University Spends $615,000 On Senatorial Scholarships

By ERIC JACOBSON

The University spends about $6,000 per year to award state scholarships to needy students who are Pennsylvania residents. The scholarship amounts vary depending on the number of students who meet the criteria for the scholarship.

PAY TOILETS WERE MICHAEL GESSELLS TARGET when he served as executive director of the Department of Public Safety. Gessell said, because "we had done what we could do." The college had already spent $615,000 per year to award state scholarships.

In its denial of the suit filed by the plaintiff, the University has refuted Goetz's allegations of negligence and has denied her request for a psychiatric institution to determine her ability from Logan Hall. The suit against the University has been dismissed by the judge.

In Effort to Reduce Costs

U. Director David Johnston claimed last week that the University has been able to reduce costs by $615,000 per year, than union salaries. The libraries new circulation is given by the Dutch government to scholars who have published notable works. The amount of work-study jobs at the library is expected to increase in the coming year, than union salaries.

Seniors' Publicity Wanes Years After Pay Toilet Crusade

By ROY CRUSE

Life is not as exciting as it once was for University senior Michael Lenz, who said he was "very active" on campus in his junior year. He was one of the few students who were active in the movement against pay toilets.

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The move to eliminate pay toilets was met with resistance from students who felt they were a "standard of behavior", and the guidelines to prevent this situation from occurring were established. University policy, this incident has been added to the guidelines to prevent this situation from occurring.

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**News in Brief**

**Number of Wounded recipients**—The number of Americans on federal welfare rolls dropped for the first time since 1935, Health Education and Welfare (HEW) Secretary Joseph Califano attributed the decrease to HEW’s program of collecting support payments from money parents. The number of people receiving money from the Aid to Families with Dependent Children program fell from 11.1 million in December 1976 to 10.9 million in August 1977.

**HIGH COURT RULES AGAINST STUDENT’S RIGHT TO APPEAL EXPULSION**—The Supreme Court ruled yesterday that a student expelled from a state university for academic reasons has no right to a hearing by the school’s decision-making body. Charlotte Horowitz, the plaintiff, contended that she was scholastically qualified and that her chance for a medical career was unconstitutionally infringed. The court’s decision reverses its recent trend granting procedural rights to students and faculty in schools and colleges.

**NUMBER OF WELFARE RECIPIENTS DROPS**—The number of Americans on federal welfare rolls dropped for the first time since the 1930’s, Health Education and Welfare (HEW) Secretary Joseph Califano said yesterday.

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If you are interested in math, physics or engineering, the Navy has a program you should know about.

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  march 6,7,8 & 20,21
  SOME PROBLEMS IN GLOBAL DIFFERENTIAL GEOMETRY RELATED TO QUANTUM FIELD THEORY

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  April 3,4,5,6,7
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- **M. Schützenberger**
  University of Paris
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  MATHEMATICAL PROBLEMS RAISED BY fileM’S THINKING

- **S.S. Chern**
  University of California, Berkeley
  Early Fall 1978
  Title to be announced

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by Tennessee Williams

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A Man of Letters

By Eliot Kaplan

Imitation matters to me. My situation is high rise, but I do not feel that I can fulfill my role as president of the Student Assembly. I therefore, recommend

Dear Mr. Kaplan,

You are a Freshman. I read your columns all the time. I think you have a great deal to say to the world. Yet, I have never written a letter to the

Dear Eliot,

I am a freshman. I read your columns all the time. I think you have a great deal to say to the world. Yet, I have never written a letter to the

By Steve Dubow

At a certain point in life, you must decide what you will do with the rest of your life. At that point in time, you must ask yourself, "What is important to me?"

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This Beats The Swamis

Congress and introduce a bill to ban not taken seriously, "he said. "When attempting to set the University record for stacking salt shakers. After several of the players. The predictions will hopefully determine the mental, physical, and emotional condition of the Quakers when they hit the court against the Lions.

Maybe It Can Replace Hockey

... Or Maybe Not

The University ice hockey team may have been eliminated from contention by a form of default, but Provost Eliot Stellar evidently does not see it as that much of a loss. "Hockey will be continued as some kind of a club sport," he said in a recent radio interview. "It may indeed alter the program, but there would be hockey as campus. I can't see why there could not be a very enjoyable, constructive, and creative hockey program for our students and for people who like to watch hockey."

Arthur D. Buckler

The Spectator

Friday, March 2, 1978

Daily Spectator

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THE PROBLEM WITH THE "NAME THE BIRD" CONTEST.

I couldn't come up with a name for the bird we have in the shop, so I held a contest. It was a fair contest, but everybody every once a while, friends, relatives and employees. I only excluded people who live in Battle Creek Michigan. I thought I would get three or four names, pick one, and get back to the business of raising doves. Instead I was deluged. I posted over the entries, read the letters that accompanied many of them and narrowed them down to the ones I liked best. The problem is, like all of these names, I can’t decide which one to choose. So once again, I’m forced to ask you to make a decision. Select the name you like best, and then tell us that name that gets the most coupon wins.

I don’t know why I held this contest in the first place. What does it have to do with cutting hair?

