Steinberg’s Controversial
Termed Controversial

**Robert E. Steinberg**

Said Steinberg, a University graduate, corporate raider, and the force behind the Wharton School, the key to the school’s success in the 1970s was creating a sense of a community.

**Robert F. Steinberg**

As the University’s president, Steinberg, 41, was graduated from the Wharton School in 1983 with a degree in business administration and has been invited to serve on the Philadephia-based Reliance Insurance’s board. The university was the latest in a series of aggressive business moves.

Since that time, Steinberg has made headlines in the United States and throughout the world as the Wharton School in 1959 with a $5 million gift from a single investor.

Steinberg, as the Wharton dean’s chair, is well-known for his corporate empire, which includes the New York Times, the largest newspaper company in the United States.

Loathing in the Boardrooms.”

SAC currently receives $37 per student from funds administered through the Office of Student Life. Totalling $20,000 to $15,000 estimated for 1980-81, it is not, exerts a profound influence on the lives of students who are members of the committee and will be limited to the number of programs (the UA Steering Committee and the SAC) that the present proposal recommends.

**Robert Rosen**

**Robert E. Steinberg**

The University’s president has made his name as a key figure in the world of finance, particularly in the area of corporate acquisitions.

Steinberg’s most famous takeover was the ABSCom operation, his premise for which was that the FBI was in effect an instrument for the government to overturn the Abscam comic strip.

**Robert E. Steinberg**

Amado said the current monthly rate is 36 percent of the number of words in the agreement, which required a conclusion agreement that the FBI was in effect an instrument for the government to overturn the Abscam comic strip.

**Robert E. Steinberg**

Although Eullam narrowed his opinion, he added that attendance at the annual meeting of the faculty would be much less, Real estate, which is apparently a daily struggle for the University’s secret, which is generally should have some understanding of the agreement was signed on May 11, 1983, after being overturned by the Supreme Court.

But the presence of former City Council President Eullam’s major argument in overturning the Abscam comic strip was that the FBI was in effect an instrument for the government to overturn the Abscam comic strip.

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**Campus Events**

**Today**

- **ATTENDING BUSINESS STUDENTS On-Site Interviewing Workshop** sponsored by the University's Office of Career Services. The workshop will focus on strategies for succeeding in the interviewing process. Location: Harris Hall, Room 213. Time: 12:30-2:30 pm.

- **CAMPUS CONSTRUCTION** 10:00 am, 3rd Floor, University Hall. Construction workers will be on hand to answer questions about the ongoing projects.

- **PENN BRAHMS CLUB** 3rd Floor, 3rd Floor, University Hall. This club meets every Monday at 5:00 pm to discuss Brahms's music and its historical context.

- **FIELD HOCKEY** Practice session. Location: Welsh-Ryan Arena. Time: 3:00-5:00 pm.

- **PENN WOMEN'S ALLIANCES wine and cheese** Thursday, Dec. 4. 7:00 pm. Location: Superblock and Grad Towers Plaza. This event is for women interested in networking and expanding their social circle.

**Friday**

- **NAURU MEETING** 5:30 pm, Franklin Field. This meeting is for students interested in learning about the Nauru experience and the challenges faced by Nauruan refugees.

- **CAMERAS IN MANAGEMENT** 3rd Floor, 3rd Floor, University Hall. This seminar will explore the role of cameras in modern management practices.

- **PENN WARGAMERS CLUB** Meets Thursday 6-12, Room 266, 2nd Floor, University Hall. This club focuses on tabletop and computer games, meeting to play various strategy and role-playing games.

- **PENN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP** 7:00 pm, Alumni Hall, Towne House. This weekly meeting is open to students of all faiths and backgrounds.

**Saturday**

- **JAPANESE CONVERSATION HOUR** 7:30 pm, faculty lounge (Rm 266 TB). This event provides a opportunity for students to practice conversational Japanese.

- **CAREERS IN MANAGEMENT** 6:00-8:00 pm, Alumni Hall, Towne House. This informational session will feature speakers from various industries discussing career opportunities.

- **PENN WARGAMERS CLUB** Meets Thursday 6-12, Room 266, 2nd Floor, University Hall. This club focuses on tabletop and computer games, meeting to play various strategy and role-playing games.

**Monday**

- **WOMEN'S SOCCER CLUB** Practice session. Location: Welsh-Ryan Arena. Time: 3:00-5:00 pm.

- **PENN CHRISTIAN FELLOWSHIP** 5:30 pm, Alumni Hall, Towne House. This weekly meeting is open to students of all faiths and backgrounds.

- **PENN WARGAMERS CLUB** Meets Thursday 6-12, Room 266, 2nd Floor, University Hall. This club focuses on tabletop and computer games, meeting to play various strategy and role-playing games.

**Corrections**

**FUTURE**

**NEWS IN BRIEF**

**Senate Passes Anti-Busing Measure**

WASHINGTON — The Senate gave final approval Tuesday to legislation authorizing the Defense Department to send 3,000 troops and $1.3 billion in aid to Jordan in support of the Syrian government. The measure, sponsored by Sen. Robert Byrd, D-W.Va., cleared the Senate 95-0 and now goes to the House for consideration.

The legislation, which is designed to prevent the withdrawal of American forces from Jordan, also includes provisions to increase American military aid to Jordan to $1.3 billion and to authorize the deployment of 3,000 troops.

The measure passed on a voice vote, with 95 senators voting in favor. The House has already approved similar legislation, and President Carter is expected to sign the bill into law.

The Senate action comes after months of debate over the future of American forces in Jordan and the role of the United States in the Middle East. The legislation represents a significant victory for the administration, which has sought to expand American military involvement in the region.

**'Most Wanted' Radical Surrenders**

CHICAGO — The leader of a radical movement that has opposed the United States government for years, surrendered yesterday and pleaded innocent to federal charges. Bernardine Dohrn, a former leader of the Weather Underground, was arrested on charges of racketeering and conspiracy.

Dohrn, 39, surrendered to authorities in Chicago, where she has been living under the name Bernadette Olson. Dohrn appeared at the courthouse with her lawyer and William Ayer, a former member of the Student for a Democratic Society.

After the court hearing, Ayers talked briefly with reporters and said he had remained loyal, even after Dohrn's arrest. "She's a good person," Ayers said. "She's been doing this for the last 20 years, fighting for what she believes in."

**Polish Communists Resolve Split**

WARSAW, Poland — Poland's Communist Party Resolution Commission reached a decision on Monday that will resolve the political crisis that has been rocking the country.

The commission, consisting of top party officials, met to discuss a proposal to reform the party's leadership, which has been divided over the past few months.

The commission recommended the ouster of two top figures from the party's leadership, including Władysław Bartoszewski, the party's first secretary, and Jarosław Kaczyński, the party's prime minister. The commission also recommended the appointment of a new leader, viewed as a potential successor to Kaczyński.

The decision was made after weeks of negotiations and a series of meetings that have been marked by tension and uncertainty. The party has been divided over the past few months, with some members calling for a complete change in leadership and others supporting the current regime.

The commission's decision is expected to be announced on Tuesday, with the new leader expected to be named shortly thereafter.
Reliance Agreement

(Continued from page 1)

Bender said the new deal will change the name of the dean to "The Reliance Professor of Management and Private Enterprise," but added that the other changes from the first agreement will remain. The university will also continue to fund the Wharton Dean's salary as in the selection process of the deans, which isn't going on right now, and the dean's obligations.

Bender also discussed the Senate's reaction to the new agreement. "The Senate will recommend procedures and changes that will prevent such a thing from happening again," Bender said. He added that the Academic Freedom and Administration committee will be charged "to think about what kind of safeguards can be used in the future" to make sure new branches of academic freedom are contained in an endowment document. The committee will then make recommendations to the Senate Executive Committee. "It's something that affects the whole community," Bender said. "It may go to University Council.

He said he was not sure what those safeguards should be. Academic Freedom Committee Chairman Robert Davies said recently that a breach of academic freedom is "the whole community," Bender said. "It may go to University Council.

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PENNSYLVANIA LAW STATES THAT YOU MUST BE 21 YEARS OF AGE TO PURCHASE BEER.
Passing the Toxic Waste Law

By Dom Manno

The 300-decriminalizations at Temple's City Council hearings on the Toxic Waste Law have generated a great deal of public debate, but many people are aware of the increase in pollution that began with the introduction of the law in 1980 and continue to be concerned about the increasing pollution in the city today.

The City Council, responding to the American Chamber of Commerce, has appointed a committee to review the law and make recommendations for changes. The committee has been appointed by the mayor and is composed of representatives from industry, environmental groups, and local residents.

The committee is expected to begin meeting in the next few weeks and is expected to give its report by the end of the year. The report will be presented to the City Council, which will then consider the recommendations and make any necessary changes to the law.
FAS  
(Continued from page 1)  

The Dean's official residence, so to speak.  
He also said "there was the possibility that meetings of the whole faculty 
would have to have been called 
annually," when the representative 
assembly was undecided on a point.  

Amado criticized Dyson's preference for the current meeting 
system, but said an assembly would 
not be successful without Dyson's ap-
proval. "Unless the dean is persuaded 
that there is a problem and that the 
representative assembly is a way to 
solve that problem, then there is cer-
tainly no reason to have 
it," he said. "I don't even know if the dean is persuad-
ed of the first fact."  

FAS has operated without by-laws 
since its inception. Dyson said the last 
of four proposed by-law provisions, a 
list of committees, will soon be sub-
mitted to the faculty, and that he 
hoped the by-laws would be approved 
by the end of this semester, or early 
next year. Other articles in the by-laws 
define who is a faculty member, 
specify voting rights, and set a 
schedule for meetings.  

Dyson said of the by-laws that "we 
don't absolutely have to have them, 
but I suppose after five years, we 
should do something."  

—F.A.S.  

