Bush Attacks Carter For 'Scare Tactics' 

By ANDREW KITZMAN

WASHINGTON -- President Bush assailed President Carter in a two-hour address last night for using "scare tactics" in an attempt to win the Nov. 7 election.

"I'm not going to respond like a schoolboy, as he did at the hearing," Bush said in an address to the nation at the State Department last night.

He charged that the Carter administration was using "scare tactics" to try to win the election.

"The United States must get down to business about solving its energy problem so that wars in far away lands won't have a devastating effect on our economy," Bush said.

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House Votes To Expel Myers

(Continued from page 1)

The House of Representatives, in a vote that far exceeded the strict requirements of the House rules, voted Wednesday to expel Myers—House Majority Leader for Pennslyvania—on charges that he had broken the Hatch Act, had tried to deceive a bogus congressman, and had improperly influenced a congressional hearing. Myers denied all the charges.

The vote was 343-40, with 15 absentees. The threshold is 218 votes. The unanimous passage of the bill was expected, as it is an almost unprecedented occurrence for a House vote of expulsion to be recorded in the minutes of the House.


"I never made one phone call to anyone. I never met with anyone," Myers said. "I never met with anyone," he repeated. "I never made one phone call to anyone," he said.

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By Adam Levine

From all over the globe come the stories of a nation in deep distress, its people losing their homes and getting nothing. From all areas of concern came the voices of confusion, of the political, social, academic and economic sectors. On the admissions front, however, Koch's 34th and 35th years stand above the rest. For the Koch's have been good to us. Americans are being held hostage by a process of deception.
McMillen and Koster Fill DP Positions

The Daily Pennsylvanian's Student Board of Managers yesterday announced the election of Liz McMillen and Michael Breda to the Board of Managers, to fill the vacancies left by the resignations of members Patricia Smith and Neil Jacoby, who resigned in June.

McMillen, a junior at FAX, has done more to fill the office of student newspaper with the resignation of Gary Bender.

McMillen, and FAX's youngest, is an experienced reporter and feature writer, having covered University and local community's important historical themes and plans, present residents and issues, and future plans and trends. All three leaders are experts on urban affairs, and most live in the neighborhoods. The two present the opportunity to expand the board's perspective for the future.

"The idea is to give people a chance to partake in what it's like to live in Philadelphia," McMillen said.

"We're really useful to get people who are residents of the communities and who are very knowledgeable to lead the tour," she said.

Sam Gosebuck, an urban economist, city planner, and local developer who leads a tour in the Spring Gardens section, an area she claims is undergoing gradual transition due to economic, demographic, and political forces, led the tours. "The tours are meant to be a fun, realistic and practical look at the city," Gosebuck said. "I like to show people that what they see is not just one viewpoint."

The course, entitled "Exploring the Neighborhoods," will be the focus of a six session non-credit course offered by CGS and the Center for Philadelphia Studies.

The course, which begins tonight in Houston Hall, will include Gennaway and Queen Village. "The most interesting thing about these two adjacent communities is that they developed so differently," Gosebuck said. "One is an upper class neighborhood made up of mostly blue collar workers, while East Falls houses some blue collar workers and professionals.

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"Most of the tour will consist of walking down the streets, while I point out some before and after - unrenovated and renovated," Gosebuck said. "We try to give people a realistic and practical look at the city, and who are very knowledgeable to lead the tour."
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SUNDAY, SEPT. 28
ELECTION
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SHOULD ATTEND

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**Wistar Institute**

(Continued page 3)

"Hackney, has spent three years at Wistar. One student, Judy, conducting research for their Ph.D. theses students from the Medical School constitute a significant portion of Wistar's student body. Wistar is in the process of recruiting a large part of its increased laboratory utilization."

As Levatin said, "Wistar is a very unique and dynamic place. New additions in medicine are made every day right next door to the University.

**HACKNEY**

(Continued page 3)

Hackney, a sociology professor at the University in 1805. He was the first to move the laboratory from the University to Wistar. Hackney was a brilliant scientist who made significant contributions to the field of medicine.

"Hackney, and the arm of some quarterback for the Tulane football (is not there)," said Hackney.

Hackney received All-American honors in "77 and "78 and was pro-\footnotetext{continued}
Hackett Bob Schwartz

The Daily Pennsylvanian - Thursday, September 25, 1980

Hackett Bob Schwartz

Bootsie T. 2, 2-in OT

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For Those Who Think Philly is Bad...

...Heeeeere's
Pittsburgh
By Christine Woodside

Philadelphia Distance Run, Take One

"Sssssssssss. Testing, one, two, three. Ab-\n\n"henn. WELCOME TO THE PHILADELPHIA DISTANCE RUN. THIS IS ANY SECOND AND GENTLEMEN. WE'RE GOING TO BE SETTING UP POLICE BARRIERS ALONG THE PARKWAY. SO WE ASK THAT YOU MOVE EITHER TO ONE SIDE OR TO THE OTHER, SO THE RUNNERS WILL KNOW WHERE THE FINISH LINE IS. IT'S STILL NEW ZEALANDER ROD DIXON IN THE LEAD AT THE SIX MILE MARK."