Arthur D. Buckler

The Spectator

Friday, March 2, 1978

Daily Spectator
**Seniors Seek First Title Taste**

*By JONATHAN LANSER*

"I don't think anything, but I do think I'm owed. It's what the university's decision, and it's mine to decide and see it out for the year without going up to the NCAA tournament," said Tom Whitehead.

This last weekend of the regular season will have more than Murray significance for the Quakers, who have been in the NCAA last 36 years. For the first time since. 36, every program playing clean-shaven, at least once, until then dominated the America's First-place finishers for the first time in 25 years. As a result, the NCAA is being called upon to conduct a tournament in the coming weeks.

"You can't get too psyched for any game," Donaldson pointed. "If we make sure that we've got an extra day to get ready for the Friday game, we've got a chance to have a victory over that."

The new system will be the beneficiary of changes in college basketball, with more emphasis on defense and a shift toward a more balanced approach to the game. The NCAA will have to decide whether to sacrifice its final year of hockey and remain at Penn, or to do some rethinking during the Red and Blue's upset of Harvard at the Class?

"I can see their (DIA) reasoning (for cutting gymnastics)," continued Hurry. "But I am sorry it had to be our sport."

"It is the number one growing sport in the country," pointed out Cantwell, "and it is a sport that really means a lot to me. I want to play it for the rest of my life."

"If that is indeed the case, and I'm concerned, but then they just turn it on a dime and they're gone."

"So many players have become familiar with both the players and the system. That's why we are so excited today."

"We had a little more on the line this weekend than most Quakers. The game of our lives, I think."

"If we can keep the game in our hands, it will be the most exciting game of our lives."
Who Says The Ice Capades Are Hokey?
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Paxton: Still Folkie After All These Years—Page 4

That sixties Rock of Gibraltar is still at it, singing his folk tunes, witty ballads and downright political editorials. Caught up with him last week at...where else, the Main Point for some conversation on the topic "can you folk capades: We Say It Is — Pages 6 - 7

A trip to that marvelous world where even a Moose can float gracefully over the ice. Even among 'Bumping Bison' Dorothy Hamill is the prettiest 21-year-old on this earth.

Fiction—-Page 12

34th Street finally keeps one of its promises to you, the public. Introducing our first piece of fiction [that is, if you exclude all the quotes we normally make up]. But really folks, here's our first piece of real writing in a long time. Hopefully it will spur on some of you to write some fiction for us, or at least send us some nasty letters telling us why we shouldn't run it.

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of three hyperactive young brats, the animal suffered atonies unheard of since Nuremberg. When I wasn't checking to see how firmly attached his tail was to his body, my brother was teaching Bandito how to roll over—down a spiral staircase. And my sister learned how much fun it was to lift him by one leg. And we wondered why he always had a limp.

As if he didn't have enough to worry about with us juvenile delinquents, Bandito continually incurred injuries at the hands— and feet—of so-called adults. After all, I never inadvertently kicked him when he was dreamily nestled near the front door (although I might have tried it with malice aforethought). Neither I nor my fellow siblings were driving our family car that day when my father closed the power windows while Bandito was still peaking outside. (A nasty scene, that. For years afterwards he was a bit touchy around the neck, and was not too fond of surprise pats on the head, either.) And it wasn't any of our ideas to have the poodle groomed to the hilt. Mom liked her toenails painted blue (because he was a boy, of course) to match the ribbons daintily knotted in his fur.

Bandito fought back. The best he could. Our floor carpets bear the scars of this fiercely independent, unhoused broken child of Nature. Many times we had to caution our house guests that, for their own safety, they should watch where they walked, else they might step into one of the dog's patented land mines. And no one who visited our home could forget the desperate conditions of the chair pillows. Scratched to threadbare state, they resembled nothing so closely as unfinished Z-Loem projects.

The dog also rebelled against my mother's long-standing chaste edict. Every chance he could, it was off to my sister's stuffed animals. I recall he had a very strong and wonderful attachment to a snake. He would, as well, when the mood struck, race towards my work shoes. It was so ugly that when she chopped suppers, I guess he got used to Mighty Dog "Turkey and Bacon" meals.

In the last couple of years, gallows humor was very big at our dinner table. Dad used to joke about Bandito. He did have a likeness to a cartoon character (or was it Augie Doggie and Bulldog Daddy? cartoon which depicted a toy poodle, he probably toyed with the notion of being a boy.) Bandito was a boy. Of course)

so I need another, otherwise). So I need another, otherwise). So I need another. Since 12 years of Gainesburger, we've got the programs! Learn Hebrew, volunteer in a development town, dig into a kibbutz, live the land and the people in these historic times. Most programs cost little more than the usual airfare alone. Room and board are included. College credits are available where applicable.

* and a high school graduate

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Tom Paxton: Living Up to His Legend

By Steve Fried

T

do say that Tom Paxton has stood the test of time is an understatement. From the first song he wrote "worth keeping"—the "Marvelous Toy" written in 1961 before the folk movement in this country really started—to his recent appearance at the Main Point where he opened his first set with a wisty song about our favorite Anita and a bitter song about Stephen Biko, Paxton has remained more faithful to his musical genre than almost any other contemporary performer. In 1978, years after he and his compatriots were called upon by screaming mass of hysterical college students to write songs around which they could rally and stop the war, Paxton remains. He still writes about the causes that move him and the beauty he sees around him with the same intensity he displayed during the most publicly emotional periods during the Sixties.

