By MARIA SHAO

Hewryk said he expected PHEFA to "follow accordingly" in accepting the lower bid.

"Administrative papers" still must be submitted by both companies, he said, to the agency. And, he said, there is no assurance that any agreement will be reached. "Talk of an agreement is no agreement," he said.

The contract was to be for the "lowest responsible bidder," he said. That bidder was picked from what he called "competitive" bidders.

"By competitive," Hewryk said, "I mean bidders who offered the lowest price. It was based upon a solicitation." He added, "I am very satisfied with the decision of the University."

"We like people to know that we have facilities to help them," he said. "We are concerned with relations on the campus, and our support today is going to be a significant contribution to that effort."
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The University Invited Him—Now It Is Our Turn To Support Him

Sponsored by the Undergraduate Assembly
CA Hosts Sound & Space Show

By CINDY GOLDSTEIN

When it comes to making good use of space, Masha Urte is able to do one thing or better yet, more on the subject.

"Music in Spaces," an ongoing event with words and music by Noel Coward, will be presented by the Wilma Theatre Project and will be featured in the CA. February 13, 14, 20, 22, 27, 28, 29, 29, 30 and March 1.

"In Spaces" explores the interrelations between sound, environment and listener by altering the space, putting the focus on the "call and response" technique, between the players and the audience. Fraser's words, musical music and contemporary classical music.

In addition to the sounds of Masha, Urte Friends will also perform to provide the sound using media such as the "Alley Lapper," an inflatable module, and other inflatable structures. Selected as one of Philadelphia's most creative design firms by Philadelphia Magazine, they are a multidisciplinary group concerned about city planning, interior and set design and experimental solutions for the future in architecture.

A laser beam show by "interactive structures" of Philadelphia will be the centerpiece between musical and space. Wear and choose a relaxed after-concert dress code as a virtual reality experience for atmospheric elements.

"This is something we've been looking forward to doing for the last six months," says one member of the group. "We're not afraid to be in to do it for a long time, something we could only hope to do in Philadelphia. It's like the Wilma Theatre's mission and we've been discussing the concept as 'strange' and 'weird' to people who are accustomed to the Wilma's traditional space."

"This is definitely different, but for the listener who is ready, it is something we're looking to do," adds the group member. "We're looking forward to doing it for the last six months."
By Mark Painter

I believe the commentator's intention was due to the newspaper's editorial in-...
news in brief

CARTER GUN BILL APPROVED. After midnight, the House passed Carter's gun-control bill. However, the bill is "long way from the finish line," according to aASI editor. The Senate has already rejected a similar bill.

FROM JERUSALEM. Secretary of State Henry Kissinger said yesterday Americans cut out that 80 per person tax rebate by April 15. Congress will consider a compromise proposal. Representative Walter Fahey (D.-Ohio) introduced a bill which would provide an emergency fund. The Senate passed the bill by 84-1 Wednesday.

From the bureau of foreign affairs." He said the FAS budget "may cover additional costs to complete the project in 1975. An additional $1.3 million in construction plans to the project: FAS President Henry Blumenthal. FAS said that the renovation college house will be open, named. Millions raised over the project in 1975.

An additional $1.3 million in construction plans to the project: FAS President Henry Blumenthal. FAS said that the renovation college house will be open, named. Millions raised over the project in 1975.

Quad Renovator (Continued from page 1) present $500. The society for two families will be high. The committee selected the owner of the project. FAS President Henry Blumenthal. FAS said that the renovation college house will be open, named. Millions raised over the project in 1975.

Michels, Editor of the Journal of the American Physical Therapy Association. Michaels received a Bachelor degree in Education from the University of Cincinnati and a Cer-

diploma in Education from the University of Pennsylvania. He is currently a physical therapist at the University of Pennsylvania. He is a member of the American Physical Therapy Association and the Pennsylvania Physical Therapy Association. He is a member of the American Physical Therapy Association and the Pennsylvania Physical Therapy Association.

Meals Plan (Continued from page 1) the following Monday. The meals will be held on Monday nights at 7:00 p.m.

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BEFORE U.K.
Icemen Seek Vermont Thaw

BY DAVID GLEIBER
Burlington, Vermont—i isn't exactly the kind of place you expect to hear a horn blast. But for a Penn hockey team that has been sparsely supported by its home fans at the University of Pennsylvania Pavilion (U.P.), a horn blast is a new, and long-looked-for, sound.

