Strict Security Regulations Disturb Student Workers

By BOB ROBERTS

The Student Senate yesterday passed a four-resolution package dealing with the protection of student organizations. The proposals, which were opposed by the University's Student Assembly, were adopted by the Senate.

The three resolutions were drafted by Bob Greenman, who is currently a member of the Senate. The package was supported by 17 senators, with 13 opposing votes. The package also included a resolution opposing the Senate's position on the issue of mandatory meal plans.

The Senate also passed a motion to allow the University to implement mandatory meal plans without a vote by the student body. The motion was proposed by an unidentified senator who said that the Senate had already decided that mandatory meal plans were necessary for the University to remain in operation.

The four resolutions were:

1. Resolved, that the Senate supports the University's position on the issue of mandatory meal plans.
2. Resolved, that the Senate opposes the Senate's position on the issue of mandatory meal plans.
3. Resolved, that the Senate supports the University's position on the issue of mandatory meal plans.
4. Resolved, that the Senate opposes the Senate's position on the issue of mandatory meal plans.

By ROBERT ROBERTS

A student senator in High Rise North lobbied for a change in the current system for providing meals to students. The student said that he felt that the current system was inefficient and that it was time for the University to implement a more effective system.

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Budget Statement Released;
Faculty Salaries Rise 9%}

By STEVEN ROSS

The University released its budget statement yesterday, revealing that faculty salaries had risen 9% across the board. The statement also indicated that the University would be able to increase its operating budget by 10%.

The budget statement, which was released by the University's Finance Committee, indicated that the University's operating budget for the coming year would be $50 million higher than last year's budget. The statement also indicated that the University had reduced its deficit by $2 million, and that the University's endowment had increased by $5 million.

The statement also indicated that the University would be able to increase its operating budget by 10%, and that the University's operating budget for the coming year would be $50 million higher than last year's budget. The statement also indicated that the University had reduced its deficit by $2 million, and that the University's endowment had increased by $5 million.

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Librettos: Lives Threatened
The young sufﬁciency 98 Americans hostage in
Turkish perpetrated varies between high down the U.S.
facing Syria and Lebanon, possibly in addition to a
even the modeled) military operation against Iran.
The Carter administration is betting on a possible
military blockade of Iran if the hostages are not freed. But
in Washington and other world capitals recently,
American diplomats support the help of U.S. allies in a
temporary program to banish Iran, given the
country’s support for communism.

Martin made that clear, but said that it was still too early
for European nations were gathering for consultation
in any opinion that the exit.

Carter-Sadat Talks End
ABU DHABI President Sadat signed an agreement with
world leaders in a major symbolic act of support for the
Palestinians and an apparent decision to

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A Mother We All Could Love

By Adam Levine

Leila Cohen, 80, lives with her daughter and son-in-law, Mr. and Mrs. Leonard Cohen, in the Kips Bay section of Manhattan. Ms. Cohen is one of the last of the Jewish mothers who have worked in the garment trade in New York. During the last decade she has become a symbol of the Jewish culture of the city.

Ms. Cohen is small and frail, with grey hair and grey-framed glasses. She is known for her wit and her kindness, and for her ability to make those around her feel welcome.

Ms. Cohen has worked in the garment trade for over 50 years, starting as a seamstress and rising to become a key figure in the industry. She is known for her ability to negotiate with factories and for her attention to detail.

Ms. Cohen has always been a devoted mother to her three children, and she is known for her love and support of her family. She is also known for her ability to make others feel welcome and comfortable.

Ms. Cohen is a beloved figure in the Jewish community, and she is widely respected for her contributions to the city and to the Jewish culture.

The Daily Pennsylvanian
Security Marshalls

(Continued from page 1)

"They are getting paid to do their job and not to be paid to see them," said the security marshalls in High Rise South and High Rise East failed to come to work.

West Campus Director of Operations and Maintenance Jon Bock said there had been a large turnover in staff since the new guidelines were implemented, and many workers did not understand the turnover as high as 40 percent. A full-time desk-receptionist said that her security marshall failed to show up from 11:30 to 3:30 last Thursday. "I'm not trying to set up a spy system, but no more than you would expect," he said. "I'm not trying to set up a spy system, but no more than you would expect," he said.

"I need to address this problem and give every indication that the student marshalls are being very diligent in performing their duties," he said. "Student marshalls can't talk to anyone who is reading a book."

Most of the workers interviewed for High Rise South, called the rules "strictly enforced" and said that the security at the high rises had not been pruned since the introduction of the new rules. "The high rises only took more than became a student marshall is not reading a book," he said. "There they mentioned the student security marshalls had not been any crime. The system was working "The system was working," he said.

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Mandatory Meal Plan Ruling

(Continued from page 1)

January by the UA dining committee called for a gradual increase to the price of a meal contract over the next three to five years, the shifting of the price of a meal contract to off campus residents for the recruitment of graduate students and increased catering services and the increased enrollment of graduate students and off-campus residents for the meal plan.

The idea of mandatory meals was resurrected in February, 1977. The proposal would have required nearly all incoming freshmen to purchase a meal contract Another mandatory meal proposal for all students was submitted to Gregorian in January by the UA dining committee called for a gradual increase in the price of a meal contract over the next three to five years, the shifting of the price of a meal contract to off campus residents for the recruitment of graduate students and increased catering services and the increased enrollment of graduate students and off-campus residents for the meal plan.

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Shen Establishes Committee To Oversee Data Collection For Academic Planning

By SCOTT HELFER

As advisory committees designed to oversee the collection and analysis of data on academic planning have been formed by Annemarie Provst Bocian, associate provost. The Faculty of Arts and Science Academic Planning Committee on Phase I will be designed to be advisory and will provide counsel to the provost's organization on Phase II. The provost and Educational Planning Committee's Phase I will be designed to provide direction and information to the provost's organization on Phase II. The provost and Educational Planning Committee's Phase I will be designed to provide direction and information to the provost's organization on Phase II.

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The erosion in terms of com-
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further evidence of proliferation
of contact faculty, said Lowery.
"And I don't know what the answer
is. We seem to be doing a few more
things now in this institution," he
said.
"But if faculty salaries should be
higher," said Rapp. "On the other
hand, I don't have any really good way
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Lewery pointed out that other
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Ivy Champ Sailors in Fog of Oblivion

BY DIMMACKEN

The Quaker Oats sailing team has had a relatively uneventful season so far. Despite being one of only eight teams to qualify for the national championships, the team has only had a few opportunities to compete in significant tournaments. The Quakers have been working hard to improve their overall performance, and they are hoping to make a strong showing at the upcoming national meet.

The team has a number of experienced sailors who are working hard to lead the team to success. They have been practicing regularly and are looking forward to the upcoming season. The Quakers are determined to make the most of their opportunities and to prove that they are a force to be reckoned with in the world of collegiate sailing.

Rugby: It's More Than Masochism

By ROBERT WILLOX

There are a few ways for people to fill their extra time these days. They can watch TV, play video games, get a job. One option not many people realize is to play rugby. Rugby can be a rewarding sport for those who are willing to put in the effort.

Rugby is a full-contact sport that involves running, jumping, and tackling. It is a game that requires a lot of physical fitness and coordination. The players are divided into two teams, each consisting of 15 players. The object of the game is to score points by passing the ball across the opposing team's try line. The game is fast-paced and intense, and it can be a challenging sport for anyone looking for a great workout.

