**Vol. XC No. 31**

**SEC Chairman Charges Stans in Vesco Case**

By United Press International

NEW YORK: A former chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission testified Wednesday that Walter W. Stans, who is alleged to have assisted in an $85,000 bribe of financier Vincent J. Vesco, interfered with SEC's investigation of the bribe order to cover up the transaction. The testimony of U. S. attorney for the southern district of New York was made before the grand jury hearing the Vesco case and the proceedings at the federal court began.

Earlier, a transcript of a phone tap was read to the jury which indicated that Nita Stans, now of Vermont, but who is alleged to have assisted in a secret position of the Vesco, interfered with SEC's investigation of the bribe order to cover up the transaction. The testimony of U. S. attorney for the southern district of New York was made before the grand jury hearing the Vesco case and the proceedings at the federal court began.

**School of Public Policy Proposed As Part of Wharton Development**

By MARTEN H. SEIDEL

The Wharton School has proposed a new school of public policy, as part of its overall development plan. The proposal, which President and CEO of the School of Public Policy Robert E. Caroll presented at the Board of Trustees meeting last Tuesday, has already been turned over to the Wharton faculty for its consideration.

The school, if approved by the faculty, would operate as a institute of public policy in the university. The school would be based on the premise that the study of public policy is a natural extension of the university's teaching and research activities, and would provide a unique opportunity for the university to contribute to the development of public policy.

The school would be housed in the Fels Center of Public Affairs, which would be renamed the School of Public Policy. The school would be directed by a dean, who would be appointed by the Board of Trustees.

The school would offer graduate and undergraduate programs in public policy, with an emphasis on the application of social science to public policy issues. The school would also offer a Ph.D. program in public policy, and would provide opportunities for students to pursue joint degrees in other fields.

The school would be funded by a combination of endowment income, grants, and tuition revenues. The school would be expected to have an annual budget of $5 million, with additional funding provided by the university's endowment and other sources.

The proposal has been received with enthusiasm by the Wharton faculty, and has been endorsed by the Board of Trustees. The school is expected to begin operations in the fall of 1985.

**U. Theatre Program Discussed in Panel Series**

By EILEEN O'BRIEN

The coordinators of the ITS theatre program, led by Annenberg and the College of Fine and Performing Arts, will take on the challenge of balancing the demands of the苒 dramatic and musical arts with the needs of the educational system. The coordinators of the CTS program will be called upon to find a way to incorporate the aesthetic and intellectual values of the theatre program into the educational system.

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**Barker Claims Principle at Stake in Departmental Tenure Decision**

By LARRY J. FIELD

Undergraduate Elections Committee Chairman Laurie Goodwin, Wharton '84, Johnson '84, Michael Khalil, Wharton '85, and Mark A. Wright, Wharton '85, have announced their candidacy for the upcoming election.

The committee has said that the Wharton School would be able to do the work of teaching in granting tenure. "It is our belief that the current system is not only one who voted against the de-
Akadama Mama says, Be Nice to Mice.

This week's letters were kind of dull, but I did get a neat package. It contained a mouse-buiit mouse trap. Not one of those baited, snap-type killers. & 10 things. But a genuine isn't, and I'm sorry if i scared you kind of a thing. It was made of wood and window screen you see all and I got a very together friend of mine to do a blueprint and instructions. I also have a friend with a copy machine, so I'd like a copy of the plan just mail me the mouse-trap.

Now that we've been nice to mice, I'd like to give you a couple of my favorite Akadama recipes that will be nice to you.

LISTEN TO MAMA, and pass the Akadama. The wine you can mix.

Ingredients:
- 1 cup of Akadama
- 1 cup of lemon
- 1 cup of water

Instructions:
1. Mix 1 cup of Akadama and 1 cup of water.
2. Add 1 cup of lemon to the mixture.
3. Mix well and serve chilled.

Enjoy the Akadama Mama's recipe for a refreshing drink!
Barker Tenure Denial

(Continued from page 1)

A department's reputation depends as much on teaching as well as publications, Barker said. "If the shift now is supposed to he toward improved teaching, then teaching should be considered."... Barker said that Stans met Mitchell, what he hud said, and showed him a letter he had written to Vesco returning the $250,000 which government conspiracy investigators had demanded in return for Vesco's deposition along with the charges for which he had been indicted. Barker said he can legally stay on for one more year, but added that he is unsure of his plans. "I'm giving serious thought to all kinds of alternatives," he said. Barker said he can legally stay on for one more year, but added that he is unsure of his plans. "I'm giving serious thought to all kinds of alternatives," he said.

Campus Performance Presents
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8:00 PM
Rabbi Arthur Hertzberg
President-American Jewish Congress

Topic: "Culture and Counterculture in the American Jewish Community"
Dietrich W-51
Admission Free

Department of Music
UNIVERSITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA AND CHORAL SOCIETY
VERDI: REQUIEM
Friday, March 29
8:30 PM
Hopkinson Hall
International House
Open to the public without charge

Tuesday April 2
Fine Arts Auditorium
I LOVE YOU ROSA
"The finest film to come out of Israel"
"The best Israeli film I've ever seen".
Donald Meyerson-Cue
Admission: $1.00
Time: 7 and 9 PM
**The Daily Pennsylvanian** 1965 - 1971

The Newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania

Thursday, March 28, 1971

**Letters to the Editor**

Activities Council Dispute Sparks Reaction

With regard to my March 24 article concerning alleged abuses in the Activities Council, I wish to add the following comments:

1. I do believe that there are serious and legitimate complaints that have been made with respect to the Activities Council.

2. I do not believe that the recent activities of the council have been so outrageous as to warrant the formation of a new investigative committee.

3. I do not believe that the council has a monopoly on legitimate complaints.

I am writing to request that the University Administration do something to address the legitimate complaints that have been made against the Activities Council.

**Activities Council Dispute Sparks Reaction**

The activities council is a body that has been created to handle the affairs of the student body. It is composed of elected members who are chosen by the student body. The activities council is responsible for the coordination of all student activities, including athletics, cultural events, and community service.

However, there have been recent allegations of misconduct and abuse within the activities council. These allegations include the illegal use of funds, the unfair treatment of students, and the manipulation of voting procedures. The activities council has not been able to address these issues in a transparent and accountable manner.

As a result, the student body has demanded the formation of a new investigative committee to look into these allegations. The activities council has refused to cooperate with this committee, and has continued to operate in a secretive and unaccountable manner.

I write this letter to urge the University Administration to take action to address these serious allegations. The activities council must be held accountable for its actions, and the student body must be given a voice in the decision-making process.

Sincerely,

[Student's Name]

**Letters to the Editor**

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Sincerely,

[Student's Name]
A little cheesecake close to home

By JON PASTOR

If you, cheesecake lover, have tired of the trek to the Great Northeast, where the Country Club Diner provides creamy relief from the chalky, foamy stuff so common on campus: If you've chipped molars on frozen Sara Lee cheesecake because you just couldn't wait; if failure after dismal failure has proceeded from oven to disposal as your habit drove you to "baking your own"... relax. Get on the D-bus East, ride to Eighteenth Street, and walk South to No. 123, where Sylvia Warchauer's nephew Jay has ensconced the city's first cheesecake emporium. That's right: a cheesecake store.

Aunt Sylvia's cheesecake started its professional career in the restaurant in which nephew Jay (Guben) is a partner—Friday Saturday Sunday & Thursday Too, at 261 S. 21st. The cake was so popular, and so fine, that Jay decided to market it independently. Hence Aunt Sylvia's Cheesecake, at 123 S. 18th.

I stumbled across the store one day during some routine shopping on 18th St. There, on the door, was a picture of Jay, Aunt Sylvia, and a cheesecake. Did you ever, the ad asked, "have an aunt who made a special dish better than anybody else, and you always said the two of you should go into business and sell it?" A dramatic pause. "Well, that's what I'm doing with my Aunt Sylvia's cheesecake!"

