To Establish U., Assumes other schools in Paris and the signing the agreement, has communally. The program will begin in assistant from each institution and solidarity," he added.

I think the alliance between the two a very important time," Polin said. "I between a French university and an French institution.

Meyerson said at a reception before University. The two other French communications groups for this purpose.

It can tie mailed, rolled and transported with little effort. The record heralds the Student performing groups publicize the University in other ways, too. The Student also performed in an ambitious state-wide tour of 22 performances in just six days. The tour included the Glee Club, Mask and Wig Club and Glee Hub annually perform throughout the country, including New York, Chicago, Boston and numerous other cities across the nation.

I'm just as excited as I can be." Barnes' career has taken several turns since then. After graduating from University of Pennsylvania with a bachelor's degree in physics, he worked at a number of companies including General Electric, Westinghouse, and RCA.

A committee was formed for the Confucius Institute at the University of Pennsylvania. The committee will work to raise funds and support for the Confucius Institute at the University. The goal is to establish a center for Chinese language and culture studies on campus.

The formation of the single office is expected to be completed by the end of the summer. The new plan is designed to improve the efficiency and effectiveness of the university's operations and to reduce costs. A new program to fund the operation of all residential halls will be established. The fund will be supported by contributions from industry and other sources.

New Privacy Plan Consolidates Workings Into A Single Office

By BRUCE JOHNSTONE

The director of the University of Pennsylvania's student affairs division, Bruce Johnstone, announced last week that the university will consolidate the operations of its student affairs division into a single office. The new office will be called the Office of Student Affairs and will be headed by a senior administrative officer. The office will have responsibility for the current office of student affairs, the office of student life, and the office of university relations. The new office will be located in the Office of Student Affairs building on Locust Street.

New Residency Plan

The University of Pennsylvania's new residency plan will require all incoming freshmen to live on campus. The plan is designed to improve the safety and security of students and to encourage a sense of community. Under the new plan, all incoming freshmen will be required to live in residence halls on campus. The university will provide scholarships and financial aid to help students who need them to meet the cost of living on campus.

New Residence Plan Consolidates Workings Into A Single Office

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Publicity Gimmicks Try to Promote University

By MARIA HIAIO

The University, in an attempt to increase awareness, has begun a few new publicity gimmicks. The Daily Pennsylvanian, The Student, and The Wire have all begun using new advertising techniques.

The University has announced a new program to promote its undergraduate and graduate programs. The program includes the creation of a new print and online advertising campaign, the development of new publicity materials, and the establishment of new relationships with media outlets. The University also plans to increase its spending on advertising and to use more targeted advertising techniques.

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Sorbonne

(Continued from page 1)

French President Valéry Giscard D’Estaing.

The initiatives of people involved in the exchange program will be encouraged, he said, as this would allow the maximum time a person involved in the exchange program can spend abroad in one semester, and the minimum an academic year.

The agreement also states, "The two universities will work in different educations in each continent, cooperation between the two countries. They will exchange publications, information, and all scientific documentation of common interest.

At the ceremony, University professor of Romance Languages Frank Bowman gave a short speech: "This institution (the University) is wine, women, and song. Education in Europe is wine, women, and song. Education in America is milk, women and speech," he said.

Gimmicks

(Continued from page 1)

competition with the Motion Pictures Association of America to Pennsylvania television stations, according to Radio and Television Office Director Fred Harper.

"I try to look at the outstanding things we do as do all general interest. We try to let any good opportunity—if people get it—be a "shoestring," Harper said last week.

In addition, the University has a news bureau that deals exclusively with the great media. "This institution (the University) is looked upon as a tremendous resource by the media," Harper said. "The University is probably requested for more media services in Philadelphia than an institution in the city. And with the tremendous expansion of the electronic media in recent years and the University’s citywide participation in it, the mission of promoting the University’s school and name has been "growing and growing."

The Health And Society Program in the newly renovated Ware College House in the Quad invites
Applications from full-time University Graduate Students for the position of Graduate Fellow for 1978-79
Information at the Office of Residential Living
112 Bodine Quadrangle

We Don’t Like "Needling" You
But We Need Your HELP!
Houston Hall Blood Drive
Thursday, February 23
10:00am-5:30
P.S. Free Baskin & Robbin Ice cream Plus
DELICIOUS Baked Goods.
One Donation Assures You A Your Family Blood Donor Coverage For 1 Year—Should The Need Arise

RING DAY TOMORROW
From 10 A.M. 4 P.M.
In The U. Of P. Book Store
$10.00 Discount For Women
$15.00 Discount For Men
(Discount Applies Only To 14K Gold.)
A $10.00 Deposit Is Required!
Special Rings For Wharton Medicine, Dentistry, Engineering
By Adam Levine

A judge in Minnesota recently denied the request of a man who wanted to change his name to a number.

In the Minneapolis judge’s opinion, ruling on an appeal by the man named 046-38-9702, the judge stated that the court could not decide what the man, whoever he or she may be, actually would like to be named.

The man, who had filed a petition to change his name, wanted to be called 046-38-9702 because it is his phone number. The judge noted that the man had previously used his numbers 382-7191 and 1-800-882-7191. The judge also noted that the man had previously used the name of his uncle, Mr. Dengler.

The judge ruled that the court could not decide what the man would like to be named, and that the court could not make that decision for the man.

By Larry Lindner

The notion most students have of commencement speakers, he says, “I consider the University’s choice of Patricia Harris as we women’s role in society and family life.

Patricia Harris, a former member of the University’s Board of Regents, served as the commencement speaker for the University of Minnesota’s Class of 2019. Harris is a retired judge and former U.S. Department of Health and Human Services secretary.

“Some students might think she’s too old or too conservative,” said one student. “But I actually think she’s really inspiring. I think she’s a great role model for women in leadership positions.”

Harris, who graduated from the University of Minnesota in 1977 with a degree in animal sciences, has served as a judge in Minnesota and as a member of the University’s Board of Regents.

“I was really excited to hear her speak,” said another student. “She has a great perspective on what it means to be a woman in society.”

Harris addressed the audience on the importance of women’s roles in society and family life.

“For many years, women have been excluded from leadership positions,” said Harris. “But I believe that women can and should play a significant role in society.”
Hillel At Penn
Special Shabbat Guest
Rabbi Herbert Kovon
"Jewish Communities In Crisis"

From Jewish Theological Seminary. He
Will Be Speaking 9:00pm Friday, Feb-24th
Sign Up For Shabbat Lunch
By Fri. 12:00

THE DRINKS ON US!
Buy 2
4oz Samplers (25c) Of
Orville Redenbacher's
Gourmet Popping Corn
Get A Free Drink Of Dr Pepper
Houston Hall Candy
Wed-Thur - Fri.

