**HUD Plans Complete Walnut Street Survey**

By LARRY FIELD

The U.S. Attorney's Philadelphia office notified Assistant City Councilman Robert Johnstone Monday that HUD plans to conduct the survey. Baptist Councilman Charles Neil said Wednesday that a conference will be held to determine whether an alternative proposal is more acceptable.

The survey is necessary to determine if any impact statement, councilman Michael Wolf said Thursday. Councilman Johnstone has introduced a bill to amend the Walnut Street Plan to prevent any adverse impact on the city's environment.

**Quid Residents Beee Cold: Bring Streaking Fad to U.**

By CHRISTINE V. MULLINS

11 student residents were punched across the University campus last week by MOVE in Shapp's office. The resignation of the University's Medical School Admissions Director, Dr. Edward E. Southall, was announced Wednesday. The resignation was in response to the disruption of two University students who died in the University's Medical School Admissions Office.

**University Med School to Accept Fewer Penn Applicants This Year**

By MARC GOLDSTEIN

The University's Medical School Admissions Director, Dr. Edward E. Southall, announced Wednesday that the University's Medical School Admissions Office will be closed for the remainder of the academic year. "The University's Medical School Admissions Office will be closed due to an immediate need to conduct a survey of the institution's admissions process," Southall said.

"Although the admissions process is not yet complete," Southall said, "we are prepared to offer the same applicants in Penn. To this end, the total number of University students admitted in the past two years has been reduced from 4,500 to 3,500."
**Hudson Plans Complete Walnut Street Survey**

By Larry Field

The Department of Housing and Urban Development (HUD) has yet to complete the environmental studies of the shopping and office complex planned for the University of Pennsylvania, which would house 3,600 faculty before they can be rejected for the proposed project if the University for the City. The reversion of the proposed project if the University for the City. The reversion of study, called an "environmental impact statement," was proposed by the University of Pennsylvania, which would be completed before 1975 because procedure requires a lengthy "mandatory comment period" and turnover after the first study is submitted. The study also concluded the existence of the internal HUD.

An Environmental Impact Statement recaptures the re- ferral action of a project proposed to the Philadelphia City Planning Commission for a project proposed to the Philadelphia City Planning Commission for the consideration of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). The study would examine the project's impact on the environment, human health, and the Federal impact and Federal assistance, however, have predicted that the study can not be completed before 1975 because procedure requires a lengthy "mandatory comment period" and turnover after the first study is submitted.

The study also concluded the existence of the internal HUD.

**Flaherty Seeks Senate: Denenberg Quits Post**

By Steve Mickle

In a surprise move earlier this week, former Wharton professor Herbert S. Denenberg dictated his resignation from the University of Pennsylvania on Monday that HUD plans to complete before 1975 because procedure requires a lengthy "mandatory comment period" and turnover after the first study is submitted.

In Environmental Impact Statement recaptures the referral action of a project proposed to the Philadelphia City Planning Commission for a project proposed to the Philadelphia City Planning Commission for the consideration of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA). The study would examine the project's impact on the environment, human health, and the Federal impact and Federal assistance, however, have predicted that the study can not be completed before 1975 because procedure requires a lengthy "mandatory comment period" and turnover after the first study is submitted.
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Interested in earning $8.00 for 1 hour of your time?
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I also have a friend with a cpa machine, so if you'd like a copy of the plan just mail me the

The voice you can ask

Listen to Mama, and pass the Akadama.
The wine you can mix

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and pass the Akadama.
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Theatrical Ticket Service

Classifieds
Syria Releases Israeli POW List to Kissinger

By United Press International JERUSALEM — A major milestone, diplomacy, and a potential breakthrough in the Middle East's problem countries were the themes to which the news spread today.

Syria handed over a list of 65 prisoners, a hopeful sign of progress in the negotiations. Minister Giaa Mow, soon after he arrived from seven hours of talks with President Bade Aanor of Syria.

In turn, he got assurance that he can take back to Syria the Israeli idea of changing the situation in the Middle East. The Israelis will be released to the next stage of the negotiations, a high U.S. official, the Secretary of State, said.

Ehrlichman Refutes

The Nixon veto expected

Washington — Former White House aide John D. Ehrlichman said it was an offer to a plebiscite about the hands of the Kissinger confidence. Ehrlichman's statement to the House that he had not, as alleged, brokered the way to the hands of the Kissinger confidence to the Israel. The matter, now within 12 hours, is to be handed down.

The matter that he had not, as alleged, been due in the hands of the Kissinger confidence to the Israel. Ehrlichman's statement to the House that he had not, as alleged, brokered the way to the hands of the Kissinger confidence to the Israel. The matter, now within 12 hours, is to be handed down.

But a, he got assurance that he could, then, be released to the next stage of the negotiations, a high U.S. official, the Secretary of State, said.

(Continued from page 4)

The House cleared the Chamber into the stage of the first session, and the Kissinger confidence could generate only two points, losing 54-14, 5-5, 5-5, 5-5. It was early in the evening, but the Kissinger confidence had been handed down.

The Kissinger confidence had been handed down.

Energy Bill Passed;

Nixon Vetoes Expected

Washington — Administration officials today approved and sent to the Kissinger confidence. Nixon's statement to the House that he had not, as alleged, brokered the way to the hands of the Kissinger confidence to the Israel. The matter, now within 12 hours, is to be handed down.

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(Continued from page 4)

Scarecrow. The Pennsylvania...
Letters to the Editor

Letters Writers Dispute Earl on Solzhentsyn and the SLA

By Gary A. Dynski

The debate over Solzhenitsyn's recent comments about the past and future of Philadelphia's housing abandonment problem, and the fate of the urban homesteading programs designed to deal with it, continues in this space. The National Enquirer has published various stories in which the former political prisoner of a Soviet prison camp offers an opinion on these matters. The local urban homesteading programs, like the one in Philadelphia, are the result of legislation inspired by a desire to deal with the problems of abandonment and renewal of our cities. The Enquirer story suggests that Solzhenitsyn's views are not consistent with the approach of Philadelphia or other cities. The debate is ongoing and will continue to be important as we try to address the problems of our cities. 

Removal Move

I would like to make a public statement about the proposed removal of the SLA from Harrisburg, PA. I believe it is important that the public have a voice in this decision, and I am concerned about the potential consequences of this action. The SLA is a group of people who have been involved in the struggle for social justice and human rights for many years. They have worked to address the issues of poverty, racism, and inequality, and their commitment to these causes is unwavering. The proposed removal of the SLA from Harrisburg is a significant step towards dismantling the group and its work. It is important that we stand in solidarity with the SLA and support their efforts to continue their work. The removal of the SLA is a violation of their constitutional rights, and it is a threat to the freedom of speech and assembly. I urge everyone to speak out against this action and to support the SLA in their ongoing work. 

Organized Crime

WASHINGTON (Feb. 2) President Nixon today ordered that a criminal offense known as "organized crime" be added to the list of crimes for which a state or local government may seek a federal death penalty. The new offense, which is designed to combat organized criminal activity, will allow federal prosecutors to seek the death penalty for a wide range of crimes, including murder, extortion, and money laundering. The move is intended to address the growing problem of organized crime in the United States, which has been linked to a variety of illegal activities, including drug trafficking, gambling, and racketeering. The new offense will provide federal authorities with a powerful tool to combat organized crime and protect public safety. 

"Yeah, I wanta report an abandoned vehicu"
Surviving the vinyl shortage

By EVAN SARZIN

Some of the Stars have already been F-ed, but it is rumored that come April we will see an imposition of Code F—$6.98 list price on all new albums. Well, it is one means of vinyl rationing by the record companies, in line with the country's new "less is more" consumer philosophy. One really needn't pay list prices for any record—just exist for people who like to make lists—but stores' "sale" or "bargain" prices are really not much of a bargain either. Not when there are so many great albums available at half the price. Everywhere.

For if we do blindly reach the stage when Carly Simon won't be able to release another record if she wanted to (by no means an unpleasant prospect), record stores will find themselves filling their empty shelves with what is traditionally considered the lowest order of life in the record world: the cut-out record. Those records, usually crammed in a corner, unsold and undisplayed, will be offered up by the High Priests of Music in a desperate attempt to propitiate the Gods, being unable to find a "virgin" album to sacrifice.

A cut-out is an album that was either over-printed or under-sold, depending on your point of view. For example, when the Crazy World of Arthur Brown released “Fire” as a single and in a nauseatingly-covered fantastic album, only the single sold well. The albums were sent back to the distributor, discounted, and returned to those markets handling cut-out records.

A cut-out record is distinguished by a clipped corner, a red dot on a hole in the corner of the album, signifying its discount pricing. Cut-outs are usually not advertised and sorted when they return to the record store bins (new records go on

shelves—cut-outs go in bins). The prices of cut-outs vary with the number of return trips a given record has made to the distributor's warehouse. The standard price is $1.98 but it can go as low as 30 cents per record.

