Guarding the Bard

U. professor runs Shakespeare library

By EDWIN HODMAN

History Professor Werner Gundersheimer is more of a Renaissance man than a Caesar - one who can handle both work and refereeing, one who can write a book on the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C., and the University's Shakespeare book collection.

The transition from the job of professor to the dauntless St. Benedict has not been an easy one. "It's a big change," he said yesterday.

"I'm forever dealing with the Folger Library, and the Folger Library in Washington, he said. He will be leaving the University at the end of this term to devote himself entirely to the Folger Library. And never before has he been so excited about his work.

Gundersheimer taught Renaissance History at the University for what he called "18 very happy years."

The specialist in 15th and 16th Centuries, a 16th century French intellectual, will be joining the Folger Library, with its wide variety of Renaissance containing the First Folios, the Folger is the national library, the Folger Institute, the Division of Manuscripts and Public Programs and the Folger Theater. Although this is a difficult task, Gundersheimer said "it's really a challenge," adding that he enjoys it.

"The Folger Library contains between 150,000 and 250,000 books," he said. Among the manuscripts are 19 first editions of Shakespeare's plays. There are only 240 first folios in the world, and the British library city has five. The Folger Theater is responsible for the production of classical plays, an architecturally restored Elizabethan setting. Currently, the chamber is in private King Lear. Gundersheimer said the Folger is about to open a new building in 1987. When still a student at the University, Gundersheimer read Shakespeare in high schools and elementary schools. "I've taught teachers about how to give classes on Shakespeare to younger children," he said.

In Emerson's essay on heroes, (Continued on page 10)

Prof's aid in planning for Constitution fete

By TAURUS WRIGHT

Eleven students who attended discovering the Constitution fete this week have been interviewed and asked to write a paper on the proceedings and prepare a discussion for the audience.

Eleven students mentioned the name which will be taken in Philadelphia this week to kick off a planning for the Constitution fete.

The discussions will be led by a graduate student who drew up the plan to the University's Constitution fete, Penn Union Council sold a ticket to the President's office, said that he has no place for us to do the construction.

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One University professor is caught in a sort of juggling act - balancing the Library and the Folger Shakespeare Library in Washington, D.C., in order.

Salvador refugee Linda and Ernesto at the Teshorah Church last night

Sobering Words

Refugees discuss Salvadoran plight

By DONAL DOGAN

Two El Salvadoran refugees last night spoke to a group of students about their experiences in El Salvador and the conditions of women in El Salvador, giving ex- ample of women who had to be,out of order in order to obtain employment.

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The speech, which took place in the Teshorah Church at 72nd and Chestnut Streets, was sponsored by Amigos de Amos, an organization that provides legal aid to refugees and people living in the United States.

To protect their families and friends in El Salvador, the refugees refused to give their full names or pictures taken of their faces.

Ernesto began the presentation with a brief summary of El Salvador's violent history and current situation, stressing the fact that the Salvadoran government has been persecuting and imprisoning individuals who oppose it.

Throughout the presentation, Ernesto stressed the importance of education and political participation, as well as the need for international solidarity.

"People need to be educated about the situation in El Salvador," he said, "so that they can make informed decisions." Ernesto also discussed the role of the United Nations in addressing the crisis in El Salvador and the need for continued support from the international community.

In conclusion, Ernesto called for increased awareness and action to support the rights of Salvadoran refugees and the struggle for justice and freedom in El Salvador.

"We need to continue educating ourselves about the situation in El Salvador," he said, "so that we can work towards a world where everyone has the right to live in peace and dignity." Ernesto's message was met with a warm reception, and the audience expressed their support for the efforts of the Salvadoran refugees and their allies in the struggle for justice and freedom.

"It is important that we continue to support the work of organizations like Amigos de Amos, as well as the efforts of the Salvadoran refugees themselves," he concluded. "Their struggles are ours, and we must work together to build a better future for all." Ernesto's powerful words resonated with the audience, and the evening ended with a sense of hope and determination to continue the fight for justice and freedom in El Salvador.
Mondale to visit Phila, after debate

STUDENTS INTERESTED in the 1980 presidential campaign should plan to be at the Cherry Room at 12:45 p.m. (12:30 p.m. EDT) on Thursday, Oct. 20. John F. Kennedy Plaza, across the street from the Museum of Art, will be the site of a press conference and a informal campaign rally.

CAMERA Crews are expected to be in the area.
On the sixth floor of Van Pelt, visitors can discover a rare treat

By Elsie Seidman

Few students have ventured beyond the fifth floor of Van Pelt Library, where the bulk of the collection is housed.

But those who decide to venture to the sixth floor will find out that Van Pelt contains much more than its famous archives on campus.

The Special Collections of the University’s library, open just one day a week, is a treasure trove of unique materials. The collection contains more than 120,000 volumes, and that’s not all.

There’s a portrait signed by Henry Ford, a letter from the famous writer Mark Twain, and a collection of rare books written in ancient tongues.

And while there’s no admission fee, visitors are encouraged to make an appointment before stopping by.

"It’s something that all members of the University community should be able to see," said Upper. "It’s a rare opportunity to engage with some of the most important and valuable materials in the University’s collection."
Letters to the Editor

Women's Athletics Are Disregarded

To the Editor:

The coverage of the field hockey team's recent success has prompted me to comment on the inherent bias that women's athletic activities at Penn engender. If the football team had beaten South Carolina, the 14th nationally-ranked team, and then two days later came back and beat No. 7 Washington, the seventh ranked team, Penn would probably cause classes and hold a pep rally. If the field hockey team's recent upset of Virginia (17-19) and their third shutout of Penn State earlier, they probably haven't raised their high-flying expectations. They deserve at least as much as the football team's headline writers, who were the subject of "Life as a Limboaker," the front sports article (10-15) the same day as Penn's Limbo sport article. The oblivious field hockey article was lost with the towels and the soccer ball in the locker room. The field hockey team is not only the most consistent team in the Ivy League but one that is more demonstrably dedicated than perhaps any. Penn's women's soccer team did not even make it to the NCAA tournament and Penn's women's basketball and volleyball are not at all comparable in terms of excitement and enjoyment with the excitement and support of the field hockey team. The less than outstanding performance of the field hockey team is not an indicator that their results are not significant enough to be reported or celebrated.

Those who don't enjoy the game are not "harmful" as Ms. Freyd suggests, and until a better practical alternative is developed, these tests continue to serve a purpose. Most of those who don't give a damn, claiming they are "beyond the point" are those who already enjoy standardized testing. They enjoy the routine and tradition of the Department of Education. In the same vein, Ms. Freyd's attempt to extend this argument to "cultural institutions" is not enough. Perhaps we need a new kind of argument to make the point that women are not the only ones to suffer from this absurdity.

The 1984-85 Women's Track Team upset the entire Ivy League by winning both indoor and outdoor Championships. (Not bad, considering there isn't even an Olympic team."

THOMAS M. PERELIS, S.E.

What Happens if He's Back for Four More?

By David Dormont

WASHINGTON, D.C. - President Reagan declared on Monday that he plans to run for the first term in two more terms if he wins his re-election bid in November. "I do not plan on running in the year 2004, "Reagan said in his third fundraising speech in three weeks to "Taxpayer." 

"I will, instead, support the work of the Republican Party in the states that will be most affected by the outcome of the elections."

The President's statement was met with mixed reactions. Some supporters hailed it as a sign of Reagan's commitment to his party, while others criticized it as a sign of his lack of concern for the future of the country.

Some political analysts believe that Reagan's decision will have a significant impact on the upcoming elections. Others believe that it will have little effect on the outcome of the elections.

"It's a good move," said one political analyst. "It shows that Reagan is committed to his party and to the country."

"I'm not so sure," said another. "Reagan has been a controversial figure for many years, and his decision may not be well received by some people."
Menswear in the spirited tradition of Chaps by Ralph Lauren.
Short blackout hits Spruce Hill

Power outage affects one U. building

In a statement, the University confirmed that all campuses remained open and functioning as usual, with power restored in most areas by 10 p.m. The University also reported that no injuries or damage was reported as a result of the blackout.

The University is urging students and staff to remain vigilant and report any issues or concerns to the appropriate authorities.

In the meantime, the University has activated its emergency response plan and is working to ensure the safety and well-being of all members of the community.

The University thanks all those who have been affected by this incident and offers its sincere apologies for any inconvenience caused.

The University continues to monitor the situation closely and will provide updates as they become available.

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The University of Pennsylvania

Office of Public Affairs

1022 Chestnut Street

Philadelphia, PA 19102

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www.upenn.edu
Behind a plaque in the library — a dedication for the Folger Library. To collect the Shakespearean works that would later become that foundation, he had vowed, Folger began to work on his two bedroom apartment in Brooklyn.

But top vote-getter Weissdj Bloom never came into a large sum of money through working the classics. He remembers that his parents, who were modestly living in a two-bedroom apartment in Brooklyn, had been involved in a company called Standard Oil.

The scholar is not unsure of his efforts of work, expressing pride that he has in his job and the effects of him and his colleagues.

"I have great admiration for Penn," he said. "I have great admiration for the programs that the humanities have made in the past 15 years here at Penn, and I feel that it is imperative that the Penn continue to build on these achievements."

But the scholar is not without his work, expressing pride that he has in his job and the effects of him and his colleagues.

"I have great admiration for Penn," he said. "I have great admiration for the programs that the humanities have made in the past 15 years here at Penn, and I feel that it is imperative that the Penn continue to build on these achievements."

College freshman Jill Feinberg, a College freshman, was the third highest vote-getter, but he was absent from the meeting. Some of the candidates suggested that he went to the wrong room — they said he worked really hard on the campaign.

The ashes of both Folgers are kept in a company called Standard Oil.

"That was where we had our campaign," said newly elected representative Kaufman, a College freshman (in Houston Hall), "and I was approaching the campaign in the right way," she said.

All of the candidates received 297 votes — 14.2 percent of the candidates suggested that he went to the wrong room — they said he worked really hard on the campaign.

