Inflation May Develop From Energy Crisis

Tentative Compromise Arrived Between Dining Workers, Officials

By MARC GOLDSTEIN

By MARTIN SIEGEL

By STEVE DODD

By STEVE STECKLOW

52 Freshmen Take Unique Seminar

Toward Their Health, Living Habits

Specter May Replace Nixon's Chief Lawyer

Students decided on health habits and how to improve their health habits by participating in a health education program. (Continued on page 2)

The WHARTON ECONOMETRIC FORECASTING

Garry Long, F. Grenfell Adams, George Green, Lawrence Klein and Ken Preston

Investment Boom After Recession May Develop From Energy Crisis

Wharton Econometric Forecasting released new predictions on the economy. From left are, clockwise, Adams, Green, Klein and Preston.

INVESTMENT BOOM AFTER RECESSION MAY DEVELOP FROM ENERGY CRISIS

A tentative compromise settlement was reached between the student employees union that the University attempted to fire and the University itself. At the same time, student employees who must leave their employment will be provided with a phase-out period.

Specter May Replace Nixon's Chief Lawyer

District Attorney Artur Specter, who is seeking the Pennsylvania state attorney general post, has offered to join the Nixon administration. (Continued on page 2)

By STEVE DODD and STEVE STECKLOW

A tentative compromise settlement was reached between the student employees union that the University attempted to fire and the University itself. At the same time, student employees who must leave their employment will be provided with a phase-out period.

FRANCIS GREEN, LOUCY ADAMS and JAMES FREEDMAN,...
## University Special

### FONZO Pizza

- **Special:** 30% Off a FONZO Pizza
- **Dining Room:** 48th & Chestnut
- **Take Out:** OR2-9930
- **Students Only**

### HOUSTON HALL BARBER SHOP

- **Special:** now 2 BARBERS! from 11:30 am

Open Daily: 9:00 am to 5:00 pm
LOWEST PRICE IN THE AREA

---

## Campus Events

### For More Info: Call 554-7581

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Campus Event Placement Form</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td><strong>Date of Publication</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Date of Event</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Is this an 'official notice' from University faculty or administration?</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Text of copy (Limit 25 words)</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Activity</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Telephone</strong></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td><strong>Please return to The D.P., Sergeant Hall S, 5th and Chestnut Pa.</strong></td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

## Classifieds

### Lost & Found

- **Lost:** 3 pm GET WIT SMALL GARNET RED, 88101, 15th & Cherry St., Room 53A, 68th & Vine St., 3rd floor, 11:30 am to 5 pm

### For Sale

- **FOR SALE:** V.I.W. [Please use correct spelling.]
- **Flats:** 3 bdrm., private, kitchen, living room, 11th and Vine St., 4th floor, 11:30 am to 5 pm
- **FOR SALE:** [Please provide details.]
- **CONCERT TICKETS:** [Specify type, date, location.]
- **CONCERT TICKETS:** [Specify type, date, location.]
- **CONCERT TICKETS:** [Specify type, date, location.]
- **Electronics/Calculators:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
- **FOR SALE:** [Specify type, condition, price.]
WASHINGTON (UPI) - President Nixon was very, very disturbed and "disgusted" when he learned that on Saturday night at the White House Watergate tapes have been subpoenaed, he was told Wednesday.

A. Wade Hildreth, White House chief of staff, took the subpoena in Federal Court shortly after Nixon's personal secretary, Miss Mary Woods, was called back to the White House to prepare for a White House press conference.

"The President was very, very disturbed when he heard that the subpoena had been served, " said Hildreth.

The subpoena was served by Stanley Rea, a reporter with the Philadelphia Bulletin.

Hildreth said the President was "very, very disturbed" but that he was not surprised by the development because he had "strong confidence in the President's innocence." He also urged local agencies to keep a "vigilant" eye on the President.

The hearing was scheduled for 10 a.m. Thursday.

WASHINGTON UP\ President, Showgirls' Lib. 3 at 1, 10, 11, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1.

WASHINGTON UP\ President, Showgirls' Lib. 3 at 1, 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1, 3 at 10, 1,
Letter to the Editor

Gov't Cuts in Education Funds Protested

By A. Gary Dynko

A student at the University of Pennsylvania
came out of his dormitory one night this past month and
was surprised to find the bulletin board covered with
student-made posters. They were protesting the
administration's decision to cut funds for under-
graduate education by 13% and for graduate education by
17%.

These posters were part of a larger protest
movement that has been gaining momentum
across the country. In response to the administration's
budget cuts, students at universities across the
United States have been organizing protests and
marches to demand that their educational funding be
protected.

The demonstration in Philadelphia was
organized by Students United for Education,
a group that has been working to raise awareness
about the administration's budget cuts and their
implications for students.

Students are concerned about the cuts,
saying that they will result in increased tuition costs
and decreased quality of education. They are also
worried about the potential impact on their academic
success, particularly in light of recent studies that
show a correlation between funding levels and student
outcomes.

In addition to financial concerns, students
are also protesting the administration's lack of
transparency and accountability. They argue that the
administration has not consulted students in making
decisions about budget cuts and that the cuts are being
implemented without a clear plan or justification.

The administration has defended its budget
cuts, saying that they are necessary to address financial
challenges faced by the university. However, students
have argued that the cuts are an attack on their rights
and freedoms, and that the administration is failing to
adequately represent their interests.

As the protests continue, students are
seeking support from other universities and
organizations to strengthen their collective voice
and demand a fair and equitable resolution to the
budget cuts. They are calling for a more participatory
process in decision-making and for greater
accountability from the administration.

In conclusion, the administration's
budget cuts are met with widespread
opposition from students, who are
urging the university to reverse its
decisions and prioritize the needs and
wishes of its student body. The
protests highlight the need for an
engaged and informed dialogue between the
administration and students, as well as the
importance of equitable and transparent
budgeting processes at universities.
**Pennsylvania Philharmonic**

Philadelphia Museum of Art
Parkway of 26th St

**Theater**

**Saturday, December 6**

DEC. 6 at 8 P.M.: Tony D’Amato in concert at the Academy of Music, 1312 Locust St. Admission: $7.50 (refreshments).

**Phila. Civic Center**

**Saturday, December 6**

DEC. 6 at 8 P.M.: Chicago Symphony, conducted by Erich Kleiber, at the Academy of Music.

**Sunday, December 7**

**PHILADELPHIA ART CIRCLE**

**Saturday, December 6**

DEC. 6 at 8 P.M.: Tony D’Amato in concert at the Academy of Music, 1312 Locust St. Admission: $7.50 (refreshments).
Jon Seagull: O’ not to be a bird interred

By IRWYN APPELBAUM

"You must begin by knowing that you have already arrived." -Ching Seagull

"The way I figure, just by April 1975, the whole earth will be covered about two feet deep in copies of Jonathan L. Seagull."

-Richard Bach

Little birdie o'er the sea
Why'd you drop this down on me?

Jon Seagull is an outcast again and this time there is no Flock of eager Americans willing to save him. You must all know Jon, at least by reputation, and be somewhat familiar with the glib little book which chronicled his struggle to achieve personal excellence by developing extraordinary powers of flight. Coming in on a wing and a prayer this exaltant text managed to somehow inspire enough sales to make it the publishing phenomenon of our age. If the fact still sticks in your craw, you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. For the producer of the film version of Jon L. Seagull has found a more common phenomenon on his hands—a financial bomb.

For now that "everybody's book has become everybody's movie" nobody seems to want to come to the theaters to see it. Movie failures are within our realm of understanding. They made a movie called The Bible and it didn't sell either. The real question that remains is why the book itself wowed so many people. Of course, the snobs, those who imagined the book when Jonathai Livingston Seagull was written was a thinly veiled panegyric to the possibility of individual achievement to people perhaps desperate for some few words and pictures that vaguely resembles a seagull without first getting his approval, obviously thinks he has captured a rare work of beauty in his photos. But a seagull is a seagull is a pretty plain looking white bird. On film, too, Technicolor close-ups and long shots of seagulls all look the same. Only the sweeping clouds, orange sunsets and swirling oceans vary in the background.

Realizing that it was the variety of his backgrounds that was his only hope for making his movie visually interesting, Bartlett expands upon that section of the book when Jonathan is banded from his Flock for conduct unbecoming to a seagull and is forced to fly solo. Instead of going off to grow old gracefully (and in comparison, mercifully quickly) while perpetuating his flying technique as he does in the book, he becomes Jonathan Livingston Seagull. Nature Boy flying to spots all over the world in which the sight of a single seagull would normally lower property values tenfold. There he is on a farm watching a mother and calf, in the desert just sitting on the sand like a clay pigeon, flying over snow-capped mountains which remind one another on the soundtrack while the camera shows the seagulls just kind of moving their heads back and forth in a nervous tic and looking very bored with the whole proceedings.

