Treasurer Ted Maciag said Committee; UA Lobbying Committee, Committees. The groups reviewed the '77 budget allocations of $27,302 for its Budget Requests gaining press coverage before the organization; Chairman Marc Falkowitz said to a NEC board to decide whether or not to appear in the newspaper it will be up must request that their name be from reduced housekeeping will go Jerry Marcus will present a report stand on its own merits."

The Finance Leader Quits Citing UA Intimidation By SUE I. AIKKN

Activities Council Finance Committee Chairman William Larson resigned Monday claiming he has been the victim of harassment by the Undergraduate Assembly (UA) administration. According to McGrath, most of the harassment centered on Larson's attitude towards increasing student services. The student leader said he had been told repeatedly by administrators that the UA was going through a difficult financial period.

"We can't live the calls," Larson said during an interview with the Daily Pennsylvanian. "If we go too far into the outside, we'll end up taking a backlash. The phone call is simply not an option."

Larson added that he does have a suggested alternative. "If there is a problem, the best solution is to eliminate the call of the telephone company."

The most unusual threat occurred during the office hours when Larson was on duty, in November. A student, under the name of the UA, demanded a copy of the student body log sheet. Larson declined the student's request.

"In the course of his duties, the student leader said he had been told repeatedly by administrators that the UA was going through a difficult financial period.

On Wednesday, Larson presented plans for the portion of revenue sharing funds that would be allocated directly to them.

A proposal presented by University City Farmers, comprised of several area groups, asked for money to improve East Park. Larson said the proposal would be put on the ballot for fiscal year 107. Meanwhile, Larson said that the city had complied with federal regulations and could not be denied funding on those grounds. The federal agency has not yet made its final decision on the city's proposal.

The mayor's comments came last November when the city first released next year's application for federal funds. The city said it was going to seek federal approval. The coalition charged that they were not given enough time to study the applications before the court case was filed.

At public hearings held in October the city had said it would be in addition to the increase in the general fee. This money, Larson added that Larson's proposal had added that Larson's proposal had reaffirmed the original proposal and noted that Larson's proposal had been withdrawn.

Larson claimed that at last week's meeting his character "was being defended" by the UA administration. Larson said that at last week's meeting his character "was being defended" by the UA administration. Larson also said that he did not believe that the chairman of the Finance Committee, who was not present at the meeting, believed that the student leader had an "attitude problem."

"In the course of his duties, the student leader said he had been told repeatedly by administrators that the UA was going through a difficult financial period.

The student leader said he had been told repeatedly by administrators that the UA was going through a difficult financial period.
Braudy
At Annenberg
Social Thought

In response to a question concerning the tendency to relegate women to secretarial positions, Braudy said, "I cannot think of one woman I know in her mid-thirties and at the peak of her career, that didn’t begin as a secretary. I guess it’s part of what we have to suffer with.”

Ira Levine said Wednesday, "The fallacy of misplaced continuity." Parsons concluded his speech by declaring "the prospect is for directional continuity."
By Steve Eisenberg

All too often, the academic work of the type professors are engaged in requires students to do a substantial amount of work that is usually done by university staff. In the Quad renovation plans, all allowance for students is nonexistent, and the question is whether or not their viewpoints will be represented.

The question is not whether all of these sacrifices are justified. To use the title of the President's Budget Council would condense all of the points, projections and policy statements between here and conclusion. And it's greatly certain...
Happy Birthday
Dale Simpson
March 18 to 21
Mandrill
4 Days Only
Student Rates:
Tuesday - Wednesday
March 18 to 21
Mandrill
4 Days Only
Student Rates:
Tuesday - Wednesday

The Big Philly Sound
of Modern Giants
Smoggedaily door 6:30 pm
Tues.-Thurs. 9:15 PM, Fri.-Sat. 9:15 PM
279 Arch Street/Philadelphia 503-58790

Put yourself in intensive care.

Clip This Coupon
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Sensational
PLUS HUNDRED OF OTHER NONESUCH LP'S AT THE SAME LOW PRICE. THE ENTIRE NONESUCH CATALOG. SETS OF TWO OR MORE LP'S MULTIPLY BY SALE PRICE.

March 18 to 21
Mandrill
4 Days Only
Student Rates:
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The Goose's Gander

Digger Phelps

He took one look at the high school squad in the field. "I was -- basketball title. He led the 1985-86 Penn freshman to a 1-0 record. He guided Digger Phelps to the NCAA Final Four in 1986 and helped lead the Quakers to a 26-6 record.

But Digger Phelps never had it easy, either. As Wohl pointed out, "There was a possibility that Penn would be pulling back". Phelps and the Irish were lucky to get past the first round last week. With :08 left in Saturday's game with the clawing Cincinnati Bearcats, Phelps club was two points behind the Bearcats, but Phelps' heroics and Keith's clutch free throws put Penn into the second round of the NCAA tournament.

