

concert on the mall. Watt, according to his retelling in *The Courage of a Conservative*, had issued a memo stating that the July 4, 1983, performances on the mall in Washington, DC, be those that “point to the glories of America in a patriotic and inspirational way that will attract the family.” It seems that during the previous year’s event, at which the Grass Roots (a band that in 1982 must have been on about its 12th revival tour in an unmemorable career) played, drugs were in evidence. Instead of announcing a drug crackdown, Watt seems to have figured that an appeal to the flag would be more satisfactory. Euphemisms can get you into trouble. Watt remembers: “Newspapers and media flashed across America the ‘news’ that I had cancelled The Beach Boys concert. I had, in fact, done no such thing. I had not used their name, nor had any reference been made to them either directly or indirectly by me or anyone else. I learned later that they had not even been booked in the first place.”

For Watt it was a fiasco, made worse by the appearance of Wayne Newton as the paragon of family entertainment. Let’s face it: Las Vegas isn’t exactly the mecca of family values. Even in Sodom it had a bad name. By those standards, The Beach Boys were paragons of apple pie virtue. They couldn’t have bought better publicity. A few years later, the Boys have added Vegas to their schedule.

The Beach Boys seem to thrive on martyrdom. Why else would they sing backup vocals for The Fat Boys? Then there’s the reaction to David Lee Roth, perennial bad boy who did a cover of “California Girls”—a version that doesn’t smell of Ivory soap. “California Girls” became a hit, and since The Beach Boys seem to be incapable of performing any songs that they didn’t do 20 years ago. Mike Love now has to introduce the song with remarks like “Now we’ll show you how it’s *really* done.”

In 1966, The Who was big on the charts with “My Generation,” the song with that nefarious line, “Hope I die before I get old.” It was all the more outrageous then—though we now look at it while we cluck our tongues knowingly—because 1966 was the year that we were singing along with the feel-good “Barbara Ann,” “Good

Vibrations,” and “Sloop John B.”

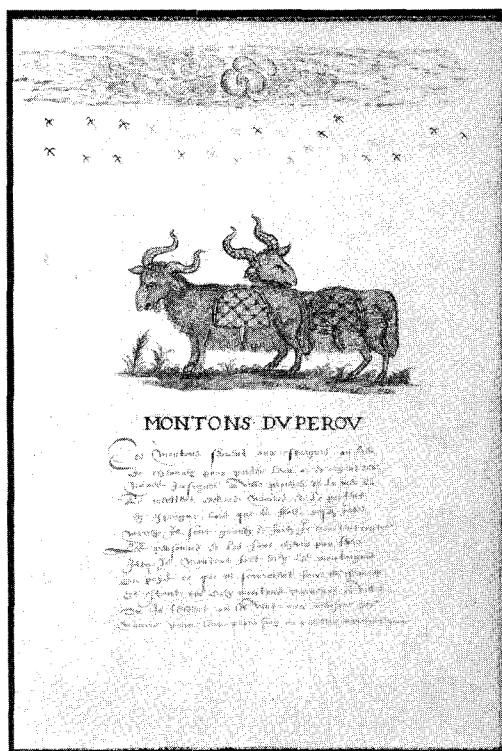
A few years ago, The Who had its farewell tour. Recently, the word was out that too high life-styles of now-older band members were going to result in a return of the quartet. The group was confident that a few appearances would get their creditors off their doorsteps. But before the tour was realized, Roger Daltry announced that he was retiring; he observed that he thought it ridiculous for a man who could be a grandfather to try to do pop songs for an audience that consists, for the most part, of allowance-clutching 10-year-olds.

Daltry is certainly one of the best vocalists of my generation; he is, perhaps, our Tony Bennett. I hope that he continues to sing, rather than concentrate entirely on movies, as he has threatened to do. Pete Townshend will undoubtedly continue to take breaks from his editorial duties in London.

In any case, Daltry has learned something that Mike Love will never figure out. Surf’s up, Mike. Why don’t you hang it up and go try to hang ten?

One of Gary Vasilash’s earliest lessons was “Be true to your school, just as you would to your girl.”

