Hillel sanctuary approved by a three to two margin

By JONATHAN S. TALMAGE

Jewish University students voted yesterday to establish a non-violent sanctuary to make Houston Hall a sanctuary.

The vote—311 in favor of the proposition and 251 opposed—represented the same three-to-two margin by which the referendum to establish a building was defeated on Oct. 14.

But, the Hillel Foundation's Director, Rabbi Carol J. Berenson, said, "the ultimate decision (regarding the Hillel sanctuary) doesn't rest with the students yet."

The referendum was only a "public consultation" added the director, who said that the decision will be made by the groups which control Hillel's affairs.

The results of the ballot were certified by President Sandy Colb. Only the approximately 3,000 students who had identified themselves as Jewish on their personal data forms were permitted to vote in the sanctuary referendum.

Rabbi Goldstein, coordinator of the referendum, admitted that "we believe this is a reasonable people which does indicate the feelings of the Jewish students on campus."

"The one important step that would have to be taken is to set up the sanctuary to provide that there shall be no quorum of select or non-select and facilities provided for the sanctuary to be opened to the public in a manner which will enable the students to meet there for formal occasions."

Hillel's student council passed the proposal to establish a Hillel sanctuary at the Hillel House several weeks ago, twice, he said, but because of the "limited resources, it was not possible to move forward with plans for a Sanctuaries." But, the referendum was held yesterday to voice "what the community's wishes were," he added.

Colb, who said that the proposed sanctuary would not be envisioned to Jewish draft resistance and A.W.O.L., a letter added that "in the context of current events, realized to instill the motions to a referendum."

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By United Press International

The happy crewmen of Apollo 12 yesterday set up a functioning nuclear-powered scientific base on the moon. They set up a 150-pound robotic pack designed to move among the lunar surface and transmit data to Earth.

One Hillel member, commenting on the vote, said he was "not a draft resistor in Pennsylvania who will come to Hillel."
Apollo’s color camera fails as crewmen put up nuclear powered base on moon

(Continued from page 1)

After checking out the inner band-
ner, having a snack and checking their inner exploring mates, Conrad snapped up on the inner surface as 10:30 J.M.T. EST, followed by Bean 3 hours later, 1:30 J.M.T.

They were surprised to find that the black-
ness set in to an all white scene, the outer white band. That was to the day the inner landing of Neil A. Armstrong, and Edwin E. Aldrin, II.

In an uncertain mood even during the dangerous moments of touchdown, Conrad’s spirit cooled to see light high above the landing site, as the landing gear began to begin the exploration.

Neil B. Armstrong told the president with great emotion that the official exchange rate. The dollar creates a currency black mark.

"The old Surveyor. Yes sir. He’s for nuclear weapons be removed in accordance with the official exchange rates.

"In ultimate analysis, every dis-" Senator Abraham Ribicoff (D-Conn.) agreed

"The memorandum says the 2000-meter radius of the lander, Conrad and Bean planted the American flag on the lunar surface: "That’s one small step for man, one giant leap for mankind."
Dow confrontation

A director of the Dow Chemical Company will be in charge of arranging the details of forwarding this volume to his office by noon Friday, a date which this view.

the cunning avoidence of conflict on war is a tragedy which the United affairs, is in charge of arranging the details request made in a petition circulated by stu-

division on the appropriateness of an press itself (one way or the other)

That's inappropriate for an official body for rejection of the resolution lay in a faculty member of the Council who

ment policies gave unanimous ap-

and the Checkers affair. What I did

tions of participatory democracy, as

902x1363]

cess which takes functional sover-

The thing to do, then, is to get out and organize. Pressure against the war is always a force for change. But if we

If you see fit to vote for the peace

sion. The proposed use of the peace majorly with the University's hy-

We used to think that the question and consign it to one of

however, I am not a pacifist. But I do believe, that the right to protest in the country which the Constitution

is the hallmark of peace over way; it's the hallmark of

the kids they can have the cheap

People who have already worked

is a generation which has had to

The sign was formed by super-

people, for a monument had originated in a

M.

is meaningful to me as a symbol of

the day on which the war was

reversed the following year.)

People who have already worked

Army. The Rev. Russell may be

The sign shows a lack of consideration

is the hallmark of

The proposed peace plan is not

done with a smile. The course guide for

people, the right to protest is a

as a result of moral gestures - individ-

I meant to imply that the tradition

The thing to do, then, is to get out and organize.

For the moment the peace monument is to be made of

what zero in psychology means.

people, of whom so many were

the issue of war as a personal

Now it's the time to move out, and not

is the hallmark of

The thing to do, then, is to get out and organize. Pressure against the war is always a force for change. But if we

people, there is a great magnitude of the

we're doomed, isn't it? If we can't

I thought to erect a memorial to the kids, VICTORY

The issue of war as a personal

Now it's the time to move out, and not

The thing to do, then, is to get out and organize. Pressure against the war is always a force for change. But if we
Superblock
(Continued from page 1)
new buildings are "not definitely set at this time," but should be subject to such restrictions.

Freshmen will be allowed to live in superblocks, Robinson con-

firmed, because the first year in college can be critical in adjusting to a vastly different environment.

Provisional space is being reserved for an apartment, and six sections of the superblock are expected to be complete in September. Although he originally suggested that the University could afford more buildings, but the approximately 1000 students needed to fill the rooms, Robinson now feels that superblock will need to be one section at a time, most likely beginning in one section.

A meeting on housing will be made soon by the residence

committee, and the Committee on Residence Operations.

Robinson will meet with the stu-

dent committee next Tuesday in what Marmon stressed was "not a con-

ference, but a meeting," in order to give the trustees on the

committee an opportunity to set up a "more democratic" se-

lection process. Robinson would try to persuade Robin-

son to open up the superblock completely.

"If the University trustees were to keep parents in the dark-

about how they are spending the time at the University, it wouldn't be successful at all," Marmon, a Wharton junior, said.

The decision to hold the election before the student government's fall academic Af-

Conference Tuesday night. At that time, students charged that the selection committee's student members were on the committee only to give the trustees an opportunity to elect new members.

