CARP Decrees Alleged Deprogramming of Leader

By ROBERT WODOWICZ

of a campus group influence the person's behavior with respect to his faith or lifestyle? CARP (Community Action for Religious Peace) was part of a kidnapping case. These people must be removed from the university campus. The purpose of the space for CARP is to educate people about the things they believe in. B. "We don't want to negotiate with them. They're crazy," he said. At the University of Pennsylvania, the student association is a part of the university's education. It's important for the university to continue to support CARP in their efforts to educate people. C. "Friends and the University administration are fully committed to stopping the depopulation of their campus. The depopulation is dangerous because if people are depopulated, their rights are violated."

SelectionProcess
For President
May Stay Secret
Student, Faculty Role Weighed

By W. ANDREW HAMPTON

A proposal being studied by the Trustees would limit nominations to university officials. The selection process for the university president is currently open to anyone. "We're trying to get in touch with my family or with my friends," he said. "I've called several friends and they've told me that they're not interested."}

Copyright 1981 The Daily Pennsylvanian
founded 1885

Vol. X( VII. No. 53
PHILA DIPLOS, Thursday, April 14, 1981

Search for student role as president continues; trustees to receive nominations

The Board of Trustees will consider a change in the selection process for the university president. The change would limit nominations to university officials. This change would result in a more transparent and democratic process. The decision is expected to be made by the trustees at their next meeting. The search committee will be composed of students and faculty members. The committee will be responsible for identifying and interviewing candidates for the position of university president.

Procedures also proposed that the committee be composed of students and faculty members. The committee would be responsible for identifying and interviewing candidates for the position of university president. Under the committee's plan, eight faculty members, four students and six alumni will make up the committee.

The推荐 panel will be composed of students and faculty members. It will be responsible for identifying and interviewing candidates for the position of university president. The panel will be responsible for identifying and interviewing candidates for the position of university president. The panel will be composed of students and faculty members.

"It's important for me, as a gadfly, to continue to protest "I'm not ready to kill me if he knew I was doing this")

The Board of Trustees will consider a change in the selection process for the university president. The change would limit nominations to university officials. This change would result in a more transparent and democratic process. The decision is expected to be made by the trustees at their next meeting. The search committee will be composed of students and faculty members. The committee will be responsible for identifying and interviewing candidates for the position of university president.

Procedures also proposed that the committee be composed of students and faculty members. The committee would be responsible for identifying and interviewing candidates for the position of university president. Under the committee's plan, eight faculty members, four students and six alumni will make up the committee.
Campus Events

TODAY

● A meeting of the Graduate Life Committee will be held in the Graduate Life Office, Room 205, University Hall, at 3 p.m.

TOMORROW

● Delta Sigma Theta has a luncheon meeting at 12 p.m. in the Faculty Club.

FUTURE

● On Friday, April 16, the Penn Recycling Group sponsors a lunch at 12 p.m. in Houston Hall.

NEWS IN BRIEF

Federal Workers Report Waste, Fraud

The recent release of a report by the Merit Systems Protection Board identified significant instances of Federal employees participating in improper activities. The report highlighted instances of waste, fraud, and mismanagement, with federal employees who report wrongdoing facing reprisals.

Group Alleges Deprogramming

A group, CARP (Citizens Against Recruiting of the Peaceful), is alleging that they were forced to participate in activities inconsistent with their personal beliefs. They claim that their views were manipulated, and they were discouraged from expressing their opinions.

ATTENTION HEALTH CARE STUDENTS

The Interdisciplinary Health Education Program and the University of Pennsylvania Cancer Center are offering Integrated Hospital Care.

Admission Issue May 15

Summer Issue July 1

Ad deadline for both issues is May 8, 5:00 p.m.
It was in bed and I heard some voices shouting. I thought of my wife and my boys. I was able to free myself and escape. He added that he was afraid of the guerrillas because he had seen combat in the past.

Carlos Peredes, who resigned his post as Vice Minister of Economic Planning in El Salvador, said there is no reason for the U.S. to become involved in El Salvador. "If the United States is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador, it will be the mistake of its last century," Peredes said.

According to Carroll, a description of the suspects was released by Philadelphia Police. "We have a description of the suspects, but we don't have much to go on," he said.

Peredes said that the U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.

Peredes said that the U.S. is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador. "The United States is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador," Peredes said. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.

"The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.

Peredes said that the U.S. is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador. "The United States is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador," Peredes said. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.

Peredes said that the U.S. is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador. "The United States is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador," Peredes said. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.

Peredes said that the U.S. is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador. "The United States is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador," Peredes said. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.

Peredes said that the U.S. is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador. "The United States is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador," Peredes said. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.

Peredes said that the U.S. is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador. "The United States is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador," Peredes said. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.

Peredes said that the U.S. is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador. "The United States is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador," Peredes said. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.

Peredes said that the U.S. is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador. "The United States is committing a mistake by sending more military aid to El Salvador," Peredes said. "The U.S. media's portrayal of El Salvador is not accurate because it is based on the U.S. government's portrayal of the country," Peredes said.
By Kevin Selig

By Kevin Selig

By Kevin Selig

By Kevin Selig

By Kevin Selig
Wharton senior Ginna Wojlowicz. His several women, the first of whom was himself. On Monday he tucked in outside the door of the room, making sure everything runs smoothly. In addition he has limited the tuck-ins to the High Rises—so far.

Shulman does many tuck-ins himself. On Monday he tucked in several women, the first of whom was Whitney senior Carrie Wolfgang. His suave mannerisms and ability to charm women seem to go a long way in the new found work.

Yodan Dream Inc. aims at business Monday through Thursday nights, from 7:30 to 11 p.m. at 352-1400. How much does a tuck-in cost? A fee of $5, according to Shulman. "That's a surprise." And what is a tuck-in? "That's a surprise." Shulman said with a grin.

How much does a tuck-in cost? A fee of $5. According to Shulman. "That's a surprise." And what is a tuck-in? "That's a surprise." Shulman said with a grin. He added, "We also do deluxe tucks. That's a surprise." Miller was surprised and said, "We also do deluxe tucks. That's a surprise." Miller thanked the students for the affection you've expressed for past presidents. The Trustees also voted to continue past presidents.

