Faculty Senate Delays Ph.D. Program Plans

BY JEFF BENSIGNAC

The University Faculty Senate last week voted to postpone the question of reorganizing graduate education and returned to the need to search for a new committee to continue for a term.

A proposal to create a central, University-wide Ph.D. conferring body was sponsored by the Committee on Graduate Education and the Advisory Committee was opposed in a University-wide Ph.D. conferring body. The program was called "People's Transit," and it claims 90 percent of the usual public transportation cost.

People's Transit offers alternatives to hitchhiking

By BILL BLISS

People's Transit offers an alternative to hitchhiking, and is based on the familiar ride-board format popularized by many colleges.

Based on the familiar ride-board format popularized by many colleges, the Hamilton Village Council, an on-campus community organization, has made people more interested in the"

Campolo Faces Battle In Congressional Bid

By JOEY COHEN

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Penn Women's Alliance Presents

Women's Cultural Weekend
Fri., April 30 - Sun., May 2

1. Restockings Collective 8 P.M.
   HRN Roof Lounge

2. Workshops 10:30-4:30 Huntington Hall
   10:30-12 Folk music poetry workshop
   12:30-4:30 Women's theater art workshop

3. Dance 9 P.M. - "Hysteria", Women's Rock Band
   20th Century Commons

Sun. - Picnic Lunch & Softball Game
   Clark Park - 43rd & Baltimore
   11 A.M. - 3 P.M.


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COMING EVENTS

SUNDAY, MAY 6
3 P.M.

ROBERT MATHERS: "MUSIC OF THE ANCIENT WORLD"

AT H.H. AUDIT.

J.C. ANDREWS: "ANCIENT MUSIC TO THE EIGHTH CENTURY"

AT H.H. AUDIT.

J.C. ANDREWS: "MUSIC OF THE NORTHERN NATIONS"

AT H.H. AUDIT.

J.C. ANDREWS: "MUSIC OF THE IRISH NATIONS"

AT H.H. AUDIT.
HUMPHREY HAD TO FUNDRAISE $47 MILLION FOR PRIMARY VICTORY
Humphrey's campaign is coping with the need to raise campaign funds to pay for his legal defense. He has already considered Minnesota Senator Robert Humphrey as a major donor to his bid to become the next Democratic Presidential nominee: whether he thought Humphrey should remain on the sidelines or declare his candidacy, Carter responded, "I don't see..."

JET CRASH INVESTIGATED: Federal investigators yesterday offered a theory about the cause of a recent crash involving an American Airlines jet, looking for clues into the cause of the third fatal crash at the controversial airport in six years. Local medical officials said 36 bodies had already been recovered from the scene of Thursday's crash.

CABINET CHECKERS-Rhodesia took seven blacks into its white cabinet yesterday, a day after Secretary of State Henry Kissinger promised U.S. economic and political pressure for a truce to end the fighting. Of the seven blacks, four were Africans, and two were Rhodesians, a minor change from the first blacks to enter the white minority government since Cecil Rhodes seized the mineral rich territory for Queen Victoria in 1888.

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Class Of 76!
FINAL WEEK...

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POOR RICHARD'S RECORD

HUMPHREY NO THREAT TO CARTER—Buoyed by a strong primary victory in California, and certified by major primary victories in Maine and Massachusetts last week, Humphrey should remain on the sidelines or declare his candidacy, Carter responded, "I don't see..."

ELECTIONS - 1976

APRIL 4

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April 28, 29, 30 8:00 P.M.
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in the University’s grading system is a hallmark of the University and a score of other good intentions. The importance of the “development of professionalism” in education is evident in the article. The “shake ‘em up revolution” and the “real reform” in education is mentioned as a way to take the law boards?

The SCUE proposal for a revolution in the University’s grading system is a bold, if not radical, proposal. The proposal calls for a change in the grading system to better reflect the student’s understanding of the course material. The proposal also calls for the elimination of large lecture courses and the introduction of more interactive teaching methods. The proposal is a response to the challenges facing the current system, which is often seen as a barrier to student success.

The SCUE proposal will probably be met with resistance from some quarters, but the need for change is evident. The current grading system is insufficient in many cases, and it is time for a new approach. The proposals made by SCUE are a step in the right direction, and they should be taken seriously.

The SCUE proposal will probably win a landslide victory in the vote, and it is time to make a real commitment to the core of education at the University’s long term stability. The proposals made by SCUE will have to start reatling its future contributors with a measure of care.

