

Journal Of Sam Shmuck Private Investigator

By Raymond Martin

(To be read aloud in a Humphrey Bogart impression.)

I guess I'll begin from the beginning, 'cause that's always a good place to begin. My name is Samuel Sidney Shmuck, M.D. I'm an ear, nose and throat specialist. There was once pride in my profession, sort of like being a human plumber. But after 20 years of doing what I love and loving what I did, Linda Lovelace began to do her thing. I'd introduce myself at parties as an ear, nose and throat specialist and they'd laugh. Never to my face though. They'd stand in the corners glancing at me and snickering when they thought I couldn't see. After my malpractice suits it got even worse. My attorney and insurance agent, my best friends, refused to speak to me. I degenerated. If anyone, particularly women, teased me or laughed at me, I'd either jump out of my skin or try to melt into a nearby wall. I was becoming a dangerous, hopless neurotic.

I'd started drinking that afternoon, as usual, at 3:30. At ten I staggered into a triple feature of "The Maltese Falcon", "The Big Sleep", and "Casablanca." At three, the usher threw me out for throwing up on the respectable insomniac in the row in front of me. I staggered along Second Avenue trying to stand straight in case the cop a block ahead of me turned around. Then I heard the whistle. From the rapidly growing shadow I knew some myopic bastard trying to can the cop was canning me instead. I heard the "Marsaille" in the background. Then darkness.

I came to. I felt like Anaconda was stripmining my brains. My vision was blurred as if I was looking through a hundred gallons of Hudson River water, only without the god-awful odor. Then I saw the bottle. A pint bottle of some kind of liquor. I opened it a took a swig. It tasted like fossil fuel but it woke me up. Then I saw it all. I was sitting in a one room office on the 5th floor of an old waterfront warehouse off Mulberry Street. There was an old rotting wooden desk, an early 30's telephone and an old army cot in the corner. I had on a pair of brown and white wing tip shoes, black, green and

white argyle socks, the wildest cuffed pants I'd seen since college and a cruddy trenchcoat Columbo would be proud to own. A brown and black snap brim fedora was sitting on the desk; in the top drawer poking out from under last month's copy of "Hustler" was a FN/Browning 9 mm automatic. I tried to stand and heard a sound like the world coming to an end. Then I realized I had been sitting in a wooden wheeled office chair that hadn't been oiled since the last declared war. I stood at the window and through the muck I saw a black 1938 Oldsmobile coupe. Without knowing how, I knew it was mine. I heard a chorus of a thousand rasping, lisping voices saying "Cashablanca." I sat with my feet on the desk, smiled, closed my eyes and tried to finish the bottle of 10W40 whatever-the-hell-it-was in five swigs or less.

The Song Remains The Same?

By Gregory Hall

No doubt some people are going to make an incredible amount off of this one; and after all, it is getting terribly close to Christmas- think of all those kiddies that will include this one on their lists...

"The Song Remains The Same" has got to go down as one of the worst live sets ever released to public ears by any respected band, much less an act the caliber of Led Zeppelin. No quality exists within the grooves of this two record set. Most of it is rendered practically unlistenable due to a mixdown that left the recorded sound muddy and distorted. Songs like "Rock n' Roll" and to a lesser extent "Whole Lotta Love" have been reduced to white noise with a smattering of crowd response thrown in for good measure. A lack of restraint in production has Jimmy Page's overpowering

I was just finishing cleaning up the floor when I heard the door close. I looked up and saw the best looking piece I'd seen since I'd flipped through the magazine on my way to the other piece. She smiled at me and said in a sex drenched voice, "Hi. I'm Mona Famore and I hear you're the best in the business." "Funny how quick that gets around; I didn't even know I was in the business," I sweeted back at her.

She perched her lovely bod on my desk and said, "I want you to find someone and it won't be easy." I eased my ass onto my rotting windowsill, smiled my "I've done this a thousand times before" smile, reached into my second desk drawer and dug a pad and pencil out from underneath a six month old copy of "Hustler" and said in a businesslike fashion, "When was he last

jackhammer guitar chords and licks burying most other instruments in their wake. One is tempted to take a nap during Page's over-indulgent, 15 minute (non-accompanied, may I add) guitar scratching and sawing found on one whole side of "Dazed and Confused".