As many as you want.

99¢ EACH.

Choose as many quarter pound hamburgers or cheeseburgers as you want for 99¢ each with this coupon.

For More Info Call 386-3916

Easter Day
8:30 A.M. The Holy Eucharist
10:30 A.M. Festival Eucharist

St. Mary's Episcopal Church
3916 Locust Walk

Maundy Thursday
Maundy Liturgy and Good Friday
5:00 P.M. Liturgy Followed by Good Friday Supper
Holy Saturday
9:30 P.M. The Easter Vigil

Easter Day
8:30 A.M. The Holy Eucharist
10:30 A.M. Festival Eucharist

202 S 36th St. PHL., PA 19104
Carol Zaltini Bandar

Contact:
(215) 243-4265 or 243-7390

THE QUICKEST WAY TO GET EMERGENCY MONEY.

An emergency stop for repairs can wipe out even the best-heeled traveler. Luckily all you need is the price of a phone call to get you the money before your car gets off the lift. Here's what to do when you need money in a hurry.

1. Call home. Report the situation, and tell the folks they can get emergency money. An emergency stop for repairs can wipe out even the best-heeled traveler. Luckily all you need is the price of a phone call to get you the money before your car gets off the lift. Here's what to do when you need money in a hurry.

2. Ask them to call Western Union's toll-free number, 800-325-6000 (in Missouri, 800-324-6700). anytime, day or night. They charge the money and the service fee to their MasterCard or VISA card. A Western Union Charge Card Money Order, up to $1,000, will be flashed to the Western Union office or agent nearest your emergency.

3. Pick up your money—usually within two hours—at the local Western Union office or agent. There are 8,500 nationally, except in Alaska. Conveniently, about 500 locations are open 24 hours. It's that easy.

Be sure to remind your parents about our toll-free number. It's all they need to call Western Union to the rescue.

The quickest way to get emergency money.

Western Union Charge Card Money Order.
UA Representative Miller

"...Miller said, exclaiming..."

Miller, a goalee, feels differently.

"...Miller is entering as a rookie in the political arena..."

As she loves it, but she is also very concerned about the attitude....

"...Miller is entering as a rookie in the political arena, as she loves it..."

Miller is a goalee, feels differently.

"...Miller, a goalee, feels differently..."

Women's athletics, particularly the Women's basketball team, she feels, are the most political of the sports programs.

"...Women's athletics, particularly the Women's basketball team, she feels, are the most political of the sports programs..."

She attempts to politicize women's athletics, particularly the Women's basketball team, over the political arena, as she loves it, but she is also very concerned about the attitude. This diversity, according to UA delegation president, is what makes Miller special to the Assembly.

"...This diversity, according to UA delegation president, is what makes Miller special to the Assembly..."

The thing about being on the UA is that she's had a lot of experience in some kind of capacity, whether it be on campus, in student government, in her personal life, in her career as an attorney. Miller is quick to point out that the NCAA will call players to account for women's athletics, she said, adding that "I don't realize people must be..."

Miller is quick to point out that the NCAA will call players to account for women's athletics, she said, adding that "I don't realize people must be..."

Miller is quick to point out that the NCAA will call players to account for women's athletics, she said, adding that "I don't realize people must be..."

The Assembly, which is 22 people strong, has been fighting for a long time, she said, adding that this is a fairly good representation of dent reaction to an Assembly which she said, adding that this is a fairly good representation of dent reaction to an Assembly which...
Laxmen Can’t Find Net, Tigers Escape with Win

The Brothers Hollis Battle Tells Tale: Paul’s Shots Go In as Mark Goes Out

By BRYAN HENDERSON

This one was going to be a good one for Mark Hollis, the senior attacker. He had been practicing on the field, facing the shooting cage, and shooting the ball frequently with his left hand. It was obvious that he was determined to make this game one to remember.

As the scorecard showed, the game was not yet over, though the game featured two teams with strong defenses and outstanding goals. This only served to intensify the competition, as the Hollis brothers were looking to play a major role in the game’s outcome.

In the first half, the Red and Blue had a 1-0 lead over Princeton, but the game eventually ended 2-2. The Red and Blue were left feeling frustrated as they fell short of their goal.

Bad Time For Confidence to Go

Despite the tough loss, the Red and Blue players were still confident that they could bounce back in the second half. "We have the team and the talent to win," said senior Mark Hollis. "We just need to come out with more intensity and focus.

In the second half, the Red and Blue came out with a renewed sense of determination and pushed the tempo. They were able to score two goals and eventually won the game 4-2.

Throughout the game, Mark Hollis showed his incredible skills on the field. He was able to score two goals and set up another two. His brother, Paul, also contributed with a goal and an assist.

Bad Timing

The Red and Blue's defense was solid throughout the game, holding Princeton to just two goals. Although the game was tight, the Red and Blue were able to maintain their lead and capture the victory.

Paul Hollis carried out his share of the responsibility. His brother, Mark, was a major factor in the game. He scored two goals and set up another two, displaying his skill and determination on the field.

The brothers Hollis are known for their exceptional skills and teamwork. They have been instrumental in bringing the Red and Blue back to the top of the Division.

Laxmen Can’t Find Net, Tigers Escape with Win

The Brothers Hollis Battle Tells Tale: Paul’s Shots Go In as Mark Goes Out

By BRYAN HENDERSON

This one was going to be a good one for Mark Hollis, the senior attacker. He had been practicing on the field, facing the shooting cage, and shooting the ball frequently with his left hand. It was obvious that he was determined to make this game one to remember.

As the scorecard showed, the game was not yet over, though the game featured two teams with strong defenses and outstanding goals. This only served to intensify the competition, as the Hollis brothers were looking to play a major role in the game’s outcome.

In the first half, the Red and Blue had a 1-0 lead over Princeton, but the game eventually ended 2-2. The Red and Blue were left feeling frustrated as they fell short of their goal.

