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The Parthenon Magazine

Monday Holidays

Marshall University Huntington, West Virginia 25701 Vol. 79, No. 63



SEASON'S
GREETINGS

The Parthenon Magazine
Monday

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editor's (last) space

On Nov. 14, I submitted my resignation as editor of *Monday Magazine* to the Board of Student Publications which acts as the official publisher for both the magazine and *The Parthenon*. Today at 2 p.m. the board will reconvene to select a new editor and at that time I will be heading for the unemployment line.

I would like to be able to give you a dramatic reason for my exit as I would like to be able to give you a dramatic reason for life, but if you know your Freud... Nothing as exceptional as a great job offer in New York or at the No-Tel Motel has come along. Life just isn't as exciting as *Monday Magazine* would like for you to believe.

Working for *Monday* has been a pleasure. But as with most of life's pleasures, they come to an end or you find another wherever you can. I've looked, believe me. And I've tried, believe me. And I've done more than my share, believe me. But one can get to be an old man sitting at home waiting for the phone to ring.

Actually, my reason for leaving the magazine is a simple one. I'm tired. And for the best interest of the magazine, it's time it had some

new blood. It's time it had some fresh ideas. But more importantly, it's time for someone else to worry about it...one can get to be an old man sitting at home worrying about a magazine. Sometimes in the newsroom, *Monday Magazine* is referred to as Mullens' baby. That may be true, but in turn, the magazine has many foster parents. The last year of my life has been devoted to this publication, and it most often came first. I've watched it grow. I've watched it change. And I've watched it form into what I consider to be a top-flight publication that I would match against any other college supplement magazine. I feel it has begun to gain some ground in recognition and it certainly leads the way in graphics.

I could tell you about the beginning when I turned down an offer to be managing editor of *The Parthenon* to turn a bi-semesterly publication into a monthly entertainment magazine, but that's history. And as Dr. Deryl R. Leaming can testify, history absolutely bores me stiff.

The above-mentioned foster parents, who must be named and thanked, are William C. Rogers, Ralph J. Turner, Tom Drummond, Edna Koons, Alyce M. Cooper, Cindy Gable and Debra

M. Eysmans, all within the School of Journalism.

There are others, such as Dr. Elaine Adams-Novak, director of MU Theatre, whose office I almost lived in last spring. Former *The Parthenon* Editor Mark A. Paxton and *et cetera* Editor Cyndi Wolfe, whose life together will begin soon, also deserve some special thanks, not only for their input, but just for being there. And there are those special friends like Mike, Mary and Judy who always understood when I came home on Thursday night very tired, very hungry and acted like the bastard that I am. And there are those who I wish could understand, but that will never be because the fingerprints have been washed from the glass. I could go on...but it's getting late and it's time to put my "baby" to bed. And besides, one can get to be an old man sitting behind a typewriter trying to write a farewell column that only a few can appreciate, but no one will ever fully understand.

Best regards,

John R. Mullens

this issue

This is the last issue of *Monday Magazine* for this semester. The December issue features the holiday season with the first six pages devoted to Christmas articles. The remaining pages spotlight *Monday's* entertainment format and contains articles on music, groups, movies and recreation.

With the first issue of this year, I promised the magazine would contain information on entertainment, actors and actresses, theatre, recreation as well as book reviews and previews and interviews...as delivered, as delivered.

I hope you have enjoyed the four issues of *Monday* this semester and will continue to enjoy it next year. The next issue will be published Jan. 29, 1979, under the editorship of someone else (see editor's (last) space)-quoth the editor, nevermore.

Elsewhere

Christmas customs differ from country to country

By **ROBERT SMITH**

As the Christmas holidays approach, students from all over the United States hustle and bustle in anxious anticipation of the great event.

Students from other countries also celebrate the holiday in their own ways.

Emilie Decena, a freshman from the Philippines, said Christmas is "the biggest feast of all."

She said at their Christmas meal they have all kinds of different foods, such as apples, grapes and chestnuts.

They also have many native foods, such as pancit, which is made of fine, thin noodles, celery, pork and nuts; lenchon, which is a special kind of roast pig; adobo, made of pork, bay leaves and spices; and puto bung bong, a violet-colored concoction made of flour and coconut butter, which is "real, real good."

When asked if they had any special drink with their meal, Decena looked puzzled and then laughed, "Coke?"

Decena said it is tradition for the entire family to be in the house at midnight on Christmas to exchange gifts.

She said there are no special gifts that people exchange, although she mentioned the Buddha statue which is a token of good luck and given on all special occasions, especially weddings.

Christmas trees in the Philippines have the traditional nativity scenes underneath them, she said.

In the Philippines there is a special midnight service called the Misa De Galla. This service starts 12 days before Christmas and runs for 25 days.

Each night, before the Misa De Galla, the children go caroling from house to house. Decena said she likes this custom best, because at each house the carolers are given money for their singing.

On Christmas Eve small children go to their godparents' houses where they receive gifts. All day

long the godparents serve food and drinks to the children.

After the midnight exchange of gifts, the children hang up socks by the window which are usually filled with candies and gifts, "by our parents," laughed Decena.

The weather in the Phillipines is usually sunny, dry and cold but, Decena regretfully said, there is no snow.

Mahin Hadizadeh, a junior from Isfahan, Iran, said she does not celebrate Christmas in her country because she is not Christian. She said it is accepted, though, and that about 20 percent of the country is Christian and celebrates Christmas.

She said that the new year of her religion comes in the spring, which "I like better than having it in the cold winter."

Marie Therese Ketter, a freshman from La Rochelle, France, said that Christmas is a "family celebration, a time for being together and seeing people you haven't seen for awhile."

Families usually have a big dinner with oysters, turkey with chestnuts inside, geese and foie gras, which is liver of a geese which has been fed especially for this type of food. Foie gras, Marie said, is very rich, very popular and very expensive.

With their meals they usually have champagne, which she said, is the "wine of all celebrations."

At the end of their meals they have buche glatee, which is ice cream with little wooden figurines in it, she said.