Digger Phelps may be living in a quieter neighborhood in Southbend, working on a 117-53 coaching record, and getting a little older, but one thing is for sure. His spirit is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of the Ivy student body here, his long-time base, is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of the Ivy student body here, his long-time base, is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of...

"Digger maybe went overboard with somebody because he knew praise was coming. The luck of the Irish came through again, raising Digger Phelps record at Notre Dame to 45-26. He's still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of the Ivy student body here, his long-time base, is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of the Ivy student body here, his long-time base, is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of the Ivy student body here, his long-time base, is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of the Ivy student body here, his long-time base, is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of the Ivy student body here, his long-time base, is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of the Ivy student body here, his long-time base, is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of the Ivy student body here, his long-time base, is still basically very conservative, and the liberalism of..."
what do these three men have in common?
they're all in this week's centerfold -- pages 4 and 5
There’s always been a lot of talk about what an intellectual wasteland television is. All that flack about the immense potential the medium has for informing the masses of significant matter. All the time that’s instead devoted to sitcoms and Jim O’Brien.

Obviously, these detractors have never seen a Krass Brothers commercial.

You see, Ben Krass is a genius. He might not exactly be what you want him to be, but he’s brilliant. And if you don’t believe him, he’ll tell you so.

Ben Krass had an idea a decade or so ago. He thought he could sell men’s clothing through commercials.

And if you don’t believe him, he’ll tell you so.

Ben Krass has an idea a decade or so ago. He thought he could sell men’s clothing through commercials.

You see, Ben Krass is a genius. He might not exactly be what you want him to be, but he’s brilliant. And if you don’t believe him, he’ll tell you so.

There was only one man for the assignment. Bissinger, R.

So the Buzzer went forth into the wilds of South Street, searching to track down the man behind the salesman, the fellow who made Krass a celebrity in the Delaware Valley, not to mention a wealthy businessman. And he owns it all to one thing: His charm.

Or more specifically, his lack of it.

In any event, it is difficult to ignore Ben Krass. Many have tried, no doubt, but it’s like trying to ignore the Maker. We know—Krass told us so.

When we decided to schedule an interview with Philadelphia’s biggest ass (mayors notwithstanding), we knew that we’d have to fight fire with fire. Meet a legend with a legend. There was only one man for the assignment. Bissinger, R.

There was Rondo H. Slade, slipcover merchant and parttime Masked Announcer. The H stood for Happy. That’s how it was Happy Grounding’s Day a few weeks later, and Truth on another occasion.

There was that other slipcover peddler, the RMK 30-60 girl. You must remember her. She was built like a cow. Told anyone who was listening ("for only $50.50, RMK can... I don’t remember much else.

And how about Jerry Green, the self-proclaimed King of Mirrors? Jerry was indicted for fraud, for the old bait-and-switch routine.

Big Marty has recently made his presence on the UHF promenade. He sells carpets cheaper, or so he says. If I were Big Marty, I’d raise my prices, be some of the extra money and consider plastic surgery.

Even though Krass has left his roots and gone to the big-time VHF stations, you can still satisfy most of your wants through UHF advertising.

You want music? How does the Longines Symphonette grab you? If you order now, we’ll throw in The Best of the Mummers, Sam Cooke’s Greatest Hits, Everything Ever Recorded by the Platters, and everybody’s favorite, the “Too Fat Polka” (“I don’t want her. You can have her. She’s too fat for me”), all done by that smash group, the Original Artists.

You want to catch the dreamboat in the swamp of your life? The Dating Game is the dance name you know. Good luck. See what else you catch.

You want Roto Rooter? Then call Roto Rooter. We’re General Sewer Service, dammit, and we’re sick of all you people who call in and ask for Roto Rooter and we don’t mind telling you so.

You want that blonde on the Anthony Plumbers (Plumber 4-2200) spot? Will you settle for control of the channel selector? Then consider the possibilities...why, just for starters, you can learn how to draw on the side of your head like the clown on the Vicks Formula 44 commercials. And that’s on VHF.

It’s like you never left home, Ben Krass.

March 18, 1976

By Charlie Service

The Inside Story

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The 34th Street

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ENERGY TIP OF THE WEEK

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By Charlie Service

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The Energy Office

---

GROUP OPTICAL SERVICE

---

OPTICIANS

---

SPECIAL RATES FOR STUDENTS

---

Discount up to 25 percent off
Please bring this ad with you
Scrapple

Fortune Kookie

The best skiing money can buy

Dog Days

Fungus

March 18, 1976

Can only be treated at a handful of

For every "Shamrock Shake" 

In 1974, Delaware Valley McDonald's 

In related St. Patrick's Day 

For the past week, McDonald's 

For the past week, McDonald's Restaurants in the Philadelphia area have been selling green milkshakes. These "Shamrock Shakes" have a story behind them. Every year in the United States, approximately 2000 children develop leukemia. This disease has no cure and can only be treated at a handful of special centers in the country. One of them is Philadelphia's own Children's Hospital. The entire ordeal presents incredible emotional and financial strains to the family involved.

