Special pro wrestling issue!!!!
BAUM BASTIC,

re: Peter Baum’s “Rock in the summer of 1971”

There are a few points in Mr. Baum’s article which I take issue with, for example, his poor analysis of Tarkus. “Overambitions” and “infantile” are not representative terms for the short-comings in the album. Better adjectives would be “overproduced” and “mindless.” Generally, the songs are structured as various instrumental introductions and bridges which contain a high degree of rhythmic complexity and velocity, between which are vocal sections that are relatively less intricate and slower in tempo. If one listens to the instrumental sections carefully, he can discern that the contrasting textures of the various segments are created by changes in the instrumentation and rhythmic patterns. Unfortunately, these instrumental sections do not have much melodic sophistication; for this reason, they tend to sound drawn out and repetitive after a while. During many of the few improvisations, Emerson tries to play with such blinding speed that the patterns he produces are very elementary. “Jazz.”

If anything, side two is more effective, simply because it is not as spectacular as side one. Take “Bitches Crystal” for instance. It is written in 6/8 time (double time) with an optimistic feeling in the bass. Emerson’s use of an upright piano and Lake’s sustained, almost shouted vocal lend a Gospel-like quality to the song, which is added to its rhythmic base, really swings. The uses of instrumental counterpoint alone and against the vocals on the second side are perhaps the finer musical (melodically speaking) moments on the album. “Are You Ready Eddie?” is not so much “Emerson’s ‘Blues Power’ cut” as a parody directed toward and about the engineer on the album, Eddie “Are You Ready?” Orford.

Placing Soft Machine five years ahead of its time might be true when comparing it to rock music if there is such an entity, but in the jazz context this would not be the case. I fail to hear any “progressive” elements in the album, except if one wishes to label a few small segments “more ‘accidental’ than deliberate.” Chase can best be summed up in the words of a friend of mine who, after listening to yet another diluted version of Blood, Sweat and Tears, said “I find Chase a much less satisfying group than either Chicago, or Blood, Sweat and Tears, both of which I consider rock with a thin jazz trimming.” “‘Virtuous trumpeter’ Bill Chase” sounds like a hack description of the Lew Shawoff school of jazz trumpet, not only relies on upper-octave beginner’s blues riffs, but plays them painfully out of tune as well. The few melodic incidences of our voice trumpet counterpart appear like sudden lulls in the middle of a raging hurricane. On the whole Chase has all the musical intensity of combining Grand Funk Railroad with Black Sabbath and the Boston Pops. A jazz album, even remotely? Louis Armstrong would roll in his grave!

Bob Lackmeyer

CRIMINALLY INSANE

Dear Bozo:

Inasmuch as I am no longer directly affiliated with your turnip sandwich of a publication, having made my own real life, it seems as though I have no other recourse except to write meretricious letters like this one. Having read “Up Against the Wall of Science with Firesign Theatre,” several pernicious errors have come to my attention. First, two other unstable, pernicious errors have come to my attention. First, two other unstable, maladjusted S. Clay Wilson-addicted, funk railroad with Black Sabbath and the Boston Pops. A jazz album, even remotely? Louis Armstrong would roll in his grave!

Sincerely yours,

William “the existential bore” Villa
In addition to the hidden objects, the show is often enhanced by actors' blood gushing out of a drugstore capsule. It is thus neither unusual nor difficult for a man to be rendered helpless due to a severe "cut" inflicted by an adversary who was his Gin Rummy partner just ten minutes earlier in the dressing room.

The most essential ingredient to the entire operation is a man who can do no wrong; whose life is as minimally significant as those of Christ, Abe Lincoln, and Buffalo Bob Smith combined; whose fantastic aura is the pulse of the universe - literally a living, breathing Superman. Is it God???? of course not !!!! It's PEDRO MORALES!!!!

You've never heard of Pedro Morales???? Pedro is the only World Wide Wrestling Federation (abbreviated W.W.W.F.) heavyweight champion, that's all! And even more important, he's Puerto Rican, which is terribly convenient to Eastern promoters who thrive on income from Spanish speaking patrons in selected arenas.

