SANSOM GROUP AND GROTON REACH TENTATIVE 3400 BLOCK ACCORD

BY ED DUDA

The University and the Pennsylvania Senate Committee have reached a tentative agreement on the final development of the 3400 block of Walnut Street. The agreement, reached after months of negotiation, is expected to be signed sometime in the near future. The accord includes provisions for the preservation of the historic Fox and Posel site, as well as the rehabilitation of the remaining buildings on the block. The University has agreed to finance the rehabilitation of the site, while the Senate Committee has pledged to support the project.

OFFICIALS ANNOUNCE SIGNIFICANT INCREASE IN SPECIAL GOVERNMENT ALLOWANCES

BY ELIZABETH SANGER

The special government allowances, which are a form of student aid, will increase by 10 percent for the coming academic year. This increase is in response to rising costs and inflation. The special allowance, which is a form of need-based aid, will now be awarded to students based on a more accurate calculation of their financial need. The increase will benefit thousands of students, particularly those from lower-income families.

Campus Development Drive Collects Nearly $2 Million

BY STEVEN S. MARQUEZ

The university and the campaigners behind the development drive have raised a significant amount of money. The drive aims to raise $10 million to support the construction of a new student center. The success of the campaign is attributed to the efforts of the university administration, the Foundation, and the alumni association. The money will be used to fund the construction of the student center, which is scheduled to open in the fall.

U. Economics Professors Serve On Carter Bandwagon

BY STEVEN DURK

University President Lawrence Kohl, chief economic advisor to Democratic President Jimmy Carter, has been a key figure in the administration's economic policies. Kohl, who has been praised for his handling of the economy, has been a vocal supporter of Carter's initiatives. Kohl's influence has been evident in his role as the head of the National Economic Council, where he has been instrumental in implementing the administration's economic policies.
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PLACEMENT

Overall Job Opportunities Reported Good

By RHONDA ORIN

When students with graduate degrees from the University last year were shopping for jobs, they found a mixed bag of positive and negative experiences for many others, employment opportunities seemed to have surged in the bargain.

"We were doing better," the job officers are saying, "so we are settling for second or third best," Martis Hunter, placement director for the Graduate School of Education, and last week wrote that the statement represented the sentiments of per- sonnel in many University graduate departments.

Placement success varied from 90 to 100 percent in various graduate programs throughout the University. At the top of the scale were the professional programs and Wharton. The low percentage of success was found in programs for the social sciences, Women's Ice Hockey and the arts.

Overall, however, the University's graduate students who received degrees last year were doing better than the students who received their Ph.D.s in 1975. Approximately 45 percent of the 1976 students found employment, as compared to 30 percent of the 1975 students who received Ph.D.s.

The problem of students "settling" for job offers under expectations was more predominant in departments in the Faculty of Arts and Sciences than in those in the professional programs. The predominant employment areas for the professional students were education, insurance, and applied science (CSAS) and the various professional schools.

"We're not always delighted, but we try to make our students happy," English Depart- ment Graduate Chairman Stuart Curran admitted. "Students are setting—

...they're not sure of it all.

All of the 17 who received Ph.D.s in English last year are currently employed. Curran said, and approximately 15 were currently in schools.

The demand for students graduating from the University's professional schools has traditionally been exceedingly high. For 1975-76 medical and veteri- nanary graduates, it remained to be seen in high, but in the University Law School, Director of Placement Helen Clark said last year's market was "the worst it's been.

Of the 56 law school graduates last year, 30 are still seeking full-time positions. Clark said, "usually everybody gets placed," the woman said, "we always have some waiting in September, but I don't think it's been too bad so far."

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funloving studious types. Sometimes. Since there are so few like me to do most of them are hardworking. Every day 30,000 people, residents of our little town for every statement by Security Director Donald Shultis, has a security force of 30,000 people, "according to a recent wire or a police state—just in- statement by Security Director Donald Shultis, has a security force of 30,000 people, according to a recent interview. The answer can only be yes. If you see some good around us worth investing, we're not likely to as long as com- if you see some good around us worth investing, we're not likely to as long as com-

Seth Rosen (FAS '77) is the Advertising Manager of the Daily Pennsylvanian, Cruel Bunny is a weekly feature of this page. I will concede that I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of strangely—I would have to sort of 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SO MANY PHILADELPHIA HAIRCUTTERS TRY TO BE BARRY LEONARD. BUT ONLY BARRY LEONARD IS BARRY LEONARD.
The Daily Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania Gazette Wins Four Publishing Awards

By JOHN E. ROSENBAUM

The Pennsylvania Gazette, the University's alumni magazine, won four awards in the Council for Advancement and Support of Education (CASE) annual competition this year.