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Sundays  
December 7  10:00 am-12 midnight  
December 14  10:00 am-12 midnight  

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Controversial Steinberg
University Trustee Chairman Paul Miller has said that he regrets what has happened and that he and Steinberg are "friends."
One of Steinberg's most recent ventures is the endowment of the Wharton dean's chair for $1.5 million, which has caused considerable controversy. Steinberg, Miller and some faculty members believe that the agreement violates principles of academic freedom. "The original agreement is so vague that we have no idea if it is being followed," Miller said in a recent interview with The Daily Pennsylvanian. "It was not negotiated." Steinberg said Reliance "would like to be applauded, frankly, and appreciated" for donating half of the $1.5 million ahead of schedule and that he was shocked over campus reaction to the controversial agreement, which has since been rewritten.
The new agreement, which was drafted by the Faculty Senate Academic Freedom Committee, has been approved by officials of the University and Reliance. University General Counsel Matt Hall said yesterday that he will soon receive a written confirmation of the agreement from Reliance.

The W.W. Smith Trust Fund currently provides funds for semester or summer job experience for qualified handicapped students not participating in the federally funded College Work-Study Program. If you are a handicapped student who desires such employment experience, you may be eligible for one of the grants. For information and/or application contact Mrs. Sally H. Johnson, Office of Equal Opportunity, 3537 Locust Walk, 243-6993.

THE W.W. Smith Trust Fund
for qualified handicapped students
not participating in the federally funded College Work-Study Program.

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Now, let's talk about how to overcome these fears. One effective strategy is to gradually expose yourself to the situations that trigger your panic attacks. You can start by exposing yourself to situations that are less frightening and gradually work your way up to more challenging situations.

Another strategy is to use relaxation techniques, such as deep breathing and progressive muscle relaxation, to manage your symptoms. You can also seek support from friends, family, or a mental health professional.

Remember, you're not alone. There is help available. And with the right treatment, you can overcome your fears and live a fuller life. If you're experiencing panic attacks or other anxiety symptoms, please seek help from a mental health professional.

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Close to FREAKING OUT?

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A: I don't know why; but we didn't put it in the first half," said Ashley. "But when we picked it up and they tried, they were too big and it wouldn't even get near our basket. But when we cleared them out, they ran in the first half." said Ashley. "We can't let down now. We've got to play with intensity. And we've got to play two good halves. It will be a real challenge.

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Women Cagers

(Continued from page 11)

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PHILA'S LARGEST TOYOTA DEALER FROM

TACTICAL" TO THE CIVILIAN MARKET:

Here's the latest forecast: 1981 will see more excitement, but it's also the last of the Bednarik tradition. After two granddaughters, a granddaughter-in-law, and a girlfriend called "Bednarik" said laughing, "But if I drop dead tomorrow, Peg lived a full life."
Racquetwomen Seek Win Over Swarthmore

WASHINGTON "The test of real athletes," said veteran of finals, then consider its dy Shmerler. The depth of the team spots for the Red and Blue are Con-

not intend to start now. This is the second and final match at Swarthmore, this group of

This team could get down to playing just on desire alone. That doesn't bother the players though. "The excitement of what it's all above," said helmet guard Miller Field. "It's good to be up against a team that's strong," said Wetzel. "We're looking forward to playing, and we're hoping for a win," he said.

Although Penn is almost assured of a victory, Swarthmore will still present some problems. "We want our players to challenge us to play all the best schools," said Wetzel. "Swarthmore is a good school, but it's not the best schools." said Wetzel.

and that's what all the guys on the team play for. You just have to love the sport where players work for themselves, it is difficult for the team play for. You just have to love the sport where players work for themselves, it is difficult for the

"The boys on the team are pumped up. That's what I play for," said Carroll. "We're looking forward to playing," he said. "It's good to be up against a team that's strong," said Wetzel. "We're looking forward to playing, and we're hoping for a win," he said.

"Swarthmore is a good school, but it's not the best schools." said Wetzel. "We want our players to challenge us to play all the best schools," said Wetzel. "Swarthmore is a good school, but it's not the best schools." said Wetzel.
W. Cagers
Down Dips, Face Rams
BY BILL ROTHSTEIN

Sparked by a string of twelve unanswered points, the Penn defense has the

women's varsity basketball team leading the

champion Girard College. Penn (6-0) never trailed,

For those who haven't been swept

enjoyed a phenomenal growth in the

last five years, it remains to be seen

if it will retain that popularity. In

the future. The club will, however,

bear in mind that racquetball has

been an indoor sport since the

beginning. With the advent of

air-conditioned courts, the

racketeers can now enjoy outdoor

play anytime they choose.

Despite all these benefits, racquetball

remains a sport that pleases only

two-way player besser and one-way

tennis player. It is a healthy sport,

played by college and even high school

students. It is, however, much too

expensive for the average person. The

all-out price of a racquet is about $30,

and the club dues are from $2 to $5

per year. This is quite difficult to get as

for the average person. The

all-out price of a racquet is about $30,

and the club dues are from $2 to $5

per year. This is quite difficult to get in.

The tennis team has been victorious in

the opening round of the National

College Women's Open. In the first

round, the team defeated Franklin

and Marshall, 63-55, and advanced to

the second round. The second round

will be played on Tuesday night.

The Quakers are favored by 19 points

against the Diplomats. The

women's varsity basketball team will

play against Columbia on Wednesday

night, and against the University of

Texas on Thursday night.

The Quakers were led by junior

guard Sue Miller, who scored 17 points,

including 13 points in the first half.

Miller was named the Most Valuable

Player of the game. The Quakers won

by a score of 93-75.

The team is now 4-0 in the Ivy League

and is off to a good start in the

Ivy League.

The Quakers have been victorious in

all four games thus far, and are tied

for first place in the Ivy League.

The Eagles are now 3-1 in the Ivy

League and are tied for second place.

The Eagles are led by senior guard

Sue Miller, who scored 21 points in

the game. The Eagles won by a score

of 83-72.

The team is now 3-1 in the Ivy

League and is off to a good start in the

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Also: The TLA — Dead or just in exile?
By Rich Rabinoff

Damn This Traffic Jam, Maybe...

"Don't get me wrong," Reuben seemed to be saying. It wasn't that he liked to see accidents. It wasn't that he liked to see people hurt — if anything, he hated when people got hurt. It was just that a little accident here and there made life on the road a lot more interesting.

Time on the road for most people is a period of transition — time spent getting from here to there. For Reuben, time on the road is a job. He's paid to know the road. To know its problems. Reuben is a driver for an organization known as Shadow Traffic.

"Hey, I've heard of them," most people say. "What station are they on?" A lot of stations. In a lot of cities. Serving, they claim, a lot of people. From simple beginnings on CB radio, one man's pastime grew into a complex, big money operation. It's an organization with ironic undertones. After all, your inconvenience is their daily work.

Out on the road at 6 a.m., off the road at 9. Back on the road at 3 p.m. and off again at 6. Shadow's fleet of Subura's cruises up and down the Schuylkill, up and down I-95 and over the major roads in southern Jersey.

Peter was obviously bothered. Traffic on the Schuylkill had come to a complete halt. Both directions. A car fire in an eastbound lane up by "What station are they on?" A lot of stations. In a lot of cities. Serving, they claim, a lot of people. From simple beginnings on CB radio, one man's pastime grew into a complex, big money operation. It's an organization with ironic undertones. After all, your inconvenience is their daily work.

Peter was obviously bothered. Traffic on the Schuylkill had come to a complete halt. Both directions. A car fire in an eastbound lane up by City Line Avenue had made a mess of the expressway. But from his standpoint on the shoulder on the westbound side, it was impossible to see just what was happening. And here was Peter. Helpless. Stuck in traffic. In essence, caught by the enemy. To move forward would just put him further out of view of the accident. And there was no turning back.

To pass the time, Peter and I played spot the helicopter. There was Walt MacDonald from the competition, the Arco Go Patrol. There was Chopper Six, the renegade, news-hungry whirlybird from WPVI. And, yes, there was Air Three, the Shadow helicopter. We watched as the trio hovered like predators over a dying animal. We listened as the reports went back into the Shadow studios. We sat in the traffic.

It's still odd, I kept thinking. Here are these people who get paid to tell you how to avoid traffic. How does it look when they're just sitting there in it. I've heard of confronting the enemy until you could see the whites of his eyes but this seemed to be going just a step too far.

Things were beginning to pick up on the roads. On the 21st floor of the City Avenue Holiday Inn, the other half of the Shadow operation — the on-air people and the operations crew — was busy trying to figure out what was going out on the road. A sign above the doors proudly proclaims "Fastest Traffic News on the Dial."

The noise of five different police and fire scanners fills the air. The reports from the cars were coming over the private frequency. Someone was busy calling the police somewhere to find out if something had happened. Synchronized digital clocks are everywhere.

Four different people do the broadcasts for Shadow's Philadelphia area stations. They work on strict schedules and within strict formats — some stations get the relaxed, chatty and "Oh, yeah, let's not forget about the traffic" reports. Others get as much as can fit in 25 seconds every half hour. Sometimes it's hard to tell that they're talking about the same city.

"Arco has nothing to lose," one of the drivers once told me. They're an oil company first, a traffic reporting service second. "We have something to lose," he said. From the first time I watched the operation, one thing was apparent: Arco is the enemy.

The enemy, it is assumed, is constantly monitoring Shadow's conversations with its drivers and helicopter pilot. And to confuse the enemy, all except the helicopter refer never to specific roads, bridges or intersections, but rather to numbers on a rotating set of roadmaps. Traffic never slows down "westbound on the Schuylkill near South Street." Rather, "westbound backs down at # 11."

Although the numbers change from day to day, most of the drivers admit it doesn't take much to figure out the codes. "They probably have it down in a week," one of them said.

And very few people rarely mention the fact that Shadow vigorously monitors what the competition is talking about.

Things were nice and typical on the roads the other day. "Just wait," Jim said. With a little bit of time, he assured me, the usual problems would develop and the usual hassles would begin. And

I'll believe this when I read it in print Thursday morning.

