Campus Events

A listing of University events and news

Today

Audio classes: Mathematics and Biology

Attention: Undergraduates

Attendees concerning undergraduate resources are encouraged to attend a mandatory class on Monday, November 27. The meeting will be held in theengineering building at 3:00 PM. All students are required to attend.

Future

Black PreHealth Society

U.S. Civilian Servicemen

Today

Strongbow Hall

Dinner for the President and the Dean of the College

The President and the Dean of the College will be served dinner at the Strongbow Hall

Tuesday

Dinner for the President and the Dean of the College

The President and the Dean of the College will be served dinner at the Strongbow Hall

Wednesday

Dinner for the President and the Dean of the College

The President and the Dean of the College will be served dinner at the Strongbow Hall

Thursday

Dinner for the President and the Dean of the College

The President and the Dean of the College will be served dinner at the Strongbow Hall

Friday

Dinner for the President and the Dean of the College

The President and the Dean of the College will be served dinner at the Strongbow Hall
A Night of Laughs

Comedian Robert Klein brings song and comedy to the campus tonight

Jeffrey Kleinberg

Robert Klein's success has been meteoric, frequently seeing other comedians into comparison. He's the kind of performer who can make his audience laugh with his wit, sing along with his musical numbers, and simply entertain them with his presence. Kleinberg is a master of the medium, and he's bringing his talent to campus tonight. His show is sure to be a hit, and he's sure to make everyone laugh. And if you're not interested in theater, you're sure to find a background in what good theater is. And if you're not interested in theater, you're sure to find a background in what good theater is.
It's a call waiting night from a Columbus Sportswriter who wants to interview you in the near future. You ask to call back. A series of ads on his university radio station suggest he is in the University Council and other questions of administration arise.

There were some questions that I don't think you've ever had before. For the names of some people who would be best to talk to. Where to.

After four years of trying to understand him and the system, the only answer I could give him was that there is no logical person inside.

You have to ask the individual small people issues. Not small people issues. The people issues are large and not small.

If you are a small person in the system, they don't want to make it any worse. If you are an individual person in the system, they don't want to make it any better.

I think we are getting bigger. This is the individual person's system. They have other individual systems. The individual person isn't part of this system. They aren't part of the individual system.

They are the individuals. They are the people in the system.

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Letter to the Editor

Editor's note: A small group of students and faculty members in the University Community, including the writer of this letter, have organized a viewing group to discuss reactions to the film and/or ideas for follow-up activities, is invited to an open discussion at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 21 ("The Day After") at the Christian Association. As a beginning, anyone who would like to discuss reactions to the film and/or ideas for follow-up activities, is invited to an open discussion at 4 p.m. on Monday, November 21 ("The Day After") at the Christian Association.

As a reminder, Friday's the last day to take your professor to lunch.
The University Of Penn Dining Service Presents

THE 1st BEST OF

PHILADELPHIA DINING ON CAMPUS

featuring Selections from Bookbinders on 15th St.

U. of P. Dining Presents

Appetizers: choice of one
Mussels Fra Diabio
fresh mussels steamed in a spicy tomato sauce
Clams Casino
clams on half shell, topped with bacon, pimientos and peppers
Baked to perfection.
Soups: choice of one
Snapper
a spicy turtle soup
Clam Chowder
Manhattan style

Entrees: choice of one
Steamed Live
Maine Lobster
with Drawn Butter
Filet Mignon
gilled, tenderloin steak
 garnished with onion rings

Desserts: choice of one
Cherry Cheese Cake
Pineapple Cheese Cake
Mocha Fudge Cake

Your dinner Entree includes: Baked Potato, tossed
salad with house dressing, julienne zucchini and cherry tomato
Coffee, tea, milk and "Moussy" a malt beer from Sweden

Dates Dec. 6th, Dec. 8th
Free Boutonniere, Flowers...
Dinner Music
J very mad about tuition, and they're
I the petition was "very good."
I "This is a real bold statement that
I last month as a more aggressive
I Thomas Ehrlich, Vice Provost for
University Life, James Bishop, De-
Sheldon Hackney, Provost
I may be greatly reduced if not totally
• the inflation rate, their contributions
• shows that "students will no longer
1500 students stated that if tuition
continues to increase by more than
• refuse to accept that we are
• that student response to
• withhold alumni contribution
1
• tuition freeze petition
• nearly 1500 students to the ad-
• freeze tuition now Chairman
I Bryan Sklar said last night that
• freeze tuition now Chairman
Halt Increased Tuition,
I with our scroll."
I people might confuse their petition
I my only concern is that
• the petition can have a positive
• he responded to those
• Ettelson said. "My only concern is that
• I have every intention of giving
• I'm not saying that
• we're not going to do something about
• "This isn't like HIT's petition last
• says we're upset about tui-
• he said. "Most people we talked to were
• "Most people we talked to were
• the administration that students
• about the petition is that it shows
• she said. "About 98 to 99
• each year that said we're upset about tui-
• the petition was "very good."
• they're going to do something about
• said last night that the petition is the
• "This isn't like HIT's petition last
• said Cole, a Wharton junior.
• "I'd love to see a protest that
• Ettelson said. "My only concern is that
• I think the most important thing
• they're going to do something about
• we're going to do something about
• "This isn't like HIT's petition last
• and they're pleased...
• "I think the most important thing
• have every intention of giving
• I'm not saying that
• if tuition were to increase by more than
• the second reason is that I do
• some students were skeptical of the
• basic reasons," Ettelson, a Wharlon
senior, said last night. "First of
• the petition: "At least it shows an effort
• though the administration wouldn't
• about it."
• he said.
• the petition's potential effectiveness.
• he said.
• the petition: "At least it shows an effort
• we do," said Sklar, a College junior.
• each year we were going to
• that student response to
• I have every intention of giving
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• people called to were
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• people called to were
• I will spend 12 yrs in Siberia
• will spend 12 yrs in Siberia
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• our student groups..." he said.
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NEW YORK STYLE
PIZZA

WE NOW DELIVER TO STUDENTS!
(5:00 p.m. - 12:30 a.m.)

CASH PAID FOR USED LPS + CASSETTES

$1.00 off
every record
one day only
FRI. NOV. 18

LEARNING CENTERS

The V.A. Medical Center
In Accepting Registrations For
Inlands + Toddlers And
Pre-Schoolers
Open Monday - Friday 9:30 a.m. to 4:30 p.m.
$32 0400 +$05

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HILLER BOOK FAIR
In honor of Jewish Book Month
Wed., Nov. 16 & Thurs., Nov. 17
12-5 p.m. at Hillel
Books and Hannukah items available

DIRECTED BY IZLA K. GEBNER
Nov. 17, 18, 19, at 8:00 P.M.
Harold Prince Theater - Annenberg Center
Tickets $2.00 Available at the Box Office

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GAPSA, Schilling meet on Penn Plan

By ALEC HARRIS

Members of the Student Senate and President Rodger Stapp had a frank conversation Monday night about the funds available to students in the University's financial aid programs.

AUGUSTA WASHINGTON

The Scholar's Office policy of charging a semester on late payment penalties, Kaufmann said of the meeting with Schilling. This would result in a $15 penalty per month for late payment, a charge that would apply because of late financial aid payments.

Students questioned Schilling about the Penn Plan for payment

President Stapp was also asked about his decision to extend the deadline on the Penn Plan payments and about the Student Office's policy of failing a student for a 1.5 percent penalty per month for late payments. The penalty was put into effect to avoid the problems that might arise because of late financial aid payments.