The prevailing attitude is "What kind of crap must these records be if they can't be sold at regular prices?" This is a rather distorted view, however. For example:

In the late sixties, a singer born David Jones, recorded two albums for Mercury Records. The albums were curiosities of heavily-electrified science-fiction music, and, despite a reasonable share of underground airplay (where there still was an underground), the records were a bust commercially. Three years later, David Bowie—having changed his name to avoid confusion with the Monkees' lead singer—has made it big in the U.S. RCA, his new label has re-released the two original albums, and they have sold like Carly's Hotcakes will—at $4.99 per record. Meanwhile, the original Mercury releases of Man of Words, Man of Music and The Man Who Sold the World are still available at $1.98 with the original cover art, for more information from an historical standpoint.

The Bowie story is a celebrated example set really only a trinket in the cut-out record store. Records by Stevie Wonder and David Oistrakh, Duke Ellington and Blowfly, Eugene Ormandy and Bo Didley are all available at low prices. Granted, they aren't the "big sellers" but are usually early-recordings, sometimes more interesting than the regularly sold ones, and well worth the price. Granted, some of the records are "just plain offal," but with a little knowledge of records and cut-outs, in particular, one can usually avoid these pitfalls. Cut-out record-hunting has its ups and downs, its tips and outs. You simply must recognize the down and outs and steer clear of them. For example:

I am constantly searching for vintage Ray Charles records. There are many both good and bad, available and some knowledge of his recording career and the sidemen on the album will tell me about the record and whether it is a "safe risk" or not. Charles began his career on Atlantic, a company with a strong R&B tradition. In the early sixties, he moved to a given artist's career. Both the traditional province of a given record company and the sidemen on a recording store.

...The largest single outlet in town is THE RECORD WAREHOUSE located at 11th & Chester. Because of problems with their lease the outlet will be folding shortly but they are selling the entire stock for $1.99 per record for the time being. Lots of jazz, rock and country music. The sale has been in progress for almost one week and despite the substantial depletions, there are vast quantities of good music still available. Guide checked it out.

For jazz, RED DOT RECORDS is the place to be. Located at 2nd & Market, this is one of the few stores that handles cut-outs of progressive jazz artists: Elvin Jones, Archie Shepp, Ornette Coleman and Ray Charles (I leave a few for Guide). The cut-out bins at JERRY'S hold many good jazz releases, more mid-priced records. You can also find low-priced "promotional" copies of rock albums by new artists which may be selling for full price somewhere else in the same store. There are also a goodly number of blues albums at both of the uptown 14th & Walnut and downtown 12th & Market locations. One of Philly's oldest best cut-out shops is the RECORD RENDEZVOUS at 28th & Sansom. Its stock is small but it is all sold and without the very worst junk (Al Martino et al. that usually packs cut-out bins. Jack Bruce, Colosseum, Levin, Spicoli and perhaps an old Bowie or two are available there.

DEPARTMENT STORES—The true connoisseur knows that department stores hold the very best and the worst of cut-outs, especially the lesser-priced depart-ent stores: Grants, McCrory's and Lamston's, all located around the Market Street-binding Terminal area. The true curiosities are found in these nooks, left unsold by the store's usual clientele. One field trip to a supermarket in Delaware, Ohio unearthed six classic rock albums (including two Kinks, one Zombies and the Hampstead Grease band) at an average price of $1.25.

USED-RECORDS—are not to be dreaded as much as they are. Though one runs the risk of purchasing albums which have been played with half-weenammers, the super-low prices usually justify the risk. Cut-out down the odds by examining the surfaces carefully before purchasing. One excellent locale for used disks is Guru Maharaj ji's DIVINE LIGHT THRIFT SHOP at 42nd & Walnut. The pint-sized Perfect has an abundance of remnants from the original psychedelic era: Harry, we're fresh out of Loather and the Hand People. A recent trip unearthed the Letts Banke, the Cyrkle, the original Stooges (so superior to "Brother Laura"), the Turtles and a truly great unknown. Albums all were in perfect condition and were obtained at a total cost of $1.50.

NEARLY ALL RECORD SHOPS carry some cut-outs. The quality of the selection depends very much on the distributor who supplies that particular store or chain of stores. Don't be afraid to ask for the CHEAP records. The dedicated record-hunter learns to live with the seers of store owners who will try to shame you out of your bargains. If you know of a nifty little record shop that carries the only available copy of the rare ancient third album by the Ultimate Spinach, or any stores which this guide has overlooked, let us know so we can share the wealth.
Perla Meyers: reaching for the freshest of everything and getting it.

Demels, the confectionery in Vienna, and others equally rare and rarefied.

Her star-studded days are coming to an end, though, since she feels now that establishments with less than three-star status can prove as worthwhile for her purposes.

Over lunch at La Grenouille (NYC), that perennial springtime siren, she said recently, "I can learn a lot from the one-star restaurants, or those with no stars at all. What I hope to gain from appreciating in these basic, provincial restaurants is an appreciation for the best and most ubiquitous cheeses of the world with, one might add, no entry for American varieties whatsoever. So be it. Instead, I am loving appreciations of French Camembert, Brie and Gouda, plus kind words about Italian Fontina and Gorgonzola.

To set the book even further apart from the run-of-the-mill, slapdash efforts that glut the market, Perla has included a key to the cost and relative difficulty of each dish. And she also gives approximate preparation times for each recipe, although she admits that these are only guidelines and do not pretend to consider the time needed for chilling, cooling, draining, soaking or any other operations that require active participation by the cook. And rightly so. As she says, "I don't know if my readers will have, say, any Brown Stock on hand, or if they will have to begin from scratch each time they tackle a recipe which calls for it." And on the subject of cooking stocks, Perla is most emphatic. "Canned stocks will not do. It pays to have any number of different kinds of homemade stocks in the freezer."

Granted, The Seasonal Kitchen is a book that should not have been written. But we Americans have strayed far from seasonal freshness in our diets with our mechanized, preprocessed, tasteless vegetables, battery-fed poultry and beef, and tainted fish. A manifesto has become necessary. We need to be reminded of our humble, scrumptious, from-the-farm beginnings. Times were when chemicals came only from the apothecary. And then only in small doses. When people used to say, "One man's medicine is another's poison," they did not have food in mind. Now we have to have someone like Ms. Meyers remind us about the basics of good, healthy, pureness that is as much an aesthetic delight as a consumer passion.

From her experiences so far, she has coupled newly learned techniques with an uncompromising insistence on freshness to come up with a book called The Seasonal Kitchen: A Return to Fresh Foods (Ball, Brunchart & Winston, $12.95). The result of two years of creating, testing and perfecting, again, the book is a stunning coup de citron — and worth every penny.

The recipes are inspired. The graphic sense of the book is amazingly self-confident. Appetizing kraut-colored paper is printed with dark brown text and burnt-orange titles. These run down the left margin. The International Kitchen, in Fauchan, the fancy grocery store there, and

The recipes are inspired. The graphic sense of the book is amazingly self-confident. Appetizing kraut-colored paper is printed with dark brown text and burnt-orange titles. These run down the left margin. The International Kitchen, in Fauchan, the fancy grocery store there,
Once upon a couch...

By LOU: FETCU

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW

Plays and Players

17th Delancey Street

Who among us has not at some time fantasized about psychiatrists and psychoanalysts taking a dive into insanity, or suspected that they are the really crazy ones in the first place? Joe Orton accommodates our fantasies and confirms our suspicions in the farce entitled "What the Butler Saw!" playing through March 9 at Plays and Players.

The play opens in the consulting room of an exclusive British psychiatric clinic, where we would expect sanity to hold a stiff upper grip on reality. But psychiatrist and mis-understood husband Dr. Prentiss is engaged in the only moderately sane activity of seducing Geraldine Barclay, an applicant for a secretarial job at the clinic. From this point on, events in the play become crazier. As he prepares to secure Miss Barclay's help in testing a new contraceptive device, he is predictably surprised by his wife. Mrs. Prentiss is described by the good doctor as "being born with legs apart" and failed to die and be "buried in a Y-shaped coffin." She, in turn, must hide from her husband certain of her activities at the Station Hotel as a result of a blackmail attempt. Enter Nicholas Beckett: blackmail-miller, man on the run, suspected child molester-rapist, and page boy at the Station Hotel. He is desperate for the help of the human will over death, and for the excuse of clinical objectivity Drs. Dr. and Mrs. Prentiss are added by the arrival of Dr. Ranee, government inspector, psychiatrist, and aspiring pulp-novelist, who eventually wants to certify Dr. Prentiss insane, and Sergeant Match of Scotland Yard who is in search of Beckett.

This somewhat convoluted plot functions mainly to shatter the facade of clinical objectivity Drs. Prentiss and Rance try to maintain as a cover to their sexual quirks and ambitions. In one or two places, Joe Orton's script strains to get a few laughs. The play is not funny because of a few extraneous characters and one-liners, but because it manages to be an amusing satire of psychiatry and psychiatrists. The humor of the play is based mainly on the techniques of psychoanalysis: "making white tar babies for racially prejudiced troubleshooters" and the sexual misdeeds of the doctors. Dr. Prentiss is accused of being a homosexual, adulterer, transvestite, and rapist. Dr. Rance is content to look and fumble from a distance, behind the excuse of clinical objectivity. It is Dr. Rance who is the true psychotic amusing neurasthenics in the play—a spoof on the model of the ideal psychoanalyst.

