State Senate Considers New Term Paper Bill

By ELEANOR MONEKA
The Pennsylvania Senate Bill has been written by President Meyerson and is currently awaiting discussion in the Senate Education Committee, but the sponsor, Senator William E. Muhlenberg, has not yet brought it for high bill on the floor. According to Muhlenberg, there is no hurry to push the bill through the Senate.

The proposal currently faces considerable opposition from the Senate, particularly the Education Committee, where the bill has been referred. Muhlenberg said that he was not aware of any significant opposition to the bill in the Senate but acknowledged that some members of the Senate Education Committee have expressed reservations.

The Senate Education Committee has not yet held a hearing on the bill, and Muhlenberg indicated that he did not expect the committee to take action on the bill until it had been reviewed by the full Senate.

The bill's primary sponsor, Senator Muhlenberg, said that he was still considering changes to the bill before it was introduced in the Senate. He noted that the bill's provisions had been carefully crafted to ensure that it would not be too burdensome for students.

Muhlenberg said that he was committed to ensuring that the Senate would not be responsible for funding the cost of term paper services. He noted that the bill would be funded through student fees.

The bill has been referred to the Senate Education Committee for further consideration. Muhlenberg said that he hoped to have the bill introduced in the Senate in the near future.
The University Choir
William Parberry, Conductor
Sings music by
BACH, VICTORIA,
MOTZART and DEBUSSY
8:30 P.M. Friday, March 2
St. Mary's Church
3916 Locust Walk
open to the public free of charge
U.S. Awaits Resumption of Prisoner Release

By United Press International

SAIGON — The Joint Military Commission (JMC), scheduled a special meeting Tuesday (10 P.M. EST Wednesday) to discuss possible eases of the halt of the withdrawal of U.S. military units in South Vietnam, a North Vietnamese spokesman indicated.

A spokesman for the Vietnamese Communist government said the meeting was intended to straighten out "last minute difficulties." The spokesman, however, did not specify what these difficulties were or when the halt was likely to be straightened out.

In Washington, the White House spokesmen said Nixon had assured North Vietnamese officials that there would be no "unilateral withdrawals." They added that the halt was aimed at straightening out "last minute difficulties." The spokesman, however, did not specify what these difficulties were or when the halt was likely to be straightened out.

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Recital a Success

We would like to thank all the people who took part in the first of the recital series of the Byram Hill Black Recital such an encouraging response and would especially like to thank Dr. Richard E. Harrison, the Dean of Music at Byram Hill, for his support and encouragement. The recital was held in the Byram Hill auditorium and was attended by a large audience. The recital featured a variety of works, including classical, jazz, and contemporary pieces. Many of the performers were students from the University, and their talent and dedication were apparent in their performances. We would like to express our gratitude to all those who helped make this recital a success.

Douglas Hall '77

Time for Change

Recall that I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager. I am not a change agent. I am a change manager.

Reed B. Snyder '77

The Daily Pennsylvanian
1963-1964
The Newspaper of the University

Thursday, March 13, 1964

Letters to the Editor

Jazz Group Needs Administration Support

Recently a new organization was born on campus which is called the Penn Jazz Ensemble. It started as a group of friends of theacknowledgment about the statement that "the pool of black Ph.D's, recently graduated and from quality institutions is not large." To some extent the statement reflects what I know of the experience of those, department chairmen and faculty at Penn who have devoted substantial effort to the search for black additions to our faculty.

My primary source, however, is a Ford Foundation study entitled "A Survey of African American Departments," which indicates that the total number of black graduates of arts and sciences Ph.D's from 30 universities is 115, and that Ph.D's to blacks over a recent five-year period, or 23 per year. Even if we double or triple this figure for incomplete reports (though it is highly probable that the major graduate schools would respond to such a survey) and for growth since 1961, I still do not think it will hold up to 30 per year. If the faculty of 30 universities is common, then the pool of potential black candidates each year is much more limited than has been suggested. Since there are at least 150 U.S. universities with graduate programs in science and engineering, an order rather generous estimate of 30 black Ph.D's in a given year is much too low.

The 100 institutions of all categories reporting faculty composition (the AASP) have one or two black Ph.D's, per institution on the average. If Penn is to recruit as many as

What will Penn do that much more attractive
to qualified blacks than our competitors are, assuming that we do not attempt to outbid them by offering salaries significantly above normal?

I figures have given are less than perfect but they are drawn from the only comprehensive study by a competent source of which I am aware. Dr. Widman has written in such a way that we normally require new faculty can be recruited. This means that there are no administrative disagreements between Dr. Widman and myself as to policy.

