
Carter demolished Kennedy in the New York declaring, as usual, that without a major obstacle in view.

Kennedy campaigned doggedly in the senator's 30 percent.

For those were the contests in which Carter demolished Kennedy in the states, where Reagan's campaign train headed west, with the embattled mayor hurt their chances at the conventions. he with the embattled mayor hurt their chances at the conventions. he

S. Africa Activists Stage Princeton Library Sit-in

By MARY KELLY

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**Campus Events**

**News in Brief**

**Penn Union Council Presents**

**Allen Krantz**

Classical Guitarist

In concert

Renaissance to 20th century

Scarlatti, Paganini, Weiss, Tarrega, Barrios

Sat. March 22 at 8 pm

Harold Prince Theater, Annenberg Center

Tix $3.00 w/Penn ID / $4.00 general admission on sale now at h.h. Tix, Locust Walk Annenberg

**International**

Hostages Face 2 Month Wait

The fate of the U. S. Embassy hostages in Tehran, Iran, hangs in the balance, as a new round of talks between the United States and Iran fails to yield any breakthrough. The U. S. officials are eager to see the hostages home, but they are also determined not to accept any terms that would risk the lives of the hostages. The negotiations are expected to continue into the next week, with both sides holding out for a deal that would be acceptable to all parties involved.

**State/Local**

TMU Residents Protest

Hundreds of angry, shouting residents of the Three Mile Island area turned out to protest the reopening of the Three Mile Island nuclear plant. The U. S. Nuclear Regulatory Commission ruled that the plant could be reopened, but the residents are determined to fight for closure. They want the plant closed and the nuclear waste removed from the region.

**Human Rights at Stoullar College House**

WHARTON'S COME AND LISTEN TO SOME MAY SENIORS' IS THERE LIFE FOR PRIVATE BEDROOM ON SALE NOW AT H.H. TIX, LOCUST WALK ANNENBERG CENTER

**Artsfest '80**

Europe and Beyond!

Tours of the open sea! Freestyle. There's something about that vast expanse of ocean that can make one feel small. And yet, the vastness of the sea is also awe-inspiring. Call or write for our free full-color brochure.

**LAST DAY TO SIGN OCCUPANCY AGREEMENT FOR PRIVATE BEDROOM SPACE! 5:00 PM!**

**Artfest '80**

spectacular nights of film

**United Way**

United Way’s goal is to raise $18 million this year for United Way, too. So far, this year, we're at $13 million! The United Way is the only source of funding to CHOC, whose services we did not receive, and our services are truly needed and necessary. We plan on supporting the United Way and their goal of providing quality health care to all in need. We will continue to support the United Way in all aspects of their work.

**Meditation**

**FREE COURSE**

Relaxation & Prayer, Self-Discovery & Self-Esteem, and Understanding the Emotions: A Study of the Emotions. This workshop is brought to you by the U.S. Army Medical Center, Philadelphia.

**Artfest This Weekend's Events**

THURSDAY, MARCH 20

10 AM CHILDREN'S CARPET CONCERT

Children's Center @ 9 a.m.

6 PM DECORATIVE DIVERSIONS

Student performing groups in Penn's Drama Center.

8 PM LATE BLOOMERS-ENCORE PRESENTATION

FRIDAY, MARCH 21

7 PM LATE BLOOMERS-ENCORE PRESENTATION

8 PM GENE RAY DOUBLE FEATURE

9:30 PM LATE BLOOMERS-ENCORE PRESENTATION

SATURDAY, MARCH 22

7 PM LATE BLOOMERS-ENCORE PRESENTATION

8 PM JACQUET FRIENDS-PENN UNION UNION

9:30 PM LATE BLOOMERS-ENCORE PRESENTATION

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Cap and Gown Dispute

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The Case is Still Open

As more information is publicly made the picture of the arms deal with the South African government, the cost of characters, expands. The new players include agencies of the U.S. government, who may have been the role for Space Research in clearing the sale. First Pennsylvania, the bank that helped finance the deal, and whose complicity has raised questions of legality and morality, is not completely exonerated, however.

Space Research in the Vermont firm that sold $100 million in artillery shells to South Africa three years ago, using a U.N. embargo against arms sales to South Africa. The University has had a policy since 1974, against doing business with South Africa. There is also a U.S. embargo against arms sales to South Africa.

The University uses First Pennsylvania for many of its banking needs. Since the First Pennsylvania received last November, we called upon the University to determine if the bank was violating its embargo on a new bank "If First Pennsylvania could not justify its role in the arms deal, this bank would take a very bad look at the price."

Before the arms could leave the country, the bank's Department of Maritime Control (OMC) had to clear the sale. The president of Space Research suggested to the OMC that since the shell castings did not resemble weapons, a license was not needed. An employee of the OMC, a phone call to the United States Justice Department in Washington was made. It was later found that the OMC obtained by a bank official who would call up First Pennsylvania, and the bank promised that the transactions was entirely legal. These in- ternationally recognized weapons, and the Pretoria government was one of the most repressive regimes on earth, and the U.S. government before the arms are manufactured, and the approval for the Sale and the State Department.

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Mayflower Restaurant
220 N. 10th St.
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Originator of Szechuan, Mandarin
Cuisine & Chinese Vegetarian Food in Philadelphia

This has been an ideal place for student gatherings. We have recently remodeled our dining room to accommodate your needs. Come on in with your Student ID, and get 5% Discount (Credit Cards not applicable).

Reservation needed for large group.
Telephone No. 922-9119
Isreal - Hebrew Film Festival
Tonight: I LOVE YOU ROSA
7:30, Newman Center
Monday, March 24:
SALLAH
7:30, HSF Room, 2nd Floor.
Houston Hall
$1.50 for series tix $1.00 per movie.

ATTENTION QUADROPHILES:*
To gain entrance to the 1st Annual Quad Arena you must:
1. Come to the Assignment Office H311 to draw a numbered ticket. March 24 8-7 PM
2. Read and memorize Quad Arena Chapter in Room Selection 1980-81.
3. If your number is low enough (no. 1000)
   a. Go to the Assignment Office H311 to draw
   b. Check the number and enter if it is no. 1
      (it will do, all I really want is you).
If you are interested in applying, please submit a resume
and letter of interest to
Professor Mark Adams
Van Pelt College House
3302 Spruce Street
Telephone number: 382-3579 (evenings)
Deadline: April 5.

