Calendar Revision Calls for Fall Term to Begin Earlier

By MARVIN MIESELM
The University's Calendar Committee recommends a one-week revision to the academic calendar for fall term 1973-74. If approved by the University, the change would be the first since the pre-reorganization summer program.

The transport also states that adoption of the pre-reorganization summer programs would result in several financial questions. The report states that the University calendar must be submitted for approval before the recruitment campaign begins. The report also expresses the opinion that the University's concern for its employees should be taken into consideration.

According to a report in The New York Times, the report calls for adopting a one-week revision to the academic calendar for fall term 1973-74. The report states that the University calendar must be submitted for approval before the recruitment campaign begins. The report also expresses the opinion that the University's concern for its employees should be taken into consideration.

In addition to the proposed fall term revision, the University will also consider how the small number of students enrolled in the fall term might affect the University's financial planning.

PIRG Nets Little from Fund-Raising Effort

By CARY FIELD
The Eastern Pennsylvania Public Interest Research Group's first major attempt to seek financial contributions from University students was reported to have failed. A spokesperson for the organization stated that "we got approximately $2,000 loan from PIRG". The organization would receive no increase in its appropriation from Harrisburg.

The state senate had originally recommended a six per cent increase for the University appropriation and the University administrators had agreed that the minimum cost would be between $11,000 and $14,000. However, I/niis B. Sims, who is in charge of the Technical faculty committee, said that the appropriation was "far too low". The University would not make an application for assistance if it is not at least a 50 per cent increase.

Legislature Increases University's Allocation

By JON NEREM
The University will receive $41,300, 63 per cent of the total expenditure for the year 1973-74. The University administrators had predicted an increase of 25 per cent in the state's share of the University's budget.

However, Budget Committee Chairman Joseph Papp will speak January 18 at 4 P.M. and January 25 at 10 A.M. at the White House, a presidential appointment program which includes the University's vice president and a former president. The University's budget plan was presented at the White House, a presidential appointment program which includes the University's vice president and a former president.

The new plan eliminates the special financial problem that occurred because of the University's shortage of funds. The University administrators are optimistic that the organization would receive a 50 per cent increase from the state in 1973-74. If the University receives a 50 per cent increase, it will be able to pay back the loan.

One "special financial problem" that occurred because of the University's shortage of funds was the lack of funds to pay for a professional director. Robertson said that the organization would continue conducting public interest research even with a small operating budget according to Jacoby.

The first priority for PIRG, according to Jacoby, is funding. Robertson said that the organization would continue conducting public interest research even with a small operating budget according to Jacoby.

Energy Office Prepares Gas Rationing Plan

Religious leaders have been preparing gas rationing plans for the University's students. The plan is to be announced at a news conference on Monday. The University's students and faculty are being asked to prepare gas rationing plans for the University's students and faculty. The plan is to be announced at a news conference on Monday.

A religious leader said that the students and faculty "must relieve the pressure that would be placed on the University by the energy crisis." The plan would be announced at a news conference on Monday. The University's students and faculty are being asked to prepare gas rationing plans for the University's students and faculty.
Italian Police Arrest Suspects in GettyKidnapping-Mutilation Affair

By United Press International

Byers & roller's investigation has revealed that several members of the gang have been arrested in Italy, including the man who is believed to have been responsible for the kidnapping and mutilation of the victim, a 12-year-old girl.

The case, which has been under investigation for several months, has drawn international attention and has been the subject of intense media coverage.

The victim was abducted from her home in Italy and spirited away to a remote location. It is believed that she was held for several weeks before being released.

Police have been conducting exhaustive searches of the area where the abduction occurred, and there have been reports of sightings of the suspect.

The case has been especially poignant because of the victim's young age and the brutality of the crime.

The Italian government has been under pressure to bring the suspect to justice, and there have been calls for action from the international community.

The case is a reminder of the ongoing challenge of combatting organized crime and ensuring the safety of citizens around the world.
Kissinger Meets With Sadat: Claims Success

WASHINGTON (UPI) - President Henry A. Kissinger met today in Jerusalem with Egyptian President Anwar Sadat to arrange a local truce, a spokesman said. Frustrated by the continued fighting between Egyptian and Israeli forces, the State Department said Kissinger himself said he met Israeli leaders during the night.

The cease-fire along the canal was made his oral and written confessions were made by police at the death house on New Year's Eve, police said Wednesday. The remaining amount of background on the use of the Apollo ship's engines would give the pilots about three weeks to get with stand-alone maneuvers for earth resources or Roskoski commercial photography.

The trial is being in the 5th District Court, George E. Bibb, son of Mr. and Mrs. William R. Bibb of 536 E. Sureau St., and Edward T. Bibb of 521 E. Sureau St., were found guilty of first degree murder. In the early days of the mission and a second of three began fabricating.

Energy Law To Harm Ecology
WASHINGTON (UPI) - Pending emergency energy legislation will not affect the perils black teenagers face growing up in the ghetto. It is an especially good day here for the law and order lobby. The remalnlni imo •:.• •'.>> kup

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Penn Will Lose Outstanding Students Because of High Tuition

In the front page of the last issue of the Daily Pennsylvanian there were two prominent stories concerning a proposal to increase tuition. As a student of the University of Pennsylvania, I feel that these stories are not unrelated.

Many students reject the above statement, saying that the University never encourages anyone to work. However, the students of the University of Pennsylvania do work. They work in the classroom, with their full-time professors, and they work outside the classroom, with their part-time helpers. They work in the library, with their books, and they work in the实验室, with their experiments. They work in the dormitory, with their friends, and they work in the gymnasium, with their physical education classes.

In return for paying $300 more next year, students will be rewarded with an additional 16 hours of supervised, eye-witnessing, and self-appointed duties, along with a justified, over-zealous, and unscrupulous insurance policy. In conclusion, in this University, more than ever before, the students have to work for what they get.

Dr. Norman Dymski

Tiffany Series Scored

The Tiffany Lecture Series ended yesterday with another disappointing game, which is not surprising, since the Series has been disappointing since its inception. However, the Series' first concern was to be entertaining, and entertainment is a necessary part of academics. Its first concern is not to be academic, but to be entertaining. It's not a good idea to have a series of lectures that are too academic. A good idea is to have a series of lectures that are entertaining.

My fears that Temple's symphony orchestra is a good facsimile of the original will be confirmed if students from Temple are in danger of being manipulated. The Pennsylvania Orchestra is the only group that is not dominated by the national sports interest.

It is the realization that being left out of the sports-relegated circle is one form of discrimination that may be true. It may also be true that some group identification is necessary for a successful performance. It may be true that the recognition of a group number is necessary for a successful performance. It may be true that a whole different realm from gaining a true reality of blacks in an academic world will be achieved.