Yes, at 38 years of age, 345 pound giant-killer Pedro Morales is at the top of the heap - the undisputed wrestling champion of the entire world - in at least 13 states, that is. Although in passing pro wrestling boasts three "undisputed" world champions in the United States alone, that doesn't bother us because any school boy in Spanish Harlem knows that Pedro is the rightful claimant to the throne.

And how did Pedro came to be the supreme deity, strapping a $10,000 gold belt around his waist whenever he enters a ring? It's really quite simple. His predecessor, Bruno Sammartino of Abruzzi, Italy, a long established W.W.W.F. (World Wide Wrestling Federation) heavyweight champion, that's all! And even more, thanks to the "preliminary" wrestlers - a term applied to those participants not too successful in their endeavors - lesser, to be more blunt, and for a man like Bruno Sammartino, the sky is the limit - even well into the 7-figure bracket (that's a million!). Of course, the constant travel paid off. For example, "Killer" Kowalski, who grunts and groans like a wounded animal as he has the victim of his treachery, is a thoroughbred bruiser, surprisingly brilliant in college, and German bruiser Hans Schmidt was quite successful in his stay at U of P. This is the rule, not the exception, in spite of the false image that comes across over the boob-tube.

"A wrestler leads an active life," he continued. "He'll work out 4-5 hours a day, and on the road most of the day.

Of course, the time and dedication means good money for even the "preliminary" wrestlers (a term applied to those participants not too successful in their endeavors - lesser, to be more blunt), and for a man like Bruno Sammartino, the sky is the limit - even well into the 7-figure bracket (that's a million!). Of course, the constant travel paid off. For example, "Killer" Kowalski, who grunts and groans like a wounded animal as he has the victim of his treachery, is a thoroughbred bruiser, surprisingly brilliant in college, and German bruiser Hans Schmidt was quite successful in his stay at U of P. This is the rule, not the exception, in spite of the false image that comes across over the boob-tube.

"A wrestler leads an active life," he continued. "He'll work out 4-5 hours a day, and on the road most of the day.

Of course, the time and dedication means good money for even the "preliminary" wrestlers (a term applied to those participants not too successful in their endeavors - lesser, to be more blunt), and for a man like Bruno Sammartino, the sky is the limit - even well into the 7-figure bracket (that's a million!). Of course, the constant travel paid off. For example, "Killer" Kowalski, who grunts and groans like a wounded animal as he has the victim of his treachery, is a thoroughbred bruiser, surprisingly brilliant in college, and German bruiser Hans Schmidt was quite successful in his stay at U of P. This is the rule, not the exception, in spite of the false image that comes across over the boob-tube.

"A wrestler leads an active life," he continued. "He'll work out 4-5 hours a day, and on the road most of the day.

Of course, the time and dedication means good money for even the "preliminary" wrestlers (a term applied to those participants not too successful in their endeavors - lesser, to be more blunt), and for a man like Bruno Sammartino, the sky is the limit - even well into the 7-figure bracket (that's a million!). Of course, the constant travel paid off. For example, "Killer" Kowalski, who grunts and groans like a wounded animal as he has the victim of his treachery, is a thoroughbred bruiser, surprisingly brilliant in college, and German bruiser Hans Schmidt was quite successful in his stay at U of P. This is the rule, not the exception, in spite of the false image that comes across over the boob-tube.

"A wrestler leads an active life," he continued. "He'll work out 4-5 hours a day, and on the road most of the day.

Of course, the time and dedication means good money for even the "preliminary" wrestlers (a term applied to those participants not too successful in their endeavors - lesser, to be more blunt), and for a man like Bruno Sammartino, the sky is the limit - even well into the 7-figure bracket (that's a million!). Of course, the constant travel paid off. For example, "Killer" Kowalski, who grunts and groans like a wounded animal as he has the victim of his treachery, is a thoroughbred bruiser, surprisingly brilliant in college, and German bruiser Hans Schmidt was quite successful in his stay at U of P. This is the rule, not the exception, in spite of the false image that comes across over the boob-tube.

"A wrestler leads an active life," he continued. "He'll work out 4-5 hours a day, and on the road most of the day.

