Academic Freedom Group Uproars
Decision to Deny Doppelt Tenure

By PETER LININGER
The Academic Freedom Committee recently decided that the Philosophy Department did not adequately study the case of Professor Phil Doppelt. The committee also decided that the Department's educational views are an underlying reason for the department's refusal to reappoint him.

The Academic Freedom Committee claims that the Philosophy Department ignored Doppelt's student reviews, and that department did not adequately study the case. The committee also noted that the department did not adequately study the potential in making the decision. Doppelt claims that the ruling on his tenure case is an attempt to suppress his academic freedom.

The Academic Freedom Committee has decided to reject Doppelt's case, and the department is now responsible for the decision. The committee also noted that the department did not adequately study the potential in making the decision. Doppelt claims that the ruling on his tenure case is an attempt to suppress his academic freedom.

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Anspach Institute Conference on the Organization of American States

'THE OAS TODAY AND TOMORROW'

Galo Plaza
Secr. General of the OAS

Thursday April 26, 8:15 PM
International House Aud.
Watergate

WASHINGTON—For some time of their arrest, the White House editors said the "President was just as soon to stay in jail so that we wouldn't talk," and that the Nixon himself knew of their operation but didn't seem much interested. President would just as soon see us dropped from our political espionage plans in mind - more a pouna.

McCook Elaborates Plans to Bug Dems

WASHINGTON—Washington state governor Gordon Liddy had other plans to bug the Democrats in the Washington legislature than those reported for President Nixon. The House of Representatives had approved the plan to bug the Democrats, but the Senate rejected it.

Kissingler to Paris to Shore Up Ceasefire

WASHINGTON—President Nixon will send Henry A. Kissinger to Paris next month to meet with Vietnam's Le Duc Tho in an effort to shore up the Vietnam ceasefire. Kissinger's Feb. 10-17 trip to Hanoi will be the first since the Jan. 27 accord, will be their first since the Kissinger's Feb. 10-17 trip to Hanoi.

Cancer-Causing Drug Banned for Animals

WASHINGTON—Meat prices would rise, the Agriculture Department said the ban would boost meat prices, and even budgeted for - beyond the meat prices, the Agriculture Department said that the ban would boost meat prices. And with DKS, a synthetic female hormone, which ordered the ban, disputed the increase at up to 45 cents per pound.

WANTED

FEMALES MALES

DESCRIPTION: At least 110 lb., Good Health, and interested in being a plasma donor to help provide critically needed plasma for the treatment of Hemophilia and the preparation of Blood Serums.

DISTINGUISHING MARKS: Blood Group A or B

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BIOGENICS INC.

Letters to the Editor

Students Defend Lamb Column.

[...]

Security Measures

Security measures have been put in place. As a student, I am aware of the necessity for these measures. However, I am not aware of any student who has actually experienced a threat to their security. It seems that the only people who are concerned are those who have been threatened, or those who feel that they might be threatened. As a student, I am not worried about my safety, I am concerned about the safety of others. I am not interested in seeing the University City become a war zone.

[...]

Mayor Rizzo as Politician

By Roger Remmert

The drinking ban is only one reason for the judgement of Commissioner Frank Rizzo's character. There are many other reasons. First, he has been accused of corruption. He has been accused of giving favors to his friends and associates. Second, he has been accused of brutality. He has been accused of using excessive force against innocent people. Third, he has been accused of ignorance. He has been accused of not understanding the problems of the city. Fourth, he has been accused of lack of empathy. He has been accused of not caring about the people of the city. Fifth, he has been accused of deception. He has been accused of not being honest. Sixth, he has been accused of arrogance. He has been accused of not listening to the people of the city.

[...]

