Ghandhi resigns

curriculum post in

ROT C dispute

BY J. L. TELLER

The chairman of the Wharton School curriculum committee has resigned from his position in a dispute over the faculty's handling of the military science curriculum. The Senate of the University of Pennsylvania, in a 7-1 vote, accepted the resignation of Dr. Ghandhi, a leading member of the Wharton faculty, who has been a public critic of ROTC (Reserve Officers' Training Corps) programs.

Dr. J. L. Teller, chairman of the Senate's Committee on Academic Freedom and Policy, said that Dr. Ghandhi's resignation would not affect the University's ROTC program, which is currently undergoing a review by the Senate's Committee on Research Policy.

The faculty members of the University of Pennsylvania have been divided on the issue of ROTC. Some members support the program as a way of providing students with a valuable educational experience, while others believe that ROTC is a threat to academic freedom and should be abolished.

The resignation of Dr. Ghandhi is likely to further complicate the University's efforts to resolve the dispute over ROTC. The Senate is currently considering a proposal to create a new committee to oversee the program, and it is possible that the University will have to seek outside expertise to help resolve the issue.

University Council votes to reject UCSC policies

By DAVID KAYE

The University Council yesterday voted to reject the University of California Science Center (UCSC) policies, saying that the center's policies were too restrictive and that they would interfere with the University's academic freedom.

The University Council was responding to a request from the UCSC for the University to sign an agreement that would allow the UCSC to use some of the University's facilities. The University had rejected the UCSC's request, saying that it would interfere with the University's academic freedom.

The University Council's decision was a victory for the University and a defeat for the UCSC. The UCSC had been trying to establish a presence on the University campus, and its request for the University's facilities had been seen as a key step in that process.

The University Council's decision was based on the belief that the UCSC's policies were too restrictive and that they would interfere with the University's academic freedom. The University had previously refused to sign an agreement with the UCSC, saying that it would interfere with the University's academic freedom.

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Academic relevance

We often forget that, above all, the University is an educational institution. It is in the business of providing its students with the best possible education. Education has replaced the test against secret research contracts at the University. The silent generation of students has been replaced by a generation of students who do not seek employment. We are living in an urban atmosphere devoid of the hypocrisies which the country has established and to question the University's concern with the uses to which the country has put scientific activities which the country has established and to question the University's concern with the uses to which the country has put scientific activities.

The American university is schizophrenic; it cannot decide if its job is to prepare students for employment to educate them for the future. The University is an institution of learning, and the best possible education is not necessarily the one oriented to the problems which its students are hoping and working toward the day when atomic bombs, and sociologists have begun to work to understand the motivation behind the ABM system. The scientists have asked that all University departments be characterized by its lack of concern with the society's problems, and a desire to tackle directly the problems of their society. The American University is one of the few institutions of universities in our society.

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Letters to the editor

REGETTABLE JOKE

Sir, your Joke. We fail to comprehend your syllogism. Even if he is perfect, your conclusion is chosen to apply with respect to the term "perfect".

I accept full responsibility. I, again and for the record, categorically deny the Faculty's charges that your Committee behaved improperly in the handling of the issue or in the method by which they arrived at their decision. I have reluctantly decided that, in the light of the Faculty's decision on the matter, I am unable to accept my appointment from your Curriculum Committee, both as Chairman and as member, with the best possible education. Education has replaced the test against secret research contracts at the University. In fact, I am offering the members of the Curriculum Committee the option of forming an ad hoc committee to examine again the issue of the Curriculum Committee. I am offering the members of the Curriculum Committee the option of forming an ad hoc committee to examine again the issue of the Curriculum Committee.

The March 4 "strike" is a waste of time and the problems of the University of Pennsylvania, its students, many of whom find their education and the prior-

Not another book has been prepared on the reading public. With the proper integration, the DP has once again managed to develop a paper which is competitive with Chev-

Fast and easy on fuel! 250-hp V8 (as compared with last year's 327-cu.-in. 250-hp V8). So we're offering a '69 Camaro Sport Coupe for less money than last year.
West Philadelphia High 'getting better all the time'

The Daily Pennsylvanian
Thursday, February 13, 1969

West Philadelphia High School "is getting better all the time," said Leonard C. Dill, assistant principal. With increased resistance from the Philadelphia Federation of Teachers, the school organization, the almost complete renovation of the school facilities, and the current problems of its large overcrowded student body, the principal has overall control of each school's programs. Each school has its own principal and has overall control of the entire school's programs. Each teacher teaches only the students within his or her own school. Each principal oversees only those students within his or her own school. Each school has its own principal and has overall control of the entire school's programs. Each teacher teaches only the students within his or her own school. Each principal oversees only those students within his or her own school.

Cliff Hooe, a member of the Coalition, a community of business, community, and educational leaders chaired nationally by former President John F. Kennedy, Education Minister Wallace Chiles, is also leading in support to West Philadelphia High School's new programs. "We have an obligation to the students to make sure that they have a chance to learn," said Cliff Hooe, who is currently a mathematics teacher at West Philadelphia's mathematics classes spend an hour for their work.

Problems still exist at West Philadelphia. "We can not make the situation better," said one Hopkins student. Teacher Peter Conn, an English teacher at West Philadelphia, said that "although the school's new programs are continual, many of the gang leaders. "There's more than make the situation better," said one Hopkins student. Teacher Peter Conn, an English teacher at West Philadelphia, said that "although the school's new programs are continual, many of the gang leaders. "There's more than make the situation better," said one Hopkins student. Teacher Peter Conn, an English teacher at West Philadelphia, said that "although the school's new programs are continual, many of the gang leaders. "There's more than make the situation better," said one Hopkins student. Teacher Peter Conn, an English teacher at West Philadelphia, said that "although the school's new programs are continual, many of the gang leaders. "There's more than make the situation better," said one Hopkins student. Teacher Peter Conn, an English teacher at West Philadelphia, said that "although the school's new programs are continual, many of the gang leaders. "There's more than make the situation better," said one Hopkins student. Teacher Peter Conn, an English teacher at West Philadelphia, said that "although the school's new programs are continual, many of the gang leaders. "There's more than make the situation better," said one Hopkins student.

CAMPUS EVENTS

SCHAEFER SKITIPS

By BOYD

-S-It's safe to say that nobody's going to come to your party if they're not invited. So, get those invitations out and send them in. It's the only way to be sure you'll have a good time.

WANTED-TUTOR FOR HIGH SCHOOL ALGEBRA. WANTED - TUTOR FOR ITALIAN. MUST BE HIGH SCHOOL GRADUATE. MAIL TO THE DAILY, 1220 S. 40TH ST., PHILADELPHIA, PA. 19131.

Letters

(Continued from page 3)

From your campus to ours...

By ALAN LULAY

A poorly attended town meeting to discuss the structure of the new student government will be held next Monday night on the campus. The meeting will be held at 9:30 in Stiteler Hall C-10.

By A. A. MILLER

TRW CAMPUS INTERVIEWS

WEDNESDAY AND THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 19 AND 20, 1969

TRW SYSTEMS GROUP


TRW IS AN EQUAL OPPORTUNITY EMPLOYER.
Mr. DeYoung:

JOE SECURITY FORCES PERSONAL COMPROMISE

Dear Mr. DeYoung:

"Is Business Bluffing Ethical?" is a recent article which appears in the Harvard Business Review (January-February 1968). The article raises some difficult questions about the nature of competition among business organizations and about the relationship of a person's ethical and moral standards to the conduct of daily business. Several examples of conflicts between ethics and business sense were cited. Let's consider a concrete example.

Tom was a sales executive with a Southern firm. He told of an instance when he had lunch with one of his most important customers, Mr. Colby. At the time of their meeting, the state was having a very heated political campaign over which candidates supported the incumbent governor's budget. Colby mentioned that he was an active supporter of the opposition candidate, Tom opposed the incumbent governor's budget.

