Dental School Seeks Funds

The ceiling panels were lifted in the sixth week, since President Martin Meyerson stepped into the case may days before, other students and faculty were trying to save the University of Pennsylvania's budget system later this month.

According to the Philadelphia American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU), campus administration action might return the air to the air before students to continue their legal battle, if only to vindicate their contention that their rights to due process of law has been violated. (Continued on page 4)

COUNCIL PROPOSAL WOULDENSURE Student-Faculty Input Budgeting

By LAURIE FIELD

The University Council discussed some policies that would provide a budget advisory committee for the next year, in Incline, while discussing its own budget earlier this month.

According to the council's outgoing and incoming chairpersons for the coming year, the University Council should have a budget advisory committee.

The proposal was passed, and the Senate Academic Planning Committee would be established.

The proposal was passed because the Senate Academic Planning Committee would provide an alternate advisor to the Academic Planning Committee.

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Escarino Elected to Chair Activities Steering Group

By MARY BENECH

College Activities Steering Group Chairwoman Wednesday was elected chairman of the College Activities Council Steering Committee.

The election was chosen by the council's outgoing and incoming chairpersons for the coming year, in Incline, while discussing its own budget earlier this month.

The proposal was passed because the Senate Academic Planning Committee would provide an alternate advisor to the Academic Planning Committee.

The proposal was passed because the Senate Academic Planning Committee would provide an alternate advisor to the Academic Planning Committee. (Continued on page 4)

Republican Foglietta Brings Majority on the Campus

By BILL CROUSE

Republican primary candidate Donald J. Foglietta, who won the May 21 runoff election, said Wednesday he was ready to begin preparing for the general election in November.

"I hope to be ready to begin preparing for the general election in November," Foglietta said, although he was not sure how the election would turn out.

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Foglietta had 54 percent of the vote in the runoff, which was held May 21. He defeated Democrat John J. McHugh, who had 46 percent of the vote.

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Although the initial contingent will "probably be limited to four students due to the "experimental" nature of the program," Bill noted "all students who are interested" are eligible to apply.

She said "the "ideal" academic semester for each student in the program should be about six months," and that the "schedule will depend upon naming the faculty participating and the goals and methods of such a program in Washington, D.C. on a "full" basis.

The program should offer a variety of internship placements, seminars with scholars teaching or engaging in the Washington area, guidance services, and centralized living facilities for all students involved.

The students will write a full thesis on their areas, and "will participate in classes" held by interested groups. The program should "firm the University's commitment to the Urban Studies program, said Wednesday."
The State Calleth

The Daily Pennsylvania

Building for the Future

By Peter Oliver

As a fan of football, if there is one thing that I have learned in my years of watching the Penn football team, it is that no one can be too sure of anything. This is especially true when it comes to the future of the team.

The future of the team is always uncertain. It is always in flux. It is always changing. It is always in the process of being shaped and molded by the decisions made by the coaches, the players, and the fans.

As a fan of football, I have learned to accept the uncertainty of the future. I have learned to accept that no one can be too sure of anything.

Penn football is always uncertain. It is always changing. It is always in the process of being shaped and molded by the decisions made by the coaches, the players, and the fans.

\[ \text{Penn football is always uncertain. It is always changing. It is always in the process of being shaped and molded by the decisions made by the coaches, the players, and the fans.} \]

Letters to the Editor

The Prom Was No Bomb

Philip Korson

In Monday's OP article on the Senior Prom, Miss Johnson seemed to be very concerned in the reporting of events made by people who attended the event. Rather than emphasizing the fact that there were obviously many people who had a great time, she seemed to focus on the negative aspects of the event. This is not only unfair, but also inaccurate.

The Prom was a success. Many people had a great time. People should be praised for the effort they put into the event, rather than being criticized for the mistakes that were made.

I believe that Miss Johnson should have focused more on the positive aspects of the event, rather than on the negative.

\[ \text{I believe that Miss Johnson should have focused more on the positive aspects of the event, rather than on the negative.} \]
Hearst Figure Scott Meets Press

Pre-Med Group Sponsors Week of Medical Seminars

By ROBERT SPECTER

The pre-med student society, Alpha Epsilon Delta (AED), is sponsoring a host of activities this week, employing such themes as "Internal Honesty," "Face Cutting," and "Brain Cutting."

As part of pre-week, there will be a series of conferences, lectures and laboratory seminars, held at the University Hospital (HUPI) and the Medical School.

"By the purpose of the week is to do everything possible to create a feeling of community among the pre-med students," AED President Murray Cohen explained. The society is trying to establish new courses and projects, as well as extracurricular activities occurring your year, he explained.

The talks and sessions on aspects of the medical profession will "define the qualities of being a doctor," according to Scott Greenspan, who organized the week's activities. "The lectures will have an impact, he said, on what is really happening in the hospital today."