WANTED

ADVISORS

FOR

Freshmen and Women

REWARD

MEET NEW PEOPLE HELP NEXT YEAR'S CLASS

SURVIVAL

Short Informal Meeting
Thursday, March 1, 7:30PM
Stiteler B 6

"Grogsy, But Still On His Feet"

After Being Dropped Twice..."

Army Officer Education Program

5th Floor, Hollenback Center
Phone 594-7757

Time for Change

to think that even where the character of the evidence permits, the decision ought to be

Time for Change

To most readers this problem does not seem too extreme but most of you have never tried to cut through that bureaucracy I found no mercy either. The machines are out, no change is for-
HEW Orders Navy Contract

The Department of Health Education and Welfare (HEW) has ordered a $5 million contract from Navy Prefunding department. We deal with individual day upon which they will no longer hazards of the habit. Pomerleau smoking, the sessions will begin to all going through the same thing. "The money is a way to ensure they return to smoking they will see it as a natural way rather than a personal one and won't use it an a different manner." Pomerleau pointed out. "We want to technique failure rather than a per- return to smoking." Pomerleau said. "At that point we Pomerleau, who stressed the smoker will have reduced their rates to less than ten cigarettes a day," Pomerleau said. "In the next few weeks he will try to increase -for example, after dinner. For the day of Bocaccio's bawdy, eerie 14th century tales. Ethereal emeritus ... there to turn this kind of information. These are the things you recognize today stopped.

The Decameron

Pier Paolo Pasolini's film of ten of Bocaccio's bawdy, eerie 14th century tales. Sacred Sensual Ethereal Erotic Profound Profane

Tonight at our place, Irvine Auditorium, 7 & 9:30 p.m. $1.

Irvine Organ

(Continued from page 1)

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The Quaker Icemen Outmuscled Princeton

By Andy Fulkerson

The Tiger Frosh Drop Penn 5-3 Score

By Joe Danks

PRINCETON, N.J. - Penn's frosh forward Tiger Frosh scored three goals and his team defeated Princeton 5-3 on Tuesday night at the Franklin Field Hockey Rink. The victory assures Penn (8-5-1) of finishing at least third in the Ivy League and adding another Ivy League win to their resume.

The Tigers (8-5-1) have won four of their last five games and have established themselves as one of the top teams in the country. They have a 6-4-2 record in the Ivy League and have not lost to Princeton since 1987.

Tiger Frosh, who scored his third goal of the season against Princeton, said, "We worked hard in practice, and it paid off tonight.

The Tigers' victory came on the heels of a 9-2 defeat at the hands of Harvard on Saturday. However, they have bounce back well since then and have won their last three games by a combined score of 18-5.

As for Princeton (5-7-3), they have struggled this season and have not won a game since November 18. They have lost five of their last seven games and have only one Ivy League win to their name.

The Tigers will face off against Columbia on Thursday before returning to action against Harvard on Saturday.

In other Ivy League action, Penn will play at Harvard on Saturday and then host Yale on Sunday. The Tigers are currently in third place in the Ivy League standings, one point behind second-place Yale.

Tiger Frosh's three goals were the difference in the game, as he scored the tying goal at 4:25 of the first period, gave the Tigers the lead at 17:25 of the second period, and completed the hat trick at 9:51 of the third period.

The Tigers' victory over Princeton was a huge boost for their confidence and will help them as they continue to fight for an Ivy League title.
Do you claim to scorn the taste of grease? Make a list of your favorite foods. From Bogoslavsky pastry to the $9.00 Moravian loumedos-for-two, it can be observed with considerable pride that a good food is one that tastes good in the greasy food. Unfortunately, in our generally malevolent universe it should not prove especially surprising that the converse of this observation is, in general, false. To say the very least, grease is not clearly enough, to make any kind of significant judgment at all, positive or negative, respecting taste.

Right of Way places the traditional intransigent stupidity of the observer must also notice another tactic that has been used consistently by both sides since the first world war: the manipulation of the Arab name must keep in mind that the phenomenon of “my enemy’s enemy is my friend” has motivated countless alliances in the first world war, when the British government, in the course of its valiant effort to preserve its own power, attempted to sinuate all things to all peoples. In the famous Hauguy-McNaathan correspondence of 1914, the British High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan promised to the Arabs an independent state, composed of most of what is now Syria, Jordan, Iraq, and the Arabian peninsula. Uninhibited by this, in April of 1918, France, Britain and Russia signed the secret Sykes-Picot agreement, which divided much of the Fertile Crescent into French and British mandates or spheres-of-influence. The Bolshevik publication in late 1917 of all secret treaties in the interests of the proletariat have exposed the duplicity, but the British rose to the emergency with repeated denials of Sykes-Picot’s existence. And, as that were not enough, foreign secretary Lord Balfour issued the marvellously ambiguous declaration that bears his name: “His Majesty’s Government views with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people and will use its best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object.”