Hey, do I look肿吗? I bet it's even hotter for the runners with the humidity and all.

"Yeah, but I'm getting pretty sick of standing here in the heat myself."

"WIP Exclusive Coverage Time, 9:41 a.m. It's still Rod Dixon in the lead at the six mile mark. We've noticed that a lot of the joggers have opted to take the sidewalk instead of the road up there by the Art Museum. We're not sure why that is. And they're just spilling guts for the water up there."

What's the latest on placement up there?

"Well, Joe, as far as I can tell it's New Zealander Rod Dixon in the lead at the six mile mark."

"Is there any indication that the athletes will reach the seven mile mark?"

"You should've seen them when they ran by the refreshment table here. They weren't content just to throw the water into their faces. They had to throw the cups too. They threw the cups right up into the air."

"How many people are there in this thing?"

"Well, 4,500 signed up."

"LEADER ROD DIXON HAS REACHED THE STRAIGHTAWAY, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, AND SHOULD BE TO THE 13 MILE MARK BY 9:55 AM."

"There he comes now."

"He looks like a drowned rat."

"NEW ZEALANDER ROD DIXON MAKING HIS WAY TO THE FINISH LINE. IN RECORD TIME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN. HE'S BROKEN ONE HOUR AND FOUR MINUTES."

"Are any of the other runners in sight yet?"

"They should be momentarily, but Rod really drew it out at the end."

"Look, here comes John. He's in 17th. Or is it 16th?"

"Timers, any of you know who the guy in 17th is?"

"That's my husband!"

"They're coming in in a regular stream now, the men down one side of the chute and the women the other. The heat seems to be affecting some of the others."

"We missed John. I can't believe it. I couldn't get your father up, and the stupid parking garage was closed. We missed the whole goddamm thing."

"Look at that guy there. He's pouring Perrier over his head and looks like he's going to fall over."

"That's not Perrier; it's Saratoga mineral water. They're giving it out free."

"God, he's so green."

"That sweaty old guy's approaching us like he knows us."

"Did any of the masters finish before me?"

"Gee, I don't know. I don't think so. I wasn't really watching."

"There's another older guy now."

"...I thought I was going to throw up, I thought I was going to have diarrhea...."

"Look, I'm dead and these shoes are killing me."

"I'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE KEN GARLAND, THAT FAMILIAR MORNING VOICE ON WIP, KENT?"

"HELLO THERE EVERYBODY, THANKS FOR SITTING AROUND IN THE SUN. I WANT TO REMIND YOU THAT I SPEAK FOR WIP, NOT FOR THESE OTHER WONDERFUL PEOPLE FROM THE YMCA AND THE INQUIRER WHO HELPED SPONSOR THE EVENT."

"I JUST CAN'T IMAGINE IN MY RECOLLECTION ANY ACTIVITY WE'VE BEEN INVOLVED IN THAT'S BEEN SO PRODUCTIVE... SO AWESOME. I'M VERY PROUD OF THAT SEA OF PERSPIRATION AND KNOTTING HAM STRINGS OUT THERE."

"Oh for God's sake, someone's waving a Carter Mondale sign."

"Look, our friend Joanie Mondale's sitting up there."

"Are you going to get a picture?"

"WE WOULD LIKE THE MOST ENTHUSIASTICALLY HYSTERICAL PHILADELPHIA WELCOME FOR THE WIFE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT. BUT FIRST, WE HAVE A GIFT FOR HER. WE HEAR THAT MRS. MONDALE USED TO RUN ON THE NETHER PROVIDENCE HIGH SCHOOL TRACK TEAM, AND WON A LITTLE PAIR OF GOLD SHOES. WE DON'T HAVE THOSE GOLD SHOES NOW, BUT HERE'S A PAIR OF REAL TRACK SHOES INSTEAD."

"Look at her covering her face."

"I HAVE A FEELING THESE PEOPLE WILL SIT IN THIS SUN UNTIL DOOMSDAY waitting to hear a few words from you."

"I'm proud of all of you. After today, I'm sure everything you do will be more very easy."

"THANK YOU, WIFE OF THE VICE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES. NOW -- YOU'VE BEEN VERY PATIENT -- WE'LL GIVE THE AWARDS. IF I PROCLAIM ANYONE'S NAME WRONG, JUST LET ME KNOW."

"Look at that one Secret Service guy. He looks like he came from Nazi Germany with that military haircut."

"How do you know he's a Secret Service guy?"

"The little gold dollar on his lapel."

"How do you know a race really took place to-day?"

"MRS. MONDALE WILL OFFICIALY PRESENT THE WINNING CHINA BOWL, MADE SPECIALLY FOR BAILEY, BANKS AND BIDDLE FOR THIS OCCASION."

"Look at her hold up the bowl -- that's a woman who knows her art."

