UCSC faces grave difficulties

Fund-raising report shows finance and communication problems

by B. R. HOFFMAN

The report outlining the "financial viability of the University City Science Center (UCSC)" described a student's original financial situation, but also revealed that the university was in financial trouble. The report, submitted to the Center's Board of Directors, included a statement recommending that the Center's board members be increased, and that the Center's course in ROTC and NROTC today. The three-page report recommended that the university's board members be increased to ensure the Center's continued existence. The report also recommended that the university's ROTC and NROTC programs be expanded to include courses in military and naval science departments. The report concluded that the Center's board members be increased to ensure the Center's continued existence.

(Continued on page 5)

Members blame Brown for troubles

by R. A. TELLER

Thursday morning's reaction to UCSC's periodic report was a mix of dissatisfaction and criticism. The report, submitted to the Center's Board of Directors, included a statement recommending that the Center's board members be increased, and that the Center's course in ROTC and NROTC today. The report also recommended that the university's ROTC and NROTC programs be expanded to include courses in military and naval science departments. The report concluded that the Center's board members be increased to ensure the Center's continued existence.

(Continued on page 5)
Tom Brown's call for a constitutional convention to draw up plans for a new student government in the most con-
sidered way possible in the light of events that he has been speaking of the Assembly.

Brown is quoted when he says that "the present UPiG constitution was written and put into effect in a previous era and that the attitude of interest of University of Pennsylvania students has changed."

The Executive Secretary of the Students Union also asserts that the new University of Pennsylvania Student Government (UPiG) is a necessary and logical step. Russell is responsible only because he says that UPiG was not organized to do what they wanted and was in a position to do it. It is not necessary that administrators be sterile or "neutral." It is essential that they be creative and responsible. This is Russell's belief. He has not favored the "interests of the majority." In fact, Russell is in open and fair conflict with anyone who has sincerely tried to help students gain rights which are not legitimately theirs.

Brown's move had to come, and the Assembly and the Executives of UPiG have acted soberly; and they have made a force out of government meetings by resorting to parli-
amentary shenanigans instead of a popular vote. They have acted to thwart student interests rather than to en-
courage them. They have been afraid to demand what
for? they have instead acquiesced to what was.

The time for recriminations has passed. We, the student body, must now come together to create a viable, democratic, truly representative body which will allow all opinions to be heard and will act with vigor and conviction.

The constitutional convention is the first step. It must be open to all students interested in helping to create a new student government. It cannot be a closed or restricted con-
vention. Hopefully, we shall see the importance of the con-
vention and will actively participate in its deliber-
ations.

A neutral moderator must be found to chair meetings. We want a student body that is not familiar with government to act as moderator.

We also recognize that this convention will not be structured in such a way as to foresee the possibility of more than one candidate being put forward as a whole. By referendum, the students will have to be the final voice in determining the constitution.

If, indeed, the student community at this University has become concerned about the role of providing a forum for debate and understanding, then we are divided and lack a means of understanding each other.

A penive view

Five years have passed

By MARK LEBERMAN

It has been five years since a single student body—where you were, what you were doing, what you were feeling—was a single, cohesive whole. The feeling of a university was one of discipline, the complete question mark to symbolize the moment. The students were aware of the fact that they were living in a world where the future was uncertain. They have grown up, studied, met, and become very different, yet have remained the same in some ways. They have grown up, studied, met, and become very different, yet have remained the same in some ways. They have grown up, studied, met, and become very different, yet have remained the same in some ways. They have grown up, studied, met, and become very different, yet have remained the same in some ways.

Five years ago there were few places to go for a political outlet. Now, there is the full impact of the death of a president and its repercussions on every aspect of life. There is no way to understand presently what might have been had Nov. 22, 1963 been just a normal day, it but couldn't be ignored. What has resulted from that day is not a static, unchanging and undying element. It is the sum total of what John Kennedy did for the United States, and what he did not. There was a certain element of hope in the ultimate victory. In his last speech, he said: "This nation, this world, has not lost its way. We are not alone, and we will find the way." In his last appearance, he said: "This nation, this world, has not lost its way. We are not alone, and we will find the way." In his last appearance, he said: "This nation, this world, has not lost its way. We are not alone, and we will find the way." In his last appearance, he said: "This nation, this world, has not lost its way. We are not alone, and we will find the way."
Nov. 22: The aftermath of the assassination
Oswald joins infamous group; assassins part of 'six-family'
Campus events

ALUMNI DINNER CONCERT: "Memories of the Spotlight," Rosen- dahl Hall, 7:15 P.M. (Reservation for dinner $3.95, for concert $2.50).

ROTC REPORT: "The General's Nemesis," a light and humorous presentation by the School of Military Science officers, 8 P.M., 412 Spruce St.


LAZY AARDVARK: "Russian Underground," for those interested in regaining a lost Russia, 7:15 P.M., meeting Tusk, 11 S. in Houston Hall.


RECEPTION FOR BIRDIE LEVENSTON, 2 P.M., 410 Spruce St.

RELIGIOUS SINGING: "Waiting for the Messiah," meets in the church of your choice, 7:30 P.M.

ROCK 'N' ROLL DANCE NIGHT: In aid of the Student Council, 8 P.M., weekend schedule.

PHILOMATHEAN SOCIETY: "Great Minds," Houston Hall, Room 3.

GERMAN CLUB: Coffee hour today, 10-11 A.M., American College. Call German Club for further arrangements.

ALPHA KAPPA PSI: "Chill in the snow," 416 Spruce St., Rally Houston Hall.

THEATRE WORKSHOP: "Out of Order," 8 P.M., open to all, in the new University Theatre.

YOUNG SOCIALISTS: "What's Happening on the College Campus," 7 P.M., in the University Museum.

HILLEL: Chagall exhibit of lithographs at Ethical Culture, 9 A.M., to 7 P.M.

HILBERT, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.

HILBERT, 9 A.M. to 7 P.M.

METRO DANCE GROUP: Dance group starting an incredible series of events. This weekend, starts the beginning for our dance series in Chestnut St. Casino.

KAPPA PH KAPPA: "The Day They Used to Be," 4116 Spruce St., meeting tonight, 7 P.M.

SLAVIC HONOR SOCIETY: Lecture by Prof. George Gorinov, "The Russian Revolution and Revolution in the Soviet Union," 7 P.M., in the University Museum.

ALPHA PHI ALPHA: "The Story of Black History," in the University Museum, 7 P.M.

ROCK REPORT: "The General's Nemesis," and a presentation by the School of Military Science officers, 8 P.M., 412 Spruce St.
Kodak gives $75,000

The University is one of eight colleges and universities that have received grants totaling $75,000 from the Eastman Kodak Company. A $75,000 capital improvement grant was announced recently by Eastman Kodak in Rochester, New York. The university's annual aid-to-education program, with contributions totaling $1 million, has increased more than 35 times since the start of the 1950s.

President Hartwell, in expressing appreciation for the Eastman Kodak Company's gift, said that it represents the type of funding that the American Association of Universities in April of this year stressed as essential to meet the growing need for major grants for 1968 from the Eastman Kodak Company. A $75,000 capital improvement grant was announced recently by Eastman Kodak in Rochester, New York.

The report continued:

"It's easier to...
Cohen book focuses on ‘bacteriophages’

"Virus Infected Enzymes," a new book by Dr. Seymour Cohen of the School of Medicine, tells the story of 15 years of research with bacteriophages — the viruses that infect bacteria.

"I have tried to give my readers a picture of the process in which I and my associates have made our discoveries, as well as the conclusions that we have reached," Cohen said.

The Office of Fellowship Information and Study Programs Abroad has sent funds to Columbia. Published by the Columbia University Press, it is number 24 in the Series on 'bacteriophages'.

Hillel shows Chagall works

Max Chagall's work is still being used today as a case study in Cohen's laboratory. Cohen's discoveries also gave virologists a model system in which they can attack viruses, therefore by developing drugs that interfere with the virus-infected cell and the new viruses cannot develop without them. Pharmacologists can attack viruses, therefore, by developing drugs that interfere with the virus-induced enzymes and leave the cells alone. At least these new anti-viral, anti-cancer agents appear to be widely used in the treatment of leukemia and virus infections were studied in Cohen's laboratory as an early date because of discoveries related to the discovery of induced enzymes and leave the cell alone. When a virus infects a cell, it cannot make copies of the virus. Until Cohen and his associates made their discovery, the virologist can study this complex chemical process in a model system in which he knows enzymes that are induced by the virus, and he can control the process. They can control the development of the virus and can study the virus for some time so that they can study it in other species. Cohen is the first to develop a book of scientific research in a system in his field, for he has adopted an approach in which he has been very successful in popularizing the research process in which he and his associates have made their discoveries, as well as the conclusions that they have reached.