The Quakers (-4, +0 ECAC points) will be looking to extend their four game day, win streak against a solid Vermont (5-7-2), a team which has been inconsistent but not entirely out of the playoff hunt.

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The Shelling of the President
See Pages 6-7
**Streetlights No Exit**

By Drusie Menaker

Take No Exit. Add a little Catch-22. And you have one of those scenes from which there is no escape. The kind that pick at me like gulls around a garbage heap.

Take for example, tonight. I had two free tickets and a column to write. I decided to dispense with the tickets first. But the telephone of the person with whom I was going to share the tickets was busy. After two hours of curt buzzing sounds I decided to inquire with the operator as to the exact cause of this annoyance.

So my scene started.

The operator informed me she could not verify the number until I found out the "main listing.

"What is a main listing?"

I'm sorry, we cannot verify your call without the main listing. Check the listing.

But this is the main listing.

I'm sorry we can't verify this number without the main listing.

I hung up.

It was not much consolation, the dull slam of that receiver. I didn't know if the phone was out of order. I had not found out what a "main listing" was. But most of all I hadn't managed to make this woman realize fully the impossibility to mesh.

The kindly man suggested I take the line from 10 of the originals and paste it in betwix.

"But what do you think I wanted copied for in the first place?"

He didn't know.

Like city hall, you can't fight the people who push buttons, control phone lines or wield any kind of quasi-power, not the type you really want but if you've got it, you make it as invincible as possible.

Then there are the people who sell the commodities you need. Several months ago the members of my household decided we had frozen long enough. So I called the oil man.

I was informed that we could not have the oil unless we paid in cash. I explained that we could not really find $212.78 in cold hard cash. Saturday in December.

But, he steadfastly maintained, "no cash, no oil."

Well, I told him, I guess we'll have to wait for oil till Monday. No, that was not an alternative. I was informed we could not possibly get through the weekend with any gas as it was going to dip down into the teens.

I tried to explain to this now kindly gentleman that I couldn't see a third alternative. He couldn't either and herein is another basic trait of these situations. It is always you who is expected to come up with the solution to these seemingly irresolveable experiences. I had to devise a way for the oil person to fulfill his business and fatherly inclinations on a 12 above Saturday in December.

Maybe this is the way of the world but some how I feel overly susceptible.

You win some, you lose some—I got oil, had the clips recycled, and this I never found out what a main listing was, the next time I dialed that number it, blissfully, rang—but you always feel... aggravated.

---

**Review**

**Bullshot**

By Meredith Kahn

Jonathan Gardner, paints a portrait of the British monarchy. Directed by House, the excellent cast presents a hilarious attempt by post World War I Germany to destroy England in a show complete with air plane crashes, car chases and crashes down cliffs. The audio-visual effects on the small stage for these seemingly impossible theatrical events are quite impressive and entirely successful.

And while not a musical, the whole production is beautifully choreographed. The mood music stops and starts almost magically, and while the actors seem unaware of it, the music manipulates their pacing.

The actors themselves play their characters with energy and grace. Gordon Stanley has seven roles, each different and as believable, especially his Sir Walter. Linda Axelrod's Baroness is wonderfully wicked and seductive. Cynthia Howard's heroine seems much like Madeline Kahn's satirical heroines, which is humorous enough in itself. But Howard's moments of unrestrained deeply felt laughter are all her own and highly contagious.

Doug Wing playing Crummond, the Sherlock Holmes-like hero, almost falls to save the secret formula, the scientist and the Mother Country. His mistakes are quite undermining as is his perfectly calm but unwarranted self-confidence in the face of adversity. His male chauvinism tends toward the piggish, but one must remember that this is post World War I England and he is a proper gentleman. Bullshot Crummond runs through March with student tickets available.
Building Up Philadelphia
Feast Your Eyes and Strain Your Neck on Philly’s Architectural Wonders

By Brian Watson

WHAT KIND OF BUILDING would you expect to come from the 19th century mind of an architect “alternately archaic and progressive”? For that is how author Thomas Hines describes Daniel Hudson Burnham, architect of John Wanamaker’s Philadelphia Store.

Burnham was a Chicago architect who designed over 300 buildings before his death in 1912. He was fascinated by the influence of Neoclassicism and the “modern” development of the skyscraper, which was occurring in Chicago in the late 1800’s.

The John Wanamaker Store listed statistics impressive for 1910. The year it opened. Costing $10 million (a bargain), it has 480 feet along Chestnut and 250 feet along 13th Street, it was the largest retail merchandising building in the world. It contains two million square feet (45 acres) of floor space.

