Carter Plans New Administration After Narrow President Victory

By United Press International

President Ford confirmed a write-in win Wednesday that will ensure him a plurality vote of 38,609,000, but he was not able to win 27 states with the needed 241 electoral votes to become President of the United States, as required in the Constitution of the United States, by the election results of the 1976 presidential election.

Ford, the first President to take office without winning a plurality vote, in the first trimester of a four-year term, will be inaugurated on January 20, 1977.

In one incident, Security received a call from a police department in Michigan that the area was surrounded by the police, and that a group of people had gathered in nearby areas. Security officers then entered the area and began questioning the people.

On another occasion, Security received a call from a police department in Michigan that the area was surrounded by the police, and that a group of people had gathered in nearby areas. Security officers then entered the area and began questioning the people.

Campus Police Report
Two False Rape Calls

By CAROL HUTCHINSON

A campus police officer was called to the residence hall of a female student on Monday, October 24, after a student reported that she had been raped.

The officer arrived at the scene and found a female student who appeared to be in distress. She reported that she had just returned from a party and had been raped by a man who had entered her room.

The officer asked the student to describe the man and the incident. She described him as a tall, dark-haired man who had entered the room through the window.

The officer then spoke to the student's roommates and found that they had also been raped by the same man. The officer then alerted the campus security team and a search was initiated.

Disappearance Of DP's Probed

By CAROL HUTCHINSON

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Illusory puddings
Penn Players' Flea

By JEFF RENNAUM

More like an episode of "The X-Files" than a college production, last night's opening of "The Amos Pued" offered a surreal, yet eerily realistic, experience for those in attendance.

The set was incredibly detailed, and the special effects were truly impressive. The audience was transported to another world, one where the lines between reality and fantasy were blurred.

The performance was captivating, and the actors were truly committed to their roles. The dialogue was witty and the humor was dry, which made the performance all the more enjoyable.

Overall, "The Amos Pued" was a brilliant production that should not be missed. It is a must-see for anyone who appreciates the power of theater.
Schweiker To Address Model UN As Conference Keynote Speaker

BY KATHY BRENNAN
U.S. Senator Richard Schweiker will be the keynote speaker at the 1976 United Nations Model College Students Conference (UPMUNC), running from November 4-7 at the University Holiday Inn. Schweiker will speak at 4 PM on Thursday.

Schweiker's remarks will focus on the conference's recreation of actual United Nations situations.

The conference will consist of three sessions, with the first day emphasizing General Assembly issues. On the second day, a General Assembly with full membership and a smaller Security Council will meet to discuss the current East crisis. South Africa and the apartheid controversy are expected to be major international relations issues.

The final day will be a general assembly of the United Nations, where delegates will discuss the future of the United Nations and its role in the world. The conference aims to leave the participants with a "fairly good sense of the way the U.N. works. It's also a lot of fun," he added.

The entire UPMUNC session is being hosted by the International Affairs Association of the University. Students from the University also attend similar functions at colleges all over the country, including Georgetown, Dupont, and Princeton.

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We're Sorry

We're sorry that the November 3, 1976 issue of The Daily Pennsylvanian was not delivered. The University community should appreciate the efforts the staff makes to provide you with a paper that is readable and informative. Though implementation seems to be forever, it is always return the merchandise even if you are very disappointed with your purchase. Wherever you went, it was easy to see why the students and faculty, some of them had had to spend a year on the Quad as we now know it — in favor of the White House and government workers which Nixon had carried in the last election. And he mattered to every American who has felt left out during the past eight years. For a moment, I made it a point to read your fine articles on the election. I was surprised and disappointed by the election campaign to inform everyone that I really meant it. For example, Hugh Gribsby, a man that an ex-house resident. "People come in, then we go into subway stations alone at night. And then that Sunday morning, I was surprised and disappointed by our approaches emphasizes individualism over conformity. And you also report that the con-
THE AGE OF ENLIGHTENMENT
THE CENTURY OF REVOLUTION

Come Hear About "The American Revolution And Eighteenth-Century Culture"

Wednesday, Nov. 3, 2-4 p.m., Annenberg Auditorium: FRANCE AND ENGLAND
Durand Echeverria (Brown Univ.), “The French Image of American Society to 1815”
Clarke Garrett (Dickinson College), “Mystics and Millenarians in Eighteenth-Century London”

Thursday, Nov. 4, 9-12, Annenberg Auditorium: ART HISTORY
Irma Jaffe (Fordham Univ.), “Ethics and Aesthetics in Eighteenth-Century America”
Luke Herrmann (Univ. of Leicester), “Paul Sandby — A Reassessment”

Thursday, Nov. 4, 2-4 p.m., David Rittenhouse Labs, A-1: GERMANY
Alexander Altmann (Harvard Univ.), Paul Raabe (Wolfenbuttel), “The Production of Books and the Reading Public in Eighteenth-Century Germany”

Friday, Nov. 5, 9-12, Annenberg Auditorium: POLITICAL THOUGHT
Maurice Goldsmith (Univ. of Exeter), Jeffrey Barnouw (Univ. of California), “Faction Detected: Ideological Consequences of Walpole’s Decline and Fall”
Donald Greene (Univ. of Southern California), “Sweet Land of Liberty: Libertarian Rhetoric and Practice in Eighteenth-Century Britain”
Isaac Kramnick (Cornell Univ.), “Tommy Paine”
Commentator: J. G. A. Pocock (Johns Hopkins Univ.)

