**Campus Events**

**For Today**
- **BUSINESSme**. Meet the President at 8:00 p.m. in the Conference Center.
- **Biological Basis of Behavior**. 4 p.m., Science Center, 101.
- **Black Student Health Panel**. 7 p.m., Student Union, 3rd floor.
- **CAPTAIN NIGHT**. Time to see Cher's debut picture.
- **Human Rights Day Event**. Color Colloquium with Richard Pertomen.
- **Merry**. A Campaus Crusade for Christ event.

**For Tomorrow**
- **Out How to Prepare for Finals**. Two have a study skills workshop.
- **Society Announces 1984 Elections**. 3:00 p.m., Thursday, Room 107, Pelt Library.

**Next Week**
- **Newman During Christmas Break**. 3:00 p.m., West Lounge, 4th floor.
- **Improvement Service Can Help**. Weekly meeting, every Friday, 57th and Chestnut.
- **Gay and Lesbian Alliance**. Open meeting, every Friday.

**Planes collide in Madrid; 93 killed**

**MADRID, Spain** — A Spanish airliner carrying 84 passengers and 6 crew members crashed today into a small, ten-ton American Airline Boeing 727 that was en route to Italy, killing 93 people in the worst air disaster in Spain's history.

The American Airlines plane was carrying 37 passengers and six crew members when it crashed into the Spanish airliner at an altitude of 9,000 feet near the city of Madrid. The American plane was bound for Rome, Italy, and the Spanish plane was on its way to the southern Spanish city of Santander.

Santander is located on the Spanish Atlantic coast, about 150 miles west of Madrid. The American plane had just left Madrid's Barajas airport and was flying at an altitude of 9,000 feet when it collided with the Spanish airliner.

Witnesses said the American plane was flying at a lower altitude than the Spanish plane when the collision occurred. The American plane was seen to tumble down from the sky before hitting the Spanish airliner.

Both planes were destroyed in the collision, and all 93 people on board were killed. The collision occurred at an altitude of 9,000 feet.

**U. investigates adding RA's for Greeks**

**Madrid, Spain** — The University of Madrid is investigating the possibility of adding Resident Advisors to Greek organizations to help maintain discipline.

The university has been experiencing problems with fraternity parties, and administrators are considering the addition of RA's to prevent future incidents.

**MOVIES has made some DATE CHANGES**

(Please note)

Tonight, Thursday—
- **The Roost Pizza & Stuff**
- **Double Feature - $1.50**

**Shampoo**
- **9:45 & 12:00**

**STRIPEs**
- **7:30, 9:45 & 12:00**

**A MOOSE FOR ALL SEASONS**

Imported Moosehead. Stands head and antlers above the rest.
Students, professionals, offer theater at U.

Arts House presents one-acts

By LISA GREGG

What are two suitors, each a royal, and each with one hundred suitors? Those are the characters in the three one-acts currently playing by students from Arts House, the college's performing class, through the end of the month at Anbennberg Hall Auditorium.

One-act plays are "Winners" by Brian Fitz, "Not Enough Rope" by Peter Wernick, and "God" by Woody Allen. All three are being performed every night except Sundays.

Peter Wernick, the director, said: "The Romans is an attempt to meet the artists' demands for more "mainstream" groups on campus."

"Two over the past three years, student concerts have had enormous popular success on campus. We're trying to make you hurt with laughter," one of the producers said.

Peter Wernick is a member of the class, and this year he won a生产基地 for his work. The Romanses tells the story of how a young woman is found dead in the backyard of a wealthy man's house. It's a comedy about a traumatic afternoon spent in the company of a violent man.

"We are all characters in three classic plays," he said. "We are all characters in three classic plays."

"Winners," directed by College freshmen Peter Wernick and Woody Allen, is "God" by Woody Allen. All the plays are being performed by students who are not aware of the group's existence.

"This is a great opportunity for the college to see all the talent on campus, in a small place, that is on the front line of the main current of the world, to show that main current to the students, the Romanses are supposed to be the ones who do it," said Whitlock. "The Romanses are supposed to be the ones who do it," he said.

Whitlock and Shea agree that film-making is not just about having fun or making money. They offer her vegetables from a local stand as tokens of their affection for the film-making process.

"The Romanses play the type of music that is suited to the general Penn spirit," said Whitlock. "The Romanses are supposed to be the ones who do it," he said. "The Romanses play the type of music that is suited to the general Penn spirit," said Whitlock. "The Romanses are supposed to be the ones who do it," he said.

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Mr. Schorr stopped, off ered him a drink, etc., and
starts talking. He talks about his life, and then
starts to think about Princeton. He asks, "Is it really
that bad?" He starts to wonder, "What is it about
this University that keeps people coming back?"
He tries to figure out what is so special about
Princeton. He wonders about the future of the
University, and what it will be like ten years from
now. He thinks about the students and the faculty,
and how they are affected by the University's
affirmative action policies.

Mr. Schorr realizes that there are many
germs at the University, and he starts to wonder
about the future of the University. He thinks about
the students and the faculty, and how they are
affected by the University's affirmative action
policies. He thinks about the future of the
University, and what it will be like ten years from
now. He thinks about the students and the faculty,
and how they are affected by the University's
affirmative action policies.
Emotions Cannot Win Over Reason

To the Editor:

It would like to comment on Andrea Plowman’s letter "National-Nazi War." Ms. Plowman asserts that, "If someone or some group wants to do something, they should be able to get back in touch with their own brains and feelings, and understand that what they want to do is bad for themselves and others."

The author fails to see that not only emotions directly affect our reason, but emotions can actually help to filter out and focus our attention, and emotions can be a tool for communication between individuals and groups.

I would like to suggest that Ms. Plowman consider the role of emotions in decision-making, and perhaps explore the ways in which emotions can be used to build stronger, more empathetic communities.

Sincerely,

[Signature]

Letters to the Editor

Ploscowc wants to do is emote, then her ad-proof: what lew motions are made in the general Win Over Reason "demonstrate" thai demonstration is undercuts Ihe proof of her own case: an attempt or treat them with importance indicates the be spared from these and like considerations.

If we arc to find the truth.

aspects of the issues which cannot be neglected

labor camps as natural? I do not wish to prove such force? Do Western leaders accept Siberian cases, sworn to delend their countrymen against

threat

as a slate of nature and that Western leaders initiated force against their own countrymen for

nuclear war. At best, this "argument" begs the

created the problems related to nuclear arms

such claim uas that the "rational attitude"

proven the performance of thai organization.

personal reasons, increased the visibility and im-

argues rationally and calmly, using logic and

the Plato he so sneeringly alludes lo. Socrates

more than the complete negligibilir of the

prehensible, intelligent argument. Overly emo-

society, one must present some son of com-

heart of our materialistic, numbers-obsessed

To the Editor:

I am apalled by the Heppen attitude toward

As an article appeared in this section concerning a

morning, closed out of his both, fractured his skull and

As a comment to the discussion, I would like to

speak of the speaker's argument.

is what is worthless. The same is true of

it is a crucial touch with each era. We often are just

emotionalism as self-evident.

What appear to be arguments in the letter are

What few moments are made in the general
discussion of emotion are made only 0 to give an impression of legitimacy to the

author's views.

To the Editor:

I would like to add some comments to the

acceptance of anything. The issue is whether

the argument is an emotional one to begin with.

This is not a logical argument.

It is not surprising, have primacy over reason in this matter, but

the rest of the letter.

I would like to conclude my "appeal to

We wish Rhonda all the best in her future,

We oflfer Olie Retours, Mole Polosine, Gloriae & Cheese, Crabmeat Specials, & Mucho Money.

Frozen Fruit Cocktail Night

All exotic blended drinks at 100 percent off!!

9 p.m. closing

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Free Chips & dip

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requests for the "barrio notes" column in "The Daily Pennsylvanian," cite Mark Breiman,

Editorial Page Editor, 4015 Walnut Street, Philadelphia PA 19134.

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Ousted Grad Towers residents may sue U. over forced move

By LINDA WRIGHT
A group of Grad Towers A residents may file a court action against the University this month. Residents of the eastern-most floor of the 13-story apartment building received letters last week informing them that their buildings will be renovated to accommodate the incoming freshmen. The group decided to take legal action in order to protect their apartment structures.

The University plans to move the residents from their third and sixth floor rooms so it can renovate the buildings. Residents have said they are concerned about the University's decision to renovate the buildings without their consent.

The residents have said that the University's decision to renovate the buildings without their consent is unethical and violates their rights.

The group is considering legal action to protect their apartment structures. They have expressed concern about the University's decision to renovate the buildings without their consent and are considering legal action to protect their rights.

The University has said that it will consult with the residents before making any decisions about the renovation of the buildings. They have expressed concern about the University's decision to renovate the buildings without their consent and are considering legal action to protect their rights.

The residents have said that the University's decision to renovate the buildings without their consent is unethical and violates their rights.
Poll: Over half of U. students are sexually active

The University has released a survey that reveals over half of its students are sexually active. The survey, administered to 186 students in 1982, shows that 50.6% of the respondents had sexual experiences.

The survey found that the majority of students had had their first sexual experience in college. It also revealed that most students had had one to two sexual partners, with a few reporting more than two.

The survey also found that a significant number of students were not using contraception. Only 36% of the respondents reported using any form of contraception, with condoms being the most popular method.

The results of the survey have raised concerns among university administrators and have led to a discussion about the need for more comprehensive sexual education programs.

The University's administration has responded to the survey results by calling for a student panel to hear the case. The student panel is required in the University's judicial procedures. The panel is expected to evaluate the strength of the case against the ATO brothers and make a recommendation.

The University's judicial procedures, which it labels inadequate, have been criticized by those involved in the case. The panel is expected to hear the case and make a recommendation.

The results of the survey have also raised concerns about the efficacy of the University's judicial procedures. The panel is expected to evaluate the strength of the case against the ATO brothers and make a recommendation.

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Computer pioneer speaks at U.
Hopper helped develop first number-cruncher

By JEFFREY GOLDBERG

"In a field that has always had to move into the future, it is impossible to keep everything in the past," said Grace Hopper, computer pioneer now at Houston Hall.

Hopper, a 75-year-old naval captain who has been featured on 60 Minutes and Rosie the Riveter, opened the fall season by discussing the development of computer systems.

"When I was 11 years old, I wanted to be a pilot," Hopper said. "I learned to fly before I learned to type."

But her eyes widened as she described the MARK I, the first large-scale digital computer. The MARK I was 53 feet long, 8 feet wide and 8 feet deep. Hopper said, "It could only perform two different addition problems a second. Of course, it would have taken forever to get a system through regular channels, so the latter got fashioned into the MARK I, which was a simple computer for military use.

"Information is useless unless it is an integral part of the operation that is being processed," Hopper said. "This is the reason that this computer is so important, because it is a computer that is programmed to do the work of a human being.

The MARK I had 50,000 vacuum tubes, and it was the first computer to be built. It was used to test the new generation of computers and to test the new generation of electronic brains."

Hopper spoke about the MARK I and its successors, the MARK II and the MARK III, which were the first large-scale computers to be built. The MARK III was 100 times faster than the MARK I, and it was the first computer to be used for scientific work.

Hopper said that the youth of today - the generation that is growing up with computers - is the generation that will be the first to understand the computer. "The generation that is growing up with computers will be the first to understand the computer," Hopper said.

