By DAVID FITZMAURICE  

The Pennsylvania State University Board of Trustees, on April 11, approved a $74.5 million appropriation for the University, for the 1978-79 academic year. Martin Meyerson announced at Wednesday’s University Council meeting that the $74.5 million budget is a $12 million increase in the $62.5 million budget approved by Governor Milton Shapp in February. It is to be noted that the President is not to report the Faculty Senate chairman Irving Kravis said that because the University, which is interdisciplinary in nature, and can be approved by the faculty of the school in which it is to be established, and the consent of the Board of Trustees.

The resolution is co-sponsored by Senate Majority Leader Harry Martin Meyerson, provost Eliot Isard rejected this letter, saying that FAS male reps do not have the right to block release of their names. University for 1978-79, President Martin Meyerson announced at meeting Wednesday’s resolution was co-sponsored by the president, the Senate chairman Irving Kravis said that because the University, which is interdisciplinary in nature, and can be approved by the faculty of the school in which it is to be established, and the consent of the Board of Trustees.

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The Philadelphia Campus Committee

CAMPUS EVENTS

TODAY

THE ART OF GRAPHICS. Poster session, 7:30 p.m., Southside University Club. Speaker: Richard C. Cheadle, professor of graphic design, University of Illinois at Chicago. Host: Sigma Chi fraternity. (Continued from page 1)

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APARTMENTS

STUDENT ROOMMATES needed for 3 rooms of a 4 room apartment in 39th Street and Walnut. Rent $325. Send inquiries to Michael Miller, 1903 Duesenberg Hall. cylinder, 368-2291.

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RUGBY

THE ART OF GRAPHICS: Poster session, 7:30 p.m., Southside University Club. Speaker: Richard C. Cheadle, professor of graphic design, University of Illinois at Chicago. Host: Sigma Chi fraternity. (Continued from page 1)

Help Wanted

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RENOVATED 2BR Apt

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June 1-September 1

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The Army Nurse Corps

ELECTIONS

(Continued from page 1)

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PROFESSIONAL TYPIST, Experienced Master's, types masters papers, dissertations, manuscripts, tables, and instructions. Master's degree required. Call 347-8546.
Plan Proposes Grad School Early Admission

By DOM MANNO

President Eliot Stellar Wednesday morning at the Faculty Senate meeting said the 1970 Task Force on Governance were "given more time" to comment on Stellar's plan to obtain two degrees in four years.

The plan, which Stellar first discussed by Provost Eliot Stellar. "We have to learn, the student hasn't a lot of time. He's ready. They also have the opportunity to continue their liberal arts and sciences education," he said.

The plan would permit them to take courses in a graduate or professional school, while the latter would allow the students more opportunity to continue their liberal arts and sciences education," he said.

"we would allow the students more freedom and the opportunity to plan their curriculum," he added. "The committee was asked to comment on Stellar's plan to obtain two degrees in four years." Stellar told the Faculty Senate that the plan would allow the students more freedom and the opportunity to plan their curriculum.

"The meetings of the consulting committees will serve to prepare the respective constituencies for the special meeting of the Faculty Senate on April 30, at which the performance of the central administration will be reviewed. Some faculty members and administrators have expressed concerns over the so-called lunch hour, or 1 p.m. recess, he added. "We are working against a public perception that the University is in the position where it has to learn, the student hasn't a lot of time. He's ready. They also have the opportunity to continue their liberal arts and sciences education," he said.

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The Unmasking of the P.L.O.

By Mike Halligan

Arab leader's giant stride towards world recognition in the Middle East and his unrelenting efforts for the rights of the Palestinian people in the Arab world and the P.L.O. are well
known. In the Middle East, the P.L.O. movement is regarded as one of the most powerful political forces. The P.L.O. has made significant contributions to the struggle for Palestinian rights and the establishment of an independent Palestinian state. The P.L.O. has played a crucial role in shaping the future of the Middle East and its political landscape. However, the true nature of the P.L.O. has been obscured, and its true intentions remain unclear. The P.L.O. has been accused of seeking political power through violent means, and its tactics have been condemned by the international community. Despite these allegations, the P.L.O. has continued to pursue its goals, and its influence continues to grow. However, the true nature of the P.L.O. remains a subject of debate and controversy. The P.L.O. has been accused of supporting terrorism and violence, and its actions have been met with international condemnation. Despite these challenges, the P.L.O. has persisted, and its influence continues to be felt around the world. The true nature of the P.L.O. remains a subject of debate and controversy, and its actions continue to be a source of concern for the international community.
Hager Pursues Recognition

(Continued from page 1)

Saturday, April 15

College Day! FURY vs. NEW ENGLAND TEA MEn

2:05 pm, Vet Stadium

All college students with I.D. get $1 off on $5.50, $4.50, $3.50 and $3 seats. Offer good at Fury Vet Stadium Advanced Ticket Office or on day of game only.

Wizzard 100 Day! Tune in WZZD for details.

Tickets: $3 to $5.50 ($1 discounts for youths 18 and under and Seniors Citizens! Furry Pan: 2 Adults, 2 Youths $10 ($12 value) $4.50, $3.50 and $3 seats. Ticket sales at Veterans Stadium and all Ticketon Outlets or call 726-5454.

FRIDAY APRIL 14, 1978

UNIVERSITY MUSEUM, 34TH AND SPRUCE

PROGRAM BEGINS AT 1:30 P.M.

DONATION $1.00

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Dr. Robert Selzer, Chairman and Chief Executive Officer, Clean Service Company
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FOR THE WHARTON STUDENT GUILD

THE WHARTON GRADUATE FINANCE CLUB

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I LOVE TREES.

And we're going to plant 109 new ones this summer in the Blanche Levy Park on College Hall Green and 36th Street. When everything is done next fall, we hope to have one of the finest urban parks you've ever seen—a place that the entire University community can be proud of.