This is, to the best of my knowledge, the largest 34th Street ever published during regular semester. At least as far as I can see. And now I know why.
By Noel Weyrich

On January 4 of next year, the TLA Cinema will go into exile. It will become a filmic Diogenes in search of an honest man and a vacant theater to rent out at about five grand a month.

The TLA, with its murky black interior, original silkscreens for sale in the lobby, and its apple juice, coffee, and popcorn concession booth, is the home of The Rocky Horror Picture Show and hundreds of other films that are neither fish nor foul -- too old for the first-run theaters, and either too new, too expensive, too obscure, too weird, too erudite, too vulgar, or just plain too weird for even the Late, Late, Late Show on television. For ten years it has been the only place between here and Hainbridge on television. For ten years it has been the only place between here and Hainbridge Street in New York where one can regularly count on seeing some of the best and worst efforts by the great filmmakers of Europe, where cinema is a highly personal art instead of an industry.

After an abortive legal battle to retain its lease and an unsuccessful lobbying effort by some neighbors and friends to keep a 500-seat nightclub from moving in to its place, the TLA will be the coldest in less than a month. With it go hundreds of patrons and cardholding members who will have to abide the tiny screen at the Walnut Theatre's weekend repertory cinema, and the awful prints and terrible soda at the Walnut Mall in order to get their fix of fine filmic libation.

Al Malmfelt, a bearded, earthy, New York native who has owned and run the TLA cinema since its birth in 1971, says that the building's sale signifies a disturbing trend in the South Street area these days -- the cultural institutions that made possible the area's current prosperity, the playhouses, small theaters, artists' galleries, are being pushed out by rising land values and are being replaced by pricey boutiques, bars, restaurants, and in one case, a mattress warehouse.

"Property values here are ten times higher than they were ten years ago," Malmfelt says. "There's a tremendous desire around here to make as much money off real estate as possible. That's the universal bottom line." Malmfelt describes the loss of the TLA as "the latest casualty of the evolution of South Street from an artist's refuge to a commercial strip." He now wonders if the area can survive without a soul, and prosper as a glistening middle-class eating, drinking, and shopping district.

How the Bad Guys Won

Naturally, the various commissions, committees, and individuals who had some say in the matter did not see Malmfelt's Big Picture. Most of their reasons for supporting the nightclub takeover of the TLA were based on narrow interests, balance-sheet philosophy, and real estate realities.

The trouble, as it were, began this summer when the TLA building's owners sold the theater for $600,000 to vitriolic rock impresario Steven Starr, Star, Star's nightclub on Second and Bainbridge (three blocks from the TLA at Fourth and South), had drawn complaints from its residential neighborhood about the many youths who populate his jazz-rock audiences and then, after letting out in the middle of the night, wreak all sorts of mayhem out on the streets. Starr also wanted to increase his take at the box office, but Starr, with a capacity of 200, was too crowded already.

After hearing of the sale, Malmfelt's first move was to obtain petition forms from the Liquor Control Board, since the finalization of the sale was contingent on whether Starr could transfer his liquor license. Before the new TLA set up a table out on the sidewalk and volunteers solicited signatures to protest the proliferation of liquor licenses already existing on the block. A Society Hill civic group joined the pro-TLA forces, and a group calling itself the "Committee of 500" (everyone involved lived within 500 feet of the TLA) also protested the prospects of a nightclub moving into their area.

During this time, Starr maintained that he was just a businessman buying a building, not some phillistine out to sledgehammer a cultural landmark. The Queens Village Homeowners Association, an influential neighborhood group, came out on Starr's side of the controversy, out, because they wanted Starr off the corner of 2nd and Bainbridge.

"Starr was bringing an awful lot of traffic into the area," a member of QVHA says. "The clientele weren't the nicest bunch of people you'd want to meet. Now he's (Starr) moving to a commercial area, and he's talking about big-time stars like Helen Reddy, instead of that punk rock stuff.

Following a slightly different line of logic, The City Planning Commission helped Starr secure a low-interest loan from the publicly-owned Philadelphia Industrial Development Corporation. An official at CPC explained that they figured the move would cause a net loss in the area's traffic congestion since Starr had promised to turn Stars into a two-family home. Using simple mathematics, they devised what was best for the neighborhood.

While Starr seemed to be winning over all the right people, the TLA managed to make friends with all the wrong people. A lawsuit would only drag out the inevitable, Malmfelt discovered. The Society Hill group filed a formal complaint about the TLA's demise, but the Planning Commission official notes tartly that "the TLA isn't even in their area." The chairman of the "Committee of 500," whose apartment shares a common wall with the theater, resigned her post after Starr assured her that the nightclub music would not rattle her chinaware. The South Street Businessmen's association was either neutral or in favor of the move, depending upon whom one talks to. Finally, the LCB, Starr's last potential stumbling block, will probably ignore the thousands of signatures protesting the license transfer because, after all, South Street is a commercial district.

Down But Not Out

Malmfelt feels that all these parochial, pro-business attitudes underlie the stark change in the character of South Street over the past decade from bohemia to bourgeoisie. "When you walk up and down the street," he says, "how many places that you see are not conventional commercial establishments? We're moving out, the Painted Bride Theatre group is moving out. A decade ago, this was a counter-culture neighborhood and the city wanted to demolish it. Now, most of the people who helped pioneer the neighborhood have been forced out, and on the weekends its the most crowded area in the city."

The TLA's owner is down but not out. The 38-year-old Columbia-NYU-New School drop-out has been working in repertory cinema for nearly 20 years, and he says he's not ready to leave now. "We are looking around now for a suitable site in Center City," Malmfelt says. "While we haven't found a satisfactory location for a permanent home, we might have something lined up that could be temporary quarters for us until we either procure a temporary home or construct one.

"What will South Street be like without TLA? Well, I think it will be that much more commercial. Any time you lose diversity, you lose some of the specialness of the neighborhood. I've always thought we needed more diversity in entertainment down here, not less. And now, if the entertainment becomes limited to music only, I wonder how attractive the area will remain."
Sea Marks
Starring Timothy Crowe and Mina Manente
Directed by George Martin
At The Walnut

By Beth Sherman

Gardner McKay's Sea Marks is a love story that works on two levels, for it examines love of the natural world as well as his need to enter into physical human relationships. Both loves exist simultaneously, and their alternate states of collision or harmony never fail to stimulate interest.

The plot is spun out gradually like a sea yarn. Colm Primrose (Timothy Crowe), an Irish fisherman, begins a mail correspondence with Timothea Stiles (Mina Manente), an attractive Welsh girl, whom he meets at a wedding. The letters are full of romantic commentaries on the pattern of their lives and reveal Colm's eloquence as a poet of sorts. After about a year, the two meet again, and Colm accompanies Timothea back to Liverpool, where she works as a clerk in a publishing house. They quickly grow fond of one another, falling in love and happily ever after. But Colm yearns to return to the sea, which has made an equally powerful claim upon him, and therein lies the problem.

This conflict might seem simplistic, even banal, if McKay had not managed to convey Colm's love of nature in a powerful, believable manner. His language has a lyricism which enables us to share Colm's passion for the sea and more fully appreciate his dilemma. Although the play is set wholly on land, we glimpse the water through Colm's words. His straightforward descriptions of sea, sky, gulls, boats and the like are tinged with beauty and reverence.

Yet McKay does not glorify the sea overmuch. He reveals it to be a violent and destructive force that is ultimately indifferent to man's fate. In addition, McKay shows that Colm's solitary life by the sea is a lonely one where the waters serve as his sole companion. As Timothea repeatedly states, it is a life filled with hardship and pain, one that she has long since renounced for the comfort and convenience of the city.

The title of the play embodies the central duality within it. Sea Marks refer to the traces left by the tide at the highest point on the shore. They indicate the continued presence of the sea and its ability to affect the land. "Sea Marks" is also the title of a collection of Colm's poems which Timothea has published without his knowledge. She wants him to be a writer, not a fisherman. But he is reluctant to translate experience into art if it means forsaking the sea, the source of his creativity.

Crowe, as Colm, captures the essence of Irish spirit while avoiding the stereotype. His brogue is pure and unaffected. His resonant vocal tones and rich cadence make him a gifted storyteller. Crowe projects a good-natured innocence that is particularly appealing. He is a grown man who can laugh at the absurdity of the situation. It is a remarkable performance.

Mina Manente is equally delightful as Timothea. She lets us see the character's vulnerability without neglecting her strength. And her sensual grace is quite a match for the allure of the sea.

"Sea Marks" is a refreshing piece whose poetic language and sensory images imbue the staunchest landlubber with a yearning for the crash of the waves and a breath of salt air. Its timeless theme strikes a chord of recognition in the hearts of the audience; love for the sea or for a woman is a universal and eternal story.

**Sweeney Todd at the Shubert**

A complaint I hear often expressed, especially by the rabble from New York, is about the lack of theatrical productions in Philadelphia.

Bad thing to say to a theater editor, for I usually spend the next half hour listing theaters and productions currently going on.

"But noooooo," they say, "we mean Broadway shows. We mean casts of hundreds, and expensive costumes and sets. We mean mega-prices for tickets."

Fear not. All this and more is in Philadelphia, even as you read this schlack. Sweeney Todd, the Demon Barber of Fleet Street, voted the Best Musical of 1979, opens today at the Shubert Theatre (250 S. Broad St.) and runs to January 3.

Angela Lansbury will recreate her Tony Award winning role and George Hearn, too, will repeat his Broadway performance as the title character. The production is under the direction of our very own Harold Prince.
An Aesthetic Conscience

The Spirit of An American Place
Philadelphia Museum of Art

By Kevin Coyne

First he tried Rodin, then Matisse, until finally the idealistic young gallery owner decided to really get radical and give Picasso his first American one-man show. But nobody was buying any of this odd-looking modern European stuff, including the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which was too outraged to even consider the purchase of 83 Picasso’s for $2000. Undaunted, Alfred Steiglitz, photographer, patron and idealogue, continued in his efforts to force-feed modernism to a reluctant America.

