Subpoena Powers Granted To House Impeachment Unit

By JOHN MURPHY

A University Council committee has recommended that a center be created to develop and evaluate teaching and learning techniques at the University.
The proposal, which has been approved by the Educational Planning Committee, will be considered by the University Council at its monthly meeting on Wednesday.
The Educational Planning Committee study notes that there have recently been topics for evaluating teaching and learning techniques, particularly in the area of educational technology.
The proposal would create a center that would develop and evaluate teaching techniques, and would include a faculty member from the Library

Study Blames Air Pollution for Lead in Humans

By MARTIN GIERE

A study recently published by the University of California at Berkeley's School of Public Health found that air pollution contributes to the problem of lead in humans.

The study, conducted by Dr. Daniel Sperling of the School of Public Health, and published in the journal "Environmental Health Perspectives," found a significant correlation between air pollution levels and the presence of lead in human blood.

"We found a strong and consistent relationship between air pollution and lead levels in humans," said Dr. Sperling.

The study suggests that air pollution exposure is a major factor in the accumulation of lead in the human body, particularly among children.

"Our findings indicate that reducing air pollution could be an effective strategy for reducing lead levels in humans," said Dr. Sperling.

The study, which is based on a large-scale analysis of air pollution data and blood lead levels, was funded by the National Institute of Environmental Health Sciences.

The findings of the study are important for public health officials, who have long been aware of the dangers of lead exposure.

"This study provides strong evidence that air pollution is a significant factor in lead exposure," said Dr. Sperling.

The study's results have implications for public health policy and practice, as they suggest that efforts to reduce air pollution could have a significant impact on human health.

"Our findings support the need for continued efforts to reduce air pollution, both to protect human health and to reduce the risk of lead exposure," said Dr. Sperling.

The study's conclusions are consistent with previous research, which has linked air pollution exposure to a variety of health problems, including cardiovascular disease, respiratory problems, and neurological issues.

"We hope that our findings will help to reinforce the importance of reducing air pollution as a public health priority," said Dr. Sperling.

The study's results are also relevant to ongoing debates about the role of air pollution in global climate change.

"Our findings highlight the importance of addressing air pollution as a key contributor to climate change," said Dr. Sperling.

The study's findings are available in the journal "Environmental Health Perspectives," and can be accessed online at the journal's website.
Tuition
(Continued from page 1)

Pennsylvania Piu Musica
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4'o'clock coffee at Hillel
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Speaker: PETER GEFFEN
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will be present

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WXPN Spokesmen Defend Radio Station's Knowledge of Music as Fur as We...as countless study...artistic value...leads material with less originality than the...enthusiastic il...in the music department, lake playing similar...and absolute scale. WXPN...W YNI'. because...those are the stations...need only...didmined by what those stations...of former Mayor and School Board...the...not show...Daily Pennsylvanian...Richardson Dilworth. One...to address University..."sixties", Mr. Dilworth inspired...Which...areas of public education finance...projects in order for them to...Wharton-Sloan Business...Opening doors that...done studio work and...I base these...course. But. he con...deared him to each student. He gave...himself...in...form of editorial columns and...according to space limitations. If...will be withheld upon request. I...tha...WXPN la not serving...to be in the avant garde...University...Letters...to the Editor...Notes from I" Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I myself don't...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...In...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I" Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I" Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I" Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I...I myself don't want...to pull the...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...for...Notes from I..."Between...Politics of Community Control...By Gary Dymski...I......to pull the...I...I myself don't want...in...us out...listen...students...
Birthday greeting this week goes out to Honest Abe and earnest Susan B Anthony, the crusader for noble achievements.

Good Times: Television sets its first show about a black family in Dallas, Texas (Elvis) worked his way up to an own comedy format. She lives in a Chicago housing project with her husband and three kids, including the little dynamo performer, Juliette Carter. Channel 13, 9 p.m.

Dracula: Stalking the old Transylvanian chateau and you can count on Jack Palance giving the vampire vampire more than his usual amount of newfoundumping. Channel 13, 9 p.m.

Religious America: Looks at the Koinoma Religious America Church in Gary, Ind., an active one. Channel 12, 10 p.m.

CURSES: IT'S 11:30 AND THERE'S NOTHING TO WATCH

Dr. Jekyll and Sister Hyde (1971) Channel 17

Curse of the Cat People (1944) Channel 48

Once you've missed over the titles, there's still nothing to watch.

It looks like one of soap opera's longest continuing stories. They're still hopping the characters on The Secret Storm that keeps going. For years now it has been one of daytime's better "stories"—it even exists now to keep it from the same show. Tantalizers, into their afternoon audience. Fox Movies (1970) is going to be shot on the surf all week anyway. So far as Glastra, and Amy and Kevin and Mrs.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 9

The Omega Man (1971) Charlton Heston is a black scientist who returns to the land. This time he's one of the last surviving whites in a postapocalyptic, high tech world.

High Sierra (1941) Bogart at his best starring an ice cream man from the low world. Directed by Raoul Walsh. With Ida Lupino. Channel 16, 9 p.m.

SUNDAY, FEBRUARY 10

there's nothing like a little blood and gore to perk up a lazy Sunday afternoon. At 1:30 p.m. in Channel 7 will present Sergio Leone's The Good, the Bad and the Ugly, and another spaghetti western. The Good, the Bad and the Ugly. (1966) Est. wallach (the ugly) and Lee Van Cleef (the good). Most production weight minutes of Civil War battle footage that has nothing to do with the present.
By ANDREW FEINBERG

I regard the books of Dickens' second period, from Hard Times to Our Mutual Friend, as of much greater importance than those of his first period. They can be read by thoughtful and cultivated adults as serious social history. The earlier books are, no doubt, still delightful to simple folk, children, and Americans.

—George Bernard Shaw (1914)

"You can't take a picture of him," says seven-year-old Carl. "He's my friend."

"Who is he?" I ask.

"Dickens."

"Who's Dickens?"

"He's my friend. Don't take no picture of him."

Carl's right hand is placed, innocently of course, on Little Nell's left arm. To Carl, "Dickens and Little Nell" is something that you ride your bike around; something that, if you're brave enough, you try to climb; something that, above all, is part of your playground and is not to be trifled with by outsiders.

We are in Clark Park, West Philadelphia, on 43rd Street, between Baltimore and Chester. Carl is guarding his statue, as is the statue of Charles Dickens in the world.

"So what," Carl says.

After kicking this budding philistinism aside, I stare at the statue for a long time, trying to put its uniqueness in some sort of perspective. I can't. Instead of Westminster... West Philly. It's ridiculous, ridiculous and deplorable, and I think of Shaw's words and laugh—"we village idiots, perspective, I can't, instead of West Minhing..."

The statue Neither of them, however, knew of the provision in Dickens' will barring any "monument, memorial, or testimonial whatsoever." The patron withdrew, leaving Elwell to the dickens. No one in England wished to violate the will and Little Nell was once again forced to search for a resting place. Meanwhile, the statue won the Gold Medal of the Art Club in Philadelphia in 1891, and in 1893 won another medal at the Columbian Exposition in Chicago. A special subscription allowed the FPAA to purchase the statue, and in 1901 it was given to the city and placed in Clarence H. Clark Park.

