Miriam Yeager Predicts Cuts, Possible 1977-78 Shortfall

by BETTY ROBIN

President Martin Meyerson said University Council Wednesday that "unless special efforts are made, there will be deep cuts in our five years plan.

"The president of the University Council was referring to the next five years as necessary to balance the financial picture.

"We said that cuts would be needed immediately, adding "the savings will be used to the University." According to Meyerson's statistics, there were 181 faculty members last year.

Budget Director Jon Strauss, speaking in Meyerson's name, said that the cuts would be necessary to balance the University's budget. He said that the budget was projected to be broad, that the current deficit would be worse if not for the University's reserve fund.

Meyerson cited the University's "narrowed" financial picture as a reason for the cuts. He said that the cuts would be made in all areas of the University, including facilities, maintenance, and personnel.

The cuts will affect the University's budget for the fiscal year ending June 30, 1978. The cuts are expected to save the University $1.3 million in energy expenditures, including an estimated $1.2 million in predicted costs to a deficit near $500,000.

"We would have to make changes in all areas of the University," Meyerson said. "We are looking for cuts in all areas, including personnel and facilities."
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LUXURY?

Superblock, Center City: High Rent Districts

By DANIEL M. AKST

For a bit of news, four University students could rent an elegantly appointed, fully furnished apartment in the stock yard known throughout the Pennsylvania in Center City. Or, for a little more they could get a furnished place with a balcony in a trendy building in the same neighborhood, complete with home and a television set.

Of the two, the high rises in Center City are relatively more expensive, so Beermann said "no rent ceiling (has yet been) considered." Nevertheless, the high rises are full. Completed in 1971, the three, 25-story towers, house 2,770 University students between them. In some respects, they are fairly unique. Few American colleges have apartment buildings of comparable size for student dormitories.

This LUXURIOUS CENTER CITY APARTMENT complete with furniture and other accommodations can be had by most University students. For $560 a month, one could have this suite or...

For $540 a month, four University students could rent an elegantly appointed, fully furnished, four bedroom place in the high rises. Or they could live in the high rises.

By DANIEL M. AKST

Despite the soaring cost of living, there is little that the four University students would have to forgo to get the one-bedroom apartment.

"Up until last year, there had been a gross deterioration in the maintenance of those buildings, but in the last year there has been a complete turnaround on the part of maintenance," Beermann said, insisting things are getting better. "There really has been an improvement," she said, adding that workers were now "on top of" their work the expenses to students and to the University, Beermann replied "in retrospect, no.

"There are some tenant deficiencies," Beermann said, "but in the last year there has been a complete turnaround on the part of maintenance." Beermann, however, asserted much had been done to remedy the alleged maintenance problems, for which the high rises were full.

"We have to do something," she said. Beermann blamed the University's failure to put money into the building for the first five years of their existence.

May be $560 sounds like a lot, but that's what the four University students would have to pay for a four bedroom place in the high rises. On the Parkway, they would have to pay the same. In the center of business, they would pay nothing less than $575. University students, however, have no interest in competing with them. In some respects, they are fairly unique. Few American colleges have apartment buildings of comparable size for student

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The Daily Pennsylvania Student

By Seth Rosen

Letters to the Editor

Some Thoughts On... Scapegoats, Suffering and Interior Decorating

By Seth Rosen

The recent dining service proposal to make freshmen pay for optional extra meals has sent many students into a heated debate. The proposal was introduced at the December 7 Senate meeting and is scheduled for a final vote at the January 9 meeting.

The proposal calls for a mandatory meal contract, which would require freshmen to pay for meals at the university's dining halls. The cost of the meal contract would be approximately $788 per year, and freshmen would be required to pay for meals even if they choose to eat off-campus.

The proposal has received mixed reactions from students, with some arguing that it is unfair and others supporting it as a way to increase revenue for the university.

In response to the proposal, some students have created a website called "Freshman Feeds" to advocate against the mandatory meal contract. The website includes a petition that has garnered thousands of signatures in just a few days.

One of the main arguments against the proposal is that it is a form of student debt, which is something that students do not necessarily have the financial means to bear.

Another argument is that the proposal fails to address the issue of affordability for low-income students, who are already facing financial challenges.

In contrast, those in favor of the proposal argue that it is necessary for the university to increase its revenue in order to maintain the quality of education and facilities.

Regardless of the arguments, the proposal remains a topic of discussion and debate among students and university administrators.

Mae Nelly

PENNSYLVANIA TRIANGLE

Frieden

Seth Rosen is executive editor of The Daily Pennsylvania Student. Copyrighted material in this weekly feature of this page does not have in giving due to the permissions of words/dayworkover day other.

The cooperative program may be too soon coming in higher education, but I still did not understand why they had a subscript from the Philadelphia College of Textiles to that one day for Good Towns.

We may have been in this vision. This is not to say that the greatest traditions in the world, some of the fixed mind in association earns their daily bread here. They have gone to acres been long to have someone who can pick me in a slow and other clubs and committees of one and another. I want me to wind up in the happy

The book that everyone will have to read before they go to college is a book called "The Pennmen." It is a collection of stories and essays that capture the essence of the university.

The first book ever published about George O'Keeffe's life in art, written by the artist herself, is now available. This book, "Georgia O'Keeffe: A Life," provides a unique perspective on the artist's life and work.

The book is written in the form of a series of letters to her husband, painter and photographer Alfred Stieglitz. O'Keeffe's letters recount the early years of her life, her relationship with Stieglitz, and her career as an artist.

"Georgia O'Keeffe: A Life" is a testament to the strength and creativity of the artist, as well as the enduring power of letter writing. It is a must-read for anyone interested in the history of art, literature, or biography.
**news in brief**

(Continued from page 1)

**WPXN Constitution**

(Continued from page 1)

**The Daily Pennsylvanian**

**NEW LEBANESE LEADER NAMED—President Elias Sarkis**

The Lebanon Times

EPA TO REVIEW NUCLEAR PLANT DESIGN—The Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) yesterday agreed to review rejected plans for a controversial new nuclear power plant in New Hampshire. The review, by EPA Chief Russell Train on the federal power facility could affect construction of other power plants around the country. Rejected EPA's qualifications of nuclear power plant had not been proved environmentally safe.

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Revised Exam

"(Continued from page 1) give "better insights into the medical requirement science areas."

Ruff said there will also be a "change in the mechanism" of the grading procedures. Each student will receive six scores, evaluated on a scale ranging from one to 15. In addition, percentile ranks will be given, which "for all practical purposes," Ruff said, "what we use." In the past the row score was calculated on a zero to 800 scale.

