Low Income Housing on Hospital Site OK'd

By BARRON LERNER

The Department of Housing and Urban Development has conditionally approved a private contractor's proposal to build low-income housing on the former site of the Philadelphia General Hospital.

The new housing will replace the old rental housing on the site, and will serve eight sections of Eight housing on the site, under the Medical School.

The hospital's funding has been removed, however, HUD will allow the city to use the site's land and buildings for the new development.

On December 1 for developments at the site, the Philadelphia Corporation of Development, which has been approved for the development, is expected to ask in selection of a contractor.

Dartmouth Paper Embossed in Dispute

By SARA SHLOFSKY

"What's in a name?" Dartmouth College is embroiled in a controversy over that question.

Last week the paper received word from the state of New Hampshire that its request to become incorporated under the name "Dartmouth College" has been denied.

To be incorporated, the paper would have to be legally recognized as a corporation by the state of New Hampshire.

The dispute, however, is not a simple one, according to historian Bruce Franklin, author of a book on the paper.

The paper is being embossed with the old name "Dartmouth College," but the new name "Dartmouth College" is being used.

Anesthesiologist Turner Astronaut

HUP Doctor Readies for Space Flight

By ROBERT WOJTOWICZ

A HUP resident anesthesiologist has been selected to represent the United States in the upcoming space shuttle mission. The mission is scheduled for launch in late April.

The contestant is selected by a panel of experts, who evaluate the candidate's qualifications and experience. The candidate who is selected is then trained extensively for the mission.

The mission will allow the candidate to experience the thrill of space flight and work with the latest technology. The candidate will also have the opportunity to make new friendships and learn from experienced astronauts.

The mission is expected to last for approximately seven days. During this time, the candidate will perform various tasks, such as operating the shuttle's control systems and conducting scientific experiments.

The candidate will be accompanied by a team of support personnel, who will provide assistance during the mission. The candidate will also have access to a wide range of resources, such as books, videos, and live streaming video from the shuttle's camera.
**Campus Events**

**NEWS IN BRIEF**

Compiled from Associated Press Dispatches

U.S. Offers Persian Gulf Aid

WASHINGTON — The United States has offered to provide surveillance information tofriendly countries in the Persian Gulf region to blunt the threat of an Iraqi invasion of Kuwait, State Department sources said today.

The department said it was offering to assist countries in the Persian Gulf region to provide surveillance information to friendly countries in the region to blunt the threat of an Iraqi invasion of Kuwait.

**Campus Events**

**Theatre**

**SAGA (South Asian Studies Graduate Student Association) will sponsor a film series titled "Asians in American Cinema."**

*MACPHERSON STRUTS* (*B. Alfred Beatty, Jr.*)

Friday, Oct. 9 at 10:30 P.M.

In Fine Arts B-1.


**Theatre**

**Continuum. The program will Include the following works:**

Stravinsky's Concerto for Two Pianos and Wind Instruments; *Les Noces* by Boulez; *Le Sacre du Printemps* by Stravinsky.

Friday, Oct. 10 at 8 p.m., Annenberg School Theatre, 3620 Walnut St. Free and open to the public. Please arrive early for seating. Reservations 132-0222.

**ShashI**

**BMW 325i. $21.00**

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**WOMEN'S SOCCER CLUB**

**Practice today at the Gimbel Gym window**

**Official**

**ATTENTION FRESHMAN STUDENTS: Please attend this meeting to learn about the many services the University Career Service Center offers.**

The seminar will be held in a workshop environment and will cover a variety of topics. Please bring your resume.

The meeting is scheduled for Wednesday, Oct. 8 at 4 p.m. Williams Hall, 4th floor. All interested students are invited.

**TOMORROW**

**INTERVISTA: CULTURAL FELLOWSHIPS TO SPAIN, PORTUGAL, AND BRAZIL.**

The seminar will be held in a workshop environment and will cover a variety of topics. Please bring your resume.

The meeting is scheduled for Wednesday, Oct. 8 at 4 p.m. Williams Hall, 4th floor. All interested students are invited.

**STRESS MANAGEMENT WORKSHOP**

**Sponsored by University Career Service Center and the Women's Center.**

The seminar will be held in a workshop environment and will cover a variety of topics. Please bring your resume.

The meeting is scheduled for Wednesday, Oct. 8 at 4 p.m. Williams Hall, 4th floor. All interested students are invited.
Federal Judge Daniel Heyret in re-
ated that his opinion was based on fa-
that would have been opposed not 
that the Proposed Development 
the property from the developer. 
the public of the neighborhood and the fact 
so that would have postponed con-
would have delayed the completion of the 
would have delayed the projec 
the developer.

Ed Clark

Housing Site

be built in the University City area. 
proposing the PGH site at this 
270 units in the University City area. 
which encompassed several signifi-
crime" laws, which he claimed would 
the impositions made upon the 
other nations.

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The DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN - Thursday, October 9, 1980

PAGE 3

We are not permitted by law to advertise beer prices.
Putting Things In Perspective

By Adam Levine

Students at times are a standoffish bunch, living inside their own bubble. Many choose to avoid contact with other students or faculty, mostly because they do not see the need to study and partake in the goals, grading, or problems of the academic world.

It is such an isolated world little things get blown all out of proportion. A missed test becomes an end of the world. A grade, ignoring the problems of the outside world.

But it must be said that many Jewish student volunteers have helped blind Jews. And, in the hands of a small number of people, these students who take their problems seriously.

However, this is not a problem that is not impossible to lead a life. Our society. People have a right to a free expression of their beliefs, and to lead a life of their choosing. It means that in the upcoming ballot the issue of the congressman will be taken into account.

A congressman does in Ozzie an opportunity for us to decide who the President of the United States will be and may well be on trial come the mid-term elections (of Filmways Pictures, Inc.),

As a graduating (AAS) college senior, I must say that my experience at the University was an important one. In four years, I have learned a lot of things, both in and out of the classroom.

As commencement approached, I was prepared to make a decision about my future. I would have liked to have had some definite plans for the next four years in Washington.

I have been following the story. The videotapes of Ozzie's expulsion were shown on television screens, in living color, in the homes of the congressmen who spoke in Congress. In four years he did more than the typical congressman. In four years he did more than the typical congressman. In four years he did more than the typical congressman. In four years he did more than the typical congressman. In four years he did more than the typical congressman.
State Appropriation

(Continued from page 1)

fication and partly to subsidize the costs of running the Small Animal Hospital, which opens next year.