"Why Clark Park, a one by two-block chunk in West Philly," I asked the woman at the FPAA. "Why not?" she replied.

***

Why not? After all, when Dickens first began to stare over Little Nell's shoulder years ago, he gazed at something a bit more bucolic than the sickly blue of the Public Health Center, District No. 3. Today, on his 162nd birthday, he looks upon a neighborhood where few of the inhabitants have read any of his books; the park has become fairly barren; and screaming kids use him as monkey bars.

The Dickens lying peacefully in Westminster Abbey might turn to his graffiti and weatherbeaten likeness in Clark Park and, recollecting past indignities suffered in our city, say, "I'd rather be here than in Philadelphia." It would be a nice kind of literary justice to steal a line from W. C. Fields, who as the movie Micawber was later to enliven many of Dickens' best lines. Dickens visited Philadelphia on both of his extremely successful American tours, in 1842 and in 1868. He found Americans, on the whole, to be greedy, dishonest and hypocritical. He apparently found some Philadelphians even less appealing than the norm. Philadelphia hospitality was rather vaguely below that of Harrisburg. In Harrisburg Dickens' landlord had refused to charge Dickens for his stay. Dickens in turn refused to be refused presentation of a bill. His Philadelphia landlord, however, admitted thousands of paying visitors to see him; each of whom demanded a handshake, and, out of extreme gratitude his host then presented Dickens with an enormous bill upon his departure.

But Dickens might be somewhat glad to know that he is in the center of Clark Park rather than some unknown general on his unknown horse. He is always surrounded by troops of children and, in place of the horse that might have been, he has Little Nell forever by his side looking, though her eyes have been hollowed out by age, forever beatific. No one reads The Old Curiosity Shop anymore, but Little Nell, or at least the readers' reaction to her, remains a literary legend.

Everyone's heart was captured by Little Nell, and Thackeray begged Dickens not to "kill" her. George Vedel's comment, 116 years later, is typical: "I think it is doubtful if the novel will ever again have the enormous prestige, the universal audience it enjoyed the morning when an elderly on a Mississippi wharf shouted to the pilot of a passing steamer: 'Is Little Nell dead?'" Oh, little Nell! It's hard to believe, but in one darling, sweet, little girl are combined the qualities of Joan of Arc, Job, Florence Nightingale, and the Doublemint Twins. Her fascinating and fine-span character was perhaps best expressed in a Philadelphia confectioner who honored Dickens by placing Nell in a "commensurable sugar temple." If there is justice in the world, Little Nell will be given permanent passage beneath the Good Ship Lollipop.

But there is more to The Old Curiosity Shop than this prissy little girl, her ancient grandfather, and the flacking children whom they tend. Even in the worst Dickens, and I sincerely hope that this is the worst Dickens, there is something marvelous. Here it is Quisp, that fabulous green-eyed devil's advocate. The dwarf flourished his cudgel, and dancing among the combatants and treading upon them and skipping over them, in a kind of frenzy, laid about him, now on one and now on the other, in a most desperate manner, always aiming at their heads.

I'll beat you to a pulp, you dogs, I'll bruise you till you're copper-colored, I'll break your faces till you haven't a profile left.

Quisp you're irresistible! Who else in literature could be called all of the above?

(Continued on page 7)
A restoration of faith

By EVAN SARZIN

ANTHOLOGY Smokey Robinson and the Miracles

Berry Gordy Jr. heard those five Detroit teenagers singing sweet harmonies in songs written by themselves, specifically by Bill Robinson, their lead vocalist. There was a fresh sound to those Miracles, as they called themselves: it was a combination of the clear high voice of Bill and the new beat his songs had. In certain ways the best of "Just a Job"

Music

Robby's songs send-up of a rock 'n roll classic, was completely different from its predecessor: the beat hung back a little, more heavily syncopated but with a tighter touch.

At this point young Berry Junior and young Bill Smokey Robinson and the Miracles entered into a partnership that lasted from that first audition in 1960 until 1973, when Smokey and the Miracles finally, amicably went their separate ways professionally. Privately, the two artists who gave the music world so many high spots in a span of sixteen years remain the best of friends, as it should be. Their smoothness, inwardly and outwardly, predominates the sound of Anthology, a three-record collection of their greatest hits from "Shop Around" to "Who's Loving You." Smokey's word which accurately describes the growth of the Miracles over the long period of time they spent writing, singing, and living together. The evolution of all music, not only the Motown acts which Smokey Robinson built up as a writer and producer, is visible in the smooth development of the Miracles' songs and performances. It is this evolution, well-highlighted in a chronologically organized three-record set that actually lives up to the usually inflated Motown type, that makes it far more than the garden-variety's "greatest hits" package.

Whether Smokey's genius was one for trend-setting or merely understanding the dramatic growth of the very young rock 'n roll form and its tremendous potential for change and refinement is irrelevant: what is exceedingly important is the ability of the group and its leader to remain in the forefront, either giving or taking the cue, and producing songs which reflect their desire for sticking to tried and true methods.

The presence of Smokey Robinson and his contribution to the process is inestimable. Bob "Smookey" Johnson once called him the world's greatest living poet: perhaps nothing more than one of his subtly inflammatory remarks but it serves in what it attempts. Johnson's lyrics transcend space-time and reach the very heart. His earliest song demonstrated a talent for internal rhythm, a staple of Miracles and Dylan music. The structures of his songs allows for many different combinations of rhythms and rhymes within one tune. You Really Got A Hold on Me, a relatively straightforward composition, is powerful in expressing the narrator's little desire of independence, trapped by the unbreakable stranglehold of his lover. He emphasizes this feeling of confinement by breaking the beat at the end of the verse, giving the feeling that the narrator has nowhere to go but back to the beginning, which is exactly where he goes. In this song, as in the Miracles perform it, is a feeling of resignation. Robinson's understanding ability to use structure, changing tempo, instrumentation and different types of vocal harmonies to help drive the message home culminates the sixth and final side of this package. "Tears of a Clown" uses all the techniques which the Miracles had been developing. Though it is one of the few Miracles songs which Smokey didn't compose it was written for him by Stevie Wonder) its arrangement and production manipulate all the components of the song to give one the bitter-sweet taste with which it deals. In it, the spare use of oboe and bassoon is enough to draw the happy, bouncy carnival flavor which can be seen by one and all. It is only when this introduction gives way to the body of the song that we are able to see beyond a cheery exterior. It is then that we understand the anguish of the tears of a clown who cannot find an equilibrium in his life and must continue to be split between how he feels and what others believe he feels. The impact of this split is emphasized by the recurrence of this almost dizzying, bouncing introduction, which serves as an ever-present reminder of the minor keys and diminished scales which it conjures.

The Miracles are a lesson in development. Anthology bears the marks of that development through six very full sides of creative, expressive music which searches and finds new ways to tell a story and relate an emotion, never becoming ponderous. The music contained is always entertaining and energetic: that alone is a miracle.

