Inside

WXPX

MEETING

There will be a meeting for all hit reports this Friday at 4 p.m. in the DP offices. News reporting students are required to attend. Each group of equal number of reporters with the same position will elect a representative to attend the meeting.

Professor-Student Ratio of One to One Creates Unique Classroom Experience

By JEFFREY R. COLEMAN

The University has established a one-to-one professor-student ratio for the humanities and social sciences and has left a couple of courses with two professors. The ratio was introduced in all courses with an enrollment of 10 or more. The goal is to create a more intimate and personalized learning environment.

The move has been met with mixed reactions. Some students have welcomed the opportunity to have more personalized attention, while others have expressed concern about the potential increase in workload.

President Robert L. Herbst, who oversaw the implementation of the ratio, said, "We believe that this is an important step in our commitment to providing a first-rate education for all students."

Herbst added that the ratio is not intended to replace smaller class sizes, but rather to complement them and provide additional support for students.

One of the courses with a one-to-one ratio is "Women in Power," which is taught by professors Maury Weinstein and Gerbner. The course has an enrollment of 20 students and each professor has a teaching assistant.

The increased ratio has also led to some changes in the curriculum. For example, the English department has added a new course, "Creative Writing," which is taught by two professors.

In addition to the humanities and social sciences, the University has also introduced a one-to-one ratio in the sciences. This has led to some changes in the curriculum, with the creation of new courses and the elimination of some older ones.

Overall, the one-to-one ratio has been seen as a positive step by many students and faculty. However, some have expressed concerns about the potential increase in workload and the impact on the overall academic environment.

Athletics May Get Increase In Funds

By ROBIN DEBROW

The University Athletics Department submitted a budget request last month to increase athletic funds by as much as $14,000. The request was submitted in response to a growing number of complaints about the quality of athletic programs.

The plan, which would give an additional $14,000 to athletics, would have to be approved by President Vartan Gregorian and the Governors, who are responsible for approving all aspects of the university's budget.

The budget request was submitted by the University Athletics Department, and was aimed at improving the quality of athletic programs.

"We have had some problems in recent years, and we feel that this budget request is necessary," said University Athletics Director Joe Strauss.

The budget request includes funds for improvements in facilities, as well as additional coaching and administrative positions.

"We believe that this budget request is necessary to ensure that our athletes have the best possible chance of success," said Strauss.

He added that the budget request was designed to improve the overall quality of athletic programs, and that he hoped it would be approved.

The budget request will now be reviewed by the University Athletics Committee, and then by the Presidents and Governors. If approved, the budget request will be included in the University's overall budget for the year.

The University Athletics Department has been working on improving athletic programs for several years, and has already made some changes, such as the hiring of new coaches and the construction of new facilities.

"We have been working hard to improve athletic programs, and we believe that this budget request is an important step in that direction," said Strauss.

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Kennedy Blasts Carter —

"I ask you," Kennedy said, grin-
ning, "how much oil do you think
ploration, but had bought the Mon-
Jokes, the best-received coming in an
Campaign. He cracked several
despite the recent setbacks in his

must now find a way to improve the
universities deal with their radio
list of proposals presents a "strong
interpretations," Hanaway said.

"A lot of things get lost in tran-
 "A lot of things get lost in tran-


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Arts B-L staring at a distant figure and

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...
Familiarity Doesn't Hurt

By Rick Feehery

Having recently arrived here from Cambridge, I was surprised to find a reference in a recent alumni newsletter to ‘The Daily Pennsylvanian’ (DP), the student newspaper at the University of Pennsylvania. I was interested in learning more about it and decided to write this letter.

The article notes that Harvard’s student newspaper, “The Harvard Crimson,” has been around for about 125 years and has been in print for over 100 years. On the other hand, Penn has a student newspaper called “The Daily Pennsylvanian” (DP), which was founded in 1885 and has been in print for over 125 years, making it one of the oldest student newspapers in the nation.

I was interested in learning more about the DP and its role in the student community. I am a recent graduate of Harvard and was involved in student media during my time there, so I had some experience with student newspapers. I was curious about the differences between the DP and the Crimson, especially since both are well-established and have similar histories.

The DP has a long history and has been a source of information and entertainment for Penn students for over 125 years. It is a publication that covers a wide range of topics, including campus news, sports, and events, as well as national and international news. The DP also has a strong tradition of student activism and has been a platform for student voices on a wide range of issues.

One of the ways that the DP distinguishes itself from other student newspapers is its commitment to providing a diverse range of perspectives. The DP has a tradition of publishing student opinions and perspectives that are often different from those of the mainstream media. This is something that I appreciate as a student and as a person who values diverse perspectives.

In conclusion, I am impressed by the DP’s history and its commitment to providing a diverse range of perspectives. I hope to see the DP continue to thrive and serve as a source of information and entertainment for Penn students for many years to come.

Rick Feehery
LaSalle

(Continued from previous page)

"I just didn't want Therm/Quack to

be in a bad mood since it could upset

some of our other players," McMenium

said. "I thought he was doing his best,

but he was taking it too seriously."

Our game came down to the final

seconds as LaSalle's Mike Parra

scored with less than a second to go,

but the shot was ruled a bank shot,

and we won, 90-88. In the second

game, we were far more successful,

scoring 149 points. We beat LaSalle

by 137 points, 149-12. In the other

game, we lost to Temple, 140-110.

"We were just too tired to play our

best," McMenium said. "We needed

a break before the next game."
Leif's Heart and Wounded Knee

Since his knee injury, Tom Leifsen has been struggling. Playing in one of the prerequisites of an injury, wondering when he will return and when he will ever walk again. He is in obvious pain. In fact, he has been in pain ever since the injury occurred. It has been a constant battle for him, trying to maintain his level of play while still being able to walk and function normally. Sometimes he wonders if he will ever be able to play again.

But when he finally does return to the court, he brings an intensified level of focus and determination. His team and coach have been respecting his decision and supporting him every step of the way. It's been a long journey, but they are all looking forward to seeing him back on the court soon.

When he finally makes his return, he will be a different player. His game will be more controlled and calculated. He will be more patient and strategic, taking his time to make the right decisions on the court. He will be a valuable asset to his team and will help them achieve their goals.

It's been a tough journey, but Tom Leifsen is determined to come back stronger and better than ever. He will use this experience to fuel his passion and drive him to become an even more skilled and competitive player. He will be a force to be reckoned with on the court, and his team and coach will be proud of him for his perseverance and determination.

Gymnastics Getting in Tune

The Quakers have no intention of stopping their progress, and they are determined to reach their goals. They have recruited more gymnasts, and they are building up their program and creating a strong foundation for future success.