DOUBLE
Cheeseburger
Frensh fries, 94c
Night
Tonight- At The Bull & Barrel! 3942 Chestnut St.
Tony Price: Decisions, Fans, and the Game of Life

Tony Price, a former basketball player, reflects on his life and career, making decisions, and the relationship between fans and teams.

"I got to the point where I had to make a decision. I couldn't go on playing basketball. I didn't want to do it any more and it was too painful..."

"I'm not a quitter. I've never been one."

The text discusses the challenges Price faced in his career, including injuries and personal decisions, and how he coped with them.

Tony Price: 1977-78 Year in Review

The article reviews Tony Price's basketball season in 1977-78, highlighting his performance and contributions to the team.

"I was a first team All-Big Ten selection, the first in school history."

The text includes statistics and quotes from Price and his teammates, discussing his impact on the team and the season's highlights.

Phoebus, Storm Star in Jr. Olympics

Phoebus, a young athlete, competes in the junior Olympics, showcasing her skills and talents.

"Phoebus displayed the most consistent person in the quality of her play."

The text provides details about Phoebus's achievements, including her performance in various events and her overall impact.

Flyers Takin' Care Of Business, Quaker Crowds Workin' Over Time

The article covers the Philadelphia Flyers' season, focusing on their success and the engagement of fans.

"The Flyers have always been a lot of fun."

The text includes quotes from players and fans, highlighting the team's performance and the enthusiastic support from the crowd.

Quakers

A mention of the Quakers, possibly referring to a sports team or academic institution.

"The Quakers possess the loop's most potent offense (79.3 points per game), PRINCETON leads in field goal percentage, and PENN is the leader in..."

The text provides information about the Quakers' performance in various statistics and their role in the league.

Foils, Sobel, Storm Star in Jr. Olympics

The article highlights the achievements of Foils, Sobel, and Storm in the junior Olympics, showcasing their talents and contributions.

"Phoebus had much more on in her performance."

The text includes details about their performances, challenges they faced, and their overall impact.

Playoff Chances Grow Slim As Pioneers Blaze Past Women Five

The article discusses the playoff chances for the Pioneers and the challenges faced by the women's team.

"The slower Pioneers displayed a consistent defense."

The text covers the teams' strategies, performances, and the implications for their playoff hopes.

Penn coach Mike Storm (left) and Lori Sobel (right) made the trip.

"With a year of experience, we're more mature, more focused, and..."

The text provides insights into the players' perspectives and the team's preparations for the upcoming season.

"I'm not a quitter. I've never been one."

The article closes with a quote from an athlete, reflecting on the importance of perseverance and determination.
Eye of Newt

and A Golden Flute
Poor Richard’s Record Invites You To:

RE-LIVE A LEGEND!

So you’re not the star performer in the drama of life. Yet. Years from today, everyone will have developed their own identity, transformed by the problems and realities of the nine-to-five world. Which will only obscure history further...some of the most unforgettable times of your life. Forgotten. Which is why your yearbook makes a lot of sense. Look at it as an investment in yourself, your past, your friends...and for only $12, aren’t you worth it?

Poor Richard’s Record: The past never looked so good!

Come In And Order Today...3611 Locust Walk

(P.S. to Seniors: Sign up today for portrait sittings starting March 1st.)

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I used to crave fame like the rest of you. I mean, I figured that’s what I’m here for, isn’t it? My parents didn’t move out of our house and into a cave so I could get a nice liberal arts education and open a pizza shop. They were movie and record buyers, and I bet my dad could read at Howard Johnson. No sir. Hey, if they’re going to put up the bucks for a prestige college or genius (come on, identity crisis is so boring) Ivy League-type university, I’d better emerge damn good at something—even if it’s only nuclear physics.

After giving it some thought, however, I wondered whether I really needed schooling at all to reach the big time. I considered my options. First, I think I’d like to think about what I really wanted. I mean you can easily say “I want to grow up and be famous” but those words don’t mean anything. Career goals usually end up as the opener at Grandmom Minnie’s celebrity bowling. No, even at this early stage, there were some hard decisions to be made.

You can have fame with negative public feelings, like Kiss. You can have fame with respect like Martin Luther King Jr. or on celebrity television, but you can’t have fame with respect like Rodney Dangerfield.

Another decision is whether you want to become famous because of a particular talent. If so, you must decide whether you will forfeit initial (within the first century) success for your artistic integrity or whether you will try to make them choose between you and a George Benson. Another possibility which has yet to be fully explored is selling in, which means you have the chance to make a fortune and be happy creative and financial success at what you do best and then deciding to do something more commercial and never sell a record again like Eric Clapton. To bastardize or not to bastardize? Important issue.

Another problem is whether to be original and unique or to jump on the bandwagon and ride the crest of a big one. Like Andre Segovia going disco. Or maybe go the route of George “All Lawsuits Must Pass” Harrison and just plagiarize. The really big decision, though, is pinpointing what you would be able to lose of life. You can have fame, power, money, copious sexual relations, or happiness. They’ll all be there, the same. And rarely do many of these come as combination platters although one (for example, money) may be able to buy you another (for example, sexual relations.) Although if you get into this habit your girlfriend (or, dare I think it, your wife-cringe) might start getting jealous.

Fame, for example, does not exactly spell success. Larry Flynt has money, fame and copious sexual relations (with the first family even), but I hardly think that any parents are using him as a role model for their children. Any except maybe, at least, Tiny Tim is famous, but he can hardly be accused of having any success, money or copious sexual relations. Not to mention talent. And his wife would sleep with Van Mec. And we all know, after getting the untold story, that people with any of these desires are never happy. Except for Flair Gonne, who is just downright obnoxious. I was so happy to find out that his kids got zits mailed them a carton of Wolffman Jack albums.

Anyway, after I had considered all of these choices, I went to my power broker, Styrer, Fywhyn and Styrer, for some tips. These guys are pros. They have a drive-in estimate window for people in a hurry.

“Okay,” I explained, “I’d like to be famous for helping mankind in some artistic but useful way. Included in this must be a lot of cash as well as either a hareen or a wife with terrific legs. Journalism, politics, and president of DuPont are all possibilities. Or maybe music, if you have any openings.”