Among the various events of the week are a Sociology lecture on "Brain Cutting," lectures concerning surgery, radiology and laboratory. Greenspan noted that space is limited in activities were filled, except for some early morning seminars.

"The most popular activity," Greenspan said, "is the Surgical Grand Rounds in which all the surgery professors and the very important medical historical society will be featured. The students have been signed up by the Grand Rounds which will take place November 4th. M. in HUP."

Greenspan also explained that "the only problem that AED has found is that of performing actual surgery."

This type of session was hosted because of the Medical School's concern about the safety of the patients.
“Snarls of Beauty”  
A reading by George P. Elliott  
Poet, novelist, and essayist  
Among the Dunes  
Friday, April 11, 12 am  
Philomathean Hall (4th floor, College Hall)  
Sponsored by Writing Program and Philomathean Society  

Student struggle for Soviet Jewry  
Phila. Union of Jewish Students  
Rally for Soviet Jewry  
on Solidarity Sunday April 13, in N.Y.  
Roundtrip $2  
INF0: “USONCE AND RETURN”  
Philomathean Hall (4th floor, College Hall)  

NEW COURSES AT SUP  
The Fels Center of Government  
in the new  
School of Public and Urban Policy  
will announce several new courses for undergraduates  
and masters degree candidates in late April. The courses  
will be related to political choice processes,  
organization theory, public policy analysis,  
naturalization and regulation of industry, non-profit institutions  
and information systems for public decisions.  
The “drop and add” procedure  
can be used during Fall Term registration.  

Department of Computer and Information Science  
CSE 110 INTRODUCTION TO COMPUTING  
1 MWF 10  
2 MWF 2  

Solve Problems by Computer  
No Prerequisites  
Concepts of Programming: separate sections for APL  
and FORTRAN  
“Hands on” experience with interactive computing  
Applications to the Humanities, the Social Sciences,  
the Life Sciences, the Physical Sciences, Engineering,  
and Business.  
Discussion of the societal impact of computers  

For further information contact  
Drs. Badler (5862)  
Gorn (8560)  
Jessel (8549) or the  
Department Office (8540)  

Clinic  
(continued from page 1)  
(Continued from page 1)  
(Continued from page 1)  

WXPN  
(Continued on page 1)  

School of Public and Urban Policy  

The final area of possible future controversy is in the drafting of a new  
WXPN constitution for an ad hoc committee, “in time for action at the  
June 1973 meeting of the Trustees,”  
according to Moscu原文的March 3 statement.  
The committee will include undergraduates, whose final  
recommendations will likely depend on the  
size of the board’s response to the  
year’s governing Senate  

Election Polling Places and Times  
High Rise East  
High Rise South  
Quad (Memorial Tower)  
Hall Hill  
High Rise North  
Quad (36th St.)  
Van Pelt Library  
Locust Walk  

5 A.M. to 7 P.M.  
10 A.M. to 3 P.M.  
10 A.M. to 5 P.M.  

Sponsored by Autonomous Nominations  
and Elections Committee  

In Addition: There will be a questionnaire  
in which you can directly  
voice your opinion.  

Get out and vote! Make your feelings heard.  
Your vote does matter! (The last recount  
showed the New Hampshire Senatorial race  
was decided by two votes.)
Due to lack of student turnout, the polls of the Undergraduate Assembly elections was cancelled for today. All other voting constituencies only one student was present to hold.

The candidates from the Colllege of Communication before an audience of about

Thursday, April 10

Thursday, April 10

Thursday, April 10

Thursday, April 10

Thursday, April 10

Thursday, April 10

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Thursday, April 10

204 Bennett Hall Ext. 4965

Four Turnouts Force Cancellation
Of Two ‘Sleeve Night’ Sessions
By ELLIS M. KRIESBERG

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204 Bennett Hall Ext. 4965

The Afro-American Studies Program
announces its First Annual Spring Symposium
‘The Function of Black Criticism at the Present Time’
April 9-11, 1975

Wednesday, April 9
9:00 am - 5:00 pm Registration 204 Bennett Hall
8:00 pm Poetry Reading Michael Harper,
Brown University and Kofi Awoonor,
State University of New York at Stony Brook

Thursday, April 10
9:00 am - 5:00 pm Workshop - Allen Gee, Cambridge University
11:30 am - 1:30 pm - African Literature - Wole Soyinka,
Brown University and Kofi Awoonor,
State University of New York at Stony Brook
2:00 pm - 3:30 pm - Black American Literature
J. Saunders Redding, Cornell University
3:30 pm - 5:00 pm - Caribbean Literature - Edward
Mphahlele, Baker
4:30 pm - 6:00 pm - Panel Discussion

