

Reptile World leaves audience's skin crawling

by Steve Aller
Collegian Staff Writer

You say you have never seen an albino, soft-shell tortoise with a

white body, yellow shell, and pink eyes? Then you weren't at Michael D. Schwedick's presentation of his favorite reptilian pets. Entitled

"Reptile World", Schwedick's presentation allowed the audience to come face to face with everything from alligators and

crocodiles to rattlesnakes and boa constrictors.

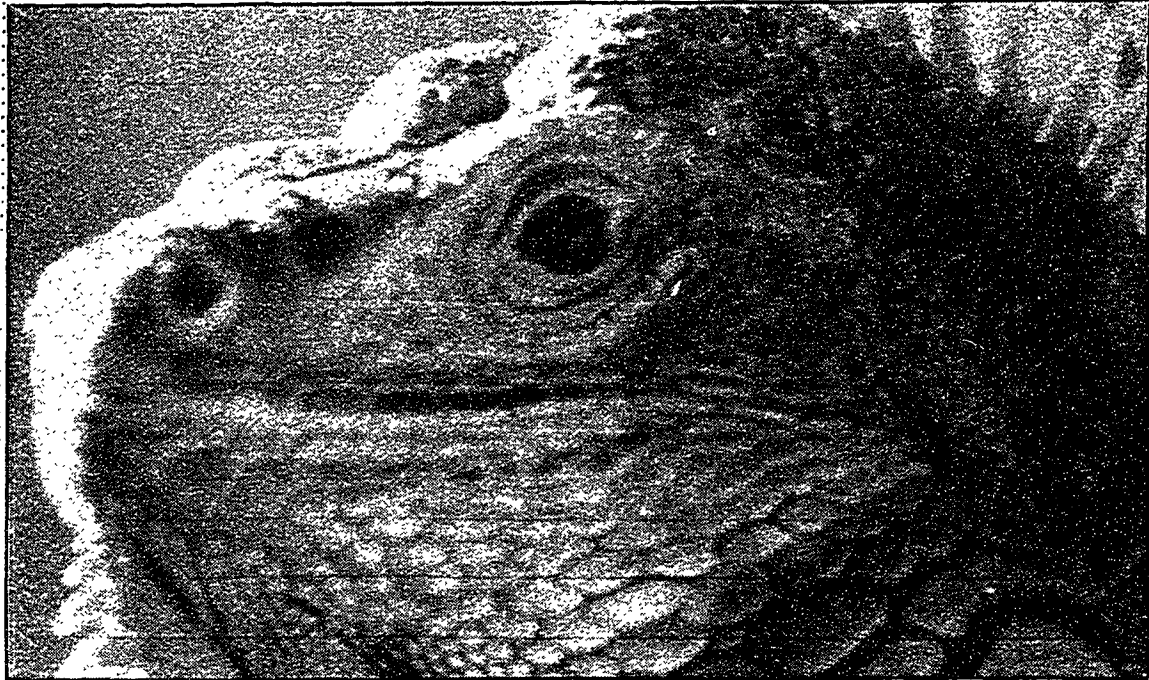
His interest in reptiles starting at a very early age, Schwedick's pursuit of reptilian pets has both led him on trips to far away places and put him in the hospital. He related to the audience a trip he had taken to a tiny island in the Dominican Republic. To prove his point on the relative shyness of reptiles, he told of swimming in the ocean at night to avoid the mosquitoes and knowing (hoping?) the crocodiles would keep their distance. A close call with a snake once put him in the hospital for three days. Bitten on the tip of his finger by one fang, the venom that nature intended to be used for killing and digesting animals for consumption did just that...to his fingertip. As a result, his one fingertip has no feeling or sensation.

Originally scheduled to be 90

minutes long, Schwedick's performance ran well past the two and a half hour mark. No one seemed to mind. Purposely leaving the best of pet snakes placed much of the audience on the edge of their seats. One particularly fiesty cobra (complete with open hood and bared fangs) decided the audience wasn't his type and that Schwedick was to blame. Attempting to remove the rather active snake from in front of his face, he repeated several times into his microphone "It's all right...everything's O.K...." It is still not clear to this writer whether he was speaking to the audience, the snake...or himself. In any case, the snake was properly returned to its shipping box with a minimal hassle. A sigh of relief erupted through the audience and for some reason Schwedick's sigh

seemed louder than everyone else's. It must have been the microphone...

Schwedick's last snake displayed was very large, to say the least. With help from four extremely brave audience members, the snake was removed from its box and held up for all to see...BIG is the only word to describe that snake. Invited to pet and observe the snake, most present converged on to the stage. A handful remained in their seats, and even retreated closer to the exits when Schwedick allowed the snake to drop partially onto the floor. It seems out of sight was definitely not out of mind for those people. One student moved to higher ground on the back of her seat, armed with her umbrella. Twenty feet away from the snake, it is doubtful that she turned her back to it while exiting the lecture hall.