“Music’s one of our specialties, son. We’ve been responsible for giants like ‘Disco Tex and the Sexosets’ and the Sexosets and ‘The 1910 Fruitgum Company.’ Right now, we’re working with a guy named Elvis Costello. What instruments do you play?”

“Well, I play a little guitar and I used to play the trumpet. I can also play the sponges.”


“Forget that. I want to have some class.”

“How about moping? There’s big bucks in that. You’d have to become a real loser, though. But I could make it pay off for you, Hey, it works for Woody Allen. I understand that over at Penn you got another guy like that who could be an even bigger loser than Allen. Some columns? Now give me that kind of potential and I’ll make you a fast buck.”

“Don’t you understand? I don’t want it to be like that at all. I want to have some self respect left when I retire. I want to find something which I can do well and enjoy doing. I’d like some recognition and to have people envy me a little, but not enough so they wouldn’t like me. Can’t I be famous and successful discreetly and enjoy my life? I don’t want to be a biker. I just want to be a guy with a little something going for him.”

“Hey look, Fried, you want to make it to the big time or not? You know, I got people waiting in line out there for some of the great advice which I’ve been wasting on you. I’ll give it one more shot. How’s that? This you? Begin work in a laboratory for, say, four years. Get a degree and then ride a moped across the Yukatan Peninsula and find truth. You write a book about your discoveries and the meaning of life and people everywhere will read it and have better lives and you’ll be the Dale Carnegie of your time. Then you’ll have enough money to settle down and quietly enjoy your earning earthly pleasures.”

“That sounds great.

“There’s only one catch. The book, of course, will be total bullshit. A hoax. No one will figure it out though. Believe me, one is as stupid as Cliff- ford Irving. Okay, here are the papers.”

“But, wait a minute. That’s so unethical. I don’t see how I could possibly bring myself to doing that.”

“Hey, it’s no big deal. So it’s unethical. That’s the way to success, buddy. Give the suckers what they want. Isn’t that they teach you that in Wharton? They call it ‘the marketing concept.’”

“Can’t I do something ethical which will benefit mankind and will bring me success and fame and happiness?”

“No, nobody does that stuff anymore. People who start out with that attitude usually end up being college professors.
Harry's Occult and Spiritual Shop is just another dusty store front, barely distinguishable at a quick glance from the bars, thrift shops, and take-out soul food joints that are its neighbors along this run-down strip on South Street. On closer inspection, though, its window display of bottled serpents, shrunken heads, and nameless hanging roots is a mordant invitation to the world of white magic inside.

A powerfully sweet scent pervades the shop, which looks very much like a turn-of-the-century drug store. Shelves are filled with large hand-labeled jars from which a smiling saleswoman carefully scoops powders for a customer. Mirror-backed glass and wooden cabinets display a variety of books on herbal remedies and natural cures. Bringing this old-fashioned scene to life is the slow pace and seemingly personal attention with each sale.

The deceptiveness of the image, however, is shattered with one look at the goods. Customers entering with ailments leave not with prescribed, familiar medication, but with sinister-looking oils and incenses to be lit while reciting suggested biblical passages. Instead of the felt but unseen presence of affiliated physicians, there hangs on one wall a bulletin board listing local spiritual advisors, tarot card readers, and faith-healing services. "The best with my mess," proclaims one spiritualist's card.

An Assistant is filling an order and pauses to explain the difference between voodoo, black, and white magic. She gives her name only as Stevie.

"Voodoo is when you use hair or some other object directly from a person to cast some kind of spell or do harm to them. Black magic includes various kinds of witchcraft which use Satan's powers to cause evil. With white magic you work with God's powers and the Bible for good purposes."

Sometimes the distinction is not entirely clear. A key aim of white magic is self-protection, for which a believer might buy, for example, Compelling or Commanding powders. However, if these same items were used to cause harm to another person, they would be considered the tools of a practitioner of black magic.

The staff of Harry's steer a wide path around people connected with what they defined as black magic. "People call here wanting to join a coven...I tell them I just don't know anything about it," another salesperson says emphatically.

Examination of the titles of goods available for purchase eliminates the mystery about the specific aims of the practitioner of white magic. They are bizarre but certainly clear enough to the most casual browser: Peace, Commanding, Compelling, and Confusion-Removing powders; Money-Drawing and Jin-Balancing incenses; Job-Holding, Mantle-Holding, and Keep Away Trouble oils. Even as obvious outliers to the community, the shop's proprietors were able to understand the attraction of these items in a ghetto area, where white magic and other aspects of the occult have long been as accepted parts of life as church on Sunday. The razing of personal and decaying buildings of the slum prove a fertile ground for the growth of superstition and acceptance of the supernatural into daily life. Occult practices represented an attempt at influencing an environment which for so long has bred a feeling of personal inability to change it.

An OLD BLACK woman quietly waits her turn. The transaction is completed almost wordlessly, as if it has taken place many times before.

"I only work here," says Seligman, to "remove any bad vibrations in your home. You use it along with Peace Powder to bring peace to the home." Its contents, like that of everything else visible in the spacious store, is a carefully-guarded family secret.

The ATTIQUDES OF the people behind the counter at Harry's vary. Stevie appears almost hostile to any detailed questioning and anxious to explain the ins and outs of white magic in a way that would make it look "respectable." When confronted with the issue of whether she actually uses any of the products herself, she responds with a curt, "Id rather not answer that question, if you don't mind." Seligman, on the other hand, seemed amused by any interest at all in the shop. His approach to the entire subject of matters spiritual and supernatural is plainly "I only work here."

The store, like white magic itself, represents a strange grafting of Christianity onto ancient voodoo practices. Religious medals are offered for sale right alongside sorcery supplies. In the same cabinet displaying skulls and dragon blood reeds hangs a picture of Jesus Christ.

In many ways, devotion to the occult is no different from adherence to any other organized religion. It provides hope, comfort in a sense of community, something to believe in, and yet another way for some to get rich through exploitation of the faithful. In searching for meaning in life we seem compelled to pour our dollars as well as our souls into the open hands of whoever or whatever professes an ability to help us find it.

Harry's Occult and Spiritual Shop offers another straw to grasp at to dozens of weary, often despairing people who walk through its doors each day.

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By Melody Kimmel and Julie Lauzer
New schools: Biting Same Old Dust

By Rhonda Orin

"Are you looking for a special type of educational experience? Do you want to be more than a face in a crowded lecture hall? Do you dislike being rated and judged on an impersonal letter scale? Then our college may be the place for you."

