Campus Events
A listing of University news and events

U.S. will deploy missiles in Europe

WASHINGTON — President Reagan said his sights on the United States will proceed with the scheduled deployment of medium-range missiles next year, even though a 1987 treaty provides for their phased retirement. 

"I don't think there's anyway we should just stand by and allow Soviets to deploy what we consider for us a extremely dangerous missile," he said. "We are prepared to proceed with our normal deployment of missiles as planned."

Reagan noted that in the resolution late last year of the first of 122 Congress and President Bush in Europe, "We are at the top of the list." In a non-binding resolution, the Soviets have agreed to destroy what so many people here and elsewhere, the president said, "are our defense systems."

Ragan said it was a new day in the relationship of the United States and the Soviet Union. "I'm confident of our strength and I'm sure the other side is," he said. "So I don't think we should have any doubts about proceeding with our normal deployment." 

Reagan also told a nationally broadcast news conference that his administration is now working on ways to halt the Reagan said the United States and the Soviet Union are now working on ways to halt the nuclear arms buildup. "We are now working closely with the Soviets to develop a joint understanding of our respective approaches and to ensure that our efforts are consistent with our goals," he said.

"And while we may not achieve our goal of stopping the arms race, we will certainly move in that direction," he added.

Seeking help can be hard for minorities

Books tend to rely on traditional sources in their research, but this is changing. The trend is towards more diverse and inclusive perspectives. "I think that there are some minorities who have not been seen enough of," the author said.

"But we're starting to see some new faces and voices emerge in our society," she added. "People of all religious traditions are looking for new faces and voices."

"I think that there are some minorities who have not been seen enough of," the author said. "But we're starting to see some new faces and voices emerge in our society.

(Continued from page 1)"
There are not that many ways that short films circulate anymore," she said. "I've never seen anything like it before.

"Also, you can see some you like and some you don't like, since they are so different, Warm Bread, a Woman with Tomatoes, Vis-a-Vis, A Ravishing of Frank N. Stein, Malice describes — characters such as the Andrews Sisters and Winston Churchill.

In the 1940s, Mark Wig was not a very common character at Penn, according to Blackaby. The other films range from "punk sensibility to Citizen Kane," she said. "Bob is a sensitive sort and is here. If any girls would like to perform with, a belter performs really well and I hope that any girls would like to see an all-girls Glee Club. I would be more than willing to help out."
**Letters to the Editor**

**Reinterpreting The 'Flashers'**

To the Editor:

The appeal concerning the freshman who accused the University of failing to prevent sexual assaults seems to be receiving too much attention. In the case of the so-called Flashers, it is an attempt to provide academic, legal, and psychological support for the many Penn students who have been victims of sexual harassment, sexual assault, and other types of sexual misconduct. The University, however, is not to be held responsible for the actions of individuals who are not members of the University community. The University, however, is not to be held responsible for the actions of individuals who are not members of the University community. The University, however, is not to be held responsible for the actions of individuals who are not members of the University community. The University, however, is not to be held responsible for the actions of individuals who are not members of the University community.

**GAPSA: Dump Solomon Amendment**

By: It detailed that the members of the Graduate and Professional Student Assembly (GAPSA) oppose the "Solomon Amendment" and urge its immediate repeal. The amendment, proposed by Sen. Mike DeWine, R-Ohio, would give states the power to discriminate against students who receive federal financial aid.

**Class Size Does Make a Difference**

To the Editor:

I would like to take this opportunity to express my concerns about the current class size at the University of Pennsylvania. Over the past few years, the university has been experiencing a steady increase in the number of students enrolled, which has resulted in larger class sizes and less individual attention for students. This situation is particularly concerning for students in the College of Arts and Sciences, where class sizes are already quite large.

**The Return of An Unlikely Hero**

There was to be the logo of Heaven Hall, like a ghost from a couple of times back. I wasn't sure if the first figure in the row was him. The city and strangely staunch furniture gave it away.

Oh, a hand on the globe, a liberator. Mark Atlas when he was on the front page of The Daily Pennsylvanian, for what he does. He's a strong voice for a better campus. And for that, he was an ass of an assistant professor, hating the students and the content. But behind the desk, he is another ghost. A ghost that tells the truth. A ghost that tells the truth.

But Mark Atlas is back to fetch up his Law School degree after a decade away. By the time he returns, the Rowe House analysis center, and there we saw him. He had a characteristic white shirt, and there were small shoes. He is another ghost, a ghost in the closet, a ghost that tells the truth, a ghost that tells the truth.

He is the race director. The race director in the research institution of the Wharton School. It was Atlas, you read where the Carr, who led a business

---

**SKYLINE DRIVE/Peter Canellos**

**uhhkk...**

Even when President Thomas Ellerby introduced to spread the rumor and notations on apparent imprecision—in one of them, the death of the multi-million-dollar science center—Carlson was there to give several a crash course. Ellerby was in the office of the famous Barlow Hotel in his mind.

Everything eventually went Atlas's way. Mark Atlas, and Insurance and Professor Del McGaw smoothly registered. Mark's departure under a confident line. Otherhand, Robert Keene determined that the reader complaints had said enough enough to cause the University's leaving each in each...

The university's leaving each in each...

---

**Listen Up, You Dumb Chicagoan**

I'm a Boy... I'm a Boy... I'm a Boy...

It was so to see our son's great-grandparents—

---

**BLOOMINGDALE/Brice Breathed**

**Qotation of the Day**

"If one phone this resolution, their credibility with students and the administration will decrease. If the student opposition group can get a few more professors to..."
JDL leader Meir Kahane to speak tonight

The Chestnut
38th & Chestnut St.
for more info, call 963-4142

CABARET

Thursday, October 20
COLLEGE NIGHT featuring

The INSIDERS
performing Funky Rock

$1.00 Cover Charge per head (College & Co.)
All House Liquors, Beer & Wine only $1.25
8 p.m. to 12:00

Friday, October 21
60's Flashback with WIOG'S David Dye
Live On WIOG from 6-10 p.m.
followed by original performances by
NO 1

Saturday, October 22
Soul Survivors
w/WHISI
performing their big hit
Expressway To Your Heart

Coming Attractions
10/25 Flash Jordan & The Force
w/Reflections
10/26 The Fabulous Greaseland
10/27 Tabalge
10/28 Beto Rivera
10/29 Olga Blackwell
Bar & Band

PROPER DRESS & I.D. REQUIRED

How to avoid a war with confidence

Okay, you're settled down. You relate to everybody. Your haircutter knows what you want. You know what he wants. Your hair is clean. You can't get this food but it isn't bad. Your house isn't clean and wet. I'll explain when I see you.

This is your fail-safe point. If you follow my advice, you should get a good haircut, and you can avoid me with confidence.

If something isn't being done to change this situation, people are going to get more angry. If people are going to get more angry, there is nothing you can do about it. This is your fail-safe point.

Some pointers.

If something isn't being done to change this situation, people are going to get more angry. If people are going to get more angry, there is nothing you can do about it. This is your fail-safe point.

