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Amperсанд

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THE OTHER...

MEL BROOKS' next movie is *High Anxiety*, a spoof of Alfred Hitchcock suspense films with, of course, Brooks, Madeleine Kahn, Cloris Leachman, Harvey Korman. Brooks not only is writer, producer, director and star... he also wrote the title song and sings it. Thus far Brooks has spoofed monster movies (*Young Frankenstein*), silent films (*Silent Movie*), westerns (*Blazing Saddles*) and backstage musicals (*The Producers*). Time for Brooks to have a new — or at least different — idea.

ELTON, IT'S A LITTLE BIT FUNNY is the cutesy title of a book of David Nutter photographs of Elton and friends. Although publisher Viking Press says it's an "intimate" glimpse of Elton on and off stage with never-before-released pix, don't expect any real inside poop. Elton wrote the foreword himself, and the photo "captions" are really just Bernie Taupin song lyrics. Thereby keeping it all in the profitable family.

Into the Sunset

LET'S SEE NOW. The way we hear it, the Chicago-based publishers of *Playboy* feel that their also-Chicago-based spinoff, *Out*, has become too urbane, too sophisticated, too... New York. So they've moved *Out*'s editorial offices to Los Angeles, so that the magazine can get a little — how you say? — funkier. Zee French, zay are a funny people, n'est-ce pas?

THE HUSTLER OFFICES are moving to L.A. too, but we refuse to believe that it's because their former h.q., Columbus, Ohio, was too urbane. Nor for that matter will we accept that bringing *Hustler* to Los Angeles will of itself make the magazine any funkier.

REPRISE RECORDS, once the wax of Dean Martin, Gordon Lightfoot, Joni Mitchell and others, is being retired from active service by its parent, Warner Bros. Records, which will absorb all Reprise artists... except two. Frank Sinatra, who founded Reprise in the early Sixties, and Neil Young, who adamantly refused to leave. So Reprise will be visible for a while longer, but no new artists will be signed. Awww.

Kissing Off

Thank God, someone has at last seen fit to expose Kiss for the vicious dolts they are. I've been a little amused, but more often horrified, at the way magazines bend over backwards to say nice things about them just because they're successful. The emperor has no clothes; thanks for noticing.

MARTY GALLAN
MEMPHIS, TENNESSEE

You phony liberated scum-sucking trolls, you aren't fit to kiss the feet of Kiss, but they don't need you and your crummy rag, they managed to sell billions of records without you, and they'll just keep right on, so go ahead and say terrible things about them, the true Kiss fans will know the truth.

GARTER JOHNSON
CLEVELAND, OHIO

Once you've seen one bass player drool blood all over a stage, you've seen them all.

SAM GARVIS
AUSTIN, TEXAS

You seem to think all Kiss fans are morons. Thanks a lot! I have a B.S. in Behavioral Science and have still managed to enjoy all Kiss's albums and several of their concerts. Besides, 2,000,000 Kiss fans can't be wrong.

GENE PITTS
FAIRFAX, MASSACHUSETTS

Oh, yes they can.

Weirding

I found this photograph of a really weird-looking group and wondered if you could tell me anything about them. Maybe it's all a joke?

JILL DENNIS
UTICA, NEW YORK

Nobody's laughing; the Split Enz are now the Split Ups. The only thing we could learn was their country of origin; New Zealand, of course.

Queries

Is it true that Art Carney and Lily Tomlin will star in a second movie together?

JUDY MARTIN
VAN NUYS, CALIFORNIA

Yes, a sequel to The Late Show is planned, but it will have to wait until Lily finishes work on her television special, to air this fall.

Settle a bet for me; a friend swears that Michael Murphy was once drummer with a Canadian group called Colonel Popcorn's Butter Band, but I say he was bass player with Steve Miller's old band.

GARY CHUSEK
SAN FRANCISCO, CALIFORNIA

Both wrong. Michael Murphy was once Travis Lewis of the Lewis and Clark Expedition, a Monkees-style group of the 60s; that drummer with the Butter Band was Dennis Murphy, and Miller's original bass picker was Lonnie Turner.

Sick & Tired

I'm sick of all this technological nitpicking over *Star Wars*. I don't much care about sounds in space or energy weapons or the accuracy of their robots. I loved that movie, and why don't you write something about it?

MERRI LOU LARSON
NEWARK, NEW JERSEY

Who needs another magazine? Don't you realize that there's a severe paper shortage? Everybody wants to start a new magazine, and it's always the same old stuff. *Amperсанд* doesn't look any different from *Rolling Stone*.

Phonograph Record, or for that matter *The Music Gig*. Why bother us?

PHILL PHILBIN
CEDAR RAPIDS, IOWA

I'd like to congratulate you for not having Farrah Fawcett Majors in your magazine. I'm so tired of her, I hope her hair falls out.

SARAH BARTON
SKOKIE, ILLINOIS

Stop wasting our time with your sentimental favorites. Crosby, Stills and Nash are old and fat and dull.

SAM O'HARA
GALVESTON, TEXAS

I saw your first issue, and it looks pretty good — for a first issue. But then, so did *Rolling Stone*'s first. Try to remember what you're here for, and stick to it.

P.S. What are you here for?

RON MIZELL
UNIVERSITY OF OHIO

Some ideas for interviews: Robert Redford (what's he done for wild animals lately?); Joan Baez (whatever happened to social commitment?); J.D. Salinger (what's the author of *Catcher in the Rye* really like?); somebody responsible for network programming (why do all variety shows, sitcoms, action series, etc. look exactly alike?).

CAROLE EDDY
FLINT, MICHIGAN

Gee, thanks.

Write to us! We will lend a sympathetic ear, offer free advice, and, you lucky devils, we'll actually write back. But only if we like your letter. We have some standards. Send those cards and letters to Out the Other, 1474 N. Kings Road, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

Split Enz: A flash in the pan.



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