Students Picked For Provost Selection

By ROBIN DAVIS
Graduate and undergraduate nominating committees this month named two student representatives to the Provost Search Committee.

“Students were looking for someone with a lot of knowledge and opinion to represent them,” said Larry Mazurko, who was named as the graduate representative.

“We were looking for someone with a lot of knowledge and opinion to represent us,” said students.”

The students named were:

- **Graduate Representative:**
  - Provost Picked For
  - Students
  - eloquent, very well-versed person. She
  - good bit of knowledge and she's a very
  - dent Sheldon) Hackney. Diana has a

- **Undergraduate Representative:**
  - Larry Masuoka was named as the
  - named as the undergraduate represen-
  - Graduate Representative.

The students named were:

- **Undergraduate Representative:**
  - good choice for the position.

Moving In

Incoming President Sheldon Hackney and his wife Lucy

Community Interest

by GWENDOLYN KREYD

by MARGOT COHEN

In the last few years, but everyone seemed so excited

According to University City Arts

A Profs Aids in Hostage Release

On Monday, when we thought we

After settling an agreement with the

Aptil report called for an interior

of Improvement! to the 13-year-old

The initial declaration promising the

Mundheim said he spent a week in

UCAL has already expanded con-

The Food's Good But... Have you Retained Dining Contracts?

Many Don't Retain Dining Contracts

by SOKIUK IASABAY

Last October thousands of students get

According to the April report, requests

The report found fresh more pleased with
dinner a 4.27 rating out of a possible seven

drop them after the first year. Over 49 percent of contract-holders have

Despite the lack of complaints, the survey found more

Jacobs said he is "worried about next year" because of the

Despite the lack of complaints, the survey found more

Students have to juggle in an Arts League class.

The lobby renovations include

Aptil report called for an interior

The architects refused to
during the last 15 years who

The report added that groups with

The report found fresh more pleased with
dinner a 4.27 rating out of a possible seven

drop them after the first year. Over 49 percent of contract-holders have

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Jacobs said he is "worried about next year" because of the

Despite the lack of complaints, the survey found more

Students have to juggle in an Arts League class.

The lobby renovations include

Aptil report called for an interior

The architects refused to
TODAY

A VOTE OF CONFIDENCE is being praised today, with University President Donald W. Glaze saying the actions of the faculty on Friday afternoon will help maintain the University's reputation.

ODD MAN OUT: A lone student who was not a member of the group that met the faculty and administration in the courthouse today, said, "I'm here because I want to represent the students who are not here today."

FINANCE CLUBS' Investment Game starts tonight at 7 p.m. in Williams Hall. The event will feature a panel of investment professionals who will provide insights into the current market and strategies for investing.

Thomas J. Murphy, President of the Finance Club, said, "We are excited to have these professionals speak to our members and hope to attract a large turnout." The event is free and open to all students.

THURSDAY

PENN HANGARSTUDY CLUB meets Thursday at 7 p.m. in the Harold Prince White Room. Houston Hall Questions, call 848-2176.

TOMORROW

COMMUNAL DISCUSSION: An informal discussion of the city's current social problems will be held in the CAC room, 2nd floor.

OFFICIAL

32 PENSADARSTUDY BILL CLIPS: The Pennsylvania Daily Pennsylvanian has been named the "Official Student Paper" under the new rules established by the Pennsylvania State Board of Education.

Friday, Jan. 23

Sponsored by ACELA. P.R.S.C. CAWG. etc.

Forum & Refreshments

Invites You To Help Us

University Lutheran

KNOWLEDGE:ervations - see it on UTV's call-In Special with Dr. Marvin Grody on January 27.

EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS Wanted To Know About Sex - see it on UTV's call-In Special with Dr. Marvin Grody on January 27.

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**Provoit Search Representative**

Houston Hall Design—

Houston Hall Design—

*Continued from page II*

primary concern of the University. His or her past experience should indicate diligence, willingness to see all sides of issues and an integrity strong with which to resolve conflicts with the Teachers, faculty and students alike.*

*Mark is president of the Dental School class. He was graduated from the University of Southern California in 1974 and earned a graduate degree in pediatric dentistry at the University of California at Los Angeles. He did research on dental biology research at U.S.C. until enrolling in the Dental School in 1976.*

*"My main interest is in trying to..."*  

Mark said that "I think that the new provost must try to be a culture of various groups." Bucolo said, "(Provoit) is wonderful, but we can't expect the new provost to be just like him."

Bucolo said that the provost should not try to be "like..."  

"Not only did we lose him as a provost, we lost him as a person," he said. "I would rather that the provost search committee did not want and not try to be a carbon copy of some..."

On Monday (April 19, 20)"  

"I am a sophomore right now, and I think that is very important," she said. "The new provost will make many decisions that will affect..."  

"I'll be here another two years."

Some students may also wish to observe the last two days of Passover. This year these holidays occur on Friday, April 20 and on Sunday, April 22.

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*Continued on page II*

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**THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN - Thursday, January 22, 1993**

The Provost's Office would like to remind faculty and students that no examinations should be given, or assigned work made due, on Good Friday or the first two days of Passover. This year these holidays occur on Friday, April 22 and on Sunday, April 23.

Some students may also wish to observe the last two days of Passover. Saturday, April 21 and Sunday, April 22. Although our policy on religious holidays (Almanac, February 20, 1979) does not prohibit examinations on these days, students who are unable to take examinations because of religious observances must make alternate arrangements with their instructors by February 6 (Friday). If instructors are informed by February 6, the students have a right to make-up examinations.
null
(Continued from page 1)

...bringing out local emerging artists."

"I think UCAL fulfills a really important position in the community," said Elizabeth Knutson, who is currently taking a dance class.

"UCAL wouldn't exist without the neighborhood," Silver said. "It's one and the same."

Even though it is called an arts league, "people have not responded well to the art classes - maybe because we have competition from other organizations," Silver said.