The facade is divided into three major parts. The base of the building - a giant order of mildly embellished Doric fluted pilasters - is three stories high. The spacing of the pilasters, an important consideration for the classicist, looks like Vitruvius “Diasiyle” - “adagio” for the music-oriented.

The body of the building, floors four through ten, is in the best Chicago School style and gives the store its mass and strength. The elevation shows a neutral wall pattern, neither horizontal nor vertical emphasis, and it expresses with the regularity and size of its window openings, the fact that a steel frame hides behind it all.

The success of a tall, commercial building in 1910 was measured almost directly by the proportion of voids (doors, windows, etc.) to solid wall area. Floors 11 and 12 comprise the highest major part of the building and consist of different window treatment. An arch covers a recess which extends between the two floors; an Ionic column separates the windows of each recess. Details like this give everyone a stiff neck - it is difficult to appreciate 12th story iconography from the street below.

The interior of the Wanamaker building has been painted buff and the original gold gilt glitters no more. The spaces, though, are still worth experiencing. An eight-story court, surrounded by arcades and balconies, is the heart of the building. It is a magnificent space and, when the huge organ on the second floor plays, an uplifting one.

It is said that the generous court reflects Wanamaker’s civic pride. Brass-lettered into a pier of the court is a Wanamaker challenge: “Let those who follow me continue to build with the plumb of honor, the level of truth, and the square of integrity, education, courtesy, and mutuality.” It is certainly a tribute to Burnham and Wanamaker that their building is interesting, useful, and relevant still.

A BUILDING WHICH MAY NOT fare so well when it is old, patina stained, and painted buff, is the University’s own LRSM building (like the PSFS building, nown by an acronym that doesn’t spell a word).

The Laboratory for Research into the Structure of Matter, at 33rd and Walnut, is a glass box. Opaque, translucent, or transparent, depending upon the overcast and time of day. Usually appearing dark, bluish, and enigmatic, the elevations of this building say very little about the spaces inside and their functions. Where does one floor end and another begin? What is this building for?

It all goes back to the Chicago School achievements mentioned earlier. As steel framing was found adequate as structure, the concept of bearing walls deteriorated, we don’t need them to hold up the building. Liberating as this was, it created a major element for the architect to design, and may account for this century’s architectural eclecticism.

The “wall” of the LRSM then, is just a hanging curtain of glass. Gone is any structural articulation (which would tell you where each floor is) and gone is the expressiveness of any “style” (such as the Neoclassic elements of Burnham’s building). The glass carries the meaning and expressiveness of the wrapping paper around a birthday present.

Actually, the spaces inside the LRSM do vary in height and use - so there was opportunity here. Small conventional offices line the Walnut Street side, high-ceilinged laboratories line the east and west elevations, and offices and labs fill the north facade.

Although the building is handsome, it is monolithic and does not encourage people to understand their environment; on balance, it does not contribute to its surroundings.

Marketplace is a rehabilitated warehouse. Built in 1920 and originally used as a Hudson assembly plant, Gimbel’s used it for storage most recently. About 18 months ago, after enjoying an extensive face lift, it opened as an exclusive wholesale supply house for architects and interior decorators.

The interior is really dynamic. The flat black ceilings of the four main floors, with exposed piping and ductwork, are 16 feet up, supported by muscular four foot diameter concrete columns which mushroom at the top. The basement, still unfinished, has a ceiling height of thirty feet! Sandblasted clean, but still rough and natural, the columns contrast well with the smaller and slicker contemporary materials added to the renovation work. The spacious floors are divided unequally into showrooms, some repetitive with the warehouse ceilings and roofs as if the warehouse had swallowed whole buildings. Shiny glass is everywhere in the showroom windows, bold lettering and graphics jump off the walls, and the home furnishings on display run the gamut from carpeting, fabrics, and blinds to lamps, paintings and furniture. Color and sparkle are everywhere - the feel is Design Research minus the plastic.

People circulate between floors via newly installed elevators, but display items use wide, circular brick-paved ramps (a feature of the original building) that connect all floors. The ramps conveniently support loaded vehicles so furnishings are delivered literally to the showroom door. Somewhat overbuilt for the present use, the warehouse can support ten more stories and the Marketplace management has indicated that vertical expansion is a possibility.