Kenneth Burke talks on analysis of symbols

"It is with the third principle that Burke differs with behaviorists, for he believes 'there are certain things that are common and identical' in the process of speaking and thinking. Burke, a critic, poet, author, and scholar, points to a group of over one hundred people in the Alexandria School Auditorium Wednesday night. "The most important thing in the history of the nervous system,' he said, 'is that we can control the development of the virus and study it for some time so that we can study it in other species.' Cohen is the first to develop a book of scientific research in a system in his field, for he has adopted an approach in which he has been very successful in popularizing the research process in which he and his associates have made their discoveries, as well as the conclusions that they have reached.

The exhibit, which opened at the Hillel Foundation, had a big impact on virology. Cohen's discovery had a big impact on virology: he has tried to remedy this weakness in the treatment of leukemia and virus infections were studied in Cohen's laboratory as an early date because of discoveries related to the discovery of induced enzymes and leave the cell alone. When a virus infects a cell, it cannot make copies of the virus. Until Cohen and his associates made their discovery, the virologist can study this complex chemical process in a model system in which he knows enzymes that are induced by the virus, and he can control the process. They can control the development of the virus and can study the virus for some time so that they can study it in other species. Cohen is the first to develop a book of scientific research in a system in his field, for he has adopted an approach in which he has been very successful in popularizing the research process in which he and his associates have made their discoveries, as well as the conclusions that they have reached.

The German Academic Exchange Service (DAAD) is offering a grant to graduate students in the United States to study abroad. The award is open to unmarried male and female graduating seniors or graduate students, married male or female graduating seniors or graduate students of at least 25 who are citizens of the German Federal Republic or the United States, and who have completed at least two years of college study. The award provides all required fees at the Free University. Male or female graduates of at least 25 who are citizens of the German Federal Republic or the United States, and who have completed at least two years of college study.

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Choral concert set for Tuesday

Johannes Brahms’ choral work, "A German Requiem," will be presented in a concert by the University Choir, a mixed-voice ensemble. Tuesday, at 8:30 P.M., in the gymnasium of the Fine Arts Building. The concert is sponsored by the department of music.

"A German Requiem" was composed in memory of Brahms’ mother. It is one of the most beautiful choral works ever written. The choir will be accompanied by the Orchestra of Temple University and Dr. Paul Ley, who will conduct the concert.

The concert will feature soloists Judith Westcott and Dr. Paul Ley, who will conduct the concert.

The concert is the third in a series of choral concerts presented by the department of music. The previous concerts featured works by Handel, Mozart, and Beethoven.

The concert is free and open to the public. For more information, please contact the department of music at 215-572-3710.
were beset by a rash of injuries at hand. 'We have to win and I just don't know if that will happen,' he said. "We've got to play well and get some breaks." 

The Quakers' coach believes it's time for his team to get into the right frame of mind for the Dartmouth game. "I just hope we can turn things around," Odell said. "I think we can turn things around."
TOWARDS A UNIVERSITY STYLE
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AT THE DOOR
This week's article, Towards a University Style, makes some excellent points about the way a University ought to be run, and if read carefully, some other interesting points about how this University is not being run.

Polemics have lost their bite, it seems, as campus groups have polarized between that group advocating change -- to a seeminglychodidactic, head-on, cloud-headed administrative structure-- and that group advocating the retention of the status quo.

Inasmuch as inertia is much easier to maintain than momentum is to obtain, it looks as though the status quo will remain unless there is some violent force which pushes the University from its ledge of ever-fattening complacency.

The individualized major program -- so highly touted and sold so widely used as propaganda by the University -- is almost impossible to utilize unless one is a student with fantastic marks, and good faculty connections.

In short, the student here is caught in a small Catch 22 world, where something changes its lustre from day to day, depending on who is doing the talking. First, students should be told they have no right to judge what their elders are doing, inasmuch as undergraduates have had so little education. This little education which is used to cudgel the dissenters into shamed silence becomes "a marvelous educational panorama" when faculty groups are assailed for offering irrelevant courses (the Transportation I text was written in 1957, and has no discussion of urban transportation problems at all). The whole thing was a super-bummer--we arrived at the Factory 2 hours early Sat. night, Nov. 2 date of long awaited (for me fervently wishing the power to puke with that many people was just too much—I left during John Hammond's performance, disgusted with the Factory & all the other slimy members of the establishment are motivated by one thing—Greed, For that last show Sat. night there were twice as many people present than would comfortably fill the place, and undoubtedly the management would have sold even more tickets had people asked. I don't mind standing, but the unavoidable showing and pushing with that many people was just too much— I left during John Hammonds performance, disgusted with the Factory & the type of people who run it. I had stayed long enough to be subjected to the half-time fashion show which had me freqently wishing the power to pull all over the stage and the phonies on it.

The whole thing was a super-bummer and if the owners of the Factory are going to continue not giving a shit about the people coming to listen to the music, but just trying to make as much money as possible, then let Tate close the Place.

-- A hater of exploitation

editorial assistant Linda Harvey
TOWARDS A UNIVERSITY STYLE

By Jack Russell

I am concerned about the question of style in the University. I think it is the failure of style or the adherence to anachronistic styles which are present that account for the multiple forms of unproductiveness among us.

A lawyer friend of mine once noted that all of his peers faced bass-ackwards into the future. They were busy watching their predecessors as a way of dealing with the present. There is, of course, in knowing from whence we have come for he who does not know his history is doomed to repeat it. When facing the past, however, becomes a primary stance then we can be faulted for neither dealing with the now nor showing a way for what is to be.

Perhaps the whole European academic tradition which is one of our styles needs to be examined again. At its best it offers a view which is larger than, any one university and grants to faculty access to each other, comrades and a sense of community that is something more than geographical proximity. At its worst it accounts for the high mobility of faculty and a lack of feeling for a particular piece of geography called a University. Its Olympian viewpoint becomes both its primary asset and its greatest drawback. Having seen faculty alive to one another, excited and on the cutting edge of thought in their fields we can see the importance of this sense of scholarly community. At the same time many students feel a major thrust of much education is toward the reproduction of faculty holding this viewpoint. It is therefore a breath of life and a contributing factor of academic disenchantment.

Again it may be necessary to examine our relationship in the role of handmaiden to the economic and industrial needs of the communities in which we exist. It is difficult to see this with clarity today for the war in Vietnam is seen by many as so indefensible as to be the cause of seeking disengagement from outside forces so as to avoid complicity. Look, however, at Wisconsin's Lafollette tradition in the history of higher education which saw the University as a factor in the development of the resources of the state and one factor instead of a helpful factor which has given amazing leadership in the balance of growth within that state. At what point then does this leadership role cease and instead become captive by the forces that it seeks to lead? The good and bad seem again to be divisible by only a small margin. We could continue through all the familiar rhetoric of the University. We could raise the specter of corporate structures or use the radical vocabulary which would turn some on and others off. We could buttress, support and even justify with an image of a "closed society" and reverse the order of those turned on and off. We could look at words such as "closed" and "open" in the context of development but even correctly placed in juxtaposition to each other they would give cause to prolonged argument and finally turn on semantic twists.

Now these severe ways, however, would bring us face to face with a style of the University. Or rather the style would tend to be of pro or con whatever thesis is presented and further (it seems hard to think it could go further) polarizing as it did in the debate against the radical right. Both against the radical middle. My only concern for our time? Not one which alumni remember from some past moment (which somehow gets brighter with time), but one for the present. Let me share some of the marks of style that I can foresee for this University. Twist them, turn them, expand them, abandon them, but let us find the style that is ours and that meaningfully brings together the past in the present with the objective of helpfully changing the future.

At the core of much that goes on in our life in the use of confrontation tactics. True, this form of confrontation was of inestimable value in the civil rights days. It brought about change in four years that had been waiting for over a hundred years. It is, however, I believe, a tactical error to bring it on campus and seek to effect change here in that manner. It is wrong because the confrontation of an academic community has to be verbal and ideological and not simply physical. It is wrong because somehow it does not allow us to raise the questions that we need to raise with everyone with whom we disagree. I can recall Koinonia Fram in Americus, Georgia, an integrated community in the sea of segregation which was cut off from every supplier in the town. They had to purchase almost every item they needed outside of the town. Despite this, they returned every time to the very persons who had turned them down the last time and asked again if they could make a purchase. Each time they were refused, yet in their own way they felt by doing this they made the question alive and new and did not allow the other person to hide behind the decision he had made at an earlier point. If on our campus, for instance, we make Dow Chemical Company go away and never return, then we can forget about them and they can easily dismiss us. On the other hand, if we tie their visits to campus to discussing with us and debating with us about their company's policies, then perhaps we begin to confront them in terms of those policies and begin to initiate the change that is necessary for corporate structures. The first mark then, of a style of the University, would be one which utilized the confrontation tactic together with the verbalness of our community in a new manner.