One of the reasons people might not think of rugby as a viable option is because they believe it is only for the rich and powerful. However, this is not the case. Rugby is a sport that anyone can participate in, regardless of their social status.

There are a few places in the United States where rugby is gaining popularity. In Pennsylvania, there is a rugby club that is doing great things to promote the sport. The team is made up of students from the University of Pennsylvania, and they have been working hard to bring rugby to the attention of the local community.

The Pennsylvania Rugby Football Club has been successful in attracting players from a variety of backgrounds. The team is made up of both males and females, and they have had little if any exposure to the sport. The club has been able to attract players from overseas, and they have been successful in bringing in relatively inexperienced team to be coached by Englishmen. Their experience and effectiveness as coaches has been a boon to the team.

In addition to the Pennsylvania Rugby Football Club, there are other rugby clubs in the United States that are also doing great things to promote the sport. These clubs are proving that rugby is not only for the rich and powerful, but it is a sport that anyone can participate in.

One of the benefits of playing rugby is that it is a sport that requires teamwork. The players must work together to achieve their goals. This is a great way to learn the importance of working as a team and how to communicate effectively with others.

Overall, rugby is a sport that offers a unique combination of physical challenge and social interaction. It is a sport that anyone can participate in, and it is sure to provide a fun and fulfilling experience for those who are willing to put in the effort.

DP Sports Feature Page

Throughout the school year the DP gives the Penn community its fill of the major spectator sports on campus such as basketball, football, and baseball. Today’s issue spots a glance at some of the minor sports, both on the varsity and club level.

Water Polo: A Sport Whose Time Has Come

By GORDON ALTER

Penn has a water polo team that is beginning to make a name for itself. The team has been working hard to improve their overall performance, and they are hoping to make a strong showing at the upcoming national meet.

The water polo team is made up of both males and females, and they have been working hard to promote the sport. They have been practicing regularly and are looking forward to the upcoming season. The team is determined to make the most of their opportunities and to prove that they are a force to be reckoned with in the world of collegiate water polo.

One of the reasons people might not think of water polo as a viable option is because they believe it is only for the rich and powerful. However, this is not the case. Water polo is a sport that anyone can participate in, regardless of their social status.

There are a few places in the United States where water polo is gaining popularity. In Pennsylvania, there is a water polo club that is doing great things to promote the sport. The club is made up of students from the University of Pennsylvania, and they have been working hard to bring water polo to the attention of the local community.

The Pennsylvania water polo club has been successful in attracting players from a variety of backgrounds. The club is made up of both males and females, and they have had little if any exposure to the sport. The club has been able to attract players from overseas, and they have been successful in bringing in relatively inexperienced team to be coached by Englishmen. Their experience and effectiveness as coaches has been a boon to the team.

In addition to the Pennsylvania water polo club, there are other water polo clubs in the United States that are also doing great things to promote the sport. These clubs are proving that water polo is not only for the rich and powerful, but it is a sport that anyone can participate in.

One of the benefits of playing water polo is that it is a sport that requires teamwork. The players must work together to achieve their goals. This is a great way to learn the importance of working as a team and how to communicate effectively with others.

Overall, water polo is a sport that offers a unique combination of physical challenge and social interaction. It is a sport that anyone can participate in, and it is sure to provide a fun and fulfilling experience for those who are willing to put in the effort.
Comedy is not Pretty

Also
How to Dance on a Bus
By Christine Woodside

Adventure and Theft in the Subway...

A very stupid, ironic thing happened to me last Friday. I was all dressed up for church — where one can, among other things, renounce materialism — and on the way there, my purse was stolen. The thief got away with four keys and exactly one dollar bill — plus the value of the little bag itself, although that’s probably at the bottom of an 11th Street trashcan.

It was my fault. By unwittingly leaving the purse on a scummy bench in the 40th Street subway station as my friend and I boarded the train, I played suburban-dumb in the urban game of logic that says you can’t trust anybody — not even on your own side of the tracks. But I played suburban-dumb in the urban game of logic that says you can’t trust anybody — not even on your own side of the tracks.

In the time it took my eastbound train to go two stops, and for the westbound train to subsequently hopped to go back to 40th Street, someone had taken it away for good.

It would be great if this would never happen again, not because losing $1 is so horrifying, but because I felt like an idiot from the time I realized the familiar strap wasn’t tugging at my arm. to the same train I was about to miss. We clumsily leaped sideways down the stairs, as fast as good shoes and velvet permitted, and dove through the turnstiles as the automatic doors shutted shut and the train pulled away.

“My church garb, staring harder at the rusted rails than I ever had before, I thought of that, and I felt stupid standing anxiously on the other side of the tracks at 40th Street after I’d returned, calling over to the arrogant crowd. “Has anybody seen a purse?” My friend, meanwhile, paid 50 cents to go back on that train.

“I left the office with a form letter that said all the important cards I needed had been ripped off. But the officer had almost forgotten to circle the word ‘stolen’ on the form. So you can see that there is no excuse for being absent-minded in the subway.
Dance: On a Bus and Plexiglass
Bella Lewitzky’s unique company comes to the Walnut
with an unpretentious brand of dance

By Christine Woodside

When the CBS Corporation approached choreographer Bella Lewitzky a year ago, offering her dozen-dancer group a gift of one of Los Angeles’ 11 “worthwhile” arts institutions, she asked if they would put her in a large, air-conditioned, unoccupied space. Lewitzky, who has never accepted a gift from a business concern since she founded her company in 1940, refused to be pinned down on what she wanted.

Then, Lewitzky asked CBS if she could use the gift to pay her dancers a little more money. But that didn’t work either.

They wanted to give us some kind of object — something they could do from start to finish.

What Lewitzky did was have her architect husband, Newell Taylor Reynolds, design a bus for the touring season with space for the company to practice and work in, study former performances on videotape, write letters, fall asleep, and cook a meal.

“Dancers on the road have very special needs,” she says.

Traditionally, the biggest problem for a touring company has been keeping dancers’ legs muscles elongated and unramped during long trips. Lewitzky’s dancers do exactly that in the mirrored dancing space and stretching room in the back, where bulky seats would normally be.

The dark, outwardly humble bus is identified with a one-word label in raised chrome letters, “Lewitzky.” In a funny way, this bus — unnoticed on the outside, spectacular on the inside — represents the artistic style of the 65-year-old Lewitzky; sincere and unpretentious in her manner, spectacular in her actual choreography, if what dance critics from Seattle to New York have said is reliable.

Two Shows

Lewitzky and her small modern dance company are in Philadelphia tomorrow night and Saturday for two shows at the Walnut Street Theater (9th and Walnut), where they will perform three pieces, two of them never seen by Philadelphia audiences, and all three distinctly different from each other. When a New York critic called Lewitzky an “honest original” Lewitzky’s own words for what other choreographers should strive to be, he meant that she follows her own instincts in creating dance movements — and not what she anticipates the audience will understand.

For example, Lewitzky refuses to be pinned down on exactly what sort of dancing her company does. “I’m not really interested in labels,” she claims good-naturedly. For her, choreography is merely an art on its own, having nothing to do with the level of sophistication of the widely varied American dance audience. Asked if she thought the people who come to see her dancers are knowledgeable of dance, she replies: “I don’t know. It doesn’t seem to matter.

