VOL. XCI. NO. 123

PHILADELPHIA, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 4, 1975

Ben Franklin Parkway to Be Site Of Various Bicentennial Exhibits

By FRED SWEENEY

Voters in Philadelphia's Benjamin Franklin Parkway corridor will see a series of Indian life exhibits including full-size buildings and demonstrations planned for both the parkway and the Judson Lewis Center for Independence Mall.

The "Bicentennial Corridor" project will engage "everybody in the neighborhood," said Philadelphia Mayor Frank Rizzo.

Rizzo said he favors the idea of the parkway as a "commercial focus for the parkway." The city councilman praised the idea of "everybody in the neighborhood" as "the way to make it a success." The mayor said he had proposed the idea to the council and had been "thunderously rebuffed." The idea, he said, was "not as good for the city as it is for the neighborhood.

By JANY NOVACK

The unprecedented plans to move a case of faculty in early 1976 will make room for residential living as well as an academic pursuit, a job, a home too distant for such a campus will be permitted to stay in their own rooms except for those in "the modern language college house.

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CAMPUS EVENTS

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The Daily Pennsylvanian

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Thursday, December 6, 1973

Expert McHarg

(Continued from page 1)

I'll live in an entrance quiet 145 00 per month ut included
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DZ/JSJAl

Graduate School Professor Edward W. Young

reading Development: The Reading Clinic

Building. 37th & Walnut Streets

Reading Development: The Reading Clinic

MARGARET MORTON

MARGARET MORTON

R.W. Smedley, M.D.

PENN PLAYERS Auditions for "The Lion in

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representatives should attend.

instruction HH   Anyone interested in the dance or

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Regularly $27.95 to $99.95
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Save 25 to 65 per cent

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3729 Locust Walk

By the end of the evening, the group had not made peace with the JAP or
even considered her to be an out-"hanger. The continuation of the stereotype,
which he maintained, was more the fault of those who "unintelligently
the stereotype" than those who publicize

It. Island. However about a third of

stereotype, he maintained, was more

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the fault of those who "unintelligently

stereotype." Friedman said after the seminar, "I think

I'm healthy people are still arguing."
news in brief

Ford confers with Chinese leaders—President Ford and his Chinese hosts met secretly yesterday and were apparently unable to bridge major differences concerning Soviet-American détente. While House officials announced there would be no communique announcing a major breakthrough in completing its takeover of the country. In a news conference broadcast, the range of issues," but press secretary Ron Nessen stressed that this cannot be considered a "negative factor.

New York bill likely to pass—Bill backed by President Ford designed to speed up broadcast license renewal applications was approved by the Senate yesterday, and could be passed as soon as Friday. The vote of 57 to 23 rejected a cloture petition designed to head off a threatened filibuster by Helms and other members of the Republican minority. Senate Democratic leader Mike Mansfield (D-Mont.) filed a proposal by Senator Jesse Helms (R-N.C.) to send the bill to the Banking Committee for study.Senate Democratic leader Mike Mansfield (D-Mont.) filed a proposal by Senator Jesse Helms (R-N.C.) to send the bill to the Banking Committee for study.

Communists form Ivoirian government—The Communist Pathet Lao proclaimed a "New Peoples' Republic of Laos" and announced that the abdication of King Savang Vatthana was accepted by "representatives of the people of Laos." The leaders of the Communist revolutionary movement were appointed president and prime minister.

WXPN (Continued from page 1)
call for public hearings on the station's license renewal application. FCC officials were investigating charges that the University Trustees, holders of WXPN's broadcast license, have completely abdicated control of the station to the students.

THE SENSATION OF THE CANNES FILM FESTIVAL

Phone in your questions about "The Sensation of the Cannes Film Festival" and win a free pass for students! Wience is still open till Sun., Dec. 19. Ask your friends what you can win now. Call in Monday-Friday 4-7 P.M.

College Students Only

No Credit Cards

Fonzo's Italian Village
One Complimentary Dinner
At the Sokol's (Continued from page 1)

Vacation

and now many families would want to do the campus and continue to enjoy the atmosphere. Fonzo's Italian Village will be open now through the New Year. Fonzo's Italian Village 48TH & CHESTNUT

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SUPER DISCO AT

Hustle!

College Students Only

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Consider the meaning of Christmas and gift-giving.

Then consider

thinking of your family and friends this holiday season.

The jar will last.
The cookies won't.

New Apothecary glass jar with 16 holiday cookies, just $1.69

Remember that these are homemade cookies and may vary slightly in size. No return privileges. All sales final. Limit 10 per person. Specials are valid until stock lasts. Contact the store for details.

The Sensation of the Cannes Film Festival

News in brief

The jar will last.
The cookies won't.

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The Black and White of Campus Integration

By Albert Gordon

Jeff Bernstein presents some courageous observations in his column, "On Racial Segregation," in the December issue. He notes the racial segregation which exists at the University of Pennsylvania, and this situation has existed since I entered the university as a sophomore in 1969.

Jeff professes that the reasons for this segregation are prosaic and materialistic. Some of these reasons are intellectually pled for by the two groups, in the effort to win yet again, make no effort to suggest how. I presume that I am of the essential position that he is coming to terms with the University to which I feel committed. So here are a few of my observations:

1. Although the two groups are isolated, it is tacitly fostered, abets and provokes racial polarity.

2. The final days will be peaceful, I hope. It will be with my copy of "Pennsylvania Gazette" in hand, and dream about these wonderful days so long ago, these days spent waiting for elevators at Superblock, standing in line at Grill Bar and, writing my letters to the editor. Things will never be the same.

3. "Black and White" of campus integration has been an impervious part of campus life by its very nature, for a long time. The study of black culture need not disappear. That Jeff talked about would be a loss to this University. We must examine the two groups make an effort to mix, but I submit that if Group B and Group W lived together from the very beginning, the end results would be the same. It continues to be the University's responsibility to encourage to work in the community to discuss. So here are a few of my observations:

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The Daily Pennsylvanian

Alcoholics

Students of the University of Pennsylvania have recognized the need to prevent alcoholism among students. A committee of students who are concerned with the problem of alcoholism has been formed to address this issue. The committee has been awarded a grant of $5000 by the University to support their efforts. The grant will be used to fund various activities, including educational programs, counseling services, and research initiatives.

Swimmers Differ In Easton Experiences

By KIRK GRABER

(Continued from page 6)

Frosh

(Continued from page 6)

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Swimmers Differ In Easton Experiences

By KIRK GRABER

(Continued from page 6)

Frosh

(Continued from page 6)
When Penn forced Kentucky's 6-foot jumper beyond the rim at the final buzzer, pandemonium broke loose at the Palestra's center court.

