**Ugrad Assembly Okays Funds, Year’s Budget**

By PATRICK G. GILBON

The University’s Student Assembly Wednesday approved a budget for the coming year, allocates funds to an advisory group to study the question of tuition, and told the administration to proceed with plans for the construction of a new Student Center.

The Student Assembly voted funds to the advisory group to study the question of tuition. The group will be headed by Dean of Students Richard A. Bower.

The budget included funds for the construction of a new Student Center.

**Judge Grants Motion to Prevent Disclosure of Racial Documents**

By JIM KAIN

A University student is seeking to prevent further public disclosure of documents in a lawsuit now pending before the U.S. District Court.

The University has been asked to prevent further disclosure of the documents by Federal Judge Charles R. Weiner.

The judge ordered the University to turn over to the court documents that were prepared by the University’s lawyers.

**Illness of Actress Delays Opening Of Annenberg Papp Production**

Due to the illness of actress Zoe Caldwell, the Annenberg Center’s production of The Deep South was postponed.

The show, which was scheduled to open on March 11, was rescheduled for Monday, March 11, and previews will be performed at the National Theatre.

The University’s official policy is to cancel any remaining performances.

**Wharton Forecast Predicts Higher Inflation, Unemployment Rates**

By MARTIN SIGEL

In what is seen Wharton economists “turn” for the second consecutive year, the University’s Wharton Economic Forecasting Associates (WEFA) said that the University’s economy is in the midst of a recession.

The economic forecast also predicted a decline in the nation’s gross national product and a rise in the nation’s unemployment rate.

According to a report issued at a Wednesday news conference by Wharton’s Academic Committee, the nation’s gross national product is expected to decline by 1.5% in the first quarter of this year.

**Quad Lottery Applicants Get Incorrect Rule**

By CHRIS JENSEN

Students applying to participate in the Quad Lottery were incorrectly told that they were not eligible to participate.

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World Control Studios

Announces

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The Daily Pennsylvania is published Monday through Friday at Philadelphia, Pa. Since the fall and spring semesters, except during vacation periods. One issue published in August. Subscriptions may be ordered at discount by students for the fall semester at University Pennsylvania. The University reserves the right to publish advertisements only if posted in the space address.

Economy

(Continued from page 1)

On the world scene, the forecast
for 1974 is for a recession, rather
than a "showing down" of expenses. Because of this, inflation, American experts are
expected to decline through 1975.

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Dr. Richard Sherman, Penn Director
Dates of Course: June 3-June 21
Cost: About $175 covering R/T flight to England (with flexible return flights), room, two meals per day in York, and tuition OR approximately $35 without transportation.
Deposit: $50.00 by April 3

For further information, call or write
Summer Sessions, 210 Logan Hall, 594-7327

★ Exact cost will depend on air fare and exchange rate.

the right to protest

david kairys

defense lawyer Camden 28; Phila. counsel for National Emergency Civil Liberties Committee

karen detamore

American Indian Defense Committee, has been at Wounded Knee working with and aiding the defense

debbie bustin

on Nixon's "enemies list"; former national coordinator SMC; plaintiff in PRDP suit

bill davidon

"unindicted conspirator" in Harrisburg 8 trial; national and Phila. board of SAVE; Phila. Board ACLU.

8:00 p.m.

thursday march seventh

b-26 stiteller hall

Committee for Democratic Election Laws (CoDEL)
Political Rights Defense Fund, Voters Right Committee, New Democratic Coalition, U. of Pa. College Young Democrats
B-Ball

Would the Blue Quaker basketball team be able to salvage the first round of the NCAA playoffs? History has been kind to them; in the past, they've been able to emerge victorious in the first round. However, there is a new twist to this year's tournament: The Quakers have been matched up against a team that has already defeated one of the nation's top teams, North Carolina State. This match-up presents a daunting challenge, but the Quakers are not without hope. They have a strong defense and a talented roster that can give them a fighting chance. The team will need to play at their best if they hope to advance. 

John Murphy, Manager of the Quaker men's basketball team, said, "We have a tough draw, but we are not without hope. We have a strong defense and a talented roster that can give us a fighting chance. The team will need to play at their best if they hope to advance."

Waterbeds

Are you tired of tossing and turning at night? Do you wake up feeling sore and exhausted? Waterbeds may be the answer to your sleeping problems. They provide a firmer, more supportive surface that helps to distribute your weight evenly. If you're looking for a new bed, consider a waterbed. 

Manager John Carter explained, "Waterbeds are a great choice for those who want a firm, supportive surface. They can provide relief from back pain and help to improve your sleep quality."

Bus

If you're looking for a convenient way to travel, the SEPTA bus is a great option. It offers affordable rates and runs throughout the city, making it easy to get around. The buses are clean and comfortable, and they provide a convenient alternative to driving. 

Manager John Carter said, "The SEPTA bus is a great option for those looking for an affordable and convenient way to travel. It runs throughout the city and provides clean, comfortable buses for passengers."

Sports

The Penn Quakers have a strong tradition of athletic excellence. In addition to their successful athletic programs, they also have a strong community of fans who support their teams. This year, the team is looking to build on their past successes and continue to compete at the highest level. 

Manager John Murphy said, "We have a strong community of fans who support our teams, and we are looking to continue to grow our fan base this year. We have a strong team this year and we are confident in our ability to compete at the highest level."
Letters to the Editor

The Housing Lottery: Fairness to None and Mediocrity for All

In the wake of the housing lottery, I feel it is time to honestly evaluate the present trend of the housing policy, with particular reference to the Quad housing projects.

In two years the housing authorities have managed, to a great extent, to absorb the aims of the housing lottery into a total community fostering. In other words, the project has developed, in or out of any way, the students or the University. And yet, the lottery has succeeded. Many more people can live in this wonderful housing project, proving themselves the most equitable administration around.

However, to whom is this lottery fair? It is, I think, that it’s the way Early sees things, and what is the reason for the lottery? As I see it, lottery is a total disintegration of any self-government practiced there, and a total disintegration of any community institutions that had formerly existed in the project.

In other words, the project is a failure, no matter the value any of the students or the University. And yet, the lottery has succeeded. Many more people can live in this wonderful housing project, proving themselves the most equitable administration around.

Before the recent retention changes, those projects were a source of pride to both the University and its members. It was these very projects which fostered the highly appreciated policy used throughout the system form.

However, in the last two years there was a great decrease in the number of available units in the housing lottery, meaning that of the 84 residents of the Morris Project, only 22 will be able to return. This is due, I believe, to the result of this drastic decrease, with special reference to the Morris Project.

It is possible to trace the bill’s substance from its original status as a proposition of retaining the housing policy with many demands, to its present status as an offer of the property and day-to-day government. We can see that what was originally a concept altered itself was altered to become a housing plan.

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Reader Prases Early’s Insights, Talent

The lesson to be learned from Early is this: I’ve written it before, and someday, I hope, I’ll see it written in psychology books. As I see it, lottery is a total disintegration of any self-government practiced there, and a total disintegration of any community institutions that had formerly existed in the project.

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It might be difficult to believe but there is going to be a 6-foot-tall python exhibited in Philadelphia sometime this October. The Python is a Burmese python, and it will be part of the exhibit at the Philadelphia Zoo. The python will be kept in a large enclosure, and it will be on display for visitors to see. The python is being brought to Philadelphia to help visitors understand the importance of conservation and the importance of keeping reptiles in their natural habitats. It is hoped that the python will inspire visitors to learn more about reptiles and the importance of protecting them.

The python will be displayed in a large, climate-controlled enclosure, which will provide it with a comfortable environment. The enclosure will be designed to mimic the python's natural habitat, with elements such as rocks and tree branches to help the python feel at home. Visitors will be able to view the python from a safe distance, and it will be visible through a clear plastic window.