The fact that the play is performed in the style of a farce has to be noted here, because the style of acting required frequently would be considered overacting in other plays. There are one or two examples of overacting in the production to note. However, the Plays and Players company is an amateur drama club and as such does a capable job and provides an entertaining evening. Especially noteworthy were the performances of Robert MacCallum as the pageboy and Ned Hollingsworth as Dr. Rance. Both these men had the perfect delivery for their respective characters and were, simply, damned funny onstage.
David Bromberg: something for everybody

By ZACHARY TUMIN
and RUTH GALEN

David Bromberg played three nights last week to sell-out crowds at the Main Point, and brought with him his unique mixture of folk, dixieland, and blues. We heard the band Thursday night, when he was accompanied by Billy Novick on reeds, Peter Ecklund on horns, Jay Ungar on fiddle and mandolin, Tony Markelski playing electric bass, and two local musicians, Winnie Winston on banjo and pedal steel guitar, and Steve Mooley drumming.

It was a very relaxed evening. The band, moved early from dixieland to hard-driving blues to soft Dylanesque balladry. The proficiency of the musicians was always evident, and often astonishing. Their ability to feel out the twists and curves of each tune and mesh with each other charmed the music with excitement and tension.

We asked Bromberg about the origins of his present band, and he responded, "They picked me up along the way in various spots. Two of the guys were sitting in, the other guys I travel with. They'd come sit in and play with me, and then when they weren't there I'd miss them, so I was always looking for a gig to have a couple of extra musicians, I'd call them. We decided to make it a regular thing, so, bingo, we're a band." When asked why he enjoyed playing with the heralded Billy Novick said, "They're such a bunch of illiterates, it trembles." Illiterate or not, Bromberg plays dazzling, controlled guitar with awesome technical brilliance. Apparently, though, its not dazzling enough for Columbia Records. When we asked him about the prospects for a totally instrumental album, but Columbia doesn't want me to do it because they say instrumental albums are dogs." He does have a new album ready for release which he said is "similar to what's on the second side of the album that's just come out" ("Wanted Dead or Alive" on Columbia.)

About his relationship with the Grateful Dead, who have backed him on two albums, Bromberg said, "I ran into Jerry Garcia at the Woodstock Festival. We went to some tempest and then just played guitar together for a while. My ex-manager called up Jerry and asked if he wanted to record with me, and he said, 'sure,' so we got Watson, Django Rheinhardt, Charlie Christian, and The "Ramona," and the traditional "Auld Lang Syne," as well as some Bromberg originals, which somehow often end up swinging with irony and gently laughing at themselves. That irony is found in much of Bromberg's music, and is created largely by the way he manipulates his voice and works his music around it. Its a two-speed vocal, and it seems that Bromberg has realized that its main power lies in a subtle, probing mockery of many of the songs he sings. Suddenly, sometimes, he turns around and pops out a signaturesong love song out of his hat. And then, just as suddenly, he can break the spell with a relentlessly good-humored version of a song you always thought could be done well, but was originally performed. That is part of David Bromberg's genius. Every bit of his material bears his own mark as a musician and as an individual.

When asked where he is going, "I'm following the music," he replied, "I don't have any particular sound I'm looking for till I hear it. When I play stuff that I like, it tickles me I say hooyah. If it doesn't, then we change it after the set. But I don't have to do that very much. Mostly, we're pretty well in tune, musically, with each other. I think wets an awful lot of the arrangements up on stage. I'm following the music. I'm not 'pushing' it."

Feeling it all right

Gimme Something to Feel, by Jane Wood. Penguin Books, 12 pp., $2.95

This book will prove a lot of things to you. It will prove to you that some publishers do not appear to be suffering from a shortage of paper. It will prove to you that Dan Wood has mastered the difficulties of seventh-grade physics and is quite pleased with himself for it. It will prove to you that eating paste wasn't the only joy to be had during Art Time in your ethernet past. And it will prove to you that you can read a book written entirely in the brown-crayon calligraphy of a six-year-old, if that's your bag. But just feeling things isn't feeling them: you learn how to feel, feel sounds, feel stupid, feel nauseated, etc.

Plant Venetian-blind slats in the fresh cement in your neighbor's driveway, then run through them hanging with your neighbor's flag, and your neighbor gets that stick away from you. Hold a plastic bag (three-quarters full of warm water "around the abdomen" while a friend drives you fast over a bumpy road. Mmmm... Bravo, Doctor. -DA.

books


Reading through Mark Strand's latest collection of poems one discovers the poetry drifting irresponsibly toward prose--the poems growing longer, more discursive, and the narration expelling imagery. Strand defaults on his poetic gifts more discursively, and the prose--the poems growing longer, increasingly objective, and the rupture of his marriage undertaken to dramatize the rumblings of the protagonist, in which is recorded a distorted reflection of his life. Very weak, merely a shade, he can not prevent himself from dissolving into this web of illusions. Sometimes he did not know if he slept or just thought about sleep. He knew that he would wake up and the characters would begin.

In the succeeding portions of the book Strand's poetic vision is extinguished and a narrative voice prevails. The narrator undertakes to dramatize the ruin of a marriage and the disintegration of a personality. In accessory tones the protagonist is sketched--a feeble, confused figure, on the verge of expiring, carrying without bearings or convictions. He can not remember details: he suffers from the use of the story as a rhetorical device. It dilutes the poetry and diverts our attention. It is an impoverished substitute for the forcible imagery Strand is able to invent.

Sex: An Advanced Primer, by Robert E. Hall, M.D. Doubleday, 115 pp., $1.95.

Once upon a time, sex was something dirty. Then it came to resemble a modest room decorated in bad taste, painted brown and glittered-and clean. Dr. Hall has removed all the bells, whistles and papered and glittered-and present us with a book about sex--not gourmet sex, not illustrated sex, not raucous sex, not sex-just sex, if you please.

But it is not entirely a book-it is simply an excellent book. It will not stimulate any fantasies, it will not yield any tips on how to drive your partner mad, it will not recommend the proper wine to serve. Dr. Hall has been an obstetrician for 25 years, but he's not Marcus Welby. He talks straight, not down. He emphasizes communication and originality above all else--he talks plainly about all the things one would expect everyone to have been talking about for the last few years. Only nobody has been talking about it.

The only thing that bothered me in this book was the title: an "Advanced" Primer. It reads like a beginner's, starting from the beginning (minus birds and bees) and by the end of nothing more need be said. But it soon becomes as refreshing as a good soak--no bubbles, no rubber toys, no waterjets--just a good, clean bath. And if that isn't a step forward from the party-hard books, I don't know what is. Bravo, Doctor. -DA.
The real Robert Vaughn

By DAVE KUSHMA

It has been over six years since Robert Vaughn closed "Channel D" for the last time as Napoleon Solo on the wildly successful television series, The Man From U.N.C.L.E. Since then, Vaughn has occupied himself in various ways—earning a doctorate in communications, adapting his dissertation dealing with show business blacklisting into book form, debating with William Buckley about Vietnam, appearing on the backs of trucks in an unfavorable light by their dad, and the request was rescinded. But it came again later, so I did it.

"My only concern was that I would not have a chance to say all I wanted to say. Buckley's manner of debating is rather abrasive, using analogies that do not stack up, interrupting, personal attacks—various other methods that would not be called Oxfordian. But I think I held my own because I probably knew more about Vietnam, then and now, than Mr. Buckley has ever known.

"Why would a prosperous actor jeopardize his position by taking a stand so unpopular at the time? "I was too incensed and angry to concern myself with whatever it was I might have lost. As I really lost through opposing the war was the California Democratic Party's interest. I had been Chairman in two areas—State Registration and the Speaker's Bureau—until I suddenly found out one day that I was out.

"Despite published reports to the contrary, Vaughn denies ever having had any political ambitions of his own. "I couldn't afford it," he smiled. Nonetheless, he became acquainted with a number of liberal politicians through his party activities and worked in the campaigns of Pierre Salinger, Eugene McCarthy, Allard Lowenstein, and George McGovern for whom he served as national campus liaison in the 1972 election.

"Aside from this work, however, Vaughn sees himself taking a less active role in American political life in the future. "I have resolved the major concern of my life, which was my opposition to the war. The subject that was almost never discussed in the theatre circles I first moved in. I didn't know anyone on the blacklist at the time. For the book, of course, I found out everyone that was blacklist and all the ones that were finks."

"Vaughn concludes that theHUAC hearings were largely motivated by the committee's desire for publicity. "Since none of the Congressmen ever saw any evidence that either Communism or Marxism, I can only assume that their interest was something well away from ferreting out subversives in show business. They got far more mileage out of the hearings, as far as re-election was concerned, than they did from investigating other areas that probably had a good deal more contact with the Communist Party, such as labor unions."

