Palmer, Trump, Regan named in scheme to divert Wharton funds to Contras

By JAY REINHARD and MARYANN MARELLI

Washington Secretary Valpo Car- 

gionsky, a newspaper in a bit between Wharton, Donald Trump, former North and Oliver North, according to sources close in- 

ternal affairs. "What a difference a day makes."

Diplomats worldwide perplexed by story

By DAVID LASKO

Most Washington observers are begin- 

Some sources say that the White house believes that that
government official Blanche Kan- 

That's all he knew about the Contra 

The Players

Clockwise from top left: Bausher Donald Trump, Wharton, Donald Trump, former Staff of Staff and Donald Reagan, Pres. - Regan.

Reagan denies charges

By RUTH KROONARD and MARYANN MARELLI

Executive Education Center. The 

American magazine, featuring: the trials and tribulations of Exec. Center.

Construction of Exec. Center jeopardized

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née
President: AIDS is one big problem

PHILADELPHIA — President Reagan re- 
ded the 3000th birthday party for the U.S. 
ional Medical Association, founded here two centuries ago, 
 with the city's health department.

"AIDS is this nation's number one health 
 issue," said the President last night in 
 commendation of the Medical Society.

"It is a national emergency," he said. "We 
 must act now to deal with this crisis.

AIDS is a problem that affects us all. 
 It is not just a problem for the gay 
 community, but for all of us.

It is a disease that knows no 
 boundaries. It can affect anyone, 
 regardless of age, gender, or 
 sexual orientation.

We must work together to 
 educate ourselves and our 
 communities about AIDS. We 
 must support those who are 
 fighting this disease.

This is a battle we can win. 
 Let's do our part to help make 
 this happen.

Old sagging broad wins beauty pageant

PSU announces name change

ATLANTIC CITY, N.J. — A 63-year-old Pennsylvania postal worker won the 
 Miss America title yesterday, becoming the oldest Miss America ever.

"She's a retired civil servant," said 
 the Miss America Organization.

"She's a great example of what 
 it means to be a Miss America.

She's been a wonderful 
 role model for all of us.

She's shown us that age is 
 just a number.

She's inspired us all.

Saying goodbye to the hat and 
 sash, she'll now go on to 
 continue her work in the 
 community.

The new Miss America 
 will be known as 
 "Miss Senior America."
**Ehrlich, Bobby Knight at finals**

By JAY BEGUN

Protests Thomas Ehrlich made the front page of the Daily Pennsylvaniaian on page 2, critical that the new JIO stats prove U. students are in most vulnerable in history of protest, demonstration or rally. students each and every day," Good-room, which is now fair game for any room-only crowd assembled in President admitted before a standing- her newly-renovated office in the sub-

Within two days in the basement of renovation with Vice Provost for University other group known to mankind, ac-
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Heidnik was arrested last week and it was good. He witnessed a less uptight at-
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Sex Awareness Week

AIDS

by Debbie Abrams

Peter is a College senior. Peter has a problem. Peter doesn't know what to do with the condom he received on Monday to lend to baffled students.

The recent STD/Condom distribution has raised concern among students and faculty alike. To help alleviate this concern, Student Life has decided to co-sponsor Sexual Awareness Week (SAAW) with the Thalassaemia Society of America.

Thalassaemia is a hereditary blood disease that affects the most vulnerable groups of people, including infants and children. It is characterized by a deficiency of red blood cells, leading to anemia and other complications.

SAAW is taking place from April 13th to 19th, and will include a variety of events such as educational workshops, guest speakers, and a documentary screening. The goal of SAAW is to raise awareness about Thalassaemia and its impact on individuals and communities.

In addition, SAAW will provide a platform for students to discuss their experiences with Thalassaemia and other related issues. The week will culminate in a final event on April 19th, where a celebrity will be invited to share their thoughts on the importance of awareness and support for people with Thalassaemia.

The main event of SAAW is a screening of the documentary "The Other Side of the Coin" at 7:30 PM on April 19th. The film explores the personal stories of Thalassaemia patients and their families, highlighting the challenges they face and the support they receive.

Please support the Thalassaemia Society of America and attend SAAW events to help raise awareness and support for this important cause.

For more information, please contact the Thalassaemia Society of America at info@thalassaeub.org or visit their website at www.thalassemiausa.org.
Booger Beatnicks

The group, which nicknames itself the Booger Beatnicks, is an anonymous group of nose-pickers at the University — they feel discriminated against by the public is considered rude, according to Psychology Professor Harry Gleitman.

"They are very interested in their nostrils." Gleitman continued. "They feel that it is their right to have their nostrils cleaned by others."

According to Gleitman, the nosepickers are often treated like children and must be supervised by others. They also often feel that they are being talked about and laughed at by others. As a result, they may develop a habit of picking their nose in public places.

"Children love to play with their noses," Gleitman said. "They are very interested in their nostrils."
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Comming Friday, April 3

The Daily Pennsylvania
4015 Walnut St.
Philadelphia, PA 19104

Don't miss it!
IFAC agrees with UA decision,
dumps dry rush proposal for fall

BY JULIE KERN

The Interfraternity Council last night voted unanimously to abandon 
the idea of dry rush for undergraduates, throwing the current 
position of forcing the Interfraternity Council to vote on 
dry rush up in the air.

The decision is largely due to a deci-
sion made Tuesday by the Undergraduate Assembly to aban-
don dry rush in the fall, throwing the current 
position of forcing the Interfraternity Council to vote on dry 
rush up in the air.

IFAC President Pete Pakradooni 
said last night that the IFAC executive board had already 
decided that they would dump the idea of dry rush in the fall, 
agreeing with the UA's decision.

He said, "We've been fine until now, why 
change everything just because of the 
UA?" The IFAC president said.

He said, "I think it's great," Lang said. "We've spent a lot of time working 
on this, and all we are doing is legitimizing dry rush."

IFAC President Pete Pakradooni 
said last night that he worked alone.

He added that the UA decision had a 
large influence on their decision to 
bring the question to a vote.

"We really reject the opinions of the 
UA, and since they don't seem to think 
at dry rush will enhance the 
fraternity scene, we will continue to 
think about it," Pakradooni said.

"We never meant to bring the 
idea of dry rush up in the air."

"If the students don't want (dry 
rush), then they won't have it," he 
said. 

Heidnik

Distribution requirements redistributed

(Continued from page 3)

the students won't need in the same 
154 courses.

All major and distribution re-
quirements will be redistributed 
within the College, as well as the 
previously planned courses.

Bog added that students with 
zero distribution will have fewer 
homework assignments.

All major and distribution 
requirements will be redistributed 
within the College, as well as the 
new distributional degree, 
which students will complete in 
the next few years.

Bog said that students with 
zero distribution will have fewer 
homework assignments.

"We want to make sure that students 
are cross-listed in CGS." 

"We will not leave students out, but 
students may change majors, 
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Students reveal secret love nests vows to students to marry.

The late Baby M trial is showing that the University has more surrogate mothers than most people know.

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WRITTEN BY EUGENE IONESCO

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THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN - TKU RDS >.

WITNESS: you not to play ball in the house."

We've heard rumors about the

BY PAUL ANDERSON

In light of the recent controversy surrounding the Baby M trial, surrogate motherhood has come under harsh criticisms. Administrators from the

But for some women at the University, surrogate motherhood has proven to be a viable career path. Several of these mothers have explained the process as extremely rewarding.

"It was a real house because she was on the floor," a Wharton junior, who attended January 19th, said. "They were just two men and a woman in a library walked by... which would not exactly interest," he added.

Student who confided in a fellow student that he was going to remain close to the stocks added that "The Button is the best."

"We're done. We don't feel mad and not very excited," a male College freshman said about his encounter on the

Students tell me that surrogate motherhood is a necessity.

"The Baby M case is showing that the University has more surrogate mothers than most people know.

The late Baby M trial is showing that the University has more surrogate mothers than most people know.

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altered after foremen voiced concern not only in the construction sense, but crown and a g-string," said one executive Center blueprints tucked away with all that damn cash," a conduc-
anonymousis said. "It even had two carrying a dead hamster to her
a Washington hotel.

Dean's secretary involved

(Continued from page 1) about Carterwood and concluded with an

(Continued from page 1) the last several months here on the

Reagan claims ignorance

(Continued from page 1) not only in the construction sense, but

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Kutztown, Pa.

