SEAS Dean Search Nears Finish

B. RANSHI BLOCH
The process of selecting the next dean of the School of Engineering and Applied Science has come to a close, with the dean search committee and the dean's office working closely to finalize the search process.

The dean search committee was formed in Fall 2023, and the search began in January 2024. The committee consisted of faculty members, students, and staff, who were responsible for identifying and evaluating candidates for the position.

During the search process, the committee interviewed a number of candidates and conducted on-campus interviews. The committee also received feedback from the school community, including students, faculty, and staff.

The search process concluded in June 2024, with the appointment of the new dean. The new dean will begin their role in September 2024.

GAPSA To Decide New Constitution Wednesday

B. ROBERT WOJTOWICZ
Graduate and Professional Student Assembly members will discuss changes to the current constitution on Wednesday, March 1.

Currently, the GAPSA constitution is over 70 pages long and was last amended in 2018. The current constitution includes provisions related to the organization's structure, governance, and membership.

At the upcoming meeting, GAPSA members will discuss proposals to restructure the organization and streamline the constitution. The proposals include changes to the organization's structure, governance, and membership.

The GAPSA meeting will take place in Weill Hall, Room 201, at 3:30 p.m. on Wednesday, March 1. All GAPSA members are encouraged to attend.

Inside

• The Accounting Center plans to implement a new software system to improve efficiency and reduce errors.

• Athletic Director Charles Hare has canceled all remaining games for the men's basketball team due to injuries.

• SA Student Council members have voted to increase the student fee by $3 per semester.

Stetson Defends Data

On Black Applicants

B. BILL LAGE
Admissions Director Lee Stetson said his office has no reason to believe that the university's admissions practices have changed.

"There has been no change in the university's admissions practices," Stetson said. "We have received a number of applications from black students this year, and we have not noticed any changes in our admissions standards or procedures.

Stetson added that the university's admissions office has been working closely with the admissions committee to ensure that all candidates are treated fairly and equitably.

Wharton Grad Heads

City Housing Office

B. JONATHAN AURBACH
The Wharton School graduate will oversee the city's Department of Housing and Community Development.

"I am excited to have the opportunity to work with the city of Philadelphia to address the housing needs of our residents," said the graduate.

"I am confident that I will be able to bring innovative solutions to the department and work closely with the community to ensure that all residents have access to safe and affordable housing.

The graduate will begin work immediately and will report to the city's Housing and Community Development Director.
PENN WARGAMERS CLUB meets Thursday 7-30 p.m Requests - 8-30 FERNET watch UTV's exciting new show.

GHAJN New members permitted.

Jewry For into call 243 8265

OPEN MINDED CONGENIAL SELF-EXPRESSION

TOUR INDIA Thursday. It am College

Police Department will be the topic of the

STUDENT DISCOUNT RATES

subject to change

WIN A PIZZA PARTY!

GIVE BLOOD
HI RISE EAST

Thursday, March 5
1:00 - 7:00

The ACM presents:
Mrs. Kay Mauchley
The Early Days
Of Computers

Triangal Companion Hall, Towne Bldg.
Funded by SAC

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commitment to taking more tours," students," work group member Vic spend money with more sensitivity to of the mechanical problems. [33x1285]very little about the technical nature the danger was minimal, he knew [33x1303]count oil (ihc repairs) taking a few [33x1329]addicted that he would "be happy to specific problems by the UA. But he [33x1173]had not yet been informed of the [33x1181]he said. "We want the administration lo [33x1199]stabile added that while he thought [33x1139]We're not trying to hide anything [33x1156]administrate fellow, said yesterday [33x1148]to consider then environment, he ad- [33x1150]undergraduate students waking up" [33x1166]Lucid said. "I think there n [33x1184]"It wouldn't be fair to students." [39x1021]higher than the) should be," he said [39x1039]inflate [39x1047]source," In- said. "It m.i> ridiculous!) [35x875]pointment he would make here." [35x866]poinlment he would make here." [35x875]would probaM) he the lirst dean's ap [35x884]feel part of the process, since this [35x910]process, which began three week- ago. [35x945]tec was able to start the Interviewing [38x1051]discussions expiration date for the bid is on Friday," [38x1085]piration date for the bid is on Friday," [38x1007]hate to see anything jeopardize that.'’” [38x1016]ning to tour during Spring Fling. "I'd [38x1024]because the band is not currently plan- [38x1033]have been "trickier than normal" [38x1209]O'Connor also said it was not ir- [38x1217]Physical Plant is a struggling depart- [332x1322]Physical Plant," Helm said. "I hope [332x1240]"I ha\n>e been corresponding with [339x1331]"I ha\n>e been corresponding with [339x1104]Applications [347x1037]SHAPIR STUDIOS [352x1024]3907 Walnut Street [362x1048]On Campus At [376x1012]BA 2-7888 [377x1093]Passports [398x743]"THE DESIRE OF SOUL" [492x1230]FRIDAY NIGHT GODFATHER PART II 8:00 ONLY IRVINE $1.25 MIDNIGHT THE MARX BROS. IN DUCK SOUP IRVINE $1.00 SATURDAY NIGHT COM-CULT DOUBLE FEATURE WOODY ALLEN in "LOVE & DEATH" 7:30 & 11:15 $2.00 PREVIEW THURS., MARCH 12 AWARD WINNING NEW WORLD STRING QUARTET plays Haydn. Schubert and Bartok at Antig School SAT. MARCH 7 8:00 P.M. Tix $6.00 public Only $3.00 w/ Penn I.D. On Sale at Ann. Box H.H. Tix & Locust Walk For Group Rates and info call 243-6644 FRIDAY NIGHT GODFATHER PART II 8:00 ONLY IRVINE $1.25 MIDNIGHT THE MARX BROS. IN DUCK SOUP IRVINE $1.00 SATURDAY NIGHT COM-CULT DOUBLE FEATURE WOODY ALLEN in "LOVE & DEATH" 7:30 & 11:15 $2.00 PREVIEW THURS., MARCH 12 AWARD WINNING NEW WORLD STRING QUARTET plays Haydn. Schubert and Bartok at Antig School SAT. MARCH 7 8:00 P.M. Tix $6.00 public Only $3.00 w/ Penn I.D. On Sale at Ann. Box H.H. Tix & Locust Walk For Group Rates and info call 243-6644
In Times of Desperation

By Barbara Leshy

A recent study published in the American College Health Association's 34th Annual Survey of Student Health indicated that 20 percent of American college students are depressed. And many of these students are not getting the help they need. While depression is the number one medical problem on college campuses, only 5 percent of college students with depression seek counseling services.

In recent years, colleges and universities have been experiencing a mental health crisis. According to the American College Health Association, one in five college students has a diagnosable mental health condition. This crisis is particularly acute on elite private institutions, where the pressures to succeed are immense.

The most common symptoms of depression on college campuses include feelings of sadness, hopelessness, and worthlessness. Many students also report experiencing anxiety, stress, and a lack of motivation. However, many of these students are not getting the help they need.

According to a recent study published in the Journal of the American Medical Association, only 5 percent of college students with depression seek counseling services. This is a concerning statistic, as many of these students are struggling to cope with their mental health challenges.

The reasons for this low rate of help-seeking behavior are multifaceted. Many students may be embarrassed or ashamed to seek help. Others may be concerned about the stigma associated with mental health issues. Additionally, many students may not know where to turn for help or may feel like their school does not offer adequate resources.

