Students, protesting suspensions of 16 fellow students on campus, Wednesday, the administration agreed to meet charges of theft and drug possession, file out of campus with students today.

Hundreds at Villanova Protest Suspension of 16 Students

By JOHN DANCEWICZ, RENEY MEYER, and BILL ELLIOTT

Hundreds of Villanova University students protested out of the University's main administrative building Wednesday and expelled after five students ordered to leave. The protesters were moved from the area by the police after the university's final deadline for paying fines passed.

At the meeting, students read the demonstration's\’ statement, including the explanation of demonstrator's rights and responsibilities, presence of a university representative, and relationship with the administration. The students said they were aware of the recent suspensions of 16 fellow students after many offices equipment and a small quantity of drugs were confiscated from their rooms. The rooms were searched over the weekend.

The demonstration is aimed at getting the students to meet with university officials about the possibility of calling in the Bardos Foundation, a student-run organization that finances the protest.

More than 100 students gathered in front of the administration building Wednesday afternoon, chanting and holding signs that read "National Student Association," "Protest," and "Free Students!" The signs were made to support the students who were expelled.

The protesters were met by University officials who said they would not agree to a meeting.

The demonstration was met with a police presence, including a police car with sirens and lights on. The protesters were told they were not allowed to stay on campus without a university permit.

A search committee established by the university's administration has recommended the expulsion of the students who were charged with violating university rules. The committee's report is expected to be released next week.

The demonstration was held in response to the recent suspensions of 16 students, who were expelled for violating the university's honor code. The students have been appealing their suspensions and have been seeking to have their cases reviewed by a university hearing board.

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News in Brief
existing international organizations.
arms and technical assistance.
cluded an independent deal with Saudi
the Arab states. France recently con-
complaining that it might antagonize
along with the heart of the agreement,
world power structure, refused to go
Hearst Says Demand 'Impossible to Meet'
father of Patricia Hearst, struggling
that he would present a counter offer
release was "impossible to meet" but
said he hoped the Symbionese Libera-
with his 56-year-old wife,
California needy.
if they had pulled it
out of the water." If they had pulled it

Watergate Burglars
Plotted Muskie Break
WASHINGTON (UPI) - The Water-
gate burglars plotted a break in
Muskie they thought would "blow him
it."

Watergate conspirators E. Howard
Hunt and G. Gordon Liddy allegedly
planned the break-in to get the in-
formation out of the safe of Las Vegas
office
an interview What I had, and it
word on Muskie," (Ireenspun said in
were turned over to the Capitol
employee last summer.

Congressman's Mail
WASHINGTON (UPI) - Postal offi-
cials have been quietly x-raying mail
since the screening started,
Congressional postal spokesmen said
Monday. Many were already dry.

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Monday, Feb. 18 7 PM
Tuesday, Feb. 19 7 PM (Callbacks)
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Join The DP and become part of the
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Irish, Bayadere, Mohair, Gitizli & Angora
Unger Nanette, Dalby, Trabon, Irish & Rya
Boreal sport, 4 ply, rawlly & baby yarns
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Letters to the Editor

Coal Mine Strike Put Into Perspective

Mr. Zinnman Wheelock, Feb. 6, writes powerful prose. Yet I cannot agree that Britain, democracy, and minority are in any way interrelated. In fact, one may argue that Britain is a democracy only in name, not in practice.

The question of whether or not the mining strike should be put into perspective is a complex one. The miners’ struggle is not just about wages; it is also about the conditions in which they work. The miners have been fighting for better working conditions for decades, and their fight continues today.

Activities Council Needs Yeas or Nays

Adams David in his Monday article on West's article on the student's perspective, he writes that "students' views matter most to us in any democratic society." I, on the other hand, believe that the voice of the student body should be heard, and that the activities council should consider the views of all students, regardless of their political affiliation.

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Calendar Revision

We are alarmed that the University is scheduled to begin classes on September 20th, which is two days late. The reason given by the university is that it is necessary to maintain a four-week break between the end of the fall semester and the beginning of the spring semester. However, we believe that this is not necessary and that the university could easily start classes on September 17th.

We are also concerned that the university has not consulted with the students before making this change. We believe that the decision should be made with the input of the students, and that the students should have a say in the matter.

I hope that the university will reconsider its decision and that it will begin classes on September 17th.
**Blakie ground at Temple**

The Audubon Society's Wildlife Film Festival begins Feb. 13. The films, which took place between 1971 and 1973, are being shown in the Paley Library, beginning Feb. 11.

There will be two very exciting performances of the Center for the Performing Arts, which opens Feb. 13-16. The first is a new production of the opera 'The Ring,' and the second is a new production of 'The Magic Flute.'

**Museums and institutions**

**Philadelphia Museum of Art**

- 24th St. at Fairmount Ave.
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- Open Tues. through Sun. 10 a.m. to 6 p.m., and Thurs. 10 a.m. to 9 p.m.

**Mother of the Nile**

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- 215. 596. 8500
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**Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts**

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- 215. 581. 8850
- Open Tues. through Sun. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**Philadelphia Art Alliance**

- 13 E. 2nd St.
- 215. 576. 2300
- Open Tues. through Sat. 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**Philadelphia College of Art**

- 1300 S. Broad St.
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The blues inside out

By GERALD EARLY

The core of modern blues music is that particular style of blues music performing called "the Chicago Blues." The famous names associated with this particular style include Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Sunny Boy Williamson, and Johnny Shines. But undoubtedly the most important exponent of Chicago blues is a man named Willie Dixon. Dixon, although not noted as a performer, has written many legendary blues songs and has played with some of the best bluesmen around. Dixon is the composer of "Wang Dang Doodle," "Hoochie Coochie Man," "The Red Rooster," "Spooful," "Back Door Man," "I Ain't Superstitious" and many more. These songs have not only been performed by many blues artists but by rock groups as well. The Cream, The Rolling Stones, The Pointer Sisters, The Yardbirds, and Led Zeppelin have performed Willie Dixon's music.