Before the two men got down to business, Colby asked if he could count on Tom for support of his candidate. Colby mentioned that he was a supporter of the candidate Tom opposed. Tom's reaction was the following: "I'll buy that. It was an either/or situation. I had to do it. My perspective of the incident was that it was an either/or situation. I had to do it or risk losing the business."

Mr. Carr suggests that such situations are part of the "game," which governs the world in which we live. He also cites cases where a businessman's ethical standards are questioned. In any case, I shall be interested to hear your perspective of the incident was that it was an either/or situation. I had to do it or risk losing the business."

Mr. DeYoung, the student whom business ethics for its management ranks is not interested in playing games where he must maintain two identities and two sets of ethical values - one as a private citizen and one as a businessman. I would be interested to know how you personally resolved such conflicts and how you reconciled the conflicts between your ethical and moral standards and your business "sense.

Sincerely yours,

David G. Clark
Graduate Student, Stanford

Dear Mr. Clark:

Indeed there are some non of the caliber you cite in business; probably in greater numbers than most responsible people would like to believe.

I suspect also that there are many instances where a man like your sales executive, Tom, compromised his personal "ethics" to make a sale. But he wasn't trapped by his own suppositions. Today he has the ability to recognize the ethical issue along with the history of the customer's satisfaction with their product line and service backup, when he wrote the check. It strikes me that a little intestinal fortitude, and a tacit acknowledgment about his own political convictions, might have brought the issue to a proper test: look at the pros and cons, and service versus "bought" business.

If the man won't make the test, then he ought not to make business a whipping boy because he chose to compromise his own standards. If his employer won't then, he should get his act together, quit, and join a company whose standards measure up to his own. In the long run he will have done himself a favor because an ethical man, who is competent, always is in high demand. A posture aligned with high standards will gain more respect of his employer and his customers than the "bought" business approach.

As for the Midwestern executive who equates business ethical standards simply with compliance with the law—it being implied that this falls short of what he believes to be an ethical standard, must be guided by a somewhat different standard.

Finally, Carr cites a Midwestern executive as saying "So long as a businessman complies with the laws of the land, he avoids talking moral issues. There is no obligation on him to stop and think, because his obligations are being to be born. If the law says he can do it, that's all the justification he needs. There is nothing unethical about that. It's just plain business sense."

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Mounting public clamor for changes,
committee are satisfied that under
June 30, 1971.

Committee may reconsider the draft
Thursday, February 13, 1969

A UP panelists voice differing views

Pennsylvania 19104. Phones:

WHEN: Sunday, February 16, 1969, 2:00 p.m.
WHERE: Masius, 23rd St., 23rd & Market St.

NASSAU HOLIDAY
Promotion for 7 days & nights
Including Hotel, Breakfasts, Dinners, Transfer Service
For Spring Holidays
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A D TRAVEL 123 5th. 40th St.

SO YOU WANT TO GO TO ISRAEL!?
Find out what Israel has to offer in terms of:

Employment Housing University Education Temporary and Permanent Absorption Program.

WHEN: Monday, February 16, 1969, 2:00 p.m.
WHERE: Hotel Belcona - Stratford (South Camden Room)

What: Public Forum on Aylviah with a distinguished panel of experts

Sponsors: Philadelphia Zionist Organization (ZOA)

In Cooperation With Israel Aliyah Center, Philadelphia

Six ways to say I love you.

Samples the delights of three different English leather fragrances plus soap, shampoo and hair dressing. You can buy yourself or give to that person who means the world to you.

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### Morgan profs will lecture at Uni.

In an attempt to increase awareness of the culture and history of the Black American, the chairman of the history department announced yesterday the series of a series of lectures on the subject. The chairman, Dr. Alfred J. Fisher, that other programs are under consideration in various committees. He added that a lack of programs by administrators at institutions would provide an indication of the amount of support for such a major program.

The lectures, which are open to the entire community, will be in March and April.

### Morgan freedom committee meets

The University's Committee for Freedom in Spain held its first meeting on Monday to discuss the means which can be used to "increase external pressure on the Spanish government to end the State of Exception (during which many are being arrested) and to begin liberalizing Spain," according to the committee's chairman.

The committee was established to 10. "It is to explore the possibilities of action that would be least subject to the consequences of the war," Dr. Fredric Lindberg said.

Morgan's meeting's recent proposals were discussed as means of increasing pressure on the Spanish government.

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The easy life suits fourth-soph starter John Koller

By HOWARD TOPEL

John Koller, a 191-pounder who finally scored a point in his second season of action, seems to be having a ball.

"I am off it," Koller analyzed. "I've been waiting for last year when I was a first-year. I got ahead by one point. I'm not the best yet but I'm in the back again."

The former third-year man is now a fourth-year and seems to relish what he is doing.

"I am more comfortable. I am better in the epee than in saber and foil."

The look on Koller's face shows the pride in his accomplishment. He is no longer the unknown who was expected to make the most improvement of anyone.

The only aspect of Koller's story that is not too surprising is that he has improved with each year. But the fact that he is only two points away from the top of the Ivies is a little surprising. Koller scored 16 and 17 points in the respective games on what turns out to be a third-year. Koller scored 16 and 17 points in the respective games on what turns out to be a third-year.

The John Koller story continues this weekend, and the third-year, he says, will be the best yet. Koller, who has been improving every year, says he will probably win the Quakers' top spot in the epee.

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Freshmen squads go 3-0 over past weekend;

basketball, hockey and squash teams triumph

By JOHN COHN

Two teams from the ranks of hockey, boxing and squash added to their respective records in a 3-0 weekend for the Penn fencers, ending with a 3-0 record at the end of the season.

The freshman fencers and boxers started their seasons strong, ending with a 3-0 record at the end of the season.

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Ivy standvings

College of Arts & Sciences

Graduate School of Business

Graduate School of Education

Graduate School of Law

Graduate School of Social Service

The easiest way to shop for the Penn fencers is to check out the Ivy standings at the conclusion of the season.

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Ivy standvings

College of Arts & Sciences

Graduate School of Business

Graduate School of Education

Graduate School of Law

Graduate School of Social Service

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OPERA RECORDING OF THE YEAR

Gounod

The alluring young stars of the Metropolitan Opera production combine a vocal excellence and youthful charm which eclipse all those who came before - Corelli and Freni are the Gounod lovers par excellence. Said the New York Times of the duo's first performance in the new production of the opera:

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ENJOY THE THRILLING REALISM OF STEREO FM radio, plus static-free FM and conventional AM reception with NITH-THE QUALITY GOES IN BEFORE THE NAME GOES ON!
Firstly, allow us to cushion the shock of our appearance. Nasty letters and remarks have been received since the re-opening of school last month regarding the flash-in-the-pan nature of the magazine. We have had some difficulty with staff, but are now back in order, and ready to appear on a weekly basis.

This issue, which is obviously a bit out of date, was considered so important by the editorial board that we decided to run it anyway. The awards in the main section, and the overview columns in the Oracle of Philadelphia, are statements of what the various departments feel has been happening to this town in the recent past.

Speaking of which, we think it very important to point out that Philadelphia is undergoing a veritable nascence of both places to go and things to do. The appearance of some cafe theatres, the burgeoning number of boutiques, and the appearance of a few excellent restaurants are glorious harbingers of what we hope will be the Golden Age of Philadelphia.

Obviously, there has to have been some new input to set the city to growing in the direction that it is. Observers feel that the influx of people from other large eastern urban centers is responsible. We tend to agree, and point out that Philadelphia is one of the last cities on the Eastern seaboard where it is possible to exist without viscerally wrenching frustrations. A shopping trip is not a full-day affair (six hours travel, two shopping) as in New York; prices are not outrageous; and it is still possible to travel in and through the city without having to spend $5 per cent of your time waiting for some thing (your car, the bus, some service, or whatever).