Larry Cohen, who brought the motion to hold an election before Tuesday night's commission meeting and said the election was being scheduled for two and a half weeks away in order to give the trustees on the selection committee an opportunity to set up a "more democratic" se-

lection process. Cohen described a "more demo-

cratic selection process" as one in which "the student community was allowed to directly name its nominees into the selection procedures." Cohen said that in the event of such a change, he would withhold his vote against new student members of the com-

mittee.

Israel Day

Nov. 25

Cafe Theater

Café Theater

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inches in diameter by 7 feet long.

Maintenance was at 30 million. Twenty-five to 30 million

inches in diameter by 7 feet long.

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90 square feet, or about two large playing cards.

Du Pont's innovation? Hollow, semipermeable ny-

lon fiber. Cross-sectioned to maintain a precisely engineered unit, 14

inches in diameter by 7 feet long. Maintained at close to 100%.


Sequence no 62999.

ACLU: ACLU is organized and ready to go with the Free Speech Law. There will be a meeting tonight at Dr. S. Allman. 4 P.M. The Graduate Music Club presents the Freedom Singers, a group of Negro folk musicians and the Spirit of the Revolution. Music Building, 7 P.M. in the C.A. All are welcome.

KITE AND KEY SOCIETY: An important meeting for all members is on Tuesday night. At the meeting, four officers were elected and the new officers will be installed.


FOLK DANCE CLUB: Folk dancing tonight, 7, 8, 9 P.M. at 3rd floor of the student union.

UNITED WE STAND: The United We Stand Committee presents "A Night to Remember." Fri., 4 P.M. and 7 P.M. Graduation Music Club presents the Immortal Music of Pete Seeger.


SLAVIC LECTURE: Dr. Frank Silbajoris will lecture on "Leo Tolstoy: Esthetic Theories and the Spirit of the Revolution." Thurs., 8 P.M. in the C.A. All are welcome.

PENNGUINETTES: Important meeting for all Society members is on Tuesday night. At the meeting, two new officers were elected and the new officers will be installed.

STUDENT A.C.M. COMPUTER FILM SERIES: "The Merchant of Venice" tonight. Regular meeting next Thurs. 7:30 P.M. DH W-31. Members on campus welcome.

FOLK SINGERS: Important meeting for all Society members is on Tuesday night. At the meeting, two new officers were elected and the new officers will be installed.

NATIONAL STUDENT FOR PEACE COMMITTEE: The American Peace Movement will hold their first meeting of the year, Wed., 8 P.M. in the C.A. All are welcome.

CAMPUS PERFORMANCE SOCIETY: Free University: Baudelaire in translation, Thurs., 8 P.M. BH - 326. All invited.


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Frosh football season reveals outstanding varsity prospects

By PHIL SHIMKIN and GARY GILMAN

"Incredible, of course, is a way of understatement. And Penn's football coach Dick Peters, with all that stuff, and stuff and stuff..."

Frosh skaters set season start with 9-4 win at Wissahickon

By RICH PEROCHER

"We want to win every game we play this season, and we are off to a good start," said Head Coach Mike Phillips.

Salfi forrests better record for icemen in their 3rd year

By FRYE SCHEFFEN

"In the past few years, the ice hockey team has been competitive, but now we are looking to build something special."
Short Fiction by Campus Authors
Dear Sir,

It was with considerable interest and surprise that I read the letter from the late H. Laussat Geyelin in the October 30 issue of "34th Street" which stated his version of the first wearing of the colors red and blue to represent the University of Pennsylvania. I am reasonably certain that Geyelin was sincere in his impression that he was the first to choose and wear the colors at Saratoga in 1874 -- claiming that the choice was made not arbitrarily, but as a result of having a cap in those colors from the New York Yacht Club.

Sincere or not, however, there is reliable record of the colors being worn some twelve years earlier. In November 5, 1862, eight students at the University signed and adopted a constitution founding the University of Pennsylvania Golf Club. Their first concert saw a group of sixteen men, under the direction of Mr. T. Bishop, a member of the faculty, perform in the Chapel -- now Room 200 in College Hall -- with an audience that was "unusually select and large, the Hall being filled to its utmost capacity." Lemonade and ice water were provided and kept in Professor Frazer's Lecture Room where the Club met.

So that there would be some uniformity in the appearance of the group, it was decided that the singers would wear "College colors." Therefore, in Prof. Frazer's room, ribbons were handed out to the men and "the members of the Club all wore red and blue ribbons in their buttonholes."

This, then, is the earliest record I have seen of these colors being worn officially as the "College colours," and it seems considerably more likely to me that they were chosen because they are the colors of Benjamin Franklin's coat-of-arms than because they happened to be on a New York Yacht Club cap that was in Mr. Geyelin's possession.

Earlier had praised Janis Joplin all over the place discovered Tracy Nelson, as wrote, "Watch out for Tracy, who's certain to obliterate all memories of that Janis what's-her-name who weaned to think was where it's at."

Lou Delpine

Very sincerely yours,

Bruce Montgomery

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The Teacher

Peter Taney

---Spotlight- Glare everything out; fade; it’s gone by another one gone by. Shift - left foot stand and shovel, right foot, slosh - shiver.

---Spotlight- Glare everything out; fade; it’s gone by another one gone by. It’s nobody’s right out - the ground’s so cold it booms every sound from the feet up to the head.

---Spotlight- Glare everything out; fade; it’s gone by another one gone by. By it’s rate another night will see this poor body gone by. Nobody’s wind blowing, too blacker than Satan’s way. Hell; .... You get away from one kind of darkness only to find another, deeper yet. The headlights tried to tell him it was day. They’re stupid but they don’t know any better. It’s their job. One ear - headlight or star? Over a far hill - oil derrick? - the only assurance that there was a sky all above, rather than some cosmic corpse sprawled across the land. No one knew... lie that song;

---No one knows the trouble I seen, you know. Sentimental, too.

---Spotlight- Glare everything out...cruising frozen garvels to a stop up the road...

---“You going on up New York?”

---“Yeah... hop in.”

---It would be nice to make it back before day, and as the warmth from the seat crawled through his wrinkled clothes, Josh felt the tingle of an old half-forgotten feeling... home... yeah... nice...

---“You live in New York?”

---“No. I’m going on past here to New Haven I live up there.”

---“Holidays?”

---“No... yeah, I guess so...”