*Definition: Penn students who want to live in Saturday March 29. 9-6. If you want to live with him, you may enter; better have a good friend who drew no. 3)

The Daily Pennsylvanian, Thursday, March 20, 1980

THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN, Thursday, March 20, 1980

THEATER ARTS
251 WORKSHOP presents
THREE ONE-ACT PLAYS
Sisters by Andrew Robinson
Crazy Night by Marc Brown
From Light to Dark by Philip Aluare
Friday, March 21
Studio Theater Annenberg Center
8:00 pm
ADMISSION FREE

GIVE BLOOD.
TODAY
Thursday, March 20th
11:00 - 5:00 p.m.
at ZBT
Free Abbot's Ice Cream & Refreshments for all donors.

STUDENTS HELPING STUDENTS WANTS YOU!!
All undergrads in all colleges are eligible to advise next year's freshman class.
Applications are available: Your school office. Thrus. in the dining areas
11-12 FAS ONLY
Application Deadline: March 28 Where: As stated on application
Any questions call Mitch Klimek-382-0834
Funded by the U.A.
Pennsylvania Pre-Musica, directed by Franklin B. Zimmerman will perform Handel's "Judas Macabre".

Friday, March 21 8 p.m. St. Mary's Chapel admission free

THE BLACK PRE-HEALTH SOCIETY PRESENTS
University of Pennsylvania

The First Annual Health Fair

3901 Spruce Street
High Rise South
Rooftop Lounge

Speakers:
Dr. Joseph Eyer
Mr. Robert Cuzzillino
Ms. Mona Sutnick
and many others

TO THE CLASS OF 1980:
Poor Richard's Record, Penn's Yearbook, would like to extend a special invitation to all the members of the Senior class.

Starting today and running through the end of the week, appointments may be made for portrait sittings to be taken during these last two weeks of March.

This is our last sitting of the semester, so if you are to appear in the Yearbook, we need to take your portrait at this time. Portrait sittings are free, and only ten minutes.

Remember: It's YOUR yearbook; don't miss this opportunity to appear in it.

Sitting Appointment

Sign-Up Hours:

Also: Yearbook sales will be on sale until April 15. Orders will be taken between 11 AM and 4 PM.

Don't forget to reserve yours, $15.

Poor Richard's Record
36th & Hamilton Walk
Funded by SAC

APARTMENTS

UNIVERSITY CITY
3000-2, 1 br. unit
LARGE, 3 BR., 1 1/2 Bath

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LAUREL, BRIGHT (IMMEDIATE)

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5 bdrm apt - Chestnut & 43rd

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SENIORS!

Is there life after Wharton?

Come and listen to some May '79 grads discuss the Realities of Working "THE FIRST YEAR OUT"

Thursday, March 20, 4:30-6:30

Ben Franklin Room-Houston Hall

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*By CRAIG STANLEY*

The Quakers, who are averaging .500 this year in the Ivy League, have compiled a 5-21 record in their intramural debut. They are not playing seriously, however, since they are a collection of talentless and overrated players.

*By MIKE O'CONNELL*

**King Edwards Leaves a Legacy of Success**

The Envelope Please

**Ned Edwards**

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**Nine Pastes**

Turning the Page

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*By MIKE O'CONNELL*
The Sound Of Philadelphia
Everybody has these little fantasy notions that jump around their heads. Whether it’s becoming president or getting stranded on a Pacific island with the female population of a large, midwestern university, everybody has these little dreams. One of mine is to own a house.

 Own a house? Probably sounds a little ridiculous. Here’s this sophomore in college, doing just fine in a miniscule high rise quad, and already the guy wants a house. Give someone an inch and, gosh, they’ll take a half acre lot with a split level ranch home.

 It’s unfortunate, though, that all the places I would want to build this dream house are already taken. Try getting a half acre — a measly half acre — in midtown Manhattan. Try finding a modest estate on the North shore of Chicago. Really, where’s a guy to go?

...*

Down in Florida for vacation last week, I had a chance to do something I’d done only once before — search for houses. The relatives I was staying with were a young, recently-married couple with a recently-bought house. They enjoy riding around the outskirts of Miami (it’s truly interesting how they can build suburbs around suburbs) and seeing what they — fortunately or unfortunately — didn’t buy.

 Every development had at least two things in common: The names were all obnoxiously similar, and, as expected, almost all the houses looked the same.

 We had seen the Casas of Kendall, Casa Condo West, Lake Casa Condo, Kings Court, Kings Creek. The Casas at Kendall Creek, etc., when we stumbled on yet another budding development on the way home one day. Sitting there, right in the middle of an endless dirt field, sat six connected townhouses: five models and an attached sales office. They, too, all looked alike.

 At the door, we were immediately met by Ms. Ubiquitous Salesperson, who handed us a package of front elevation designs and floor-plans.

 “How much is the cheapest one?” we quickly asked.

 “Ninety-nine, live,” she said not seeming at all aback by the comment.

 “Really,” she said. “You must be kidding, Overpriced?”

 We drove off into the sunset. Ms. Ubiquitous was meeting another couple at the door.

 What made the incident so upsetting — despite the fact that these homes were grossly overpriced — was the fact that every home and townhouse we saw wherever we went was grossly overpriced. Prefabricated mobile home-like structures that came delivered to your property (in two separate pieces) were selling for $30,000. At least you can haul a mobile home around if you want. Plop these babies down, weld ‘em together, and they’re there to stay.

 You just have to figure that if these homes jumped about $20,000 in a year or so, what are they going to cost when I honestly, sincerely, gosh-darn-bottom-of-my-heart want to buy one? $200,000 for a mobile home? $400,000 for a tacky little tract house in the suburban boon-docks?

 Wherever we went, Mr. or Ms. Ubiquitous Salesperson pressed us the same way. “Buy now, buy now,” they would rant and rave with the fervor of T.V. gospel preachers. “If you wait much longer you’ll never be able to buy anything.”

 Gulp.

 I’d probably be much better off setting out to find the female population of a midwestern university on some deserted Pacific island. I hear real estate is nice and cheap out there.
Another Hour for the Log Book

By Christine Woodside

The three passengers pressed noses to the oval window of the tiny Cessna 172 four-seater airplane, gaping at the sun-burned rigidity of New York City seen from 500 feet. The plane pattered along about even with the 80th floor of the 110-story World Trade Center. The Statue of Liberty was like a green plastic statue toy, Ellis Island was a blob in a blue-green, glittering New York Harbor, and Manhattan's sea of skyscrapers looked like cardboard props for a matchbox town.

The greatest city in the world was at our fingertips in the form of a town some child built with blocks and green felt, and all Bill, the pilot, could say was, "Looks all right from up here. That's all.

Breakfast: While John, Diane and I examined the chalky pills and reached for the orange juice, Bill explained, "A little windy today. Nothing bad, just a few gusts." He seemed accustomed to explaining a potentially nauseating condition. He had brought the dramamine.