Of course, the time and dedication means good money for even the "preliminary" wrestlers (a term applied to those participants not too successful in their endeavors - lesser, to be more blunt), and for a man like Bruno Sammartino, the sky is the limit - even well into the 7-figure bracket (that's a million!). Of course, the constant travel paid off. For example, "Killer" Kowalski, who grunts and groans like a wounded animal as he has the victim of his treachery, is a thoroughbred bruiser, surprisingly brilliant in college, and German bruiser Hans Schmidt was quite successful in his stay at U of P. This is the rule, not the exception, in spite of the false image that comes across over the boob-tube.
The fourth bout was the main event, one fall to a finish, for the heavyweight championship of the world. First to enter was the challenger, 262 pound musclemen, Handsome Jimmy Valiant of Hollywood (where else?), who was also accompanied by the Grand Wizard. Jim blew kisses to the fans who in turn blew their stacks; he flexed his muscles, and posed just like the guy with the girls hanging all over him in Joe Weider ads. Then the millennium in the morning - running into the ring was champ Pedro Morales, just itching to get his hands on Valiant. Halloween Jim taunted Pedro and strutted about, making taunts and threats, turning his middle finger to the champ's direction. That Latin blood was boiling by now. You see, as in any main event on a wrestling card, this bout was a once-in-a-lifetime special. These two signed up for the main event despising each other, and couldn't wait to have it out in the spectacular grudge match. Jim was once a hero, and was even Pedro's tagteam partner, but less than two months ago that evil Grand Wizard cast a spell over Jim to make him change his goody-two-shoes image. Pedro wanted to get Jim so bad, in fact, that he even gave up his share of the purse to Jim, who demanded it as compensation for having to face Morales in Philadelphia. If you can't figure that one out, don't worry; but facts are facts, and everyone in the arena knew how well that the match meant more than any amount of money ever could to Pedro, who was willing to risk his title gratis to get his hands on bad boy Jim.

This was no easy task. At the bell, Valiant wouldn't come out and wrestle, and when Pedro pursued him, Jim jumped from the ring and started strutting around the

The grand finale, 2 out of 3 falls, was for the world tagteanm championship. Current ticketholders, Crazy Luke Graham and Tarran Tyler (accompanied by a grease-type manager, Lou Albano) were challenged by Indian Chief Jay Strongbow of Oklahoma (alias Joe Scouras of Jersey) and Puerto Rican star Masel Soto. The arena shook as the four matmen took turns in slamming each other all over the place. The Chief then did an Indian war dance, signifying approaching victory (an ancient tribal ritual no doubt), and slammed a "sleeping" hold on Tarran which meant nighty-night for the blonde and a fall for the good guys. Four minutes later, however, Soto hurled Soto half-way across the ring to have his throat fall across the top rope and followed up with a pin to even the match up at one fall per team. Neither team wanted to bother waiting for the third to get under way, and just went right at it. Viewing the free-for-all, the fans shrieked, and the participants beat each other to a pulp. The ref then took the easy way out, stopped the fracas, and ruled a draw. It was also announced that the next arena show would include two girls matches, a tagteam spectacular with Gotch and Goulet battling the Masked Russians, and other events to support the Morales-Valiant cage special.

"I'll be there, brother!" assured one obese man.

"That ref was a son of a bitch, that's what he was - I can't wait to see Pedro get that damn Valiant!" screamed a lady (?).

"Buy your tickets well in advance!" warned the ring announcer as fans filed out.

While most knowledgeable sports buffs recognize the matches more as a fall for entertainment than to legitimate athletic competition, the announcer needn't have reminded them. They'll be back next time. For this is professional wrestling, and its magnetic appeal.
...Robson ...Joyce, Cummings...Robson

By STEVEN WINN

THOMAS ONETWO by Ernest M. Robson, Something Else Press, 40 pages. $3.95.

TRANSWHICHS Exhibit at the Van Pelt Library, 34th and Walnut Streets, Free.

Now, if a man meets you on a Monday after- noon in the Van Pelt Library, claims he is picking up where James Joyce and E.E. Cummings left off, and gives you a book he wrote in 1960 about the commodity distribution of space, you might just call it down to experience. But if the man's name is Ernest M. Robson, you have caught upon a remarkable little work of prose.