The night before Christmas there is a midnight service called the Messe de Minuit. Religious songs are sung at this service.

In old times there were three services on Christmas Eve called the Messe Basse, she said, but now the services have been condensed down to one.

Instead of stockings, in France children put out shoes on Christmas Eve which are filled with candies and gifts the next morning, Ketter said.

In France at the beginning of the century people put candles on their Christmas trees but after a few accidents they decided to use electric lights instead, she said.

The trees are also decorated with strings of garland, of all colors, highlighted by green and red. They also hang brightly colored balls from their trees as well as angels and other figures.

In France Santa Claus (whom they call Father Christmas) is a skinny man in the usual red and white garb who carries a rigid bag on his back instead of the traditional Christmas bag, she said.

Little red bows are hung on the tree. These bows usually have little gifts attached to them which small children jump up to try and grab them.

Chris Burks, a freshman from Welch who used to live in Japan, says that even though Christmas is not celebrated as such by most Japanese, they have a similar holiday called Bonna Dori which is celebrated in August.

Bonna Dori is the one time during the year when gifts are exchanged. People visit relatives and historic shrines as well as celebrating by dressing up in their kimonos and having big dances in the streets, she said.

Christmas is also celebrated at its normal time by some people, mostly younger American families. In the larger cities they have Santa Clauses (with slanted eyes, she laughed) and the stores are decorated with red and green.

"Children of these families are taught the ideal of Santa Claus and they usually get gifts," Burks said.

"People in Japan don't really understand the birth of Christ-only a small percentage of the population is Christian-but they're usually interested to know about it," she said. "Most of them compare it to Bonna Dori."



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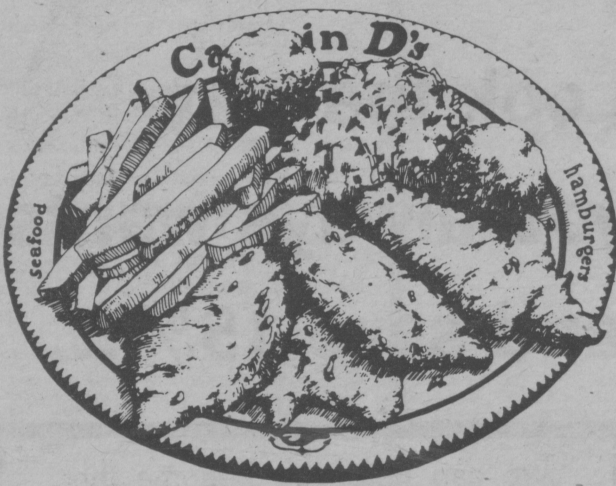
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**Big Sis-little sis
Residents get gifts**

By MONICA M. TAPIA

An atmosphere of caring is displayed as the semester draws to an end and the spirit of Christmas decks the halls.

Laidley residents are finding it nice to go back to their "homes" in the dorm and find a note or little surprise taped to their door, or a card in their mailbox showing that somebody was thinking about them after a trying day of last minute projects or finals.

The notes and little surprises are left for the freshmen who are termed lil' sis' in conjunction with Laidley Hall's big sis' lil' sis' festivity that is done annually to help the freshman through finals week, along with enducing the Christmas spirit, according to Melissa Miller, Mann senior and first floor RA.

Upper classmen (the big sis') who picked lil' sis' at random a couple of weeks ago have helped to brighten the last two weeks of school for these freshman.

Santa delivered presents to the lil' sis' from their big sis' at a Christmas party last night. Lil' sis' could give gifts in return, but they were not required to do so, said Miller.

The Christmas spirit hasn't hit Laidley Hall alone. Buskirk, South, and Twin Towers West also have a Christmas festivity of secret Santas or Pixies to help spread Christmas spirit on their individual floors but not with the same intentions as Laidley's.

Everybody in the dorm is really excited about the big sis' lil' sis' festivity, said Mary Hale, Talcott freshman. "There really is an atmosphere of caring."

"It brightens up the semester when things start dragging, both for the upper classmen and the freshmen," said Miller.

"It works," said Kitrina Kearfott, Follansbee freshman. "You need something to take your mind off finals."

"If you weren't living in the dorm, you'd miss out on this festivity. And it's a valuable experience; something you wouldn't ever experience anywhere else."

It's a good way to get to know more people — to make more friends added her sister, Kelly Kearfott,

Follansbee freshman. "The people are more friendlier closer — more like we're a family."

A closer relationship with the other girls in the dorm seems to develop, said Susan Holmes, St. Albans freshman. "This is something you will always remember."

"It's nice to know that someone cares," added Susan McVey, Winfield freshman.

"The freshman students seem to agree that the idea of having big sis' is fun."

"It's neat to try and figure out who your big sis is," McVey said.

You never know what's coming next, said Hale. It's something to look forward to each day.

Every upper classman is the prime suspect on each floor of Laidley. "You just don't know who it is. And every new face that appears on the floor becomes a suspect," according to Kitrina Kearfott.

Many of the big sis' leave clues on the doors as to their identity, or clues for scavenger hunts the freshmen are to go on. "It drives you up the wall — especially when they (big sis') leave you just one hint at a time. It's really crazy," smiled Charlene Litteral, Logan freshman.

The lil' sis' aren't the only ones that benefit from this festivity said Mary McFarland, Huntington sophomore. She said she thought it gave the upper classmen a chance to get away from their finals too. "They also get to know each other better by planning things with each other for their lil' sis'."

Looking back on her freshman year, Bev Wilcox, Middleport, Ohio, sophomore and second floor RA, said she though the big sis' lil' sis' festivity did keep her morale up during finals. "It's usually the first finals for a new freshman, so it's a rough time for them. So I think it (the festivity) does help them through this period."

Becky Goff, Hurricane sophomore, said she also agreed that everybody was more friendlier toward each other at this time. But she continued, "This seems to carry on through the rest of the school year. Sometimes the big sis' continue to write little notes to their lil' sis' even after the holidays."