He said the University would have a particularly hard time justifying its request because Thornburgh has told his staff that he wants to reduce the size of the state budget next year.

800 UA Petitions

(Continued from page 1)

discussion of the "ultimate process" and will be determined by Monday.

"It seems clear that everyone (of the Trustees) is not going to raise their hand without discussing it," she said.

Curry Cottage

Serves Best Vegetarian Dishes

(47th St. off Baltimore Ave.)

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FIND IT
IN THE
CLASSIFIEDS

CAREERS IN FOREIGN SERVICE

Thursday, October 9, 1980
7-9 p.m.

The Art Gallery

1st Floor

Houston Hall

Mr. Cleveland Fuller

Foreign Service Officer

—Astronaut—

(Continued from page 1)

Philadelphia. He received his bachelor of science degree from Drexel University in 1973 and a doctorate in medicine from Thomas Jefferson University in 1977. He was completing his residency at HUP when chosen for the program.

"For me this is an ideal opportunity," Bagian said. "It's like getting paid for having fun."

The complete selection of bass, dexter, sebago, nike, frye, mia, skandals and our own shoes from the lodge.

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the entire selection of men's and women's shoes, boots and clogs.

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Financial aid and fellowships are available based on merit or need.

MEET WITH A REPRESENTATIVE AT:
Career Placement Service
University of Pennsylvania
October 4, 1980
9:30 am - 12 noon

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-Rita

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TIRLED OF SINGLES BARS?

Then you’ve been on the wrong side of them, because bartenders at high volume bars make up to $200 per night serving liquor.

PSA’s International School of Bartending can put you on the right side of a bar for the ultimate summer or part-time job.

Our five-week course (about 2 hours per week) teaches the basics of bartending in a pleasant atmosphere. Both lecture and lab professional mixology. Diplomas conferred upon graduation.

Registration Fee: $45.
Classroom: Vocational School, Room A
Tues. Wed. Thurs. Fri. 6:30-8:15 Sec 1 Sec 3 Sec 5
8:30-10:15 Sec 2 Sec 4 Sec 6

Registration ends October 17
10:30-12:15 - - - Sec 7

TIRED OF SINGLES BARS?
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Registration ends October 17
10:30-12:15 - - - Sec 7

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Don't leave Penn without a marketable skill!!
Columbia, MIT Get Heads; The Daily Princetonian.

California "think-tank." Bowen is of the Garden State. The reason for but we certainly didn't do it in a reportedly preparing for the University of Pennsylvania's senior president, this Ivy League's senior president, this Har-

Gray was inaugurated September 26. The mace was not injured. Sym-

Macy and Yale President A. Sovern as its new president. The "Spangled Banner." What a card.

The caption didn't say. Sorry, Martin.

Macy's "think-tank." Is that something like a masonic meeting? The caption didn't say. Sorry, Martin.

Monday, October 13 Contact University Career Placement for sign ups.

If you've ever wanted to see a city of 217,000 people "think-tank." Is that something like a masonic meeting? The caption didn't say. Sorry, Martin.

a look at other colleges, courtesy of other college newspapers.

"think-tank," is that something like a masonic meeting? The caption didn't say. Sorry, Martin.

The University, by the way, is not in the business of being a president this year. Dartmouth College presi-

dent John Farmer will retire in 1983 after 11 years in office. Kennedy, the Ivy League's senior president, this year welcomed the first class with a balanced_SHADER-RAAlpha. New Hampton leaves him for the age.

Monday, October 13 Contact University Career Placement for sign ups.

A Rose is a Rose is a Rose! daffodils & Mary Bonner Florist Shop

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Tow sons Takes great Pleasure in Announcing Our Fall Rose Special A Dozen Roses for A Dozen Dollars 12 Long Stem Roses in your choice of colors Gift box bound for you Only $12.00 plus tax

daffodils and Mary Bonner Florist Shop

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INTERO MEETING

Thursday October 9th 7 PM

Chaplain House 3805 Locust Walk

ALL INVITED

Old Members Must Attend

Funded by SAC
The Streak is Over; The Season Has Just Begun

The word was spread all over cam- 

pack I

Gray Still Questionable
time in over a year,

there. At the end of the year we give

we've painted up the ball and put it

streak monkey from their backs, and

losing teams and a losing streak, but

the right to be recognized as having

own and was being

different group from any other year's,"

and "79 squads.

The word was spread all over cam-

The Streak is Over; The

For head coach Harry Gamble and his

The Streak is Over; The

in 1979.

For head coach Harry Gamble and his

Year's

be easier to judge that.

that's not much of a bargain.

different group from any other year's,"

and "79 squads.

The word was spread all over cam-

The Streak is Over; The

in 1979.

For head coach Harry Gamble and his

The Streak is Over; The

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in 1979.

For head coach Harry Gamble and his

The Streak is Over; The

in 1979.

For head coach Harry Gamble and his

The Streak is Over; The

in 1979.
Does This Man Have a Mother?

Also — Write Some Fiction, Win $50
By Christine Woodslde
Women's Fashion Industry, I Hate You...

The last time the female fashion world gasped even a little over a new style was in 1973, when the mini-skirt became passe. Since that major change, America's fashion industry has dug itself deeper and deeper into a tiresome mudhole of indecision, presumably because women have become too liberated to be "slaves to fashion."

Women are now supposed to be thankful for season after season of "new looks" that are actually a chaotic hodgepodge of styles ranging from Victorian underwear to Russian jackets to ass-grabbing Western jeans — all of which have appeared in some form the year before. Vogue Magazine, America's classiest women's fashion monthly, exuberantly tells its readers to rejoice in this year's "American Bravado" because the New York clothing collections can answer the working world demands of so many women — while still giving them the choice between Gloria Vanderbilt, Calvin Klein, Bill Blass, Anne Klein, Yves Saint Laurent, and the Modstrom Sportswear section of the nearest department store. This is quite a choice — and that is the problem.

When the majority of women were housewives — say, in the 1950's and '60's, fashion was pretty straightforward. One year, hems were above the knee; another, they were ankle-length. One year, straight A-line coats were the new look; another, they might have gathered sleeves and massive folds of fabric. I can remember my father telling my mother how ridiculous it was that women did whatever the fashion industry told them. I can remember my mother returning that it was refreshingly fun to feel different, depending on a new style.