The lack of access to mental health services on college campuses is a pressing issue. Many students are struggling to manage their mental health while also facing academic and social pressures. It is crucial that colleges and universities take steps to address this crisis and ensure that all students have access to the support they need.
Annenberg TV Show
To Focus On U. Life

By ERIC J. SAVITZ

Ever since Bill Grundfest was an undergraduate in the early '70s, he thought the University suffered from a serious identity crisis. Though his view wasn't a new one, Grundfest has chosen to do about the problem differently.

Today at the Annenberg Center, Grundfest will host Penn Point, a television talk show utilizing members of the University community as both guests and audience. Although no definite outlet for the show has been secured, Grundfest said he'd "like to see it aired on a local Philadelphia station as a public affairs program."

"A couple of years ago, I thought of doing a talk show relying heavily on the resources of Penn. But it was not until recently that I was in a position to do it economically," Grundfest said.

It is only recently that Grundfest has become an economic and artistic success. After graduating with a degree in psychology, he headed to New York to try and make it as a stand-up comic. "It was a difficult time for Stand ups, and I'm not into paying dues. I didn't go to Penn to drive a cab," Grundfest said.

Eventually he left New York for Boston, where he established his own production company and had his own coinov and call-in radio show on WITS. He was later given his own segment on a late night show on WCVD, the ABC affiliate in Boston. Grundfest has also been touring college campuses performing a one-man show called, "Is There Life After College?" which has appeared locally at Villanova and West Chester State College.

Wald's Tavern
On 46th St., between Walnut and Locust Streets.
Bevo 2-9840

Bald Fox brings you a weekend Deli special!

The Psychology of the Israeli Mind
March 5
Thurs.
7:30
Dr. Eliza Bobad, Educational Psychologist

Women with Menstrual Cramps
Would you like to participate in a clinical study of a drug to stop them? $100.00 for 3 months of study.
Call Mrs. Brown at 386-9818 for details between 10-12 on Tuesdays & Fridays.

WALSH'S
TAVERN
On 69th St., between Walnut and Locust Streets.
PA 2-0840

OLDIES NIGHT
9pm - 2am
Thursday & Saturday Nights
BLASTS FROM THE PAST
with your D.J. The Beast

LITE BEER FROM MILLER.
EVERYTHING YOU ALWAYS WANTED IN A BEER.
AND LESS.

MARCH COUPON SPECIAL
4.
BUY 5 DOZEN
GET 1 FREE

The entire U. of P. community
and
The City of Philadelphia
join in wishing a happy 20th anniversary to
Dr. & Mrs. Daniel Malamud

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FREE PUBLIC LECTURE
RENE DUBOS, Scientist/Humanist
DONALD FREDRIKSON, Director, National Institutes of Health
Discussion
HUMAN CONCERNS AND MEDICAL RESEARCH
University Museum, 33rd and Spruce Streets. Saturday March 7, 1981 at 10:00 a.m.
SATURDAY AT THE UNIVERSITY, is a series of nine free programs sponsored by the College of General Studies, University of Pennsylvania. For more information, call 243-6493.

"I've Gotten Used To Bad News"

Boston
Penn Inter - Varsity Christian Fellowship
Invites All
To Hear
Dr. John Brobeck
Professor At The
Penn Medical School
Speak On
"What is the Good News?"
Friday, March 6
7:30 p.m.
CA 2nd Floor
36th and Locust

THE BLACK STUDENT LEAGUE will have being
Nominations & Elections for Next Semester.
All student are urged to attend the meeting at Low Rise North.
On Friday, March 6 at 7:30 p.m.

Dr. Rosemary Stevens from Penn's HS & Dept.
Speaks on Medicine and Government:
What Does The Future Hold?
Thurs., March 5, 1981; 7:30 p.m.
Houston Hall - Franklin Room
Refreshments will be served.

The Young Scholars Program.
College left a life-of-death struggle
for an A," observed Frances.
"As long as people get something
above a C, that seems less frightening
with grades than with learning.

The Daily Pennsylvania - Thursday, March 5, 1981

A Scientific Evaluation of Physical Manipulation
SUN. MARCH 8
1:30 p.m.
The Renovation and Dehumanization of the Medical Profession
Roper Rx., University of Pennsylvania
DUNLOP AUDITORIUM
Penn Medical School
FREE TO THE PUBLIC
Physician recognition units will be available.

Participate in a TV TALK SHOW
"Penn Point"
Members of the University community are invited to be part of the studio audience in "Penn Point," a new TV Talk Show. Interested members of the audience will be encouraged to participate in discussion and question-and-answer with the show's expert guests.
Two pilot programs will be taped THURSDAY MARCH 5:
12 noon:
RECREATIONAL ACTS-an examination of controversial groups such as the Unification Church.
MEN'S LIBERATION-an examination of the possible backlash from the feminist movement.
1 p.m:
RELIGIOUS SECTS-an examination of controversial groups such as the Unification Church.
MEN'S LIBERATION-an examination of possible backlash from the feminist movement.

WHERE: TV Studio, Annenberg School basement, 3620 Walnut
Arrive 10 minutes before the show of your choice. Space limited to 30 people.

Start Purim Early at the PURIM EXTRAVAGANZA
Free
Food! Frolic! Festivities!
Live Music
Sat., Mar. 7th, 9:00 PM
Houston Hall West Lounge
sponsored by Hillel at Penn and Lubavitch House

Toronto Daily Star Thursday, March 5, 1981

A Scene from "Roots"

Sneaker Barn
DUFFIELD
UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA
15 W. Oakland Ave., Doylestown 534-8556
The lowest price for insulated rubber boots on this planet!

The Campus Committee for
Christian Interaction presents
THERE IS SHAME IN HEARTS TO SUE
SUN., MARCH 8
7:30 p.m.
Joanne S Downs, Arnold Feldman, Glnette Oosselln Fersl, Rev
Edward B. Reese, Joanne C. Stebbins, Houston Hall West Lounge
The Physician as Activist
Dr. Rosemary Stevens, University of Pennsylvania
The Physician as Human Ecologist
University of Pennsylvania

Every Boot in the Store
$5.00
Well-Behaved Birdies Shine in Successful Season

In author's name

Harris Says Team Cuts Appear Unlikely

By DAVINDA JOHNSON and EDGAR J. MILLER

With less than two weeks remaining on the books, there is mention of a decision that could impact the 1982-83 athletic budget, as Michael Hackney commented, "We are not considering eliminating any programs. It is a question of making a decision that could improve the athletic financial picture."

"It may be possible that we will have to take some drastic measures, like eliminating some programs," Hackney added.

In the process of deciding where reductions will be made, the athletic department is studying the budget for each sport, and is asking for help from conference members. "We are at least with the good

department list and to make relative decisions," Hackney said. "For the "two-day plan" the budget cuts will not be immediate."

"We are making an overall focus on the future," he added. "Most athletic programs will be looking at the financial structure of their programs." Hackney said that there is a "planned" amount of money that will be given to each sport. "We will have an overall plan to determine where the reductions will be made," he said. "We don't know how many people will be eliminated, but we do know that the budget cuts will be made in a systematic way." According to Hackney, the report will be a "triumph of athletics with a strong message to the University community." He added, "I think what he does."

Harris will also deal with the future of the program within the context of the budget cuts. "This isn't just a matter of money," he said. "It has to do with the overall health of the program."

In his personal view, Hackney commented, "I'm not sure that we would have been able to compete on the U.S. National level without the support of the athletic department." Hackney said that the "revenue" was important to the University, and that the "financial picture" was the "biggest feature" in the department. "In the future," he said, "We are going to stick with this go-to." The future of the program depends on the collective action of the athletic department and the University as a whole. Hackney said that a program sports should be evaluated along the same lines as the budget cuts. "We have to be sure that the program has a strong financial base," he said. "We must tailor it to fit our needs."

