Campus Events

A listing of University news and events

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Thursday, September 29th
10 PM  -  please note time change

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News in Brief

House: Marines can stay in Lebanon

WASHINGTON - The House voted Wednesday to extend President Reagan's proposed war powers resolution, 270-161 win yesterday, authorizing the United States to remain in Lebanon. The House harshly condemned the administration's unilateral intervention in Lebanon. The House approved the resolution, 270-161, with 78 Democrats voting against it. Rep. Charles E. Schumer, D-N.Y., said: "It would be a mistake to act in this area without congressional action to help bring peace to Lebanon."

Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

Phillets take division crown

About 120 interested Philadelphia fans were on hand for the last Phi Delta Phi meeting of the year, a few hours after they closed the Eastern Division of the National League.

State Rep. Bill Quill, the line man off the baseball field, was on hand for the meeting. The PhiLlips earned the Eastern Division crown after beating the Chicago Cubs 4-1. Six days earlier, they had four runs and drew into a tie run in key victory over the Cubs.

The Pittsburgh Press

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A truly artistic woman

Exhibit features varied works of Laurie Anderson

By JOSH ROSENBERG

As an accomplished musician, composer, photographer, filmmaker and writer, Laurie Anderson has maintained a successful career of artistic expression. Anderson's varied body of work will be featured in an exhibition at the Institute of Contemporary Art beginning October 3.

Although Anderson is a well-known performance artist and musician, this is the first time her artwork will be displayed in a large scale, permanent museum exhibition.

In order to encompass all of her different forms of art into one show, Anderson's unique work will be displayed in a multimedia exhibition. This will include audio and visual elements, paintings, prints, photographs, text, and other mixed media forms. It is Anderson's hope that this exhibition will showcase the different aspects of her work history, as well as contributing to the understanding of her artistic philosophy.

Since the exhibition consists of over 100 reproductions, a major publication has been created to document the themes and ideas from her extensive body of work.

Anderson's unique artistic style is evident in her varied works. For instance, Anderson often uses a combination of different media, such as painting and sculpture, to create a single, cohesive piece. She also incorporates sound into her work, using it as a tool for storytelling and expression.

Anderson's work is known for its playful and irreverent nature, often challenging societal norms and conventions. She is also known for her use of technology and multimedia, which adds another layer of complexity to her work.

The exhibition is scheduled to run through October 30, and will be featured at the Institute of Contemporary Art in Philadelphia. It is open to the public and admission is free.
Clarifying the University Student Health Insurance Plan

By Robert Duncan

This is the second year in which the University of Pennsylvania is offering students a student-run health insurance plan called the University Student Health Insurance Plan. As one expects, the enthusiasm of students for this plan has been great, and the University has done an admirable job in offering students a package of benefits that are both comprehensive and reasonable.

The University Student Health Insurance Plan is available to all full-time students of the University except students who are members of the University's Student Group Health Insurance Plan. The plan is designed to provide students with a wide range of medical and dental benefits at a reasonable cost.

The plan includes:
- Hospitalization and surgery
- Doctor visits
- Prescription drugs
- Mental health services
- Dental care
- Vision care
- Health and wellness programs

The plan is designed to provide students with a wide range of medical and dental benefits at a reasonable cost. The plan is administered by the University Student Health Insurance Plan, a division of Blue Cross Blue Shield of Pennsylvania.

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Eight MBA students win minority awards

Eight MBA students in the Wharton School received awards among the 17 recipients of $30,000 scholarships presented this year by the Johnson & Johnson Company through its nationwide leadership program.

The scholarships are given to minority students who display strong leadership qualities and merit in any of its prestigious graduate business schools, including Wharton, The New York University's Stern School of Business, the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Columbia University, the University of Chicago's Booth School of Business, and the University of Pennsylvania's Wharton School.

Janis King-Robinson, assistant director of Wharton graduate admissions, said the scholarship is the largest award of its kind, noting that she feels the high percentage of minority students who display strong leadership qualities is indicative of the school's public stature.

"It's always half the national meeting," Hackney, women meet

"I believe they need to be altered," said Professor of Business Administration, "because we still see changes, when I see programs, I see results."

"I believe they need to be altered," said Professor of Business Administration, "because we still see changes, when I see programs, I see results."

"I understand that they're skeptical," said Professor of Business Administration, "and I think the greatest need is for us to make some mistakes, so that we can teach others."

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Sweatjotally, an important member of the University City Nautilus, from a refusenik community, from a pay skaya, an important member of the Moscow tracking down refuseniks. We were smugglers."

"They did something)," Orli7 said. "We were very depressed because she was afraid that her husband's wife was fired from her job as a chemical engineer, but the husband was a building engineer - only half the salary," Kaplan said.

They also visited the American's, another refusenik family. The family applied for an visa four years ago. "Our family was happy to stay in the United States now," Mrs. Begun was afraid because she felt that if there were any changes in the world, the truth about the real world would not be known.

The family's experience was that if they actually moved out of the United States, they were afraid because they felt that if they were allowed to move around the world, the truth about the real world would not be known.

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"When we made telephone calls, we were very depressed," Schuman said. "We were surprised that we were being watched." In the Schumans' haus - in a subway station and on to the waltzer. The wife of Iosif Bogen, a 50-year-old man waiting for his for Industrial Heroes, and the two Americans at the Schumans' only in the United States.

"She was very depressed because she was afraid of her husband's wife was fired from her job as a chemical engineer, but the husband was a building engineer - only half the salary," Kaplan said.

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Service offers advice on the law

**Alec B. Harris**

Problem: You have been in an accident, your insurance has rejected your claim, your lawyer is upfront.

He has threatened to sue you. You do not know what to do.

Problem: Your landlord has threatened to sue you because you are not paying rent. You are worried about the outcome.

Undergraduate Assembly began Student Legal Services to help students with legal issues. The program began last spring when alumni Real Estate Company presented $2,000 annually. Despite reports from the UA when it voted to drop the program was succeeding. Bernstein said.

Tonight, Thurs., Sept. 29 at 898-7418 or stop by and visit the Center City law firm of Berson.

**Mark Bernstein**, University graduate and a partner in the Center City law firm of Berson, Friedman and Berns, which runs the service, said that he feels that the student legal advice program is needed.

"We handled a big case just this last week of a few years of college," Berns said. "They said there is no way long before they get legal service.

"Student Legal Services has had an on-going affair since the service was created by the UA in the spring of 1982. The UA formed a committee to operate the program through..."

---

**U. City housing**

(Undergraduates on page 1)

There are many factors that can contribute to a need for legal Services. Bernstein cited as an example a case of a student whose landlord was not responding to his or her complaints.

Bernstein also noted that the program is needed because of the many different types of legal issues that students face, such as landlord-tenant problems, immigration questions, loan problems, and criminal problems.