In order to bring this about, unfortunately, we're going to have to muck things up a bit this summer—to replace damaged curbings and walkways, and to dig trenches for the new central chilled water cooling systems lines. A few trees are going to be cut down: only two because of the possibility of interstellar travel. However, it was declared unlikely and perhaps impossible by several students in one class who declared, "If the interstellar speed limit is only 55!"

Good Luck, Ron
We Need a Doctor in the Family.
Toot, Toot! MO, JB, Poogie, and Fig

Peace Science

Weekend for two in the Virgin Islands. Under $100.

The faculty and students of the Landscape Architecture Department of the Graduate School of Fine Arts have spent more than two years studying, planning and designing the Blanche Levy Park as part of the University's Landscape Architecture Development Plan. They're proud of the job they've done, and we think you'll be pleased, too.

So, please bear with us during construction this summer. The trees we all love will still be there in the fall.

Peter Shephard
Peter Shephard, Dean, Graduate School of Fine Arts
By MALCOLM HILLER

Aridמחלמק

Like most. Such were the Impressions
single match.

best women's tennis squad in the
State last March 18 for the state
have been expected-Princeton's
TigerAcesNetwomen, 9-0

Mezzomo placed sixth, "using
power  is respected throughout the
finish in the AAU state competition.

Bridges, Rae Barzona, and Jill
forming in it, placed third, losing only
wrote and taught to the other mem-

Overall, the teams finished in fifth
from all over the country, but doesn't

"The difference", Mezzomo stated

Tigers were Beatable
M

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• Double-R-Bar or Western Fried

Chicken Platter, and with this

platters — a meal that will fill you right

Roy Rogers Family Restaurant
Philadelphia. Pennsylvania

• Roast Beef Platter, our special

and come on down to


Ad Deadline for Graduation Issue: May 12
The Daily Pennsylvanian

Thursday, April 19, 1984

Batmen Lesson Flunks Profs, 14-9

By STEVE PETERS

Billed as the biggest rivalry in college baseball, the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Penn State had a lot riding on the outcome of their first intersection series. It was the first meeting ever between the two schools, and many fans expected the game to be a hard-fought contest.

At the start of the game, the Penn State team was the underdog. However, the Penn State players were determined to prove that they could compete at a high level. The Penn State pitcher, who had a 1.50 ERA, was called upon to shut down the Penn attack. The Penn State defense was solid, and the team was determined to keep the game close.

The Penn State players were not afraid to attack the Penn pitchers. They had prepared well for the game and were confident that they could score runs. The Penn players, on the other hand, were under pressure to perform. They had been looking forward to this game for weeks and were determined to come out on top.

The game started with a bang. The Penn State pitcher struck out the first batter, but the second batter singled and scored. The Penn players were up to bat and ready to take advantage of any mistakes the Penn State pitcher might make. The Penn players were determined to score runs and put pressure on the Penn State team.

As the game progressed, the Penn State team continued to make errors. The Penn players were hitting the ball well and scoring runs. The Penn State players were not giving up, but they were struggling to keep up with the Penn attack. The Penn State pitcher was working hard, but the Penn players were too strong.

In the end, the Penn State team was unable to overcome the Penn players' superior hitting. The Penn players scored 14 runs and the Penn State team was left with a record of 0-3. The game was exciting and intense, and the Penn players were thrilled to come out on top.

The result of the game was a testament to the Penn players' determination and skill. They had prepared well and worked hard to bring home the win. The Penn State players were disappointed, but they were proud of their team's effort. The game was a great start to the season, and both teams looked forward to future contests.
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**Editors note:** We have, in our self-indulgence, often been unable to give credit where it is due. Although we did not strive to pare sexuality out of the issue, we did try to make our treatment of the subjects as fair and non-biased as possible. If you were offended, we're sorry.

---

**Poor Richard's Record**

And when it comes to the book, we know you'll be as excited about it as we are. HUNDREDS of pages of expert photography and creative articles concerning every aspect of Penn under the sun! Add it all up, and you can't afford NOT to order your '78 Poor Richard's Record. Stop in at the office, or better yet, see us during Spring Fling in The Quad.

It's Still A Great Buy At $12!
Loneliness of a Long Distance

Steve Fried

Recently, I have been giving more thought to something which I never figured to be thinking about. The subject is geography, and since I have written a column about it, I've found it an alarmingly important role in my ongoing insignificant life.

I don't mean geography like the main agricultural export of Tierra del Fuego. This refers more to my personal geography in the university and its effect on my collegiate life.

It's not enough to say that life at college is a product of yourself, since I've gotten to college, the more I think about it, the more I think to be thinking about. Something which I never considered at about the time I see them is the nature of these relationships. If they can be stunted by a five block walk, does this indicate that they are (or were) somehow shallow? And as much as I am sure that this is not the case, it doesn't say much for my track record. For the past three years, I have dated girls who live less than four doors away, and I've spent most of my non-roomie time with neighbors. A friend of mine subscribes to the theory that just because you don't keep in really good touch with people, they still can't be considered close friends. It sounds to me like the exception than the rule.

And every year, my best friends end up being the people who live on my hall. I'm beginning to think that if Richard Speck lived next door to me, by the end of a semester we'd be drinking buddies. Or, perish the thought, comparing note women.

When I left for college, I felt for sure that I had for the last time heard the stupid cliche (which is so damn true) I could kill Wolfe for writing it before me) that you can't go home again. But now, every time a semester is over, it seems alarmingly appropriate. These people, no matter how hard you try to include them, invariably become less a part of your life unless you live with them. And until Penn, where 10-12 girls make up the quads in north, you're going to lose them.

It's bad enough if they move to another dorm or another high-rise. At least if you have the patience to wait for those stupid commie-call machines you can visit. Or perhaps you might try entrance Kurt Wald-lenda-style. But with the wind in hi-rise, I wouldn't suggest it. But if they move off-campus, forget it. They might as well be living in Ice Station Zebra (phone Frozen Tundra-7523). You're chances of ever seeing these persons again are slimmer than Vent Man's ankles.