So runs an imaginary brochure for a so-called alternative college. You know the type: a school with no requirements, no grades and a readiness to give credit for working at McDonalds. Such is the stereotype which unfortunately is grounded in truth.

Yet the problem is diminishing, along with the number of schools which employ this approach. The reason is simple: alternative education—the brainchild of the sixties—has been crushed in this decade by conservatism, a student shortage and the frequent abuse of its precepts.

"Alternative colleges were havens for white upper middle class kids who could afford it," charged Ira Goldenberg, president of New Hampshire's Franconia College, which went broke last month. They were self-indulgent institutions which talked about social responsibility but in fact catered to only one class in society and only one racial group.

Here, in Goldenberg's bitter words, is the first major issue of alternative education—it was an option only for the affluent who could afford the risk of ending up with an unmarketable degree. Last year, it cost more than $6000 for tuition, room and board at most alternative schools—expenses which are not bad in contrast to Penn's painfully high ones but are rather ample for colleges which claim to be egalitarian and concerned with righting societal imbalances.

Franconia itself was guilty of this abuse, despite Goldenberg's stated efforts to improve the situation. "People of rich backgrounds used Franconia as a summer camp," complained William Morey, a Franconia scholarship student who graduated when Goldenberg became president in 1975. "I was flabbergasted by who I ran into—I was a country boy who left home at 17 and I was rubbing elbows with multi-millionaires."

In theory, alternative education is like ice cream: it is something you just can't object to. Generally, it involves replacing rigid, hateful and protective, high-priced campuses are not the only rifles pointed at sixties-styled alternative colleges. The second option seems to be the favorite.

"There has been a decline in the applicant pool since the sixties, and experimental schools have felt much of the decrease," admitted Carol Ferris, admissions officer at Goddard. She was not exaggerating. Currently, admissions officers sigh with remorse when they recall the floods of applications which engulfed them in the sixties. John Nissen, director of admissions at Vermont's Bennington College, which has suffered a 15 percent drop in applications in recent years, pulled no punches. "There probably are more alternative schools than there can be," he admitted. "In terms of the reality principle, statistics say it's inevitable that some will close."

And closing they are, along with retrenching their programs, such as Goddard's recent firing of 23—almost one-quarter—of its faculty members. Indeed, when Franconia succumbed in January to a $340,000 deficit, Goldenberg's prognosis was almost cliched: "The place had been hanging by a thread for years," he said. "But that's no surprise—alternative schools have been closing like crazy."

How can they protect themselves? As alternative colleges are beginning to realize, three options are available. They can continue their programs and pray they get what Goldenberg termed "a couple of angels" to support them financially; they can become more conservative and follow the latestfad, as they did when alternative education was the screaming vogue; or they can close. The second option seems to be the favorite.

"Colleges are beginning to swing back to the way they were in the sixties. They're becoming more conservative, more back-to-basics," noted Hall.

At last the abuses have caught up with the colleges. The ones that started up in the sixties, catching the crest of the wave, such as Franconia and Kirkland, are the first to go. The ones with the long-standing reputations as durable institutions have better chances of survival.

While reflecting on his ill-fated alma mater, William Morey noted: "Alternative education can survive—but only if it is cognizant of the fact that times change, Franconia was not."

And neither Morey nor anyone else could answer the crucial question: which colleges will survive—but only if it is cognizant of the fact that times change, Franconia was not.
By Brian Kardon

"He simply plays the flute and its literature with more verve and aplomb than anybody else." — New York Times.

"His technique remains awesome, his ornamentation is impeccable...he has no superior and probably no peer." — Philadelphia Bulletin.

In the world of serious music, few musicians achieve the level of artistic and commercial popularity of French flute virtuoso Jean-Pierre Rampal. Equally in demand in the recording studio and on the concert stage, Rampal has reshaped the world of stuffy concert soloists with his flamboyant personality, unparalleled virtuosity, and highly developed musical aesthetics.

RAMPAL WAS in his third year of medical school in Marseilles when he decided to make the flute his career. When he learned that he was to be sent to Germany for military labor service, Rampal went AWOL, moved to Paris, and attended classes at the National Conservatory to avoid being noticed by the police.

Rampal recalls his father, then Professor of Flute at the Marseilles Conservatory, urging him to continue with medicine. "He never encouraged me to practice and always refused to teach me. He was afraid I'd stop my studies. You know...he was right," laughs Rampal. Five months after entering the Conservatory Jean-Pierre Rampal left with the first prize for flute playing.

"Once I decided to play, that was it for me. I learned very fast—everything I could get my hands on. My father was angry with me for playing the very difficult music so early, but I wanted to play it all. Remember, I had been studying medicine and was not too advanced for my age."

A fellow classmate at the Paris Conservatory, Robert Veyron-Lacroix, became Rampal's loyal accompanist in those lean years following graduation. An opportunity arose for them to continue with medicine. "He never encouraged me to practice and always refused to teach me. He was afraid I'd stop my studies. You know...he was right," laughs Rampal. Five months after entering the Conservatory Jean-Pierre Rampal left with the first prize for flute playing.

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Jean-Pierre Rampal at work and play

IF THE VIRTUOSO is correct in that it takes talent, personality, stage presence, luck, and yes, love, then the future of Jean-Pierre Rampal will be a glorious one. His talent is brilliant and his personality is dynamic. His stage presence is colorful and luck has always been on his side. As much better than before. Her attacks were now clean and no longer uncertain. The confidence of Rampal's rendition of those first twelve bars had rubbed off and her playing was now noticeably more assertive.

The other four participants performed for Rampal in much the same way: playing a few bars, Rampal stopped them, pointed, then explained the what and why of the music in words, and the student continuing.

"You're playing too sweet," "It's too Maurice Chevalier." "This trill is terrible...this one is right!"

"There's plenty of time to breathe...just open your mouth."

"You speak, you sing, you play...it's the same thing, a natural process."

And so the afternoon went.

WHEN THE LAST student was finished playing, Rampal again called for any questions as he put away his instrument. The crowd was mostly interested in some flute specifics: fingerings, the type of flute to buy, tonguing, embouchure, and octaves. He thanked them for a good class. Although I didn't have the opportunity to take out my flute at the class, I learned more in those few hours than from several months of private lessons. As Rampal's last words echoed away, the music seemed to die down. For Rampal, there are always encores. Eureka! It sounded like a bell...

