Food Stamp Bill Being Debated By Congress

The Senate Wednesday began consideration of a compromise measure to end the food stamp filibuster from conservatives who believe the proposal might increase the cost of the $8.4 billion program.

The compromise was drafted by Senators Robert Dole (R.Kan.) and George McGovern (D.S.D.) who dropped their plans to push for free food stamps exchange for a narrower, $3.9 billion, two-year compromise version of the bill.

Tom Foley, the Senate floor leader, told 100 college students receiving food stamps to register and seek work if they plan to continue receiving the free aids during the summer.

Earlier, conservative forces led by Senator Jesse Helms (D.N.C.) were twice defeated in efforts to stop further debate on the bill. A student who voted for the bill said he would try to "get some help" for him.

A Curtis amendment to eliminate nutritional supplements from the program was defeated Tuesday. Curtis was then defeated 10-9 by a provision to require college students receiving food stamps to register and seek work and accept full-time employment if offered yesterday, Senator James L. Buckley (R.N.Y.) offered an amendment requiring college students to seek work if they received food stamps.

The new bill was expected to save about $60 million by closing the program's administrative procedures. The Dole compromise version of the bill was expected to provide a budget savings of about $80 million.

New Hall Housemaster Named By Meyerson

By JOSEPH B. MEYERSON. American Civilization Professor Robert S. Meyerson has been named to succeed Peter Conn as Hill House Faculty Master.

Yesterday, the loge announced the plan to turn Hill House into a college house six years ago, said he intends to implement a variety of programs that will benefit residents with "the best possible, most liberal, life of the house." According to Residence Association Director for College Houses Robert Hill, the job of the master is "to oversee" the academic and cultural life of the house. Meyerson will initially have the opportunity to oversee the "student governing experience of the house he helped to create in quite a unique, way." he said.

"It is something my family and I has always contributed," he said.

Campaign Development Has Collected $64 Million

Members of the Development Drive Committee met in a January meeting to review the long range campaign plan.

Robert E. Branden, chair of the Development Drive Committee, said he is "very optimistic about the campaign's future."

According to the report, prepared by Campus Committee Chair Professor Charles P. Heil, if faculty and staff members have contributed $700,000 to the University during the past year, they are expected to donate $7 million during the next 10 years.

The Committee has set a goal of $64 million in contributions from faculty and staff and hopes to raise $20 million for that amount by the year 2000.

The year in last capital campaign, a $14 million campaign, contributed $3 million, with 50 percent of the total raised coming from individuals.

The campaign was to raise $20 million by the year 2000 and $3 million by 1988.

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Bleakness, Poverty Characterize Changing North Philly

This is North Philadelphia, the largest urban community in the city of Philadelphia, and one of its most densely populated neighborhoods. It is a neighborhood where poverty, crime, and despair are pervasive. The neighborhood is home to a large number of low-income families, many of whom are struggling to make ends meet.

The neighborhood is characterized by high levels of unemployment, a lack of affordable housing, and a lack of access to quality healthcare and education. Many residents live in crowded, poorly maintained homes, and are forced to make tough choices between paying for basic necessities and meeting their basic needs.

Despite these challenges, there are also many positive aspects of the neighborhood. The community is tightly knit, and residents work together to address the issues facing the neighborhood. There are also many organizations and services working to support the residents of North Philadelphia, providing food, housing, and other forms of assistance.

The neighborhood has a rich history, and there are many cultural institutions, such as the Philadelphia Museum of Art and the Philadelphia Orchestra, that are located nearby. However, these institutions are often beyond the reach of many residents, who live in poverty and struggle to make ends meet.

The neighborhood is also home to a large number of businesses, providing employment opportunities for many residents. However, many of these businesses are small, and struggle to survive in the face of economic challenges.

Overall, the neighborhood of North Philadelphia is characterized by both challenges and opportunities. It is a place where residents are working to overcome adversity and build a better future for themselves and their community.
Letter to the Editor

Reallocated but Not Forgotten

I was recently surprised to read in The Daily Pennsylvanian of Thursday, April 4, that the University has begun to phase out the Graduate School of Education. This is not mentioned in any news story or article that is attached to it.