Six of the 24 candidates did not show up to the hearing, and one of them was elected to the UA. College freshman Michael Jaffe was the third highest vote-getter, but he was absent from the meeting. Some of the candidates suggested that he went to the wrong room — they said he worked really hard on the campaign.

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In addition to Bloom, the new UA representative and College freshman David Ornstein and College freshman Robert Garey were also elected.

Gunderson is rather skeptical of these tales. He has great affection for Penn."

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By the time the meeting was over, there was a consensus that the candidates for running a clean election were closer than ever. But the scholar is not without his work, expressing pride that he has in his job and the effects of him and his colleagues.

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PUC reports record ticket sales for campus concert by 'Frankie'

K. CRAIG COOPERSTEIN

Penn Union Council sold nearly 700 tickets yesterday to a November 11 concert by the British rock group Frankie Goes to Hollywood — more tickets than have ever been sold on campus in one day.

Tickets went on sale at the Annenberg Box Office a day earlier than the rest of the city so students could have a better chance of getting them, PUC representatives said earlier this week.

"We sold close to 600 tickets on campus which is far and away a record for a PUC concert," said PUC Concert Co-chairman Adam Dolgint yesterday. "What it in- cludes is the fact that we have never sold 600 tickets on campus total — we normally sell 300 tickets over a span of a month or so."

"We know that tickets would sell well so we had 700 tickets on campus total — we normally sell 300 tickets over a span of a month or so."

"We sold just a couple more than we've ever done," said Dolgint, a College junior, continuing. "The line was too long and we had to keep pulling tickets away from ticketron.

"We are expecting a complete sell-out by the end of the week."

PUC Concert Co-chairman Howard Abramson said last night that PUC's expectations were exceeded.

"In reality, we sold twice as many tickets for an initial day sale than we've ever done," said Abramson, a College Senior. "It's a bigger response that we've ever had."

"It's the biggest thing that ever happened to the PUC concert committee." Abramson continued. "Eventually, they are going to make Duran Duran and Culture Club look like nothing."

"We would put up posters in the quad saying Frankie was coming and girls would come over and hug us," he added.

Abramson said that the tickets were not quite so desirable to all people. "We scared a lot of old ladies who were coming for the Wednesday matinee at Annenberg," Abramson said.

Correction

An October 3 article, "Demonstrators Decry Vet School Research" incorrectly reported the wording of one of the pro-JJ poster signs. The sign, which was attached to a stuffed animal, actually states "Penn Vet School - 100 Years of Torturing My Kin." The DP regrets the error.

Andy —

A belated happy 21st to a happy guy
— Will, Mark, Alec

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New Lunch Special! $1.00 OFF ANY LARGE PIZZA 11:00 AM to 3:00 PM Every Day

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Penn Homecoming '84

The Daily Pennsylvanian — Presents —

A Special Saturday Edition

on

October 27th

It's a tabloid edition of the Daily Pennsylvanian that will cover homecoming weekend with news, sports, and features like only the campus daily can. The DP will be distributed on campus and at Franklin Field for the Penn Yale game.

Don't miss this fantastic opportunity to reach thousands of Penn Students, Faculty, and returning Alumni.

Advertising Deadline Wednesday, October 24. Contact your Sales Representative or the Daily Pennsylvanian Advertising Office at 898-6581.
Salvadoran refugees speak at local church

"(Continued from page 1)

In addition to literal accounts and somber statistics, Ernesto and Linda gave personal accounts of their lives in El Salvador. Ernesto worked in coffee crops before fleeing, and Linda was a union worker. Linda said her position as a store worker jeopardized her life. She was consequently forced to leave El Salvador.

But the refugees said that immigration restrictions prevented them from legally entering the United States. Thus, they sought shelter with the Sanctuary organization, a collaboration of churches across the country that serves as a haven for refugees. The discussion that followed the speeches, the two opened the floor for questions. Topics ranged from the importance of personal accounts to the need for more effective policies. Linda gave personal accounts of her experience as a refugee and somber statistics. Ernesto and Linda agreed that the discussion raised many issues and they are achieving their main purpose: helping Americans understand the cause of the problems of El Salvador.

"I also would like to hear their voices," he added, "as some of the things I've heard said in debates are wrong." Ernesto and Linda spoke at a local church, enjoying the presentation.

"They presented the roots of the conflict and, serving as a different reality, they elaborated their point of view," Linda said. The discussion raised many issues and they are achieving their main purpose: helping Americans understand the cause of the problems of El Salvador.

Proposals Due
Oct. 29th
See your R.A.

Win Cash Prizes!
All entries must be submitted to the Office of Residences, 302 South 18th Street, by Thursday, October 24th, 5:30-6:30 P.M.

Applications Available In The Residential Living Office:
High Rise North

GRANTS

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WOULD YOU LIKE TO:

- moderate after-performance discussions
- create lobby displays for the Annenberg Center
- assist with poster displays on campus
- work on a film series
- assist with teacher's workshops
- be a part of Annenberg Center's liaison group between professional companies and the Philadelphia community

JOIN INTERACTS!

Introductory meeting on Thursday, October 18 at 4:30 pm in room 516 Annenberg Center

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Ivy Research Labs is looking for healthy male or female volunteers 18 years of age or older to participate in controlled dermatology research. (Proof of age required)

Consumer products such as perfumes, bath soaps, shampoos, cosmetics, cloth and paper products are regularly tested on volunteers with normal, healthy skin.

If you have Athlete's Foot, join a new test program for treatment with an effective external medication.

For more information, stop in or call EV7-8400

Ivy Research Laboratories, Inc.
University City Science Center, 2nd floor
Corner 34th and Market Streets
JOURNALISTS

Aspiring journalists are taught in three settings. In Evanston, classes use urban and suburban resources for class projects and news stories. In downtown Chicago, at the new American Bar Center, newspaper and broadcast students use the city as a laboratory and produce deadline stories. And in Washington, D.C., in a new facility across from the National Press Club, newspaper students cover the nation's capital for client newspapers, while those interested in broadcast news appear on local news stations across the country as Washington correspondents.

ADVERTISING EXECUTIVES

Those interested in advertising will use the latest techniques in research, marketing and strategy to develop practical approaches to advertising problems. Medill's program in advertising is recognized nationwide.

MEDILL

To learn more about our program, visit your career planning office or at least support the departments. The situation that occurred last year with [Operational Resources in Whatever]," she added. The Operational Resources department of the Wharton School was eliminated last year, forcing the professors to other departments. "The basic principle is that students ought to be able to get information about what's going on in the world."

In other business at last night's meeting, GAPSA members discussed the new alcohol policy that the University is considering developing. The members informally decided to support the use of University funds to purchase alcohols provided that measures are taken to prevent problems and to ensure that all funds are accounted for.

Many students also agreed that the way the University treats alcohol problems is crucial. "We need better supervision," said a senior. "If we are going to have alcohol, we should be able to have it at all times."

The Executive Committee will draw up a "grandfather" statement about the way we would like to see the laws change and provide that report to the November meeting. GAPSA members also tabled discussion on the University's new student judicial system and their next monthly meeting.

GAPSA censures Hayden plan

The School of Arts and Sciences invites you to attend THE FIRST ANNUAL DEAN’S FORUM

"A CONVERSATION WITH ARTHUR MILLER"

A discussion with the author of Death of a Salesman. The Crucible. After the Fall. A View from the Bridge. and other works.

The first annual Dean's Scholar Awards for Outstanding Academic Achievement will be presented to twenty students from the College, the Graduate Division, and the College of General Studies.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 24 8 P.M.
MEYERSON HALL (FINE ARTS) B-1
limited seating
Rare book collections

(Continued from page 5)

Herman Wouk's Fall Apart, a Memorial to Memory, is on campus, and modeled on Shakespeare. The Library is dedicated primarily to works of English, Shakespeare.

The Rare Books Library, Zooker explained, has the largest collection of Shakespeare manuscripts in any college in the country.

Visually every English edition of his plays, almost every literary criticism ever written, including the work of all the famous Shakespearean actors, is in our collection.

"This is the only collection of its kind in the world," Zooker said. "Undergrads can see anything.

The Henry Charles Lea Library may be the most beautiful room in the University. It is the only place where students can enjoy the silence and serenity of the reading room.

The special needs of dancers, musicians, and artists for space and equipment are being met by the Rare Book Library. The first floor is dedicated to the performing arts. The second floor is devoted to the special collections of the Rare Book Library.

The second floor is the only place in the University where students can study in a quiet environment. It is open to the public.

The Rare Book Library is open from 8:30 a.m. to 5 p.m. on weekdays and 12 noon to 6 p.m. on Saturdays.

Performing arts space

(Continued from page 5)

Jared from place to place for the last nine years," Potok said. "The group has been touring the United States, Canada, and Europe, and has performed in over 50 countries.

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Temple spikes Volleyball in devastating shoutout

"(Continued from back page)"

"There are so many variables in a match, though, that even allowing for those, we haven't proven ourselves yet. "We haven't played well at all, but we haven't won a big match. For example, in tournaments we've usually won our preliminary matches, but when we've come to play in a regionals or a crown, we can't see our way to win. I thought after last week's game that we were turning it around. But we're not building on our past successes. People have to step forward and back the team, and they have to respect the critical of the team's performance last night. They have to be able to honor back this weekend at the National Invitational."

"There's no way we can cut out all the good things that happened last weekend." Sommersend said. "We'll atonement back together. There are a couple times that we've been up. We'll have to change the way we look at things, we'll have to change the way we think."

Penn's future begins this afternoon.

"(Continued from back page)"

"Now is the time to be in our philosophy," Bagnoli explained.

Field Hockey gains tie

"(Continued from back page)"

"Not only is there a lot of pressure on us at this time, but there is a lot of pressure on us to "roll." We want to keep the momentum going."

