

Gaulin fascinates with 'Mirage'

Mime company investigates new theatre of movement

By DEBBIE KRIVOV Collegian Staff Writer

A pedestrian perception of mime usually pictures a performer in white-face and a striped sailor's pullover standing silently on a bare stage. Musical accompaniment and/or set properties are seldom envisioned. This conventional outlook was challenged Saturday night, however, when The Paul Gaulin Company presented "Mirage" in Eisenhower Auditorium as part of the Artists Series Theatre/Dance Series.

Gaulin is part of a new wave of theatre companies devoted to broadening the popular and narrow definition of mime. Though the three performers that comprise the company have had a good deal of classical mime training, all having studied under Etienne Decroux, a distinguished forerunner in the art, they have taken it upon themselves to explore new locomotive possibilities within an emotional context.

"Mirage" featured nine pieces, all distinctly different from one another, but all bound together by their investigations into a new theatre of movement. The program opened with "Heads," a crowd-pleaser based on a Victorian love duel that followed a pair of courting lovers through their human paces. Well, maybe not so human. But humanoid. The

twosome made it known to one another that each was alone and available. Yet both the man and the woman had alter egos cramping their style, for they had accordion-like necks that extended their heads up to a foot in front of them at less than opportune times. A surreal situation, yes. But cleverly executed by crisp, staccato movement.

The group performed "Ivy" (an invigorating exercise reminiscent of Pilobolus) flawlessly. It was a brilliant piece that called for unusual balance, strength and grace. Moving to a high-energy, bludgeoning beat, the company created a human machine of sorts, each dancer fulfilling his duty as a cog, integral to the machine's efficiency. They literally held on to a life rope that supported all three of them.

Throughout the program, the group's suppleness and agility was absolutely amazing. But even more fascinating were the abstract and not infrequently symbolic themes.

"Traveling," performed to a haunting "Music for Zen Meditation," was one such complex piece rich in suggestion. A man dressed in white entered stage left pulling a long white rope. At the end of the rope sat a delicate woman, also draped in white, who was seemingly aloft in the air, balancing and undulating under the hazy moonlight. She enacted a languid private ritual of veiling (covering her face with her long white hair), opening and resisting. The man

continued to pull her along, though each tug became more and more strenuous.

Finally, he put his end of the rope down and removed an illusory needle from his pocket. He tipped over to the woman and pricked her billowing body as determinedly as a 6-year-old would pop a balloon at a birthday party. The man walked hesitantly away from the scene while the woman fell over to the floor and shrieked away to nothing.

After pondering the detrimental effect of his action, he sauntered over to her and began to reinitiate her listless body. He started tugging the line once again, but the woman was now pulling him back. He slid further toward the wings, the woman already off stage. When a newfound sense of strength finally overcame him, he hauled the rope back onto stage. But, oddly enough, he was pulling nothing — the woman was nowhere to be found.

"Arms" was a testimonial to the interdependence between two performers. A concept of physical action became inseparable from a visual image as the two men flailed their arms up, down and all around with split-second timing and a dramatic tension that built to a powerful crescendo.

The Paul Gaulin Company has helped prove to the modern day theatre-goer that mime can be thoughtfully and artistically complex, while remaining unpretentious and entertaining.



Photo by Karen Solat

Pattee print display fine spring welcome

By PHILIP LEO Collegian Staff Writer

Beginning tomorrow and continuing through April 8, selected prints from the collection of Pattee Arts Library will be on display in Pattee's East Corridor Gallery.

The library's acquisition of prints began in the 1920s and continued until the building of the Museum of Art in 1972. The prints from the '20s were purchased with the aid of the Carnegie Corporation and included two woodcuts from 19th-century Bibles and a little known lithograph by James McNeill Whistler.