The python will be on display for a limited time, and it is expected to be a popular attraction. It is hoped that the python will help visitors understand the importance of conservation and the importance of keeping reptiles in their natural habitats. It is hoped that the python will inspire visitors to learn more about reptiles and the importance of protecting them.
Black Renaissance on Broad Street

By GERALD EARLY

Chesnut Street has become a tawdry are. Spruce Street and Pine Street are adolescents in drag. Walnut Street is a career girl and Market Street, as Ezra Pound once wrote, is "an old bitch gone in the teeth." But Broad Street is a grand old lady, a grand old lady with diamonds, whose magnificence spans the entire length of Philadelphia.

Her diamonds, however, are quite tarnished when she runs through the great desolate area from Girard to Erie Avenues, the North Philadelphia black ghetto. It is in this stretch of grey, dull blocks that the grand old lady meets the bag of ghetto streets. It is here, on the corner of Broad and Master Streets, where the gentled meets the furious, that Freedom Theatre stands, bridging the two Philadelphia's - the cosmopolitan and the derelict.

Freedom Theatre is located in the basement of a crumbling building called Heritage House. The theater has its own entrance, as if to disentangle itself from the rapidly decaying building in which it is housed on Master Street. One walks down a flight of concrete stairs, rings the bell twice and enters into the cramped world of Philadelphia's only black repertory theater and school of the performing arts.

Entering the basement which houses Freedom Theatre is much like entering someone's living room. On the day of my visit, several school children from elementary to high school age are rough-house and playing in the main room. These kids are members of the cast of the company's current production, The Me Nobody Knows, a musical based upon the writings of black and white kids in the New York public school system. Also in this room is a bulletin board filled with the photographs of the company's leading players.

Adjacent to this room is a kitchen, complete with stove, refrigerator, and dirty dishes. A sign on the wall reads: "Clean up your mess if you know what's best." Despite the somewhat shabby appearance of the place, there is a rich, nearly lyrical sort of character strength that exists within these walls, a sort of ever-present humanity that seems to have resulted from the adversity of existence that makes those rooms glow with a deep warmth.

Freedom Theatre was founded in 1966 as part of the Black People's Unity Movement under the direction of John F. Allen, Jr. and located at the Church of the Advocate, 16th and Diamond Streets.

At that time, their productions included Blues for Mister Charlie by James Baldwin, Raisin in the Sun by Lorraine Hansberry, and Purlie Victorious by Ossie Davis.

In 1967, the theater was reorganized under the joint direction of Allen and Walter Deegall and officially named Freedom Theatre, changing its location to the Fairhill Recreation Center at 11th and York Streets.

The theater moved to its present location in September 1968 under the sole direction of Allen. Its most recent productions have included Coon Show by LeRoi Jones, Happy Ending by Douglas Turner Ward and Ceremonies in Dark Old Men by Lennie Elder III.

During 1973, established black stars such as Ron O'Neal, Al Freeman, Jr., Moses Gunn, and Ossie Davis lectured at Freedom Theatre.

Freedom Theatre's season opened on November 29, 1973 with a production of The Sty of the Blind Pig by Philip Hayes Dean. The current production of The Me Nobody Knows will run until April 7. A Black Love Trilogy, 13 one-act plays dealing with love, will close out the season.

We don't own this place. We rent it," says Dan Butler, a young Temple University student who serves as the theater's press representative. "We also run the only year-round school of performing arts housed in a theater in Philadelphia. All other smaller theaters have drama workshops which are periodic. But we run a full, 12 month curriculum," Butler says.

The school is broken up into two parts, adult theater and youth theater. The youngest kid in the youth theater is 8 years old and the oldest is about 17. Classes are broken up into beginning, intermediate and advanced levels. They get movement, voice—not voice for singing but voice for theater-lessons. The beginning session is a discovery type thing, really like a group therapy session rather than a normal lesson. They don't really begin to get what you would think would be training for acting until the second lesson.

"The theory here is that you can't be an actor until you free yourself first, that you have to find out about yourself otherwise you'll go up there and be too inhibited. People here don't generally act; it's more an honesty type thing. When you see a play here you see honesty. You don't see actors who perform, you see involvement in the belief in charging tuition. Mainly because then you get serious students. At first we didn't charge and a lot of people were bullshitting. Then we started asking for money and they started getting serious." Butler slams down a stack of jazz albums, sits down, opens a bag and begins to munch on a tonic fruit. He is a serious young man, serious about his effort to make Freedom Theatre a success, and serious about the need and importance of black drama.

A lot of people get uptight about us not performing white plays. There are several reasons. One, why not? How many black plays has the Drama Guild done?" Until black drama was economically productive for white theater they weren't doing black plays. Black playwrights have always had a history of not being able to get their plays done. The first play ever copyrighted by a black man—we did two scenes from it here—was called Escape written in 1858 and it was never and has never been performed in America in its entirety. How many times has The Taming of the Shrew been done?" Another reason is that there's a tendency here for Philadelphia to turn its back on its arts. Also, there is a tendency in Philadelphia, as in most cities, to be dominated by whites. The cultural experience in Philadelphia is, in a sense, a white cultural experience. Until you get these black rip-off movies. Now, in music, jazz is coming back. And right now black playwrights are the only playwrights in American theater who are doing anything new or exciting. You go to Broadway and it's nostalgia, the old glitter which just don't blind you no more. Now you take the spectrum of black theater. We started out with revolutionary black plays. You know, like the New... (Continued on page 7)
Sloshing towards Bethlehem

Words, words, words, I'm so sick of words. I get words all day through. First from him, then from you. Is that all you blathers can do? -Show Me-, Alan Jay Lerner

Can we impeach Eric Sevareid? If not, can he at least be forcibly retired, put out to pasture near some huge international airport that will smother his drone. Oh, we'll still be kind to the old boy; we'll feed him a momentous, yet-surmountable-if-we-follow-the-lessons-of-history, national and-or international crisis each week just to keep him happy.

But, but he's Eric Sevareid, one of our most astute and most knowledgeable and certainly one of our most venerable newspaper analysts. Then again, Admiral Moorer is one of our most astute and formidable military minds. At least Admiral Moorer's lies and obfuscations suggest some spark of creativity, some spark of what is entertaining. Sevareid's truths suggest merely slumber.

Politically speaking, this past has year treated the English language with almost complete disdain, and Sevareid and his colleagues, as much as Mitchell and his henchmen, have led the attack. Of course, there were some bright spots. By all accounts it was a great year for understatement. Nevertheless, vivid and striking phrases, forswearing weapons of truth-tellers and curmudgeons, got shredded along the way.

When confronted with the invariably inaccurate circulations of the Nixon underlings, nearly all American commentators, columnists, and politicians to the left of Strom Thurmond became overnight punsters and parodists. Armed with this great material, they created humor that was biting and trenchant and relentless. Washington hadn't seen so much wit since the days of Dean Rusk.

The problem was simple; since everyone was expressing almost identical thoughts, there was a natural tendency to break away from the herd. Laying bare political corruption just wasn't enough; we had to have a gimmick. But hordes of people demonstrating their multifarious comic gifts grooved even more mind-deadening than sooner being witless in the same old way.

The media shibboleth became "make waves." Or at least mention ripples, floodgates, bursting dams, ships of state, thunderclouds (ominous), watersheds, and purification. Just dampen that copy, men. The Day of the Saggy Metaphor was upon us.

Groups of war reporters and commentators, especially Peter Lasag and Rod Macleash, quickly achieved mastery. Lasag could occasionally be pungent; Macleash, the creature of the deep voice and shallow mind, could not. The method of the boodled Macleash was simple; grab the latest revelation off UPI; read it over; then look out the window for inspiration. "A bleak and black day for America. But the fog may soon lift. And so, with it, the shrudging clouds. And the sun may once again...and don't forget, everyone has...This is Rod Macleash in Washington, with the weather."