The Publications Office also had two products in the same competition. The Gazette earned an exceptional achievement award for magazine publishing programs in its special Pulitzer Division. The commendation reflects the overall excellence in quality of the journal in all facets of magazine publishing.

The Law Alumni Journal, a Law School publication, won a James Madison exceptional achievement award for magazine publishing programs. The honor was granted for the originality of its concept and appeal of articles. Only one other prize was granted to the over 400 entrants in this category.

The 1975 commencement program, "University of Pennsylvania, 1749-1975" was honored with the award for periodical improvements. The magazine was revitalized through the concept of unifying the total J255 programs. The honor was granted for the originality of its concept and appeal of articles.

The Law Alumni Journal, a Law School publication, won a James Madison recognition citation in the individual poster category.

For The First Time In The U.S.!

Wachter Advises Carter

(Continued from page 1)

The Daily Pennsylvania

On the 100th Anniversary of his birth, the dance company presented the world premiere of "The Original Picasso Sets and Costumes and Other Works."

The show is quite simply the best and certainly most entertaining Spanish Dance Company ever.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 27, 8 PM

An Evening of Spanish Dance

Including Gypsies, Flamenco, and Castile

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 28, 8 PM

Homage to Manuel de Falla

Real forests, and most of the scene have been set.

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Tickets: Orchestra $7.00, Balcony $6.00.

For The First Time In The U.S.!

Now comes Miller time.
The Big Dipper Shoots for Stars

The senior year. The year every athlete waits for. The chance to go on to the pros. For basketball center Henry Johnson, that year had to wait.

The senior year. The year every athlete waits for. The chance to go on to the pros. For basketball center Henry Johnson, that year had to wait. Dickstein Style: Head and Shoulders Above the Rest

By ANDY ROSE

His curveball rolls over the plate. It's a pitch that has been seen too many times in spring training, too many times in the minor leagues. The hitter is waiting for it, and he's ready.

He's not waiting for it. He's waiting for something else. Something that's rare in baseball, something that's rare in spring training. Something that's rare in the minor leagues.

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Hey Joe,

You know how we usually write clever, sarcastic captions under our cover photo as a lead into the story? Well we were going to do that again this week (I mean, what sort of clown wears a pinky ring like that, or suspenders even?) but we decided not to, because you're bigger than all of us over here put together, and anything you want to wear is all right with us Joe 'cause you're still the champ in our book and please don't hit us.

Keep on boogeying.
The best reason we know for stepping up to separates.

Todays receivers have more power and more features than ever before. But they’re also bigger, heavier and more expensive than ever before. So if you want more performance than your present receiver can deliver, you may be ready for separates.

A separate tuner and integrated amplifier, or a separate preamplifier and power amplifier.

Independent test labs have reported that LUX separates sound better than anything else they have ever heard. We agree. And we think you will too. Well separates sound better than anything else, too.

ONE EXAMPLE OF A LUX RECEIVER

T-88V AM/FM Tuner
LUX’s least expensive tuner yet includes PET front end and linear phase ceramic filters in IF section. And superb specifications.

L-80V Integrated Stereo Amplifier
50 watts per channel minimum continuous output into 8 ohms. 20 20,000 Hz total harmonic distortion no more than 0.08%. Features include two turntable frequencies each for bass and treble controls; two cutoff frequencies each for high and low filters; two deck dubbing.

The fifty members of the Hotline staff, who range from local college students to psychologists with master’s degrees, all had to study topics like referral systems and role playing. The staff, only twenty of whom receive salaries, includes five staff psychologists who hold office at HELP’s 638 South Street location as well as several Temple University students who are earning credit for their work with HELP.

HELP is actually an entire network of services which uses the Hotline as its official medical team base at many recent rock concerts and festivals.