In our review of the School last year, we found that the program was strong and that the administration concentrated its attention on its strongest program. The School attempted to create a J-shaped program with smaller programs in the arts and sciences while the larger programs in education and psychology were phased out. It is not clear how this decision was made, but the resources were reallocated from the arts and sciences to the arts and sciences.

I would like to take this opportunity to thank the administration for its support of the arts and sciences. I believe that the arts and sciences are essential for the overall development of the campus. The arts and sciences provide a foundation for all other fields of study and are essential for the development of critical thinking skills. I hope that the administration will continue to support the arts and sciences in the future.

By David Lieber

A Word About the High Cost of Tuition...


By Kevin Lurie

...And Unexpected Lab Fees
from a hijacked Philippine Airlines jet and to allow a doctor to board the plane to
early this morning agreed to release one woman and her six-month-old baby

concluding "this is a matter that may
full support for Secretary Kissinger is fortified by the decision in Wisconsin,"
primary victory was a vote of confidence in Secretary of State Henry Kissinger
jails.

the hijackers in their 24 hour capture followed a threat made by the bandits to
check the remaining 68 passengers and six crew members. The actions taken by

direct result of the violent pro-Teng Demonstrations Monday in Peking's Gate of
Heavenly Peace Square.

FORD ANALYZES VICTORY—President Ford said yesterday his Wisconsin

Heinz Senate Race Battle (Continued From Page 1)

Again, he is "personally opposed" to abortion, yet hesitates to deny

Heinz, whose personal fortune was
deducted at $1.1 million, with $11.1

Conference

Conference (Continued from page 1)

atmospheres for women. There is

attractive to mentally challenged

She attributed the lack of female representation in student govern-

"Power Without Portfolio" was the

Conference was hands on and counted

Leader recommissioned to her group, "never

In an area of

Heinz's views were popular enough to

the United Mine Workers and the

"firm diplomacy and arms supply to

"it's okay to be aggressive for a

"firm diplomacy and arms supply to

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The Salesmen of St. John...
Quaker Ballplayers Out to Recess; Profs Get Wise With 14-11 Victory

By STEVE HALPERN

Quakers are itching for their second victory.

"Gaston" Kornbluth charged in. "We... made a mistake again yesterday."

"Quakers are itching for their second victory.

The Pennsylvania native is looking for the world's greatest golfers to tee off in..."
The pitcher is waiting for her first bra.
The coach is waiting for his next beer.

Lee Levine and John Auerbach, Graphics do not necessarily represent the editorial position of 34th Street during the fall and spring semesters, except during vacation periods. Articles, inquiries, letters to the editor, and advertising may be sent to 4015 Walnut Street, Philadelphia. PA. Phone: (215) 686-3477.

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Department Editors:
Michelle Manoff, Theatre
Seb Rosen, Film
Barbara Friedman, Art
Eileen O'Brien, Books
Gordy Schonfeld, Music

The coach is waiting for his next beer.
The pitcher is waiting for her first bra.

MINI-SCRAPLE

For all of you hustlers, bumpers, fox-trotters, wallzers, and varsity jugglers who enjoy doing your thing for hours on end, Drexel University has scheduled their Third Annual Multiple Sclerosis Dance Marathon Finals for the April 30-May 2 weekend.

And if the dancing doesn’t make you want to move, maybe the prizes will. Along with the blue ribbons awarded for the best couple, each of the dancers will receive $1500 scholarships. The runners-up will each receive $500 scholarships, while third place is worth $500 apiece.

And if neither the money nor the dancing interests you, you can help sponsor one of the 100 couples. Pledges are made on a per-hour basis; whatever can be afforded will be welcome.

Entries for dancers are first-come, first-served, and limited to the first 100 couples. Registration deadline is Thursday, April 15. Forms and further info are available from John Dunner, National MS Society, 922-4100.

Four political films will be shown on the Swarthmore College campus this weekend under the title “Reelpolitik: A Festival of Subversive Film.”