Bad Time For Confidence to Go

Despite the tough loss, the Red and Blue players were still confident that they could bounce back in the second half. "We have the team and the talent to win," said senior Mark Hollis. "We just need to come out with more intensity and focus.

In the second half, the Red and Blue came out with a renewed sense of determination and pushed the tempo. They were able to score two goals and eventually won the game 4-2.

Throughout the game, Mark Hollis showed his incredible skills on the field. He was able to score two goals and set up another two. His brother, Paul, also contributed with a goal and an assist.

Bad Timing

The Red and Blue's defense was solid throughout the game, holding Princeton to just two goals. Although the game was tight, the Red and Blue were able to maintain their lead and capture the victory.

Paul Hollis carried out his share of the responsibility. His brother, Mark, was a major factor in the game. He scored two goals and set up another two, displaying his skill and determination on the field.

The brothers Hollis are known for their exceptional skills and teamwork. They have been instrumental in bringing the Red and Blue back to the top of the Division.
Spring Comes to 34th Street
By Aphrodite Valleras

Dirty Harry

I was sitting on the 75 bus waiting for it to leave the terminal when Harry sat down next to me.

"Hello, didya jus' see that? I lost my bottle. Shitass policeman took it away from me, jus' now. Said I was too drunk, go home for the night. Said I can't stand straight. Harry looked like he was crying. "I jus' spent my last five, and now, nothin'. Ya got an extra five?" "No.

"Hey, I'm sorry. I hav'n't even introduced myself."

Harry was very dirty, and he smelled of urinated whiskey. "I introduced myself." "Hi, I'm Harry. Watcha' readin'?"

"Uh, the Federalist Papers. For school. I'm sorry about your bottle."

Harry's eyes narrowed. "Oh, yeah? Ya got an extra five?"

I gave him a dollar and went back to my book. "Watcha' readin'?"

I tried to ignore him, but Harry was anything but discouraged. He began reading over my shoulder. "What's it say here? I know - all men are created equal shit?" Harry smirked and started to laugh. "Ain't nobody created as equal as me, ya know. Ain't that Lincoln on the cover?" I shut my book and put it away while Harry said between gasps, "Oh, yeah, I learned that in school! Cutest teacher I ever had - Miss Johnson. Boy I learned a lot from her. Harry looked nostalgically out the window and burped.

"You people take, take, take with my money and never a thank-you. Then I have to clean your puke from the street," came a voice from the aisle, and I turned to see a matronly woman with steely eyes balancing shopping bags from the local K-Mart. She dragged her son behind her as she made her way to a seat. "Why don't you get a job like the rest . . . Don't put your fingers in your mouth, Martin!" Whop across the face, and Martin's yell reverberated throughout the bus. "Why don't you take a bath, you son of . . . Shut up, Martin!" Martin didn't shut up, and the woman let go of her packages long enough to whop him again. Martin screamed louder. The woman ignored him and glared at Harry and continued her tirade. Her voice floated above noise of the bus as it lurched out of the terminal. "Dirty scumbags, never work a day in their life, they shouldn't be allowed on the streets in public . . ."

Harry looked at me mischievously. "Watch this," he sneered. "It works every time." I instinctively braced myself - and my instincts are usually correct.

Harry casually turned to the woman and said "Of course not!" Harry said, and added sheepishly, "Oh yea, it helps, heh. But that ain't all. Lemme explain . . ." Harry never got a chance to explain. As we neared my stop, a policeman's siren interrupted us. The bus screeched to a stop, and a cop with chiseled features and shining holster got, eying us suspiciously as he held up a soda can.

This here soda can, which came from this big bus, almost dented my police car. I want to know who threw it. The classroom chafed under the teacher's ire in silence.

Then Martin, like the good little obedient boy he was raised to be, piped up. "My mummy." Off went mummy and Martin with the policeman, dragging a wailing Martin behind her. I counted the stops until I had to get off.

"Sorry, a joke," Harry said as he wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes. I got the impression he thinks it's funnier when they can't.

"Let me tell ya, people ain't the same. Life ain't the same." I could see the woman up ahead almost maniacally talking to the bus driver and pointing at us as I waited for Harry's next cliche.

"Ya know, when I was young, times were bet- ter. They never took a bottle off of you, they just said 'Have fun, throw the bottle in the trash can.' Did you know you could get a good woman for a quarter?" Harry looked at me disbelievingly. "In a classy place, not some dump hotel. Pretty women, too." Harry seemed oblivious to the creeping red in my face, and went on. "Me and my friends went every Saturday night" Harry smiled at the memory and then reassured me. "Now mind you, I still get by. I've been around 50 years or so I know a few tricks." He laughed hysterically at his pun.

The woman was getting nowhere with the bus driver. As she returned to her seat, her mission unaccomplished and her demeanor suitably sour, I thought to myself, "Only five more stops."

Meanwhile, Harry rambled on. "We worked during the day and carried on at night. Now it's work, work, work, never no play. How can a man sur vive?" He looked at me -- for an answer, I suppose.

"I dunno -- by drinking oneself into oblivion?" I was becoming malicious.

"Of course not!" Harry said, and added sheepishly, "Oh yea, it helps, heh, heh. But that ain't all. Lemme explain . . ."

Harry's eyes narrowed. "What's it say here? I know - all men are created equal shit?" Harry smirked and started to laugh. "Ain't nobody created as equal as me, ya know. Ain't that Lincoln on the cover?" I shut my book and put it away while Harry said between gasps, "Oh, yeah, I learned that in school! Cutest teacher I ever had - Miss Johnson. Boy I learned a lot from her. Harry looked nostalgically out the window and burped.

"You people take, take, take with my money and never a thank-you. Then I have to clean your puke from the street," came a voice from the aisle, and I turned to see a matronly woman with steely eyes balancing shopping bags from the local K-Mart. She dragged her son behind her as she made her way to a seat. "Why don't you get a job like the rest . . . Don't put your fingers in your mouth, Martin!" Whop across the face, and Martin's yell reverberated throughout the bus. "Why don't you take a bath, you son of . . . Shut up, Martin!" Martin didn't shut up, and the woman let go of her packages long enough to whop him again. Martin screamed louder. The woman ignored him and glared at Harry and continued her tirade. Her voice floated above noise of the bus as it lurched out of the terminal. "Dirty scumbags, never work a day in their life, they shouldn't be allowed on the streets in public . . ."

