**U. Will Enact Hiring Plan**

**Affirmative Action Breakthrough Possible**

*PHILADELPHIA, Thursday, February 19, 1981*

Weinberg

Three University Police officers arrested four0 Philadelphia residents at the arrest of an 18-year-old South Philadelphia man on Monday night, according to University Police Sgt. Mark Mazzurkiewicz.

The man was arrested after being stopped by University Police at South Street and 15th Street, adjacent to Pennsylvania security. 0

*ROBERT CANELL*

The Affirmative Action Breakthrough Possible

The announcement, which was made at a meeting yesterday afternoon, is the culmination of a year's efforts by the University's affirmative action program.

The plan, which was unveiled in November, has been developed by the University's affirmative action program with the assistance of the University Department of Labor and the Pennsylvania Department of Labor.

The plan is designed to increase the representation of minorities and women on the university's faculty and staff.

The plan includes a number of provisions, including:

- A mandatory affirmative action program for all University employees.
- A requirement for all University departments to develop affirmative action plans for their own employees.
- A requirement for all University departments to report annually on their affirmative action efforts.

The plan is expected to be implemented in the fall of 1981.

*MATTHEW BARD*

*Hair Tournament*

The Hair Tournament, which was held last weekend, was a success. The mailommenly event was replete with a cast of never-to-be-forgotten characters.

The real star of the show, as always, is the show itself. The show is full of color and character, and is always a hit with the audience.

One of the main highlights of the show is the Hair Tournament. The Hair Tournament is a competition between the students of the university, and is always a great event.

Another highlight of the show is the quartets, which are performed by the students of the university. The quartets are always a hit with the audience, and are always a great way to start the show.

The show is a must-see for anyone who loves the arts. The show is full of color and character, and is always a hit with the audience.

*Continued on page 8*

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**Pennsylvania Glee Club**

The Pennsylvania Glee Club is a student organization that performs a variety of vocal music through the ages. The show has been on tour for a number of years, and is always a hit with the audience.

The show is a must-see for anyone who loves the arts. The show is full of color and character, and is always a hit with the audience.

*Continued on page 9*

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**Double Take**

Tuneful, Spirited

One of the Penn Glee Club's many assets is their vocal versatility. This tenor and baritone quartet is known for their extraordinary singing ability, ranging from scenic baritone to lilting tenor. Their concerts are always a hit with the audience, and are always a great way to start the show.

The show is a must-see for anyone who loves the arts. The show is full of color and character, and is always a hit with the audience.

*Continued on page 10*
**Campus Events**

**FUTURE**
- **THE MOLIN STUDENTS' ASSOCIATION**
  - Meeting: Thursday, Feb. 25, 12:30-1:30 p.m., Room 112, Van Pelt-Dietrich Library, 3720 Locust Walk

**OFFICIAL**
- **CAREERS IN PHILOSOPHY.**
  - Registration: Thursday, Feb. 25, 3:30-4:30 p.m., Room 205, Van Pelt-Dietrich Library, 3720 Locust Walk

**TOMORROW**
- **CAREERS IN PHILOSOPHY.**
  - Registration: Thursday, Feb. 25, 3:30-4:30 p.m., Room 205, Van Pelt-Dietrich Library, 3720 Locust Walk

**THURSDAY-SATURDAY**
- **Beast**
  - Venue: Houston Hall
  - Time: 7:00-11:00 p.m.
  - Description: "Rock Out Nite"
  - Ticket: $5 at the door or $3 to all students

**FRIDAY NIGHT**
- **"CATCH 22"**
  - Venue: Film Towne Building
  - Time: 8:00-11:00 p.m.
  - Description: "Rent one! $33 a month"

**TODAY**
- **WHAT BUY A PIANO AT JACOBS MUSIC?**
  - Venue: Jacobs Music
  - Time: 9:00-11:00 a.m.
  - Description: "Why buy a piano at Jacobs Music?"

**EDITORIAL**
- **KEEP THE HEAT IN YOUR HOUSE - FILM**
  - Venue: Houston Hall
  - Time: 1:00 p.m.
  - Description: "The Middle East Club will sponsor a film, "The People of Iran," on Friday, March 6, at 3 p.m. in the CMC Auditorium, Van Pelt-Dietrich Library, 3720 Locust Walk, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104-6311. For further information, call 824-6848.

**WOMEN'S SOCCER CLUB: Indoor soccer**
- **Saturday, Feb. 21 at 6 p.m.**
- **Meeting  Feb. 23 In Franklin Street. Saturday, Feb 21 at 9:30 am to 10:00**
- **20080, All participants welcome.**

**RESEARCH GROUP**
- **Seminar -Th. 4-5:30**
  - Venue: Van Pelt-Dietrich Library, 3720 Locust Walk
  - Time: 2:00 p.m.
  - Description: "The Social Security and Welfare Issues Committee of the Penn Alumni Association."
Philly Chili Champion Crowned
At O'Hara's Burning Bean Bash

By RONN BORKER

O'Hara's Restaurant was a hot spot last night as the pub transformed itself into the site of the Third Annual Best Chili in Philly Contest.

Fifteen area Philadelphia restaurants were invited to have their chili entered at the event. All 15 restaurants decided to make the challenge and put their chili bean concoctions on the line. Familiar names such as Carney's, Doc Watsons and the News Stand transformed themselves into the site of the pub last night as the pub was prompted by the fact that O'Hara's swept all three top honors last year.

Manager Ed Cellini, decked in gorgeous tan. At Sun Worshippers, only minutes a week. Or get a base before your escape. Nothing looks better, feels richer, and commands more attention than a gorgeous tan. At Sun Worshippers, keep healthy appealing color in only minutes a week. Or get a base tan before your escape. Plush, popular & priced modestly. Just off Rittenhouse Square.

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in our boutique, newly arrived spring tops, 15% off, all new spring jazz oxfrds, Sale 13.99, espadrille, Sale 16.99, all fall and winter garments save up to 75%.

Gift items 30-60% savings, plus more savings in all departments.

Don't miss this special sale from the special shop.

The Shop 3606 Chestnut Street, open 9-6 daily
By Mark Gerecke, M.D.

Spring Comes Early

By Mark Cohen

Letters to the Editor

Incorporation Does Not Mean

A Deserved Dedication to Dubois College House

The Daily} Ourperness of the Pennsylvania

CURRENTS/Andrew Kirtzman

The Countdown to the Triage

Each week, a handful of students gather in Professor Susan Gluckin's office in the basement of Graffke to tell her the list of what the undergraduates perceive as the most urgent problems of the budget crisis. Many students, most of whom are black students, express their distress and anger about the state of the university's finances.

The problem is that the list of problems is not static. The students, led by the student body president, are constantly adding to the list. The problem is that the administration is failing to address the problems.

The students are seeking the attention of the university administration, but the administration is not responding. The students, led by the student body president, are constantly adding to the list of problems. The problem is that the administration is failing to address the problems.

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Alpha Sigma Phi

(Continued from page 1)

PH FRATERNITY -

Heath said in a letter to Stamm that the "Phi undergraduate chapter of the fraternity will remain closed until the national organization at a time when the local chapter has not been

Jones was in the area at the time of Perens apprehension, responding to a call from Perens security in response to disturbances. "A few jumped into the basketball court because he did not like the ref's call," Heath said. The letter was signed Tuesday in Bishop White Room in Houston Hall.

Students were upset at the suspension and at the fact that "the undergraduate chapter of the University in recent years."