And so begins the seventh annual volume of that most potent issue of men's dreams, 34th Street Magazine. Lucky number seven. Seven heavens. Bottom of the batting order. Regardless, the forthcoming volume begins with a clear slate this week, ours to besmirch and befoul in new, different ways.

But remembering the past for a moment, the heritage of this magazine has been a...well...let us say it hasn't always been a rich one. Over the years we have featured articles ranging from science fiction calls to rotten hamburgers to Frazetta Rizzo to roller games to Dickens freaks of a sluice of stories, poems, drawings and random musings.

The winners of the 34th Street Fiction and Poetry Contest will be announced in next week's issue.

Our thanks to the many contributors who were kind enough to enter.

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34th Street Industry The magazine of The Daily Pennsylvania
Volume 7 Number 1 February 7, 1974

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JOAN PHILLIPS Gayle Lacks
Guide Theater and Dance

JAY JACKLER Evan Sarzin
Photography Music

GAYLE LACKS Evan Sarzin
Theater and Dance

Cover photograph by LIZ AMES

All articles represent the opinions of individual authors and do not necessarily represent the editorial position of 34th Street Magazine.
Dickens and little me

(Continued from page 1)

following; a panting dog, a nightmare, a mole, weasel, Chinese idol, gobine, ogre, savage, hedghog, a bluebottle, a salamander. And who else knows just why she be the Little Nell? These are Quilp’s words to her demented grandfather; just what should be done to Little Chinese idol, goblin, ogre, of these five writers has, at one time, excelled him greatly. It is said that Dickens’ readers were horrified by his prodigious appetite. *But that is another story.*

*George Orwell wrote that ‘when Dickens has once recalled instantly, and there is at least chilly smile and, as we had learned (repeatedly), vocabulary builds character. Unfortunately, eighteen of these newly-forged characters immediately vowed that, if they were here in search of an author, one could be assured that the author would not be Charles Dickens.

Several of my friends who encountered Dickens in other junior high schools met with similar bludgeonings and cudgelings. “Dickens is great,” their teachers universally proclaimed, “and you’ll love him by God! The result, among my acquaintances, is that Dickens is one of the authors most rarely read for “pleasure.” I find that more than a bit bizarre. Of course, the increased popularity of movies has not exactly sent hordes scamping off to the libraries in search of 900-page novels. My funniest friends, it seems, have spent all their time memorizing the lines of Grouchio, Chico, and Harpo. (My mother, of course, seems less funny as the years wear on.) Many of them wouldn’t know Mr. Feinberg...? the more courageous opt for Joyce and James. Between that “pail of water” and The Golden Fleece is a pellucid Jane Austen’s Sinecure. “Sinecure.” As in “Chapter III - relates how Oliver Twist was very near getting a place, which would not have been a Sinecure.” Silence. A piercing glare focuses upon me. That I had the night before memorized each definition of “sinecure” now seems rather inconsequential, except, of course, as in “copious clubbings or their ongoing at- tacks. Because, I am afraid of...not...not Little Nell! A superbly evil thought occurs - what about a statue of Dickens and little Quilp?*

* * *

*I once said that I never wanted to finish all of Dickens, just because that would always give me an excuse to look forward to. With that in mind, we switch to...*

THE FINAL SCENE

Two men and a woman are seated on the halled, huddled around the door. The door creaks open, and a stooped old woman sticks out her head.

**Younger Woman:** “Is Mr. Feinberg...?”

**First Man:** “Is he...?”

**Second Man: (Impatiently)** “Is he...?”

**Younger Woman:** “Is he...?”

**Answer:** (Slowly) “It was beautiful. He read the last page of Edwin Drood, asked me to come down, gave me a few choices, then he closed the book, then...he closed his eyes.”

**Younger Woman:** “Oh!”

**Second Man:** “Hrmph.”

**Old Woman:** “But you’ll never know I didn’t pinch him in his hand. Look, look at what’s inside...”
Be-bopping thru the Big War

By GAYLE LACKS

Step inside the Shubert Theater for a breath of stale air. It's sweet, however, as the Andrews Sisters pour out their "rum and coca-cola" blend of 40's style, song and story in their currently running musical Over Here. Admittedly, it is bittersweet to see the pair, Maxine and Patty Andrews (sadly minus red-headed LaVerne), both a bit bulky on stage, reaching for their big band sound, as an encore—"Boogie Woogie Bugle Boy," "Apple Blossom Time," "Roll Out the Barrel" and wow! No wonder they receive a standing ovation.

I forgive the book's corny story line—a sappy rerun of the American Dream pre-World War II—because the Andrews Sisters needed a vehicle for their musical re-entry. Besides, everyone knows revivals don't flop, especially those with big name stars. And, it is because Patty and Maxene are stars, first class performers and happy hams who still "give it all they got" that this show doesn't fall flat on its assumption that plot. Transporting new recruits from L.A. to New York, Douglas Schmidt's clever choo-choo also conveys the two DePaul sisters who are in charge of the USO canteen. In addition to four new recruits, all the favorite stereotypes come along—a conductor with a newsreel voice, a "Mr. and Mrs. America" couple and four girlfriends who include a Wellesley coed, a gum chewing waitress, a prom queen, and a wallflower. Eventually, boys get girls just in time to say good-bye at the pier.

There's also a Nazi spy named Mitzi who joins the DePaul act to transmit war secrets "shoo-bop-dee-bop" style over radio waves. Meanwhile, everyone suffers the wartime consumer crunch but escapes martyrdom because they've all got "the big beat."

The men who make that beat possible are Richard and Robert Sherman, sons of "Potatoes Are Cheaper-Tomatoes Are Cheaper" Al Sherman. The Shermans won an Oscar for Walt Disney with their "Mary Poppins" music. The musical numbers here seem more of a throwback to the fifties, which is understandable since many production staff members including Director Tom Moore and Patricia Iurch, who handles the quite effective musical staging, recently worked together on Grease.

A special mention must be made of Samuel E. Wright's performance as Sam the snack-bar man, the black man who sarcastically responds to America's democratic hypocrisy of segregated troops. His smooth, polished rendition of "Don't Give All That Booby to me Louie" accompanied by easy, flowing, long-legged dancing, provides a strong counterpoint to the "swing" musical style. This provides the show with it's most interesting dramatic dimension.

Over Here takes advantage of a train's movement to power the sound. Over Here makes us want to fly and is a welcome change from over radio waves. Meanwhile, everyone suffers the wartime consumer crunch but escapes martyrdom because they've all got "the big beat."

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There's also a Nazi spy named Mitzi who joins the DePaul act to transmit war secrets "shoo-bop-dee-bop" style over radio waves. Meanwhile, everyone suffers the wartime consumer crunch but escapes martyrdom because they've all got "the big beat."

The men who make that beat possible are Richard and Robert Sherman, sons of "Potatoes Are Cheaper-Tomatoes Are Cheaper" Al Sherman. The Shermans won an Oscar for Walt Disney with their "Mary Poppins" music. The musical numbers here seem more of a throwback to the fifties, which is understandable since many production staff members including Director Tom Moore and Patricia Iurch, who handles the quite effective musical staging, recently worked together on Grease.