In an interview last week, Paxton discussed being a musician during the Sixties, his endurance and his views on contemporary music, of which he—almost amazing—at the age of forty is still a part. Even though it appeared to the public that the folkies' goals were only quasi-musical, more political than artistic, Paxton claims that this is not true. "I was never a slave to the movement. I was never a toy or a puppet or a propagandist. I have never for one minute felt that now that these things (the war, the apex of the civil rights movement) are removed, that I am at a loss for things to write about."

What is Paxton's reaction to performers getting rich off his tunes? "I say hooray, hooray. Seven thousand people should record the song I write and sell. I get royalties for that. I'm known for that song where it counts to me."

"I know I wrote it, and anyone who knows songwriting knows I wrote it. If I like it, and I see that it pleases my friends and colleagues, that makes me feel good. But it also makes me feel good if someone comes up to me after the show and says 'love that song' or 'thank you for writing that song,' in the end I am accountable to myself."

"It's at least arguable that if I set out to do nothing but make money in the music business play only what the market called for and had no standards of my own— to, in the street parlance, 'sell out'—that there wouldn't be any buyer, that I would be a total failure."

BEING THE FOLK purist he is, Paxton is in the rare position to look from a different angle at the musical phenomenon which has graced the pages of magazines since the early Seventies. "It is a little too easy to shoot arrows at those who are gigantically successful. I'm not one to criticize selling out because I'm telling ya', it is extremely hard to make a living making music. The question is not reaching more people it's not necessarily bad.

"Just because I don't operate that way (changing musical styles for commercial reasons) doesn't mean I think it's wrong. I don't like to criticize individual musicians. I will, however, criticize styles of music..."

"I can't discuss punk rock because I haven't heard any of the records. I assume that it's pretty basic and not all that sophisticated, that's not necessarily bad (this is, by the way, a frequent criticism of folk music).

"Now disco I can discuss. I think disco is the most perfect music invented yet for people who just want to go out and move around to the rhythm. Fine, I got nothing against that. What I can't stand is hearing it..."

"The most unsophisticated response to music is bonging in time to it. That's not necessarily bad, but if that's all you got you haven't really explored all there is to find in music.

"It's (disco) completely monochromatic, and it does nothing more than bang away with a nice rhythm. But it will be around longer than we think because they really do it well. I have yet to hear a disco record that was anything less than technically perfect. These are really good musicians playing it."

Another dilemma facing a performer like Paxton is that many of his older songs are so fine that it would be a crime not to play them. But at the same time, he faces a consuming audience which sometimes maintains the "what have you done for me lately?" attitude. Paxton claims "I don't feel like I'm dipping into memory lane or stepping down a peg when I sing an old song. I have a very strong attachment to the things I wrote ten years ago. They feel like part of the same body of work to me. Obviously I don't sing as many songs I wrote fifteen years ago as I did then, it's the process of attrition or something, some don't hold up as well as the stuff I wrote five years ago. I still sing The Marvelous Toy from time to time, and I wrote that in 1961."

WHY DOES THE gifted man who feels he is primarily a songwriter continue to make records and perform? "I like making records because I write. It's like issuing novels, you have to get in print. That's my way of getting in print. On records, though, people can't see you and people don't realize how much that must be compensated for..."

So through all the changes in his audience, and in the political climate, not to mention in the demand for a quiet, witty songwriter whose songs present beauty and frequently brilliance in a simple but effective way, Tom Paxton remains aloof. His crowds at the Main Point and a thousand other clubs like it may shrink a bit each year, but he still manages to keep his family's table and enjoy his life. In a business which demands commercial compromises and promotional consideration, Paxton remains almost naive in his Ivory Snow purity.

"It was always a commercial business, but it was the non-commercial corners that reached my heart. I'm the luckiest man in the world because I'm not a commercial musician and I'm making a living. We all have to make a living, but it's possible to make a living making the music that's important to you."
Producers: Their Sound is Music

By Stuart Feil

More than once, or at least once, you have looked at the back of an album cover. Once you have gotten past the "spontaneous assistance rendered by Mr. Clinton" and "thanks to L. Ron Hubbard for his constant love and guidance," the words "PRODUCED BY" may strike your eyes. Perhaps you have wondered what those words mean and have asked yourself what does this guy do and why isn't he ever on the Tonight Show. We kind of wondered too.

In most cases, producers are hired to take a performer's raw music and augment and improve it. It is the producer who takes a basic tune and adds strings and horns, three background vocalists singing "waa, waa, woo," and a discord drum beat with plenty of hi-hat cymbals. Some producers only make modest changes in a performer's music. Tom Paxton, for example, said that the biggest thing his producer added on his last album was a guy playing congas in the background. On the other end of the spectrum, when Kenny Loggins went in to make his first solo album, his producers Phil Ramone and Bob James rewrote many of the tunes in completely different beats and musical contexts.