But no matter what it is that is revitalizing the city, the administration and city departments feel it unwise to make the city a 20th Century town. Rock clubs are persecuted, cafes are raided, underground publications are suspect at all times, and anyone with longish hair is subjected to a humiliating (and illegal) "pedestrian check" for drug possession and use (the cops check arms for injection holes; that shows you how hip Philly cops are).
Every year, various organizations present awards such as
the Emmies, the Tonies, the Grammies, and the Oscars.
Not to be outdone, 34th Street - in all appropriate humility - presents the

PROBOSCOS

The John T. Hetherston Glare

This look is awarded, cast in bronze, to John C. Hetherston
(University vice president for coordinated planning), Jean
Paul Mather (president of the University City Science Center),
Howard Mitchell (Director of the University Human Resources
Program), and Milton Krabell, (Executive Director to the West
Philadelphia Corporation) by the West Philadelphia Comm-
unity.

The Student Health Award

Francis Gay, the gentleman who sells flowers in front of the University Hos-
pital, is getting more and more well known in his true identity as a faith healer.
Due to the fine record of Student Health, 547 patients consulted Mr. Gay last
month, as opposed to 375 for Student Health.

The View of the Future

The shape of things to come: psychic seers have predicted
this will be the look of the Super-
block after the revolution of 1972.
The Spiro T. Agnew Award

The Spiro Agnew award is given to these leaders whose lack of real talent for leadership in no way hindered their climb to the top. From left, Joseph Cooper (president, UPSG, ret.), Ellen Cohen (vice-president, UPSG ret.), Raymond Shafer (governor, commonwealth of Pennsylvania) and Gaylord P. Harnwell (president University of Pennsylvania, ret.).

The George Barcus Award

With rape and plunder rife on campus, the erstwhile Kampus Kops of George Barcus spend most of their time being surly to students and taking names at antiwar demonstrations. Keep up the good work, boys.

The Alice "Tish" Emerson Award

The Alice Emerson Award given for the lady who made a name for the University in the news media around the country when she okayed overnight sign-out to men's apartments for girls. We warmly congratulate her as we award this crotch.
We find ourselves in the valley of the year.

The peaks of the mountain range of time march off into the distance both before and behind us. New years waiting to be climbed by all humanity together; old years waiting only to be catalogued by memory and history.

The feeling at the start of a new year approximates the feeling at the base of a tall and dangerous mountain. Will the ascent be made? Will it be arduous or painful? What will we gain at the top? What will we lose? But like Hillary's Everest, the year is there, and whether we choose to engage it in contest or not, it will start the fight without us, and so be the inevitable victor.

But we must press upward. The season of the year is the worst. We have returned to the valley of time, and are beginning once again the toughest part of the new ascent; it takes courage to believe that this new mountain can ever be challenged, much less conquered.

The mountain we have left behind scattered with enough debris to make historical expeditions well worthwhile. Not only have we left universal debris, recognizable to all men, but we have left personal and collective debris, known only to ourselves, or to our little groups.

Any historian-excavator will find the cataclysmic record of Kennedy, King, Dubcek, Johnson, Humphrey, McCarthy, Anders, Boman, Lovell, Sirhan, Ray, Biafra, Namath, Wallace, Agnew (Household), Abernathy, Dellinger, Daley, Rubin, Dayan, Nasser, and so on in the records of the past year.

Our little words, both institutional and personal, need cataloguing unavailable elsewhere. For each of us individually, our minds serve that function. For our families, the collective mind; for our informal friendship groups, the correspondence and reminiscence. But for our educational group, the University, there is little done in the way of summing up.

Our worlds--universal, national, local, familial, peer group, educational, musical, racial, religious, sexual, personal--cross and intersect at infinite points. What a global matter like the assassination of Robert Kennedy did to your family, friends, yourself, your dorm section and your sex life is something only the individual mind--the sum of these various consciousnesses--can tell. But what these things did to our world at Pennsylvania, we can tell.

Since students tell time from September on, we present a selective and admittedly omitive history of the year 1968, September to December.
Hey mothers, Did Ya hear about the big Sale at the YELLOW UNICORN

Stalk by the Pink Pussycat for the most unique clothes and shoes in Philly.

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SPRING!

Feb. 14-15
Grateful Dead
The Gun
2 SHOWS 8 - 11

Feb. 16
Tim Buckley
Good News
2 SHOWS 4—8PM

Feb. 21-22
Canned Heat
American Dream
2 SHOWS 8 - 11

Feb 23
Blood, Sweat & Tears
2 SHOWS 4—8PM

Two Shows Each Night:
Young Adults, Under 17, Admitted Only To First Show. Parents Free.
It is refreshing in this age of omnipresent activism to find a man whose activity is directed toward ideals and ideas still dear to every American's heart.

James Mallinson, from right here in the heartland of America (Chestnut Hill), is a rarity at Pennsylvania. A patrician with the instincts of a Mayflower man, the eyes of an American eagle, the voice of a Patrick Henry.

Here is a man who longs for the return of the British monarchy, who spends his leisure time in the gentlemanly diversion of selling Mask & Wig programs in spats and wing collar. Here is a man who is not only alarmed by the steady spread of Godless communism, but does something about it. Seen everywhere — at communist antiwar rallies, at communist anti-UCSC rallies, at communist anti-Dow rallies, at communist DP Course Guide sales — James Mallinson is a man to be reckoned with.

So concerned over the crisis in the Middle East that he smokes Ramses II cigarettes, this man stands ready to be counted in the fight for his way of life, at all costs.

In awarding its first Man of the Year Award, 34th Street pays tribute to a man who is a result of the finest educational system in the world, a man who is everything our parents hope we will be, a man for all seasons.

The resistable force meets the movable object. Richie Lesnik, of the Socialist Workers' Party, faces off against iron-lunged Mallinson.

MAN OF THE YEAR
1843? 1968!

James M. Mallinson

Field Marshall von Mallinson takes a spin in his Mercedes - Benz.
A plotz on both your houses!  

or  

I left my gelt in Penn Center Inn

It seems that The Collegiate Guide to Greater Philadelphia has been getting its annual flak recently. Just because it was banning the Philadelphia Civic Center, its detractors claim, is no reason the Guide should claim to be worthy. But these critics (notably James Smart of The Bulletin) apologize for their vehemence against the Guides, who are only Old Fogies Anyway and What Do We Know About Youth.

So in the interests of all those Old Fogies out There, in the real world, 54th Street presents, in this review of nineteen-sixty-eight, its Old Fogies' Guide to Philadelphia. The places receiving awards are those kinds of establishments (lower case optional) where, say, your uncle and aunt would do of an evening, a place where they'd feel totally secure, among people their own age. This, by our definition, rules out Day's Dell or Rittenhouse Square which, although containing the highest density per square foot rate of old folks, also contains the highest rate of young folks. It also excludes the Broad Street Subway, which attracts many Old Fogies for its sheer boredom but repels many of its dangers, and so on. It is an assumption that some young people would also tend to hang out there, creating an uncomfortable feeling for the Old Fogies.

Here, then, is our list, for some of the "wuh-set" places in Philly:

The WUH Award for the most Restless Restaurant, Crass Class, obviously goes to Horn and Hardart's, particularly for the new over-price restaurant which opened in 1968 at 18th and Chestnut. This new features the exact mass-produced food, served on plastic, plastic Irisch in a decor of fashionable Nouveau Plastique, at twice the price of the Automat, which was finally shut down after some 50 nostalgic, dirty, salty years. The median age of its clientele, in a recent 34th Street survey, was 62; of its staff and waitresses, 91. The "Mink Ranch" 80 & H at 54th and City Line was also nominated.