For a fraternity in its position, I think it will have a positive impact," he said. "Alpha Sigma Phi's suspension will be reinstated. "Our petition the Grand Council for its reopening."

But Zelson said he doubted the "pruning" of the fraternity system.

"Sometimes you have to prune a tree to make it stronger," he said. "It indicates concern of the individual. Soul, being a happy entity, will not be soul. Being an unhappy entity, will not be remaining a residential fraternity again."

Stamm described the suspension as a "pruning" of the fraternity system.

"Sometimes you have to prune a plant to make it stronger," he said yesterday, adding that he is hopeful for the reopening of the fraternity in the near future.

"I think it will have a positive inc- The fraternity system, he said, "is not a viable group shall petition the Grand Council for its reopening." He also said he is optimistic about an eventual reopening of the fraternity.

"We look forward to the day when Alpha Sigma Phi is once again active and an important part of campus life at the University of Pennsylvania," Heath said yesterday, adding that he is hopeful for the fraternity's reopening.

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Alpha Sigma Phi is once again active

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Thursday, February 19
7:00 in first floor
lobby of Houston Hall

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FINANCE, ADMINISTRATION, MARKETING

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A representative from Brown-Forman will be on campus, February 20, 1981. For further information and to sign up for an interview, see your placement office. Or send your resume in complete confidence to:

Mr. Robert E. Walton, Jr.
Corporate Human Resources Manager
Brown-Forman Distillers Corporation
P.O. Box 1080
Louisville, Ky 40201

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INTERVIEWS

Represent student interests on a committee.

Work with University administrators and faculty members to influence University affairs.

Sign-up in U.A./NEC Office, 1st floor Houston Hall

Tuesday, February 17 to Friday, February 20; 9-5

For more information come to U.A./NEC OFFICE. 243-8908

RUN YOUR UNIVERSITY.
MAKE THE DECISIONS.

GOLDEN DOLLAR

Goldstein said it may be a few more weeks, the trial could be heard. If she is found guilty, Cain could face a maximum fine of $5,000 and eight years in prison. Golden said.

"She's a good citizen -- one of the few," Sigma Chi National Secretary and Executive Vice President William Brigham said yesterday, adding that Cain had admitted the wrongdoings.

"She's only in it for the money, but almost impossible-to-get jobs. She's not interested in journalism or other media-related fields have to think about less glamorous applications of their skills. A career in Communications, but it just doesn't 'work that way,'" GCH Assistant Dean Barbara Klaczynska said recently.

Klaczynska has been instrumental in creating a new, non-credit mini-course, "Careers in Communications," which has no journalism major.

Students to the following:

- F.A.S.
- WHARTON,
- INDEPENDENT,
- & UNIVERSITY COUNCIL COMMITTEES.

The career options the course explore.

- VARIETY OF CAREERS, INCLUDING:
- Publishing, public relations, broadcasting, television, radio, advertising, sales and news-rooms are some of the areas to be explored by the course.

The instructor is Virgil Renzulli, the assistant director of the University News Bureau and a former editor of the Daily Pennsylvanian. The course starts on March 19th and will be held on eight consecutive Tuesday evenings from 7:00 to 9:00 p.m. The course is free.

The course will deal with a wide range of media-related occupations which can be rewarding and serve as an alternative to more glamorous and almost impossible-to-get jobs.

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RUN YOUR UNIVERSITY.
MAKE THE DECISIONS.
Princeton Whitewashes Racquetwomen, 7-0

By KAREN WOODWARD

For the third time in as many years you could get a college education, held a seminar as Princeton, or cause anxiety from assistant professors. But for the first time, Princeton's women's squash team has had to work hard to win a match. As it was, W. Penn that helped the Tigers against Brown, 68-45.

There were more times last night of the requirements were met than Princeton's women's squash team. Among them were: one who needed to know the team, join the team, and strengthen it, and had to know the team, join the team, and strengthen it, and did not want to do much at all. The Princeton women's squash team had to work hard to win a match. As it was, W. Penn that helped the Tigers against Brown, 68-45.

Connie Pierce was the number one Princeton player, and her father, a former Princeton squash player, is also a competitor. The Princeton team was not the best intercollegiate player and is counted as the number two squash player in the country. This was her first time to lose in all three games, but this team also has the man who was expected to be Princeton's main man.

"The score has become typical; we set the record," said coach George W. Dodge. "Some of our guys have had more zeroes last night for Dartmouth if we play them. We get a few swimmers together and pick up, momentum for the third year in a row."

W. Cagers—

"I think our scholastic program can work in the area of athletics," said coach Tom Cager. "I think our scholastic program can work in the area of athletics," said coach Tom Cager. "I think our scholastic program can work in the area of athletics," said coach Tom Cager.

Penn Players—

"The Quakers can put it all together and pick up momentum for the team for the next year."

Overbite—"Dave Dillenmuth was named to last year's Ivy League team as well as the National-Team performance against Rhode Island."

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**Fencers Flat But Still Able to Run Through Tigers**

**By PETER FIDLERMAN**

Remember the good old days when some fencing coach would say something worthwhile to say? You know, “Keep your eye on the other fencers.” Well, the men’s and women’s fencing teams do, and both took that advice to heart last night as they played the lasting Princeton teams in the last Big Five competition of the season.

As the Quakers came out on the floor, it appeared as if both teams were a little flat. As the night progressed, it became obvious that the women were better able to overcome the Wednesday Night fatigue that hangs over the homestretch.

The老虎 are renowned for their style of play. “We’re always trying to play the Quakers in the most organized way possible,” said Bob Eckert. “They know that the only way we can play them is if we can keep the ball away from them.”

**The Numbers Don’t Tell It All**

**By RYAN HARDY**

The numbers are great, but at the end of the game the Quakers were the winners, 87-42 victory over La Salle Tuesday night.

George Nazar scored 18 points and Ken Half, 11 for the Quakers.

Paul Little (III) had 13 rebounds and 10 points, including a long-distance shot that put the game out of reach for the Explorers.

La Salle had only 9 turnovers for Penn coming into the game, but the Red and Blue were able to hold them to 13 rebounds.

The Quakers’ defense was solid, holding La Salle to 34 points.

**Divers**

**The Team Within Two Teams Uses Its Coach as Springboard**

**By JON DOERING**

Penn’s men’s and women’s swimming programs are far from being a juggernaut, but they are a team, just like any other team.

The Penn divers, competing in an intense intradivide quarrel that comprises but a small part of the Penn swimming program, are working in harmony. The divers are coached by Dana Coyle, who is the only member of the coaching staff who is not paid by Easterns.

“Doerring professes a philosophy that the divers — it has improved all of our team,” said Oeygan. The numbers are up, and the divers are working hard to improve their performance.

With the exception of Von Vorys, who has been working on his diving form, the divers are working hard to improve their performance.

Oeygan is a talented diver who has been working hard to improve his performance. He is working on his form, and the divers are working hard to improve their performance.

“Doerring’s philosophy is that the divers — it has improved all of our team,” said Oeygan. The numbers are up, and the divers are working hard to improve their performance.

Doerrer professes a philosophy that the divers — it has improved all of our team. This season, Oeygan has qualified for both the Eastern and NCAA Championships.

The Penn divers are a unique set of five in the Ivy League, and have been able to compete with the best teams in the country.
Pantomime Sodomy For Two . . . (Or More)
By Howard Gensler

From Mush to Magic

At three last Saturday morning, it occurred to me that a good theatrical production was similar to a small-scale version of the world on a good day. Unsure whether or not this was a profound thought, I decided to roll with it.