The story remains somewhat closer to Daffy Duck for all its soaring pretensions of being more on the dramatic plane of Robin's The Wild Ducks. When Jon finally finishes his picture postcard tour of sites he is guided to seagull heavens which is not some choice bay of rotten anchovies but a clear sky where flight is further perfected. Here he meets Chiang, a mystic seagull who sounds like he made a wrong turn from the Lamasery in Lost Horizon. Speaking in throwaway Kung Fu homilies Chiang teaches Jonathan the seagull version of cosmic, cosmic, cosmic philosophy which Jon later describes.

Your body, from winchpit to winchtip is nothing more than though itself, in a form you can see. Break the chains of your thought and you break the chains of your body, too...

Using this "I think therefore I can philosophy" Jon goes further than any gull in history to develop his powers and soon decides to go back to his old Flock to try to convert them away from picking garbage.

Convert is the right word here because the book and to a lesser extent the movie begin to get involved in some heavily-handed and muddled religious parables in which Jon becomes, in the mind of the Flock, the Son of the Great Gull. He gathers his young disciples around him, preaching to them about the mysteries of animal gull guru thoughts. He cures the lame and can revive the dead with the touch of his wing. The movie tries to hedge and condemn the most interesting portion of the story, and then it proceeds to some of the most controversial. Bach received from the Church for making Jon renounce "faith in our overweening pursuit of personal knowledge." Bartlett plays down his devotion to learning all along the line in favor of slick nature photos so his Jon just becomes the son of the Gull rather than the slightly more complex thinker of Bach's original. It is therefore fitting, though not particularly bearable, that it is the voice of James Karen who played high school English teacher Mr. Noggin on television who softly delivers Jon's lines in the movie.

Let the preparation interest at the story; escape the audience Bartlett brought in. It's still a book, it's still a film. The whole earth is covered about two feet deep in copies of Jon L. Seagull. Only the empty pages will matter, only the void will last.
Deja Vu on the Highway

By Ben Gansberg and Dan Kado

The world has moved on since the angry Québec football team marched. The soccer team, which threatened to strike and then went on strike, is now on the verge of reuniting. The story is ongoing, but the details are changing.

We couldn't help wondering why all our revered hippie radicals who took over campus buildings a few short months ago hadn't joined forces with the most recent batch of political demonstrators,

Well, what was behind it all? Was it the first step in a march toward a new social order? The sight of college students occupying buildings had started to stir things up. During the time the truck drivers and capes started attending meetings, they were probably the most common students ever seen. We can only imagine the passion and outrage of their presence.

We go to shut down this country, to what in this is doing to us.

Letter to the Editor

Govt. Cuts in Education Funds Protested

By Gary A. Dysko

A nearly-universal complaint on campuses is the reuse of the city and its people. The urban student is often the subject of racial or ethnic stereotypes, such as the image of the city as a place where the young are seen as a threat. This was evident in the following incident:

"The following Monday morning, and doughnuts and helping maintain order in the construction of the new Science Center, the Students' Union Budget Committee, and the scientific community.

The guidelines also had helped to finance many projects, such as the construction of new science buildings, and had provided for the expansion of the library, among other things. The students had appreciated it.

The Academic Committee, Penn Young Socialist Alliance, Nonviolent Dissent, and Bryn Mawr colleges marched in the streets of Philadelphia, joining forces with the most recent batch of political demonstrators.
In this holiday season, the Civic Center is presenting some very special performances. The Philadelphia Civic Center of Productions with the Delaware Queen Chapter of the Toy Collecting Association is presenting the American Toy Train Exhibit. The show will run until Jan. 5, open from Thursday, Saturday from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m. and Sunday from 1-3 p.m. Admission is free. Call 1-2000 for details.

The Way We Were
Rogers

La Suenestos and Redford in romantic comedy The way worlds should have ever been.

The King of Margon Gardens
Thursday, December 6
7 p.m. Student Admission.

The Emigrants
Ruthe Auditorium, 7 and 10 p.m.

Macbeth
Saturday, December 8
First Auditorium, 8, 8:30, and 11:30.

The Great Gatsby
Sunday, December 9
Ruthe Auditorium.

Pat Garrett and Billy the Kid
Friday, December 14
Fine Arts Auditorium, Midtown.


The Black Film Series continues its fall season with "American Hot Wax," featuring the early movie star, John Waters, who will discuss his film from the mid century. December 6. 1100 Locust St. admission $1.50.

DAY FOR NIGHT

Visible Image

May 1-25. 1100 Locust St. $3.75, $3.25. See review this issue.

Executive Action

Academy Theater

1100 Locust St. 215-568-2078

Based on Mark Lee's novel of a government official who uses his influence to get the man he loved back. December 13. $3.50.

The Grande Bouffe

Coliseum Theater

950 Chestnut St. 215-667-3701

Critics were divided on a worship film about eating... December 6. $3.75.

Jonathan Livingston Seagull

Special Run

950 Chestnut St. $3.75

Little screen's version of the classic novel. December 10. $3.75.

The Long Goodbye

Elmswood

950 Walnut St. 215-568-7081

Philip Marlowe in Robert Altman's new hit.

The New Land

Theater 1872

1100 Chestnut St. 215-567-7081

The epic follow-up to "Man of La Mancha." When the Spanish Inquisition tries to destroy him, he struggles to survive in the upper world.

The Paper Chase

Eric II

1100 Chestnut St. 215-568-7081

Two hours of law students studying and cramming to pass the bar exam. December 21. $3.25.

The Sound of Music

Freddy's Italian Restaurant

950 Chestnut St. 215-568-7081

A family musical for all ages. December 5. $4.75.
Jon Seagull: O’ not to be a bird interred

By IRWIN APPLEBAUM

"You must begin by knowing that you have already arrived."
- Chiang Seagull

"The way I figure, just by April 1975, the whole world will be covered about two feet deep in copies of Jonathan Livingston Seagull."
- Richard Bach

Little birds o'er the sea
Why'd you drop this down on me?

Jon Seagull is an outcast again and this time there is no Flock of eager Americans willing to save him. You must all know Jon, at least by reputation, and be somewhat familiar with the glib little book which chronicles his lonely struggle to achieve personal excellence by developing extraordinary powers of flight. Coming in on a wing and a prayer this exultant test has a more common end than either…

For now that "everybody's book has become everybody's movie" nobody seems to want to come to the theaters to see it. Movie failures are within our realm of understanding. They made a movie called The Bible and it didn't sell either. The real question that remains is why the book itself wowed so many people. For all intents and purposes it is a religious parable and not a glossy narrative which Jon becomes, in the mind of the public to actually buy a hardback, albeit cheaply, and purchase.

Still, a tale that gets the non-reading public to actually buy a hardback, albeit small, book has to have something going for it. And Jon L. Seagull does. A great deal of its popularity must be due to its size and lack of it. The same could be said for Love Story, presumably. In a time when books have to compete with mentalities geared towards short form entertainment, the short, diabetic tragedies of young lovers would have more appeal than the drawn out, meaty sufferings of say, a Bronte heroine. Seagull is nothing if not short.

But so is Jones for the John. Seagull reads like a braggart with people's hearts in mind because of its message. Jon is the true Horatio Alger, American success story. He has found, like Jay Gatsby, an object to commiserate with his capacity to dream and he goes after it doggedly. His quest to reach the terminal flight is a panegyric to the possibility of individual endeavor, the goal at any cost and other ideals that go hand in hand with Seagull's as those that made this country great. Add to that some of the spiritual overtones which give the book the kind of hand-dipped soap and its appeal to people perhaps desperate for some few words and pictures that vaguely resembles a seagull without first getting his approval, obviously thinks he has captured a rare work in beauty in his photos. But a seagull is a seagull is a pretty plain looking white bird. On film, too, Technicolor close-ups and long shots of seagulls all look the same. Only the sweeping clouds, orange sunsets and swirling oceans vary in the background.

Realizing that it was the variety of his backgrounds that was his only hope for making his movie visually interesting, Bartlett expands upon that section of the book when Jon is bailed out by his Flock for the second time. The movie tries to and looking very bored with the whole proceedings.

The story remains somewhat closer to the book despite the movie's softer pretensions of being more on the dramatic plain of Braveheart the Wild Duck. When Jon's flight sequence is cut, the film tells us a lot more about him. He is a mystic seagull who sounds like he made a wrong turn from the Laramie to Lost Horizon. He begins a great philosophical discourse on the nature of the films, which he certainly adds to his philosophy. For his part, he has a great deal to say about his second narrative. He is his own God, and in the book, he becomes Jonathan Livingston. The movie is not a mere snapshot in space, but a whole sequence of cosmic, cosmic philosophy which Jon later describes.

"Your body, from whom and you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. If that fact still sticks in your mind, you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. It is not a mere snapshot in space, but a whole sequence of cosmic, cosmic philosophy which Jon later describes.

"Your body, from whom and you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. If that fact still sticks in your mind, you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. It is not a mere snapshot in space, but a whole sequence of cosmic, cosmic philosophy which Jon later describes.

"Your body, from whom and you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. If that fact still sticks in your mind, you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. It is not a mere snapshot in space, but a whole sequence of cosmic, cosmic philosophy which Jon later describes.