“After the second round I told them that we have to be ready to compete with the best teams in the country,” said Seidel. “We have to be ready to compete with the best teams in the country.”

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“It’s been a tough journey, but Tom Leifsen is determined to come back stronger and better than ever. He will use this experience to fuel his passion and drive him to become an even more skilled and competitive player. He will be a force to be reckoned with on the court, and his team and coach will be proud of him for his perseverance and determination.

Le Saule Shocked No. 8 Irish, 62-60

LaSalle Shocks No. 8 Irish, 62-60

Deja Vu: Foilers Navy Again

Lately, Lafayette college has been a thorn in the side to just about every Ivy. They have been coming off a disappointing season last year, and they are also coming off a disappointing season this year. They are not unbeaten against the Ivy, but they have been able to hold their own against the top teams.

“Quakers not beaten the Leopards, we're in Division I," said coach Ashley. "Ivies and finish strong in the tough Big East."
Also
‘Vacation With The Moonies’: Part Two
By Rich Rabinoff

Waiting for Bloodshed by the Bay...

I was the champion of the neighborhood roller skaters. With my pair of cheap, clamp-on sidewalk skates affixed firmly to my size five Pro-Keds, I would whip up a storm on the Brooklyn asphalt. I took great pride in usually being the first one to scream "Car!" when an automobile turned the corner and threatened our turf. I took delight in watching my friends — and my sister — trip over that one, forgotten crevice in the pavement and awkwardly stumble along towards eventual doom.

I gave up skating when my feet kept outgrowing my sneakers, and when my sneakers kept outgrowing my one-size-fits-all skates. But when on winter break vacation this year in Miami, someone asked me if I wanted to go skating. I jumped at the opportunity. Rather, I "tripped" at the opportunity. I'll never learn.

"You know," I said, "I used to be the first one to shout 'car' on the block." I got nothing but vacant stares. Damn Southerners.

I was psyched to the hilt on the trip to the roller rink. Visions of Bobby Hull-dom and Gordy Howe-dom danced through my head. I would tear up the concrete-0. I even managed to skate back to the rental center to relieve myself of ten pounds of leather, metal and plastic — which had possessed my feet never my idea of fun.

That real world, though, was a world of pseudo-reality. I had actually begun to accept the fact that maybe there's nothing wrong with 20 and 30-year-old middle Americans rolling around uncontrollably and subjecting themselves to complete humiliation. I also grudgingly began to accept the reality of artificial snow in 80-degree Miami and of the abundance of rainbow colored outerwear.

Noel Weyrich continues his story of a trip to Gainesville, Florida over vacation with followers of Rev. Moon. Second of a three-part story.

Rich Rabinoff
Christine Woodside
Editors

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Troubled Tracks: Philadelphia's Subways Are Ailing and Mismanaged

By Peter Roth

As the northbound train on the Broad Street subway line pulled into the City Hall station one afternoon, four policemen ran quickly over to the first train, yelling to the conductor, "Don't start this train!" The four cops, three of them tough-looking women, pulled an old drunk out of the first car as a crowd slowly gathered. One of the police-women was loudly interrogating the man, who looked barely cognizant of his surroundings. As the problem became apparent, the crowd chuckled and began to move away. The man had urinated on the floor of the subway.

The Broad Street subway trains are filled with the kind of dirt that doesn't just come from litter or cans of spilled beer or the seats and floors. It is the kind of dirt that accumulates on objects in use by hundreds of thousands of people for over three decades. The passenger seats on the trains are wooden-hard — the cushioning wore thin many years ago.

The nation's third largest transit system is in trouble. State Representative Joseph Rocks recently told a television interviewer that the Philadelphia transit system has been allowed to be "run into the ground." Few riders would disagree.

In a time when the nation should be turning to public transportation as an alternate means of travel, Philadelphia area residents are not. There has been only a three percent increase in ridership on SEPTA vehicles within the last six months. The figure is almost negligible in a country where gasoline prices increased by over 50 percent last year.

The city transit system, operated by the South- eastern Pennsylvania Transportation Authority, received word last week from a legislative committee in Harrisburg that it suffers from serious organizational troubles. The report criticized the lack of safety regulations for mass transit vehicles, the poor inspection system, the SEPTA General Manager's lack of granted authority, and the SEPTA Board members, for mismanaging daily operations.

The wretched condition of the subway trains and Subway Surface cars is perhaps the most serious problem confronting the system. Since 1938, none of the cars on the Broad Street line have been replaced, and no Subway Surface cars have been added to the trolley system since 1948. Last September, SEPTA Board Chairman David Girard-diCarlo told a state legislative committee investigating the system, "The erratic nature of capital funding plus a lack of a clear mandate to one agency to control priorities in the region makes it very hard to plan and manage an overall program."

* * *

A mid-afternoon crowd on the Market Street line is a diverse mixture of young, old, black and white. The obvious standouts are the school-age youngsters on their way home from private school dressed in a jacket and tie. They talk of basketball scores and swimming meets. Shoppers get on at the 8th Street stop with Strawbridge and Clothier bags as the train remains full — shuttling people off to their destinations in Northeast Philadelphia.

The Broad Street line is quieter during mid-afternoon although the noise the approaching trains can make is deafening at times. There are a few yelling children going home from school. The stations are dark and lonely after they leave — the police are not around. But one unperturbed police man made a rare appearance a few days ago, for a brief wait at a South Philadelphia station during rush hour. His destination was City Hall, where it appears all transit cops end up talking into groups.

While waiting for the train, he said that safety "really isn't as bad (in the subways and their stations) as it is upstairs," alluding to street crime in the area. He added that the "problems are really only when the young kids get out of school."

On the other hand, dismal decay seems to lurk in the dark Subway Surface cars. The drivers in the single car vehicles are boxed into their seats and surrounded by a shield of plexi-glass. Throughout the vehicle's walls are a multitude of signs telling passengers what to do if the cars break down and urging them to hold on to the seats — or something — while the vehicle is in motion. No wonder. The shaky trolley twists on an uncertain route, and passengers can't tell when the driver will slam on the brakes. The tracks, like the interior of the cars, are old and out of shape, desperately in need of repair.

How did the system become so run-down? State Representative Samuel Rappaport, a member of the special state committee that investigated SEPTA operations, said recently that the major problem is management "ineptitude," from the foremen to the administrators.

Rappaport said he feels that SEPTA General Manager David Gunn (who came to SEPTA last summer from the Massachusetts Bay Transit Authority) needs more job power "to chew ass and take names." Management, Rappaport explained, must realize that if employees don't do a good job, they will be out of a job. The drivers are the only SEPTA employees protected by a union. They're members of Local 234 of the Transportation Workers Union.