What is it to you?

By DEBBIE COBLER

What is Christmas?

Is it a holiday where presents are given and received or is it a day to celebrate the birth of Christ?

According to the Webster Third New International Dictionary, Christmas means an annual church festival kept on Dec. 25 or by the Armenians on January 6 in memory of the birth of Christ, celebrated generally by a particular church service, special gifts and

greetings observed in most Christian communities as a legal holiday.

Several students were asked "what does Christmas mean to them." Each student responded with their own ideas of what they thought Christmas was.

Billy J. Stevens, Dayton, Ohio, junior said, "Christmas is a time of year set aside for sharing. A time for the family to get together and have fun."

"All decorations, caroling and hustle and bustle of Christmas shoppers seem to set off the mood even more."

Christmas will take place on Monday this year. Timmy Fillingier, Dingess sophomore felt that Christmas is a vacation at home with his family and close friends.

"Growing up in a family with church background, Christmas of course, means Christ's birth. Other than that, it is a very special time of the year," Sharon L. West, Bridgeport freshman said. "Everyone seems to get along with each other better in the sense they are more considerate, more pleasant, more friendly, etc."

West added, "This shows that the world would be a better place if people would make the Christmas spirit year long instead of just a few weeks."

Susan D. Pilcher, Huntington sophomore felt the most important part of Christmas is being with her family. "Christmas is a time when you can show people you really care for them by the love you give them and the things you do for one another," she added.



Monarch Cafe

2050 Third Avenue

Season's Greetings

Religious meaning found in Chrismons

By CINDY BALDWIN

Decorations of gold and white blended with transparent lights, all designed and arranged with much care on an ordinary evergreen tree have special religious significance for many Christians in the Huntington area.

These decorations, called Chrismons, are made of gold and white sequins, beads, braid, net and pearls. Many are patterned after ancient Christian symbols. These symbols, used with tiny transparent lights, are the only decorations used on a Chrismon tree.

The Chrismon tree had its beginnings in the Lutheran Church of the Ascension in Danville, Va., in 1957 when Frances K. Spencer volunteered to design decorations for the church's tree. While searching for appropriate decorations to make, she came across some drawings of designs called Chrismons. "Chrismon" is a combination of two words: **Christ** and **Monogram**.

The monograms were found in many places — some on jewelry and utensils, others on doors or in catacombs of buildings. Early Christians used them to identify themselves to one another or sometimes to designate meeting places.

Spencer used these designs as guides to make the decorations. Her Chrismons were always white and gold. White, the liturgical color for Christmas, refers to the purity and perfection of Christ. Gold refers to His majesty and glory. Christ is represented as the Light of the world by using tiny white lights on the tree.

Several Huntington churches have their own Chrismon trees. The first church in this area to have a Chrismon tree was St. Paul Evangelical Lutheran Church, according to the Rev. Charles W. Aurand, pastor.

The Rev. Aurand said the church's first Chrismons were made in 1960 by the women of the church under the direction of one of its members, Mrs. W.F. Myers.

Myers was formerly a member of the Church of the Ascension in Danville and received a newsletter telling of the church's Chrismon tree. She wrote some friends there and got some ideas for St. Paul's own tree.

Since then the church women have added new decorations or replaced old ones every year. The Rev. Aurand said the church has between 300 and 400 Chrismons, enough to decorate two trees and other areas of the church building. He said the first 25 to 50 decorations were made from patterns made by the Danville church, but the others were created by his church members.

Christ the King Lutheran Church has had a Chrismon tree for eight years, according to Mrs. Lois Shipley, member of the church women's organization who helped make the decorations.

A tree had never been placed inside their sanctuary until the Chrismons were made, Shipley said. The Chrismons were made at

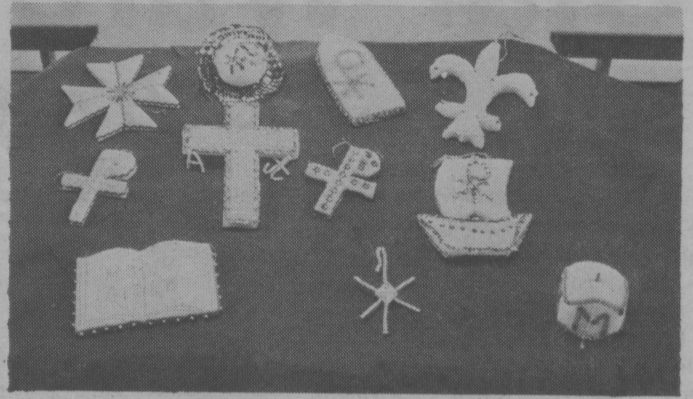
workshops sponsored by the church women. Most of them are their own creations and not done by patterns, she commented.

Making Chrismons has been a church-wide project for members of Beverly Hills United Methodist Church for several months. This year the church will display its first Chrismon tree.

Mrs. Richard Blake, member of the church, said workshops to

make the ornaments were begun in October of this year and everyone — four-year-olds and adults alike — helped make the decorations.

Making Chrismons can be quite expensive, but one way they cut down on the cost of materials was by asking church members to bring in any old pearl- or gold-beaded jewelry that could be taken apart and used on the ornaments, she said.



The above Chrismons are from the Christ the King Lutheran Church.

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'Star Wars'

Spacey toys top list—local merchants

By KIMA JOHNSON

With Christmas drawing nearer, the shopping season is well under way, and toys, the Christmas favorites of children are selling well.

This year's favorites are not traditional, however, as area merchants point to "Star Wars" toys as their leading sales items.

"Anything to do with 'Star Wars' was the recurring answer given by merchants interviewed about leading sales.

But "Star Wars" toys aren't alone in their success. Sales of many other items have increased.

"They (customers) don't seem to pay any attention to price," said Joe Anna Kendrick, head clerk in the toy depart-

ment at Harts Family Center. "I've never seen them buy like they're buying now," she added.

Kendrick said games also have been a big attraction during the shopping season, with sales increasing since the end of September.

