

That's Entertainment!!

Air Drums

By Jim Higgins

I never had a formal lesson, but I guess if I were ever given the opportunity to take up an instrument I would most likely choose the drums.

I believe the drums, or percussion instruments in general, are the heart of rock 'n' roll music. They are the pounding muscle that pump out the lifeblood of every great rock 'n' roll song ever written. After all, behind every shouting voice, behind every screeching guitar, and behind every thumping bass, pound the drums. And although drummers are rarely as well-known or admired as the string-teasing guitarists that stand in front of them, they never cease to provide the vital background beat that makes songs and groups famous.

To illustrate this point allow me to make an analogy. To the average rock 'n' roll fan, I'll bet the names Bonham and Van Halen (Alex, that is), are not nearly as familiar as the names Hendrix and the other Van Halen (Edward). Better said, drummers are the unsung heroes of rock 'n' roll music. And since I characteristically root for the underdog, well then my admiration is understandable.

Basically, my fascination with percussion and my lack of interest in formal music lessons leaves me somewhere in between. With not a drum nor cymbal to my name I am faced with no other alternative but to rig up my own version of a drumset, which, for simplicity's sake, I will refer to as the air drums.

The air drums are in my bedroom but you won't trip over them. They're in my car but you won't sit on them. And they're in my mind so you don't have to hear them. Similar to the air guitarists and lip synchroners you see now and again at parties and in cars, I practice silent music; silent to everyone else. The source of sound for my music is the radio or turntable, not my swift-moving hands. So call me cheap, or frustrated, or just plain restless, but in a sense, my instrument could be thought of as something more refined than even the real drums themselves. After all, I can't be accused of making loud and obnoxious noises with my drums, nor can I be blamed for leaving them all over the family room floor.

My drums rest quietly in my mind, until a rock 'n' roll song is played of course. Then, almost instantly, they spring up in front of me. Hastily, I reach out my hands and pick up anything in sight resembling drumsticks, be they pens, pencils, toothbrushes, or occasionally just the palms of my hands, and away I pound and/or tap in unison with one of my favorite unsung heroes.

By now, you are probably reading this saying to yourself, "This kid is eating the mushrooms that you can't buy in a supermarket, or he's just plain deranged." Aha, but I have evidence that I am not the only one who listens to the beat of a different drummer. A short time ago I was peacefully enjoying a meatball special in our cafeteria when a very familiar song, with a very familiar drumroll caught my attention. You probably know the song, it was Phil Collins' "In the Air Tonight". Come on, admit it, how many of you, like most every person in the cafeteria that day, drop everything (well almost everything) when Phil gets to the middle singing, "Cause the hurt doesn't show and the pain still grows - It's no stranger to you and me . . ." and sing to your self, "badop, ba-dop, ba-dop, bop, bop," pounding the table or dashboard in front of you.

That's what I thought, we're all musicians at heart, and hey if it makes you happier, fans, keep on mimicking the screeching "riffs" of Eddie and Jimi, but my heart only beats for the beat of the drums. Whether they're on the radio or in my mind it makes no difference to me, because the real drummers, like the silent songs inside me will always be unsung.

Weather the Weather

By Michael Attiani

Being a curious lot by nature, we seem to question almost everything we come into contact with. The most important question known to mankind, however, is difficult for most to pin down, and is often subject to lengthy debates (and newspaper articles). Pseudo-intellectuals are convinced that the most important questions are those that we would not normally ask ourselves, such as: "What is the meaning of life," "Why do birds only fly forward," "if parking is free, why do we need permits for it," and "why do gnats fly up your nose in the summertime," only to mention a few. However, I contend that the most important questions known to mankind vary from individual to individual. To this end, I would like to share with you the question which, to me, holds the utmost importance: "Why can't Pennsylvania's weather make up its mind?"

Of course, any question worth its weight in brain cells has to be explained, and this one is no exception. If I were to walk up to any one of you and ask, point blank, what you think winter is like in Michigan, chances are good to excellent that you would say: "cold," or possibly "extremely cold," you'd be right on both accounts! When winter comes to Michigan, oh, sometime late in July, its residents know to take out the electric blanket, the fur lined long-johns, and the studded snow tires, because, you see, in Michiganese (that which is spoken in Michigan) the word "winter" can be defined as: /'wint-er/n. [ME, fr. OE; akin to OHG *wintar* winter] 1: very cold 2: lots of snow 3: high concentration of 1 and 2.

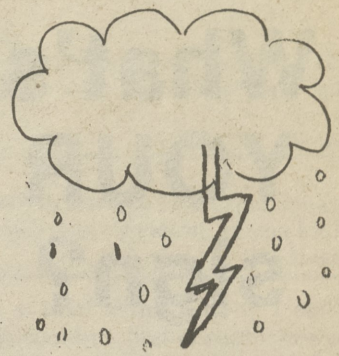
To the question: "what's winter like in San Diego?" we'd be equally quick to answer. Being the "on-the-ball" kind of group that we college students are, we'd probably respond: "warm," and, once again, we'd be right! In fact, if you walked up to an average San Diegan and asked him, or her, what winter is, the response would probably be: "Uh . . . Yeah, like, isn't that day in January when it, like, rains, and stuff . . . ya know?" We shouldn't really criticize them for this, though. After all, in a San Diego dictionary, the word "winter" can be found in the "L's" (a very thick section of the San Diego dictionary, I might add). It is defined as follows: Like, winter /'lik/adj., /'wint-er/n. [ME, fr. OE; akin to OHG *wintar* winter] 1: I have like no idea, why don't you go to

Michigan and find out, I'm gonna to surf. Also, it has been hypothesized that over exposure to the sun's direct rays may cause brain damage. I guess that's why they have beach parties for fun, and we write and read newspaper articles.