If your haircutter doesn't talk to you, don't talk to him. You might break his concentration. Be as cooperative as possible.

Look at your hair as it's being cut. Get involved in it. If something isn't done to your satisfaction, speak up.

Remember— you're the one who has to live with your haircut. If you're not happy with your haircut, ask how you should maintain it.

If you decide a day later that you're not happy with your haircut, don't hesitate to go back and see if something can be done about it.

If you follow my advice, you should get a good haircut, and you can avoid me with confidence.

People will think I'm crazy for running an ad like this, but I figure that if I can touch everybody's hair, I'll make them happy. I'll make everybody's hair look good. I'll make people happy.

Barry Leonard, Crimper
1527 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19130
Finally ... the club you've all been waiting for:

WHARTON WOMEN

presents its introductory meeting
Thurs., Oct. 20th  4:30 p.m.  351 SF/DH
Everyone welcome. Refreshments.

Quadramics presents Moonchildren
A Comic Play by Michael Weller
October 20-22 & 27 - 29
Tickets: $3-available on Locust Walk
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UA tables draft-aid resolution
Statement backed Solomon Amendment
By ALEC HARRIS
The Undergraduate Assembly voted last night to support a statement condemning the Solomon Amendment, which denies federal credit for Naval Reserve Officers Training Corps courses.

UA Vice President Frank Lanz said the statement on the Solomon Amendment "was insurance and security," and added that it was "an insurance policy for the students who are on reserve government programs."

Some UA members called the position revision mistaken, as the University does not now support any lobbying efforts specifically directed at the Solomon Amendment.

UA Chairman Ken Meyers noted the decision to table the statement."These resolutions have no mean-

Minority recruiting

UA member Ed Sztepowskl, who supported the resolution, said the decision to table it was a political move to try political tactics so the issue would not be discussed."

You can be sure the resolution will be brought up at other UA meetings," he added. "I think Admissions is mak-

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An epic American adventure
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FROM HERE TO ETERNITY

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Studio Theatre
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THE SECOND STORY
OPEN BAR
1127 Walnut St.
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Friday 10-12
GAPSA votes to oppose Solomon Amendment

In a recent confrontation between Graduate and Professional Students Assembly and the University's efforts to lobby for the repeal of the Solomon Amendment, a class by punishing only students among other stated reasons, it:

The Undergraduate Assembly statement and passed a resolution supporting the University as an undergraduate, administrative will disappear, he said. "If they pass this resolution, their credibility with students and the administration will disappear," he said.

GAPSA passed concerning the controversial class, which denies citizenship to students and males.

Undergraduate Assembly statement was in direct response to a

GAPSA Chairman Bette Kauff called for attempting to improve the whole content of the amendment, "I'm afraid the UA resolution would send the wrong message to the student body."

"I'm afraid the UA resolution is much indicative of student opinion," she said. "We're saying the Solomon Amendment is a bad idea to begin with."

Hoberman, who also attended the meeting, said "The resolution I wrote is much more indicative of student opinion," He said that he feels the UA has always had a credibility problem on this campus.

"If they pass this resolution, their credibility with students and the administration will disappear," he said.

If they pass this resolution, their credibility with students and the administration will disappear, "I'm afraid the UA resolution would send the wrong message to the student body." The resolution also attacks the University's efforts to lobby for the repeal of the Solomon Amendment.

The GAPSA resolution states that the amendment "Discriminates against students of any religious persuasion," and was worn as part of hunting protective cover, the Uirdskin Parka was a common Eskimo outer-garment - a common Eskimo outer-garment. The exhibit includes displays on a variety of aspects of Eskimo life, including whale hunting, kayaking. The exhibit also tracks the University's efforts for the Chinese New Year celebration.

This weekend, the Museum will hold "Meet the Eskimos" as part of the exhibition. The free event will feature tours of the exhibits, displays and Eskimos, who will talk about their unique culture. The program will include an Eskimo craft from Canada, which will demonstrate his craft in the gift shop. The student volunteers at the Museum, said Hoberman, who also attended the meeting, said "The resolution I wrote is much more indicative of student opinion," He said that he feels the UA has always had a credibility problem on this campus.

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Student-athlete performance study

In continued from page 1

special admits," Zingg said, adding that the meeting athletes are comparable academically to the rest of their classmates.

Zingg said he feels the study will reinforce admissions policies. He added that the study will complement another study by the National Collegiate Athletic Association to determine eligibility for college athletes.

The NCAA is soliciting information from member schools for the study, and Zingg said he expects the University to cooperate. But he added that because of the sensitive nature of the material, "we would want to use anonymity for our students and perhaps the institution."

The University had already commissioned its internal study when the NCAA announced last month that it wanted to conduct its own. The NCAA's study is a response to the passage of Proposition 48, a measure passed last year which requires admissions eligibility for student athletes. The rule requires that student-athlete graduate high school with a combined score of 700 on the Scholastic Aptitude Test.

Critical of the measure charge that it may be unfair to some students, and that a study completed for the National Collegiate Athletic Association to determine eligibility for college athletes. The University study will reinforce admissions policies. Zingg said the issue is relevant to Penn State students and "it's on the agenda," he said. "It's on the agenda," he said.

The measure charge that it is unfair to some students, and that a study completed for the National Collegiate Athletic Association to determine eligibility for college athletes. The University study will reinforce admissions policies. The University athletic department has supported the measure.

Most of the universities now are weighing eligibility. Under NCAA guidelines, freshmen are eligible to compete in varsity sports. The Ivy League has followed California from placing survey tools. Associate Athletic Director Curtis Matthys said the measure is a "positive conclusion reached by" and that the University athletic department has supported the measure.

"(Proposition 48) doesn't apply to us," Zingg said. "It's on the agenda," he said. "It's on the agenda," he said. 

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**Taking the LEAD**

Program preps minorities for business school

By JAMES ALEXANDER

In high school, business was a "dead end" for some students.

Now it's a stepping stone to the business world at the Warner School.

"They are in the frustration of what business is," said Warner School guidance counselor JoAnn Mitchell.

In a four-year program, Warner students learn bookkeeping, typing, and office techniques, which has helped hundreds of the winter's graduates find business-related jobs. They have a chance to try business jobs that allow them to learn the "real" world.

The green and white Warner cafeteria is used as a classroom, where students are divided into groups of four or five.

"They're just as competitive as the regulars here," Mitchell said.

"We put them in an office-like atmosphere, where they can learn firsthand what they're going to be doing in the real world," said Warner School principal J. William Smith.

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Volleyball beats Temple, 3-2

(Continued from back page)

five points, the fifth game 15-7, and the match.

"It was a good win with an emotional ending," Kanta said. "We didn't give up pressure on the other players on the floor."

With the score tied at 10 in the fourth game, the Quakers broke the match open by capitalizing on a Temple overpass. Press won the next point.

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Don't Miss A.B.G.
**Quaker Football**

**PASSING**

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(Continued from back page)

**Planned Movements**

The injured players who wear rolls of athletic tape. Frey made it this year or not. But that's never entered into my mind," Dunphy explained. "I always thought I could participate in contact drills to a degree, and we'll see what happens.