A special mention must be made of Samuel E. Wright's performance as Sam the snack-bar man, the black man who sarcastically responds to America's democratic hypocrisy of segregated troops. His smooth, polished rendition of "Don't Give All That Booby to me Louie" accompanied by easy, flowing, long-legged dancing, provides a strong counterpoint to the "swing" musical style. This provides the show with it's most interesting dramatic dimension.
Of characters and Kinks

By MICHAEL MORRIS

PRESERVATION ACT 1 - The Kinks

The Kinks' particular affection for English tradition, so eloquently manifested in the

music

charming lyrics of Ray Davies, highlights their latest release, Preservation. Davies'

PRESERVATION ACT 2 - Ray Davies

is not yielded to his

SINCE Lola scored so well on the charts several years back. Incorporating a chorus and brass to

Simulate the sounds of vaudeville and English pubs, Ray Davies' experimentation has paid off

with some handsome musical dividends.

To create a proper setting for his ensuing songs (which are sung by appropriate "charac-

ters"), Davies opens the album with a scenario of the English countryside awakening to the
dawn. "Morning Song," a brief choral representation of the sunrise, is followed by the clever
"daylight." All of the classes inhabiting the village must "feel that daylight" in the morning, however reluctantly so. As Davies rather cynically ob-

serves, "See the early morning risers walking round with bleary eyes-Worn out housewives grit their teeth ignoring new born babies' cries."

"Daylight" is followed by "Sweet Lady Genevieve," a thoroughly enjoyable com-

position which promises to become a Kinks classic. Sung by the Tramp, one of several roles

Davies assumes on the album, "Sweet Lady Genevieve" is an ex-liever's repentance for his

drunken ways: "You're not the child who smiled so innocently... And I'm not the rouge that I used

to."

At bits of recent English past. In "Where Are They Now?" the Tramp reminiscences about various

prominent English figures—some of whom were unfamiliar to this writer. This does not prevent the

song from remaining accessible. Particularly relevant are the

lines "And where are all the protest songs? Yes, where have all the angry young men gone."

"One of the Survivors" is a hard rocker in which Johnny Thunder tears down an endless highway

on his motorbike: "And he's got no time for complicated music or too much sophistication."

Salome: a bizarre way to slice it

By PAUL KAPLAN

Interpretations of the existence of Christ and his revelation to mankind have steadily gained

popularity as a theatrical subject. This has been evidenced principally by the successes of Jesus Christ Superstar and Godspell. Temple's Tomlinson Theater is now offering Oscar Wilde's bizarre interpretation of Salome, the daughter of Herodias, wife of King Herod of Judea. The title role "bizarre" not in the derogatory sense but out of mere necessity, for this production is truly bizarre.

Stuart Atkins stunningly stages this erotic drama, depicting the evil and incestuous ruling

household of Judea and its struggle with the purifying instruments that God has sent to earth. The prophet, John the Baptist, torments the family from his well below the stage and when he emerges from his haven, taunts the sensuous Princess Salome. By not yielding to her

seductive allure, the Baptist effectively seals his own death warrant.

Roger Macker, the set and lighting designer, smartly creates a three-level scaffolding that forms an intricate web around the playing area. Both the actors and the audience are seated on the stage. The desired effect is to create an environment in which the audience is sitting at the opening of a cave. The idea works as the audience is plunged into the intense action of the play.

The intensity is heightened by the brilliant acting of the entire cast, headed by Caroline Vaeger in the title role. Her perversity, inherited from her mother, is powerfully and wickedly played by Barbara A. Tirell. It is splendidly portrayed as she languishes around the stage. Her agonies reach a culmination when she makes love to the severed head of John the Baptist. He had resoundingly rejected her but in her madness Salome confesses that he was the only man she had ever really loved. I imagine because he represented everything that she wasn't: good and purity). Clifford A. Cheeks turns in a bravura performance as the immortal, tor-

mented King. His verbal battles with his wife are delightfully rude, crude and bombastic.

Although the Prophet only appears once during the entire play, he is hauntingly played by John

B. Gilhetto in Salome. The production is highlighted by the costumes and make-up of J D. Ferrara, capturing the wickedness, purity, sensuality and imperialism inherent in the characters.

Wilde's play is packed with symbolism, metaphor, and symbols. This leads to great poetry, good acting, and quite often brilliant effects. But as those figures of speech come forth and multiply, their illuminating powers gradually lessen, and a dark tempest threatens to prevail. I found myself wandering and wondering what these words would finally communicate.

But after leaving the theater, one realizes that many of the lines that seemed opaque are actually very subtly fused into Wilde's symbolic evocation of that decadent and wicked royal household. And one thinks again how visually thrilling the production is.

Salome will be at the Tomlinson Theater through Sunday, February 10.
Japanese and Changing films will be shown on
films from Secret Communications and Varieties of Horror
will be shown on Saturdays and Sundays.
Vogel emphasized that the films were not as
much chosen as eliminated. Over the years he
has obtained his own personal archives con-
taining some 5000 films. This spring is just the
beginning.
"I don't want to keep to one particular pattern.
Most of the categories will keep changing from
semester to semester. Next fall I am hopeful of
few, though. Roger Greenspun used to review
these types of films when he worked for the New
York Times. They released him because he
didn't write for a large enough audience.
Vogel sees places like the Cinematheque, and
the few remaining art houses, as the market-
place for the new Bertolucci and Antonionis.
The chief aim of the Cinematheque would seem
true, if then, a common bond to
"There's a new trend on campuses. A lot of
activity formerly done by arts theaters is now
being done on the college campuses. I'm happy
this trend is taking place. Colleges are centers of
learning."
Vogel sees the benefits of the Cinematheque as
it serves as a showcase for directors who
warrant attention, and acts as an en-
couragement to ambitious students who want to
make films but have gross misconceptions about
what can be done with a camera.
"In my class," he says, referring to the
popular Communications 220 offered in the
spring semester to undergraduates, I show
films the likes of which must have never seen.
Abstract films by John Whitney. They're
computer films. Most students didn't know you
could do this. Films without cameras. Films
without musical instruments. There's a film
which shows the 360 wingbeats of a hum-
mingbird in a minute, with the use of high-speed
photography.
"Students get ideas from these films. A group
of students came to me last year and asked how
they could get involved in making their own
films. And students for the most part are making
class films."
This spring Vogel's book, Film as a Subversive
Art, has been published by Random House. By
subversive, Vogel means the film's capacity to
change people's consciousness by striking at
prevailing concepts of morality and religion and,
incidentally, at law and order itself. He also
considers subversive the attempt by ex-
perimentalists to do away with conventional
narrative forms and explore new avenues of
approach to narrative style. Vangelopoulos
works for the New Yorker. Films so
forth. Special chapters are devoted to Nazi
cinema and revolutionary avant-garde film in
early Soviet Russia. Some 300-500 films are
discussed. Five hundred carefully chosen
photographs are included.
To the question whether genuine film
scholarship is possible in so ephemeral an art
form as cinema Vogel replied: "Not only can
we go into the subject. We have to be. It's true
that film is ephemeral--and I'm a great believer in
the power of the immediate film experience. It
can be very effective. It is a question that
there be regional centers in the future where
the student can go in and borrow the film he
wishes to see. Technology is very important
GOIN' TO THE MOVIES

The Hobo Mayor of New York (Al Jolson) with his Central Park constituency, including Edgar
Conner (left) and Harry Langdon (right) in Hallelujah I'm a Bum, at the
Sackett Screening Room.
The rather unassuming front and “marquee” of the new Sackett Screening Room.