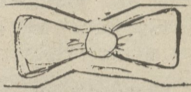
The point that I'm trying to get at, and yes there is one in here somewhere, is that almost every other state in the union has distinct weather patterns which it can expect, except Pennsylvania. Here, winter can start anytime after the first day of school, be interrupted innumerable times during its seasonal reign by blurbs of springtime, come to its nasty climax around February, or March, and finally conclude sometime before summer, we hope. Some years, winter lasts six months; some years, six weeks. Seasons are painfully nebulous, and rarely prompt, in Pennsylvania; some years we don't get any spring, or fall, at all; some years, they start in February continue straight through the summer, and end in December. In addition to our odd temperature tendencies, the sun is also erratic. It and the clouds seems to experiment on Pennsylvania to see what sort of interesting combinations they can come up with. Pennsylvanians are all too familiar with days that start out sunny, warm, and clear; turn to dismal, cool, and damp by the afternoon, and finish cold and clear. In fact, about the only thing that we Pennsylvanians can expect, from day to day, is that nights will be dark.

All in all, you've probably surmised that I dislike Pennsylvania; that can't be further from the truth. Pennsylvania, like most of its Northeastern counterparts, has played a major role in the development of our nation, in almost every possible facet: historically, legally, traditionally, and culturally. We were the first state to strike oil, the second to join the union, and the first to introduce Rock and Roll, for example. In almost every respect, Pennsylvania is the ultimate state to live in, it becomes more obvious as you travel through more states; its one major drawback is its climate. But, oh, what a drawback!

You know? I was just thinking; maybe San Diego would trade us their weather for Jaworski. MOVE? PENNDOT? An undisclosed future draft pick? How 'bout a lifetime supply of cheese-steaks? Steelworkers? Wait! How 'bout stale soft pretzels; God knows we have more than our share of them. Bagladies? How 'bout . . .



Mr. Pennsylvania



APRIL 1986

Headquarters for the exciting . . . new . . . Mr. Male America Pageant has just announced, they are currently accepting applications for the . . . MR. PENNSYLVANIA MALE AMERICA PAGEANT. No longer will the gentlemen need a muscular physique to enter this event. He will possess the indefinable characteristics of . . . poise . . . personality . . . charm . . . and of course . . . handsomeness! Winners from all 50 states will compete in Jamaica in November of 1986. Win cash, prizes, personal appearances and more.

All interested men must be at least 18 years old, married, single, widower, or divorced. A resident of the state of Pennsylvania for at least 6 months. A high school graduate or hold a PhD, and a U.S. citizen.

Please send a current snap shot of yourself, write a brief biography, and on a separate sheet of paper tell us why you decided to enter the Mr. Pennsylvania Male America Pageant. Please enclose a stamped, self-addressed envelope to receive your official pageant entry form.

SEND TO:

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Miss Pennsylvania U.S.A.



SHERRI FITZPATRICK
MISS PENNSYLVANIA U.S.A.

Applications are now being accepted from all over the Keystone State for the annual Miss Pennsylvania U.S.A. Pageant to be staged this year for the first time in September in Monroeville, Pennsylvania, in the Grand Ballroom of the High Rise Howard Johnson's Hotel on September 5, 6, and 7, 1986. The Miss Pennsylvania Pageant is an official *Miss U.S.A. - Miss Universe Contest.

There is "NO PERFORMING TALENT" requirement, all judging is on the basis of poise, personality and beauty of face and figure. Entrants who qualify must be at least 17 years of age and under 25 years of age by February 1, 1987, never married, and at least a six month resident of Pennsylvania, thus college dorm students are eligible. All girls interested in competing for the title must write to: MISS PENNSYLVANIA U.S.A. PAGEANT, TRI-STATE HEADQUARTERS - DEPT. C, 347 LOCUST AVENUE, WASHINGTON, PA. 15301 BY APRIL 26. Letters must include a recent snapshot, a brief biography and phone number.

The girl chosen as Miss Pennsylvania U.S.A. will receive a 14-day all-expense paid trip to Miami, Florida, the site of the Miss U.S.A. Pageant nationally televised on CBS-TV in February, competing for over \$175,000 in cash and prizes. Among her many prizes, the new state winner will receive a \$1,000 cash scholarship and will select a \$1,000 wardrobe.

The new winner will be crowned by the current Miss Pennsylvania U.S.A., Sherri Fitzpatrick of Quakertown, who will be present for the entire event at the High Rise Howard Johnson's Hotel.

APPLICATION DEADLINE IS APRIL 26TH.