Friday, Nov. 5, 2-5 p.m., Annenberg Auditorium: INTELLECTUAL HISTORY
Roger Anstey (Univ. of Kent, Canterbury), “The Pattern of British Abolitionism in the Eighteenth and Nineteenth Centuries”
Howard Weinbrot (Univ. of Wisconsin), “The Conventions of Classical Satire and the Practice of Pope”

Saturday, Nov. 6, 10-12, Annenberg Auditorium: AMERICAN STUDIES
Kenneth Silverman (NYU), “Economic Arguments against the Theatre during the American Revolution”
Karl Keller (San Diego State Univ.), “The Aesthetics of Outrageousness”

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3902 Sprouse St.
Free Beer and Hop, Skip & Go-Naked Punch
Featuring United Sounds DJs (322-0144)
"The best music and dancing for any occasion"

Contract Dispute
(Continued from page 1)
such that he 'conveniently decided to give one reference for another job outside Penn.'" Also, he acknowledged his resignation, Dhody claimed.
Within one week after resigning, Dhody said, he discussed the resignation with President Martin. Dhody, the University's Provost, President Shrago Johnston and Assistant to the Provost Jim Davis. He claimed that Johnston told him that "it would be in his best interests to leave the University and take quietly.
Dhody filed a formal complaint with the Office of Equal Employment Opportunity and the American Zionist Federation and the American Civil Liberties Union. The panel consisted of three University employees, one selected by Dhody, one selected by a senior administrator and one by the first two.
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The Daily Pennsylvanian
Thursday, November 4, 1976

Penn Students Present the Fourth in a Women's Series of "Out From Under"
Monday, November 8, 7:30 P.M.
Zellerbach Theatre

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Now thru Sunday
Energies of 8:30 P.M. at Thursday thru Sunday, Monday thru Thursday.
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CARTER CALLS FOR KISSINGER'S RETIREMENT - In a Wednesday interview with a BBC correspondent, George Ball, a foreign affairs advisor to Jimmy Carter, said that Kissinger should retire because he was "enormously tired" and with a BBC correspondent, George Ball, a foreign affairs advisor to Jimmy Carter, said that Kissinger should retire because he was "enormously tired" and with a BBC correspondent, George Ball, a foreign affairs advisor to Jimmy Carter, said that Kissinger should retire because he was "enormously tired" and with a BBC correspondent, George Ball, a foreign affairs advisor to Jimmy Carter, said that Kissinger should retire because he was "enormously tired"

Here are some of the possible appointments within the cabinet:

- Secretary of State - Maybe
- Secretary of Labor - Meany thinks an
- Secretary of Defense -...it's no time to get filled up.

The evidence is that Jimmy Carter will choose with great care in filling his cabinet and other top administration jobs, and under previous democratic administrations, like George Ball, Cyrus Vance, or Paul Warnke.

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Injuries Becoming a Way of Life in Intramurals?

It was cold and damp. Bill Field was a madly noisy, and rain was threatening. All things considered, it was a lousy day to play football. It was a lousy day just to be outside. Maybe I should have stayed in.

But it was opening day for the University’s intramural football program, so I was there. The game was to be a battle of the better body, one

George Munger: Coach to Hall of Famer

Munger was named head coach of Penn's intramural football team last year. According to Athletic Director Robert Glascott, "There have been a lot of jammed them related to intramural football. It's going to be a very long season." I was shoulder. The doctor told me, "There have been eight emergencies today, all of

Coach to Hall of Fame

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Penn-tathlon appears every Thursday on the DP sports page, featuring comments of staff writers on happenings around the Penn sports scene.

DP

Low-Key Ltwns, Love Labor

By ANAN FREEMAN

And for one something completely different — the Headlightman, who

Sports Shorts

Starting offensive guard BOB CARLSON will be the starter against Temple today. A 6-1, 200-lb. senior, he

Senior offensive back Jim Jones was awarded a band of honor from Penn's football program. The band features a silver band of honor with the words "The Penn Football Team -- The Pride of Philadelphia." The band is worn on the left arm and is only worn by players who have participated in at least one Penn football game.

Mike Lexton - The Daily Pennsylvanian November 4, 1976
If you had just watched 16 consecutive hours of horror movies, your eyes would look like this, too.

See page 3.
As if it does not have enough problems already, the city of Philadelphia is about to be beset by a swarming invasion of multi-colored bugs. But before you abandon your belongings to head for safety somewhere in Camden, be aware that this is not your ordinary brand of insects. They are a unique species whose members are described as resembling tin cans on roller skates. Easy to distinguish, these bugs are identified by the initials "VW" tattooed on their snouts.

Who is responsible for what may be the most spectacular over-running of a population since Hitchcock's birds? Credit goes to an ingenious new enterprise called Beetleboards of America. Anyone who claims title to a Volkswagen bug can apply to become a beetleboard driver. The company offers your car a fresh coat of paint and a professional decal job which advertises some product ranging from Herbal Essence shampoo to Stag beer. Instantly, a dull and commonplace automobile is transformed into a billboard on wheels.

Zipping around in your personalized commercial, you are sure to attract some stares on the Schuylkill, but why go through the trouble? As an added incentive, Beetleboards will pay you a tempting twenty dollars a month just to drive your own car. Labeled by CBS-TV as the "greatest advertising idea in history," Beetleboards are bound to add some much needed color to our drab streets. So if you are cruising along the expressway and are suddenly passed by a pack of cigarettes or a bar of soap, don't be alarmed—it is only the American cousin of a harmless European insect.