---wasteth flooded up under his pants’ legs now... yeah... holidays; pooty. A holiday from all the crumb bums in D.C. anyway - Bill - Irvine - Jesus, what a pack of fools.... (Here the driver’s low voice interruptions Josh’s thoughts with a scrap of song...)

---“Nobody knows the trouble I seen.”

---Josh felt a little foolish, as if the stranger were mocking the silence or his face or even his mood... it made him feel sad, if he were in the limelight, though he was hidden by the shadows where he sat, wedged between his bags, with his back to the door. Headlights caught something shiny near the driver’s head and deflected into Josh’s face.... glasses... the stranger wore glasses.... Josh hunkered down further into his little space. The driver said

---“It’ll be about two hours in this traffic before we reach New York...”

---We just passed Middletown... we fact to make it in an hour and a quarter with a steady wind behind me.

---“Huh... Huh...”

---“Yeah... I had an old MG4 if the wind was anywhere else, it took about three hours.”

---“Huh...”

---Spotlight - glare - off the driver’s glasses... his face would not come around from behind its bright shields long enough to be seen clearly... another gone by... (no loss).... As their conversation drifted into a clotted silence, the driver tapped his finger on the wheel - tank - tank - tank - a flash of gold told Josh it was a plucky ring - tank - ta - tank - ta - tank - a - it slowed - clicking to the time of Josh’s heartbeat, and, as if the stranger could feel Josh’s discomfort at this, he suddenly nodded, and chuckled... incoming headlights glow blue as Josh reached around in his mind for something to play with... his stomach twisted a little tighter when he thought of the night before... his last night at school... phooey on old Bill around in his mind for something to play with... his stomach twisted a little tighter when he thought of the night before... his last night at school... phooey on old Bill anyway... he shouldn’t have gotten so excited over a damned girl....

---“What was her name?”

---“Excuse me?”

---“I was saying, what did you call your car?”

---“Ohh, nothing, except when she wouldn’t start then I called her everything in the book.”

---Glare, flash two round beacons, not glasses. The darkness seemed deepest here inside the car, as if the car had a giant scope that bared the innocent night inside. Jesus - poor Irvine... well, hell, .... it was her fault really she was the one who got so high... She always did like to get some chick-drunk and then watch her make a fool of herself.”

---“What,?”

---“Yeah, all the time, with my buddy I was telling you about... Willy.... I called him Bill he used to get really mad when I did.”

---“Oh... I have a friend named Bill.”

---“Yeah... you told me.”

---“I did.”

---“Uh, I thought you did.”

---“Ohh...”

(Continued on page 4)

Hot dogs and baseball gamers sound that sort of stuff

Steven Winn

“Daaaahh!”

---“What?”

---“Daaaahh! Hot Dogiewoom. Thir’ five, no tax, thir’ five. Daaaahh.”

---“I don’t believe it... I said, “a tw-nigher and we have to put up with this guy for six hours.”

---I looked to my father for his characteristic grin, a grunt of assent, or disbelief, or agreement, or whatever the situation called for, but it was not forthcoming. When my jaw fell from amazement, he stuffed a hot dog down my unsuspecting throat. He had three crunched in each hand, four more in his lap, and he immediately started screaming “Daaaahh!” for still more.

---I said nothing to him, perhaps because my mouth was busy making amends for its new arrival, but I found his behavior unexplainable.

---A few innings later, after he had easily disposed of a dozen or more hot dogs, I shyly added into a question “Did you have dinner tonight?”

---In stead of answering, he gathered air into his lungs and belted forth an even more immense cry than before, “Daaaahh!” I think that my seat even melted with embarrassment at that.

---As my father passed a five dollar bill down the row of unconcerned fans to the appreciative vendor, a man in gray and white-painted coveralls started up the stairs from the box seats below us. As he came up the aisle that I was sitting next to, I saw that he was carrying what appeared to be a paint can and a brush in his other hand. He stopped next to me, and I nervously ignored him as he set the can on the steps and combed his brush. He slapped the brush across my face, leaving two broad stripes of red paint. I turned to my father, this time carefully keeping my mouth closed, and he laughed a mustered and broad smile.

---I now decided that the neglected game could bunt and most safely occupy my attention. The Cardinals were up, so I began absently rooting for someone to make the last out.

---Curt Flood was the batter; just before the pitch, he stepped out of the batter’s box and trotted down the third base line, presumably to talk over signals with the coach. Instead, they both turned towards us, Flood waving his bat and the coach shaking his fist at the fans... At first everyone around me was as incredulous as I, but then suddenly the silence grew. My father, his belly bloated with it twice its normally huge size, rolled on his side and fixed his steel-glass eyes on me. I glanced down on the field and saw that the entire Cardinal dugout had emptied; the whole team was standing around third base with their hands on their hips and glaring up at the stands - at me.

---My dilemma would be solved, I was sure, by the umpires. They were, in fact, grouped around home plate, apparently considering the situation. I had behind my binoculars from the fans who had chased the aites around, all of them simply looking at me. I could see that the umpires were now huddled with another person - the man in the gray coveralls, still holding his paint can and brush.

---Nodding his head, he left the group after a short while and walked out to center field. He set his paint can down and began coating his brush, just as he had prepared to decorate me earlier. This time, he carefully painted a red circle about fifteen feet in diameter on the grass.

---All this was apparently the end of the first game of the doubleheader because the grounds crew came out to rechack the field, and the players all retired to the clubhouse.

---The man across the aisle from me had a transistor radio tuned to the wrap-up of the game. Instead of Bill Campbell’s voice, I heard my uncle, unmistakably my uncle, droning off the statistics. It was not long before I discovered that my sense of hearing was adequate.

---“Maurice Gengelbach,” the man said to his wife (she was eating a hot dog), “his record is...”

---“Yeah, his voice was familiar’s hell. He knows what’s going on.”

---My uncle had been a farmer all his life; the closest he ever came to radio was during one of his many long hours spent in the field. He gave me a momentary unbelieving look and then ordered several hot dogs.

---The next game of the doubleheader was called off, although the boxscores in

(Continued on page 6)
The Teacher, continued

--The talk would bleed quickly away from Josh's consciousness, so that he had
to grip down on his arm rest to hold himself together. The indeterminate
camouflages of houses ... (hills)? ... hustled by giants running from that light on the horizon
toward which they headed .... and every mound of shadow gone by tore at Josh's
eyes and ears. ... wuush. ... wuush, ... very low. ... wuush. ... Irvine, ... wuush. . . . Irvine.

