

arts

16
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At Bucknell, Ramones stay tough

By ALLEN LEE VAY
Collegian Arts Writer

Over the last few years punk rock seems to have lost a lot of the momentum, style and loyal fans that it used to have. Many bands have gone by the wayside in their search for success while others have just melted out to suit the public, giving in to fads, disco and hateful critics. While there are those who have made concessions to mass taste, the Ramones have been grinding away their own hardcore style for 12 years and are still going strong. The Ramones gave an incredibly intense and loud performance this weekend as they performed Saturday night for about 700 loyal fans at Bucknell University.

The show began with an hour performance by a Connecticut band known as The Reducers, who played some unknown original tunes to an unresponsive but polite crowd. Many became impatient as they continued, however, and soon the recognizable chanting of "Hey-Ho, let's go!" began to rise up from the fans on the floor as they anticipated the arrival of the Ramones. With a brief intermission, the lights of Davis Gymnasium went down and a booming recording of *The Bad, The Bad, and the Ugly* piped through the amplifiers while smoke and purple lights enveloped the stage.

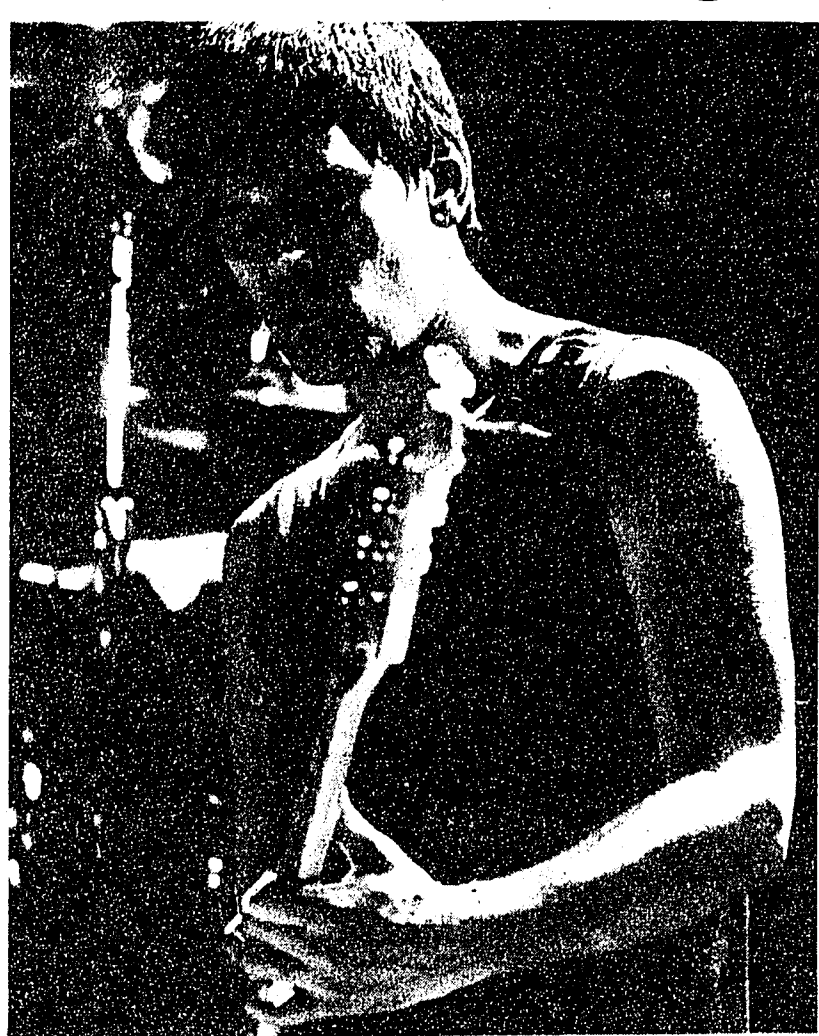
The Ramones opened their act with a slightly longer version of *Teenage Lobotomy*, which they belted out about 114 decibels, much to the delight of the mob in front of the stage, members of which immediately began to thrash about and slam dance. Following Joey Ramone's mumbled greeting to Pennsylvania the band played several of their better known songs such as *Blitzkrieg Bop*, *I Wanna Be Sedated*, and *Rockaway Beach*. Many of the tunes that the band played seemed to be performed for