"Your body, from whom and you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. If that fact still sticks in your mind, you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. It is not a mere snapshot in space, but a whole sequence of cosmic, cosmic philosophy which Jon later describes.

"Your body, from whom and you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. If that fact still sticks in your mind, you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. It is not a mere snapshot in space, but a whole sequence of cosmic, cosmic philosophy which Jon later describes.

"Your body, from whom and you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. If that fact still sticks in your mind, you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. It is not a mere snapshot in space, but a whole sequence of cosmic, cosmic philosophy which Jon later describes.

"Your body, from whom and you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. If that fact still sticks in your mind, you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. It is not a mere snapshot in space, but a whole sequence of cosmic, cosmic philosophy which Jon later describes.
right of way

The Absurd of December

There are sixteen shopping days before Christmas—unless of course your shop is open on Sundays, in which case there are nineteen-twelve until Hanukkah and twenty-one before New Year’s Day.

Pretty soon the New York Times will be running one of its periodically Thoreauvian editorials on the symbolic beauty of December, invoking dog sleds on the frozen tundra, summer camp in Siberia, touching images of life gone underground for the duration. Life has gone underground, but December has nothing to do with it. The exam schedules are finally up; finals are on us again, and life has dribbled off Locust Walk into drastic action. Penn students are using the library.

The population of the Rosemberg reserve room has attained heights unscalled since the last Econ 1 midterm, and every twenty-one person in every room has become a card cataloguer. The charivari is looking for the same book that some crafty bastard stashed away about two months ago, or the xeroxed copy of an inconsequential sentence that never quite made it into the card catalogue. They sprawl in the chairs, sleep on the desks, eat off the floor and in general look like

Upstairs in the stacks things aren’t much better. Some obnoxious graduate student has bagged all the books you were going to use for the term paper that was due yesterday, and the checkout line is backed up to the fifth floor anyway. The mid-manned little mon at the door snarks as he impounds three DP’s and a matchbox of No-Duz from your briefcase, but, having rediscovered all the people you hadn’t seen since the cafe closed, you are content. There is no one on the green with less than four legs.

Another favorite retreat at this time of year seems to be the Student Health Service, where the chronic hypochondriacs have been joined by an entire swarm of nouveaux-malades whose complaints range from in- tellectually-induced senility to manual dysfunction and then some. The doctor stables doxolously at your temperature, listens to your wheeze and asks how you feel. “Nothing wrong with you,” he says, “a couple of hours of sleep and a non-violent socialist revolution wouldn’t cure.” you reply with a shrugging that because you’ve been wanting to use that line on someone for the last three years. The doctor smiles and obligingly certifies who knows, says the president, there may be someone interesting behind that door. Robert Vesco is hooked into heroin and Jerry “Edsel” Ford is just about vice-president. Cars crawl the highways like tightly-reined horses, and the government of Greece goes again to the right.

You could even believe the Times when it referred to Mrs. Samuel Dash as “a Wife of the Senate Watergate Committee,” though you didn’t think they went in for that sort of thing. The thoroughly efficient Rose Mary Woods and her Uber Universal 500 are in Hanukkah mode, page one of the paper while the entire federal government attempts to replace the sheep who devoured eighteen minutes of taped conversation. The faculty beast moves to polish its image by eating teaching assistants and untenured instructors for breakfast, thereby eliminating the competition that daries to treat undergraduates as sovereign, thinking creatures.

And the graduate of this University who broke the story of the burning of Slaughterhouse Five in Drake, North Dakota, feels sorry for the school board members who ordered the action. “They don’t realize what they’ve done,” he says. “If they don’t want the books read in class, that’s their right.” But book burning is the last of man and its ugly historical tradition a highly symbolic act; no educated public official with half a brain could fail to perceive that the incineration of a few copies of Vonnegut would reduplicate “unnecessary paternalism” from the world, or even from Drake.

It’s mad, unreal and miles away from your career in Van Pelt and back up to nineteen-twelve until Hanukkah and twenty-one before 1974.

—the graduate of this University who broke the story of the burning of Slaughterhouse Five in Drake, North Dakota.

Tis our last issue of the season.
We bid you, fair readers, a fond adieu until the snowy dews fall on 34th St.
when next we meet on
January 17. Until,
happy holidays to all and
to all a goodbye.
The whey we were

BY LARRY LEVENSON

The Way We Were makes so many mistakes and makes them so spectacularly that I loved every one of them. I shouldn't love it, because it is one of those gossy, lipsticky slick Hollywood production numbers that try so hard to entice that you are left feeling sorry for them. But somewhere and somehow (I'm not sure just where or just how) The Way We Were hit the Regency Theater works.

Maybe it is just because of Streisand and Redford, both of whom perform with the kind of electric teamwork that is so exhilarating to watch. Katie is an obstreperous, impassioned Communist sympathizer who lives for the Cause; Hubbell is, well, Redford, and a writer, who does just about everything right, but who also wears a lot of his own life history on his sleeve and Life In General. They are the perfectly ill-suited type who only fall in love in movies, and who inevitably split up even though there is no cause for splitting up, and even though the movie has spent all its energies proving how made for each other they really are.

Barbra Streisand is so good at playing Jewish, doofy, self-righteous Katie Morosky that I am just beginning to realize how extraordinarily talented Miss Streisand really is. There are few actresses left who have the screen presence and acting verve to make even a mediocre movie. Katherine Hepburn had it. Mae West had it. Only Streisand, Minnelli, and maybe Fonda still have it today.

Streisand used to bellow; now she's got guts with a touch of professional class. She seems comfortable now as an actress.

She is one of those people who want so badly to be right that they refuse to believe it when they're wrong. She's deeply fitted in and wears the right clothes, has the right hair style, and uses the right lipstick to do it, even though beneath she remains the old Katie Morosky whom we have seen in a flashback to the old college days of 1937. That Katie Morosky is a self-righteous radical who hates phonies and who wants desperately to be somebody special, even though of course she isn't.

In 1944, looking for someone to love and believe in, she meets old classmate Hubbell Gardiner who has all the talents and good looks of Kifts may be appropriate for whom. Sometimes he wondered if it would always be like that.

It is one of the gross sillinesses of this movie that Hubbell is like his country. Redford in so many ways is America's love affair with itself, or if not that, then America's love affair with its WASHIrIN complicity.

Whatever sense has been established up to and including the marriage-after all, there is a kind of attraction—comes apart altogether once Katie and Hubbell take off for Hollywood, she to raise a family, he to write screenplays for movies. They get caught up in the Hollywood purges of the late forties. Katie wants to protest and goes to Washington to do it. Hubbell, on the other hand, is too apathetic and would rather get by and go along. He decides they have to split up because they are too different. She cries a lot but agrees, requesting only that Hubbell wait until after the child is born. They meet again years later in New York, where he is married to the right girl and working for a television show. She is on corners passing out leaflets protesting whatever there is to be protested. They talk about the kid, look at each other a lot, and decide that Katie is some regret—and then separate.

It's all silly, sentimental stuff—kind of cloying movie melodrama made to serve as a vehicle for the Stars of the Screen. It's also an annoying film that presumes to say something important about the Hollywood blacklist days when in fact it does nothing of the kind, instead coping with tired cliches about lives trying to live themselves while being swept up in the terrific energies of their times.

It is primitive, pre-sophisticated filmmaking from the times when Movies were Movies. But for some darn reason it works. Of course it always has. And it probably always will.

Grand Marnier is the ritual of souffle-making looms in your horizon. And the smoothly beautiful amber bottle which contains the golden liquid will tartan the eyes and tease the palate at any time of day or night. Why not a Grand Marnier omelet for eye-openers on a Sunday Brunch?

A Terrillon scale, well-balanced and modern, might be a boon to the dieters of your acquaintance who must measure the ounces while counting the calories. But don't invite them to the souffle-making sessions lest you contribute to their downfall and you'll be minus a friend.

If all else fails to catch your fancy, present a cookbook to someone who will know what to do with it (God knows there are enough dust-collectors around already). Why not offer the new cookbook by Ray Andres de Groot entitled The New Flowering Pancake (Quadrangle, $8.95) which is a compendium of favorite recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor. Or try the recent New York Times cookbook (Knopf, $7.50) which is a compilation of recipes gathered by Raymond Sokolov from the pages of that paper while he was its Food Editor.
Cromwell, the Lord Protector, Antonia Fraser. Alfred A. Knopf, 774 pp., $12.50.

I«t no one be misled: Oliver Cromwell is nowhere nearly as good a subject of romantic biography as Mary Stuart. Antonia Fraser has, however, made something of a successful attempt at rendering her 700 page account of Cromwell's life and environment readable, and, at the same time, not unduly distorted.

The narrative does have its boring moments. It starts off slow; for want of anything to say of Cromwell's childhood, the biographer resorts to a seventeen page discussion of astrology and genealogy. Two facts are established: (1), Oliver's origins were obscure but auspicious and (2), he was not related to the House of Stuart.