—Steve Filton

Helping the Victims

The Victim Witness Unit, operated through the District Attorney’s office, offers many services to victims, witnesses, and other parties touched by crime.

The Unit has a Telephone Alert Service that calls witnesses an hour before they are to testify, eliminating the need to wait in the court room until the trial is called. A reception center has been established to provide information and comfort for victims and witnesses. A representative from Women Against Rape is also at the center for counseling.

Additional services include transportation to court when needed, and the contacting of families of homicide victims to keep them informed as to the status of the case. The office includes a pamphlet with information and suggestions about testifying with each subpoena mailed.

The Unit backs lobby groups in Harrisburg and Washington to fight for the rights of the victims and witnesses of crimes. In its work within the city, the office figures it saves approximately 350 unnecessary trips to court for witnesses each month.

In many cases the unit works ad hoc—trying to solve individual problems. For example, an elderly woman who had been mugged received money for medical bills to cover treatment resulting from the attack, but did not receive a replacement for her glasses which had been broken. The office located an optometrist who donated his services and a place that would make the glasses free of charge.

—Susan Steiger
Weekend of Horror

Two mad moviegoers enter a 16-hour marathon of the macabre... and live to tell the tale.

By Daniel Akst and Susan Whitman

One of us has developed a hunchback and a clubfoot, and signs her name Igor. The other has just been dragged from a dark corner, where she spent several days with an icepack on her head, muttering "It was only the wind, my dear. It was only the wind, my dear..." under his breath. His mother said he was too impressionable for a thing like this and she was right.

Such are the terrifying results of sixteen straight hours at the Walnut Theatre's Horror Marathon, which began at 7:30 Friday night.

Phrases like "It was only the wind..." and "Honey, it's all right," run like threads of reassurance through most of the eleven films we sat through (actually, only one of us went the route, the other having skulked out into the sunshine around 9:00 a.m.). Coherence was a problem Friday night, and Saturday morning the only place any sort of coherence could be found during the 1000 MINUTES OF FEAR was on the screen. We certainly weren't coherent, and the rest of the audience was in a similar state of mental disarray after the first few films.

The group at the Walnut the other night seemed a fairly intense bunch, although they were rather washed out by 11:30 Saturday morning, when it was all over. The rowdies, who sat mostly up in the balcony, at first howled, cheered, and groaned at the appropriate times, taking full advantage of this opportunity to vent their emotions. All these primal fires soon burned themselves out, or perhaps were extinguished in the psychological overkill that comes of sixteen consecutive hours of anything. After awhile, catharsis is transcended and everyone just wants to find a not-too-uncomfortable place to sleep. Sooner or later, the terrible truth reveals itself: there is no comfortable place to sleep.

Who goes to horror marathons? A cross-section of society, actually. Who stays, however, is a different story. Most of those who went the distance were young. There were a lot of high school kids, a lot of college students, and a good many twelve-year-olds.

Most said they were there because they simply liked horror movies. Some only stayed a few hours, but others were there expressly with the intention of watching sixteen consecutive hours of films, most of which were second rate. There were two notable exceptions: The Innocents, starring Deborah Kerr, based on Henry James' The Turn of the Screw and Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde, the original starring Frederic March. Jekyll and Hyde really is a thriller, and Rouben Mamoulian succeeds in making the brilliant Robert Louis Stevenson story come alive.

Before the whole business turned into a sort of ordeal by film, it provided several insights into the nature of the horror movie. Take the first film, for example. Race with the Devil, starring Peter Fonda and Warren Oates, was made in 1975, and contains a number of characteristics typical of its genre.

Race with the Devil is about four people on vacation, four people just like you and me who only want to do a little skiing. They stumble upon a Satanic cult that sacrifices humans out in the countryside somewhere, and the cultists of course spot them and give them a hard time.

The first thing that becomes apparent is that everything in modern horror films is irrational. Not only do unreasonable creatures and events present themselves to the characters and the viewers, but the characters themselves, the people who are just like you and me, don't behave according to the dictates of human reason and common sense. Horror movie viewers always have occasion to ask their companions things like "But if she knew he might be in the neighborhood, why didn't she lock her windows?"

For example, the vacationers in Race with the Devil discover a rattler in one of the kitchen cabinets in their trailer. So what do they do? They go through each and every cabinet, looking for other rattlers. Why don't they just lock the cabinets and leave them alone? Why look for trouble? Can't they eat out for a day?

Thus, when Peter Fonda and company are escaping in their Winnebago and one of the pursuing Satan cultists climbs aboard, the viewers all recall that Warren Oates has purchased and loaded a shotgun, and so they all scream SHOOT HIM, SHOOT HIM. They are not being bloodthirsty. They just know what they'd do, they'd all shoot him in a minute, and they wouldn't take forever to remember that they had a shotgun handy, either. The fellow is, after all, trying to murder the vacationing couples.

In horror films, too, when it rains it pours. Everything always happens at once. There always seems to be a summation of circumstances that renders the just-like-you-and-me hero least capable of defending himself against whatever horrible creatures are after him. The mechanical world conspires against him or her. Phones are suddenly dead, radios unusable, local sheriffs skeptical, and engines that have not so much as hiccupped in years at this crucial moment of flight resolutely refuse to turn over. All the paraphernalia of reality turn into an impediment to the process of combating or escaping danger.

Note that all these observations were made early on in the marathon. Sixteen hours of horror films is enough to turn anybody's critical acuities to mush, especially considering the acuities in question are normally pretty pulpy anyway.