Miniscule Cars

For the past year or so, Bill Wilson has been spending as many hours as he can flying these small Cessna crafts from the Robbinsville, New Jersey airport to New York and back, Philadelphia and back, Albany and back, or tiny jaunts through the New Jersey countryside — anything that will log another fraction of an hour towards his commercial pilot's license. Last spring he successfully completed a "solo" flight for his private license, returning to a bunch of grinning fellow-pilots who chased him with gigantic scissors, and customarily snipped off his T-shirt to hang as a relic of the landscape work for had agreed to go flying. "You should have seen Michael," he reminisced with a crooked, devilish grin. "She climbed out of the plane around in a bank curve, further up the Hudson. But for the wide-eyed riders, the excitement was at a peak.

But Bill is sure that his little plane is just as safe. His three passengers oohed and aahed over colorfully miniscule cars humming silently over the Verazzano Narrows Bridge. Bill noted the height and speed of the little plane as he negotiated it through the two bridge pillars. Soon he would turn the plane around in a bank curve, further up the Hudson. For the fine-eyed riders, the excitement was at a peak.

Radio Static

We pulled into the airport parking lot, joking, "I feel sick already. Look at the way the cars bends into the wind." The lot of parked small aircraft looked like a field of gigantic insects waiting to be untied. The Cessna 172 "Skyhawk" is like a cross between a snowmobile and a big bird.

For the pre-flight check was routine business for Bill and as exciting as a weekend football picnic for the rest of us. John and Diane climbed immediately into the plane's back seat to wait for it to take off. Bill, meanwhile, ran around the tiny craft with a clipboard. He ducked under each wing to take fuel samples, fiddled with the rudder and the air indicator, and then loosened the two ropes from the wing. The wind was shaking the plane, and it swayed as we climbed in.

"Looks o.k. We just need some oil," Bill commented. A long-haired adolescent was slinking towards the plane with an STP can. "What a wimp," Bill sneered. "He's the owner's son. I'd like to take him by the shoulders and throw him against the wall." The boy jumped assuredly, but clumsily, on a foothold to pour the oil, grinning self-consciously.

Meanwhile, I was starting at the eye-crossing array of buttons and indicator screens on the dash. Bill mumbled into the radio — jumbled static poured out. "I wish they'd speak English in those things," John commented, as the plane began a weak little manoeuvre towards the runway. We were testing.

There had been noisy debates over small airplane safety at home. My father had refused to let our 12-year-old sister go up in the Cessna with Bill, claiming, "You people just don't know the risks. That plane goes down and you're dead." Actually, the biggest doubt any of us had was over the pilot himself: "Can a goofy friend really fly an airplane?"

"Look at that smog. How'd you like to live there?" he said absent-mindedly.

Airplane Wing Over Manhattan: The drama of a silient, people-less view didn't excite our pilot Bill. (Continued on page 12)
A Scathing, Satirical ‘American Buffalo’

By Matt Cohen

The Repertory Company’s current production of David Mamet’s American Buffalo has a little of everything for anyone who might contemplate seeing it. There’s a very good script, solid acting for those who strangely insist upon those qualities in a dramatic production. There’s food language and an interesting view of the seamy side of Chicago life, for those with well-developed prurient interests. And there’s even a really good fight scene, with lots of body slams and breaking of glassware, furniture, and bones, for those who may have gotten lost on the way to pro wrestling at the Spectrum.

Most of all, though, American Buffalo provides a scathing satire on American business ethics, viewed not from the perspective of the boardroom of a multinational corporation, but from that of a junk shop in Chicago.

It seems that Donny, the owner of the place, his friend Teach, and a street orphan named Bobby are plotting a crime, the robbery of a coin collection. However, what starts off as a simple, friendly, and above all, business-like conspiracy ends in an atavistic confrontation revealing, according to Mamet, what really motivates business at its core.

Throughout the show, Teach repeatedly emphasizes the strictly-business approach the robbery must take. He tells Donny that business is common sense and experience, meaning that Bobby, a kid, cannot do the robbery; later he reminds Donny that business is people taking care of themselves, i.e., let’s not split up the proceeds from the robbery more than two ways; and so on. The irony of the whole situation is that these maxims would be equally at home in an executives’ conference as in the plotting of this crime, leaving one to wonder, in fact, if they both aren’t the same situation at heart.

Performance levels for the show are uniformly high. Ben Sweetwood as Donny effectively portrays the man caught in the middle, wavering between what he knows to be good business practice and what he wants to do for Bobby out of friendship.

In turn, Bobby, played by Z. Toczek, is suitably lost and subservient, looking up to Donny always for advice and reassurance.

The power behind American Buffalo, though, its violence and its humor, come from Teach, portrayed excellently by Jude Ciccolotta. Teach is a cross between the Marlon Brando crude tough guy and Bogart’s street-smart wise-cracker. His women are all twats, as he so succinctly labels them, and his idea of teaching someone respect is to ill him. Teach, at his basic level, is a mass of brooding violence which he restrains only by sheer willpower and his friendship for Donny — until things start falling apart and the cage snaps open.

American Buffalo is a solid evening of theater, pushing towards heavy drama, but relieved by enough humor to avoid leaving one with a dragged-through-hell-and-back feeling. The show will continue through April 5 at the Repertory Company, 1924 Chestnut Street.
Tracking Those Elusive Globetrotters

By Jim McCracken

The Harlem Globetrotters are protected. They are protected by their frequent appearances on ABC's "Wide World of Sports," which always shows them at the top of their game. They are protected by the memories of their distinguished history, when players such as Bob Gibson, Connie Hawkins and Wilt Chamberlain wore the Trotters' red, white and blue.

And they are protected by the ban on interviews after their games and their refusal to speak with any member of the press beneath the threat of Jim McKay.

These points and others shield the Trotters from criticism. So when one actually attunes, disappointment is inevitable. The reason is simple: the Globetrotters simply cannot win some, lose some.

Their imperfections are not reflected in their record. They have won over 4000 games in a row. Their record since 1961 is 6680 wins and two losses.

However, the Washington Generals, the Trotters' perennial opponents, will never be confused with the Boston Celtics. The star of the Generals is Red Klotz, who was a member of the Baltimore Bullets' championship team. Klotz stands about 2 feet nothing and he is about 150 years old. His game consists of setting up beyond the three point range and heaving line drives.

Also with the Generals is Billy Campon, an all-American at Manhattan College a few years back and among the top ten rebounders in the nation his senior year. Campon now serves as a foil for the Trotters' gags.

After watching the Trotters pummel the Generals, the fans come out wondering, "How would the Trotters do against a professional team?" The answer is simple. They would get killed.