Jean-Pierre Rampal at work and play

Play the music faster...those who criticize this do not have technique and are afraid. I enjoy the fast passages; I know my audiences do and I often keep them for the end of my programs, sometimes the encores, if there are any.

For Rampal, there are always encores.

TOOTING WITH THE TUTOR

by Mitchell Sockett

The Condensed World of The Reader's Digest
by Samuel A. Schreiner, Jr.

$10.00

The intellectual pretensions are roused. Reclining on a table in the dentist's office is a back issue of that most banal of magazines, The Reader's Digest. A glance at the table of contents reveals the same tired articles: "I Am Joe's Prostitute," "The Case for Charity," and a perennial favorite, "The Wits, Wonderful Turkey."

WHENCE THE Aversion for this seemingly innocuous periodical? Perhaps it was the corny jokes that filled its humor columns ($25 for an original story. Remember?). Or was it the transparent flag-waving of such articles as "Let a New Day Dawn for the U.S.A." (condensed from a Nixon speech)? In any case, the title of Samuel Schreiner's latest book, The Condensed World of Reader's Digest, bespeaks a slashing, well-deserved attack on the closed, provincial viewpoint of the magazine.

Mr. Schreiner, novelist and a former senior editor of The Reader's Digest for nineteen years, has not written the relentless, shattering expose of an orthodontist from the Northeast. (e.g., Brendan Gill's Here at the School of Music. Apparently the master classes have the same tired articles: "1 in 100 million people.

The other numbers are both surprising and disconcerting. As multinational enterprises have tightened their grip, they have been able to spread the word to so many people. No publication in all history has ever spread the word to so many.

The extraordinary growth of Wallace's brain-child from its Green-Wich Village beginnings to its present position as publish-titan is analyzed in great detail by Schreiner. In his examination of the Digest organization - finances, foreign affairs, promotional techniques (e.g., the Reader's Digest Sweepstakes) - he demonstrates his reasoned restraint and balance. For example, a chapter on the Digest editors will begin with the quote: Reader's Digest is the best edited magazine in America." By the end of the chapter, Schreiner has exposed the drawbacks of this editorial supremacy: the curtailing of creative freedom.

Incidently, the Digest's intellectual chains have also curtailed the success of Schreiner's book. Since its publication, not a single major periodical has dared to review it. As the behemoth of the publishing industry, the Digest publishing arm is able to pay the dollar for reprint rights to the articles it culled from those magazines. This generosity extends to books as well—$80,000 is paid to the lucky publisher of a Condensed Book Selection. With such high stakes, few publishers want to risk angering the Digest organization (and its open checkbook).

IN THE FINAL chapter of the book, Schreiner poses some difficult questions about the Digest's future. The cyncic might reply, "Who cares?" Nevertheless, the situation is worth examining in a sociological context. Mass America willingly submits to, at ease with the bland and the mediocre. We live in a nation in which Happy Days, McDonalds, and Happy Meals are cherished institutions.

Is any wonder that the Digest flourishes? Certainly, the magazine stifies intellectual freedom, and offers easy answers to national problems that elude such answers. But the Digest has recognized the American key to success in business: give the people what they want. While such pandering to the masses is repellent, the story of a "winner" is attractive - be it the anatomy of a Broadway hit or the mechanics of Carter's presidential campaign. Similarly, Samuel Schreiner, repelled and yet attracted by the Digest phenomenon, has written the definitive book on this most definitive of American magazines.
Annenberg Cinematheque
Studio Theater, AC 243-6791

Arcadia
1529 Chestnut
LO 8-0928
The Goodbye Girl. The girl (Marsha Mason) and the boy (Richard Dreyfuss) never can say goodbye in Neil Simon's latest little romantic comedy.

Budco Midtown
16th and Chestnut
LO 7-7021
The Boys in Company C. Hollywood Vietnam film. Five regular guys running through the scenery and fighting. What about the Vietnamese? (known as "short eyes" to the inmates). Short Eyes is a Mayles brother's documentary that serves mostly as a treatise. Kind of sentimento, but funnier? III. The Gauntlet. Clint Eastwood directs himself into a sleeper hold. Eric III on Campus
40th and Walnut
EV 2-0296
I: Looking for Mr. Goodbar. Diane Keaton lumps through a weak script based on a trashy novel. Flashy death scene.
II: Julia. Vanessa Redgrave and James Fox star in this excursion from Lillian Hellman's Pentimento. Kind of sentiment, about two friends losing each other, finding each other, and losing each other.

Fox Theater
16th & Market
LO 7-6007
Blue Collar. Richard Pryor may have stumbled into a good film last but this is just beany from the advance notices. But remember the notices from NBC.

Milgram
16th and Market
LO 4-5686
Short Eyes. A tough inside look at prison life. Written by Miguel Pinero, a semi-literate Puerto Rican, who is now back in jail. Real, but a tough way to get publicity. (See review)

Ritz II
2nd and Walnut
WA 5-7900
I: Candleshoe. Jody Foster, the young prostitute from Taxi Driver needs a job in a black mail and extortion. The latest Disney production, brings in the kids.
II: A Special Day. Sophia Loren and Marcello Mastroianni in a soapy but nice love story.

The New Frank Flick
by Steven A. Marquez

Amateur Night at City Hall opens with South Philadelphia's Mummers preparing to go to City Hall on their New Year's Day parade. The Mummers Parade eventually reaches City Hall, as does the career of the film's subject, Mayor Frank L. Rizzo. The 75-minute documentary attempts to chronicle Rizzo's rise from cop to mayor of Philadelphia through interviews with the mayor's friends, enemies, and contemporaries. (See review)

The film looks at Rizzo's South Philadelphia roots, but lampoons urban ethnics to death. They look like buffoons, ignoring the question of why Rizzo is their creation. Because of this, we are left with a simplistic picture of the mayor, whose rise to power was significantly more complex.

Eric's Place
1319 Chestnut
LO 3-3086
...and related paraphernalia this trillionth week at your local nail salon.

Eric's Mark 1
334 South Street
TLA

Eric's Mark II
19th and Walnut
LO 7-0320
High Anxiety. Mel Brooks kicks Alfred Hitchcock around, which isn't nice considering the man's age (82). It's a spoof in course in the typical Brooksian manner of low humour. More coherent than Silent Movie, but funnyer?

House of Detention (known as "short eyes" to the inmates). The film reviews the theatrics well, but what are these five unknown actors doing here? But what are these five unknown and weak actors doing here?