Democracy and Academic Decision-Making

By Frank Bove

The letter to the editor提出了一个观点，即学术决策应该由学术人员来做出，而不是由非学术人员来做出。作者认为，学术人员应该有更大的权力和责任来控制和指导学术政策的制定。作者认为，学术人员应该有权决定学术预算、人事问题、研究项目和教学计划等。作者认为，学术人员应该有更大的权力和责任来控制和指导学术政策的制定。作者认为，学术人员应该有权决定学术预算、人事问题、研究项目和教学计划等。学术人员应该有更大的权力和责任来控制和指导学术政策的制定。学术人员应该有权决定学术预算、人事问题、研究项目和教学计划等。
The Record Elects Butkevich, Gerstman
To Yearbook Editorial Positions

By MARCIA LACOMBAR

The University yearbook the Record has chosen Jerry Butkevich as editor-in-chief and Ira Gerstman as managing editor for 1973-74.

Working with the new editors will be a number, editorial board including the following: Caroline Kramer, Sara Slat, Karen Prestianni, Paula Simek, Jeff Rogotnick, Chip Roe, Phil Dehl, Debbie Swartz, John Palko and Brian Traylor.

"Everything about next year's yearbook will be larger than it has been in the past, beginning with the staff," Butkevich said.

"This year's alumni photographs should be at 10 per cent larger," Gerstman said. "The amount of money for the Record comes from the alumni's yearly fee. An annual appeal is also associated in the publication by the Alumni Council. Next year's allocation is $12,010," Gerstman said.

One of the new features of next year's yearbook will be an enlarged Arts section covering traditional campus art such as Mall Art and Wig and the Glen Club, as well as innovations like the Higher Camera on campus and student photographs from the past 10 years, in an effort to hit the "savings" of time.

"The Record staff will also cover the activities of the University for the first time. The campus is no different in the summer, and we want to show the students what they missed last year," Gerstman said.

"This feature will be an enlarged Arts section covering traditional campus art such as Mall Art and Wig and the Glen Club, as well as innovations like the Higher Camera on campus and student photographs from the past 10 years," Gerstman said. "Butkevich said.

Five U. Profs Elected To Science Academy

Five University scientists were among those elected to the National Academy of Sciences (NAS) at its 110th Annual Meeting in Washington, D.C., on April 25. Selection to the Academy is one of the highest honors that can be accorded to a scientist or engineer, and among those recognized for their distinguished and continuing achievement in original research were Dr. Robert E. Filler, chairman and professor of physiology at the University; Dr. Benjamin F. Harris, professor of physiology; Dr. Benjamin Franklin Professor of Kinesiology; Dr. Bradford F. Harris, professor of physiology; Dr. Zellig S. Harris, professor of linguistics; Dr. Lawrence D. Klein, professor of biology; Dr. Jonathan C. Klein, Benjamin Franklin Professor of Kinesiology; Dr. Anthony F. Wallace, professor of anthropology; and Dr. Beatrice Mintz, professor of medical genetics.

The NAS is a private organization established in 1863 by Abraham Lincoln to act as an official advisor, upon request, to the Federal Government. Institutions are selected from schools, businesses and government agencies throughout the United States.

MITCHELL ROGGER
Night Editor

DAVID DRIS
Copy Editor

DANNY BEER
Sports Copy Editor

JOHN STARFIELD
Photo Day Editor

Recordacula"
Air-India's youth fares can get you around Europe on a denim budget.

Far away from the student union are places you've never been before. Or places you'd like to see again. Places you thought you couldn't afford until youth fares came along.

But there's more than the fare to enjoy. On Air-India you'll be treated like everyone else. As though fares came along. Never been before. Or places you'd like to see again. Far away from the student union are places you've never been before. Or places you'd like to see again. Air-India you'll be treated like everyone else. As though fares came along.

Nearing (Continued from page 1)
Nearing recalled that when he first heard the news of World War II, he was at an academic vanity fair by him and the present said, "It isn’t true.

Some of the basic assumptions, he said, ... a source by having my associations made a fool by having my assumptions... He then changed from studying the research division aspect of the economy to Toward shouting. He said that as result of his studies he had decided that the... economy, is to create destructive dependency... For the first time human beings have the opportunity of pinching for love," he said.

Doppel (Continued from page 1)
Doppel said he was surprised that the breakdown of proof ended up on us, not on the department.

Cherpuck, in his response to the charges, said that the burden of proof 'wasn’t on anyone." Cherpuck said that he first learned of the existence... every complaint... And to get...PARTICIPATION problems as the group grows... For the first time human beings have the opportunity of pinching for love,” he said.

