

The wizard of rock by Lucian K. Truscott IV Aborting abortion reform
Freaking out in the control tower Kissing off celebrity journalism
A new movie from Disney Abby Rockefeller and her toilet by Arthur Lubow

AUGUST 5, 1977 \$1.00
THE FEATURE NEWS MAGAZINE

News **Times**®

LEARNING TO LOVE THE NEUTRON BOMB

BY ROBERT
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740816 HRR 06460099 1412 JUN06
1980
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INSIDE THE HOTEL CALIFORNIA

Once upon a time, rock and roll was the primal scream of adolescence. Rock meant that a huge mass of young people had peered down society's throat and been hurled back, yelling. It was the ethic of Loud. "It ain't me, babe," it screamed, and the young people careened off to do things their way. For a while, they succeeded. Rock grew so big, so fast, that the businessmen who controlled it couldn't keep up with it. But then it grew so big that the people who made the music, the rock stars, the producers, the audience, couldn't keep up with it either. So they got stoned. Or died. Or went straight. Rebellion made rock music go, but the final rebellion was against your own body.

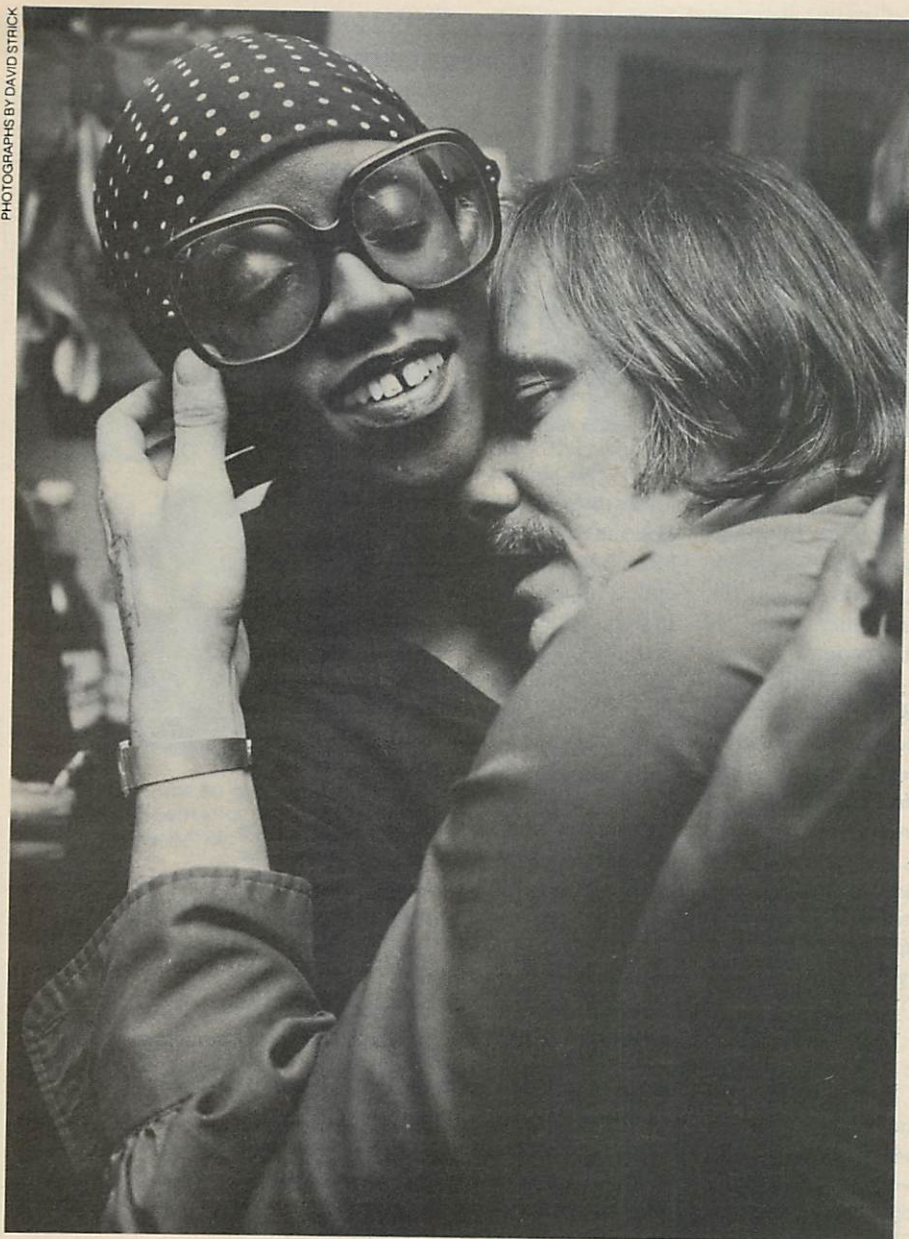
Gary Kellgren feels shitty. He is lying on a bed in the "Rack Room" of the Record Plant in Los Angeles, the multi-million-dollar independent recording studio of which he is half-owner and acknowledged creative genius, the place out of which the hits—"Hotel California," "New Kid in Town," "Isn't She Lovely"—literally keep on coming. And this morning at 2 a.m., as he does every morning at 2 a.m., Gary Kellgren feels just terrible. He is lying on his back in the middle of a king-size bed, with his left arm flung across his forehead, and he has left word with the security desk that he will receive no visitors. Still, four solicitous friends have coned their way past two guards and three locked doors, and have arrived at the Rack Room to find Gary pissing blood.