The following are excerpts from a conversation I had with this remarkable blues man:

"The blues is a kind of condition. For instance, the laws of nature condition a person for anything that might come to pass. People were involved in hardship and slavery for many generations and got the blues 'way back there because if they didn't have the blues they would not have survived the conditions they've been in. You take other people who were in conditions to survive the condition of the world today.

"You see what I try to do is to write about what's happening and this is why so many songs of all types are about love affairs, 'cause it's a part of life. When you write these things that are a part of life they hold for a long time, 'cause everybody's going to have that certain portion of that part of life. Everybody's going to have love and trouble and heartache and bad feelings and death and prison and good times and all these different things—that's life.

"When I was coming up, the artist that I would say influenced me the most was Little Brother Montgomery. Little Brother Montgomery used to play when I was a kid. The blues artists would come along on a big truck and they'd have a piano on top of there. They'd be announcing dances they'd be having out at the South Side Park in Vicksburg. And all those bands would be playing on these trucks and I'd be running down the street behind them, listening to 'em play. When they'd go to the next corner I'd go there, too, and so forth.

"I've been writing songs ever since I was a kid. In fact, I first started writing poems, and used to write a lot of love poems, and poems about just everything, and tried to capture the beauty of words. I didn't have very much knowledge of words. But at the same time, rhyming beautifies words, and that's the way I started after writing these poems. I decided I was going to put my poems to the popular music of the day, and in trying to put them to popular music I couldn't get no sales. So I converted them to blues and by converting them into blues I got 'em out there to the public. But I had many songs before I got into recording. I used to walk around with bags of songs that I'd tried to get companies to record. But they wouldn't.

"Although many years ago when I was a kid there use to be guys, recording artists this was when records was just coming out in my town home, Vicksburg, Mississippi. And these guys was playing mostly hillbilly music. At that particular time I was playing but I was coming up with songs for them. I made a few bucks out of it. But at the same time they was making money off of them and I didn't make anything.

"Now blues music is the black man's music. It was actually derived from work songs of years ago. These work songs had been changed to the blues and they still call 'em work songs. They used to call Dixieland, ' blues.' Now these blues or work songs use to be played with just a piano or guitar then they started speeding 'em up and called 'dudlow.' And then after that Little Brother Montgomery and Pinetop changed it and they began to call it 'boogie-woogie' which was the same thing as dudlow. ' But it began to get popular 'cause they'd get recording artists to record these songs. Then you got boogie by this guy, boogie by that guy, Little Brother's boogie and Tommy Dorsey's boogie. But it was all the same as 'dudlow.' Now boogie was played with a straight back-beat either 2-4 or 4-4. Then they started changing the rhythms of these songs and they called it 'rock.'

"The black man's singing has always had a message. See, a lot of people never paid no attention to the blues just like a lot of people never paid attention to black people although black people have made about 75 percent of all the inventions and various things in America. But nobody paid any attention to it 'cause there wasn't any history of it. I mean they wasn't teaching the history of it.

Willie Dixon, the big, strong, old man of the blues nodded to me as I left his hotel room and said, "And that's the blues." Indeed it is. Never accept any imitation when the real thing is around.
The men behind the cameras

By DAVE KUSHMA


I: Modern Photojournalism: Origin and Evolution, 1910-1933, by Tim N. Gidal


III: Edouard Boubat, by Bernard George.

The first three books in the Photography: Men and Movements series reflect the editors' objective of surveying the worldwide development of modern photography from its beginnings to the present. Each volume focuses either upon a vital historical trend or the accomplishments of a distinguished member of the profession.

The editor's introduction to Modern Photojournalism contains an engaging first-hand account, by a pioneer in the field, of the keen competition for photographers among the German illustrated magazines of the late 1920's and early 1930's, where this method of reportage first established itself. Tim Gidal's preface, which also presents brief anecdotal profiles of his colleagues, is unfortunately marred by a hideous translation from German, and--an overabundance of arcane technical detail.

Yet the 135 pictures which Gidal has selected to illustrate the success of this branch of news-j ectivity. The second volume in the series examines the contributions made to photography by the 19th-century British inventor and scholar, William H. Fox Talbot, whose experiments with pictures taken by sunlight eventually to his discovery of the photo negative. Once again, the author's introduction is at its worst when it confronts the reader with pages of obscure scientific data, at its best when it considers Talbot the man-his arrogance, his lack of professional ethics. The seventy illustrations, some

From "The everyday life of a Hindu family," by Edouard Boubat.

of a reddish-brown tint, many in inverted black-and-white, will be appreciated more for Talbot's early technical achievement than for their subject matter--domestic scenes at his country estate, or close-ups of lace, seeds, and ferns. As in the first volume, the reader is forced to flip back and forth between the photos and the list of captions at the end of the book--an understandable strategy of the editor's, but a real inconvenience nonetheless.

Volume Three, Edouard Boubat, surveys the career of a highly successful post-World War II photographer. The introduction, written by a close friend of Boubat's, is a muddled mixture of hero worship and abstracte aesthetic theorizing. It may be skipped.

The sixty photographs are generally not isolated shots, but parts of evocative pictorial sequences--studies of an aging Breton fisherman, of a remote, impoverished village in India, of a hippie gathering in Hyde Park. Boubat is superb at capturing the depression and loneliness of his individual subjects, especially in the midst of large crowds of people.

Because of their relatively high price and the complex technical writing found in their introductions, it seems that the books in the Photography: Men and Movements series are geared to an audience of experts (or, at least, connoisseurs) rather than to the average reader interested in photography where it may not have formerly existed. The editors must decide which direction subsequent volumes will take: toward an even more limited, or a greater general, appeal.

... and the women enhancing the art

By DAVID ASHENHURST


"Knowing a photographer's sex influences our judgment of the photographic content and even its value." Perhaps it's true; it had never occurred to me my unconscious reaction was sexless--more likely, I unconsciously assumed they were all men.