Once upon a time, back in the 1950's, the Trotters did play some exhibition games against teams from the NBA and won. But professional basketball has changed entirely in the last 20 years.

And so have the Trotters. Certain images remain. "Sweet Georgia Brown" is playing in the background. Meadowlark Lemon is harassing referees and swishing half court hook shots. And there is Marques Haynes bouncing better than anything since the last episode of "Charlie's Angels.

Marques Haynes now qualifies for social security. Meadowlark Lemon rates a two word mention in the Trotters' program (which is about as much exposure as he receives as a regular on the television show "Hello, Larry"). Lemon and Haynes have left the Trotters to form the fledgling rival Bucketeers. And after an evening at a Globetrotter, one is sick to death of hearing "Sweet Georgia Brown".

The Trotters still have talented players. Geese Ausbie, the reigning "Clown Prince of Basketball" was third in the nation in scoring (28.3) his senior year in college, Lionel Garrett, a rookie from Louisville, was in the top three in rebounding.

Ausbie, Garrett, and the rest of the Trotters recently played five games in four days at the Spectrum. The put-on began even with the introductions. Maestro dribbler Curly Neal wore a wig, revealing his shining scalp only after all the participants in the stands were silently bitching about paying $8.50 a seat.

After the introduction, the magic circle comes, and good news, the circle is still magic. But then comes an interminable warm-up period. Tip-off comes at 8:10, 40 minutes after the announced starting time, and seven choruses of "Sweet Georgia Brown."

Right away, the Trotters looked awkward. Two of the first three times down the court, Ausbie throws the ball away.

"Don't worry, they'll be back," he hollers after one miscue.

The Generals led in the game, 24-20, but the Trotters then woke up and all of a sudden, they led, 40-28.

Most of their points came on slam dunks off of their famous weave offense. The Trotters' repertoire of stuff shots is so varied and their use of them so frequent, they make Darryl Dawkins look like an amateur.

Halftime found the Trotters ahead 57-46 and the crowd restless. But the intermission entertainment was geared to psych them up.

The first act featured the only man able to walk up a flight of stairs on one hand. This Herculean task was accomplished to the strains of the theme from the movie "Superman."

But all that was merely warm-up for the premier foot juggler from Europe. The highlight of his act came when he had a little plastic man on each foot and a little soccer ball balanced on each of the little heads.

With the second half, the Trotters emphasized audience participation more than basketball and met with more success. The old waterbucket that's really full of confetti still worked, though everyone in the house knew it was coming. Ausbie assailed various vendors and passed out beers, popcorn, and Cracker Jacks to the fans who loved it.

It was during these routines and others that it's obvious to see just what Trotters' humor was made of. Much of what they do is burlesque. There's Ausbie grabbing a kid onto the court and then pulling down his pants. And there's Ausbie pulling up the shirt of a rather rotund referee to display a chest most Penn girls would kill for. And there's Ausbie again slow dancing with a male out of the audience.

Finally, mercifully, the end comes. There is the customary pass to Ausbie, who, sitting on top of another player's shoulders, slams it through the hoop as time expires.

That act is typical of the evening. It's old and somewhat tenuous, but it will happen again the next night and there will be plenty of people to see it.

Climb Aboard: Curly Neal Gets an Assist From a Friendly Ref.

Produced by Lene Lovich, Les Chappell, Roger Bechnan and Alan Weston

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The Sound Of Philadelphia

Philadelphia was the Motown of the 70's, its sound heard throughout the land, its influence pervasive in popular music. Where did this sound come from, where is it today, and where is it headed?

By Kevin Coyne

Dee Dee Sharp Gamble [left] and Teddy Pendergrass: Miss Sharp became Mrs. Gamble and moved with the Philadelphia music industry from "Mashed Potato Time" to the days of TSOP.

Motown took off like a spurred horse, never once stopping to look back. Under Gordy's watchful eye, Motown did more than just dominate the black music industry of the sixties; it literally defined it.

Working with brilliant writers like Smokey Robinson (the man Bob Dylan once called the greatest poet of the 20th century) and the Holland-Dozier-Holland team, Gordy created a style, a mode — you might even call it an aesthetic — which satisfied both his audience and his wallet. His stable included such great...
embodied in an official, corporate structure. But for a brief moment at the very beginning, it was not as calculated an industry as Motown, and its style was not as instantly recognizable. Otis Redding, Solomon Burke, and Wilson Pickett (all backed the studio band), along with Booker T. and the M.G.'s, were the Stax/Volt stars. Detroit created pop. Memphis was the capital of soul — no doubt about it.

As the 60's stumbled on and the 70's began to threaten, these two centers began a slide from power. The music of Motown moved dangerously close to self-parody. The style had turned into an empty, unthinking formula. The family that Berry Gordy had so lovingly created and presided over was plagued by internal strife, and the Motown dream faded. Memphis also burned itself out. The plane crash killing Otis Redding in 1967 just about finished off Stax/Volt as well. Soul music's moment was over.

**Growth of a Sound**

Enter Philadelphia. Led by Gamble, Huff, and Bell, the Philadelphia music community reasserted itself and gradually moved back to a prominent position on the national scene. Gamble and Huff's first major act was signed: The Intruders in 1966. First chart hit: "Expressway to Your Heart" by the Soul Survivors in 1967. First million-seller: "Cowboys to Girls" by the Intruders in 1968. The right cards were coming up at the right time. And a distinct, definite, discernable sound was developing in these records.

In their productions, Gamble and Huff tended to use the same group of musicians, the guys they had known from the very beginning, the ones they had jammed with back in the early 60's. Thus armed with consistency and competence, the burgeoning producers could afford to be a little adventurous. Motown had always utilized the classic 2-4-1 beat, a punchy and affecting signature.

Gamble and Huff abandoned this in favor of a steady, pulselike beat. The emphasis was on a seamless and driving rhythm section, provided by the ever-faithful studio band, now known as MFSB. The music overshadowed the lyrics. The Motown and Memphis styles were altered. Gamble and Huff wanted a new sound; one which would be derivative and new at the same time, and which would establish them as innovators, not imitators. Thus they presided over the nativity of "The Sound of Philadelphia.

Gamble and Huff demonstrated the seriousness and magnitude of their intentions to the music world in their first major coup as a production team, the 1967 signing of Jerry Butler, former lead singer for the notable Chicago group The Impressions. Butler was an artist with strong soul roots, having written earlier, "I've Been Loving You Too Long" with Otis Redding. But Gamble and Huff pushed him in their own direction, successfully making him the most commercially visible vehicle for "the Sound". Singles like "Only the Strong Survive" and "Moody Woman" finally thrust Motown into their own mold of a new sound, the Philadelphia style. By 1971, Gamble and Huff had their own label — Philadelphia International — formed under the auspices of CBS.

