‘82 — and who says the fun has to stop after the Fourth? But the mistake I have encountered since receiving this small gift has made me swear off the things forever. How was I to guess at the tangled web of intrigue that lay ahead of me, one that involved a glimpse into the seamy underworld of bootlegging and arson, snake pushers and naive first offenders? Black snakes, to make the point a bit more brutally, are illegal. Noville. Definitely Not Good. An assistant’s routine check with Joseph Sainato at the state fire marshal’s office revealed the ominous information that I could be hauled back 100 for possessing these ugly little creatures, and the store that hawked them could be fined up to a portrait of Madison. “A scoop,” thought I. Christy’s Markets, those upstanding little pushers and naive first offenders? But the news side couldn’t come close to the gimmick arranged for the Royal Arrival. Arrived by one whiskey manufacturer. Johnny Walker Black has been trying to out-Chivas Chivas Regal for years as the no plus ultra of status Scotts. So in the days following Willie’s birth, full-page ads appeared in the New York Times, the Washington Post, the Los Angeles Times, and the Wall Street Journal. And what a subliminal delight they were. Tiny Johnny Walker Black bottles, 14 of them, tucked into an elegant cigar box offered forth by a manly hand. “A future King of England should be announced with more than a cigar,” reads the quiet, dignified logo underneath. And just in case Di had gone and done something silly, like having a future queen, Johnny Walker Black was ready. The other version of the ad (with the same baby bottles) was scheduled to read “The arrival of a princess should be announced with more than a cigar.” Well, heavens, one hopes so.

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And baby makes three: enough!
WALK THIS WAY
Return to the scene: A skulking tour
by Bonnie Parker

This is for people who think walking tours are stuffy stuff. People like kids. Tell 'em they're going to see dead pirates and warlocks and robbers and like that. With big kids, you can cross out this paragraph, then hand them the paper and tell them to take a walk.

The few things on the route you can't always see or do are open seven days a week from early morning until late afternoon. There's no charge for anything on the tour. But bring some money for an optional side trip to a museum, which could set you back a few bucks, or in case you get hungry in Faneuil Hall Marketplace or the North End.

Start at Park Street station and skull up Tremont Street, away from the Common. On the right-hand side of the street, just past the intersection with School Street, is the King's Chapel burying ground. Here, supposedly, the late-17th-century sea-captain-turned-pirate William Kidd (among other notorious hard-luck cases, unsavory characters, and criminals) is buried, though you won't find a headstone for him. According to the People's Almanac, Kidd was a "victim... of bad press."

According to legend, if you knock three times on the stone wall of the chapel and ask, "Captain Kidd, for what were you hanged?" the captain himself will come to a building with gold lions and unicorns on it. This is the Old State House (67 years older than Old City Hall, that's a crime.

You will find a stone for John Alden Jr., who escaped prosecution for witchcraft by hiding in friends' houses for two years. And there's a headstone for Crispus Attucks, who led a mob to assault British soldiers on guard, fell exactly here when the soldiers fired into the crowd.

Even a criminal mind turns thoughtful in a cemetery. A theme for meditation: facing the rear of the burying ground and looking just beyond it, you'll see Old City Hall — think graft and corruption. Out of sight but ahead and to your left is the Old State House — think payola and patronage. In the opposite direction from the Old State House is the new State House (87 years older than Old City Hall, but who's counting? — think sweetheart deals, fraud, and embezzlement. In yet another direction is the new City Hall and all Government Center — give up. You're surrounded.

Steal out of the burying ground and turn right, to continue along Tremont Street until you come to a corner where there's a huge copper tea pot. This is Court Street. Turn right and soon you'll come to a building with gold lions and unicorns on it. This is the Old State House. Just beyond it, on a traffic island at the intersection with Congress Street, is a circle of paving stones commemorating the 1770 Boston Massacre. Supposedly, former slave Crispus Attucks, who led a mob to

papers for mayor, he had just been released from custody down in Danbury, Connecticut, for mail fraud. He came up to the counter and said, "Hello, Ed, you're still here?" Said, "I'll be here for a good many years, Jim." We would talk that way, y'know. He says, "Well, I'm assuming candidacy again for the mayor of Boston." 'Aight, I says, 'As you know, Jim, you can only put three times on a nomination paper.' He says, 'Well, put me down as former mayor, former governor, and former guest of United States government.'

From another old-timer who remembers the Curley administration, the theory of three Curleys: "Some said, 'Oh, James Michael Curley was a thief' but he robbed from the rich," and some said, "James Michael Curley was a thief.' From the Curley monument, sneak through Faneuil Hall Marketplace. If you want, look for a Boston Tea Party Ship and Museum van just beyond the marketplace on the harbor side. Seven days a week, from 9 a.m. to 6 p.m., the vam shuttle tourists to the scene of a 1773 crime so successful that schoolteachers even instruct little kids to admire it. The trip is free, though admission to the museum and replica of one of three British tea ships isn't.

Neither keep walking? The stuff ahead isn't exactly glamorous. But OK, let's forge auspiciously on to pay homage to Nicola Sacco and Bartolomeo Vanzetti. If they weren't America's most famous criminals of the '20s, then they were the most famous victims of that decade. In 1923, they got the chair either for committing a 1920 robbery and murder in South Braintree, for being in the wrong place at the wrong time, or for radical activism, depending on how you look at it.

Slink under the espressoway, follow Atlantic Avenue along the waterfront a long block, and turn left on Richmond Street. Saunter surreptitiously up Richmond to Hanover, then cast your shifty gaze about for number 256 the street number is on a mosaic-tile floor in the building's entranceway. For the wall of the buildings are holes and an outline showing that a plaque was mounted there and that it hung unassailed for a long time. It announced that this was the Sacco and Vanzetti World Defense Committee Headquarters. A huge funeral procession marched past here from the funeral chapel at 383 Hanover, where the men were laid out (there's still a funeral chapel there, but take a little detour to see it only if you're a nut for detail — it's very ordinary-looking).

As to the current whereabouts of the defense-committee plaque, a local resident passing by explained, "It must have been worth a lot in metal down — that's the only thing I can think of.

Uh, let's move on. On the Prince Street (turn left if you're coming from defense-committee headquarters, right if from the funeral chapel). Pencil down Prince and keep prowling a ways, past the school, until you're almost at the end of the street. There, on the right-hand side, is a large warehouse building, site of the Brinks job, on January 17, 1990. The 10 of six brought out $2,775,395 in cash through the feet (gray metal) door to come to. On the door you'll see — again — holes and an unsuccessful mounting a plaque. Or, in this case, a Brink's shield, which must have been worth a lot to melt down.

The Brink's job was almost perfect. For years, the police thought there was no way to solve it. Well, hey, you saw the movie. O.K., the gang's lack of limitations would have let the gang off scot-free, they were rounded up, to be indicted on a total of 66 counts and put away for from one to 80 years. Now there's a law.

(From here, walk to the end of the block, turn left on School Street, and you'll see the sign for the North Station. Stop ahead of you about three blocks. It'll be easy to skull home from there.)
launched its “I Love New York” campaign a few years back, the city had been the heartbeat of Western civilization, threatening cardiac arrest — and still. New Yorkers fell in love with themselves and their city once again, garbage strikes, rent controls, and all. (And the process became famous once again for deeper, ever-changing bases. But I have yet to meet a veteran New Yorker who doesn’t suffer from a severe case of urban schizophrenia, putting the city on the back with one hand while the other is trying to hitch a ride out of it forever.)

Even our much-vaunted mobility, and the electronic shrinking of the country, can’t wipe out those local colors. Saks Fifth Avenue displays its window displays to fancy, campy, Western wear while still thumbing its nose at the real thing: expatriates from the Sunbelt are meanwhile swimming upstream to partake of the cosmopolitanism left behind by the Yankees heading south, in search of better jobs and warmer climates. But neither set of emigrants appears willing to leave it all behind. We seem to be engaged in a kind of push-me-pull-me struggle, not so much in the merging of customs and clothes and recipes, but in the melding of them — kindly or otherwise, faithful to the original or not.

And I for one, tend to want to cast my lot with Carter — if we get out of there?”

“Occupation?” he asked.

“I’m on a research grant,” said the author down the phone. “We’re kind of busy. But the ivy may be getting moldy on East Coast academe, at least according to the latest scores. UCLA’s recent acquisition of the Strasinsky papers followed shortly after Duke’s controversial decision to accept the Tricky Dick collection. Now based on those odds, where would you say the brains are?”

As boastful as America remains about its melting-pot mentality, the pride has often been a false one — the nation has almost always been a house divided and subdivided, and most often defames its differences instead of celebrating them.

II

More money a year than any local colors

way. The old-boy network in this part of the country had a lock on the tried and true trappings of money, brains, and chutzpah well before the modern Harvard College system (based on late-19th-century pedagogical precedents in Germany and at Johns Hopkins) became the model for everybody else. The cerebral calculus and smarter-than-thous slurces continue amongst East Coast academics. “The only thing worse than going from Yale as an undergraduate to graduate school at Harvard,” counseled one professor, “is doing the reverse.”

But the big seven remain completely secure of the IQs and publishing quotas of their faculties, as well as the moneys that fund them — and they watch, amused, as the rest of the academic world howls scavenger hunts for unemployed, Ivy-laden PhDs.

California’s being tried to achieve equality for decades with the likes of Stanford’s thick tanks and Berkeley’s formidable group intellect and fashionable curriculum, and the truth is there are outstanding departments all over the place — but myths die hard. A desultory-crusted mediocrity can emerge from Harvard or Columbia with nothing more than a signed diploma and a lot of burnt-out brain cells, and he or she is going to have a great deal more clout than a valedic from Ohio State or Tulane.

One woman who recently arrived in Boston for research purposes got a taste of the Hub’s academic elitism from, of all people, a prospective landlord. “Occupation?” he asked.

“I’m on a research grant,” replied the author.

“Neither,” said he. “Univer- sity of Texas.”

“Why, you poor little thing,” he said. “What took you so long to get out of there?”

But there are other ways besides historic hegemony to make it onto the map of alleged mental prowess, money being the favored route. For well over a decade, the University of Texas has been on a bigger-and-better quest to raise the institution’s national image. So despite the academic excellence of that university, here’s what it’s best known for: a) cramming 50,000 students onto a few square miles of campus, b) having the Santa Rita oil well (which produces more money a year than any endowment except Harvard’s) enshrined upon the grounds, and c) paying $2.2 million for a Gutenberg Bible that no one else was fool enough to want or rich enough to buy. See? No wonder dreams die hard.

But the Ivy may be getting moldy on East Coast academe, at least according to the latest scores. UCLA’s recent acquisition of the Strasinsky papers followed shortly after Duke’s controversial decision to accept the Tricky Dick collection. Now based on those odds, where would you say the brains are?

The shape of cities

Having grown up with a Geor gia O’Keeffe sunset to end each of my days, I suffered as a child not from claustrophobia (no such thing as a crowd in the Texas Panhandle) but the opposite of it — a healthy fear of falling off the edge of the flat earth. That phobia has since been replaced with a high-frequency sensitivity to people’s personal space: only in New York will people share bedroom and boardroom secrets
Feast or famine
Insults have been flying back and forth across the country over Regional chauvinism in this country is something of a bastard child, born no doubt from the ill-advised relationship between America’s melting-pot heritage and the global townspeople fulfilling a manifested destiny. Certainly the warfare between the regions has been a thing to behold in its own right, and there is no denying that the right of Kansas City is ludicrous, while the amenities of God’s green earth have been taken to the limit up here in the middle lands who are too busy being helicoptered into the Rockies.

The long view
The oatmeal alternative is a truly tickle-down America, seemingly right, appealing, matter how unpleasant or ridiculous the internecine sniping gets.

Whistler’s mother never played Peoria
Another shoe-in. When it comes to the question of what the city is, the contest is more a we-try-harder phenomenon than a real commodification. Now, if you grabbed first place away from Peoria in the heart of the Midwest, you’d be making a vain, if creative, effort to upset the apple cart ever since, and Dallas has been trying to (what else?) buy its way into the running for the last 10 years. Everywhere, in between, with perhaps the exception of Chicago and Philadelphia, the locals have to a) have a loft in SoHo, b) have a shirt with no pockets, and c) despise John Ruskin and be able to quote Clement Greenberg from memory.

Tsuris in River City
Ethnic and religious slurs vary wildly from one part of the country to another, depending upon who’s in power, and who she — and which ethnic groups are available to shove around. And this is one category I’d rather not touch with a 10-foot pole, just because they’ve never understood — or even wanted — to make a couple of observations. Most of the flyover people, in the Bible Belt anyway, think that WASP is another word for horrid, and they don’t really ‘believe’ in ethnic types — only demonizations. Which is why they’ve got the South, they only care whether or not you’ve got Jesus in your heart — preferably in a Baptist’s swimming pool.

In the hipster world of California, they care a lot more for your ethnic heritage — no longer where you’ve been changed your name to Ravenwood Flying M, and have at least tried to be a spiritual experience breathing of the same.

The yee-ha syndrome
The communication gap (or chasm) that exists between one region and another persists in part because no one understands a damned thing anyone else is saying. On my first visit to Boston, some years ago, I was introduced to what I have come to call the ‘redneck’ phenomenon. I ordered coffee. They took my order, nodded, presuming meant size. I paid and walked away, wondering how the hell he’d known that I take cream and sugar.

People in big cities discuss distance in terms of time in Los Angeles it’s a two train stops or a half-hour walk. But the flyover people talk mileage, not minutes. When my West Texas mother inquired about the distance from Boston to New York, I told her it was about four hours by train. ‘Hell,’ said Ruby, ‘I didn’t know how long it took to get there. I want to know how long the trip is.’