**Back injury**

Almost every player is taped, either on 40th St between Walnut and Penn. Hofstra for five years and an assistant coach. Steve Ortman Dunphy never foresaw happening for me to feel my shoulder again. The next play, I'm ready. It's not just being hit. You're being hit. When do I get up, go out, and come back to the huddle. It takes me in the wrong direction when I'm injured. "But the next play, I'm ready. It's not just being hit. You're being hit."

**Ticket Information**

- **TICKETS — Genesis, AC/DC.**
- **Sun — The Three Tenors $500-1200 mon.**
- **Marionette Theater. 2501 Christian St.**
- **20 - Sunday. Oct 23 Flexible 9 to 9.**
- **Big Brother and the Holding Company.**
- **PENN — Roots.**
- **89 Total First Downs.**
- **89 Total First Downs.**
- **46 Offensive Plays.**
- **14 1st Downs.**
- **115 Yards.**
- **926 Yards.**
- **115 926.**

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**INTERNATIONAL HOUSE**

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**EVELYN WOOD READING DYNAMICS**

**Do You Know Why The Caged Bird Sings?**

**Find out at Harrison Auditorium Oct. 27 at 8 pm**

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**Pain is part of the game—**

"If I can't play or can't play with pain," the injured player declared, "I won't play. I'll get up when I'm ready. It's not like I'm hurt. When it's my time, I'll get up and go out, and come back to the huddle. It takes me in the wrong direction when I'm injured." Even if they are feeling pain in three different places. They play, because that's what teammates, a committed, dedicated, strong相互支持的团队. They play, for fear of losing their positions."

**FREE LESSONS NEAR CAMPUS THIS WEEK ONLY!**

**Increase your reading speed on the spot! (Bring a friend)**

**Evelyn Wood works — over 1 million people, including students, executives, senators, and even presidents have proven it. A free 1 hour speed reading seminar will show you how to save hundreds of hours of studying. This year's seminar (as well as how to increase your speed and understand techniques) It only takes an hour, and it's free. Don't miss it.**
Thursday, October 20, 1983

DP SPORTS

Little tries to keep a dream alive in Puerto Rico

By DAVE SILK

In the seventh round of the NBA draft, Canadiens captain Paul Little tried to play his last basketball game in Cuba, only to have it fall through.

Little's basketball career in Europe or in the NBA. After being cut by the Portland Trail Blazers last week, Little has decided to try out for Puerto Rico.

It has always been my dream to play in the NBA, Little said. "In college, I definitely wish I could have made the team."

Little's opportunity on the NBA depends on his tryout this week. Little said he would not play if Portland would not have signed him for the Continental Basketball Association.

Little, 23, played his last basketball game at the Pennsylvania State University before going to Puerto Rico.

By STEVE BRAHMS

Cozza struggles with decision whether to try

It's reaching the bottom of the people's patience at Yale University, where the team has been playing poorly.

Cozza struggles with what to do with that. His responsibility is to deal with that.

Cozza said. "This is my final year — I can't play you. You wanted to talk to me. So I sat down and had a talk with him and I told him that it was a wise decision not to play."

Little had played only part-time until two weeks ago. The pain is there, and David Smith rolls over in his bed to think about the question of whether he will continue to play.

Smith was in a three-way race for two spots as an outside linebacker on the Penn defense.

Smith is still thinking about it, and his transition to coaching is really not very big. It's no different from playing football.

Little said. "In college, I definitely wish I could have played more at guard. I knew I wouldn't make it in the NBA but I was a forward."

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GUMBY and the END OF THE WORLD

By Robert Lalasz
I am a man who, sifting along without fully stopping, turns a casual look upon you and then averts his face. Leaving it to you to probe and define it.

Expecting the main things from you.

— Walt Whitman

Everyone is waiting for Alan in the chill. Just listen:

"There's a certain cosmic relationship between breath, language, and political reality, and that's a transcendence he captures," a young woman says to us. She is wearing a red cardigan sweater and a white loincloth. She has her hair in braids. "He's one of my cultural heroes.

"He represents the hope of the age," says a bearded man in a loincloth and a leather jacket. "I came to see an artist at work."

Nobody did anything after they found out Alan was coming. There was no shouting in the streets. There was no theater put on. There was no gathering in groups of more than five. For God's sake, there wasn't even any bidding of three cards no-trump. Everyone knew how important this was.

But perhaps Alan doesn't— for he is not here. Searchlights fill the sky. Stenches fill the air. Everyone grows restless, they have been waiting for hours. The woman in the khaki jumpsuit speaks into the megaphone again. "He is a man for the 70's who is trapped in the 80's," the woman shouts of a recording of Alan's latest single. "He was a man for the 60's who was trapped in the 70's— but he was adaptable."

"We know better," we say. And we do. Alan doesn't have to be adaptable. Alan thinks about things that are bigger than Alan is. Alan thinks poetry should be written on walls. Alan thinks short stories should be written on bigger walls. Alan says things like "I sing the body electric" while making love. Alan thinks art is a mystical experience.

The wind is blowing. It is very cold now, forcing everyone to kneel. We open a book of Alan's poetry and begin to read aloud: "Birdbrain runs the world. Birdbrain is the ultimate form of capitalism." The woman with the megaphone says she has a message from Alan. "Alan says that the first insight I get is what a creep I am and that is part of my wisdom— you know, what a birdbrain I am," she shouts.

"Incise satire," we shout back. It is very cold. Long ago, we knew Alan personally, before he commanded searchlights and stenches and women in khaki jumpsuits with megaphones. We knew him in school, and we knew already that Alan would be an artist when he took off those khaki jumpsuits and removed the words and meter. He was sixteen then. Now, we stand with Alan's latest book in our hands, hoping he will autograph it when he comes. It is called "Children of Adam." Alan's face is on the cover.

Our teeth are clattering. Our hands are freezing. Someone passes us glasses of apple cider. We drink. It is happening. We say with determination: "This is a noblesse oblige event. This is not just a lifetime of art."

Everyone looks for Alan in the chill. And we say: "Of course she is right. We know how impo..."
Trojan Warfare

We really didn't want to come down on Troy's again this week - even though they abused 34th Street with a recent deluge of advertisements in The Daily Pennsylvanian. You may have seen them: one in which a giant cheesesteak steamrolls a copy of The Street while an army of machine gun-wielding chickens marches next to it to keep order; or the one where an armored knight on horseback tramples The Street under the hooves of the rearing beast. No, our first inclination was to ignore that completely. But this incident changed our minds:

We stopped by Troy's for our traditional 3 a.m. visit with stomachs empty and minds open. The Giant Burger sure looked tempting as we sat down to discuss our latest readings for our Metaphysical Philosophy class. We lowered our fork, preparing to spear a fry, and picked up a very different object from our plate. It was a rolled-up napkin. Keenly perceiving that that hadn't been there a minute ago, we looked around.