**Patterning of a Sound**

Philadelphia defined soul music in the 70's. Thom Bell produced a string of hits for the Spinners ("I'll Be Around" and "Could It Be I'm Falling In Love") and the Stylistics ("Break Up To Make Up" and "Betcha, By Golly, Wow."). Gamble and Huff offered Billy Paul's "Me and Mrs. Jones," Harold Melvin and the Blue Notes' "If You Don't Know Me By Now," and the Three Degrees' "When Will I See You Again." Singles poured out of Sigma Sound Studios, and the gold records started lining the walls there. Philadelphia emerged as the Motown of the 70's, the most lucrative and influential black-owned music industry in the nation. "The Sound" was made incarnate, and embodied in an official, corporate structure.

Soon after its inception, the sound became a formula. But for a brief moment at the very beginning, it seemed magically tinged with possibility. The sound resolved itself, met its own demands, and reached its peak in Philadelphia International's very first gold record, the O'Jays' "Back Stabbers". It was the summer of 1972, the same time as the Temptations' last great song, "Papa Was a Rolling Stone.

"Back Stabbers" was a clear and urgent plea, both forceful and subtle, which marked the stunning union of a pop idiom with a serious theme. Memphis and Motown were joined. This was soul music recast in the mold of a new sound, the Philadelphia sound. But, alas, nothing followed on its heels. The O'Jays' next single, "Love Train," filled very competently the musical requirements of the sound, but its lyrics were downright insipid in comparison with "Back Stabbers." The Philadelphia music industry ratcheted its aesthetic summit before it scaled the heights of commercial success.

Once the "Back Stabbers" swell had passed, Gamble and Huff finally defined in no uncertain terms the direction, boundaries, and aims of the music they had created, and the industry they now stood watch over. The Sound of Philadelphia would be the sound of "dance-oriented music." MFSB's 1974 single, "TSOP" (see if you can guess what it stands for) codified the sound, gave it a name, and presented it to the world. The Gamble-Huff style was as recognizable, and as marketable, as Berry Gordy's had been in the heyday of Motown.

But in 1974, disco, the music everyone loves to hate, burst upon the national music scene. Many have claimed that it sprang fully-grown from a common Gamble-Huff forehead, the latest manifestation of TSOP. It was true that the MFSB rhythm section had started using the steady, driving beat that was the basis of disco as early as 1968, but it was also true that Philadelphia International did not embrace the new movement as tenderly as many others did. Gamble and Huff waited, staying a little bit ahead of the crowd, trying to anticipate and possibly create some new trend. Thom Bell moved to Seattle with the Spinners and Stylistics. Baker, Harris, and Young, former Gamble-Huff musicians and producers, started their own production company and scored well with the Trammps. Philadelphia International remained the lone guardians of the fort, the last defenders of the old "Sound of Philadelphia." Would they stagnate.
like Motown, or move forward? An empty reiteration of the old style or a nurturing of a new model?

Re-Examination of a Sound

They never stop working down there. The studios at Sigma Sound are always booked and the offices of Gamble-Huff enterprises are filled with the steady hum of activity. A cry of "TSOP is dead" would raise tempers as well as eyebrows. The Philadelphia International family is comprised of believers. They believe in the divine right of Philadelphia International. They made money — lots of money. Sigma Sound didn't do too badly either. Within the next year they will move into a brand new, plush, state-of-the-art studio, abandoning the not too shabby place they presently occupy. Very nice indeed. The P.I. label now bills itself as the "Record Company of the 80's." They seem to be in a good position to defend that title.

"Music You Can Count On" and "There's a Message In the Music" are two of the newly adopted slogans which define the present direction and attitude of Philadelphia International. But exactly what kind of music is it? According to the Jones Girls, one of the label's up-and-coming acts, it's "easy-listening with spirit." Dee Dee Sharp Gamble sees it as a period of transition, marked by the re-emergence of "songs with lyrics that have meaning and melodies you can remember." Walter Williams of the O'Jays claims that it "is not just the same old thing." This new music "makes people think." Each one a noble, ambitious, and democratic scheme. But the music does not completely comply with the plans; at least, not yet.

The structure is still there, the rock-solid foundation of the TSOP industry still intact. The Philadelphia International/Sigma Sound group is very much a family-type organization: the engineer knows the door guard knows the secretary knows the writer knows the recording star. Before I was led into the Gamble-Huff offices for a promised tour, I was introduced to Shirley Jones, one of the Jones Girls, who happened to be there. She was at the building's entrance waiting for a ride. Impossibly dressed and clad in fur, she held a brown paper bag filled with groceries. A loaf of Wonder bread stuck out of the top. Yes, this certainly is a family, free of the internal tension that had characterized Motown. And the whole operation is overseen by the all-knowing and ever-watchful eyes of Gamble and Huff. Philadelphia International has the basic ingredients of greatness. All they need now is a renewed sense of direction.

The real business of great soul music always seemed to be a sort of salvation with a smile. The mind was prodded into action by the lyrics, while the body was left to move with the music. But then Stevie Wonder and Sly Stone came along, thrusting themes into the music. Ideas begin to make inroads in the Philadelphia sound. A religiously-inspired utopian dream gained prominence, as did the belief that music was the best means of achieving it. Gamble and Huff's agreement with this vision was manifested particularly in their "Let's Clean Up the Ghetto" campaign, a five year self-help program started in 1977.

What seems imminent, or at least most desirable, is a synthesis of Motown, of Memphis, of TSOP, and of these developing universalist ideas. Quite a task indeed. The question now is whether Philadelphia can actually be able to do it, to finally create that elusive new sound, a religiously-inspired Utopian dream gained prominence, as did the belief that music was the best means of achieving it. Gamble and Huff's agreement with this vision was manifested particularly in their "Let's Clean Up the Ghetto" campaign, a five year self-help program started in 1977.

The studios of Philadelphia International are buzzing along very nicely right now. The easy stylings of Teddy Pendergrass and Lou Rawls sell consistently in all the popular ranges. But Gamble and Huff aren't satisfied with running in place. They are re-evaluating the terms and effects of the sound they created, determining the extent of the alterations necessary, seeing if it is adaptable or whether it should maybe be changed forever. Granted, they have talent, but are they really capable of charting the course and deciding on the composition of the musical parade that leads into the new decade? Don't count out the men who were gifted enough to define the direction of soul music in the seventies.

