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The Daily Pennsylvanian – Thursday, November 10, 1983

Campus Events

A listing of University news and events

Cone Gaga gets provisional government

ST. GEORGE’S, Grenada - Sir Paul Scoon, Grenada’s governor general, appointed a 19-member advisory council Tuesday to serve as a provisional government following the coup for elections.

No elections are being held since the take-over was not, at least, meant to last four and a half years. An annex is published in the United States newspapers Caribbean nations which issued Oct. 25 after a program of independence. Scoon said he will convene a national conference on a draft constitution that might result in a new electoral system.

The announcement came shortly after U.S. officials said Grenadian officials had agreed that a U.S.-run rebuilding program for Grenada — the emergency fund secretary and a communications link remain on the island.

Grenada, a British colony, was formally promised by Queen Elizabeth II to the United States after the island's independence movement, the British government of Grenada. The United States suspended the island's process and Queen of Grenada.

Scots named Allen McMillan, a former Caribbean trade finance company, to head the council. He will seek a new constitutional government of the Grenada National Council on Trade and Finance.

Reagan begins tour of Japan

TOKYO – President Reagan, welcomed by Emperor Hirohito and flag-waving school children, continued his tour of Japan Tuesday, with plans to strike up a diplomatic bridge between the United States and Japan it could damage their political relations.

Reagan’s visit, part of a 40,000-member tour, is laden with promises of making progress on issues, both of American interest. Reagan’s trip was “very transnational” and American leaders were concerned about a possible $2 billion U.S. trade deficit this year with Japan.

The official, speaking on the condition that he not be identified, said Reagan emphasized “the importance of making progress on these issues, both because of the personnel and political ties here that failed to see where we’d have a good relationship.

Student leaders blast Bishop decisions

(Continued from page 1)

A consultative process.

“The moral goal of growing up and we’re going to do it in a way that doesn’t disrupt the United States and Japan it could damage their political relations.

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Student leaders blast Bishop decisions

(Continued from page 1)
Behind the scenes: the show must go on

BY DALEY A. KAPLAN

It's 3:57 p.m. at the Harold Prince Theater, and the audience has filed in and the lights have dimmed for the opening night performance of "A Midsummer Night's Dream." After a two-year hiatus, the show is back on stage for another run, bringing renewed energy to the cast and crew. The atmosphere is buzzing with excitement as the actors prepare for their big night.

The show is directed by Terri Fantini-Garrard, who said she and the theatre arts professor at the University of Pennsylvania, Jon Landew, are excited to bring the production to life. "The actors are in peak form, and we're excited to share this production with the Penn community," she said.

But beyond the fairy-tale fantasy, there is a level of competition — a level of commitment. "Comedy is so much fun — more so than serious drama," said the actress. "It's not like joining a cast, but it's more personal. "I can't wait to see how the show goes tonight."}

The show dispels the belief that Alice is viewed as the core of the performance. Instead, "the show is achieved through any number of scenarios or situations," Fantini-Garrard said. "The actors are utilizing their body potentialities, showing off a level of character and expression that many people haven't seen before." Landew added, "We're really excited about the show's potential for complexity as far as the actors and the audience are concerned."
Letters to the Editor

Students Must Have Input Into Decisions

To the Editor:

Two major decisions were made recently by the Office of the University President. They were the decision to close Penn Press and the decision to give the Daily Pennsylvanian (DP) a second weekend of distribution. As a student, the former of these two decisions is one that I oppose wholeheartedly. The latter decision, on the other hand, I believe is a step in the right direction.

First and foremost is the decision to close Penn Press. I believe that the university’s reason for doing so is largely based on the fact that Penn Press is not a profitable business. After all, so the argument goes, Penn Press did not pay for itself; it was a drain on the university’s resources.

I believe that this reasoning is fundamentally flawed. The university’s role as an educational institution is not to maximize profit. The university’s role is to provide a quality education to its students. Yes, the university is a business, but it is a public one.

Secondly, there are a number of important reasons why closing Penn Press is a bad idea. First, there is the issue of free speech and academic freedom. By shuttering Penn Press, the university is essentially silencing a major platform for the expression of ideas. Second, there is the issue of transparency. By closing Penn Press, the university is essentially hiding its true motives. By keeping the truth hidden, the university is essentially able to manipulate the masses.

I hope that the university will reconsider its decision to close Penn Press. I believe that it is a bad idea and I hope that the university will think twice before making such a decision in the future.

Thank you for your time.

Yours sincerely,

[Student’s Name]

Questionable Ad Promoted Flash-Dance

To the Editor:

I recently came across a questionable ad promoting a Flash-Dance promotion. The ad was for a weekend of special events called "Flash-Dance," which included a variety of activities such as dance classes, dance workshops, and a dance party.

As a public university, I believe that the university should be promoting events that are conducive to the growth and development of its students. The Flash-Dance promotion, however, seems to be more focused on profit than on the well-being of its students.

Furthermore, the Flash-Dance promotion seems to be promoting a culture of excess and indulgence. The university should be promoting values such as moderation and restraint, rather than indulging in excess.

I urge the university to reconsider its promotion of the Flash-Dance promotion. I believe that it is a questionable ad and that the university should be promoting events that are more conducive to the growth and development of its students.

Thank you for your time.

Yours sincerely,

[Student’s Name]

A Potential Danger Every Friday at 2 a.m.

By Dirk Ziff

Last Thursday night I was strolling downtown when I heard a loud noise. I followed the sound, and as I approached the scene, I saw a man running out of a building. As I got closer, I saw that the man was wearing a white shirt and blue jeans. I asked him what was going on, and he said that he had just left a nearby bar.

I quickly realized that there was something unusual about the man. He was wearing a backpack and had a large duffel bag in his hand. As I approached him, I noticed that he was sweating profusely and had a glazed expression on his face.

I asked him if he needed help, and he said yes. He told me that he had been using drugs all day and was trying to find somewhere to sleep. I offered to take him back to my apartment, and he accepted.

As we walked to my apartment, I noticed that he was still sweating and had a glazed expression. I asked him if he was okay, and he said that he was fine. I offered to get him some water, and he accepted.

When we arrived at my apartment, I gave him some water and let him rest. He was still sweating profusely, and I noticed that he had a lot of money on him. I asked him if he was a drug dealer, and he said yes.

I immediately called the police and reported the incident. I also called my local drug rehabilitation center, and they came to help the man. They gave him some medical attention and referred him to a treatment program.

The incident reminded me of the potential dangers that are present in our society. We must be vigilant and take action to protect ourselves and others.

Thank you for your time.

Yours sincerely,

[Student’s Name]
UA forum to discuss impact of Greek life

By ALEC BARRIS

The Undergraduate Arms will hold a forum tonight evaluating the role of the fraternities and sororities on campus.

The forum, entitled, "The Impact of the Greek System on the Penn Campus" is scheduled to begin at 7:30 p.m. in the Break Lounge of Houston Hall.

Speaking at the conference will be Vast Pavone, the University Life Under-Secretary, Faculty Senate Chair John Riley, Academic Senate Assistant Director Robert Redding, Interfraternity Council President Bill Wilson, Women's Center Director Rebecca Reuling. In attendance are Black InterGreek Council President Earl Delano and President of the University's Greek community committee chairman, Dr. Carol Tracy, Black InterGreek Council President and Faculty Senate Chair,Student Rep. Tom Bishop, Fraternity and Sorority Council President Ken Meyers, UA Representative Bruce Hudson, and the House Council to create more student representation.

"Several parts of the University system on campus are unfamiliar with the truth to some of these ideas," Meyers said yesterday. "We are here to spread the word on the system to become coeducational.

"Several parts of the University's inferiority complex as to what (fraternity and sorority) long-range goals at the University should be," Meyers said. "We are here on campus, adding residence together on issues pertaining to the Greek issues."

A motion to support the current system to become coeducational to increase awareness among the several compliment groups as to our (fraternity and sorority) language goals at the University should be," Meyers said. "We are here to support the current system passed with a few members opposed to the House Council to create more student representation. Lure also opposed a change to fraternities which would pave the way that formalized plans from a student support from a University community co-chairman Michael

Chairman Ken Meyers said last year that the purpose of the forum and fraternity were unfamiliar with the system to become coeducational.

"The purpose of the forum is to get people talking," he added. "We are here to spread the word on the system to become coeducational.

"Several parts of the University's inferiority complex as to what (fraternity and sorority) long-range goals at the University should be," Meyers said. "We are here on campus, adding residence together on issues pertaining to the Greek issues."
I realize that it's impossible for me to cut everyone's hair, so the least I can do is tell everyone how to get a good haircut.

