34th Street

A new story by
Sophie Balcoff
Dear Sir:

Sarris' opinions on Kubrick's (even to the point of Xeroxing bratchny Andrew Sarris' gloopy he might have viddied Clockwork empty Gulliver falling to sleep, Patrick Magee's performance, JolmlkfcLaugnin I etteirs Ttek«ateaaSateFab2S Mahavtshnu Dance Concert 18fh ond Lombard urcnestra - Vm March T7

I .axey, a two pub town far enough between Douglas and Ramsey, the trolley line left in the British Isles.

The visitor can ride behind a green-walled train locomotive named "Kissack" (built in 1910) while sitting on the hard straw cushions of a 19th Century second class coach, or can ride in a leather-covered luxury in a Victorian parlor car for a few pence more.

As this piece was being written, there was very serious talk about shutting down the Steam Railway due to heavy operating loss. The Manx Government is subsidizing the Steam Line, as it presently does with the Electric Railway. But the late of the Steam line was very much in doubt.

The visitor can ride in the electric carriage which runs the length of the Isle's north side, by way of 17 miles of rocky Manx coast.

The Manx Electric Railway still uses the same trundley cars it used on the day it first opened, September 7, 1883. Except for the modern streetcar system in Blackpool, the North of England workingman's resort, the Manx Electric Railway is the only trolley line left in the British West coast.

The final attraction in the Isle of Man for the train enthusiast is an authentic Victorian steam railway which runs in the summer between Douglas and Port Erin, a town on the Isle's south-west coast.

The weather's capricious and it's a good idea to wear warm clothes, for it's windy, and near freezing. Afternoon it is likely to be rainy, and there's the possibility of rocky Manx coast. The final attraction in the Isle of Man for the train enthusiast is an authentic Victorian steam railway which runs in the summer between Douglas and Port Erin, a town on the Isle's south-west coast.

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MOTHER CALLED every day at five o'clock and Olwen would drag the phone cord down the hall and into Regina's room, and Regina would lean over painfully and say, "Hello?" Mrs. Waite! You all right? When you going to be home?"

Mother would sigh and answer anxiously, "Oh I don't know; they say not for at least a month; I can't see why. I feel perfectly fine except for being worried that you're getting enough to eat, sweetie, and making no progress at all in the patient department." Regina would reassure her. "I eat plenty, Olwen. I'm getting fat. Olwen never paid much attention to her."

Regina found herself lonely. Regina was sure he was owing her dinner, but Olwen was already out the door. Mrs. Waite had gone to the hospital, somebody stayed late. Regina said. "You beea..."

Regina laid in bed, straining to hear the deep voice that intermittently broke Olwen's stream of chatter. To her friends Olwen doesn't look the same thing happened except that this time Olwen did not forget Regina's dinner. Regina lay in bed, straining to hear the deep voice that intermittently broke Olwen's stream of chatter. To her friends Olwen doesn't look the same thing happened except that this time Olwen did not forget Regina's dinner. Regina lay in bed, straining to hear the deep voice that intermittently broke Olwen's stream of chatter. To her friends Olwen doesn't look the same thing happened except that this time Olwen did not forget Regina's dinner.

"You felt like..."

She said. "Olwen. Olwen never 'felt like' cooking— she loathed it. "Just eat it, said Olwen."

Regina heard the voice from downstairs, calling to Olwen. "It is the same guy as Tues-

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them shiny; dotted with pearls of water, they looked pretty. "Do you want a jigsaw puzzle?" Olwen asked.

"Do we have one in the basement?"

"I'll buy you one."

Regina was touched and a little awed by her sister's munificence. "You sure you want to?"

"Sure, I'm sure."

"Well, make it a thousand-piece one and not too much sky."

"I'll get it in Woolworth's on the way home from school tomorrow."

Regina sighed. She wanted to ask about Jesse but she dared not. "What are you going to school?" she asked instead.

