

DR. JOHN SWEIGART, who was dean of the School of Arts and Sciences, becomes dean

of the new College of Letters and Sciences

Photo by Mark Thompson

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Reorganization now official; Arts and Sciences divided

By GARY REED

At 12:01 a.m. Saturday, the School of Arts and Sciences officially disappeared from the James Madison University organizational chart, being divided into the new School of Fine Arts and Communications and the College of Letters and Sciences.

The School of Fine Arts and Communications, the only one of its kind in the state, is composed of the departments of music, art and communication arts. The 11

remaining departments of the School of Arts and Sciences became the College of Letters and Sciences, intended to "constitute the heart of the general studies program."

Dr. Donald McConkey, who was head of the communication arts department, is dean of the School of Fine Arts and Communications. Dr. John Sweigart, the dean of the School of Arts and Sciences, remains as dean of the College of Letters and Sciences.

"The reorganization of the School of Arts and Sciences will give greater emphasis on general studies programs and better management within the new College of Letters and Sciences and School of Fine Arts and Communications," said Dr. Thomas Stanton, vice president of academic affairs.

As a result of the reorganization, recommended after a study by the Role and Scope Committee, the School of Fine Arts and Communications will receive more "straight-forward attention and greater visibility from President (Ronald) Carrier and the office of academic affairs," said Stanton.

According to Sweigart, "the college (will) be the undergraduate focal point and academic base of our institution," because the basic studies program is taken from the departments within the new College of Letters and Sciences.

In the long run, the creation

of the School of Fine Arts and Communications will provide a "more efficient management for the performing arts," said McConkey. "It will also create more potential visibility for faculty and student artists" and add "more interest and attention" to the creative arts.

"There will also be more compatibility of majors" said Stanton. The reorganization will place students in schools where they have more in common with each other, he said.

Carrier echoes pay concerns

By DWAYNE YANCEY

James Madison University President Ronald Carrier has echoed concerns voiced by other Virginia college presidents that state schools are having difficulty attracting and keeping their best faculty members because they can receive better pay elsewhere but said that such problems at JMU are usually confined to full professorships.

Thomas Graves, president of the College of William and Mary, told a meeting of the presidents' advisory council to the State Council of Higher

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Impact termed 'negligible':

Bakke said not to affect JMU

By DWAYNE YANCEY

The Supreme Court's decision in the Allan Bakke case will have only "a negligible impact at James Madison University," JMU President Ronald Carrier said last week.

The Supreme Court ruled last Wednesday that the University of California at Davis admissions system which reserved 16 of 100 spaces for minorities in each year's class at its medical school was unconstitutional because it was a rigid and inflexible system based solely on race and ordered Bakke admitted.

Bakke, who is white, had been denied admission twice previously even though he

scored higher on admissions tests than many of those admitted to the slots set aside for minorities.

At the same time, the Court upheld the principle of affirmative action programs to overcome past discrimination provided they do not set quotas based solely on race or ethnic origin.

In a statement Friday, Carrier said "it appears that the decision will not affect either James Madison's present or future admissions system."

The dual admissions system which the Court found unconstitutional at the University of California at Davis, where white applicants could not compete for the spaces reserved for

minorities, does not exist at JMU, Carrier said.

"All applicants who meet the minimum standards for admission, in effect, compete with one another for acceptance," without racial quotas or numerical goals, he said.

Under the desegregation plan for Virginia colleges accepted by the Department of Health, Education and Welfare earlier this year, JMU will have "numerical objectives or goals" for black students beginning in 1979-80.

These goals, however "are not rigid quotas and race will not be the sole basis for admission," Carrier said, and thus should be in line with the Bakke ruling.

Summer: It's the dead time, it's the void time

By DWAYNE YANCEY

It's the dead time. It's the void time. It's summertime in Harrisonburg.

The streets are deserted. They simmer in the heavy afternoon sun. Downtown could be a modern ghost town. Standing in front of the Court House, start a panorama at the dull brown Joseph Ney's store and the Warton, Aldhizer and Weaver law offices near North Court Square, swing down past McCrory's (the five and ten), the County Office Building and Virginia National Bank Building in their faded, turn-of-the-century grandeur, then look down Main Street to where the buildings give way to trees.

Nothing moves. Sounds hang in the atmosphere, then get crushed in the heat. They fall plaintively. All that's missing is a score that hits a sudden eerie note on the final frame.

But look again. There's life there—hiding, panting, sweating under the eaves and in the shadows and in the stores. Like the desert, life retreats into the shade during the mid-day.

Now look closer. It's all very still but all very alive. One just has to know where, and how to look and listen. It may be dead time but the town's not dead. It's there breathing, waiting out the summer. Void time, yes, but not a void town. Harrisonburg is just a victim of the seasons.

Summer settles onto the land like an army of occupation. It sets the curfews and the rules. There's no blood or tears, but violators do pay in sweat.