CULLED FROM THE PENNSYLVANIAN — Thursday, April 2, 1987

PAGE 11

Tabernacle Church

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7:00 P.M. First Presbyterian Church of the City

9:00 a.m. The Hon. William H. Gray, III "economic Justice, Biblical Vision and the

Thee: the Reality of the Federal Budget"

8:15 a.m. Continental Breakfast

8:30 a.m. The Church and Society

10:30 a.m. Common Worship

James L. McDonald, Pastor

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oom —June 8-July 31
(Continued from page 1) mandate
we get to our terrorist roots last month.
(Continued from page 2) international
how we could do it. If I had known then
(Continued from page 1) in the encyclopedia, that
in light of our terrorism, the article
HT.
Tuition is due in one lump sum at registration. Students must make appropriate
funds available at that time. This charge includes all fees, books, and
other expenses. Payment plans are available. Please consult the Office of
Business Affairs for more information. This session begins Monday, July

WHO CALLS FOR DECISIONS?
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The Wharton dean explained that
Regan may have misunderstood when she
wanted to call the person.

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Pitts announces decision to enter NBA draft in June

(Continued from back page)

Just me and the guys hang 'out and shootin' hoops

(Continued from back page)

Six false alarms reported in High Rise North

(Continued from page 6)

Grand Arena computer mix-up invalidates numbers

(Continued from back page)

The Brothers of Alpha Chi Rho wish to congratulate the Neophyte class of 1987.

Avram Kaufman
Josh Cohen
Rob Rosenshain
Pat Jones
Patrick Livingston
Brad Harper
Brian Meyers
Charlie Reiff
Greg Landry

The Daily Pennsylvanian — Thursday, April 2, 1987

PAGE 13

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**Voter for Vanina**

Choose Spring Flings’ Vanina for a day
On Locust Walk, April 6-8

**Quakers discover mysterious Ugandan sensation**

(Continued from back page)

The Quakers will replace Southern (Continued from back page)

**Quakers discover mysterious Ugandan sensation**

(Continued from back page)

**Vitale to announce Quaker basketball**

(Continued from back page)

**Diver plunges to death**

(Continued from back page)

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Red Sox trade Clemens to Yanks

AL's top hurlers signs three-year, $3.6 million deal.

WINTER HAVEN, Fla. (AP) - Roger Clemens, the Boston Red Sox's ace and the American League's most dominant pitcher for the past four seasons, has agreed to a three-year, $3.6 million deal with the New York Yankees.

Clemens, 24, with a 2.48 ERA in 1986, was in- tended to be a cornerstone of the Yanks' rotation and thus guarantee them the AL's Most Valuable Player Award. Clemens and the Yanks also agreed to the maximum $2 million signing bonus.

"I think there's a reason he's able to do what he's doing," said Yankees manager Lou Piniella. "It's catching up with him now."

Clemens, the right-handed pitcher who had been offered only $500,000 plus as much as $475,000 in bonuses to stay with the Red Sox, wanted a two-year, $2.5 million deal from them. But the trade was made possible because of the two universities, Boston University and Harvard, which both claimed they could sign the 24-year-old pitcher and that the Red Sox "might as well get something" for him instead of wasting him at the minors.

"I just sucked," Steinbrenner said. "We were going to get as much as we could for him. We will be able to do it again."

The deal was worked out just before the beginning of spring training, and Steinbrenner said it was a "tremendous" addition to one's resume.

"It's good for the Relays and good for Roger," Steinbrenner said. "It's good for the Yanks."

"We didn't want Roger to have to work real hard this year, what with his new baby and all," said Red Sox general manager Pat Gillick. "It's good for the Yanks."

"It's good for the Relays," Clemens added. "I used to think I was the best pitcher in the league, that I could go 24 years old."
Hoops wonder to play at Penn
Schneider amazed at Ugandan’s skill

Strange does indeed
Tom Schneider has been keeping quiet, until now, he has been keeping quiet. Even Bruce Leibowitz has been keeping quiet. Did Bruce Leibowitz have something to do with it? Did Bruce know who the mysterious stranger was? What is the connection between Bruce and the stranger? Is there more to the story than meets the eye?

Something had to have happened in the days between the last game and this one. Perhaps Bruce was behind it all. Perhaps Bruce was planning something. Perhaps Bruce was plotting to take over the world. The possibilities are endless.

Once there, the three became one in the mud, just long enough for a large shadowy Figure to be seen in the building. But then the Figure disappeared, leaving only the three to ponder what had just happened.

One has to wonder if the three were putting on some kind of performance or if there was some other explanation for what happened. The truth is, no one really knows.

As for the Figure, it remains a mystery. Was it human? Was it alien? Was it something else entirely? No one knows. But one thing is certain: the three will never forget that day. For it was there that everything changed.

But for now, the three must keep their heads down and focus on the game at hand. For the future of the world depends on what happens next.
MATT BEHIND THE EARS

Hollywood Shuffle
Style Council
Humanitarian/Vegetarian
An afternoon with magazine X

I guess I'll be working at Friendly's again this summer. This is not so terrible, especially if you're one for polyester bow-ties. Still, there was hope that I could get something else, outside of the food industry, to keep me busy until the golden days of September beckon and I'm back at school.

Last summer I spent in Philadelphia, holding down an extensive list of part-time jobs that still left me time for leisure. Mostly, I watched a lot of movies and perfected making omelets on a gas stove.

This year I got wise early. I made myself a resume and started sending out applications. I applied myself, literally, to some of the nation's most formidable magazines.

These days, with only two weekly trips to my mailbox, I am collecting a prestigious group of rejection letters. I am a part of the nation's most formidable magazines.

With my sister's address at work and my magazine publishing, my name found its way onto an appointment book, and my face was to become part of someone's schedule.

With my sister's address at work and my appointment book, I boarded the Yankee Clipper for New York.

Now the Yankee Clipper is one of Amtrak's few titled trains that I've never taken. Long hours on the Senator and Ben Franklin had me prepared to arrive in the great metropolis with only a few minutes to get downtown. The Clipper, however, doesn't stop in Metropark or Princeton, and it doesn't spend much time in Trenton or Newark.

I arrived in New York hours ahead of schedule, and since a trip to the museum seemed both impractical and uninteresting, I made my way in the direction of magazine X with well over an hour to walk around downtown.

I decided to get something to eat in the neighborhood of N.Y.U., so I checked into a coffee shop that looked like it was used to loiterers. My new suit fit nicely, and wasn't I lucky that five minutes prior to my interview the nice lady sitting next to me at the X Soup 'n' Burger on Broadway and 8th Street told me that I'd forgotten to remove the tags that told of the suit's youth.

I was soon at the reception desk of magazine X on the 11th floor. Watching while familiar names on the masthead sauntered by, their heads buried in paper, I picked up a pretty informal impression of the way magazine X goes about its business. Someone was eating a Snickers and had one more tag along.

The interview itself went fairly well, thank you, and I flinched only when I had to tell magazine X's assistant editor what I did during previous summers. Images of Friendly's flashed before my eyes, and I knew full well that being a waiter in a family restaurant isn't what anyone would call extensive preparation for a career in magazines.

"I usually work at Friendly's. I don't know if you've heard of it."

She had.

"Course," I bravely continued, "you deal with people in a place like that an awful lot. And I was the head night waiter." Pause. I wasn't quite stressing the importance of that job in the formation of my character, and I remembered my roommate saying how I should try to stand out. I took one last stab at greatness.

"I can carry six plates of fries on one arm, you know, with a chocolate fribble in the other hand..."

Ahem. Well, let's just say that I still haven't heard from the patient folks at X. When I went to meet my sister for dinner uptown, she asked how everything went and told me she had a plan.

Actually, I like being at Friendly's a lot. Their new menu has something they call a Philadelphia-style cheese steak, and most of the regular customers there know me. I can eat all the fried clams I want, and I never, ever feel like I'm working only for myself. Nothing terribly wrong with that.
Brian Drillinger  A Brooklyn native tackles his acting career with the reliability of 'Brighton Beach's' big brother


Role Models: "I really don't have any 'famous actors' that I aspire to be like. I admire Robert DeNiro and Dustin Hoffman, but I don't want to be a DeNiro or a Pacino or whoever."  Favorite Quote: "Love the art in yourself, and not yourself in art."  — Stanislavski.

Best advice I Was Ever Giver:  "While I was in college, my brother told me, 'Study what you want to study and your major will evolve itself.' So I did — I acted."

Why I Want to be an Actor:  "I always wanted to become an actor when I was little. I used to bug my parents to send me to acting school. But I didn't really act until I went to college."

Goals:  "I see myself hopefully having done a lot more work [in 10 years]."

Strongest Personal Qualities:  "I get along well with people. I have a lot of friends."