Harry looked at me mischievously. "Watch this," he sneered. "It works every time." I instinctively braced myself - and my instincts are usually correct.

Harry casually turned to the woman and said "Of course not!" Harry said, and added sheepishly, "Oh yea, it helps, heh. But that ain't all. Lemme explain . . ."

Harry never got a chance to explain. As we neared my stop, a policeman's siren interrupted us. The bus screeched to a stop, and a cop with chiseled features and shining holster got, eying us suspiciously as he held up a soda can.

This here soda can, which came from this big bus, almost dented my police car. I want to know who threw it. The classroom chafed under the teacher's ire in silence.

Then Martin, like the good little obedient boy he was raised to be, piped up. "My mummy." Off went mummy and Martin with the policeman, dragging a wailing Martin behind her. I counted the stops until I had to get off.

"Sorry, a joke," Harry said as he wiped the tears of laughter from his eyes. I got the impression he thinks it's funnier when they can't.

"Let me tell ya, people ain't the same. Life ain't the same." I could see the woman up ahead almost maniacally talking to the bus driver and pointing at us as I waited for Harry's next cliche.

"Ya know, when I was young, times were bet- ter. They never took a bottle off of you, they just said 'Have fun, throw the bottle in the trash can.' Did you know you could get a good woman for a quarter?" Harry looked at me disbelievingly. "In a classy place, not some dump hotel. Pretty women, too." Harry seemed oblivious to the creeping red in my face, and went on. "Me and my friends went every Saturday night" Harry smiled at the memory and then reassured me. "Now mind you, I still get by. I've been around 50 years or so I know a few tricks." He laughed hysterically at his pun.

The woman was getting nowhere with the bus driver. As she returned to her seat, her mission unaccomplished and her demeanor suitably sour, I thought to myself, "Only five more stops."

Meanwhile, Harry rambled on. "We worked during the day and carried on at night. Now it's work, work, work, never no play. How can a man sur vive?" He looked at me -- for an answer, I suppose.

"I dunno -- by drinking oneself into oblivion?" I was becoming malicious.

"Of course not!" Harry said, and added sheepishly, "Oh yea, it helps, heh, heh. But that ain't all. Lemme explain . . ."

Harry's eyes narrowed. "What's it say here? I know - all men are created equal shit?" Harry smirked and started to laugh. "Ain't nobody created as equal as me, ya know. Ain't that Lincoln on the cover?" I shut my book and put it away while Harry said between gasps, "Oh, yeah, I learned that in school! Cutest teacher I ever had - Miss Johnson. Boy I learned a lot from her. Harry looked nostalgically out the window and burped.

"You people take, take, take with my money and never a thank-you. Then I have to clean your puke from the street," came a voice from the aisle, and I turned to see a matronly woman with steely eyes balancing shopping bags from the local K-Mart. She dragged her son behind her as she made her way to a seat. "Why don't you get a job like the rest . . . Don't put your fingers in your mouth, Martin!" Whop across the face, and Martin's yell reverberated throughout the bus. "Why don't you take a bath, you son of . . . Shut up, Martin!" Martin didn't shut up, and the woman let go of her packages long enough to whop him again. Martin screamed louder. The woman ignored him and glared at Harry and continued her tirade. Her voice floated above noise of the bus as it lurched out of the terminal. "Dirty scumbags, never work a day in their life, they shouldn't be allowed on the streets in public . . ."

Harry looked at me mischievously. "Watch this," he sneered. "It works every time." I instinctively braced myself - and my instincts are usually correct.

Harry casually turned to the woman and said "Of course not!" Harry said, and added sheepishly, "Oh yea, it helps, heh. But that ain't all. Lemme explain . . ."

Harry never got a chance to explain. As we neared my stop, a policeman's siren interrupted us. The bus screeched to a stop, and a cop with chiseled features and shining holster got, eying us suspiciously as he held up a soda can.

This here soda can, which came from this big bus, almost dented my police car. I want to know who threw it. The classroom chafed under the teacher's ire in silence.

Then Martin, like the good little obedient boy he was raised to be, piped up. "My mummy." Off went mummy and Martin with the policeman, protesting all the way. "But you don't understand, he insulted me, said my husband fooled around, he's a bum."

"Yea, and I'm Queen Elizabeth. Let's go lady." As the bus drove away, I watched the woman alternately plead with the policeman and whop Martin. I got up to get off at my stop and then turned toward Harry. He had a blissful look on his face. "See what I mean?" he asked.

"Yea, I guess." Poetic justice? Unpoetic justice? Or just a laugh or two?

As I stepped off the bus, Harry winked.
Profile
Bruce Beresford

By Bill Van Orden

In the past two or three years the American film-going public has discovered Australia. Numerous Peter Weir films, Gillian Armstrong's My Brilliant Career, and now Bruce Beresford's Breaker Morant, have generated interest in a seemingly new and burgeoning film industry.

Beresford recently visited Philadelphia and, not yet jaded by repetitious press luncheons, talked eagerly and unpretentiously about film-making. Beresford has made eight previous films in Australia, including the highly-praised The Getting of Wisdom. He claims to have been raised by American movies and admits to receiving most of his technical training working for Australian television. Asked about artistic influences, he quickly mentions India director Satyajit Ray and American Howard Hawks.

Beresford had wanted to film the story of this Australian military hero for some time, but he was wary of the sprawling undesirability of the life of a man who was a horse breaker (hence his nickname), a drunkard, a soldier, a poet. Though it was a flop, the play provided the answer by telling Morant's story through the dramatic events of his trial.

Beresford spent more than a year researching the actual history, and discovered many inaccuracies in the play and a number of lost manuscripts of Morant's Kiplingesque verses, which after the success of the film became quite popular in Australia. The process of casting was slow and meticulous. Over two hundred actors were tested for the role of George Witton, an idealistic young lieutenant who stands trial with Morant. And for the crucial defense attorney role, an Australian actor disparaged by some as "just a television actor," Jack Thompson, was chosen. He later won the Australian Film Institute's "Best Actor" award.