Steiglitz, one of those characters, quixotic and practical at once, enamoured with the possibility of progressive change, acted as a sort of aesthetic conscience for America by persistently prodding its artists, along with their audience, forward in the process of learning new ways to apprehend and express visible reality. After failing with his European imports, he found some native-born visual innovators, Americans ith brushes and open minds — people like Marin, Demuth, and O’Keefe (whom he later married) — and gave them exposure in his gallery.

And, in addition, Steiglitz himself, never a passive observer, jumped “into the modernist ring and wrestled with the articual problem of dragging photography out of the parlor, where it was entertainment, and into the exhibition space, where it might be art.

As a testimony to his victory, 76 of these photos are on view in the current show at the Museum, “The Spirit of An American Place,” the title of which is drawn from the last gallery he operated.

We see skyscrapers and clouds, faces and hands, grasses and clapboard. Steiglitz leaned out of his window and captured the shadows and the forms and the light of the scenes he selected and framed. And he went down to places where the sky was enormously visible and was sublimely enchanted by the patterns he saw there. He called these cloud pictures his “Equivalents” and spoke of them as natural external analogues of his emotional experience of life.

Photography became something more than thoughtless snapshots or even documentation — it became a conscious aesthetic search.

Steiglitz sat in the small white rooms of the “American Place” on Madison Avenue, his “laboratory center” as he called it, and tried to understand some reasonable way to approach and depict the forms and the meaning of reality. To see his pictures is to see more clearly his ideas. And to learn his ideas is to learn an awful lot about the progress of aesthetic thought and practice in America.
By Bryan Harris

The Martin Luther King Arena stands quietly on the corner of 45th and Market. It is a rather imposing brick structure whose warehouse-like appearance belies its true identity. On the side of the building facing Market Street a new tan and black billboard cries out the words "Home of the Philadelphia Kings" to the passersby.

Who exactly are the Philadelphia Kings, these tenants of the aging brick structure on 45th and Market? They are none other than the newest professional sports team in town, members of the Continental Basketball Association, the swiftly growing "minor league" of the National Basketball Association.

Last season the Kings called Lancaster (Pa.) their home. But this year they have uprooted and taken residence in West Philly, in the Martin Luther King Arena's ex-residence in West Philly, home. But this year they are none other than the newest professional sports team in town, members of the Continental Basketball Association, the swiftly growing "minor league" of the National Basketball Association.

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Kings Bring Royalty to the Bush Leagues

Hal Greer: From 76ers' star to Kings' coach

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brought happiness to a lucky few. NBA curiosity Billy Ray Bates (from Maine to Portland), M.L. Carr (Scranton to Boston), Charlie Criss (Scranton to Atlanta), and 11 other recent CBA veterans are all proof that the league is not the last stop before the Twilight Zone.

"I think it's just a matter of getting in touch with the right people," Greer explained. "Many of the players have talent, but they just haven't had the opportunity to show it. But now, with all the scouts coming here to watch (most notably, Sixer assistant coach Chuck Daly) I'm sure there'll be plenty of guys moving up (to the pros).

"For the very talented, yes. For countless others, not even a spot on a CBA roster is within reach. Of the 52 players who showed up to the Kings' camp before the season began, 40 were released, including ex-Penn star Bobby Willis."

Of the 12 members of the Kings, five were cut by the 76ers, including 1980 first round draft choice, Monti Davis, the former Tennessee State star. Another addition to the Kings is Norman Black, remembered by Big Seven diehards who showed up to the Kings' camp before the season began, 40 were released, including ex-Penn star Bobby Willis.

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"There's a very competitive level of play," Greer said. "It's a very intense-minded game, which the fans like to see, and the players know that."

"My thoughts now are to win," Greer continued. "I want to win. Our philosophy now is to try to keep them (the opposition) under 100 points (not a common feat in the CBA). I'm going to keep playing defense." And as Hal Greer continues to preach on defense and an improved brand of basketball, national coverage of the league continues to grow. Both the Associated Press and United Press International cover the league regularly; Sports Illustrated, Inside Sports, The Sporting News, and Basketball Weekly have all featured the CBA in the past year.

League commissioner James Drucker has set very high goals for the CBA. "In the next three years I envision national television coverage, exhibition games versus NBA teams, and expansion into other sections of the country. But maybe I'm just dreaming." And maybe not. The leaders of the American Football League, the American Basketball Association, and the World Hockey Association were dreamers once too.
 Origins of the ‘Kafkasque’

The World of Franz Kafka
Edited by J.P. Stern
Holt, Rinehart and Winston
263 pages; $16.95

By Todd Hanlin

Several years ago, I too contemplated writing a book on Franz Kafka. Upon hearing of my plan, a Swiss friend paused thoughtfully, pursed his lips, and in his best pseudo-Oxford accent pronounced judgment: ‘Most be-zarre? To this day I am not certain what, in his opinion, was most bizarre—Kafka’s puzzling works. Kafka the man and artist, or my literary taste. Suffice it to say that he was correct in at least two of the three categories.

Kafka’s prose appears deceptively simple, accessible, and yet poses questions for which there are no ready answers. Bizarre indeed! Why, for example in “The Judgment” does a senile father condemn his own son to death by drowning, and why does the son then willingly execute the sentence? Why, in “The Metamorphosis,” this morbid perversion of Ovid, is a harmless salesman transformed into an odious vermin? And by what authority does this repulsive torture machine “In the Penal Colony” inscribe moral platitudes into the living flesh of its victims? What bureaucracy, in the name of Milan Kundera, has condemned the young bank clerk to death in THE TRIAL? Will the surveyor find salvation in the bosom of THE CASTLE? And why does the artist insist on starving to death in “A Hunger Artist?”

Paradox, riddle, enigma. To be sure, these are Kafka’s works. But even more so, they represent Kafka the man and artist. For how could this unassuming bureaucrat, this insecure, tubercular Jewish bachelor create such a rich world of fiction? He was not widely travelled, nor widely read, and did not come from an artistic family. During his lifetime, Kafka was a little-known writer of short stories. Period. After Kafka’s death at the age of forty, his friend, Max Brod, solicited funds to publish Kafka-manuscripts in his possession. A typical response to Brod’s request came from the grand old man of German letters, the Nobel-prize winner Gerhart Hauptmann, who apologized: “I’m sorry, but I’ve never heard of him.”

Due to Brod’s perseverance and propaganda, Kafka’s works gradually appeared in print: the three novel-fragments, aphorisms, diaries, notebooks, and letters. In less than twenty years, France, England, and America in turn had become obsessed with the strange visions we now label “Kafkasque.” These grotesque scenes of alienation, of tortures and executions attracted an enormous reading public, and today his influence is pervasive. His works are read avidly throughout the world, in German and in dozens of translations, and are credited with having influenced such contemporary authors as Camus, Sartre, Beckett, and our own Philip Roth, among many others. Most significant, Kafka’s popularity was further magnified in a torrent of critical writings which, paradoxically, spread his fame while obscuring his artistic intent. As a result, the “scholarly” opinions concerning Kafka’s prose are today ambiguous and contradictory, as evidenced by the literally thousands of articles, essays, comments, comparisons, and interpretations on matters biographical, theological, sociological, ad infinitum, ad nauseum. With such a background, we cautiously approach The World of Franz Kafka.

J. P. Stern’s critical anthology attempts to delineate, as the title promises, the world in which Kafka lived and the fictional world which he created. Part One, entitled “Local and Biographical,” introduces the uninitiated into Kafka’s life and times: a brief biography, articles on Prague, the last years of the Habsburg monarchy, and personal recollections of Kafka are enhanced by more than forty black-and-white illustrations. A provocative and incisive evaluation of Kafka’s relationships with women by Rosemary Dinnage is the most original contribution to this section and alone is worth the price of the book. Part Two offers “Summonses to Interpretation,” fifteen abbreviated analyses representing various interpretive perspectives. Though thought-provoking at times, these contributions neither reflect a representative sampling of Kafka criticism nor provide any brilliant flashes of insight. All suffer in this abridged form (the serious reader would do well to seek the originals). Yet perhaps the most welcome innovation, to Stern’s credit, is the inclusion of “Fictions and Semi-Fictions” in Part Three. Here six authors offer their own artistic interpretations of Kafka’s world, including Roth’s piece on “Looking at Kafka.” I would also recommend D. J. Enright’s “K. on the Moon” to Kafka devotees.

Though conceived by a scholar, this book is not “scholarly.” Stern has wisely banned footnotes and has not presumed to include a bibliography. In this attractive format, the book is readable and will prove a stimulating introduction for those already familiar with Kafka’s fiction. I dare say, even my Swiss friend would profit from such a volume.

Who Is This Man?

Do you want two tickets to this man’s new film Seems Like Old Times? Call the DP (243-6585) tomorrow between 11 A.M. and 12 Noon and ask to speak to him. The first twenty-five callers win the tickets. The screening is Monday night.
Stan Greene

First the drum roll. Then the chant: "Go Stan Greene! Go Stan Greene!"

It's been three years since former Red and Blue guard Stan Greene shot hoops at the Palestra. Yet, his name is known to almost all Quaker basketball fans, and many of them don't even know why they shout that stupid chant. Where did Stan Greene go, anyway?

Today Greene is in the management training program at Bell of Pennsylvania, and is living in Philadelphia. Currently he is in charge of the construction of telephone facilities in the Northeast section of the city.

Greene played varsity basketball for three years: from the fall of 1975 to the spring of 1978. In his first two seasons he was the team's "sixth man," as a senior he became a starter.

Greene was basically a defensive specialist, and left the scoring to a couple of guys named Price and McDonald.

He said he did make "timely outside shots" on occasion, however. One such occasion was in the Pittsburgh Civic Center during Greene's sophomore season, when the cagers were battling Duquesne.

When sixth man Greene entered the game, made a couple of steals and sank several clutch lay-ups, the president of the pep band was among the impressed spectators. He began to chant "Go Stan Greene!" Soon, other members of the band, including the drummer, joined in.

The chant was born.