"Just as soon as they put them on TV, people start buying them," she explained.

"The craze is the electronic games," said Millard E. Baron, manager of Hills Department Store. "They're sophisticated toys for old kids and young kids."

"We've already sold out of them," Kendrick said.

But along with the modern toys, are the traditional ones, and Dee L. Sibrel, clerk

in the toy department at Hecks Discount Store, said dolls are still selling well.

By giving primary emphasis to toy sales, merchants indicated their importance in the season, but other items also have increased in sales.

Baron said the biggest fashion items of sportswear are denim and flannel.

"Again this year, anything that's denim," he said. Baron said clothes with frills are leading sales of dress fashions.

Wood-burning stoves and snow blowers are two items selling for Christmas this year, according to Baron. He said the weather of the past two years has increased their popularity.

The recent energy shortage also has

had an effect on Christmas sales. Clarence W. Stuart, vice president of Anderson Newcomb, said an item selling well is the comfort pouch, a blanket for use in cool rooms of the house. Thermal pajamas are also a leading sales item this year, according to Stuart.

In addition, many people can expect popcorn poppers, food processors, hot doggers, and small black and white and color television sets as Christmas presents, according to Stuart.

The "Star Wars" mania has not been limited to toys. Stuart said a leading sales item in children's fashions is the "Star Wars" sweat shirt, and "Star Wars" books are also a big sales item.

Perry Como, Firestone bring in the season

Commentary
By ALYCE COOPER

Hey, friends, it's that time of merriment once again.

Once more the opportunity arrives to get your nifty collection of Christmas carols done by the Chipmunks, Elvis, Patti Page, Andy Williams, Perry Como or anyone else you can think of, up to and including Firestone.

We suggest you choose any of the above before the one by Firestone. We understand that after only 30 days of play the bands begin to separate and may cause the record to blow-out right there on your very own turntable.

'Tis the season to be jolly.

Face it. A sense of humor is

necessary to get through the Christmas holidays. And the season becomes longer and longer and still longer every year.

Beside the plastic jack-o-lanterns in the department stores there sits a candle holder complete with tiny little brass troubadours that will spin when the candles are lit. Witches give way to angels and broomsticks give way to sleds, and before the average person is aware, Thanksgiving has passed with only two days of turkey, and suddenly there are only 86 shopping days 'til Christmas.

Major panic sets in.

It is no wonder we have artificial trees. No real tree could possibly stay fresh for 86-plus days. They were an inevitable invention.

And now you can deck the halls with artificial holly.

Holly must be big and bright and above all it must be bigger and brighter than anyone else's.

For only \$99.95 you can be the proud owner of a computer which will bounce a beam off your neighbor's outdoor decorations and in only ten seconds give a complete count of how many Christmas lights are on his porch, the amount of holly (including the number of berries there-on), the height of his plastic Santa, and the approximate length of its extension cord.

And although it's been said, many times, many ways, even if it should happen (saints forbid) that your display is not as huge or doesn't double your electric bill, you better not pout and you better not cry, because as everyone knows, Santa Claus is coming to town.

And his presents get better every year.

This year, for the young lady in your life, why not give her the new and greatly improved version of Tiny Tears? The new Tiny Tears is the only doll on the market which will throw a tiny tantrum if she

misses her 2 a.m. fake-food feeding.

For the older woman on your gift list, consider Anthrax Annie. Wipe out your whole family with only one gift. Then you don't have to worry about what to get the rest of them — ever again.

But, most of all, for that special gentleman, Greta Groper will tickle his fancy for only \$69.81. Greta Groper features real naugahyde handles, industrial-grade latex covering, real human hair plus 17 motor-driven orifices. Also included is one pair of insulated rubber gloves to prevent electrical shock. And she's washable, too!

God rest ye, merry gentlemen. Let *nothing* you dismay.

Wander into the nearest state-run juice joint to purchase a peck of potent potables for your potential alcoholic friends. Hey, after all, it is Christmas.

There are 14 kinds of French brandies; 74 varieties of cheap, domestic wines; innumerable im-

ports; beaucoup bourbons, and the all-time favorite of any up and coming hardcore consumer: grain alcohol.

With a little imagination and some grape kool-aid, visions of sugar plums will certainly dance in your head. With a little too much imagination the sugar plum punch will strip the paint off a car.

For the non-drinker, call your local dealer to see what poisons are in stock for the holidays.

What better way to spend the holiday — in a coma.

Silent night. Holy night?

Maybe.

There is no maybe about it. Christmas is Holy. Not because it is a religious holiday, but because of what it could be. A time to share gifts that really mean something. They do not have to be expensive. They do not have to be ornate or elaborate, but they have to show you care.

Christmas is a time to appreciate people. And that makes it Holy.

And to all a good night.

Shoppers push for best presents

By DEBBIE COBLER

Pushing, shoving, waiting in line for an hour. Well, it is that time of the year again.

Fourteen days until Christmas and still there is never going to be enough time to go shopping.

The hassle starts. Walking into a store and finding yourself in the middle of a puppet show where 50 kids are all trying to get candy canes at the same time. Or when shoppers have been looking for hours trying to find something special for their loved ones, get in line and the lady at the register says she is sorry but the line is closed.

Going to discount stores always seem to bring mass confusion at this time of year. Everyone carries a flyer with the weekly specials. There is one problem, all the items are sold out and rain checks will have to be taken, but only after Christmas. Who wants ornaments, decorations and toys after Christmas is over?

The crowds are everywhere.

There is not one corner of a store without a small child clinging to her mother because she is afraid she will get lost or the curious child who wants to explore every aspect of the store and ends up in lost and found.

Twenty-five dollars for a sweater, \$15 for a hair dryer and \$5.99 for an album. Where does all the money go? Well, forget the bottom half page of names on the shopping list.

As a shopper walks outside, he finds himself faced with a Santa on every corner ringing a bell. The biting cold wind just makes the shopper feel sorry for the Santa and donates a dollar, while the little girl walking with her mother cannot understand who is the real Santa.