He pisses blood in a little bathroom just off the Rack Room. Then he returns to his position on the king-size bed, only to rise again in a few minutes to piss some more blood. It's a painful sound, echoing through the narrow door, *splat*, pause, *splat* . . . irregular and . . . suspenseful. It makes everyone in the Rack Room nervous, but nobody does anything. They just sit there and watch Gary stumble from bed to bathroom to bed.

His shirt is open to the waist, and in the dim light his chest is bony, pale. His salt-and-pepper head is resting on a huge wooden roller, around which is coiled about 30 feet of thick hemp rope in the manner of a medieval torture rack. Kellgren's eyelids hang at permanent half-mast, and his eyes have a dull finish, like varnish gone yellow. His spindly arms protrude from a brown print Qiana shirt and lie on the patchwork velvet bedspread like stains in the fabric. He is so wasted he makes Mick Jagger look like Arnold Schwarzenegger; so gray he makes Keith Richard look like a Beach Boy. His right foot taps the air slowly, a full count off the beat of the music that seeps into the room from speakers mounted on a shelf above the bed. The music, in contrast to the bizarre surroundings, is soft, what they call today the "mellow sound." Occasionally Kellgren's eyelids close completely, his right foot stops tapping the air, his chin falls to his skinny chest, his arms seem to sag and get even thinner, and he looks . . . dead.

The people around Gary are very concerned. Their voices are constantly whispering: "Gary? Are you all right? Can I get you anything?" There is the voice of an A&R man for a major record label, and those of three women, or girls, actually. One of them a dark, attractive Chinese-American; another a short brunette wearing a macrame top which shows her unblushing nipples and aureolae; the third a lanky blond with the squeaky, gum-cracking voice of a 13-year-old. They keep whispering about how little sleep Gary has gotten in the past week, how long it's been since he ate anything, whether or not he wants another Coors, another glass of Calistuga water, another pill . . .

Indeed, there is about the scene that surrounds Kellgren on this night an atmosphere of reverence. We are in the presence of one who has made a lifestyle of suffering. Gary Kellgren doesn't just feel shittier than the rest of us, he feels



Wasted times: Gary Kellgren rests for a moment from his intense lifestyle in L.A.'s Record Plant with old pal Kristin Gaines; (bottom) Gary and friends ingest the stuff of rock dreams in the Rack Room

shitty for us. He seems to have taken upon his shoulders the entire weight of the old rock and roll ethic, the sensibility which once demanded that one live life right out to the edge, take every chance, do every drug, experience every high, dig every low, keep oneself awake every possible moment until finally one crashes and reaches the state of new bliss, the perpetual hangover . . .