Before long, we became aware of the leering group of fun-loving, neanderthalic, glass-eyed roughnecks who were staring at us fixedly while they slurped up beer pitchers like pigs at the trough. Oddly enough, it didn't seem as if any of the ten of them had thrown it, so with quieter voices we returned to our discussions of Schrodinger's Paradox.

Then another salvo landed - turning to our Trojan comrades, we saw that the nearest one, a blond youth with flaccid lips and a ripped army jacket, was inspecting us with great interest, as if our considerations on the nature of the Universe made him stop and think.

One of us said, "Do you have a problem?" An eloquent smirk crawled across the blond youth's face. We decided to look away.

The third time, it was a piece of magazine. Glancing towards the titling table at which our friends sat, we perceived that they seemed to be on the verge of joining us. Reluctantly, we concluded that our welcome stay at Troy's had reached an end. As we returned to the street, we reflected that nothing quite strips away one's academic innocence like a full-course meal at Troy's. We have only one question.

Dupe

the dealer shuffled the three cards on his cardboard box with sleight of hand and the speed of a bionic arm. A few local youths picked and alternately won or lost.

But it looked so easy. And the Dupe knew it.

Finally, the dealer whipped out a sure thing. It was a black ace. The sure thing. The Dupe's child said, stepping forward and pointing at the card on the left.

"It's that one there." one girl in the crowd giggled as she nodded.

The crowd roared; we began to laugh hysterically as the dealer started to count out fifty. After all, it was a sure bet: the card with the bent corner, the one which they had correctly guessed twenty times in a row, was right there, right in front of their nervous, anxious, knowing faces. And victory smelled so good he could taste it. He was going to be a hero, yes sir, in front of all these people.

But the Dupe cautiously stuck his hand forward with the money, "Turn it over," the dealer said. The crowd hushed.

The DUPE turned over the card, the one with the bent corner, the sure thing. It was a black ace. The crowd roared; we began to laugh hysterically as the dealer snagged the Dupe's bills. After the crowd got settled the game went on, and the DUPE and his girl and his child just stood and stared blankly. Their Saturday night was ruined.

But at least the crowd had a good time. They got their money's worth.

It's hard to say goodbye to good friends, but alas, all good things must come to an end. Yet another era will end tomorrow when the Walnut Mall Cinema, the nearby repository for second run films, will convert to a new format under the auspices of its recent purchasers: the Budco family.

After buying the theater, Budco decided to model Walnut Mall after the Ritz Three as a showcase for "Art" films. According to Jack Sugrue, Assistant Director of Advertising for the Budco chain, the new format will continue as long as the market for it holds up. It looks promising: the Walnut Mall is close to the University of Pennsylvania, and from there it is a hike to the Ritz.

In any case, the theater will be cleaned up tonight, then will reopen tomorrow with its new fare. Tabbed for Friday openings are Fanny and Alexander, Pauline at the Beach, and I.A. Traviata.

We'll just have to see how it goes. Could there really be that kind of a market near this campus?
Marat/Sade: joyous singing and dancing give way to bacchanalian frenzy

Consists of five talented performers on the way to something bigger (if and when they shed that terrible name). The composer, Heath Allen, is also the sole musician and one of the actors. His songs show a gift for melody, an understanding of the way words and music work together toward a thematic end, and an ability to switch from mode to mode. Allen is primarily a serious-minded composer whose theatricality is akin to the operatic work of Samuel Barber—but he takes a Sondheim-like glee in putting contemplative songs in bucket lists of scenography. The pensive songs that this Allen has made from Cardenio's lyrics are interspersed with comedic numbers for which he and his cast have provided lyrics. Most notable is a lengthy travesty of Victor Herbert opera, which tells the story of General William Walker, the Tuskean who went to Nicaragua in the 1860s to find a trade route across Central America and stayed to set himself up as President of the country. The lead singer, Mary Ellen Grant, has a fine soprano and a witty delivery for the comic songs. Mark O'Brien is a dect comedian—he is capital as General Somoro dedicating a statue of himself to his own greater glory. First of all, I think that I can call on the people raised this statue up to me for I know better than you do that I ordered it myself... I put it up just because I know you'll hate it."

And, like the other members of the Company, O'Brien changes from comic to serious mood with alacrity. The supporting members of the cast, Erin Williams and Chris Hayes, are also fine, though far less is demanded of them. Allen, Hayes and Williams are the directors of Light—and a professional product they have turned out. There are a few irritating lulls between scenes (always an affront to the audience), but the show moves along with good speed. The actor-writers have clearly done their homework and, in addition to addressing current problems in Central American politics, have managed to dredge up a number of intriguing historical items. The reviews purport to be a day of television broadcasting, with each script a separate program concerned in one way or another with the Nicaragua. The Achilles heel of the show is its political content, which is often limited to facile barbs at the current administration with no examination of the reasoning behind the criticism. It is, of course, not a flaw that the authors choose to deal in political satire, but the constant shifting about from the poems of Cardenio to jibes at the Reagan administration makes the evening a jumpy ride. All of the serious reflection is devoted to the Nicaraguans; most of the satire is aimed at the United States. For instance, the authors show that U.N. Ambassador Kirkpatrick, who comes in for a good many of the comic knocks, is easier to lampoon than to analyze.

When compared to the Wilma Company, the Big Small Theater proves that less is more. The spare sets and costumes are attractive, the simple lighting is effective, and the choreography amusing. The Big Small Company has managed a completely uncomplicated lighting design that, in contrast to the Wilma's, quite adequately illuminates every scene but accords the swift, far-ranging shifts in mood.

In Marat/Sade, de Sade comments that it is no coincidence that the individual has been lost in the political realm must have rung for melody, an understanding of the way words and music work together toward a thematic end, and an ability to switch from mode to mode. Allen is primarily a serious-minded composer whose theatricality is akin to the operatic work of Samuel Barber—but he takes a Sondheim-like glee in putting contemplative songs in bucket lists of scenography. The pensive songs that this Allen has made from Cardenio's lyrics are interspersed with comedic numbers for which he and his cast have provided lyrics. Most notable is a lengthy travesty of Victor Herbert opera, which tells the story of General William Walker, the Tuskean who went to Nicaragua in the 1860s to find a trade route across Central America and stayed to set himself up as President of the country. The lead singer, Mary Ellen Grant, has a fine soprano and a witty delivery for the comic songs. Mark O'Brien is a dect comedian—he is capital as General Somoro dedicating a statue of himself to his own greater glory. First of all, I think that I can call on the people raised this statue up to me for I know better than you do that I ordered it myself... I put it up just because I know you'll hate it."

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We Got All Tied Up

Philadelphia really isn’t that far behind other cities in the cable war. But you’d never be able to tell...

By Mark Cohen

It’s five minutes before the start of the third World Series game, and you’re about to watch it on TV. Suddenly, you remember that today was your mother’s birthday, and you forgot to buy her a present. What do you do?

Simple. You turn on the TV.