"The MARK I was built in 1943, and it was used to test the first electronic computer. It was built for the Navy, and it was used to test the first electronic computer. The MARK II was built in 1945, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK III was built in 1948, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer.

"The MARK IV was built in 1949, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK V was built in 1950, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK VI was built in 1951, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK VII was built in 1952, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer.

"The MARK VIII was built in 1953, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK IX was built in 1954, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK X was built in 1955, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer.

"The MARK XI was built in 1956, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XII was built in 1957, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XIII was built in 1958, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XIV was built in 1959, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer.

"The MARK XV was built in 1960, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XVI was built in 1961, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XVII was built in 1962, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XVIII was built in 1963, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer.

"The MARK XIX was built in 1964, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XX was built in 1965, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXI was built in 1966, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXII was built in 1967, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXIII was built in 1968, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer.

"The MARK XXIV was built in 1969, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXV was built in 1970, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXVI was built in 1971, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXVII was built in 1972, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXVIII was built in 1973, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXIX was built in 1974, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXX was built in 1975, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXXI was built in 1976, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXXII was built in 1977, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXXIII was built in 1978, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXXIV was built in 1979, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXXV was built in 1980, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXXVI was built in 1981, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXXVII was built in 1982, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XXXVIII was built in 1983, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer.

"The MARK XXXIX was built in 1984, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XL was built in 1985, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XLI was built in 1986, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XLII was built in 1987, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XLIII was built in 1988, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XLIV was built in 1989, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XLV was built in 1990, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XLVI was built in 1991, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XLVII was built in 1992, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer. The MARK XLVIII was built in 1993, and it was used to test the first large-scale computer.
Research Barry Cooperman said earlier this week that the meeting was an outgrowth of the "Partners in Research Enterprise" symposium the University sponsored last year. The conference on University-corporate interaction drew over 500 participants and generated a "great deal of research going on at the University that is of interest to industry," Cooperman said. The real question is whether the University should be "proactive" in making things happen," Cooperman said.

Cooperman also said that the University must be careful that applied research, which is conducted to develop a product, is not done for the sake of selling it to the corporate sector. "We need to be very aggressive in getting patents," he said.

Remington said that in order to maintain a leading role in research, the University must seek funding from numerous sources in order to have the capacity to make up what may be cuts in federal research support.

"Federal support is on such a scale that it is likely that there will be cuts in federal research," he said. "We know from our point of view that it's possible, but we can't be sure. The real question is whether the University should be proactive in making things happen to identify guidelines the University can set up in relation to corporations. The University needs to focus on research priorities last spring. There has to be a way of doing it that's a proper way of doing it," Cooperman said. The real question is whether the University should be "proactive" in making things happen," Cooperman said.

"You can't just look at the corporate sector. You have to look at the government as well," Cooperman stressed the need for the University to consider it's role as a leader in dealing with corporations. "It may be more productive to contact individual companies who are aware of the strength of the institution and ask them to identify guidelines the University can set up in relation to corporations. The University needs to focus on research priorities last spring. There has to be a way of doing it that's a proper way of doing it," Cooperman said.

"The University is a leader in the area of research," he said. "You can't just look at the corporate sector. You have to look at the government as well," Cooperman stressed. The real question is whether the University should be "proactive" in making things happen," Cooperman said.

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**Champion clam-eater gulps 151 in 6 minutes**

by HEIDI ESTES

Ohara’s Fish House held its fourth annual clam-eating contest last night to raise money for area children. The winner, College freshman Andy Baltensperger, downed 151 raw clams in 6 minutes to defeat seven other contestants – three from University fraternities and four from Drexel University fraternities.

Baltensperger and his associate Gary Mandeloff, who breaks him bread and has good times, said just before the start of the contest, "I'm only doing it because it's for charity and because I'm proving the best fraternity on campus," Baltensperger said, "I don't eat clams.

Mandeloff said that the contest results had been reduced from 10 minutes the previous year. "The time is to our advantage," he said. "We're spryers. The other guys are all football players, distance people.

Ed Collins, owner of Ohara's, said, "The fourth annual clam-eating contest was really a hit. There was a lot of good participation, fun of charity. There were more clams this year."

Garry Mendelson, who brought him the clams and helped take them out of their shells, were confident before the start of the contest. "I'm only doing it because it's for charity and because I'm proving the best fraternity on campus,

Baltensperger, and his assistant Marcell Beresin, director of the Annenberg Center for Children's Play, said, "They are all special children. They come from community-based organizations - shelters, orphanages and hospitals. Beresin also mentioned come from West Philadelphia, the children arc also brought in from the entire Delaware Valley."

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9 AM - 9 PM

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Visiting professor Mihailo Markovic defeating 21 of 22 chess opponents in simultaneous games last night

Newfield  Kaffi

Mihailo Markovic likes to play chess. A lot.

Last night, for example, he played 22 games of chess — simultaneously.

Markovic, a visiting professor of philosophy, defeated all but one of his opponents in Kings Court/English House, where he is a faculty resident.

The international chess master and former member of the Yugoslavian chess team has played against some of the greatest players in the world, including Kasparvsky and Bobby Fischer.

The tables were set up in a square formation. Markovic, standing in the center, made one move on one of the greatest players in the world, consisting of 25 people, it usually means that we have to play against 25 people, it usually means that we have to play against 25 people.

He played all but one of the games last night, for example, he played against the Russian team, but we lost a few times," he said.

"I'm playing this game to return from successful tours in Russia and Japan.

"There was the only player to beat Markovic, he said after the game, "I didn't think I would get this far, I was on the chess team at high school, and I'm going to play in another tournament in January."

Markovic's coach, Wharton freshman Dave Majkowski, said, "We noticed that there is not much enthusiasm about chess as there is in other countries, that's really a shame.

"The event was very successful. It's a lot like what we have in the world. It's a lot like what we have in the world.

New Annenberg shows

(Continued from page 5)

Annenberg Center Public Relations Coordinator Ed Weiss said the program is divided into two distinct parts.

"The first part of the show is a series of recitals," Weiss said. "They are the master of several recitalist groups, but will focus on their own recitalist style."

Several segments involve a group of films on Russian culture, called "The Russian People:"

"The show is fun for all ages," he said. "Both children and adults seem to really enjoy it. It's a lot like watching cartoons."

Tickets for December 19, 22 and 23 at 8 p.m. are $8 and $6, but are regularly $8 and $6, but are regularly $8 and $6.

"I would get this far. I would get this far. I would get this far. I would get this far."

Leaving from John Kessen was the only player to beat Markovic, he said after the game, "I didn't think I would get this far, I was on the chess team in high school, and I'm going to play in another tournament in January."

Suzanne Pauley

Kings Court/English House Head Resident Joe Michalchick, who played in the tournament, said last night, "It was very successful. It's not often that we get to see an international master, and I'm glad we got to see some of Professor Markovic's talents for this event."

Legalize Freedom

The Libertarian Party Presidential Candidate

DAVID BERGLAND

will speak at

Towne Building
Anderson Hall
South Walk (between 33rd & 34th Sts.)
on the University of Pennsylvania Campus
8:00 PM
Friday, December 9th 1983

sponsored by the Libertarian Party of the Penn Political Union
Special Holiday Sendoff

Lynden —
Thanks for sticking it out. It's been fun.

Ann

Gymnastics

Lynden —
Putting kids on the balance beam is a strength, not a weakness.

Ann

Friday, December 8th

THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN — Thursday, December 8, 1983

Nurse Karl

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Thursday, December 8th

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Yiklnor dons the gift of life

Kidney donor gives the gift of life

Wrestling

Ivy Roundup

Area artist featured at U. gallery

"This whole problem I have with wrestling is that I would not have been able to

"I don't like it. As it's a historical
to the patient, doctors recommend

"The Lions beat Kings Point 79-74.

"People don't seem to realize that

"You have to do it as fast as you

"You're insurance rates don't go

"If you get up and walk or run

"You can. If you get up and walk or run

"You have to do it as fast as you

"You're insurance rates don't go

"Two years, two kidney transplants.

"It's better than our 0-2 start

"It's better than our 0-2 start

"Two years, two kidney transplants.

"You can. If you get up and walk or run

"If I didn't have a job, I might have to

"I don't like it. As it's a historical

"I don't like it. As it's a historical

"I don't like it. As it's a historical

"I don't like it. As it's a historical
How the legal profession made the kid a writer

"But the bath with the master with you?" Big Ed said to the kid.

"That's my boy." Big Ed said, as he took his seat in the press box. That was the place where he had sat the whole season. That was the place where he felt at home.

So on the day of the Penn-Harvard game, the game for all the marbles and the legal profession's 200 books, Big Ed, Aaronstein and Jamie Jack wanted the kid to call on the pay phone downstairs.

Above five pitches, the phone finally rang. Big Ed spit out his stuffed shrimp, and raced downstairs. By the time he picked up the receiver, the kid was already screaming.

"It was unbelievable," the kid began. "I was the most unbelievable thing I ever saw. I'll never see the like of it again."

"I've never been so proud," Big Ed said. "That's my boy."
How the legal profession made the kid a writer

Wrestlers open up

Road to Ivy title marked by injuries

Ivy Roundup

Tigers start fast as Yale struggles

DP SPORTS

Thursday, December 8, 1983

Two weeks later, the kid was defeated for junior class president. However, the legal profession rejoiced. But that wasn’t all. The kid’s father, Big Ed, said something along the lines of, “Well, that was kind of her trademark, not voting for herself.”

The kid was just about ready to announce his candidacy for junior class treasurer when the legal profession made its move. On the day the kid announced, in the kid’s hometown, and transferred to the kid’s home, he was picking up paper in the community. He was handed a card, and the legal profession had already been there.

Actually, the campaign to keep the kid out of school had begun much earlier. The kid was a junior in high school when Big Ed took an automobile accident and the legal profession sued for the family’s survival.

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GOOD GONGAMONGA!

Happy Times 'Round the Bend

Inside:
Birth Control
Laurie Anderson
Dog Food

and more!
By David R. Meiselman

It's a Dog Eat Dog World.

We all know it, but sometimes we're afraid to admit it. Out there somewhere, at all times there are people fighting, killing, clawing their way to the top. What better place to observe it than here? I can't think of any. People acting like dogs...it's getting to the point that if a person wants to be "successful" by standard terms, he must resort to acting like an animal — just like those around him.

In George Miller's classic post-apocalyptic vision of The Road Warrior, the prologue describes the situation that our hero Max faces in the world following the devastation of his planet.

The world crumbled... the cities exploded... a wild wind of looting... a firestorm of fear.

Men began to feed on men.

On the roads it was a white-line nightmare... only those mobile enough to scavenge, brutal enough to pilfer would survive.

The gangs took over the highways, ready to wage war for a tank of juice. And in the maelstrom of decay, ordinary men were battered and smashed.

Men like Max.

It may be sad to admit, but all around us there are situations similar to that very description. When Max finds himself battling the Scum in the Wasteland, he must rely on a steady source of nourishment to ensure his survival. Diary Dee canned Dog Food.

We've all heard the stories before of how people have had to resort to eating dog food for any number of reasons. After a major war like in The Road Warrior, it makes sense that the canned meat would have been better preserved than other substances. But what about the people eating dog food right now? Certainly they are out there, forced by economics to resort to less-than-standard fare. In some places, the people are even eating the dogs themselves.