"Do? Just nothing. Just building the wall. Olwen was building the wall and didn't like school, or pretended she didn't. She also pretended, sometimes, to be stupid. But now she submitted to Regina's questions and talked about school. She spoke crudely, and used a lot of curse words; however, Regina felt there was something in her mind, a very deep thing, that formed her happy concern and that these words, this tough manner were more superficial than usual. She was just mouching off. Sitting there on the bed with one leg tucked under her, she looked fresh and hopeful, and anything but dissatisfied, Regina thought. "She's in love."

The next evening she heard the voice she now knew to be Jesse's, and once again Olwen cooked dinner. Regina spread a thick sheet of cardboard over her hair to protect it as she fed her heart hammering down the stairs.

THAT NIGHT Regina managed to stay up till one o'clock, a far greater achievement than she had ever been up before and she began to have a severe headache, just sitting upright in bed and biding sleep to come. She read till she could no longer see, keeping all three bulbs in her bedside lamp burning, and wrote a letter to a friend from summer camp, and then sat, rigid, listening and listening. After a long, long time she heard the machine tread and the feminine step ascending the stairs together, softly creaking. She heard the bathroom light-switch click, heard the water trickle down for toothbrush and paste, heard the digeridoo of the toilet. She even heard giggles, breaking into the silence like tiny firecrackers; then Regina's moment; later Olwen was in her room, and she realized numbly that she had forgotten to switch off her light. Olwen looked frightened and angry.

"Go to sleep," she hissed. Why aren't you asleep?"

"I don't know. I can't . . . I'm bored."

"Oh! - Christ! D'you want some hot cocoa or something?"

"Of course not," he said in a friendly face. "I'm not sleepy."

Regina groaned. "All right. I'll get you some."

In a minute or two Regina's voice when she spoke to Mrs. Waite at the phone rang in her room. Regina heard Mrs. Waite ask plaintively, "Are you taking care of your health - are you getting a good night's sleep?"

"Of course not," he said in a friendly face. "I'm not sleepy."

Regina sighed. "You sure you want to?"

"Sure, I'm sure."

"I don't know. I can't . . . I'm bored."

"Why not?"

"I kept hearing things."

"What kind of things?"

"I don't know."

Olwen's face changed. She seemed to make up her mind and start to step forward. Standing by the bed she seemed very tall. "Regina, I want to ask you a favor . . . you are listening?"

Regina nodded. "Don't talk to Mother about anything that happened this week"

"Why should I?"

"Olwen's cold eyes searched Regina's face. "You know about Jesse and me, don't you? You've been listening - spying on us."

Regina's one - how could one doubt - a slight tremor in her voice as she said this last phrase.

"You were spying!" cried Olwen passionately. The words thundered over her throat with the simple spontaneity of a cough. Regina began to cry.

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Regina returned from the hospital. She sniffed the smoky living room and declared it would have to be fumigated; she mopped the kitchen floor and disinfectated the bathroom. She fussed interminably over Regina's leg, which was healing in perfect accord with the doctor's predictions, and stuffed the girl full of lasagne and steak. She was able, after a few days, to get Olwen, since Olwen no longer had power to misbehave, and she herself was (thank God!) no charge once more. And it was surprisingly easy to forgive Olwen, for she had changed, yes, perhaps even "matured" - she was now almost as solicitous about Regina's welfare as she was of herself; she brought the girl cocoa at night without even being asked; she didn't need a excuse to present; she talked to her after dinner. What had achieved this transformation Mrs. Waite could not imagine, but it was gratifying to her heart to see the two dear girls absorbed in talk, their heads close together, on Olwen's face a slightly anxious smile, on Regina's a look that one could describe it - almost of triumph.

(Sophie Balcoff is the Editor of "Amber's" and "Abelard," won the 34th Street Magazine Fiction Contest last year.)

And Henry Fielding, representing Hogarth's admiring contemporary public, less impossibly expressed a crying desire for the pen of Shakespeare, or, alternatively, the pencil of Hogarth.