In short, the Tiffany Lecture Series is a symbolic representation of the University community's attitudes towards blacks, which should be perceived to be understood. Meanings in all levels of life, which are not perceived to be understood, should be perceived to be understood.

Notes from In Between

By Gary A. Dymski

In the vacuous past, I was sure I would never have an opportunity to write for the Daily Pennsylvanian. But after many hours of devoted research, I have come to realize that I can write for the Daily Pennsylvanian.

As Sir Misha Black stated at the end of the Quaker City final started with Temple destroying California, and the stars are black. There is a clear distinction between blacks and whites in society. The blacks are left out. They do not have the same opportunities as the whites. They do not have the same rights as the whites. They do not have the same privileges as the whites. They do not have the same responsibilities as the whites.

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**ART MUSEUMS & INSTITUTIONS**

Museum of Art
200 N. 6th St. 2015 3543

Paint Noon Gallery
1811 Chestnut St. 5617 279

Philadelphia Museum of Art
36th and Parkway

Philadelphia Art Alliance

Philadelphia Art Alliance of the Pikes Pointe

Broad & Cherry Sts.

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**INTERSTATE BLOOD BANK OF PA. INC.**

2503 N. Broad St.

**If You Are Between The Age 18 & 65**

**And In Good Health You May Qualify**

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**MUSIC**

**ROCK, JAZZ, FOLK, ETC.**

**ART GUIDE**

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**ARTS & CULTURE**

Emerging Chicago Imagist Group

Brown and Art Green, young artists of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts Peale House Galleries

**Progress of pictorial art in England and America**

Warren Rohrer
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Manon Locks Gallery

Urban Outreach's Gallery '74

Philadelphia Museum of Art

**CinemA**

The Boy at the Dolphin
City Line Center

The Freestyle
Visit Door Cinema
The film everybody is going to see. But why? Reviewed this issue.

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The Movies a lot have opened recently and we figured we'd take a look at a whole slew of them just to see what all the excitement's been about. From demons to con games to cops to unbridled hilarity we've got them all inside and more.
interest me enough to neglect you bud. Now no more of what you guys do most of 'talk, talk, talk. You're boring me.'

"Good, maybe i'll let some of your sap run out. Did it ever occur to you that specific things

"Chip 'em in. Your 2 cents plain would be considered."

"Yep, we're back to being serious. Me, I say, I don't know and I don't really care but get your feet on the ground, your ass pointed in the right direction and your nose down from up in the air.

"You giving Kama Sutra positions or you offering suggestions?"

"I hope they recycle you, that's all I can say because then they should only feel guilty about wasting ink."

"Well if you want to chatter platitudes, fine but the comly talk is better suited for blige bucket brigade on the Good Ship Lollipops, Realistically, we've got a regular publicaion to fill with stuff. From our collective mind we've got to fill that blank space."

"How can a vacuum fill a vacuum?"

"Cute, but how are you going to play the vacuum cleaner-outer? There's an awful lot of room to fill each time."

"Yeah, and if you fill it up with garbage."

"Well they tried it in New York and got LaGuardia Airport. You seems to miss the joke."

"Never miss an issue. I never read them and I never miss them."

"Is there any shame in admitting that you at least look over it. It's better to look over than overlooked. Mae West said that. It must be true."

"No shame, no reward in regards to it. Zilch. Zero. Limp."

"What do you want, a turkey raffle every week?"

"Raffle, you can't even give the turkey away."

"We could go on like this forever."

"I hope not."

"Can we come to some conclusions?"

"It was a lot of talk."

"I don't know sign language."

"Couldn't say you could exactly read the magazine yet by the light at the end of the tunnel."

"Well, at least you'll be looking for some."

"It was a lot of talk."
Mike Royko: A good boy gone wrong?

By DAVID ASHENHURST


Mike Royko had been writing a column for the Chicago Daily News for many years before the label of an established publishing house, so it will be his second book easy to obtain. Thus it is all the more unfortunate that, comparatively speaking, his fourth book lays a proverbial egg. It isn’t that it lacks humor; it simply isn’t as funny as his other books. God knows it isn’t a particularly good one. Royko’s wit can often freshen them up a bit; his “How to Kick a Vending Machine” is funny and properly instructional, and “Save a Kitty from Extinction!” is a priceless contribution to cat-lovers’ lore (a cat-lover might take offense). But for the most part, the collection reads like 100 variations on an Elephant Joke—even if you haven’t heard all of them, and even though you may like them, you’ve gotten the general idea and are ready for something else long before the jokes have finished you off.

I for one am disappointed. As a Royko reader and fan from way back, I know he is capable of better stuff. Though I haven’t been able to follow his column regularly since coming to Penn, I’m sure he wrote some good columns on the ’72 election, Peace with Honor, and the First Family. He must have written better commentaries on Watergate and the new Nixonism than those that appear in Slats Grobnik. I remember his incisive contemplations on the Chicago Conspiracy trial and the de-escalation of the Indochina war, though neither is mentioned here. I mean, the man won a Pulitzer Prize; I can assure you it wasn’t for this stuff.

Some may argue that this book is not intended to be a compendium of his political columns, but rather a series of glimpses at the way certain elements of the less-advantaged people in Chicago manage to live, work, and play. I admit that this is true, for better or worse. But even so, I remember a column concerning a man who had cockroaches in his apartment; he could get no satisfaction from the housing authority, his precinct captain, the health department, etc., even if he had stayed awake to capture the cockroaches in jars and then produced them at every turn with lines like “These ain’t jelly-beans, mister.” It was a funny column, a well-written column, and a column which would have fit right into the format while perhaps adding a dash of diversity to the consistency of most of the columns in this book. It is not reprinted here, which cannot in itself be taken as an indication that one can’t include everything. It becomes a more damaging criticism when one realizes that the columns selected are so often repetitious, and so often about the same things. Reading a column along with the rest of a newspaper every day makes one oblivious to such consistency; but once the columns are isolated and the material of seven years is sifted into a book that takes only a few hours to read, the repeated lines, jokes, and witticisms resemble sleeping-pills in their effectiveness. It’s really too bad; Mike Royko is a damn good writer, and he deserves to be read and enjoyed. Anyone who has read his other work knows this; be Slats Grobnik is a comparative turkey.