But The Woman's Eye largely seems to belie Anne Tucker's initial assertion in the introduction to this volume. The photographs shown are interesting regardless of the sex of the photographer, or uninteresting in spite of it. Diane Arbus's slightly grotesque, masterpieces are the result of her skill and her sex, as with Sylvia Plath, her marriage may have required a woman to achieve it. Gertrude Kaeber's studies of womanhood seem to be more indicative of a state of mind, of the values and the times, than they are of a particularly female point of view; their power to move the viewer is unaffected by his/her knowledge of the photographer. All this contributes to making The Woman's Eye a wonderful collection, despite the fact that it may not prove what it seemingly intends to prove.

Ten photographers are represented, each introduced by an account of her life and her thoughts about the art. Ms. Tucker is more than adequately informative about them, and wastes little space in the process-Most Subject Paragraph Award goes to the one dealing with Margaret Bourke-White's taste in clothes and frequency of manicures. These are followed by ten photos per artist; sometimes they are chosen according to the artist's unique way of dealing with an overriding theme, and sometimes they are more representative of different phases of her development. In those of Barbara Morgan and Alisa Wells, a certain extra emphasis is placed on technique-staining, photomontage, multiple frames and multiple exposures. Bea Nettles's autobiographical "Escape" sequence constitutes her entire contribution to the book, perhaps the most subjective and obscure of the most obviously female perspective therein.

An interesting development can be seen in turning from the rather conventional facial expressions of Frances Benjamin Johnston's subjects, to the careworn of Bourke-White's, to the spontaneously friendly of Dorothea Lange's, to the deliberately interesting of Berenice Abbott's, to the rather kooky of Judy Dater's "modern women." But again we must ask, what is the source of kinship and friendliness-subject or artist? Photographers obviously have individual temperaments, and take pictures accordingly; but nowhere is it clear that these temperaments characteristically arise in females.

The photos vary greatly in quality, as might be expected in a book reflecting eighty years' progress in developmental techniques. Kaeber's pictures are enhanced by their blurriness, because it heightens the ethereal quality; the blurriness in Nettles's just makes them more vague and apparently closer to the truth she is trying to convey. The toning of the pictures is consistently almost-sentimental, perhaps indicating a desire to make the book a little more depressing, a little glimmer-than it need be.

Finally, each section includes a photograph of the photographer. The portrait of Diane Arbus by "Cosmos" is one of the most exciting pictures in the book. But what gender is Cosmos, pray tell? One does not have to--and in that answer one can recognize the power, beauty, artistry, and the somehow unimportant failure of The Woman's Eye.
Taking wing

By EVAN SARZIN

MANTHELE - Grace Slick
THE PHOSPHORESCENT RAT - Hot Tuna

The Jefferson Airplane holds a very important place in the American Culture Heroes of the Sixties Pantheon. It stems from the group's musical character secondarily; the Airplane have always been a stronger image and symbol than an important artistic force. With Crown of Creation the Airplane traded in their heritage for their legacy. Since then the strength of the group has been as the Exponents of a New American Lifestyle, in their case an awful admixture of sexual quasi-liberation, synonymy with drug use, and High School politicking at its most puerile. Which, in all fairness, was still a good deal more interesting than the music itself.

With the release of two new albums by members of the Airplane, the demise of the band needs only the coroner's signature for verification. And as this great American institution is interred in a garrish mausoleum which is both essence and anathema to the Airplane's spirit, it is with more gratitude than regret that this "mourner" acknowledges in a flicker of hope, lucidity which provide the moments of sensitivity and near-moments of grace in her own style, it is a flawed work. Though Slick and arranger, Tom Salmon have done an outstanding job in assembling "Theme from the movie MANHOLE," for which there is no film, and though some of Gracie's pieces deal with subjects upon which she can competently reflect, much of Manhole is damaged by the pretentious mindlessness which has characterized most of her musical endeavors since Volunters. There are, however, moments of sensitivity and near-lucidity which provide the listener with a flicker of hope, even a belief that Gracie Slick may really be pointing herself in a specific, positive direction. In which case, her considerable talents as a vocalist and writer may really be pointing herself in a specific, positive direction. In which case, her considerable talents as a vocalist and writer may really be pointing herself in a specific, positive direction.

Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady of Hot Tuna.

Piazza. Kaukonen has been particularly important in the restaging of Hot Tuna. He has begun to modify his performance by incorporating elements of his Airplane style, something conspicuous absence in past Tuna efforts. Not necessarily a disadvantage to Hot Tuna but rather a way in which to distinguish the two experiences and the traditional blues for its source, clearly personified by the presence of Papa John Creach. The absorption of Kaukonen's writing and playing alters the identity of Hot Tuna and, with the departure of Papa John, greatly improves it. Hot Tuna is no longer an outlet for surplus energy and ideas; it is a primary musical forum for its members. The increased input of energy and thought has made Hot Tuna well making this their most important recording ever.

Although the Grace Slick recording is also an improvement over previous efforts and a step toward establishing her own style, it is a flawed work. Though Slick and arranger, Tom Salmon have done an outstanding job in assembling "Theme from the movie MANHOLE," for which there is no film, and though some of Gracie's pieces deal with subjects upon which she can competently reflect, much of Manhole is damaged by the pretentious mindlessness which has characterized most of her musical endeavors since Volunters. There are, however, moments of sensitivity and near-lucidity which provide the listener with a flicker of hope, even a belief that Gracie Slick may really be pointing herself in a specific, positive direction. In which case, her considerable talents as a vocalist and writer may really be pointing herself in a specific, positive direction.

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Jorma Kaukonen and Jack Casady of Hot Tuna.

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At what price the honest cop?