The heat is more effective than foreign sentinels. Unseen but all too obviously present, it stands guard everywhere. Oppressive by day, it lingers on far into the night. It returns in the morning to burn away the dawn mist.

No one goes out to fight it. They either sneak into the sun and then dart for cover, leave on vacation or simply remain inside, waiting for it to pass.

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DOWNTOWN HARRISONBURG is desolate in this reverse image photo Photo by Mark Thompson

JMU not affected by cutbacks

By GARY REED

Suggestions that the state may limit funds for certain courses, and stiffer controls on tax-supported trips by state employees instituted by Governor John Dalton will "not severely affect" James Madison University, according to JMU President Ronald Carrier.

Dalton told a meeting of the Southern Regional Education Board in Key Biscayne, Florida June 9 that the state will have to decide in the future "which courses we are going to support primarily from state funds and which courses we are going to ask the student to pay for because they are primarily for his own benefit."

"We are subsidizing a lot of students who have jobs, but who are training themselves for higher-paying jobs, partly at state expense," Dalton said. The governor also said that states should study whether colleges are providing too many courses for skilled technicians and craftsmen for whom there are limited job opportunities.

Carrier said Dalton was referring to courses offered in community colleges and limiting state funds for certain courses would not affect JMU.

In an effort to trim state expenses, Dalton has imposed more rigid controls on tax-supported trips taken by state employees. International travel by college professors

especially has been curtailed.

The governor's order states "no agency will be represented at conventions, conferences, seminars, workshops or similar functions 300 miles (one way) outside state borders by more than five employees unless approved with full justification through the appropriate (Cabinet) secretary."

Carrier said the policy would effect professors who want to attend professional meetings where they may be presenting papers or participating in a seminar. However, he indicated that the \$160,000 budget for faculty travel will not be dramatically changed.

Concern echoed over faculty pay

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Education last week that the average faculty salary has declined in terms of real disposable income at his school, with the result that he is having difficulty recruiting "the very best at all levels."

President Alfred Rollins of Old Dominion University added that several members of the ODU faculty have left to become deans at out-of-state schools where they could receive more money.

Carrier told The Breeze last week that faculty salaries at JMU have been hurt by "the tremendous inflation we've had over the past six

years" but said that "some progress" has been made. He noted the pay raises granted faculty members this spring.

"We are not experiencing difficulty on the assistant professor level, except in some specialized areas such as journalism and business," he said.

JMU has had trouble attracting qualified teachers in those areas not because the salary is not competitive, he said, but because "opportunities for professional growth (are) greater in urban areas than in a rural area."

"At the associate professor level, there is some difficulty" competing with salaries of-

fered at out-of-state schools, Carrier said, and at the full professor level "we do encounter difficulty."

Graves was referring to the ability to hire "the \$40,000 professor," Carrier said.

Schools such as the University of Virginia and Virginia Polytechnic Institute and State University which have large foundations have the resources to afford such professors and nationally-known scholars, he said.

The state Council of Higher Education, in conjunction with the committee of presidents, is to study the real income and fringe benefits of faculty members since 1966.



WHITE, WHITE, AND MORE WHITE. These Buildings and Grounds workers nearly blend into the background as

they paint and perform other repairs on the walkway in front of Jackson Hall.

Photo by Mark Thompson

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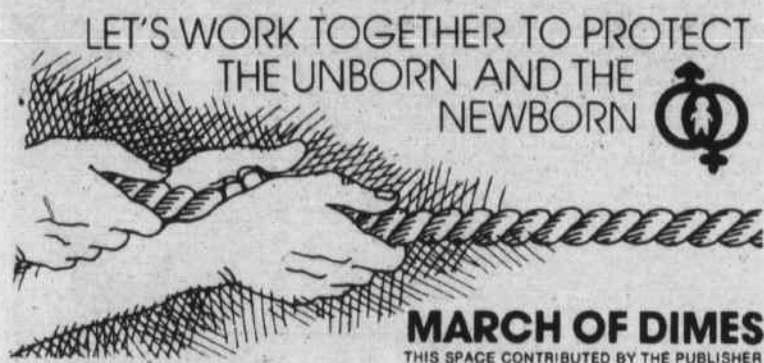


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ALTHOUGH SUMMER SCHOOL may be slower and less hectic for students, construction continues at full pace. These workers are building a new sidewalk near the library.

Photo by Mark Thompson

Summer school firsts set

A couple of firsts are scheduled for the 69th James Madison University summer session, the longest continuous summer program of any college in Virginia.

A residential clinic, directed by Dr. Charles Runnyan, assistant professor of speech pathology, for children with speech, language, or hearing impairments, will be held for the first time. Speech pathology and audiology students will act as resident counselors and JMU professors will supervise the rehabilitation sessions.

A new week-long Army ROTC program, held both on the JMU campus and at the Harrisonburg Armory, will provide sophomore ROTC credit, allowing students to enroll in the advanced ROTC course in their junior year.

