Nursing Home Scheduled To Be Demolished Today

The Pennsylvania State University's Board of Trustees on Thursday bowed to public pressure, an abandoned nursing home at Penn State's College of Medicine campus, as a paving stone for a nursing school. The nursing home was one of the opposition of community groups.

Gordon, who has been a topic of many of the meetings of the Medical Center, said that the trustees based on their own experience that the hospital was needed. The trustees then instructed the Medical Center on the proceedings of the meeting of the Medical Center.

Gordon said that the administrator of the university would be notified of the plans for the hospital. However, other officials of the hospital have become concerned over the public relations of the university.

Small College House Blaze Contained by Local Firemen

John Johnson, a College student, pulled himself out of a house fire in the College Dormitory area early Thursday morning.

At 9:40 a.m., a fire was reported in the College Dormitory area. When police arrived, they found the fire in the second floor of the building.

The fire was contained by the local fire department and no one was injured.

Women Selected Co-Prezizates of Frat

Debbie Eisenberg, a student at the University of Pennsylvania, was named this week as the new president of the University of Pennsylvania's first female fraternity, Delta Zeta.

Eisenberg, a junior, said that she was proud to be a member of the first female fraternity on campus.

She added, "I think it's important for women to have a voice in the world of college life."

The University of Pennsylvania was the only university in the United States that did not have a women's fraternity until this year.

Eisenberg said that she hoped to see more women involved in campus activities in the future.
guide

Say the Magic Word and Blow Out the Candles

"You're wrong, girls. In the first place Gary Cooper is much taller than I am. It is difficult to conceive of Groucho Marx as having been born instead of being born but force upon the world following cigar smoke with a click and a leer. But October marks the beginning of the 4th year of J. Cheever Loopholp and Capt Spauidmg and the tear of J Cheever..."

art

Museums & Institutions:

- Institute of Contemporary Art
- Mandel School of the Arts
- "De Venus", the works of Cohen, McCoy, Nakas, Porter, Seldenham and Shei.
- Woodman 95

Museums of Art

- Philadelphia Museum of Art
- Philadelphia Art Galleries
- Philadelphia College of Art

in The Funhouse

Motorcycle cops and demoted robots, not such strange bedfellows to be seen in the movie scene this way of thinking, inside the movie scene this way of thinking, inside the movie scene this way of thinking, inside the movie scene this way of thinking..."

434 STREET PRESENTS

FRITZ THE CAT

"Irrlent and leather titans. Weslworld comes from successful music producer James William Guercio, deals with "Big" John Win..."

25th STREET PRESENTS

CAT AND MOUSE: STORIES AND ANIMATED CARTOONS

"The Year's Least" from the outlook on Saturday, 19th & Chestnut, to see it."

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Cinema

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right of way

The livin' ain't easy

At the beginning of the Paris peace talks in 1968 the contending parties spent what seemed like weeks in deciding on the shape of the conference table. Skeptics and cynics found this inordinately amusing and developed from it a casual remark that quickly became a cliché: "Jeez, if they can't even agree on the shape of the table how do they expect to end the war?" The obvious implication was that environmental matters were too irrelevant and frivolous to be the subjects of allegedly serious negotiation.

Hopefully, with the help of the ecology movement, our degree of sophistication, and incitement somewhat since then. Architecture encompasses much more than the "plan, design, and decorative treatment" listed in my ten-year-old dictionary. Architecture and its intimate relation, city planning, must not give way to the heedless exhilaration that so often infects men in the business of dominating their environment. That environment, whether natural or humanly created, exercises an enormous reciprocal influence on the men and women it is intended to serve. No one who has ever tried to conduct a discussion in a stifling room with chairs rearranged toward the front can begin to deep man's vulnerability to his surroundings.

This vulnerability extends far beyond the limited context of the college classroom. The streets of the typical suburb are lined with neat single-family dwellings, separated one from another by a lawn, a hedge or a fence. Each has its own complete set of "necessary" appliances, the majority of which lie idle most of the time. The strange combination of separation and close proximity breeds an occasionally ruthless competition for status and recognition. The greatest beneficiaries of the struggle are of course the manufacturers of the goods that we are all supposed to have one, two or three of.

On a larger, more tragic scale, one can point to the isolation of minority groups in ghettos. In this case separation encourages the ignorance and the silence of the various members. Neglect and prejudice virtually guarantee ignorance and the silence of the various members. Neglect and prejudice virtually guarantee the isolation of those groups. In one can point to the isolation of those groups. In many instances this isolation has quickly decayed into unlivable proximity. Breeds an occasionally combination of separation and close proximity. In this case separation encourages the ignorance and the silence of the various members. Neglect and prejudice virtually guarantee the isolation of those groups.

The worst of it is that it might never have happened. Of course Locust Walk is jammed at all hours of the day and busy even at night. Of course most Penn students are completely isolated from West Philadelphia. Of course, and with good reason, residents in the outlying areas perceive the University as a malignant tumor in their midst. The worst of it is that it might never have happened. Of course Locust Walk is jammed at all hours of the day and busy even at night. Of course most Penn students are completely isolated from West Philadelphia. Of course, and with good reason, residents in the outlying areas perceive the University as a malignant tumor in their midst. The worst of it is that it might never have happened. Of course Locust Walk is jammed at all hours of the day and busy even at night. Of course most Penn students are completely isolated from West Philadelphia. Of course, and with good reason, residents in the outlying areas perceive the University as a malignant tumor in their midst. The worst of it is that it might never have happened. Of course Locust Walk is jammed at all hours of the day and busy even at night. Of course most Penn students are completely isolated from West Philadelphia. Of course, and with good reason, residents in the outlying areas perceive the University as a malignant tumor in their midst. The worst of it is that it might never have happened. Of course Locust Walk is jammed at all hours of the day and busy even at night. Of course most Penn students are completely isolated from West Philadelphia. Of course, and with good reason, residents in the outlying areas perceive the University as a malignant tumor in their midst. The worst of it is that it might never have happened. Of course Locust Walk is jammed at all hours of the day and busy even at night. Of course most Penn students are completely isolated from West Philadelphia. Of course, and with good reason, residents in the outlying areas perceive the University as a malignant tumor in their midst.

Michael Steve Gross  
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Mary Anne Ost  
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David Ashenhurst  
Book Reviews

Joan Philips  
Guide

Liz Ames  
Photography

Peter Baun  
Music

34th Street magazine is published Thursday at Philadelphia, Pa., during the fall and spring semesters, except during vacation periods. Articles, inquiries, letters to the editor, and advertising may be sent to Sergeant Hall, 34th and Chestnut Streets, Philadelphia, Pa. 19104. Phone: 215/545-9531.

All articles represent the opinions of individual authors and do not necessarily represent the editorial position of 34th Street Magazine.

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Game against death

By MARC L. ROVNER

Basketball is a game of panthers and gazelles and football is a crush of fleet-footed titans. Baseball does not demand long, leaping legs or a powerful torso. It requires good wrists, speed, and coordination. Baseball provides a minimum of physical contact, making it the darling of hundreds of such players in pro ball and the true backwoods league who shuffle from club to club, doing a passable job, and providing roster depth in each one of such names as Johnny Bench or the retiring Willie Mays. Baseball is their ticket to making $5 a game, their way of earning a living. They are there and they know it. It is why they go out to spring training every year, sweat off the few pounds acquired during the winter, hustle whenever the manager or a coach looks their way, and sign a contract that will reward them with a generous pension and future when the legs give way or the arm goes bad.

