The Boss

Dining Services manager holds top student post

By OWEN EDMONSON

It was a mere month old, but already the Bonnie Scheller had the potential to attract the higher paying student to campus.

At the time, neither the Boss nor Scheller was familiar with the Dining Services divisions.

"I walked into work one day," Scheller said yesterday, "and all the gates I suppose were being raised around one of the Coke machines saying 'Nothing's coming out.'"

So over the summer to the second year, Scheller walked over to the machine and flicked on the power switch. The soft drinks flowed freely.

"I was quite surprised," Scheller said yesterday, "that the Bonnies' management marks the first time a Dining Services employee has gone directly to the top student post. I was surprised that he would be a student and manage responsible for one of the University's five dining centers before moving up to general manager." 

"I thought that the Bonnies very good background and she will provide the leadership needed," Jacobs said. Bonnies also had a great deal of knowledge and an understanding of the competitiveness and camaraderie of meal supervisors to general manager.

"We don't want to be the last to come," Scheller said yesterday, "to make sure that the Bonnies is still a part of that competitive environment marks the first time a Dining Services employee has gone directly to the top student post. I was surprised that he would be a student and manage responsible for one of the University's five dining centers before moving up to general manager."

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Begin defeats no-confidence motion

JERUSALEM — Prime Minister Menachem Begin, facing a vote of no-confidence in his coalition government, easily defeated three parliamentary challenges to his leadership in secret balloting today in the Knesset, the Israeli parliament.

The 62-year-old prime minister, who was not related to the vote because of a Knesset rule, told reporters shortly after the secret ballot that he had expected to win.

"I'm content that we have won," Begin said. "The Knesset is free to make decisions."

"We have a mandate from the people," he added, amid cheers from his supporters.

Begin, who has led the Falintz coalition government since June 1977, said he would hold a meeting of his cabinet "in the next few days," before considering what measures he would take to meet the demands of the opposition.

The vote came after a week of bitter debate in the Knesset, where opposition leaders accused Begin of incompetence and corruption.

The vote was interpreted as a sign of the growing strength of the opposition, which has been gaining support in recent months.

Begin, who has been in power since 1977, has faced a series of challenges from the opposition in recent months, including a no-confidence vote in January.

The vote today was seen as a major victory for Begin, who has been struggling to hold on to power in the face of a strong opposition led by Labor Party leader Yitzhak Rabin.

Rabin, who led the opposition in the Knesset, said today that he would not challenge Begin again, but vowed to continue fighting for his policies.

"I have no illusions about the result," Rabin said. "But I have no illusions about the future."

Rabin, who has been in opposition since 1977, has been gaining support in recent months, and has been critical of Begin's policies, including his handling of the Lebanon war.

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On the federal draft aid law

William Schilling: On the federal draft aid law

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THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN - Thursday, February 17, 1983

PAGE 3
**Letters to the Editor**

**Update: Women at Penn**

The Daily Pennsylvanian

*Dear Daily Pennsylvanian,*

Regarding the Penn Women's Student Program's recent letter on the subject of women's equality and representation at the University, I would like to offer my thoughts on the matter.

Although I fully support the efforts of the Women's Student Program to promote gender equality, I believe that we should not overemphasize the need for quotas or affirmative action. While it is important to ensure that women have equal opportunities to succeed in all areas of life, we should also encourage merit-based competition and recognize individual achievement.

Furthermore, I believe that we should focus on providing resources to support women's development and well-being rather than mandating specific outcomes. Let's work towards creating an environment where women can thrive based on their own merits and contributions, rather than relying on policies that prioritize diversity over excellence.

*Yours truly,*

[Your Name]

---

**The Defense Den**

**To the Editor,**

I am writing in response to the recent letter by [Author's Name] regarding the University’s decision to restrict coverage of student protests on campus.

While I agree that the University has a responsibility to maintain a safe and conducive environment for all students, I believe that restricting protest coverage goes too far. Such restrictions could stifle free speech and limit the ability of students to express their opinions and advocate for change.

I urge the University to reconsider its position and ensure that students have the opportunity to voice their concerns and promote social justice. A healthy democratic society depends on the free exchange of ideas, and we should not allow fear of controversy to undermine our commitment to open and inclusive dialogue.

*Yours sincerely,*

[Your Name]
Carter aide Jordan to speak at U. tonight

By NANCY FUNK

President Jimmy Carter's Chief of Staff Hamilton Jordan will speak at the Zellersbach Theatre at the University tonight about his years with the Carter administration.

President Political Union President Andrew B. Talcott said Thursday that the speech, which will be co-sponsored by the Penn Political Union and the Penn Democrats, will begin at 8:15 p.m.

"Jordan will be drawing from his recently published book, "From the Left to the Center,"" Talcott said.

"This is an opportunity for students to hear firsthand from the administration when this administration is taking it in," Talcott said, as he arranged for Jordan to speak to the student body.

It is the first time Jordan has come to the University, he said.

"Jordan appeared on the Larry King Show, a radio talk show normally broadcast from Washington, D.C.," Talcott said. "The program was on the Carter administration celebration."

"Jordan is a very knowledgeable person who has been in the White House for a lot longer than we were in Washington," Talcott said.

"Talcott said the meeting was originally scheduled for Sunday but was moved to the night before the presidential speech." He added that the meeting will be co-sponsored by the Penn Political Union and the Penn Democrats.

Jordan's political career is highlighted by his appointment to the Nixon administration.

"When I look at the White House and the American political system, I see no reason to address the present with fancy prose to it," Conti added. "We are trying to deduce what the University and the nation have a vested interest in."
U. sets to implement new room draw plan

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General Manager, Wharton Senior Attending to another mechanical Schaefer's potential while she was dining services. "...I thought in this..."

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"...people. She was instructing..."

"...she was instructing..."

"...as I see it, we're..."

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"...I don't really see..."

"...I'll he trying to learn as much as..."

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"...I'll look forward to..."

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"...something that I could..."

"...'I knew I didn't need to use..."

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"...a few things in the..."

"...it is..."

"...I think in this..."
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Photo By plunge (4) (Reserved by Thanks

Everyone is invited to meet and hear this exciting speaker
Sub-varsity basketball

For the freshmen, it's fun and informal. So this was a great time for them. The freshmen who've been with the program are having a great time, too. We're really excited about this team. We're looking forward to the rest of the season. The team is really playing well and we're happy with the way they're doing.

(Continued from back page)

Sailors

believe that the goal will be realized. It's not about the money, it's about the opportunity to play and have fun. sailor, said. "I would not tell you exactly how much money I would like to see. But I'm confident that if we continue to work hard and stay committed, we'll get there."

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Sub-varsity basketball players working for more recognition

B. HOWARD GANZER

Tuesday night in the Princeton gym, two boys were standing at the corner. The yellow and red striped basketball sawdust was blowing in the air, as if it were雪 day. The boys were two members of the sub-varsity basketball team, and they were practicing for their upcoming game against Yeshiva University. The game was scheduled for tomorrow night at 7:30 PM at the University of Pennsylvania's Palestra. The sub-varsity team was eager to prove itself against the powerhouse University team.

