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Note: This is the twelfth in a series of weekly articles.

During my mother's last pregnancy, I was seven years old. I remembered seeing her pregnant before, but had never been curious as to why she looked that way or how she got that way. One evening, right around my becking, I was in her room looking at the stuff on her dresser.

Sne was getting ready for bed and I must have looked at her strangely. because she said: "Why are vou looking at me like that?"

"You look funny." I told her.

"Why?" she asked.

"Is there a baby inside you?" When I said this she suddenly became thoughtful...paused for a moment or two.

"Come put your hand on my tummy." she told me. I felt really shy. I was afraid that if I touched her I might hurt her. So I just looked at her. She took my hand and placed it on her tummy. Her skin was warm and soft. I don't know what I expected to feel: maybe the baby. But at any rate, my mother was carrying around one of my favorite people my brother Byron. A Leo.

Now, I don't like all Leos. I dislike a lot of them and I've had plenty of occasions to dislike Byron. But he is the one Leo I've been able to study closely. One



By Rosa Myers

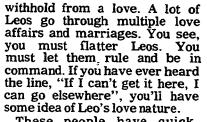
thing that I have noticed about Leos is that they have sunny affectionate personalities and warm loving hearts. Even the snobbish types. (And there are plenty of them around.) Leos are flamboyant people and enjoy being the centers of attention; which isn't difficult for them since they often have dynamic, demanding personalities. They will rarely go through life without flocks of admirers. They love to give advice. Their

They love to give advice. Their own lives may be in shambles, but they'll go right on telling you how to solve your problems.

They are generous people and must be careful that material possessions do not take the place of real affection and love in their lives. Since Leos are often the pampered, beloved, or chosen of many, they are underestimated. But they can display a kind of steely determination and strength when faced with life's adversities. Their kind of coping is a far better example of human bravery than the often careless, heroic deeds of others.

You probably already know that Leos are supposed to be some of the worlds great romancers. Not lovers. Romancers. There's a difference, you know. They're always ready to fall in love. They're susceptible.

Leos will go all out and there's no part of themselves they'll



These people have quick, violent tempers and sharp tongues. They don't tolerate unhappy situations. And are capable of being arrogant, and frosty.

A lot of Leos like to have their own way and it can come as a surprise when a sunny mildmanner, individual suddenly becomes a raving maniac. But it happens.

ÂÎI I can tell you is that after all the roaring has subsided, and things are almost back to normal again, try stroking your cat the right way. He'll be purring in no time!

Some Leo people: Ashley Swift, John Heaps, Bruce Hackley, Joey Kennedy, and John Tretter.

Young Frankenstein is a

veritable encyclopaedia of horror

film cliches. In Mel Brooks'

glaringly successful attempt to

put us in Frankensteinian stit-

ches, he forms a hilarious pastiche from all the "mad scientist" films we saw at the

The film begins with a low-

angled, long shot of the

foreboding Castle Frankenstin.

As an extended dolly shot slowly

takes us into the castle, through latticed windows. we are reminded of the opening scene from Citizen Kane. Brooks

borrows from other films as well:

Frankenstein's (Gene Wilder) and the monster's (Peter Boyle)

rendition of "King of the Ritz", in white-tie and tails, is quite like

the explorer's presentation of the

gigantic gorilla in King Kong; the

Transylvanian police chief's

mechanical arm certainly echoes

Dr. Strangelove: Igor's (Marty

Feldman) "walk this way" and "you take the blonde and I'll take

the one in the toyban (sic)" lines

are straight from Groucho's

mouth; and Frankenstein's fiancee (Madeleine Kahn), in her

final bedroom scene is the Bride

on others for his supreme, comic

recreates the classic horror film

mise en scene' with a high grain,

But Mr. Brooks needn't depend

masterfully

of Frankenstein.

artistry. He

Saturday matinees.

Poco is one of the best countryrock bands around today, and they have a new LP out entitled "Cantamos". In Spanish Poco means little or small, cantamos means "we sing". Listening to this LP, I wondered why a group would ever name an album "Little We Sing", especially one as good as Cantamos.