Lead vocalist Robert Plant is another story. Throughout, he exhibits a curious tendency to forget lyrics, and covers his mistakes with on-the-spot adlib. As for his vocalizing-well, he can't carry a tune, he struggles to hit high notes, and he can't bring off one convincing rock 'n roll scream. All these things were previously among his forte- until this album, I considered him to be rock's best vocalist.

There can be no excuse for a product as noisy, tedious and boring as this one. Knowing their selling power and influence on the record market, I suggest one possible explana-

tion to be found in greed. It has only been around a half year since the release of their last album. Everyone in the business knows the Christmas market has the potential to greatly enhance the wealth of any artist who happens to have a hit record at that time of the year.

So, with a knowledge that any product by a sure-bet supergroup like Zeppelin is guaranteed to sell a million, why not speed the process by releasing an album (any album- after all, even if you don't have a new one ready, you can surely come up with a live set or greatest hits collection!) in this special season, where money flows like water?

The only trouble is that the Christmas record market is already glutted by infinite other artists more deserving your attention, and there are far superior albums on which to spend your record-buying dollars.

during other terms must do so as a course "by arrangement" and subject to the procedures thereby involved.

Applications for internships should be filed with the option coordinator during the first half of the term preceding the requested internship.

With an application, a student may file copies of work, or any other evidence of ability to undertake, complete, and benefit from the internship.

Applications will be reviewed by a committee consisting of the option coordinator, the Head of the Humanities program, and a member of the advisory board of the option.

The committee will take into consideration materials submitted by the applicant, the quality of the student's previous academic work, comments by the student's instructors or other relevant materials at its discretion.

If the application is rejected the student will be informed in writing of the basis for that decision and the recommendations, if any, of the committee.

Anyone interested in learning to play Backgammon- sign up in the Student Affairs Office, W-103.

arrangements for someone as gorgeous as you." As I moved around the desk I said, "Well actually, I like to work on the "lay-a-way plan."

The human knee is an anatomical wonder. For its light weight, it has remarkable hitting power, speed and hardness.

Through my agony I heard her say "There is five dollars on your desk. Just find Him, or Her. I'm leaving my phone number too. Call me when you make some progress. And get your ass in gear 'cause I only got six weeks 'till midterms." Thirty minutes after I heard the door close I got up and rummaged through my desk until I found the Manhattan White Pages under a three month old copy of "Penthouse" (How'd a classy mag find its way into this desk?) I started flipping through the G's of the phone book.

Elton Moves On

By Gregory Hall

For a while, it appeared to the well-disciplined contemporary ear that Elton John had sold his soul to commerciality and disco-pop monotony. Serious doubt abounded as to whether Mr. John was the unchallenged King of the seventies' pop music. As of late, his musical product has indulged in over-excess of schlock, banality, and a sterile blandness usually indicative of a talent that has run it's gamut and is in the slow process of drying up and withering away.

After witnessing dwindling album sales the past few tries, Elton decidedly needed something to reunite and reunify his legion of fans, those same fans that made him a household word. He had a reconfirming of his musical finesse to do, in turn renewing his musical respectability; and the results are to be found in his latest outing, a two record set entitled *Blue Moves*.

This album sets out to prove the critics and sceptics wrong. Hell, everybody has their off days-forgive and forget, right? After such awful products such as the disposable *Caribou*, *Rock of the Westies*, and culminating in the live fiasco *Here and There*, we now have a record apology to the more-expectant-of-high-artistry-and-quality listeners; for *Blue Moves* is Elton's finest achievement since *Madman Across The Water*, which was ten albums ago.

Characteristic of the new album are an obvious prevailing sense of musical maturity, sensibility, and intelligence. Among the four sides of vinyl, to be found are many fresh new melodies; sensitive and sometimes moving lyrics by Bernie Taupin (his most consistent collection of songs ever on one album); and beautiful soaring instrumentation. Just listen to the symphonic lushness of "Tonight", or the exotic far-eastern tint of "Wide-eyed and Laughing". The new Band Elton introduced on *Rock* has finally realized their full performing potential and talented skill while working as a unit. Especially fine are Kenny

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This internship is a specialized, advanced program offered to selected students. It is not a graduation requirement of the option, but it is expected that most students in the option will take advantage of the opportunities.

The internship experience is ordinarily undertaken by a student in the penultimate or last term of work at Capitol. An applicant should have completed or be enrolled for all (or almost all) of the required course work at the time of application.

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