Dean Selby (Continued from page 1)
Score is still being decided. This is a very large group. This is where the... the Provost’s Curtis Reitz sent a... The decision is expected to be an...

The festival will benefit the tutorial... The decision is expected to be an...

The opening event will be a lecture, "Black People in the World Today," at 6 P.M., Friday, by Dr. C.L.R. James, a historian who teaches at... The opening event will be a lecture, "Black People in the World Today," at 6 P.M., Friday, by Dr. C.L.R. James, a historian who teaches at the College in Washington, D.C.

The CTS Energy Management program is scheduled again for next...

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The CTS Energy Management program is scheduled again for next...
**Test Scores**

(Continued from page 1)

For its part, the SAT score dropped 20 points to 650, while the class rank dropped from 445 to 427. The median score for 1973 was 630, while the median rank was 400. The median score for the Class of 1972 was 650, with a median rank of 425. The median score for the Class of 1971 was 660, with a median rank of 450.

**Assessment Committee**

The Assessment Committee is made up of Professors Louis Schaar, David Rector, and Louis Baker. The committee's goal is to improve the quality of the College's academic programs and to measure the impact of changes in the curriculum. The committee is also responsible for assessing the effectiveness of the College's faculty and the quality of the education it provides.

**Planning Committee**

The Planning Committee is made up of Professors Louis Schaar, David Rector, and Louis Baker. The committee's goal is to improve the quality of the College's academic programs and to measure the impact of changes in the curriculum. The committee is also responsible for assessing the effectiveness of the College's faculty and the quality of the education it provides.

**Admissions Office**

The Admissions Office is responsible for selecting new students for the College. The office is also responsible for evaluating the academic achievements of incoming students and determining their eligibility for admission.

**Socio-Economic Group**

The Socio-Economic Group is responsible for collecting and analyzing data on the socio-economic status of incoming students. The group's goal is to improve the College's understanding of the needs of its students and to develop strategies to address those needs.

**Research Office**

The Research Office is responsible for conducting research on the College's academic programs and the effectiveness of its faculty. The office is also responsible for developing new research projects and for analyzing the results of existing projects.

**Academic Production**

The Academic Production is responsible for coordinating the College's academic programs and for ensuring that they are consistent with the College's goals. The office is also responsible for developing new academic programs and for evaluating the effectiveness of existing programs.

**Summary**

The College's academic programs are improving, as evidenced by the increase in SAT scores and the decrease in class rank. The College's faculty is also doing a better job of assessing the effectiveness of its programs and of improving the quality of the education it provides.

**Conclusion**

The College's academic programs are improving, as evidenced by the increase in SAT scores and the decrease in class rank. The College's faculty is also doing a better job of assessing the effectiveness of its programs and of improving the quality of the education it provides.
Cohen Finds the Net Five Times
As Laxmen Beat Princeton, 15-8

Evans Takes First Day
Penn Decathalon Lead

Cohns find the net five times as Laxmen beat Princeton, 15-8

Evans takes first day Penn Decathalon lead

Cohn find the net five times as Laxmen beat Princeton, 15-8

Evans takes first day Penn Decathalon lead
Special this issue:

Steven Winn Centerfold!
Well, people, this is it. This is our last issue of the spring term.

Our feature this week is a short story, presented in what is, by our standards, a bold, splashy format. Worthy Predecessor, off for the west next year, pays a last, bile-curdling tribute to undergraduate life. Turn on your phonograph — with Strauss Lieder drowning in the distance (a $1.49 budget recording of Debussey piano shlock will do), turn to page 4, and give it a go. It's your last chance, folks!

Readers of more surrealistic tastes, as well as fans of the earlier aspects of naturalism, would do well to turn to our semi-regular, also farewell-oriented No. 500 SOUTH ST. The Guide remains guide, our ad ratio remains tolerably mediocre, and another year bites the dust.

— M.S.G.