Perhaps in this very area we could initiate anew the whole tradition of serious debate within the University community. Gather the facts, construct the arguments, hit head on, let the pieces fly and then reconstruct and reform the ideas in the light of what you have been convinced of by others. Too often today, discussions are among like-minded persons within the University who only butresses the biases that they came into the meeting with and do nothing to illuminate the truth. Often the strength of our conviction is a manner in which we justify our lack of understanding. This, however, for a University may be a new mark for we have absorbed so often and re-gurgitated so much that to think clearly, sharply, pointedly, and to respond to the cogent arguments of one's opposition are far from the manner of ordinary style.

Perhaps the whole British Debate Union tradition needs to be introduced here. For if we are required to debate, to think, to be mobile, to have facts at our fingertips, then we are going to have to enter into the whole manner in which one begins to see a contemporary problem. This means starting in, diving into it, ripping at the guts of the problem until you understand it, putting together the facts about it, sensing its historical precedents and then inductively beginning to construct an answer. This requires a whole change in the teaching motif of a University. It means at some point in the University life, students have to be introduced to faculty at the most lively edge of their thinking. This is the edge that is beyond the facts that students have at their
fingertips, and perhaps beyond the tools they control. Yet it is at this point that we begin to sense the aliveness of the faculty member to the student in the kind of excitement that drives one into the thinking process. Perhaps if this was brought to a conscious awareness and faculty met in small enough groupings in the freshman year so as to catch a way of dealing with each other and thinking through them, then many of the course requirements could be changed to the point where faculty and students would come into contact with each other only at the point where facul and students were to ask of faculty when faculty were seeking to help in a way of an examination to show to the students that they had or had not understood of the area under consideration. Independent study would be come the threshold for the communal and occasional possibility. This third mark would swing into being the aliveness that we have to find upon coming here... have not... and are disappointed.

Having taken this step and having begun to be comfortable about students as thinking human beings we would then be able to pass beyond the grading system currently in usage. The argument against grading has long been that students might not be able to get into graduate schools if we were to change. My guess is that if all grading were done with the attention given to each individual student that this would give us students a better idea of what a student's capabilities were then they currently do when the student comes with only a competitive grade. At the same time the humanizing influence of dealing with each person would break the cold and remote atmosphere often sensed by students.

Another change of style would be in the whole living regulations that we currently are engaged in. Over the last several years these regulations have been modified and slowly worked through the administration of the University. Why is this necessary? If you were 18 to 22 years of age at any other place in life you would be required to make whatever regulations were best for your own well-being. Why could we not leave the choice to the students who are residents the regulations concerning their residential life? It is entirely possible that there are some legal responsibilities we might have to consider here. Having done so, however, the marks of responsibility become a part of the lives of the people who live there, not some afterthought on the part of persons who are charged with regulating those lives. Then, too, given the freedom that these regulations are in the hands of students, perhaps we could turn to the much more serious question of how one constitutes communities in the environment of this University. Currently living is done by random approach as in freshman year or by some self-selection principle existing in fraternities and some apartment living. By virtue of the randomness or the self selectivity quite often the more significant sharing of real communal living is avoided entirely.

Too often University students come from a ghetto, find an on-campus version of that ghetto and return unchanged upon graduation to the one from whence they originated. As long as this is to be the time in which most students are present to one another for a longer period of time than any other time in their lives, it seems we need to begin to understand what goes into making a community. What goes into resolving the tensions of living together? What goes into the concern for one's neighbor and the needs and desires of another. A fifth mark.

Given a change of way of thinking so that ideas become more paramount and the respect for the words and ideas of another are a part of our life together, and given the regulation of one's own living quarters by the persons living there, we then stand on the verge of another possibility. What would happen if our living accommodations became in fact part of the manner by which we looked at our world? Some have felt that parable loss to the University. My own feeling is that is probably just as well that it did not occur for I think we would have viewed it as a panacea for all our difficulty which would doom it to failure. In fact, it still remains a possibility in modified form that might be made available. We still have that possibility in some of the lower housing that will emerge in the Superblock and by some shifting in the housing that currently exists in some of the dormitory sections of the University. We should utilize these possibilities. We should think of some section of the dormitory as a place where we were truly trying to produce the urban man and woman for the remainder of this 20th Century. The apartment-like living quarters of the high-rise buildings may lend themselves precisely to this type of living, where a sub-curriculum of seminars and discussion with younger students provided will allow that residence to see its main thrust in helping people to begin to sense what it means to live humanly and yet urbanly. We are not in the position to cut off the urban development of our nation and over 90 percent of our students will probably live urbanly in the years to come.

Therefore, nowhere in the midst of all of the rest of the things that we do in the University should allow insight to be developed and sensitivity to surface which breaks the de-personalization of the metropolitan area and affords a way of personally being in touch and sensibly being aware. This is a task we would find ourselves undertaking in the midst of the University years. Another mark of a style of University life that differs from the one that we find currently.

A popular word in our time is participatory democracy. It hopefully involves the whole of a particular community in the making of decisions that affect that community. If we are to be a prototype of the community of the future then somehow we will have to find a structure or at least a process by which all persons not only have the right but somehow the obligation to participate in the decision-making of the community. The actual structure of participating in democratic style in this University on the part of all students, graduate and undergraduate, is as yet undetermined. It is hoped that out of the discussions that are going on today on campus there will emerge a new structure which will find more persons in this community able to participate in the government of the community. At the same time the Task Force on the University governance in the University years. Another mark of a style of the University would be its ability to come to terms with the problems that beset it in terms of its surrounding communities. I have the feeling that we have the problem-solving capability among students, faculty and administration to tackle almost anything that faces us both inside the University and out. At the same time we seem to be cautious in seeing a problem area and then seeking someone to finance the solution. One of the marks of a new style would be an ability to make a fiscal commitment on the part of the University so this decision need not be necessary. Perhaps one-third of the student activity budget together with a self-imposed faculty tax would bring us resources on the order of $300,000 and enable us to move ahead every time we felt we had a program that was worthy of undertaking. In the process of undertaking that program we would find out whether it in fact had value and if it did, would be able to continue it. We would be able to shorten the three month to two year period which now ensues between the birth of an idea and the implementation of that idea. We would remove ourselves from the area of grantmanship which expends so much energy seeking to find a way to state what we want in a language acceptable to somebody with money. We would be able to demonstrate by our own commitment that we were serious enough about undertaking the problem area that we had been willing to fund it and to run the experimental and trial steps. The flexibility of this would allow us to respond virtually immediately to areas in which now we have to wait an extensive length of time before undertaking. It would also indicate to the community round us that at the level at which it seems to count most in our society, that is in the pocketbook, we are serious and willing to be related to them.

Charles Dickens was once described as a man of "generous anger" and of "affectionate intolerance." The unique relationship of words in this description indicates a sense of the incongruous and paradoxical that leads to the mark of this style... a sense of humor. We are all so damn serious

"The first mark then, of a style of the University, would be one which utilized the confrontation tactic together with the verbalness of our community in a new manner."
"If you were 18 to 22 years of age at any other place in life you would be required to make whatever regulations were best for your own well-being. Residential regulations in the hands of the students."
At the Philadelphia Museum of Art this month through mid-December is a special exhibit of 18th, 19th, and 20th century Mexican paintings. Aside from the 18th century works which are largely religious or biblical in theme, the show is dominated by the paintings of David Alfaro Siqueiros and Diego Rivera, painters of this century. Rivera introduced fresco techniques and mural painting to Mexico on a monumental scale. His series of murals in public buildings won him both a following among other artists, who were influenced by his style employing earth colors and bold outlines, and great popularity among the Mexican peasants whose sufferings and hopes he depicted during the political and social unrest of the twenties.

Retablos or votive paintings form another part of the exhibit. These were painted to hang on church walls in commemoration of the donor's recovery from illness or escape from accident. These votive paintings on canvas, metal or wood show the donor in various stages of his affliction and include a portrait of the saint who delivered him.