In any case, at around 11:30 Saturday morning, a bunch of hard-nosed, sore-bottomed moviegoers emerged bleary-eyed from the Walnut. Most were too drunk with fatigue to say very much. Almost all squinted like vampires when the sunlight hit their sunken pupils. Several people muttered something about how they had "wanted to stick it out" and so had done so. Everyone slouched and looked pretty rumpled. There were few regrets, but on the other hand, there were few intelligible sentences.
**FILM**

**Scent of a Woman: Flawed, Funny**

By Kevin Lurie

If you are looking for a movie stuffed with gorgeous Italian countrycides, eccentric characters and moving music, then *Scent of a Woman* gives you all this and more. But if you can’t tolerate generally inadequate acting and a technically poor film, then better stay away.

Dino Risi directed this exquisitely beautiful and funny film that satirizes the human predicament. Vittorio Gassman plays Captain Faustos in a well-acted portrayal of a blind amputee. He and his young soldier-valet romp through Pisa, Rome and Naples seeking and fulfilling their gourmand lusts for wine, women and excitement.

The story is seen primarily through the eyes of the young valet, nicknamed Ciccio, who is on a week-long furlough (called a furlough in Italy) to entertain the amorphous Fear. He and his valet travel to Naples in an effort to murder a blind man. They are, but as he imagines them, Faustos claims. Maybe this was the opinion of the film’s editor too, but in the end both he and Faustos’ views resolve to a slightly fuzzy image as they depict parts of reality and imagine the rest.

Captain Faustos maintains an abundant ego and great masculinity in his unremitting efforts to conquer fear. He dislikes all who succeed him, accepting their plight with an arrogant toss of his head. He fights off his fears with liquor and food, wars and whores and despite his handicap, survives with minimal social assistance.

Throughout the movie he avoids his fellow blindmen, for they remind him of what he could be if he succumbed to the amorphous Fear. He and his valet travel to Naples in an effort to murder a blind conrade, a lieutenant who is Faustos’ very antithesis. The lieutenant is pampered by women and plays the piano to soothe his nerves. He drinks for pleasure and is an Italian gourmet. Faustos, as he has with others, tries to wipe him from his field of perception. He attempts to murder the lieutenant, fails, and is taken to a country farm, where he realizes that not even he can conquer fear. He succumbs to the minimal aid of a beautiful girl named Sara.

Gassman pulled the film together and only through his tenacious, convincing acting does the screenplay hold up. No wonder he won the Best Actor award at Cannes in 1975. Support was lacking, though. Sara is played by Agnoina Bella who, although beautiful, could not even make tears flow when she cried. Ciccio, suffered from similar screen inadequacies.

*Scent of a Woman* would have been a great movie had it not been plagued with careless technical blunders. The print shown here is rife with uneven exposures and bad color, and scenes often flew by too fast for the film and the viewer. The editing was less than satisfactory and the English subtitles were too often late and unsynchronized with the dialogue and movement on the screen.

But despite its technical insufficiencies, the movie held together. By continual references to sight and light, and scenic, well-balanced frames, director Risi provided an awareness of the blind plight of Faustos. Lights were continually flushed on and off and other sensory perceptions were continually emphasized, for they were Faustos’ world.

Some of the technical errors are perhaps forgivable, for they arose inevitably when subtitles were added, but to English-speaking viewers, excuses are small consolation. “A blind man is fortunate because of the idea of the things they are, but as he imagines them,” Faustos claims. Maybe this was the opinion of the film’s editor too, but in the end both he and Faustos’ views resolve to a slightly fuzzy image as they depict parts of reality and imagine the rest.

**Upon a Mattress**

By Michelle Manoff

Often a mediocre play will have some redeeming vital element: a few good lines, a stunning main performance, a fine character. Unfortunately, *The Bed Before Yesterday*, which opened Tuesday at the New Locust Theatre, avails itself of none of these.

*The Bed Before Yesterday* is supposed to be a farce. It does possess an amusing premise: tram trimmings of the genre. There is a main plot and a sub-plot, superficial characters, the right intimate subject. But the play does not succeed as farce, perhaps for no other reason than that the character is so inadequate. For that matter, the subject is ridiculous in the absurd, not in the comic, sense. The characters are mild stereotypes, but they are not the essentially stock personages required by farce; they come off as merely shallow. The insanely hilarious twists that should be evident are too obvious. Nothing remains except a weak play.

*The Bed Before Yesterday* deals, as the title implies, with the sexual awakening of a certain Mrs. K (Carol Channing). This poor lady considers herself to have been raped as a nineteen-year-old bride; consequently, she has had nothing to do with the sex life of her illegitimate son. Still, she is alone after the death of her last platonic husband and wishes for male company. She concludes a business-type marriage arrangement with Victor Orsino (Elliott Reid), a bumbling, mild, lately impoverished gent who is not adverse to accepting the offer of Alma’s money in return for his companionship as husband. Everything proceeds quite smoothly for the Kerness until Alma pleads the idea from her relative Lolly (Ludi Claire) and Elia, a friend of Victor’s son (Caroline McWilliams) that people can do enjoy what she has disdained all these years. Suddenly, the formerly hard woman longs to hear “the bells” for herself. She coerces a reluctant Victor and voila! a new woman is born.

The situation has the seeds of rare comedic potential, but those seeds just do not bear fruit. Neither does the acting. Miss Channing is a disappointment. She is directed to be curt and assertive; she appears stilted, however. Elliot Reid as Victor is indifferent. His portrayal of the dominated husband is not appealing, enough to help save the play.