The Association of American Medical Colleges has published a manual outlining and explaining the new exam. The association urges every student to purchase this Revised Exam booklet. The group notes that no commercial organization review courses will be necessary. McGraw said this will make the test "fairer" and some students will not show a clearer advantage over others due to review courses as occurred in the past.

Studies will be carried out to determine the success of the new test, and to determine if the test meets the objectives intended. Ruff said performance during the student's undergraduate years will be compared with the scores of the MCATs to assess the test's success. This will have to be done with several classes, he noted.

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Finke: Only Victories Will Bring Back The Fans

By RICHARD RAFAL

The Daily Pennsylvanian
1/26/77

He was polarity, wind, and fire to the Cornhuskers. Despite a 14-11 record, he refused to be discouraged. The next stop on that quest for a coaching job was the Ancient Eight.

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Women for Hope for Demolition Derby

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Can Frosh Holdy Golden Beacons?

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Wrestlers Lose Battle of Gettysburg

By STEVE PETERS

The Daily Pennsylvanian
1/26/77

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Seven Women Poets From Philadelphia

From Their Poetry

Read from Their Poetry

Friday, December 10
8:00 P.M.

Ivy Room, Houston Hall

SIGMA XI

Professor Henry Prmakoff

The Daily Pennsylvanian
1/26/77

He was polarity, wind, and fire to the Cornhuskers. Despite a 14-11 record, he refused to be discouraged. The next stop on that quest for a coaching job was the Ancient Eight.

SIGMA XI Lecture

Professor Henry Prmakoff

Department of Physics
University of Pennsylvania

"On Some Problems in Elementary Particle Physics"

Auditorium

The Annenberg School of Communications

3820 Walnut Street

4:15 P.M. Thursday, December 9, 1976

He was polarity, wind, and fire to the Cornhuskers. Despite a 14-11 record, he refused to be discouraged. The next stop on that quest for a coaching job was the Ancient Eight.
Now they're ready to collect.
Ode to Wasted Space
By Charlie Service and Lu Anne Tracey

This is a very special issue, whether you know it or not. Not just because it’s the first time in months either of us has written a column; but also because it will be the last time. We’re quitting while we’re ahead.

This is the final edition of 34th Street for 1976. The end of the road. The last straw. Kaputsville. It’s also the final issue over which the two of us will preside. That’s just as well, though; we’ve pretty much run out of all the cliches we know anyhow.

Oh well, no use making a mountain out of a molehill, we always say (we always say), so let’s get down to the business at hand.

A total of 26 34th Streets have been published in 1976, totalling 216 pages of print, 305 stories and reviews, and three ads. (Thanks, Freddy.)

Now there’s been a lot of brilliant writing in those 216 pages, a veritable bevy of colorful and incisive reporting. There’s also been a lot of crap like this, but we’ve pretty much run out of all the cliches we know anyhow.

Here they are then, the first annual 34th Street awards for journalistic excellence, mediocrity, chutzpah, or whatever. In the true nature of the Emmies, we are taking up space within our own medium to give these awards to ourselves.

Most Memorable Quotes:

“T’m not a clown, and I’m not an idiot. This is my job.”—WPVI weatherman, Dialing for Dollars host and general all-around-fool Jim O’Brien, 34th Street, April 8, 1976

“I am God’s chosen son. 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.”—clothing salesman, TV commercial star and general arrogant personality Ben Krass, 34th Street, March 18, 1976

“(Downtown disco place Artemis) is a wholesale meat market that traffics in depravity, because that’s what the city’s all about.”—Bobby, manager of Artemis, 34th Street, February 5, 1976

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“Father, it’s meatless. You can eat it on Friday.”—Charlie Frank, the Doggie Man, describing his wares, 34th Street, September 16, 1976

“That Jewish fella from Channel Six, Larry Kane, is a real stinker. He said that if a bomb went off nobody would come to the Bellevue.”—an employee of the ex-grand old hotel, 34th Street, November 4, 1976

“It’s the end of the line for you, you bastard.”—an unidentified wrestling fan at ringside, 34th Street, September 23, 1976

“Hi, how ya doin’?”—Arlo Guthrie, 34th Street, October 14, 1976

Best Anecdotes:

Ben Krass, for his story about the repercussions following his now infamous commercial—the one in which Krass lies in a coffin saying, “I never die. I am here forever. If you’re going to go, go in a Krass Brothers suit,” by his own admission, his biggest and most controversial commercial. Krass said, “I had one lady who called up and said to me, ‘My brother died in

[Continued on page 11]
Goodbye Monopoly,
Hello Casino Gambling

That roar you hear from Atlantic City ain't the surf.

By Ed DeAngelo

McGahn and Atlantic's Assemblyman Steve Perskie, both Democrats, are now readying legislation that will establish a gaming commission to license new casinos. Perskie says he expects the bill to be passed by February, after which Governor Brendan Byrne can appoint the five-man commission.

Perskie and McGahn's bill also stipulates that a hotel that gets a casino license must have 400 rooms of 325 square feet each, a 15,000 square foot room for the casino, and 25,000 square feet of additional public space.

"These particularities," Perskie remarked, "guarantee a first-class European style." As McGahn puts it, there will be "no free standing casinos, no slot machines. It will not be Las Vegas East."

In fact, most of the most ardent pro-casino fans are quick to say that their Atlantic City will not become a gambling town. Marilyn Sonnefield, an art dealer on the boardwalk, dismisses the prospect "of slot machines or honky tonk. It should be much more elegant, very continental like the Bahamas." It's a vision of days gone by, when the boardwalk was graced with mink coats and evening gowns, instead of today's bare feet and wet bathing suits.

But casinos mean more than make-up for Atlantic City. The unemployment rate for the city's 44,000 residents is 24 percent. Almost all of the area's jobs revolve around the tourist trade and yet the number of hotels has dropped by 40 percent since 1960. Consequently, the city has lost a quarter of its population.

Proponents of gambling say just six casinos will mean $700 million in construction, $600 million in annual revenue to hotels and casinos and over 19,000 new jobs by 1985 -- figures that were contested by gambling foes during the election.

With the specifications in McGahn's and Perskie's bill, few hotels now operating will be able to open casinos, and even they will need major renovation. Resorts International, a Florida firm that operates casinos in the Bahamas, has already purchased the Chalfonte Haddon Hall. McGahn says the city is hoping to attract major chains, such as Hilton, Hyatt, and Marriott. Playboy Club has also expressed interest in Atlantic City property.