Bucknell players cavorted across the floor, nuking each other, jumping all over hoopsters, the small but vociferous home opener for the Penn frosh Red and Blue cage program. Willis' seven assists and 15 points out of the and deserved because !hcv are strong in every weapon "

Knights of Rutgers i 0-11.15-12, Wednesday night in New Brunswick, N.J., in the game-high scoring performance, however, wasn't enough to keep a loss to the fans.

"They (the Quakersi were fencing very nervously and bashfully and I wanted away from being trapped."

"I think the cold affected his concentration," explained an

"I'm not going to be jumping off the Walt Whitman Bridge tonight," assured an

By JOEL GOLDBERG

No Surprise--Quakers Squash F&M

It could have been worse Penn

There were no surprise winners for Penn Wednesday although Dave Fain won three matches in a row for the Heartland Knights of Rutgers (1-3), 1-3-20 Wednesday night in New Brunswick, N.J., in the opening meet of 1976 for both teams.

After a first-round rout, Raiders led 3-4 and Mackie was already concerned. "The Raiders were hungry and very basically and they wanted to learn up and we were so opportunistic," the second-round match was.

Indeed the Red and Blue overachieved did. Penn led after the second round (64) and back to one was one three losses in the third round by an intransigent ancient team, which had just outgained the Knights in the second stanza. Quakers Bob Park and Martin Karger finished with 21 records as the unifier finished with a 34 showing.

Johnny Sample, the All-Pros Cornerback of the year, was chosen by the name of Garden All-Stars.

Washington then pulled off the trick against the press, had the impossible trick of trying to get his hands on the football before Johnny Sample did. But the press was never able to touch the ball. Sample had given Washington quite a bit of the regime of professional football players. He also gave his team a chance to make the shot that knucked him to the ground.

Terry Graham, a defensive end, the cornerbacks, ran into the field screening out the place.

Sample ran over and over it, "I only wish it was you instead of him," Sample said. "I'm not sure about the ball, but Sample cannot lose it in the end zone."

Johnny Sample had done it again.

For Sample, that was the reason. "All I want is to play football again."

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Remember Georgina Spelvin? Maybe "Miss Jones," as in "The Devil in..." fame rings more of a bell. Yeah, that Georgina Spelvin. Well, she was in town last week to take off her clothes at the Troc. Eileen O'Brien found out why.

Why are we here this week, and why do we look like this? Good question. The answer is: Because. Just Because. Just because we wanted to. No other reason. That's it. Good-bye.
Reserved Space

and in the end

By Lee Levine

Last spring, during alumni weekend, my co-editor and myself were standing at the foot of Ben Franklin conversing with a slightly tipsy alum from the class of 1946. During the course of the discussion it was disclosed that this wino used to write for The Daily Pennsylvanian about five yards from the Library.

I looked at this guy kind of funny and asked if he hadn’t been inhaling just a wee bit too much.

“Young man,” he replied, “When I was your age the DP was printed right there,” pointing directly at the exact same pile of manure.

My co-editor then informed me that this hobo was in fact telling no lie. The DP used to be printed about five yards from Van Pelt Library in the Franklin Society Building, now the home of a rather worn patch of... well I don’t want to get too graphic.

As for the DP, I imagined the class of 1976 returning for our 25th reunion (1981), gathering on the Green and getting mind-fucked by several barrels of heavily-spiked martini in every bar in West Philadelphia and wrote a whole story about it before the lizards could eat up his typewriter ribbons. And that’s not to mention Chris Jeaneus. He used to ride the subways all day and get off at stops all over the city and write about them. Once the subway stopped before the place he wanted to go he just got out and wrote about an empty field.

At this point the smart ass undergraduate has sunk away and my co-editor has fallen asleep. However, I am not about to ruin a brilliant oration so I began conversing with the honorable Mr. Franklin.

“We had this guy named Peter Glansber. Once, a hot-shot city official accused him of trying to make it with his daughter. And then there were the interviews. We interviewed Jack Jones, Leon Higgenbothan, Harry Katz, Angela Davis, Larry Kase, Margaret Mead, Dick Schwicker, Lou Hill, Tom Foglietta, Abe Beame, John Foglietta, Harry Chapin, Al Stewart, Charles Bower, Mohammed Kenyatta, Frank Bisco, Gene Roberts, Dale Davis, Joe Frazier, Gene Sheu, Ethel Allen, Barney Morris, Helen Thomas, Mort Crim, Tom Wolfe, Agnes Nixon, Bernard Malamud, C. Everett Koop, Betty Friedman, Jackson Browne, Billie Jean King, Val Bryner, Joel Grey and that doesn’t include all the times the tape recorder didn’t work.”

By the time I finish reeling off all the cover stories, reviews and special features we turned out in our year and a half as 34th Street co-editors, it is nightfall and the only people left on the Green are my co-editor, myself, Ben and Bissinger (who has pulled his coat over his head and is sleeping atop a vent).

Editor’s note: So be it.

a small cavil

To the Editor:

On behalf of the Staff of The New Paper, let me thank you and Larry Field for a perceptive and encouraging story on our new publication. Field’s was the best understanding to date of what we are trying to do with The New Paper, and we appreciate his efforts.

If I may be allowed one small personal cavil, however, let me draw your attention to the characterization of Philadelphia Magazine attributed to me in the article. Field reported that I said “snotty, wise-ass and out to get people.” In fact, what I said was that people perceive Philadelphia Magazine that way. I made the remark in the context of describing how The New Paper would escape being an “underground” paper. I mentioned we wouldn’t “do anything reckless,” as correctly quoted in Field’s piece, and then went on to say that as a freelance lancer for Philadelphia Magazine over the past six years, I have run into the perception that the magazine is “snotty, wise-ass, and out to get people.”

In other words, I was summarizing what I consider a public opinion, not my own. I certainly can’t blame Field for not catching my exact meaning – I have a hard time talking clearly even to people who know me. Most people assume that others express their own opinion as the same one shared by the general public. I know better. I’m a member of a minority.

I dwell on this point at such length because the quote attributed to me has caused me a great deal of personal embarrassment around the office. The article itself was excellent, well-written and very heartening for the staff of The New Paper. Again, our thanks.

BILL MANDEL
Senior Editor

The New Paper

TRICKS

Jon Jory’s adaptation of Molière’s “The Tricks of Scapin”

Music by Jerry Blatt
Lyrics by Lonnie Burstein

A ROLLICKING MUSICAL TREAT!

A joyous romp in which Molière’s Scapin dances his way through songs ranging from baroque to jazz-rock

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Thursday afternoon was chaos all about the American. Indicative of the rushed creation of Rotunda, numerous scenes were wrong, timing and pacing was off and needed to be "doctored" fast. Scenes were totally rewritten within half an hour with the new director to be learned by day's end.