Emile de Antonio (Deadline) will present his controversial indictment of the American government In the Year of the Pig. Friday night at 7:30 in DuPont Lecture Hall. De Antonio will afterwards participate in a discussion concerning the film and American politics.

Saturday at 2:00 in Lang Concert Hall (just find your way out to the campus and ask), Pasolini’s rarely-seen Teorama will be shown, with discussion afterwards. In the same building at 7:30, A Sense of Loss, a documentary of the conflict in Northern Ireland by Marcel Ophuls (The Sorrow and the Pity) can be seen, after which Ophuls will lead the comments on the film.

The final film, Richard Attenborough’s Oh! What a Lovely War!, will be screened Sunday at 2:00 in Lang Auditorium, with more discussion (well, what do you expect from Swarthmore? Punch and cookies?) after the movie.

Even though all the films aren’t subversive, they’re all free, so the festival should be good for both the mind and the wallet. The number for more info is 544-7900, extension 324.

MINI-SCRAPLE

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Bring your own cushion, blanket or sleeping bag
This weekend 24th Street Correspondent Buzzy Bissinger attended the World Premiere of "All The President's Men" as the guest of the film's casting consultant, Isabel Halliburton. Below are his impressions of that long-anticipated event.

3 P.M. Saturday. Here I am, riding Amtrak to Washington to see the world premiere, Sunday, of "All the President's Men." Visions of hobnobbing with Robert Redford and Dustin Hoffman dance in my brain. Perhaps we'll go out for dinner together at fashionable Sans Souci (the place where all the politicians and journalists dine) or maybe they'll come over to my hotel room late at night and we'll sit over a bottle of Old Grand Dad discussing life, sex, and politics.

5 P.M. Arriving at Union Station. My God, Mr. Smith was right. You can see the Capitol from the entrance of the station. There is no one to meet me at the station. No photographers. Not even a rented chauffeur. I end up sharing a taxi with three other people and a 20-minute ride to the Watergate Hotel takes me 40 minutes. Obviously, these people don't know with whom I'm spending the weekend. Then again, I'm not so sure either...

6:30 P.M. My first taste of fame. I meet Alan Pakula, the director of "All the President's Men," and his wife Hannah. He looks nervous. He comes up to me and we exchange handshakes. He says, "Hello, Buzzy, how are you?"

"I'm fine," I reply with characteristic sharpness and wit. That's the extent of our talk. It's not a great conversation, but at the very least I can tell my friends and anyone else who is bored enough to listen that I conversed with the director of "All the President's Men," the same man, by the way, who directed "Klute" and "The Parallax View," but who's counting?

7:30 P.M. Off to the Kennedy Center to see Jane Alexander in "The Heiress." The production seems to lack punch, and my father, reacting accordingly, falls asleep during the last half of the first act. He begins to snore loudly and my mother has to wake him up. We go out and wait all, and wait till I tell the kids back at school...Just think, me and Nureyev in the same elevator...

7:30 P.M. Sunday. It's elevator-riding time again, which for me at least has become the high point of the weekend. The elevator stops and someone gets on. He looks familiar. My God, I know that man! He's famous! He's famous!! It's Martin Balsam!

I move in for a closer look and try to overhear his conversation with his wife. Maybe they're talking about me. May be they have a subscription to the "Washington Post." After all, and wait all I tell the kids back at school...Just think, me and Nureyev in the same elevator...

2:45 P.M. In line at the Kennedy Center to see a preview screening of "All the President's Men." The actual world premiere is at 7:30 tonight, but Warner Bros. is having this showing to let members of the press in ahead of time. An elderly lady with dyed blonde hair swings her buttocks back and forth in an effort to keep the other press scavengers from moving in ahead of her. She eyes a group of people edging in upon her territory and refers contemptuously to her companion, "They're not Press.

I try to get a look at her name tag to see where she's from. With her haughty attitude, I figure she's from some place big. Maybe "Modernmollie," or "Cosmopolitan," or one of the other big ladies' magazines. Maybe she's from the "New York Times." She's from the "Voice of America..."