Convention Bureau director Gerald Kauper rattles off the statistics of success. "Twenty-one major convention-hosting organizations of 5000 or more are negotiating definite dates between November 1979-86 (a four year advance on major conventions is typical)." None of these groups, he says, would have come without casinos.

Kauper estimates the prospective conventioners will bring $150 million to the starving boardwalk. If his figures are correct, there's no wonder Atlantic City folks danced in the street on election night.

The major question though is whether the city is ready for all the prosperity its residents envision. When asked about the things the city must do to ready itself for an influx of tourism, city engineer John Barrasso says "That's a good question. Difficult one to answer, too." Any necessary municipal improvements, like renovating the boardwalk and the streets, will be detailed in a "master plan," Barrasso says. This master plan will be the work of a yet-to-be-hired consulting firm.

"Theoretically, we should have the plan tomorrow," he says. "Everybody has been caught with their pants down." But, with the fate of the referendum uncertain until the election returns were in, he says he can't see how this could have been avoided.

"It's a problem if we don't have a master plan in the coming year," Perskie snaps. "But we will have one in a year."

The major objection to casino gambling during the election was the prospect of infiltration by organized crime. During the heat of the campaign, New Jersey State Police Captain Justin Dentino charged that two organized crime groups were trying to buy in already.

Part of the responsibility for policing the casinos will rest with the yet-to-be-formed gaming commission. The commissioners must decide policy questions like the legal hours for gambling, the kinds of games to be played, the maximum size of bets and rules governing credit, dress and...
Skidoo!
A modest guide to the slippery slopes from Camelback to Chamonix.

By Fred Schwab

It may seem rather odd, yet each winter millions of people spend a great deal of money to leave the warmth and safety of their homes; venture to remote areas of Vermont and Colorado; strap long, unwieldy boards to their feet; attempt the dangerously insane act of sliding these boards around on the slopes of steep mountains; and become very cold and wet.

Why these millions ski is difficult to answer. Yet skiing has ceased to be the sport of the idle-rich as its thrills (and spills) have been discovered by many of the idle not-quite-so-rich. A multi-billion dollar industry has developed to supply skiers with all the bindings and condominiums they will ever need.

The cost of skiing has been increasing as dramatically as its popularity. The price of a complete set of skiing equipment can easily top $300. And this is only the beginning: you've got to get to the top of a mountain before you can ski down it. Lift prices average $11. And don't forget other necessities like down parkas, ski pants, and mittens. Skiing is obviously not a sport for the penniless.

Skiing also offers the opportunity for travel and meeting new people: one can fly away to St. Moritz or the Poconos, and can mingle with the Parisian jet-set or dental hygienists from Newark. Ski resorts are sprouting up wherever there are mountains and snow, though the latter may not always be deemed a necessity by the developers.

It is difficult even for the experienced skier, let alone the fledgling novice, to choose between the various mountains scattered throughout the country. 34th Street therefore offers a modest compendium of skiing that will help even the non-skier differentiate between a parka and a Park City, or a mogul and a mogul (hint: only one lives in Hollywood).

What to Wear & What it Will Cost You

Ski equipment has come a long way from the days of 7-foot skis, bear-trap bindings, and laced leather boots.

Today, short skis, quick-release bindings, and plastic buckle boots have drastically cut the danger and difficulty of the sport while tremendously raising the cost.

A brief survey of area ski shops has shown that ski equipment prices have not escaped today's galloping inflation:

Boots--filled with foam and tightened with the latest cable-buckle system. $70-$260. Average price—$130.

Skis--a little longer this year--185-195 is recommended for intermediate, recreational skiers. $65-$280. Average price—$150.

Bindings--the little devices designed for those with allergies to plaster casts--$50-$150. Average price—$75.

Of course, one can always rent skis. This can be done at the mountain before skiing for approximately $7, or more inexpensively at a ski shop away from the slopes. Rental is a necessity for beginners who go through many ski lengths while learning the basics. But for the frequent and more advanced skier, daily rental prove-expensive, so after a few years, most skiers buy their own equipment.
Faking It

Not all of us have the time, the money, the macho or the masochism to ski. Yet, by following a few clothing hints and by adding a few simple phrases to one's conversations, almost anyone can give the appearance, at least, of being an experienced skier.

1. Wear a white or yellow turtle-neck under your sweater. Preferably, the sweater should have patterns running across the front of reindeer or similar large mammals. Cost: turtle-neck—$12; sweater—$25.

2. To wear over your running reindeer, an orange vest. Cost: $20-35.

3. Hang lift tags from your vest. One must be very careful regarding the quantity and quality of the lift tag selection. While one or two carefully placed New England mountain tags are very stylish, twenty Pocono lift tags would be considered rather gauche. An Aspen season pass hung from one's neck is the best of all. Cost: lift tags—free from friends who ski; lift pass—priceless.

4. Finally, the ski phrases that make the difference.

Jean-Claude was an excellent instructor, though the gold medals kept distracting me....

"I prefer the glacier run from Aiguille du Midi, with a lunch stop, of course, at Grindelwald...." I'm still having a little trouble with my helicopter turns.

"My orthopedic surgeon? Why, Dr. Jurgens, of course!"

Although we have sent our able and willing reporters throughout the world in search of the latest in skiing hotspots, the huge number of resorts has kept us from describing more than a handful. We hope that our brief summaries will provide some help in choosing an area that matches your means and ability.

The Poconos

The Pocono resorts offer little more than a hill, a lift, and (with the help of modern science) snow. Within a 2 1/2 hour drive of New York or Philadelphia, the Poconos are the bargain basement of ski resorts. Although John Denver has never sung the glories of the Poconos' 500-foot peaks, they are still an excellent place for a novice to inexpensively try a day of skiing and for an old pro to sharpen his form.

The big three of Pocono skiing are Camelback, Jack Frost, and Big Boulder. Camelback is the largest and offers the most runs, while Big Boulder and Jack Frost probably have the most effective snow making operation in the East.

Be forewarned that the mountains are not very large (even Camelback offers less than a 800 foot vertical) and lift lines are huge on weekends. The unfortunate skier may wait in line fifteen minutes for each five minute run.

North of the Poconos, and an additional hour's drive from Philadelphia, Elk Mountain offers "Vermont Skiing" in Pennsylvania. Substantially larger than any of the Big Three, Elk lacks the intensive snow making machinery that can be found at the nearer slopes. However, Elk is usually less crowded and on a weekday after a good snowfall is worth the longer drive.

New England

The New England area was the birthplace of skiing in America. Until the development of the Western resorts and low-cost transatlantic air packages, the Northeast was "the only" place to ski.