purposes of nostalgia, as most selections were from his older albums *Leave Home* and *Rocket to Russia*, with less emphasis on its recent *Too Tough To Die* LP. Although the songs, for the most part, were recognizable, many were played too loud for the crowd to differentiate the lyrics sung by Joey Ramone from those by backup vocalist and bassist Dee Dee Ramone.

The band continued through their assault on the ears for about an hour and a half, taking breaks only twice during the performance; the remaining time was split apart only by the trademark screaming of "1-2-3-4!" between songs. Guitarist Johnny Ramone climbed repeatedly atop a small amplifier, looking up to the crowd only occasionally as he grimaced and sneered through the set. With his body curled in the shape of a pale "S", Johnny played thousands of three card downstrokes.

Obviously the band was tired as it closed the show. Joey Ramone, who had begun the show with small foot shuffles and energetic yells, was now listlessly playing with the microphone wire and staring at the floor. His thin body towered over the stage, and when the last song was over, he dropped the mike stand and blankly walked off stage, while Dee Dee Ramone shook a few hands before sauntering off. In total the performance was exceptional for the Ramones, who have been on the road almost every year for the last ten years. The band played its best for the crowd, giving them their trademark version of rock 'n' roll loud and clear. The responsive audience showed its appreciation to a band who has remained a mainstay of the original style of punk rock.

As far as the Ramones themselves are concerned, they are the only real rock 'n' roll band still performing today. In the dressing room before



Dee Dee Ramone

Collegian Photo by Mary Colantoni

the concert, Joey Ramone smoked a cigarette and ate peanuts while looking for his leather jacket. Back in the middle 1970s everybody was forgetting how to play basic funk rock and roll — I think they were forgetting what it was all about. There were too many trends in those days," Joey Ramone said before the show. "We stuck to our guns, so to speak, and toured our asses off, and as far as I can tell we re-revolutionized the American rock and roll band."

The Ramones feel that their influence also helped to create and aid the revitalization of many other bands. "Right after we started, Dee Dee Ramone said, 'We were the pioneers at that time because we were distinct and we had something to say. People really looked on to that.'"

The fundamental success of the Ramones has been that refuse to be put down, by the public or by the critics, neither of which they seem to be having many problems with. Joey Ramone feels that their rise has only just begun. "Right now we're hotter than we've ever been, and then we should do even better after our new album comes out, but I'm not sure when that will be." (The singer guessed the album could be out by this February.)

Since their humble beginnings with second-hand guitars at the New York Bowers night club CBGB's, the Ramones set out to prove that they were

Reverie gives novice an appreciation of jazz with danceable rhythms

By ANN SKOMRA
Collegian Arts Writer

Everyone in Happy Valley knows what a gray, rainy day can do to your mood, especially if it's only seven days until Thanksgiving. Well I was having one of those mindlessly depressing days when my editor called, asking me to review a jazz concert. Figuring that reporters don't always get Pulitzer Prize-winning material, I played the martyr and accepted the assignment.

Born and raised in a small coal mining town, I believed that jazz only had three styles: the South's Dixieland, the late '60s jazz that was played while sitting around a bong, and the theme song from *Moonlighting*. However, I figured I did have enough of a musical education on which to rely in dealing with the story. Besides, at this point, how could I be biased towards my subject?

As I walked in to the nearly filled ground floor of Schwab Auditorium, I wondered what I was doing there, but I relaxed as I heard a couple comment that they were attending because it was strongly recommended by their music appreciation class. I figured that my limited jazz education wouldn't be noticed.

