

Albert gallery frames local, national art works

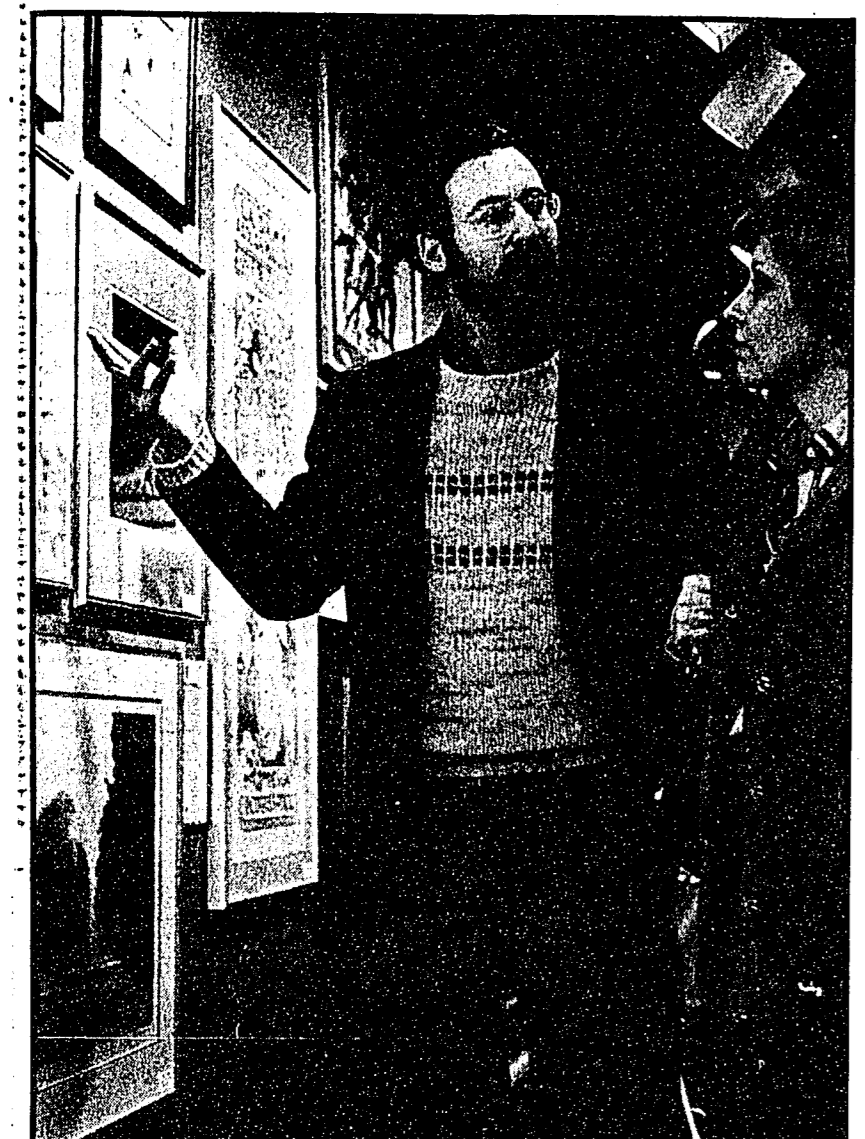
By CLAUDIA COOK
Collegian Staff Writer

For art collectors and interested novices, for the general Joe who doesn't think about owning art, there's a new art gallery in town.

The Douglas Albert Gallery, located on McAllister Alley across

from the Tavern Restaurant, opened last month to offer art to people and gallery space to artists, closing what director Stephen C. Hirshon called a dearth in the community.

"In the true sense of the word, a gallery gives exposure to artists, and I like to talk about art," said Hirshon, who is working on his doctorate in art



Steven C. Hirshon, director of the Douglas Albert Gallery, shows Tina St. Pierre of Boalsburg some prints. The art gallery, located on McAllister Alley, opened last month.

history at the University. "What I plan to do is make people aware of what is available, both nationally and locally, what would fall within an individual's taste and interest, and what is likely to maintain or increase its financial value."

A visitor enters the gallery to find an eye full of prints, paintings, photographs, glass, mobiles, ceramics and sculpture. The room is small but the subtle wall and floor coverings, track lighting, plants and jazz music help relax people into just looking at all the art work.