CONTTEST

No one likes to be forgotten. Yet, as Hollywood has no sympathy for its own, some are forced to walk down the long, lonely road from stardom to near-obscurity, sometimes stopping mid-road for a burrito. Anyway, in this here photo, Mrs. McKeltch is trying to stop David from fleeing the Martians. Just which Academy Award-winning actress is this Mrs. McKeltch anyway? The first man, woman or child fortunate enough to know will win dinner for two at the Garden Court Plaza Cafe. Call 898-1985 tonight at 8:59 p.m. And, if you know the name of the film as well, a 34th Street-type will tell you a funny joke.

Contest prize courtesy of the Garden Court Plaza Cafe.

Fashions in Eye Wear Inc.

largest selection of  "British School Boys"

10% off w/Student ID
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Unisex hair salon
Cut & perm $40.00
Includes shampoo and conditioner

Serving University City Since 1939
Proprietor: Pete Colabelli

Contest prize courtesy of the Garden Court Plaza Cafe.
vegetarians follow their diets as well as their consciences

By Katie Ross

If you say “yuck” to milk and honey, or are plagued by thoughts of fur and feathers when ordering a McDonald’s meal, or blanch at the thought of buying a fur coat despite its high status value, you may be ready to subscribe to the world of vegetarianism. But fear not. You’re in good company.

Vegetarianism, in both mild and extreme forms, is becoming decided commonplace. University of Pennsylvania Dining Services nutritionist, Beryl Moorehead, says that she makes great attempts to cater to the needs of Penn-veggies by always having a non-meat item on the menu. “I think we handle a straight vegetarian quite well,” says Moorehead. “Vegetarianism has some very good points to it.” Moorehead adds, citing lower cholesterol, lower risk of heart disease and cancer, and tendency toward a longer life as some of the benefits of a high fiber, vegetarian diet.

And yet, life without flesh is not all fun and grains. “With a vegetarian diet, it is hard to get all the nutrients you need,” she continues. “While it can be done, you have to really know what you’re doing. Vitamin B-12 is the big problem, especially because a deficiency can take five or six years to show up.” Symptoms of the deficiency may include diminished reflex response, difficulty in walking and speaking, and brain damage that cause symptoms similar to schizophrenia. Vegetarians sharply refute criticisms of their diet, and for many, the choice to forego meat goes beyond health reasons.

Just ask New York humanitarian vegetarian Michael Gurwitz. “Elephants don’t eat meat,” says Gurwitz, who approaches his diet from the perspective of animal rights. “I get far fewer colds since I’ve become a vegetarian,” he adds. “When an animal is killed, it is frightened, and its body is flooded with fear chemicals like adrenaline — think about what you’re eating.” Gurwitz follows an extreme vegetarian diet, called “vegan,” which means he eats no animal products at all, and that means no dairy items, no eggs and no honey. For Gurwitz, adopting this lifestyle was a gradual process.

“I gave up beef four years ago for health reasons,” he recalls. “Then one night when I was high I was cooking chicken, and I realized that what I was doing was disgusting. A few months later I gave up fish because it just seemed to be the logical thing to do.”

But Gurwitz says he didn’t attain real intellectual sensitivities to the horrors of sirloin until he volunteered to work with a wildlife group, where most of his fellow laborers were animal rights activists.

“They spoke of animals as individuals,” he says. “It was there that I first learned of the abuses that go on in factory farming. It’s common practice for five chickens to be kept in a cage the size of a piece of looseleaf paper. Lots of birds die, and end up as chicken soup.” Gurwitz says earnestly. For Gurwitz, veganism is more than just a diet, it’s a way of life. Since his illuminating experiences at the wildlife center, he has become more and more involved with animal rights. Today, he even serves on the board of Trans-species Unlimited, which organizes frequent protests against animal abuses.

“In the fall we traveled to Pennsylvania to protest to a live pigeon shoot,” he says. “I was recently arrested at a fur protest in Macy’s, and on Easter, I’m organizing a group to dress up in bunny costumes and stand in a cage in front of a restaurant which recently began serving rabbit as a delicacy.”

For many vegetarians the diet goes beyond the dinner table. “It just becomes what you want to do, the way you want to live,” says Pastor Frank Zollman of the Chestnut Hill Seventh Day Adventist Church. “I’m vegetarian for two reasons: I want to be healthier, and it feels more spiritual. I feel that if I’m going to be a temple for the deity, I want to be the most spiritual being I can be.”

While Gurwitz and Zollman deny that there is any problem when eating out, but Moorhead cites this as a major obstacle to the vegetarian diet.

“There are a lot of social problems with being a vegetarian,” the nutritionist says. “And vegetarian foods require a much longer preparation time.”

Still, Zollman’s professed heightened spirituality and Gurwitz’s animal activism are not enough to lead most folks from their carnivorous ways. Says Moorhead, “When I taste a lot of vegetarian items, I can’t help thinking that they just don’t taste very good.”
Religious metaphors Down Under

Winton looks skyward for answers

By Michelle Green

Austrailian writer Tim Winton received international acclaim for his 1986 novel Swallows, in which Winton's descriptions of whales, one reviewer noted, made even Moby Dick sound crass.

In his newest work, That Eye, the Sky, Winton creates an allegorical tale revolving the legend of the Prodigal Son through the eyes of an immature ten year old. Despite the strength of his characters and his narrative voice, Winton's tale is never convincing.

Ort, the son of two former hippies, has a groovy time playing in the woods and snooping on adults. Despite his few friends and his fear of going to high school in the city next year, Ort enjoys his role as he plays with his pet "chook," a chicken, and watches through a keyhole when his parents make love.

But when Ort's father is paralyzed and possibly brain damaged in a car accident, his family falls apart. Despite his youth, Ort learns through snooping that his best friend's father may have been responsible for the accident and that his mother cannot come to terms with the mistakes of her youth. Nevertheless Ort has an inner faith his family lacks.

Then, seemingly out of nowhere, a man appears on the Flacks' doorstep and offers to help care for Ort's father. The stranger, Henry Warburton, has strange fits, speaks in tongues and prays aloud whenever he's alone.

Winton's biggest problems arise from the difficult task he sets up for himself — namely, providing the framework for a religious revelation. He never makes up his mind whether to aim for realism or satire, and the novel suffers from a lack of credibility. For example, it seems terribly unlikely that two people in one family would suffer life-threatening accidents and survive, and asking readers to believe in a family accepting a strange religious fanatic into their household is a bit much.

The revelatory ending contains the expected sign from above, but it seems rushed and forced. Two key characters disappear without any explanation, only to reappear seemingly out of nowhere.

That Eye, the Sky makes interesting reading because of the strength of its narrative voice, but its loose ends ultimately render it unsatisfying. Its earlier religious fanatic into their household is a"

Keep an eye on Tim Winton

worldly possessions, or the true treasure of salvation? Winton never has to clarify himself, since Ort is too naive to seek hidden meanings in his visions.

The title is cryptic as well. At the beginning of the novel, it refers to the eye of his chicken, which reminds him of the blue sky. After the chicken is killed, a symbol of birth, at such a funereal time? Do they represent the possibility of rebirth, or do they merely reflect Ort's memory that one of the thickens has just had chicks? Do the jewels resemble the false treasures of life?

Good humor

Hey, remember when the Yale wrote a comic strip? Streeter satirizes college life in cartoons

By Robbie Steel

A roommate who collects brains, a neighbor who wears antlers, and a giant gorilla with a pet moose will sign. Will the moose or a possessed radiator — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — an administrative nightmare of the situations — 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Fireworks

Willis forgets Mattie and takes off with Basinger in his first flick

By Michael Geszel

The development of the gag. The farce. The execution. The outcome. These elements are all part of Blake Edwards' comedy punch. When everything works, Edwards film like 10 or Victor/Victoria emerges with clean, crisp comic blows that directly hit the funny bone.

In Edwards' new film Blind Date those ingredients create a masterful comic treat. Moonlighting's Bruce Willis plays Walter Davis, an "assistant portfolio assessor" whose firm is holding an important dinner for a wealthy Japanese business man. Walter does not have a date for the occasion and is forced to accept his brother's offer to set him up with someone. With a perfect instant pickup line, Edwards brings Walter face to face with his date, Nadia Gates, played by Kim Basinger (9 1/2 Weeks, No Mercy). The evening, from Walter's perspective, has gotten off to a nice start. The two exchange pleasantries as they peruse some hilarious erotic art at the exhibit. Next, Walter brings Nadia to a porno studio to watch Stanley Jordon play guitar -- a before dinner treat. He pours champagne, ignoring his brother's warning not to let Nadia drink, Walter toasts to a beautiful evening. The serenity that Edwards creates with champagne, soft music and a beautiful woman serves as a subtle sign to the mayhem that will soon follow. Even the crazy antics of Nadia's ex-husband (John Larroquette), whom they meet at the exhibit, are brushed aside with comic flair.