Taking my seat, I viewed the small, darkened stage skeptically. Drums, keyboard, tenor and alto saxophone were all crowded into the center of the stage. Off to the left was KORG, a remote control keyboard that looked like the descendant of a guitar and an accordion. Where were the trumpets and red lights the fat sweaty men playing their hearts out with a mute clutched in their hands? Amplifiers and electronic hook-ups were everywhere. But as the band began to play, their places onstage during the opening song, I had a sneaky suspicion that the four man band, Reverie, was going to astound the unsuspecting audience, not to mention destroy my naive beliefs concerning jazz.

To say the Philadelphia-based band was unpretentious is an understatement. Ranging in looks from a pudgy Mitch Miller clone to a tall Jeffrey Osborne, the ensemble's most stylish wasn't apparent until the bass guitarist and only spokesman for the group, Gerald Vesley, began to talk. Pointing out Mark Knox on keyboard, Jim Miller on drums and E.J. Yeller on saxophones, Vesley finished by introducing himself as Steven Ray Reverie, was going to astound the unsuspecting audience, not to mention destroy my naive beliefs concerning jazz.

while the rest of the band had them tapping their toes. Heasley's song "Hummingbird," written in tribute to his uncle's gospel group, was very light and carefree. During its performance there was a still arm or leg in the place.

The band's new album is *Reverie in Concert*, and it was plugged through the show. Feigning sympathy towards the economic situation of college students, Vesley encouraged the audience to spend their money "on something that will last, an album."

Fortunately, the smooth style of the band wasn't just verbal. Each member of the group was a professional in his own right. Admittedly my experience with tenor and alto saxophones is limited to dating a couple of guys in my high school band, however, I was amazed by the strength of each song and the smoothness with which each tempo was changed. In regard to the fluidity of the music, one song, "Sunday Morning Sweat," stands out in particular. Written in response to a Sunday morning visit to a Baptist church, the song initially sounded like the "good ol' jazz" that was originally expected to hear — slow and driving and yet relaxing. However, never a band to lull the audience into a false sense of security, Reverie soon had us energized by the beat after abruptly changing tempos with an inspirational drum and keyboard duet. Switching to a resounding drum and saxophone duet, the tempo built until the audience answered with rounds of applause, but once again Reverie switched moods and finished the song with a warm slow-moving melody.

By this time I was totally beside myself with enjoyment and worry. The mood brightening music made me believe that I would not only make it to the end of the semester, but I would also pass my math course. But in the meantime, how would I ever describe the enjoyment that this small unassuming group gave the audience? Troubles were forgotten for two hours, and the bonding of the listeners, through their overwhelming appreciation of this band's talents, gave me a sense of euphoria that I have yet to experience at a large, screaming, pop-rock concert.

On my next mindlessly depressing day I think I will take Gerald Vesley's advice and scrape up the money to buy Reverie in Concert. The hours of contentment that the album will provide will far outweigh the "beverages" toward which the money would have otherwise gone.

Second City shines in improvisational scenes

By DIANE D. DIPIERO
Collegian Arts Writer

In this atmosphere of mental burn-out, post-summer depression and pre-final anxiety, a sense of humor is paramount for survival. If you've made futile attempts at self-induced laughter, you've often had to have someone else make you chuckle. There was no better time to get a dose of laughter than last Thursday in Eisenhower Auditorium.

"You're the best audience we've had," today," a member of the Second City Comedy Company told the audience in the Student Foundation for the Performing Arts-sponsored event. If all of the troupe's audiences have been as receptive and appreciative as the one here, the members must be walking around with inflated egos. A standing ovation and raves from the audience filled the auditorium after almost two hours of diverse comedy entertainment.

Second City hit the funny bone with nonsensical antics and thought-provoking skits all in one sitting. The entertainers — talents stretched beyond comedy — singing, dancing and acting abilities were also displayed during their show.