Presently, two one-man exhibits are featured — prints by Robert Kipniss from New York, and color photographs by Centre Daily Times photographer Dick Brown. The shows are displayed individually so one can concentrate on the style of each artist.

Kipniss, a nationally recognized printmaker, has about 30 pieces on display, mostly lithographs of bare landscapes. Hirshon said the gallery owns all these particular prints and more of the artist's work is available through the artist directly.

"The most important thing is to find art that people want to live with," Hirshon said. "That's why we have the walls full — to build a solid, broad house of people involved in art. We didn't want to intimidate people into styles or subjects," he said. "I always try to open up into areas the gallery might not represent, and we have conversations with other galleries to find what people want."

If someone wants a Rembrandt, for example, they are available, Hirshon said. "I could probably get one. An early stage etching, about \$45, could be purchased for about \$200. Now an etching is done in stages, up to six, so an early one is rather like a sketch. But it is a Rembrandt and highly unlikely to ever decrease in financial value."

"My primary interest here is educational," Hirshon said. "Most people go through and will like three



These ceramic creatures perch atop one of the sculptured vessels on display at the Douglas Albert Gallery.

pieces. I will bring each one up front and place it on this easel, and we will sit and talk about it. I like to know why one piece is chosen over another. Some people are more interested or comfortable with landscapes or romantic subjects, others like particular styles or media. I explain what the artist is doing in terms of his career, whether it's early or late, and what elements have changed."

"This lithograph, 'Anna' by Harold Altman, is a later work," Hirshon said, pointing to a print on an easel behind him. An older woman sits alone on the edge of a park where people engage in conversation, sit alone and play, and as the light toys with the leaves and branches of the

trees, she sees everything almost as the artist. "It is still about park life, but the woman has an increased monumentality compared to his earlier prints," Hirshon said, removing it with "Path Pare Mont Sours," an earlier etching by Altman. "Here the figures are no less integral to the landscape but are less individual and smaller." The print focuses on light in the trees and the variety of movement in the park, but there are no major figures.

Hirshon explained the different techniques involved in an etching and a lithograph; he showed how to identify an etching by the embossed border which appears by printing off a copper

plate. He also talked about the different styles achieved in each technique. Artists are invited to submit portfolios and talk to Hirshon about their exhibits, the gallery displays art it owns and has on commission. Hirshon said there has not been any trouble finding artists so far, but that the gallery is always looking for talent. He likes to see about 20 pieces or slides of an artist's work to get a solid feel for what an artist does.

The gallery is open Tuesday and Wednesday from 11 a.m. to 8 p.m. and Thursday, Friday and Saturday from 11 a.m. to 9 p.m. It is closed Sunday and Monday.

The gallery also offers frame service.

comics, etc.

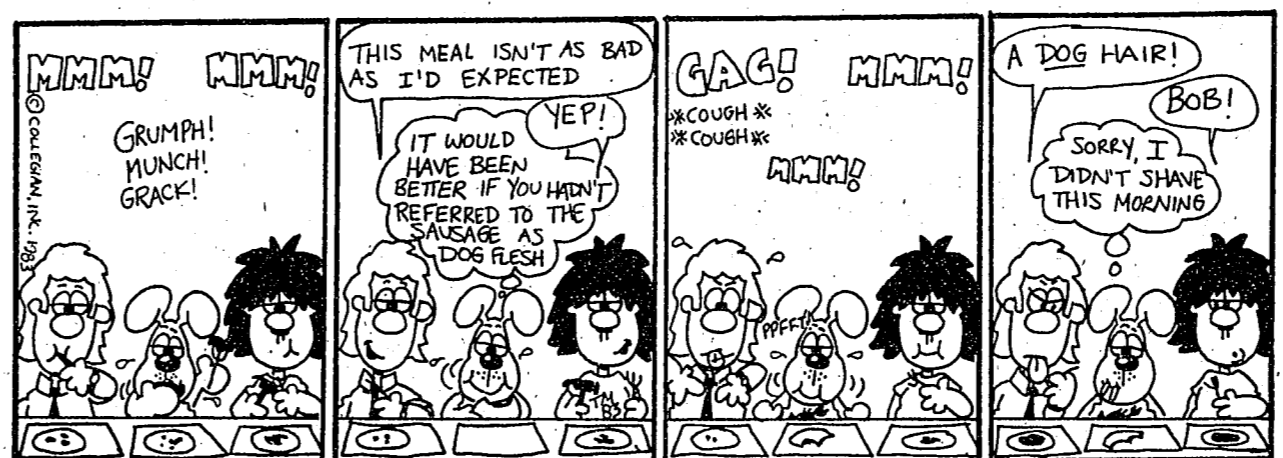
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Wednesday, Jan. 12