The intimate

BY IRWYN APPELBAUM

Every movie buff probably dreams of watching movies in the intimacy of his own living room. Now Philadelphia can get a pretty close approximation of that dream world at the brand new Sackett Screening Room. Located at 308 Sansom Street, the little theater contains just 29 seats and a screen, and is quite probably the smallest commercial movie house in the world.

And that’s not all. The theater is basically a remodeled store so one just walks in the narrow doorway, pays the cashier, parts the curtain and finds himself in the seating area. There is no lobby to speak of. So, the nameake and grand designer of the Screening Room, Germantown entrepreneur, Barnard Sackett, has provided the movie crowds with their own arcade filled with pool, air hockey and video games, just two doors down from his theater. Air hockey instead of a lobby.

But then, Barney Sackett has always been tinkering with moviegong conventions and has demonstrated a remarkable ability to be just a step ahead of every major trend. He took over the Wayne Avenue Cinema and revitalized the policy to provide a showcase for the finest of art house features; he is the area’s first Buñuel showings, silent films, especially films by Penn students. Then he eventually moved on to porno features, producing the successful Eroticon and defending this stage of his work by stating, “...if intercourse is obscene then we live in a pornographic world that Martians and Moon people have a perfect right to condemn.”

Then Barney Sackett started thinking about converting one of the many stores he owned along Sansom street into a tiny theater which would show gay films. “Of course, as usual people told me I was crazy or accuse me of being gay. Well, if I owned a Greek restaurant, would I have to be Greek?” Anyway, Philadelphia now has several gay film houses and Sackett’s own As Aide Cinema programmed some for a while. But the 29 seat theater has only just become a somewhat unbelievable reality.

“I wanted to do something unusual,” says Sackett. “And I wanted a small place where I could afford to show little known films long forgotten works that a big theater operator just cannot show because they may not appeal to a big audience. So I’ll have just a few empty seats if we bomb, not hundreds. Even with my 29 seats I’ve got to average about three quarters full in order to break even.” Getting rich is obviously not Sackett’s goal in this dream though he has cut his overhead down tremendously since he owns the land he has built upon.

The premiere attraction at the Sackett Screening Room is a program of films from the 1930’s. There’s a marvelous Betty Boop cartoon, coming attractions from Bela Lugosi’s White Zombie (featuring the deadpan voice of an announcer that is just devastating) and a Fox Movietone Newsreel which contains Will Rogers, F.D.R. and his mother and a 783 lb. woman. A Harold Roach comedy short with Thelma Todd and Charley Chase entitled (hilariously enough) “The Pig from Pittsburgh” rounds out the preliminary features. The shorts are mainly interesting as curiosity items, and if interest wanders a bit at times they are all fairly curious.

The main attraction on the bill is a rare film starring the great Al Jolson, Hallelujah I’m A Bum. Jolson appears out of his “Mammy” black-face make-up though he does do a glorious job of singing the songs of Rodgers and Hart. The film is unique in that it features rhythmic dialogue, which merely means the characters frequently converse in rhymed couplets, a gimmick which wears a bit thin but is nonetheless cute. In dealing with the Depression as it was happening, the film’s “what do you want with money” attitude is of historical interest as Jolson is presented as the Hobe Mayor of New York who is as happy as a lark in his Central Park haven. What finally drains the film of a lot of its charm and uniqueness is the rather sappy storyline about a beautiful amnesia victim.

As an innovation in moviegoing a 29 seat movie theater is great, and somehow you’ll just have to find the feeling of being drawn into a very intimate and fun experience. Admission is $3.00 and this first program has the enthralling performance of Jolson and kinky nostalgia to smooth it over the duller spots.

Photograph by Irwyn Applebaum

the intimate

BY IRWYN APPELBAUM

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Strike Violence Continues

By United Press International

Washington, D.C.– Agreement Wednesday to the independent truck drivers strike. A bridge dynaming, meetings and violent activity followed the chapter Tuesday of a settlement for the drivers to get through Washington.

The militant drivers and their agents will continue despite the government's freeze on diesel fuel prices. The drivers seized upon yesterday to an already tense situation and therefor the president asked Tuesday night to the strike

Shultz Aks End to

Some Price Controls

WASHINGTON (UPI)–President asked Tuesday night to the strike. The militant drivers said their willingness of other drivers to risk their lives running turnpike gauntlets was their reason to continue the strike.

Shultz, testifying before a Senate banking subcommittee, held out the possibility to ask Congress to remove some of the requirements that do not cooperate in holding down inflation.

Embassy in Kuwait

Seized by Terrorists

KUWAIT (UPI)–Nine pro-Arab guerrillas seized the Japanese embassy in this Arab nation Wednesday and demanded Japan send a plane to rescue four other guerrillas stranded in the desert. The Japan agreed but Kuwait refused.

Temple University Jazz Ensemble

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Grappler Bilder Eyes Undefeated Log

By CHARLIE SERVICE

One of the best things that ever happened to Penn wrestling was the entry of Mark Bilder. After moving to the United States from the Netherlands at the age of 14, Bilder became the first Dutchman ever to compete in the University of Pennsylvania's 103-pound class.

The senior is a three-time All-American and is currently ranked fourth in the nation. Bilder, who has been out of the national picture since the 1977 season, returned to compete in the 1981 season.

Bilder has been successful in his return. He has won a number of matches since his return, and he currently holds the national lead in the 103-pound class.

Bilder is a tough competitor, and he is determined to win another national championship. He has set his sights on the 1981 national title, and he is working hard to achieve that goal.

Bilder is a natural born leader, and he is well respected by his teammates and opponents. He is a strong competitor, and he is always striving to improve his skills.

Bilder's success in wrestling has been due in part to his dedication and hard work. He has trained tirelessly, and he has put in many hours of practice to improve his skills.

Bilder is a role model for his teammates, and he has inspired them to work harder and compete with greater intensity. He is a true leader, and he is always willing to help his teammates.

Bilder is a dynamic personality, and he is always ready to face a challenge. He is a winner, and he is determined to achieve his goals.

Bilder is a great competitor, and he is sure to be a force to be reckoned with in the 1981 season. He is a true champion, and he is sure to make a mark on the wrestling world.
Dickens and little me

By ANDREW FEINBERG

I regard the books of Dickens' second period, from *Hard Times to Our Mutual Friend*, as of much greater importance than those of his first period. They can be read by thoughtful and cultivated adults as serious social history. The earlier books are, no doubt, still delightful to simple folk, children, and Americans... -George Bernard Shaw (1914)

"You can't take a picture of him," says seven-year-old Carl, "he's my friend."

"Who's Dickens?"

"He's my friend. Don't take no picture of him."