"IF I HAD THAT BOWL, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, I'D GO HOME AND HAVE SOME BEER AND PRETZELS RIGHT OUT OF IT. THE WINNER, THE NEW RECORD HOLDER IS ... NEW ZEALANDER ROD DIXON!!!! LET'S HAVE A PHILADELPHIA STANDING OVATION."

"IT'S NOT OFTEN THAT PHILADELPHIA GETS A STANDING OVATION. ALMOST AS GOOD AS WAYNE NEVTON GETS OUT IN LAS VEGAS. SAY A FEW WORDS TO THESE ENTHUSIASTIC, SWEATING PEOPLE, ROD."

"I'd just like to say that next year, I'll take fee minutes off my time, and I see some pretty girls over there. Could you come over here so I could get a look at you."

"NOW THE WOMEN'S DIVISION. THE WINNER WAS A LOCAL GIRL, FROM LOWER BUCKS COUNTY. JOAN YERKES!!! "JOAN? HEE-HEE, NOW THAT WE'RE DEALING WITH WOMEN, WE'LL BE KEEPING WAITING. JOAN FINISHED IN RECORD TIME, TOO. ISN'T THAT GREAT?"

"What was the time, the time??""

"OH, OF COURSE. TIME. WIP GOOD MORNING TIME IS 7:35. I COULDN'T RESIST, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, UH, IT WAS ONE MINUTE, 17..."

"Let's get out of here. The car's parked in a loading zone."

"COULD SOMEONE HELP ME WITH THIS NAME? MIKE ... UH ... SON ... SEN ... (what does that say)? ... OH, SONNEFIELD, OF COURSE. MIKE? WHERE DID YOU GO, SON? BE PATIENT WITH ME, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN...."
A Dull Float
Murky Depths of Sensory Depravation

By Matt Cohen

Back in the early 1950's, research psychologists discovered an interesting phenomenon called sensory deprivation. If all sensory information was cut off to a test subject—usually a mercenary student out for some quick beer money—bizarre side effects soon manifested themselves in the guinea pig.

For one thing, beer or no beer, most of the students quit the experiment after a few hours. They complained of boredom, hallucinations, disorientation, and general bad karma.

For students that toughed it out for up to three days, the experience apparently became a living hell. All the symptoms the short-term experimentees had been magnified, and several other side effects showed up as well, including an inability to distinguish between waking consciousness and dreaming, and depression that often lasted beyond the duration of the experiment.

After mulling over these results, most psychologists then shelved sensory deprivation away as an fascinating but otherwise useless experimental artifact.

One man, however, Dr. John Lilly, decided that there was a future in tuning the world out. He decided that the East Coast was ready for the isolation tank, and opened the first franchise in our town. The fact that he had no competition didn't hurt either, a situation he explained why he had gotten into this business: “I was really tired of the corporate structure. I've explained why he had gotten into this business: “I was really tired of the corporate structure. I've...”

Goodman's tanks in his shop today are essentially the same, with a few goodies added on. The water is a 28 percent saline solution which is maintained at 93.5 degrees, and internal humidity is maintained to prevent the body from losing heat.

In addition, Goodman has also added a stereoscopic hook-up system to one of his tanks, so that people can listen to their favorite music, or learning tapes, or whatever they might wish in the privacy of their own float.

Several famous folks have floated, Goodman says, including entertainers Kris Kristofferson, Chuck Barris, and Susan Anton. The Denver Police, the Eagles, and the Phillies, have contracted for use of the tanks. He also mentioned that home sales of tanks are on the rise, although the full set-up, including the salts needed to brew up a solution of Dead Sea consistency, now runs about $3200.

Speaking of prices, Goodman's are not exactly a float down the Delaware either. One hour of loss of contact with the world runs up to $14, two hours go for $35, and various blocks of time go up from there. Goodman is also offering a special student rate of $10 an hour, in an effort to draw all that loose cash from Long Island into his shop.

Many recent articles on floating conclude that the same effects could probably be gotten with a long, hot bath, or a quiet walk in the woods. "They're probably right, based on my own experience. But for a society such as ours obsessed with speed in everything, from food to sex, Bob Goodman and Float to Relax may have reached the ultimate point, with their quickie way to reach Nirvana.

Taking the Plunge

The only thing I saw on my notepad when I first wrote up this story is the following: "Thing looks like a fucking huge coffin, Jesus Christ." So much for my command of the King's English.

The damned thing did look like a coffin, though. After Goodman had gone over the shower procedures and getting in and out of the tank, he had walked out, leaving me alone with the ultimate relaxation experience. I showered and shampooed off, and when I was dry, I opened the hatch to the tank. I tested the water tentatively with my foot, and felt somewhat reassured when it seemed to be tolerably warm. I stepped down and sat in the water, still with the hatch open.

It was now time. With every-nervy ending screaming in primal fear, I finally closed the hatch. The darkness was absolute, and preceding was on a tour of Luray Caverns. I stuck...
Pilobolus Dance Theatre
Founded at Dartmouth College, 1971
Coming to the Walnut Street Theater:
Sept. 30 at 8; Oct. 1 at 2 and 8. Tickets $8 and up.