All and all, Christmas becomes a favorite time of year with lots of spirit, joy and love. There would be no fun in Christmas unless each individual encounters the experience of Christmas shopping.



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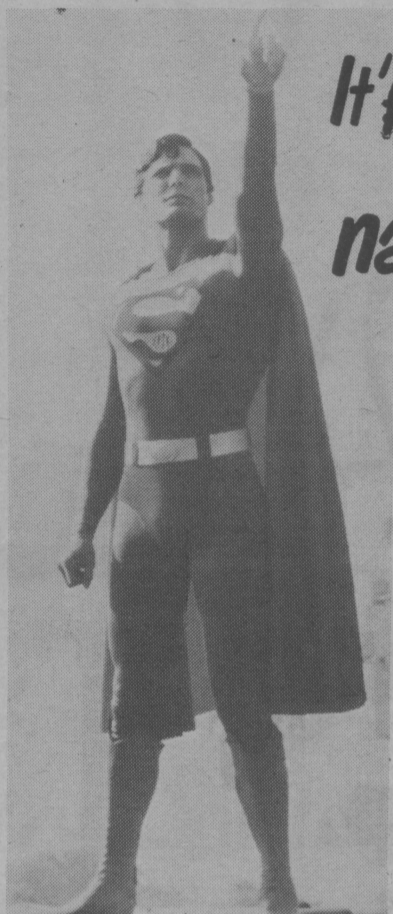


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*It's a bird... It's a plane...
naw, it's just a new movie*

(Editor's note: The following article was supplied by Warner Brothers, Inc.)

Superman, a native of the planet Krypton, reared in Smallville, U.S.A. and a resident of Metropolis, was born in Cleveland, Ohio, the brainchild of writer Jerry Siegel and cartoonist Joe Shuster.

Superman, the movie, was conceived at a sidewalk cafe in Paris by the father-and-son production team of Alexander and Ilya Salkind and their family friend, Pierre Spengler.

Directed by Richard Donner, who was responsible for "The Omen," Superman has taken almost two years to film at locations including New York City; Gallup, New Mexico; Alberta, Canada; and England's two major production centers, the Shepperton and Pinewood Studios. Superman will be released in the United States by Warner Bros., a Warner Communications Company.

The project began with the development of the story and screenplay by Academy Award winner Mario Puzo, author of "The Godfather." Then, David and Leslie Newman and Robert Benton did additional work on the script. When Richard Donner became involved he brought in Tom Mankiewicz as creative consultant.

The cast and creative contingent which contributed to Superman

boasts twelve Academy Awards and nearly one hundred nominations. Included are one three-time recipient, composer-conductor John Williams; and two holders of the "Best Actor" Award, Marlon Brando and Gene Hackman.

A dual winner (for "On the Waterfront" and "The Godfather") and five-time nominee, Brando is almost as much a legend — in his own way — as Superman. He plays Jor-El, Superman's father and the leading scientist of the doomed planet, Krypton.

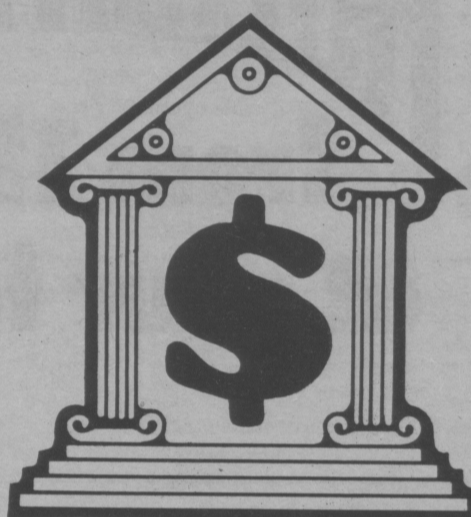
"It's a crucial role," explained Donner, "which sets the tone and style of the film."

The schedule called for Brando to work on the first day of principal photography, but he almost didn't make it. He was suffering a heavy cold, coupled with jet lag, and arrived on the set at the Shepperton Studios, bundled in scarves and sweaters and fortified with tissues.

"What happened next was amazing," recalls Donner. "We agreed to film the rehearsal, as if it were a take. 'Who knows,' Marlon suggested, 'we might get lucky.'"

In a towering set, surrounded by John Barry's vision of the futuristic marvels of the planet Krypton, Brando began a lengthy monologue, expressing his certainty that his world was doomed and his agony at sending his infant son to the safety of planet Earth.

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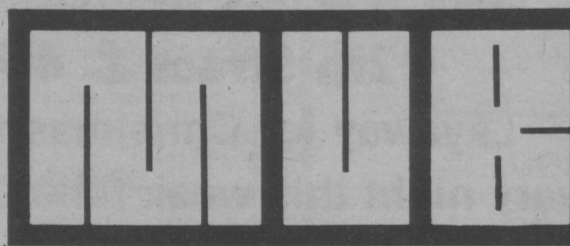
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12th floor turns to music

By PAM MUNDAY

It started with a recording session in April and since then a local band has developed a lot like the mythological bird they were named for.

The Phoenix Band, which has appeared in the Coffeehouse and at the Monarch Cafe, was the brainchild of Scott Paulsen and Jeff Rader.

"We had been trying to get a band together for a long time but this recording session really made the whole thing jell," said Rader, a Spencer sophomore.

The song they recorded was one Rader had written. It was submitted to the American Songwriters Festival and is currently in the finals of the contest.

After that first session they just kept on playing and two weeks later the group had its name.

"Scott wrote a really nice song called 'Phoenix' and we decided to use the name because it was different, not too rock and rollish," Rader said.

He also says he has a rather superstitious feeling about the group.

"It seems like fate. We played with a lot of guys from different floors, but nothing really came together. When we finally got it together, all of us were on the 12th floor (of Twin Towers East)."

"In September, when we came back, we had a gig in two weeks, but we still needed someone to play lead guitar. As luck would have it, he moved in across the hall," Rader said.