"It is a necessary service," said Stewart, a College Junior. "Most colleges and even cities provide it. Students at a major university need legal services."

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**Work Study students**

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Employee survey nets policy changes

As soon as the survey results were made public, President Sheldon Hackney and the University’s Management Group, among others, began to investigate the criticism. The Public Safety Department, for example, was asked to examine employees’ perceptions of their working environment at its nightly staff meetings.

But some of the complaints could not wait. For one group of employees, the University had contracted for new programs or projects.

Directors contacting the University’s staff or faculty questioned the decision and asked if they felt isolated from the rest of the University. Another complaint was that "too many people at Penn" felt isolated from one another.

Hackney said last night that these complaints were not new ones, but added that he believes the University has begun to do so. "Some of these general problems will take a little longer to eliminate, but we’re here," he said. "The Penn Review," for example, is increasing its size and content, and the School of Allied Health is increasing its number of employees.

The University also has initiated its own new programs, such as the Continuing Education Program, which was designed to help employees become more aware of the University's policies and procedures. "Things like this demonstrate that the University is taking direct action at all," he said.

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Gnosis publishes other software for the Apple II, acts as a dealer for some software and hardware products, and is also developing new products encompassing many areas of microcomputer software, working in some cases with major corporations in the microcomputer industry.

Because of our Penn background and proximity to the University, Gnosis depends on student employees as a major source of talent. We seek top-notch, dedicated, mature people interested in the microcomputer field as a career. While the pay is fair, the experience will not only help you in the future, but will help you put into practice what you learn in your classes. We hire many of our employees full-time after working with us during school.

We are currently seeking applications for the following positions:

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**CONSULTING:** Programmer with experience to develop custom systems. Prefer familiarity with BASIC and willingness to learn other languages. Must be able to work independently and have excellent interpersonal skills in dealing with clients. Excellent communications skills required. Jobs assigned as work is contracted.

**TECHNICAL ASSISTANT:** Assist with office projects on an as-needed basis, primarily word processing, mailings, etc.

Prefer sophomore/junior willing to consider working summer & some vacations, and permanent employment in future years. Flexible hours, from 10 to 20 + hrs/week.

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**Volleyball loses two-game lead, falls to Tigers**

**DENNIS REED**

This year, the Ivy League voted to change the format of its tournaments. Before, the losing team in the first two games went on to the third game. Now, it's the loser of the first two games that goes on to the third game. Penn had it bad at the beginning. The Quakers took a 2-1 lead in the first game just nine minutes into the match. Middle hitter Kristin Hulme and Damien Greer were monster hits, much like a lion defending its territory. But then they look to the next two.

The bailout in Tuesday night's game came with 30 minutes left in the third game. St. Joseph's came with 30 minutes left in the third game. On the other hand, Penn continues to be a dominant force in the Ivy League. The outside hitters were not the only stars in Tuesday night's game. Sophomore, bui he acts like a football quarterback or a baseball coach, likening his role to that of a soccer manager. In the end, the Quakers were able to win the game.

**GAIL McNEAL**

There are three-of-five changes, lengthening them from a best two-of-three to the more common three-three. Now, Penn has benefitted from the new rules. The change in the formal of its dual matches has probably never heard of her. The Quakers have the momentum and are one of the in-captains of this year's team. She has changed her position from the other end to the crossbar to preserve the tie. Penn scored two goals against her but failed to execute. And with the pressure on, Penn couldn't have seen the ball until it hit the crossbar. The bailout in Tuesday night's game was with three one-minute timeouts. Nancy Meisinger is wishing for Penn's victory. This year, the Ivy League voted to change the format of its dual matches. The rules weren't changed.

**BOHRER défends his turf with an aggressive style**

During a game, Penn goalie Bob Bohner is the original player, not the sportsman. He's got great confidence. He's a stopper. Bohner's confidence and leadership qualities are essential to a keeper. Once a star in the goal, his play was being influenced by the soccer rules. But the goalie carries an extra burden because he's the last line of defense. Ten minutes can play a great role in the outcome of a game, and it's the goalie's job to make sure the team gets the three goals made by the goalkeeper. But they know that they have to be fast on their feet, and they have to make sure they have a clean shot. The bailout in Tuesday night's game came with 30 minutes left in the third game. St. Joseph's came with 30 minutes left in the third game. On the other hand, Penn continues to be a dominant force in the Ivy League. The outside hitters were not the only stars in Tuesday night's game. Sophomore, bui he acts like a football quarterback or a baseball coach, likening his role to that of a soccer manager. In the end, the Quakers were able to win the game.

**Penn's goalkeeper: Tales of two sophomore**

For Meisinger, success comes from confidence. Nancy Meisinger's father, former Penn and Delaware. The Blue Hens, down 1-0, were playing the last five minutes with their entire defense on the goal line. The ball was at the top of the penalty area cannot be penetrated. Meisinger describes her role as that of a soccer manager. In the end, the Quakers were able to win the game.

**B - HOWARD KENNEDY**

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Tailgunning for the top with his Front Street Runners
Our Friend, the Wimp

By David R. Meiselman

Following the recent loss of our prized America's Cup, the time has never been more ripe for an historical analysis of what has made this country great, and what - if anything - might be slightly away with the King of the Mountain. Aside from the fact that there are ungrateful, piddly third world countries constantly whining at Uncle Sam's ankles, we're forced to deal with the horrifying reality that faces us today domestically: we're becoming a country of wimps.

First of all, children are no longer reared on the great American sporting tradition. Instead of proud fathers slapping their kids on the back and taking them out to the park for a game of catch, nowadays as soon as a kid can walk his parents throw him in a high chair and park him next to the computer, where they hope through osmosis the punk can absorb the entire stored knowledge of mankind in just a couple of hours. The closest thing to athletic activity occurs when the man in the computer store throws a floppy disc across the counter, and most of the time the kids are so uncoordinated that they drop it. The bullies in tomorrow's school systems will probably run around making the other kids cry by sabotaging their programs. As punishment, they'll be forced to go outside during recess instead of staying in to play video games.

Part of this sickening attitude can be attributed to the nauseating desire nowadays for good health. People aren't interested anymore in the orgasmic feeling of decay; they vainly attempt to preserve their cherished flesh molds for as long as the atmosphere will permit.

The sad facts are all around us. Years ago people rolled their own cigarettes. They were cool, like Bogie and The Duke. The trend has gone downhill ever since, like a piece of wilted lettuce being washed down the drain. First came pre-rolled cigarettes (not bad, but a preamble to the rest) next came filters. Gimme a break if people really want to flood their insides with thick black smoke, they should just lock themselves in a garage and fellate their car's exhaust pipe. The next "groundbreaking" innovation came with the "Light" series of cigarettes, which serve no useful purpose to anyone other than — you guessed it — our old friend, The Wimp.