ART



Drake at the Morgan

The caption for the drawings of llamas above reads (in part): “These sheep are used by the Spanish to carry their gold and silver from the mines. . . . They are big and strong, and they push into people and make them fall down.” This from the “Drake Manuscript” or *Histoire Naturelle des Indes* (ca. 1590) which was on view at the Morgan last spring. According to Verlyn

Klinkenborg, guest curator of this exhibition, these watercolors were created by an anonymous painter who may or may not have accompanied Sir Francis Drake on his voyages to the New World. (They are somewhat freely rendered; given the common problem of mistaking llamas for a kind of sheep, llamas were often, as here, given horns they don’t possess in nature.) The manuscript was discovered only in 1867 in London and disappeared for a century before being bequeathed to the Morgan by Clara S. Peck in 1983. —Shebaz H. Safrani

Krystyna Jachniewicz

Krystyna Jachniewicz and I studied together at the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw, and received our masters in fine art and illustration in 1979. That year the magazine *Poland* published an article reviewing the work we did for our diplomas and wondering what was going to happen to us. Well, both of us, not so young anymore, have

crossed paths many times since immigrating to the United States. Krystyna has done several illustrations for *Chronicles*, among them the February 1988 cover. The photo, however, is from her first individual show in New York City, held at the Tobe International Gallery in June. It is not easy being an artist, in either country. From all of us at *Chronicles*, congratulations, Krystyna, on a successful show. (AMW)



POLEMICS & EXCHANGES



On 'Letter from B.U.'

Since I am the "neoconservative sociologist" referred to in S. Steven Powell's article ("Letter From B.U.," September 1988), I suppose that it falls to me to respond to it, distasteful though this is. Apart from its distorted account of Powell's quest for a dissertation topic, the article is an exhibit of monumental ingratitude toward an institution and a group of people who went to considerable lengths trying to be helpful to a young scholar.

I will not engage Powell's description of Boston University as a place saddled with mediocrity and liberal bias. He has the right to his opinion. I will only point out that, as far as the persistence of liberalism on this campus is concerned, this would constitute a backhanded compliment to the administration of Boston University that has often been portrayed as practising a heavy-handed ideological policy: American academia is indeed dominated by liberalism; no administration, whatever its ideological coloration, can alter this within the canons of academic freedom, and there is indeed academic freedom at Boston University.

Powell appeared in my office here,

seemingly a bright, enthusiastic and somewhat unconventional graduate student—just the sort that I, for one, like to help. Among other things I secured a graduate fellowship for him, gave him an office in the research center I direct, introduced him to other individuals and to events that I thought would interest him. I did indeed have difficulties with his proposed dissertation topic. He intended to use as a dissertation a study, already well-advanced upon his arrival at BU, of the Institute for Policy Studies (the study has recently been published as a book). I read portions of this manuscript and discussed the matter with Powell on several occasions. I could not see my way to supervising this dissertation for two reasons—not (as Powell states in the article) because a dissertation should not also be published as a book, but because (as he also states) a dissertation status should not be bestowed *ex post facto* on a work begun elsewhere and without faculty supervision and, most important (which Powell does not mention), because I did not feel competent to evaluate this particular piece of work. Powell thereupon tried to

secure dissertation supervision from other members of the faculty who had similar problems. It was then that he and I agreed that a dissertation on the concept of entrepreneurship would be feasible—not because it was "some irrelevant academic subject about which no one was likely to object," but because it was possible to assemble a competent committee under my supervision and because it appeared likely that Powell could do the necessary work in a reasonable period of time.

This, then, was the dissertation that Powell completed at BU. He worked on it with great diligence and he produced an acceptable manuscript. All three members of his committee (myself as sociologist, a political scientist and an economist) provided the usual criticisms and suggestions. The economist on the committee, a very distinguished member of the BU faculty, went to extraordinary lengths to help Powell complete the work in time for a June graduation. I too will not forget the "last all-nighters" that Powell mentions in his article. The economist on the committee was sick in bed and nevertheless agreed to have Powell