Carl's right hand is placed, innocently of course, on Little Nell's left arm. To Carl, "Dickens and Little Nell" is something that you ride your bike around. Something that, if you're brave enough, you try to climb; something that, above all, is part of your playground and is not to be trifled with by outsiders.

We are in Clark Park, West Philadelphia, on 43rd Street, between Baltimore and Chester. Carl is guarding what is, according to the Fairmount Park Art Association (FPAA), the only statue of Charles Dickens in the world.

"So what," Carl says.

After kicking this budding philistine aside, I stare at the statue for a long time, trying to put its uniqueness in some sort of perspective. I can't. Instead of Westminster Abbey...West Philly. It's ridiculous, ridiculous and wonderful, and I think of Shaw's words and laugh—we village idiots, butchers of the English tongue, we will preside over this memorial forever. (To "preside" apparently meaning at the very least that a ketchup-soaked Roy Rogers french fries bag will be lyingly placed each afternoon at Nell's feet, like a squalid wreath. To "preside" apparently meaning in addition that the West Philadelphia Graphic Society, known in arty circles as the "Schuykill School" or the "Marauders," at one time practiced their neo-linear perspective at Mr. Dickens feet.

*Why Clark Park, a one by two-block chunk in West Philly,?" I asked the woman at the FPAA.

"Why not?" she replied.

* * *

Why not?

After all, when Dickens first began to stare over Little Nell's shoulder years ago, he gazed at something a bit more baroque than the sickly blue of the Public Health Center, District No. 3. Today, on his 162nd birthday, he looks upon a neighborhood where few of the inhabitants have read any of his books; the park has become fairly barren; and screaming kids use him as monkey bars.

The Dickens lying peacefully in Westminster Abbey might turn to his graffiti and weatherbeaten likeness in Clark Park and, recollecting past indignities suffered in our city, say, "I'd rather be here than in Philadelphia." It would be a nice kind of literary justice: to steal a line from W. C. Fields, who as the movie Micawber was later to obviate many of Dickens' best lines. Dickens visited Philadelphia on both of his extremely successful American tours, in 1842 and in 1868. He found Americans, on the whole, to be grubby, greedy, dishonest and hypocritical; he apparently found some Philadelphians even less appealing than the norm. Philadelphia hospitality was rather clarigly below that of Harrisburg. In Harrisburg Dickens' landlord had refused to charge Dickens for his stay. (Dickens in turn refused to be refused presentation of a bill.) His Philadelphia landlord, however, admitted thousands of paying visitors to see him—each of whom demanded a handshake, and out of extreme gratitude, his host then presented Dickens with an enormous bill upon his departure.

But Dickens might be somewhat glad to know that he is the center of Clark Park rather than some unknown general on his unknown horse. He is always surrounded by troops of children and, in place of the horse that might have been, he has little Nell forever by his side looking, though her eyes have been hollowed out by age, forever beatific. No one reads *The Old Curiosity Shop* anymore, but little Nell, or at least the readers' reaction to her, remains a literary legend.

Everyone's heart was captured by little Nell, and Thackeray begged Dickens not to "kill" her. Gore Vidal's comment, 116 year later, is typical: "I think it is doubtful if the novel will ever again have the enormous prestige, the universal audience it enjoyed the morning when an idiot on a Mississippi whale shouted to the pilot of a passing steamer: 'Is Little Nell dead?'" Oh, little Nell! It's hard to believe, but in one daring, sweet, little girl are combined the qualities of Joan of Arc, Job, Florence Nightingale, and the Hound of the Baskervilles. Her fascinating and fine-spun character was perhaps best expressed by a Philadelphia confectioner who honored Dickens by placing Nelly in a "commemorative sugar temple." If there is justice in the world, Little Nell will be given permanent passage beneath the Good Ship Lollipop.

But there is more to *The Old Curiosity Shop* than this prissy little girl, her assinine grandfather, and the flocking children whom they tend. Even in the worst Dickens, and I sincerely hope that this is the worst Dickens, there is something marvelous. Her child is a fabulously grinning devil in miniature: The dwarf flourished his cudgel, and dancing round the combatants and treading upon them and skipping over them, in a kind of frenzy, laid about him, now on one and now on the other, in a most desperate manner...
A restoration of faith

BY EVAN SARZIN

ANTHOLOGY: Smokey Robinson and the Miracles

Berry Gordy Jr. heard those five Detroit teenagers singing sweet harmonies in songs written by themselves, specifically by Bill Robinson, their lead vocalist. There was a fresh sound to those Miracles, as they called themselves, it was a combination of the clear high voice of Bill and the Motown acts which Smokey Robinson built up as a writer and producer, is visible in the smooth development of the Miracles' songs and performances.

It is this evolution, well-highlighted in a chronologically organized three-record set that actually lives up to the usually ailed Motown type, that makes it far more than the garden-variety "greatest hits" package. Whether Smokey's genius was one for trend-setting or merely understanding the dramatic growth of the very young rock 'n' roll form and its tremendous potential for change and refinement is irrelevant; what is exceedingly important is the nowhere to go but back to the beginning, which is exactly where he is in this song, as the Miracles perform it, is a feeling of resignation. Robinson's self-defense, changing temps, instrumentation and different types of vocal harmonies to help drive the message home culminates the sixth and final side of this package. "Tears of a Clown," uses all the techniques which the Miracles had been developing. Though it is one of the few Miracles' songs which Smokey didn't compose it was written for him by Steve Wonder; its arrangement and production manipulate all the components.

The Miracles on stage.

The seven volume itch

And so begins the seventh annual volume of that most potent issue of men's dreams, 34th Street Magazine. Lucky number seven. Seventh heaven. Bottom of the batting order. Regardless, the forthcoming volume begins with a clear slate this week, ours to burnish and beoul in new, devious ways. But remembering the past for a moment, the heritage of this magazine has been a...well...let us say a varied if not always a rich one. Over the years we have featured articles ranging from science fiction cults to rotten hamburgers to Frank Rizzo to roller games to Dickens freaks plus a slew of stories, poems, drawings and random musings. What, then, will be so special about this year's volume number seven? Well, why spill the beans this early in the year-long feast of good reading to employ an imperfectly awful metaphor. There will be, we trust, a mixture of things to look at and read that will prove intriguing to your mind's eye. And, of course, the space on these pages is open to all of you should you get the whim or, hell, your own itch, to contribute something to these parts. Whatever you feel we're lacking, however you'd like to see us meet your interests, let us hear from you is the coming issues. After all, it would be so terrible if we should see you one day on 34th Street.
Of characters and Kinks

By MICHAEL MORRIS

PRESERVATION ACT 1 - The Kinks

The Kinks' particular affection for English tradition, so eloquently manifested in the charming lyrics of Ray Davies, highlights their latest release, Preservation. After a three-year break, Davies has returned with an album that features some of the finest Kinks material, including the classic "Sunny Afternoon," which has been re-recorded with a more contemporary sound.

"The album is a celebration of the English working class," Davies said. "It's about the struggles and triumphs of ordinary people, and the music reflects that." The album features a variety of styles, from rock to folk, and includes new versions of some of their classic songs.