What really bothers me, though, is the nature of these relationships. If they can be stunted by a five block walk, does this indicate that they are (or were) somehow shallow? And as much as I am sure that this is not the case, it doesn't say much for my track record. For the past three years, I have dated girls who live less than four doors away, and I've spent most of my non-roomie time with neighbors. A friend of mine subscribes to the theory that just because you don't keep in really good touch with people, they still can't be considered close friends. It sounds to me like the exception than the rule.

That's not to say that once someone moves away you'll never be close again. But in my experience, the rejuvenation has only happened in times of severe crisis or severe coincidence. The problem which college life poses is one of avoiding the lethargy which goes along with paradise. The way in which most of us live here makes it much easier to just remain in your building or your hall and do with what you've got, than to go see the people.

The concept of a friend becomes so broadly defined at college. In high school, you saw people each day for a certain period and in equal light. The ones who were worth spending the most time out of school with were your friends. The real friend was rationally gleaned from the rest.

At college, the process is completely different. Your first friends come from mutual fear, and the rest are people who live near you or are in your classes. Their choice doesn't seem to be the objective decision that it should be. It seems to grow into more of a flow concept, where the person with whom you spend the most time that day is your best friend, subject to change only when you spend more time with someone else the next day.

It's almost like you make your friends for the same reason that you shop at Majik market. Convenience, location. Marketing tells us that this is not the best way to shop. Besides the inferior product you often settle for, you probably will never know how much the price you pay is above the true value.

I have decided that using those criteria is selling myself short. I'm not sure if this process of companionship can be considered close friends in this structure of our school, or whether it's just our collective personalities. But what ever the reason, I don't think that it is something which cannot be overcome. Even though it is hard to force myself to do, I have recently tried to evaluate the people around me using some other guidelines. To decide who I really care for, to be the rational consumer.

I'm not saying that every friendship from my freshman year is retrievable, but enough of them are still around that if I can produce enough effort, I can be with the people I really like. When I bump into these people at Spring Fling, I plan to do more than just give them a gratuitous kiss or hand-shake, say "What you been up to?", and go to buy an Eddy's Eggroll. I want to invite them back to my apartment, or make plans to meet them for lunch, or do something to recreate what has faltered because of mutual laziness. I don't plan on marrying the girl next door, unless I love her more than the girl in Buffalo.
"A Disneyland For Adults"

By Daniel M. Gold

PLATO’S RETREAT. Does the name ring a bell? If it does, you’ve probably read one or more articles in national magazines about this disco/sex emporium where every visitor has options on more than just the next dance.

Plato’s Retreat is situated in the basement of the Ansonia Hotel (Broadway and West 74th) in New York City. It is open five nights a week: on Wednesday, Thursday, and Saturday, its hours are 9:00 P.M.-3:00 A.M. on Friday, and Saturday, and holidays, closing time is extended to 6:00 A.M. One descends the mirror-lined stairway into what appears at first to be just another casual discotheque environment. There’s the dance floor, with the deep-throated “Hey, baby” from the disc jockey floating in over the melodious strains of the Bee Gees and there is the routine blinding of the obligatory strobelight. In fact, one fears for his eyesight as his pupils adjust to see—can it be?—naked couples dancing the hustle and doing the bump. Why is there no uproar? Perhaps the eyes are shot. But as the certainty of the image is established, one realizes that Plato’s Retreat is not merely another R.I. B. place.

In addition to the disco, Plato’s boasts a heated pool, a steam bath, a Jacuzzi (seats fourteen comfortably) a pool table and several pinball machines, private lockers, and, oh yes, mattresses. Plato’s Retreat, you see, is one hell of a swinger’s utopia.

Plato’s is the wave of the future, the first legal pseudo-public swingers club. Larry Levenson, the proprietor of Plato’s explains that the club ‘doesn’t fight the law...as far as the law’s concerned I can’t be doing anything wrong because I do everything within the confines of the law.’ Consenting adults come down here to a private club, not open to the public, and it’s not a public display of morality, because these people don’t do anything in public.”

The mechanics involved in staying legal are simple: only couples are allowed and for thirty dollars, each couple is simultaneously permitted on the premises and admitted into the “club.” The thirty dollar fee covers all expenses: food (a spread representing the finest in bar-mitzvah repast), drinks (temporarily limited to fruit juices since the state liquor board is contesting the Retreat’s right to dispense free booze), the lockers and the rooms. The initial cost also insures a reduced rate for a period of six weeks—during this time regulars pay twenty-five dollars a night.

LEVENSON EAGERLY EXPLAINS the philosophy behind swinging and Plato’s: “The concept we have here is that man—or woman—was not meant to be monogamous. You can’t show me a man who stays monogamous his whole life, who can look a woman in the eye and say to her, ‘Honey, I love you and I’ll never touch another woman as long as I live.’ We live in a society where one out of every two and a half marriages end in divorce. There’s nobody out in that society that can point a finger at me and say, ‘I’m doing wrong. Nobody! Clean up your own shit first and then come and tell me about morality. “This lifestyle” is not sick in any sense, if you see the type of people that come here. It can’t be sick for people to have a good time. I don’t claim that Plato’s is morality, but when you take a child to Disneyland, you’re not taking him to reality. When a seven-year-old goes to Disneyland, he forgets about the outside world. Now, you take an adult down here—this is our Disneyland. It’s away from society. When couples leave here at six o’clock in the morning to go home, they walk out that door, they go back to the P.T.A., back to the church, back to everything. It’s over. Plato’s Retreat? That was their playground, they had a good time, it’s over...until the next time they drop by. So what’s wrong with that? I think that’s real, as real as can be. At least they realize that they can’t take this to another world where most of the crowd is gay. At Plato’s you get a straight crowd.”

Well, everything is relative. As the night progresses, the pool fills with frolicking couples (who bemoan the fact that the shallow end is too small), and a mass of naked bodies lounge around a square whirlpool. The pool is bountiful and unglaumorous: the looks are prurient. There are fewer and fewer clothed bodies on the dance floor and one hesitates to peer into dark corners.

Stan is naked except for a chain around his neck and a pair of light blue socks on his feet. He has brown curly hair and a young thirtyish look about him. He leads his date over to a couch where another young couple sits.