"... no, I had a fight with a buddy of mine because of that...."

"What?"

"... that route I was telling you about. That policeman friend of mine had gone...."

"Policeman?"

"Yeah."

--The oncoming headlights were fingers bouncing off the driver's
spectacles, pointing to Josh's face, and then through it to his mind. He hit at
the stubby quick where his nails should have been - spotlights - glare - another
gone by .... damn them both anyway .... if it hadn't been for her nose so high, and
Bill's crude advances, it wouldn't have been such a stupid fight - even if
Josh had gotten her drunk .... he thought about Irvine and how he had compared
himself there. The indistinct shapes of houses ...(hills?)... hustled by: giants
and felt his sweat soaked clothes slide
under him, trying to relax - ... just forget;
... what? .... Aren't many of us around!

"Who?"

"Well, most people are pretty upright about picking up strangers out on the road at night, like I said...."

--As he said this the driver flashed his
glasses at Josh - Josh winced - the
stranger's glasses in more pro-
bing through the eyes.... sometimes it
was as if the stranger's glasses were
on fire, ... fire that knew about every-
thing but itself, ... and burned to hell.
The light went down .... the stranger,
nibbling at his nails, thudded a beat on
the seat, trying to relax - ... just forget;
... what? .... Aren't many of us around!

"Which?"

"The traffic .... but on this road, it's got to get worse before it gets
any better."

"Oh..." (appraisively)

"Yeah; when you start out, you think you're doing fine, but soon
you know you could be going a good
twenty miles mph faster if it weren't
for some jam up somewhere ahead....
as, you got to get through it.... it'll be
a little while...."

--The traffic was getting worse; as they slowed down, the headlights on the
oncoming side of the road splashed off
the stranger's glasses in more pro-
longed bursts; Josh felt pinned to his
seat by the harsh flicker; he realized,
too, that some of his distress was do
the situation he had left, but why? ....
The lights battered him back whenever
he looked at the stranger, but it was
worse in front of him. ... that.... think of any-
thing...."

"In heavy traffic like this, I always like to solve puzzles in my
head, keeps me from getting bored...."

--Thinks - glare - Irvine - Glare -
"FUCK her and Bill - GLARE - his
fault? - GLARE - FADE - GLARE -
Oh god - GLARE - FADE - GLARE -
darts of pain running under his skin
pulsing with the words in his head.
The beacon all around him flashed
more regularly, and almost lulled him
into a stupor, away from the pain -
away from Irvine - away from Bill -
but he had already run away from Irvine -
he'd already run away from Bill - Glare
- Fade - in fact - Glare - Fade - (to
loss) he had never really made anything
of their relationship to run from - glare
- shit..... but what to do? - glare - fade -
fa... he felt suddenly his wrongness....
GLARE - GLARE - but just threw it all
away - glare - flash - he was tired, and
felt his sweat soaked clothes slide
around under him on the seat;

"It's getting better now...."

--The stranger seemed to be making better sense all the time .... or maybe
he was not drifting so much away from the
conversation .... what the heck
anyhow .... what the driver said had
nothing to do with .... what? .... phoo .... tired ....... what to do .... what to
... but at least he felt real now, for
the first time in how long? What to do?

This it as far as I can take you, fella - you're on your own
again, now...."

--This last statement brought a bell
of a lot into focus .... non sequitur?
Josh's frazzled mind couldn't care.
There was arightness here somewhere;
what to do?

"Good luck...."

"Thanks - thanks alot....""

"... there's some gum to chew while you wait.... it helps me
pass the time when I'm waiting...."

"Nothing else to do.... hum.... got the wind to clear one's head
of all the leftover pieces....."

"Bye...."

"Bye....Jesus.... thanks alot!...."--Spotlight glare everything out.
fa... it's gone by. Another one gone by.
Shift - left foot, stand and shiver; right
foot, slouch, shiver.
Spotlight - softer now than before;
slow stopping; it was an old lady.

"Where are you going, sonny?"

"Where are we now?"

"About two hours from New York; just past Middletown.
"I'm heading for D.C...."

"You're pointing the wrong way dear!"
Adam read the poster over the seat opposite him. "Not only to be loved but to be told that I am loved for the realm of silence is long enough beyond the grave. George Eliot, 'Traveler's Times.'"

"And, for a little while he thought about it. But not long. He had heard the words before.

"Home. He was born and happy. Blue sky cloudless sky blue. Blue like a summer suit he had loved when he was three. Early fall, September! Summer really. Green Grass he opened the door. Later.


Don't cry Adam don't cry. She will enter she enters. I love you she do. I do want to touch you she. I do but I can't she can't take my hand. Take it. Please and please don't say goodbye. Lisa. A baby will come. A baby.


"No."

"Why Tony Why?"

BABY. BABY. Uncle Adam Uncle in March. June. In June she did it why?

"Hello."

"Hi. Addy."  "Oh. Well, how are you, Lisa?"

"Okay. Addy. Fine."

"I know. Tony told me."

"I'm sorry. I didn't want him to. Addy, don't feel this way!"

"How are you?"

"You're sure you're okay?"

"Please, Addy. I'm not the first girl in the world to be pregnant." She laughed. Girl. Only girl. And now the boys fuck. All fuck. Lisa. All of them.

Now. He said to Richard. "Why?"

"I'm lonely. I don't want to be lonely."

"Oh."

Father. I was frightened. He looked at me. "Not my Lisa, not my little girl. Not mine."

"Too late, Father, just nineteen years too late."

"I'm alone. Your mother has you and I am one."

They let it be me. should let it be me. Let Lisa be good. Leave her alone. fuck me.

Mr. Mann would always concur... Lisa cheat and Adam got punished. Adam must pay for Lisa's sins. She learned quickly. She learned quickly. Lisa gave a penny so she cheat and Adam told. "Tattle-tale." He learned how to play too.

No pennies.

"Too late, Father. Adam left. For pride. To be on his own. Alone. His own alone his own alone so come, she, come. Please come please. Hold my hand. You round face and beautiful hair, beautiful smile. Happy beautiful smile. I'm sad, she, so come, she, and tell me don't cry. And kiss me. Adam opened the door.