Notes on the First Year

Depending on which survey one reads, about six out of ten college freshmen do not graduate in four years from the school at which they matriculate. Many drop out completely; others take temporary leave but eventually return to the familiar hallowed grounds of freshman year, only to return (for their bachelor's degree). The remainder of the six, for reasons imperfectly understood by their friends, neighbors, and shamans, survive the traumas of post-high-school graduation by transferring to the institution of their second choice. American society at large is astonishingly mobile; as a corollary one expects the student population to be likewise.

People change their occupations, residences and schools for such a wide variety of reasons that one generalization seems justified: almost anyone with sufficient determination can manage a transfer, but no one will find it easy. Only the exceptionally flexible individual can avoid the feelings of profound alienation and doubt that accompany what amounts for the college student to a major life-change. On the other hand, it requires a person unusually capable of perseverance to struggle through four years at the wrong school. One must find within oneself either the strength to stay or the strength to go. I left; I have been at Penn one academic year. The spring of my socio-intended graduation seems an inappropriate time to assess the horrors and the hassles in order to decide if the end results have been worth the trouble.

Several of my friends spent most of last summer trying to cheerfully scare the bell out of me. You're going to hate Philadelphia, they promised. And what if I'm no better than Georgetown? A friend and former English teacher who had recently undertaken a difficult professional transfer herself shook her head and said, 'I don't envy you at all. It's going to be a most disturbing year.' All of my various colleagues from student government, academic council and the various organizations. They, seniors and juniors and recent graduates, displayed obvious disapproval of my plans and were convinced that I was taking the easy way out, though only one suggested right out that my transfer constituted an admission of defeat. Despite three years of in-
"Pa-ra-noa-ya, boy oh boy."

By DAVE KUSHMA

Gravity's Rainbow by Thomas Pynchon. Viking Press, $15.00 (hardbound), $4.95 (softcover), 760 p.

Gravity's Rainbow is a triumph of literary schizophrenia. Thomas Pynchon's long, sprawling book is a pulp thriller, part Pavlovian metaphorical discourse, part umong other things part Hollywood musical, part schizophrenia. Gravity's Rainbow is a deliberately keeps his audience in the dark on many key developments right up to the last (506th) page.

At the base of Gravity's Rainbow is the author's description of a frenzied arms race among an odd array of people immediately following the end of World War II. The object of their collective affection is a prototype of the German V-2 missile, dubbed the "00000," hidden at an underground test site somewhere in Germany. The rocket is partially constructed from a revolutionary plastic that surrounds an intriguing device known as the Schwarzhart. Although its pursuers all covet this implement, no one seems to know exactly what it is. Neither do we, until Pynchon stuns us with the answer at the close of the book.

The prosaic mechanisms involved in telling such a story are clearly of secondary importance to the author. Pynchon hardly feels fettered by such traditional literary conventions as chronology, central consciousness, or directed action. He uses plot contrivances that would make Dickens blush. He shamelessly stalls the move toward climax by interrupting his narrative with a biography of a light bulb, with the consideration of the psychology of a pinball machine, with risque limericks ("There was a young fellow named Hector...") and silly songs.

Pynchon is apt to follow a section of lean, Hemingway-style prose with a passage of inaccessible lyric expressionism or a detailed presentation of technical rocketry data better suited to an engineering textbook. (Pynchon is, by the way, a trained engineer.) The reader, exasperated at his own disorientation, wonders if the novelist and the author's maddening obscurity, will be tempted to skim or even entirely skip parts that would be a mistake. Big and rambling as the novel is, Gravity's Rainbow, each of the 400,000 words has been carefully selected to invent the others with the maximum meaning, and very few can be truthfully considered wasted.

Likewise, Pynchon's cast of characters numbers nearly four hundred, but none of them are "minor" in the sense of being peripheral or unimportant to the principal action. Shadowy figures who drop in and out of sight without introduction early in the novel reappear hundreds of pages later in new and significant contexts. As a matter of fact, not all of the characters spring directly from the author's imagination. In the pages of Gravity's Rainbow we encounter Malcolm X, Mickey Rooney, Werhner von Braun, Orson Welles, John Dillinger, The Lone Ranger, Dr. Ivan Pavlov, every President from Hoover to Kennedy, and many more.