I made my legitimate musical-comedy debut eight years ago in a kids' production of Oliver at the University of Miami (my debut actually was five years earlier, when I played a tree in a camp production of Snow White Meets the Wooden Soldiers). Due to the large number of "acting" club members who had to be paid to be in the production, all the parts were split in half (by act) so that everyone could have at least a portion of a decent role.

My unique acting ability (the fact that I was a boy helped) landed me the plum, the role of Oliver. My equally unique singing ability relegated me to Oliver in the second act. The act in which he has only one solo.

The day of the show arrived and I woke up with the worst case of laryngitis my vocal cords had ever known. For two straight hours I drank hot tea until I felt like a crusty old Englishman. But it worked. I greeted my director with a clear and audible "hello" and proceeded to prepare for my premiere. Unfortunately, by the second act, the soothing herbal vapors were only a fond memory to me. I sang my big number "Who Will Buy" (to all my friends and relatives), sounding like a frog in heat.

After the show, everyone told me I was terrible. I went through more than one past the second row had heard a word I mouthed) and the director pulled me aside and gave me a motherly kiss, adding it was a shame I'd come down with such an awful case of stage fright.

"Stage fright," I thought. "Are you out of your mind? I wouldn't be able to say a two syllable word for three days. What are you talking about stage fright? This is called laryngitis. This is called being sick."

It was no use. She couldn't hear a word I said.

Being on stage is an experience everyone should try once. It's a chance to open yourself up to the world without having to pay an analyst: but more important, it's a chance to be part of something bigger than you are. Actors are small, yet necessary, cogs in a big steamroller of a machine which is hard to stop if it ever gets rolling.

It's the same with all the jobs in the theatre. Every facet of the show on performance night has to be designed, produced, and transported in some way; it doesn't just appear on stage. The actual work that goes into even a small production is incomprehensible until you've been a part of it and seen it all come together.

And up to a few days, even a few hours, before the first show, everything is a mess. But the theatre has a way of straightening itself out when the moment of truth approaches. It's an innate knack, a collective intuition, that all involved with the production develop, forming a whole which is far, far greater than the sum of its parts.

Yet with all the work and interaction that goes on, with all the dependence everyone has on everyone else, and with all the ranting and praying and psyching that goes on before the show, there is not one person who can predict what will happen when the lights go down. Every night it's an exciting, alien experience that no one has had before, and no one will ever have again. Every night the show takes on a life of its own. Once the thing is gone...it's gone.

A theatrical production has order, spirit, and purpose. Watching one form step-by-step from its beginnings on the printed page, to its fruition on the stage interacting with its audience, is similar to watching respected associates give birth to a close friend. It's one of the few things one can experience in our automated society which point out exactly what makes life...Life.

Dear Editors:

For as much good as it will do, I would like to take this opportunity to comment on your January 29th issue of 34th Street. I found the petty, sniping nature of the whole issue quite irritating.

From the cover through the stories covering the inauguration, I kept hoping that perhaps there was one writer who wouldn't feel the need to vent his (her) frustrations over the November 4th election (a sour grapes attitude prevailed throughout). Or perhaps it is just the northeast-liberal-intelligence-Ivy League crew that prevailed. It seems that the finer the institution the "cuter" things must be.

Miss Valleras' article, for example, was nothing but a thinly veiled attacks on my comments. I lived two summers in the northwest of Washington, and found it quite odd that you could find many of the areas of D.C. somewhat less than "frightening." Yes, I would avoid some of the areas of D.C., much as I would avoid Harlem, and do avoid Watts. And if she would bother to look at the projected Metro plan, she would see that there are extensive plans for expansion into the Northwest (as far up as Chevy Chase). And after three years of operation, it is still the cleanest subway in the country (and one of the most efficient). If she was so bewildered by its function, I question her qualifications for attending this school.

Mr. Marshall's article on the Inaugural ball had its moments, also. I was impressed by his concern over not having a tuxedo, since social etiquette and the invitations did stipulate that the Ball was a black tie affair. However, he may rest assured that bad he gone to the Gala, the Black Tie Optional rule would not have excluded him, as the reporter from the Great Neck News indicated it would (managed successful entrance with only a blazer, tie and slacks).

Marshall's comments on Mrs. Reagan went totally un-called for. I am certain that he has never met Mrs. Reagan, yet he must ridicule her. Such sniping belongs in those rags found at supermarket checkout stands. It is, however, representative of the undercurrent of fundamentally poor journalism found in your paper. Mrs. Reagan is a fine woman, devoted to her husband. If this is weird, I pity Mr. Marshall's future wife.

I could go on, ad nauseum, yet the point was made. Nor would it do any good. The Daily Pennsylvanian and 34th Street will continue to grind out this stilted fare until the University closes. However, I may take solace in knowing how few people your purp reaches, and how much credibility it is constantly los-ing (what little it may have started with). This is a fact, right? The next four [maybe eight or 12] years.

Sincerely,

Donald R. Hannaford

A Minor Complaint

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Foolish Music

Rod Stewart
Foolish Behaviour
Warner HS-3485

Rod Stewart has never denied being foolish. His
acknowledgment of the fact that he's only an
inexperienced musician is a side joke, with Stewart
himself doing the laughing - all the way to the bank.

Unfortunately, Rod has in the last few years lost sight
of this as his musical career has moved away from what
he'd consider to be a serious look at his work.

The anguished vocals in his early work, such as "Ain't
A Love A Bitch" and "Ain't No Love A Bitch" on Foolish
Behaviour again. Singing about "playfully deranged love
letters," ways to kill his wife, and of course "Passion,"
Stewart has concocted an LP highlighted by several rous-
ing rockers, but dragged down by the saccharine halt.

It's therefore a small, unexpected pleasure to report
that Rod is up to Foolish Behaviour again. Singing about
"poorly conceived love letters," ways to kill his wife,
and of course "Passion," Stewart has concocted an LP
highlighted by several rousing rockers, but dragged
down by the saccharine halt.

The album is a mixed bag. The more personal and
emotional songs are well done, with Stewart's vocals

Grace Slick
Grace Slick's Second Solo Effort

Grace Slick's second solo effort, Foolish Behaviour, is
a mixed bag. The more personal and
emotional songs are well done, with Stewart's vocals

Jorma Kaukonen
Barbecue King
RCA AQL1-3725

Former Jefferson Airplane member Jorma Kaukonen
emerged from the late 60's
San Francisco music scene as one of its most popular
lead guitarists. His subsequent work with
Airplane bassist Jack Casady, as Hot Tuna, and his
impressive acoustic, solo ef-
fort, Quah, displayed a reperto-
ire that ranged from acid
rock to Jorma's own acoustic
sound. On his latest release,
Barbecue King, Jorma
returns to some of his earlier
classical guitar styles, but still
makes substantial concep-
tions to prevalent musical
conventions.

"Running with the Fast
Crow," a hard rock and
roll number that opens the
album, works surprisingly
well, though, that the most
popular songs among hard-
core fans will be
"Roads and Roads" and "To
Hate Is To Stay Young.
They present Jorma in his
most comfortable and
familiar musical settings,
where ingraining chord pro-
gressions and leads are back-
ed up by tight, rock/blues
rhythms.

Other songs, such as the
reggae-infused "Love Is
Strange," seem more contriv-
ed and point out Jorma's sometimes weak lyrics and
limited voice. A bright spot on
these lesser songs is the
eclectic rhythms set down
by bassist Denny Degorio
and drummer John Stench,
which are a vast improve-
ment over those of former
Hot Tuna drummer Bob
Steele.