Then you flip the dial to the Gimbel’s Department Store channel, moving the blinking cursor that has appeared on the screen to the column, “Sweaters. Female,” and pick out a mauve cardigan. After pushing a few more buttons on the remote control—insuring immediate delivery—signed off with your own personal code (so Mom’ll know it’s from you)—you flip the dial to commercial television just in time to see Steve Carlton fire the first pitch of the game. For a strike.

This is, in part, the fantasy of a baseball-crazed writer. But it is also a semi-realistic depiction of what television may be like in Philadelphia within the next three years. The cable TV plans for the city call for the most advanced state-of-the-art technology available: a two-way system, enabling people to do much of their shopping and banking over the tube while providing them with a smorgasbord of over 72 new channels.

But before state-of-the-art anything can be implemented in the state’s largest city, political snafus that have wrapped the cable process in ugly, sticky red tape for more than a decade have to be cleared from City Hall.

Most Philadelphians probably don’t even realize there has been conventional cable television in their city since 1968; that’s because it’s been limited to South and a few parts of West Philadelphia. In 1977, the City Council passed the first legislation for cable service in the rest of the city. Companies submitted proposals to the Rizzo administration in the fall of 1980, but the mayor decided to defer any final decisions to the incoming Green administration.

Green promptly threw all the proposals out his second story office window. He then became locked in a war of attrition with the City Council over how Philadelphia’s cable system should be run. While the Council wanted the city to be divided into four areas, with a company in charge of programming in each region in order to limit the effect of monopolies, Green wanted one city-wide cable network.

Finally, in the beginning of 1982, a working committee between the Council and the administration was formed to help negotiate a truce. And there was a glimmer of hope in the selection mess that seemed to be enveloping the city. Some companies stated that they would have their systems running at full service within two to three years after signing contracts with the city.

Councilman David Cohen, a member of the Public Property Committee (which is holding the cable hearings), predicts that these campaign promises may light a fire under Mayor Green, causing him to act on the issue before he steps down. “The mayor will have to confront the idea seriously,” Cohen said, “that his administration will go down as another one that failed—and possibly before an administration that will get the thing solved within the first couple of months of its tenure.”

Philadelphia actually isn’t that far behind other major metropolitan areas in putting its cable system into effect. Pittsburgh and Los Angeles have cable, but Boston, Baltimore, and most of New York don’t.

“The reason people think every place except Philadelphia has cable is because all the suburban areas under Mayor Green, causing him to act on the issue before he steps down. “The mayor will have to confront the idea seriously,” Cohen said, “that his administration will go down as another one that failed—and possibly before an administration that will get the thing solved within the first couple of months of its tenure.”

Thought for the Week:

How would you like to be forced all the days of your life to sit beside a stinking, stupid wino every morning at breakfast? Or for some loud fool in his infinite ignorance to be at any moment able to say (slur) “Gimme a cigarette, man!” And I just look into his sleazy eyes and want to kill his ass there in front of God and everyone.

Jack Henry Abbott

In the Belly of the Beast
When Everything Means Nothing

By Robert Lallaz

My building has every convenience. It almost makes me new for me.

David Byrne

So go ahead! Take a look at yourself! Bright red sneakers? That's a start. A white-glove haircut? Getting better. Now about a turtleneck, a leather jacket, or a sweater with a handkerchief in the breast pocket, with every hair in place.

But just begin to...

Sure, it's fun, trying to put out an empty single: the Go-Go's might make a career out of it. But rarely (if ever) has such a sand of cotton candy been coughed in such a cleverly manner as Spandau Ballet's "True." When Go-Go's take off, they look and sound as if they were to cancel an absolute artistic zero, an empty set, inside an arrow shot, a footed tip, and a dampened three piece worsted suit, without a sound. You can't hear them as something that you only do.

You've lost attitude.

What's attitude? You ask. Well, don't ask, because attitude is a self-consciously styled version of mannerly aesthetic based on fashion images out of the past and presenting them out of context. It's much more than just a sense of irony. This positioning: it's a way of projecting identity, as packaging, but always with a twist.

So you've got the drift that each cultural icon

English synth-pop band Spandau Ballet's "sneaky hit "True." But I bought a ticket for the tickets.

But most I've come back again.

Who do I find a hard to settle the next time.

Oh I said the white knight out.

All ah, ah, ah.

I know the story is there.

True is attitude displaced, fashionable, perversely, good-looking, ironic. The couple of an odd coupled, highly bad taste, that fabric over pleated dresses isArms.

Ide, the hooks are lying and so tangible, long that you could ride them with a surfboard. Even the saxophone is in exactly the right place, for God's sake.

And you know you're so behatted in the breast pockets, with every hair in place.

But just begin by...

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And you know you're so behatted in the breast pockets, with every hair in place.

But just begin by...

Sure, it's fun, trying to put out an empty single: the Go-Go's might make a career out of it. But rarely (if ever) has such a sand of cotton candy been coughed in such a cleverly manner as Spandau Ballet's "True." When Go-Go's take off, they look and sound as if they were to cancel an absolute artistic zero, an empty set, inside an arrow shot, a footed tip, and a dampened three piece worsted suit, without a sound. You can't hear them as something that you only do.

You've lost attitude.
Particulars

175 Photographs
At the Philadelphia Museum of Art

By Adam Sexton

Don't believe what you've seen on TV. Photography is more than Polaroid and Fotomat and disk cameras and birthdays, and it is considerably more than an exchange of wisecracks between James Garner and that unpleasant woman who, someone keeps telling us, is not his wife.

How much more is dramatically evident upon viewing "Particulars," now on display at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. A remarkable exhibit that manages to be both wide-ranging and highly intimate, "Particulars" is of that rare species of art shows that appeals equally to layman and expert. A History of Photography 101 as taught by a pair of formally trained but utterly original processors, it is a class well worth auditing.

According to the show's attractive catalogue, the Philadelphia duo of Harvey S. Stieglitz Miller and J. Randall Plummer began just ten years ago to assemble the vast (over 5,000 images) private collection from which "Particulars" was culled. Guided by personal taste rather than fashion, Miller and Plummer rapidly accrued what amounts to a survey of photography as a fine art — a survey unique for its equal emphasis on the form's accepted masters and the newcomers that may someday join their ranks. Identically matted and framed by the staff of the International Museum of Photography in Rochester, and hung with impeccable taste in the austere but friendly blonde-wood environs of the Museum of Art's prints gallery, a mere 175 examples from the collection achieve a feat that is nothing short of amazing: they quietly define just what photography has been, suggesting as well where it may be headed.