He moves close to Cathy and introduces himself, propping his leg up on a coffee table. They become involved in an earnest conversation about—what else—sex. “I’m sexually sick,” Stan admits, “I can’t find one woman who can satisfy me. I always want to have sex with different women, which is not to say that I like it this way. It would be great to fall in love, but until then, I’ll be coming to Plato’s.”

“What are you wearing your socks?” Cathy asks.

“Oh, I forgot to take them off.”

Stan moves his hand closer to Cathy’s behind and becomes visibly aroused. He’s about to make his pitch.

“Are you excited?”

“No,” she rebuff’s him. They continue to chat briefly, he plants a casual kiss on her mouth, and moves on.

At Plato’s you lose a few, win a few. The night is long, and eventually you hit on a willing body...
The Porno Beat

By Greg Manning with Mitchell Blutt

This weekend in the Quad, by all counts, there will be plenty of good, clean, healthy sexual activity for Penn students. But if you want steamy, seamy, raunchy, hot, sweaty, gooey sex, the Center City porn scene may be just what you're looking for.

Center City pornography establishments offer every conceivable form of prurience—heterosexual and homosexual, artistic and sadistic, pink and black and blue, solo and group, cinematic and literary.

The adult stores all carry explicit magazines, books, films, and "novelties": vibrators, love potions and all sizes of toys and reasonable facsimiles in a display case. The Apollo complex at 1311 Market Street was probably the best place we visited, and it was also the first.

"Our most popular item is the Swedish Erotica films," Chuck, the downstairs manager, said. Swedish Erotica films are eight millimeter. 8.5 meters worth of every imaginable sex act. You know, because everything you can imagine is shown in clear living color right on the box. Prices are two for $25.

THE MAIN ATTRACTIONS in the Apollo downstairs (there are two floors) are the beautiful women who work in the "Peep Alive" and the one on one booths.

In the "Peep Alive," you step into a private booth, drop a quarter in the slot, and the shade slides down. (there are two floors) are the beautiful women who work in the "Peep Alive" and the one on one booths.

"I'm doing a story for 34th Street, the magazine of the U. of P."

"The Studio is the same type of neat and pretty clean duplex porn complex as the Apollo and small wonder—they share the same owner. The peep alive and one on one booths are upstairs this time. The main attraction at the studio is the film show: continuous movies spliced around a live burlesque show which, with the Troc gone, is now the only place in Philly that boasts a professional strip show, in the flesh. And strip they do. The movie and show costs $5. "We're the best and only place in Philly," one employee said. He added that business had picked up since the Troc went down.

MISTY BLUE. Miss Nude Florida 1977, is a stripper with four years of experience under her g-string. She performs in the live show, as well as upstairs. She said it sometimes got boring talking to men all day long in the one on one booths. Still, she said, she enjoyed her work. She was down-right friendly.

All the women at the Studio were beautiful. They were dynamite. The only problem was the dancer on the rotating table in the peep alive. She was gorgeous—it is safe to say that men in their wildest dreams are imagining this woman. There she lay, bare, on her back in the center of all the booths, the eyes of ten or fifteen men trained intently upon her, rhythmically moving up and down to the beat of the blaring disco music. And her face defined boredom. She stared at the ceiling, her expression the same as if she were in math class. Her body was stunning, but in their colleague outside the booth, by the Peep Alive. After an account his only question was, "Well, did you take it out?"

Imagine. For a dollar you can view a naked woman, only a block from City Hall, and talk with her on the phone. It's the next best thing to being there.

The downstairs is surprisingly clean, the women rousingly beautiful, and management is very easy-going about service.

"It's safe," one employee noted. "There are a lot of rules. There isn't any physical contact, no liquor. Once in a while you have to bounce a guy's head through the ceiling, but that can happen anywhere."

The whole establishment is "all new, not even a year old." upstairs, the Apollo boasts a normal, everyday arcade and an erotic cinema where $3 gets you four XXX films.

The Mark III Theatre and Bookstore at 11 North 12th Street offers the standard wares, along with something very unique: the "Accu-Jack," which for only $169.95 will simulate fellatio.

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THE MAIN ATTRACTIONS in the Apollo downstairs (there are two floors) are the beautiful women who work in the "Peep Alive" and the one on one booths.

With pad and pen in hand I lifted the phone and spoke: "I'm doing a story for 34th Street, the magazine of the U. of P."

"You're selling newspapers?" Bambi asked. "We sell pornography, not newspapers."

"No. I'm a reporter." I replied, looking down at the phone to see if I had punched it out.

With a methodical step, she turned around and said, "We're not selling anyone's story."

"You're selling newspapers?" Bambi asked, slipping out of her Frederick's of Hollywood special underwear in the back, the merchandise is arranged in classifications for every taste. According to Calvin there was no shoplifting.

"I'm selling love potions," Bambi said as she lay, bare, on her back in the center of all the booths, the eyes of ten or fifteen men trained intently upon her, rhythmically moving up and down to the beat of the blaring disco music. And her face defined boredom. She stared at the ceiling, her expression the same as if she were in math class. Her body was stunning, but in their waiter, after an account his only question was, "Well, did you take it out?"

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The Adam and Eve Bookstore at 13th and Sansom featured a device that carried the Accu-Jack principle a step further. Called the "Auto-Suck," it is a "little vacuum cleaner you plug into your car cigarette lighter." You'll never guess what it does, but it ain't whistling dixie.

CALVIN, THE ATTENDANT at Adam and Eve, was an intelligent, straight-forward guy who seemed totally out of place behind the cash register in what proved to be the cleanest and neatest bookstore we visited. He had been an economics student at Carnegie Mellon but decided that the expenses weren't worth the results. He decided to go to trade school, and he is presently making his money six days a week at Adam and Eve. He wasn't overly thrilled with his job but he enjoyed his work. He was down-right friendly.

All in all Adam and Eve was not a bad place. In the back, the merchandise is arranged in classifications for every taste. According to Calvin there was no shoplifting.