Unusual Stage Sets

It didn’t matter 14 years ago, either, when Lewitzky founded her company and made it a professional operation in only three years — a notable feat for a dozen dancers who danced on top of jungle gyms and shared leotards for two (called, appropriately, “duotards”). Dance companies, especially the semi-professional regional groups, are notorious for losing money and being forced to count on audience old favorites like the “Nutcracker” and “Sleeping Beauty” to come close to breaking even. But Lewitzky’s dancers don’t even own toe shoes, nor do they wear tulle skirts; the director, like many modern dance choreographers, faced a bigger challenge in 1966. She had to offer dance so good that it didn’t matter if it wasn’t the familiar “Nutcracker.”

“My appeal has never been that general,” she asserts. Her choreography is based solely on her own ideas, not on the fervor a work might create, nor the money it might bring in. “It’s the idea that takes hold first for me,” she says. “It has to be something I’m really interested in doing, that will sweep me along.”

The three pieces her dancers will do at the Walnut Friday and Saturday nights reflect her creative diversity, but, as each work is unique, can in no way be representative of all she has done. The first is entitled “Suite Satie,” after composer Eric Satie and his piano music. “I always have loved his music,” she says. Groups of two and three men and women dancers “reflect a certain aspect of his piano music,” which is to Lewitzky, “lyrical, seemingly simple, yet complex.”

The second number, “Recesses,” focuses not on the music, which Lewitzky fails to mention as a significant part, but rather on the personalities of three of her best-known dancers. “This is a reflection of how I know those dancers through their work with me,” she says. “My appeal has never been that general.”

The last piece concentrates not on the music or the dancers, but on the actual space within the stage. “Spaces Between” is Lewitzky’s “second try at dealing with the space above the dancer’s head.”

“I’m always very fascinated with the great care that lighting designers take in lighting the entire height of the stage space,” says Lewitzky. “But eight tenths of it is unoccupied. There’s all that beautiful space that a dancer can’t affect in any way.”

Lewitzky once tried to place dancers in that space by choreographing moves for a huge jungle gym, which they never got off of. But it was “too massive.” “Spaces Between,” though, incorporates some clear plexiglass platforms that somehow swing down and sweep the dancers up into that usually empty space reserved for giraffes and ladders.

Tickets for Friday and Saturday shows range from $6 to $9. The Walnut’s number is 574-3550.

Loretta Livingston: According to developing choreography techniques, Lewitzky, this veteran performer is quiet. “Her body almost turns itself inside out,” Lewitzky says.
A Crazy Half-Spanish Parody of Ethnicities

By Nancy Novick

Exquisitely polished performances. Elegant costumes. Inclusive dialogue. If you’re looking for all this and more when you go see a show, steer clear of Grendel’s Lair and their current production of El Grande de Coca-Cola. If, on the other hand, you enjoy parodies of ethnic types, bizarre costumes and bawdy jokes, taking in this show may be the perfect excuse to get off campus.

Written by Ron House, John Neville-Andrews, Alan Sherrman, Diz White and Sally Williams, the content of this musical reflects the varied minds at work. The production has no real plot; rather, the audience watches a cabaret revue that is supposed to be taking place in a nightclub in Honduras. The ridiculous and sometimes hilarious antics of the various performers, their interaction with one another and with the impresario, Pepe Hernandez, comprise the body of this work.

At the start of the show, the audience is given a program that informs them that Hernandez (played by Emilio del Pozo) has boasted to the local Coca-Cola bottling plant, to advance him enough money to rent a nightclub for one month. Thus comes the title of the show and the basis for some entertaining parodies of Coca-Cola commercials.

Language in the play presents a bit of a challenge to the audience as the script is written entirely in pidgin languages of different types: French, German, and a large dose of Spanish. The reaction of the viewer may be one of concern that he has wandered into the wrong theater or at least bought tickets for the wrong play, but one soon adjusts to the half-Spanish, half-English style. This device, although initially a bit unsettling, serves to emphasize the setting and actually adds to the humor of the play at times.

Among the acts performed, one of the funniest is a man-chist’s tapdance performed by Consuela, a Lily Tomlin look-alike (played by Susan Adair Brown) and Juan (played by Gary de Lena). Also very funny is Miguel (played by Rex Barnes) as he does an impersonation of a German disco dancer. Using Travolta-like moves and joking half in English, half in German, Miguel speaks of “Acapulco Gelt” and his accompanist passes out, presumably from an overdose. The performances are all quite good, and the humor is loud and funny and as long as you’re in the right mood El Grande de Coca-Cola is a pleasure to watch. Grendel’s Lair at 500 South Street is an ideal setting for the performance which requires only one set, a red and white glittering backdrop. The size of the house, which is relatively small, suits the play very well.

El Grande de Coca-Cola will run Tuesday through Sunday nights. Student tickets are $6 and ticket prices for the general public vary. Get there early and you’ll be treated to the sight of their very own cigarette girl who keeps her money half tucked into the bodice of her costume.

This device, although initially a bit unsettling, serves to emphasize the setting and actually adds to the humor of the play at times.
Arts and Darts: Gallery in the Taproom

By Kevin Coyne

Clutching their portfolios, they wander down to Dirty Frank’s every Friday evening, saunter up to the bar, and search for an impish and determined woman firmly ensconced there, one Mary Liz. She graciously inspects their offerings, and decides whether to give them a place on the wall of her gallery, the gallery which looms just beyond the wall of her gallery, the gallery which looms just beyond the bartender at the cash register and hovers over the little booths of red naughtly. Thus does the Off The Wall gallery get artists for its exhibitions. Thus is democracy set loose upon the art world.

Dirty Frank’s had been an artist’s hangout for more than twenty years when its original owner, John Seigal, sold it to Mara Groetsky and Jay McConnell. The new owners, less than $300. sometimes considerably less. And while this does not exactly cater to the clientele of the clean, well-dressed galleries. The sawdust on the floor and the Michelob on tap will attest to this.

Mary Liz, agreed and offered her services. So a little more than a year and a half ago, the Off The Wall gallery was launched.

Sitting unassumingly on the corner of 13th and Pine streets, with its nondescript facade and neon sign glowing in the window, Dirty Frank’s certainly does not appear to be a place where any semblance of art could be found. But since December of 1978, 15 different shows, comprised of the works of 104 area artists, have hung beneath the track lights on the north wall of this little-on-the-small-side taproom. “I try to show as much as possible,” Ms. Liz claims.

Off The Wall makes a serious and genuine attempt at returning art to the eyes of the public and the hands of the masses. Virtually all the works that hang there are priced at less than $500, sometimes considerably less. And while this does not exactly cater to the proletariat, it does direct itself to an audience quite far removed from the well-heeled gallery crowd. Dirty Frank’s certainly could be quite a party —down Ing mugs and rubbing elbows with artists, and maybe even athletes, since, according to one patron, Bruno Sammartino and various members of the Philadelphia Eagles have been known to frequent the place. Think of that, Ron Jaworski at a gallery opening.

But Mary Liz isn’t finished yet. Pointing to a small, recessed corner diagonally across from the bowling machines and jukebox, the con- vivial impresario said, with a devious little twinkle in her eye, “I’d like to maybe put some sculpture over there. I just have to figure out how to light it.”

THIS WEEK

Newman Galleries
850 West Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr, Pa.

Casein still-lifes by Katharine Steele Renninger. Through April 30

The Main Point
1811 Chestnut St.