For the third year, a one-week Vacation College will be sponsored by the Alumni Office for alumni and their families and anyone else who may wish to apply.

Besides sports camps and schools for the younger members, there will be five separate field trips taken in conjunction with no-homework seminars.

John Stewart, associate professor of foreign languages, will lead a discussion focusing on the three oldest religious sects in

the Valley. A discussion and look at the arts and crafts of the Valley will be led by Manny Flecker, local authority on arts and crafts.

Dr. Clarence Geier, associate professor of anthropology, will explore the entire human occupation of the Valley with the group. Howard Campbell, assistant professor of geology, will take the group on a geology field trip, which will include a look at Mole Hill, a local volcano. Dr. Carleton Smith, associate professor of history, will act as guide on a trip to the three Civil War battlefields of Cross Keys, Port Republic, and New Market.

Thirty-eight other summer workshops, not taught during the academic year, are also offered. These include courses in art, communications, earth science, education, history, music, physics, and psychology. The Earth Science Institute is funded by the National Science Foundation. The course in Colonial American life includes five days of special instruction and investigation at Colonial Williamsburg. An instructional media class will tour Chicago, Kentucky, Indiana, and Ohio. Five courses will be given in conjunction with the Virginia music workshop and camp at

Massanetta Springs.

The Anthony-Seeger Campus School will offer a series of morning programs in three separate areas.

Fifteen different sports clinics for youth and adults, from cheerleading to wrestling, will be held at various times throughout the summer.

Students may qualify for exemptions

Students with part-time jobs may not need to have federal income taxes deducted from their paycheck, according to the Internal Revenue Service.

Students expecting to earn less than \$2950 in 1978 can file Form W-4 (Employee's Withholding Allowance Certificate) with their employer to claim the money otherwise deducted from their pay.

If an employee claims the exemption, it is then unnecessary to file a federal income tax return.

Single persons can claim the exemption and not file a tax return if their income is under \$2950 and their income from interest and dividends is under \$750.

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Letters and other correspondence may be addressed to The Breeze, Department of Communication Arts, Wine-Price Building.

Letters to the editor on topics dealing with the James Madison University campus and community are encouraged. All letters must be typed, signed and include the author's phone and box number. Letters longer than 500 words may be used as guestspots at the discretion of the editor. Letters and other material will be edited at the discretion of the editor.

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Downtown could be a modern ghost town

Harrisonburg feels challenge of enduring the summer .

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Great cities are not so dictated by the seasons. Business, trade, finance and law continue unabated from air-conditioned skyscraper offices. But on earth below, out in the small towns and the country, next to the land, life still attempts to follow the course of nature.

The springtime is a time for dancing about, buying seeds and planting, cleaning, planning. Come summer, it's time to go inside and hold out until fall.

Harrisonburg feels this sense of waiting, the challenge of enduring the summer, more than most small towns. It is not until the summer that Harrisonburg realizes how much of a college town it really is. The merchants, especially, feel the brutal impact of James Madison University sitting virtually abandoned.

During the rest of the year, things happen—sales, specials, commerce. By subtraction, the community begins to feel

the excitement of the university, for in the summer Harrisonburg is reduced to its native population, and a few hangers-on. It provides a good glimpse of proverbial small town Americana.

Stores become museums, where visitors are either a curiosity or a distraction. Small graying ladies solicit customers with a grandmotherly, but somehow too efficient, "May I help you?" at the door. Wet, shirt-sleeved men lean behind the counter with bored expressions, watching. It all depends upon where the fan is.

Air-conditioners whirl overhead from the Virginia National Bank Building. Water drips down and splatters loudly into a thin pool on the sidewalk. They glimmer like mirages from a block away. Was that a drop of rain? Expectations are proved false.

The corner of the eye catches a flash, a blur. Could it have been someone? Every now and then one can, with

good luck and keen observation, find someone out on the streets.

Quick-stepping secretaries on an errand. They hope to avoid the pavement on account of their sandals or open ended shoes. Unshaven old drunks staggering toward another beer. Dumpy middle-aged men with flabby arms dragging shopping bags. Out of school kids running ahead snickering.

The greasy regulars stand in front of the movie theatre discussing the politics of their world. Ironically, "Grease" is playing. At night, as soon as the sun ducks behind the buildings, crowds suddenly appear and queue up for blocks.

Old men sit on the benches in front of the Court House, watching the lawyers go in and out and the cars go around. They all have different faces but the same look.

No one knows who they are or where they come from or where they go. They just appear in the mornings when

the grass is still wet and are gone by the end of the broiled day.

Their young counterparts, fewer in number but just as anonymous, with an air of mystery and danger about them, gather in front of the County Office Building or along the Court Square wall. They bake in the sun till their bare shoulders are red and the sweat stands like beads on their necks.

A few cars sit out on Main Street waiting for the lights to change. The vagrant kids shout at the ones with wide tires and back ends jacked up, those with rough oily arms hanging out the open windows. On green they tear up the street and disappear toward nowhere.