The state investigative committee has called for additional authority for Gunn. But a spokesman for SEPTA last week refused to comment on the speculation of a major management shake-up within the organization.

Girard-diCarlo has said "no business or service, such as the transit industry, can long endure without regularly scheduled maintenance and replacement of parts of the system." He also said that SEPTA should be spending $32 million dollars a year for maintenance and repairs whereas in 1978 it spent about 50 percent of that sum.

(Continued on Page 4)
In a Word, The ‘Frog’ Is Fantastic

By Lesley Jane Stroll

If you didn’t know any better, you would think the plant-filled storefront on 16th between Locust and Spruce is a flower shop. However, if you ventured inside you would find yourself in the restaurant Frog — one of the three or four best in town. Frog, which opened in 1973, combines imagination, creativity and culinary expertise to deliver a meal worth splurging for.

The restaurant has two different rooms. The small, noisy front room has a bar and tables so close together that some of Philly’s more interesting gossip probably got started there. The back room is for larger groups with a quieter, more sedate atmosphere.

The menu is a large black-and-white parade to the table. A la carte courses include the typical soup, salad, appetizer, entree and dessert.

Salads are also fairly standard. A spinach bacon roquefort ($3.25) seems to be the most popular. If you order a soup or salad, though, you might not be overly pleased. You should skip these and try one of the impressive appetizers. Studying the selection shows what is so special about this place.

The choices are both creative, numerous and delicious. The deep fried wontons stuffed with crabmeat and Brie ($3.75) are outstanding. The wontons, although rather small, are a taste sensation and the deep fried dough crust is a tasty wrapping for a crabmeat and melted Brie.

Snails gratinee ($2.75) is prepared in a small ceramic dish, served piping hot. The cheese is melted over spinach and snails, which are a little chewy but combine well.

Choosing an entree is not easy. The selection is probably one of the most extensive in the city, but quality is not compromised for quantity. Choices include roast chicken with bean sprouts with a sesame dressing ($8.75); and an Oriental salad ($11.75) is especially well prepared. The veal made with carrots, mushrooms, brandy and cream ($11.75) is especially well prepared. The brandy adds a delicate touch that doesn’t overpower the taste of the carefully-cooked meat.

Sea bass ($10.50) is also nicely prepared. The entire fish is stuffed with spinach and mushrooms and brought table side. The fish is prepared simply but carefully. Desserts at Frog are simply wonderful. The selection ranges from a light fruit-of-the-day selection ($3.25) to a mouth-watering 250,000 calories — but worth every last one.

Frog is worth a visit. The service is good and the food is great.

SEPTA: Going Down The Tubes

(Continued from page 3)

Finances are an integral part of the city transit problem. SEPTA officials expect a $9.2 million deficit this year in unfunded revenues on their $300 million budget. Almost half of this revenue comes from passenger fares, the rest from state, local, and federal aid.

Subway and trolley fares last January increased 11% — from 45 to 50 cents — but a SEPTA spokesman commented that a fare increase is not “in the works” for the city.

Funds are desperately needed to revamp the Broad Street subway and the Subway Surface lines. Charles Keller, a business agent with Local 234, noted that everyone has “known for a while” that the system was in bad shape, and “if they don’t repair the equipment” and get “enough of the proper parts,” things would inevitably get worse.

Another big problem is that the company which built and serviced the trolleys went out of business a few years ago, leaving SEPTA to search desperately for parts — often cannibalizing the worst of the existing vehicles. On any given day, 10 - 20% of the city transit vehicles are out of order. Fortunately for SEPTA, an aid package is being introduced in the state legislature which would pump $5.3 million in to the system for immediate repairs.

But a quick fix of money is not the long-term remedy. Rappaport asserted that SEPTA could use more state subsidies, but that it “does not ask for more money” — there isn’t even a SEPTA lobbyist in Harrisburg, the state capital. (By comparison, the University of Pennsylvania maintains three lobbyists there.) As far as an increase in federal aid goes, Rappaport claimed that SEPTA “doesn’t have the managerial abilities to apply for federal money.” A spokesman for SEPTA noted that although there is no SEPTA lobbyist in Harrisburg and Washington, the transit authority does belong to state and national organizations that lobby for additional funds.

For the Subway Surface and Broad Street subway lines, hope might be in store for the future. New subway surface cars are on order from a Japanese firm, expected in late 1981. The city government has agreed to furnish SEPTA with new trains for the Broad Street line, but they have yet to be ordered.

Looking into the future, state representative John F. White (D. Phil.), a member of the legislature committee that investigated SEPTA, told reporters last week that “if those maintenance needs aren’t met, what we have seen (in accidents) will be nothing compared to what we will see in the future.”
Revenge on Rape in Shocking ‘Extremities’

By Joan Harrison

Extremities, a contemporary play based on a factual rape in which the victim dares to take the law into her own hands, is the latest work of William Mastrosimone. One leaves the Theater Center Philadelphia, the play’s new home, outraged by both the horror of the crime and its aftermath, when we discover an acute imbalance in our legal scale—one tipped to favor the criminal.

Today’s media find rape a trendy enough subject, worthy of portrayal in the sensationalist television movie as well as in the American institution of the sit-com. Discussion of a rape generally fares from a vapid display of the victim’s frustration and self-pity to a melodramatic presentation in the familiar courtroom scenario. You know, the one equipped with a sassy attorney who verbally bally reduces the courageous woman to a common whore.

Extremities reaches beyond the media’s hype on rape. Allowing the tragic paradigm of victim-lose-all, Mastrosimone turns the tables and allows the victim to victimize her attacker. Here a young woman is home alone when an intruder, admirably performed by Tom Di Nardo, forces him upon her. Almost suffocated and wholly degraded, Marjorie, convincingly played by Patricia Moyer, blinds the rapist with a mere household spray. The viewer, outraged by the rape attempt, senses her victory and anticipates complete vindication.

The playwright avoids another character’s characteristic of the popular rape caper, and does not have Marjorie sheepishly free her attacker so that she may forever forget the incident. Nor does she brave a visit to the local precinct. Instead, believing her verbal testimony would never produce an indictment in a court of law, Marjorie decides to prosecute the criminal in her own way. She makes him experience the horror of utter vulnerability, just as he did to her.

The presence of the bound intruder shocks Marjorie’s two roommates upon their return. Sharp conflicts between her friends (Barbara Dritsoll and McElly) further enliven the scenes. Unfortunately, Mastrosimone here invokes a media stereotype as the women, pressured by the imminent crisis, display that they may forever forget the rape attempt. Indeed, witnessing the rape attempt slowly moves even the stoic viewer and perhaps exploits a self-hearted one.

