

Program Guide
Second-hand Chic
The American/British
Music Gap

Tune Up; Tune In

by Steve Gossett

The record buying English public would have made a great vaudeville act, real troupers. The poor blokes are stuck with an inflation rate and average pay that is respectively double and a half of what it is on this side of the Atlantic. Yet, they still manage to support a comparative blizzard of music that is new, daring, unusual and otherwise interesting.

But being the latest fave raves in the U.K. does not a superstar make over here nowadays. In fact, if the group or artist is branded as playing some variation of New Wave, it is all they can do to stave off American oblivion, from a public that has taken kindly to imports, but of the Australian variety as in Olivia-Air Supply-Springfield.

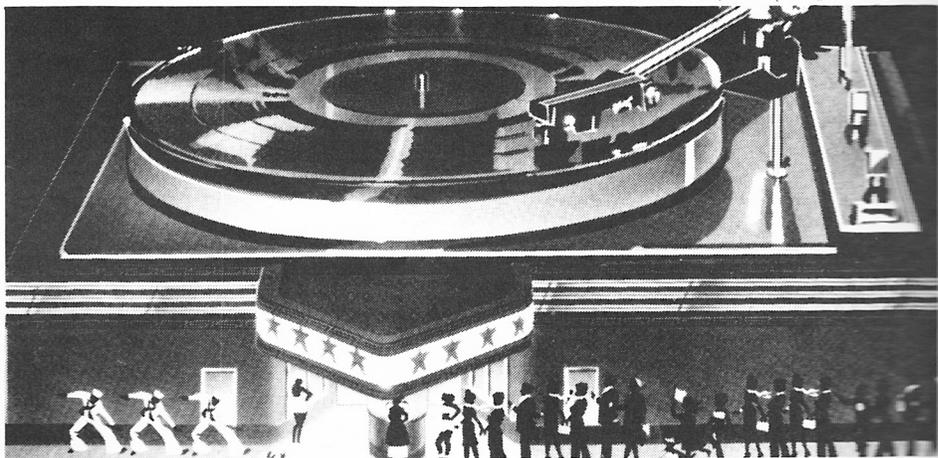
It would be wrong to solely blame the masses for the Aussie invasion or any other aural assaults. Not helping matters are the labels, which after some grudging initial support for a band, soon write them off if they don't go gold, as if they were just another three-martini lunch.

The clubs, or what are left of them, aggravate the situation, when in the interests of trendiness, they compete with each other to see who can charge the most for admission and drinks to people who, in return, get the privilege of standing on a sticky floor for a night, and, if it is not too crowded, perhaps dance. Invariably, the number of clubs is diminishing and so are the venues for fledgling bands.

And so we come, albeit, not quite full circle, to the medium that Elvis Costello warned "will anesthetize the way that you feel" and somewhat mockingly labeled the "sound salvation." Indeed, times have been rough for those seeking to go beyond the platinum hitmakers on the radio, radio.

"Progressive" rock radio, otherwise known as album rock radio, which emerged in the late 60s, is going to follow the path of the proverbial dinosaur, and meld into extinction with a heavy weight that can no longer be supported. Elvis Costello, who recognized this trend, and other unpredictable and innovative artists seem not to be on your dial- anywhere. And what of the listener who is not exactly enamored of the latest Styx-Rush permutation?

The answer to both beleaguered factions is to take your radio and go left-- all the way.



The FCC in one of its rare examples of foresight, established that the FM frequencies from 88.1 to 91.9 to be set aside for educational programming, meaning non-commercial. Now, the FCC probably had in mind a forum for poetry readings, classical music, public affairs, and the like. However, as more colleges began to sprout stations of their own, these stations were more or less turned over to the students to run. Bring on the musical potpourri.

Since college stations never had to worry about ratings, they often tried out a healthy mixture of programs that featured anything from bebop to polkas. This method, also known as block programming, was felt by college programmers to be the best way to serve the most people, as per FCC mandate.

It has its detractors though in people like George Meyer, editor of the now defunct radio trade paper, *Walrus*. Meyer said he did not like college radio, as most stations did not have an identity of their own. Pretty heady remarks since he made them at a 1979 student broadcasters convention.

For those who are seeking to play non-mainstream music, blocks were and still are the best way to appease timid program directors, who worry about playing too

much music that is not for everyone. Newer stations like WCDB have, from the start, attempted to carve out a niche by predominantly featuring one form of music, in this case rock. Neither way has been proven better than the other for securing audience loyalty.

Many of the large labels who previously cold shouldered the college stations realized in the 70s they could push some of their more difficult product by sending them to school first. Before their commercial counterparts had ever heard of them, the college stations have long been onto The Jam, Robert Gordon, Joe Jackson, Blondie, Gary Numan, and way back when, a guy named Springsteen. Time and again, heavy college airplay has at least raised a few eyebrows farther to the right on the FM band.

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A Cultural Translation: "When In England..."

by Deborah G. Smith



I don't care what you say! We may have started off with common ancestry, and there may very well be a Plymouth, England and a Plymouth Rock, but English is a foreign language for us Americans.

When we walk off the Airlines, cranky after sitting next to someone eating slivers of trout pate, we're facing more than a case of jet lag. It's culture shock! It's not enough to juggle cents and pence; find a translator. Crisps are chips and chips are fries. Fags are cigarettes and not fairys.

When you see a bunch of Americans running around crosslegged it's because there aren't any bathrooms in London. With luck we figure out it's "the loo" before leaving a souvenir puddle on the floor.

Hungry after the flight? Typical English fare is rather poor; meat and potato pies, steak and kidney combos all lusciously undercooked in pot pie-like crusts. Of course there's likely to be Brussel sprouts and cabbage instead of corn-on-the-cob, croissants for breakfast rather than bagels and no *Thomas' English Muffins*; some Madison Avenue ad man dreamed up that one. No one's let the British in on what an English muffin is - they opt for scones. Similar, only made with a sweeter dough. And the place to munch them is High Tea at *Harrod's*, whose prices at tea time would make even a Bloomies buyer wince. Sandwiches are toasted, not grilled.