3:30 P.M. The movie finally begins. It's spectacular from beginning to end. Two and a half hours go in what seems like 10 minutes. Robert Redford has never been better, and Dustin Hoffman has never been bad in anything he's done. Jason Robards, as Post Executive Editor Ben Bradlee, is superb. The only fault I can find with the movie is that it ends too abruptly. I could have watched it for ten hours, but then again I want to be a journalist. If I didn't like the film I might as well have tried to become a doctor or something else simple...

6:30 P.M. The Big Moment we've all been waiting for. The World Premiere. I walk into the Kennedy Center trying to act cool, praying that the crowd of 1,000 on either side of me, will cheer when I come in. But they don't. I was hoping that maybe they'd ask me if I knew who that was. "No," I say. "That's Nureyev," she says.

"You mean the ballet dancer? What's he doing here," I respond incredulously.

"I don't know, but that's him." I'm duly impressed. Maybe he didn't seem as weird after all, and wait till I tell the kids back at school...Just think, me and Nureyev in the same elevator...

2:30 P.M. Sunday. Arriving at the Presidential Box, but Ford isn't there. He has recently received a fat lip. He strikes me as being kingly. He leaves the elevator and my mother asks me if I knew who that was. "No," I say.

"That's Nureyev," she says.

"You mean the ballet dancer? What's he doing here," I respond incredulously.

"I don't know, but that's him." I'm duly impressed. Maybe he didn't seem as weird after all, and wait till I tell the kids back at school...Just think, me and Nureyev in the same elevator...

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BOOKS

steve & patty

By Eileen O'Brien

My Search for Patty Hearst
By Steven Weed with Scott Swanton
243 pages; photographs
Crown Publishers, $8.95

How To Get Balled in Berkeley
By Anne Steinhardt
Hodder and Stoughton, $8.95

I am hard put after reading these two works to say exactly what the Berkeley scene had to do with political radicalism. The radicalism of Anne Steinhardt's flabby third novel is strictly sauces and soups, much of it no more than thinly disguised sloppiness. And Steven Weed reveals little of the political culture of early seventies Berkeley—the culture which coaxed the credo of the Symbionese Liberation Army from the confusion, guilt, and formless energies of its handful of members. Politics is somewhere in the middle, but it doesn't emerge here. A lot of Berkeley's substance goes unaccounted for. Free Speech? Not of it.

Steve Weed's story will undoubtedly attract legions of readers regardless of its merits—which, although they are few in number, do shore up the book's credibility in spots. Patricia Hearst, the subject of his reminiscence, baring the unlikely chance that she gets to tell her own story, remains one of the great mysteries of American life.

Speculation will be permanently in season, for seers, shrinks, and those who knew her best. And those in the last category can play with more than half of what was told, may be asked to believe what becomes of Patricia Hearst to the April 2 tape, the one in which she renounced her family and became Tania, SLA soldier. Weed's late-blooming but intense interest in research into thought control leads him to balanced hypotheses about her ex-fiancee and the captor-comrades he paints as monochromatic white liberal guilt, frustrated dream-castle reformers, and suckers for fascist regimentation.

The worst thing about this first-person account of the trials of Steven Weed is his analysis—largely borrowed, but coherent and insightful—of what brought Patricia Hearst to the April 2 tape, the one in which she renounced her family and became Tania, SLA soldier. Weed's late-blooming but intense interest in research into thought control leads him to balanced hypotheses about her ex-fiancee and the captor-comrades he paints as monochromatic white liberal guilt, frustrated dream-castle reformers, and suckers for fascist regimentation.

Throughout Steve Weed's story, we are asked to believe what becomes increasingly impossible—that he did it all for Patty. Building her family's name up, centering efforts to appeal to the SLA's psycho brigade for Patty's release as a noble, unappreciated martyr. He wasn't appreciated by many of the Berkeley-Oakland radicals whose help he sought, and for good reason. For all the raw reality he had seen into his glimpses of the SLA and the People In Need food riots, he still followed the doctoral candidate's pipe dream pragmatism in his plans for an appeal, and there weren't many people who could advise him on catching all the polite venom of his28sidewalk.

