

& Ampersand

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Our Writers

Scattered, not unlike chaff, throughout this issue are the very first contributions from those dear readers who now Break Into the Big Time.

CHRIS CLARK (On Disc), University of Colorado, wants us to believe he bears an uncanny resemblance to Peter Frampton and likes blonde nymphomaniacs.

NAOMI LINDSTROM (In Print), also from the University of Texas at Austin, is interested in "works studying popular culture, the attempt to make some soggy conventional bog of popular culture into a viable form of expression."

DIANE MICHELFELDER (In Print), yet another from the University of Texas at Austin (we don't know why there are so many hopeful writers there) is most interested in "writing that deals with America — its sweat, drizzle and sweet anxiety."

J. C. NORTON (On Tour), is a psychologist at the University of Kentucky Medical Center which, so far, hasn't impaired his sense of humor or critical acumen.

MICHAEL WARD, from Long Beach, California (the comic strip Boid) tells us he's 24, a college graduate, a produced playwright, and "I've been funny for years."

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IN ONE EAR...

Throwing Stones

Ampersand is not a bad rag, well written, informative, and successful in covering the Rocrol and stardust movie scene. So what? There are an easy half-dozen plastic sheets on every newsstand doing the same thing; what makes Ampersand special? The only reason I could see for bothering to read your copy was the lack of a price tag. Considering the structure of your masthead, and the high priced talent your ads display, you've got nerve asking you readers to pay your soda bill. Five dollars for subscription, indeed! Maybe you should go for the housewives/supermarket scene. Maybe I'm just upset over your running down the "Stones. . . ."

GORDON MCCOLLISTER
UNIVERSITY OF HAWAII

The kind of sacrilege your Lynne Manor perpetrated on the Rolling Stones and rock music in general cannot be taken without comment. To lump the Stones with such unmitigated trash as Golden Earring and Foghat is bad enough, but to have the gall to refer to them as a "get-up-and-boogie band" is taking journalistic license over the edge. (By the way, Manor ought to have hers revoked.)

True, the sound recording of the album is subpar, but to take that as an excuse to rap the Stones as musicians and songwriters is a low blow. "Decent technicians" have screwed up the sound quality of many an album. See 'em live, Manor. And next time, save your smoking and drinking for concerts, not review writing.

Once past that trash, the rest of Ampersand is excellent reading. Keep up the good work. Save Manor to review the next Kiss record. Right up her alley.

DEAN AHEARN
UNIVERSITY OF MARYLAND

In your "On disc" article of the November supplement, a part concerning the Rolling Stones leads me to believe that your writer either suffers from loss of memory or lack of experience in such matters.

Having been a professional musician for over 17 years I've seen the vast and rather swift evolution of Rock music stemming from the likes of Pat Boone and Rick Nelson on up to the so called, hard Rock groups today who's on stage show and appearance far exceed their musical talents. I have excluded Elvis due to the fact that he reigned over his own musical world, uncomparable to any other type music.

My feelings toward the Rolling Stones run along those same lines. Their contributions to the world of Rock music are also uncomparable. And the only thing flabby about them is probably their bank books. Even the picture in the article contradicts the statement concerning the amount of "Get up" left among the members of the group. After all the blood, sweat and tears emitted throughout their career it's a wonder Jagger is still able to get that high off the ground. The Lord only knows how.

Rock or Blues or Ballad, The Stones also reign over their own musical world, not to be judged by anyone. I look forward to every

release and concert from them, and I'm sure I'm not alone.

MICHAEL SHIVLET
INDIANA UNIVERSITY STAFF

Our reviewer, Lynne Manor, says that she'll make a deal with you: you don't try to spell, and she won't try to play a guitar. More seriously, she says that she's been a fan of the Rolling Stones long enough to wish they'd quit while they were ahead, so that we could all revel in the memory. Is that really all that Jagger, Richard and company want to do for the rest of their lives? If they're still so good, why don't they expand their horizons a bit and try something new? Same goes for Led Zep.

Ask Us

The first issue I saw of Ampersand had letters in it commenting on an article you ran about Kiss — too bad I never saw that issue — I'd have loved it because I hate Kiss.

There is one "Kiss" I do like. That's "French kiss", by Bob Weich (formerly of Fleetwood Mac and Paris). This guy is my hero — you will probably laugh but I really think he is the greatest guitarist ever. I've got every "F-M" album he played on and both Paris albums. I was awaiting the third Paris album when I saw his solo album.

I know this might be impossible, but I would really like to know what happened to Paris, and for that matter, why Fleetwood Mac and he went different ways. You said you'd answer some letters and I hope this will be one of them.

JEFF CHAMBERLIN
UNIVERSITY OF ILLINOIS

Ask Mr. Music: Glenn Cornick is living in Los Angeles, and putting together a band. Hunt Sales has been on the road with various acts, notably David Bowie.

Bob was a member of the group when they were embroiled in legal battles with the fellow who was trying to sell an ersatz Fleetwood Mac to an unwary public. Tired of the litigation, and wanting to make his own music, Bob left. He's still pals with the band, though, and is currently managed by Mick Fleetwood.

This past summer I was introduced to the music of Richard Torrance and just this month I had the pleasure of meeting this great artist in Lincoln, Nebraska. His music has a beautiful style and his personality and character match it.

Would you please print up a little introductory information on Richard Torrance soon.

I know he has four albums now, with a new one to be released in January. There are 3 of the albums now in the U.S. but the 4th is only released in Europe.

Can you tell me where I can find Belle of the Ball? I've searched high and low!

M.J.P.
NORTHERN ILLINOIS UNIVERSITY

Richard Torrance, in his mid-20s, is based in Los Angeles. He was born in Fargo, North Dakota and raised mostly in Santa Barbara, California. He's never been in any bands that anyone has heard of and was signed to Shelter through independent producer Duane Scott. Richard's last album was on Capitol, as will be his next, due in March. The new album, which is just being finished, features Richard with the band he used in Lincoln; it's being produced by John Harny. Although he's not world-famous, Richard sells well and is respected

enough in Europe to release that odd album; contractual problems tied it up here. Eureka and Belle of the Ball are currently available through ABC, which now distributes Shelter.

Stop Complaining

I assume Jacoba Atlas is the J.A. of the movies review of Valentino. If Jacoba is a woman she should think about her statement that Valentino was "every woman's rape fantasy in the 1920's." If Jacoba is a man — he should totally withdraw the statement. Women may have "lovmaking" fantasies — no one wants to be raped — it's not pleasurable and such remarks only perpetuate a myth — otherwise nice paper.

TONI EREL
HOUSTON, TEXAS

Jacoba (Woman) Atlas stands by her statement. "Valentino was marketed as a rape fantasy; just look at The Sheik: a woman is raped, but there is no pain, and they fall in love later. That's a rape fantasy. No one wants to be raped, but many women have rape fantasies. There's an important difference."

Ampersand is great — only one complaint — it's not big enough!

TAMMY LePAGE
TEXAS TECH

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 1474 N. Kings Road, Los Angeles, CA 90069.

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ON THE COVER

Randy Newman had a bad throat and couldn't talk the day this photograph was taken by Neal Preston. Not even a whisper or a croak; Randy just stared and laughed.