Glad I brought a supply of pretzels, pop tarts and M&M's, none of which they have. Cookies are biscuits or "bickies" and resemble the name. The last minute roll of Charmin I squashed into my suitcase, before I sat on it to close it, came in handy. When I ran out, I ran to MacDonalds. Leave it to them to have soft, hot pink loo paper.

But it beats the rolls of wax paper stamped "Government Property" in public toilets, fit only for wrapping peanut butter and jelly sandwiches.

Ah, the proverbial American sandwich has a tendency to turn Britons a rising shade of green and produce gurgling of the throat. They prefer Marmite (a twangy combination of vegetable mush and meat...awfully spicy), cheese and beetroot sandwiches (a Northhampton specialty), and black pudding. The beet one isn't too bad, but it's a grab for the medicine cabinet when told of the ingredients in the tradi-

tional black pudding (dried pigs blood) or its white and gray variations.

And one terribly naughty habit I've yet to kick was fags. Not exactly cheap at a pound a pack (\$2.00). Instead of Marlboro it was Dunhills and Embassy, and 5p for matches (10 cents). You go through a pack rather quickly, as custom dictates they all get passed 'round. None of this, 'well, I've got my cigarettes.' You take what's offered, and next round offer one of yours.

The English are ever so polite. It's *please* this or *sorry* that. We're used to demanding something if we want it without so much as a by-your-leave. If we don't catch it the first time around, it's "Whaaaaat?" and not the British "What are you on about?" There it's "ta" and "cheers" for thanks and goodbye, while we mumble "have a good day" until midnight.

But when Big Ben strikes the witching hour the pubs are already closed. Stateside it's considered gauche to go out before eleven. While we're stumbling home at 4am when the bars close, most English have hit the sack hours ago. Course they start at half six (as opposed to six thirty). At least pubs haven't got over-21 age restrictions, or six foot pumping iron bouncers to check proof at the door, or smile stamps that even scrubbing bubbles can't fade. The beer is served a la room temperature; Guinness (dark beer) with a two-inch head. And in England one doesn't tip. You buy the bartender a drink. So by closing time he's as trashed as you are.

Another change from the dimly lit cellar atmosphere of the *bar* is the lighting in the pubs. You can actually see the bloke who's "coming onto that chick" or as a Londoner might say, "that cheeky chap is chatting up that bird". Prevents the rude awakening at 6am. And when a Brit tells you he was really "pissed" last night, don't ask why, ask how and with what he tied one on with. They say something's "just the ticket" or "smashing" when we'd say "outrageous" or the rather passe "intense".

And while drinking rum and blacks (black courrant), lager shandys (sort of a beer and seven-up combo) and getting used to pints in English pubs, we're liable to bump into a few animals. I've seen everything from Great Danes to Yorkies, enough to put a gleam in any US Health Inspector's eye. I was nearly kicked out of a pub for bopping around too much. Seems

that though they had disco lights and a DJ spinning discs, they had no dancing license. Here, nobody "takes no notice" when people boogie-down on table tops; there it takes an act of parliament.

And of course one wouldn't tune in to just anybody; no deep throated Carol Millers. Radio voices are BBC English, with a structured pitch and intonation. It's not controversy, it's *contrah-va-see*. Doesn't matter if you've only got an AM radio — there's only one band and we can't turn the tuner a quasi-inch and get in another station. In England, there are just a few. Four commercial free BBC, creatively titled: Radio One, pop, Radio Two, more middle of the road, Radio Three, operas, radio dramas, classical - a different sort of orchestral manuvres, and Radio Four, which broadcasts parliamentary proceedings and speeches. There are a few licensed commercial stations. And not all air-time is music or news oriented. A large portion of time is given over to talk shows and question and answer formats, call-ins. While we play with 15 buttons with some 30 odd variations with the advent of cable TV, the English content themselves, as do most Europeans, with three stations (a fourth station, a second commercial one, is expected out this year). BBC 1 and BBC 2 put on anything from *Blue Peter* (like Mr. Rogers) to *Top of the Pops* - with live bands like *Blondie* and videotapes like *Lennon's Imagine*. So you see the same video for months because a song's in the top 20. Briton's version still beats Casey Casum. Shakespeare's productions may have the real English foothills or lackluster sets. Independent Television (ITV) runs two stations. They've got the money, BBC the class. Occasionally a BBC-er joins the ITV team, reaping in, in pounds, what he loses in prestige. Commercials are an *art*. Instead of push-push-buy-sell the minutes go by like a Fellini movie. There's 8 minutes of commercials per hour, all at once, between shows. No commercial breaks in episodes of *MASH* or *Dallas* which are big-time American imports. There's even a wax effigy of JR in *Madame Truffauts* on Baker Street, and next to him, a box of Texas dirt.

A flat rate is charged per year to all those who want to tune into the tube. Pay TV, they pay for the privilege of cultural integrity. Nothing over-

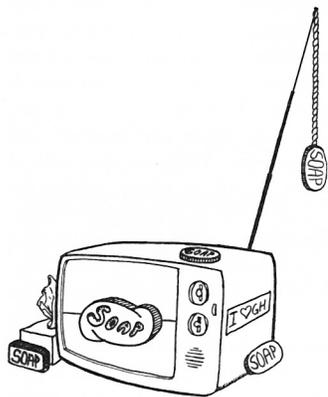
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Some Different Views Of Home And Abroad

Compiled by Deborah G. Smith

Australia

Tristan Rogers, *Robert Scorpio on General Hospital*. After three and one half years in this country, you'd think you could take the Aussie out of him. But the accent 'is authentic. "Australia's just not as hectic as here," he told us. "There's not the hysteria over there. The business (show business) is much the same, but they go about it on a smaller scale." Australians "wouldn't understand" the frenzy of fans. "I was in New York three months ago. We went outside to shoot some shots around the fountain. I just walked out in the front of the building and got to the stoplight. I was just having a general look round, when two cars came to a screeching halt." They had the green. "There was an arm and a leg and an arm and then another leg out of every window." Then the director decides to "take some pictures of the horses. So I was having a talk to the horses when all of a sudden this buggy



came careening round the corner and all those kids jump off the buggy." What to do? "I just bolted, against the light, against the traffic, and luckily the hotel was close by." Admittedly, he does cut a fine figure barechested in the ABC tropics, but this Australian chap, with the European tapered waist, is, catch this ladies, very much married. And what's more, she's lovely. So forget it.