How to get started.

If you're going to a hair cutting studio you're not sure of, go in, look at the customers' haircuts, and see if you like them. If you can't relate to their haircuts, look at the hairdressers and see if you relate to them. If you can't relate to the hairdressers or the hairdressers, then leave. It's your hair and your money.

If you feel funny about having your haircut, look at the receptionist and say, "Oh, my God! I left my keys ing, look at the receptionist and hair, so

You probably know that kind of haircut you want, so tell the hairdresser what you want in the planner, simplest way.

If he doesn't understand you, show him a picture of what you want.

If you're not sure what you want, then ask for a suggestion. When you've given suggestions, make sure you understand what they are.

Never, "Do anything" if you don't understand what will be done.

In other words, be leery if they try to push hair treatment lotions on you.

Know what you want.

You probably know that kind of haircut you want, so tell the hairdresser what you want in the planner, simplest way.

If he doesn't understand you, show him a picture of what you want.

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Never, "Do anything" if you don't understand what will be done.

The secret of a good haircut is one of the secrets in communication.
Nuclear policy expert
talk at model U.N.

By ROBERT KLEIN

In the evening of Thursday, November 10, 1983, 6:30

KLEIN is a junior at the Drexel University School of

Drexel University, but the focus of his work was on the analysis of nuclear policy.

He was chosen for an interview by the President of the university, and he was
discussing his views on the current state of nuclear arms negotiations and the
effect of nuclear weapons on international relations.

An Academy of the Nuclear Policy

Professor Jill Elk said, "This is a very important opportunity for us to discuss
the issues relating to nuclear arms negotiations and the role of nuclear weapons in
international affairs."

According to Professor Elk, the model U.N. conference is sponsored by the
Pennsylvania Model United Nations Association and will be attended by students
from over 50 East Coast colleges and universities. The Conference runs through
Sunday.

For more information, call 898-7530.

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Nightly entertainment. And more. All in the kind of hassle-free, unpressured
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Film Alliance

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a double Feature

The Eyes of Laura Mars

8 PM

starring Cary Grant

North By Northwest

10 PM

directed by Alfred Hitchcock

starring Carey Grant

This Saturday, November 10th

Irvine 2 $2

Please note: MEPHISTO has been cancelled.
**Squash Clinic**

Instruction By Barb Matthry & Ann D. Wetzel

**Former National Champions and Women's**

**Varisty Squash Team Members**

**Four Sessions:**

- **Friday, November 11, 6-10 PM**
  Intermediate & Advanced players

- **Saturday, November 12, 9 AM - 1 PM**
  Beginning & Intermediate players

- **Saturday, November 12, 2-6 PM**
  Intermediate & Advanced players

- **Sunday, November 13, 9 AM - 1 PM**
  All Levels

Ringo Squash Courts

Cost: $80 Per Session, $25 w/Penn ID.

Call: 387-4014 Gaylene McCabe to register

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**CABER**

Nail That Furniture Down In Case The Roaches Come To Reclaim It - Tonight Is Fiesta

"Time. Sweetness!"

Mr. Chardes

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**Penn Political Union**

**International Affairs Association**

Present

**To Deploy or Not To Deploy**

A Discussion Of U.S. Deployment Of Pershing Missiles

**With Richard Clarke**

Director, Nuclear Policy Analysis, Dept. of State

Haard

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**Kappa Delta Sorority**

Invites you to

**Women in the Corporate World**

A discussion with

Charles Pantalekis

from the

Andalusia Fund CE

Refreshments Following

3809 Walnut St.

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**To confirm 1983-84 eligibility for the Student Health Service after October 31 you need your 1983-84**

**Student Health Service I.D. Plate**

Available from today until Nov. 15 from the HUP table on the first floor of Houston Hall (near main entrance lobby), weekdays from 10:00 am - 3:00 pm

University Student Health Insurance Plan Member Handbooks will be available to students enrolled in the Plan at the same time and place.

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**Ex-Med School dean talks on El Salvador**

**B. RICHARD KAPPE**

Former Medical School Dean Alfred Galbraith yesterday discussed the poor health conditions and human rights violations he observed during his recent expedition to El Salvador.

Galbraith visited El Salvador in January to testify to the fact-finding mission sponsored, among others, by the National Academy of Sciences.

Galbraith cited examples of the lack of medical care in El Salvador; there is one dentist for every 20,000 people. In the United States, the figure is one for 200.

Galbraith added that 73 percent of the nation's children are undernourished.

His mission observed that in one hospital there were 240 beds, with three patients per bed. "Many of these were in labor would have to sit on benches until dilations began. The hospital performed 18 Caesareans a day, using dangerous and obsolete equipment."

He added that the prisoners were permitted to visit their wives. In one institution, Galbraith observed grotesque examples of human rights violations by the El Salvadoran government. "Nurse and the prisoner had been turned to using a wire around his ankles to kill a weight," he said. "This torture had to be frequently renewed because of gangrene."

He described the inhuman equipment used at the prisons. "They were made instruments to torture people," he said. "Sometimes the wire would be tied tight over the prisoner's head so that he would suffocate until he was unconscious."

The irregularities would either keep him up till the present died or take off the bag and begin the discrimination again, until the prisoner signed whatever confession was wanted."

He stressed that the United States was supporting an" "exclusive but not expensive" government. He added that the United States should supply a political adviser to help improve conditions in El Salvador.

"This two million dollars has been one of our contributions in the past and now our support is a part of the world," he said of Central America. "Through our involve ment, we have been so irresponsibly generous."

"Let us accept that terror is a part of the government, and the United States we are supporting," he continued. "We pay partial attention to the prisoners' destruction, but we pay remarkable attention to the loss of life. The principal cause of death is not that of the military, but the rest of the people."

**Professor discusses ethics in Dental School address**

By JACOB STECHER

A professional must have a moral commitment to serving others, an ethics professor told about 100 students and faculty members yesterday.

William Nicks, the Joseph F. Kennedy Professor of Clinical Medicine at the University of Pennsylvania School of Medicine, discussed the intellectual and moral aspects of professionalism.

"Technical ideals, are beneficial to the professional, but technical performance, not of technical performance, because unto themselves, not of the professionals," he said.

"The medical profession has given pre-professional students, "an ethic of caring," he said. "There are inherent ethical problems."

Nicks said that professionalism is a broad base of technical knowledge, but he added [that] a well-developed ethic of caring with the professional. "A professional must have a "well-developed sense of critical knowledge" because a university education does not stress sub ject matter. As a result, the professional must have a "vast source of esoteric knowledge," he said.

Nicks said that a professional must have "the power to analyze and understand others," he said. "The professional has to have an"... 

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**Nominations and Applications are now being accepted for the**

**WARE COLLEGE HOUSE FACULTY MASTERSHIP**

Candidates must be tenured members of the University faculty who are interested in undergraduates, committed to the ideal of the community of scholars and interested in the interdisciplinary theme of the College House: Health and Society.

Direct all communications and questions to:

Dr. Peyton R. Helm

Coordinator College House Programs

3801 Locust Walk/EB ext. 5551

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Cordially invites all

CAS & Wharton Undergraduates to a discussion of their two year Financial Analyst Program.

Refreshments to follow

Thursday, November 10th

7:00 - 9:00 PM

Rooftop Lounge

High Rise East

Sponsored by CPPS

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**To Deploy or Not To Deploy**

A Discussion Of U.S. Deployment Of Pershing Missiles

**With Richard Clarke**

Director, Nuclear Policy Analysis, Dept. of State

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**The Daily Pennsylvanian - Thursday, November 10, 1983**

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"Time. Sweetness!"

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University Student Health Insurance Plan Member Handbooks will be available to students enrolled in the Plan at the same time and place.
Constance Clayton

New vice provost post
-hopes an appointment is made by

"We are no longer on a cycle of
government," Clayton said. "The
software development committee will
be asked to request money for
computers."

Clayton also wanted to establish
greater relations with the city.

"I wanted to work with the staff
to support education," Clayton said.

"Even a good custodian helps
promote a good environment." Clayton said. "We
wanted people to know we're
supporting education." Clayton said.

Clayton is also encouraging
parents to take part in setting up
classroom events with faculty.

"We're working with school
board teachers, parents, teachers,
Clayton's said her primary goal as
superintendent is to improve the
school district. Clayton also wanted to establish
relationships between teachers and parents
about courses being
offered. Clayton also wanted to establish
relationships with local businesses.

"I fully enjoyed my studies at
Penn." Clayton said. "Now I'm en-
joying doing work with Dr.
Clayton, revising the University and
local businesses."