Traditionally, the small sports teams have been the ones to benefit from the cuts. "There is a tradition in the past that the cuts are not important to the University, and that the cuts are made in an overall plan," Hackney commented. "But this year, a different feature is involved." The value of a particular team or program is determined in an analysis of its return on the investment.

Speedy Hill Still Sticking With It

By KAREN WOODHAMS

When the kids in the neighborhood would ask Peter Levy about where he was going, he would respond with, "I'm going to do better than that." Levy was a member of the cross-country team at Penn, and would eventually go on to become the head coach of the team.

"When I was in high school, there was no place to stay — and I never believed in the Palestra for me whenever I ran," Levy said.

"I'm not accustomed to anything," Levy said. "I've been running for years, and it's been a way of life."

"I've seen a draft of the report," Charles Harris said. "I'm surprised because I've never seen a report before." Harris said that the "financial picture" would have been devastated.

"If I could approach a person on campus and ask them about the Brinidi," he said, "I'd have to do it carefully."

Hill would go on to compete in the Olympics, and then make decisions about the future. "I'm not going to do that," he said.

"I'm going to stick with running, and I'll never lose," said Hill. "We sit down with the great men and women."

Since he was in his late teens, Levy was always a top runner. He would go on to become the head coach of the cross-country team at Penn, and eventually the head coach of the track and field team.

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Probing Christine Jorgensen

Inside: Deirdre Bair on Samuel Beckett
Dear Editors:

This letter is addressed directly to Mr. Wojtowicz's recent study of professional wrestling in the Feb. 19th issue of 34th Street.

I must first compliment Robert Cohen for his thorough, in-depth analysis of this sport.

Secondly, I must confess that I am not a "sport"-loosely; about as loosely in fact as I use the terms "study" and "analysis" to describe Roberts' masturbatory examination of the topic.

"Wrestling is not a shameless farce for the cretinous masses, but a looosely-planned melodrama, isn't that correct, Mr. Wojtowicz??

If you could keep your mouth in a "Cobra Clutch" for a minute, I'd like to inform you that those cretinous masses are the backbone of America today. Could 13,000 fans be wrong?

Dear Editors:

Feminists are bracing for an anti-woman backlash by the "new" Right. It is disturbing to encounter this backlash right here at Penn.

What I refer to here is the characterization of women in last week's "Joynal" issue of 34th Street Magazine. According to 34th Street, women students at Penn are 42-26-38 bombshells who enjoy having sex with animals. "Acting like a woman" means wagging our asses and learning to be indecisive. Our mouths are made for blow jobs. Women sports writers are "sleezehags" and animal wanderbitches who need a good fuck. Prostitutes are "sluts" and fit objects for male derision. This language is offensive now and it was offensive to read in the student newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania. It was offensive to read words like pussy, bishop, tits, and broads. It was offensive to read the intense views on cock-sucking. It was offensive to open the student newspaper and see three "tit-and-ass" photographs of naked women. This issue of 34th Street is, in the guise of new-wave "humor," in fact a thinly disguised excercise in offensiveness and contempt.

Women are assaulted constantly by hostile public images of ourselves. One example is the front-page prominence of 34th Street gave to the ad for Monie: a man standing in a pool of blood, a knife in one hand, a woman's scalp in the other. I don't know about you but that ad assaults me on a visceral level. It is unacceptable to me to be fed these images by the student paper. It is unacceptable that 34th Street receives student money, if it does, to publish violent pornography directed at the women on this campus. I don't know who's responsible for this issue; the editors and writers didn't have the guts to sign their names. 34th Street has a woman editor but I find it hard to believe a woman was responsible for such hostility to women. Is 34th Street an accurate statement of the political consciousness on this campus? The Board of Managers claim responsibility for the contents of the DP; are we to assume this contempt for women students is sanctioned by the Board, the Daily Pennsylvania, the university itself?

The editors of 34th Street seem to equate being offensive with being "arty" and "clever." The same "bitchiness and good-fuck" language was awarded first prize in 34th Street's fiction contest last fall. The attempts at offensiveness are not confined to women: "Joynal" also made fun of homosexual men ("fag"), blacks ("an oppressed black child"), modern artists killed by Hitler ("about the worst thing we ever did after WW II") and forget that Hitler was right about some things), and Orientals ("a fovy slant-eyed box"). This "humor" is not funny. Prejudice and reaction are ugly whatever form they take.

I am concerned about what seems to be a rise in incidents of real and symbolic aggression against women on this campus. In a letter to the editor last week, a woman reported continual verbal harassment and a physical assault on Locust Walk, by students. Another woman reported that the DP's low-key article on feminism at Penn was pinned to the wall in the hallway of her dorm and defaced. Then we had 34th Street. Are we to assume that the DP thought women were not welcome on this campus, as we were not welcome here one hundred years ago?

Did you ever realize that you might be one small cause in driving the masses to watching the tube?
The only lucid information that could be extracted from your verbose extravaganza was the realistic knowledge that we are "sluts" and that the University of Pennsylvania is "a suburban depression ward full of out-of-control existentialists".

This issue of 34th Street is offensive to open the student newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania. It was offensive to read words like pussy, bishop, tits, and broads. It was offensive to read the intense views on cock-sucking. It was offensive to open the student newspaper and see three "tit-and-ass" photographs of naked women. This issue of 34th Street is, in the guise of new-wave "humor," in fact a thinly disguised excercise in offensiveness and contempt.

*Disparaging Remarks*

Another O-"Pin"-ion

Could 13,000 Americans be duped by what you are saying? Mr. Wojtowicz is not simply sable Keyerous, it's UNAMERICAN!!!!!!!!!!!

You talk of the Melting Pot, Mr. Wojtowicz, but I suppose you didn't notice any down Pollocks in the audience, did you? Maybe you missed one sitting alongside some of these "ancient Bible-toting black" who you saw, or possibly doing business with a few of the "women from Kensington," or even car-pooling with the "suburban housewives in their Ford Country Equiries!!!"

From these tripe and offensive observations on your part I'll fuck fairly content in assuming that you rooted for the Nazi Sergeant. Your review, Mr. Wojtowicz, is not only filled with more racial slurs than the audience was with "overweight slackfaced dummies," but your
clichés date back even further than the "Moonings' Neanderthal cloning:"

I don't intend to ignore any aspect of your work (since I would like to make this a complete appraisal), but Bob, the fear of a fatal attack of nausia prevents me from commenting on your turgid (you termed it "amusing") exchange with the champion.

The only lucid information that could be extracted from your verbose extravaganza was the realistic knowledge that (just as in Pro-Wrestling), there are Good-guys and Bad-guys in journalism. (I'm sure you can figure out where you fit in "Bombastic" Bob Wojtowicz.)

Did you ever realize that you might be one small cause in driving the masses to watch the tube?

One word "UR A CT TOGETHER BOB!!!!!!

Richard Weiss
(Wharton H3)

34th Street
Mar. 5

34th Street Magazine is published by the Daily Pennsylvania every Thursday at Philadelphia, Pa. during the fall and spring semesters, except during examination and vacation periods. One issue published in the summer.

The Board of Managers of The Daily Pennsylvania have sole authority and full responsibility for the content of the magazine. No other parties are in any way responsible for the contents of the magazine, and all inquiries concerning that content should be directed to the Board of Managers.

Subscriptions to The Daily Pennsylvania may be ordered at a rate of $20 per year.