Now, however, no one can ever say that women change their hemlines according to the fashion industry. Women are too smart for this now, I guess. Now women have so many damn choices that they don't know what to wear. Just when they're working and going places and have absolutely no time to go clothes-shopping, they're told, by the most reliable fashion magazine: "Given the choice in fashion today — and nowhere is that choice more evident, more extensive than in the New York collections — the first need: to pinpoint the clothes that give you the most in terms of wearability, pleasure, value." (Vogue, September '80) This cumbersome bull says, actually, that it takes more time to find the "individual look." Since most women don't seem to have this time, they resort to going to the designer collections and buying what they figure must be fashionable, since Calvin Klein said it reflects whatever it's supposed to reflect that season (softness, boldness, vivacity, you name it).

In the spirit of open-mindedness, Vogue even interviewed "17 women who lead multifaceted lives" on what they thought about the fashion industry. Aside from the usual complaints of rushing the seasons, these women said, in the very pages of the magazine that heralds today's chaotic diversity of women's clothes, that they don't have time to figure out what's right for them. Since they don't have time, they act more like sheep than the women of the 50's who at least had one basic hemline to work with: they look at the individualized collection of one designer, and they buy exactly that. No variations. No individuality. Just the designer's individuality.

Said one woman: "If there are designers who regularly put together suits that have belts and blouses and scarves with them, I'm drawn to that kind of merchandise, because that saves me an awful lot of time."

Said another woman: "I use Vogue the way people use mail-order catalogues. I look at what I think I would like, and I call the store and say, 'Do you have that?' because I truly have no time to shop. I have to say that shopping is absolutely the last priority for me. Yet, I do care about looking good."

And, get this: "In Rochester, we have professional shoppers who help busy women executives to dress themselves. They will put together the whole wardrobe, keeping track of the customer's life style... We're no longer ashamed to say that we need this kind of service we want it, and if someone will provide it, we'll pay for it."

Some of the clothes in stores and Vogue today are excitingly beautiful. October's issue has several pages of Brooke Shields made to look like a sophisticated, pirouetting gypsy, and I love everything. But the stuff we're being shown is so off-beat and individual to begin with that most women, I'm willing to guess, not only don't know how to interpret the varying designs for themselves, but they don't really want to. Individuality has lost its meaning because the fashion industry is now dictating it. If there were one skirt length, one type of classic coat, a certain emphasis on buttons, a modern turn to the A-line — well, then women would feel better about making variations on some basic looks. Instead, it's possible to take every fashion that's hit the store windows for the last 10 years (no kidding) and say you're not being too bizarre.

In my own weary efforts to be individual, I find that I wear pajamas to class.
“Study hard and you shall go far. I can see you are a kind person...and above all, don’t take other’s judgements. Follow your own advice.”
Fine advice for an advice-giver to be giving.

Close Encounter with Spirituality
...at a Price You Can Afford

Text and Photos by Lisa Scheer

At a time when prevalent social and personal ills run amuck, and the general masses are forced to turn away from their family doctors, priests and confidantes, a bright flicker of hope shines from 42nd and Chestnut Street. Embodied in the spiritual mass of Sister Jay, healer of “life’s problems,” lies optimistic deliverance. And for only five dollars.

Sister Jay arrived here from North Carolina a year ago, when, according to her aging manager, it became acutely apparent that her services were needed. The family, whose ancestorship lies in India, believes that Sister Jay’s powers come from her heritage. As her manager candidly remarks: “Chinese inherited laundries, Greeks inherited restaurants, and Sister Jay inherited spirituality.”

Sister Jay’s healing arena has an accommodating family aura. One almost feels they’ve stepped in on a “cousins club” meeting. Friends crash out under pink comforters near the door, relatives chitchat over coffee and cake, and kids run around, occasionally plunking down to soak up a rerun of Road Runner. In the midst of all the hubbub, a conspicuous-looking plastic Jesus presides over the whole affair like a Master of Ceremonies.

When people “can’t see nothin’ else” they come to readers who “lift them out of darkness,” the manager points out. Sister Jay sees approximately twenty-five plagued individuals per day and offers advice on anything from divorce to cancer to a nasty hemorrhoid.

Sister Jay, 31, has a round, friendly face and a glassy set of eyes which seem to penetrate the soul’s inner recesses. No cards or crystal balls in this establishment.

“You are sometimes mean?”, she says midway through our reading.

No response.

“No?”

“Well...”

“You are sometimes mean,” she nods touching my arm.

(Ah, that gets me). “Well, I guess...I mean everyone is sometimes...”

“Yes, I know. I can tell that you are sometimes mean.”

These insights are evocative as hell. “Ask me any question,” she continues. I think a moment. Hmm. “What’s a person to do when they’re torn between two men?”

And thus the pronounced deliverance is issued. “You are confused...you must wait awhile. You are not planning to get married?”

“Well, no...not yet...”

“Fine, then study hard and you shall go far. I can see that you are a kind person...and above all, don’t take other’s judgements. Follow your own advice.”

Fine advice for an advice-giver to be giving.

Well, you can get the same consultation from your mother or your Uncle Fred and probably with a free meal squeezed somewhere in between. But seeing as distance bars us from these more obvious mentors, Sister Jay resides a good walking distance away with a readily available and comforting panacea. She’s a good woman. (Why, she’d probably even let you cry in her old bosom). A spiritual deliverer with a going price of five dollars. Hell!
P.S. Your Cat is Dead
Starring Rod Serlen and Charles Musumeci
At the Walnut St. Theater
By Beth Sherman

So you think you've got problems? Meet Jimmy Zoole. He just lost his job, his girlfriend has left him, he's been robbed twice, and, oh yes, there's a gay burglar tied to his kitchen sink.

As one of the two lead characters in James Kirkwood's P.S. Your Cat is Dead, Jimmy is balanced precariously on a personal tightrope. He likes to play it safe, but underneath his Nice Guy veneer lies a cauldron of repressed emotions and anxieties. In his initial confrontation with Vito, the would-be burglar, all of Jimmy's hidden hostility and rage emerge.