1.9:00 pm - 5:00 pm - Workshop
2. 7:00 pm - 9:00 pm - Poetry Reading
3. 10:00 pm - 11:30 pm - Concert

For Information - 204 Bennett Hall Ext. 4965

The daily Pennsylvania

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The daily Pennsylvania
WOLFYRENS Fortunes Hinge on Play Of Penn All-ivy Super Shot Wecal

Golfer's fortunes hinge on play of Penn All-Ivy Super Shot

BRIGHT-GREEN, Quaker sophomore Rick Keperis may be in the middle of his first varsity season, but the first lieutenant in waterfront has discharged as well as the two red, white, and blue. The Quakers comb the 30-plus hitting yesterday in Penn's 14-10 victory over Glassboro State, contributing one single — with one of the doubles — with drive straight into the golf

L germans, "This is my first team, and I have been waiting to play in a varsity game," said Halsey, "and I'm glad to be here today."

"I've never played before," he admitted, "so I'm a little nervous, but I'm excited to be playing." The Quakers have played well in the past two weeks, and Halsey is one of the key players for the team.

"I'm really happy to be here," he said. "It's been a long time since I've played, and I'm glad to be back."

Halsey's performance has been a key factor in the Quakers' success this season.

The Quakers have a challenging season ahead, but Halsey is determined to contribute to the team's success.

"I'm really excited to be here," he said. "I'm going to do my best to help the team win."
Reserved Space

So What!

By Mitchell Berger

Spring is here, and so what? For some strange reason, most people get very excited about the coming of spring. Poets equate it with love in bloom, professors equate it with the end of the semester, and nearly everybody equates it with income taxes. Despite this mixed bag of events that come with spring, most people just love it. I hate spring.

Now don't get me wrong. I love fresh air and warm weather. I love love, and I hate income taxes, just like everybody else. It's just that spring means that come with spring, most people net very excited about the coming of spring. Poets equate it with income taxes.

Despite this mixed bag of events that come with spring, most people just love it. I hate spring. I like baseball as much as the next fellow, but I can take just so much of it. This wouldn't normally be much of a problem, unless you happen to have friends who are baseball cultists. I do. They drive me nuts.

Eight months out of the year my friends are perfectly normal, healthy, civilized people. They eat the right kinds of food, get plenty of sleep, attend classes and in general do things like every other human being on the face of this earth. But then it happens.

Like the lemmings running to the sea, or like the effect of a full moon on Lon Chaney, there is something inexorable in the changes that spring brings about in my friends. First they lose interest in everything but the baseball freaks are living in a half-hostile, half-indifferent universe. "They talk of trades involving such unquantifiable entities as "future considerations" or "undisclosed amounts of cash." I speak English. They do not.

But there's something in me that won't give up. I try to keep up contact with the baseball cultists. New friends are not easy to find, so I try to stick by my old ones. Where does this get my friends? Into 34th Street. Believe it or not—and I'm not sure I do—my two friends the baseball cultists are writing this week's Cover Story. It doesn't teach you much about baseball, but it will sure give you insight into the strange phenomenon of the baseball fan.

And, when I read articles like this week's about the great National Pastime, I realize something that before I was only vaguely aware of.

I hate baseball.
**AMERICAN LEAGUE EAST**

**New York:** After 10 years of garbage, the Yankees have finally put together a decent team and emerge as the favorites in their division. Thanks to the acquisition of two key players, Bob Oliver and Eddie Leon, and the help of outfielder Bobby Bonds and pitcher "Jim Catfish" Hunter, the Yankees field their strongest team since the glory days of Stafford and Sheldon.

**Baltimore:** Oriole fans don't deserve this team. Despite five division titles in six years, Baltimore fans have stayed away in droves. As usual, the Orioles have improved themselves through trades with N.L. and look almost too good for second place. Their infield, outfield, and pitching all seem solid, but age may catch up with some of their stars.

**Boston:** The Red Sox have pretty much written this year off as a rebuilding season. In fact, they stink. But our roommate from Beantown likes them so we picked them for second.

**Cleveland:** While the eyes of the baseball world turn to the contest between the two key players, Bob Oliver and Eddie Leon, and the favorites in their division. Thanks to the acquisition of two key players, Bob Oliver and Eddie Leon, and the help of outfielder Bobby Bonds and pitcher "Jim Catfish" Hunter, the Yankees field their strongest team since the glory days of Stafford and Sheldon.

**Minnesota:** Everybody on this team is named Steve Lahoud, Rivers, Stanton. What? You don't recognize these names? Don't bother remembering them.

**Chicago:** Watch for Barty "Toys in the Attic" Johnson.

**Kansas City:** Drugstore baron Ewing Kauffman has invested a lot of money in this team with little return.

**San Diego:** All of the twowheeliepattiespeepseesbaure-lettucecheeesepicklesononionsameesedonuts in the world couldn't save this team.