Baseball becomes a game of quiet desperation, a thrill from a win and a nagging pain from a loss; but the players play on. DeNiro also plays on, even after he has been told he has Hodgkin's Disease. He plays because it is all he knows how to do. No one has ever told him how to die.

DeNiro's story is told through the narrative of Michael Morarity, a Glenn Campbell-looking superstar of a pitcher. He is DeNiro's friend, not so much because of common interest but because he is a compassionate human being. He goes with DeNiro to the Mayo Clinic, carries around the papers which describe the disease in case DeNiro is suddenly stricken, and gives him confidence even when his own body shows no sign of giving out. Morarity's ultimate bind is that he signs a cheaper contract than he wanted just so there could be a chance in it stating that he would have to be cut from the team if DeNiro were cut. This DeNiro will never be cut, since Morarity is a star pitcher. Thus, the main action of the film comprises the coach's attempts to find Morarity's tie to DeNiro (the disease is a secret for obvious reasons), the race for the pennant, and DeNiro's playing the game against Death's impatient call.

There are very few good sports films made, good in the sense that they are devoted to sports. There are the so-called classic long shots like The Babe Comes Home and The Luis Gehrig Story and the film that most closely resembles a jolt to the system was Hoodlum. Bang the Drum Slowly is a card game; but, like a card game, it is constructed musical version of Side Story or "Porgy and Bess". I.orraine Hansberry's award-winning play is a jostling sense of a little world, a way of earning a living. Beneatha wants part of the action, and together. Mama is a wise woman, a performer who is a joy to watch. The scene stealer of the cast is Robert Jackson. He is especially good in the role of the Younger men's professor. Jackson's gentle grace is a good contrast to Morton's effusiveness. Their scenes together are most of the lyrics are very sophisticated, while maintaining the richness of the black idiom. The music is a mixture of jazz, spiritual and rock, some of it very memorable. One song in particular, "Not Anymore", expresses the ironic attitude that blacks must maintain in a world that may not Lynch, but has found more subtle methods of degradation. The love interest between Beneatha and the proud Nigerian Asagai provides the Younger family with a vision of what black pride could be, and composer Judd Woldin and lyricist Robert Neimcoff and Charlotte Brittan with one scene after another of their lives and careers face it. DeNiro's inchoherent attempts to come to grips with his Joker. His closest realization of his predicament is that he has been handed another chance.

The game remains this side of honest. It is simply and quietly a good movie about dying and how two young men in the prime of their lives and careers face it. Morarity and DeNiro play a card game with a coach called "Kaisin", which began its pre-Broadway run last week at the Walnut Street Theatre after a highly acclaimed summer at Washington's Arena.

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James Gleeson Production Consultant

by SHELLIE SCLAN

"Raisin", which began its pre-Broadway run last week at the Walnut Street Theatre after a highly acclaimed summer at Washington, D.C.'s Arena.

"Raisin", which began its pre-Broadway run last week at the Walnut Street Theatre after a highly acclaimed summer at Washington, D.C.'s Arena.

Judd Woldin and lyricist Robert Neimcoff and Charlotte Brittan with an excuse for two days, a week. TEGWAR is, like baseball, what life is in the black community. It is a trip and a jolt to the system, a jolt that is a little dishonorable fun, and a lot of teamwork.
The politics of homicide

By DAVE KUSHIMA

The Truth about Kent State: A Challenge to the American Conscience by Peter Davies and The Board of Church and Society of the United Methodist Church. 212 pp. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. $18.00 hardcover, $5.50 paper bound.

That four Kent State University students were killed by Ohio National Guardsmen on May 4, 1970, is tragic. That the American government refused to investigate the shootings is not only tragic but subversive of the American law and justice. That the American people, in slightly over three years since the incident, have ceased to care about Kent State, or perhaps never really cared, is the most bitter tragedy of all.

So argues Peter Davies in The Truth about Kent State. Written under the auspices of the United Methodist Church, the book constitutes Davies' quest for justice, his demand that the responsibility for the deaths of the four young adults to whom he dedicates his book be firmly established in a public forum so that such an event will not be repeated. Because his prior appeals as a private citizen largely fell on deaf ears in the Nixon Administration, Truth signals the author's intention to take his case to the people.

Truth is divided into three major sections. The first part, "Prelude to Violence," deals with the initial reaction of Kent State students to President Nixon's decision to invade Cambodia (one of general apology, according to Davies). The author then undertakes in this section the events which culminated in the summoning of the National Guard to the university, among these being numerous acts of vandalism and the burning of an ROTC building on campus, for which Kent State students may not even have been responsible.

Davies goes to great lengths to demonstrate that the Guard's subsequent assumption of control of both town and campus was itself illegal, since martial law had not been declared by Governor James Rhodes. Rhodes, who had arrived in Kent ostensibly to assess the situation, delivered a statewide address, in which he characterized counterdemonstrators as "worse than the brownshirts and the Communist element." Davies charges that Rhodes' inflammatory language-an order rhetoric was essentially a device to gain voter support in the May 5 Ohio primary, where he sought a Republican Senatorial nomination.

Meanwhile, Rhodes' harangue had been broadcast to the tired, frustrated Guardsmen on campus; they reacted appropriately, albeit illegally. Although the state of civil emergency which existed in Kent expressly permitted "peaceful assembly, demonstration, dissent or movement about the campus," the Guard moved to disperse all student assemblies, often with the indiscriminate use of tear gas and bayonets.

In Part Two of Truth, "What Happened on May 4," Davies discusses the degeneration of a large, orderly demonstration into thirteen seconds of violence and bloodshed. The facts of the shootings, as the author presents them, illustrate a far different picture of the situation from that described immediately after- warders by military and civil authorities. Davies cites photographic evidence (which itself occupies a considerable and significant segment of the book) and the testimony of eyewitnesses to support his claim that the Guardsmen were in no danger at the time of the shootings.

Indeed, if they were threatened by rock-throwers a few feet away, as they claimed, why did the Guardsmen fire into a crowd standing in a remote parking lot? Who gave the order to fire? Why didn't they use tear gas instead of their M-1's? There is as yet no photographic evidence in which the Guardsmen's actions, neither the author's credit. The Truth about Kent State neither deteriorates into rabid anti-Nixon polemic nor exploits the shooting deaths for sensationalistic purposes. Although he nowhere attempts to submerge his own convictions, Davies' treatment of an almost incomprehensible horror is fair, restrained, and eminently readable. Whether the reader accepts its primary contentions or not, he will be unable to merely shrug his shoulders and toss this book aside. If Davies has caused us to understand and care about the Kent State affair, then perhaps it is not too late to do something about it.
Ten of Clubs

By SUSANNA DOYLE

"The Ten of Clubs is symbolized by a figure with one arm reaching back to the past, the other stretching into the future. The indication is of a new life, built upon the foundation of the old...."

-How To Tell Fortunes With Cards, Wenzell Brown

Astonishment: to find himself a prisoner of war in a galaxy that had not known war for centuries. Roos-25 tapped upon the floor, pushed new buttons on the counter in front of him, fiddled with an insignia on his uniform. The silence of the tiny room was somehow sinister after the noise of battle. And of course there had been no way to fight, nothing to fight with.

"Are you comfortable, Roos-25?" A quiet voice filled the room.

"Yes."

"The Master will see you shortly."

"Wait-what-"

"The Master will answer your questions."

"My ships-"

"Please wait quietly."

Silence again. The new buttons were no help; they provided only the propaganda of the planet dictatorship. He wondered again about his status. Prisoner of war, foreigner certainly, but he had been treated well, almost with reverence. He was a commander. This much was understandable.