Behind them come long sleek new models with the windows rolled up tight. Suited businessmen sit inside talking calmly. Then they too are gone, off to a real estate closing, a luncheon or a conference.

The streets are empty again. The Downtown Grille and Jess' Quick Lunch are packed, though. People fiddle with wet potato salad or sloppy chili dogs, eating slowly in an attempt to avoid going back outside. Between the clinking plates and silverware, the rattling of the cash register and the rising hum of the voices, there's life back in these dark recesses. Step outside and it all melts away. That's the summer.

The residential sections of town are subdued. Some houses are locked up tight. Distant places call more sweetly. Others attempt to escape without leaving. The pools are wet, hot and loud.

The apartment complexes assume a different character. Many of the students have gone back to Northern Virginia, Richmond, Tidewater, New Jersey, New York, Maryland or wherever

home might be. New neighbors talk a language of "sublease" or "just here for the summer." Then they rush inside to nurse an iced tea. Everything speaks temporary. Permanency is impossible to sustain. The summer won't allow it.

JMU is in the limbo session of summer school, where everything counts but nothing is "for real" like it is in the fall. Construction is the only thing that the fall will remember from the summer.

Students pass each other between classes but it's not the same. The heat rises up from between their toes on the sidewalks. The radiation warps vision and kills conversation. It's too easy to part and look for shade.

Plans made in the cool promise of spring wilt in the dread summer. Books go unread, things go undone. It's all a waste but who is at fault?

Out in the county, talk turns to gardens. With the crops all planted, gardens are the most immediate concern. Only hay baling and fence building, both damnable but necessary chores, take precedence.

"No, we didn't have tomatoes by the Fourth but I believe they'll be coming on soon." The little green balls under the musty leaves are inspected daily as they grow larger and turn first pink then soft red, then brilliant scarlet. Those caught early are sacrificed on a plate of crisp lettuce. Those the sun catches burn black and squishy.

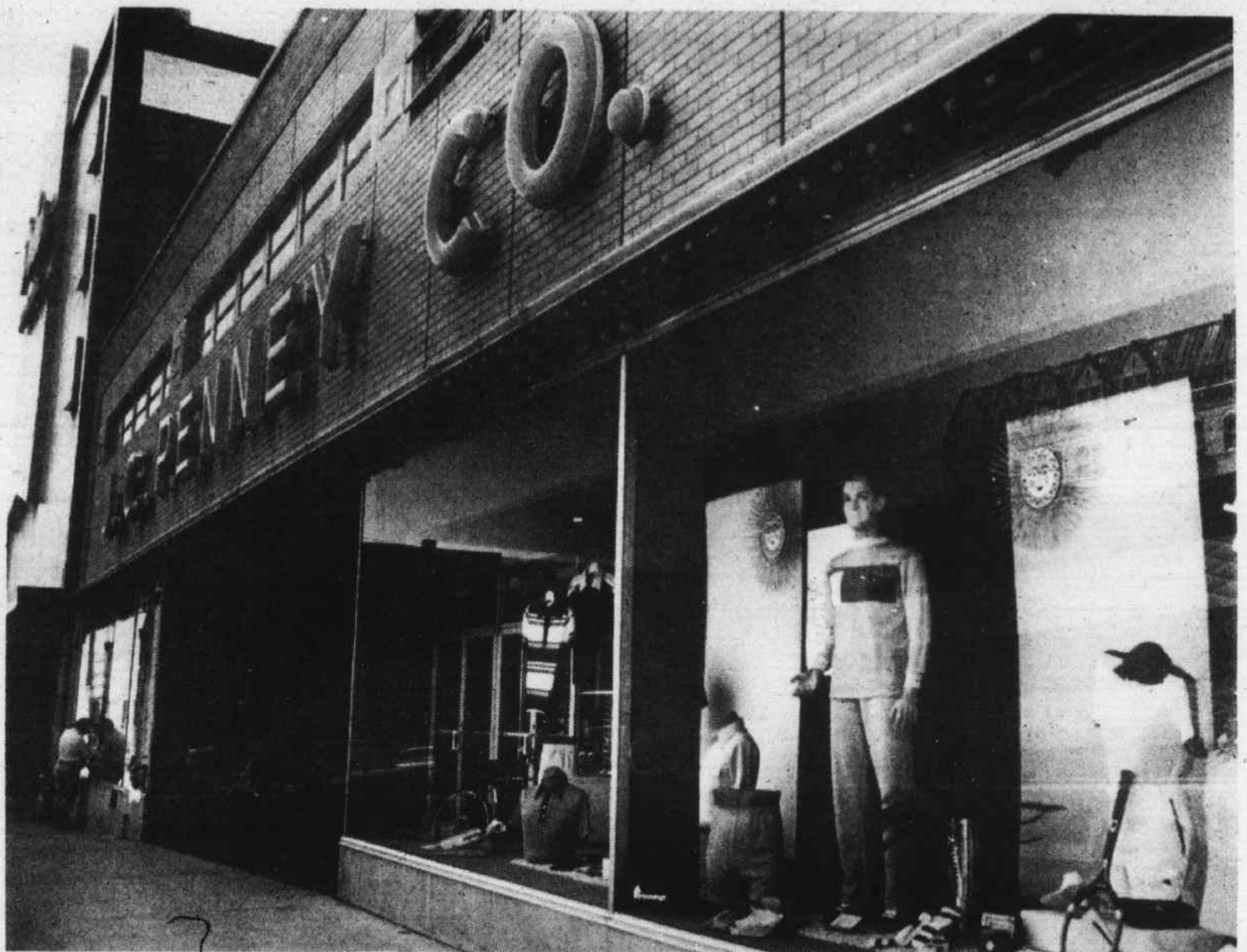
If the skunks and groundhogs, wily and inventive creatures that they are, don't shuck it first, corn on the cob, bright yellow and ready to be buttered, should be mature soon.