An old and oft-told tale has that once in the Middle East a frog and a scorpion met on a bridge. It turned to the frog and asked for a ride. “Oh, no, I know your kind,” said the frog. “I’d carry you to midstream, then you would sting me and I would surely drown.” “I couldn’t do that,” the scorpion protested. “After all, I cannot swim, and I were to stinging you into the water, I should die as well.” The frog was convinced by this; he bid the scorpion climb onto his back and they set off across the water. But sure enough, in midstream the scorpion stung his benefactor. The frog, dying, cried, “Why have you done this when it means that you too must die?” The scorpion choked on the water, then rolled his eyes in exasperation and replied, “Because this is the Middle East!”

One who tries to trace Middle Eastern problems to their origins is inevitably tempted to throw up his hands and make use of the same explanation. For convenience’s sake he might begin with the first world war, when the British government, in the course of its valiant effort to preserve its own power, attempted to sinuate all things to all peoples. In the famous Hauguy-McNaathan correspondence of 1914, the British High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan promised to the Arabs an independent state, composed of most of what is now Syria, Jordan, Iraq, and the Arabian peninsula. Uninhibited by this, in April of 1918, France, Britain and Russia signed the secret Sykes-Picot agreement, which divided much of the Fertile Crescent into French and British mandates or spheres-of-influence. The Bolshevik publication in late 1917 of all secret treaties in the interests of the proletariat have exposed the duplicity, but the British rose to the emergency with repeated denials of Sykes-Picot’s existence. And, as that were not enough, foreign secretary Lord Balfour issued the marvellously ambiguous declaration that bears his name: “His Majesty’s Government views with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people and will use its best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object.”

Some thirty years later the United Nations did its part to promote chaos in the region. Palestine was partitioned to Arab and Jewish sectors with gerrymandered and totally indefensible boundaries. Whether the principles under-
Scaling the Big Mac

By IRWYN APPLEBAUM

"Mama, look the McDonald's is open!" "It is not. It's not even finished yet. Sit down in your seat." "Yes it is, I saw somebody moving inside." I was going to turn around and be real smart and say, "Nyah, it can't be open yet. That guy can't be eating the food and say, "Nyaah, it can't be open yet."

I could very well spell out mother, for their presence on the horizon after a hard day's riding is just as comforting and welcome. The course plays off the fact that our common ground is a lack of permanent ground beneath our feet. In a souped-up age when everybody likes to believe that the niceties of haute cuisine, yet we can touch base under the neon foam of the Grand Canyon or even the security provided by those monster food franchises. Stuck in the outskirts of Anywhere, drivers to find a decent place to eat. Now the uncertainties of eating at the roadside are no longer. For their money would be rolling in and another McDonald's franchise to come off the massive corporation assembly line. This newest store was not even open for business and already this shrill little muncher was shilling for the omnipresent newest store was not even open for business. Like so many other chains, as soon as the first burgers were in the rolls, the money would be rolling in and another neighborhood would have clean white McDonald's bags and colorful burger boxes rolling in the streets, permeating the surburbs like the bitches of the temporarily satiated consumers.

The fast food chains are splattering everywhere and all of the junk food kindred cousins, are rapidly supplanting the pantheon of the turnarout generation in our society. My sharpest memories of a cross country car trek ten years ago are not of the American West, of Disneyland, but of the countless stops at those drive-in restaurants in state after state. These drive-ins, according to more than one French fry chomping food freak and soda slurping sociologist, are the very soul of America. One particularly philosophical compatriot commented over a stiff thick shake, "wherever you go they're there."

So people can hum it 3-4 time. The hallelujahless sensation spreads! The Right Hen does not know what the Left Hen is doing. The Flock of the Lord was not meant to be part of the tasteless triumvirate of fast food franchises. For your drinking and dining convenience, if not pleasure, we have the Gino's, at 38th and Chestnut, the McDonald's at 40th and Walnut, and the latest member of the pack, the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant at 36th and Walnut. For all of the talk about University involvement with the community, weekend eating at one of the tasteless triumvirate is the sole bridging of the most surrouding the Ivory tower for many Penn students. Left to feed for themselves by the University Dining Service, those economy minded, non-hoaging students swallow their pride along with a bagfull of mass-produced food with all makings.

Chicken Delights

"Remember the world will end in 3-4 time. So people can hum it.

By V.M.

1. I died in Chicken Delight among french fries, rolls, cole slaw and nodas. I was going to turn around and be real smart and say, "Nyah, it can't be open yet."


Accursed Sawdust Burgers!

By Blimpy bases, after all we're even buster than our distant cousins of the leisured classes. But here we still like to sit down at a tablecloth, decipher exotic menus and figure up a 15 cent tip on the napkin, in short, all of the joys of proper dining.