"Why Tony Why?"

BABY. BABY. Uncle Adam Uncle in March. Lisa laughed. therecord therecord therecord therecord. graffiti on the bench. three eggs. Three.

Eat Tony Eat. Eat Tony Eat. Eat Tony Eat.

"I'm sorry, sir, that line is busy."

"I'm sorry, sir, that line is busy."

"Too late. Father."

"I'm frightened, God, I'm frightened." She never said thank you. And Adam must pay for Lisa's sin. He closed the door. A walk. A walk to the dirty river. A walk to join Quentin. Last call, she, last call.

Come In

William Burroughs

A man, naked and sick with hunger, knocked feebly on the door of a cabin deep in the woods.

"Come in," said God, and the door flew open, sailed into the snowstorm, precipitously replaced by a new one, smooth and shellacked, firmly fastened in place behind the man, who was at last last safe within the cabin.

"What can I do for you?" said God, sound asleep on a cot in the right-hand corner of the cabin, his face turned far away to the wall.

"Hello," said the man, rubbing his hands together as if to generate some tiny spark of warmth, "you can open up your eyes and let me see you round face and beautiful hair, beautiful smile. Happy beautiful smile."

"I can't," said the man, with a tone of pathos. "I don't even know you well enough to know you're God," said the man, in a pleading tone.

"I don't even know you well enough to know you're God," said the man.

"You're right," replied the man. "I should have known better." "That's better," said God, and the man didn't feel so bad now. "Come to the foot of my bed," commanded God, and the man kneeled down at the foot of the bed, clasping his hands in silent prayer.

"Well, what's your business here," said God.
"Then where do I go from here?" asked the man.

"Certainly not in bed with me," said God, and the man could hear a violent rattling and crashing of bed-springs intermingled with sounds of smashing flesh and half-dressed girlish laughter.

"Then why did you invite me in?" demanded the man.

"Oh, for a brief chat," said God. "A brief chat and a few laughs!" Someone must have thought this very witty because there was a lot of laughing and clashing of cymbals behind the cement bags.

"I'm not going out there ever again," said the man, shuddering at the thought of it, but his door remained open.

"But there's a whole civilization waiting out there for you with open arms," said God. "Can't you hear the honking horns?"

"Not ever again," said the man, teeth clenched, blue tears streaming down his pale cheeks. "I didn't ask to be born."

"Nobody asked you to!" said God, and shouts of "Encore!" and "Touchee!" were accompanied by a sour honking of party-horns from behind the cement bags.

"I spit in your face!" declared the man, but the best he could do was to drool at his own feet.

"Family will get you nowhere," said God, and with that the man was sucked out of the cabin, spun round, and flung flat on his back into the snow. He sat up, his head against the door, which had been slammed shut long ago, his legs dangling dangerously over the peak of a mountain, at the foot of which stretched out an endless complex of dull lights stacked up in myriad rows atop each other in the blackness.

"So near and yet so far," he thought to himself. "What now?"

"You tell me!" was the reply, and someone latched onto his ankles and he was gone.

"Come in," said a voice in the wilderness. But it was just a voice in the wilderness.

The Friend who Played the Flute

Adam David Shaw

Once there was a young man who was well-liked and had a father, and mother, and a girl. One day he was sent for, and he went. He came back in a plastic bag and was buried, with a nice speech too.

Once there was a friend who liked jumping out of airplanes. He did it on weekends and worked in a factory all week. One sunny fall afternoon he jumped and something went wrong. The earth shook a while.

Once I had a friend who played the flute, I sat in and listened. The backyard was a B and P now, but that's ok. The young man's grave is well tended, and his girl found another man, and well, those things happen. The winter rain dissolved the imprint on the ground in one night, the rain didn't know better, and people still jump out of airplanes on weekends. The dog was mine, but I don't like plastic bags, and I don't jump out of airplanes anymore. I had a friend who played the flute.

---

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Produced by Larry's Magic Productions Limited
The Blues and the Ocean

by MacDonell Gordon

"Coming Home" by the Chicago Blue Stars (Blue Thumb Records) calls to mind a super-session, but thank god, it isn't. This is a fine, direct collection of ten blues and jazz songs that do exactly what the title implies; they take away from the super-amplified bull-shit that has corrupted blues to the old moving sound that is heard coming out of bars in Chicago's tough South Side. In that sense, the record can be viewed as a re-formation, but it avoids the pretense that seems to be conjured out of pure musicanship and talent. Listening to this record, I was reminded of Muddy Water's recent "Fathers and Sons", which tried to do the same thing, but missed. "Coming Home" is a coming out of bars in Chicago's tough South Side. In that sense, the record can be amplified bull-shit that has corrupted blues to the old moving sound that is heard previous efforts. Louis Myers does most of the singing, harp playing, and lead guitar work. Fred Roulette plays an intriguing and uncommon steel guitar. Jack Myers is on bass, and Fred Belos is on drums. Below and Louis Myers played with Little Walter and have been around a long time. Skip Rose plays a good, jazz-based piano. All are basically unknown except in the Chicago circle, but all are damn good.

The songs are predominantly simple blues needing little explanation, except an assurance that they are performed by impressive men, and they are. "I Need Your Loving" is an instrumental featuring Roulette on steel guitar. He deserves special commendation for making this instrument really work in the blues field. It has been used mostly in country and western music. Myers shares guitar chores. He has a hesitant but alluring style. His breaks are not particularly fast or difficult, but they are convinc- ing, and they fit the simple, direct nature of the album.Belows drumming is also uncomplicated but nevertheless pushing and very fine. It is refreshing after two years of listening to Ginger Baker imitations. The ocean pounds in a room in Philadelphia.

The personnel for the most part are unknown. The only "name" is Charley Musselwhite, an excellent harp player and vocal stylist, who has two top-notch records on the Prestige label. Although this is Musselwhite's new band, he plays very little on the album, due to his great respect for his side-men. In a time of amazing ego clashes among musicians, this is admirable and an indication of where Musselwhite is at. You won't hear him on this album, but he deserves to be heard on his two previous efforts. Louis Myers does most of the singing, harp playing, and lead guitar work. Fred Roulette plays an intriguing and uncommon steel guitar. Jack Myers is on bass, and Fred Belos is on drums. Below and Louis Myers played with Little Walter and have been around a long time. Skip Rose plays a good, jazz-based piano. All are basically unknown except in the Chicago circle, but all are damn good.