By Christine Woodside

Now that Pilobolus is almost 10 years old and world-renowned, it's fun to go around telling people that the company was formed by some Dartmouth undergraduates who took modern dance to fulfill the phys-ed requirement. You could also claim that only way back in idealistic 1971 would four muscular men have started a successful dance company at the freezing, hell-raising Big Green. Naturally, neither claim is far from what actually happened; in fact, Pilobolus' reputation for uniqueness seems to stem from the fact that it all started in Hanover, and that the year was 1971.

The company has since moved its base to Washington, Connecticut, but the Dartmouth roots (five of today's six Pilobolus regulars either attended or taught there) are still very evident, as dancer Michael Tracey (who joined in 1974) tried to explain over the phone last week, sometime after breakfast and before he ran off to a rehearsal.

Tracey explained that the philosophy of the small company, which has never had a formal leader of any sort, was founded on 1971 principles of community cooperation that don't cut it in the 1980 mindset, not even with the dancers who originated this unusual plan.

One benign Pilobolus press release explains that, in choreography, "the democratic process at work can be frustrating."

"Pilobolus was formed during a time when everyone was talking about cooperative living. This was actually a political move for us," Tracey explained. So this cooperative work plan does create a little trouble. "The idealistic idea of all men being created equal is wrong. It was wrong then; it's wrong now."

Still, Tracey says they wouldn't have it any other way, claiming, "I wouldn't spend my time in a dance company or a bank with a strict hierarchical system. We choreograph all the time. We plan moves over lunch." The Pilobolus trademark is an athletic, theatrical form of dance, often based on historical time periods (Victorian figures, Medieval and Renaissance music — whatever strikes them at the time). For subject matter, Tracey thanks, in part, the Dartmouth educations: "The empty source material for some of today's choreographers is ridiculous — where do they get it? From watered-down television?"

Physically, too, the moves and props are based on whatever the dancers feel is unique, and that isn't easy for the four men and two women (including the original teacher Alison Chase) to agree on, either. Tracey said, "He might think it's great, and I'll think it's trite. If we come on a move that is recognizably traditional, we throw it out and try to find a new move."

Pilobolus has performed works with flashlights, cardboard rollers, knickers, top hats, overalls, and even with no costumes at all. One of the company's more recent works, entitled "Momix," centers on a romantic hero (played by co-founder Moses Pendleton) who "acts out his private storms," according to New York Times dance critic Anna Kisselgoff. Pendleton has apparently gone so far as to totally disrobe, obviously reflecting Pilobolus' continuous quest for uniqueness and maybe even a sense of humor.

Pilobolus may not perform "Momix" in Philly this week, though, for someone told me they don't like to do new works in this town. "They come in, spit on the floor, dance, and split," he jeered.

That is our phone conception of Pilobolus Dance Theatre.
Breezy TV Sitcom Nostalgia

The Great TV Sitcom Book
By Rick Mitz
Merek Publishers
440 pages, $19.95 hardcover

By Noel Weyrich

This book, author Rick Mitz writes, is a failed attempt to create a book about television that is as easy to read as watching television. He notes somewhat disdainfully that, try as he might have to reduce the effort involved in reading the book, the reader is still subjected to lugging around the sizable volume and even turning its pages. Effort, we learn quickly, is the enemy of any TV-watching pleasure-seeker.

For the most part, however, Mitz has succeeded in attaining his somewhat dubious goal. With big pictures, an airy and lube that has ever been seen effort, we learn but rather for its composition. The Great TV Sitcom Book is just about the closest representation of the boob tube that has ever been seen in print. It is an admirable work, not for its substance, in Washington D.C. However, Mitz’s approach and format are irritatingly flawed in smaller nonfatal ways. At the beginning of each chapter (one chapter per TV season), he writes about a few selected “front-runners” and then gives ten or fifteen lines to the other seven or eight sitcoms introduced that year. The problem is that the “front-runners” are arbitrarily selected, sometimes to satisfy Mitz’s preconceived theories. For example, Mitz suggests that the unrest of the late ‘60s gave us four years of bad sitcoms, and claims there were no “front-runners”, as he defines them, during those years. There was a dearth of quality during those days, to be sure, but Mitz’s exuberant declaration of “why it was so” reminds one of a chem major who just can’t help but fudge the lab results a bit.

Finally, when you do tire of all this stale reminiscing, when you’ve had enough, and you go to put the book down, the experience of reading this thing leaves you with a vaguely unsatisfying feeling, that you’ve accomplished nothing, that you’ve succeeded only in wasting time and grey matter. Sort of the feeling you get from watching TV...

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Books
I was standing with a friend on a street corner in Center City recently when he spotted a hot dog vendor, stepped up to the aluminum stand and ordered two dogs, heavy kraut and mustard. As he took a bite of the first one, he thought a minute and said, “You know, they don’t have hot dog stands in Pittsburgh.”

He was right. Neither of us were from the western end of the Keystone State, but both of us had spent the summer working there, and both of us knew that there were no hot dog stands on the streets of Steel City.