Egypt

Bob Weir, *guitarist, The Grateful Dead*. He didn't find a large culture gap. "I had a

wonderful time in Egypt. The Egyptians gathered at the Pyramids were just a remarkably responsive audience. They didn't understand the English, or the words to the songs, but they really did get interested in the songs, and were most enthusiastic and responsive. Given that it sort of whet my appetite for more of it." He'd like to trek to Benares, India to play in the city of the dead, as well as Africa and Asia.

England

Jim Carroll, *The Jim Carroll Band*. After doing poetry raps for friends Patti Smith and Lou Reed, he decided to branch out on his own. His stint in England on BBC's *Old Grey Whistle Test* and gigs in London venues doesn't compare with the journey inside his head. When composing lyrical lines, "it's just a journey into an inner landscape." London, for him, was a hotel lobby serving as a milieu for an entourage of interviewers. "I like being anonymous." So, the self-titled "recluse" was glad to get home to his lawyer wife; "growing up Catholic, on drugs, on love affairs, you tend to take them all in and filter them through yourself. I don't like the backstage lifestyle, it's out of my system." And that goes for any culture.

Alistair Reid, *English exchange student at SUNYA*. Two days on this side of the Atlantic, and he realized that we just don't queue up for SUNY buses and that in Barnes & Noble asking a sales girl for "rubbers" doesn't procure the pencil eraser he had in mind. MacDonald's hamburgers are high on his food agenda in both countries. "I like to go in for breakfast, because they cook them the night before, and they're usually really soggy." As people, we pass inspection, but "because everyone still thinks they can maneuver, there's no class consciousness. Corporations and government stop you moving. In England, the working class realizes it gets the bullet from the government...Here, it's capitalism run rampant because everyone believes you can do better. I told someone I was

(Continued on page 10)



For Open Ears Only

by Craig Marks

What is wrong with American music? Is it Reagan, is it the record companies, is it the radio, is it the club owners, is it the public, is it the times, is it you, is it me? Yes.

Attempting to define rock and roll these days is a waste of time.

The disparity between what your average critic and your average sixteen year old listen to is so great, it unfortunately might never be bridged again. The question is why, and the answers are limitless.

American music (*new wave*, specifically, for lack of a better term) is constantly being compared, contrasted, and measured against the music emerging out of Great Britain. This is in fact one of the more serious problems facing the future of the American music underground.

Anything that comes from England is for some reason automatically accepted as product from geniuses at most so-called progressive radio stations here in the US. Ever since the '77 explosion in England, top priority has been given to the Anglo music, and this hurt the chances of a lot of local bands nationwide. College radio stations, so necessary for any American new music type band, prefer to play the more glamorous and usually pretentious new discs from overseas. More and more the music out of Britain is turning away from rock and roll and following the musical patterns of the black American disco groups. The irony here is actually quite serious; as most progressive radio continues to

overlay the new music from England, real R&R bands here in the states become discouraged by the lack of attention and recognition.

A perfect example of this is the *Fleshtones*, formerly a NYC based group. Hailed by the NYC weeklies since 1977 as one of the best garage rock bands in the country, their first LP was just released this past month. Why did it take the US labels five years to finally recognize the *Fleshtones*? A major reason is their lack of fashionability. Undoubtedly, if they had been from England the record companies would have gobbled them up long ago. As it was they had to leave New York for L.A. just to get a record deal (thank you, I.R.S.) and get their well deserved exposure.

Part of this problem stems from the club scene, especially in NYC, the mecca for new wave bands in the US.

Large clubs have taken over, and in the process many of the smaller, more intimate venues have been forced to shut down. With these closings comes a lack of exposure for new R&R music; the larger halls are more interested in the established Brit and American acts, and unless a group has some sort of record out, the chances of cultivating a following through the clubs is growing more and more difficult.

Surprisingly, though, the nationwide underground is stronger than it has ever been.

Anywhere you go, from Min-
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neapolis to Austin, from New Orleans to L.A., from Athens, Ga. to Albany, N.Y., creative and vital music is springing up from the unlikeliest of places. College radio, the press, and strong fan followings are usually the factors that determine if the band ever gets out of their hometown.

There is a great deal of difference, though, between breaking out of your own area and becoming a band with a nationwide following, and this is where the record companies come in. The recording industry is a multi-billion dollar business, and what they are concerned about is what will sell. R & R is a business to them also, and this contradiction in terms is the root of the problem. The ideal is a commercial radio station that doesn't compromise its artistic responsibility, and although these stations are few and far between, there are some good ones around. Because of its inherent limitations (being so far

(Continued on page 11)

Making Note: Short Sights With Insight

by Craig Marks

pop, bright and bouncy, and the Human League emerges as the premiere synth. outfit.

JUNIOR

Mama Used To Say (12")

Big smash hit out of nowhere. Although this is receiving airplay primarily on disco radio, the punchy horns and U2-like guitar give it real crossover potential. Let's hope.

ROD STEWART

Tonight I'm Yours

"The Mod" finally gets it together for a whole album. From rockabilly to disco to Dylan, Rod pulls it all off. He may be reaching for a bit too much, but it's good to know he still cares.

THE WAITRESSES

Wasn't Tomorrow Wonderful

A real delightful debut. Funny songs about busted relationships, written with a woman's point of view, but suprisingly written by a man. Not as great as "Christmas Wrapping," but humorous and funky all the way through.

HUMAN LEAGUE

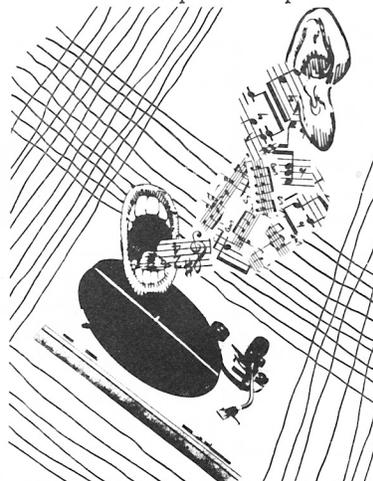
Dare

Out as an import for quite some time, and the success of "Dont You Want Me" has convinced A&M to release it domestically. Currently all the rage overseas, this is electro-

THE BONGOS

The Bulrushes

Another top notch product



form one of the brightest bands in the pop music scene. Not as kinetic as the previous E.P., yet their melodic stylings and restrained, emotive vocals call to you to sing out loud. Still Hoboken's best.