Jorma is getting older and
his music now seems to
reflect his fear of decline
and lack of direction. Possibly he feels that he is losing
contact with the rock world, and thus in "Snout Psalm"
he writes about finding a place in the world.

Unfortunately this is not true for Grace's second solo
effort.

Entitled Welcome to the
Wrecking Ball, this album
can aptly be described as a
hazardous listening ex-
perience. It is overloaded
with screeching, screaming
guitars and vocals that are
not only disagreeable, but of-
fensive. Grace's potentially
powerful and evocative voice is simply wasted on
senseless, irritating howls.

Wrecking Ball attains an ad-
vanced stage of heavy metal,
surpassed only by the likes of
Aerosmith and Deep Purple.

This album should prove
especially disappointing to
those who have enjoyed
Grace Slick's musical con-
tributions of the past. And
unless you're into musical
debris and wounded ears,
this is one Wrecking Ball you
should be sure to avoid.

- David Henkoff

Don McLean
Chain Lightning
Millennium BXL1-7756

The late Buddy Holly was
and continues to be an in-
spiration to countless musi-
cians. Yet probably no artist
has been touched by Holly as
much as Don McLean.

In 1971, McLean released the
timeless "American Pie,"
which recalled the day Bud-
y Holly - and the music -
died. The song deserved
much of the credit for the 70's
Buddy Holly revival.

Originally released in
Europe in 1978, Chain
Lightning gives a new
overall fine effort. The album
is comprised of six original
songs and five covers, and
promises to offer a wide
range of styles, from a hard
rock power ballad to a
mellow acoustic ballad.

One can bet that Buddy
would have been proud.

Playfully deranged Rod Stewart

The Two Tons
Backatcha
Fantasy/Honey F-9605

One can sympathize with
The Two Tons for foregoing
their reputation as a premier
disco group and instead
devoting their new album to
softer, more easy-listening
numbers. Such is the trend
in soul music, after all, and
in order to make a living
the group has apparently deci-
ded to follow this trend.

But Backatcha, The Two
Tons' second album, is as
humourless as it is discoless,
and as disposable as it is bland. Martha Walsh and
Izora Armstead became an
overnight disco sensation with the release last year of
their first album, Two Tons O' Fun. Songs such as "Got
the feeling" and "Earth can be just like Heaven" made it
to every DJ's top ten list, and
for good reason. Their songs,
possessing a musical blend that is poetic with the
rite. Walsh and Armstead
back up the sizzling
women with their bouncy,
maternal charm and their
spiritual, gospel-oriented
music proved to be a delight.

But times change and
Bond's disco in Manhattan
now plays New Wave music.
Expecting some anachronistic
consistency from a group as comercial-
ly vulnerable as The Two
Tons is probably asking for
too much. Listening to The
Two Tons drone through
such passionless, uninspired
numbers as "I Depend on
You" and "Your Love is Gon-
na See Me Through," one
might wonder if the band
has so obviously seen
its last days.

- Andrew Kirtzman
Books

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   best!" Time magazine
   A Film by John Sayles

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   A FILM BY
   "TEN YEARS 71" 1945

   "I was captivated by the
   THE SHADOW OF HITS!
   A FANTASTIC ANTHEM TELLING
   "TESS"
   As recently today as the day it was written

Three Mile Island
Mark Stephens
Random House
233 pages with glossary.
$11.95 hardcover

By Dom Manno

Written by a Stanford professor of public relations who served as a staff member on the presidential commission that studied the TMI accident, this book is subtitled "The Hour-By-Hour Account of What Really Happened." Its major achievement is that it is precisely what it is. Its major flaw is that it is nothing more.

Three Mile Island is as exhausting as it is exhausting, a failure-by-failure recounting of the most serious accident in nuclear power's brief history. Few of its contents have not been revealed before, but Stephens' book is significant nonetheless as the first substantial account of the accident written for the general public.

TMI is the story of information—what had it, who didn't, who wanted it, and who was trying to hide it. Stephens, who is also a freelance journalist, manages to mete out the blame to just about everyone involved and the only party in the story that emerges with a conditional pardon is the press. This is an interesting judgment on Stephens' part, since the various governmental commissions investigating the accident could find fault only with the press. That each camp could so easily blame the other guys, is an indication of how muddied a matter TMI remains.

Stephens' book paints the entire 1979 episode as an unsettling comedy of errors, featuring the government's and Metropolitan Edison's frequently uninformed, often evasive, and sometimes panic-stricken response to near-disaster. Although this book tapped around what almost happened at TMI, The Philadelphia Inquirer's Pulitzer Prize-winning reporting estimated that the plant came within 26 minutes of a meltdown, which would have necessitated a complete evacuation of all or part of six states for the next quarter of a million years.

One of the more disturbing revelations in TMI is that nuclear reactor operators are not trained to operate a nuclear reactor. "There is," Stephens says, "no significant attempt to teach understanding of the system and the ability to reason through accident problems." The nuclear power industry relies instead on what it calls Emergency Procedures, detailed plans for dealing with problems. There is, the operators are taught, an EP for every possible problem. Apparently, this arrogant planning philosophy pervades the industry, which is disturbing indeed, since there were no specific EPs to deal with the multiplicity of problems that aros at TMI.

The book's faults are seeded in Stephens' attempts at objectivity. His painstaking attention to technical details sacrifices clarity for accuracy in the first two chapters, which describe exactly what went wrong with the TMI reactor. The reading gets easier after that but remains a bloodless, passionless account of the accident and its immediate aftermath. It fails, as well, to outline the long-range government and industry response to the accident. And it fails to mention what steps, if any, have been taken to prevent it all from happening again.

An interesting but chilling note to close on: the TMI reactor still has not been completely shut down, primarily because the systems employed to halt the reaction have failed or were destroyed in the original accident. Almost two years after the accident, the reactor is still generating enough heat to warm several thousand homes and Stephens notes that the reactor is still relying on a single safety system in every major area of plant operation.

Should but one of those systems fail before the reactor is cleaned up and repaired (between six months and two years from now, if ever Met Ed raises the money), the TMI crisis would resume where it left off in April 1979. Only this time there would be no safety systems at all to save the plant.

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But Is The Boullion Worth It?

The Gold Standard
1107 S. 47th St.
729-6707

By Ken Goldberg

Anarchy: "A utopian society having no government and made up of individuals who enjoy complete freedom". Webster's definition of this word embodies the philosophy of The Gold Standard. If anarchy brings to mind a musty cellar filled with bearded bomb-makers, however, you will be in for a surprise; this restaurant serves excellent continental cuisine amid linen and fine silver.

The anarchist attitude is bred by the owners, who give every employee a voice in making up the menu (which changes every week), and a chance to pick his or her own hours. This was the idea from the beginning, when two Penn professors decided to get together with an undergraduate and escape the pressures of academia. Together, they renovated a Chinese laundry, pried out silverware and a name everyone liked, and opened The Gold Standard. A year and a half later, they still take turns doing the cooking and vacuuming the carpet.

Like a true anarchist, The Gold Standard is not easily found. We enlisted the aid of a couple on 34th Street who informed us that they had spent a half-hour louvering. A gracious maitre d' showed us to our table in the elegant dining room. Warm peach-colored walls and detailed eggshell molding enclose less than ten tables. A minor complaint should be voiced about the large wooden cabinet at one end, which contains silverware and linen and must be noisily accessed every time an item is needed.