They don’t have a lot of things in Pittsburgh. Culture, class and intellectualism are a few of the things that might spring to the mind of a Philadelphia snob like myself, but it is really too easy to abstractly dump on the second largest city in the state.

Pittsburgh is a city that has been vastly revitalized within the lifetimes of most natives. They can remember when Steel City was Smog City. When the sides of the University of Pittsburgh’s Cathedral of Learning were covered with soot. When it was dark at noon, on a sunny day. When mounds of slag — loamy refuse from the steel mills — adorned the landscape of Allegheny County. For them, undoubtedly, the state of the region has vastly improved.

So much so, perhaps, that their perception of reality has been altered. What Pittsburghers now have, one must concede, is a city with nearly acceptable levels of air quality, architecture, urban design, and so forth. What they think they have, however, is the discovery of Nirvana on earth.

**A Walking Tour**

A pair of teenagers wearing matching Pirates t-shirts walk down Forbes Street, through Market Square. Market Square, in the heart of the Golden Triangle (Pittsburgh’s moniker for its downtown shopping and business area) is the city’s meek equivalent to Headhouse Square. The most outstanding building in the square, a regally adorned two-story Tudor “mansion,” proves to be a Burger King. A religious artifacts boutique and Herman’s Sporting Goods are also prominently featured.

The friends, holding hands, look for a place to sit on one of the half-dozen benches in the grassy square. Derelicts and rowdy kids have all the seats, having been evicted only briefly during lunch hour when the secretaries from PPG and Westinghouse come out to eat their yogurt and get a quick tan.

Cutting over to Boulevard of the Allies, the kids soon find themselves in Point State Park. Like Market Square, it has the potential to be an attractive addition to the city’s landscape, but it is overshadowed by the fact that Pittsburghers do not seem to know what to do with their parks. The triangular-shaped park, only a two minute walk from downtown, at the junction of the three rivers (Allegheny on the North side, Monongahela bordering the South, and the mouth of the Ohio protruding from the Point of the Golden Triangle) is all but abandoned by the gentry and masses of the city alike. Few sunbathers or frisbee players are on the field that once housed Fort Pitt, then the western frontier of the country. Alongside the park, half-empty coal barges travel up and down the rivers, fitting in well with the overall atmosphere. Even the muggers usually leave it alone. There just isn’t much to do there.

Walking back from Fort Pitt, you see the skyline of Renaissance 1, the city’s massive renovation drive. The tallest and most evident buildings are those of the big corporations that rebuilt the city. Closest to the rivers, Gateway Towers (Pittsburgh Paint & Glass) and the Equitable Insurance Plaza. Next to it, the Westinghouse complex, and behind that the Gulf building. Overshadowing all of these is the U. S. Steel building, the tallest structure in the state. [The Alcoa and Heinz headquarters are...]
across the river.) These are the sights of Pittsburgh. And increasingly, this is the image that Pittsburgh is turning to: the corporate headquarters of the midwest. Companies are flying out of the Northeast Corridor at a quick pace, and more than a few of them end up in Pittsburgh. The city is run by the corporations, making it attractive for new businesses to stake a claim here. Convention centers and hotel complexes are springing up in downtown faster than Mayor Richard Caliguiri can grab a silver spade for a landbreak ing, and five new office buildings are slated for completion by 1982. The effects of all this on the congestion in the Golden Triangle have not yet been discussed by any of the city's planners, but it is sure to be disastrous. The small, winding one way streets that make up the downtown area are already jammed to capacity; parking is almost non-existent; and the exhaust fumes from the cars and buses are overpowering. But that is something to concentrate on after the businesses have moved in.

If the corporations run and dominate the city, that is a recent phenomenon; they must have seized their power from somewhere else, and that area was obviously the steel industry. They still have a bit of that industry in Pittsburgh, but you wouldn't know it to talk to anyone there. The steel industry is falling at a breakneck pace, at a much more accelerated rate than the national recession. In economic terms, this is quite a simple phenomenon: the most basic production factor (steel) will see a decline before the more refined after the businesses have moved in.

But it is impossible to compare Philadelphia, the Northeast, with Pittsburgh, the Midwest. Philly is a northeastern cosmopolitan city that happens to be in Pennsylvania, while Pittsburgh is indisputably in the Midwest. (Note: the Midwest begins in Harrisburg.) As such, the morals and attitudes of the city are notably prudish. The city tends to be conservative on all issues, and is probably Reagan's strongest foothold in the state. Sadly, for the few eastern liberals that still exist, the state's politics are dominated by western Pennsylvania politicians, as that area of the state tends to be more stable than our half.

But it seems that Philadelphia resents Pittsburgh for its influence in state affairs, at the title Pittsbughers harbor for Philadelphia is several degrees past mortal loathing. It often seems that there is some sort of strictly enforced quota demanding that each Pittsburgher cast aspersion on the City of Brotherly Love many times each day. In short, they hate us.