Tahitian-inspired sculptures by Harry Roos and a posthumous retrospective of Saul Schary’s paintings. Through April 29. Closed Mondays

Maker Gallery
1718 Locust St.

A one-man show of collages, paintings, and inflatable sculptures by Harold Jacobs. Chairman of the Painting Department at Moore College of Art. Through May 17. Open Tuesday through Saturday

Nagin Gallery
117 S. 17th St.

A one-man show of collages, paintings, and inflatable sculptures by Harold Jacobs. Chairman of the Painting Department at Moore College of Art. Through April 26. Closed Mondays

Naver Gallery
2017 Chaucer St.

Suzanne Horvat and Sandra Lerner present "Bookworks: an exhibition of unique hand-printed books. Through May 17. Open Tuesday through Saturday

Helen Drutt Gallery
1625 Spruce St.

Mixed-media "wall pieces" by Raja Rice Nagin. Through April 30. Open Tuesday through Saturday

The Marigold Dining Room

501 South 45th Street

46 Years Same Location
Dinners from $3.50
Home-Baked Pies

B.Y.O.B.
BA2-9208

Open 4:30 to 8:30 P.M.

The Philadelphia chapter of the American Institute of Architects offers "Draw-
ing Treasures from the Architectural Archives of the University of Pennsyl-

va Through April 25. Closed Sun-
days.

Philadelphia Museum of Art
Parkway at 26th St.

Johnson Collection. Related Works and Reconstructions: a nice little demo-
cratic attempt at unveiling some of the mysteries of Medieval painting. Closed Mondays 11 A.M. for students

OFFER EXPIRES MAY 31

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$15.00 plus parts

*Adjust brakes and gears
*Adjust hub, bottom bracket, headset
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Offer Expires May 31

Spring Hours: Tues-Sat 11-6
Wed 11-8
Sun 12-5
Closed Monday
Comedy: The Locals

In a small club called the Jailhouse, 17 aspiring comedians spend each sell-out week practicing for a time when the other clubs in Philly might hire them.

By Rob Weber

"Let's have a warm Philadelphia welcome for Mr. Ken Lynch," said a deep clear microphone voice, comfortably descending on the small club crowd. Lights dimmed, and a thin blond man stepped onto the tiny stage, scanning his audience, grouped around the stage at tables, sipping and munching as they watched.

"Good evening ladies and gentlemen, let me tell you something about cats," he said, working a slight smile onto his face.

"The only reason cats were put on the earth was to scare the hell out of you in the middle of the night," he said. He stuck limp wrists and claw-like hands into the air, trying to imitate a cat ready to pounce on someone's face.

Not only the cat owners laughed. Lynch's feline slinking had almost everyone giggling. The audience looked like a good one tonight, Lynch must have thought.

"Fear," Lynch continued, "is an incredible laxative. For that reason it's also a great form of self defense. So if you ever see a weirdo coming down behind you yell, "Stop or I'll shit!" and see if he still follows you."

The audience exploded with laughter. Lynch was going over big — but these days that's not unusual. Not at the Jailhouse, at least. The disco-turned-comedy room in the back room of Cavanaughs, at 30th and Market, has been attracting the "right people" for the past two years, the type who expect good comedy from fine local comedians.

A Place for Locals

The core of 17 local comedians who perform every Saturday night at the Jailhouse have proven themselves more than once to chuckling sell-out crowds, but haven't been as lucky getting hired by other local nightclub owners. Imposing that Philadelphia can't produce its own comedians, these other clubs hire comics only after they make it in New York or Los Angeles. The Philly locals must content themselves with working at the Jailhouse, their one home base.

But the opportunities are a lot better than they used to be. A few years ago the answer to the question "What is a local comedian?" would have been, "someone who didn't know where New York is." There were no showcases for area comedians then, other than "open mike" nights at nightclubs, where anyone and his drunk brother could get up in front of a group to mumble a few.

Places in New York like the Improv, the Comic Strip, and Catch a Rising Star were providing showcases for comedic talent for years. Los Angeles had the Comedy Store with regulars like Freddy Prinze and Robin Williams. But, a decade ago, Philadelphia had nothing.

In 1976 two ambitious natives, Neal Schwartz and Stephen Starr, opened Grandma Minnie's, a club based on the format of New York's Improv. As Jailhouse comic Ben Kurland tells it, people quickly lost interest in the format, and further discredited by bad management, the idea flopped.

Starr later tried a comedy format at Stars, his 5th and Bainbridge club, but it didn't go over.

"Stars was initially a comedy club," Starr said. "It did well on weekends, but not during the week. I don't know why." Since that start, Stars has kept to a music-oriented format.

For a while then local comedians had no place they could call home. Many gravitated towards the London Pub at 23rd and Fairmount Avenues, where an occasional open mike gave them an opportunity to tell their jokes. Lynch, along with fellow comedian Clay Heery, decided that the real London talent deserved its own place to perform. They approached the owners of Cavanaughs in May of 1978 and asked if they could use the elongated back room, called the Jailhouse, which was a bar frequented by Drexel University students.

"We'll take the door, you take the bar," Lynch said was the terms of the offer. A deal was struck.

"The first week we opened there were 50 or so people," Lynch said. (The room holds about 125.) "It was an open mike which started at 9 and would run until the wee hours."

"By the end of the evening, guys from the audience would be throwing beer. It was rough."

They had to clean up the situation that October. The evening's format became a two-show, 7 performer plan that Jailhouse still uses. Luck began to turn the right way: by coincidence that week, KYW-TV's local feature show, "Evening Magazine," did a spot on the Jailhouse.

"It's been full ever since," Lynch said. "Once we got people based on the initial splash, we were set."

Only Female In City

"Let's have a warm Philadelphia welcome for Miss Judy Toll," the now-predictable announcer boomed. A blond, curly-haired woman bounced onto the stage.
and lowered the towering microphone stand. She dived into the mike with a voice that sounded like a combination of a half dozen TV soap operas. "Welcome to All My Searches for a Restless Hospital," she began. "But first, a word from our sponsors.

Renewing a trash bag from a bag of props, she put her legs through two holes in the bag, and, in the fashion of inane TV commercials, said, "Buy new lemon-fresh feminine protection Hefty trash bags." The audience laughed.

Toll seemed to be the most active comedian on stage at the Jailhouse. For her next routine she skipped back and forth across the two front corners of the tiny stage, twisting and turning and flipping her hair without uttering a word. And then in her TV announcer's voice she said, "Stay tuned for the thrill-packed conclusion of Charlie’s Angels." Continuing her fast paced act, Toll played the annoying "bosses daughter" from transmission fame, a lady from Northeast Philadelphia "with a bladder infection," and the entire cast of the Wizard of Oz.

She describes her acts as "routines, not jokes," and prefers "just to entertain."

The 23-year-old University of Massachusetts graduate had performed in short comedy skits at school, but didn’t start professional until last summer. Like the Jailhouse regulars, Toll had to first prove herself at the open mike at London. As the "Best of London" one week, she received the honor of playing at the Jailhouse.

"The first time I played at the Jailhouse I bombed," she groaned. "It was horrendous. There was total silence." Despite this poor opening, however, the Jailhouse regulars (who have taken to calling themselves the Comedy Spotlights) voted to make her one of them. Toll is not only Jailhouse's sole comedienne, but also the only one in the entire city.