**N.L. EAST**

**Pittsburgh:** Pirates should finish behind St. Louis, a swift, exciting team that should be fun to watch, but will be too busy watching those Phillies.

**Philadelphia:** Let's be realistic. Last year, with all of the members of the "alltime infield" having the most productive seasons of their careers, the Phillies finished two games under .500, with a record worse than such powerhouses as the Astros, Twins, Rangers, White Sox, and Braves, and in third place in the weakest division in baseball. Occasional readers of the Bulletin sports page, might wonder what happened to such "definite" future Phillies as Bobby Bonds, Dick Allen, Reggie Jackson, Rusty Staub, Bill Freehan, Mickey Stanley, Bill Buckner, Al Downing, Jim Brewer, and Jim "Catfish" Hunter. Instead, the Phillies wound up with luminaries like Cesar (icroinmo and Dave (Immaculate) Concepcion, however, they can't be ignored.

**Chicago Cubs:** We've never forgiven the Dodgers for beating the Yankees in four straight in the '63 Series, so we picked them for second.

**Chicago White Sox:** The Sox are the facts, ma'am.

**San Francisco:** It's true: the world couldn't save this team.

**Los Angeles:** We've never forgiven the baseball fans for playing golf instead of baseball. A lot of the twowheeliepattiespeepseesbaure-lettucecheeesepicklesononionssesamedonuts in the world couldn't save this team.

**BASEBALL FAX**

Did you know that:

- The only two players in baseball history with career totals of at least 250 hits, 250 home runs and 250 stolen bases are Willie Mays and Vada Pinson. Yes, Vada Pinson.

- In 1964 a major league team led the league by 6 games with 10 left to play and lost. Can you believe that?

- Fred Beene once pitched for more than two years (May 1972-May 1974) without losing a game. You could look it up.

- That former Phil Bill Robinson was born in Pennsylvania yet now makes his home in New Jersey, by choice.

- Phil Rizzuto, a paid broadcaster obligated by contract to announce every game once said, "Vida Blue's pitching tomorrow night and I'm not going to miss that one, Bill." He didn't.

- There was once a pitcher, one Paul Schreber, who pitched 15 innings for Brooklyn in 1923 and then did not make a major league appearance for twenty-two years, when he reemerged in a Yankee uniform. Those are the facts, ma'am.
Basket Case

By Daniel A. Kalse

Alright kiddies, we're through the worst of it. Those dreary, weary, bleary months of winter are turning into those lazy, hazy crazy days of summer. Gone are those days when you would rather stay in bed all day than go to class, be anywhere else but Philadelphia, eat what's available and not bother cooking. Well, one out of three isn't bad.

I don't know how many of you change your eating habits with the seasons. At my house things alter drastically. Martinis turn into Bloody Marys or Screwdrivers, cool white wines replace heavier red ones, and the usual after-dinner cordials give way to a multitude of frozen-golden coolers.

As for food, which is what this column is supposedly about, we tend to move to a more simple fare instead of the rock heavy and blazing meals of winter needed for that all important individual heating system. Gone are huge standing rib roasts, hearty soups, sweet potato pies, pasta specialties, and massive dessert goodies. Arriving are the rib roasts, hearty soups, sweet potato pies, pasta specialties, and massive dessert goodies. Arriving are the

Happy Cooker

sand, and six million smelly little kids, it's fine. But there are a vast number of elegant, easy, and inexpensive summer meals to compliment those fine warm days when the sunshine on your shoulders makes you happy. (Now if I only looked like a frog with blond hair and could sing, I'd make a fortune.) I love to go on picnics. All around this city of brotherly pretzels are a great number of fine parks, many with tennis courts, baseball diamonds, and charcoal grills. Fairmount, Wissahickon, and Valley Forge have many scenic spots where picnics are allowed. Or just walk over to the east bank of the Schuylkill above the Museum and enjoy. Caution, though, check the park rules before you go. It seems, for instance, that the Smokies out around George Washington's old hangout don't look too favorably upon long-haired hippies drinking beer and eating chicken salad off of an American flag table cloth.

PICNIC MENU

Chicken Salad Maisonbois Sherry Marinated Vegetables Bagels or Rolls Strawberries and Melon Chunks in

Beverage of Your Choice.

CHICKEN SALAD MAISONBOIS

8 chicken breasts ½ cup walnut pieces chicken stock, canned is fine ½ cup french dressing (vinaigrette) ½ teaspoon tarragon 1 cup chopped celery ½ cup mayonnaise 2 tablespoons capers ½ cup chopped onion Salt and pepper to taste.

Place the chicken breasts in a wide saucepan and cover with the stock, seasoned to taste. Bring to a boil, reduce heat and simmer for just ten minutes or until just done. Reserve stock for future use. Let the breasts cool until they can be handled, bone, skin and dice the meat.