GAPSA Chairman Bert Raffi

said that "The Penn Plan" will not apply to all of the students who do not have a specific beginning and end to their education. "The government requirement that GAPSA will vote on is the University's policy on South Africa at its meeting in December.

Another student questioned the

Restructuring plan

tops agenda for UA

Dec. 15. The Student Senate will meet to discuss its future. The group has been working on restructuring the Senate for several months and has proposed a new structure to the group.

UA member David Donabedian said that the Senate has been working on restructuring student government for several months and has proposed a new structure to the group.

UA Chairperson Ken Meyers said that the Senate has been working on restructuring student government for several months and has proposed a new structure to the group.

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Dental Professor Ashman dies
Taught anatomy here for over 20 years

Dr. BEN MILLER

Joseph Ashman, an anatomy pro-

fessor at the Dental School for

more than 20 years, died Tues-

day from a heart attack.

Dr. Ashman was a prominent

professor of Anatomy at the

University of Pennsylvania.

He taught many students and

was well-respected by his col-

leagues.

In memory of Dr. Ashman, a

service will be held on Wed-

dnesday at 10:00 a.m. at the

Church of the Advocate.

Identity crisis: Afro-American studies

In the latest discussion of the

identity crisis in Afro-American

studies, a panel of experts will

address the question of whether

Afro-American studies should

be considered a separate field or

incorporated into the larger

field of American studies.

The panel will consist of well-

known scholars and will take

place on Thursday, November

21, at 7:00 p.m. in the Union

Chapel.

Quaker Basketball

1983-84

The Daily Pennsylvanian - November 17, 1983

Catch the Excitement!

Special:
BUY ONE GET ONE
FREE! Purchase spot color
for your ad in Quaker
Basketball '83-84 at the
regular price of $85, and
you'll receive free color
when you run the same
size ad in the Holiday
Shopping Guide.

Rates & Sizes
The Local Open advertising rate is a $4.50 per column inch. Contract rates apply.

AD SIZES
Full Page 9 1/2" x 13" $260.50
Half Page (H) 9 1/2" x 6 1/2" 146.25
Half Page (V) 4 1/2" x 13" 146.25
Quarter Page 4 1/2" x 6 1/2" 73.13
Eighth Page 4 1/2" x 1 3/4" 33.75

The back page is available for a full-page, full-color advertisement. Contact the Advertising Office for details on full-color advertising.

Catch the Excitement!
**Thesis examines options for studying in Israel**

By GAYLA RINIBER

The Penn Israel Alliance held its annual Programs Fair in the High Rise North Kshinos Lounge last night.

"Many students in Penn are aware of programs in England, France and Italy, but few realize all the options for studying in Israel, said College senior Jimmy Rosenzweig. "The best part is that you get college credit, students could opt for dozens of both academic and religious programs offered pamphlets and advice on dozens of both academic and religious programs offered.

Sophomores and juniors are preparing a seminar or one of its colleges in Israel, including Tel Aviv University and Hebrew University. Most programs, such as that at Hebrew University, begin with a general session then a mandatory choice. The choice is which university is either English or Hebrew.

"You're going to love Hebrew," said College junior lanette Rosenzweig, who recently returned from a trip to Hebrew University. "The instruction you get at the classes is as important as the one you get in Jerusalem in the bags of the students."
Polsinello and Daly—

(Continued from back page)

While Daly became a member of the Big Green offense the following season, Polsinello became a more valuable offensive threat. Daly is listed at wide receiver, but in reality is a running back and tight end for the second team.

But this year, Polsinello won the starting jock off from junior Mike Lane in training camp. According to Daly, his record has given him new life in the Dartmouth offense.

"When Frank got hurt last year, we lost a lot of leadership," Daly said. "Everyone on the offense knew what leadership this year, and the offense was pretty good."

In response to the question if Polsinello will start, the Professionals said he just has the personality of a leader, but isn’t necessarily more athletic than other candidates.

Upon returning this year, Polsinello has broken four season records. His 1,034 yards to complete 130 of 212 passes for 1787 points and career, and completions in a season, which are the second highest in the second game.

Polsinello meets Polsinello’s one of the record for most career receptions.

According to Daly, his return has given the team to be successful. Records are made to be broken. Whatever happens, Polsinello and Daly just has the personality of a leader."
Penn defeats Dalhouse

(Continued from back page)

CLAYTON PALMER/PHOTOGRAPHER

gaining over the hum drum and making the book seem new. We are looking for a consistent. We have to achieve consistency. "We are calling the game," said Lefkowitz, who led Penn with 18 points, and "We have to see how the officials react to go out and bang heads, go out and play."

"It was a good sign that they were going to try to be more consistent in the way they identifying the character of the game."

"Our defense was breaking down. We're now looking forward to the next week. That's a good sign that they weren't just going through the motions but they weren't a 'rah-rah' team."

"In high school they are put up on the sidelines. It may bring them a better feel of what they had to care off the field, on the field they weren't just going through the motions, they were very conscious of the rest of the season."

"It says a lot for the team to be winning these games."

"The aperitif rob opening depend* nn the abilities of the individual restaurant and food atom al heart of campua and other prime

Department of Music

University Symphony Orchestra

Claude White, conductor

VERDI

Overture to Nabucco

COPLAND

Appalachian Spring

BRAHMS

Symphony No. 2

Friday, November 18 at 8:30 PM

Irvine Auditorium

FREE

partially funded by SAC

Race your classifies at the D.P. offices - 4015 Walnut Street, 2nd floor. Dead 1 or 2 days 200 per word per day. Deadline: 3 p.m. two business days before publication.
So Ya Wanna Be A DP Swami?

BY RICK REICKIN

Dan Reickin likes to say that success breeds success.

Three years ago, Jerad Bromley became the head coach of a struggling baseball team at this university. He subscribed to the theory, realizing that a strong foundation is needed first, and that in order to become a winning team, you have to start somewhere and work your way up. His team, the 1984-85 Swami baseball program, Heeded the advice of his assistant and Head Coach Bob Dobes, who was here before as an assistant at Dartmouth.

"The success that Jerad has had is putting off the victory," Reickin said. "It's difficult to say how much of an effect Jerad's success has had on our baseball team." The victory, the game of life, is a long time coming.

Review

The policy has worked well. In his three years at Penn, the baseball teams have compiled a 135-150 record, which is a four-year winning percentage of 45.8.

The boys opened their season with a hard-fought 7-0 victory over Cornell last weekend. The boys were elated.

Robert "Austere" Reickin II (P 20-11, 21-0, 21-0) said: "Just desire. You don't have to be a Swami to study everything. You have to be a Swami to study anything."

"It worked out well up there," Daly explained. "We were in the same room. We played football and basketball, and I was dating a girl from Dartmouth." "If you have any questions and you don't know how those work out," Polishe said. "Jack and I met and talked about this. We went on a date."

The quarterback was a starter when Rick Stafford was injured.

"We obviously have to be extra-cautious with anything that could not be immediately going against a pretty good basketball team, a team with talented athletes," Reickin said. "We're a cellar-dwelling team, and if we don't want to be, we're going to have to put in some extra work." "What the most encouraging sign was the fact that every man in our team was able to have an impact on the outcome," Reickin said.