"He is at work on his second book, tentatively titled Only Indians, which he expects to complete early next year. It surveys the fifty-year history of the Council on Foreign Relations, which publishes the journal Foreign Affairs. Its membership, past and present, includes prominent American statesmen Kissinger and Nixon have both been members), as well as influential journalists and publishers. The Council is also alleged by the John Birch Society to be the headquarters of the Communist Party in America. Vaughn has been concerned, however, that they did not allow him to investigate other areas that probably had a good deal more contact with the Communist Party, such as labor unions."

"Vaughn is no stranger to international subversion, having batted the menace of THRUSH for three- and-a-half years on the U.N.C.L.E. series. And he doesn't mind that people continue to identify him with the suave, supercool Napoleon Solo. "It's the most beneficial thing that ever happened in my life. It changed me from a good deal more contact with the Communist Party, such as labor unions."

"He has no illusions about the artistic quality of the series, but pointed out, "You can't really be terrifically artistic over a long period of time unless you have financial success. I mean, you can be booked on the backs of trucks and in church basements, but to get to the largest amount of people you must have a negotiating position in terms of your name value."

"The show probably suffered, though. "By the fourth year, we were saturated with other shows that were copies. I was very happy to see it canceled, because I had a lot of movie offers. I didn't think I would ever do a television series again—too many years of fourteen-hour days."

"Although his reputation was firmly established through television, Vaughn prefers to work in movies. "It's the luxury area of show business. Movies are much easier to do than television. They're a lot of fun, and you travel."

"Of the eight post-U.N.C.L.E. films, seven were shot in Europe:

The lone American production, Ballitt, is probably Vaughan's best-known film, and one of his two favorites, along with The Magnificent Seven. I guess I'd rank them equally as good. 'Magnificent Seven' is really a classic now as a Western. Ballitt probably could not be qualified as a classic because there have been so many repetitions since then—the car chase particularly."

"Surprisingly, Vaughn does not list The Young Phalangines among his best, even though he was nominated for an Oscar as Best Supporting Actor for his role in the film."

"I concluded our conversation by asking Vaughn what if any of the films he made had come back to haunt him. "Well, most of them did," he smiled. "Teenage Caveman, I was playing the title role. Unwed Mother—I did not play the title role."

"American International asked me to do a film called Prehistoric World. It was written in blank verse, and I thought it was a plea for disarmament. It wound up with a different title—Teenage Caveman—and the plea got somewhat obscured in the plot line. But that was a long time ago."

Subject: Aspirations and Preferences of Robert Vaughn as a Filmmaker
The walls have ears. And eyes. Ano noses, bladders, hands, and feet: and many unsightly and delightfully unglamorously displayed growths of every conceivable proportion and particularity. As one clinks along the metal floor, staring at the wood-and glass-cased exhibits, the place alternately resembles a necrophiliacs' bazaar, a science fair for the mad, a war zone; and a delicatessen for those of rather peculiar gastronomic persuasions.

We are in the Mutter Museum, tucked behind a massive marble staircase on the main floor of the College of Physicians at 19 South 22nd St. We stare, and ardently and unceasingly, the walls stare back.

Originally intended solely for the use of physicians and medical students, the museum has gradually increased its rather fetishistic following among the lay public. Almost 300 people visited last year and only half were overtly associated with pathological pursuits. One suspects that many of them were lured by the lurid (and understated) exhibition that was originally intended solely for the use of physicians and medical students, the museum has gradually increased its rather fetishistic following among the lay public. Almost 300 people visited last year and only half were overtly associated with pathological pursuits. One suspects that many of them were lured by the lurid (and understated) description found in The Collegiate Guide.

This museum of unnatural histories starts the visitor off rather gently. The case containing Florence Nightingale's sewing kit and a frillmaker for nurses' caps will startle only the most lily-livered and cold-footed observer. Next comes some exceedingly tame-looking calculi removed from the bladder of Chief Justice Marshall and a "specimen" looking like an oyster that had been iced too early from its bed taken from the jaw of Grover Cleveland. (Hrmnn. At Cooperstown they have Grover Cleveland Alexander's fly swat.)

Ah, and then come the skulls. Or, to be more precise, the remains of syphilis-ravaged skulls. Entitled "Lesions of Syphilis," this rather too graphically reveals the fate of Dr. Mutter's patients before the discovery of antibiotics. Like most of the museum's collection, this display has a pungent international flavor. There are domestic lesions and foreign lesions— and caries from all nations. This is pretty strong stuff and if one can sustain the rest should, well, the rest should..."Isn't it wonderful to think that now of this has to happen anymore!" pipes Mrs. Moyer, the museum's curator. "It's very nice." I murmur as I move on.

Ah, and then, refreshingly, come more skulls. The huge cabinet of Dr. Hyrtl (of Vienna) resembles a display case in a Sleepy Hollow specialty shop. The heads come in all shapes and sizes (regrettably only several colors) and their ethnic diversity is astounding. Just a glance at several name tags suggests the meeting of some great international body. From Holland they come, and from the Crimea; from Thebes and from the Catacombs of Rome, from Poland and from the Tomb of Kings at Sakkareth. Hut a closer look at their biographies reveals them to be a group of rather unconventional delegates. The most saintly among them either committed suicide or were killed in battle. The rest were pirates, murderers, lunatics, and others of equally ill-omened ilk. (Almost all retain each of their comforting original features. Except for one suicide, a hangman's banger!, whose jaw is in the middle of a U-turn behind his left ear.)

Where, one asks, could the good doctor get them all? (One has visions of a small, white-bearded gentleman daintily hopping from grave to grave clutching a black sack.) "I don't know," replies the small, white-haired Mrs. Moyer. "He got them." She chuckles.

Between gaps, as one prowls around, other thoughts occur. There is absolutely no order to this Mutter amalgamation. It's all a fascinatingly haphazard clutter. Taking no more than three steps, one passes from wax recreations of plague symptoms to a very proper collection of doctors' walking sticks, to a Pompeian cataphract, to a machine from New Guinea. "That's what I like so much about the museum," Mrs. Moyer says. "Things pop out at you when you don't expect them. It's all rather charming in an Edwardian sort of way." (That machine from New Guinea remains unexplained. By this time I have decided to stop asking questions of Mrs. Moyer.)

Onward to the osteopath's paradise. This collection of fractures (many of the bonbons with a bullet lodged in the center), was gathered by College Fellows in the field during various American wars and has been called the best in America by the chief pathologist at the Armed Services Institute of Pathology. Here, too, everything is explained. By this time I have decided to stop asking questions of Mrs. Moyer.

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Edwardian charm has its place, I guess, but a few minutes by the bones can be a bit numbing. I yearn to see something, even vaguely fleasy. And there, looking over my left shoulder, it is. Something vaguely fleasy. A closer look reveals that the collection within this cabinet resembles an even more massive, more bloodless "Guernica."
Taste will be sent to your home.

Over here and look at the obstetrical hourglass and rounded at one end. its dominants my thoughts-malpractice.

This sign-in book at the museum shows that it is most often visited by college, high school, and even elementary school students. This of course, makes a certain amount of sense, but the more obvious and essential purpose of the museum, despite strident claims by its caretakers to the contrary, is as a testing ground for those thinking of braving the Mutter.

After visiting Mrs. Moyer’s charter house, one cannot imagine why anyone would be interested in growth when there is so much lovely decay around. Even so, one manages to find several intriguing exhibits at the Wistar that are not absolutely gizzly. There are many fine, large, and brightly colored models of various bodily systems, some rather attractively mutated rats, with the mutations called by such creative names as Ruby-eyed Dilute, Carly, Stub-Cinnamon, and Waltizing Albino; a healthy supply of unshattered bones (and so neatly arranged); and a fascinating collection of x-rays of cancers and ulcers.

Then the exhibits get slightly more daring. There are objects made from "dried, embalmed, and formalin preserved human material" that are supposed to resemble human limbs; instead, they look more like those long brown things, whose name nobody seems to know, that are sold at the Italian Market. A matching set of pickled and faded reproductive systems would blend in nicely as bookends if your room were painted the color of state Marayo. The eyes are the four (or is that six?) dead babies of the apocalypse that just beg to join their ancestors in the Mutter: a microcephalic skeleton whose skull is the handle of a jack. The museum’s most treasured piece, the world-famous cadaver of Wistar’s Mother, is, alas, not presently on public display.

However, the many dog skeletons, especially the cute dachshund in the corner, temporarily halt my morbid musings. How might these exhibits affect an elementary school child? I recall the eerie science fair award scene at the end of Paul Zindel’s The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in the Moon Marigolds. Janice Vickery, a 12-year-old finalist, glibly describes how she boiled the skin off a cat in order to mount its skeleton. “But I had to scrape some of the grizzle off the joints with a knife,” she pouts. Moments later, though, she is again jubilant: “Next year, if there’s another Science Fair put-ups I’ll do the same thing with a dog.”

There are no children for me to observe at the Wistar, but I do refuse to let the Mutter furnish me with two fine specimens. They are male, approximately seven and eight, and they smile that the twins shared, and they smile. The boys show no interest for the twins’ extra-wide chair or for the museum clipping that tells of the twins and their cousins. They are male, apparently oriental in any respect. The sign-in book at the museum’s most famous possession—the plaster cast made at the autopsy of Chang and Eng, who toured the world as The Original Siamese Twins. (That sort of has a nice, reverent ring to it.) The strong odor of formaldehyde draws the boys closer. They look down at the large, greenish double-liver that the twins shared, and they smile. The boys show no interest for the twins’ extra-wide chair or for the museum clipping that tells of the twins and their cousins. They are male, apparently oriental in any respect.