Director Albert Benjuze smoothly guides his company of four competent actors to credibly portray raw emotions and explosive scenes. Surely Mastrosimone, a playwright of small repute but large talent, aids the director with a somewhat verbose but otherwise superb script. He has fashioned his play to please the audience, and that’s why it works. A TV network would never air this disturbing rape case, for the viewer would resort to the dial before the first station break.

But that’s probably the best reason to see Extremities, which runs through February 9th. The watershed-down TV version of rape may leave you unimpressed, but the dynamic new drama at the Theater Center Philadelphia will shock you.

*********

"Do you know how many women, after seeing my play, have confessed to me that they’ve been raped?’’ declares William Mastrosimone. The thirty-two year old Rutgers alumni is alluding to Extremities, a drama based on a rape that occurred near his Trenton home.

The impetus for Mr. Mastrosimone’s masterful work came from his acquaintance with a rape victim who lost her court case. "She told me, ‘If I could see him (the rapist) alone for five minutes...no, thirty seconds, I would have my justice.’" Mastrosimone says, "The law is not on her side.

While the playwright has written numerous dramas, this particular one has enlightened him to a grave social dilemma. He avers that such heightened sensitivity to rape does not generally belong to a man; it is more a woman’s reaction to her constant vulnerability.

Still, even after writing a play that voices the frustration of so many women, Mastrosimone feels a certain helplessness: "What can I say when women tell me they’re scared to leave the theater after seeing a play? What can I do?"

THIS WEEK

Annenberg Center
3460 Walnut St. 247-5706
The guys in Cuckoo’s Nest don’t know how good they had it. The insanity of Mary Grace is a stark indictment of the manner in which the insane were treated in nineteenth century America as well as one woman’s attempt to transcend the nightmare into which she is placed. Runs through February 3.

Forrest Theater
1114 Walnut St. 923-1616
Want to see your parents called entertaining? Then stop right up for The Big Broadcast of 1944—wish set up in the format of a live radio broadcast, starring Dennis Day, the Ink Spots, Harry James and his orchestra, and others Before Your Time. Runs to February 17.

Grande’s Lair
500 South St. 923-5559
Yet another nostalgia trip: The same folks that brought you Let My People Come now present Oh Coward! a fast-paced collection of over fifty songs and skits from the works of Noel Coward—the man who brought the English to the world. Dinner is also available as a package deal. (see review)

Mask and Wig Clubhouse
315 S. Quince St. 923-4229
The redoubtable Wiggers continue with their 60th annual production.

Daze A Va. a satire of insignificant events of the past, present, and future. The show runs at the Clubhouse until February 29. After which it comes to Zeilnerfeh Theater for a few shows for the folks back home.

Plays and Players
1714 Delancey St. 739-0630
Surprise, surprise, another review! This one’s An Evening Without Lisa Minnelli, which allegedly ‘comes improvised’. Fantasies and Zany Character portrayals into a series of hilarious comedy sketches. ‘Try this old radio show or Coward’s silly sexual innuendoes don’t do it for you. Runs through February 24.

Raportory Company
1824 Chestnut St. 963-0616
Rosenzweig and Guildenstern are Dead (also known as Son of Godot) in its fifth time around at the Repertory Company. Stoppard’s bitters Bensetl with a little humor, but the forecast remains bleak. Runs to February 23.

Theater Center Philadelphia
222 S. 4th St. 925-7662
What happens when a rape victim seeks to take revenge upon her assailant? Extremities, a drama by William Mastrosimone is the answer, as well as the source for some serious questions about our legal system and vigilantism. See review for more.
On December 27, 1979, I headed down to Florida with a busload of disciples from one of the most widely-feared religious cults in America today - Sun Myung Moon's Unification Church. An offshoot of the church, the organization called CARP, had sponsored a five-day seminar near the town of Gainesville, and I went along, as an interested, prospective convert.

I had planned to go with someone else, but went alone instead. I had intended to behave like some confused, woebegotten soul, to win their trust, but I couldn't keep up the act. I spent four days with them - shared with them a 29-hour bus ride, 6:30 mornings with teeth a-chatter in not-so-sunny Florida, unsettled and on edge.

I awakened on the morning of departure, the 27th, to a breakfast of eggs, toast, and reminders from Mrs. Gold that "it's too late now to change your mind" and that if I stayed in the Big Apple with Danny I'd have a "wonderful New Year's." I must have liked what she was saying because I soon found myself wanting to stay. But I was being rather self-destructingly helpful, I thought.

I found Richard, along with about fifty fellow travelers, in the lobby of the New Yorker as he had instructed. The hotel is a clumsy, art-deco behemoth that Moon brought several years back. They are renovating it now and all the seminar-goers stood awkwardly by the makeshift wall partitions and discarded piping.

Of the things that I observed about my fellow seminar-goers, two stood out in my mind. One was the curious sort of asexuality about them. While waiting around for the buses, they clustered in groups of varying numbers, but seldom in boy-girl pairs. Most of the conversation sounded polite, stilted, seldom betraying any signs of passion or displeasure even or scrimmage. The few couples that were congregated there spoke softly like everyone, but never whispered or sought privacy. No one touched anyone anywhere at any time.

The other thing I couldn't help but notice was the almost uniform unattractiveness of the crowd. Walk into a crowded room on a given day, and chances are you will see a few really good-looking people, various degrees of average looking people and a few real uglies. Well, the Moonies I had fallen in with now were almost exclusively representatives of the lower end of this spectrum. Most of the girls were overweight, dumy, and lacking in spirit and vivacity. The guys were your basic funny-looking wimp-types, with apologetic or just plain bovine expressions on their faces and generally thin-looking physiques. I'm not saying any of this matters one way or the other concerning one's worth as a member of the human race, mind you. It's just odd to find a roomful of people with no pretty girls or handsome, outgoing guys. None, el zilcho. The lack of pretty girls immediately began to wear on my spirit.

When the buses arrived, I was fortunate enough to grab the front seat to the driver's right. It would be a long ride and I was lucky to get a panorama view without someone in front of me reclining his seat in my face.

I divided my 28 hours on the bus among sleeping, reading a Steinbeck book Gold loaned me, taking notes, and, most importantly, familiarizing myself with the doctrines of Moon's Church.

Essentially, what Moon believes is expressed in a paperback-sized book called The Divine Principle. The Principle was given to him by Jesus on a Korean hillside in 1936, when Moon was 16.