"Iggv"

"Two by Two" puts on finishing touches

by Susanna Jalosky
Collegian Staff Writer

"Two by Two" is entering the final stretch of rehearsals. "Everything's going great," said director Tony Eliot. When asked what he thought of the show and cast as a whole he replied "Wonderful."

Right now the actors are getting down to the nitty gritty and working the bugs out scene by scene. The story of Noah is really beginning to come to life and develop into a funny play for anyone to enjoy. Tony not only directs and guides each actor through, but he also energizes them into just the right character. "He knows what he wants," said Earl Kneissler who's playing the part of Noah. Noah starts out as being the cranky old man in the play. Earl described him as being "like everybody's grandfather who always has something to say, even if nobody is listening."

Playing opposite Earl is Kitty Dilley, Esther in the show. She describes her character as being the light hearted one in the show. Her lines are often set up for punchlines. She's sarcastic, and likes to

"poke" at the other characters. Kitty has performed on nearly every stage in the area and has worked with many different directors; however she says, "I like working with Tony because I like being directed." She feels each show is a learning experience.

Shem, the eldest son, is played by Joe Williams. He expressed a lot of credit to the entire cast. He described them as an ensemble, "We all tell the story." The nice thing about this play is that in it is a human element that makes the story of Noah's Ark less divine. "It's something the audience can take home and think about." Playing opposite Joe is Jennifer Scherer, who is playing the part of Leah. She describes her character as being caustic and lazy. But, as she said, "We (Shem and Leah) still love each other." Tony Eliot is "great" she said, "Practices are fun."

The middle son is played by Sean Gallagher. He develops a relationship with Goldie, played by Betsy Watson. Betsy says that this theater is smaller than what she's used to, but likes it and likes working with this cast and with Tony.

Japeth is played by Bill Hallinan. He describes Japeth as being the skeptic on the boat and off. He constantly questions his father, "Picture a kid in the 50's burning his draft card-Japeth." He also added that "This has been one of the best times I've ever had." Opposite him is Leslie Webb playing Rachel. She stated that one thing she noticed about this particular cast is that they're very supportive of each other in rehearsals. She's never done a musical before, but she's having a good time with it. Her character, she says, brings the element of undying love into the story. Each character brings different elements to the story to make it complete. The cast is finally developing the story into something wonderful. As Kitty Dilley said, Tony is special in how he directs a show. "He makes it available for everyone to enjoy," as opposed to a select audience. Joe Williams said, "The fact that he cares so much about detail and each character, that's what makes him so good."

Under the direction of Tony Eliot, "Two by Two" is sure to be a great success.

Geoff Bartley charms small crowd

by Steve Aller
Collegian Staff Writer

Geoff Bartley's first visit to Behrend turned out a small, casual group of 10-15 students who were all very pleased with his performance. Comfortably seated in the cozy, half-lit lounge outside of the Wintergreen Cafe, students were treated to narrative folk tales ac-

companied by the soulful, blues playing of his acoustic guitars. The intermingling of musical trivia and history between songs enhanced the overall effect of the performance and helped lead Bartley into each piece of music, much of which he writes himself.

Utilizing two different guitars and a harmonica, Bartley's repertoire ranged from humorous to sad in nature. "Fuji Blues" exemplified his humorous qualities by describing life in the fast lane on a bike, instead of in a supercharged roadster, complete with all the modified specifications of his two-wheeled transportation. One of his sadder songs depicted the death of a best friend in a violent, sudden storm on Lake Superior, with the tempo and volume of his music increasing in time with the storm of the lyrics.

Teaching himself to play the guitar after hearing Bob Dillon play in 1964, Bartley began making his living from performances in 1972. His career was interrupted twice by a broken wrist, preventing him from playing for a year and his work in a record store for three years when money became too tight.

Dressed casually in corduroys, matching sneakers, and a pullover bearing the words "When the going gets weird...," Bartley presented a very relaxed attitude to his audience. He was far from shy, and readily "hammed it up" for the photographers present after playing for over two and a half hours. His presence was a surprise to some students as they rounded the corner of the lobby (either curious as to the origin of the music or just passing through), and only the truly devoted students passed up a chance to stray from surely diligent studies to become part of the group. Jamie Grimm's popcorn, although not of great demand, did manage to lure a couple of starving onlookers also (It seems some students were certain they had seen the same boxes of popcorn at previous campus activities arranged by Jamie Grimm, Asst. Dean of Student Affairs).