Henry Higgins would have had a field day here. There are more accents and dialects in the nation than there are ticks on a dog. (See: Goyita.) But the real abuse of the language comes not from the authentic Bostonian or Midwesterner, but from these people trying to mimic a thick Southern accent or a ‘denver’ one can’t be done. No, we’re better off keeping with the tried and true: better you should hang onto the drawl than make the feeble effort to affect a Yankee clip. Besides, if there are any Liza Doolittles on this side of the Atlantic, they’re hiding in California — a land without accents, where no one talks like black, and the national language is not English but Mellowpea.
I have a vison of Limbo, that place on the outskirts of Hell. Life was there, but there was no God, nor nor hope, only waiting. Limbo is a laundromat. A laundromat where the change machine is broken and all the dryers are out. In a laundromat where the washer with your clothes in it simply ceases to function right in the middle of the first rinse cycle. A laundromat without anywhere to sit, without anything to read, without counter space for folding. An unattended laundromat. In 1869 there were almost 2000 patents for washing machines on the books and Catherine Beecher, mother superior of the new science of home economy, recommended that every dozen families share a communal laund- dry employing these labor-saving devices. Now it would simply be the burden of the American housekeeper to have washing and ironing day expunged from her calendar. Whoever sets neighborhood laundromats on foot will do much to stuff the American housekeeper's hardest problem.

If only Mrs. Beecher could see the "neighborhood laundry" where I have washed garments and linens these past seven years: a barn of a place where the water is rarely hot (much less hot), where the floors have despised of linoleum and are now dirt, where the dampness of a million cycles per year penetrates every periodical abandoned on an inefficient and unventilated stove top. There are cleaner, brighter, better-equipped laundromats, I know. I've been to a few of them in search of a decent wash for my stuff and a more comfortable interment for myself. But these places require a drive of some miles and, often, parking fees or fines. And though the change machines in establishments catering to a more affluent clientele occasionally change consumed by the nicely polished appliances therein, the neighborhood laundromat is a thing of beauty, cheaper, neighborhood laundering there. I find and mutter that the laundromat is an essential capitalism's secret pact for those who cannot afford the comforts of private own- ership.

What Mrs. Beecher couldn't have known in 1869 was that the price of the mechanical washing machine would drop so drastically over the next century that her vision of shared (and staffed) neighborhood laundries would be replaced by the operating fantasy of a washer in every home. (From 1926 to 1935, the average retail price of wash- ers dropped from $150 to $60.) Perhaps sales during that period increased from 10,000 to 15,000.

It wasn't quite. In the 1970s, however, that the washing ma- chine became the nearly univers- al household item that it is now. During World War II, it was that little book called The New Wash- ing machine instructed the model housewife who "at any moment [may] be forced to face her own per- sonal laundry problem, or even the family wash." (Eh?) The war had put a crimp in the domestic-labor pool. In the "good old days," wrote Eleanor Ahern, "Mary the laundress (bless her heart) came in once a week and washed and ironed — and presto, everything was spick and span again."

With the post-war boom, most of Ahern's readers could probably afford the improved machines that modern Mary a dim memory. But when the industrial jobs that forced Mary out of the kitchen were given the new semi-professional. The machines were non-labor intensive. There is a retreat to her own knuckle- breaking chores. She could, at least, avoid the machines that rendered Mary a mere ghost of Ahern's readers could have spent lost hours there. The most people might not have had the where- to-go to return to the original machine's "own" course of action. A dirty sheet is not the answer. Laundromats are the answer, no doubt, to many a prayers. The trouble with these is that the prices of laundry are reduced to little or nothing. In a laundromat laundromats are for the most part, white and such. Laws regulating coin-ops vary greatly from state to state. As far as I could discover, there is no agency in Massachusetts that inspects them for cleanliness, safety, or compliance with any set of service standards. Some whines come out dry (especially after years of this kind of abuse) and colors come out muddled. The dryers tend to over- heat (unless they're so infrequent that they can't dry a pair of panties in an hour), which means shrinkage and premature aging. One friend of mine avoids the laundromat until every last one of her sheets and towels has been exhausted; she prefers to wash even jeans and flannel nighties in the bathtub, where, she says, at least they get clean.

Laundromats are always hellishly hot. In the winter, they help incubate colds, sore throats, and the flu. In the summer, you barely have to wear a jacket. Laundromats are most of the time, the answer. But the noise, the smell, the songs accompanying the spin- dles of clean clothes, the loud music, the trash, the fact that you have to stand in line or take the dirty sheets and towels out of the dryer, the cramped space, the feeling of being on ground, the dirty counter. Or else the jean thieves will come and rob you of all your hand- washable. To add the final insult to the injured dignity of laundromats (folding your underwear public is degrading, let's face it), I recently accused of stealing some quarters to defraud one dollar of a place. I had complained that the machine wouldn't start after I'd pushed four quarters into oblivion (a buck for a load, after all). Here was this otherwise affable attor- ney was discovered not to be a thief but rather a victim of moving all my wash, already sprinkled with detergent, into another machine just big enough to store the out of a dollar! I had to be returned to my quarters with utter-and incurious serious cost of buying new machines that very moment. These are enterprising folks who seek the drudgery and insult of the laun- dormat. Some own supply juice boxes, TV sets, and video games to ease the gloom. To my taste, this not only adds to the dir, but also invites non-con- tacts into usually over-crowded quarters, thus raising the already high anxiety level. One Boston establishment avoids the elec- tronics and displays with art above the appliances. I think that's wise.

But there are even more imi- aginative scammers. In Durham, New Hampshire, they open and sell huge cookies under the name of the washers and dryers. And in Limbo, Crumbs in your shorts, anyone? In New Hampshire, they also sell huge cookies under the same name of the washers and dryers. They are enterprising folks who seek the drudgery and insult of the laundromat. Some own supply juice boxes, TV sets, and video games to ease the gloom. To my taste, this not only adds to the dir, but also invites non-con- tacts into usually over-crowded quarters, thus raising the already high anxiety level. One Boston establishment avoids the elec- tronics and displays with art above the appliances. I think that's wise.

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Marshalls
Brand Names for Less!
by Sharon Sexton

**Health**

**Fitness and happiness**

Keeping up with Bonnie Prudden

brrought along her mother's copy of Prudden's 1959 record book, Keep It Be Happy, and got the star's autograph. Wendy liked jumping the hurdles and arching her back like a cat, but she was just a bit disappointed with Prudden. "She's older and shorter," Wendy con-

"She doesn't look like her picture." Wendy and her friend Niki Brickly, nine, were amazed when told just how old Bonnie Prudden is. Said Niki: "Well, she does good exercises for 68." 

Prudden will readily criticize many of the nation's best-known sports doctors and exercise instructors, past and present. Although Prudden founded the Institute for Fitness in Stock-

Continued on page 14

Three simple exercises: two variations of sit-ups; three kinds of leg and upper-body lifts; and a toe-touch. Any normal, healthy child should be able to pass it. The failure rate among schoolchildren was eight percent in Europe. 21 percent in Guatamala, and 58 percent in the US. In 1953 Prudden reported the results of the test to President Eisenhower, and Kauz followed with a study on the medical consequences of poor fitness. Eisenhower responded by creating the President's Council on Youth Fitness, which also happens to be her way, and there are five girls in the same age group. When the last girl was 20 pounds heavier than she would like to be. She has suffered a string of accidents and ailments. Prudden had two total hip replacements in the '70s as a result of an accident. (In the interim, her hips had been in training and begun conditioning them. She began teaching them to ski, ride horses, and climb. But after they started school, she was distracted to see that they were developing potbellies. After investigating the school's physical education classes, she became even more upset: the teacher wore high heels and a skirt; the girls had only 20-25 minutes each week (the boys had three — typical sexism," says Prudden); and no one really moved. So Prudden told her daughters' each to invite five friends to "conditioning" classes once a week. That's how it all started. The classes were fun, and six weeks later attendance was up to 75. Prudden opened her own school and began charging tuition: within five years of her first conditioning class, she was teaching 1000 pupils a week. She also was developing specific ideas about the shortcomings of physical education in the US and about the physical condition of American's youth. In 1954, using a test devised by doctors Hans Kraus and Sonja Weber of Colum-

The way she did it. During the summer she spent on a ranch breaking horses and studying squids, she was still learning the facts of anatomy. After seeing a dinosaur skeleton at the Museum of Natural History, she began bringing home dead animals (chimpanzees, muskets, cats), boiling off the meat (her mother made use of a tin instead of a kitchen pot), and reconstructing the bones. "In the begin-

Continued on page 14
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Religion
A separate path
Coming to terms with ministry
by Lisa Deely Smith

Actually, secretly. Scott's job was to be a proctor. So Dick Shelby, too... A spectacularly successful boy, what had led him into the ministry? Shelby, I believed that most men went into the Church because they didn't fit for anything else... — Paul Gillic. The Pewdieon Adventure

When I first spoke with the ministers, I was overwhelmed by the success of the Church. I could see that their expectations were not met in the Church that we were emerging from. And well, this was the Church we were emerging from; the Church that we were raising with; how God affected women's perceptions of ministry.

I preached a sermon in which she won and was praised for her M.Div. — thinking she was going to be a prophet. She had stood. To return to it with the back of the group that I could afford as a minister in the church. I had to carefully define the groups that I could afford as a minister in the church.

"People are demanding much more of going there and saying, 'Well, if I go there and be nice and attend their potluck suppers for the next year, then I can lay my message on them.'" Virginia Guent, who will be associate minister at Park Church Congregational in Trumbull, Connecticut. "Yeah, there are important things that you do in a church setting that Harvard doesn't prepare you for, like organizing potluck dinners. I sort of like all of those things, and I think this has been one of the reasons why it eventually dawned on me that the ministry was something I wanted to do. I love that stuff. I love the variety of it.

"People are demanding much more professional administrative capabilities [from their ministers] than ever before," said Harold Warlick, director of Harvard Divinity School's ministerial studies program. "Warlick was nettled when I reminded him that the theologians read by divinity-school students are uging ministers to be more prophet than priest. "What is a prophet? They didn't live in parsonages. They didn't manage institutions. You can't be a prophet and be a minister. You can be a minister with a prophet's thinking, 'Oh God, I'm going to be harnessed with the fund-raising drive every year, and I'm going to have to set up chairs, and I'm going to have to predate at rubber-chicken dinners,' and I guess I've worked through all that." McMillan said.

"I'm not sure what you mean," Judy Copeland, Mayers's wife, said when I brought up the bureaucracy of church. I quoted to her the cri de coeur | Dr. Copeland, who will be a pastoral intern at the First Church of Christ in Woodbridge, Connecticut. "Yeah, there are important things that you do in a church setting that Harvard doesn't prepare you for, like organizing potluck dinners. I sort of like all of those things, and I think this has been one of the reasons why it eventually dawned on me that the ministry was something I wanted to do. I love that stuff. I love the variety of it.

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"You can't set yourself up to be a prophet," Mayer said. "I think that prophets emerge from communities. I think that the only non-arrogant way of bringing... whatever you want to call it, fresh perspective... is to envision oneself as going into a setting and being fully a part of a community and not just pretending..." "It's not a matter," Copeland added. "of going there and saying, 'Well, if I go there and be nice and attend their potluck suppers for the next year, then I can lay my message on them.'" Victoria Guent, who will be associate minister at Park Church Congregational in Trumbull, Connecticut. "Yeah, there are important things that you do in a church setting that Harvard doesn't prepare you for, like organizing potluck dinners. I sort of like all of those things, and I think this has been one of the reasons why it eventually dawned on me that the ministry was something I wanted to do. I love that stuff. I love the variety of it.

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Good things from the table of Marian and Russ Morash

Marian and Russ Morash live in a 19th-century farmhouse that sits on two acres in Lexington, Massachusetts. The house is now run as a large, sunny patch convinced Russ that he wanted the house. It was only after the purchase that he discovered the house had no foundation, no insulation, no heat, faulty wiring, plumbing that didn’t work, and rotten sills. The more he and Marian explored, the more they realized that of half the house, the only part worth saving was the roof. So the roof went up on stilts, they hired a contractor to expand the house, and Russ and his friends rebuilt the place. They insulated, and made walls and put in floors, lighting, and windows. They also built a large living room out of one of the old bedrooms, and made Marian, who is chef of the Straight Wharf Restaurant, a 21-by-16-foot kitchen with a butcher block in the center that is as large as many apartment kitchens.

Marian’s kitchen is now the studio for the Victory Garden show. It’s where they do it all. It’s where Judith Jones, who worked with Julia Child on all her books and is widely known as one of the best cookbook editors around, edited The Victory Garden Cookbook for the WGBH television series. The Victory Garden Cookbook (Knopf, $25 in cloth, $14.95 in large-format paperback) includes, as Judith Jones put it, a complete cookbook — photographs of Marian and Russ’s garden, advice on how to store and preserve the different vegetables for blanching or steaming or boiling (or sautéing or braising or baking or frying or stir-frying) and have more color photographs of the finished recipes scattered throughout. There are some familiar recipes culled from family and friends (many for old-fashioned dishes we don’t hear much about now), but also a lot of different recipes, such as these: shell-bean “hum- mus,” broccoli-dip dishes, joyous dinner rolls, baked garlic bread, stuffed cabbage, potato gnocchi, pumpkin bread, sausaged radishes, lettuce-wrapped fish, squash pancakes, ratatouille pie, sautéed green-tomato alms, Swiss chard tart, a deliciously moist, sweet-potato-chocolate-nut cake, which I sampled one day.