Duke and Duchess
1605 Chestnut
LO 9-8881
Duke: Coma. A medical mystery thriller that only occasionally leaves one sleepy. Gniejewski Bujold plays a hospital intern driven to discover the cause of the coma. She finds them hanging from the ceiling supine on a strange set. Will she get out alive? This film will do for hospitals what The Exorcist did for vomiting.

Duke: The Turning Point. Take Anne Bancroft and Shirley Maclaine, two young dancers, some melodrama, mix with some ballet scenes and get the point.

Eric Mark 1
18th and Market
LO 4-6222
Star Wars. Now in its seventh trillionth week, your local movie house. Boycott Star Wars and related paraphernalia this week as latest to local and intergalactic wookies.

Eric's Place
1319 Chestnut
LO 3-3086
The One and Only. The Fonz as the Fonz thrice disgraced as someone else. In this case a professional wrestler. With help from Carl Reiner this film puts audience to sleep.

Eric Rittenhouse 1 & 11
19th and Walnut
LO 7-0320

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II. Play It Again Sam and Take the Money and Run. Woody Allen looking over his shoulder at Bogart and just looking over his shoulder.

III. On the Waterfront and All the King's Men. Repertory of old classics starts this week at the Walnut.


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TWA 2-3410
Thursday: Beauty and the Beast and Cyphers. Two marginal films by the poet Jean Cocteau.


A Thousand Clowns with Jason Robards.

Walnut Mall Cinema
Walnut & 40th Sts.
222-2344
I. Play It Again Sam and Take the Money and Run. Woody Allen looking over his shoulder at Bogart and just looking over his shoulder.

II. On the Waterfront and All the King's Men. Repertory of old classics starts this week at the Walnut.


Walnut Street Theatre
Walnut & 40th Sts.
457-3350

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457-3350
A number of theories have been presented in recent years which attempt to explain the effects that living in a modern urban environment have had on the traditional family unit in America. Increasing pressures from within and without have driven many families to self-destruction and separation when the members are not only unable to cope with their own problems, but they are unable to ask each other for help. For a subject which is obviously relevant to many, not to mention an area potentially rich for dramatic development, a surprisingly small number of films of worth have been made.

In his newest release, A Hero Ain't Nothin' but a Sandwich, film-maker Robert B. Radnitz tackles this problem in a serious effort to examine a phenomenon encountered by more and more American families. Anyone familiar with Sounder (an earlier Radnitz film which received four Oscar nominations) will recognize many of the cast immediately. Cicely Tyson and Paul Winfield are both back in leading roles. In his first leading role is 15-year-old Larry B. Scott, picked from literally thousands who auditioned for the part.

Two of the protagonists are involved in a love triangle reminiscent to that in Cinderella Liberty; a mother-child-stepfather relationship in which competition and fear of rejection drive a wedge between the three. Each one aches to express his love but is manipulated by factors beyond his control into continual conflicts. An added problem of drug addiction complicates an already explosive situation.

Cicely Tyson performs well, as usual, but her role is sadly underemphasized. She is not given enough latitude to use her many talents. Paul Winfield, on the other hand, develops the character of Butler well, and is able to give a fine performance. The real impact of the film, however, is from the boy Larry Scott, who proves himself to be a professional. Several fight scenes involving the three are handled with convincing realism.

The film is not without its flaws. Several times the dialogue drags, giving the scene a hollow tone and detracting from its effectiveness. More than once a scene seemed superfluous; the editing was less than perfect.

A final word of caution. If you want to go to the movies to laugh, save your money for a rerun of an Allen flick. The film is not a professional. Several fight scenes involving the boy are handled with convincing realism.

But who ever said life was a scream?
Beginnin' Needs Polish

by Barbara Shulman

The perfection of detail is very important, essential, for that matter, in staging a successful production. On the best show, on paper, looks amateurish on stage. A recently arrived show suffers such a fate. In De Beginnin' has the makings of an exciting, witty show, but in its current state it shouldn’t even have opened. This musical, written and directed by Oscar Brown, Jr., tells the Biblical story of creation through a mixture of rhyming verse and soul and gospel music. Brown portrays a preacher who narrates the story. The casting of the Biblical characters is quite novel. Adam and Eve are with others because no one wants to communicate with him.

As Benno Blimpie, Brian Morgan remarkably portrays the young man who intends to devour his own flesh. Throughout the entire play, Morgan must remain seated wearing a full length bib. He carries on with the difficult limitations by using his voice and facial expressions distinctively and convincingly. His excellent acting is matched with a lively, persistent, almost hopeful cadence, and the total effect is engrossing.

The Philadelphia Company's newest production, Albert Innaurato's The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie, is a gripping, sensitive character analysis of a misfit. The Biblical character's musical play is exclusively carried off by a cast of five.

The Transfiguration of Benno Blimpie is an examination of the life of a social outcast, the obese Benno Blimpie who is eating himself to death. As he narrates the story, Benno drools, drips, and shoves food down his throat. Among other things he sits through. Benno wants to take his pathetic grandfather seduce a young whore. Benno's parents curse and denounce him as being obese and hideous. Benno cannot communicate with others because no one wants to communicate with him.

Brown (daughter of Oscar Brown; his son and younger daughter are involved in the production also). This is also a shriveling "Debl," a gospel choir singing back-up, and an uneven band which plays onstage. Most of the players display raw talent but are sorely in need of some solid direction.

The script is clever, and the music, while not memorable, is energetic and appropriate. But the staging is entirely wrong; the show could be quite exciting in an intimate theater where the actors could communicate with the audience. And the set is terribly cheap; the Tree of Life resembles a Christmas tree, and thunder is portrayed by flashing Christmas lights. A modest set of blocks and scaffolding, which would lose more to the viewer's imagination would have worked much better.

Blimpie-Fat Boy Hero

by Lance Wolf

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Glass Menagerie Glistens

by Joe Karp

The Glass Menagerie, Tennessee Williams' masterpiece of human trauma and disillusionment, is the latest offering from the Repertory Company, and a worthwhile offering it is. This production is highly recommended as an enjoyable and inexpensive prelude to a night in the town.

The Glass Menagerie concerns itself with the trials and tribulations of a Southern mother, daughter, and son in the Depression Era. Each is hard-pressed to deal with the harshness of living, and all are battered by their own festering personal problems. The family's situation is exacerbated by the mother's harping criticisms of her children and her well-intentioned, but inevitably ruinous, schemes to lift them and herself out of their misery.