Penn State's football program is due for a big change. But then again that Laurano will be able to maintain the program. And instead of reacting, we should be ready to read the plays. And instead of reading the plays, we should be reading the field." Summerstad said. "Well it's been a tough game."

we"l have to change the way we look at things." The gallery II

For Classifieds Call 335 3900 or 335 3901

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"There were a lot of different variables in a match, though, that even allowing for those, we haven't proven ourselves yet. "We haven't played well at all, but we haven't won a big match. For example, in tournaments we've usually won our preliminary matches, but when we've come to play in a regionals or a crown, we can't see our way to win. I thought after last week's game that we were turning it around. But we're not building on our past successes. People have to step forward and back the team, and they have to respect the critical of the team's performance last night. They have to be able to honor back this weekend at the National Invitational."

"There's no way we can cut out all the good things that happened last weekend." Sommersend said. "We'll atonement back together. There are a couple times that we've been up. We'll have to change the way we look at things, we'll have to change the way we think."

Penn's future begins this afternoon.

"(Continued from back page)"

"Now is the time to be in our philosophy," Bagnoli explained.

Field Hockey gains tie

"(Continued from back page)"

"Not only is there a lot of pressure on us at this time, but there is a lot of pressure on us to "roll." We want to keep the momentum going."

Penn State's football program is due for a big change. But then again that Laurano will be able to maintain the program. And instead of reacting, we should be ready to read the plays. And instead of reading the plays, we should be reading the field." Summerstad said. "Well it's been a tough game."

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Penn's future begins this afternoon.
**Call me Mr. Touchdown**

_Laurano goes the extra yard_

By MARC ASHLEY

Laurano noted that the playbook isn’t something good here.”

Laurano went the extra yard._

I switched to the wishbone formation. It’s just that football players carry an additional burden — they have to use on the football field as well. Because around the academy, football just happens to be a very serious thing._

West Point, football is just one element among a variety of commitments, demands, and expectations. Here, for one example, football just happens to be a very important element.

Another factor was Young’s decision last season to orient his offense around the wishbone formation. Though it may have taken his own players a season to adjust to the complexities of the wishbone,Army’s opponents have not yet been able to consistently stop Army. Going into the Buckeyes game, Army was the nation’s top ranking team._

I think I Can

I switched to the wishbone because it helps us to execute our offense more efficiently,” Young said. “It fits our personnel a little better. It allows our linemen to get the ball off the line of scrimmage. Because of the wishbone, the ball is no longer handled by many teams, so it’s a lot harder to prepare for.”

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34th Street
OCTOBER 18, 1984
AN AMERICAN TREASURE

MEN'S RIGHTS
ALICE WALKER
JUGGLING
Cockroach attack
By Marc Laufgraben

I suppose that fear of insects is just one of those inborn things. Not that I have any proof of it, but I can't say I know anyone that isn't startled by the sight of a bug or happy to be praying mantis at the foot of his bed. Insects are, to quote a friend, just plain old icky. My fear of insects, however, doesn't extend simply to the living, crawling variety; as a matter of fact, the presence of a dead insect causes me more discomfort than ten of the alive kind.
The following is a true, or more appropriately, sad but true story.
The other night I was on the phone with my little brother, discussing our mutually discouraging workloads, his from high school and mine from college. I was lying on the floor next to my bed, and happened to look over at my desk. Underneath it was a huge brown leaf. I rolled over and crawled towards it to get a closer look. Wait a minute, I thought, leaves don't have antennae.
I screamed into the phone, shot to my feet, and jumped back on to my bed. It was the old choice between "fight or flight"; I chose flight.
"What's the hill is going on over there?" said the voice on the phone.
"There's a giant cockroach under my desk."
"Well, why don't you just kill the sucker?"
Sure. Ross, I thought, it's easy to say that long-distance, but I'm the one that has to do the dirty work. So I got out the Raid, and gave my enormous friend a nice shower of pesticide. It didn't flinch -- the thing was stone dead.
"Did you get it?" Ross asked.
"I don't know. Hang on a sec." I moved my desk out of the way so I could get a clearer view of my houseguest. It was big and black and had lots of legs, and that was hateful enough. It was just lying there, right next to the Roach Motel. The bugger didn't even have the common decency to crawl out of the way of me. I wouldn't have to worry about it.
I took a pencil and touched its side. It flipped onto its back.
"I was just a bird," I told my brother, not with a slight hint of pride in my voice.
"Great. Well, look, I gotta get some sleep. Goodnight." Goodnight, Ross. Sleep tight, and don't let the bedbugs bite.

StreetVoice

Cockroach attack
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StreetLetters

Soul Food
Dear Editor,
Marty Lessner ("Dinner with the Krishnas," October 4) is witty but irresponsible when he encourages his fellow students to relieve their gustatory boredom by copping a free dinner courtesy of the Moomes and ISKON (Hare Krishnas). I assume Mr. Lessner is not over-educated, courtesy of the Moomes and ISKON's caches of anonymous South Korean CIA, and ISKON's caches of automatic weapons show that these groups are not benign or even quaint. The suggestion that students attend a cult's free dinner is akin to advising a game of psychological Russian Roulette.

Steve K. Dubrow Eichel, M.S.
Ph.D. Candidate in Counseling Psychology
Penn. Licensed Psychologist, Pre-Entry Therapy, Information & Referral Network

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Wristwrestling is one of the fastest-growing sports in the country," says a representative from Miller High Life. But watch out. Miller! If the Unity Church of Christ has its way, hugging will become number one. Last weekend, amidst stands of greasy food and wall-to-wall crowds, the two organizations vied for attention at Super Sunday.

The Miller High Life Wristwrestling booth was swarming with muscle men and women. Beside a backdrop which announced that "Wristwrestling Time is Miller Time," the wrist athletes struggled to win trophies made of Miller Beer cans topped with golden figurines flexing their triceps. Beerbellied referees, sporting black and white zebra-striped shirts, made sure that participants adhered to Official Miller Wristwrestling Rules.

Several world wristwrestling championships have been televised nationally. "It has advanced from tavern challenges to an organized sport," according to a Miller official. "The sport has been around as long as humans. I'm looking forward to a wristwrestling boom in coming months."

The contest was open to anyone who would sign a waiver releasing Miller from liability for injuries or deaths resulting from the event. "This is a gruesome sport," said one spectator who preferred to remain nameless. "I saw someone break an opponent's arm while wristwrestling on the Wide World of Sports."

Seventeen pretzel stands and twenty-three vending booths down the Parkway, a hugging booth offered pacifists an alternative physical outlet. Ten huggers from the Unity Church of Christ roamed the crowds, squeezing everybody who let them. The huggers wore t-shirts stating, "I'm a Hugger (and proud of it)."

"We don't think people touch enough," they cooed. "Why do all these Christians think they can grab me?" "Please don't ever hug me" and "That causes diseases, you know." It's hard to tell which booth gained the largest following. Hugging probably pre-dates wristwrestling and may have been practiced in the early stages of human evolution. What's more, it generally doesn't require major corporate sponsorship.

But hugging has yet to make the Wide World of Sports. And huggers don't award little beer trophies.

The choice is yours.
For a long time, historians and critics have given American art a bum rap. From the eighteenth century until World War II, they accused American artists of ripping off European ideas and working them into lesser compositions.

But now American artists are gaining respect in their own right. The art world has come to recognize that their distinctive techniques are separate from the Europeans, but equally noteworthy. The point was driven home by the recent blockbuster exhibit "A New World: Masterpieces of American Painting" which showed in Boston, Washington and Paris.

Now Philadelphia has a blockbuster of its own. "A Growing American Treasure: Recent Acquisitions and Highlights from the Permanent Collection," at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, tangibly refutes any allegations of American artistic inferiority. A survey of the best American art from the 18th century to the present, "A Growing American Treasure" would be an excellent exhibit even if it were hung haphazardly in a barn. But the Museum doesn't allow this more than ample subject matter to speak for itself. Since the works are hung in chronological order, walking through the exhibit gives the viewer a quick and comprehensive American art history lesson that is both painless and inspiring.
The show's breadth is more impressive because the exhibit is completely home-grown. Not one piece was borrowed from the Whitney Museum or any other institution. Everything from Gilbert Stuart's portrait of George Washington to Robert Motherwell's newest abstract is in the Academy's permanent collection. The museum has had a long time to acquire expertise in collecting. After all, PAFA is the nation's oldest art museum.

Philadelphia was hardly a cultural epicenter in 1805, when a group of businessmen and lawyers drafted a charter application for a museum and school to encourage the fine arts in America. The original museum was constructed on Chestnut Street between 10th and 11th, and its first years were characterized by the petty identity crises typical of most new institutions. In one episode, after much debate, it was agreed that the plaster casts of nudes would be removed on Mondays when the "ladies" were let in.

Battles raged over whether instructing or collecting was its financial priority, but the Academy continued to be the country's leading fine arts institution throughout the 1800s. Its annual art exhibits were the most important in 19th century America. Though the Academy heavily favored the Europeans, almost every major American artist, including Washington Allston, Benjamin West and John Singleton Copley, was shown there.

As the century waned, the Academy grew more avant-garde; the school's teaching and collecting practices began to display innovation. Thomas Eakins, perhaps Philadelphia's best known artist, attempted too many changes as an instructor there. His insistence that students use only nude models miffed the Academy's board and he was forced to resign in 1886.

PAFA moved to bigger and better quarters in the late 1800s. Since then, it has been housed at Broad and Cherry Streets - in a classically Victorian building designed by the young Frank Furness, the same architect responsible for our Furness Building.

Throughout the 20th century, the Academy has been burdened with an undeserved reputation for conservatism. In fact, its exhibitions have continued to highlight the best in modern and contemporary art. PAFA was one of the first prestigious academies to exhibit photography as an art form - both Alfred Steiglitz and Edward Steichen exhibited there - and in the '20s the museum presented the first survey of American modernism in this city.

Yet the Academy has expressed a preference for the figurative (a fascination with the human form as exemplified by Eakins) and the realistic. By acquiring artists such as Edward Hopper, Fairfield Porter and Milton Avery, the board has shown a penchant for the representational, but not necessarily the conservative. The museum's 1982 show, "American Realism Since 1960," further illustrates this leaning. But the Museum has also acquired good examples, if not masterpieces, from nearly every major American art movement. "A Growing American Treasure" profits from this eclectic collecting technique.