SERPICO - Fox Theater
Frank Serpico is more than a little weird. He's a second Serpico is dead serious about fear him; the crazy bastard goes for his meals and doesn't shake-carries a gun. Serpico is a wares one earring, does ballet exercises, rides a motorcycle and is psychological discomfort for his psychological comfort. He changes the films methods and the personal safety and security to aura of authority and knowledge raising Ins gauntlet in order to the man on the beat always possessed. Yet, he has trouble with his hus culture tastes and society's low image of the cop. He becomes increasingly unstable. Lamet and his writers, unfortunately, focus mainly on Serpico the courageous loner, downplaying the serious qualms behind his quixotism. That is the disappointment of the film. It seems that the full portrait of Serpico would try to determine if he was crusading in a shining armor totally out of his sincere convictions and not, perhaps, raising his gauntlet in order to glame at his martyred reflection. The filmmakers have crafted a very full entertainment, though. There is a definite feel for the speech and activity of the city's neighborhoods. In trying to work the street action in with the moral dilemmas to please as diverse an audience as possible, Lamet does tend to lose control of its protagonists' and the film's ambiguous freetranding, which implies that this simple, and ineffective performance by Al shooting down his moral qualms to please as Pacino, Serpico's myriad eclectries are evident, and these unsettling aspects of his character are even more intriguing than the web of corruption he is exposing. After all, we must all be so hardened by the abuses of power by public servants. His revelations are, alas, no longer so revealing. And we certainly don't need Serpico to tell us how immoral graft is. What of Serpico's morals and motives? Are they so pure? The film is ambiguous. There is a creeping suspicion that he was Serpico claim that things were certainly not this simple, and they resent the way everyone other than the hero is depicted as being either frightened or too self-serving to aid him. As Serpico the solitary, crusading knight errant is exaggerated in order to build a hero, the very dark side of Serpico as knight erratic gets slighted. Thanks to a very intense and forceful performance by Al Pacino, Serpico's myriad eccentrics are evident, and these unsettling aspects of his character are even more intriguing than the web of corruption he is exposing. After all, we must all be so hardened by the abuses of power by public servants. His revelations are, alas, no longer so revealing. And we certainly don't need Serpico to tell us how immoral graft is. What of Serpico's morals and motives? Are they so pure? The film is ambiguous. There is a creeping suspicion that he was •I. F. STONE'S WEEKLY
FRIDAY: Sold Out Until 15:15 PM WEEKEND: 12, 1, 3, 20, 6, 7, 20, 9, 1, 9
Academy Screening Room
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Al Pacino stands alone against the NYC skyline and corruption in SERPICO.
By Ivy Goodman

You think of him as the key to the suburbs, as an escape from unemployment lines and efficiency apartments. "Split-level," you say to yourself. "Ranch." At twenty you are already corrupt.

You obsessively analyze him according to his various aspects. For hours at a time, you lie on your bathmat, studying His Physical Demeanor, His Personality Profile, His Sexual Potency After One Act of Intercourse. Then you will take an ice cream freezer and pay three dollars to get forty-eight pictures of yourself with your eyes closed.

You think of the men you’ve had sex with, and you imagine yourself introducing them to each other. They sit down in a circle in an ugly room, eating peanuts and drinking soda. Someone mentions your name, and you see the others laughing at you, about the shape of your breasts, the way you wipe your legs, the taste of your mouth in the mornings.

You clip your nails a little each day. They don’t need it. They are already so short that it’s painful. But you cut them anyway, to hear the clicking noise of the clippers, the sound the shell-like clippings make when they hit the bathroom linoleum.

“Go back to college,” you suggest to yourself one night. But you don’t like the idea. Norman, your name. He doesn’t understand that I have more money than you.” Some dollars as lightly as you take spending a dollar. Sometimes you eat tomatoes, two glasses of skim milk. For dessert there are oranges. He is so fat that you could play cards with him for greasy hamburgers and french fries. He shouts the words into your right ear as you stand over the sink, cutting up raw carrots and shredding lettuce.

Norman gives you money to buy new clothes. You go to the department stores where you finger the dresses. You slide the plastic hangers across the metal bars of the rack. You check the sizes, the prices, the way the zippers have been placed, the number of buttons on the cuffs. But you never try anything on because you know what will happen to you once you slip away from his heavy hands, but you realize there’s no escaping them.

Norman’s apartment is where you live now. You sit at the table, eating peanuts and drinking soda. You look in the wavy mirror and twist your lips and scrape away the crumbs from your mouth. Norman’s apartment is where you live now. You sit at the table, eating peanuts and drinking soda. You look in the wavy mirror and twist your lips and scrape away the crumbs from your mouth.

You’ve set the date with Norman, and you can’t stop laughing. When he asks you what’s wrong, you tell him you’re ridiculously happy. "I’m overjoyed," you say as he touches your breasts beneath your floral nightgown and kisses you. Then you try to slip away from his heavy hands, but you realize there’s no escaping them.

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I hate the Persians: also advice that good boys and their virgins take to their hearts I can
Well do without: these times are bad times. Citizens, come and be asked some questions.

Flies pass the moment, twiddle their thumbs-
the days
Yet should the won hour sooner be found than you
Lost in your maps, and by your masked strings
Dragging through rivers your chain of reason
Not to be seen since. Earlier than before
Drifts past a fine span: measureless meet the eye
Moments that flies pass, dragging their wings
Stranded in syrup and slowly sinking.

Once sang a fair young poet of tender wan
Years, won his luck, worn fortunes of Muses' lust
Poetry laughed and came to her own
Oh, for that poet was wildly crazy.

Once rippled Reason clear in her icy still
Stream, marbled slowly instants of snaky glass
Oh, how the wise men worked their wild grins
Evil they lived and their end was evil.

Chaos came chanting arm in embracing arm
Of Reason, strolling, running, I could not tell
One from her sister, which of them laughed
Which of them struggled and which relenting
Drew from her won luck sharply the fingered smile
Marbled her madness: whether it's she who laughed
Which of them laughed and came to her own
Senses in darkness and laughed like crazy?

Where went your footfalls walking that fateful day?
You give no answer, saying that what a man
Does in his leisure is his spare mind's Business, and needing no mind's accounting.

I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,

I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,

I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
I'm prepared to say it's psychological,
Akadama Mama says, **Be Nice to Mice.**

This week's letters were kind of dull, but I did get a neat package.

It contained a homemade built mouse trap. Not one of those heartless, snap-trap, killing devices, but a genuine, honest-to-goodness, live-trap kind of thing. It was made of wood, nails, glue, and rubber bands. I got it from a very, very good friend of mine who is a professional wildlife trapper. It was a neat little invention in itself, and it made me think about the importance of being kind to animals.