Now, interrupting this ridiculous exchange of prattle and self-parodies comes The Almanac of American Politics 1974 (Gambit, $15.95 cloth, $6.95 paper) by Michael Barone, Grant Ujifusa, and Douglas Matthews. This new, enlarged edition (1284 pages) should be fascinating for anyone even remotely interested in politics. If you are a more active follower of the malarkey, it will be absolutely additive, no matter what word-weary you are at present. Half of the book is facts-key votes of each Senator and Representative and Senatorial control, election results, census data, Federal outlays by state and district, group ratings (ADA, COPE, Ripon, etc.). It's like a juicy Guinness Book of World Records trimmed of the trivia and stuffed purely with meat.

Or as Eric Sevareid would say "This book is a life preserver, a lonely, less-than-inspiring, and hope midst this sea of political troubles."

But there is much more than mere statistics. The book's prose is equally compelling and the analysis of each state and its Congressional districts is the Almanac's most valuable feature. The authors frequently make historical generalizations, but each is illuminating and completely supported by demographic, economic, and electoral statistics. Beyond predictions for the 1974 election, one emerges with a clear sense of each district's unique political history during the past several decades.

Despite all the detailed information it contains, the Almanac remains indispensable to anyone interested in American politics.

At other times, though, the authors are far more blunt. They do not hesitate to point out the do-nothing congressmen. (One of the biggest do-nothings appears to be Edward Hutchinson, the ranking Republican on the House Judiciary Committee. The Almanac states that he is one of the most "lucky" to be in such a powerful position. After watching him on television for the past few weeks, I think he'd be "lucky" to find his way safely to the men's room.)

There are dozens of details I'd like to relate if I had the space. This is a fantastic book, but if you don't believe me, take the word of another, "I think the Almanac is indispensable to anyone writing, thinking or sensibly interested in American politics." -Rod Macleash

-ANDREW FEENBERG
Black Renaissance on Broad Street

Continued from page 1)

Lafayette Theatre doing Black Terror, LeBon Jones, kid that
wishes. You know that went
down for two years then, boom, suddenly it's 'Let's say how it
really is.' Then you get What The
Wine Sellers Buy, Ceremonies in
Dark Old Men, and Day of
Absence.

"Last summer we had a show
called Just Us and the show was
economic black the theater
really giving an historical picture of
the development of black theater.
"Butler explains the nature of
support the theater has received
from its surrounding black
community.

"We have a very loyal
audience. We're the only black
institution here in this com-
community right now except for a few
churches. People have come
down here and asked us for legal
aid almost as if we were a
community center. We get a
great deal of support. When we
need carpentry work, they come
on in and do it. Most of the kids
who are involved in the theater
are from North and West
Philadelphia.

Three members of the case of
The Me Nobody Knows are
united in the office. They are
bright-faced, energetic black
kids, eager to talk about their
participation in the upcoming
musical and enthusiastic about
their participation in Freedom
Theatre.

Kyle Tomlin, 16, a student of
Bartram High, plays the role of
Benjamin who is described in the
book. When he was discovered
as "afraid that one
Bartram High, plays the role of
numbers
have no names bui they take part
in the theater. Two
formally an actor who studied at
the Hedgerow Theatre. Two
years ago, Allen quit his job at
the Sun Oil Company to become
the full-time director of Freedom
Theatre.

Allen considers Freedom
Theatre to be both a
revolutionary and an innovative
force in the black community.
"I think we're revolutionary in
that we began to recognize some of
the powers we had to deal with.
We did not just react to a
situation but began to act, such
as implementing programs like
our youth theater where we
have 50 youths studying at the
present moment.

"We are obviously innovative.
Even the school system
recognizes that once one can
begin to use drama he or she
begins to become free, he or she
begins to recognize his own self-
worth.
"I see the theater not only as
innovative and revolutionary but
also as so needed here because
you are made to respond as a
human being and it is demanded
that your blackness count. You
do not have to change your whole
actor, hopefully, developing
writers and technicians. At least
90 percent of those people who
call us 'amateurs' have not taken
the time to come see one
production here at Freedom
Theatre.

Allen hopes to get a qualified
technician to work with Freedom
Theatre. His company has been
working closely with Temple
University and both are starting
a joint summer venture that
would train 30 inner-city youths
in the technical aspects of
theater.

Funding is a problem for
Freedom Theatre. 'We do not get
much funding,' Allen said, 'We
get very little money. Only within
the last year have we been able
to get any money whatsoever,
through the classes we are able to
pay our instructors. This year
will be our banner year. Last
year I think we got $10,000 to
$12,000. This year we'll get
$40,000, but in the next two years
we're going to need $2 million
because we are going to get a
new building and we are going to
have the kind of institution the black
public demands. The National
Endowment for the Arts has
responded this year. So has the
Fels Foundation, and we also got
a small grant from Sears.

"When asked about admission
costs, Allen responds: 'We
normally charge $3.00, but The
Me Nobody Knows is $4.00. I
think one thing we have to
differentiate in this society is that
gthings that cost value. An
example is a Cadillac is
more valuable than a Ford. And
black people specifically have
been so denied for so long they
want the right to be big, too.
Therefore we do have to charge.
First of all, I do not faster the
welfare mentality. I'm not giving
away anything. I think we share
what we have. The same way you
go in town and pay $3.50 and stay
in a two-room and to see some
thing that's totally foreign to
you, I'd say $4.00 and $3.50 to
identify with self is very, very
reasonable.'

As to the future of Freedom
Theatre, Allen envisions "a
model for the whole world to
follow. I see, in the next few
years, we're going all over the country
and specifically all over
Philadelphia beginning to realize
that theater is important. Theater
can change your life. Theater can make you feel like
you should have felt a long time
ago. It may make you decide that
'I don't want to be in theater, but
I want to be something.'

"Also by virtue of our
blackness, I think it will make a
big difference. They can begin to
see that somebody who said they
weren't able to do something.
We will break down the concept
of the welfare mentality. Black
kids will know they have a
responsibility. Black adults will
know they have responsibility.

"I think the biggest thing in
the future for the theater is that it
will just grow and effect that
many more people. People will
begin to recognize what is really
inside of us, not just an actor who
can perform on stage but young
kids who are outside, who are in
The Me Nobody Knows, who
once upon a time did it.
We're going to do something did it.
I want to be
the diamonds of the northern
hemisphere.'
Bubbling Brooks

BY IRWIN APPLEBAUM

BLAZING SADDLES
Erle 1 & II

When the buffalo chips are down just give me a home where
Mel Brooks movies roam and my eyes will be closed all day - from
the tears of laughter streaming
out of them. The latest from the
created mind of the 2013 Year Old
Man best remembered on film for
the "Springtime for Hitler"
extravaganza in The Producers,
is an outer opus yeptul Blazing
Saddles. It is stupid beyond
belief, a lot more of it doesn't
really work than one would have
hoped, and it is not so much
really work than one would have
belief, a lot more of it doesn't
extravaganza in The
Blazing Saddles

The battle reaction of the
bigoted Johnsons and Johnsons,
howerver, must be tossed aside to
present a united front against a
scheming official, Hedley
Lamarr.
Brooks' humor is rooted in
shovel, you pick a fight with a
man by punching his horse, and
beat up old ladies, envision
Church congregations doing
beating in pieces lasting only a.

James Caan, looking confused
and hesitant in his worst
performance in ages, is the sailor,
John Bags. Marsha Mason, acting
effortlessly to justify her
acclimation, is a girl of the streets who spends
her time at a dive frequented by
vagabonds. The two stars of
Cinderella Liberty, directed by
Mark Rydell.