Part of this seems to stem from the fact that the two cities are in heavy competition for all state funds. A $100 million subsidy for SEPTA means $100 million less for PAT. Pittsburgh's transit system, since PAT and SEPTA are the only two major transit systems in the state, if Philly gets state money for housing grants, Pittsburgh doesn't. And so forth.

Usually, Philadelphia gets more money than Pittsburgh for just about everything. This would seem logical, since Philadelphia is about four times the size of Pittsburgh, but western politicians see it as an eastern-based plot to deprive Pittsburgh of just about everything. Their attitudes border on paranoia, and they retaliate by taking every opportunity to lash out at Philadelphia with cheap derisions. Examples: from a column in the Pittsburgh Press when the census announced that the city's population had dropped below the 500,000 mark, making it technically a...

(Continued on page 9)
The effect of this is to alter the course of the movement which promises to once again to its old stomping ground, the Academy, an important figure in American painting, Penn's own Neil Welliver being one of the best watercolorists in the county, as a matter of fact — but I don't think I'd place her at the vanguard of a new movement. Penn's own Neil Welliver is a fine example of this. But Wyeth heads nothing, and produces instead a form of realism which really has little to do with a rigorous examination of the visual nature of reality but instead relies on the conventions and traditions of the illustrator. Most of the 84 works in the show have the unsettling effect of being technically very competent at the same time that they are aesthetically and emotionally unresolved. Take "Island Church" for example. Despite the row of lobster pots and the ominous gray sky, it simply fails to capture that curious mix of impending danger and beauty that is brought on by an ocean storm. And for all the close scientific observation it shows, "Shark" looks like nothing more than an illustration from a seventh grade biology text.

Only very occasionally, as in "Bales" or "Pumpkin March", does he approach the highly evocative level of portrayal, where the light, color, and subject are just about right, achieved by the two great mentors of American realism, Winslow Homer and Edward Hopper. Wyeth's portraits, on the other hand, tend to be more consistent, particularly the ones of such pensive characters as his father and JFK. Twentieth century American realism does not find its latest and most fruitful manifestation in Jamie Wyeth, as the Academy was pleased to believe, for Wyeth fails to completely understand the traditions, terms, and implications of that style. Hopper understood when he claimed that all he wanted to do in his painting was "paint the sunlight on the side of a building," because when he did just that he managed to sensitize his audience to reality, to make them more fully aware of the visual nature of the world. All Wyeth does is paint the sunlight on the side of a pig. And he often fails to do even that very well.
Pittsburgh

'Willie and Phil'—

First constructed the plot, complete with visible effects and soundtrack, and then decided to work on building the characters to play within it. During the course of the film, Phil goes from the stereotypical Italian semi-macho man from Brooklyn to the stereotypical film maker living in outdoor whirlpools in Malibu Beach, and overarching at the way. Though Phil repeatedly displays the pangs of possessiveness that are so integral to the credibility of the characters of Jules et Jim, Willy is depicted with the uncanny ability to soothe ad hug his understandably guilty best friend after watching Phil's first love session with the woman Willy has been living with for six months. Here, the narrator tells us that "watching Phil and Jeanette make love made Willy very happy." Whaaat?

The engaging, satirical "slice of life" that made Mazursky's An Unmarried Women a deserved hit are missing in Willy and Phil. Rather than depicting realistic characters caught up in the emotion and confusion of their lives, he has created three shallow individuals who spend nearly a decade of their lives attempting to re-assure themselves that their destinies are indeed, "interlocked forever," without convincing us that there is any reason that they should be.

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Interlocked Destinies: Mindless Picknicking

By Bernard Plishtin

Ordinary People is a film that one might call good, since it contains all the ingredients of a successful cinematic recipe. The film appeals to an ordinary person's heart. The actors are excellent, the technique is mastered well, and the film clearly conveys what it intends. Indeed, the Jarrett family suffers from a very common disease among middle-class families: the discrepancy between inner tension and conflicts, and the forced outer appearance of a perfectly happy home.

The repressed conflicts are brought to the surface by the Jarrett's son Conrad. His father realizes he can no longer carry the film as a father figure. In the end, the psychiatrist, in turn (aptly portrayed by Judd Hirsch), works on disentangling the Jarrett's confused familial triangle. He aids Conrad in defining his real problems, and also helps him approach and conquer them. Much of the family's past history becomes evident in the clues offered at the analyst's office where flashbacks become key to understanding the present human drama. Here, Conrad's father realizes he doesn't love his wife anymore, and Conrad reenacts the emotionally traumatic boating accident.

On the other hand, his father (played by Donald Sutherland) tries his best to help and understand Conrad, but it seems he can do little more than pay for Conrad's psychiatric bills. The psychiatrist, in turn (aptly portrayed by Judd Hirsch), works on disentangling the Jarrett's confused familial triangle. He aids Conrad in defining his real problems, and also helps him approach and conquer them. Much of the family's past history becomes evident in the clues offered at the analyst's office where flashbacks become key to understanding the present human drama. Here, Conrad's father realizes he doesn't love his wife anymore, and Conrad reenacts the emotionally traumatic boating accident.