Gary Kellgren has been hung over for years. Thirteen years, to be exact, in the rock business . . . 13 years of hassles, man . . . 13 years of making hits and *bucking those forces you can't see* . . . 13 years of *fighting off that little army of straight gnomes that are always ready to fuck things up* . . . and all for what? For another night in the Rack Room? Another night spent puzzling out the Problem, dreaming the Dream—how to make the Record Plant bigger, make it better, make it the only recording studio anybody who's anybody would want to use, the Last Recording Studio on Earth, a place that will contain Kellgren's rock and roll dream, a dream of rock as the lifeblood of the New Hollywood, the thing that will keep all the other dreams alive, preserve the true spirit of Hollywood, a spirit of fantasy . . . you remember the spirit! It was at the heart of *The Wizard of Oz*: get to the Wizard and all your dreams come true! It's like the final dream of childhood, that terminal kid-thing represented by the old game of Three Wishes. Every kid, at least once, tried the most obvious first wish of all, that all your other wishes would come true. Well, that was the old rock and roll dream, really, though not many people understood it, and that was Gary Kellgren's dream; to achieve it, Kellgren cast himself in the role of the Wizard, the Man To See, the man behind the curtain pulling the levers . . . running the machines . . . but somehow it's gotten twisted. Somehow, Gary has ended up pissing blood.

He's up! Sitting, standing now on wobbly legs, Kellgren grimaces and everyone in the room grimaces with him. His left arm rises, and eyes follow it as if he were a magician holding a scarf aloft. Kellgren grimaces again, opens his eyes fully for the first time in several hours, squints across the room and waves his arm as if sweeping aside a curtain. He's trying to say something. Everyone senses it. No one dares move for fear they will break Kellgren's fragile concentration. Gary's face, often an impassive mask, suddenly contorts into a fierce sneer.

His hands move in quick, karate-

like chops, then stop. Kellgren is peering between a narrow slit formed by his hands, stiff, knife-edged. His right hand circles slowly to the side, then down. At the bottom of its arc, his hand forms a fist and jabs sharply up, like an uppercut thrown at the solar plexus.

"Vision," says Kellgren in a throaty, authoritative rumble. His right fist hangs in the air, then circles down and jabs up again and again to punctuate his words: "New (jab) vision (jab). Look (jab) at (jab) the (jab) business (jab) man (jab). Chrome (jab) steel (jab) stainless (jab) steel (jab). Only (jab) business (jab) shines (jab). Rock (jab) is (jab) gone (jab)."

Kellgren swallows his final word like a Quaalude. His fist is hanging in the air, and he gazes slowly about the room, grinning. Heads nod in agreement. Gary has just explained the death of rock. Unlike the businessmen who run it, the media who still suck it dry, Gary has no excuses; he looks like he's about to die because he understands that rock—true rock—always meant you should never grow old. He is 38. Kellgren's face twitches in handsome agony.

One of the girls helps him to the bathroom. The other girls tip-toe from the Rack Room. Gary might crash, they whisper. It is 5 a.m., and for the first time in over 48 hours, Gary Kellgren looks like he might get some sleep.

Twenty-four hours later, we are in Studio A of the Record Plant. Kellgren seems rested. He's been sitting in the Rack Room for two hours drinking Coors, reading *Billboard* and consulting the Record Plant schedule. As usual, all four studios are booked nearly around the clock. At this very moment, Bette Midler is working Studio B, and Frank Zappa has set up a second home in Studio C. The Eagles and the Tubes are recent departures, as are Dave Mason and Bill Withers. The Record Plant is so popular some groups check into it like they would into a motel, using the Rack Room, the "Sissy Room" and the "Boat Room," with a nautical motif. There is also another room jokingly referred to as the "Anne Frank" room, because it contains a hidden cubbyhole beneath a loft bed. The Eagles' hit single, "Hotel California," appears to be about the Record Plant. It seems possible to enter the massive complex and never return. The place has a vortexlike quality which Kellgren built into it by design.