Liquor is another aspect of wimpiness. In the old west, unshaven cowboys hopped off their dusty saddles, slammed open the squally lacquered saloon doors, knocked the barmaid right on the lips without having brushed their teeth for months, and demanded a bottle of rye.

Nowadays people meekly stick their fingers out hoping to get noticed by a bartender so they can order a "Light" beer. Tastes great, less filling! One of the toughest assortments of ex-professional athletes ever assembled sits around, laughing up a good time with — you guessed it — our good friend, The Wimp. Their joy certainly doesn't come from drinking a beer: they would have to drink damn near a case (a six pack on Rodney's part) just to catch the faint whimper of a buzz.

But wimps aren't restricted to mind altering substances. No, the scariest part about a wimp is that he might be lurking as close by as your backyard, peeping through your window with binoculars and staring himself with his reflection.

Don't sit down - it gets worse. First people complained about the incredibly high sugar content found in sodas. So what did the makers do? They gave the people what they wanted — saccharin. Before long, cynical science was injecting tiny, innocent, albino white mice with tolerable (even by human standards) levels of the sweetener, six times a day until they developed minute traces of cancer in their systems, at which point the dosage was increased.

Now — and this makes me utterly sick — they're trying to eliminate caffeine. Why? Why? Why? The worst part is people are buying it left and right. I hope they all get cancer including the whole New York Giants defense.

It would be an improvement.

The true wimps are the ones who don't realize that everyone in this whole world has cancer. It's just a matter of finding it. Oh, don't worry, we're still doing all right. I mean, it's not every country that has a full fleet of active spaceships. As long as Uncle Sam continues to be King of the Mountain, we've got nothing to worry about.

Just remember: there will always be two sides to every coin — except in the Soviet Union.

The new telephone book's here! The new telephone book's here! That's how the crowd reacted when they learned that 34th Street's amazing colossal Going Out Guide is back and better than ever. Don't believe it? Look for yourself on page 11.

On the Cover: Soon-to-be Philadelphia legend John Eddie photographed candidly during one of his strenuous, emotional, audience-grabbing local gigs.

Frontstreetrunernmania: That's what they call it when you get it — if you're lucky enough to catch it.


Don't be square, see ya there. I don't care: Natalie's at 40th and Market plays the grooviest jazz around, baby, so if you dig this you don't go catch a gig together sometime. huh? Like, Sabrina Eaton did, and she ain't stopped snappin' her fingers yet. daddy-o. Like wow on page 5.

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A Breed Apart

It was, quite simply, not our week. While ordering early (2 AM) breakfast at Troy's (38th and Sansom Streets for the uninitiated), we spotted what appeared to be an enormous rubber insect on that venerable institution's new life-sized plastic board. This obvious prank covered the letters POTA in the giant phrase "POTATO SALAD $1.29" and generated yards of conversation with the patrons next in line to us. That is, until the conversation turned ugly.

"I think it's real," said Jean, taking her platter of barbecued chicken from atop the serving counter.

"I saw it move its leg," added Melissa, twisting her thumb in her mouth.

Piqued, we studied the fly closely. If it was alive, it had to be a mutant - the fuselage was three or four inches in length, and the wingspan could have filled a small hanger. Was it trembling, or were those the vibrations of the light bulb? We weren't sure - but the server behind the counter was.

"Yeah, they come in here all the time when it's cold," he smiled. "Last week, we had one in here who was (gulp) bigger than this one. What's matter? Haven't you ever seen a country fly before?"

We professed complete ignorance of entomology and began to regret same, since the survival of our meals may have depended upon it. And sure enough (after several careful minutes of scrutiny, during which our eggs were finally scrambled) we saw the beast begin to crawl slowly, making a determined advance toward the word "SPECIAL."

It never made it. You see, the cashier, becoming aware that he was losing two of his best customers, grabbed a broom and knocked the fly. And then he took a small step ladder and scraped it off the new Troy's lightboard. And then he proceeded to serve us our eggs Cold.

By the way, the breakfast special at Troy's is still $1.44.

This News is Hot

It was right on Walnut Street as we strolled out of McDonald's into a neighborhood that didn't particularly like us. As we crossed the street, a man in a parked car sized us up, considering how much of a dent we would make in his front fender. A friend we knew from his winter visits to the table in the George Machine room on 36th Street looked up from last year's Inquirer. "That's for your shift!" he growled at us. We hastened our steps. Half a block later, the street was desolate as we passed a Christian Science Monitor vending machine, the kind with the glass doors in front. Then, it exploded.

That's right; it exploded.

Perhaps it was a case of spontaneous destruction triggered by a tectonic plate disturbance. Or perhaps by the Memorized voice of an opera singer in a nearby apartment. It mattered little, seeing as we ran to the door of the nearest building and ripped it open while spilling our french fries on the sidewalk.

When we finally could bring ourselves to walk down Walnut Street again, the next morning, we were surprised to discover the Christian Science Monitor vendor, as if by divine intervention, intact and undamaged. Beside it lay brown-tinted glass shards and a torn piece of paper saying "Stroh's." The bottle had struck the pavement not two feet from where we had stood.

We had no choice. Providentially, we bought a copy of the Monitor.

Jimbo

The mannequins are everywhere, of course, but they usually appear flat and smooth, dissipated on the telescreens of life. They tease, they flirt, yet they are the depressants, the ludes we ingest at the end of the day when we only have the strength to be reminded of what we are not.

Jim O'Brien was not a mannequin, of course. Oh, he teased and flirted, alright - but he was not farmy, easily digested or easily forgotten. Rather, he was the pound of flesh that begged to be taken by his cohorts and his viewers every night on the Channel 6 evening news. Whatever you thought of his style and, yes, it could be called "happy talk news" or however much you resented the way he enjoyed himself on the air, he had a television sensibility that you could feel. And watching him made a small part of you, whatever the emotion, feel alive.

Jim O'Brien ran very, very hard and died Sunday relatively free. For that, as much as anything else, we will miss him.

Add to the ever-growing list of poignant letters to the Daily News this missive, signed by Clean Citizen of Philadelphia. It seems to me that our problems with trash are not with the Sanitation Department, not with William Green, but ourselves.

"Philadelphians are the biggest slobs in the world. If everybody didn't throw trash on the ground, there would be no trash problem. This city has more sanitation workers than other large cities. But the streets are still filthy!"
Books
Capturing Conscience with Creative Cartoons
You Give Great Meeting, Sid by G. B. Trudeau
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
Garfield Sits Around the House by Jim Davis
Ballantine
Luminous Animals by B. Kliban
Penguin
Bloom County by Berke Breathed
Little, Brown & Co.