While the "I'm dreaming of a White Christmas" image of Vermont skiing can still be found, skiers often return from the region complaining of bitter cold days of freezing rain and frozen lift-lines. Each of the major ski areas in New England has developed a high reputation over the years.

Stratton, for example, is Scarsdale North, while Mount Snow seems to attract a younger, livelier crowd.

In addition to Stratton and Mount Snow, Vermont also offers Stowe, one of the most challenging mountains in New England; Jay Peak, known for its aerial tram and French-Canadian flavor; and Sugarbush, a stylish resort with many beginner and intermediate runs.

In New Hampshire, one can choose between Waterville Valley, a Coloradoan resort offering a condominium village and wide-open trails; Loon Mountain, where a steam locomotive carries skiers between parking lot and lifts; and the other resorts in the Ski 93 group.

Sugar loaf, in Maine, is one of the most remote resorts in the East. Yet, one needn't worry about loneliness for Sugarloaf is reputed to have the wildest nightlife this side of Bangor.

The West

Those with money, and those with the endurance to stand the grueling 36-hour drive, head west. Just in case you don't subscribe to National Geographic, "The West" is that huge area of the country extending from Jackson Hole, Wyoming, in the North to Taos, New Mexico, in the South; from the Heavenly Valley, California, in the West to Aspen, Colorado, in the East.

Unlike skiing in the East, where ice and cold can ruin a holiday, the West offers near-perfect weather conditions: warm, sunny days and snowy nights. Also, the mountains in the Rockies are much larger and provide both long runs and overwhelming scenery.

The resorts of the Rockies seem to offer the best of everything: the finest snow conditions can be found in Utah; the liveliest night-lifers carry on in Aspen; the greatest vertical drop and longest runs are in Wyoming.

Europe

Skiing in Europe is an adventure. One may spend an entire afternoon skiing down glaciers and couloirs, stopping at small Alpine villages on the way. Although airfare remains expensive, European skiing itself can be found for a reasonable cost. Many resorts have youth hostels where inexpensive, though somewhat communal, accommodations can be found. Lift and food prices are still within the range of the budget skier.

In an area not much larger than New England, one can ski in Austria, Germany, Switzerland, France, or Italy. The major, and therefore more expensive and crowded areas are Chamonix in France; Zermatt and Davos in Switzerland; St. Anton and Kitzbuhel in Austria; and Cervina and Cortina in Italy.

Just in case you're ever in the neighborhood.

Skiing on a Budget

While it helps to be rich, skiing is possible for the budget-minded. Here are a few tactics that will make a ski trip no more expensive than a week in Florida. (Well, we're only trying to help.)

Lodging rates are exorbitant near most ski areas. You can save money by staying away from the slopes, and driving in each morning. Dormitories and hostels offer low-cost, and rather intimate, housing. Also, a condominium for four, when crowded with eight friends, can help cut costs.

For those with a strong work ethic, many jobs are available at resorts, especially during the low-season. Just shovel snow for two hours, and get a free lift pass.

The early bird may get the worm, but waiting for spring ski sales can cut costs up to 50 percent. Also, go to the small, expensive ski specialty shops for fitting and advice, and to department stores and sporting-goods chains for (usually) the best price.

High season means high prices. Ski before Christmas, in January, and after Easter, and you'll find considerable reductions in both lift and lodging rates.

But for the cheapest skiing of all, forget expensive, dangerous downhill and try cross-country skiing. X-country ski packages sell for less than $100. The sport is easy and safe, and all you need is snow. Locust Walk can make an excellent ski trail.
**Cousin, Cousine**

Cousin, Cousine is the kind of love story rarely seen on the screen today. It is a story of a joyous love, one not fraught with overtones of guilt, anxiety, or any kind of seriousness at all. The affair between the two lovers, which is carried on in Paris, is about the changes the international cultural community underwent in the late 19th century, and focuses on the dilemmas the reviewer of the film was concerned about. Canby duly objected to the critic's viewpoint being prejudiced, and thought that if such a piece would not be better served by an art critic's review. "If it's stationary," his thought, "better served by an art critic if such a piece would not be composed entirely of colors."

Afterwards he asked a fellow composer of success in the film. This helps make their relationship the ideal one that it soon becomes. It is also unusual in another respect—it remains (for a while, at least) purely platonic. They decide to keep it that way so that they don't have to lie to their families. Only when everyone else is convinced that they are no longer just "friends" do they actually become lovers. The more intimate scenes in the picture retain the light-hearted mood that Tacchella has established from the start.

[Continued on page 10]

**Edvard Munch**

By Daniel Gold

Vincent Canby, in an article in the *New York Times* last year, discussed the difficulties of reviewing movies about artists. In particular, he mentioned a time when he sat through an experimental film composed entirely of colors. Afterwards he asked a fellow critic if such a picture would not be better served by an art critic's review. It "is stationary," his friend said, "it's art. If it moves, it's film."

The dichotomy of the art critic's viewpoint was prejudiced, of course. Canby duly objected, but wrote the review anyway, in spite of his relative unfamiliarity with the non-diegetic arts. The furor analogous to the dilemma the reviewer of *Edvard Munch* is confronted with. The film is a docudrama concerned with the noted Norwegian painter/engraver/woodcutter's life and times. Basically, it is a three-hour excursion to late 19th century Europe as a result of the changes the international cultural community underwent from about 1880 to 1900.

The middle of the arguments for and against the new Impressionist and Symbolist movements stands Munch, a young man whose paintings have so good qualities blurring his images when the mainline Naturalist wave called for sharp, clear depictions of life. From 1884 to 1891, Munch continued his fame, and his work were his ideas despite repeated critical failure. He decided to review the film in the traditional manner, discussing narrative, cinematography, etc., without making mention of the other side of it, that of Munch's accomplishment. Director Peter Watkins has come up with a film biography which also dramatizes the artistic process.

The film employs Munch's own diaries as narration to explain the impact his family's problems and social entanglements had on his work. Before anyone else, the film implies, Munch used the canvas to express his own tensions and to probe his own psyche. Flashbacks to early childhood memories of his mother's death and the consumption plague which claimed almost all of his siblings made evident a preoccupation with matters of death. An extended affair with a Mrs. Heiberg, and its inevitable collapse also make their mark on his work. He created a new way of woodcutting which utilized

[Continued on page 10]
MUSIC

Jean-Luc Ponty

Lyricist and Trend setter

By Dom Manno

BOOKS

From Disco to Dave Mason

By Meredith Cahn

THEATRE

Shaky Entrance

By Brian Kardon

MUSIC

Jean-Luc Ponty

Imaginary Voyage

Climax Blues Band

Hot & Spicy

By Dom Manno

Flora Purim has a way with a song. Whether she sings in English or Portuguese (she's a native Brazilian), she is clearly able to express great sensitivity and emotion with her voice. On the heels of Open Your Eyes You Can Fly, her highly successful last album, one might expect her to make a more commercial LP so as to widen her popular appeal. Instead, she has chosen to release 300 Miles High, a record of her appearance at the 1974 Montreux Jazz Festival. Fortunately for her, the gamble... (Continued on page 10)

Flora Purim

Flora Purim's Civil Service

By Dom Manno

Two-faced glibness is replaced by honest and simple emotion, the kind of which we have not come to expect in plays written in the last twenty years.

