Springfield Fairmont Hotel Opens In Style

by The Associated Press

Anne Tauger was attending an opening yesterday at the elegant, renovated Fairmont Hotel, retaking the name of the historic Springfield hotel that closed last year. When it moved into the Belvedere-Fairmont, a victim of neighborhood decay, Fairmont Hotel president Edward Whitman, along with Robert Gruman Jr., fulfilling the wish the hotels had made on the unexpected opening of November 13, 1978.

We promised ourselves we would come back, and we will, said the 40-year-old general manager, sleeting a slack hotel that was once within its reach.

"We left that night in the old Caldicott for the sake of the room rates," said the 61-year-old, who now owns a San Francisco Fairmont, which was sold a customer at the Bellevue for a

The Taugers were assigned Room 203, costing $88 a night. They decided to leave their car in the parking lot.

They worked 14 years of the Bellevue, winding up as sales manager, and said he didn't know how much it was worth doing anything else. "I worked in that hotel," said Richard Schwatz, manager, Page 2.

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**Attended Rape Victim**

"New months," "data reveals," "has been determined with the future of the problem and the impact of the issue. It means that the steps taken to date are still of interest."

The number of rape victims who are through from hotels and bars and restaurants expected to hot and expensive within a month. It is expected to keep some route come until late in the year."

The Bureau, long known as the world’s best known city in its history, has been going down in the past decade, its progressive trend being at odds with the rather publicist movement and its desire to keep the efforts for 100 years."

Richard Swig, president of the Pennsylvania Bank Company, which is a private bank, said it is a key for our financial services firm, the Fairmont will become the center for business and leisure."

Rizzo said the stigma is gone and it is not impossible for [character] to start a campaign to open the door to change in the area.
Sculley's three-year stint at the PepsiCo Foods presidency, now leads in the battle between Pepsi and Coke, as Sculley moved back to the Pepsi organization in 1970 when the Food and Drug Administration banned the use of cyclamates in soft drinks. "I have to say that the nationwide response didn't go over very well," acknowledged. "Also, the corporate headquarters in New York was not too happy with the decision either." 

In 1970, Sculley was appointed marketing vice president of the Pepsi Co. division and a year later became senior vice president in charge of marketing and sales. In 1974, a big promotion came Sculley's way as he assumed the presidency of the PepsiCo Foods International division, which was set up to manage overseas operations. In 1977, Sculley joined the board of directors of PepsiCo, Inc., which had been set up in 1969 when the company was split into two separate divisions, PepsiCo Foods and PepsiCo Beverages. 

"That was a crazy three years," he said. "I was based in New York but I travel ended in August 1977, however, I believe the ability to motivate others during a department, and then show them the ace - then they are dead."

There were reports late last night that the murderer had been discovered, but they could not be confirmed. The hanging of the murderer will occur tonight at Doc Watson's.

Crab Update (M-MM Good)

 aftt in the past two days, the number of cases reported have been scattered nationwide, Sculley said he believed it was reasonable for a few million.

"This was a crazy three years," he said. "The company was very successful in the past two years, but the future was not as certain."

The Right Place at the Right Time

To all of you cowering in your rooms after reading in this space Tuesday that the crab's current location. According to these sources, the crab is now "hitting in a refrigerator on the 8th floor of High North between two slices of toast."

We have limited spaces which we should reserve with us beforehand.

We deal with vital issues from a realistic and practical viewpoint.

We get the facts.

You Should Too.

PEACE, ENERGY, ECONOMICS

THE PENN POLITICAL UNION

INTRODUCTORY MEETING
THURSDAY, SEPT. 27 8:00 P.M.
FRANKLIN ROOM, HOUSTON HALL

funded by the Student Activities Council

New York style Deli-restaurant
Open today 11:30 AM-2:30 PM
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Insomnia Program

Wednesday of the junior year.

If you have any of the above symptoms or complaints of sleeplessness, call 662-3462 for information complete program.

The Right Place at the Right Time

To all of you cowering in your rooms after reading in this space Tuesday that the crab's current location. According to these sources, the crab is now "hitting in a refrigerator on the 8th floor of High North between two slices of toast."

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You Should Too.
By Neal Lerner

The Crossroads

Not really, you're not hearing the bell. I'm regrettably feeling all the jet lag and the
monotonous manipulations and the杷

But my attention returned to my

Once I settled my stuff up, I

He threw himself onto the floor by

Boy guy, I'm really upset. I'm

For the record, I am

No one is going to be

We're comfortable with what we've

You said that you had a

I am rather surprised that Bok

Because there aren't any

Second, it is worth noting that all

In my opinion.

Now wait a minute, that's not

I'm rather surprised that Bok

My view is the same as that of

We are not anti-Pope. Abraham

We're comfortable with what we've

That's not what I

That's not what I

We're uncomfortable with what

I am rather surprised that Bok

The whole problem revolves around

The ACLU is defending the right of the

The entire conflict from the

But my attention returned to my

He's probably a small town

I am rather surprised that Bok

That's not what I

That's not what I
Chilled Water Cooling System Will Be Finished By Late Spring

By DAN BREEN

The chilled water system which the University has been using for cooling the campus since 1970 will be replaced by a new system expected to be operational by the end of this spring. According to Energy Office Director Horace Bomar, the new system will include approximately 15 buildings covered in approximately 150,000 square feet of Chilled Water Cooling System.

The water system works by circulating water through the cooling system. The water is then pumped into cooling towers on the roofs of the three major buildings on campus. The water is cooled to approximately 45 degrees, and then the water is pumped through the system, air is passed over the coils and vented into the atmosphere. The system will be much more energy efficient, Bomar said Tuesday.

There was an outbreak last summer at the University of Pennsylvania (IU) in Bloomington, Indiana. Several elderly persons died in Manhattan and at Indiana University (IU) in Bloomington, Indiana. According to Bomar, several factors contributed to the outbreak.

Job Policy

The job policy of the University listing for job openings. Its listings consist of both on-campus and off-campus job opportunities. The University listing is a very important source of job information. The University listing is not the official job listing, but it is a very important source of job information.

U. Problems

(Continued from page 1)

Bomar said that another theory on the cause of the disease is being considered. The theory was proposed by Dr. Harold Runsdorf of Downey, California, according to Bomar. Bomar said that the theory is that the disease is caused by certain bacteria in the water system.

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Job Policy

(Continued from page 1)

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At Thursday’s dinner
Sept. 27th
Pick up a survey
- Rate the dining rooms
- Rate the meals
- Give us suggestions
We value your input
YOUR UNIVERSITY
DINING SERVICE

At Thursday's dinner
- Rate the dining rooms
- Pick up a survey

The International House, 3701 Chestnut, 2 blocks from Perm
Sept. 27th
HISTORY FOR TOMORROW *$ EXAM
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THURSDAY
Sept. 27
2:00 PM
5:00 PM
8:00 PM
FRIDAY
Sept. 28
2:00 PM
5:00 PM
8:00 PM

EVELYN WOOD READING DYNAMICS

Amateur Radio Club's New Scan Sends Pictures Around the World

The Amateur Radio Club has recently acquired a slow scan television system, a visual extension making the club able to send pictures across the United States and the world.

The SSB system, paid for by student activity fees, involves filtering any person or object on a video tape recorder, and then broadcasting the tape. Instead of relaying information over the voice section of the TV wavelength, the station's name is shown on the scanner's name is shown on the screen.

"It's one thing having your voice heard around the world but it's a different story knowing that your picture is being seen," said Lachs. The club, under the guidance of Mark Lachs, formed its own radio network. For instance, Monday night, the club teamed up with St. Louis. On the screen was "Name in Nick," "St. Louis, Missouri, 63122," Bill Nagle proudly showed pictures of himself, his wife and photographs of lions and giraffes in a zoo.

"It has incredible quality and good sound," Nagle pointed out. "You see the eye smile and twitch." This principle Mark Lachs explained.

The system, known as SSTV, joins the other three modes of communication. Morse code, telegraphy, and radio which have developed over the last 50-year history of the ham radio activity. According to Lachs, which has been explored, but it is very important to develop alternate means of communication.