This is James Caan's latest film
about the alienation, atomic
etc. endured by the lower half
of our society who inhabit ships
writers, he has loosely set up a
situation in which a town,
inhabited only by wacky citizens
surnamed Johnson, has as its
only salvation a black sheriff.

awful vaudeville puns, but
peppered with the least respect
for decent convention possible. In
his West, beastly men eat beans
out of the campfire pit with a
speech defect. Indians converse
in Yiddish, ex-slaves sing Cole
Porter on work gangs and the
sheriff rallies the townfolk with,
"You'd do it for Randolph Scott."

He is a lonely sailor in transit
to laugh, except for the-
times he responds to the slightest overture
and truly loves both

SLEEPER

This is yet another film
about the alienation, atomic
etc. endured by the lower half
of our society who inhabit ships
Suffering with the Willys

By IRYN APPLEBAUM

DEATH OF A SALESMAN
Walnut Street Theater

"He's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is happening to him. So attention must be paid." It has been 25 years since the character of Linda Loman first quietly defended her husband Willy with these words in Arthur Miller's drama, "Death of a Salesman." Through March 17, the Philadelphia Drama Guild is presenting a new production of what is, after a quarter of a century, perhaps one of our greatest theatrical masterpieces, the story of tired Willy Loman.

Miller does not allow many professionally mounted revivals of his plays, which, coupled with the fact that George C. Scott was directing and Martin Balsam starring, made the Drama Guild the focus of much anticipatory attention. Undisclosed artistic differences between Scott and Miller resulted in Miller assuming the direction of the production, but a role he has taken upon himself previously, most recently in his last Broadway effort, "The Creation of the World." By this time, Willy Loman's business career must be more familiar to younger Americans than was Andrew Carnegie's to the previous era's students. For 25 years other authors, probably not quite as effectively, have also pointed out the grim follies of the middle-class family man who is so doggedly in pursuit of a better life for his wife and sons. The dissatisfaction with the American Dream, the shallowness of the hypercritical and homiletic advice the Willys of the country give their boys is no longer as fresh or as disturbing material as it must have seemed in 1949.

It is in the "certain private conversations in two acts and a coda," Miller's description of the drama, that the real impact of the current production lies. Willy's conversations with his wife, his mental lapses back to the memories of raising his boys and his efforts to seek the advice of his successful elder brother make it sadly evident that Willy never knew what it was he wanted and still more important, never took the time to occupy the home he was so busy providing for. He was never content to be what he was but always talked himself up and urged his offspring on. All the while, Linda and the boys love and respect him, but he is too tired and too unsure of himself to notice.

In this sense, what is truly unsettling about Willy Loman is not what is happening to him—his breakdown in the wake of losing his sales touch—but what has already gone on inside of his head over the years, the accumulated hot air that has wilted him into an unresponsive mass running off to the next town.

Lee J. Cobb is most likely everyone's quintessential Willy Loman. Cobb's massive stage presence allowed him to enlarge Willy to that Greek tragic dimension of a sufferer whose defeat call the more emphasized because of his stature. The Cobb version of Salesman packed a tremendous emotional wallop as a result. Miller, though, strives for a more avuncular, living Willly, an actor to give life to Linda's line that "a small man can be just as exhausted as a great man." Balsam certainly presents a more common Willy. The audience is the reluctant accumulation ofACHES and PAINS from watching these characters flaw in the stage. under the hypercritical and homiletic gaze of their name Willy's salesmanship. What is not a Willy with any immediately impressive qualities and thus is the type of seemingly ordinary man whose plight Miller wants us to notice and mourn.

This reading of the role, however, deprives the play of the really strong impact which Cobb's huge figure provided for Willy. The really dramatically striking performances come from Tom Wright as Linda and Scott Marlowe as Biff, the elder sons. Wright is surprisingly vivid in her sparse, hard castigation of her sons and wholly loving and supportive in the few scenes she directs to her husband. She quietly demonstrates the solidity the Willys of the country would have found over the years.

This production of Death of a Salesman, although it does not offer the really dramatic view of Willy Loman himself, makes us aware of all that the Lomans have suffered as a result of Willy's salesmanship. While no mocassins were chewed, the play is tugging after the play to cry for all of the Lomans.

Swedish meatballs in love

By GAYLE LACKS

A LITTLE NIGHT MUSIC
Forrest Theater

If I ever felt like Jane Austen, it was when watching A Little Night Music, the musical which swept the New York critics off their 1973 feet. Its turn of the century setting swept me back into the cultured lives of Ingmar Bergman not Austen's English Opening a road tour of their 1973 feet. Its turn of the century setting swept me back into the cultured lives of Swedish gentry. Swedish meatballs in love and flirtatiously vain, is not yet young bride Anne, coyly petulant—septemb ered months previously entered into a marriage. All the while, I.inda Andrews, I.inda's lii>» to the New England territory in love and fidelity might have shocked Miss Austen, they pleasantly surprised me, although the production as a whole fell short of the raves received by the original company. I don't think I like being Jane Austen, after all.

Hugh Wheeler's book is based on Bergman's surprisingly delightful film, Smiles of a Summer Night. As the matrarch of the Armfeldt family Margaret Hamilton explains: "The summer night smiles at the following day beings, at the old who know they are fools and at the young who think they are wise." It is the real heart of the show. Sendharm's liltimg waltz tempos induce the audience into the production with a romantic charm, while his sophisticated lyrics subtly spin the dramatic threads of the plot. A chorus of taffeta-skirted ladies and tall gentlemen usually narrate the action. Beginning with "Hi-Ho, the Glorious Life," they set the stage. and weather, weave themselves in and out of the action conveying an awareness of the passing time like somnous chimes. Other songs are sung in counterpoint duets, providing the romantic tension of the show with titles like "Lou-" and "L.A. Son,'" and "Perpetual Appreciation." Especially haunting is Desirée's soft lament of love lost in "Lone Star," "Send in the Clowns." Unfortunately, the songs are not particularly well sung, a flaw which plagued the original Broadway cast starring Olympia John and Hermione Gingold. In addition, the words, indispensable to heighten the story line, are often hard to understand. In this production, though she renders her musical numbers in a less than party manner, Jean Simmons' voice is not enthralling. Indeed. George Lee Andrews and Ed Edmonds deliver with the sweet but awkward animation of the inense pair, Virginia Pullos and Stephen Lebow, the male leads, far outdo the woman vocalists. All exuding a pleasing, aching, wry, him.,

In terms of acting, the cast admirably performs roles which are basically stereotypes. Jean Simmons is matched by that of George Lee Andrews whose "Ode to Spring" is sung with the sweet but awkward animation of the inense pair, Virginia Pullos and Stephen Lebow, the male leads, far outdo the woman vocalists. All exuding a pleasing, aching, wry, him.,

With all it does have going for it, the show is short on excitement. It has a style prettily. Like a computer fed information, it comes up with a perfectly prim musical. Maybe even Jane Austen would have been disappointed.
This is your life, Tricky!

By BOB METH

AN EVENING WITH
RICHARD NIXON
Society Hill Playhouse

Imagine the ghosts of George Washington, John F. Kennedy, and Dwight D. Eisenhower getting together to present an evening of "This is Your Life, Richard M. Nixon!" and you've pictured Gore Vidal's An Evening With Richard Nixon which the Society Hill Playhouse will be presenting Wednesday-Saturday evenings until March 30th.

About fifteen years ago Vidal wrote The Best Man, a very fine drama about the political system in America that was later made into an equally fine and moving film. At the time, critics compared the character of Joe Cantwell, a ruthless politician seeking his party's nomination for the Presidency, to the then Vice-President of the United States, Richard M. Nixon. In An Evening With Richard Nixon Vidal once again takes a look at the (currently!) President Nixon by tracing his career from his birth to the present time. He does so by gathering a number of Nixon's contemporaries including Spino Agnew, Hubert Humphrey, Nikita Khrushchev, and many other who were associated with Nixon's career to tell us the story of his life.