This regard for quality and authenticity shows in the result; Breaker Morant in no way looks like a movie filmed in only six weeks with a paltry budget of $750,000. There was one concession to available funds, however. Breaker Morant was filmed entirely in a region of Australia that resembles the Transvaal. Apparently the resemblance is very close; Beresford told of a screening in London when "the woman next to me burst into tears. She must be moved by the story, I thought happily. So I asked her, and she said, 'No, it's just that I'm from South Africa and it makes me sad to see home.'"

Beresford is making his next film in Hollywood, and he does not seem ambivalent about the bigger budgets and greater distribution. He looks forward to them with unrestrained enthusiasm. "In Australia they (the film studios) say, 'Great film, Bruce, but we'll never be able to show it.' In America they say, 'Well, that was pretty awful... but if we whip up an ad campaign and change this and add that...'

The subject of his next film? "There are an awful lot of stories in Australia that haven't been told," he replies smiling.

Breaker Morant
Starring Edward Woodward
Directed by Bruce Beresford
At Walnut Mall and the Bryn Mawr

By Bill Van Orden

To say that Breaker Morant is a military courtroom drama, and to invoke familiar predecessors such as The Caine Mutiny or Paths of Glory, might suggest that Bruce Beresford's new Australian film is a bit pat or prosaic. Well, forget that suggestion. Breaker Morant is a master lesson in the art of crisp, intelligent film narrative. Put simply, it is the best-told story you can see among today's current film releases.

The setting is the South African Transvaal in 1901 and the problem is that the rules of the game have changed. The Boers are not fighting like gentlemen. They don't wear uniforms, they don't fight in the open. They kill their war prisoners. Lieutenant Harry "Breaker" Morant, commander of a company of Australians fighting against the Boers, observes, "It's a new kind of war...a new kind of war for a new century."

But Breaker Morant and two of his men are on trial for the "crimes" of using guerrilla tactics and killing prisoners of war. The British High Command, you see, is determined to demonstrate that His Majesty's troops still uphold the traditions of civilized bloodshed. When the rules of the game change, some players are inevitably penalized.

Director Beresford does not need plot surprises to make this story compelling: he employs a wonderfully simple yet subtle narrative method. As witnesses testify, events surrounding the charges are illustrated in flashbacks. The tension of the austere, claustrophobic courtroom is thus balanced by the vivid, open space action of war scenes, creating a rhythmic ebb-and-flow for the film to follow.

Beresford also shows himself to be an accomplished director of battle action. Rushes of lateral motion fill the screen, high and low angle shots energetically alternate, split-second images of gun metal lend detail. To his greater credit, though, he knows that most important actions are those small ephemeral ones that occur in faces. His camera carefully searches faces, turning up the most subtle and captivating expressions.

An eye gains a crease at the corners of a high Command Colonel who perjures himself for the sake of the army is also particularly good. But it is unjust to single out individuals from a large cast that, supported by an even-handed script, is uniformly fine. One of Breaker Morant's impressive achievements is its evocation of the tough comradery of men in groups, of a bygone spirit of virility that is believable because it is flawed by innocence. These are men just realizing that "hough from the wide perspective, human fate is a matter of orderly probability, from the individual's point of view it is a matter of absurd chance."

Breaker Morant is memorable. The hollow sound of the wind competes with the pompous, jaunty tunes of a military band. The firing squad comes to attention and a beautiful dawn smiles.

"Breaker Morant"
A Smash From Down Under
Profile

David Haller

By Marsha Pik

Although the performing arts have been hit as of late with a plethora of young stars, many of these have unfortunately gone commercial — some to the point that their only visible talent is the ability to be poured into designer jeans.

But then there are the "real" actors, the dedicated few who decide to devote their young lives to the stage, dead serious about their work and their art. One such actor is David Haller, who plays the title role in the Roundabout Theater Company's production of The Winslow Boy, which is now playing at the Walnut Street Theater. 34th Street was fortunate enough to catch the busy Haller for a brief phone interview recently.

Haller is 19, an age at which most young men and women are either still in school or just beginning to decide what to do with their lives. Haller, however, always knew he would be a performer; his dilemma was whether it would be in a primarily musical or acting capacity, as he had had experience in both areas. Haller plans to continue with The Winslow Boy until it closes. And after that, Haller feels he has learned enough to continue and find a role for himself.

How does moving from city to city with the show affect Haller's social life? Haller admits, "Well, of course it's not easy to start any relationships. You usually meet nice people at the end (of a stay). It takes a while to adjust to each city. I've come a long way and I've gotten a lot more relaxed.

And when I'm not acting, I'll do my solo (musical) act at clubs. I'm addicted to performing."
A Moveable Feast
For Expensive Tastes

By Kerry Rupinski

This is not a restaurant review. A Moveable Feast, located at 45th and Spruce, is not a restaurant, nor is it a catering service. It is, however, a gourmet take-out shop for connoisseurs of fine food.

The owners have converted the former site of an apothecary into the home of an infinite assortment of gourmet treats. They refer to their "gourmet to go" establishment as a "cookery service."

The shop provides a wide range of services. Orders for appetizers, hors d'oeuvres, vegetables and desserts, as well as a main entree can be placed for parties up to 500. The store also receives a good deal of walk-in business.

Individual portions of such items as lasagna and crepes can be purchased. Prices of entrees range from $3 for salmon mousse to $10 for beef Wellington.

The item sampled, Lasagna Sicilian ($4), was a bit skimpy on meat sauce, but contained a generous filling of ricotta cheese, enveloped in rich al dente pasta.

The extensive menu also includes a nice selection of box meals (for individuals or business luncheons), ranging from seafood strudel to teriyaki. The box meals are attractively prepared and include fresh fruit, dessert and marinated vegetable salad or soup. An ornamental doily, plastic champagne glass and two after-dinner candies add a touch of elegance.

Bits of apple provided an interesting flavoring to the curried chicken salad on whole wheat pita bread ($5.95). My lunch partner commented that the chicken, although tender, lacked flavor.