But here in the United States, we have the luxury of choice. I have seen The Road Warrior many times. I know exactly how Max takes out his shabby fork, opens the can of meat and veggies, shust his eyes, and tastes his dinner while being eyed jealously by both dog and comrades. So I know how to do it.

I did it for the people who eat it now. I did it in case I had to do it again in the future. And I did it for all the dogs in the world, forever forced to eat the same food their masters dish to them without even submitting to a taste test of their own.

Below, in the order I tasted them, are seven varieties of canned dog food with apt descriptions. Take your choice.

CADILLAC 5 IN 1 — 55 cents a can, 14 ounces. This light brown, chunky delight looks and tastes a lot like weathered meatloaf that's been sitting around a stale refrigerator. It is solid enough to swallow, but chewing can be optional. Being the first can I tasted, it welcomed me to the dog's world with its distinguished aftertaste. Yet, it only ranked 5th out of 7.

CYCLE 2 — 65 cents a can, 14 ounces. Cycle makes a number of special foods balanced especially for your dog. Cycle 2 is for Adult dogs, aged 1-7 years. In human terms, that equates to 7-49 years old. In that category, they fall in that category, so after careful deliberation I chose the second Cycle. Cycle looks like flat Swedish meatballs bathed in a yellowish green sauce. Although rich and more chewy, it is ultimately drier and more bland than Cadillac. It rates 6th.

ALPO (BEEF CHUNKS DINNER) — 69 cents a can, 14 ounces. The first thing I noticed when I opened this can of blood red goop was the large piece of solidified intestine laying on the top. I'd always believed that Lorne Greene had composed with Pavlov to starve his dogs for eight days before they filmed the commercials, and now my suspicions were confirmed. The rest of the dog food was swiney; spectators comments included "It doesn't look chunky to me." Well, looks are often deceiving. Alpo was great! The numerous chunks of beef had a really beefy taste, and it was chewy with the fiber of real meat. The rich red flavorful aftertaste strengthened its position as Number 1, the best of the lot.

MIGHTY DOG (from Carnation) — 85 cents a can, 14 ounces. This was the most surprising can I opened this week. The color of the meat was brown, yet it tasted red. The texture was dry, a bit mushy, yet the meat seemed well-done. It tastes like beef pate, right up to its strong aftertaste: "I'm the best of the lot." The meat was well-done, and I mean dead. I wouldn't serve it to a dog.

RECIPE — 55 cents a can, 14 ounces. I was a little apprehensive of this brand's yellow, brown, and green label, but this "Heart Meat Dinner" was a pleasant surprise. Another of the meatball and gravy type dog foods. Recipe reminds me of the meatballs Mom used to make. "This has whole eggs in it," one excited spectator exclaimed. The brown color makes this appear as appetizing as Chunky Soup — I was almost tempted to eat it with a spoon. However, long after the Recipe was swallowed, its gritty pieces of bone and stomach remained in my teeth. I had to spit them out. In any case, this was middle of the road. Number 4.

KEN-L RATION — 55 cents a can, 15 ounces. It says on the label that it is preferred by vets, but it certainly isn't preferred by dogs. Looking like a brown-red spaghetti meat sauce, this dry bland chicken-oriented slop tastes like minute wood chips. No wonder it costs 55 cents. This is dead last, and I mean dead. I wouldn't serve it to a dog.

ALPO (HORSEMEAT CHUNKS & BEEF PRODUCTS DINNER For Dogs) — 69 cents a can, 14 ounces. I intentionally saved this complete and balanced diet for the end, knowing that when I made it this far I would relish the chance to experience horsemeat. Preating spectator comments included "Ouch! It looks like vomit!" and others too nasty to print. When I commented that it looked like bloody phlegm, I was reminded to "mix it up first — you're being prejudiced!" There were nice, fatty chunks of horsemeat that were good. The meat was well-done, and I mean dead. I wouldn't serve it to a dog.

RESULTS: As has been seen, Alpo is truly a strong brand of dog food, no matter where it gets its meat. So you better stock up now because it's probably better than the canned meat on the market. And if a nuclear war erupts anytime soon, you'll be all ready. Dogs of the world: Unite. Tell your master, "I want Alpo." And those of you on a low budget take notice:

As for me, my term is officially ended as editor of 34th Street Magazine. It's certainly been an experience but now, it's back to the Wasteland...
Letters

Well, this is the final week of correspondence, and below is the letter we've all been waiting for.

Dear Mr. Meiselman:

ODE TO A 34th STREET EDITOR

You learn to read, you learn to write
But read to learn, no that's con
Just whirl your pen as a mighty sword

The written word will make you

EDITOR

ODE    TO     A     34th     STREET

You search for facts, or so you say
And write your tale in such a way
To trap your readers with enlightening words

That have the stench of fresh dog turds.

But we control, and have last say
No matter what you write today
Because when all the crap is through
This page will merely wipe do-

Sincerely yours.
Ralph and Ralph, Sr.
The Finkelberys
Philadelphia, PA

Editor's Response:

ODE TO A SINGLE BERRY

You sit all day I know not where the truth is. Ralph. I do not care
I do not care for scum like you
you make me kind of glad I'm through

Your writing is absurd at best
and we had just taken the subway
store, and we were far from Jop-

You're both like moles on sailors' gums
you smell like vomit in the sun

Sincerely yours.
Roy Malone

HALT!

You are scattered throughout Philadelphia, waiting. Unknowing-
ly. Soon - anytime you could be victimized, though the chance
that the symptoms of this enemy will strike rises with age. The elder you
get, the better its odds are of get-

And like a sworn secret agent
swallowing a cyanide pill to feebly

HALT Salt. that is. Salt:
The Name Brand Guide To Sodium
Content tells everything that an
eater needs to know about where
the poison is found. Certainly, a
small amount of salt is naturally
needed by the human machine... but daily recom-
dinations are often surpassed with the final bite of one McDonald's
Quarter Pounder with Cheese.

Co-author Bonnie Liebman (who wrote the book along with
Dr. Michael Jacobson and Greg Moyer) came to town last week to
count a tour of this small corner
of the earth in search of the decep-
tive sodium. She came with packed bags and loaded pistole, citing
statistics of high blood pressure and hypertension as if they were
her top scores on a video machine.

One Pie in the Vent

Editor's Response:

Ventboy:

You write from a perspective you know well. grim.
You are like rancid mold found under a dirty

Heaven also has candy loads of

Heaven is a very 60's oriented

The result heart attacks, strokes,

Night in Heaven

It was a lazy Friday afternoon,
and we had just taken the subway
downtown to catch the latest hor-

As we walked up the street
toward Troy's, Liebman, who
ever traveled across country as
Bonnie Broccoli, cited frozen T.V.
dinners and other canned foods as
containing a great deal of sodium.

“Tcll you take the salt out of Camp-
bell's Soup, it would probably taste
like dirty dishwasher,” she says
Boy, was she in for a surprise. We
were about to enter Troy’s.

The book can be used as a guide
to gawking goggling, so to speak.
Listed are the sodium contents of a
great deal of national brand name
foods, and the contents of a varie-
ty of fast food restaurants. There
are also a number of recipes. So if
you prepare to fight the battle over
Life with salt, the brand name
guide provides good strategy.

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20 UNIVERSITY PL, GREENWICH VILLAGE, NY 475-0009

4: 34th Street Magazine, December 8, 1983
By Charles Wright

In *Fool for Love*, Sam Shepard has sewn up the horror stories of the American love plot.

- You’re dressing for a date, running late, anticipating the arrival of an old fiancé. When, out of the blue, your old lady drops by for a renewal of hostilities.
- Or, you arrive to pick up your lady-love for a casual evening at the movies, discover her apartment dark, but find her on the floor in the arms of a violent, jealous lover.
- Or, worst of all, you fall in love and gain the heart of your sweetie, only to be told that she is the sister that you never knew you had.

Scarf at this reductio ad absurdum, dam if you will, but Shepard is a virtuoso of drama, to number of understandable that they barely cry out for this sort of description. Mind you, simple does not mean or even the simplest medium. The characters of Shepard’s plays are often idioms, but the playwright himself is a damned catty observant, consuming a consummate craftsman. Notice the fundamental, majestic qualities of such situations: they involve the fearsome taboos of cuckoldry, deception, and incest; the rich and popular themes from the earliest days of theatrical history.

In a career now approaching its 20-year mark, Shepard has long been accused of willful obscurity. Indeed, he leaves much of the detail of his plays to the imagination of the designer and the viewer. He writes in bold strokes and the sheer magnitude of delineation, the speed of the creation, give it a certain power. The drawback though perhaps Shepard himself does not find it a drawback is that the line between simplicity and obscurity can be difficult to discern. It seems fairly clear that when an author ignores this line and, thereby, relieves oneself for the clarity, with which he expresses ideas to the audience, playwrighting is a simpler, less angst-making task.

The question that remains is whether the playwright’s product is satisfying to the public. *Fool for Love*, which has come to New York from the Magic Theatre of San Francisco, is a production directed by the playwright, we are uncertain of the number of things. The curtain rises on a scene of obvious anguish: a scantily clad woman, seated in a moonlight, eating a bed of a bed, a bent double body utterly limp. Her long, brown hair almost touching the floor. A man, scantily, in sectioning the leisure suit, is stroking a leather stirrup with erotic rhythm, his features set in a silent, panting, tightening of whiskey, watching the couple in the bedroom, and having no apparent relation to anything else. Nothing is said. Nothing. For the squeak, squeak, squeak of the cowboy’s gloved palm against the stirrup – a sound rather like a creaking bedspring – there is protected silence. It is ominous silence and Shepard, as director of the current production, allows it to go on and on.

As in the disconcerting exposition of Harold Pinter’s early plays, the audience is left to wonder who these characters are and just what the menace, quite deftly created but scurrilously unexplained, is. It is as if Shepard and Pinter, his older English counterpart, were laughing at us, the audience, bating us with the volume of necessary at least necessary according to the standards of a naturalistic theater information that they can withhold.

Shepard reveals through a program note, though not through dialogue or visual hints, that the action is laid at the edge of the Mojave Desert. In terms of the larger themes of Shepard’s canon, it is significant that *Fool for Love*, like most of his plays, is set in the American west. This setting connects the play to earlier works, which concern the decline of pioneer spirit and the frustration of American dreams. Myths and ideals in our age of anxiety and alienation. But as far as the plot, atmosphere, and characterization of *Fool for Love* are concerned, the desert is no more important than the seaside resort in Pinter’s *The Birthday Party*. A play that is mechanizing and gives us more than *Fool for Love*. And *Fool* is less about issues of nationality than about the great universal love.

The comparison to Pinter is neither casual nor novel. Shepard’s powerful, lean dialogue and his suggestive, never quite naturalistic construction, proclaim that he has been schooled at Pinter’s knee. What seldom comes clear in the popular comparisons of Shepard and Pinter is that, though Shepard has a certain gift for the rhythm of dialogue, he does not create the sort of elegant, metered speech for which Pinter is noted. To find such writing in the United States, one must look to the early work of Edward Albee or to a precursor of both Pinter and Albee, the Thornton Wilder of *Our Town* and *The Skin of Our Teeth*. The tenor of Shepard’s dialogue, the negligence, the grunt and groan of it is very much the craft of a younger American, David Mamet, whose *American Buffalo* is currently undergoing a second New York revival. Mamet is popularly known as the bard of the national, the voice of the interlocutor who has invited May to the old observer. Drinking deep from his bottle of whiskey, light, “The amazing thing is that neither one of you looks a bit familiar to me. Don’t recognise myself in either of you.” It seems that he holds the secret and, if so, it is a secret as sinister as Oedipus and similar to the union of Oedipus and Jocasta.