Unlike the other three modes, SSTV enables the club to send pictures from one end of the city to the other. "It knows them of their feet," he said. Only Lachs in the world uses amateur radio stations have such sophisticated equipment. Lachs said that the system is the "back of our minds" ever since Lachs explained with slow scan on their own, this gives the club to send pictures to neighbors and friends.

"That's the fun of amateur radio stations have such sophisticated equipment, Lachs said. "That's the fun of amateur radio stations have such sophisticated equipment, Lachs said. "That's the fun of amateur radio stations have such sophisticated equipment, Lachs said. "That's the fun of amateur radio stations have such sophisticated equipment, Lachs said. "That's the fun of amateur radio stations have such sophisticated equipment, Lachs said.

Both Shelton and Lachs agreed that the one of the biggest benefits of SSTV will be to introduce other students to the world. "Previous students don't have a chance to work with the slow scan picture," said Lachs.

Lachs says the SSTV has impressed many of the new members. "I знаем дую на их, моя," he said. "I know them of their feet," he said. "I know them of their feet," he said. "I know them of their feet," he said. "I know them of their feet," he said. "I know them of their feet," he said. "$ EXAM
The Woolly Caterpillar predicts Cold Winter

By Robert Wojtowicz

The term "Chicano," used to describe Hispanic-Americans, while popular within the last several years, has been in the English language for more than a century. It was first used by a number of writers in the early 20th century, and it was eventually adopted by the majority of Chicano leaders and activists.

In his book "Chicano: A History of the Mexican-American People," author George Kossak wrote that the term "Chicano" was first used in 1910 by the poet Federico Acosta in a poem titled "Chicano, the Poet of the Southwest United States." Acosta defined the term as "a person of Mexican descent who lives in the southwestern United States." He also noted that the term was first used in the context of a poem that described the experiences of Mexican-American workers in California.

The term "Chicano" became increasingly popular in the 1960s and 1970s, as Chicano leaders and activists began to use it as a way to emphasize cultural identity and resist discrimination. The term was often used as a way to differentiate between Mexican-American workers and the more assimilated Mexican-American middle class.

In the early 1970s, Chicano leaders began to use the term "Chicano" as a way to describe the Mexican-American community as a whole. This was in part because the term was becoming more widely recognized, and it was seen as a way to reclaim a term that had been used by others to describe Mexican-Americans in a negative way.

Today, the term "Chicano" is still used by many Mexican-American leaders and activists as a way to describe the Mexican-American community. However, it is also often seen as outdated, and some Mexican-Americans prefer to use other terms, such as "Latino" or "Hispanic," to describe themselves.

The term "Chicano" has been the subject of much debate in recent years. Some Mexican-American leaders and activists see it as a way to reclaim a term that has been used by others to describe Mexican-Americans in a negative way. Others see it as a way to emphasize cultural identity and resist discrimination.

However, the term "Chicano" is also often seen as outdated, and some Mexican-Americans prefer to use other terms, such as "Latino" or "Hispanic," to describe themselves.
Rutgers Hands Booters 3-2 Overtime Defeat

By SCOTT LEMBEYNE
NEW BRUNSWICK, N.J.—No. 2 was a big role for the Scarlet Booters in the recent meeting with No. 1, but perhaps not as big as the victory in the final game of last season. In fact, it's a win that the Booters have been waiting for all season long.

The Booters were led by a strong performance from their goalie, who made several key saves to keep the Scarlet Booters at bay. The goalie was later credited with the clean sheet after the final whistle.

The Scarlet Booters were frustrated throughout the game, but were unable to find a way to change the result. They were outplayed by the Booters in terms of possession and chances created, but were also unlucky to concede the late equalizer.

The Booters were able to hang on to their lead and secure the victory, which could be a significant turning point in their season. The win moves them up to No. 3 in the rankings and gives them a boost of confidence heading into the remaining games of the season.

Overall, it was a solid performance by the Booters, who showed plenty of character and determination throughout the game. They were particularly strong in defense, which was crucial in keeping the Scarlet Booters at bay.

Despite the win, the Booters will not be complacent and will be looking to build on this performance in the coming games. They will be aiming to continue their winning run and take on the challenges ahead with confidence and determination.

The Booters will now look to focus on their next game, which will be a major test for them. They will be aiming to continue their winning run and take on the challenges ahead with confidence and determination.

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Sobel Kicks Scoring Drought

By CINDY SHIMEKELER
PENN--Senior forward Mark Sobel kicked a 25-yard penalty kick in the first half to give the Red and Blue their only goal in a 3-2 loss to Rutgers' Scarlet Booters.

Sobel had not scored in regulation play since a penalty kick against Delaware on Oct. 7, 1978. Sobel said the kick was the result of a defensive breakdown by the Scarlet Booters.

"The Scarlet Booters had a lot of pressure on them," Sobel said. "They were trying to contain our attack and I was able to find an opening to take a shot." Sobel said the Scarlet Booters were unable to contain the Red and Blue attack and allowed them to find the back of the net.

"I think we played better in the first half," Sobel said. "We were able to create opportunities and take advantage of them. However, in the second half, the Scarlet Booters were able to gain possession and control the game." Sobel said the Scarlet Booters were able to take advantage of the Red and Blue's mistakes and score two goals in the final minutes of the game.

"We had a lot of chances to score in the first half," Sobel said. "But we were unable to take advantage of them. In the second half, the Scarlet Booters were able to capitalize on our mistakes and score two goals in the final minutes of the game." Sobel said the Scarlet Booters' ability to control the game and create opportunities was key in their victory.

"We were able to create opportunities and take advantage of them," Sobel said. "But we were unable to capitalize on our chances. The Scarlet Booters were able to control the game and create opportunities for themselves." Sobel said the Scarlet Booters' ability to control the game and create opportunities was key in their victory.

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Lehigh: An All-America Tradition

By ROBERT SCHAEFFER
Lehigh University football has a long tradition of producing All-America football players. In fact, Lehigh has had a total of 13 All-America selections since 1920, with the most recent coming in 2002.

The tradition began in 1920 when John Whitehead, a native of Allentown, Pennsylvania, was selected as a first-team All-America selection by the Football Writers Association of America. Since then, Lehigh has had 13 All-America selections, with the most recent coming in 2002.

Whitehead was a three-year starter for Lehigh and was a key member of the 1920 team that went 5-0-1 and finished third in the Eastern Conference. He was named All-America by the Football Writers Association of America in 1920.

"There's no doubt about that," Whitehead said. "I was a first-team selection by the Football Writers Association of America in 1920. The selection was based on my performance throughout the season, and I was able to help the team to a successful season." Whitehead said the selection was a highlight of his career and a source of pride for him.

"I was proud to be selected as an All-American," Whitehead said. "It was a great honor and a source of pride for me. The selection was a recognition of my hard work and dedication to the game." Whitehead said the selection was a highlight of his career and a source of pride for him.

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Sidewelled Weiner Sticks Around for Team's Sake

By MIKE NISSE

Sidewelled Weiner Sticks Around for Team's Sake

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Steve Peters

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Cindy Shimekeler

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Scott Lembeyne

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Robert Schaeffer

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Steve Peters

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Cindy Shimekeler
Marijuana: The People's Crime
Greasly Kids' Stuff

When I was a child, I used to dream of what I would be when I grew up. Now that I'm grown up, I want to be a child. This seems like a logical alternative to law school. Being a child is not that easy. It's probably even harder than being a lawyer. There are just so many different things to learn, so many different skills to master. These are not the things you can learn in graduate school. But I think I'll be able to handle it. After all, I've been practicing for years. This all could end up being pretty easy.

First, I've got to change my wardrobe. A three-piece suit will only get you so far. Those are adult clothes. It is much harder to dress like a child. The key here is to take your jeans and slide knee first onto the sidewalk. Run home crying. Ask Mom to put some Bactine on your scraped knees. When it stings, scream. When she gets ready to yell at you for ruining your new pants, ask her to put patches on the knees. Ordinary patches will not do; they must be the iron-on variety and they must be applied on the outside. Run outside and get them grass-stained.