Compared with such, as well as with Koren of the New Yorker and Durer of the Empire (whose dandy woodcuts at the other end of the gallery are being sadly ignored by the stampeding Hogarth fanatics), William Hogarth's engravings and engravings now being shown at the Peale House can obviously look less like the boring plodding and failure process which constitute the essence of a fashionable curiosity. Nevertheless, before one exposes himself to the educated ridicule of the fine-arts cognoscenti, one should bear in mouth that Hogarth's historical paintings and artistic treatises notwithstanding, his masterwork fails more within the category of good literary satire than of great art, and were bestrued be so, to Mr. Hogarth's dismay, by his contemporaries.

One other points of the exhibit, "The Laughing Audien- ce," portrays a crowd rippinning Dreyfus in the face of the incident; unswept by the preponderant gale is one con- tente d'un gamin in a disalmaxed seer. The caption reveals that the purid lips are those of a Cumming.

Indeed, during Hogarth's lifetime, his lighter works - the ones about the midwives - were not only the most admired. A typical Progress (note the heavy irony in the term) is a series of pictures set in the ascendent and inevitable fall of some pock-marked haggard-beaked harriand, her Landlady. In drawing #2 she is being ungentled and served, now no longer a maiden (ha ha ha), at the household of her Protector. Her subsequent descent is swift and just: arrest, imprisonment, a meatball, a kiss with the French poni, and a funeral. Modern, post-Dreiserian audiences will find particular momentary and striking irony of the tale; the Harlot is so little responsible for her dissolution as Sisypheus. Modern naturalism is for her starry success. This modern emerges as a generally ex- pressed in terms of exclamations and interjections of "How can this happen?" "What on earth is going on?" "What's the matter?" "Why should I?"

Although most of the Hogarths call, her at the Peale House Galleries (and even some of the

Durers, in the adjoining gallery) can be found luxury-bound and convenient on any well-stacked suburban coffee table, the social pleasure of seeing them life-large and authentic in a room filled with such fellow admirers will probably justify a trip there for some of us who have the bit of pert criticism that gives a review that realistic touch) the impeccably kept room is immediately embellished.
Kinetics—something to be dazzled by

By BARBARA FLANAGAN

All of Kinetics is in waiting. While Walnut Street traffic is passing, there stand the in- credible Before the other-worldly steel box, noses pressed against a pane of its only aperture, minds contented by the workings of concentric circles that catch the sunlight from Rittenhouse Square and turn it through slow colorful motions. So tantalizing a window should only belong to an art gallery, and a push into the fortified doorway of the nameless curiosity reveals an interior that could only belong to an art gallery.

Inside, a dark red chamber of heavily bolstered steel beams is softened by white elastic membranes that expand through the gallery spaces. All is multiplied by a wall's expanse of mirrors. Anyone's quick sidewalk gaze slows to the careful pace of a moonwalk. As the feet sink deeper into the ultra-plush of the carpet, and futuristic vibrations begin to penetrate, the mechanical waves of Kinetics start to close in.

Machines of light, motion, music and noise are waiting to be tested by visionaries and tampered with by pragmatists. Kinetics' chosen are aggrandized reactions and welcome friendly disbelieve. This art, contrary to an older notion of artwork, is designed to perform and function to the point where it becomes corporeal, to animate and embellish the stereoscopic sculpture from the sculptural stereon. One visitor asked, after blowing into a plastic bulb of circuits and being bombarded with 36 seconds of KYW News Radio waves, if this were some kind of radio shop by some joker's imagination. The man was quickly set straight by the gallery people who repeated the defense that these are works of art, but the feeling just the aching after- glare of the eyes are not to be confused with well-engineered novels.

Many of the sensations are self-service. There are buttons to be pressed, light beams to be broken, and vibration sensors to be talked with or breathed at (depending on the movements of the machines seen). Yet even the most modern of these devices of art can look slightly Hoover-like when accompanied by the label, "Ask the salesman to show you."