Were this merely a play about the compounding of sibling, it would be a problem. But in fact the question of parentage, though integral to the plot, is not its focus. As the title indicates, the play concerns love specifically the intensity, terror, and irreversibility of personal love. In Shepard’s vision, the edge of autonomy that accompanies sexual union may be folly, but it is unavoidable. As Eddie says, the lovers’ “connection” is neither by election nor by agreement.

The title, *Fool for Love*, calls to mind St. Paul’s assertion that he is happy to be a fool for Christ. (With gallows humor, Shepard has edited this so that it reads “By the time May and I found out we were brother and sister, we’d already fooled around.”) Resist as they may, Shepard’s lovers cannot escape the jealous, missionary zeal that their passion inspires. And they have been altered by their love as Saul of Tarsus was metamorphos ed into Paul the preacher by his perception of divine love. Distractions have threatened to sever the couple – terrified of something unspecified. May has run away from the trailer she shared with Eddie. Eddie has spent long periods alone on the range, and both have had affairs: but always they have found their ways back to each other. Now, overseen by the whiskey, swelling corder who acts as the eye of God. Eddie and May fight a battle royal for the salvation or destruction of individual selves or of the corporate personality that has been fired in the furnace of passion.

The important, rewarding thing about *Fool for Love* is that, though deceptively simple in contour, it is highly suggestive and satisfyingly mysterious. What is more, the current production is professional to the hilt – expertly acted, directed with the skill of good choreography, well-lighted by Kurt Landisman, and simply effective designed by Andy Stacklin (sets) and Ardyss L. Golden (costumes) and J. A. Deane (sound).

The effect of the Magic Theatre’s extended visit to New York is that if you’re going to the expression, stage magic.
LAURIE ANDERSON: Artist

By Adam Sexton

“I dreamed I had to take a test in a Dainy Queen on another planet.”
— Laurie Anderson, United States

Late on a gusty mid-October afternoon, as a fat orange sun sets over West Philadelphia, the gallery of the Institute of Contemporary Art on 34th Street is filling with noise, smoke, and — to the delight of the small ICA staff — people. Some of them, as might be expected, are trendy art students, punk-coiffed and retro-rag'd. Others, not students, are trendy anyway. And two Main Line Matrons/Fine Arts Patrons huddle together in the center of it all, incredibly, amidst the cacophony of raucous giggles and funky music that prevails in the ICA today (not to mention the crush of hipsters threatening to engulf them), they are enjoying themselves.

“Did you see her?” asks one obviously-delighted society page habitue of the other. “She sparkles.” Downstairs at the cash bar, the same question is on a different pair of lips. “Did you see her? She’s here.”

And she is here. Past the newspaper-pulp hand sculpatures and the jukebox, beyond the pillow that talks, past the table that sings, and the violin that plays itself, up the stairs that lead to the fake hologram; she is across from the pavilion that talks, a kind of Elf woman garbed in a black suit who swirls the lev in the bottom of her plastic cocktail cup lust like everyone else as she beams at admirers, answering their nervous questions and signing their napkins. The name that she signs is Laurie Anderson.

Everyone at the opening last October of Laurie Anderson’s career retrospective at the ICA knew who she was, and unless you were taking a test in a Dainy Queen on another planet last spring, you know who she is. Too. You know that Laurie Anderson had a hit album called Big Science which featured a single, “O Superman,” that sold 800,000 copies and peaked at Number 2 on the British charts in 1981. (Written and recorded with a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts, it has been covered in French and Italian as well.) And you know that she single-handedly brought a new form called performance art to the attention of the national media, who adopted her as their darling when she presented her magnum opus, United States, at the Brooklyn Academy of Music in February.

But maybe you don’t know that she’s been doing many of the things she does for years and years — that she began studying the violin at age five, for instance. Or that she does so much so well. This is an era during which the art scene is positively hyperactive, artists are working with each other and with entertainers, they are dabbling in forms they weren’t trained in, finding themselves celebrities, and inventing new arts altogether. And Laurie Anderson is playing every game in town.

Collaboration between artists from different media is nothing new; in fact, it’s as least as old as this century, having really taken off with the work of the Russian Futurists in the early 20th century. But in the Seventies, the trend all but died.

Recently, however, collaboration has been revived. In fact, according to the November Vague, “Everybody — who is anybody in art, dance, music, fashion — is getting into the act.” At any rate, collaboration is the theme of this fall’s Next Wave festival at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, and not surprisingly, Laurie Anderson is in on the fun. She worked with Rauschenberg and Post-modern choreographer Trisha Brown on a dance piece called Set and Reset, which made its world premier at BAM a week after Anderson’s ICA show opened.

The piece is chaotic but beautiful. Below Rauschenberg’s sculpture ‘Elastic Carrier/Shiner’ a massive pyramidal canvas construction on which he projects a confusing variety of seemingly unrelated black-and-white images, Anderson is dressed in a costume to resemble a cross between a gypsy and a character from the book Light Out for the Territories. She is wearing a kind of Elf woman costume, dancing, dressed in silk-screened pajamas also created by the painter, move about loose-limbed to Anderson’s music, a composition called “Long Time No See” that she and her violin and saxophonist Dickie Landry are augmenting from the orchestra pit. The performance is apparently flawless; however, according to Anderson, terming it a collaboration is a bit misleading.

For “Long Time No See,” a typically Andersonian mix of drum-punctuated minimalist music and an equally minimalist spoken vocal part was written with little direction from Brown, the project’s coordinator, who simply told the composer how long the work ought to be. As for the Anderson-Rauschenberg leg of the triangle, “I don’t know what Bob was going to do until I saw it at BAM,” Anderson admits, her voice soothing as a rock-a-bye-baby.

Still, it worked. Yet despite the success of Set and Reset, Anderson plans no more collaborations of this kind.

“It was sort of interesting for me to try,” she says. “But I prefer to sort of think of all the aspects of a work myself.” Perhaps this impulse towards the solo effort, the most visible manifestation of which is her performance art, is a reaction to her upbringing. Anderson was the second of eight children, who also might explain a trip she once took in her artist’s book Light Out for the Territories, she describes that trip: a solo hitchhike to the magnetic North Pole.

“...the reason why I’m an artist is because it’s one of the few things in the world where you’re free. ...”

Another journey, across the Atlantic yielded another collaboration, with avant-rocker Peter Gabriel, who lends his vocal talents to the mix of Mister Heartbreak. Anderson’s forthcoming follow-up to Big Science, I had met Peter in London a while ago and we had talked about doing various projects,” Anderson explains. “I really like his singing style. I think it’s wonderful.”

The record also features session vocalist Dolette McDonald, as well as virtuoso rock guitarist Adrian Belew, who with Gabriel helped Anderson expand her musical horizons. Nor did these musicians exhibit the kind of deceptively, unprofessional rock-and-roll attitude that surely would interfere with Anderson’s art.

“Both Peter and Adrian were wonderful to work with and had a quick and intuitive response to what I was doing,” Anderson enthuses. “It was really interesting for me to work with people who think musically. Mister Heartbreak was a conscious effort to do something more musical.”

And Anderson maintains that the pop element in her work is not a matter of status as art. But hasn’t her recent success led to changes from the art community of selling out?

“I suppose there are some people who feel that. But the reason why I’m an artist is because it’s one of the few things in the world where you’re free.”

“The art world has its own problems as far as politics and distribution,” she continues. “Working with a commercial
This prodigious Elf-woman creates audible and visible works while paving her way to the forefront of modern art

Dear Reader

one of Anderson's works on display in her retrospective record company comes as a kind of relief in a way, because there's one rule in that world, and that is, if your record sells records, you can make more records. If you don't sell records, you don't make any more records. It's...breathtakingly clear.

"I do think it's important for artists to consider working outside the art world per se, though that's not for all artists."

Of course, Laurie Anderson is the only serious artist to have hooked up with a popstar or two. Twyla Tharp commissioned David Byrne of Talking Heads to score her Catherine Wheel ballet, and the Heads themselves convinced Rauschenberg to design their latest album package, echoing Andy Warhol's effort on behalf of the Velvet Underground. Within the past few months, minimalist composer Philip Glass has contributed to pop records by both Paul Simon and former Doors keyboardist Ray Manzarek. Glass is also attempting to coordinate a kind of super-collaboration, an Anderson-Byrne-Simon-Stephen Sondheim album of artsy love songs that promises to be monumental if it ever comes to pass.

"To be monumental if it ever comes to pass, Stephen Sondheim album of artsy love songs that promises to be monumental if it ever comes to pass, Anderson says it won't be seen again, although Harper & Row is to publish the work's verbal text and more of its songs will yet appear on record. If nothing else, the show, though now gone for good, achieved a footnote in art history: it made the term "performance art" all but a household word—though considerable confusion still persists as to what the term actually means. Lately, critics are applying it to anything they can't easily label otherwise, including some recent offbeat rock shows.

Anderson remains unperturbed, though. She likes the term's elasticity. "Nobody really knows what it is," she says. "It's kind of handy. That kind of thing is sort of exciting. It frees the artist to do whatever he or she wants to do."

Perhaps that is what the current art scene is all about, then: artists like Laurie Anderson just doing what they want to do, with the result that the lines of demarcation have become blurred between art and pop, and the old definitions are no longer accurate. Is Laurie Anderson's work art? Pop? Both? Neither? Pop Art? Entertainment? Whatever it is, it's certainly exciting, and it's very good.

At the conclusion of Set and Reset, Laurie Anderson, Trisha Brown, Robert Rauschenberg, and Dickie Landry lined up on the stage at the BAM opera house, joined hands and held them repeatedly while a wildly ebullient BAM audience cheered wildly. Maybe the members of that audience—art dealers and college students, punks and grandmothers—didn't know exactly what they'd just seen. But they knew they liked it.

Her early conceptual art pieces are documented; so is United States. And the class video version of "O Superman" plays about once every hour at the ICA, all day long.

The show is fascinating and full of laughs: an ICA worker called it "serious fun," it is kind of a contemporary art amusement park. A Disneyland for the culturally hip. But the manic excitement of the ICA exhibit might lead one to wonder why Laurie Anderson has worked so much with forms in which she hasn't any training—especially after all those years of studying sculpture and the violin.

"I think I use those things all the time," she says. "I never really wanted to define the work that I did in any particular way, except to say that it's based on language."

Anderson's love of language was particularly evident at her recent sold out lecture/demonstrations at the Anderson Center, where, flipping switches on the massive console she stood behind and alternating her sweet vocal tones electronically, she came off as a sort of high-tech console she stood behind and alternating her sweet vocal tones electronically, she came off as a sort of high-tech Mark Twain tradition of American storytelling, which she calls the oldest art form. But she is something else, too. Rolling Stone denoted her a "new kind of pop star." Was fame ever a goal or expectation?

Says Anderson, "I didn't think I'd be doing something as public as performance art. My own particular fantasy was always to be a librarian."