Or so you might think. Actually the maître-d's at the chi-chi restaurants are finding fewer and fewer patrons to pull out chairs for as name restaurants are closing down all over for lack of patronage and skilled workers. As the eminent economist once remarked, "What this country needs is a good seven cent nickel." People just don't seem as anxious to go through all of the niceties of haute cuisine when all they can afford is a tall glass of water. Yet McDonald's is flourishing. Reversing the trend of fleeing to the suburbs, McDonald's is dressing up its atmosphere in its Sunday best and moving into the big cities, even greasing up the grilles in the ritziest neighborhoods.

West Philadelphia is not that type of neighborhood, even with the presence of an Ivy League institution, but it does sport no less than three citified versions of fast food franchises. For your drinking and dining convenience, if not pleasure, we have the Gino's, at 38th and Chestnut, the McDonald's at 40th and Walnut, and the latest member of the pack, the Roy Rogers Family Restaurant at 36th and Walnut. For all of the talk about University involvement with the community, weekend eating at one of the tasteless triumvirate is the sole bridging of the most surrouding the Ivory tower for many Penn students. Left to feed for themselves by the University Dining Service, those economy minded, non-hoaging students swallow their pride along with a bagfull of mass-produced food with all makings.

(Continued on page 4)

I am a turkey

You a turkey

A Turkey On The Service Of The Lord.

3. Colonel Sanders, plucked in a vision, raised to the Pot-Bellied Left Hen of God

His cane and plucked head swayed as we meandered the streets of downtown Heaven.

"End eggs! End eggs! End eggs!" The Colonel clucks at us: Grease Food! Grease Food! Grease Food! We refined people just don't seem as anxious to go through all of the niceties of haute cuisine when all they can afford is a tall glass of water. Yet McDonald's is flourishing. Reversing the trend of fleeing to the suburbs, McDonald's is dressing up its atmosphere in its Sunday best and moving into the big cities, even greasing up the grilles in the ritziest neighborhoods.

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(Continued on page 4)

"Well, I feel that this is my kind of place." "Like the taste? I hate it. But I eat it — twice a day." Photographs by JOHN PASTOR
Scanning the Big Mac

(Continued from page 3)

All of this is carried out with a flip derogatory attitude which is part of the whole love-hate hamburger relationship we all feel.

"I hate it but I eat here twice a day.

"Yeah, everybody goes to Gino's but nobody ever comes back.

"Say, honey, could I have that cheeseburger with extra cheese?

"You can lick your fingers but it ain't nothin' like the licking you get when you take the first bite.

"Or a variation on the W. C. Fields routine, "I didn't squawk about the price at Gino's but I merely said I haven't seen that old horse you used to have about the meat, my dear, I your stomach's takin'."

And the owners are laughing all the way to the bank. That's all you see out on the construction these days, banks and McDonald's.

This past July marked the opening of Ray Kroc's McDonald's. Over one fifth of the $30 billion that Americans will spend for dining out is paid to fast food chains.

A principal attraction has to be the price. Along with chronically improved and diversified menus, the restaurants count on the business of penny-conscious young families and frugally living older ladies. A typical Sunday at McDonald's will find booths teeming with kids being ordered by their fathers to "Open your mouth, I told you not to get that extra french fries but you wanted it so you'll eat it, mister." Alongside, two old ladies rise up and stoop down to scoop up three pennies from the floor. And the smarter of the Pennslyvannia student just takes it all in stoically.

"I've had worse," observed one steady customer, and it's cheap. You can get full for under a buck and it's not so bad, you know.

Pressing him to take a firmer stand I offer, "Yeah but you can't get a lot of Real Ribs fill up and get change back from your dollar with out any changes down in your stove.

"Yeah," he shrugged. Then as if to convince himself, "It's not so bad. It keeps you regular.

This is the irrefutable strongpoint of the links on the food chains, cheap consistency. You will never need an alexipharmic, a lot of money, or a laxative.

The hot dog, after all, is so limited; it is so thin and puny looking that even if you bite at all, a waiter will smile and appears all too quickly without much sense of fulfillment. Because they are tasteless good when they have passed through the hands of everyone else in your line.

The burger, on the other hand, gives the appearance of substantial nourishment with interlaced by the ever airy hamburger roll. As the bun sits there smiling roundly up at you why hasn't somebody opened a chain of Smiley Button Burgers with the ever present moron smile face worked out in sesame seed on the bun? you can decide whether you want to nibble around the border or plunge right into the meat of the matter. After the first mouthful you can analyze how your bite is holding up after all those years of orthodonture. Or you can put it back in your bag and use it as a frisbee or hockey puck depending upon your particular athletic inclination.