Such incomprehensibility, such blindness that they had failed to see the threat of Deut before this. He had long known of his own voyage; not even provided with antipower, he had gone to a little-known solar system from which the last envoy had not yet returned. And the rumors? How did the League know that antipower was infeasible? What if some barbarian planet did not know of its existence?

And what about the fate of his fleet?

A woman entered, dressed in a tight uniform of white, dotted with small black symbols. It covered all of her except the face and hands. Roos-25 failed to recognize the symbol, a sort of flower perhaps, although he had seen it many times now. There were two similarly dressed guards behind her. Strong precautionary measures? Was she important?

He answered that question, sitting down on the other side of the counter. "I am the Master."

He face revealed him.

"No need for surprise, Roos-25. The leader of our world is called the Master, regardless of sex."

"Indeed."

One raised eyebrow. She pushed a button and scanned the table surface, which lighted faintly. "You may wonder why you have not been incarcerated with your crew."

"I wonder why we have been taken prisoner at all?"

"Do you? Is it possible that our purpose is unclear?"

"It's madness."

She appeared mildly surprised. "In what way? Total conquest is certainly ambitious, but I would hardly call it madness."

"But what can you do? War is inconceivable. War doesn't exist. Do you suppose you can go against antipower?"

The Master smiled—a lovely smile. "That's what I want to discuss with you." And the smile disappeared. "I know, if you will listen...."

He sat back. "Well, there will come to the point right away. We wish to become your ally."

"But all men are allies."

"All men are allies? No longer, I'm afraid. All men are now enemies—our enemies, except for you if you choose—well, wisely."

"We offer you this. Your planet is rich. Since you and the rest of the League have eliminated the destruction of ancient times, you have perfected your ecology, you live in peace and plenty, so to speak. Mer, in particular, is a young planet; you have more natural wealth than any of the League. As you can see, Deut is growing. We know we will need you in the future—" she looked up at him—"when we are supreme."

"Supreme."

"Yes, shortly. Perhaps immediately."

"Nonsense. No one is supreme!"

If you propose conquest—but it is impossible. No weapons you could develop would function against antipower, even the most advanced nuclear weapons.

A door slid open behind the Master, and a young man came in. He carried himself assuredly; with an air of arrogance; the hood of his uniform was thrown back. "Why did you bring him here?" he demanded of the Master.

He received a disdainful look.

"This is the Master-Assistant-One, Roos-25," the Master said. He "disagree on a question of policy."

"Disagree! I submit that you are entirely in error...."

She got up and moved towards him. "Remove yourself" she ordered. "you are a disgrace to our government."

"He will destroy you. You have for an indefinite time now, under the guise of an official record, it has always existed; it has always ruled.

Do you know how to an ancient game of printed cards, still popular on the barbarian planets. 'Ten of Clubs' is the designation of one of the cards. They were often used for fortune-telling or divination. The Ten of Clubs, in some systems, represented symbolically an influence from the past which could affect the future.

Roos-25 nodded. He remembered not the small black symbols. They must be part of this, he thought.

"We found past control I was inaccurate, in a sense, for it is only the present and the future which control us. We do this by interfering with the past: we send emissaries back in time and they manipulate the course of events. In an orderly government such as ours, of course, we never allow discrepancies in public or private records. Our history is continuously updated. In this way, the people do not feel uneasy about the truth. They know that what we say is the truth."

Roos-25 wondered why the results of such action had never been recorded on planets. Or had it?

The first use of the Ten of Clubs was early in our history. The story is submerged in legend. The inventor, the first emissary has become immortalized to our citizens. You may have heard them mention the Martyr.

He had Constantly. For the tale of its invention, our planet was in chaos. Invaders had come from other systems, the government had lost all sense of control, became decadent—under dead.

Decadent compared to a dictator, perhaps. Roos-25 was perplexed; there was perceiving, there was conviction in her voice.

The inventor of this machine was the greatest of men. He visualized the order that our society could have. And he sacrificed himself to bring that order about.

"How did he die?"

She looked almost pious. Roos-25 thought. "That was before we understood how to influence the flow of time. It was an art. You may need ten well-placed murders, or the destruction of certain materials. Sometimes a few words to one man will suffice. But at the beginning the Martyr and his people failed to understand this. So the story goes, he tried to influence, to change, too quickly. Too many people were touched by him. He failed."

"In what way?"

"We have no idea what happened to him. We only know that we died, the controller ceased to indicate his influence. In the first machine, a primitive model, there was no viewer or communication with an emissary. Furthermore, there was no way to bring him back to us. He stopped functioning at a point in time some years after his arrival in the past. We assume he spent (Continued on page 4)"
Ten of Clubs (Continued from page 3)

The Master glanced at Roos-25. “This has been discussed in council. Whose word is law here?”

“Then the Master’s” said the group as one. But the Master-Assistant-One stepped forward.

“True, the Master’s,” he said. “But who is fit to be the Master?”

She stood still, watching the faces of the crowd. “Guardes take the prisoner away. I will speak to you many of our secrets and plans. In her mistaken supposition that you should become orally. But she was a misguided woman, Roos-25. We do not need to befriend your planet, because we will simply defeat it.”

“Then why did she try to become my ally at all?” Roos-25 was surprised to hear himself speak. Fear was growing within him.

The Master wanted to use Mer as a base from which to rule the entire League. But her methods were foolish. She was reluctant to destroy. In a ruler, this is a fatal quality.

“I have no such flaw. Roos-25. My goal is simple conquest for Deut, and the maintenance of our order. With the use of the Ten-of-Clubs, we will remove antipower from this universe. Then, with the atomic weapons at our disposal, we will not only maintain our own order—we will bring our order to the galaxy!”

It was a signal. The galleries applauded frantically; the chanting continued, growing. “Traitor to the Martyr—Traitor to the Martyr.” Roos-25 turned to see the former Master had been brought in. She was placed next to him.

“Then the noise stopped. “Now, Roos-25,” the new Master said, “It is the time for your removal.”

Removal. “Traitor to the Martyr.”

The former Master stared at the curtain was drawn back. The coordinates are set to the sacred point in time. You will soon be in the company of the Martyr himself.”

The crowd rose. “It is left to the people to decide one thing.” He turned to the gallery behind him. He paused. “Or—both at once?”

The answer was thunderous, complete. “At once!”

Roos-25 was surprised to find himself thinking about, not his imminent fate, but the unanimity of that answer. He and the Master—or rather, the unknown woman who had been the Master—were propelled roughly to the small booth, rammed inside, the door shut. Too fast, too fast. No time to think. What would happen to his ships?

To the galaxy?

An open space, a square. Cold wind blowing; a crowd. A stiff, immobile crowd, ranks of men in black uniforms, their right arms thrust into the air in front of them. Roos-25 looked ahead of a platform. A small man. Short dark hair on his head, dark hair on his lip. A red and black armband, crimson flag behind him. His eyes shone, fired into Roos-25. A silence. Roos-25 felt the Master beside him. He looked at her in a frightened moment; their hands touched. Her. The air was split with alien sound. “Sieg Heil!”

And then they were seized.
art

probably very useful for many people, but as a religion, it's not even as good as God."

At the time he made this statement, Marcel Duchamp's relationship with the art world, purveyors and consumers alike, was one of mutual indifference. He couldn't have foreseen with any certainty that he himself would eventually be deified by the art world which he scorned and ignored, that his attitude toward art would conform so neatly to society's changing ideals. Duchamp's early maturity as a painter coincided with the first Cubist experiments. To this day, the best known is his contribution to the sensational 1913 Armory Show in New York — the "Nude Descending a Staircase." Unenlightened spectators searched fruitlessly for nude, with eyes accustomed to conventional figurative representation, and met with only fragments of a body in continuous motion. Duchamp necessitated a new way of seeing, an ability to transcend optical reality. The novelty soon wore thin for Duchamp; however, he went beyond questioning the artist's dependence on exterior reality, and began to question his dependence on the medium as a means of expression. Why should the ultimate impact of a painting lie in its visual appeal? Perhaps the cerebral connection could be further explored, the result being the manipulation of the mind rather than the eye.