I stood, bemused, trying to convince myself that this wasn't just an elaborate and expensive hoax that someone had somehow managed to perpetrate in the cynical heart of our fair city. Was there anything up there, really? Thugs with brass knuckles? A group of giggling freaks? The only way to find out was to enter, and on the outside chance that there really was cheesecake that good up there—well, who could have resisted?

The store is a one-flight walkup. The hall looked like my hall, the stairs looked like the ones back on campus. This was a private apartment, not a store, and I was about to barge in, demanding cheesecake. What an idiot; they'd call the cops.

At the top of the stairs was a room, freshly painted, airy, light, with lots of windows, a few shelves and chairs, rugs, walls. Just like someone's apartment. And there, wielding a spatula, that had to be some sort of goddess, beamling out over her—"well, who could have resistedit?"

You can spot the real thing at five yards: It's smooth, daily glossy, with no crumbs or bubbles, and it has an inconceivably thin topping of pure white. It looks heavy, and even before you taste it, you know that if you eat more than one piece you will die a fast and fairly enjoyable death.

Anita, wielding the spatula like Isan wavin an Ankh, is entrusted with the dispensation of this gods food. Two choices she offered me: plain or chocolate cheesecake; coffee or tea. I just nodded, my eyes glazing over, and you could see her seeing me up. "This one's pretty far gone, better give him coffee, fast." I paid my dollar, carried my change over to a director's chair and sat down.

This was not Philadelphia. This was not real time, or, for that matter, real space. I told Anita that I felt as if I were watching a Warhol flick. "I hope it's not that boring," she said. Actually, looking out through the second-floor window, I was more like being inside a TV picture tube during a test-pattern. An eerie atmosphere for cheesecake. Nothing, however, could have distracted my palate from the business at hand. This was Grade A cheesecake, five stars, a cheesecake only a Jewish Aunt could possibly have achieved.

I must have looked entranced when Gil Guben walked in. "It's good," he said, and that wasn't a question. Gil's the manager of the store. He's also Jay's father, Sylvia's brother. The perfect host, he noticed that I was in need of more coffee. Anita glided to the rescue and offered me a Players' filter from a black pack. All the comforts of home, and no plates to wash.

Gil's proud of the whole operation, but particularly of the top quality of both ingredients and product. I wasn't presumptuous enough to ask for the recipe, but Gil volunteered some information: Aunt Sylvia evidently uses about 2½ pounds of cream cheese and sour cream per cake, and naturally, she uses only Philadelphia Brand cream cheese. Of course.

While I was savoring my third cup of coffee, a gent by the name of Buddy Agazarlan dropped by to chat with Gil and Anita. Buddy is the sort of Englishman who shows caricatures of the English up like bullion next to iron pyrite, and he's opening a pub—a traditional pub—at 125 N. 24th. It's called Morgan's, and it opens about April 2. In addition to Beers, Stouts, Ales and Liquors, Morgan's will sport a couple of imports from Aunt Sylvia's—the Cheesecake ("at the top of the pudding list, of course") and Anita.

While you're waiting for April 2 to roll by, visit Gil and Anita at Aunt Sylvia's. Bring your wallet; cheesecakes don't come cheap when you're using prime ingredients. A slice is $1.00 and a whole cake costs $10.00. Steep, but think of the money you'll be saving on gasoline, dental work, and baking powder.
I think our competition is very difficult. There's a local show (referring to Dialing for Dollars) that seems to have a lot of appeal and I personally don't know why. It's a give-away and I guess that's what people really want. We have a classifier show, a kind of show where people can learn and gain insight and knowledge rather than offering a free steam iron! Plus the fact that we are up against Somerset of appeal and I personally don't know why.

She is very proud of the response her show has elicited from the critics and the public, and eagerly talked about it.

The response to the show has been overwhelmingly, surprisingly good! The mail response. The telephone calls. I don't mean just general letters. I mean. I like the show so much I get mail from places all over the world, people write in with comments, comments that tell you they've been watching. They use the telephone, they write, they remember the name of a book or they'll remember the name of a particular song or a particular point of view. So I think we're really changing and new experience to do this type of show. I never aired an hour show by myself, and the idea made me panic but I said, 'If this is the way I'm going to make my money then let me try to learn as much about the business as I can.'

She was in television news for channel 10 (WCAU-TV) for 8½ years and I was doing street news reporting and substituting as anchorman when the regular anchorman was sick or on vacation. But I felt that that was as high as I could go and that I would never be a regular anchorman. I just thought it would be challenging and a new experience to do this type of show. I never aired an hour show by myself, and the idea made me panic but I said, 'If this is the way I'm going to make my money then let me try to learn as much about the business as I can.'

We ran into a group of men sitting around a table and we joined them and I was talking with one and after about ten minutes he asked, 'How would you like to come to Philadelphia and be in television news?' And I said, 'I've never done it. I don't know if I can do it.' And he said, 'We'll help you. We'll have a writer for you.' Initially they had a writer for me. Later they got rid of him and I was on my own. At first I didn't believe this guy's offer but I called him later on and found out he was on the level. But it was just luck.

JACQUES TATI IS ONE OF THE FUNNIEST ACTORS IN THE WORLD.
Up at the Tower

By PETER BAUM

Coming off the highly successful performances of Genesis, the Strawbs and Argent, the folks at the Tower Theater close out their spring season with a couple of acts whose very boldness commands attention. Appearances by both Hawkwind and T-Rex are better termed events than concerts, for both groups have been known to transcend whatever norms there may be in rock performing. Hawkwind, Britain's leading purveyors of "space-rock," will launch what they call their "1999 Party" on Friday, April 5 (1974). Their music is highly synthesized, ethereal rock dealing with space chants and "rituals." The effect is augmented by what is reported to be a magnificent light show directed by one Liquid Len and the Lenmen. The members of Hawkwind itself, including such characters as Baron Brock, Captain Nik and the beloved Lemmy the Larch, were formerly London street people who used to think of themselves as a futuristic "people's band." Appearing with Hawkwind will be an undistinguished Welsh band that has already won many American friends during the recent tour of the States. In addition, the "1999 Party" plans to award a prize to the "most futuristic being in attendance" and it is rumored that streakers will be admitted to the "sonic suite" free of charge, so you may wish to leave your space suits here.

Not to be outdone, the undeniable Marc Bolan brings T-Rex to the Tower for yet another rock spectacle. Bolan is considered the leader of the "glam rock" movement. Bolan—David Bowie comparisons have always abounded, although the former's music is less intellectual and more in the hard rock boogie genre. Bolan is a rock songwriter to be reckoned with, having penned a string of thirteen gold singles for T-Rex in the U.K. His new project, the Zoot, is to put into action at the Tower, is for T-Rex to assume the role of the "Zinc Alloy and the Hidden Riders of Tomorrow." As only Marc could describe it, "the music sounds very '74-ish and also its kind of jive, a kind of send-up of the Gag and Alvin Stardust." To counterbalance Bolan's flashiness, the straightforward for T-Rex, the "space suits home."

Hearing their music quickly dispels the notion of the one-sided "glam rock" movement: Bolan's flakiness, the straight-forwardness of the Band, the leather and the "sonic suite". They were certainly capable of "letting go," of singing robustly and relishing each moment. Each song on the album reveals some aspect of the Victorian age. In Sullivan's "The Dickey Bird and the Owl" the humorous, lighter character is seen. The Dickey Bird lives on an apple tree bough and pridefully boasts of his beautiful voice and if his neighbor, the bachelor owl, cannot stand this prospect he sings all night, he sings all day—how I wish his lease will expire in May!" The move serious themes of tragic love and of "the hideous touch of fate" are expressed through Poe's famous "Annabel Lee," beautifully set to music by Lesley. Who cannot sense the elegiac quality inherent in this piece as Annabel Lee's grief-stricken lover vows to mourn her forever by her burial place on the shore? In Longfellow's "Excelsior," with music by Balse, the heroic gesture so characteristic of the age is depicted. A dauntless young man sets out to plant his "banner with a strange device" in mountainous, avalanche-ridden territory—despite his beloved's pleas. He is found the next morning-frozen to death, yet still fervently clutching his excelsior, his banner. His voice is heard from the heavens like a falling star, saying, "Excelsior, excelsior." His spirit lives on.