The exhibit of over 500 selections from PAFA storage occupies fourteen of the Academy's fifteen galleries (the Morris Gallery will continue to show the works of contemporary Philadelphia artists). It begins in the northeast corner with works from the 1700s and extends chronologically through the cavernous rooms of the Academy.

Because it allows more works to be shown, the curator's decision to hang many of the 19th century paintings in the original salon style (many pictures tightly grouped together and stacked on a wall) is effective. As Jean McAlpine, Programs Coordinator at the Academy asserts, "There is a problem divorcing art from the context of its society." Hanging 19th century masters in the salon style reduces some of this contextual problem. By the time the viewer reaches the contemporary art, the pieces are placed at eye level with the familiar distances between them.

Because the show is hung chronologically, the viewer is slapped in the face with the stylistic changes that have characterized American art. Each gallery has a different aural, a different time frame, a different aesthetic. So it is best to travel through the exhibition at least twice, once to observe the stylistic changes, and once to scrutinize the individual works.

Surprisingly, the breadth of the survey does not detract from the uniqueness of individual works. Benjamin West's "Death on the Pale Horse" (1817), an example of the large historical epics canvases popular at the time, is the first masterpiece to strike the viewer. "Fox Hunt" by Winslow Homer (1883) and "The Turkish Page" by Frank Duveneck (1876) are other highlights of the show's salon-like gallery.

Though portraiture has always been an Academy strength, works by Cecilia Beaux and John Singer Sargent are particularly outstanding. A series of primitives by Horace Pippin, one of America's first "successful" black artists, is refreshing folk art in an otherwise high-minded show. Minor paintings by Edward Hopper manage to convey an isolated feeling but a Stuart Davis on the same wall generates the excitement that Hopper drains. Sculptures by David Smith and Louise Nevelson remind the viewer of the conceptuality of so much current art. Thankfully, works from the 1982 "Realism" show tone down the intellectual tone of the contemporary gallery. After World War II, abstract expressionists like Jackson Pollock and Willem DeKooning painted the country into the forefront of the international art scene. Since then, the rest of American art has also been treated with greater respect. The treasures on display at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts confirm that this esteem is well justified.

The refurbished and re-invigorated Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts (facing page) at Broad and Chestnut Streets exhibits 'A Growing American Tradition,' including (top to bottom) Thomas Eakins's The Cellist, Frank Duveneck's The Turkish Page, Voltri Bolton 22 By David Smith, and Winslow Homer's Fox Hunt
They've got balls

By Jennifer Whitlock

My parents don't like my career at all," says Robert Peck of West Philadelphia. "I graduated from Penn Phi Betta Kappa, and everyone thought I'd be a writer or a professor or something brilliant. My father thinks I'm crazy, and he's a psychologist."

Hilary Kacser can sympathize. "My parents think my profession's a little flakey."

While a corrupt lawyer can be the pride and joy of his parents and grandparents, a juggler is always the black sheep of the family.

The Philadelphia Juggler's Club is quietly trying to erase this stigma. In cooperation with the Fairmount Park Recreation Division, they're sponsoring "Fun Skills Workshops" every Monday until April 29, at 6:30 to 7:45 p.m., in the Plaisted Hall gym on Boat House Row. Hobbystis, entertainers and of course jugglers, teach the proper use of devilsticks, hula-hoops, yo-yos, boomerangs and anything else you can bounce, flip or toss.

"The prime reason for these workshops is to demonstrate the great varieties of juggling - some people think you've seen one juggler, you've seen 'em all," says Peck, who teaches flashy hat tricks in this program. "We use more than technical skills - we are performers who use theatre and choreography. I explore juggling not as an athletic achievement, but as characterization and skits."

Peck's husband and wife team, Foolsproof, has exhibited its slapstick style at Renaissance festivals, the New Orleans' Mardi-Gras, local high schools and the Smithsonian Institute. A typical show might start with an act called "the housewife's revenge."

"My wife Linda, garbed in a schlumpy house coat, hangs laundry on a line. Before long, she starts a little strip tease act. She dances on the clothesline, juggling underwear and panty hose."

But he adds hastily that she doesn't take it all off. She stops at a bathingsuit top and bloomers. And the underwear she juggles is not Frederick's of Hollywood - it has little clowny faces on it.
Another highlight is "Dueling derbys," in which Fif the Flyswatter and Inspector Clutso execute synchronized hat moves to the Pink Panther song. They also stage Shakespearean parodies and balance huge objects on their noses.

The Pecks like to "insult" volunteers from their audience. If it's a man, Linda complains to his girlfriend about how they both got stuck with such losers. "And, of course, the crowd always love the genital jokes," says Rob. "I toss a flaming torch under my legs, saying that I risk not only my own life, but those of future generations."

Peck graduated from Penn with a major in existential philosophy, and returned to take graduate classes in folklore. "I'm still considered to be a student, but I'm on an extended leave of abstinence [sic]," he says. "I read about so many people who were creating, and I wanted to be creative myself. So I ran away from grad school and started my juggling career."

In Europe, Robert discovered the practical applications of juggling. "Juggling transcends language and cultural barriers," he says. "And it's a great hitchhiking strategy. Rides would take me home to juggle for their kids. They'd also give me food and lodging. Once some Bedouins invited me to their oasis for a feast."

When he got back to Philadelphia, fruit vendors would give him free fruit if he'd juggle by their stand — the old bite-the-apple-in-the-air trick.

So he honed his skill with notables like Quiet Riot (a mime troupe), the Dean of Clowns of the Moscow Circus, and the National Clown, Dance & Puppet theater. He met his wife at a Renaissance festival, and they banded together to form their comedy team. And as Rob says, "the rest is history."

I think you should write the entire article about me," says Peck. "But if you mention anybody else, make it Dave Gillies. I met Dave at the Clark Park Spring festival, and he taught me the three ball cascade. He taught me to juggle, but he said I taught him to be a performer."

Dave Gillies frequently performs at New Market with bowling balls, devil sticks, fire and eggs. And he's played with the Give and Take Jugglers at Spring Fling, shopping malls, parties, churches and a motorcycle club meeting.

A motorcycle gang?

"Well, it was a BMW club, not Hell's Angel's, but they wore leather jackets, spiked helmets and tattoos," says Dave. "I was scared at first, but they ended up liking the act."

And he is also juggling with the Philadelphia Opera company for La Boheme. "I'm considered to be Philadelphia's resident juggler, so I get to do these stunts. This one doesn't pay, but it's very exciting."

But he gets enough paid jobs to stay comfortable. Recently, he has been doing about 40 shows a month.

"It all started as a hobby," he recalls. "I taught 5th and 6th grade in Upper Merion, and the kids expected me to be entertaining. So I learned juggling from a book and developed my own routines."

He learned clowning routines from a Ringling Brothers clown and the Mudhead Dream clowns, and increasingly threw himself into the entertainment world. He created a juggling club, which evolved into his present six-person business.

"I like to think that teaching was my wife, and juggling, my mistress," says Dave. "But after a while, my mistress became my wife. Now I juggle as a profession and a hobby. It's an interesting and productive business. It's nice to make a living out of something that's fun."

Dave likes to concentrate on interaction with the audience — hence, the name "Give and Take."

"I've been juggling for 10 years. The repetition could get boring, but I gradually add new stuff. And new audiences keep it fresh. It's the relation to the audience that keeps me going. My whole act is dependent on their reactions. I play catch with them, literally and figuratively. But if they're drunken, rowdy, and unresponsive, I just stop."

He does have standard responses to hecklers, but he tries not to use them, because they draw attention away from his act. But sometimes it's hard to avoid.

"I start with mild insults and progress to stronger ones. Like if a kid gets out of order, I might say, 'Boy, I really love children!' The parents laugh, even if the kid doesn't. If the kid persists, I ask him, 'Do you have any brothers or sisters?' Invariably, for whatever reason, the kid says no. So I say, 'Well, I see some parents do learn from their mistakes.' And if he still won't shut up, I say, 'Now I know why some animals eat their young.'"

But what skits does he do? "What, do you want me to give away my whole act?" he exclaims. "Since the Renaissance, people have borrowed from the entertainment field has been worried about people stealing their jokes. And it's better to see than to read."

He did let it slip, however, that he does a Tug McGraw skit.

Dave Gillies tries to make his house a creative community — jugglers are always coming in and out of the house. He lives with some of his coworkers. Hilary Kacaar is one of these performers.

Twenty-three-year-old Hilary, who has performed solo in Boston (Faneuil Hall) and Philadelphia (2nd and Lombard), considers herself more of an actress than a technical juggler. She plays different characters in her act. Continued on page 11
The Fight for Men

By Julie E. Harris

It's no secret that women have been fed up with their traditional roles for some time. But what's a man to do when he's constantly challenged by a woman with a raised consciousness? And what if he's fed up with his role? Well, big guy, listen up. Men's liberation is on the rise.

But men's rights organizations can be as different as Richard Simmons and Mr. T. Their goals range from the development of intimacy to the eradication of sexism to defense of their accustomed role. It seems the only thing they have in common is that they are all run by men, for men.

Ms. Magazine traces the men's movement back to 1970, when the first men's center was opened in Berkeley, California and Liberation magazine published an article on Male Liberation. In the ensuing decade, a handful of profeminist male groups popped up around the country, exploring politics, sex roles, gay issues and personal growth.

Around 1979, Philadelphia got in on the act with the Men's Resource Center.

Gerald Evans, the Center's Director, sums up the group's philosophy: "What's good for women is good for men and vice versa." He believes that the primary problem for men is that they don't talk to each other and as a result feel alienated.

"Many men come to the center feeling a lack of intimacy in their lives that results from their inability to express their feelings openly," says Evans. "I think what we've done is that we've conditioned men to be strong and silent. We've told them: Don't share a lot of feelings, and don't let anybody know that you're not up to the job and so on."

The center endeavors to help men through group therapy, although there is some individual counseling available. The groups give men a chance to share what other men are feeling and to express their feelings simultaneously. The ultimate goal of the center is to see other men as resources, therefore expanding a man's ability to achieve intimacy in all areas of his life.