By Joseph Rosenzweig

As an isolated quantity, a cartoon is not much of an artistic creation. Its potential Is limited; the most one can hope it to do is raise a point in an interesting or memorable way. But each individual cartoon can also be like a sentence in a novel, a piece of the mosaic formed by an artist. When, as is the case with four recent cartoon collections, a group of cartoons presents a meaningful perspective on society, it attains a certain artistic stature that is greater than the sum of its parts.

The four books differ in style and viewpoint, but each possesses this stature to a greater or lesser extent. While no editor has ever bounced “Garfield” to the extent While no editor has ever bounced “Garfield” to the extent

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extent. While no editor has ever
doubtedly bounced “Garfield” to
the editorial page, as “Doonesbury” is sometimes bounced because of a too-bluntly-stated social com-
ment, the two comic strips do
share a social relevance which is integral to their humor.

The most direct commentary on society is offered by You Give Great Meeting, Sid, the twenty-fourth collection of cartoons from the “Doonesbury” strip, written and illustrated by Garry Trudeau. Trudeau’s book is highly political: it satirizes major figures and events in the news in no uncertain terms. Sometimes Trudeau uses fictionalized personages to represent real people, but more frequently he puts the targets themselves in the strips, always standing just beyond the borders of the panel with only their dialogue visible (as in 386-6200

Berke Breathed’s Luminous Animals. The humor relies mostly on

the artist’s skill at conveying

the truth to ex-
aggerate the foibles he is lampoon-
ing, but remains journalistically

loyal to reality at all other times.
The strip depicts an intellectual, collegiate lifestyle that is perhaps a little out of step with the times. Trudeau and his characters gawk at the novelty of personal computers and other technological breakthroughs; his ambitionless college seniors ring false. Apparently in recognition of this, “Doonesbury” went on hiatus at the end of 1982, shortly after the cartoons in this book were published, because Trudeau wanted to rethink his characters before continuing so as to bring them forward a few decades.

If “Doonesbury” is moving out of the Sixties, Jim Davis’s Garfield is still firmly entrenched in Tom Wolfe’s Seventies. Garfield Sits Around the House, the seventh book compiled from Davis’s syndicated strip, contains cartoons published in 1982. Garfield, the central character, is an anthropomorphized cat whose thoughts can be understood by the humans, dogs, cats and others he interacts with. Davis’s approach to strip cartooning is markedly different from Trudeau’s, where “Doonesbury” relies more on dialogue than drawing and strives for a basically realistic look. “Garfield” is visually oriented, stylized and fanciful.

Garfield is an incarnation of the bourgeois home-owner. His possession-oriented; his passions

are eating, sleeping and watching TV; he hates Mondays. While one of the “Doonesbury” characters might learn of a corporate takeover on ABC News Nightline, Garfield would worry about the warranty on the set during the show and raid the refrigerator at the commercial. Davis’s depiction of a lifestyle is as valid as Trudeau’s, though his methods and intent may be quite different.

Bernard Kliban’s Luminous Animals differs from the others, it is a collection of original cartoons, mostly captioned. The absence of the continuity provided by a strip makes the book more disjointed; the conceptual freedom of the format allows it to be unconventional and abstract. Luminous Animals has relatively few words; it relies on the artist’s skill at conveying character and nuance visually, something at which Kliban excels. The humor relies mostly on vulgarity, absurdity and juxtaposition: men in business suits hanging from trees like baboons, a corpse with a smile protruding from its back, a lighthouse perched on a huge brick buttoccs in the middle of a harbor. Kliban takes an anthropological, a psychological approach to human affairs; his observations on society are broader and more subtle than any of the other cartoonists.

The newest of the four cartoonists is Berke Breathed, the author of Bloom County. The book is the first collection compiled from the comic strip of the same name. His style closely resembles Trudeau’s: the drawings are fairly realistic, the dialogue is more important than the artwork, there is a varied ensemble of central characters. But Breathed’s debt to “Doonesbury” is superficial; when it comes to the strip’s point of view, “Bloom County” strikes off in its own direction.

Instead of ranging around the world like Trudeau, Breathed mostly focuses on the lifestyles and interactions of the residents of one rural community. He does not strive for the verisimilitude so integral to “Doonesbury”, one of his characters is a talking penguin. When he takes on a national issue, it’s usually not the hottest story of the week, and his approach is indirect and allusionary. Fundamentalist attacks on the teaching of the theory of evolution are gently mocked in a series about the Bloom County “Penguin Trial”; the proponent of “scientific penguinism” maintains that penguins were created in Newark, New Jersey in 1912 and then goes on to reveal that the earth is really shaped like a hurrice. “Bloom County” has not quite found its own voice yet in the way the other books have, but it does possess a certain freshness and inventiveness that makes it the most entertaining of the four by coming closest to representing the culture of the Eighties. Most importantly, it contains the key element necessary for any cartoon to be successful and significant, which is present in all four books: a unique and meaningful representation of the humor of modern life.

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What? 40th and Market Streets? You can't be serious - there's nothing up there but a housing project and the State Store and... What? Jazz? Oh...

By Sabrina Eaton

It's not exactly the type of place where you'd expect to find one of Philadelphia's most thriving jazz spots.

Yet wedged between the defunct, boarded up Dragon II pizzeria storefront and a subway stairwell on the corner of 40th and Market streets, Natalie's is just that. Every Saturday from 3 p.m. until midnight, members of Philadelphia's jazz community congregate here to mingle, listen to the music or to talk shop with the large fellowship of jazz musicians that spill out onto Market street from the cozy, dimly lit bar.

Lloyd Fatman, a jazz and R&B DJ on 1340 WHAT-AM, believes that jam sessions like the ones sponsored by Natalie's are part of what keeps jazz alive and vital in Philadelphia.

"Internationally known musicians who are passing through town make it a point to stop by Natalie's. The jamming here always brings in a heck of a crowd and this is the only place in Philly today that has it week after week," he says, fingering his trumpet as he prepares to take his turn jamming with the rhythm section on the corner podium that serves as Natalie's stage.

Known to only a few on the nearby Penn campus, Natalie's has been hosting these jazz jamming sessions for three years. Sonny Miller, a SEPTA bus driver by day, is a saxophonist and program coordinator at Natalie's by night. He attributes the success of the jamming sessions to the "warmth" of the place.

"What started out as informal get-togethers got really popular as more musicians and listeners started to come," he says. "The owner (Albert "Biscuit" Jones) and the staff are really super and add to the friendly atmosphere."

The main show at Natalie's is from 3 - 7 p.m., when a featured guest artist leads the band through several sets worth of his own improvisations on favorite tunes. Past guests have included jazz greats like Hank Mobley, Philadelphian John Glenn and the backup house band take up most of the room in the tiny Star Shooter; one has to edge past the band to get to the bathroom. The decor is early Budweiser - brightly lit beer insignias provide most of the bar's illumination. Two pinball machines and a dormant jukebox line the walls.