Days will soon turn into canning bonanzas. Get out the pressure cooker and bring the fan into the kitchen. Minds

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**Heat devils chase souls down Main Street
through hellish alleys and purgatory parking lots
just for the sport,
just to have the town to themselves,
they succeed**

**Making their wishes on noonbeams
playing tricks with mirages on the pavement,
it's their sense of humor
and their laughter is the thunder
without the rain**



Merchants feel the brutal impact of JMU sitting virtually abandoned



Radiation from the sidewalks warps vision, kills conversation

... measures time by the thunder

(Continued from Page 4)

begin to think in terms of pints and quarts, of peas per pod and pods per row.

Country music plays on the radio, filtering through the screen door out onto the back porch where the family gathers to shell beans. An errant lima flips away. A kitten spies it, bats it about, then scatters off for more fascinating subjects.

Steam pours out with the music. It's time for canning and freezing and what's left over goes on the supper table.

Time is measured by thunder. "Oh, I reckon it happened about the time of the last rain."

On sticky afternoons, gray clouds in the west threaten. They clap but there's no applause. The dark billows skirt to the south. The winds pick up and blow dust around. Then the sky is clear again. Another day without rain.

By night, people sit on lawn chairs in the front yard and watch frayed electric cord lightning over the Blue Ridge. The same questions of science are debated--"Is sheet lightning more dangerous than streak lightning?"

"There is no such thing as sheet lightning--it's only the reflection against the clouds."

The countryside, worn out by workweek days, turns to the lawn party circuit on weekends. Gossip is swapped at the game booths, quiet humor exchanged by the concession stands, life played out in bingo games. No summer is complete without fried chicken from the Ruritans.

People stand near the wastebaskets and, with grease dribbling off their

chins and through their fingers, talk long into the night. Gardens are compared, relatives accounted for, but politics seem to wither like cucumbers on the vine.

Politicians are always crooks, so scandals are not news. Taxes are always too high but Proposition 13 is still out in California. Everyone knows that's not the real world. Ditto Washington. Ditto Richmond. In the summer, the real world is no farther than one can shout. And that's not far.

Shadows wrap themselves around the world, trying to squeeze out the heat. They only half succeed.

Animals are driven to murder by the hot black nights of summer. Cats sit on window sills and paw at moths. Their dusty wings flake off. They flutter helplessly before the cats fire of play and consume them.

The summer constellations are out. Stargazers and romantics muse at the diamonds in the sky and pick out the filmy Milky Way. Antares, in Scorpius, is a hazy red splotch in the south. Below it, on the horizon is an unnamed star--a mercury light from a farm on one of the back roads.

Sounds come from out across the fields. They are alive in the night. Crickets. Owls. Night things. Unknown things.

Deep into the night, the world seethes in the stillness. It's miles and miles of thick, breathing darkness that's gone by morning, back into the dead, back into the void. But few notice. Fans rush on in upstairs bedrooms.

It's the summer.

Photos by Mark Thompson

Sideshow.....Arts, people

'Scapino!' features well-executed slapstick

By DWAYNE YANCEY

Italian food is heavy, spicy and delicious. "Scapino!" the second show of the James Madison University Dinner Theatre is a near duplicate of its culinary counterpart and, as the saying goes, two out of

three ain't bad.

"Scapino!" is spicy and delicious, although, like its sister show, "Something's Afoot," is notoriously flimsy. Unlike the season opener, however, which featured bursts of excitement punc-

tuated by long scenes of transparency, "Scapino!" is constant movement. Except for occasional lapses, it always keeps the audience occupied, not giving viewers time to consider its lack of depth. It is pure light-hearted

fun.

What director Allen Lyndrup has cooked up (not to mention the food services staff) is a scrumptious fare that leaves the audience satisfied.