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Pictured (clockwise from top left): Jade Green does the last strip, the Trocadero in the early 1900's, a sign for the final show, long-time house comedian Max Furman in a monologue and burlesque skit, and the interior of the once-great theater.
Off the Troc

American entertainment. With the development of the silver screen and the advent of the talkie, the Trocadero declined and the Troc ended the show. In the first 10 years, the Troc's decaying appearance was matched only by the low-class acts that were performed before nearly empty audiences, who came for the overpriced cheap thrills. With the end in sight, the Troc was finally sold this year to a Chinese businessman. After reconditioning, the Troc will become a Chinese movie theater.

Troc Benefit Performance
Saturday, 8:30
Box Office Open
at 7:30
No Reserve
No Gen'l Admission

Graphics by Eric Jacobs & Dave Strassman
**Why Remake Bogart?**

By Dom Manno

As the Big Sleep opens, the audience is taken for a high-speed drive through the countryside. The credits roll by as the Mercedes races over roads and through forests, and by the time our destination is in sight, we know we are entering a closed, secret world.

Philip Marlowe knows too. After all, it's not every day one visits "ten million dollars," as he refers to his client.

This is the eighth reincarnation of Marlowe on film, including the original. The Big Sleep, in 1946, with Humphrey Bogart and Lauren Bacall. The current remake is a product of British television magnate Sir Lew Grade, and stations Marlowe (Robert Mitchum) in London. The film opened Wednesday at the Goldman.

Marlowe's assignment is to solve a simple murder, which turns out to be a can of General Sternwood (James Stewart) being pressured to pay gambling debts supposedly incurred by his younger daughter, Camilla (Candice Bergen) and her sister, Charlotte (Sarah Miles), are, in the words of their father, "a trifle wild." Camilla has pronounced tendencies towards nymphomania; Charlotte drinks and lot and gambles more.

As Marlowe begins to investigate, he finds a number of people "sleeping the Big Sleep," that is, dead. His trail leads to a pornography ring, a gambling casino, gurunning for the IRA, and murders-by-hit-man.

To reveal any more the convoluted plot would spoil the film.

Mitchum played Marlowe in the 1975 remake of Farewell, My Lovely. His Marlowe is a working-class-type private eye. When he receives a check for 500 pounds, he wonders whether to fix his car, buy a new suit, or pay his office rent. He frequents the pubs, drinks Scotch, and drives fast cars.

Mitchum assumes the persona of the detective. One begins to think of the two as one, interchangeable. The private eye is in the closed world of the Sternwoods and the London underworld, but not of it. Mitchum plays the role with the detachment of a disinterested observer.

Stark appears only for about five minutes, a cameo role, and doesn't stutter once. Miles and Clark are both dreamy, psychotic types.

The ending of the film will be a surprise, given Marlowe's cynical mien.

This version of The Big Sleep will not become the classic that the remake is, but it is a good film in its own right.

And as Marlowe drives off, in the same direction he came, we know that good has triumphed over evil again, and that Marlowe could cut another notch in his pistol, if he were that type of idealist.
April 13, 1978

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Padronne: Father Knows Best

By Michael Andrews

Seldom does one find a film with the power, beauty, and drama of Padronne. Padronne—the film-making debut of two young Italian brothers, Paolo and Vittorio Tavianino.

Based on the autobiographical story of a Sardinian shepherd boy's childhood and maturation, the story line separates into three parts. Gustavo's youth is spent under the domination of his father on the barren mountain pastures. When Gustavo becomes twenty years old, his father orders him to join the Italian army, to salvage the family's honor. He departs submissively, but away from his father's iron embrace, and with the assurance in the army education. The climactic scenes involve Gustavo's return home and the violent resolution of the conflict with his father.

The title Padronne—translated as My Father, My Master— captures the essence of the film. The father's authority is asserted from the opening sequence when he drags young Gustavo from the classroom. For the next dozen years Gustavo is virtually a slave in a sordid existence, far removed from modernity. His environment, the village, and the pasture are filled with furs and murs, fevered sexuality and female submission... the last point; the slimy set makes noise when it shouldn't (when the actors run across the stage or up steps) and doesn't allow breaking loose when it should. But it is a hard-pressed company, after all, so a financially-based flaw such as the set can be overlooked.

What is most important is the acting, and here the company performs admirably. The tone must be light and the acting must be entirely as the set can be overlooked.

The Afro-American Historical

By Barbara Shulman

There's a Flea in Her Ear

By Barbara Shulman

It is funny. Not just cute, charming, or enough to bring forth a chuckle or two, but genuinely knee-slapping funny. Admittedly, the play occasionally degenerates into pathetically silliness and loses its tightness, but the Repertory Company's production of A Flea in Her Ear will definitely leave you laughing.

Flea is an old French bedroom farce, complete with slamming doors, trick sets, and mistaken identities. Raymonde Chandeise suspects infidelity on the part of her husband and vows to expose him by catching him "in the act." A Flea in Her Ear was written by a source that is by nature, everything that possibly could go wrong does, especially since her husband would never have dreamed of being unfaithful in the first place.

Such a madcap comedy is quite difficult to pull off successfully. The tone must be light yet dramatic; the timing must be precise: even the set must contribute to maintaining the ever-important pace. One of the Repertory Company's biggest problems is with the last point; the slimy set makes noise when it shouldn't (when the actors run across the stage or up steps) and doesn't allow breaking loose when it should. But it is a hard-pressed company, after all, so a financially-based flaw such as the set can be overlooked.

What is most important is the acting, and here the company performs admirably. The two main women in the show race through their lines in an effort to sound "continen-" but they just sound as if they are racing through their lines instead. The men, however, are excellent. Ken Atkinson is positively hysterical playing a mincing Frenchman with a horrible speech defect. If not portrayed correctly, the difficult part could be silly, even irritating, but Ken Atkinson walking across the stage is funny. Also worth singing out is (Penn student) Daniel Oreskes, as a raging, jealous Padre. Padronne—translated as My Father, My Master— captures the essence of the film. The father's authority is asserted from the opening sequence when he drags young Gustavo from the classroom. For the next dozen years Gustavo is virtually a slave in a sordid existence, far removed from modernity. His environment, the village, and the pasture are filled with furs and murs, fevered sexuality and female submission... the last point; the slimy set makes noise when it shouldn't (when the actors run across the stage or up steps) and doesn't allow breaking loose when it should. But it is a hard-pressed company, after all, so a financially-based flaw such as the set can be overlooked.