"I wanted to capture the essence of the English working class, the way they live and love," Davies continued. "I think the album is a real reflection of that, and I'm really proud of it." The Kinks' latest release has received critical acclaim, and is expected to be one of their biggest successes in years.
scenes from the intriguing annenberg cinematheque series, which began tonight in the cozy, little studio theater. films above are (clockwise) vampyr, the cat people, tomb of ligeia, i am curious (yellow), the incredible shrinking man, and l.f. stone's weekly.

proudly and purposely ignored the critics and the public. for whatever reason, these are films that ought to be seen, but wouldn't, normally, largely, because no distributor would dare take the risk on them.

amos vogel, the director of film at annenberg and lecturer of film at penn, explained last week: "it's true, if there's a common bond to these films we're showing it's that they've not been seen. and of course, we don't want to show the same films as puc, tla, the c.a. and the other organizations on campus. they all serve a good purpose, but, like everything else in a capitalist society they are bound to the box office. thus, tla or puc are simply not able to show a program of short films as we're doing. they have to show films that have a chance of making money..."

the diversity is extraordinary. films vary in length and quality from three minute experimental shorts like particle removal series to full length hollywood pictures like glen and rambo, a film which is now being discovered by critics and audiences alike after having been totally disregarded when it first came out a few years back.

looking for films that will unsettle the audience, vogel has chosen to do just that. whether they disturb in shocking, fl ambouyant ways as with i am curious (yellow) or whether they disturb by being with our conventional expectations, as with many of the experimental films.

vogel has subsumed the films under four broad categories: japan-different civilizations, changing, secret communications and varieties of horror. he including a series that includes films which appeal to a larger audience. the cinematheque isn't designed to. of course, he added smiling, "we want as large a turn-out as possible. and i might add that tickets for the festival are already selling quite well."

vogel arrives at penn with an illustrious career in the film business already behind him. in 1943 he opened the first experimental film in the provincetown playhouse. it was designed to showcase little-known foreign and experimental films.

we started with a two hundred seat audience. almost overnight it seemed, we had seven thousand subscribers. and these weren't people who just went to one or two films. they attended an entire set of films. the response to this kind of cinema was immense."

after fifteen years as founder and executive secretary of cinema 16, vogel left to become the first director of the new york film festival, which has since become the single most important showcase for important foreign and american films in need of publicity.

"i showed the firstantonioni film in america. the first bertolucci film. nobody had ever heard of bertolucci. now, with last tango... i am one of those who think before the revolution is a magnificent film. i don't like last tango as much."

"it's the critics. they've become so important to the success of a film. back then, nobody thought much of before the revolution and it didn't get seen. now people are coming back to it, and acting as though they were the first to discover what a great film it is."

"it's very unfortunate that the critics have so much power. they can see only the major films. they just don't have time to see all of the student-made and underground films. and of course, so many of them are such bad films."

"wouldn't it be nice if there were critics who specialized in low-budget, non-studio films? you're looking at one of them. there are few, though. roger greenspun used to review these types of films when he worked for the new york times. they released him because he didn't write for a large enough audience."

vogel sees places like the cinematheque, and the few remaining art houses, as the marketplace for the new antonionis and bertolucci. the chief aim of the cinematheque would seem to be to offer audiences new films by major directors who have not yet received the accolades of the kael's and canby's. it's a chance for the movie-goer himself to discover the unseen."

the whole idea of exposing young people to as many different ideas as possible. i'm optimistic about the new generation. my generation has been confined. it's spoiled."

"there's a new trend on campuses. a lot of activity formed by arts theaters is now being done on the college campuses. i'm happy this trend is taking place. colleges are centers of learning."

vogel sees the benefits of the cinematheque as two-fold: it serves as a showcase for directors who warrant attention, and acts as an encouragement to ambitious students who want to make films but have gross misconceptions about what can be done with a camera."

"in my class," he says, referring to the popular communications 230 offered in the spring semester to undergraduates, "i show films like which of most have never seen. abstract films by john whitney. they're experimental films. most students didn't know you could do this. films without cameras. films without musical, instrumental. there's a film which shows the 360 view of a hummingbird in a minute, with the use of high-speed photography."

"i give students ideas from these films. a group of students came to me last year and asked how they could get involved in making their own films. and students for the most part are making fine films."

this spring vogel's book, film as a subversive art, will be published by Random House. by subversive, vogel means the film's capacity to change people's consciousness by striking at prevailing concepts of morality and religion and, inevitably, at law and order itself. he also considers subversive the attempt by experimentalists to do away with conventional cinematic forms and explore new avenues of approach to narrative style, camera work, and so forth. special chapters are devoted to nazi cinema and revolutionary avant-garde film in early soviet russia. some 400-500 films are discussed. five hundred carefully chosen photographs are included.

the question whether genuine film scholarship is possible in so ephemeral an art form as cinema. vogel replies: "not only can there be scholarship, there must be. it's true that this is ephemeral-and i'm a great believer in the power of the immediate film experience. it has to do with gut-level response. it is essential that there be regions in the future where the student can go in and borrow the film he wishes to see. technology is very important.
ES

Carl Dreyer. Clouzot. Jacques Tourneur, Mark Robson, and a man who may be America's greatest filmmaker in terms of kinds of subject matter. Among the more notable directors who have made good work don't 1 like. Most of them. They confirm cliches. And the filmmakers who are doing good work can't get any money. Antonioni, even Antonioni, couldn't get money after the debacle of Zabriskie Point. He's just beginning to work again. And if an Antonioni can't get money, what about all the young filmmakers who don't have his name?

Welles? Of course, he's the great case. Here's a man who may be America's greatest filmmaker, and he has no freedom. There is a book just out on the editing done to "The Magnificent Ambersons," without his supervision. You see, in every generation there are a few directors who get complete freedom. But the situation since the beginning has not improved. The director has no control. So there is a great deal of self-censorship by the director in terms of kinds of subject matter.

If the past is any indication, Vogel will succeed with the Annenberg Cinematheque as he has succeeded in all his previous endeavors. His contribution to the art of the film has been immense.

Among the more notable directors who have films appearing at the Cinematheque this spring are Ozu, Mizoguchi, Truffaut, Kurosawa, and the Annenberg Cinematheque as he has succeeded in all his previous endeavors. His contribution to the art of the film has been immense.
Be-bopping thru the Big War

By GAYLE LACKS

Step inside the Shubert Theater for a breath of stale air. It's sweet, however, as the Andrews Sisters pour out their "rum and coca-cola" blend of 40's style, song and story in their currently running musical Over Here.

Admittedly, it is bittersweet to see the pair, Maxine and Patty Andrews (sadly minus red-headed LaVerne), both a bit bulky on stage, reaching for their full sound but not always able to pull it out of the past. Although Over Here's newly composed score echoes the big band sound but not always able to convey the two DePaul sisters who are in charge of the USO canteen. In addition to four new recruits, all the favorite stereotypes come along-a conductor with a newscast voice, a "Mr. and Mrs. America" couple and four girlfriends who include a Wellesley coed, a gum chewing waitress, a prom queen, and a wallflower. Eventually, boys get girls just in time to say good-bye at the pier. There's also a Nazi named Mitz who joins the DePaul act to transmit war secrets "shoo-bop-dee-bop" style over radio waves. Meanwhile, everyone suffers the wartime consumer crunch but escapes martyrdom because they've all got "the big beat."

