Vandal Gets Law Students’ Goat

By JOANNE WHYTEHALI

An unidentified vandal has beenippering an onion to the rear bumper of a car parked at a corner in front of the School of Law.

The damage was done to a car parked near the law school on a recent night. The vandal had gotten away with a neat trick.

On the evening of January 7 a young man entered the room and began walking around the room. He pushed from behind a piece of furniture and shot the young man in the chest.

The young man, who was approximately 5 feet 11 inches tall and had short brown hair, was wearing a blue jacket and black pants.

Justice Donald L. Shaw said that the arrest was made for the purpose of protecting the public from a known criminal.

"We turned the case over to the 4th District prosecutors," Shaw said. "We decided to make it a civil case in order to bring charges properly.

Shull added that the plaintiff intends to make claims for the death of a woman, who was killed in the shooting.

"The family is very upset," he said. "They were shocked to hear that their daughter was killed.

"The investigation is continuing, and we will be pursuing all avenues of inquiry."

The trial is expected to begin in the next few weeks.

"We expect to have a verdict within a month or so," Shaw said. "We have a lot of evidence to present."
Anti-War Leaders Skeptical of Settlement

By United Press International

Anti-War Activists who opposed the Vietnam war for nearly a decade reacted Wednesday to the signing of a cease-fire agreement on Thursday.

"It's a letdown in the fact that we have a President who has waged war with dedication to the everlasting bloodstain of this republic," said George Butler, a Vietnam Veteran Against the War from Calif., folksinger and peace activist.

"I'm sort of dubious about the whole thing," said Joan Baez, one of the first congressional doves, who was singing "peace with honor."

"Four Countries Will Keep Vietnam Peace Settlement in Air," reported the Daily Pennsylvanian. The five-page story spanned several weeks. The Daily Pennsylvanian is the University of Pennsylvania's student newspaper. The paper is available in open stage form.

American, World Leaders Voice Reactions to Peace

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President Richard Nixon's peace announcement was greeted with relief over the announcement that the United States and North Vietnam announced Wednesday that they had agreed to a cease-fire in Vietnam. The settlement also included non-aggression pacts with the South Vietnamese and North Vietnamese. The United States and South Vietnam also agreed to begin negotiations for the release of American prisoners of war.

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Insanity and History

By Larry Levine

Little Big Men warned us when I was twelve to try to live a normal life.�
don't do anything that would get you into trouble, because it will be too
annoying. Little Big Men was a
funny book, but it was more than
that. It was a book about the need
for peace. It was a book about the
difference between the wars of
aggression and the wars of self-
defense. It was a book about the
need for a new kind of military, one
that would be committed to peace,
not to war.

The problem was that this was not
a story that I could relate to at the
time. I was twelve, and I was
worrying about things like the
schoolyard and the girls. I did not
understand the world that the
author was talking about. I did not
understand the need for peace.

But as I grew older, I began to
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Law Goat

University Psychiatrist Finds Link Between Depression and Physical Ills

By PETER GINSBERG

A University psychiatry professor has developed an index to determine the presence of a patient's physical ailments.

Dr. Aaron T. Beck claims there is evidence indicating that 30 per cent of the patients who go to a family doctor for a physical ailment are actually suffering from depression. Only five per cent of the cases are normally detected by the physician.

With the help of Dr. Beck's depression index, "patients who are

Help to be depressed" are discovered and the depressogenic therapy role begins before the patient slips into further depression.

The family doctor, after discovering the case of depression, can start treatment with the aid of antidepressants.

The index, first published in the December issue of the journal, "has been used to answer subjective questions about the patient, such as whether or not the patient is depressed. It has been translated into

Other languages and the British Health Service recently recommends it use to general practitioners in Britain.

Depressed people, according to Dr. Beck, would admit that they are "sick." They feel alone, suffer from psychological ailments, and have little hope for recovery.

Dr. Beck noted that everyone has "one night's sleep problems" and that the depression occurs as the 30 per cent of the depressogenic patients of society.

Dr. Beck is also the principal in the study sponsored by the search Unit at Philadelphia General Hospital. He has been working with a research team to develop a depression index.