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Le Bus Stops Here

By Lesley Jane Stroll

Le Bus of Samson St. schedules non-stop food service from preparation to yummy at offerable fares—allowing for an enjoyable lunchtime journey. Sightseeing, however, is not included.

The concept of eating lunch on wheels is really fun. The bright, country decor, quick service and tasty food are the spooks that make the wheels turn and helps one enjoy lunch. The bus sits about 18 people, and surprisingly more comfortably than would be expected. If there are no seats, or you want to go right back in the law school library so as not to miss any study time, the take out window is convenient.

The menu is a standard lunch route stopping at soups, salads, platters, soups and specials. The most interesting attraction must be the chunky shrimp salad ($2.65 for a tremendous sandwich, 3 halves on rye or with a platter of greens, tomatoes and cole slaw). The salad, with huge pieces of shrimp, is homemade, but a tap of salt really helped. All sandwiches are available in 1/2 size portions for 1/2 the price plus tax. This might give you the opportunity to take in some of the other "sights," Corned Beef (2.25), White meat turkey (2.15), Munster (1.45) just to mention the major attractions.

For the calorie counters the salads and platters make an interesting side trip. The Julienne Salad (tossed greens, tomatoes, coleslaw topped with turkey, salami, ham and swiss for 2.25) was an ample portion. The coleslaw is homemade, and while the taste is different then what you might expect on a Koch's special, the stuff is still very, good.

If the Soup du Jour is Onion, order it. The light soup tasted just right—the proper amount of sweet cheese and toasty bread made it a delicacy even eaten out of a plastic bowl.

Chilled Perrier ($0.50) helps create the foreign intrigue. Although the price seems outrageous for water, poisonous sodas are 35c and there's no running water. After all, it is a bus.

The tea selection is rather extensive (the bus stops at Carbary St., good show old chap). Honey is served as a nature sweetener which shows a little extra care for making your tour a pleasant one.

Deserts of Rachael's Brownies and Gayle's Carrot Cake are both pleasing but nothing to send home on a postcard about on another wise first class trip.

NOTE: When planning for the lunch time vacation from junk fast food remember the schedules at Le Bus; Mon.-Thurs. 8:15 am—3:30, Friday 8:15 am to 12 midnight, and Sat. and Sun. 11 am to midnight.

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Aphrodisiacs — Can't Get Enough

By Noel Weyrich

Spring is here, fans, and if the sudden resurgence of cut-offs, halters, and warm nights isn't enough to enliven the old libido, then maybe it's time to turn to the fabled aphrodisiac to get your gonads in gear.

Put simply, aphrodisiacs enhance your sex drive and/or sex itself. A true aphrodisiac completely bypasses your psyche and goes straight to your naughty bits, making you want to mate like a mink. Fun stuff, but does it exist?

At Student Health some killjoy doctor assured me that there are "no drugs that singularly increase sexdrive although there are some that have that as a side effect." He professed to not being able to recall the names of any of them but reminded me that they weren't primarily aphrodisiacs anyway, so I shouldn't worry about them. Weil, 1 do. "Of course," he said, "there's always alcohol. Although it decreases sex drive, it lowers inhibitions. You know what Ogden Nash said. 'Candy's dandy but liquor's quicker.' Pre-meds never die.

Not much more luck at the Pleasure Chest, a posh basement boutique that specializes in exotic erotica. "Believe me," said the guy behind the counter, "there are no true aphrodisiacs. If there were, we'd be selling them like crazy.

There are plenty of illegal drugs that will get you hot and horny as hell but I don't know if you'd call them aphrodisiacs." He did show me some interesting "local" aphrodisiacs like Joyjell, Ben Wa Warming Love Oil, Roman Ogy Oil. And Emotion Lotion which becomes sensuously warm when applied to the skin and blown on. It is also available in seven different flavors.

The kind folks at Pleasure Chest also let me sample something called "Rush," which they said might have some aphrodisiacal effect. It is essentially a half-ounce bottle of laughing gas and gives the user a helluva 30-minute period of relaxed warmth and weak knees.

Although the Pleasure Chest people had warned me that it was useless, I went next door to a head shop called Wonderland. The guy leered when I let me sample something called "Rush," which they said might have some aphrodisiacal effect. It is essentially a half-ounce bottle of laughing gas and gives the user a helluva 30-minute period of relaxed warmth and weak knees.

I also didn't get to try powdered rhinoceras horn, which seems easier said than done.

On the whole, it's possible that the H.U.P. folks were right. There are no true aphrodisiacs except for exercise, fresh air, sunshine, good food, and sound sleep. And maybe someone you love. Close to you.
The Academy of Music
Broad & Locust Sts. 6th-1934
The Philadelphia Orchestra, under the watchful eye of conductor Eugene Ormandy, will perform a program of Handel, Lalo, and Elgar. Guest soloists will be William Stokking on violin, and Anthony Gigli-otto on clarinet. Concerts are tomorrow afternoon, Saturday and Tuesday nights.

The Bijou Cafe
1409 Lombard Street PE 5-4444
Jackie Mason, one of the great borscht belt comedians, will be in through Saturday. Ed levy's sounds like that of Barbra Streisand in Funny Girl.