How to Get Balled in Berkeley is not the "how-to novel" it's craved to be, unless you are crudeness personified trying to escape a past in the Jersey Mafia, or even worse. It does not help to be female, as women at the edges of this Neanderthal sexual culture are often unacknowledged by simple and vulgar reference to anatomical particulars. The melodies of this production are done is so clever that laughter is almost continuous. Some of the best numbers deal with David's fantasies. In "David Kolowitz, the Actor," Morse is spotlighted on the stage, surrounded by an a downer of a show

Can a naive, bumbling kid with no talent make it to the lights of Broadway? The theme may be hackneyed but the handling of it isn't in the simply entertaining So Long, 184th St., which opened last Tuesday at the Shubert. The musical, which is based on Joseph Stein's comedy Enter Laughing, is a noble, unappreciated "search." He doesn't have to pay them for the privilege in an upcoming production. The path to stardom has now ascended its way up to 184th St., or so David thinks. The melodies of this production are not extremely memorable, but the way in which they are done is so clever that laughter is almost continuous. Some of the best numbers deal with David's fantasies. In "David Kolowitz, the Actor," Morse is spotlighted on the stage, surrounded by an a downer of a show

Perhaps the only task less enviable than reviewing It's Showdown Time, the new show that opened at the New Locust Theatre Thursday night for a two and a half week engagement, is having to sit through it. Had this play been a television pilot, it wouldn't make it. As theatre, it is stouter embodiment of a mind-numbing exercise in triteness. Don Evans, its author, has undoubtedly made a luring, if inadvertent, contribution to American letters by putting together for us all the mindless cliches of speech and banalities of plot one might conceivably find in modern theatre. Showdown is a veritable catalogue of inanity, and Woodie King and George Schiffer, who produced this play for the Henry Street Theatre's New Federal Theatre, should be congratulated for enabling such an edifying production to see the light of day.

It's Showdown Time is a sort of an all-black, Philadelphia version of Kiss Me, Kate. It is roughly—very roughly—about a beautiful young girl (Elisabeth Van Dyke), who becomes cynical and disillusioned toward men, but whose heart is won—hearts are won in this sort of play—by a straightforward, upstanding, good-looking young fellow played by Charles Brown. They are a pretty irritating couple, but they do not begin to approach the character of Clarence Rowser (Kirk Kirksey) in his potential for nerve-grating. No one could be so annoying. Admittedly, most of the actors in this show do their upmost to make it bearable. Gloria Edwards, as Effie Morrison, a nosy next-door neighbor, is especially tolerable, and appears to be an actress of sufficient ability to transcend the rusty, jarring jolts that serves as a vehicle for her skills.

It's Showdown Time wants badly to be real, as funny, but the characters in this "Siam Bang New Comedy," as it is described in the performance's one-page playbill, are multifaceted cardboard cutouts, unlike real people as possible. Nowhere there is a character who might evoke empathy or interest. They aren't even funny. Some bad plays are so bad they are funny. They allow you to have a good time when you really mean to work. It's Showdown Time is not, unfortunately, like that. It is possible to stand this play at all only because one feels somehow drawn in by it, fascinated perhaps, if one's imagination is fueled by such spectacular banality. There is no one to whom I would want to recommend this play, and there is absolutely no reason to see it.

—Daniel M. Adler
2 plays, 2 friends

Two Plays, Two Friends is the bill featured by the Philadelphia Company at the Walnut Street Theatre's 5 and, if nothing else, these two friends—David Rabe and Leslie Lee—are never the same. The Croissing by Rabe, this playwright has raised the bar with his previous productions, James McCrane III is a creditable Mill, bumbling and grinning until life hits him with all of its nauseating impact. Sherry Steiner and Andy is pathetic in her hardness. Perhaps she too has had a moment of innocence—a moment too fleeting to prevent her descent into the undercurrent of miserable existence. The most powerful of the three is William Preston as Richard, the hotel-keeper. Evil appears to be woven into the fabric of his being; shudders are unconsciously elicited every time he appears on the scene. The aura of degradation and malevolence seem to cling to him like old welcome friends. His portrayal is so compelling that Richard may be viewed as the Devil incarnate.