The Principle was given to him by Jesus on a Korean hillside in 1936, when Moon was 16. It is kind of like a Third Testament, a history of Man since Christ, as seen by God. It states that Jesus saved the world spiritually and that he would have gone on to save the material world, that is, made life on earth to become what God had originally intended, if the Jews had not gone and killed him. The Principle then goes on to explain the history of the world in terms of what God intended. The engineering of the world, as a result, turns over to a series of numerical extrapolations, based on the sanctity of the number 40, the principle proposes that the second coming of Christ will be at the time and place, Rev. Moon's birthday and native land fall within its bounds.

So Moon is God's Second Sacred Stab at trying to get the world in shape. Since he is still alive, the Reverend has added all kinds of additional doctrines to the original principle, including keys to living everyday live in an unsullied manner dedicated to the One Truth that is God.

I was treated to a rather candid expression of commitment to that unsulliedness on the bus ride down. It was about four in the morning and Dave, one of the leaders and organizers of the trip, was standing by the Moonie bus driver as mile after mile of North Carolina glided by. They were just about the only people, besides myself, who were awake on the bus. I was sitting in the dark watching the white stripes, just like them.

"You know," Dave said to the driver, "Sometimes I feel like the whole world is in a forest at the foot of a mountain, and I'm way up, half way up the mountain." The bus driver said something I couldn't hear over the roar of the engine. "Yeah," Dave said, "it's like I can see the top of the mountain, but I'm still not living totally by the Principle, I'm still susceptible to peer pressure and peer groups." There was a pause, and then, "It must really hurt The Father that so few people can stick to the Principle, but, I don't know, maybe no one can." The driver made barely audible sounds of asent.

The Bus Ride Ends

We arrived at our destination - a rented-out YMCA camp - around 7 p.m. on the 28th. The bus ride had taken almost 29 hours and had been a dull odyssey of parochial Southern newspapers, mild cramps, truck-stop food, and brief, sporadic conversations with the Moonies.

During most of the ride, the seat next to me had been empty. Occasionally, though, Richard and Liz, the two Moonies I had met in New York, came up front to keep me company.

From these conversations, I learned that Liz is Welsh and a personal friend of Reverend Moon. She said she became involved with the Church in the 60's and later, with CARP, over in the British Isles. Then the church shipped her here. Now she foresaw a time in the near future in which she would give up her work for the church in order to raise children with her Church-appointed husband.

Richard, who was in his late twenties like Liz, had a very different story to tell. He was brought up in St. Louis, and was once kicked out of a Midwestern university in the 60's because he was trying to organize an 

Rev. Sun Myung Moon: Essentially, what Moon believes is expressed in a paperback-sized book called The Divine Principle. The Principle was given to him by Jesus on a Korean hillside in 1936, when Moon was 16.

The Camp: "There was a rustic old log cabin-type hall, a bit larger than most one-story homes. To the rear of the building, there was a half-size basketball court, and a drained built-in swim-
What happens at the Gainesville YMCA camp the Moonies rented for the seminar. Second of a three-part story.

anti-war march. He never told how he discovered the Unification Church, but with the end of the New Left in the 70's, it's easy to imagine the vacuum that was left in so many lives.

All through these conversations, I was telling them about twice as much about myself as they were telling me about them. I told my life story once to each of them, regretting that I had never taken enough time out in advance to actually plan a phony autobiography that would blend in with their philosophy and make me appear more authentic. I kept "singing" my lies and drawing lukewarm positive responses. Sometimes, I would contradict myself in a conversation and find them agreeing with both opposing statements.

From what I could discern in my talks with Richard and Liz, both of them are your basic dyed-in-the-wool Moonies. Not all CARP members are necessarily true-blue Moonies, although all the CARP leaders are.

The basic distinctions between the two groups is that of youth and maturity, and of politics and religion. CARP is dedicated to the cause of "new leadership for a new age", or in other words, bringing college students under the political right-wing of the Unification Church. The church is actively reactionary, based in part on the Rev. Moon's teaching that America is a force of "good" and the Soviet Union a force of "evil". A student amenable to Moon's political ideas may join CARP and then, being used to hanging around so many of Moon's religious followers, he may become a full time church member — or in some cases, he may become a leader himself.

What is so hilarious about all of this is that CARP and the Church maintain they are two totally unrelated organizations even though their insignias are similar, they have many members in common, and the same leaders.

(Continued on page 8)

CARP symbol (top), and Unification Insignia: "CARP and the Church maintain they are two totally unrelated organizations even though their insignias are similar, they have many members in common, and the same faces pop up on both of their glossy brochures."

Singing and Cymbals

Anyway, we got off the bus a few hours after dusk on the 28th, and there, barely visible in the buses' headlights, was a rustic old log cabin-type hall, a bit larger than most one-story homes, with a green single porch out front and palm trees all around it. Inside, a live band was playing some folk-rock tunes and a crowd of youthful voices were singing along.

There were about 200 people inside, sitting on folding chairs and singing songs like "If I Had a Hammer" and an ode to Unification ideals with a lively chorus that goes "One World! One World!" followed by rapid cymbal crashes.

After dinner, we were all divided into groups, by school or city. There were four groups from New York — Columbia, CCNY, Queens College, and NYU but only one from all of Philadelphia. There were other groups from Boston, Connecticut, and Ohio.

The singing and other entertainment went on till about ten. There was a Moonie brass band doing Beatles' songs, a Moonie folk duo who had just returned from fund-raising in Britain, and amateur guitar players from the audience, including the same clown I had heard in New York, still singing "Feliz Navidad." Everyone clapped, stomped, rocked, and sang along to the music.

"Why are you here?" Dan Fefferman, a jovial banjo-picker asked of random people in the audience.

"W.L.," one girl from Ohio State said in a coy Midwestern accent, "I want to be a leader, in the coming New Age . . ." Applause followed, but only after Fefferman started it. I began constructing an answer in case he called on me. He picked on another OSU student instead. The kid shot up out of his seat and spun round to face the crowd.

"WE'RE GONNA DO IT!" he screamed. "ONE WORLD! ONE TRUTH! IN THE NEW AGE! REVEREND MOON! YEEEEE HAAH!"

There was about a million seconds of embarrassed silence followed by a crescendo of cheers and applause.

After the music was over, the different groups were assigned to their sleeping quarters and everyone had to head out behind the log cabin. To the immediate rear of the building, there was a half-size basketball court with two ten-foot baskets. Immediately behind that was a drained built-in swimming pool with twin diving boards and to each side of the pool there was a long, cinderblock motel-size building. Each one had about eight bunkrooms with eight pairs of rusty bunk beds in each room. I hadn't brought a sleeping bag with me and Richard loaned me a couple of blankets.