Yield should be around four cups. In a bowl mix the chicken with the dressing (use a 3 to 1 oil:vinegar ratio), capers, tarragon, and vegetables. Substitute or add these vegetables as you like. Try grape halves for a change. Chill the salad well. Add the mayonnaise, adding more as necessary or desired. Keep well chilled until served.

Rizzo, Part II

By Peter Ginsberg

Things have changed for Frank Rizzo since he last unleashed his campaign machine over four years ago. His infamous with party boss Pete Camiel was only beginning to boil in 1971. Rizzo was running with party backing and official machinery. Election promises were flowing even faster than dollar bills, and only a whimpering Republican Party was around to bark. But this is 1975, and Lou Hill ostensibly has the Party machinery. The communications between Camiel and the Mayor have ended—replaced by accusations and name calling. For a while, things looked rose for the Camiel boys. With the press and lie detector equipment going sour on Rizzo, the Mayor hid and set about regrouping his forces. According to some observers, he has mellowed; according to everyone, he has regrouped.

Consequently, the Mayor broke huddle about a month ago with campaign pledges reminiscent of 1971. Perhaps his most appealing vow now is to refrain from raising taxes for at least a year. He made the same promise four years ago and, in a peculiar way, has kept that pledge. On paper, Philadelphia's budget remained the same. However, the cost of living has been more dear than dollars and cents.

Basket Case

Philadelphia

Say Cl<br>

Philadelphia

Mug Shots

Although the Philadelphia Museum of Art will be closed until December, there are several other art museums in Philadelphia displaying major works by famous artists. Until December, you will have an opportunity to view some fifty-four works of historical interest on display at the National Portrait Gallery at the Second Bank of the United States, 1201 Chestnut St. Called Masterworks of American Art 1740-1840, the exhibit is presented in cooperation with the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, the oldest museum and school of art in the nation, and the National Portrait Gallery at the Second Bank.

Included are such major works as Rembrandt Peale's impressive Patrie Pater.

The Second Bank is open every day from 9 to 5 and admission is free.
Riding the Range

By Buzzy Bisninger

There's no question about it. During the summer, I'm like everyone else—just another floundering student trying to slip through without making a fool of myself.

But at night when the lights are out, my eyes are closed, and I'm safely strapped in bed, you wouldn't believe the change that comes over me. Gone is the look of resignation and hopelessness. Gone is the fear of getting my shoecase caught in one of the revolving doors of the Hi-Rises.

Putting reality aside for the moment, I lie in my bed and drift into fantasy, drawing an elaborate mental picture of what I'd like my life to be like. I'm never quite sure what will come out, but that's part of the game.

More often than not, the image I dream about most is being a cowboy.

I can just see myself riding down the trail, my six-shooter pointed neatly at my side, a cigarette hanging nonchalantly from the corner of my lips. Little Big Bum is what they call me out here in wild Texas territory, the Terror of the West.

I ride into town cool and slow. The sun is beating down hard. What I need is a quick shot of whiskey to get the old blood flowing again. I head for the saloon.

As I walk up to the bar I hear some chuckles from behind. I spin around, my hand resting on my gun. "You laughin' at me," I say to some old geezer sitting in the corner.

"Yeah," he says, "So what?" "Just checkin'," I say and turn around. I pull out my trusty pad and make a note of the date. I'm going to save this for later."

"What the hell's going on here?" I cry out, breaking my fist as I pound it on the table. "This isn't La Terrasse. This is Texas. Since when is there a drinking age here?"


You don't got an I.D. You don't drink.

I give him my Horse and Buggy License. He looks at it for a while, then looks back at me. "You got any other?" he asks. "Anything with a picture on it?"

"A picture?" For chrisakes, the photo hasn't even been invented yet. How the hell am I gonna show you something with a picture on it if the goddamn thing doesn't exist!"

I'm steaming mad now, and I have a good mind to shoot the bartender in the back of the neck when he isn't looking.

Of a sudden I hear the man-made wail of a siren, and a team of horses come to a screeching halt in front of the bar. It's a Texas Ranger. He walks into the saloon with a candle in his hand.

"This is a raid," he says. "Please have your I.D.'s ready."

I try to make a quick exit. I feel a hand crush my shoulder. "You got an I.D., son," he says.

"I left my wallet at home." "Don't you know it's illegal to be in a saloon without proof of age?"

"No sir," he says, "I didn't." "This is a raid," he says. And out I go to jail, my arms handcuffed behind me, my head tilted to one side. All I wanted from this whole lousy dream was to get a drink. What the hell went wrong? What have I done to deserve this?"

Insomnia may be my only alternative.

Lost Causes

"Whiskey," I scream. "Whiskey!! Whiskey!!"

"Rotgut!! Spleen cleaner!! Lighter fluid!!" he fires off the bar.