In the end, the psychiatrist pledges his friendship to Conrad, and this raises an interesting question: Can a psychiatrist be a friend, or is the film trying to go beyond the story's more obvious truths to manipulate some of our more sentimental nerves?

Nonetheless, it seems that any audience would react to these highly emotional situations, either by identifying with the son and father, or by rejecting the mother. Conrad, played by Timothy Hutton, is a very convincing actor, much the same as Beth Jarrett, played by Mary Tyler Moore, comes across as very hateful even too much to sound true. Many of the film's problems stem from the fact that the situations are too predictable: the mother seems too senseless to belong to this family, and towards the film's end, she leaves. She attempts to "control" all situations, and as the analyst tells Conrad (who seems to want to live life as his mother does), "control" is not the equivalent of strength. Conrad eventually readjusts to his life, and the film culminates with a final embrace between father and son: the first having lost his wife while regaining the respect and love of his son, the second, full of new hopes and expectations for the future.

What I question is whether director Robert Redford hasn't controlled the scenario too much, by infusing it with one-way details such as the mother's dress code, or the house's polished furniture, or even their rigidly organized lifestyle.

As a result, there seems to be little room left for spectator contemplation. Too much has been given, the characters become rather stereotypical, and this prevents us from imagining them to be anything more than what the film shows us.
Bob Marley and The Wailers Define Reggae

Bob Marley

Uprising
Island ILPS 9596

Rarely is a musical genre defined in terms of an individual artist or group, but such is the case with reggae and Bob Marley. In seven studio albums preceding Uprising, their latest effort, Marley and the Wailers have consistently produced unadulterated reggae in its definitive form. With Uprising, Marley appears to have made changes which may broaden his commercial appeal, yet not at the expense of his music's purity. His idea may work in light of the new respect given to reggae as a result of its successful incorporation into the sounds of popular rock groups such as the Clash, the Police, and Joe Jackson; its image as the music of a peculiar religious sect is disappearing.

Nonetheless, the importance of religion in this album cannot be overlooked. The lyric sheet reads like a Rastafarian hymnal ("We'll be forever loving Jah"), going so far as to taunt hedonism (how dare he?) in "Pimper's Paradise." Marley explains it all in "Redemption Song," an acoustic ballad which closes the album: "All I ever had, redemption songs — these songs of freedom."

Uprising is Marley's most elaborately produced album. Its polished sound makes earlier works such as Burnin' seem primitive by comparison. A faster tempo on several tracks combined with some well-placed hooks ("Could You Be Loved?" illustrates both) enhance the sound and make Uprising an aural pleasure for new and old Marley fans alike.

—David Evans

Jethro Tull

A Chrysalis CHE 1301

After 11 years, 16 albums, and innumerable stylistic and personnel changes, this progressive British rock group has suddenly, and subtly abandoned its two most basic strengths — its tight, precise instruments and intelligent lyrics. In their stead, Alex leaves us 10 moody, rambling pieces that resemble the familiar "Tull sound," but lack the power, the single-minded energy, and the musical resolution of typical Tull pieces like "Locomotive Breath" and "Minstrel in the Gallery." Group leader Ian Anderson's lyrics, once so intriguing, if at times a tad pompous, now read like a freshman English major's overstated anti-establishment poetry.

There are two or three potential singles or FM hits here, three-minute ditties like "Crossfire," "Flyingdale Flyer," and "Protect and Survive." All are performed with the customary pounding chords, Martin Barre's guitar incidentals, and Anderson's whining, pleading vocals. But this proven formula for stark, solid power (and success) is softened and mollified by the musical influence and tutti-frutti synthesizer work of "special guest" Eddie Jobson, whoever the hell he is. Thanks to him. A gets a "C-".

—Noel Weyrich

Chicago

Chicago XIV
Columbia FC 36517

The boys from the Windy City have come out with their fourteenth release, continuing their progression toward middle age. Alas, Chicago XIV continues the downward slide that began with the band's eighth album.

A couple of cuts try to regain the feel Chicago once had. "Manipulation" contains all the off-metered slicing chords and brilliant brass parts that the group used in earlier releases. "The American Dream" is a thought-provoking song, bringing back the political overtones that once prevailed in Chicago's music.

The remainder of the album, however, does not seem to be a group effort. This could be attributed to yet another personnel change. The group gave the boot to flamboyant guitarist Donnie Dacus in favor of Chris Pinnick, a less-than-admirable performer. They've also turned to new producer, Tom Dowd, succeeding the successful Phil Ramone. These factors seem to have taken the unifying force out of Chicago's music.

For those awaiting the return of that fine Chicago jazz-rock sound, pass on XIV.

—Jim Jarosik

Carolyne Mas

Hold On
Mercury SRM 1-3841

Get ready, listeners: there could be a new star emerging in today's rock scene. Armed with an overpowering voice and six and 12 string guitars, this lady from Bronxville, New York comes right at you. Dissatisfied with her overly cautious debut effort, Mas set out to record an album that contains the electricity of a live performance. This is precisely what she accomplishes.