Another of the freshman, Johnny Bernhardt, said: "We're all kids academically, but in seven years, they are going to have a core of talent that is going to attract the schoolwork load. We are making our mark on the team so that they don't lose their eligibility.

The success that Jerad has had is putting off the victory."

Another of the freshman, Johnny Bernhardt, said: "We're all kids academically, but in seven years, they are going to have a core of talent that is going to attract the schoolwork load. We are making our mark on the team so that they don't lose their eligibility.

(Continued on page 13)
By David Goldberg

He is a walking paradox.
He brims with confidence. And yet he has no self-confidence. He competes in a sport famous for absurd antics, brash boasting, and childish carrying-on. And yet he is subdued, humble, and modest. He makes his living by beating up on people. And yet he is scared of his daddy.
He is Marvis Frazier. And on November 25, at Caesar's Palace in Las Vegas, he will be fighting Larry Holmes for the Heavyweight Championship of the World.

(Continued on page 8)
ODE TO A FOOD VENDOR

You stand all day to hawk your wares, your breath bad, your clothes stained, your work done. I doubt your own parents can stand you. We do not like to bad mouth the poor or underprivileged, but in your case — where someone has such an attitude — we can't. You might not have lived in Camden, but you should have gotten a childhood spent whiffing fumes in the Love Canal.

P.S. I suggest you go visit a good psychologist. maybe he can find out what's up your ass.

Dear Meiselman:

Your story "The Usual" is reflective of your inability to choose a story that the same reader can relate to. Who cares about what you eat? Who cares about the people you eat with? Who cares about the "white moustache" of Chris? You obviously eat at the "Le Bec Fin" for yuppies. Your story ruined my appetite. The average Penn Student doesn't care about the food at Troy's at 4 a.m. about Camden, about Mr. Finkelberry, or about your eating habits. Until you are able to choose stories that are informative to the needs of the Penn community, 34th Street Magazine will remain what it is today — a living for kitty litter boxes.

Sincerely yours,

Jim Chamley

Lisa Ward

The Fine Print

On the Cover: Philadelphia's own champ Smokin' Joe and his son Marvis prepare for a title shot versus Larry Holmes for the Heavyweight Championship of the World.

By David R. Meiselman

ODE TO A FOOD VENDOR

You stand all day to hawk your wares, you have bad breath, you do not care the steam pours from the sauerkraut like the light bege smoke from in your mouth

rock-hard pretzels of your dough

dab of mustard, let it flow

"Ow! Guess what? I chipped my tooth!"

"It's your fault, kid, you ate my food"

hot dogs of rubber hurt my teeth

but we all know they aren't beef

we'll get trichynosis from your stuff

or hepatitis from an eggroll truck

but you're still happy, yestimoe

you pay your rent because of me

tomorrow is another day.

but I just wish you'd go away.

Letters

Last week's letter from Mr. Dingleberry apparently evoked some response. Take note.

Dear Editor:

There you go again! Shuffling the facts in an abhorrent attempt to camouflage the truth. Sure, let the readers judge for themselves; but first, present all the testimony.

My January letter was a gut reaction to the sarcasm and insensitivity of 34th Street Magazine at that time. As my P.S. suggested in that letter, you did not have the Balls to print my letter then; but rather now take it out of context to obviously manipulate reader sentiment in your favor.

Yes, you have chosen your path and it is contradictory to my own. You continue to bad mouth the poor and underprivileged and unleash harsh criticism against your peers. Just remember this: Sticks and stones may break my bones, but I just wish you'd go away.

Sincerely yours,

Ralph Finkelberry

Philadelphia, PA

On the Street

by Sunny A.M. Koshy

You can dance if you want to: You can leave your friends behind. Cause your friends don't dance and if they don't dance well they're no friends of mine. You can talk to Men Without Hats if you want to, you can leave your work behind. Cause Sabrina Eaton did and ever since she did well you locked out this time. You can dance, you can dance, everything's out of control on page 12.

Nothing is worse than a man in the depths of an ether binge: Or so Dr. Hunter S. Thompson has said in the past. But what's he up to now? Roxanne Tarnbaum takes a look at his latest work on page 5.
Aliens in Philly

Philadelphia is a far out place. It's so far out that the term "science fiction" was first coined here. Real-ly. And this weekend, sci-fi fans will get their chance to blast into the outer limits of the galaxy—right around the corner in the place where it all started.

Philcon, the annual Philadelphia Science Fiction Convention sponsored by the Philadelphia Science Fiction Society, will take willing travelers to the far stretches of their imagination on November 18-20 as they present a plethora of well-known authors and artists assembled for a collection of talks and panels that will challenge appreciation of the field today.

It may all sound amazing—and it is. Amazing magazine, a fiction publication still edited in Philadelphia, first applied the term in May of 1926 (although the actual substance already existed, a la HG Wells) It remains a bastion in the world of science fiction through literature and panels that will challenge the imagination on November 18-20 as they present a plethora of well-known authors and artists assembled for a collection of talks and panels that will challenge appreciation of the field today. The three-day program hopes to show people just how important the written word is to the field. "Interests are not coming from reading, but they are derived from reading," Sisk says. "We hope that the people will appreciate not only the derivatives, but the originals as well."

Some of the originals appearing this weekend include well-known Philadelphia area writer L. Sprague de Camp, and his wife, who combined have released three books in the last year; the co-editor of Amazing who also does science fiction book reviews for the Inquirer; Bob Walters, an especially funny dinosaur expert; and fantasy artist Jenny Wurts, among others.

More of the 40 talks and panels scattered throughout the weekend, many of which are geared toward writing, include: Planetary Design, War and the showing of sci-fi films such as Mad Max, Tron, and the sale and auction of thousands of original fantasy and sci-fi artworks—that may have been the cover of the best travel book of the century. The three-day program hopes that a strong showing will strengthen their bid to bring the World Science Fiction Convention to Philadelphia only a few years away in 1986. But don't worry—even if the lunar travelers do make it to this corner of Planet Earth, it's still nothing to be scared of. After all, it's still in the future, and it's no scarier than what we're already forced to deal with.

The Accident

We were walking through Center City right around the corner in the middle of a cloudy, windy afternoon when we saw it on the corner of 15th and Locust.

A yellow cab had tried to steal a left turn from the right hand lane, and the timid and meek Diamond cab driver didn't see him until it was too late. It was a mistake.

"Who's fault was it?" we asked the driver of the yellow cab as the brawny man with the pull over cap made a wild hand gesture. "It's the yellow cab's fault!" yelled a man in a yellow cab yet piling free from its rear bumper crashed to the ground in a deluge of honks and obscenities so that the people will appreciate not only the derivatives, but the originals as well. The three-day program hopes that a strong showing will strengthen their bid to bring the World Science Fiction Convention to Philadelphia only a few years away in 1986. But don't worry—even if the lunar travelers do make it to this corner of Planet Earth, it's still nothing to be scared of. After all, it's still in the future, and it's no scarier than what we're already forced to deal with.

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4: 34th Street Magazine, November 17, 1983
**Fear and Loathing and the Great American Liberal Hunt**

The Curse of Lono
by Hunter S. Thompson
and Ralph Steadman
Published by Bantam Books
($9.95)

By Roxanne Tarnbaum

Dear Doc,

8:20 p.m. You bastard.
The deal is down, of course, and I got your package this after-
noon. But it was a cruel, loathsome move to mail all this
C.O.D. Someday I'll buy out you and your kind and mete out
my own kind of justice.