Until Cromwell achieved the status of a national figure he left a shortage of information upon which one can base anything; throughout his career, moreover, too little evidence exists upon which one can draw interesting conclusions respecting the great leader's private life, to Ms. Fraser's disadvantage. Did Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell get along? Ms. Fraser thinks so, and quotes Oliver's words "Thou art dearer to me than any creature," but, sacrificing flavor to flow, she neglects to continue with "Let that suffice."

Unravelling the politics of a civil war era is an unwanted, who do care about the Levellers will have to search outside this volume, a tolerable limitation on Ms. Fraser's part. People interested in the details of Cromwell's own political beliefs, and of the details of his relationships with the theoreticians and parties of his day will also have to search outside this volume, a less tolerable limitation. To the author's credit, however, reasonable (if apologetic) attention is given to Cromwell's historically significant attitudes towards Ireland, towards imperial policy, and towards dissenting minorities.

To the author's credit, also, are her numerous quotations and vignettes drawn from contemporary observations. For example, a description of the Lord Protector's diet reads, "At his table very rarely, or never, were our French quelque choses suffered by him, or any such modern gustos." There are also frequent but, generally, all too short citations from Cromwell himself; there are, as well, all too frequent but not too short quotations from the verses of Milton, Marvell, and the satirists of the street.

There isn't much danger of many students running out and paying twelve and a half dollars for this monsterpiece, at least for themselves; as a holiday gift to father or senile uncle, however, people can and will choose worse. Budding English Civil War buffs, though, might better start themselves off with C.V. Wedgwood's trilogy on Charles I: the subject is more interesting, the writing is livelier, and as history it is far better.

Advertising Production
BILLCIELO

Thursday, December 6

The King of Marvin Gardens
Thurs. Dec. 6
7 & 9:30 Irvine $1
A Dorm Concert
cia, cello
Sunday Dec. 9
piano, flute, cello
12 noon
Hi East
Root Lounge
Free Brunch

Programs Committee
presents
A Record Fair
Thurs. Dec. 6
7:30-10 PM
H.H. West Lounge
Records to sell?
Want to buy?
H.H. Desk.
See you at the fair.

Julius Scissor
8 p.m.
H. Hall Lobby
Models selected from audience
Gas, Gas, Gas

Julius Scissor
8 p.m.
H. Hall Lobby
Models selected from audience
Gas, Gas, Gas

Julius Scissor
8 p.m.
H. Hall Lobby
Models selected from audience
Gas, Gas, Gas
1973: the record year

About this time of year, many respected publications ask their music staffs for their impressions concerning the outstanding recording endeavors of the past twelve months. In hopes of becoming a respected publication, 34th Street has done just that.

Dead, Allmans, Stones, non: Carpenters, st. Yes, I am music editor of this here magazine and if you think Jerry, Gregg, or Mick plays better drums than Karen then you can forget about demanding my job, bud.

1973's TOP TEN (in some sub-consciously-determined order)


2) MOTT - Mott The Hoople. A perniciously ignored band finally comes through with a thoroughly splendid LP, a happy ending (beginning?) to melt the icest heart.

3) TYRANNY AND MUTATION - Blue Oyster Cult. Heavy metal plus America's most promising band, R. Meltzer et al.

4) BRAIN SALAD SURGERY - Emerson, Lake and Palmer. Perhaps their best. You've got to see him to doubt Keith Emerson.

5) LIGHT AS A FEATHER -el Voce. Jazz that is accessible, flawlessly performed, and a general delight.

6) FOXTROT - Genesis. English rock-theater at its best. Peter Banks' keyboard work is magnificent.

7) OWENITE SENSATION - The Mothers. No Uncle Meat but recommended nonetheless. The poodel独

8) ALLAIN SANE - David Bowie. A compelling, serious work from an artist of greater depth than anyone realizes.

9) BIRDS OF FIRE - Mahavishnu Orchestra. Sure it's a bit reminiscent of their debut LP, but with music like this, who can really complain.

10) A PASSION PLAY - Jethro Tull. If you find this dull, perhaps you are.

(Peter Baun)

Presenting, Evan Sarzin's year-end Record Round-up, in which he notes Light chooses to shine on but a few of this year's humble and not-so-humble Offerings, with regard not to Best and Worst, but simply to better and worse. That is to say, here is a list whose admission is its finiteness and fallibility.

Part the First: As it is impossible for man to hear everything it is only one can hear all) these are the performers, and not the best, of this year's Stereophonic Crop.

(Peter Baun)

LIGHT AS A FEATHER - Chick Corea and Return to Forever prove that modern jazz doesn't have to be dull to be good.

A TRAITOR IN OUR MIDST - Call it Progressive Blue Grass. I insist. Country Gazette plays it well.

THE RED BOOK - Great ragtime combo arrangements of Scott Joplin's piano rags superbly performed by the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble.

GREETINGS FROM ASBURY PARK - Despite all the hullabaloo Bruce Springsteen is a great new singer and writing marvel.

STICK IT! - An exciting ensemble recording, long overdue from Buddy Rich and his Band.

BOULDERs - Roy Wood, ex-Move, ex-ElO, gets off a beauty by himself.

RITE DOWN HARD - Jo Jo Gunne have proven that they have a spirit all their own.

(Peter Baun)

Country Gazette up front, down home.

Jethro Tull are beginning a tour which Oldfield utilizes a plethora of studio techniques classical overtones are evident and are beginning a tour which Oldfield utilizes a plethora of studio techniques classical overtones are evident....

Alladin - Sane

David Bowie's style of music should be appraised objectively and not in conjunction with his brand of mascara. Mick Ronson is a talented lead guitarist, and Bowie has good command over his material.

Quadrophenia - The Who are back with a time release, and are beginning a tour which will undoubtedly be triumphant.

Boulders Roy Wood, as followers of the Move will testify, is a musician of tremendous ability. This solo offering is exceptional. Wood's vocalizations are humorous and effective, while his instrument versatility is awesome.

Transformer - Lou Reed has finally been accorded recognition exceeding his early role as founder of the Velvet Underground. 'Vicious' is a throbbing rocker, and 'Take a Walk on the Wild Side' is simply a landmark. It's an uneven recording, but a personal favorite of this writer.

Ringo - Starr is neither a great drummer nor a gifted vocalist, but producer Richard Perry's good judgment in surrounding Ringo with a fine array of supporting musicians. This is a surprisingly enjoyable record. Pay attention to the John Lennon contribution 'I'm the Greatest One of All.'

True Stories and Other Dreams - Judy Collins is a mainstay in the folk world, and for good reasons. Her rendition of 'Cuckoo with Honey' is done with beautiful feeling. On this album Judy's ability to touch her audience is very apparent.

The last selection is divided among some honorable mentions which include Living in the Material World - George Harrison, Sweet Revenge - John Lennon, and Kiss by Kiss which has had a great album if not for a shoddy, overambitious producer. In Prine's case the time has long past for those useless Dylan comparisons. Dark Side of the Moon - Pink Floyd, Los Cochinos - in which Cheevers and Cheong continue their many articles.

-Michael Morris
Potshots at American perversity

Face to Face, by Fons van Woorstom. Alfred A. Knopf, $2.95.

What a marvelously depraved view of the world! Fons van Woorstom disfigures, dismember, and disembowels his representations of humankind in savagely original ways. Attractions abound—grisly, gruesome, utterly unappealable and worse. One is initially repelled by these drawings, but then gripped, sucked in, absorbed. Fons is a masterminder of the horrible and the comic, and he whips up a churl humor that not only ruffles the mind, but also staves a claim in the gut like an overdose of creamchested bagels.

Two themes are dominant: man as predator and man as self-destroyer. Fons explores unique methods of self- mutilation in the book's first section, "Guidelines." In one drawing, an emaciated man peels his right index finger like a banana and chomps on it. Another plays delicatessen man with a guillotine, substituting his right arm for the absent hub of roast beef. And youcan see for yourself what his characters use as a sliding pond.

The second section, "Metamorphosis," contains sequences of macabre drawings with startling climaxes. A rather plain-looking woman changes, slowly, slowly, into a snail. A plain-looking woman with an attractive body durbilizes, lies down and spreads her legs, becomes a crocodile, chases a man, catches him, consumes him, and changes back into a woman who, ashamed, slinks out of the picture. Another woman gradually turns into a lethosome, filthy and foul beast that I have yet to identify. My favorite sequence is called "2 P.M. Feeding." Junior is gently sucking his mother's breast. Then the suit becomes a nubile, the nubile becomes a bite, and before you can sputter "Please pass the Spam," Mama, all of Mama, has become Junior's midday snack. In the final frame, Junior sits, hands on acting tummy, looking like a hideously dyspeptic and wrinkled beiges like wind-up toys. His caricatures are wonderfully vicious—the targets include a constipated (or so it appears) Norman Mailer, a seedy John Lennon, an uncertain Call Me When You Find America, by G. B. Trudeau, Holt, Rinehart and Winston, $3.95.