George Riley, the abused central character in the play, believes himself an inventor. Indoor rain, a machine gun that makes tea as it is being fired, and an envelope that is gummed on both sides of the flap in order to be reused, are the more practical inventions of a man who seeks freedom through recognition of his creative genius.

Riley's realistic wife and disillusioned daughter must be pragmatic and support, both financially and emotionally, a man who has no job... just dreams.

In this second production of the season by the Philadelphia Drama Guild, professionalism has once again marched upon the stage of the Walnut Street Theatre. Director Douglas Campbell (currently appearing as Dr. Dysart in Equus at the Forrest) has put together a gently produced that is both tender and sympathetic in performance... (Continued on page 10)

MUSIC

Jean-Luc Ponty

Imaginary Voyage

Atlantic SD 18195

The Flying Frenchman of the violin, Jean-Luc Ponty, has played with a lot of heavy people, some of them being Frank Zappa's Mothers and John McLaughlin's Mahavishnu Orchestra. On Imaginary Voyage, his third solo album on Atlantic, he plays his own stuff. To describe it with ease is impossible, but it is well within one's abilities to like it. Ponty and his band play exceedingly well, capturing the many moods the music is designed to invoke. Using a front line of Ponty's violin, Daryl Stuermer's electric or acoustic guitar, and any one of Allan Zavad's keyboards, they produce music of penetrating emotion and a sometimes cloudy complexity/simplicity. Ironically, it is Ponty himself who occasionally spoils things, as his electronically-affected violin sound can be grating on the ears. Other than that, the classical/jazz/rock/or whatever it is that's on Imaginary Voyage makes the LP a winner.

Flora Purim

Flora Purim's Civil Service

By Dom Manno

Compositions with varying shades of funk and blues-oriented rock, the group rarely rises to heights of excitement. The music is not bad, but there's precious little to be enthusiastic about, either.

-J.S.

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Hot & Spicy

By Meredith Cahn

Before the performance of Hot Mustard began last Thursday at the Painted Bride Gallery, director Jeffrey Leeds said to some of the audience, "If you find a piece of contentment in it, that's the most important thing." If that is the goal for which the Theater Center of Philadelphia is striving, they have come very close.

Hot Mustard is a musical revue extolling the "side shows that make us great." A spicy odyssey, the major theme is love and sex, in a variety of forms, mostly sophomoric. The revue moves from comedy sketches to son; from the Gay Nineties to the Seventies; from Rodin to "Let's Make a Deal"; from Jewish mottos to massage parlors. Shifts also occur in quality; some of it is good, while some is mediocre and worse.

The best moments, according to the times of contentment, are in song and mime. The company, especially Marlene Lewis and Nick Savarine, is excellent—far better than the revue itself. If they were given material of substance, one knows that they would perform more than adequately. They move well, and as the evening progressed, they

The author often digresses from the topic of usage. In one such digression Newman writes on his experiences as a journalist and toches on some of the problems encountered in the news business. (I, like Newman, refuse to use the term "media" to describe reporting.) In another such digression, the newsmen devotes part of the last chapter to an elaborate wordplay of the type used in his first book.

A Civil Tongue has its bad points. Newman offers little in the way of hard analysis (why is the language in this dilemma?) or in prescription (what can we do about it?). The book is merely a collection of often humorous examples of language abuse. But there is such a thing as too much of a bad thing (indeed, Newman uses a number of passages that first appeared in Strictly Speaking, and two chapters appeared in the Atlantic or Sports Illustrated prior to publication). What is worse is that the puns and jokes that the writer uses become tiresome and even irritating near the end of the book.

Newman has been described as one who is waging a one-man war against those who would debase the language. A Civil Tongue is merely a minor skirmish.

December 9, 1976

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I thought the one with the biggest chest would win. She didn't. Instead a girl named Judy Kulickowski, a music education senior at Temple, was made Miss Greater Philadelphia in Cheltenham last Saturday night. Judy won the talent contest for the way she sang "Summertime" from Porgy and Bess. She also won the bathing suit competition. She beat out 13 other girls who danced, sang, monologued and mimed, including a girl who could've been Patty Hearst after silicone treatments.

The Greater Philadelphia Scholarship Pageant made me stare at my politics. On the way to Cheltenham High School I had them all set. This local waystation to the Miss America contest in Atlantic City would be no different than Bert Parks' show. The girls would be paraded like bunnies. They'd say things about freedom, responsibility, what it felt like to be an American with millions of opportunities at their feet, and how they couldn't wait to be able to help people less fortunate than themselves. And just like the girls shooting for the top, these Philly girls hoping to make it to Altoona in June for the Miss Pennsylvania contest would be judged first and last on how good they looked when they bent over. No doubt about it. I'd be able to write about sexual oppression. The sordid sexist streak built into the American mind. I'd document it.

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The hostess, Miss Pennsylvania of 1971, warmed up the audience with an operetta version of "If We Only Had Love" while she stood in center stage in a green sequined nightclub gown. She then welcomed Thomas C. Duddy, the president of the Optimist Club of Germantown. The Optimists (whose banner motto is "Friend of the Boy") were sponsoring the event. Duddy promised he'd keep his greetings short. There were just too many people responsible for the evening for him to begin singling out individuals.

But President Duddy in his bright red Optimist blazer did want to thank Miss Pennsylvania 1976 and a friend for all they had done to help the pageant. Miss Pennsylvania's friend, a dummy named Timothy, was brought forward and made an honorary Optimist. Then the two sang "You and Me Against the World." He whined in a high voice, she sang Las Vegas earthy. I got chills.

The bathing suit parade came next. When the curtain opened 14 girls were arrayed on yellow risers in front of a green pastoral backdrop. They stood there in a rainbow of one piece bathing suits and frozen smiles. One by one they strode to center stage, turned around model-style, sashayed to both sides of the boards, model-turned again and then, with teeth still shining, sued their way back to their respective positions. Right away the girls with a little fat at the back of their legs or the one with melon perfect, high cleaved breasts stood at opposite ends of the spectrum.