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The people from Syntonic Research claim this record will do just about everything from increasing potency in love-making to curing insomnia and hyperventilation, and improving reading speed. They come on so strong that it sounds like something from "Brave New World", but that part of the record can be easily ignored.

Simply, "Environment" is a relaxing background, and an interesting venture into the psychology of sounds. It works in that it involves you in strange, highly personal ways. The record defies description; it must be heard. But it is worth it to hear the ocean pounding in a room in Philadelphia.

January 1969

Taj Mahal Big Niggah

by Andy Fischer

Taj Mahal, on the basis of his first two albums, and the several live shows he's done when he's come East (Newport '68, the promoters wouldn't let his band play in '69, for fear their hard beat might cause a riot) has managed to capture all the guts of the blues tradition in its most basic simplicity. Not the complex over-invented fire to a guitar. Just a stomping foot that you can't help but dance to, no swinging of the microphone; just a raw, tight clean runs behind the juicy (Horny?) harp and raw blues vocals. That's all. No swinging the mic or set-up, they fit the simple, direct nature of the album. Belows drumming is also uncomplicated but nevertheless pushing and very fine. It is refreshing after two years of listening to Ginger Baker imitations. The ocean pounds in a room in Philadelphia.

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Robin Williamson, Licorice and Rose; the bright colors and glimmering sunshine of the Incredible String Band.

Incredible String Band
by Martin Smith

The Incredible String Band takes you away from the hassle and noise and smell of the city to a world of endlessly peaceful roads rolling across hills and valleys of ever exploding colors. Of long journeys barefoot through the dark immense forest; looking out in awe from a found cave, cool and dark and mysterious. Romantic pigs and beautiful white birds greet you in the morning, and new people and good friends get together and sing and dance and make each day's circle complete and unwasted. "I'm going to the beautiful country, do you want to come?"

Mike Heron and Robin Williamson grew up on the Scottish countryside. Their music reflects the peace and happiness of the country, just as Dylan's music now does. Scottish folk songs form the base of the music, but the songs can go anywhere from there. The peace of Buddha or Jesus, or that of a white bird in the morning. Sometimes mysterious and troubled, but always selling the American way.

"Mr. and Mrs." is a song about home and why you have to move on. A boy wears grandfather's jacket, and finds himself part of a world he didn't create. He wants to belong, but strange ideas are going down sounding like a record played and over and over. "Truth equals pain," and so much hate. A voice inside makes him realize that he must find his own road, and move forward. The longest journey on the album is "Creation." It is the String Band walking down a misty bright country road, putting the whole world together, going so many places, and wishing you a joyous goodnight.

Photos by Bill Vita

Mike Heron of the string band

Cliburn Plays Rachmaninoff by Steven Winn

If you are one who likes a good taste of that hearty Slavic soup as served up by Rachmaninoff, then the program of last Tuesday's Philadelphia Orchestra Pension Concert would have caught your eye. Pianist Van Cliburn appeared with the orchestra in Piano Concerto Nos. 2 in C Minor and 3 in D Minor. Cliburn's overstuffed reputation is built on just this sort of music. It was this very same Third Concerto in fact that brought Cliburn first prize in the Tchaikovsky Competition in Moscow more than ten years ago. In spite of the fact that Cliburn has not played up to his reputation either in Philadelphia in the last three years nor on recordings (nor probably anywhere) he is worthy of attention whenever he performs Rachmaninoff.

The Second Concerto is the most familiar of the four that Rachmaninoff wrote. It is ripe with the Romantic spirit, from the simple serious lines of the first movement to the long winding Adagio and closing with a dashing virtuoso Scherzo. This performance was a big disappointment. Ormandy led the strings with too much power, and at times important piano parts were inaudible under relatively unessential string accompaniment. Cliburn's treatment was both conscientious and unique, laying a particular and pleasing stress on some of the brass parts.

The evening opened with the concert oddity, "Isle of the Dead," by Rachmaninoff. When Rachmaninoff came to the United States, he quickly associated himself with the Philadelphia Orchestra and dedicated and premiered many works with them. As in this performance of "Isle of the Dead," it is not difficult to see why. The stately theme rises through the string sections and then is varied and examined with some mystical suggestiveness. Ormandy led with natural dignity.

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Theatre of The Recruiting Officer is any indication, will offer Philadelphians the best in new theatre this season. Add to this is Daniel, Yvonne's deformed son who has been hidden upstairs for nineteen years, forbidden to see the light of day. Suspense! What does Daniel look like? Will Laurent sell him to the circus so he and Lena can start a new life? Will the maid Estelle's love for the freak thwart Laurent's plans?

The second act brings confrontations and disappointments. One gets the feeling that many of Mme. Germain's themes and situations have been used before, and his treatment of them is not altogether original. Laurent meets Daniel and exclaims, "I've seen you before -- in my dreams." He reveals the story of his life and sins, and suddenly Daniel becomes a Christ figure. Enter Senor Armando from the circus, who plans to buy Daniel and advertise him as a great healer and purger of sins. The "laundry imagery," which has been used throughout the play is augmented as the characters speak of "cleaning the stains" of others. Human deceit and hypocrisy are pitted against Daniel's pure innocence, and the audience can guess which will be victorious. The child of nature that cannot be corrupted or exploited is an old theme. Mme. Yvonne, previously seen as the only level-headed person on the stage, decides to give up her son and join in the circus, and we wonder (as we are expected to) who is the most monstrous of the group. Is Daniel the one who should be shut up in the attic, or is it his family who threatens more cruelty to the world? And when the bubble of hope is burst, and the family returns to mundane existence.

There is much more to the play, and its symbolism can be interpreted differently by each viewer. The lack of novelty of some of the ideas is not that important in light of the humorous effect and of the good presentation. Sylvia Kauder's excellent as Yvonne in a cynical Jewish mother type role. She is well supported by Raymond Gilmore as the comic-loving Laurent, Wendy Blakeman as the loyal but confused maid, and Martin Mayer-Wolf as the soft-spoken monster. Sandra Schmiel portrays the not-too-bright Lena, and Kevin Korsyn gets a bit carried away in his hammy speech as Senor Armando, but that is part of Germain's exaggeration. Clarke Dunham's set depicts the stark damp atmosphere of the laundry, behind whose facade the characters can no longer hide. The Laundry poses many questions about the nature of conventional morality, and is worth seeing in an effort to discover some of the answers. The play will be performed on November 21 and 22, and December 5 and 6.