Evening is not so much a play as it is a collage of the events in Richard Nixon's life as described by those who have known him best. These include his mother, who described him as an expert potato master, to a player on his college football team who said comedy, though it is billed as a "needle sharp satire." Unfortunately, Vidal bombards the audience with an over-abundance of semi-factual anecdotes and tirades and slander tactics, are drag his message out to the point of absurdity.

Though there are a number of funny moments in the play, the show fails to be effective as a political satire. The main reason for this is that rather than showing us Nixon as the cunning and shrewd politician that he is, Vidal makes Nixon out to be a Carthysy, poverty, and the My Lai massacre. Various musical backgrounds are thrown in and there are even a few serious confrontations between some of the characters in the Phase II of the play, yet none of these ploys are effective because of the silliness of the rest of the play.

Though he focuses on Richard Nixon, Vidal is not exclusive in his criticism of American politicians. He exposes all of the shortcomings in their character, including J.F.K. and Ike as incompetent, foolish leaders. The production itself tries very hard to create a serious mood out of the foolishness, but all involved try too hard. In addition to his use of special sound and visual effects, director Deen Kogan frequently crowds his actors on the stage which further jumbles the proceedings.

The cast appears awkward on stage for the most part and Kogan has to struggle just to keep them from bumping into one another. Though most of the performances are unnaturally affected, Louis Bazeck as Washington maintains an air of dignity about him and Alan Kauffman as Nixon demonstrates quite a striking resemblance to the President in several of his mannerisms, and at these times the show is most enjoyable. Even Kauffman's performance is affected, though, and Kogan has him running around the stage entirely too much. The setting by Igor Belinkoff is fine but Ray Buf fington's lighting is not so much a play as it is a collage of the events in Richard Nixon's life as described by those who have known him best. These include his mother, who described him as an expert potato master, to a player on his college football team who said comedy, though it is billed as a "needle sharp satire." Unfortunately, Vidal bombards the audience with an over-abundance of semi-factual anecdotes and tirades and slander tactics, are drag his message out to the point of absurdity.

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Around the world for $4.95

By DAVID ASHENHURST


They've done it! The Encyclopedia of Travel, Korea, and North Vietnam, all of the Communist countries are represented. Incidentally, avoid uncooked vegetables, peel your fruit, and drink bottled water in Cuba, and avoid haggling about the prices of goods while in China.) The Trucial States also on a less superficial level; principal holidays and religions, currency exchange rates (subject to change), meteorological data, etc. And then into the more travel-oriented data, how to get there and the time it takes to accomplish that (provided no rerouting information, local customs, regulations, how to get out of the airport, etc.) and the nitty-gritty stuff for the unskilled traveler, hotel accommodations, airfares, prices, information about banks, postage, telephones, electricity, laundry, tipping, etc., etc., etc.

In case the need arises, a men's room in Lebanon is a "Beit-el-ma Lililal," a women's room in a "Beit-elm Wallilat." A local call in Fiji costs 4 cents. And be sure to get a government permit before you take pictures in Guinea. At this point the writers begin to wax conversational, there are paragraphs concerning transportation, eating, drinking, night-life, shopping, culture, sights to see, and finally, numbers to call for more information, in the States or in the country itself. I am informed that Ugandan beer is quite good, but you should never attend an authentic voodoo service in Haiti alone. There's a good French "Maxim's" in Tokyo, and some excellent Chinese food in Warsaw. And trying to get from one place to another in Bangkok seems to be a delightfully uncertain undertaking at best. The book has everything. Everything.

escaped notice—which is fine with me, because I'm not even sure they exist. I only know they've got industries, consumer-oriented postal services that facilitate philately with gaudy stamps bearing exotic names like Sharjah and Qatar, for which there were never spaces in my album; they're probably sitting on oil. Anyway, these are the only omissions I found quickly; the guide focuses on just about any place one would ever think of visiting, and on a few of all of us have perhaps promised ourselves never to see.

Each section is loaded with statistics, buried in statistics; those who prefer travel-books with tons of pictures of what they are presumably going to see anyway, must look elsewhere. The World Guide is about as visually exciting as a slide-rule, but so less versatile and useful in its appropriated field. Population, size, capital, language, government, etc. And it is all extremely convincing. Her writing is generally austere, a style suitable for both eulogizing and confessing; but there is needless flatness and something is missing.

In the end we have seen the pattern of a stunted life; it is stark and realistic but there is nothing else. Written by herself, about herself, we see only the side of self-pity and self-deprecation. There is no source of outrage at her disintegration, no sympathy for the destructive lifestyle being lived, and no attempt to answer the questions of human survival that she has posed.

We can believe what she feels, but she is too wrapped up in her self-pity for other emotions!
**Nixon to Release Material**

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**Israel’s Troops on Alert on Golan Front**

WASHINGTON - Israel’s military has gone on alert in response to an arms buildup on the Golan Heights. The military buildup includes the establishment of a new division, expansion of the ground forces, and the deployment of tanks and other heavy weapons. The measures come amid concerns over a possible Israeli offensive against Syria.

**Meads Calls for End Of Economic Controls**

WASHINGTON - President Ford urged an end to all economic controls, including price controls. He said price controls are not working and that they are creating more problems than they are solving. The President called for a return to a free market economy.

**Nixon Press Conference**

(Continued from page 1)

The new guidelines will not have any effect on the price controls, the President said. He also urged Congress to pass a tax cut to stimulate the economy.

**Rackin**

(Continued from page 1)

The full committee will make a decision on April 3, in time for the President to publish the guidelines in his state of the union address.

**Akadama Mama says,**

Be Nice to Mice.

This week’s letters were kind of dull, but I’d get a neat package.

It contained a home-built mouse trap. Not one of those baited, snapper killers. 5 & 10 things. But a genuine, catch-and-release gadget. It was made of scrap wood and window screen isee illus. I got one of a thing. It was made of scrap wood and window screen.

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Grid Mentor Wojcik: To Take ‘Nova Post

By ED WITZ

Penn's 1971 graduation ceremony will take a little long and a little short depending on whether one counts the time it takes for the Class of 1971 to graduate and the Class of 1925 to graduate.

Although Wojcik will be missing a little the Class of 1971, the Class of 1925 will be there in the form of his parents and he is looking forward to seeing them as well.

Wojcik, a senior from Swishburn, Minn., who is majoring in economics, was one of the first contacts in connection with the seating arrangement that is a principal

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Black Renaissance on Broad Street

By GERALD EARLY

Chestnut Street has become a tawdry whore. Spruce Street and Pine Street are adolescents in drag. Walnut Street is a career girl and Market Street, as Ezra Pound once wrote, is "an old bitch gone in the teeth." But Broad Street is a grand old lady, a grand old lady with diamonds, whose magnificence spans the entire length of Philadelphia.

Her diamonds, however, are quite tarnished when she runs through the great desolate area from Girard to Erie Avenues, the North Philadelphia black ghetto. It is in this area of grey, dull blocks that the grand old lady meets the bag of ghetto streets. It is here, on the corner of Broad and Master Streets, where the genteel meets the furious, that Freedom Theatre stands, bridging the two Philadelphias—the cosmopolitan and the derelict.

Freedom Theatre is located in the basement of a crumbling building called Heritage House. The theater has its own entrance, as if to disentangle itself from the rapidly decaying building in which it is housed on Master Street. One walks down a flight of concrete stairs, rings the bell twice and enters into the cramped world of Philadelphia's only black repertory theater and school of the performing arts.

Entering the basement which houses Freedom Theatre is much like entering someone's living room. On the day of my visit, several school children from elementary to high school age are rough-housing and playing in the main room. These kids are members of the cast of the company's current production, The Me Nobody Knows, a musical based upon the writings of black and white kids in the New York public school system. Also in this room is a bulletin board filled with the photographs of the company's leading players.