Bartley has appeared mostly on the east coast and has opened for such acts as Martin Mull, David Bromberg, and The Persuasions. Based in Cambridge, Mass., he has appeared in many clubs but seems to center his performances on college campuses. Known in the profession as a "soulful singer and a

'hot' blues harp player...," New York's Fast Folk Magazine claims "Geoff Bartley has matured so rapidly as a folk-blues artist that he has arrived at the top of his profession just slightly ahead of his reputation, which should soon mean that he is the master of his genre." In speaking with Bartley, he mentioned possible gigs on the west coast in the upcoming year. Planning to fly out if possible, he now drives himself to all his acts and does all his own bookings. This being his first appearance at Behrend, he hopes to return.

His first album, entitled *Beneath the Surface*, has been highly acclaimed. *Lost Music Network of Olympia, Wash.*, described it as "...a very fine album, highly recommended... This is class blues." Information on the album and future appearances are available from Geoff Bartley by writing to: Geoff Bartley, Three Salem Street, Cambridge, Mass. 02139.



Geoff Bartley in performance

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Ranger Club members complete exciting midnight mission

by Lori Beals
Collegian Staff Writer

On Oct. 10 and 11, Ranger club members faced their toughest challenge to date. Twenty-one Ranger trainees and instructors left Behrend at 8:00 p.m. to start the beginning of the long evening with a 10 mile road march. After arriving at the Erie County Airport at 12:45 a.m., the Rangers were placed in 6 groups of 3 people each and were sent out to navigate through the woods to a designated meeting point. But while travelling through the woods, the Rangers had to avoid meeting up with teams of aggressors who were monitoring the area, thus our weekend began:

Dressed in the Battle Dress Uniform, we gathered outside the ROTC office at 7:00 p.m. with load carrying equipment and ruck sacks on our backs. We got into formation, then camouflaged each other's faces so we blended into the night. Cadet Milley, the Ranger

leader, gave us the report on what the night's events would be. But when he was finished, an aggressor jumped out from behind a tree and "killed" him. The second in command, Cadet Moscato, took charge, and we were issued rubber M-16 rifles, lensatic compasses, and flashlights with red filters.

To start the 10 mile road march, we travelled up through the Behrend woods to the top of Jordan hill. We formed a long single file line with roadguards and trucks at the front and rear for safety, and turned on the flashlights so drivers could see us. We travelled at a walking pace from Jordan Road to Knoyle Road, across Kuhl road and back on to Knoyle. At the 5 mile point, we stopped in a field for 15 minutes to fill our canteens with water and rest our bodies for the remaining 5 miles. When we started up again, we had to warm up the muscles that had gotten stiff during the rest. We continued down Knoyle, then made a right onto

Wales Road. After Wales, we turned left to Page Road and followed that road for about 3 miles. At this time it was very late at night and the fatigue of marching was beginning to settle in.

Before turning onto Phillipsville Road, the aggressors were heard shouting in the distance, so we knew we were getting close to our destination. After turning right on Phillipsville and travelling a short way, the sky was lit up with a flare, and we hit the ground on either side of the road. We waited for a couple minutes to see if there would be any more sign of the aggressors, then continued our march and crossed over Route 8. Following Colt Station Road, we finally arrived at our destination, and crouched in the weeds until we got further instructions.

In single file we travelled down a dirt road near the Erie County Airport, then stopped and put our ruck sacks and the M-16 rifles in a waiting truck. Several people who were part of the aggressors told us that we would be going out into the woods to try and navigate towards and find a predetermined point that would be marked with lightsticks. But the catch was that there would be aggressors patrolling the woods to try and spot us.

Two pieces of green tape were given to each Ranger, which the aggressors could take to signify they had caught us. We were given a chance to look through the \$3,000 Night Observation Devices (NODS) that some of them would be using. NODS look like a pair of binoculars but also amplify the available light, making it easier to spot people at night.

We were divided up into groups of 3, with one more experienced person being in each group. A map showing our final destination was given to each group, then each group was sent off one at a time into the woods. It was a fairly bright night, with the moon and stars out, but once we entered the woods, the only way to stay together was by following the direction of the sound of the person's footsteps in front of you. Walking through the woods was tedious because we were trying to be quiet, but since we couldn't see, we tripped, bumped into trees, and fell into holes. While trying to make our way to the final destination point, flares were going off which enabled the aggressors to see us. Each time one went off, the group tried to find cover, and wait until the flare went out. Also, we had to be careful when we used our flashlights to see our compasses and maps, because the NODS pick up the light easily, and no one wanted the aggressors to stop us with a "halt" and take our tape.

After about 3 and half hours, all the groups had finally found the lightsticks. Some groups had taken longer to find them, and some got caught while trying to find them but for everyone it was a learning experience.

Tired, sore and dirty, we were driven back to the campus about 6:30 a.m. We were given a word of congratulations for completing the road march and navigating the woods, then we met the aggressors face to face on friendlier terms. We turned in our equipment, had a quick snack, and finally left feeling tougher, and proud that we were Rangers.

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