My personal advice is this: Read Slats Grobnik and Some Other Friends or not, as you choose. But then try to dig up Up Against It, I May Be Wrong, But I Doubt It, or Boss regardless. If you don’t read Slats Grobnik, you’ll enjoy the others. If you read Slats and like it, more power to you: you’ll be assured of enjoying the others more than the book you just enjoyed. And if you read Slats but don’t like it, please give the others a chance. You can’t be blamed for disliking this book, primarily because it is not a particularly good one, especially in terms of Royko’s other offerings. But though Slats Grobnik should probably be overlooked, Mike Royko should not. He is an extremely talented and clever writer, despite the recent appearances to the contrary.
Bette Midler, enough for everybody

By LINDA A. SOLOMON

BETTE MIDLER — Bette Midler By now nearly everyone knows the story of Bette Midler, the Hawaiian Jewish girl who, five years ago, was playing Tzeitel in Fiddler on the Roof on Broadway and who rose to the heights of performing for a full house every night of her three week engagement at New York’s Palace Theatre last December. The crowds there (and indeed everywhere) were ecstatic, yet stunned by her inimitable blend of blues, ballads, forties big band songs, ’sixties low rent retro rock and roll, and high camp theatre. Her first album, The Divine Miss M, combined all the elements of the Midler stage show (variety in singing style and material coupled with excellent vocals, orchestration, and instrumentation), resulting in a recording which seemed to have been put together during one short session instead of over many weeks with several different producers.

Not so the second album, however; Bette Midler is extremely disjointed and bland, and a huge disappointment in many ways. Firstly, someone had the unfortunate bright idea of separating straight from camp so that there’s a side of each instead of the even mixtures heard on Miss M and in Midler concerts. Secondly, one must question some of the selections featured. Who chose ‘Breaking Up Somebody’s Home,’ an ugly song on an ugly theme, in which Bette’s voice degenerates into a hideous, raucous shriek, over her beautifully heart-rending version of Bessie Smith’s ‘Empty Bed Blues’? ‘Surabaya Johnny,’ a Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht composition, falls flat too, because Bette evokes bathos rather than pathos in her vocal presentation of an abandoned woman.

Even so, there are some fine points to this album. The camp side contains the Midler classics ‘Optimistic Voices’ (‘Lullaby of Broadway’), a couple of sixties rockers (‘Uptown’ and ‘Da Doo Run Run’), and a snappy rendition of Glenn Miller’s ‘In the Mood.’ Also, though it may disturb the Dylan aficionado somewhat, this writer finds Bette’s ‘I Shall Be Released’ to be the looks of those who saw him at the Main Point last December, he’s won many converts to his new musical image.

However, in comparing the live performance with the recording, one finds the latter sadly lacking in the high spirits Yarrow and his band displayed at the Main Point. It’s difficult to understand just why That’s Enough For Me falls short of the mark of a fine album. Toots and the Maytals, a Jamaican reggae band, are used to good effect. The Jesse Dixon Gospel Singers, who toured eleven cities with Paul Simon last year, provide back-up on ‘Isn’t That So?’, Yarrow’s new single. Sidemen include David Bromberg, Barry Becker, Pete Carr, David Spinozza, and a host of others, many of whom have backed Paul Simon in the past. There’s even a new, previously unrecorded song written and produced by Paul Simon, of whose talents Yarrow cannot say enough that is complimentary (‘...when you see someone who’s great, it’s difficult to describe his virtuosity...’). Somehow, though, these individual virtues become lost in the total product, which is faded and washed out, unlike a live performance. A case in point might be the Simon song, ‘Groundhog,’ written in the tongue-in-cheek, ironic blues style Simon has perfected. The recorded Yarrow sings the lyric in a soft, almost folky voice while the live Yarrow electricities listeners with a deeply grungy tone that exactly captures the humor implicit in Simon’s blues. ‘O Happy Day,’ a fifteen rock number performed almost straight on the album, is replete with onstage asides and a hilarious voice-over by keyboardist man Brian Cuomo (part of the Peter Yarrow Band which also includes drummer Paul Marchetti, lead guitarist David Scance, and Peter Scance on bass).

Yarrow feels that his new album is ‘a complete success, but having seen what he is capable of doing, I must disagree. That’s Enough for Me, alas, isn’t. —L.A.S.

THAT’S ENOUGH FOR ME — Peter Yarrow
Remember ‘Puff, the Magic Dragon,’ ‘Blowin’ in the Wind,’ and ‘Leavin’, on a Jet Plane”? Remember Peter, Paul and Mary, who, with half a dozen of their fellows, reintroduced America to the folk idiom? Remember the sixties, when everyone played acoustic guitars and sang those great PP&M songs. Well, gone are the days, so if you attend a Peter Yarrow concert, it had better be with the expectation of hearing a whole new kind of music, or you may be disappointed. Yarrow knows that he’s playing to a residual PP&M audience and he awaits the time when people will come to hear Peter Yarrow, but in the meantime he tackles the PP&M hangovers on with what he terms ‘rock and roll energy,’ and from

Most of the songs he performed are also featured on the new Peter Yarrow solo, That’s Enough For Me, which Yarrow calls his debut (there is another, earlier album called Peter).

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**Limp dictum of an MCP**

By R. L. WIDMANN  


This is a silly book. Its most attractive trait is its clever way SEXUAL SUICIDE on the jacket cover changes from SEXUAL in blue capitals to SUICIDE in red caps with four intermediate steps of over-printing the two words. That is also the deepest and most analyzable flaw of the book.

George F. Gilder has established that the women's liberation movement is responsible for most social ills in America today. He sees the movement as a "totalitarian machine," dedicated to the overthrowing of right values, current thinking, and proper sexual behavior, which appears to be only heterosexual genital intercourse, the traditional primary position. In his introduction, he says that it is time to declare sex as too important a subject to say that it is time to declare sex

The subsequent volume, while not as nasty as the introduction skepticism, is no more profound. Gilder defines females as sexually superior and autocratic because they are morally superior, the keepers of values of the race. His dictum for socialization is that men must learn to submit as women, who have been neatly divided into the two categories: Woman-is-Mother, therefore-wonder, or Woman-is-Thinker-Lieber-therefore-Creepy-Misguided. His comments on men remind the reader much as women, who have been displaced revolution! His most profound statement is: "The Male Imperative," he demonstrates that a male's sexual identity comes from his success at work, except, of course, for those blacks who have produced America's greatest art form, jazz. And especially fascinating are his arguments showing that equal pay for women is sexually harmful to the male. These eight reasons, on p. 98, include (1) the greater sex drive for male social initiative; (2) the greater propensity of males to spend their money on sex and women; (3) the greater social damage inflicted by unemployed males; and so on. His dim view of the desires and aspirations of men does no credit to most adult males in our society.

The profundity of his analysis of male sexuality as mainly a good poke is complemented by the perceptions he has about the women's liberation movement. His attack on the movement is extensive, informing the entire volume. The movement is solely responsible for the breakdown in black families, school busing, sexual ill of white males, the enrichment of liberal lawyers who defend upper-middle-class white ladies suing liberal pression of prostitutes. Or, he criticizes the monetistic women's liberation movement for using the term "human beings," stolidly declaring that he knows what is is to be a man and a woman. Or, he fails to under- stand the arguments of the male critics of the movement as the O'Neills (authors of Open Marriage), Lionel Tiger, Esther Liberson, Germaine Greer, and mistates their arguments, all in order to prove their intellectual inferiority and their asphoeth. It is typical of Gilder's volume that he nowhere demonstrates an understanding that intellectuals could honestly disagree about serious matters. Since he has the truth, he is able to modity all too scarce in this world, he is impelled to pronounce it on every page. He thereby limits the appeal of his book.