In 1974, Delaware Valley McDonald's took a step towards alleviating these burdens. For every "Shamrock Shake" sold during the week of St. Patrick's Day, 25 cents was donated to the leukemia fund. In the past two years $117,000 has been donated to the fund, set up by the Philadelphia Eagles' pro football team. This program has been so successful that it is now being copied by the Chicago Bears and the Chicago area McDonald's. They kicked off their campaign on March 9.

In related St. Patrick's Day developments, Smokey Joe's held its annual March 17 party. The celebration featured green beer, corned beef and cabbage, and--what else? -- Irish whiskey. Green beer is nothing but regular tap beer with green coloring added, for those of you who were wondering. Spoon Man also made his annual appearance--accompanied by Irish music with some spoon playing. The annual occurrence started back in 1952, when the tavern sold 20 kegs of green beer on the holiday.

Domenico Manno

Face it. You have problems. Grade inflation, dates, and job offers have passed you by. Things are looking a bit down. Before you dive into "Covenant" from the 24th floor of High Rise East or jump under the wheels of the No. 10 trolley, consider paying a visit to Mrs. Howard, Religious Woman, Healer, and Advisor.

Solving all problems of life by "God-Given Power to Heal by Prayer," Mrs. Howard has devoted a lifetime to her work, helping men and women of all races and walks of life, from the four corners of the earth.

Bring your suffering, your sick, and your loved ones. Mrs. Howard and she will start them on the way to success and happiness. You don't have to be crushed by alcoholism, intellectual despair, or cabin fever to consult with the spiritualist; Mrs. Howard will gladly tell you your fortune, i.e. whether or not you will get married, how many children you will have, and how long you will live by reading your palm, provided you grease her hands.

Mrs. Howard can be found at 2126 Walnut St., first floor front. Hours are 9 to 9 daily and Sundays, and appointments are recommended and easily made by phone, LO 7-6663. The price varies, of course, with the problem and its severity.

Andrew O'Mhoney

"The sexual preferences of the characters are really incidental to the situation," actor Chris Sarandon remarked recently in explication of Dog Day Afternoon. Sarandon's performance as Leon, Sanny's (Al Pacino) sexual lover, has earned him an Academy Award nomination for best supporting actor. "What's important is that they're two screwed up people having trouble."

Sarandon made his remarks in Society Hill's posh Cobblestones restaurant at a press reception held to promote his new film, Lipstick. Sarandon portrays a teacher who rapes a model, played by Margaux Hemingway. Hemingway, granddaughter of Ernest, is actually a fashion model, and has never acted in a movie. "I've never met Leon," Sarandon admitted as he consumed the last cucumber hors d'oeuvre and looked covetously at another plateful on the sideboard. As he rose to get more food, Sarandon said he thought it was probably for the best that he had never known Leon, who is now living in Queens, New York, since it made the role "much less of an impersonation and more creative. The character is much more mine."

"Dog Day Afternoon is the true story of a man who robbed a Brooklyn bank to raise money for a sex change operation for his lover, Leon. Leon has since had the operation and is now a woman named Liz Eden." Daniel M. Abat

Hail, Mary!

The best things in life are not free. But they are relatively easy to find, if you have the time and money.

Recently, a senior who has lots of idle time but appreciably less money told us he had capped off his four undergraduate years (and a rather dull morning of classes) by stumbling on to The Perfect Bloody Mary.

Of course, we scoffed. But then, we thought back to last year when we discovered The Perfect Martini, quite by accident.

So we investigated. Indeed, it turns out that a well-known bar, La Terrasse, 3432 Sansom Street, does offer the finest Bloody Mary this side of the Great Divide.

We had always thought the Bloody Mary to be merely tomato juice and vodka. After one sip of The Perfect Bloody Mary, we knew we were wrong. We had several of them, all in a vain attempt to guess the ingredients. We gave up, and asked. Thanks to Tom, the bartender, here is the recipe for:

The Perfect Bloody Mary

Rose's Lime Juice, 2 ozs.
Tabasco Sauce, 1/4 shot glass (1/4 oz.)
Horsersalad, 4 heaping teaspoons
Sour Mix, 15 ozs.
Worcestershire Sauce, 7/8 ozs.
Celery salt and pepper

In a gallon container, combine the ingredients, adding tomato juice to fill out the gallon. If you enjoy hepatitis, substitute clam juice for one-third of the tomato juice.

Shake the mixture well, and allow to sit in your refrigerator for a few hours. When well chilled, fill a tall glass with ice, add 2 ozs. vodka, and add Perfect Bloody Mary Mix to fill. Garnish with a celery stalk and a slice of fresh lime.

It's a Hail of a good drink.

Mitchell Berger

Everybody knows that spring break is coming up. And that spring break means Florida and points south. But everybody also knows that traveling money and living money for Ft. Lauderdale can make quite a bit of a stretch. And who doesn't know about increases in tuition and everything else? So maybe you are thinking of something a little less expensive, like skiing.