The slapstick in "Scapino!" is well-planned, adding humor to already comic scenes and livening up inherent dead spots. It only fails in a few fleeting, unidentifiable places. Lyndrup and cast are to be commended on both their creative inclinations and the discretion they have exercised.

Steve King (Scapino) is particularly adept at the slapstick used and several times comes close to stealing the show. Particularly notable is his scene with Steve Clark (Sylvestro) and Sue Senita (Carla) early in the show where they mock the lovers Ottavio (John Little) and Giacinta (Debbie Zirkle).

King begins the show as a bundle of energy and never stops. He bubbles. He is effervescent. He is irrepressible. More importantly, he is able to sustain this pace throughout the show.

Not only does he handle the slapstick element of the show well but he proves himself a talented and versatile actor in the sack scene with Steve Wagner (Geronte).

Scapino is a difficult role to play correctly (energetically, devious but likeable) and Lyndrup, not to mention dinner theatre audiences, have been blessed with an actor who can pull it off.

Wagner provides another delightful character with his shuffling, cantankerous Geronte. His constant screwing up his nose and mouth is a visually comic exercise that makes Geronte so humorous.

However, the Geronte portrayed seems only half the Geronte that the play describes.

His is miserly but his supposed mean streak is never seen. His stomping and ranting and raving and

demanding to know "why was he on that blasted boat" is more comic than terrifying.

Both he and Argante (Bob Kirkpatrick) project more humor than fear. Believing that their sons are afraid of them becomes difficult.

John Little and Debbie Zirkle are exceptional singers and strong, radiant actors. One of the major disappointments of "Scapino!" may be that after enthralling the audience in the opening scenes, so little is seen of them in the rest of the show. Blame Moliere for that one.

Steve Clark is a dark but funny character. His casual, off-hand remarks occasionally get lost but his brief appearance as the outlaw conjures up a more villainous vision of Yagoodie in "Mad Dog Blues."

Perhaps second only to Steve King as a crowd favorite is Sue Senita, who does more with her face, and especially her eyes, than any other