But as the evening progresses, Nadia manages to place Walter in a less-than-suspicious position with his boss and Yakamo. The ease with which she actresses in her own right who speaks her lines with the right drunken frankness needed to elicit laughter. As her companion, and in his first screen appearance, Bruce Willis plays the classic straight man. His character is cool, subtle and refined, and Willis does nicely as the comedic punch line bag. But losses up everything contributes to the laughter.

The catalyst to the chaos is Kim Basinger, who establishes herself as a fine physical comedian. Dressed in a form-fitting red dress, Basinger exhibits a penchant for drunken movements delivered with sexy fluidity. But Basinger is a fine Willis is later allowed to create some disorder of his own and does so with wide-eyed enthusiasm. He does not establish the presence Basinger does, though, in spite of the fact that he is aptly suited for the part. Still, one could have hoped that Willis would have chosen a far more deviant role than the L.A. yuppe he's perfected on Moonlighting.

The screenwriting credit belongs to Dale Launer. His smart, snappy dialogue works well with Edwards' slapstick gags. The two combine on some highly funny situations which mix physical humor and poignant one-liners.

Despite fine execution, there are a few lapses in this film. Edwards' style is the concept of calm before the storm. The occasional hills in action caused by this style contribute to an uneven pace that makes Blind Date awkward at times.

In addition, the comedy gets a bit surly real. At times, Edwards is willing to go too far for a joke. The consequence is that the audience does not blindly accept such outrageousness and thus the impact of the gag is lessened.

BLIND DATE
Directed by Blake Edwards, Tri-Star Pictures
At Sam's Place
Written by Dale Launer, Produced by David Permut, Starring Bruce Willis and Kim Basinger. Running time 1 hour and 30 minutes.

4/34th Street

Re-shuffling the deck
Robert Townsend teaches Hollywood an important lesson

By Scott Strauss

Robert Townsend is a top-notch performer. He is a schooled actor, has turned in a brilliant performance in A Soldier's Story, and can turn Shakespearean lines that leave Gielgud in the dust. But Townsend has generally been offered Eddie Murphy-esque roles of smart-mouthed pimps and gang leaders who talk a jive that ranks up there with the best of Times Square and grab their garlic about every half second. He gets offered jobs in such prestigious films as Attack of the Street Pimps and Revenge of Street Hero.

Why?
Because he is black.

Townsend might call it a catch-22 or prejudice, maybe even an out and out con. But the fact is that in order to be a success in show biz, a black actor has to accept stereotypical roles that send out the wrong message to America. The system makes the black actor sell himself out, like it or not.

But Townsend is not the type to sit around and like it. Instead of allowing himself to get lost in the Hollywood shuffle, he made Hollywood Shuffle -- a film that skips from short lampoons of racial stereotyping to cutting but overt attempts at sincerity. The result is a film that is a satire of the highest order. Rank Robert Townsend's Hollywood Shuffle up there with Tom Jones because it does exactly what satire should do -- wake people up by showing the difference between what is and what ought to be.

This imbalance is shown by the ambitions of Bobby Taylor. (Townsend's a young actor who sneaks away from his job at Winky Dinky Dog, in order to get David Lee Roth music video-type auditions. On the way, Townsend, who wrote, directed and produced the film, paints a hilarious picture of what it is to be black in show business. By putting together a string of sketches that tie into Taylor's imagination, Townsend creates a sort of Saturday Night Live effect. But the sketches are so outrageously funny that they make the best of Belushi and Akyard seem childish.

Taylor has many dreams in Hollywood Shuffle. The film's most outstanding segments are when the audience drifts off into the actor's fantasy land. Taylor dreams of being cast in a weekly television program called Sneak in the Movies, in which he and his homeboy sneak into the movie theater and comment on various upcoming films. The set-up is innovative and the vernacular hits home. Take note: "The first film we saw was Adamu, Ami de-us -- a film about two white mother-f- who dig music." And "This film wasn't realistic -- you think three brothers are gonna sit there let some honky pull out his gun and have a conversation. Make my day -- how do 50 bullets up the butt make your day?"

Furthermore, Taylor dreams of the NAACP picking his house when he accepts a role as a gang leader. They chant: "We will never play Rambos until we stop playing sambos." And the laughs roll on.

Townsend's supporting cast, which would better be described as the Hollywood Shuffle players, all do a remarkable job. By acting up the parts of pimps, hookers and gang members in Taylor's fantasies as well as struggling actors in the basic plot of the film, they make the injustice black actors have to endure all the more clear. Each actor is funny, but their message is how unfunny their situation is.

The only faults of this film lie in its overt expressions of "hold on to your dreams" sincerity, and its amateurish look. But these are forgivable, considering that this film is Townsend's first attempt at the acting, directing, writing and producing combination. In fact, the film's appeal is only increased by its amateur quality, for it makes obvious the lack of opportunity blacks have from both sides of the camera.

Robert Townsend's Hollywood Shuffle is a master-piece. It is a hilarious film about a topic that isn't very funny. Shuffle guarantees tear-jerking laughs for its full hour and 22 minutes, but it also guarantees some disturbing thoughts about the injustices blacks face in all facets of society.

HOLLYWOOD SHUFFLE
Directed by Robert Townsend
Screenplay and produced by Robert Townsend, starring Robert Townsend and Anne-Marie Johnson. Running time 1 hour and 22 minutes.

By Michael Geszel

Before...
**Working for a living**

*The lighter side of prostitution*

**By Michelle Green**

*Working Girls* has been hailed as the film that looks at the other side of prostitution. It's not about drugs, corruption, blackmail or nympha. Rather, it is a film that looks at the professional side of working by night. In a narrow-minded fashion *Working Girls* portrays prostitution as a reasonable profession. It says bring home the bacon and ask no questions.

Writer and director Lizzie Borden attempts to give a realistic view of prostitutes. Clamming in her production notes that prostitution is a viable economic alternative for women, Borden films a day in the life of an everyday prostitute.

The lady in question, a Yale University graduate named Molly (Louise Smith), wakes up in the arms of her black female lover, and after sending the woman's daughter off to school, heads for the house where she works. There she meets Dawn (Amanda Goodwin), a college student planning to go to law school, and Gina (Manusia Zacht), a longtime pro, who sit and discuss their personal problems in between rounds with the men who come in.

In the course of one day, Molly sees several dirty old men, a sugar daddy, a masochistic *businessman*, a shy schoolteacher, a man who just likes to watch, and a young sadist who drives her to the point of quitting the business. In between, she makes appointments, serves drinks, gets clean towels and sheets, buys supplies like K-Y jelly, washes her diaphragm, and cries her makeup off. She nets over $900. It's a living.

*Working Girls* is unlike other films about prostitution because the women are neither sleazy nor selfish. In the way Borden portrays it, the profession comes off looking awfully good. Of course, the boss is a bitch, but whose boss isn't? The hours stink, but waiting is worse. The men are condescending and a bit vulgar, but in the working world, don't women always have problems with men? Why, Borden seems to be asking, shouldn't women be prostitutes?

But it is the madam, or "pimp" as her employees call her, who is portrayed as the most evil character in the film. A former working girl herself, she has a married boyfriend and a lust for money that the prostitutes see as greedy and unscupulous. But Lucy, the madam, is not even worse than the rest — if anything, she's the smart one, because she can make a profit without direct contact with the business.

Borden films many of the sex scenes reflected in mirrors, but the women hardly seem introspective; rather, they seem shallow and distant, given a claustrophobic feel. This wins the viewer's sympathies for the women trapped inside. But then again, they are trapped by their own will. Borden's straightforward presentation of analogues, mild S&M and lesbian displays don't make the viewer angry at the men who request such acts but at the prostitutes' willingness to perform them.

Despite Borden's stated intent, nobody seems worthy of sympathy in this film. The prostitutes are not in dire financial straits, nor do they come from broken homes. Molly doesn't want to rent out her mind in a job that's beneath her intelligence, so she rents out her body. This is simply her chosen career.

The actresses' performances add a comic element to the film. Both Smith and Goodwin overact and speak their lines like K-Y jelly, washes her diaphragm, and cries her makeup off. She nets over $900. It's a living.

*Excuse me ma'am, can I borrow your towel?*

Deneuve stars in this unpredictable thriller full of French style and English subtitles

By Robin Fields

The opening of Scene of the Crime is deceptively placid. A boy, Thomas (Nicholas Giraudi), rides a bicycle across a field. The air is heavy with dusty sunshine and the drone of crickets. A strange break creates the ordinariness of the scene when Thomas follows the noise into the darkness of a cottage, he and his mother are inexorably drawn into the violence accompanying the man inside.