Quaker fans soon decided that the chant did not require Greene's presence; it was not uncommon to hear "Go Stan Greene!" at football and hockey games in the late 70's. Once, restless students started up the cheer when a movie projection broke down during a film in Fine Arts B-1.

Greene plays basketball for the Bell of Pennsylvania team and also participates in several recreational leagues. Needless to say, he maintains an avid interest in the Quakers and manages to attend a few contests each year.

"The team is still young," he said, "but with Weinahame's coaching and the talent materializing they'll take the Ivy League and put up a good fight for the Big Five."

Greene and his wife of nearly six years, Cathy, have a four year old daughter named Crystal.

Greene said he expects to be in the middle management level of Bell within six to eight years. What else is there to say but "Go Stan Greene!"

—Baron Lerme

Danny Bonaduce

Danny Bonaduce, alias Danny Partridge, is a big boy now. After co-starring in "The Partridge Family" from 1970 to 1973 as the irrepressible redheaded munchkin, he has continued acting, but so far hasn't found a role to match Danny Partridge's popularity.

Partridge was part of Bonaduce's life from age 10 to 15. He got the part after auditioning with more than 200 other kids, and was called back twice, finally matching up against one other competitor in a head-to-head reading of the same scene. Danny became Danny, and for a while the rest was history.

"I loved the popularity, but my parents — they hated it," he says now. "Fans would write them letters asking for my shirt size so they could send me things," he says now.

Things have since settled down for Bonaduce, who is now 21 and has lived alone outside of Hollywood for six years. Since he plans to return to the spotlight one day, Bonaduce is keeping busy with guest shots on shows like "Fantasy Island," "CHIPS," "Family," and "Eight is Enough."

Two of his films met with less-than-momentous success. One, "Baker's Hawk," was shown on Home Box Office. The second, entitled "Vera" was "shelved due to a lack of funds." Nonetheless Bonaduce still participates in acting workshops, waiting for The Big Moment.

Believe it or not, little Danny Partridge, famed for his verbal prowess when chasing leggy showgirls ("cliche courtesy of TV Guide," is now into the martial arts and calls himself "one of those athletic types.") For eight years he has pursued an interest in Kung Fu and karate, and says he would like to do a martial arts movie someday — but they're really horrible.

Still single, Bonaduce admits he was at one time "thinking of getting married and radical things like that, but I changed my mind." He was the first and youngest member to leave home, and spent most of high school travelling through Europe — independence Danny Partridge would be proud of.

All in all, Danny Bonaduce is "basically a laid-back guy who just takes it as it comes." It's coming slow, but... way to go, Danny.

—Marla R. Rossman

Life Cereal's Mikey

They say he didn't blow up.

Contrary to an explosion of rumors echoing back and forth across the country, Mikey, the beloved tike who lives Life cereal, did not explode from eating Pop Rocks after drinking soda.

He is not dead, and neither is his career, according to Debra Yurkle, a Penn alumna in the publicity department at Quaker Oats.

He is five when he did the spot; now they tell us he's 12.

One major disappointment: his name is not "Mikey"; they say he is really known by the rather dull and aged appellation "John Gilchrist."

He is allegedly the fourth oldest of seven children in a family in Westchester County, N.Y.

He continues to make commercials. Yurkle claimed. She referred us to his agent, Regina Burg of Joe Jordan Agency, New York, for more information.

Burg, however, was tight-lipped. "I'll have to check with the child's parents," she told us two weeks ago. Further calls were fruitless; we could not reach the boy ourselves.

Which leads us to doubt the claims that Mikey is not lying splattered all over some Scarsdale.

Neil Armstrong

When he was up on the moon, Neil Armstrong must have gotten a very insightful view of the world. Today, the man whose few small steps were a giant leap for mankind is chairman of the board of a profitable oil drilling equipment company.

Armstrong, whom we reached via his darling secretary, Vivian White, lives and works for Cantwell International Limited in Lebanon, Ohio, near Cincinnati.

According to White, the company dabbles in "oil well rigging and allied equipment." According to Armstrong, he doesn't do much but work. He doesn't say much, either.

Armstrong doesn't do any public speaking these days, and has actually had few such engagements since that momentous July 20 eleven years ago. He hasn't written a book.
They Now?

Investigative reporters almost find out.

Street Staff

One easy one. Rebuffed by publicist and promoter in our guns and trekked on-and sent (Oliver!), and sent in the process. We were led on a wild mi guns and trekked on-

ible publicist and promoter in investigative reporters almost finding out.

So here they are. No dramatic cases, no deaths, no startling religious conversions. Much that is enlightening, some just kind of interesting. One new writer who called in her list ended up at the DP office to try for herself, and within an hour was chatting with Danny Bonaduce. But still no Tony Franciosa.

Mark Lester

It took a long time to track down Mark Lester, heartthrob star of the Oscar-winning Oliver!, but we found him in our own backyard. Well, almost.

The first lead came from the London Times, where a news reporter told us, “The Oliver like — oh, he’s a producer for the BBC.” The BBC, however, did not know from Mark Lester. It seems that John Howard Davis, star of Oliver Twist, a 1940s film, is a BBC producer. But you were dying to know where he was.

So it was on to the William Morris Agency, London office. After at least 10 (count ’em, TEN) phone calls, a secretary finally released Mark’s phone numbers. We called his mother.

“Oh, Mark’s vacationing in Miami,” she said. We laughed and we cried.

“Mark’s doing mostly stagework now here in England,” Mrs. Lester said. “He recently did a play based on the Jeremy Thorpe thing — he played the blackmailer.” A far cry from a homeless waif begging “Please, sir, may I have some more?” We couldn’t wait to talk with him.

And when we finally reached him, we found a charming, lighthearted guy, someone you wouldn’t mind having for a brother. No blackmailer here.

“I could die tomorrow — and I’d be quite happy,” he said, obviously content with the way his life is going. He’s doing plays and films, says he’s going to Japan soon (his mother says he is all the rage there) to start shooting.

How did he get the “Oliver” part? He was in drama school at the time and he auditioned; it was that simple. Does he still study acting? “Oh, no, I’m through with all that, consider myself quite capable.”

Mark’s not married, engaged or going nut with anyone, “just footloose and fancy free”; he said it was an ego boost to be a teenage heartthrob for a while, though he never took it seriously.

“It’s a hard life being an actor,” he concluded. “Sometimes you’ll work for six months straight and then have nothing to do for 18 months. But I love it.”

— Dan Breen

Ruta Lee

“Come on baby, doubles baby, give me doubles,” she implored with the utmost of sincerity every morning. Lovingly caressing the creamy dice in her perfectly-manicured, diamond-laced hands, she held them up to her chin, and with a pelvic thrust sent them furiously flying onto the felt table. She squealed with delight as the the euphoric contestants racketed up Amana refrigerator-freezers, gathered the ivory cubes with her Lucite pole, and prepared to elegantly fire away once again.

Ruta Lee gave her all to the role that has made her famous: as Alex Trebek’s second fiddle on “High Rollers” during the mid-70s. Well, High Rollers is back — sadly without the presence of Giorgio’s-bedecked Ruta. She has gone on to bigger (?) and better (?) things.

Like what? Could there be anything better than 22 minutes of dice-caressing? According to Ruta’s agent, Felicity Larner, the answer is yes.

“She’s just finished a segment of Vega$ — the segment will be on within the next month,” Larner reports, getting ready to fire off (as any good agent should) a whippacking list of accomplishments and roles.

“She was in “Pleasure Palace,” with Omar Sharif. She does the voice-over on “The Frankenstones,” a Saturday morning Hanna-Barbera cartoon.” Larner rattles, suddenly excusing herself for another call and promising a resume in the mail.

The resume is a page heralding “over 500 guest star appearances” in television. We’re talking “Love American Style” — “The Lucy Show” — “Marcus Welby, M.D.” And, in recognition of special achievement, the co-hostess role on “High Rollers” is set apart — separated from the other TV shots by a blank line. For effect.

So what if Ruta Lee’s last major movie was in the early 60s? She’s done 20 shows and counting in summer stock — 21 if you count “Liss Me Kate” as more than a typo on her resume. And, of course, she returns to her home — the tube — with great frequency. Just two weeks ago she played a madam in a bordello in a “Fantasy Island” episode with Gary Burghoff and Barbi Benton.

Yes, they can rehash “High Rollers” without Ruta, but it isn’t the same. The Big Numbers just don’t seem so big without her.

— Scott Heller

whether he will or not is “an open issue.”

Before joining the firm last year, he taught aerospace engineering at the University of Cincinnati for nine years.

Exasperatingly closemouthed, Armstrong absolutely refuses to comment on the past, present or future of the space program. He will not describe what it was like to walk on the moon. He says his family life “has been pretty much the same for 15-20 years,” but doesn’t describe what that situation is.

He does see Buzz Aldrin and Michael Collins from time to time. Aldrin runs a consulting firm out of LA; Collins works for the Voigt Corporation in DC.

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— Dan Breen
Your Own Private Career Counselor

A former college prof helps people 14-44 negotiate the curves on the twisted road to success.

By Robin Davis

"What are you going to be when you grow up?"

The question has haunted generations of children, not to mention their parents. Doctor? Lawyer? Indian Chief? Many people spend their entire lives trying to find a profession which is right for them. The bigger question, of course, is how to get there, and Dr. Leonard Krivy has set up shop in Cherry Hill and on WCAU radio to answer the question.

Krivy, an enterprising man who made a career out of helping people find careers, authored Falling Off the Ivory Tower (a $5.95 paperback put out by New Hope in 1978), a classy sort of how-to book based on his weekly radio show “Schools and Schooling.” Smattered all the way through the short chapters on everything from study skills to truck driving is a dry, witty commentary on the inconsistent standards of education in America. For instance, a chapter called “Bonehead English” reads: “College teachers all round the country are bein’ that their students can’t write like they’re supposed to. I mean, like spellin’ all the words right and using periods and stuff like that, y’know what I mean? So now some college teachers are sayin’ okay, let’s stop blamin’ each oadder and start learnin’ how to teach dese dumbbells to read and write good English like they supposed to.”