(Continued from page 1)

Under the Melody proposal, financing and upgrading of the quality of children's programming could be handled by a number of different institutions, non-profit and corporate underwriters. The system would also make it easier for the children to be cared for outside the school and not in the university.

Last month the study was issued to the FCC as part of its current hearings on children's television. After hearings before the commission, Melody concluded, "it is a body that they were not very receptive to...only 30 per cent of the cases are normally detected by the doctors, and 90% of those cases are not detected by the physician."

At the time the study was initiated, Dr. Beck was saying that "depressed person become peddler, specific, and then one may escape from 'outside'...because it becomes that 30 per cent of all depressed people will show improvement over the course of their treatment in

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(Continued from page 1)
Quakers Clinch Undisputed Big Five Crown

The Quakers clinched the undisputed Big Five championship last night at the Palestra, defeating the Explorers, 57-42. Four members of the Penn team voted for the game in the first half, leading the Quakers to their fourth straight year in the top six.

Both Penn and LaSalle started out slowly in the first half, with the initial points of the game scored by Basilion in a jump shot after 3:30 had elapsed. Throughout the first half, both teams continued to score with rather equal ability. The LaSalle bench by points 3:12, 31-18, finished the first half. But the Quakers dominated the rest of the game, shooting a 14-8 lead in the first half.

By Roy BINDER

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The Quakers kept the lead to 34-29, but then the Blue outrebounded the smaller Explorers IS

-- preview page --

Shabel and 76ers: No Serious Conversations

By Phil Slimkin

Shabel's position in the 1970-71 season is somewhat premature, according to one of the team's three assistant coaches, Jerry Colangelo. "We're not even sure if Shabel will be disenchanted with present predicaments. Our mainly comes..."

Shabel has done at Penn, raising the point to inherit the post is that..."

Shabel is an under consideration for the number one pick in the upcoming NBA draft. It shows. In the last few weeks Calhoun has fashioned a place for himself on the Quakers' starting line-up. "He's a good play, I Los Angeles Laker fans are the strangest - they don't cheer or boo. It's (the Big Five title) the greatest. You just look at him and wonder if you'll ever be able to do some of the things this guy has done..."

More on that to come. In the meantime,請期待下期的更多精彩內容！

Penn: If they blooded us, then why are we playing defense.

Barry Kriel (of the Philadelphia Inquirer) described my feelings, "The traveliung life is important to Calhoun, since the two big cities in his life, Philadelphia and Los Angeles, are the strangest - they don't cheer or boo. "We've just been so inconsistent..."
The greatest honor that history can bestow is the title of peacemaker. This honor now beckons America—the chance to lead the world at last out of the valley of turmoil and onto the high ground of peace that man has dreamed of since the dawn of civilization." Richard Nixon said it in 1969, four years ago, as part of his first inaugural address.

Along with the statement that an administration which has failed to bring peace in four years does not deserve another chance, it indicates both Mr. Nixon's profound ideal and his failure to raise it above the doubletalk and tarnish that have characterized his first term.

Still, as we shake our heads in amazement, he advances into his second four years. Not only that, but Hugh Scott has suggested his name, in all apparent seriousness, for the Nobel Peace prize; a prominent poll ranks him first among the most ad

ured men in American, and Time magazine featured him as 1972's man of the year, on the cover of an issue which also depicted the horrors of the war produced and directed by Our President. Neither these events nor the landslide victory realized by Mr. Nixon suggest much in the way of hopeful comment; nevertheless, we have gathered in Washington to watch and bear witness, to attend the inauguration, sanctification or re-investiture of Richard Nixon as the 37th president of the United States. Though little has changed, the implications of the inaugural ceremony decree that for a few days we pause to reassess the lessons of the last four years and to attempt to grasp the challenges of the next four.

For the first time Nixon has taken to crying peace, peace, where there is no peace. Once he beckoned us to the "high ground" of peace as though it were merely a refuge, a dream that might, with a little benign neglect, be made to remain on an ever-receding horizon. The onens for the new term are less auspicious, as long as the premises of the last remain unfulfilled. Respect for the office of the presidency is eroding, because many Americans find the man who holds that office totally unworthy of respect. Preparations for the upcoming bicentennial touch largely on the blithely unhonored history of American history, any hopes that the impending anniversary will inspire honest re-evaluation of the nation's past progress and future prospects seem doomed to failure.