The cover story in the last issue of the Daily Pennsylvanian was on the “The Way the Wind Blows.” The story was about the University’s grading system and the challenges facing it. The grading system is seen as a major problem, and the need for change is evident. The SCUE proposal is a step in the right direction, and it is time for the University to make a real commitment to the core of education at the University’s long term stability.

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Space Committee Postpones Action On Co-op Proposal

By FRED SCHWEIT

The University Space Committee postponed until next week final action on a proposed relocation of the food Co-op, committee member Robert Zirngibl said Wednesday.

Zirngibl said the group that the Dining Service Director Donald Jacobs has been meeting with was to have a final meeting today. "We think we have the details worked out," Zirngibl said.

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"This is a failure to renew a lease because we found a greater priority for the space," Hirsch said. "We recommend that University affiliated activities be given a priority over non-University activities for University space."

Buddy Hirsch, assistant to Vice President Martin Meyerson, said the city had found a greater priority for the space. "We recommend that University affiliated activities be given a priority over non-University activities for University space."

The committee, appointed by President Martin Meyerson to find new locations for the day care center and found the carriage house to be "the most logical choice." Senator on a proposed relocation of the food service director, Donald Jacobs to the carriage house to be "the most logical choice."

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Morgan Rosser, of the Permanent Office of Planning and Design, said there are many possible sites for the day care center and found the carriage house to be "the most logical choice." Senator on a proposed relocation of the food service director, Donald Jacobs to the carriage house to be "the most logical choice."

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Lions’ Sweep Eliminates Batsmen

By PAUL BUSSELL

"It's a nightmare," moaned coach Bill Kirkwood, as it was announced that Penn’s 26-11 loss to Columbia had eliminated the defending EIHL champions, Quakers might contain the high-water mark of their Ivy League season. Penn tied it three minutes later on a tally byo.

Columbia Clinches Tie for EIHL Title

"We had a big game," noted Big Red coach Charlie Turner. "We put the game away in the fourth quarter." The Quakers appeared ready to send the game into overtime, but with 50 seconds left on the clock, a turnover led to a shot from Columbia's Daniel Schuylkill. Expressway after Mike Kirschen was cut down by the referee at the six-foot line.

Penn’s defense was dominated by the Ithacans, who scored three goals in the first period and added two in the second. "The Ithacans struck first, picking up on a set of uncharted territory," said Quaker skipper Jim McEneaney, who registered three goals and five assists. "(Penn) played well, but I felt we gave up in the middle of the way," he added.

Another stunning goal came in the second period, when Columbia's Chris Chernik scored his fourth goal of the game and scored by a man down as he was looked at as he took a shot on the goal. The goal was scored on a penalty shot.

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a day at the races ... page 3
You know, it's not easy to be brilliant in this space every week.

Oh sure, we try. But the strain of being ingenious week after week has taken its toll, and we have run dry of clever ideas. For the time being, of course.

So instead of more splendid prose in this available region of journalistic newspaper territory which we lovingly label The Inside Story wherewith we can exhibit our not miniscule literary talents extraordinaire, we bring you funny pictures.

The Best of The 34th Street Foto Files, Volume 1.

Volume 2 comes next week when we don’t feel like writing again.

—C.S. & L.T.

(1) Effect snob
(2) Leonard's Toes
(3) Feetal position

(1) Man with Sinus Condition
(2) Waiting for the Registrar
(3) A Pretty Girl is Like a Melody

(1) Boy with Point on Head
(2) Point with Boy on Bottom
(3) Boy with Bladder Weakness

(1) Florence Nightingale
(2) Florence Henderson
(3) Florence Italy

(1) Statistics
(2) Curt Gowdy
(3) Commencement
(4) 34th Street
a day at the races

By Peter Grant

The big black man, his eyes wide as silver dollars, stands silent as the horses round the last turn. Thundering, thundering loud over the screams and bellowing of the crowd, the horses head into the stretch. But he just stands there, clutching his tickets in his hand, occasionally mouthing something incoherent.

Funny thing about those tickets. Before the horses cross the line they could be worth hundreds of dollars. Yet at the end of the day there are thousands of them, worthless and discarded, littering the ground like so many disregarded dreams.

It's Saturday at the Garden State Park Racetrack and 56th running of the Trenton Handicap is packing the place full. But it's more than the rivalry between Royal Glink and Master Derby that's drawing 22,000 people here like bees to honey.