Rader is a music major who plays bass guitar and does vocals for the group. He is also responsible for arranging and writing some of the group's music.

Paulsen, Chester sophomore, is a broadcast major who plays guitar and does vocals. He has been performing for five years and wrote the song for which the band was named.

Frank P. Strickland, Clendenin sophomore music major, does keyboards and vocals for the group as well as performing songs he has written. He has had seven years experience performing in bands.

Kevin A. Kenworthy, Manassas, Va., freshman music major, plays in two groups in Manassas in addition to Phoenix. He plays guitar and piano, and does vocals for Phoenix as well as writes music for the group.

Mike L. Mick, Weston junior, is the only one of the group who does not presently live on the 12th floor of Towers East. He is the band's percussionist.

The band hasn't been pushing performances this semester, according to Rader.

"We've been practicing, tapping, listening and cultivating our sound. We've been doing just enough gigs to get by," he said.

"Our music is varied," Rader said. "Our main thing is middle

of the road stuff. We try to appeal to everyone and what we're really working up to is doing more of our original stuff.

"We don't want to be just another 'copy' rock and roll band. As we build our popularity, we want to include more and more of our own stuff," he said.

Rader and Paulsen handle bookings for the group and decide on a lot of the songs the band performs, but the group is run on an equal basis, according to Rader.

"We don't have a leader. Everyone contributes by

arranging, writing music and stuff. For a group to succeed everyone has to feel important," Rader said.

"We've had a lot of help from a lot of people," he said. "The floor (12th) has been great about helping us set up and things and they've really backed us up.

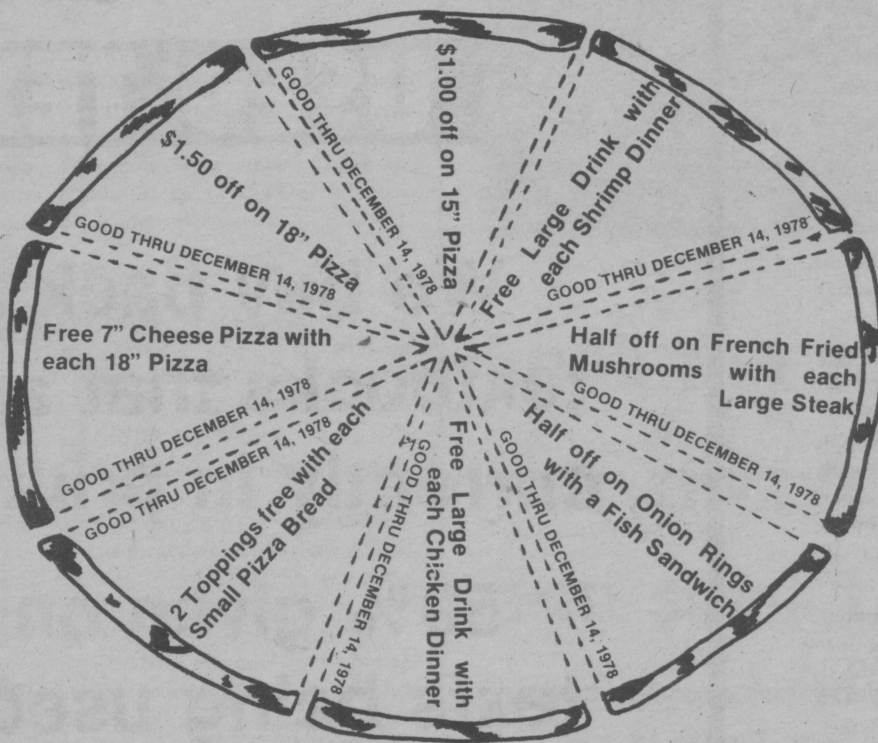
"We even have a permit from Mike (Santoro, Twin Towers East Residence Director) to practice in the dorm and if Phoenix ever cuts an album, it will be dedicated to the 12th floor, minus eight, plus one," Rader said.



Members of the rock group Phoenix formed by Marshall students.

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Runners do it daily for life

By JODY JIVIDEN

The setting: a surprisingly warm, winter afternoon, with clear, sunny skies and no wind.

A runner, in his musty Fourth Avenue apartment, observes the "balmy" conditions through a grime-streaked window.

"Great," he thinks, "I can finally run in shorts again." He has been bogged down daily for the past few weeks by heavy, clinging sweatpants.

Quickly, he dons a heavy t-shirt, and nylon trunks. He then laces on his \$35 Nikes or Adidas. Soon, he heads for the door.

He knows that he probably didn't stretch his muscles sufficiently, but the sunshine is beckoning. He becomes anxious as he steps outside, anticipating a fast eight miles that will leave him in breathless agony for a fantastically long minute or two at the workout's conclusion.

Seven miles and some 45 minutes later, the runner approaches the end. His limbs are not racked with pain, just tingling. But, his torso is beginning to heave and burn.

On the sidewalk ahead, he sees a balding, not-so-old man with a middle that's quickly becoming paunchy. The runner moves to the edge of crumbling, cracked walk as he passes the man.

"You're doing what I should be doing," the potential porker says quickly. "I should be out jogging, too."

The runner is jolted by the last comment, which sings through his gut.

"Did that guy say he wanted to jog like me?" the runner thought. "Does he think I'm jogging?"

So it goes with runners, people who've learned to wholeheartedly resent the term "jog." Runners and joggers are not cut from the same mold. Ask any runner. He or she will tell you so.

Considering himself insulted, the runner feels bitterness ooze through his body. Antagonized, he nearly runs in front of a moving car as he crosses a street.

"The difference between runners and joggers is a matter of attitude," according to Mark Bailey, who finished 30th in September's 1,100-runner, 15-mile Charleston Distance Run. "Joggers do what they do for health reasons, such as preventing a heart attack or losing weight, while runners are more concerned with improving themselves. Joggers jog so they won't die, while runners run so they will live."

Therein is one difference between the two. Most runners enjoy running, but few joggers actually like to jog. Many do it simply because their doctors told them they had to, or to keep their physically-fit spouses happy.