The Undergraduate
Psychology Society

Pre-Registration
Coffee Hours
Thursday, Nov. 10th 4-5 PM
Friday, Nov. 11th 4-5 PM
Psychology Office Building, 3815 Walnut

Come speak with professors and
students about courses being
offered next semester.

Do You: Want To Help A City Kid?
Are You: Interested in
Tutoring, Counseling
or Big Brother/Big Sister?
Would You: Give It A Try?

We Need Tutors and Counselors

URBAN YOUTH
COUNSEL PROGRAM
General Meeting-New Members Welcome
Thurs., Nov. 10 7:00 P.M.
Houston Hall Room 305

Get Involved-
Give Urban Youth a Chance

SHABBAT DINNER
Friday night, November 11
(after services) 6:00 pm

Come and enjoy the
warmth and delicious food of our Shabbat dinner.
Free and open to everyone in the University Community.
Program will continue throughout Shabbat.

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Paying to play: Policies separate Ivies from outside opponents

"You can’t get a better education anywhere in the country than you can get in the Ivy League. But that doesn’t mean you can’t get a quality education at a lot of other schools."

— Football coach Jerry Berndt

This Week At

This Thurs., Nov. 10

COOKIE and COMPANY

featuring the musical satire and comedy of the outrageous Cookie

8:30 pm Thurs.

Fri., Nov. 11

Dancing with D.J. PHIL ELBAZ

9 PM - 2 AM Fri

Sat., Nov. 12

The Fascinating Jazz Vocalist JUSTINE KEYES

with Gerald Price at Keyboard and John Doe on Bass

9 PM this Sat.

“I’d love to be able to go into the home of a young man who is among the top 25 players in the country, who has great athletic credentials and the academic credentials, and be able to say ‘We can give you a full scholarship.’”

— Basketball coach Craig Littlepage
Harvard's Jim Villanueva—

"It was a time of change, and a time of growth," Villanueva said. "I think my head was in the 50s, but my body was in the 60s. I was getting ready for a career, but it's not on anybody's agenda."

When Villanueva graduated from Harvard in 1965, he was ready to take on the world. He had been a star athlete at Harvard, playing football and basketball. But in the 1960s, the world was changing, and so were his priorities. He knew that he had to make a decision about his future, and he knew that he couldn't let anyone else make it for him.

It was during this time that he met his wife, Rose, and they started a family. They had two children, and they moved to New York City, where they worked in the business world. But even there, Villanueva was always thinking about his past, and his former life as an athlete.

"I'm not a exhibitor," Villanueva said. "I'm not a showboat. I'm not a oversized athlete. I'm not a solution at all. The Ivy League sport is not a problem worth addressing."

But where does one begin? The answer is in the search for balance, for understanding that one can be both an athlete and a successful businessman, without compromising either pursuit.

Penn's Dave Shulman—

"When I look back at my career, it's clear that the key to success is preparation," Shulman said. "I've been a businessman, a sports enthusiast, and a family man, and I think that all of those experiences have contributed to my success as a coach."

Shulman was a star athlete at Penn, playing football and basketball. He went on to become a successful businessman, and then a successful coach. He knows that the key to success is preparation, and that means being prepared for anything that comes your way.

"I try to relax before a kick," he said. "I try to imagine myself in the game, and I try to visualize the situation. I'm not a耙 kind of guy. I'm a thinker, and I think that's important in this business."

Soccer—

"The game is about more than just winning and losing," Shulman said. "It's about respect, and it's about teamwork. And it's about having fun."

He knows that the key to success is preparation, and that means being prepared for anything that comes your way. It means being ready to adapt to changes, and to be able to think on your feet. It means being able to stay calm under pressure, and to be able to make the right decisions when they count.

"I'm not a showboat," he said. "I'm not a oversized athlete. I'm not a solution at all. The Ivy League sport is not a problem worth addressing."

But where does one begin? The answer is in the search for balance, for understanding that one can be both an athlete and a successful businessman, without compromising either pursuit.
One of them was roughed, one of them wasn’t

Crimson’s Villanueva doesn’t act flaky — yet

**DP SPORTS**

Thursday, November 10, 1983

Why not the best?

Because of Ivy athletic policies, competing with non-conference opponents is becoming more difficult for basketball and football teams in the league. But the Ives will continue to compete against schools outside of the league — and risk embarrassment.

**By STEVE BERKROD**

Penn football was up against Yale on Saturday. The Ives were looking to win their first home game of the season.

Penn coaches didn’t want to upset their fans, but they also didn’t want to lose. If they did lose, they could be facing a dilemma. The league was at stake.

Penn head coach Jerry Bendotti is one of the best in the league. But he’s also known for his kooky ways. He likes to put pressure on his players.

Bendotti is a kook. He’s the kind of coach that will do anything to win. He’s the kind of coach that will do anything to make his players better.

But there are differing opinions about Jim Villanueva, sou would receive a scholarship.

If that’s the case, then Villanueva would receive a scholarship.

The Ivies believe that the college football season is the most important. They believe that the college football season is the only way they can show their dominance.

But the Ivies will continue to compete against schools outside of the league — and risk embarrassment.

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**DP SPORTS**

Penn football coach Jerry Bendotti: “I don’t think we’ve been realistic enough with some of our rules and regulations.”

**It’s time for Ivy presidents to face facts**

Some people don’t think there is a problem.

“I think the president is correct,” said James O’Brien, President of the Council of Ivy Group Presidents. “We shouldn’t be too quick to play off this. It’s part of the overemphasis on college athletics.”

And if the president’s correct, then there is a problem.

Shulman had a chance to be a hero. The script was clear. The Quakers had a chance to be the heroes.

For Shulman, the script has not been rewritten.

---

**Comeback by Temple beats Soccer Penalty kicks give Owls 2-1 victory**

With 14 head shots in the first half, the Owls couldn’t score for several opportunities to blow Penn’s game.

But the Quakers didn’t capitalize.

And when the Owls scored two second-half goals, a game that should have been won.

The turning point occurred at 2:20 of the second half. Professor Paull Belfrage and Serena O’Dease were breaking away. The Owls were looking to score a goal. And when they did, the referee awarded a penalty kick to the Owls.

Hoffman, a dead shot for the Owls, and inside the right post for the Owls.

The game was over. It was a 2-1 win for the Owls.

---

**One of them was roughly, one of them wasn’t**

Crimson’s Villanueva doesn’t act flaky — yet

By BOB SHULMAN

From the things most people say about Penn’s Dave Shulman, you would never know that kickers are supposed to be the flakiest of all athletes.

“She doesn’t have any quips,” Harvard assistant coach Bob McNamara said. “She’s not special. She’s just a good kicker.”

It’s a pretty straightforward job,” said Chuck Colón, Harvard’s backfield quarterback and Villanueva’s holder. “It’s a very normal member of the team. He doesn’t speak to the other players. The only time he talks to a player is when he kicks a field goal.”

But Jim’s becoming a hero.

Villanueva has off-season workout programs.

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Villana
Second City TV's Emmy Award Winning John Candy
It was something I had been waiting for since I was a kid. Not really. I couldn’t stop thinking about it all day. Not really.

Excited, I pounded the pavement with the worn rubber heels of my shoes. “Um, um, this gonna be good,” I thought to myself. Not really.

When I walked into the door, I saw Chris. She had a fine white moustache to contrast starkly with her face. She was smiling as always. It was more than just the common every-day smile that comes with the territory; it was the kind of grin that gives a person worry wrinkles on the cheeks and forehead at an early age. Serves her right.

Up front, filling the coke machine with ice, there was Gene. He thought he was a real dancing machine. He danced all the way to the dish room, and back. He bragged about being a regular on Dancing On Air — that is, until he sat down in the seat and dripped his pants, delicious with anticipation and nausea. There was a fat man sitting at the other end of the counter. He was eating the spaghetti special. He had the manners of a hippopotamus. He burped and wiped sauce from his chin with his hand. It was appetizing.

Chris came over to me. She was smiling. “How are you today?” she asked, then quickly “What’ll it be, Mac?”

“I’ll have the usual,” I beamed.

She called the order back to Sam. He had no idea whatsoever how to cook anything. That’s why he was a cook. “Okay,” he smiled silently. Then he grabbed the horsemeat from under the heat lamp and dropped it in the deep fryer.

Serves me right.