Production has changed a great deal since the flowering of the music industry in the late Fifties/early Sixties. With the rise of the pop era and the beginning of "discovering" musical talent, producers became more important in roles besides those of record engineering and making the artist sound the same on a disc as he did on the stage. The producer had to hold the musician's hand in the recording studio, and he had to advise the young, often naive, musical hopeful on a wide range of topics, frequently the least of which was music. The industry was less professional then, and so was production.

Through the Sixties, however, big corporations realized that there was big money to be made in the music business. With green in their eyes, they forced big groups to be more professional, to have a more consistent sound and to be good to the fans. This responsibility also fell to some producers.

Gary Katz's Role

Gary Katz's role with Steely Dan is unique among those of producers. He works with leaders Walter Becker and Donald Fagen on a collective basis, as well as the group's third leader, Hall. He is responsible for booking and organizing recording sessions. Along with Becker and Fagen, he puts the pieces together, writing, cutting, and preparing the finished product.

"We work as a trumviate," says Katz. "We all have the same guidelines and tastes. We rely a lot on each other to say definitively what we want. Each note on every album is something that we think is worth doing. We are all responsible for bringing in other musicians. We all work together in making a record." Katz is adamant about his role as a producer. He dislikes the record that is more the producer's than the artist's. "That is not a valuable trait. You're recording an artist, and if the artist has nothing valuable to offer, you should not be recording him. It doesn't make sense for me to make an artist sound like me. I don't think I have a style to make a record sound like another Steely Dan record. If I did, I wouldn't be a good producer for that artist. If you make an artist sound like another artist you're dealing with, you're doing a disservice to that artist, that's not what he is." The Steely Dan sound sells. Aja, the group's latest album, has met with a public acceptance greater than any of the band's five previous records and remains in the top 20 even though it's been nearly five months since its release. Clearly, at least for Steely Dan, the "Triumvirate System" (producer as doyen of corporate works) works. In the early 1970's, George Benson was playing guitar in studio sessions at CTI Records, for albums that appealed to a handful of mainstream jazz fans. Two years ago he released Breezin', which has now sold approximately three million copies, and as a result he has become a pop superstar. Many have given credit to Benson's rise to the album's hit single. "This Masquerade," a vocal number selected by producer Tommy LiPuma.

As Opposed to Katz, LiPuma as producer is more traditional. He is often responsible for signing an artist. He picks the material, casts the musicians in a non-self-contained situation, and gives the artist some direction as far as songs are concerned. He is responsible for the overall sound. LiPuma sees his role as one of a "third ear." "The artist," he says, "often has trouble being objective about his own work.

"Being a producer is like the closest proximity to the artist you can get. You have to very, very open to everything that is going on, and especially to the artist's feelings in relation to what you are ultimately trying to make. Yet, the artist's opinion is highest in LiPuma's mind. The only thing the producer can do is guide the artist, who has the final say.

With the exception of one of his early albums, in which he sang in a limited background performance, George Benson had never recorded a vocal number prior to "This Masquerade." LiPuma had heard Benson sing at a club right before he signed with Warner Brothers Records, then LiPuma's label. When they finally did get together, LiPuma convinced Benson to sing. "It was another side of George that was just as valid as his guitar playing."

But the success of "This Masquerade" caused a number of problems. Critics accused Benson of selling out, of giving up his ideals for commercial success. Many critics called his new music trash. As far as LiPuma is concerned, the public's acceptance of Benson proved the music's worth. "I'm interested in acceptability and I also trust the public. They're better critics than anyone could possibly be because they're not affected by anything. They buy an album simply on face value. They don't care what an artist did before."

"Does everybody have to be a Charlie Parker and die broke? This was a natural series of events for George. Nobody twisted his arm and said 'you gotta sing and stop playing your guitar.' It's ridiculous. He's a grown man. He wanted to be a pop star. Nobody dragged him. He wanted this."

LiPuma's work is often characterized by extensive overdubbing. Although many purists contend this takes away a certain spontaneity to recordings, LiPuma disagrees. The public, he claims, only knows that a record "sounds like it sounds."

The A&M/Horizon label, to which LiPuma recently signed, was originally begun as a strict mainstream jazz label. LiPuma has been brought into the structure he likes. He explains, "A&M was at a point where they decided two things: they didn't want to stay with that kind of jazz and they were large enough where they could use a subsidiary label like Epic in Colombia. This is where I came in. A&M is giving me a shot at building a label based on my tastes."

Bob James

Bob James is representative of the new wave of commercially oriented jazz producers. Unlike many members of his profession, James began producing late in his career. Through the early 1970's James's role was more that of a producer and arranger.

He sees his expanded role of producer as a direct result of his arranging experience. "The role of arranger," says James, "changed significantly during the Sixties. The craft of how arrangements were put together had a lot to do with the whole mechanics of the way records were put together. The arranger's role became quite a bit more technical."

James interacts with each particular musician in a different way. "Some artists demand an extreme amount of attention from the producer," he says, "because they are either insecure or not as confident about their talent as you are. You have to do an extreme amount of hand-holding. With other artists it's just the opposite."