Philadelphia’s former Director of Higher Education is available to help people of any age get into Medical School or the personnel office of their choice. He works with eighth graders who are confused as well as middle-aged attorneys who’ve had it with the courts.

"Many people need help,” Krivy says. “They need direction. That’s what I try to give them. I try to be helpful, and above all practical and pragmatic. It doesn’t mean much to philosophize about something like this.”

Krivy was formerly the executive director of the College of Allied Professions at Hahnemann Medical College. He has taught at Clark University, Lehigh University, and the Nassau County Community College.

He has been with WCAU since 1970. “Schools and Schooling” airs for three hours on Saturday and Schooling” airs for three hours on Saturday afternoons. Krivy and a guest speak on some aspect of education, and then listeners are invited to call up and ask questions which either Krivy or his guest answer on the air. Krivy also runs a lucrative counseling service from his Cherry Hill home for those who desire personal attention.

Krivy describes himself as someone with whom kids can develop a good rapport. "I’ve always liked talking with kids," he says. "I think they feel they can trust me. We speak candidly and usually see eye-to-eye.”

High school students usually come to him at the urging of their parents. Krivy explains. The parents usually hear of him by word of mouth or contact WCAU after hearing his show. His youngest clients are eighth graders whose parents are usually concerned with which classes their children should be in.

Krivy says he is a good intermediary between children and parents and that they are often more honest about their feelings with him than their parents.

"Students don’t view me as a threat," he said. They see me more as a means of accomplishing a goal. I’m not saying I have the wisdom of Solomon, but I know about education. The key is - I’m not emotionally involved. I’m not telling them what to do or begging them to do anything. I just raise alternatives.

When a student decides to use Krivy, he brings him his transcript and standardized testing results, if applicable, and then sits down for the “interview.”

"It’s very important to sit down with the student and see how they see themselves. How do they spend their time? Do they belong in college or would they be happier in trade school? I must determine the stage of the student before I can decide what is to be done.”

He says he feels he has an obligation to tell them things they might not want to hear. "I try to be candid. I am honest with them as to the realistic probability of their goals,” he asserts.

Though Krivy’s counseling practice is small, his visits are a diverse group. "My clients are not all 4.0 kids who want to know how to get into Harvard," he says. Many of them aren’t doing well. I see high school students, college students, people that have been out of school and want to go back, and people who already have a profession but are thinking of switching. In a way, I’m really an ombudsman.”

When Krivy gives job advice, he reminds people to consider entering professions dealing with computer sciences. He anticipates “three thousand to five thousand jobs opening up in the area in the near future.”

"Health professions will continue to grow,” he predicts. "I think we’ll have national health insurance within 10 years. This will necessitate not only health professionals but para professionals and people involved in supportive services like medical records administrators and hospital administrators.”

The entertainment and leisure industry job market will expand because more and more people seem to be retiring earlier, he continues. People are living longer and there will be a shorter work week in the near future. People will have more time to enjoy themselves.”

"Things have always been good for engineers and that field will continue to be a need for them," he says. He thinks there will be an increased demand for secretaries that will level off eventually. "An MRA will no longer be a golden passport,” he predicts. "To be marketable the degree should be coupled with another marketable skill.”

"It’s expensive to go to college," Krivy says. "Some people would be better off just concentrating on acquiring a marketable skill and forgetting college. It’s not for everyone."
Bad Writing is Excusable

Editors:

I was not a contestant in the 34th Street Fiction Contest, and I'm happy I wasn't. And that's sad.

I was shocked and disappointed to find "The Worst of the Fiction Contest" on your Scrapple page. It, not the fiction clips one finds there, is inexcusable.

First, encouraging fiction writing should be the intent of your contest. Finding the best piece must be a secondary aim; it is a matter of personal preference. The important part is that people participate, that they communicate (or try to), and that they make the effort — a considerable one — to become good writers.

You have mocked them. Students who submitted work to you in good faith deserve better. They make your contest. They are trying. You should thank them. Instead, you are countering what I perceive to be the intent of the contest; many of these writers will never contribute their works, perhaps never write, again. That's sad.

Second, bad writing is never inexcusable. Unfortunately, yes. Inexcusable, no. Regardless, the clips are not badly written — they are examples of mistakes that all of us write, even the best writers. Some of the clips contain nothing more than imprecise metaphors or similes. Some have no mistakes at all. All are sentences generated by human beings trying to express themselves as accurately and succinctly as possible.

Writing fiction is difficult. If you have tried, you know. Writing anything less than excellent fiction is not unpardonable; it is expected. Not everyone is John Steinbeck, and John Steinbeck did not write masterpieces overnight.

Third, your arrogance and lack of understanding are inexcusable. In publishing "The Worst of the Fiction Contest," you imply that you know what is best and worst. You also imply that you never write poorly yourselves (there should be no quotation marks around "Taste Test", folks). Moreover, you have failed to understand that, in writing fiction, the author places himself in an extremely vulnerable position; he is exposing himself to the audience. He is showing you the pimples and wrinkles of his mental self and is not asking you to reciprocate, just to listen. You do not recognize that; that is sad.

Last, I am especially offended that you chose to end the piece with a thinly disguised editorial comment: "After all, anyone that stupid with a college education deserves what they get."

I think you owe all of the writers who participated in the contest an apology. Even if you choose not to print this, print an apology. I'll know this has been received.

-MATTHEW CASPARI

The Only Female Bouncer in Town

Editors:

I would like to voice my disapproval of the winning entry in the magazine's fiction contest. Not only was the story lacking in continuity (especially for a short story), but the scene changes and time settings gave it all of the atmosphere of a cheap detective novel.

Furthermore, I found particularly offensive the glamorization of the first person's distasteful bisexual tendencies. Surely one of the other entries, perhaps even one that was ridiculed on the back page, offered more worthwhile reading.

-JEFFREY ZAGINAILOFF

WH 80

YES, EVEN THE INSPECTOR KNOWS WHERE TO FIND CINEMA ORIGINALS. 1000's OF NEW AND OLD MOVIE POSTERS AND STILLS — FROM CHAPLIN, FAIRBANKS, AND PICKFORD TO ANNIE HALL, TAXI DRIVER, AND ALIEN.

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567-2722
2012 Walnut St.
Open Monday thru Saturday
No Appointment Necessary

The River.
Twenty new songs on four sides.
Bruce Springsteen and The E Street Band.
On Columbia Records and Tapes.

Produced by Bruce Springsteen, Jon Landau, Steve Van Zandt. Management: Jon Landau.
"Columbia" is a Trademark of CBS Inc. © 1980 CBS Inc.

Available at Peaches Records & Tapes
NORTHEAST: 2524 WELSH RD.
LP $10.93

-ANDI COYLE
Khyber Pass Pub Bouncer
\textbf{Seems Like Old Times} Seems Like Old Times
Starring Chevy Chase and Goldie Hawn
Directed by Jay Sandrich

By Howard Gensler

Neil Simon's plays (The Odd Couple, Plaza Suite, Baretto In The Park) are usually short on plot, but long on character development and wit. Mr. Simon's original screenplays (Murder By Death, The Cheap Detective) have been pastiches of old films, and film genres, chock full of storyline and slapstick, but possessing little of the bite of his plays or adaptations. The Goodbye Girl being the notable exception.

Seems Like Old Times, Simon's 34th film in the past three years, falls somewhere in between these two groupings. Regardless, the film is full of humorous situations and consistently clicking punch lines, and if Simon never hits the hiliarious highs of Woody Allen or the lunatic lows of Mel Brooks, he certainly must be respected as the most bankable, consistent writer of comedy working today in Hollywood.

One of Simon's greatest assets has always been his ability to write for specific actors and this talent is used beautifully with the wisecracking deadpan of Chevy Chase, who makes everything sound as if it's being ad libbed. Chase is terrific, rebounding from the disastrous Caddyshack, and the more disastrous Oh, Heavenly Dog, with his best performance since Foul Play. It is not coincidence that his co-star is once again the lovely Goldie Hawn, fast becoming Hollywood's top comedienne in spite of Private Benjamin (unfortunately the biggest hit of the fall film season). Chase and Hawn go together like satin and silk and may become the comedy team of the eighties if they continue to pick the right material (assuming of course they continue to work together).

The story of Seems Like Old Times (yes, it's finally time to talk about the film), has defense attorney Hawn married to district attorney Charles Grodin. Grodin is nominated by the governor for the position of attorney general, while Hawn's ex-husband, Chase, i mixed up in a bank robbery. Grodin must quickly bring Chase to justice...Or the publicity, so he thinks, will ruin his chance for this prestigious position. Little does he know that Chase, on the lam and with no place to stay, is sleeping in his very own house at much to the dissatisfaction (?) of Hawn, who has agreed to help him if he agrees to turn himself in.

Director Jay Sandrich (Mary Tyler Moore Show, The Odd Couple) has acquitted himself well in his feature film debut keeping the action moving at a good clip without surrendering to all-out silliness. All other technical aspects in this Ray Stark production are thoroughly professional although Marvin Hamlisch's score is uninspired, at best.

Seems Like Old Times is not a great comedy, but it does offer holiday audiences an amiable cast and a healthy supply of yocks. This was the film's goal and it has achieved this goal admirably. And when a film achieves the goal it set for itself, an unfortunate rarity these days made more unfortunate by the fact that the goals are so low to begin with, it brings back fond memories of the dependable movie of days gone by. Yupp, it seems like old times.