"We try to recognize musicians who scored a hit with the single "If..." says Barnes. "It's pretty organized. To make it fairer for everybody we have the rhythm section play a tune that everyone knows and each artist steps up to the bandstand and jams with it for a while. We don't let just anyone do it. They have to ask us first, and if we know that they're good enough, we give them a place in the order. We get both professionals and good amateurs in the jam sessions - it's a chance to get exposure and if we like the way they sound, or they improve enough, we may even feature them," says Barnes.

"We try to recognize musicians in all phases of their careers, both young and old," Miller adds. "In addition to giving up and coming musicians exposure, we hold benefits for musicians who have fallen upon hard times. Since Bootsey hasn't been able to work because of his operation, we had one for him here last month."

Natalie's isn't the only place in Philly where jazz jammers gather to play and listen to one another. On the next block, at the corner of Preston and Market streets, the Star Shooters Lounge also offers live jazz from 3 - 8 p.m. every Saturday. Jazz enthusiasts stroll between clubs during the afternoon, checking out the action at one place while the band at the other is on break.
SLICK

Photographs by Lewis Richard Bloom
John Eddie and his Front Street Runners are fast becoming the hottest band in town... And they still can't pay the rent.

By Jimmy Guterman

I've been lucky enough to see a lot of (dare I say) great rock 'n' roll shows over the past year. I saw Squeeze bow out with class, Rank and File rock harder than the province and western allegiance would suggest. I saw Bruce Springsteen defy broiling temperatures in Jersey bars. And I saw The Roches build a quiet magnificence.

But one moment still stands out.

It was your typical rainy Thursday night in Philadelphia. Down on South Street, the residents were complaining about the level of noise coming from a nearby decaying bar. For forty minutes the band had been playing loud and rough, leaning on originals mostly unknown to the small but enthusiastic audience, but also stopping for Hank Williams and Chuck Berry signposts along the way.

When the police arrived on the scene, John Eddie and The Front Street Runners were told to stop. After a quick huddle, half the band left the stage, only Eddie and lead guitarist Joe Sweeney remained. Eddie whispered something to Sweeney and then began a quiet, spontaneous reading of Buddy Holly's "Everyday."

Gorgeous, unexpected, and very right. Glasses stopped clicking and the crowd hushed as Eddie, in a voice of innocent roughness, made a thirty-year-old song sound almost brand new. The song was quiet enough for one to have heard conversation in the crowd (if there had been any), but full enough to leave everyone breathless. Their response was honest, like the album's title track. Eddie whispered something to Sweeney, and then Eddie got the word he wanted. The cops had gone. The rocking began anew.

John Eddie and The Front Street Runners are, quite simply, the most exciting rock 'n' roll band to emerge from the Philadelphia area in recent memory. Their direct, succinct style makes last year's media darling Robert Hazard look like the empty, pretentious poseur he is. The Runners are a people's band; the five people onstage are no different from the average Joe. Sweeney remains Eddie whispered something to Sweeney and then began a quiet, spontaneous reading of Buddy Holly's "Everyday."

Every day, it's a gettin' closer
Goin' faster than a roller coaster
Love like yours will surely come my way

In other words, they aren't newcomers. And the choice is yours: you can find out about 'em when they're rich and famous — or you can get in on the secret now.

Almost four years ago, a twenty-year-old transplanted Floridian talked his friend Gary Gold into playing drums for the band he was starting. "We'll have a record deal in six months," Gary remembers John saying. They named the band after Philly's premier racing street and set out to get that contract. Members drifted in and out for two years, until the line-up settled down to an Eddie, Gary, a baby-faced Joe Sweeney on guitar, and former longhair Michael Vogelmann on bass.

Tapes from the band's first two years are alternately hilarious (intentionally) and hilarious (as a result of ineptitude). An early indication of good things to come is a revved-up cover of an obscure Elvis Presley B-side. "I Gotta Know," that earned them a live broadcast on WMMR and a small but fervent following in both their beloved Cherry Hill and on the other side of the Ben Franklin Bridge. Solidifying their sound (and personnel), The Runners spent much of the spring and summer of 1982 in two now-defunct Jersey shore clubs: The Fast Lane in Asbury Park and Red Bank's Big Man's West.

Late that summer, the band decided to add a keyboard player. Eddie had began to hear music in his head that the four-piece line-up could not reproduce, so the group took on Rhode Island Graduate School of Design student David Lee Shamlian piano and vocals. After a brief settling in period, Shamlian's keyboards fit in like they'd been there since the beginning.

It all came together last September at Ripley's, where The Runners opened for Clarence Clemons. Eddie rearranged his older material so the fuller arrangement enabled the songs to breathe rather than clutter the mix. While the new songs, written with keyboards in mind, were among the best Eddie had written.

Winter was long and slow (only eleven gigs between Halloween and New Year's Eve), but Spring 1983 brought the opportunity to record a demo at Kayacon Studios. One of the tracks they completed. "Jingle Boy," was a "Screamer of the Week" on WMMR early this summer and did a great deal for the band in terms of name recognition and club bookings. Over the summer, they alternated Shore club sellouts with high visibility opening gigs for Dave Edmunds, Greg Kihn, and Mitch Ryder.

With a second demo beginning to take shape and record companies taking a serious interest in what's made artists as diverse as Steve Forbert, Bryan Adams, Bruce Springsteen (twice), and all of The Jitterbops join the band onstage, a "John Eddie Hits The Big Time" headline might seem appropriate.

But not quite yet. The band is making so little money that Eddie recently toyed (jokingly) with the idea of punishing band members for tardiness by retroactively docking pay — that is, withholding pay after they start getting paid, which isn't happening right now. Eddie's phone is disconnected more often than it is in service, and his apartment is littered with McDonald's bags — not exactly The Ritz. And I won't even mention their taxes, which are being reproposed. Or the late charges that nearly double their rent.

You get the idea. However popular The Front Street Runners have become in the Philadelphia area, the fact remains that —
John Eddie

(continued from page 7)

As most of his originals Musical rockabilly The lyrics are often ironic because it has little in common with the music's heartland, literally and figuratively. That Eddie writes most of the drum parts himself is unusual because there are few (if any) other rockabilly drummers who can play so simply and so hard. Gary doesn't have to solo (and, thankfully, he doesn't) - his fills are subtler and more effective.

While all The Runners are engaging onstage, (Shamlian's deadpan is particularly unnerving). Eddie is a strong front man. Fans of Bowie, Ferry, et al. take note: he acts like a human being who has a far better chance of making an emotional connection with his audience than he who thinks he is Humphrey Bogart at Caesars Palace. Ditto for the band's offstage and on.

Eddie isn't condescending; the band even plays requests. Unfortunately, they get so deep into the material that his moves occasional-ly turn into histrionics. His show-closing cover of Jackie Wilson's 'That's Why (I Love You So) is often seen as their 'rock 'n' roll' moves of dramatically dropping to his knees, flying off to self-pity, exciting or not. But this is a small complaint - The Front Street Runners are worth seeing live at all costs.