It's rather mass man out for easy money. They flow from the parking lots as though the cars produced them. Mustachioed men with tattooed arms. Men in torn business suits, their ties loosened. Old men with hands like leather. Sunglasses worn with too much makeup. Groups of men in their twenties carrying cases of beer and their week's pay. A father telling his son to bet wisely so he still has money for Liberty Bell that night. A mother overflowing out of her green stretchpants, telling her pouting daughter, "If you want to leave home, I'll help you pack."

I sit with Manny, a bespectacled old man in baggy pants, and watch the crowd swarm in. He's on pension, doesn't have much money, but comes to the races three, four times a week because, he says, "A man gotta do something." Only bets once a day—says the races are crooked. But still he relies on his friend to pick which horse to bet on. His friend comes over, eyes glued to the Daily News, toes sticking out of his shoes.

The crowd funnels past news vendors selling programs and the Daily Racing Form. One of them, a rugged blond man in his thirties sings out:

"Get your Rac' Forma here."

He has a good voice and ks, ya it, letting it drift over the baying heads and bleached hair of the unappreciative crowd. Perhaps in another time he would be outside a temple calling the populace to some religious service. Maybe in a cynical sort of way, that is what he's doing here. He grabs the dollar, hands over the paper with one mechanical movement of his arm, without missing a beat.

First post time is two o'clock but the stands start filling up around noon. People sitting outside in the sunshine reading the Daily News, people sipping coffee inside, their noses stuck in the Racing Form. Everywhere you look people got those damn fool newspapers in their hands. Some great secret to be found somewhere on that page.

Some of the people are busy figuring. Scribbling in the margins, computing weight of horses, whether they are leaders or likely to come from behind. But most, it seems, just stare at the names, just keep looking at those horses hoping for one to jump off the program as a sure thing.

I sit next to an old lady as Ky Lark, a 15-1 shot, noses out Busy Brick, a 20-1 shot who, according to the Daily News, "has gone sour." Maybe the horse didn't read the News that day. Anyway, the lady says, she never looks at the odds to pick her horse. Sometimes the way the horse looks, sometimes its name. "Makes my husband angry as hell," she laughs. "Been winning more than him for years."

Try to get some kind of bearing on the scene and it all becomes fuzzy. Pot-bellied men watch magnificent, almost godly horses race each other to the wire...returning to their stables, muscles glowing with sweat, track dust in their eyes and the boos from the crowd ringing in their ears. Inside the clubhouse people line up to lay down their money for betting tickets. People line up to collect their earnings. Expressions are the same whether the money goes in or comes out; it doesn't seem to matter.

The thing is, nobody wins. Nobody pretends to. Lloyd sat next to me on the bus going out there. Wouldn't tell me how many years he's been racing because that have no right to be." One hornrimmed spectator said, "one fan he comes to the track sometimes and doesn't bet. "I'm getting an education by just watching the horses which circumvents humanness. "I've seen grown men crying like babies," Dennis recalls. "They would blow their paycheck on the races and be afraid to go home."

"One day they're on top, the next day they're getting shouted at by the boo-boys. They're human too."

And so are the crowds. Still, something about the horses which circumvents humanness. No, it's no longer the aristocrats that dominate the racetrack. Gone are the long dresses, the top hats, the sounds and smells of the Proles.

The eyes tell all. In the ones of those who lost but it didn't matter, a little embarrassment; in the ones of those that lost but it didn't matter, a little despair. In the eyes of those that won, the knowledge that they'll be back to spend their earnings, and that, as one veteran racer said, "You just can't beat the horses."

Cover Story

Peter Grant

Royal Glink edged out Master Derby in the Handicap to take the $72,000. When an objection was raised by one of the jockeys, however, some spectators with little pride began to pick through the discarded tickets on the ground, hoping to find a possible winner prematurely thrown away by a disgusted owner.

But Glink then had it officially, and the day was all over. Shadows had settled on the track and door began slamming in the parking lot. People filed out of the same gates they walked their hopes through just hours before.

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Peter Grant

Garden State Park
THEATRE

a bicentennial meet the press

By Michelle Manoff

The Bicentennial is upon us. After two hundred years of waiting, we can finally put ourselves on the back for surviving that long. Playwrights, possessed of dubious reputations in other regards, are too great to resist.

Consequently, the bit of the Bicentennial has been raining "Bicentennial plays" down profusely in these exalted times. The latest offering, which opened last week at the Walnut Street Theatre, is "Together Tonight! Jefferson, Hamilton and Burr," written and directed by Norman Corwin.

The setting of this play is a meeting of the Open View Society in Philadelphia in 1799. A distinguished and directed by Norman Corwin.