\textbf{Hawn and Grodin: Old buddies}

\textbf{Yule Fare}

\begin{tabular}{l}
\textbf{POPEYE}  \\
(Opens Dec. 12 at the Regency)  \\
\textbf{STIR CRAZY}  \\
(Opens Dec. 12)  \\
\textbf{ANY WHICH WAY YOU CAN}  \\
(Opens Dec. 17 at the Goldman)  \\
\textbf{NINE TO FIVE}  \\
(Opens Dec. 19)  \\
\textbf{A CHANGE OF SEASONS}  \\
(Opens Dec. 18)  \\
\textbf{SEEMS LIKE OLD TIMES}  \\
(Opens Dec. 19)  \\
\textbf{THE JAZZ SINGER}  \\
(Opens Dec. 19 at the Ritz)  \\
\textbf{RAGING BULL}  \\
(Opens Dec. 13 at the Mark II)  \\
\textbf{THE MIRROR CRACK'D}  \\
(Opens Dec. 19 at the Bynr Mawn)  \\
\textbf{FIRST FAMILY}  \\
(Opens Dec. 25 at the Regency)  \\
\textbf{THE FORMULA}  \\
(Opens Dec. 27 at Berk's Place)  \\
\textbf{BYE, BYE, BRAZIL}  \\
(Opens Dec. 19 at the Ritz)  \\
\end{tabular}

\textbf{ON SUNDAY 12/12, a program of short films from the 1980 American Film Festival will be presented by AMOS VOGEL. The time is 6:30. Vogel, aprofessor at the Annenberg School and author of Film as a Subversive Art, will introduce the films.}  

(Walnut St. Theatre, 825 Walnut St., 574-3550)

\textbf{Audience Held Prisoner in Hazy 'Crazy'}

\textbf{Stir Crazy} Stir Crazy
Starring Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder
Directed by Sidney Poitier

By Howard Gensler

Richard Pryor and Gene Wilder are both very funny men. Each has been in a great deal of funny movies. When they appeared in the same film together (Silver Streak) it was one of the biggest hits of the year. It would be a producer's dream to get them to co-star again. They're both so funny.

Producer Hannah Weinstein did get them together again to star in a new comedy (oh, those producers, they don't miss a trick called Stir Crazy). It's about these two New Yorkers (Pryor and Wilder) who go out west to find fame, fortune, and breasts and end up in prison on a bank robbery charge. And they didn't do it. One would be hard pressed not to see the comic possibilities in this humorous situation. But that's not all. The warden of this prison picks one prisoner each year, by an ingenious screening process (known as Urban Cowboy syndrome in Hollywood), to ride in an inter-prison rodeo, and the best rider in the prison is (get ready to roll, folks) Gene Wilder, who's never been on a horse in his life.

There's also a prison break. Oh, I'm sorry. That's sort of important. But there are so many stories getting attention (did I forget Gene Wilder's love interest) that it's difficult to figure out what's important (huh, he forgets about his love interest). And that's what's wrong with this movie. That and the fact that it's just not funny.

Director Sidney Poitier (he used to be a great actor) is a competent director who is hampered by a muddled script that tries to appeal to too many different types of people. Screenwriter Bruce Jay Friedman (Steamboat), has thrown in a brute, a gay, a mexican, a redneck, and a few other stereotypes, but this material just won't click. It's too bad. Somehow underneath this junk, there's one hysterical movie. (If they pull it out of release now, and re-edit it, I'm sure it could be a smash by spring.) But for now, Harry Monroe (Pryor) sums it up whenever he yells for his friend (Wilder) "Skip! Skip!" he screams, constantly. He's right.
At Ringside: Boxing at the Box Office

Raging Bull a Technical Knockout

By Scott Heller

 Directed by Martin Scorsese

Clint Eastwood used to pack a .44 Magnum. As Dir-
ector for most of its length the film

This Week

THE OUT-TAKES FROM "HEAVEN'S GATE" One Showing Only! The landmark 132-
hour film which perfectly states what is
wrong with today's Hollywood!

THE EUROPEANS w DON'T LOOK
LOVED WOMEN
THE INNOCENT w THE MAN WHO
1215-1276

DEATH w RETURN OF THE
BAD GUYS WEAR BLACK
KRULL 3086)

Any Which Way You Can

The sequel to that first flying
fist adventure, has Eastwood
punched his way
into the faces of many and the
hearts of millions.

Smith, Eastwood and Locke

Smith displays big fists
and little rope, as Locke,
Beddoes C/W SINGING
girlfriend, just seems to
tag along for most of the movie.

A skilled cast and crew
have elevated it to a level of
excellence way ahead of every other
boxing movie, but it never quite
reaches the masterpiece level.

Olive. He Signs

Beddoes and Wilson meet in a
bar brawl and develop a
strange competitive friend-
ship for the fight. The
film traces the violence, the
gambling and the romance
that surround their on-
off again bout. At the
conclusion of their never-
ending slug-out in the streets,
both men realize that they're
being watched by weevils. They're
the same guys who tell Beddoe
that he shouldn't think of
backing out of the deal. Or
ever.

Beddoes and Wilson

Seventeen year old school girl whisked off the
streets of New York for the role, of-

 forever.

But Eastwood gave up the
big-time fight promoter
that he shouldn't think of
backing out of the deal. Or
ever.

Beddoes and Wilson

Seventeen year old school girl whisked off the
streets of New York for the role, of-

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But Eastwood gave up the
big-time fight promoter
Sonny Enhances The Joys of Sax...

This Week

THE NUMBERS — Hey, how 'bout a bit of jazz at the Pink House, 420 1st St. S.W. (713-823-0677)?

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA — Believe it or not, the symphony can still wave it around. Tonight, to celebrate, pianist Barry Shiffman will lead the orchestra in a program featuring Roy Cephas' 'The Passion of Joan of Arc' concerto. Glim Campbell, concert maestro.

MARY TRAVERS — Pop-folkie pop in town for two nights, Fri. and Sat., at the Bijou Cafe, 1408 Lombard St., PE-4444. Travers was once a third of the singing trio Peter, Paul & Mary, but the two are now touring together as the Mary Travers Group.

JOHN COUGAR — A cocaine dealer who Watched from the darkness while they danced, and the emptiness in whom they contact, 'Hey Nineteen' speaks about an untraversable generation gap between lovers and the non-communicable memories of an era, while 'Babybon Sisters' and 'My Rival' elaborate on the shock and futurity of retrieving lost love.

Although Steely Dan's lyrics are sometimes enigmatic, their music is always meticulously concise and solid. The personnel on Gaucho is hand-picked, to complement each cut, and features some of the finest studio talent in the nation (Randy and Michael Bongiorno, Steve Gadd, and Peter Frame), who won "best drumming performance" at the 1978 Grammy Awards. Marshall and Knopfler, also who handles the group's lead vocals and who is unquestionably its heart and soul as well, impressed the critics with his light yet piercing voice.

Knopfler, the band's sole songwriter, admits to a weakness for the make-believe world of motion pictures. He even desires to make a movie someday (hence, the album's title); for now, though, he and we must settle for seven mostly splendid songs about dreams, appearances and perplexities of love, and promises that are meant to be broken. In a modern-day (under the light of not the moon but a streetlight) "Romeo and Juliet," Knopfler explains to his Juliet that he "can't do anything" as well as the Romes on TV or in the movies "except be in love with you.

For all of you "Dan Fans" who haven't left your turntables since Aij, nourish yourselves briefly, queue up at your favorite record store, and get ready for Steely Dan's long-awaited release - Gaucho. The album stands as yet another landmark of the group's ability to consistently produce fresh musical and lyrical excellence.

An important aspect of Steely Dan's appeal is their empathy for the outsiders in society and their keen sensitivity to the pains of loneliness and rejection. Donald Fagen's subtly sarcastic-voiced and the frequent overtones of an ominously phase-shifted Rhodes piano set a similar tone on Gaucho. "Glamor Profession" is a remarkable portrait which depicts both the isolation of the "Pig," use your imagination. This is a family man. By the way, you can catch Ig on Fri. at Emerald City, Rf. 70, Cherry Hill, New Jersey, 903-2053.

STEVE KUNN & SHEILA JORDAN — Some jazz live, Fri. night at The Main 14/8 (it's not polite to Point).

THIN LIZZY — The Boys are back in town. The boys are back in town, the boys are back in town — rock poets crash Emigrant City on Sat. In an unrelated matter, okay Gall Ann, so now your name's in my guide, so now you can show Mom, so now you can impress law schools, so now you're a genuine celebrity...so now you owe me one more.

Well, Harry, it's your baby now. But let me say it's real. Adios, pingos.

John Cougar 
Nothin' Matters and What If It Did 
Riva RVL 7403

John Cougar has reduced rock music to a series of cliches. He seems to parody poses that doesn't even begin to pass for substance. The opening track, "Hot Night in a Cold Town," sounds like the incoherent rambling of some ersatz Springsteen. Cougar's vocal could easily serve as a parody of The Boss. Even the lyrics to this dime-store "jungleland" strain to sound as if Springsteen wrote them: "Sonny's out strolling, ambling slowly/Washed in ember street lights/Mexican wind blows in."

Several of the other songs display a frustrating inconsistency in the singer's outlook. "This Time" approaches the joys about the joys of treating women like trash, while " Ain't Even Done With the Night" presents Cougar as a sensitive guy who "... don't know no good come-ons." The Byrds are presented more as objects than as people.

The album closes with "Cheap Shot," an amusing and effective frontal attack on the rock establishment. Unfortunately, most of "Nothin'" is merely the wry observations of a willing puppet of the corrupt insurance industry that he so savagely attacks.
...While Neil’s Newest is a Good Harvest

Neil Young
Hawks And Doves
Reprise HS 2297

I have always taken this reviewing business seriously. I have tried to be as critical, objective, and impersonal as possible. I have steered clear of writing in the first person, in order to avoid the appearance of excessive bias. Obviously I am willing to abandon my conservative tendencies in critical exposition for only one person: Neil Young.

I like Neil Young’s music. I admire what he has done in the past and I make no attempt to hide this fact. Hence I address this review to other Neil Young fans, not to unbiased readers who expect my usual objectivity.

Hawks And Doves, Neil’s newest, should satisfy even the most scrutinizing fanatics. The album is clearly differentiated by side. The first is entirely acoustic and mellow. Devoted to those slow, emotional, pessimistic, and thought-provoking songs that we all can relate to at one time or another, it is in direct contrast to the second side, which is predominantly electric, fast-paced, and pervaded by country and western elements. These latter tunes are strictly upbeat, permeated with derivative optimism.