Thomas Onetwo recounts the ordi- nary adventures of a Tweesies man who sets out from Missouri to become President of the United States, searches for the perfect man to marry the man, and finally dies at his own hand after a vain search for the perfect American people.

But, the Poet Ocean of this event is Ernest M. Robson, who has added horror to the tale by making it more than a comedy about the commodity distribution of space. We are given the first-person account of the man's life, but Robson does not end there. Robson seems to have created an elaborate and ironic web long before he created Thomas, and his hero is hardly a match for his troubles. There is a vague and obscure poeticism in Thomas' descriptions that only adds to the strange phrasing of the riff - just when the reader is ready to give up, Robson starts over again with the same old song. The author is playing for keeps, and the reader is left with a feeling of meter and rhythm without a sense of meaning. The bassist hopped all over the stage, singing them. The bassist hopped all over the stage, singing them. The bassist hopped all over the stage, singing them. The bassist hopped all over the stage, singing them.

Anyway, it is gone. The rhythm

10 pm.

available from 8am

7 days a week.

10 pm.

would have had a few more pleasant moments, because of the licentious flavor in Mrs. Baker's pickles.

There is, in Robson's spot, a joy and naiveté sharpened by Ken Friedman's drawings (and not the pleasure does end there). Robson seems to have created an elaborate and ironic web long before he created Thomas, and his hero is hardly a match for his troubles. There is a vague and obscure poeticism in Thomas' descriptions that only adds to the strange phrasing of the riff - just when the reader is ready to give up, Robson starts over again with the same old song. The author is playing for keeps, and the reader is left with a feeling of meter and rhythm without a sense of meaning. The bassist hopped all over the stage, singing them. The bassist hopped all over the stage, singing them. The bassist hopped all over the stage, singing them. The bassist hopped all over the stage, singing them.

I catch this group live and swore to myself that I would have had a few more pleasant moments, because of the licentious flavor in Mrs. Baker's pickles.

By DEAN SURKIN

BSK&T (4 Columbia)

BSK&T is stagnating, after alienating their original audience by too much teenybopperism, they claimed a return to a simpler approach for the fourth album. Here is BSK&T with half the counterpoint, half the syncopation and half the energy - they succeeded.

Maybe it is time for the band to break up. I had followed with interest the triple nature of the band - bopper, progressive rock and acoustic - and greatly enjoyed certain works of the latter two styles. I consider "Something Comin' On" and "Symphony for the Devil" (from BSK&T 3) excellent examples of what nine well trained musicians could do. I find the rhythms, chord voicings and blues solos of the former much more interesting than the (pre-Leon Russell) Cocker version. "Symphony for the Devil" includes 20th century coven and symphony, and voice, as in the opening track, "Three Score and Ten". Other instruments are then added until the chorus is sung.

One day, perhaps the group will switch producers and release better indicators of their talent. Karl Berger Company

I caught this group live and swore to find anything they might have recorded. They are a trio, Berger on vibes and piano with a drummer and string bassist. Their music is modern jazz in its highest form - every note was improvised (you could even see the vocalist writing words on a pad of paper before singing them). The bassist hopped all over his fingerboard, showing the influence of Mingus sans bow and sounding like no one I have ever heard when he used one. The drummer was a polyrhythmicist, i.e., there was no feeling of meter and the predominant beat often changed unexpectedly to futher accent the melody. Berger was especially noted for his harmonic conception: he never once gave a feeling of keys or chord changes, though, his phrasing could have been better.

As a trio, the band came across fantastically, with the bassist a follower and Berger and the drummer the leaders - I would have preferred the bassist to lead more, but the responsive improvisation was beautiful anyway.

I recall one guy standing on stage staring over the musicians shoulders who then sat down and died. Berger later apologized to him, saying "I fill the stage; I need the whole space." This may not be true, but the band's music certainly did.

...Robson

...Joyce, Cummings...Robson

The display traces the ac- complishments of other experimenters (including Lewis Carroll), and Robson himself credits Cummings with a major accomplishment in this area in his poem, "Transwhiches," however, poses a radical and ultimate sign language, which, for now, robs poetic speech of too much of its beautiful and seductive suggestiveness.