34th Street Magazine is published by the Philadelphia Press.

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There aren't too many great institutions that remain in intellectual circles. Kurt Vonnegut hasn't published a book in a few years, Woody Allen has been reduced to Fellini take-offs, and Brian Wilson is going to school. To keep from feeling alienation: from everything that was sublimely perfect in days past, people grasp onto any small remnant of those days, and one of the more perfect of these that has weathered the years of erosion is The New York Times crossword puzzle.

Inherently, there is nothing in the puzzle that differentiates it from a dozen other syndicated word games of its genre. The clues refer to words of a specific size that fit neatly into the indicated spaces, much like the words which is standard crossword puzzle fare. The definitions tend to be more cultured than something one might find in the Daily News, but they alone cannot account for its popularity. As any avid puzzle solver can attest, one develops a sense of devotion to a particular puzzle after some time. A loyalty springs up between the writer and the constructor, and some have even confessed to feeling a rapport with a given crossword puzzle.

These feelings tend to be heightened in solvers of the Times' puzzle. Perhaps it is because of the tradition of excellence one feels when scribbling on a newspaper that contains the words of Leonard and John Leonard. Maybe it's the distinctive placement of the puzzle — the only daily game feature in the paper — and that quality is likely to be found in Eugene T. Maleska, editor of The New York Times crossword puzzle.

Maleska, a retired Bronx school district administrator in his 60s, has edited the daily and Sunday puzzle for four years. He lives with his wife in Wareham, Mass., where he edits the multitude of submissions that are sent into the Times from aspiring constructors. As one might expect, Maleska has a profound and well-defined philosophy of puzzledom. "We try to avoid the bad side of life," he says. "We'd never use references (in clues) to the Italian war, or the hostages, or Watergate — puzzles are for escapists. You don't want to be reminded of life's troubles when you're solving a puzzle." Downbeat puzzles are rejected. Maleska says, "Someone sent in a puzzle that had the phrase 'heart attack' right across the middle of it. I wrote back to him and asked, 'Do you want someone to have a heart attack while they're doing the puzzle?'"

The puzzle is also, in the words of its editor, "the last bastion of antiques." Whenever ambiguous words creep in, they are vindicated by the definition. "If you have 'ass,' it will be defined as a beast of burden. 'Tif' is a small bird, 'breath' is a part of a turtle."

Maleska staunchly defends the educational value of crossword puzzles, and once testified before a Senate committee to that effect. In the 1950s, a Dell crossword puzzle magazine was being charged a higher postal rate than educational publications, and Maleska testified that the puzzles were given the nature of the puzzles. "I told them that they develop your vocabulary, and they agreed."

Maleska started in the business by selling crossword puzzles. If he found on the floor of the subway, he took from his home in New Jersey to high school in New York City. He became an aficionado, and started constructing puzzles when he was in college. "I was a Latin major at Montclair State University, in New Jersey, and I met a lovely girl, who was also a Latin major and also loved crossword puzzles. She was a little wary of me at first, so

light clues, instead of 'staid and serene.'"

Maleska took up puzzles seriously when he was teaching school in Harlem and working at a camp making only $30 a summer, along with his wife who was also a teacher, and working in camps. "The next summer, I made about $200, sitting at home. That launched my career."

In the 1950s, Maleska became a pioneer in the field after corresponding with Farrar about whether they should break the rule of having one-word entries. "We decided that that was a good idea, and I was the first to do it in the history of puzzledom. The clue was 'mollusk' and the answer was 'hard-shelled snail.'" Maleska, in parentheses, he says that the answer was two words. The fans loved the idea, but they said they didn't need the parentheses. They didn't want us to baby them."

Will Weng, a former Times reporter, succeeded Farrar in 1969, and Maleska succeeded him in 1977. Maleska travels to New York Weekends at least a year to deliver a batch of puzzles. "I don't trust the mails," he says. The puzzles are prepared well in advance of their publication date. Maleska says he now has enough edited puzzles to run through 1983. The constructors are paid $30 for a daily puzzle and $100 for Sunday puzzles, which Maleska concedes is very little, but he adds "supply vastly exceeds demand. Most people construct them for fun." Among his regular constructors are a Pulitzer prize nominee, a first violinist in the New York Philharmonic, a nun, and several housewives.

Besides being the editor of what is generally acclaimed as the finest puzzle of its kind, Maleska has the distinction of being the only person ever to have had a new New York City public school named after him while still alive. When he was in the school system, he fought a construction of a middle school in his district in the Bronx. He petitioned Mayor John Lindsay and the city council for funds for the school, in competition with administrators from other districts. The money was eventually designated for that school, and the community submitted him to the board of education as a namesake for the school. The proposal was accepted, but a city official later noted that tradition dictated that a person had to be dead for three years before a school board would name an institution after him or her. The community went to them and demanded written proof of the rule, and of course they had none," Maleska says. "The boards of education succumbed to them, and the next day they wrote a new rule. So no one else will ever have a brand new school named after them while they're alive."

For those of you who would like to learn a little more about Maleska, and learn how to construct a crossword puzzle, while improving your vocabulary, his new book, A Pleasure in words, about etymology and his personal life, has just been published by Simon and Schuster and is presently available in bookstores. If the one you frequent doesn't have it . . . don't mince words.

Crosswords, Not Cross Words
A chat with the man behind the NY Times puzzle

Maleska always manages to get his message across . . . or down

CROSSWORD PUZZLE
Edited by EUGENE T. MALESKA

ANNE TRUSS KOL
PETE BRONAL
WINNINGSTRA
TAHN
REMO
AROM
DPA
RO
MUES
KED
SP
PO

Maleska always manages to get his message across . . . or down
Children of a Lesser God
By Mark Medoff
At the Forrest

By Matt Cohen

It was around sixth grade that my classmates, especially the girls, caught onto the idea of using a pidgin sort of sign language to communicate during the times in class when note passing or simple whispering could not be utilized. Most gave up on it after awhile, as, with the system they employed of spelling out individual letters, any sufficiently juicy message took about ten minutes to convey. Some, however, became surprisingly good at it, and I could often see their fingers flying in rapid motion, spelling out the latest in lunchroom gossip.

It was thus with a certain fascination and more than a little jolt to my memory to see Children of a Lesser God, Mark Medoff's comedic drama which explores the world of the deaf and its frequently less than smooth junctures with the hearing world. While maintaining a mostly light-hearted tone and a fast pace throughout the evening, Children also poses several serious questions about how deaf people, and the handicapped in general, should regard themselves in relation to society and how the latter should deal with them, in turn.

Through the development of the relationship between James Leeds, the derring-do-goober speech therapist at a school for the deaf, and Sarah Norman, a deaf woman who resists Leeds' efforts to teach her to speak, Medoff reveals several painful truths about the way society treats its less-than-perfect members, and also reaches the final decision that perhaps love cannot save everything after all.

As Leeds, Peter Evans constructs a character that is fascinatingly complex and yet one that is guided continually by one or two simple drives. Leeds displays a mostly self-effacing attitude, as when he is recounting his exploits in the Peace Corps (when Sarah resists his efforts to teach her how to speak, he yells, "You can't do this to me, I saved Ecuador"). And yet he also reveals a strong dictatorial streak in trying to rework Sarah into his concept of normalcy. He ranges from sorrow and self-degradation to exaltation and a bony kind of boundless happiness.

Linda Bove, as Sarah, is both a mirror and an arbiter for Leeds. By her absolute silence she forces him to look at his motives for trying to make her enter the hearing world; by her language, done all in sign and spoken out loud by Leeds for the benefit of the audience, she tells Leeds of a world of silence he cannot enter or comprehend, and questions whether his world of sound is in fact necessarily superior.