Actually, it does not seem to be the case that we have turned into a nation of Wimpies with a cow on our backs to fill an insatiable craving for the beef patty. You are un-lucky if you really taste the meat between the "works" that are heaped on. Now even housewives are told they should disguise the taste of the animal with such products as Hamburger Helper.

If you ever separate bun from burger in the restaurants you would find a gooey, paladinly rich, thick chunk of meat which is carefully calculated to cover the bland, rubbery consistency of the bun. The result is not tastescamism in the strictest sense, but it is sort of difficult to differentiate between bread and meat and the edge when the condiments have not once. Once well into the middle, the non-essentials become the essential flavor enhancers which stay with you long after meat's end. What the food lacks in taste it makes up for with generous helpings of aftertaste as essences of fine ketchup and mustard mingling on the tongue.

The differences between the McDonald's and Gino's burgers are non-existent, at least to this crude palate. The offerings, in all their slightly varied forms: the cheeseburger as if the meal did not contain enough charred cholesterol, quarter pounder, sirloiner, etc., all provide similarly sloppy and un-spectacular taste sensations.

McDonald's has some up with one gimmicky variation, the Big Mac. Here McDonald's gives you what you really want, a three-quarter inch of bun, along with a second quarter inch of meat, chopped lettuce and pickles and special sauce which send this gourmet galloping sine, with all the apologies to the chef, it smacks of mayonnaise added to the dynamic duo of ketchup and mustard. This is what makes them junk or fun foods, seeing how much fun we can have piling junk onto them.

This practice extends to the French fries, too. Absent-minded patrons hurry back for the ketchup packets to smear on their for the all important dunking of the petals. No food in this market is allowed to stand alone; it must all sink to the bottom of the stomach with plenty of junk clinging to it.

The French fries really are the selling points of the chains. They are not the fat chunks your mother might have made; they are thin, crisp and oh so silly little numbers. Epicures, the ones with egregious epidermal eruptions, content that McDonald's has the edge here. "Oily, shmoily, they're crispier, that's all. Crispy, in where it's definitely at with the fries," explained one self-proclaimed expert, pointing to his well greased and salted finger vigorously, "I could eat 'em forever."

We've all come a long way from Sophie Portnoy warning little Alex to steer clear of those greasy French fries after school.

McDonald's is also the only one of the three to provide special weekend fare. No that there is anything wrong with waking up to hamburgers, though personal it was a rude awakening awhile back when I was seeking a cup of coffee while awaiting a pre-down train at Penn Station and the two ladies in front of me asked for double cheeseburgers. As I moved away from the food stand hurriedly, the thought then obviated the necessity of caffeine; who could sleep when my stomach was having symp- pathy eruptions? Nevertheless, for hardline skeptics to admit, McDonald's and Gino's hamburgers are not mostly cereal. In fact, it would be safe to assume that the chains have tighter quality and sanitary control than many privately owned ones. They know that people categorize them as junk foods, assuming that they cheat on the meat, and are always trying to catch the boys in the back with the Corn Flakes box in hand. But they insist that they adhere strictly to Federal guidelines as well as their own high standards when preparing their patties.

McDonald's specifies a fat content between 16 and 18.5 per cent. The patties are required to be made from either of two cuts of beef, without hearts, lungs, tripe, check, head meat or other surprises. Nor are they supposed to contain salt, flavor boosters, preservatives, fillers, or cereals. According to a public relations spokeswoman, "our hamburgers contain "at least 76 per cent sirloin beef and it's the only one of our competitors to have that."

Once can note that these two franchises do provide a you one thing, you can never get the smell of that grease out of a fur coat.

Thus, McDonald's continues to flourish as a great equalizer if not as a great tenderizer, bringing all ages and classes together for the simple fun of eating. The business end is anything but simple. If the efficiency of the operation is staggering it is also mind stabilizing. McDonald's ideal managerial people are petty-minded to the letter and over grades policy and doggedly persist in promoting the all important high in Quality, Service and Cleanliness. These ideas along with the complicated specifics of Federal guidelines are passed on to prospective owners and managers at Hamburger University, a complex located in Elk Grove, Illinois.

There the men go through a seriousness. The phenomenon began in 1954 when Ray Kroc discovered a small restaurant with the McDonald brothers in San Bernadino, California. They had people lined up in front of glass windows for 15 cent hamburgers. Impressed with the possibilities of mass-producing both the hamburgers and the desire for them on a much wider scope, Kroc decided to franchise their outlets. The first McDonald's appeared on April 15, 1955 in a Chicago suburb.