Sweet-potato-chocolate-nut cake

Makes a 10-inch tube cake

Family affair anyway. Like most of the projects with which the Morashes involve themselves, this one is also a winner.

Each section contains a special chart listing the yields from the vegetables, and tips on how to store and preserve them, how to cook them (including microwave), and on what to do with leftovers. The sections open with color photographs that show how to prepare the different vegetables for blanching or steaming or boiling (or sautéing or braising or baking or frying or stir-frying) and have more color photographs of the finished recipes scattered throughout. There are some familiar recipes culled from family and friends (many for old-fashioned dishes we don’t hear much about now), but also a lot of different recipes, such as these: shell-bean “hummus,” broccoli-dip dishes, joyous dinner rolls, baked garlic bread, stuffed cabbage, potato gnocchi, pumpkin bread, sausaged radishes, lettuce-wrapped fish, squash pancakes, ratatouille pie, sautéed green-tomato alms, Swiss chard tart, a deliciously moist, sweet-potato-chocolate-nut cake, which I sampled one day.

Sweet-potato-chocolate-nut cake

1. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F. Grease a 10-x-5-inch tube pan and let it cool on a rack.
2. In a medium mixing bowl, beat the eggs with a wire whisk. Blend in the melted chocolate, the syrup, and the American-style chocolate chips. Fold in the nuts.
3. In a second bowl, beat the cream cheese and the butter together until smooth. Add the confectioners’ sugar and beat until smooth.
4. In a final mixing bowl, beat the chocolate mixture and the cream cheese mixture together until smooth.
5. Pour the chocolate mixture into the tube pan. Bake it for 45 to 50 minutes, or until a knife inserted into the center comes out clean.

Yield: 10 servings

Sweet-potato-chocolate-nut cake

Ingredients:
- 1 1/4 cups confectioners’ sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 4 ounces semi-sweet chocolate; melted smooth by now
- 1/2 cup American-style chocolate chips
- 1 1/2 cups chopped nuts
- 1 1/2 cups mashed cooked sweet potatoes
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1 teaspoon baking soda
- 1/2 teaspoon ground ginger
- 1/4 teaspoon ground cinnamon
- 1/8 teaspoon ground nutmeg
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1 tablespoon vanilla extract
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

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- 4 ounces semi-sweet chocolate; melted smooth by now
- 1/2 cup American-style chocolate chips
- 1 1/2 cups chopped nuts
- 1 1/2 cups mashed cooked sweet potatoes
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 ounce baking soda
- 1/2 ounce ground ginger
- 1/4 ounce ground cinnamon
- 1/8 ounce ground nutmeg
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1 tablespoon vanilla extract
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

Instructions:
1. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F. Grease a 10-x-5-inch tube pan and let it cool on a rack.
2. In a medium mixing bowl, beat the eggs with a wire whisk. Blend in the melted chocolate, the syrup, and the American-style chocolate chips. Fold in the nuts.
3. In a second bowl, beat the cream cheese and the butter together until smooth. Add the confectioners’ sugar and beat until smooth.
4. In a final mixing bowl, beat the chocolate mixture and the cream cheese mixture together until smooth.
5. Pour the chocolate mixture into the tube pan. Bake it for 45 to 50 minutes, or until a knife inserted into the center comes out clean.

Yield: 10 servings

Sweet-potato-chocolate-nut cake

Ingredients:
- 1 1/4 cups confectioners’ sugar
- 1/2 cup butter
- 4 ounces semi-sweet chocolate; melted smooth by now
- 1/2 cup American-style chocolate chips
- 1 1/2 cups chopped nuts
- 1 1/2 cups mashed cooked sweet potatoes
- 1/2 cup granulated sugar
- 1/2 cup brown sugar
- 1/2 ounce baking soda
- 1/2 ounce ground ginger
- 1/4 ounce ground cinnamon
- 1/8 ounce ground nutmeg
- 3 cups all-purpose flour
- 1 1/2 cups milk
- 2 eggs
- 1/2 cup orange juice
- 1 tablespoon vanilla extract
- 2 teaspoons baking powder

Instructions:
1. Preheat the oven to 350 degrees F. Grease a 10-x-5-inch tube pan and let it cool on a rack.
2. In a medium mixing bowl, beat the eggs with a wire whisk. Blend in the melted chocolate, the syrup, and the American-style chocolate chips. Fold in the nuts.
3. In a second bowl, beat the cream cheese and the butter together until smooth. Add the confectioners’ sugar and beat until smooth.
4. In a final mixing bowl, beat the chocolate mixture and the cream cheese mixture together until smooth.
5. Pour the chocolate mixture into the tube pan. Bake it for 45 to 50 minutes, or until a knife inserted into the center comes out clean.
Restaurant
Tia's at Long Wharf
Frying high on the Waterfront

by Robert Nadeau

This is the house that Mort built. This is the house that Mort built. This is the hotel that Marriott wanted so Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built.

On the northwest corner, more or less, this is a single bar and seafood restaurant tucked into the base of the house that Mort built.

These are the kids that Ralph (Lauren) clothed, that meet to eat in the shade of the hotel that Marriott wanted so Kevin arranged for the house that Mort built.

Contrary, however, to single-market practice, the food at Tia's is pretty good, arranged for the house that Mort built. This is the hotel that Marriott has reserved for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built.

Contrary, however, to single-market practice, the food at Tia's is pretty good, arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built.

The trick is not water without a request and is unlikely to refill your glass without two or three. If you don't want to drink the drinks. It's quite a trick practice, the food at Tia's is pretty good, arranged for the house that Mort built.

Contrary, however, to single-market practice, the food at Tia's is pretty good, arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the hotel that Marriott has reserved for this, the house that Mort built.

Singles scenes, the women are the taste-makers, and the drinks were weak. Unlike, however, to single-market practice, the food at Tia's is pretty good, arranged for the house that Mort built.

Contrary, however, to single-market practice, the food at Tia's is pretty good, arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built. This is the dock that Kevin arranged for this, the house that Mort built.

It is a subliminal advertising, all these erotic phrases (note that none of the adjectives refers to taste as such) referring to the diverse fried entrees. Seafood is, on this menu, being hitched to our subconscious drives and insecurities, as Wilson Bryan Key asserts in his paranoid classic, The Class Plate Oy.

If each phrase was selected to go with each species, then some interesting distinctions have been made. Is broiled sole ("light and tender") so different from fried sole ("fresh and delicate")? Is the fried flatfish ("delicate") but not ("light and tender") if you really want it? "Fresh," should you take the fried over the broiled? "Crisp" would seem to be the opposite of "tender," but when one is applied to fried clams and one to fried scallops, how are we to choose? In fact, the fried clams ($3.95) were crisp on the first, battered bit, and tender (proper belly clams) as one chewed them up. They had a rich clam flavor, and 18 is a large portion.

The scallops, to judge by five on the seafood plate ($12.50), also have a good, distinctive, varietal flavor. Like most good fried seafood, they were crisp on the first, battered bit, and tender (proper belly clams) as one chewed them up. They had a rich clam flavor, and 18 is a large portion.

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THE BOSTON PHOENIX, SECTION TWO, JULY 13, 1982

Middle-class fish restaurant this close to Quincy Market is long overdue, and Boston-fresh seafood and moderate prices are a bonus.
Fish-house informality is maintained with canvas director's chair, plain pine-top tables, and waitresses in pink shirts, white shorts, black aprons, and white sneakers. A bit of linen and real plates keep things under control. I think yachting-decor is as appropriate as nets and plastic lobster shells, but I usually wonder when all the staff I see is young and white. The age discrimination seems to be harder to correct than the racial selection, because it's hard for restaurant managers to imagine middle-age waitresses as waitresses. It's well to remember that the whole thing is made up.

Tia's is a swell place, especially when good weather allows you to appreciate the open terraces and harbor-side park view. At night there are white Christmas lights in the oaks outside. The combination of quarry-slate floors, curved, painted walls, and disco-shiny ceilings expresses the cultural ambiguities of the restaurant, but it makes eating there too noisy, especially in the high, clanky register. You also get to look over the house that Mort built. On the outside, Mort designed well, with a long, prismatic Lucite pyramid covers the Salt and freshly ground pepper; sharing power is a delicate task. "I'm at the litany that dedicated him to the white cannons? Marriott looks like one's Sunday-school cut all around the head about a half-inch of hair. Crusty French bread; said. "I'm optimistic."

Fried garlic

This is an absolutely heavenly way to eat garlic. Remove the outer skin covering the whole garlic head; the easiest way to do this is to make a slight cut all around the head about a half-inch up from the base. The upper skin then peels off easily, leaving the bottom intact with each clove covered by skin. Garlic heads (once a week)…

Butter; Salt and freshly ground pepper; Olive oil; Crazy French bread; Goat cheese.

Set the garlic heads in a baking dish, using one head per person, and top each with one tablespoon of butter. Sprinkle them with salt and pepper and drizzle olive oil over them. Place in an oven preheated to 250 degrees for 30 minutes, then baste and add just enough water to fill the pan's bottom. Cover the pan and bake another one to one-and-a-half hours or until the cloves are tender. Serve the garlic with fresh crusty bread and a good French goat cheese. Season the soft garlic out of its skin and spread on the bread.
We've mixed the trademarks of nine famous running shoes (at the right) and scrambled their brand names (below) to help jog your memory. We'd like you to track them down, then match them up. Just jot the numbers in the appropriate spaces.

---

Rules

1. Prizes for solving the Puzzle will be Phoenix Puzzle Winner T-shirts.
2. All entries must be received at the Phoenix office (addressed to Puzzle, Boston Phoenix, 100 Massachusetts Avenue, Boston 02115) by noon on the Monday following the issue date. Phoenix employees and their immediate families are ineligible.
3. In the event of disputes or ties, the judge's decisions will be final and arbitrary. We only have 10 T-shirts to give away each week, so when there are more than 10 winners we'll have a lottery.
4. All entries must be accompanied by the Puzzle page. When possible, the answers should be entered on the Puzzle page.

Solution #296

Nineteen people (nearly 15 percent of the entries to Figures of Speech mistook figure #9 (tuna) for "aunt," which we'll accept only if she's chunky and you pack her in oil. The letters were "in correct order," remember?

The solutions: 1) within, 2) build, 3) rift, 4) thirsty, 5) litmus, 6) autumn, 7) quality, 8) justice, 9) tuna, 10 (H), 11 (dimed), 12) humolt, 13) numeral (no 0, 14) mush, and 15) stilt.

And the following folks figure to receive T-shirts:
1) Susan May, Boston (Is it you?)
2) John Messerschmidt, Hampton, Virginia
3) Wendy Mackay, Cambridge
4) Attila Radda, Atlanta
5) Dale Davis, Merrimac
6) Mina Sosson, Wayland
7) Buffy Hames, Aurora, Illinois
8) John Martin, Brighton
9) Joelyn Monroe, Boston
10) Shari Ajemian, Somerville
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Late last year, Elvis Costello looked like a prima-donna punk for the first time in his career. Almost Blue, his tremulous collection of Nashville numbers, fell short by a country mile. Costello (and CBS) could have saved face by releasing a retrospective of his rock 'n' roll. A canny selection of angry anthems and trash ballads from My Aim Is True (1977), This Year's Model (1978), Armed Forces (1979), Get Happy! (1980), and Taking Liberties (1980) would be considerably pricklier than, say, Blondie's Greatest Hits, and just as propulsive as the Rolling Stones' Big Hits (High Tide and Green Grass). It's not hard to imagine a first side of this hypothetical Costello collection — working title: Revenge and Guilt, Volume One — worthy of a new-wave miracle man: "Radio Radio" (punk politics), "Motel Matches" (nasty eroticism), "Girls Talk" (nervous eroticism), "Alison" (ballad with bite), and "(What's So Funny 'bout) Peace, Love and Understanding" (Costello disguised as Nick Lowe disguised as John Lennon). Many frugal rock fans, unable to afford Costello's prodigious output, would relish Revenge and Guilt, Volume One, since it could concentrate on their favorite misanthrope — Costello the articulate outcast who argues passionately with his sexual psyche, who wars furiously against neofascists, but who makes peace in our time with the conventions of rockabilly, soul, and Farfisa rock.

There's no question Costello was a changed curmudgeon after his vile (and widely publicized) verbal brawl with Bonnie Bramlett and company in Columbus, Ohio, in 1979. Get Happy!'s soul stylings were partial restitution for his racial slurs and the first sign that he was retreating from aloof punk aggression. By Costello's last rock record, Trust (1981), clubland was another country; in fact, Trust would not synchronize at all with Revenge and Guilt, Volume One. The elaborate reverse-and-rage arrangement of "From a Whisper to a Scream" was lighter than the earlier Beatle borrowings on Armed Forces, and Costello introduced unvarnished charity in tunes like "Shot with His Own Gun." After "Alison," his finest ballads were paranoid C&W peepshows like "Stranger in the House" and Leon Payne's "Psychic," but on Trust his expressed admiration for Cole Porter and Benny Goodman could be heard on songs as disparate as "Watch Your Step" and "New Amsterdam." Still, Trust hedged its departure from new-wave norms with a core of upbeat rockers. Two years later, Costello is...
On an unbroken roll
How Boston DJs turn the tables on the music
by Mike Freedberg

The disco DJ has brought back some of the more old-fashioned juke box roll radio. Like Alan Freed, Danny 'The Cat Man' Stiles, and Wolfman Jack, the disco DJ goes on his taste in music, his sense of the momentum of an evening. He reads us the way programmed, charted, and selected. You can't call it Top 40 anymore. Disco DJs get their work from small-time club owners and new and again, but they can't be linked up to the stations, i.e., C-F-1, C-F-2, network radio. Moreover, the select crowd's that each DJ serves in taste. Mixed recordings, small-time, if they're a yes, a mix. The DJ doesn't allow near-constant music, and there are no mixed surveys on the radio. DJs play the era of single-interest groups — gay men, bland black, straight suburban whites, inter-city kids, and street-party people. Each group moves to different rhythms, and each recalls a different catalog. What keeps them going is the way they move towards non-profit. And much of disco's divergence starts with how a particular crowd's DJ reflects and shapes that crowd's emotion.