The father asks them if they would like to stay: "Yeah," they reply, as if they have just been offered a year’s supply of Milky Ways. These two are slightly more daring than Bill Cosby’s childhood companions, good normal children, who sit on sticky candy beneath the seats during a horror movie. One can imagine the pair yelling: "Oooh, where’s the giant Chicken Heart? Where? Where?"

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Van Pelt College House is a residential community of 4 faculty, 8 graduate students, and 16 undergraduate students located in Low Rise South. Its purpose is to enrich the students’ overall experience at Penn by facilitating informal interactions between students and faculty; by fostering intellectual curiosity and inquiry, and creative expression; by creating a diverse community of people of differing backgrounds, talents, and interests who are writers, artists, scientists, and teachers, and who will share their work and views with each other.
No ‘BonVoyage’ for Robinson As Icemen Top Tigers, 4-1

By JOHN RUSKIN
The Daily Pennsylvanian
Phantom and tore Robinson and ins matea
Into ii onl) nine seconds after Prin-

cess clearing attempt was pounced upon
we won

As Icemen Top Tigers, 4-1

At   Tiger Net in 15-1 Trouncing

Baked Lasagna
for the Quakers, as their medley relay
Easterns. The mermen (7-5, 2-5
with a 10-1 rout of the Tigers. A Penn
the 1000 yd. freestyle where Quaker

in   season abruptly  yesterday for

Then came the diving events,
Choice of 2 Vegetables or Spaghetti
Choice of Tomato Juice or Chef Salad

- condux ting schools, residential treatment tenters, day treatment tenters

Quaker skating, defense, and shooting
and hush league tactics b) the

quaker down," said Parkinson, whose pair

their cool Parkinson blasted one
through the round, and here Quaker

during a 'liner  power  play  midway

there was came
,'ind a score by Charles r'awcett from
Taggart and John Suss, respectively)
Cralg lirickley goals c assisted by Sain

of two goals for the game. Briekley
then scored the first third of his hat
touches on Penn. though, as they

Quaker in the

Mark

and stirs restlessly as if swooning
savors the atmosphere of anticipation

and I are

names "Mark

and I guess

and I are

of two goals for the game. Briekley

had his third of four tallies before the

as if swooning
savors the atmosphere of anticipation

and I are

names "Mark

and I guess

and I are

Season Opens Saturday
For Penn Rugby Club

Penn Rugby will face Fordham
in its first match of the season
Saturday at 4 p.m. The game will

be played at Franklin Field in Philadelphia.

Men’s and Women’s Hockey Teams
Rink and tore Robinson and ins matea
Into ii onl) nine seconds after Prin-

The opening round was a crowd pleaser from the start, with both teams eager to draw first blood. It was the Tigers who finally did so at 2:15, but the Quakers came right back to level the score at 6:45. A seamless first period was followed by an exciting second half, with the Quakers scoring in the final minute to take the game 2-1.

Frost Pucksters Slam
At Tiger Net in 15-1 Trouncing

The frost hockey teams (3-2-2) ended their season on a high note as they defeated the Princeton's penguins makers (5-12-1) with a 15-1 rout of the Tigers. The Quakers, who had been missing a key player due to injury, managed to overcome their absence and emerge victorious.

Palaestra Fever Even Hits Politicians

As the sun sets on another day of training, the excitement builds up for the upcoming match. The Penn rugby team is determined to put on a show for their fans and make their opponents suffer.

Mermen Are Defeated By Midshipmen, 60-52

A quick3, hard-fought victory saw the men’s basketball team (3-2) rise to the challenge and defeat the Midshipmen (8-1) with a final score of 60-52. The team's efforts were rewarded with a hard-fought victory.

Sports Shorts

Beck lead the Red and Blue to the title

Penn Rugby is returning to Franklin Field for its opener against Fordham on Saturday. The quakers are looking to build on their recent success and make a statement in the opening game of the season.

Penn Rugby

Penn Rugby Club

The Penn Rugby Club is a club that is both competitive and fun. They are always looking for new members and will hold tryouts for the upcoming season.

No PARTY-TODAY’s guide Phil Robinson said since last year’s loss was a heartbreaker, support went out a lot last night as the Quakers detailed the defeated Tigers, 4-1, at Princeton’s Baker Rink.

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By EVAN SARZIN

Some of the Stars have already been F-ed, but it is rumored that come April we will see an imposition of Code F--$6.98 list price on all new albums. Well, it is one means of vinyl rationing by the record companies, in line with the country's new "less is more" consumer philosophy. One really needn't pay list prices for any record--they just exist for people who like to make lists, but stores' "sales" or "bargain" prices are really not much of a bargain either. Not when there are so many great albums available at half the price. Everywhere.

For if we do vinylly reach the stage when Carly Simon won't be able to release another record if she wanted to (by no means an unpleasant prospect), record stores will find themselves filling their empty shelves with what is traditionally considered the lowest order of life in the record world: the cut-out record. These records, usually crammed in a corner, unsorted and undisplayed, will be offered up, the high price of admission in a desperate attempt to propitiate the Gods, being unable to find a "virgin" album to sacrifice.

A cut-out is an album that was either over-printed or under-sold, depending on your standpoint. The ultimate in the distribution chain, it is a trinket in the cut-out record trove. Records by Stevie Wonder and David Oistrakh, Duke Ellington and Blowfly, Engure Ormandy and Re Dudiley are available at low prices. Granted, they aren't the "big sellers" but are initially early recordings, sometimes more interesting than the regularly sold ones, and well worth the price. Granted, some of the records have "just plain failed", but with a little knowledge of records and cut-outs in particular, one can usually avoid these misprints. Cut-out record-buying has its ups and downs, its ins and outs. You simply must recognize the down and outs and steer clear of them. For example:

I am constantly searching for vintage Ray Charles records. There are many both good and bad, available and some knowledge of his recording career and the sidemen on the album will tell me about the record and whether it is a "risk" or not. Charles began his career on Atlantic, a company with a strong R&B tradition. In the early sixties, he moved to ABC-Dunhill and formed his own recording company, Tangerine Records. His later albums are often from one of these "gospel" groups, featuring David "Fathead" Newman, to full-scale arrangements of pop tunes performed by the Ray Charles Singers and the Ray Charles Orchestra. Depending upon your personal preferences, you can get the "type" of album you desire by surveying company, accompanists and arrangers for

shelves-cut-outs go in bins). The prices of cut-outs vary with the number of return trips, a given record has made to the distributor's warehouse. The standard price is $1.99 but it can go as low as 30 cents per record.

The prevailing attitude is "What kind of crap must these records be if they can't be sold at regular prices?" This is a rather distorted view, however. For example:

In the late sixties, a singer born David Jones, recorded two albums for Mercury Records. The albums were curiosities of heavily-electrified science-fiction music, and, despite a reasonable share of underground airplay (when there still was an underground) the records were a bust commercially. Three years later, David Bowie (having changed his name to avoid confusion with the Monkees' lead singer) has made it big in the U.S. RCA, his new label has re-released the two original albums, and they have sold like Carly's Hotcakes will-at $4.99 per record. Meanwhile, the original Mercury releases of Man Words, Man of Music and The Man Who Sold the World are still available at $1.99 with the original cover art, far more interesting from an historical standpoint.

The Bowie story is a celebrated example: not really only a trinket in the cut-out record trove. Records by Stevie Wonder and David Oistrakh, Duke Ellington and Blowfly, Engure Ormandy and Re Dudiley are available at low prices. Granted, they aren't the "big sellers" but are initially early recordings, sometimes more interesting than the regularly sold ones, and well worth the price. Granted, some of the records have "just plain failed", but with a little knowledge of records and cut-outs in particular, one can usually avoid these misprints. Cut-out record-buying has its ups and downs, its ins and outs. You simply must recognize the down and outs and steer clear of them. For example:

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aristic freedom and insignificance of a set "group concept" differentiates it from rock, its more commercial counterpart; and on and on. There is much information to be gleaned from the record jackets. A dozen serious record-hunting field-trips will help the novice with a strong foundation for continued pilgrimages.

The discriminating listener and prudent shopper will learn to forego the first-run record shop and will head for the following havens of cut-out record-buying, collecting those unpollished gems which look like pebbles to the untrained eye:

Guide to "Cut-out" records

The largest single outlet in town is the RECORD WAREHOUSE located at 11th & Chestnut. Because of problems with their lease the outfit will be folding shortly but they are selling the entire stock for $1.99 per record for the time being. Lots of jazz, rock and country music. The sale has been in progress for almost one week and, despite the substantial depletions, there are vast quantities of good music still available. Guide checked it out.