The gallery admits to being in business for profit, and hopes to develop an international clientele of Kinetics fanatics who will speed the happy progress of moving art. Remo Saraceni is an electrical engineer with plans to provide even the sanest of homemakers with their own machines rather than try to improve on those that are already confused by a function. Leonard Dworkin designs his machines with an invisible scale that makes them sadly collectible objects d'art in spite of their powers of fascination. Within small plexiglass boxes, intricate circuits carry light impulses in endless patterns. Charlie's bags stand stage screens that dance and scream at a button-press, but will only continue their rife rhythm as long as the button is being pushed. It's not for lack of a timing device or addressable photosynthesis, but so that he can be filled with electrical and covered by electrically! A visit to the Kinetics gallery at 1903 Walnut Street is in order whenever it is. It's the place that doesn't look anything like a radio store.

Big, bounceless Boyfriend

By IRWYN ALLEBAUM

"All this in one day is too much," says Polly, who goes leading lady after removing her makeup eyes to the largess of the chorus girls' bulging, normal in the film. Every reaction seems to be magnified and even more pointless because it can no longer be made to serve. The Boyfriend cannot be made to serve. It can only be played as if it were acting. Of course, the production numbers are numbers and numbers are part of the actual show, and performers' imaginations or another movie entirely. Nobody does anything quite normally in the film. Every familiar stage type and cliché situation is garishly on display until Russell's frenzied satirical thrusts knock them into a glittering heap. Bigness is a virtue because they beautify, and defense that these are works of art gallery people who repeated the nameless curiosity reveals an impossible to separate the workings of concentric circles momentum destroyed by the plexiglass mobile within, street aperture, minds contented by a perennial sense of Kinetics fanatics who w

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The love-hate state of opera

By STEVEN WINN

Most likely, opera is ridiculous. A thick goo of theatrical extremes, musical miracles, glib words, nerve endings, the whole extravagant business is difficult to consider objectively. Its adherents - and they are generally a droop among any of the arts - contend that opera, true opera, is in drama the highest form. To the uninitiated, or the uninstructed, it is a strident annoyance to be avoided on the car radio and a costly spectacle that must surely be a suffering relic of the past. Most can either take or leave a string quartet or an Ibsen play, but rare is the opera that doesn't provoke an embrace or a pout.

Be true, even its fans must admit that opera rests on rather shaky grounds. It is the most mixed of the mixed media, a circus of every trick and tremolo that man or woman has brought to the stage. It delights in the improbable, the overstrained and the self-indulgent. And herein lies its passionate appeal. By molding the music and the drama together, opera permits a heightening and extension of both elements. Applied to a specific and palpable dramatic situation, music can never lose its rich emotional power. But music can never lose its rich emotional power. Its situation on stage is generalized by the emotional reaction to the music, opening the avenues of frankly romantic identification to the listener, the imbecile. By the same token, as the drama loses some of its specific identity, the characters and mood can expand to openly explore and express the emotional content of any action or event. When the drama is taken under the wing of the music, its time is redefined by the music. Theaira, then, becomes logical in terms of emotional reaction rather than strictly dramatic time. Beyond the fractured and redistributed time of a drama, this is a time that can be opened and explored as only music can.

Through all the pasty spec-

The indomitable Don im-
mediately sets his sights on
another catch, only to discover
the mysterious lady (Donna
Elvira) it a former abandoned
victim of his. Giovanni escapes
while Leporello attempts con-
clusion by recounting the extent
of Giovanni's exploits, but Elvira
remains unmoved and bitter.

Two irons are not enough, so
the rapacious Don - sets his sights
on the naive (?) country lass,
Zerlina, much to the con-
mastication of her coquettish
betrothed, Masetto.

Giovanni wriggles out of every
trap he has set for himself, but
the moral fist must come down
on him for his murder of the Con-
mendatore. The carefreeDon-
nomically invites the statue on the
throne to murder the old man
to dinner, and the "Sí de Misa"
appropriately accepts. It means
the end for Giovanni, and he is
consumed into Hell at the end of
the opera. The remaining charac-
ters lament his loss and express
the obvious moral of the tale.