"What the hell's going on here?" I cry out. "I've been here for two years and you don't even know what the hell's going on here!!"

"Going down's going to be OK, but when you come to a stop..." he told him. "I'm going to raid you, too."

But my friend and I sign the beaten log book and some indemnity agreements and leave for the walkway.

Giamberardina drives up soon after we reach the stairs. He unlocks the gate for us.

"I'll take you over to the pedestrian walk," he says. "This isn't La Terrasse. This is Texas. Since when is there a drinking age here?"


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Subway Stop

Subway Stop

View from the Bridge

By Chris Jennewein

PEDESTRIAN WALKWAY, BENJAMIN FRANKLIN BRIDGE—The south cable reaches the bottom of its long, graceful curve here, the 7,000 ton wire momentarily tangent to the highway it carries and the Delaware below. You're standing astride the Delaware here, bored over the industrial valley spreading before you.

Thousands of gallons flow under you every minute, this widest highway in the valley carrying an assortment of ships and sewage. Ore ships bound for the steel mills behind you; cargo steamers bulging with Philadelphia's products. In front of you is the newer and longer Walt Whitman Bridge, and on your right, beyond the buildings and silver reflectors, is the Penrose Avenue Bridge.

Up here the wind howls. The cold wind off the Delaware. And you've signed away your life to get up here, affixed your name to the bridge patrol's log book and indemnity agreement. "Know all men by these present..." you signed. "That..."" assume any and all risk..." And the oxidized bronze plaque on the Philadelphia anchorage warned you: "In the memory of those who lost their lives in the building of this bridge."

But it's exhilarating. The cables rise on either side to 500-foot towers—crossed steel beams covered with a port of rivets. From there the cables dive through the catwalk and highway, deep into the concrete anchorages on both banks. Under you cars, trucks and buses fill eight highway lanes and PATCO trains intermittently rush by.

You're really invisible up here. The bridge is so big and familiar that few people notice it. And so they don't notice you. You're alone up here (just you and your 1,650-foot-long suspension bridge) and so you might as well consider yourself lord. You can fasten tie too. The
**Theater**

**Long Day's Journey into Night**

Long Day's Journey into Night is Eugene O'Neill's open psychological wound, a seething autobiographical account of his painful family conflicts encapsulated in the events of a single day. It is generally considered America's best play, and the Drama Guild's production at the Walnut Street Theater gives a good insight as to why.

O'Neill's stage family, the Tyrones, are four tortured souls: Edmund O'Neill without a vocation at 25 and suffering from possibly fatal consumption, his father, too stiag to provide the necessities his family is entitled to, Jamie, a budding older brother jealous of his accomplishments, and his mother Mary, a morphine addict.

The play is a continual diatribe, a constant effort by the characters to place blame for their shortcomings on the others. They seem trapped by their past, conflicts and the Drama Guild's is not totally successful, it is a noteworthy effort. The interaction with the Tyrones seem to pass in minutes, but the anguish and emotional strain make it feel like forever.

**Chicago**

The people who concocted Cabaret have taken the same formula, and moved the gaudy nightclub atmosphere to the Windy City U.S.A., calling it Chicago, now for three weeks at the Forrest Theater.

"Razzle dazzle them" preaches begtime lawyer Billy Flynn as the means of sacking a jury to acquit his clients, and Chicago director Bob Fosse has taken the advise to heart. The set too is a bit awkward.

In his Razzle Dazzle number Orzech explains "how can they see with sequins in their eyes?" and Fosse has tried to do exactly that for Chicago. There are some finely crafted numbers, worthy of his, and his star's, best effort that try very hard to cover the lack of anything behind them.

**Film**

**Seduction of Mimi**

The Seduction of Mimi is not at all what I expected. Let me warn you that it's not a juicy love story; romance and sex do abound but Mimi refers to the male protagonist.

The film takes place in several Italian villages. The hero is a political activist, (a Communist) who is continually persecuted for his beliefs. Out of dissatisfaction with the political system he cannot have sex with him, and because he lost his job for supporting a particular candidate in the allegedly secret election, he leaves his home and starts out anew in another locale. This means acquirng a mistress who eventually bears his son.

He is forced to his hometown where he leads a secret existence with his mistress but later, does return to his wife. He will not have sex with her now. Frustrated, she is made pregnant by an instructor when getting a driving license. That is the ultimate disgrace to her husband who seeks revenge by implicating the instructor's wife.

The plot may sound simple, but it is not a formula (or sub-titles often do not explain what's happening although the translations of the frequently used expletives are amusing. Apparently, the political backdrop of the film is supposed to be significant but it wasn't clear who was representing which side and why.

The action proceeds with the main character constantly getting involved in political strife, often unintentionally, while leading a daring and active personal life.