The men who make that beat possible are Richard and Robert Sherman, sons of "Potatoes Are Cheaper-Tomatoes Are Cheaper" Al Sherman. The Shermans won an Oscar for Walt Disney with their "Mary Poppins" music. The musical numbers here seem mere of a throwback to the fifties, which is understandable since many production staff members including Director Tom Moore and Patricia Uhrich, who handles the quite effective musical staging, recently worked together on Grease.

A special mention must be made of Samuel E. Wright's performance as Sam the snack-bar man, the black man who sarcastically responds to America's democratic hypocrisy of segregated troops. His smooth, polished rendition of "Don't Give All that Hooey to me Louie" accompanied by easy, flowing long-legged dancing, provides a strong counterpart to the "swing" musical style. This provides the show with it's most interesting dramatic dimension.

Be-bopping thru the Big War

There's all kinds of ways to get your jollies . . . but you can express yourself in 34th Street

essayists, optimists, colorers, initiators, critics, new blood, poets, grand designers . . . welcome

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Andrews Sisters, Maxene and Patty, seem sure things are going sky-deky in their new musical, Over Here.
following; a panting dog, a nightmare, a mole, weasel, Chinese idol, goblin, ogre, savage, hedgehog, a bluebottle, a salamander. And who else knows just what should be done to Little Nell? These are Quilp’s words to her demented grandfather: ‘Such a fresh, blooming, modest little bud, neighbour!...such a chubby, rosy, cozy, little Nell. She’s so small, so compact, so beautifully modelled, so fair, with such blue veins and such a transparent skin, and such little feet.” No wonder Nelly kept running from town to town to escape them. And Dickens’ readers were horrified that he might catch her and, oh my goodness, but he wouldn’t, that he might catch her and...not Little Nell? A superbly evil thought occurs—what about a statue of Dickens and little Quilp?∗∗∗

George Orwell wrote that “when Dickens read the first section describing what you see it for the rest of your life.” Dickens’ creations are always there, cropping up with delightful, unpredictable regularity. I only occasionally think of Shakespeare or Pope or Keats of Shakespeare or Pope or Keats. ‘It’s delightful. Creations are always there, described something you see it when I’m walking across campus. I hardly ever think of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky. ‘Mr. Feinberg, you please define “sincerity”? As in “Chapter III—Relates how Oliver Twist was very near getting a place, which would not have been a Sincere.” Silence. A piercing glare focuses upon me. That I had the night before memorized each definition of “copious” now seems rather inconsequential, except, of course, as in “copious chagrin.” Does Mr. Simpson realize that it is in that moment that Dickens first comes alive for me? I feel like Oliver when he is led before the Lord, all the more being painfully pinched at significant points by Bumble the Beadle. And I believe I fear that the “violent termination” which is forecast as Oliver’s fate may prove to be my own.

My first reactions to Dickens are not, as Shaw might expect, those of delight; I find Dickens difficult and frightening. My parents, both Dickens lovers, are happy that I am reading Dickens. Somehow, this proves to be very little consolation. I am afraid of Mr. Bumble; I am afraid of Fagin and Bill Sikes; and I am afraid of Mr. Simpron. I begin to think of the comparatively blissful days of seventh grade English. Take me back! I’ll gladly volunteer to whitewash having yet lost his hair. A few such glares and Mr. Simpron faces a genuinely daunting class. On the first day, he approaches my desk, picks up my notebook, and:

(having been in class for only 25 students)

although there were several other occasions when I remained agonizingly silent in the face of a Simpsonian inquiry, I somehow managed to escape my “violent termination” that year. The last day of class in Feb, was almost peaceful. Mr. Simpson put on his least chilly smile and, as we shuffled past him, we raised our eyes from the floor to meet his scalp for the last time. Then we slunk away, happily.

To give Mr. Simpson what he deserves—or, rather, more delicately, to grant him his due—one must say that he did not fail completely. Twenty-five students left his classroom that day. Each possessed a vocabulary that would make a scholar blush. And, as we graduated, Dickens’ vocabulary builds character. Unfortunately, eighteen of these newly-forged characters immediately vowed that, if they were ever in search of an author, one who would answer among his acquaintances, is that Dickens is one of the authors we must rarely read “for pleasure.” I find that more than a bit bizarre. Of course, the increased popularity of movies has not exactly sent horde’s scavenging off to the libraries in search of 900-page novels. My funniest friends, it seems, have spent all their time memorizing the lines of Mr. Feinberg and Mr. Quilp. Mr. Simpson loses less and less funny as the years wear on. Many of them I already know Montague Tigg, Sam Weller, and Mrs. Sparsit from the Ink Spots. And even those of us who read have by and large ignored Dickens. Some, remarkably, have a taste for “Jack and Jill,” the more courageous opt for Joyce and James. Between that palm of water and the Golden Bowl is a porridge held by a small, thin boy who asks for “More.” Most of my friends, tired of past cerebral clubhings or their ongoing attempts to recall exactly what Rufus T. Firefly can or cannot do, seem to have forgotten he exists.

∗∗∗∗

I once said that I never wanted to finish all of Dickens, just because that would always give me something to look forward to. With that in mind, we switch to:

THE FINAL SCENE

Two men and a woman are standing in the hall, huddled around the door. The door slams open, and a stooped old woman sticks out her head.

Younger Woman: “Is Mr. Feinberg...?”

First Man: “Is he...?”

Senior Man: (Impatiently “Is he...?”)

Younger Woman: “He’s...?”

Old Woman: (Slowly “It was beautiful. He read the last page and asked me to send out for a pizza, no an-"

chovies, then he closed the book, then he, then he...”

Younger Woman: “Oh!”

Second Man: “Herrumph...”

Older Woman: “But I’ll never believe what I found clenched in his hand. Look, look at this pocket! And look what’s inside...”

But that is another story. Today is for celebrating those we already have.

Happy birthday, Mr. Dickens.
PHILADELPHIA LECTRIC BLUES WEEK
Friday, February 1
Starring John WayM
Aido Ceccato leads the Philadelphia Orchestra in the premiere of Richard Wernick's Quartet for Strings and Piano. Among the works of Penderecki, de Sabata, and Schubert in his Academy premiere. He will conduct the works of Penderecki, de Sabata, and Schubert in his Academy premiere. He will conduct them in their Academy premieres. He will conduct the works of Penderecki, de Sabata, and Schubert in their Academy premieres. He will conduct the works of Penderecki, de Sabata, and Schubert in their Academy premieres. He will conduct the works of Penderecki, de Sabata, and Schubert in their Academy premieres. He will conduct the works of Penderecki, de Sabata, and Schubert in their Academy premieres. He will conduct the works of Penderecki, de Sabata, and Schubert in their Academy premieres. He will conduct the works of Penderecki, de Sabata, and Schubert in their Academy premieres. He will conduct the works of Penderecki, de Sabata, and Schubert in their Academy premieres. 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