Thomas, a 13-year-old boy who lives with his mother in a small village in southwestern France, is accosted by Martin, (Wadreck Stanczak) an escaped convict, in the cabin for money, and Thomas tricks his grandfather into giving Martin what he needs. Thomas returns to a designated meeting place with the money, but Martin's partner Luc, is convinced that the boy told on them. Panicked, he tries to strangle Thomas, but Martin saves the young boy by killing Luc.

Numbled from this sequence of events, Martin wanders into a small town, and Gina (Manusia Zacht), a French film with a plot — this movie provides plenty of twists which are complicated by overlapping relationships, yet never becomes annoyingly convoluted. Such a movie eludes the most deadly trap for a thriller: predictability.
There are few things as essential to a band’s success than vigorous promotion of each new album. And there are few ways to promote a new album as effective as touring the United States.

Sadly, it is the smaller bands which suffer the most from obstacles to this promotion. A group which has already made a name for themselves in the public is less likely to need to play a lot of cities in order to publicize their latest release.

In the last few months, however, changes in the United States immigration policies have made it increasingly difficult for bands like UB40, The Smiths, and General Public to tour the United States.

While this means a temporary setback for such well-known artists, its impact on newer, up-and-coming musicians is far more serious. Had these policies been in effect some years back, bands like the Police, 'Tears for Fears’ and Thompson Twins, who are all from England, might not have been permitted to tour the U.S. and might not have been able to become the superstars they are today.

The immigration policy that has been altered is the recent interpretation of immigration laws by the Immigration and Naturalization Service (INS). Popular foreign bands like The Smiths, UB40 and Jamaican reggae band Third World are just a few of the musical groups who have been affected by newly enacted procedures for artists who need to receive INS approval to tour the U.S.

But the new INS policies entail an arduous procedure which confronts foreign acts — rock groups, classical musicians and performing arts groups alike — with a lot of red tape.

The entire process of applying to tour the United States for a foreign group begins with an application for H-1 visa status. The H-1 category requires documentation of artistic merit on the part of the act. The band must play at recognized venues, have consistently good album sales, and provide concert reviews or other articles in the established press showing artistic preeminence.

The process for filing H-1 petitions was less complicated in the past. Until last fall, a band’s immigration lawyer or preparer could file the necessary documentation in person in any city where the band was scheduled to play. In many instances, the good reputation of the petitioner was enough to push along the band’s visa application with the local immigration officials.

But the new laws make this impossible. No in-person filing for a band’s H-1 is permitted any longer, depriving the band of the personal contact between the INS local official and the act’s representative. On top of that, the new filing system requires that all H-1s be handled only by mail at a regional INS center. For bands applying to play in Philadelphia, New York City and other northeast United States cities, that means applying to the St. Alban’s, Vt. center.

The result has been a considerable decrease in the number of bands who come to tour the United States, not only because they’ve been denied an H-1, but also because the 30-day minimum lead time requirement makes the red tape an overwhelming obstacle.

Immigration preparer Ron Zealin, who often deals with the INS bureaucracy, says that the 30-day minimum application requirement is one of the two or three most significant issues because of the fact that lost mail and documentation can be a problem.

"We don't have a lead time for most of our groups," Zealin says. "In contrast, a super-group books six months in advance."

Zealin handles a number of the new acts which have had tour delays or cancellations resulting from the new INS procedures, including Irish rockers Easterhouse and England’s New Model Army.

According to Zealin, the new by-mail-only filing...
By Abigail Abrash

Many true-believers say that Paul Weller is the Style Council. They see pianist Mick Talbot as a superfluous appendage, something akin to Andrew Ridgeley of Wham! The Cost of Loving, the Council's latest and most toned-down release yet, shows a change in the group's dynamics. Not only has Talbot contributed more in terms of co-writing with Weller, but drummer Steve White and female vocalist D.C. Lee have been given more prominent positions as "unofficial" Councillors.

Perhaps more importantly, the producing and mixing powers, once dominated exclusively by long-time associate Peter Wilson and Weller, have been relinquished to no less than eight outsiders (that's virtually one per song), including the Valentine Brothers ("Money$ Too Tight To Mention" originators) and Curtis Mayfield. The results are Weller pop, with a sometimes awkward melange of soul styles — different in consistency from the band's past three previous releases.

While The Cost of Loving took about twice as long to assemble to release, it only has a measurer nine songs (one of them isn't even listed on the jacket) as compared to the 12 or 13 tracks on other Style Council efforts. The Cost of Loving pales in brilliance when compared to the spark, wit and compassion of Weller's past work with the Jam (the British rock trio that outsold the Beatles) and early Style Council. All this proves one thing: Weller's dedication and interest in the group is either waning or he's experiencing severe creative blocks.

With relatively little emphasis on political pronouncements and a heavy dose of post-dumped love tunes, The Cost of Loving appears to be the result of an association taken far too. When the Style Council formed back in 1983, there was a commitment to good, classic sounds as well as a deep-rooted sense of social and political action. Some people said the band sounded like a modern piano bar duo.

But that was only the surface. Underneath the occasional acoustic guitar, Hammond organ and torch song singing, there was power and emotion alongside hip, quick-blooded music ranging from rap ("A Gospel") to love songs ("You're The Best Thing," "Long Hot Summer"). There was also Weller's deep, plaintive voice which drew the listener into the music and the message.

The Cost of Loving has all the same components. The thoroughly anti-Tory "Right To Go" features fast rapping by The Dynamic Three; the love ballads "Angel," "Walking The Night" and "Waiting" add a jazzy, lounge-lizard tinge; and "Fairy Tales" and "Heavens Above" call to self-assertiveness and social upheaval.

Really, it's all there, but somehow it's metamorphosed. The simple, clear production is gone and Weller's domi nation spirit is encroached upon by a troupe of producers, musicians, singers, and other band members. The music is still great listening, but after hearing the

Mick Talbot (left) has gone beyond group's impressive releases from the past three years. One expects more from a Style Council album.

The band still has a lot of soul, technically gripping harmonies, and solid rhythm, but after the group's impressive releases of the past four years, a new

Sitarists Aashish Khan, Kumar Bose and Harhar Rao, the sitar wizard has formed The Ravi Shankar Project, one of the most unusual musical collaborations to be recorded in years.

For the most part, the Project's first effort Tana Mana (which means "body and mind") is successful because it overcomes inherent weaknesses in both forms of music played on the album. For instance, O'Hearn's bass gives the sitar-based songs some much needed energy, noticeably lacking in most Indian music. Simultaneously, Shankar's instrumental mastery prevents the new age works from sounding just like all the other Private Music releases.

The best example of Shankar's stylistic fusion is "Chase," the album's opener. Here, The Project employs a musical question and answer (continued on page 12)
THURSDAY

Now it's history — those who haven't seen it know that it became a must-see at Monday night's Oscar ceremony. Platoon, directed by now-Academy Award winning director Oliver Stone will be at Sam's Place, at 19th and Chestnut Streets all weekend and probably for a lot longer. Call 972-0538 for showtimes.

FRIDAY

Internationaly acclaimed Queen of the Blues Koko Taylor will appear with her Blues Machine at the Chestnut Cabaret on 38th and Chestnut Streets Friday. Taylor's most recent album, appropriately titled Queen of the Blues, was nominated for a Grammy Award. For ticket information, call the Cabaret box at 382-1201.

SATURDAY

10 / 34th Street APRIL 2, 1987

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THEATRE ONE: All week. Come and See. The availability of this remarkable powerfull Russian film by the long-exiled director Elisei Kimov is one of the first tangible results of Perestroika or openness, in the Soviet Union. Told with a barage of some of the most awesome, harrowing, and electrifying imagery in modern cinema, it is an account of the brutal invasion suffered by the Russians at the hands of Hitler.