The Old Folks at Home Award goes to The Wynne, famous Philadelphia Jewish bar mitzvah parlor at 54th and Arlington Streets. Others nominated for this award included The Shelron, whose sukkah dance floor had just too much chutzpah and even a slight touch of class. While The Wynne cannot hope to compete with Leonard's or Great Neck, its efficient organization and bland food comes pretty close. You should live to see it!

The Socko Schlocko Award goes to Pauline's Bridal Salon, last vestige of the South Street clique, this city's poor imitation of the Lower East Side. Pauline's gowns start at $49.95 (imitation chiffon) and speculation has it that you can rent a gown, or even a matron of honor, even more cheaply.

The Pease Porridge Gold Award goes to The Blintza Restaurant, at Broad and Spruce, for successfully making a Kosher culinaire dish, boring, colorless and tasteless. Almost as bad as the Academy of Music, The Blintza somehow manages to survive, sort of like a stale humentashen.

The Blight of the Cities Award goes to The Great Northeast, in its entirety, with a cast of thousands, with special distinction to Castor Avenue, Cotton Avenue, and a very special Fox on Both Your Houses to the Klein's and Korvettes shopping centers.

The Biddy Award goes to Schrafft's, noted for its coffee ice cream and little else.

The Hyman Korman—Levitt Memorial Award for Superiority in Architecture goes to The Atlantic service station at Conshohocken State Rd. and City Line, which looks like a World's Fair Pavilion. Rumors that it was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright were shattered recently when it was revealed that the white plastic dome was really the work of Wm. B. Irvine III, who constructed the edifice from pre-fab egg cartons while in a drunken druper one night.

The Such a Nice Boy Award, for Philadelphia personalites who just never seem to die, is shared by Mort Farr, Wee Willy Webber, and Sunny Stela.

The Treat to Beat your Feet Award goes to the Sinatra Room, at 17th and Latimer, where a jukebox filled with nothing but old Sinatra songs entertains an exclusively dull cult of Frankie fans. It would be larger, except no one knows about it. Thank goodness.

The Indicative That We Have To Go Over To Joisey For This World goes to the many radio talk shows which dot the AM band during the afternoon, too. Give them all a super WUH.

The Voice in the Wilderness Award for the Best Way to Spend An Evening at Home While Feeling In Touch with the Outside World goes to the many radio talk shows which dot the AM band at night. Come to think of it, they dot the AM band during the afternoon, too. Give them all a super WUH.

The Ma Nishtanah Hallah Hazeh Award goes to Friday night services at either Main Line Reform, Temple Har Zion or Hillel, take your pick. Also your tallis.

Philadelphia restaurants have a lack of class all their own. A few of our favorites:

The Most Inhospitable Bathroom Award goes to Chaz Odette, in New Hope.

The Groove on the Fags Award goes to Schrafft's, noted for its coffee ice cream and little else.

The Untouched By Human Hands Award goes to the Chock Full O'Nuts shop.

The You Should Only Grow Like An Onion With Your Head In The Ground Award goes to Howard Johnson's.

-PHIL ARKOW

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It's What's Happening!
“Transparent Sculpture II”, an exquisite construction of clear lucite by Louise Nevelson, now on display at ICA along with other pieces in plastic.

Kudos to ICA

If serious collectors of art in Philadelphia have to go to New York to make purchases, students with a serious interest in art can find some of the most exciting and up to the minute developments in the art world without leaving the Penn campus. The Institute of Contemporary Art, a breath of fresh air on the Philadelphia art scene, is happily recommended as the best gallery in the city. Offering a welcome relief to the bleary-eyed gallery goer, ICA has presented a series of elegantly ingratiating features—it doesn’t aim to please. Its confidently adventurous character is apparent in the present exhibit, “Plastics and the New Art” (see photograph). Event: ICA and the Music Department will join forces to present Edgar Varese’s Poème Electronique on Feb. 12, 9 AM. To 9 PM, free admission.

Robert Indiana. Hence, ICA’s most intriguing feature—it doesn’t aim to please. Its confident adventurousness is apparent in the present exhibit, “Plastics and the New Art” (thru Feb. 25) in which the works of, for example, Louise Nevelson and Donald Judd, representing “the Eastern manner, decidedly formal in its concerns,” is shown along with the “more complex and technically exploratory use of a greater profusion of materials...found on the West Coast,” (Stephen S. Prokopoff, catalogue notes).

Unashamedly eclectic, ICA shows "more complex and technically exploratory use of a greater profusion of materials...found on the West Coast," (Stephen S. Prokopoff, catalogue notes).

"Unashamedly eclectic, ICA shows material found on the West Coast." (Stephen S. Prokopoff, catalogue notes).
Specifically

Manning Street Cafe Theatre 1201 Manning Street  KI 5-8771
A Jules Feiffer Revue is the first offering of this new company. It’s very funny, well done (as opposed to rare?) and especially enjoyable because of Feiffer and Tom Dorf (one of the actors).  Weds - Sat., 8:30.

Pocket Playhouse 2021 Sansom 561-5880
Three 1 act plays by Israel Horowitz, including the off-Broadway hit “The Indian Wants the Bronx.”  Weds - Sat., 8:30.

Theatre of the Living Arts 334 South Street  WA 2-5612
Jules Feiffer’s “Little Murders.” A terrible play by a very funny man who unfortunately has no dramatic sense. Not worth the laughs.  Weds - Sat., 8:30; Sun., Eve 7:30 Weds & Sun., Mat. 2:30.

Walnut Street Theatre 9th & Walnut  WA 3-1515
“Your Own Thing” lives forever. Numerous cast changes may have made the evening less enjoyable, but perhaps not. 2 shows Sat.-7:15 & 9:45  Mat., Weds. -2:00  Evenings at 8:30.

When I was first asked to write a column on the best and worst in Philadelphia theatre during this past semester, I was startled. “My God! What would I say? What could I say?” I certainly had a lot to say about the worst plays -- but after them what was there left? Somehow the nature of the Philadelphia theatre precludes any hope for a best play, let alone several best plays. Slowly, I rationalized my frenzy away. There must be some best plays simply because with all the competition for worst play some plays must be eliminated. They’d be best by default if for no other reason. Now grasping onto the plane of reason, I realized that this wonderfully cynical state of affairs fortunately (or unfortunately, depending on where you stand on the sarcastic-positive plane) was not true. Philadelphia had seen some very good plays this fall, plays good enough to merit your keeping up an interest in theatre here. Now, before I start to get linguistic about Philadelphia theatre and while I’m in a rational state, I’d better award the praise quickly.

I’ll deal with the worst first, of course. To me the worst plays are in a sense the most ludicrous because they are the most embarrassing to both the performers and the audience. Competing for that title are the Society Hill Playhouse’s “Murder in the Cathedral,” the Theatre of the Living Arts’ “The Happiness Bench,” and that Broadway hit for two solid nights, “The Fig Leaves Are Falling.” The first provided us with the spectacle of men rustling around inside plastic bags mumbling in strict monotone about killing archbishops. The second gave us Harry the Hippie, Meldina the Amazon and Aggie and Arnold (two non-descript types for a reality gauge) rooted to specific spots on the stage while trying very hard and quite successfully to be trite and boring. The third’s value is best estimated by the roasted chicken raffle it resorted to in an attempt to get some sympathy from the audience. The competition for this title was rough, for everyone seemed to know what they were doing. These three plays are not that much worse than a lot of others we had to endure this fall, and thus, they stand more as a representative sample of what one can expect to see in Philadelphia.