Of course, some characters are more important, and more fully developed than others. Pynchon especially calls our attention to five — Captain Weismann (Nazi code-name: "Blicer" or bleacher), the sadomasochistic supervisor of the rocket's construction; Blicer's homosexual lover Emilian, chairman of a displaced African tribe; Emilian's half-brother Tchitcherine, a Soviet intelligence agent; Franz Pokler, a Jewish scientist compelled to work on the project; and probably the central figure of Gravity's Rainbow, (apart from the rocket itself) Tyrone Slothrop, an American army lieutenant with the ability to predict the targets for German rocket-bombs in a manner that is bizarre, to say the least. Pynchon allows the character of Slothrop more than any other to guide our expectations and excite our sympathy, since he is the most easily identifiable figure in the novel, and therefore the most universal.

It would be folly to try to recapitulate fully the complex interrelationships among these characters in so limited a space. It should be noted, however, that the major personality trait that they share is paranoia. Each feels threatened and oppressed by an organization they refer to only as "Them." At first, Pynchon compounds the mystery by identifying a number of sinister government agencies and international financial cartels, and suggests that his characters' feelings of persecution are indeed grounded in fact. Yet when the author presents a song containing the lyrics "Pa-ra-noa-ya, boy oh boy, yer... Even Goya, couldn't draw ya," we finally realize that he has been exploiting our own willingness to accept conspiracies where none really exist.

It is clear, then, that the roots of modern man's anxiety actually spread much more deeply. Pynchon's essential concern in Gravity's Rainbow is to delve as far as he can to unearth these roots. He surveys the technological, artistic, and political aspects of contemporary society and discovers an intricate coordination among these components that is always ominous, often horrifying. The end product of human achievement in Pynchon's universe, the object of passion bordering on worship, is ultimately an instrument of irreversible annihilation. Pynchon suggests that a culture which has fallen in love with the idea of its own death cannot help being lost and bewildered. By masterfully recreating the emotions of confusion and maladjustment within the reader through the chaotic structure of the novel, the author drives his point home.

Gravity's Rainbow (Pynchon's third novel, after V and The Crying of Lot 4) is a scrupulously written work which requires to tolerate careless or casual perusal. The reader is likely to find himself intellectually and emotionally spent long before he finishes it. Yet those with the patience — and the courage — to accept Pynchon's vision and accompany its expression to its conclusion must surely realize that Gravity's Rainbow is unquestionably an important novel, and quite possibly one of the most meaningful of the postwar generation.

List Preferences for next term and bring them to the movies

**PUC MOVIES** Preferences

Godfather
Clockwork Orange
Last Picture Show
1776
Ryan's Daughter
Casa Blanca and Play it Again Sam (double feature)
Catch 22
Story of Will Rogers
Cool Hand Luke
Butch Cassidy

In the Heat of the Night

**RLC MOVIES** Preferences

Cries and Whispers
Chloe in the Afternoon
Bertolucci Films
The Emigrants
Fellini's Roma
La Salamandra
A Sense of Loss
Sorrow and the Pity
Traffic

**MOVIE NEWS**

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<td>Thurs. 26</td>
<td>The World of Apu</td>
<td>7 &amp; 9:30</td>
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<td>Sat. 28</td>
<td>What's Up, Doc</td>
<td>7 &amp; 9:30</td>
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<td>Sun. 29</td>
<td>The Conformist</td>
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<td>Tues. 1</td>
<td>Discrete Charm of Bourgeoisie</td>
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<td>Tues. 1</td>
<td>Kind Hearts and Coronets</td>
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<td>Wed. 2</td>
<td>Carry On Doctor</td>
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<td>Fri. 4</td>
<td>Nicholas and Alexandra (Dirty Harry next fall)</td>
<td>7 &amp; 10:30</td>
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<td>Fri. 4</td>
<td>The Magnificent Ambersons</td>
<td>12 P.M.</td>
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<td>Sat. 5</td>
<td>Duck Soup, Marx Bros.</td>
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LIST PREFERENCES for next term

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**Borstal Boy**
BRENDAN BEHAN

**RESR. NOW**

$3.00-4.00-5.00
This was the last time he would wait for her in the cold. It was already five minutes past the hour, and the square was almost empty. Of course they were only meeting for lunch and there was really no hurry - but why did Addie have to be late for everything? She had stopped to talk to her old roommate, or she had been in the bathroom with her period. There would be a reason; there always was. But why did they have to barter with excuses, petty insults, silly reconciliations? How easily he could have declared to himself that she just didn’t care, but he could never say it aloud, never to her.