Adjacent to this room is a kitchen, complete with stove, refrigerator, and dirty dishes. A sign hangs over the sink which reads, "If you can't make your mess if you know what's what." Despite the somewhat shabby appearance of the place, there is a rich, nearly lyrical sort of character strength that exists within these walls, a sort of present humanity that seems to have resulted from the adversity of existence that makes these rooms glow with a deep warmth.

Freedom Theatre was founded in 1966 as part of the Black People's Unity Movement under the direction of John E. Allen, Jr. and located at the Church of the Advocate, 18th and Diamond Streets. At that time, their productions included Blues for Mister Charlie by James Baldwin, Raisin in the Sun by Lorraine Hansberry, and Purlie Victorious by Ossie Davis.

In 1967, the theater was reorganized under the joint direction of Allen and Walter Deegap and officially named Freedom Theatre, changing its location to the Fairhill Recreation Center at 11th and York Streets. The theater moved to its present location in September 1968 under the sole direction of Allen. Its most recent productions have included Coon Show by LeRoi Jones, Happy Ending by Douglas Turner Ward and Ceremonies in Dark Old Men by Lonnie Elder III.

During 1973, established black stars such as Ron O'Neal, Al Freeman, Jr., Moses Gunn, and Ossie Davis lectured at Freedom Theatre. Freedom Theatre's season opened on November 29, 1972 with a production of The Sty of the Blind Pig by Philip Hayes Dean. The current production of The Me Nobody Knows will run until April 7. A Black Love Trilogy (3 one-act plays dealing with love) will close out the season.

"We don't own this place. We rent it," says Dan Butler, a young Temple University student who serves as the theater's press representative. "We also run the only year-round school of performing arts housed in a theater in Philadelphia. All the other smaller theaters have drama workshops which are periodic. But we run a full, 12 month curriculum," Butler says.

"The school is broken up into two parts, adult theater and youth theater. The youngest kids in the youth theater is 8 years old and the oldest is about 17. Classes are broken up into beginning, intermediate and advanced levels. They get movement, voice—not voice for singing but voice for theater-lessons. The beginning session is really a discovery type thing, really like a group therapy session rather than acting lessons. They don't really begin to get what you would think would be training for acting until the second session.

"The theory here is that you can't be an actor until you free yourself first, that you have to find out about yourself otherwise you'll go up there and be too inhibited. People here don't generally act, it's more an honesty type thing. When you see a piece here you see honesty. You don't see actors who 'perform,' you see involvement.

"We do believe in charging tuition. Mainly because then you get serious students. At first we didn't charge and a lot of people were bullshitting. Then we started asking for money and they started getting serious." Butler slams down a stack of jazz albums, sits down, opens a bag and begins to munch on a Gino Giant. He is a serious young man serious about his effort to make Freedom Theatre a success, and serious about the need and importance of black drama.

"A lot of people get uptight about us not performing white plays. There are several reasons. One, why not? How many black plays has the Drama Guild done? Until black drama was economically productive for white theater they weren't doing black plays. Black playwrights have always had a history of not being able to get their plays done. The first play ever copyrighted by a black man—we did two scenes from it here—was called Escape written in 1868 and it was never and has never been performed in America in its entirety. How many times has The Taming of the Shrew been done?"

Another reason is that there is a tendency here for Philadelphia to turn its back on its arts. Also there is a tendency in Philadelphia, as in most cities, for art to be dominated by white cultural experience. Until recently Philadelphia was in a sense a white cultural experience. Until you got the black rip-off movies. Now, in music, jazz is coming back. And right now black playwrights are the only playwrights in American theater that are doing anything new or exciting. "We got them and it's Broadway and it's nostalgia, the old glitter which just don't blind you no more."

"Now you take the spectrum of black theater. You started out with revolutionary black plays. You know, like the New..." (Continued on page 7)
Sloshing towards Bethlehem

Words, words, words,
I'm so sick of words,
I'll get words all day through.
First from him, now from you.
Is that all you blighters can do?
—Show Me,— Alan Jay Lerner

Can we impeach Eric Sevareid? If not, can be at least be forcibly retired, put out to pasture near some huge international airport that will smother his drone. Oh, we’ll still be kind to the old boy, we’ll feed him a momentous, yet-surrormountable—if-we-follow-the-lessons-of-history, national and or international crisis each week just to keep him happy.

But, but he’s Eric Sevareid, one of our most astute and most knowledgeable and certainly one of our most venerable news analysts. Then again, Admiral Moorer is one of our most astute and formidable military minds. At least Admiral Moorer’s lies and obfuscations suggest some spark of creativity, some devilish sense of what’s funny. Sevareid’s truths suggest merely slumber.

Politically speaking, this past year created the English language with almost complete disdain, and Sevareid and his cohorts, as much as Mitchell and his henchmen, have led the attack. Of course, there were some bright spots. By all accounts it was a great year for fiction. Nevertheless, lucid and striking phrases, formerly the weapons of truth-tellers and curmudgeons, got shredded along the way.

When confronted with the maddeningly inconclusivecitations of the Nixon underlings, nearly all American commentators, columnists, and politicians to the left of Strom Thurmond because overnight punsters and parodists. Armed with this great material, they created humor that was biting and trenchant and panxlists. Armed with this great material, they created humor that was biting and trenchant and panxlists. Armed with this great material, they created humor that was biting and trenchant and panxlists. Armed with this great material, they created humor that was biting and trenchant and panxlists.

But there is much more than mere statistics. The book’s prose is equally compelling and the analysis of each state and its Congressional districts is the Almanac’s most valuable feature. The authors frequently make historical generalizations, but each is illuminating and completely supported by demographic, economic, and electoral statistics. Beyond predictions for the 1974 election, one emerges with a clear sense of each district’s unique political history during the last several decades.

Despite all the detailed information it contains, the Almanac remains mildly respectful of the politicians themselves, even the least noble. Of the cotton-mouthed and feather-headed Senator Montoya, it says: “he was noted in the Watergate committee’s most effective investigator.” The art of understatement has returned to American politics.

At other times, though, the authors are far more blunt. They do not hesitate to point out the de-nothing congressmen. One of the biggest de-nothings appears to be Edward Hutchinson, the ranking Republican on the House Judiciary Committee. The Almanac states that he is exceedingly “lucky” to be in such a powerful position. After watching him on television for the past few weeks, I think he’d be “lucky” to find his way safely to the men’s room.

There are dozens of details I’d like to relate if I had the space. This is a fantastic book, but if you don’t believe me, take the sonorous word of another. “I think the Almanac indispensable to anyone writing, thinking or sensibly interested in American politics.” —Rod Macleish.

—Andrew Feinberg
DEATH OF A SALESMAN
Walnut Street Theater

"He's not the finest character that ever lived. But he's a human being, and a terrible thing is that ever lived. But he's a human being." (From Arthur Miller's "Death of a Salesman").

For years since the character of Willy Loman first quietly defended her husband Willy with these words in Arthur Miller's drama, 

"Death of a Salesman."

Through March 17, the original production with a romantic tension of the show with titles like "Now," "Later," "Soon," and "Perpetual Anticipation," especially haunting is the Wicked Witch of the West.

For the music and lyrics of Follies, and a bit wayward actress who attempts to re-kindle the flame and their 1973 feet. Its action centers around the musical, produced and directed by Harold Prince, is a delightful film.

The weight of the years, the restless, and a terrible thing is that ever lived. But he's a human being. For 25 years others, probably not

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This is your life, Tricky!