Also on exhibit are milagros or votive offerings from the 17th through 20th century, small images made of gold, silver, or tin to be hung on the robes of statues of saints as offerings for help or protection in illness or accident. They may represent the victim, the cause of the suffering, or the saint himself. In addition the display includes tin-enameled Maltese vases, silver dishes, wooden tapestry and woodcraft.

Susan Wylen
The Print Club announces publication of this offset photo lithograph by Eugene Feldman, "Nureyev II", one of five special prints available to members of the Print Club at a substantial reduction, and also on display at 1619 Latimer. (PE 5-6090)

Barnes Foundation

Editor's Note: Many students are unaware of the superb collection of art at their disposal at the Barnes Foundation in Merion, (an assortment of French impressionists' works, for example, rivaling that of the Louvre.) No photographs of these paintings appear anywhere. Miss Kozac is a freshman in the College for Women and is enrolled in the first year program at the Barnes Foundation.

Just off City Line Avenue and Old Lancaster Road, enclosed between Larch's Lane and Lapley Road, lies The Barnes Foundation, Merion Pennsylvania.

Barnes is an educational institution established in 1922 for the purpose of education in 1922 in the philosophy and appreciation of art.

Barnes is Renoir, Cezanne, Manet, Degas, Searant.

Barnes is a free two year course whose limited number of students are chosen from applicants who are open-minded, interested and sincere, and willing and eager to learn, with preference given to artists and art students (this includes those who plan a career in any of the arts), teachers in any field, and college students.

Barnes is Rousseau, Picasso, Matisse, Seurat, Modigliani.

Barnes is Miss deMazia, a charming and brilliant woman who speaks with a French accent bar uses English like a personal tool which she can manipulate in every conceivable and expressive manner.

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1. There are approximately 130 students during the year 1966-67. This number is divided into three parts for the second year work.
2. Miss deMazia is teacher of the first year class which meets every Tuesday afternoon.
3. Those men each teach the second year course which is given on Monday, Wednesday, and Thursday afternoon.
5. Ibid., p. 9.

Candi Kozac

Art in New York

The Penn student, planning a trip to New York anytime before Christmas, would be well advised to reserve a block of hours for exploration of the city's art institutions. The caliber and scope of offerings this month and next are staggering and the wealth is distributed in such a manner that, in the major museums, one can hardly go wrong.

Though the impressive exhibit of Italian frescoes is no longer being shown at the Metropolitan Museum (fifth at 82nd), time there is never mispent and augmenting the permanent collections until January 19 is an exhibition of Mayan art from 500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. gleaned from Guatemalan jungles. The assemblage includes ceramics, stone carvings, jewelry, and film and obolidon notive offerings.

At The Cloisters (Fort Tryon Park) until January 6 is Medieval art from the 12th to the sixteenth century. Particularly valuable to the student in Art 140, the exhibit contains illuminated manuscripts, stained glass, enameled, paintings, drawings, sculptures, and tapestries, all of which are borrowed from private American collectors.

The Guggenheim Museum, (fifth at 89th) offers yet another enormous accumulation, in this case, of pre-Columbian Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D. A thorough sampling of Peruvian motifs is presented in the seven hundred objects, among which are ceramic vessels, musical instruments, wood and stone carvings, and textiles.

Equally comprehensive is the exhibit at the Morgan Library (29 E. 36th St.), "The Classical Style in Islamic Painting," one hundred exactly collected miniatures and manuscripts of the 15th, 16th, and 17th centuries described by John Casaday as "sheer visual delight."

Also on the list of "extensive" showings is the one at the Low Memorial Library at Columbia University (Broadway at 116th). Reputedly the largest and most representative group of modern Persian paintings ever exhibited in the United States, it is presented in connection with an international conference on contemporary Iran.

At the Jewish Museum (fifth at 92nd) is another wide-ranging display three thousand years of ritual and ceremonial objects from the ancient Hebrew world to Roman times, while the Museum of Modern Art presents among other things, a Robert Rauschenberg construction of chairs seen in a flickering light which responds to sounds in the audience, plus photographs by Brassai, a French photographer, and Paul Caponigro.

Drawings and wood engravings by Winslow Homer, collages by Robert Motherwell, ninety oil paintings by Franz Kline, and a collection of American art from the thirties are shown at the Whitney (Madison at 70th).

The art of China is well represented with ritual bronzes at the Asia House (112 E. 64th) and with jade at the China House (125 E. 65th). Rounding out the scene, geographically at least, are sculptures from Africa at the Museum of Primitive Art (15 W. 54th).

By no means a complete listing, these offerings are only some of the apparently endless number of exhibits to be seen in New York. At the smaller galleries there are a number of notable artists being shown; Larry Poons, Robert Indiana, Jean Dubuffet, Fernand Leger, and Alberto Giacometti, to name a few. At the Hirsche and Adler Gallery (21 E. 67th) there are works of several American impressionists, while French impressionism is represented at the Acquavella Gallery (18 E. 70th) by seventy rarely seen works of Pissarro, Renoir, Monet, and Sisley.

Last art-minded Penn students collapse under the tonnage of New York's numerous and weighty exhibits, and the Health Service be overwhelmed with an epidemic of "museum feet," "34th Street" recommends not trying to see it all in one day.

Tom Appelquist

"Indian Power" by Murray Dessner, whose paintings are appearing this month both at the Kenmore and the Vanderlip galleries.
It seems fairly common for New Yorkers to exercise a certain amount of snobbery in Philadelphia—particularly when it comes to Classical Music. And why not? A casual look at the Philadelphia Inquirer reveals essentially one source of good music, the Academy. Compare this with The Town Hall, Philharmonic Hall, Carnegie Hall, etc., all of whose stages offer an almost continuous spectrum of music. And then there are the countless recitals in museums and library auditoriums.

Philadelphia may place more emphasis on movies then music, but certainly those interested in good sounds other then the Philadelphia Orchestra should not despair. From my innumerable late night walks in downtown Philadelphia, this observer has seen the clustered posters of incredible activity in chamber music. Take for instance, the Marlboro Music Concert Series.

With its performers direct from the summer grounds of the Marlboro Music festival in Vermont, this series has brought to major cities on the eastern coast chamber music of exceptional quality. The works presented are those that have been studied at Marlboro, under the direction of Rudolf Serkin (now directing the Curtis Institute). What is unique to Marlboro is the nature of its survival: nobody gets paid. Those who teach come for the love of music. The absence of time schedules, critics, and money permit an uncanny devotion to the most essential characteristics of good performance. "Thus, New York Times music critic Harold Schonberg claims: "No better young music can be found in the United States." Indeed, the general impression of most reviewers is that its chamber concerts very often rank among the best of their season. Singles are still available at three dollars. The next recital on January 27 will contain a most interesting assemblage of performers, including a French hornist, basso, and pianist.

But Marlboro is only the beginning; the partial list below takes a few steps forward. It shall be the aim of this column to list all those events of classical orientation scheduled to appear, a review of outstanding performances, and a preview of some of the more exciting things to come.

Steven Morris

TONGHT!
The Bandbox Express leaves 54th and Spruce for the Bandbox, and return.

TWO FILMS WITH GARBO
NINOTCHKA 8:30
and
ANNA CHRISTIE
7 & 10:25

Admission and round trip fare, $2.50
Sat., Nov. 23rd, same program, alas, no bus.

SUN - MON Mata Hari & Camille
TUES - WED Grand Hotel & Anna Karenina write for complete schedule.
Stoned or straight, The Yellow Submarine is an experience so unpretentiously beautiful that it must qualify as one of the guaranteed good trips—in the very best sense of the term—of this or any season.

There is a tendency today, among the hip and others, to take anything the Beatles produce and immediately judge it a priori wonderful. The Beatles, luckily, continue to produce (and to head a company—The Apple—that produces) things that are wonderful. There is no particular reason or justification for this. It is simply noteworthy that people in this McLuhan age of instant-electric-medium-message should put their complete “they can do no wrong” trust in the hands of performers, and that these performers should repay this trust so richly and rewardingly.

The Yellow Submarine is a totally enjoyable film. There are no “Messages” that come out and belt you, or that annoy you by their obscurity and inescutability. There is only an overriding imploring to live life, to step outside yourself—not necessarily meaning to take drugs—and to realize that “we’re all one.”

There is no danger of spoiling anything by telling the entire plot of the film. The Blue Meanies, man, are zonking everything blue in a time long ago and Sgt. Pepper’s Lonely Hearts Club Band—the REAL one—is stuck in a blue fishbowl, and an escapee summons the Beatles through time and space from his YELLOW SUBMARINE and they slip through a field of sleeping Meanies—they have made the world so blue that there is nothing to do but sleep—steal some instruments; music, MUSIC, is the only thing that the Blue Meanies can’t stand, and this is how Sgt. Pepper and the Beatles bring color, life, LOVE back into the world.