"The majority of people attending classes are taking physical exercise classes. A lot of people are just here to take the trendy classes. Now the big thing is aerobic fitness - before it was disco," she added.

An extremely crowded building also presents problems for the organization. The four-floor converted house is "already bursting at the seams," UCAL Vice President Lois Bye said.

"As it is we've used every room in the building."

"We would like to get another building," Bye said, "but we're looking for just the right building. We don't want to move further westward because as it is we're in a safe neighborhood and we are able to attract a lot of people who walk to the center."

SPECIAL OFFER!

One Day Only, Tomorrow Friday, Jan. 23, 1981
Buy Two Of Our Delicious Pizzas And Get One Free!
Pagano's Restaurant
3801 Chestnut Street
EV 2-4105

That's Right...

Countdown Party

To Conclude
The First Annual
ZBT WMMR 93.3
DANCE MARATHON
To Benefit Multiple Sclerosis Research

Saturday, January 24, 8:00 PM
in the Grand Ballroom of the Warwick Hotel
17th and Locust Street

Featuring "The Watson Brothers
The Cameras and Roscoe"

Every time I try to tell you the words just come out wrong, so I'll have to say I love you in an ad...

Kim, I Love You!

Your Ad Here!
The Daily Pennsylvanian is your key to the University City Community!

PAT'S PIZZA RESTAURANT
4500 Walnut Street 387-0371

Pizza and Stromboli
Large/Small
Best in University City

Steaks
Cheese/Pepper/Mushroom
• Steak Hoagies & Ginders

• Dinner Platters
• Burgers
• Fried Chicken
• Seafood
• Fresh Pies

WE DELIVER
Breakfast, Lunch & Dinner
Special Everyday!

Eat In Take Out
Mon-Thurs 7 AM - 10 PM
House Fri & Sat 7 AM - 12 PM
Closed Sundays

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WE DELIVER
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Mon-Thurs 7 AM - 10 PM
House Fri & Sat 7 AM - 12 PM
Closed Sundays
GO EAGLES!  From your Eagles/Superbowl Headquarters

INTRO. MEETING
/NSW/
NEW STUDENT
Join the New Student Week Committee and help to plan and run this Fall's orientation program for the Class of 1985. New and Old Students Welcome!

Referrals Served.
Thurs., Jan. 22nd \ 7:30 P.M.
Bishop White Room \ Houston Hall

---Negotiator Mundheim---

leader and lawyer-diplomat at Warren Christopher's side. As an under-secretary of state, Mundheim brought an international experience gathered in the 1970s and 1980s with the United Nations, the World Bank, and the American law firm Paul, Weiss. "Robert Mundheim is more than just an able and scholarly kind of man," said Warren Christopher. "He has been around the world and the pastimes of our world, and he has had the important role that first class lawyers should play in setting international disputes." Mundheim added, "Everyone at the University is proud of the role Bob Mundheim has played in the American legal system and in the role of negotiating for the States." Mundheim said that in his role as a "negotiator," he is "better versed than anyone else in the country." Mundheim went on to say that he had "nothing but praise" for the University of Pennsylvania.

The University's ties with professional organizations were not mentioned, but Mundheim said that "the time will come when we will have to understand the role of the University of Pennsylvania." Mundheim said that in his role as a "negotiator," he is "better versed than anyone else in the country." Mundheim went on to say that he had "nothing but praise" for the University of Pennsylvania.

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Lasers Aid In Eye Disease Cures

Wig's resolution stated concern over debate over a resolution introduced by at a special meeting next week. Scheie, which houses the Medical Institute subscribe to a philosophy of making a controlled and concentrated effort to unmask and destroy them dealing with one to arterial difficulties within the retina, Yanoff said. As a result of the procedure, in spite of only limited testing of procedures like the corneal implant lens transplant has given patients back sight to a degree of normalcy they never thought possible. Some people were given back the hope of regaining their vision, a chance to see again. "I had trouble going down the steps, couldn't judge depth, and I couldn't count fingers at 10 feet," said Scheie. "An eye because of the cataract," said Mark Schenck. "It was a major problem. I had the lesion removed. I'm okay. It's marvelous." Yanoff said he and his colleagues at the Institute subscribe to a philosophy of seeing with common eye diseases. Yanoff said. Diabetes, which often causes blood vessels in the retina to rip and destroy them dealing with one to arterial difficulties within the retina, can be used to eliminate the numbing effect of light. "I don't think a ratio of ten faculty to 80 students is going to be adequate to give the education our students require," said Yanoff. "We have a lot of problems with this resolution," GAPSA member Steve Lublin. Louis.\n
GAPSA Delays Debate

The motion to delay debate over the resolution introduced by Scheie was approved at a GAPSA member Steve Lublin. Louis.\n
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Women's Gymnastics Meet in Victory Over Trenton

By WALTER E. BARTON

The Detroit News, March 2, 1981

The Quakers were aided, in addition, by their ability to come back after a rough early start and to possess a strong defense. The Quakers began their season with a 61-54 loss to North Florida in the Class of '23 Rink, and they were outscored 13-7 in the first half of that game. However, they rebounded and defeated West Florida, 66-46, last night at the Class of '23 Rink. The Quakers' defense was key to their victory, limiting West Florida to only 10 field goals and 20 rebounds. The Quakers also benefited from the play of center Mike McFarland, who scored 16 points and grabbed 13 rebounds.

Trenton's defense was also strong, limiting the Quakers to only 20 field goals and 30 rebounds. Trenton's offense was led by center Mike McFarland, who scored 16 points and grabbed 13 rebounds.

The Quakers will next face West Florida in a rematch of their season opener on March 5th. The Quakers are currently in fourth place in the ECAC Ivy League, trailing the top three teams by only a few points. A victory over West Florida would go a long way in securing a playoff berth. The Quakers are also looking to improve their record to .500 for the season.
Preppy Takes Off
By Howard Gensler
It's Not the Thought That Counts

Three months ago I stood in line (on line to New Yorkers) at WaWa at 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Two people stood in front of me. I stood in a rush, but I foresaw no problem. WaWa was a convenience store. I'd be out in minutes, right?