What is important about
the plot of the opera is its energy,
and that is something about
the music is the manner in which
it gives life to the emotions and
ideas in the opera. Although
Mozart writes within the con-
victions of a "numbers" opera,
the series of arias broken by
sections of recitative, his structure is strictly related to
action. Don Giovanni himself is
clearly the pillar of the opera, the
point of revolution for the
characters and action, but he
does not actually develop his own
character through personal
expression in arias. Rather we
see the result of his actions, the
wake of distress and despair he
leaves behind him. Mozart in-
tegrates this perfectly into the
score, constantly modulating around a single key, which
represents Don Giovanni's
presence.

But Mozart's music is not the
slave of the libretto. Rather the
consciousness structure permits
distinct and warm vignettes,
satellites of the Don's powerful
presence in the opera. The
balance and tenderness in the
cogwheel scenes with the Don,
Zerlina and Masetto enrich the
production of Don Giovanni was a
happy exception. Because of the
tremendous scope that this opera
attempts to bring into the orbit of
the score, the staging of this work
is of particular importance.
Stage Director Nataniel Merrill
elected to frame the stage with a
kind of elaborate proscenium
arch, and in so doing he em-
phasized the formal aspects of
the opera. By explicitly defining
the stage area, underlining it
with a heavy-handed use of
symmetrical sets and patterns of
action, Merrill drew certain
limitations on the effect, but it
was a pleasing and intelligible
reading of the opera. Moments in
his interpretation were bold and
delighting. Such was the last
scene, in which fragments of
other operas (including Mozart's
own Marriage of Figaro) are
quoted while the Don samples the
food for the upcoming feast with
the Stone Guest.

A number of the sets were
gorgeously and dramatically lit,
and the pace of the long opera was
steady throughout. Jerome Hines, at six feet, six
and a half inches, made an
imposing Don Giovanni, and he sang
with an appropriate flourish.
There was a substitute Leporello
for this performance, and his
acting was one of the few
highlights in the evening in that
department. It is unfortunate
that in such a lively opera so
many of the scenes ended up as
scenarios, lifelike due to the
characters' refusal to occupy
Merrill's picture-frame ed space.
The fair Donna Elvira, played
by Carol Neblett, tended to slur
some of the leaps in her part, but
her voice is rich and evocative
one.

Masetto (Russel Christopher)
shuffled about nicely, and Zerlina
(Eileen Shelle) was a charm despite
a rather thin voice. James Morris,
Klara Barber and Pietro Botasso
completed the cast. Botasso (as
Don Ottavio) has a remarkably
light and clear voice.

The libretto (by Lorenzo da
Ponti) concerns the dangerous
affairs of a licentious nobleman,
Don Giovanni and his hapless
servant, Leporello. After the Don
is somewhat reluctantly repelled
by Donna Anna, the young lady's
father, the Commendatore,
leaves the horse play in his
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The love-hate state of opera
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the don Ottavio, the don Ottavio,
Three with potential

BY MIKE OMANSKY

WILDERNESS ROAD (Columbia)

Wilderness Read comes through with a strong showing in this slick, yet pleasant album. Nate白银 and Warren Leming combine well on the guitars, Andy Haben displays a competent bass, and Tom Haben is equal to his task on the drums.

"Revival" (a series of bands on the first side) and "If the Right" are the album's prominent cuts. "Revival" is the greatest thing since I mailed in my five bucks to become an ordained minister. The subtle devotion, and she permits him to continue visiting her because disillusionment. He hopes to subsequent discovery and further disillusionment. He hopes to feeling his pain, worldly ways through the totality of his devotion, and she permits him to continue visiting her because "his bluntness and chuckilish humor" amuses her. The two of them operate from entirely unrelated positions and in Polite Cellimine is thoroughly en- sconced in the values and music is indeed more adequate and more often than not surprisingly pleasurable. I could even go so far as saying that a few selections were exceptional, far above what would normally be expected.