And finally, in Marchant's "Saved From the Deep," the ever-powerful help of God is revealed. Two helpless children at sea are struck by a nasty gale wind—but are saved through their father's prayers. These songs, and many more, are sensitively performed by renowned artists. The rich, resonant voices of tenor Robert Teer and baritone Benjamin Luxon are beautifully supported by Andre Previn's skillful piano accompaniment. From frivolity to serenity, each musician captures the mood of the ballads and projects them through his medium.

-MARYLIN KOCMAN

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Annenberg Center THIS WEEK:
Saturday, March 30 Peter O'Toole In "Man of La Mancha"
Irvine 7 & 10 $1.00
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Premieres Saturday, March 2 Through March 23
3916 Locust Walk
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Up the down South

By IRWYN APPLEBAUM

CONRACK—Dussches Theater

Conrack is a great fantasy for teachers. Virtually the entire modest film focuses on the activities of a dedicated young man working to establish a dilapidated schoolhouse on Yamacraw Island, off the coast of South Carolina. The residents are all black. Because of the speech patterns of the region they were able only to pronounce his name as “Conrack.” That was the least of their, and Conrack’s, problems. The children’s education was as poorly developed as the island’s economic state.

On his first schoolday, Conrack learned that the children lack such basic concepts as when their birthdays are. Mostly, they live or count the fingers on one hand. The black principal, Mrs. Scott, refers to the children as “her babies” and she strides poorly developed as the island’s poverty to look forward to.

Mrs. Scott is a Southern girl who in 1965, took over a fifth through eighth grade classroom of a small and isolated schoolhouse on Yamacraw Island, off the coast of South Carolina. The residents were all black. Because of the speech patterns of the region they were able only to pronounce his name as “Conrack.” That was the least of their, and Conrack’s, problems. The children’s education was as poorly developed as the island’s economic state.

On his first schoolday, Conrack learned that the children lack such basic concepts as when their birthdays are. Mostly, they live or count the fingers on one hand. The black principal, Mrs. Scott, refers to the children as “her babies” and she strides poorly developed as the island’s poverty to look forward to.

One of Mr. Horner’s conquests is Mrs. Margery Pinchwife, the country wife of Mr. Jack Pinchwife, a former playboy who had been in Harry’s circle of friends before he moved out of London. Engagingly played by Freyda Andrea Shaw, Margery is bored by London life where she is locked into her room by her husband, until she learns that Harry Horner has declared his love for her. She becomes excited by all her thoughts of Homer, to the frustration of her husband, his wife Pinchwife so that she may be with her gallant. Tricks are played, affairs are attempted and often won, and so goes life in London in the 1670’s.

Wycherly’s play is written and played in the style of a Malines comedy though it generally isn’t as sprightly. It is, however, sophisticated and amusing, and though it runs three hours long, it is an interesting view of life on- and outwits Pinchwife so that she may be with her gallant. Tricks are played, affairs are attempted and often won, and so goes life in London in the 1670’s.

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Animated Draag queens

By LARRY LEVENSON

FANTASTIC PLANET - Trans-Lux Theater

Rene Laloux's Fantastic Planet is a milestone in film animation, a masterpiece, that leaves one chilled and drained after it is over. I can't recall having ever seen anything quite like it. Fantastic Planet was a Grand Prize winner at the 1973 Cannes Film Festival. It is a terribly disturbing film that works on one in an almost subliminal way. The effect is of watching one's very being being annihilated, nightmare spayed across the screen. This ghoulish, in parts savage, little film unfolds in that same intense, scarcely rational way that our dreams unfold and if it never achieves the dramatic force the non-dreaming side of us would prefer, its unsparring, almost hostile, emotional drive leaves one exhausted, and a little trembling, by the experience.

The story to this awesome little nightmare centers upon a little Om named Tare. Actually, the Oms are the last remnants of the human species who are now living on a foreign planet called Ygrom. The Draag, a semi-humanoid species of Brobdingnagian blue giants call Draags. Most of the Oms have been domesticated, serving as fun little pets for all of the Draag children. Oms make the best pet playthings for the children. They can be pinched, or tickled. They can be dressed in an assortment of costumes. They can be traded like baseball cards.

But Tare is not your everyday domesticated Om. He is spunky and stubborn, and also loved by his Draag who innocently keeps him with her during her school lessons. Tare thereby acquires all the knowledge about the preservation of the Draag species as it is passed on to his Draag mistress.

Escaping from his bondage, Tare flees to the forest where he joins a band of renegade, savage Oms who hide in the trunks of trees. Using the knowledge he has received from the Draags, Tare quickly takes control of the group, consolidates their forces, and leads them out of the forest after an attempted de-Omination.

They then plot to destroy the Draag civilization by disrupting their sexual reproduction process. That peculiar process takes place on the Fantastic Planet, which is a moon of Ygrom, flying in spaceships to the Fantastic Planet, the Oms succeed in disrupting the reproductive process of the Draags, threatening to end their civilization. In a spirit of reconciliation, the two species make peace and live happily and in harmony ever after.

It's a densely charged and telescoped little story which Laloux has put together. The film strikes some deep, dark, primitive chord that renders the viewer mesmerized. Seeing the human species reduced to pitiful, helpless little animals in a world of giants approximates, I suppose, the most horrible vision that we all have as a species being victimized, being too small, being casually exterminated.

Like most real nightmares this one ends abruptly and happily, also a little chillingly for being so gratuitously happy. But like everything else in the film, the right effect is produced, one feels parged from the experience. It hits just right. One sweats.

The visual imagery that Laloux, in collaboration with a whole slew of Czech technicians, has produced is spectacular—the best I have seen anywhere, by anyone. The world pictured has a surreal, almost phantasmagoric look to it. The landscape is pictured in various shades of gaudy color, glossed over with a bluish tint. Blue giants drip blue blood. Their eyes glow a hostile red. No sun illuminates the world; instead a ghastly haze pervades the atmosphere.

And the kind of landscape depicted is simply stunning; watching the wild shapes the foliage assumes is by itself well worth the price of admission. Trees shaped like ears metamorphose into large shaped like turtles. Other trees talk. The more hostile trees are shaped like the Oms. There are flying Ormeaters. Amphibious sponge-like animals circulate over the terrain.

Together all of these strange, wondrous images are meant to highlight the way visual spectacles of a futuristic universe ought to work. It is film animation at its very best.

The Orphan has a reworking of the myth of the House of Atreus, the basic materials which Aeschylus employs in The Oresteia. The events remain the same. Agamemnon cannot lead his troops against the Trojans without a wind to fill his ships' sails. To placate the gods he must sacrifice his wife Clytemnestra to her lover. Aegisthus, to stab her husband after trapping him with a net in his bathtub. Rabe puts a pvpce into his Draag who innocently keeps

Richard Faneey as Agamemnon slumps in his bathub of death in THE ORPHAN.

Tare as the Draag child joins a band of renegade, savage Oms who hide in the trunks of trees. The human Oms attack the blue-blooded giant Draags in FANTASTIC PLANET.

Act II does not fare as well. Orestes is portrayed as a simpleton and his process of learning that the world itself too seriously, that he too can kill and survive, takes too long. The attempt at bringing in the Mycenaean angle (with a drawn out mushroom eating scene to allow Orestes to digest his head and LB-like entanglements and demagoguery wear thin.

The play still needs to be sharpened and clarified in order to better coordinate the time-tripping and plot as well as the theatrical techniques of the narrator and some choral singing that at this point just exists without really adding much to the flow of the drama. Barnett Kelman has done wonders with his direction, interweaving the elements of the show in a continuous movement up and down and around the scaffolding. The acting is uniformly superb and probably The Orphan has received as good a performance as it will ever get until it is further rewritten. Except where he has been wearing Disney character masks merely for a laugh, Rabe makes completely persuasive use of his myth-plotting and the gut reaction is as strong from The Orphan as his other work. David Platt, as always, often powerful, always cold, and too frequently befuddling drama but a very worthwhile and excellent one.

