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the subject intellectually and emotionally - that is, to put it into context.

Much of the power of these strangely accurate and marvelously designed photographs of John Belushi, Bob Dylan, Blondie, the Rolling Stones, Laurie Anderson, Carly and Jimmy, comes from Leibovitz's straightforward journalistic sense. In the book's prologue, Leibovitz remarks that unlike most portrait photographers who moved up from a fashion background, she has been one of this generation's few portrait photographers with a journalistic background.

This is not to suggest that Leibovitz has simply captured what Cartier-Bresson referred to as the "moment in time." Her pictures are artfully conceived and most are posed studio shots. Still, these pop heroes have surrendered themselves uncannily in front of her camera.

Each encounter appears to reach for the essence of the person, but each leaves room for a glimpse of cock-eyed humor, revealing the egotistical flaws that dispose the hero in each of us. The Divine Miss M wallows naked in a bed of fresh red roses. Revlon icon Lauren Hutton lies covered in a mud bath, beautiful face halfexposed. John Lennon scales his long, freckled body up Yoko, who lies almost unconscious, hair spread like a great black hale

This book, perhaps not un-Leibovitz, moves in like weather from the north, taking us offguard at each page. It's a technically beautiful, impeccably executed comic book review of the past decade, with poignant moments that may transcend the fashionable timeliness of many of these photos.

In his inimitable way, Wolfe describes Leibovitz's "amic eye."

in these pages we see glamour succumbing to that great passion of the Sixties, nostalgie de la boue, nostalgia for the mud. Quite aside from the way they changed music itself, Elvis Presley and the Beatles removed the tuxedos, foxtrots and Mid-Atlanticac cents from show business dom. They talked Down Home. they acted Low Rent, and they made it glamourous for stars to look like raw vital proles.

Certainly it's easy to be seduced by four-color slicks of stars like Meryl Streep and Sylvester Stallone, who can retire before they reach thirty-five. But what Leibovitz does so eloquently, Wolfe reminds us, is transcend the "celebrity photo." In doing so, she gives us a "stiff whiff of the whole gorgeously nutty era of Gold Funk.

Angela Allen Morgan





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