"I hate the word 'jog,'" said Bailey, a Cross Lanes junior. "It conjures up visions of an Edsel popping and sputtering down the road. 'Run' is much more descriptive of human action. It

implies smooth, fluid motion, which is what running is all about. Pigs jog. People run."

Giving credit where it's due, joggers should be lauded for being as non-sedentary as they are. But, most joggers will search diligently for excuses not to jog. "It's raining." "My shoes are wet." "It's only 20 degrees outside."

Runners dread missing a day. Occasionally, they may feel like staying in bed one morning. But, almost invariably, they arise and complete the scheduled workout.

Virtually never do they regret doing so.

A runner's repertoire of equipment reflects this near-fanaticism. Ski caps, gloves, nylon jackets, several pairs of long underwear, ankle wraps, ice bags and Ace bandages are items many runners own. Most don't feel secure until they think they have enough equipment to cope with any common injury or weather situation.

"Why, then? Why do you run through bad weather and with injuries? Why do hurt yourself?"

Because the answers are so simple, most runners dislike such questions. They run because they want to. They hurt because *must* if they're ever to ascertain how talented they really are. *To avoid living their lives not knowing how good they could have been, runners will pay the price of physical discomfort.*

Of course, to gauge himself in such a fashion, a runner must race. He must race something. It may be a stopwatch he carries with himself on a solo run. It could be 2,000 other runners in a

major road race. Or, it might simply be the encroaching fatigue that could force him to stop before he wants to.

"Runners are competitors," said Dan Kay, a former All-Kanawha Valley Conference cross country runner from Dunbar. "They strain until every muscle aches, and then some. Joggers plod along day after day, month after month. The respect for joggers is there, but it shouldn't be confused with the respect a runner is due."

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'Comes at Time' -- brilliant

By STEPHEN BYRNE

When reviewing an album by Neil Young, one must speak in degrees of brilliance. "Time Fades Away," "Tonight's the Night," and "Zuma" were excellently brilliant. "After the Gold Rush" and "Long May You Run" are mediocre brilliance, in that Young is incapable of writing a bad song, but sometimes you know he can do better. Young's material ranges from rock masterpieces ("Like a Hurricane") to catchy tunes that do nothing more than break the monotony of the average crap fed to us on the AM radio ("Heart of Gold").

"Comes a Time" is mediocre brilliance, or rather brilliant

mediocrity. The songs contained on this new album do not carry the weight of a "Cortez the Killer" or a "Tired Eyes." What we have here is o.k. stuff that's produced to the hilt (nobody on the album plays a wrong chord, sings a poor harmony or in any manner interrupts the smooth flow), all weighed down with a mess of strings known collectively as the Gone With the Wind Orchestra.

This is not Neil Young. The man should realize that he is not Jackson Browne or Paul Simon. Smooth is just not his style. Young's best efforts have been the rough-and-ready all out guitar slammers. This brings up the point that the band Crazy Horse, who

have rocked with Neil through his last three albums appear on only two cuts from "Comes a Time." Even these, "Look Out for My Love" and "Lotta Love," would be considered down songs on other albums. Contained here is no "Drive Back," no "Bite the Bullet," no "Revolution Blues."

Why has this occurred? I can only assume that there is a direct correlation between quality and mass appeal. When one goes up the other goes down. After his split from Crosby, Stills & Nash in 1970, Young released two blatantly commercial albums. "Harvest" out in early '72, is still his best seller ever. After "Harvest," however, Young fell into the depths of

depression that almost cost the rock music world his monumental talents. Shaken by the drug related death of friend and former band manager Danny Whitten and former road manager Bruce Berry, Young recorded dark personal epics, culminating in 1975 with the suicidal "Tonight's the Night," his finest although poorest seller.

Following last year's release of the great "American Stars N' Bars," *Rolling Stone* wrote of Young by calling him the most important artist of the 70s. With "Decade" a collection of tunes commemorating Young's first ten recording years, a lot of people began believing that. My girlfriend

and I didn't go running around the outside of the cavernous Richland Coliseum like chickens with our heads cut off trying to scrounge up two tickets to see someone with nothing more than a cult following.

I hope for Young's sake "Comes a Time" sells like chocolate bars in a supermarket for diabetics. After five years of a tremendous talent making music tailor-made to his genius, a legion of superfans don't want a rehashing of earlier stuff. He can keep Rufus Thibideaux's cajun fiddle, and Nicolette Larson's sweet harmonies. But let's here the real Neil. Records should be made for the audience, not for the executives at Warner Brothers.

By TONY FITZGERALD

For West Virginians, going to Ohio is as simple as crossing a bridge. Ohio is an unassuming state: a place where industry and agriculture exist side by side. Ohio's cities are mean and busy, yet its countryside typifies rural American.

Ohio also has a growing rock scene. The state which has produced talent as diverse as Eric Carmen, The James Gang and The Dead Boys is now blooming with a new and exciting sound. The high quality of the new Ohio bands has inspired rock writers to dub the state (especially the heavily industrial Cleveland-Akron region) "the New Liverpool" of rock and roll.

These bands are of varying degrees of talent, but Devo and Pere Ubu lead the musical pack.

Devo has been the subject of a lot of publicity lately. The Akron-based band's recent appearance on NBC's "Saturday Night Live" sparked reactions ranging from fanatical DEVOTION to puzzled indifference. They were the subject of a recent *Time* magazine article calling Devo's music "Spud Rock."

The main appeal of Devo is the

Ohio: a place for rock

band's music. As they have proved on their debut LP "Q: Are We Not Men? A: We Are Devo," the group has grafted a somewhat sardonic outlook on life with a unique sound reminiscent of the sixties.