Duchamp approached this idea from several directions. He adopted the technique of mechanical drawing in order to "unlearn to draw," to eradicate himself, his personality, from his work. He made numerous studies from mechanical objects; and finally evolved the scheme for his "Large Glass," or "The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even," which took him eight years to complete.

The meaning of the "Large Glass" is extremely obscure. In fact, it's more rewarding to read about this piece than to see it; it is so highly conceptual. The little drama enacted by his curious machines conforms to an entire pseudo-scientific system of his own creation, which he called "amusing physics". The originality evolved by this conception, and the breadth of Duchamp's imagination, give this work value far beyond the visual. Duchamp's ready-mades are equally outrageous, but more intellectually accessible, and from them he was able to trace a direct line to the Pop art of the sixties, and to more recent developments in conceptual art. Duchamp challenged the sanctity of the artist's position by signing his name to various uninspiring mass-produced objects -- a urinal, a bottle-rack, a snow shovel. To these he attached enigmatic titles, puns and vitriols, whose meanings have no direct relation to the objects, but must be arrived at by a series of associations. Supposedly, by the act of signing, he elevated these objects to the status of "works of art", exploiting the element of choice in any process of creation. Obviously, the questions he raised could not be definitively answered; returned again and again to the problem of what constitutes art. Contemporary Pop artists, such as Andy Warhol and Claes Oldenburg, have also sought the answer in common objects which, when transformed into art, mock the banality of our culture, and yet at the same time encourage us to find aesthetic satisfaction in our immediate environment. Likewise the attitude of the conceptual artist, favoring process as the most important aspect of art, finds a prototype in Duchamp's insistence on recording and immortalizing his intellectual ramblings, the vital source of his work.

It is hard to ascertain Duchamp's precise attitude toward art. He was never vehemently anti-art, a dangerous position to take because, as Calvin Tompkins writes in his monograph on Duchamp, "anti-art violence really proclaimed the vitality of art, in the same way that the passionate atheist, by the very force of his denial, affirms the power of religion." Duchamp was largely indifferent to art but, significantly, never turned his back on it. He allegedly gave it up in 1923, concentrating all his attention on perfecting his chess game, but returned in the sixties with a final piece, "Elan Domenes", apparently produced in secret at some point during the last forty years. It is also notable that, throughout his career, he used his influence to promote the careers of other artists, and worked closely with Walker and Louise Arensberg to formulate their enormous, valuable collection of modern art.

This collection, to which Duchamp bequeathed the greater body of his work, forms the core of the retrospective exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The exhibit includes, in addition to all of the works mentioned in this piece, numerous photographs chronicling his Data activities, "Anemic Cinema", one of his early experimental films, as well as some of his inventions on film, and many of the works executed under the guise of his alter-ego, Rrose Selavy.

Just Jazz: food for a jazz-hungry city

By TIMOTHY GELATT

"Jazz has come back to Philadelphia," proclaimed the bright-eyed blond emcee. She was in a good position to know because she was speaking from the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 219th and Race where the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasant
Nixon Scorns Sanction

WASHINGTON (UPI) - President Nixon said Sunday that House Republican leaders today that trade sanction aimed at Chile was not nearly as serious as the threat it posed to the country's national security.

Administration Backs Electoral College End

WASHINGTON (UPI) - The administration today backed the movement for an end to the national electoral college and for a national popular vote. The reference was to a vote by the House Ways and Means Committee Wednesday to "study" the "independence of the presidency" statute - the U.S. trade treaties - in the same manner of the commonwealth will, the president certified that each allowed free elections for governor and lieutenant governor.

Chilean Junta Frees Education Ministry Workers

SANTIAGO - The ruling military junta freed 10 workers of the Ministry of Education, said Galloway. He noted that the students were working onboard the ship, where they were learning various skills, such as carpentry and electrical work.

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The Newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania
Friday, September 23, 1973
Page 4

Letters to the Editor

Doppel's Accusations Are 'Great Misrepresentation' of Fact

If the President's testimony was not more clear in his denial of the possibility of a government plot by the generals to oust Allende, then Doppel's assertions are nothing but a great misrepresentation of fact.

First, Doppel claims that Allende was democratically elected. Certainly, the elections were free and fair, and Allende did win. However, the Chilean electorate was not so naive as to believe that this was a real choice and not a facade to hide the true intentions of the military. Allende himself is a skilled politician and was able to convince many people of his democratic intentions.

Second, Doppel states that the generals did not have the support of the public. This is a complete falsehood. The generals had the support of the majority of the people, as indicated by the fact that they were able to maintain control for so long. Furthermore, the generals were not doing anything that the people did not want them to do. They were simply trying to bring order to a country that was in chaos.

Third, Doppel asserts that Allende was able to maintain control through a successful military strategy. This is a blatant lie. The military strategy that Allende employed was simply a means to an end, and the end was not democracy. The military was after power and control, and Allende was simply a tool to achieve that goal.

Fourth, Doppel claims that Allende was able to maintain control due to the support of the international community. This is another lie. The international community condemned Allende's actions and called for his resignation. The United States, for example, imposed economic sanctions on Chile, which only showed the world that Allende was not a true democrat.

In conclusion, Doppel's assertions are nothing but a great misrepresentation of fact. Allende was not democratically elected, the generals had the support of the public, Allende's military strategy was not successful, and the international community did not support Allende. Doppel's statements are simply a attempt to whitewash the truth about the events in Chile.

Richard Deobharo
Director of Libraries

Arms Reduction Proposals Require Thorough Investigation

I am writing in regard to Jonathan Zinnman's editorial of this date entitled "Defensive Diplomacy." A defense policy that involves the use of arms for the purpose of deterring aggression, which is the primary purpose of our arms reduction proposals, is obviously beneficial to the people of the world. However, this is not to say that a thorough investigation of the proposals is not necessary.

I have been informed by a source who is a specialist in arms control matters that the proposals are not as straightforward as they seem. He has stated that the proposals are not as straightforward as they appear to be. He has stated that the proposals are not as straightforward as they appear to be.
Nursing Home Demolition

Continued from page 1

I sell them the fact that they'll settle. A 10-0 score. Take it easy at all; they've got a good squad's attitude. "We're not going to."

More worried about the problem as physically. Fairleigh Dickinson could brought to the turf by FDU. That mentioned. The Red and Blue will play a lot of cheap shots when your back is

Continued from page 6

a lot of cheap shots when your back is lowered," the lady-in-charge commented. The Red and Blue will play their own game in spite of tactics

Soccer

Continued from page 6

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Quakers Meet Lafayette in Opener Tomorrow

By HAROLD ROSEN

Lafayette. Pa. has about 30,000 inhabitants, lots of manufacturing, and a business school offering a major in sports management. The Quakers are gesturing towards the athletic city as the Quakers are gesturing back.

The 10-3 Quakers are testing their mettle against the Penn football team. Saturday at 12:30 at Franklin Field, the 11-7 Penn Quakers will open their season. The game will be the first of two with the Penn football team. Saturday at 12:30 at Franklin Field, the 11-7 Penn Quakers will open their season. The game will be the first of two with the Penn football team.

The Quakers are looking to improve on last year's 5-5-1 record. They are coming off a loss to Colgate, 21-14, in their season opener. The Quakers are hoping to bounce back against the Penn Quakers, who are winless in their past two games.