THE CARS

Shake It Up

Probably their best LP to date, but that isn't saying very much. Ric Ocasek's overly calculated singing and the band's lack of spirit hold back an album that on paper, could have been much better.

JIMMY DESTRI

Heart on a Wall

Blondie's keyboardist's first solo outing. Destri can't really sing, and unfortunately there aren't enough good hooks to cover this up.

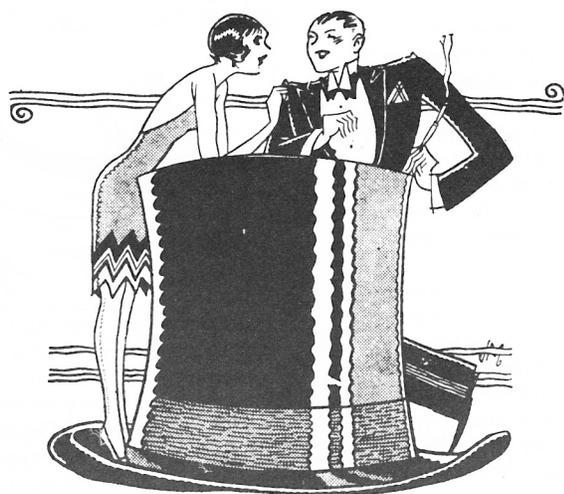
THE FLESHTONES

Roman Gods

You might have to go back to *Tattoo Youto* find rock and roll as good as this. Nothing fancy, just hard playing with lots of soul. Wail baby, Wail!

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SYNCOPASSION



91 FM features the most extensive jazz programming to be found in the capital district. We broadcast jazz seven days a week, from 5 to 8 o'clock pm on weekdays and 8 to 11 o'clock am on weekend mornings. We have found these times to be the most popular with our vast listening audience, which includes local musicians, community members of all ages, and of course, students of the many local colleges. Our own university houses over ten thousand students.

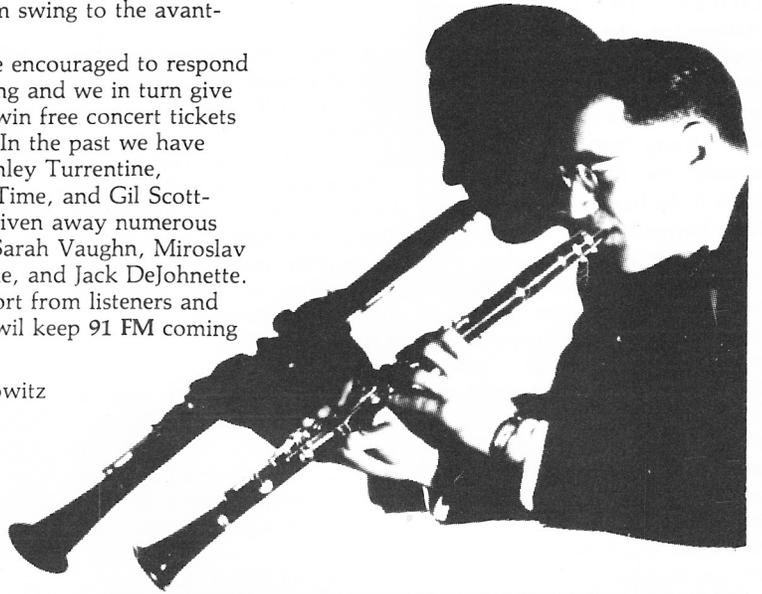
We feature a different DJ daily, each one having his own flavor. Yet this diversity never breaks the cohesion which is necessary for our brand of progressive jazz programming. Our large record collection enables us to play sets which may include Art Blakey and the Jazz Messengers, the Art Ensemble of Chicago, and Chick Corea. The non-commercial nature of our station challenges both our DJ's and our listeners. We feature all

forms of jazz, from swing to the avant-garde.

Our listeners are encouraged to respond to our programming and we in turn give them a chance to win free concert tickets and jazz records. In the past we have sent people to Stanley Turrentine, Oregon, One Mo' Time, and Gil Scott-Heron, and have given away numerous records including Sarah Vaughn, Miroslav Vitous, Count Basie, and Jack DeJohnette.

Continued support from listeners and record companies will keep 91 FM coming on strong.

by Darrow Gershowitz
and Steve Popper



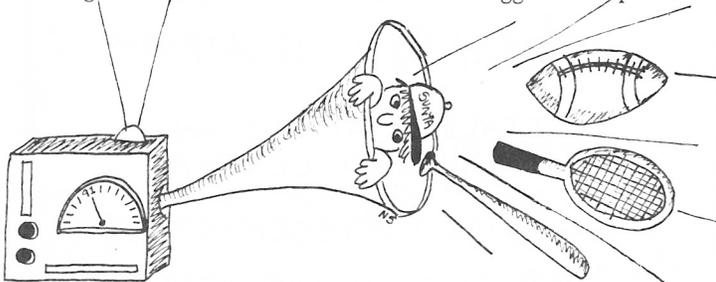
Sportin' Life

Compiled by Phil Pivnick and Bruce Cowan

Earlier this year at the Kings College away game, one Albany hoop player, Joe Jednak, kept missing his foul shots. Bruce Cowan was at the engineers helm, Phil Pivnick was play-by-play. Cowan noticed that all of the Kings College cheerleaders were lined up in a straight line behind the basket. "Hey, Phil, check out the formation. There's a cheerleader in the center of the line waving her arms and screaming at Jednak when he's shooting his foul shots."

4:00 am. 91FM Sports team stuck on Route 73 outside Lake Placid. Nobody's around. Not even a hick. It's ten below zero. The team has just been eliminated. They lost in an overtime NCAA playoff. Two people picked up the sportscasters, who slept on their floor. The team was staying over at Potsdam. At 6:00 am Head Basketball coach Doc Sauer's got a call to re-route the bus.