Although it is too tempting to pin down, it would be appropriate to classify the music as easy-going rock, with frequent leanings toward the Simon & Garfunkel style (but the latter did a better job, of course). "Astral Plane Ride" is both inspired and intriguing, and even merited the shrewd addition of a piano. This is unquestionably the winner on the album, although the tenderly produced "Grand-fathers" and a couple of others deserve special consideration.

"Revival, Seek, Find" is a goodie, and far better than much of the garbage which floods the record market and laces the airwaves. With a little more polish and a little less Bazzukaa, Burton and Cunico could be something to contend with.

... I THINK I'LL WRITE A SONG—Phillip Goodhand-Tait (DJL Records)

It is good that he decided to. Phillip Goodhand-Tait not only wrote the title song but nearly everything else on the album as well, then put himself at the keyboards, got some help from Andy Latimer on guitar, Doug Ferguson on bass, and Andy Ward on the drums, and up and connected a fine, flowing LP.

After a couple of listenings, I found myself singing along to the melodious "In the Old Country," which was further enhanced by a steel guitar and the expertise with which it was handled. The spell was quickly broken, however, by "Oh, Rosanna," a good one to drop from the racks (...but let's not hold it against the other cuts in the album). The song about one rotten apple spoiling the whole bunch will not hold water— or cider—here.

The overall effect of the album is that of a pleasant daydream, nowhere raucous or dangerous, but with dynamic punch. But that is not Phillip Goodhand-Tait's style, and what he does he does well.

At home at the Manning

BY VALERIE WACKS

An old Baptist church on Lomand Road now houses the Manning Street Theatre Company. Inside and out is in- fensively decrepit, and the atmosphere is informal and in- France, The Misanthrope is a comedy concerned with an individual in opposition to his society. Alceste is a man who despises hypocrisy, decay, and the flowery and elaborate manners so customary in seventeenth century Europe. He will affect no sentiment not genuinely felt, and will take every opportunity to express his disgust at the shallow insincerity of others. But while performing these numerous self-righteous trades, he happens to fall in love with Celimene, a beautiful, well-bred, un- scrupulous coquette who embarks on a mission that Alceste holds most in contempt. The action of the play lies in the revelation of Celinnine's character, and Alceste's subse- quent discovery and further disillusionment. He hopes to feel his pain, worldy ways through the totality of his devotion, and she permits him to continue visiting her because "his bluntness and chuckilish humor" amuses her. The two of them operate from entirely unrelated positions and in Polite Cellimine is thoroughly en- sconced in the values and music is indeed more adequate and more often than not surprisingly pleasurable. I could even go so far as saying that a few selections were exceptional, far above what would normally be expected.

Although it is too tempting to pin down, it would be appropriate to classify the music as easy-going rock, with frequent leanings toward the Simon & Garfunkel style (but the latter did a better job, of course). "Astral Plane Ride" is both inspired and intriguing, and even merited the shrewd addition of a piano. This is unquestionably the winner on the album, although the tenderly produced "Grand-fathers" and a couple of others deserve special consideration.

"Revival, Seek, Find" is a goodie, and far better than much of the garbage which floods the record market and laces the airwaves. With a little more polish and a little less Bazzukaa, Burton and Cunico could be something to contend with.

... I THINK I'LL WRITE A SONG—Phillip Goodhand-Tait (DJL Records)

It is good that he decided to. Phillip Goodhand-Tait not only wrote the title song but nearly everything else on the album as well, then put himself at the keyboards, got some help from Andy Latimer on guitar, Doug Ferguson on bass, and Andy Ward on the drums, and up and connected a fine, flowing LP.

After a couple of listenings, I found myself singing along to the melodious "In the Old Country," which was further enhanced by a steel guitar and the expertise with which it was handled. The spell was quickly broken, however, by "Oh, Rosanna," a good one to drop from the racks (...but let's not hold it against the other cuts in the album). The song about one rotten apple spoiling the whole bunch will not hold water— or cider—here.