The boys were working on their shooting, dribbling, and passing skills. They were determined to show the University team what they were capable of, and to gain some recognition for their hard work and dedication.

But the sub-varsity team faced many challenges. The team was not well-known, and their games were not well-attended. The boys were working hard to gain recognition, but it was not easy.

The boys were aware of the difficulties they faced, but they were not discouraged. They were determined to show their talent and work hard to gain recognition. They knew that their hard work would pay off, and they were determined to make the most of their opportunities.

The sub-varsity team was determined to prove itself against the University team, and to gain some recognition for their hard work and dedication. They were working hard to achieve their goals, and they were not discouraged by the challenges they faced. They were determined to show their talent and work hard to gain recognition. They knew that their hard work would pay off, and they were determined to make the most of their opportunities.
Blond little faces with elongated expressions glide through the water, darting their upturned noses from side to side of the glass in the other. I lurge with a tiny fishnet and scoop out the gazp with purple fins, blue scales and a red face. Having new roommate. He's also my only roommate, or he used to be. I'll get to the point later.

I didn't really want to be in that get shop, buying that fish. But I had to.

After several seminars with roommates who were always on the phone in loud voices and Queen's accents asking their mothers to send down more Weight Watchers Turkey Tenderloin dinners, always patiently singing "At the Copacabana" in the shower that shared a wall with my pillow, always saying things like "Who the hell thinks Eric Clapton should go back on heroin?" I wondered what it would be like to live alone, to feel free to create dirty sock sculptures or blast Yiddish operas at sunrise.

I moved into a small, coffin-shaped cubicle with a great view of a neighbor's window. I unpacked my stuff, sat on the winch down, and worried for that feeling of freedom. I created a little melodramatic set and listened to Venda de Nieve a few times. Then it got kind of dull and I realized that roommates did serve a useful purpose. They made 'em redundant thing.

That's when I got Gilligan's fish. Gilligan was okay. He had no Queen's accent and he never sang Barry Manilow tunes. He liked Eric Clapton just fine. All he wanted out of life was a few bronze bloodsaws and a four-pitch half-star, deep sea diver. And best of all, he moved. He wasn't as witty as say, Paul Schriffer, and he always refused to pick up the phone when I was away. But I won't say that's the reason he ended up falling down the drain near Christmas break.

I stopped fooling around with animal kingdoms companions and went for the real thing, the ultimate roommate substitute: an answering machine. It was much wittier than Paul Schriffer and it wasn't so uptight about answering the phone. I wasn't held. I could tell Gilligan wasn't a real roommate, it never asked to borrow money. And it never bent me any either. That's when I started thinking about friends who were living together in apartments with shrubs and carved oak fireplaces, eating dinner stalls real garlic bread and Vivaldi up loud, and saying things like "when's garbage day?" and "you sprung the toothpaste from the middle.

About how complaining or crying or shouting the breezes into the telephone receiver just wasn't that satisfying. About how feeling of total isolation that sometimes swallows up some lasted very long when I had roommates — someone was always there to say "pass the salt please" — and how they always knew when to steal my textbooks and drag me to the Tavern. I liked knowing someone was around to point out the formaldehyde in Mr. Bubble or the food particle bouncing off my nose. I started thinking Barry Manilow was okay.

The fishly turned into a pit stop for notebooks, new

A comedy for the incurably romantic.

DUDLEY MOORE - ELIZABETH McGOVERN in "LOVESICK"

JOHN HUSTON and ALEC GUINNESS.

Music by PHILIPPE SARDE - Director of Photography GERRY FISHER

Produced by CHARLES OKUN Written and Directed by MARSHALL BRIMAN

STARTS FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 18th!
Phil's Own Bored Game

The board players consisted of a collection of advertisements for Philadelphia businesses. The players among them Gino’s Garden Cranberry Challenge, Electric Company and Enameling Co. Inc, the one and only Philadelphia Yacht Club, and the City of Commerce. Several of the spots on the board were inspired by Philadelphia landmarks, notably the popular Benjamin Franklin Casino. The playing pieces, too, are Philadelphia-themed—add the problems of additional sponsors, such as Philadelphia Gas, Philadelphia Electric Company, and Conoco Inc., Industrial Gas and Welding Supplies, and four of the city’s most offensive radio stations. The entire game bears a striking resemblance to the billboards on the Schuylkill Expressway, but the roadway doesn’t charge players for the singular pleasure of cruising these miracles of modern advertising.

Not only a wasted money but also an expose, “All About Philadelphia” is a new board game called “Monopoly” series. Squashed into a tiny corner, the rules of the game are practically obliterated by the omnipresent advertising. The game board itself is hilarious, and even the play money bears the symbols of Philadelphia businesses. The Marriott Hotel chain decorates the odd-dash hills, while Atlantic City Transmissions (six convenient locations adds intrigue to the title). The entire concept of the game is nothing short of revealing: it is to clearly an exploitation of the public interest to meet an artificial evocation back to Buffalo, where such games can live forever in infamy.

Having once been deified from a cover story in Advertising Age, the University of Pennsylvania has formally been recognized and is figured to be the center of the game board. This association hopefully will not mar the University’s reputation too badly.

Playing is not out all that difficult, but would-be players should be warned: they are committing themselves to an afternoon of uncoordinated rambling. To start, every player puts on a playing piece on one of six points on the board designated “residence.” Each residence features a lovely Main Line home, replete with aluminum siding and a two-car garage. Then the “burkies” clearly show something about his personal identity. Yes, claims Dwight, “it does. The man who wears a hat can’t do without a hat.”

Healthy as the ski cap industry is, “skeptic believes that the high-fashion hat industry is not faring so well. Events would seem to bear him out. When confronted, a salesman in the hat department of Kay’s Store for Men and Boys claimed he couldn’t talk because he was “too busy. Interestingly, there were at least five tenants roaming about, and virtually no customers in the store. A salesmen in Eagle Hat and cap on 13th Street would also seem to wear

Sharks Stand Tall in Philadelphia Hat Culture

They’re everywhere. Do the subway. The buses. They sip coffee money away from our pockets. Hereafter, the natural process of Darwinism will beMagnum. They’re almost impossible to match. What are they? Video games! Drugs?

No. Hats! Hats! Yes, hats. The people who sell hats and scarves on the sidewalks of Philadelphia somehow manage to make you feel like you could virtually carry this story. These people know just about everything there is to know about the hat-wearing Philadelphia. Philly. What would be the evil hat but horrible characteristics that any great piece of trash journalism needs? Unfortunately, when quizzed, most street vendors simply smile andreply, “100% Acrylic, last a lifetime!” But not S.D. Diamond and Son, Distributors of Men’s and Boy’s Hats and Caps on 13th Street, there exists a most memorable talkative fellow. According to this fellow, who shall be named Dwight, the hot business is alive and well in Philadelphia.

Dwight was able to answer many questions about basic hat lore. When is the best time to sell hats? Early winter. Is there a particular technique to selling hats? No, hats virtually sell themselves. What kind of ski cap causes the least amount of manure? Acrylic skicaps will give you a certain amount of shade, but it’s cold, wearing wool. What’s the best way to put on a ski cap? From the front, pulling the hat back, avoiding the Lake Wyoming “dead hat” look Fascinating.