Not only do the disco DJs present hits, they perform them live, as he were a band. Economics gives him this.

Rudy Dottin

I can do both clubs and house parties. I started seven years ago, in Cambridge. I've worked the Rise Club, where I was head DJ for two years. I did Lane's Lounge in Mattapan. I worked an after-hours party called Club Chi. At a club you play two or three pieces of new music before 11, before the big crowd arrives. I then play but I try to save the really good stuff for last. Like keeping a kid waiting for dessert. At a club you got to break it down to slow stuff every so often so the waiters can take those orders. So I present the music as a roller coaster — up the hill of a tempo, then down the hill. Smoothly, though, so you don't land and having a hard time. You wouldn't mix crazy sounds at a club. At the house party last year, I did Lindesays' "Scary Sounds of the Haunted House" screams over the instrumental of Janette's "Come Here and Love Me." Good for a Halloween night, but that was a house party, where the people don't have that too-clock go home in mind. So you can work a house-party crowd, but it's one way you want. You'll have time to play all the hits, straight and mixed, and then lots of sets of new stuff besides. Also, at most house parties the people arrive late, after two o'clock, and the crowd comes from dancing with the tunes. They feel loose and ready for you, and they don't want to hear what they already know.

Lisa Tedesco

I work at WKS, I started at University of Massachusetts-Boston's WNBR. Then I spin records at the Mattapan Hatter for two years as an alternate. Then I interned at WKS for five years. Now I play at Houlihan's in Quincy. I've just congratulated the Afternoon Delights, 'General Hospital.' I'm told it sold half a million copies. It was fun to do. Have General Hospital, I thought, wouldn't it be great to take the character on the show and tell the story like Blondie rapped? 'Rapture.' I took it to Sonny Joe White at WKS and said I'd like to record it. We did the demo at the station. Then MCA called up and we had a deal.

As a disco DJ I'm no misologist. I say the other guys you've seen to tell you about them and their music and the equipment and imports and all. I don't claim to do that. That's the easiest thing to play at Houlihan's. Our crowd passes through. We've a big, heavy traffic of crowds. With lots of people from the 'burbs who choose to go to Houlihan's, Miami, we've begun to know records most DJs are sick and tired of. Not only that, they have all sorts of tastes, from what WKS plays to New York. So I've got to play hits. Hits and more hits. That's not supposed to be cool now in DJ circles, you know. "Commercial." But that's my style. I open at 2 a.m. closing and all my turnarounds. I'm lucky if I get an opportunity to mix. I've been on tour and have an opportunity to surprise anyone gradually. But even with hits, if you set them up good enough, you can get anybody to do what you want.

All I know is what works at my club. It's not like New York. At WKS, I'm OTR. Only I'm not on a roll radio. My crowd's cool. They're there for other things than just dance — bowling upstairs, with long left Tilson and Davey Jacobs type mixes, but with swift quick-cuts, for the ones who want the "true" dance equivalent of "Stompin' On Long Play." Except you use current hits and only an occasional oldie.

I follow the charts. I monitor requests. If it's too weird, though, I don't play it. But usually it's a record I'd intended to play anyway. I never play oldies any way...

but natural... as it is, just to hear them, though, in the middle of a set of current stuff, surprises people. And that's what disco surprise is all about: hearing things you don't know, and with a set of new ones, on the other side. At Houlihan's it's more the specific song than the mix that goes dancers off. At 12:00 or Baddies are the dancers are owner can recue the $20,000 to $50,000 to hire a band. Then it's a form of a statement. To my mix, a song is something is done by a group of people and a single phonograph, who's... whumping, well, these people just don't have any idea. $20,000. With which voices can make music, is different, and I have to play differently. Friday night all are excited, they accept whatever you play. Saturday night they'll go back. Hard to get them up on the floor. Weekends vary, and that's the hardest: you don't know who's there, what mood, what hits will put words in their mouths.

Still, you know there's about 10 songs you got to play.

On this, that, this work, that will force them to respond. It's a big difference to going to a club, and after you got people moving they'll keep moving so long as you keep them going. That's mix. Nowadays they play for three hours, and distort the tone of a song. (The most advanced record companies, like Prelude, West End, and Becket, are releasing dance-jam records done in the 'dance club style.' In New York, certain house-party DJs developed a style called "whomping," in which the DJ places his hand on the end of the record and either spins it backward through the needle to create a break, croaksanzye saw or else the slip record to create a thick, fuzzy bass sound. These New York DJs set up a record called "hop hop" (first presented on the Sugarhill Gang's 'Rapper's Delight'), which all the DJs begin to play and rolling as a move to the right then a move to the left. They quick-cut from one copy of a song to another — on the break to stop the song and then order their floor of dancers seemed to be feeling. In effect, these hip-hop DJs created an entirely new record out of the 12-inch singles they used. They seemed to treat these records as riffs, as starting points for improvisation, the way a member of Count Basie's band tosses new bass riffl in a jam and then have the rest of the band develop whatever changes on the riff that the dancers were feeling at the moment. There's good music, therefore, with a certain amount of discipline, but so far the far-out forms of turntable-sawy "jazz" aren't getting much attention. The trouble with the Go-Bees' picture is that they've got a hard time. They've thought, wouldn't it be great to take the character on the show and tell the story like Blondie rapped? 'Rapture.' | took it to Sonny Joe White at WKS and said I'd like to record it. We did the demo at the station. Then MCA called up and we had a deal.

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Paul Egan

I grew up in Dorchester, in Lower Mills. I went to St. Gregory's School, then Boston Technical High. Like everybody else who was getting into disco in 1975, I was at the 1207 watching Jimmy Stuard invent mix techniques. Before that I'd always landed records, music. In college, end of my junior year, I worked at St. Elizabeth's Hospital doing physical therapy but I decided I didn't want that. So I escaped back into disco. It did make mobile jobs, from black house parties to blind people, disc jockeying with their seeing-eye dogs beside them. I ran the gamut. Now I'm the head DJ at Buddies, a gay disco with lines stretching the whole block. How do I get around the 2 a.m. closing? I give them the number one record first thing they walk in the door. I play at 10 p.m. what I'd otherwise play at 1 a.m. Then at 11 p.m. I present the new stuff. Sometimes the people don't dance — they're there for sex, to meet somebody, and they'll stand all night and cruise, never dance. I'd like everyone to think of me as a DJ who's thinking of the people. It's more exciting to hear stuff you don't know, or to hear a hit in remix. Yes, that's surprise. What do I think of as disco surprise? Switching from the ethereal mode of a "Magnifique" to the pop mode of a Jacksons' "Heartbreak Hotel" and doing it synthoscopically, by hooking the bass groove lead of "Magnifique" to the same bass, as an underscore, in the Jacksons. When at last the crowd realizes how they've been hooked they scream. I can give you many such segues: like Patrick Cowley's "Memory" into the Jacksons' "Walk Right Now." But you can't get too far ahead of your crowd. When changing modes you ought to include at least one totally

Albert O

I grew up in Lexington, Kentucky. I started in music at age three, listening to radio. My mother would win radio quiz shows. We'd get stacks of 45s. I was always a radio buff. I heard Chicago, New York, Louisville stations but the rock was too rough. I was British Invasion-oriented. Didn't dig Motown but now I think it's great too. I alternated with Jimi Hendrix on the Demimonde show on WMFR, from 4 to 7 p.m. on Saturdays. I also do the Late Risers' Club on Monday, from 9 a.m. to 1 p.m. I play on WLYN-FM these nights a week, from 9 to midnight, and I spin live at Spats, a dance- rock club.

The hits, at least in Boston, are those records that peak off such a set with "ace" records. One of my "aces" is "Magnifique." It tops off Tantra and then there's the Special Disconet remix.

I realize this gets technical. Discosum is a subscription service of club remixes of hits, or of obscure stuff, that you want to bring in, at a price. But you pay it — who's got a club expense money? Imports I've mentioned. They're the high gay music of Tantra can't be played straight. They're set up as mixed versions that one can overlay that way. What disco DJ still eye-cues? I do it all the time, naturally. Oo
last year in Los Angeles, some enterprising soul organized a festival of the films of Edward D. Wood Jr., the generally considered the worst director of all time. The two-day retrospective was definitive: it included not only Wood’s notorious Plan 9 from Outer Space but such obscure gems of interest as Night of the Cherubs, Jail Bait, and Bride of the Monster. Although Wood died in 1978, he was represented by several actors from his films and by his widow, Maila Nurmi, who is his acknowledged successor. Appropriately, a seriously middle-aged Ms. Wood had no idea that her husband had been parodied in a movie because his films were so bad. She thought the audience had gathered to celebrate his artistry. The odd thing is, her mistake makes a kind of sense. Grade Z movies are often a kick, but Wood’s pictures take badness into a new dimension because they are somehow less than the sum of the unacceptable techniques matched by their naive passion. Watching them, you’re torn between sympathy and derision, and then you’re left unfamiliar with yourself. If Wood ever had a revelation you might have gazing on the earnest doilies of his sets and his blood-red onion production values. But there’s more. Wood was more of a vaudevillian (legend has it he used to wear female undergarments beneath his uniform during World War II, which is the movie and his movie’s Pornographer’s Complaint — the howl of a man split between his “normal” and “world” selves. Glen, the hero, is a mild-mannered nerd who can’t shake off his deep-seated transvestitism. His dream suit and tie, Glen looks like an insurance salesman. But when he dons high heels, skirt, and blond wig to saunter down Hollywood Boulevard, it’s a come-as-you-are moment. His dreams are the work of a novelist’s imagination, yet they’ve been subjugated to the needs of the narrative. The movie’s centerpiece, a shockingly sleazy dream sequence featuring lip-smacking vamps, S&M, and a climactic on-the-couch rape, the film’s id seems to burst out of control. It’s where Wood’s creative inabilities merge with the scene’s excessive technique matched by his naive passion. Watching them, you’re torn between sympathy and derision, and then you’re left unfamiliar with yourself. If Wood ever had a revelation you might have-
Through the glass darkly

Twenty-seven wagonloads of cotton
Williamstown becomes Tennesse Williams

The problem is not that it doesn't gel. It congeals rather well, emphasizing the sumpness of the Williams answer. Although the "celebrations" have run too long, the adapters have succeeded in drawing a relatively straight line through Williams's work — from the approach of its own utterances of salvation through romance and the search for the cosmic end, to the approach of death, that "Jack in black" who "loads salvation through romance and the search for the cosmic end, to the approach of death, that "Jack in black" who "loads..."
Nothing comes between Oscar de la Renta and his Calvins

by Carolyn Clay

Faced with a few free moments between interviews — which he was conducting on a bench in the Public Garden — "visiting escort" Calvin Trillin strolled over to Jack's Joke Shop, anxious to avail himself, as he put it, of "one of Boston's cultural resources." Those who recall Trillin of Uncivil Liberties (Ticknor & Fields, 206 pp., $10.95) investigating shelves of simulated hero and rubber spiders, looking for an appropriately appallingly gift for his 10-year-old daughter Sarah. "What, do you think this kid is deprived? She's got all this stuff," he appraised the proprietor in a huff. Eventually, with the help of a 13-year-old Abigail, he selected a mustard dispenser that, when squeezed, ejects a bouncy yellow snake. Hey, it's no poison "huff." Eventually, with the help of 13-year-old Abigail, he selected a mustard dispenser that, when squeezed, ejects a bouncy yellow snake. Hey, it's no poison hotcakes), Trillin let it be known that the de la Renta would still smarten. Even after he had written about the snub, no invitation was forthcoming. (We can safely assume that Oscar and Caroline are not avid readers of the Boston Phoenix and his wife thought at one point, he recalls with hanging sincerity, about "breaking the ice by inviting them over. So I got out the Yellow Pages and looked under Cloak and Dagger, the only thing he eats that is good for him is sausage," the Times reported a year or so ago that the de la Renta had "cooked a

Continued on page 11
Modern dance, which has taken pride in creating itself anew for every generation, has a past and memories. In the early years of the 20th century, Isadora Duncan, Ruth St. Denis, and Ted Shawn discarded the notion that dance meant dressing up in tulle, tights, and tresses and ignoring like flowers in the woods. This pioneer trio established a pattern of reinventing the art form in individual molds. The tradition persisted. St. Denis and Shawn were repudiated by pupils Martha Graham, Doris Humphrey, and Charles Weidman, who broke away and created their own techniques. After her death in 1927, Duncan's dances were nearly forgotten.

The prodigals continued to leave home. Merce Cunningham abandoned Graham's emotion-laden costumed dance dramas and stylized technique to lead a revolt that looked to everyday movement devoid of feeling as the basis of new dances. Now, at 62, Cunningham, director of the Pillow (Shawn died in 1972), served up chunks of the past to present her works, is open, expansive, and forward to the audience (the Danish ballet, who paid homage to

August Bournonville, the famous Danish choreographer, who died in 1879. Bournonville's ballets are about everyday life; he added trolls and fairies to the Danish landscape. (Hans Christian Andersen, who knew and wrote about fairies, studied to be a dancer with the Royal Danish Ballet. Perhaps he first saw one of his characters on the ballet stage.) Shawn introduced dancers from the Royal Danish Ballet to the United States in 1955, and he invited them for subsequent visits. (Shawn loved all dance, and at Jacob's Pillow he made room for every style.)