Like the other Jailhouse regulars, Toll wants to "make it." "I’m just going to keep doing comedy. I’m going to do all that I can and just hope that I can be discovered," she said.

"I know that I’m not meant to be a waitress all my life," she added. (Laughingly, she admitted that the reason she waitresses now is that all the stars she saw on Movin’ and Dinin’ did it — she figures that it must be a prerequisite to performing.)

A Non-Candidate

Comedian Grover Silcox, who portrays an "incompetent with confidence, just like a politician" in his Jailhouse comedy routine, recently explained how cooperation makes the Spotlighters so unusual. "We pool all of our money into group advertising," he said. "Individual interests are submerged for the interest of the group. That’s why this is successful."

One recent group effort hurled Silcox into the local spotlight by having him run as a "non-candidate" for mayor in the Philly election last year. The Spotlighters held a roast for the non-candidate (who pleaded with the public not to be drafted into the race), had buttons made up, and held press conferences. The campaign was a success. Silcox easily avoided winning the election.

"Some people told me that they voted for me, but it was never officially mentioned," he remembered.

"What if he won? "I probably couldn’t have done any worse (than those in the race)."

"If I raised taxes, I would do it with a smile," he added.

As is the case with most of the other Jailhouse regulars, comedy is only a part time job. Since graduating from Temple University, he has worked as a substitute teacher, an insurance representative, and a freelance advertiser. A few years ago he decided he wanted to do comedy, and has been juggling the work with his advertising job ever since.

When Grover Silcox walks on stage he becomes "a pompous type of guy who is so unthreatening that it’s funny," but he, like the other Jailhouse comedians, has found that Philadelphia offers absolutely no other place for a rising comedian. The 29 year old Philadelphian did get a chance to appear at the Bijou Cafe in 1977, but only after a lot of trying.

"I don’t know how I got in there," he said. "I just kept calling and calling, asking them to put me on."

Other Jailhouse regulars have had the same difficulty getting recognized by Philadelphia night club owners, and it has them very bothered.

"Philadelphia is an entertainment wasteland," complained Jailhouse regular Mike Eagen, who also works the midnight to 6 a.m. disc jockey for radio station WPEN. "It is the responsibility of local owners to look at local talent — but they don’t do it," he said.

"They’re too lazy, so they book out of New York," he added. He said that all local entertainers receive the same neglect.

"For singers and musicians it’s a cultural wasteland as far as entertainment in the city. That’s why they go to New York. You’ve got to go where people can do some good for you," he added.

Some of the comedians blame the owners of places like Panganos, Starr’s, The Main Point and the Bijou Cafe for mainly booking TV comedians.

"We have comedians who could bury the comedians at the Bijou," said comic Ben Kurland, who has been performing for over 10 years.

"They (Bijou comedians) are bland. They’ll put you to sleep in five minutes. It’s a business of contacts." Peter Pagano, owner of the Original House of Pagano at 38th and Chestnut, says he won’t risk an unknown on an opening act, so he books performers who have proven themselves somewhere else. "I don’t get people just starting out. I get people with some kind of name," he said.

The reason, he claimed, is an unknown comic would be "unapproved by the star" who was headlining that show. Most "big name" entertainers, Pagano said, have to approve the opening act, and have such a clause in their contracts.

"Unless I have a personal relationship with the star, I can’t put one (a local comedian) in," he said. "It’s next to impossible with a star." He has never seen a Jailhouse show, but says he doesn’t rule out the possibility of using locals.

Stephen Starr isn’t familiar with all the Jailhouse regulars either, but also says that he is "very open to hiring local comedians if I feel that they are qualified." Starr has used local Rich Hall in his night club, but seems to believe in the go-elsewhere first idea.

"There have only been a few that were good enough," he said. "Once somebody in Philadelphia is good enough, he usually goes to New York or Los Angeles to make the fortune. Television and films are all on the West Coast or in New York," Starr said.

"The cream of the crop is in both cities because everyone goes there. It’s a natural selection process," he said.

"Comedy is strange in that people think they are good, but will never admit that they are not good enough. Ninety-eight percent of (local comedians) won’t go to New York because deep inside they know that they’re not ready for it."

Although he criticized the quality of most Philadelphia performers, Starr does recognize that there is a gap in entertainment in Philadelphia.

"What Philadelphia needs is a real comedy club that on Friday and Saturday has quality comedians from New York and California and on Wednesday to Friday some locals, he added.

Starr was quick to add though that "the Jailhouse is doing a very valuable service," and is showcasing some fine comedians. "Meyer and Young (two Jailhouse regulars) are the best local comedians in Philadelphia," Starr said, adding that the duo played at his club, "I can’t say that the others aren’t good enough — I haven’t seen them."

A Polished Act

"Let’s have a warm Philadelphia welcome for the comedy of Meyer and Young" — the familiar welcome.

Three men hopped onto the stage, two in sports jackets and the third carrying a guitar and wearing a T-shirt bearing their names.

"How many of you are wearing designer jeans?" one of the comedians asked. Then, "How many people make love with their shoes on?"

"Welcome to New York because deep inside they know that they’re not good enough," he added.

Bob Meyer and Bob Young are easily the most polished comedians to have played at the Jailhouse. Their act was tight and their timing was always right for the attentive crowd.

Young held up a pocketbook covered with exposed masking tape. The two comics then do a commercial for the "tacky bag" which had all personal belongings sticking to the outside. "There’s something tacky in everything we make," they claimed.

(Continued on page 8)
The Three Threes Restaurant, located at 333 S. Smedley Street between 16th and 17th Streets, tries very hard to present reasonable food at reasonable prices. At this task they succeed. The student appears to have been kept in mind during the decoration as well as the pricing. Local college emblems hang on the walls; even Penn is included. The seating is comfortable, but the place is a little on the dark side. If this was done to create an atmosphere, it is overdone.

Entrees are served with a vegetable and potatoes or salad. There is also a long list of appetizers. These choices include fruit cup ($1.50) and pimientos and anchovies ($2.95).

If you choose the Hors D’Oeuvres Variees ($3.75), you might find yourself full from this large antipasto plate filled with all sorts of salads and meats. One of the ingredients is pickled mushrooms ($2.25) which can also be ordered on their own.

Entrees include all the typical choices like surf and turf, veal, and chicken dishes with a few seafood ones thrown in to round things out. Try to order something simple; the kitchen just doesn’t have the capabilities to produce intricate details the way they should be done. If you stick with the basics you will enjoy some competently prepared food.

The Lamb Chops ($11.95) are served simply broiled and are thick and juicy. The Veal Cutlet Three Threes ($8.50) is done in a lemon and butter sauce, a fairly simple preparation, but it had no recognizable taste. Look out for the special dish of the day (priced accordingly); it might be worth a try since it is fresh that day and given special attention. Ordering spaghetti or ravioli might be a good idea for the budget as well as the taste. Priced at under $6.00, these dishes allow the kitchen and the chef to shine just a little.

The dessert selection is rather large but without any truly outstanding choices. If you ordered a pasta and want to continue with the Italian motif, spumoni is offered ($1.25). Ice Cream, Sherbet (both $1.25) and cheese cake amaretto ($1.75) are also available. The chocolate mouse is a best bet at $1.75, but beware — it is very rich.

