

# Special drinks for all lovers to sip, share

By JOSH KARDON

**A** H, yes, my little love-seekers. Come in, come in. So, you wish a bit of l'amour advice for Valentine's Day, do you? Do not fret, loveless ones. The Fox School of Mixology has thoroughly trained me in the ancient secrets of love inducement. Listen carefully as I divulge the most alluring drink recipes ever concocted. I shall guide you through the many stages of romance—from the initial meeting to that final goodbye.

## Weekend Bartender

What better way to catch the eye of the object of your desires than to whip up a Bloody Mary. Start with 1½ ounces of vodka, four ounces of tomato juice, and one-half ounce of lime juice. Add a dash of Worcestershire sauce, a dash of onion salt, and a dash of pepper. And now for the attention-grabber—add two to seven drops of tabasco sauce, depending upon just how violently you wish to grab their attention. Shake vigorously over ice and garnish with a lime slice or a celery stalk.

The introduction has been made. The time has come to search for common ground. And what better way to do so than over a Sweetheart? Start with three-fourths of an ounce of fraise, a strawberry cordial available at any liquor store. Add one ounce of vodka and a half-ounce of grenadine. Shake over ice and strain.

Now the wheels of romance should be churning at a frantic pace. Ready to dispense with the formalities? Perhaps it is time for something a little more direct, er, potent? Why not Skip and Go Naked? Start with 1½ ounces of gin and the same amount of sweet and sour mix. Add one-half ounce of Kirsch (a cherry-flavored liquor) and one-half ounce of grenadine. Shake with ice. Fill a large glass with ice and half fill with with beer (yes, beer). Strain the other ingredients into the glass and stir.

The moment of truth is approaching. You lured them with Bloody Marys. You tempted them with



A special treat for Valentine's Day... enjoy a Sloe Comfortable Screw for two

Sweethearts. You seduced them with Skip and Go Naked! What is left but to offer them a Sloe Comfortable Screw? Pour one ounce of Southern Comfort and one ounce of sloe gin over ice. Add four ounces of orange juice, shake and get comfortable!

What is this? Trouble in paradise? I just don't understand. These ancient secrets have worked for thousands of years. But, wait my children. I have one more drink now that the end of Valentine's Day is near—the Kamikaze. Pour 1½ ounces of vodka and three-fourths of an ounce of both Rose's lime juice

and Triple Sec. Shake over ice and strain. The Kamikaze is not meant to be sipped; sling it down (hence the name). It may not bring your love back, but it will certainly help you forget.

Have a happy Valentine's Day, despite my shoddy advice. Next week, drinks for some of my least favorite people. W

Josh Kardon, graduate of the Fox School of Mixology and a bartender at Harrison's, is the **Weekender** bartender.

# Blondie's latest album is a confused collection

By EDWINA RALSTON

**Blondie**  
*Autoamerican*

**Y**ES, Blondie has released another chart-climbing album. But if you were expecting more of the hard-driving humor and energy captured in the group's last two albums—forget it.

*Autoamerican* seems to be a manifesto of the experimentation hinted at in past Blondie albums. The group makes an attempt at almost every musical motif of the 80s. Unfortunately the attempts don't work and Blondie's biggest asset—Deborah Harry's voice—is shortchanged in the process. The album comes off as a confused collection of mediocrity.

Appreciated in the past for the ability to offer variety with a sense of unity, this time out the group's variations range from bouncy new wave to Broadway. There are tunes reminiscent of Ragtime, Reggae, Western-hype, smoky jazz, disco, sci-fi funk and latter day Beach Boys.

However, the unity once provided by forceful vocals is lost. On past albums many of the selections revolved around the lead singer's peculiarly brash voice. That the tunes on *Autoamerican* are not suited to Harry's voice becomes obvious. She rarely captures the various moods and

emotions reached for in the wide range of songs.

An attempt at the Broadway tune "Follow Me" from *Camelot* is rendered totally ineffective. Harry does not come close to the all-enticing quality the song is meant to have, but seems to be reaching out from within a fast fading dream. Merlyn could never be lured away from *Camelot* by the spirit Blondie.

The same lack of vocal development seems to be the problem behind the jazzy tune "Faces." The background instrumentals are there but Harry never quite grasps the sultriness the melody requires. The song never comes together.

When Harry does have the chance to display some energetic spunk in "Rapture," her voice becomes secondary to musical shortcomings. The monotony of the song's melody and rhythm minimizes the vocal effect.

Occasionally, the experimentation on *Autoamerican* proves captivating. The album opens with an instrumental called "Europa" that sounds somewhat like orchestral tuning at the onslaught. "Europa" warms into a moving piece of

music immediately followed by a bizarre pre-flight announcement made in a monotone voice by Harry.

Synthesized Gaelic bag-piping blended into the moderately abrasive tune "Angels on the Balcony" offers a refreshing twist to the oddly no-longer-New-Wave album.

The Ragtime tune "Here's Looking at You," although slightly bland, is enjoyable. Interesting enough are the lyrics. Co-authors Chris Stern and Harry seem to present their idea of the liberated yet submissive woman:

*I'll stop my drinking  
give you my promise, true  
clean out the closet  
be existential  
and cast a vote for president, too.*

The lyrics of "Walk Like Me" also are provocative, if not slightly humorous. In this number the band advises their audience that the path to a social revolution is to follow their example. Like "Follow Me," this song won't convince many people.

In a sense, the whole album comes off just as "Walk Like Me" and "Follow Me." It's interesting but certainly not convincing.

If you want more of the old, familiar Blondie, don't buy *Autoamerican*. You won't get what you're after. You won't even get a good album. What you will get is an amusing experiment. W

Edwina Ralston is assistant editor of the **Weekender**.

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