By BOB METH

AN EVENING WITH RICHARD NIXON
Society Hill Playhouse

Imagine the ghosts of George Washington, John F. Kennedy, and Dwight D. Eisenhower getting together to present an evening of "This is Your Life, Richard M. Nixon!" and you've pictured Gore Vidal's An Evening With Richard Nixon

which the Society Hill Playhouse will be presenting Wednesday-Saturday evenings until March 3rd.

About fifteen years ago Vidal wrote The Best Man, a very fine drama about the political system in America that was later made into an equally fine and moving film. At the time, critics compared the character of Joe Cantwell, a ruthless politician seeking his party's nomination for the Presidency, to the then Vice-President of the United States, Richard M. Nixon.

In An Evening With Richard Nixon, Vidal once again takes a look at (or, currently) President Nixon by tracing his career from his birth to the present time. He does so by gathering a number of Nixon's contemporaries including Spiri Agnew, Hubert Humphrey, Nikita Khrouchev, and many other who were associated with Nixon's career to tell the story of his life.

Evening is not so much a play as it is a collage of the events in Richard Nixon's life as described by those who have known him best. These include his mother, who described him as an expert potato masher, to a player on his college football team who said they used "Dick as a tackling dummy," to Harry S. Truman who referred to Nixon as a son-of-a-bitch though later denied it claiming Nixon always asserted that he was a "sell-made man.

Nixon's political campaigns, highlighted by anti-Communist tirades and slander tactics, are especially emphasized.

The show is essentially a comedy, though it is billed as a "needle sharp satire." Unfortunately, Vidal bombards the audience with an over-abundance of semi-factual anecdotes and simple bureauc. Throughout the production, slides are projected on a screen behind the performers outlining the nation's tragedies including McCarthyism, poverty, and the My Lai massacre. Various musical backgrounds are thrown in and there are even a few serious confrontations between some of the characters in "Phase II" of the play, yet none of these plays are effective because of the silliness of the rest of the play.

Though he focuses on Richard Nixon, Vidal is not exclusive in his criticism of American politicians. He exposes all of the characters including J.F.K. and Ike as incompetent, foolish leaders. The production itself tries very hard to create a serious mood out of the foolishness, but all involved try too hard. In addition to his use of special sound and visual effects, director Deen Kogans frequently crowds his actors on the stage which further jumbles the proceedings.

The cast appears awkward on stage for the most part and Kogan has to struggle just to keep them from bumping into one another. Though most of the performances are unnaturally affected, Louis Burek as Washington maintains an air of dignity about him and Alan Kaufman as Nixon demonstrates quite a striking resemblance to the President in several of his mannerisms, and at some times the show is most enjoyable. Even Kaufman's performance is affected, though, and Kogan has him running around the stage entirely too much.

The setting by Iger Belkoff is fine but Ray Buf
garding's lighting is embarrassing, keeping the actors in five o'clock shadows more than in light.

Actual quotes by Nixon and others have been manipulated to create several numbers and a fairly entertaining evening, but not a serious political satire.

Student tickets are available for Wednesday and Thursday evening performances.

Stretching the Point

By LINDA A. SOLOMON

One week ago, an important institution on the Philadelphia music scene celebrated its tenth birthday. The Main Point, still going strong despite the demise of other flashier rooms like the Electric Factory, first opened its doors on February 28, 1964.

Veteran protest singer Phil Ochs was the first to grace the stage.

Since then, the "Philadelphia showcase" has brought us James Taylor, Odetta, Arlo Guthrie, David Bromberg, Janis Ian, George Carlin, Cheech and Chong, Robert Klein, and hundreds of others, known and unknown.

Originally the brainchild of four local couples, the Main Point is now owned by Mrs. Jeanette Campbell, a member of that original group, and Bill Scarborough, who came into the business about six years ago. Scarborough also handles bookings for the club.

Initially, the Main Point was purely a folk outlet, providing its audiences with top acts like Doc Watson. But since 1966 the Point has broadened its horizons to include blues artists like Sonny Terry and Brownie McGhee and, more recently, groups like England's Soft Machine.

When you consider the lineup of musical and comedic talent the Point has been showing Philadelphia over the last ten years, it's pretty difficult to believe that, for many years, the club was either losing money or barely breaking even.

"It's just too expensive to bring high-priced performers in a liquor license. Mrs. Campbell has discussed this several times with her employees and the final decision has always been against following the example of places like the Bijou Cafe."

"We really can't afford to do that," said Tract. "If we did, we'd lose the biggest part of our trade, high school and college kids.

A less obvious solution, expansion of the club's facilities, is the course that was chosen. At present, the owners are increasing the seating capacity by 50, meaning that they will eventually be able to accommodate nearly 300 people per show.

To do this, they acquired the store which is next to the original Main Point and knocked out part of the wall which divided the two places. The addition will house the lobby, restrooms, and kitchen. (The areas previously occupied by these necessities are to be devoted to more seating and wider aisles.)

Mrs. Campbell also wants to use part of the expanded area as a retail outlet. Tract says the Main Point may sell plants, handicrafts, artwork, possibly even handmade deli items. There will also be daytime hours for ticket sales at the Main Point, something which has previously been unprofitable to the club.

If all this sounds pretty ambitious, just remember that, ten years ago, the concept of a club with first-class entertainment, better than passable food, and low admission prices was also pretty ambitious, and pretty successful, too.

Happy birthday, Main Point, and here's to another decade as good as the last one.

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By DAVID ASHENHURST


They've done it! The Encyclopedia of Travel, on a less superficial level; principal holidays and religions, currency exchange rates (subject to change), more basic data, etc. And then into the more travel-oriented data; how to get there and back when it takes the accomplishment that (provided no routing is enforced), entry and customs regulations, how to get out of the airport, etc. and the nifty-pretty stuff for the unseasoned traveler. Accommodations sorted by base prices, information about banks, poste restante, telephones, electricity, laundry, tipping, etc., etc., etc! In the case the need arises, a men's room in Lebanon is a "Bel-esma Lirigal," a ladies' room a "Bel-esma Libistant." A local call in Fiji costs 4 cents. And be sure to get a government permit before you take pictures in Guinea.

At this point the writers begin to wax conversational; there are paragraphs concerning transportation, eating, drinking, night-life, shopping, culture, sights to see, and finally, numbers. The book appears to be quite good. One should never attend an authentic voodoo service in Haiti alone. There's a good room in Lebanon is a "Bel-esma Lirigal," a ladies' room a "Bel-esma Libistant." A local call in Fiji costs 4 cents. And be sure to get a government permit before you take pictures in Guinea.

The Encyclopedia of Travel, North Korea, and North Vietnam, all of the Communist countries are represented. Incidentally, avoid uncooked vegetables, peel your fruit, and drink bottled water in Cambodia, and avoid haggling about the price of things while in China. The Trucial States also have an excellent Chinese food in Warsaw. Ginza in Tokyo, and some ex-

Sightseeing abroad in Cameroon.

Something is lacking. Which is fine with me, because I'm not even sure I exist. I only know they get industrious, consumer-oriented postal services that perforate philately with glossy stamps bearing exotic names like Sharjah and Qatar, for which there were never spaces in my album; they're probably sitting on a shelf. Anyway, these are the only omissions I found quickly; the guide focuses on just about any place one would ever think of visiting, and on a few of all we have perhaps promised ourselves never to see. Each section is loaded with statistics, buried in statistics; those who prefer travel-books with tons of pictures of what they are presumably going to see anyway, must look elsewhere. The World Guide is about as visually exciting as a slide-rule, but no less versatile and useful in its appropriated field. Population, size, capital, language, government, etc. And everything. Everything!

The book has everything. Everything! I will not contend that the intrepid traveler cannot get all this information (and more) about any specific country from other sources—I only think it is impossible to find more essential data about so many different countries as can be found in the World Guide. If I were going to London I might pick up the Benn Blue Guide, or perhaps Alan Mankoff's Lusty Europe (Now available in paperback). But there are two types of travelers to whom this volume is indispensable: to people planning a trip who have not yet chosen a particular destination, and to people (like me) who have not gone and are not going anywhere at all in the foreseeable future. I am sure it would be a handy guide and reference for the average globetrotter whose plans are already settled, but not nearly so much as it is to those among us who are less organized or less fortunate.