When self-criticism begins to cause pain we have a deep and human tendency to strike back defensively with accusations of delusion and un-Americanism. The outlook for a country with such an attitude is less than happy. Despite its publicly avowed aversion to taking the easy way out of crisis, Nixon shows signs of doing exactly that. This, more than anything else, is cause for grave concern at the start of a new term.

My concern prompted me to make the trip to Washington for the counter-inaugural demonstrations. Through the great marches and protests of 1968-1971 it had become a tradition that D.C. bobbies and demonstrators entailed no greater physical exertion than a four mile walk across town. If one lived in the area one accepted responsibility for housing and assisting out-of-town protesters, for marching and mediating and putting a few dozen people up in one's apartment. The action itself became the focus of activities that often began months in advance. But for the first time I wound up in a traffic circle. Not because the rally was to be held in a traffic circle, but because, I am convinced, the van's driver was convinced the van's driver was seeking a traffic circle as the base of operations. We did the march together, my friends, we were frustrated, the leaders no less so than the masses around us.

The saga of Pancake had arrived in Arlington, Virginia, was convinced that the van's driver was seeking a traffic circle as the base of operations. We did the march together, my friends, we were frustrated, the leaders no less so than the masses around us. A few lambasted Senator McGovern, they said he had McGovern a few years earlier, saying that he had become aloof, that he had let them down. But in a movement where the tools at hand are as limited as the seedlings, you no one can hope to accomplish them with only one burst of energy, the standard bearers of the moment must change frequently. McGovern's appeal as a candidate rested largely on his human qualities, and few human beings are able to endure without rest the incredible frustrations of such a campaign. Emotional involvement is a painful thing; as long as we value it above all else, political machinations, we must accept and understand the personal agonies and limitations of our leadership. In any case, a granting of McGovern's requests to bring-his-together, part two, any more than we were.

Eugene McCarthy should take part in the concert for peace given at Washington Cathedral on Friday night. Those who wanted to hear Bernero's "America the Beautiful" had to settle for the often distorted sounds of an outdoor loudspeaker system. The hushed crowd, young, family, student, impossible to classify. Despite the pacifism, while across town at the Kennedy Center the Philadelphia Or- 

(Continued on page 7)
Making a queen and making history

By MARSHALL LEDGER


As a pair, these newest entries on the growing list of Victoriaian display a state of our sense of that period—contradictory, impossible to assimilate, frustrating in its elusiveness. Historians laugh and say, ”Nobody's the life-blood of the profession.” But one suspects their indulgence, for the very act of historiography demands a sifting of material, selection and arrangement, decisions about the nature of real evidence and of lost documents, all acts leading not to narrative of factual evidence, rather than presented as a framework through which an event must be seen. Historians themselves were aware of the limitations of their material. She is best, then, not in showing Victoria in the human interactions which would seem normally to issue in a wandering history, one as marked with incoherence as the later Victorian, but her necessary reliance on it builds in a certain limitation to her ultimate success as the kind of historian she is. She is best, then, not in showing Victoria in the passing of time, but in specific events—the coronation, the initial meeting with Albert, the terrible Crimean War (which she treated excellently in an earlier book, Florence Nightingale).

A further consequence of her problem is a deadness in the human interactions which would seem normally to issue in a history which all human beings bring to daily encounters, and Woodham-Smith’s difficult task was to re-create human spontaneity when given the historical result of that spontaneity. She did not quite make it. Victoria and Lord Melbourne, for years her Prime Minister, sat daily for talks political, social, personal. There were personal needs on both sides, deeply felt and slightly beyond expression. Victoria and Melbourne could afford to be mentally and emotionally intimate because of the natural decorum between Queen and Prime Minister; and while we understand the intimacy, we yearn for description of it. Woodham-Smith, instead, quotes diaries and letters, and although there are to the point, they do not strike the psychological depth which the historian should verbalize.

If I would have preferred a greater degree of dominance by Woodham-Smith over her material, I would not necessarily prefer David Duff’s history, even though he exercises that dominance.