HELP is a federally funded, drug free, “alternative agency,” whose purpose is to “do everything from finding people temporary housing to helping people who are tripping out on acid,” according to Tarin. If you need help, the Hotline, which is open from 10:00 am to 10:00 pm on weekdays, and from 2:00 pm to 10:00 pm on weekends, is at KI 6-7766. The medical clinic is open from 10:00 am to 5:30 pm on Mondays, and from 9:30 to 9:30 on Mondays and Wednesdays. If you want to help, and HELP is in dire need of volunteer doctors and dentists, call or stop by.

—S. Peter Loshin
Smokin' Joe -- Still Smouldering

By Steve Dubow and Dave Lieber

Joe Frazier, ex-boxing champion, is trying to adjust to a life of retirement after a dozen years in the spotlight.

Last week, for instance, Frazier traveled to Utica, New York to watch one of "his" boxers, undefeated fighter Duane Bobick, cut up Chuck Wepner in the ring. Later that night he did some surprise singing on the state of a Utica nightclub.

And by 1:00 AM in the morning he was headed back home to Philadelphia.

But even the streets of North Philly were barren by 3:30 AM when Frazier arrived at the Cloverloy Gym. His gym.

While the city slept that night, the ex-champ says he worked out for an hour and a half — training —in the gym he inherited from his mentor, Yancey Durham.

In bed by five, Joe was back in his office above the gym by ten the next morning for an early interview.

"Obviously, even though Joe Frazier is retired, he'd love to be champ again. "I know," he says as if he is sure, "that I can do it again."

Whether Joe Frazier can, in fact, do it again does not really matter. He has gained as much fame, glory, and success as most men would dare ask for. Yet at age 32 Frazier still thinks he has something left.

May 22nd began that day in Beaufort, South Carolina when a 14-year-old Joe beat up a white classmate for calling him a nigger. Rather than return to school, Joe followed his mother's advice and dropped out. He left home and eventually settled in Philadelphia.

Legend has it that he took a job in a local meat slaughterhouse before he wondered into a Police Athletic League gym one day to try and solve a weight problem.

There he met a man named Yancey Durham who took the street-fighter under his wing and molded him into the 1964 Olympic boxing champion. Then, in 1970, Frazier marched undefeated to the heavyweight boxing championship of the world—a title Muhammad Ali, then Cassius Clay, had been forced to vacate because of his draft troubles with Uncle Sam.

The stubby, steady, two-fisted slugger with his thick legs and short arms rolling in a merciless rhythm became famous throughout the world.

"If you kill the body, the head dies," was the boxer's motto. "Getting hit by Joe," one of his sparring partners once said, "is like getting run over by a bus."

In March of 1971 Frazier and Ali first met each other in a match which was ballyhooed as "The Fight of the Century." When Ali fell over in the fifteenth round Joe Frazier knew the title was his. It was Ali falling down towards the canvas, while Frazier stands over him following through with his punch. A huge mural of the same photograph covers the entire wall of Frazier's personal dressing room.

Frazier was never to knock Ali down again.

"Keep the motor running sugar," says Frazier if he is talking to some local babe.

Although Frazier has his own special brand of charisma, it seems that he will always remain in the shadow of Muhammad Ali. This is painfully obvious from the wall furnishings within his office. Hanging proudly on the wall is a framed copy of an old Sports Illustrated cover which reads "END OF THE ALI LEGEND." Pictured on it was Ali falling down towards the canvas, while Frazier stands over him following through with his punch. A huge mural of the same photograph covers the entire wall of Frazier's personal dressing room.

Frazier was never to knock Ali down again.

"He can make all the noise he wants to," says Frazier of the just-retired heavyweight champ. "He is just disrespectful of other people. I just don't dig that."

Are he and Ali friends?

"Let's put it this way," replies Frazier. "We have respect for each other as fighters. But we really don't party together," he says with a laugh. "We don't boogey together. We really disagree on a lot of things. I wouldn't just walk up to him on the street and take a poke at him unless we were in the four squares together."

They were, perhaps, the most successful boxing combination in history. But Frazier always ended up being the straight man and the butt of Ali's cruel jokes. Numerous times Ali called Frazier an Uncle Tom and claimed he wasn't as good for black Americans as was "the People's Champ."

Appearing awkward next to Ali, the master showman, Frazier had to put up with endless series of practical jokes—from Ali's toy gun to the surprise wrestling match between the two on TV one afternoon before one of their fights.

Of course, Howard Cosell was there to break it up.