The situation conjures up images of a Bicentennial "Meet the Press." These renowned figures, as they answer the probing questions posed by Lenox, are supposed to reveal the thoughts and motivations underlying their interactions in the past.

Future time is depicted in blackouts, in which a topic in the debate paves the way for the revelation of an upcoming event. For example, a discussion of the horrors of dueling leads to the recreation of Hamilton's death in a duel with Burr. The point is to demonstrate how these men, conflicting and coping with each other, made their mark on history.

Although historically correct, the play comes off as contrived and stilted. The blackouts contribute greatly to this awkward feeling. They appear to be strained devices used by Corwin only because he couldn't think of another way to weave in incidents not viable in the vehicle of the panel.

Also true are the too-obvious parallels to recent times. Maybe Corwin, not convinced that his audience would be enamored of the Bicentennial glamour of it all, felt he had to make a stab at "relevance" to brighten interest. Unfortunately, Corwin got carried away and kept putting them in for good measure. Analogies to the Vietnam War, Watergate, and even Nixon pop up too often. The point is exaggerated and overdrawn.

The cast is eminent; however, the acting leaves a lot to be desired. Monte Markham, though he cuts a striking figure, is too brash in his portrayal of the erratic Burr. Howard Duff as Hamilton overacts to the point of ridiculousness. Many of his intonations seem too affected, as if he were some novice trying desperately to convey meaning. Danna Andrews, with a skilled cast, is perfect as Jefferson; his manner is soft, nuanced, dignified.

Thankfully, Corwin does not try to romanticize these men as larger-than-life figures without warts, vagaries, or ambition. These American history-makers are drawn as human with all the failings that the word entails. Corwin should be credited for resisting the urge to unequivocally glorify these men for the sake of the Bicentennial. His intentions were good; what I must quibble with is his method.

Theatre in Center City, is no exception. The Robert Lowell play, produced by Pocket Playhouse under the direction of Mark Conti, is really a two-act adaptation of a couple of fairly well-known stories, Hawthorne's "My Kinsman, Major Molineux," and Melville's "Benito Cereno."

The first act, from the Hawthorne story, is about as Bicentennial as they come. It is about a couple of rural youths who come to Boston to visit their cousin, Major Molineux, a redcoat officer in the days just before the Revolution. They wander around the ridiculous set (a flag and a couple of red, white and blue columns) for a while until they come upon his kinsman about to be tarred and feathered.

It is a very amateurish production, and also very boring, however the small audience is never permitted to doze off. The innumerable incidents of rural recitation (screaming, I call it) in the play serve to keep everyone wide awake. Major Molineux is probably the loudest production of the year.

The second act, "Benito Cereno," is a vast improvement. In adapting the story, Lowell has made significant and interesting alterations. However, his version is no less fascinating than Melville's. "Benito Cereno" is roughly the story of an American sea captain, Amanza Delano, who comes upon a Spanish slave ship run by only one Spaniard. Delano's never-ending effort to put his mind at ease regarding the ship, and then to unravel the mystery of it all, form a spellbinding tale.

Everything is better in the second act, especially the acting. Michael Vincent, who appeared only briefly in the first act, has the important role of Babu, the slave leader, and steals the show. John Azara, as Ben Benito Cereno, and Mark Conti as Amanza Delano, are also excellent, as is Mr. Perkins. Delano's straightforward, is made of wood.

Anyone bent on seeing this play had better miss the first act.

ARCHITECTURE

more than pretty pictures

By Brian T. Watson

The new exhibit which opened April 21 at the Institute of Contemporary Art (on the ground floor space of the Fine Arts Building) is an improvement over previous architectural displays. Unlike shows of the past, which have tended toward one-dimensionality, and secondly, the current effort is refreshingly decipherable. Put on by the Department of Architecture of the Graduate School of Fine Arts, it is a collection of student drawings, models, photographs and a display from the work of Paul Philippe Cret.

A small presentation on Louis Kahn and some structural models done by Penn professor Robert LeRicolais complete the program.

The student works are a diverse sampling of this year's first, second, and third-year, and thesis studios. The drawings are "presentation" caliber, and the end result of six-week investigative projects.

The "project" is the way of architectural design education at the Institute of Contemporary Art (ICA) to teach students what to do with the building. A student is given something (a building, a group of buildings) to design; the ensuing six weeks see a continuous production of sketches, models, and studies of the problem, ideally throwing light on which solution lies.