In contrast with the simple steps and gestures of 'O Brother Sun & Sister Moon,' the Danes presented a complicated lexicon of classical ballet. They were always in motion, with quick footbeats interpolated into nearly every phrase. Bournonville's movement, like his works, is open, expansive, and accessible, marked by wide-armed jumps forward to the audience (the Danish ballet equivalent of an embrace). The long program consisted of excerpts from the full-length ballets and some 'preludes' of Bournonville's tidbits rescued and restaged from library manuscripts by Donna Bjon, a member of the company. The Danish mene tradition—represented by Niels Bjon Larsen as the Street Singer from "Napoli"—he was accompanied on a large, growling drum by Tommy Finishes. Bjon Larsen is in his 50th year with the Royal Danish Ballet (he's the father of Dinna Bjon— Continued on page 11.
builds more steadily: and inexorably, marshals a wealth of staccato barrages distinct ways in which he and Lewis approach blues playing. Jackson which might sound merely effete raising the blues' profile in jazz during merging his blues inclinations with This mastery of jazz's primary language solos (beginning with 'Parker's Mood" of the tedium one sometimes sensed in Square, for example) there was a new writer and player; but his blues chops are the musical and financial rewards that came close to flying apart (Kay's snare strong groove without quite opening up too securely for that), but it never soared either. Fortunately, this was merely a matter of a few bad notes, and a 15-second digression on "Three" into Jackson's playing. "Django" never came close to his best, and his drum patterns tied the pieces together (occasionally for that), but it never soared either.

This was the first major performance Kay and Jackson ever played together, although they had already crossed paths. Kay had been with the House for several years, and Jackson had been turned down by the band for the same job. But Kay was a natural fit; he had a strong groove without quite opening up too securely for that, but it never soared either. Fortunately, this was merely a matter of a few bad notes, and a 15-second digression on "Three" into Jackson's playing. "Django" never came close to his best, and his drum patterns tied the pieces together (occasionally for that), but it never soared either.

Royal fireworks

by Lloyd Schwartz

It's a good bet that the most enviable part of the Fourth of July will be the fireworks. For some time now, the Boston Symphony Orchestra has been putting on a pyrotechnic display that is both visually stunning and musically satisfying. This year, the program included a selection of familiar works, as well as a few surprises. The concert proper was something of a letdown, as the much-anticipated finale was held up by technical difficulties. But in the end, the performance was a triumph, and the audience was left with a sense of awe and wonder. As the final notes of "America the Beautiful" faded away, the crowd erupted in applause, and the night was truly one to remember.

The firework display was a marvel of precision and beauty. The pyrotechnicians had worked tirelessly to ensure that every element of the show was perfectly timed and synchronized. As the music swelled to its crescendo, the fireworks took flight, lighting up the sky with a dazzling array of colors and patterns. The audience was spellbound as they watched the display unfold, each moment more spectacular than the last.

The finale was a masterstroke of imagination and skill. As the crowd held its breath, the fireworks burst into life, creating a spectacle of light and sound that was truly breathtaking. The audience was left speechless as the final notes of "America the Beautiful" faded away, and the night was truly one to remember.

Music

E pluribus unum

pick up the pieces

by Bob Blumenthal

among the players is also essential. Only Jackson would be considered a technical wizard, yet it is to the credit of the Quartet that a virtually virtuosic pianist or a more grottagiastic drummer. The lean, incessantly undulating cymbals that Lewis provides was made to support Jackson's equally assured swing of notes, just as in the quintessentially Heath-Kay motor is the perfect mechanism for driving the vibes and piano forward. These players may sound good elsewhere, but they never sound better.

Enhancing the performances of the Quartet members were program choices that included a few surprises while still giving the customers what they expected. Ten of the compositions had been played at the MJQ's 1974 farewell appearance (documented on the albums Last Concert and More from the Last Continued on page 11

Fireworks Music was a triumph. The visuals were so spectacularly tuned to the music that even though no one could possibly have looking at the music, it was impossible to concentrate on the program. Some rearrangement of the traditional sequence of movements was necessary: the slow Siciliana, according to Clark, would have demanded such spectacular ground and air effects it would have doubled the cost of the entire display (already in the five-figure bracket), so it was played first, as a kind of solemn overture to the official Overture. Then suddenly, with the large open chords of the Adagio, two golden-pink tailed "meteors" rocketed heavenward, followed by color-changing "peonies" and "chrysanthemums" blossoming all over the sky. The fireworks were only beginning. There were Chinese "grapes" all over the "vines" (a green bower, then gold latticework, in a purple burst) and "double happiness lanterns" (ribbons of red lights, like chromosomes, dangling from tiny parachutes). When the music spiked up, so did the rockets; when the music floated downward, so did the "sparkling silver lights'; when the music squiggled and curlicued, as in the Bourrée, so did the real fireworks ripple in the wind in the microphones ('This should be called the "Rodal Wind Music" ') someone remarked). All contributed to the surrounding tumult.

Thanks to Ken Clark, though, the music was enveloped in an aura of mystery, and the audience was left with a sense of awe and wonder. As the final notes of "America the Beautiful" faded away, the crowd erupted in applause, and the night was truly one to remember.
Sitting here in Limbo

by Joyce Millman

The Fourth Annual WBRC Rock 'N Roll Rumble was billed as "Nine Nights of Rock 'N Roll Impersonation" — and it should have been called "Nine Nights of Rock 'N Roll I Do Have to Get." Circumstances quickly put a damper on the excitement of sampling 24 local bands. On six of those nights, the real competition took place outside Spitz, with Rumblegoers and Red Sox fans staking parking spots like big game. As the Rumble dragged on, Spitz lost its one or two charms; the press of sweaty bodies, the straining curtain of cigarette smoke, and the inartificiality of the Randy Newman principle ("When you're five-foot-two, no matter where you stand, someone taller will always stand in front of you") made Spitz's video lounge, 13 Up, an attractive spot to watch the proceedings live on television. But by the weekend (the Saturday-night preliminaries set a Spitz attendance record), the bodies deserted even this last refugio, and nobody was paying any attention to the bands. To top it off, the 13 Up video crew took to amusing itself with every gadget in the control room, turning faces red and green and layering image upon image until tiers looked like the Rockestra finale from The Concert for Kampuchea. By Saturday, there was nothing to do but abandon this hideaway and plunge back into the dance-floor crush — Spitz Up had left a bad taste in my mouth.

The day after Limbo Race diminished the Hi-Beams in the Rumble finals, BCN DJ Carter Alan — who heads the station's local music department and who was in the front of the house, my favorite seat in the house, my favorite seat in the house — made Spit's video lounge, 13 Up, an attractive spot to watch the proceedings live on television. But by the weekend (the Saturday-night preliminaries set a Spitz attendance record), the bodies deserted even this last refugio, and nobody was paying any attention to the bands. To top it off, the 13 Up video crew took to amusing itself with every gadget in the control room, turning faces red and green and layering image upon image until tiers looked like the Rockestra finale from The Concert for Kampuchea. By Saturday, there was nothing to do but abandon this hideaway and plunge back into the dance-floor crush — Spitz Up had left a bad taste in my mouth.

And the whole show was greeted by the biggest roar from a crowd at the end of the Rumble. Spit's video lounge, 13 Up, an attractive spot to watch the proceedings live on television. But by the weekend (the Saturday-night preliminaries set a Spitz attendance record), the bodies deserted even this last refugio, and nobody was paying any attention to the bands. To top it off, the 13 Up video crew took to amusing itself with every gadget in the control room, turning faces red and green and layering image upon image until tiers looked like the Rockestra finale from The Concert for Kampuchea. By Saturday, there was nothing to do but abandon this hideaway and plunge back into the dance-floor crush — Spitz Up had left a bad taste in my mouth.

Later that night, 12:30 a.m., July 6, to be precise, Fenten Hollander emerged onto a platform on the other side of the Aquarium's Harbor Terrace, the full moon, and a soft rock DJ's thready amplified whisper asked the audience, "Are you ready to give a very pleasant welcome to Randall Hodgkinson, who was at home the Rumble," the Preliminary. But however, it was the first time he ever designed a program with music as a basis, not just a background. And what allowed him to do this was an electrical fitting system he built last year, using a data processing tape with a digital time base to fire accurately-timed rapid special effects. The different particles to a digital timer. But by the weekend (the Saturday-night preliminaries set a Spitz attendance record), the bodies deserted even this last refugio, and nobody was paying any attention to the bands. To top it off, the 13 Up video crew took to amusing itself with every gadget in the control room, turning faces red and green and layering image upon image until tiers looked like the Rockestra finale from The Concert for Kampuchea. By Saturday, there was nothing to do but abandon this hideaway and plunge back into the dance-floor crush — Spitz Up had left a bad taste in my mouth.

The great thing was Hodgkinson's Moonlight Sonata at the end. The sound system, slightly modified, had by the time of the Sonata become a two-edged spear. It brought the French opening triplets, fell trance-like out of the night air, a slow-mo, Serenade of the moon's brilliant, mottled. surface. It was a brilliant, mollified performance, too. Hodgkinson's sound was so elegant, articulate player — it was upsetting to hear what sounded like a pianola, though in the quietest passages you could recognize his more' familiar sound. When he started to play, the moon beamed over, the strangling curtain of cigarette smoke, and the inartificiality of the Randy Newman principle ("When you're five-foot-two, no matter where you stand, someone taller will always stand in front of you") made Spitz's video lounge, 13 Up, an attractive spot to watch the proceedings live on television. But by the weekend (the Saturday-night preliminaries set a Spitz attendance record), the bodies deserted even this last refugio, and nobody was paying any attention to the bands. To top it off, the 13 Up video crew took to amusing itself with every gadget in the control room, turning faces red and green and layering image upon image until tiers looked like the Rockestra finale from The Concert for Kampuchea. By Saturday, there was nothing to do but abandon this hideaway and plunge back into the dance-floor crush — Spitz Up had left a bad taste in my mouth.

To stretch the program out so that it could end at the moment of 'totality,' Professor Philip Morrison of MIT and his wife, artist and teacher Phylis Morrison, were invited to talk on eclipses. "An eclipse is a time of shadows," Professor Morrison told us. Unfortunately the talk seemed both simple in content and difficult to follow, bafflehead in organization. The great thing was Hodgkinson's Moonlight Sonata at the end. The sound system, slightly modified, had by the time of the Sonata become a two-edged spear. It brought the French opening triplets, fell trance-like out of the night air, a slow-mo, Serenade of the moon's brilliant, mottled. surface. It was a brilliant, mollified performance, too. Hodgkinson's sound was so elegant, articulate player — it was upsetting to hear what sounded like a pianola, though in the quietest passages you could recognize his more' familiar sound. When he started to play, the moon beamed over, the strangling curtain of cigarette smoke, and the inartificiality of the Randy Newman principle ("When you're five-foot-two, no matter where you stand, someone taller will always stand in front of you") made Spitz's video lounge, 13 Up, an attractive spot to watch the proceedings live on television. But by the weekend (the Saturday-night preliminaries set a Spitz attendance record), the bodies deserted even this last refugio, and nobody was paying any attention to the bands. To top it off, the 13 Up video crew took to amusing itself with every gadget in the control room, turning faces red and green and layering image upon image until tiers looked like the Rockestra finale from The Concert for Kampuchea. By Saturday, there was nothing to do but abandon this hideaway and plunge back into the dance-floor crush — Spitz Up had left a bad taste in my mouth.

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Ray Parker Jr.

**THE OTHER WOMAN**

(Arista)

C reating a raunchy double-entendre one moment and murmuring about a meaningful "commitment" the next, Ray Parker Jr. is more self-consciously perverse than Prince. The catalogue of contradictory sexual attitudes is the only thing that's weird about The Other Woman. Parker says he was inspired to rock out on the title track of the first of his five albums to dispense altogether with the Raydio billing, by Rick Springfield! But what can you expect from a guy who, according to his Arista bio, was tomped on to the "possibilities of electronic music" by seeing a rock band no revision? He didn't have any part harmonies with his buddies in Newark, or sing gospel at a Pentecostal church, but he never listened to the radio.

Ray Parker is either very confused or very, very clever. Inasmuch as every album he's made, including this one, has contained one or more hit singles, it's fair for the latter. The racist nature of America remains such that a black audience is still a black performer's bread-and-butter -- crossover appeal is strictly crossants. But today the black audience is many--F-Funk fans ignore Peabo Bryson, and Slave followers are vague about Shalamar. Parker, though, gets around. On one track he's crooning the streets; on the next, a Betamax is projecting Behind the Green Door in the privacy of your headphones. What initially seems like confusion on Parker's part is ultimately an admissions appeal to every element of a fragmented audience. And by being all things to all blacks, he ensures that he'll garner the attention of some whites, too.

But enough sophomoric sociology. How does The Other Woman sound? Smoooth. There are no highs or lows on the album, only one equisnose groove after another. Charles Green's multi-tracked saxophones add a light, derisive touch to the flicking cockrock of the rockers, tipping us off not to take them too seriously. Although Parker quotes Canned Heat during a break in "The Other Woman," he's not out to ignite any fires. What he kindles is a warm glow, music for too tapping, not foot stomping. The conspicuous absence of string-popping bass brands these songs as rock rather than funk. Instead of building from the bottom up, Parker concentrates on the middle range of the guitars and keyboards he plays. They only legitimate funk is almost an afterthought -- the record's concluding and one exclusively instrumental track. Several of the slower songs bear all the earmarks of the Spinners. The line "It's Our Own Affair" echoes more than the title of "One of a Kind (Love Affair)", and "Let Me Go" approximates the majesty of the Spinners' most sumptuous ballads.