But, 45 years hence.....

...Robson

...Joyce, Cummings...Robson

...Robson

...Joyce, Cummings...Robson

We will help any woman with a problem pregnancy. We do not moralize, but merely help women obtain qualified Doctors for abortions, if this is what they desire. Please do not delay: an early abortion is more simple and less costly and can be performed on an out patient basis.

Women's Medical Assistance

Abortion Referral Service, Inc

(215) 878-5800
A Community Service Organisation

Please contact us without delay even if you only need someone to talk to. Our fully trained counselors are available from 8 a.m. to 10 p.m. 7 days a week.
Post Garbage: Corman, Shear

By KENNETH SALKOF

In its golden era, between the middle 1960's and the late 1960's, American International Pictures produced and distributed enough garbage product to feed every pig in the contiguous United States for at least ten years. These standard films included themselves into four youth-oriented groups: films based on short stories by Edgar Allan Poe, usually starring Vincent Price; beach party films featuring Frankie Avalon of the warbling voice and Annette Funicello of the Mickey Mouse ears; motorcycle epics introducing live members of a reactionary group called Hell's Angels (never before shown in captivity); and films that tried (and mostly failed) to cash in on the successes of other films: These Fantastic Flying Feels, Bloody Mama.

The quality of those films were nonexistent, but if AIP catered to the drive-in trade. So who watches films in a drive-in anyway? What AIP was doing was producing films to fuck by. And make sure your ankle doesn't get stuck in the steering wheel like it did when we saw The Pit and the Pendulum.

Today's AIP is something else. The classes of films previously listed have given way to ripped-off remakes of Wuthering Heights and A Tale of Two Cities and now the company sports a semi-respectable appearance. The same kind of energy in a town that has embalming systems in a state of flux, as the film encompasses so less than the death of Europe's old order and the violent birth of the new.

The really surprising and pleasing thing about the film is the simplicity of form and good taste that Corman brings to this ambitious project. In his capable hands the film is much more than an action-packed movie of aerial derring-do. Sometimes Corman's direction approaches true genius. In one scene a beautiful German girl examines one of the different sides of the same coin. Von Richthofen (John Phillip Law), the savage Red Baron of Germany, is portrayed as a self-assured minor officer of the landed gentry, who considers himself to be part of the air, exchanging flares for Spandau machinegun and gallant white charger for blood red Fokker DR-1.

Quite the opposite is Canadian R.A.F. pilot Roy Brown (Don Stroud), a maverick officer and common man with no illusions about the kind of war he is fighting. As he puts it, "I'm a technician, I change things. Put a man and a plane in front of me and I change them into a wreck and a corpse."

Von Richthofen and Brown and the film details the true events leading up to the day Von Richthofen was shot down and killed by Brown over the battlefield that was France in April of 1918.

The film presents the two enemies as different sides of the same coin. Von Richthofen (John Phillip Law), the savage Red Baron of Germany, is portrayed as a self-assured minor officer of the landed gentry, who considers himself to be a knight of the air, exchanging flares for Spandau machinegun and gallant white charger for blood red Fokker DR-1.

Quite the opposite is Canadian R.A.F. pilot Roy Brown (Don Stroud), a maverick officer and common man with no illusions about the kind of war he is fighting. As he puts it, "I'm a technician, I change things. Put a man and a plane in front of me and I change them into a wreck and a corpse."

Von Richthofen and Brown is by no means an anti-war piece, although Brown's overly cynical comments could easily lead us to such a conclusion. What Corman has in mind is something far more complex; he juxtaposes the careers of the two men to depict history and value systems in a state of flux, as the film encompasses so less than the death of Europe's old order and the violent birth of the new.

The real surprising and pleasing thing about the film is the simplicity of form and good taste that Corman brings to this ambitious project. In his capable hands the film is much more than an action-packed movie of aerial derring-do. Sometimes Corman's direction approaches true genius. In one scene a beautiful German girl examines one of Anton Fokker's experimental tripalmes, while off-screen, Fokker's running commentary is filled with double entendres that can just as easily refer to the girl as to the airplane. This well-fashioned scene is a subtle and hilarious send-up of Detroit's attempts to sell their cars through the sex appeal of the girl in the short skirt sitting in the front seat of their product. It's enough to let you forgive Corman for making the excremental Bloody Mama.