A few bright spots do shine through. Caroline McWilliams acquires herself well as Elia, a girl who floats with the wind and adorably loves the lustier things of life. A briefly entertaining interlude is provided by Luis Clare, who plays Lolly, in which she regales the innocent Alma with tales of the “paradise” that is readily available. And the stage is positively illuminated by the too-short appearance of Paxton Whitehead, as Fred Castle, an actor-friend of Elia’s.

*The Bed Before Yesterday* has been a hit in London, which is understandable. The British are good at this sort of thing. Many times a certain quality of British acting which is inexplicable can transform a bad play, infuse it with the much-needed sparkle and charming inflection. As the production stands now in Philadelphia it should be deported.

**Animal Crackers**

By John Fitzpatrick

Crack The Sky

Animal Notes

Although Crack the Sky is being touted as a group on the rise, this promise is justified in only a few spots on their second album–*Animal Notes*. All too often, interpolates with true imagination and vigor are smothered by the stock musical idioms which surround them. The songwriting is further weakened by frenetic tempo and melody changes which leave the listener totally confused.

*Animal Notes* is like a collage in which Palumbo’s lyrics are especially worthy of palumbo’s. The first song “We Want Mine” points to a few somnolent notes on the mercurial tendencies of Crack the Sky. In just a few seconds the music jumps from a fast paced New Orleans jazz display to a few somnolent notes on piano, and then returns to the moderately paced chorus. An oriental-sounding second song has more continuity in the music, but in the lyrics goes from singing about the cosmos to “animal shins” and “cadillacs.”

“Wet Teenager” shows off the musicianship of guitarists Rich Witkowski and Jim Griffiths and is possibly the best song on the album. Bassist Joe Macre and drummer Joey D’Amico keep the piece moving and don’t allow the lethargy which plagues moments of the other songs to mar this one. “Maybe I Can Fool Everybody” finishes side one. It is a bluesy, slow-moving tune highlighted by the embittered lyrics of John Palumbo.

“Rangers At Midnight” is another song in which Palumbo’s lyrics are especially effective–describing the lives of Canadian Mounties and their fight against the
Until the end of November, Philadelphians will have the opportunity to enjoy an amusing evening at the Society Hill Playhouse with Threepenny Opera. The three act musical, written by Bertoldi Brecht in collaboration with composer Kurt Weill, boasts a cast of whores, beggars, thieves and corrupt policemen, as recognizable now as they were when the play opened in Berlin in 1928.

The action, a modernization of John Gay's comedy of 1728, A Beggar's Opera, revolves around the adventures of a sophisticated Soho marauder, Macheath, who is also referred to as Mack the Knife. He is an accomplished criminal, the epitome of the self-control except for one important point: he faltsers in his devotion to women. A bigamistic marriage to Miss Polly Peachum and an affecion for a practicing prostitute, Jenny Diver, lead to a narrow escape from lynching. When Polly's hoarding parents take offense with their daughter's disreputable mate and pressure the Chief to secure Mack's arrest, more trouble ensues for the Knife, ultimately leading to a happy (if contrived) denouement.

The most praiseworthy aspect of Threepenny Opera is Rob Lawlor's representation of the main character. His strong voice and confident, controlled manner mold a powerful stage presence, looming over every scene, setting up a delicate balance between a commanding performance and overacting. His excellent facial control exemplifies the swagger, charm and poise of the likable villain, Macheath. The actor skillfully furthers Brecht's assault on the social pressure which would paint a man of Mack's credentials in deep hues of gray and black.

Betsy Fineberg's convincing portrait of Polly Peachum and an affection for the main character, Jenny Diver, in Threepenny Opera highlights the interaction of the elements and loneliness. "Virgin.... No," which follows "Rangers" is another song played by constant changing of tempo: often the music completely stops. These stops are more annoying than climactic and detract from the inspirational guitar work. "Invaders from Mars," as the title might suggest, mimics the early work of Bowie but lacks his beat and danceability. "Play On" concludes the album and features some beautiful keyboard work by Palumbo and excellent harmony provided by the other members of the band.

Crack the Sky has the raw material to create an innovative album but lacks the discipline necessary to put it together. The hodge-podge music of Animal Notes might be more appropriately titled The Good, The Bad and The Ugly.

**THEATRE**

**Brecht's Double Play**

**Threepenny: "Refreshing Diversion"**

By Steve Carbo

The play is about compassion. The gist of it is that he who ignores the man who cries for help sows the seed of his own destruction. In the face of an uprising against the callous oppressor by the callous people of the Caucasus, one person rises above self-interest. She is a servant of the ousted governor who watches over his heir, a baby, when the governor flees the palace. Grusha (played by Linda White) cannot leave the helpless child, so she takes him and flees to the mountains. The odyssey of Grusha and the baby Michael takes him and flees to the mountains. The play involves the drama of confrontation and the absurdis of a situation comedy. Much of the play trudges the boundary between drama and humor. The players dangerously tackle this challenge with a ferocious spirit. It is like watching a sprinter cross a tightrope. Amazingly enough, what might be described as a general overzealousness by the cast is translated for the viewer into an energy that holds him captive to the story.

In one particular facet of the story, the revolutionary Caucasians set up A/dak, who eventually rules on the plight of Grusha and the baby, sagely notes, "The law must be administered with perfect gravity, because it is so stupid." This thought is also the essence of what the compassionate Grusha faces in a cruel, arbitrary society.