Mas is at her best when she sings with her New York toughness and is backed by the dynamic saxophonist of Crispin McCromick Clee; witness the title track, "Running From the High Life." "He's So Cool," and the Steve Forbert cover, "You Cannot Win If You Do Not Play" (the only song not composed by Mas). The album's weakness is in the slower numbers, "Amsterdam" and "Go Ahead and Cry Now," which expose her vulnerability as a ballad performer.

Although quite talented, Mas will probably not break through big this time around because she takes her music seriously and does not sell herself out to the media. Nonetheless, the potential singles or FM hits contained on this album has the makings of a big hit. Put simply, listening to Carolyne Mas is a pleasurable trip.

—Jeff Hoffman

Black Rose

Black Rose
Casablanca NLBP 7234

Block Rose marks Cher's attempt at making a rock record as opposed to a collection of pop songs. The record fails to blossom due to a variety of reasons. First of all, neither Cher nor her band played a role in the writing of the album's material; detachment is the result. The lyrics are boringly trite with the music behind them is hardly stimulating. But the main problem is a lack of sophistication both on and behind Cher and the musicians. The few times she sings with the music, rather than across it, her fine voice is lost beneath the guitars due to a poor mixing job. Put simply, listening to Black Rose is like riding in a car without shocks; it is not a smooth trip.

—Steve Goldstein
A Satire on Women's Job Problems?

By Toni Lee

Believe me, I'm not doubting the validity of the women's movement. I am afterall, a woman. I find it hard to believe, however, that a Philadelphia based women's organization, the Interfaith Women's Alliance for Job Equity (WAJE), takes seriously the cause for which they are supposedly fighting. After their September 17th meeting that featured a "Working Women's Top Ten Review."

Highlighted as a vaudevillian satire of the most prevalent job problems that confront working women, the revue was in no way funny, though the predominantly female audience could not hold back their laughter. They laughed in recognition of their own job situations. The audience even joined in on a number of songs. The tone of the songs was serious, but they were taken altogether lightly. Chuckles, for instance, interrupted the chorus of the song "Sixteen Years," written by Boston's Organization of Working Women.

"You work 10 years and what do you get Another year older and the same old pay check Working for people with the same old goal To keep themselves high, by keeping us low."

The skit which produced the most laughter was entitled "We Are Like Animals in the Zoo." For this skit, four of the five female "actresses" donned paper costumes depicting themselves as a bunny (the love of the office, a gopher, an ass (the scapegoat), and the dog who must beg for a raise. The skits as a whole were poorly performed, and though they carried an important message, the audience seemed genuinely amused, rather than concerned.

Another favorite skit featured a woman, supposedly a secretary, being chased around the office by her lecherous boss. After escaping a number of his advances, the boss finally fires her. Sexual harassment on the job, and being fired for refusing to submit to sexual favors, is not only common, but illegal as well. Quite honestly, I was appalled at the audience's reaction of giggles. Maybe the audience was so close to the situations that were depicted that they could identify with the characters, and laugh at the shared experience.

In addition to the floor show farce, presentations were given by Diane Kiddy, the Executive Director of the Mayor's Commission for Women, Elizabeth Dunn, a member of the United Way, and various WAJE members. The seriousness of their comments, however, was lessened on account of the light hearted environment created by the skits.

Kiddy read an official proclamation from the mayor that cited October 11, 1980, the date of WAJE's Second Annual Convention, as Working Women's Day in Philadelphia. Elizabeth Dunn, a United Way member, criticized the United Way and its policy of appropriation. She claimed that the United Way "does not fund women or girls in any way, and that they did not even fund rape centers." Dunn went on to say that "important organizations in the community are not getting United Way support," despite the fact that they are entitled to support.

The evening, which had its period of importance, ended on a lighthearted note, with more songs and skits. It is no wonder that women today are not being taken seriously on the job, or at home, when they do not even take themselves seriously.

[Continued from page 3]

Taking the Plunge

(Continued from page 3)

I didn't see God, or unite with Vishnu, or experience an orgasm transcending normal human experience. After a while I did start seeing some interesting geometrical patterns remaining in the darkness, but the only real feeling I had was one of boredom. When I couldn't take it any longer, I popped out of the tank. And, for about an hour afterward, I had an overwhelming feeling of lethargy and wooziness that had me wandering around South St. groggily. Then again, considering the type of people that normally hang out in that area, I probably fit right in.

On the positive side, I did have a feeling of "groundedness," as I termed it, or being centered, as Goodman said other people had described it. It wasn't some sort of mystic sensation of oneness, or an "Oh wow, the Grateful Dead" feeling, but rather a very elemental sense of being totally relaxed, both mentally and physically.

For that, I'm not quite sure it's worth $10. Then again, if your hot tub's broken and your mantra just doesn't seem to have that old magic anymore, this might be exactly the thing you've been looking for. I think I'll stick with a shower and a good back rub.

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Singing Finale: Didn't cut the mustard

Margie Miller

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