The group helps men identify their desires and explore why they are feeling unfulfilled or unproductive. Many men who seek aid at the center are those in their 30's, 40's or 50's, whose wives have gained new insight due to the women's movement and undergone some sort of change. Some realize that they want to work on changing themselves also, yet some arrive feeling only confusion and making negative judgments about their capabilities as men, now that their traditional roles have been altered.

"We aim to overcome the taboo on expression of sensitive feelings in lieu of anger, and overall, to take away rigid definitions, because people experience a lack of meaning when they experience a lot of restraint and narrowness, generally, when their options are shut off." Evans says that the ideal man must have "a balance between 'animus' and 'anima.' " The animus is the driving, thrusting quality usually associated with men while the anima represents the more receptive open quality encouraged in women.

Inevitably, he cites Alan Alda as an example of a man with such a balance. He also applauds Dustin Hoffman for his sensitive performances in Tootsie and Kramer vs. Kramer. And Evans believes that Rosy Grier set a good example by publicizing his hobby of knitting and recording the song "It's All Right to Cry."

Evans does have some difficulty with President Reagan, whose "left-hemispheric orientation" causes Reagan to have a "one-sided" attitude towards world events.

"Reagan has a tendency to want to fight and to get into world struggles too quickly, which is a large scale expression of the qualities that many men have been taught to believe in," he says. "Reagan's distorted animus is apparent in the way he faces issues now and in his cowboy movies of long ago."
Not all male groups are concerned with personal problems and consciousness-raising sessions. Men's Rights, Inc., a non-profit California-based corporation, concentrates on broader social and political issues. The basic philosophy behind its work is that "The provider and protector roles have dehumanized, damaged, and limited men in ways as serious and pervasive as the reproductor (sex object) and child socializer (housewife) roles have done to women. Just as the nature of female problems has been clouded by the notion that "Women are on a pedestal," so have the male problems been obscured by the notion that "It's a man's world."

So they work to gain custody rights, to correct the pressures which fill prisons with men, and to educate the public about sexism against males. "We want to eliminate the dictum that the worst failure a man can commit is the failure to live up to his self-destructive male role," says Project Director Fredric Hayward.

The group supports the Equal Rights Amendment because they believe it will benefit themselves as well as women. Their press release reads, "We must begin to apply equal rights principles to men's problems such as child custody, the military draft, prison sentencing and conditions..."

One ongoing project is the media watch, which is meant to encourage a more positive treatment of males in the communications field. They send letters to companies responsible for anti-male stereotyping, and commendations to "those who foster a non-sexist image of men." They recently panned AT&T for its special free offer to include mothers, but not fathers, in the photographs of children. Ironically, this offer was made, tying Father's Day.

AT&T, on the other hand, drew rave reviews for its advertising campaign, which was described as one of the first that doesn't cater to female consumers by insulting male consumers. "AT&T is one of the first advertisers to show family men to be as loving, competent, and human as women," says Hayward.

The Men's Rights Association of Minnesota takes a somewhat different approach, though many of their goals are the same. An excerpt from their fact sheet reads: "Fellow victim — and potential victim — that pal, means YOU!!! — isn't it time to get off your duff and take positive action NOW while you're thinking about it?"

This 5000 member organization, which claims that they are not anti-women — just "pro-justice," works to help men get custody of their children after divorce.

"Divorce is a racket, blessed by the courts, wherein unscrupulous lawyers lie in wait to shake victims down, even before wives get the opportunity," says Richard F. Doyle, President of the corporation.

But divorce isn't the only injustice he sees. "Throughout the entire spectrum of crime and punishment, men are treated far more harshly than women," he says. "Men are also trusted in employment and other areas as well. In the last few years, if there is a man and a woman with equal qualifications, the woman will almost always get the job."

The MRA conducts research, mostly into divorce — its causes and results. He had found "that maternal custody is the leading cause of juvenile delinquency and that most child abuse involves children placed in maternal custody."

He has also uncovered sociological studies that support the traditional concept of masculinity. "The blurring of the distinction between masculinity and femininity is very unhealthy," he says. "Societies have ceased to exist due to this blurring. There should be no difference between the words 'female' and 'femininity,' except that they're different parts of speech." When asked how he defines masculinity, he gotuffy. "Check Webster's," he said.

Doyle believes that the reason men are having so many problems with divorce today is the "perversion of chivalry." In the past, men deferred to the weaker sex in many ways. "But now, men are overconsiderate towards women, even if they're not ladies."

"I deplore the popular rejection of the male image as macho," continues Doyle, who sums up his organization's ideals in one word — conservative.

Doyle can't see why the women's movement is such a big deal. "The women's liberation movement does not speak for or respect the wishes of most women," he says. "I agree with the stated aim of the women's movement, which is equality between the sexes, but that's not the actual thrust of the movement. The basic premise that women are discriminated against is absurd. Women involved in the movement just want to regain the female privilege of the past."

Needless to say, Doyle's group does not enjoy unanimous approval. "I empathize with groups [such as these], which are often started by men who have undergone bitter experiences," says Evans. "But I do not support them nor do I have any real association with them."

But Doyle doesn't mind these responses. He thinks these consciousness raising groups are "mere hand-holding, mutual commiseration societies."

This is by no means a complete survey of men's clubs. There is Free Men, a 3000-member organization in Washington, which was labeled "the no-guilt wing" by Anthony Astrachan, who wrote How Men Feel. He says that this wing "denies the difference in power between men and women and the oppression from which male guilt springs. It labels guilt induced by feminists as self-hatred, and tells them to get rid of it... They often sound anti-feminist and sometimes anti-female, though gatherings of Free Men, the largest cluster in this wing, more often simply ignore women."

And then there's Rape and Violence End Now (RAVEN), which tries to prevent rape and counsels men who batter women, the California Anti-Sexist Men's Political Caucus (CAMP), which sponsors workshops, research and lobbying programs, and the Divorced American Men Unite (DAMU, pronounced damn-you).

While the women's movement is millions strong, the men's movement involves only a few thousand, and the divergent purposes undermine their power. But any change comes gradually, and only time will tell if the men's rights movement will make any headway.
StreetMusic

Yoko & Co.

Ono sleeps alone no more

Every Man Has a Woman
Various Artists
Polygram

By David Goldberg

Recording artists make music for three main reasons: 1) to satisfy some personal, spiritual urge; 2) to communicate a message to an audience; 3) to make money.

Yoko Ono has succeeded in two out of three respects. She claims that the music she composes and performs is intensely satisfying. And she is one of the 400 richest people in America, according to Forbes Magazine.

But when it comes to conveying the message, Yoko Ono has come up short. Judging from the reception she's gotten in her twenty or so years in the entertainment world, the general public isn't ready to accept a 53-year old Asian woman with a shrill voice as a popular rock star. Ono has a small cadre of devoted fans, but her inability to reach a larger audience was a source of some disappointment to her and to her late husband, John Lennon.

A reference to this disappointment is made in a Polygram press release: "John, more than anyone," the bio reports, "was aware of the intense musical prejudice that Yoko had experienced in the late '60s and early '70s. He suggested that it would be fulfilling if other artists could be given an opportunity to record some of Yoko's compositions."

The result is Every Man Has a Woman, a collection of 12 Yoko Ono songs performed by such recording artists as Elvis Costello, Eddie Money, Trio, Harry Nilsson and Roberta Flack. Each performer was given complete freedom to choose any of Yoko's compositions, to create their own arrangements, and to use their own producers.

The effect is fascinating. On Every Man Has a Woman, there's hardly a trace of Yoko Ono, despite the fact that she wrote every lyric and penned every melody on every song. Fascinating.

It's also thought-provoking. It implies that songs in themselves are not really the driving force behind music. Instead, it is the performer, the producer and the arrangement that define a song and give it substance.

When Eddie Money tears through "I'm Moving On," it doesn't sound like Eddie Money doing Yoko Ono. It sounds like Eddie Money doing Eddie Money. There is a driving lead vocal. There is a hyperactive lead guitar. It's a good song, if you like Eddie Money.

When Elvis Costello and the Attractions do "Walking on Thin Ice," Elvis' terse, nervous-edged voice and Steve Nieve's quirky, incessant keyboards dominate. And it's a really good song; that, is if you like Elvis Costello.

This isn't an indictment of Yoko; on the contrary, it's a tribute to her. The fact that her songs are so easily adaptable to a variety of musical genres is a compliment to Ono's songwriting ability. On the other hand, the songs sound better when more accessible performers cover them.

Case in point. Rosanne Cash does a beautiful version of "Nobody Sees Me Like You Do." Yoko wrote the words. Yoko wrote the music. But it's Cash's soft, warm voice that gives the song its heart. And it's the tender Nashville production that makes it a good Country & Western ballad against the experimental sound of Yoko's Country & Eastern version?

The record has several other high points. Harry Nilsson's "Loneliness," the best of his three efforts on the album, displays his rough, textured voice, reminiscent of Joe Cocker. The track was released as the album's first single, and promises to be Nilsson's first hit since the early '70s.

The best track of all on Every Man Has a Woman is Sean Ono Lennon's "It's Alright." The nine-year old Sean turns in the best prepubescent performance since Pebbles and Bam Bam did "Let the Sun Shine In." The song has a funky calypso beat and Sean is as cute as the dickens. It ends the album on a high note.

On the downside, Sean's dad-does a version of the album's title track that's dispiriting and derivative. The minimalist group Trio seem to have run out of ideas on "Wake Up" (after all, what could be more minimalist?

The album's most potentially commercial cut is "Blue Line." This song is sung by Maggie Romweber, the group's drummer, has a unique style, and the arrangement that define a song and give it substance.

Unfortunately, Yoko lacks the clever diversity Afoot displayed. Filled with bland vocals and similar sounds, this album certainly doesn't take the same kind of musical risks. Costello, R.E.M. and the others display a more varied and interesting palette.

On "Prey" the band adds a harmonica, which illuminates the staccato bass notes and the crying sound of Easter's guitar. Traditionally a melancholy instrument, the harmonica is the perfect complement for the song, which once again is in a completely minor key. The mix of sounds is persuasive and distinct, and Romweber's drum beat is an experimental acoustic sound. This is the type of music that Let's Active's E.P. promised, and hopefully, that their next album will deliver. It's too bad all of Cypress's cuts couldn't have been this aggressively unique.