The exterior of Marketplace has been cleaned, painted, and generally upgraded. “Picture” windows brimming showrooms grace the elevations and provide generous sunlight and impressive views to the interiors. The paint job, symmetrical around the projection housing the circular ramps, has a refreshing levity to it, and the colors are well chosen. The earthy red is really rich looking and the tan areas, yellow stripes and accent blocks are pleasingly proportioned. Even the giant clock on the roof do not detract.

Marketplace is modest in every way but scale, but sprawling appropriately along the railroad tracks and river, it cooperates with the overwhelmingly vertical Philadelphia Electric tower to create an entrance to the city from the Market Street bridge. Sited in a most visible way, the building is an unquestionable asset to its environs, and an exemplary example of preserving a worthy old building while extracting a use from it.
By Jeffrey Heller

Andrew Sarris once wrote of Claude Chabrol (who, along with Francois Truffaut, helped found the French Nouvelle Vague). "Films is perhaps less the operative word for him than "movies". At least as far as "Small Change", this comment applies as well to Truffaut."

"Small Change", which first opened at the New York Film Festival last October, is the latest offering by this most popular French director. If indeed the viewer is prepared to meet with Truffaut on his own, rather winsome, terms, he will be greatly rewarded by this little gem.

The movie is Truffaut's great ode to childhood and early adolescence. A quick scanning of his past works reveals he is no stranger to this subject. Witness the Antoine Doinel cycle ("400Blours", "Love at Twenty", etc. - in which the actor Jean-Pierre Leaud was first brought into public view), and "The Wild Child" (for which Truffaut himself played the major role). In all, these Truffaut demonstrates, among other things, a distinctive talent for obtaining wonderful performances from unknown, inexperienced actors.

"Small Change" is divided into a series of well-balanced vignettes, which trace the lives of several boys and girls in the village of Thiers during the final weeks of school before summer vacation. This cast of neoteric players includes the fair-haired, love-struck, love-struck, (played amusingly by Cozy Desmond Jr.), the dark-haired, more outgoing Bruno Moray, the mischievous three-year-old, known as Little Gregory, and the cherubic Sylvie Grezel.

In one of the funniest sequences of the film, little Sylvie insists upon taking her "doggie-purse" out to lunch with her. Her parents, who deem this accessory a bit too gauche, will not allow this transgression and so leave the stubborn child behind. The resourceful girl proceeds promptly to the window, where, through a megaphone, she makes the world-at-large that she is hungry. The rather sympathetic, if confused, neighbors contrive to send a basket of delicious food to her directly. Nothing like a home-cooked meal! "Small Change" also has its serious side. The boy, Julien Leclou (played effectively by Philippe Goldman) is a welfare case, who lives in a run-down, shanty with his mother and grandmother. He is a classic victim of child abuse - turned juvenile delinquent. However, as in so many "socially-conscious" Hollywood movies of the late 40's and 50's, he misses youth in the end sent off to a foster home to be re-formed.

"Small Change" was co-scripted by Suzanne Schiffman and Truffaut, and ably photographed by Helene Jeanbau. The superb musical score was provided by Maurice Jaubert. Also included here, is an amusing little ditty called "Children are Bored on Sundays", by Charles Trenet, ("Stolen Kisses", provided the basis for Truffaut's 1968 movies of that name)

If there are children somewhere in your life, make "Small Change". If not, by all means, treat yourselves to this delightful movie.

By David Share

Since the fall of 1974, The Philadelphia Company has been a reliable theatre group dedicated to the task of bringing new plays by new playwrights to the stage. Reliable, that is, until their latest production opened last week at the federally-funded arts enclave at 313 S. Broad Street. If not, by all means, treat yourselves to this delightful movie.

Though Seyvick meant his work to question nuclear arms proliferation and the present Doomsday capabilities of the world's major nuclear powers, his point is lost in a maze of confusing dialogue, mediocre acting, and disorganized direction. In short, "Future Tense" is nothing short of pure drivel passed off as avant-garde entertainment.

"What little good acting the play can boast (Hilden, and Mark Conti as General DeGolf are both at least adequate) is further dragged down by an awesomely grotesque set and barbaric second act in which boredom deteriorates into disorganized violence.