However, the majority of the prints are by mid-20th century American artists. These include prints purchased through the Works Progress Administration during the depression. Under this program the Administration paid the artists a weekly subsistence salary of \$23. The works were done by well-qualified artists and were available to all public institutions for the cost of materials and framing — about \$2 apiece. More than 200 prints came to the

library in the '50s from the Society of American Graphic Artists. The eminent wood engraver Lynn Ward was persuaded by University trustee Charles Douds to have each member of the Society donate a print for a memorial collection for Professor Warren Mack, horticulturalist and wood engraver at the University. Professor Francis E. Hyslop, who taught a course on the history of prints and drawing at the University during this period, writes that this collection was the most extraordinary addition to the library's collection. More recently prints have been purchased to represent innovative techniques of printmaking in addition to the traditional methods of etching, engraving and lithography. This show offers an opportunity to view the University's fine collection of prints and to trace the growth of the collection through the middle of this decade. A file listing of all the prints in the University's collection may be consulted at the desk in the Arts Library. Classes or individuals may examine the prints in the Print Room by arrangement with the librarian in charge.

They took a chance, but couldn't dance

By MARC WATREL Collegian Staff Writer

Dance is a form of expression, a very beautiful form of expression if executed correctly, but what constitutes dance? Basically, it's nothing more than movement to music, or movement to a certain rhythm, that conveys some theme or emotion.

Of all the artistic mediums, dance seems to allow for more innovation; it's a medium where constant changing styles and techniques are a norm. It's a very personal art form and what appeals to some people might not appeal to others.

The Central Pennsylvania Dance Theatre opened its season with performances at Gatsky's this weekend. But in an attempt to create its own style and possibly make a name for itself, it succeeded in doing neither.

The most obvious of the company's problems was the lack of competent choreography. Most notable were choreographer Larue Allen's "Tuxedo Junction" and "Cuba Libre." Both dances were formless and were quite frankly, boring. The choreography was wispy and frothy where it should have been jazzy and upbeat in Glenn

Miller's "Tuxedo Junction," and the Spanish tones of "Cuba Libre" were never fully utilized. Choreographer Kathy Short managed to create an interesting dance, "Benzalene," but the image she was trying to convey was apparently beyond the comprehension of the dancers; it seemed lost in interpreting her choreography.

A bright spot in this rather dull evening was a work by New York choreographer Hannah Kahn titled, "Aviary Pulse." It was an enjoyable interpretation of birds in their natural habitat. Furthermore, it gave the audience a chance to see what the company was capable of doing.

Another redeeming factor was dancer Jennifer Spool. Her dancing was precise, even if it did suffer from the choreography. Her solo in "Cuba Libre" was an interesting seduction, and in "Aviary Pulse," she, of the three dancers, seemed to understand what the choreographer meant and managed to steal the dance. Her interpretation seems to indicate that this dancer is going someplace.

The entire program suffered from a lack of polish. Company dances were

not uniform, dancers were watching other dancers to get cues and entrances seemed unprepared. And these elements are vital to a professional performance.

Technique and style varies from company to company and occasionally one comes across a company that offers something truly original and innovative; the Pennsylvania Dance Theatre is a relatively new company that seems to be striving for too much. Its first priority should be to tighten itself up and seek a level of professionalism that will serve as a building block for creativity.