Dwight was pressed to answer why the hat-wearing sub-society exists in Philadelphia. Does it? Not as such, claimed Dwight. But there are people who “gotta have a hat,” people who are

PECO’s Secret Lighted Messages

What do Pope John Paul II, Michigan’s governor, and the Philadelphia Eagles all have in common? With Carl’s Secret Cookies?

They’ve all been the subject of two-page advertisements that have flashed across the city for the past three years. The Philadelphia Electric Company building at 2095 Market Street! When BUY COOKIES appeared two weeks ago in honor of St. Patrick’s Day, it was unclear whether the Cookie Monster had become a skipper or if the building was starting to ring. Still, everyone was4

Prominent angles about the game itself is dubious. It seems that the board was printed separately and the player with the largest house, distributes $100 to each player and then turns over a “tax card.” The game offers the unique opportunity to travel to such Philadelphia hotspots as Jones’s, Schmalz’s, and The Lock and Iron. Campground. The players then advance further to their goal as they endure various pitfalls, partly due to the meteorological surprise cards. These cards can replace the player to the unfortunates. Not for the lack of $200 and advance 5 spaces. The first player to reach their goal purchases it, and another card is turned over. The first player to get eight travel cards and return “home” wins an unparalleled thrill.

If the inflated price tag of the game isn’t enough to deter prospective buyers, perhaps the resulting banality will. Word of mouth, in this case a axiom, should be enough to insure that this limited edition of “All About Philadelphia” is not that.

One final bit of advice: stick to Monopoly. If this is the alternative, it’s better to be in Atlantic City.

—Cami Szechuk

SHARKS STAND TALL IN PHILADELPHIA HAT CULTURE

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—Cami Szechuk
Unnatural Acts' Should Be Made Illegal

Unnatural Acts
By Howard Sherman

There's nothing more uncom-
mongus than watching comedy — with the
exception of watching good comedy being performed badly. Unnatural Acts, an amalgam of British
comic sketches, has the distinction of suffering from
both problems, due to the varie-
ty of sources from which it is derived.
Harold Pinter's rarely seen "Review Sketches" dominate the
first act, ably demonstrating how
inspired entertainment, and
tries. I both the Firesign and heater
Funnj "Review Sketches" dominate the first act, ably demonstrating why they are rarely seen. Those
elegantes of the British working class may have been funny when they were written over twenty years ago, but when
formed today, just off of South Street, the pieces are both potently unfunny.
The rest of the material is at least worthy of some level of production, although this pro-
duction is definitely not the kind they need. "Noel's Atomic Dog"; a radio script from
The Goon Show, is a masterful piece of verbal comedy by Spike Milligan, who
seems to have almost singlehandedly
inspired both The Freerian Theater and The National Lampoons albums.
Unfortunately, the pairing of these two
does not seem to result in anything but a
confusing, aimless series of sketchbook material. The same criticism can be
even more directly leveled at the aural
comedy in "Dogs of Hamlet", an absurdly
awful work about a bizarre English boy's school and its attempts to
produce Hamlet. The
unimaginable task of producing Shakespeare is confounded by the language spoken, the school, a formalized type of glue
that "continues pasted" itself into the infamous
uninspired mush.

The dominant piece of the evening is Tom Stoppard's "Dogs of Hamlet", an absurdly
awful work about a bizarre English boy's school and its attempts to
produce Hamlet. The
unimaginable task of producing Shakespeare is confounded by the language spoken, the school, a formalized type of glue
that "continues pasted" itself into the infamous
The piece's two nonsensical and lifeless...

No Shore in Sight for Sailing Dance Conduit

By Lisa Campolo

A mermaid in elegant, shell-
boned cocktail dresses splashes in the
sea, lovers on board the S.S. Circus. But the mermaid has kicked off her shoes and
dirt, and a giant fish glides past. We've entered the feature piece of Dance Con-
duit's winter season premiering this weekend: a surreal, escapist work that combines dancing, singing and dialogues within a
tropical cruise ship atmosphere. All of the program's pieces are original works
choreographed by company members. It should be one of the company's most entertain-
ing and ambitious programs.
Dance Conduit, a three-year
old, Philadelphia-based com-
pany, is driven by the
motivating force of one of the
nation's top dance instructors,
and choreographers, Ann Vachon. The ensemble is rooted in modern dance of the
Harkness-Limon tradition, but its emphasis is on creating original works and involving
musicians and other artists. This
distinction sets it off from other Philadelphia dance companies, and from all over the country by Vachon's reputation and
choreographic technique, the twelve
dancers choreographed and per-
fumed their own works.
The key to Dance Conduit's work is collaboration. The five
dancers that will be performed this weekend represent five of the forty
of four composer-
choreographer duos. The com-
pany's music is highly involved in the creation of the pieces. Dan
Martin, the piano-playing ban
for instance, wrote the music
for "Harev Hut", which was
choreographed by Melanie
Wood.
Three of the pieces, "Harev Hut", "Midway", and "Ar-
thology" grew out of the "Va-
timins Project", a four-week work shop which brought together choreographers and composer. Choreographer Madeline Garton's work with composer Karen Campbell resulted in "Midway", a parade of
merly go-round, roller-
caster, and singer, and dancing images that are half-fantasy, half-reality. The dancers wear sheer, eye-catching costumes, as well.
At one point, a string of dancing
couples file by like a chain of
cut-out doughnuts, attached
to each other in various poses of
support. The music for this piece is scored for harmonica, bass
clarinet, and an eclectic assortment of pitched percus-
sion instruments, including celeste, marimba, and vibraphone.
The two other pieces on the program are "Archives" and "Pentiments." The former,
choreographed by Joshua Jos
Tabor, is a collection of
short dance phrases that include movements that challenge the
very idea of what is dance. "Pentiments", which place
in an East Indian restaurant on the
weekends, was choreographed by
composer Jon Schlaeger and composer Linda Rechter. Performed by five
of our slim, suggestions images of women in many characters and different
phases of life. Unlike any other small dance
companies, Dance Conduit has not suffered as a result of finan-
cial setbacks. The company has two per-
fomer seasons each year in
Philadelphia and one in New
York. Together with public and
community service perfor-
mances, the dancers perform about
30 times a year. The up-
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pervasive for several of the new
THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1983

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City Closing In On Chinatown

By John Monsees

An ink drawing of a mountainside village bordered by Chinese characters hangs in a plastic frame on a cracked plaster wall. A faded blue rug with a woven dragon pattern partially covers the wooden floor. The room smells faintly of ginger, and when there is a pause in the noise from the street, one can hear the distant clatter of dishes from the restaurant kitchen below.

The old man wears a baggy black sweater that accentuates his white hair and slight frame. He stands at the window and glances down into the street. The frozen slush twists the Chinese script of the fluorescent restaurant signs, creating bizarre shadow patterns. Lively pedestrian traffic moves along the icy sidewalks in an ever-changing rhythm as couples and small groups enter and depart the dozen restaurants on the block. It is early evening, the dinner hour, and for Philadelphia's Chinatown, the busiest time of the day.