Lucian K. Truscott IV last reported on Clay Felker for New Times. He is currently at work on a novel about West Point.

"I opened this place in 1969," Gary says, standing in the middle of Studio A. "Eight years ago, this studio was the only one of its kind in the world. We had a party here in this very room. Princes and princesses, pimps and aristocrats, dealers and movie stars, all of them came to the opening of the Record Plant. It was like the beginning of the dream I started back in an old warehouse off tin-pan alley in New York [this was the first Record Plant]: the idea that a studio is your home because it's my home, too. I stayed up for a whole year, the whole year, 1969, working on this

cause of Gary Kellgren. Gary not only has "ears," he has Ears. Chris Stone, Gary's long-time friend and half-owner of the Record Plant, knows about Kellgren's Ears. "I was there when he recorded Barbra Streisand, Paul Anka. He recorded Anka for years. *Everything* he touched in the studio was a hit. Gary is remarkable in the studio. He really is. He's like a secret Phil Spector."

Producer Margouloff has brought two tapes with him, cut by groups he produces and manages. He will play them for Kellgren, and wait expectantly for Kellgren's response. The first is a



PHOTOGRAPHS BY DAVID STRICK

place. That's what you have to do to make it in the music business. You work six days a week, and then on the seventh you keep on working. It's beyond a god trip, man. You want to make it in this business, you do the same thing the stars do. They've got to be on top of their image thing, the studio thing, the performance thing, 24 hours a day, seven days a week, all the time. People think rock and roll is what they read in *Rolling Stone*. People don't know shit."

We are joined by Bob Margouloff, who has just finished co-producing Billy Preston's latest album, and is credited by those in-the-know with having "ears," for being the genius behind the scenes on Stevie Wonder's monster album, *Songs in the Key of Life*. But Margouloff has dropped by the Record Plant for the same reason the place is a hang-out for Rolling Stones, ex-Beatles, Clapton-CreamWinwood—the heaviest rock and roll people come to the Record Plant because its studios have a certain sound they're looking for, and they come be-

soul/disco group. The tunes are catchy, up-tempo—pumped up with strings, synthesizer and complicated electronic effects that push disco into a kind of modern Young Rascals sound. Kellgren closes his eyes and nods his head. After two cuts he raises his hand. That's enough.

Margouloff scrambles to play the second tape. He wraps the thick 16-track tape around the idler wheels and tape head, punches a button, and the big Westlake Studio Monitors (designed by Kellgren and Tom Hidley) play a country-rock tune. The music is undistinguished—a hybrid of early Byrds and modern outlaw country. Kellgren doesn't move. The song finishes, and Margouloff pushes a fast-forward button. The monitors scream as he searches for another cut. Another country-rock tune, this one more Eagles-influenced. Less than a minute into the song Kellgren gets up from his reclining leather producer's chair, walks across the control room, and punches a large red lever

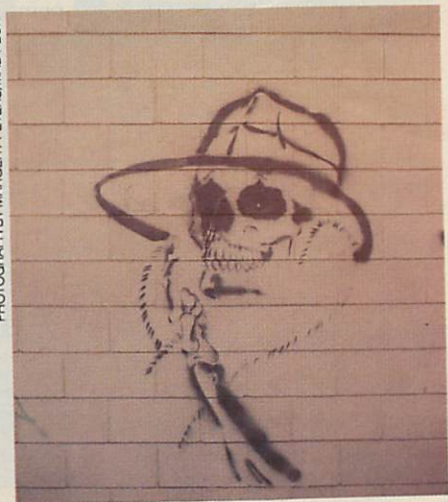


marked "STOP." He walks back and flops in his chair. He runs both hands through his hair. He looks tired again. "That fucking music isn't saying anything to me," he says. The tape rewinds with a soft whisper. Margoueff has a look of resignation on his face. Tomorrow he'll fly all the way to Indianapolis to pick up a Lamborghini sports car. Tonight he claims not to have been surprised by Kellgren's blunt reaction.