Don't let this distract you from the hand-lettered menu, which lists a choice of appetizer, soup, entree, salad, and dessert. Note the order; here dinner is served Italian style with salad following the main course. A complete dinner will be exchanged for $17.50 on weekends and $14.50 during the week.

The green fettucini was amazing. I could barely stop eating this appetizer in order to give my partner a taste. When I did, however, she traded a delicate cheese pastry enveloped in multiple layers of flaky crust. Cream of broccoli soup included well-chopped bits of fresh vegetable soaking in a rich, buttery broth. Portions are small and leave your appetite intact.

After a gracious pause, we were served our entrees: Pork New Orleans and Chicken alla Panna. Fork-sized pieces of roast pork glazed with an orange sauce were tangy while retaining a full pork flavor. The chicken was a bit dry; overall, though, each course was consistently enjoyable, which is surprising, since no less than five people had a hand in the cooking.

That is what makes The Gold Standard outstanding: a final appearance of calm deliberation after a madhouse of unstructured preparation. The attitude comes through, though, in the considerate service and even in the food, which seems to cooperate gracefully.

So if you're in the mood for an unpretentious meal in a refined setting, then go west to The Gold Standard, an exemplar of anarchist dining.
The Wit And Wisdom Of Champ Bob Backlund

By Neil Kaplan

Hero to the tens of thousands of Saturday afternoon wrestling fans on Channel 17, the undisputed champion of the World Wrestling Federation, Bob Backlund was here in the Spectrum to defend his title. But was there anyone in the arena on this night with an IQ of over 75?

Everyone has watched professional wrestling at one time or another. Usually at the age of eight, however, one realizes that it is a physical impossibility for anyone to survive a legitimate flying knee-drop to the neck from the top rope. At this point in time, watching wrestling is resorted to when "Gilligan's Island" is the only other option.

The Spectrum's P.R. man left Backlund sitting alone in a small private locker room. The champion, doing violent sit-ups against a wall, looked like an enlarged version of the Empire State Building clad only in shorts.

Throughout the interview, Backlund stood, flexing his muscles. Backlund was a very experienced interviewer and a reporter could never get the upper hand. He wasn't going to say anything new about his "sport." He fielded most questions with ease, and those of a sensitive nature, if felt it for real, Bob didn't care. Ask me about the "media is jealous of our profession," which is the reason why the media pays little attention to the prowrestling program. Whether you like the Grand Wizard or not.

serious on seeing someone like the Grand Wizard with his four-color pants, 3-D glasses, and turban?

B: You'd probably like to be the Grand Wizard.

34: I'm sure, but what I mean is how can this be taken seriously all the time?

B: You wouldn't take being the Grand Wizard seriously?

34: No, people looking at the Grand Wizard, say, "Oh, they're a cult." People new to the sport.

B: Like, I don't take a football game too seriously either.

Laughter was restrained by his intimidating size and visions of months at HUP.

After saying that wrestling has "more fans than any other sport," Backlund stated that the "media is jealous of our profession," which is the reason why the media pays little attention to the prowrestling program. Whether you like the Grand Wizard or not.

The wrestling fans see a fantastic show, and evil were scheduled that night.

The world of wrestling is a protracted, open-ended soap opera. What appears to be on the surface a shameless farce for the credulous masses is in fact a loosely-planned melodrama that plays week after week in nearly every hamlet in the Western world. There are clean-cut good guys, midnight cowboys, Nazis, grotesque human blunders, evil-masked men who may be moonlighting parish priests, masochistic whimps, calcified fossils, bandy-legged midgets, and "glamorous" lady wrestlers. To complete the managerie, there are managers like "The Grand Wizard of Wrestling," a polyester prince replete with sequined turban and cat-eye wrap-around sunglasses, and an impenitent band of referees, the Keystone Kops of the wrestling ring.

One recent Saturday night at the Spectrum, champion Bob Backlund ("The All-American Boy") was to do battle with the despicable crypto-Nazi Sergeant Slaughter, a bloated, balding leftover from the Third Reich, fresh from his hideout in the Argentina pampas and racing to settle World War II once and for all.

Eleven other bouts between the avatars of good and evil were scheduled that night. Another match featured "The Incredible Hulk Hogan," billed as a seven-foot 320 lb. muscle-bound giant from Venice Beach, California against Dominic DeNucci, an aging crowd favorite. Hogan was jeered throughout the fight but overcame the odds nonetheless, thanks mostly to a foot-long metal rod he had concealed in his trunks.

As the crowd hushed for the main event, banners began to appear, bearing such messages as "Howdy Doody Backlund," and "Skin Backlund. Go Slaughter." Slaughter soon emerged, in Nazi regalia, toting a small riding whip. Backlund burst into the ring, and, unable to conceal his enthusiasm, attacked Slaughter even before the match.

By Robert Wojtowicz

I've been a wrestling fan for the last ten years, and although I don't follow it the way I used to, it's comforting to know that when I turn on the tube on a Saturday afternoon, that reptilian announcer with the baritone voice will still be plugging his "action-packed card of professional wrestling," and advising "discretionary viewer participation."

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Even after several months' of inattention, one can easily pick up the plot. Bad guys become good guys, those who don't capture the fan's fancy are dismissed or shipped to another league, while the principle characters remain immortal.

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Floor seating included, the Spectrum was only about half-full. Although men seemed to outnumber women, the crowd consisted of a loosely-planned melodrama that plays week after week in nearly every hamlet in the Western world. There are clean-cut good guys, midnight cowboys, Nazis, grotesque human blunders, evil-masked men who may be moonlighting parish priests, masochistic whimps, calcified fossils, bandy-legged midgets, and "glamorous" lady wrestlers. To complete the managerie, there are managers like "The Grand Wizard of Wrestling," a polyester prince replete with sequined turban and cat-eye wrap-around sunglasses, and an impenitent band of referees, the Keystone Kops of the wrestling ring.

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As soon as he could walk, but that women, his daughter included, had no place in wrestling.

When asked about his college career as opposed to his present one, Backlund said that his college coach was proud of him.

Despite the put-on, Backlund was reasonably articulate and sedate, which was a far cry from his ringside demeanor. It is hard to imagine a greater contrast between the low-key and very friendly man in the locker room, and the madman in the ring.

**Backlund Speaks Out**

On his life as a professional wrestler: "I'm happy with my life. Every day of my life is a pleasure. When I get up in the morning, I don't say, 'Oh gee whiz, I gotta go to work. I gotta go do something I don't wanna do. I can't wait til the weekend.' Every day of my life is a pleasure because I'm happy with what I'm doing."

On his family life: "Well, I'm gone a lot, I have a little girl named Carrie and my wife's name is Corky. We try to spend as much time as we can with the other but sometimes it's kinda hard. They know I'm happy (as a wrestler) so when I'm happy, they're happy."

On drugs in sports: "I've never had any drugs in my whole life. I don't believe in it. I work hard at what I do. I don't think they're necessary in any sport. But if you got a guy taking drugs and your team isn't, you're gonna be in trouble cause you're hitting them guys and they can't feel it and your guys can feel it. Those guys are so doped up that they don't know whether they're on a football field or a basketball field or a baseball field or not. You knock them down or you do something to them and they're gonna get up and make like nothin' ever happened."

On other people in wrestling: "Wrestlers aren't my friends."

On reporters: "I don't take reporters too seriously."