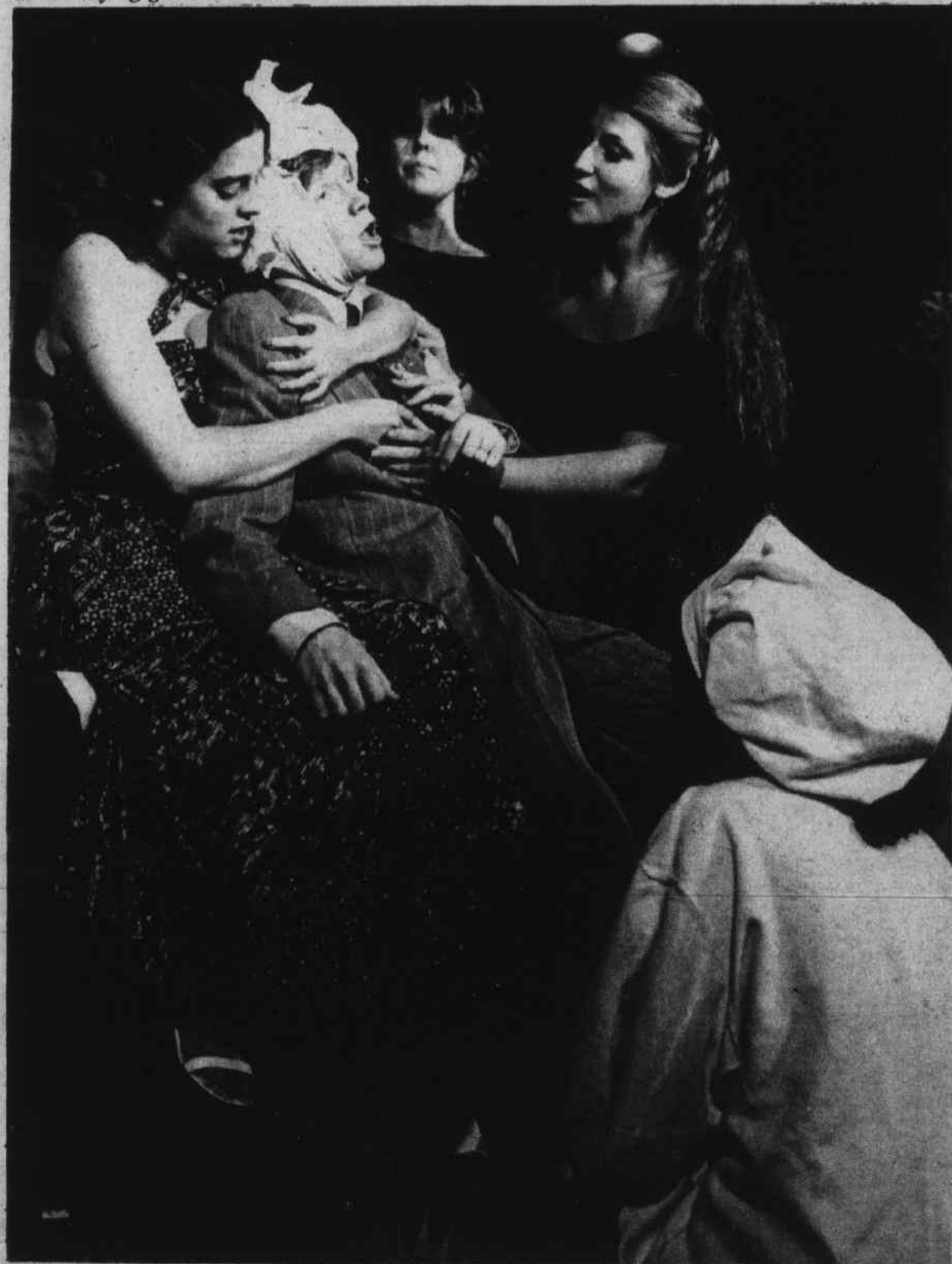


character. To have a role with so few lines, her voice becomes quite memorable—and adorable.

The reasons for Scapino's distaste for her, however, are never adequately shown and pass by unexplained.

"Scapino!" is a show which exceeds mere amusement and enters into the realm of entertainment although by its very nature falls short as art. A good selection for the dinner theatre's second show, it should delight local audiences this summer who want to have a good time without unnecessary intellectual exercise.

And the food's just like the show, only a lot heavier.



AN INJURED SCAPINO (Steve King) seeks the sympathies of the ladies of Naples, played by Debbie Zirkle, Nancy Googins, Susan

Burrell and Sue Senita in the JMU Dinner Theatre.

Photo by Mark Thompson

The Stones: Oft' imitated, never duplicated

By CUTCH ARMSTRONG

HAMPTON—The doors opened at 5 p.m. and five and a half hours later the Rolling Stones commandeered the stage. When the show finally began, most of the crowd seemed oblivious to the wait. An appearance by the "greatest rock and roll band in the world" can do that to you.

Over 14,000 fans filled the acoustically poor Hampton Coliseum (capacity 13,800) June 21 for the climax of a week filled with anxiousness and excitement. The Rolling Stones can cure summer doldrums like no Aerosmith or Kiss can.

The concert, which began an hour late due to an electrical storm that delayed the band's jet, was primarily a

showcase promoting the Stones' last LP "Some Girls." Anyone expecting to hear a complete "Love You Live" show was surely disappointed.

They played many of their hits, but not until they displayed the new songs. Familiar tunes included "Happy," "Tumblin' Dice," "Honkey Tonk Women," "Sweet Little Sixteen," and "Brown Sugar."

The focus of the show was on modern reggae, old blues and new rock and roll. Their current single, "Miss You," was expanded to nearly ten minutes. "Imagination" and "Beast of Burden" showed Mick Jagger at his seductive best, and "Far Away Eyes" (a countryish tune which Jagger dedicated to Keith

Richard) took the boogie-hungry crowd by surprise. Despite the initial shock, most people seemed to enjoy the new compositions.



As usual, the showmanship and stage presence was superb. It was a pleasure to witness Jagger jumping and strutting upon every inch of

the mirrored stage floor.

Guitarists Keith Richard and Ron Wood, the most consistent tandem in rock music, displayed coolness and flair as they wandered about aimlessly. Bill Wyman, who was as passive as Jagger was active, assumed a stationary position directly in front of the monitors. Aside from an occasional blink, the only thing he moved were his hands. Drummer Charlie Watts was flawless as usual. No one can do more with a simple beat.

The Stones brought several innovations along with their show. Cordless microphones and guitars enabled them to move freely. Casablanca fans were positioned near the lights for ventilation more

than effect. Those people pressed against the stage by other fans were grateful.

But the most interesting surprise was when Jagger's sticklike body was strapped to a Fender Stratocaster. He played the guitar (such as he could) for about half of the show.

As usual, it was Jagger who assumed the role of the "belle of the ball." He pranced every second he was onstage, toying and teasing the band as well as the crowd, sticking out his tongue and doing full splits. The old master can still thrust his crotch with the best of them and he did this quite often. During "Star, Star" he even did it to Ron Wood's hip.

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'Jacks and Kings' marks return to basic blues

By DWAYNE YANCEY

Blues fans should be ecstatic with the Nighthawks' fourth release, "Jacks and Kings."

After flirting dismally with commercialism and pop on "Side Pocket Shot," the D.C.-based group has returned to the basic blues and boogie format which has made them the best blues band on the East Coast and perhaps the best unknown band in the country.

The Nighthawks' rise from merely a local band to an established act has been marked by frequent appearances with blues king Muddy Waters. While Waters and other important blues figures have helped introduce the Nighthawks to a larger audience, it has been the Nighthawks who have been responsible for the discovering of Waters by younger audiences, just as Johnny Winter has led in re-introducing Waters as a national star.