"That's what I came over to play the tape for," he explains. "One listen from Gary can save you thousands in studio time."

Kellgren exists in a sphere of pure sound. He always did. Engineer Jimmy Robinson was with Kellgren in the early days, before the Record Plants. "Gary had a dubbing studio around the corner from 1619 Broadway, the Brill Building," Robinson recalls. "Everybody

PHOTOGRAPH BY MARGERY PETERS/MAD PECK



In the Land of Oz: Gary does business from a prone position (top left); the Castle, where Gary dreamed his impossible dream (top center); the Wizard lecturing (bottom); and a death's head graffito on the Record Plant wall

from 1619 used to come over to cut demos. Carole King, Neil Diamond, Paul Anka, the whole early sixties rock scene would be there. Neil Diamond would be up in 1619 in his little cubicle, and he'd write five songs, and he'd run around the corner to Gary's studio, put down \$50 for 30 minutes of studio time, cut five tunes backing himself up on guitar, run back around the corner to 1619 and sell them for \$50 each, for a \$200 profit. Then Gary opened up a regular studio, with like a two-track taping system, the early days of stereo. But he was never satisfied. All the studios were like bare rooms, with green paint and linoleum floors . . . it was like making music inside a hospital ward. So finally, in 1967, he got together with Chris Stone, who was working for Revlon, and this heiress to the Revlon fortune. Stone was the businessman, Gary was the engineer, and the lady was the bread. When they built the first Record Plant, it was like a spaceship."

Now Gary wanders from one stu-

dio to another in an almost sleepwalk state, shuffling along in loafers that are one size too big, so he can slip into them without reaching down to pull them on. Nothing matters but the sound that is being produced in Studio A, Studio B, Studio C, Studio D. Every room can be completely closed-off, darkened, turned into a capsule in which there is no day, no night, no input other than that which is created by the occupant. Kellgren has specialized in creating special environments in which musicians can work. Studio B in the L.A. Record Plant was designed by Kellgren and built specifically for Stevie Wonder. One of the studios in the Sausalito Record Plant, a place known as "The Pit," was built especially for Sly Stone. Kellgren's reputation as an electronics genius knows no bounds. Kellgren was the first engineer to introduce "phasing," a technique that produces a jet-type sound. Until that point, recording had a one-dimensional quality. Gary was experimenting with sound all the time. He changed rock. His is a legend that has been built up, little by little.

A musician will be in one of the Record Plant studios, completely blocked. He wants to create a sound, a specific sound which should sound just like *this*—he purses his lips and out comes a wheeze—and nothing the band does can produce that sound. Kellgren appears. He listens to the pursed lips of the famous musician. His Ears focus in on the wheeze, *exactly* what that wheeze sounds like. He disappears. A little while later he reappears with a small metal box. Inside can be seen wires, resistors, transistors, capacitors, endless little electronic gadgets. Into one side of the box he plugs a guitar. Into the other side he plugs the lead to the amplifier. He tells the musician to strum a certain chord. Kellgren picks up the box and adjusts a small knob. He tells the musician to strum the same chord again. The amplifier emits a wheeze, *the* wheeze. Only minutes ago he was wheezing through pursed lips. His block is broken. Work resumes. Kellgren disappears.

The first hit album the Record Plant produced was Jimi Hendrix's *Electric Ladyland*. (When Hendrix died, Gary turned 80 tapes of Hendrix jamming—1,200 hours of Jimi—over to the Hendrix estate.) Its first hit single was "Don't Bogart that Joint" by the Fraternity of Man. Hundreds of rock stars have plugged into the Record Plant consoles since then. All of Ringo Starr's L.A. hits were recorded there. The place is a second home to groups like the Eagles, stars like Rod Stewart. When the Concert for Bangladesh was taped, it

was to Kellgren the heavies turned as engineer, to master the tape for the record. He has engineered and produced records for Ron Wood and Bill Wyman (*Stone Alone*). Even if he had done nothing else in his life, Kellgren would be famous among musicians for a jam he produced in March of 1975, a never-released song called "Too Many Cooks." Present for the session were John Lennon, Stevie Wonder, Billy Preston, Mick Jagger, Al Wilson, Harry Nilsson, Jim Keltner, Ringo Starr and Danny Kootch. The song was aptly titled. At one point, Jagger expressed displeasure with the way things were going. Kellgren reportedly told him to "sit on it." Nothing else was said.