The marinated artichokes, obviously fresh, were nonetheless found to be too acidic. The marinated mushroom, in a delicious oily dressing, were firm and tasty.

The box meal also included an apple and a small piece of baklava. The baklava was excellent — light and flaky with a coating of sweet syrup on the bottom — definitely worthy of a return visit.

"Care packages" from Moveable Feast are also available. According to co-owner Betty Moloznik, "Parents of Penn students call sometimes to have us send over something special."

Yet, many students are unaware that A Moveable Feast exists. One student who lives on 43rd Street searched unsuccessfully for two exotic cooking ingredients until he was pleasantly surprised to find them at A Moveable Feast only 2 blocks away.

The selection of gourmet goodies goes beyond prepared dishes. Besides a wide variety of spices, the shop carries 75 different types of imported cheeses.

Desserts are a specialty. Many types of imported chocolates are stocked. Cinnamon sticks (20 cents, three for 55 cents) and all kinds of cookies can be purchased.

Other gourmet items vary from couscous (Moroccan wheat cereal) to French breads. "We wanted to carry things that were hard to find, like cheeses," says co-owner Georgia Parks. Hence, whether for an attack of the munchies or for a special dinner occasion, A Moveable Feast has something to satisfy anyone's needs.
SPRING

Seems like somebody got new crayons last week,
And changed all the wintry browns and grays
To bright, clean colors.
I opened the windows, let them swing.
Took a long walk: went through the park, by the river-
I stared at my reflection, catching glints and sparkles,
Ruffled by the fresh breeze.

Janet Kyle Altman
Film

Hock This Hawk

Nighthawks
Starring Sylvester Stallone and Billy Dee Williams
Directed by Bruce Malmuth
At the Regency

By John Cise

Sylvester Stallone, currently residing in the shadows cast by Rocky I and II, seems in his element in violent, macho man roles, and Nighthawks is no exception. In this flick, Sly plays an arrogant, hard-headed New York City cop working in a special anti-terrorist squad. Unfortunately, the film lacks the emotional impact and character development so vital to Stallone’s Rocky triumphs.

Not that Hawks doesn’t pack a wallop. Quite to the contrary. The story pits Sly against Europe’s premier killer-for-hire, Wulfgar (Rutger Hauer, a star import from Holland), and the resulting destruction from the terrorist’s New York blood-spilling spree assaults the senses of the audience.

Bruce Malmuth, director of this violent free-for-all is constantly flirting with the idea of giving his characters personalities or something meaningful to say (Lindsay Wagner’s few bionic lines lose in both instances), but he tends to be a slave to the logistics of his story, and he never quite succeeds. Malmuth is too intent on getting the terrorist terror across, to do anything more than dabble with Stallone’s progressive psychological identification with Wulfgar and Wulfgar’s own self-destructive nature. If Malmuth’s characters strained beyond the gut level hate responses to which they are confined, we could identify with Deke DaSilva, as an over-worked, emotionally distraught cop, instead of as a “good guy” fighting to put a mass murdering villain out of circulation. Looking beyond the vivid, sensationalized murder scenes, which is no easy chore, the ugliness and perversity of the ruthless systematic destruction of human life comes through.

Thus it is rather puzzling when DaSilva, war veteran and seasoned street cop, in light of his knowledge of Wulfgar’s bloody past, feels it is nevertheless “not right” to purposely take another human being’s life, even though we know that the ensuing climactic battle will be to the death and that Wulfgar is not just “another human being.” Billy Dee Williams (DaSilva’s sidekick) runs around New York chasing thugs and terrorists, but acts to calm his partner’s hot-blooded temperment. His performance is believable, but like Wagner’s, forgettable. Peris Khabatta, former Miss India and token bali person in Star Trek—The Movie, is even more striking with hair as Wulfgar’s confidante and accomplice. Her portrayal of a sexy femme fatale is convincing and appropriately mysterious. The other effective supporting role has Nigel Davenport as the veddy British Interpol inspector who quietly pursues Wulfgar with a detached vengeance.

Nighthawks purposely caters to the violent tastes of current movie trends without raising any new points or furthering Stallone’s future as a character actor. And while this blood-and-guts thriller has its dramatic moments and surprises, Hawks comes up a disappointing, unsettling piece of gut-wrenching theatrics.

Starr Goes Bach
To Prehysteric Times

Caveman
Starring Ringo Starr and Barbara Bach
Directed by Carl Gottlieb
Opens tomorrow at the Mark 1

By John Marshall

An aging Tyrannosaurus Rex with sagging jowels hunches over its helpless victim, an old blind caveman, who suddenly reaches up and massages his attacker’s underside. The monster grunts with delight and staggers away, eyes rolling with sensual pleasure.

Wait a minute. Something funny’s going on here.

That’s exactly the case in Caveman, Hollywood’s first pre-historic comedy. Set in the year 1 Zillion B.C., it’s a silly spoof of the origins of man and his peculiar foibles. Although some of the gags hit rock bottom, and others are as old as the movie’s time period, for the most part this paleolittic parody works pretty well. Heading the all-star cast of cavepeople is none other than Ringo Starr. No stranger to the screen, the ex-Beatle’s films following A Hard Day’s Night and HELP! include Candy, 200 Motels, and Sextette. Here he plays Atouk, lovable leader of the Misfit Tribe. He’s less goofy than he used to be (this famous schnoz seems to have shrunken), and he’s no comic genius, but he’s adequately amusing as the world’s first semi-intelligent man.

Barbara Bach also succeeds as Lana, the object of Atouk’s lust. Having been last seen as a sleek, sophisticated Russian agent in The Spy Who Loved Me and as herself in the pages of Playboy, she’s well-cast as the world’s first sex symbol.

Co-writers Rudy De Luca and Carl Gottlieb, who also directed, who co-wrote The Jerk, rely almost entirely on sight gags in Caveman. In addition to appropriate grunts and groans, there are only
Boorman's 'Excalibur': Hard To Sword Out

By Howard Gensler

Chivalry is not dead. "Chivalry is alive and well in John Boorman's Excalibur, a gilt-edged, big budget rendering of the Arthurian legend, complete with magic, mystery, romance, and adventure. The tales of King Arthur are a producer's dream, and Excalibur, with the innate familiarity of the characters and situations, has a lot going for it before the credits even roll. It is seemingly a film that can't miss. Yet it does. Excalibur should have its audience cheering during the climactic cavalry charge finale. I found my re-sparked interest in the Knights of the Round Table longing for T.H. White's The Once And Future King.