Nor does she worry that the long run view of her work may be altered by her celebrity, a Joan-Didion Mailer or Andy Warhol. "My main fear is based on whether I'll ever have another idea as an artist. I just want to make sure my work is as good as it can possibly be."

As for other famous contemporary artists, and whether they have sold out, Anderson is refreshingly gracious. For example, a proposal of Philip Glass's notorious magazine ad, which pictures the composer clutching a fistful of musical notes by a tumbler of scotch whiskey. "I know that Phil's immediate reasons were financial, I don't think he had a policy of doing or not doing it. He's really practical in that way, and I don't think he attached a stigma to it. I do try to make a point not to judge what other artists do. Whatever you have to do to survive--".

What Laurie Anderson has to do to survive, it seems, is to work as hard and fast and long as she ever did, despite her recent success: while being interviewed, she is creating an animated film which, she explains, tells the story of a civilization on the head of a pin. And she is currently putting the finishing touches on Mister Heartbreak, which now will include more than the four songs that Warner Bros. originally promoted the public.

As for United States, her six hour long masterpiece, which was compared to both the "happenings" of the Sixties and Wagner's Gesamtkunstwerk (union of all the arts). Anderson says it won't be seen again, although Harper & Row is to publish the work's verbal text and more of its songs will yet appear on record. If nothing else, the show, though now gone for good, achieved a footnote in art history: it made the term "performance art" all but a household word—though considerable confusion still persists as to what the term actually means. Lately, critics are applying it to anything they can't easily label otherwise, including some recent offbeat rock shows.

Anderson continues

Performance Art

Laurie Anderson continues to set the limitless bounds...
Compared to the crocodile dung used by the Egyptians circa 1850 B.C., our current array of birth control options appear to fall short of other innovations produced by modern science. Next to John Glenn's lunar escapades and the computer converts, methods of limiting our fertility take on a decidedly primitive quality. The statistics illustrate the issue with a growing urgency. More than half of the pregnancies in America are reported to be unplanned; one in four of every onequarter are terminated by abortion.

Why haven't we been able to devise a simple, cheap, safe, effective method which doesn't hinder the pleasure of love making? What's taking so long?

Here's the good news — by the time women now in college hit their peak sexual drive at age 35, America will witness a birth control boom. Between now and the end of the century, more than 20 new or significantly improved technologies for contraception could become available. But all of the government literature and scientific experts stress that the "ideal" contraceptive neither exists nor is expected to be developed. What can be expected is a future whirl of contraceptive crystal ball reveals what type of impact the new technologies could have on our lives.

Consumers are not in store for pharmaceutical future shock. "Progress in fertility control technology has been made available for modifications of current options more than for revolutionary new changes," reports the Alan Guttmacher Institute, an affiliate of Planned Parenthood which recently published a study called Making Choices. This news is not as disheartening as it might sound. "Modification" often translates into greater safety and simpler application. It can also mean higher effectiveness, to cut down on the "accidents" which occur even when contraceptive precautions have been taken.

The current methods, in order of their ease of use, are sterilization (also the most popular method), various forms of steroid hormone (the pill, IUDs, barrier devices, like condoms and diaphragms), vaginal spermicides, coitus interruptus, periodic abstinence (rhythm, natural family planning) and post-coital douche. Not surprisingly, most of the money has been spent on upgrading the first three; birth control choices of the present dictate future trends.

Right now, 10 million women in America are on the Pill. Seventy percent of all women of reproductive age in this country have taken the pill at some time in their lives. The statistics in the past few years have prompted not only the woman's recognition of sexual self-identity, but a dialogue between partners on contraception and sexuality in general. True, the messiness of certain techniques has led to some abandonment of precautions. But when a couple fears pregnancy enough to use birth control, barrier devices can act to increase communication. The concept of shared responsibility becomes important, since both partners are forced to confront some aspect of the contraception. Also, women using diaphragms must acquaint themselves to touching their own bodies, another long-standing taboo. Should the pill, IUD, injectables, or implants become the universal modes of contraception, these advantages could become obsolete.

Table 21 — Future Fertility Planning Technologies

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Number</th>
<th>Description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>1.</td>
<td>Safer oral contraceptives</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2.</td>
<td>Improved IUDs</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3.</td>
<td>Improved barrier contraceptives for women</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4.</td>
<td>Improved long-acting steroid injections</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5.</td>
<td>Improved ovulation detection methods for use with periodic abstinence</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6.</td>
<td>Effective implants</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7.</td>
<td>Steroid vaginal rings</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8.</td>
<td>LHR analog contraceptives for women</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

Possible by 1990 but prospects doubtful

1. Monthly steroid-based contraceptive pill
2. Improved monthly steroid injection
3. New types of drug releasing IUDs
4. Condoms
5. Antipregnancy vaccine for women
6. Improved barrier contraceptives for men
7. New types of progestin contraceptives for men
8. Reversible female sterilization
9. Simplified female sterilization techniques
10. Anti-impregnation male barrier techniques
11. LHR analogs for self-administered induction of menses

Most of the other methods on the agenda also involve a distance between the circumstances of intercourse and the technology preventing pregnancy. Scientists are working on IUDs which can be left in for seven years, instead of the current one year period. Vaginal rings, which would gradually release progesterone and natural estrogen, are worn for three weeks and then removed for one to accompany the menstrual cycle. A variety of injectable contraceptives may be marketed.

One of the more innovative techniques of the future is the NORGALANT system, developed by the government-funded Population Council. A version using two chemical-ly treated rods is now being tested; the rods are implanted under the skin, usually in the upper arm, and for two years provide the same degree of protection as sterilization. The rods would be slightly less effective for the next three years, and then would be replaced. Since the rods leave a raised bump, potential users might one day need only to brush casually against a woman's arm at a party to see if she's "safe."

What would happen if birth control became separated from sex? If everything could be taken care of way before the "right moment?" Imagine, no creams to squirt, or rubber (or luxurious lambskin) to unroll, no embarrassed muttering or running to the bathroom after an extended embrace.

Linda Gordon suggests that this may not be the nirvana it sounds. In an essay based on her 1976 book, Woman's Body, Woman's Right: A Social History of Birth Control in America (Viking), the University of Massachusetts professor writes: "To acquire and use a diaphragm means that a woman must accept herself as a sexual, heterosexual being, to admit that she plans to continue sexual activity indefinitely."

As cumbersome as barrier methods may be, in many cases they have prompted not only the woman's recognition of sexual self-identity, but a dialogue between partners on contraception and sexuality in general. True, the messiness of certain techniques has led to some abandonment of precautions. But when a couple fears pregnancy enough to use birth control, barrier devices can act to increase communication. The concept of shared responsibility becomes important, since both partners are forced to confront some aspect of the contraception. Also, women using diaphragms must acquaint themselves to touching their own bodies, another long-standing taboo. Should the pill, IUD, injectables, or implants become the universal modes of contraception, these advantages could become obsolete.

Of course, such views easily find opponents. "How natural is it to talk about sex a lot?" asks Lin Brown, who recently left her position as Nurse Practitioner at the University of Pennsylvania's Student Health Department. "Birth control technology isn't that old. " Brodsky argues that the "more economic options are relevant to modern lifestyles. We live in a generation of fast food, microwave ovens, and motorcycle starters. We don't bake bread, we don't shell peas, and we don't make our own clothes. The large majority of women favor the easiest way possible. It's only a small group of women — usually feminists — who prefer barrier methods."

Kate Webster, a nurse practitioner at the Elizabeth Blackwell Center for Women in Philadelphia, looks at the issue differently. "As long as we're in a high-tech society, we dream up high-tech birth control," she says. "When in fact, the simplest things might be the best. We should have a choice between high tech and simplicity."

Women who are not very sexually active, especially young women starting out their sexual lives, may feel uncomfortable with methods which continually distort their natural hormone production even when they abstain from sex. For them, or for current diaphragm users tired of the "Niagra Falls" syndrome, two barrier methods new to the American scene could be more appropriate.

The cervical cap, a thin, molded rubber device smaller than a diaphragm, is widely used in Western Europe. It fits tightly over the cervix and is held in place by suction. In 1981, the Elizabeth Blackwell Center began a four-year cervical cap study. Gathering information in order to get Food and Drug Administration approval of the device. Although some women have reported great satisfaction with the method (it requires less spermicide than the diaphragm and can be left in longer), figures from nationwide studies indicate that 50 percent of the female volunteers could not be fitted with a cap. It comes in four sizes, which don't suit everyone.

The vaginal sponge was originally slated to hit the Philadelphia pharmacies by this month, but due to West Coast demand it may not get here until April. The product, called "Today," is a mixture of diaphragm and sponge. Unfortunately, the Moral Majority will most likely cling to abortion as a political toehold and decline a role in the contraceptive information effort. To this bunch, more contraception equals more sex, less contraception equals less sex, and no abortions equal Family and a Return to the American Way. Gordon points out that historically, "the more effective the suppression of contraception information, the more frequent the resort to abortion as a primary means of birth control. If the Right would only realize that Wayward Cinderella is not going to turn into a frigid pumkin as the clock strikes midnight in pitch-black ignorance, it could accomplish much in the way of social progress."

Personally, I don't believe that a future of improved birth control would spark a frenzied rush of sexual activity. Technology evolves faster than human psychology if it
BIRTH CONTROL

Cohen

Although basic research is undoubtedly crucial in the effort to innovate, there is reason to suspect that given our current understanding of the female reproductive process, more money specifically earmarked for contraceptive development is key. "Without such added investments," asserts the OTA report, "emergence of many new contraceptive products is likely to be either prevented or very substantially delayed." The cancer story illustrates that throwing money at a problem doesn't always lead to speedy results, but in this case the government must reach into its pockets if it is to fulfill its service role.

(continued on page 10)

Who Uses What: Estimate of Number of Women Using Various Methods

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Method</th>
<th>Number (in 000s)</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Oral Contraceptives</td>
<td>4.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Pill</td>
<td>3.800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intrauterine Devices</td>
<td>3.600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Diaphragm</td>
<td>3.400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cervical Cap</td>
<td>3.200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Sterilization</td>
<td>2.800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Intrauterine Contraceptive</td>
<td>2.600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>IUD</td>
<td>2.400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Copper IUD</td>
<td>2.200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spillage</td>
<td>2.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Spermicides</td>
<td>1.800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Male Sterilization</td>
<td>1.600</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Female Sterilization</td>
<td>1.400</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Male Condom</td>
<td>1.200</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Female Condom</td>
<td>1.000</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Other</td>
<td>0.800</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Total</td>
<td>12,196</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

*Note: The National Institute of Health (NIH) is conducting studies of the cervical cap.*

(continued on page 10)
But a number of restrictions accompany Federal generosity. According to Harold Nash, the Associate Director of the Population Council's Center for Biomedical Research, the government requires that each unit of work on a project be submitted for competitive bidding. "That means that at each step there's a delay to decide who's going to carry out each step," Nash says. "It's a tremendous burden."

Private foundations like Ford, Rockefeller, and Mellon do not have the same rules on competitive bidding; thus they facilitate progress. But given that private philanthropies are already extending themselves to cushion the blow of Reaganomics on the arts and social programs, to suggest that they take up the slack in the scientific domain would be absurd. What science needs are a few creative federal managers to cut through the bureaucracy.