David. I’m sorry. Let’s go to North. I want to practice before my next class.”

He had not seen her cross the street and scurry up to him. She must have come from another direction, a part of campus completely different from where her last class had been. For a moment he was silent. Her eyebrows creased, and she shrugged. She had committed the lie, the violation against the ritual of petition and forgiveness. Foolish as it was, he had come to depend on their unspoken strategies. In a way, it seemed the most intimate thing between them. Now he was embarrassed, for her, just as strangers can burn with shame for each other in public. Addie had hurt him, but even worse, far worse, she had shown a weakness.

David was in his second year at a small college in Ohio. Addie was a sophomore, and although they had never met before he came to college, it seemed as if he had followed her there. For that is the way they met.

One afternoon, Addie invited him to the conservatory. They seemed so self-made. But she was well, she was wearing a series of T-shirts, blouses, flannel workshirts, layered atop one another - and she inside, the bud about to blossom. She had surprised him again that day. For once he did not feel com

There was no spoken agreement between them. It was obvious they would never be friends. Disappointments could mount up quickly in the first weeks of school, and that morning, was pulling tissue paper from a roll. It was odd to be looking across the deserted square into the places he would hurry in and out of during the day. David wondered if his roommate had missed him at dinner. For so far they had walked to the dining hall together each night for dinner, although there was no spoken agreement between them. It was obvious they would never be friends.

The conservatory was the most unusual building on campus, and David wondered if his roommate had missed him there. He would go a little early and explore - perhaps he would run into her in the hallway.

Addie braced herself against his shoulder, kicked her shoe from her foot, pulled off her sock and stepped against her leg.

The conservatory consisted entirely of a series of interlocking gray slats and narrow pointed arches. It was right. The foyer where he stood was a bright narrow space with a set of windows that stretched from one floor to the next. The doors, doors opened to the conservatory. The conservatory was the most unusual building on campus, and David wondered if his roommate had missed him there. He would go a little early and explore - perhaps he would run into her in the hallway.

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It was a kind of selfish resentment. He had nothing to be so proud of, but Addie had a life of her own; they never bothered to tell her about the way he had followed her, but Addie would have to imagine her, from a photograph taken before he was born.

She was busy with her music, lost in the moment. Her sobs, the wail in her voice as she talked, tightened, the bow balanced. The music spoke to her, too. She bit at her jealousy as if it grew from her heart, yet she was ashamed for herself, too. He bit at his jealousy as if it grew from his heart.

She gripped the cello, her fingers tightened, the bow balanced. The sound of the music followed him out of the room. He was furious with her, yet he was ashamed for himself, too. He bit at his jealousy as if it grew from his heart. There was no reason for that tightness that was stripping his chest. Addie would have no way of knowing he felt this way. She was busy with her music, lost in it. At times he thought she hid behind it, that she was really thinking of something else. But that, too, was a kind of selfish resentment. He had nothing to be so committed about, nothing that caught him up so. And now that his father had come to accept his choices of schools, it was even worse. David felt he had triumphed, but what had he won? He was less sure of himself than ever before.

It was snowing again, a dry powder that looked grey in the air. There was still an hour before dinner, and David did not want to wait around the conservatory any longer. A professor he recognized rounded and glassy. Perhaps he thought David had grown up, that it was time to discuss the music, some technical difficulty they were committed about, nothing that caught him up so. And now that his father had come to accept his choices of schools, it was even worse. David felt he had triumphed, but what had he won? He was less sure of himself than ever before.

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The White Otter

(Continued from Page 5)

It was like a kid home from his first night in a bar, bashful but proud, gazing at the dinner.

"You're thinking about marrying her, are you?"

"What?"

"Addie. You and Addie are thinking of marriage."

