

GET FREEBIES!

We've approached several of the entertainment oriented industries about providing us with new products for evaluation by a limited number of *Ampersand* readers. If you're interested in possible preliminary showings of new films, previewing new records, getting free posters, etc., just answer these questions below and we'll place your name on the list we're compiling for such invitations and freebies. Please answer each question, fill in your name and address and mail to *Ampersand Magazine*, 1680 N. Vine St., Suite 201, Hollywood, CA 90028. (Ignore the small numbers: they're for the computer.)

Name _____

Address _____

University or College _____ (7-9)

Male _____ Female _____ Age _____ (13-14)

Year in School:

Freshman _____ Sophomore _____

Junior _____ Senior _____ (15)

While attending school, what are your living arrangements?

Dorm _____ Apartment _____ House

rental _____ House owner _____

At home with parents or family _____

Other _____ (16)

Please list in order of preference the radio stations you listen to most often during the school year?

1. _____ 2. _____ 3. _____ 4. None, don't listen regularly. (17-22)

During an average weekday (Mon.-Fri.) for how many hours do you listen to radio?

None _____ Less than 1 _____ 1 _____

1½-2 _____ 2½-3 _____ 3½-4 _____

More than 4 _____ (23)

Which of the following most clearly describes the kind of music you listen to most often?

Progressive/hard rock _____ Top

40 _____ Mellow rock _____ Beautiful

music _____ Disco _____ Country _____

Classical _____ Jazz _____ Other _____

(24-25)

Do you currently own a car stereo unit?

Yes _____ No _____ (26)

If yes, is it:

AM/FM radio only _____

Cassette tape player _____

Radio and cassette _____

8-Track tape player _____

Radio and 8-Track _____ (27)

What brand is your car stereo?

_____ (28)

If you do not own a car stereo, are you considering purchasing one within the next 12 months: Yes _____ No _____ (29)

Do you own a home stereo or Hi-Fi system?

Yes _____ No _____ (30)

If yes, is it:

Separate component system _____

Compact unit _____

Other _____ (31)

Are you considering upgrading your stereo system within the next 12 months?

Yes _____ No _____ (32)

Approximately how many of each of the following have you purchased in the past 90 days?

Record albums _____

Pre-recorded 8-Track tapes _____

Pre-recorded cassette tapes _____ (33-35)

Is there a particular music/record store where you usually purchase albums or tapes? Yes _____ No _____

If yes, which one:

_____ (36)

How many movies have you seen within the past three months? _____ (37)

During the average weekday (Mon.-Fri.) how many hours do you spend watching television?

None _____ Less than 1 _____ 1 _____

1½-2 _____ 2½-3 _____ 3½-4 _____

More than 4 _____ (38)

ON TOUR



Linda Ronstadt, Livingston Taylor Civic Center, Tucson, Arizona

Livingston Taylor was bland and brief. At times sounding like James, he wandered through several songs before his AM hit, "I will Be in Love with You," and then trailed off through several more sagging country and hard-rock tunes.

It was early still when hometown girl Linda Ronstadt delivered the Little Feat song, "All That You Dream" to a sold-out (11,000 plus) Tucson audience. Following with "Blue Bayou," which was strained at first but swelled when she switched to the Spanish lyrics, she promised an energetic and special performance for her hometown. Another broken promise . . .

Ronstadt did some exciting numbers: "Willin'," which mentions Tucson, and "It's So Easy" got enthusiastic response. "That'll Be the Day" almost had all the oldsters rocking, and "Tumbling Dice" came close; still, Linda didn't connect with her rock and roll, but with, as ever, the torch songs. "Someone to Lay Down Beside Me" and "Allison" were two of her best. Her voice, which tended to fade wispily, was strong and clean during "Desperado."

In her only talk with the audience, Ronstadt joked about the embarrassment of having to perform for her parents and their friends; this, as well as a tired voice and her near absolute refusal to do any country songs, hurt her performance.

With the help of saxophonist David Sandborn, Ronstadt, who wore a blue silk

dress slit to the thigh, was sad and sexy as she slid through her version of the old Motown song, "Ooh, Baby Baby." The band was controlled and competent, with particularly good guitar work by Waddy Wachtel and Dan Dugmore during "You're No Good."