Now, a mere 18 years later, there are plans to open a McDonald's township in the main streets of the city district of Philadelphia, 17th and Walnut. There right next to push Jacques Fernet Furs the golden arches are soon to be emblazoned with assurances of the proper management and decor, though a City Coun- cillwoman complained, "I'll tell (Continued on page 5)
Scaling the Big Mac

(Continued from page 4)

in the bins more than the maximum ten minutes, at which time they must be thrown away. Peter Bouchard writes about dealing with the delinquent problem, how to talk straight with the customers at corporate headquarters and the local town franchises and how to come up with community involvement projects. He also talks about the select groups for sick elephants or sponsoring bike-lighting campaigns.

I spoke with Phil, a former manager at a New York McDonald's, and he was very careful about criticizing the corporation line. "They're totally efficient. They really have this whole business of feeding people down to an exact science. The quality is fine, they keep the place clean. The workers are generally treated pretty well. I went to Hamburger High which is sort of a miniature version of the University where I learned the accounting and the systems and also got to see how to create a burger orders to be made up." He still goes back to McDonald's (don't we all?) and finds they are pretty consistent. "I can understand when I come in the rush and the Big Mac AIDS a little sloppy though there's no excuse when I come in at midnight and that happens. That's what they put the paper ring around it for, to keep it in one piece. I never realized that until I was a manager."

Our local McDonald's appears to be in pretty regular order, but the manager doesn't seem to be as strict as the corporation in insisting that hats be worn. "The manager doesn't seem to be as strict as the corporation in insisting that hats be worn. The manager doesn't seem to be as strict as the corporation in insisting that hats be worn."

No one wept at Bucks County Opera. Our local McDonald's appears to be in pretty regular order, but the manager doesn't seem to be as strict as the corporation in insisting that hats be worn. "The manager doesn't seem to be as strict as the corporation in insisting that hats be worn."

"If you are driven to satisfy your subconscious yearning to be born in a bun, to revel in heaped layers of newsprint in special sauce. You hate it but you love it.

Irwyn Applebaum is a sophomore in the College and Careers Center. Contrary to popular myth he does not resemble a Big Mac nor will he be the only student to wear mustard colored clothes that shirts like boy like him are made of along with puppy dog tails.

Ms. Macho's acting is as beautifully smooth and flowing as her costume. The roast beef sandwiches are mighty tasty and even the hamburgers manage to break a sweat after a week of steady research who am I to presume what a good hamburger should taste like? Once the bugs of coordinating output with demand get ironed out, I think we should give the competition a stiff run for the money, with more than a few hamburgers downed of the nodding Walnut. Then too, like any good family restaurant, it's open late, until midnight on weekends, and 4 a.m. on weekdays.

Scaling the Big Mac

(Continued from page 4)

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Common Sense: Toward a Black Aesthetic

In matters of art, there is NO RIGHT — there is NO WRONG! There is NO GOOD — there is NO BAD! It is just that simple!

A few weeks ago, I read a fairly confident and adamantly statement by a local talent to the devastating effect that there is no Black Theatre—there is no good and bad theatre. In one sense, he was absolutely right. In another sense, he was wrong in the most obscene, fatuous, yet common way. If Black Theatre—Black Art—is simply a distinction given to the dramas produced and performed by Black people, then this singularity to which the phrase "Black Theatre" points is jejune and meaningless to say the least. The quality and the character of theatre is determined by its ability, imagination and the ideology of its participants, not by the mere color of their skin—although skin pigmentation often coincides with ideological peripherals. It is, however, the second part of this aesthete's argument that occasions most alarm.

While he is sure beyond the point of certainty that Black theatre does not exist and that aesthetic excellence cannot be judged on the color of skin, he is also equally sure that there are standards of goodness and badness—by implication, rigid and unchanging—upon which theatre can be evaluated. He has fallen into the all-too-familiar pitfall of assuming one standard wrong and another standard right. It is with the intention and goal of lambasting this insidious critical posture that this inaugural essay is written.

The matters of art and letters, what is good or bad, what is right or wrong, depends upon the aesthetic standard which the critic is using. There is no absolute standard of good art or bad art; the value judgment lies solely in the standard of good and bad art enmeshed in the eyes and mind of the beholder. One may find realistic painting to be the height of artistic expression, while another may, with equal "validity," consider realistic art pedestrian and trite. Neither is correct—neither is right! Both are wrong—both are right! Each is entitled to his opinion. He should even admit that his opinion is so ensconced in "artistic truth" that it cannot be "wrong." There is no paradigm of inadequate terminology here, for the terms right and wrong, good and bad cannot be justly applied to artistic matters—unless they are qualified, justified, and legitimized by the phrase "in my opinion."