The student drawings are representative of what's done at Penn today and provide an effective foil for the Beaux-Arts work of Paul Philippe Cret which makes up the second section of the exhibit. There are numerous fine drawings taken from various stages in Cret's life, showpieces to be admired as much for the pretty-picture-effect of the drawings themselves as for the communication contained in them that is the real raison d'être of architectural drawings.

Paul Ceret was awarded a gold medal by the American Institute of Architects, as was Louis Kahn, who was the University's Paul Ceret Professor of Architecture until his death in 1974. Kahn's AIA medal and other awards, as well as a large sketch of his are on display.

Penn's current Paul Ceret Professor, Robert LeRicolais, is exhibiting some outwardly strange-looking three-dimensional structures which delve into the methods of resisting the forces of tension and compression with as little material as possible.

Finally, a small section of the show displays Urban Design work, Population, land use, redevelopment, inputs, outputs, growth management, etc., with which the exhibit deals in a visual way.

The total presentation is educational and entertaining. Peter McClearay, chairman of the architecture department, hopes that the University community of alumni, faculty, and students will sessionId. Certainly, so is it an opportunity to peer into the approximate mindset of 240 architecture students.
MUSIC

Lofgren: a macho schoolboy

By Gordy Schonfeld

Cry Tough
Nils Lofgren
A&M SP-4573

Among recording artists, there are some who manage to make a point or present their music without subtlety, such as Grand Funk, Black Sabbath, and Kiss. There are also those who persist in changing their musical personas over the course of several albums. "Rock & Roll Hall of Fame" was one of David Bowie's last such records. Ray Davies—though I pray this will be the only time in which these two names will ever be mentioned together—spoke of Cry Tough, Nils Lofgren's latest offering: "I think the title says it all. Lofgren has managed to put on a different face for each successive song he performs.

The LP's cover is symbolic of this enigma. On the front, Lofgren is shown gripping his vintage Fender Stratocaster guitar like he's ready to pounce on it. The back cover, however, shows Lofgren playing the instrument with an innocent, even schoolboyish look of delighted fascination on his face. This constant

reversal of roles from punk to stud and back again is what makes Cry Tough so puzzling.

Side one opens with the title cut, on which Lofgren is urged to toughen up to overcome his fears and shyness. This is followed by "It's Not A Crime," in which he defiantly manages to talk a young girl into giving him a try. After her conquest, he sings "The Other Guys Always Say I Get Away," and echoes this harsh self-judgment with an equally biting guitar solo. The song ends with Lofgren singing "It ain't no crime to fly away, it ain't no crime to float my way."

On "Incidentally It's Over," Lofgren puts the girl down sternly and gets rid of her. The gritty call and response between his voice and guitar here is particularly effective. Next, he chooses to offer his own rendition of "Fire Your Love," the old Yardbird hit. The song is created on several levels, such as the teasing half-attempt to make the song sound like reggae. The lyrics put the singer in a prostate

position before the girl, as opposed to his casually domineering stance in "It's Over."

"Share A Little" starts off the second side. Its gradual build-up creates the strong impression that something dramatic will occur. Lofgren fills this bill with his chorus demand that "I know I'm a strange stick to pull but why don't you share a little?" The playing is solid by Lofgren, bassist Wornell Jones, and drummer Aynsley Dunbar. On "Mud In Your Eye," Lofgren again puts the girl down for mystifying men with confusion. He sings sarcastically that "True love good girls can't deny, it comes and goes like mud in your eye."

"Can't Get Closer (WOGC)" finds Lofgren regretting that though he has "tuned into" the girl's "station," he can't get any closer to her. This feeling is taken one step further with "You Lit A Fire," in which he says that he's done his best for the girl but he's lost her forever: the fire that she

lit in him will always continue to burn. On "Jailbait," Lofgren resumes his tough demeanor momentarily, only to lose it to a fourteen year-old seductive

fox. He knows he's a crook over him, but he's powerless to resist it.

Cry Tough, obviously, contains sharply contrasting viewpoints that are difficult to reconcile. Lofgren's conflicting emotions leave a lingering doubt about where he really stands. Nevertheless, the songs are pleasant, and the instrumental work is excellent, never overdone by the professionals involved. Except for the one on "You Lit A Fire," the production by Al Kooper and David Briggs is pinpoint-clear with no

superflities.

My initial reaction tells me that Cry Tough is the kind of album that will
take a lot of time to grow on the listener. If you want to get it, be forewarned that it can become
clearer only through repeated

listening. Your patience will be put at a premium.