The comedy took many forms. There was patriotism: the group

dressed in red, white and blue and sang its theme song for the "sweet land of atheny": "We're Americans who don't give a shit about the world of others." There was public advertising: two ladies of the troupe spiritedly sang their "Surrogate Momma" tune, asking couples to "leave your sperm and your name." There was computer intercourse: a late-model, male computer received new data from a more recent, female computer — each new piece of information took him higher into ecstasy, until the formula E = MC squared brought him to a climax.

Second City craftily tossed political statements into their skits. Three men in a bar talked about modern-day warfare and joked about the "cover" war in Nicaragua that was being shown on national TV. One guy brought up Vietnam. The other two obviously veterans of the war there, steadily grew angrier. "I don't want to talk about it," the one kept declaring. "I've been in Vietnam, and I've been in the office typing real hard and real clean. Then came the TET offensive, and I was being sent home — form, after form, after form... WHITE OUT!" The other man launched into his experience in Grenada. "Do you know what

it's like to see your best friend peeling from sunburn, and there's no Solar-caine?"

The other man then told his sad story of how he was wrongly convicted of rape, then was raped three times himself while imprisoned. "Bummer," the Nicaraguan vet said. "You've seen some shit, man," the Vietnam vet said. "You're all right."

The best parts of the evening, though, were the improvisational scenes. The group asked the audience for examples of emotions that it could act out. A ludicrous suggestion from a man in the front row provoked one of the members to say: "I believe ejaculation is not an emotion... In your case, it's a state of mind." Two of the members went on to act out different feelings as they worked in a McDonald's restaurant. (Cue: "Look! it's a BISCUIT!!" fear: "Oh, no... the fries!!")

There were a few scenes that weren't as well received as others. Those who saw last year's Second City performance might have recalled the computer skit being done then, too. It wasn't quite as funny the second time around. The best parts of Second City's performances are the short improvisational pieces. Comedy is more enjoyable when it is light and nonsensical, and that is where Second City shines.

Clinger finds high prestige and competition in comedy troupe

By DIANE D. DIPIERO
Collegian Arts Writer

Outsiders often look upon Second City as the epitome of comedic excellence. An actor has "made it," certainly, if he is in this company. But at least one member sees it as a "stepping stone" for future employment. Will Clinger, son of U.S. Rep. William F. Clinger, R-Pa., would eventually like to do some kind of television sitcom, such as *Cheers*, because it requires "good character acting." And that is how he classifies the profession of being a Second City entertainer: an experience in overall acting, not just comedy.

Clinger graduated from St. Lawrence College in upstate New York six years ago with a degree in English. He spent some time as a copywriter in Washington, D.C., but when he visited friends in Chicago, he became entranced with that city's theatrical atmosphere. After his fourth audition, he became a full-fledged member of Second City. In a Second City audition, prospective members

must display good acting ability as well as spontaneity in creating humorous situations. Clinger said one of the skills during his audition was "five through a door": he had to walk through an imaginary door five times, each time as a different character. Competition is high at Second City, even after you've become a member, Clinger said.

He grimaced as he thought back to his first onstage performance with Second City. "I was pretty terrified." He said there are times when, after an improvisational or other supposedly funny skit, the audience is dead silent. But that's the great thing about Second City, he said: "You have the right to fail. Then you're fearless."

One year and three months later, Clinger says that the awe of being with the comedy troupe has waned a bit. "After a long van ride with eight other people," he said, "it begins to wear off."

But there is a certain amount of prestige that goes along with being a member of Second City. After all, the comedy company has graduated such fine folks as Joan Rivers, Alan Alda, Jim

Belushi, Martin Short and David Steinberg. Clinger said that occasionally alumni will return and perform improv with the group.

Second City is actually a conglomeration of several comedy groups. Besides two touring companies, one group performs at the main stage in Chicago, and a more recently established group, E.C.T., performs in a place behind the main club.