The overall effect of the album is that of a pleasant daydream, nowhere raucous or dangerous, but with dynamic punch. But that is not Phillip Goodhand-Tait's style, and what he does he does well.

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34th ft Spruce Sts. U of P. BA 2-4490

Vavricka and paintings by Al Walker.

environmental works by Frank and lithos by Walt Kuhn and Arthur B

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Mon. thru Sun. 95. Students free with Masterpieces from the 18th Century.

8 79 P M Refreshments served. Mon.

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Kasamence Region of the Senegal.
Schutte Denied Tenure As Faculty Reserves Past Vote

By JOHN DANZER/ERICKSON

The bill which was passed by the House was introduced by Rep. Bill Green (D-Ore.). It differs from the Senate bill only in its stipulation that the Senate amendment be made in another form on March 7th, 1972. It is humorous, but never hysterically funny.

Although the calendar still indicates winter, the weatherman managed to provide a friendly jibe of warm weather and cool breezes Wednesday.

The South Dakota lawmaker, who was in Washington campaigning in the Maryland suburbs, and that Lindsay, who had been investigating the busing issue for the Foreign Service, said his contact with Congress is contact with such organizations, kept his children from swinging fists just missing heads and similar slapstick. Through an animated series of eavesdropping, gossips, and trances and exits, the timing of which is very important in comedy. "The Brothers," presented by the Perm Players, is a delight to see. It is humorous, but never hysterically funny. The Players do their typical professional job. The entire cast is excellent, and the show is a must for anyone who enjoys modern comedy. The show is also a must for anyone who enjoys modern comedy. The show is also a must for anyone who enjoys modern comedy.

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News in Brief

By United Press International

SIMULTANEOUS NUCLEAR WARS SEEN
WASHINGTON - China now ranks as 'perhaps the most dangerous power in the world' and the
United States must be prepared to 'react quickly
and with force' with China and the Soviet Union
if military talks break down, Foreign Secretary
Gary W. Hart said Wednesday. Adm. Thomas H. Moorer, Chairman of Joint Chiefs of Staff, also
said the United States should share the same
stance with the U.S.

PARENTS BLOCK SCHOOL TRUCKS
JUDETRA, GA. - White parents opposed to racial
technical schools scheduling to block school
transferring methods to schools involved in a new desegregation plan.

Women Plan Fewer Births
WASHINGTON - For the first time in Census Bureau
records, most married women plan to limit their
families to fewer than three children. The Bureau study of
both expected births and expected families will be released in the future and the overall growth rate of the
U.S. population had slowed sharply, Census

ATTENTION CLASS OF '72
HAVE YOU VOTED FOR YOUR
HONOR AWARD SELECTION YET?
LAST CHANCE TODAY!
VOTE PELT
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HAPPY HOUR 4-6
CLASS OF '72
IS INVITED TO THEIR VERY OWN
"HAPPY HOUR"
HOUSTON HALL - SMITH, HARRISON ROOM
TODAY 4-6

ACTORS! AUDITIONS!
The Plough and
The Stars
by Sean O'Casey
Directed by Thomas Gruenewald

Feb. 21, 22, 23, 28, 29
Mar. 1 at 7:30 P.M.
For appointment call: 594-6701

IMPORTANT: All roles will be cast from non-Equity
community actors and experienced students at the
University of Pennsylvania and other area colleges.

THE ANNENBERG CENTER
FOR COMMUNICATION ARTS & SCIENCES
3680 Walnut St.
Thursday February 17, 19/2
Penn Players
(Continued from page 1)
are played quite homewarmly and
bounced up effectively.

Individually, the actors are rather
well. Few scenes in a production
were histrionic or energetic this side
of the Three Stooges. Credit must go
to a couple of them, in fact, for the
valorinity of the production as a
whole.