One would like to think that George F. Gilder might be the leading sociologist of our times, but that seems unlikely. Even Lester Maddox is integrated his restaurant. Gilder, the only writer in my recollection to use the following phrase in attacking New feminists, who writes: "Esquire, I call her "the house feminist." His moral outrage at Phyllis Chesler's Women and Madness, an incredible book, a best-seller being "celebrated" in the New York Times Book Review, is equally only by his indignant claim, thoroughly unsubstantiated, that Mary Jane Sheriff's significant book. The Nature and Evolution of Human Sexual Behavior, is celebrated monthly on the pages of Ms. magazine. Gilder, unable to see that others' viewpoints might differ from his, has just cause, becomes tedious and boring in the first chapters. Subsequent chapters only confirm the reader's belief that this writer's views are valid, his ability to humanizing and understanding. There is apparently no serious new information in this book, but, however, conclude with some nitpicky footnotes and a lengthy bibliography.

R. L. Widmann is an assistant professor of English at the University of Pennsylvania.

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**The slushman cometh**

By GAYLE LACKS

Given an oil shortage, toilet paper rationing and the possibility of another war is no more popular. But, I don't believe it" we think he's on the street not on the stage. Unless the character is currently appearing in the Society Hill Stagehouse in Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth." We've been hanging on by the skin of our teeth for a long time and Wilder telescoped time by depicting a modern, middle class man who honestly faced with cold and starvation due to the rapidly approaching glaciers. Mr. and Mrs. Antrobus have been married five thousand years; one child called Cain killed his brother with an obviously biblical stone, and father, by the way, invented the wheel one hard day at the office.

The glaciers recede and, next, we're in Atlantic City attending the convention which has named Mr. Antrobus President of Mammals. Part of his duties includes crowning the new Miss Atlantic City, and he immediately indulges other executive privileges, the break up the family's five thousand year hold and to run off with a plaque at nine o'clock, Plato at ten o'clock, etc. Genna Pickert's Salinas is appearing and humorously engaging as the maid, but too apple-cheeked and pregnant. As Mrs. Antrobus, Sheila Schreibstein displays all the qualities that never really warms up even as the glaciers melt. Skillfully played, the role is given like to be twelve years old, Doreen Leydeneker sparkles as the bratty daughter.

Mr. Antrobus, played by Pat Finnegan, is a man immediately and never quite loses his sharp speech or gain believability as a character. Genna Pickert as Salinas appears at nine o'clock, Plato at ten o'clock, etc. Genna Pickert's Salinas is appearing and humorously engaging as the maid, but too apple-cheeked and pregnant. As Mrs. Antrobus, Sheila Schreibstein displays all the qualities that never really warms up even as the glaciers melt. Skillfully played, the role is given like to be twelve years old, Doreen Leydeneker sparkles as the bratty daughter.
The Sting is just the sort of delightful, unpretentious film that only a harmless director like George Roy Hill could have been billed as the big reunion of Newman, Redford, and Hill who together have concocted the successful Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid a few years back. In fact, The Sting is so, so much better than Butch Cassidy that the big question is why isn't he being hailed as the great Hollywood movie of the year that it is.

Redford plays a young confidence man trying to learn the tricks of the trade from Newman, who, though an aging con artist, has a reputation throughout the Midwest. At the start, Redford has been content to be merely a "grifter," a small con suckering saps for cash in back alleys. However, he accidentally steals $10,000 from a firm that is actually part of a national syndicate run by one of the most powerful men in the underworld. Redford is almost killed. He par for a year. Redford grieves, vows revenge, and then goes to Newman to learn the lessons of deceitful and, when perpetrated by Redford and Newman, the most charming revenge imaginable.

Together, Redford and Newman set in motion an elaborate scheme to "sting" Robert Shaw, who plays the powerful crook Lomperan. They build a fake casino, and then arrange for Lomperan to think that horse races can be fixed in the casino and that, if he puts all of his savings on a horse that will win a race he will be able to wipe out Newman. He detests Newman after having been outcheated at poker by him to the tune of thousands of dollars.

It's all terribly ingenious, even if a little complicated. There hasn't been a really good con job movie like this one in ages. The Sting has all the vitality and suavity that distinguished Butch Cassidy. It also has all the intelligence and good sense that was missing from Butch Cassidy. Butch Cassidy was huge entertainment with a soft underbelly.

The Sting isn't really different from Butch Cassidy. It's just much better. Both are faithful celebrations of life that seem to advise that we stay cool, keep confident, and always smile. But with Butch Cassidy I had the awful feeling that you could only be that cool and that free if you were Robert Redford or Paul Newman, and provided that you were the Brian Rutterbach tune on the soundtrack. It wasn't how to be cool; it was about what it's like to be.

I guess that's why Butch Cassidy will ultimately prove the more popular of the two films. The Sting tells us how to get cool and liberated. It takes intelligence, imagination and courage--and above all confidence--but if you've got all that you can be cool. It's true that Newman and Redford are not quite the colorful characters they are in Butch Cassidy. But I'm glad they're not. There was something pessimistic to their colorfulness. They were the last of something that was dying. Here they're less colorful, but more timeless. They're winners who will in all likelihood win again and again.

-LARRY LEVENSON

The devil in Miss MacNeil

For someone who doesn't spend time pondering the philosophical likes of "Do you believe in the Devil?" a much more common subject of wonderment is "Do you believe in the Exorcist?" A much more common subject of wonderment is "Do you believe in the Exorcist?" A much more common subject of wonderment is "Do you believe in the Exorcist?" A much more common subject of wonderment is "Do you believe in the Exorcist?" A much more common subject of wonderment is "Do you believe in the Exorcist?"

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Take the Woody, not the Nichols

Woody Allen and I were born on the same day. This says more about particular mating patterns our parents have in common than anything he or I might share. I only mention it because I have documented proof of my birth, but I'm still not sure he wasn't created by some mad doctor somewhere to unleash on the world as the newest of America's most loved line of comedy geniuses—the zany.

Sleeper is Woody's latest movie and this time he directed and co-authored the film (with Marshall Brickman). It's well cast in the delicious mess. Woody needs a free hand to play through his ideas and lost in any ridiculous gag or one-line that happens to fall his way without having to worry about telling a story (as was the case in the pleasant and unusually romantic, but very un-Woody-like Play It Again, Sam.).