For Zippel, all the frenzied activity was countered by a painful five hours while waiting to see if his beloved number cut the day before would be reinstated. Pensively he sat alone - or with author Gioria Brodie, his chief backing - until Leonardo finally finished the lobby scenes and could devote his attention to the musicals.

"The Press" was the title of the number, a cute, cynical attack on excesses of power in the fourth estate - for which Zippel composed both words and music in a simple time. Justly proud of the success, Zippel and Brodie has pressed Leonardo earlier to reconsider yesterday's suspension. As afternoon dangerously approached, the moment of reckoning arrived while Zippel sat trying to "cross every bone in my body."

Quickly, numerous staging problems appeared as eight members aided a feldgely "Sally Quinn" through a complex choreograph clearly suggesting a music video or film. As we intended, the cast consulted for some time over blocking it became quite evident that, as the jubilant Zippel kept repeating, "I think we're going to make it!"

Zippel's number was to get a trial three hours later before a half-filled crowd of press and family - friends. "We've got the show off to a running start and the show pluggd along towards its fateful mid-act collision with "Don't Mess With The Press." Suddenly a component Senatorial Office had transfigured into a swirling mess of nine human beings, hissing: "Beware, Beware, don't mess with the Press." Only the episode of more lyrics prevents several scenes from breaking into hysteria, and the number is clearly the comic highlight of the evening. But the show must go on.

Yet for all the hoopla, the extravagance Wednesday was a luxury played before a receptive audience who were all too acquainted with McVale's world. Many problems - theatrical, technical, and artistic - were evident and needed shoring up in the twenty hours prior to critical review when, as Zippel observed earlier in the evening their "asses are on the line."

Regrettable critics are required to judge solely on the end-product without being able to qualify the show's potential problems or flaws. Writing in the very influential Washington Post, Richard L. Coe said, "obviously it is sincere and intended but Rotunda arrived with a depressing that.

Attacking principally the cliched script, he berated the "stock-Hollywood ending" and the main plot conflict as switching from "a 37th Of Thee I sing" to a 37th of Mr. Smith Goes to Washington." Zippel and Shamy fair better, when Coe described the music as having "if not originality at least enough to be reasonably persuasive and to be enjoyed" with grandion praise.

Back at Penn both Zippel and Shamy had their own post-mortem. "I'm not at all happy," he continued. "Easing Zippel's thoughts, he added, "It's great to see you songs performed."

By Bob Merold

Cover Story: a passport to Broadway

WASHINGTON - While most were slaving over their pre-Thanksgiving assignments, two Penn students were entering a world of which they'd always dreamed. Their magic was a Washington D.C. world premier of a professional musical for which they had contributed words and music at stäke - all went well - a potential passport to Broadway.

The show was called Rotunda, a musical written by two Washington veterans - a tell-it-like-it is statement of Capital Hill politics through the eyes of a mythical character, named McVale. Direction provided by Temple professor Joseph Leonardo, music and lyrics by authors Robin Leroy Ellis a feldgely "Sally Quinn" through a complex choreograph clearly suggesting a music video or film. As we intended, the cast consulted for some time over blocking it became quite evident that, as the jubilant Zippel kept repeating, "I think we're going to make it!"

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Will there be more Shamy-Zippel musicals? "I'll do more if I get the chance, but I'm not sure how to make that chance."

"Shamy - who has taken only one semester of music theory at Penn - is meanwhile refining out of the American to greater heights' said.\n
Zippel was much more evasive, but more theatrically oriented than Shamy and having talked with Leonardo and another composer about a musical, he's likely to make another go.

And what's happening to Rotunda? As of press time, the show was going strong. Third week, having survived the deadly holiday weekend and hoping it can build an audience. Meanwhile many bugs have been build an audience. Meanwhile many bugs have been
Talking With Santa Claus

Perhaps there is a miracle on eighth street this Christmas. Snuggled in a magical corner on Gimbel's fifth floor, a winter wonderland has once again been created for one of Philadelphia's most prominent Santa's. In spite of his false white wig and beard, this Santa's warm-hearted approach to his job makes him very real indeed. A 25-year veteran Santa, on the off-season, he assumes the pseudonym of FRANK KITCHENE and works in the luggage department at Gimbel's.

RG: What do you enjoy most about being one of Santa's Philadelphia helpers?

SC: Well, I enjoy seeing the smiles, and making the children happy. The majority of them are very nice and all love to see you.

RG: How do you convince unbelievers that there really is a Santa Claus? And, at what age do you find children become skeptical about your identity?

SC: About seven they become very skeptical. I try my hardest to convince them. Most children you can convince, some can't. I just talk to them and tell them about all the nice things I'm going to bring them...I usually get the parents to nod if they are going to do it. That helps to convince them there is a Santa.

RG: Do you do any more?

SC: I win over quite a few. You win some, and lose some.

RG: Can you recount one or two of your most memorable visitors at your Philadelphia location?

SC: One little boy came up, and he said he wanted a pony. And that's something that most children don't ask for and they are not going to get. But he had been asking for a pony and he had been going to get it! And the other day, I was sweating down the side of my mouth when a little boy walked up to me and said, "Why are you crying?" And I said, "I'm not crying, Santa's just sweating." That was at Breakfast with Santa which we have every Saturday morning. We eat in our main dining room up there and you can really work up a sweat.

RG: Do college students still visit you? If so, what do they ask for?

SC: As a matter of fact, you would be surprised to see how many college students come in to see me. A lot of them are sorority girls and they will send in one of its freshmen to see me. I had one just the other day--she came in with her hair in pigtails, with little ribbons, and she was licking a lollipop. Some of her classmates were out there taking pictures...They ask for ridiculous things like cadillacs and boyfriends...And I can't promise them that.

RG: Do you usually promise things to children?

SC: No, I never promise a child anything, unless their parents shake their heads that they are going to follow through.

RG: Do your ho-ho-ho's take much vocal training?

RG: Do you have any advice for our readers on how to have a merrier Christmas?

SC: Yes, People should get together and try to be more loveable--so we can have less trouble in the world.

RG: What children would you most like to help?

SC: Yes, definitely.

RG: Do you think we might have one in Philadelphia this year?

SC: I hope so, but I doubt it.

RG: Is Santa as Equal Opportunity Employer? And does he have any plans to incorporate women into his task force?

SC: Sure he is. And I'd love to employ women--they're my favorite. But so far all of Santa's helpers are fellows.

RG: Are you planning any special surprises for the Bicentennial?

SC: Yes, I am. But I can't tell you what any of them will be, because then it wouldn't be a surprise.

RG: How are the job opportunities on the North Pole for college graduates?

SC: I think we have enough elves up there to take care of things.

RG: Do you have any advice for our readers on how to make a better Christmas?