For jazz, RED DOT RECORDS is the place to be. Located at 2nd & Market, this is one of the few stores that handles cut-outs of progressive jazz artists: Elvin Jones, Archie Shepp, Ornette Coleman and even Ray Charles (leave a few for Guide). The cut-out bins at JERRY'S hold many good jazz releases, more middle-of-the-road. You can also find low-priced "promotional" copies of rock albums by new artists which may be selling for full price somewhere else in the same store. There are also a goodly number of blues albums at both the uptown (34th & Walnut) and downtown (12th & Market) locations.

One of Philly's oldest best cut-out shops is the RECORD RENDEZVOUS at 20th & Sansom. Its stock is small but it is all sorted and without the very worst junk (Al Martino et al.) that usually packs cut-outs bins. Jack Bruce, Colloseum, Levon, Spoolful and perhaps an old Bowie or two are available there.

DEPARTMENT STORES--The true connoisseur knows that department stores hold the very best and the worst of cut-outs, especially the lower-priced department stores: Grants, McCarly's and Lamston's, all located around the Market Street-Reading Terminal area. The true curiosities are found in these nooks, left unsold by the store's usual clientele. One field trip to a supermarket in Delaware, Ohio unearthed six classic rock albums (including two Kinks, one Zombies and the Hampton Grease band) at an average price of $1.25.

USED RECORDS--are not to be dreaded as much as they are. Though one runs the risk of purchasing albums which have been played with ball-peen hammers, the super-low prices usually justify the risk. Cut-down the odds by examining the surfaces carefully before purchasing. One excellent locale for used disks is Guru Maharaj ji's DIVINE LIGHT THRIFT SHOP at 4th & Walnut. The pint-sized Perfect has an abundance of remnants from the original psychedelic era (sorry folks, we're fresh out of Lothar and the Hand People). A recent trip unearthed the Lefto Banke, the Cyrkle, the original Stories (far superior to "Brother Louis"), the Turtles and a truly great unknown-unknown. All were in perfect condition and were obtained at a total cost of $1.50.

NEARLY ALL RECORD SHOPS carry some cut-outs. The quality of the selection depends very much on the distributor who supplies that particular store or chain of stores. Don't be afraid to ask for the CHEAP records. The dedicated record-hunter learns to live with the snears of store owners who will try to shame you out of your misguidedness.

If you know of a nifty little record shop that carries the only available copy of the third album by the Ultimate Spinach, or of any store which this guide has overlooked, let us know so we can share the wealth.
Perla Meyers is a gentle, radiant, earnest, gaky, talkative woman in her thirties whose accent could be cut with a dull boning knife. She also happens to be a great cook. (She studied at the Ecole Hotelier in Lausanne, Switzerland and the Cordoue Bleu in Paris.) She runs a well-established cooking school, The International Kitchen, in Manhattan. She has four blocks from her home for several months of each year. During the other three, she travels to Europe to work at-the-scenes in some of the great restaurants of the world. Several years ago, she began at the three-star Grand Véfour, a culinary temple in Paris, and with that experience under her apron, she moved on to Fauchon, the fancy grocery store there, and

From her experiences so far, she has coupled newly learned techniques with an uncompromising insistence on freshness to come up with a book called The Seasonal Kitchen: A Return to Fresh Foods (Holt, Rinehart & Winston, $12.95). The product of two years of creating, testing, and re-testing again, the book is a stunning coup de maître—worth every penny. The recipes are inspired. The graphic sense of the book is amazingly self-sufficient. Appealing Kraft-colored paper is printed with dark brown text and burst-orange titles (these run down the side of the page). With this, her first book, Perla Meyers has written an ode to seasonal variety, a paean to pureness that is as much an aesthetic delight as a culinary one.

She has divided the book by season to include appetizers, soups, main dishes, vegetable and other accompaniments, and desserts for each time period (based on New York's seasonal food cycles). There is also a section dropping all-seasons creations if the foods of the moment don't happen to appeal. A prefatory chapter on marketing, a skill we all need to refine, is clear and commonsensical and full of useful commentary on a variety of foods, vegetables and salad stuffs. The rudiments of herb gardening (yes, city windows do) are also discussed causally in another chapter. Her notion of favorite cheeses is a good primer on some of the best and most ubiquitous cheeses of the world with, one might add, no entry for American specialties whatsoever. So be it. Instead, there are loving appreciations of French Camembert, Brie and Concombre, plus kind words about Italian Fontina and Gorgonzola.

To set the book even further apart from the run-of-the-mill, slapdash efforts that glut the market, Perla has included a key to the cost and relative difficulty of each dish. And she also gives approximate preparation times for each recipe, although she admits that these are only guidelines and do not pretend to consider the time needed for chilling, cooling, draining, soaking or any other operations that require no active participation by the cook. And right, as she says, "I don't know if my readers will have, say, any Brown Stock on hand, or if they will have to begin from scratch each time they tackle a recipe which calls for it." And on the subject of cooking stocks, Perla is most emphatic. "Carved stocks will not do. It pays to have any number of different kinds of homemade stocks in the freezer."

Granted, The Seasonal Kitchen is a book that should not have had to be written. But we Americans have strayed so far from seasonality in our diets with our mechanized, processed, tasteless foods and vegetables, battery- raised poultry and beef, mass-farmed fish, that such a manifesto has become necessary. We need to be reminded of our humble, flavorful, from-the-farm beginnings. Times were when chemicals only in small doses. When people used to say, "One man's medicine is another's poison," they did not have food in mind. Now we have to have someone like Ms. Meyers remind us about the basics of health, unadorned, not boring, cookery. And we can be grateful for that.

Join Perla Meyers and eschew the chewy, fibrous hothouse tomatoes sealed in their plasticized supermarket coffins. Then eliminate the limp celery which stalks your existence. And for nature's sake, don't try to find meltingly sweet cantaloupes here in the winter. Nor look for tart, crunchy winecaps when the sun runs free in the spring. Savor the seasonal bounty by all means. Learn to appreciate the regional variety of your area. But don't depend on the local supermarkets to provide the first lesson.

—ROBERT WEMISCHNER

Society Hill Playhouse
Now Playing
Gore Vidal's
An Evening With
Richard Nixon
3304 Race Street
$3.00, 4.00, 5.00
WA 3-0210

Philadelphia Institute of Cinema
Presents:
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SUNDAY, MARCH 3 AT 3 P.M.

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Broad & Locust Philadelphia
A "GLORIOUS SPOOF OF SERIOUS MUSIC: A HILARIOUS SHOW!"

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The documentary concerns a significant incident in Truman's early political career. "Truman angered all of his fellow politicians by opposing the Ku Klux Klan when it was really the Democratic Party in Missouri. As the presiding judge of Jackson County, he would not allow the state to buy construction materials for the roads because the materials sold in the state were not only much higher-priced, but of inferior quality."

Vaughn's own political activity dates back to 1965, the first season of U.N.C.L.E., when he began to speak out against Lyndon Johnson's Vietnam policy.

"Shortly after the bombing of the North war is over, the world situation has calmed down, and until something else sparks my energy and imagination, I probably will be relatively quiet. Nevertheless, he offers his opinion that "I think we will have a new President before the year is out." Vaughn's divorce and what he has been recommended to the Senate for impeachment."

Vaughn combined his interests in politics and show business in writing his doctoral dissertation at Southern Cal. His two-year study dealt with the deleterious effects of the House Un-American Activities Committee on the American theatre from 1938 to 1958. Much of the work was in my late teens and early twenties during the blacklist period in Hollywood, but I only came to learn about it through my actual research. It was a can't really be terribly artistic over a long period of time unless you have financial success. I mean, you can be artistic on the backs of tracks and in church basements. But to get to the largest amount of people you must have a negotiating position in terms of your name value."

Asked to explain the overwhelming popularity of that series in its heyday, Vaughn suggested, "It was the first at
Remembrance of Things glassed

By ANDREW FENEBERG

The walls have ears. And eyes. Anus, bladders, hands, and feet; and many unsightly and delightfully unseemly growths of every conceivable proportion and particularity. As one clanks along the metal floor, staring at the wood-and glass-cased exhibits, the place alternately resembles a necrophile's bazaar, a science fair for the mad, a war zone, and a delicatessen for those of rather peculiar gastronomic persuasions.

We are in the Mutter Museum, tucked behind a massive marble staircase on the main floor of the College of Physicians at 19 South 22nd St. We stare, and, ardently and unceasingly, the walls stare back.

Originally intended solely for the use of physicians and medical students, the museum has gradually increased its rather fetishistic following among the lay public. Almost 5000 people visited last year and only half were overtly associated with pathological pursuits. One suspects that many of them were hired by the lurid (and understated) description found in The Collegiate Guide.

This museum of unnatural histories starts the visitor off rather gently. The case containing Florence Nightingale's sewing kit and a frillmaker for nurses' caps will startle only the most lily-livered and cold-footed observer. Next had been roasted too early from its bed; taken from the jaw of Grover Cleveland. Humm. At Cooperstown they have Grover Cleveland Alexander's mangy glove and faded cap, but I don't think I saw any other part of him.