By David R. Meiselman

Editor’s Response:

I pity the thought that one person could be so full of bitter resentment. But I have one point: you say yourself that the only letters appearing on your pages are hostile attacks on readers, yet last week’s letter was the first of the semester! No, undoubtedly your post-up frustration stems from the fact that we did not print one of the first letters we received last semester — from you, Mr. “Finkeberry” — dealing with our response to an Idahoan lady’s request for information. Since it seems to mean so much to you, I will print that letter now — and let the readers judge for themselves.

Dated January 31, 1983:

Dear Editors:

I would like to respond to the editor’s response to Ms. Piper’s letter in the January 27, 1983 edition of 34th Street Magazine. And, I would like to go one step further and respond to a tone characteristic of the new 34th Street editors.

Yes, you are new at the helm of 34th Street and a disgusting trip it will be. Your distasteful and tactless generalizations of a resident of the state of Idaho are nothing but lumpy mashed potatoes in your face. However, your reference to Neil Diamond as a “skid row songster” reveals not only your true mentality — to be likened to a scurvy subway rat exiled in the Broadway Station, Camden, NJ; but also, your appreciation of lyrical expertise and original harmonic excellence — to be likened to that of a frothing bezich from a street bum with laryngitis.

I suggest that you climb into an empty bottle of Milk of Magnesia and cast yourselves into a sewer where your literary talents will not be wasted, but instead, become one…with the rest of the crap.

Sincerely yours,

Ralph Finkeberry
Philadelphia, PA

P.S. Print this if either of you has the BALLS!

Editor’s Response:

34th Magazine has chosen a path that is clearly contradictory to your own, Finkeberry. However, your bitter selfishness shows that you are not willing to accept change. Your arrogant attitude is simply a facade to cover your true emptiness and your burning fascism. The fact that there are no Finkeberrys listed in the Philadelphia telephone book serves further that you feel you have something to hide.

You say that you wish you could commandeer the same censorship we fight so hard to overcome but so freely exercise.” I doubt you could commandeer a tricycle with training wheels. Maybe you should change your “name” to Dingeberry.

Sincerely yours.

The Fine Print

On the Cover: Who can take a sunrise? Sprinkle it with dew? Spread a little laugh and cheer wherever he will go…The Candyman, oh the Candyman can. Photo Courtesy HBO.

The REAL Candyman: He’s Johnny LaRoe, Mr. Mambo, Dewey Oxburger, and…Second City TV’s John Candy! 34th Street’s Sabrina Eaton spoke to the revered funnyman himself about one of the most interesting comedy careers around. Details on page 6.

Picture This: An exhibit in Center City and a new book bring to the forefront the multifaceted uses of pictures to visually stimulate pop culture — and then some. It looks good on page 10.

That’s Not a Cartoon, Is It?: Nope. It’s a theater review of cartoonist Jules Feiffer’s sixth satire on page 5.

On the Street: by Sunny A.M. Koshy

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Books

Valentine Pontifex
by Robert Silverberg
Published by Arbor House

By Alec Harris

You have three finals tomorrow. You're 800 pages behind. And you're bored out of your mind.

Question: What do you do?

Answer: Pick up a good book, of course.

But not just any book. You want excitement and action. But not too much of either (can't sacrifice a good night's sleep).

Valentine Pontifex, the new and long-awaited novel by Robert Silverberg, is the book to escape with. It has terrifying villains, heroic heroes and quite a few surprises. In other words, it's a fantasy book that's lots of fun.

It's also a worthy sequel to the excellent 1980 novel Lord Valentine's Castle, a panoramic depiction of life on a huge world called Majipoor. That book reestablished Silverberg as a master of speculative fiction and set genre sales records. It was followed last year by Majipoor Chronicles, a collection of stories set in the same universe. Now comes Pontifex, which continues the story of Lord Valentine, Hassune, and other characters from the first book. But don't let the fact that Pontifex is a sequel bother you; the book stands by itself. And for those of you who read the first book, this one is fresh enough to keep the excitement and novelty of the situation going.

Valentine is Coronal—ruler—of Majipoor, a planet populated by some 15 billion and yet still so empty that whole regions have been left unexplored. Millennia ago, settlers from the stars came and conquered the world from the native Shapeshifters, also known as Metamorphs, who are able to assume the form of any being or object at will.

Now the Shapeshifters want Majipoor back—whatever the cost. They embark on a frightening, secret war, infiltrating Valentine's staff and unleashing a series of plagues that threaten a whole continent's food supply.

As the battle unfolds, an intriguing picture also unfolds of life on a planet so large that few ever venture off their own continent. Silverberg devotes chapters to subsidiary characters who never again appear, and they provide insight into Majipoor life that would otherwise be impossible. The portraits show common people facing uncommon dangers as the war with the Shapeshifters invades their lives. These chapters expose the heart and life of Majipoor and are definitely the high point of the novel.

Silverberg demonstrates his storytelling magic by integrating these insightful portraits into the narrative without sacrificing the book's fast pace. His technique puts Pontifex far above most fantasy, and even above Lord Valentine's Castle, where such depth was not provided.

But no book review would be complete without a few nitpicking criticisms—not even this one.

For one thing, the tone of the novel fluctuates too much between joy and despair. The main characters are almost schizophrenic in their mood shifts from one chapter to the next. But they aren't crazy—with one exception—and nothing in the book is ever so black and white.

Silverberg did a great job crafting the first and last sections of Pontifex and the insightful chapters in between, but other sections don't maintain the fast pace. They're good, but they are also the sole reason the book can be put down for the night.

So you won't be coming back next semester after sleeping through your finals. Do yourself a favor anyway and pick up Valentine Pontifex. It's an excellent way for you to get away—and you're going to need it.

This Week At

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Dancing with D.J.

PHIL ELBAZ

9 PM - 2 AM Fri.

This Thurs., Nov. 10

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featuring the musical satire and comedy of the outrageous Cookie

8:30 pm Thurs.

Sat., Nov. 12

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JUSTINE KEYES

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COUPON
**Slow Death in the Sixties**

**Little Murders**

A play by Jules Feiffer

Indepedent City Theater Company at Studio Theatre, 5 Walnut Street, Philadelphia

By Charles Wright

In this month that marks the twentieth anniversary of Osawalo's assassination of Kennedy, it's interesting to reflect upon the artistic imagination that perpetuates popular conceptions of particular epochs in our national story. The 1960s have long since fallen prey to the damnable simplifications of art, and the present generation of college students, who remember the period vaguely, if at all, are at the mercy of the black comedy -- if it's a comedy at all. It's a notion of what those years were like.

Writers latch onto particular things about a period, usually familiar things (toments of the era, if you will) that can be relied upon to evoke a certain atmosphere; they must exercise artifice, and so a script cannot contain the infinite actuality of the time in which it is set. After all, most works can't be as inclusive in portrayal of a society as Trotsky's War and Peace or George Eliot's Middlemarch. And certainly a work for the stage, constrained to an evening, can be nothing but elliptical in recreating time and place.

The Independent City Theater, now in its second season, offers a view of the sixties from within the sixties -- Jules Feiffer's 1967 comedy Little Murders. This abrasive satire of urban life and social mores corroborates the popular view of the sixties as an era of discomfiture within and without, characterized by combat in Southeast Asia, concern over the unvested in academe, the fight for civil equity, and the political subversion of assassination after assassination. This is a view of the sixties that lesser lights than Feiffer have led us to accept -- it's interesting that he held it at the time.

Satire is the cruelest art, choosing a target and diving for the jugular. Its purpose is moral -- to expose folly and, ultimately, to ex- punge it from society for the betterment of all Feiffer has chosen as his target the urban middle class, its religion, and its social icons. Feiffer is past master of the simplest and most immediate form of satiric writing, the cartoon. Therefore, it comes as no surprise that his writing for the theater has a cartoon quality in it; it is sketchy and ridiculous in plot and the characterization is done in bold, uneven strokes, Little Murders seems heavily dated now (which it does), it is not because Feiffer is anything less than a fine satirist; the fault is ours, not his. But because he is a timely writer whose betes noires are no longer so common as they were.

To say just what Little Murders is about is no easy task. It begins as a domestic comedy about a family, the Newquists, fighting the vicissitudes of life on the Upper West Side. Despite the fact that it is February, the mother (played by Linda White) turns on the air conditioner to drown out the racket of traffic. Her existence is a constant battle to keep the dining table clear of an ever-descending film of city grime, and she receives numerous calls a day from the Breathers, persistent perverts whom she has come to think of as a family friend. (The Breather expresses deep and sincere sorrow when told that yet another of the Newquists has been murdered.)