One of the stops on my tour of the Philadelphia International headquarters was a studio where Gene McFadden and Whitehead, working on a background track with a group of session musicians. Right across the hall, in one of the many writing offices, songwriter Bobby Bennett sat with a legal pad resting on his crossed legs. The room was dark and small but contained a piano and a rather ominous-looking sound system. He was writing lyrics for a new O'Jays song. I was struck with a sense of the possibility that was floating around. These guys, with a wealth of experience, confidence, energy, might actually be able to do it, to finally create that elusive new style. I wished Mr. Bennett luck.
Trial-Run Tile Fish Cooked by Beginners

By Violette Phillips

Beginner's Luck, a new branch of the Philadelphia Restaurant School, recently opened in International House, replacing the Cafe of the Five Continents. Its curious name is more than just an appropriate title for a new business venture, since Beginner's Luck is staffed and managed by its own students.

The Restaurant School was begun five years ago by Jay Guben, its president and generally acknowledged mastermind behind some of Philadelphia's most successful dining ventures (he opened Les Amis, Bogart's, and Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Too — to mention only three). The school is designed to teach the basics of the small restaurant business to 36 students in 10 month courses.

Beginner's Luck, however, is unique because it is administered by Guben but sponsored by the Department of Labor through the Corporation for Public and Private Ventures. It is funded to train the unemployed for restaurant careers through the CETA program. The restaurant itself is the classroom. The interviews to fill the CETA positions are being held currently, but until the CETA employees are all hired, the staff will be made up of the Restaurant School's own first month trainees.

Beginner's Luck is decorated with the same furnishings as the old cafe, but the tables are candlelit and placed in a more spacious arrangement. Brightly colored canvas divides the dining space and separates the restaurant from the lobby of the building. And except for an occasional fire alarm, one is unaware of being in a dorm.

Unlike the downtown school which has a fixed dinner price, the items here are all a la carte. Since the most expensive main course is tile fish at $5.25, and none of the appetizers exceed $1.75, the key to the restaurant's inevitable success is its selection of unusual entrees, at equally unusual prices, rather than cheap versions of more predictable fare.

The list of soups include black bean and green pea, plus a rotating soup du jour — in this case, pureed carrot soup. Unfortunately, it is not hot enough and is bland — the only recognizable taste being its chopped parsley garnish. However, the appetizers are more pleasing, especially the frito misto ($1.75) which is chunks of vegetables and chicken liver coated with a thin batter, lightly fried and served with a bernaise-like sauce for dipping. The Vegetables a la greque ($1.75) are fresh and crunchy but lack the desired tang of a strong vinaigrette. A tossed green salad ($1.25) is also available as well as a chicken pate ($1.50) and the greek spinach pie Spanikopita ($1.75).

The entrees are the delight of the meal, though, each being served with perfectly sautéed zucchini and homemade mashed potatoes. The Kotopita ($4.25) is ground chicken baked in phyllo leaves and flavored with nuts and bits of carrot. An order of lamb kabobs ($4.50) brings a double serving of lamb cubes with fresh tomato, onion, and crisp green pepper. The two large skewers are a dinner in themselves and more than worth their small price.

Dessert is a slight disappointment after the well-prepared main courses. One may choose from rice pudding, New York style cheesecake, carrot cake, and strawberry pecan torte. The carrot cake is good, but not aptly described — it is made with raisins and has an orange taste. The decadent-sounding torte is the only item that deserves a definitive thumbs-down; it is two layers of a ground nut mixture filled with too-sweet strawberry preserves.

The food is prepared by students of the same four-week status as the waiters and bus-boys, and probably explains any of its problems. The service, however, cannot be faulted. The attention of the staff is particularly welcome, considering the price range and the treatment usually accorded such low budget meals.

The luncheon selection is less varied than dinner, including quiche and hamburgers. Lunch is served from 11:30 a.m. to 2 p.m. Monday through Friday; dinner is from 5:30 to 9:00 p.m. Monday through Saturday. The restaurant does not have a liquor license.
Simon: A Misbegotten Messiah

By Geoff Little

Marshall Brickman’s new film, Simon, is a thinly veiled prediction of current philosophical problems: who put the Hawaiian music in the elevators? Or the ketamine in little bags? Furthermore, if one was reminded that one’s insurance was a milky-white, breast-shaped UFO, or perhaps a toaster, would one use television to change the world? (Simon does; and the results are often amusing.)

The director and writer, Marshall Brickman, co-wrote Annie Hall and Manhattan with Woody Allen. Family resemblances, as expected, are strong. Simon looks like Sleeper and sounds like almost any alien film—it’s worth seeing for that reason alone.

Simon Mendelson, the misbegotten hero played by Alan Arkin, is a somewhat desperate untenured associate professor at Columbia who lectures about the spaceships Earth to near-empty classrooms. Simon’s life is changed when a group of five scientists from the Institute for Advanced Concepts decide that the American public needs a real live, if trumped-up, alien. They choose Simon, invite him to the institute, give him his pick of scientific playthings and an able-bodied assistant, Cynthia (Madeline Kahn), and eventually brainwash him into believing he is an alien.

Originally devised to solve world problems, the institute has, according to its director, Dr. Becker (Austen Pendleton), “gotten into more interesting material.” That includes controlling the Nielsen ratings for the past five years, and attempting to crossbreed cockroaches and humans; the only problem with the latter, explains the squimy Dr. Fichbandler (William Finley), is the lack of mutual attraction.

Simon plunges into this environment with glee and impetusoenthusiasm. After 200 hours submerged in a sensory deprivation tank, he emerges limp, and in the best scene of the movie, mimics the complete recapitulation of phylogeny—inevitably invertebrate to the Australopithecus to modern man.

But after this hilarious beginning, the comedy loses its pace. Simon continues to believe he is an extraterrestrial, and his ranting and ravings message to earth about the proliferation of junk in our lives is like that of the corner bum; no one listens after a while. Simon is a distressingly mundane Messiah-ian, but since he is a false one, this is in character.

The five scientists are perfectly cast, as are all the supporting characters, such as Madeline Kahn and Judy Grubart (as Simon’s girlfriend). In one scene with the General Korey (Fred Gwynne), the atmosphere is like Kubrick’s black satire, Dr. Strangefowl. Unlike Kubrick’s film, however, Simon overplays the scientists’ roles; one tires of their appearance.

McGraw and King Portray Vulgar Roles

By Nancy Novick

What would happen if someone made a film with characters that nobody could love, or even like? Director Sydney Lumet has done just that with Just Tell Me What You Want. Based on the debatable premise of whether money can indeed buy happiness, the film features vulgar and unsympathetic characters, the most resonable of which is played by Peter Weller. Hints are immediately dropped that they may actually be appealing emotional basis for their relationship. But one is very quickly relieved of any hope as Rutledge becomes corrupted by Hollywood life and Burton becomes the stereotypic jealous wife.