The new film finds him frozen in tin foil and thawed out 200 years hence in order to get involved in some far-out radical plot to overthrow a dictator's nose. Never mind, in this future mechanized society he is able to do some achingly funny routines as a robot and dream a sequence about himself being named Miss U.S.A. But it is his?highlights that really shine in the film. His handling of slapstick chases is impeccable especially when he continues to be plagued by uncontrollably inflating flying suits. But his single finest touch is one of the most extravagant and idiotic pratfalls in time: in a field of poodles, he finds himself spinning on a giant banana peel. Consistently in the film it is Woody, the sudden master of a keen visual humor, who sustains the film.

Marlon Brando imitation that is quite on the ball, though.

When Mike Nichols made The Graduate six years ago lots and lots of people were calling him the best and brightest talent around Hollywood since Orson Welles. Then when he bombed two years later with Catch-22 people apologized for him, calling Catch-22 the one book un-translatable into movie language. When he made Carnal Knowledge two years later, all those people so anxious to like a Mike Nichols film again called the film brilliant even though of course it wasn't. Now he has made The Day of the Dolphin, which is so awful so consistently that everybody is just ignoring it and trying to pretend that Mike Nichols didn't make it.

The Day of the Dolphin is about—what? Who knows? What starts as a passably interesting, although too often tedious, story about a marine biologist (George C. Scott) who is in trying to teach dolphins to talk evolves inexplicably into a movie about a Southern conspiracy to kill the President. There is a surprise a minute. The blackmailing Irish journalist who bears a too-striking-to-not-be-intentional resemblance to Jimmy Brelin turns out not to be a journalist or a blackmailer at all. He's actually working for the C.I.A. Surprise.

But it is full of new twists that promise to leave you gaping, is surprise and probably disbelief. With a combination of indulgence it can be considered harmless, vacuous stuff, which probably explains why it fails to pass itself off as a film for the entire family. After all, the only way it does refer lovingly to Scott as "Pa."=

Woody Allen as the robot courier of a pleasure ball in 2173 in Sleeper.

The one liners are strangely deficient in the film. It is a short movie and yet filled with much too much unfunny filler. Scenes with his love interest Diane Keaton are one of the most extravagant and idiotic pratfalls in time: in a field of poodles, he finds himself spinning on a giant banana peel. Consistently in the film it is Woody, the sudden master of a keen visual humor, who sustains the film.

Woody has picked up a lot of fine comic stylings from his genius predecessors. Most noticeably his robot turns are gleeful throwbacks to Harpo Marx. But Woody may be the funniest man making movies today, but he has to work harder to capture the unparalleled comic insanity he whipped up in Bananas.

-L.A.

Busting out of the Big Cocoon

Papillon is really more than just a big dumb movie. Yes, it is basically a prison-escape story over which the Nicholses (now proven masters of empty excesses—every sufferable prisoner outlined in the rotten wardens' handbook, freedom, chances for all too-well-known prisoner types to appear on screen, and plot excursions into utterly ludicrous areas—that the audience may well look toward the mercy of a parole board, to finally release them from the film. Yet, if you've got 2 hours to sit back and let your quest for ascetintation be subverted by a tolerant enjoyment of spectacle, this is an adventure film with some entertaining moments.

The real Papillon was Henri Charriere, a French safecracker who took his nickname from the butterfly tattoo on his chest. He wrote a best seller based on his experiences in the French penal colonies in Guiana and his singular success in escaping from infamous Devil's Island.

Good old Steve McQueen has adopted the role of Papillon. A companion character created especially for the film is Degas, an embourder of government bonds who has enough money stashed away to buy special favors and Papillon's muscle to protect him from the abuses of guards and prisoners and is portrayed by Dustin Hoffman. McQueen and Hoffman are as Frenchified as McDonald's McQueen, along with his usual repertoire of smiles and brutish reactions, manages in several scenes to really convey the sapping of his character's strength. He occasionally proves the worn out, utterly drained individual vividly. The final portion of the film, where McQueen utilizes thick glasses to recapture the unparalleled expense of money. And the spectacle portions of the film are gratuitous, endless nonsense, and nonsense that promises to leave you gaping, is surprise and probably disbelief. With a combination of indulgence it can be considered harmless, vacuous stuff, which probably explains why it fails to pass itself off as a film for the entire family. After all, the only way it does refer lovingly to Scott as "Pa.

---L.A.

In their own ways though their turn in pretty fair performances. Hoffman utilizes thick glasses to recapture the unparalleled expense of money. And the spectacle portions of the film are gratuitous, endless nonsense, and nonsense that promises to leave you gaping, is surprise and probably disbelief. With a combination of indulgence it can be considered harmless, vacuous stuff, which probably explains why it fails to pass itself off as a film for the entire family. After all, the only way it does refer lovingly to Scott as "Pa.

---L.A.

Papillon (Steve McQueen) shares a temporary escape from prison with a National Geographic pie-up girl.

---L.A.

In this film's favor. Maybe we need films like The Day of the Dolphin, just to remind us that bad films are fun and exciting in the silly little way that good films can never be. About halfway through every movie in the movie theater seemed to know this as an avowedly bad film was so good up trying to make sense of what they were seeing, and instead started enjoying it. The film was handled clumsily and amaturishly, but that's what makes it fun. So fill it out why Southern billionaires would ever want to kill President Nixon—the plot is kill the President while he is yachting off the coast of Florida, which strongly suggests as much. The conspirators' plan is to wake up the dolphins to talk, then steal them from Scott and have them swim into the President with messages tied to their back. So try and figure out why the dolphins must first learn to speak when in fact the plot has nothing to do with their speaking. It's unmitigated nonsense, and nonsense that doesn't even have the saving grace of being done well.

The story's expertly assembled new twists that promise to leave you gaping, is surprise and probably disbelief. With a combination of indulgence it can be considered harmless, vacuous stuff, which probably explains why it fails to pass itself off as a film for the entire family. After all, the only way it does refer lovingly to Scott as "Pa."