Traditionally the sports director is bugged to let prize



The next time Jednak got on the foul line, Phil said on the air: "Our engineer has just pointed out to us that there is this very ugly girl staring Joe Jednak in the face and I think that's why he's been missing his foul shots." Guy Kuperman, a station foundation who's sending his demo on to QBK, was monitoring the board. It was a guffawing Kupe at the other end of the phone line.

reporters go on the Oneonta run. Why? For the best ribs this side of the charcoal pits in Kentucky. For \$4.00 and an extended stomach you can mangé to your hearts content. And our sportscasters do. And mention the word 'ribs' thirty times during the broadcasting of the games. "MMMMmm, those were good ribs." Yeah. "Did you see that play?" Nope, but the ribs, oh what ribs..

Hear Now The News

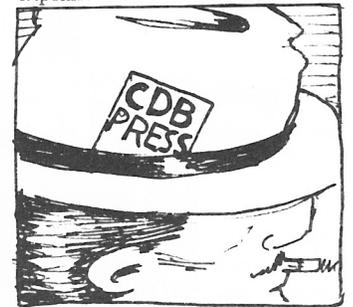
by Glenn Mones

Many of us can recall our first encounter with news, or "current events" as something we clipped out of the paper and asked Mom to summarize for our third grade teacher. We then went on to spew out opinions about such faraway places as El Salvador and Iran. Along the line we figured out that decisions about news don't require subscriptions to *The New York Times* or *Time Magazine*.

At the university we can find some degree of freedom in a number of areas, including what kinds of news are important to us, and how we will get it. Some students are overjoyed at the fact that no one cares if they read the paper anymore, and don't. Others seek new perspectives on the news. For the first group, 91 FM News offers a way for them to get information painlessly, slipped in between generous amounts of music, with four casts a day, Monday through Friday at 9:00 A.M., Noon, 5:00 PM, and 9:00 PM. For the more serious listener, 91 FM newscasts and public affairs programming (public affairs show Sundays at 4:00 PM.) covers the full range of news, cast and produced from a student perspective.

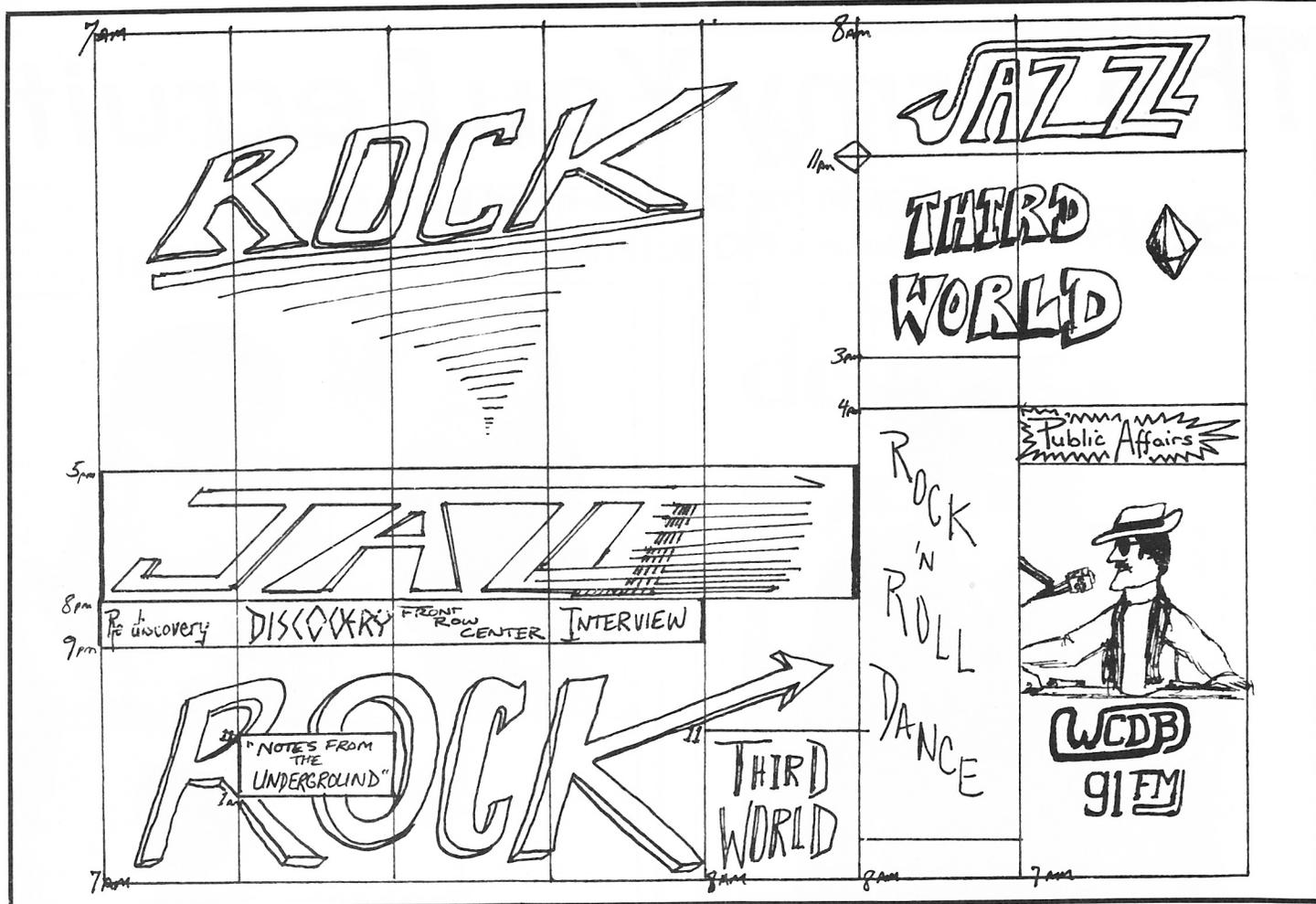
Last November, when

students in Albany were voting in local elections for the first time, 91 FM News brought all three mayoral candidates into our studios, querrying them about their positions on such student related issues as the housing shortage and downtown security. Favored teachers are often denied tenure for not publishing en masse. We put the teachers and the administrators on the air to explain their sides of the



controversy and respond to student's concerns. Barbara Walters and the infamous G. Gordon Liddy spoke on the SUNYA campus. 91 FM News highlighted the speeches and interviewed these individuals for those who wanted to hear more than just prepared speeches.