Never mind that for now, though. If nothing else, your tastes
are universal Swiss, for with the shipment I have almost everything
essential for a close reading (and even review) of the new Thomp-
son book. Let's see: two cases of Miller, three dozen grapefruit
pints of gin and Glen-Fiddich, a quart of Wild Turkey, the organic
fish, and others want to kill them

You should also stop worrying about my stability. Sure, my
stomach was churning like a rat-

mum and my brain full of fear at
the prospect of this assignment
But after swallowing a cap of black
acid and speed-reading Hell's

Engel's (1967), a
truet account of the infamous
motorcycle gang's rituals and
machinations. The "New Jour-
nalism" was thus born, and
Thompson, in the role of
knight's "outlaw" journalist,
was major Gonzo practitioner
in classics like Fear and Loathing in Las Vegas (1969), Fear and
Loathing on the Campaign Trail
(1973), and The Great Shark Hunt
(1977). Always insane and
always teetering on the edge of the
decay with his compulsive
mauriceal habits, famous Thomp-
sen has been called, by no less a
personage than Kurt Vonnegut,
"the literary equivalent of Cubism:
all rules are broken." Well put.
Kurt. If you excite me I'll hire
another pitcher of Glen-Fiddich.

But the real secret of Thomp-
sen, I suspect, lies not in his
outlandish activities, it lies in the
Doctor's uncanny ability to be both
insider and alien, to write about
others and himself with the same
words, to make his subject both
the original subject and journalism
itself. The best example of this is
Campaign Trail, where Thompson
gets off on the adrenaline of major
league politics while despising the
very system he's a parasite of. It
gets involved and weird, this
business of detesting what you
love and loving what you detest,
but Thompson muddles through
somehow on massive amounts of
cocaine and large wagers on
McGovern in the primaries. It's
really the equivalent of hacking
your fingers off and bleeding on
the page instead of writing: sure,
it's a mess - but what a pristine,
spectacular mess it is.

Which brings us to The Curse of
Lono, where Thompson's copy is
wrapped around illustrator Ralph
Steadman's howling pen-and-inks.
The two of them set off for Hawaii,
 ostensibly to cover the Honolulu
marathon for Running magazine.
In fact the race gives Thompson
the opportunity to score repeated-
ly with left jabs to the head of the
Great American Liberal, both ver-

dally and physically. A touch of
the old magic: Thompson sudden-
ly announces that he has entered
himself and Steadman in the
marathon. But he hasn't taken us
anywhere yet, instead concen-
trating on the possibilities of marlin
fishing in 17-foot waves and the
history of Hawaii, focusing on the
discovery of the island by Captain
Cook, who the natives mistake for
their great lost god Lono.

Maybe it's the Scotch, Doc, but
Lono just doesn't bring the journ-
alist and his subject together like
good Gonzo should. Why is he do-
ing this? Who is the man with the
blue arm? When will Thompson's
six-point Samoan war club reapp-
pear (certainly not for crushing
ice)? And why do I hear screams
all around me? Perhaps I haven't
read enough of the book to answer
these questions properly?

2:12 a.m. You said this would be
easy, Doc. It is, of course.
anything but that. Your sleazy lies
are costing me money and I'm los-
ing my sense of humor. You
should have your teeth gouged
out with a chisel for not levelling
that this review would be a living
hell or that I would feel sicker and
sicker every hour. Yes, I should
put out a lit cigarette on your neck,
and I don't only because I know
that kind of hideous mutilation
would raise unpleasant questions
on the street for me.

You see, it's all mixed up. So far
in Lono, Thompson has been guil-
ty of fraud, arson, bombing,
assault, conspiracy, harboring
fugitives, and heresy. He has pro-
claimed himself a god and driven
to the edge of volcanoes at un-
thinkable speed and has beaten a
300-lb marlin to death with a 300-
year-old piece of wood. In short,
he has made absolutely no sense
at all, and yet every word he has
written has made sense, damn me.
Is he really a Cubist? Can he
get away with anything just by
breaking all the rules? Or is it that
he's nothing but a hilarious maniac
who sells ourselves for our delight?
Forget it. When the going gets
weird, the weird turn pro. But I'm
a rank amateur, and nothing can
save me now. I might as well eat
the mescaline.

4:56 a.m. This is a weird book.
Doc: It's been weird from the start,
and it becomes relentlessly weirder
with every turn of the page. My
imagination can't understand why
I'm still here. And neither can I.

except that somehow, it seems to
be working. I've sent out for more
grapefruits: I hope your budget
can handle it.

Steadman's drawings aren't the
least of it. Bizarre to the point of
hallucinogenic, they alternate
lavish color with icy black and
white while consistently using hair-
thin lines and "accidental" ink
spillage to create an aura of late
and impending doom. His
Thompson is muscular, even
animalistic, a powerful beast that
embodies images of Nietzsche's
Superman while at the same
time. What? What am I saying?
Now I'm losing my grip to the
psychedelics. Bad business: it's
time to collect the razor blades.

8:18 a.m. I have it! I have it!
I've come 12 hours and lost
countless brain cells to arrive at the
only conclusion, the obvious con-
clusion. And this is not all. For why
does Thompson always intrude
with everyone, from the Buckleys
to the Wolfe's to the Vonneguts,
from the middle class out in every
direction, from the fascists to the anar-
chists in our own generation? Why
can Thompson write about real
estate and make us love listening
to him? Because, like the
Hawaiian gods were for their peo-
ples, he is not intrinsically different
from his readers - just bigger and
bolder and better in every way.

The great god Lono
When will the Samoan war club reappear?

Excerpt

"Run for your life, sports, because that's
all you have left. The same people who
burned their draft cards in the Sixties
and got lost in the Seventies are now
into running when politics failed and
personal relationships proved
unmanageable. After McGovern went
down and Nixon exploded right in front
of our eyes, a Ted Kennedy got
Stassened and Jimmy Carter put the
fork to everybody who ever believed
anything he said about anything at all
and after the nation turned en masse to
the atavistic wisdom of Ronald Reagan."

34th Street Magazine, November 17, 1983: 5
The Mother Country and the Land of the Free

Getting Out
by Marsha Norman

Night and Day
by Tom Stoppard

By Charles Wright

Two dramas presently on the local boards demonstrate a fundamental distinction between serious play-making in America and England. Alas, the Mother Country shines in the comparison, and the Land of the Free looks like the home of the stodgy and didactic.

The English entry in this contest is Night and Day by Tom Stoppard; the American one is Marsha Norman's Getting Out. Stoppard is an eminently literate writer – Czech by birth, British by adoption, and resident in India, Singapore, and southern England for much of his youth. After leaving school at 17, he settled in England as a journalist and has spent his adult life there. Marsha Norman is Kentucky born, studied philosophy at one of the tiniest and most academic of the southern women's colleges, and worked both as an aide to a regional military organization and as a teacher of gifted children.

Getting Out and Night and Day qualify as what Bernard Shaw qualified as problem plays – trenchant, arguments from dramatic – with the thesis, message, and style of Getting Out and Night and Day. The plays are presented by two of the best companies in Philadelphia – quite an accolade when you consider that, although often hinting, Philadelphia theater can be very, very good. Night and Day is at The People's Light and Theatre, a seasoned Actors' Equity company that mounts the most elaborate productions of serious drama in the Delaware Valley. Had we but world enough and time, I would spend the months in column inches praising Joe Ragey's solid, beautiful setting, a bungalow living room and patio with part of a driveway exposed. Suffice it to say that it is as elaborate as the original New York set. But Ragey lends dramatic urgency to the production by utilizing the thrust space of the People's Light House rather than a traditional proscenium divide.