SC: Yes, People should get together and try to be more loveable--so we can have less trouble in the world.

---

Quotables

A group of law school professors who tried to label recent Supreme Court appointee JOHN PAUL STEVENS found it a difficult task. They contented themselves, however, with such words as "practical, not always bound by the conventional wisdom, analytical, very smart, moderate, imaginative, elegant, aggressive, a little brisk, hard to categorize. Now why can't they write recommendations like that for students?

Culturally-minded Philadelphians have influenced SEPTA to put poetry and art on wheels for the Bicentennial. By 1977 some 180 Philadelphia subway cars will carry such messages as:

"Under the hill
A little wisened face
Is nothing plain."

Not bad for "underground" art.

In a recent interview with The Sunday Inquirer, MARK VONNEGUT (son of Kurt and author himself of The Eden Express: A Personal Account of Schizophrenia, voiced an interesting view of insanity. "Most people assume it must be very painful to remember being crazy. It's not true. My memories of being crazy give me an almost sensual glee. The crazier I was, the more fun remembering it is."

JACK NICHOLSON, the star of the recent film version of One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest is not so romantic about madness in his movie. "I do not think that the idea of the film is that crazy people aren't crazy." Then again, some say Nicholson is out of his mind.

GERALDINE FITZGERALD, soon to appear in The Glass Menagerie at the Walnut Street Theater, has been very busy lately, and she has her own theories why.

"There seems these days more parts for older women (she is 61) than for young women," explains Ms. Fitzgerald. "I think it has something to do with America's changing attitudes toward women. People no longer have a clear idea about what they think women should be.

All the 76 presidential candidates are beginning to form their own opinions about the campaigning involved. "Reminds me of running for sheriff," commented presidential candidate FRED HARRIS as his two-engine plane landed near San Bernardino, California.

Former Georgia governor JIMMY CARTER is not so concerned with the problems of campaigning, since he is sure he'll be the next president. "I'm not braggin'," he says, "but I don't see anybody who will beat me."

And then there's governor MILTON SHAPP--to whom Philadelphia columnist DESMOND RYAN gives thanks--why by "ignoring the counsel of family, advisors and both of his friends, decided to run for President of the United States and give up meddling in the affairs of honest Pennsylvanians."

Honestly, I suppose, is a matter of interpretation. STEVE X., a master Philadelphia panhandler who enrolled in Omar's School for Beggars in New York, has since been earning up to $450 a week. "Before, I thought the average person was coldhearted, but they're almost eager to help, it's like they made their day...I really believe that if everyone would go out and panhandle for a day the world would be a better place," he explained...So why not try this new approach for the holiday season. That is if you can spare a dime, or rather, the time.
There are nice places to visit, nice places to live, nice places to write home about, and the kind of nice places screenwriters invent. Lots of places aren't nice at all, but they elicit the sort of unexpected fondness one defends by arguing they're intriguing, or nostalgic, or full of character.

Inevitably, too, there are places one wishes one had never approached. I felt that way about the Troc, Philly's aging "House of Burlesk," before I'd gotten past the lobby. Wrinkled gray people wearing wrinkled gray clothes slumped behind a candy-counter featuring crusty orange popcorn. A patchwork of plaster, cheap paneling, posters, and signs ("no passing out allowed" reads one deadpan note from the management) rises from a floor, evenly veneered with street grime by numberless feet, and slants up to the theater doors.

The only thing in the lobby—excepting the dirt—that doesn't look at least twenty years old is a bunch of red roses stuck in a vase, cowering behind a paper-covered paneling, posters, and signs ("no passing out allowed" reads one deadpan note from the management) rises from a floor, evenly veneered with street grime by numberless feet, and slants up to the theater doors.

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"The Troc-a-what? What kind of a place is that?" I thought, as Miss Jones that Georgina Spelvin won fame and this biggest box-office coup in X-rated movie history. It's hard to believe it.

They're getting impatient with Miss Spelvin because of the house manager feels too. They worked very very hard, the blood-red curtain sweeps to a close before the spotlight, and is coaxed into policing the other rowdy people. The questions on cards are delivered to her from the lobby, but she gives up on them because they're incoherently written.

The rap gets heavier. Miss Spelvin tries to educate her listeners in the status of consenting-adult legislation. They try to convince her to take off her clothes.

And she does take them off, in the last ten seconds of her act, after her rap's gotten decidedly stagier, her motions suggestive of rehearsal, and her liberate-the-legislation polemic culminates in the unluckiest four-letter word ever shouted from the Troc's sagging stage: Vote!

The blood-red curtain sweeps to a close before Georgina Spelvin, clutching a black jumpsuit in one hand and airdropped below the tall, terse legend that hangs just beneath the proscenium arch: ABSENT.

For a moment everything is thickly black, dank and smoky, redeemed by nothing but a string of glassy red lights outlining the stage.

I still want my question answered. Why are you here?

Miss Spelvin, back in her clothes, says she decided on a road tour because "I like relating to people on a gut level." She made no effort to sell "The Devil in Miss Jones" to the Troc audience; on the contrary, it's the movie that sold her appearance here. Maybe, too, it's money. The famous film, and other skin flicks (she calls them, carefully, "sexually explicit movies, never skin flicks) have earned her only a minimal income. And while she's got a lot of things, mostly good, to say about being on the road, she dismisses sex films as "boring."

If it's so boring and it pays so poorly, why do it?

The answer emerges bit by bit, amid anecdotes and philosophical musings. A life-long love affair with acting lured her into USO shows as a child during World War II—"back when war was fun," she recalls sardonically—and intermittently into a handful of other stage and movie jobs.

"I'm not an actress," she says in slow, clear tones which almost contradict her words. "I just never got tired of playing, let's pretend." She respects the profession, and loved listening to actors talk about their work when she was younger, but she's convinced that what she does isn't acting. It's "adopting another reality, the reality that's in the script," she says. "I have to feel what the person in the story is feeling." Oh, well, then, with movies like "Miss Jones" is it . . . Do you . . . Questions like these were snuffed out by my own uneasiness before I could get halfway through them, but Miss Spelvin reacted like the true-confessions heroines whose husbands accusation them of infidelity. "I could never fuck anybody I didn't love!" she says, with a lilting urgent voice warning me to get the record straight on that.

Miss Spelvin's been borrowing realities from scripts for a few years, since she's walking off a job producing TV commercials in disgust with "the Madison Avenue market—the bullshit market." On the porn market she's made a name for herself, if not a fortune. Of the nameless market embodied in Philadelphia by the Troc, she says brightly and non-comruitally that it's the bullshit market.
The Dead Father
By Donald Barthelme

Donald Barthelme’s new novel, The Dead Father, is highly regarded by the editors of the New York Times Book Review. The book was prominently reviewed a few weeks ago on the front page of the publication and has since been designated an “Editor’s Choice” in the review’s fiction and poetry category.