Ali had promised to crawl across the ring after their first fight if he lost and tell Frazier who the greatest really was. "But he wined on his word," says Frazier.

Frazier doesn't have to worry about Ali any more, both have retired — or so they say. But until that multi-million dollar offer comes around Frazier is paying attention to his other fighters.

"Sometimes," he says, "people just think that fighters— they can't walk, they can't sing, they can't act, they can't do nothing but just fight. But that's a lie."

Besides his fledgling limousine service, Frazier is president and chief stock holder of Smokin' Joe Longing treated, a boxing outfit through which he supports his stable of live fighters with both money and encouragement.

"If I wasn't happy with the way boxers are treated," explains the ex-champ, "The way people approach them and the way they are handled. Always knew that if I ever stayed involved in boxing this is what I would like to do."

"I really know how fighters should live, the way they want to live and the way they should be treated. So this is why I got involved, and furthermore, the money was there, and I like helping people."

Smokin' Joe Longing treated, also manages a return to the music world. "Things are going to be even better than before," he says happily.

But if the price is right it seems as if the man can be coaxed back into the ring.

"The best thing to do is stay neutral and say 'Well, we'll try and make it happen but as of now we'll stay cool,' " he explains. "But for many reasons I'll probably come back. I'm really not happy with the way the title is being held now. That's for sure. I will probably come back. But as of now I'm cool and comfortable and I like doing what I'm doing today."

The 45 minutes were up though, and Joe was tired of answering questions. "You guys finished?" he asked. "Now get out!"

Even though he isn't, Joe Frazier acts as if he were still the champ.
**FILM**

**Not This Time**

By Jeffrey Heller

A Matter Of Time purports to be a true account of a girl named Nina who, through sheer ingenuity and ability, rises from hotel maidservant to international movie star.

It is told to us by means of a flashback to the girl's early days in Rome, when she had the good fortune to play counterpart to the rich fantasy life of an aging contessa.

Whether or not the story is factual, we should have been spared the movie version. The idea of a Cinderella-like ascension to prominence is so much a part of our cine-cultural heritage A Star is Born, My Fair Lady, Funny Girl, O Lucky Man, etc., it is, at this point, cliched and rather boring.

To make matters worse, this adulteration is, also, waste of some pretty expensive talent.

Liza Minnelli, for one, is grossly unrewarding. Her performance (as Nina) is so tightly packed with heaves and gasps and fitful tears (as she experiences the thrill and trauma of her Roman metamorphosis) one expects her, at any moment, to burst at the seams. Though she lacks pretension here, she lacks charm as well.

Ingrid Bergman, in the role of the pedagogic contessa is also a grave disappointment. Looking shoddy and painted (not unlike an old whore), Miss Bergman fails to achieve any dignity, in the order of Katherine Hepburn or Vivian Leigh, as the Madwoman of Rome. (But, then, her lines are not provided by the likes of Jean Giradoux or Tennessee Williams.) In any case, an actor of this stature has, as they say, an obligation to rise above such bad material.

The venerable Charles Boyer and Fernando Rey appear also, albeit briefly. As such, they escape from the film's clutches relatively unscathed.

Apparently, then, old Vincente Minnelli, who directed this sloppy seat squirmmer, made certain there wasn't any upstaging. Surely, his own work demands no particular attention. His use of camera angles and techniques (including three frenetic montage sequences) have instead an unflattering, almost dizzying effect.

Perhaps, the man is content to have fathered a project which gives daughter Liza plenty of time to sing and mug it up. In any case, director Minnelli shows, in his new movie, that he, like the film's contessa, is a thing of the past—to whom "age has taught very little."

In the wake, then, of a current Hollywood passion for remakes and sequels, A Matter of Time emerges as one of the more dull and original. It is rather like a long, painful face-lift, which soon sags.

**IV**

Randall & Walker: An Odd Couple

By Daniel Gold

Some notes on two new sit-coms on ABC's Thursday night schedule:

First, the good news: The Tony Randall Show surprised me. Really. The shows I saw were fundamentally sound and had the benefit of good writing and fine character development. Randall plays the role of Judge Walter O. Franklin, holding court in, of all places, Philadelphia! There are, sprinkled throughout the show, appropriate film clips of the city, including Penn. It turns out that Judge Franklin is a graduate of Penn Law School.

Get 'em, Quakers!