On the media and its coverage of professional wrestling: "It could be better . . . the media is jealous of our profession. If we don't need them, why have them? And if they're gonna knock our profession, then we don't need them."
A Flickering Roman Candle

Tess
Starring Natassia Kinski and Peter Firth
Directed by Roman Polanski
At the Ritz

By Bill Van Orden

Irving Thalberg, MGM mogul of the 20s and 30s, had a famous criterion for editing films... his posterior. He knew a scene was too long when it itched.

Apparent current-cutting standards at American studios are no more sophisticated. Because when Columbia Pictures acquired the U.S. distribution rights to Roman Polanski's adaptation of Hardy's Tess of the D'Urbervilles — a joint French-English production which Polanski filmed in Normandy in 1978 — they cut about forty minutes from the film. American audiences, they must have reasoned, would not sit still for four hours of costume drama. Remember the Gone With The Wind box-office disaster.

So instead of the grand taut epic that less itchy Europeans have been able to enjoy for over a year, we must content ourselves with something closer to a loose, lugubrious Barry Lyndon of a film. More lamentations later.

Even in its reduced state, Tess is a considerable film. Hardy is ideal for film: his dialogue is not internal, his plots are simple and dramatic, and his metaphors are visual. And Polanski is ideal for Hardy. Both share an affinity for characters victimized by fate and feeling for evil beneath the surface of beauty. Tess is the story of a beautiful Wessex girl who is raped by one man, abandoned by another, and eventually captured as a murderer at Stonehenge. Her 19th-century world is a pastoral threatened by the grotesque, and this atmosphere of impending tragedy is perfectly captured by Polanski's slow tense cinematography. In this regard, the film is more than faithful; it seems to be an act of love.

Tess is also perhaps the best-cost adaptation I have seen. Natassia Kinski as Tess is beautiful, and everyone else in the film acts beautifully. Not that Kinski doesn't act, it's just that her performance is more akin to Bergman or Garbo than to ordinary screen performers. The camera is more with the audience acts, but she reacts. Her face becomes a mirror of the landscape. Some may expect more spank from Tess, but I think this is a revisionist view of Hardy. Polanski's camera clearly loves Kinski the way Hardy loved his heroine. Leigh Lawson as Alec D'Urberville, Tess's first suitor, gives us a character deeper than Hardy's conception, a seducer who feels real pain. The complexity of Peter Firth's fine performance as Angel Clare, Tess's second love, however, is ruined by the cuts made for the shortened version of the film, as key sympathetic building scenes have been removed. The bit characters are uniformly excellent.

The enchanting Natassia Kinski as Tess

Each is individually alive and touched by a gleam of the perverse, especially John Collin as Tess's father, whose reaction to scenes to be holding back an explosion.

So, you may well be asking, just what is it that the long version has that the shorter version does not? Sense. Artists like Polanski know how to make length work for them; how to slowly, fascinatingly fill out characters into full complicated beings. But studio executives think that interest is synonymous with action, so they have kept the story of Tess, but left its meaning on the cutting room floor. There is also another smaller casualty: Philippe Sarde's lyrical original score has been chopped to a kind of corny dramatic punctuation, the sonic equivalent of too many exclamation marks.

The irony is that the shorter version is duller. The audience I watched it with itched, squirmed, and even laughed occasionally. They had not lived with the characters in their quiet moments so they were sometimes baffled by their violent moments. When I had the good fortune to see the longer version about a year ago, the audience did not move or make a noise; they were too busy untying the knots in their stomachs. Their identification with the characters was complete.

Tess is still a well-acted, very pretty film, and its residual intelligence makes it more worthwhile than all but a few of the other current releases. But if you ever get the chance to see it in full length, take my advice: read the book, sell the ranch, pay any price, and by all means do.

Disney's Lousey Taust

The Devil And Max Devlin
Starring Elliot Gould and Bill Cosby
Directed by Steven Hilliard Stern
At the Midtown

By William Kahn

Following in the footsteps of Tab Hunter (Damn Yankees) and Dudley Moore (Bedazzled), dour Elliot Gould gets a crack at a Faustian character in Walt Disney's The Devil And Max Devlin. Gould (Devlin) plays a despicable landlord, who, when run over by a busload of Hare Krishnas, quickly descends into the boardroom of hell.

In hell, Gould meets his counsel, the dapper Bill Cosby, and comes upon a choice: either he go to purgatory's dreaded "Level Four", or he corrupt three souls. Beginning to sound familiar?

Alas, the three are hardly worth corrupting. Julie Budd, a Streisand clone except for being more pretentious, is tempted by singing success. Unfortunately, her repertoire consists of only one song, repeated ad nauseam; and the most Californian of individuals would be hard pressed to enjoy the corruption of wimpy David Knell whose goal is winning a motocross racing championship.

The focus of Devlin's efforts, though, are deservedly spent on Adam "Eight is Enough" Rich, who is a perfect foil for Gould. Portraying an extremely precocious child, Rich turns the cutesy script to his advantage as he plays matronly for his divorced mother, Susan Anspach. She, in turn, contributes little beyond numerous "gee white" smiles.

As the predictable conclusion approaches, one yearns for a little spontaneity in the various performances. Gould's alternating between schemer and slob grows boring and the script doesn't even afford him the occasional wisecrack of The Last Flight of Noah's Ark, his last foray into children's films. This, therefore, leaves the burden of wit on Bill Cosby's able shoulders. Seen infrequently, Cosby lives his scenes with wry villainy, whether hamming it up in a disco or noting Rich's counter-conniving ("Kid's got potential"). Cosby is always a welcome relief from the tedious proceedings.

Abandoning their monopoly on G-rated films, the Disney Studio is searching for a broader audience. The Black Hole heralded their first effort in this direction. Their new venture into the PG market, The Devil And Max Devlin, may excite youngsters unfamiliar with the Satanic tale, but its made-for-TV spirit will leave older viewers listless. Where's Fred MacMurray when you need him?
Confucius Say Take A Chan

By Peter Canellos

In a movie season that has been marked by the return of such pre-war crimefighters as Flash Gordon and Popeye, the big screen comeback of Oriental sleuth Charlie Chan comes as no surprise.

What is surprising is that Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen is as entertaining as it is. A light-hearted parody of the detective genre that spawned it, the film never takes itself or its characters too seriously, which is a blessing considering the pretentiousness and pomposity of some previous Chan films.

The plot has the great detective called out of retirement to help the San Francisco police unravel a series of "bizarre killings." While in San Francisco, Chan is aided by his half-Chinese, half-Jewish grandson, Lee Chan Jr., who has grown up in the home of his maternal grandmother, Mrs. Lupowitz.

At the same time, the entire Lupowitz household (which includes the obligatory assortment of suspicious servants) is being shadowed by the Dragon Queen, a woman whom Chan had sent to prison 30 years previously for the murder of Mrs. Lupowitz's philandering husband, Bernard.

The cast, which features an odd combination of former television and stage performers, seems to revel at the chance to play light comedy. As Charlie Chan, the talented Peter Ustinov spouts his fortune cookie euphemisms with charm and wit. The great detective has never been more likeable or amusing.

Ustinov's performance is matched by those of Lee Grant, who plays the coldness and volatility of Mrs. Lupowitz to perfection, and the late Rachel Roberts as the hilariously schizophrenic maid. Richard Hatch, late of television's execrable Battlestar Galactica, represents himself nicely as the bumbling Lee Chan Jr., as does talented newcomer Michele Pfeiffer as his dippy fiancee.