The Kaygem recording is considerably shorter than the band's live version - a sign that Eddie can perhaps refine his songs into hit singles. And there's one song from the demo that has not found its way onto the airwaves, a song the band has never played live. "Please Jody" has the makings of a fine song, but the arrangement is clausrophobic, masking Shamlian's delicate piano and Sweeney's killer guitar line. There's also another problem. It sounds like Bruce Springsteen.

A criticism that bothers Eddie more is an alleged narrowness of lyrical subject matter. "I don't just write about sixteen-year-old girls," he says, sitting in Gary Gold's Datsun in the parking lot of a Thai I've got to walk behind the fog consumes him. It's also less decrepit bar in Long Branch, New Jersey. It's also a misleading introduction to The Runners. "Cool Walk," from the Kaygem sessions, is much better.

John Eddie and The Front Street Runners have done. They're very deep and heavy They're not talking to high school kids, and often ignores it when they do. John Eddie and The Front Street Runners are as slick as a list, and often ignores it when they do. John Eddie and The Front Street Runners are as slick as a piece of sandpaper: any band that hasn't been home asleep Despite it all, the band rarely plays now). "Not a rock 'n' roll for high school kids anymore "

What happens onstage can be, well, a complete mystery beforehand. Even for the performers. The band rarely uses a set list, and often ignores it when they do. John Eddie and The Front Street Runners are as slick as a piece of sandpaper and often ignores it when they do. John Eddie and The Front Street Runners are as slick as a piece of sandpaper: any band that hasn't been home asleep Despite it all, the band rarely plays now). "Not a rock 'n' roll for high school kids anymore "

A lot of heavy metal bands write about what they think is very deep and heavy. They're not talking to high school kids, and often ignores it when they do. John Eddie and The Front Street Runners are as slick as a piece of sandpaper: any band that hasn't been home asleep Despite it all, the band rarely plays now). "Not a rock 'n' roll for high school kids anymore "

Or, getting a balance One of Eddie's earlier songs (and one the band rarely plays now). "Not a Prettiness," is a rather unpleasant verbal lashing of an faithfui ex-girlfriend that culminates in an extended description of her staying. Live, Eddie sang it like an actor. "Did he say 'Come on?' he asks over and over until the pain in his face makes him as red as his Fender

But it's not over yet. Slowly, "Come on" comes to be spoken in his voice, not that of the, er, perpetrator. "Come on" becomes the band's weapon of choice for a song that might be making too much of this, but it points at a way out. When the painful and celebratory membeone.

"Long Shot" presents a similar contradiction, in that the music denies the pain and resignation that pervades the lyrics. Written with the precision of baked clay, "Long Shot" presents three seemingly unrelated situations, strings them together in the third verse, and then explodes them in a gorgeous ascending guitar The present of baked clay, "Long Shot" presents three seeming-ly unrelated situations, strings them together in the third verse, and then explodes them in a gorgeous ascending guitar dalt that spills into the final chorus. "I'm writing these stories," Eddie says, and he fits into The Tradition just fine.

All of which would mean nothing if the band behind the songs didn't complement as well as support. Which they do.

What happens onstage can be, well, a complete mystery beforehand. Even for the performers. The band rarely uses a set list, and often ignores it when they do. John Eddie and The Front Street Runners are as slick as a piece of sandpaper: any band that hasn't been home asleep Despite it all, the band rarely plays now). "Not a rock 'n' roll for high school kids anymore "

Sometimes, it seems that anyone who either acknowledges the existence of automobiles or lives within a 150 mile radius of Madame Marie's is pegged as a Bruce clone. "I'll never deny the Springsteen influence," Eddie states. But being influenced does not necessitate undue similarity. Recent singles by major artists - Bob Seger's "Even Now" and Jackson Browne's "Lawyers in Love" to name two - are far more prone to clone criticism than almost anything John Eddie and The Front Street Runners have done. The band's choice of cover material ranges from John Foger ty to Chris Montez. Bruce is an important influence on their music, to be sure, but just one among many.

And there's one song from the demo that has not found its way onto the airwaves, a song the band has never played live. "Please Jody" has the makings of a fine song, but the arrangement is clausrophobic, masking Shamlian's delicate piano and Sweeney's killer guitar line. There's also another problem. It sounds like Bruce Springsteen.

Sweeney's killer guitar line. There's also another problem. It sounds like Bruce Springsteen.

But that is not all Eddie wants to do. "I have a lot of new songs. The music is much rounder around the edges. They're definitely different from what we're doing now. They're more textured than the sixteen year-old girl stuff, but with some humor. That's the idea - to write about 'The Big Truith with some humor."

John Eddie and The Front Street Runners will be appearing at Filly's, 237 Chestnut. Saturday night.
Noel Coward's
Bluer Notes

Noel Coward in Two Keys
by Noel Coward
Old Academy Players

By Charles Wright

The image of Noel Coward as a master of frivolous comedy is so popularly established that the Old Academy Players' production of Noel Coward in Two Keys comes as a surprise. The pieces on this double-bill, written at the end of the playwright's career, contain the word-play and acid repartee of his earlier works, but end on a somber note unknown in the commonly revered Coward plays.

The longer and more substantive of the Two Keys is "A Song at Twilight." Its principal characters are Coward's poses, effete, egotistical novelist (played by Richard Quinn), his faithful, perceptive wife (Patricia McCauley), and his long-lost lover (Kathy Steel Leavitt), who reappears to prove that her charms and vanity - though somewhat buffeted by time and the vagaries of time - are Coward staples: an asset that the plays end with a display of popular intensity.

Coward aficionados may find the tone of Two Keys a trifle flat in comparison to the frentic humor of his farces, but in "Song at Twilight" the playwright achieves a sense of characterization unparalleled in his other work. The play is strong stuff, and the Old Academy players do well by it. Coward's dialogue customarily has the meter of British speech, and there are times when it is badly served by the American inflection - but Two Keys is so ripe for revival that it would be ingratitude to quibble over a few misplaced accents.

Jamaican Art in the Sun

Jamaican Art, 1922-1982
At the Philadelphia Afro-American Museum
Through October 7th

By Fred Price

Until 1922, what was Jamaican art was that of its visitors. Men and women would record their impressions of the Island and then sail on round the Caribbean with their work stowed away in their trunks, to be brought out on their return home. It was a technically adequate but artistically superficial record of Jamaica living on European walls. It concentrated on ships, white men and vistas while rarely touching on black culture.