**Tommy**

The movie version of Tommy is a tour hour sound and light experience based on a trite re-writing of The Who's rock opera. Tommy (Roger Dalrymple) is the deaf, dumb blind ballad playing messiah who, when brought back to normal, creates a quasi-religious cult based on life during his incommunicado period. The whole thing is a metaphor-damning the rock star hero-worship syndrome, but the point can easily be missed within the grand scope of the film.

In the long run it probably makes little difference. The main virtue of Tommy is its searing kaleidoscopic presentation. Director Ken Russell has raised craft over performance and content as he pounds the audience with jarring, intense sequences of shots set to a quintaphonic soundtrack of The Who's driving music.

Crowds cheer, buildings burn, a television set explodes and floods a room with waste from commercials, colors shift with changing mood (an old Russell trick), and Christ images are everywhere.

Tommy is an impressive film that's definitely worth seeing in a quintaphonic theater. However, as you return to the real world after paying $4.00 a seat (with option to purchase a souvenir program) to watch a parade of rock and film stars telling you how watching parades of stars is silly and self-defeating, you can feel just a little foolish.

—DEBRA WISHIK

—ALAN BEHR

April 10, 1975
Talking With

Jackson Browne

Two weeks ago, Jackson Browne ended a two day gig in Philadelphia. At the end of his fourth show Friday night, he agreed to talk—at 3 o'clock in the morning. Jackson Browne started playing in and around the LA and Long Beach area in California while still in high school.

One night, he did some demos and signed with Elektra-Asylum Records. His first album took almost 2½ years to make. It was released and much praise was heaped on it after his second album, "For Everyman." His popularity rocketed and the rest is musical history.

After this interview, this writer can safely say that Jackson Browne's lyrics project him perfectly—a man who cares deeply about others yet always is aware of his own address.

Q: What do you think of your present band?

JB: It's real funny, I can't figure this band out. This band is so weird. Larry (drummer) is exciting. These four songs we've been missing our seventh member, the guy who sings harmonies. Herb (banjo and some vocals) is capable of doing everything that Doug (based on albums with vocals) used to do. But when it's two-part with Herb, he gets frail. There's more to be gained by a really inventive two-part.

Q: Have you ever heard the tape what WMIR made of one of our gigs where you and David were at the Main Point a few years ago?

JB: I heard that the last time I was at MMR. I used to think and really remember that as being a hot week for me. That tape was not so good.

"Take It Easy" leaves a lot to be desired on that tape. Everybody writes me off, man. They all say "Well, you know, you're just over critical." Who the fuck knows? We had a good time.

Q: When did you meet David Lindley, your fiddle man, because he didn't play on your first album and yet, he was at the Main Point with you 3 mos. following the release of that album?

JB: Well, I met David about five years before that. David was a Los Angeles musician. When I was still playing ragtime music in local jug bands and stuff in LA and Long Beach, David was the king of the bluegrass festival circuit. David kept winning these banjo and fiddle contests. Finally, they made him a judge because he kept winning. A couple of years later he was involved in a group called The Kalidescope. I really loved their first album, and second record for that matter. I sorta knew about him, we knew the same people. The first time I ever played with David a friend of ours brought me into my dressingroom, it was the first gig I ever played in LA and there was this guy playing fiddle. It was like, suddenly everything made so much sense. He's always been able to instill a great deal of feeling in everything that he plays.

Q: When did you play with the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band?

JB: When I was in high school, they played at this local club. I guess I was in the band for about 3 mos. and we played a couple of mos. in Long Beach. It was years later that I started thinking about making records. They had a career right away but it was more of a coffeehouse show band, folk sorty of act. They just happened to be in a position in the entertainment world of like a band that had this unique, little old-fashioned jug band thing about them. The fact is that they're all really incredible musicians.

Q: What do you think of Philly as you seem to come here a lot?

JB: I really like Philadelphia. I have some really fine memories of the Main Point. It's been awhile that we've been able to spend a week playing anywhere. This is the first time that we've ever done four shows in one city. I really like Philadelphia, because it was one of the first places that ever really sort of welcomed me. I know a bunch of people my own age and I know whole families of people that live behind the club.

Q: When is this present tour ending?

JB: We're just starting now. After tomorrow we play Pittsburgh and we'll have 12 more days to close out our first leg of the tour, we'll be taking a break of 10 days before touring again.

Q: In 1978, Beth Flichet went to some publishers and they published 4 of your songs. What made you decide to sign with them?