And I was going to invoke Herbert Marcuse. I was going to talk about how this beauty pageant, now called a "scholarship pageant" was an example of how One Dimensional America had co-opted the values of the 60's counter-culture. I was going to go off into a spiel about how the cheap thrills hungry American culture had vulgarized the human body. Hell, just because some Optimist in a red blazer told me that this pageant was more than just a bathing suit contest didn't mean that it was. I could still bring in Herbert Marcuse. The girls had to have no varicose veins, no signs that they might be growing older and less than nymph perfect. There was no way the judges would select one of the girls with a loose backside or anybody other than that girl with the Playboy-perfect breasts. Was there a hunchback in the contest? Was there even a girl with glasses? Of the 53 girls who showed up at the Germantown YMCA for the preliminary to this night, were these girls selected mainly because they could play Chopin or recite Yeats or sing West Side Story better than the rest? Or was it just another example of how commercial America makes a commodity out of everything, encouraging and conditioning its people to have Herbal Essence hair, Noxema skin, bikini-ripe bodies? I dared the judges to prove me wrong.

The talent portion of the pageant was on. The piano players seemed controlled—they all seemed to hit the right notes. No one looked up and said sorry. The modern dancers seemed adequate. One did a mix of interpretive and ballet, another did a racy-trasy modern disco thing with her hair shaking and the rest of her twisting and grinding in a tight white suit. Another contestant did an imitation of a rag doll sitting on a shelf getting existential. A couple of the girls sang opera. One...
sang "Summertime" in a soprano that seemed too high. A girl from the University of Pennsylvania did a dramatic horror monologue that left her saying "Dear God, I was dead." Finally, the girl with the American-dream-mold body came out and sang a song you hear on diamond commercials and in airports in versions done by the Hollywood Strings. "He Touched Me." Forgive me Marcuse, so did she.

During the intermission the high school lobby was packed with cigarette smoke and chat. Consciousness commentary in the back of my head found it fitting that the ultimate show of American shallowness and repression should be held in a high school, one of the most primitive American institutions. Memories of school policies against smoking and idle time spent in hallways welled up fast in the tile and glass that looked the same as every high school I had ever seen. The irony was too perfect and old. I went outside for some air.

Leaning against the railing was a middle aged man with thinning white hair, a dark suit, a cigar, a Minolta camera around his neck. Obviously an anxious relative. "Got any favorites?" I asked him. "I should, my daughter's up there."

"Oh, yeah? Who is she?"

He smiled and said, "Judy Kulickowski, she sang 'Summertime.' She was in this contest last year, a runner up. But she's got her heart set on being alive." Judy answered my questions. They all came out Jimmy Olsen. "How do you feel?" She was happy for her. I'm bursting," Papa Kulickowski said. He pointed to his camera and remarked "I don't know what these pictures will be like, I took a million of them as soon as they called her name."

"I'll tell you one thing—these pictures will always be in my mind." Judy answered. "Do you feel the bathing suit part of the competition is degrading, you know with all the things that have changed and all, about women and things?" "No. I think it's important that a girl is concerned about the way she looks. I think it says something about her attitude towards herself and others."

One of the contestants was Janice A. Hamilton, Philadelphia's 'Bi-Cen Belle 1976' was more animated than her picture in the program. She thanked everybody for everything and then said that as the judges made their decision, she hoped that "the divinity in each of the girls" would shine through.

Judy Kulickowski shook her head and started whispering thank-you's as soon as the host read out Miss Greater Philadelphia 1977 Judy Kulickowski. She was given roses and then asked to promenade. The audience gave her a long ovation and she whispered thank-you, walked back up the risers and was helped onto her impromptu throne as the curtain closed.

Backstage photographers were crowding Judy and snapping away. She posed with Miss Greater 76, Miss Pa. 76, Miss Lehigh Valley, Miss Cinderella, the winner of a private separate pageant thrown for the Frankford Hospital. She posed with her father, her mother, alone. Her father saw me and we smiled at each other. "I'm happy for her. I'm bursting," Papa Kulickowski said. He pointed to his camera and remarked "I don't know what these pictures will be like, I took a million of them as soon as they called her name."

"I'll tell you one thing—these pictures will always be in my mind." Judy answered. They all came out Jimmy Olsen. "How do you feel?" She was stewardess smooth and cheery. "Successful... it's good to know that if you do your best you can win." What do you hope to do in the future? "Well, I'd like to go into musical theater. I've studied musical education. My dream is to perform." Here came the consciousness. "Do you feel the bathing suit part of the competition is degrading, you know with all the things that have changed and all, about women and things?" "No. I think it's important that a girl is concerned about the way she looks. I think it says something about her attitude towards herself and others."

She then asked me if I had any more questions. I said no, thanked her and wished her good luck. By the time I remember that I wanted to meet that girl with the great chest almost everyone had cleared out except for Judy's family, guys taking down the tinsel and some Optimists giving directions.
Goodbye Monopoly

[Continued from page 3]

drinking in the casinos.
McGahn and Perskie say the problem of organized crime though will be solved by the disclosure law included in their enabling legislation. McGahn says any potential casino operator—including a holding company or individual stockholder—will be subject to a background check.
The State Police has made no further comment on Dentiino's charges since the election, but Lieutenant Gordon Hector says, "We are continuing our monitoring of the Atlantic City situation. We've been keeping track of people."
Gambling foes have painted a picture of a boardwalk plagued by pickpockets and prostitutes. McGahn argues, though, "I don't know of any way that you can guarantee there will not be any prostitution. How do you enforce against it unless you legalize it?"
There are a few disgruntled voices in Atlantic City. "I'm getting so sick of hearing about casino gambling, grumbles one saleswoman in a boardwalk shop. "You come to gamble, you're not going to shop. It's the hotels and conventions that are going to clean up."
The suspicion that the largest hunk of the gambling pie will stay on the boardwalk above Park Place has agitated other members of the city. Black community leaders and nightclub owners have complained that the convention trade will not spread to the north side where their clubs are mainly located. And the licensing requirements McGahn and Perskie drew up almost guarantee that any casino operator will be a large corporation, not the owner of a single nightclub.
McGahn admits this picture of the future is accurate. "We have never alluded to anything else" in campaigning for casinos, he says. "All the time it was hotel casinos" not small operations. There has to be increased business in Atlantic City, increased housing, increased employment.