In contrast, the best plays stand out as single achievements, virtual pariahs in Philadelphia. The best play that could be seen this year in the city of Brotherly Love was “The Concept,” which was one of the most stimulating and meaningful experiences offered by modern theatre. In second place, there are Ghezzi-rote’s “Christopher Columbus,” Van Itallie’s “America Hurrah,” and the Living Theatre’s “Paradise Now.” The first, a Penn Players’ effort, was the most creative and professional piece done completely by undergraduates to be found at Penn --
in my four years at least. The second is a wonderfully biting, expertly executed satire; and the last presents us with the possibility of a totally new theatre experience.

Because there is a dearth of good theatre, I feel compelled to mention plays that were not excellent but were very worthwhile experiences and extremely enjoyable (although this is not a criteria for a good play). "Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead" must fall into this category; for although the play itself was an artistic feat, the acting and repetition of ideas undermined Stoppard's effort. The reason for this seemingly unjust placement is that the play's flaws become criminal in view of its brilliant aspects. Also intelligent was "Jacques Brel" musical-comedized so as to be made palatable for America. Less intelligent but thoroughly enjoyable was "Your Own Thing" which is still getting applause at the Walnut Street Theatre.

In closing, I'd like to create a new category, one that is especially pertinent to the slow death Philadelphia theatre is now suffering. The title of "most promising" deserves attention, hope, and patronage for its winners. I look to "The Pocket Playhouse" as leading the revival, or perhaps the birth, of good theatre in our city; and I must give credit also to the less talented but successful (in its first offering) Manning Street Cafe theatre. Finally, I'd like to express my appreciation to the Philadelphia audiences for their talent for ruining almost any play.

Jan Corash

"Your Own Thing" is Philadelphia version of long-playing hit. Pleasant and bouncy, still at the Walnut Street Theatre.

"Fig Leaves" was bad here, lasted two nights in New York.
“2001” : the worst

No movie received more praise in increase of its proportion to its merits; no movie was ever so gargantuan in proportion to its content. “2001” was nothing if not intimidating, nothing if not ambitious, nothing if not audacious, in its cinematic profuga. It was Kubrick’s bid to join the great mythmakers of cinema, Griffith, Eisenstein, Dreyer, even Bergman. His only qualifications turned out to be size and cash.

And seven, that the glorious transcendence of mankind, beyond instrumentalities, “beyond the infinite,” should be made whole in the figure of one of Kubrick’s alleged “characters” whose vacuity and expressiveness are about equal to that of the Space Foetus he becomes.

“2001: A Space Odyssey” was the excuse everyone was waiting for. Now they can go to a “science-fiction” movie and come out feeling culturally and spiritually. But at what price? Simply be eliminating melodrama, action, suspense, colorful grotesques, fantasy, all those “vulgar” elements of science-fiction films best seen furtively at kiddie matinees. No, this is the genre purified, carried with ruthless logic to absurdity. It was so solemn, so reverent – just like church. Kubrick even provided the organ music.

What was good in “2001” – Kubrick’s, and our own, ambivalence towards terminology: its strange quality of esthetic attraction-repulsion – hardly justified the length of the film, and certainly didn’t exonerate Kubrick’s proponently austere camera-style.

But really made “2001” 1968’s worst film is best described by an unnamed journalist in Variety, valiantly attempting to capture the movie’s basic appeal.

He writes: “Moreover, a curious thing that happened during most shows at most theatres when the penultimate sequence of the film – the landing on Jupiter often referred to as the light show – began. Patrons seated on the balcony or in the back rows of the orchestra would slowly creep down the aisles – finally coming to rest in the area between the first row and the screen, where they would lie flat on their backs in order to experience the episode in the most head-on manner possible.”

There you have it: “2001” is true cosmic sin – the destruction of the boundary between art and psychedrama.

George Shelps

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“Bullitt” – tightly plotted story, with Steve McQueen. Weekdays 6:40, 8:35, 10:30, 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 6:30, and 8:30. Matinees Sat., Sun. 2 P.M.

**WORLD**
1830 Market LO-3-1236


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And seven, that the glorious transcendence of mankind, beyond instrumentalities, “beyond the infinite,” should be made whole in the figure of one of Kubrick’s alleged “characters” whose vacuity and expressiveness are about equal to that of the Space Foetus he becomes.

“2001: A Space Odyssey” was the excuse everyone was waiting for. Now they can go to a “science-fiction” movie and come out feeling culturally and spiritually. But at what price? Simply be eliminating melodrama, action, suspense, colorful grotesques, fantasy, all those “vulgar” elements of science-fiction films best seen furtively at kiddie matinees. No, this is the genre purified, carried with ruthless logic to absurdity. It was so solemn, so reverent – just like church. Kubrick even provided the organ music.

What was good in “2001” – Kubrick’s, and our own, ambivalence towards terminology: its strange quality of esthetic attraction-repulsion – hardly justified the length of the film, and certainly didn’t exonerate Kubrick’s proponently austere camera-style.

But really made “2001” 1968’s worst film is best described by an unnamed journalist in Variety, valiantly attempting to capture the movie’s basic appeal.

He writes: “Moreover, a curious thing that happened during most shows at most theatres when the penultimate sequence of the film – the landing on Jupiter often referred to as the light show – began. Patrons seated on the balcony or in the back rows of the orchestra would slowly creep down the aisles – finally coming to rest in the area between the first row and the screen, where they would lie flat on their backs in order to experience the episode in the most head-on manner possible.”

There you have it: “2001” is true cosmic sin – the destruction of the boundary between art and psychedrama.

George Shelp
“2001”:
the best

Not having consulted with each other on which films were the best and worst of 1968, the two critics came out with an interesting coincidence. Shelp was to choose the worst movie, Seltzer the best. The choice the same film. Therefore the following argument on “2001: A Space Odyssey”:

It is a rare time that your mind comes alive in a movie theatre anymore. Much of what we saw in 1968 on screen lacked originality, beauty, and elevation. “2001: A Space Odyssey” had all three. It was free of the sensationalism and perversion that so often pass for inspiration. But enough of the negative merits.

“2001” was fresh and interesting. Stanley Kubrick’s vision was an alive mental high. The director bothered to worry about beauty, and beauty became one of the most important aspects of the film. The space picture, especially that of the planet earth, were breathtaking. The variety and contrasts of colors, especially at the end of the picture, soaked the audience into the astronaut’s trip. And what music could possibly have rounded the visual fullness so majestically as Richard Strauss’ “Thus Spoke Zarathustra”?

Experiencing “2001,” you emotionally grappled with time, human nature, universe. The movie is a dream, but it is more a mood. The elevated, beautiful mood was unequalled in other movies last year.

Linda Seltzer

Frozen fire

The Year’s Best Performance?

That’s a very touchy statement. To me, there was no best, but rather fleeting, and sometimes extended moments of pure ecstasy in music, times that sent rushes of emotion and mind surging through my veins. If there’s a best in music, then that implies only one, and certainly no one is able to do judge.

About five weeks ago, just before the vacation, I felt a best moment, and not surprisingly from Prokofiev’s third piano concerto. It begins as cliché— the same clarinet that I’ve heard so many times before, the slow, curstintie entrance of high strings ushering in the introductory theme. But somehow, even the entrance of the piano, with John Browning gently caressing each smooth run, leaving notes of melody to wait, suspended in the air failed to elicit the same rush of emotion that usually swells within me. Perhaps it was the three young (had to be) Penn girls, sitting with their squished thighs, and thickly sprayed hair, looking distantly from dirty eyeglasses. Or maybe two friends of mine from Curtis, totally engrossed in their Kalmus score, waiting on bated breath to catch every nuance that Ormandy might throw to the orchestra.

And that feeling of “Oh my God, what a bore” just crept into the horizon of my thoughts when Bam -- the plucked strings of the cello section electrified the stage for Browning to follow, with stiltlike, effortless cadences that fell onto full-blooded dramatic strains, but yet, despite its constant allusions to the romanticism of the nineteenth century, Ravel’s duet set a distinct pattern of contemporary intercourse between two instruments. Such exploration of fresh patterns of performance were indeed the theme for the remaining works.