Whatever the tempo, Parker's cracked, conversational baritone imbues the immediate arrangements with a surprising intimacy. Analyzing the inevitable dissatisfactions of middle-class marriage everyone has dramatizes the listener's desire for the stability it promises; he's coyly astute but never cold. And this, finally, is the greatest accomplishment of The Other Woman. At once onanistic ("Makes me wanna grab my guitar and play until all night long," the multi-instrumentalist sings at one revealing juncture) and impersonal, confessional yet calculating, Ray Parker leaves no base uncovered. Call him a chameleon, the Paul McCartney of black MOR, and enjoy.

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Ken Emerson

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Deborah Frost
Bring out your best.

song, "Fried Chicken," goes, "If you paint your name on Kentucky legs, you're gonna walk all over you."

Black's back-of-the-throat singing, and splashes of discordant guitar slicing through otherwise hummable melodies, Limbo Race is reminiscent of early Talking Heads (to borrow from Neil Young). With Lewis's "Trav'lin," Black is Byrned?, and Black's lack of previous polish, simplicity and clarity. A love song, "Fried Chicken," goes, "If you paint your name on Kentucky legs, you're gonna walk all over you."

Continued from page 7

The Royal Danish Ballet tends to dynamics. Tommy Frishol first appeared at Jacob's Pillow in 1978. Wound around the evening like a garland were the performances of the program's Robert Shanghai and everyone making less than $15,000 a year is forced to migrate west from Greenwich, Connecticut. "I figure they've made it about as far as the suburbs of Chicago now," he writes in an essay entitled "Truly, Truly Necessary." They set up their sad Greenie encampment outside the Windmills, and in supeer out of a little cold breeze of Chilis and Chablis eaten on the tailgates of their station wagons. Babies."

Continued from page 6

The best of these riffs is his fantasy, inspired by the sad news of Graff's of "The Grapes of Wrath," in which populists take over Beverly Hills, playfully suggesting that Kissinger a "war criminal," while the column for the Nation, from which he has just retired, is the author of two features as a "happy eater": "Eat (and he plans another, ten-volume "Ideas Have Legs," ends in a playful twist on Nancy Sinatra's greatest hit: "One of these days these areas are gonna walk all over you."

The first set, devoted exclusively to original material, saw Jackson taking charge on his own "True Blues" and Lewis's "Train," after intermission, the emphasis shifted to pop songs and bebop classics, with all members growing more assured and limber. The peak may have been reached on "Round Midnight" and "What'd I Say?". There were passages of a kind of melodic madness, and the second chorus on a ballad re mains on Lewis's jazz great moments, and Lewis with his own porcelain clusters. An added bonus was the two full hours of MJQ music. In New York, where the quartet appeared the following night as part of the Kool Jazz Festival, I had to share a bill with the Dave Brubeck quartet. For once, Boston got the better of the Apple.

MJDQ

Continued from page 9

better with every round. As the group gained confidence, its personality emerged from the mob of players. With Lewis Black's back-of-the-throat singing, and splashes of discordant guitar slicing through otherwise hummable melodies, Limbo Race is reminiscent of early Talking Heads (to borrow from Neil Young). With Lewis's "Trav'lin," Black is Byrned?, and Black's lack of previous polish, simplicity and clarity. A love song, "Fried Chicken," goes, "If you paint your name on Kentucky legs, you're gonna walk all over you."

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Cellars

Continued from page 9

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Come enjoy a food spread as big as Texas.
Trillin

Continued from page 11

A note in the margin of one of the drafts of the book notes that "Navasky's porch is full of rotten, rotten, rotten. It is, for Trillin's comic vines make the book disturbing. However, exist — which is what Liberties is incidental. It does, dubious items, leading even the quizzical listener to the conclusion that the relationship between reality and Uncivil Liberties is incipient. It does, exist — which is what makes the book disturbing. Some of the seeds from which Trillin sprouds his comic vines — vines that crawl up the walls of the Narragansett — were giving Navasky's porch full of rocking chairs a homier look — one rotten, rotten, rotten. It is, for example, incredible but true that we have a National Security Adviser (William Clark) who, when queried, could not name the prime minister of South Africa or say where Zimbabwe was. It is, however, unlikely that, as Trillin attests, Clark thought the latter was "a town in the San Fernando Valley, somewhere between Tarzana and Canoga Park." And even Trillin glibly concedes that Clark, though shockingly so informed, "probably did not think Giscard d'Estaing was a late harvest Cali-

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Nast

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Get the new Yamaha Virago 920. Its narrow V-twin engine produces tremendous torque for lots of brute power in every gear. With reliable Yamaha shaft drive, high-technology Computer Monitor System, air-adjustable Monoshock rear suspension and more. All wrapped up in a stylish package and ready to go!

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107 Brimbal Ave.
Beverly, MA
Continued from page 3

Woolman Chase

the following. written by Conde
favorite sentences in her book are
generous. It is no reflection on
parties much. And to the employ
had more to do with maintaining
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of commercial printing firms, he
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Glen

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Dr. Beka, "all going some-
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Glen or
Les passagers is so dogged and so
possibilities of the human mind.

Trailers

Continued from page 3

unstable in her, and if all else
could have resumed the
and color would detract from the
fact that... .

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The Glass Menagerie, and
prevailing there, you see:
"I don't know what happened." Well, there are a
lot of theories about what happened to
Tennessee Williams, and what
they do to us is that though
personal experience is — ob-
viously — central to an artist's
work, selipism alone cannot
sustain a major playwright.
It would be difficult not to
admit the care that went into
this production — the team of
actors, like Buys eggs, ob-
viously read every word
Williams ever produced for the
public culture — one can prac-
ically hear them eschewing.
Here's one: "Nobody ever gets to know
together in some solitary con-
finement our own tiny skins."
Let's file it under "Loneliness,"
and then Faggot it under
"Romance." That's the
trouble you can see the
wheels of research turning, and it
seems a little academic, like a
portrait of the work, the Ameri-
Can Nicholas Nickleby, which
Pacharopoulos envisions.
"It's probably inevitable that the
best performers make us long to
see them do their roles in major
revivals of whole plays, and that
the trouble: you can see the
dull ones make us grateful that
their hours on the stage have
been truncated. Of the major
plays, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof
comes off best (it also has the
longest chunk), with James
Naughton an excellent aging
pret-
SATURDAY 10

You've seen Alec Guinness in *The Ladykillers*, and you've seen him in *Kind Hearts and Coronets*. You've seen him in *The Lavender Hill Mob* and in *The Horse's Mouth*. Well, the folks at the Coolidge Corner Moviehouse think you're ready for such Guinness rarities as Ronald Neame's *The Promoter* (1952) and Harry Cahu's *The Last Holiday* (1950). And they'll be glad to show them to you today, for more information, call 744-2900.

SUNDAY 11

There are people out there who think there's more to songwriting than rhyming "season" with "weather," or "feeling all right" (though you'd never know it to listen to the radio). Twenty of these heretics—songwriters in the folk, ballad, C&W, and jazz idioms—will present their original tunes in a New England Songwriter Association Song Festival running from noon to 10 p.m. at the Hutch Shell on the Esplanade today. For more information, call 477-8988.

MONDAY 12

This is July's best week for Boston's Concerts on the Common series. Both Miles Davis and Pat Metheny have fathere d in the recording studio recently, but both are capable of superlative live shows. Jazz fans who were unable to buy a ticket for Davis's sold-out sets at KS earlier this year have another shot tonight. Bonnie Raitt, who's been on a roll since recently, shows up on the green this Wednesday, July 14. All concerts start at 6.

You don't hear too much about poet and painter Dante Gabriel Rossetti these days. But then, where are the severed heads of yesterday? Which is to say, I think Rossetti was the first to ask (in the course of translating a poem by François Villon). To honor the centennial of Rossetti's death, an exhibition at the Fogg Art Museum (32 Quincy Street in Cambridge) will display paintings, illustrations, books, and manuscripts by this remarkable talent, who in his day rivaled Oscar Wilde both as a literary lion and as a notorious débauché. The exhibition opens today and runs through September 11. Call 495-2387 for information.

TUESDAY 13

Artist Robert Morris has gone through as many periods as Picasso, though "blue" and "rose" aren't the ones. In the 1950s he was an abstract expressionist and a follower of Jackson Pollock. In the '60s and '70s he turned to sculpture, film, video performance, and largescale outdoor works. His recent work has been frankly and grizzly political (including anti-nuclear). The Institute of Contemporary Art is currently hosting a traveling exhibit, "The Drawings of William Morris," with 100 works on paper by the artist and photographer of some of his works in media that don't travel as well. If you go see it, you'll find that Morris has a thing about mazes. Museum admission will set you back $2. Call 266-5512 for information.

WEDNESDAY 14

It takes guts for a local company to put on a full-scale production of an original play, especially if the play is written by one of its members. That's what's happening tonight, though, at the Kettlebowl in Pinebank Park. Jamaica Plain (off the Jamaica-way opposite Morraine Street) the Open Door Theater's premiere of *In the Nations*, by Deorman, Larry Blamer. It's billed as a violent and darkly comic look at the bad old West. Performances will be Wednesday through Saturday at 8 p.m. through July 7; tickets are $5. Call 527-7422.

What happens when the New German Cinema meets old New England? We haven't the foggiest, but we're eager to find out tonight at the Museum of Fine Arts, sponsoring a free screening of New German filmmaker Wim Wenders's version of *The Scarlet Letter*, starring Senta Berger, Hans Christian Blech, and Lou Castel. For further information, call 267-7900.

THURSDAY 15

During the summer the Nameless Coffeehouse (at 5 Church Street in Harvard Square) is usually not only nameless, but closed. Two events are relighting it this week: tonight at 8, a benefit for Mobilization for Animals, featuring Burnham, Willis and Jessica ($3 donation requested); Saturday at 8, an appearance by singer-songwriter Kim Wallach ($2 donation).

FRIDAY 16

First love beads came to Harvard Square, and nowadays occasional cowboy boots insted not far behind. Tonight it's at the Coolidge Corner Moviehouse. The film is Ronald Neame's *The Promoter* (1952), starring Senta Berger, Hans Christian Blech, and Lou Castel. Theatrical support is provided by Pratt & Whitney's version of *The Last Holiday* (1950). And they'll be glad to show them to you today, for more information, call 744-2900.

SATURDAY 17

Like Jean-Luc Godard, the great Japanese director Kenji Majutsu was fascinated by prostitution, by the web of power and exploitation it presented, and even by its visual possibilities. In his last film, *Street of Shame* (1954), he seemed to be looking at prostitution through American eyes; the movie has the atmosphere of an American melodrama. *Street of Shame* is so engrossing that we had deserted of ever seeing it in Boston. But Justin Freid at the Coolidge Corner Moviehouse is full of surprises; he's showing it tonight. Call 744-2900.

A solid rock bill at the Cyclorama (539 Tremont Street) tonight: X, Los Angeles's most smog-free group, bring Boston the mordant punk/rockabilly playlets from their third album, *Under the Big Black Sun*. The Douglas Quintet's effectiveness relies more on hot nights and Pearl beer than profession-

SUNDAY 18

Diana Der Hovanessian, president of the New England Poetry Club, and X.J. Kennedy, known for his efforts to anthologize the worst poems of all time as well as for his own witty originals, will give an outdoor reading at this afternoon at Christian Herter Park, 1175 Soldiers Field Road in Allston, along the banks of the Charles, across from WBZ. This event is a special adjunct to the ongoing Monday-night Poetry at the Circle Garden series, and like the other readings, it's free as listening birds. Call 227-0845 for chapter and verse.

Stephen Schilf and Miles Davis helped prepare this week's column.
**SATURDAY**

**9:00** (WCRB) Sunday Night at the Opera. Michael Corboz conducts the English Bach Festival Chorus and the English Bach Festival Orchestra in a program of two complete organ works of J. S. Bach and a cantata by Buxtehude.

**9:30** (WMFO) Great Afternoon. A feature on soprano Joan Pieters.

**10:00** (WMCR) The Hitch-Hiker's Guide to the Galaxy. The irreverent, galactic saga of a small, late-middle-aged human who's lost his planet.


**11:00** (WBUR) NPR Journal. "Cost to Be Saved." A look at the technological innovations that have made the traditional office a thing of the past.


**12:00** (WGBH) Reading Aloud. Peter, the Cat and the Fiddle. P. L. Travers reads from her Number One hit classic.

**2:30** (WBUR) Rainbow Tales. A telling of 'Cupid and Psyche' by Betty Lehrman, with music by Victor Cockburn.


**4:30** (WGBH) BSO at Tanglewood (live). With the Tanglewood Festival Chorus, Seiji Ozawa conducts a Stravinsky program: Fireworks, Requiem Canticles, and Firebird (complete ballet). See Fave waves.

**5:00** (WMFO) Great Atlantic Radio Conspiracy. "Fast Foods." Americans now eat close to half their meals away from home. This documentary explores the relationships among food, nutrition, and consumerism.


**7:00** (WGBH) Mystery Movie. The Man Who Would Be King. Michael Caine and Sean Connery star in this 1975 film adaptation of Rudyard Kipling's classic short story.

**8:00** (WBNN) Behind the News. "India." A look at the region's political and economic changes.

**9:00** (WBUR) Revenge Is Sweet. "The Black Rose." A look at the recent changes in the world of organized crime.

**10:00** (WBUR) Midnight Album. The Eagles' "The Long Run.

**10:30** (WBUR) The Phantom of the Rue Morgue (movie). Karl Malden takes up the age-old chase.


**WEDNESDAY**

**6:30 (WBUR) NPR Journal. "The Paperless Office." A look at the technological innovations that have made the traditional office a thing of the past.