Returning from the window, the elderly Chinese man remarks that the neighborhood is becoming so distorted as to distort the characters reflected in the ice. George Wu, which is not his real name, has witnessed many changes in Chinatown over the last three decades, but none as threatening as those which now stand to destroy its fabric and force Wu to leave his home.

The neighborhood has survived other problems in its hundred-plus years of existence, but the present issues have the potential to radically change the area from a viable residential neighborhood to a lifeless tourist strip of uniform restaurants and gift shops. Wu knows it. Large scale commercial and public development projects have been steadily shrinking Chinatown's territory in the last five decades and the elderly citizens, who comprise the majority of the residential population, are becoming nervous. The community is suffering from a shortage of low-income housing, as well as a dearth of Asian immigrants who want to move in.

The resolution of this crisis will determine nothing less than the future of Philadelphia's Chinatown. The community has the potential for a dynamic revitalization, but its rebirth will require a more tangible and sincere commitment from the city than has been demonstrated in the last few years.

From Living Room to Chinese Restaurant

Wu shakes his head and smiles mournfully, as he remembers the changes that have occurred in his neighborhood. "Many of my old friends have moved away and their houses were torn down," he says. "But not all of them. The living room of my uncle's old house is now a restaurant's dining room."

Situated in prime Center City real estate, Chinatown is surrounded by the Gallery, the Independence Mall complex and other commercial establishments. The potential value of the land has sparked the interest of developers and the residents are threatened by the possibility of land speculators buying up Chinatown properties and evicting the occupants.

The scarcity of affordable housing has discouraged newly arrived Asian immigrants from settling in Chinatown, as proven by the rising presence of Asian commuters and small businesses in the neighborhoods of West and North Philadelphia.

Walking down Thirty-fourth Street, Wu points out that few children are present, whereas, years ago, there were loud gangs of children playing on every corner. The neighborhood today seems to be a strictly commercial enterprise, saturated with Chinese, Thai and Vietnamese restaurants, and gift shops. Houses have been renovated to serve as restaurants and many smaller community shops have been eliminated through competition with the Gallery. Wu enters a small grocery store and exchanges pleasantries in Canteense with two aged women buying fresh snow peas and bean sprouts. Amid the smell of pungent spices and nylon vegetables, Wu explains that most residents of Chinatown today are elderly people with little or no knowledge of English.

Isolation Borne of Necessity and Desire

Unfamiliarity with the native tongue has made adapting to life in America difficult and has forced Chinatown's residents to isolate themselves in the community. Few employment opportunities await Asian immigrants with no fluency in English outside Chinatown. Most want to settle in areas populated with people of their native cultural background. There is an isolationism born of both necessity and desire.

The assimilation into American culture of the Asian-born residents of Philadelphia's Chinatown has not proven to be a simple or complete process. Working and living in Chinatown has provided new immigrants some measure of cultural consistency, and has enabled them to survive with their own languages, never grasping the finer subtleties of popular American culture.
Fear and Loathing in Powelton Village

He would spend his nights that way, armed with unshakable beliefs and a gift for persuasion. Held swaddle from porch to porch in his Powelton Village neighborhood, just six blocks north of David Rittenhouse Laboratories, expanding his philosophy to anyone who would listen.

"Can't you see? Society is degenerating. People are forgetting what's real because of technology. Technology and the system are separating people! The only way to see is because of technology. We protect our families from the mind-enduring variable of fashion by not clothing them. We do not feed or kill cats, we simply leave them alone. People are taught prejudice against rats the same way they're taught racism. That's what we're dealing with - the reconditioning of this lifestyle, and that teaches children that it is ugly and fearful, and a squared is cute, both being accurate, called.

But neither neighbors nor the city was interested in Leaphart's philosophy, for MOVE closely violated health and safety standards. When city officials announced plans to coordinate an inspection of the house, MOVE defiantly responded by erecting a fence and platform in front of their headquarters. Dressed in blue fatigues, black berets, and t-shirts that said "I'm a Black Panther. I live here," members mounted their platform, brandishing rifles in militant fashion. They hurled obscenities at the mayor and at police, and threatened to burn reservores, empty hotels, and apartment houses in the major cities of Europe.

For over a year, MOVE held Philadelphia in a state of siege, taunting the police force and the mayor. Members repeated how refuse allowed their children to roam naked, pile refuse behind their house. Powellton residents complained endlessly, and the press wondered what exactly the city planned to do about the mess.

In March, 1978, after police exhausted diplomatic channels, Police Commissioner Joseph O’Neill ordered a

Rise to Power and the Confrontation

Contrary to popular belief, not all MOVE members were black. Declaring war on the mayor and the city, the organization solicited both black and white recruits. Some members of the black community, did not move in demonstrations, but most offered support because they feared the consequences of tangling with then-Mayor Frank Rizzo and his police force.

Rizzo's spokesman, for Copeman, claims that the former mayor had little involvement in the incident, and wanted to know why a story was being written about "ancient history anywot.

In light of his upcoming campaign for mayor, Rizzo apparently isn't thinking very hard about the matter. After all, what's the use of thinking about something that happened so many years ago?

History

Vince the dogman" Leaphart's earliest Powelton Village resident espoused an anti-technology, back-to-nature philosophy. Talking long into the night, he tried to convert others to his beliefs, and attracted followers who were mostly family members. In 1971, he met Donald Hassely, a white college graduate with a Master's degree. They combined forces, and in 1973 MOVE emerged with 200 followers.

Originally, MOVE followers were non-violent evangelists who attacked any symbols of the establishment: R. Buckminster Fuller, school boards, the Philadelphia Zoo, pet shops, Quakers, Jesse Jackson, police stations and the Communist Party were all targets of the group's criticism.

At first MOVE was able to live undisturbed in its Powelton Village house at 307-309 North 3rd Street, part of a neighborhood that had been a home for Italians in the 1930s and hippies in the 60s. The large Victorian homes provided refuge for draft dodgers, drug dealers, and drifters. Residents practiced a "live and let live" lifestyle, and savored their reputation as being "socially harmonious." As Murray Doben, MOVE expert and reporter for the Philadelphia Inquirer, said, "If MOVE could have existed peacefully anywhere in Philadelphia, it would have had to be in Powelton."

While neighbors were tolerant of drug dealers and drifters, they were sympathetic to MOVE's habits. MOVE members dressed their babies inside their communal house, and allowed their children to roam throughout the year. They used our soap. They threw all their garbage into their yard, attracting packs of rats.

On those summer evenings in 1971, most saw Vincent Leaphart as a gentle, clean man who loved children and cats. He would spend his nights that way, and with unshakable beliefs and a gift for persuasion. He'd wander to stray dogs. He would later be depicted on news stations, business, and in the community believes that MOVE disfigured the city; the national V. is a violent, crazed black zealot, and is the model. In declaring war on the mayor and the city, the organization solicited both black and white recruits. Some members of the black community feel that MOVE presented a false picture of the city, and many black Philadelphians opposed the movement vehemently. Many whites mistook the group's philosophy as representing views of the entire black community, and an already precarious racial situation was further aggravated.