Devo's version of "I Can't Get No Satisfaction" brings the Stones' classic up to date. Replacing the wild anger of the original with a decidedly UNSatisfying frustration, Devo performs the perfect anthem for the eighties. At other times, the group lampoons the modern world in songs like "Mongoloid," from which the following inspirations lines were taken:

"Mongoloid he was a mongoloid
One chromosome too many
Mongoloid he was a mongoloid
And it determined what he could see

But he wore a hat
And he had a job
And he brought home the bacon
So that no one knew"

Back the biting humor of the words with a severe-sounding melody and drums that positively snap, and you have the makings of a great song. Although the album also has weaker moments, it is probably the most important debut of 1978. Credit is also due to the group's brilliant producer, Brian Eno.

The group has been helped and hurt by its strange quirks, including its robot-like stage appearance and its insect philosophy, Devolution. Devolution (or de-evolution) maintains that man has not advanced, but degressed. To some, it may smell of hype, but "We are DEVO" is a rallying cry for the group's ever-growing legion of fans.

If Devo is Ohio's Beatles, then Pere Ubu is its Rolling Stones. There are many difference between the two: while Devo takes a detached view of things (which accounts for their stage act), Pere

Ubu is a hotly emotional band, generally going for the throat.

Pere Ubu was on record before Devo. An EP (extended player) of six early singles was recently issued under the title "Datapanik in the Year Zero." Their first album was released last winter by Blank Records. Entitled "The Modern Dance," the album featured a large variety of odd ditties, earning Ubu a large underground following.

"The Modern Sound" opens with a hot cut called "Non Alignment Pact," which sounds a bit like Devo's "Uncontrollable Urge." But there the similarities end. "The Modern Dance" encompasses such diverse numbers as the title cut, which features adrenelin guitar solos melding with tape loops of backward laughter, and "Laughing" a strange tune punctuated by the atonal sax playing of electronics whiz Allen Ravenstine.

While the band sounds caustic and aggressive much of the time, Pere Ubu's lyrics are often

humanistic and introspective, echoing the urban loneliness and majestic ugliness of the group's home, Cleveland.

Both Devo and Pere Ubu echo the frustration of the modern citydweller. However, they have done so in opposite ways. When Pere Ubu lead vocalist David Thomas bellows "seems I'm a victim of natural selection" (in "Final Solution"), it is as if he is one of the millions of faceless individuals Devo sings about. Like the rest of us, he is DEVO.

(Devo lyrics copyright 1977, DEVO music/Virgin music Ltd.)

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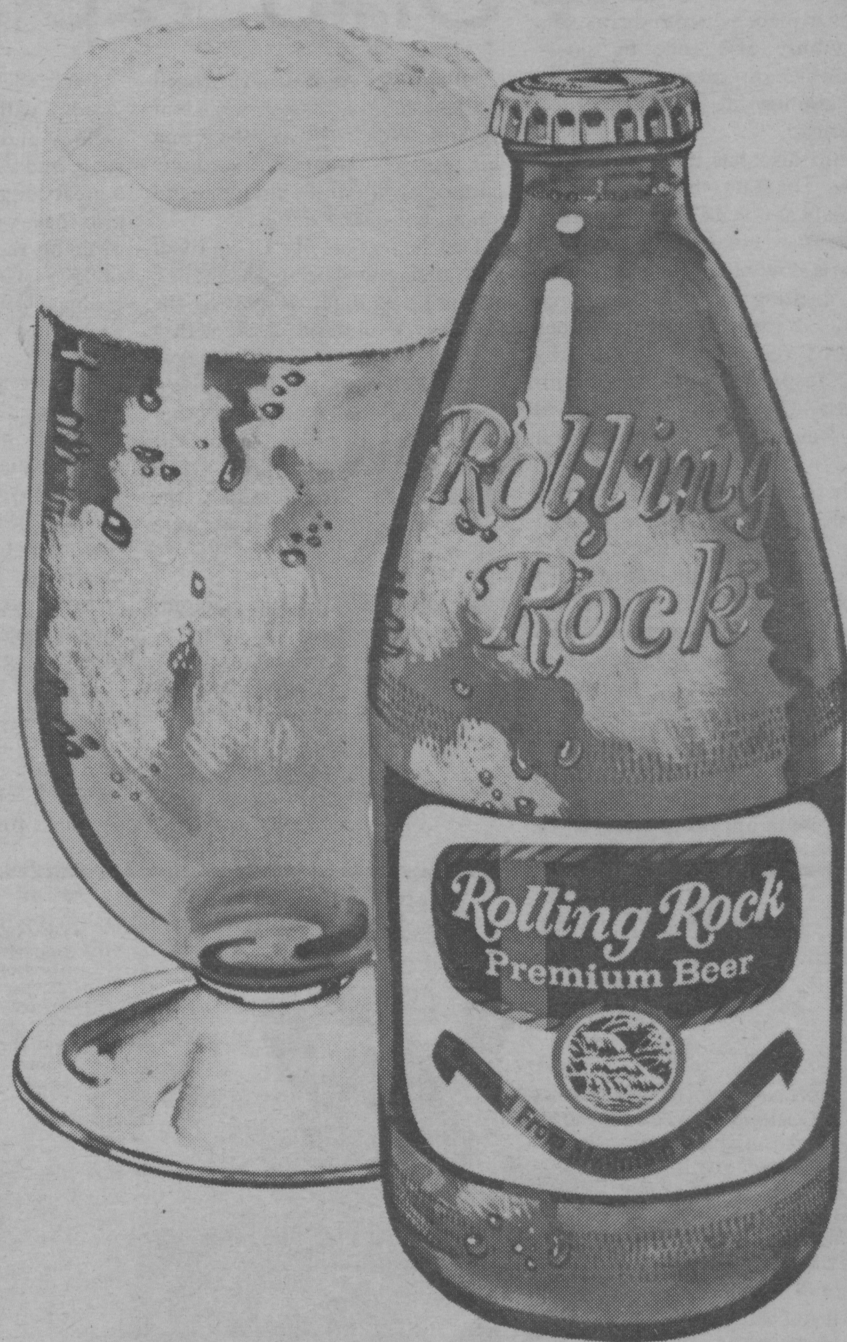
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