In THE TODD KILLINGS, Robert Lyons plays Skipper Todd, a young lad with the nihilistic hobby of terminating the existence of his own girls friends.

Von Richthofen and Ray Brown and the film details the true events leading up to the day Von Richthofen was shot down and killed by Brown over the battlefield that was France in April of 1918.

The film presents the two enemies as different sides of the same coin. Von Richthofen (John Phillip Law), the savage Red Baron of Germany, is portrayed as a self-assured minor officer of the landed gentry, who considers himself to be a knight of the air, exchanging flares for Spandau machinegun and gallant white charger for blood red Fokker DR-1.

Quite the opposite is Canadian R.A.F. pilot Roy Brown (Don Stroud), a maverick officer and common man with no illusions about the kind of war he is fighting. As he puts it, "I'm a technician, I change things. Put a man and a plane in front of me and I change them into a wreck and a corpse."

Von Richthofen and Brown is by no means an anti-war piece, although Brown's overly cynical comments could easily lead us to such a conclusion. What Corman has in mind is something far more complex; he juxtaposes the careers of the two men to depict history and value systems in a state of flux, as the film encompasses so less than the death of Europe's old order and the violent birth of the new.

The real surprising and pleasing thing about the film is the simplicity of form and good taste that Corman brings to this ambitious project. In his capable hands the film is much more than an action-packed movie of aerial derring-do. Sometimes Corman's direction approaches true genius. In one scene a beautiful German girl examines one of Anton Fokker's experimental tripalmes, while off-screen, Fokker's running commentary is filled with double entendres that can just as easily refer to the girl as to the airplane. This well-fashioned scene is a subtle and hilarious send-up of Detroit's attempts to sell their cars through the sex appeal of the girl in the short skirt sitting in the front seat of their product. It's enough to let you forgive Corman for making the excremental Bloody Mama.

The TODD KILLINGS Skipper Todd is 25, unemployed, hangs out with the high school set and thinks he's the one and only greatest thing in Darlington, a small American town perched on the fringe of the desert. Driving around town in his metalflake '39 Ford, he is the sole source of kinetic energy in a town that has embalming fluid in its veins.

Everyone loves Skipper - his mother's no-nonsense, protective mother. He is a good performance that is part Charles Laughton's Manpower, part Steven Short's Peter Watkin's Privilege, a film that like Wild in the Streets shows the persuasive power of popular people. Sometimes Gorman's direction approaches true genius. In one scene a beautiful German girl examines one of Anton Fokker's experimental tripalmes, while off-screen, Fokker's running commentary is filled with double entendres that can just as easily refer to the girl as to the airplane. This well-fashioned scene is a subtle and hilarious send-up of Detroit's attempts to sell their cars through the sex appeal of the girl in the short skirt sitting in the front seat of their product. It's enough to let you forgive Corman for making the excremental Bloody Mama.

Skipper is played by Robert Lyons, the actor who scored so heavily as Elliott Gould's freaked-out, drunk-trading buddy in Getting Straight. Lyons turns in a good performance that is part Charles Laughton's Manpower, part Steven Short's Peter Watkin's Privilege, a film that like Wild in the Streets shows the persuasive power of popular people. The problems of the film, the susceptibility of youth, comes across with force in the scene where Skipper, once the dominator, now the dominated, is told by his slick lawyer exactly what he has to do to beat the murder rap. This scene is reminiscent of the puppet-like manipulation Steven Shorter is Peter Watkin's Privilege, a film that like Wild in the Streets shows the persuasive power of popular people.

Skipper is played by Robert Lyons, the actor who scored so heavily as Elliott Gould's freaked-out, drunk-trading buddy in Getting Straight. Lyons turns in a good performance that is part Charles Laughton's Manpower, part Steven Short's Peter Watkin's Privilege, a film that like Wild in the Streets shows the persuasive power of popular people. The problems of the film, the susceptibility of youth, comes across with force in the scene where Skipper, once the dominator, now the dominated, is told by his slick lawyer exactly what he has to do to beat the murder rap. This scene is reminiscent of the puppet-like manipulation Steven Shorter is Peter Watkin's Privilege, a film that like Wild in the Streets shows the persuasive power of popular people.