Let's not

'Cypress' doesn't impress

Cypress
Let's Active
I.R.S.

By Laura Michaelis

Mitch Easter is known for two important accomplishments: he's the producer of R.E.M. and he's the lead singer and guitarist of a relatively new band, Let's Active. With R.E.M.'s recent surge in popularity, his name has been in the back of everyone's mind - a player to watch.

Unfortunately, Cypress, the Let's Active's debut album, is a let down. The band's first disk, an E.P. entitled Afoot, promised new and exciting things to the musical world. Its dreamy syncopation was well received by critics, and songs like "Edge of the World" and "Room With a View" showed they deserved all the praise.

On the down side, Cypress is remarkably ordinary. In fact, it's one of the most dull albums the group has produced. The problem is that Cypress doesn't do anything new. Instead, it segues into a mournful crying sound of Easter's guitar. The best track of all on Every Man Has a Woman is Sean Ono Lennon's "It's Alright." The nine-year old Sean turns in the best prepubescent performance since Pebbles and Bam Bam did "Let the Sun Shine In." The song has a funky calypso beat and Sean is as cute as the dickens. It ends the album on a high note.

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Dirty Minds

Vanity and Appolonia fight to be Princess

Wild Animal
Vanity
Motown
Appolonia 6
Warner Bros.

By Marc Laufgraben

Prince, it seemed, was having a small problem. The lead singer (Vanity) of his female proteges (Vanity 6), had jumped ship and left him without a co-star for his film, Purple Rain. What's a poor guy to do? Simple enough. He found a girl that looks just like Vanity, got her to play the female lead in his movie, and put her in a group with the remaining members of Vanity 6. Enter one Appolonia Kotero, and, presto, Vanity 6 is formed and a star is born.

Meanwhile, Vanity had signed a contract with Motown as a solo performer. As the focal point of Vanity 6, she stayed around wearing black lingerie and singing that she was a "Nasty Girl." On her new solo album, Wild Animal, she's geared in a black fur, and nothing else. And that's just about the only good thing that can be said about this record. Vanity is without a doubt a sexy woman, but as far as musical talent goes, forget it.

Motown has teamed her up with writer/producer Bill Withers, a situation commonly referred to as the blind leading the blind. Withers' music and productions are thin and repetitious; nothing distinguishes one song from another - they all have virtuality the same drum sound, synthesizer melody, and Vanity's whiny, completely annoying version of singing.

As far as lyrical ability, Vanity is barely literate. All the songs are about sexual encounters of one kind or another, but it's so calculated that all titillation value is lost. With Vanity reciting lines like "You delay my natural emotion," it's almost enough to make you wish you were back in the mid-'70s listening to Donna Summer groan her way through "I Feel Love." Obviously, Vanity really isn't feeling anything at all.

Not that Appolonia 6 aren't precocious with sex, but at least Appolonia 6 sounds good. Someone has had the good sense to surround Appolonia 6 with some of the best talent around; production is credited to The Starr Company, which is, for all intents and purposes, The Man Himself, Prince. Musical accompaniment is provided by Lisa and Wendy of Prince's band, The Revolution, as well as by the glamorous Sheila E. All the "axes" are credited to The Starr Company (read: Prince), but one would expect that The Man played a lot more than what's listed.

As a matter of fact, most of the songs on Appolonia 6 are in the style of Prince's hook, synthesizer funk. Although there's nothing here that compares with Purple Rain, it's still a nice excursion into Prince's kingdom.

Another aspect that raises Appolonia 6 well over the level of Vanity's Wild Animal is that Appolonia 6 have a sense of humor; many of the songs are nearly self-parodies of their image. In the slyly dialogue that precedes "Oh She She Wa Wa," Brenda instructs the others: "Apples, put on some clothes, Susan, you take some off. We're going out to play," to which they all laugh and cheer "Yeah! It's easy to laugh along with them.

Appolonia 6 also bring up a subject that Vanity avoids completely, emotionally love. "A Million Miles (I Love You)" is an affectionate dedication of devotion, set to a pulsing bass line and funky guitar progression. Still, most of the songs deal with the more physical side of human relations, like the single, "Sex Shooter," but Appolonia 6 manage to inject some emotion into them, or at least some humor. "Some Kinda Lover," for example, concludes with the line, "Faster, faster . . . oh, I'm embarrassed."

Vanity describes herself and her album perfectly with the title of her new single: "Pretty Mess." That's enough, except to add that, as the saying goes, this is the only good Wild Animal is a dead one. Appolonia 6 benefit greatly from the help of Prince et al., and while their record isn't going to win any awards, it's still a pleasant diversion. And besides, you get a free poster with every album.

Juggling

Continued from page 7

"I dress like a mime and mimic people in the crowd. Some people get offended and walk away. But I think it's art as an imitation of life. I'm reflecting them — it's mimicry, not mockery."

Another character is a shy little girl who does a tap dance. "I'm working on tap dancing while juggling — I don't have it down quite yet."

"Usually I do my rapper bit as my final routine. I get people in audience to play a rhythm. Then I incorporate juggling and rhythm while doing a rap."

Hillary has found that being a woman juggler isn't all fun and games.

"When I was in Boston, a black guy didn't think I rapped correctly - after all, there aren't many white female rappers. I think he resented me — he thought I was trying to take away something from his culture. So when I was done, he did his own rap: 'The bitch can't rap, the bitch can't rap. If she were my bitch, I'd give her a slap.'"

"People don't expect to see a woman performing on the street," she continues. "They don't get the respect male entertainers get. Some people just breakdance in front of my show as though I wasn't there. Drunken louts will come barging through my act and even rub against me. It makes me nervous because it ruins my choreography. All thoughts are lost. And I did I earned enough so I too could perform there. But if I said that, people would hit me."

Like Rob and Dave, Hillary kind of stumbled into her job.

"I took a year off from college to ski bum in Colorado. There I met someone who juggled in Renaissance fairs. She inspired me — I thought her career was so Bohemian and romantic. After I graduated from college, and saw street performers in Boston, my interest was rekindled. I decided I'd practice enough so I too could perform there. And I did. I earned enough to support myself, but let's just say I had a low standard of living."

Rob has had similar experiences. "I like to think of myself as a struggling artist," he rationalized. "I make $10-20,000 a year, but with zero taxes. One job paid nearly $1,000. I do an average of 2-4 gigs a week — sometimes more, sometimes less. When I get no bookings for a while, I like to think of it as an unexpected vacation."

Rob Peck waxes poetic about his job. "I juggle because it's the epitome of the mind-body harmony pursued by ancient Greek philosophers. Juggling is a combination of both athletics and theatre. It's an aerial choreography. All thoughts are in sync. There's a mystical element deeply ingrained in the fact I juggle for a living. A juggler gets things into pandemonium. It seems as if the object manipulates him, but he ends up manipulating the objects. It's a conscious-raising craft."

Nowadays, there are few places to perform in Philadelphia. "You need a permit, and they're hard to get," says Hillary. "People are arrested for street performing."

But juggling is gaining the respect it deserves. Many universities, such as Temple, Mercy and Villanova are teaching classes on circus arts. The sport has even appeared in the Olympics as rhythmic gymnastics.

"Juggling has gone from being a carnval act to a skill that combines craft with comical theatre," says Peck in summation.
StreetFilm

Erendearing

Transferring Marquez to the screen

Erendira
Directed by Ruy Guerra
At the Ritx III

By Roberta Klein

W hen future Nobel Laureate Gabriel Garcia Marquez was almost sixteen, he met a bizarre duo whose story he would eventually tell in his film Erendira: a little girl of eleven whom an old woman, perhaps her grandmother, had forced into prostitution. The little girl was one of the frailest creatures that I can recall, and her way of being had nothing to do with her profession. She seemed not to have the least idea of what she was doing, but rather to be repeating a lesson learned by heart," writes Garcia Marquez. From the start, Garcia Marquez envisioned Erendira's story as film rather than literature, "a drama in images," though he makes passing reference to the story in his 1967 novel One Hundred Years of Solitude and develops the idea in a later novella, "Innocent Erendira and Her Heartless Grandmother." To date, Garcia Marquez has refused all offers to film One Hundred Years of Solitude, though he has agreed to let John Huston film another of his novels, Autumn of the Patriarch. In the meantime, Erendira, a collaboration between Garcia Marquez, who wrote the screenplay, and director Ruy Guerra, one of the major talents of Brazil's Cinema Novo, provides an effective cinematic introduction to Garcia Marquez's surreal literary world.

Erendira transforms the original repulsive story into an erotic "fractured fairy tale," where a zombie-like Erendira (Claudia Ohana), after accidentally burning down her grandmother's gaudy house, prostrates herself to repay the old woman (Irene Papas). Eventually, the spell is broken by a fair youth named Ulysses, who kills the grandmother and frees the girl. But Erendira is not a "they lived happily ever after" fairy tale. Erendira abandons Ulysses immediately after he frees her, disappears into an endless desert, and is never heard from again. The film ends as the footprints Erendira leaves behind her in the sand fill ominously with blood. Irene Papas, blithely ignoring those bloody footprints, offers a reading of Erendira so simplistic that we wonder how she managed to create her richly textured performance as the grandmother. "This story tells you that you don't have to prostitute yourself, and that if somebody treats you badly, you can become free. Wouldn't it be a fantastic thing to make into a musical?"

"Probably not. Long before Ulysses kills the grandmother, Erendira is subtly turning into a bitchy shrew herself; when granny dies, the palms of Erendira's hands, which have been mysteriously blank since birth, suddenly develop lines. It seems probable that Erendira and her grandmother are in some way doubles of each other, and that the "soul" that Erendira apparently develops at the moment of her grandmother's death may well be that of grand-

mother herself, heading for a quieter, but no less estranged, second life in the desert. Ultimately, however, Garcia Marquez has not designed Erendira to support any "definitive" interpretation. Perhaps he asks only that we savor Papas' performance, one of the most magnetic of her career, as she brings to life the "drama in images" that has obsessed her since she met those two peculiar women so many years ago.