The execution of the story—the medium, my friend—is the justification for this film. Heinz Edelmann’s other worldly, total worldly landscapes, seascape, no-scapes throw the viewer into a world where anything can happen: where a hole in the ground, or wherever it was, can be picked up, put in Ringo’s pocket—“Now I have a hole in my pocket”—and later placed on the blue fishbowl to decant Sgt. Pepper and to SAVE THE WORLD.

This kind of stuff is so close to being vapid or stupid that the fact, the undeniable reality, that it does come off so well is all the more amazing. How is it, for instance, that Ringo, looking feckless, can break a snow sculpture in his hands in “Help!” and be thought funny and very warm and human, while the Monkees can throw an hour and a half of every conceivable special effect, Richard Lester-type kaleidoscopic jump cutting, and frenzied, studied non-sequitur kind of action—as they did their new movie “Head”—and still have to be thought of as pretentious, and vacuous? The answer, I think, lies in the ability to remember simple scenes—like the one mentioned from “Help!”—or to recall simple insights, like “we are all one” from Sgt. Pepper. No such scenes or insights come to mind from the Monkees “Head.” There is an overriding mediocrity rampant in that movie—something that results from ad-man dominated environments that say “Give them what they want” rather than “Give them something new and beautiful.”

The Apple Corps has given the world something new and beautiful—the first full-length cartoon that everyone can enjoy since “Snow White and The Seven Dwarfs” (believe it or not) realizations in film of many old Beatle songs, “Nowhere Man” and “Eleanor Rigby” in particular, and a trip set to the freak-out music in “A Day in the Life” which may blow your mind.

Martin Smith
HEAD

To legitimately appraise the Monkees' movie Head, one has to leave three years of television/commercialization/exploitation somewhere at the door, or dismiss the exercise altogether. Such a purge is intensely difficult to realize. Only then, watch.

Suddenly, motion freezes. The picture shrinks into a television screen. Another postage stamp appears with a different image. Repeat, until a pattern of small squares rests on the screen. The Monkees sing-song a rhyme—"We're plastic. We're plastic." Sound stops. Each of the multiplied television tubes become the same scene—the murder of a captured Viet Cong guerrilla by Saigon's Chief of Police during the Tet offensive.

The technique is not an innovation. Nor are the optic senses so blinded by the special effects that one fails to think that everything looks vaguely familiar. But, the film does achieve a professional level of mechanics that sometimes is able to drive thought into the bone.

The various allusions to war, sex, drugs—all expand a single theory that the Monkees no more exploit than they too are exploited, that they are not merely an ad slogan foisted on the American public, but that they have private consciences and individual personalities that belong to themselves and not Madison Avenue. Each Monkee becomes real at one point in the movie, and his personal reality is then contrasted against the television/exploitation conception, the Madison Avenue product. Conflict. This ultimately fails.

The Monkees are best when they effect a parody of themselves, when they play with our expectations and act as puppets pulled by strings. But, when the strings are cut, there must be something more, something substantial to carry interest, and these explorations into conscience are too brief to be satisfying. The film relies on jumping from non-realities to focusing into a single reality, that of self. And somewhere, in the patchwork of forward and backward, brushing against color and sound, the stubs of personal identity become blunted and lost. No team of experts can substitute for talent. Pure and simple. This is what the movie's success pivots on and why it fails. With the exception of Mike Nesbith, the Monkees look uncomfortable in their roles, resurrecting images of comic-book creations.

The failure of the movie to present individual identity becomes more apparent when one talks with the Monkees themselves. Davy Jones comes on as slightly neurotic/frustrated, always uncomfortable, and Mickey Dolenz persists in forcing one to wonder what Bimbo is doing today. And that is where one must stop. Peter Tork, completely liquid in an armchair, easy and confident, is exchanging ideas with someone, on Kant, on freedom, on whether we live in an absolutist or a relativist world, on many things. Meanwhile, across the room, Mike Nesbith is sipping beer, rolling words with a faint southern drawl, musing about Barbrioli, Hendrix, and Co., trained moving with definition and direction, and happy. Perhaps the whole is not the sum of the parts.
Star!

Julie Andrews joins her former colleagues of The Sound of Music, director Robert Wise, and producer Saul Chaplin, to create the extravaganza Star! while far from the greatness of the former all-time hit. Star is successful in recapitulating a glamorous era of stage musicals unknown to most young theatre goers of today.

Julie Andrews portrays the life of Gertrude Lawrence, top musical comedy actress of the 1920s, 30s, and 40s, in productions from London to Broadway. Her story is one of rags to riches, her life a vital array of disappointment, love, unhappiness, and success, in a background of ostentation and splendor seldom seen in the theatre of today.

The viewer will be amused to see how sheek and avant-gard the old fashioned hip-slinging costumes—seem in light of the Bonnie and Clyde mania of today. These fashions of the 20's reach a high note of elegance in a fashion show of which Miss Lawrence is the star.

For the large cast of swingers, choreographer Michael Kidd supplies exciting dance routines ranging from tripping among daffodils to trapezing through the air. Miss Andrews performs with deftness and flare in antics ranging from the old cane and top hat to running baseball bases in her tenth month of pregnancy.

Unfortunately, these scenes are often tedious. It is only in Miss Laurence's roles that she and the movie excel. Unfortunately, those scenes are too often undercut by serious ones which destroy any sustainment of their success.

It appears that Wise and Chaplin have undertaken more than the already long three hour movie can accomplish. Too many events are forced into the program in the interest of keeping it true to life. The resultant underdevelopment creates insurmountable implausibilities for viewers with little or no knowledge of the true life Gertrude Lawrence.

The most outstanding of these is her final marriage to a righteous and vain man, a far cry from the real man, but this is the fault of the superficial script and not of the actor.

It is only in Miss Laurence's roles that she and the movie excel. Unfortunately, those scenes are too often undercut by serious ones which destroy any sustainment of their success.

As with Gertrude Lawrence, the viewer must know something of the real Noel Coward to get any kind of conception of his character from the movie. Even under those circumstances, many feel that Massey's performance is far cry from the real man, but this is the fault of the superficial script and not of the actor.

Star is a movie for the Julie Andrews admirer, the fashion or dance enthusiast, the theatre historian, or the family group. Those looking for substance, or those who want to think and analyze, stay home.

Elizabeth Eber

Elizabeth Eber

Army Navy Surplus for the fashion conscious avant garde?

Goldberg
Ron Cowen, spare that

Dropping into Ron Cowen as he comes out of the men’s room puts you immediately at ease as to his being human. But you don’t even need this type of introduction, for he is surely one of the least pretentious and most easy-going people in the theatre, and at Penn. In fact, he despises the theatre world, not Penn though. Finding it offensive, unbearably hypocritical, he hates being The Young Playwright to patrons of the arts who treat him according to their fancy. “I’m either treated as a child by paternalistic professionals who want obedience and expect me to be a puppy on a leash, or as a professional myself which is unfair also.”

Asked why he ever got himself into such an unpleasant situation, he answers in an incredulous tone that success was a fluke. Actually, it is a bit more complicated. Taking advantage of a lecture’s offer at UCLA to read manuscripts resulted in a production at the Eugene O’Neill Foundation in Connecticut, which in turn led to the Lincoln Center presentation and rave reviews from New York critics. Success was due to a combination of luck, initiative, and taking a professor up on his word. Yet, still feels he didn’t really make a choice. “I never had to answer the question ‘What do you want to do when you grow up?’ so I haven’t decided yet. Playwriting used to be a hobby -- now it’s a job. I still like it the best but I can’t be sure it’s what I’ll be doing all my life or even in a few years.”

It is evident from the conversation that Ron is not The Young Playwright. Denoting that title and role, he feels he is simply a socially conscious person who expresses his ideas by writing. He shares nothing with most theatre people, and acts from entirely different motives. He sold “Summertree” to Hollywood for a remarkably low price mainly so his best friend could play the part. His belief in social responsibility and the fact he made it so easily make him want to help other young playwrights. The effect of his earnest goodwill is the following list of addresses of places that read and produce new plays.