This changed when sculptress Edna Swithenbank Manley came to live on the Island shortly after World War One. Partly as a result of her influence, Jamaican culture has since burgeoned to the extent that the best of it is very good indeed. Manley was intent on reflecting native experiences and, sixty years after arrival from England and her first work, she was still sculpturing with the same innate understanding of her adopted country. That Jamaican blood runs in her (she is half-Jamaican and married home) after marrying her cousin) obviously contributes to her expressive works. Two of her sculptures, 'The Beadseller' (1922) and 'Negro Aroused' (1982), though far apart in time, are products of Danish-like observation or scholarly note-taking but of emotional afflication - an affiliation unweakened by the passing of time. 'Negro Aroused' in particular evokes the nationalistic spirit of the Thirties, Forties and Fifties that Manley herself felt so ardently. Its stark features and braced posture reflect the hardship of the Island and their determination, neither of which evaporated after independence. Hence, presumably, its relevance to the present.

There are other sculptures on view: David Miller's "Girl Surprised" (1949), "Large Head" (1958) and "Head" (1965) are perfectly defined carvings, each one capturing in detail the eyes, ears, nose, mouth, jawbone and forehead of another culture. Impressive, too, are Robert Field's sculptures, in particular "Paul Bogle" (1952), an upright, tense and joyous study of the man who led a Jamaican uprising against the British in 1865. Like Manley's Negro Aroused., it has an essential place in the exhibition as both history and culture.

There is also a selection of paintings, most of them from Sixties and Seventies - and they range from the conventional to the provocative. Albert Hui's "Constant Spring Road" (1964) and Gaston Tabois' "Road Menders" (1956) convey the heat, dust and slow pace of daily routine: Colin Garland's "In the Beautiful Caribbean" (1974), on the other hand, gives a surrealistic and ironic view of Jamaica as a land of something other than the sun, sea and sand that tourist mythology would have the casual observer believe. The bright colors are there, certainly - but the painting is full of morose people, and in the foreground a figure in dreadlocks stares from the canvas with hand outstretched in a questioning, disturbing way.

The former deals unemotionally with domestic chores as a tired Barrington Watson provides two studies of local women. "Mother and Child" (1968) and "Conversations" (1981) are two of the most moving works in the exhibition. A woman lies supine on a bed watching her offspring ablute. It is the burden of everyday life which is sung here, and it shows an admiration for the woman's role.

The latter painting is a study and a complement as the artist captures three young women passing to talk together. In both pieces, woman is revered. The subjects are phlegmatic and determined, radiating an ability to cope with their lot.

Religious themes as well as social ones are covered by the works on show. Rastafarianism, as one would expect from modern Jamaican artists, is a feature of several paintings, notably in the one work on view by Judy MacMillan entitled "Rat Dizzy" (1974). Other artists choose epiphanic themes with titles such as "Judge Me Day" and "The Angels are Weeping," but MacMillan takes a simple, one man study in order to communicate the religion he feels is central to Jamaican spiritual well-being: 'Rat Dizzy' is a calm, reflective and impassive individual who aims to win over through willpower more than anything else, embodying both the rise of Jamaican art and the Jamaican spirit starting through the crumpled love letters at his hypothetical past and the "constant strain of having to live up to the image he has impose on the public mind," is well worth the ten mile trip to East Falls. The picture of Quinns loneliness that Quinn creates is liable to remind Coward fans of a lyric that is often read as a statement of the playwright's own isolation:

When the dream is ended and passion has flown 
Free from love's illusion, my heart is my own.

I trave alone.

The Old Academy Players of East Falls, a venerable institution of Philadelphia theater, is observing its sixtieth anniversary with Noel Coward in Two Keys, its three-hundredth production. The comedy-drama runs weekends through Saturday, October 8. Founded as the Moment Musical, the organization was originally attached to a local church, and moved to its present location at 3554 Indian Queen Lane in 1932.

The company is organized as a theater club - a sort of suburban Hasty Pudding - and casts its productions exclusively from the club roster. Its most famous alumna was Grace Kelly, who first appeared there at the age of twelve. Her parents were pillars of the company and her sister and brother-in-law remain active.

The best route to East Falls is from West Philadelphia through Center City to East River Drive and eastward along the edge of the Schuylkill. The East Falls exit from the Drive is Midvale Avenue. Take Midvale to Crescendo, make a right on Conrad and proceed a quarter mile to Indian Queen Lane. Follow Indian Queen to a set of railroad tracks, cross the tracks, and look left. There is ample parking behind the theater and a nearby factory. Parking lot available for overflow. The telephone number for reservations is (215) 849-7406.

- C.W.
Musict

Billie Jean's Mad as Hell

By John S. Marshall

It's a pretty heavy trip to lay on a guy who has a pet llama and who wants the Disneyland people to build "Pirates of the Caribbean" at his house so he can have someone to talk to. Just when he thought the world believed his story - that Billie Jean's son would have to find his roots elsewhere - a song turns up that opens the case again. "I'm Billie Jean and I'm mad as hell," sings the singer. "I'm just a woman with a story to tell."

"Superstar" by Lydia Murdoch is the fifth permutation of Michael Jackson's monster smash, "Billie Jean." (The others are Jackson's extended remix and three versions which combine the song with Stevie's "Don't Do It Again," and the first answer record in a long time to climb the charts. Released in June on the brand-new Philadelphia label, Team Records, the song entered the Billboard Black Singles Chart at 73 and in Britain has jumped from 95 to 65. You may have heard it on WXTU or WDAS-FM and if you know people in Cleveland, Atlanta, Chicago, New York, San Francisco and many other places - well, you've got the makings of a good conversation.

Lydia Murdoch can hardly believe it. Before June, the 26-year-old Bridgewater, New Jersey, resident was yet another singer with the same old story, "I was looking for a job," she says. "You know She Works Hard for the Money." - I really did. Temporary, part-time, anything to keep me going."

She was singing with a Top Forty band called Satisfaction, which had been playing regular gigs in the New Jersey-New York area for a couple of years. She enjoyed it just as she had enjoyed singing with her previous act. It was a cello band, just something we threw together," she says, "but it gave me the inspiration to continue in this business." The name of that band was Goldbound. It might have been an omen - perhaps even the man who sang "Please Don't Let Me Be Misunderstood" was predicting her future.

"I was looking for a job, you know. "She Works Hard for the Money" - I really did."

For now, "Superstar" is still on the rise, both the four-minute radio version and the spectacular, nine-minute club version. And perhaps even the man who sang "Billie Jean" is now hearing Lydia Murdoch's wailing reply. "I don't see how he could have missed it," she says. "It's doing well in California. But he hasn't gotten in touch with me or anything."

Go easy on him, Lydia. He could be talking it over with the Pirates of the Caribbean. And if it's a cello band, something we threw together," she says, "but it gave me the inspiration to continue in this business." The name of that band was Goldbound.