In the coming season, 91FM News will continue to expand it's coverage and programming to meet the growing need and desire for a broad range of news and information.



NOTES FROM THE UNDERGROUND

91FM has always prided itself on being an alternative, and at no time is this more evident than on Tuesday nights at 11:00pm. "Notes From the Underground" is a weekly show devoted to the new music that is the true life force of rock and roll, and its marked increase in popularity proves that the audience for this new wave of music is always expanding. Special features on different performers, movements, and influences, plus the "10 most" countdown and lots of domestic and import records make up the fast paced two hours.

REDISCOVERY

91FM feels that what is new and innovative today, took from what was even more innovative yesterday. That's why on Monday's at 8:00 we trace the roots of rock with classic influential artists, albums and yearly retrospectives.

DISCOVERY

WCDB presents the most intriguing LP of the week. Played in it's entirety and of course not commercially interrupted.

FRONT ROW CENTER

91FM asks the musical question... Why stand outside and wait on line for tickets when we bring you best shows for free, Wednesdays at 8:00 on Front Row Center?

INTERVIEW

On Thursdays at 8:00 the stars speak-

telling musical and personal tales- with a lot of their music too! That's Interview at 8pm.
 -Joseph Trelin

STATION LIFE

Most people first get involved with the station because of their interest in music. When you go to the station you'll see how much people at 91FM love music and how important it is to the lives of people at the station for station life itself. It is a playground for those into music- tons of posters, newspaper clippings, books, magazines and ofcourse records everywhere. Music is always on throughout the station. You might hear The Clash blasting on our lounge stereo, Southside Johnny in Master Control and over the airwaves, and Duke Ellington playing in production. People are constantly discussing and arguing about music, yet they manage to get things done. They're reviewing new LPs that come into the station, writing letters to record companies, tracking record stores to see how well the LPs we are playing are selling, gathering information for interviews, or just hanging out reading *Billboard*, *Rolling Stone* or even *NY Rocker*.

Obviously the music's importance is also reflected in the programming. You'll hear more music on 91FM than on any other station in the area. Our DJs let the music play. They don't interrupt with unnecessary, boring, ramblings concerning their personal life

and of course we have no commercial interruptions. At 91FM all we sell is sound.

-Jack Isquith

Third World

The spectrum of Third World Music is as interchangeable as fusion, and as steady as the rhythmic beats of "Da" Reggae. It includes all aspects of Jazz, along with Disco, Funk, Ska, Reggae, Calpso, and Soul.

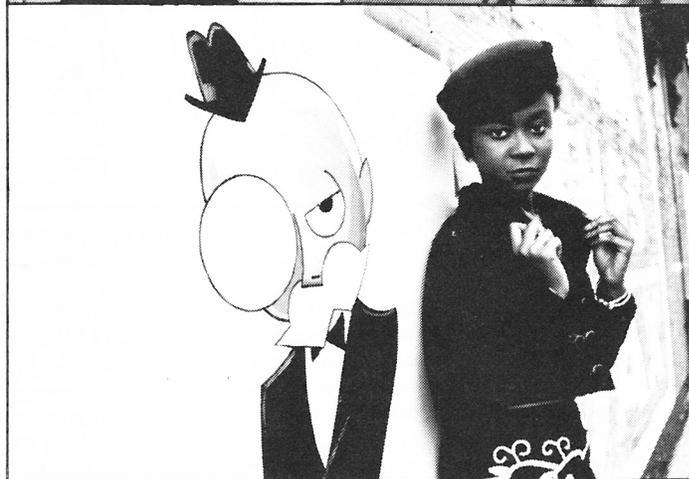
Here at WCDB's Third World Program, we try to present a part of this world to our listeners by playing not only the latest and most popular types of music, but by introducing new horizons as well.

Although WCDB is appropriately known as the rock alternative, we within the Third World Programming conform with the Rock and Jazz oriented shows to produce the results of a musical alternative. An alternative that may include Grover Washington Jr., The Jacksons, Queen, Diana Ross, and Luther Vandeross, as well as Bob Marley, Prince, Otis Redding, and The Tom Tom Club. An alternative that holds the responsibility of the most in selective interviews, live entertainment and performances, with an upcoming agenda that features a Black News Program, a weekly Third World listeners survey, and a Disco Marathon.

-Marcus T. Griffith

The Army You Recruit

Salvation in the Second-hand Barracks or
How Not To Become a P.O.B. (Prisoner of Bloomingdales)



LARGE LEFT and INSET: Silk smoking jacket (Daybreak), white silk button-in-the-back shirt (Madison street vendor), stripey tie and wool beret (the closet), and Joan Crawford button (Nostalgia).

TOP RIGHT: Cowskin original purse, with reversible leather side (Garage Sale), suede mini and fur-trimmed jacket (Madison street vendor); the Mayoral hat with paired with a bronze beaded sweater (Pegasus) and two different evening looks (Daybreak). Models Cathy Thibault, Maris Waltzer, and Wendy Lund.

A Sound Salvation

Spring is in the air, spring fashions are on the racks and fashion prices are constant reminders that most students are poverty stricken or tied by the umbilical credit card. Does one have to run home every year for Daddy's AMEX or Mommy's Mastercard? No, grab a hammer, your piggy bank and the classified section of your newspaper. The latest in fashion is available and can be had for less than your first born at any good-will, secondhand store, a garage sale or the smart man's "Bloomies", the Salvation Army.

Ridiculous, possibly disgusting? Where do you think your old clothes went? I know my dreary duds find their way to the Salvo or "Sallies". My mom once chased me out of the house after my \$2.98 bargain was dropped off at the Salvo by her two weeks earlier.