THE RAZOR'S EDGE

As the hero of W. Somerset Maugham's classic adventure, The Razor's Edge, Bill Murray plays a dairly different dramatic role.

In the aftermath of World War I (and on the eve of his wedding) he sets out on a search for self fulfillment that takes him from the Red Light district of Paris to a mystic retreat high above the Himalayas.

This tricky trivia quiz, based on the stories of W. Somerset Maugham and the movies of Bill Murray, also concerns the "odd man out." Each question contains four names, places or facts. Three go together. One doesn't. All you have to do is circle the one which doesn't belong.

The first five people to bring the correct answers to Houston Hall records on Thursday October 18, 1984, win free preview passes for a screening of The Razor's Edge to be held that night.

2. a) Ghostbusters b) Stripes c) Tootsie d) Silver Streak
3. a) Laurence Harvey b) Audrey Hepburn c) Tyrone Power d) Bette Davis
4. a) Hamlet b) Toa c) Quartet d) Encore
5. a) Larry Dorell b) Robert Jordan c) Phillip Carey d) Sadie Thompson
6. a) Zagreb b) Pana c) Tahiti d) Malaga
7. a) Saturday Night Live b) Laugh In c) Second City d) National Lampoon
8. a) Ernest Hemingway b) Somerset Maugham c) William Carlos Williams d) Anton Chekov

Ninja III, The Domination
Directed by Sam Firstenberg
At the Duke and Dutchess

By Mike Blum

Ninja III, The Domination, is a movie possessed by the spirit of dozens of films, from Flesh and Blood to The Exorcist. The star, Lucinda Dickey, looks like Jennifer Beals with more muscles. She lives in a hick's fantasy of a high-tech New York loft— it resembles a rundown K-Mart warehouse. When she is upset (like when she's fighting the spirit of a dead ninja warrior) she does a furious aerobics routine in tights and torn sweatshirts.

Maybe you liked Poltergeist. As the ninja spirit enters Christie (Dickey), doors slam, cabinets spew steam, and the dead ninja's samurai sword floats from the linen closet into her eager grasp. 

Even with creative embellishments ripped off from box-office hits of the last decade, the plot is one dimensional and lurks towards an inevitable conclusion. A silent, boulder-asser than Bruce Lee, ninja warrior appears on a golf course and slaughters a prominent citizen and his dippy ladyfriend. He also kills the man's bodyguards and about twenty policemen before he riddle his body with hundreds of bullets and shotgun pellets. Miraculously, the ninja escapes and before he dies, gives his sword and knowledge of ninja skills to Christie, a telephone linewoman. This allows his spirit to enter her body at will and seek revenge against the rest of the cops. 

A friend of Christie's boyfriend recommends a Manchu character, complete with long nags and hairy moles, to exorcise the evil spirit. The rest of the movie boils down to a series of ninja assassinations and battles. They aren't spectacular because, let's face it, how menacing can a girl Ninja be?

As a martial arts flick, Ninja III is a snoozer. Lucinda Dickey is no Chuck Norris. The only Ninja vs. Ninja fight is dull and predictable. Sho Kusagi, who plays Yamato, the good guy, is almost unbearable clumsy; he has trouble executing basic ninja maneuvers like back-flipping over fifteen foot walls and flicking deathstars at the hands of gun-wielding cops. After the bed guy kills a helicopter pilot, the helicopter flies behind a hill and "blows up." If they really cared, they would have blown up a real helicopter.

The audiences will yowl with contempt at Director Sam Firstenberg's attempt to simulate action and excitement during the only car chase scene of the movie. The film. While the wounds inflicted by sharp samurai blades are usually facial, they bleed only tackdaisically. But at the end of the movie there is a knife-in-the-head scene that shouldn't be missed: 

The dramatic high point comes when Christy succumbs to her boyfriend's charms and absorbs his emotions by pouring a glass of V-8 between her breasts. The viewer can not help but be touched.

Ninja III isn't a film by an auteur. It's just a fun martial arts flick. Firstenberg didn't do a bad job directing—he just didn't have much to work with in the way of actors, story, money, or talent. While it can't possibly please the art-trendies and poseurs, the cinematography is bad; the color and composition is, at times, sublime. Your [AP] girl or boy friend will probably love Dave Powell's sound track—brain-death ditties about aerobics and boyfriends.

Ninja III isn't realistic enough to fill the audience with the quiet dread that this clan of silent assassins usually inspires. It isn't even realistic enough to make more than a few die-hard fans scream. But the audience isn't looking for realism. What it wants is heart-rendering shrieks, gaping wounds, and the sound of crunching bones. You can get all that in Ninja III, but not with the amount of gore that discriminating movie goers have come to expect.
Purple prose

Alice Walker's equestrian poetry

Horses Make A Landscape
Look More Beautiful
Alice Walker
Harbrace Brace Jovanovich
$10.95

By David Moolten

Alice Walker's fourth book of poems, Horses Make A Landscape Look More Beautiful, is moving, and yet almost devoid of traditional poetic craft or technique. This seeming paradox, emblematic of Walker's work, makes one want to redefine "good" poetry, or discover how it is possible to get around writing it and still affect one's audience.

The horsepower of a Walker poem resides in its fierce social commentary. There are no tirades however. Walker's commentary. There are no discover how it is possible to get around writing it and still. if nr discover how it is possible to get around writing it and still .if

Nevertheless Walker emphasizes her black, female identity, and challenges those elements in American society that she feels oppress that identity. In "Each One, Pull One," she writes from the black perspective, "We do not worship our gods/We do not worship their blondevWe do not envy their pensies." "The Thing Itself" takes the woman's side "On your face/The look of/Mock/Lust...As all 'Real' women/Really/Like rape."

Walker shows no interest in language as language. For her, words are like well worn shoes, they are part of the Air and can be worn more. Since she pays no attention to melody, the unforgiving critic might throw his hands in the air and prescribe, "But what makes this poetry and not prose with odd margins and line breaks?"

Beyond devices is the poem as a unit of a particular size and theme. Although her language may be prismatic, Walker's poems are far from prose-like in their effect, largely because of their carefully controlled size, theme, and mood. Some poems have done well to de-emphasize the language aspect of her poems. Social issues are inherently charged, amplified language leads to melodrama. Walker avoids this problem by using humble language that neither adds to the emotional weight of the issues she confronts, nor detracts from them.

One might reasonably ask, "But if all that's presented is the issue, what is the poem giving me that I couldn't get elsewhere?" Again, by controlling the size, theme, and mood of her poems, Walker presents the issues in a way that gives them emotional impact they would not have in another form. In this sense she is an extraordinary poet; for having forsaken all the usual tools that poets are accustomed to using, she still manages to construct poetry that is powerful and un-parochial in its appeal.

Some poets perform the balancing act of writing poetry that is both well crafted and socially aware, e.g. Carolyn Forche in The Country Between Us. Alice Walker (and for that matter Shakespeare) is not one of these poets, but knows her limitations and works within them. Walker will not please those who savor poetry for its traditional attributes, but she will appeal to those who wish to read poetry that is socially relevant and still well written.

Beat write

Photographs of Bohemian culture

Kerouac & Friends: A Beat Generation Album
Fred W. McDarrah
William Morrow and Co.
$17.95

By S. Laizik

Kerouac & Friends presents a nice, if overly selective, montage of the Beat Generation. It consists of Fred W. McDarrah's photographs, articles by other writers presenting different views of the Beat Movement, and mini-biographies of the well-known Beats.

McDarrah's photographs of prominent characters are quite good, and it is exciting to have so many of them collected in one volume. Allen Ginsberg, Jack Kerouac, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, Gregory Corso, and Peter Orlovsky are in many of the shots, giving poetry readings, sitting in nightclubs, partying... doing what we expect them to have been doing. McDarrah's appeals to today's Beat fans by favoring their idols and neglecting to identify forgotten faces in the captions.

Taking this focus into consideration, the articles are well chosen. Most enjoyable is Alfred G. Aronowitz's "Portrait of a Beat" a funny and insightful view of Allen Ginsberg. "If Jack Kerouac is, as he has been called, the St. Jack of the Beat Generation, then Allen Ginsberg is His Prophet."

Three of Kerouac's pieces appear in the book. These differ radically from the other articles. They function as portraits of Kerouac rather than essays. One is a "List of Essentials" for the Beat writer:

1. Scribbled secret notebooks, and wild typewritten pages, yr own joy 2. Submissive to everything, open, listening 3, Try never get drunk outside yr own house...

Another article stands out as a sensitive, personal view of Alice of the Beat Generation: "The Other Night At Columbia: A Report From The Academy" by Diana Trilling, an accomplished essayist and wife of Ginsberg's teacher Lionel Trilling. Trilling writes about attending a reading by Ginsberg, Orlovsky, and Corso at Columbia in 1959. For her and the reader, the experience is exhausting and exciting. She accepts the generation her peers found so intolerable, but doesn't try to cross into Beat culture.

John Ciardi, also an academic, expresses a different view in his sarcastic, descending "Epitaph for the Dead Beats." About Beat literature he writes, "As the literary heritage of the Beat Generation, I conclude, we are left the unreadable un-novels of Jack Kerouac and the first part of How. Its very paucity serves to underline the fact that even the literary leaders of the Beats have made their careers primarily in personal eccentricity rather than in writing." His view is that of many academicians and journalists in the 1950's.

Fred W. McDarrah's written contributions to the book are disappointing. He is sickeningly sentimental about his Beat youth. If he had written the text, Kerouac & Friends might have fueled Ciardi and others' claims that the Beats succeeded on personality rather than artistic merit. McDarrah was wise to present others' written accounts of the Beats; these, combined with his photographs present an excellent, balanced historical record.

McDarrah's purpose in publishing this book is not clear. His preface gives the impression that he decided it was time to get out the old photographs and pass them around, to show the kids what his youth was like. In 1966 he published a book called The Beat Scene, featuring many of the same photographs, as well as writings by the Beats, most of whom don't appear in Kerouac & Friends; for a factual account he might have reprinted this older and perhaps more interesting book instead of creating a new one.