Perhaps socialists will one day examine us by scrutinizing that segment of a popular medium which is coincidently with the maturational process of our generation. Specifically, we have read the comics and they is us. We spent the winter years wondering along with Peanuts—but before the Hallmark blitzkrieg could do extensive damage, Doonesbury arrived to see us through the Nixon years and hopefully beyond. God willing we may have someone better than Mary Worth with whom to settle into sagacious senility.

Mr. Trudeau's latest collection heralds the introduction of Ms. Joanie Causus into the commune inhabited by the ever-familiar figures of his epic masterpiece. Much of the action centers around the motorcycle odyssey of Mike Doonesbury and Mark Slackmeyer, moving picture picaresquely from the redwood forest to the New York island, etc. Appearing in cameo roles are such notable folk-heroes as Mark (Hi there!), Spitz, Dear Henry the Darling of D.C., and Hizzonor the Mayor of Philadelphia, depicted extending his characteristically warm and jovial welcome to the City of Brotherly Love. The Yale-hailing cartoonist's tableaux seem to be less harsh and crude in their execution these days, though doubtless the more vituperative scorners who contend that Doonesbury's author should really learn to read sometime can still base an adequate case on the evidence afforded by the present volume (see especially his alleged representations of said folk-heroes). Trudeau continues to avoid drawing feet, but he justifies his reluctance admissibly in the occasional attempts he makes. The essential meanness of the plot is compensated for by the lucid dialogue and the brilliantly suggestive settings of time and place.

With this volume Trudeau certainly assumes his rightful place beside such luminaries as Johnny Hart and Walt Kelly, and Mike Doonesbury and Zanpert Harris eclipse the pre-eminence of Charlie Brown and Linus Van Pelt as spokesmen for the seekers of truth and understanding in and at this difficult age. Truly worthy of the author of such illuminating volumes as "The President is a Lot Smarter Than You Think" and "But This War Had Such Promise," "Call Me When You Find America" is deserving of all the plaudits of pundits it will garner now and in the years ahead. It is first-class, four-star, far-out material. Mr. Trudeau's most important work to date; and the promise for the future indicates that we are witnessing the establishment of a major talent, a veritable titan, on the pulp scene of the present day.

—DAVID ASHOENBURST

and ELISE AUGENSTEIN

ACTORS LAB

Theatre Company

Friday

CUTTLEFISH

By. S. Wildezewicz

8:30

BIRDBATH

By L. Melfi

P. M.

St. Mary's Church

3164 Locust Walk

Saturday

7:00 P. M.

Sunday

THE IMMIGRANTS

Presents

Charlie Chaplin's THE CIRCUS

Sunday, December 1

Irvine 7 & 9:30 p.m. $1

Blood & Plasma Donors Needed

School Organizations, Fraternities, Sororities & Clubs

Raise Funds For Your Treasury

CASH PAID FOR ALL DONATION

INTERSTATE BLOOD BANK OF PA., INC.

2503 N. Broad St. (215) 228-2343

If You Are Between The Age 18 & 65

And In Good Health You May Qualify
The old Hedda was betta

BY SCOTT KANOFF

It is becoming a popular theatrical practice to update classic plays, and a production of this nature serves as a complex function. As an historical inquiry into the very nature of the work, it attempts to determine whether the play remains valid thematically in its new setting. Consequently it also serves as a contemporary re-statement of the play's themes. Such a production takes great risks, for if the play fails in its modern vehicle, the failure is certainly not the author's. In this sense the current production of Ibsen's Heddah Gabler, at Temple University's Tomlinson Theater, is an ambitious and courageous effort. It is greatly successful as an inquiry; but the inquiry's results cause the production to fail as a modern statement.

In "Hedda Gabler," Ibsen dealt with a woman whose power is an elementary, male-dominated society. Heddah's uniqueness is in her own time. But what has made the play so successful is a single piece of theatre's limitation and the responses are unrealistic. Given a modern, male-dominated society, Heddah today would not develop along the lines Ibsen drew in 1890. Would not the intensity of her awareness, the sheer drive of her search for freedom—for "an act of spontaneous beauty"—lead her to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to lesbianism? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Helmer's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schisler's set works well to create the modern atmosphere which the production calls for, although the furnishings, like the glass top tables and leather swivel chairs, suggest a degree of affluence beyond the means of even the free spending Tesman.

The overall scenic effect and the music is always the composer's aim, and they conform to Ibsen's directions and is effective in conveying the play's time setting. But the design does effectively convey the play's time setting. Ruth Wells' contemporary costumes similarly serve the production's modern attitude. Heddah's first-act dressing gown is a particularly creative effort to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to lesbianism? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Helmer's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schisler's set works well to create the modern atmosphere which the production calls for, although the furnishings, like the glass top tables and leather swivel chairs, suggest a degree of affluence beyond the means of even the free spending Tesman.

The performances are generally consistent, a fact that is beneficial to some characterizations, harmful to others. Ellen Couch's Juliana is a well-effected relief from the standard 'old woman' caricature so prevalent in college productions. As Thea Elsedy, Sherry Rooney renders a solid and thoroughly believable depiction of the insipid, youthful, yet-worn woman who represents all that Heddah sees lacking in her own life. Christopher Legette, as the reformed debauchee, Eilert Lovborg, provides a controlled yet sensitive portrayal of the unstable man who is destroyed...

"Hedda Gabler" will be at the Tomlinson Theater through December 19.
Dinner Concert

(Continued from page 1) we could not handle the crowd any other way. Everything we do is confidential, he added. "It has to be confidential to prevent individuals who come to see us with questions of a medical nature, ' he explained.

Kidd revealed that the "erudite" was straight up to date in his talking baseball and that he was just as much aware of current events as the rest of us. "He knows what's going on in the world," Kidd said, but we need to keep that confidential, he added.

Emerson Mid any individual, one "is unable to fully understand the game," Kidd noted. "It's like watching a puzzle emerge." The man-to-man game meant a lot to the group; it was more important to them than anything else.

The game was no longer in the hands of the players, Kidd noted. "They lost it to the public," he explained. "It was a great day for baseball." The square was made All-Ivy in the past. A lot of them worked in this area, ' Kidd added.

The group was quite pleased with the evening's entertainment, Kidd said. "It was a success," he explained. "We will keep the complaints to a minimum." The group was pleased with the performance of the players, Kidd noted.

The group was pleased with the performance of the players, Kidd noted.

The group was pleased with the performance of the players, Kidd noted.

The group was pleased with the performance of the players, Kidd noted.

The group was pleased with the performance of the players, Kidd noted.
Swimmers Meet Little Resistance
In Easy Triumph Over Lafayette

**by JOE CORRESPONDING**

When the swimming season started, the expectations were high. The Quakers' 1-0 win over the Lafayette Leopards last night, however, was the easiest win of the season. It boosted the Quakers' record to 19-0 and marked their 12th straight victory over the Leopards.

The meet was held at the University of Pennsylvania's Franklin Field Aquatic Center, and the Quakers dominated from start to finish. The meet was highlighted by the performance of the Quakers' distance swimmers, who combined to win five of the six events.

Women Swimmers

Women Swimmers

In the 200-yard freestyle, the Quakers were led by Senior Captain Pat Gallagher, who won the event with a time of 1:41.23. Gallagher was followed by her teammate, Senior Co-Captain Lisa Austin, who took second place with a time of 1:41.28. The other women's freestyle events were won by Quakers Cari Hannum (1:44.43) and Lisa Andrews (1:44.61).

In the 200-yard backstroke, the Quakers took the first two places, with Gallagher winning in 2:13.45 and Austin coming in second at 2:14.00. The other women's backstroke event was won by Quaker Lisa Andrews (2:17.29).

In the 200-yard breaststroke, the Quakers swept the first three places, with Gallagher winning in 2:29.12, Austin coming in second at 2:30.02, and Quaker Lisa Andrews taking third with a time of 2:30.23. The other women's breaststroke event was won by Quaker Lisa Andrews (2:27.92).

In the 200-yard butterfly, the Quakers took the first two places, with Gallagher winning in 2:06.12 and Austin coming in second at 2:06.23. The other women's butterfly event was won by Quaker Lisa Andrews (2:06.35).

**by ANNIE ESTEPEN**

Women's basketball is, therefore, a relatively new phenomenon in the Philadelphia area. As coach Marie Darlington points out, it is not previously been available due to the small number of schools that offered women's basketball. Darlington and Assistant Coach Kathy Sjogren stress the importance of having more women's basketball teams in the area.

The round-robin was well received by the participants. Players found it a good way to keep in shape and improve their skills. Darlington and Sjogren stress the importance of having more women's basketball teams in the area.

The hockey season is underway for the BCAC. Darlington and Sjogren stress the importance of having more women's basketball teams in the area.

Franklin and Marshall Demolished by Squashmen: Peek Leads Penn Rout

By BOB PALL

The squash team swept Franklin and Marshall 6-0 in its opening match of the season.