"No, Dad, we're not. It's never come up. I'm only a sophomore, you know, and she's only a junior."

"It's never too early to begin making plans. Your mother and I..."

They ate in silence. Had his father sat across from him all these years waiting for a plan to form in his mind? David could hardly believe it. His father, whose life was going nowhere, still believed there was a thought, a direction somewhere that could shoot out as purposefully as the branch of a tree. He had forgotten about David's choice of college - now there was a new line, another story for his son that could have an end, a goal.

David took the bus back to school the next week. He was the first one to move into his dorm, and it would be a few days before his friends, including Addie, would return. One evening after dinner, David was walking; the same walk he had taken nearly a year before when he met Addie. Again the weeds were bright with color, the fields thick for the harvest. He was thinking of Addie, her hair pulled behind her ears, a blouse she wore that had circles of lace at the neck and the wrists. Her music. David smiled. They had met here in this stream; and now by accident their lives were caught up together! Tears came to his eyes. He thought of the pattern of his life - his mother whom he could hardly remember, his father who worried so after him, Addie. Yes, of course he could harden and close off to them at times. That was all part of it, part of his love. It was autumn again. By the time David got back to the dorm it would be dark. But now, in the last light of the day, standing just where he had a year ago, David saw what he had not seen that day. He saw what Dr. Bridges would not believe, what Addie had never mentioned - and, it seemed, what no one had ever told him. There in the stream, playing in the current, now shooting over a rock, now flaring, was a white otter, a small dark animal in its mouth. Just in front of him, the otter hovered like a streak of light on the surface of the water. Then, as if the force of the stream had gathered around it, the otter drifted out of sight, its prey borne on. Just as Addie had done, David stared at the stream, the empty flow of water. As if they were his jaws, his flesh, David could feel the teeth sinking into the sinews; and all the while, the water rushing with him, holding him, keeping him in motion.

Limited
My grandfather, the funeral director, Passed away.
He who used to lay out the wax-white dead in banks in flowers
Now lies, on his last bed.
How will he ever live down his own?
He is departed, gone to sleep.
Passed away.
My grandfather, the funeral director,
Now looks like a porous shell, an old kitchen sponge
I'lluinted white faces to shine with artificial life,
Lit-who, like a courtesan's maid,
My sleek-tongued grandfather.

The remains of his last tiff around him -
Rumpled sheets, plum pits, basin and bed pan.
I'm who knows all the sordid secrets of death.

The dark afternoon settles around him,
The Philadelphia Madrigal Choir
Temple Painter * harpsichord
Joel Robinson * recorder
Joseph Norris * director
Houston Hall Auditorium
Thursday April 26 8:30 PM
Admission: $1.00

PUC presents
The Philadelphia Madrigal Choir
Harpsichord, recorder, etc.
Houston Hall Aud
Thurs, April 26
8:30 pm

The Annual Skimmer Art Show will take place this Friday on College Hall Green 1st, 2nd, & 3rd Prizes will be given for the most impressive works of art.

For the Skimmer Weekend Concert
PUC is Bringing Todd Rundgren and King Crimson to Irvine Friday April 27 8 PM
Tickets available Today at 10 AM $4.00 for Penn Students at Houston Hall Tix Office
Register now for the Annual Skimmer Sports-Car Rally at Houston Hall Info Desk 11AM Friday April 27 Thurs. Apr. 26
The World of Apu
An Indian Film
7 & 9:30 Irvine
$1

Sat. Night
What's Up, Doc?
With Barbara Streisand & Ryan O'Neal
7 & 9:30
Irvine $1

Blood & Plasma Donors Needed
School Organizations, Fraternities, Sororities, & Clubs, Raise Funds for Your Treasury

CASH PAID FOR ALL DONATIONS
INTERSTATE BLOOD BANK OF PA, INC.
2503 N. Broad St.
(215) 228-2343
OPEN SAT. 9AM-1PM
IF YOU ARE BETWEEN THE AGES 18 & 65 AND IN GOOD HEALTH YOU MAY QUALIFY
no exit

Graduation is the most boring sport, especially when the class president receives your diploma for you. His baseball, long seemed an honor, is, without black sweat-weighted robes, devoid of the awe that accompanied it in its boredom. Lounging in the stands with a beer becomes an infinite sport, especially when the class doctor dresses to take down, and names and grad schools to keep straight. So many ways to be distracted by a vendor.