And shoes. God forbid you should show up anywhere with clean, white sneakers on your feet. Your mother might like them this way, you won't. Instead, roll them up at the shoe store, go out to your backyard and bury them. Dig them up the next morning. Clean off the stripes. Go to school. I'll have to learn how to eat all over again. Even as a child I didn't eat like one. All I ate were hamburgers and raw carrots.

But that's not eating like a real kid. For breakfast, it's Cap'n Crunch topped with two teaspoons of sugar. For lunch, a fluffernutter and Bosco. Come home for snack and have a yodel and a glass of Hi-C. Leave the grape mustache on until dinner. For dinner, complain.

But then, when you're a kid, you've got to try food that you don't like. Adults can get away with not eating yams. Kids can't. Instead you are told that they taste like candy. Not like Pez, they don't. But here is a trick. There are ways of getting out of trying new foods.

1. Take the food on your plate. Rearrange it. Rearrange it again. Mash it up with your fork. Pick it up and put it back down again. Tell your Mom that you are full and ask to be excused.
2. Take a bite of the food. Take a drink of milk. Spit the food into the milk. Tell your Mom that you are full and ask to be excused.
3. Take a bite of the food. Make like you have to go to the bathroom and when you get there, spit it all in the toilet.
4. Put as much food as possible in your mouth. In one fluid motion, wipe your face with your napkin and spit the food into it. Make like you are helping your Mom clean the table and throw the napkin out.
5. Give it to the dog.

Dining out takes a different art. When you are offered a children's menu, act insulted and get a grownup menu. Assure your mother that you can finish what you order. When it comes, take one bite and decide that it was not delicious like you wanted. Order a Duckyburger and an Elephantfries. Get a stomachache and cry.

Now try doing that as an adult.

Even watching television becomes an art when you're a child. When you are an adult, you just lie on the couch and fall asleep until the test patterns come on. Then you get up and curse.

But that's for grownup shows that have kissing and stuff. They're boring. When you're a kid, you watch cartoons. Not just any cartoon. It's got to be Bugs Bunny. He is god.

However, there is more. When you and your friend sit down and flip on the TV, you've first got to go through every channel and see what is on. After deciding on Bugs, wait to see what cartoon comes in. When your friend says that he has never seen "Ali Baba Bunny," tell him that Ducky gets shrunk by the genie and comes running out at Pismo Beach yelling "it's mine, it's mine." When he gets upset, sing "Those Endearing Charms." When he gets even angrier and says that he is going to see The Sting and you can't go, tell him you've seen it already and they don't really die at the end.

When your friend hits you, cry. Nobody ever said becoming a grownup was going to be easy.
by Christine Woodside

At Love Canal in upstate New York, chemical waste buried by the Hooker Chemical Company in the 1950's crept its way into the basements and water supplies of a nearby residential area. By the mid-1960's, people were reacting with miscarriages, cancer, and epilepsy. Children were being born with double sets of teeth and brain damage. The terrified residents weren't sure where the trouble came from until 1978, when President Carter declared the area a federal disaster area, and a reported 255 homes were evacuated.

Love Canal, as much a symbol of hazardous waste disaster as Watergate is of political corruption, has made the country suddenly aware of a terrifying new problem.

In the late 1960's, Americans were faced with the terrible liabilities the country's environment would incur as a result of air and water pollution. Now, a decade later, America must deal with a worse problem. While smokestsacks and polluted water no longer make headlines (partially because the gravity of the situation has lessened), it is the dumping of toxic chemicals that is causing a stir.

Not until a few years ago did anyone know that chemicals could escape from rusting barrels, seep into drinking water supplies, catch fire and kill people. Dumping and burying toxic chemicals, and to a lesser degree, garbage, has turned out to be a dangerous practice.

Chemical dumping, almost as old as the waste-generating industry itself, occurred as the result of what George Bochanski of the Environmental Protection Agency (EPA) calls "the chemical lifestyle we've developed over the past sixty years."

It was originally practiced out of ignorance. "Thirty years ago, it (the dumping policy) was merely 'get rid of it','" says Robert Allen, chief of the EPA's Region III hazardous waste branch. "Not too many people were thinking of results."

But now the results are showing up. Suddenly, information is flowing. Articles and television programs on the abuses of hazardous waste dumping in every part of the country have turned a previously little-understood problem into an intolerable horror.

In the Philadelphia area, the Department of Environmental Research (DER) and the Region III office of the EPA have become the Region HI office of the EPA have become involved in controlling and cleaning up illegal dumping of hazardous material. At one of the dumps, in Chester, Pennsylvania, called the Wade site after its owner Melvin Wade, the waste material was sitting in lagoons, flowing from storm drains into the Delaware River, and catching on fire. "There are things that could kill you there," comments Bochanski. "It's a block away from homes."

Tyson also took a reported 6,000 gallons of pharmaceutical waste to dump in a well in King of Prussia owned by William O'Hara, which is a quarter mile from the Upper Merion Reservoir. The chemicals apparently came from SmithKline Laboratories in Upper Merion.

SmithKline, like many other large companies employing the now-maligned ABM, had to contract another hauler. The company's manager of public information, Jeremy Heymsfield, notes wryly, "That one experience has made us vigilant. Of course we thought we were being vigilant before."

Adding to the confusion and worry surrounding the case, a vigilant lawyer has managed to postpone DER's prosecution by claiming the Assistant Attorney General Keith Welks did not follow the correct procedure in gaining the District Attorney's permission to prosecute. The unresolved dispute has postponed the case indefinitely.

Maintaining safe chemical waste-removal procedures is a complicated problem. Agencies like DER and EPA have trouble pointing a finger at a guilty party. Is it the company that generates the chemical waste? The company that owns the site where the waste is stored? The company that owns the site that will hold the waste?

There seem to be no real laws governing a company's procedures in choosing a hauler. Allen says companies are likely to consider the cheapest bid first, although he adds, "It would be the moral obligation of the generator when he contracts with someone to have everyone that (the waste) gets to an environmentally safe place."

Apparently there are no serious, lawful permit checks currently performed by dumping site owners when the haulers arrive. Elise Thompson, an Assistant District Attorney of the DER, said that the agency is trying to implement a series of "checks all along the line," which would include a required look at the hauler's permit when it reaches the dumping area.

Aside from logistical troubles of dealing with so many different parties, owners of the actual dumping sites and landfills can easily encounter serious operational problems. However, in order to be safe, they must contain all of the waste while not allowing a drop to escape. Landfills, large gapping holes covering several acres, are lined with thick clay or asphalt-like material to hold in the layers of trash, and toxic chemicals sometimes poured over the wastes. Runoff from rainfall, called leachate, can also be highly toxic, especially if it contains a lot of iron.

If chemicals are stored in barrels underground, the possibility for catastrophe is even greater, according to officials from both the DER and the EPA, because the barrels rust and corrode and eventually let hazardous waste leak.

Meanwhile, the government bureaucracy seems to be holding back the EPA's list of specific regulations that will more clearly define the Resource Conservation and Recovery Act, which Congress passed in 1976 — three years ago. Allen says calmly, "We're still promulgating the regulations."

Even if stricter ground waste disposal regulations do go into effect, the future of landfills seems hopeless. Until recycling becomes less expensive than making new products, companies will continue to dump into landfills. The country will soon need additional disposal ground.

But there is little available room for landfills and other types of dumping areas. As Thompson says, "Nobody wants the landfills near them, but everyone wants to get rid of trash."

Pennsylvania Congressman Robert Edgar on a recent television program expressed his frustration over lack of dumping land with a half-serious suggestion: "Maybe we'll dedicate the state of Mississippi to be a landfill."
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by Lesley Jane Stroll

The Foodworks at 225 Church Street has a lovely, warm atmosphere. The bar is a great place to stop in for a drink. It is lined with cheese dip and fruit, and the drinks are tall and flavorful. Located in the cellar of this 18th century sugar refinery, the

restaurant features a natural brick wall and high ceiling which allow for relatively private dining in the rather large area.