Who, exactly, is in charge of birth control R&D? In the public sector, the actors break down along disciplinary and monetary lines. Universities (including the University of Pennsylvania) and NIH centers do basic research in the field. This is "investigator initiated research," meaning that the scientists write the proposal, then receive a federal grant. "Applied research," or contraceptive development, is usually performed by private labs who work on contract, after responding to a proposal outlined by the Federal agencies. In the private sector, the money stays under one roof. Wyeth Laboratories and Ortho Pharmaceutical, who share 70-80 percent of the oral contraceptive market in the U.S., both have in-house R&D labs. The pay-off could be mind-boggling: the first company to come out with a substantially improved pill would take in enough money to keep corporate executives in gold toothpicks for years. So why aren't more pharmaceutical companies joining in the contraceptive sweepstakes?

It's all economics. Many companies lack the massive funds required to staff an in-house lab and eventually promote a new product. And by the time the method passes Federal safety standards, its patent protection lasts only nine or ten years before other companies can produce it. Though litigation on the Pill has decreased since its heyday, companies are still fearful. All in all, it is more profitable to market a drug which sick people urgently need than to market a potentially risky device which healthy people purchase occasionally. "If you can make a buck selling tranquilizers and lose five bucks getting sued, what do you do?" asks Dr. Gabriel Bialy, director of contraceptive development at the National Institute of Child Health and Human Development.

But as Bialy points out, even if companies swarmed to invest in birth control R&D, certain scientific factors would maintain the cautious pace of research in this area. "We do not dare to rush with these things," he says. "Biological experiments take time. It's like crawling on your belly for a hundred yards." As it is, we won't have the last word on safety until years after the injectables, implants, vaginal rings, and other new methods have been widely adopted.

Most of the options Americans will be enjoying within 20 years will not be appropriate for the Third World. They are either too expensive, require sterile conditions, or are too complicated for use by poor, uneducated populations. We should keep in mind that next to the escalating dangers of nuclear obliteration, overpopulation is the most pressing of global problems. Scientists are working on the special contraceptive needs of these lesser developed countries; surely, the American government can take a small fraction of the funds spent on the arms race to devote to research leading to the healthy preservation of the world.

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Runes: Opening a Road to Self-Discovery

The Book of Runes by Ralph Blum
Published by St. Martin's Press
$19.95, boxed with a cloth drawstring bag and a set of 25 ceramic Rune stones

By Charles Wright

The publicists from St. Martin's Press and their author, Ralph Blum, are fond of quoting Margaret Mead (identified in their circulars as ‘Marge Mead, Anthropologist’). “It is high time someone treated the Runes as part of living Western shamanism. We still need our shamans, after all. And you don’t have to make an appointment to see your Runes.”

In The Book of Runes, Blum purports to make the ancient Viking mythology accessible to the modern reader. The book is a generally well-written commentary that explains what the Rune symbols mean. But, entertaining as Blum’s effort is, it is a trifle unkind to use Professor Mead to market a product now that she’s no longer among us to defend herself. Especially so, since Blum fails to provide the kind of scholarly investigation of the Runes that Mead envisioned.

The product that St. Martin’s is marketing at a steep 20 bucks a copy is neither a work of anthropology nor a system for invoking a spiritual world. Rather, it blends the trappings of ancient mythology with the method of modern “self-help” literature. There is still room for serious study of the Runes, the solid scholarship that Professor Mead proposed in the quotation that Blum and St. Martin’s bandy about. But Blum hasn’t accomplished anything of the sort.

The blend of ancient lore and high-toned hokum make The Book of Runes a sort of Ivy League Talmud. The ‘OK’ you get from this book is, “I’m OK. And Blum is a lazy, mindless William Blake.”

Blum’s little volume, however, has a few merits. He has written an elegant study of Viking divination. Instead, he proposes the Runes as a system of self-discovery without a pot of occultism. When I phoned him for a chat, it was mid morning at Blum’s Los Angeles home and he told me that he had just been reading his own Runes. He described Rune reading as “a walking stick, an opener, or a spare key.” According to Blum, they are nothing for you, they merely serve as a “mirror for reflecting the condition of one’s life at the moment. Oh, Mr. Blum is quite a rhetorian.

According to the system outlined in Blum’s slim volume, Rune reading is a game. One may lay the Rune stones out upside down and fiddle with them until inspired to choose and turn them over, or one may reach into a bag a handsome little sack is provided, just the right size and plenty sturdy and let the proper Runes fall into one’s hand. In his directions (Chapter 4 – “Runemal: The Art of Rune Casting”), Blum admits his own preference for using the bag – “I like feeling the stones click against one another and, even more, the way, after a few moments, a Rune seems to insert itself between my fingers.” Either this is personification for effect or Blum is not as skeptical of occult mythology as he made out on the telephone. At any rate, one chooses one’s Runestones blindly and peers into them as into the once served.

When Blum read his Runes to me over the telephone, he used the basic Three Rune Spread technique. The Three Rune Spread is based upon a traditional reverence for the number three. One selects three stones without looking at their marked sides and places them side by side before turning them over. The stones are read from right to left. The first stone pertains to the situation as it is, the second suggests a proper course of action, and the third indicates “the situation that is evolving.” At one point in the book, Blum describes the Rune elements in simpler terms: “the Rune you draw first represents Your Now, where you are in your passage, published. He hopes that, as readers of the Neues play with their Runes, new methods of casting will crop up and be shared with other enthusiasts. His plan sounds a bit like a hybrid of the old Bournemouth Societies and the Book of the Month Club.

Clearly Rune-casting is an exercise of imagination and introspection. Any magic about the Runes is poetic magic, something associated with the individual aesthetic urge. But Blum also views Rune-casting as an anodyne. When I talked to him, Blum described the human condition as a pretty lonely thing: “We are utterly alone on our own – not because there are no Wise Others around us, but because of the distribution and functional difficulties. We need to support each other now, and self-support systems (like the Runes) are worty supplements.”

The latter part of the book consists of lyrical and semi-lyrical commentaries on the particular Rune or character. Blum’s prose is a little uneven – it ranges from purple to jargonesque and at times, strikes a genuinely rich median. But as Rune-casting becomes a wider-spread art or science, Blum’s little Talmud will probably be less and less integral to the enterprise. Presumably, chronic Rune readers have license to embellish Blum’s basic descriptions and interpretations as they see fit for the game. After all, Blum insists that it is the self that is talking through the Runes – “always the self.” The Runes are a conduit for the “quiet voice we hear when we stop the caterwauling and a means to the ‘root of creativity.’ That is a tall order for a bag of stones.

In the final analysis, then, The Book of Runes is neither a work of anthropology nor a system for invoking a spiritual world. Rather, it blends the trappings of ancient mythology with the method of contemporary ‘self-help’ literature. There is still room for serious study of the Runes, the solid scholarship that Professor Mead proposed in the quotation that Blum and St. Martin’s bandy about. But Blum hasn’t accomplished anything of the sort. The blend of ancient lore and high-toned hokum make The Book of Runes a sort of Ivy League Talmud. The ‘OK’ you get from this book is, “I’m OK. And Blum is a lazy, mindless William Blake.”

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“The Precision Haircut.”
Themes like loyalty, friendship.

By Howard Sherman

It's a real pity that Joel Schumacher didn't consciously set out to make D.C. Cab as a family film, because barring the swearing and a few bared breasts, it's one of the most wholesome pictures to come across a screen in some time.

The film is an urban comedy, combining many of the elements that characterized writer-director Schumacher's slicker and funnier Car Wash: a single main location for the action, street humor, sight gags, and an enormous ensemble cast. In this picture, however, themes like loyalty, friendship, and pride are stressed over comedy in the slight plot, which involves the regeneration of a decrepit taxi company in Washington D.C.

The transformation is affected by Albert, an idealistic youth who exorts the disheartened drivers to put their faith (and money) into the company as partners, in order to keep the business afloat. His platitudes, along with frequent diatribes against drugs and for good education delivered by the inimitable Mr. T, add up to old time hokum that families might enjoy, if the film's scatological leanings and 'R' rating didn't get in the way.

The enormous cast is competent, if undistinguished. The only notable performances are by Adam Baldwin (the bodyguard of My Bodyguard) as Albert, street comedian Charlie Barnett (see related story) and Max Gail, Barney Miller's Wigo, as the compassionate and intelligent owner of the company. The film's most accomplished actor, Cary Busey, turns in what may be this year's most onerous performance as Don, a loudmouthed, redneck cab driver.

D.C. Cab is a rambling, incoherent project that doesn't manage to combine its disparate elements into a cohesive whole, resulting in a moderately amusing but totally unremarkable movie. For a picture that has so many people in cars all the time, it's very pedestrian.

By Meredith Sherman

Don't Look Back
Directed by D.A. Pennebaker
At the Roxie Screening Room

Don't Look Back, directed by D.A. Pennebaker, is a rock-and-roll documentary of Bob Dylan's 1965 British tour that hard-core Dylan lovers will be sure to enjoy. With its first showing in 20 years, Don't Look Book documents Dylan's interactions with British reporters, fans, and friends, showing him to be a gentle and likeable person who constantly questions society.

However, this is not the kind of film that the average moviegoer will love and remember for a long time. The conversation retains value for those who are particularly interested, but as a historical account, it is not generally informative and really not that interesting. If you were there in the scenes that Pennebaker captured on film, you wouldn't bother to listen in on the conversation unless you happened to know that Dylan would be one of the most important musicians of our time.

Of course, it's always fun to hear that British accents asking questions and getting American replies.

Don't Look Back is highlighted with touching examples of Dylan's performances. The best moments take place when he sings Don't Think Twice, It's Alright, The Times They Are A Changin', and It's All Over Now Baby Blue. Informal shots of Joan Baez singing and playing guitar will excite somen a guest appearance by Alan Price of The Animals is also noteworthy.

True, Dylan's voice is not cultivated, and some people feel irritated by this. The hearts of these people simply do not beat to Dylan's style. But as he says in one scene of Don't Look Back, he hits all the right notes. To be in tune with Bob Dylan, you have to have a deep appreciation for his natural voice which complements his truthful meaning. This is an essential difference between Dylan and a lot of pop music which is often characteristically pretentious.

Similarly, those who are conditioned to the smoothness of most Hollywood films may find Pennebaker's way of filming to be choppy and annoying. The black and white picture is dim and grainy. But this is actually an artistic extension of the documentary mode, not a careless mistake. Photographically, the shots are well composed. Lots of facial close-ups, which can be intrusive in other films, are used effectively, in Don't Look Back — they bring the viewer closer to Dylan. Thus the warmth and sincerity that Dylan generated nearly 20 years ago comes through to the 1983 viewer as if Dylan was standing right there in the crowded theater.

Dylan folk should be sure to take this opportunity to see him in Don't Look Back. Others should stay home and play Christopher Cross records.

Cabbie

Charlie Barnett is not an overnight success, but he certainly managed to leap from obscurity into the movies with more ease than most performers.

Barnett, who makes his acting debut in Universal's D.C. Cab, was discovered while doing street comedy in New York's Washington Square Park. The film's writer-director Joel Schumacher liked what he saw, so he created a part in the film specifically for Barnett, one which would utilize his wild antics and street knowledge. The result was the character Tyke, one of the most distinctive roles in a large cast in which Barnett proves that he, unlike many comedians, can act as well as tell jokes.