One senses, after awhile, that Kellgren's command of the technological milieu that he dominates puts him out of reach of conventional adulation, yet is the source of his curious brand of fame. Gary has figured fame out. To him, fame is a series of boxes, one within the other. The biggest box is the fans. They are constantly trying to get inside the next smallest box, which contains the stars. The fans want to get backstage, they want in the hotel room, they hunger at the door of the studio. But there is another box, inside the box containing the rock stars. It is a box the fans don't even know about. The box contains Gary Kellgren. The box is the Record Plant. Kellgren simply lies there every night on his back in the Rack Room, waiting for the stars to knock on his door, waiting for his multi-button phone to buzz.

Sooner or later it happens. This one wants a favor. That one wants him to listen to the latest cut, listen with those Ears, to see if the horns shouldn't be brought up a little, if the bass needs more BOOM. They come to the Record Plant and pay for Gary's marvelous machines. They pay for his Ears. It's the true currency of celebrity: cash.

Kellgren's groupies are rock stars. His Record Plant is the small intestine in the digestive system of the rock business. His machines break music down into its nutritional components, they turn sound into electrical energy and place it on electromagnetic tape, from whence it is transferred onto plastic discs, where it is picked up by diamond styluses and becomes electrical impulses once again; these are amplified and pushed through speakers, air molecules in motion, which is what they were to begin with. The Record Plant's machines turn rock and roll into ear food for the masses, and Gary Kellgren is the

appendix of the musical digestive system. He just lies there and collects the poisons. His physical condition and the Record Plant itself is evidence that it has been Kellgren's life-long ambition to fuck with nature.

Self-denial and physical and psychological abuse are Kellgren's way of life; its by-product is thinness, a measure of one's dedication. Fucking with technological systems and with your own system become synonymous. And Kellgren is not alone. It's not uncommon to visit one of the restaurants frequented by aspiring actors, actresses, singers and musicians in Los Angeles and find someone in the restroom stall next to you with a finger down the throat, throwing up a meal just shared with an agent. Such is the premium placed on denial and abuse. The constant snuffle of the cocaine cold, the sound of up-chuck and the ringing of the telephone are the soundtrack of the Hollywood struggle. Gary often hangs up the receiver after a long, stage-whispered conversation, and announces to those who surround him on the bed in the Rack Room: "Jesus, that chick gives great phone."

At the urging of a friend, Kellgren has visited a doctor. Now, sitting on the floor of the Anne Frank room in the company of two gentlemen from East L.A., who have come bearing gifts of shiny white powder, Kellgren tells of his visit: "Turns out I've got a kidney stone, man," says Kellgren. He is unusually talkative and excitable, and he is sniffing. "A goddam kidney stone! I should have figured, with all that blood I was pissing." It is pointed out that these days a kidney stone is a minor medical matter, requiring only the administration of a drug which dissolves the stone, passing it from the body with the urine.

"Yeah, the doctor told me about that drug, but I'm not taking it. I told him to forget it. I want to be cut." One of the Chicano gentlemen from East L.A. is visibly agitated at the thought.

"I already had the doctor book me into the hospital," Kellgren explains, noticing the queasy look on the face of the Chicano. "I'm gonna have him open me up and cut the little fucker out. He says it's been in there so long it's probably about the size of my thumbnail. It's like a calcium ball, with sharp little edges on it. That's what makes me bleed. The stone cuts into the walls of my kidney. Anyway, I'm gonna have him cut it out, and then I'm gonna have a ring made, so when I walk into a room and somebody says, 'Hey, man, that's a far-out ring, what kind of stone is it?' I can hold it

up—it'll be gold-mounted, and the doctor says it'll look kinda like a white agate—I can hold it up to the light and say, 'kidney.'

