



## Ampersand

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### New Contributors

ART FEIN (on Disc) writes about music in Hollywood. He likes to live sumptuously and dine in the finest restaurants. He is in the wrong business.

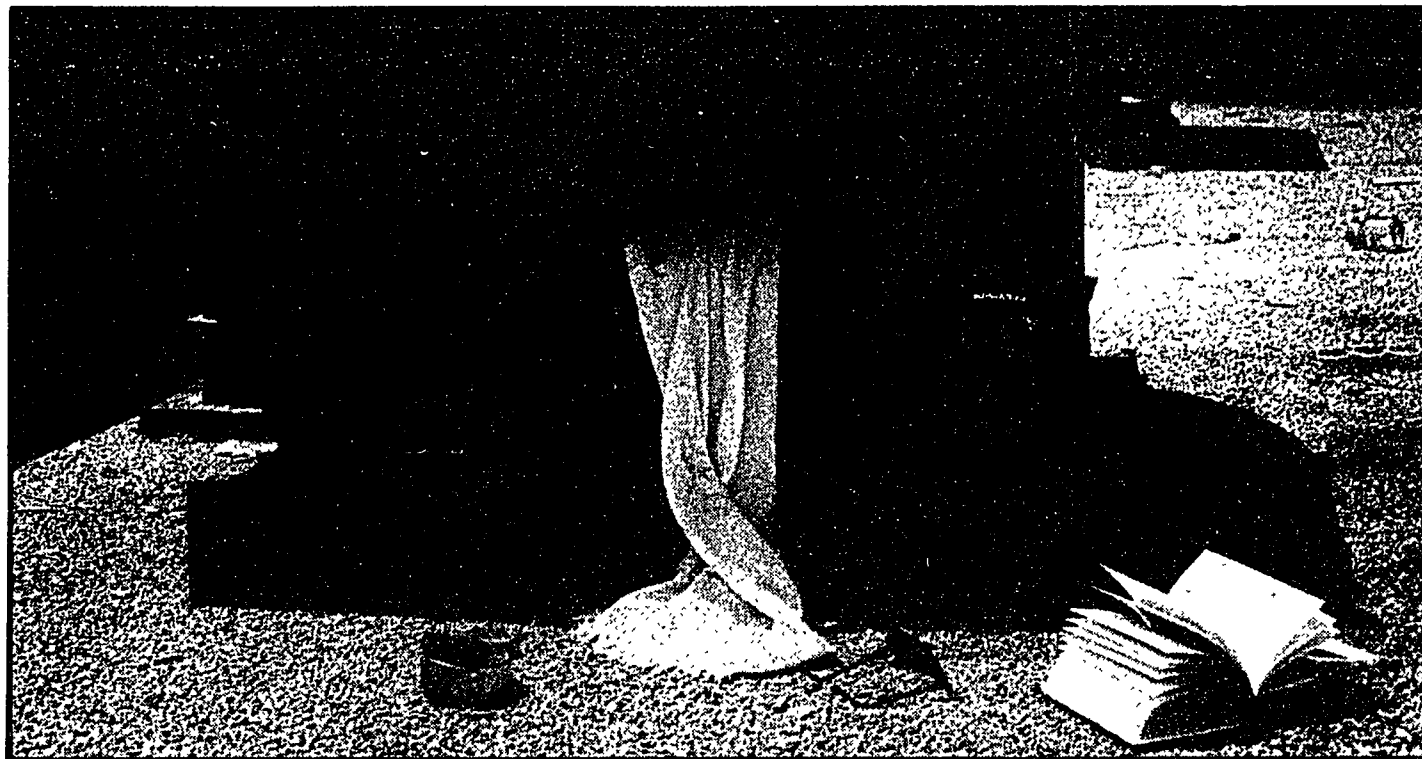
FLO (Mark Volman) and EDDIE (Howard Kaylan) (In Print) use other names and other voices; among them Turtles, Mothers of Invention, radio people, rock critics, interviewers and all-around good guys.

DON SNOWDEN (On Disc) has been known to go by the name of "Mr. Chivas." As in "Regal." When not surveying the music scene from one of Hollywood's higher class gutters, he dreams of playing John Steed to Diana Rigg's Emma Peel.