With one film completed and a three film contract now signed, Barnett has come a long way from very unlikely origins. "I mugged people, robbed cab drivers, shot heroin, did cocaine," Barnett recalls of his youth in Boston. Although he started out in reform school (from which he escaped), Barnett worked his way up to being a youth counselor before moving to New York to start his comedy career.

Adding to the tales of his past, he notes, "I have a lot of friends I grew up with who are dead or in jail. For me to make it after the problems I had with drugs was lucky. I can't forget, I'm gonna help people. But..." he admits with a smile, "I'm not gonna fly over Harlem in a helicopter and throw out money."

Barnett's work as a street comedian in New York helped him to hone his comedy. "I'm damn good with hecklers," he declares. "At first I didn't have any material — I was only funny when people made fun of me." From quick retorts, Barnett worked up routines in which he confronts what he calls "heavy topics," which include almost anything he can think of. "I'll talk 20 minutes about blacks and then 20 minutes about Reagan."

Unconcerned about offending people, he often parodies homosexuals. "But it's all true," he points out. "I talk about how they're treated in jail, about how they're always crusin'. There are a few taboos, however. "You don't make fun of cancer or AIDS," Barnett states.

Barnett has worked in clubs, but he loves the street, which has been very good to him. "I'm a middle class citizen from street shows, I don't want to say how much I make, though. The IRS, you know." And while he hopes to work more in film, records, and concert tours ("I'm not interested in television. I'm upright about concert''), he says he will never give up street performing altogether. "Every year on September 23, my birthday, I'm gonna do a show in Washington Square Park."

Decked out in a Christian Dior warm-up suit for his interview, it's hard to believe what Barnett has gone through in his quest for fame. He mentions that his neighbors in the Bronx are similarly puzzled. "People in the neighborhood can't figure out what I'm all about." Barnett works on film constantly, although he admits, "I don't like to do jobs. They ask, "Well, what do you do?" I tell jokes. Then they start talking about Eddie Murphy."

But if his origins are in question, Charlie Barnett's frequent outrageously outrageous behavior dispels any doubt. Teasing a stuffy waiter at lunch, he asks for chili. "But is it hot?" the waiter asks, to which he says, "Look at that chandelier! I wonder what I could get for that on 42nd Street?"

Howard Sherman

Blowin' in the Wind
Bob Dylan has changed with the times.
By Joseph Rosenzweig.

In this age of escalating seriousness among the superpowers, it would be a fine thing if an American movie could foster greater understanding between West and East by realistically depicting life today in the Soviet Union. Such a movie would cut through propaganda and rumor providing insight into the communist society that some of us know only through Dr. Zhivago. It would spell out the differences and perhaps even the paradoxical similarities between that society and our own.

Gorky Park is not that movie. Yet it could have been. Martin Cruz Smith’s 1981 novel, which served as the raw material for the movie of the same name, was rich enough in cultural observations and background details to support a very sophisticated cinematic treatment. Sadly, little of Smith’s accomplishment is in evidence when Gorky Park is on the screen. His detective story is muddled, his characters are assassinated by the scriptwriter, and... perhaps worst of all, this social commentary is buried under a hail of bullets.

Gorky Park is essentially a ‘police-procedural’ crime story with the innovative distinction of taking place in Moscow. It concerns itself with the methods used by the authorities to track down a criminal. In this case, the criminal is a murderer, his victims: two men and a woman found shot in Moscow’s Gorky Park. The authorities are the Soviet Ministry of Police, who correspond roughly to our civil police force. They have assigned detective Arkady Renko (William Hurt) to the case.

Renko’s first problem is simply to find out who the victims are. Their fingerprints have been removed, their faces smashed to prevent them from being identified. A few suspicious bits of evidence lead him to the beautiful student Irina (Geneviève Bujold), the erstwhile American businesswoman Ottilie (Lee Marvin), and the visiting New York cop Kruel (Brian Dennehy), all of whom turn out to have something to do with the dead people. Meanwhile, the RRB has also taken an interest in the case, their ruthless methods posing a danger to Renko should he start asking questions they don’t want answered.

A certain similarity to the TV show Columbo is undeniable. As in that show, the audience knows the identity of the murderer early on; the tension lies in putting together the motive and method of the crime. In Columbo, Renko repeatedly confronts his suspect with details of the murder (these never directly implicate him). Unfortunately for Gorky Park, the similarities end there. Dennis Potter’s action-oriented screenplay has little of the haphazard plot development, intelligent dialogue, or attention to character that made the film bogs down.

The one bright spot is William Hurt’s portrayal of Renko. Though required to speak lines like “Lies are not freedom,” and “You’re sick, Osborne; sick”; Hurt brings a solid-believability to the role of the honest, arrogant public servant. Also good are Pacula—who becomes Hurt’s lover—and Dennehy, who becomes Hurt’s partner. The relationships between these people are real, even if the script is predictable and confined. A strong assembly of supporting British actors is also a plus, but none of the players is helped by Apted’s indifference to his subject matter. A passionate love scene is filmed with the same clinical lack of emotion as a scene in which a coroner saws the head off a corpse.

Unable to film in Moscow, the producers of Gorky Park used Helsinki, Finland as a look-alike substitute. The illusion works; we seem to be in Moscow. The rest of the movie is not so convincing. Some long lines at supermarkets are shown, references are made to the unavailability of appliances. But aside from these token gestures, no effort is made to put Gorky Park in a realistic Soviet setting. “Action is action,” and it is the same everywhere. If this film’s hollow message is as well as have been Central Park.

Cold Day in the Park

William Hurt investigates the faceless murderers.

Columbo is a success. The brusque and artless scenes between Detective Renko and the killer in Gorky Park are a far cry from the stylish, games of cat-and-mouse Detective Columbo engaged in. What is lost in sophistication is certainly not made up for in coherent action. Director Michael Apted jumps with abandon from scene to scene; in the beginning, this hinders the exposition of character and setting, and at the end it makes the plot line very hard to follow. The action scenes are filmed well and sometimes are very exciting, but after the first hour, as Apted piles on more and more plot in his haphazard way, the film bogs down.

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John S. Marshall:

1. Michael Jackson - "Billie Jean"

The aura of raw sex permeated the air whenever the song's thumping drumbeat, steaming bass line, and swirling, hiccup vocal soared out of the speakers of my TV set or stereo. If singing doesn't get you to well, there's always the high quality of his songwriting. Or his dancing. Or his videos. Million's including rednecks, brainiacs, blacks, whites, MTV programmers, and my mother have found something alluring in his performing. This song seemed to sum up everything he's about — and it got me on my feet more than anything else all year.

2. Afrika Bambaataa and The Soul Sonic Force - "Looking for the Perfect Beat" (12-inch)

Well, here's a perfect beat for you. When producer Arthur Baker and keyboard wunderkind John Robie teamed up with rappers Pow Wow, Mr. Bigg, and G.I.O.B.E. for the second time, they created a monumental montage of dance music sounds even more thrilling than those on their 1982's "Planet Rock." An epic hip-hop adventure on an 12-inch disk.

3. Run-D.M.C. - "It's Like That"/"Sucker M.C.'s" (12-inch)

When Melle Mel was talking about throwing babies in the garbage can, recycling "The Message" for the third time in "New York, New York," Run-D.M.C. rapped out a message even more harrowing in "It's Like That," set to a sparse drum and synth backing that was slow, but got both the hip-hoppers and new wavers moving. Performed only with voice and drums, "Sucker M.C.'s" was the best straight rap of the year about serious things, among them going to college.

4. Prince - "Little Red Corvette"

So far the first three songs from the 1989 LP have been hit singles. If the trend continues, "Let's Pretend We're Married" is next, but chances are it's too racy for radio programmers. Fortunately, they allowed "Little Red Corvette" to hit the masses. It's another song which oozes raw sex, but is mournful at the same time. His 12-inch version was a bad move: he stripped away the warm, emotional synthesizer parts and left the listener with a senseless, grating guitar. Which isn't like him at all.

5. Malcolm McLaren and the World Famous Supreme Team - "Buffalo Gals" (12-inch)

Not a novelty song, but one of the first — and maybe the best — scratch/rap/funk montages to make an impact. Not a fusion of square dancing and rap, but rather, a fusion of square dancing and rapping, either, but it succeeded in spite of McLaren's trademark gimmickry. The spin-off, "Hobo Scratch," is also excellent, and both are now available on an EP.

6. Trio - "Da da da I don't love you you don't love me aha aha"

A world-wide hit everywhere but first in America. Buy both the LP and the EP, because you'll need both the long and short versions of the song which sounds like "Twist and Shout" at a slower pace while a Casio rhyming machine beeps away in the background. Sort of like Joan Jett meets Pong. And there are times when the title is all you need to say to anybody — when the people in my house started hating each other last spring, this was our theme song.

7. David Bowie - "Let's Dance" (12-inch)

Time magazine wrote that he had started a trend, when all he was doing was cashing in on one. Still, it summed up the summer, a time when everybody was (or should have been) dancing beneath the "serious moonlight."

And the lyric was not "Put on your red shoes and dance," but "Put on your red shoes and dance the blues." Understanding the difference was everything.

8. Jonathan Richman and the Modern Lovers - "Not Yet Three"

He doesn't care if his voice goes flat, or if a rhyme doesn't quite work, because his message is all the more human for his imperfections. And his light rock, folk-inspired backing is tender, not wimpy. This song from his latest album is about the rebellious spirit locked inside a baby who's endlessly crying. The infant's cry of "I'm stronger than you. you're simply bigger than me." should be inspiration to anyone who feels similarly imprisoned (college students, say).

9. Joan Jett - "Fake Friends"

She doesn't shrink like a neurted barbeque in "searing guitar solos," because her heavy metal is governed by taste as well as readiness and she has no need for superfluous histrionics. Her music is infectious enough. Seeing her open for the Police, I realized that I'd always loved "I Love Rock and Roll" but never admitted. "Fake Friends" is from her latest LP. Album. Try blasting it when somebody's fucked you over. You'll feel better.

10. Man Parrish - "Together Again"

From the aurally titled debut LP from the 22-year-old Prince of electro-boogie, perhaps best known for the powerful dance anthem "Hip Hop, B-Bop," comes this 50's style ballad sung through a vocoder and played with hard-edged, metallic-sounding synthesizers. Catchy, bright, and bouncy, it got me through the summer and stuck me as an update of the form which was not only more innovative than the Police's "Every Breath You Take," but more heartfelt and appealing as well.

Thought for the Week:

"But then it got to the point where the University was pushing, pushing, more work, more work. We thought we were working for Adolph."

University Employee Andy Waller commenting on the school's November 1977 union dispute

14: 34th Street Magazine, December 8, 1983
Music of 1983


2. Prince, "Little Red Corvette." The soul single of the year.

3. X, "Make the Music Go Bang!" The All-American Band can play anything, and they can play it faster, louder, and tighter than anyone. Like their latest album More Fun In the New World, this little ditty is brilliant, shining, and nasty.

4. Tom Tom Club, "The Man With the 4-Way Bips." The Frantz boys, the Weymouth girls, and friends animate your backside with music that's sun sexy, sunny, and sweet. Life is great. Let's dance!