Poco has been around for a long time, and, like wine, they have only improved with age. Cantamos is their eighth album; their second since the loss of former members Jim Messina (now with Kenny Loggins) and Richie Furay (now with the Souther, Hillman, and Furay Band). The absence of Messina and Furay was slightly noticeable in Poco Seven, the album previous to Cantamos, but whatever poise and luster which was lost has now been regained and excellently demonstrated in the new release.

The guitar work is handled by Paul Cotten and Rusty Young, Rusty also playing the banjo, dobro, harmonica, mandolin, and steel guitar. Tim Schmitt fills in on bass, and George Grantham supplies the percussion to keep it all going. Paul, George, and Tim all combine to form the unique vocal harmonies of Poco.

Pop and Rock

By Ken Bobek

The legendary western style of Poco is never once forgotten, the whole album composed of such cowboy-ish cuts as "Sagebrush Serenade" "One Horse Blue" or "Western Waterloo." The guitars of Paul and Rusty rarely quit, and are frequently enhanced by banjo, percussion, and steel guitar solos. The crisp vocal harmonies are pleasant to hear, keeping the happy mood characteristic to Poco.

Cantamos is a refreshing change from the ordinary. The simple, easy-going melodies can only make you want to clap your hands or tap your feet. The lyrics are simple and friendly there are no hidden messages for the listener to find. Instead, Poco provides plenty of good, happy music which will brighten the sprits of any listener.

FRANKENSTEIN Current Cinema

By Robert Curtiss

man) emotional confession of her true relationship to Victor Frankenstein, young Frankenstein's grandfather, ends in the bathetical exclamation, "boyfriend!"

There is another interesting element in the just-mentioned scene. As young Frankenstein asks a series of pertinent questions of Frau Blucher, she accompanies each revealing answer with a minor chord from the violin she is holding. Here, we actually see the sound effects that we have only heard in so many previous horror films. Also, we remember the sudden appearance of Count Basie and His Orchestra, in the middle of the desert, in Brooks' Blazing Saddles.

The director, and co-author of the script, with Gene Wilder, uses the sight gag to his credit and the audience's amusement. Igor's hump switches from side to side throughout the movie. Once, even the police chief's mechanical arm switches. Elsewhere, Gene Wilder informs his assistants of the necessity to appear normal, as his collar flies undone and his bowtie sails through the air.

Director Wilder is also preoccupied with sex. The film is laced with **double entendres**. like Froedrich Frankenstein's exclamation, "what knockers," upon seeing the castle doors, which is received by his wellendowed lab assistant with a gag, which is totally dependent on camera movement, takes place in the inner reaches of the castle. The camera is trained on the lowlit ceiling of a secret chamber. Off screen, we hear the grunts and moans of Young Frankenstein. As the camera inches downward, we find him excitedly pouring over the manuscripts of his famous ancestor rather than the expected scene.

Finally. Brooks' editing is superb. He uses contracting and expanding irises, slow wipes and a beautiful matching action cut which takes us from a swinging drawing of the proposed monster to a swinging, hanged corpse from which the monster is eventually constructed. A "spinning" cut is also employed, which transfers Wilder from an American train to an identical Transylvanian train. These cutting techniques greatly enhance the notion that his film is from the period and genre it parodies.

During the public inquiry into the young Dr. Frankenstein's activities, the two town elders remind their fellow citizens of the gravity of the affair, and tell that they have been haunted "five times over" by nightmares about Dr. Frankenstein. Presumably, they are referring to the multitudinous remakes of this classic horror film. But, in this one they need not worry, for they do not have another aightmare



Singer-poet Ron Mele in close rapport with his audience during the free concert last Thursday, common hour.

Mini Folk Concert

By Myriel Hykes

In the style of a good performer, Ron Mele opened his program of "Folk, Rock and Gospel" with a few jokes (to loosen up the audience). The program which was held in the RUB quiet lounge, was attended by 25-30 people. Most of the songs he sang were said to be popular control but as Pon said "They that stands out in my mind from that song is man's anger when the Holy Observer turns a page from the book of life. Anyone who's ever heard "Living for the City", by Stevie Wonder, knows that the lyrics could stand alone as poetry. Somehow, the way Ron Mele sang that song gave me a more vivid awarness of the paching of the ghatta

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