Think again.

Getting started with skiing involves enough outlay to make you think that it was invented by some enterprising Wharton grad. Basics such as skis, poles, boots, and bindings could run anywhere from $140 to $500.

At the local ski shops we checked the only reason given for why one pair of skis cost $45 and another $190 was that the latter would probably enable you to go faster. The $190 pairs are not safer and all are mass produced (no labor of love by hand).

One ski shop recommended that the novice skier begin by renting equipment the first few times on the slopes. The fee for this is around $15 per weekend. The expenses don't stop there, however.

Lift tickets at a skiing lodge cost around $12 a day ($4 for half the day). Instruction is $5 (group), $15 (semi-private), and $25 (private). Lodging runs about $38 a night for a shared room without private bath. This cost does include meals and a happy hour which makes it the biggest bargain of the deal.

Then, of course, there's clothing. Although you can ski in jeans and flannel shirt, the well-dressed skier's outfit goes for $200.

Once the initial investment in gear and lessons are made, skiing is relatively inexpensive, and is known to get in the blood. So, who knows, if you start practicing now, you may be ready for the next Olympics!

Al Musiocichi

If you're tired of seeing the same old faces day in and day out -- if you're in the market for some new acquaintances, the Morris Arboretum has a program for you.

It's called "Meet the Fungi!" Now those of you who have totally given up on the human species can learn all about the furry creatures that inhabit your refrigerator in a six-week course starting March 18.

Fungi expert and plant pathologist Dr. Patricia Allison will teach the course, which promises to "acquaint you with the non-green plants living around us, tell you how to recognize them, and how they help and harm other green plants."

Classes will be held Thursdays from 10 to 11:30 a.m. until April 22. The charge is $20 for members, and $25 for the general public.

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Classes will be held Thursdays from 10 to 11:30 a.m. until April 22. The charge is $20 for members, and $25 for the general public.

"Meet the Fungi!"
gene mc carthy: the maverick rides again
By Richard Kronthal

Q. In this week's issue of Newsweek you criticize the two party system. Would you outline your objections to it?
A. I object to the way the two parties have been operating, leaving out the question of systems. You have got to figure that when you have two parties and one of them nominates and has Nixon elected twice, there is something wrong with that party; and you have to figure that there is something wrong with the other party that wasn't able to defeat him either time. Other things, like the joint support of the war in Vietnam, are bipartisan issues that make me wary of the two parties. Currently, the two parties are equally responsible for our economic problems. I also object to the general acceptance of the notion that you need two parties to make politics in government work. This leads to discriminatory laws like the Federal Election Act of 1975, and state laws, like you have here in Pennsylvania that give preference to Democrats and Republicans.

Q. Isn't there some danger to a democratic system that finds itself choosing between three or four candidates and sends a winner to the White House with 25 percent of the electorate backing?
A. No. How many people voted for Nixon? Twenty-five percent of the electorate. I would rather have 40 or 50 percent of the people voting for three or four candidates and electing one with 25 percent of the vote instead of 50 percent of the electorate choosing between two candidates and electing one with 25 percent of the vote.

Q. Would you be, or alternatively, does America need, a strong President?
A. I don't think so. I don't think the system was ever designed for that; and I don't see us in a kind of situation where we sought to destroy the constitutional projections of what the office should be. Some of our best experiences have been with Presidents who have had a feel for the whole government and didn't present themselves as strong Presidents. Nixon became a strong President and took more power than the Constitution afforded. Johnson did the same thing.

Q. If America doesn't need a strong President, who can the people rely on in times of immediate crisis?
A. In this country we have got in the state of mind of talking about Presidents as people who act only in crisis. There's an important book written about the Kennedy administration called Crisis Management that points out Kennedy often created his own crises and then managed them badly! Nixon wrote about his political career under the title of My Six Crises. I don't think that is the way we ought to run this country; where a President conceives of his political career as a series of crises. The crises Nixon talked about may have been personal but I don't think any of them had any national significance. In the case of the Kennedy administration it was a matter of difficulties which the administration was responsible for and could have forestalled.

Q. What are you referring to?
A. The Cuban missile crisis, which arose out of Cuban intervention that we set the stage for. The Vietnam crisis didn't suddenly happen, it was a progressive involvement that peaked under L.B.J. What you should look for is what Schweiker warned against: If a nation loses its capacity to foresee or forestall trouble it is doomed to destruction. What we need in a President is someone who can focus in on trouble before it culminates. To cite my own case, there is a panic today about the CIA. In 1965, I introduced legislation to bring the CIA under Congressional control. I did it again in 1965 and we were defeated both times. If we'd done that, what we are learning now about the CIA would not have happened. In 1968 when I was running I contended that Hoover had been in charge of the FBI too long, and that institutionally we shouldn't have one person head the National Police for 40 years. In 1975 we discovered it was a mistake to leave Hoover in there that long. We didn't have to have any of these crises had our President had more foresight.