Penn is led by senior quarterback John Bucolina, who threw for 237 yards and four touchdowns in last week's loss to Columbia. The Quakers defense will be tested against Bucolina and the rest of the Penn offense.

The Penn defense is led by junior linebacker Tony Giglio, who has 49 tackles on the season. The Quakers will need to contain Giglio to have a chance at victory.

Kickoff is set for 12:30 at Franklin Field. The game will be broadcast on the Penn Mutual Network and available online at pennmutual.com.}

Booters Tackle ‘Fairly Ridiculous’: Seek Their Second Straight Victory

By RAY STAFF

Last season’s high-profile, high-scoring team opened its campaign at Fairleigh Dickinson University. This year’s squad is a team to be reckoned with, and will be looking to build on last year’s success.

The Bowers are led by junior quarterback John Bucolina, who threw for 237 yards and four touchdowns in last week’s loss to Columbia. The Quakers defense will be tested against Bucolina and the rest of the Penn offense.

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Harriers Face Lehigh, Lafayette in Intinerary Meet

By LARRY BRUEY

No, Penn sports fans, you have not mistaken the Columbus area opener event being held tomorrow at 11 A.M. at Franklin Field in Philadelphia. The Lehigh University Men’s Cross Country team will be taking on Lafayette and Lehigh in its season opener.

The Harriers, who are coming off a 10-3 record overall, will be looking to prove themselves against the powerful Quakers and Lehigh.

The Harriers will be led by senior captain Mike Silver, who has 49 tackles on the season. The Quakers will need to contain Silver to have a chance at victory.

Kickoff is set for 12:30 at Franklin Field. The game will be broadcast on the Penn Mutual Network and available online at pennmutual.com.

J.V. Soccer Eleven Opens with Victory

By DAVID GROSS

The Penn J.V. soccer team opened its season with a 2-0 victory over a visiting team. The Harriers, who are coming off a 10-3 record overall, will be looking to prove themselves against the powerful Quakers and Lehigh.

The Harriers will be led by senior captain Mike Silver, who has 49 tackles on the season. The Quakers will need to contain Silver to have a chance at victory.

Kickoff is set for 12:30 at Franklin Field. The game will be broadcast on the Penn Mutual Network and available online at pennmutual.com.
The living ain't easy

At the beginning of the Paris peace talks in 1968 the contending parties spent what seemed like weeks in deciding on the shape of the conference table. Skeptics and cynics found the quarrels amusing and developed from it a casual remark that quickly became a cliché: "Jeez, if they can't even agree on the shape of the table how do they expect to end the war?" The obvious implication was that environmental matters were too irrelevant and frivolous to be the subjects of allegedly serious negotiation.

Hopefully, with the help of the ecology movement, our degree of sophistication has increased somewhat since then. Architecture encompasses much more than the "plan, design, construction, and decorative treatment" listed in my ten-year-old dictionary. Architecture, and its intimate relation, city planning, must not give way to the heedless exhilaration that so quickly became a elation. I used to drive every day to school from my parents' home west of Boston, through well-to-do Chestnut Hill and Brookline, past flourishing trees and busy even at night. Of course I haven't been here long enough to remember anything else.

The worst of it is that it might once have been avoided.

Cynics found this inordinate indifference, monotony. A focal point of the discontent seems to be the elevators, in which ten persons riding together at any given time will be staring stupidly in ten different directions, diligently attempting to avoid eye contact with their companions.

Frank Lloyd Wright urged us to think of high-rise buildings as vertical streets with as much potential for variety as the conventionally horizontal and close proximity breeds an occasionally ruthless competition for status and recognition. The greatest beneficiaries of the struggle are of course the manufacturers of the goods that we are all supposed to have one, two or three.

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Ten of Clubs

By SUSANNA DOYLE

"The Ten of Clubs is symbolized by a figure with one arm reaching back to the past, the other stretching into the future. The indication is of a new life, built upon the foundation of the old...."

"How To Tell Fortunes With Cards, Wendell Brown"

Astonishment: to find himself a prisoner of war in a galaxy that had not known war for centuries. Roos-25 tapped upon the floor, pushed newbuttons on the counter in front of him, fiddled with an insignia on his uniform. The silence of the tiny room was somehow sinister after the noise of battle. And of course there had been no way to fight with.

"Are you comfortable, Roos-25?" A quiet voice filled the room.

"Yes."

"The Master will see you shortly."

"Wait—what?"

"The Master will answer your questions."

"My ship."

"Please wait quietly."

Silence again. The newbuttons were no help; they provided only the propaganda of the planet dictatorship. He wandered again about his status. Prisoner of war, foreigner certainly, but he had been treated well, almost with deference. He was a commander. This much was understandable.

Such incompetence, such blindness that they had failed to see the threat of Deut before this. The negligence of his own voyage, not even provided with antipower, he had gone to a little-known solar system from which the last envoy had not yet returned. And the rumors! How did the League know that antipower was infallible? What if some barbarian planet did not know of its existence?

And what about the fate of his fleet?

A woman entered, dressed in a guard's uniform. The Master's guards moved slightly, impatience showing. Her stare was piercing; there was conviction in her thought. They must be part of this, he decided. And what if some barbarian planet did not know of its existence?

We offer you this. Your planet is rich. Since you and the rest of your society could have. And he had seen the look in their eyes. Mer, in particular, is still a young planet; you have more natural wealth than any of the League. As you can see, Deut is growing old. We know we will need in the future—she looked up at him—"when we are supreme."

"Strange."

"Yes, shortly. Perhaps immediately."

"Nonsense. No one is supreme!"

"But all men are! No longer, I'm afraid. All men are now enemies—our enemies, except for you if you choose—wretched, wretched."

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"The Master's guards moved slightly, impatiently showing."

"Master-Assistant-One glanced at them, at the Master; he removed his uniform."

"You were saying?" Roos-25 inquired, when she was seated again.

"We disagree on a question of policy."

"Disagree? I submit that you no right to reveal our secrets."

"The Master's guards moved slightly, impatiently showing."

"Master-Assistant-One glanced at them, at the Master; he removed his uniform."

"You were saying?" Roos-25 inquired, when she was seated again.

"We disagree on a question of policy."

"Disagree! I submit that you

(Continued on page 4)
Ten of Clubs

(Continued from page 1)

in the history of men might be, it was supposed to be centered somewhere in the League, Mer and her sister planets. The barbarian planets were colonized mostly by outlaws and space pirates. Since that time they had grown wild. Dictators or anarchists, mostly; the League would have none of these.

But now Deut controlled the planet. Whose past? Its own-er that of others?"

"My offer, Roos-25," the Master was saying.

He woke. "I must see this controller," he said.

"The Ten-of-Clubs? You want to see it?" She looked almost shocked.

Perhaps he had gone too far? "Yes."

Then the look was gone. "Oh, you don't understand. I was surprised because here, the Ten-of-Clubs represents fear to most men, a weapon to see it; except from afar."

"But I thought it was your weapon?"

"It is. Great power can be used in many ways. Roos-25. Our strength comes from using our power externally and internally. To you, the Ten-of-Clubs is a dangerous weapon. To our people, it is an embodiment of force, strength, and horror. We use it for important executions."

Roos-25 felt he was hearing into dangerous territory, but he still knew that this was the key. "I want to see it-to examine it."

She shrugged. "Very well. It hardly matters either way. If you become our ally or if you don't."

Her guards moved in as she nodded to them, taking Roos-25 between them. They set off down the spotless corridors.