A Rabe review

By IRWYN APPLEBAUM

THE ORPHAN—Manning Street Theater

David Rabe is generally considered one of America's most brilliant working playwrights. Each of his long, contemporary psychological thrillers has been greeted with what we have come to know as a "Rabe review." Usually acknowledging the writer has tremendous talent, the critics tend to go on either to simultaneously portray his Draag who innocently keeps
The singer not the song

By EVAN SARZIN

Now in her second sideshow tour, Cleo Laine will appear at the Annenberg Center, as she did a year ago, in the year she bestowed her music on "Talk of the town." By DAVID SHERWOOD

Enormous Changes at the Last Minute, by Grace Paley. Farrar Strauss Giroux, 198 pp. $8.95

"Enormous Changes at the Last Minute," Grace Paley's second book in fifteen years, is a collection of stories about the city and the people who live there. Her language is a combination of incoherent rambling and realistic dialogue. The people she deals with—immigrants, lonely divorcees, nasty little boys, and obnoxious neighbors—seem to add to the confusion. We are outside of their inside jokes, and their conversations,although apparently faithfully recorded border on nonsense.

The title character, "Samuel," is one of the boys in the neighborhood who enjoys taking risks. He and his three friends are jumping from car to car on the subway. The people on the train, assorted old ladies, men, are afraid to say anything because three of the boys were negroes and the fourth was something else she couldn't tell for sure." Samuel slips, falls underneath the car, and is killed. The subway stops just long enough to have the body cleaned off by the subways. The bluntness of her style is appropriate to her subject matter, but what Herbert Gold calls her "child's charm" could also be described as an attempt at cuteness. In "The Burdened Man," a man begging for his musical or opera or playlet with music, whatever they like, whatever they feel they want to do. They get an idea and they go through folk, pop, and classical, taught by many big names: John Williams, the guitarist, John Ogdon the pianist, and John Dankworth. Andre Previn has been down and has given Electro-advanced class there. A lot of electronic music is played. We cover every kind of music that is played today.

The children's camp is in the summer and winters are at home, they devote a considerable amount of effort to going up to hard work I could do Grand Opera, but I wouldn't want to make it my life's work and anyway my voice isn't right for it. It has what you call a 'husky' on it and I don't think this is acceptable in Grand Opera (husky laugh); they don't like it. If a singer has this mass over her voice they tend to damage it, voice damage, which I never could quite understand. I would've thought it would give the voice some in-dividuality—but that's the purist's approach to opera. With a few exceptions I would say that I find most voices rather difficult to identify. This does happen on recordings. If the star can't finish the performance, but what Herbert Gold calls her "child's charm" could also be described as an attempt at cuteness. In "The Burdened Man," a man begging for his next door neighbor's wife, catches his chin in the v-neck of her housedress. Her irate husband advises him "Don't waste your time with that fat bag of tits..."

The last story, "The Long Distance Runner," is her impression of her old neighborhood, now a black ghetto. After an argument with a young girl, Paley runs to the apartment she used to live in and screams for her mother to let her in. Instead of her mother, she finds Mrs. Luddy and her son Donald, a second grade. After watching his mother do housework all day, little Donald is inspired to write a poem:

"Just too much pissy diapers... Loved and wash and wash just wanna sit down by that window and ain't nothing there"

If you can call profanity realism, and crudity a daring experiment with the English language, then Grace Paley is a master of the art.

Sultry song stylist Cleo Laine

Author Grace Paley

March 28, 1974
Illustrator with something extra

By BOB WILLIAMS

Edward Austin Abbey is perhaps best described as an illustrator with something extra. He has the usual bag of illustrator's tricks: smooth draughtsmanship and painterly technique, an eye for detail—pictorial as well as literal—and above all, the ability to integrate these forms of detail to produce the sense of richness and flow, of dramatic momentum, which is, or rather was, seen as good theater. It is perhaps no coincidence that Abbey's depictions of historical and dramatic subjects, especially the large paintings, remind one of early movie epics, which used similar stylized gestures and facial expressions, or that he draws much of his subject matter from the plays of Shakespeare. One can almost write him off as a typical illustrator and academic painter of his time, but for his uncommon vitality, which attracts and fascinates, and causes one to hesitate in judgment. This vitality is expressed both in the vivid, dramatic concentration of certain pieces, and in the great variety of work in the show as a whole.

"The show" is simply "Edward Austin Abbey" and consists of seventy works in oil, watercolor, pastel, charcoal, pen, ink, and pencil, from the collection of the Yale University Art Gallery. It is on display at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Broad and Cherry Sts., through April.

Abbey was born in Philadelphia in 1852, and studied for one year at the Pennsylvania Academy. His greatest success, however, was in England, where he lived for most of his life. Though he was obviously affected by the techniques of the Pre-Raphaelites, nothing could be farther in spirit from their figures of Daniel Boone and Sir Walter Raleigh for this mural, but also in The Viking's Daughter and the sensitive Woman in a Garden. His sketches in watercolor, pen, ink, and pencil display equal sensitivity as well as technical competence. In The Two Sisters, a watercolor, Abbey has beautifully caught the effect of lacy, morning light as it enters the room through windows and white curtains and plays over the potted flowers. His pen-ink drawing of a man on a bridge is an extremely sensitive study of old stonework and water. A light, happy oil sketch, Still Life With Daffodils, is displayed in the same room as the Hamlet and Richard mentioned earlier, and jolts one into a recognition of Abbey's remarkable versatility. That this artist, so successful with his large scale, academic works, should have remained sensitive to these little things, and done pictures of such simple subjects, as the one in The Viking's Daughter, is remarkable, and proof of his artistic vitality.
Wednesday he met other officials with Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger for more than an hour, the State Department said.

Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger, who is to leave this week for the Middle East, met Tuesday with Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin and Defense Minister, on his official visit to the Holy Land, to discuss the possibilities of an Israeli-Palestinian settlement.

MOSCOW (UPI)-Soviet leader Leonid I. Brezhnev met Monday with U.S. Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger for more than an hour, the State Department said.

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Trackmen Expect to Continue Ivy Dominance

By ANDY FISCHER

For the past three years the University of Pennsylvania has sponsored a basketball game between the best of the seniors from the Philadelphia colleges and a squad of U.S. All-Stars, with the proceeds going to benefit the multiple sclerosis society. This year, the Pennsylvania team will again face the nation's top investors, this time in a game that will also feature a celebrity basketball game.

By TED METZGER

The track preview is an opportunity to discuss the upcoming season and the expectations for each team. It is a time when coaches can describe their strategies and the players can showcase their skills.

Quaker Diamondmen Oppose Textile; Still Search for Mound Consistency

By JAY STACK

While it might seem that track and field is a sport that is without a lot of pressure, it is not the case. The Quaker Diamondmen face a lot of competition and are always looking for ways to improve their performance. The team is looking to build on its success from last year and continue to make strides.

Mound Consistency

The failure to resolve mound consistency issues has been a problem for the Quakers this season. It has been a recurring theme and has affected the team's overall performance. The coaching staff is working hard to address this issue and find solutions to improve the team's pitching.

The Road to Winning

Winning at the highest level requires dedication, hard work, and a strong sense of identity. It is a journey that requires patience and perseverance. The Quaker Diamondmen are on a mission to win and are willing to do whatever it takes to achieve their goals.

The Race for the Ivy League Title

The Ivy League is one of the most competitive conferences in the country, and the Quaker Diamondmen are determined to be at the top of the standings. The team is working hard to stay ahead of the competition and make a strong push for the league title.