Q. It's been widely publicized that you question the necessity of maintaining a large nuclear stockpile. Are you advocating a limit or an end to U.S. advancement in the number and kinds of strategic arms?
A. I don't argue against technology but I do argue against continuing to produce nuclear bombs of the present kind when we have superiority. There's no reason for maintaining a force that has 13 times overkill. I don't accept the kind of parity that is offered

(Continued on page 6)

ben krass: if you didn't buy your clothes at Krass
By Buzzy Brown

"I am God's chosen son," says Ben Krass with typical tongue-in-cheek modesty. "I admit it to everybody. I will never die. I am here forever. If you need a few extra days before you're ready to go, I'll talk to dad about it."

Never underestimate Ben Krass. When you see his yellow convertible Rolls Royce sitting in the parking lot, when you see the silver ring on his right hand flash laser beams of brightness into your eyes, when you see the Krass Brothers Store at 9th and South begin to fill up on a lazy Sunday afternoon, it's hard not to believe in him. He may not be God's chosen son, but he may be able to get you a 20 percent discount on a trip to Heaven.

How did it all happen? With his commercials, of course, those 10-second spots that have become a source of intense worship or intense hatred to almost everybody. Says Ben Krass without batting an eyelash, "I can honestly say that eight million people or more in the Delaware Valley have watched a Krass Brothers commercial." Krass, who writes all the commercials and stars in almost all of them (his nephew now does some ads for Krass Boys' Store) came up with the idea in 1965. He signed 13 weeks with NBC on the Johnny Carson Show, despite the warnings of ad men that you cannot sell a product in ten seconds.

The copy for the first commercial was "If you didn't buy your clothes at Krass Brothers, you were robbed!" "It was poor English," admits Krass, "but it was the point. It proved that a 10-second commercial could sell.

After 11 years of television advertising, Krass Brothers is a multi-million venture. The store sells $80,000 of merchandise a week, or $4 million a year. As for the commercials, which now run on Channel 6, they never stop as long as they bring in customers.

Like the one in which Krass lies in a coffin, saying, "If you're going to go, go in a Krass Brothers suit." By his own admission, it was his biggest, most controversial commercial. "Oh, the repercussions from that. I had one lady who came up and said to me, 'My brother died in Korea. You shouldn't have done that. It's sacrilegious.'" "Lady," replied Krass, "I didn't kill your brother."

Never underestimate Ben Krass. When he makes a commercial, "there can be no fakes. If you're going to use marbles, use marbles. If it's water, use water. If you're going to do it, do it right."

So in a particular commercial when Krass demanded that a real pie be thrown at him instead of one filled just with whip cream, it subsequently took him "one hour to get the blueberries out of my eye."

Or what about the time he was supposed to be slapped in the face by a woman after saying, "You're in good hands when you buy your clothes from Krass Brothers." There wasn't enough.
Robert Klein is at the top of his profession. He obviously thinks he’s the best. He also thinks Irvine Auditorium is “a great hall.” There’s no accounting for taste.

Klein is 34 years old, and he spends his weekends standing up in front of thousands of strangers to tell stories about his college days, dental pain, adolescent fears; make weird noises with a harmonica and sing nonsense songs.

It sounds like a funny way for a grown man to make a living. Fortunately for Klein, it is a funny way for a grown man to make a living. If it wasn’t, he probably wouldn’t eat.

Klein eats well, very well. He does 75 college concerts a year, for which he probably gets paid close to half a million dollars. Add in television, nightclubs and records, and Robert Klein easily makes more money than Gerald Ford, Earl Butz, Milton Shapp and Martin Meyerson put together. And they get more laughs.

“Make my living getting live response from live audiences. It’s not easy to make them laugh. You have to practice it over and over again...but it’s a wonderful way to make a living. I write all the stuff, produce it, direct it, there’s no censorship at all. It is hard to show up each and every time. But it’s all relative, maybe not as hard as working at a Ford plant.”

It isn’t as easy as it looks, working up there without a net in front of a live audience. Klein recently told a would-be comic that he did his routines at the Improv, a night-club in New York, every night for four years for no money—and frequently no laughs—before he took his act on the road.

Klein is now at a stage in his career at which he’s in little danger of not getting laughs. He has lots of “sure winners”—bits he knows will get a laugh, because they’ve gotten thousands of laughs dozens of times before, like the dentist bit, the harmonica bit, the Star Spangled Banner bit. The strangers in the audience are his fans. They know some of the routines as well as he does, and they laugh every time.

“I think that’s true of a lot of my comedy. That’s why I bothered to put out three records and I’m going to put out a fourth sometime in the next five months. Because there are people who watch him on television commercials. Like a celebrity, he draws zip in the slap, and Krass didn’t like it. “After the ninth take I told her, ‘You’re a real 14-karat bitch, you’re nothing.’ The next time she slapped me she slapped me my teeth shake.”