An album which is produced and arranged by James often has a distinctive sound, a "Bob James stamp." However, he still feels that he is making the artist's album rather than his own. "Anytime I've become involved on an album, there's an element of my personality that goes into it. On a Freddie Hubbard album, there is no mistaking when Freddie Hubbard is playing his trumpet. On the two that Hubert Laws is playing on, it is his flute playing. The common denominator when I work on an album with them is my production and arrangements, which are going to have my stamp on them. It's a style."

Even if James is accused of occasionally overshadowing the featured artist, he denies the charge and explains what he thinks the label should be. "I like it best when it's a real collaboration. That's what I think the relationship should be. The producer should do his best to help the artist realize his goals and the artist should be open and respect the producer's ideas."

The producer's role is often as useful as that of the artist. In fact, the record you buy may have more input from the producer than from the musician. Recording techniques have radically changed his role, permitting him new creative powers through the use of overdubbing and piece-meal recording. The producer is a pretty important guy, and who cares if he's not on the Tonight Show. Johnny's hardly there these days anyway.
Ice Capades: Clowns That Skate

By Marty Rogoff

"Honest, doctor, there was Yogi Bear, and a woman dressed as a peach tree, and six Humpty Dumplings dancing to an orchestra's rendition of I Got Rhythm—all on skates. And you know what? It was good."

Looking like a bar mitzvah on ice, the Ice Capades strutted into the Spectrum last week for twelve near-sellout performances. Although advertised as "starring Dorothy Hamill," Miss Short and Sassy was only part of the child-geared advertised as "starring Dorothy Hamill," Miss twelve near-sellout performances. Although strange party for Yogi togethertogether, they get rated to

Gumby while his siblings did all kinds of great stuff from gym class. They later performed neat cartwheels on the ice, which wowed even the cynical college students. I'm one of them.

Score: 8.5

"And now the star of the Ice Capades, Dorothy Hamill." Finally, with much fanfare and to a Rudy Vallee-type song, old Gold Medal herself spun around the rink a few times. As gorgeous as ever, Hamill returned near the end of the show for a longer solo routine in which she not only skated but danced, too. She can do it all. Who cares if she's less than perfect? You judge your way and I'll judge mine.

On looks alone.

Score: 9.0

Next came two rather strange ideas for ice acts. First, an "Oriental Fantasy": House of Chan props and a pseudo-Chinese narrator combined incredible skating by U.S. Junior Men's Champions Matthew Koto and his true love, the narrator discusses what lovely Koto is thinking: "Will Koto please him?" Chinese Anti-Delamation League, where

times. The littlest Fenton boy did his impression of Gumby while his siblings did all kinds of great stuff from gym class. They later performed neat cartwheels on the ice, which wowed even the cynical college students. I'm one of them.

Score: 8.0

Returning to the "Make A Wish" theme, Mother Goose held one strange party for Yogi Bear, Fred Flintstone, Barney Rubble, Scooby Doo, troot Disco Ducks, and a few midway suspended butterflies. There were also ten skaters dressed as sheep which conjured images of a very happy Gene Wilder. This part was ludicrous, but anything that can keep that many kids spellbound for that long must be okay.

Score: 7.0

Brutal. Next, comedy duo Mike Course and Bob Young proved that British humor lives only in Richard Dawson. They chased each other around the ice while burning themselves with matches, making stupid sounds, whipping each other, and generally playing the fools—and succeeding. The kids roared, bringing into question the future of America as well as of England. Wish those tykes could've explained what was so funny. I'll never know.

Score: 5.0

Bringing the show from zero to sixty in seven seconds, U.S. Pair Champions Melissa Militano and Johnny Johns put on a spectacular display of skating excellence, including a mouth-opening "throw double axel," in which Johnny throws Melissa into two-and-a-half revolutions thirty feet down the ice. Again the age groups disagreed: many kids left for popcorn during this number, saying it was boring.

They're not writing this article.

Score: 9.5

The show was picking up a considerable amount of steam. The Fenton Kids, a group of skating acrobats—the oldest of whom looks 40—then did their first of two painful-looking rou-

The ‘Short and Sassy’

Wow. Dorothy Hamill was talking to me. I could now die happy. The Ice Capades theme for this year is "Make A Wish" and I had done my part. If there's something sick about one 21-year-old worshiping another, then call a doctor. Very difficult, though, to act professionally when you're in a daze.

She has been approached to do commentary for the 1980 Olympics. She is making her third television special, with Hal Linden and Bruce Jenner. She is insured by Lloyd's of London. And she has a look-alike doll on the market.

She is skater Dorothy Hamill, and though outwardly she has not been effected by the hype, her inside are feeling the pressure.

"I found out that I have a bleeding ulcer from worrying too much," the 1976 Winter Olympics gold medal winner said last week at a Spectrum press conference. About what? "Everything," continued the Connecticut native, "especially interviews and before every performance."

Hamill is a very shy young woman: she avoids questions about her personal life and Philadelphia socialites' party invitations. But she is a genuinely warm person with a streak of altruism in her.

"I've always wanted to teach blind children how to skate," she said. Then dejectedly, "I just don't have the time now. I don't even have time for myself. Privacy is what I miss most of all."