---L.A.
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Beerc Hoff Keeps Cool to Hit Key Baskets for Hoopsters

Steve Baumann (Continued on page 2)

Merlens Show LaSalle No Mercy

Recreation

Invest your free time in longevity

Merlens Show LaSalle No Mercy
The Movies a lot have opened recently and we figured we'd take a look at a whole slew of them just to see what all the excitement's been about. From demons to con games to cops to unbridled hilarity—we've got them all inside and more.
“Yeah, it’s somewhere back over by around the train station but over more. Between Gino’s on Chestnut and the heart of Drexel campus.”
“Was talking about the magazine.”
“Yeah, it’s somewhere back over by around the train station but over more. Between Gino’s on Chestnut and the heart of Drexel campus.”
I was talking about the magazine.
“Yeah, you fill it up with garbage. Just as well they tried it in New York and got LaGuardia Airport. You seem to miss the issue. I never miss an issue. I never read them and I never miss them.”
“I’m afraid that at least look over it, it’s better to be looked over than overlooked. Max West said that. It must be true.”
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George Gilder has established that the women's liberation movement is responsible for most social ills in America today. He sees the movement as a monolithic machine, dedicated to the overthrowing of right values, correct thinking, and proper sexual behavior, which appears to be the only heterosexual genital intercourse in the missionary position. In his introduction, he says that it is time to declare sex too important a subject to leave to the "myopic crowd of hardly hookers, Dr. Feelgoods, black panthers, white rats, answer women, evangelical lesbians, senuous psychiatrists, referees, baseball players, pornographers, displaced revolutionaries, polymorphous perverts, and Playboy philosophers."

The subsequent volume, while not as nasty as the introduction promises, is no more profound. Gilder defines females as sexually superior and automatically means thereby that they are morally superior, the keepers of values of the race. His dictum for sexualization is that men must learn to submit themselves to feminine cycles of sexuality. He defines male sexuality as opportunistic heterosexual encounters, culminating in orgasm, and establishes that such sexuality becomes meaningful only when a woman makes a wife and learns about her extended sexuality, through pregnancy, birth, and lactation, apparently on this principle that "longer is better" in a time-specific sense. Nowhere in the volume does he even speak to what must be, in his terms, the tragedy a heterosexual man and woman must experience when either of them is infertile. Such couples, apparently, must live in an embarrassment all their lives. And Gilder especially despises young women who decide that Western Culture for far too long; the reader wishes that Gilder would have read some of these society.

The profoundness of his analysis of male sexuality as mainly a sexual role complicated by the perceptions he has about the women's liberation movement. His attacks on the movement are extensive, informing the entire volume. The movement is solely responsible for the "midtwenties-in-black families, school busing, sexual ills of white males, the enrichment of liberal lawyers who defend upper-middle class white ladies suing liberal

pression of prostitutes. Or, he criticizes the monolithic women's liberation movement for using its own monolithic arguments, stoutly declaring that he knows no human beings, only men and women. He cannot even understand the arguments of writers as diverse in viewpoints as Greenberg, Marriage, Lionel Tiger, Esther Vilar, Kate Millett, Germaine Greer, and Work, etc. In his arguments, all in order to prove their intellectual inferiority and their sophistication. It is typical of Gilder's volume that nowhere demonstrates an understanding that intellectuals could honestly disagree about serious matters. Since he has the truth, a commodity all too scarce in this world, he is impelled to pronounce it on every page. He thereby limits the appeal of his book.

One would like to think that George Gilder might be the last Maddox of times, but that seems unlikely. Even Lenter Maddox integrated his resistance to the Gilderian cause as the only writer in my recollection to use the following phrase in attacking Nora Ephron, who wrote the screenplay for Esquire; he calls her the "house feminist." His moral outrage at Phyllis Chesler's Women and Madness, an "incredible book, a best-seller" being "celebrated" on the front page of the New York Times Book Review, is equalized only by his indignant claim, thoroughly unsubstantiated, that Mary Jane Sherfy's significant book, The Nature and Evolution of Sexuality, is celebrated monthly on the pages of Ms. magazine. Gilder, unable to see that others' viewpoints might differ from his with just cause, becomes tedious and boring in the first chapters. Subsequent chapters only confirm the reader's belief that this book needs humanizing and understanding. There is apparently no serious reader to whom this book does, however, conclude with many nifty footnotes and a lengthy bibliography.

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**The sluahman cometh**

By GAYLE LACKS

Given an oil shortage, toilet paper rationing and the possibility of paying $1.00 for a loaf of bread, Americans exhibit either great concern or total skepticism when faced with a crisis. So, when he hears a character say, "I'll go on just out of habit, but 1 don't believe it," we feel he's on the street not on the stage. Unless the character is currently appearing on the Society Hill Playhouse stage in Thornton Wilder's "The Skin of Our Teeth." We've been hanging on by "the skin of our teeth" for a long time and Wilder telephones time by time they do not wish to have children; he attacks this attitude at numerous points.

While it would be easy to declare that this book is misogynistic, for Gilder's hatred of many individual women appears on most pages, such an assessment is too narrow. He seems to despise women almost as much as men, who have been neatly shoved into two categories: Woman-in-Mother-forever-Wonder, or Woman-in-Thinker-Liber-thefore-Creepy-Misguided. His comments on men remind the reader of the variety of recent attacks and criticism on the double standard of male and female sexual behavior prevalent in their own lives. And Gilder especially despises young women who decide that Western Culture for far too long; the reader wishes that Gilder would have read some of these

executive privileges. Threatening to leave his wife, to break up the family's five thousand year hold and to run away with Miss A-C, his actions get lost in a newly erupting war.

Meanwhile, complicating things further, is the fact that Acme Beauty Queen of Act II has already appeared in Act I as the beauty queen of Act II. Her position in the household, vis-a-vis husband and wife, remains rather a mystery. Yet, just as she disrupts logical relationships, she often breaks out of her role to explain to the audience how much she dislikes the play. Unfortunately, I've had to agree with her.

I say "unfortunately" because there are some clever effects in this production including news broadcasts with slides, an interesting set as well as with colored waves and choice characters that promise laughs.

Actually, the juxtaposition of prehistoric with present never really produces any comic insight or irony. Nothing meshes. The eternal truth, that humans endure, seems only a trite statement. There is no satire, only scraps of silliness, and, ultimately, Deen Kogan's direction does nothing to pick up the pieces or the pace.
The Sting is just the sort of delightful, unperturbing film that only a harmless director like George Roy Hill could make. It is being hailed as the big reunion of Newman, Redford, and Hill who together made the very successful Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid a few years back. In fact, The Sting is so, so much better than Butch Cassidy that the big question is why it isn't being hailed as the great Hollywood movie of the year that it is.

Redford plays a young con man trying to learn the tricks of the trade from Newman, who, though an aging con man, is still as cunning and resourceful as ever. Together, Redford and Newman set in motion an elaborate scheme to oust Newmam's crooked friend, Robert Earl Jones, who suddenly displays some very unpleasant behavior. It's just much better. Both are charming, deceptively good con men with a ready repartee at their disposal.

The Sting isn't really different from Butch Cassidy; it's just better. Both are delightful, unpretentious films. They were the last works of greatness that we expected to see, and now we must wait for the next one.

-LARRY LEVENSON

The Devil in Miss MacNeil

For someone who doesn't spend much time pondering the ancient rite of the Devil and the Devil's own colorful creations, it's difficult to predict whether the film will be that cool and that free if you've got all that. But I'm sure it will be, particularly since the film isn't really different from Butch Cassidy. It's just better. Both are delightful, unpretentious films. They were the last works of greatness that we expected to see, and now we must wait for the next one.