The acting is excellent, for the most part. Notably outstanding is P.J. Lyons as the Gentleman Caller, Jim O'Connor, Mr. Lyons' fellow-in-law, and a charming salesman (with the prerequisite lack of tact) and an aggressive egomaniac, combined with a rich and resonant voice, fits the character perfectly. Barry Scott is genuine and likeable as the embittered and guilt-ridden Torm, though perhaps not forceful enough especially in the role of a narrator. (Torm narrates the play as a series of flashbacks). Lorene White, while competent, radiates a kind of arrogance which is inconsistent with her role as Laura. The cripple and introverted daughter. She is too strong a presence on stage. Linn Kennedy does not lend the necessary degree of desperate forlornness required to create the most effective level of tension in the drama; she evokes pity rather than fear. Ms. Kennedy also slipped noticeably out of character several times in the course of the evening.

However, some of these latter shortcomings may be by design. The Glass Menagerie, when its characters are drawn with precision and played to the hilt, is a wrenching, very distressing experience: a vivid view of a singularly ugly slice of the human psyche, perhaps, but certainly no event of evening. It appears that the characters of Laura and Amanda Wingfield were deliberately underdrawn just to the point where the content of their situation was fully apparent to the mind, but not yet vividly upsetting. Purists will argue that this production lacks intensity; but most will agree, I'm sure, that it affords an admirable compromise between the psychological impact of a Tennessee Williams' drama and keeping your dinner down.

Otherwise, the presentation is well-paced, with a lively, persistent, almost hopeful cadence, and the total effect is engaging. The set is simple and effective, the effects minimal but well-done, and the script, of course, is a dramatic gem. Considered as a whole, The Glass Menagerie is good entertainment and well worth seeing.
**Aural Audits**

Grover Washington Jr.
Live at the Bijou
Kudu KUX3637 M2

George Benson
Weekend in L.A.
Warner Brothers 2WB 3139

This pair of two-record sets presents two of the leaders of the new wave of commercial jazz. To their benefit, each of these albums was recorded live, and they are therefore devoid of the overproduction often associated with the artists.

Recorded here in Philadelphia last May, Live at the Bijou is saxophonist Grover Washington Jr. at the height of his powers in recent years. On his previous recordings, Washington found it necessary to confine himself to arrangements that resulted in a commercially viable, yet repetitive form of funky muzak. Now out of the studio, he is finally able to open up, while still keeping the popular funky beat. There is a certain spontaneity to his playing that Washington fans will relish. The records, featuring "Lock it in the Pocket," "On the Cusp," and "Funkfoot" that could never occur outside a club. This is also evident in the fine solos of violinist John Blake and keyboardist James Simmons. If there is one low point, it is the basal "Summer Song" which features some out of place Blackbyrds-type vocals.

Guitarist/vocalist George Benson has been riding on the popularity of his hit album Breezin' for the past two years. Weekend in L.A. offers no relief. For this live set, Benson has assembled the same personnel as on his previous Warner's albums, minus the syrupy strings. There is the same mix of vocals ("On Broadway," and "Lady Blue") and guitar features (Stevie Wonder's "We All Remember Wes") that brought Benson his new fame. And, for the simple pop music that it is, it is excellently done. However there is no hint that we will again hear the: starry guitar lines of Benson's old CTI albums like White Rabbit and Body Talk. Weekend is dedicated to the people of California: they're the ones who have made George Benson rich.

**Stu Feil**
Warren Zevon
Excitable Boy
Asylum 66-118

Warren Zevon writes songs. You've heard his catchy melodies and twisting lyrics on Linda Ronstadt's and other performers' albums. On his second album Excitable Boy, Zevon has written two weird songs, two politically-conscious songs, one love song and some filler. The most interesting tune is the title track in which the protagonist rubs pot roast over his chest, rapes his girlfriend, kills her and brings her home. But it's a catchy beat. The love song, "Accidently Like a Martyr," is also touching. The filler is L.A. disco-ish rock played competently by the Asylum crowd. Jackson Browne produced the album, but the true personality of Warren Zevon seems to come through. Strange person, interesting album.

-G.S.L.

**Angel**
White Hot
Casablanca-NBLP7085

This relatively new group tries hard hitting rock-and-roll somewhere along the lines of Aerosmith or Boston, but the resulting sound is much more simplistic. The music itself is not that bad. The group plays well together and the sounds they produce can pack a wallop when they want them to. The major problems are overly slick vocals, consistently tine lyrics, and an obsession with special effects. They seem to have borrowed every conceivable recording trick, and incorporated it into their music. Without these effects Angel's rock-and-roll would be much easier to listen to. There are a few redeeming qualities on White Hot. A few of the songs such as "Under Suspicion," and "Got Love If You Want It," make their way through the commercialism and emerge as goodousing music. Another good selection is a soft, slow-paced tune with a chorale backdrop. It shows the mellower side of Angel, giving a note of hope for this group.

-Dave Strassman

**Picking Out**

Brunching in Style

Well, the more things change, the more they remain the same.

The atmosphere of this small corner restaurant is most relaxed and friendly with only 8 tables. The waiters have the time to give you excellent service, constantly refilling water glasses and keeping the delicious coffee hot. Mr. Kanis the chef used to be in the anise based business and everything from the nicknacks on the wall to the large oak tables are for sale. If you are really hungry the nice lean candlestick on the corner table might be quite savory prepared in a nice white wine and cream sauce. If you're not hungry for something that heavy, Mushrooms la Provence ($2.50) would be a good suggestion for an appetizer. The cold mushrooms on a bed of crisp lettuce is covered with a delightfully smooth creamy sauce sprinkled with garlic which wakes up and prepares your palate for the rest of the meal.

The eggs Benedict are standard fare. Although the sauce is tasty it is of suspicious origin being the wrong color and consistency for hollandaise. My suggestion is to keep the sauce but change the name. If eggs on an English muffin remind you too much of yellow plastic arches, and special but abominable sauce, your best choice would be to try the crepes ($3.50).

Each day something different fills the delicate crusty shell. The day of my visit the specialty was salmon which was flavorful and rather delectable although the same alleged hollandaise sauce made an appearance here. A small salad of romaine lettuce in a light vinegarette dressing is included with all entrees.

After the entree you probably won't feel stuffed which is O.K. because the apex of the brunch is yet to come.