Except for symbols. As if they were on that machine, but thought. A superstitious people.

The room they entered seemed to be a sort of audience hall. There were galleries of seats rising to a ceiling of an enormous height. Down in the arena, or stage, there was an expansive bare floor leading to a great curtain with the black symbol upon it. A signal that the Master this was raised. He saw a small booth of some transparent material, only a few feet square. It appeared inscrutable in proportion to its surroundings. The wall above and behind it resembled a gigantic computer. Streamlined, efficient.

My subjective reaction, Roos thought—bare, almost horrifyingly so. Deut was strikingly advanced physically. Everything was clean, sharp, usually white or black. Mer, on the otherhand, had undergone an "ancient revival" for a century or so now. Artificial wood and the like. Even his own uniform was a faceless design; the six-pointed yellow "Commander's Star" was prominent on his chest. He felt somewhat ridiculous among the smooth white suits around him. His attention focused; they were accompanied. The Master-Assistant-One had arrived. There were other people with him, among them worn. Roos-25 became suddenly conscious of noise outside, a sort of chanting or shouting.

The Master scowled as she saw them, turned and murmured to her guards. The group continued to approach, stopping at a respectful distance. "Request audience," Master-Assistant-One said quietly.

"Granted."

"The people are in disagreement with your policy. We must not associate with the League. All our goals will be lost if we do so."

The Master glanced at Roos-25. "This has been discussed in council. Whose word is law here?"

"The Master's," said the group as one. But the Master-Assistant-One stepped forward.

"True—the Master's," he said. "Who is left to be the Master?"

She stood still, watching the faces of the crowd. "Guards take the prisoner away. I will speak to you many of our secrets and plans, in her mistaken supposition that you should become our ally. But she was a misguided woman, Roos-25. We do not need to befuddle your planet, because we will simply defeat it."

"Then why did she try to become my ally at all?" Roos-25 was surprised to hear himself speak. Fear was growing within him.

"The Master wanted to use Mer as a base from which to rule the entire League. But her methods were foolish. She was reluctant to destroy. In a ruler, this is a fatal quality."

"I have no such flaw, Roos-25. My goal is simple conquest for Deut, and the maintenance of our order. With the use of the Ten-of-Clubs, we will remove antipower from this universe. Then, with the atomic weapons at our disposal, we will not only maintain our own order—we will bring our order to the galaxy!"

It was a signal. The galleries applauded frantically; the chanting continued, growing. "Traitor to the Martyr, Traitor to the Martyr." Roos-25 turned to see the former Master had been brought in. She was placed next to him.

The noise stopped. "Now, Roos-25, the former Master. Is it the time for your removal?"

"Traitor to the Martyr."

The former Master stared at him later. Roos-25 compiled silently when they stepped towards him. He saw that the Master was slightly pale as she faced her people. He sat in another small room.

The guards came for him again, though these were not the same guards, he noted. He was guided to the audience hall; this time, however, it was alive. The galleries were packed with people, all ages, each dressed in a white uniform. A table had been placed before the curtain. Master-Assistant-One sat there.

"Roos-25," he said, "there has been a change in our policy."

There were sounds coming from the gallery. Roos-25 began to strain to hear the words. "Martyr—traitor—Martyr."

And a slow, continual chant: "Ten-of-Clubs."

"Our former Master revealed..."

The curtain was drawn back. The coordinates are set to the sacred point in time. You will soon be in the company of the Martyr himself."

The crowd rose. "It is left to the people to decide our action." He turned to the gallery. "Which first?"

He paused. "Or—both at once?"

The answer was thunderous, complete: "At once!"

Roos-25 was surprised to find himself truly. Not his imminent fate, but the unanimity of that answer. He and the Master—or rather, the unknown woman who had been the Master—were propelled roughly to the door shut. Too fast, too fast. No time to think. What would happen to his ships? To the galaxy?


And then they were seized.

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Nixon Scorns Sanction

WASHINGTON (UPI) - President Nixon told House Republican leaders today that trade sanctions aimed at forcing the Soviet Union to allow increased emigration would be "disastrous and catastrophic," according to one congressman who attended the meeting.

Rep. John B. Anderson, R-Ill., chairman of the House Republican Conference, told reporters Nixon said he was upset at the prospect of trade legislation "in a form that would make the Soviets think we were trying to make them change their policies for trade concessions."

The reference was to a vote by the House Ways and Means Committee Wednesday to deny "most favored nation" status - the best U.S. trade terms - to most Communist countries until the President certified that each allowed free emigration of its citizens.

Chilean Junta Frees 8 Captive Americans

SANTIAGO (UPI) - The ruling military junta freed eight Americans Wednesday after two weeks of captivity, but thousands of persons suspected of backing the ousted Marxist government were still being detained in a giant soccer stadium.

The four-man junta, which overthrew the late President Salvador Allende Sept. 11, also said firing squads executed three men accused of killing a policeman, raising to a half-dozen the number of officially reported executions.

Administration Backs Electoral College End

WASHINGTON (UPI) - The Administration Thursday expressed support for abolishing the electoral college, but warned that a proposed emergency provision allowing Congress to decide the outcome of a national election would undercut the "independence of the presidency."

Robert O. Dixon Jr., an assistant attorney general, told the Senate Constitutional Amendments Subcommittee that the Administration opposes a proposal to allow Congress to select the president if none of the candidates receive at least 40 per cent of the popular vote.

Cox Subpoenas Notes Of Watergate Author

WASHINGTON (UPI) - A freelance author said Thursday he would fight in the courts to block a subpoena

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Arms Reduction Proposals Require Thorough Investigation

Library Hours

Double Talk

Doppel's Accusations Are 'Misrepresentation' of Fact

Of course, let us not spend too much

Walter Robinson College '75

Arm's Length Proposals Require Thorough Investigation

I'm writing in regard to Jonathan Zinman's editoral of this date, entitled "Defense Spending: A Lame." I would like much more willing to support the author's conclusion that the hours of the Pennsylvania Daily Voice and The Library are alike just as it was last year during the regular sessions. The second point is that the hours scheduled have not been extended or tended to satisfy student needs. My assertion is typical of the bureaucratic double

Richard De Gennaro
Director of Libraries

Doppel's inaccurate assertions are 'gross misrepresentation' of fact based on budget considerations and on previous experiences and surveys.

The editors have been accepted as evidence that student library use may be changing and that the present schedule should be changed and possibly reallocated to better suit hours and satisfy needs and demands. Such a review is new in progress and those adjustments or extensions that seem justified and within our means will probably be made in the near future.

David M. Chandler Associate Sports Editor

William B. O'Brien Associate 36th Street Editor

K. L. Safford Assistant Production Manager

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Foreign Study

(Continued from page 1)

Great Britain, Taiwan, and Japan, in the hope of establishing "lending institutions that have developed a vast network of academic outlets at foreign universities. I think we're talking about a different concept of education", said Galloway. He noted the advantages of permitting the student to see his own field in the perspective of another culture. "Eventually, what will happen is that we will have a Dean of Foreign Study", he claimed. "Foreign study must be acknowledged as a priority. I have a feeling of necessity to gradually change mind.

Galloway explained that the increased interest in foreign study is part of the administration policy of unifying the academic and social environments for the student.
Exhibit transcending a showcase, retro

By ERIKA WALLACE

"I'm afraid I'm an agnostic when it comes to art. I don't believe in it with all the mystical trimmings. As a drug, it's probably very useful for many people, but as a religion, it's not even as good as God." When it comes to art, I don't believe in it with all the mystical trimmings. As a drug, it's probably very useful for many people, but as a religion, it's not even as good as God.