So, where does all of this lead—to the mere, simple, and offensive fact that critics have assumed the role—in fact, they have usurped that role—for Black Art? Consequently, the titular allusion to Paine's Common Sense. The opposite. The coincidence lies in the fact that for me, the potential for this aesthetic and cultural fecundity lies in America—In America, the Black Man, whose past cultural victimization and whose present awakening toward the American aesthetic definite standards because they are white—although I admit that such a move may be initially necessary and ultimately constructive—but, rather, a declaration of independence from them, a refusal to be a slave to them. Nor do I suggest the substitution of an equally rigid and narrow-minded black aesthetic to serve as a surrogate for its white counterpart. Instead, I recommend the inauguration of a new standard of artistic disinterestedness—broad-mindedness—cosmopolitanism to replace our present cultural and aesthetic toadyism. It does not necessarily involve a rejection—partial or complete—of white aesthetic standards, but it will not permit any aesthetic standard to assert superiority over another—just as there is no White Theatre. In fact, it is right and that other standards are as valid as his in what the modern-day critic lacks. I suppose that what I am suggesting here is what Matthew Arnold—an adroitly badminded and essentially cultural "disinterestedness"—that is, that a critic should be objective in his judgment of artistic matters and continually admit to himself that his conclusions are relative to his subjective standards. The critic who does not make this crucial concession dooms himself to self-denial. He is denying himself the essential broad-mindedness and wholeness flexibility that art appreciation requires. He is doing himself and being able to appreciate only the art that satisfies his narrow standards and to missing the multitudinous faces of art that the world has to offer.

Nowhere has cultural and aesthetic myopia been more pronounced in America, and no other race has been a more merciless victim of its devastating strictures than the American Black man. The history of Black arts in America is a poignant testimony to how our folk have been denied the "god-complex" of the white aesthetic's "god-complex." Our early— and even some of our recent—arts and letters vividly show how we have blindly assumed the white man's standards of artistic "excellence" beyond reproach, how we have denied and been ashamed of and assumed wrong our own artistic productions simply because they neither imitated nor assimilated into the white aesthetic structure. Dr. DuBois' concept of the "double consciousness" summarizes this weakness too, too well. In a racist American society, being driven misguided, and stifled by the American aesthetic is especially acute because its standard will recognize and applaud only the kind of innocuous art that projects the images, parrots the sentiments, and follows the forms and methods that its narrow-minded, xenophobic, and racist critics prescribe. The career of many a black author—David Walker, Charles W. Chesnutt, Frank Yerby, to mention a few—a sorry reflection of the compromise and self-denial that being a slave to the American aesthetic can require. It is common sense for Black Americans to rebel against the arrogance, fatuousness and illegitimate control of white American aesthetic standards.

What I call for in a Black Aesthetic is not a rejection of white standards because they are white—although I admit that such a move may be initially necessary and ultimately constructive—but, rather, a declaration of independence from them, a refusal to be a slave to them. Nor do I suggest the substitution of an equally rigid and narrow-minded black aesthetic to serve as a surrogate for its white counterpart. Instead, I recommend the inauguration of a new standard of artistic disinterestedness—broad-mindedness—cosmopolitanism to replace our present cultural and aesthetic toadyism. It does not necessarily involve a rejection—partial or complete—of white aesthetic standards, but it will not permit any aesthetic standard to assert superiority over another—just as there is no White Theatre. In fact, it is right and that other standards are as valid as his in what the modern-day critic lacks. I suppose that what I am suggesting here is what Matthew Arnold—an adroitly badminded and essentially cultural "disinterestedness"—that is, that a critic should be objective in his judgment of artistic matters and continually admit to himself that his conclusions are relative to his subjective standards. The critic who does not make this crucial concession dooms himself to self-denial. He is denying himself the essential broad-mindedness and wholeness flexibility that art appreciation requires. He is doing himself and being able to appreciate only the art that satisfies his narrow standards and to missing the multitudinous faces of art that the world has to offer.

—BERNIE HOLLIS

The writer is Assistant Professor of English and Dean of the College Honors Program at Morgan State. He is adviser to the DuBkos Project Literary Circle, in whose new magazine, ULGZI, this inaugural essay first appeared.

Fall Arts Festival
Friday March 9 1973
8:00 o'clock
Annenberg Auditorium
Dance, Poetry, Music and Art
Alexander Grilikhes Poet
Rita Jones Dance Co.
Premier
EUNICE MCILWAINE
and Sandy Bull
Traditional English
Mid City Y
and African Folk Group

March 1, 1972

AUG 3175
Ellen McILWAINE

SURF POINT 6th ANNUAL BEACH MEET
SATURDAY AUGUST 30

6TH ANNUAL BEACH MEET - HAWK
ADV. TIX SOLD FOR THE LAST SHOW EVERY NITE

SNOOPY COME HOME
Tues. Mar. 6
Irving $1

Mark of Zorro (silent flik)
8 PM Irvine
Keith Chapman
Sun. Mar. 4

SNOOPY COME HOME
Tues. Mar. 6
Irving $1

The ‘Cabaret’ is this Sat. nite
Free ½ of the tickets will be given
on Thurs. ½ on Friday
(for the benefit of Mr. Kite...)
at H.H. Tix off.