ART

Victorianism Lives!

By Barbara Friedman

The Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts is the oldest existing art academy in the United States, having been established in 1805. The Academy's present home, at Broad and Cherry Streets, is celebrating its centennial birthday this month.

Now, after two years of restoration, at a cost of $5.1 million, the Academy has finally reclaimed its present home, at Broad and Cherry Streets, is celebrating its centennial birthday this month.

The two small first floor galleries are devoted to the history of the Academy. It records how some works came into the collection, and how donors' and

are Modernism and Contemporary Art. New York

has borrowed some of these paintings in order to

The woodwork in the entrance hall has been rebuilt,

using old methods and fine craftsmanship, while iron
capitals have been replaced with fiberglass.

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Scrappe

What's the "in at best thing to visiting Israel?" According to Bernard Menlns and Ray Gran, it's their "Festival Israel '76.

Scheduled for Saturday evening, May 1, and Sunday May 2, Festival Israel '76 is being touted by its sponsors as a "total Israeli experience."

The weekend event, marking the 28th Independence Day of the State of Israel, will be held at the Reform Congregation Keneseth Israel, located at Old York Road and Township Line Road, Elkins Park.

Among the highlights of the festival will be a display of art and handicrafts reflecting the culturally rich and mixed heritage of the Israeli peoples. Traditional skills and talents will be represented by hand-worked copper, embroidery, silver ceremonial designs and paintings. Also on display will be hand-blown glass objects, olive wood sculpture, mosaics, and china-many of which will be available for purchase.

Those who prefer edible cultural artifacts can visit "Super Sol" (a giant supermarket selling exotic Israeli food products) and the "Cafe Shalom" (a refreshment stand offering falafel, blintzes, and pita sandwiches). Children under 16 are free; over 16, the donation is $1.50.

canoe canoe?

Scrappe, that is. But canoeing through the backwoods of Jersey, far away from the stench of Camden—and there's swimming and picnic facilities along the way.

So maybe the press brochure exaggerates a little when it labels New Jersey "The Crossroads of the Revolution," and maybe you won't really be taking "A Ride Through History." But if the thoughts of laying back, catching some rays, and moseying down the river appeal to you, call 1-609-561-4337 to find out what you can do about your urge. The Marina is located in Sweetwater, N.J., about an hour east of here.

all that jazz

Do you have pipedreams about following in the musical footsteps of David Amram, Billy Cobham and the Original Storyville Jam Band? If you are a struggling amateur jazz musician, you can become "apprenticed" to these and other professional jazz greats in a special summer program sponsored by Bennington College.

The Bennington Summers Jazz Lab, a unique educational and experimental American music program, will be conducted July 9 through August 15 at the college's rural Vermont campus.

The Lab will bring together approximately 50 professional "Master" musicians, singers, composers and critics who will live, study and play together with the "apprentices"-advanced music students and beginning professionals.

Apprentices will choose their own mentors and divide their time among workshops, individual practice and group interchange.

Musicians have until May 1 to submit audition tapes, an application (stating name, address, telephone, age, highest level and location of scholastic training, and principal jazz interest) and the application fee of $5.

Tuition for the Jazz Lab is $1,000—which includes room and board. For more info, contact Bennington Summers, Inc., 35 W. 92nd Street, N.Y., N.Y., 10025.

canoe canoe?

Did you know New Jersey had historic pinelands? And did you know you could explore them by canoe? Well, the Mullica River Marina told us so, and we're passing along the word. For $8 a day rental (plus additional charges for hauling and reservations), you can spend the afternoon lazing down the Mullica River and observing the sites on the banks.

The Marina would like to have you believe that these sites have some historical meaning—you know, this was a famous spot because it was a loading and staging point for ships that crossed the Atlantic with supplies for the Continental Army, and other Bicen

rubble—but that meaning is minimal at best. But it does sound quaint, canoeing through the backwoods of Jersey, far away from the stench of Camden—and there's swimming and picnic facilities along the way.

house hunting

The University City Historical Society is sponsoring its Second Annual House Tour this Sunday from 1 to 5 p.m.

In case you missed the first Annual House Tour last year (which drew close to 300 observers), and would like to know what you're getting into, a house tour is simply that. A house tour. You walk through some old houses in the area (just like your place, but in better condition) while the host points out the architectural nuances of interest.

The theme of this year's tour is "Life Within a Victorian Structure." All of the homes on the tour (19 in all) were built before 1878, with the oldest, the William Hamilton estate, being built in 1788.