In my own experience with the novel, I found the jargon to be one of the most confusing and incomprehensible pieces of fiction I have ever read in a number of years. Reading Barthelme was the literary equivalent of two or three frustrating hours in a psycho ward trying to follow glossaalia, the jumbled and incomprehensible language of the schizoprenia.

In The Dead Father, Barthelme writes like an obscure Thomas Pynchon. Like fellow contemporary writers Vonnegut, Barth, or Gardner, Barthelme does not emphasize the strictly realistic approach that once absorbed American writers like Hemingway or Dreiser. Instead, the guiding force and substance of many current novels seems to be increasingly dictated by the whims of the writer’s own imagination. Writers like Vonnegut or Gardner often become magicians of sorts, dazzling the reader with their literary bocce buns, beguiling him with puzzles and fantasies.

Unfortunately, plot and character seem to suffer most commonly from such an approach. If plot does not virtually disappear, it becomes a slave to the writer’s own unpredictable fancies. Characterizations, meanwhile, show less and less depth. Vonnegut’s characters, for instance, become little more than caricatures or symbols in the writer’s own scheme of ideas.

The Dead Father suffers from both of these defects. The novel is apparently the story of twenty-two largely unidentified people who drag the corpse of their leader across their lands for burial in distant parts. The plot is complicated beyond the fact that the dead father is only partially dead. But this does not deter the followers (or Barthelme’s readers) from burying their leader alive anyway. The setting and time of the story are also unclear. We learn that the characters live in a world of “gross physically” where nine year olds are commonly arrested for rape, but little else.

The novel’s characters are even more obscure. The youthful leaders of the burial party are Thomas and Julie, both power-hungry tyrants. Thomas is frustrated and shifts in part because he has been “superbly equipped for nothing-in-particular” by his college experiences. Julie has, by her own admission, spent most of her adolescence “scheming away night and day, toward the achievement of ends...how to seize power.”

The two leaders continually exploit the nineteen followers who must drag the corpse of the dead father through alien territory. Like the reader, the neki followers, all wonder what the journey is about. “If you could only give us a statement of purpose, no matter how farfetched or improbable,” one of their spokesmen pleads. “Something we could take back to the boys.”

Barthelme competently satirizes the tripe jargon that dominates much of our politics, sports, and commercials. More than anything, however, his stylistic experimentation challenges the patience and understanding of the reader. Large portions of the novel consist of vaguely related paragraphs: “Keeps the corn popping. The bourgeois press told you a great album. . . .”

4. McCoy Tyner, Atlantis (Milestone) — A live double album featuring McCoy’s regular quintet. The group has grown better with each album. Tyner here demonstrates his playing and arranging talents and contributes a brilliant solo on Side Two.

3. Keith Jarrett, Koln Concert (ECM) — A two-record set of solo piano by this young giant. Jarrett’s eclecticism is stunning: his album “The rare case from sensitive chamber music to raucous bar-house piano to controlled dissonance to the brilliant ‘Winter in America.’”

2. Bob Dylan, Blood on the Tracks (Columbia) — Dylan’s best album in a few years, but somehow, I never feel like playing it. Much too much of the band seems tighter than the recording itself. Renaissance, Scherzo, The Ringer, and others I’ve forgotten.

1. Scott-Heron - Brian Jackson — First Minute of a New Day (Milestone) — A group that has grown better with each album. Led by Joe Zawinul, keyboards, and Wayne Shorter, reeds, the group has come full circle from their cold, mechanical sound, first album to this bouncy, earthy masterpiece.

JAZZ

1. Archie Shepp, There’s A Trumpet in My Soul (Arista) — Shepp’s first record to list the New York Times, then certainly I can do the same for Philadelphia’s leading cultural publication. Further, anyone questions my choices, he could only give us a statement of purpose, no matter how farfetched or improbable,” one of their spokesmen pleads. “Something we could take back to the boys.”

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Black Sheep which apparently deteriorated rapidly following opening night.


Best actor: With apologies to Joel Grey, Jerry Orbach really is the fire in Chicago.

Supporting Actor: Barney Martin as Mr. Celophane in Chicago.

Supporting Actress: Susan Browning—Goodtime Charlie.

Musical Direction—Choreography: there's only one Bob Fosse—Chicago.

The Tops. Tricks. The pure farce Moliere devised is endurable and even enlighten the evening through the artistically drawing a sword. Tricks. a musical adaptation of Molière's farce Le Fourberies de Scapin now playing at Stage Three in Center City, is a play that was better off in the hands of the作者.

Presented with mismatched entusiasm by Temple's very talented graduate program, Tricks is endurable and even evokes an occasional smile. But the pure farce Moliere devised is endurable and even evokes an occasional smile. But the pure farce Moliere devised is endurable and even evokes an occasional smile.

Musically the show is an unqualified success. Melodies are bland—they seem designed to pass the time—while the lyrics are unimaginative. The cast displays fine voices, particularly Randy Brenner who is well suited for his role tilted Lead Singer, but nobody is about to complain when two songs are cut from the show.

Story lines, which in farces are always pretty weak, are reduced to the status of an incidental burden. So's fall in largely against fathers' wishes, but love triumphs through intervention of crafty slave Scapin (Gordon Stanley).

Even the required twist that momentarily disrupts Scapin's masterful conniving fails to receive much attention from the script. Tricks gets by, but only through an outlandish burlesque of farcical traditions. Very old jokes, yes, even a seltzer bottle, are used again and again. At one point characters are described as drawing their swords and away parts a curtain to reveal someone artistically drawing a sword. Such Golliwogs are already old when Moliere wrote in 1717.

A few sparks of originality do enlighten the evening through the talents of Stanley's Scapin and Michael Plunkett as Sylvestre, Scapin's unwilling accomplice in deception. Curry Feerer and Dan Strickler are also amusing dodging through the roles of the aged fathers.

Tricks, in burlesquing the farce, is reminiscent of another recent Temple production of A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum. Whereas the latter expanded on the tradition to engender a masterpiece, Tricks is content to merely offer What Are They Now? AWHD goes to Odyssey, Eric Segal's homeric disaster which has Elinor Barger theater into a parking lot, then disappeared for a year before emerging on Broadway, with anonymous results. The Magic Show—which certainly wasn't. Tricks. 

Where Are They Now? AWHD, goes to Odyssey, Eric Segal's homeric disaster which has Elinor Barger theater into a parking lot, then disappeared for a year before emerging on Broadway, with anonymous results. The Magic Show—which certainly wasn't. Tricks. 

The Where Are You Award to Harold Prince who hits Washington and Boston but not Philadelphia with Pacific Overtures.