He is a Philadelphia celebrity now. People stop him on the street to ask for his autograph, he always gets the ringside table at the Latin Casino, his kids think he’s the Greatest.

“I worked my ass off,” Krass said. “I worked eight days a week for many years. But if ever I made it, I would never lose it. I would have fun and utilize it.”

So when Ben Krass tells you that he wants to be buried in his Rolls Royce, your first inclination is to laugh and your second is to look deep into his eyes to see if he’s really crazy enough to do it. “There are vultures waiting for me,” he says laughingly, “so why not? Why not go with it? Why go in one of their coffins when I can have the best one in the business?”

Never underestimate Ben Krass.

“Never contrive to say, gee I ought to do a bit on politics again. My stuff is very indirectly political. I’m not in a vacuum, I’m reading all the time and absorbing it.”

“Never underestimate Ben Krass.”

Ben Krass, owner of Krass Brothers Men’s Store on South Street, is a bona-fide local celebrity—all because of these unforgettable television commercials. Like a celebrity, he drives in style—in a Rolls Royce.
Call me unsophisticated. Call me a cretin. Call me anything you like, but I've been wanting to do this since I was nine years old and you can't stop me. The Olympics are an American institution, right up there with baseball, hot dogs, apple pie and Chevrolet. Call them trivial, childish, pointless or ridiculous, but the actors who win are going to get $1 million for their next pictures. And you'll probably go see them. That ain't trivial.

Now there's a fine art to Oscar picking. I've been thinking about it for a few years. A few rules:

You don't have to have seen every movie. Most of the voters haven't, and the whole thing's political anyway.

If someone is really brilliant, he'll probably lose. Orson Welles didn't win Best Director for Citizen Kane, and Jack Lemmon lost for The Days of Wine and Roses. No one is that brilliant this year.

The older the better (except for Tatum O'Neal). If Groucho Marx had appeared in a movie and did nothing but spit-up, he'd be a shoe-in for Best Supporting Actor.

Marlon Brando will never win again. But then he isn't nominated.

The picks:

Best Actor

Jack Nicholson, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—He's been nominated five times, deserved to win five times, and lost five times. Rapidly becoming the Adlai Stevenson of Hollywood politics.

Al Pacino, Dog Day Afternoon—He's been nominated four times, deserved to win four times, and lost four times. He's got one more coming to him.

Walter Matthau, The Sunshine Boys—He could pull it off if Pacino and Nicholson split the intelligent vote.

James Whitmore, Give 'Em Hell Harry—A surprise nomination, widely attributed to a great public-relations campaign (gosh, is nothing sacred?). Stands about as much of a chance as Milton Sharpe.

Maximilian Schell, The Man in the Glass Booth—A good, competent actor, who'll probably win the golden governor some day. Not today.

The winner—Jack Nicholson, though he probably doesn't care by now.

Best Actress

Isabel Adjani, The Story of Adele H.—She won the New York Film Critics Award, she's beautiful, she gave a great performance in a difficult part, and she's beautiful. But she's too young (only 19), she's not Hollywood, and she's probably too beautiful.

Glenda Jackson, Hedda—Two time winner. Bette Davis and Kate Hepburn are the only women who've won three or more, and Jackson isn't quite in their league. An outside shot.

Ann-Margret, Tommy—The voters will keep thinking of Bye Bye Birdie and Beach Blanket Bingo (or whatever her movies were called). No chance.

Louise Fletcher, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—A relative newcomer, but her unprecedented interpretation of Nurse Ratched as a castrating mother figure was brilliant. Perhaps too inexperienced to get the old guard vote (see Jack Nicholson). Concentrate on the performance.

Carol Kane, Hester Street—An unknown in a little known movie that was independently produced. No big name. Nothing bigger. No big chance.

The winner—Louise Fletcher. A star is born.

Best Supporting Actor

Jack Warden, Shampoo—A mediocre performer, a mediocre film by a mediocre director. It would be a deserved award for long service to his craft, so he probably won't get it.

George Burns, The Sunshine Boys—A veteran comic giving a fine performance playing a veteran actor. It would be a deserved award for long service to his craft, so he probably won't get it.

Burgess Meredith, The Day of the Locust—A veteran actor giving a fine performance playing a veteran actor. It would be a deserved award for long service to his craft, so he probably won't get it.

Best Supporting Actress

Geneviève Bujold, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—She's beautiful. But she's too young (only 19), she's not Hollywood, and she's probably too beautiful.

Isabel Adjani, The Story of Adele H.—Her performance was brilliant. She's beautiful. But she's too young (only 19), she's not Hollywood, and she's probably too beautiful.

Glenda Jackson, Hedda—Two time winner. Bette Davis and Kate Hepburn are the only women who've won three or more, and Jackson isn't quite in their league. An outside shot.

Ann-Margret, Tommy—The voters will keep thinking of Bye Bye Birdie and Beach Blanket Bingo (or whatever her movies were called). No chance.