Surely there must be a better way for The Philadelphia Company to spend funds and attempt expression than on a series of the calibers of "Future Tense".
By Gordy Schonfeld

The Allman Brothers Band
Wipe the Windows, Check the Oil, Dollar Gas
Capricorn 2X0177

When Duane Allman died back in 1971, he took most of the spirit of the Allman Brothers Band with him. The resulting musical anemia has emerged in progressively larger quantities in the albums since Eat a Peach, but it is most strikingly evident on Wipe the Windows. A collection of post-Duane live takes, the LP pales in comparison with the now-classic Fillmore East set that made the band’s name a household word. The chief culprit in this deterioration is Richard Betts, whose lifeless, reiterative guitar playing has never approached the levels of intensity and innovation achieved by Duane. This is evidenced by the needless inclusion of “In Memory of Elizabeth Reed,” whose Fillmore East version saw Betts’ playing as a curious alternative to Allman’s slashing solos. As the band’s only lead guitarist now, he fares, and doesn’t even really attempt, to maintain any level of interest. Now that the Allman band has finally broken up, Wipe the Windows and its lack of excitement can be seen as a fitting epitaph for what the group had become.

Son Seals
Midnight Son
Alligator AL 4708

Chicago-based Son Seals is one of the few men under the age of sixty who is currently making the blues his career. Midnight Son has occasional lapses, such as Son’s sporadic hesitation in his guitar solos, but it is exactly this roughness that makes the album a success. Son’s intense vocals and guitar playing instill each song with such rawness of blues with the gritty voice of sugar-slick production, normally a key ingredient. Even the horn section, normally a key ingredient of sugary-slick production, is appropriately unsubtle. This is certainly a solid plus for Alligator Records, the small label that effectively merges the alternative to Allman’s band has finally broken up, Wipe the Windows and its lack of excitement can be seen as a fitting epitaph for what the group had become.

Albert King
Albert
Utopia BUL 1-1731

For years, Albert King has been making albums of steady, solid funky blues. Since he saw black music’s handwriting on the wall back in the 60’s, he has tailored his blues to fit a funkier, more up-to-date sound. Unlike other bluesmasters like B.B. King, Albert has somehow managed to evolve a style that effectively merges the rawness of blues with the slick rhythms of funk. His latest LP, Albert, is yet another example of this approach. King follows his normal song formula by singing a few verses and then letting his guitar do some playing. Such success, at least in King’s case, should not be confused with a high level of artistic control. The genre’s founders, who include Led Zeppelin, The Who and Steppenwolf, among others, injected a high degree of rawness into their music, contributing to the establishment of a new musical form. Kiss, on the other hand, depends far more on two- and three-minute cuts that evidence a certain slickness. When four guys can rise to tremendous heights of popularity by painting their faces in a hilarious fashion, buying guitars and amplifiers, and turning up their volume levels past distortion and closer to noise, something’s got to be wrong. Think of Rock and Roll Over as the sonic manifestation of this kind of absurdity.

Aural Audits

Kiss
Rock and Roll Over
Casablanca NDLP 7037

Is heavy metal dead? Apparently not, if the huge popular success of groups like Kiss is any indication. Such success, at least in Kiss’s case, should not be confused with a high level of artistic control. The genre’s founders, who include Led Zeppelin, The Who and Steppenwolf, among others, injected a high degree of rawness into their music, contributing to the establishment of a new musical form. Kiss, on the other hand, depends far more on two- and three-minute cuts that evidence a certain slickness. When four guys can rise to tremendous heights of popularity by painting their faces in a hilarious fashion...
January 20, 1977: Washington Southern Comfort

By Daniel Gold

W ith Inauguration Day celebrations sunken fully two weeks in the past, one can safely assume that what one remembers now of that event will make up the memories he will retain in all future reminiscences. Certainly Jimmy Carter's recollections of January 20th, 1977, will have different emphases and highlights than this reporter's - he had the better seats.

Wednesday evening, January 19th: Basically, this was the time when everybody who was expected in Washington but had not yet reached the capital made their last-minute jaunt. Amtrak, ever responsive to the needs of its riders, cancelled several Metroliner runs and cut Philadelphia passenger boarding of the aptly named 4:44 P.M. Southern Crescent. In a triumph of Bicentennial humor, another train, the Patriot, was pressed into service to pick up all stranded customers between New York and D.C. Both trains crawled into Union Station about 75 minutes behind schedule. A congressional aide, late for a dinner engagement, muttered darkly about railroad subsidies.

The weather in Washington had been bad and the Carter people were worried. A thick, glazed sheet of ice graced the city, covering all roads and sidewalks. The only proper footwear was golf shoes, spikes intact. To rectify the situation, Carter's transition team engaged in their strategy of military incursion. It is not clear who gave the order, but it is known that the city's firemen were called out and a strike force of division came rushing into Union Station about 75 minutes behind schedule. A congressional aide, late for a dinner engagement, muttered darkly about railroad subsidies.