In the euphoria following casino gambling's victory, the possibility of regulatory and law enforcement nightmares neither convinces nor troubles Atlantic City's staunch visionaries. McGahn goes so far as to predict a casino bandwagon. "I could see it in the Catskills, the Poconos, in Florida." Barrasso predicts, "We'll be the best in the country."
And Marilyn Sonnefield, who's still saving her "Vote Yes on Casinos" sign with the word "Whoopee" written on the back, exults, "Atlantic City was losing for a while. Now it's our turn to win. There's nothing wrong with people having a good time."

Cousine

[Continued from page 6]

Marthe and Ludovic laugh and joke with each other and talk about the most irrelevant topics. They are an honest couple, too; they do not in the least try to hide their feelings of affection from anybody, be it their spouses, their parents, and even their children (who, incidentally, are irresistibly charming.)

Barrault renders an extremely accurate performance as Marthe. She gets the spirit of the role just right as she is transformed from an acquiescing, if not downright unhappy, housewife to an adventure-seeking (and-finding) woman. Lanoux, whose eyes rival Giancarlo Giannini's, also handles his role admirably. Likewise for the supporting characters.

The one drawback in Cousine, Cousine for the non-French-speaking audience is the fact that it is subtitled and not always accurately. Fortunately, the problem is not great enough to mar the enjoyment of this fine film.

Edvard Munch

[Continued from page 6]

different grains of wood. His interest in faceless characters and disfigured forms had a large effect on modern art, most prominently in Francis Bacon's work today. Nevertheless, the film is primarily discursive, and must be treated as such. Some questions of technique must be considered. Watkins wins some and loses some. He highlights each key year of Munch's development with a capsule summary of related world events. Such a measure considerably aids the viewer in understanding Munch's overall impact. Without the comprehension of this premise, much of the movie would seem merely imitative of high-class soap operas like Upstairs, Downstairs or Beacon Hill.

There are drawbacks, however. Three hours of subtitles can strain anyone's eyes; an intermission halfway through the show is needed. Also, the extensive use of flashbacks without adequate explanation is sometimes disconcerting. Occasionally one is left with the feeling of "what did that mean?"
Such a central figure of an unjustified concern for "arty" style. But as long as the frivolous film techniques stay removed from the mainstream of the story and are not critical for understanding, they may be ignored or tolerated.

The movie is helped immeasurably by superior acting. The large cast successfully conveys images of 19th century arties and bourgeois. Gert Westby in the title role and Gro Fraas as his mistress, the beautiful Helvig, are particularly convincing.

Edvard Munch is a film requiring an aggressive, alert audience to make its points. If the viewer makes an effort to understand the film, his efforts are rewarded. Edvard Munch is an intellectual's film. It is the highest order because it teaches as well as amuses. It is not a film for everyone, but it is a must for art students.

Aural Audits

[Continued from page 7]

has paid off handsomely. She is backed by professionals as solid as bassist Ron Carter, guitarist David Amaro, and her husband Alito Moreira on drums. Along with two keyboardists and a percussionist, they provide her with a beautiful melodic and rhythmic background. 500 Miles High should appeal to just about anybody with enough sense to listen to it. —G.S.

Elvin Bishop
Hometown Boy Makes Good
Capricorn CP 0176

The key word in Hometown Boy Makes Good is diversity, the album charting Bishop's broad development from old bluesy days with Paul Butterfield. His biggest surprise is an imaginative version of the folk classic, "Twist and Shout," with lead vocalist Micky Thomas and backup Reni Slaits belting out the familiar lyrics to a delightful jamaican pace. The band swings from an imaginative, non-repetitive disco sound on two cuts to "Sugar Dumplin," and "Give It Up," these mirroring light hearted, bottled-beer-and-jukebox Southern roots tinged with a fresh funk beat. Tower of Power's horn section excels on three pieces, topping off the noteworthy LP's greatest asset, a full, versatile sound. —Steven Carbo

[Continued on page 11]

Enter a Free Man

[Continued from page 7]

and captivating in impact.
The character of George Riley is played convincingly by Edward Atienja, a veteran actor who contributes depth to the role of the impractical inventor much beyond what Stoppard has written.
Linda (Domini Blythe), the arrogant daughter and Persiliterate (Betty Leighton), the loving homemaker are more than adequately portrayed. Both actresses are successful in going beyond superficial emotion to a second, more significant emotional level in their roles.
The simplicity of the play itself seems to overshadow its superior performance and one has to wonder why the Drama Guild has selected a play that even the author recognized as relatively weak in comparison to his other works.
Enter A Free Man, nonetheless, is the first play of one of today's premier playwrights and that in itself makes it worthy of production. What it lacks in sophistication, it compensates for in straightforwardness; what it lacks on other levels must go uncompensated.
Yet Enter A Free Man is a most enjoyable production of a play by an incredibly gifted man whose literary talent and wit are revealed so subtly in this, his first effort, that the frustrated college playwright is comforted, realizing that even Terence Stoppard had a not-so-brilliant beginning.
Stephen Bishop

Careless

ABC Records ABCD-954

Stephen Bishop's debut album

Careless is an unqualified success. A young singer-songwriter from Los Angeles, Bishop has an excellent voice and an ability to express himself very well through his lyrics, most of which deal with love requited or unrequited. The musical arrangements for each song are also well put together. Bishop has such people as Eric Clapton and Art Garfunkel along for company. In fact, this album is very much like Garfunkel's Breakaway in that it has lush arrangements and the kind of softness to it which is especially soothing. If you like Garfunkel, you'll definitely like and appreciate Stephen Bishop's musical prowess.

---David Schrager

The Salsoul Orchestra

NICE 'N NASTY

Salsoul Records SZS 5502

Although not nearly as good as their first album which included "Tangerine," this second work by the Salsoul Orchestra is still worth listening to if you like a sophisticated disco beat. There is a little too much background singing for my taste and possibly a better selection of songs could have been in order, but it's a fun album nevertheless. A good album to "dance your ass off" to, as the cover states.

---D.S.

Nadia's Theme

A&M SP-3412

This album is what you could in no uncertain terms call a promotion album. Each song on it is performed by an A&M artist in an obvious attempt by the company to cash in on the success of a song like "Nadia's Theme" and, at the same time, show the public what other goodies there are to listen to on A&M. But before you think that I'm getting carried away in a personal vendetta against A&M, let me say that whatever their motive for releasing this album was, it was a good idea. All the songs on the album are instrumental, and it would be difficult to find more beautiful works anywhere. Heading the list of performers are trumpeter Chuck Mangione and flautist Tim Weisberg, but even the other more unfamiliar artists give an excellent display of themselves.

---D.S.