The temperature had fallen quite rapidly since dusk.

The bathrooms were ridiculously crowded so I suppressed nature's call and went to bed unwashed, fully clothed, with my heavy winter coat on. The blankets over that, my backpack for a pillow, and nothing beneath me but the bare mattress.

As I tried to fall asleep, all sorts of idle thoughts drifted by my head. I began to feel a little guilty about eventually writing what I had seen so far; Richard and Liz had been so nice to me. Still, the experience continued to be a bit frightening. That "One World!" stuff gave me the creeps. It was like the "Sieg Heil!" of the Third Reich. How many of the people in that room were like me, skeptics or critics who tagged along just for the ride. Were they on to me? Just before the bus ride began the topic of Hunter Thompson came up and Richard asked me if I had ever considered writing anything like Thompson's stuff. Where the hell was he getting these questions? And when was the last time you were in a roomful of college kids and certain beyond the shadow of a doubt that no one in the room would get laid that night?

Meeting An Ally

Incessant shivering awakened me on the morning of the 29th. It was 6:30 — wake-up time. Breakfast was in an hour and lectures were starting at nine. I pulled out my transistor radio with the earplug and listened to the news before dragging myself up.

A band was playing on the plywood riser at one end of the room, while everyone sat on folding chairs with their bacon and eggs in their laps, huddled into circles in the groups. We sang some songs, including an eviscerated version of "Blowin' in the Wind" in which they sang "the answer my friends is, is in the hearts of men." I was so indignant about the word change that I quickly wrote a letter in my head to Bob Dylan, telling him what the Moonies had done to his song and encouraging him to sue.

Then came the first lecture, given by a Moonie poli sci prof from some obscure school in upstate New York.

The thrust of the lecture escapes me now. My most vivid memory of it is the moment I turned around and saw all the foreign students in the room (nearly one-third were foreign) nodding in their seats and slowly falling asleep to the drone of a lecture in a language they barely understood. In the name of "unity", they were persuaded, gently but persistently, to attend the lecture, even though they had absolutely no idea what was being said.

When it was over, three hours later, I approached a small, sleepy-eyed member of the Philadelphia "delegation" to discuss a question he had asked the lecturer. It was a sharp, pointed question, too boring to relate here. It was the kind I wanted to ask but didn't, for fear of raising suspicion about myself.

"Y'know," I said to him, "that guy completely double-talked you there.

"Yeah, I know," he said. He didn't seem interested in talking. We were introduced as Ben from Harvard and Noel from Penn by the Philly CARP leader, a smarmy little bloke named Larry.

Ben asked me cautiously if I had "come with someone." The implication was obvious to me — he wanted to make sure I wasn't just another hyper-agreeable Moonie, and that I was what he was — a curious outsider who came along to put the Moonies on. We ambled outside. (Continued on page 8)
I rate Joseph Heller's 'Good as Gold' somewhere between 'The Brothers Karamazov' and those dirty little eight-pagers we used to read...closer to 'Karamazov'...

**Mel Brooks**

(Continued from page 7)

i am outraging these people so much," he laughed in self-admiration. "They don't know what to do with me. I keep walking off by myself and taking people aside to whisper something to them and when I do, the Moons come up and say, 'What? What?' and I tell 'em, 'don't worry, I'm not telling her where I hid the bombs or anything.'"

"Shit, that's funny," I giggled. It had been days since I had heard anything so funny.

"They must think I'm a spy for the deprogrammers or something. When I applied to come on the trip, they said to me, 'What, are you gonna write a big story for the school paper about us?'"

"Shit, really!" I told him about my plans for writing a story and how I had feared they were on to me when they asked me questions like that. It was obvious now that they ask everyone these "have you ever thought of being a reporter?" questions. The innocent are non-plussed by the question and the guilty terror-stricken that the jig is up and you might as well quit because they'll never come clean with you now that they know you're a reporter. Come to think of it, it's a perfect question for them to ask.

"If you're writing about this thing," Ben said, "you might want to know about a few things that went on here last night. I was in the main cabin at about 2 a.m. because there was no room for our group in the bunks. Well, all of a sudden, about eight cop cars pull up with the lights flashing and everything. I hung around watching, even though the fuckin' Moons kept saying things like 'why don't you go back in and rest up for tomorrow?'" He imitated their voices in a sweet, mocking tone. "Anyway, this girl's mother wanted her to come back to Boston and she didn't want to go. That's what it sounded like. So after about an hour of arguing with the cops, they finally went and got her and she and a few other kids left with the cops."

On that note, we parted, promising to meet up again to talk. We both had a lot to say to each other.

For the rest of the day, I wondered about those other kids who left with the cops. Had they felt the same spooky feeling in their stomachs that I felt when the Moons started singing those "One World!" songs? During the moments when I was relatively unafraid of what was to come, I had continued to feel alienated and sour about the whole thing. I had to remember the story. Without the story to do, I'd have just as soon walked out to the divided highway and hitch-hiked to Gainesville, and then back to civilization.

Next week — The real story about the cops' visit, stupid questions asked, things get tight, I get the boot.

Just published in paperback by Pocket Books. America's wildest #1 bestseller.
On Sex and Drugs and Rock ‘n’ Roll

By Barbara Shulman

National Lampoon
Tenth Anniversary Anthology
Simon & Schuster
320 pages, $19.95

Happy Birthday National Lampoon! You’re ten years old today. Well, not quite. Current editor P. J. O’Rourke writes in the magazine’s tenth anniversary anthology’s introduction: “...since our first issue was April, 1970, it’s really only 97.5% of a decade. And this book went to press in June, 1979, so it’s actually nine years and about two months, which is nowhere near a decade. But you know what we mean.”

Yes, we do. The National Lampoon has become an institution over these ten years through its books, records, stage shows, TV shows, its ever popular movie Animal House, and through the magazine itself. Its brand of humor, particularly appealing to the young, is tasteless, merciless, and often right on the mark.

By Stuart Fell

Stranded
Rock and Roll for a Desert Island
Edited by Greil Marcus
Alfred A. Knopf
306 pages, $5.95

There are two situations in which every rock and roll reviewer is asked to place himself. The first is to explain to a recently-landed Martian the meaning of rock-and-roll by playing him one album — an idea that is not so far fetched considering NASA recently sent a Chuck Berry song into space aboard the Voyager space probe. The second hypothetical situation is to pick an album to take to a desert island.