The snow never fell, but the image of the government offices would close and everybody would be sent home early, taking their cars with them. We were all ready to leave at 2 P.M. The snow never fell, but the image of the government closing down for Jimmy Carter remains.

Among the oddities that every Inauguration Day brings is the temporarily split ticket. Mondale was sworn in as Vice-President at 11:58 A.M., and for approximately four minutes, while Carter was shaking the Veep's hand and then taking his own oath, the country was legally being led by a Ford-Mondale ticket. Visions abounded of a confused sniper picking off Ford in that short time span, with Mondale, in the ensuing chaos, taking control through rightful succession. Then, drunk with power, "the Monz" would call for martial law and a police state...

In the sub-freezing temperatures, both Carter and Ford, on the podium wearing business suits but no overcoats appeared as if they were involved in a Bowie Kuhn look-alike contest. Other notables on the podium were more properly dressed; Hubert Humphrey in his Cossack hat, Nelson Rockefeller, with nothing left to prove, in a snazzy Brooks Brothers number.

Carter, mindful of history, kept his first Presidential speech short. In 1841, William Henry Harrison bored the crowd for an hour and a half with the longest inaugural speech on record. He was swift and final — Harrison caught a cold standing exposed to the winds for 90 minutes and died a month later from pneumonia.

The venders at the parade hawked the usual commemorative buttons and pennants but, this year, several items ranging in degrees of originality were also on the selling blocks. The Southern Accent Handbook did not do well since most of the crowd had come up from Georgia or a neighboring state to cheer on their favorite politican. Peanut jewelry was going fast, however, with necklaces seemingly the fastest seller. One guy had set up a food stand and was selling portions of hot grits, the Quaker Oats Instant kind. The big winner, though, might have been the special boxes of peanut brittle with Carter's famous smile emblazoned on the cover along with "Inaugural Day - January 20th, 1977".

Washington is a party town. Not merely the Republican/Democrat - whose-side-are-you-on-parties, but a city in which the social affair - anything from cocktails to white tie and tails - dictates the pecking order of power. If one wants anything from cocktails to white tie and tails - and they have it, from checkered suits to snazzy Brooks Brothers number.

The much-discussed "secret" music acts were first rate: Aretha Franklin, Charlie Daniels Band and Seals and Croft led the list of entertainers who performed, highlighting a preference on less formal, more popular music. About the most famous old-line group was the Guy Lombardo Orchestra, but in a questionable booking, they were scheduled to follow the Marshall Tucker Band at the Armory, which was filled with drunken Georgians screaming requests of "Sweet Georgia Brown" and Auld Lang Syne.

The final killer about the parties was the fact that after all the bickering, after all the anxiety, after all the underhanded politics; tickets to some of the affairs became worthless. If one had shown up at the Hilton or Mayflower, for example, an hour after the party began, he could step onto the dance floor unchecked and without tickets. Perhaps that's the most enduring image left from Carter's populist inaugural. You could crash one of his parties.
Carter Hits the Tape
They Said it Couldn't Be Done

By Kevin E. Vaughan
with Marc J. Falkowitz

P arking will be impossible in D.C. You'll have to park in Virginia and find a way back from there.

"Traffic will be murder. Leave at 1:00 A.M. if you plan to get there by noon."

"You'll never get in. And besides, it'll be cold."

Despite these ominous warnings from friends, at 6:15 A.M. on the morning of January 20, 1977, we left Philadelphia and headed south for Jimmy Carter's "Peaceful Inaugural," arming ourselves with winter wear and outerwear, suit and tie, a third-hand invitation and a coffee cake. We also toted half a quart of brandy, in case the going got rough.

Things started off well. The temperature that morning was 12°, and as the car barreled down I-95, the expected traffic jams never materialized. We made it to Washington in record time, and found a parking space just five short blocks from the Capitol.

Just inside the fence and around the circumference of the building, armed police officers stood at attention, spaced at intervals of five feet. Police barricades erected at each entrance were patrolled by dozens of guards checking tickets of "people" trying to get onto the Capitol grounds. It was to one of these guards we presented the invitation. In a weary voice that indicated he had done this many times before, he told us our invitation was not a pass to allow us on the Capitol grounds. He suggested we locate the Congressman or Senator who had sent us this invitation. This proved no small task.

The Congressman who initiated this invitation was from South Orange, New Jersey. The family who received it had mailed it to their son, a student at the University. He felt disinclined to attend, and lent the invitation to us. However, the name of this South Orange Congressman had not been similarly passed along.