So, if you come across a mouse in the future, please be nice to it. It might just turn out to be a valuable asset to society!
Racquetmen Push Princeton From Underdected Ranks, 5-4

By GRANT HANEMAN

We did the hard work," said Penn's Jacks, "and Princeton couldn't match us for the win." Indeed, yesterday afternoon at the Guttman Rink, Princeton's 8-1 loss to Penn's 5-4 was merciful. The score was never in doubt and the victory was easily wrought.

"I figured it was all over," said Princeton's Towns. "I didn't think the game was going to be close at all. We had a lot of people. We're no pushovers, but we're not as good as we thought we were." Penn's coach, Brown, was pleased with the performance.

"The kids were great," he said. "They played well and they didn't make any mistakes. They were good on the backcheck and they put pressure on the puck." He was pleased with his team's performance.

Penn's forwards were led by Jacks, who scored a hat trick. His linemates, Brown and Smith, also contributed to the team's victory. Brown's goal was the first of the game and set the tone for Penn's win. Smith added a second goal to put the game out of reach for Princeton.

"The kids were great," Brown said of his team. "They played well and they didn't make any mistakes. They were good on the backcheck and they put pressure on the puck." He was pleased with his team's performance.

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The blues inside out

By GERALD EARLY

The core of modern blues music is that particular style of blues performing called "the Chicago blues." The names associated with that particular style include Howlin' Wolf, Muddy Waters, Little Walter, Sonny Boy Williamson, and Johnny Shines. But undoubtedly the most important exponent of Chicago blues is a man named Willie Dixon. Dixon, although not noted as a performer, has written many legendary blues songs and has played with some of the best bluesmen around. Dixon is the former, has written many although not noted as a part of life today. You see what I try to do is to write about what's happening and this is why so many songs of all types are about love affairs, 'cause it is a part of life. When you write these things that are a part of life they hold for a long time, 'cause everybody's going to have love and trouble and heartache and bad feelings and good feelings and death and prison and good times and all these different things.

"When I was coming up, the artist that I would say influenced me the most was Little Brother Montgomery. Little Brother Montgomery use to play when I was a kid. The blues artists would come along on a big truck and they'd have a piano on top of there. They'd be announcing dancin' they'd be havin' out at the South Side Park in Vicksburg. And all these bands would be playing on these trucks and I'd be running down the street behind 'em, listening to 'em play. When they'd get to the next corner I'd go there, too, and so forth.

"I've been writing songs ever since I was a kid. In fact, I first started writing poems, and used to write a lot of love poems, and poems about just everything, and tried to capture the beauty of words. I didn't have very much range of words. But at the same time, rhyming beautifies words, and this is the way I started after writing these poems. I decided I was going to put my poems to the popular music of the day, and in trying to put them to popular music I couldn't get no sales. So I converted them to blues and by converting them into blues I got 'em out there to the public. But I had many songs before I get into recording. I used to walk around with bags of songs that I'd tried to get companies to record. But at the same time they was making money off of them and I didn't make anything.

"Now blues music is the black man's music. It was actually derived from work songs of long ago. These work songs had been changed to the blues, but they'd still call 'em work songs. They used to call Dixieland, 'blues.' Now these blues or work songs were used to be played with just a piano or guitar then they started speeding 'em up and called it 'dudlow.' But it began to get popular 'cause they'd get recording artists to record these songs. Then you got boogie by this guy, boogie by that guy, Little Brother's boogie and Tommy Dorsey's boogie. But it was all the same as 'dudlow.'

"And that's the blues.

The blues is a kind of condition. For instance, the laws of nature condition a person for like we were, they didn't survive. Like the Indians, they fought and was almost completely wiped out. But the blues condition an individual, and it has conditioned our people to undergo what they had to undergo for a certain length of time, until times have changed.

"Some people that had the blues didn't understand, didn't know what it was about and would get to feeling bad. And some people felt like they'd jump out the window and solve the problem, and another guy would say I think I'll take some poison,' and solve the problem. But that's not it. The best way to solve the problem especially pertaining to blues feelings is to relax and understand the condition in which these things happen.

"This is why so many people are involved in blues music today, because it takes a lot of various thoughts and ideas and angles to survive the condition of the world today.

Dear Editor:

As a film buff, I couldn't help noticing an error in your photograph montage of the Cinematheque series on page 4. Photo on the extreme left is not from the sound film VAMPYR, as you stated, but rather from the earlier silent movie, Nosferatu.

The two films are not related. Nosferatu is the first film version of the novel Dracula; while Vampyr is based on a novellette by Sheridan Le Fanu, Carmilla. Carmilla also spawned numerous cinema adaptations, including Roger Vadim's Blood and Roses as well as Hammer's recent THE VAMPIRE LOVERS.

Sincerely,

Lana Zukowski

You are not only absolutely correct but refreshingly astute. This is why so many people are involved in blues music today, because it takes a lot of various thoughts and ideas and angles to survive the condition of the world today.

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Penn Review
Poetry  B&W Artwork
Fiction  B&W Photos
Drama  Criticism

for our spring issue

Bring submissions to English Office, 119 Bennett Hall, with Name, Address, and Phone

Deadline March 1st
At what price the honest cop?

SERPICO - Fox Theater

Frank Serpico is more than a little weird. He’s a second generation Italian-American who wears one earring, does ballet, carries a gun. Serpico is a cop. The other cops hate and fear him; he is callously set up by the cops in a near fatal ambush. Upon recovery, he finally gets to testify at the hearings and then, emigrates to Switzerland.

One is left with the impression that for all of his shouting and outrage Serpico managed to effect few real changes in preventing graft, and only suffered great pain and psychological discomfort for his efforts. Even if the corruption has not been significantly corrected it could never have been as dirty as it is depicted in the film. In addition to being the only man shown openly backing payola, Serpico also just happens to be the only cop who pursues suspects relentlessly with any degree of success. Well, many of the personalities who had dealings with the real-life Serpico claim that things were certainly not this simple, and they resent the way everyone other than the hero is depicted as being either frightened or too self-serving to aid him.