Wrong. A new cashier was being trained and he had not yet mastered the controls of the electronic change counter in front of him. His fingers were moving like Chico Marx's, but they were not getting anywhere. One button, Two buttons, Three buttons...Then he picked up the second item. He turned it over in his hands looking for the price, then repeated the procedure, adding another button because the pizza was frozen.

"Damn," said the cashier. "I rang up your tuna fish as cat food."

"Don't worry," said the customer. "I think it's cat food when I eat it."

"That doesn't matter. It will throw off our inventory. I'll have to call the manager so he can void it."

The manager ambled out of the store room in the back, trudged to the front of the store, stuck a card in the machine, hit a few buttons, then ambled back. Moments later, another. Moments later, another. I stood on line (in line outside of New York), for fifteen minutes, with a candy bar and a bag of Doritos. This was my introduction to computerized cash registers, and I have to say they've done more to drive me out of stores, especially the older ones with arthritis. Supposedly, they were to eliminate the need for taking inventory every year, because it's not the thought that counts.

Soon there will be no place for people without skills to work, thanks to these monstrosities, and I can't even see why stores would want them. They're slow as wheezing SEPTA trolleys, so they don't move the lines faster, and they cause a lot of grief for the cashiers, especially the older ones with arthritis. Supposedly, they were to eliminate the need for taking inventory every year, because they record every item sold, and from what department it was sold. But the stores still take inventory so they can see how much is stolen every year. And that must be such depressing news, who would want to know it anyway.

Computerized cash registers are an un-American travesty: an electronic step backward instead of an intelligent step forward. In a few years, grocery stores will have computerized baggers ("Sorry R2-D2, but the eggs go on top of the charcoal briquets"). Just wait until the Universal Price Code gets rolling (sic) and your items are rung up according to those skinny lines on their labels.

"I don't know what three plus three equals, but two thick lines then a thin, then a thick, then a thin, then four thin over the numbers six zero four one seven two five eight three equals 59 cents."

Now that's progress.
The assassination of an artist, an entertainer, perhaps the finest songwriter-musician of our generation, is, I suspect, among the first of what may become to be seen in retrospect as a horrific series of "blips" on a radar screen. This is to say that the Lennon assassination stands out as one particularly frightening act of brutality in a culture whose social relations are becoming increas"ingly brutal, although not always in point-blank focus for all to see. The degeneration of interpersonal conduct has been pervasive, fueled in no small measure by the murderous turn in the social relations of contemporary economic culture. As the myths of upward mobility, advancement on merit, and job security are steadily blown apart by the degenerating economic situation, the myths themselves give way to what Christopher Lasch and others have identified as a primitive, narcissistic "mode of making it." The "making it" ethic knows few traditional moral sanctions. As is claimed, they barely apply in a culture in which the apotheosis of the self is the end of both social and commercial production.

Other recent "blips" have dotted the screen. But with the assassination of John Lennon, our culture is forced to consider a disturbing symbol of what we have become in the late twentieth century. What is different about this particular murder, different from the other assassinations of the last twenty years, is that in experiencing the anonymous murder of an artist and not of a politician, we have crossed a fine, dreadful line. While any political or even "movement" assassination is reprehensible, we could always be in a position to offer the argument that perhaps the murdered "got what was coming" or "was up to a risky business," in hazardous occupation. Thus, such a murder admits of our understanding in rational, causative terms. What makes the assassination of John Lennon so utterly dist"urbing is precisely that we can have no appeal. The very lack of the possibility of the "he had it coming" or "he took the risks and lost" explanations is what is at the root of our profound disturbance. What are some of the implications of this disturbing bottom line in a culture which, as is alleged, has come to see the self as the end of social life?

The radar screen, testimony to the widespread degeneration of social relations, records increasing rates of those human interactions which, on a day-to-day basis, speak to disintegration: domestic and street violence have been and are on a steady increase. The use of dangerous drugs rises, and enforcement agencies seem powerless to thwart importation and distribution. Technique has become, in the minds of many, at least as im-

The Death Of An Artist

By Jonathan Wolfman

wherein advertising in both trade and non-trade journals has grown out of all reasonable proportion. The amazing proliferation of thousands of fly-by-night "specialists" in advertising in both trade and non-trade journals has grown out of all reasonable proportion. The amazing proliferation of thousands of fly-by-night "specialists" in all professions grows annually. The radar screen picks up and telescopes for a short time the superficial and individual anomic into which many have drifted. That anomic expresses itself most clearly in the pervasive notion that while there are many problems, we simply have to adjust. One such expression is the too quiet death of John Lennon. Another is the series of unsolved murders of black children in Atlanta, for which there has been shown remarkably little national concern. The failure of the nation to muster a sustained outrage, the failure of the country to sustain even an interest in the investigation indicates an un"caring malaise and atomism that would not have accurately described our collective, character half a generation ago.

As with the Atlanta schoolchildren, the assassination of John Lennon can be seen as an annihilation of innocence. Our sensibility, in horrified reaction to the murder, recoils, initially, from the idea of ac-

34th STREET MAGAZINE, January 22, 1981

By Jonathan Wolfman

in the English Department of the University of Pennsylvania. Survival and Renewal, his first book, was published in November by World Fellowship Foundation and Reporter Press.
George Washington Slept Here
By Kaufman and Hart
At Plays & Players
By Cindy Hall

Plays & Players, at 1714 Delancey Street, is currently running a worthwhile, if flawed, production of Kaufman and Hart's comedy, George Washington Slept Here. A community theatre club that puts on weekly cocktail parties as well as an occasional play, Plays & Players is composed of amateurs—from the entire downtown. The intimacy of the theatre, which is listed in the National Registrar as a historical monument, boasts marvelous acoustics due to a high ceiling whose majesty is only somewhat impaired by peeling plaster. I mention this, of course, because of the amateurism so apparent in the first act especially, the painted cardboard nature of the set. As the play progressed, more props were added, more cardboard was covered, and the set improved accordingly. The theatre, which is listed in the National Registrar as a historical monument, boasts marvelous acoustics due to the fact that George Washington Slept Here is a very funny play, the Plays & Players production is a good entertainment value.