However, Jimmy gradually discovers that Vito is not a cretin or a vicious punk, but a guy who is just as lonely and confused as himself. As the two men open up to one another and exchange ideas and personal experiences, a bond develops between them. They become, in effect, partners—a hilarious team who are going to win.

P.S. Your Cat is Dead is largely about the difficulties of establishing close emotional and physical relationships. It is about the nature of experience and reality, advocating a sort of "go for it" philosophy. When the barriers and defenses that have been erected by the characters break down, they begin to accept and understand themselves a little better.

In a world where we seek to heighten self-awareness through psychanalysis, T.V., est, yoga, and the like, this play attains a certain relevance. Kirkwood is telling us to get in touch with ourselves by becoming less static and more open to alternate lifestyles and new ideas. He does so with verve and wit, presenting a humorous situation which borders on the ridiculous.

The two men are a veritable dynamic duo, complementing one another by their actions and reactions, Ron Serlen, as Vito, is a bundle of nervous energy. His fingers tremble so violently that he has trouble holding a point, and sweat glisters on his face as he struggles to free himself.

Charles J. Musumeci, portraying Jimmy, also expresses a wide range of emotions. He is literally everywhere, effectively utilizing the small stage space. One moment he does a frenzied war dance around his captive, and the next makes a smooth transition to collapsing on the floor in a fit of frustration and bitterness about his life.

P.S. Your Cat is Dead is Studio 3's first attempt to bring Off-Broadway type material to Philadelphia. It will be playing through October 19 at the Walnut St. Theatre.

Dynamic Duo: Serlen and Musumeci

This Week

Enter the Fiction Contest
See Page 9

Enter the Fiction Contest
See Page 9

Dynamic Duo: Serlen and Musumeci

House of Our Own Books
3920 Spruce St., Tues.-Sat. 18-6 pm
Feminist & Socialist Title—Second Floor
A Tale of the Post Modern New Imagists

By Kevin Coyne

Remember those science textbooks you had in grammar school, the ones filled with drawings of planets, maps of Paraguay and charts showing the number of egglants exported each year? Well, Ted Hoagland, one of the artists currently on view at the Nexus gallery (2017 Chancellor, between Locust and Walnut), has thrust these dusty childhood images back into our mind by presenting them anew in meticulously detailed drawings. Hoagland, and his co-exhibitors, however, are up to something a bit more complex than simply trying to teach us once again the lessons of one. These "post-modern new imagists," as they are known for a lack of a better term, are the artists who comprise the current "Drawn from Chicago" show at Nexus, the cooperative gallery which serves as the spiritual center of the progressive art scene in Philadelphia.

These six artists from the NAME gallery, Nexus' Chicago counterpart, alter Avery's lesson by transferring emphasis from capturing the appearance of the object to getting at its inherent reality. Not the form, not the visual impression implanted in our minds, not the color, but simply IT. Not the redness or shape of a cow, but the idea of one. That's what Jay Constantine is up to, although not completely successfully, in his pencil renderings of unexpected juxtapositions of the common products of the consumer culture. Re-evaluating the context of an object, and presenting it in some new order, some new light, in an attempt at getting us to see IT. That's also what Warren Menacker is doing in his "Ci-

ty #160 Series," wherein he takes a black and white photo of a vague city-type scene, prints 12 copies of it, and gradually adds lines, geometric shapes, and finally color, thus transforming the original image in stages, changing emphasis at each stop.

And that's certainly what Ted Hoagland intends when he conjures up those old schoolbook images, jarring us into an awareness of the importance of these half-forgotten objects, and consequently compelling us to contemplate the implications of the world of a new, more rigorous and imaginative awareness.

Avery and the NAME artists present us with two lessons in the politics and aesthetics of apprehending reality, as well as with two crucial stages in the evolution of attitudes toward the objective world in twentieth century art. And the two classrooms where we can learn this just happen to be conveniently located across the park from each other. Puny how life often seems to cooperate with art, isn't it?

Nexus Gallery
2017 Chancellor
Through October 12
Open Tues.-Sat.

Makler Gallery
1716 Locust
Through November 1
Open Mon.-Sat.

Deadline?
What Deadline?

Edz:
Meeting to be announced. Keep in touch.

Love,
THE EDZ
Philly's Biggest Clique

The Mummers, still mostly male, and still marching in feathers, will get $300,000 from the City next year.

By Betsy Binder

I stepped out of a taxi cab at the deserted corner of Second and Washington Streets to meet a mysterious looking man standing on the sidewalk wearing sunglasses and smoking a Marlboro. He said, "Are you Miss Binder?"

He is one of the top officials of the Philadelphia Mummers — those 26,851 men who march in feathers every New Year's — and ironically enough, he's an FBI agent. We had arranged to meet at the Mummers Museum so he could point out the regal parade trappings in the flesh. Since the Museum is closed Mondays, the FBI agent and I were alone with the costumed dummies in the drafty, white-walled rooms.

The sunglassed Mummer, who asked that his name not be used due to the nature of his profession, claimed that being a member of Philadelphia's largest clique keeps people off the streets. "It's better for a man to be at a string band rehearsal than, say, out on the streets soliciting a hooker," he said. The connection seemed odd. I thought, glancing at the pointed pink slippers on the nearest dummy.

Just as an example, last year's first place costume was lavender, with mirrored sequins, a feathered headpiece and shoes to match. It cost about $350 to make.

Each New Year's Day, thousands of grown men march through Philadelphia in these rambunctious, ostentatious costumes, in the bitter cold and in front of a million and half spectators, many from out of town. As crazy as it seems, this event is so good for Philadelphia's economy that the city donates thousands of dollars in prize money each year — it's already allotted $300,000 for the 1981 parade.

Although this may seem like a large sum, according to the Philadelphia Department of Recreation, "The Mummers Parade is a worthwhile investment," since it brings so many tourists here to spend money.

For the Mummers themselves, the parade is more than one day in the year. Preparation for the next year literally begins the day after New Year's, according to many of the separate Mummers' clubs. These people "eat, sleep, live, and die Mumtery" — something I would not understand, they said, because "you are not one of us."

Each Mummers string band has its own club house where it rehearses a minimum of once a week. The two and a half hour rehearsal every Tuesday night is the least of the preparation. The bands spend their time selecting a theme, checking that the theme is authentic, raising money for the costumes, making the costumes, rehearsing the music, and choreographing whatever presentation a group might come up with for the judges.