Today, the black community regards MOVE as an abomination, a group which grossly misrepresented a black point of view.

Just because the incident exploded five years ago does not mean that it should be forgotten. Many of the controversies elicited by MOVE have not been resolved - only buried. This is a story that must be told.

MOVE

Reporters for The Philadelphia Inquirer, said, "If MOVE could have existed peacefully anywhere in Philadelphia, it would have had to be in Powelton."

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Defiant Or Africa, a member of the organization, explains MOVE's activities and behavior in the Winter 1970 issue of Zero Magazine: "We use soap, but not on our bodies. We use chemicals to wash cars, floors, and anything else encrusted with the waste of the technological lifestyle. We protect our babies from the mind-enduring variable of fashion by not clothing them. We do not feed or kill cats, we simply leave them alone. People are taught prejudice against rats the same way they're taught racism. That's what we're dealing with - the reconditioning of this lifestyle (and that teaches children that it is ugly and fearful, and a squared is cute, both being accurate, called).

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For over a year, MOVE held Philadelphia in a state of siege, taunting the police force and the mayor. Members repeated how refuse allowed their children to roam naked, pile refuse behind their house. Powellton residents complained endlessly, and the press wondered what exactly the city planned to do about the mess.

In March, 1978, after police exhausted diplomatic channels, Police Commissioner Joseph O'Niel ordered a
blockade to be erected around the MOVE compound. Powellton residents complained about the inconvenience, but were pleased that the city was doing something. MOVE barricaded itself in the house; the city decided to shove members out, and barricaded food and water to be brought in to the blockade.

Desperate for supplies, the group had bitterly agreed to a health and safety inspection, and promised to leave the house after ninety days. The inspection went smoothly, but MOVE refused on its agreement to evacuate.

This was the last straw. MOVE had divorced, threatened, and harrased for fifteen months. Early one summer morning, the conflict that had been rumbling for seven years burst into a full-blown explosion.

August 8, 1976, 6 a.m., 600 policemen and firemen storm the blockad. Trying to avoid violence, an officer read a warrant, but received no response from the MOVE house. A few minutes later, a bulldozer smashed down the fence and platform, and the police beat for surrender. No reply. The small army shoots water through a hose into the house, but MOVE has taken refuge in the basement.

A shootout ensues in which one police officer, James Ramo, is killed, and several other police and firemen are seriously wounded. Delbert Orr Africa is repeatedly hit in the face with helmets and kicked by police officers as soon as he cracks out of the basement window.

It is at this point in the exchange that the two sides give different accounts of what happened. Philadelphia police claim that Ramo was shot by MOVE. MOVE alleges that he could have been accidentally killed by another police officer. Members of the police also say that they beat Africa, because of the constant abuse rained on them by MOVE, and because Africa posed a threat to their safety. MOVE claims that Rizzo and the police hated blacks and took advantage of this opportunity to show it.

Nasty Residue

A few hours after the smoke cleared, the MOVE house was raised, destroying a physical symbol of the movement—MOVE's spiritual symbol, John Africa, had already disappeared in 1977, amid allegations that he made bombs.

Nine MOVE members—Michael Davis Africa, Delbert Orr Africa, Charles Sims Africa, Delia Sims Africa, Janet Holliday Africa, William Phillips Africa, Edward Goodman Africa, Merie Austin Africa, and Consuelia Africa—were arrested and charged with the murder of police officer Ramo, and with wounding 7 other policemen and firemen. After a 60-day trial in 1979 marked by MOVE's vicious behavior, all nine defendants were found guilty of third degree murder and sentenced to 30 to 100-year terms in Holmeston, Graterford, and Quantico prisons.

In February, 1981, police officers Gehr, Malovich, and Zagame were acquitted of beating Delbert Orr Africa.

The elusive Vincent Leaphart, whom law enforcement officials believe was actually MOVE's revered John Africa, was found five years after fleeing in Rochester, New York, and was arrested on fugitive warrants. Two months later, while the nine MOVE members awaited their sentencing, Leaphart was acquitted on federal weapons charges.

Five years after the Powellton Village shootout, many still cringe at the mention of MOVE: Philadelphia really never knew what MOVE's philosophies were. While local and national coverage was extensive, it tended to focus on the more sensationalistic aspects of the incident. One report, for example, alleged that one MOVE woman had a baby, tore the umbilical cord with her teeth, cleaned the baby with her tongue, and was up and away 12 hours later.

Delbert Orr Africa explains in Zero Review that "The title of the organization is not an acronym. It means what it says: more, get active, change, revolution..."

Aftereffects

MOVE did effect changes, but not the ones it had anticipated. Racial tension escalated in the city. MOVE presented the situation as a clear-cut confrontation between white police officers and black radicals, forcing observers to choose sides carelessly along the lines of race. However much MOVE wanted to exclude the black community against the mayor and the police force, it could only succeed in embarrassing many black Philadelphians. MOVE never had the broad-based support of the black community. Len Washington, a reporter who covered MOVE for the Philadelphia Tribune, says that MOVE members were not revolutionaries, but "modern-day urban anarchists.

MOVE did in some sense take action immediately following the shootout. A movement fighting Rizzo's call for a change in the city charter gained support, as did the protest against the building of the Gallery mall in Center City. One week after the shootout, six thousand people, outraged by tactics the city employed against MOVE, demonstrated in City Hall.

MOVE's rhetoric and activities made only a limited impact on the sentiments of Philadelphians; today no one is thinking much about it. Neither blacks nor whites want to dredge up the embarrassment that the group caused the city, or the racial tensions it manipulated. After the criticism the city received requiring its tactics against the group, Rizzo would have liked the incident to be buried.

But although many try to forget MOVE, some cannot. Two years ago, Stanley Kabuk, the Common Pleas judge who acquitted officers Gehr, Malovich, and Zagame, claimed that "Philadelphia is bleeding in death because of this MOVE tragedy."

In the five years since the shootout, the city's wounds have not been allowed to heal. Network news broadcasts still stigmatize the city by running their file tape showing police officers beating Delbert Orr Africa.

And the families of Officer Ramp and the others wounded in the shootout cannot forget MOVE.

When Vincent Leaphart walked out of the federal courthouse following his acquittal, one determined MOVE member proclaimed, "The revolution is going to continue."

He is, apparently, wrong. Most of the MOVE leaders are serving their sentences. Vincent Leaphart reportedly returned to Rochester. Donald Glassey, still living in the Philadelphia area, refuses to reveal himself. A small cell of MOVE sympathizers and supporters do remain active, but have thus far been ineffective in their protests.

And still the questions involving racial conflict, police tactics, and the mayor's role endure. In these areas, the city will continually have to take on new action—and move.
Why You Shouldn’t Go to the Movies

By Mark Broifman

Don’t go to movies. Film—don’t you hate people who call it “film”—is by its very nature a false and self-limiting art, and by continuing to pump large stacks of its entertainment dollars into filmsgrowing, America is giving more and more encouragement to those who make a living perpetrating one of the world’s chief verses of cultural waste.