Best Supporting Actor: Paxton Whitehead is already General Burgoyne in Devil's Disciple. Best Supporting Actress: as nobody stands out I go with Gregory Flynn's marvelous impersonation of Rosaline in an all male cast of As You Like It. Best Director: Paxton Whitehead for MissAlliance.

Best Costume: Peter Cook and Dudley Moore's insane and very Good Evening. Best Wardrobe: Paxton Whitehead for MissAlliance.

Worst Experience: Plays and Players, whose horrendous production forced 34th Street reviewer Jack Meszaros into an early retirement.

Worst Writing: A Matter of Gravity—even the greatest can't pick em. Best Author: Robert B. Sherman.

Worst Outrage Medley: Robert Pastene whose head acted like it was strapped to a pneumatic drill throughout Long Day's Journey Into Night.

Worst Experience: Plays and Players, whose horrendous production forced 34th Street reviewer Jack Meszaros into an early retirement. Why Did He Do It Award to Doll's House director Tormod Skagstad who refused to tamper with a script displaying a definite—gap between its generations. Bitchy Old Man Award: To Douglas Seale and whoever designed the costumes for Demi Blythe in Caesar and Cleopatra.

According to MissAlliance, the revolution has turned inward. Its characters are preoccupied with trying to "relate," trying to get in touch with their feelings...their roots...their heads, and whatever else someone who's "together" has to get in touch with. The rhetoric of revolution has, it seems, turned into the rhetoric of poppsychology. According to this film, once the draft ended and Lyndon Johnson was gone, a generation was left standing in the cold holding on to nothing but its ideals—and is still trying to decide what to do next.

Milestones is filled with talk, but no one ever seems to say anything. Equipped with a working vocabulary of about 75 words, its characters seem incapable of communicating. States of mind, fields of grass and bowls of soup are "beautiful." The one adjective used to describe anything good. Everyone is trying "to relate," but one comes to doubt that the people have the language skills to express their thoughts, or explain their ever important feelings. How can you "get in touch" with something if you don't know what to call it?

In the opening scene of Milestones, the audience is introduced to a 70 plus year old woman who's inordinately practical, hard-working and self-disciplined. She appears in the opie for only about ten minutes, talking about her life, her real-life values, and her sound relationships. Though we were separated by generations, I found myself missing this real person as the film progressed—my near contemporaries bored and depressed me in contrast.

It's difficult to judge if Milestones is a success or failure. If it is an effort to accurately portray a bored and boring generation, it succeeds—the effect is so devastating it's really difficult to sit through the whole film. If Milestones is a sincere effort though, if we are meant to admire these catatonic crusaders, the film misses its mark. The revolution is over, and if Milestones is an accurate portrayal, the ex-revolutionaries are a sad lot indeed.
LOST CAUSES
the making of a legend
By Buzzy Bissinger

(Ed. Note: The following is a reprint of the speech given by Buzzy Bissinger at the first annual "Lost Causes" Banquet, held last night at the Bellevue Stratford Hotel, on the eve of Mr. Bissinger's final column appearance in 34th St. Magazine.)

Ladies and gentlemen, honored guests, good evening.

I'm particularly pleased to have with me tonight some of my favorite writing colleagues—Mr. Ernest Hemingway, Mr. F. Scott Fitzgerald, Mr. James Joyce, Mr. Albert Camus. Considering all of you have been dead for quite some time, I'm extremely honored that you could make it here tonight. You're all looking like a little paler, but that's to be expected.

Since word went out that I was retiring from 34th St. Magazine, a number of inquiries about my future have come in. Let me now relate to you some of the ideas that have been suggested.

I fell in love last week the phone rang in my apartment. I picked it up, and a friend of mine who works in Washington gave me the following news:

Apparently, President Ford and the cabinet had recently been holding a series of closed-door sessions to finalize plans for "Lost Causes" Day, a national holiday to be held every year on December 4, the date of my final column.

During the holiday, schools would be closed, banks would be closed, department stores would be closed. In fact, only funeral parlors, graduate schools, and other places affiliated with death would be open.

During this festival day, as decreed by law, all citizens of the United States would be required to wear masks of my face, and walk through the streets with their shirts-tails out and their rippers half-open mumbling to themselves, "I am sick. I am depressed, isn't there anyone out there who can do my laundry?"

According to my inside source, everyone in the cabinet was wild for the idea of a "Lost Causes" Day (it's time that my fellow Americans come to grips with themselves," said Ford) except for Kissinger. He found the idea "stupid." As a result, "Lost Causes" Day is nothing more than a food memory.

I found the idea appealing, and as an added incentive Oral said he'd see what he would do about getting a movie named after my column. And what a movie it would be—"Buzzy Bissinger University—a school of higher education." I found the idea beautiful. As a result, I was asked to trap twenty, thirty, forty groupies that lived in the basement.

Another knock on the door. It was a telegram from Washington. I opened it and read the following: "URGENT. NEED YOU IN WASHINGTON IMMEDIATELY. FLIGHT TO LOST CAUSES IN SIGNED BILL SIMON, SEC. OF..."

I could go on, but Lee that I've run over my time limit. As should be apparent, the Lost Causes myth won't with my final column. Or to paraphrase the words of the late General Douglas McArthur: "Lost Causes never die, they linger and rot away slowly."

And 20 years from now, as you make that drive out west with the wife that you've always wanted to make, you'll see a lonely figure on his horse riding the plains of Arizona. He'll lift his hat to you and wave. You'll stare at him strangely, and all of a sudden you'll turn to your wife and say, "My God, I think I went to school with that guy!"

Adios Amigos.

Till we meet again.

SUBWAY STOP
a family album
By Chris Jennewein

INDEPENDENCE MALL—This is it. The Subway Stop photo album. Twelve pages of your favorite scenes, all snapped with the cheapest Instamatic made. Special Elecronic souvenir. Take it back to Grand Rapids with you. Show your friends what they do in the big city. This is it.

START OF CONVERSATION: What the Heil. Buy one from the grizzled old hawkers. Give him enough money to see the girls dancing at the True. It's only 35 cents. Only subway fare. Could be something interesting on these pages...

PAGE 1: Boys on roller skates scatter down a Southwest Philadelphia backstreet in pursuit of a well-known puck. They're white and they're wearing Flyers T-shirts. Asphalt is cheaper than ice.

PAGE 2: Old blacks talk outside a Baptist church on Sunday, just like they did in Macon, or Greenville, or Fayetteville. There are no young people.

PAGE 3: South Philly girls in tight jeans and platform shoes eat water ice outside St. Martin of Tours High School. They'll put on dresses when they become secretaries in Center City.