As Serpico the solitary, crusading knight errant is exaggerated in order to build a hero, the very dark side of Serpico as knight erratic gets slighted. Thanks to a very intense and forceful performance by Al Pacino, Serpico's myriad eccentricities are evident, and these unsettling aspects of his character are even more intriguing than the web of corruption he is exposing. After all, we must all be so hardened by the abuses of power by public servants. His revelations are alas, no longer so revealing. And we certainly don’t need Serpico to tell us how immoral graft is.

What of Serpico’s morals and motives? Are they so pure? The film is ambiguous. There is a creeping suspicion that he was aura of authority and knowledge the man on the beat always possessed. Yet, he has trouble resolving his hip cultural tastes with society’s low image of the cop. He becomes increasingly unstable. Lamont and his writers, unfortunately, focus mainly on Serpico the courageous loner, downplaying the serious quirks behind his quixotism. That is the disappointment of the film. It seems that the full portrait of Serpico would try to determine if he was crusading in shining armor totally out of his sincere convictions and not, perhaps, raising his gauntlet in order to glaze at his martyred reflection.

The filmmakers have crafted a very full entertainment, though. There is a definite feel for the speech and activity of the city’s neighborhoods. In trying to work the street action in with the moral dilemmas to please as diverse an audience as possible, Lamont doleost to lose control of his pacing. Pacino’s performance, though, is a riveting enough blend of courage and nerve, but not enough by itself.

- IRRWIN APPLEBAUM

BUSTING - Duchess Theater

Elliott Gould and Robert Blake are dedicated Los Angeles vice squad cops out to save the city from crooks, but family-oriented vice lord named (honestly) Rizzo. That irony may be the best thing the movie has to offer. Among Rizzo’s various business concerns are prostitution, toppers clubs, gay bars, and narcotics. Plus the fact that Rizzo also has the city’s police in his pocket, make him the natural enemy of the heroes. So, the frustrated Gould and Blake take the law into their own hands, entering illegally and endangering the lives of innocent bystanders all over the place.

The trouble with “Busting” is that it never decides what cop movie of the past few years it wants to emulate. Is it “Get your man at any cost” morality of “Paraphernalia Connection.” A shoot-out scene in an all-night market shot by a human being shot in the heart, ignored by the police and left, presumably, to die. A chop-car chase scene is set in ambulances. There are several references to “Dirty Harry,” among them a line of school children crossing the street in the middle of the ambiguity chase, and the film’s ambiguous freeze-frame ending, which implies Gould’s leaving the force. Unfortunately, “Busting” is not as well made as any of these other films.

But there is a more disturbing problem, pointed by Blake. For the film’s protagonists, vice is a single shade of black. We can sympathize with Gould and Blake in their determination to get crooks off the streets; but their other targets—call girls, pornography, etc.—are essentially victimless crimes. (One sequence, involving a raid on a gay bar and the subsequent, humiliating hearing of two transvestites, should rightfully give any self-respecting person, gay or otherwise.) Yet the film does not bother to make any distinction, and this lack of differentiation seems quite irresponsible.

“Busting” is at its best when it concentrates on the relationship between the two cops. Gould and Blake play off each other extremely well. With Blake as his partner in wisecracks, Gould manages some moments of MASH—like madness.

Scenes with the two patrolling a public park’s men’s room for exhibitions are comically gory. The film strays from this comedy level a little too often for its own good. However, it is unsuccessful as police drama. Allen Garfield, one of our most memorable character actors you may have seen him as the head crook in “Silver,” is fine as Rizzo. His smooth delivery even makes you overlook the embarrassing contrivance of his speeches. His performance, along with Gould’s and Blake’s gives “Busting” what entertainment value it has.

- STEPHEN MARKOWSKI
By Ivy Goodman

You think of him as the key to the suburbs, as an escape from unemployment lines and efficiency apartments. "Split-level," you say to yourself. "Hanch." At twenty you are already corrupt.

You obsessively analyze him according to his various aspects. For hours at a time, you lie on your bathmat, studying His Physical Tenseanor, His Personality Profile, His Sexual Potency After One Act of Intercourse. When you're together, he talks mainly about his family's wealth and more specifically, his own. "I take spending five dollars as lightly as you take spending a quarter," he explains. "You must understand that I have more money than you." Some evenings you go to the movies, where he always lets you pay for your own ticket.

He takes you hiking one weekend and tells you to leap from rock to rock with him. "Here," he says, and he offers a hand. "Just jump. I'll pull you over. Jump!" Though you are petrified, you reach for his fingers and step off your boulder. You will do anything to make him believe that you trust him.

You notice that he likes to alter your facial appearance by bending your ears forward, stretching your eyes at their outer corners, and flattening the tip of your nose with his thumb. Yes, he is aware of your presence, but somehow this is not the kind of attention you've always wanted.

On your birthday, he gives you a set of eight ugly juice glasses made of bright orange plastic. While you wash them and line them up to dry in your dish drainer, you consider the aesthetic inferiority of plastic compared to dish. "Well," you console yourself, "at least with plastic, there's a greater sense of permanence involved." You close your eyes adfresse the beginning of a long domestic era in your life.

Attempting to piece together his past, you continually beg him for information concerning his parents, the origins of his sexual experiences, the religions of his past, and foresee the beginning of a long domestic era in your life. "The aesthetic inferiority of plastic compared to dish. "Well," you console yourself, "at least with plastic, there's a greater sense of permanence involved." You close your eyes adfresse the beginning of a long domestic era in your life.

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The Interrogation

By Amy Babich

I hate the Persians: also advise that good Boys and their virgins take to their hearts I can Well do without: these times are bad times.

Citizens, come and be asked some questions.

Flies pass the moment, twiddle their thumbs-the days

Yet should the won hour sooner be found than you

Lost in your maps, and by your masked

Strings Dragging through rivers your chain of reason

Not to be seen since. Earlier than before

Drifts past a fine span: measureless meet the eye

Moments that flies pass, dragging their wings

Stranded in syrup and slowly sinking.