Sadly, the epic Excalibur misses because there's just too much of it. So many characters are introduced in the first thirty minutes, it's impossible to figure out who's who; and there is so much plot (Merlin is occasionally forced to become a Wellesian narrator to speed up the exposition), many fine tales of derring do get short shrift or no shrift at all. TV will take a ten-minute plot and turn it into a three-hour film, but Boorman (Deliverence, Zardoz, and, Exorcist II), has taken thirteen episodes of "Masterpiece Theatre" and turned them into a 140-minute personal vision of Camelot.

Nigel Terry is fine as the young Arthur, but he is not weathered enough to handle the role of the learned elder king, and his fade in/fade out trite imagery Knighthood once provided - and at other times is so overly stylized it fills the screen like a magnificent animated oil painting.

There is no question that Excalibur is a piece of inspired filmmaking. And for those who accede to Boorman's view of the proceedings, it is apt to be looked upon as the definitive sword and sorcery film. Excalibur is dazzling and daring and laced with Biblical symbolism (including Omen-like religious chanting) and quotable metaphysical ruminations. For far more than one brief shining moment, it offers something for everyone. It's just not fun.

fifteen spoken words used in the film. Rather than hinder the action, it makes it more interesting. "Ool" means "food." "Alounda" means "love." "Zug-zug" is what Alouk (Oakland Raider John Matuszak), the leader of the Hostile Tribe, Dennis Quaid, last seen in The Long Riders, turns in a satisfactory performance as Lar, Atouk's best buddy and straightman. Banished by Tonda, the two form the Misfit Tribe, a wacky collection of primitive stereotypes which includes Shelly Long as a friendly "girl in the cave next door," and veteran actor Jack Gilford, hilarious as her blind father. Also worth noting is Avery Schreiber, of Burns and Schreiber and Doritos fame, as Ock, the funniest one of the Hostile Tribe.

As Atouk and company plot ways to steal Lana, they learn all about fire, tools, weapons, and music (the song they sing sounds a lot like disco). Every variation on the caveman theme is covered, and there's the inevitable 2001-style music whenever a great discovery is made. But there are also bits which one might not expect, concerning the origins of breakfast, homosexuality, and Venus fly-traps. Caveman, which happily avoids the typical anachronistic "I-forgot-they-haven't-been-invented-yet" jokes, is not to be mistaken for a live version of The Flintstones.

But most of the gags follow a predictable sequence of events. For example: caveman down to eat lizard, giant lizard bends down to eat caveman. Sometimes Gottlieb's pacing is slow, and a few scenes consist entirely of moronic "ca-ca" references or spirited rounds of farting. But in general, there are enough funny bits to sustain one's interest, and the film is never dull.

Part of what makes Caveman so appealing is its strong supporting cast of "machas," or monsters. As any child with a penchant for the pre-historic will tell you, dinosaurs did not exist at the same time as early man. Caveman poses the question, "So what?"
Beware Of Falling Filler

A new bestseller has hit the charts, telling the story of a man named Geep (hard G) who worked for a publishing house. As we all know, publishing houses are in the word business, and as a result, many of the workers used various wordplays in their everyday conversations. These wordplays included puns.

Geep was a notorious punster. He made puns about everybody and everything. He began every story with “Punce upon a time,” and he told everyone that he went to the University of Pennsylvania. By his third week on the job, Geep’s puns were wearing thin, and everyone was sick of them. “We’re sick of these puns,” they said to themselves. Finally, a worker named Bob decided to complain to the big boss of the publishing company.

“Big boss,” said Bob, “Geep has got to go. He’s driving us nuts! His puns are killing us!”

To which the big boss replied, “Puns don’t kill. Geep’ll do.”

— The Chief Justice
The ska craze is dying. The revival which began in Britain a year ago has certainly passed its peak. One must question whether this decline is symptomatic of a waning trend or whether it reflects a decline in the quality of the efforts of the participating bands, (e.g. Madness, The Specials). The new Selecter album speaks well for the second explanation.

The Selecter's first album was an exciting musical work. It was broadly influenced, reflecting traces of rock, soul, and of course, reggae. They mixed these forms well and produced an assortment of vibrant tunes. On Celebrate The Bullet, they've relaxed their style and apparently their performance standards. The music is much less frenetic than that of their first album, and they resort to using identical backbeats on several tracks, while failing to vary the rhythm enough to make the music interesting; one song sounds like the next, especially throughout the second side. The group has chosen to essentially abandon reggae and soul influences it once had, and to work, instead, toward bridging the gap between ska and reggae in a good mood move.

A few tracks on the album are good enough to help us temporarily forget its disappointing aspects. "Bomb scare" is a song which is as good as any The Selecter has done. And in the album's title track, the band experiments successfully by using an extra-heavy backbeat, distinct guitar lines, and a harrowing echo effect on vocals to create a truly eerie song. The song will make a good dirge when they close the book on the ska revival.

Spandau Ballet
Journeys To Glory
Chrysalis CHR 1331

Spandau Ballet is next in the long line of British musical groups that hope to achieve the commercial in the United States that they have already encountered in England. In all probability, their debut album, Journeys To Glory, will not realize these aspirations.

Spandau Ballet is a slick dance band with ambitions of creating new and trend-setting dance music. Their efforts are even being billed as "highly suitable to the tastes of those who are bored with bland disco music and conservative rock 'n' roll." They seem to believe that they are the force behind the change as is evidenced by their theme song "Reformation."

Their music is highly synthesized and possesses a quick discernable beat which is fine for the dance floor, but irritating to the listening ear. But all one of their songs, "Muscle Bound," sound quite monotonous, and very few of the lyrics are even understandable. "Muscle Bound," the only composition with any flair, is an eerie chant, which sounds like something that the ancient pyramid-building Egyptians might have written.