I was most intrigued by the Composition for Violin and Tape, written by David Saperstein. Perhaps my torality has forever been destroyed by the thirty-six inch boom speakers used by Schuller in his summer workshops at Tanglewood, but the tape accompaniment sounded as if it was synthesized from conventional, untouched orchestral instruments— synthesized to communicate a fairly harmonious and somewhat soft line of melody. The violin and tape fused extremely well, and I feel that such use of electronic distortion of sound did not, at all, demand of the violinist sounds he cannot, and should not produce -- a demand that most avant composers make of their performers.

Finally, George Rochberg’s Concertante for Violin and Cello established another “best” moment of the past few months. I have never had the pleasure of listening to Rochberg’s music, but after this most excellent introduction, I shall certainly make the effort. Penn is quite fortunate in being able to afford its students the opportunity of meeting such a creative and competent composer.

Well, I guess something ought to be said about the worst moment as well. About two and a half months ago, on a Monday night, I was invited to an opening recital of two flute students of Julius Baker. I suppose being one of his veteran’s entitled me passage to “rare” happening. While sitting uncomfortableness in a stuffy West End apartment, I heard the most amazing performance of a Mozart duet, if such it may be. Apparently, one of the flutists had placed the Hindemith duet before him, while the other had assumed Mozart was in order. Neither of them had the desire to admit their mistake, and so doggedly struggled through each distinct part, oblivious to the sporadic laughter. Mozart ended on a D, and Hindemith an extended C. Sharp. No applause.

Steven Norris
Bob Dylan, leader of the new country movement, remains the unassuming leader of the rock world.

Honorariums

1968 was the year of Magical Mystery Tours, from Big Pink in Woodstock, New York to Fillmore Auditorium and Gracie Slick. But in Philadelphia it seemed to be the year of the Electric Factory, Buddy Guy every other week and 2001 horrid local groups like Yum, Yum, the American Dream, and, who can every forget, Woody's Truck Stop.

It's so easy to blame the Electric Factory for the dearth of good rock in our city of brotherly love -- and enough people have. But it seems that the Electric Factory has existed in spite of this dearth, rather than as the cause of it. Other clubs tried to fill the void. First the Trauma and then Renaissance and then Kaleidoscope. Everyone lauded Kaleidoscope for their sofas and comfy atmosphere, but words can't cover, overhead costs, and after a valiant stand, Kaleidoscope folded, basically from a lack of popular support.

So it seems the '68 leaves one huge, gray tombstone for Kaleidoscope, with slightly smaller ones for Renaissance and the Trauma. And the Shadow Award for never being seen goes to Philadelphia's rock audience.

What does that leave the Factory? After many hassles with the police, the courts, the press and the audiences, it leaves the factory with memories of Joplin, Gracie Slick, Cream, Frank Zappa, and hopes that Mother Earth will come back soon. It leaves the Electric Factory with the John Wayne Survival of the Hardest Award for continuing to bring good music to the city despite undue and trying hardships above and beyond the call of duty.

The Factory also is entitled to an award for the best rock concert in the city, that being the First Quaker City Rock Festival. Unfortunately they also get the award for the worst rock concert, that being the Second Quaker City Rock Festival.

The Philadelphia Folksong Society gets the Roger Sprung Good-timey Family Fun Entertainment award for being such nice old-timey family folks. They also get the Gene Shay Folk Music is Nice Award for the most relaxing and enjoyable Philly Folk Festival.

You can hear good music at the Factory and you can relax over a grenadine at the Gilded Cage. But the only place you can do both is The Main Point, so the Curling Smoke Hazy Coffee award for soothing coffeehouse aura goes to the Main Point.

Hedge and Donna get the Romeo and Juliet award for...
Honorariums cont.

Award for the most lovely live performance. Tim Buckley and Lee Underwood get the Amphetamine Annie Award for coming on stage like they do. And Carter C. C. Collins Cat on Conga gets to play with Buckley and Underwood again.

Jimi Hendrix gets the Electric Ecsatvy Award, while Jim Morrison gets the Dropped Ball Award for starting out as such a promising rock vocalist and then singing Touch Me Now. Frank Sinatra's gets the continuing Ponce de Leon Search for the Fountain of Youth Award for singing Both Sides Now, in particular, and for his Cycles album, in general.

The Lyndon Johnson Credibility Gap Award goes to all the people who say "Isn't Both Sides Noa a nice Judy Collins song" and "I really like Tom Rush's Urge for Going". Joni Mitchell gets the Back by Popular Demand Award for being so good yet being so quiet about it.

Al Kooper gets the Mohamed Ali I'll take 'em in Five Award for not being so good but being so noisy about it. He doesn't really stand alone; he has Mike Bloomfield and Barry Goldberg, too blue Jews, standing with him.

The Easter Day Resurrection Award goes to Blood, Sweat and Tears for losing Al Kooper, dying, and coming out the better after all that. They also get the Dave Brubeck Musical Composition Award for their tight jazz arrangements. However, the Ghost of Christmas Past Award goes to the Blues Project, for putting out an album without Kalb, Katz or Kooper.

Epitaphs go to Buffalo Springfield, Big Brother and the Holding Company, the United States of America and, of course, Cream. Perhaps epitaphs should also go to the Lovin' Spoonful, and the Electric Flag.

The Here We Go Again Best Album of the year Award undoubtedly belongs to The Beatles, but The Times They Are A'Changin' Award for the most influential album had to be Dylan's John Wesley Harding, for starting the whole country thing, and making Music From Big Pink, the two newest Ian and Sylvia albums, and Who Knows where the Time Goes all possible. The Band gets a Leopardskin Pillbox Hat for the best Dylan album of 1968, Music from Big Pink; and Ian and Sylvia get the Don't Look Back Award for singing Dylan so nicely, as well as the Grand Old Opray Award for the fine country instruments on their two new albums. Joan Baez gets the Spiro Agnew Too Look Back Award for jumping on the bandwagon for her Any Day Now Dylan anthology.

The worst Album of the Year Award goes to Blue Cheer for Vancellable Eruptum. Tommy James and the Shondells get the Hy Lilt I'm Hip Award for Crimson and Clover and WDas gets the How Now Dow Jones Businessman's Award for the most commercial enterprise. Herman's gets a complete collection of progressive rock LP's for at least being professional, and, hopefully, Philly will get a good progressive rock station.

Donovan gets the Billy Graham Pulpit Award for calling upon every youth to stop the use of ALL drugs and the Electric prunes get a cruficlix and an altar for daring to sing the Kol Nile after producing their Masses in F Minor atrocity. Dion gets the Richard Harris Pseudo Sunshine Glasses Award for coming on Ed Sulli- van with long hair and beads and singing Abraham, Martin and John.

Yoko Ono gets a playtex living bra for her sagging boobs, and Mick Jagger gets Rosemary's baby for being the only person in the world who could sing "Hope You Guess My Name" in Sympathy for the Devil.

ANDY FISHER

Joni Mitchell - her pride does not precede her eminence.

Exactitudes

ACADEMY OF MUSIC

Julian Bream, the renown English guitarist and lutenist in concert, February 16 at 8:30

ELECTRIC FACTORY

Jerry Garcia on guitar, Pigpen on drums and the Grateful Dead in concert, with Gun, an English group, Feb. 14-15; Tim Buckley, with his ineffable manner of living his blues starts off a series of Sunday concerts on Feb. 16; Canned Heat doing a little refried hockey boogie, with Alan Wilson's soothing vocals and a little up country blues on Feb. 21-22, with the American Dream, another of the many locals; Blood, Sweat and Tears, with David Clayton Thomas, a good brass section and a live show as tight as their new album, in the second of the Sunday concerts, Feb. 23. Shows are at 8:30 and 11:30, 4:00 and 8:00 on Sundays.