PAGE 4: The rowhouses roofs spread out from the Delaware like a black sea, broken here and there by a church steeple, a factory or an El station. A lot of factories are vacant, add a lot of churches are getting that way.

PAGE 5: Fishtown youths play hockey in the vacuum lot between the rowhouses. They have more playing fields, now that Interstate-695 is under construction, than their older brothers did.

PAGE 6: Young black men scowl as a sister in army uniform gets on the Subway. She's carrying a Wanamaker's bag. The men get off at Susquehanna-Danforth Station; she gets off farther down the line at Wyoming Station.

PAGE 7: White, Italian-American faces light up as a sister in army uniform gets on the Subway. She's carrying a Wanamaker's bag. The men get off at Susquehanna-Danforth Station; she gets off farther down the line at Wyoming Station.

PAGE 8: The heavenly host meets from nine to five in the ARCO refinery's shadow. These men will go for beers across the street, or ride the trolleys directly home to their rowhouses in the refinery's shadow.

PAGE 9: The La Salle band is dressed up in Revolutionary War costumes. The band members' lips and told Oral I'd get back in touch.

PAGE 10: Midnight on the El. A carnival ride past the reds and whites of the city at night. Who lives in those rowhouses under the tracks, and what are they doing on this Friday night?

PAGE 11: A dozen kids from Manayunk crowd around a blue Chevy in the Reading station parking lot. Someone's pulling his engine on this Sunday morning. Up front, their parents are coming out of church.

PAGE 12: Three O'clock. The shift ends at the General Electric plant in Southwest Philadelphia. These men will go for beers across the street, or ride the trolleys directly home to their rowhouses in the refinery's shadow.

PAGE 13: They say this city is dying. They point to the potted plants, the grafitti-covered walls and the vacant factories. And they talk about the falling lines on the city economist's charts. The city, except for Society Hill, Chestnut Hill and the greater northeast, is a pathological place, they say, unfit to live in, much less to raise children in.

But these snapshots are full of a rich, but vanishing life. They document a life you won't find in mainstream America. People forget their Polish, or Italian, or Lithuanian when they move to the suburbs, and their children forget how to play hockey in the street. Refinery fires never threaten suburban streets, and El trains never rumble over them.

Television, education, and near-universal auto ownership are destroying the inner city culture. Children no longer want to buy rowhouses down the street from their parents and grandparents. True, a lot of the culture was bad—the intolerance, ignorance and wasted lives. But a lot was good. A young child could listen to tales of the old country, or see the world from the back of the El. But, when the El was abandoned, the children never forgot how to play hockey in the street. Refinery fires never threaten suburban streets, and El trains never rumble over them.

By Chris Jennewein

Till we meet again.

December 4, 1975
HAPPY COOKER

I'm okay, you're too thin

By Daniel A. Kasle

Life is too short to be thin.

After much deliberation, debate, and sit-ups, I have reached the conclusion that the good Lord had wanted me to be thin but hadn't given me a mouth. There is just no way that I can even hope to be able to hide behind a telephone pole without my lush sticking out. I will forever be banished to the far end of the suit rack, subjected to the ridicule of my fellow citizens, and the "inquisition-like" scrutiny of my doctor. But hell, while I'm eating my little blue jeans -- I'm enjoying myself.

Don't misunderstand me, I'm not very fat. I could stand to drop a few pounds in the interest of health incorporate vino into creating sensible dishes with adeque proportions and less than sinful calorie counts.

CHICKEN A L'ORANGE

1 tablespoon diet margarine
1 lb. chicken, quartered
1 bunch green onions, thinly sliced
2 teaspoons each grated orange and lemon peel
1 cup orange juice
½ cup medium sherry
2 teaspoons flour

Place chicken in Teflon skillet skin side down and brown well. Turn pieces, add salt, pepper, and paprika.

Marinate fillets in the wine for 30 minutes. Remove and pat dry. Coat fillets in meal which has been seasoned with salt, lemon pepper, and paprika. Place on baking pan and drizzle melted margarine over fillets. Bake at 500 for 10 to 15 minutes or until fork flaky. Yields 3 servings at 389 calories each.

TARTAR SAUCE

(9 calories per tablespoon)

1 cup plain yogurt
2 teaspoons dry vermouth
1 dill pickle finely chopped
1 tablespoon capers finely chopped

As I sat down to write this final article, those words

'City Edition' was born almost a year ago with an article describing the Philadelphia political scene and the ineptitude of the city press to explore anything beyond that lengthily, perhaps self-rightious article, I concluded with an ominous warning: "So, with the spotlight on the City Hall press room, the more I have heard and reported, the more I have learned about the City of Brotherly Love, the more closely I have born of this city's problems. And there's no relief in sight

Meanwhile, our city has moved into third place for gang warfare in the nation. Businesses are moving out of this city at an alarming rate. While the truth comes out about the budget and all those funds marked "available" from the federal sources and newspapers don't materialize, Philadelphia will be about $100 million in the red.

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CITY EDITION!

what is to be done

By Peter Ginsberg

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a little boat

Many years ago, a few small boats set out across the water. Little did the crew realize that the result would be America. The Nina, Pinta and Santa Maria crossing the Atlantic? No—a few Durham boats with George Washington crossing the Delaware. At 2:00 on December 25, Washington's historic crossing will be re-enacted at Washington Crossing State Park. Rowed across the Delaware on a wintry Christmas night 199 years ago by the hearty fisherman of Marblehead, Washington succeeded in surprising the British garrison at Trenton, 9 miles downstream, and winning the first major American victory of the Revolutionary War. The crossing has been re-enacted every year since 1952 with crowds as large as 13,000 looking on. A documentary film on the crossing will also be shown in the memorial building before and after the event.

medieval

Did you ever wonder how Christmas was celebrated before they had Christmas trees, Santa, Rudolph, and Ebenezer Scrooge? The University's Collegium Musicum gives you a chance to find out at 8:00 on December 10 in the University Museum Auditorium.

Presenting a special Medieval Christmas Pageant, the group will perform a 13th Century French Church service which retells the story of Christmas in Latin. The musical drama will take on an authentic atmosphere through the use of vielle, shawm, recorders, psaltries, harps, bells and other musical instruments of the period. The medieval "Shepherd's Play" is taken from the Christmas morning service at Rouen Cathedral and will be performed with elaborate costumes and staging. A selection of songs from Notre Dame Cathedral will also be presented. Free tickets at the door.

O little town

"O little town of Bethlehem near Allentown PA..."

Even if you can't make it to the original Bethlehem to celebrate Christmas, Pennsylvania's own version goes out of its way to make you a part of their Christmas celebration.

The month long observance features puppet shows, skits, choir concerts and church pageants. The city's nativity scene is unveiled in a special ceremony at the Central Moravian Church this Saturday at one o'clock and is open daily thereafter.