This is the situation that Greil Marcus addresses. And, in a time when many rock enthusiasts feel they are stranded on a musical island, he has asked twenty of rock’s top reviewers (among them Creem’s Lester Bangs, The New York Times’ John Rockwell, and the Village Voice’s Robert Christgau) for their choice. It is an intriguing idea, and the accompanying results are just as intriguing.

But instead of putting together a list of the critics’ top ten albums, Marcus has compiled essays of obsession, for in their hearts, reviewers are simply unbalanced fans with an ability to turn a phrase. Their picks run the gamut of popular music, from familiar names like the Rolling Stones, and Neil Young, to the more obscure and irregular legends like the New York Dolls, and Captain Beefheart (who Langdon Winners is obsessed with). If the writing is ones of emoting, the monographs are not as varied as the choices (as perhaps the Beatles or Dylan might have ten years ago). It is a valid reflection on the directionlessness of today’s rock scene.

High Culture
By William Novak
Alfred A. Knopf
289 pages, $6.95

In this, a semi-scientific survey of Marijuana use as an American cultural phenomenon, William Novak has compiled user’s descriptions of the effects of the drug for bringing forth a profile of the psycho-physio-socio-logical aspects of its widespread popularity. The result is a book filled with lots of opinions, a few interesting ideas, and no new knowledge.

Almost half of High Culture is excerpts from letters to the author from marijuana users all over the country. He does a surprisingly good job of selecting the more revealing and articulate passages from the correspondence.

Throughout the book, however, a distinction is drawn between drug use for recreation and drug abuse as a way of life. The book is for someone who really appreciates marijuana for its creative possibilities. In a chapter on marijuana activities, Novak has some interesting ideas. One of them is called mental strip poker in which the players wager embarrassing truths about themselves, and in the “Ultimate Stoned Game” the winners are people too stoned to answer simple questions like “Who just left the room?”

The other problem is that the writings are ones of emotion. If Lester Bangs is as prolific as Van Morrison’s Astral Weeks, are we also supposed to be? Nonetheless, the essays are well-written and delve into and describe the recordings with a certain flair. And to a person who is obsessed as much with rock reviews as he is with the music itself, this book is a welcome publication.

(Stuart Fell is a former editor and music critic of 34th Street. He would never consider taking fewer than several hundred records with him to a desert island.)
Night of the Juggler, billed as a suspense-thriller, suffers from the same problem plaguing most of today's Hollywood films — lack of style. The seamy side of New York, so beautifully photographed in Scorsese's Taxi Driver just looks pale and blue under the same problem. While action is better suited to film, filmmakers must come to realize that to make an action worthy of attention, there must be characters the audience cares about.

Lack of character, though, is not the only problem with Night of the Juggler. The film could also use some plot, dialogue, and humor. For a film of this type, it takes itself far too seriously, although laughter can be heard occasionally above the racial taunts. It is not until she learns of the identity of one of her assailants, however, that she is spurred to take action. Discouraged by her mother and her fiancé, her decision is strengthened by her friends.

Nicole's growing conviction that her actions are right, and the difference in perspective between herself and Jacques become major themes in the film — although Jacques' reasons for coming around (are they intellectual or emotional?) are never sufficiently explored.

What distinguishes this film from others on the same topic is the unexpected glimpse into the lives of the rapists and their families. The detail adds to the film's realism: the viewer is a member of the lives happily, with her mother, has a tender, loving and attractive fiancé, and two kind, caring friends. Rather than detracting from the film's effectiveness, however, this background provides a stark contrast to the actual rape.

The rape occurs early in the movie; in essence, the film is not so much about the act itself, but about its consequences. Not unpredictably, her lover Jacques (Alain Fournes) has the most difficulty accepting the incident and Nicole's decision to take legal action.

Nicole herself is at first unsure about taking action, although she does feel the need to respond in some way to the crime. It is not until she learns of the identity of one of her assailants, however, that she is spurred to take action. Discouraged by her mother and her fiancé, her decision is strengthened by her friends.

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Root Boy Slim
& The Sex Change Band with the Rootettes
Zoom
Illegal SP 006

It is genuinely shocking to find that Zoom, the second album from a singer commonly labeled "The Most Disgusting Man in the World," is both listenable and enjoyable. Though his girth (6' 2", 240 lbs.) and filth have given him a bizarre attractiveness in concert, on Zoom one finds excellent musicianship and surprisingly well-delivered lyrics lurking beneath the hype and image. The band, highlighted by Ernie Sex-Ray Lancaster on guitar, and Rattlesnake Rattles on bass, moves from rhythm and blues to reggae, pop, and rock with agility and skill. "World War III," which opens the album, is a tight and streamlined song about impending doom. By contrast, "Do The Gator" is a funky number about getting down to "boogie horizontally." The lyrics, most of them perverse or depraved, are perfectly suited to Root Boy's voice, which is a unique growl embodying the qualities of Tom Waits, Zappa, and Barry White. Unfortunately, Root Boy and the band are probably destined for failure. Zoom is highly entertaining, but the poke rock image Root Boy has created is likely too extreme for the rock and roll masses.

— Marc Brown

Natalie Cole/
Peabo Bryson

We're the Best of Friends
Capitol 500-12025

Although Natalie Cole and Peabo Bryson claim to be... Best of Friends, it might have been better for the music industry had they remained casual acquaintances. The album is the debut effort for two of contemporary soul music's most renowned vocalists/composers. Natalie has produced six solo albums while Peabo has established himself with enough gold records to earn the title "The Gentleman of Soul." This joint performance, however, leaves a great deal to be desired. Their voices, although rich and varied, try to do about as harmoniously as do vinegar and oil. A striking illustration, "Your Lovely Heart," reveals the consecutive solos by the two performers, but yields to a hideously unpleasing duet that destroys what otherwise would have been a lovely melody. Such disharmony also results in the heinous butchery of "The Bull and the Bear," and "What You Won't Do For Love." Ultimately, the album's sole merit lies in its fine instrumentation and composition which, under other circumstances, could have received considerable acclaim.

— Steve Warren

Jean Ritchie

High Hills and Mountains
Flying Fish GR701

High Hills and Mountains, recorded by Jean Ritchie and The Fresno Friends (and others), is a collection of folk songs both old and new, arranged and written by Ms. Ritchie. Well-known for the authenticity of her traditional folk music, Ritchie's voice is that of a superb mountain singer. Her rich musical heritage is immediately apparent on the album's first side. She has combined songs from her childhood in Kentucky with those of her ancestors from the British Isles, providing the listener with some good-old-fashioned foot stomping tunes as well as tale-telling, heart-moving ballads. The last cut on the album, "Let The Sun Shine Down On Me," is the lone exception. Written by Ritchie in the '50s as a protest against the atom bomb, she tells of... "water but I couldn't... drink it. Hard trouble I see.../Bread, but I couldn't eat it/Let the sun shine down on me." A quarter of a century later, these words have almost become a reality.