**7:00** (WBUR) Discovery News. "The Paperless Office." A look at the technological innovations that have made the traditional office a thing of the past.

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ART LISTINGS

GALLERIES


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LOADING DOCK GALLERY, 46 Waltham St., Boston. Tues.-Fri. 11-5, Sat. 11-3. Through July 31: "Recent Paintings and Sculpture," works by 10 artists.

Contest.

Boston. Sun-Fri. 8-10, Sat. 8-6. Through Aug.: "Recent Works," works by 8 artists.

BOSTON VISUAL ARTISTS UNION (227-3076), 77 North Washington St., Boston. Tues.-Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8, Sat. 11-4. Through July 31: "Recent Works," works by 10 artists.


RICHARD HOLLYDAY GALLERY (227-1666), 757 Congress St., Boston. Tues.-Sat. 11-6. Through July 16: "Recent Works," works by 10 artists.


PHOTOGRAPHY


Ruth McDowell, Robbie O'Rourke, Mary Shostak, and Arnold Weinberg. Through Aug.: "Recent Works," works by 10 artists.


INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART (266-6200), 115 High St., Boston. Wed-Sun. 11-6, Fri. 11-8, Sat. 11-5. Through Aug.: "Recent Works," works by 10 artists.


BOSTON VISUAL ARTISTS UNION (227-3076), 77 North Washington St., Boston. Tues.-Fri. 11-6, Wed. 11-8 Sat. 11-4. Through July 31: "Recent Works," works by 10 artists.
Now through Saturday, July 17.

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name portable stereo - at prices so low, you might think they’re hot (they’re not!). And we’ve got models to suit every taste, from pocket-sized on up.

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- The full-sized Panasonic RX-5030 portable AM/FM stereo cassette recorder delivers big sound anywhere in your home - or anywhere in the world! Features include 2 shortwave bands and universal voltage, plus 2-way speakers, built-in stereo mics, flashing LED meters, and more.

**Aiwa CS-440 AM/FM stereo cassette recorder**
- Here’s a fine-sounding, full-sized portable AM/FM stereo cassette recorder for world-travelers, armchair and otherwise! The Aiwa CS-440 has 2 shortwave bands, world-wide voltage, 2-way speakers, cue & review, built-in stereo mics, and more. Use it to make tapes for your car or personal stereo!

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**Aiwa CS-440:** $179  
**Aiwa CS-770:** $399
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FRIDAY/18
CABINET NIGHT to benefit Cabinet Play of Gloucester at 7 p.m. at the Gloucester Inn Spring St. and Railroad Ave. Call 698-9205 or 920-7777.

SATURDAY/19
PAINTER'S SOCIAL will be featured in the "Dalin days" aides held noon-4 p.m. in the basement of St. Lawrence Church, 61 Howard St., Boston. Call 432-1246.

BERKSHIRE CENTER FOR THE PERFORMING ARTS will present the Northwest Theater Company's "The Sun Also Rises" by Ernest Hemingway at 8 p.m. at Hildene, Lincoln. Call 327-8842.

BERKSHIRE TUTTLE, a celebration of the summer arts in the Berkshires, will be held 11-11 a.m. at the Wondermount Inn, Lanesborough, with a congratulatory card to Berkshires' tourism by Berkershires. A benefit for the Tuttles. Tickets $7.50 include four drinks. Call 491-8426.

"IN-FOOL-IVER REVUE" will be held as an after-dinner show at the Vacationland Inn, 300 N. Main St. The show starts at 7:30 and tickets are $20.50. Call 727-0317.

LOWELL NATIONAL HISTORICAL PARK, 71 Merrimack St., Lowell, offers historical tours. WEMEAZZED "IN THE MARGINS" will be held 11 a.m.-3 p.m. at the Lowell, Lowell Center of the Arts. Call 253-1211 for information.

MONDAY/21
R. T. T. T. H. T. B. S. TOURS complements the current Host of Free Arts Festival on July 19 and 20 at 7:30 p.m. Admission $2; seniors $1. Call 544-5944 for information.

NEW ENGLAND WILDCFLOWER SOCIETY, at 7 p.m. at the National Park Service Visitor Center, 15 State St., Boston. Call 222-5750 for information.

TUESDAY/22
DANCE celebrates the opening of the public theater, opening and evening and some other events. At noon of Thursday, July 14, at King's Chapel. Call for schedule of events.

WROXTON MONITOR FESTIVAL will be held at 11 a.m. and 1 p.m. at the Wroxton Mill, Boston. Call 729-2247.

THURSDAY/24
HARMOND CASTLE MUSEUM presents a concert of Brahms Requiem at 8 p.m. at the Holy Trinity Armenian Church, 145 Brattle St., Cambridge. Free; for reservations call 617-354-0621.

HAMMOND CASTLE MUSEUM, 80 Hesperus Ave., Boston, presents a concert of Brahms Requiem at 8 p.m. at the Holy Trinity Armenian Church, 145 Brattle St., Cambridge. Free; for reservations call 617-354-0621.

SATURDAY/26
JON BUTCHER AXIS plays at 9 p.m. at the Hot Tub. Call 383-9850.

BOSTON LYTIC ORCHESTRA performs at 7:20 p.m. at the Boston Opera House. Call 491-6050 for information.

SUNDAY/27
JEFF LORBER FUSION performs at 7:20 p.m. at the Boston Opera House. Call 491-6050 for information.

CABINET NIGHT to benefit Cabinet Play of Gloucester at 7 p.m. at the Gloucester Inn Spring St. and Railroad Ave. Call 698-9205 or 920-7777.
SUN., July 11
MEKE LITTLE & THE STRAIGHT BAND — BUNNATY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (245-9804)
4 BANDS — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7671)
TROY — COMPASS LOUNGE, Rt. 28, S. Yarmouth (398-3668)

MON., July 12
BABE PINNOCK — BUNNATY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (245-9804)
The Enemy — COMPASS LOUNGE, Rt. 28, S. Yarmouth (398-3668)
THE BOOGIE — IJLER'S BACK ROOM, 123 Mt. Auburn, Cambridge (491-2067)
SOMEONE & THE SOMEBODIES — PIN SQUARE MEN'S BAR, 1350 Camb. St., Cambridge (491-9672)

LEWIS ROBINSON OF "DANCIN' IN THE STREETS" — JACKS, 952 Mass. Ave., Cambridge (492-5000)
THE LIVING JUKEBOX — JONATHAN SWIFTS, 30 Beacon St., Cambridge (876-7111)
JOHN PAINÉ AND HIS BAX CHOIR — OXFORD GRILLE, 36 Church St., Cambridge (876-9330)
SWALLOW/BOYS BAY GO — RYTHM METHOD, 528 Beacon St., Cambridge (876-9330)
RUTHIE BISTROCH — IJLER'S (DOWNTOWN), Inman Sq., Cambridge (491-9672)
BOB BILLYRIN/Plano — SATCHE'S, 43 Stoughton St., Boston (426-2925)
MEKE LITTLE & THE STRAIGHT BAND — SPRINGFIELDS, 1369 Cambridge St., Cambridge (876-9330)
TBA — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7677)

TUES., July 13
BACK BEAT/GRADE SLAM — BUNNATY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (245-9804)
TRA — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7671)
ROCKESTRA — COMPASS LOUNGE, Rt. 28, S. Yarmouth (398-3668)
RYTHM METHOD — COPPERFIELD'S, 98 Brookline Ave., Boston (245-9804)
DOGG DILLARD BAND — IJLER'S BACK ROOM, 123 Mt. Auburn, Cambridge (491-2067)
PUPPET RULERS — PIN SQUARE MEN'S BAR, 1350 Camb. St., Cambridge (491-9672)
ANCESTOR WORSHIP/KEEPER — JACKS, 952 Mass. Ave., Cambridge (491-9672)
WITHOUT A DOUBT — OXFORD GRILLE, 36 Church St., Cambridge (876-9330)

WED., July 14
TBA — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7671)

THE BANGS/THE ZONE — BUNNATY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (245-9804)
4 BANDS — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7671)
1-800/PLASTIC WARSAW — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7671)

THU., July 15
THE LIVING JUKEBOX — JONATHAN SWIFTS, 30 Beacon St., Cambridge (876-7111)
THE LIVING JUKEBOX — JONATHAN SWIFTS, 30 Beacon St., Cambridge (876-7111)
JONNY PAINÉ AND HIS BAX CHOIR — OXFORD GRILLE, 36 Church St., Cambridge (876-9330)
JOHN PAINÉ AND HIS BAX CHOIR — OXFORD GRILLE, 36 Church St., Cambridge (876-9330)
SWALLOW/BOYS BAY GO — RYTHM METHOD, 528 Beacon St., Cambridge (876-9330)
RUTHIE BISTROCH — IJLER'S (DOWNTOWN), Inman Sq., Cambridge (491-9672)
BOB BILLYRIN/Plano — SATCHE'S, 43 Stoughton St., Boston (426-2925)
MEKE LITTLE & THE STRAIGHT BAND — SPRINGFIELDS, 1369 Cambridge St., Cambridge (876-9330)
TBA — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7677)

FRI., July 16
THE FRINGE — WILLOW JAZZ CLUB, 699 Broadway, Somerville (661-2400)

SAT., July 17
THE BANGS — TAM O'SHANTER, 1648 Beacon St., Brookline (777-0525)
CONFIRMATION — WESTERN FRONT, 343 Western Ave., Cambridge (876-7727)
DAVE ZOKS TRIO — WILLOW JAZZ CLUB, 699 Broadway, Somerville (661-2400)
COPPERFIELD'S, 98 Brookline Ave., Boston (245-9804)
THE WESTERN FRONT, 343 Western Ave., Cambridge (491-9672)

SUN., July 18
THE BANGS/THE ZONE — BUNNATY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (245-9804)
THE BANGS/THE ZONE — BUNNATY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (245-9804)
THE BANGS/THE ZONE — BUNNATY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (245-9804)
THE BANGS/THE ZONE — BUNNATY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (245-9804)
THE BANGS/THE ZONE — BUNNATY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (245-9804)
THURS., July 15

GREAT PRETENDERS — BESTCRUISE, Commonwealth Ave., Allston (247-4330)

FIRE DEPT./DARLING — BUJNATATRY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (247-9800)

THE VITAMIN/PYCHYO — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7677)

ROCKESTRA — COMPASS LOUNGE, Rt. 28, Mass. Ave., Cambridge (491-7800)

FRI., July 16

YOUNG NATIONAALS — ED BURKE'S, 808 Huntington Ave., Boston (566-9373)

MIKE KEELEY — GEORGIES, 1671 Mass. Ave., Cambridge (876-9330)

PETER KAIRD — IDLER'S BACK ROOM, 123 Mt. Auburn, Cambridge (491-2067)

FACE TO FACE — INN SQUARE MEN'S BAR, 3 Harvard Ave., Cambridge (491-7800)

GOM A-HIT — JACKS, 952 Mass. Ave., Cambridge (728-6245)

KOME BLACELY/CHRISTOPHER WORTH — PASSIM, 47 Palmer St., Cambridge (492-7679)

THE ENEMY/40 GUYS — RATHSKELLAR, 528 Comm., Ave., Boston (247-8309)

SAT., July 17

SASS — BUNNATATRY'S, 186 Harvard Ave., Allston (247-9800)

BODY & SOUL — ED BURKE'S, 808 Huntington Ave., Boston (566-9373)

THE REAL KIDS — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7677)

THE CROSBY BAND — BESTCRUISE, Commonwealth Ave., Allston (247-4330)

THE REAL KIDS — CANTONES, 69 Broad St., Boston (338-7677)

ROCKESTRA — COMPASS LOUNGE, Rt. 28, Mass. Ave., Cambridge (491-7800)

THURS., July 15

SOUNDBOARD
WEDNESDAY/14
BONNER RAY performs at 8 p.m. on the Boston Common. Call 742-6636.
VON ROY, ACOUSTIC JAM, at Boston's Boylston Square, 250-9201. 8 p.m.
LYNN TAN strong, talented, and energetic voice, singing songs from the show "I'll Fly Away" open mic night.
WEDNESDAY/15
CONNER FRANCIS & THE GRAND LEAGUE LUCKY STAR are songwriting tonight at 8 p.m. on City Hall Plaza, 214-0591. Free.
HENRY MANN performs tonight at 8 p.m. at Symphony Hall, Boston, tickets $13.50. Call 267-1700.
FRIDAY/16
MEMORIAL CONCERT FOR JOHN COLTRANE will be held at Denmark Church, 156 Newbury St., with Branford Marsalis, Kamasi Washington, and others. Tickets $10. Call 536-4244 or 282-6901.
SATURDAY/17
EDDIE MADDEX ORCHESTRA performs at 8 p.m. at City Hall Plaza, 214-0591. Call 267-1700 for more information.
SUNDAY/18
DAVID MALLET AND FRIENDS perform at 3:30 p.m. at the Symphony Hall, 214-0591. Call 267-1700 for information.
WEDNESDAY/19
POETRY & PROSE
MONDAY/12
Poetry at the Circle Garden Mon. 7-9 p.m. 433-5000.
TUESDAY/13
LLOYD SCHWARTZ will hold a reading at 4 p.m. at the Memorial Garden, 1175 Soldiers Field Rd., Allston. Admission $1.25; call 581-9200, ext. 3850 for more information.
FRIDAY/16
SUNDAY/18
DANNY GLOVER will be interviewed tonight and tomorrow at 8 p.m. and Sat. at 5 and 8 p.m. at the Northeastern U. Center, 360 Huntington Ave., Boston. Tickets $7-$11, call 227-0845 for tour dates and locations.
TUESDAY/19
LORIS SCHWARTZ will hold a reading of 4 p.m. at the Memorial Garden, 1175 Soldiers Field Rd., Allston. Admission $1.25; call 581-9200, ext. 3850 for more information.
WEDNESDAY/20
POETRY & PROSE
FRIDAY/16
SUNDAY/18
GLORIA EBSWORTH, daughter of Dr. Mark Reid, at 8 p.m. at the Phillips Memorial Community Center, 240 Union St., 305-4100.
CLUBS