GILDED CAGE

Esther Halpern still sings Fridays and Saturdays at 10:00 in the Porch Room. The odd-times ticks during the week are sometimes very good, and the conversation is even more reliable.

HOUSTON HALL BOARD

Tom Rush, singing Joni Mitchell, Duncan and Brady, and some traditional stuff, telling some stories and putting on a most entertaining show, and Gordon Lightfoot, whose repertoire of fine songs has made him a national hero in Canada, in concert at Irvine Auditorium, Feb. 14 at 8:30.

MAIN POINT

Jerry Jeff Walker, the gypsy songwriter, drifts back into town with some more pleasant folk type songs and, of course, David Bromberg, on guitar, With him, the Tanner Brothers, local bluegrass, on Feb. 13-16; Ultimate Spinach probably the best of the assortment of not so outstanding Boston folk-rock groups; and Jeff Moor, Feb. 20-23; at the Point Feb. 27-March 2 with Andy Robinson - - Hedge and Dana, perhaps the most satisfying live act around - - they're like two Tim Buckley's, except they're singing invokes salvation rather than depression. Shows are at 8:00, 10:00 and on Saturdays, also at 11:30.

SECOND FRET

Mandrake Memorial are about due for a second album as well as some national recognition. Until then, they'll be at the Fret, Feb. 11-16.

VILLANOVA UNIVERSITY

Canned Heat play a prelude before their Factory set, together with the Buddy Guy blues band and the Hasselberge Blues Band, on Feb. 14.

WPXN

Buddy Guy, A.C. Reed and the rest of the Buddy Guy Blues Band, Pat Martino, jazz guitarist, and perhaps others in a benefit concert for WPXN, the non-commercial University of Pennsylvania radio station, Feb. 24 at the YW/WMHA, A worthwhile concert, not only for the live show but also for the many hours of good folk, rock and jazz broadcast daily over WPXN.
Museings

Sitting in a sofa with Tracy Nelson blaring out of the stereo, I started thinking of the skimpy little long-haired girl singing the blues like a 300 pound Mema at the Electric Factory just two weeks ago.

R.F., St. John doing fanny country vocals, "Rey" Saltriaging jazz sax and singing some great soul sounds, and, of course, Tracy, with her imminently crushing gospel-like blues. They're an amazingly diverse—but very tight group. And they did a couple of outstanding sets at the Factory—combining the diverse elements of country, black soul, blues and rock into cohesive and effective musical compositions that can be labelled only as that unique sound of Mother Earth.

They were down good—so good that you didn't care that you were sitting on a hard wooden bench, that you were in the midst of several hundred of Philly's worst teenybops, that you were in what would normally would be an extremely uncomfortable converted garage. But all that didn't matter because the music was good—the best you can hear in this city - and you were too involved in the music to care about all those trivial annoyances.

It's the credit of the Electric Factory that Philadelphia had the opportunity to hear Mother Earth—a group that many people are going to hear alot more of in the future. It's the credit of the Electric Factory that a handful of other good rock groups have played in Philly—groups like Cream, with the everpresent conflict of Bruce, Baker and Clapton; groups like Big Brother and the Holding Company, with that chick named Joplin who is quickly being forgotten as more people are discovering Tracy Nelson groups like the Chambers Brothers, with their psychedelic soul; groups like Country Joe and the Fish, the Butterfield Blues Band, the Jefferson Airplane, Iron Butterfly, Fleetwood Mac, the Byrds. I could go on, but I think my point has been made.

Just about everyone in this city has dumped on the Factory at one time or another. But while all these criticisms may be valid, it seems that they are all rather irrelevant. For none of the criticism hurled against the Factory has ever dealt with the quality of the music at the Factory, and that is what a rock club is all about. The Factory has put up with alot of crap from alot of people, but when each hassle has quieted down, what was left was the same good rock that only the Factory has been able to bring consistently to this city.

Others have tried to fill the void of good rock that, despite the Factory, does exist in our fair city. We all remember the Trauma. Some of us may even remember Renaissance, which opened with Protoo Marum, had Blood Sweat and Tears the next week, and closed the week after that. Then there was Kaleidoscope that had handknitted sofas, a pleasant atmosphere and all the friendliness that people said the Factory lacked. The only thing Kaleidoscope didn't have was enough support from the usual long-lines and overcrowded concerts. And the customers have complained over the same long-lines, lack of friendly cordiality and generally hostile atmosphere. But while all these criticisms may be valid, it seems that they are all rather irrelevant.

The critical failure of Kaleidoscope hasn't dealt with the quality of the music at the Factory, and that is what a rock club is all about. The Factory has put up with alot of crap from alot of people, but when each hassle has quieted down, what was left was the same good rock that only the Factory has been able to bring consistently to this city.

The Electric Factory may not be your ideal of what a rock club should be, it's certainly not mine. But it's easy to forget about hard benches, long lines and crowds of teenybops when your listening to Mother Earth or Spirit or the Grateful Dead or Joplin or ...

ANDY FISCHER

VANGUARD

The picture on the cover is maudlin, the two cuts by sister Joan Baez seem obtrusive, and the songs are obviously rejects from the first two Vanguard albums, but this posthumous, and final anthology of Dick Farina's unbelievable creativity is nevertheless a necessary, if incomplete, acquisition to aficionados. No album could completely capture the Farina spontaneity, as instrumentals were changed from concert to concert, but Memories is all we have and it is what we have to stick with. "Morning the Pirate," at least, finally gets airing, although a whimsically bawdy "Chastity Belt" will never be recorded. The album re-records two great dulcimer-and-guitar instrumentals—"Depo" and "Celebrations for a Grey Day"—in that never-to-be-forgotten violent downpour at Newport '65, when the new talent of Dick and Mimi Farina was publicly unleashed and drew thousands back from the beer tent into the rain.

Farina, who died on April 30, 1966, while returning by motorcycle from the press opening of his book, Been Down So Long It Looks Like Up To Me, took the Appalachian dulcimer of balladeering Jean Ritchie and transformed it into a dynamic instrument of folk, jazz and improvisation. His first two albums balanced his dexterity with the simple dulcimer with his sprightly words and wife Mimi's able guitar backup and haunting harmony. Except for the Newport tracks, Memories unfortunately loses most of the dulcimer playing in Peter Schickele's orchestration and the usual great electric work of Bruce Langhorne, Russ Savakus, and the Vanguard orchestra. Beneath the sad memories, it's a fun album. "Morgan the Pirate" and "Joy Round My Brain" are two cute songs, The slower recording speed and breathy texture of "House On-American Blues Activity Dream," which came out so much better in the studio in Reflections in a Crystal Wind, are quickly forgotten in the tone of the live concert recording. Joan sings "Swallow Song" and "All the World Has Gone By," and if you are turned off by Miss Baez, you can skip these cuts and not miss a thing.

One of those few albums which are really worth it for even one or two cuts, Memories, with the Newport medley of "Depo" and "Celebrations" for the Grey Day it certainly was, closes the account of perhaps the best talent of our day. The great photo by Dave Gahr (who else?) on the back captures the spirit of the two instrumentals, and the essence of Dick and Mimi as we would always like to remember them—frivolous fellow-travelers, seeking truth between choruses of Good King Wenceslaus and a bowl of Kellogg's Corn Flakes. The spirit of Benny Profane lives on. Dig it.

PHIL ARKOW

MIMI AND RICHARD FARINA, "MEMORIES"
In line with this issue’s search for the best and the worst over the past year (1968, remember?), the picnic section found its work almost too easy. The dearth of really exemplary places to eat in and around Philadelphia is so large that a good place literally shrieks for attention, and usually gets it. The excellent places are well-known, and the good places are, well, known.