What it has been is diverse, and variety above all is the theme of "Particulars." Copper-framed daguerreotypes from nineteenth century portrait studios hang just beyond a publicity photo from a twentieth century movie studio; a Life magazine photo essay shot circa 1970 is cheek-by-jowl with a gauzy turn-of-the-century pastoral scene. To the weekend shutterbug who thought his only options were black-and-white and color, it may elude multiple exposure prints, photographs can be abstract, sculpted canvas "Particulars" in dimensional — even printed on gauzy turn-of-the-century pastoral scene. To the weekend shutterbug who thought his only options were black-and-white and color, it may be a revelation to see here that photography as a fine art — a survey unique for its equal emphasis on the form's accepted masters and the newcomers that may someday join their ranks. Identically matted and framed by the staff of the International Museum of Photography in Rochester, and hung with impeccable taste in the austere but friendly blonde-wood environs of the Museum of Art's prints gallery, a mere 175 examples from the collection achieve a feat that is nothing short of amazing: they quietly define just what photography has been, suggesting as well where it may be headed.

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Right Stuff
Good Enough

The Right Stuff
Directed by Phillip Kaufman
At the Sameric 3

By David R. Meiselman

Up and away, into the wild blue yonder...
The possibilities are endless. A vast expanse of space stretches ahead in all directions, except for the vague traces of planet Earth behind. A wondrous sight, a wondrous thing to be a part of.

To be a part of...
It must have been grand.
For the first American astronauts to reach escape velocity, it was more than just grand. Their combined desire to be the best pilots ever propelled them to the far reaches of the atmosphere and beyond, to the borders of infamy. John Glenn. Alan Shepard. Gus Grissom. Gordon Cooper...for a brief instant, these men were the best. They were among the first men in space. They had The Right Stuff.
The Right Stuff. The men who had it pioneered what is today one of the proudest accomplishments of this country. Putting a man into space, not a chimp, but a man... It is this fiber of history which The Right Stuff concerns itself with. The film, opening tomorrow, goes beyond the normal stratosphere of communication to present a feeling, a mood, to grasp hold of a dream and make it a reality...

Like Chuck Yeager. The first man to break the sound barrier, he was still propelling himself further and faster in a hunk of metal when a chunk of steel was making waves across the world as it splashed with finality into the ocean. Yeager's dream, like that of those who come to be with him, is a conquest of the skies. Further and Faster... into the cloudless blue, and above it.

If translating emotion to the written word is difficult, then bringing it to film with purity intact is nearly impossible. Cast aside Reds and Gandhis. The Right Stuff is a true epic of filmmaking that captures the American Spirit in all its splendor. Boosted by a great cast, it is a film that deals with the first men in space, their families, and the country that surrounds them from which the viewer will leave triumphantly, saturated with pride and yearning for more, even after 3-hours and 10-minutes.

Rarely does a film like The Right Stuff come along, shooting for the top and exceeding the skies as it roars beyond, to the outer reaches, untouched by any stretch of the imagination and coasting on inertia forever. It is a film that will never be forgotten.

Fire-Tested Easy Answers

Under Fire
Directed by Roger Spottiswoode
At the Budco Regency

By Lisa Longo

This film immediately evokes images of Missing, the Costa-Gavras award winner of 1982. Actually, it tries quite hard to do so, because it struck me as Missing's poor American cousin, and I never saw Missing—just coming attracted and revues.

Under Fire takes the audience into Nicaragua's war: its bombelled-out streets, ruined homes, charred, churches of rubble. It shows the horrible violence of homefront wars; of any wars. It shows the "ugly American" mercenary (beautifully played by Ed Harris, who played John Glenn in The Right Stuff). And for some strange, possibly pre destined reason, it shows characters wearing baseball hats—two teams—the Os and the Phillies. It ultimately tries to show you what's right.
But, first of all, if you're going to use some semi-big stars, like Nick Nolte (who's seen better days), then you've got to pay more attention to detail because the audience will, too. Joanna Cassidy is a good-looking woman, but when, in the war torn provinces, did she have time to tweeze her eyebrows? How could Richard Masur, even in the magic kingdom of Hollywood, be so successful as a public relations agent, for Somozas, no less, while toasting off state one liners—"Clair, a human tragedy, what can I say?"—as though he were still on One Day At A Time? Gene Hackman would make a good TV news anchorman, and it's nice to see him be serious, and not Lex Luthor.
Nolte did paint a believable performance as an a little-too-macho photojournalist, he drag on his cigarette and squints into his camera quite well.
Early in the movie, Nolte's character, Russell Price (what price truth?) claims, "I don't take sides, I take pictures." And he does, incessantly. People trust him. They want to make the cover of Time. Then he takes sides, and gets into a lot of trouble. But even as he admits he fell in love with his cause, he says he'd do it again. Too easy.

Ostensibly, Under Fire is about the role of the press in the Nicaraguan revolution. Are they the news themselves, as we see it: a war only becomes important because it struck me as Missing's, the CIA in Chad, the CIA in Nicaragua, the next war (in Thailand) ignorant Americans, and more are thrown in for good measure, perhaps. This movie presents us with the question of journalists being made tools of the various sides of these conflicts we hear about too late. But then the "heroes" answer it for you in the end. Too pat. Too easy.

34th Street Magazine & The TLA
PRESENT THE ROCKY HORROR TRIVIA QUIZ CONTEST

1. What is the number tattooed on Frank N. Furter's leg?
2. The castle returns to the planet in the galaxy of
3. What does Janet do in a skillful way?
4. The lips in the beginning belong to Frank N. Furter. True or False.

NAME:

Cut out this box and bring it to the TLA FRIDAY, OCTOBER 21st for the midnight showing of SHOCK TREATMENT. Drawings will be made before the show. Come in and win SHOCK TREATMENT SOUND TRACKS, POSTERS, PASSES, and BUMPER STICKERS.

34th Street Magazine, October 20, 1983: 9
Winter Music by Karen Rile
Little, Brown & Co.

By Fred Price

There's an ambiguous quality about Winter Music. Despite the lives of great and failed classical musicians (and those who never got a chance to be either), this is a brooding novel whose main characters are unhappy, whose peripheral characters are defined by a jumble of attributes and deficiencies which inspire pity. Hidden behind a smoothly flowing text lurk dissatisfaction, induced primarily by barren personal relationships and chronic insensitivity. The book vividly portrays the destruction that results from lack of understanding, but fails to unequivocally indicate how this destruction could have been avoided.

The work is the first published novel of Karen Rile, a University of Pennsylvania alumna. Rile is something of a musician herself, having studied the flute — but it is the feelings and emotions symbolized by the pressures of competitive concert life, rather than the artists' lifestyles themselves, which are most important to her.

Winter Music focuses on four people and their interaction with each other and the musical world. The oldest is Lawrence Chatterjee, a former world class fluteist who is reduced to teaching his art, rather than playing, as a result of an accident that mutilated his hand. He watches with a nagging jealousy as James Rosen, his first pupil following his accident, becomes internationally renowned through his tutelage. Chatterjee is also the tutor of Gabriel Van Allen, an 11-year-old wonder who plays the flute better than anyone Chatterjee has ever seen. On the fringe of their circle is Marina Karzakos, a teenager and amateur flutist who is having an affair with Rosen.

The only one of these four who could remotely be described as content is Gabriel. Chatterjee's misfortune has destroyed his once-enjoyable homosexual relationship with Rosen; there is now anger and tension between them. Marina is sensitive and unsure of herself, trying hard to shake off an East European immigrant background. In the process of asserting her independence she gets involved with Rosen. Their affair is notable for Rosen's bouts of insensitivity, valium addiction and fraught relations with Chatterjee.