Ronstadt ended her second encore with a jumping "Living in the U.S.A.," which was the liveliest, rowdiest song of the evening. And then she was gone, after only 70 minutes. A lot of the audience seemed satisfied, but many of us didn't quite get what we had expected from the prodigal daughter.

David Hancock

Philip Glass, Roxy, Los Angeles, CA

A year ago, composer Philip Glass had a hard time filling 500 seats at U.C.L.A. This year, in a bold attempt to expand his audience, he booked four shows at 450-seat L.A. rock showcase, the Roxy, and played to enthusiastic crowds both nights.

A frontrunner in the school of modern "serious" composers that includes Steve Reich and Terry Riley, Glass' innovations in repetition and the layering of static tones were long dismissed by both classical and pop worlds as obscurely avant-garde. But, if the response at the Roxy is any indication, audiences are finally catching up with him.

With a refreshing lack of fanfare, the unassuming Glass and his ensemble of six (who played reed and woodwind instruments, voices and synthesizers) appeared onstage and abruptly plunged into the first of four selections from Glass' score for Robert Wil-

son's progressive opera, *Einstein on the Beach*.

Zooming along in a finely pitched hum akin to the flutter of hummingbird wings, Glass' compositions are more like weather than music. The pulsating monotone of his pieces effects subtle shifts in mood and environment, and—depending on what the listener brings to it—can be either meditative or wearing.

Structurally, Glass' music is striking primarily for what it does *not* contain. There are "parts" to his "tunes," but he constructs such a tightly woven cloth that it's difficult to dissect his pieces. Melody and harmony, as we traditionally know them, are absent. One has the sense of being in the middle of something that's moving, yet there's no discernible linear direction. Rather than progressing from beginning to end, his pieces tend to expand and contract.

Written description leads one to expect Glass' music to be dry, cerebral and academic, which it is not. Although the mood it evokes does have a certain solemnity, at the same time there's an undercurrent of light-hearted exuberance that makes hearing it an energizing, giddy experience, comparable to being pelted with feathers.

For ears ravaged by rock on an average of four nights a week, Glass' music was clear water, and, like a silent dog whistle, it makes us cock our heads and listen for more.

Kristine McKenna

Jerry Rubin, Central Michigan University, Mt. Pleasant, MI

As the anemic Seventies creep to an end, there seems to be a growing envy among the young for the up-against-the-wall radicalism of a decade ago, with the aging militants of the Sixties regarded as something between nostalgia figures and folk heroes. While others have downplayed their radical aura, former Yippie and Chicago hell-raiser Jerry Rubin is fast becoming the elder statesman of wild-eyed revolutionaries.

Of course, Rubin is no longer the crazed radical who once struck fear into the hearts of paranoid conservatives. He is now a polite, clean-cut author and lecturer who speaks on—what else?—political activism.

For most of his talk, Rubin traces his career as a rabble-rouser: from demonstrating in Berkeley to the "guerilla theater" with Abbie Hoffman, from pissing on the Pentagon to rioting in Chicago and more. Although the adventures of Jerry the Radical are interesting and well told (and certainly what we political vegetables paid to hear about), they offer little more than militant nostalgia. As for life today, Rubin is mercifully brief.

"Not only am I an authority on the Seventies," he modestly states, "I am a *creator* of the Seventies." Apparently Rubin enjoys his "creation"—he is now into est, yoga and other self-indulgent fads of the "me decade."

While most of the audience was respectful, Rubin was obviously upset when a handful of hecklers attacked him for "grabbing the glory and cashing in on a leaderless revolution."

"I am being treated as an image," Rubin replies, "not as a person. It's as if people don't expect me to grow as an individual." Perhaps, but it is hard to work up much sympathy when Rubin himself, with his books and lectures, both perpetuates and exploits the image he complains about.

In all, Rubin's speech was vaguely disturbing, but not because he has sold out. Who hasn't? Most disturbing is that at age 40 (don't trust anyone over 50?) all he has left to offer is a radical stroll down memory lane. He may still be interesting, but the Jerry Rubin of today seems sadly irrelevant.

Brad Flory