George F. Schutz presents
JEAN-PIERRE ROBERT VEURON-LACROIX
A Practical-Minded Lover of Cities
& Piano
 nf Academy of Music

Georges F. Schutz presents
JERRY GARCIA BAND
FRI-FEB 26-8PM $5.00-$10.00

Philip Fritze's—DAVE LOGGINS
FRI-FEB 20-8PM $5.00-$7.50

By contrast, Newton's parents—EsmerCUDA—were obviously nervous at the beginning, and the result was a very stiff and disappointing first act. The actors cut off some of their own lines, and moved aimlessly around the stage during others (thus throwing away much of the impact of some of the funnier bits); they tended to speak softly, and unbelievably, even delivered an occasional line with their backs to the audience. By far the funniest character, though, is Raymond, the bratty, foul-mouthed, ten-year-old who is a devastatingly clever and crooked mind for business. Raymond lives with the Fullers because his parents are fighting in divorce court over which one of them gets stuck with custody of him. Ian McCrane, who is a fifth-grader at a local Catholic school, steals the show as Raymond; his gestures, his facial expressions, and his sense of timing are astonishing for a ten-year-old.

McCrane's consistently excellent performance was, however, unique to the production. Most of the actors were obviously nervous at the beginning, and the result was a very stiff and disappointing first act. The actors cut off some of their own lines, and moved aimlessly around the stage during others (thus throwing away much of the impact of some of the funnier bits); they tended to speak softly, and unbelievably, even delivered an occasional line with their backs to the audience.

The first act is also the longest in the play, and it dragged—painfully—for an hour. The second act was better, however, and by the third, the actors had mastered their nervousness enough to become believable in their roles. The result was immediately noticeable; the more the actors relaxed, the better they delivered what are very funny lines, and thus, the funnier the play became.

Although the Plays & Players building was designed as a small-scale professional theatre, complete with a balcony and fly galleries, technical problems did hinder the actors because of the amateurism of the technical cast. The theatre, which is listed in the National Registrar as a historical monument, boasts marvelous acoustics due to

Quality Books at Quantity Prices

HOUSE OF OUR OWN BOOKS
3920 Spruce St., Tues.-Sat. 12-6 pm
Feminist & Socialist Titles-Second Floor

This Week

Dioces Frankie Frankenstein
By Kaufman and Hart
At Plays & Players
By Cindy Hall

The last thing the Fullers thought of was their kitchen, and no water, a high ceiling whose majesty is only somewhat impaired by peeling plaster. I mention this, of course, because of the amateurism so apparent in the first act especially, the painted cardboard nature of the set. As the play progressed, more props were added, more cardboard was covered, and the set improved accordingly. The theatre, which is listed in the National Registrar as a historical monument, boasts marvelous acoustics due to the fact that George Washington Slept Here is a very funny play, the Plays & Players production is a good entertainment value.

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The Preppy Handbook
Edited by Lisa Birnbach
Workman Publishing
224 pages; $8.95 hardcover

By Noel Weyrich
Clearing the Winter Bookshelf/
146 pages; $2.95.

By the editors of Bicycling

By the Yale Daily News

By Christine Woodside

By Seymour Britchky

By James D. Davidson

The Official Preppy Handbook
Edited by Lisa Birnbach, with contributions from many collaborators

At last, here is a bicycling book that sounds like it was written by people who own bicycles. Besides the obligatory routine repair and maintenance directions, there are a lot of nitty-gritty tips for bending brake calipers so they don't squeak, bending the derailleur to improve shifting performance, and how to true a rim without a trueing stand. I suspect many of these tips are trade secrets given the consistency with which it probably will be.

The Preppy Handbook is subtitled "Look Muffy, a Book for Us!", and that's exactly right. Only True Preps—the ones who went to Princeton, the Academy, those who wear go-to-hell colored pants, people who have herb gardens and Oriental rugs—know the real deal. Preppies (and their associates) can appreciate this clever handbook. Satire is based on familiarity with the subject: Rich Little would stare doing stand-up in China. The book succeeded because Birnbach and her many collaborators have indulged in a very non-Prep activity: self-examination and self-deprecation.

Therefore, Birnbach and company can't expect anyone to believe the opening line: "It is the inalienable right of every man, woman, and child to wear khaki." If this were true, the inbred members of the ancestral gallery would have used the Old Money to buy something else. This book isn't for everyone; it probably didn't sell in Kensington.

But, for its audience, The Preppy Handbook is hilarious, simply because it describes what really exists, in a deadpan, black-and-white... Prep style. The helpful photographs of turndnecks, headbands, and Bean boots aren't in color; that would be too garish for the eyes of Preppy readers. They know the colors all too well already. The layout is cramped and grey, and the illustrations of "Prep Personae" at various stages of growth (college, country club years, etc.) are merely seizable line drawings. But that's enough; it's just as subtle as "a contradiction in terms" or a fad-ed Oriental rug. (Preppies reserve total tastlessness for two areas: certain items of clothing, like shocking pink, and green Lily skirts or pantyhose. Dicknames, like Buffy, Missy, Bink, and Wog.) The whole thing comes off as a cross between A Guide to Tacky America but eccentricity is "in" and tackiness, as always, is out. Included in this pathetic list of places to avoid is Massachusetts' grave of Mother Goose, Delaware's Steam Museum, Missouri's".