The aide of the film, the susceptibility of youth, comes across with force in the scene where Skipper, once the dominator, now the dominated, is told by his slick lawyer exactly what he has to do to beat the murder rap. This scene is reminiscent of the puppet-like manipulation Steven Shorter is Peter Watkin's Privilege, a film that like Wild in the Streets shows the persuasive power of popular people.
Theatre

Annenberg gets set

By MARK HOSENBALL

Those of you who may be getting tired and bored by the lengthening string of Phillips-Roth-type comedies about Jewish families (some people, not a million miles from a "34th Street" reviewer, never even like them in the first place) may be dismayed to learn that the Annenberg Center's first "professional" offering for its first full season is evidently such a vehicle.

"Hough (sic) in Blazes," a new play by American expatriate Jerome Max, I am told, is about a "Jewish Family, the generation gap, and middle class values."

This description may immediately put off those who hoped the Center, with memories of last season's lavish and not entirely satisfying production of Brecht's "St. Joan of the Stockyards," would have planned for something along more standard lines for its second piece, an old favorite, as it were.

But Richard Kirschen, Managing Director of the Annenberg Center, says the Center is not likely to be producing any "old favorites" for some time to come. He quotes Robert Edmund Jones' maxim that "Theatre ought to astonish," and says, "We want to do new stuff."

And in the pen-written premise of "Hough in Blazes," the play may indeed "astonish," for it is being produced in the Kabuki style of Japanese theatre. Robert Mitchell, the Center's resident designer who created the impressively overwhelming setting for "St. Joan of the Stockyards," is again likely to prove that Annenberg can be some sort of theatrical showcase. Mitchell is turning the Center's versatile Harold Prince Theatre into a Kabuki Theatre.

"Hough in Blazes" opens October 19 and runs through November 6. The play is to be one of two professional dramatic efforts produced by the Annenberg Center this academic year. The other will be a play of director-critic Arthur Miller, to run this fall. The second will be a night of one-acters directed by "Theatre Lab" students, to be presented in the spring.

Mrs. Gerbner's productions are meant to be the "student" productions under the aegis of the Annenberg Center itself. However, though a Center official says "All My Sons" is to involve "Theatre Lab" students, one such individual says, "No, she told us none of us would probably make the play." It could be that the production will involve last year's "Theatre Lab" students. The play is to be produced with the full guidance of the Center's professional technical staff.

Other student groups like "Penn Players" are, according to Center director Kirschner, welcomed to present at the Center. The Center cannot provide production assistance to such groups unless the groups can pay for it. Student groups merely using the Center's facilities are charged no rent, however.

Various student musical groups (Glee Club, Orchestra, etc.) have dates scheduled at the Center throughout the coming year. A student musical comedy called "Yours For A Song" had also been slated for production at the Center this fall, but has unexpectedly been cancelled.

Other activities scheduled at the Annenberg Center this year include dance performances by Malvina Tail's student troupe and imported professional groups. The Annenberg School will continue to present its Documentary Film series. The Center's minute Studio Theatre, scene of last year's "Theatre Lab" one-act workshop, is being converted as a permanent cinema, with fixed seats.

According to Richard Kirschen, the Annenberg Center for the Performing Arts is meant as a "facility, a professional program, and a research activity of the Annenberg School." The University owns the Center but the Center's activities are funded, mostly by special endowments to the Annenberg School of Communications.

"Penn Players" have a new Artistic Director. Taking over the reins from Tom Ballard and David Shookoff is Bill Dearth, a graduate of Hiram College in Ohio and Temple University. Dearth has also studied at Vienna and Birmingham England, and appeared on National Educational Television.

Dearth says "Penn Players" will offer two series of one-act plays this fall, to be presented in the "Players" second floor Houston Hall haunt. He says the "Players" intend to strike a better balance between modern and classical drama in their presentations this year than they did last year.