Unable to cope with the situation, she runs away from it and back to the arms of her lecherous smiling lover—well, not immediately: first they have a knockdown, dragout fight in Bergdorf-Goodman. (Probable the most publicized part of the film, this sequence is embarrassingly long and could have made its point in half the time.)

The film’s characters are portrayed quite well. King is thoroughly disgusting as cheating, lying Herschel—generally missing people to achieve his own ends. His vulgarity provides the audience with one of the few genuinely funny moments. In the hospital, recovering from a near heart attack, Herschel harangues a nurse about some trivial matter: “You know what I mean?” he concludes. “No,” she replies. “You’re too subtle.”

McGraw’s characterization of the pampered mistress is convincing, but one wonders if the quality of her performance is due to her ability as an actress or to a reflection of her own personality. Certainly the role is strongly reminiscent of her part in “Players” in which she played another spoiled, insensitive mistress of a wealthy man.

Money may not buy happiness, but by the end of the film, it seems to come pretty close—that is if you don’t mind walking over quite a few people to get it. Lavish settings, sparkling jewelry, and expensive Artwork appear almost in excess, but does little to mitigate the ugliness of the film’s characters.

The most puzzling aspect of this film is the problem of whom to side with. As the two nasty protagonists are reunited, is a person to think, “Atta boy, Max,” or “atta girl, Bones, that’s the American way!” or to snort in disgust and leave the theater with a bad taste in his mouth? It seems quite possible that writer Jay Presson Allen and director Sidney Lumet didn’t know quite whom to root for either.
Discs: Seger, Costello, McGuinn & Hillman

Bob Seger & the Silver Bullet Band

Against the Wind
Capitol 500-12041

Before the immense national recognition of Night Moves, Bob Seger spent years as an obscure rocker, known only in the Detroit area. For Seger, the climb to the top was a long, slow one that has affected him profoundly. The effect of this gradual climb is clearly manifested in his lyric themes which include the ideal and good old days, lost loves, and disillusion with the demands of success. So far, Seger's popularity and reputation have depended on his total dedication to his traditional, fast-paced, unadulterated rock n' roll.

One of these mellow songs, "No Man's Land," reveals Seger's alienation as a rock performer: "Pause a moment to reflect/Which trip costs you more/Between the crowds/And the silence of your room/Spends an hour in no man's land/You'll be leaving soon." In "Against the Wind," Seger suggests that life is a continuous struggle, regardless of how successful one becomes: "Well those drifters' days are past me now/I've got so much more to do/Dutiful commitments/What to leave out . . . I'm still running against the wind." "You'll Accompany Me," "Good For Me," and "Shinin' Brightly" are slow rockers, subdued sound on Seger's alienation as a rock star. "The Horizon is a continuous struggle, which will never come true: Pearl E. Gales and her band have perfected mellow muzak is working on something else." Her fears have come true: Pearl E. Gates and her band have perfected muzak for the 80's. Its primary feature is a relentless beat and is considered as guilty of everything. The vocals are poor, and the lyrics and drumming are horrendous. "Driving." the best cut on the album, is monotonous, but it is here that Hilary Stchen gives an excellent performance. It's bad, but good for your teeth.

Elvis Costello
Get Happy!
Columbia JC-36347

For my money, the three Elvis Costello discs of the late 70's established him, along with Bruce Springsteen, as that decade's most important new artist. The albums were paragons of classic rock n' roll snappy, dense, hook laden - a pastiche, yes, but great art nonetheless.

With his new LP, Get Happy!, Costello is riding the crest of the New Wave into the 80's using much the same formula. Crummang ten songs on each side Costello has created not so much an album of individual compositions as something that seems like a medley of every pop hit you loved as a kid but can't quite place. The Attractions, through every present producer尼克 Lowe, sound nasty as ever punctuating their trashy roller-rink organ and B-movie piano lines with a powerfully hypnotic rhythm section.

Vocally, Elvis proves once again to be a wizard of versality - contrast the upbeat staccato phrasing of "High Fidelity" with the impassioned wail of "Beaten to the Wind." Lyrical, Costello's often unintelligible words allow just brief glimpses into the twisted mind of a bitter, neurotic genius whose angst manifests itself in lyrics that are, at once, humorous and horrifying.

Still, despite the fact that part of the elusive Costello mystique is the enigma embodied in those cryptic, mumbled lines, a good bit of what is getting everyone so excited about New Wave are the lyrics - McCartney, Townsend and the rest are simply too old to effectively articulate for today's youth. So when Costello reportedly asks in "High Fidelity," "...can you hear me, can you hear me?", the answer is a resounding NO! A lyric sheet . . . please!

—Joel Litvin

McGuinn & Hillman
City
Capitol ST-12043

If you caught the McGuinn, Clark and Hillman act which supposedly provided the peak of excitement at last year's spring fling and emerged anything less than a fanatical hit, then don't buy City. If you can't stand rock and rollers who will not roll over and die, then don't buy this album. If you can't stand rock groups which continually change their rhythm from the Byrds (w/Graham Nash) to McGuinn, Clark and Hillman to McGuinn and Hillman featuring Clark (two songs) to whatever may come along next (Roger McGuinn, Elvis Costello and Donna Summer?), then don't buy City. But most important, if you can't stand boring song after boring song with only two brief respite ("Who Taught the Night" and "Let Me Down Easy") from this muddled mess, then don't buy this drivel. Don't even steal it.

Finally, if you can't stand the decade long failure of Roger McGuinn to free himself and his oh-so-pretty voice from the strictures of bad bands, filled with Hillman and Clark in favor of the bright pastures of solo stardom for the born again rocker, then do not buy this latest effort called City. I will lend you my copy.

—Joe Rosanzi

Future Wax

Sha-doobie! It seems almost too good to be true, but the second disc is due out by the end of the month on the group's own label. This week's title-to-be is Emotional Rescue.

Overall, Sunny Side is a classic collection of blues and jazz piano, which showcases Helen Schneider's versatility and imagination.

—Steven B. Dolins

Pearl Harbor & the Explosions

Pearl Harbor & the Explosions
Warner Brothers BSK-3404

Lily Tomlin's greatest fear is that "the person who invented muzak is working on something else." Her fears have come true: Pearl E. Gates and her band have perfected muzak for the 80's. Its primary feature is a relentless beat and is considered as guilty of everything. The vocals are poor, and the lyrics and drumming are horrendous. "Driving." the best cut on the album, is monotonous, but it is here that Hilary Stchen gives an excellent performance. It's bad, but good for your teeth. Listen for them the next time you go to your dentist.