The production is blessed with the graceful performance of Leslie Lyles as the witty, nubile Englishwoman. None of the other performances come up to her standard, but none of them are sufficiently below it to stick out like sore thumbs. The one mystery is why Lyles chooses to give Ruth a smarmy Sloane Ranger accent when we are acclimated to the stock smart Englishwoman of drawing room drama speaking with the click and clip of BBC news readers or reporters as if it were the most natural lift of public school and Oxford. The debonair inflection gives the character a mindless something.

Getting Out
Arlene (played by Helena Ruoti) is a released convict's protagonist who must decide whether she will submit to the more lucrative business of prostitution. Arlene's old life, personified in the sneering, belittling people of Arlene's old life, is set in the lower depths of southern society – in an Alabama prison where the protagonist has been incarcerated and in a dilapidated tenement in Louisville to which she repairs upon release. Arlene (played by Helena Ruoti), the convict who is getting out, believes that she has been cleared by the encouragement and confidence of a prison chaplain and by the personal strength of the protestant deity he has preached to her. But her relatives and old acquaintances assume that she will return to her former criminal ways.

Stoppard's Night and Day, on the other hand, is a more sophisticated play, with a much more subtle and nuanced interplay of characters. The play revolves around the relationship between two former convicts in a free society. Stoppard considers the role and responsibilities of journalists Night and Day is set in Kombabwe, an African country recently freed of British rule, where a regional military organization is trying to wrest power from the tyrannous president (Roewell Young). As the likelihood of war increases, a band of English-speaking reporters assembles in the home of an English industrialist (Douglas Wing) and his cerebral wife (Leslie Lyles). The party of the two plays is that whereas Night and Day tackles the moral dilemma of reporting while a few miles away the revolutionary forces mount a siege on the nation's capital, Getting Out focuses on the personal lives of its characters.

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that is not quite right, but Lyles has such splendid stage presence and Stoppard's speeches are so literate and clever that it really doesn't matter.

Getting Out is performed by the fledgling Philadelphia Company, which currently operates as a "developing theater" under a letter of agreement with Equity. The quality of this production bodes well for the group's fourth season. Ken Becker's set, apartment and prison simultaneously exposed, is arresting. Sara Garonik's direction is smooth and fast-moving, and the lighting by George Black successfully separates present action from memory. Fortunately, Ruoti and Lawrence, though outstanding, do not stand above the rest of the cast in the way that Lyles does in Night and Day; instead, they contribute to an ensemble that is, surprisingly, more uniform than that of the mature People's Light. Clearly, the Philadelphia Company is hot on the heels of its older sibling.

But back to this contrast of American playwrights and their English brethren. The current task of establishing a national theater in New York (the gospel according to Joe Papp), Washington (at the instigation of Roger L. Stevens), or throughout the country on a peregrinating basis (as Actors Equity proposed last Monday), makes the question of the quality of American dramatists an urgent one. Lately, Broadway fare has been over-weighted with British plays, especially mediocre or unpollished ones like Chord, Nite, and Passion. This suggests that there may be a shortage or some deficiency in our own products.

If Marsha Norman is indicative of the state of the art, there is a worrying deficiency. Clearly, her Pulitzer Prize play, Night, Mother, is original in the way it approaches a question — suicide and the sanctity of life. But even that work, with its banality of character, pedestrian tone and undistinguished use of language, does not suggest that she will be an equal of O'Neill, Behrman, George Kelly, or Robert E. Sherwood. Certainly, one can't imagine a play of hers sparkling with wit, style, and a multitude of ideas like Stoppard's Night and Day.

Admittedly, in Night, Mother, Norman manages to give us two sides of an argument: "life without joy or dignity is not worth living versus humans have no right to tamper with life." (The former wins when the protagonist storms herself at the end.) But in Getting Out, Norman spends well over two hours developing a single argument without much insight. She hasn't produced the one-sided propaganda play on life after prison that the young Arthur Miller might have written had his imagination stayed away from Brooklyn backyards and the middle class and had his producers allowed him to use dirty language. We can but hope that, in the interest of American theater, Yale will hire Tom Stoppard to teach at the Drama School.

Hysterial Parthenogenesis?

By Charles Wright

John Pielmeier's highly successful play, Agnes of God, has opened at the Shubert in a handsome replica of the New York production. The first-rate cast consists of Elizabeth Ashley, repeating her Broadway role as a psychiatrist, Mercedes McCartridge as a Mother Superior, and Mariann Plunkett as a young nun, Agnes. The director is Michael Lindsay-Hogg.

As practically everyone knows by now, Agnes is a near relation of another highly successful play, Equus by Peter Shaffer. Indeed, the similarities are far too numerous and striking to go unremarked. Both Agnes and Equus, concern disturbed young people who have committed ghastly crimes under the influence of religious and sexual confusion. In Equus, a boy who worships horses is moved to stab a fellow worshiper in the eye. In Agnes, a 21-year-old nun — a bona fide nun case — is seduced by clergymen,physically abused by her alcoholic mother, and taken into the convent. She becomes a metaphysical exercise, a challenge to the empirical consciousness of our age. This does not raise the artistic stature of the work, but cheapens it with dramatic moxie.

Uniform melodramas would be a more pleasant pill to swallow and a good deal less silly. Surely no one in the audience thinks for a moment that the question of the play is whether Agnes is the recipient of a sacred gift or even the subject of some sort of hysterical parthenogenesis. The question from first to last is who strangled the hapless babe. Apparently Pielmeier is not content with an entertaining thriller: he wants to be a combination of Shaffer, Agatha Christie, J.B. Priestly, Dorothy Sayers, and Lloyd C. Douglas! He's an overwrought fellow.

The three actresses play together with an ensemble that is marvelous to behold. Their timing of the comic lines is deft and their control of the many emotional interchanges keeps much that is shamelessly melodramatic from becoming utterly ridiculous. Perhaps the play is silly and fluffy and without merit after all; we won't know until it is separated from the consummate performances of this trio. In the meantime, it's colloquial fun.
Marvis Frazier's life will be changed by his performance that night. If he wins, he will gain his own identity, silence critics and live up to the expectations of his Pop and his God. If he loses.

Round 1 - The walls of the Joe Frazier Gym on North Broad Street are covered with photographs, cartoons, and murals celebrating the career of one of boxing's most beloved champions. There is a cartoon praising Joe's courage in Manila. There is a note from Erma Bombeck asking for a title shot. There is a purple and gray mural looking out over the practice sparing ring that spells J-O-E horizontally and vertically.

Philadelphia's own Smokin' Joe Frazier was the World Heayweight Champion from 1970-1973. The gaudy green title belt that Joe wore as champion is prominently displayed at the front of his desk. Joe is sitting behind the desk in a big straw chair. He is being shaved and shaved by one of his younger sons.

Marvis sits in the corner. The shadows in the room obscure his face. For Marvis, there are no cartoons, no notes from Erma Bombeck, no murals.

Round 2 - Three weeks before the biggest fight of his life, Marvis is talking strategy.

"We'll try to nullify Holmes' jab," he says. "We'll try to put a lot of pressure on him. Holmes hasn't fought someone who'll throw punches for 15 rounds. I will beat him. He's been a great champion. But everything must change."