However, the handsome set-up and the worthwhile bar do not overcome the deficiencies in the Nouveau-American style cooking. As the menu explains, the style is supposed to involve using only fresh, light and simple ingredients. The chef also neglected to use spices and seasonings.

To start off dinner a selection of hot ($4.50) or cold ($3.75) hors d'oeuvres are offered. One portion, though rather small, is enough for two people to share. The hot platter is a variety of tasty tidbits—deep fried vegetables; baked elams; a small shish kebab; some very hot sausage; mushrooms and tomatoes. These tidbits are tasty but standard fare and overpriced.

The bread on the table is warm and the black bread is delicious. Usually it is not a good idea to fill up on bread, but here it could very well be the high point of the meal.

The menu changes frequently. Perhaps the kitchen is still finding its niche; they have only been open five months.

Soup is available, with a choice of Chilled Gazpacho ($2.25) and Spicy Fish Soup ($2.25). The latter could properly be described as overspiced red pepper soup. Although the large bowl of

dip and fruit, and the drinks are a great place to stop in for a drink. It is lined with cheese dip and fruit, and the drinks are tall and flavorful. Located in the cellar of this 18th century sugar refinery, the

soup was a rich red color and looked appetizing, it was inedible.

An interesting assortment of entrees grace the menu. Perhaps the chef should become a writer. His descriptions are Dickens-esque.

There is always the Vegetarian Alternative ($6.25) which is an assortment of all the fresh vegetables and grains that are in season. For a particular evening, Tilefish ($9.50) is occasionally on the menu; it is the new rage in seafood and might be an interesting choice to try, just to see why it is making such waves in restaurant circles. The description is supposed to involve channel sounds like it could be great—stuffed with brie and covered with a sauce of cream and almonds delicately flavored with dill and lemon ($8.75).

However, the salmon choice ($12.00) was disillusionsing after reading another appetizing description. The

portion was large, and the plate consisted not only of the fish but boiled potatoes and an eggplant concoction. But the salmon should have had more seasoning: the spinach that topped it was the most overpowering flavor. The plate looked overcrowded and the vegetables clashed with, rather than complemented, the salmon.

The dessert wagon is wheeled tableside; the cart itself is huge, but the choices are not all that appealing. Add to the waiter's lack of enthusiasm for any of the selections, and one might feel that none of them are really worth trying. Sure enough, the mocha cheese cake was far too sweet, and the linzer torte had a tasty cookie dough but a bland filling.

Foodworks is a nice place for drinks. But if you're planning to spend $30-$35 per person on dinner, take your wallet, and your hunger pans, elsewhere.

Foodworks Needs Work

by Thomas Bronson

The Iidea of March Conspiracy

by Clyde Matthews

Arthur House 19.95
307 p.

In The Idea of March Conspiracy, a tale of power and technology seet just around the corner in the 1980's, Clyde Matthews focuses on the role of computers in our society. Coinciding with the uncontrolled proliferation of computers, the author sees an increasing potential for large scale invasion of privacy, violations of individual liberty, and electronic terrorism through their misuse.

The main character, Kermit Nordstrom, cast in Matthew's own ideological mold, is a computer science professor very much concerned with the dangers of computer misuse. Kermit and two colleagues who share his idealism conceive a plan to alert the public to the existing and potential abuses of computers. Their plan is to penetrate the computerized safeguards of a major government facility from a remote terminal, first to show that it could be done, and secondly to access and expose illegally gathered information on individuals which already exists in government computers. As their target they select the U.S. Internal Revenue Service, code name: Azimuth.

Nordstrom's antagonist is Gunther Marston, an ambitious and powerful U.S. Senator aiming for the Presidency. Even as Kermit is striving against "runaway computerism", Marston is working on the passage of a bill that would give unrestrained powers over computers and computer networks to the federal executive branch.

The novel develops slowly toward the beginning with a somewhat superficial introduction to the main characters. Matthew's style of writing is awkward and of uneven quality in the initial chapters with a few misplaced attempts at humor. (For example, calling the university where Kermit teaches the South Hanover Institute of Technology.)

However, in the aftermath of the Azimuth project, when Kermit and his colleagues go public to explain their motives, the novel builds into a suspenseful story of political intrigue and a struggle for power as the congressional battle over the Marston bill and the trial of Kermit and his colleagues unfold.

The Iidea of March Conspiracy presents some intriguing questions about the coming decade. While not exactly must reading, this book is nevertheless worthwhile for anyone wishing to probe deeper into the issue of computers in our society.
**SPORTS**

**Who's Minding The Flyer Net?**

by Bob Schaeffer

The Philadelphia Flyers featured a five-man juggling act last season. The troupe's specialty was the goalie's job. And as much as they seemed to enjoy trading the position from game to game, when the curtain came up for each of the Flyers' 88 performances, each member sought the spotlight for himself.

Last year's cast of entertainers included Robbie Moore, Bernie Parent, Rick St. Croix, Wayne Stephenson, and Pete Peeters. Right now the Flyers are in the midst of pre-season and the names have been altered a bit, but the situation remains the same. No one has grabbed undisputed possession of that lonely job called goalie.

Security is what any professional athlete yearns for. But the yearning often goes unsatisfied, certainly as Flyer netminders go.

"You never really feel secure here," agreed Moore. "Last year I had insecure feelings even when I was up here (Moore spent most of last season on the Flyers' Maine farm team) and they told me I'd be staying."

And this season might prove no different. Five men are in the current battle for the two spots on the Flyer roster, Moore, Peeters, St. Croix, Bob Froese, and Phil Myre. For the time being the victorious pair stay, while the other two pack their bags for Maine.

Myre is more or less guaranteed a tenure in Philadelphia. Picked up in the off-season from St. Louis in a three-player deal, the 10 year veteran is the only one of the four with NHL game experience in double figures.

"I'm just worried about getting myself ready," said Myre. "I don't feel I have to fight for a job. One of the other three will be here with me, that's all. The Flyers are looking for someone to do the job and I expect to be that person."

Myre's optimism rests on steady ground. The Flyers thought highly enough of him to give up two proven hockey players for him, in Rick LaPointe and Blake Dunlop. And in his lone appearance thus far in the exhibition season, Myre dazzled the Spectrum crowd by shutting out the New York Islanders during his 30-minute stint on Sunday night.

The real question seems to be who will be the back-up goalie. To say a real fight for the position is over would be a gross error. As Moore pointed out, "No one has done any better than anyone else."

All of which leaves head coach Pat Quinn and his assistants to figure out who that person will be. Quinn knows better. An opponent's mask did permanent eye damage half-way through last season. Age and the risk of hurting the eye more severely led Parent to call it quits.

"It's (retiring) meant a big adjustment, explained Parent. "You have 20, 25 years straight of putting the pads on and suddenly you don't do it any more. It's frustrating, but the show must go on. You have to realize that one career is over and you must go from there with the new one."

Since the departure of Parent from the playing ranks, the Flyers' juggling act has come to center stage. Someone else will get his chance to solo in the spotlight.
The idea of the slimy pusher standing on the corner is just a bunch of shit," says one advocate of marijuana. But use of the drug can result in "significant reproductive casualties," retorts his opponent, and the battle is on. It has been a long, drawn out battle over the control of marijuana laws in America, some of them more than 60 years old. But in that 60 year period, how much has been done to update marijuana laws to suit our society's current needs and wants?

The battle over these laws can probably be traced back to 1915, when California and Utah passed the first anti-marijuana laws. That started the ball rolling and, by 1973, every state had jumped onto the anti-marijuana bandwagon. The federal government followed soon after. Through the 1950's and 60's, marijuana usage skyrocketed, prompting the federal government in 1970 to lower the penalty for possession from a felony to misdemeanor. Following the lead of the federal government every state in the union, with the exception of Nevada, accordingly lowered their penalties.

In October, 1973 the push for decriminalization was in the news again as Oregon became the first state to reduce the penalty for possession of one ounce or less of the drug to a civil offense with a maximum $100 fine. This sparked debate in legislatures throughout the country, but by July of 1978, only ten more states had followed the example set by Oregon (see chart below).