1) The Eugene O’Neill Memorial Theatre
   1860 Broadway, NYC
   c/o Mr. George White
2) New Dramatists Committee
   156 West 5th St., NYC
As he talks of his plays, you’re amazed at the nonchalance with which he treats his creative ability and facile perceptive mind. Ron patiently tells of his plans for the musical “Billy Budd”, the coming television play “Saturday Adoption” (CBS, December 4), and the thoughts behind “Summertree”, three much discussed topics with interviewers. The ideas, however, interest him and he is eager for the public not only to understand his message but to do something about it. He explains “Billy Budd” (to which he collaborated with a friend to write the book) as a serious musical. “It’s not a musical comedy. It has no music and dancing, but the dances evolve out of jobs like rigging the sails. The dance is really in the set choreographed. There are no women, although one producer insisted we have women. But can you see a chorus line in “Billy Budd”? That’s ridiculous. Maybe we’ll have a girlfriend, but not a chorus. Anyway, it’s really an adventure story. It treats Melville’s story with historical irony. There are always people making and enforcing rules but not regarding people themselves. Here, Billy rebels and walks out in the end; he refuses to play his role. The others pretend to hang him anyway and they force him to play out their roles eternally. The whole thing is supposed to suggest Humphrey Johnson, the political situation today and forever.”

“Saturday Adoption” and “Summertree” have involved problems very genuine but cannot escape. These problems, however, are more specific than the concept of history dealt with in “Billy Budd”. “Saturday Adoption” explores the situation created by white college students tutoring in black schools. The college boy tries to give the little boy his own values and fantasies that obviously don’t make one a better person. Operating on various levels of paternalism, the play studies the American concept of charity which commands giving in expectation of getting something in return instead of just giving freely. The problems of the middle class are more exclusively focused on in “Summertree” where the middle class affects only itself with its neurosis. Ron admits that “Summertree” was written first for the cheap purpose to propagandize. “I was going to use clowns, far out music and other kinds of heavy devices at first” then I decided that the hip generation doesn’t need to get the message; the people who need this play are the wealthy and middle-aged, I made it sentimental so I could be a guillotine playwright for the middle class. I wanted everyone to feel they’d lost someone they care about at the end so that they’d go out and do something about the war.”

“Summertree” is an example of his solution to the problems of communicating. He sees the predicament in America as a military industrial state. “We need to reach — they need to know what’s wrong. But they need compassion. They can’t love you if you don’t speak their language and you frighten and belittle them. No, we can enjoy a play’s cruelty because we’re not its target -- the establishment is. But cruelty won’t offset change. We need to propagandize them. Making fun is cheap and easy. It’s the responsibility of the artist to try to make changes, and if he doesn’t, then he’s not an artist. Unfortunately, it’s not that easy to change society even in the smallest way. I was really naive in expecting “Summertree” to change people’s lives. Now I’ve got to develop the myth of the power of words is false. Words are valueless; they only last two hours and even everyone goes home in his Cadillac.”

His work is obviously deeply rooted in contemporary social and political problems rather then just in abstractions. His emphasis on the theatre as a tool for progress and not merely as entertainment stems from his own life style. Convinced that writing is not enough, he wants to work for Project Headstart and sets March as the date for starting to do something about the problems instead of just talking about them. Even more informative about the man behind the plays is his evaluation of the USA. In an indignant voice, he describes America as a military industrial state. “Everything is consumer oriented. The sole function of TV is to keep people consuming. People only exist to consume. All human experiences are in the movies, not in reality because people have dull jobs that don’t let them be human. Movies are the only outlet for emotions that can’t be expressed in jobs or in spending and consuming. This means that people are trained to react in movies but not in real life.”

When asked if he’s for revolution, he replies that he is for a violent not a peaceful one. “Since words are ineffective, we need to take action. Be-ins and protests are ridiculous. The protesters are feeling themselves. They should protest the corporations because they’re the real government of America. Political policy only services economics so we have to strike out at these strongholds.”

Inherent in his talk of revolution and violence so scary to the establishment and innate in Ron Cowen is a determined faith that man can make things better. Jokingly asking what there is to be optimistic about, Ron goes on to say, “Optimism is the belief in youth, the belief in self, the belief that things can and must be better,” as he puts on his jacket and walks out the door grinning.

Jan Corash
They try hard. Really, they do. The best thing about "Out of Order" is its goal. It is working in a good direction, attempting to create a montage of views pertinent to our absurd lives. The ideas are good, the chairman game, TV worship, birth control pills, executives, all need to be satirized.

What is wrong, however, is that they aren't exactly sure how to achieve that goal. Claiming not to be a satirical group, they proceed to emphasize gag lines, and make them the focal point of every skit. The trope is there to entertain, and they entertain via laughter. Laughter is not their goal (just as it is not a satirical revue's goal), but neither is didacticism nor shock. They find themselves resorting to satire though they don't want to and deny it.

The skits are actually very promising. If they could be sophisticated slightly by working to a definite end, instead of just stopping, "Out of Order" could be really good. By playing to a definite end, instead of just stopping, "Out of Order" could be really good. The best device is a black light that adds greatly to the technical production. The best device is a black light that adds greatly to the technical production. The best device is a black light that adds greatly to the technical production.

Their experimentation, their attempt to find a means to their goal is also obvious in the technical production. The best device is a black light that adds greatly to the atmosphere. The worst is their reliance on taped sound effects. They use them so often, usually unnecessarily, that the possible effect is severely diminished. The taped interludes of many different things spliced together fails because it is too quick to comprehend or even hear. This ruins the atmosphere they've tried so hard to build.

Doesn't sound so good, does it? But it is far from bad. Definitely enjoyable, it is still a reason to go to the Catacombs now and later in the semester when it will hopefully realize its potential.

The opening Dick, Jane, and Spot skit is typical, good Alfred E. Neuman humor. When the lines aren't funny, the actors are. When neither the words nor the actions can salvage the situation, the actors shrug their shoulders on stage at the Catacombs. When the funny line is in the middle, the rest detracts from its impact, and being able to decipher an enemy message because they can't read roach. The ending is good, but the skit achieves the same goal as others that don't even end as well. Never definitive statements of what really needs lampooning the establishment than on what they're really saying.

And both are a lot of fun. Despite the few skits that drag--namely, the Wallace and Benjamin spoofs, and the sophomoric emphasis on sexy and "cool" hipposyen, "Wet Paint" manages to stuff the spots with laughs and sometimes end with good punch lines. For example, the two guards on roach duty leave in despair for not being able to decipher an enemy message because they can't read roach. The ending is good, but the skit achieves the same goal as others that don't even end as well. Never definitive statements of what really needs lampooning the establishment than on what they're really saying.

The humor is primarily of the "Mad" magazine type, which is to say that it is very, very sophisticated. In fact, most of the skits are superficial and Tom Tramme comes alive. The opening Dick, Jane, and Spot skit is typical, good Alfred E. Neuman humor right up to its reading question on why Spot elects to remain a silencer. The skits on marijuana advertisements are entertaining (especially the TV pilots that failed), Bobble dolls, the computer in 2001, and the Mating Game are all similar to subjects treated in "Mad", and treated similarly.

The troupe is very likeable and capitalizes on their rapport with the audience to get through difficult moments. They're really saying.

Suicidal statements of what really needs lampooning the establishment than on what they're really saying.

The first is well-played by Joel Paley who keeps the audience feeling the tragedy of a fate controlled by politics. The other is an actor perfect for the Young Man, but it also kept him from expressing the full emotional intensity of such events as shooting the Vietnamese child, Alice Micci, as the Girl, spoke too affectedly and dramatically to convey any sense of naturalness. While Ruth Burris- sawon wa a warm and convincing Mother, though perhaps too shrill at times of intense emotional upset, Vernon Watten- berger gave an excellent performance as the Father, capturing the anxiety of his unrealized desires down to a of his unrealized desires down to a very real and convincing clods. The Little Boy was well-played by Joel Paley who keeps the cuteness abundant in all child actors down to a minimum; and Ray Gillies was quite adequate as the. The points criticized are relatively minor, for the production is generally good. Although it does not realize the play's full potential, it does successfully convey the essential beauty of the characters' lives in Ron Cowen's direction which did not stress the importance of a cause--when it is not the middle class establishment with pro-
by George!

Presented courtesy of TRW Inc., as part of a 40-college nationwide tour, and starring British actor Max Adrian. "By George!" is a collection of excerpts from Shaw's correspondence, columns, interviews and personal observations, selected by Michael Voosy.

The play is divided into three acts. The first is entitled "The Arrival" and shows Shaw as a vigorous, red-bearded young man in search of his "field". It is during this first period that Shaw made his first attempts at writing what he termed the "new drama". There are two highlights making the second act, "The Arrival", the most entertaining act of the play. The first is Shaw's great sketch of the actor Henry Irving. Shaw minces Irving's performance of a semin, dodging old man and asks, "Is that acting?" It is the most comic, uproarious and skillful moment of "By George!"