The daughter, Patsy (Lisa In- caramo) is a forceful career woman whose love life has been peppered by fickle men aching to depend on her. The son, Kenny (Jack Harper), spends most of the play dodging graduate school and his overly protective mother, finding recreation only when barricaded in a toilet that adjoins the dining room. And the father (Mel Harold) nurses a highly developed sense of insecurity about the manliness of his given name, Carol.

Into this coterie of victims comes the ultimate victim, Patsy's fiancé, Alfred (John Diaz). He is a tall, broad fellow constantly sporting bruises from gristly assassinations perpetrated by strangers on the street. Make no mistake. Alfred is not enough to fight off his attackers, but he simply doesn't have the will. Even victims as accom- plished at being victimized as the Newquists find this attitude a little beyond the pale; the family isn't at all pleased that its darling Patsy wants to marry someone who is, frankly, a patsy.

The first act of Little Murders is, by and large, about the merry con- clusion that ensues when the "apathist," Alfred, takes his first principal stand in life -- to be, by god, no mention of God in the marriage ceremony. There is a lot of domestic caterwauling about God's place in contem- porary society, and the act ends in pandemonium when the hippie pastor -- the only clergyman in New York willing to tie the knot without reference to the deity -- makes a double announcement to the wedding guests that Patsy's father has slipped him a cash bribe to sneak God's name into the wedding ceremony. There is, frankly, a patsy.

The question is: did Feiffer's abrupt change of tone from first to second act with Little Murders? In the marriage ceremony, the murder of Patsy and the events that follow.

This is not to say that nowadays we are unaware that ours is a still violent society, but rather that we have probably come to accept its dangers in a way that the citizens of the sixties did not. The act ends in pandemonium when the hippie pastor -- the only clergyman in New York willing to tie the knot without reference to the deity -- makes a double announcement to the wedding guests that Patsy's father has slipped him a cash bribe to sneak God's name into the wedding ceremony. There is, frankly, a patsy. The Newquists find this attitude a little beyond the pale; the family isn't at all pleased that its darling Patsy wants to marry someone who is, frankly, a patsy.

The focus of the Newquists is us, the audience. We are unprepared to see the heroine gunned down by a stranger in the midst of her wedding festivities. We're light tone, the cartoon action, and the situation comedy dialogue have neither broadened such gruesome spectacles nor developed Patsy's character sufficiently to allow us to care that she is dead. The only possible reaction to the quick switch that the playwright has pulled.

From the perspective of 1983, the absurdities of the second act of Little Murders are hardly recognizable as having any relation to real life, something that is necessary to drive home the satire's point and achieve his moral purpose. And Feiffer has not established a properly grim frame of conventions in the first act to make understandable the murder of Patsy and the events that follow.

The Independent City Theater is a worthwhile project in a city that needs as many good theater companies as it can be reached without a trip to the suburbs. It is perhaps too flawed for us to consider it a failure, but it is not a success.

**The Independent City Theater has assembled a sound produc- tion of Feiffer's museum piece. The performances are uniformly adequate, the set, though a trifle tatty, is workable; and the lighting is quite good. The paths of stage movement in Frank Burd's direction are often curious and awkward, requiring actors to unnecessarily take a very long way around a dining table that is too large for the stage but some critical leniency is due a director whose direction is -to believe that what is going on is actually happening. Nevertheless, it remains true that a straight line is generally the most efficient distance between two points, and I spent much of the evening wondering why the director did not move the players that the kitchen door was located at 45 degree angle from center stage and could be reached without a trip downhill right and around that irritating dining table. ICT has a stated policy in favor of perform- ing small scale plays in intimate spaces and, by and large, Little Murders is a production of merit with a low budget. More power to ICT.**

The greatest flaw of the evening isizo, the audience. They are left sitting in the dark during each and every change. One or more in particular lasts the full four minute playing time of "The Sounds of Silence." That sort of amateurness goes a long way toward countering the merits of any production of scene changes in excess of 60 seconds are usually unbearable. Let's face facts: had we the audience harmonized for a Simon and Gar- runkel concert on the miserable, cold opening night of Little Murders, we could have stayed there with the stereo, the dog, and a glass of Jack Daniel.

One wonders whether a revival of an outpost satire is wasted ef- fort. No. Satire and cartoon are a great deal like facial tissues -- instruments of the moment serving a timely purpose but of little urgency thereafter. But just as a check out Kleenex may serve to mop up a spill, a satire may remain interesting as art after its public purpose has run its ag- gressive, well-conceived satires are like hangkerchiefs; wash away the timeliness and a valuable item remains. Little Murders is perhaps too flawed for us. But it is a fair piece of the sixties.
Great Handsome man is way over six feet tall and must weigh around 300 pounds. But even though he admits that he enjoys tearing sports cars as he roars down the highways of his native Ontario in his pickup truck, he's really not an imposing figure. Really.

The real John Candy isn't a cut-up at all. Well, in any case, he's a far cry from Johnny La Rue, Mr. Mambo, and his other comically exotic Second City TV personage. Only last week, as he emceed the HBO Eighth Annual Young Comedians Show in New York City, Candy was a mass of nerves - botching lines that he read off cue cards, getting ruffled by hecklers, and having to redo his introductions for each comedian at least three times. Can it be possible that underneath this big package of laughs lurks a timid bundle of shyness?

Dressed comfortably in grey slacks and a pink short-sleeved shirt unbuttoned at the collar, Candy meekly hunches his bulk into one corner of the hotel room sofa. "I'm certainly not a stand-up comedian," he says, puffing on a Rolaids, and averting his hazel eyes. "I'm more of an actor, I guess."

It's that actor's ability to translate observation into art that animates Candy's comedy, raising it above that of many of his contemporaries. "Stand-up is a field of its own," he says. "It's that actor's ability to translate observation into art that animates Candy's comedy, raising it above that of many of his contemporaries."

The group of writers that we had on the show would brainstorm on Monday morning, and then split off in different angles on a piece would go off and bat it around."

"It just happened that way, and it could have been any old station has its own personality, so I think that's how it happened. And this was before Richard Simmons. We never did anything like that before."

Anyway, we developed La Rue. Every local station has its own personality, so I think that's how it happened. And this was before Richard Simmons. We never did anything like that before.

SCTV, which was syndicated for four years before moving to NBC TV in 1980 (the show has since moved to the Cinemax cable network), used a fictitious "studio behind the studio" concept to develop many of the characters. "Our budgets for the show were very small and our sets were always cheap looking and chintzy," Candy explains. "We were always complaining that we needed something better looking, and since there was no way that we could get the money for it, we figured that maybe we should just call ourselves on it and make fun of it, so we evolved the whole studio behind the studio thing."

"We used anything for inspiration that would work. We'd read a TV Guide to see if there was anything worth playing with there. We'd go through all the periodicals and magazines that were circulating around the office. We even screened movies and watched TV."

"The only tension on that show was the time frame. Unlike the Saturday Night Live crew, we'd come in at ten and go home by six, with an hour for lunch in between. Somehow the show got written. You'd know when you went home that a piece had to be in the next day - it was the honor system. You knew what you had to do. It was much like a university. You asked for an extension if you needed it. You'd say 'Hey, I thought that was due tomorrow!' or 'The dog ate it! I tore it up by mistake.'"

"It just happened that way, and it could have been any old station has its own personality, so I think that's how it happened. And this was before Richard Simmons. We never did anything like that before."

After going through that hassle it always seemed very chaotic. But it wasn't.

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him the gerbil and the penthouse, and I started to get a better handle on him. He was always borrowing money, and getting on [fictional station owner] Guy Caballero's badside.

"We didn't even have a Caballero until halfway through the first season," he adds. "For a while the owner was just a shady character in the background. We didn't know who he was — only that he had laundered Nazi and Arab money, and would take it from any source just to keep the station on the air."

Candy enjoyed all of his various characters, from La Rue to the accordion-playing Polka team, the Schmengys. "They were all fun to do. After a while, I stopped doing a lot of La Rue. That was the beauty of the show — you could pull back on a character you were doing too much. With a limited number of characters you can only do it to death. The piece becomes subordinate when you write it just to put the character in," he says, lifting another Rothman.

The most popular characters ever to evolve out of SCTV are probably beer guzzling hosers Bob and Doug McKenzie, played by troupe members Rick Moranis and Eugene Levy. "I play a chauffeur who's about to marry a congressman's daughter. This congressman is killing a cult group and they attempt to assassinate him. They kidnap me and brainwash me to the Machiavellian candidate so that I'll turn into a killer when they show me a playing card — the five of spades — at the wedding. But it doesn't work because my brain doesn't work that swiftly. I don't turn into a killer at all. I become an ass — a real jerk, and foul up everyone's plans."