Acting saves 'Kiss Me Goodbye'

But nothing rescues '1984' from obscurity

By SHAWN ISRAEL
Collegian Staff Writer

Sally Field is Kay Villano, a sophisticated young New York woman all set to marry Egyptologist Rupert Baines (Jeff Bridges), when the ghost of her late husband Jolly (James Caan), a debonair choreographer, suddenly appears. Sure enough, Kay finds she still has feelings for Jolly, even if he has been dead for three years. So Kay has to choose between her wonderful, if dead, first husband and her devoted husband-to-be, less dashing than Jolly but alive.

Okay, "Kiss Me Goodbye" doesn't have a strong plot. The viewer can guess how the story will resolve itself with little mental stress. Despite its predictability, though, "Kiss Me" is one of the happier surprises of the holiday season. This film is genuinely charming, thanks to some of the snappiest movie dialogue of the year and fine performances by the whole cast. It's a triumph of style.

Charlie Peters' screenplay swells with devices from the old screwball comedies: the nagging mother, the incompetent father, the dog who hates the leading man with a vengeance, the hysterical doubletalk of the heroine trying to explain a hopeless situation. The film has rhythms of such classics as "Bringing Up Baby" and (with the ghost angle) "Topper."

What really makes "Kiss Me Goodbye" work are the performances. The characters here are natural and relaxed, even believable. They make the viewer want to see what will happen in spite of the very unoriginal plot.

Especially good is Bridges in the role of Kay's strait-laced fiancé. Bridges could have been stuffy and joyless, but instead he's glib, passionate and quick-witted. He may be the most likeable "nerd" ever played on the screen.

Sure, "Kiss Me Goodbye" may not be an intellectually challenging or deeply meaningful movie experience. Maybe it is just fluff. But it's wonderful fluff.

... This nice music teacher from Nebraska (Perry King) takes an opening at the big city high school (Abraham Lincoln High, no less) and finds himself in a nightmare. The guys look like rejects from Sha Na Na, the girls look like the Go-



Jeff Bridges, Sally Field and James Caan star in the lighthearted "Kiss Me Goodbye."

Go's with hangers. Students have to pass through a metal detector, every square inch of the building is covered in graffiti. The principal is a covering, complacent stuffed shirt. Most of the faculty wield guns and knives, but haven't the courage to use them.

Naturally, our hero's feathers get ruffled by a group of very destructive punks. Later his car gets defaced, one of his students is knifed in the cafeteria and his wife is gang-raped on the night of the big band concert. Everyone looks the other

way, of course, and it all leads the poor teacher to very violent action. "Class of 1984" is a film whose creators actually take a clever meditation on the growing menace of high school violence seriously. But the film is unforgivably grim and paranoid from start to finish and has all the practical value about delinquency that "Godzilla vs. the Smog Monster" has about ecology.

The punks are a mix of the Manson family and the Three Stooges, except their heads don't make hollow noises when slugged with blunt

objects. They're not as funny either. Continuity is nonexistent, and the film looks as though someone smeared Vicks VapoRub on the lens.

Only Roddy McDowall arouses any sympathy as a biology teacher who tries to teach the creeps genetics at gunpoint after they desecrate his lab. Everyone else is playing a type in this useless charade of beatings, rapes, explosions and other acts that only succeed in making the viewer disgusted.

A definite loser.

New albums offer music alternatives

"DIG THE NEW BREED," The Jam, Polydor PD1-6365.

At last, the Jam recorded live in concert. This latest and final release by England's favorite trio is an attempt to capture the raw power of a Jam concert. It succeeds extremely well by stressing the Jam's stark arrangements and avoiding the often used technique of enhancing the mix with studio recorded tracks.

Although singer/guitarist Paul Weaver's voice is sometimes erratic, this album sticks to the basics and the Jam ends his career with a powerful collection of hits, uncompromising in their freshness and energy.

—by Dave York

"SPECIAL BEAT SERVICE," The English Beat, I.R.S. SP-70032.