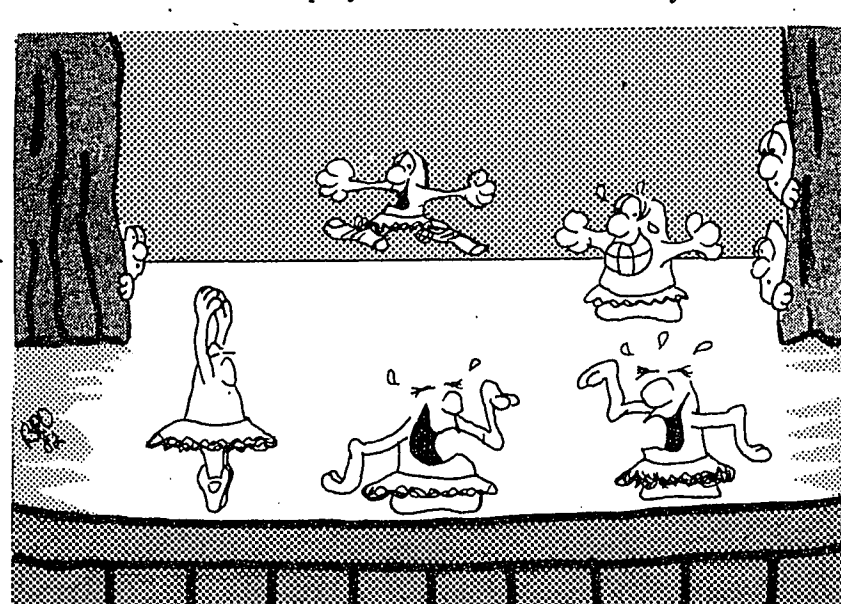


Illustration by Brian Strassburg

'Twisted Kicks' a new look at our own Wall?

"Twisted Kicks," by Tom Carson. Entwhistle Books, Glen Ellen, Ca, 259 pages, \$12.95.

By STUART JUSTIN Collegian Staff Writer

And there's even some evil moths! Tell you life is full of dirt! ... Lou Reed, "Sweet Jane" Dirty, dirty, dirty. You know, all that sex, drugs and rock 'n' roll. You know, man, all the '70s burn-out kids. All the kids our age who have been nowhere and are going nowhere fast; boredom, insignificance, frustration. That's what "Twisted Kicks" is all about. The wasters.

Tom Carson, a writer for Village Voice and Rolling Stone, the forefront rags of pop culture, has done us the favor of distilling the dregs of our decade into 259 pages of angst, punk, smack and nicotine. The effect is like listening to Bram Tschickovski play "Captain Jack" over and over and over.

Set in carus (a.k.a. McLean) Virginia, the novel is, according to the back cover, "about a punk rock singer who gets in trouble in New York and goes back home and finds out what happened to everyone else." An analogy to the warning on cigarette packs, perhaps. Is it about the singer or is it about everyone else? I couldn't tell. Perhaps the novel's lack of focus is a metaphor for the focuslessness of the generation in question. If not, it seems to be a major flaw; what's the point to a collection of characters who have been created on a page by a calculating, omniscient author?

Carson's style shows space for improvement. Even assuming he's doing everything purposely, some things just don't stand up. Some cold-blooded, experienced editing would be a big help. Certainly, he wants to capture the essence of rock 'n' roll culture — he doesn't want to lose its lingo and mannerisms. Fine. But the real meat gets lost. Carson has a good image or a catchy phrase floating about on pages of unnecessary filler, things

which the reader could fill in himself. Places we've been before, things we've seen; we don't need so many words to tell us so. Without them, the novel would be more spontaneous, more jagged, more forceful, more like rock music.