Boxing is an individual sport. But Marvis is talking in "we's." He is including his father.

For Joe Frazier, nothing has changed. He is still the world champion, even though he is 39-years old. Even though he weighs 260 pounds. Even though his son is fighting for the title.

"I'm still the master," Joe says, when asked about his infrequent sparring sessions with Marvis. "I knock him out. I have the know how. I know how to check him off."

Marvis agrees. "He's the master."

Round 3 - Joe Frazier is Marvis' father, friend, trainer, manager, and master. He is a tremendous personality. His presence casts a shadow over anyone else in the room. Marvis is enveloped in that shadow. But it's a relationship that Marvis seems comfortable with. He isn't shadowboxing.

"My job is just to fight, to do the things he wants me to do," Marvis says. "He's the head guy. When you go on a ship, the ship's crew has a captain. He's the captain of my ship. My job is just to fight, to listen to instructions. He's there to watch me."

"I know all the problems," Joe says. "When he's wrong, I straighten him out. I see all his mistakes. My job is to bring out the best in him."

"You can't teach someone to drive a car unless you can drive," Marvis adds. "Pop's driven all the way to the top. He's driven an 18-wheeler. He's driven twenty thousand miles. He's driven from here to Tibet."

Now Joe Frazier is driving to Las Vegas. He is scared of airplanes.

Round 4 - "I put myself on the back," Joe says. He is referring to the job he has done managing his son's career. Not many managers can get their fighter a title shot so early in their career. Joe considers himself to be a prime reason for Marvis' success.

"No upcoming fighter can touch Marvis," Joe says. "There are plenty of good fighters, but none of them have a father who can drive the car."

"I got my experience in the ring," he continues. "I do know what I'm doing. I'm not saying that all fighter can be trainers. But God's given me a gift. I can do most anything."

Round 5 - Many critics have said that the only reason Marvis Frazier is getting a title shot is because he is Joe's son. It makes for a great promotional angle and that translates into great money for the promoters. He's undefeated, but he's only had 11 professional fights and is ranked eleventh by Ring Magazine. Marvis takes exception to this criticism.

"I know I'll prove my critics wrong," he says. "I don't believe I'm getting a shot because of my last name. I'm getting a shot because that's what the people want. Larry Holmes has given me a chance because he thinks that I deserve a shot."

Harold Weston is the boxing matchmaker at Madison Square Garden in New York City. He doesn't think that Frazier deserves the title shot — yet.

"Nobody deserves a title shot with just 10 pro fights," Weston says. "Larry Holmes paid his dues. Joe Frazier paid his dues before he fought for the title. You have to pay your dues."

"Publicity played a big role in this fight," Weston adds. "The role of Marvis' father should be rated highly. Everybody loves Joe Frazier."

"A ranked fighter such as Marvis Frazier certainly deserves a shot," argues John Condon, President of Madison Square Garden Boxing. "There's no doubt that Joe's background helped Marvis. It made him more famous, more prominent. But it should be a good fight. I give Marvis a real chance."

Both Weston and Condon agree that Joe's experience has benefited Marvis' career.

"Joe knows how to manage," Weston says. "He's doing the right things, making the right steps. After all, he's getting his son $1 million, isn't he? That's the bottom line."

"Marvis got where he is with Joe as his trainer and manager," Condon adds. "And you can't be much higher than where he is, fighting for a title."

Round 6 - Back at the hotel, finished his shave. He was wearing no shirt underneath and black sunglasses, and hands them to me and sets them down.

"Thanks, Pop," Marvis says. "They're too dark. I like the sun."

Round 7 - Val Cober doesn't see any familial problem.

"Marvis is his own man," Cober says. "He's their own individual. But as anybody. Put it this way — Joe is their own individual. Joe knows the way you can drive a car, you can't drive."

The family is unusual. Old-fashioned people, father and son, together. There is no friction. They're just good people. They themselves.

Round 8 - Marvis was the father's son. Marvis is the father's son.

"I would say that my children are my郗 explains. "Except perhaps anything. We had moreibre in childhood. When Pop said A, I was B and C. But he was no more strict than the children. Punishment was the only way. Love was there when you washed the dishes."

"The family is unusual," Cober adds. "He's the captain. Marvis is out of line, he sets the rules. Boys in the army, he sets the orders. Pop and the child due in April. Pop is his own decisions."

Round 9 - Joe Frazier remains development of Philadelphia's reputation.

"Philadelphia is the capital of my gym is the White House," Frazier says. "Everyone branches out of here. Young, Tex Cobb, Michael Spence, Willie the Worm. For Marvis, being around someone important for another reason. It's a lot easier."

"To guys who say that I don't know who Marvis is, Marvis says, "I held my own. Nobody has a Philadelphia heavyweight."
s Frazier accepts the challenge

Round 13 - Joe has been criticized for his management of Marvis. The critics say that Marvis isn't strong enough, mature enough, or experienced enough to fight for the heavyweight championship. Joe doesn't agree.

"I wouldn't put him in a situation if I thought he'd get hurt," Joe said. "The main thing is education. Marvis has been through grammar school, junior high school, high school. Now he's graduating."

Joe has supervised the education of his son through scenes of amateur fights, numerous injuries, and against opponents he himself had faced years earlier.

"Will he feel the pain when Marvis gets hit by Larry Holmes?"

"Who's planning on getting hit?" Joe says.

Round 14 - If Marvis beats Larry Holmes and succeeds his father as heavyweight champion, his relationship with his father's being heavier change.

"I'll be the same if I'm champion," Marvis says. "Pop will still be the master. Nothing will change between us."

Joe Frazier doesn't quite agree.

"I hope some things change," Joe says. "We hope to spread a little more love around here. Do you know how to spell 'love'? M-O-N-F-Y."

Round 15 - The interview is almost over. Joe has been active the entire time, prancing back and forth. He looks through the one-way mirror that lets him see out of his office but doesn't let anyone see in. He toys with a sophisticated hi-fi system that is built into a wet bar in his cabinet. The entire time, Marvis has sat quietly in his chair in the shadows. The last question is addressed to Marvis - asking him what he plans to accomplish as the heavyweight champion.

"I feel it's a religious thing," Marvis says quietly. "It's a spiritual thing. Not that Larry Holmes isn't a God-fearing man, but I think the Lord has a purpose for me being champion. The world is going away from Christ, towards the wages of sin."

"A lot of people look up to a champion. I believe Jesus will raise me up for a reason. He has plans." Marvis Frazier stands up, his face emerging from the shadows for the first time. In the light, he looks a lot like his father.

In eight days, he will stand up in front of Larry Holmes. Under a national spotlight, he will try to emerge permanently from the shadow of his father.

"Say a prayer for me," he says quietly.
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Thought for the Week:

"Think of it! The brain of a dead man, waiting to live again in a body I made with my own hands!"
- Henry Frankenstein (Colin Clive) in Frankenstein (1931)

"We belong dead!"
- the Frankenstein Monster (Boris Karloff) in The Bride of Frankenstein (1935)

"To die! To be really dead! That must be glorious!"
- Count Dracula (Bela Lugosi) in Dracula (1931)
Grey Fox Needs Geritol

By Howard Sherman

The Grey Fox
Directed by Philip Borsos
At the Ritz III

In the past few years, a few filmmakers have discovered that audiences enjoy a simple, pastoral, good-natured film as a relief from the standard action or foreign intellectual fare usually offered. Bill Forsyth's Gregory's Girl and Local Hero are two prime examples of this. In The Grey Fox, director Philip Borsos shows that too much of these good things defeat their own intentions: they add up to a fairly boring film.