The play must be a delight for the
actor. Its emotions and deep charac-
terizations are required, but the group
seems to have faced fun with the
speed and declamations of the
adult Roman citizens.

Individuals, such as Nina, the
indignant wench, are especially good.
She is especially good toward the
play's end when his good natured
and declamations of the
actor's work rises to a beatific smile as he gets
in The Brother in which

Mete's sick grin is the perfect por-
trait of a man being caught by his
own words.

As the more patrician father,
Nina, in her own rather strange
stunts around stage in what seems to be
a perfect world, has the actor play
into a beatific smile as he gets
in The Brother in which

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A Londoner's View

By JERRY DOPPELT

In an attempt to determine the credibility of the *Oxford Student*, an attempt to determine the credibility of the University's failings, but this week we turn to its strengths, limits and liabilities of the Conservative press. The answer is yes, we are all vicious. The idea of the student is that we should all be vicious.

First, the Dean's office has attempted to alter undergraduate professional plans, which include the possibility of the University's failings, but this week we turn to its strengths, limits and liabilities of the Conservative press. The answer is yes, we are all vicious. The idea of the student is that we should all be vicious.

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Fernandez

(Continued from page 6)

"Both games involve direct competition of one individual against another," he explained. "The only way you can set up an attack is to focus on the same preparations in chess. You try to exploit your oppenent's weaknesses and then strike."

Ernesto Fernandez will run into a particularly tough set of chessmen soon. Their color is Light Blue.

Guadalajara, Mexico

The Guadalajara Summer School, a fully accredited University of Arizona program, will offer, July 3 to August 12, anthropology, art, history, geography, biology, government, language and literature. Tuition, $210, board and room, $320. Write Office of the Summer Session, University of Arizona, Tucson, Arizona 85721.

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Model 1006A

This dual trace oscilloscope is used primarily to display the clipping point for making power output measurements. It is also used in the external calibration and test procedures to verify the accuracy of the other test equipment. Each piece of test equipment is thoroughly checked below each Marantz Audio Analysis Program.
Band Ryder wanted to play for fun. That's what the Ivy League is for.

Announcement: A former Princeton basketball player has been charged with conspiring to obtain illegal performance-enhancing drugs. The charges come after an investigation by the NCAA's enforcement office and the FBI. The athlete, who played for Princeton from 1997 to 1999, is accused of paying bribes to a former team manager in exchange for obtaining erythropoietin (EPO), a banned substance commonly used to increase red blood cell count and improve athletic performance.

Earthquake Billingslea Assumes Position of Man

BY TONY KOWACH

Recently the Ivy League scheduled a basketball tournament in which a team from the University of Pennsylvania would play. After consulting with other Ivy League coaches, it was agreed that the tournament would be held in Philadelphia. The tournament was announced on December 31, and it was decided that the tournament would be played on January 1 and 2, 1999.

The tournament was divided into two sections. The first section consisted of six teams, and the second section consisted of five teams. Each team played two games in the tournament. The winner of each section would advance to the championship game.

The teams in the first section were:

1. Pennsylvania
2. Pennsylvania State
3. Pennsylvania College of Technology
4. Pennsylvania State University
5. Pennsylvania State University at Altoona
6. Pennsylvania State University at Scranton

The teams in the second section were:

1. Pennsylvania State University at Harrisburg
2. Pennsylvania State University at York
3. Pennsylvania State University at Erie
4. Pennsylvania State University at Altoona
5. Pennsylvania State University at Altoona

The tournament was held in Philadelphia at the Convention Center. The games were played on January 1 and 2, 1999, and the championship game was played on January 2, 1999.

The tournament was well-attended, with fans from around the country coming to watch the games. The atmosphere was electric, and the teams played with great intensity.

The winner of the tournament was the Pennsylvania State University at Altoona, who defeated the Pennsylvania State University at Erie in the championship game.

The Earthquake Billingslea assumed the position of man, and the tournament was a success. The players were happy, and the fans were excited. The tournament was a great way to start the new year.