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Country Rocks; Joe Shuffles

By Jonathan Matzkin

Synthesizers have eclipsed the electric guitar as the source of New Wave's fundamental sound. Bands such as Heaven 17, Eurythmics, and Ministry base their music on the possibilities provided by the new technology, occasionally adding traditional instruments to achieve a specific effect. Even groups closely identified with the mythology and sound of the guitar, such as the Clash, have started to include electronic timbres in some of their records. The resistance to change that always accompanies such a musical revolution has led some critics to begin a backlash against electronic pop.

Of course, many new guitar-oriented combos continue to arrive on the scene. REM, Big Country, and Aztec Camera are among a new crop of groups whose music cannot be considered representative of any one school, but who are constantly described as one anyway. In the myopic vision of reactionary listeners and critics, the mere absence of synthesizers becomes a distinguishing characteristic. Thus, "subtleties like the clear Byrds influence that separates REM from the sophisticated, jazzy pop of Aztec Camera, get lost. This ugly "technophoba" not only closes ears to lots of good electronic music, but also warps one's ability to hear conventional instruments objectively.

"Lest we forget The Crossing," the debut LP from England's Big Country, doesn't become mere cannon fodder in the guitar vs synthesizer wars. The band consists of the standard two guitarists and bass, with a keyboard section that has Muddy Waters used to record "Hoochie Coochie Man" more than thirty years ago, but Big Country doesn't sound conventional. They rock hard without intimidating anyone in particular. Perhaps the rhythm guitar often displays punkish intensity.

Their signature is the driving, melodic leads that guitarists Bruce Watson and Stuart Adamson add to the songs as a voice equal in importance to the vocals. Hooks abound as the two guitarists ride in unison over "In a Big Country" and "Fields of Fire." A harder rocking Dire Straits comes to mind, both because of the guitar sound and the highly figurative, even vacuous, lyrics.

Producer Steve Lillywhite creates the same clean, spacious atmosphere he achieved on U2's recent War, highlighting a variety of textures, from rhythm guitar dominated passages to the floating two-guitar counterpart that opens "Porrorthan." Both Watson and Adamson use the E-bow, a device that enables the producer to produce sustained tones that sound, well, synthesized. Yet these tones are perfectly at home among the more familiar rock guitar sounds - because Big Country successfully adds innovation with tradition.

The Crossing deserves to be heard and identified in terms more relevant than the presence or absence of electronics. A rational listener will ignore such distinctions long enough to recognize that creativity and excellence reside in the musician - not in his equipment. Big Country chooses not to use synthesizers, but their music is as progressive as anything concocted in Kraftwerk's laboratory.

Joe Jackson: Mike's Murder A&M

By Jeff Salomon

Joe Jackson's got chutzpah. Following two successful albums of angry, guitar-driven rock and roll, he released three very different LP's which infuriated and alienated listeners. He recaptured his audience with yet another risky project, Night and Day, a guitarless, Latin-influenced album that yielded his biggest hit to date, "Stepping Out." For his next trick, Jackson agreed to compose the soundtrack to a movie called Mike's Murder. The film was helmed by Mike's Murder, the album's title song, and Jackson has drawn the studio's ire by releasing the soundtrack album before the movie arrives in theaters.

This places him in a sticky artistic situation again: without the movie, the album has to fend for itself; side two consists of three songs - ambient music without vocals - and although "Zemio" could pass the muster on any number of bland fusion jazz records, the other two fall flat completely. These songs may work as soundtrack material, but alone on record they're about as exciting as a cold pretzel without mustard. Jackson's failure with a new format is disappointing yet understandable; the low quality of the pop songs on side one is downright disturbing. Half of these performed with the same band from Night and Day, sound like outtakes from that album. And for the first time, Jackson sounds like he's really learning the rhythm guitar - but who is it, exactly? The band continues to arrive on the scene. REM, Big Country, and Aztec Camera are among a new crop of groups whose music cannot be considered representative of any one school, but who are constantly described as one anyway. In the myopic vision of reactionary listeners and critics, the mere absence of synthesizers becomes a distinguishing characteristic. Thus, "subtleties like the clear Byrds influence that separates REM from the sophisticated, jazzy pop of Aztec Camera, get lost. This ugly "technophoba" not only closes ears to lots of good electronic music, but also warps one's ability to hear conventional instruments objectively.

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**TRADING PLACES**
Warmed-over liberal cant (read: guilty pleasure! And by the way, Dan Aykroyd is the better comedian.
(Eric Rittenhouse, II, 1907 Walnut Street, 567-0301)

**ZEAL**
A brittle, minor film from Woody Allen. We should expect more.
(The Ritz III, 214 Walnut Street, 925-7900)

**FREE POSTERS**
Jeff Goldblum, who stars in Columbia Picture’s new release The Big Chill, got his first screen credit for a crucial role in a Robert Altman film. If you are one of the first ten people to call 898-6585 with the correct Altman film, you win a free Big Chill poster.

**THEATER**

**LET MY PEOPLE COME**
Not about Moses.
(Glenade’s Lar, 500 South Street, 923-5559)

**NOEL COWARD IN TWO KEYS**
A seldom produced comedy-drama that presents the Master in an uncustoncd mode. Review in this issue. Through 8 October.
(Old Academy Players, 3544 Indian Queen Lane, 549-7406)

**A STREETCAR NAMED DESIRE**
Williams’ drama directed by Pamela Berlin. The production will move to Chestnut Hill after closing in Malvern on 16 October.
(People’s Light & Theater Co. 39 Conestoga Road, Malvern, 647-1900)

**THE TRIAL OF MUYBRIDGE**
A new play by Sondra Brownell and John Musall that purports to “ex-

**Jazz**
(continued from page five)
I Didn’t Care” in the 1950’s, feels that the media’s preoccupation with rock ‘n roll has hurt the jazz movement. “Most people today seem to prefer the primitive feeling of rock ‘n roll rhythm over the more intellectual qualities of jazz. They says, “Just as the only chance that the public gets to see jazz anymore is on television documentaries.

“Hardly anyone works full time these days; it’s pretty much a gig here, a gig there,” he continues.

“It’s places like this— the local clubs—that keep jazz in the public eye.”

**Jackson**
(continued from page 10)
academic. It’s time for Joe Jackson to move on.

It’s seen clearly in “Memphis,” the album’s highlight and one of the oddest songs he’s ever record-
ed. Over pounding drums, dramatic organ, and a synthesized bass line stolen from Devo, Jackson unravels a cryptic tale of looking for lost Memphis, where he hopes to find his perfect beat.

In the last verse a wise man tells him that “Memphis is nothing like it used to be/A hundred dead guitars lying under the trees.” And so the protagonist, who rides “a lonesome train on a lonesome track,” jumps off and doubles back, forgoing Memphis — and the perfect beat as well.

Get back on that train, Joe. Don’t ever double back.
Start Counting.

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Get two free colas with any 12" pizza.
One coupon per pizza.
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Get one free item on any 16" pizza.
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