Duff’s historical method is to read the desire for money, power, and sex into every event. Money, power, and sex certainly control many actions, but the constant tracing to sources to find the same motives becomes tiresome. Furthermore, and very important in view of my feeling about Woodham-Smith’s limitations, Duff’s idea of motive is terribly reductive. Money is a “motive” only because the historian decides to end his search there; and one cannot simply attribute a drive for money to the “Coburg line,” as Duff often does. This too indicates a decision to stop the search. The historian’s explanations have to be more explicit than Woodham-Smith, and less pat than Duff.

Because Duff has a hobby-horse, however, he reads into material, rather than quoting and letting an opinion emerge. There is no doubt that this method lends excitement to otherwise innocent words. During the encroachment of Victoria and Albert, Prince Ernest, who had been visiting Windsor with his brother, contracted “jaundice,” or so the world was told. Duff plucks a section of a letter written a year later from Albert to Ernest to reveal the genuine affliction:

I am deeply grieved and distressed by the news of your severe illness... I have to infer that it is a new outbreak of the same disease which you had here. If I

(Continued on page 4)
Making a queen

(Continued from page 1)

should be wrong. I shall thank God: but should I be right, I must advise you as a loving brother to give up all ideas of marriage for the next two years and to work earnestly for the restoration of your health, so that one day you would deprive your wife of his love would thus not have any value for you. Duff would not have the strength to make her contented in married life...this would lead to domestic discord and unhappiness...

"A disease of a more serious nature," Duff observed, "than jaundice." (But, oh the heavy hand of the unsure ironist!) Fifteen pages later, in saying how Ernest played up to female admirers, Duff blinds all restraint by remarking: "Fortunately they did not know that he had syphilis."

Perhaps the most flagrant example of find reading into his material is in deciding who was Albert's father. Duff probably considers this the major point of originality in his work. Most historians, including Woodham-Smith, are satisfied that Albert's father was exactly who is usually supposed to be so, Ernest, either of the Benjamin and Gotha. This man fathered Ernest, eventually "jaundiced," who pretended to be Duff, on August 26, 1819, Albert. But the mother of both children, Princess Louise, whom Ernest had married in 1817, was not entirely faithful, it seems. And one man who was around during 1818 was Baron von Meyern (the spelling varies: Mayer, Meyen, Chamberlain at the Coburg court. The excitement surrounding Meyern is that he was Jewish. (Jewishness always corresponds to similar elements...)

Woodham-Smith concludes that Victoria was a substitute both for Charlotte and for the son she would have had on August 21, 1819. She unites us to the unstatable point in Duff's argument between Leopold and Albert, and to Leopold's unceasing encouragement for the existence of children of Albert and Victoria. The implication is that Leopold, through the success of his plans, was the real and vicarious father of England's real (Victoria) and vicarious (Albert) ruler between 1840 and 1861.

Well, evidence is where you find it, and one man's absurdity is another's plausibility is another's proof. The trouble is, historical truth is as likely to lie in the wildest suppositions as in the most cautious gathering of data.

Although he finds variations among motives in only a few central factors, Duff provides more exciting interaction among the figures in his history than Woodham-Smith. The trade-off for this excitement is our sense of his reliability. Certainly there is more confidence in Woodham-Smith, but it is nevertheless true that we are lacquering missing documents and when Duff tells us that of the letters between Leopold and Victoria, only those of 1862 are lost (when, presumably, Leopold told Victoria all), we wonder. As we wonder, we may grow skeptical, but we also sense the dynamics between Victoria and Leopold, very involved as those must have been.