Once sang a fair young poet of tender wan

Years, won his luck, worn fortunes of Muses' last

Poetry laughed and came to her own

Oh, for that poet was wildly crazy.

Once ripped Reason clear in her icy still

Streamed marbled slowly instants of snaky glass

Oh, how the wise men worked their wild grin

Evil they lived and their end was evil.

Chaos came chatting arm in embracing arm

Of Reason, strolling, running, I could not tell

One from her sister, which of them laughed

Which of them struggled and which relenting

Drew from her won luck sharply the fingered smile

Marbled her madness: whether it's she who laughed

Whitch of them laughed and came to her own

Senses in darkness and laughed like crazy?

Where went your footfalls walking that fateful day?

You give no answer, saying that what a man

Does in his leisure is his spare mind's Business, and needing no mind's accounting.

What, so much leisure? Nobody has the time

For so much leisure. Legally free, you say

You spend your time: still you must come once

Out from your doze to inspect the changing Forces of law. We offer no dead still.

We have our years in, years out of time and view.

Stop here awhile, else later we'll stop

Clamp you in chains and be asking questions.

Two sisters talking came to an awesome wood

Stood at its edge, looked carefully round and massed

One moment: one laughed, one of them shrieked

Scrambled their chat and its end un-witnessed.

Amy Babich is a senior in the College for Women at the University of Pennsylvania.

Complaint

By Carolyn Healy

I'm prepared to say it's psychological, to acknowledge some disturbance of the equilibrium which determines sweetness of dreams and further, workings of these graying eyes—eyes not bedding, nestled, though rolled into the crown but wide and fast, in compulsory attendance at the scenes of night's mind.

I must report I dream hard-uninvited dreams, not gracious, rude: nights of lived ones wrapped in paper like rotting fish, of small dogs butchered on assembly lines, nights of loved ones wrapped in paper like uninvited dreams, not gracious, rude:

Perhaps I will admit a function of some strength.

Of small dogs butchered on assembly lines,

I'm prepared to say it's psychological, to acknowledge some disturbance of the equilibrium which determines sweetness of dreams and further, workings of these graying eyes—eyes not bedding, nestled, though rolled into the crown but wide and fast, in compulsory attendance at the scenes of night's mind.

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Perhaps I will admit a function of some strength.
Taking wing

By EVAN SARZIN

MANHOLE - Grace Slick
THE PHOSPHORESCENT RAT - Hot Tuna

The Jefferson Airplane holds a very important place in the American Culture Heroes of the Sixties Pantheon. It stems from the group's musical character secondarily; the Airplane have always been a stronger image and symbol than an important artistic force. With Crown of Creation the Airplane traded in the Sixties Pantheon. It stems from American Culture Heroes of the secondarily; the Airplane have artistic force and symbol than an important their heritage for their legacy. Since then the strength of the "New American Lifestyle, in group has been as the Kxponents more Interesting than the music most puerile Which, in all this great American institution is signature for verification. And as needs only the coroner's albums by members of the Itself. than regret that this "mourner" reckless, wanton aspects have senses that many of their Manhole by Grace Slick and The Jefferson Airplane holds a longer get off the ground. As a Koukonen and Jack Casady of Hot Tuna. as if Slick and Jorma the Great Airplane Profile is either Slick-Paul Kantner's or reflection and individuality than result these new recordings are much for similarities.

recordings are quite different. The Phosphorescent Rat, the superior entry, demonstrates a new attitude on the part of Kaunonen, Casady and Sammy spuriously absent in past Tuna efforts not necessarily a disadvantage to Hot Tuna but rather a way in which to distinguish the two experiences and the traditional blues for its source, clearly personified by the presence of Papa John Creach. The absorption of Kaunonen's writing and playing alters the identity of Hot Tuna and, with the departure of Papa John, greatly improves it. Hot Tuna is no longer an outlet for surplus energy and ideas; it is a primary musical forum for its members. The increased input of energy and thought suits Hot Tuna well making this their most important recording to date. Although the Grace Slick recording is also an improvement over previous efforts and a step toward establishing her own style, it is a flawed work. Though Slick and arranger, Tom Salisbury have done an outstanding job in assembling "Theme from the movie MANHOLE," for which there is no film, and though some of Grace's pieces deal with subjects upon which she can competently reflect, much of Manhole is damaged by the pretentious mindlessness that has characterized most of her musical endeavors since Volunteers. There are, however, moments of sensitivity and near- lucidity which provide the listener with a flicker of hope, even a belief that Grace Slick may really be pointing herself in a specific, positive direction. In which case, her considerable talents as a vocalist and writer create expectations that she may finally be able to fulfill.

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The men behind the cameras

By DAVE KUSHMA


I: Modern Photojournalism: Origin and Evolution, 1918-1933, by Tim N. Gidal

II: William H. Fox Talbot, by Andre Jammes

III: Edouard Boubat, by Bernard George.

The first three books in the Photography: Men and Movements series reflect the editors' objective of surveying the worldwide development of modern photography from its beginnings to the present. Each volume focuses either upon a vital historical trend or the accomplishments of a distinguished member of the profession.

The editor's introduction to Modern Photojournalism contains an engaging first-hand account, by a pioneer in the field, of the keen competition for photographers among the German illustrated magazines of the late 1920's and early 1930's, when this method of reporting first established itself. Tim Gidal's preface, which also presents brief anecdotal profiles of his colleagues, is unfortunately marred by a hideous translation from German and an overabundance of arcane technical detail.

Yet the 135 pictures which Gidal has selected to illustrate the success of this branch of news photography really need no explanation. They are visual documents of global social history between world wars—the rise of Hitler and Mussolini, the influence of Gandhi, the tragedy of an economic depression. To the reader who views these photos nearly a half-century later, they are startling—often chilling—in their calm objectivity.

The second volume in the series examines the contributions made to photography by the 19th-century British inventor and scholar, William H. Fox Talbot, whose experiments with photos taken by sunlight led eventually to his discovery of the photo negative. Once again, the author's introduction is at its worst when it confronts the reader with pages of obscure scientific data, at its best when it considers Talbot the man—his arrogance, his lack of professional ethics.