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FLIPPER
SS DECONTROL
JULY 25
CAYAC
CAYAC RAMPS
150 TREMONT ST
DAMNEDGIRLS FF
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wet Porter Sq via Willow Ave
Willow Jazz Club
699 BROADWAY BALL SQ., SOMERVILLE 623-9674
wet Porter Sq via Willow Ave

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New England's 1st All Female Rock Band
 Appearing at UNCLE SAM'S WED. JULY 14
Also at TATT'S WEST CAMBRIDGE THURS. JULY 15
At And Of L'U.S. in Gloucester Fri. JULY 16
KOINARA PUB
34 Harvard Ave., Allston, MA

ED BURDON
JULY 21 at CHANDAL

CHISTOPHER'S
Friday, July 16
LOST IN THE SHUFFLE Saturday, July 17
LHANNIE CROSBY BAND
1203 Massachusetts Ave 270-5960

Kinvana Pub
34 Harvard Ave., Allston, MA

CHRIS MANN Trio
Sat., July 11
MATT SHANNON & THE PRECISE
Sun., July 12
BARNEY FITE
Mon., July 13
The Stothers
Tues., July 14
LUANNE CROSBY BAND
Wed., July 15
JOAN BOROWITZ
Thurs., July 16

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BLUES MAGOOO
Psychadelic Lopipingo (Mercury) $4.99
CHASE AYAN NAUGHTY (Warner Bros.) $3.99
MARK MURPHY
Swoopin', Sinful Affair (Fantasy) $4.99
GIL EVANS Blues in Orbit (Colpix) $4.99
THE WHO
Face Dances (Warner Bros.) $2.99

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SECOND BASE BAND
JONES
THURSDAY
ERIC PREUSSE
TOM CEBRIO
MILT HARRIS & THE FIRE
WEDNESDAY
SONNY WATSON
THURSDAY- SATURDAY
CARL HANDLE
RICK ANZALONE
DANA IRELAND
WILLIAM THOMAS
BRIAN JOHNSON
HOWARD SAVAGE
EULA LAWRENCE
HE BOMB

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Sun., July 11
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Mon., July
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TUESDAY
MIKE KEELEY
MIKE KEELEY
MIKE KEELEY
TRIGGER
MIKE KEELEY
DEAD
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THURSDAY

LINDA CLAYTON

OPEN MIKE NIGHT

Every Thursday

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All Comers & Magazines Welcome

CRIS COLLINS
BOB GAUTREAU
RICK GLUTNER
RICK SEISLER

ALL NATIONAL
AND LOCAL ACTS

BEST OF COMEDY

Coming Attractions:
JACK GALLAGHER,
MIKE BENT,
CLAREK, DON GAVIN,
STEVE SWEENEY,
STEVEN WRIGHT

THE BOSTON PHOENIX SECTION THREE, JLY 15, 1982
CRUCIFER OF BLOOD. A new addition to the Sherlock Holmes canon, presumably discovered by playwright Peter Gluck. Professor Moriarty did it in the supermarket. At the Times Square Repertory. 201 Hudson Street. Phone: (212) 243-5100, July 15 through August 14. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Curtain is at 8:30 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday. **THE HOUND OF THE BASKERVILLES.** Tim Allen's comedy - based on Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's novel about the Sherlock Holmes tale of canine chicanery and carnage. The basket is not the same as the one that the Hound of the Baskervilles tried to carry off. At the Comedy Stop. Phone: (212) 780-5100, July 15 through August 14. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Curtain is at 8:30 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday. **DANCING IN THE STREET!** Described as "a cross between Tom Lehrer and Bobby Short."" At the Alley Theatre, 539 Tremont Street, Boston. Phone: (617) 227-0820, July 15 through August 14. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Curtain is at 8:30 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday. **MACK AND MABEL.** A musical look at the last days of silent-film star Mack Sennett. Set against the backdrop of the Hartz 3-in-1 flea collar. At the Comedy Stop. Phone: (212) 780-5100, July 15 through August 14. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Curtain is at 8:30 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday.

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**THE LITTLE FOIXES.** Ulan Hofner's Southern Lieutenants about how Elizabeth Taylor stole Richard Burton's bonds to buy the Carter-Burton diamond at the Arena Theatre, Tuscaloosa, Mississippi (813-3459), through July 17. Curtain is at 8 p.m. Tuesday through Saturday. Ti $8 to $10.

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**SEXUAL SECONDS.** "A FUNNY THING HAPPENED ON THE WAY TO THE FORUM.** The 1962 musical, with music and lyrics by Stephen Sondheim and book by Frank Loesser. At the Alley Theatre, 539 Tremont Street, Boston. Phone: (617) 227-0820, July 15 through August 14. Curtain is at 8 p.m. on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday. Curtain is at 8:30 p.m. on Wednesday and Friday.

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**DANCIN' IN THE STREET!** A raucous, finger-snapping g& Eddie in the green room with the taint is at 8 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday. Ti $8 to $10.

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**DANCIN' IN THE STREET!** A raucous, finger-snapping g& Eddie in the green room with the taint is at 8 p.m. Wednesday through Saturday. Ti $8 to $10.
Marshall Crenshaw's 12 numbers don't compare to Charles Mingus. Scofield has also produced jazz, pop, and R&B masterpieces. The grand, lyric sweep of 'Tell the Trut 'The Right Time Re... lightened tradows of V

The.. primistic voice, a casual knack for ar band), he's worked with such diverse let anthology, it's tragic that producer...

The Ray Charles Story is hard to tell... the piece as one big guitar series The Ray Charles Story is hard to tell... the piece as one big guitar series The Ray Charles Story is hard to tell... the piece as one big guitar series The Ray Charles Story is hard to tell... the piece as one big guitar series

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"A film that is gloriously in touch with genuine humor."  — JUDY STONE, SAN FRANCISCO CHRONICLE

**Upbeat**

"It's a bouncy, upbeat movie, guaranteed to restore your faith in the younger generation."  — ERIC GEBER, HOUSTON POST

**Revelation**

"It's a revelation."  — REX REED

---

**Gregory's Girl**

**Diver**

A BILL FORSYTH FILM - Starring GORDON JOHN SINCLAIR - DAVE HERBURN - CLARE GROGAN

Produced by DAMIAN BELLING and CLIVE PARSONS - Written and Directed by BILL FORSYTH

**The Samuel Goldwyn Company presents**

**Diner**

A work of glistening visual beauty!"  — STEPHEN SCHLITZ, BOSTON PHOENIX

Some funny bagatelles, genuine sparkling, a mixture of types, choppy direction. Every shot seems to be designed to be overlong, and it is all disconcertingly low-key as a loving, distilling view of a movie."  — REX REED

A piece of divine majesty, full of comedy, romance, romance, murder, sexual funny+rightfulness, this is a movie devoted strictly to the pleasure principle."  — B.B. STERN, BOSTON GLOBE

**Divo**

Diva is divine - A delicious little movie"  — STEPHEN SCHLITZ, BOSTON PHOENIX

"It's a comedy, a thriller, a romance... and it's unlike any other movie you've ever seen!"

"The most stylish and satisfying film of the year... a sheer and total delight from beginning to end!"

**The Boston Phoenix**

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**Westford, Westgate Mall (588-5050)**

**Arlington, Regent (643-1197)**

**New England Premiere STARTS FRIDAY**

**THE BEST FILM TO OPEN BOSTON SO FAR THIS YEAR.**

—Michael Boston Globe

11:30, 2:30, 5:30, 7:45, 10:00

**31**

**THE BOSTON PHOENIX SECTION THREE JULY 13, 1982**
THE BOSTON PHOENIX, SECTION THREE, JULY 10, 1982

MOVIE OF THE WEEK: A Midsummer Night's Sex Comedy (1982). Like his 1978 Klute, Levinson's latest movie centers around a neurotic Wall Street executive, Nick Pileggi (Peter Falk), who is on the verge of a nervous breakdown. Despite Falk's best efforts, the movie is a lamentable failure.

**A CAT PEOPLE (1982).** There is a certain amount of suspense to this story of a woman (Joan Collins) who is tormented by visions of her late husband (played by Richard Burton). The film is a exercise in tedium, with Collins and Burton giving wooden performances.

**A LITTLE MIRACLE!...The most wonderful surprise I've had at the movies in ages. 'Diner' is a beautiful movie.**

—Stephen Schiff, Boston Phoenix

**AN INVOLVING, BELIEVABLE STORY.** Miss Girardot plays Jeanne as a strong, admirable intelligent woman...her experiences have a universal ring. —Joan M. Martin, NEW YORK TIMES

**AN OUTSTANDING, FUNNY MOVIE about growing up and coming to terms with growing up. The best such movie about young Americans in ages.**

—David Bratner, WAVY-TV

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—Stephen Schiff, Boston Phoenix
"A MOVIE YOU'VE JUST GOT TO SEE!"

Joel Siegel, Good Morning America, ABC-TV

**FOXES** — the movie is like Farrow'splane: well-designed, fast-moving, efficient and capable of starting fights that range on the, 1989.

**Firefox** — is one of Clint Eastwood's best movies. It's fun with leaping, vaulting, shooting, flying... — Time Magazine

**THE LADY KILLERS (1956).** Alec Guinness plays a man with only six weeks to live who decides to let loose at a fancy resort. An amusing and moving comedy, with a neat twist at the end. Directed by Henry Cornelius.

**THE JERK (1979).** Steve Martin's first film. "This is a movie with a high sex appeal. — ABC-TV Nightline"

**THE LITTLE SHOP OF HORRORS** — the 1973 Chilean coup. The setting is the last days of the 1970s, and the story of how the American Embassy's new minister is forced to leave the country. The movie is about the power of the American government and theorning of the world. It's a good movie, but it's not a great one. — Coolidge Corner
**POLYESTER** (1981). Jonn Waters's opus about an oil tycoon and her family, and probably his funniest. Set—where else—on Wall Street, this opus follows the maddening adventures of Parisian fashion designeratron Edith (Susan Sarandon), who becomes addicted to a hormone to boost her already overly attractive beauty. But her husband (Faye Dunaway), and her various lovers (in one scene, Faye is seenined out a balloon), all make her come alive. With Keith Carradine, pointlessly unappealing as Edith's father. A strangely inert movie, though it looks absolutely sumptuous. 

**PRETTY BABY** (1978). Louis Malle's portrait of a 12-year-old girl who becomes a prostitute in New Orleans. Malle, who directed classic films such as *A bout de souffle,* has helmed a few duds recently, but this is one of his best. Kristen Stewart's performance is sordid, freakish, at times hilarious, but it holds you nevertheless. In her first role, Faye Dunaway is Chaiming as an enigmatic madam of a bordello surrounded by gangsters who are no less dangerous for all of her pulchritude. A breathing, pulsating, and excitingly erotic movie. With Nicole Kidman, George C. Scott, and Christopher Walken.

**PRETTY WOMAN** (1990). Richard Gere, in his first starring role, is a selfabsorbed New York producer, and Julia Roberts, an employee of his, is a call girl. Their relationship, which is both a romantic love story and a comedy, is often intense and passionate. The film is directed by Garry Marshall and produced by Steven Spielberg. With Richard Gere, Julia Roberts, Carol Kane, and Charles Durning.


**PRIDE** (2014). A biographical film about the British gay rights activist and politician Peter Tatchell. The film is directed by Andrew Goldstein and stars Ben Whishaw as Tatchell. The story follows Tatchell's activism in the 1970s and 1980s, and his work towards achieving equality for the LGBT community. With Ben Whishaw, Victoria Hamilton, and Stephen Fry.

**PRIVATE LIVES** (1931). A classic screwball comedy directed by Ernst Lubitsch, starring Miriam Hopkins and Danielle Darrieux. The film follows the relationship between a couple and their respective ex-partners, leading to a series of miscommunications and misunderstandings. With Miriam Hopkins, Danielle Darrieux, and Franchot Tone.

**PRIVATE VICTORIES** (1974). A film about a writer who is struggling to finish his novel. The movie is a personal reflection on the challenges of the creative process, and it features some impressive visual effects and a memorable score. With Jack Lemmon, Joanne Woodward, and Richard Widmark.


**PRIVATE VILLAGE V: THE FINAL SEASON** (1992). The final season of the *Private Village* series, bringing together the storylines and characters from previous seasons. The film explores the final moments of the community and its members, and it offers a satisfying conclusion to the series. With Kelly McGillis, Tom Skerritt, and Robert Loggia.
STARTS FRIDAY, JULY 16

A MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S SEX COMEDY

WOOODY ALLEN
MIA FARROW
JOSE FERRER
JULIE HAGERTY
TONY ROBERTS
MARY STEENBURGEN

A JACK ROLLINS and CHARLES H. JOFFE Production

PRODUCED BY MELBOURNE, GORDON WILLIS, CHARLES H. JOFFE

Written and Directed by ROBERT GREENHUT, WOODY ALLEN

STARTS FRIDAY, JULY 16

PROJECTIONS by EDOUARD MOLINARO

COLOR by TECHNICOLOR*