This fat little volume should be called A Guide to Tacky Americana but eccentricity is "in" and tackiness, as always, is out. Included in this pathetic list of places to avoid is Massachusetts' grave of Mother Goose, Delaware's Steam Museum, Missouri's Drive-Through Cave, and Oregon's Carved Bear Farm. To add insult to injury, there is no index, so difficult to find the Miss Nude Teenybooper Contest, you have to go flipping through the pages about muskrat skinning contests, hotels for bums, and the largest collection of things that could be called "of ball of string. As nauseating to read as it must have been to write.
Would You Buy A Book From This Woman?

Our writer plays squash, drinks scotch, and talks with Lisa Birnbach, author of the hottest trade paperback in the country: ‘The Preppy Handbook.’ It’s the max.

By Noel Weyrich

Lisa Birnbach is subtle, silly and sarcastic—not the best set of qualities for plugging a book on the local talk show circuit. But fortunately for Lisa, she is a preppy, the editor of the Official Preppy Handbook, and, when you’re a preppy, you’re beautiful, intelligent and the world is your toy.

The story of Lisa Birnbach is a quintessential preppy success story. Born of an Upper East Side gem dealer father and writer mother, she attended Riverdale Country School and, after a year of Barnard, transferred to Brown where she edited the school’s weak imitation of 34th Street, and somehow wheedled a degree in semiotics, the definition of which escapes both her and all Webster’s dictionaries. In the three years since her last day at Camp Bruno, Lisa has worked briefly for a Manhattan community weekly newspaper, for Ingenue magazine, and The Village Voice, where she spent over a year as a staff writer before commencing work on the Preppy Handbook, which was assigned to her by an old school chum.

Since her tour for the book began late last year, she has been avoiding the fact that when the book dies its natural death, she will be a 24-year-old woman with a difficult act to follow. “I’ll be either major depression or heavy pharmaceuticals,” she concedes.

Is that what fate has in store for this young lady, who has enjoyed sudden, meteoric success? Perhaps. Perhaps all the hedonism of living on the road, your every need catered to, inevitably brings about some form of moral or mental breakdown. On the other hand, had Elvis Presley been a preppy, he might not have killed himself so quickly.

On the day I met Lisa, she was wearing a pink and green fair-isle sweater that would have glowed in an intergalactic black hole. Lisa and I didn’t get to talk much then, and we made an appointment some weeks later, to talk over the phone, while she was touring in Chicago. “I’ll give you a real good red-lib interview, she promised.”

34TH STREET — Hello, Lisa, this is Noel from Penn. Er, what’s all that commotion there?
Lisa Birnbach — We’re having a little love romp here. Another Workman (publishing house) author and I are in adjoining rooms here. Damn, I can’t find my golden locket earring.
34 — Who’s the other author?
LB — Fred Newman. He wrote a book called Mouthsounds. I just found one of my earrings. I spent the holidays in Florida and did absolutely nothing. I went to Florida to visit my family and kept having to say things like ‘Moth’—er, pul-ezzz—
34 — How has your fan mail been holding up?
LB — Very nicely. I am sending some weird letters, but most of the times, the people who write are very picky, pointing out things we missed in the book...A lot of others ask me out, but they can't reach me directly because my phone is unlisted and I have a phonemate machine.

34 — What does your recorded message sound like?
LB — I've done a lot. One has Vicki Carr singing, "Let It Please Be Him." I just made a "lockjaw" message, [spoken like Thurston Howell III] I'm streaking my hair and trashing a Volvo so I can't come to the phone." Oh! I know the one that got a lot of laughs. You call up, the phonemate answers it, "Hello?" and then, five seconds later, "Oh! What a little kidder I am! I'm not even home!" A lot of people liked that and a lot of people got really pissed off. Uh, do you want to ask me direct questions or shall we just chat?

34 — Let's just chat. Tell me about The Village Voice.
LB — I started working at the Voice in April '79 and left in May '80. I was the "Scenes" writer. He used to disappear for days on end and leave no number, so I wrote the column every week and he got the credit. He was much better at getting into people's bedrooms, because he has all those years of doing and all those connections but I did most of the writing. In my opinion, the Voice is a very important paper which has fallen off. Uh, do you want to ask me direct questions or shall we just chat?

34 — What does your recorded message sound like?
LB — I don't envy me. I'm a woman. I mean like being a woman because I like wearing pearls, but aside from that...periods, yeast infections, pregnancy, etc. I have the pearls, Skirts, pearls, and make up, make it all worthwhile. I mean, I'm a liberated gal, but I'm also anti-liberation because right now, people just don't know how to behave. Men don't know how to react to women and I feel badly for them. On the other hand, when a guy tells me, "Oh, you poor discriminated-against woman, as he's trying to seduce his hand up my thigh...that's happened to me. The guy's in Harvard Law School now.

34 — That's funny. Why are men funnier than women? Is it hormonal?
LB — I don't know. I do have more male friends than female friends because males are funny. To me, men are sharper, they have crazier imaginations. I mean my closest friends in the world is a woman but most of my friends are male. After a while, you sort of wish everyone were funny and clever, because that guarantees good conversation but it also guarantees that you're funnier. There are certain people who make me laugh and with whom I'm funnier than ever. Uh, what did I just say? I think I just had a stroke, I can't remember what I just said...

34 — Is there personality?
LB — What do you think?!
34 — Now, Lisa...
LB — I think I have a wonderful personality! I don't think it's that at all. Except, you see, I surprise myself when I'm on television. Because I am by nature a silly little girl and I don't take myself too seriously, as we both know by now. Apparently, my demeanor and my face look serious, and people think I'm very deadpan and very serious. That sometimes scares people. In today's case, it was just a rowdy audience. One guy said, "Are ties prep?" and I said that ties are very prep. So, he goes, "Well, I don't like ties." and I said, "Well, I don't like you too much either." Fred did okay because they were sympathetic to fart noises. No, I kid. He was very funny...you know, Fred's editor forced me to pose in a bikini to illustrate a chapter in the book called the erotic raspberry. The whole shooting session was very real humiliating. The photographer was all over me like a cheap suit.