Such intricately interwoven themes are the mark of Brecht. But the Repertory Company leaves its own unique stamp on the play as well. Brecht provides the skeleton and the Company brings to it the meat of genuine enthusiasm to create and to entertain.

**Chalk Circle: "Genuine Enthusiasm"**

By James Blair

The swingering criminal exercises the utmost self-control except for one important point: he faltsers in his devotion to women. A bigamistic marriage to Miss Polly Peachum and an affection for the main character, Jenny Diver, in Threepenny Opera highlights the interaction of the elements and loneliness. "Virgin.... No," which follows "Rangers" is another song played by constant changing of tempo: often the music completely stops. These stops are more annoying than climactic and detract from the inspirational guitar work. "Invaders from Mars," as the title might suggest, mimics the early work of Bowie but lacks his beat and danceability. "Play On" concludes the album and features some beautiful keyboard work by Palumbo and excellent harmony provided by the other members of the band.

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**MUSIC**

**"Windjammer"**

By Brian Kardon

Side one of Windjammer is "Top-40" time. Tunes like Gary Wright's "Dream Weaver" and Morris Albert's "Feelings" may offend the jazz snob, but the arrangements make it all beraible. In fact, the arrangements make it all entirely pleasant and even give Hubbard the opportunity to seduce the vulnerable listener—so beware!

Producer-Arranger-Conductor Bob James gets a good deal of credit here. His creative instinct for finding what is right has made him an invaluable asset to more than a few jazz albums in the last year. His high degree of selectivity are reflected in the LP's "right" tunes; "right" arrangements, and "right" sidemen. Additionally, he contributes one of his own compositions on side two.

Hubbard is joined by an impressive, but under-utilized group of sidemen: Jon Faddis, Hubert Laws, Lew Soloff, and Mike Brecker among others. These talents are given only a limited chance to solo, with the substantial part of the contribution coming in ensemble playing. The solo work that they do contribute is always in the appropriate style, reflecting a good amount of collective experience in the personnel.

The real star, however, has got to be Hubbard. Just when the trumpet-dominated melody is over and we're expecting a woodwind or rhythm player to take the first solo, we hear Hubbard's horn jump into the chords. Just as we're expecting one of the "big-name" sidemen to play a paycheck's worth of solo, we hear Hubbard instead. What you can expect to be delivered is pure Hubbard.

To the initiati, Windjammer provides a valid representation of 1976 mainstream Freddie Hubbard...so enjoy it.

**NEW YORK**
The Grand Hotels

From the Bellevue to the Barclay, Philly's Finest struggle to maintain the glory of yesteryear.

By Brian Kardon

During those awkward twenty-eight minutes of silence in the first Presidential Debate held in Philadelphia six weeks ago, ABC's Harry Reasoner felt he had to say something to occupy those embarrassing minutes of non-rhetoric. "Right now," Reasoner added, "we need to say something to occupy those embarrassing minutes of non-rhetoric. Right now," Reasoner added, "we need to say something..." in the birthplace of independence? What happened to those expected endless lines at the Bell, the Museum, the Mall, the Alley, and the Mint? And what about the Bicentennial Committee's prediction of Philadelphia as the "center" of national pride in the form of Hawaiian-shirted, "Visitor in Pennsylvania" (VIP) spenders? Isolation of national pride in the form of Hawaiian-shirted, "Visitor in Pennsylvania" (VIP) spenders? Isolation of national pride in the form of Hawaiian-shirted, "Visitor in Pennsylvania" (VIP) spenders? Isolation of national pride in the form of Hawaiian-shirted, "Visitor in Pennsylvania" (VIP) spenders? Isolation (VIP) spenders? Isolation of national pride in the form of Hawaiian-shirted, "Visitor in Pennsylvania" (VIP) spenders? Isolation.

First it was the media's warning in late spring to "stay away" during the summer unless you had booked all reservations several months in advance. Then our Meatless Ragu Spaghetti Sauce of a Mayor provoked the puzzling request for that thousands of national guardsmen be present to "secure the city" during the extended weekend of The Fourth. As if this weren't enough for the owners didn't want to spend the rest of the country....in fact a lot of people think that Philadelphia has been isolated from the rest of the country for a long time."

So what happened to those twenty-million hoagie-stuffing, pretzel-chewing, camera-adoring visitors in the summer of twenty-nine at the Bellevue? And what about the Bicentennial Committee's prediction of Philadelphia as the "center" of national pride in the form of Hawaiian-shirted, "Visitor in Pennsylvania" (VIP) spenders? Isolation.

Another major hotel in Philadelphia, the Benjamin Franklin at Ninth and Chestnut has a general manager with a thing for words ending in "-est": largest, first, most, but not best. "We are the largest hotel in Philadelphia, and in the whole state," boasts GM Harry Gilbert. "In the 1850's we were the first hotel to have an elevator....We have the most sleeping rooms, 1200, 18 function rooms, and are capable of having 1500 for a meeting."

The Benjamin Franklin was formerly the Continental Hotel. A book entitled "Historic Hotels of the World" says of it: the size of the hotel was so unheard of that the wiseacres were predicting failure even before the house was opened for guests. It was not only the largest hotel in the United States in 1860; but had no superior in the world."