THEATRE OF THE LIVING ARTS

SCENE OF THE CRIME

OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE

You Better that this one will be around for a Long time. It certainly isn't outrageous, but this flick is a hit. (Samsun, 4, 1987 Chestnut St., 567-3060)

RAISING ARIZONA

It's here and it's raisin' hell. Go see Nicholas Cage's latest. (Sam'sun, 4, 1987 Chestnut St., 567-0040)

SCENE OF THE CRIME

An unpredictable French thriller starring Catherine Deneuve. REVIEW ON PAGE 7. (Ritz, V, 214 Walnut St., 925-7900)

SHE'S Gotta HAVE IT

Catch this fabulous film in its last week. Finally, the ladies had it. (Ritz, V, 214 Walnut St., 925-7900)

SOME KIND OF WONDERFUL

Go to this film about as zooted as Betta Davis was Monday night and you won't like it. (Old City, 2nd and Front Sts., 627-5966)

STREET SMART

Christopher Reeve goes muckraking for a good script. (Palace, 1812 Chestnut St., 496-0222)

THERESE

This film won eight French Oscars — whatever that means. (Ritz, V, 214 Walnut St., 925-7900)

TIN MEN

'Tin Men' strikes gold. (Eric 3 on the Campus, 40th and Walnut Sts., 382-0296)

WITCHBORD

Drawing board fellas. Go back to it. (Midtown, 1412 Broad and Chestnut Sts., 567-7021)

10 / 34th Street APRIL 2, 1987

DANCE

NOW

TREES

WEDNESDAY

Toronto. 40th and Walnut Sts. 382-0296

'1619 Walnut St., 787-1529)

Theater Company at Penn State Olgontz. 1600 Woodland Ave. (Empire Rock Club. Roosevelt Blvd, 553-7999)

Academy of Music. Broad and Locust Sts., 865-8000)
Dewdson, Luciano. Berfo us *pertorms pieces by who~> known tor o]*

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show on the 16th. For ticket information,

the Spectrum, which is located at Broad and

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April, two of them this week. Cinderella

total of four appearances at the Spectrum in

Pop metal mega-lords, Bon Jovi will make a

total of four appearances at the Spectrum in

April, two of them this week. Cinderella

opens for the band Thursday and Saturday at

the Spectrum, which is located at Broad and

and Patisson. Tickets are still available for the

show on the 16th. For ticket information, call 1-800-233-6305.

LOVE TRACTOR

Light and airy instrumental and vocal delights from down South, Sunday.

(Revival, 22 South 3rd St., 627-4820)

PHILADELPHIA ORATORIO CHOR

The group will kick off its spring season with a free afternoon performance of Mendelssohn’s “Elijah.” Sunday.

(First Baptist Church, 17th and Sansom Sts., 563-3853)

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w/SWINGING BACHELORS OF SCIENCE, THE EXCEPTIONS, THE FACTION and BRINGS BEAK.

Another in the long series of local band showcases. Sunday (JC Dobbs, 304 South St., 928-1943)

RELATIVITY

Cherry Tree Music Co-op presentation of the finest and best in Irish, Scottish and assorted Celtic folk music. Sunday.

(St. Mary’s Parish Hall, 3916 Locust Walk, 386-1640)

CURT LIPPE

w/RUB LINCOLN


(Bobby Folk Club, 2301 Fairmount Ave., 255-5095)

BEASTIE BOYS

Whitebread roosters do it like this, they do it like that, they do it with a whistle ball bat. Tuesday.

(Spectrum, Broad and Patisson Sts., 336-3600)

AZYMUTH

Critically-hailed instrumental trio from Brazil performs a blend of samba, jazz and funk. Wednesday.

(Chestnut Cabaret, 38th and Chestnut Sts., 382-1201)

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34th Street APRIL 2, 1987 / 11
session between Shankar's sitar and a flute-like synthesizer over some complex time changes to evoke a spirit of playfulness from music more known for its serious nature. And despite an occasional syncopated moaning masquerading as a vocal track, "Seven and 10 1/2" achieves the effect the Beatles and so many other bands failed to perfect due to inadequate instrumentation—a melodic sitar wailing over a driving, almost funky, rhythm track.

But Shankar cannot always maintain the delicate balance between Eastern and Western music. The title track is so catchy that the Indian vocals seem out of place. Similarly, "Reunion" would have worked fine on an earlier Shankar album, but the jazzy sitar solo detracts from the intended mood of the piece.

Already a worldwide musical legend, Shankar should become more accessible to fans of jazz, rock and new age music through his work on *Tanza Mania*. The Project might have a few flaws, but it is a large step in realizing Shankar's dream of bringing Indian and modern Western musical styles together.

— Craig Coopersmith

### WIRE TRAIN

#### Ten Women

Don't be fooled by *Ten Women*; Wire Train can actually perform interesting modern rock music.

Lead singer and songwriter Kevin Hunter, a confessed hippie poet, led the San Francisco band through two enjoyable albums, *In a Chamber* (1984) and *Between Two Words*.

(1985). Wire Train's affecting, contemplative sound reflected a love for 1960s folk-rock (they covered Dylan's "God Our Side"), as well as a moodiness reminiscent of contemporary British bands like U2 or the Cure. In short, Wire Train played music well-suited to an overcast afternoon on a windy beach, imagery suggested by their album covers.

The cover of *Ten Women* presents the band (Hunter, drummer Brian MacLeod, bassist Anders Runblad and guitarist Jeffrey Trott) through a sheet of translucent glass. Once again the imagery is appropriate, since the album sounds like it is trapped inside a block of lucite.

Wire Train recorded the album in London, and Hunter appears to have absorbed the bad habits that make many mid-80s British guitar bands (the Alarm, Big Country) sound so shiny and so dull: an overblown drum sound, perfunctory ringing guitar chords and melodies indistinguishable from one another.

By way of defense, let it be noted that the LP's best song, "Certainly No One," offers a rarity in pop: intelligent use of synthesized percussion. But placed as it is halfway through side two, the song offers too little, too late.

The underlying sin on *Ten Women* is the urge to strike the bombastic pose. Wire Train's first albums revealed Hunter to be, at bottom, a man who feels most comfortable complimenting his navels, not raging on the blasted heavy. Why, then, has Hunter traded his basically honest vocal style for the bombast of the LP? Is it the desire to be taken seriously? To say that Hunter's voice sounds bored is not to say that his performance is, of course, not a product of his personality. But the overall effect is the same: a lack of energy and a lack of communication.

It doesn't help matters to realize that even in better days, Hunter's lyrics were always best when ignored. What, for example, are we supposed to make of the opening lines of "Breakwater Days"? "...pound and all the juniors jumping off bridge Quess a wonder what's the difference between a river and a dream." And for a poet, Hunter has dreamed up some surprisingly corny heroism? His freezing style ("...is a corny heroism? His freezing style")

— Aaron Caplan

### COLIN NEWMAN

#### Commercial Suicide

As one of the main songwriters in Wire, Colin Newman crafted some extremely catchy pop songs. It's not surprising then that his solo LP, *Commercial Suicide*, maintains much of the flavor of Wire's musical style: songs that are simple in structure yet intricately arranged, varied in style, and textured.

Unlike most Wire material, however, the nine songs on this disc have barely any percussion and not much guitar. Instead, Newman uses lush orchestral arrangements to build his songs. "Commericial Suicide," for instance, starts simply, with the foundation provided by a few instruments—a percussive bass line perhaps, or a keyboard part and vocal. Then with each new verse, instruments are added to the arrangements as the song crescendos, then either fades out or stops. Since all of the songs work this way, the album contains a definite uniformity of style.

There are two themes on the LP: sunny, pastoral melodies and somber, eerie ones. A good example of Newman's brighter style is the European rock hit "Feigned Hearing." A device that sounds like a soft, electronic alarm keeps rhythm throughout the song. The keyboard-orchestra builds with each verse while the contagious melody evokes visions of running slow-motion over green hills under a clear blue sky.

An example of the darker songs is "Metarkest." Along with orchestral drums, a piano and other keyboards, the track incorporates some noises that sound like animal cries. The result is a dangerous, nightmarish song that suggests medieval demons and sleepless, coal-black nights.

Perhaps the record's best song is one that melds elements of both bright and dark. The super slow-motion title track features a blissful melody and a dense, foggy arrangement. If the LP's other songs are divided into night and day, this song would fall into twilight.

— Graham Meilke

### SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES

#### Through the Looking Glass

Lyrically, Newman remains impressionistic throughout. His songs are more like paintings or dreams than stories, capturing elements of days and nights—moments of hope followed by despair. The whole album could be regarded as a man's blurred snapshots of his search for love and meaning in life.

"Commercial Suicide" might offer some insight: "Each face has opened a door somewhere inside me and I can only comprehend very slightly." The record is well-conceived and easy to listen to. Along with the recent reunion of Wire, *Commercial Suicide* makes the wait for their new record very difficult.

— Anthony Genaro

SIOUXSIE AND THE BANSHEES' latest is nothing to scream about.