For a while, though, she is not only bound to her three-year Ice Capades contract (she is in her second year), but she also
Skate and Dorothy Looks Great

Score: 8.0
Ewell also steals the following portion of the show, in which he leads dancing 'slaves' in some really fine spiritual numbers. This guy is incredible, though it's hard to believe that in this day and age a black skater can only play a villain and a slave.

Score: 8.5  Richard Ewell: 9.5
Mark Montaigne and Alison Blake, an adagio team, then did whatever an adagio team does. Whatever it was, they skated beautifully. Also adgajoed nicely, too, I suppose.

Score: 8.0
Perhaps the central skit is "Dreams for Sale," in which Dorothy Hamill, as a little girl to whom you'd like to give candy, has her dreams come true. First she is a Keystone Kop, prattling her way into the crowd's hearts and then, as a ballroom dancer, waltzed around by ten tuxedoed men. Hamill wears great outfits in some well-choreographed bits: she would, of course, look good in a Hefty trash can liner.

Score: 8.5
Phenomenal. Show-stopper. Indescribable.

Score: 7.0
Militano and Johns could have skated more, and the humor bits could have been shorter and...

Total Score: 8.0
Rather drawn out. Well, the second half was better than the first half, and Militano and Johns could have skated more, and the humor bits could have been shorter and...

Total Score: 8.0
Well, we kids had a great time.
The setting is Berlin, the week of November 3-11, 1923. The Weimar Republic of Germany suffers from one thousand per cent inflation and massive unemployment. The democratic government is crumbling. Bolshevism is creeping forward. Small political parties are created and dissolved every day. Hitler is preparing his first failed putsch. The people are hungry and hopeless. And the weather is bad.

In the streets leather-jacketed thugs are unleashing their rage on the Jews and those around them. The extremists seem to be gaining a foothold.

These are the peripheral events which surround the new Ingmar Bergman film, The Serpent’s Egg. Though the events in the background, they come to dominate the pathetic lives of the main characters, played by David Carradine and Liv Ullman. This film is about the situation—not the people. The Serpent’s Egg is horrifying. It is in the very comfortable, well-acted Ritz Three Theatre, shivering.

The people are lost and insignificant. David Carradine is Abe Rosenthal, a failed circus performer. He looks confused and helpless as the violence unfolds around and over rage on his part, and this does remind

Liv Ullman plays a chorus girl and prostitute who sinks into the trap with her brother-in-law Rosenthal, whom she tries to help. In the end, however, she cannot lift herself out of the trap or the role. Bergman gives her even less space to act than Carra-

Dine. Her limited screen time and the smothering direction prevent the viewer from approaching the character as real and deserving of our pity. She is not allowed to live as a real character because she has already died in spirit before the film begins. Her naivete and hope are only incapacities to register her sinking with live emotions.

Part of the film’s terror is that the pervasive evil is already there. There is no antagonist, no focus for Rosenthal’s rage; there is no one person for the audience or the characters to blame. We do have Dr. Hans Vergerus (Heinz Bennet), who conducts his experiments on humans with a pathological zeal not to be equalled to the inventions of Eschman and Himmler. This is the core (or yokl) of the film. Bergman is trying to show the evil inherent in all humans and in the nascent rise of Nazism. Dr. Vergerus calmly tells Rosenthal, “It is like a serpent’s egg. Through the thin membrane you can clearly discern the already perfect reptile.”

While the horror of the film is complete and inescapable—and therefore successful—there are flaws which detracted from the total effect. The continuity is awkward, perhaps because the film was shot in English and German. This was the price Bergman had to pay for using Carradine’s faceless talk, as Carradine could only work in English.

Another preoccupation of Bergman’s is religion. The theme manages to make its heavy-handed presence felt, as in practically all of his films. I was as well prepared for this as I was unprepared for the violence and terror which confronts the audience for two hours and fifteen minutes.

This is a more historical, less psychological Bergman than his audience may be used to. It is the situation, the trap, the faces floating, in front of cinematographer Sven Nykvist’s lenses which are the psychology of these people, the Germans, a particular time.

Whether the film is accurate or true is not at issue here. The trapped feeling is unbearable and realistic, as was intended. However, one also sees the film as flawed. But a flawed Bergman film is intrinsically more interesting than any of the other commercial films playing around town. There is something there. Among the convoluted and varied levels which Bergman reaches for and attains, I know that something is there. It may just be too much to take.

by Geoffrey Little
The brief day spent together has a great impact on Antoinette, who finds she loves Gabriel in a way which he can't reciprocate. This lovely picture is painted with the subtle strokes of superb cinematography, sound effect, and acting. The couple's seemingly fated rendezvous is played against the constant blare of a neighbor's radio, which details the elaborate parade and official proceedings accompanying Hitler's arrival.

The skillful, delicate camera-work brings out symbolic undertones paralleling the events. It is the cinematic equivalent to the delicate set of scales-reaching a perfect, symmetrical balance between total opposites.