Supporters of decriminalization range from partying students to harried lawyers to harried parents. But there is one organized lobby: the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws (NORML). With offices in all 50 states and headquarters in Washington, NORML is spearheading the national movement with an aggressive lobbying and information campaign.

For the most part, opponents of less stringent marijuana legislation are "capitalizing on the tail end of the seventies," according to Bob Pisanl, NORML's Deputy State Coordinator in Pennsylvania. It's a combination of a "new Reefer Madness" and recent "health kick" that has prevented the speedy enactment of marijuana reform legislation.

"Their arguments simply don't hold water," says Pisanl, who is eager to add that NORML is looking for "honest research."

One fact that both sides do seem to agree on is the number of Americans that are smoking pot. Results of a 1977 Gallup Poll confirm that one American in four over the age of 17 has tried marijuana at least once. According to Gallup, that's a 100 percent increase from 1973 in the percentage who report having sampled it.

A majority of the public, however, still believes that marijuana is not only harmful and addictive, but also that it leads to the use of harder drugs such as cocaine and heroin. Yet a majority of that same sampling also believes that possession of small amounts of marijuana shouldn't be a criminal offense.

The public, it seems, isn't really affected by marijuana legislation, no matter what direction it takes. When New York enforced the harsh Rockefeller drug laws in the early seventies, there were no major reported changes in marijuana usage patterns. And when California decided in 1976 to decriminalize possession of small amounts of pot, the State's Health and Welfare Agency reported only a slight (three percent) increase in usage. Similar reports have come from Maine and Oregon, where decriminalization is now in effect as well.

And while decriminalization bills have come and gone in the majority of the state legislatures around the country, movement on the federal level hasn't been so swift. For the fifth year, New York Senator Jacob Javits has introduced into the Senate a bill that would decriminalize possession of marijuana along the same lines as many of the states.

"The use of criminal sanctions has not reduced the proliferation of marijuana in this country, but these criminal sanctions have blighted the lives of many young men and women guilty of nothing but smoking a reefer," the 75-year-old Javits said.

To keep the bill alive, Javits and his cosponsors circulated a letter to all their colleagues urging them to support the legislation. "We believe that setting marijuana policy should be primarily the responsibility of state governments, but it is difficult for states to change their laws long so as the Federal government every change in state laws requires an update in Federal laws. It is only through a Federal change that marijuana policy can be changed," the senators wrote.

"The use of criminal sanctions has not reduced the proliferation of marijuana in this country, but these criminal sanctions have blighted the lives of many young men and women guilty of nothing but smoking a reefer," the 75-year-old Javits said.

In the Federal Government's continuing quest for information on marijuana and its effects, the House Committee on Narcotic Abuse and Control presented its findings in mid-summer after a two year period of study:

1) Pregnant women shouldn't smoke marijuana; 2) Marijuana impairs driving ability; 3) Marijuana use can lead to use of harder drugs, but the evidence is inconclusive; 4) Marijuana can reduce the ability of some individuals to have children; 5) Marijuana can impair the central nervous system.

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Bob Randall is a perplexed individual. Perplexed by the government three years ago, gave him "compassionate access" to marijuana, then revoked his privileges, and through it all, has done little to explore or promote the weed's therapeutic values.

Randall has gone to court twice with the U. S. Government, winning once and settling out of court the second time, in his battle to gain and then maintain his status as a legal user of marijuana.

"I got into this by being arrested in August of 1975," he said. "At the time I had glaucoma and I knew that marijuana eased eye pressure. There's no mystery over the effect."

Randall's first major battle with the legal system was in 1976 when, in a Washington, D. C. superior court, he justified his criminal acts through what is called "common-law necessity." The principle, he says, has only been used thirteen times in the last 750 years.

As a result of his victory, Randall was placed into a federal "research program" which he claims was never funded to conduct any research, and had only one participant — himself.

While involved in this program, Randall was a constant target of government threats and harassment, reminding him to keep the project quiet. Some of the threats even came from the pro-decriminalization White House. "Perhaps President Carter doesn't know what he approves," says Randall.

Instead of making good on many of its threats, Randall said, the program was simply "administratively terminated" through a technicality: in January of 1978, Randall's doctor moved out of the area, and the government claimed that Randall never had the right to use marijuana, but rather it was the doctor who had permission to give it to him.

"They said, 'We feel real sad for you,' Randall recalls. "They weren't quite that sad. I was too much of a pain in the ass to them."

All Randall wanted was what he called tact immunity, but the government took advantage of his lack of legal clout and told him if he wanted it..."
Can't Be Busted…

he would have to fight it.

“The government would have won that gamble had I not been very fortunate,” Randall explains. A large Washington law firm agreed to handle this case pro bono (free of charge), and Randall soon found himself backed by 12 lawyers, 13 paralegal assistants, seven glaucoma patients, and eight ophthalmologists. The government refused to compromise with Randall until 24 hours before trial, at which time they informed him their case had “collapsed.” Now, he can receive marijuana through a pharmacy and has a guarantee against further government harassment.

Randall is still bitter towards the government, which, he contends, is only further complicating an already warped situation by intimidating his fellow glaucoma victims. He has succeeded in that, there are a lot of people in this country who’ll never be able to pull off something that elaborate. They can’t afford to leave their lives for three years. What you end up with is an illegal market with 65 year olds hanging around high school parking lots getting dope. They don’t know how to use it, and they’re always getting ripped off. Obviously, these people are suffering the most. Marijuana works, so why not give it to them?”

Randall plans to continue his support of the use of marijuana in therapeutic applications, and he has testified in at least 35 state legislature hearings throughout the country in the past three years.

“Ultimately, I can’t speak for all these glaucoma patients. They have their own voices and they have to speak for themselves,” Randall says. “I can’t do it all.”

effects unless the user suffers acute uncommon reactions;

4) People with lung diseases should avoid marijuana;

5) Use of marijuana by schizophrenics could cause problems;

6) Frequent use—less than once a week—has no ill

7) In the eighth point—treatment of marijuana as a possible therapeutic agent—that much

8) The last seven points on the list are warnings that

9) Non-eugenic and generosity of one large Washington law firm.

10) Randall staged a three-year fight with the government that would have cost him hundreds of thousands of dollars had it not been for the interest and generosity of one large Washington law firm.

Randall argues that the government has “intentionally repressed” research in the field. And instead of making it easier for glaucoma victims to gain access to marijuana—legally—they’ve only added another “overlay” to the system—the Interagency Commission for New Therapy for the Treatment of Pain and Discomfort. The long name is symptomatic of the nature of the group; it is comprised of 30 individuals representing 17 Federal agencies from the FDA to the Department of Defense. They’ve spread themselves so thin, contends Randall, that “no one even notices they’re all idiots.”

And while the Federal government debates the issue, and continues to report that “no major findings” have been discovered, back at home, Pennsylvania still awaits action on a decriminalization currently before
**FILM**

"Life of Brian" Not Worth the Controversy

by Noel Wayrich

The rabbis are angry. The Catholic priests are an optional sadistic levée en masse. For the few weeks since its release, Monty Python's Biblical sendup, *The Life of Brian*, has served as a companion to their more compelling force in the name of ecumenicism.

More than likely, though, the film will need all the mileage it can get out of the controversy surrounding it. The acting is more impeccable, the satire more biting, and the silliness, well, more silly, than anything else you'll see this year. Unfortunately, however, *The Life of Brian* is not as wild and funny as many of the English comedy team's previous television efforts.

Living in the Holy Land at the time of Christ, Brian (Graham Chapman) is a 33-year-old member of a tiny revolutionary group called the Judean People's Front. Judaea at the time is a part of the Roman Empire and the IDF is dedicated to ridding the country of its "imperialist aggressor Romans." After all, says John Cleese, playing the Front's leader, "you have to do something for your country."

So Nicholas Meyer, in his first directing effort and his second screenplay (his first was of his delightful play *The Strangelove of Samoan Culture*, The Sax Lite), has created a film to be called a documentary, a film that is just across the street from Jesus in a parade of 140 men sentenced to crucifixion.