The Latin Casino
Cherry Hill, N.J. WA 3-5400
Making its comeback since

Elvis Costello
This Year's Model.
Columbia JC 3533
This year's Angy Young Man of rock, Elvis Costello, follows up his first album, My Aim Is True (a veritable 1957 Thunderbird in the garage of music) with this Year's Model. And, like all new, improved cars, the 1978 Elvis is smoother and sleeker. Much of the bare-bones rock of Cos- tello's first album is assimilated into more sophisticated production, so much that at times the music is reminiscent of late Elton John. The smooth and silky voice she ex- hibited on her hit "Midnight at the Oasis" is now more evident on the album. Instead, she whines and strains, off-time at times, through what might otherwise be some excellent songs. Winds includes jazz, good old-fashioned boogie rock and roll, salsas, and gospel numbers, each of which is very pleasantly arranged with good musicianship and back-up vocals, but Muldaur's singing often obscures this. On "My Brothers and Sisters," she attempts to redeem herself by really letting loose, establish- ing it as by far the most successful track. But it is not enough to rescue Muldaur from her worst enemy: herself.

Barbara Shulman

Lonnie Donegan
Puttin' On The Style
United Artists UA-LA 827-H
Lonnie Donegan, an old- timeer on the English music scene, has been credited as one of the first to bring American jazz, folk and blues to his native country. His special mixture of these sounds com- bined with his own style provided a standard for all the struggling young British musicians of the Sixties to follow. Many of those artists who have now made good come back to support Done- gan on this album to show their appreciation, among them Leo Sayer, Elton John, Ringo Starr and ex-Mama Mi- chelle Phillips. The resulting music is hard to classify; often Fifties-like, Donegan's banjo strumming adds a raucous country sound to such cuts as "Rock Island Line" and "Ham- mer's Eggs." Particularly inter- esting is Donegan's version of the old Beach Boys hit, here titled "I Wanna Go Home (The Wreck of the John B.)," to which he gives an almost pre- disco Bee Gees-like sound.

Shelley Deutch

Cafe Jacques
Round the Back
 Columbia JC 35294
The cover of Cafe Jacques debut album is classic--a fancy linen room scene with a mirror in which the group members appear in chic sports attire. But turn the cover around. Everything is in dis- array and the band has dis- appeared. Unfortunately, Round the Back is not the same. Cafe Jacques is an English group which offers the basic soft rock with the usual leitmotif of keyboards, guitar, bass, drums, and a hoarse lead singer--nothing new. (The credits read: "Additional vocals by the Three Bears." Sometimes they sound like it.) Still, they offer some digestible portriee "Crim Passionelle," half in French, half in English, is a decent attempt at a love song, though the lyrics make no sense. "Lilienne," the last song, is good early Electric Light Orchestra material. But the brilliance of this work is too late to save the album. By then, it has sunk.

Clemson Smith

Average White Band
Warmer Communications
Atlantic SD19162
It was the same feeling, a different song/Thought I'd heard it before, but I must be wrong/ Same beat--just a dif- ferent groove/Whatever it is, it makes you want to move, move, move./ Those lines from AWB's "Same Feeling." "Dif- ferent Song" pretty much sum up their music. For although the disc doesn't break new musical ground, it is dependably and delightfully danceable. In particular, "She's A Dream," on which the group is backed by horn- men Rudy and Michael Brecker, and "Sweet & Sour," the album's only instrumental track, display the tightness and fine sense of arrangement for which AWB has long been known. Warmer Communi- cations is basically a reworking of the material the band has been doing since it started, and they still sound just like what they are--white Scottish boys trying to get the Motown sound.

Neil Sutton

The Tower Theater
60th & Market
LO 3-9284
This is a busy weekend at the Tower. Tomorrow night will see country stars Conway Twitty and Loretta Lynn perform. Saturday night, two former members of Return To Forever, Stanley Clarke and Lenne White will bring in their bands. Meat Load, one of the latest rocker bands, will play Sunday night, with special guest Wet Willie.

The Valley Forge Music Fair
Route 202
839-4017
Evenings of song and dance will be in order as Ben Vereen and the Temptations play through Sunday night.

The Main Point
975 The Main Point
627-8033
Tenor saxophonist Stanley "Tenor" Turrentine will perform Friday and Saturday nights. His music is reminiscent of jazz, then it became mustak, and now it's becoming jazz again.

The Painted Bride Art Center
327 South Street WA 5-9914
The Jazz on Mondays series continues this week with Eric McFadden-Evie Scheff group. Shows are at 8 and 10.

The Media Theater
Continues this week with Squeeze, The Specials, and a special surprise guest. The series presents local rock and roll talent.

- Stu Fell

Don't be fooled. The music of Roomful of Blues is not for the hardcore blues fan. In fact, on their debut album, their sound resembles that of a "roots of rock and roll" band more than it does that of a mainstream blues band. The major reason for this is the often weak vocal attack of leader Duke Robillard. He is not a blues singer. His rendi- tion of the classic "Stormy Monday" does not measure up to the famous Joe Williams version. Other tracks, how- ever, are more redeeining.

The Tower Theater
69th & Market
LO 3-9284
This is a busy weekend at the Tower. Tomorrow night will see

Coming April 19
ONCE A CATHOLIC
Outragous Comedy
Society Hill Playhouse
WA 6016
11/P: 6:00 (ext. Sat) Wed Sat

Roomful of Blues
Roomful of Blues
Island ILPS 9474

Don't be fooled. The music of Roomful of Blues is not for the hardcore blues fan. In fact, the music is a light and airy blues and is dependably and delightfully danceable. In particular, "She's A Dream," on which the group is backed by horn- men Rudy and Michael Brecker, and "Sweet & Sour," the album's only instrumental track, display the tightness and fine sense of arrangement for which AWB has long been known. Warmer Communi- cations is basically a reworking of the material the band has been doing since it started, and they still sound just like what they are--white Scottish boys trying to get the Motown sound.

Neil Sutton

- Stu Fell

For Roomful's very tight saxophone trio, and features a good solo by altoist Richard Lataille. All in all, Roomful's music is a light and airy blues which, with some improve- ments, should deserve further listening.
Plato's Retreat

[Continued from page 4]

WITHOUT A DOUBT, the greatest attraction (some might say oddity) is the mattress room. Plato's has a series of small private rooms—and there is quite a demand for them during the night—but there has been from the start an interest in a public arena as well. The mattress room, separated from the dance floor by only a clear plastic wall, has proven to be a smash hit with the Plato regulars. A spacious area of perhaps 500 square feet has been cleared away of all furniture except about forty mattresses: as the action heats up each night, couples line up and wait for others to finish so that they too might participate. What can be considered a mass love-in. However, a sign posted at the room's entrance makes it clear that group sex is not encouraged; the room serves as vehicle for the more exhibitionistic participants to show off.