Little River Band

HARVEST ST-11512

In reply to Crosby, Stills, Nash and Young, America, the Eagles and all other artists of that genre, Australia provides the Little River Band, a down-under version of the folk-rock, three or four part vocal harmony bands that have long prospered in the States and England. Yet the Australian import can't quite measure up to its American competitors. The Little River Band is a sextet boasting three vocalists and three guitarists. The latter could explain the lengthy guitar breaks in six out of nine songs on the l.p. Their versatility ranges from a 1973 era Alice Cooper imitation to some likeable CSNY-type songs enhanced by one vocalist who sounds a good deal like Stephen Stills. Apart from their uncanny ability to use lush orchestration in all the wrong places, the Little River Band is a mediocrity group of little consequence--except, perhaps, to kangaroos.

---Madonna Archer

Hubert Laws

Roméo and Juliet

Columbia PC34330

Schooled at Juilliard and experienced as a member of the New York Philharmonic flute section in the late sixties, Hubert Laws is the uncontested virtuoso of the jazz flute. Roméo and Juliet, however, does not succeed as a vehicle for the pure-toned, uncommonly fluid Laws, nor is it successful as a unit-type recording that is intended to present the soloist as a member of an ensemble. It even includes a disco version (ala Walter Murphy) of Tchaikovsky's "Love Theme from Roméo and Juliet", which takes on a Mel Brooksian flavor. "What Are We Gonna Do" seems to be the one tune to succeed, with any degree of effectiveness, at fusing ensemble and soloist while simultaneously leaving room for some stretching out in the improvisation. Laws' extraordinary talent and creativity shows through on this track, something which can't be said about the rest of the album.

---Brian Kardon

Please," and the title cut feature him playing long, annoyingly repetitious solos. By the time you get to "Opus 1.5," on which he plays well, you're already tired of listening to him. The ample capabilities of his sidemen, who include Billy Cobham, guitarist Hugh McCracken, Dom Um Romao, and the sensitive, lyrical pianist Kenny Barron, are simply wasted. Yellow and Green is disappointing largely because of such unnecessary squandering. Unless you're either a bass player or a Ron Carter fanatic, it's a better selection of songs could have been in order, but it's a fun album nevertheless. A good album to "dance your ass off" to, as the cover states.

---D.S.

Ode to Wasted Space

[Continued from page 10]

Korea. You shouldn't have done that. It's sacrilegious.' "Lady, replied Krass, 'I didn't kill your brother.' "34th Street. March 18, 1976

Pat's Steaks afficianado Carol Fabbetti, who recalled the time "this guy came up to Pat's and said, 'Watch it, I've got a gun in my shorts.' Nobody paid much attention. Then all of a sudden, he pulled a gun out of his shorts, and started shooting at tires. We were kind of scared. The guy working behind the window just said, 'Next.' " 34th Street. November 11, 1976

Best Parable:

If you have no mazel, you're out of luck. I don't have it. I can't go to synagogue anymore. The Good Lord sees me coming and says, 'Uh-oh, here he comes wanting another favor.' So He puts 25,000 kids in the stands, and I love kids, but He only gives me one wish, and so none of the kids' fathers have put any money in their pockets. That's my idea of mazel."--Doggie Man, 34th Street, September 16, 1976

Best Steamy Letter to the Editor:

In response to a film review by Dan Akst, a disgruntled reader replied, "...Rather than the movie being intellectually flimsy, it is more correct to note that you are intellectually flimsy...I will no longer waste my time commenting on your poor choice of movies to review (poor as it makes you look like a fool); and instead, I will recommend that you limit your critiques to movies such as Benji." 34th Street. September 30, 1976

Other mildly funny-thing-happened-to-me-in-the-office today stories:

"I Think They're Trying to Tell Me Something"

Department:

The letter addressed to Charles Service. 34th Street Magazine, etc. with return address from the Alliance for the Ligation of Mental Patients.

Identity Crisis Department:

The letter addressed to Charles Service. 35th Street Magazine.

All the news not fit to print the first time through:

"Is this a new tape recorder?"--expurgated quote from the Joe Frazier interview.

"Pew!"--headline not used for the film Scorn of a Woman.

Most clever co-editors:

No nominees.
Music

The Main Point
874 Lancaster Avenue
Bryn Mawr, Pa. 19010
Dick Gregory, star-ning artist and
comedian supreme, will appear
tonight with the band, House of Assembly.
Opening up the night's activities
will be composer and singer-songwriter,
Terry Cashman and his band.

Bijou Cafe
1409 Lombard St.
Jazz pianist Ronnie Laws will be
performing at this club.

Irvin e Auditorium
34th and Spruce Sts.
The University Choir and the Orchestra of the Curtis Institute of Music
will be performing at this location.

Annenberg Center
3680 Walnut St.
Continuing through December 19 is the Abbey Theatre of Ireland's
production of The Plough and the Stars with Siobhan McKenna and Cyril
Cusack.

Forrest Theatre
1114 Walnut St.
Last week to see the superb
traditional Irish band, Black Eyed
Susan, now playing at this venue.

Art

Philadelphia Museum of Art
The Philadelphia Museum of Art
will be hosting a special exhibition
of American Art for the Bicentennial
exhibit. The exhibit will feature 150
works of art, representing the past
200 years.

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

Philadelphia Art Alliance
Through Dec. 21: The work of
Moore College of Art, Philadelphia
College of Art, and Pennsylvania
Academy of Fine Arts.

Theatre

Grendel's Lair Cafe Theatre
1519 Chestnut St.
Duke and Duchess will appear
at this venue.

Equus; it ends on December 18.

Shubert Theatre
250 S. Broad St.
Grease, the ever-popular musical revival of the
original 1970s classic, is playing its final
engagement in Philadelphia.

Temple University Stage Three
1619 Walnut St.
Through Dec. 21: The Next Man, a mystery
with James Caan.

Through Dec. 18: The Next Man, a mystery
with James Caan.

Theatre Center Philadelphia
622 S. 4th St.
"Romeo and Juliet" is playing here.

Theatre Center is putting on the
original musical revue, December 11 and 12 at the
First Unitarian Church.

The Walnut Street Theatre
9th and Walnut Sts.
The Walnut Street Theatre is
producing "The Fox and the Geese," a
revue, December 11 and 12 at the
First Unitarian Church.

Theatre Center is putting on the
original musical revue, December 11 and 12 at the
First Unitarian Church.

The Walnut Street Theatre
9th and Walnut Sts.
The Walnut Street Theatre is
producing "The Fox and the Geese," a
revue, December 11 and 12 at the
First Unitarian Church.

The Drama Guild's "The Story of the Free Man" is
playing here.

December 9, 1976