Best Original Screenplay

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—The Day of the Locust—The Others—The Right Stuff—One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Nashville—Dog Day Afternoon—The Man in the Glass Booth—The Sunshine Boys—Nashville

Best Director

Al Pacino, Dog Day Afternoon—He was terrific, but Hollywood's not ready to give a man an award for playing Al Pacino's wife.

Burgess Meredith, The Day of the Locust—A veteran actor giving a fine performance playing a veteran actor. It would be a deserved award for long service to his craft, so he probably won't get it.

George Burns, The Sunshine Boys—A veteran comic giving a fine performance playing a veteran comic. He's older, and more lovable, than Meredith.

Brad Dourif, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—His funny bit was brilliant but he is young and has acne. Can't see it.

The winner—George Burns. Bet the rent, it will be no contest. Any 80-year-old man who can get himself voted Star of Tomorrow can win anything.

Best Picture

Nashville—One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Dog Day Afternoon—Jaws—The Man in the Glass Booth—The Sunshine Boys

Best Costume Design

Glenda Jackson, Hedda—Two time winner. Bette Davis and Kate Hepburn are the only women who've won three or more, and Jackson isn't quite in their league. An outside shot.

Anne Louise Mitchell, One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Her costume design was brilliant. She's beautiful. But she's too young (only 19), she's not Hollywood, and she's probably too beautiful.

Best Original Screenplay—Frank Pierson for Dog Day Afternoon. It deserves something.

Best Screenplay adapted from another medium—Robert Altman for Nashville—The Man Who Would Be King. The George Burns vote again—he's not getting any younger and hasn't won in a while. Maybe Neil Simon for The Sunshine Boys.

Best Actor

Walter Matthau, The Sunshine Boys—He could pull it off if Pacino and Nicholson split the intelligent vote.

Al Pacino, Dog Day Afternoon—He was terrific, but Hollywood's not ready to give a man an award for playing Al Pacino's wife.

Burgess Meredith, The Day of the Locust—A veteran actor giving a fine performance playing a veteran actor. It would be a deserved award for long service to his craft, so he probably won't get it.

George Burns, The Sunshine Boys—A veteran comic giving a fine performance playing a veteran comic. He's older, and more lovable, than Meredith.

The winner—George Burns. Bet the rent, it will be no contest. Any 80-year-old man who can get himself voted Star of Tomorrow can win anything.

Best Supporting Actor

Lee Grant, Shampoo—See Jack Warden. It's the right place and the right time.

Best Picture

Jaws—A big budget, action-packed adventure just like they used to make. A quarter of the people voting worked last year because Jaws kept their studio afloat.

One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—If Nicholson and Pacino win, it will be tough to beat.

Dog Day Afternoon—The film was exciting, and Pacino was good, but it just doesn't feel right.

Best Supporting Actress—One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest—Nashville—Dog Day Afternoon—The Man in the Glass Booth—The Sunshine Boys

Best Original Screenplay—Frank Pierson for Dog Day Afternoon. It deserves something.

Best Screenplay adapted from another medium—Robert Altman for Nashville—The Man Who Would Be King. The George Burns vote again—he's not getting any younger and hasn't won in a while. Maybe Neil Simon for The Sunshine Boys.

Best Costume Design—Who cares?
TV

the new family hour

By Fred Schneyer

In the constant knock down, dragout battle of the television ratings, ABC has traditionally managed to end up on the bottom of the three commercial networks. Year after year, the network would shuffle new shows on and off their programming chart so fast that even the critics had a hard time keeping track of the schedule.

The 1975-76 season has brought new life to the perennial sick sister—-with the American Broadcasting Company's ratings shooting up faster than Martin Meyers' nose. A.C. Nielsen's ratings smiled on The Six Million Dollar Man And suddenly, ABC is making a killing in their eight-part series. It is indeed a refreshing thing, in these days of mawkish sentimentality and cheap TV drama.

And then there is Family. Sigi; making a killing in their eight-part series also shot up in the ratings and Milion Dollar Man and suddenly The Family Hour is in the top of the three commercial networks. It airs on Tuesdays at 10:00 P.M. WPVI, locally, which is outside the province and allows, Spelling-Goldberg productions the latitude necessary for doing this type of show and doing it well.

The show's better sequences include Willie picking up Buddy at school and comforting her fears about remaining on the short end of the stock both in height and in chest size; and the scene which saw Buddy run away from home after overhearing a particularly loud and angry fight between her parents. In the latter scene, the 15-year old takes the family car (Willie has let her practice on the rides home from school) and drives to an abandoned factory where she proceeds to put away all the windows and furniture. Buddy is caught, knocks down the watchman, jumps in the car and drives away with the tires shrieking. She gets picked up by the police and charged with breaking and entering and assault. When she calls home to tell her parents she's under arrest, Buddy specifically asks her mother not to come get her up. Mrs. Lawrence and Nancy (who is still reeling from her experience with Jeff) both drown their sorrows in a bottle of liquor.