With its third American release the English Beat breaks new ground, bringing its distinctive brand of ska to new heights. The Beat incorporates mandolin, clarinet and trumpet, dramatically altering its former sound into a sort of jazz-ska hybrid.

Another change of pace is Wesley Magoogan's replacement of Saxa, the veteran saxophonist whose haunting sax breaks made such songs as "Mirror in the Bathroom" and "Can't Get Used to Losing You" memorable. But Magoogan's upbeat style contributes greatly to the Beat's change in sound.

Tunes such as "I Confess" and "Sorry" highlight an outstanding side one. Side two is more reminiscent of earlier Beat material, but is full of catchy riffs and melodic often found backing in most ska music. A definite must for anyone liking the Beat or ska in general.

—by Dave York

"WE ARE... THE LEAGUE," The Anti-Nowhere League, WXYZ Records.

Where the strength of the English Beat lies in the band's musical depth, the Anti-Nowhere League takes the opposite approach, with basic arrangements containing little melody or harmony.

Despite this, the League is a surprisingly potent band, resembling the Sex Pistols in

style, tone and subject matter. Because of its liberal use of profane language, the League will never gain national recognition, but obviously isn't trying to. But don't think this detrimental to the group's music. Far from it, for its first album, *We Are...* the *League*, is perhaps the best punk album made since the demise of the Sex Pistols. Songs such as "Woman," "I Hate People" and "Snowman" are examples of the social insight that abounds on this album.

Although I don't recommend buying this album for your kid brother on his birthday, *We Are...* the *League* does contain solid, no-frills punk guaranteed to quicken your pulse and make you think.

—by Dave York

"BEATITUDE," Ric Ocasek, Geffen, GHS2022.

This ambitious but brooding work is by the mastermind of The Cars. Since Ric has taken progressively more control over each Cars' lip, I knew a solo effort was coming.

Ocasek's alienated, "Misfit Kid" persona is still dominant, and his unusually mechanical vocals haven't changed since The Cars' debut.

Gone, however, is his fascinating handle on creative lyrics. He seems to have lost his sense of humor. I don't hear any really quirky phrases like "crossword smile" or "send me a letter on a midnight scroll." Another glaring omission is Eliot Eastman, Cars' lead guitarist. I didn't realize what a big contribution he made until I heard Ocasek's music without him. Eastman gave the Cars the right amount of rock to offset their sometimes overdone electronic effects.

The only other Car on *Beatitude* is Greg Hawkes on keyboards. Roger Greenawald, Fuzzbee Morse and Casey Lindstrom trade off on guitar licks that make almost no impact on the music. The only noticeable noises are Ocasek's vocals and weird synthesizer effects. I feel like I'm in the Campus Casino.

Ocasek scores, thankfully, on "Jimmy Jimmy." This song has what every other tune is missing: a driving backup beat that highlights the vocals and the interesting stream-of-consciousness lyrics.

—by Christine Curcio

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Crossword

Capital Idea by Doug Michlo
Answers in Thursday's Collegian

1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12
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97	98	99	100	101	102	103	104	105	106	107	108
109	110	111	112	113	114	115	116	117	118	119	120

Across

- Egyptian symbol
- French capital
- Swiss capital
- Novel component
- D.C. is its capital
- Wasp
- Old Scot.
- Existential verb
- Scand. country
- Expression of longing
- West Coast capital
- Bomber org.
- Ex-drinker's assn.
- Body office
- Rocky pinnacle
- Time of day
- South Arabian capital
- Capital of Meurthe-et-Moselle
- Water follower
- Capital seen at Capitol

Down

- Armenian river
- Isopropyl
- Lumpur
- Capital of Montana
- Former Dem. Pres.
- Burden
- Capital of Morocco
- Kind of relief
- Greek-derived prefix
- Latinian capital
- Okinawan capital
- Capital of Wisconsin
- New Hampshire capital
- Zodiac sign
- New Hanover sun god
- High mountain
- Extinct bird
- Part of GNP
- Negative response
- French vineyard
- Opposite of 32 D
- Relative conjunction
- UN org.
- Finite form of 49 A
- Capital of Aube
- Capital of Idaho
- Spanish prov. and capital
- German capital
- Brother of Jacob
- Italian capital
- Give off
- Demolish
- Top
- Corrida cheer
- Common resident

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