Three Threes sits comfortably in its niche somewhere between memorable and forgettable. But its ability to present competently prepared basic dishes at reasonable prices may make it a restaurant worth visiting.

By Lesley Jane Stroll

The three Three's Humor is optimistic. Since his comedy debut at the Main Point in 1966, Kurland has striven for a recognizable identity in the field — he is an "angry pissed off at the world" performer. This sharp image has gotten him into the Comedy Store in L.A. and to an audition for Dinah, he has also played various colleges.

The comic is optimistic about the future and sees new activity in this area, specifically in the casinos in Atlantic City, which could make it more responsive to comedy. Kurland had a video tape of his routine made recently and will be sending it around.

Clay Heery, one of the Comedy Spotlight founders, is lining up another opportunity in Casino City with Bob Ket hart, the owner of TK's disco at 3426 Atlantic Avenue. Ket hart, who built the Jailhouse, is renovating his A.C. night spot to handle comedy, specifically Jailhouse regulars.

The performers are not paid at the Jailhouse (which helps keep the admission down to $2 per show) and the group polls its money into group advertising. They see Atlantic City as an incredible opportunity to do what they love and stay in the area. And Heery, at least, is optimistic.

The Comedy Spotlight newspaper has the potential of being Philadelphia's major entertainment newspaper. "A year ago we wouldn't have thought we would have been at this point," he said. "I never thought I'd be shopping for a Comedy Spotlight airplane (to shuttle to Atlantic City)," he added.

"Thank you for coming to the Jailhouse, Philly's first and favorite comedy spot. This is Tony Norwood, your MC. Have a nice night."

Sell-out crowd: The Jailhouse fills its 125 seats each night — a switch from the discouraging crowd of 50 when it opened in May, 1978.
Springtime Chortles, Chuckles and Yuks

The Golden Turkey Awards by Harry and Michael Medved Perigee 218 pages, $6.95 softcover

The 1st Treasury of Herman by Jim Unger Andrews & McNeel 223 pages, $5.95 softcover

A Tad Overweight, but Violet Eyes to Die For G. B. Trudeau Ten Speed Press 128 pages, $3.95 paperback

The Solar Cat Book by Jim Augustyniak Ten Speed Press 96 pages, $3.95 paperback

If It's Raining This Must Be The Weekend by Nancy Stahl Berkley Books 200 pages, $2.25

By Noel Weyrich

It's spring and we're all in grinning giddily moods. That's what the book publishers all must think because in the last month six houses have each placed some sort of allegedly humorous material in our usually staid book department mailboxes. One of them was reviewed last week, and the other five get the eyeball today.

The most notable of the bunch is The Golden Turkey Awards. This hefty, cleverly executed trade paperback pretends to give awards to the worst films and performances that have graced the silver screen over the years. Written by a pair of California media-child brothers, one of whom is still an undergrad at UCLA (the other authored the bestselling What Really Happened to the Class of '65?), the book will be released on April 14, which is Academy Awards day and opening day of New York's "World's Worst Film Festival."

The Golden Turkey Awards contains over 30 categories, including most embarrassing movie debuts of all time, most unerotic concept in pornography, and the most ludicrous racial impersonation in Hollywood history (Marlon Brando as an Okinawan Islander). Each category has three or four nominees brutally and sophomorically dressed up. Upon turning the page, the reader discovers the winner, on which another verbose hatchet job is performed. Many of the "winners" are big budget bombs like King Kong (Biggest Hollywood Rip-off) but most of the accolades are carted away by grade "B" cop flicks and '50s horror films. The worst film ever made is a sci-fi cheapie that actually ran last Saturday on Channel 29. If that isn't a testimony to badness, what is?

A lot of people will be gratified to know that an anthology of Herman has finally been put together. Every day in the Inqurier, right across from Doonesbury and right next to Heathcliff, this single plate strip depicts fabulously ugly people living out the miserable little ironies with hilarious displays of self-righteous ignorance. "Take a seat, son, you're next," a barber says to a customer shopping shaving cream across his knee. "Well, now we know who's been swiping your hormone pills," says a man to his wife. There is a six-foot pupycat at his elbow. The humor is expressed visually and verbally, like all good cartoons, but it's executed so exquisitely low-key, and strikes such a perverse funnybone, that Herman fans are rather quiet about their status, sort of like Milwaukee Brewer aficionados.

However, Herman's first anthology, with its quotes from the author and 800 definitive cartoons dating from its founding in 1974 serves as an excellent introduction to the strip and may just serve to bring Herman fans out of the closet. At $5.95, the first treasury of Herman is the best cartoon book buy of the spring.

The latest Doonesbury book, like the previous 16 "small format" anthologies, is a rip-off aimed strictly at the Mike and Zonker fanatics out there. The 120 strips in A Tad Overweight etc. have barely cooled off from their newspaper debuts last year and include the familiar tales of Kissinger the professor, Duke the NRA lobbyist, Phred the imperialist, Jimmy Thud- gucker's motorcycle fixer, Rick Redfern tackling Jerry Brown, Boopsie posing for Playboy, Duane Delacourt condescending to meet political wife Elizabeth Taylor, who is "a tad overweight . . ."

You've seen it all before and you've already had your shocks, grins, and guffaws. The question is, do you want to fork over four dollars to have these dated pieces of entertainment, the-run to be enlarged, bound, and preserved on heavy-bond paper?

By Rich Rablnoff

The worst humor buy of the spring is without a doubt a silly waste of wood pulp called The Solar Cat Book. With a title right out of a National Lampoon "70's vapidity" parody, this meager format - a rip-off of the exquisitely original B. Kliban Cat Book - hitches its wagon to a single paltry premis and attempts to ride it all the way to the bank. It fails.

The premise is: cats are always seen laying in the sun and therefore are nature's pioneers in the solar energy field. Period.

The book then takes off, out of control, doing all sorts of cutest things about the history of cats and solar energy, the cat's natural tendency to gather heat (with dumb close-up drawings of a cat's fur) and then swings into page upon page of unifying technology and kitty cats with all sorts of cock-eyed and poorly-executed ideas that even Mad magazine wouldn't buy. Even the puns, some about the discovery of a substance called meowium, are embarrassing to all but perhaps 10-year-old female Shaun Cassidy fans.

The idea is bad, the writing is bad, the drawing is bad, the execution is bad, and, y'know, the book just might sell.

Nancy Stahl over the years has won the reputation of being "that other suburban housewife newspaper humorist" - the premier lady of that distinction being Erma Bombeck. What's unfortunate about this is that Bombeck is an inferior writer with a forced wit, who is constantly bemoaning the life of station wagons and barbeques. Stahl does this too, but with more understatement, with more class, and often with a lot more bite.

The key to reading If It's Raining, This Must Be The Weekend is selectivity. For every 10 suburban supermarket stories, this anthology of newspaper features offers a little something on politics (Republicans play golf, Democrats bowl). That's about as deep as she goes, as deep as she can go, given her audience, which probably does not include you. Most of the pieces are dedicated to spoiled kids, fear and loathing on the expressway, how to read in bed, and jogging. A great Mother's Day gift.

Boring Ravings of a Video Kid

Station Identification: Confessions of a Video Kid by Donald Bowie M. Evans & Co. 216 pages, $5.95 paperback

By Rich Rablnoff

Donald Bowie had an interesting idea. His book is a first person account of a child who grew up with television. Upon turning the page, the reader discovers the winner, on which another verbose hatchet job is performed. Many of the "winners" are big budget bombs like King Kong (Biggest Hollywood Rip-off) but most of the accolades are carted away by grade "B" cop flicks and '50s horror films. The worst film ever made is a sci-fi cheapie that actually ran last Saturday on Channel 29. If that isn't a testimony to badness, what is?