Baseball breeds contentment. Every movement in its very austerity assumes an aura of artificial importance; a strike becomes an event, a strike-out part of official statistics. And there is an abundance of strikes. By contrast, I spent twelve hours a week running rats in an experiment, repeating the same actions (with minor variations) sixty times a day. Place the rat in the start box, a minute later replace him. Although I know full well each trip down the runway might be able to think past October, or at least be able to orient myself to a future beyond boxes. I guess running rats on fantasies is the best I can do. It's probably not well known, but not seeing much happen. There are so many ways to be left mentally useless; so many address doors to take down, and names and grad schools to keep straight.

The friendly question: "What are you doing next year?" It is pleasant, having the local waters, in its boredom. Younging in the Superblock isolation was tailored for myself. It seemed right of way each trip down the runway the start box, a minute later sixty times a day. Place the rat in the start box, a minute later replace him. Although I know full well each trip down the runway might be able to think past October, or at least be able to orient myself to a future beyond boxes. I guess running rats on fantasies is the best I can do.

The first thing of recreation occurred while running my rat, ISO7, in a runway experiment. It was only to tether him to my belt and walk him a few times around the hall, just a few quick circuits within the psychology building. The thought grew, a recuperation, and in being well pitched game, and in being pleasant to see the infield cluster you doing next year?" It is pleasant, having the local waters. I was a rock and an island, smugly satisfied that none knew where I had come from or to my perceived needs. I never could lean on my thoughts, I held some significance, who'll care in September when we're rolling into the final weeks of the season? The analysis of the data will be in progress, I'll be gone, and my greatest rat fantasies will be unfulfilled. I suppose if I

intended to leave behind. My automatic reaction when all was over but the hiccoughs and the recriminations was to write a letter to the editor. The letter became a Right-of-Way, and to my complete amazement one article produced both administrative response and student feedback. The Office of the Ombudsman provided me with the opportunity to present the "victims" side of the foul-up, and when I had received similar reports from other involved parties, it even bothered to inform me of its findings. I was impressed. Such responsiveness implied a concern for students that had been practically nonexistent at Georgetown. Penn offered much room for improvement, of course, but something in the air added that improvement was possible, and that popular initiative could make it work. Having a few trips by accident tested the local waters, I ventured a somewhat greater commitment. Now I finish my second semester at Penn convinced that the decision to transfer here was probably the most brilliant inspiration I ever made. Which is not to say that anything has been especially easy, or that Penn has fulfilled all of the impressively lofty expectations I have held at one time or another in the last year. Penn has been a challenge, as a graduating staff member of this publication reminded me last winter, "you have to make your

own place here," because no one else is giving you theirs. The essential imperative for the person who does manage to create a place for herself is that she avoid settling complacently into it. The struggle for self-confidence and identity that once seemed momentous enough to be an end in itself is nothing more than a preparation for further work.

SUSANNA STURGIS

THE ADVENTURES OF DR. GRAVES

by Graves (end of '54)

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\text{\textbf{NEXT WEEK'S PAGE...}} \\
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theatre

May 7 and 8: "The Night that Time Stood Still" Community Theater Germantown East High St.

On April 30

THE SOUP TROUP

the experience of meditation in daily life

a feature color documentary film

"SRI CHINMOY"

the experience of meditation in daily life with an indian master living in america

original musical

Mahavishnu John McLaughlin

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Academy Award

Best Foreign Film 1972

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Irvin Audiorium

The film by luis bunuel

Before LAST TANGO

there was

THE CONFORMIST

Directed by bernardo bertolucci

Sunday, April 29

7 & 9:30

Irvin Audiorium

the film by luis bunuel

'"The Night That Time Stood Still" Community Theater Germantown East High St.

ON APRIL 30

THE SOUP TROOP

an evening of 'cabaret' type entertainment

SAT., APRIL 28

9 PM, FREE

H.H. AUD.