Gabriel is free of the drugs, forced emotions, tensions and decisions which blemish the lives of the older musicians; his problems revolve around baseball cards, soft drinks and evading flute practice. His innocence is threatened, however, by an over-doting mother who tries to sell him and his music to an advertising agency before he can even spell properly. He represents the one stabilizing force in the book, remaining out of the muddled, inadequate and desperate world of the others. He is a model to be followed.

The central importance of music, with its reputation for intense emotional involvement, is a convenient vehicle for Rile to express her feelings on the hypocrisy dichotomy between ambitious artistic sensitivity and sensibility based on true compulsion. Throughout the novel characters seem unaware of each other's feelings. Gabriel's mother ignores her son's wants and needs; Chatterjee is ignorant of Rosen's turmoil (born as he is between his old teacher, his new lover and the strain of fame); and Rosen in turn is heartless towards a girl who certainly likes him. What Rile thinks is that if you don't realize the impact you make on other people while running roughshod toward a goal, the chances are pretty good that the effect will be a bad one.

Spreading out from Chatterjee and Rosen are tentative-like webs of dissatisfaction and frustration leading from one person to another. Chatterjee is in love with Rosen, who reciprocated until he turned to Marina and, after her, valium. Marina becomes fascinated with an effete and brutally insensitive violinist who half-seduces her and then leaves her spreadeagled on the bed as he departs for a homosexual relationship with another man. Ben.

Ben deeply shocks an insecure boy of 20 named Fish by admitting that he is a homosexual. Despotic because of rebuffs from Marina and Ben's disclosure, Fish overdoses on drugs and dies. He epitomizes the confusion of the relationships in the book; his demise is an indirect result of the complex of personal chemistry occurring in other people.

Winter Music is a rounded, well-written work, combining an occasional twist of dry humor with an overall stylistic clarity and precision. Rile's feel for the personalities with which she deals is refined, conveying characteristics through background, actions and interests rather than psychological studies. Most fascinating about the book is the large number of issues which are implied rather than stated. Rile builds her subjects up to a level where they can stand on their own, and then involves them in events which point to a variety of conclusions. No incontestable final statement is made; the significance of the events of the narrative remains open to interpretation.

This doesn't detract in any way from the novel. Uncertainty is an integral part of any search for better relationships; the mental processes needed to follow the lives of the various figures in the book are intended to continue ticking over after the last page. In Rile's world, there is always room for more thought.
assemblage Instrumentalists in the sound to reflect the found a new home in the clubs of relentless doomsaying ol punk and sponon from the original punks hardcore was bom But any Los Angeles L A punks modified
By Matzkin
the New World
More Fun
Brothers who are Was (Not Was)
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armlessness of their rives, and rs a rather oddball
rs a much better than A Bridge
is why Diner and S O B were so
star, and has them play against, or please his baser instincts bestows a
guitarist Vinnie Vincent, and jazz musicians Branford Marsalis and Marvin “Hannibal” Peterson. Singers include Mitch Ryder, Doug Feiger (ex of the Knack), Ozzy Osborne, and Mel Torme. These are the ones who were, the almost are’s, and the never will be’s of rock. Even the most famous (Ozzy, Torme) are so cast against type that their fame is used as a laugh rather than a selling point.

Core conceptualizing would be completely useless, though, if these Two Guys Named Was couldn’t whip it all up into a palatable mixture. And for the first time they’ve actually done so for an entire album. The Brothers’ first LP was a funk rock melange of Beefheartian lyrics. Steely Dan cynicism, and post-apocalyptic visions. It was a sometimes fun, sometimes spooky, and all too often abrasive mixture; the Wases had lots of good ideas too, many, in fact — but they couldn’t decide which ones were funnest and deserved center stage.

Which brings us to Round two of the Was Siblings vs. Their Own Cleverness. Born To Laugh is a gallery of funhouse tricks, each song another joke you can dance to or sing along with. The jokes are a lot funnier this time around: there’s less emphasis on dada, and outrageous with type — which is why Diner and S O B were so much better than A Bridge Too Far.

Also falling under the clever category is Born To Laugh At Tornadoes — the second album from Don and David Was, the two brothers who are Was (Not Was). Rather than an all star affair, Born To Laugh is a rather oddball ensemble. Instrumentalists include Marshall Crenshaw, Kiss

The Magnificent X Factor

Eighties context. “True Love, pt 2” explicitly quotes from music as disparate as Led Zeppelin’s “Stairway To Heaven” and Curtis Mayfield’s “Freddie’s Dead.”

Dave and Cervenka also show tremendous growth as singers, leaving behind the sardonic, bored reflections that undercut the effective
tiveness of earlier material. Dave now sports an actual vocal when in “Poor Girl,” a portrait of an alcoholic trying to forget a lost love, whereas his earlier vocal approach would have rendered the song unlistenably cynical and cruel. And Excene’s rampage through the Jerry Lee Lewis standard “Breathless” speaks for itself. If that doesn’t quicken your pulse, check on funeral arrangements.

All is not ideal, however, in The New World. For all its sunny eclecticism, the funk-based, guitar groove of “True Love, pt 2” is at odds with the lyrics of the rock
phrase “I Must Not Think Bad Thoughts.” The former is strongly influenced by James Brown, George Clinton and other funk pioneers, to the point of explicitly thanking them. But the latter is a vicious attack on modern funk: “All this noble savage drum, drum, drum/Astronauts going in space to hang out with the cave people.” Not exactly the late Seventies “disco sucks” chant, but no more intelligent or excusable. X may yet understand the connection between early pioneers and the present day practitioners, but at this rate, it’ll take them another five years (and then see if they don’t record a tribute to Arthur Baker and Run D M C, backed only by synclavier and drum, drum, drum).

Leaving aside its ideological inconsistency, More Fun in the New World is simply a superb album; its raw energy transcends poor at titudes. As long as they continue to develop, they can be forgiven their reactionary outlook — for the time being. If rock is to escape reduction to a series of endlessly repeated clichés, however, bands like X must realize that adding new technology and fresh sounds to music enriches rather than under mines the tradition.

X. A superb effort — even with the new technology

Being and Laughing at Tornadoes

Was (Not Was)
Born To Laugh At Tornadoes (Geoffen)

By Jeff Salomon

No thrill is more Onanistic than seeing one’s favorite movie stars thrown together in a lavish cinema production. Though such films are usually god awful, unconvincing messes, this awfulness only adds to the movie-goer’s sense of power, for knowing that millions of dollars have been wasted simply to please his baser instincts bestows a disproportionate sense of self-importance. Nonetheless, the richer film is the one which uses young, up and coming actors committed to their craft. The cleverer film is the one which takes the once famous, the almost was, the character actor and the sitcom star, and has them play against, or outrageously with type — which is why Diner and S O B were so much better than A Bridge Too Far.