Colleges are the best atmosphere for Second City comedy, Clinger said, because the students are usually very receptive to the skits. So what's the worst atmosphere to try to get a laugh in? "Private parties. Banquet dinners."

While working with Second City, many of the members look into other possible lines of work. Clinger, for example, tried out for the new cast of *Saturday Night Live*. Although he wasn't chosen, he looks on the experience positively. He says that after about three years, it's time for a Second City member to move on to other endeavors. In the meantime, he is happy working with Second City.



Two Ramones — lead singer Joey (at left) and drummer Marky — showed off their elegant style in Bucknell's Davis Gym on Saturday night.

'Big Joe' Turner dies at 74; wrote 'Shake, Rattle and Roll'

INGLEWOOD, Calif. (AP) — "Big Joe" Turner, the blues singer who popularized "Shake, Rattle and Roll," "Sweet Sixteen" and other songs now identified with rock 'n' roll, died Sunday. He was 74.

Turner died at Daniel Freeman Memorial Hospital of kidney failure as a complication of diabetes, said his wife, Patricia.

Turner, "a blues shouter in the noble Kansas City urban blues tradition," suffered from diabetes and heart trouble, said music historian Leonard Feather.

The Kansas City, Mo., native attracted a following after appearing in

the 1938 "From Spirituals to Swing" concert at Carnegie Hall in New York.

He was one of the indirect progenitors of rock 'n' roll because he was the first to perform and make popular songs later taken up by Bill Haley and His Comets and others. Feather said, "Among those songs, all written by others but performed by Turner, were 'Shake, Rattle and Roll,' 'Sweet Sixteen,' 'Chains of Love,' and 'Corina, Corina.'"

Turner had said he was not upset that others enjoyed more success than he did with the songs.

"He did a pretty good job with it,"

Turner said in 1983 of Haley's version of "Shake, Rattle and Roll." "He gave a lot of spark to it. But nobody can sing it like me."

As a teen-ager in Kansas City, Turner once said, he would disguise himself with his father's hat and long pants, draw on a mustache, and sneak into jazz clubs, all written by others but performed by Turner, were "Shake, Rattle and Roll," "Sweet Sixteen," "Chains of Love," and "Corina, Corina."

Turner had said he was not upset that others enjoyed more success than he did with the songs.

"He did a pretty good job with it,"

Among the hundreds of recordings he made during that period was a series of six sessions in 1941 with pianist Art Tatum.

Turner, who moved to Los Angeles in the 1950s, continued to perform at clubs and at blues festivals until his final hospitalization, and had a following on college campuses, said Mrs. Turner.

"He sang 'Shake, Rattle and Roll' for me from his hospital bed a little more than a week ago," she said. "He sang it word for word."

Turner's last recording was *Patchin' With a Drummer*, an album with singer Jimmy Witherspoon released this year.



Poetry in motion
Members of Orchestra Dance Company pose in anticipation of their fall concert, held this past weekend at the White Building Dance Theatre.

Vignettes show opera's lighter side

By ELENA BATES
Collegian Arts Writer

For those who believe that a pair of opera glasses and a thorough knowledge of Italian are necessary to enjoy an opera, the University Opera Workshop proved them wrong with a thoroughly delightful performance last Tuesday night in the Music Building Recital Hall. The group also gave a repeat performance last Thursday night.

The program consisted of six scenes performed by University students. Particularly helpful to the novice opera goer were the program notes, which explained each scene and the fact that the pieces were sung in English.

The first half of the program consisted of scenes from Handel's *Harold* and Grotti, Donizetti's *The Elixir of Love*, Monteverdi's *The Coronation of Poppaea*, and Gilbert and Sullivan's *The Gondoliers*. Sharon Benner and Maedean Westover, the performers in *Harold* and *Grotti*, presented a cute portrayal of a brother and sister trying to get out of their chores. The two actresses' voices complemented each other as they alternately quarelled and played in their duet.