The Mummers are divided into four categories which are then segmented into competing hills. First is the "comic division" with its five clubs. In the New Year's parade, they dress up as clowns, dudes (wearing tuxedos), and wenches, or men in drag.

The "fancy division" (four clubs). These are the guys who wear very elaborate costumes and ride in the floats.

Next is the "string division" (23 bands). Each band comes up with its own music and costumes.

Finally, the "fancy brigades" (20 bands), an offshoot of the fancy clubs, appear at the end of the parade.

On New Year's Day from 7:30 a.m. until 6:30 at night, the Mummers march from Broad and Snyder Streets up to City Hall, where they perform in front of a panel of judges for no more than four minutes. If any group exceeds the four minute-time limit for even one minute, it is automatically disqualified.

The judges use a 100-point system to rate them on "presentation and form" (and music for the string bands).

With that $300,000 appropriated in prize money, every club gets a prize. The first place string band gets $7,700, and the prizes diminish by $200 from there. Since it costs anywhere from $26,000 to $35,000 to outfit each band, the divided prize money does not amount to very much.

Obviously, though, these performing groups have a year's worth of pride at stake, so being disqualified is a disaster for them. While some clubs do not take themselves as seriously as others..."
It All Began on Grandma's Knee

The only thing older than the tradition of the Mummers' New Year's parade is the word itself. In English, "mummers" is defined as indistinct, articulate speech or as disguising oneself. The German noun mumme means disguise, mask or misapprehension.

Mummers evolved into a phenomenon in itself. Not being from Philadelphia myself, and never having actually seen the parade, I could not understand why these people invest so much time in the club and then accept a personal financial loss and why the city of Philadelphia invests in the association every year.

The original Mummers were immigrants in South Philly in the early 19th century. Each neighborhood around Second Street had its own individual New Year's celebration - Irish, Italian, British and Black-American heritage - which were combined into the first city-sponsored Mummers parade in 1901. Since then, the Mummers have missed only one parade - during World War I outbreak of influenza.

Mummers have a real feeling for the tradition of family ties with the association. Literally everyone I spoke to recalled sitting on their grandmother's knee, watching the parade on Second Street and knowing that someday he would be doing the same thing.

This tradition seems, at times, to be almost an obsession with many of the members. Mike Rayer, for example, a 30-year-old high school teacher, has been a member of the Fralinger Band for 16 years. He was born on Second Street and considers the Mummers to be his part of his culture and heritage. It is a strong family blood-line tradition which I am proud to carry on," he explained. "And I will do everything I can to make sure that my children also perpetuate it."

George Badey, who graduated from Penn last year, is also a member of the Fralinger Band. He calls himself a "Mummers Baby." He explained "It is a strong family blood-line tradition which I am proud to carry on," he explained. "And I will do everything I can to make sure that my children also perpetuate it."

While everyone seems to have his own idea of the meaning of Mummetry, it provides a social life for all of them. Each club house has its own fully equipped bar and every member has a key to the building. In addition to the endless hours the band members spend preparing for the parade, they also, for the most part, spend much of their free time at the club. "Mummetry is a way of life," Shan-
Letters to 34th Street

More on Steel City, Postmarked in Pittsburgh

To the Editors:

Why did you let Randy Malamud loose at his typewriter to write two-and-a-half pages of invective against Pittsburgh? The angle is not fresh, and as all Pittsburghers know, neither is the all too-familiar Philadelphia attitude about the Steel City. Since Malamud doesn't present this tired propaganda with an ounce of skill beyond his good spelling and grammar, we must rule out the possibility that inflammatory statements were left in the article because Malamud, though cantankerous, writes charmingly well. A remark such as "the irony of people from Pittsburgh slurring any other city in the Western hemisphere is laughable" is pure ill will. I haven't read anything for a while that so resembles a sixth grade slam book.

More interesting topics might be:
- Tony Ruba's black and white films on Braddock, a touching portrait of a steel neighborhood that is dying.
- The near-death and recent re-emergence of theater in Pittsburgh.
- Bucco-Steelfer fever has reached incredible heights here.
- Pittsburgh neighborhoods, ethnic pockets of diverse architecture, food and lifestyle, are being developed not into Philadelphia's homogeneous blocks but into a neighborhood city with its own flavor.
- After years of rejecting the past - the smog reputation, the many Pittsburgh jokes - some of the city's current development attempts actually capitalize on it.

Since so many Philadelphians seem to share Malamud's nasty attitude toward Pittsburgh, a positive article would have perhaps pried a few eyes open. And if Malamud felt he would prostitute his journalistic sensibilities by saying something nice, he could have settled for saying nasty things that were carefully grounded in fact, documentation, or reason.

Interestingly, my own gut feeling, shored up a little by an impromptu survey of my friends, shows that Pittsburghers' attitudes toward Philadelphia are bland, puzzling, mildly negative, or nonexistent. Philadelphians, however, have a reputation as snobbish, vitriolic, and filled with an irrepressible need to castigate Pittsburgh and Pittsburghers. We note that few Philadelphians come here with a good word to say about the place, and those that have to break form and like the clean streets, the friendly people, the low cost of housing and that manageable size of the city are a bit puzzled by what they find here. A clear-eyed critique of the city would have carried clout and spurred consideration among a group of thinking people — the folks at Penn. As it is, they have only a great litter box liner in the September 25 story on Pittsburgh.

-CHRIS REID
Monroeville, Pa.

Don't Tip the Waiter

Editors:

In your review of the Marrakesh restaurant (October 2), you admonish your readers "to tip the waiter well." Indeed, the waiter (or waitress - they do have both) is already tipped well, for the Marrakesh is one of those rare establishments in this area that is "service oriented." As I recall, fifteen percent is automatically added at the bottom of each tab. Or at least has been in our several visits until some weeks back.

The problem with this system in our society is that few are aware of the built-in charge, and thus there are certain people that undoubtedly double-tip. This may have been your case: more likely, however, is that the practice, which is not advertised, is not carried out in the case of known restaurant reviewers.

- LARRY MAGNE
Penns Park, PA

Reply to a Reply

Editors:

After reading the replies of Mark Schoepner and Alan Tabachnick to your recent story on Pittsburgh, I feel that I must correct an inaccuracy in their letters which I and other Philadelphians find both offensive and disturbing.