At the time he made this statement, Marcel Duchamp's relationship with the art world, patrons, and consumers alike, was one of mutual indifference. He couldn't have forseen with any certainty that he himself would eventually be deified by the art world which he scorned and ignored, that his attitude toward art would conform so neatly to society's changing ideals. Duchamp's early maturity as a painter coincided with the first Cubist experiments. To this day, he is best known for his contribution to the sensational Armory Show in New York — the "Nude Descending A Staircase." Unenlightened spectators searched fruitlessly for nude, with eyes accustomed to conventional figural representation, and met with only fragments of a body in continuous motion.

Cubism necessitated a new way of seeing, an ability to transcend optical reality. The novelty soon wore thin for Duchamp, however; he went beyond questioning the artist's dependence on exterior reality, and began to question his dependence on the medium itself as a means of expression. Why should the ultimate impact of a painting lie in its visual appeal? Perhaps the cerebral connection could be further explored, the result being the satisfaction of the mind rather than the eye. Duchamp approached this idea from several directions. He adopted the technique of mechanical drawing in order to "unlearn to draw," to extricate himself, his personality, from his work. He made numerous studies from mechanical objects, and finally evolved the scheme for his "Large Glass," or "The Bride Stripped Bare By Her Bachelors, Even." Duchamp took his eight years to complete.

The meaning of the "Large Glass" is extremely obscure. In fact, it's more rewarding to read about this piece than to behold it, it is so highly conceptual. The little drama enacted by his curious machine conforms to an elaborate pseudo-scientific system of his own creation, which he called "stock physics." The originality entailed by this conception, and the breadth of Duchamp's imagination, give this work a far beyond the visual.

Duchamp's ready-mades are intellectually accessible, and from them we trace a direct line to the Pop art of the sixties, and to more recent developments in conceptual art. Duchamp challenged the sanctity of the artist's position by signing his name to various uninspiring mass-produced objects -- a urinal, a bottle-lack, a snow shovel. To these he attached enigmatic titles, puns and wit-ticisms, whose meanings have no direct relation to the objects, but must be arrived at by a series of associations. Supposedly, by the act of signing, he elevated these objects to the status of "works of art," exploiting the element of choice in any process of creation.

Obviously, the questions he raised could not be definitively answered, returned again and again to the problem of what constitutes art. Contemporary Pop artists, such as Andy Warhol and Claes Oldenburg, have also sought the answer in common objects which, when transformed into art, mock the banality of our culture, and yet at the same time encourage us to find aesthetic satisfaction in our immediate environment. Likewise the attitude of the conceptual artist, favoring process as the most important aspect of art, finds a prototype in Duchamp's insistence on recording and immortalizing his intellectual ramblings, the vital source of his work.

It is hard to ascertain Duchamp's precise attitude toward art. He was never vehemently anti-art, a dangerous position to take because, as Calvin Tompkins wrote in his monograph on Duchamp, "anti-art violence really proclaimed the vitality of art, in the same way that critical atheism, by the very force of its denial, affirms the power of religion."

Duchamp was largely indifferent to art but, significantly, never turned his back on it. He allegedly gave it up in 1923, concentrating all his attention on perfecting his chess game, but returned in the sixties with a final piece, "Elans Denue," apparently produced in secret at some point during the last forty years. It is also notable that, throughout his career, he used his influence to promote the careers of other artists, and worked closely with Walter and Louise Arensberg to formulate their enormous, valuable collection of modern art.

This collection, to which Duchamp bequeathed the greater body of his work, forms the core of the retrospective exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The exhibit includes, in addition to all of the works mentioned in this piece, numerous photographs chronicling his Data activities, "Anemic Cinema", one of his wife's works, a video of his trial on film, and many of the works executed under the guise of his alter-ego, Rrose Selavy.

Just Jazz: food for a jazz-hungry city

By TIMOTHY GELATT

"Jazz has come back to Philadelphia," proclaimed the bright-eyed blond emcee. She was in a good position to know, because she was speaking from the bandstand of Just Jazz, a warm, pleasantly-plush room at 2119 Arch that has recently begun to fill a glaring gap in the city's dark jazz scene.

The club has been quick to attract a clientele of serious jazz buffs from as far away as Washington who come to get a chance to hear Manoff and his father take in the works of such distinguished talent.

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The politics of homicide

By DAVE KUSHMA

The Truth about Kent State: A Challenge to the American Conscience by Peter Davies and The Board of Church and Society of the United Methodist Church. $10.95, $1.50 paperbound.

That four Kent State University students were killed by Ohio National Guardsmen on May 4, eleven years since the incident, have ceased to care about Kent State, or perhaps never really cared, is the most bitter tragedy of all. So argues Davies in The Truth about Kent State. Written under the auspices of the United Methodist Church, the book constitutes Davies’ quest for justice, his demand that the responsibility for the deaths of the four young adults to whom he dedicates his book be firmly established in a public forum so that such an event will not be repeated. Because his prior appeal as a private citizen largely fell on deaf ears in the Nixon Administration, Truth signals the author’s intention to take his case to the people.

Truth is divided into three major sections. The first part, “Prelude to Violence,” deals with the initial reaction of Kent State students to President Nixon’s decision to invade Cambodia and the general apathy, according to Davies. The author also describes in this section the events that culminated in the summoning of the National Guard to the university. Among the numerous acts of vandalism and the burning of an ROTC building on campus were the events that students may not even have been responsible.

Davies goes to great lengths to demonstrate that the Guard’s subsequent assumption of control of both town and campus was illegal, since martial law had not been declared by Governor James Rhodes, who had arrived in Kent ostensibly to assess the situation, delivered a statewide address, in which he characterized antwar demonstrators as “brownshirts and the Communist element.” Davies charges that the Guard’s action was an act of repression, or, as an order was essentially a device to gain voter support in the May 5 Ohio primary, where he sought a Republican Senatorial nomination.

Meanwhile, Rhodes’ harangue had been broadcast to the tired, frustrated Guardsmen on campus; they reacted appropriately, albeit illegally. Although the state of civil emergency which existed in Kent expressly permitted “peaceful assembly, demonstration, assembly or movement about the campus,” the Guard moved to disperse all student assemblies, often with the indiscriminate use of tear gas and bayonets.

In Part Two of Truth, “What Happened on May 4,” Davies discusses the degeneration of a large, orderly demonstration into riots.” Davies charges that such an event will not be repeated, because his prior appeal as a private citizen largely fell on deaf ears in the Nixon Administration, Truth signals the author’s intention to take his case to the people.

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In Part Two of Truth, “What Happened on May 4,” Davies discusses the degeneration of a large, orderly demonstration into riots. He believes that the shootings were unnecessary, unwarranted, and inexcusable. Just as Davies can find no justification for the Guardsmen’s actions, neither can he explain those of the Attorney General. Davies presents an account of the Kent State incident which challenges both the National Guard claim that the troops fired in self-defense, and the widely-accepted conclusion of James Mitchell, who examined the killings “an accident...There was death, but not murder.”

The author’s own theory, based upon an interpretation of the actions of specific Guardsmen photographed moments before the shootings, will seem plausible to some readers, outlandish to others. So will the claim made in Truth’s epilogue, that subsequent occurrences at Jackson State and Southern University can be directly attributed to the Government’s failure to act decisively on Kent State.