We are in the grand ballroom of a rambling old mansion above Sunset Boulevard, in the foothills of the Hollywood hills. Built in 1929, now rented by Kellgren, the place was once owned by Buster Keaton. Its most recent occupant was Noah Dietrich, a high-level aide to the late billionaire Howard Hughes.

In a corner of the huge, empty room, near a 50-foot expanse of leaded windows that overlook the entire Los Angeles basin, is a large plywood board on which is mounted a clay replica of the property. The mansion is set on four acres that run in a narrow rectangle up the hill. It is one of the last great Hollywood mansions.

The model is elaborately detailed. Every tree is accurately reproduced, and the mansion itself has been carefully etched in clay, every stone wall and turret carved to scale. The plywood board is slanted, approximating the angle of the hillside. Above the mansion, where now there are only scrub oak and pine, the model shows a medieval village—a collection of thatched-roof houses, connected by paths. The clay model is surrounded by a wall, turning the hillside into a compound, a small fort accessible through a single gateway where Sweetzer Street dead-ends.

The clay model was built by an architect, and plans exist for the actual construction of the four-acre fort. The mansion is known around the Record Plant as "the Castle," after its turreted military-gothic architecture, and it is Gary Kellgren's final obsession. He has spent upwards of \$150,000 on the plans for what he hoped would be his ultimate vision of the Record Plant as it truly should be: a place apart in time and space from the rest of the world, a sphere in which rock and roll music can once again be magical, and in which Gary Kellgren is undisputed master magician.

But at 4 a.m., in the main ballroom of the Castle, Gary Kellgren is alone in the vaulted room, pacing its terra cotta floors, lamenting the demise of his dream. For no matter how many strings he pulls, how many friends he calls on for help, how many parties he throws in the Castle, spinning his verbal vision of the dream long into the night, standing at the model, pointing to its exquisite details, its delicious excess, all of it in the "true spirit of Hollywood," as he says, no matter what he does or how

much money he spends, nothing can bring about the zoning ordinance change necessary to transfer the Castle and its four empty acres from residential to commercial. Without such a zoning change, Gary's dream for the ultimate Record Plant is dead. It's that little army of straight gnomes again.

There are only a few days left on the lease, for which Kellgren has been paying \$4,500 a month. All of the furniture has been moved out of the mansion, and the place has a dusty, decaying aroma. None of its half-dozen bathrooms have been cleaned in weeks, and the kitchen looks like something out of a Dennis Hopper movie about the grooviness of communes. Everywhere there is filth, the silent remains of defeat.

Upstairs there are noises—a blaring stereo, a television turned up to compete with the music, a final party at the Castle. Now Kellgren and a group of friends are descending the winding staircase. He has gotten himself up as a jester—or is he a wizard? A long piece of white silk is wrapped around his head like a turban, and another piece forms a sash about his waist. In his right hand is a pointer, in his left, a bottle of Coors. He mounts a platform next to the clay model of his dream village. Four green lights surround the model, and their hoods illuminate his legs but not his face, giving his words a weird, disembodied life. In the empty stone ballroom, his voice echoes as he cracks the pointer against the plywood edge of the clay model in anger. The pointer comes down again and again, the sharp sound of wood against wood reverberating through the old mansion like gunshots:

"Debbie Reynolds (CRACK) is behind this thing 100 percent (CRACK)," says Kellgren, shifting his weight from one foot to another. "She's sitting there (CRACK), with \$3 million (CRACK) in furniture (CRACK) and memorabilia (CRACK), including part of the set (CRACK) to the Wizard of Oz (CRACK), which starred Judy Garland (CRACK), that was shot here (CRACK). And this is called Emerald City (CRACK), Oz (CRACK), Oz (CRACK) Oz (CRACK), a take-off from the name Ez (CRACK). All I'm trying to do (CRACK) is preserve the place (CRACK), preserve a little of the old HOLLYWOOD (CRACK). But I'm gonna lose (CRACK) it, and then it's up for grabs (CRACK). They'll build a tinsel tower here (CRACK), right here (CRACK), where I wanted to build my final version of the Record Plant (CRACK), make it everything it should be (CRACK), everything it could be (CRACK). Now it's just going to be pissed away (CRACK) because we

can't get a fucking (CRACK) zoning (CRACK) ordinance (CRACK) changed (CRACK). It's sick, man (CRACK). Sick."