Ah, and then come the skulls. Or, to be more precise, the remains of syphilis-ravaged skulls. Entitled "Lesions of Syphilis," this case rather too graphically reveals the fate of Dr. Muter's patients before the discovery of antibiotics. Like most of the museum's collection, this display has a piquant international flavor. There are domestic lesions and foreign lesions—and curies from all nations. This is pretty strong stuff and if one can stand this the rest should, well, the rest should...."Isn't it wonderful to think that none of this has to happen anymore?" pipes Mrs. Moyer, the museum's curator. "It's very nice," I muse as I move on.

Ah, and then, refreshingly, come more skulls. The huge cabinet of Dr. Hyrtl (of Vienna) resembles a display case in a Sleepy Hollow specialty shop. The heads come in all shapes and sizes (regrettably only several colors) and their ethnic diversity is astounding. Just a glance at several name tags suggests the meeting of some great international body. From Holland they come, and from the Crimea; from the Crimea; from Irene; from the Catacomb of Rome; from Poland and from the Tomb of Kings at Sakkareth. But a closer look at their biographies reveals them to be a group of rather unconventional offenders. The most saintly among them either committed suicide or were killed in battle. The rest were pirates, murderers, lunatics, and others of equally ill-omened ilk. (Almost all retain each of their comforting original features. Except for one suicide, a hanged (hanger?), whose jaw is in the middle of a U-turn behind his ear.)

Where, one asks, did the good doctor get them all? (One has visions of a small, white-bearded gentleman daintily hopping from grave to grave clutching a black sack.) "I don't know," replies the small, white-haired Mrs. Moyer. "He got them." She chuckles.

Between gulps, as one roams around, other thoughts occur. There is absolutely no disguising the medical amalgamation. It's all a fascinatingly haphazard clutter. Taking more than three steps, one passes from wax recreations of plague symptoms to a proper collection of doctors' walking sticks, to a Pompeian catheter, to a machete from New Guinea. "That's what I like so much about the museum," Mrs. Moyer says. "Things pop out at you when you don't expect them. It's all rather charming in an Edwardian sort of way." (That machete from New Guinea remains unexplained. By this time I have decided to stop asking questions of Mrs. Moyer.)

Onward—to the osteopath's paradise. This collection of fractures (many of the bones with a bullet lodged in the center), was gathered by College Fellows in the field during various American wars and has been called the best in America by the chief pathologist at the Armed Services Institute of Pathology. Here, too, everything is chaos. The shattered Civil War shin-bones are connected to the splintered Spanish-American War collarbones. A skull sits surrounded by four amrs and a leg, and the whole, huge exhibit resembles an even more massive, more bloodless "Guernica."

Other such blessed apparitions cause this intrepid Mutter visitor to pick up his head and glance toward the EXIT sign. Just to make sure it is still there. Perhaps the best way for the faint-hearted to see the Mutter is to approach it as a safari. Bring along a guide and beaters. A trusted guide who knows your limitations and will protect you from lurking dangers. "Wait, you and the Memishah stay here. You see that clearing behind the file cabinet. Look to the left of it. Just saw a leper's hand over there. And a huge, mean-looking, curdly elephantian lump. You and the Memishah better come over here and look at the obstetrical forces."

"Oh, you must mean the things that look like two javelins stuck together at the bottom. Hey, Ethel, look. You can use these if you ever want to make shish kebab out of a horse. I guess this case must be where that machete fits in."

Surely some Mutter curator must have gone on a buying spree at a Black & Decker fire sale. How else can one explain this board of weighty, rusty relics? While looking at all the varieties of instruments on display—pokers, backers, blunt probes and pointy stethoscopes, all seemingly designed to annihilate whatever ails you—one word dominates my thoughts—malpractice.

The most unique instrument, however, is a benign-looking little weapon known as an "eye sharpener." Shaped somewhat like an unframed hourglass and rounded at one end, its identifying card states that the tiny gadget will restore fading sight by "unflattening" the eye when pressed against it. Just use once a day, five minutes for each eye. If not completely satisfied, just return it and two Vegemite and a Lighthouse representative will be sent to you home.
twins at the Wistar.

I rub my eyes. Just to make sure they are still there. Mrs. Moyer has hit it right on the head; the museum is a "minibugger." And after passing the human horn, the thorax of John Wilkes Booth, the shoe buckle of Dr. Benjamin "mind-boggier." And after passing the window sill of the sign-in book at the museum to pursue these phenomena more daring than Bill Cosby's childhood companions; good normal children, who sit on sticky candy next to the Mutter furnishes me with two fine specimens. They are male, approximately seven and eight, and they lead their father merrily around from case to case. Across the room, one catches exuberant phrases such as: "Oh, wow, look at that!" "What happened to him?" "This one's even better!" Charmimg little boys. I decide to pursue these phenomena more closely.

The father asks them if they would like to stay: "Yeah," they reply, as if they have just been offered a year's supply of Milky Ways. These two are slightly more daring than Bill Cosby's childhood companions, good normal children, who sit on sticky candy and then there are objects made from sand past begin to assert themselves. The boys show no interest for the twins' sets of Siamese twins. One pair joins their ancestors in the Mutter; a plaster cast made at the autopsy of Chang and Eng, who toured the world as The Original Siamese Twins. (That sort of has a nice, restauranty ring to it.) The strong odor of formaldehyde draws the boys closer. They look down at the large, grey-green double-liver that the twins had shared the world over. The boys show no interest for the twins' extra-wide chair or for the newspaper clipping that tells of the twins' great, great, great-grandchildren, but they are absolutely enthralled by the liver and the planetarium model. The sign-in book contains this precious and rather precious and rather ethnic slurs.

The little troupe stops before the operations of Chang and Eng, and one of the children asks the father, "What's Up Doc?" Janice Vickery only knows.

I clank around the museum for the last time, pausing beneath the bust of Dr. Mutter. Just beside the doctor is the Hippocratic oath. Just to the left of the oath is a head with a horn growing out of it. The bizarre is readily available in any slant-eyed or 'sinister' sense but most of them are very distinctive people.

The boys look for New Members To Do Promotional Work

The first words one reads inside the Wistar Museum of Anatomy and Biology at 36th and Spruce are indeed stirring: "In this case is demonstrated the size of a nickel; a cyclops; and two sets of Siamese twins. One pair features a third leg, a graceful appendage that sticks out from behind the handle of a jack. The museum's most treasured piece, the world-famous cadaver of Wistar's 'Mother,' is alas, not presently on public display.

However, the many doctor skeletons, especially the cute dachshund in the corner, temporarily halt my morbid musings. How might these exhibits affect an elementary school child? I recall the eerie science fair award scene at the end of Paul Zindel's The Effect of Gamma Rays on Man-in-the-Moon Marigolds. Janice Vickery, a 12-year-old finalist, gleefully describes how she boiled the skin off a cat in order to mount its skeleton. "But I had to scrape some of the grizzle off the joints with a knife," she pooch. The father asks them if they would like to stay: "Yeah," they reply, as if they have just been offered a year's supply of Milky Ways. These two are slightly more daring than Bill Cosby's childhood companions, good normal children, who sit on sticky candy underneath the breasts during a horror movie. One can imagine the boys yelling: "Ohh, where's the giant Chicken Heart? Where?"

The little troupe stops before the operations of Chang and Eng, and one of the children asks the father, "What's Up Doc?" Janice Vickery only knows.
Feeling it all right

Gimme Something to Feel, by Jane Wood. Penguin Books, 12 pp., $2.95

This book will prove a lot of things to you. It will prove to you that some publishers do not appear to be suffering from a shortage of paper. It will prove to you that Jane Wood has mastered the difficulties of seventh-grade physics and is quite pleased with herself for it. It will prove to you that eating paste wasn’t the only joy to be had during Art Time in your etheical past. And it will prove to you that you can read a book entirely in the brown-crayon calligraphy of a six-year-old, if that’s your bag. If that’s your bag, perhaps you’d like to try donning it and holding it closed—that’s bunches and bunches of fun, too.

In Ms. Wood’s volume we learn how to feel things. Squishy things, ooky things, smooth-and-nice things. But just feeling things isn’t feeling them: you learn how to feel light, feel sounds, feel smells, feel stupid, feel nauseated, etc.

Plant Venetian-blinds slats in the frame of your neighbor’s driveway, then run through them banging your stick with your stick. Feels real good until your neighbor gets that stick away from you. Hold a plastic bag—three-quarters full of warm water around the abdomen—while a friend drives you fast over a bumpy road. Mmmm... The goodies are too numerous to mention; and besides, it’s time to flush my homemade sodium capsule down the toilet.

There proved to be something better to feel until the Messiah comes!

The Story of Our Lives, poems by Mark Strand. Atheneum, 48 pp., $2.95

Reading through Mark Strand’s latest collection of poems one discovers the poetry drifting irreversibly toward prose—the poems growing longer, more discursive, and the narration expelling imagery, Strand defaults on his poetic gifts in an effort to make the characters and sustain dramatic episodes. Unfortunately the narrative is hinged on an unsatisfactory rhetorical gimmick; and it is peopled with bloodless characters.