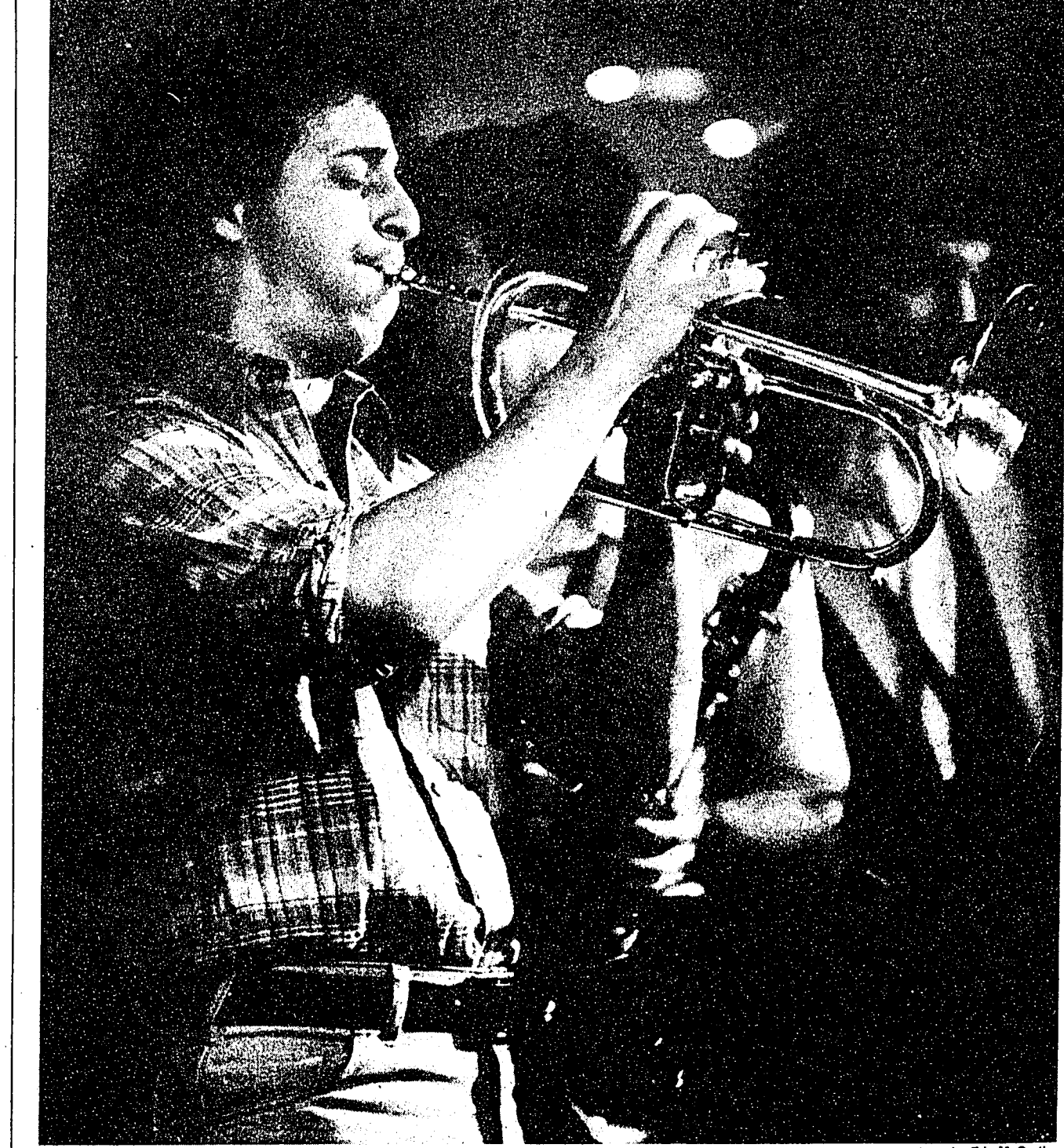
Certainly some sort of organization or focus to keep the reader moving through the book would help. First, it's about Lang, the would-be rocker who shoots a junkie and flees New York. He returns to Carus just after the suicide of Erica, mutual friend-in-rock. But Erica went with Richard, so let's look at him. But Erica was a year behind them in high school, like Odell. So let's look at Odell. And of course the mellow Carmel is always there, supplying drugs for everyone.

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Mainstream bathes HUB in smooth sounds



John Interdonato of Mainstream

Photo by Eda McCarty

By CHRISTINE CURCIO Collegian Staff Writer

The jazz band Mainstream gave a polished performance at the Letzel Union Building Saturday night, marred only by a small sound system problem which was taken care of immediately after the first number.

Mainstream, a band which has undergone about 20 personnel changes since it formed three years ago, spans 50 years of jazz music; everything from Gershwin to Spyro Gyra.

concert review

"We have a desire to play the music that we like, even though it might make us less marketable than another band," said John Interdonato, an original member of the group.

Phil Loewen, who left the group but made a guest appearance with them Saturday night, did the arrangements for many of the band's selections. He arranged "Land of Make Believe" by Chuck Mangione, featuring Interdonato on the flugelhorn.

All band members are or were Penn State students. They are Todd Schneider, drums; Bill Shanker, soprano and tenor sax; Interdonato, trumpet and flugelhorn; Mike Roberts, keyboard; and Ed Plant, the most recent addition to the group, on bass.