The unusual relationship they portray makes one feel embarrassed for the couple. Each character, despite their differences, irresistibly draws the sympathy of the viewer. The unusual relationship they portray makes great demands on their acting abilities, and neither is ever a letdown-A Special Day is a triumph for both performers.

Part of the charm of A Special Day is its uniqueness—it is not a war-story, not exactly a love-story: it is simply a very good, very different, very special movie.
A Look-see at Laxmi

The meal began with fried lentils, which seems like a spicy variation of popcorn. Appetizers included "Ski Tab" (for those not well-versed in Indian, this dish included cauliflower, potato, and onion fritters served with a wonderful green garbanzo bean sauce), priced at $1.00, and Samosa, a fried potato and pea patty. For 40c, the papadum, a crisp lentil waver is truly a novel experience. Tomato soup, the only vegetarian soup offered, was fairly unexciting. For those unfamiliar with Indian foods who wish to try a variety of dishes, two special platters are offered. For $4.50, one is served an appetizer, bread, rice, dessert, and samplings of three entrees. Lightly puffed breads, rice, and Pahri Rauna, a delicious yoghurt and cucumber dish, provided a pleasant balance for the more spicy items, which included Mattar Paneer, a cheese and peas dish in a flavorful red sauce (I recommend the restaurant to Sapi Jacobs) and Aloo Gobi Masala, an enjoyable potato and cauliflower dish. Also offered were a variety of biryanis and pullao rice dishes. For $2.00 Nav-ratan Pullao was an excellent spicy dish of rice and mixed vegetables. One of the best items of the evening was a frothy orange-colored yogurt drink entitled Lassi. Dessert, a too-sweet cake in syrup was a slight disappointment, though the spiced tea was pleasant. Full dinners at Laxmi range from $3.00 to $6.00. Visa, Master Charge, and Diner's Club are accepted. For those who do not believe a meal is complete without meat, the restaurant also offers about eight chicken entrees, all priced around $3.00. All in all, a trip to Laxmi is sure to be an interesting and enjoyable evening. -Laurin Orland

For a Hitch-Hike to the Moon...
Now that you have saved and scrimped to buy that fancy stereo system, you know that you can’t impress your friends with your collection of Monkees albums; it is time to move on to Steely Dan. You may have saved on stereo, but if you go to the wrong record store, your wallet is going to die a slow and painful death.

Knowing this, your mind immediately flashes to the big name on campus, the Listening Booth (in the Bookstore). With the ripoff prices it insists on charging students ($6.98 list albums for $5.29 and $7.98 list albums for $6.29), any fool that buys a record there must be bloody and painful death.

There are three downtown stores that are worth looking into. They are Platters, Ltd. (1009 Chestnut St.), Third Street Jazz (10 N. 3rd St.), and Radio 437 (924 Chestnut St.).

Probably the last name that may pop up in your brain may actually be your best bet. Best of all, to get there you only have to talk to the basement level of Houston Hall. It’s the only place in the city that sells all of their $6.98 list albums for $5.99 and all of their $7.98 list albums for $4.79. Admittedly, their selection is rather slim, but they will gladly order any album you want, with delivery almost always the next day. These special orders do not cost any extra and the savings make the one day wait seem worthwhile. Houston Hall also carries a collection of used albums for sale while also buying your old albums.

So forget trying to impress your friends with all the record stores you have been to in Philadelphia; they will be more impressed when you tell them of the savings you got at Houston Hall.

—Rick Rosenberg

### Aural Audits

Chick Corea
The Mad Hatter
Polydor PD 1-6130

This is the second of Chick Corea’s theme albums, but is much more uneven than his classic My Song, Spanish Heart. The theme here is Alice in Wonderland, and although much of the music is imaginative and beautifully descriptive (the opening track “The Woods” is an incredibly graphic musical account of a scary walk through a dark forest), there are some flaws.

The lyrics, really unnecessary, are sung by their author Gayle Moran, who cannot hold a candle to Flora Purim as a vocalist fitting into Corea’s style. Moran fails to do what Purim does so well; use her voice as instrument rather than singing. The good news is the music, which is played by the always brilliant Corea and a strong group of session men, including magnificent reed and flute work by Joe Farrell, including magnificent reed and flute work by Joe Farrell, and a strong group of session men, including magnificent reed and flute work by Joe Farrell, and a strong group of session men, including magnificent reed and flute work by Joe Farrell, and a strong group of session men, including magnificent reed and flute work by Joe Farrell, and a strong group of session men, including magnificent reed and flute work by Joe Farrell, and a strong group of session men, including magnificent reed and flute work by Joe Farrell, and a strong group of session men, including magnificent reed and flute work by Joe Farrell.

### For The Record......Slipping Out for Discs

Larry Coryell & Steve Kahn
Two For The Road
BSK 3149

Gordon Lightfoot
Endless Wire
BSK 3149

When last heard from around the Penn campus, the Spinners were alive and well and raising Franklin Field to its ancient rattle at a mid-Septem-ber concert. Spinners/8, the five-member group’s first album since that performance took place, has recently been released, and fans of the quintet will be pleased to know that the LP is definitely a pleasurable listening experience. As is usually the case with a Spinners album, there is a blend of upbeat, disco-type tunes and slow, beautifully sung ballads, with the latter group of songs getting a slight nod here. Two of these ballads which stand up to anything the group has done before are “Heaven on Earth (So Fine)” and “Back In The Arms Of Your Love,” but, truthfully, the entire album is undoubtedly one of their best ever.