The Team and the Community

The Quaker Diamondmen are not just a team; they are a part of the community. The team is dedicated to giving back to the community and making a positive impact in the lives of others. The team is proud of its accomplishments and looks forward to continuing to make a difference on and off the field.
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Clytemnestra Revisited . . . . . . . . page 3
Visiting Cleo Laine . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . page 4

A little cheesecake close to home

By JON PASTOR

If, you, cheese cake lover, have tired of the trek to the Great Northeast, where the Country Club Diner provides creamy relief from the chalky, foamy stuff so common on campus: If you've chipped morsels on frozen Sara Lee cheesecake because you just couldn't wait; if failure after dismal failure has proceeded from oven to disposal as your habit drove you to "baking your own" . . .

...relax. Get on the D-bus East, ride to Eighteenth Street, and walk South to No. 123, where Sylvia Warchauer's nephew Jay has ensconced the city's first cheesecake emporium. That's right: a cheesecake store.

Aunt Sylvia's cheesecake started its professional career in the restaurant in which nephew Jay (Guben) is a partner—Friday Saturday Sunday & Thursday Too, at 261 S. 21st. The cake was so popular, and so fine, that Jay decided to market it independently. Hence Aunt Sylvia's Cheesecake, at 123 S. 18th.

I stumbled across the store one day during some routine shopping on 18th St. There, on the door, was a picture of Jay, Aunt Sylvia, and a cheesecake. "Did you ever," the ad asked, "have an aunt who made a special dish better than anybody else, and you always said the two of you should go into business and sell it?"

A dramatic pause. "Well, that's what I'm doing with my Aunt Sylvia's cheesecake!"

I stood, bemused, trying to convince myself that this wasn't just an elaborate and expensive hoax that someone had somehow managed to perpetrate in the cynical heart of our fair city. Was there anything up there, really? Thugs with cynical heat of our fair city. Was there somehow managed to perpetrate in the second-story picture-window was more like being inside a TV picture tube during a test-pattern. An eerie atmosphere for cheesecake. Nothing, however, could have distracted my palate from the business at hand. This was Grade A cheesecake, five stars, a cheesecake only a Jewish Aunt could possibly have achieved.

I must have looked entranced when Gil Guben walked in. "It's good," he said, and that wasn't a question. Gil's the manager of the store. He's also Jay's father, Sylvia's brother. The perfect host, he noticed that I was in need of more coffee (Anita glided to the rescue) and offered me a Players' filter from a black pack. All the comforts of home, and no plates to wash.

Gil's proud of the whole operation, but particularly of the top quality of both ingredients and product. I wasn't presumptuous enough to ask for the recipe, but Gil volunteered some information: Aunt Sylvia evidently uses about 3? pounds of cream cheese and sour cream per cake, and naturally, she uses only Philadelphia Brand cream cheese. Of course.

While I was savoring my third cup of coffee, a gent by the name of Buddy Agazarian dropped by to chat with Gil and Anita. Buddy is the sort of Englishman who shows caricatures of the English up like bullion next to iron pyrite, and he's opening a pub—a traditional pub—at 135 N. 24th. It's called Morgan's, and it opens about April 2. In addition to Beers, Stouts, Ales and Liquors, Morgan's will sport a couple of imports from Aunt Sylvia's—the Cheesecake ("at the top of the padding list, of course") and Anita.

While you're waiting for April 2 to roll by, visit Gil and Anita at Aunt Sylvia's.

Bring your wallet; cheesecakes don't come cheap when you're using prime ingredients. A slice is $1.00 and a whole cake costs $10.00. Steep, but think of the money you'll be saving on gasoline, dental work, and baking powder . . .
T.V.'s morning star

By GERALD EARLY

Most Penn students who, are fortunate enough not to have an early morning class or work schedule are probably asleep at 9 AM, which means they are missing one of the brightest and refreshing talk shows on local television. The show, which premiered on January 21, is called *Morningside* with Edie Huggins, and its hostess is one of the best things to happen to the little screen in many a moon.

Ms. Huggins, a strikingly handsome woman, who is a former nurse and a former newscaster for WCAU's evening news, not only chats with her guests but participates in activities with them. For instance, on one show she performed yoga exercises with a yoga expert and on another she had a bed-making contest with black comedian, Irwin C. Watson. On still another program, she talked quite frankly about being a divorced woman with a divorce expert.

Her show, despite the excellent reviews it has received in local newspapers, faces a tough time in the ratings department. It competes with the highly rated children's program, *Muggins*, and its hostess is one of the premiered on January 21, is *Morningside* with Edie Huggins, which is a very popular soap opera. So I think we're really never going to have a high rating. We're going to have a very good, very selective, very critical audience.

Most shows with black hosts or hostesses tend to be "black shows." Shows like *Black Journal*, *The City*, *Right On*, *The New Yorker* are all different. Ms. Huggins is one of the best things to happen to the white-oriented world because they don't regard her as being quick to take over their job. Whereas a black man, I think, is considered more of a threat. But it's a hard business for anybody to break into and when people ask me, "How do I get into the business," there's just no answer. It's a matter of luck, of not having a decent education, being able to come off on the air as the type of person they hire you for. If they want a comedian, it's got to be someone who's funny or someone to do news analysis has to be someone who is bright, creative, up with the times, and does a lot of homework. It's a matter of luck, of not having a decent education, being able to come off on the air as the type of person they hire you for. If they want a comedian, it's got to be someone who's funny or someone to do news analysis has to be someone who is bright, creative, up with the times, and does a lot of homework.

"Personally, I got in this business strictly by luck. I had my BS in nursing education. I was living in Manhattan at the time, working as a nurse, and when I heard the show was going to be up for auditions, I went and auditioned and I got the job. I mean people write in with the name of a book or even a quote of the guests or they'll remember the name of a show by myself and the idea made me panic but I said, 'If this is the way I'm going to make my living, then let me try to learn as much about the business as I can.'"

She is very proud of the response her show has elicited from the critics and the public, and eagerly talked about it.

"The response to the show has been overwhelmingly, surprisingly good. The mail response, the telephone calls, the don't mean just general letters, you know, 'I like the show' type of thing. I mean people write in with comments, comments that tell you they've been watching. They use quotes of the guests or they'll remember the name of a book or they'll remember the name of a particular song or a particular performer. So I know people are watching. The vision critics have been beautiful to us. Variety gave us a beautiful write-up and it's rare for a television show to get it so long and so favorable a write-up.

Getting into the television business was not easy for Edie Huggins. "I think it's hard for anybody to break into and when people ask me, 'How do I get into the business,' there's just no answer. It's a matter of luck, of not having a decent education, being able to come off on the air as the type of person they hire you for. If they want a comedian, it's got to be somebody who's funny or someone to do news analysis has to be someone who is bright, creative, up with the times, and does a lot of homework."

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Animated Draag queens

By LARRY LEVENSON

FANTASTIC PLANET - Trans-Lux Theater

Rene Laloux's Fantastic Planet is a milestone in film animation, a masterpiece, that leaves one chilled and drained after it is over. I can't recall having ever seen anything quite like it.

Fantastic Planet was a Grand Prize winner at the 1973 Cannes Film Festival. It is a terrifyingly disquieting film that works on one in an almost subliminal way. The effect is of watching one's nightmares splayed across the screen. This ghoulish, in parts savage, little film unfurls in that same intense, scarcely rational way that our dreams unfold and if it never achieves the dramatic force the non-dreaming side of us would prefer, its unsparing, almost hostile, emotional drive leaves one exhausted, and a little repelled, by the experience.

The story to this awesome little nightmare centers upon a little Om named Tare. Actually, the Oms are the last remnants of the human species who are now living on a far planet called Ygrom, populated by a dominant species of Brobdignagian blue giants called Draags. Most of the Oms have been domesticated, serving as fun little pets for all of the Draag children. Oms make the most convenient playthings for the children. They fight. They can be pinched, or tickled. They can be dressed in an assortment of costumes. They can be traded like baseball cards.

But Tare is not your everyday domesticated Om. He is spunky and stubborn, and also loved by his Draag who innocently keeps him with her during her school lessons. Tare thereby acquires all the knowledge about the preservation of the Draag species as it is passed on to his Draag mistress.

