

As that stupid Kenny Loggins song goes, "this is it," folks, my last record review for *The Print* (sob! sob!). No more heartless slaughters of your musical favorites like Billy Joel and Bob Seger. My pseudo-intellectual babblings will no longer see the light of day—unless, of course, there would happen to be a sudden demand for some type of a summer record review column to please my 11 faithful fans.

There is a certain degree of mushy sentimentality that goes along with doing something for the very last time. So, I wanted to find an unusually outstanding album to review as a stunning climax to this thankless chore I've been forced to do over the past two very long years.

But my problem so far has been finding an album that could meet my uncompromising standards. According to certain journalism comrades, I hate anything that has ever been put onto vinyl.

First, I thought about reviewing some great classical piece like Beethoven's Fifth or Pachelbel's Canon in D Minor, but after one listen, I realized

Perfect album search a long, fruitless quest

By Mike Koller

that Pachelbel's Canon doesn't have one single searing guitar solo or even a thundering drum break. What could I say about 30 minutes of orchestration without showing my obvious ignorance?

So, with the classical idea abandoned, I decided to take suggestions from a few friends. One friend offered to bring

his copy of the new Alice Cooper album for review, but he never followed through with his easily ignored suggestion. Later, this same person informed me in one of our many heavy musical discussions that a Kiss album called "Destroyer" was a classic rock album. I tried to convince him that college students just can-

not like Kiss because of basic principles, but he couldn't understand my abstract theory.

Another friend, an avid Beach Boys fan, suggested their newest album, but I considered our friendship more important than me writing that Brian Wilson is not a genius, but instead a drug interested lunatic. I was even surrounded by John Denver and Barry Manilow fans who violently defended their musical messiahs' meager pretense for existence on record. I guess if I had wanted my friends' opinions, this would have been a communal record column.

Maybe an older record out of my decaying archives. Yeah, that's it, I could drop acid and listen to old Peanut Butter

Conspiracy albums at 78 speed and share my enlightening psychedelic experiences with people who still remember Haight Ashbury. Wait a minute, that reminds me, the Grateful

Dead just released a new album called "Go To Heaven," but when I saw the cover I couldn't believe it. Jerry Garcia was wearing a white sports jacket. And just think, these guys once advocated the heavy usage of hallucinatory drugs. Times sure have changed. Anyway, I shouldn't waste space reviewing albums by '60s rehash bands still raking in big profits over 12 years later.

What's this, my time is up? No, I could still write another 60 inches on the generalized affects of late '50s pop music as related to the counter-culture movements of the '60s, or I could even review the entire Vanilla Fudge catalog, song by song. Please don't take my column away from me. Barry Manilow is God and John Denver should be governor of Colorado. I'll say anything you want me to about those mid-die-of-the-road lightweights. Nooooooooo, don't pull the typewriter plug on me!

Star Wars followup is all right, for a sequel

By Tom Rhodes
Of The Print

If there is one phrase that has made me sick over the past three years it is the phrase first uttered in the 1977 blockbuster hit, "Star Wars." That phrase, of course, was, "May the force be with you." It has been repeated over and over and over.

I was hoping that it would stop. It made the assumption that George Lucas (director of the original) would have the taste and lack the Hollywood greed to make a sequel. Well, Lucas has not only made a sequel but is going the J.R.R. Tolkien route by making "Star Wars" a trilogy. The second installment is titled, "The Empire Strikes Back."

I have a bias against sequels.

I like to think that the original features are made for artistic values. The directors and the producers are making what they want to make. They are saying what they want to say rather than repeating what the audience wants to hear. Sequels do nothing more than give the audience what it wants. The "Jaws" sequel failed because it was almost exactly the same as "Jaws 1," minus the character and humor. I do not consider sequels art. They're nothing more than profit-making vehicles sent out to milk audiences for everything they've got.

With that in mind, I would consider "Star Wars: The Empire Strikes Back" an artistic failure. However, on the entertainment level, it is a huge suc-

cess, despite its lack of story line and empty ending.

"The Empire Strikes Back" will be the most successful (moneywise) sequel in the history of motion pictures, for good reason. It gives audiences exactly what they want. The \$20 million worth of special effects was put to greater use than in "Star Trek." What today's audience is looking for is a sense of movement in movies. "Star Trek" took its own sweet time to build a plot. "The Empire Strikes Back" (Episode V) did not take five minutes to reveal the plot or storyline.

One simple reason is that it had no story. It would be absurd for me to even make a vague attempt to describe the story. The director of the sequel, Irvin Kershner, paced the film so quickly, the audience never gets time to rest. This tremendous movement completely glossed over the lack of a story.

The missing story-line bothered me somewhat. "The Empire Strikes Back" is nothing more than a bridge to the final episode, which is destined to be released in 1983.

But what a bridge it is! The first thing that appears is the familiar "A long time ago in a galaxy far far away..." then the "Star Wars" banner majestically floats on the screen as it did in episode one.

The audience is immediately flown to the ice planet Hoth, where we get the pleasure of watching the rebel forces being routed by Darth Vader's Imperial Army. Our heroes, Luke Skywalker, Princess Leia and Han Solo, manage to escape (not a surprise at all).

The Princess and Solo are chased by Empire forces through an asteroid belt in a dazzling special effects sequence, one of many. Luke takes off in his own direction and lands on a planet looking for

the master Jedi-knight, Yoda.

Is it time to take a breath yet? No, not quite yet.

After escaping from the Empire, Solo (Harrison Ford) and the Princess (Carrie Fisher) land at a trading outpost governed by Billy DeWilliams. Luke (Mark Hamill), in the meantime, leaves his knight training early because he gets a vision of immense danger for his friends. Skywalker heads towards Williams' place of business.

That is as far as I dare to go, but I can say that there is an incredible plot twist at the end which supposedly whets our appetites for the third and final episode. After all, if we have gone this far with Luke, Han and the Princess, we must go all the way with our heroes, right?

The question to ask is, will I be camping outside the Westgate Theater, May 21, 1983, to see the final episode? The answer is yes. I have gone this far with Luke, Han and the princess, and I must go see what happens to them in the

end.

If I sit through two hours of purely escapist, honest-to-God, pointless entertainment only to be left emotionally as flat as a pancake in the end, and yet still waiting for the finale (which promises to be spectacular), they must be doing something right.

I will always have my gripes with the "Star Wars" sagas. In these fantasy movies, violence is looked at as nothing more than fun and games and is covered up by fantastic special effects. I still like to gripe about the fact that literally millions of people get killed in these movies and we don't feel a thing.

I always get enjoyment out of arguing that "Star Wars" gives me no information that I might gain from, and that its ideals of good and evil are quite shallow. Someone wearing a black helmet with a matching cape is an evil person.

But what the hell, it's entertaining, although probably not good for you.

arts briefs

Everyone is invited to attend the all-school picnic, which will be held free of charge at McIver Park, section C, this Friday.

The end-of-the-year celebration will include recreation, and music by KB-101. Competition will also take place, and tee-shirts and record albums will be dispensed to winners.

Hamburgers, hot dogs, chips and other refreshments will be available at no cost.

Tickets, which will grant access to beer kegs, are being sold by Darren MacFarlane and Vince Maxian for \$2 each.

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"Soldier Blue" starring Candice Bergen will be shown Friday at noon in the College Fireside Lounge.

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