Most of all, the theme of who is actually benefitting by Leeds' actions in the school and with Sarah is repeated continually. As Leeds, asks Sarah, scrunching an itch of liberal guilt by his teaching the deaf, or is he truly interested in seeing them, and Sarah, especially, developing as themselves? Or is he in fact playing God, trying to remake Sarah in the image of himself?

Despite one or two subplots that jumble the action slightly, Children of a Lesser God is a riveting piece of theater. Medoff's script develops the relationship between Sarah and Leeds effortlessly, and it avoids falling into any sort of sentimental quicksand with a directness that is sometimes painful to witness.

Coupled with the fine performances of Evans and Bove, as well as the finely-executed supporting roles, the work is an eminently satisfying piece of theater. While billed as a comedy, Children of a Lesser God is much more than a lightweight collection of running jokes; it examines a part of our world rarely looked at with a grace and candor that is a delight to see.
Beckett: Anguish, Failure, and No Relief

By Samuel Beckett

Company

By Deirdre Bair

This landscape is familiar: we have all been here before, trying, with Murphy, who tied himself into his chair and rocked toward an oblivion forever denied him. Molloy crept in and out of ditches, beds, town, for his mother to kill her. Malone, dying, wrote to the end, isolated in a room with his pencil stub, waiting for someone to bring his dish and pot, the poles of his existence. We cringed at the Unnamable, legless, armless, sexed, rammed down into a jar in a restaurant window, holding the daily menu in his mouth. We got up bright and early one morning, talked out and discussed Milton, but gave that up, too.

Then we left civilization—such as it was—and crawled with Pim and in the awful chasm of infinity we created after Pim. We crawled up walls, or tried to, slick cylinders with exact measurements precisely ordained but impossible to comprehend because Beckett made a mathematical error in creating them. But that, too, proved hopeless, for the niche he promised was no hiding place.

Finally, after rambling through Murphy, Molloy, Malone Dies, The Unnamable, How It Is, From an Abandoned Work, and all the brief exercises that followed, we come to Company. Beckett's latest "Novel." It's a difficult word to apply to 63 pages of extra-large type and super wide margins, but nonetheless, a word he insists is accurate. Once more we are alone, this time in the dark, on our backs, inventing still more voices, a "devised deviser devising it all for company."

Beckett has us hoping against hope (haven't we been here so many times before that we should know better by now than to hope?) that still, somehow, perhaps this time, at last, once and for all, he will find the way to make sense of his stories, to tell them mercifully for the last time, to shut up these voices of his inner torment, to make them stop talking!

But we are doomed before we start, as Beckett tells us that he will end as he has always ended, alone. And not only alone, but doomed to repeat himself in the prose that will inevitably follow Company.

"I can't go on," said his Unnamable, who then added ominously (one simply cannot call it optimism, knowing what we now know of the works that followed that novel), "I'll go on."

"How did he get here?" bewildered students ask me. They want to know what sort of person invented these—shall we call them by some of the names puzzled critics and scholars have used: dummies, bums, cripples, comically miserable rejects, nobles?

By Deirdre Bair

Deirdre Bair is an assistant professor of English and the author of Samuel Beckett: A Biography.
Not Cheap Frills

Christine Jorgensen discusses what becomes a woman most

By Peter Canellos

“And now we take you back 30 years to the historic moment when, for the first time ever, a young boy became a woman,” says the well-dressed man from behind the bar at Club Equus, an expensive and plushly decorated pub hidden down a dreary stretch of 12th Street. Around the bar, an anxious crowd of rich, conservative, male, and in most cases gay, patrons eye him warily through the thick cigarette smoke as he drones on about tonight’s cabaret act. Seeing that he can’t keep the crowd’s attention, he walks away, carrying an expensive looking cane that he never uses for walking, but uses often when making points. He then uses his cane to point to the stairs leading to the club’s cabaret, where transsexual legend Christine Jorgensen is about to take the stage.

The cabaret is cramped and dimly lit with a long bar outlining one wall. Fluorescent strips of light, molded into lightning bolts, encircle the parquet wood floor. On one corner of the dance floor, there is a piano and a pink screen, not too effectively hiding a mountain of frilly costumes and props. An electric sign proclaiming CHRISTINE is suspended from the ceiling.

Christine has parlayed the publicity she received from her operation into a 13-year show business career, like many instant celebrities trying to capitalize on what is often fleeting fame. But she says that she went into the business for more personal reasons. “I found show business people to be very accepting. We can accept anybody. Maybe that’s because show business people are usually a little different themselves — not necessarily sexually, but ar-

Christine Jorgensen discusses her life

The impersonations are interspersed with bawdy sexual jokes, anecdotes, and declarations — “I’ve been in love before, but I wasn’t in love with either of the men I was engaged to,” she says. “I was going to get married because at one point I thought everyone should, which is about the dumbest reason I can think of.”

The show rapidly changes gears as Christine, armed with a framed photograph of her former self, explains in detail the effects of her operation and answers questions from the audience. The informal back-and-forth with the audience seems to bring out the more natural, confident side of Christine, as she answers questions covering all aspects of even the most intimate parts of her life — from her sexual desires to her political opinions.

“I believe everybody has to find themselves in life. You should never do something just because someone else says you should do it,” she says. “Now, we find something like the Moral

(Continued on page 10)
Not Cheap Thrills

The Pleasure Chest
caters to all tastes and sizes

By John Cise

Neal Evers drove a cab with a passion in New York City until eight years ago. Then, he ran into a friend who would change the course of his dreary existence. The offer was to open a new store called the Pleasure Chest, a pleasure for profit (or was it profit-for-pleasure?) retailer of sex-oriented toys, gadgets, clothing and just about anything else remotely connected with the pursuit of bodily bliss.

Evers selected Philadelphia for its proximity to his former home and its potential as a market, and has been purveying everything from inflatable Greek, rubber love maidens to leather pack straps ever since. According to Evers, 29, he's having a ball with the new job. "I look forward to starting each day, because I'm doing something I really enjoy," claims Evers, who advertises his shop as a "love and erotic boutique."

The store itself is at once striking and curiously low-key. The combination of a number of exciting sexual products in a very mellow, subtle setting is what apparently makes the store such a success. From the WMGK playing over the stored system to the subdued but adequate lighting, the ambiance of the store is relaxed and decidedly middle-to-upper-class. The bookstores downtown just aren't competing on our level," says Evers, both on a basis of quality and price. He explains that the New York Chest (the Philadelphia store is one of seven wholesales to some of the local shops but that they just aren't price-competitive with his store.

He went on to explain the difference in atmosphere as I sat on a beige bean-bag chair – over which hangs a very popular item called a Pleasure Sling, $45, which permits adventurous and acrobatic couples to engage in a variety of stimulating positions. "We have no peep shows or hard-core pornography and no guys jerking off in the aisles." Quite to the contrary, "Women bring their children in here and sit them down while they shop." And while no women parked their station wagons out front and entered with children in tow while I was there, the lunch-time crowd represented a full compliment of the working class.