The Quakers' ace in the opening match was Senior Captain David Price of Princeton, who defeated his Franklin and Marshall opponent 10-2 in the opening match. Price is one of the team's most accomplished players and is expected to lead the team to victory in its opening match.

The Quakers' other two leads were also victorious, Capt. John Worthington and Capt. Steve Page, who defeated their Franklin and Marshall opponents 10-2 and 10-3, respectively.

In the only other event, the team was defeated in the first round, 10-0, by the Franklin and Marshall team. The Quakers' other two leads were also victorious, Capt. John Worthington and Capt. Steve Page, who defeated their Franklin and Marshall opponents 10-2 and 10-3, respectively.

The Quaker team returned home from the first round, 10-0, and faced the Franklin and Marshall team in the next round, 10-0. The Quakers' other two leads were also victorious, Capt. John Worthington and Capt. Steve Page, who defeated their Franklin and Marshall opponents 10-2 and 10-3, respectively.

The Quakers' other two leads were also victorious, Capt. John Worthington and Capt. Steve Page, who defeated their Franklin and Marshall opponents 10-2 and 10-3, respectively.

The Quakers' other two leads were also victorious, Capt. John Worthington and Capt. Steve Page, who defeated their Franklin and Marshall opponents 10-2 and 10-3, respectively.

The Quakers' other two leads were also victorious, Capt. John Worthington and Capt. Steve Page, who defeated their Franklin and Marshall opponents 10-2 and 10-3, respectively.

The Quakers' other two leads were also victorious, Capt. John Worthington and Capt. Steve Page, who defeated their Franklin and Marshall opponents 10-2 and 10-3, respectively.

The Quakers' other two leads were also victorious, Capt. John Worthington and Capt. Steve Page, who defeated their Franklin and Marshall opponents 10-2 and 10-3, respectively.
Jon Seagull: O' not to be a bird interred

By IRWIN APPLEBAUM

“You must begin by knowing that you have already arrived.” -Chiang Seagull

“The way I figure, just by April 1975, the whole earth will be covered about two feet deep in copies of Jonathan L. Seagull.” -Richard Bach

Little birdie o'er the way
Why'd you drop this down on me?

Jon Seagull is an outcast again and this time there is no Flock of eager Americans willing to save him. You must all know Jon, at least by reputation, and be somewhat familiar with the glib little book which chronicles his lonely struggle to achieve personal excellence by developing extraordinary powers of flight. Coming in on a wing and a prayer this exultant text sought to make the publishing phenomenon of our age. If that fact still sticks in your craw, you are in for a bit of sweet revenge. For the producer of the film version of Jon L. Seagull has a more common phenomenon on his hands - a financial bomb.

For now that “everybody’s book has become everybody’s movie” nobody seems to want to come to the theaters to see it. Movie failures are within our realm of understanding. They made a movie called The Bible and it didn’t sell either. Of understanding. They made a movie called The Bible and it didn’t sell either. Of success. Seagull is for a movie. He has actors just chalked it all up to the phenomenon on his hands - a financial bomb.

For now that “everybody’s book has become everybody’s movie” nobody seems to want to come to the theaters to see it. Movie failures are within our realm of understanding. They made a movie called The Bible and it didn’t sell either. Of success. Seagull is for a movie. He has actors just chalked it all up to the phenomenon on his hands - a financial bomb.

Still, a tale that gets the non-reading public to actually buy a hardback, albeit a small book, has to have something going for it. And Jon L. Seagull does. A great deal of its popularity must be due to its size or lack of it. The same could be said for Love Story, presumably. In a time when books have to compete with mentalities geared towards short formula television fare, the short, diabolic tragedies of young lovers would have more appeal than the drawn out majesty of “Lonely looking sky - Makes you wonder why - What is this, a litany heroine? Seagull is nothing if not short.

But so is Jon for the John. Seagull really found its wings; its heart if not minds because of its message. Jon is the true Horatio Alger, American achiever. He has found, like Jay Gatsby, an object commensurate with his capacity to dream and he goes after it doggedly. His quest to reach the terminal flight is a panegyric to the possibility of individual endeavor, the goal at any cost and other ideas from great-grandma’s samplers that made this country great. Add to that some of the spiritual overtones which give the book the kind of glow of hand-dipped soap and its appeal to people perhaps desperate for some few words and pictures to take to their hearts becomes a little clearer.

It can safely be said that a good movie follows the book in plot, though it somehow manages to be more shallow. By choosing not to use animation and not to make the Disney kind of animal film which employs a narrator, Bartlett has shown how bad a subject Jon Seagull is for a movie. He has actors (uncredited) speak the dialogue to one another on the soundtrack while the camera shows the seagulls just kind of moving their heads back and forth in a nervous tic and looking very bored with the whole proceedings.

The story remains somewhat closer to Daffy Duck for all its soaring pretensions of being more on the dramatic plain of Ibsen’s The Wild Duck. When Jon finally finishes his picture postcard tour of sites he is guided to seagull heaven which is not some choice bay of rotting anchovies but a clear sky where flight is further perfected. Here he meets Chiang, a mystic seagull who sounds like he made a wrong turn from the Lamasery in Lost Horizon. Speaking in throwaway Kung Fu humilies Chiang teaches Jonathan the seagull version of cosmic, comic philosophy which Jon later describes.

“Your body, from wingtip to wingtip is nothing more than thought itself, in a form you can see. Break the chains of your thought and you break the chains of your body, too...”

Using this “I think therefore I can philosophize.” Jon goes further than any gull in history to develop his powers and soon decides to go back to his old Flock to try to convert them away from just picking garbage.

Convert is the right word here because the book and to a lesser extent the movie begin to get involved in some heavy-handed and muddled religious parables in which Jon becomes, in the mind of the Flock, the Son of the Great Gull. He gathers his young disciples around him, preaching to them about aerobatics and gull gurus. He cures the lame and can revive the dead with the touch of his wing. The movie tries to hedge and condense this, the most interesting portion of the story, and therefore avoids some of the controversy Bach received from the Church for making Jon renounce faith in his overarching pursuit of personal knowledge. Bartlett plays down his devotion to learning all along the line in favor of slick nature photos so Jon has just become an extra-ordinary teacher rather than the slightly more complex thinker of Bach’s original. It is therefore fitting, though not particularly bearable, that it is the voice of James Francis, who played high school English teacher Mr. Nance on television which subtly delivers Jon’s lines in the movie.

Lest all of the inspiration inherent in the story escape the audience Bartlett brought in Neil Diamond to compose the score of the film. Diamond throughout the film rendering some of the worst music imaginable. The songs not only bear the same melancholy variation but they employ Diamond’s favorite technique of repeating his lyrics over and over and over, such gems as “Lonely looking sky. Looking sky - Makes you wonder why - Wonder why.” Yes indeed, Yes indeed. Then too, there is the anaemic nature of the film to which he certainly adds with his interlude of a chorus singing in Latin and his closing of the theme song with “Holy, holy - Sanctus, Sanctus.”

Bach and Diamond both sued Bartlett, claiming that they were the creators of some such rot. Anyway, they won their suit which means that additional footage will be added to this dreary misfire of a movie. I’m not sure whether the version on view at the Midtown is the new intact one or not. Regardless, it certainly is not worth a visit whether you love or loathe the book. And most people seem to have that feeling that Jon is a one medium phenomenon who just wouldn’t take to the screen. The story itself remains an interesting one though, as phenomena go anyway. After all it was former F.R.I. Chief L. Patrick Gray who urged Jonathan Livingston Seagull on his colleagues because he believed “their spirits to soar.”

Some people, especially those involved in government planning need to be assured from time to time that they are attempting to achieve is more important than approval from the Flock, or even the Great Gull himself. By providing that kind of confidence in self Jon Seagull has proved a valuable tool to millions, even perhaps a few plumbers...
The Absurd of December

Upstairs in the stacks things aren't much better. Some obnoxious graduate student has bagged all the books you were going to use for the term paper that was due yesterday, and the check-out line is backed up to the 20th floor anyway. The mildly-mannered little man at the door snarls as he impounds three��和 a matchbox of No-Doz from your briefcase, but, having rediscovered all the people you didn't see since the safe closed, you are content. There is no one on the green with less than four legs.

Another favorite retreat at this time of year seems to be the Student Health Service, where the chronic hypochondriac has been joined by an entire swarm of nausea-malaises whose complaints range from intellectually-induced senility to sexual dysfunction. Some doctors stare dubiously at your temperature, listen to your wheeze and ask how you feel. "Nothing wrong with me that eight hours of sleep and a non-violent social revolution wouldn't cure," you reply with a shit-eating grin and you've wanted to use that line on someone for the last three years. The doctor smiles and obligingly certifies you unfit for strenuous mental labor.

schedules are finally up; finals are on us again, and life has

Dizzy Gillespie
DEC. 4-9
Howlin' Wolf
DEC. 11 & 12
U. N. Phillips
DEC. 18-19
Pat Martino
Linda Cohen
First A Coffee House
Now A Restaurant, Too!
1973: the record year

About this time of year, many respected publications ask their music staffs for their impressions concerning the outstanding recording endeavors of the past twelve months. In hopes of becoming a respected publication, 34th Street has done just that.