With Hawks And Doves, Young has definitely sustained the quality and artistic levels to which we have grown accustomed. Once again he has managed to capture and set forth both the light and dark sides of the prevailing American mood. This is perhaps best summed up in the ambivalent title track, “Hawks And Doves,” in which Young states, “Ready to go, willin’ to stay and pay U.S.A., U.S.A.”

Naturally, I would love to continue with the excesses of this tribute, but I wouldn’t want things to get out of hand. Hence closing, allow me one last exaltation: Neil Young is more effective at isolating, depicting, and understanding America’s moods and feelings than any other rock artist.

— David Henkoff
In consultation with T.R. Greene

Golden Earring
Long Blond Animal
Polydor PD-1-6303

Cheers to the record company for showcasing a tiresome album so effectively: band members pictured on the back cover asleep on a dark, empty subway train. Yawn. Long Blond Animal, Golden Earring’s first release on the Polydor label, is simply long, bland, and anything but animalistic.

Established by 1968 as the biggest selling rock group from Holland, Golden Earring has made little aural headway in America besides their lone AM gem, 1974’s “Radial Love.” A half-decade later, the energy which drove that song has dwindled to tame, repetitious riffs and a less than challenging sound. Barry Hay’s vocals are hardly distinguished; when he sings “I was in the middle of the road now, baby,” one is inclined to believe him. The songs themselves borrow from the distinguished — the Doors, The Who, Cheap Trick, to name a few — but give back little in return.

If the album has its moments (moment?), they’re on “Cuttin’ Em Down to Size,” a robust anthem. However, the remainder — particularly the two singles, “Prisoner of the Night” and the title track — are hardly more than it roars, telling the listener to abide by the old axiom: let this sleeping Animal lie.

The Bus Boys
Minimum Wage Rock and Roll
Arista AL 4280

“If I ever heard music like this by spades,” sings the Bus Boys on their debut album, which provides a unique black perspective on a music form dominated by whites. Comprised of five blacks and one “token white,” the band calls its music Minimum Wage Rock and Roll — a clever blend of musical styles, ranging from Southern rock to Devo, combined with poignant lyrics which ridicule racial stereotypes.

“I’m bigger than a nigger,” sings Kevin O’Neal on “KKK,” and on “There Goes the Neighborhood,” whites move into a black residential area and drive the property values down. “Johnny Soul’s Out” concerns a certain Mr. B. Goode, and “Respect” is what the Bus Boys crave in an upbeat update of “Satisfaction.”

Depth is provided by serious songs such as “D-Day,” a funky warning about the nuclear arms race.

The Bus Boys are more than a novelty act: they are thinking musicians who hope to pump some life into the predictable music scene of today. Minimum Wage Rock and Roll is a top-notch effort which may change the way many people listen to and think about rock music.

— John S. Marshall

Neil Young: Flying high

The Roches
Nurds
Warner Bros. BSK 3475

The Roches have a production style of Robert Fripp on their first album and a desire to incorporate more of a pop sound on the new release. The key to the amazing success of Fripp in capturing the essence of Maggie, Terry, and Suzzy on the debut album was his “striped down” presentation of the three sisters’ material. Vocals backed up by nothing more than the Roches’ own acoustic guitars worked beautifully.

The problem on the new work is immediately apparent on the title cut, “Nurds,” the album’s opening song. Electric guitar, bass, drum, etc. attempt to upbeat the number with a definite pop flavor. The noticeable result of this is a concerted effort on the part of the sisters to work against the instrumental back-up with exaggerated phrasing so as not to let the production obscure the song’s wonderful sense of humor. Similar problems exist on “Bobby’s Song” and on several additional cuts.

Where the production is kept to more of a minimum on songs such as “Louie” and “One Season,” the Roches shine. Probably the finest cut on the album is “One Season.” Here, the sisters work in perfect vocal harmony to beautifully express the nature of a relationship. The trio’s cover version of Cole Porter’s “It’s Bad for Me” — with no instrumental accompaniment — is a tribute to the vitality of a Roche harmony. In general, with the absence of spiffy production, the girls’ voices work together to create a wonderfully humorous and witty interpretation.

On Nurds, the Roches fail to match the breathtaking lyricism and beauty of songs such as “Hammond’s Song” and “The Married Men” from their debut album. Some of the striking humor and wit of their initial work is somewhat lacking here, too. Such might be attributed to the attention that was diverted to a somewhat unsuccessful attempt on the new album to strike up a compromise between the kind of spare audio-verite production in which the sisters communicate best and a more marketable sound.

— Mike O’Connell
— David Siskin

Bus Boys: Waiting to dish it out
Scramble

By Alan Campert

Double Bagging

Perhaps the most exciting part of the past year for him was a personal postcard from a former 34th Street editor whose criticisms of the magazine became more biting as his own standards were improved by his journalism graduate work.

The most recent small-print card had news of others having seen this publication. "We've had a few copies of the mag to a friend who is editor of the sorry weekly. He said he pulled it in the Daily Gal," he wrote. "He was blown away by the layout, some story ideas [these were early issues] and by the fact that the whole thing is a labor of love. "I staffers are non-salaried. He hopes to incorporate some 34 innovations."

In the next breath, this former editor friend informed them that their magazine had become "quite bourgeois schlock." When they considered that they had been a story about peanut butter and marshmallow fluff, and that an entire two pages had gone to describing bars, they shook their bagged heads in resignation. But when they thought of the interviews with people like Leonard Matlovich through the man sort of went against his word by settling with the Air Force out of court last week for $100,000. "One Penn alum. Weiner and lagom, they sat up just a little straighter."

The postcard, by the way, was of a pine tree that had pushed its way through solid rock, a particularly poignant statement on the rigors of life and editorships.

Although the former editor friend indicated that they were resorting to printing "cutesy Philly Mag-type stories, they did not think their magazine was like Philadelphia Magazine, because they knew they could never manage to fit "Top of the Season," "Turkey Alternatives," "Best Bars," and "Best Winter Drink Recipes" on one cover. It takes more than a year to learn that art. They knew they would never be able to eat that much in one week.

In any case, there wasn't any time to learn, as this was their last issue.

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Emerson and Thoreau

With a president who finds a blue spruce more menacing than Exxon Oil ready to enter the White House (readers may note a regrettable ambiguity in syntax), now is perhaps an appropriate moment to recall two colorful leaftales from the treetops of our national grove. Ralph Waldo Emerson and Henry David Thoreau. Poet and essayist, Transcendentalist and Romantic, literal and incurable, these two writers carved niches for themselves in the vast ecosystem of American literature that, if not immortal, at least ought not to decompose for some time. Their achievements can be literally measured by their names: Henry David Thoreau, Ralph Waldo Emerson. Few people say, "Henry Louis Mencken," fewer still, "Mark Langhorne Twin," and both those latter are so commonplace and the first -- "Langhorne" -- is so bizarre, just who or what is a "Langhorne?" On the other hand, "Waldo." Odd, unusual, but not sesquipedilious. Practice saying the same a few times, pretending you're the village idiot (people needing help be

When for the fifth time Emerson decided to marry a second time, he naturally selected Thoreau for best man, and on the wedding day rushed over to Walden to get him. Being himself a simple adulterer, Thoreau could only admire his friend's gumption at taking a second wife with the first still living. But Emerson was determined. It was all arranged. The bride, a second Hamar, even now awaited them in Concord. As for a clergyman, Emerson himself was still a Unitarian minister, having as yet broken with his Church in practice only; he would marry himself himself, thereby avoiding legal complications and a sizeable fee. So they set off for Concord, parnymph guarding paramount through the woods of Walden.

It was no easy going. Everywhere the snow was melting, transforming tracks into bogs and frozen streamlets into raging torrents. Thoreau's short-cut took them over the muddiest, most slippery, most treacherous paths in the forest, and soon both men were caked with mud cap-a-pie, and drenched to boot. This greatly dismayed Emerson, who was already dressed elegantly twice over, as minister and groom. Gradually his dismay changed to rage. When he had taken his sixteenth plunge into a brook and emerged, clean but soaking wet, he could bear it no longer and pounded on Thoreau's head to admire a squire's lot. "Look at me, you baboon," he screamed, "look! I'm soaked! My clothes are ruined! My shirt! My coat! Just you feel it!"

And he thrust out his arm. Thoreau took the sleeve of the minister's coat and gave it a squeeze. He nodded. "Indeed," he agreed, "too may brooks spoil the cloth."

Once Thoreau and Emerson were attending an auction, during the course of which a caviar was put on the block. Thoreau immediately fancied it, and grew determined to acquire it, even if that meant buying it honestly. But Emerson shook his head. "Caviar empty," he warned.

Once Thoreau and Emerson went golfing with Carlyle and Arnold Palmer in Scotland. Those who believe this can consult any reference work and find that there was indeed Scotland in those days and, almost as certainly, golf. But it was still in its primitive stages, there being no cars or caddies or fairways or greens or any of that, only the holes and the traps. Our foursome spent a vigorous morning whacking away at the balls and then hunting for them in the underbrush, but by mid-morning there remained but one ball, a Top-Flite No. 9. This Emerson sliced into the next loch and ended the game. Carlyle began berating him in Gaelic, but Thoreau interrupted and told them all to look.

A huge sheep dog had appeared on the next rise, and now it came bounding down the hill and straight into the loch. Then it swam back to shore and, running directly to the astonished party, dropped a small ball at its feet. Sure enough, it was a Top-Flite No. 9, Emerson's own ball! The game could continue!

Emerson looked at Palmer, Palmer looked at the loch. Thoreau looked at the dog, which had stopped to urinate with both hind legs on the ground. Carlyle looked at Thoreau.

"Now what do you make of that?" Carlyle asked him. "Pretty queer, isn't it?"

"Not at all," said Thoreau. "A bitch in time saves nine."