The Benjamin Franklin is located on the recently converted Chestnut Street Mall which has, according to Gilbert, "reduced the flow of traffic in front of our hotel." Although brochures advertise the Ben as "Philadelphia's Largest and Nearest Hotel to Independence Hall" (most "-est" words), the hotel has suffered the common ailment that struck all visitaites business—the Bicentennial Bust. William Trimble, general manager of the Barclay on fashionable Rittenhouse Square admits that certain events "did hurt business, but it hurt everybody. People actually didn't come to Philadelphia."

One piece of literature on the Barclay begins: "In an age when elegance and tradition are fading fast..." Actually, less than half of the 530 rooms are transient. The others are leased as apartments and sold as condominiums to tenants like business tycoon Frederick Mann and conductor Eugene Ormandy. "We are not equipped to handle big conventions," says Trimble. "The Barclay is the only really elegant hotel in the city."

Rates at the hotel section of the Barclay are higher than those at the Bellevue and Ben Franklin, and the Barclay is in direct competition with the Latham, at 17th and Walnut, contrary to the Barclay's claim as "the only really elegant hotel" in Philadelphia. "They really admitted to having gambling and you can wake up in the morning with just cold water coming out of the pipes," says Latham part-owner E. Barnett Steinmetz in a recent competition. "What we offer are superior rooms. We don't take city conventions."

The half-a-century old structure was formerly an apartment building. It was then closed for 19 months and reopened 6 years ago as the Latham Hotel.

"We are having our best year to date. We run at an annual occupancy rate of 89%, a bit less on the weekends," remarked Steinmetz. The 150-room Latham charges the highest rates in the city, with rooms starting at $44.

Steinmetz is one of five businessmen who own the elitist hotel. The Latham has proven to be a profitable venture for Steinmetz, who gained hotel management experience as an employee at Philadelphia's Warwick Hotel for many years. Although by all barometric standards the Latham is not a true grand hotel, it is a highly successful, small, extremely well-managed establishment of superior quality for those who can afford it.

For those who can afford $2.5 and have a fancy for the Warwick Hotel, it's too late. What was once the center of social activity for the sophisticated who demanded the same of their surroundings, the Warwick was purchased at the price of $2.5 million by the Ephraim Frankel Real Estate and Apartment Management Firm. The Warwick will officially close on November 30 for one year. "In that time the 600 roooms will be made into 372 apartments," states Leonard Frankel, a partner in the firm. According to Steinmetz, "the Warwick fell upon hard times about 10 years ago. Prior to all these new melots, they were doing very well, but the owners didn't want to spend any money. While it was making a..."
Arlo Guthrie

The Brooklyn Cowboy keeps walking down the line.

By Amy Schultz

Amid the superstars of today's music scene, there are a few performers who stand out a bit higher in the crowd—Bruce Springsteen, Peter Frampton, David Bowie and Arlo Guthrie. (Yes, Arlo Guthrie. Who is writing this article, you or me?).

I spent last Friday unwinding from midterms in one of the most enjoyable ways known to me—in the front row of an Arlo Guthrie concert. The afternoon of the concert, I psyched myself by purchasing enough film for 108 pictures and a winesack. My roommate lettered a sign that said, "Hi, my name is Amy Schultz. I am with the Daily Pennsylvanian. Could I possibly have an interview with you after the concert? (I am not a groupie!)."

We arrived 45 minutes early at the Academy of Music. I decided to get permission for the interview, before the concert started. I spoke with several stage hands and finally found one (whom I later found out was Arlo's manager) that said he would get me backstage after the concert.

The concert itself was fantastic—of course had he sounded like the traffic on Walnut Street during rush hour, I would have loved him anyway. One of the great things about Guthrie is his versatility, and rapport with the audience. His introduction to each song is as entertaining as the song itself. Although he doesn't rely heavily on props, he did use hats several times to convey the feeling of particular songs.

He always manages to include some old material for the standard Guthire fans and new material for his newer following. When he started into "The Motorcycle Song", he commented how amazing it was that he could get away with playing the same song for eleven years.

I don't want a pickle,
I just want to ride my motorcycle.
And I don't want a tinkle,
Just want to ride my motorcycles.
And I don't want to die,
Just want to ride my motorcycle—-cle.

Once backstage after the concert, I was introduced to Arlo, who was sitting on the floor in a corner of his dressing room. He looked up and said, "Hi, how're you doin'?" and offered me a seat. I flopped down on the floor by him. We made small talk for awhile, (I could see that he was getting semi-high from the beer he was drinking), and I mentioned that police were breaking up the crowd outside. One of the band members sitting in on the interview felt it was only fair to go out and watch the crowd since he had been watched by the audience.

I decided it was as good a time as any to start asking questions. I asked who he had done the Beatles' song as it really wasn't bluegrass. "Who wrote Yankee Doodle Dandy?" he asked me. "In its day, it was a popular song also. Who is to say what is popular and what is folk music? Maybe twenty years from now, I've Just Seen A Face will also be considered a folk song."

Last year, Guthrie campaigned for Fred Harris, who lost the nomination to Carter. "I'm disappointed that there are really two political ideologies in this country and they are not the ones being represented," Arlo stated. The Presidential nominees "represent the right and left of the middle. It's a shame the country has to be divided 50-50." He was vague about whom he was supporting now but seemed to express a general disdain for the entire election.

We talked about his college days. Arlo lasted six weeks at Rocky Mountain College in Billings, Montana. He went there because "nobody else would take me." He cited his major as "playing music." His roommate was "a real country guy. I remember his name, he said that he was a nice guy and he went along well. And Arlo left the school when they changed the physical education from bowling to basic training."