More than anything, *The Life of Brian* is a political satire, liberally lampooning everyone from Pontius Pilate, who pronounces it's a crime to turn one of Jesus' followers into a mince pie, to the Judean People's Front, which believes that the People's Front of Judea, which shares with them a common cause, is a more hateful enemy than the Romans.

Other familiar Python themes are there, too. Ancient life is portrayed as being as hilariously treacherous and disgusting as it was in the group's second film, *The Holy Grail*. People are maniacal, unpredictable, and downright bizarre in crowds, and pathetically dense in one-to-one encounters.

Eric Idle's closing song concludes, "Life's a piece of shit, when you consider it . . ." When you consider it, *Life of Brian* is a slicker, much more cohesive, and better produced film than *Holy Grail* was. But Brian will never be the "cult film" that its predecessor was. Because *Holy Grail* was a choppy, episodic conglomeration of loosely tied cartoons and vignettes, it was funny in the exact same fast-moving way that the Monty Python television show was. *Brian*, however, has some laborious parts that are not at all funny but are included to explain the plot. Boring chase scenes abound. Scenes that fall flat are allowed to sit there and fester. Terry Gilliam's animation is sorely missing.

People will spend money on a film again and again only when the rapid pacing keeps them smiling and laughing the entire 90 minutes inside the theatre. *Rocky Horror Picture Show* and *Holy Grail* are examples. *"Life of Brian* has more than its share of belly laughs, and it's a "must-see" for avid Pythonophiles, but when the credits roll and the house lights go up, you get that "once is enough" feeling.

---

**Time After Time" Worth the Time

by Dom Manno

There is something in the British character that, every gene lion or so, bristles particularly ribbly murder, a Jack the Ripper. Use is almost now in the university towns of England. A true is also something in the American character that responds to the success of *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. So Nicholas Meyer, in his first directing effort and his second screenplay (this first was of his delightful Sherlock Holmes pastiche, *The Seven Per Cent Solution*), has turned out *Time After Time*, a film that could safely be described as a science-fiction-romantic-murder-suspense thriller.

The film opens in 1893 London, and within the first five minutes a prostitute is slashed to death in an alley. Not far from the alley, author H. G. Wells (Malcolm McDowell) upon the late arrival of Dr. John Leslie Stevenson (David Warner) describes and displays to his club his latest project, a time machine.

When the police arrive to warn Wells' guests that Jack the Ripper has struck again, and find the body bag filled with bloody gloves and se-geon's instruments, Stevenson escapes —through time.

Wells is able to return, however, and Wells gives chase, to 1979 San Francisco. (Don't ask how they did it.) The scientists return, however, and Wells gives chase to 1979 San Francisco. (Don't ask how they travelled 6,000 miles in space as well as 86 years in time. This is a movie, remember?)

Wells tracks down the Ripper when he shrewdly deduces that an Englishman in San Francisco would have to exchange his currency. Bank teller Amy Robbins (Mary Steenburgen) provides Wells with the last clue as well as with a love interest. Devotees of H. G. Wells will be able to figure out the denouement at this point. To others, the solution will be revealed in time.

Whether Meyer succeeds in appealing to his dual audience of science fiction fans and bloody murder buffs is questionable, at best. The bloody murder buffs get five murders, including one in which the victim's hand is cut off, but little actual violence. The sci-fi fans get, in the time travel sequence, a cheap ripoff of the light-house show ending of 2001, even cliche of the "man lost in time" subgenre, and a very small dose of Wells' utopian society ideas.

But to do this is to analyze the film too deeply. *Time After Time* is intentionally funny, not to mention suspenseful. And the three actors pull the film off nearly as an ensemble piece. McDowell, probably best known in his bully role in *A Clockwork Orange* resists the temptation to play Wells as an absent-minded professor while competently portraying the Victorian gentleman's naiveté. Warner, who played Heidrich in "Holocaust," is properly chilling as the Ripper. Although one begins to suspect the doctor a little too early. Warner does provide an answer to the question "What makes Jack the Ripper tick?" in *Time After Time*, by contrast, is something of a disappointment. In her second film (*Gains South* was her debut), she is allegedly a liberated woman, yet her role contains traces of the dumb female seen all too often on *Time After Time*. *Time After Time* is not "the most ingenious thriller of our time," as its ads proclaim. However, it is a good comedy and a good thriller that doesn't quite make it as science fiction.

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**THIS WEEK**

Annenberg Exploratory Cinema

*Equus*

Wednesday, Moana (1926), the first feature-length documentary, is directed by Robert Flaherty's celebration of Samoan culture. The Sex Life of The Duke and Duchess of Windsor (1926) is Robert Bentchley, who elaborates on this deplorably intimate topic.

Budco Regency

16th and Chestnut Sts.

LOC-95-16

Duke: Friday, Fool: The Muppets Movie features four lovable characters from the popular television show, and a few others as well (including some of the Muppet's friends). Sho: Friday, The Incredible Burt Wonderstone.

Duke: Friday, When a Stranger Calls has some footage featuring an intersection in a hospital (Carol Kane).

Duke: Friday, When a Stranger Calls (1973) is a psychological thriller about a young woman who is being stalked by a crazed serial killer. Sho: Friday, *True Grit* is a Western classic with John Wayne and the Coen brothers.

Eric Rittenhouse and I

1807 Walnut St.

925-7900

I. Rich Kids is a rare treat. Shot on location in New York City, it offers a contemporary view of city life, and features two thoroughly likeable children of divorced parents.

II. Mountains lightly caricatured on the public's imagination with outer space, James Bond stuff, for a box office winner that is entertaining, but not deep.

III. Three and a Half Women

125-7900

I. La Cage Aux Folies (Birds of a Feather) is a French farce about the homosexual problem faced by a homosexual couple.

II. The Seduction of Joe Tynan is a competent, but over simplified look at the complexities of Congressional politics. It is a portrait of a young lawyer and his struggle with the inner conflict.

III. Life of Brian. You'll recognize the object of parody in Monty Python's satirical sendup of religion. The results are funny, but may disappoint the extreme Python fan (the role review).

TLC

334 South St.

262-8219

I. The cult film King of Hearts continues its regular run. For diversity, look to the late show schedule, which features Night of the Living Dead (Monday), Frank Zappa's 200 Motels (Tuesday), Deep Throat (Wednesday), and — surprise! — The Rocky Horror Picture Show (Friday-Saturday).

Walnut Mall

14th and Walnut

382-2934

Tuesday-Saturday: The Harder They Fall and Caine Mutiny

Wednesday: True Grit and The Good Bad

Thursday-Saturday: The Harder They Fall and Caine Mutiny

Friday-Saturday: WMMR Late Shows present Sleaper.
There is a rumor going around that Bob Dylan has changed; that he's found Jesus, Dire Straits and disco. Just rumors, although Dylan has found faith in his voice. Sounds strange, but Bob Dylan's vocal power is the strongest feature.

Chicago
Chicago XIII
Columbia PC 36105

Chicago XIII's jacket features all the members of the once rugged looking band in disco attire. Perhaps this is an attempt to convince fans that Chicago has finally changed its memorable style and caught up with the times. Fortunately the new image does not get past the cover. Chicago XIII is sadly true to the band's accustomed form, with only one exception. "Street Player" is a credible disco composition.-supported by a trumpet solo by jazz artist Maynard Ferguson. One song, "On the Road," has genuine hit potential simply because it sounds like good old Chicago. Chicago's musical output has changed little since the death of guitarist/vocalist Terry Kath, three albums ago, although now all the members of the band are composing. Chicago XIII's inspired lyrics, mellow vocals and trumpet riffs exhibit little new musical direction and varies with past efforts in number only.

