



Composer-pianist Leon Russell

Dallas fete to feature Russell

By Val McPherson

Persons going to Dallas for New Year's Eve might be interested to know that Concerts West is giving a party that night. The festivities will start at 8:30 p.m. in Market Hall. The guest list includes more than 15,000 people.

If your invitation has not arrived yet, you can pick it up now or at the door for \$10. With a special discount coupon from the Union South Desk, the admission drops to \$9. This price also covers party favors and parking. Nightclub set-up with tables and chairs, beer, champagne and dancing will be available, but the main attraction will be on stage.

The headliner for the evening is Leon Russell. Russell got his start in music several years ago in Los Angeles as a session man and producer. After a tour with Delaney, Bonnie and Friends, Russell returned to Los Angeles.

Joe Cocker was in L.A. looking for a group to go on tour with him and Russell volunteered to organize it. The result was Mad Dogs and Englishmen. A movie and album was made of their work and this brought Russell much wider recognition.

Many groups and individuals have teamed up with Russell for albums and concerts, including the Asylum Choir and the Shelter People. The partnership that brought him his greatest returns in popularity was with George Harrison and Co. at the concert for Bangladesh. Chances are that "Jumpin' Jack Flash" and "Youngblood" will be a part of his

New Year's Eve show.

Joining Russell on stage will be Willie Nelson. Nelson thinks of himself primarily as a writer of country music; however, his music is known for its tendency to cut across traditional country lines into pop and rock domains. This is shown by some of the very noncountry musicians who have recorded his songs, including Frank Sinatra and Little Anthony and the Imperials.

Nelson has recorded at least a dozen albums of his own works. While on stage at the Market Hall, he probably will do some of his better-known ballads in the baritone voice and guitar-picker style that is his trademark.

Also on stage will be Kinky Friedman, the son of a Jewish psychology professor, who grew up on a Texas ranch. In his music, Friedman combines his Jewish heritage and awareness with classical country themes.

Friedman released his first album earlier this year entitled "Sold American," and a single by the same name. He was backed up by his group The Texas Jewboys and because of their name, Friedman is afraid the album will not get into some chain stores. Friedman was quoted in *Newsweek* as saying, "The name of my group is poison to Jewish store owners."

Russell, Nelson, Friedman and numerous other partygoers promise to usher in the New Year with a gala celebration, Market Hall, located off Stemmons Freeway, is about a ten minute drive from the Cotton Bowl. The doors will open at 7 p.m.

Long-term concerts chairman Hart resigning

By Diane Wanek

"Being Union Concerts chairman has been my motive behind staying in school. And my only regret as I resign is that I was unable to bring Ray Charles." Jack Hart, after an unprecedented four semesters as Union Concerts chairman, is resigning his position. "It's time to move on," he said.

Hart said he originally signed up for Concerts chairman because "I wanted to guarantee that my year in college would be put to good use, I wanted to turn people on to lesser-appreciated and lesser-known artists, I wanted the opportunity to make friends and maybe I just wanted the opportunity to make people as happy as I am."

Hart believes the concerts he produced have achieved these goals. "I've had a lot of really fine response from people, especially from those who had not been exposed to the people I would bring in. That's a real thrill. I've had some complaints too, but those were educational because they usually helped me work out bugs in production."

McCoy Tyner was the first musician Hart brought here to perform. Hart recalls, "I didn't really know anything about him except that he'd played for Trane (John Coltrane). I remember how a local jazz drummer, Victor Lewis, got really angry when I got cold feet about bringing Tyner."

"I had decided to go with a Cecil Taylor concert instead, because I was afraid Tyner wouldn't have a draw. Well, Victor talked me into bringing Tyner, and he *didn't* have a draw. But it was a great concert.

That was my 'million dollar bash,' or it seemed like it; I'd never spent \$4,000 before in one weekend."

Most of Hart's concerts have been free; he wanted it that way. Hart said he believed he could reach a lot more people that way and expose them to music other than the type they get at Pershing.

After Tyner, Hart brought Doc Watson, Muddy Waters, Herbie Hancock, Bill Monroe, Buddy Guy and Junior Wells, Pete Seeger, who was brought here with the cooperation of Dan Ladely at the Sheldon Gallery, Leo Kottke and McCoy Tyner once again.

When asked why he chose to book people who wouldn't be very big drawing cards, Hart replied, "I booked them because of a belief in their art and belief that the exposure of them to people not familiar with them would enrich everyone involved."

Hart said something has gone wrong with every gig he's produced, especially as far as sound systems and other technical problems.

"A lot of the success of each concert has been luck, like maybe the stars were in the right spot," he said.

"Leo Kottke was a pop concert of a sort," he added. "Kottke is a big name, but there was no compromise made on quality."

Hart said the "cherry on top" of his term as Concerts chairman was McCoy Tyner. He and Hart took a walk through Pioneer Park a few hours before Tyner's plane left. "He told me he'd never forget that walk through the park," Hart said.



Jack Hart, left, with guitarist Leo Kottke.

Ascetic combats posters, 'stenches'

"Cover the walls with posters," friends say, when I tell them about my apartment and what a bleak, shag-carpeted monastery it is. Frankly, I hate posters. I also hate cheap decorator candles and incense.

"Today is the first day of the rest of your life." I have seen that vapid platitude on at least half a dozen different posters, and have heard it on a TV commercial as the closing line of a jingle for hamburgers or milk or something. That's where it belongs.

Remember "What if they gave a war, and nobody came?" It may seem heartfelt and thoughtful to you, a sensitive and meaningful thing to say. I remember it was used first in a song by—get this—the Monkees. Next time you feel like sighing over that fetid phrase, think how stupid you are for quoting the Monkees.

Those posters all have twilight photos of couples walking on beaches, or of naked California girls with white bikini

mark kioldgaard you have my word

patches, trying to look contemplative.

Inept drawings of gymnastically entwined twosomes are popular. Pictures of young women with aereoled volleyballs for breasts, carrying swords and wearing chains apparently are marketable, judging by their scarcity in poster places.

I know people who practically faint with ecstasy every time

anyone lights a candle. This is the result of an archetypal prejudice. Did people wax ecstatic over tallow before electric lights?

No, they didn't. When Edison invented the bulb, every one was delighted.

Now, however, we love candles. Or rather some people do. They frequently buy scented ones, but to me, all candles smell like scorched wax.

Candles should be used when the lights go out or when you don't want to see anything. In the latter case I concede their romantic usefulness, since their murky light smooths complexions and makes everyone look like a movie heroine through a greased lens.

Incense makes me sick, and I am not being cantankerous. Once, when a girl and I had retired to her living room after supper, she lit a stick of incense, and I complained.

"Would you rather smell stale, greasy pork chops from the kitchen?" she asked.

"Yes," I replied without the slightest hesitation.

I suppose there always will be a market for graphic wallpapers, odd illuminations and beloved stencils, but I believe the market is declining. As the counterculture sinks into anthropological tar pits and the supremely social '60s pass from memory, all this head shop stuff will become unfashionable. There will be just a bunch of outmoded over-30s sitting around amid their rock rococo.

Not me. I gaze with satisfaction at my bare walls and breathe deeply my thin, unladen air. Perhaps I am part of a new wave... a new reactionary asceticism.