Shaw's response when asked about G.B.S. in, "My greatest work of fiction. He bores me except when he is saying something that nobody can beat be said in the G.B.S. manner, G.R.S. is a humbug." And indeed, one is left wondering whether this has been Shaw the man talking about Shaw the fiction, or Shaw the fiction talking about Shaw the man. Perhaps it is a combination of both. Whatever it is, it turned out to be a delightful evening after all.

Deborah Kravetz

The Living Theatre

The cast silently shed their clothing. With Julian Beck and his wife, Judith Malina at his head, the group strode out onto the streets of New Haven. Many police vans later, the entire troupe was arranged in front of a magistrate for indirect exposure. The Living Theatre had come home...

Brainchild of Beck and his wife, the Living Theatre has returned from Europe to be after a four-year self-imposed exile. The company is on a six-month tour of the U.S., opening first in New Haven, then at Brooklyn's Academy of Music.

It was in Philadelphia, in the fall of 1964, that the Living Theatre gave their final performance in the United States, before going abroad. They will be back in Philadelphia again this Sunday, Monday, and Tuesday nights. The troupe will open with "Paradise Now" on November 24, Frankenstein on November 25, and "Antigone" on November 26.

The 34-member company is led by a budding roller of the "beatnik" generation, Judith Beck, Judith Malina, the daughter of a Hassidic rabbi, in his co-director and producer. The Living Theatre has had an exceptionally career. When the Becks married, they started a revolution in "shock theatre." Their production of Japanese Noh plays translated by Ezra Pound was shut down in 1948 by the New York City Police as the "front for a brothel."

The Living Theatre went underground for three years, and emerged in 1952 with a series of one-act plays by Brecht, Lorca, Gertrude Stein, and Paul Goodman.

The stage was erected in the Becks' West End Avenue apartment. That Fall, they opened the Cherry Lane Theatre in Greenwich Village. Beck and Malina produced works by Picasso, T.S., Elliot, Alfred Jarry, and Kenneth Rexroth. After one year of operation, the New York City Fire Department closed the theatre that housed the tiny company.

It was in a renovated building on 14th Street and Sixth Avenue that the Living Theatre established itself as the leader of the cultural-political avant garde in America. Here the Becks produced works by Alfred Jarry, and Kenneth Rexroth. After producing works by Picasso, T.S. Eliot, and Paul Goodman, the Becks married, then at Brooklyn's Academy of Music.

The Living Theatre experience "Paradise Now"
Clytemnestra. As the actors groaned, screamed, and touched each other, the audience engaged in an unusual exercise that shocked and stimulated the audience. The cast in and the performance suffers. When the acting was free and simple, they did achieve presented a company who is trying to please. When they try too hard, melodrama sets aloof actors on an untouchable stage. This production of Electra intellectually involves emotional tightness of the rest of the play and resembled the high school type of staging with Orestes. Judy Jurgaitis was a dignified but conscious Clytemnestra with effective performance. Miss Balis was most successful in her first scene and in her reunion the high school play.

Verstandig’s ability to be a good, quiet corpse through insults and being handled did set up the success of this scene. The murders were, by nature, exciting, but John D. Salomon, as the old man, warmed everyone’s heart with his humorous affection and confronting and murdering their mother and her second husband Aegisthus, and the uninhibited entity. They were uninhibited individuals, each drawing attention to himself and startling screams. The Chorus members, however, did not become a unified, uninhibited entity. They were uninhibited individuals, each drawing attention to himself and away from unity.

The first scene of the play, in which Clytemnestra witnesses the sacrifice of her daughter, contains the raw or bizarre effects of the first sequence. The dialogue was replaced by a narrator on tape (which was difficult to understand), forcing the actors to use their bodies. This scene was the best in the play because of its quick movement, its surprise, and the sudden, piercing scream of Miss Jurgaitis.

Before the Penn Players began the first scene of Electra on Friday night, they engaged in an unusual exercise that shocked and stimulated the audience. The cast did a birth sequence in which Electra and Orestes were pulled out of the womb of Clytemnestra. As the actors groaned, screamed, and touched each other, the audience didn’t quite know what to make of this raw, unconventional demonstration. The flagrant show broke down the usual giant curtain that conceals actors from a nervous audience. It loosened up the actors and made the audience feel that they were in for a night of modern, unusual theater.

The Players partially achieved their goals of getting rid of inhibition and presenting something unusual and intelligently modern. When they weren’t stimulating, one recalled the high school play.

Steve Caton and Andrea Balis strike stylised pose from Penn Players’ production of Euripides “Electra.”

To wit

ABBEY PLAYHOUSE 6615 Rising Sun Ave. PI 2-8324
Presenting "The Star-Spangled Girl", a comedy by Neil Simon of, among others, “The Odd Couple” fame, Play involves the faltering magazine of some young rebels who run into trouble in the form of beautiful young maidens. Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30 at least into December.

ANNENBERG SCHOOL OF COMMUNICATION 3620 Walnut Street 294-8721
"Summerreader", the award-winning play by Ron Cowen who studied at Annenberg. See review of play and an interview with Ron Cowen in this issue. Play is being shown November 22-24 and December 6-8 evenings at 8:30 and Sunday matinees at 3:00.

CHELTENHAM PLAYHOUSE 439 Ashbourne Road, Cheltenham ES 9-4027
Through December 14, before Brecht’s "Saint Joan of the Stockyards". This Joan reintroduces God into the Chicago stockyards and alumni amidst warnings to leave things as they are. Her illusions of transforming this monstrous jiggerman non-violently are destroyed, providing an interesting comment on the recent Chicago situation, Thursday through Saturday evenings at 8:40.

FORREST THEATRE 1114 Walnut Street WA 3-1515
Limit November 25, "Follies Burlesque "69"; supposedly treating the audience’s pleasure glands to the most glorious theatrical evening in years, this musical revue is also billed as "almost a family show". A rare feat! Evenings at 8:30, Fridays and Saturdays at 9:45.

HOUSTON HALL AUDITORIUM
Penn Players present an adaptation of Euripides’ "Electra" by the director, Richard Gottlieb. See review in this issue. Evenings, November 22-24 at 8:30.

SHUBERT THEATER 250 South Broad PE 5-4768
Opening November 26, the Allan Sherman-Albert Hague musical comedy "The Fig Leaves are Falling". It debuts in Philadelphia starring Barry Nelson, Dorothy Loudon and Jules Munshin. Revealing the complications of suburban life, it is a semi-autobiographical tale. The typical middle-aged man is eternally torn between love for his wife and the everpresent young of ice swenger. Evenings at 8:30, first week matinees Thursday and Saturday at 2:00, second and third week matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 7:30.

SOCIETY HILL PLAYHOUSE 507 South 9th Street WA 3-0210
Through December 14, T. S. Eliot’s verse play "Mourner in the Cathedral". A very poor updated version that destroys the play’s message. A thoroughly reprehensible production, Thursday through Saturday evenings at 8:30.

THEATRE OF THE LIVING ARTS 334 South Street WA 2-5612
Until December 1, "The Happiness Bench". The cast premieres of Thomas Bellini’s comedy. Straight from Los Angeles where it was unanimously blessed by west coast critics, and en route to Broadway. Wednesday through Saturday evenings at 8:30, Sunday evenings at 7:30, matinees Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30.

WALNUT THEATRE 9th & Walnut WA 3-1515
"Your Own Thing" continues for an indefinite run. See review in this issue. The case apparently changes so the performances vary as do the reactions from poor to wonderfully amusing. Evenings at 8:30, two shows on Saturdays at 7:15 and 9:45, matinees on Wednesdays and Saturdays at 9:45.

YMHA AUDITORIUM 401 South Broad KI 5-4040

To wit

To wit

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AQUA LOUNGE
Nov. 22-23 - Royal Nightriders, shows hourly.

BENNY'S BIRDLAND
Nov. 22-23 - kurus Harley adds a new twist to jazz with his bagpipes; Nov. 29-30 - Bayard Lancaster and Larry Young

CONTINENTAL SAFARI
Nov. 22-23 - Sentimental memories of the fifties with Ricky Nelson; Nov. 29-30 - The Four Tops sing the same old motown song, shows at 10:00 and 12:00.