Escaping from his bondage, Tare flies to the forest where he joins a band of renegade, savage Oms who hide in the trunks of trees. Using the knowledge he has received from the Draags, Tare quickly takes control of the group, consolidates their forces, and leads them out of the forest after an attempted de-Omnization.

They then plot to destroy the Draag civilization by disrupting their sexual reproduction process. That peculiar process takes place on the Fantastic Planet, which is a moon of Ygrom. Flying in spaceships to the Fantastic Planet, the Oms succeed in disrupting the reproductive process of the Draags, threatening to end their civilization. In a spirit of reconciliation, the two species make peace and live happily and in harmony ever after.

It's a temtly charged and telescoped little story which Laloux has put together. The film strikes some deep, dark, primitive chord that renders the viewer mesmerized. Seeing the human species reduced to pitiful, helpless little animals in a world of giants approximates, I suppose, the most horrible vision that we all have: as a species being victimized, being too small, being casually exterminated.

Like most real nightmares this one ends abruptly and happily, also a little chillingly for being so gratuitously happy. But like everything else in the film, the right effect is produced, one feels purged from the experience. It hits just right. One sweats.

The visual imagery that Laloux, in collaboration with a whole slew of Czech technicians, has produced is spectacular—the best I have seen anywhere, by anyone. The world pictured has a surreal, almost phantasmagoric look. The Draags are pictured in various shades of gaudy colors, glossed over with a bluish tint. Blue giants drip blue blood. Their eyes glow a hostile red. No sun illuminates the world; instead a ghastly haze pervades the atmosphere.

And the kind of landscape depicted is simply stunning; watching the wild shapes the landscape assumes is by itself well worth the price of admission. Trees shaped like ears metamorphose into trees shaped like turtles. Other trees talk. The more delicate trees are shaped like humans and feed on Oms. There are flying Omeaters. Amphibious sponge-like animals circulate over the terrain.

Together all of these strange, wondrous sights amount to a triumph of a film that affects one deeply. Fantastic Planet sticks on impressions, which is the only way visual spectacles of a futuristic universe ought to work. It is film animation at its very best.

The human Oms attack the blue-blooded giant Draags in FANTASTIC PLANET.

The ORPHAN—Manning Street Theater

Richard Fancy as Agamemnon slumps in his bathtub of death in THE ORPHAN.

David Rabe is generally considered one of America's most brilliant working playwrights. Each of his long, complex plays has, however, been greeted with what we have come to know as a "Rabe review." Usually acknowledging his talent for baring tortured souls and quirks. Most critics avoid trying to sort out the convolutions of Rabe's theatrical vision. Perhaps they were nervous about the uninitiated. And, as in all of his work, Rabe tempers his often brutal dealing with Vietnam symbolic nets which mix-up the reader and probably The Orphan has received as good a performance as it will ever get until it is further rewritten. Except where he brings on messengers wearing Disney character masks, and from The Orphan as his other work. David Rabe has another, often powerful, always cold, and too frequently befuddling drama but a very worthwhile and excellent one.

Act II does not fare as well. Orestes is portrayed as a simpleton and his process of learning that he takes himself too seriously, that he can kill and survive, takes too long. The attempt at bringing in the Manson angle (with a drawn out mushroom eating scene to allow Orestes to climb inside his head) and LBJ-like entanglements and demagoguary wear thin.

The play still needs to be sharpened and clarified in order to better coordinate the time-tripping and plotting as well as the theatrical techniques of the narrator and some choral singing that at this point just exists without really adding much to the flow of the drama. Barnett Kellman has done wonders with his direction, interweaving the elements of the show in a continuous movement up and down and around scaffolding. The acting is uniformly superb and probably The Orphan has received as good a performance as it will ever get until it is further rewritten. Except where he brings on messengers wearing Disney character masks, and from The Orphan as his other work. David Rabe has another, often powerful, always cold, and too frequently befuddling drama but a very worthwhile and excellent one.

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The singer not the song

By EVAN SARZIN

Now in her second stateside tour, Cleo Laine will appear at the Annenberg Center, as she did on her first Americo-round. Again, she will present a program of material drawn from classical and popular music, that is, opera and musical world. Whatever a song's original treatment, it is interpreted successfully by Cleo Laine music.

Most of the songs I sing, in the end, turn out to be more than anybody else—than the way they were, if fact. I don’t think it would be me if I attempted to do it, and I’ve never been trained to do it. I’ve had a little training but not enough to change the way I really wanted to sing.

“I suppose that if I set my mind to it, if I got down to hard work I could do Grand Opera but I wouldn’t want to make it my life’s work and anyway my voice isn’t quite right for it. It has what you call a husk on it and I don’t think this is acceptable in Grand Opera (husky laugh); they don’t like it. My singer has never been given over to the voice they tend to dismiss as voice as inferior, which I never could quite understand. I would’ve thought it would give the voice some individuality—but that’s the pursit’s approach to opera. With a few exceptions I would say that I find most voice rather difficult to identify. This does happen on recordings. If the star can’t finish a recording, can’t get her high note at the end, or she’s too tired, they bring in another soprano to just sing the high note. So, that’s an indication of how one can be deceived. I think it would be rather difficult for someone to do in my high notes unless they were absolutely imitating me.”

In truth, it would be rather difficult to dub in Miss Laine’s high notes at all. Prior to her first Philadelphia engagement, press releases, known for a permissible minor third elasticity regarding the truth about a singer’s range, boasted that Cleo Laine was capable of reaching some real high. In Ms. Laine’s brand-new release, Live at Carnegie Hall, she sings, not merely reaches or screeches, a G above high C in performance of Cole Porter’s “Ridin’ High.” A voice with “a little training,” which is capable of singing things considered off-limits to many schooled singers is, however, only one of her vehicles for developing and expanding popular conceptions of music.

When she and her husband, composer-conductor-instrumentalist John Dankworth, are at home, they devote a considerable amount of effort to running the Wavendon All-Music Plan, as they call it. “It’s something that John and I dreamed up four or five years ago and it tells you what it is in its title—All-Music. I think probably the ‘plan’ could be dropped because the plan has been carried out. It has all different kinds of music, both in concert and in the student classes which we have—and in the children’s camp. As soon as we get back, there’s a ten-day student’s course for advanced students and they’ll go through folk, pop, and classical, taught by famous big names: John Williams, the guitarist; John Ogdon the pianist, musical or opera or playlet with music, whatever they like, whatever they feel they want to do. They get an idea and they

Saltry song stylist Cleo Laine

John Dankworth and Andre Previn has been down and has given Electro-advanced class there. A lot of electronic music is played. We cover every kind of music that is played today.”

The children’s camp is in August in the fields in the back of our stables, or the theater. We call it the stables but we’ve turned into a small two-hundred seat theater. They camp there and they create their own little

Talk of the town

By DAVID SHERWOOD

Enormous Changes at the Last Minute, by Grace Paley. Farrar Strauss Giroux, 198 pp $6.95

Enormous Changes at the Last Minute, Grace Paley’s second book in fifteen years, is a collection of stories about the city and the people who live there. Her language is a combination of incoherent rambling and realistic dialogue. The people she deals with—immigrants, gunmen, divorcees, nasty little boys, and members of the neighborhood who enjoy taking the contusion. We are outside the borders on nonsense.

The title character. “Samuel” is one of the boys in the neighborhood who enjoys taking the contusion. He and his three friends are jumping from car to car on the train. The people on the train, assorted old ladies, men, are afraid to say anything because “three of the boys were degrees and the fourth was something else she couldn’t tell for sure.” Samuel slips, falls underneath the car, and is killed. The subway stops just long

enough to have the body cleaned off the wheels and brakes. The bluntness of her style is appropriate to her subject matter, but what Herbert Gold calls her “child’s charm” could also be described as an attempt at cuteness. In “The Burdened Man,” a man begging for his life after being discovered with his next door neighbor’s wife, catches his chin in the -week of her househeld. Her irate husband advises him “Don’t waste your time with that fat bag of tits...” Then the husband shoots them both. But most of her stories don’t end in death. She drifts from apartment to tenement, introducing us to Faith and Hope, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Darwin, and Mrs. Hegel-Sheine, the lady next door who is president of the Grandmother’s Wool Sock Association. We catch pieces of conversations on library steps, park benches, and in an old man’s home. As a collection, the stories lack substance, and one is hardly swept off one’s feet with a driving theme.