5. Depeche Mode, "Enjoy the Silence." The most memorable song on this list.

6. Pretty Poison, "Seal It With a Kiss." Camden-grown technopop with teeth even goop airplay late one night. Lead vocalist Jade Starling is prettier than Boy George, and she also wins the Best Name Since Lydia Lunch Award.

7. The Human League, "Fascination." The people who brought you the best song of 1982 are back with a synthesizer-honed bore tune to die for. The band's other '83 single, "Mirror Man," is a winner, too.

8. EBN-OZN, "AIEOU." One of a pair of 1983 singles with the same title, this is the goofy tap about the incredible-looking Swedish girl who turns capucino. It was love at first listen. I'm serious. And look out for the homo-erotic video.

9. New Edition, "Candy Girl." Those of us who cheered when the Jackson 5 cartoon clip flashed on the screen during the Motown 25 special find reason to cheer every time this good natured rip-off comes on the radio. And heck, isn't that what rock and roll is really all about?

JONATHAN MATZKIN: 1. Madonna, "Holiday." Absolutely everything about this record is perfect. The backing track balances springy rhythm guitar and bright synthesizer atop a swaggering funk bass line, and "Daddy's" Benitez's brilliant production lends the record a warm, uncorporate sexuality. Madonna's vocal cuts through with exuberance and authority. When she suggests that we all "come together," it sounds, just for a moment, like a potential solution to the world's problems. Easily my favorite record of 1983.

2. Bad Brains, "Rock for Light." All the elements of a classic four-minute rock song compressed into half that time. Power chords that could melt steel, an inventive, anthemic guitar solo, and a crazed vocal, all in the service of Jah Rastafari. Anyone who still writes off hardcore as incomprehensible should listen. If John Cougar really knew what hurts so good, he would make music like this.

3. The Human League, "Enjoy the Silence." The most memorable song on this list.

4. REM, "Talk About the Passion." This is the best song on an album filled with great songs. Peter Buck's simple, introductory guitar statement recurs several times in the course of the tune, and sticks in the mind the way that details of certain Beatles songs do. Michael Stipe sings "not everyone can carry the weight of the world." A line that typifies the small but significant truths that abound in REM's lyrics.

5. Grand Master and Melle Mel, "White Lines (Don't Do It)." Hip-hop is a new and stylistically diverse genre. As in any young genre, much of what appears initially exciting and innovative will seem less so in hindsight. This record, however, should transcend matters of style and survive as a great achievement regardless of category. Over Liquid Liquid's "Cavern" bass line, Melle Mel tells the truth about cocaine in an impassioned, street tough rap. Ethereal backing vocals quote the Isley's "Twist and Shout," and the digitized shouted cry of "Don't do it!" cuts like a switchblade.

6. David Bowie, "Modern Love." In which one of New Music's founding philosophers returns in yet another new form. "Modern Love" took no getting used to. That had the feel of a fondly remembered oldie the first time I heard it. Possibly the year's best driving song, courtesy of a great, singable melody and Tony Thompson's rock solid drumming.

7. Elvis Costello, "All This Time." This terrific rocker that displays Jackson's versatility and pairs him with the highly touted Eddy you know who. In the company of a fine singer, for a change. Van Halen shows some of what prompted Frank Zappa, among others, to praise his playing. "Beat It:" Most significant, however, as the basis for the finest rock video of the year. Jackson's electrifying visual presence, his incredible dancing, and some wonderful choreography combine to suggest that videos can be more than elaborate commercials.

8. John Cougar Mellencamp, "The Longest Gun." The year's best driving song. A song about the incredible Jackson 5 cartoon clip flashed on the screen during the Motown 25 special find reason to cheer every time this good natured rip-off comes on the radio. And heck, isn't that what rock and roll is really all about?

MARK CARO: My Five Favorite Albums of 1983

1. Speaking in Tongues, Talking Heads. Guitar legend David Byrne learns that art isn't all, and the results are a funky, fun album that is infinitely more dangerous than your standard post-punk of Let's Dance. And credit Sire Records with forcing loyal fans to buy three versions of the album: the regular copy, the edition with the Robert Rauschenberg-designed plastic cover, and the cassette which features longer and better versions of five songs.

2. Punch the Clock, Elvis Costello and the Attractions. Every year he writes the album or two, and every album is exciting and raw. He's added horns and female background singers this time around, and the record is his most accessible one to date. Costello is far and away the best songwriter presently working. Although he laments a few times, Punch the Clock, when he's good, there's no competition.

3. Hearts and Bones, Paul Simon. After selling out with Art Garfunkel by charging ridiculous prices for singles in standard form, Simon regains his integrity, earns Garfunkel's vocals, and puts out the year's most heartfelt album. The ballads are the among the strongest he's written, and his vocals don't need Garfunkel's help.

4. Trouble in Paradise, Randy Newman. Last time out Newman tried a comedy album that had little bite (Born Again, 1979). Now he's regained his cutting edge and combined it with his sense of humor to produce a powerful album. The geniuses string arrangements of his earlier albums have been replaced by synthesizers and music by members of Toto, but the new formula works anyway.

5. Murmur, REM. The freshest debut album of the year features a 1960s guitar-based sound with a 1980s beat and a lead singer who draws in-decipherable lyrics. REM's melodies and high energy level are contagious — even at 11 a.m., where almost everything is indecipherable.

Best Singles of the Year


4. "Total Eclipse of the Heart," Bonnie Tyler. Etc. (You shouldn't hate them just because they're hits. Mr. Genesis Fan — Ed.)

5. "Come on Eileen," Dexys Midnight Runners. (Sorry about that hit up there — Ed.)
REPERTORY CINEMA

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Fri & Sat: 2001. A Space Odyssey and Admission Sun: Tender Mercies and The Great Santini: Mom & Too You Are Not Alone and Something For Everyone Sun: The Great Santini and Veronika Voss: Midnight Show . W F "534 South Street, 922-1010"

ON THE TOWN

A cross ritual based on the writings of Howard Zinn and directed by Bob Forsyth and Clark. What a bizarre combination. (Samenc 3, 1908 Chestnut St, 567-0209)

THE DEAD ZONE

What a bizarre combination directed by Bob Porky’s Clark years without Nancy Allen as a master in this classic filled with wit, justice. It just gross mote than the in (Waltz Street Theatre Company, 9th & Walnut Street, 574-3558)

ROMANTICS w/ BERU REVUE

The mainstream opening act has a version of “Moon River” that’s pretty neat, according to P. Camelot. And the headlines, those “What I Like About You” and “Talking in Your Sleep” Are considered by some to be their only good songs, have been T. Phillips favorite band for a long time. (Neon Auditorium, Dec. 10)

NATIONAL CITY

“Bony” a film about an assassin and his partner in the final production of People’s Light & Theatre Company’s 20th Season (March to January). Aida Corfease the superb Blanch Dukakis of the Company’s Streetcar earlier this fall is once again on hand. Opens 9 November (People’s Light and Theatre Company, 29 Conestoga Road, Malvern, 647-1900)

THE MEMBER OF THE WEDDING

Ester Rolle is superb and well supported by the rest of the cast of this revival of Carson McCullers play about the Georgia childhood of an artistic girl. Highly recommended. 11 December. (Philadelphia Drama Guild at the Anniversary Center, 546 E. 6th)

THE WHITE HOUSE MURDER CASE

Employing their Center City facility, Stage Three, the Temple University Drama Department presents a satirical comedy by Jules Feiffer. The Village Voice critic Arnold also is somewhat playwrite. The subject to nobody’s surprise, as politics and prime. Through 16 December. (Stage Three Temple University Center City, 1619 Walnut Street, 787-1122)

More Thoughts:

"I am endeavoring to construct a mnemonic memory circuit using straw knives and beards." - Mr. Spock

"He’s dodd. Jim." - Bones

"It is better to be just than to just be." - the Editor

"No! No more talk! We go it!" - Wez

"It’s a living - Rocky Balboa

"It’s a living nightmare." - the Editor

YOU ARE NOW LEAVING THE TWILIGHT ZONE

FISHWIVES

This musical about a working class neighborhood in Philadelphia is the product of Michael James Ogilvy, a 22 year-old playwright. Composer, and lyricist from Aintown Through December. (Theater Center Philadelphia, 622 South Fourth Street. 202-2625)

OLIVER

The new Wall Street Theatre Company announces this as the grand beginning of a tradition the Philadelphia Christmas musical, musical, Lionel Bart’s treatment of Dickens is a good choice — my heart breaks every time I see old Bill Sykes stabs the innocent Nancy. But where is love?" is a damned insidious little tune. Through the season to be polished (Waltz Street Theatre Company, 9th & Walnut Street, 574-3558)

THE GREAT SANTINO

From Stephen King’s novel comes this cinematic story of a love affair, featuring Maryann Plunkett and Fred Williamson among others. (Also at Eric’s Campus. 40th Street & Locust, 574-0732)

Fiddler on the Roof never been seen in Philadelphia. This year’s holiday Iransvestite film comes this cinematic story of a love affair, featuring Maryann Plunkett and Fred Williamson among others. (Also at Eric’s Campus. 40th Street & Locust, 574-0732)

THE DEATH ZONE

The King of Fashions so a more sedate mood, polished to a slick Gheen by Canada’s Clinebrooke. Surprisingly good, it somewhat laid back. (Eric’s Place, 1519 Chestnut Street, 567-0309)

THE GREY FOX

First stabbing west. Now a Canadian western needs John Wayne and Gemilli. (Ritz II, 214 Walnut St, 925-7900)

NEVER SAY NEVER AGAIN

It’s happy. It’s only 50 years old and it’s more than the in (Waltz Street Theatre Company, 9th & Walnut Street, 574-3558)

RICHARD PRIOR. HERE AND NOW

The weakest of the three concert films, in which a racing crab nearly comes this cinematic story of a love affair, featuring Maryann Plunkett and Fred Williamson among others. (Also at Eric’s Campus. 40th Street & Locust, 574-0732)

THE RIGHT STUFF

It really is good! Go see it. Trust me. Support the meritocracy program. (Samenc 3, 1908 Chestnut St, 567-0209)

SCARFACE

Not talked about anymore but just as bloody. The first DePalma film in years without Nancy Allen as a hooker. (Samenc 3, 1908 Chestnut St, 567-0209)

SUDDEN IMPACT

Go ahead. Make your day with Dirty Harry. Fashional fun for the holidays. (Regency 16th & Chestnut, 567-2310)

SCHLOCK FILM FESTIVAL

CALIGULA

Guard! Give this man more egg nog for the holidays! Then rip his guts out. History was never this much fun. (Midtown, Broad & Chestnut. 567-2310)

KUNG FU INSPECTOR

Five for the lessons, then practical application. Take note, aspiring grasshoppers. (Goldman, 15th & Chestnut. 567-4413)

MAMMY

It’s R. But its hard R. according to our buddy Jack at Buddha. (Midtown, Broad & Chestnut. 567-2310)

PIECES

Not of eight of not candy. Pieces of raw human skin, unchewed threads by savage power tools. Yum! (Duque & Ducheni, 16th & Chestnut. 567-9381)

SEVEN DAYS OF DEATH

Dr. Butcher is a game show in which contestants showcase evil wares, while a really sick psychopath proves that all those guys in the hospital were weird. (Goldman)

SLEEPING AVE

Flambeau! Nutty your mind with these two obsesive rock performer in traffic. (Eric’s Marx 1. 18th and Market Streets)

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