(Footnote added: The conversation went rapidly downhill from here and we could never bring ourselves to "get heavy" and discuss the current state of the American Left. In closing, however, Lisa Birnbach did end on a note of inspiration. She said: "Whenever I'm in a sticky situation, I always say to myself, 'how would Charo handle this?'")

34 — A few days ago. You guys don't read papers?
LB — Well, the audience was not very sympathetic to preppies. It got very hostile, as it often does when I'm on shows. Hosts get very hostile towards me.

34 — Is it your personality?
LB — What do you think?!
34 — You're getting more self-assured on television?
LB — I'm diversifying. Last night, Fred played bass, and I was Charo singing, "Close to You." Why do stars fall down, fish die...

34 — You're getting more self-assured on television.
LB — I'm diversifying. Last night, Fred and I were the whole show and it was 45 minutes long. It started to get very silly. We all started doing sounds, and making noises and it turned out that a lot of people in the audience could make swamp noises. We took the show over. The host said, "Let's do a swamp," and I said, "No!" I'm not going to be left out, said "Oh, I'll be a preppie walking through a swamp!" Meanwhile, what preppy would be caught dead in a swamp? So I kept saying, "Eiyew! It's so gross in here! Eiyew! TAX! Taxi!" It was sick. I took the host's socks off. Then he said, "I'm not wearing my shirt right." and I said, "You're not wearing the right shirt."
The whole thing probably started very early. It might have gone something like this:

Adam and Eve were in the Garden of Eden. God was watching them. All of a sudden, the Almighty got up and called her bookie. "I want some action. I'll bet that Adam eats that apple." It is probably not that simple. Perhaps the bookie knew Adam better than to think he would refuse the apple and said: "Of course he's going to eat the apple, but I'll bet that he doesn't eat it within two hours." And from such humble beginnings came the cornerstone of the gambling industry today. The line, or point spread, made it possible for people to bet on things that they essentially agreed on. And that's the important thing—having money on the line.

At least according to Howie, a New York bookmaker. "In all the years I was betting for myself," he says, "I dreamed of having bets on every single game being played. But, of course, I could never afford it. Now, on a busy day . . . I may go home at night knowing that I have action going in every state in the Union."

Think about the value of a point spread. Last year, everyone knew that the Pittsburgh Steelers were going to win Super Bowl XIV. No one in their right mind would have wanted to wager their hard earned money on the backs of the Los Angeles Rams. So who did the Steeler supporters bet on? And how did the Super Bowl remain the single most bet on event in the world?

The answer is, obviously, the point spread. (For the two or three readers that have never placed a bet in their life, the theory behind the point spread is that a stronger team must give a certain number of points to a weaker team to equalize the betting prospects.) But where does the point spread come from?

Certainly not from the National Football League. They don't even recognize the fact that there is betting on professional football games. Or at least they try not to admit it publicly.

In reality, the spread is formed by many people. There is no single omniscient oddsmaker who sits in Las Vegas and decides the spread for the entire country. However, there is a man who does set the line for most of the casinos in Nevada. His name is Bob Martin.

"Within two hours after the conference championship games had ended, Bob Martin sat down with men of comparable skill and developed the spread on this year's Super Bowl," explained Steve Greathouse, assistant general manager of Harrah's Casino in Reno. "That's not true," said Martin. "I had a line five minutes before the (last championship) game ended.

Martin was the first to officially announce a line on the Super Bowl. He cited a number of reasons for making the Eagles three-point favorites, including one that seems a bit curious to a pure football fan.

"...Since...the Phillies won the World Series, it just falls into line that the Eagles will win the Super Bowl and keep everything in Philadelphia this year."

Martin didn't tell anyone anything that they didn't know when he admitted to being "unscientific" in his decision. And this guy's considered an expert.

Although Martin was the first one to set the line, he certainly wasn't the only one. Each city in the country has a few of its own line men who set and adjust the spread. The average football fan may be more familiar with public oddsmakers such as Jimmy "The Greek" Snyder than these anonymous experts. And many times, the published predictions are more accurate than the betting spread, but that doesn't mean that these illegal oddsmakers aren't doing their job.

Local line men aren't trying to predict the outcome of the game, they are trying to predict how people will bet. This is an important difference.

"Right now I honestly don't know who I am going to bet on."

You've got to be kidding, the Eagles in the Super Bowl?

It doesn't take a genius to figure out that money bet with a bookie filters up through the various levels of organized crime...where it can be channeled into mob activities...
Restaurants

Hearty, Heartburn Cuisine

Los Amigos  
50 South 2nd Street  
922-7061

La Cabana  
(for the Sangria)  
222 South Street  
922-1614

By Ken Goldberg

Mexican food can be either good or bad, but it is always an adventure. This maxim was reaffirmed recently when I visited two of Philadelphia's Mexican restaurants, Los Amigos and La Cabana. Both are on 2nd Street; in terms of quality, however, they are worlds apart.

South Street's reputation for fine dining gave us high expectations when we decided to visit La Cabana. Our first hint of disappointment came as we approached the sloppily-lettered wooden sign and noticed a dime-store Santa Claus next to the bathroom. Tinny Latino music was punctuated by angry voices clearly audible from the back room as we awaited our meal.

Incredibly, the feast began with French onion soup and garlic bread! Neither was very tasty, and the management would be well advised to replace these items with a fresh bowl of tortilla chips and some hot sauce.

Midway through the soup, our entrees were delivered to the table. We had each ordered appetizers, but they did not appear until after the main course was served. Presumably, this sequence was chosen to provide adventure to our Mexican feast.

Our combination platters were mediocre; the cheese enchiladas were edible, a compliment which unfortunately cannot be extended to the tamales, which were soggy and lacking in meat. As for the obligatory taco, it compared quite favorably with those served at Taco Bell. To top things off, I hate to be a complainer, but the nachos were served with American cheese instead of the usual Monterey Jack. David, the cook, when called upon for an explanation, hastily constructed a few excuses (he should have wept after committing that atrocity).