—Jordan Peimer

Emerald City

Emerald City
Rl. 70, Cherry Hill, N.J. 08034

Everything's cool for cats tomorrow night with Squeeze, plus Warner Haris/Spanking from Spanish for Wamino Nati. Saturday, April 26, 1980.
Scrapple

Why Retreat to Plato's?
A Press Conference at Manhattan's Best-Known Sex Haven.

By Lisa Scheer

“In the last two and a half years, I've had about 3000 women... and it's great sex too,” bragged Plato's Retreat owner Larry Levinson as he scratched his exposed bulbous belly.

Levinson, owner of New York's hottest "on premises sex club," Plato's Retreat, offered this candid remark at a recent collegiate news conference designed to promote "the swinging concept" in heterosexual society. Levinson's brief followed a guided tour of the day-glo glittered sex cavern which included such features as a tiled Jacuzzi, flashing dance floor, heated pool, pillow private rooms illuminated by a single red light bulb, a game room, and finally, the famous "Mat Room."

"How often do you clean these mats?" one reporter questioned an aging PR man as he stood on one of thirty soiled red mattresses lining Plato's community sex room floor. "How often do you clean the back seat of your car?" the PR man retorted smartly (it was thirty soiled red mattresses lining Plato's computer questioned an aging PR man as he stood on one back seat of your car?"

Plato's Retreat, located on 74th Street between West End and Broadway in Manhattan, is the latest capitalization on the sexual revolution. Partner swapping and open sex replace traditional "monogamous relations" and the club caters to numerous "swinging" couples each week.

"Partner swapping sex is looking for a better way. What we do here is more moral than what goes on out there."

Plato's, Levinson, the club's clientele is looking for a better way. What we do here is more moral than what goes on out there. Only couples and single women are given entrance. Homosexuality is allowed only between women. Since, according to the owner, lesbianism "is a turn-on," whereas sexual relations between men are "offensive."

If open sex between "consenting swingers" seems absurd, Levinson claims that people who have observed an evening at Plato's come out feeling that the entire experience is "unreal." Couples into "swinging" (representative of two percent of the U.S. population), according to Larry, "are really beautiful." Roger Grimshy and Sammy Davis, Jr. are among Plato's more notable guests.

Plato's open Tuesday-Sunday, 9 a.m. to 4 a.m. and back-seated for 2 a.m. "We like to keep the room warm to encourage people to take off their clothes," Larry said. Also, the more groovy couples are encouraged to "videotape their swinging acts" in color with sound.

In the club owner's words, "Jewish people are the biggest swingers. "Plato's serves no liquor and permits no drugs, but Levinson insists that his customers "get a high off sex." The biggest customer-attracting difficulty with Plato's so far is its inability to interest college students. "College students still think it's immoral," lamented the club owner, "but we have a right to live this kind of life."

As the evening event got under way, Levinson's description of the clientele proved to be less than accurate. Rather than the vivacious, athletic, young and diverse crowd he advertised, the den became filled mostly with aging overweight people laden with gold chains, and clad in skimpy towels.

"There is no pressure to undress or to have sex" at Plato's, Levinson said. As my companion and I played a game of pinball, we were approached by the aging PR man. Winking at my friend, he implied that he knew we really wanted to be co-mingling on a soiled mattress with a dozen other assorted bodies.

"You can play pinballs anywhere," he snickered, and was answered with two blank faces. Shrugging his shoulders, he stroked over to the Jacuzzi to stare as unabashedly as his overripe age would permit.

At Plato's Retreat, "screw" is the word. The contrived surroundings and flagrant sex are filling enough for some, but if things get really bad, the bar offers a cold buffet. (The shrimp salad goes unrecommended.)

The notoriously sleazy club, "based on a natural desire for sex," calls itself "the disco of the 80's." Anyone having trouble getting the basic "steps" down at home might find Plato's worthwhile. But an experimental visit to the Retreat might also illustrate how bogus the scene can be.

Airplane Ride
(continued from page 3)

The commercial airlines are so dedicated to calming travelers that the pilot has become an unseen god, legitimized by grinning stewardesses in navy blue blazers. The thought of breaking that distance by sitting next to the pilot, and having that pilot be someone we know, was a slightly terrifying novelty.

But the liftoff was familiarly roaring and smooth — not so different from a Boeing 727 — even though the wind made the little Skyhawk waver from side to side as it rose. The sky was only a hazy; visibility was way over the three-mile requirement. "We're flying VFR," Bill commented, by pointing on the steering bar. That means he found New York by looking at the countryside. The Cessna buzzed over boxy North Jersey houses and little round swimming pools, ball fields with hazy lawns. Bill scanned the view. "Nothing I can tell you now. This crap is all boring — there's Bayonne," he said. "Here, steer a little, Chris." I slapped my sweaty hands on the identical steering bar in front of me.

We were flying by visual flight rules, yes, but even then we didn't have to look outside the plane in an straight line. The control to watch was a little round picture of a plane on a hypothetical horizon, nestled among the other indicators and buttons. When the little plane in the drawing went crooked with the horizon, the pilot steered it back the right way. Gulp, I looked at the drawing. The plane was straight, but I felt compelled to exercise some sort of control over the soaring vehicle, so I turned the steering bar slightly. The drawing moved; the plane veered to the right. Bill put his other hand back on the controls.

I had once had a conversation with Bill about the possibility that he'd perish in a crash while flying. He had replied in an unusually earnest voice, "I just want to fly. I know there's always the chance that something will happen, but then, you never know what's going to hit you on a divided highway, either." It wasn't the New York skyline that interested him particularly. The thought of flying an airplane — anywhere — was his main preoccupation.

And being a pilot is not all planning to deal with fate. There is definitely such a thing as a bad pilot. Bill told us about a Robbinsville Airport pilot who, eager for his summer vacation, had overloaded a small plane with baggage and relatives. The little craft had crashed almost immediately after the takeoff. "He was an idiot," Bill said. "He just kept piling stuff into that plane, and he overloaded it so the thing couldn't get off the ground."

Most of the family had been killed because of irresponsibility. Another pilot had allowed herself to panic during her first solo flight. Bill remembered. "She got up in the air and thought she was lost, so she called in an 'emergency.'" Bill sneered. The airline people on the ground, thoroughly alarmed, guided her to safety — except that she neglected to tell anyone she had landed. Embarrassed once on the ground of a nearby airport, she turned off the radio and sat in the plane. Meanwhile, everyone at the other airport thought she had crashed. "Stupid," Bill mumbled.

The Cessna 172 hit the runway with a slight bump, then practically stopped itself, it was so small. "You know, when my stupid friend Mark got out of the plane after the ride, he got on his knees and kissed the ground," Bill guffawed.