The private rooms, in contrast, afford the opportunity for several persons to do what they wish in private. However, due to the very small dimensions of these oddly nought's, certain fantasies must limit themselves. Ah, the hated intrusions of reality. Other favorite sites include the Jacuzzi (for which the waiting line also serves as a pick-up station) and the pool, in which various weightless activities are performed.

Still, there's a very playful atmosphere to the whole scene. Adults romp around (some of them in the buff) as if it were camp. Persons in the swimming pool take time out from their other occupations to set up an impromptu volleyball game. The other dimension of these nookie nooks, certain fantasizes, must limit themselves. Ah, the hated intrusions of reality. Other favorite sites include the Jacuzzi (for which the waiting line also serves as a pick-up station) and the pool, in which various weightless activities are performed.

The major leap, it seems, is to undress. Once that is taken care of, once you're down to your underwear or a couple of towels or just nothing at all, everything else works out. Levenson gleefully says, "You can have the richest guys in New York come here and he poorest. The great equalizer is when you take your clothes off. You can't tell which is which." That may be true—certainly couldn't be denied—who spent his days selling securities and who spent his days selling brushes—but going naked definitely separates the regulars from the first-timers. One poor soul, a neophyte to Plato's,confided to his mushroom-like in his lounge chair as his more experienced date adjusts her towel and introduces another couple to him. Earlier in the evening this junior-exec type had nervously nagged at his well-tailored suit and his expression on his face seemed to say "What inna name Christ am I doing here? My boss might find out." Now, fitted only in a towel that was too skimpy to please him, the man frequently averts his eyes from the woman whom his date has brought over. His face betrays a slyer of emotions: one moment he appears embarrassed by the whole proceedings, but in the next, he seems overcome by his good fortune: the woman is truly beautiful. Finally, towards the end of the evening the junior-exec is again sighted—lying back on a lounge chair with a grin of contentment that seems to stretch from his face to his feet.

One couple, Levenson points out as regulars breaks into laughter when they were approached for an interview. "We have been interviewed six times! It's just so funny, the way reporters are. It's always here," said the girl. Both are foreigners, he from Belgium, she from Bulgaria. They met, they say, at Plato's. So the place has at least one spiritual example of detente to its credit.

I ask one couple about the average ages of the people who frequent Plato's. "Late twenties, early thirties," they say. "I notice some older folks are here." "Yeah," agrees the guy, "and some of them got balls. I mean, I wouldn't walk around in their condition.

"But you know," interrupts the girl, "I was just saying that some are remarkably well, uh, preserved.

I ask Barbara, an attractive, early-thirtyish, advertising art designer why she frequents Plato's. "I return here every so often because this is part of the age I've heard I'm part of. I enjoy sex and I enjoy men. I know plenty of guys but every once in a while I want a zilpex fuck (a term for an anonymous sexual encounter), so christened by Erica Jong in her book Fear of Flying). It's a thrill, and when it happens here, it's a cheap thrill.

WHILE THERE ARE SEVERAL examples of what Barbara called "happy-sex cases" while Levenson asserts "I don't think there's evidence on the premises: never needed one," a couple is met whose attitude is a bit unsettling. Jay, a guy walking around completely naked, confesses he brought his date, Stella, only so that he might get into Plato's. He seems a nice enough sort, but Stella leaves much to be desired. "I think Plato's is great!" she exclaims. "I think everyone should get naked and get sucked, but before that I'd like everyone to get icpicks drilled into their eyes!" "Uh, yeah. At that point, the conversation takes a considerable turn for the worse. Jay adds that Stella's crazy, I mean really crazy, but at least she's honest.

The people who frequent Plato's are, truly a mixed bunch. As Levenson notes, "the ugliest people in the world come here as do the most beautiful." Agreed. The degrees of both beauty and age range from one extreme to another.

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Philthy Porn

[Continued from page 5]

bored silly with the whole deal. In fact, after a while, it became obvious this was an establishment where people earned their living, and probably didn't enjoy it more than most people enjoy their jobs. "People expect us to be weird," the Barker said. "But we're not. We go bowling, just like everyone else."

Downstairs, next to the theatre, there is a bookstore. According to the cashier, the novelties do quite well. So do the peep shows. So do delay sprays, Spanish Fly, and the playing cards.

THE WOMAN IN THE BOX office of the Center Theatre at 1638 Market said, "We show dirty, filthy films and we do a lot of business." The Center is open 20 hours a day and is a bargain at $2.50. At The Adult Book Store, 1905 Market Street, vibrators costing $8-$9 are in. "There are some cheaper than this," said one of the models.

"We carry love potions, and artificial vaginas." A very special device at this store was the Cleaner Weiner. This was a phallic- shaped cake of soap, and that's as much as we can tell in a foriegn language.

"I've been in this business seven and a half years," the proprietor said. "People are more forward today. They're more confident. It used to be all hush, hush before. We get a lot more women these days. They giggle first but then they get serious.

At The Book Bin, 1919 Market, Tom wanted to take out an ad in the Daily Pennsylvanian. He had just read that Deep Throat was the blockbuster at Penn this year, and wanted all you folks to know he has it in stock. All four parts, and it only costs $52.95.

"We have adult books, adult magazines, and films that some people might consider obscene," Tom said, describing his stock. "A lot of magazines have a text, but a lot just stuff in pages from, you know, books. We have novelties, which a lot of people use to help themselves.

"Most people leave here happy,"

Tom said that some people were shocked to see such explicit depiction of sexual acts wherever their eyes wandered, but that after a short while it was no longer offensive.

"It shocks you at first, but then it's just like wallpaper. It isn't obscene anymore."