To be fair, however, the owner's homemade sangria is outstanding. It is thick, fruity, and a perfect blend of wines and juices. If you're on South Street, stop in for a glass — but don't tell them I sent you.

In contrast, one's first impression of Los Amigos is of quality. A long, wide bar leads to an arched, brick and stucco dining room. Stone-tiled floors and wrought-iron chandeliers help create an authentic Mexican atmosphere.

The crowd on a recent Thursday night was noisy and young. Music by Van Morrison and Joni Mitchell, emanating from the adjacent bar, was well suited to the clientele.

At Los Amigos, the nachos were properly prepared, as was the guacamole salad. These two appetizers provide a delicious contrast — the aggressively spicy tortilla chips against the soothing avocado pulp.

Our entrees included a chile relleno, which is a large stuffed chili pepper dusted with batter and then fried in oil. The dish has a light crunchy texture not at all similar to what one would expect. This cheese-filled delicacy should not be missed. The enchilada verde, on the other hand, might well be avoided. These three chicken enchiladas topped with a green chili sauce (green Mexican tomatoes provide the color) were less than memorable. The chicken was tough and undercooked while the sauce was not as fiery as promised. This dish was the only disappointment in a well-served, attractive and savory meal.

Each establishment was randomly chosen from Philadelphia's four or five Mexican restaurants. Both are similarly priced, easily accessible, and well-publicized. Hence the resulting difference in quality came as quite a surprise. Nevertheless, the disparity is undeniable. Los Amigos is a great place to take a friend; La Cabana can only give you a damn good case of the Mexicali Blues.

The person in the back is not the waiter.
Film
Tanks
For The
Memories

Altered States
Starring William Hurt and Blair Brown
Directed by Ken Russell
Opens tomorrow at the Regency

By Howard Gensler

On its most basic level, Altered States is the story of Dr. Edward Jessup (William Hurt), a "brilliant" research scientist who begins to tap into his unconscious self with the aid of an isolation tank. Jessup is a fanatic; a scientist in search of an absolute truth, much to the horror of his wife (Blair Brown) and co-workers (Charles Haid and Bob Balaban).

Hurt is perfect as Jessup, his face radiating intelligence, excitement, and anguish. Brown rebounds brilliantly from One-Trick Pony with her portrait of a woman torn between fear and love. Charles Haid and Bob Balaban are also top notch as two elite members of the academic world grappling with the problem that they don't know half as much as they would like to think.

If this sounds a bit like an old "crazed scientist" horror film, it should, but Altered States gives you much more than conventional shocks. It attempts to present the ultimate horror: the comprehension of the difference between life and death. Altered States is the first film of the "special effects" era to utilize science fiction as a basis for horror rather than a backdrop for horror.

Director Ken Russell displays a level of film artistry not often achieved or attempted in the play-it-safe world of Hollywood. He has transformed Paddy Chayefsky's novel into a psychedelic religious experience; a film in which he uses his Catholic upbringing, his flair for visual razzle-dazzle (Tommy, Lisztomania) and his love for unique character relationships (Women In Love) to fashion a film that only he could have made, a culmination of his work as a director.

With the help of "effects" whiz kid Bran Ferren, Russell has created a state of consciousness that borrows from 2001, Close Encounters, and the paintings of Salvador Dali. The journey through the mind of Dr. Jessup is breathtaking and beautiful, but ultimately terrifying. It is a journey unlike any other in movie history.

After a plethora of Christmas releases which looked like big-budget sitcoms, Altered States would stand out simply because it is a film with intelligent people, and topics such as levels of consciousness, endocrinology, and behavioral patterns of apes. It is a multi-layered film which deals with the existence of God, the power of science, fear of the unknown, and the ultimate power of the mind. But if you don't enjoy such philosophical entertainment, Altered States will go straight for your guts and scare your sox off.

Open up your mind to Altered States. It is definitely worth the risk.

William Hurt in an Altered State (The ads are upside down)

Record your musical temperature

Music Poll

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The 34th Street

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In conjunction with

PLASTIC FANTASTIC
Steve Winwood's Personal Statement

Steve Winwood
Arc of a Diver
Island ILPS 9576

Arc of a Diver, Steve Winwood's first album in three long years, is a highly convincing personal statement. Of course, one would expect nothing less from the former leader of such bands as the Spencer Davis Group, Powerhouse, Traffic, and Blind Faith. After all, it was Steve who, when with Traffic, wrote "Uninspired", a semi-autobiographical tale of a songwriter in a creative rut. The three year respite may be explained by Winwood's choice to sort out his feelings and thoughts rather than release a sub-par album.

This explanation is illustrated by side one, which offers observations on the distasteful aspects of life on the road, and the difficulty of being consistently creative. The side ends with what must have been Winwood's plea during his three year recording hiatus: "Slowdown, Sundown. All I really need is time. For faded love songs and feelings in the wine. Let them take me down the line."

In contrast, side two stands as a reaffirmation of Winwood's more familiar style. "Spanish Dancer" features fine guitar and clever use of stereo separation. Winwood, pleased with regaining his touch, clearly is the Spanish dancer soaring in the ecstasy of the creative moment: "I can feel the beat like a Spanish dance. Under my feet making the world go 'round. I can't come down. "Night Train", another strong song, will no doubt be the single because of its excellent guitar and upbeat tempo.

Winwood, who wrote, sang, and performed all of the material on Arc of a Diver is to be commended for the lush tones and textures found throughout the album. Stevie Winwood refuses to put out a bad product. His uncompromising attitude is highly refreshing in an industry that finds so-called artists releasing the same old drivel year after year.

Steve Winwood in an action pose

Steve Winwood
The Official Secrets Act
Sire SRK 6099

The Official Secrets Act is the second album by M, who is best (and only) remembered for his hit "Pop Muzik" which appeared on his debut album. M is the code name of Robin Scott who along with his studio musicians produces an unusual product: electronic pop music. The quality of this music varies according to the M-phasis placed upon the electronic effects. On several tracks. M uses his synthesizers so much that his product challenges the most liberal definitions of music. At times the concept works well, though never as well on this album as it did with "Pop Muzik," the hit which was M-braced by discophiles and New Wavers alike.