Both Mr. Schoepner and Mr. Tabachnick find the need in their letters to (Continued on p. 12)
That's Five-O. The last time the magazine had a contest like this, the winner went on to write for the National Lampoon and The New Yorker.

Limit: 2000 words.

Please type the entries, label appropriately, and bring or mail to the DP offices, 401 5 Walnut, 2nd floor.

Deadline: November 7.

The winning story will appear in the November 20 issue.

The 34th Street Fiction Contest. Enter

Mummers

(Continued from page 7)

non explained. I went from the Fralinger Club House to the Quaker City Club and could feel the difference. Quaker City was much more relaxed and not quite as enthusiastic.

So, here we have a massive group that clings to a traditional way of life, is passing on its heritage to a new generation and controls South Philadelphia. And what about the utter ridiculousness of actual Mummers? Grown men spending a major portion of their year preparing for a four minute time span in which they will appear in front of a panel of judges. But, to them, it is more than that. They are on display in front of their family and friends, feeling no inhibitions because they identify with being Mummers. As long as Philadelphia is happy, why complain?
Stardust Memories
Directed by Woody Allen
Starring Woody Allen and Charlotte Rampling
Starting Friday at the Mark I

By Noel Weyrich

Since his start as a nebbishly self-defeating comic, Woody Allen over the years has become increasingly misanthropic towards often incisively defensive or reticent about his own improprieties and inconsistencies. This change has come slowly and grown concurrently with his skill as a director. This makes it easy to wrongly connect his success after years of success with his skill as a director. This makes it easy to agree with insanely vacuous motion picture execs who are attempting to turn a "serious" film of his into a banal piece of trash. At the film festival, he is greeted by a supernaturally homely crowd of people who profess their undying love for him, beg for product endorsements, or beg for jobs. His ugly hearing fans often tell him, "I love your films, especially the early funny ones."

At the same time, Sandy Bates is having woman trouble. He is at once wistfully regretting the loss of a beautiful lover, talking marriage with a second, and beginning to fall in love with a third. This trio, played by Charlotte Rampling, Marie-Christine Barrault, and Jessica Harper, are all typical Woody women—beautiful, and screwed up in the head. The film progresses, carrening back and forth between past and present, reality and fantasy, Woody's films and "Sandy's films." It's a well-executed nicely-paced dramatic device, but the plot is so familiar and tired that it's difficult to care about what the devil is communicating. The film's technique is engaging, but with nothing new to say, it lacks a raison d'etre.

By the time Woody is finished whining about what pests people are and at the same time moaning about how many are unhappy, he has resolved that as death nears for middle-aged people, a need arises to do serious work and reluctantly accept responsibilities that will give their life meaning. A nice theme if he hadn't hinted at it in so many ways before.

Allen's failure to say something new pales in front of the failing he commits in his choice of a point of view and cast of characters that serve only to confuse and alienate the audience, which, judging from Allen's choice of subject matter, might have been his prime objective. As writer-comedian Aary Singer, Allen led a comfortable but anonymous life in New York. His concerns, therefore, were often those of audience concerns—meeting a girlfriend's parents, being bothered by an obnoxious guy in line for movie tickets, hating California, and having a crush on a breakup artist. That last aspect is lost in Stardust Memories, in which Allen's concerns are fugitive chauffeurs, inept maids, leering fans, and the difficult question of which beautiful, gifted woman he will fall in love with.

Stardust Memories is a double-edged sword. Allen has made a film too personal for general audiences to digest, and in the film consistently derides and degrades his only possible audience—his fans.

Oh, God, Save us from This Movie

Oh, God! Book II
Directed by Gilbert Cates
Starring George Burns
Now at the Budco Midtown

By Susan Chumsy

"Cute"—an overworked word deployed by English teachers and loved by teenyboppers—is the only word that describes Oh, God! Book II.

Gilbert Cates' film reeks of cuteness. The kids are cute, the jokes are cute, even God is cute.

Like the original Oh, God! the Man Upstairs looks like a Jewish grandfather. George Burns again plays God, but this time, instead of descending upon John Denver and Middle America. He visits suburbia. In Book II, the adults carry Louis Vuitton bags and drive Cadillacs; the kids wear Rugger polos, Famous Amos T-shirts, and Nike sneakers.

God makes his presence known in a Chinese restaurant by sending a little girl (Tracey Richards) a message: "Meet me in the cafe, lounge. —God"—in a fortune cookie. She follows the orders from above, and chats with the Almighty. He finally persuades her that He really is God, she agrees to try to spread His word throughout Childrendom.

She delivers a rousing speech to her schoolmates, and the adorable little tykes soon launch a full-scale "Think God" campaign, inscribing their slogan on sidewalks, steps, school buses, windows, and telephone poles—in chalk, of course.

It's the same old story with the same old tricks: the disappearing acts, the ability of only one chosen person to see and hear God, and the convincing of the disbelievers. This film contains heavy doses of such jokes as God saying "Honest to Me." It's harmless, even amusing, but much too similar to the original Oh, God!; only the setting is different. Warner Brothers has put out another disappointing sequel that capitalizes on a tired idea.

Director Cates characterizes the upper-middle class to a "T." The wardrobe of Tracy's mother Paula (Suzanne Pleshette) is not just magnificent—it's deliberate; it's the wardrobe of a woman who makes an effort to dress well. Even her bathtub looks as though it's straight out of the Saks Fifth Avenue catalogue. The children too are polished, as though Mrs. Richards had dressed them all herself. Details like a shot of professional landscapers grooming the lawn next door, and Tracy's mirror that says "You're gorgeous" remind us that this is the upper-middle class and couldn't possibly be anything else. Cates seems to be mocking this group, but good-naturedly, without bitterness. In fact, the entire outlook of the film is without sarcasm, nothing but good, clean fun.

George Burns plays his old lovable God like a pro. Although Suzanne Pleshette and David Birney as the parents don't have roles they can sink their teeth into, they pull off the concerned.