It's later the same night, and we're back in the Rack Room. It's getting light outside, an occasion that always seems to depress Kellgren. He and a young lady are standing in the bathroom going through a process which Kellgren repeats at least a half-dozen times a day. He takes a glass, adds two tablespoons of baking soda, fills it with water, hands it to the girl. He instructs her to gargle, which she does. When she is finished, he repeats the procedure, smacking his tongue against the roof of his mouth. Then he pulls from his pocket a prophylactic containing a white powder. With the corner of a book of Record Plant matches, he shovels a small portion of the powder into the mouth of the girl, ordering her to swallow it. She does. He takes the same quantity on the back of his tongue, and with a grin, swallows it. The girl has a perplexed look.

"I can never get used to that stuff," she says. It is unclear to which powder she is referring.

Kellgren seems suddenly agitated, full of energy. It is as if the eulogy for his "Emerald City" had never been uttered. He is reading the latest issue of *Billboard*. He picks up the Record Plant schedule for the next day and studies it. Then, to no one in particular, he talks about dying. It is a subject to which he returns almost every morning, when he knows that outside, the sun has come up.

"When I go, I'm going in class," he says, lying on his back, head resting on the wooden roller, his left arm thrown across his face. The girl with the freshly washed mouth absentmindedly massages his hairless chest. "I'm gonna call a limousine, have it pull right up outside here in the parking lot, and I'm gonna climb in the back seat and tell the driver to take me down to the beach. It's gonna be one of those limousines with the smoked glass, so you can see out, but they can't see in. I'm gonna sit back there with my feet up, with a tape on the 8-track, and I'm gonna polish my nails as we drive down to the beach. I'm gonna polish and polish them, shine them and polish them until they seem like chrome. When I go, I'm gonna have Electraglide nails, man, because I can't think of anything worse than having dirty nails, man. Electraglide nails, man. When they catch the light, they're gonna be as bright as chrome. They're gonna blind you, man. I'm gonna have Electraglide nails when I die. Let those fuckers try to take that from me, man. Just let them." ●

NewTimes

AUGUST 5, 1977
VOLUME 9, NUMBER 3

The Neutron Bomb

Scoop Jackson chomped peanuts; Hubert Humphrey said, "I trust this president"; George McGovern rolled his eyes to the ceiling. And so the Senate proceeded to approve the construction of the neutron warhead. And why not? As Strom Thurmond put it, it is terrific at killing people, and "the enemy is people."

By Robert Sam Anson
Page 24



This side of Doomsday

Welcome to the exotic world of Mutual Assured Destruction—MAD.

By Donald Neff
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Composting the sixties

Attempting to mesh the realism of the seventies with the idealism of the sixties, heiress Abby Rockefeller stumbled upon the Clivus Multrum. Instead of buying bonds, she bought a toilet that churns out fertilizer.

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COVER
PHOTOGRAPH BY RON DE MILT
CARTER'S HEAD PHOTO
BY DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

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Out of control

Relaxing on board a DC-10, preparing for landing, passengers rarely worry about the emotional stability, drinking problems or suicidal tendencies of the man in the control tower. Perhaps they should.

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Inside the Hotel California

Is rock and roll dead? Or even dying? The Record Plant's Gary Kellgren, the wasted wizard of wax, the engineering master who the biggies turn to for hits, thinks it is.

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Movies: More Disneyfied mice—what would Walt have said?

New mouse adventures, minus Mickey, in *The Rescuers*.

By Richard Corliss
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Final Tribute

To the stars, even hatchet jobs are acceptable.

By Marie Brenner
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