Theatre of Living Arts, coordinate these elements by the direction of Tom Bissinger, and what do you have? The opening of what ever was. His antics and cavorting after women provide the shire of Mr. Balance (Judd Hirsch) who just happens to have a daughter (Sally Kirkland) who is madly in love with Mr. Plume, and who has just inherited in mind, and asks Plume to write her a letter. The emotions and ambitions are deliberately overloaded, Yongen's pride in the family heritage of laundering, the grovelling gratitude of the maid picked up off the streets, the gushing over the unborn "little treasure," Lena's desire to escape from the dominance of her mother and earn herself money, and the money, Senta Berger...
The final tragedy is the complete and total annihilation of his self-respect and without hope—society (both white and black) has beaten him and he has given up. The characterization must be made specific, rather than universalized. And thus as much as it's country funk -- much like the Band (in non-black audiences the tragedy must appeal to the intellect, rather than to the gut. Elizabethan England. These two cultures considered their society the pinnacle of civilized world, and thus they could turn their attention to the individual's des.

This scheme is run by his oldest son, Theo, and Theo's associate, Blue Haven. Come is, if not inevitable, at least obvious.

Gold and Cinnamon Black and White and read all over by Gary Alan Fine

The civil rights movement of the early 1960's believed that the ultimate solution to the racial question would be a form of a multi-racial system of the races. This combination of life styles, as is necessarily true of any mixture between majority and minority cultures means the practical elimination of the minority cultures. The major problem in the structure of the play is the break between the two acts. Too much has obviously happened in that period (a period of two months), partially with regard to the characters' personalities. It becomes as if there were two separate casts of characters. Despite this flaw, Elder is a playwright with great potential.

Edmund Cambridge's direction, although conventional, was smooth and seemed natural. The scenery was appropriate and was unobtrusive. The acting was not, I fear, all that could have been expected. I saw the play this July when none of the original cast was still playing, which was unfortunate for me. Richard Ward was competent, even good, as Russell Parker likewise Richard Mason as Bobby. The rest of the cast's performance seemed uninspired. Nothing specific was wrong, except perhaps for a lack of spirit, which is at best an obscure thing.

The Death and Life of Sneaky Fitch is a farce set somewhere Out West in the small mythic town of Gopher Gulch. It deals with the Life and Death and second Life and second Death of Franklin "Sneaky" Fitch, and the fantastic and rather fantasized nature of his shifting personality. The absurd comedy is an insightful look into many aspects of the American myth-making process as well as an original view into American cultural heritage and personality. Why do some men become heroes and others cowards, and which is more pleasant? This is the first new play I've seen this season that is fresh and genuinely humorous without being forced.

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The acting is, almost without exception, excellent. Particularly noticeable are the Singer-Narrator Christopher Hanasse; Frank Hooven as the Rev. Blackwood; and John Mammaw as the Sheriff. I suspect that Pocket Playhouse's finest actor is Stuart Lennox, who plays the sometimes cowardly, sometimes 'heroic' Sneaky. Lennox seems in every way an extremely talented professional. Mark Conti's direction seems quite effective, but is extremely important. In particular his use of a strobe light to simulate the action of a silent motion picture. The Death and Life of Sneaky Fitch is perhaps the most interesting production to come to Philadelphia this season. See it as a favor to yourself.
University City Arts League

Two Women
by Wayne Kinn

The days of dainty ladies who strolled through wooded estates with water color boxes in hand are long gone. Last week two young women brought to the University City Arts League a show aptly titled Two Women. The important thing to check here is that the collection is not just dainty, but instead is feminine. That is, without intent to offend any woman's Liberation agents, these paintings substantially deviate from watercolor flowers and pastoral landscapes that have become gallery stereotypes.

Diane Burko, twenty-four year old graduate of Penn's School of Fine Arts, is a landscaper of the now generation. She invariably places the viewer either inside a car or on a motorcycle. A gimmick? Maybe so, but the framing effect created by the presence of window and door parts, and also the exercises in perception rendered through the use of side and rear view mirrors are good. Burko's technical ability is sometimes double bust, imagination and wit make up for it. "Grande Jatte from Mort's Bike" is a clever remake of Seurat's pointillistic canvas, viewed through two chrome handle bars. Burko updates another master, this time from the driver's seat of a sports car, in "Brugel In Westchester".

Needless to say, the suggestive power of a car window is pretty much unlimited. Add a partially opened door, and you've got all the basis you need a great term paper on Freudian imagery in modern painting. Whether the artist intended any literal inference is, as usual, uncertain.

Elaine Yanow, another former Perm woman, has fewer pieces in the show. The imagination of Burko is not there, but Yanow's large phosphorescent canvases are not without talent.

The most pleasing thing about these two female artists is this: their paintings would definitely not be called "nice." You've come a long way, baby.

"The Blacks" by Elaine Yanow at University City Arts League.

Music
by Hat Nookie

Not rock.

1. Philadelphia Museum of Art
26th and the Parkway
PO-5-0900
November 23 - 830 De Pasquale Quartet

Civic Center
33rd and Convention Avenue - EV-2-8811
November 23 - 2 PM Concert
sponsored by the American Institute for Italian Culture. Operatic excerpts by student-artists of Curtis.

November 25 - Philadelphia Musical Academy Concert. For free tickets send stamped reply envelope to Tickets, Civic Center Museum, Philadelphia, 19104.

2. Academy of Music
Broad and Locust
PO-5-7379
November 20, 21, 22 and 24 - Philadelphia Orchestra, Sergiu Comissiona, conductor and Nelli Shkolnikova, violin. R. Strauss - "Don Juan," Tchaikovsky-Violin Concerto, and Prokofiev-Symphony No. 5.

November 25 - All Star Forum, Elizabeth Schwarzkopf $3.50-6.50.


3. Philadelphia Oratorio Choir
First Baptist Church 17th & Sansom
Benjamin Britten's "Saint Nicholas" Sunday, Nov. 22, 4 PM. Open to public.