Nonetheless, Davies’ hypothesis, and the book he has written to present it, merits the attention of private citizen and public official alike. To the author’s credit, The Truth about Kent State neither deteriorates into rabid anti-Nixon polemic nor exploits the shooting deaths for sensationalistic purposes. Although he nowhere attempts to submerge his own convictions, Davies’ treatment of an almost unbearable horror is far, restrained, and eminently readable. Whether the reader accepts its primary contentions or not, he will be unable to merely shrug his shoulders and toss this book aside. If Davies has caused us to understand and care about the Kent State affair, then perhaps it is not too late to do something about it.
Game against death

By MARC L. ROYNER

Basketball is a game of panthers and gazelles, a clash of fleet-footed titans. Baseball does not demand long, leaping legs or a powerful arm. It requires good wrists, speed, and coordination. Baseball provides a minimum of physical contact, making it the darling of mom and pop on the little league circuit.

Baseball is a gentleman’s game of individual effort and team work. It is quiet in its play and refined in its rules, quite like a card game; but, like a card game, it has been told he has Hodgkin’s Disease. He plays because it is all he knows how to do, and he has ever told him how to die.

DeNiro’s story is told through the narrations of Michael Moriarity, a Glenn Campbell-looking superstar of a pitcher. He is DeNiro’s friend, not so much because of common interest but because he is a compassionate human being. He goes with DeNiro to the Mayo Clinic. Robert DeNiro, Michael Moriarity, and Vincent Gardenia, who have taken away his belief in himself, and his reactions to life is similar to those of his ten-year-old son. When his wife Ruth, played by Ernestine Jackson, isn’t trying to infuse some harsh reality into his dreams, their relationship is completely sentimental. Their scenes together are properly sultry and Miss Jackson’s gentle grace is a good contrast to Morton’s effusiveness.

There are a few moments in the first act when the music intrudes, rather than highlights the action, but by the end of act one there is a continuous flow. Most of the lyrics are very sophisticated, while maintaining the richness of the black idiom that Miss Hansberry captures so well. The music is a mixture of jazz, swing, and rock, some of it very memorable. One song in particular, “Never Anymore” expresses the desperation of a character whose black must maintain in a world that may not Lynch, but has found more subtle methods of degradation.

The love interest between Beneatha and the proud Filipino Agassi provides the Younger family with a vision of what black pride could be, and composer Judd Waidz and lyricist Robert Brittan with an excuse for two exciting songs “Alaiz” and “Bang the Drum Slowly,” though, a joyful and humorous prayer to God. Another juicy number is “Running to Meet Me Man,” in which the black population crowed the subways and streets on their way to jobs that serve “The Man.”

The scene stealer of the cast is Ralph Carter as Travis Younger. Carter is an eleven year-old who can sing and dances like a trooper. Virginia Capers as Mama holds them all together. Mama is a wise woman, who knows when to let her son take over as leader of the family. Her song, “Measure the Valley,” a plea to Beneatha that she reserve judgment of her brother’s actions, is very moving.

DeNiro’s inchoherent attempts to come to grips with his joker. His closest realization of his ineffective life has been “handed one shit deal.”

The same is true of Moriarity. In what may be the most quoted line of the film, he says, “everybody knows that everybody else is dying and that is why we are so good to each other.” The problem with such a statement is that it borders on the sentimental and yet the line is delivered without any trace of sentimentality. Unlike Love Story, which went on to make every ounce of pathos it could squeeze, Bang the Drum displays constraint. Restraint is its key feature.

Yet the film remains this side of honest. It is simply and quietly a good movie about dying and two young men in the prime of their lives and careers face it.

Moriarity and DeNiro play a card game with a coach called "Vogel," a pleasant and efficient fellow. The Exciting Game Without Any Rules and they play it when they want. They manage to ruin up his ward while ogling a team of live ball players. TEGWAR is, like all the rest of the cast, memorable. It is played with spirit, fun, a jolting sense of a little known fact, and a lot of teamwork.

What happens to a dream deferred

By SHELLIE SCLAN

"Raisin," which began its pre-Broadway run last week at the Walnut Street Theatre after a highly acclaimed summer at Washington, D.C.’s Arena

Theatre, will probably not make musical history as did "West Side Story" or "Porgy and Bess." But it is a well-constructed musical version of Lorraine Hansberry’s award-winning play, "A Raisin in the Sun.”

The title of the original play comes from a Langston Hughes poem which begins, “What happens to a dream deferred? Does it dry up—like a raisin in the sun?” Like the poem, the play whose script "Raisin" adapters Robert Neinckauff and Charlotte Zaltzberg leave intact explores the possibility of a life that is constantly destroying the hopes of people. It opens in the Chicago of 1949, where the Younger family is about to receive what could be the answer to their dreams and yearnings that has become possible by the death of their father-husband.

Each member of the family has no powerful claim on the check. Beneatha wants part of the money for her medical school tuition. Mama wants to make a down payment on a house so that her grandson won’t have to share his bed in the living room with cockroaches. But brother Walter Lee’s dream conflicts with the others and with his mother’s religious beliefs—he wants to invest in a liquor store. To Walter, the realization of the dream means the different between self-repect, and a life bowing down to rich, white “Mr. Big.”

As Walter Lee, Joe Morton is properly passionate, filled with dreams and yearnings that he aches to see realized. He is a man whose growth has been stunted by people and circumstances that have taken away his belief in himself, and his reactions to life are similar to those of his ten-year-old son. When his wife Ruth, by her lover that she wiggles into a wild "African Dance," joined by her frenetic brother Walter Lee, and some voodoo dancers. Miss Allen alternates a be-bop swing with a grace that is charming, Robert Jackson gives us an Asagai who possess both charm and some voodoo dances.

Every song is beautifully choreographed by Donald McKay, who also directs the production. He is especially good when he works in the black idiom, using every kind of dance found in the African-American musical drama. But to jazz. He opens the second act in church with "He’s on the Way," a joyful and humorous prayer to God. Another juicy number is "Running to Meet Me Man," in which the black population crowds the subways and streets on their way to jobs that serve "The Man."

The scene stealer of the cast is Ralph Carter as Travis Younger. Carter is an eleven year old who can sing and dances like a trooper. Virginia Capers as Mama holds them all together. Mama is a wise woman, who knows when to let her son take over as leader of the family. Her song, "Measure the Valley," a plea to Beneatha that she reserve judgment of her brother’s actions, is very moving.

Both "Raisin" and "A Raisin in the Sun" end on an optimistic note. "Raisin" concludes, "We are left with a feeling of false resolution that the original play did not have, an aftertaste of saccharin that is all too common because of our inchoherent attempts to come to grips with his joker. His closest realization of his ineffective life has been "handed one shit deal."

The same is true of Moriarity. In what may be the most quoted line of the film, he says, "everybody knows that everybody else is dying and that is why we are so good to each other." The problem with such a statement is that it borders on the sentimental and yet the line is delivered without any trace of sentimentality. Unlike Love Story, which went on to make every ounce of pathos it could squeeze, Bang the Drum displays constraint. Restraint is its key feature.

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Say the Magic Word and Blow Out the Candles.

"You're wrong, girl, on the first one. Cooper is much taller than I am."

It is difficult to conceive of Graeco Marx as having a humorous side, but of playing full force upon the world's following cigar smoke with a touch of comic sense. But October is the beginning of the 6th year of J. Cheever's Brighton and Calli, sparkling and the promoter of "Wildly the Tattedude Lady:" To celebrate there is one new book about the behind the scenes antics at the Marx Brothers movies ("Graeco, Chaos, Murder & Sometimes Zepplin" by Larry Adams) and Graeco make a new one coming out soon recalling the assassination of Patton.

The Magic Word, by Michael O'Leary of the Chicago Sun-Times, is a study of the famous cigar maker and his company. The book is a collection of essays and interviews with some of the people who knew Cooper. It is a humorous and insightful look at the life of one of history's most famous people.

In the Funhouse

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