—David Schroger

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Available at the Penn Stores.
By Loren Feldman

My father always said they had the best hot fudge sundae in town. And now, eight years since he had died—six years since my mother and I had left—I returned determined to taste that sundae again. As we drove Main Street, heading for the Highland Diner, I pointed out all my favorite spots—Ben's Toy and Stationery, Markowitz Sporting Goods, and Rigioni's Pizzaria. And as I turned in to the diner, I started to park, hesitated, and announced that we'd park where my father had always parked. But, having circled the building, I found the spot blocked—by a tremendous, black, cadillac hearse. As always, it's the other person that's most uncomfortable in these situations. My friend's look was half puppy dog and half panic. Then I cracked a smile, and he went through the roof. We laughed uncontrollably and then, seated next to four pallbearers, we had our sundae and headed for my old house.

During the months before we moved, I had often tried to imagine driving away for the last time. That time had finally come, and I spent years envisioning my return. My reaction as I drove the tree-lined road to my childhood was one of disbelief—not so much because it was drastically different and not because it was so much the same—but because I was doing something I had done every day for half my life and then totally forgotten.

I felt strange driving by the same rain ditches and driveways I'd always walked past or viewed from the car’s right-hand seat. Normally it was a two-minute drive from the Route 9A exit to the front door. But I took at least five, trying to absorb the sights that had always been seared into my memory. It was late enough that the neighborhood was quiet. Occasionally I'd notice a new speed limit sign, a freshly painted house, or a macadam gutter where I expected dirt and rock. But most of the changes were too subtle to pin-point, though I constantly felt something wrong.

The sound of rubber sliding down gravelled incline brought me back. The car had been wandering with my eyes, and the wetness of my hands and the tears that had finally helped. I became apprehensive as we drew nearer. I'd heard our successors had been less than friendly, that perhaps they had even changed the front yard to something even I, having been there before, couldn't recognize. And yet, as I reached the overhang directly above the house, I was relieved. The man who answered the door seemed to recognize me as his neighbors' point of view—replaced the apple tree, the gape vine, and the fence with an evergreen. I wasn't sure I wanted to see it for myself.

I'm not sure how I got there, where I parked, or what my reaction was to the eight-foot, solid oak fence. But suddenly I was walking up the steps to the front porch. We'd spent nine years telling people not to walk up the front steps, hoping they'd walk around to the side door on the lower level where we spent most of our time. But here I was, doing the same thing. I fought through branches of strategically placed foliage, knowing full well its purpose, and knocked on the door. Of course, no one answered. Finally, an eight-year-old, with Dutch-boy hair to his shoulders, ran up from the side mid and his parents wanted me to come around. How many times had I said those same words?

I followed him across to the four steps which led down to the screen door. In nine years, I don't know that I had ever hit the first or third steps going up or down. He hopped down two steps at a time and I, very consciously, did the same. I exchanged introductions with his father, and he offered to show me around. He asked several practical questions about the location and function of the septic tank, well, and barn. Then he went on to historical questions.

I was surprised at how little he knew. I explained that the house he now owned was formerly the caretaker's home of an estate which had encompassed hundreds of acres. Tax records proved the house was at least 200 years old. When the estate was divided and sold off to housing developers, the caretaker was allowed to keep his acre-and-a-half. He died in the late Fifties, but his wife remained until the upkeep became too much. My father bought it in 1963. I found myself relating the same cocktail stories on which he'd thrived for so many years: the secret compartments we found in the walls, the squirrel crossing under the floor which insured our woods but didn't keep out the squirrels; the rabbits, racoons, and squirrels our dog used to chase, and the shocked, scared look on the cocker-poodle's face when she occasionally caught something.

For a moment I thought I saw the green pole I had tied to the dogwoods that marked the end of the football field. I knew I had never taken it down, but I couldn't believe it was still there. We used it for a goal post crossbar so we could kick field goals. As I ran to see if it was really there, my relieved opponents strolled to the far end. First I was sleighing through four-foot drifts, then I was mowing ten inches of neglected grass and weeds.

Approaching from the side, I aimed my instep for a spot just below center. As soon as I made contact, I knew I'd hit it well. Against the dark blue background of the sky, I could see the ball soaring higher than I could possibly have hoped for. When it descended to tree level, I lost sight of it, but I knew it had a chance.

I spent three years trying to do it again. And now, as I reached the dogwoods and realized how foolish I had been to think the pole was still there, I had the urge to give it another shot. Instead, I climbed the hill to the house.

I stopped short, stuck with realization when I reached the drive way. Of all the times that I had felt something out of place, but lacked the explanation, the worst had been the first time I passed the barn. Now I was almost angry with myself for not having figured it out sooner. Somehow my thoughtlessness made me disloyal. They had chopped down the cherry tree. The one I'd climbed since I was seven. The one I'd scoured for cherries each spring, never once beating the birds to more than a handful.