University of Pennsylvania
Music and Choir
St. Mary's Church 3916 Locust St.
November 22, 8:30 PM.

Directed by Leonard Aherton.

Logan Hall
Indian vocalist V. Ranganayaki, accompanied by violin and a tuned drum called a mrdangam Nov. 20, 8 PM, 110 Locarn Hall, free to the public.

Pennsylvania Glee Club
"Handed with Hair" a multimedia production December 5, 8:30 PM, Irvine Auditorium $1.50, special group rates.

University Pro Music
Special "Dorn Concert" at Hill Hall Sunday, Nov. 16, 8 PM.

Mendelssohn Club
First Baptist Church, 17th and Sansom
November 20-3, Dave Van Ronk & David Blue, Thurs. & Sun., $1.75, Fri. & Sat. $3.50.

* Spectrum
Dec. 5, Spirit, Kinks, & Chamber Brothers. Tickets from $5.50-$6.50.

Theater

Abby Stage Door
PI-2-8324
6015 Rising Sun Avenue
Here until December is Woody Allen's comedy "Don't Drink the Water." Curtain time is 8:30 on Friday and Saturday nights.

Allen's Lane Cafe Theatre
Allen's Lane and McCallum Street - CH-8-0546
Playing at this cafe theater for four weekends, Friday and Saturday, is Shakespeare's "The Merchant of Venice.

Bucks County Playhouse
Lillian Hellman's adaptation of Jean Anouilh's "The Lark," about Joan of Arc will be presented here on Thursday, December 4.

Cheltenham Playhouse
ES-9-4027
439 Ashbourne Road

Second Fret
874 Lancaster Avenue
Youngbloods & textbook. Tickets from $3.50 to $6.50.

Spectrum
Nov. 22-3, Dave Van Ronk & David Blue, Thurs. & Sun. $1.75, Fri. & Sat. $3.50.

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Dec. 5, Spirit, Kinks, & Chamber Brothers. Tickets from $5.50-$6.50.

Theatre of the Living Arts

"Grande Jatte from Mort's Bike", by Diane Burko.

"The Blacks" by Elaine Yanow at University City Arts League.
Sports

Penn Football  The Quakers will close out the season, and many great seniors (Joseph, Sudhaus, Brown, Pottruck, et al) will end their collegiate careers this Saturday against the Big Red of Cornell at Franklin Field. Game time is 1:30.

Penn Basketball  Quaker fans will get their first view of this year’s great contingent of cagers immediately following the football game, when the freshman meet the varsity in an intersquad game. The game will be played in the Palestra, and admission is free.

Professional Basketball  On Friday, November 21, the ’76ers had better be prepared to the rampaging New York Knicks who will make their first appearance here this season. They are off to the hottest start in history, and may make a shambles of the Eastern Division by Christmas. Reed, Frazier, Daillefureuse, Bradley, and Barnett a mighty impressive front line. Game time is 8 P.M., Call HO-3-1776 for information.

Professional ice Hockey  The Flyers, although they have been playing well, haven’t been able to put the puck in the net. They will be trying against night, November 20, when they meet the Los Angeles Kings, currently the worst team in hockey, at 8:00 at the Spectrum. On Sunday night, November 22, the Toronto Maple Leafs will come to town for a 2:05 game. Call HO-5-4000 for ticket information.

Bazzarots

individually unique fashions
mystical meeting mall

germantown pike

World Control Studios (Outlet)  30 Maplewood Ave., Germantown Paintings, sculptures, pottery, architecture by five contributing artists. Y.M.H.A. Gallery

Broad and Pine Streets

Mian, Omwak, Widmyster (currently a Penn student) paintings.

Cinema

Arcadia  LO-5-0929

1839 Chestnut St.

"Two Gentlemen Sharing" Shows Fri. and Sat.: 4:30, 6:30, 8:00, 10:30, 12:30.

Barclay  LO-4-3311

30th and Armat Germantown They don’t know, and neither do I

Boyd  1908 Chestnut St.

"Good-bye, Mr. Chips." Peter O’Toole and Patricia Clark star in musical version of the 1930’s. Best thing about it are the children. Shows Fri. and Sat.: 8:30.

Cinema  LO-9-4175

19th and Chestnut St.

"Easy Rider" By now you should have the film memorized. Shows Fri and Sat.: 8:00, 10:00, 11:30.

Goldman  LO-7-4473

30 S. 15th

"Funny Girl" Barbra Streisand extravaganza. Shows Fri. and Sat.: 8:30.

Lane 1-9-3888

67th and Broad St.

"Take the Money and Run" Woody Allen is a bank-robber Shows Fri. and Sat.: 6:30, 8:15 and 10:15.

Middletown  LO-7-7001

1412 Chestnut St.

"Stirle Cuckoo" Wendell Burton and Louise Edmonds star as three freshmen in more ways than one. Continuous shows Fri. and Sat.

Minko  LO-4-5968

16th & Market St.

"Day of Anger" - Shows 245, 705, 9:25

Randolph  WA. 2-5404

1116 Chestnut St.

"Paint Your Wagon" - Lerner and Loewe gold rush musical film with Lee Marvin, Clint Eastwood, and Jean Seberg. Reserved seat showings. 8:30 nightly, except Sun. at 8. Sat. matinee at 2 P.M.

Regency  LO-7-2310

16th and Chestnut Streets

"True Grit", 6:40, 10:40.

"The Odd Couple" 4:55, 8:50.

Starr  1212 Market St.

"Fanny Hill" Fri., a preview of "The Gypsy Moth." Call theatre for show times.

Theatre  1812 Chestnut

"Can't cheat an Hones Man" and

"My Little Chicaiedo." Coming this week, "Marry Me, Marry Me." Call theatre for show times.

TICKETS

The "Laundry" - Nov. 21, 22, Dec. 5, 6.

Arthur Hall, Afro Dance Ensemble

Nov. 21

Jefferson Airplane - Nov. 21

Brooklyn Bridge - Nov. 23

Elizaabeth Schwartzkopf - Nov. 23

Rolling Stones - Nov. 25

Osipow Music Festival - Nov. 25

Philadelphia Orches. - Nov. 29

Montovoni - Nov. 30

La Boheme - Dec. 2

Chambers Brothers - Dec. 7

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