With As I Lay Dying, A Victim of Spring by Leslie Lee, it's more a case of make your own metaphor. Lambert (Mets Suber), from the vantage point of a huge high, is musing upon the treachery of spring and the disappearance of "Virginia." Suddenly two fugitives break into the tranquility of his resigned and disjointed rhetoric. Bonnie (Phyllis Bernard), black and pregnant, and J.D. (John Aquino) are without meaning. He repeatedly uses dramatic techniques without understanding how or why to use them. The father gets drunk, doesn't read books like Tom, but says he's happy. Strains of anti-politicianism, Strains of garbage. After Tom does his first speech, he then (very much out of character) withdraws into a zombie-like state. A sophisticated ending! Dettrey is too obvious. To avoid preaching, he says nothing.

It would really be unfair to be harsh on the acting. Sir Laurence Olivier couldn't have done anything with these parts. It was just too sad to see these people really trying to get into the roles of life. For all I've said about the play, I can't really blame the author. He's some amateur who merely entered the contest. A play I once wrote may have even been worse. But my play was put on the stage.

The two techniques are different, perhaps the bond of everyone cannot understand, which is perhaps the bond of everyone everywhere. The play seems overdone and a bit absurd at times. Bonnie and J.D. rant and rave at each other, bound in ecstatic misery. Lambert watches passively, "I'm recording everything in my book," periodically interjecting irrelevant comments about spring and Virginia.

When Bonnie is born, it is viewed as a new little Messiah. Suddenly, mystically, torrents are submerged and everybody has nascent hope.

The cast gets well with a dubus vehicle. Mets Suber is a multi-expressioned Lambert. Phyllis Bernard is excellent as Bonnie, strong, yet in anguish at life. Certainly Rabe and Lee do not project their concern concerning life. The two techniques are different, but the overall effect is not. Their gloomy perspectives continue until April 17.

Michelle Manoff

John Aquino and Phyllis Bernard grapple with the imponderables of life in the Philadelphia Company's production of Leslie Lee's As I Lay Dying, A Victim of Spring.

Michelle Manoff
FILM

philmfest at the walnut

By Seth Rosen

Film festivals are not, by and large, for the general public. They show movies, that, while not slick enough for general release, would appeal to the appetite and sensibilities of real film aficionados. Occasionally, a film (like Scorcese, several years ago, who drove the festival scene into the neighborhood theaters. But most often, and perhaps in the ideal, festival films just fade into obscurity.

This week, the Walnut Street Theatre is sponsoring the third annual Philadelphia Film Festival, dubbed “Philmfest 76,” which provides a wide selection (25) of documentary and feature films which should appeal to the true film fanatic and, in some instances, to the film buff who lurks beneath the surface in most of us.

Saturday’s showing of Ken Russell’s Mahler is a case in point. While many (myself included) would contend that Russell is absolutely out of his mind, he is also one of the few true geniuses making films today. Mahler, about composer Gustav Mahler, is only loosely biographical. It takes what Russell perceives as Mahler’s fantasies, and sets them to Mahler’s music. Mahler could probably never be shown in your local Eric Theatre, simply because few people would come. Russell brilliantly puts his own insanities (disguised as Mahler’s) on film. But sometimes Russell is quite brilliant.

For example, while illustrating Mahler’s conversion from Judaism to Christianity, Russell shows him prostrating himself before a pseudo-Nazi goddess, with a tea bag ranging from leaping burning crosses (Baptism by fire) to eating a raw pig’s head (with a slice of milk. All this is set to a Mahler symphony, which has been enhanced by vaguely pornographic and racist lyrics.

At times, however, Russell’s film is lush and beautiful. Mahler’s music is heavily influenced by nature, and Russell very successfully illustrates the composer’s affection for the forests and water with stirring visual fantasies. Here, the music is used quite effectively, and blends with the visual elements with an intensity that almost frees one from his theatre seat. In effect, the viewer is not merely watching a movie, but is living Mahler’s thoughts. This is clearly Russell’s intention. Sometimes he succeeds, and sometimes he fails quite miserably.

Mahler and Russell are suited for each other. As with Russell, Mahler’s work was often an extension of his fears and insanities. For example, Mahler’s The Child’s Death March, is said to deal with the composer’s own loss of innocence and love, and fear of corruption.