The Grey Fox of the title is 60-year-old Bill Miner, a "gentleman bandit" who, after serving a 33-year sentence in San Quentin for stagecoach robbery, returns to crime as a train robber in Canada in 1901. An old school crook who believes in "specialization," Miner quickly tries to become inconspicuous and infinite care. Miner quickly realizes that present-day Pinkerton man who trailed Miner from the U.S. (a la Butch Cassidy and The Sundance Kid) fails to spark any dramatic tension.

As the Grey Fox, Richard Farnsworth twirls his blue eyes expertly and imbues the character with just the right mixture of humanity and criminality. However, he is in every moment of the film, and his presence is not nearly enough to carry the picture. A veteran stuntman and novice actor, Farnsworth gives what is in essence a fine supporting performance that is wholly out of place in a leading role. The other performers - all even more obscure than Farnsworth - perform admirably, but their parts are so wholly insubstantial that they fail to attract any real notice.

The film most closely resembles Terrence Malick's Days of Heaven, which similarly emphasized the power and beauty of the land over its story of a runaway criminal trying to escape his past. But in that film, Nestor Almendros' cinematography was so dramatic in and of itself, capturing a locust attack and the burning field's intensity, that it more than made up for the slighting of the film's narrative.

Without a strong anchor in any area, The Grey Fox simply drifts along, touching on a variety of elements that could have been exploited in order to make a more affecting picture. While still remaining true to his determinedly low-key tale, Borsos' - whose previous credits are documentaries - might have managed to provide a nice counterpoint to the life that Miner was trying to establish by showing the humanity of the past he sought to escape. Another alternative would have been to explore the culture shock experienced by Miner after his long imprisonment, delving deeper into the character without having to resort to action in order to focus the story.

She Should Have Married a Doctor

By Kevin Maler

I Married a Shadow
Directed by Robin Davis
At the Roxy Screening Room

Eight months pregnant, she is left by her erratic, unemployed husband, and she boards a train bound for an unknown destiny, where she meets another woman, Patricia Meynard, and her husband, Bertrand. They exchange pleasantries; she has cofee, he has tea. Patricia offers her the use of a dress (graciously, but tentatively accepted); the train crashes. Bertrand is killed; Patricia is comatose; and Helene is assumed to be Patricia. Having never met her, the Bertrands offer to take her and her child in. She decides to accept her new identity and start over.

The pace of I Married A Shadow is winding and relaxed: the setting is unobtrusive and pastoral. At first glance, this film pretends to be heavily plot-oriented. But Shadow is a story where loose ends are glossed over, and the aura is pure, fair, facile.

Films with contrived plots often have a tendency to overwhelm characters - if only because the action is so stilted and the characters are so unreal. To keep the plot tight, characters are intentionally kept brief and shallow, either very neutre or very comic. This is not the case in I Married a Shadow. Helene Patricia (Nathalie Baye) is given plenty of time to luxuriate in her setting, director Robin Davis wants to indulge his characters and give them the time to mature.

For the actors, this task is herculean. Baye must mature without the support of heightened action; how does one go about acting "naturally" paralyzed as a stowaway fraud? Too often, the film excises her incongruity, and her actions border on vapid. Instead, she needs to feel the consequence of her actions to better get a bearing on the situation.

Fortunately, Helene Patricia does not always escape so easily. When she must face her inquisitors, the characters are spon- taneous and real. The most innocent of comments can bring a jumble of misunderstood reactions such as "So Patricia, how did you meet our son?" These clever spots are enjoyable.

Grey Fox Needs Geritol

The Grey Fox isn't what she used to be and neither is he.

...There are so many things that The Grey Fox isn't that it is almost impossible to define exactly what it is. All in all, it is a genuine film with genuine pacing, an overwhelmingly inoffensive and passive Western that leaves even the most retiring viewer wishing that John Wayne would ride in with the cavalry (or Geritol) to revive its faded spirit.

You are now leaving the Twilight Zone

Free Lunch

Missed for someone else. Nathalie Baye milks it for all it's worth

The Grey Fox: the old grey more ain't what she used to be and neither is he.
**Interview**

**Men Without Hats – Not Without Brains**

This Canadian group has the whole continent dancing to the safety of its catchy blend of political syntho-pop

**By Sabrina Eaton**

They may not have hats, but this Canadian band sure has talent. Since they've scored a smash hit with the "Safety Dance" single from their platinum Rhythm of Youth L.P., Men Without Hats have had good reason to dance. Their catchy brand of synthesizer pop has been likened to everything from Devo to Duran Duran. 34TH STREET spoke to musical director and band founder Ivan Doroschuk before tonight's show at South Street's Ripley Music Hall.

34TH STREET: How did you come up with the name "Men Without Hats"?

Doroschuk: We made it up.

34: Does it stand for anything?

Doroschuk: No. It's really open to personal interpretation. Totally free.

34: How did you guys form your band?

Doroschuk: I formed them after studying Film and Communications at McGill University, about three years ago. I left school to form the band. I just put it together. I have my two brothers in it now with me and another guy, Alan McCarthy. But my brothers weren't always in it, they were in and out. We tried various personnel. This band here has been together for almost two years now.

Hypocrisy

If they're Men Without Hats, why's that guy wearing one? Something's not right here.

34: Why did you decide to play synthesizer pop instead of classical?

Doroschuk: Classical musicians are like rock musicians who play in cover bands. A whole bunch of originality, creativity, and imagination is being squashed in classical musicians, and they're being turned into just performers. I've always been into rock music and pop, and I've always been into synthesizers. I grew up listening to bands like Roxy Music — the first Roxy Music with Eno — and a lot of early seventies European progressive music like Soft Machine, Gong, Van de Graaff Generator, and German music like Kraftwerk. I've always been into synths. Being a keyboard player and having a drum machine and a pulse bass makes it a lot easier to compose. I like drum machines. If I had a drummer, I'd want him to do what the drum machine does. We don't have a drummer, and we don't have a bass player. It's three keyboard players and a guitarist.

34: How do you write your music?

Doroschuk: On piano. I write most of the material. I write all of the lyrics and about 75 percent of the music.

34: Do you have any favorite contemporary groups?

Doroschuk: Yes. I like Roxy Music: they're one of my all-time favorites. There's a lot of bands. I like the Psychedelic Furs. As far as American bands go, I like bands like the Talking Heads. I think that the Violent Femmes are good — a really fresh idea. Their music has the same buzz to it as the B-52's had when they came out with their sound. It was just so original and fresh that everybody thought it was great.

34: Your E.P. was called Folk of the Eighties. Do you have any folk influences?

Doroschuk: We just called it that because we had the feeling that the synthesizer was becoming to the eighties what the guitar was to the sixties. And that pop music doesn't have to be totally vacant and dance music doesn't have to be just gratuitous dance music. You can use the platform to say something, and you don't have to put up with all of the corporate bullshit that goes on. You can either be swallowed up by the machine or you can stand up for what you believe in. Top 40 can be used, instead of Top 40 using the artists.

34: What's the Canadian music scene like. Is it difficult to break into?