Spandau Ballet's avant garde, new wave music is likely to turn up at dance places such as Hurrah or Omni, but that's about it. With their title, Journeys To Glory, this group indicates their musical aspirations in no uncertain terms: unfortunately, on the basis of what they have produced, this reviewer can think of far more likely, and appropriate destination for them.

David Sanborn
Voyeur
Warner BSK 3546

David Sanborn's latest solo album is a pleasant but somewhat bland sample of pop/jazz and funk/jazz in the vein of contemporary artists such as Tom Scott and Spyro Gyra. Sanborn, one of the top studio saxophonists in the business, surrounds himself on Voyeur with some of the finest studio musicians available, including Tom Scott and drummer Steve Gadd. In spite of the superior playing on their respective parts, the record suffers from a marked lack of variety and creativity.

The album opens with a catchy funk beat laid down by Gadd and bassist Marcus Miller on "Let's Just Say Good-bye." Sanborn's sax style is immediately recognizable and unchanged from earlier efforts. The second track, "It's You," is slower in tempo, and possesses an almost Caribbean quality. Tasteful playing by all the musicians supports Sanborn's fulling, emotive sax lines.

Unfortunately, the rest of the album simply follows the pattern established by these first two songs. There are the funk tunes and there are the ballads; there are the Sanborn solos and there are...well, the Sanborn solos. Noticeably lacking are improvisations from any of these other first-rate musicians. Sanborn can make his saxophone truly sing, and on the slower tunes his soulful playing stands out. Still, the compositional creativity he exhibited on earlier albums such as Heart to Heart seems lost. Hopefully, Sanborn will find it once again before he embarks on any future endeavors.

Eric Weinberg

Crestone Clearwater Revival
The Royal Albert Hall Concert
Fantasy MPE-4501

John Fogarty
Blue Ridge Rangers
Fantasy MPE-4502

In the two-year period from 1969 to 1970, Creedence Clearwater Revival managed to churn out seven gold singles. In so doing, they attained the status of being America's most popular band with both the AM pop crowd and the more artsy FM set, a feat rarely accomplished by any other groups.

Their music, in its simplest terms, is best described as a mixture of rock and country. By combining tinges of gospel, hard driving guitars, and a no-bullshit, down-to-earth approach, Creedence created a unique sound that has since been dubbed swamp or bayou rock.

The principle force behind Creedence was John Fogerty, who wrote, sang, and played guitar during their amazing success and popularity. His dominance of the band ultimately spawned its break-up, in 1972, as the other members grew to resent his position and demanded to make greater contributions. Recently, in obvious recognition of this band's talents, there has been renewed interest in Creedence.

To capitalize on this interest, Fantasy has released The Royal Albert Hall Concert. This is a live record that was believed to have been made in London in 1970. However, due to a mistake in tape labeling that was discovered after release, it was found that this recording was actually made in Oakland during that same year. Regardless of where this album was recorded, it does not quite meet one's expectations for a live Creedence disk.

The Royal Albert Hall Concert simply lacks all spontaneous jamming. Hence it sounds noticeably similar to the rough mixes found on Creedence's studio works. In spite of their resemblance to the original recordings this album does contain some fine songs including: "Who'll Stop The Rain," "Down On The Corner," and "Proud Mary."

Also to cash in on the renewed interest in Creedence, John Fogerty's 1973 solo album, Blue Ridge Rangers, has been released. Fogerty produced, sang, played, and selected all the country covers found on this disc. Thus, Blue Ridge Rangers sounds like Creedence with a decidedly country flavor. The album's best and most recognizable track is Hank Williams' "Jambalaya (On The Bayou)."

Blue Ridge Rangers, like The Royal Albert Hall Concert, is adequate but not fully representative of the musical efforts that made the band famous. Still, since a reunion of Creedence does not seem likely, these disks will have to suffice, for now, in this current revival of the Revival.

David Henkoff
The Cretones
Snap! Snap!
Planet P-15

Snap! Snap!, the sugary second disc from LA's Cretones, is simply awful. Miss Ronstadt's favorite new band (poore chic!) of wimps makes the Knack sound like Led Zeppelin. Your average pre-pubescent plastic患儿， probably won't mind, but the Cretones (Creutons?) are musically and lyrically impotent. Say, what sound does one get when one breaks this record into three easy pieces? Snap! Snap!

Greg Kihn Band
Rockinroll
Beserkly BZ-10069

Although Greg Kihn's live performances have earned him considerable praise over the past seven years, the Bay Area rocker's studio efforts haven't been much to scream about. Until now, that is.

Rockinroll. Kihn's sixth disc, is a genuine sleeper; with sufficient airplay, the album has the potential to go over big. Kihn, who has been described as a cross between Buddy Holly and Bruce Springsteen (himself a Holly derivative of sorts) but sounds most like Tom Petty, blends elements of rockabilly and 60s-influenced power pop with a modern-day mix to produce several ear-catching gems. The best of these are "Valerie," guitar riffs courtesy of the Chuck Berry School, and "The Breakup Song," which contains the wicked "lyrical" refrain "Ah-uh-uh, Uh-uh-uh-uh-uh." You kihn nicker if you want, but remember "Yeh Yeh Yeh?"

The Kingbees
The Big Rock
RSO RS-1-3097

Insects have played a considerable role in rock-and-roll's history; the Beatles, Adam and the Ants, "Boris the Spider," the Roches, "Super Fly," the Turtles -- every which way you'd turn, the little critters were there plugging in and cranking it up. Now, just when you thought it was safe to go back in the garden -- Look! Under The Big Rock! -- Can It Bee????

The Kingbees hail from the City of Angels, and they play "shakebop," a hip tag for rockabilly, the musical form which rock-and-roll artists derived from country-and-western in the 1950s. It's all here in style, from the staccato vocals to the twangy, often-frenzied guitar lines. The Bees, on this their second LP, churn out several danceable, high-energy originals; but it is the album's four cover tunes, particularly Carl Perkins' "Boppin' The Blues" and "Buddy Holly's" subbed "Wishing," that really get things buzzing. BEE-lieve me.

-- Paul Strous