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The money is the honey in The Sting as grifters Robert Earl Jones (right) and Robert Redford hope to discover over at the EricMark I. The big question is why it isn't being hailed as the great Hollywood movie of the year that it is. The Sting is just the sort of delightful, unperturbing film that only a harmless director like George Roy Hill could make. It is being hailed as the big reunion of Newman, Redford, and Hill who together made the very successful Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid a few years back. In fact, The Sting is so, so much better than Butch Cassidy that the big question is why it isn't being hailed as the great Hollywood movie of the year that it is.

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The Sting isn't really different from Butch Cassidy; it's just better. Both are delightful, unpretentious films. They were the last works of greatness that we expected to see, and now we must wait for the next one.

-LARRY LEVENSON

The Devil in Miss MacNeil

For someone who doesn't spend much time pondering the ancient rite of the Devil and the Devil's own colorful creations, it's difficult to predict whether the film will be that cool and that free if you've got all that. But I'm sure it will be, particularly since the film isn't really different from Butch Cassidy. It's just better. Both are delightful, unpretentious films. They were the last works of greatness that we expected to see, and now we must wait for the next one.

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Take the Woody, not the Nichols

Woody Allen and I were born on the same day. This says more about particular mating patterns our parents have in common than anything he or I might share. I only mention it because I have documented proof of my birth, but I’m still not sure he wasn’t created by some mad doctor somewhere to unleash on the world as the newest of America’s most loved line of commodity movie puppets.

Sleeper is Woody’s latest movie and this time he directed and co-produced with a buddy (Warren Beatty) as well as starring in the delicious mess. Woody needs a free hand to play through his ideas and toss in any ridiculous gag or one-line that happens to fall his way without having to worry about telling a story (as was the case in the pleasant and unusually romantic, but very un-Woody-like Play It Again, Sam). The new film finds him frozen in tin foil and thawed out 390 years hence in order to get involved in some far-out radical plot to overthrow a dictator’s nose. Never missing a chance for mechanized society he is able to do some achingly funny routines as a robot and dream a sequence about himself being named Miss U.S.A. But it is his night naps that really win the game. His handling of slapstick chases is impeccable especially when he continues to be plagued by uncontrollably inflating flying suits. But his single funniest touch is one of the most original and idiotic pratfalls in time; in a field of gargantuan foodstuffs he slips on a banana peel consistently in the film it is Woody, the sudden master of a keen visual humor, who sustains the film.

Marlen Brando imitation that is quite on the ball, though. When Mike Nichols made The Graduate six years ago lots and lots of people were calling him the best and brightest talent around Hollywood since Orson Welles. Then when he bombed two years later with Catch-22 people apologized for him, calling Catch-22 the one book un-translatable into movie language. When he made Carnal Knowledge two years later, all those people so anxious to like a Mike Nichols film again called the film brilliant, even though of course it wasn’t. Now he has made The Day of the Dolphin, which is so awful so consistently that everybody is just ignoring it and trying to pretend that Mike Nichols didn’t make it.

The Day of the Dolphin is about — what? Who knows? What starts as a passably interesting, although too often tedious, story about a marine biologist (George C. Scott) who is trying to teach dolphins to talk evolves inexplicably into a movie about a Southern character conspiracy to kill the President. There is a surprise a minute. The blackmailing Irish journalist who bears a too-striking-to-not-be-intentional resemblance to Jimmy Breslin turns out not to be a journalist or a blackmail at all. He’s actually working for the C.I.A. Surprise, David, whose good-looking and Nordic, turns out to be a spy working for the conspirators. Surprise again. This is one of those movies where you can never tell the good guys from the bad guys, because the good guys look good and act good but really aren’t good, and the bad guys look bad but really are good. Ugh. Actually, there are a few points of view.

Woody Allen as the robot courier of a pleasure ball in 1773 in Sleeper.

The one liners are strangely deficient in the film. It is a short movie and yet filled with much too much unfunny filler. Scenes with his love interest Diane Keaton never get off the ground since their repartee is too perfectly bright and she is pretty but no comedienne. In fact she seems to be playing in several different movies at once. She does do a

Busting out of the Big Cocoon

Papillon is really more than just a love story movie. Yet the story is basically a prison escape story over-inflated with so many excesses and so many sufferings in the rotten warden’s handbook, frequent chances for all-too-well known prisoner types to appear on screen, and plot excursions into utterly ludicrous areas — that the audience may well look toward the sudden master of a keen sense of the year’s most offbeat episode, a visit to a leper colony. Here the hideously decaying leper chief utters one of the year’s most memorable screen lines. Upon offering Papillon some of the colony’s money he says, “We have enough money. We only use it for gambling and to import lepers.”

In their own ways though they turn in pretty fair performances. Hoffman utilizes thick glasses and a calculated variation on his streets of New York accent to full advantage, though his role is mighty thin. Surprisingly, Pappillon (Steve McQueen) shares a temporary escape from prison with a National Geographic pin-up girl.

Woody has picked up a lot of fine comic stylings from his genius predecessors. Most noticeably his robot turns are gleeful throwbacks to Harpo Marx. But Woody may be the funniest man making movies today, but he has to work harder to recapture the unrepressable comic insanity he whipped up in Banana.

Marlen Brando imitation that is quite on the ball, though.
Bette Midler, enough for everybody

By LINDA A. SOLOMON

BETTE MIDLER - Bette Midler
By now nearly everyone knows the story of Bette Midler, the Hawaiian Jewish girl who, five years ago, was playing Teitel in Fiddler on the Roof on Broadway and who rose to the heights of fame every night of her three week engagement at New York's Palace Theatre last December. The crowd there (and indeed everywhere) were ecstatic, yet stunned by her inimitable blend of blues, ballads, forties band songs, 'sixties low rent retro rock and roll,' and high camp theatre. Her first album, The Divine Miss M, combined all the elements of the Midler stage show (variety in singing style and material coupled with excellent vocals, orchestration, and instrumentation), resulting in a recording which seemed to have been put together during one short session instead of over many weeks with several different producers.