— M. L. Freiner

XTC

Drums and Wires
Virgin WA 13134

The label "New Wave" seems to scare away more potential listeners from an artist than it attracts. Unfortu-
ately, this will probably hold true for the American debut album from Britain's XTC, which is definitely New Wave, but which is also, when given the chance, aurally accessible to everyone. The first side of Drums and Wires contains pop songs as good as any likely to be released this year ("Makin' Plans for Nigel," "Ten Feet Tall"). As well as some highly danceable numbers ("Heli
copter," "Life Begins at the Hop"). Side two is a bit more adventurous. Here, the album's shortcoming is revealed; the band becomes overly pretentious, trying to do too much. Nevertheless, XTC's sound, successfully blending unusual lyrics, erratic back beats, and occasionally incomprehensible phrases, will prove fulfilling for the open-minded listener. Don't be fooled by labels. As the title suggests, XTC, like any other rock and roll band, is nothing more than "drums and wires." And only a fool or a monk would deprive himself of XTC.

— Scott Bruskin

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The label "New Wave" seems to scare away more potential listeners from an artist than it attracts. Unfortu-
ately, this will probably hold true for the American debut album from Britain's XTC, which is definitely New Wave, but which is also, when given the chance, aurally accessible to everyone. The first side of Drums and Wires contains pop songs as good as any likely to be released this year ("Makin' Plans for Nigel," "Ten Feet Tall"). As well as some highly danceable numbers ("Heli
copter," "Life Begins at the Hop"). Side two is a bit more adventurous. Here, the album's shortcoming is revealed; the band becomes overly pretentious, trying to do too much. Nevertheless, XTC's sound, successfully blending unusual lyrics, erratic back beats, and occasionally incomprehensible phrases, will prove fulfilling for the open-minded listener. Don't be fooled by labels. As the title suggests, XTC, like any other rock and roll band, is nothing more than "drums and wires." And only a fool or a monk would deprive himself of XTC.

— Scott Bruskin

Around the bend... • It looks like the music industry's annual post-Christmas blues are almost over. New releases by some big names should be in the stores before you can bat an eyelash. On Capitol, the band that nearly everyone has an opinion on has a new disc due entitled But Little Girls Under-stand. Yes, you guessed it, The Knack... Warren Zevon's new one is to be called Bad Luck Streak at Dancing School. On it, the Peckinpah of...
Scrapple

30th Street Station: A Little Advance Notice

By Jill Schoenstein

By the end of their senior year, many Penn students will have spent hours, days, and even weeks waiting in 30th Street Station. Eventually, the wait should become more pleasant. In the next decade, the dingy grandeur of 30th Street Station. Eventually, the hours, days, and even weeks waiting in many Penn students will have spent vamping of 30th Street Station.

The Northeast Corridor Improvement Committee (a regional group dedicated to the improvement of trains and train stations) has examined the plight of stations across the northeastern United States and has launched a program of extensive repair. Included in this will be the re-vamping of 30th Street Station.

Necessary as this program may be, its reality is still limited to the drawing board. Completion of the project is not expected much before 1990, which means that most of us will not be here long enough to enjoy the results.

The committee is planning a new main entrance on the Market Street side, which will free the existing entrances for the flow of taxicabs. The present ticket office will move to make space for new escalators, and a new automatic ticket stand should then be built in another area of the station. This stand will use computerized customer cards on the same principle as an automatic bank teller.

Although most plans are still little more than speculation, certain top-priority renovations should begin immediately. Anyone who has been in the station after sundown has probably noticed the evening gloom, like one station employee who complained, "When it's dark outside, it's dark in here." Soon, however, new high-intensity lights — able to produce 30 times the light of the old ones — will be installed, along with a new roof — the non-leaking kind.

The majority of the renovations will be aimed at speeding up of station access and operations. Thirtieth Street executives and station police are quick to point out that station crime levels are low, and that the current condition of the station (however unattractive it may be) poses no real safety threat.

Just how much will be accomplished remains to be seen. In the meantime, some are skeptical about the station's future. One station employee summed up his lack of confidence in the program by calling the station "hopelessly old and decrepit." But station executives remain optimistic that the repairs will make the old building more comfortable.

Eventual Facelift: Modernization is students on the ten year plan will on the way for the inside of the familiar station, but only the enjoy the changes, which won't come until about 1990.

The Olympic Torch for a Day

In a city where there are so many daily fires, one might expect that a plan to run a little bit of flame through the streets might not be news — even if the fire started in Athens.

But no. With as much pomp as the Mummers' Parade, the Rocky scene at the Art Museum, and the Pope platform controversy, the Philadelphia city fathers are planning a whopping big celebration of the shaky Olympic spirit: Philadelphia's segment of the Olympic Torch Run. Sunday at brunch-time.

The varied group of specially-selected Torch bearing runners — they represent 50 states, D. C., and the towns of Lake Placid — should enter Philadelphia with The Torch at 11:08 a.m., near 61st and Baltimore Avenue. From there, The Torch will travel down Baltimore, cut over to Spruce at 36th, cut over to Chestnut at 34th, and continue to City Hall. (ETA downtown — 12:16 p.m.) The Torch will be greeted by government officials, former Olympians, and the Police Athletic League Drum and Bugle Corps. Then the festivities will ascend the steps of the Museum of Art reminiscent of the scene made famous in the 'Rocky' films when she will ignite a special urn.

After the Museum ceremony, The Torch, escorted by several jogging Philadelphians — some wearing "running bibs" sold by station WMMR for $5 — will then go along East River Drive to Hunting Park Avenue, up Roosevelt Boulevard, and along Bustleton Avenue until leaving the city limits at about 3:07 p.m. After that, The Torch will go through Bucks County, and then across the Delaware in a replica of one of the Durham boats used by George Washington, and then into New Jersey.

That's it. Approximately four hours of Olympic glory for the city which Mayor Green recently offered for the Summer Olympics. Perhaps the most intriguing thing about this event is that the most emphasis is on that bit of Athens fire — and not on the runners who carry the two-foot-high, one and a half pound Torch. To carry on the Torch's symbol, each official bearer will run between 18 and 30 miles. The flame will reach Lake Placid in time for opening ceremonies on February 8.

Remember the words of Olympic Committee First Vice President John Kelly, who hopes that "all Philadelphians would turn out to welcome the Torch to our city."