Two salivating, heavy-breathing women were knelling on the floor in front of a display case filled with dildoes ranging in length from 3 inches to three feet, evidently comparing prices on the Hong Kong and Taiwan imports. Two businessmen and a middle-aged female were slinking slowly through the aisles glancing cautiously at the products, smiling or laughing, and making wonderfully ridiculous comments like: "I could never do that . . . what does that thing do . . . this is interesting." She could have been my mother. An obviously under-aged adolescent was eyeing the products curiously . . . a secretary on lunch break was playing with the demonstrator vibrators, probably the climax of her day. I asked Evers if he had any stories he could tell me about some of his more interesting customers. "Well," he says, looking out towards Walnut Street, "sometimes a couple of ladies will come in and not quite realizing the purpose of the store and run out screaming . . . but they often come back." Come again? Other interesting clients are Philly's Finest, the men in black leather. They cause a real stir, says Evers. "The cops will pull up right in front of the store, and come in to shop. Unfortunately, some of the customers leave when they come in," feeling uncomfortable. "The cops complain that they're people, too."

Interestingly, while Evers' shop has won the "Best & Worst of Philly" Awards for erotic notictions for several years running, Philadelphia Magazine has refused his advertising as "inappropriate" until recently. Evers sees this as only one example of increasing acceptance of sex and sex products retailing; another being the increasing success of his and other Pleasure Chest stores. The West Coast boasts the largest of the chain's stores, with a veritable super-market of sex in Los Angeles. Combined sales of the 7 chain stores is an impressive $10 million and expanding, competition in the upscale sex novelty market being anything but stiff.

One problem Evers cited was that of finding staff for the store: "People have a hard time being open about the items we sell, and this can turn a customer off. The sales help need to be free of any inhibitions about sex. There's really no need to be embarrassed, sex is natural and everybody does it . . . after all, your mother and her mother were making out in back seats before you were ever born."

The individual items stuffed in the Chest must be seen to be appreciated. In the Fun & Games department, tests of sexual skill and daring include: "7 Minutes in Heaven," "Sensuous Poker," "Strip Tac Toe," "Office Party" and "Fling-a-Ding." All games are $8 and feature variations on the theme of breaking the ice through drinking, stripping, bodily contact and "general hanky-panky." Other novel entries include flavored gels and lubricants ($3 and up), body paints ($10.50), candy pants ($5) and vibrators in every imaginable size and shape ($20 and up: "try em before you buy em" – they're all on display). In addition, the Chest has a well-stocked line of lingerie, including brassieres, nightgowns, garter belts and assorted other seductive apparel from $20 and up. Colors include: "passing passions" red, "marginally virginal" white and "bad girl" black. The Chest also makes an impressive stab at catering to the sado-masochistic sub-cultures with a leather and bondage shop stuck in the rear of the store. Men's and women's (Continued on page 12)
‘Maniac’
Director Spills His Guts
And hopes the audience spills theirs

By Howard Gensler

The woman is lying on the beach. Her boyfriend is off collecting firewood. A gloved hand gently touches her on the shoulder. A long knife quickly slits her throat. The blood drips. The man is looking at the body of the girl. A wire wraps around his neck. The woman is lying on the bed unable to struggle. Then she stops. Our star (Joe Spinell!) in this movie. She begins squirming, kicking, hands around her neck. And blood.

Lustig, a rotund, blue-collar hype, was sprawled out in his suite at The Barclay puffing on a foot-long cigar. He did not look much different than he did during his small role in the film, as a desk manager at a sleazy hotel for hookers. "It's not a blood and guts film," he said. "Maniac is basic suspense. I mean it really is. Suspense is the anticipation of fear by the audience. I don't really see it as a blood and gore film. I think most of the people who really get upset is because of the tension there is in the film. There is a great amount of tension in the film."

And blood.

"The film is a strong film. That is the key to the picture. That is what's making it a popular film. Maniac is grand guignol. It's outrageous."

By the least.

And the different audience reacts to the picture. What is it that makes it a popular film. Maniac is a down and dirty horror film, and it will make millions of dollars even if Vincent Canby hates it and the Inquirer's Desmond Ryan walked out on it. The people who do this protesting are equally wrongheaded. And the pictures work. They're going to make this horror film but they don't want to put too much blood in it and they don't want to put too much suspense because they're afraid of what their friends and family will say. And they realize that Friday the 13th got all these bad reviews and they don't want to upset Vincent Canby, because maybe in ten years when they make their Tess, Vincent Canby is going to always remind them of this down and dirty horror film they made."

Maniac is a down and dirty horror film, and it will make millions of dollars even if Vincent Canby hated it and the Inquirer's Desmond Ryan walked out on it. The people who do this protesting are equally wrongheaded because they are attacking the symptom instead of the disease. This sick cinema is a mere reflection of a sick society, and repressing the reflection hardly improves the society's condition. It is the helpless desperation of living in a decaying urban neighborhood that drives people downtown to take in this warped, "escapist" entertainment, and only when these social conditions improve will the arts follow. Until then, depressing ventures such as Maniac will continue to be produced, and the blood of shrieking women will continue to flow across the silver screen.

The protagonist in action

So begins Maniac (which has already grossed $2.2 million in New York alone), another one in the long line of low-budget exploitation films that filter into urban areas on a weekly basis.

Last week, Maniac's twenty-five year old director Bill Lustig was in town to talk about his
By Bill Van Orden

Ralph Bakshi has ambition. He was raised in the rough Brownsville section of Brooklyn. A talent for drawing got him a job at Terrytoons, where he rose to studio chief at the age of 26. But he wasn’t satisfied making cartoons for kids. So he formed his own studio and, revolting against the Disney legacy of disinfected fantasies, produced a series of violent, crude, and innovative films including Fritz the Cat, Heavy Traffic, and Lord of the Rings. Ralph Bakshi wants to be recognized as the creator of serious adult animation.

This brief biography does a lot to explain the subject of his newest film, American Pop. Bakshi says, “is about trying to make it in America.”

The story follows a family of American dreamers for four generations: an immigrant vaudeville clown, a 40s crooner, a 60s folk song writer, and a contemporary rocking punk. Elaborating his own definition, Bakshi has said, “American Pop is three things: American popular culture, American popular music, and American pop – father and son.”

It’s a good concept – American dream as cartoon – and Bakshi employs a vast range of animation techniques, impressive yet never needlessly flamboyant with each historical era depicted in its own visual style, from socialized socialist realist hues for turn-of-the-century New York, to psychedelic night-foil for hippie San Francisco. The only fault is that there is so much history to be covered that the images must flash by at a newscast pace.

The music is vast and tightly packed too. Between Joplin’s “Maple Leaf Rag” and Bob Seger’s “Night Moves” the score consists of over fifty popular songs. Sometimes the integration of sound and image is clever and effective: gory World War II battles are fought to the jaunty strains of “Sweet Georgia Brown” – but often it is oddly unfocusing. Part of this is due to Lee Holdridge’s “Muzaky” rearrangement of certain songs, and part I think is an accurate reflection of the nature of the music. The beat changes, but the sentimental themes of love and loss remain the same. Listening to American Pop, you realize that mainstream American music is a hit parade that marches in place.

Repetition is also the key to the film’s pop sociology. Each of the main characters pursues success and achieves no happiness; the message is supposed to be that The Dream is empty and destructive. In one scene a character reads from Allen Ginsberg’s poem “Howl”: “America, I’ve given you all and now I’m nothing.”

This is not earth-shaking new social criticism, and I am not even sure that American Pop really espouses it. Bakshi, the successful maker of dreams, is sympathetic towards his dreamers even in their deluded moments of exultation and self-pitying periods of despair. I felt that more ironic distance from the characters would have made a more mature and convincing statement. As it is, Bakshi’s point of view is not childishly silly but rather bewildered.