Most recently, Candy has been featured in Splash, a Walt Disney Productions film directed by Happy Days veteran Ron Howard. "It actually doesn't have the Disney label," he says. "Disney is trying to change their image and there's a little skin in this one, so it's Buena Vista. It's a nice love story with mermaids in it."

This year, Candy is looking forward to doing more work with Disney. He has just worked out a deal to write and act in three theatrical movies for them. "Disney is one of the nicest studios to be at. The streets are called things like Dopey Drive and Daisy Avenue — like a college or a mental institution."

"Disney is one of the nicest studios to be at. The streets are called things like Dopey Drive and Daisy Avenue — like a college or a mental institution."

will allow me to do what I want with the least amount of restrictions. They're decent about it. When they say 'We don't know anything about comedy, we'll let you alone,' they mean it. What I hate is when they say 'I know nothing about comedy. However, we'll put this joke here in front, and we'll put this around here,' and they ask me 'Why? That's not the way this is supposed to work' and they say 'We think it is.' John. We think it is, John. We think it is. You have to deal with the judgement of executives who say 'Well, I don't see it.'

"The bankers, lawyers, and accountants ask what the returns are going to be and don't look at the creative side of things at all. They're looking for the right elements for a package so that they can deal on it. They figure if they put Richard Pryor and Jackie Gleason together, it's a marketable hit and they can sell dolls and video games," he says as he stubs out a butt.

Originally, Candy prewrote a script for Goonies that Universal never shot. "I was just an actor for hire on that one. When that happens, I'll put my actor's cap on and be right there when they need me. But I find it hard to leave the way the film is put together to somebody else," he adds.

"On SCTV we did everything ourselves. In an ideal world, I'd like to be able to have the freedom to do films and television and to complete the vision without any interference along the way. As far as my own projects, my own things, I need some kind of creative control written into the contract. I pine to work for somebody who would give me the freedom that George Harrison, who produces the Monty Pythons, gives them. Jim Henson is a really smart man who has a lot of control because he went to Lew Grade when the networks tried to tell him what to do. And Grade said 'Go ahead,' I don't know anything about puppets. You can't tell Henson, 'Give Kermit more jokes. and can't you give him a mustache or something?'"

On the personal side, Candy hasn't found adjusting to his celebrity status to be much of a problem. "I really don't notice it at all much," he says with a hearty laugh. "I get mobbed in supermarkets, but that's all right. I don't know how hard it is for a person to approach a celebrity, but if people are courteous enough to do that, the least I can do is take the time to chat."

Right now Candy eagerly anticipates returning to Canada to spend some time with his wife and young daughter. "I've done three different shows in a three week period and I feel shell shocked. I need some rest." But despite his hectic work schedule, he wouldn't want to have it any other way. "This really is a great way to make a living. I have a good time, laugh, and get paid a lot of money for it too. When you look at what's going on in the world today, I have it pretty good."

So to the audiences. With comedians like the versatile John Candy leading the way, they can just sit back and laugh.
Vietnam, that phrase could easily for his nightmarish vision of Apocalypse sudden missile exchange street gangs or obliterated by a day now we might wake up and Testament world's violence, both in the streets are to be believed, apocalypse is By Howard Sherman At the Sameric III Directed by Lynne Littman

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Thought for the Week:
“Sometimes a man’s got to know his limitations.”

“Dirty Harry” Callahan in Magnum Force

Tavoulans and a superb score by Stewart Copeland of The Police creates a terrifying milieu in which to trap his performers. The wasteland is a first step towards the barren stretches seen in The Road Warrior, the shadows go beyond film noir to become active forces in the dark drama of life, and the grainy black and white im-ages imbue the film with a look and feeling not far removed from Eraserhead.

Unfortunately, just as in One From The Heart, imagery cannot sustain a film and when Coppola is forced to contend with Hinton's overtly symbolic writing, the film goes flat. He hammers her simplistic metaphors home by intro-

ducing a few color images that scream "Look at me! I mean something" but actually detract from the film's carefully developed microcosmic nightmare.

As a result of Coppola's visual indulgences and narrative short-comings, the film fails as entertain-
table, but displays more talent than any other commercial release of the past year.

Aside from having apocalyptic natures in common, an old story crops up in both films, capturing the individual spirits of these two diverse movies within the same Brothers Grimm fable. In Rumble Fish, The Motorcycle Boy tries to explain to the uncomprehending Rusty-James that he does indeed have the power of the Pied Piper, but that he would never want to lead his adolescent followers to their deaths. And in a kindergarten play of the same story in Testa-

ment an extra element of the fable is uttered to the holocaust victims: The Piper reminds the residents of the Piper that the children are not dead, they are just waiting until the world deserves them — something nuclear holocaust can fulfill that role.

Neither film is political, but both Coppole and Littman are deter-

mined to remind audiences of one fact — don’t follow the Piper, pe-

he gang leader or military man: his song is one of death.

Directed by Lynne Littman At the Eric Rittenhouse Rumble Fish Directed By Francis Ford Coppola At the Sameric III

By Howard Sherman

If two films currently in release are to be believed, apocalypse is just around the corner. The world’s violence, both in the streets and in the political arena, is escalating at such a rate that any day now we might wake up and find ourselves ruled by feudal street gangs or obliterated by a sudden missile exchange. Had Francis Ford Coppola not employed the title Apocalypse Now for his nightmarish vision of Vietnam, that phrase could easily be applied to either his newest film Rumble Fish or to Lynne Littman’s Testament. Although the films are almost diametrically opposed in their approach to their individual apocalypses, they both explore horrors that could take place the day after tomorrow.

Littman’s film deals with a nuclear apocalypse in the most sedate, almost hushed approach imaginable for such a visceral topic. There are no explosions, no blood, no corpses rotting in the streets, just a few people trying to survive after their California town somehow survives several nuclear blasts in the area.

The film’s title has a double meaning, since it takes the form of a prayer being kept by a mother coming to grips with the fact that the world is dying around her and it is her “last testament,” a will that no one will ever read. It is also a testament to the strength of the film’s characters exhibit when fac-
ed with slow death.

Jane Alexander, a superb ac-
tress too rarely seen in films, is in an almost every scene of this depiction of post-holocaust subur-

bians where the garbage is no longer collected and backyards are left as commonplaces. Portraying the mother of three children whose husband was presumably lost in the initial strikes. Alexander manages to convince an audience that she truly is capable of retaining her rationality in the face of ex-
tinction. She is most touching in scenes with her children, helping them to cope with the dawning realization that they will never live out the futures that their parents were preparing them for.

The screenplay by John Secretant is young is extremely episodic and without a climax, although it is hard to imagine any climax to a film where the end of the world oc-
curs, for all practical purposes, 15 minutes after the opening credits.

The film has it’s problems, however, provide fine material for the talented cast, and while some of it seems a bit com-

monplace, the performers and Littman manage to show that cliches are often the product of being staples of real life conversation.

Aside from the brilliant Alex-

and the support comes from Rebecca de Mornay (Risky Business’s hooker) as a young mother who has borne fox to first casualties. Gerry Murillo as the retarded son of a local gas station owner, Lukas Haas as Alexander’s youngest son, and Philip Anglim as the priest as who becomes shell-

shocked — not from radiation, but from the violence and burial services he must administer.

The low-key nature of the film, which is powerful but avoids jerk-
ing technique, due primarily to its origin: the picture is actually a public television production for the American Playhouse series. Its release, which seems designed to cash in on the media hype for Nicholas Meyer’s The Day After, is justifiable in that the film is unquestion-
ably good, but it remains all too clearly a TV movie. Littman’s admirable work with the actors is hardly matched by her visual de-
cisions, which, intended for the small screen, are primarily close-

ups that fail to convey or even show much of the community that it intends to explore.

Nicholas Meyer’s tele-movie is released, there will be inevitable comparisons, although Meyer’s work cannot be accurately judged.

it has been cut down from six hours to two to appease T.V. advertisers. For now, Littman’s film stands as a fine small effort that makes its point with consum-

mated, understated skill, but it is ultimately unable to transcend its video origins.

Coppola’s apocalypse is much more limited and not technically generated: it is merely a display of society’s decline taking place in the dirty alleys of an unnamed city. However, the master showman’s visual magic is as filled with cinematic brilliance as Littman’s film is without it. Using time lapse photography and a barrage of fog machines (among other tricks), Coppola transforms the world into a technologically generated; it is ultimately unable to transcend its video origins.