Anyway, the premise of the show at first seemed weak and stale. His Honor, a widower, has trouble bringing up two "irrepressible moppets"—Oliver (Brad Savage), a young brat, and Roberta (Devon Scott), his teenage daughter—handling his domineering maid, and keeping his court reporter and secretary both in line. But Randall is more appealing this time than as Felix Unger in The Odd Couple; the characters have been well thought out—Miss Reubner, the overseeing secretary, and Mrs. McCullen, the maid (Rachel Roberts) are particularly amusing and credible.

The plots have been good so far: the first I saw examined Franklin's dilemma in hiring a law clerk—should it be an attractive and perfectly qualified young woman (people would talk) or Court Reporter Tertiary, an old and true friend? Last week's episode had Franklin falling in love with a colleague—a beautiful woman judge played by Diana Muldaur—but having no place to go with her except Atlantic City. I might add that, rest assured, it was all tastefully and humorously done. In short, the writing and acting have risen above the original material and should they continue their above-average performance, ABC might have a winner. (P.S.: The girl got the job and Franklin got the judge.)

It's too bad that ABC has a half-hour to kill at 9:30 on Thursday nights. I would prefer them running something else, something that is unique to ABC. Perhaps, the man is content to have fathered a project which gives daughter Liza plenty of time to sing and mug it up. In any case, director Minnelli shows, in his new movie, that he, like the film's contessa, is a thing of the past—to whom "age has taught very little."

In the wake, then, of a current Hollywood passion for remakes and sequels, A Matter of Time emerges as one of the more dull and original. It is rather like a long, painful face-lift, which soon sags.
THEATRE

Experimenting at Etage

By Daniel Akst

Some of those who make the pilgrimage to view the drama, films, and art exhibits at "Etage" may at first be inclined toward skepticism. But if all its presentations are as interesting as Afanapiece and Woe is Three the two one-act plays being performed there Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays through October 23, then the trip is well worth it.

Etage is the convenient acronym for Environmental Theatre and Gallery Experiment, which calls itself "an urban environmental resource center." Its intention is to provide working artists and performers with space and a sympathetic atmosphere in which to present their work. Etage was opened in January of last year and performed its first play in a sort of uninc Soho area. Afanapiece and Woe is Three were written by the late Yukio Mishima, the brilliant Japanese author who committed Han-Kiri a few years back. The plays are performed, according to the program notes, in "the highly stylized German Expressionist tradition."

Afanapiece seems by far the more interesting of the two. Understood more clearly as "A Fan Apiece," or perhaps "A Fantasy Piece" it is the story of a young girl, Charlotte, who spends her days waiting for a young man she met long ago, and with whom she exchanged fans as an assurance that they will someday meet again. Charlotte lives with an unaccomplished artist named Jill, who appears to exert terrific control over her.

Jill tells us that she waits for nothing, but conversely Charlotte does nothing but wait, fan in hand. Contrary to all our expectations, the young man, Robert, finally does show up. Despite Jill's intense resistance, he gets to see Charlotte, only to be rebuffed by her. She does not believe that he is the man, even though it is obvious from his fan that he is. Yet we can see that Charlotte is right; as she says, Robert's face is dead like all the others. It is not the image she has imagined; although the image in her mind was once related to his face, no human, not even Robert, can satisfy her now. None can ever measure up to her expectations; for she expects the unattainable; that is, the ideal.

It is never really clear whether Charlotte and Jill were intended to be the highly individualized characters they seem physically, or whether they are really parts of the same psyche. The ambiguity appears intended, however, and adds another dimension to this fascinating play.

Woe is Three is less metaphorical than Afanapiece and more sexual. The same three actors in this play portray Christopher, a man whose wife is ill; a nurse; and the man's former lover.

By reminding Christopher relentlessly of his feelings for her, the ex-lover elicits the evil that is torturing his wife. By refusing to disappear from his consciousness, she is literally able to strangle the man's spouse.

Woe is Three, however, is less interesting because of the way it is performed. I won't talk about German Expressionism here, since my knowledge of it is limited to what I gleaned from one wide-eyed viewing of The Cabinet of Dr. Caligari, but nevertheless, something has to be said about the acting. Harriette Gordon, as Charlotte in the first play and the nurse in the second, is fairly good, although she does not successfully differentiate each of her characters.