Dead, Allmans, Stones, non: Carpenters, si. Yes, I am music editor of this here magazine and if you think Jerry, Gregg or Mick plays better drums than Karen, then you can forget about demanding my job, boy.

1973's TOP TEN (in some subconsciously-determined order)


2) MOTT - Mott the Hoople. A personnel-ignored band finally comes through with a thoroughly splendid LP, a happy ending (beginning?) to melt the iciest heart.

3) TYRANNY AND MUTATION - Blue Oyster Cult. Heavy metal plus. America's most promising band, R. Meltzer et al.

4) BRAIN SALAD SURGERY - Emerson, Lake and Palmer. Perhaps their best. You've got to see him to disbelieve Keith Emerson.

5) LIGHT AS A FEATHER - Chick Corea-Return to Forever. Jazz that is accessible, flawlessly performed, and a general delight.

6) FOXTROT - Genesis. English rock-theater at its best. Peter Banks' keyboard work is magnificent.

7) OVER-NITE SENSATION - Chick Corea-Return to Forever. Presenting, Evan Sarzin's year-end Record Round-up, in which his serene Light chooses to shine on but a few of this year's humble and not-so-humble Offerings, with Regard not to Best and Worst, but simply to better and worse. That is to say, here is a List whose admission is its finiteness and fallibility.

Part the First-As it is impossible for man to bear everything (as only One can hear all) these are perforce the better, and not the Best, of this year's Stereophonic Crop.

6) ALLADIN SANE - David Bowie. A compelling, serious work from an artist of greater depth than many realize.

7) BIRDS OF FIRE - Chick Corea-Return to Forever. Culture Shock happens. The latter.

8) LA DYNASTY - Peter Banks' keyboard work is superbly performed by the New England Conservatory Ragtime Ensemble. A mosaic of instruments ranging from the more popular to the more obscure, Mott the Hoople has finally offered their gifts to the national audience. Mott's sound is consistently pleasing, although Kris Kristofferson's contribution is not very significant.

9) BITE DOWN HARD - Jo Jo Gunne. Presented, Evan Sarzin's year-end Record Round-up, in which his serene Light chooses to shine on but a few of this year's humble and not-so-humble Offerings, with Regard not to Best and Worst, but simply to better and worse. That is to say, here is a List whose admission is its finiteness and fallibility.

Part the First-As it is impossible for man to bear everything (as only One can hear all) these are perforce the better, and not the Best, of this year's Stereophonic Crop.

10) A PASSION PLAY - Jethro Tull. If you find this dull, perhaps you are. - PETER BAUM

Light as a feather - Chick Corea and Return to Forever prove that modern jazz doesn't have to be dull to be good.

SINGING AND WRITING MARVEL. STICK IT! - An exciting ensemble recording, long overdue from Buddy Rich and his Band. BOUNDERS - Roy Wood, ex-Move, ex-EXO, gets off a beauty.

BITE DOWN HARD - Jo Jo Gunne have proven that they have a Spirit all their own.

Country Gazette up front, down home.

(10) A PASSION PLAY - Jethro Tull. If you find this dull, perhaps you are. - PETER BAUM

LIGHT AS A FEATHER - Chick Corea and Return to Forever prove that modern jazz doesn't have to be dull to be good.

TUBULAR BELLS - Michael Oldfield is a unique concept album making extensive use of studio techniques. Classical overtones are evident in this superb one man effort in which Oldfield utilizes a plethora of instruments ranging from the glockenspiel to concert tympani. FULL MOON - Rita Coolidge's voice remains one of the purist among contemporary female vocalists. The selection of songs is consistently pleasing, although Kris Kristofferson's contribution is not very significant.

In no particular order

Soul box - Grover Washington Jr. continues to preserve the alto sax as an expressive solo instrument. No Cannon Fodder.

BAPTIZUM - The Art Ensemble of Chicago have finally offered their gifts to the national audience. STEELERS WHEEL - Maybe "Jack in the Middle" drove you crazy. Maybe not. Great vocals but not your style, huh? Go on, listen to "Frankenstein." See if I care. Part the Second - And these, likewise, are the worse, perhaps not the Worst of this year's Stereophonic Crop.

ALLADIN - SANE David Bowie's style of music should be appraised objectively and not in conjunction with his brand of mascara. Mick Ronson is a talented lead guitarist, and Bowie has good command over his material. QUADRAPHENIA - The Who are back with a fine new release, and are beginning a tour which will undoubtedly be triumphant. BOULDERS - Roy Wood, as followers of the Move will testify, is a musician of tremendous ability. This solo offering is exceptional. Wood's vocalizations are humorous and effective, while his instrument versatility is awesome.

TRANSFORMER - Lou Reed has finally been accorded recognition exceeding his early role as founder of the Velvet Underground. "Vicious" is a thrilling rocker, and "Take a Walk on the Wild Side" is simply a landmark. It's an uneven record; but his personal favorite of this writer.

RINGO - Ringo Starr is neither a great drummer nor a gifted vocalist, but producer Richard Perry showed good judgment in surrounding Ringo with a fine array of supporting musicians. This is a surprisingly enjoyable record. Pay attention to the John Lennon contribution "I'm the Greatest."

TRUE STORIES AND OTHER DREAMS - Judy Collins is a mainstay in the folk world, and for good reasons. Her rendition of "Cook with Honey" is done with beautiful feeling. On this album Judy's ability to touch her audience is very apparent.

The last selection is divided among some honorable mentions which include LIVING IN THE MATERIAL WORLD - George Harrison: SWEET REVENGE - John Prine, who would have had a great album if not for a shlocky overambitious producer. In Prine's case, the time has long past for those useless Dylan comparisons. DARK SIDE OF THE MOON - Pink Floyd; LOS COCHINOS - in which Cheech and Chong continue their zany antics. - MICHAEL MORRIS

AND NOW THERE'S MUSIC... EVERY EVENING TUES.-SAT.

GREGF & THOMPSON GUITAR

LEWIS BROTHERS LEVI'S BROTHERS TYGER CHAMPION MUSIC EVERY SATURDAY LA TERRASSE

2422 Sansom Steet

Jethro Tull agog over 34th Street mention.
**Potshots at American perversity**

Face to Face, by Fons van Woerkom. Alfred A. Knopf. $2.95.

What a marvelously depraved view of the world! Fons van Woerkom disfigures, dismantles, and disembowels his representations of "humankind" in savagely original ways. Atrocities abound - grisly, gruesome, utterly unspeakable and worse. One is initially repelled by these drawings, but then grappled, sucked in, absorbed. Fons is a mastermixer of the horrible and the comic, and he whips up a chill that not only rattles the mind, but also stokes a claim in the gut like an overdose of creamcheeseed bagels.

Two themes are dominant: man as predator and man as self-destroyer. Fons explores unique methods of self-mutilation in the book's first section, "Guillotine." In one drawing, an emaciated man peels his right index finger like a banana and chomps it on another plays delicatessen man with a gullible, substituting his right arm for the absent hunk of roast beef. And you can see for yourself what his characters use as a filling pond.

The second section, "Metamorphosis," contains macabre drawings with startling climaxes. A rather plain-looking woman changes, slowly, slowly, into a snail. A faceless woman with an attractive body disrobes, lies down and before you can sputter is gently sucking his mother's tummy. A military man is a ghastly, fanged creature who controls human military man is a ghastly, fanged creature who controls human avoidance of good taste. Trudeau continues to draw sometime can still base an adequate case on the evidence afforded by the present volume (see especially his alleged representations of said folk-heroes). Trudeau continues to avoid drawing feet, but he justifies his reluctance admirably in the occasional attempts he makes. The essential uniformity of the plot is compensated for by the local dialogue and the brilliantly suggestive settings of time and place.

With this volume Trudeau certainly assumes his rightful place beside such luminaries as Johnny Hart and Walt Kelly, and Mike Doonesbury and Zonker Harris eclipse the pre-eminence of Charlie Brown and Linus Van Pelt as spokesman for the seekers of truth and understanding in and at this difficult age. Truly worthy of the author of such illuminating volumes as "The President is a Lot Smarter Than You Think" and "But This War Had Such Promise," Mr. Trudeau's latest collection heralds the introduction of Ms. Joanie Caucon into the commune inhabited by the ever-familiar figures of his epic masterpiece. Much of the action centers around the motorcycle odyssey of Mike Doonesbury and Mark Slackmeyer, moving picture and picturequely from the redwood forest to the New York island, etc. Appearing in cameo roles are such notable folk-heroes as Mark ("Hi there!") Spitz, Dear Henry the Darling of D.C., and Hizorzon the Mayor of Philadelphia, depicted extending his characteristically warm and jovial welcome to the City of Brotherly Love.