This close association with Muddy Waters is seen on "Jacks and Kings" as four members of Waters' band—Pinetop Perkins, Guitar Junior, Calvin Jones and Bob Margolin—as well as Dave Maxwell of the James Cotton Band, play with the

Nighthawks.

At first, this massive collaboration is disappointing. One gets the initial impression that the album isn't really the Nighthawks at all but instead the Nighthawks being used as a back-up band for other musicians.

Up to three guests are included on each of the record's ten songs and on seven of these, they handled most of the vocal chores. In



fact, Mark Wenner's distinctive vocals, which make him a crowd favorite when the Nighthawks appear live, are missing altogether from the album.

These objections, important as they are, are the only ones with what is otherwise a near perfect recording. They actually deal less with the music itself than with superficial matters.

As for the absence of Wenner's guttural vocals, this is indeed disappointing for Nighthawks fans who have been charmed by his gravel growl.

As for the additional musicians, however, all have become so closely associated with the Nighthawks as to become honorary members. Their inclusion, particularly Pinetop Perkins' always impressive piano, which occupies a large portion of the album, fills out much of the empty space found in the sound of the Nighthawks' guitar-harp-bass-drums line-up.

The music on "Jacks and Kings" is played the way the blues are meant to be. Wenner's harp squeals exactly like an entire horn section. The guitar work is always fiery but tasteful. It is never "guitars for guitars' sake" yet still has a commanding presence. The piano adds a gentle, rolling quality to the songs, particularly

slower ones like "The Sky is Cryin'."

While the material, except for "Walking By Myself," "Sugar Mama," "Pinetop's Boogie Woogie" and "Dust My Broom" is generally undistinguished, the album exudes the same professionalism that the Nighthawks do live.

To say that "Jacks and Kings" is without a weak moment may be trite expression but it is certainly apt. While some tracks naturally stand out, there is not a single one which can be overlooked.

The album belies the Nighthawks' cult status and places them squarely in the ranks of the most important blues artists in the nation.

The 'Hawks are already included in the same court of musicians who regularly attend blues king Muddy Waters. If one accepts these musicians, particularly Johnny Winter and James Cotton, as among the best in

the land one gets some idea of how good the Nighthawks really are for "Jacks and Kings" shames Winter's "Nothin' But The Blues" and even challenges the king

When Muddy Waters released his "comeback album" "Hard Again" (an album that wasn't a comeback at all but merely his rediscovery by the national press which had ignored the blues since the mid '60's), it was hailed by many as the best blues album ever.

While it is difficult to match Muddy's "Hard Again" in terms of force and character, for sheer professionalism and crisp style, the Nighthawks' "Jacks and Kings" certainly rivals it as a definitive blues recording.

That the Harrisonburg area is able to often catch the Nighthawks in action at such intimate local venues as the Elbow Room makes it one of the most fortunate in the blues world.

Long may it remain so.

The Stones invade Hampton

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Before the last song, Jagger donned a straw hat and asked the screaming crowd if they were "ready to rock." Before they could respond, a full scale version of "Jumpin' Jack Flash" blared through the speakers. Jagger personified the song by continuing his high steps and leaps with his rubber legs.

After the song, the Stones departed the stage. Despite thunderous applause and thousands of firecrackers and Cricket lighters, they did not return. It seemed the Stones had given all they had.

The opening act was a delight to all reggae fans. Peter Tosh, the ex-Wailer, brought his six piece band from Jamaica and provided an outstanding set of music and dancing.

Included in his set were two instances that deserve special mention. The first, during "Legalize It," consisted of the Rastafarian lighting up a large Jamaican marijuana "spliff" (the diameter of a finger) and passing it down to the spectators. Bassist Robbie Shakespeare later duplicated the event himself.

But the highlight of the evening occurred during the band's last song "Until You're Mine." In the middle of the song, Mick Jagger wandered onstage to join Tosh in singing and dancing. The audience took immediate notice of Jagger and deafening cheers ensued. It is not everyday that two music legends sing together onstage.

If nothing else, the Rolling Stones proved they still deserve the title of "the greatest rock and roll band in the world." It is safe to say that they are often imitated by never duplicated.

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Personal

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DOONESBURY

By Garry Trudeau



TOO TALL & JOHN: Only one more month of having a Cross to bear. Father Fugh says hang in there. Brother Clot.

BAG: Thanks for making me an uncle six times. But where's your three legged pink pawed mate?

PEOPLE MAGAZINE FANS take note. Mick Jagger was not wearing his wedding ring at a recent concert. Pass it on. Dimmer Twin.

TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN: This is one boy who is not going to wreck it and go down to the wire. Art over prostitution. New 1 on's Third Law of Motion.

POWER PLAY. Arrogance. Ambition. Mutiny. Treason. But yet they say that all things come to him who waits. Where is the justification? Authority needs none. It is the essence of order, although not necessarily law. But then, what do I know? Tired and hungry.

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