Perhaps, however, the affinity is too great and Russell (who wrote and directed the film) ascribes his own thought and motives to the composer. For example, Russell portrays Mahler’s conversion to Christianity as a rejection of faith. However, it can be argued that the conversion was a search for faith. Russell is more comfortable with a rejection of god, and he presents that rejection as Mahler’s.

While the Philadelphia premiere of Mahler is the world premiere of Mustang: The House of America’s largest house of prostitution in Nevada. Director Robert Guralik, proprietor Joe Conforte and two of the prostitutes will be present to discuss the film. Mustang is a rather frank portrayal of the life, and psychology, of Nevada’s legal prostitutes. He paints a portrait of lonely women, and men, who come to the brothel (in different capacities), all trying to combat the same evil—lust. I’m tired of being alone, one prostitute confesses to Guralik’s camera, “I feel like I’ve been alone all my life.

The film, nominated for a Golden Globe award in 1975, aspires to be a full, probing portrait of the life of the prostitute. We see Mustang’s “ladies of the night” at work, with several “johns” and at play, while waiting for the evening rush to start. They are actresses, psychologists and “tough broads,” playing the same parts over and over again.

Guralik balks at showing us the seamiest side of the prostitution business, however. He doesn’t deal with the common conceptions of what it is that they are lesbians and/or nymphomaniacs—for the sake of proof or disclaimer. He doesn’t deal with other harassments—Conforte is presented as a flamboyant, but everyday, businessman, and the customers are passive little boys, no violence—what is left of reality in this? As Guralik presents it, the Mustang Ranch is a Mom and Pop store, like the delis in New York City. It’s a sad place, probably kind of boring over the course of weeks. One can’t help but think there’s something more to it than that.

For silent film fans, the festival includes The Gentleman Tramp, a sentimental biography of Charlie Chaplin, from excerpts from his diary, cameraman Frank Capra’s probing portrait of the life of the Picasso’s painting; and Anna Karerdna, a spectacular Russian ballet version of Tolstoy’s work.

On several evenings, filmmakers and stars will be present to discuss their work. Of special note, Mariangela Melato, star of the recent film Swept Away, will be present Friday to discuss her performance in Guernica.

MUSIC

wings at the speed of sound

By Gary Friedman

Paul McCartney and Wings are about to launch their long-awaited American tour, the first time since 1969 that McCartney has been an American audience. His recently released album, Wings at the Speed of Sound, provides some solid music material for the tour, and continues in the musical direction he has taken since his departure from the Beatles.

Wings at the Speed of Sound is no mean a flawless album, but it exudes the same self-confidence which can be found in all of McCartney’s great efforts since 1969. He continues to reaffirm his musical style and continues in the musical direction he has taken since his departure from the Beatles.

The opening track, "Let ‘Em In," as well as "She’s My Baby" and "Beware My Love" on side one, have a sound similar to the songs on his Red Rose Speedway album: predominant keyboard and percussion with a forceful bass line. All three songs are constructed around several very basic chord progressions which are embellished by the vocals and instrumental accompaniment.

What is central to McCartney’s talent is that even when confining himself to this format, he is able to add extra musical dimensions through his vocals, bass playing, orchestral or horn accompaniment, or harmonies. Whatever the method, it is simply not true that his songwriting abilities have deteriorated since his Beatle days. It is true, however, that his present medium of expression, Wings, does not provide him with the environment of creativity and the magic that the Beatles created.

The central song of the album might be "Silly Love Songs," which features a "disco" rhythm, bass, and string section similar to the reggae of "Ob la di Ob la da" or the son-pat of "Wings at the Speed of Sound 64." McCartney sings: Some people want to fill the world with silly love songs, and what’s wrong with this? Although simple love songs are McCartney’s bread and butter, he can also be beautifully poignant, as in "Ferry Away" a song featuring some interesting harmonies and horn accompaniment. The "Note You Never Wrote" has wonderfully vague lyrics in the best "Band on the Run" style. Denny Laine’s vocal falsetts on this track, but is stronger in his own "Time to Hide," a good, conventional rock song reminiscent of early Badfinger.