The cheese cake ($2.00) was a grand-disapointment--too cold and dry. The carrot cake ($2.00) however did redeem the desert. This excellent concoction had a very sweet white icing, but since the cake was relatively bland, the combination was an excellent excuse to keep drinking the coffee and enjoying the lovely atmosphere. After this luscious cake I felt somewhat like I used to feel at home after a Sunday morning breakfast except more content. I don't have to wash the dishes this week because it's my sister's turn. If I had the chance to do it all again I would, could we? Yes!

-Lesley Jane Stoll
By John Coster

Have you always thought of buying a stereo as a task best left to engineering majors? Do terms like intermodulation distortion, spurious rejection, and wow and flutter make your hands clammy, your stomach queasy and your upper lip begin to sweat? It's okay for those of you that think that woofers and tweeters belong in your local pet store.

True high fidelity systems are composed of at least three separate pieces of equipment—the turntable, the receiver or amplifier, and the speakers. Each component performs a different task and has its own set of specifications. There are two figures that are important in gauging the performance of your turntable; they are wow and flutter, and rumble. Wow and flutter refer to the speed variation in the rotation of the record. These variations are heard as changes in pitch. Anything lower than .08 represents a very good figure. Rumble is the noise the motor creates when it is rotating the platter. Anything higher than 60 decibels (DB's) represents an adequate figure.

There are several important figures associated with receiver performance. Perhaps the most important specification is RMS watts per channel. This figure is a fairly accurate guide to the power capabilities of an amplifier. The more powerful an amplifier, the more sound it can produce. If you like to listen to music fairly loudly you will want a powerful amplifier and efficient speakers. Another important specification is total harmonic distortion. Harmonic distortion is an unfortunate byproduct of the process of amplification. When the receiver amplifies the signal it receives from the turntable it also distorts and alters it. Total harmonic distortion measures this phenomenon. Anything under .6% represents a good figure.

The frequency response refers to the receiver's ability to reproduce sound over the full frequency spectrum. In both the highest and the lowest frequencies it becomes extremely difficult for the amplifier to produce the signal cleanly. Therefore it is a good idea to choose one that only gives you distortion figures over a narrow range of frequencies. 20-20,000 is generally the range most manufacturers use and is acceptable.

Most speakers also come with a set of specifications. The only thing really worth paying attention to is the minimum and maximum recommended power. These figures will help you match up your speakers with the right sized amplifier and give you some idea of how efficient your speakers are. Speakers that are more efficient can generate louder listening levels than their more inefficient counterparts, given the same amount of amplifier power. Other than these two figures, speaker specifications are meaningless: they really can't tell you how the speaker will sound. Speakers must be heard to be evaluated properly and any evaluation is bound to be subjective.

Before listing a few systems that are exceptionally good values, a word about price is in order. The list includes either one or two systems in a given price range. $200-300 for example. This does not mean that the retail price of the system falls between these two prices. However, if you are willing to work at it you should be able to get the dealers to discount it sufficiently so that it will fall within this price range. Under no circumstances should you get a discount on a piece of equipment. Paying full price is sort of like leaving a tip at McDonalds—not only is it a waste of money, it is simply not done.

$200-300: Sam Goody's [1125 Chestnut], BIC 920 changer; Harmon Kardon 230 receiver; either Advent 3 or Jensen 20 speakers. While this store does not offer the exceptionally low prices that can be obtained by purchasing through one of the many mail order houses it does offer you a good discount and a sufficient amount of service to make it worthwhile to forego the additional savings you could obtain by sending away for your stuff. The BIC is a multiple play belt drive unit with the specifications and quality construction one would expect to find in a turntable costing twice as much. The Harmon Kardon receiver produces a clean sound that is unrivaled by any receiver in its price class. Unfortunately, control flexibility is minimal. However, those who are spending this much money on a receiver will doubtless have no need for such niceties as subsonic filters, facilities for the connection of two sets of speakers, etc.

Both the Advents and the Jensens are excellent speakers for the money. Which you choose is primarily a matter of taste. The Jensens have a better bass response while the Advents are known for their bright, crisp, highs.

$300-$400; Tech Hifi [4034 Walnut], Garrard GT10 turntable; Technics SA5070 receiver; EPI speakers. Tech offers reasonable discounts and a good buyer protection plan. However, the Garrard generally leaves something to be desired. Garrard is one of the first names in turntables and while some of their more expensive models fall short of the competition the more inexpensive versions are without peer in reliability. The Harmon Kardon 430 possesses all the virtues of the less expensive 230 plus a special FM tuning circuit and an additional ten watts of power. The Advent's have that bright bass sound that has come to be associated with these speakers, yet they also possess a good solid lower end.

$500-$700: Nathan Muchnick, Inc. [1215 Chestnut St.] Sony PS-T3 turntable; Harmon Kardon 430 receiver; Epicure 11 speakers [or Ohm D2]. This place is what is known as an "audio salon." These types of stores generally offer excellent service but become ingratiating at even the mention of the word discount. Happily Nathan Muchnick is an exception. For $630, providing you bring this article, you can purchase this system with the Epicures. The Sony is a direct drive unit with a fair suspension system, well made tonearm and wow and flutter deviations that are as good as any turntable on the market, regardless of price. Unless you are really a fanatic about high fidelity there is a little reason to spend more on a turntable. The virtues of the Harmon Kardon receiver have already been discussed and we will do them no disservice by mentioning them any longer lest you think we are paid to push their equipment. The Epicure's are phenomenal speakers. They are ruler flat, possess a crystal clear high end, and have dispersion characteristics that are virtually unbeatable. Their only faults are that their lower end is a shade weak and they cannot be played very loudly for long periods of time. Because of these faults we recommend that people who listen primarily to rock music and demand lots of volume substitute the Ohm D2's for the Epicure 11's. While these speakers are technically not as good as the Epicure's they do have excellent bass response and are more efficient.

$700-$800; Nathan Muchnick, Inc. Sony PS-T3; Harmon Kardon 730 or Pioneer SX 650 receivers; Epicure 11 or Ohm D2 speakers. If you enjoy classical music or jazz you'll want to stick with the Epicure speakers and the Sony turntable and substitute the more powerful Harmon Kardon 730 for the 430. Those of you who believe the memoirs of Lillian Hellman about the 'Freebird' at 110 db should stay with the Ohm D2's and power them with a Pioneer SX 650 receiver. We also suggest you substitute the Philips GA 312 turntable for the Sony; it has a better suspension system, even though it can't match the Sony's other specifications. The importance of a good suspension system will become apparent the first time you crank up the speakers and the walls begin shaking.

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