I admire Ralph Bakshi’s ambition, but I also have my doubts. In some ways film and animation are opposing media; the former relies on the powerful veracity of the photographs, whereas the latter’s strength is the free play of fantasy that the drawn figure allows. So perhaps a serious, realistic cartoon will always be a mildly contradictory concoction, like a dietary dessert. Which reminds me of another meaning: “What is American Pop?” To my taste, sweet but flat.
Majority propose that homosexuality become a capital offence. Honestly, how could anyone be so perverted." The audience roars its approval.

"I just want to say, Miss Jorgensen," a young woman, one of only four in the audience, scrambles to her feet, "that I think you're wonderful. God bless you for your individuality."

One man in the crowd is so impressed with Christine's performance – and her obvious femininity – that he asks her how, too, can have a sex change operation. (Answer – the techniques in Europe are much more advanced, so having it done in Europe is her only suggestion.)

After the show, Christine settles down in a chair in the Equus dining room for a few drinks while in the background, an unnamed singer croaks his way through an anonymous song. He is trying to entertain a gathering of men seated around a piano but compared to him, Christine sounds like Barbra Streisand.

Christine talks briskly – pausing only to whisper some instructions to her manager who beckons to every caller with the detached air of someone who has answered every personal, intimate question that could ever possibly be posed.

When Christine had her operation, which was performed in Denmark, she was a 25-year-old army veteran. "I knew from very early on that I wanted to be a woman," she says. "I didn't tell anybody, though, and even when I had the operation, I considered it to be a very private matter."

Christine says her family and friends, with the possible exception of her father, accepted her sex change easily. She says she still has contact with many of her friends from high school and the army. "What I didn't expect was the flood of publicity I received when I returned home to New York after the operation," she says. "My parents, particularly, grew to hate the press."

Christine herself bemoans some of the "yellow journalism" articles that were written about her, but never stays away from reporters. "It wasn't my parents' dislike of the press that bought us that big house on Long Island," she says, chuckling.

 Though her operation had inadvertently made her a wealthy woman, the publicity she received during that period was not always positive. "I remember once in England, I arrived to play the Liverpool Hippodrome and people kept protesting," she says. "They were saying how come a fink actor like Emlyn Williams was prevented by the morality codes from wearing a beard on stage and they were accepting me."

After 13 years on the stage, Christine decided to retire and "rest a bit." She did, however, continue to lecture about her experiences on college campuses around the country. "This year, several clubs offered me a chance to come back to show business, and I sort of felt the time was right," she says.

Christine denies that she has lost name recognition because of her long retirement, or even that people, when they think of transsexuals now think more of tennis pro Renee Richards than she. She testily refuses to comment on what she thinks of Richards.

"But really," she adds, "I've had – and am having – a wonderful life. I really wish everyone could be as happy as I am."

Christine pauses, glances at the mirrored table, and lifts her hand. The singer in the background continues his half-hearted crooning.

"If there's one thing that I've learned over the years, it's that everyone should be whatever they want to be. It really bothers me when I see people doing things because they think they're supposed to," she says. "Being yourself is what life is all about."

Complaints, Of Course

To the Editor:

DP's satirization of the Women's Center with good humor, but we were disgusted with 34th Street feminists, we feel we must protest the use of women in the 34th Street Joynal. To making a good point, only parody that was sexist to fall so short.

Carol Tracy
Deborah Levinson
Pent, Women's Center

1. The Associated Press

A 24-year-old carpenter who fell off the roof of a house was in stable condition Saturday after a ¾-inch steel bar pierced his skull but was surgically removed. Doctors at Westlake Community Hospital said the rod was removed from the body above a 10-foot hole that had been dug for a fireplace foundation.

"The only thing that kept him from falling into the hole was the steel bar," he said.

Williams said fire officials and paramedics realized immediately that they could not remove the rod from Melnick's head. He said Melnick was in pain but was calm and carried on a conversation with rescuers as they sawed through the rod and then shortened it.

Melnick was flown in a helicopter, where surgery was delayed until the arrival of a special saw to remove the bar.

Another Letter

The Walnut Street Theatre

March 6,7 at 8 PM
March 7 at 2 PM
Telephone (212) 766-3586

Auditions

Auditions for Kings Productions Auditions

Kings Productions

March 6, 7 at 8 PM
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To the Editor:

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B.B. Guns 'Em

B.B. King
There Must Be a Better World Somewhere MCA-5162

There Must Be a Better World Somewhere reaffirms B.B. King's role not only as a master of the blues but also as a performer in touch with recent developments in music. The songs on the album range from the driving blues that are King's trademark to selections that reflect current styles in rhythm and blues.

None of the legions of King imitators have managed to duplicate his sound. At the age of fifty-five, he still sings with the emotion and intensity that have always distinguished his work. His guitar-playing dominates the record, and communicates in a way that no human voice can. Even when pitted against a full horn section, his lead guitar cuts effortlessly through the mix.

The band, which includes Dr. John on keyboards, supports King admirably. The ensemble playing, especially by the brass, provides energy without obscuring the subtlety of several of the songs. Sax solos by Hank Crawford and "Fathead" Newman provide an interesting contrast to King's lead guitar work.

The title song and "You're Going with Me" stray from blues toward disco, but in neither case does King compromise his musical integrity. Both songs demonstrate that the guitarist can comfortably venture into less traditional forms with the same grace and style that characterize his blues playing.

For those unfamiliar with B.B. King, this album provides an excellent introduction to the man's artistry. Those who know his music will be pleased to discover that his talents have not declined with age.

— Jonathan Matzkin

Jimmy Buffett
Coconut Telegraph MCA 5169

On their debut album, Long Distance, Night, a new power-pop act, combines a strong vocal performance with poor lyrics and blasé instrumental production to produce the epitome of mediocrity. The only saving grace is the voice of Stevie Lange (it is obviously becoming fashionable for female rockers to be named Stevie), who although she is a captive of terrible lyrics, manages to overpower the monotonous tone of the lifeless band behind her.

Lange's vocals are a refreshing contrast to those of the other lead singer, Chris Thompson, whose voice lacks both emotion and distinctive qualities.

Although the single "Love on the Airwaves" does have some redeeming aspects, it appears to be destined for the middle of the road, non-imaginative, general listening public. Listen for this album between the accu-weather report and the Arco Go-Patrol on AM radios everywhere.

— Jeffrey Wint

Night
Long Distance
Planet P-10

U2
Boy Island ILPS 9646

U2's debut album, Boy, is an attempt to harness the sound that exists somewhere between heavy metal and punk. This Irish quartet must be commended for trying to define a new sound, even though it's nothing spectacular.

The album's eleven songs feature a large amount of instrumental activity while still maintaining each instrument's identity. The result is music with a spacey, art-rock quality, enhanced by long, expressive lead guitar lines.

Lyrically, U2 is most concerned with the events of childhood. The group conveys its experiences by using surrealistic imagery that blends well with the music. This is illustrated in the song "Shadows And Trees": Life through a window a discolored pain. Bono's voice is always the same! walk the sweet rain trogocomedy/I'll walk home again to the street melody.

The boys from Eire show promise, hopefully, by their second release they will be even more pleasing to me and U2.

— Alexander Greenberg

Donnie Iris
Back On The Streets MCA 5179

It is infrequent that the first single from a debut album gets extensive radio airplay. The Pretenders enjoyed this type of success early in 1980, and became one of the most popular bands of the year. This year, Donnie Iris, with his hit "Ah Leah," on his debut album Back On The Streets, seems to be headed in the same direction.

The boys from Eire have put out a polished, thoroughly enjoyable album, both lyrically and melodically, middle-of-the-road rock 'n' roll dealing mostly with love, love, women, in-sanity, and more women. They are all worth hearing.