This Week

BEING THERE I'LL LOVE YOU ALICE B. TOHLAS
We'd like to watch.
TL, 204 South Street, WA2-6011 Thru 1031

ORDINARY PEOPLE
Mary Tyler Moore's debut as an actress in Robert Redford's first film as a director.
Eric Twin, 19th and Walnut, 565-0320

THE EMPIRE STRIKES BACK
It's a Saturday matinee time again, kids. Sagemarc, 19th and Chestnut, 564-2857

THE GREAT SANTINI
Ray Rent's film of the decade. Ritzy III, 214 Walnut St, 925-7901

PRACTICE MAKES PERFECT
A French fantasy.
Ritzy III

SOMEWHERE IN TIME
The film that says Christopher Reeve

STARDUST MEMORIES
(See review)

PRIVATE BENJAMIN
(See review)

CANNY
The carnival comes to town tomorrow.
Jodee Foster stars.
Ritzy III

OH GOD I BOOK II
(See review)

DIVINE MADNESS
Not a beat better, but Bette's best.
Erica Place, 15th and Chestnut, 563-3086

XANADU
Thank the stars if finally closed.
This Week

NAN MACHNO & JOS - Local rock outfit appears through Sat. at the Bijou Cafe, 1409 Lombard, P.S. - 4444.

BOYS OF THE LOUGH - Tonight, interview with John Feeney at The Main Point, 874 Lancaster Ave., Bryn Mawr, LAS-3375. KItts optional.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA - Eugene Ormandy conducts, Nathan Milstein solos on violin, in a program that features Respighi’s “Tristic balleti” and ‘It’s great.choirles”. Fri. and Sat. at the Academy of Music, Broad & Locust, 990-1930.

THE STRANGLERS - New Waves Fri. and Sat. at Emerald City, 67, Cherry Hill. N.J. - 923-0223.

PAT BENATAR - Rolling Stone cover girl rocks Sat. at the Tower Theatre, 60th & Lombard, LOC-2824.

LARRY CORYELL - Jazz guitarist supreme performs Sat. at The Main Point: Pius Reverie.

CRYSTAL SHIP - Doors renaissance group plays the Tower Sun, which has relevance to last week’s who’s who question: ‘What are the songs lrycirs r. Moji Rien (from L. A. Womps, of course an anagram for?’ The answer is the same guy who wrote them. - JETHRO TULL - Ian Anderson and company rock Mon. at the Spectrum, Broad & Pattman, 490-1930.

NO. IT CAN’T BE!” Yes, it can. Yes. it can. No, bucks. “Jethro Tull” is not a person.

ELLEN SHIPLEY - Rocker at the Bijou Cafe Tues.

Answer to last week’s two-part on Today’s New Wave, in spite of certain vast fundamental differences, makes this album the more convincing and provocative. For underneath vocalist Richard Butler’s sniveling there lies a nihilism that would make Nietzsche proud and make a politically aware punk vomit. “We will make ourselves a scene. We will live our stupid dream and you and you and you see that down I will be free.”

The Furs paid their proverbial three-anums on London’s club circuit and they have managed to capture virtually all the possessed energy of live sets on vinyl - from Butler’s heering, Bowiesque frontman to Duncan Kilburn’s burning sax fills to drummer Vince Ely’s steady bottom. All in all, a forceful, compelling debut.

--- Joel Litvin

David Bowie: Lamenting over Major Tom

David Bowie
Scary Monsters
RCA

This album marks the logical conclusion of David Bowie’s four year infatuation with the drooping, mechanized, synthesized musical genre that has come to be known as the Krautrock, because of its German origins. Best exemplified by groups like Kraftwerk, the music consists of a driving repetitive background melody, and spacey, almost formless primary melody. After three albums of this sort of stuff, with various degrees of success, Scary Monsters signals Bowie’s return to his pre-synthesized days without ignoring the tricks he’s learned in the more recent past.

The result is a very listenable patchwork quilt of Bowie creations, a total experiment in mixing New Wave, disco, soul, Krautrock, and heavy metal in all varying mixtures, sitting back and observing the results.

Bowie has always been a temperamental artist, revamping his style drastically from year to year. Never before, however, has he had such a smorgasbord approach to musical style within one album, and never has his career turned back on itself like this. David Bowie has suddenly become a musical chameleon.

--- Noel Weyrich

Elvis Costello
Taking Liberties
Columbia IC 38639

When Britain’s Elvis Costello first appeared on the American music scene in 1977, the majority of the rock-listening public didn’t exactly place the abrasive Buddy Holly look-alike too close to their hearts or their turntables. At a time when mainstream bands the likes of Foreigner and Styx ruled the charts, those artists of the New Wave (you referred to them as “Punks,” remember?) were barely given the time of day.

During the past three years, the music world has undergone considerable changes. And one thing is now certain—Elvis II is here to stay. For not only has his young angry young man churned out many of the most biting, unavoidably catchy tunes in recent memory, he’s done it at a pace that few artists have ever achieved; with the release of Taking Liberties, a twenty-song disc comprised of outtakes previously unavailable on lp in this country, Elvis has now tossed in our direction nearly eighty songs in a mere three annums—quite amaz ing when you consider it.

Plain and simple, Taking Liberties is an excellent album. Its selections are extremely diverse, ranging from the hoppy ‘r’n’b’ of Van McCoy’s “Getting Mighty Crowded” (if your feet aren’t moving, they’re stuck in cement) to the countrywestern flavor (Convoy Costello?) of “Stranger in the House” to the gentleness (?) of Rogers and Hart’s “My Funny Valentine.”

A Costello disc containing all new material should be released in January. Until then, I guess we’ll have to settle for last year’s model—but an Edsel it ain’t.

Tom Waits
Heartattack and Vine
Asylum 6E-295

Tom Waits does not sound like a west coast artist; his work bears no resemblance to the pretentious would-be sophistication of a Jackson Browne.

Waits’ new album, Heart tak, and Vine, features incisive, well-constructed songs. He performs them musically in such a way that enhances their credibility as chronicles of broken lives, forgotten promises, the randomness brutality of everyday life. “On the Nickel” characterizes skid row as a place “where the scarecrows sit, just like punchlines between the cars.” The lyrics merge with a delicate string arrangement and Waits’ ragged vocal to create a mesmerizing effect.

The album is divided between somber ballads of this kind and driving blues rockers. Waits never veers in the direction of heavy metal, but “Heartattack and Vine,” “Downtown,” and “Time the Money Runs Out” lack nothing in terms of basic rock energy. As the album recorded with Waits’ new band, which features the cutting, energetic lead guitar of Roland Bautista. The latter’s presence is particularly strong on “In Sink,” a slow blues instrumental.