JB: It sounds to me like you read the little preamble to the song-book that they put out. That's actually my least favorite piece of literature in the entire hemisphere. What happened is that Beth, whom I have this great crush on, she is so great, I love her so much. I saw her singing somewhere, it was at the Troubadour. Beth brought Doug, who became bass player, around to some gigs that I was doing, like a solo. And Doug started to leave like after 3 minutes. He was saying, "This guy, you know, can't sing. It's painful to listen to him." She kept saying, "Just listen to the words." And that's sorta the story of my life. I've always been trying to vindicate myself. It seems so many people like are giving me an amount of credit for writing lyrics and for being able to write a tune, you know, and never really many people, you know, feel like they like the way I sing. The question you asked about, you know, that publisher: the thing was I had become close friends with Doug Haywood when I met him through Beth, I never would have signed with these people because he was in the process of being screwed by Vivian. Later, totally apart from that, by a whole different means, I became involved with them and signed with them. So, now they've got the rights, the songbook rights, to a whole raft of my tunes, about 30 of them, six of which were made, you know and a lot of which I'd be embarrassed if they were ever published. The way that the law goes is that if someone records a tune, it's free and clear, like, no one has to ask you anymore; no one has to ask your permission. All that is required of them is that they pay you a statutory rate for what you are supposed to get. But if the song has never been recorded, then the law says they have to obtain a mechanical license. So, there are a bunch of songs that have never been recorded because they're not so good. They put out this songbook that I hate. Six songs—wants to buy 6 songs. When I make my songbook, I'm going to have to include a little paragraph in the front that says that we are unable to obtain the rights to reproduce these songs. Which I hope by saying in a very straightforward manner will piss people off. I hope that it bothers people.

Quotables

"April showers bring May flowers"—that, especially in Philadelphia this week, we have proof of. But, "A sin is committed in every month," and in some respects even more. "I have heard of. If the Pope said it, we might have something to worry about. But it was only Philadelphian Danny O'Barak talking about the team. Whoa!

Former New York Mayor John Lindsay has finally joined the Nitty Gritty Dirt Band. During the filming of his first film, "Rosebud," Otto Preminger began to instruct Lindsay on how to cry. Whereupon Lindsay retorted, "Don't bother. After four years of being mayor of New York—no one has to teach ME how to cry!" I wonder if Mayor Rizzo takes things so personally.

When prescribing a cure for the nation's ailing economy in an interview last week, Treasury Secretary William E. Simon commented, "Our options are pretty lousy." Encouraging, isn't he?

It is exactly this lack of confidence in our country this year which prompted Andrew M. Greetee, program director of the National Opinion Research Center in Chicago to advise, "Let's postpone the Bicentennial. How can be do that to us?" Maybe he's just jealous Philadelphia is getting all the attention.

People just don't give our city a chance. Now they want to tear down Reading Terminal, an architectural landmark since 1893 and listed on the National Register of Historic Sites and Places. "It's about as historic as an anthouse," responds Philadelphia Commercial Director Harry B. Rulinger.

One Philadelphia institution has returned for a short visit—Dick Clark of American Bandstand, who has just finished taping a special "Bandstand" in his old West Philadelphia studio.

When questioned about his opportunistic label, he answered, "I'm a total all-out, unadulterated capitalist. I found it very amusing during the late 60's when the young people were all for divvying up the wealth and giving it out to everybody." Welcome back, Dick. We think you're cute, too.

Dr. Richard Dillen, a Bryn Mawr endocrinologist gave some of the most original advice to dieters. I've never read in a recent "Bulletin" article. "I tell my patients to get a stationary bike and watch Walter Cronkite on the tube. Whenever he says something they don't like, they should pedal faster!" I don't know if people actually lose weight on this sort of diet, but it must produce some very well informed fat people.

If it is one thing politicians employ beautifully, it's euphemisms. After an accusation that a Philadelphia advertising agency lent $39,000 to O'Keefe Shapp's re-election campaign, the Governor's campaign manager Attorney General Robert P. Kane explained, "It was simply an extension of credit, not a loan."

And a Presidential aid, explaining that household chores for the Ford vacation home in Palm Springs were being carried out by help flown from the White House, said, "We do not call them, ah, er, servants. We refer to them as stewards." Yes, these men certainly have a way with words.

But the most quotable quotable came to me unexpectedly from a Monday morning New York disc jockey, "If you don't get out of bed this morning you'll never know who's lurking after your body today." Buzzy Bissinger, take note.
March 28 through April 21: Exhibition of eight recent paintings by Murray Dessier. Open Mon.-Sat. 11-4; Wed. 11-7.

The Wallnuts
218 Locust St.

Through April 30: Crafts as Fun and Functional: A renaissance featuring handblown glass, ceramic instruments, leather body sculpture, pottery, weaving and wood objects. Open Mon.-Thurs. 10-4; Wed. 10-4; Friday 11-5.

Malley Gallery
1718 Locust St.

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Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts
11 West Race St.


University City Arts League
1426 Spruce St.


Vance Hall
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Through May: A Portfolio: Donald Wild, an exhibit of prints sponsored by Wharton and the Fine Arts.

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