A common misconception is that all the items to be found in these thrift stores are old and used. A good deal of the things one can search through are new, and many only slightly worn. At Salvations everything is always cleaned and pressed before being put on the racks, and ticketed in the ticketing room with a color code and price tag. Fortunately our Salvation Army here in Albany (452 Clinton Ave.) has its own ticketing and pressing room. I was once at a Sallies in Brewster when I brought up an unticketed item and the woman behind the counter told me they'd have to send it to Westchester because they hadn't the "authority to ticket" there. You can always encounter some "worthwhile characters." Perhaps at times a bit too friendly, as my housemate was approached by a photographer who asked her to pose in the nude for him. His bit a spice is going to Sallies looking for lacy antique underclothes and negligees for his models.

For those of you who are a little less risqué, but quite the fashion plate, the Salvo is a haven for the antique-style clothes now all the rage at the chic-er clubs.

A Real Steal

Most good-will, secondhand, and bargain boxes charge a bit more but also carry a more select collection, sometimes dated so you know what period you're investing in. After a harrowing series of experiences through most of West Upper NYC men stores, I had to settle at Barney's for the only establishment with anything resembling style and size for my slim six foot six inch frame. Had I ventured to the Hospital-run thrift shop, a more dapper three piece suit could have been had, at a crime of a price and almost no alteration (Aw-right, the hems had to be lowered).

Bric-A-Brac

For hat and shoe fetishes, a good bet are the antique clothing stores. A pair of bright kelly green pumps was just the ticket for the plaid mid-calf wool pants (Daybreak, Central Ave), found at an Albany local, as well as in this year's Saks fall line-up. Mayoral candidate Fred Dusenbury just adored the olive green cocktail hat, circa 1940, which sported suede flowers (Pegasus, Lark Street), and I ofcourse, admired his slender red tie. The hat was yet another antique addition to my wardrobe. (Grandma would be proud, my uncle the antique dealer is). His funky red tie from "the era." Amazing what an assortment can be pulled out of an old attic trunk or Mom's trousseau. Some wind up in the Sallies, thrift stores and on antique row. There are Victorian wedding dresses, whose lace is of a workmanship and delicacy unavailable in local bridalshops, wool sweaters, leopard trimmed jackets, stripy ties, and I once found a red bowler hat.

Bargain hunters have long been known to wake early to catch Garage Sales on Saturday mornings. In addition to sets of dishes (handy if moving off) you can find lots of neat stuff. There's usually a pile of cosmetic jewelry, perfect for a new wave night out, and a skip ahead of Monet or Napier. Be creative. I've found sweater dresses, a Japanese silk smoking jacket, lots of scarves, from sexy silk to practical plaid.

Don't let a musty garage or store odor quell the desire for that button-down-the-back sweater you've hunted for; for *all* items, handwashing in a capful of Woolite will restore freshness. Then just strut proud.

Compiled by Beth Fleishman, Edward S. Pinka and Deborah G. Smith

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(Continued from page 4)

socialist and he asked "Don't you go around bombing buildings?"

We appear rather sexist and anti-gay to this English chap. We have macho men and "cute little girls who can't wait to get married for my 2.2 kids and my dishwasher.

"Because people are socially and politically unaware, there's no anger, or frustration, so their music is dull."

In addition, Albany has "no zip." SUNY students are coddled, "treated like little kids, go down to dinner at a certain time, get fed..." Americans "go straight from high school to college, while in England 50-60 percent have at least one year off as a working period." British students have a quicker weaning period from Mum and Dad, with the government picking up the tab for rent and supplying \$40 a week for allowance.

there's a 4 to 1 ratio," between tutors and students. At Polytechnic of North East London, he and his personal profs go out drinking and to the theatre.

What he does give a qualified approval to, are the bars.

"They're great because they stay open until 4:00. But the beer is disgusting, the next best thing to soda. The music is dull. The atmosphere is dull. Bogarts is one of the few I like, one of the few outlets for local bands. I like Franks Livingroom because there is superb music. It's a dive, but the beer is cheap. Supermarket beer prices equal the price of three British pints, and so far that's been his best bet yet.

Andy Peebles, DJ on BBC Radio One, London, England. "The difference to me, having been to New York and to Washington, is the pace. Even London during the rush hour is not as hectic as New York. I've never seen anything like it. I get the feeling that Americans live a greater pace and under greater pressure than perhaps we live in London. The lifestyle is uptempo."

Israel

Dr. Ben-Eliezar, Communications, Tel Aviv University, Tel Aviv. In America, the 'Oh' sound is different than in Israel. Sometimes it's 'Uh' and sometimes it's 'Oh', like in hot dog. An Israeli friend of mine

went into a Puerto Rican place in NYC to get a hot dog. He wanted a hot dog and a coke. But, he pronounced the 'O' in coke as the 'O' in hot dog. These Puerto Ricans screamed at him and started chasing him around when he asked for "a hot dog and a cock, please."

Ed Goodman, SUNYA student. "For the first three weeks I was eating falafel, because it was all that was the same in hebrew and English, and I could point to it." Falafel is crushed chic peas, a little tahina and spices. Tahina? That's a sesame seed butter paste. A thing for Americans girls to watch is the coffee. Learn not to say yes to a cup. True, the Israeli instant is delish, but when an Israeli asks you if you want a cup, it's the rough equivalent to 'Where have you been all my life?' If you want coffee, take instant powdered Elite, mix it with a couple of drops of hot water and sugar, whip it into a paste, then fill with hot water. Makes a delicious creamy coffee.

Poland

Alicia Iwanska, SUNYA Sociology Professor.. A

political exile who still hopes to return to native Poland, she feels: "The main cultural difference probably is in relationships among people. In Poland, a human being is tremendously important to another human being." Here, "we hardly know each other and we call each other first names." Nice, but as synthetic as polyester rapport. "That easiness of human relations is largely ceremonial ... In Poland, people are so terribly interested in each other. There are very few deep friendships. People screen test each other for the possibility of being cast in the role of friend."