Siuoxsie and the Banshees' decision to record an LP of cover versions proves they only have one idea left—and it's David Bowie's. Like Bowie's 1973 *Pin-ups*, *Through the Looking Glass* is ostensibly a selection of cuts originally performed by bands who influenced the Banshees in their bat-biting adolescent years. Unlike *Pin-ups*, however, it fails to work, because Siouxsie and her squad haven't grasped the idea that there is little point in recording someone else's song unless you can improve on the original. Although the Banshees fail to make most of their covers interesting, there are some tracks which are quite wonderful. The crushing abandon with which they plough through "This Town Ain't Big Enough For Us" is a marked improvement on the Sparks' version. Similarly, John Cale's "Gun" is one of the few spots on the LP where you are seized with the desire to turn up the volume. The song maintains the spirit of dark weirdnesses prevalent in the Banshees' own material.

Much of the rest of *Through the Looking Glass*, however, is hugely disappointing. Dylan's "This Wheel's On Fire" is given a very twisted treatment which manages to leave the melody lying on the studio floor.

The band have described the album as "part homage, part sacrilege." Presumably the part about sacrilege refers to their rendition of Iggy Pop's "The Passenger" (one of that rare breed of songs which has been recorded so definitively that no one should bother trying to improve on it). Siouxsie's version is almost identical to the original, apart from being much weaker. The song also suffers from the rather silly addition of a cheesy brass section, which is akin to nailing Van Gogh's ear back on and expecting him to paint better.

The whole LP struggles against a flat production sound, which leaves their attempt at *Disney's "Trust In Me"* sounding like the theme to a James Bond movie. A perfunctory "You're Lost Little Girl" is notable only for some nicely atmospheric sub-groaning noises, and the gentle sound of Jim Morrison yawning in his grave.

Siouxsie Siouxsie has made many wonderful records which can fill you with the urge to rush off somewhere dark and obscure. On this outing, however, the undeniable power of her band is dwindling fast, and the Banshees are in danger of becoming a dark parody of the sort of band they once set out to destroy.

— Graham Meilke
But problems for top artists crop up in other ways. Major artists like ex-Bauhaus lead singer Peter Murphy who have sizable crews can have no trouble getting permission to tour, but have problems getting their crews approved.

"The musicians got approved, but the crew members didn’t," says Zealin, who handled Murphy’s re-application for immigration. "The person who prepares the papers originally failed to document the crew as to why they should come into the country."

One reason immigration service is denying crew petitions is that they claim American jobs are being taken away.

"One of our primary purposes is to protect U.S. workers," says Karn. "(Domestic crew or tour musicians) may not be to your satisfaction, but your show will go on." Most acts bring along their own crew because they are most comfortable with sound and lighting technicians who are familiar with their show.

"The crews know the band’s shows and make things run smoothly," says immigration lawyer Daniel Aharoni, who has worked with Squeeze, Jimmy Cliff and Steel Pulse, and was a tour manager himself. He adds that he believes the band’s crews are an integral part of the musical acts and should be given approval along with the big-name musicians.

Another snafu stems from new restrictions on emergency processing approvals for bands. These approvals have in the past been granted by local immigration officials, often preventing the delay or cancellation of tours. While this provision is still on the books, INS’s Karn was unable to cite a single emergency ruling since the new enforcement policy’s inception.

But many acts, even the big ones like UB-40, General Public and Third World, have experienced touring delays as a result of the INS sniping over whether or not a band’s tech crew should be allowed into the country because the crew hasn’t been proven necessary to the act. Stephen Ferguson, who works for mega-agent Miles Copeland (who also handles The Police) comments, "We’ve learned a lesson with the Smiths and UB-40. You have to do the filing] a month or two in advance at least."

Ferguson points out that while all of Copeland’s Frontier Booking Agency acts have been able to get into the country eventually, tours have been delayed because of the rigidly enforced documentation requirement and the crew issue. Other acts, such as reggae artists, have experienced difficulties with getting "touring" band members, often studio musicians, into the country because the INS isn’t convinced of their necessity.

"Another snafu stems from new restrictions on approved appearances under a B-1 classification. A B-1 prohibits paid appearances. Recently, Mutabaruka, the renowned Jamaican reggae artist, toured under a B-1 to avoid his tour’s delay. Randall Grass, host of WXPN’s "Roots, Rock, Reggae"

"Young artists with something to say and without a large audience are hurt the most. It’s a clamp, if you will, on artistic expression."

— Immigration lawyer

Daniel Aharoni

and a representative of Shanachie Records, indicates that this type of sacrifice belies a larger trend in the American music scene. "A general isolation move is happening in the United States — one step towards America’s becoming isolated internationally."

In Grass’s opinion, one reason for the reduced access to INS officials is that the INS has become subject to administrative budget cutbacks, and this has led to the funneling of H-1s through remote regional centers.

In addition to the acts and their audience, the promoters who book new British bands have been affected as well. "We try not to book bands that are problems unless we’ve got a sure guarantee for their tour," says Revival owner David Cohen. Has Revival been affected by the touring delays which now occur for many acts? "Definitely," says Cohen.

So why is the federal government making it harder for foreign acts to come into the country? According to one INS official, the new policy increases efficiency. The turnaround time for an H-1 application will, ideally, be reduced, the official says. But other sources maintain that the efficiency has become severely worse.

But what this all adds up to, according to tour promoters and music agents, is that the new immigration procedures have become a stumbling block for new foreign talent touring the country. As immigration attorney Aharoni says: "Young artists with something to say and without a large audience are hurt the most. It’s a clamp, if you will, on artistic expression."
To Hell and back with Matt Groening

By Christopher Downey

He was the kid who sat by the window. The one who endured the gruesome silences that struck the classroom when the teacher demanded him to repeat what was just said.

As a boy, Matt Groening (it rhymes with raining) lived in a comfortable home in Portland, Oregon, which was sandwiched between an abandoned zoo and an active one. At night, he'd sit up in bed and listen to the trumpeting of elephants and the roar of lions. Sometimes, he says, smaller animals would escape.

It's entirely conceivable that one such creature made its way to this house and nestled itself comfortably in the imagination of the sleeping Matt Groening. Once there, it was transformed into the figure of a hastily drawn, bucktoothed, slouching rabbit named Binky, his strident girlfriend, Sheba, or their tormented, one-eared, illegitimate son, Bongo. In any case, it soon discovered that it was living in hell and its miserable life was exposed for all to see.

Life in Hell is the title of Matt Groening's weekly syndicated cartoon, that may or may not chronicle the exploits of this strange brood and their fez-headed friends, Akbar and Jeff, who are lovers or brothers or both. The strip debuted in Wet magazine in 1978 and began its first weekly appearances in the Los Angeles Reader in 1980. Today, Life in Hell appears in hundreds of publications nationwide, including The Chicago Reader, The Jersey journal and The Philadelphia City Paper along with dozens of college papers. Groening's creations have been heralded by the likes of The Washington Post, Playboy magazine and The Village Voice, which called Life in Hell "the most sneakily radical strip in the country."

Sneaky is the key word here. Groening's work doesn't wear its ideology on its sleeve like Jules Pfeifer's dancers and doddering Reagans. Groening breaks time-honored conventions of cartooning but he does it so softly you can barely hear the snap.

Panels are drawn without the benefit of a ruler and there is no standard format — one week it's a nine-panel box and the next a full illustration. The title of the cartoon depends solely on the artist's rapidly fluctuating mood and the caliber of marker he decides to pick up.

The text is cluttered and often so overwhelming that the figures are reduced to a half an inch in height and backed against a panel wall by a particularly stirring passage. And as the artist himself points out, his illustrating skills failed to develop past the age of 14.

But don't be fooled. This is no case of arrested development at work. Groening's humor is black, but his aim is true. Drawing from his own life as a scholastic outlaw, he fashions a cartoon that challenges all forms of established authority from the classroom to the bedroom and from the artist's drawing board to the office desk.

"Childhood for me was an ongoing, major, epic drama," Groening says, "I remember feeling like I was in the midst of this epic that seemed extremely trivial to most people, especially to virtually every adult. I chose school as my battleground."

"In school, creativity was ignored, and tolerated at best and outright punished at worst. I was vaguely aware that this was ridiculous and when I was in fifth grade. I began keeping this diary to record these conflicts because I thought I was right. I wanted to see if, as an adult, I would feel the same

School is Hell, Groening's forthcoming collection, rounds out the dazzlingly energetic Life in Hell, the three primary targets of the artist's oftbeat wrath. Looking ahead, he says that art, family relationships or therapy could be the subject of his next work.

"School Is Hell is what I'm working on right now," he says. "It goes from nursery school through grad school. I'm at junior high school now, and one of the chapters is called "Junior High School — the Deepest Pit in Hell."