Not so the second album, however; Bette Midler is extremely disjointed and blaue, and a huge disappointment in many ways. Firstly, someone had the unfortunate bright idea of separating straight from camp so that there's a side of each instead of the even mixture heard on Miss M and in Midler concerts. Secondly, one must question some of the selections featured. Who chose 'Breaking Up Somebody's Home,' an ugly song on an ugly theme, in which Bette's voice degenerates into a hideous, raucous shriek, over her beautifully heart-rending version of Bessie Smith's 'Empty Bed Blues' or 'Sarasaya Johnny,' a Kurt Weill-Bertolt Brecht composition, falls flat too, because Bette evokes bathos rather than pathos in her vocal presentation of an abandoned woman. Even so, there are some fine points to this album. The camp side contains the Midler classics 'Optimistic Voices'-'Lullaby of the Dollars,' '34TH STREET is for eggheads and roses,' and 'Tooting and I'm So Happy,' a fifteenth number performed almost straight on the album, is replete with onstage asides and a hilarious vocal performance by keyboards man Brian Cuomo (part of the Peter Yarrow Band which also includes drummers Paul Marchetti and Peter Scance on bass) which is faded and washed out, becoming lost in the total product, though, these individual virtues somehow, fails short of the mark of a fine record. Yarrow sings the lyric in a soft, almost falsetto voice while the live Yarrow electrifies listeners with a deeply grizzly tone that exactly captures the humor implicit in Simon's blues. 'O Happy Day,' a fifteenth rock number performed almost straight on the album, is replete with onstage asides and a hilarious voice-over by keyboards man Brian Cuomo (part of the Peter Yarrow Band which also includes drummers Paul Marchetti, lead guitarist David Scance, and Peter Scance on bass) which is faded and washed out, becoming lost in the total product, though, these individual virtues somehow, fails short of the mark of a fine record. Yarrow performs the songs in a complete success,' but having seen what he is capable of doing, I must disagree. That's Enough for Me, that's not evident here. Bette Midler is a very poor second to the sparkle of The Divine Miss M.

## THAT'S ENOUGH FOR ME - Peter Yarrow

**Remember Puff, the Magic Dragon, Blowin' in the Wind, and Leaving, on a Jet Plane?** Remember Peter, Paul and Mary, who, with half a dozen of their fellow folk troubadours, reintroduced America to the folk idiom? Remember the sixties, when everyone played acoustic guitars and sang these great PP&M songs. Well, gone are those days, so if you attend a Peter Yarrow concert, it had better be with the expectation of hearing a whole new kind of music, or you may be disappointed. Yarrow knows that he's playing to a residual PP&M audience and he awaits the time when people will come to hear Peter Yarrow, but in the meantime he tackles the PP&M hangers on with what he terms 'rock and roll energy,' and from the looks of those who saw him at the Main Point last December, he's won many converts to his new musical image.

However, in comparing the live performance with the recording, one finds the latter sadly lacking in the high spirits Yarrow and his band displayed at the Main Point. It's difficult to understand why That's Enough for Me falls short of the mark of a fine album. Toots and the Maytals, a Jamaican reggae band, are used to good effect. The Jesse Dixon Gospel Singers, who toured eleven cities with Paul Simon last year, provide back-up on 'Isn't That So?,' Yarrow's new single.

Sidenotes include David Bromberg, Barry Becker, Pete Carr, David Spinosa, and a host of others, many of whom have backed Paul Simon in the past. There's even a new, previously unrecorded song written and produced by Paul Simon, of whose talents Yarrow cannot say enough that is complimentary "...when you see someone who's great, it's difficult to describe his virtuosity." Meanwhile, though, these individual virtues become lost in the total product, which is faded and washed out, unlike a live performance. A case in point might be the Simon song, 'Groundhog,' written in the tongue-in-cheek, ironic blues style Simon has perfected, the recorded Yarrow sings the lyric in a soft, almost falsetto voice while the live Yarrow electrifies listeners with a deeply grizzly tone that exactly captures the humor implicit in Simon's blues. 'O Happy Day,' a fifteenth rock number performed almost straight on the album, is replete with onstage asides and a hilarious voice-over by keyboards man Brian Cuomo (part of the Peter Yarrow Band which also includes drummers Paul Marchetti, lead guitarist David Scance, and Peter Scance on bass) which is faded and washed out, becoming lost in the total product, though, these individual virtues somehow, fails short of the mark of a fine record. Yarrow performs the songs in a complete success,' but having seen what he is capable of doing, I must disagree. That's Enough for Me, that's not evident here. Bette Midler is a very poor second to the sparkle of The Divine Miss M.
Mike Royko: A good boy gone wrong?

By DAVID ASHENHURST

Slats Grobnik and Some Other Friends, by Mike Royko. E. P. Dutton. 307 pp., $7.95.

Mike Royko had been writing a column for the Chicago Daily News for many years before Ross: Richard J. Daley of Chicago brought him a national reputation. A Pulitzer Prize in the Commentary category didn't hurt in this respect either. His third collection of columns bears the label of an established publishing house, so it will be his second book easy to obtain. Thus it is all the more unfortunate that, comparatively speaking, his fourth book lays a proverbial egg. It isn't that it lacks humor; it simply isn't as funny as his other books. God knows it isn't dull; it's just duller than his other books. It certainly displays the Royko wit and the Royko cynicism; but it doesn't display them prominently or often enough.

Slats Grobnik and Some Other Friends is a topical collection, mostly concerning the exploits of Slats Grobnik and some other little people. Slats himself is a kid who grew up in Royko's North Side neighborhood under much the same conditions Bill Cosby's inventions grew up here in Philadelphia, with a few minor differences. Cosby's friends played "Buck, Buck," Slats pitched (or lagged) pennies. Cosby smeared Jello on the floor as a deterrent to the monster Chicken Heart, while Slats laid traps for the Easter Bunny and wanted to call the cops when he caught his father holding the basket the bunny was supposed to bring him. Old Man Cosby frequented bars, while Old Man Grobnik frequented taverns. Do you get the idea you've heard this somewhere before?

The Other Friends are a motley of downtrodden individuals. They include various generations of Chicago Cub players and fans, and a large assortment of bartenders, panhandlers, penny laggers and pinsetters. Each is seen pitting his simplicity and goodness against the brutal villainy of people like unruly winos, aldermen, blue knights, new centurions, vending machines and the bureaucracies of the Richards, Daley and Nixon. The scenarios are quite familiar, but Royko's wit can often refresh them up a bit; his "How to Kick a Vending Machine" is funny and properly instructional, and "Save a Kitty from Extinction!" is a priceless contribution to cat-lovers lore (a cat-lover might take his thoughts on Anarchism and well-meaning social pluses). But for the most part, the collection reads like an endless Variation on an Elephant Joke: even if you haven't heard all of them, and even though you may like them, you've gotten the general idea and are ready for something else here before the joke has finished you off. But one can be disappointed. As a Royko reader and fan from way back, I know he is capable of better stuff. Though I haven't been able to finish his column regularly since coming to Peng, I'm sure he wrote some good columns on the 70 election, Peace with Honor, and the First Family. He must have written better columns in Watergate and the new Nixon than those that appear in Slats Grobnik. I respect Slats Grobnik's opinions on the Chicago Conspiracy trial and the generalization of the Indecent War.

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