We started for the Cannon Building, one of the three House office buildings. The line was so long that it took 15 minutes to get in, but only two minutes to find out Congressmen are not indexed by city.

Altering our plans, we walked back down the street toward the two Senate Office Buildings. We went inside the Dirksen Building, only to find ourselves swept into a coffee and tea reception for Senator Adlai Stevenson III (D.-Ill). We were added to his waiting list, as "residents of Chicago," and the receptionist tipped us off that one of the congressmen from Illinois had fifteen tickets left. Torn between getting two of those tickets and trying the routine a final time, we opted for the latter, and turned down the hall in search of another office. The one that we finally chose was at the end of the corridor. There were no crowds outside of this office. The plaques on the door read "Sen. Mark O. Hatfield" and "Oregon." We turned to each other. It was then that we realized that all the cities we knew on the west coast were in California, Mexico, or Washington. For five paralyzing minutes, we stood outside the Senator's office trying to think of a city.

"Marc, we can't go in there without a city. Suppose they ask us where we're from, or something like that?"

Scratching his head, he looked up and said, "I've got it."

"Well what is it?"

"Just follow me."

Accepting her diagram and thanking her for her hospitality, we walked toward the office of Senator Adlai Stevenson III (D.-Ill). We were added to his waiting list, as "residents of Chicago," and the receptionist tipped us off that one of the congressmen from Illinois had fifteen tickets left. Torn between getting two of those tickets and trying the routine a final time, we opted for the latter, and turned down the hall in search of another office. The one that we finally chose was at the end of the corridor. There were no crowds outside of this office. The plaques on the door read "Sen. Mark O. Hatfield" and "Oregon." We turned to each other. It was then that we realized that all the cities we knew on the west coast were in California, Mexico, or Washington. For five paralyzing minutes, we stood outside the Senator's office trying to think of a city.

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And I did just that, right into the office and up to the secretary.

"May I help you?" she asked.

"Yes." Marc answered, "We're from the great state of Washington, which is next to the great state of Oregon, and we're lost. We got this invitation which we learned was not worth the paper it's printed on, and we can't find our Senator to get tickets. We go to the University of Pennsylvania, and came down here to see the inauguration, but we don't have any way to get in now. Can you help us?"

She gave us a long look, said "just a minute," and stepped into an adjoining room. Reappearing seconds later, she handed each of us a white envelope bearing the words "Congress of the United States." We took them, thanked her, and went out into the hall to investigate this further.

Inside, a smaller version of the inaugural invitation lay on top of a program for the inauguration. Beneath that was a picture of Jimmy Carter and a picture of Walter Mondale, and behind these was a small orange care which bore the words "admit bearer to the Inaugural Stands."

Running joyously outside and across the street to the Capitol, we attempted to enter the first gate we saw. The crowd had swelled to massive proportions. Still carrying our brandy and coffee cake, we showed the guard our ticket. He directed us to another entrance, which forced us to walk against the crowd.

We tried walking in the street, but the vigilant Washington police were taking this inopportune moment to enforce the jay walking laws. Forced back on the sidewalk by threat of a ticket, we struggled until we reached the East Front of the Capitol.

The guards looked at the ticket and said to continue on to security check point two. We found our section, and promptly took two seats. In the first row.

We had 90 minutes left before the inauguration, and the seats around us began to fill up. We sat next to a very pleasant woman who told us that this was the second inauguration she had attended. The first was when her father had been appointed Secretary of Labor in 1952.

Suddenly, the roar of a motorcycle police escort heralded the arrival of Gerald Ford and Jimmy Carter. We watched as each VIP descended the steps of the Capitol, amidst applause and whispers, "There's Rosalynn" and "There's Tip."

And by 12:30, we had seen Jimmy Carter take the oath of office and become the 39th president of the United States.
Restaurants

For one in search of nourishment and perhaps some fun, a stroll down South Street can prove to be an exciting and rewarding journey, whether one is a hero food nut, a Hollywood buff or simply a Dining Service refugee with a rapidly diminishing allowance.

For those unwilling or unable to take the $6.00 dinners, $2.60 cocktails and price of entertainment of Grendel’s Lair, there is now just around the corner and upstairs from the Lair. Grendel’s Too provides an unrelatable but comfortable atmosphere, a bar along one wall and a limited but interesting menu with reasonable prices (all entrees are $4.75). For those who enjoy the atmosphere of Broadway or Hollywood, there is Backstage at 614 S. 4th St. The restaurant displays a ritz Hollywood decor, complete with glitter, palm trees and studio chairs with the names of movie “greats” on the back. The rather expensive entrees (prices range from $6.50 to $10.00) have names like “Filet Mignon Monroe” or “Salmon Davis, Jr.”. If you can afford the prices and stand the puns, Backstage could be a fun place to eat.