Linda McCartney solos on "Cook of the House," a scalding, early 1960s rock and roll style, complete with upright bass and awkward saxophone solos, with perhaps overly ridiculous lyrics. "Wings at the Speed of Sound" is a masterfully produced album, well engineered record. Paul is very much alive and going strong. His singing and bass-playing are still exciting to listen to, and he is still that subtle weaver of melody and harmony. If the upcoming Wings tour manages to sustain this level of popular critical acclaim, it will be because of Paul McCartney’s enduring talent.
Arcadia
1529 Chestnut St. LO 6-4925
Robin and Marian. Aud. Robin hood, years after he first
made Marian.

Budec Regency
16th and Chestnut LO 7-3218
Bad News Bears. Tatum O'Neal as a little League Salesman. Walter
Matthew as coach. You can probably guess the rest.

Budco Goldmans Twin
16th and Chestnut LO 4-4143
Lipstick. Cops and raper—a clever rouge. Taxi Driver. On the
road with Robert DeNiro.

Cinema 19
16th and Chestnut LO 6-175
The Hindenberg. A disaster in every way. The Front Page.

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts
Peale House
1811 Chestnut St. 299-5706
Through April 18: Recent Sculpture by Stanley Boxer and Carol Fryting.
dialing for dollars: show biz comes to city line avenue

Television does funny things to people. In living rooms all over the country, it binds captives to their couches for long afternoons, while doctors and nurses rendervous in the hospital laundry room right before their spellbound eyes. In Philadelphia, it keeps housewives off the phone for sixty suspenseful minutes, each one hoping she will be the lucky lady who gets that once in a lifetime chance to talk with Jim O'Brien on live TV, the chance to prove she knows "the count and the amount," her password to that ever-increasing jackpot full of "Dialing for Dollars" dollars.

It's not really a game show, although there are contestants and prizes, nor is it a talk show, although there are guests and discussion. Whatever it is, according to producer Art Moore, it finds its way into ninety-two thousand homes 5 days a week.

Moore's criterion for choosing which guests will appear on the show is: "Are they or are they not going to be interesting to somebody"—which could open the door to just about anything. Attracting an audience of women, aged eighteen to forty-nine (who'll quibble with a survey?), the show concentrates on public affairs and issues of interest to women. The people at WPVI, where the show is produced, deem women-attracting items to be such features as crafts, movie stars, authors and a doctor who visits the show once a month.

So, one day an older timer from Pennsylvania Dutch Country talks about the difference between hex signs and barn signs, another day viewers get a lesson on how to make fake stained glass light catchers right in an uncanny resemblance to glittered cardboard spools from a "pipe organ," the pipes of which happen to bear fills in the musical background wth popular strains.

Larry Brown, who has one of those distinctively television voices, warms up the audience before the show, makes them scream "Dialing for Dollars" (the chant with which they'll open the show) on cue until they get it right, and reminds them "when that light goes on, clap!"

A few minutes into the show, it's time for that first big call to the home audience. Kathy Rank (she probably called out the loudest or waved her hands most vigorously when they asked who wants to be a contestant) stands onstage as anonymous members of a studio audience. Roussin appears, and directs questions to the group, as if she plans to have a conversation with about 100 women at the same time. "Don't you all look nice!" she coo to rows of double-knit pantsuits and rain-frizzed hair. "I'm so glad you all came out to join us—even in this ugly weather."

Another lady, who's at the show on an outing of a group of plumbers' wives, blushes "I like Jim O'Brien—he's crazy. He puts so much fun in it. There's just something about him that makes you feel like you're right there, part of the fun."

Smiles, nervous giggles, and chatter bubble from the faces as they squirm in their bleacher seats, awaiting the entrance of the stars and anticipating their television debuts as anonymous members of a studio audience. Roussin appears, and directs questions to the group, as if she plans to have a conversation with about 100 women at the same time. "Don't you all look nice!" she coo to rows of double-knit pantsuits and rain-frizzed hair. "I'm so glad you all came out to join us—even in this ugly weather."

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