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Bowie's life, unfortunately, turned out as boring as most of the TV shows he lived by. It doesn't matter if this happens to be the point of the book - it still makes for dull reading. His autobiography drones on like a poorly-written made-for-TV TV movie. He diverges from his original concept - how mass quantities of television altered his life - and yields into generalizing about the history of childhood and adolescence.

Bowie's account begins in 1949, with the purchase of his family's first television set. He would plop himself in front of the tube Saturday mornings and immerse himself in a breakfast of popcorn, Milky Ways and Howdy Doody. From that time on, everything in Bowie's life was measured against the standards of televised programs.

Authority figures in his life were nothing more than incarnate versions of cartoon characters, women he met in bars were compared to Mary Tyler Moore, and his romantic relationships were based on a girl's viewing habits. Pretty sad, huh?

Bowie's memoirs have the ability to stir some of those Boob Tube baby emotions in all of us (remember getting sick and staying home from school just so you could watch daytime TV?) But all the curricular vitae in Bowie's psycho-confession bog down the tale the same way a 2-minute Vagomatic plug can kill the pacing in a good "Odd Couple" rerun.

Station Identification is a 13-week flop on the literary Nielsen charts.
Two Films That Belong on Television

By Stephen Fried

Serial, a new comedy starring Martin Mull, Sally Kellerman, Tuesday Weld, and several others whose careers will hopefully be able to absorb the embarrassment of this film's distribution, is a television show. From the opening sequences, a long shot of mountains and water with a ridiculous theme song in the background, it is clear that the characters each run over three establishing scenes, of the three main couples. After each vignette, Mull's Campy Moore, the wry narrator (Vladimir Prey), makes pot-shots at the California way of life, Everybody in the film, with the exception of Mull, who is fighting California-ese, is an occasional character on SNL. And it is from there that people dealing with the child's "brainwashing" work, and the points made about cults are quite important ones. But ten minutes of interesting melodrama are not enough and they do not make Serial worth seeing.

There are things in Serial which are funny, Mull is a talented comedian and the few funny lines he has are delivered well. Mull's older compatriot, played by Bill Macy, is sometimes humorous as a man troubled by mid-life crises who quits his job, shakes up with a nymphomania, and eventually becomes the victim of the real guru of all these people - their shrink.

But while there are a few interesting moments in Serial, the overall reaction I had to the film was very similar to the one I have during bad TV shows - I was embarrassed for the people on the screen. This is a film which probably shouldn't have been made, but the possibility of its commercial success, because of its formulaic, TV nature, may mean that it is time to recognize that the question of censorship on television will be resolved one of these days. Either TV will have to "show more" to satisfy its audience's desire for sex and swear words in sitcoms, or films like this will wind up paying four dollars a shot for their TV shows.

By Stuart Fell

The advertisements for Gilda live claim that "this could really happen in the movies." Well, they're wrong. Gilda Live has already happened on television, on records, and on stage.

For the most part, Gilda Live is a film transcription of comedian Gilda Radner's one-woman show at the Winter Garden Theater on Broadway last summer. Radner is best known as a member of the Not-Yet-Ready For Prime Time Players of television's Saturday Night Live. And it is from there she derives the characters she portrays in the movie.

But it is difficult to call Gilda Live a movie, and this is where all the difficulties start. Anyone who watches television is familiar with Gilda's characters (she is on the tube for two and a half hours a week now as a result of Saturday Night Live and the Best of SNL).

Her magic, however, does not transfer to film. There is no feeling of a live show. Instead, it is like watching television at four buckets a shot.

These complaints are hardly a denial of Radner's talents. Gilda takes on a variety of personas, but unlike Lily Tomlin, a television actress who did a similar Broadway show, Radner presents characters who are more firmly wrenched in parody of a well-known personality. But the parody is just a base, as the characters each have their own, now well-known, personalities.

For example, her character Candy Slice's resemblance to Patty Smith is not just coincidental. But during "Gimmie Mick," Candy's tribute to the Rolling Stones, she forsakes the Smith style and goes into her own manic manner. Still, Gilda's original characters are superior. Her Judy Miller, the bored eight-year-old clad in a Brownie uniform, relieves her ennui by presenting the "Judy Miller Show." The reason this is so successful is that it contains a little bit of what we all did when we were that age, bored, and alone.

But the real hit of the show/movie is Father Guido Sarducci, the unholy creation of actor/writer Don Novello. The unpredictable pontiff, who is lighting California-ese. (Novello is a writer for the Saturday Night Live.)

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Still, there is something missing. When you go to the movies, you don't want to see something that you've already seen on stage (if you were lucky enough to have tickets for the Broadway engagement). You don't want to see something that you can hear on a record (Warner Brothers' Gilda Live in New York was issued several months ago). And you don't want to see something you can see on television (most of Gilda's skits can be seen, in some form, on SNL). But if you still can't get enough, then go see Gilda Live.
**Cindy Bulleen**

*Steal The Night*

Casablanca NBLP-7185

**Rachel Sweet**

*Protect the Innocent*

Stiff / Columbia BL-36337

**Cherie & Marie Currie**

*Messin' With The Boys*

Capitol ST-12022

Although Deborah Harry is undeniably the queen of the New Wave rock world, her status is by no means void of competition. Scores of women would love to dethrone the Blondie bombshell, yet few, if any, are destined to succeed. *Messin' With The Boys*, the debut effort from twin sisters Cherie and Marie Currie, offers fast-paced yet hardly definitive rock. Cherie, formerly of the teen-Punk all-female Runaways, possesses worn-out vocal chords, while the ineptitude of back-up artists Toto only worsens matters. The girls do put together a couple of clever arrangements: "Since You've Been Gone," for one, stands out. Rachel Sweet's latest album is *Protect the Innocent*. The title is truly ironic because the teenaged sweetheart from Akron, Ohio has actually lost the one key ingredient that made Fool Around such a triumph — innocence. Her former virgin-like voice, cranky yet seductive, has been replaced by a louder, more mature scream. Graham Parker's "Fool's Gold" is the delightful exception to a generally disappointing record.

— Hans Polak

**Nan Mancini & JDB**

*It's A Man's World*

Windstream BK1-3498

Formerly Johnny's Dance Band, this band's third effort verifies that more than the name has changed. *It's A Man's World* utilizes the talents of the new additions — Fran Smith, Jr. and Bobby Bunten — along with originals Chris Darway, David Mohn and vocalist Nan Mancini. This is JDB's first vinyl product that utilizes synthesizers; witness the discoesque "Midnight Show." This record, although more popish than its predecessors, wows allegiance to the spirit of rock & roll. In truth, it is a compromised album, attempting to incorporate two prominent musical genres: rock and disco. The result — an album that does justice to neither.