The city takes on a festival atmosphere each weekend as visitors stroll the town to see the displays and well known lightings while local groups perform. Throughout the city, decorated Christmas trees appear at every intersection. The final Christmas vigil starts on December 21, with a concert by the famous Bach Choir, and continues through Christmas Day.

a tree grows

You thought trees didn't grow in Philadelphia, right? You thought the air was too polluted, eh? Well, stop in at City Hall and see the 50 foot balsam fir planted in the courtyard.

The city's official holiday celebration begins on December 10 when the community Christmas Tree is lit at City Hall. A tradition going back nearly seventy years, the tree-lighting is a fun time for all. The police and fireman band will perform while the Philadelphia General Hospital Nurses Chorus sings carols. The tree, usually donated by an individual, is a gift this year of the Canadian Government in honor of the Bicentennial. Caroling will take place daily in the courtyard by various church and civic groups through Christmas at noon and in the early evening.

Each of the city's four major squares (Rittenhouse, Franklin, Washington, Logan) will also display trees for the yuletide.

not a pizza

Throughout Philadelphia one can find hoagies, pizza, and water ice—trademarks of an Italian city. So one would expect the festival for Saint Lucia to be a big day in South Philly. But if one happens to be at the American Swedish Historical Museum at 19th & Pattison on Saturday, you'll find yourself in the midst of the city's biggest Lucia fest.

The festivities get underway at noon with the Christmas Bazaar where one can find all sorts of handicrafts (many made from imported Swedish materials), traditional food, and happy people. The festival commemorates a Swedish holiday on December 13th when the Lucia Queen would bring light on the darkest day of the year, thus brightening the Christmas season. The highlight of the day is the half-hour procession of the Lucia Queen and Court, balancing candles on their heads, at 1:30 and 5:00. Admission is $.50.

Holiday Scrapple

By Jon Zimman

Christmas in Latin. The musical drama will take on an authentic atmosphere through the use of vielle, shawm, recorders, psaltries, harps, bells and other musical instruments of the period. The medieval "Shepherd's Play" is taken from the Christmas morning service at Rouen Cathedral and will be performed with elaborate costumes and staging. A selection of songs from Notre Dame Cathedral will also be presented. Free tickets at the door.

watch out

Throughout Philadelphia one can find hoagies, pizza, and water ice— trademarks of an Italian city.

"You better watch out, you better not cry, you better not pout, I'm telling you why, 'cause Santa Claus is coming to town." So the song goes. And Santa has arrived, in big style, at John Wanamaker's.

Highlighting Wanamaker's annual Christmas spectacular is the 4-story high light show in the Main Court. The 10 minute presentation (8 times daily) features Santa's Workshop as figures and fountains move in time with the music. The eighth floor Toyland provides the young set with an overview of what it's all about while riding on a monorail above the dolls, trains, and fire engines. Santa is there, too, and he'll talk to any "kid," regardless of age.

Further east on Market Street, Strawbridge & Clothier houses Santa in his "Magic Circus" with huge mechanized toys. The Philadelphia Civic Ballet also gives special performances at the store for children throughout the Christmas season.
S-K It is now an accepted fact among professional media critics that this past TV season has failed dismally. When I spread forth pessimistic predictions regarding cancellations and new shows back in September, friends made jest and discounted my intuitive sense of criticism. Yet, I have been vindicated, as most of the shows I called dogs have been cancelled after unusually short runs.

On each of the three networks, only one new show out of an original nine will remain on the air after January, a success rate of eleven per cent. This is indicative of an important trend in entertainment television: advertisers are refusing to sponsor crud on the tube, as the public refuses to watch it (as indicated by the weekly Nielsen ratings). Perhaps this can be attributed to a re-awakening of the public’s good taste. Probably not. In any case, this trend may result in some TV writers losing their jobs. But it will provide incentive for more diverse and creative prime-time television.

In the short run, these massive cancellations are resulting in emergency scheduling of specials and movies. Newly cooked-up variety shows are sprouting everywhere, with larger audience appeal but limited overall success. This wave of public rejection must in the long run force TV producers to look for "formula" shows other than the current cop, doctor and lawyer series. According to Richard Block, a consultant to both PBS and Columbia Pictures Television, networks and producers receive hundreds of "new" program ideas every week from writers, housewives, and even children. The majority of these ideas are never used for any number of reasons: but the channels are open for new concepts in programming.

Networks and studios are constantly on the lookout for new young creative talent with the initiative and intestinal fortitude to push their ideas to fruition. This does not mean that TV is going to improve overnight, if ever. It does mean that there is a future for you bright young writers out there. It may also indicate a temporary shift in the kind of programs America watches.

Television is, and for the most part always has been, an escape medium, an opportunity for people to forget the real world and immerse themselves in the fantasy world created by writers, actors, and directors. Those who consider themselves too highbrow for the networks have the option of watching the Public Broadcasting System, selecting only those network programs deemed worthy, or shunning the tube altogether and reading a book. It is my humble opinion that the networks will only be able to shoved so much trash down the people’s throats before they wake up. This could of course take decades. However, the media moguls involved will all be rich or dead or both. In the meantime, there are forces from both within and without the industry trying to precipitate a more rapid positive change.

Programs like 60 Minutes and the CBS Special Reports on the assassination of President Kennedy have proved sufficiently popular to justify prime-time scheduling, rather than the traditional Sunday late-afternoon public affairs time slot. The move of 60 Minutes was in large part induced by the refusal of 60 CBS affiliate stations (20 per cent of the viewers) to carry Three For The Road, a move which immediately doomed that show to a quick death.

Another powerful influence on what becomes of prime time is the combination of two abstruse FCC rulings that have resulted in less network domination of local stations than in years past. One rule limits the amount of network-originated prime time programming (between 7 and 11 p.m. to three hours in (the top 30 markets), which means that network affiliates must seek out more independently-produced shows, like game shows and animal programs, to fill the 7 and 7:30 time slots, which are generally acknowledged as television’s wasteland hour.

The other FCC ruling of consequence is the Prime Time Family Hour Programming rule, which mandates that programming aired before 9 p.m. be of “family” calibre, i.e., no sex or violence. This rule has also resulted in an increase in the quantity of early prime time news and public interest—self help, information, and entertainment—on the networks. This rule has also resulted in an acknowledged as television’s wasteland hour.

If necessity is the mother of invention, then failure might be the father of change. There is nothing like a solid failure to indicate to the producers that a change is needed. Such change should be forthcoming in upcoming seasons, in the form of prime time programming in the public interest — self help, information, and entertainment—varied and children-oriented programming. Where will it come from? From new writing and creative talent, with foresight, guts, and strong inner vision.
still crazy after all these weeks

have a nice holiday