The musical and lyrical intensity of Heartattack and Vine will repel many listeners. Others will be attracted by these same qualities.

--- Jonathan Matzkin

Yes
Drum
Atlantic SD 16019

“Yet without Jon and Rick: No, it can’t be! Yes it can, and Drume, the first disc from the new Yes, proves it. At first listen it seems as though Yes merely plugged in two sound aikes. Yet a second audition reveals much more. First, producer-engineer Eddie Offord is back at the helm; the result is the crisp sound that was so sorely lacking on Tormonto. Second, with the departure of Anderson, Chris Squire and Steve Howe are now the principal collaborators. Together, the two have composed a collection of songs with down-to-earth lyrics and understated keyboards. Squire’s new-found freedom is clearly evident on “Does It Really Happen?”, a rocker featuring his own lead bass. No, all of Drume suceeds, the lengthy “Machine Messiah,” for instance, is a hackneyed tune about forms of escape. Yet the proof that this is indeed a revived Yes is the one-minute keyboard number “White Car”; in times past, this song probably would have been dragged out to five minutes. Yesmen (and women) fear not; Drume takes a streamlin ed, revitalized, and energetic. Yes onward into the 80’s.

--- Steve Goldstein

Psycadellic Furs
The Psychedelic Furs
Columbia NJC 36791

New music — new art for that matter necessarily represents a distillation of all that which the creator has been exposed to artistically. And much of the intrigue held by a new piece of music is in a recognition of an artist’s varied influences and the premises in which these influences have helped mold a wholly original sound.

The Psychedelic Furs’ debut album represents such a hybridization — theirs is a curious yet ultimately successful direction. Although they stay true to their working-class London backgrounds with the requisite rancor and penchant for dance music, at the same time they betray an affection to a much different milieu — the political, bohemian decadence which marked a largely New York based musical culture that stretched from the Velvet Underground through Television, the Group, and the Talking Heads. That these bands are often termed precursors of today’s New Wave, in spite of certain vast fundamental differences, makes this album the more convincing and provocative. For underneath vocalist Richard Butler’s sniveling there lies a nihilism that would make Nietzsche proud and make a politically aware punk vomit. “We will make ourselves a scene. We will live our stupid dream and you and you see that down I will be free.”

The Furs paid their proverbial three-anums on London’s club circuit and they have managed to capture virtually all the possessed energy of live sets on vinyl – from Butler’s heering, Bowiesque frontman to Duncan Kilburn’s burning sax fills to drummer Vince Ely’s steady bottom. All in all, a forceful, compelling debut.

--- Joel Litvin
A Dream Interview with Ronald Reagan

By Bernard Plishitin


Plishitin: Governor Reagan, do you think that your proposed program of accelerated military spending will cause a further polarization between the "hawkish" and "dovish" elements within the American electorate?

Reagan: Bernie, I feel that the issue of polarization has not been adequately addressed during this campaign. The importance of maintaining a strong early warning system in the Arctic and Antarctic regions cannot be stressed enough.

Plishitin: What? Uh, yes, Governor. Along the same lines, I think, several of your detractors have claimed that your professed desire to achieve nuclear superiority over the Soviet Union might pose a greater threat to peace than the current one.

Reagan: Ah parity, parity, parity, I have never been one to attempt to "know" the press, so to speak. You might recall, Mr. Plishitin, that when this issue was raised during my visit to the Kansas city somethings ago, I freely admitted that I was not completely familiar with the Jewish.

Now, however, well ... to answer your question ... no I do not think that offering Soviet farmers parity, or a guaranteed minimum price level for their grain, would be a threat to peace.

But wait Bernie, surely you realize that we are the ones selling them the grain ... I don't really understand your question.

Plishitin: Uh, yes, Governor, I can see that.

Reagan: Now, if you were to ask me whether it might be more advantageous to seek nuclear equality with the Russians rather than complete superiority...

Life on the Midway

Private Benjamin

Directed by Howard Zieff

Starring Goldie Hawn

Starts Fri. at Bucha Regency

By Howard Gensler

Judie Gensler (Goldie Hawn) is a Jewish American Princess. She's cute, she's got no skills, she's sort of dumb, and her's gone very rich parents. Judie Benjamin is the girl that half the male population at Penn is looking for. Sorry guys, Yale Goodman (played by Albert Brooks) is the lucky bridegroom. But on the wedding night, Yale has a heart attack during a moment of passion (the old coming and going joke again) and Judie has to go through the next five scenes wearing black designer dresses.

Judie just has to get away for awhile, so she enlist in the United States Army (Stereotyped characters reporting for duty, air). After an hour and a half film (time) of whining and dinning, she becomes a self-assured, independent woman who socks her French fiance in the mouth (Punch and Judy).

Director Howard Zieff (House Calls, The Main Event) once again proves himself a master of the mediocre comedy. His films are too long this one would make a very funny trailer. His shots are irrememorable, and his pacing is non-existent. All the humor in the film is provided by Goldie Hawn, who is adorable as Judy, although she needs a little help with he Yiddish. The rest of the cast is adequate and recognizable so I won't embarrass them. The proud family and friends of producer/director Nancy Meyers, a native Philadelphia, were at the preview. They were hysterical. Maybe this movie should have been titled Private joke.

A JAP at War

Carney

Starring Jodie Foster, Gary Busey, and Robbie Robertson

By Marc Cutler

Set against the trials and tribulations of a traveling carnival, Carney revolves around the friendship of two men and their relationship with a young runaway. The film stars Gary Busey, Jodie Foster, and co-author-producer Robbie Robertson in his dramatic debut.

Gary Busey gives a strong performance as Frank, who antagonizes passerby as he sits above a pool of water in the dunking booth. Robbie Robertson, as Frank's best friend and partner, Patch, offers a restrained characterization of a mid-way Barker and overall troubleshooter. Jodie Foster, as Donna, the runaway who comes between Frank and Patch, is adequate but seemingly uninspired. It would be refreshing to see Miss Foster in a role other than that of the troubled woman-child.

The major flaw in this film is the lack of any character plot development. One notable exception to this is the scene dealing with the closing of the freak and strip shows due to local ordinances. But even here the dialogue rarely rises above the litter and sawdust of the midway.

Like the midway itself, Carney is lacking something behind all the bright lights and come-ons.