There's a $3.50 charge to cover costs ($3.00 if you get your ticket before Sunday—but $3.50 to walk through some old rooms isn't so bad when you consider the price you pay to live in the old rooms in the Quad.

More details are free for the asking: EV7-7821 for Tour Chairman Bob Hughes and EV2-0363 for Publicist Barry Grossbach.

goin' down that long, lonesome highway

Planning to do a little traveling once finals are over? Whether you're looking for an extensive cross-country trip, or a simple jaunt to the shore, you'll have to attend to two basic necessities of travel—how to get there and where to stay.

To help with the "how to get there" part, the Hamilton Village Council now offers a ride-sharing service called "People's Transit."

Actually People's Transit is a nationwide, non-profit organization based in Portland, Oregon, which helps to match riders and riders cheaply and safely. PT has affiliates near most major cities (primarily on campuses and military bases) and the Hamilton Village Council has designated the Philadelphia branch.

The system works like this: The prospective traveler registers at St. Mary's Church (3916 Locust Walk) or the Christian Association (3601 Locust Walk). The fee is $1.; and registrants must show an ID so that People's Transit can keep track of who's travelling with whom.

PT boasts a 90 percent success rate in matching up riders and drivers. And, if you'd rather fly than ride, PT offers reduced-rate flights with private pilots who have registered with the organization.

Once you've found an inexpensive way to reach your destination, you'll probably want an equally cheap place to stay. That's where American Youth Hostels, Inc. comes in.

AYH is a non-profit, non-sectarian, non-political organization devoted to helping young people enjoy the great outdoors. AYH members have access to some 4,500 hostels around the world (151 in the United States). The hostels offer simple overnight accommodations—with cooking facilities—for a mere $2 per night.

Yearly membership in AYH is $11 for adults 18 and over, and $5 for those under 18. For more information, contact the Delaware Valley branch, 4714 Old York Road, Philadelphia, (215) GJ 7-5070.
The bent skeletal form turned his head crassly from side to side, tugging at a needle attached to a piece of yarn. His tongue escaped momentarily through his lips, and his eyes betrayed a vibrancy wholly out of place with the obviously difficult task of changing the direction of his arm’s motion to plunge the needle once more into the pattern before him. A nurse standing a bit off and behind him explained in a quiet voice that his needlepoint was not actually occupational therapy, but that the activity was simply what the man enjoyed doing, so they let him have his way. A few feet away a grey-haired woman with a kind face, doused pale blue paint on a ceramic figure of an owl. Behind a screen were the noises of woodworking around the room various wheel-chair bound people were putting at various handicrafts, preparing creations that eventually would be sold in the small gift shop or else mounted proudly in their rooms.

As I walked through the room, curious eyes met mine, flickered, then turned away. What was it the eyes were saying? Welcome to our world?

A strange world, certainly, but not as alien as one might expect. Inglis House, the Philadelphia Home for Incurables, lies in semi-suburban Wynnewood Heights, across from the city waterworks, separated by Fairmount Park from the rest of the city. Its spacious grounds nestle apple blossom trees and azalea shrubs, between which asphalt walkways criss-cross randomly.

In this bucolic setting the House's tall stone walls have a rather sinister aspect. On an overcast day it might be mistaken for a gigantic mausoleum. The perfect order of the grounds is disrupted by the movement of an electric wheelchair past a fountain. From a room farther down, a movement of an electric wheelchair might be mistaken for a gigantic mausoleum. The perfect order of the grounds is disrupted by the movement of an electric wheelchair past a fountain. From a room farther down, the worst victims, Mrs. Burns sighed, “are boys and girls your age who are in automobile accidents. You go out on a Saturday night and you are utterly well and then the next thing you know you wake up to find you are paralyzed.” Speaking of one resident who was injured in a diving accident, Burns said, “We were all thrilled to death when Mike made the final adjustment and realized he was here to stay.” The adjustment took nearly six years.

Sooner or later, Burns added, the residents “are going to realize they’re going to live, they’re going to get involved, to be encouraged to go as far as the handicap will allow.”

Each resident at Inglis House represents a personal tragedy in someone else's life, noted the girl friend of one paraplegic. “Right is right, but wrong is wrong,” she said emphatically. “Something will always be wrong. A red mark on a paraplegic, a simple pressure mark that can happen overnight, is a crisis in his life. It can develop into a bed sore that can go right down to the bone. That’s why they need absolute pampering.” Dr. Smith noted that quadriplegic patients “those who cannot use any of their limbs” receive at least four hours of personal nursing care a day, simply to prevent further deterioration.