The argument against movies has really nothing to do with unshoddy, esthetic visions, or an unfair fixation on high art as the only art. In fact, one of the most lucid expressions of the problems of movie-making comes from all places, a movie: Annie Hall.

In one scene, Woody Allen wonder about Diane Keaton’s practice of smoking pot before they make love. He compares it to performing his stand-up when most of the audience is drunk—is it the comedian making them laugh, or the booze? He has no way of knowing whether he’s really funny. Likewise, a stoned lover isn’t much of a challenge to turn on. Allen says it’s too easy.

The same thing applies to movies:...

I think it’s fair to say that one of the chief goals of any creative endeavor, no matter the medium, is to affect. If art can be defined in one word, it’s affectation, and its essential core, that work would probably not change. In other words, an important object of the creative product is—by its definition—the act of changing someone’s world, mind, or emotion. And this suggests a basic reason why movies are not an art form.

Because no other creative medium could ever possibly change the mind of even the most sensitive or seasoned moviegoer, it’s the only one of the arts that is totally and completely resistant to change.

The result is that the movies, like the financial markets, are as subject to the intellectual laws of supply and demand as any other market...

This is the real crux of the matter, and what we have is an absurd money game in which the only real revelation ever made is the realization that no one could be affected by a movie.

The act of watching movies itself is(rr, an ever-surprising overwhelming stimuli—any simple image can become an apocalyptic experience when projected 20 feet into the air—that it is the most dangerous, that is, not the filmmaker’s ideas, which shape the movie-going experience. The medium at its best is really the message—not the movie...

In other words, it doesn’t much matter what the movie is about. People come to these movies with a pre-conceived idea and demand to be affected emotionally.

Directors should understand this.

For centuries, people peered in and out of art galleries, shuffled along the four walls, muddled at the paintings, and walked out essentially unchanged. The pictures had been made, one way or another, and in circles circles one was expected to take an interest in the fine arts, but there was no change. People were very happy with the same product, the same old ideas.

The Dada movement was at its core a hell-a-beat attempt to reach these people at all costs, put on plays entirely in gibberish. They staged poetry readings in which two people would scribble their lines simultaneously, rendering both of them incomprehensible. John Cage wrote a piece of music, 4’33”, in which a performer comes out on stage and sits at a piano with his hands in his lap for four minutes and 33 seconds...

They used extreme methods to get an emotion out of their audience, even if that emotion was anger. The rage throwing and the indignant shouts were the payoff—it meant they had succeeded, and had worked hard toward that end, as well as—it isn’t easy to create “happenings,” as this kind of performance art is known, for our time, for our time, for our time...

But in movies, there’s no challenge. The payoff is virtual...

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The Battles do understand this.

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**Frances Not All She’s Cracked Up To Be**

**Frances**

Starring Jessica Lange

Directed by Clifford Odets

At the Odeon

By Howard Gensler

At 16, Frances Farmer won $100 for a high school essay which questioned the existence of God. Three years later, she was offered a free trip to Moscow courtesy of a Communist newspaper. This was in the early 1930s. In Seattle, Frances Farmer was not a very popular girl.

But by the time she was 21, Farmer was earning $200,000 a year as an actress making unremarkable movies. Fed up by the gossipy-mongering Hollywood star system with which she refused to conform, Farmer played a summer of stock on the road. There she met theatrical producer Harold Clurman, and was offered the female lead in Clifford Odets’ Golden Boy.

After a brief affair with Odets, Farmer was left in the lurch, and forced to return to her hated Hollywood. Her career and personal life were in shambles, and the tabloids were counting her as temerarious temptress who was trouble for everyone.

At the age of twenty-seven, Frances Farmer was institutionalized. She would be in and out of institutions for the better part of a decade, and her career would never again amount to anything except a talk show in Indiana.

Farmer’s descent in the story of Frances, and it is not a pleasant one, is that of a woman ahead of her time, undoubtedly eccentric, and brilliant. Yet through a series of relatively insignificant and a disproportional share of bad breaks, her life was taken out of her control and put into the hands of her mother, psychiatrist, and surgeon.

This is one case where mother did not know best, and did not care to learn.

As Frances, Jessica Lange has the role and the performance of her career. She sinks her into every line of dialogue and every piece of scenery and splits the fragment back at her capers and audience. Simultaneously coy and innocent, calm and weird, the bedraggled chain-smoking Lange shows she is much more than just a pretty face. Lange’s Frances is put up to frustration, a light look who never gets the cathartic explosion for which she quests.

Returning to the screen after an eighteen-year absence, Kim Stanley is terrific as Frances’ mother, Lily. Half stage mom and half Jean Crainford, her waspily, unfailingly Lily Farmer attempts to live vicariously through her daughter, unaware and uncearing of the consequences. Mrs. Farmer’s institutionalized friend Harry York, Sam Shepard is credible, but his role is little more than a bridge between mother-daughter confrontation.

Strong performances aside, Frances excels in all technical aspects with Richard Salvetti’s production design, Patricia Norris’ costumes, and Landis Kovan’s cinematography.

The problems with Frances lie in its repetitive action sequences, its tendency to rely too much, and its use of a hammer to bang home its points. More of a problem, however, is that first-time Director Graeme Clifford and Screenwriters Eric Hersig, Christopher DeVore and Nicholas Kazan aren’t even aware what points they are trying to make.

Frances is about corruption and decent, but it deals with both on personal and bureaucratic levels without ever reconciling either. There are too many parts to Frances. It’s Mommie Dearest, The Day of the Locust and One Flew Over the Cuckoo’s Nest all rolled into one, in addition to being an attempt at a serious biography.

Clifford has done a fine job as a service director, and he should be someone to watch for in the future. Frances, like the woman in Haward and fascinating, always reaching for great heights before falling short. For Lange’s performance alone, the film is worth seeing. The problem with Frances is, she just isn’t all she’s cracked up to be.

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**New Print Makes Great Samurai Even Better**

The Seven Samurai

Directed by Akira Kurosawa

At the Ritz

By Diane Sidener

Akira Kurosawa’s The Seven Samurai is a magnificent action story set in feudal Japan. A film strongly based on narrative, it is entertaining enough to be accessible to varied audiences, yet still complex enough to be satisfying on many levels.

This review print of a 1954 film — in its original three hour and a half form — and version — has been newly struck from the original negatives, resulting in a wonderfully clear picture. It plays at the Ritz, where it is not obscured into a narrow, shadowy gallery of a theatre, and where the seats are so comfortable you actually enjoy the film’s length.

The story is set in late 16th century Japan, where the elaborate social hierarchy is in disarray due to internal political turmoil. A local band of brigands has made a habit of raiding a farming village each year at harvest time. As starvation looms, the villagers face a choice: they can either risk a defense or face the known consequences of submission.

They decide to try recruiting masterless samurai to defend their village, with only food to offer as a reward. This is a hugely expensive fee, is finally accepted by Kikuchi, a veteran warrior motivated by a desire to battle the samurai, Kambei retires four other exiled samurais, and agrees to take on a tough disciple.

