



Basie show reflects sociological tendencies

Sociology is one of those disciplines in which its real excitement is overlooked in the popular press. It's boring, say its foes. It's irrelevant, say sociology's disparagers. Even anthropologists think sociology is dull.

But sociology can be brought to life in a place more interesting than a classroom. In a ballroom, for instance, when Count Basie's band is playing, sociology—or at least a branch of it known as concert sociology—can be fun.

Sociologists like to figure out roles and social poses subject to generalization. If someone wears a lampshade to a party, sociologists yawn. But if every party has a lampshade wearer, or every party of a given type has a lampshade wearer, that's sociologically interesting, so long as it's not always the same person. Rock concerts in Lincoln attract certain types of people. Does that mean all concerts in Lincoln have the same types? I don't know, but a concert at the Pla Mor Ballroom did.

Everyone's seen roadies at rock concerts. They're the students and young musicians who travel with rock groups. During the show they run in and out of the stage door, talk to girls, and go around saying "I'm with the band."

Count Basie has a roadie, too. He's from Brooklyn, drinks beer out of a pitcher and wants to go back to

school. But he's been on the road for four years and likes it. He should, for his job is simply to run in and out of the stage door, talk to girls, and go around saying, "I'm with the band."

keith landgren **desperate remedies**

Remember how, when Ted Nugent played, there were all those people standing around in front of the band? They get there before the music starts, take up places in everyone's way, then nod and smile authoritatively. They are important people, for they are critics and decide whether a show is dynamite, far out, or merely groovy.

There were critics at the Pla Mor Saturday, too, but they're older, better dressed and use more make-up. One critic's opinion: "This isn't dance music, it's concert music." That, I suppose, is why she was standing in the middle of the dance floor, rather than sitting at a table.

The phenomenon called the "goupie" has been analyzed in every publication concerned with popular sociology, from *Rolling Stone* to *Readers Digest*. Count Basie, as we'd expect, has groupies. They clap at inappropriate times, cheer, and stand close to the musicians. Very close. Some of them are on pensions and have been Count Basie groupies for 30 years.

All things considered, a big band show in Lincoln is a lot like a rock show in Lincoln. Besides roadies, groupies and critics, there are brooding, silent loners, cliques, and more than a few lampshade wearers. True, they appear to be of a different generation, but that merely heightens the interest of the concert sociologist.

And since we're on the subject, maybe I should scrawl an evaluation of the Basie show. For that I asked a retired farmer, a critic who remembers the Count from the old days. He said, with the laconic rhetoric of all good critics, that the show was "groovy."

Money makes marriage go-round

It was *Family Circle* magazine that almost destroyed Lis and Woofie Tweeter's family circle. The trouble began when Lis read in the April issue that the monetary value of a housewife's labors was now \$13,393 a year.

"It isn't fair," said Lis frowning. "I'm doing \$13,393 worth of work for you and you're not paying me a cent. I thought we agreed to be free and equal partners in our marriage."

"You know I'm all for women's lib," said Woofie, looking up from his *Hi-Fi Digest*, "but I can't afford you, Lis. I make only \$18,000 a year."

"Seeing you're my husband," said Lis generously, "I'll charge you only \$12,000."

arthur hoppe **innocent bystander**

"But I'd have just \$6,000 left," said Woofie. "I couldn't pay half our expenses with that."

Lis chewed thoughtfully on a fingernail. "I know!" she cried. "I'll hire you as my assistant. For example, I'll pay you to babysit Joshua when I go to my macrame class. That way, you can earn enough to pay your half of our expenses."

"Don't you see, Woofie?" she said happily. "We'll have the very first free and equal partnership based on a fair and logical financial arrangement."

As Woofie could think of no nonmale chauvinist pig

objections, he gave Lis \$1,000 on the first of the month, keeping \$500 for himself. Lis labeled a large jar, "Woofie's Bills for Services."

The day of reckoning came on the 30th when Lis opened the jar. "Let's see," she said, going through Woofie's bills, "garbage removal service, \$20; dishwashing at \$2 an hour, \$47; babysitting at \$2 an hour... I never pay more than \$1.50 for babysitting."

"Don't you support extending the minimum wage law to domestics?" Woofie asked.

"I forgot," Lis said. "Wait a minute, what's this? House Call, \$25."

"You remember. You asked me to take Joshua's temperature and tell you whether he was sick. That's the standard fee for a house call."

After several hours of haggling, they finally agreed that Woofie had earned \$256.25 for the month.

Disaster struck the next week when Woofie made \$525 on a flyer he had taken earlier in the market. He came home, sat down and when Lis asked for help with the dishes, he merely shook his head.

"I don't have to," he said. "I've already earned my share for the month. Fair is fair."

"Damn!" said Lis, banging a few pots and pans. "I wish you'd hurry up and double your salary so we could afford a maid."

"Oh, no," said Woofie cheerily. "If I made \$36,000 and paid you \$12,000, I'd still have \$24,000. So you'd have to do all the housework and get a job paying you \$12,000 more to meet your equal share of our expenses. You better hope we never get rich. You couldn't afford me."

That night in bed they agreed to scrap their fair and logical financial system. Lis figured it was either that, or their free and equal marriage.

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