Mainstream played to an appreciative audience that showed its enthusiasm after each solo, particularly Freddie Hubbard's "Sky Diver."

Other well-received numbers included: "Old Blues" by Miles Davis; Rodgers and Hammerstein's "Favorite Things" with Shanker on soprano sax; "Summertime"; Pat Metheny's "April Joy" and a song in tribute to the late Thelonius Monk. Mainstream has played the Brickhouse Tavern in the past, but they have no permanent engagements now. Their next appearance will be at the Ratskeller Wednesday night.

'M*A*S*H': the war is finally finished

By JERRY BUCK AP Television Writer

LOS ANGELES (AP) — Hawkeye Pierce, who's been complaining about the Korean War on the CBS series "M*A*S*H" for 10 years now, finally is going to get to go home.

Pierce — played by Alan Alda — along with B.J. Hot Lips, Klinger and all the other denizens of the 4077th Mobile Army Surgical Hospital, will take off for the States in the early part of next year.

The Korean War finally is over on CBS, and so is one of the most beloved and most honored television series of all time. "M*A*S*H" will call it quits during its 11th season.

However, the unofficial word is that both the network and the studio expect an 11th season — although it will not be a full season of new shows.

The season may be short but "M*A*S*H" is going to wind up with a bang.

In the final two hours of original episodes, the war will end 30 years after the original and the whole "M*A*S*H" gang will head for home. Their departure may come in a two-hour movie-of-the-week, or it may be in a four-part series. That decision has not been made yet by CBS.

Six episodes that already have been filmed will be held until next fall, it was learned. Nine more half-hour installments will be filmed, plus the final two hours.

"M*A*S*H" was based initially on Robert Altman's hot motion picture, itself taken from the book by Robert Hooker, a pseudonym for a former MASH doctor named H. Richard Hornberger. Larry Morgan, Jamie Farr, William Christopher — have signed new contracts with 20th Century-Fox.

It's all unofficial as yet. Neither CBS nor 20th Century-Fox Television will talk much about it. The reason is that none of the actors — Alda, Mike Farrell, Loretta Swit, David Ogden Stiers, Harry Morgan, Jamie Farr, William Christopher — have signed new contracts with 20th Century-Fox.

Stevenson left the same year as Rogers, and the two actors were replaced by Mike Farrell and Harry Morgan. Larry Linville, who was the thick-skulled Maj. Frank Burns, left in 1977, and ever-faithful Walter "Radar" O'Reilly, played by Gary Burghoff, quit in 1979.

The show underwent many changes over the years, most notably the metamorphosis of Maj. Margaret "Hot Lips" Houlihan. She began as a woman of loose morals and tight embraces with Frank Burns. After Linville's departure she was married, divorced and was transformed from an outsider to a member of the gang. Jamie Farr's Cpl. Max Klinger still wants a Section Eight, but he no longer prances around in women's clothing, hoping to convince somebody he's nuts.

Alda quickly emerged as the star and one of the creative forces behind "M*A*S*H." His co-star, Wayne Rogers, who played Trapper John, left in 1975. Alda has written and directed many of the episodes, and also is listed as a creative consultant.

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BOOG POWELL (Former American Baseball Great). KOICHI here has been giving me a new angle on baseball. It seems the game's a little different in Japan. KOICHI NUMAZAWA (Former Japanese Baseball Great): そう、例えばフィールドが小さめです。 BOOG: That's right. The field is smaller over there. KOICHI: つまり、ショートで小さめな日本人の体格に合わせたんです。 BOOG: Well, now that you mentioned it, I guess you guys are kinda smaller. Does that mean you drink Lite Beer 'cause it's less filling? KOICHI: いやー、おいしいから飲むんです。 BOOG: Tastes great? That's why I drink it, too! I guess we have a lot more in common than I thought. KOICHI: その通り! どうです、日本の野球チームに入りませんか。 BOOG: Me? I'm too big to play on a Japanese team. KOICHI: そんなことないですよ、ショートに最適ですよ。 BOOG: Shortstop?! Very funny.