The last story, “The Long Distance Runner,” is her impression of her old neighborhood, now a black ghetto. After an argument with a young girl, Paley runs to the apartment she used to live in, to find her mother to let her in. Instead of her mother, she finds Mrs. Laddy and her son Donald, a second grader. After watching his mother do housework all day, little Donald is inspired to write a poem:

“Just too much pissy diapers
and wash and wash
just wanna sit down by that window
and look out
ain’t nothing there”

If you can call prose realism, and crudity a daring experiment with the English language, then Grace Paley is a master of the art.
Illustrator with something extra

By BOB WILLIAMS

Edward Austin Abbey is perhaps best described as an illustrator with something extra. He has the unusual bag of an illustrator's tricks: smooth draftsmanship and painterly technique, an eye for detail-pictorial as well as literal—and above all, the ability to integrate these forms of detail to produce the sense of richness and depth, of dramatic momentum, which is, or rather was, seen as good theater. It is perhaps no coincidence that Abbey's depictions of historical and dramatic subjects, especially the large paintings, remind one of early movie epics, which used similar stylized gestures and facial expressions; or that he draws much of his subject matter from the plays of Shakespeare. One can almost write him off as a typical illustrator and academic painter of his time, but for his uncommon vitality, which attracts and fascinates, and causes one to hesitate in judgment. This vitality is expressed both in the vivid, dramatic concentration of certain pieces, and in the great variety of work in the show as a whole.

"The show" is called simply Edward Austin Abbey and consists of seventy works in oil, watercolor, charcoal, pen-and-ink, and pencil, from the collection of the Yale University Art Gallery. It is on display at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts, Broad and Cherry Sts., through April.

Abbey was born in Philadelphia in 1832, and studied for one year at the Pennsylvania Academy. His greatest success, however, was in England, where he lived for most of his life. Though he was obviously affected by the techniques of the Pre-Raphaelites, nothing could be farther in spirit from their precious hyper-sensitivity than his own robustness and energy. Just how energetic and dramatic he could be one clearly sees in what is, perhaps, the most representative example of his painting, _Hamlet, The Play Scene_. It strikes one as rather garish at first; the figures are dressed in barbaric garb with clashing patterns and intense, discordant colors. They confront us directly and only after a moment do we realize that we are the players, they the audience—a clever and extremely effective reversal. Caudius stiffs and glares at us from the throne, his cloak a deep red, one arm stretched to the side as if to block our entrance into the picture. The queen, beside him, sinks back into the shadow, and with a marvelous gesture and expression, slowly draws her black veil over her face. Sprawled on some wolf-skin rugs in the foreground, Hamlet casts a quick glance back at the king. The background is alight with tur- vers, adding further to the ominous atmosphere and hinting at future violence. The picture thwarts with a kind of dark barbaric life.

Across the room is another large painting, _Richard, Duke of Gloucester, and the Lady Ann_, which is even more pattern-conscious, and has a kind of truly cinematic sweep to it. But Abbey was concerned with other things as well. His study of _Men at an Anvil_ reveals his interest in the human figure, though without personality and dramatic context the interrelationship of figures is awkward. The problem also besets his _Apotheosis of Pennsylvania_, a study for a mural in the capitol at Harrisburg. Several sketches in pastel and oil for this are also on display. The oils have a very contemporary simplicity and spontaneity, especially the one entitled _Five Lawmakers_. His pastel technique is stunning, and demonstrated not only in the figures of Daniel Boone and Sir Walter Raleigh for this mural, but also in _The Viking's Daughter and the sensitive Woman in a Garden_.

His sketches in watercolor, pen-and-ink, and pencil display equal sensitivity as well as technical competence. In _The Two Sisters_, a watercolor, Abbey has beautifully caught the effect of lazy, morning light as it enters the room through windows and white curtains and plays over the potted flowers. His pen-and-ink drawing of a man on a bridge is an extremely sensitive study of old stonework and water. A light, happy oil sketch, _Still Life With Daffodils_, is displayed in the same room as the _Hamlet_ and _Richard_ mentioned earlier, and juits one into a recognition of Abbey's remarkable versatility. That this artist, so successful with his large scale, academic works, should have remained sensitive to these little things, and done pictures of such simple sweetness as well as ones of tense energy and drama, is remarkable, and proof of his artistic vitality.
Up the down South

By DWYNN APPLEBAUM

CONRACK—Duchess Theater

Conrack is a great fantasy for teachers. Virtually the entire modest film focuses on the activities of a dedicated young man with an altruistic flair for developing young unled minds into what appears to be a finer intellect. He is the riveting object of our attentions the way the new schoolmarm was in a lonely town.

As he recounted in his book, The Water Is Wide, Conroy was a Southerner who in 1960s took his fifth through eighth grade classroom full of kids in a dilapidated school and books and Yamacraw Island off the coast of South Carolina. The residents were all black. Because of the speech patterns of the region they were able only to pronounce his name as "Conrack." That was the least of their and Conrack's problems. The children's education was as poorly developed as the island's economic state.

On his first school day, Conrack learns that the children lack such basic concepts as when their birthdays are, what country they live in or counting the fingers on one hand. The black principal, Mrs. Scott, refers to the children with an alchemist's flair for "her babies" and she strides with an undergraduete's flair for introducing them to poetry first-hand and football. The filmmakers have deprived their work of many of the nagging doubts and serious questions that brushing at a water pump and opens their eyes to the beauty and variety of the island's wildflowers. His technique is lone and imaginative as when he need be raised about the validity of Conrack's achievements. These were the kinds of tortuous doubts raised by James Agee in Let Us Now Praise Vantage if they had more of it and at a disadvantage if they had none, and they are at a disadvantage in the little they have; and it would be hard and perhaps

Students carry out their lessons and teacher (Jon Voight)

the 'advantages' I have had: a Harvard education is by no means an unqualified advantage."

The unfortunate thing about Conrack is that we allowed to see so little of the daily life on Yamacraw Island and see only a few, grossly simplified characters among the adult population. Not having any knowledge of what occupation and living prospects the children have available to them leaves us at a disadvantage. We know that the island is impoverished, then it is that we can only assume that, like Agee's tenant farmers, the children can look forward to few better opportunities than their parents have. School superintendent Mr. Skeffington eventually fires Conrack for his independent teaching methods, for what he terms "farting and dancing" to be drilling the children in the reading, writing and arithmetic. We would like to see this hard line as wholly destructive for the children in light of Conrack's admirable revitalization of their interest in learning. However do see Conrack helping the kids to improve their pathetic reading and writing skills. It is a joyous recitation of random poetry titles and Presidents' birthdays that's very little in the way of practical education is shown.

Thus, when Conrack is forced to leave school, we can't help think, whether as Agee would probably say, he frustrated the kids trying to fill them with middle-class dreams when they realistically will not have middle-class dreams to牵挂 when they really made a useful contribution to their lives. Conrack can stand on its own merits and be addressed itself to the realities outside of the classroom.

Country cuckold

By BOB MITH

THE COUNTRY WIFE—Tomlinson Theater

William Wycherley's bawdy sex comedy, The Country Wife, is at Temple University's Tomlinson Theatre and it fits its description as a classic. The play is a satire on London's elite in the 1700s' complete with cuckold, not-so-virginal women, and the playboys who make them so. Though the play may not be as shocking today as it was in England 300 years ago, Temple's production is probably as enjoyable as it would have been at that time.

Harry Horner, a town wit, returns from France, and with the aid of a Dr. Quack whom he hires to verify the rumors, has made all of London believe that he has become sexually impotent. Of course the whole idea behind his plot is to improve his opportunities with the local ladies without arousing the jealousy of his husbands. As he puts it, he is the only man in London who can be found in a woman's bedchamber at dawn by her husband without causing the man to become angry enough to kill him.