RLC PRESENTS
The Decameron
7 & 9:30
tonight Irvine $1

The Amado
String Quartet
Guest Artist: Vladimir Sokoloff,
Pianist
Friday, March 2
8 PM
U. Mues. Aud.
$1 with ID
at H.H. Tix off.

Gary Cooper in
'Mr. Deeds
goes to Town'
Midnite movies
FA B-1, $.50
Friday March 2

COFFEE ROCK presents
Hawk Valley Band
plus films of
H.H. Dining Room
Admission: $1
Reefer Madness
plus
Firesign Theatre’s
Martin Space Party
Sat. Mar. 3
Irving 7 & 9:30
$1

The ‘Cabaret’ is this Sat. nite
Free ½ of the tickets will be given
on Thurs. ½ on Friday
(for the benefit of Mr. Kite...)
at H.H. Tix off.

Mark of Zorro
(silent flik)
8 PM Irvine
Keith Chapman
on the
Curtis Organ
Sun. Mar. 4

SNOOPY COME HOME
Tues. Mar. 6
Irving $1

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While you are waiting for the dough to firm up so that it may be rolled out with ease, you can prepare the pear filling.

**Fruit Filling**

8 large pears, peeled, cored and sliced as thinly as possible

1 tsp. flour

1 tsp. allspice

1 tsp. nutmeg

1 tsp. cinnamon

1 cup sugar

1 cup brown sugar

2" spirals of lemon peel

1/2 cups water

Place sliced pears in water in large skillet and add all the remaining ingredients, cooking the fruit until it is just tender to the touch. Let cool thoroughly before placing filling into partially baked crust.

Now butter the bottom and sides of a 10" fluted, false-bottomed pan (an ordinary plate of that size will serve just as well.)

Roll the chilled dough into a circle large enough to cover the bottom and sides of the pan you are using without stretching it. Bake the crust in a preheated 375 degrees oven for 35 minutes or until just dry. Remove from oven and distribute the pears which have been removed from their syrup in an aesthetic, concentric arrangement on the crust.

Bake the filled tart for another 20 minutes.

To make the black currant glaze:

1 cup black currant jelly

1 tablespoon kirsch (for other red liqueur)

2 lbs. hot water

Mix all ingredients in small saucepan until the mixture thickens. Let cool and spread attractively over the finished tart before serving.

And then take your bows!

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A handsome new cookbook entitled _Pates & Other Delights_ (in crust) and her recipes are crystal clear and informative.

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Next week: Eggs Rajasthani, a spicy one-plate of vegetables piqued with curry.

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ROBERT WEMISCHNER
The Wafl-Hits
Farity and William Wolmsley
Weekdays 10
Newman Gallery
162S Walnut St LO 3 1779

Patmore Gallery
1716 Locust St

The Catechism
Sav & Lu"er No.

Election Society
1895 S. Rittenhouse St
Theatre with new moon and
Call Lu 3 937 for information.

Grand's Lair
Mar. 4 7 30. Charles Wait, flute and
Larry Vandeslans. Flamenca guitar. Call EV 3 776 for information.

La Terrasse
Mar. 4 7 30

Main Post
717 Locust Ave. Bruce Mayer
10. Good. Elton. inclusive &
Call Lu 3 937 for information.

Spectrum
Mar. 3. Mark Alan Baird. J. Geis
Main. Call LOVE 322 for information.

Tower Theater
Mar 1 7 30: An evening with Miami
Call Lu 3 937 for information.

The POSIBLE ADVENTURE
IP a Creapnel
The ship capsizes and the
world is turned upside down! That's nothing.
Wait til you see It and your stomach turns
SAY THE TIEVER
Inside & Outside
Drama Guild

THE SORROW AND THE PITY
Germantown
Vi 2 30 AM
A women's, instructive, about the full
occupation of France. An awesome
achievement

SOUSONE
Eric 6:00
6:00

TRICK BABY
6:00
6:00

NIGHTS AND DAYS
6:00
6:00

Maiden Lane
9 PM
9 PM

The War Wagon (1953)   John Wayne. KM
11 PM (C)

The Big Hat (1953)  Glenn Ford. Gloria
11 PM (C)

The Last Safari (1954)  Clark Gable. Stewart
11 PM (C)

The Man Who Shot Liberty Valance (1962)   John
11 PM (C)

Forrest Theater

March 1

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