The seventy illustrations, some of a reddish-brown tint, many in sepia, the rather conventional facial expressions of Frances Benjamin Johnston's subjects, to the rather gloomier than it need be sequence at his country estate, or close-ups of lace, seeds, and ferns. As in the first volume, the reader is forced to flip back and forth between the photos and the list of captions at the end of the book— an understandable strategy of the editor's, but a real inconvenience nonetheless.

Volume Three, Edouard Boubat, surveys the career of a highly successful post-World War II photographer. The introduction, written by a close friend of Boubat's, is a muddled mixture of hero worship and abstruse aesthetic theorizing. It may be skipped.

The sixty photographs are generally not isolated shots, but parts of evocative pictorial sequences—studies of an aging Tihetan fisherman, of a remote, impoverished village in India, of a hippie gathering in Hyde Park. Boubat is superb at capturing the depression and loneliness of his individual subjects, especially in the midst of large crowds of people.

Because of their relatively high price and the complex technical writing found in their introductions, it seems that the books in the Photography: Men and Movements series are geared to an audience of experts (or, at least, connoisseurs) rather than to the neophyte shutterbug. This is too bad, because the pictures themselves are capable of stimulating the reader's enthusiastic interest in photography where it may not have formerly existed. The editors must decide which direction subsequent volumes will take: toward an even more limited, or a greater general, appeal.

From "The everyday life of a Hindu family," by Edouard Boubat.

and the women enhancing the art

By DAVID ASHENBURST


"Knowing a photographer's sex influences our judgement of the photographic content and even its value." Perhaps it's true; it had never occurred to me to ask. I always assumed the cheesecake photographers were men, and I knew those who said, "How 'bout another picture, Mayor?" in old movies were always men. Other than that, I had never thought about the sex of a photographer. I like to think my unconscious reaction was sexless—more likely, I unconsciously assumed they were all men.

But The Woman's Eye largely seems to belie Anne Tucker's initial assertion in the introduction to this volume. The photographs shown are interesting regardless of the sex of the photographer, or uninteresting in spite of it. Diane Arbus's slightly grotesque masterpiece pieces are masterpieces by virtue of qualities other than her sex, although, as with Sylvia Plath, her peculiar artistry may have required a woman to achieve it. Gertrude Kasebier's studies of womanhood seem to be more indicative of a state of mind, of the values and the times, than they are of a particularly female point of view; their power to move the viewer is unaffected by his/her knowledge of the photographer. All this contributes to making The Woman's Eye a wonderful collection.

Despite the fact that it may not prove what it seemingly intends to prove, ten photographers are represented, each introduced by an account of her life and her thoughts about the art. Ms. Tucker is more than adequately informative about them, and wastes little space in the process. Most Superfluous Paragraph Award goes to the one dealing with Margaret Bourke-White's taste in clothes and frequency of manicures. These are followed by ten photos per artist; sometimes they are chosen according to the artist's unique way of dealing with an overriding theme, and sometimes they are more representative of different phases of her development. In those of Barbara Morgan and Alisa Wells, a certain extra emphasis is placed on technique—staining, photomontage, multiple frames and multiple exposures. Bea Nettles's autobiographical "Escape" is especially weak, its aesthetic approach being more of an economic depression. To the reader who views these photos nearly a half-century later, they are startling—often chilling—in their calm objectivity.

"Twinka, 1970," by Judy Dater from THE WOMAN'S EYE.

Dorothea Lange's, to the deliberately interesting of Berenice Abbott's, to the rather aimless of Judy Dater's "modern women." But again we must ask, what is the source of kinship and friendliness—subject or artist? Photographers obviously have individual temperaments, and take pictures accordingly; but nowhere is it clear that these temperaments characteristically arise in female photographers.

The photos vary greatly in quality, as might be expected in a book reflecting eighty years' progress in developmental techniques. Kasebier's pictures are enhanced by their blurriness, because it heightens the etereal quality of the subject; Net- tles's just makes them more vague and apparently closer to the confusion she is trying to convey. The toning of the pictures is consistently almost-sepia, perhaps indicating a desire to make the book a little more depressing, a little gloomier than it need be.

Finally, each section includes a photograph of the photographer. The portrait of Diane Arbus by "Cosmos" is one of the most exciting pictures in the book. But what gender is Cosmos, pray tell? One does not know—and in that answer one can recognize the power, beauty, artistry, and the somehow unimportant failure of The Woman's Eye.
**The Print Club**

Hans Hofstvedt presents "Penn 'FA Alumni Artists" Thu. Feb. 15 & 16

The celebration concludes with a discussion of Hofstvedt's masterful works and a screening of his own poems. The discussion will be held on Wednesday, Feb. 30 at 7 p.m. In the Paley Library.

**BISON**

David Rosenblatt, poet laureate of the United Nations, will read on Wednesday, Feb. 20 at 7:30 p.m. In the Paley Library.

**Ward Miller Gallery**


**Philadelphia Art Alliance**

Friday, Feb. 15--"Beyond Washington." The Art of Play--Eighty works by fifty-five artists, which encompass the last hundred years, will be on display from February 16 and 1932. Mon. Fri. 10:30-5.

**Philadelphia College of Art**


**Theatre of Sweeney**


**Mask and Wig Club**

Saturdays, Feb. 15 Mar. 9

**Hofstvedt Exhibition**

Hoffstvedt will be performing at the Main Line Moan. Feb. 24 at 7 p.m. Call 512-33066 for information.

**Philadelphia Museum of Art**

"Miss O'Hara, the Nymph." The story of a ne'er-do-well who tries to change her ways. March 16 at 8 p.m. In the main auditorium. Sold out.

**Philadelphia Orchestra**


**Philadelphia Museum of Art**

Saturday, Feb. 10--"Loyola University Multicultural Festival." For information, call 215-746-3066.

**University of Pennsylvania**

February 14: The 11th Annual "Theatre Festival." For information, call 215-746-3066.

**Philadelphia Orchestra**

Saturday, Feb. 10--"Loyola University Multicultural Festival." For information, call 215-746-3066.

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