Not all the performers have the same success. Angie Dickinson, whose film career received a big boost with her part in last summer's blockbuster, Dressed to Kill, has taken a giant step backwards in accepting the tiny, one-dimensional role of the nonsensical Dragon Queen. In addition, Roddy McDowall never really clicks as the wheelchair-ridden butler.

The script, despite its consistent good humor, is unable to build the needed tension surrounding the bizarre killings and the comedy scenes are essentially superficial and devoid of irony. The same can be said of the dialogue, which, particularly during the early scenes, lacks sufficient inspiration.

Charlie Chan and the Curse of the Dragon Queen is hardly a classic comedy or even a riveting satire. It is, however, a likeable and humorous film, and given the state of the industry today, you could do far worse for your entertainment dollars.

Where There's A Will . . .

Melvin and Howard

Starring Paul Le Mat and Jason Robards
Directed by Jonathan Demme
Opens tomorrow at the Midtown

By Margot Cohen

It is no accident that the Rolling Stones' refrain "I can't get no satisfaction" is heard more than once in Melvin and Howard. The characters in this film relentlessly search for happiness, chasing after goals they ultimately realize have no value.

No one is in the Nevada desert to assist Howard Hughes, a millionaire thrilled by danger and isolation, after a motorcycle accident. Hours later, Melvin Dummar drives by and discovers him twitching in the dirt. Though Howard appears to be a wino, Melvin picks him up and tries to take him to a doctor.

This trip is destined to change Melvin's life. Upon reaching Las Vegas, Melvin gives Howard some loose change, rekindling Howard's faith in humanity. He, in return, leaves him $156 million in a notoriously contested will.

Although he is only on the screen for roughly 20 minutes, Jason Robards, as Hughes, perfectly captures the essence of the troubled recluse. He speaks in a weary, understated manner, showing an underlying sense of humor.

The film, though, centers on the working-class life of Melvin, living in a mobile home with his wife and daughter. He shifts helplessly from job to job, determined to find something that will comfortably support his family. Paul Le Mat, as Dummar, gives a sincere performance as a man who seeks "the good life."

Television, and the plastic values it represents, dominates his life. The set is constantly drolling in the background. Melvin tries to be "Milkman of the Month" in order to win a new TV with all the trimmings; his wife competes on a game show called "Gateway To Easy Street." Later, when the will is discovered, television cameras pre-empt his family life.

Yet the characters' ability to transcend a tawdry environment, makes this film uplifting. Melvin loves his first wife, second wife, and children, and realizes the inheritance would mean nothing without them. The movie is a reaffirmation of the family and the importance of struggling.

In Melvin and Howard, "Easy Street" proves to be a false promise. It is therefore fitting that the real Melvin Dummar -- he never became a millionaire -- is given a bit part. His appearance reminds us that this is a film about real people with real lifestyles. How rare this seems, in a television age of glitzy superficiality.
No Pinhead Here

By John S. Marshall

When one thinks of the Ramones, one pictures grammar-school dropouts whose minds are atrophied from too much glue-sniffing, and who somehow found guitars, learned three chords, and created the punk sound. But as I observed the group backstage following an explosive, 114 decibel performance, I found the Ramones so normal that to call them punks seems inaccurate.

Johnny was relaxing on a couch, drinking a beer, a shy smile on his face as he said to the sound man, "What was that echo thing on the end of 'Let's Dance'?"

"It's supposed to be there, but something went wrong."

"No," said Johnny, "I just want to cut it off right at the end."

Dee Dee, wearing glasses, was packing a bag and talking to two punked-out girls. Marky was immersed in last week's 34th Street. And standing well over six feet tall, brushing his mass of hair away from his cartoon character face, Joey was the most talkative.

"I thought it was a pretty good show," he told me, "although some things got fucked up, like the lighting. And for 'Beat on the Brat' I wanted to come out with these big inflatable baseball ding bongs, or whatever they're called over here, and they'll be happy for the rest of their lives. And the way it works in America, when there's a trend going, everybody is trying to get the same sound or the same producer. The thing about the Ramones is that we've always gone against the grain, because we do it our way, and we want to convert rather than go with the flow.

34: What do you say to people who say you sold out on your last album, End of the Century, which had such non-punk elements as keyboards and strings?

Joey: Well, the way I looked at us, there was never any boundaries that said we couldn't do this or couldn't do that. From the time we started, I always thought that we could do anything we wanted to do. So we did. I think it was done tastefully and I'm really pleased with it. And I think if you do anything tastefully, then it's all computerized shit. It's sickening, really.

34: What direction will your next album take?

Joey: We start a new album next month for a summer release, with a new producer. His name is Graham Gouldman. He's associated with 10CC and he's... he's an artistic producer, let's say. He's also a songwriter. He wrote "For Your Love" and "Heart Full of Soul" for the Yardbirds. As far as what direction, it kind of waits to be seen. We don't know, ourselves - we haven't met the guy yet. I guess we're going in a slightly different direction, though, we're still us. It depends on the nature of the song, really. And this time we wrote an overabundance of songs, about thirty, and we're gonna pick out the twelve strongest songs, to make it a little stronger album.

34: So do you think America is finally ready for the Ramones?

Joey: I guess the mass majority of the country is really ready for it now. You know, I feel like we're the original underdogs, and it's funny because six years ago New Wave or whatever you want to call it wasn't acceptable, and within the last year it has been acceptable. The kids are finally coming around to us. It's the most gratifying thing. They want to see a real good, energy show, get all their aggression and frustration out, and have a good time as well. And they know they're not getting it by sitting in an arena with 20,000 other kids, watching a Toto show or something. The greatest thing in the world is havin' a real dedicated following, and it's definately getting larger all the time. We're a whole united thing, and we're all one in this mess together, for the same reason. You know, a lot of people thought "Rock and Roll Radio" was a real great song, but it's really the beginning, lookin' into the future kind of a song, making that statement, you know, that it's up to everybody to keep rock and roll alive, by calling up your radio station and just not letting them down. There's really nothing left you can do, and that's not true, because the public still really has the control, when it comes down to it.

Articulate joey: "Gabba gabba hey!"

They're gonna do it, they're gonna do it, and you have nothing to say about it, and you have nothing to say about it, and you have nothing to say about it. That's the government that decides the future and destiny of all of us, and if they decide to do us in, that's it. So make the best of things.

34: What were you thinking about when Lennon died?

Joey: I was really depressed. The night before I stayed up all night to read that Playboy interview, and it really inspired me. I was into a positive thing, trying to get rock and roll alive again when the major corporations are totally disgusted with what the major corporations are doing, and they call me up and we started it. And we want to convert rather than go with the flow.

34: Everybody's influenced by a million types of music, and there's three songwriters in the band, so it's not any one format.

Joey: When we decided to do that album with Phil Spector... he approached us three years ago. And the new stuff that they're calling music now, to me is crap. It's muzak, especially all the synthesizer shit. Let's say Kansas, or Genesis, or Yes... I don't know. I just don't like things that are prefabscrated and sterile. At least Devo is amusing. But there's no guts, there's no imagination, and there's not a true human quality in music today. It's all computerized shit. It's sickening, really.

34: How did the Ramones start?

Joey: Around 1974 music went downhill altogether, by that time it was losing out. That's when we came along, to keep it alive, because we were totally disgusted with what the major corporation was doing to music. It's like a selling game, and everything has to sound exactly the same. It's just sickening, it's such a business. Well, Johnny and Dee Dee wanted to put something together. I was doing other things, and they called me up and we started it. And we had a sound that really had balls, you know? We kind of revolutionized rock all over again, and since we've come out, there's a whole new attitude in music. There are about a million bands that follow what we started doing.