ELECTRIC FACTORY
Nov. 22-23 - Buddy Miles Express roars into town after raves in New York. The group was formed by Buddy Miles, drummer of the Electric Flag, from the remnants of Bloomfield's band. With the Express, Lothar and the Hand People, in a long awaited return to Philly, and Cashman, Piatelli and West; Nov. 27 - Country Joe and the Fish bring protest-rock to Philly. also - Sweet Stavin' Chain; Nov. 28-30 - the San Fran Blues sound of the Steve Miller Band, with the Chain, again, and the Yum Yum, shows at 8:30 and 10:45.

GILDED CAGE
Esther Halpem sings Friday and Saturday at 10:00.

KAFE BRIKI
Nov. 22-23 - Jerry Schurr, folksinger

KALEIDOSCOPE
Nov. 23 - The big band sound of the new Blood, Sweat and Tears, plus Rhinoceros, a strong New York group including several outstanding musicians, notably drummer such as Billy Mundi; Nov. 29-30 - The Fugs return from their unsuccessful tour of Czechoslovakia. With them, the Mandrake Memorial, still Philly's finest rock band. Shows at 8:00 and 10:30.

KUTZTOWN COLLEGE
Nov. 24 - Rock blues concert from 2:00 to 5:00 with King Biscuit Blues Band and the Matrix.

LATIN CASINO
Nov. 22 - Dec. 5 - More motown soul with the Temptations, shows at 7:45 and 11:00.

MAIN POINT
Nov. 21-24 - Doc Watson, with son Merle, is still one of the classic country musicians. With him, Philly's own Tanner Brothers, whose bluegrass picking tore up the last

Philadelphia Folk Festival; Nov. 26 - Dec. 1 - Ian and Sylvia are again riding high with two fine new albums - and they've got a four piece band to duplicate the fantastic instrumental work that highlights the new albums. On the same bill, the Young Tradition, back in the states by popular demand - Don't miss this show. Shows at 8:00 and 10:00 (and 11:30 on Saturdays).

PHILADELPHIA CIVIC CENTER
Nov. 26 - Nancy Wilson and other jazz artists in a benefit concert for OIC; Nov. 26 - Jazz Festival featuring Philadelphia Musical Academy band, who won top prizes at Villanova and Ohio jazz festivals.

SECOND FRET
Nov. 22 - 24 - Scott Pagan, who, with a first album out, is attaining a reputation as a blues interpreter. With him, the Steve Booker Unit; Nov. 26 - Dec. 1 - The Mandrake Memorial - it's nice to have them back again - to prove that there is someone from Philly with some musical ability. With them, Sweet Nothing. Shows at 8:45, 10:00 and 11:15.

SETTLEMENT MUSICAL SCHOOL
Nov. 23 - Spanish classical guitarist Iliria Diaz in concert at 7:30.

SHOWBOAT
Nov. 18-23 - Freddy Hubbard; Nov. 25-30 - The pop sound of jazz with Ramsey Lewis. Shows at 10:00 and 12:00.

SPECTRUM
Nov. 29 - Musical espresso with Johnny Rivers, the Vaguses and others at 8:30; Dec. 1 - World Series of Jazz Show brings an assortment of pop artists including Nina Simone, Count Basie, Arthur Prysock, O.C., Smith, Eddie Harris and more; Dec. 6 - Second Quaker City Rock Festival with Steppenwolf and Iron Butterfly, two hard heavies; San Fran's Grateful Dead, featuring Jerry Garcia and Pigpen; Sly and the Family Stone, who put on a fantastic soul stage show and the Credence Clearwater Revival, a new group that should be the hit of the show.

ST. JOSEPH'S COLLEGE
Les Dansseurs Africaus produce the "fire and fury" of native Africa in a show at Elsott theatre at 8:30.

TOWN HALL
Dec. 7 - The Clancy Brothers bring a taste of rollicking Ireland in a concert at 8:30.

Doc. Watson, veteran songster, will appear at the Main Point all this weekend.
Museings

It seems that in reaction to the wave of experimentation with special effects and electronics that swept the rock scene after the release of the monumental Sergeant Pepper album, the present trend in rock represents a forced return to its primitive origins, they being rhythm and blues and country and western.

Both these forms, especially blues, are built upon basically simple musical structures, and the aesthetic expression that is derived from them rests primarily upon the emotional expression and release that the performers can pull out of the music and deliver to the audience. The return to these simple forms is good in that it gives performers like Joplin, Buckley and Butterfield a much greater range of freedom to express themselves than they could ever have within the confines of complex and grandiose musical forms. It has also been the main reason for the revival of blues which we are now enjoying, both the new British sound of Mayall, Clapton, Savoy Brown, etc. and the revival of traditional artists like Albert and B.B. King, Buddy Guy, James Cotton, etc. But the return to simplicity has also offered a good excuse for the existence of a hell of a lot of untalented musicians.

A few groups have bucked this trend and have continued to strive for achievement through musical perfection rather than physical expression. One such noble gesture was made by Al Kooper in his attempt to bring the big band sound to rock with his Blood, Sweat and Tears abortion. But while Kooper failed, his idea has not died but has been continued through the work of the new B, S, & T, who are a different group without Kooper and much better for it, and Ars Nova, another group greatly improved through much needed changes in personnel.

Both these groups, although toned down a shade from Kooper's huge orchestral arrangements, have maintained a very effective brass section and a high calibre of musicianship and musical form. The result is a sound that is not entirely rock but is much closer to classical music in its attempt to capture aesthetic expression through properly organized and effectively structured musical arrangements. That the result of such an attempt can be an effective art form was ably demonstrated by B, S, & T in an extremely good show at Renaissance a few weeks ago and again by Ars Nova last week at the Factory, when they pleasantly surprised everyone by stealing the show from the Moody Blues with an excellent demonstration of how fine musicianship and well organized musical structure can create a meaningful artistic expression from within the rock genre.

B, S, & T will be at Kaleidoscope tomorrow night. With a packed house for Tim Buckley, Kaleidoscope is rapidly becoming one of the important Philly music scenes. B, S, & T, with their tight, well organized style, which accounts for their creative sound, can only add to this growing reputation.

Andy Fischer
The Young Tradition

With old English songs that generate all the bawdy fun of the neighborhood pub on a Saturday night, three young Brittsisters who call themselves the Young Tradition were received with vigorous enthusiasm last Wednesday night by a crowd of avid fans who had their first appetizing taste of the Tradition at this year's Phila. Folk Festival.

The three are Heather Wood, Royston Wood (no relation), and Peter Bellamy; and they sing English ballads the way they were meant to be sung. In true ballad tradition, they use no accompaniment.

With Royston Wood providing the bass vocal, Bellamy the high reedy lead, and Heather an additional, not wholly traditional harmony, Young Tradition took the audience of nearly 200 on a musical tour of the English countryside. Their songs ranged in title from "Pretty Nancy of Yarmouth" to their drinking son "Martin Said to His Man" to the thinly veiled seduction of "The German Musicianer" to the heavy, loud medley of British sea chanties.

The songs of the Young Tradition will seem stark and coarse to those accustomed to the candied over "art" versions of old ballads given by most contemporary folk performers. The songs come from various sources, including Harry Cox, Cyril Torney and other British folklorists, but are primarily from the Copper family, who have become a goldmine of traditional music to not only the Young Tradition but to the entire British traditional revival. Royston acknowledges that He and Peter originally began singing in the Copper family two part style, but he adds that when they heard Heather, they decided to "break from tradition and make some money" by adding Heather's harmonies between Peter's lead and Royston's bass line.

The Young Tradition sing the songs of the folk in as nearly a faithful farm as one can find today; but their subtle wit, which came through in the introductions to and dialogue between songs, proved that they are vividly alive personalities and not just staid academic folklorists. Typically, Royston prefaced one song "I sense some of you hesitating to laugh at lines which you think are obscene - Please, if you think a line is filthy, laugh, because it is filthy - that's not why we sing, but it has something to do with it."

The highlights of the concert were the medley of sea chanties, preceded by Heather and Peter scrawling choruses on the blackboard to Royston, at the podium with his lecturer's pointer, explaining that they felt an obligation to use the blackboard, since this was a lecture hall; the fine rendition of "John Barleycorn"; the rollicking "Radcliffe Hiway", an old song about horrors of impressment, that still seems relevant today; and, of course, "Byker Hill", which they saved for the finale, with Royston's emphatic stomping and most of the crowd joining in the choruses. They left to a standing ovation, returning for an encore after thanking the audience for its hearty response.

A word of thanks to the Philadelphia Folksong Society, for bringing the Young Tradition to Philadelphia, and to the Main Point, who are bringing them back again, for a six day Thanksgiving weekend, together with Ian and Sylvia, the fine Canadian folk duo.
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