Doroschuk: Well, we didn't really bother too much with the Canadian music scene. Our album went gold practically by word of mouth and it's almost platinum now. We've done one cross Canada tour. It's a demographic problem. The music scene in Canada is different in that it's very regional. There's not much communication between the province of Quebec, where we come from, and Ontario, where there are a lot of bands coming from. There is another bunch of bands in Vancouver, which is over on the west coast. There's not too much collaboration between Canadian musicians.

We just started playing in the States — the northeast — playing Boston, getting gigs in New York and Jersey and just all around until we tried to go a little further. We worked on the Ontario circuit which is a big market base of Canadian record buyers. We toured around the Toronto region too. But Quebec being French speaking, we had a hard time breaking the radio stations and everything because we're singing in English.

34: Aren't some of your songs in French?

Doroschuk: Yes, but that didn't seem to matter.

34: Why did you end up signing with an English label (Sire Records) instead of with a North American one?

Doroschuk: Because the English label was the only one that wanted to sign us.

34: I guess that's a good reason. Do you have any messages, political or otherwise, behind your music?

Doroschuk: Yes. I think that everything that everybody does is political. My personal opinion is that every move that you make is a political decision, either consciously or unconsciously, and yes, I think that our songs are very political.

34: What do they say?

Doroschuk: There's a basic message that's found in our videos. The "Safety Dance" video's message was that there's an impending doom hanging over us all, and that
Music: The Way It Was Heard Years Ago

By Jennifer Bilfield

There is only one original. Originality characterizes the Pennsylvania Pro Musica's approach to its pre-classical repertoire. Not in the sense of being different in its approach to the research and performance of the music, but rather in the search for authenticity. Pro Musica attempts to make current performances as close to the ones that might have been heard centuries ago.

Since he founded the Pro Musica ensemble and orchestra in 1968, group Director Franklin Zimmerman has researched and edited all pieces performed for that very reason. The group's success can be attributed to its pursuit of this musical purity.

The performance of older music necessitates editing; legitimacy requires research. With some pre-classical music, only the vocal parts and some in instrumental parts are preserved. Musicologists must choose from many available sources — the most accurate representation of the composer's original intent, the most authentic representation from many available sources — and then compile an edition suitable for performance. This requires a thorough knowledge of all elements of musical style.

Another problem encountered with the music is that the sounds of modern instruments differ from the sounds of the original or reproduced Medieval, Renaissance, and Baroque instruments. Zimmerman feels that the authenticity of the music is most important. "If the use is desirable but secondary to authenticity, it's a different story." Zimmerman is respected for the intellectual depth of his book on Purcell, for his work on Handel, and for studies of performance practice in early music.

In most pieces we perform, there is a great matter at hand," Zimmerman explains. "We must explore the concepts presented, then find effective ways to express them. It is surprising how easy this is to do in the conceptually oriented music we perform." At each Pro Musica performance, it is customary for Dr. Zimmerman to speak about the piece before it is presented. He provides the audience with an introduction, the textual and historical nature of the piece, the language translated, and the textual and historical nature of the piece.

"You see, from a humanistic point of view, music is music, and the way they feel," Zimmerman says. "Music is about people and is reflective of the time during which they live."

One finds that most large pre-classical choral works have a next, adds Zimmerman. "Handel's Messiah, which the group will perform in December. Such pieces must be treated in a cumulatively musical, academic, and spiritual way. Primarily, Zimmerman hopes that his audience will understand and know both the humanistic and humanizing dimensions in music.

Pennsylvania Pro Musica has provided its diverse audience with the opportunity to "enlarge their appreciation, understanding, and musical literacy" by extending the perimeters of the performance. It has been performed for Zimmerman research and edited all pieces performed for cities and universities, including Carnegie Hall. The group has performed in New York, Philadelphia, and London. Zimmerman feels that the music is about people and that the music is about the people who perform it.

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By Mark Caro

So there's Paul on the Hill about to make a new record. He's just finished the two singles, "Tug of War" and his 1972 album echoes throughout the horizon. Then Paul records one of the last echoes and calls it Pipes of Peace.

McCartney seems to have a knack, or a talent for recording material that only family bachs the past, and the reason is inspiration. His life was constantly changing when he, as a Beatle, was pushing forward the boundaries of popular music. The Beatles and others thought they really could change the world, and songs such as "All You Need Is Love" honestly reflected this enthusiasm. But the times broke up, the dream was over, and McCartney slipped into complacency.

His main inspiration since then seems to have been life on his farm with the wife and kids, and he has only produced faint echoes of his former work. One exception is 1973's Band on the Run, which was probably inspired by two of his Wings quitting and the feeling that no one liked him anymore. Another exception is Tug of War, for which he wrote a great ballad and other thoughtful songs following the murder of John Lennon.

But otherwise there's no emotion behind his music. On Pipes of Peace McCartney sounds more like a Sesame Street player spewing simpleminded slogans than someone genuinely disturbed by the state of the world. As McCartney himself remarks: "I got to give them all the children being born to the world a happy place." and decided it related the desperate life of the rude boy in "Johnny Too Bad." McCartney wants to write about it, as compelling as the blues rock of War. But his lyrics are not limited to the subject of living together in perfect harmony. On "Average Person," the person to whom he obviously can't relate. In a ringmaster's voice he sings about a "former engine driver," whose ambition is to work with lions, a waitress who wanted to be a movie star, and an ex-boxer who thought he was too short. He also imitates a kazoo and concludes with the most condescending statement ever on record:

Look at the average person Speak to the man in the queue Can you imagine the first one is you, Paul? Unfortunately, the music is about as deep as the lyrics. With the exception of 'Say Say Say' - one of two duets with Michael Jackson - the songs have no punch. Always he comes up with some catchy tunes, but we've heard it all before. George Martin's super slick production is partially to blame, but the real fault lies in McCartney's writing. For cute pop songs instead of the sharp and cutting, and singing them in a coy, self conscious manner.

If he were doing something besides pocketing millions of dollars, he might produce better music. From his Hill Paul may see the sun going down and the world spinning 'round, but he should re-enter the real world if he wants to write about it.

Bunny Waller Roots, Radics, Rockers, Reggae (Shanachie)

By Jonathan Matzkin

Reggae isn't related to rock, or influenced by rock, or analogous to rock. It is rock. Generating its own inestimable energy, the sound is sexual in the same way that the Rolling Stones are. And the music can, in its rhythmic drive, pack the same wallop as a volley of power chords. In its origins, its spirituality, and its stance, reggae might better be referred to as Jamaican roll.

American rock is roll sprung from a hybridization of rhythm and country, and 20 years later a comparable synthesis of reggae and Caribbean sounds yielded first ska, then rock steady, and finally reggae. By the early seventies, reggae had defined a characteristic sound and attitude, as compelling as the blues, rock that Muddy Waters first unleashed. Rastafarianism dominated the sound, its mythology, and its stance. But its other topics were often addressed. Desmond Dekker raged against oppression; the Slickers

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Music

Paul McCartney
Pipes of Peace
(Columbia)

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THE GREY FOX

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In which the search for Obi-Wan Kenobi proves fruitless. (Society Hill Playhouse, 507 S 8th and Spruce. Through 29 November)

THE GUMBY CHAINSAW MASSACRE IN 3 D AND SENSURROUND

Gumby’s frail green limbs and tilted head are viciously hacked apart in each frame, over and over again. For immature audiences only. (Under the derbies, 4015 Walnut St. Never answers or returns calls)

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