34: What did you think of the Sex Pistols, and Sid Vicious?

Joey: I thought they were great, the Sex Pistols. And Sid Vicious was the brains (laughs). He was a wild guy. But at times I felt like we were into a positive thing, trying to get rock and roll going again when the major corporations were trying to destroy it. And then a band like the Sex Pistols comes out and says, destroy this, destroy that. I thought, to me, any moron can destroy, but on the other hand, to create and build something up takes a lot more brains. I guess by '77 we thought that the whole thing would kind of catch on faster, like a Beatle-
By Howard Gensler

"We're at a real low time for women's roles," said Blair Brown, currently starring in Altered States, in which she plays a noted anthropologist. "This is opposed to a few years ago when films like Turning Point, Julia, and Girlfriends were being made." But the problem is not a lack of women working today in Hollywood. "There's no reason to be sexist. Women don't need women for good parts."

Blair Brown is an attractive redhead who dropped out of college to attend the National Theatre School of Canada. She has appeared Off-Broadway in Love And Maple Syrup, at the New York Shakespeare Festival with the lead in Joseph Papp's production of The Threepenny Opera, and with repertory companies everywhere, including the prestigious Long Wharf Theatre Company in Connecticut, to which she will return this spring. Her work in television has also been extensive with appearances in Marcus Welby, The Rockford Files, the pilot episode of The Oregon Trail, and a starring role in the mini-series adaptation of Taylor Caldwell's Captains And The Kings. It was during the production of this romantic adventure that Brown met and fell in love with on-screen lover Richard Jordan. The two now live together in a castle in Malibu unable to watch the medium that brought them together. "It would cost us $5000 to have television cables installed. It's just not worth it," Brown says. Besides, the always busy couple is rarely home to do anything. "We spend a lot of time flying to meet each other," she says.

With numerous film credits behind her, most notably The Paper Chase, Brown made her first important big screen appearance last November, in Paul Simon's One-Trick Pony. In the film, Brown played Simon's wife, a woman frustrated by her husband's prolonged adolescence. The film was poorly received and still has not played many major markets.

"One-Trick Pony was not an enjoyable experience. It's hard to make movies by committee," she says, "and this one was very poorly handled by the studio." Brown regretted the film was pushed in conjunction with the up-beat soundtrack album, because the two were not at all similar. "The movie is very low-key," she says.

Although the results were not entirely satisfying, Brown did find it interesting working with many of the "non-professional" actors cast in the film because they often looked at things in a different way and it's good to get a new perspective. "But it's harder to work with non-professional actors. It's like working with children and animals."

Brown, though, is very pleased with Altered States. "(Director) Ken Russell is a very brave man," she says. "He's not crazy like people think. He has a great respect for actors and he expects the best from everyone around him." During the film's rehearsals, Russell had the actors run through the entire script as if it were a play — without any of Bran Ferren's dazzling special effects — going so far as to have the actors move around furniture to change the settings. "Filmmakers are benevolent dictators and you have to trust them. Unfortunately, some aren't worth trusting."

"It's nice to see movies you feel like you haven't seen before and I don't think that's often the case. It's as if television has bled into the movies. Characters must be instantly likeable and extremely simplistic." Blair Brown would like to change this. In the future, she hopes to get roles with depth, playing characters like "Norma Rae" and "Loretta Lynn", and working with directors like Fosse, Coppolla and Scorcese. "I want to start playing characters that don't look like me," she adds. She also would like to put the knowledge she's gathered on film sets to use as a director.

This summer, Brown will be seen in Michael Apted's romantic comedy Continental Divide with a slimmed-down John Belushi. For now, though, it's Altered States, which Brown considers her most satisfying experience to date as an actress.

With talent which can handle everything from Shakespeare to Kurt Weill, there should be many more satisfying experiences in what should be a long, productive career.

Blair Brown chats with director Ken Russell (l.) and co-star William Hurt

Grappling

(Continued from page 7)

room into the hallway, kicked the dressing room door open and disappeared inside. Apparently, the announcer had let slip to the fans that Backlund and Slaughter would engage in a "Steel Cage Match" next month at the Spectrum. (In this type of match, a steel fence is built around the ring and the first combatant to crawl out of it during the match wins.)

"A steel cage match!" Slaughter screamed. "He didn't tell me nothin' about no fuckin' steel cage match." Slaughter than threw a large trash can at the wall, barely missing a college kid who escaped by diving under a table. A teenage girl in the room turned to one of the policemen and shrieked, "We need a little protection in here!"

Hey, Sis, theater is not a pretty thing.

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This Week

Film

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<td>4 stars</td>
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<td>John Merrick gets Lynch'd in this Nightly acclaimed film. (Rittenhouse, 19th &amp; Walnut, 567-4066)</td>
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<td>MARTY W FROM HERE TO ETERNITY</td>
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Theater

Emlyn's Dickens: Genius At Work

Emlyn Williams as Charles Dickens
At the Walnut Street Theatre

By Lois Spoont

When you are in the presence of genius you know it. Emlyn Williams, in his current one-man show as Charles Dickens at the Walnut St. Theatre, established this as a fact from the moment he appeared on stage, and with his performance continued on into the realm of the magical.

As Williams presented familiar passages from Dickens' works, and articulated his body in a way that recalled the author's riding in horse and carriage through the devastated streets of Paris during the French Revolution, the audience was aware they were seeing a precious gem sparkling in front of its eyes. It then hit home that this gem is in fact a distinguished actor, author, and Dicken'sian scholar.

If anything could be said to be a minus in this evening, it was the difficulty experienced in getting accustomed to Williams' accent, and recalling the characters from the works Williams chose to work from. By the second act, however, Williams' Dickens was a comfortable companion, and his multifaceted views, and the people and events important in his life were familiar matters for the audience to consider.

Dickens was most definitely a product of 19th century England, well acquainted with its grinding poverty and dehumanizing labor conditions. Why can we then today enjoy Williams as Dickens? Even though we all love being beamed upon by a genius occasionally, there has to be something more to it than the aura of enchantment Williams creates, and there is. It's those universal imperatives that hold true one hundred years ago, and still hold true today, the absolutes that recognize us all to be the striving creatures that we are.

The staging complements Williams' work ideally. Robert Crawley's artistic and understated lighting beams abstract shapes upon red velvet, followed by cross beams of green highlights.

Music

Robert Fipp
Avant-garde guitarist brings two tape machines and himself to Houston Hall Auditorium to produce some unusual sounds. Three shows: Fri 8:30, Sat 1 p.m. and 8:30.

Richie Havens
Some may remember this gentleman from his伍参照木出现ance, others for his fine cover version of "Here Comes the Sun." He's in for four shows at the Ritz, Fri and Sat, 8:30 and 11:30 p.m.

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Emlyn Williams as "Charles Dickens" at the Walnut St. Theatre

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Dickens was most definitely a product of 19th century England, well acquainted with its grinding poverty and dehumanizing labor conditions. Why can we then today enjoy Williams as Dickens? Even though we all love being beamed upon by a genius occasionally, there has to be something more to it than the aura of enchantment Williams creates, and there is. It's those universal imperatives that hold true one hundred years ago, and still hold true today, the absolutes that recognize us all to be the striving creatures that we are.

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Williams as Charles