

RAP--Records, Arts, Publications

by Ann Kirby

Some 35 students at MAC were heard days before it happened! "Disco Daze" was the rage and only a good dose of "Commodore" could ease the pain. On the night of October 31, we began about 6:30, waiting outside the Civic Center in Asheville. By 7:30 we had our seats and were very much anticipating a Halloween "rock-out."

Despite conditions in Asheville, my party decided we would be optimistic about the situation. It is really hard to understand the purpose of building a somewhat small auditorium and then refusing to sell out concerts. Some 600 good seats were not utilized, due to the summer discovery that the civic center is a fire hazard when packed to capacity. It was then apparent to me why Asheville seldom entertains famous bands, plays, operas, etc. If I was an Asheville taxpayer, I could truly get upset at this unwise and

silly misuse of city funds. But wait... this isn't an editorial, this a review. "The Emotions" took the stage first and attention was somewhat lacking. However, the lighting and the sound system somehow lacked more. "The Emotions" should be commended for their persistent energy and vitality. The opening number, "Rejoice" was perhaps the best example of these three foxy women's ability to project and move in spite of their surroundings.

At approximately 9:45, the COMMODORES appeared, wearing gold and jamming to the max! People began to move out of their seats and before I knew it Asheville came to life! Songs such as "Zoom" and "Funny Feeling" were great. Calming the mood with "Easy" "Sweet Love" and "Just to be Close to You, Girl" easily mellowed out the evening. Dessert consisted of 25 minutes of "Brickhouse." It, too, was great in spite of Asheville's own somewhat plump Brickhouses, who were elected and did something

unrecognizable to most mortals on stage during the song. But why dwell on those gross souls? COMMODORES demand participation to enjoy and because those of us who could forget about Asheville, school, and work for just a few minutes were willing to participate, we thoroughly enjoyed them. The COMMODORES will probably

never return to Asheville, yet, there is a note of philosophy learned in viewing them: Fun is not always handed to us easily. When we are required to give some and work some to obtain it then, and only then, can satisfaction be real! Make the most and the most will soon be given back to you!



PHIL KEAGGY IN CONCERT HERE AT MONTREAT WEDNESDAY NIGHT. ANN KIRBY WILL HAVE AN INTERESTING ARTICLE CONCERNING THIS CONCERT NEXT ISSUE

★ Meadows' Meditations Presents ★

Earl Zelswick before Honor Council

"I didn't do it!"; cried Earl Zelswick much in the same way Nixon exclaimed the identical phrase in 1974. "It was a frame!" The worst of all possibilities open to a MAC student had befallen Earl Zelswick, our Freshman at large. Yes, he was to appear before Honor Council in 3 days, 4 hours, and 25 minutes. (Readers, it is now appropriate to play in your mind from memory the theme song from Dragnet)

But our story begins before this, back when Earl first committed that one most portentous (that means terrible) unlawful act...

It was a cold, windy Thursday night and Earl lay slumberly in his bed. He had just laid aside his latest copy of DETECTIVE MAGAZINE and was slipping away into a fantasy world of make-believe, of serenity, bliss... BLAM, BLAM, BLAM! Suddenly a torrential knocking from outside his door awakened him unto reality.

"Fire drill, fire drill!"; shouted a voice from outside. Earl arose and staggered towards the door and

exclaimed "What the -" The dorm resident scurried over to Earl and said rather matter-of-factly, "this is a fire drill. Everyone must go outside until -"

"You're crazy man! It's colder than a cow's tail out there!"

"Sorry Earl. Everybody has to go!"

"EAT BEANS!"; shouted Earl as he slammed the door.

Well 'that was that' one might think. No? Well that's what Earl thought anyway. The following morning his Hall Counselor instructed Earl that he was to appear before Honor Council in 4 days. (Once again, the Dragnet song, please.) Seconds ticked into minutes, minutes into hours, hours into days, until the day of judgment was upon him.

"Woe is me"; moaned Earl as he entered the Honor Court. Proceedings began. "Earl Zelswick! You have been charged with failure to acknowledge a fire drill and total disrespect for your dorm resident on the night of November 12, 1977. How do you plea?"