The title of the new book, meant to appeal to Kerouac fans (Kerouac being the best remembered Beat) and the photographs, picturing predominantly people who today's readers will recognize, prove that this book is aimed at a new audience with a predetermined conception of the Beats. For this audience, Kerouac & Friends succeeds as a "sourcebook of the Beat Generation."

Street Books
Beyond Therapy
Directed by Jiri and Blanka Zizka
At the Wilma Theater
By Beth Goodman

What would you do if the man you met through a single's magazine advertisement who is supposed to be a "6 foot 3 inch Pulitzer Prize winner" turned out to be a 6 foot bisexual who cries every ten seconds and wants to "experience women"? You would probably tell him he is Beyond Therapy. This is the situation in Obie Award winner Christopher Durang's play. Durang shows what happens when two slightly crazy people, after sessions with their extremely crazy therapists, try to cope not only with each other, but with each other's problems.

Prudence (Sally Mercer) has never had a serious relationship with anyone other than her cats. Her therapist, Stuart (Tom Dinardo), tries to convince her she is too hard on people and tells her not to expect perfection, but to look for a "real man" (one who cries only when "something falls on him") Stuart considers himself to be a "real man," but as a result of their brief affair, Prudence tells him he is a "premature ejeculator." The rest of their sessions are spent arguing about whether he executes prematurely or whether she is perverted for expecting "hours of sex."

Bruce (Bob Lohrmann), the bisexual, has been living with his boyfriend for two years and seeing his own therapist, Charlotte (Jeanne Russell Fisher), but his inability to be open with others. Charlotte, who can remember difficult words like "patient" (she calls them "permissions") and has blood sugar attacks that can only be cured by eating cookies, tells Bruce to be direct with people. "Do not be afraid to risk!" Bruce decides he wants to meet a woman who will add stability to his life, and Charlotte tells him to place ads in a single's magazine. When Prudence answers his ad, the chaos begins.

The acting is quite good. The performers submerge themselves in their characters so well that it is difficult to imagine them off-stage. Sally Mercer's Prudence desperately wants to accept people as they are without trying to make them fit society's stereotypes. Lohrmann is believable, but does not act as crazy as some of the lines dictate he should. When, as Bruce, he tells Prudence that their living arrangements will include a room over the garage for his boyfriend Bob (Peter Saver), he waits for the audience to laugh. This line should gain its comedic forcefulness from its air of unassuming innocence. Although parts of his performance are forced, Dinardo understands his character well. His Stuart appears macho, but on the inside is insecure and does not overdo his role down pat. He does not act as crazy as some of the lines dictate. His performance is convincing and enjoyable.

Fisher, however, steals the show. She captures the essence of the zany therapist by being psychotic one moment and wise the next. She is reminiscent of Shakespeare's wise fools such as Feste in Twelfth Night or Touchstone in As You Like It who spout what seems to be nonsense but turns out to be wisdom. When she screams, "Bravo! You're so direct!" as Prudence throws a glass of water at Stuart, she is showing the audience that expressing one's true feelings often makes one feel better. Without being obnoxious or too loud, Fisher gives a performance one will not soon forget.

Much of the success of Beyond Therapy is due to the directing skills of husband and wife team Jiri and Blanka Zizka. The scenes flow smoothly; the actors know where each other are and use the small stage to its fullest capacity. The scenery is simple, yet each scene's setting is well-defined. The diction, an important factor in this chatty play, is clear, making Durang's stimulating dialogue easy to follow and enjoyable. The Zizka's also do a good job interpreting the appearance of each character. Prudence

Bruce and Prudence may be beyond therapy, but they're not beyond a little inane chatter.

Mere 'Diary'
Scoundrelous and a shame
The Diary of a Scoundrel
Directed by Joe Leonardo
At the Temple Center City
By Seth Rozin

Chances are you've never heard of the twentieth century Russian playwright Alexander Ostrovsky... and with good reason. The Diary of a Scoundrel, hailed as his finest theatrical achievement, is singularly uninspiring. Ostrovsky's attempt to satirize the social milieu of Russia's high society falls flat; by trying to walk the tightrope between the casual and the stylised, between political satire and buffoonery, Ostrovsky falls short of each.

The Diary of a Scoundrel tells the story of a young liberal, Yegor Dimitrich Gloumov (Richard Buckley) who has a talent and a reputation for maligning public figures in the Moscow media. He is a self-loathing, manipulative con-man who tries to weasel his way into the 'good life' by kissing the feet of local big-wigs. He flatters his longwinded uncle Mamaev (James Reardon), a prominent aristocrat, and he signs a contract with his flirtatious aunt Kleopatra (Claudia Hill); and he butters up several others on his way to a civil service appointment.

Throughout this self-promoting venture, Yegor keeps a diary of his real thoughts and feelings about the genuinely ignorant people he associates with. In a suspicious frenzy, Kleopatra discovers the diary, and after reading Yegor's description of her, she sets out to ruin him and his plans by making his private thoughts public. By the show's end, Yegor has taught the rest of the characters that scoundrels like him are useful in their society.

This is a feeble story to begin with, and Ostrovsky hardly does anything particularly interesting with it. The satiric element seldom appears and is never subtle. The comedy is forced, as Ostrovsky relies on clichés and unoriginal jokes. There is a considerable amount of personal invective, which is often amusing but is detrimental to the fluidity of the show. The dialogue is too dry to compensate for the lack of dramatic intrigue. Ostrovsky's script fails to emulate any one of several styles, lying somewhere in between Chekhov and Restoration Comedy.

Furthermore, the diary is an unattractive means to the end symbol in the play, but after the first scene it is neglected until the middle of the second act. Unlike Ostrovsky, director Joe Leonardo has done an excellent job with less than worthy material. Leonardo's interest in staging and other visual aspects of the production are imaginative. Alziro Azareno cleverly uses six rotating tripods for three considerably different settings. The actors gracefully maneuver the tripods in varying configurations, all to the beat of a conductor. The costumes, though, are eccentric. Some are perfectly suited to the concept and characters while the appalling mixture of colors in others are almost offensive. Again, it is precisely because the costumes are so inappropriately chosen.

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A good 'Friend'

Theatrical man-chasing

The Boyfriend
Directed by David Warner
At the Vasey Theatre

By Jodi Kerper

How ripping,” a line from “The Boyfriend,” sits the production of this musical perfectly. The show relies on the old theme of boy meets girl, boy loses girl, boy gets girl back. Intrigue and hidden identity spice up the show, but for the perfect young ladies at Madame Dubonne’s finishing school (located in the sunny French Riviera), finding a boyfriend is the main goal of life.

It’s also the main goal of this play. And if that doesn’t sound like the most substantial dramatic material ever dredged up from a playwright’s mind, well... it isn’t. "The Boyfriend" is a frothy, fluffy, vapid work, but at least it’s a frothy, fluffy, vapid work that doesn’t take itself too seriously.

Because modern audiences would find this 1920s-style musical unbelievably hokey and sentimental, director David Warner brightens up the show by poking fun at the corny parts. When two long-lost lovers reunite and dance a waltz worthy of Lawrence Welk, presto... champagne bubbles float through the air. Three "terribly charming" French boys are straight out of an old issue of QJ. Such satiric moments pick up the show when it risks dullness, and let the audience chortle at old-fashioned courtship rituals.

The lead characters, Polly Brown (Shari Hartline) and Tony (David Bonanno), the messenger boy, compliment each other, but the rest of the cast is so strong that these two don’t particularly stand out. "Maidcap" Maisie Merriweather (Barby Hobyak) does stand out. Though only five feet tall, she has a seven foot stage presence and a voice that packs a wallop. Keith Tracton, as Percival Brown, Polly’s father, does a good job as an upright businessman; his "loomsooning up" scenes are priceless. His appearance at the costume ball is particularly funny; it is worth the trip to Villanova to see him flipping a long Chinese queue over his shoulder after he was dressed in a three piece suit the entire show.

The costumes, mostly bright colors with a few pastels thrown in, for the girls work with the limited lighting at Vasey Hall. Although the staging has been adapted to suit a theater where the audience surrounds the performers on three sides, a few problems remain. All a person sitting in the first few rows on the side of the stage can see for two-thirds of a song is a dancer’s derriere. The only other problem is the orchestra, which sometimes overwhelms the singers.

The Boyfriend doesn’t require thinking; mental stimulation was not the author’s goal. Not unless you consider questions like “Will true love triumph?” or “Will Madcap Maisie marry that terribly handsome and rich young American, Bobby VanHusen?” to be brain teasers.

Simply put your mind in neutral, and enjoy.

Diary

Continued from page 14

this incongruity, this conceptual waver between ideas, which plagues the entire production. From both a design and performance perspective, The Diary of a Scoundrel does not agree on a style, an artistic conflict which may stem from a basic flaw in Ostrovsky’s script.

Richard Buckley’s performance as Yegor is energetic and at times amusing, but he generally forces the comedy, making exaggerated asides to the audience and wavering between a realistic and cartoon character. All of the actors tend to overplay their characters, a technique that is inappropriate and certainly unsuccessful. Apart from occasional genuinely funny bits, James Reardon’s “Mamaev” is downright intolerable. He would be quite good if he would only tone down his whispering voice and use it more selectively for comic effect. Colleen Clasing, as Yegor’s Mother, displays a good sense of comic timing; thankfully her character is as extreme as the others.

As a satiric work, the play asks the question what is real truth? And who is the scoundrel? The answer, as Yegor claims, is that all these bumbling, ignorant, superficial hoity-toities are dishonest scoundrels for plying into Yegor’s diary while he was merely playing up to everyone’s fancies. The satire, limited to a single scathing speech at the end, proves ineffective; Ostrovsky devotes most of the play to confusing relationships like those in an inferior sit-corn.

There are certainly entertaining moments in The Diary of a Scoundrel and Joe Leonardo’s direction is especially commendable. But this play is not funny enough to be a comedy, or pointed enough to be a satire. Nor is it deep enough to be anything else.

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