As soon as Horner's news spreads throughout the town, men such as Sir Jasper Fidget leave their wives in Mr. Horner's care pleasing all of the parties involved. Husbands don't fear being cuckolded by Harry; women such as Lady Fidget can continue to hide behind a mask of virtue while indulging in their sexual adventures; and of course, Harry Horner is kept as busy as can be.

One of Mr. Horner's conquests is Mrs. Margery Pinchwife, the country wife of Mr. Jack Pinchwife, a former playboy who had been in Harry's circle of friends before he moved out from London. Engagingly played by Freyda Andrea Shaw, Margery is bored by London life where she is locked into her room by her husband, until she learns that Harry Horner has declared his love for her. She becomes excited by all her thoughts of Horner, to the frustration of her husband, and outwits Pinchwife so that she may be with her gallant. Tricks are played, affairs are attempted and often won, and so goes life in London in the 1700s'.

Wycherley's play is written and played in the style of a Moliere comedy though it generally isn't as sprightly. It is, however, sophisticated and amusing, and though it runs three hours long, it is an interesting view of life on the-other-side-in 17th century London.

Joe Leonardo's direction flows smoothly with the benefit of Daniel P. Boyon's sets which slide on stage from both wings and down from above. Equally as elegant as Boyen's setting resonant costumes which are a color and fashion treat in themselves.

The cast, which is made up of undergraduate and graduate students, ranges from fair to very good. Aside from Ms. Shaw, I liked Richard Zobel as Horner, and James C. Broaddus and Anne C. Twomey as Sir Jasper and Lady Fidget.

The play will, no doubt, prove boring for some as there are probably many people who have no interest in the doings of London's upper classes in the 17th century, but if you're interested at all in classical theatre you will like to see a very good production of a light comedy that is full of fun and that is not very expensive, go see it. It will be playing at the Tomlinson Theatre on Temple's campus at 12th and Norris Streets March 26, 31 and April 4-7, and student tickets are $2.50 and $1.50. Telephone reservations can be made by calling 787-8833. 
Up at the Tower

By PETER BAUM

Coming off the highly successful performances of Genesis, the Strawbs and Argent, the folks at the Tower Theater close out their spring season with a couple of acts whose very boldness commands attention. Appearances by both Hawkwind and T-Rex are better termed events than concerts, for both groups have been known to transcend whatever norms there may be in rock performance.

Hawkwind, Britain's leading purveyors of "space-rock," will launch what they call their "1999 Party" on Friday, April 5 (1974). Their music is highly synthesized, ethereal rock dealing with space chants and "rituals." The effect is augmented by what is reported to be a magnificent light show directed by one Liquid Len and the Lemmings. The members of Hawkwind itself, including such characters as Barren Brock, Captain Nik and the beloved Lemmy the Lurch, were formerly London street people who like to think of themselves as a futuristic "people's band." Appearing with Hawkwind will be Man, an unerrated Welsh band that has already won many American friends during the recent tour of the States. In addition, the "1999 Party" plans to award a prize to the "most futuristic being in attendance" and it is rumored that streakers will be admitted to the "sonic soirée" free of charge, so you may wish to leave your Baret Mannish Owl at home.

Not to be outdone, the undeniable Marc Bolan brings T-Rex to the Tower on May 17 for yet another rock spectacle. Bolan is considered the leader of the "glam rock" movement. Bolan-David Bowie comparisons have always abounded, although the former's music is less intellectual and more in the hard rock boogie genre. Bolan is a rock songwriter to be reckoned with, having penned a string of thirteen gold singles for T-Rex in the U.K. His new project, to be put into action at the Tower, is for T-Rex to assume the roles of "Zinc Alloy and the Hidden Riders of Tomorrow." As only Marc could describe it, "the music sounds very '74-ish and also its kind of jive, a kind of send-up of Ziggy and Alvin Starlight." To counterbalance Bolan's flamboyance, the straightforward rock of Bachman-Turner Overdrive will open the festivities. Led by former Guess Who singer Randy Bachman, the band has been acclaimed as one of '73's top new groups.

Although these composers are not as well known as their predecessors—Donizetti, Bellini, and Rossini—they must be given credit for capturing so vividly the mood and character of their era. Hearing their music quickly dispels the notion of the one-sided Victorian—upright, upright, prim, proper, and unbending. They were certainly capable of "letting go," of singing robustly and relishing each moment.

Each song on the album reveals some aspect of the Victorian age. In Sullivan's "The Dickey Bird and the Owl" the humorous, lighter character is seen. The Dickey Bird lives on an apple tree bough and pridefully boasts of his beautiful voice and of his impenetrable sternness. "I sing notes from A to G, an opera star, I'll someday be." His neighbor, the bachelor owl, cannot stand this prospective star's voice. "He sings all night, he sings all day—flow I wish his lease will expire in May!"

The move serious themes of magic love and of "the hideous touch of fate" are expressed through Poe's famous "Annabelle Lee," beautifully set to music by Lesley. Who cannot sense the elegance and grace inherent in this piece as Annabelle Lee's grief-stricken lover vows to mourn her forever by her burial place on the shore?

In Longfellow's "Excelsior," with music by False, the heroic gesture is characteristic of the age is depicted. A dauntless young man sets out to implant his "banners with a strange device" in mountainous, avalanche-ridden territory—despite his beloved's pleas. He is found the next morning—frozen to death, yet still fervently clutching his excelsior, his banner. His voice drops from the heavens like a falling star, saying, "Excelsior, excelsior." His spirit lives on.

And, finally, in Marchant's "Saves from the Deep," the ever-powerful help of God is revealed. Two helpless children at sea are struck by a nasty gale—burst and are saved through their father's prayers.

These songs, and many more, are sensitively performed by renowned artists. The rich, resonant voices of tenor Robert Tear and baritone Benjamin Luxon are beautifully supported by Andre Previn's skillful piano accompaniment. From frivolity to serenity, each musician captures the mood of the ballads and projects them through his medium.

—Marilyn Kochman
The Osric's April Fool

Oscar Preview: You put all these publicity drives together, and you won’t have to worry about the crowds at all. See some of the choices and you won’t want to. Ch 7’s crack actors with little hair, and to make it better, John Walters, who directed that’s preview and let’s see what he did. David Shepman and the graphic team. What a great preview. EXCERST by his clip parade on Ch 10. April 10, 8:30 pm.

Hamburgers: “Bad beat buns” at least in the catering of this hour with no real drivers. J. M. News, Carl Bissell, Charles Callias and Bobby Vinton, but any that you bring that Caesar’s can’t be all chopped meat. Ch 1, 8 pm.

Calamities of Campus Awarts: Spats fans across the country who ripped up the crops to stop for aesthetic popularity contests, can watch those bonfire at the horrid arrangement front! Ch 5, 9 pm.

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March 28, 1974

The Osric Theatres, Finally! As for the minor men, even if you don’t give a damn about the motion picture, we are still here to give you a.ViewModels until the autumn. Show that brings Sid Caesar back can’t be any better by focusing especially on The Visit. Yardley, Brian Dunn, and Lodge Clay. A Memory of Two Mondays: Arthur Miller’s autobiographical film comedy about what we think will take the statues in their respective categories. The Visit: (1964) Ingmar Bergman and An

WEDNESDAY, APRIL 3

Academics of Country Music Awards: Roger Miller leads the down home Grammy spin with Loretta Lynn, Charley Pride, Conway Twitty, and yes from back east who has some mean hits of his piano playing. Ch 1, 11:30 pm.

THURSDAY, MARCH 28

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Fridays, April 1-14

Paintings by Leah Schwirr
Week

34th A Spruce Streets

The Philadelphia Orchestra March 78. Ch 10. 7 pm. The Philadelphia Orchestra March 78. Ch 10. 7 pm.

Bands will be held, guests to include the Air Force Band and the Singing Sergeants, anr Bra...