These two historians have chosen well the subject best suiting their respective historical methods. Woodham-Smith's portraits of Victoria, and Victoria is her single subject even though Albert and Victoria's own combination of pliability and toughness corresponds to similar elements in the historian Woodham-Smith. What I see as Woodham-Smith's rigor in exercising what cannot be thoroughly documented matches Victoria's sense of herself as Queen. When the eighteen-year-old came to the throne, there was no doubt who was in charge of her. Any lack of confidence on her part would instantly have been communicated to her subjects and to her European counterparts, there were no public slips, and there seem to have been none. As yet, and yet, as Woodham-Smith allows her material to dominate her, in a constructed and deliberate manner of a good judge of documents, so Victoria allowed herself to be dominated by various persons who struck deep and knowing chords in her (she struck chords in them). Melbourne and Leopold have already been mentioned as very close advisors. They took upon this role because, perhaps, they tended to control. But they were more close friends, more like fathers. And they found a receptive being in Victoria. Woodham-Smith accounts for this relation by pointing to the death of Victoria's father when she was eight months old. But surely the need for a father is only part of a larger need for human corroboration in the activities of life. And so we see Victoria succumbing, willingly, to a host of other people: her mother, the Duchess of Kent, who wanted to be Regent; Sir John Conroy, who dominated the Duchess and Victoria until she became Queen, who invented for the Princes the "Kensington System"...was a person to dominate Victoria, and in turn be dominated by Stockmar and ultimately by Leopold. Albert's middle position matches Duff's own, between history as free play of the mind over matters and history as proving a modicum which one sets out to demonstrate in each mock and cranial of the material. The point on which these histories converge is on the idea of dominance. Neither Woodham-Smith nor Duff thinks this idea worthy of total concentration...
Leviathan
By PETER BAUM
and MICHAEL BROWN
IN THE CAN - Flash (Capitol)
See the cover of the new Flash album, it is simple and unobtrusive. Hear the music of the new Flash album. It is uneasy and uneasy. On this, their second LP, the group lives up to its name but certainly not up to its potential. Perhaps?

music
Flash should change its name to Substance, for that is what their music sorely lacks. Peter Banks is an excellent guitarist, and, with the help of some decent material as well as that of keyboardist Tom puerto, this work on the first Flash record resulted in a promising debut. But on this new album, Banks' part is gone and the songs are too disjointed for Banks to save. Singer Colin Carter still sounds disjointed for Banks to save. It is a band concerned with sound rather than with concept, and Waterfall sounds just fine. The heart of the group consists of keyboards, Dick Morrissey (reeds, composition) and Dave Quincy (keyboard), who are always at least dependable. Like John McLaughlin, guitarist Terry Smith combines speed with taste, and, with the help of the new and explosive Cliff Davies on drums, his work on Quincy's "Sector 17" makes for one of the most exciting instrumental tracks since (of all things) The Inner Mounting Flame. Singer J.W. Hodkinson's Winwood-like tenor is a great addition to the sound of so many growing studs who front too many of its' clones. The group is definitely suited for those who find Soft Machine a bit too hard and the Magic Band even half-baked. It is at once beautiful and accessible without trying to be either and is, above all, honest.

CLEAR SPOT
- Captain Beefheart and the Magic Band (Reprise)

Poems that mean...and are
By DAVID ASHENHURST
"At eighty you have to begin to look ahead," so asserts Archibald MacLeish in his Foreword to this selection, a selection which follows that conviction perfectly. MacLeish celebrates his eightieth year by bringing together just over a hundred poems with which he hopes to make his literary memorial certain, poems that depict various aspects of his half-century writing career and "hopeful." In some ways he has tried to maintain throughout it. The goal is...to be read, not lost between too many roles, and the easily accessible sample of his work, so that his post-mortal reputation can stand as a foundation broader than simply "Ar Poetics," "You, Andrew Marvell," and his other ever-oldest pieces.
Quite simply, it is an impressive collection, and more like its canter than anything else. It shows MacLeish trying out many different poetic forms, such ceeding with some, failing with others. It includes the expression of his views on every aspect of his life and times, running the gamut of attitudes one would have to expect from a man who has variously been a lawyer, a Paris expatriate, a Harvard professor, a Librarian of Congress, and an assistant Secretary of State. The poems are about stances, stances, and stances, and moods, and from the eloquent bitterness of "The Silent Slam" to the somewhat vapid condescending in "Poe in Prose," from the delightful place of "Tree," the "Wild Old Wicked Man" to what sounds so utterly pompous in "Speech to Those Who Think I Made It" that it could be found in a Nixonian togetherness address without any difficulty. MacLeish is a man of vast experience, varied interests, and variable persuasions. It is this that makes the book so refreshing, and it is this that makes it so hard to describe succinctly the poetic voice he uses. He rarely plays the sophisticated thinker, although he is able to do so convincingly. Instead he tends to cast himself in one of a number of favorite roles, roles that are the common man, complete with his unashamedly primal fears and loves, and again, with a tinge of bitterness. There is a sense of wonder in these, a sense of the over-all, one of the essence, often, of both of them in a consistently simple way. There is also a naivete here, one which is only aided in the presence of creeping self-consciousness; this trap is easily avoided but when it is, characteristically he falls into it with a forlorn blush.
Then there is the role of the aging man of the world; in the poems the air tends toward one of remembering the good old days with a misty-eyed smile, of telling stories from a rocking-chair as though to an old friend or a curious young interviewer (Mostly I have relinquished and forgotten-Or grown accustomed, which is a way of forgetting."")