— Phil Stern

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— Phil Stern

**The Jam**

*Setting Sons*

Polydor PD-1-6249

**999**

*The Biggest Prize In Sport*

Polydor PD-1-6256

**3-D**

*3-D*

Polydor PD-1-6254

The Jam and 999 are two veteran English rock groups that have long labored under a cloud of obscurity in the United States. Their latest releases are only further proof that popularity is not a good measure of talent. The Jam's latest, *Setting Sons*, is undoubtedly their best. Production and originality are the two areas in which their improvement is most evident. The band presents a much cleaner sound than they have in the past, while their "punk-like" intensity has been toned down considerably. Nonetheless, a vibrant rendition of Buddy Holly's "Heat Wave" is brilliant. Whereas many three-piece bands fade out because they lack freshness, The Jam has avoided this by introducing some ingenious new twists, the best of which is the Jam Philharmonic Orchestra. Like The Jam, the latest album by 999 is their best yet. This group has also toned down its "punk" influences a bit. The result, entitled *The Biggest Prize In Sport*, could be their breakthrough album. The title track and the hard-rocking "Boiler" stand out in a solid overall effort.

The debut album of 3-D, *3-D*, is a disappointment. Listening to this album is an exercise in deja-vu. One is left with the feeling that it's all frugality, sax, and vibes work. But, there's nothing terribly profound on this disc, yet Bullens does have the potential to become one of the better female rockers in the business.

— Mark Goldstein

**Marshall Tucker**

*Ten*

Warner Brothers HS-3410

The latest Marshall Tucker album defies a popular Southern rock stereotype; that of the long, slightly out-of-tune guitar solo. The emphasis here is on rhythm guitar, backed by a capable rhythm axis, and flavored by some imaginative flute, sax, and vibes work. *Ten* can be best characterized as the amalgamation of the Doobies, Z.Z. Top, Country Joe, and previous Tucker releases are only further proof that the album's theme is lost love. *Ten* begins with moderate hope on "It Takes Time," but then proceeds to rap and coarse independence ("Save My Soul," where "the best thing for me to do is just forget about you . . . I got to save my soul from loving you"), continuing with nothing more than "Foolish Dreaming." The finest song on this generally interesting album is "Jim" (Hendrix), a tribute to the legendary guitarist. What, then, is the point of this disc? Toqueville may have hit the nail on the head when he warned of "confounding mediocrity"; *Ten* just does not add up to anything special.

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— Steven Goldstein
Scrapple

Choices for the (Cough) Oscars

If popular films reflect popular social trends, then 1979 was a year of conflict in American society. As a result, the Motion Picture Academy of Arts and Sciences has favored films with characters who battle over custody rights (nine nominations for *Kramer vs. Kramer*); soldiers who battle the Vietnamese (eight for *Apocalypse Now*); and directors who battle their own egos (nine for *All That Jazz*).

Moviemakers traditionally find the list of Oscar nominees puzzling. Directors of Best Picture nominees are snubbed. Acknowledged bombs like *1941* get more nominations than successful films like *Manhattan*. And obscurity seems to be the only criteria for Best Original Song nominees. The Oscars may be irrelevant or silly, but they do offer that element of suspense that will draw big audience shares for ABC this Monday night.

That same suspense annually compels assorted 34th Street editors to predict (actually, to guess) their choices for the Oscars. The following predictions may lack accuracy, but they are far more entertaining to read than the three-hour ceremony will be to watch.

**Best Picture:** Why, oh why won’t they let me pick *Manhattan*? As a second choice, however, *Kramer vs. Kramer* hardly represents a compromise. An entertaining, intelligent film, *Kramer* offers fine performances, nice use of its Manhattan setting, and a story line with topical significance. High in quality, *Kramer* is also highly popular — a winning combination for Best Picture.

**Best Actor:** Dustin Hoffman’s performance as the liberated father in *Kramer* was marvelous, but in *Being There*, Peter Sellers faced a far more complex role. Chauncy Gardiner, the TV addict who rises from obscure Muller to Presidential advisor, is a character who reflects back the video stimuli he absorbs. Sellers reduces Chauncey’s though processes to a minimum, yet turns in a multi-faceted, incredibly complex performance.

**Best Actress:** Marsha Mason (Chapter Two) played herself. Bette Midler (The Rose) overemoted. Jill Clayburgh (Starting Over) imitated Erica in Unmarried Woman. Jane Fonda (The China Syndrome) recycled her performance for Electric Horseman. By elimination, then, my nod goes to Sally Field who was surprisingly good as Norma in *Norma Rae*.

**Best Supporting Actor** My heart says Justin Henry, but my critical sense says Robert Duvall. His crazed, surfing army officer provided the sense of absurdity that Coppola sought throughout *Apocalypse Now*. Justin Henry does win my award for Best Supporting Actor whom I’d Most Like to Adopt.

**Best Supporting Actress** People who think that Mariel Hemingway isn’t pretty or has a grating voice are jealous. Perfectly cast in *Manhattan*, Hemingway the Younger is a sincere, lovely, and sympathetic screen presence.

— Lisa Green

**Bette Midlers: Loud**

**Justin Henry: Best Supporting Actor Whom We’d Most Like to Adopt**

**Mariel Hemingway: Sweetie of ‘Manhattan’**

**Art editor Kevin Coyne:** "I haven’t seen a movie since the last time *Easy Rider* played the Late Show," His educated guesses, based on his brother’s advice:

**Best Picture:** *Breaking Away*.

**Best Actor:** Peter Sellers.

**Best Actress:** Sally Field.

**Best Supporting Actor:** Robert Duvall.

**Best Supporting Actress:** Meryl Streep.

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**The ever-effervescent Paul Straus**, music editor, picked *Apocalypse Now* for Best Film. Peter Sellers for Best Actor, Sally Field for Best Actress and Robert Duvall for Supporting Actor. For Supporting Actress, Straus could only say "Love that Mariel." And appropriately enough, Pablo’s Picks also included his choice for Best Tune: The Doors’ "The End" in *Apocalypse Now*.

**Best Picture:** *Breaking Away*.

**Best Actor:** Jack Lemmon.

**Best Actress:** Sally Field.

**Best Supporting Actor:** Peter Sellers.

**Best Supporting Actress:** Meryl Streep.

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**Bette Midlers: Loud**

**Best Actor: Justin Henry. Any little boy who can cry real tears without making the audience nauseous is good.**

**Supporting actress: Justin Henry. Any little boy who can cry real tears without making the audience nauseous is good.**

**Supporting actress: Jane Alexander.** Next to Alexander, publicity-drowned Streep was a lethargic, dazed drone. While she whispered "After I left Smith" from the witness stand, Alexander played a living breathing person who knew how to miss her spouse, knew how to sympathize with the boyish Hoffman, and looked much more in-the-world than Streep. Sorry, Mariel, you did try. And what is this — Candice Bergen?

— Christine Woodside

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**Best Picture:** *Breaking Away*. I was skeptical at first when my best friend from high school told me about a movie they were making on his Indiana University campus. I fell in love with the whole movie, not just with Katerina (Robyn Douglass).

**Best Sports Movie:** *North Dallas Forty*. What a year for sports movies! A veritable onslaught! We were offered numerous boxing flicks: *Rocky II*, *The Champ*, *The Main Event*, *The Prizefighter*, and *Matilda*, which according to film impresario Stu Feil featured a pugilistic kangaroo. Sorry fight fans, I didn’t see any of them so I can’t even offer that element of suspense that will draw big audience shares for ABC this Monday night.

**North Dallas Forty** was the only football movie and it was pretty good, especially since I hate the Cowboys, so in lieu of another vote for *Breaking Away*.

— David Elfin