TOM VICKERS, (On Disc) former ghetto correspondent for *Rolling Stone*, is a Bostonian now residing in L.A. He shuns razor-blade jewelry and wishes that Dyke and the Blazers were still around to add some reality to an otherwise d'voidoffunk scene.

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# IN ONE EAR...



Illustrator Harold "Hal" Veltika, perpetrator of the art for our Bavarian Illuminati Conspiracy article last issue, has disappeared. He was last seen relaxing on Ampersand's spiffy sundeck (above), where we found his book and ashtray and a few other personal effects. Someone had written the name Weishaupt on a nearby dirty window. We fear foul play.

## Nag, Nag

I'm a journalism student at Purdue University. It's in Indiana. Indiana is by those big lakes, near Chicago. Will you read this letter and heed it? Probably not. You fascist pigs. I don't know what sort of manic fit caused me to write this letter. What gives you the right to throw this letter in the garbage? "Hell, Joe, here's another one of those goddamn letters from some farmer back east. Some poor soul twisted on cowshit and jimson weed. I'll toss it like the rest."

Sorry about that. I also tend to ramble a bit at times. I'll try to stay calm and refrain from launching into bits of Thompsonism. No sense in going Gonzo too early in life. What I wondered was if you have enough record reviewers. Why don't you bastards pull yourselves out of that cocaine stupor and give a poor, braindamaged journalism student a chance?

As for my musical experience, I don't like Barry Manilow. If some of you like him, you probably won't comprehend this letter anyway. Just hand this letter to the nearest long-hair with sunglasses on; he'll know what to do with it.

MICHAEL BACKUS  
PURDUE UNIVERSITY

Our cocaine stupor? We handed your letter to our shorthaired music editor, who's a Barry Manilow fan. He says that he knows what to do with it, if you'll just turn around and bend over. (Note to other aspiring Gonzos: it's been done. Find your own approach. And learn to type.)

Of all the recordings of contemporary American music (Good American Music, September '78) you did not mention, one stands out in my mind as deserving praise. It is the

recording of Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia*, done by the N.Y. Philharmonic and the Swingle Singers (MS 7268 Columbia). I believe this piece represents a perfection of the composers uniquely individual style. As for withstanding the test of time, the piece was just played a few months ago by the conservative Chicago Symphony Orchestra!

DOUG OSBORNE  
CHAMPAIGN, ILL.

Your nomination of Luciano Berio's *Sinfonia* to the list of "ten best" American compositions forces me to concede the point immediately. (Hell, I would bow away to another half dozen works that come to mind immediately).

The trouble with the Berio work is that it was written for the uniquely gifted Swingles. Without them, it cannot be performed—or so Ernest, Fleishmann, executive director of the L.A. Phil, told me.

Assuming that condition still pertains (other "unplayable" works have, in time, become routine repertoire pieces), I can only wonder if the Berio work can survive in the concert hall.

Thank Columbia for preserving it for us. A record is better than nothing. Ed Cray

Merrill Shindler, author of "Raised on Kane: A Connoisseur's Guide to Obscure Classic Films" in the September issue, is described in your author's note as "the proud owner of a master's degree in film aesthetics and criticism." He ought to send it back, at least based on the degree of familiarity with film classics he betrays when he describes Roman Polanski's *Cul-de-Sac* as "starring Shakespearean actors Jack MacGowran and Donald Pleasance as a pair of wounded gangsters who terrorize a middle-aged milquetoast and his beautiful young wife (played by Jacqueline Bisset)." Disregarding the matter of whether or not Shindler's identification of the aforementioned actors as "Shakespearean" is correct (MacGowran was Irish, for Chrissakes), I would like to point out that (a) the gangsters were played by MacGowran and Lionel Stander (Pleasance played the milquetoast); and (b) the

beautiful young wife was played by Francoise Dorleac (Bisset had a rather minor role as a visitor to the Milquetoast's keep).

COLMAN ANDREWS  
LOS ANGELES, CA

## In Here

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Joni Mitchell in the desert, photographed by Henry Diltz.