Donnie Iris is a native of Pennsylvania, and has a well-focused style that is very appealing. His highly commercial sound makes him a likely candidate for a gold record by the end of the year.

— Donnie Iris

Dug and the Slugs
Cognac and the Bologna RCA AFLX 3887

Canada's latest musical export, Doug and the Slugs, is a masterfully produced and displayed group of punked-out weirdos, but the band's sound can be described as middle-of-the-road New Wave. Although the beat is a bit light and choppy, the singer sounds like Neil Diamond, and the music is a mixture of tacky Barry Manilow-style piano solos and unimaginative guitar leads lifted from George Harrison. The songs range from fast 50s ditties to slow mid-70s AM radio ballads. In the words of Donny Osmond, it's "a little bit rock and roll."

There's no better glory. When it all gets hairy/To be laughing.Obviously the band doesn't take itself seriously, which is fine, but their humor ain't that funny. Despite an occasional tuba solo here and a joke there ("Chew suzy, chew chop chop suzy" in "Chinatown Calculation") the humor of Doug and the Slugs is well slugged.

The band's debut album is not terrible, it's just that interesting. For energetic rock and roll with wit and humor, try the Bus Boys or Blotto.

— John S. Marshall

34th STREET MAGAZINE, March 5, 1981

Music

Night
Long Distance
Planet P-10

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34th STREET MAGAZINE, March 5, 1981

Music
This Week

Film

ALTERED STATES  *** Ken Russell's dynamic dimensional encounter (Regency, 16th & Chestnut, 567-2310)
RAGING BULL  *** by Martin Scorsese's tribute to LaMotta is as engrossing as it is depressing (Erick's Place, 15th & Chestnut, 563-3086)
TESS  *** Nastasia Kinski stars in Thomas Hardy's Victorian tragedy about the travails of a young woman trapped by the mores of society. The film runs long, but not long enough to give motivation to the complicated characters. (Ritz III, 214 Walnut St, 925-7900)
ORDINARY PEOPLE  *** John Mernick gets Lynched in this highly acclaimed film (Rittenhouse, 19th & Walnut, 567-4966)
THE ELEPHANT MAN  *** John Hurt's performance as Dr. Frederick Treves proves he's still a potent box office draw. It's more cops and robbers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verse and bers than cowboys and Indians but it is worth your while to ghetto-verses... (Goldman, 15th and Chestnut, 567-3551)
FORT APACHE, THE BRONX  * * * Paul Newman finally gets a decent drama to the big screen in this tuneful film (Goldman, of course)

The Pleasure Chest

LA CAGE AUX FOLLES II  *** The sequel to one of the most popular foreign films ever flies into town tomorrow. In this one, the couple gets mixed up with spies. If it's good, it might remind viewers of the Thin Man films with Nick and Nora. (Midtown)

THIEVES  *** by Ralph Bakshi draws upon American popular music to fashion this inspired and yet muddled effort. See review. (Sam's Place, 19th & Chestnut, 972-0358)

THE COMPETITION  *** The famed Dryfuss case is brought to the big screen in this tuneful drama (Sam's Place)

THE DEVIL AND MAX DEVLIN  ** Disney strikes Gould (Elliott) and gets Rich (Adam) (Midtown, Chestnut & Broad, 567-7021)

THE RETURN OF THE SECAUCUS SEVEN  *** Not previewed. Not reviewed. Good word of mouth though about this film detailing a reunion of some 60 radicals. But why anyone would want to return to Secaucus is beyond us. (Ritz III)

ALL NIGHT LONG  Barbra Streisand and Gene Hackman, star. Opens tomorrow. Review next week. (Midtown)

THE SWARM w STING & THE STING w STING & THE STING  *** Grab your money and make a beeline to Howie's place for this unique film presentation. Cabaline will be sold in the lobby for those of you who break out in hives. (Howie's Place. 4015 Walnut St, we'll call you)

SCHLOCK FILM FESTIVAL

DOGS OF WAR w CHAMPION OF DOGE ART H  A little Forsythe and a waste of everyone. (Duke, 16th & Chestnut, 563-9881)

STIR CRAZY  All Phyor films have been Wilder and this one. (Duke, 16th & Chestnut, 563-9881)

SCANNERS w PHANTASM  *** Now you can miss both films for the same low price. (Regency)

MANIAC  A celluloid concoction that is faster than the popcorn in the lobby. (Goldman, 15th and Chestnut, 567-4413)

INCREDIBLE KUNG FU MASTER w MASTER AVENGER  (Goldman, of course)

AT WALNUT

DAMN YANKEES  (1958) LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT  (1962)

THE CAPTAIN FROM KOEPENICK  (1956) Call for this weekend's shorties. (Waldorf, Chestnut, Broad, 567-3550)

A MAN FOR ALL SEASONS  (1966) w TOM JONES (1963)


These Weekend at Walnut Mall. Call for times.

Music

Chick Corea  Excellent jazz pianist. Corea, joined by Michael Brecker, Steve Gadd, and Eddie Gomez for one show at Irvine Auditorium. Good seats are still available. Sat. 2 p.m. and Sun. 8:30 p.m.

Human Sexual Response/John Cadillac Band  New Wave band from Boston pops up at the Bijou for dance party. Check these guys out. Philly favorite John Cadillac Band opens the festivities. Tonight 8:30 p.m.

The Philadelphia Orchestra  William Smith conducts the Orchestra in a program featuring Walton's Partita for Orchestra and Debussy's "Two Nocturnes for Orchestra. Academy of Music, Fri. 2 p.m. and Sat. 8:30 p.m.

Louden Wainwright III  Folkie who some may know for "Dead Skunks in the Middle of the Road" comes to the Bijou for four shows, Fri. and Sat. 8:30 and 11:30 p.m.

New Riders of the Purple Sage/Levon Helm  Former Band member. Helm opens for the laid-back new Riders. Should be a seriously mellow experience. Fri. 9:30 p.m. at Emerald City.

Steel Pulse/House of Assembly  Reggae comes to Emerald City Sat. at 9:30.

BUY WAR BONDS

(Continued from page 7)

leather underwear, vests, pants, harnesses and belts, and a showcase filled with shackles, chains, handcuffs and other bondage and torture-oriented products are offered for about $25 and up.

Another display features T-shirts with such typically sex-slanted sayings as: "Immoral Minority" and "Only Sailors Get Bitten Offshore." In the glass case in front of the T-shirts is jewelry, carnal confections white and dark chocolate in graphic likenesses of various body parts — and some very well-stacked playing cards. And of course you can buy those marvy T&A tumbler's covered with models whose clothes disappear when you fill the "magic higgiballs" with liquid. They come in male and female versions and they're great lor parties.

To be sure, the Pleasure Chest at 2039 Walnut Street (12 Noon till 8 p.m., Monday-Saturday; 561-7400) is well worth a visit, either with a friend or by yourself. The variety and prices of the products are to be matched nowhere in Philadelphia and the atmosphere of the store takes a lot of the stigma out of buying erotic gifts and sex aids. Gift certificates are available and major credit cards are accepted.

Those interested in investing in the chest should realize that the Pleasure Chest is a closed franchise, meaning that expansion beyond its current 7 stores in Los Angeles, Washington D.C., Chicago, Miami, Key West, New York and Philly has been discontinued. The erotic erotica retailer is currently devoting itself to catering to home party business through a "Tickle Your Fancy" subsidiary, which will do, hopefully, for rubber and leather what Tupperware has done for plastic.