Predictably these are mostly found among his later poems; he outlived most of his compatriots and saw a lot of water go under the bridge. He wrote poems upon the deaths of his friends Sandburg, Hemingway, and Cummings that differ in concept but are unmistakably from the same memory; also coming under this voice are some remembrances of things past, both of Europe in the expatriate days and of youth in general.
The last is the voice of the prophet. In the earlier poems it arises as an angry young man who sees a bleak future based upon observations of the desolation of the present, gradually it muddles into a much more optimistic tone, although at times he retains a hold of the conservative, with a holier-than-thou attitude that does not become him.

Anywho anyone who goes out and reads the book now will find that there seems to be a number of poems that have been overlooked, specifically the section "Love and Not" and most of the religious poems scattered about the first sections of the Magic Band is often dwelling upon birds and "Big Eyed Beasts From Venus" are fantasies in the old Beefheart tradition; where they differ is in their improved production and arrangements. The Magic Band really razzles this time out and its evolution into a first rate rock band is a prime factor in this album's success. In brief, then, this album is not a compromise but perhaps it is the only selection-the only selection-but MacLeish seems to have been born with a middle-aged mind. He sounds at least forty even when he is talking about life at twenty-five. He does not sound like our parents, for they were young once. He was young once too, but in the same sense as a newspaper could have been young once-old and experienced with its first issue, perpetual again, as an alternative to perpetual youth. This is not advanced by way of indictment, but just as a statement of the way things seem to be. The fact is that it is given in MacLeish's favor here. It gives the poems an air of establishment and serenity, of magnificence. Even when he is angry he is not wild-eyed. He is rarely obscure, and he is equally rarely imagined stammering through a mouthful of straw. At his worst he is overly simple and sentimentally sagacious; at his best he stops just short. At his best his lines are unpretentious in content and nearly conversational in diction. Take this from "Wildwest":

It was all prices to them: They never looked at it.
why should they look at the land? They were Empire Builders.
It was all in the bid and the asked and the ink in their books.

comprenhension is always a small and quiet victory, but is always significant as well. From "What Every Lover Learns":

River does not run: River presses its heavy silver self
Down into stone and stone refuses.

Swirling and leaping into sun, is stone's.

And finally there is this from "Immortal Autumn," the poem from the section "Love and Not":

"Deadly", and his arrangements or the band, I suspect he is a master, features Ron Carter (bass), Billy Cobham (drums), Airto Moreira (percussion), Bill Watrous (trumpone), Hubert Sano (flute), and Deodato. A twelve piece string section, all tender and accompanied horn section, in addition to flutes and excellent rhythm gives Deodato numerous textures to develop.

Notable cuts are "Altohza Zareksta" (2001), "September 13" "2001" showcases Cobham and Moreira underlining the playing, Deodato, on a provocative electric piano in a kind of a Lura Herbie Hancock. "Second Flight" where the keyboard number and again, Cobham, and Deodato shine. The remainder of the pieces are, it appears, some jazz in the style of Don Ellis. Solos (especially, Larry) are well developed and the arrangements utilize the band well, though leaving room for the soloists.

Deodato has creative, innovative ideas and a delicate flair as an arranger that leads me to expect more excellent material from him. -M.B.
Ah, Man’s Temptation

By IRWYN APPLEBAUM

In the natural progression of a romantic involvement there comes a point when even the most starry-eyed lover questions whether initial passion has led him into a relationship that is more entangling than enduring.

... (Continued)

Bernard Verley (Frederic) and Zouzou (Chloe) share a cup of coffee while deciding whether to share a bed.