If you are vacationing in the Caribbean next week, have a nice time. The temperature in Curacao should be 74-84 degrees, and they are given to expect no more than 7 days of rain in March; do not use the public laveratories in Barbados; sunbathe with caution in the Bahamas; come to terms on cab-fare beforehand in Puerto Rico; and please, remember, the speed limit in Bermuda is 20 mph, so take it easy. If you are, by some chance, going to Europe in the next couple of years, you carry along the owner of "11 Buro" in Rome (via S Ignazio 6-7)-tel 67 22 90; shoots most of the game he serves himself, but the quasi at the Al Fogher (via Teer 13-plan 69 29 34) is "an experience not to be missed." Decisions, decisions, decisions....

...and going in circles in Zurich

By CAROLINE SHOEMAKER

A Guard Within, by Sarah Ferguson. Pantheon, 196 pp. $6.95.

Everybody seems to die on Sarah. Her mother died when she was three. Then her nanny died and later it was her father. Even her Abyssinian cat dies and she is left all alone because her husband has already left her and her adopted daughter is living with foster parents because Sarah can't hold herself together long enough to love her.

Then Sarah meets an unnamed psychiatrist and things begin to look up. Maybe she will discard her self-pity for other emotions?

As she develops a close relationship with her analyst, her life increasingly drags its meaning from their daily meetings. "Traveling to you by phone became the greatest pleasure of my day." But such idyllic days cannot be expected to last forever. In less than three years her analyst dies, too.

Poor Sarah. With the reason for her life gone she crumbles. She attempts suicide and eventually retreats to a clinic in Zurich. From there she writes this account of their relationship.

Her writing is generally austere, a style suitable for both eulogizing and confessing; but there is needless flotsam and jetsam in her stream of consciousness. The sentences become an exercise in dressing the passages become repetitive. However, Ms. Ferguson has taken the trouble to both get through this straight to our human needs; Why does one wear oneself out, longhorns regularly held? She wants to defy her instability, her dependence on liquor and amphetamines, to get through the weekend "so that I could behave as I should," her faults, and herdest, and in the end destruction appears inevitable.

We can believe what she feels, but she is too wrapped up in herself to allow us more than a moment of feeling it with her. We are always a step removed from her experience and by being so removed, we don't expect her life to be an experience. It has been passed, and in the end destruction appears inevitable. Were the writer to ask for further meaning from an autobiographical work; but A Guard Within is also claimed to be a work of art. While it may well fulfill its ostensible purpose as a catharsis for Ms. Ferguson, it is now published and an audience is reading it. If the accusation is only a documentary of human weakness and fear, without any attempt at saying why they should not be there, it remains merely a document. A Guard Within does not rise above the literal, and it has not become a work of art.
A tear at every pier

By Larry Levenson

CINDERELLA LIBERTY

St. Mary’s Church
Through March 30th

ACTORS LAB

By J. Bovasso

March 7, 1974
Black Renaissance on Broad Street

(Continued from page 1)

Lafayette Theatre doing Black Terror, LeRoi Jones, kill the whites. You know that went down for two years then, boom suddenly it's 'Let's say how it really is.' Then you get What the Wire Sellers Buy, Ceremonies in Dark: Old Men, and Day of Absence.

"Last summer we had a show called Just Us and the show was excerpts from different days but really giving an historical picture of the development of black theatre."

Butler explains the nature of support the theater has received from its surrounding black community.

"We have a very loyal audience. We're the only black institution here in this community rightnow except for a few churches. People have come down here and asked us for legal aid almost as if we were a community center. We get a great deal of support. When we need carpentry work, they come in and do it. Most of the kids who are involved in the theatre are from North and West Philadelphia." Three members of the case of The Me Nobody Knows are ushered into the office. They are bright-faced, energetic black kids, eager to talk about their participation in the upcoming musical and enthusiastic about their participation in Freedom Theatre.

John E. Allen, 16, a student of Bartram High, plays the role of Benjamin who is described in the script as being "afraid that one day he will come home and no one will be there—wants to be independent but can't make it." Kim Chapman, 12, a student at Masterman Junior High, and Sheryle Passhall, 12, a student at Our Lady of Mercy, are both "Specials." Their characters have no names but they take part in most of the song and dance numbers.

Kim, who also attends the classes at the theater, describes the way she is taught: "You have games and they teach you to act out a character without talking and make the audience understand what you are doing." Of The Me Nobody Knows, she says: "I think in some parts of it it tells what the children of today, of 1974, are saying. Other times it's way back, 1930's. Most of it is what's happening today."

Kyle said that he got involved in Freedom Theatre through an English teacher. "She told me they were having try-outs so I called up and came down." Sheryle, who is a participant in a theater group at her school, became involved in Freedom Theatre through a friend who "liked her work" at school.

When asked about opening night jitters, all three insist that they suffer from no such malady. "I'm not really the exercises that do it," counters Kyle, "it's the cast, the people you're around. Some of us are nervous and I think if you would ask them they would say the same thing." The kids describe the music as "mixed."

"In our part there are little children songs about the world. Then, at the end, there are sad songs. Then some of it's gospel when they preach. One is rock'n'roll when we have a party," Sheryle says. "Some of those songs really get to you," Kyle adds.

"You can really feel what you're singing," Kim says.

John E. Allen, Jr., the artistic director and founder of Freedom Theatre arrives. He is a small man with hurried movements and an intense serious face. For eight years he has been struggling to get him theater off the ground. Progress has been slow but steady and Allen is pushing constantly. Allen was formerly an actor who studied at the Hedgerow Theatre. Two years ago, Allen quit his job at the Sun Oil Company to become the full-time director of Freedom Theatre.

Allen considers Freedom Theatre to be "both a revolutionary and an innovative force in the black community.

"I think we're revolutionary in that we began to recognize some of the powers we had to deal with. We did not just react to a situation but began to act, such as implementing programs like our youth theater where we have 50 youths studying at the present moment."

"We are obviously innovative. Even the school system recognizes that once one can begin to use drama he becomes free, or she begins to recognize his own selfworth."

"I see the theater not only as innovative and revolutionary but also as so needed here because you are made to respond as a human being and it is demanded that your blackness count, you do not have to change your whole ethnic reality to deal with a form such as theater. Here you bring to the theater yourself and out of that evolves a theater."

Allison is hostile to criticism that calls his company "amateurish."

"People in this society is that things that cost have value. An example is that a Cadillac is more valuable than a Ford. And black people specifically have been so denied for so long they want the right to be big too. Therefore we do have to charge. First of all, I do not foster the welfare mentality and by. I'm not giving away anything, I think we share what we have. The same way you go in town and pay $3.50 and stay in a two-hour line to see something that's totally foreign to you, I'd say $4.00 and $3.00 to identify with self is very, very reasonable."

"As to the future of Freedom Theatre, Allen envisions "a model for the whole world to follow. I see, in the next few years, people all over the country and specifically all over Philadelphia beginning to realize that theater is important. Theater can change your life. Theater can make you feel like you should have felt a long time ago. It may make you decide that I don't want to be in theater, but I want to be something." "Also by virtue of our being black there is a big difference. They can begin to see that somebody who said they were black can become a model for the whole world to follow, that theater is important. Theater can change your life. Theater can make you feel like you should have felt a long time ago. It may make you decide that I don't want to be in theater, but I want to be something."

"I think the black renaissance is back. I think it's here again. But hopefully we're not going to let everybody come into this community. Take out all the people who built and supported it and throw them somewhere else and it dies."
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