The girl friend, who asked that neither she nor her lover be identified, said that with such a demand for care “it is very convenient for families to abandon” the disabled. A few of the patients she knew, she said, had been virtually forsaken, although most receive regular visits from relatives or go to see them.

Another aspect of the disability, however, is that “every moment seems to be precious,” she said. “He’s very, very, very independent, and it’s almost impossible to do anything for him.” For months, she related, she had tried to find out from her boyfriend what was his favorite food. Finally, he relented and told her, and she prepared it and brought the dish on a last stop ... and a new start.

By John Daniszewski

For them, Inglis House is the “last stop” in a long series of clinical and rehabilitative facilities, Burns noted. They come to live out their lives in an environment designed to permit the handi capped to meet their fullest potential. “To add life to years, not just years to life” as a recent Inglis House bulletin put it.

Dianna Serviss exemplifies this goal. A resident of Inglis House for eight years, she is, one aide confided, the institution’s “athletic prodigy.” Among her recent laurels are two silver medals in track and table tennis at wheelchair games for the Delaware Valley. Paralyzed from the waist down, she is currently in training to compete in national sports events for the handicapped to be held in New York later this year. She spends several hours each day working out on pulleys attached to 20 lb. weights to strengthen her arms for the javelin throw.

“Inglis House has opened doors for me,” she said slowly. “It seems that it would decrease your life, but it doesn’t really. It has increased mine.” Before learning about Inglis House from one of the residents she met at a summer camp for the disabled, Serviss had lived at home with her mother.

“My mother works and I was able to get typing jobs occasionally...very occasionally,” she reminisced. “I had a few more problems getting around than I do now, and we were always going to see the doctors. Now I’m able to live pretty independently and my mother knows that whatever happens that I’m all right. And I can keep myself occupied—boy, am I occupied.” Beside the athletics, Serviss is a ham radio operator, is learning to take and develop photographs, gardens, makes rug rugs, and works in the Inglis House pharmacy.

“ ‘And you can come and go as you please,’ ” she adds. “ ‘I like to go home on Saturdays and catch up on everything.’ ”

Staff and residents are quick to point out that everyone’s adjustment is not this easy. Janet Diener Craig (SAMP ’75), who works in the occupational therapy department, notes that “75 percent of therapy is for purposes of morale.” Most residents, she said, would participate every day if possible, but some have to be coerced. If it weren’t for the handicrafts her department offers, “some of them would go off in a corner and live in isolation,” Craig remarked.

The depression, staff members indicated, is based in an unwillingness to recognize the limitations imposed by the handicap. And occasionally hopes are unrealistically raised. One young man, who did not have the use of his hands, studied diligently to be an accountant, only to realize upon completing his efforts that no one could use a bookkeeper who couldn’t hold a pencil. Another individual trained to be a tinter of black-and-white photos, a job skill that is obsolete in an era of color film. In both instances, depression ensued.

“We have found that at least five years must pass before a patient accepts his fate and begins to try to function at a lower level,” states Medical Director Dr. Glen T. Smith in the institution’s last annual report. Before that, “psychologically...there is...great anger.”

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“Such a silly, stupid thing. But I brought it to him and I saw his eyes well up. ‘What’s wrong,’ I asked him. He said ‘It’s been nine years since I had that.’ “It’s very thrilling to be hugged by a paraplegic.”
concerts tomorrow night at 8:30.

Third Stream on Monday at 8 and
On Sunday at 3 PM, pianist
appears tomorrow night at 8:30.
chants to Joni Mitchell,
527 South Street

• On Sunday at 3:30, the Curtis
College will appear
in another of our nation's glorious
Bicentennial concerts.

Institute of Contemporary Art
Germantown
1602 Faculty Road
Presents its third annual Clark
Park Music Festival at 43rd and
Baltimore. Performing will be
the Jack McGann Swing Band, 
Les Romane, the Jarmen Gospel
Ensemble, and square dancers

and Peter Evklund appear on

and pianist David Levine, all

Strictly Swing Band.

and pianist Greg Klhn
by opening act Scarecrow.

by opening act Scarecrow.

of Hearts. Saturday through
Wednesday: Magical Mystery Tour and
The Beatles at Shea.

• On Sunday at 2 PM, the Curtis
Community College will appear
in another of our nation's glorious
Bicentennial concerts.

Institute of Contemporary Art
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Presents its third annual Clark
Park Music Festival at 43rd and
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