The Yale-hating cartoonist's tableaus seem to be less harsh and crude in their execution these days, though doubtless the more vituperative scorners who contend that Doonesbury's creator should really learn to resist the pulpit's blandishments will not begrudge any of this. Perhaps chroniclers will one day examine that segment of a popular medium which is creating coincidentally with the maturation of our generation.

---

**Blood & Plasma Donors Needed**

School Organizations, Fraternities, Sororities & Clubs

Raise Funds For Your Treasury

**CASH PAID FOR ALL DONATION**

**INTERSTATE BLOOD BANK of PA. INC.**

2503 N. Broad St.
(215) 226-2343

If You Are Between The Age 18 & 65

And In Good Health You May Qualify
The Old Hedda was betta

By SCOTT KANOFF

It is becoming a popular theatrical practice to update classic plays, and a production of this nature serves a complex function. As an historical inquiry into the universality of the work, it attempts to determine whether the play remains valid in our time. Consequently it also serves as a contemporary re-statement of the play's themes. Such a production takes great risks, for if the play fails in its modern vehicle, the failure is certainly not the author's. In this sense the current production of Ibsen's Hedda Gabler, at Temple University's Tomlinson Theater, is an ambiguous and courageous effort. It is greatly successful as an inquiry, but the inquiry's results cause the production to fail as a modern statement.

In 'Hedda Gabler,' Ibsen dealt with a woman made pathetic by, and in response to, a repressive, male-dominated, late-nineteenth-century society. The Tomlinson production takes place in the present, and director Paul Hostetler thereby asks us to view Hedda as a modern woman in the same situation. But what has made the play so successful as a period piece is Hedda's uniqueness in her own time. In the program notes, translator Rolf Fjelde quotes Valency's introduction to Ibsen as, among other things...."limited by her own environment, striking out blindly for fulfillment..." It is precisely this limitation in her own day that forms Hedda's uniqueness. In the present-day environment that this production creates, both the limitation and the responses are unrealistic. Given a modern, male-dominated society, Hedda today would not develop along the lines Ibsen drew in 1880. Would not the intensity of her awareness, the sheer drive of her search for freedom—for "an act of spontaneous beauty"—lead her well to create the modern atmosphere which the production calls for, although the furniture, like the glass top tables and leather swivel chairs, suggest a degree of affluence beyond the means even the free spending Tesman's. The

placement of the back room upstairs conforms to Ibsen's directions and is effective in separating the play's centers of action. The overall scenic effect in late Museum of Modern Art, but the design does effectively convey the play's time setting. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works.

The Old Hedda was betta

The story of Dory

By LINDA A. SOLOMON

LIVE AT CARNEGIE HALL - Dory Previn

A few years ago, the name of Dory Previn was probably only familiar to people who watched the movie credits beyond the program notes, translator Rolf Fjelde quotes Valency's introduction to Ibsen as, among other things,...limited by her own environment, striking out blindly for fulfillment..." It is precisely this limitation in her own day that forms Hedda's uniqueness. In the present-day environment that this production creates, both the limitation and the responses are unrealistic. Given a modern, male-dominated society, Hedda today would not develop along the lines Ibsen drew in 1880. Would not the intensity of her awareness, the sheer drive of her search for freedom—for "an act of spontaneous beauty"—lead her well to create the modern atmosphere which the production calls for, although the furniture, like the glass top tables and leather swivel chairs, suggest a degree of affluence beyond the means even the free spending Tesman's. The

placement of the back room upstairs conforms to Ibsen's directions and is effective in separating the play's centers of action. The overall scenic effect in late Museum of Modern Art, but the design does effectively convey the play's time setting. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistically apart from the perspective of Ibsen's nineteenth-century sensibilities. While Dr. Hostetler's aim is questionable, his actual production is highly commendable in many respects. Jeffrey M. Schissel's set works to some positive fulfillment, perhaps even to legitimacy? From today's perspective, it seems likely. The play, however, cannot be rewritten. Nor can it be accepted realistic...
Who were the Levellers? Who cares?

By MICHAEL STEPHEN GROSS

Cromwell, the Lord Protector, Antonia Fraser, Alfred A. Knopf, 774 pp., $12.50.

Let no one be misled: Oliver Cromwell is nowhere nearly as good a subject of romantic biography as Mary Stuart. Antonia Fraser has, however, made something of a successful attempt at rendering her 700 page account of Cromwell’s life and environment readable, and, at the same time, not unduly distorted. The narrative does have its boring moments. It starts off slow, for want of anything to say of Cromwell’s childhood, the biographer resorts to a seventeen page discussion of astrology and genealogy. Two facts are established: (1), Oliver’s origins were obscure but auspicious and (2), he was not related to the House of Stuart.

Until Cromwell achieved the status of a national figure he left a shortage of information upon which one can base anything; throughout his career, moreover, too little evidence exists upon which one can draw interesting conclusions respecting the great leader’s private life, to Ms. Fraser’s disadvantage. Did Mr. and Mrs. Cromwell get along? Ms. Fraser thinks so, and quotes Oliver’s words “Thou art dearer to me than any creature,” but, sacrificing flavor to flow, she neglects to continue with “Let that suffice.”

Unravelling the politics of a civil war era is an unwanted, intolerable limitation. To the author’s credit, however, reasonable (if apologetic) attention is given to Cromwell’s historically significant attitudes towards Ireland, towards imperial policy, and towards dissenting minorities. To the author’s credit, also, are her numerous quotations and vignettes drawn from contemporary observations. For example, a description of the Lord Protector’s diet reads, “At his table were very rarely, or never, our French quelque choses suffered by him, or any such modern gusto.” There are also frequent but, generally, all too short citations from Cromwell himself; there are, as well, all too frequent but not too short quotations from the verses of Milton, Marvell, and the satirists of the street.

There isn’t much danger of many students running out and paying twelve and a half dollars for this monsterpiece, at least for themselves; as a holiday gift to father or senile uncle, however, people can and will choose worse. Budding English Civil War buffs, though, might better start themselves off with C.V. Wedgwood’s trilogy on Charles I: the subject is more interesting, the writing is livelier, and as history it is far better.

Advertising Production BILL CIELO

The skull of Oliver Cromwell, whom Antonia Fraser attempts to bring to life.
The whey we were

By LARRY LEVENSON

The Way We Were makes so many mistakes and makes them so spectacularly that I loved every minute of it. But I shouldn’t love it, because it is one of those gooey, lipsticky slick Hollywood production numbers that try so hard to entertain that you are left feeling sorry for them. But somewhere and somehow (I’m not sure just where or just how) The Way We Were at the Regency Theater, works.

Maybe it is just because of Streisand and Redford, both of whom I’ll always think of in the kind of electric teamwork that is so exhilarating to watch. Katie is an obstreperous, implacable Communist sympathizer who lives for the Cause; Hubbell is, well, Redford, and a writer, who does just about everything right, but who also wonders a lot about himself and life. In General. They are the perfectly ill-suited types who only fall in love in movies, and who inevitably split up even though there is no cause for splitting up and even though they both have spent all their energies proving how made for each other they really are.

Barbra Streisand is so good at playing Jewish, doofy, self-righteous Katie Morosky that I am just beginning to realize how extraordinarily talented Miss Streisand really is. There are few actresses left who have the screening every last drop of water from hopefully crisp salad greens before serving. Their design is perfect with a carefully meshed globe of silver wire in two hemispheres and a cleverly carved heart-shaped handle. This confection which floats in at about $10 for one of 10" diameter would gleam proudly from any kitchen corner that needs brightening. And tired folks awoke alive with a few brisk movements of your wrist. Carefully caged, the greens can be thoroughly rinsed and the finest of the salad-drare numbers will not be diluted by those pesky drops of water that inevitably cling to them.

For the fancier of fine Italian cuisine, or those who grind their own spices, a porcelain mortar and pestle, carefully designed and useful, along with the complement of basic, though hardly pedestrian cooking equipment with which we are blessed, seem to fit the bill for sensible, inspired holiday giving. (And receiving wouldn’t be bad either.)

Consider, on the gadget side, any of a number of salad baskets imported from France which are perfect for dressing every last drop of water from hopefully crisp salad greens before serving. Their design is perfect with a carefully meshed globe of silver wire in two hemispheres and a cleverly carved heart-shaped handle. This confection which floats in at about $10 for one of 10" diameter would gleam proudly from any kitchen corner that needs brightening. And tired folks awoke alive with a few brisk movements of your wrist. Carefully caged, the greens can be thoroughly rinsed and the finest of the salad-drare numbers will not be diluted by those pesky drops of water that inevitably cling to them.

For the fancier of fine Italian cuisine, or those who grind their own spices, a porcelain mortar and pestle, which shines on the outside and is sufficiently abrasive in its base interior, would do fine. Near the rim of the mortar is a painted stripe in an eye-catching delt blue which gives this piece its visual distinction. It hovers around $10 the set and is also made in France by the "Arabia" company whose incomparable souffle dishes are described below.

Getting down to basics, a graceful balloon whisk which (operates to a slender handle can’t be beat (no pun intended)