"I didn't do it" shouted Earl. "It

was a frame!"

"What?"; said the members of the Honor Court in unison. "12 witnesses testify to the before stated charges as fact"; added the President.

"Well shucks golly. Gee, I'm awfully sorry. It just seemed like the right response. I've heard the expression somewhere before. I'm awfully nervous. can I go to the bathroom?"

"Please wait"; said the Vice-President. "We just want to help you. We are willing to listen -" (The fatal mistake of saying you're willing to listen to Earl Zelswick)

"You see, my problem of insecurity, inferiority, frustration and depression all began with my oatmeal bowl. See, most people's oatmeal bowls had nice things written at the bottom so when you finished all your oatmeal it would say 'Hi there cutie', or 'you're a wonderful person', or 'Yes mother loves you', or stuff like that... you know, nice stuff... when I got down to the bottom of my oatmeal bowl, it said "ALL GONE, DUMMY!"

"Well that is all quite interesting Earl, but considering your admission of guilt, the witnesses statements, and the nature of your offense I'm going to enforce the following disciplinary action: no more nocturnal visits to IKE's for one week!" "Also, you should go apologize to the dorm resident for what you did and show him the real you, and then apologize for that!"

"Will my parents have to know about this?" Earl questioned concerned.

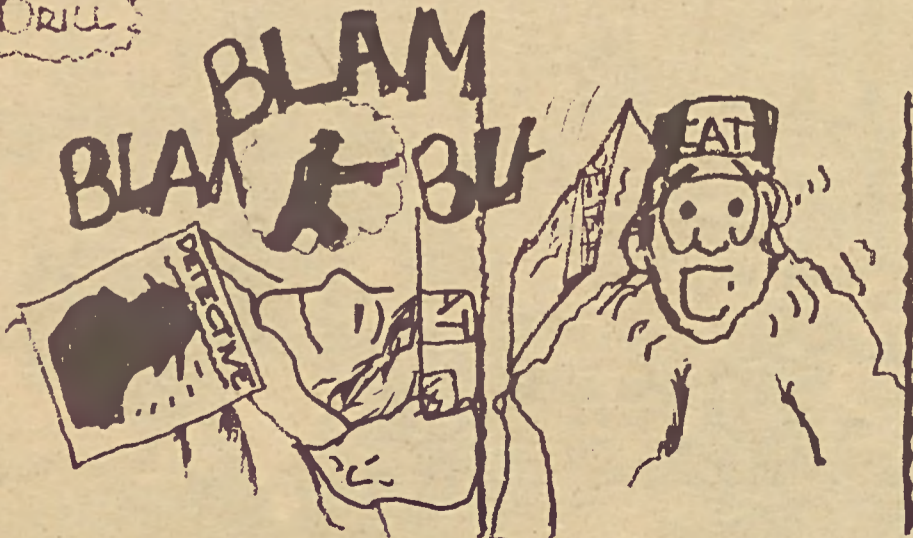
"Definitely", the court said, again in unison.

The proceedings ended and Earl moped out the door. "Boo, hiss!" he cried as he kicked several rocks into infinity. "I'm leaving this place right now!" Just as he was about to get into his car 6 screaming cheerleaders appeared from out of nowhere yelling and screaming, "You can't leave us Earl. We need you!" What could he say? Actually he said nothing. He simply threw up his thumb, said "Hhheeyyy"; and turned them all on to a RC. Earl was to say to fight yet another battle... NEXT ISSUE!!!!

THE ADVENTURES OF EARL ZELSWICK FRESHMAN AT LARGE

CARTOONIST: John Baker

FIRE DRILL



EARL IN BED FIGHTING IT OUT AS A BIG TIME DETECTIVE

WAIT A MINUTE, THAT BLAM, BLAM, BLAM, IS COMING FROM MY DOOR!



FIRE DRILL, EVERYBODY OUTSIDE!



AND THAT, WAS THAT. WRONG. READ ABOVE STORY.