The final conflict occurs the day after the villagers’ triumph to their remaining samurai, prepare to leave. They are now ignored by the villagers, unneeded and unwanted by those for whom they had recently risked their lives.

Kurosawa’s great talent brings forth the essence of The Seven Samurai through a visual richness that convinces the impact and meaning of events, rather than simply exposing what happens. His finely detailed settings also flesh out the social and historical context of the story, helping make sense of a history and culture different from our own.

The rough physical reality of a peasant’s outdoor life is brought home by dust that, in the wind, sweeps a dusty 19th century battle fought in a driving rainstorm. Kurosawa once again displays his mastery of atmospheric conditions.

The visual style and music is also astonishing. Their range and clarity of the camera is admirable, with shock contrast only sparingly, and almost never actually, used for effect. And the film’s visual clarity of the print enhances the film’s total impact.

The film’s carefully constructed composition is a product of Kurosawa’s career as a painter. His framing of dramatically posed characters is uniformly aesthetically pleasing, it frequently captures important insights into meaning and relationships.

The Seven Samurai is flawless, a film that leaves no complaints or lingering doubts. A film as seemingly effortless as a great ballet, it is superbly told story that is moving, beautifully captivating. Don’t let the oft-quoted “classic” scare you away. The Seven Samurai will touch your heart as well as your mind.

A million thanks to DAVE
Music

Ashkenazy Reaches Minds With His Touch

By Jennifer Billfield

Music, in its most absolute form, is subject to the intricacies of its interpreter's sensibilities. Live performances are especially fascinating in that the music is communicated in both a planned and a spontaneous way; the performance is influenced by the musician's detailed interpretive guidelines and his immediate feelings. Vladimir Ashkenazy is a pianist whose tremendous talent and sensitivity to and obvious love for - the music he plays make him a performer of music in this absolute form. This weekend at the Academy of Music, the Philadelphia Orchestra will feature Ashkenazy performing as soloist the Brahms Piano Concerto No. 2.

Ashkenazy's tone is so exquisite in its otherworldly that it captivates imaginations and exposes them to a realm of purity just a notch above reality. Each note is like a charged particle - full of energy. T.S. Eliot seemed to have this brilliant Russian pianist in mind when he wrote:

"Music heard so deep/That it is not heard at all/But you are the music while the music lasts.

Ashkenazy, a graduate of the Moscow State Conservatory, became internationally known when he won first prize in the 1966 Queen Elizabeth Competition in Brussels at the age of eighteen. In 1962, he was just past the first-prize winner of the Tchaikovsky Competition in Russia. The Concerto he will perform this weekend is technically challenging, but its passages in unisons, thirds, and sixths and its complicated rhythms are obstacles. Ashkenazy should be able to overcome with grace. Andre Previn, who will be guest Conductor for this performance, has also chosen to include Haydn's Symphony number 87 in this series. He is well known as "the Paris Set", and he prefers to conduct the symphonies of Joseph Haydn. The combination of one of the finest orchestras in existence, a conductor of unusual ability, and one of the best pianists alive will be a treat rarely surpassed.

Amphitheater seats priced at $25.00 are placed on sale one hour before today and Sunday performances.

New Year in Chinatown

Chinatown celebrates the Year of the Pig while worrying about the future

Chinatown exists as an anomaly in a city where the value of wealth and residential properties tend to be associated with groups of substantial economic means. Chinatown exists as an anomaly, a Center City residential community of limited economic resources in the focus of public and private development forces. Chinatown has been gradually eroded at its edges.

The forces of urban development have already encroached on the periphery of the neighborhood and threaten to intrude further. Public development has defined the borders of the Chinatown community through the expansion of the Vine Street Expressway, and the establishment of the Gallery, Metropolitan Hospital and the Police Administration Building.

Many residents are concerned about the private development of townhouses and condominiums for wealthy tenants and the possibility of urban gentrification similar to that of Society Hill.

One community group, the Philadelphia Chinatown Development Authority, is trying to stimulate the development of federally-subsidized housing, a program where tenants would receive federal rent assistance commensurate with rent increases. The Authority was organized in 1988 as a result of the successful campaign to block the proposed expansion of 16th Street into a main city artery in the mid-sixties. Widely publicized petitions and demonstrations galvanized community opposition to such proposals and it was quickly abandoned. The Authority is engaged in lobbying efforts with the municipal government to initiate site surveys for the needed subsidized housing program.

The Chinese Cultural and Community Center is another community group which has been organized to direct the development of the neighborhood through cooperation with business and government and to assist residents with problems relating to cultural differences. Renovated in 1971 on the model of a Manhattan Palace, the Center maintains a Chinese library and a Tea Room. The Center also provides counseling for Chinatown residents on domestic, legal, immigration and unemployment questions. Cultural exhibitions from Taiwan and the People's Republic of China are periodically staged. The Center was even responsible for the establishment of a "sister city" relationship between Philadelphia and the Chinese city of Tainan.

In the past, the city of Philadelphia has taken a laissez-faire attitude towards the impending threat to Chinatown's residential community. The municipal government must make a commitment to the neighborhood beyond the exploitation of the community for its tourist value. Philadelphia could preserve the residential integrity of Chinatown by designating it a historic landmark and revaluing its efforts to secure federally subsidized low-income housing for the neighborhood.

The vitality of any community arises from its people; confronted with the pressures of urban development, the neighborhood of Chinatown, like some of its residents, will be preparing to move.

And for George Wu, that's an empty cup of tea.

The night is cold and the wind sends chills down your back as you hurry across the daily life street. The silence is suddenly split by a series of siren-like explanations from behind, and you see a group of running shrieking children, pursued by a slowly encircling dragon. Welcome to the Year 4681.

The year 4681 is reckoned by the Chinese lunar calendar; that is, last Saturday night the Chinatown community ushered in a new year with the traditional fireworks and a parade led by the weekend's Blizzard, the annual parade and many of the planned cultural exhibits have been recorded for this weekend. Many restaurants are offering dinner specials - celebrating the new Year of the Bear - through the month of February.
Members: A Cut Above Average Party Band

The Members

Upperthorpe Downheat
Aristol

The Members were one of the first bands to blend the raw energy of punk with the rhythm-and-blues/reggae/punk influences that so many bands have since incorporated. After their second album was released in 1979, The Members went into a hibernation and weren’t heard from again — until 1982, when they released a single produced by Martin Rushent, known for his work with The Human League, Pete Shelley, Andrew Ridgeley, etc. “Working Girl” with its light reggae feel and infectious ring-a-ling chorus, has since reappeared as the first track of The Members’ third album, “Original Downheat.”

Of the three Martin Rushent-produced tracks here, only “Working Girl” captures the surrealistic enthusiasm that part of The Members cut above the average party band. On both “Roughest” and “Why The People,” Rushent smooths the band’s rough edges and offers some of the soulful, compelling, technological advances of the music rather than the enthusiasm with which it is played.