The show concludes with a five-way peace pact among the various members of the family who had been fighting. Even though the ending leaves one with a disgusting Sweet Sweet feeling, the frank conversation about sex, abortion, the over-40 blues and a number of other topics make the one-hour show quite worthwhile.

MUSIC

in the winner's circle

By Dave Schrager

CAROLE KING—Thoroughbred

Ode SP-7784

Carole King, throughout her years as a leading figure in the music business, has always been one of the best at putting reality onto vinyl. It is indeed a refreshing thing, in these days of mysterious lyrics and hidden meanings, to listen to a musician who sings straightforwardly about the world in which she and her listeners live.

King's recently released Thoroughbred album is an example of this sense of reality at its best, something she hasn't been able to achieve since her quintessentially album Tapestry. After just a few hearlings, and a few readings of the lyrics (the latter being the more important here), the listener knows he is on familiar ground. There is a sense of having experienced at one time or another exactly what King is singing about.

Hopes for new beginnings in old relationships is the key theme of this basically optimistic album. King has matured immensely in her views on love and life, and her lyrics reflect this clearly. Many of the songs mention the past only in the sense of "it's over and let's forget about it." King seems more interested in looking to the future and what can be accomplished then.

The following lines from "Only Love Is Real" reflect this view: "I think it's true that nothing is really new under the sun—Watching a new love grow from old love's embers—Yesterday's gone but today remembers—Doesn't it seem to come down the same for everyone" and "Everything I ever thought is confirmed as truth to me—Even as I see the way that I want to go now—Still I wish I had known what I know now—Maybe I could have spared you giving your youth to me."

It's highly possible that the optimistic nature of these songs is a result of King's musical reunion with her ex-husband and ex-collaborator Gerry Goffin. Goffin and King co-wrote four songs on Thoroughbred and on each of these a sense of good feeling comes through the speakers. It is on these songs in particular ("High Out of Time" and "Still Here This Time" are two which stand out) that hope is the prominent emotion.

It is almost as if King and Goffin are describing their own past relationship and the expectations they might have for the future. But even if these lyrics don't relate to King and Goffin personally, they can easily fit any sort of a relationship which has been on the rocks and only now is beginning to see any kind of hope.

Musically, the album is typical Carole King with her piano highlighting most of the songs, and her voice just as strong as on albums of the past. Her backup musicians—Robert Wachtel, Danny Kortchmar, Russ Kunkel and Leland Sklar—have all been associated with the artist in prior times, so Thoroughbred understandably sounds like past King albums. It's only through the lyrics that the listener gets the true sense of what a special album this is.

Carole King is a poet, first and foremost, and Thoroughbred can only serve to enhance that reputation. She is also, lest one forget, a musician, and the combination of these two attributes makes this album a highly enjoyable one to listen to, and one in which the listener can become involved.
Valley Forge Music Fair goes on. The Spectrum.

Budco Goldman Twin 15th and Chestnut LOT-4413


Budco Regency 16th and Chestnut LOT-2310

Taxi Driver. Great meter. No rhyme.

Cinema 19 19th and Chestnut LOT-4175

Houston Hall Gallery 3417 Spruce St.


Brandywine River Museum. Chadds Ford, Pa. 388-7681

Through May 23: "Romance and Adventure with the Pictures of N.C. Wyeth." Open daily 9:30-4:30.

gallerYspace YM-YWHA Broad and Pine Sts.

Through March 24: Recent paintings and drawings by David Kettner, Boris Putterman, and Bob Paige.

The Philadelphia Museum of Art Parkway at 26th St.

Boxer and Carol Fertig. "Boxer uses marble as his medium and Fertig uses cloth. The exhibit runs through April 18. Mon-Sat. 10-5, Sun. 1-5.

The Philadelphia Art Alliance 251 S. 18th St.

KI5-4302

This month's exhibitions include: "Dance." "Artistic Growth—WPA Philadelphia Participants 1900-1976." "Prints and Photography." Mon.-Fri. 10:30-5:00, Sat. & Sun. 1:00-5:00.

Theatre December 1976

Annenberg Center 3401 Walnut Street 243-4781

The McCarter Theatre Company (Princeton University) brings its production of Awake and Sing! to the Annenberg Center, through March 28.

Society Hill Playhouse 505 S. 8th Street WA3-0210

God Bless Brendan Behan—nobody else will. Final performances this Friday and Saturday night.

St. Mary's Ball Auditorium Route 358 and County Line Road (on the Villanova campus)

The About Town Players present Philadelphia—Here I Come. Fridays and Saturdays through March 27.

Grendel's Lair Cafe Theatre 500 South Street WA3-5559

The Philadelphia premiere of Celebration, a musical by the duo responsible for The Fantastics and I Do! I Do! Until mid-April.

Forrest Theatre 11th & Walnut Streets WA3-1315

A revival of Frank Loesser's classic musical Guys and Dolls, opens tomorrow at the Forrest.