Every song on this album manifests M's predilection for a futuristic sound as well as his Orvillian version of an American society controlled by a central government infected by a subversive sub-culture; it will be, he says, "The age of conspiracy." The music is M- Patically anti-establishment with his lyrics deriding some of our society's basic institutions: the government, the military, and capitalism. "Working For the Corporation" features the robot-like voices of M-employees (the corporate tools of tomorrow) singing and whistling their programmed verse of contentment.

The album is unconventional: by today's musical standards, thus only the most liberal listeners are likely to appreciate it for the adventurous effort which it is; its commercial appeal is nonexistent. Those who listen to The Official Secrets Act will probably find some of the material to be satisfying, though most of it is simply un-M-pressive.

Joan Jett
Blackheart J 707

"I don't give a damn 'bout my reputation," sings Joan Jett to open her self-titled debut release. Whether she cares or not, however, this young lady has already begun to earn herself a reputation as a competent contributor to today's rock scene.

Jett was the most talented of the now-defunct Runaways, the all-female L.A. Punk outfit. Now, with her back-up group, the Blackhearts, she offers us an independently distributed record that is far superior to the majority of recent New Wave/Power Pop releases by artists on the major labels.

Incited among the album's twelve selections are several excellent, highly danceable rockers; the best of these are a hell-raising cover of the Isleys' "Shout" that puts the Animal House version to shame, and Jett's own "Bad Reputation," which reveals her prowess as a lead guitarist.

As a vocalist, Joanie, despite a somewhat limited range, handles the record's wide assortment of tunes with enough zeal and authority to make nearly every one work. At times, her vocals resemble those of Cindy Wilson of the B-52's, although possessing a slightly rougher edge to them.

A new Jett Age is now upon us; surely you rock 'n roll cadets out there can discover space in your record racks for this one.

— Paul Strous

Ry Cooder
Borderline
Warner Bros. BSK 3489

Ry Cooder's career defies every rule of the corporate music industry. Through all of the trends that sent others scrambling to modify their sounds, the artist steadfastly refused to compromise or bastardize his music. A guitarist of near legendary ability, Cooder has recorded with a variety of rock's top names, including the Rolling Stones. His own albums display a musicologist's curiosity about the many forms that contribute to folk and popular music. He somehow manages to combine styles as disparate as Tex-Mex and Hawaiian in a coherent whole that compromises none of its parts.

Borderline reflects this eclecticism, but rests firmly on the basic rhythm and blues foundation that underlies most popular music. "Johnny Porter" and "Crazy 'Bout an Automobile" lie closest to pure R & B, and both feature superb, gospel deriv- ed backing vocals. Unfortunately, Cooder sings "Crazy ..." in an affected black accent. Though he may be trying to evoke a certain sound, the result seems unnatural. "Why Don't You Try Me" leans toward reggae, though the arrangement offers very much in the spirit of the album as a whole.

Borderline is a digitally recorded album, with ac- cor- dingly excellent sound. Sadly, the poor surface quality nearly negates the benefits of the new technology. An album as good as Borderline deserves better.

— Jonathan Matzkin
Scrap

For Sale: Everything But the Building

By Christine Woodside

When the people who run the Benjamin Franklin Hotel get around to converting the 16-floor building on 9th and Chestnut into a highbrow apartment house, they want to be rid of practically everything— from the brass lamps to the silver tea service to the double beds to the shower curtains.

So, two weeks ago, they hired the National Content Liquidators, Inc. to sell it all. Now there's a forbidding metal door at the entranceway flanked with loud signs outlining sale policies ("must buy is is. where is' I The Ohio-based company is working on its fifth Philadelphia job (they emptied the Fox Theater last spring). This one should last a few months.

On a recent afternoon, I went downtown to check on the progress of the massive liquidation. The hotel's spacious, chandeliered lobby had been transformed into a carpeted garage sale: on the left, set against two massive marble pillars, was a three-tiered conglomeration of sample furnishings attached with gigantic price tags. An RCA color set was $150, a large wall mirror, $55, an unimpressive wooden desk, also $55. There were all sorts of lamps (some brass) in the $20-$50 range, radiator covers ($15 and $25), curtains, towel racks, toilet paper holders ($2), dilapidated medicine cabinets ($8), and, scattered around the huge carpeted area, a few "original" engravings (no one knew who the artists were). A grungily-dressed older man with a scraggily black pony tail shuffled earnestly to the Information Desk by the furniture and said loudly, "Let me ask you something — did you set these prices?"

"Yes, I did," answered a youngish, mustachioed man named Mike Kabalo.

"You're a good businessman," the visitor said sarcastically, and as Kabalo started to coyly answer, "Thank you," the visitor muttered again, to himself. "Mynoboy, you're a good businessman," and walked away.

Kabalo told me that the real bargains were upstairs in the huge Crystal Ballroom, which had been turned into an eye-boggling "Boutique" of every piece of china, linen, and flatware in the hotel, so I went up to discover, among the thin stream of mumbling browsers, two giggling 30-ish women and a sober, greying man filling three Glad trash bags with dishtowels, for which they paid $110 (the towels were two for $1.50).

"We're selling everything except four portraits of Ben Franklin the hotel wanted to keep," Kabalo said. "Fixtures, chandeliers, all the restaurant equipment, carpets, and drapes. . ." The only things you can't buy are the fire extinguishers and the guest room doors. Even the pianos are for sale.

The best buys: bed pillows for $5 and wooden maid's carts (painted green), complete with shelves and wheels, $15.

The worst rip-offs: ugly, damaged wooden information stands designed for public events, $60, and a framed print of some architect's corny rendition of the Chestnut Street Transitway — marked on the tag as a "Picture of Phil" (these folks really showed their Ohio roots) and selling for $45.