“Elegy for My Father,” the first section of The Story Of Our Lives, in particular, is poetry laments those who acquiesce to untruth and write with without struggle. The dominant pattern of imagery is woven of two things: the intellectualized visions of immobility, incapacity, and isolation, & pitfalls depictions of mortification and crippling:

The years, the hours, that would not find you

Turned in the wrists of others...

The shade scattered its ashes.
The body was yours, but you were not there.
The air shivered against its skin.
The dark leamed into its eyes.

There is a grim, cold lucidity in the elegy:

Winter took your shadow which lay like a long crape on the snow and gave it back with your breath.

When you died your shadow slept at the mouth of the furnace and ate ashes for bread.

In the succeeding portions of the book Strand’s poetic vision is extinguished and a narrative voice prevails. The narrator undertakes to dramatize the ruin of a marriage and the devastation of a personality. Inaccurate tones the protagonist is sketched—a feeble, confused figure, on the verge of expiring, with accusatory tones the protagonist undertakes to dramatize the ruin of a marriage and the devastation of a personality. Inaccurate

The struggle is overwrought; the story and the characters enmeshed in it are flaccid and, even so remote. The narrator straddles the verse, plodding on, carrying the plot to its dreary, foregone conclusion. There seems to be no benefit reaped from the use of the story as a rhetorical device. It dilutes the poetry and diverts our attention. It is an impoverished substitute for the forceful imagery Strand is able to invent.

—JOSEPH CAREY

Music

David Bromberg: something for everybady

By ZACHARY TUMIN and RUTH GALEN

David Bromberg played three nights last week to sell-out

Coasters. His repertoire reflects the diversity of his influences. It includes such tunes as “Kansas City,” made famous by Wilbert Harrison, and Bob Dylan’s “Ramona,” and the traditional “Arkansas Traveler,” as well as Bromberg’s originals, which somehow often end up twanging with irony and gently laughing at themselves. That irony is found in much of Bromberg’s music, and is created largely by the way he manipulates his voice and works his music around it. It’s a twangy, nasal voice, and it seems that Bromberg has realized that its force lies in a subtle, probing mockery of many of the songs he sings. Suddenly, sometimes, he turns around and pulls a beautiful, unpretentious love song out of his hat. And then, just as suddenly, he can break the spell with a relentlessly good-humored version of a song you always thought could be done well only as it was originally performed. That is part of David Bromberg’s genius. Every bit of his material bears his own mark as a musician and as an individual.

When asked where he is “pushing” his music, he replied, “I don’t have any particular sound I’m looking for till I hear it. We just play stuff. When it tickles me I say hooray. If it doesn’t, then we change it after the set.” This is very much. Mostly, we’re pretty well in tune, musically, with each other. His improvisation is a lot of the arrangements up on stage.

I’m following the music. I’m not ‘pushing’ it.”

Sex: An Advanced Primer, by Robert E. Hall, M.D. Doubleday, 133 pp., $4.95.

Once upon a time, sex was something dirty. Then it came to resemble a modest room decorated in bad taste, painted and papered and glittered—and clean. Dr. Hall has removed all the beds and whirlies and assorted paraphernalia to present us with a book about sex—not just sex, not illustrated sex, not rollicking-good-fun sex, but just sex, if you please. It is an excellent book—it is simply an excellent book. It will not stimulate any fantasies, it will not yield any tips on how to drive your partner mad, it will not recommend the proper wine or music. Dr. Hall has been an obstetrician for 25 years, but he’s not Marcus Welby. He talks straight, not down. He emphasizes communication and originality above all else. He talks simply, he can bring things one would expect everyone to have been talking about for the last few years. Only nobody has been.

The only thing that bothered me about this book was an “Advanced” Primer? It reads like a beginner’s, starting from the basics of life (not just sex and bees) and ceasing when nothing more need be said. But it soon became refreshing as a good soak—no bubbles, no rubber toys, no soak-no bubbles, no rubber toys, no sex, no art, no illustration, no ridiculous good-fun sex... just, if you please. It is an excellent book—it is simply an excellent book. It will not stimulate any fantasies, it will not yield any tips on how to drive your partner mad, it will not recommend the proper wine or music. Dr. Hall has been an obstetrician for 25 years, but he’s not Marcus Welby. He talks straight, not down. He embraces communication and originality above all else. He talks simply, he can bring things one would expect everyone to have been talking about for the last few years. Only nobody has been.

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Once upon a couch...

By LOU PETCU

WHAT THE BUTLER SAW
Plays and Players
1714 Delancy Street

Who among us has not at some time fantasized about psychiatrists and psychoanalysts taking a dive into insanity, or suspected that they are not the really crazy ones in the first place? Joe Orton accommodates our fantasies and confirms our suspicions in the farce entitled

What the Butler Saw playing through March 9 at Plays and Players.

The play opens in the consulting room of an exclusive British psychiatric clinic, where we would expect sanity to hold a stiff upper lip on reality. But psychiatrist and mis-understood husband Dr. Prentiss is engaged in the only moderately sane activity of seducing Geraldine Barclay, an applicant for a secretarial job at the clinic. From this point on, events in the play become crazier.

As he prepares to secure Miss Barclay's help in testing a new contraceptive device, he is predictably surprised by his wife. Mrs. Prentiss is described by the good doctor as "being born with her legs apart" and fated to die and be "buried in a Y-shaped coffin." She, in turn, must hide from her husband certain of her activities at the Station Hotel as a result of a blackmail attempt.

Enter Nicholas Beckett: blackmailer, man on the run, suspected child molester-rapist, and page boy at the Station Hotel. He is desperate for the secretarial job and, since he chooses not to help Dr. Prentiss with his contraceptive tests, is threatening Mrs. Prentiss with blackmail to influence his chances. Further complications are added by the arrival of Dr. Rance, government inspector, psychiatrist, and aspiring pulpcrowd novelist, who eventually wants to certify Dr. Prentiss insane, and Sergeant Match of Scotland Yard who is in search of Beckett.

This somewhat convoluted plot functions mainly to shatter the facade of clinical objectivity Drs. Prentiss and Rance try to maintain as a cover to their sexual quirks and ambitions. In one or two places, Joe Orton's script strains to get a few laughs.

The play is not funny because of a few extraneous characters and one-liners, but because it manages to be an amusing satire on psychiatry and psychiatrists. The humor of the play is based mainly on the techniques of psychiatry (therapy: "making white tar babies for racially prejudiced troublespots") and the sexual misdeeds of the doctors. Dr. Prentiss is accused of being a homosexual, adulterer, transvestite, and rapist. Dr. Rance is content to look and fumble from a distance, behind the excuse of clinical objectivity.

It is Dr. Rance who is the true psychotic among neurotics in the play—a spoof on the model of the ideal psychoanalyst.

The fact that the play is performed in the style of a farce has to be noted here, because the style of acting required frequently would be considered overacting in other plays. There are one or two examples of overacting in the production to note. However, the Plays and Players company is an amateur drama club and as such does a capable job and provides an entertaining evening. Especially noteworthy were the performances of Robert MacCallum and In Good Health You May Qualify
**T.V.**

**THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 28**

**Hi, Dolly!** (1969): The music million dollar hit version of the musical Hi, Dolly! returned to the theater and didn’t disappoint, but don’t think the title song was any good. Barbra Streisand’s penetrating, husky voice filled the theater with rich musicality and true emotion. Review in this issue.

**FRIDAY, MARCH 1**

Bob Hope: Taped at one of America’s comedy landmarks, Notre Dame University, where Bob Hope, from a standup setting, delivers his one-hour show, which is expected to be a hit. Review in this issue.

**Wild in the Streets:** (1969): The ultimate post-teenage rebellion film premiers this week. With the country’s youth in the streets, the film will be a hit. Review in this issue.

**The Beast with Five Fingers:** (1946): He picked his new role with every one. Review in this issue.

**SATURDAY, MARCH 2**

**Wide World of Sports:** The second Al Kornick episode on tonight. Review in this issue.

**The Greenwiches:** (1968): Dike Wainwright in a direct hit on his latest role. See review.

**TUESDAY, MARCH 5**

**Caper:** A special feature film. Paul Newman stars as a rich, eccentric man who is involved in a? mystery, as well as the people, places and events that make his life exciting. Review in this issue.

**MARCH 6**

**Mr. Dirty Hot:** Just because the suits don’t go right, it doesn’t mean you won’t be a hit. See review.

**WEDNESDAY, MARCH 7**

**Theatres in America:** An adaptation of Colleen Dewhurst’s “Path to Light,” a story about a Depression family beset by tragedy. Review in this issue.

**THURSDAY, MARCH 8**

**Mr. Dirty Hot:** Just because the suits don’t go right, it doesn’t mean you won’t be a hit. See review.

**January 20**

**A MIKE NICHOLS FILM**

Based on Joseph ‘Hellier’ s novel

Starring Alan Arkin as Capt. Yossarian. Starring with Orson Welles, Jon Voight, Martin Balsam, Richard Benjamin, Paul Peleantis and Don Statton.

**BAD NEWS**

**DANCE**

Irvine Aud. 34th & Spruce Sts. 7:30 & 9:30 p.m.