As Dulcamara in *The Elixir of Love*, Mark Hensel got widespread laughter for his humorous portrayal of the quack doctor. This duet displayed his and Russell Wynn's (Nemorino) well-rounded

voices. Corey Snyder, as Adina, had a very strong voice that projected well.

The lighter side of falling in love was portrayed by Thomas Henney and Patricia Ryan, who played the two servants in *The Coronation of Poppaea*. This humorous and sweet scene was blemished by Ryan's lack of breath control.

The *Gondoliers'* domestic scene of the two husbands and two wives trying to sort out their problems was portrayed nicely. Unfortunately, three performers' voices (William Buchanan, Kevin Warner and Nancy Winkelblech) sounded as if they were damped to make up for Tessa (played by Catherine Barnes), who could barely be heard. Such efforts also seemed to lead to a damped of the usually spiced Gilbert and Sullivan gestures.

The second half of the program consisted of scenes from Gluck's *Orpheus and Eurydice* and Strauss' *Die Fledermaus*. One aria from *Orpheus and Eurydice* was the only program piece sung in Italian — which was translated in the program notes. It was also the only dramatic scene in the program. While the performance was moving, Patty Goodwin as Orpheus had trouble giving strength to her voice until the end.

Die Fledermaus seemed to be the favorite with the audience, receiving the most laughter and viewer participation of the evening. Here, The

Gondoliers' Buchanan and Warner demonstrated that they had great voices, as did Jane Brockman, Anne Meloy and David Travis. This scene was one of the most memorable of the night.

Each scene included piano music that complemented the performers' voices. The accomplished accompanists included: Andrew Hutchings, Kerry Ruff and Dorothy Stevens, Jane Brockman, the only undergraduate director of a scene, set up the *Coronation of Poppaea*.

Although there were a few weak spots, the show as a whole was terrific; the fact that all the performers were amateurs made the show all the more enjoyable.

The program was the culmination of a semester of opera workshops. The course, which is directed by Dr. Hugh Givens, focuses on all facets of performance, including stage movement, interpretation of character, character development, directing and costume and set design. A public performance is the class' final examination. Givens works with the students and tries to find roles that fit the individuals' experiences. After the roles are assigned, the students research their characters.

This is the workshop's first semester, and Givens is planning to bring another one next semester. Any interested University student is invited to sign up.

Dickens' 'Cricket' to be URTC's holiday gift

By DEBBIE GOLINI
Collegian Arts Writer

Feel as if the holidays are a time for traditional entertainment? For something a little different, look into the University Resident Theatre Company's production of *Cricket on the Heath*.

A novella by Charles Dickens, *Cricket on the Heath* is a "story of acceptance and forgiveness, and love," said Lowell Mantall, who adapted the text for the script.

The play takes place in an English village in the 1840s, three days before Christmas. The story revolves around three duplicitous, each dealing with a degree of hypocrisy about the world, are being bullied by Mr. Gruff and Tackleton, a character in the Scrooge mold, who has his own problems.

In this adaptation, Lowell has added the character of

Cricket, in the form of a human narrator, to the cast of 15. "Cricket is a symbolic character who embodies love, acceptance, forgiveness, and conscience. To get these ideas into the play you have to make a character," Lowell said, adding, "he's invisible to the other characters."

"This production is a work in progress," Helen said, because it is a workshop. In such a production, the company acts as the principal actors, set designers, and technicians. This particular company is a "wonderful blend of graduate students, undergraduates and new talent," Helen said.

"It's a workshop," Lowell said, "characters block their own movements and their own lines. The actors provide their own character traits."

Cricket on the Heath has been billed as "the URTC's Christmas gift to the community." All performances of the show are free. The play will be presented at 8 p.m. on Dec. 4, 5 and 6, at 2:30 p.m. and 7:30 p.m. on Dec. 7, and at 7:30 p.m. on Dec. 8. All shows will be in the Pavilion Theatre.

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