Johnnie's Dance Band with the ever popular Nannette Mancini opens the week's action. There are several other memorable moments on Slow Train, notably the title cut and "When He Returns." "Slow Train" tells a combination of religious and love songs is rarely heard these days, but that is what Pratt's album is about. The album, dedicated to "my Lord, Jesus Christ, and to Karen — my angel on earth" is too personal to be accepted. Except for two songs, Pratt fails to convey his intense emotions. One of these, "Sing," is a tender love song accompanied by an accented trumpet making it an effectively moving tune. "Christine" is a veiled reference to Pratt's religious awakening, disguised in an attempt to appeal to a larger audience. Although Andy Pratt's talent as a lyricist cannot be denied, his music needs divine assistance.

—Joe Ronson

—Oscar Valdez

Commodores
Midnight Magic
Motown M8 926 M1

It is not a coincidence that the new Commodores album is called Midnight Magic. The album contains innovations in the group's sound that include lyrics that are finally worth listening to. This is especially true on the songs "Still" and "Sail On". The latter promises to be a hit single. Responsible for the changes is Lionel Richie, the multi-talented lead singer, pianist, and saxophonist who is also the song writer of "Sail On". His sweet lyrics and sedate sound typify his contributions to the group. However, one problem with the Commodores is their recent commercialization of their music. This tends to turn off the anxious funk lover. But if soul is what you desire, along with some sentimental variation, you will thoroughly enjoy this record.

—Francine Chase

Aural Audits

COMMODORES

Midnight Magic
Motown M8 926 M1

CARLY SIMON

Spy
Elektra SE 506

We should have known. Carly Simon and husband James Taylor opened their own disco on Martha's Vineyard recently, and perhaps it's only natural that she record something disco-like on her own. Yet, Carly's latest album, Spy, is not merely another contribution to the disco automatic. As always, there's tenderness following her unique sensitivity. The album's theme is probably the most interesting thing about it. Simon quotes Anais Nin on the lyric jacket: "I am an international spy in the house of love." On the title track, she is an "undercover lover," who removes all disguises because she is "so desired by you." I. T. wrote this one (and the pun). But the album is, at best, uneven, and you can't even buy this one for a dime.

—Gordon Byron

Andy Pratt
Motive
Nemperor Jz 35781

Bob Dylan
Slow Train Coming
Columbia PC 36120

There is a rumor going around that Bob Dylan has changed; that he's found Jesus, Dire Straits and disco. Just rumors, although Dylan has found faith in his voice. Sounds strange, but Bob Dylan's vocal power is the strongest feature on Slow Train. The voice strains, and rasps, and mostly it expands to meet the deliberate lead of Mark Knopfler's (Dire Straits) well thought out guitar play. "I Believe in You." Knopfler's calm acoustic guitar paces Dylan's voice to its upper limits and turns a tender ballad about love into a sublime musical experience. There are several other memorable moments on Slow Train, notably the title cut and "When He Returns." "Slow Train" tells a combination of religious and love songs is rarely heard these days, but that is what Pratt's album is about. The album, dedicated to "my Lord, Jesus Christ, and to Karen — my angel on earth" is too personal to be accepted. Except for two songs, Pratt fails to convey his intense emotions. One of these, "Sing," is a tender love song accompanied by an accented trumpet making it an effectively moving tune. "Christine" is a veiled reference to Pratt's religious awakening, disguised in an attempt to appeal to a larger audience. Although Andy Pratt's talent as a lyricist cannot be denied, his music needs divine assistance.

—Francine Chase

Carly Simon
Spy
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—Gordon Byron
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THEATER
THIS WEEK

**ANNENBERG CENTER**

**Herald Prince Theatre** 560-0655

**FORMAL THEATER**

**1114 Walnut St.** 823-1515
Rodgers and Hammerstein's Oklahoma is revived. Its updated plot makes one wonder whether this was a smart move. Through Oct. 12. 10- $19.50.

**PLAYS AND PLAYERS**

**1714 Deleystone St.** 735-0630
Tom Taylor stars in the one-man play Woody Guthrie Plays Through October and then heads to N.Y. Off-Broadway. $5-$6. (See Review in this issue.)

**BROAD AND LOUVER THEATRE**

**865-8051**
The return engagement of Vinette Carroll's Your Arms Too Short to Box With God, an exuberant gospel drama about the life of Christ. Oct. 2-21. 57-$17.50.

**ANAHEIM PRESS/Doubleday**

**449-2645**
by John Reiss
Woody Guthrie was a bitter, cynical human being, not unlike millions of other Americans who lived through the depression. However, he was fortunate enough to have a magical gift of expression which he presented primarily in songs, and secondarily in books. Tom Taylor portrays this agonized troubadour in a one-man show, naturally titled, Woody Guthrie at Plays and Players Theater. This is not a Plays and Players production, but a national tour which has performed at the White House and which is on its way to New York.

Taylor turns in a flawless performance. Woody is dead, but his character, his spirit, his every nuance is embodied in the actor, who has mastered Guthrie's down-home folksy, yet bitterly ironic delivery. Guthrie spoke the way he sang, like a storyteller who relished his role. He insisted on repeating humorous variations on a single, serious theme in order to drive his point home. "I've slept everywhere, but in a house, I've eaten everything but a square meal and I've loved everything, but my debts," he said. Taylor has done an equally good job in imitating Woody's musical talents on the guitar and the harmonica.

Woody's outrage at life's injustices was unspeakable, but not unsingable ("The only paper I ever could cry was on a piece of paper."). Guthrie's sister, father and mother all died within a very short time of each other and he, still in his teens, began to ramble through the country, an adventuring spirit he never gave up. He came in contact with the pain and misery omnipresent in a country wracked by the depression.

What he saw tore at his insides, begging to be exposed. He never had enough time to say what he wanted. This idea is presented through Taylor's wonderfully harried delivery on a radio show he is allowed to host, but only for a mere 15 minutes (ten of which are spent plaintively begging for more time). After the intermission Taylor stands in front of the radio microphone for a second time. Announcing his show, he triumphantly boasts, "The Woody Guthrie Show, running from 2:15 to 2:45."

However, he is again unmercifully cut off, this time for being too political.

Guthrie sings out against the indignities heaped upon the poor by the rich. "The bankers can rob the farmers, but the farmers get shot when they rob the bankers." The songs are sung not only in protest, but in triumph. "Bound for Glory," and "This Land is Your Land" express his hope for the proud worker (Guthrie strongly supported the unions), and his realization that this land is their land (as long as the rich men haven't put up their "no trespassing" signs). The show ends as it began.

Woody is in his wheelchair, virtually crippled by Huntington's Chorea, the disease which eventually took his life. This disease becomes the outward manifestation of Woody's internal torment. Even at the end, he is affirmationg his intimate bonds with the people he sang about. "I ain't a poet, you're the poet. I'm just a simple clerk."
MISSY SPRINGFIELD
KEITH EPSTEIN

On the outside, beautiful as a mountain valley; inside, unknown and lonely—yet everybody on campus had seen her. Somehow they threatened her soul; caged, stifled, she paces restlessly from dreams to books—through darkness.

(Missy Springfield was like the sun.
Yet, there was something about her, beneath the bright shell of a sweet half-smile, that in all its darkness beckoned for you to radiate back at her. Even if you'd never had a word with her, you'd want to return the warmth she seemed to possess.

Some marveled at the physical creation of a woman like Missy Springfield, as a mountain-climber might wonder at the artistry of an ancient glacier in a now-beautiful valley. You'd just stare at her bright colors, as they fluttered by, before you ventured any words at all.

The guys at the fraternities and the beards peddling socialist papers on The Walk would join forces without knowing it when Missy paced evenly before them, literature under her arm, blond hair flowing upon her shoulders in the autumn sun-like warmth spilling from a vase.

She hardly noticed their eyes upon her; she knew nothing of the desires they fired in others. She lived in a world entirely her own, a bubble, shining so majestically on the surface, it lured you to come closer and try to look in.

It was an odd place for a cowboy hat. She was hardly the type of woman who would ride steers in a rodeo, or model herself after the fashion supplements. You'd think putting it on her pretty head would be like putting a spewing soda machine smack in the middle of Eden or something. But somehow, that rough brown thing was so different from what she felt about herself, that it did something for her by contrasts; like the ruggedness of tight jeans upon her smooth legs.