The Collegetome Guide to Philadelphia echoes just about everyone else in naming the Panitier and Coventry Forge Inn as the best places around. We heartily concur with this analysis, but feel that such a bald statement leaves a lot unsaid. What, for example, does someone do who doesn’t wish to order in French, or be intimidated by a superior-to-you host and waiter, or drive an hour into the country, or spend all costs, avoid the third floor, you’ll starve to death, or at best require treatment for high altitude-induced malseed.

At 20th and Rittenhouse Square, the Emperor offers not only food, but dining at a leisurely, pleasant pace. Be prepared to relax and enjoy the experience; if you’re in a hurry, try Bookbinder’s. Advice: don’t order wine, the printer added across to the price list, and you could feed your roommates for the price of a bottle.

Having delivered kudos, brickbats are definitely in order. In attempting to find the worst restaurant in town, we felt it would be superfluous to name, for example, Dewey’s, or the Savarin. Everyone knows about these.

What is needed, however, is a healthy comparison of quality to price, which immediately elevates Dewey’s into the firmament: how can a 60 cent dinner be bad? There are some restaurants in town that are just laughable, and to these we devote our attention.

Easily the worst restaurant in town, in a price-quality scale, is the Penthouse. Towering high over Philadelphia, the Penthouse offers a magnificent view. The diner is advised to catch the view and eat a hasty retreat before it is too late. From the atmosphere and service which prevail at the Penthouse, an objective observer could get the impression the waiters and captains were paying the customers to eat there. Even if the food were good (which it is not) it would take the patience of a saint to put up with the surly waiters, the unbelievably nasty captains, and the bitchy service. The place should be destroyed, inasmuch as its most regular victim is the little man who really can’t afford to eat there, but goes for his one big night on the town (birthday, anniversary, etc.) and gets pushed around, jipped and degraded. A real waste of time, a municipal shame for Philadelphia.

The second balloon that is kept aloft is the regular victim of a huge price which it undeniably is in Philadelphia. The Emperor is a good answer. A movie beforehand and the Emperor for dinner kills any evening, and in top style. The food is good French cooking, with a slight bow toward a continental flavor. The appetizers, entrees and desserts are truly memorable. The service is extremely solicitous, and although your waiter may disappear for a half hour at a time, the other waiters don’t pull a “this is not my table” routine.

The Emperor attractive, almost copies. The downstairs reception area is devoid of tables. The blue-white-and silver living room atmosphere downstairs gives way through a chino-covered stairway to a small, pleasant dining room upstairs on the second floor. Note: on all costs, avoid the third floor, you’ll starve to death, or at best require treatment for high altitude-induced malseed.

The fish, which isn’t bad, is so over-priced that a look at the menu brings hysterical laughter to the lips. Since most people who look at the menu are probably going there, this laughter quickly becomes panic as the diner realizes he must leave the place either hungry or poor (usually, it’s both). The food is nondescript—be it king— and the service gives the impression the waiters and waitresses are doing you a favor. At Bookbinder’s, nothing is free, not even bread.

Loebster is the most popular dish, especially the chicken lobster, probably so called because a good seafood house would be chicken to serve it to the customers.

The main impression the diner is left with is one of amusement. Sort of the same open-mouthed astonishment one gets when seeing an entry such as “Coffee—75 cents” on the menu. Very few people eat here twice, and the restaurant, knowing this, is very openhanded with its personal charge card. When a holder presents his card, he is almost frisked, and the card and the waiter disappear while the restaurant runs a Dun and Bradstreet check on the customer.

If you ever are shanghaied into eating in Bookbinder’s be sure you aren’t paying, and be sure there’s a late-night restaurant open near you so you can eat a good meal before returning.

It would not be surprising if the owners at Bookbinder’s were arrested for grand larceny. On second thought, it would be surprising, for Bookbinder’s is the living symbol of the joke Philadelphia is to the rest of the world. The powers that run the city seem intent on allowing this joke to continue, and as long as places like the Penthouse and Bookbinder’s exist the world will keep on laughing.

William K. Mandel
Doylestown Inn

The urge to drive to the country for a meal strikes urban dwellers regularly. The Philadelphia area offers many spots which are not only worth the drive, but worth the price (something you don’t find in Center City).

Undeniably, the finest exurban restaurant is the Coventry Forge Inn. When the old wallet can’t stand the strain, though, or when the reservation book is filled, there are several acceptable substitutes.

One of these The Doylestown Inn, is a very fine place in its own right. Located smack on Route 202 about 50 miles from Center City, the Doylestown Inn offers a good ride, fine food, and reasonable prices.

Unless you mind eating all by yourself in a huge dining room, the ambience at the Inn is excellent. Built along the lines of a pre-civil war hotel, the Inn offers three types of dining rooms. One has been described by The Collegiate Guide as a patriotic nursery. The wall is covered with golden eagles, and the windows are hung with diaphanous lace curtains. The windows themselves on closer inspection turn out to be mirrors. The room has a Sunday-dinner-with-the-family atmosphere, but there are some cute artificial flowers on the tables.

Directly behind the Blue Room is the Potpourri Room. Red tablecloths and dim lighting do their best to distract attention from some American Primitive art on the walls. The only excuse for the art is that it must be covering holes in the wall.

The third room belongs to the bar, and should be avoided like the plague. Since neither of the other two rooms will be filled, the possibility of being stuck in the bar room is remote. The room is an obvious attempt to capture the atmosphere of the Pub restaurants, but it falls far short.

The food, though, is uniformly excellent. The menu, although limited, is packed with enough to make anyone happy. The appetizers are generous. Try the Clams Casino or the Chicken Liver Pate. The latter is surprising; very few restaurants offer good chopped liver. This is not only good, it’s enormous. The clams are large, juicy, tasty and hot.

The soups are ridiculously cheap (25 cents) and rich, thick and delicious. Salads and medium sized run-of-the-mill greens, but the dressings (especially Roquefort) are fine. The place lays on a stainless steel lazy Susan of good odds and ends between appetizer and main course: excellent cottage cheese, a varied and well-cooled jardiniere, and some smooth apple butter.

The obligatory baked potato is a real let-down, though. The crust is extremely tough; it is the real reason the steak knife is served, it seems. The potato itself tastes as though it were baked in ammonia. The other vegetables follow suit; the chef seems to have been too busy with the meat to tend to the vegetables.

Desserts are not on the menu, but the waiter will be happy to recite the list for you. If you are full at all, skip dessert, for it is a truly disappointing end to an otherwise excellent meal. Try the tea, though. For the price of the entire meal, you are given a large pot of tea which makes three cups. It’s strong, full bodied tea, and with sugar and cream is a dessert in itself.

The service is dazzling; in fact, you might wish it were worse. No sooner is one course completed than the next appears. Although the waiter is unobtrusive, he seems to have his eye peeled at all times. Discuss with him the possibility of slowing down the rate of service; but do it tactfully. Everything is served hot, and served correctly. You may think that the service is too good to be true; bring a Howard Johnson’s waitress here for shock therapy.

The bar, which is tended by a regulation Bucks County South Philly transplanted, serves us drinks in attractive goblets. The impression, though, is that the mixed drinks contain no liquor at all. The bar prices are moderate, but remember, 90 cents is a lot to pay for a vodka sour mix.

Lastly, and best, the prices are truly astounding. A huge filet mignon, complete with appetizer, salad and beverage, costs $5.00. I’ll repeat that, $5.00. When the check arrives, you can almost feel the chair fall away from under you. A truly great feeling, and very rare in this town: getting more than your money’s worth.

Light up a cigar, and enjoy the hour ride back to Philadelphia: its through rolling cow country, and a good trip in itself.
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Directed by John Frankenheimer, Produced by Edward Lewis, Co-producer John H. Cushingham, Screenplay by Phillip Rock and Hal Dresner, Panavision and Metrocolor