Also falling under the clever category is Born To Laugh At Tornadoes — the second album from Don and David Was, the two brothers who are Was (Not Was). Rather than an all star affair, Born To Laugh is a rather oddball ensemble. Instrumentalists include Marshall Crenshaw, Kiss

But the jokes are also a lot more obvious. Ozzy Osborne rapping, Mel Torme singing about a strangi
ging, and Marshall Crenshaw crowning “Feelings.” This ob
viousness is a cause for con
sternation, because though this album is slicker, more danceable, their reaction, and more focused than their first, it doesn’t cut nearly as deeply. The darkness of the first LP may have been a bit smothering, but it did leave an indelible im
pression. The new album’s impres
sion is that of one extended, very
funny, but ultimately hollow laugh.

The Was Brothers have proved that they can do it, now they’ve got to decide just what it is. And until they do, while I’m singing, dancing, or laughing along, it’ll still have a sneaking feeling that Was (Not Was) is not.

Wide Boy Awake
RCA

Haysi Fantayzee
Battle Hymns for Children Singing
RCA

By John S. Marshall

While Malcolm McLaren announced he was releasing a 12 inch dance record, the other three songwriters were also catching and infec
tious. The quarter’s leader, Kevin Mooney, once played with Adam and the Ants, a group that has also appropriated many styles, in cluding country. With Wide Boy Awake, he’s dropped the Ants’ kitchy approach in favor of an authentic one.

If Haysi Fantayzee were to follow his lead, they’d destroy their very essence. They play in a va
titure of styles, including country, Ca
jun, T. Rex, and reggae — plus an abundance of hip-hop trappings such as scratching and ele tronic percussion. Yet it all sounds so cutesy-ootsey, what with whiny female vocals supporting a lead singer who sounds like Weird Al Yankovic’s Brain Damaged Brother, and sickening nursery rhyme lyrics with adult implica
tions (the egregious hit “Shiny Shiny” is supposedly about danc
ing in the bomb shelter!). Quick! — somebody shove this sugary, gloopy mess into an Entertainment’s cake box where it belongs.

Music which combines seeming ly disparate styles better have something to offer besides jokes. McLaren’s “Buffalo Gals” was a brilliant funk record in spite of its gimmick, and the Wide Boy Awake EP proves that a number of styles have more in common than one would think (and that the band is equally adept at each one).

Quick! — somebody shove this sugary, gloopy mess into an Entertainment’s cake box where it belongs.

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The Best Haircut On or Off Campus.

"NEW MINI SERVICE"
We'll cut it, shampoo it, condition it, you blow it dry. Use our equipment. $15.00

"The Precision Haircut."

WARGAMES
If we had known it would stay around this long, we would have rooted for the computer.
(Emory 3 on the Campus, 40th and Walnut, 382-0296)

THEATER
BROTHERS
Proof that Spurgeon's motley blues are not completely deserted as a try-out spoon. Carroll O'Connor en route to Broadway.
(Fortress Theater, 1114 Walnut Street, 923-1515)

CHARLES'S AUNT
A nineteenth century farce by Brad Thomas about a subject that we have come to call "sex." Through 29 October.
(Players & Players, 1714 Delancey Street, 735-0360)

THE HOSTAGE
A play by Brendan Behan about a young English soldier who falls in love with a female terrorist while the IRA is holding him captive in a bawdy-house.
(Stage Three, Temple Univ. Center City, 1619 Walnut Street, 787-1120)

THE WANDERER
Peter Weir's play about the brutality of revolution is nicely handled by director Jiri Ziska and choreographer Blanka Zizka. Through 20 October. Reviewed in this issue.
(Wilma Theater, 2030 Sansom Street, 963-0345)

THE MIRACLE WORKER
Wm. Gibson's 1960 Antoinette Perry Award play about Helen Keller and Annie Sullivan, Through 22 October. (Vasey Theatre, Villanova Univ. walking distance from the Villanova, PA, station of the Paoli Local and Red Arrow lines, 645-7474)

PHILIPPE GENTY COMPANY
A French troupe does mime, magic and puppetry.
(Walnut Street Theatre, Walnut at 9th Street, 574-3580)

PLAY MEMORY
Harold Prince's solid production of Joanna Glass' thoughtful play moves from the McPherson in Philadelphia for a two week run on 26 October. It features outstanding performances by Donald Moffatt and Jo Henderson.
(Amen, 16th at Chestnut, 567-0604)

THE STREETCARE NAMED DESIRE
Pamela Brown's staging is more than a little deferent to Elia Kazan's 1947 production and, unfortunately, has nothing new to say about Williams' play, but it is lovely to look at and check-a-block with good performances. The production has moved from People's Light in Malvern for a week's run in Glenside, near Chestnut Hill. Through 23 October.
(Keswick Theater for the Performing Arts, 291 Keswick Avenue, Glenside, PA, 910-3125, 572-7950)

TELEBIE & HER DEMON
(Drama Guild at Annenberg Center, 3680 Walnut Street, 886-6791)

THE SPORTING LADY
Maurice Valency's translation of Dur- ermann's play. Absurdist is the word. Opens 28 October. (Society Hill Playhouse, 507 S. 8th Street, 933-0110)

FOOTBALL
Hitchcock's masterpiece finally makes it back to the big screen. Reviewed next week — maybe.
(The Ritz III, 214 Walnut Street, 925-3280)

RETURN OF THE JEDI
In case you haven't heard, this story takes place long time ago in a galaxy far, far away. P.S. We liked it. Darr better when he was a boy gig.
(Emory 3, 1908 Chestnut Street, 567-0604)

REVERE HOTEL OF THE NINA 1
Now showing at the Philadelphia box office
(Prince & Princess, 1600 Chestnut Street, 563-9681)

FANTASIA
The old Disney classic is back for another run with its upgraded sound track. Let's get wasted and see it. Just kidding.
(Emory 3, 1908 Chestnut Street, 567-0604)

KUNG FU WALRUS, PT. 2 w/FIST OF THE WHITE LOTUS
If you haven't seen Kung Fu Walrus, PT. 1 the plot may be difficult to follow. Then again, maybe not.
(Duke and Duchess, 1605 Chestnut Street, 563-9681)

LOCAL HERO
Last week's box office champ goes on to a second run in a row, it's another one on favorite, and a sentimental one at worst.
(Emory 3, 1908 Chestnut and Walnut, 382-0296)

NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN
Again.
(Budco Regency, 16th and Chestnut Streets, 567-2310)

THE OSTERMAN WEEKEND
(Budco Midtown, Chestnut at Broad, 567-7024)

POWER W/F HATCHET MURDERS
It's good to be bad. This one's got it.
(Emory 1, 16th and Chestnut Streets, 567-2310)

PLAYING PLACES
By no means is this plot loosely based on an old Three Stooges episode. The plot is more like a hobo film.
(Emory 3, 1908 Chestnut Street, 567-0604)

SAY AMEN, SOMEBODY
Amen.
(Emory 3, 1908 Chestnut & Broad Streets, 567-7024)

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