She wasn't fond of many people, particularly Rachel. Her roommate was a short, pudgy, inch-thick-eyed-possessed sort of girl, who relished the thought that she, Rachel, had lost her virginity before Missy Springfield had.

But Missy was going to wait, wait until she felt right about it. Rachel had lost it in a darkened lecture hall: it had gone by rather quickly, according to Rachel, because her partner had some studying to do that night! she wanted to go to medical school, and she was afraid of discovery. Yet, Rachel couldn't seem to understand why Missy Springfield should wait.

"I just don't think about it much," Missy explained.

The room was dark and quiet, except for the noise of a distant stereo and the water in the men's showers down the hall. Missy wished she didn't have to hear it, or anything at all; the noise made her tense, and it hurt inside.

Missy thrust her tired body on her bed; she had too many classes on Thursdays, and her feet were aching. Rachel said something. "Funny thinking of what, Rachel?"

"All those guys, just standing naked in there, washing themselves."

"What's so funny about that?" Missy pulled her hat down over her face, wishing just then to be alone in her own dark and quiet room, without Rachel to speak. Like the time her father left her mother and Missy sat up all hours of the night. "Giving means doing things you may not like doing, so as to make others happy," Mrs. Springfield had told twelve-year-old Missy, so, deciding it would make Rachel happy, she encouraged her to speak.

"They probably want lovers just like we do. But whatever she really was oozed out; but she would never feel anything. She'd rise in the middle of the night — Rachel would be fast asleep — and peer at her body in the mirror. It always seemed so strange, so simple and unidimensional, like a photograph; she wished she could see beyond the glass.

She buttoned herself up again, and followed the stone path that led to the library, crying. The ducks had short lives.

Rachel. Her roommate was a short, pudgy, inch-thick-eyed-possessed sort of girl, who relished the thought that she, Rachel, had lost her virginity before Missy Springfield had.

It was darker when she was aware of Rachel again, but Missy wasn't about to talk to her. They probably want lovers just like we do. But whatever she really was oozed out; but she would never feel anything. She'd rise in the middle of the night — Rachel would be fast asleep — and peer at her body in the mirror. It always seemed so strange, so simple and unidimensional, like a photograph; she wished she could see beyond the glass.

She buttoned herself up again, and followed the stone path that led to the library, crying. The ducks had short lives.

Then, as she came to the light of the campus again, she had regained her well-known smile and composure. She was ballerina-in-cowboy-hat, again, staring straight ahead, as if she had no worries.

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The Teacher Who Hates to Act

by Cindy Shmeerler

In her highly acclaimed performance as the dictatorial, sexually repressed schoolteacher in Miss Margarida’s Way, (which plays here at the Walnut Street Theater through Sunday), Estelle Parsons makes a feeble attempt at teaching her class (the audience) about the facts of life. In reality, Ms. Parsons is determined to share her intelligence and intimate knowledge of the theater with the general public, most specifically college students. One might say that she is a very special professor.

At present, Miss Margarida’s Way is on a University tour throughout the country, which will take Ms. Parsons as far away as Hawaii. (“I’ve already been to Alaska,” boasts Ms. Parsons.) Her visit here is sponsored by the Philadelphia College of the Performing Arts.

“This is a way for me to see all people throughout the country. It was the idea I had when I first started rehearsing the part. It’s a very intellectual piece and an audience at the university level is more intelligent. Any student who goes to the theater isn’t looking for a commercial or prestigious thing. It’s a little more advanced than that.”

While Estelle Parsons has won an Academy Award for her supporting role in the 1967 movie Bonnie and Clyde, two Off-Broadway Obies and two Tony nominations (one for Miss Margarida’s Way), she still insists that there is a great deal more to her life than performing. “I don’t think that I was meant to be an actress. I’ve never really been that interested in acting. I want to belong to society. I’ve done it for the money.”

If success can be said to spoil the actor, Estelle Parsons proves that the rumor for she prefers to sit in a living room chair in her New York apartment clad in a turtle neck and blue jeans, amid book shelves filled with the classics and an obtrusive Oscar award.

But as much as anything else, Ms. Parsons loves to go rock climbing in the most remote mountains. “Mostly I like rock climbing because I don’t see other people while I’m doing it, or if I do meet them, they don’t know who I am. I’m just this little slob who’s trying to climb mountains.”

If Estelle Parsons has a theatrical goal in life, it is to bring the theater back to the American people. “I didn’t like the thing about being separate from the normal people. I hate that removal from normal people. I want to belong to society.

“I’m very interested in young people finding an American way to do theater. The theater really needs to be developed and opened up, to stimulate a little thinking in a wide open world. I also want young Americans to see that the theater is a viable way of life. That it can attract somebody that is intelligent and well read. And if you try hard enough, you can succeed.”

Miss Margarida attempts to teach her “class” about the effect power can have on people. Estelle Parsons succeeds in teaching the people she comes in contact with that there is much to be learned from — and within — the theater.

News in Briefs

by Gary Binder

These days everybody’s getting into men’s underwear — the fashion end of it, that is.

According to several undies manufacturers, fancy panties came out of the drapery, or, closet, about three years ago, and the rush hasn’t stopped since.

“There’s great potential growth in the area,” says Dave Mario, general manager of Ah Men, a California-based firm. Sales through Ah Men’s mail-order and retail business are up more than 30 percent in the past three years, with over 200,000 people regularly receiving their mail-order catalogs.

“We sell a lot of crazy underwear — mesh, see-through underwear.” Mario of Ah Men says. “Men are more liberated now, and this is more fashionable than a pair of white jockeys.” And sexier than an old jockstrap.

The trend away from white jockeys shorts is so pronounced that J.C. Penney, commonly known in the industry as the King of Underwear, has entered the business. Already commanding close to a quarter of the entire underwear market (really, check around the locker room some time), Penney’s is “trying to make a stronger penetration into the market,” according to a company source.

“They come in all colors and prints, and in various fabrics, not like your standard 100 percent cotton boxers,” the spokesman says. “There’s 50-50 polyester and cotton, and even a nylon type that’s real soft like what ladies and girls wear.”

Long before fashion underwear became acceptable merchandise for Penney’s, and even before it was called fashion underwear, it could always be found in the back pages of Penthouse or Esquire. Although Frederick’s of Hollywood gained fame by selling scanty negligees and similar feminine “novelty” apparel through provocative advertising, now the company is jumping into men’s underwear. But will men jump into them? Actually, men are wondering, will women?

“We are expanding our men’s line,” Dan McCarty, a Frederick’s representative, says. “We’re trying to experiment. A few are strong sellers, and the response has been pretty good.” Some of Frederick’s more popular men’s items are “Unlace Him,” a pair of panties with laces in front for easy opening; “Slingshot,” underwear with a fly zipper; and “Sideshow,” panties with a very thin sideband.

“The names are just a gimmick type of thing to make it easier for people to recognize and remember a product,” McCarty says. “Most of our stuff is just novelty items — see-through panties, panties with sayings on them.” Would you believe, Platonic panties?

McCarty says that although Frederick’s has 114 stores scattered across the country (the closest to Philadelphia is in Langhorne), the bulk of their sales comes through mail orders. “We send out well over one million catalogs every six weeks,” McCarty says.

One item not included in Frederick’s catalog is “Buns,” a product that could only be called cosmetic underwear. International Male, a San Diego firm, claims their briefs “surround, hug and gently lift” the buttocks. Joyce, a sales representative, said that “Buns” has been out for six months, and is selling very well. Unlike Frederick’s, the makers of “Buns” advertise their product in more visible places than the back of Playboy — including the back pages of the New York Times magazine section.

It seems that “Buns” is revolutionizing the underwear industry. “We don’t have anything like it,” McCarty of Frederick’s maintains. Yet innovative is not new to International Male.

“Oh, the market is definitely opening,” says Joyce, who takes orders for “Buns.” “We’re ten years old and constantly growing.”

What’s next? Nylon jockstraps?

Gary Binder, a good American, wears J.C. Penney’s 100 percent white cotton underwear.