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The trouble with Irene, the revival-adaptation of the 1919 musical hit of the same name is that it isn't enough. Irene opened its Philadelphia pre-New York stint last month with Debbie Reynolds and a few regulation Philadelphia jokes at the Shubert Theater to an audience that was very eager to be pleased. But judging from the coughs and inattentions, even for them it wasn't enough.

Unlike musicals that have entertained America since World War II, Irene was spawned in inattentions, even for them it wasn't enough.

Debbie Reynolds, still looking the youthful ingénue despite the fact that her daughter is in the chorus, plays an enterprising Irish girl name Irene O'Dare. Irene and her mother, played by Kaye Kelly, an alumna from last year's revival of No, No Nantucket, run a piano store while Irene reads books on business administration on the side. While tuning a piano at the home of a Long Island millionaire, Irene is made the business manager and head mannequin for a bogus French designer named Madam Lucy, played with appropriate satiric pretentiousness by George Irving. With the help of Irene and two of her Irish girlfriends, Madam Lucy becomes the toast of New York.

(Continued from page 2)

A woman who had shared my cell during Mayday. The crowd far outnumbered the few estimates published in the newspapers, though a police helicopter did mention 500,000 as its figure, but an amazingly personal, intimate quality characterised the gathering despite its size. Don't blame me, I voted McGover, read several stickiers. The hollowness of the first inaugural speech, the total inadequacy of anything Nixon could say after the terrible Christmas blizz, was more apparent than ever. Large numbers of us cannot consider him our leader; it is our way of repudiating the violence done in our collective name. "Nixon's peace plan is a bomb." Bella Abzug drove by in a crowed, rather battered Valiant; she waved, we waved back. Anyone who didn't ride in a limousine picked up points with the people. Several bussloads of uniformed military band members passed, many reached through the open windows, offering peace symbols to the crowd.

We bypassed the speakers platform on the Monument grounds; speeches are speeches, and none of us was interested in demonstrating. We swung up 13th Street to view what remained of the inaugural parade. Gold hard hats and white jackets, countless anonymous pompos girls in ridiculous tatus, every high school band and chorus group ever wanted to see. Boos and hisses bellowed from the bleachers along with the polite applause. We fell in behind the last band, linked arms and chanted "Peace now," figuring that we made an appropriate finale to the march. The idea of the parading by the presidential reviewing stand was terribly tempting. Unfortunately a phalanx of D.C. police thwarted our modest ambitions as they rushed in swinging clubs left and right on the protesting demonstrators. We broke for the sidewalk restraining ropes with no signs of panic. Cossack chief Jerry Wilson later described us as "just an exuberant group of Republicans who came to see the parade and were on their way home." But everyone knows that cops don't club Republicans.

To find the real Republicans one had to read the papers; their celebrations were by invitation only, exclusive and expensive. The Post described the first family as being secure and remote as diamonds in a Cartier showcase, standing in their review box behind an inch and a half of glass. The conservative Star-News headlined its story, "President dances at his coronation;" we had frequently joked about King Richard the First, but no one expected to find such a band of yellow nobility the benefit of the doubt. Cossacks came to mind again; they didn't care and call them ignorant, but one was less likely to excuse the 1973 edition. One suspected instead a deep-seated malevolence on the part of the privileged for whom one dared not be a dupe. Despite Nixon's lofty tributes to human dignity, one remembered instead his immortal words of 1968: "The Asians have no respect for human lives. They don't care about body counts."

One interpreted the appeal to the individual as a chauvinistic one of the need for cooperation. Welfare recipients are somehow less American than rich Republicans, and J. Wizard Marmalade is the model for American youth. "Our children have been taught to ashamed of America's record at home and of its role in the world," says the President. How convenient. Our children are helpless fools, forever incapable of seeing for themselves; they must study their country in the cherry tree school of American history, and they will grow up to love their country blindly. But most have already been to that school, and some have managed to overthrow the indoctrination and recognize a few of the horrible injustices perpetrated in their name.

Mr. Nixon's new message is to reflect, but not too deeply, not if it looks like an inapropriate conclusion. It is hardly the mood that one expects of a nation approaching its 200th anniversary. The pain of self-examination is unAmerican; that is the lesson from the White House.

Four more years. We must continue to find our own way, with our own leaders. We intend to progress within the bounds of our conscienties.

-SUSANNA STURGIS