And there wouldn't be the weekend partying that goes on here. Kegs, In Poland? Against the law to have parties. Too many people makes the government nervous. A late night out might prove more than a little dangerous to your health. "There is a curfew and you might be shot on the streets if you are a few minutes late home." You aren't free to study what you want, and some students are forced into the army. "In Poland they worry about freedom, about the

(Continued on next page)



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ATTITUDE ADJUSTMENT HOUR 4-7 MONDAY - FRIDAY
STOP DOWN AND GET PLUCKED AT HURLEY'S

(Continued from facing page)

harassment of every day life." They can't express themselves, get Passports, or leave the country. "This worries Poles very much because they don't like the feeling of being locked in a cage." In contrast to Americans who "are so insecure of themselves, so they worry what people think of them."

Whilst in Poland since the crush of Solidarity, "you can't even make telephone calls from one city to another. You cannot leave one city to visit relatives in another city without special permission." As for television, radio? No GH, no MASH. "All mass media belongs to the government." The U.S. recently prepared a "far-cical" documentary on Solidarity; "Congress had to vote on it to give approval. In Poland government is the only employer. Can you imagine a country where everything is run by the government?" No, Alicia.

coming soon...

100 WATTS

(Continued from page 5)

down on the deal, lack of \$), college radio is not powerful enough to change the musical philosophy of today's American teenagers; the push would have to come from commercial radio.

The best clubs now play an invigorating blend of DOR (Dance Oriented Rock), disco and rap music. Artists such as Prince (Minneapolis, Minn.), *Grandmaster Flash* (NYC) and *Slave* (Dayton, Ohio) have crossed the barrier between WBLS and the chic Soho record shops. The only problem here is a problem all of America faces, and that is a subtle form of racism. Most black artists' record sales occur primarily in black communities, and to get rock radio to play any sort of music that sounds like disco is next to impossible.

American music is at a critical stage right now, and its future is certainly in doubt.

if you take the viewpoint that most of the new music is a reaction against the big mega-buck radio and record corporations, these times can serve to strengthen this country's musical underground.

Your Best Bets Yet

Compiled by Edward S. Pinka

THE BIG SCOOP (CENTRAL AVE.) Dorm food got you down again, or is it the Special Dinner Mom would never serve? Well, chances are the closest thing to Mom's cooking (and Mom's prices) will be found at the Big Scoop. Generous portions, friendly service, and Special Dinners that really are. Check out the Goulash or the Hungarian Steak tips. The paintings on the wall are not to be missed.

DAN'S PLACE (MADISON AVE.) It's late, your pretty trashed, you're very poor and of course starving. Specializing in late weekend hours and low prices, Dan's has friendly fast service in a small, 'intimate' atmosphere. It's worth the trip. So look hard for a spot to park and don't be scared off by first impressions, the prices can't be beat. We heard of a date being left in the lurch while he went in a Moneyomatic search. He came back with empty pockets. No prob, at Dan's. The guy sitting



(Continued from page 3)

And there are not any televisions in bars to watch games or fights. Nor are there swarms of people around the bar or on line for a club. Instead of playing insect, you play pool and 'queue' (line) up.

whelms the collector, the Post Office, who with motivation surpassing the IRS search out those with traveling zoom antennas who have yet to fork over a license fee. It does keep off shows like *Three's Company* and prevent stereotypical sex and racial roles.

And one mustn't let the dancing escape unmentioned. We've been gyrating at the hips since the early 60s. At a London club fellow Yanks and myself were taken to be obscene. We tried to pick up the slower 'nev. wave' footing to every other beat. The result? I fell flat out on the dance floor, knocked an amplifier sideways making the record skip a beat, and pulled Bond-like

next to them picked up the 3:00am breakfast tab for them both.

THE DAILY GRIND (LARK ST.) After overdosing on Hersey bars from dorm vending machines, and since boycotting Nestle means no more crunch, treat yourself for more than a few pennies to the kind of chocolate Dom Perignon would bite into with the extended pinky. Waft through the heavy aroma of coffee and go directly to the back of The Grind. On lace doilys lie the hand-dipped concoctions of "Confiseur Chocolatier"

Heinz Goldschneider. For \$5.00 per quarter pound some of his White Truffles, voted best in New York, can be yours. Sip one of the rarest coffees in the world, or try some Pure Hawaiian or the more suburban Cinnamon, Dutch Chocolate, or Columbian Amaretto. For high tea try Gunpowder or Frog Park Herbal. Mango and Strawberry smell outrageous. The proprietor, Lee, is full of little Rastafarian tidbits and thinks a spoonful of sample helps the business. Try the Silver Palette Sweet Mustard on Dutch crisps, delish!

JOSEPH CUSTOM TAILORS (MADISON AVE.) How many times have you needed a hem changed or pants pressed and wanted to buy a used, rare, or new album at the same time? Well, Joseph Custom Tailors features some of Albany's finest stitch work, along with the Rock



and Roll tailor himself- Felix Icvanne- who specializes in finding you that rare LP, single, poster, or whatnot. We wonder if he embroiders album jackets?

NOSTALGIA (LARK ST)-All That Jazz. The only exclusive jazz record store between Canada and NYC features all those hard to find recordings. While the prices aren't as nostalgic as the store, jazz has proven to be timeless and well worth the investment. A fun assortment of movie posters, comics, and original *LIFE Magazines* and other paraphernalia is also available. Lots of homemade goodies. We found a Joan Crawford scrapbook. P.S. Don't feed the bear.

THE THIRD STREET THEATRE The movies shown here you can probably see in LC18 when your kids go to school here, if their lucky. The finest foreign and classic American films, and 3rd Street is much more accessible to Albany than the Fine Arts or Little Carnegie in NYC

moves to avoid being trampled by pointy pumps. I re-emerged into waves of pulsating gold and tarzan stripes and white tights. What is it with the white tights? One would think the English are into necrophilia. Maybe it's just a reflection of the Beach Boys California Girl Craze, but tan is still the color for legs.

Though the rhyming of the Fifties in the States has since been relegated to children, 'See you later, alligator', and 'In a while crocodile', the same is not true in London. Dickie dirts are shirts, daisy roots, boots, and loaf of bread is short for head. The Australians are no better. When an Aussie says 'I want a dog's eye and don't be nasty', he wants a pie and pastie, "With a dead horse" with sauce, of course. And as soon as we figure out the rhyme, they change it on us. The chap who writes the English-American dictionary stands to make a bloody fortune.



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