Groening attended Evergreen State College from 1973-1977, a small, unorthodox school in Washington that lifted the shackles imposed by years of incarceration in the American education system. It was here that he met another cartoonist, Lynda Barry, whose "Ernie Pook's Comeek" is syndicated by the same company as Groening's. The two have remained good friends and have collaborated on a calendar and other projects.

"It was a real wild school in its structure," Groening says. "There were no grades and no required courses and no tests and no football team and no pep rallies and no traditional college stuff. It also had no jobs when you graduated."

"When I graduated, I went to L.A. in 1977, and my idea was I was going to be working in journalism with my eye on Hollywood. I had no intention of doing cartooning as a career. But when I got there I found that the streets weren't paved with gold. I went from one depressing job to another. So I started to do this little comic book called Life in Hell which was about my life. I used this old rabbit I had been drawing for a long time, and I just described my own misadventures in Los Angeles. Instead of writing letters to my friends I would send them this cartoon."

After a year of existential wandering through this inferno, Groening landed a job with the L.A. Reader, a brand new weekly giveaway magazine. In a about a year he rose up through the ranks from glorified delivery boy to editor. After writing a music column that more often than not dealt with Groening's night on the town, the Reader's editor in chief asked him if he wanted to draw his strip in the back of the magazine. He agreed and Life in Hell was officially launched.

"I had never seen drawings that were as crude as mine so I never thought I would do this as a living," Groening says. "I had no aspirations for doing cartooning as a career. I was just doing it for my own amusement."

As a child, Groening was a pop culture sponge absorbing influences from a wide array of sources. Television, cartoons, movies and music all contributed to his Hellish landscape.

"My earliest influences would be Dr. Seuss and Charles Schulz, the guy who draws Peanuts," Groening says. "Akbar and Jeff are based on Charlie Brown. The way they developed was my friends and I used to practice drawing Charlie Brown and we could never get it right. Finally, I gave up and I transmogrified into Akbar — at that time there was only one of them. It turned out to be the first character I ever drew. I still honored Charles Schulz by giving him the Charlie Brown T-shirt."

Life in Hell takes playful diggs at other cartoon dinosaurs as well. Dick Tracy's helpful "Crimsters Notebook" inserts are Groening-ized into "Lovescrubber's Textbook," that

advises the reader not to "take love advice from cynical, embittered, sarcastic cartoon strips." And who can forget those great Family Circus maps that traced Jeffy's trek from the school yard to the dinner table past open live-steam muffins, mud puddles, jump rope and purring cats. In suburban Hell, Bongo must avoid the likes of a slimy mud pit, a rabid squirrel, a roving gang of hooligans, a drunk driver and a disturbed teen with a B.B. gun.

"As a kid, I liked anything that showed up in the culture to be a little bit of a sham. I liked Mad Magazine, and I read a lot of underground comics and newspapers. The other cartoon that influenced me was Rocky and Bullwinkle. It was real simple drawing but the writing was just great," he says. "My teenage marching music was Frank Zappa and Captain Beefheart, the Fugs and some of the wilder people as opposed to more conventional pop stars."

Groening is a master of biting categorization. His strips are a festival of savage labeling, from The Nine Types of Girlfriends to the 81 Types of Co-workers, inspired, the cartoonist says, by the challenge of cramming 81 individual figures into a single box. Specialty publications abound, from "Lonely Tyrant — The Magazine for Abusive Bosses whose Employees Hate their Guts" to "Annoying Street Lunatic" that features a probing article on "posing for sensitive college kids' urban photo essays."

"Another influence I have is all the pop psychology books, that provide formulas and labels for specific types of behavior. The numbers I pick I find totally arbitrary — the nine types of boyfriends or girlfriends or teachers or whatever are an effective amount of space in terms of boxes. People have been trained to react colorfully to that kind of insistence on classifications," he says.

"We're so jaded and hip now in pop culture that a lot of people react to the relentless hype of media-like skeptical consumers rather than being able to truly get enthusiastic about it," he says.

Groening isn't typecasting himself as simply a rabbit-man. Growing up, he vowed that there would be nothing in culture that was too low or too high to escape his interest.

"I could handle these scummy little comic books, and I could read great literature and listen to great music," Groening says. "As an adult, I've gone as low as greeting cards and now I'm aiming my sights a bit higher. I'm doing animation for the Tracey Ullman show premiering in a few weeks. It's kind of an odd, Saturday Night Live type of show, but it's short — only a half hour. They're brand new characters, but any fans of mine will recognize them. It's a family of humans and they definitely look like Bongo and Binky and the rest — same eyes, nose and mouth."

With Binky's mug finding its way emblazoned on, well, T-shirts and mugs, Groening is quick to draw the line between his art and his life. While his work might point to a hollow and bitter source he likes to see himself as a pretty easy-going guy. An optimist, in fact. Well, maybe not quite. "I take my inspiration from so many sources so it's just as likely as not that it has some relation to something that happened in my life. The point of view is mine with humorous exaggeration. It's kind of cynical but it's exaggerated for comic effect. I mean love isn't really hell. But when you're in a bad mood love really does seem like hell."

Groening...
The Garden Court Plaza Cafe seats 35 in a pleasant, breezy dining room atmosphere

The pick of the garden

Plaza Cafe is a genuine W. Philly find

By Laura Michaels

As you walk in, the whole room sort of oozes comfort. The walls are covered with black and white charcoal etches, and the windows are filled with potted plants. From the fuchsia paint on the walls to the bulbous Japanese lanterns hanging low from the ceilings to the cotton Laura Ashley table cloths, the Garden Court Plaza Cafe, located near the corner of 47th and Pine, is a really relaxing place to sit down for a Sunday afternoon brunch.

The first thing the Plaza Cafe staff offers you is orange juice and coffee. While the juice isn't freshly squeezed, it's chilled and served in unusually large glasses which contradict the expectation of shot glass-sized orange juice portions. The coffee, which is replenished frequently with generous refills, is delicious, not too hot, and has that sort of cinnamon flavor that says it's not a standard Max-16 House blend.

From there, the menu offers a limited but satisfying set of breakfast and lunch specialties. Morning specialties include everything from freshly baked muffins, like an excellent chunky apple or blueberry muffin, to huevos rancheros — a Mexican dish of eggs, beans and melted cheeses piled on top of a hot corn tortilla. The Cafe also serves traditional entrees, like pancakes with butter and blueberry sauce and the classic favorite, French toast.

The Cafe features a healthy variety of omelets from which to choose. Not only are five or six kinds on the standard menu, but the daily specials add another three or four options. We were able to order a special combination for our party alone — a dill and cream cheese omelet. The chef managed to make sure that the cream cheese was neither too runny nor too cold, and the generous seasoning with fresh dill was especially delicious. Other cheese omelet possibilities range from Jarlsberg and feta to Brie mixed with broccoli, ham and other classics ingredients.

Another breakfast treat is eggs benedict. The well-poached eggs had firm whites and loose yolks. The ham was not pre-sliced, and while their could have been a bit more of it, what was there was wonderful. The hollandaise was not quite lemony enough, but had enough salt for taste. At a modest $3.95, this platter is the most expensive item on the breakfast menu, surprising at the quantity of food for that price. Topping it off were fantastic homefries, crispy and covered with paprika.

The lunchtime offerings include sandwiches, salads and seafood salad plates. Dessert includes chocolate cake, carrot cake and a rich-looking praline creation. On the whole, however, the menu is healthy without falling into the tofu trap of some restaurants — health food emporiums that sacrifice taste for low sodium eating. It's the kind of place where you feel good about eating.

A full dinner menu is available as well. Appetizers include stuffed mushrooms with crab and melted cheese, and steamed mussels. For entrees, the offerings are similarly nouvelle American — including fresh broccoli walnut pasta, fettucine verdi and chicken marsala. The prices are still in the modest to moderate bracket, from $4.95 to $9.75. The Cafe also boasts daily fish and veal specials.

The pleasant service at the Garden Court Plaza Cafe deserves special mention. Although reservations are recommended for parties over three at Sunday brunch, the busiest time for the restaurant, there was no pressure to hurry the meal. Water and coffee refills were prompt and everything came with a relaxed smile.

An added attraction for amateur chefs is the Tuesday night talent night at the Cafe. Each week, a neighborhood resident or other Cafe fan is given the chance to prepare and serve their own personal specialty for the clientele. The recipe has to be approved in advance, but it's an attractive idea in a neighborhood rapidly developing a gourmet reputation. Those too quick to criticize a menu option will find that successful dishes will win two free dinners for the guest chef.

Finally, the Cafe doesn't take credit cards, as they say "in an effort to keep the prices down." And breakfast is not served on weekdays. But with this kind of food, in this kind of atmosphere, for these prices — minor inconveniences like that don't really matter.