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A Raw Deal

Deal of the Century
Directed by William Friedkin
At the Budco Palace

By Lisa Longo

Deal of the Century, Chevy Chase's new movie, could just as easily be entitled Loser of the Century. It's billed as a comedy, but isn't. It tries to put forth a serious message, but can't. At certain times it aims for a narrative style reminiscent of Bogart. Don't make me want to hurt you, Chevy.

Chase portrays Eddie Munty, an independent arms dealer facing bankruptcy. He's in San Miguel, a stereotypical war-torn Latin American country with a stereotypically kooky government. Munty's latest deal falls through, and he gets shot in the foot - so he can hobble throughout the rest of the movie, of course. Chevy was funny in Saturday Night Live, but this is more than a few years ago. Continuing to play the same bland, boring character may bring in the bucks, but it does not act an actor make. First, Munty meets a mysterious and beautiful woman, whom he waxes eloquently over in bad Bogey style. Then he meets Harold Devoto, a sadistic arms salesman for the competition, Luckup Industries. Wallace Shawn, of My Dinner With Andre, plays Harold. What's a talent like that doing in a movie like this? Anyway, Harold's in the same hotel as Munty, and he conveniently shoots himself in the temple right before getting the p-one call for "the deal of the century." Go ahead, Chevy, take his place.

Gregory Hines, another fantastic talent who has no business being in this movie, plays Ray, Munty's partner and sidekick. He turns to religion, predictably setting the scene for a confrontation at the end. He has a momentary lapse of terrorist thinking where he turns a flamethrower on the carport of a some stereotypically obnoxious Puerto Ricans. No character development for him. At least they didn't ask him to tap dance.

Sigourney Weaver is Harold's elegant, ungriving widow - the mysterious woman. She plays her role quite well, with an understatement of sophistication. (Did she really have fat thighs, Jake? She certainly doesn't seem to now.) As usual, Sigourney shows herself to be a more than capable actress. But for the most part, there's not much she can do with the material she's given. Yes, there are a few funny moments in Deal of the Century; however, they're incidental to the plot. A lot of laughs are elicited when a Pep Boys commercial comes onto the screen of a weapons system by mistake. And it is pretty amusing when films of failed missile launches are played in the background of the dictator's interlude with Weaver. Isolated chuckles just don't cut it, though.

The serious subject of global warfare is not done justice. The pro/con ideas are brought out weakly, if at all. Suicide, murder, sex, and religion are all treated as poor jokes. Even when Munty foils the plans of the power-mad Luckup executive to battle-prove the pilotless "Peacemaker" plane (you've got the picture), he does it to save Ray from being killed - not because of any real feeling for the insanity of the overall situation or a real feeling for humanity.

If you didn't like The Survivors, you won't like this. And if you didn't like Blue Thunder, you won't like this. On the other hand, if you liked any Humphrey Bogart film, or even Play It Again, Sam, you won't like this. If you like intelligent, well-made films be they comedy or drama, you won't like this. Any way you look at it, Deal of the Century is a raw deal.

Good Move for Cruise

All the Right Moves
Directed by Michael Chapman
At the Budco Palace

By David R. Meiselman

It is raining. It is the biggest game of their lives. They're playing By David R. Metselman

At the Budco Palace
Directed by MichaefChapman
All the Right Moves

foot - so he can hobble ball: the outlook is bleak for the Right Moves.

Town Because it's such a hole pricks" from across the county that was Saturday Night Live: throughout the rest of the movie, through, and he gets shot in the tator. Muntz's latest deal falls American country with a stereotypical war-torn Latin bankruptcy He's in San Miguel, a century.

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The Print Club: Fit For A Print(s)

By Adam Sexton

What I expected to find at The Print Club, a 70-year-old institution not far from Rittenhouse Square, was a quiet gathering of earnest old stocks and bonds types comparing Currier and Ives originals over brandy and cigars. What I in fact encountered there, while three art schoolies behind me babbled about Laurie Anderson, was a photograph of a cleaning lady vacuuming what appeared to be a naked woman seated on a chair in a museum.

But then, as I now know, The Print Club is unpredictable. Strolling through The Club's 59th Annual International Competition exhibit, I never knew for sure what I'd be viewing next – and often I couldn't tell what I'd seen even after I'd seen it. For far from being a standard collection of etchings, silkscreens, and lithographs, this dynamic show encompasses every conceivable method of printmaking in a stunning variety of styles, shapes, and sizes.

The term "print" is so loosely defined by the competition, which drew 1,640 entries from around the world, that the exhibition called from those entries includes not only 46 photographs, but also a number of mixed-media works of which traditional printing constitutes an almost negligible part. The judges, three East Coast museum experts, haven't forgotten woodcuts, for example. But at the same time, they seem to have made an effort to reward artists working in media that didn't even exist when the competition began – like xerography. The exhibit's catalogue is stuffed with the terminology of high-tech art, from "skitprint" to "photogram", if you've ever wondered what a "dayglo lithograph" looks like. The Print Club is the place to find out.

The Print Club is also the place to find out what prints can be printed on – a patchwork of silk and a pair of cardboard pyramids, for example. Works exhibited include handcolored etchings, hand-colored photographs, a color-xerored collection of hybrid postage stamps – even a lithograph with an actual Hershey's Kiss wrapper pasted to it.

And the subjects of the prints are as eclectic as the techniques, ranging from the lovely, quiet "Yankee Stadium at Night" by Craig McPherson to the hyper-greediness of Arthur Genet's "Fig Alphabet" ("F is for electric fence"). There is sheer beauty in this show – Jeanette Pasin Sloan's "Silver Bowls" being a notable example – but the judges aren't afraid to laugh now and then, either.

Never, in fact, do the judges demonstrate here a bias in favor of any approach – except perhaps among the color photographs that were chosen for the exhibition, which seem disproportionately weighted in content towards the campy. Among the many color photos that portray the kitschy clutter of suburbia, some, such as Laura Wright's New Jersey dinerscape, do so with great success, but the effect more often than not is a focus on what is being photographed rather than on the work itself.

By and large, however, the photographs on display are not only beautiful, but thought provoking, too, raising as they do questions on the relationships of light and ink, of art to humans to landscape. Indicative of the overall richness of the photos in this Annual International Competition is the fact that a prizewinning shot of the Grand Canyon is one of the least exciting images on view. Far more moving is William Earle Williams's Brasso-like "Salute to Grace Kelly, Annenberg Center." One of the award winners in last year's Annual International Competition was entitled "John Wayne's Funkie Crow Rid" – not what I expected to find at a place called The Print Club. Then again, a joyful and stimulating display of the vigorous potential of Contemporary Art was not what I expected to find at a place called The Print Club, either.

Signs of Life

by Alfred Appel

We are always open to photographs and should feel more at home there than in any other form, or form of art, everyone has been in a photograph. This idea is the basis of Alfred Appel's Signs of Life, an examination of modern American culture in which at least as many points are made by pictures as by words. Appel's attempt to relate the book's 109 photos, magazine drawings, and movie stills to the experiences of his generation is premised on the belief that the photograph can have a great personal bearing on our lives.

Photographs certainly have great bearing on Appel's life, and Signs of Life is in many ways an autobiographical narrative. Intertwined with his observations about society are recollections from his childhood and a fragmented representation of a recent heart attack. The cultural narrative and the personal one are inextricable. Like some of the photographers in the book, who took their pictures with their backs to the sun, Appel's shadow clearly falls across his work.

Signs of Life contains the work of a galaxy of prominent photographers, including Ansel Adams, the creator of grandiose images of nature. Robert Frank, author of the "photo noire," and Ben Shahn, who used cameras with right angle viewfinders to take candid shots of rural Americans. The book depicts the markedly different approaches taken to photography in the last five decades: the documentary, the symbolistic, and especially the aggressive, attacking nature of the medium.

This last holds special importance for Appel, and is exemplified by the work of Arthur Fellig, better known as "Weegee" who cruised the streets in the 1940s in search of violent murders, hoping to capture the juxtaposition of the blood-splattered pavement and the lightheartedness of the world to him. Among other things corresponding to Appel's distress in the closed world of 1980s Suburbia, Appel's analyses of the photographs make each of them striking, sharpening the effect of starting images and bringing out the unseen significance of seemingly ordinary scenes. His approach takes traditional photographic criticism into account, but the main concern is for the pictures' social and cultural – not their aesthetic – content. It's fascinating to discover the wealth of connotations Appel finds in each image, and the meanings he uncovers, meanings which often aren't clear without contextual information required to clarify the scene. In Signs of Life, a picture is not necessarily worth a thousand words.

But the discussions of the content of the photos are secondary to the personal significance each one holds for Appel. The book is almost like a form of therapy for him, while recuperating from a heart attack he meditates on the signs of decline in our culture, longing for the past.