My interview came to a rather abrupt end when Arlo was called away to sign autographs. My last sight of him was signing an autograph for a white-haired little old lady with an Instamatic around her neck, exclaiming, "It's for my granddaughter!"

Hotels

[continued from page 6]

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**Film**

Arcadia
1529 Chestnut
LO 8-0929

Budco Goldman Twins
15th and Chestnut
LO 7-4040
Easy Alice and Sixteen.

Fantastic Invasion and the Norton-All Fight Film.

Cinema 19
19th and Chestnut
LO 9-4175
The Omen with Gregory Peck and Lee Remick

**Art**

Philadelphia College of Art
Broad and Pine Sts.
893-3100
Through Nov. 24: "Private Notations: Artist's Sketchbooks." Gallery hours: Mon.-Fri. 10:5- Sat. 12-4. On Nov. 10 at 7:00 Max Roett, an artist, will be speaking at PCA.

Philadelphia Art Alliance
251 S. 18th St.

Women's Cultural Trust Gallery
3601 Locust Walk
Opening Sunday Nov. 7. A solo show of watercolors by Mino Tanaka.

Painted Bride Art Center
527 South St.
WA 5-9914

Institute of Contemporary Art
34th and Walnut
243-0722
Tonight, artist Letitia Elderidge will be performing in conjunction with "The Philadelphia-Houston Exchange," the ICA's current exhibit.

Van Pelt Library
Klein Corridor
First Floor
Beginning Nov. 8 there will be an exhibit on "Violin Making in America."

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts
Pasha House Gallery
1811 Chestnut St.
299-5070

Houston Hall Gallery
3417 Spruce St.
Through Nov. 18: "Watercolors by Jim Schaefer." Schaefer studied at Penn's Graduate School of Fine Arts. The Gallery hours are Sun.-Fri. 10-5. The opening reception is tomorrow afternoon.

Moore College of Art
20th and Race Sts.
LO 8-4515
Through Nov. 12: "John Sloan and Robert Henri: Their Philadelphia Years."

Philadelphia Museum of Art
Parkway at 26th St.
PO 3-8100
In November the Museum will continue to exhibit "American Family Portraits."

**Music**

The Main Point
874 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa.
LA 5-3375
A very busy week begins tonight at the Point with the appearance of singer Jonathan Edwards. Tomorrow night through Sunday, Eric Anderson will bring his smooth, mellow brand of singing into town and next Tuesday, guitarist David Bromberg, always popular in the Philly area, will be on display.

Valley Forge Music Fair
Devon, Pa.
839-4017
The one and only Ann Carpenter brings her lively bicentennial rendition of This Was Burlesque to the Music Fair beginning Tuesday evening and running through the following Sunday evening, November 14. If you've been waiting for the chance to relive those good old days, this could be your big opportunity. Better act fast, though. The opening show on Tuesday is already sold out.

Academy of Music
Broad and Locust Sts.
839-1914
Ricardo Muti, the Principal Guest Conductor Designate of the Philadelphia Orchestra closes his current two-week stint with the Orchestra with three concerts this week at the Academy of Music.

Irvine Auditorium
University of Pennsylvania
The Pennsylvania Pro Musica under the direction of Franklin Zimmerman presents 'The Creation' by Joseph Haydn tonight at 8 p.m.

University Museum Auditorium
University of Pennsylvania
CH 1200
The Philadelphia Folksong Society will present a concert of Oldtime and Bluegrass music tomorrow evening at 7:30 pm. Featured will be the Hot Mud family, a bluegrass band from Ohio and Hickory Wind, an oldtime music band from the Washington, D.C.area.

Bijou Cafe
1409 Lombard St.
735-4444
Mellow out with smooth, silky Jon Lucien tonight through Saturday evening. Lucien sings beautifully and his voice can easily transmit you to the cool breezes of a Caribbean island. Monday and Tuesday nights, Musica Orbits brings its unique classical-jazz-folk blend to the Cafe.

Grendel's Lair
500 South St.
923-5560
Unpredictable Ken Kweder and the Secret Kids will perform Monday at 8. Every Tuesday night, (and Philadelphia) craze The House of Assembly reggae on into the wee small hours.

Cherry Tree Folk Club
3916 Locust Walk
Roy Bookbinder and Ed Miller supply a little folk Sunday night at the Cherry Tree. Sunday at 8. "The Hamilton Village Hall behind St. Mary's Church."

New Foxhole Cafe
3916 Locust Walk
386-6388
Julius Hemphill will appear in concert Friday and Saturday nights.

**Theatre**

Shubert Theatre
250 S. Broad St.
735-4768
The old favorite West Side Story, starring Leslie Uggams, continues through November 20.

Society Hill Playhouse
507 S. 8th St.
WA 3-0210
Society Hill Playhouse's version of the Broadway hit Threepenny Opera proceeds through December. See review inside.

Temple University Tomlinson Theatre
13th and Norris Sts.
737-4930
Another Tennessee Williams piece, Camino Real, opens tonight.

Walnut St. Theatre
14th and Walnut Sts.
629-0700
The Drama Guild's first production of the season, George Bernard Shaw's Heartbreak House, continues through November 21.

Annenberg Center
3600 Walnut St.
243-6791
A Streetcar Named Desire, the Tennessee Williams' classic, continues through November 6.

Forest Theatre
1114 Walnut St.
WA 3-1515
The much-hailed Equus comes to Philadelphia on November 9 with Douglas Campbell and Keith McDermott.