Newly elected Penn Players Board Chairman is second year law student John VerStandig, a well-known mustached promoter.

Help us get solvent; get 10% commission on ads, and join our oh-so-happy family.

Call Jeff Pretsfelder at 594-6581.
**THE DEVILS**
Midtown
Broadway-Chestnut
LOI-7021
Oliver Reed is a priest who prays pretty much every hour of his congress. When Redgrave is a nun with a humped-back. And Kanon is a director who orders a bomb tilted Bittre Devir Brain.
A SAVAGE AND THE DESIERTER
Goldman
15th-Chestnut
LOI-6702
Two westerns that should have been left in the dust. Made in government office sitcoms.

**KLUTZ**
Chicago
19th-Chestnut
LOI-4729
A poorly done mystery plot and slap-sidie love story dilute the quality of the well-drawn portrait of the life and extremely hard times of a New York City prostitute, played very very well by a very attractive Jane Fonda. Director studied in this is the white socks and funny blue flys (R.

**LETS SCARE JESSICA TO DEATH**
Regency
18th-Chestnut
LOI-3198
Although we haven't seen this film yet, we see the worst of the strength of Zara Lamerais, a gynelitious lady, actress, stars,

**MIDNIGHT**
Millenium
16th-Chestnut
LOI 5848
Let's hope this isn't the alpha film for the omega man.

**RYAN'S DAUGHTER**
Trans-Lux
15th-Chestnut
LOI-3864
Ryan's weeks to be bored by this filmic dinosaur.

**SIDE**
Forth and Market
6000
Black Bearl bebts baddies, badd broats.

**SOMETHING BEHIND THE DOOR**
Eric
11th-Chestnut
LOI-4984
We don't know what this is about. Anthony Perkins, so how bad can it be. Call us packed.

**TOGETHER**
Arcade
16th-Chestnut
LOI 9099
What, her legs?

**THE TOUCH**
Eric
1920 at 8 P.M.
LOI 9206
We're speechless since we found out that Berman employed Elliott Gould for his first English language film.

**WEST SIDE STORY AND AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**
Mark
17th-18th and Market
LOI-6427
A musical about gang warfare in New York.

**B.** An adoption of the classic Jules Vern novel.

**C.** All of the above.

**D.** None of the above.

**UFOP CAMPS**

---

**GRAND ILLUSSION**
Christian Film Society
Christian Association Auditorium
Saturday, September 24 at 8 P.M.

**BAND OF THE VALLEY**
David Hume
Irving Auditorium
7 and 9:30 P.M., Sept 25

**RIDER ON THE RAIN**
SLOuled

**THE ORGANIZER**
Christian Association Film Society
Christian Association Auditorium
Sept. 27 at 7:30 and 9:30 P.M. 75c

**BATTLE OF ALGIERS**
Christian Association Film Society
Christian Association Auditorium
Sept. 27 7:30 and 9:30 P.M. 75c

---

**Music**

**Academy of Music**
Ballet and Broadway events
PE 5278
Sept 27 at 8:30 P.M. Sept. 28 at 7:30 P.M.

**ROCK/ POLK/JAZZ/ ETC**

---

**CHERRY HILL ARENA**
Saturday 24 - Savoy Brown, Cactus, and Charlie Musselwhite will grace stage with a soul and garage sounds that are lively.

---

**NEED A DATE? TRY STAR WARS!**

---

**Theatre**

**THE PRISONER**
Hedgerow Theatre
Moay, Pa.
Through October, 2
SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 24
8:30 P.M.
CATCH ME IF YOU CAN
LOI 2485

---

**LIVE ON STAGE**
**IN THE MOOD**
**THE HEADHUNTERS**
**THE ROM**
**SON OF THE WIND**
**SOMETHING BEHIND THE DOOR**
**THE TOUCH**
**WEST SIDE STORY AND AROUND THE WORLD IN 80 DAYS**
**BAND OF THE VALLEY**
**RIDER ON THE RAIN**
**THE ORGANIZER**
**BATTLE OF ALGIERS**
**ROCK/ POLK/JAZZ/ ETC**
**CHERRY HILL ARENA**