The rest of the album, co-produced by Martin Rushent, better captures The Members’ garage-band sound. “The Family” and “Boys Like Us” are especially effective, with funky, horn-laden, melancholy dancing rhythm. Lead singer Nicky Tesco is most effective when he underestimates his case as on the previously mentioned “Working Girl.” All too often, however, he resorts to vocal continuations similar to Tina Turner, or to David Johansen’s at his worst, cliché-plagued, which lend a highly affected, pseudo-Muddy Black feel to much of the material.

“Working Girl Downheat” is, at best, a moderately successful merging of ‘70s punk with 80’s influences, and proves once and for all that it’s a testament to the endurance of The Members.

— Dan Silverman

Smokey Robinson

Touch the Sky
Tumblin’/Motown

How can one not be a sucker for the words and music of Smokey Robinson, one of Detroit America’s two pop poets (the other, of course, Chuck Berry)? Robinson’s falsetto and many of his heartfelt but not overly-romantic or sentimental, romantic, lyrical, and low-octave exploitation (“Making love is you in dynamics”), in essence, the LP is more a synthesis than a step forward. Not that this is a major flaw. Except for a few James Brown cliché lines of “All My Life’s A Lie” and “I’ve Made Love To You A Thousand Times” are as hackneyed as the song titles. Robinson transcends his self-imposed lyrical limitations (i.e. Smokey Robinson singing a political song) and sends the masses laughing, or, maybe, converting. Unfortunately, Robinson falls prey to the succulence strings he and co-producer Regina’s “Nights” and the complete lack of garage and garage-core influence at the album’s expense. “A Cut Above Average Party Band,” Smokey should know better.

Most of Touch the Sky works, though, with hooks to spare. The title song and “Give Me What You Want!” are hot dance tracks with intelligent lyrics — something hard to find in those days of Yaz — and the way Smokey sings “Even the ones that don’t even like it” on the chorus is just as powerful a pain as anything else.

— Jimmy Cuteraman

SMOKEY'S EFFORTLESS POP

Smokey Robinson

Sugarhill

Sugarhill loved the blues enough to inspire his pop longevity, through funk, rock, and whatever other trends affect what he calls “the world of black music” a racial and narrow term, to be certain, but a descriptive one. Smokey’s unique pop vision has succeeded on its own terms for a quarter of a century.

Touch the Sky is no great statistic, changed by Robinson, who capitalizes on many of the same lyrical devices he has used for years, such as low-octave commentary (”Somebody sold you a bill of goods, it turned out bad”) and low-octave exploitation (“Making love is you in dynamics”). In essence, the LP is more a synthesis than a step forward.

Smokey: still crooning after all these years

Muddy Ambles, Wolf Rocks

Muddy Waters

The Wolf

In the late 60’s, Muddy Waters, one of the greatest blues artists of all time, registered the first solo blues album. He was forty years old, and it was The Wolf. Since those days, the Wolf has continued to croon, sing, and write until his death in 1983.

—Muddy Waters

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**Films**

**LEOVICE**

Woody Allen's boy Marklchi Dickinson's new starring Duty Leach and Elizabeth McGovern. Now next week (City. 2nd & Sansom. 627 5966).

**THE VERDICT**

Paul Newman harnessed whiskey bolted up brilliant to make his opening gift for HRG, those hungry for more, as they now play at The Phil, 8:00 PM. 204.

**AT THE RIZ**

**SEVEN SAMURAI**

Ankia Kurosawas three and a half hour epic comes to town, now, March next week (City. 2nd & Walm, 295, 7900).

**AT A LA**

**THE KIDS ARE ALWAYS RIGHT**

**QUADRYPHONIA**

(at) 

**THE KIDS ARE ALWAYS RIGHT**

at Midnight (Forrest Theater. 1114 Walnut St. 923 0210).

**At The New Source**

SHERIDES

A touching restoration of a Russian family in their epilogue from the Soviet Union. Now next week. Maybe.

**At The East Side Club**

**FOLKIE DUO**

Folkie duo at The Ripley 8:00 and 10:30 PM 2/24.

**At The New Source**

**ATTHENEWROXY**

**ANIMAL**

The Return of the Velvets At Fillys.

**THE KINKS**

up at The Spectrum 8:00 PM.

**FOOLISH**

You, I thought they broke up too. Oh. And The Spectrum. 8:00 PM. 2/23.

**THE KINKS**

Knows what could happen At The Spectrum.

**THE RETURN OF THE STING**

Paul Newman harnesses whiskey bolted up brilliant to make his opening gift for HRG, those hungry for more, as they now play at The Phil, 8:00 PM. 204.

**At The New Source**

**SHERRIES SHINGLES**

SHEAR MAN OVERS

Could be great, but don't put money on it. At The Spectrum. 2/21.

**SHEAR MAN OVERS**

**THE OLDIES REVUE**

Oldies review at Alumna Hall on the 26th. 8:00 PM. 2/18.

**MUSIC**

**WOMEN DANCE PARTY**

Every Friday night, Pagano's. 9:00.

**GRASSED AWAY**

Open mic night sponsored by Sounds in, at Philadelphia. at 1812 Chestnut, 8:00 PM.

**THE FABULOUS THUNDERBIRDS**

Assuming no one on campus was foolish enough to miss their opening gift for HRG, those hungry for more, as they now play at The Phil, 8:00 PM. 204.

**JOHNNY THUNDERS**

I'm. Nice. I had to end it yet. At Filly's. 10:00 PM. 2/17.

**TOM Patton/Mike MILLER**

Post-Run funk sponsored by Sounds in, at Philadelphia. at 1812 Chestnut, 8:00 PM.

**ERIC CLAPTON/NY COOPER**

Could have been the answer, but don't put money on it. At The Spectrum. 2/23.

**STEVE FORBET**

I'm fairly certain, they're not as bright as the one I remember. As they now play at The Phil, 8:00 PM. 204.

**HOLLY AND THE ITALIAN/DOCKEY**

The Return of the Velvets At Fillys.

**SUN SHINER BAND**

Sunshine kids at Famous For The East Side Club 2/20.

**DREAM SYNDICATE**

The Return of the Velvets At Fillys.

**CULTURE CLUB**

Now. I thought they broke up too. Oh. And The Spectrum. 8:00 PM. 2/23.

**ADVENTURES IN THE EAST**

Yeah, I thought they broke up too. Oh. And The Spectrum. 8:00 PM. 2/23.

**KATE AND ANNA McCARRAGE**

Now. I thought they broke up too.

**WILIE NELSON**

Shut up, shut up, he's good, At The Spectrum. 8:00 PM. 2/12.

**DAJO ROSS**

The Return of the Velvets At Fillys.

**THE KINKS**

Now. I thought they broke up too. Oh. And The Spectrum. 8:00 PM. 2/23.

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**JAMES BROWN/WILSON PICKETT**

Now. I thought they broke up too.

**THOMPSON TWINS**

Now. I thought they broke up too.

**ENGLISH BEAT/THOMPSON TWINS**

Now. I thought they broke up too.

**FOTO**

You, I thought they broke up too. Oh. And The Spectrum. 8:00 PM. 2/23.

**STEVE SCHAFFER**

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