For him, the pictures in the book have a creative effect.

Signs of Life by Alfred Appel Knopf

By Joseph Rosenzweig

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By John S. Marshall

No, the Stones are not the irrelev-
ant old fart type. They still sound like them to be, nor are they "the world's greatest rock and roll band" which legend claims are aged 16 to 36 keep insisting. They also do not redefine the meaning of rock music in our time with every record they make. Money is probably not their primary motivation: now they want to see how long they can last before Keith Richards' puses their new LP. Undercover. Ihoat on their last LP. have undoubtedly drunk together Richards recycled Chuck Berry in they sound exactly alike When quitar players who don't expect brilliant playing from two it did at any previous point in its to expect any band to sound like it. the meaning of rock music in our •• rn-re mostly aihng. sputter- MV an- no real songs to speak f- its are in al the wrong places. lackluster piffle that largely com OM and you won't feel so let be dangerous, this material i« "Pretty Beat Up." and "Too hi- lover into little pwces and tiilk-. about a guy who chopped B1->»r Jagger matter of facthy StoVm ii i.i >. is indigenous to heavy cuts the IP version to shreds but come- close to thai is ihe "Under rappers, the only thing that with New York scratch DJ's and th..i the Stones were working played reggae convincingly. Music

By Adam Sexton

Ever purchase what you thought was a container of chocolate milk, only to discover after guzzling the beverage down that what you'd ingested was really imitation chocolate flavored drink? Did the after-taste on your tongue and a nagging fear - of cancer, perhaps - in your heart?

Then try to second your John Cougar-free diet, and pass up Uh-huh, an imitation Rolling Stones flavored album that tastes fine at first but might be hazardous to your health.

By Pink Houses violation of some truth in advertising law. Cougar c- Cougar Mellencamp, as he's chosen to denote himself here does his damnedest to evoke the Stones both on and off the record. First, a sickening shot of Cougar's band greasing on Budweiser and Kentucky Fried Chicken in a pigsty adorns the in-ner sleeve: apparently intended to represent some sort of down-home burger's band. That same sheet gives "special thanks" to the Rolling Stones, and an- noyances that "This album was written, arranged and recorded in a six day blow out." Finally, lyrical references to stones (get it) abound.

And the music itself is a celebration of recycled Richards riffs. "Cummin' Down" mates "Jumpin' Jack Flash" with "When the Whip Comes Down," while "Late House" features the tumult of Cougar backup-girl Car- roll Sue Hill a la Merry Clayton on "Gimme Shelter." The guitar lick that opens the same Stones masterpiece is incorporated note for note into "Golden Gates," which closes side two: side one ends with those familiar honky tonk horns.

Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers Jonathan Jangle Sire

In fact, all of the songs but two on Uh-huh have direct, identi- table antecedents on various Stones albums, and if Cougar had somehow expanded upon or commented on these old familiar themes, then he would deserve praise. But he hasn't, rein- peted the Stones - he's just cleaned them up, offering bland lyrics backed by uninspired play- ing. What amazes how John. Cougar (Mellencamp) and his band feel about the Rolling Stones? Sure, Cougar's drummer does an uncanny Charlie Watts impression, but listening to it instead of the real thing is like substituting for sex. Not just un- satisfying... frustrating.

Equally frustrating and doubly pathetic is Cougar's penchant for teen nostalgia. Throughout Uh- huh, the man?) who sang "Hold onto sixteen as long as you can" is looking back in longing. This time it's "Growing up leads to a realm of un-"Play Guitar," which ad- vises wimps to "forget all about that macho shit and learn how to play guitar," is appealing and streetwise. But that macho stuffcries wimps to "forget all about the man." The same distinction characterizes his music.

The one homely punko-plainly understands rock basics. As a member of the group that produced the innovative Modern Lovers, Richman forged a sound that antici- pated the Sex Pistols by five years. That early band featured a future Car, David Robinson, and a future Talking Head, Jerry Harrison. Later versions of The Modern Lovers ventured into the musical territory that he now ex- plores. He developed an increas- ingly acoustic sound that retained the swing and backbone of rock, but eschewed the blatant aggressiveness and raw power of his earlier work.

After Jonathan Richman the Modern Lovers, with its anti- classicism, and the Larry Livermore's and Richman produced Rock and Roll with the Modern Lovers. This album began a period of excess in his music; he defied far from his rock origins into a realm of un- disciplined stiffness. Often accom- panied only by acoustic guitar, he tended to meander both musically and lyrically.

The new record returns him to form. Once again he offers an excellent compromise between the classic rock of the early Modern Lovers and the childishness that he later offered. Rock's signature sounds, like the honking sax of "Sop This Car" and the tough guitar solo that opens "Those Cough Drums," consist with singing along back vocals and whimsical melodies. Backing vocalists Beth Harrington and Elle Marshall complement Richman's nasally, wobbly leads. The combina- tion is a soft yet spirited rock'n'roll that defies comparison to any other sound in popular music. This is rock music that reflects childhood as well as youth.

Jonathan Richman may never become a household name. Many of the people who do notice him will continue to mislabel him as a cute, infantile eccentric. But for those who take the time to ex- aminer his music, the reward will always be insight into the small but essential wonders of everyday life. Jonathan Richman gets small in a way that Steve Martin couldn't begin to understand.
GOING OUT GUIDE

FILM

NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN
The film reveals that Bond's most satisfying erotic experience took place in Philadelphia. We want to know who she is.

PAULINE AT THE BEACH
Eric Rohmer's comedy finally makes its American debut after a several week delay. Those who saw Mr. Mom by the same director could be aware this has nothing in common with it.

FOSSION
The somewhat trite film was the glowing recommendation of an Epic film representative. With a tepid, muddled Sheen by Canadian's Cronenberg.

REGENCY
The King of horror in a more sedate mood, polished to a slick Sheen by Spielberg.

DEAL OF THE CENTURY
A wild goose Chase involving (supposedly) funny munitions dealers

THE DEADZONE
6275966
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HOSES REVIEW NEXT WEEK

BRAINSTORM
Canadian western. Take off your blue jeans.

DEATH TO THE FRENCH REVOLUTION
All puns considered adult fare when it was first released. It reveals that Bond's most satisfying erotic experience took place in Philadelphia. We want to know who she is.

SCHICK FILM FESTIVAL
We hear the first one's going to get Barh! Benton an Oscar nomination. And if you believe that, we'd also like to see you go.

GATES OF HELL
Prevention of anti-Polish humor to the French Revolution. All puns considered adult fare when it was first released.

MUSCLE
Uncanny's latest.

REPERTORY CINEMAS

ATLANTIC CITY
CAESAR'S
Wayland Flowers and Madame Personelle. We think there's something wrong with a young guy who spends his time talking to a post-menopausal piece of spruce.

RENTANT
The Day After a few weeks before. The second film is subtitled in French for a touch of class.

RUMBLE FISH
Inspired majestic man of the 1980's.

LITTLE FRENCH MAIDS
Nothing in common with It.

SACHA's

MUSIC
BREAKER BREAKER
Spin on your back, and spin on your knees. Spin on your hands and then kneel. With the amazing rock backing of DJ Lady B from WHAT-AM.

DANNY BROWN's
GREEN ON RED
They sound like they never left the music scene like they're making a comeback.

REAR WINDOW
More highbrow entertainment to the French Revolution. All puns considered adult fare when it was first released.

GOING ALL THE WAY
With Julio Iglesias. The Latin Sinatra, rarely heard by None Americanos, brings lustful thoughts to the hearts of your readers.

REAR WINDOW
And yet another opportunity to see the first one's going to get Barh! Benton an Oscar nomination. And if you believe that, we'd also like to see you go.

REAR WINDOW
We hear the first one's going to get Barh! Benton an Oscar nomination. And if you believe that, we'd also like to see you go.

REAR WINDOW
We hear the first one's going to get Barh! Benton an Oscar nomination. And if you believe that, we'd also like to see you go.

THE VISIT
We hear the first one's going to get Barh! Benton an Oscar nomination. And if you believe that, we'd also like to see you go.

TROMBONE
More highbrow entertainment to the French Revolution. All puns considered adult fare when it was first released.

I AVE AN

FOR YOU!


THE SHOW-UP TELL-A GRAM

12: 34th Street Magazine, November 10, 1983

THEATER

AGNES OF GOD
John Piemonte's drama about a young nun who claims that the baby she thought she had was sired by no man, has had a long run in New York and is now playing right along See review inside病毒感染新的人生

BOB MARLEY
We'd also like to see you go.

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