Lickety Splits at 401 South St. is another fine choice for those desiring good food and classy atmosphere at any price. It comes fully equipped with excellent dishes, dim lights, entertaining background music and high prices.

After this mental romp through fancy restaurants, Philadeli provides a delightful way of returning to reality for those of us whose pocketbook life. The restaurant-delicatessen at 410 South St. has a bright and breezy atmosphere reminiscent of Bagel Nosh, but without the plasticity. It boasts a wide variety of appetizers, sandwiches, salads, bagel platters and special dairy dishes, all ranging in price from $1.00 to $3.50. The deli-grocery on the other side sells a variety of the usual cold cuts, cheeses, salads, etc., plus some unusual “natural” foods.

Or perhaps something in you desires to break out of the common mold, to venture into the exotic? A number of dining establishments cater to those with this adventurous palate. The Garden of Pongal at 429 2nd St. transports the diner to India through its exotic, but inexpensive, dishes such as “Pachadi”-diced vegetables simmered in yogurt. The atmosphere is plain but comfortable, and Indian tapestries and masks add to the exotic decor.

The Crown of Creation Cafe (518 S. 5th St.) is an adventure in the wonderland of “natural” foods. At this elaborately laid out coffeehouse one can dive in to soups, cereals and sandwiches at low prices, in addition to house specials such as “Pfeffers & Smoothes”, a beverage created by combining honey and the fresh fruit of one’s choice with yogurt or milk.

Entertainment

Heading east on South Street is a journey through Philadelphia history. Past the boarded shoe and clothing storefronts, the gutted out tenements, and the sleazy bars, emerges a growing entertainment center. South Street, from 5th or 6th street to the river, is alive and doing well. The revitalization of this area brings us a friendly nearby version of Washington’s chic Georgetown or New York’s Greenwich Village.

South Street houses Philadelphia’s only off-Broadway professional theatre, Grendel’s Lair, on 5th and South Streets. Grendel’s provided folk music, homemade brownies and gingerbread when it opened four years ago. Today, the cabaret features a complete professional theatre, jazz, reggae, disco and “country-bluegrass and serves a Sunday brunch and full dinners seven nights a week. But the friendly spirit of the homemade brownies days has endured. The manager, Sam, (“nobody knows my last name”) said one customer saw Grendel’s “Scott Joplin & Friends” 14 times, each time bringing with him a new bunch of friends.

Grendel’s was the showcase for Johnny’s Dance Band, now of national fame. For this reason and for the professional theatre, now presenting the spy comedy “Bullshot Crumpmond”, Sam said “we feel we’re important.”

Important to South Street movie-goers is the TLA cinema, located at 334 South Street, which shows classic and modern films, often bringing in University favorites “King of Hearts” and “Pink Flamingos”.

For the wine connoisseur, entertainment can be found at the South Mountain Winery, on 2nd and South Streets. Tours take the visitors through the mini-museum which displays the wine making process from grape to wine, then to the wine production and bottling area, and finally, to the tasting tables, where up to seven wines may be tasted. On loan to the Winery from the University Museum are Egyptian sandclay cups and pitchers. Tours, open to the public, extend from 10-9 P.M. on weekends and holidays.

Entertainment at Front and South Streets comes from Downey’s, a restaurant bathed in art deco in the style of an Irish pub. Owner. It comes fully equipped with the wood on the bar and doors and the stained glass windows in a Dublin bank. The light fixtures were bought from CBS’ “Beacon Hill” set. Downey conveys a theme of communication throughout the restaurant; the wallpaper is actually a collage of newspapers, containing every important headline since the Civil War,” a shell holds a collection of radios from the earliest crystal days (1921) and attached to the wall is a picture tube and a railroad signal lamp.

Downey’s conveys its friendly message through the restaurant’s mold, to venture into the exotic? A number of dining establishments cater to those with this adventurous palate. The Garden of Pongal at 429 2nd St. transports the diner to India through its exotic, but inexpensive, dishes such as “Pachadi”-diced vegetables simmered in yogurt. The atmosphere is plain but comfortable, and Indian tapestries and masks add to the exotic decor.

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--Joan Greco