Sabeth Stewart is also good, but experiences the same difficulty separating her two roles. It must be said in her defense, however, that the job is murderously difficult.

Unfortunately, it is all too easy to fault Robert Younger, who plays Robert and Christopher. It's not that Younger's face is expressionless, it's just that there is a painedness about the expressions he makes that seems uncharacteristic. Reading his lines casually and uneagerly, he conveys the impression that he does not fit in, having stumbled upon the proceedings from some conventional drama that was playing next door.

Sigmund Kaye, who founded Etage and adapted the plays from the Japanese, also directed the productions. He has given us two excellent plays and two interesting performances, although he is presumably somewhat responsible for the one less than satisfactory performance of the evening.

Overall, Etage offers a unique experience in this area, and its two plays offer a rare opportunity no one should miss.

Innocents: A Hung Jury

By Michelle Manoff

Doubt provides the impetus for several human emotional states. It is responsible for instilling fear. Paranoia finds its roots in uncertainty. And in the literary and theatrical genres, doubt measures tension, suspense, and absorption.

The Innocents, which opened last week at the Forrest, has all the ingredients to create this aura: a distinguished star (Claire Bloom), an illustrious director (Harold Pinter), and a macabre storyline, based on Henry James' A Turn of the Screw. Unfortunately, James piece does not transpose well to the stage; at least, not in the hands of Pinter and Bloom.

James is a shrewd old master who, though too-often long-winded, is subtle. The Turn of the Screw succeeds because it plays on the unknown. The reader can never decide whether to take the story at face value or accept it as one big double entendre.

The Turn of the Screw deals with a governess who is engaged to take care of two children whose uncle wants nothing to do with them. Everything appears normal on the surface. The house is sumptuous; the children fetching. Eventually, strange things start happening. The boy, Miles, exalted as a paragon of virtue, is dismissed from school suddenly, for no apparent reason. The governess, a strange man and woman who appear separately at odd times and focus fixedly on the children. Mrs. Grose, the housekeeper, relates the tale of the former butler and governess, Peter Quint and Miss Jessel. These are two sordid characters who have met with a mysteriously sinister demise after exercising what is implied to be a terribly evil hold on the children.

James insinuates that the pair have come back from the dead to reclaim Flora and Miles. The children assume a demonic appearance (figuratively, not literally). Or do they? In the book there are always questions. Does the governess really see these spectres or is she insane? Are the children possessed or is it all in Miss Bolton's mind? The book toys with credulity; there is nothing overt to indicate one way or the other.

On the stage The Innocents doesn't utilize this element of doubt to the full extent. It is not an excellent play because it fails to be frightening. It is not sufficiently scary to be supernatural, nor is it understated enough for the adoption of pragmatism. The miasma of the unknown is not as cliff-hanging as it should be. The production merely comes off as weak.

Still, The Innocents is helped in large part by an actress who is clearly skilled at her craft. Claire Bloom, as Miss Bolton, is superb despite her obvious grappling with a cold and a cough. Her merit is such that the play can't afford to lose her; it would probably collapse.

The children do amazingly well considering the extent of their parts. Michael MacKay as Miles and Sarah Jessica Parker as Flora are truly engaging. They display a professionalism and ability remarkable for such young actors.

The Innocents is not a bad play; it could be a lot better, however. Maybe Henry James could inject a little of his polish into it. But that's impossible. Or is it?
Digging for Roots
By Lorene Cary

Roots, by Alex Haley
Doubleday, $12.50

In the Bicentennial year, Alex Haley has presented America with a "birthday offering." It is also an offering to his ancestors and to the ancestors of all black America, whose portraits, for the most part have been portrayed by the "winners" of American history. Haley's work, however, is far from an almanac of losers. It is about a family of survivors. Roots, the product of twelve years of research, succeeds in giving back both roots and legitimacy to the bastardized history of a people.

Haley begins his "saga of an American family" with the birth of his African ancestor who is captured and brought to America. He then follows the family line through the next six generations. The beginning scene describes the ritual naming ceremony of the child born to Mandingo-Moslem parents. Eight days after the child's birth, his father takes him to a clearing where man and infant seem in harmony with the earth. The father whispers the name, Kunta Kinte, into the child's ear, for he must be the first to know his own name. Then, holding the child's face to the east, the father says, "Behold, the only thing that is greater than yourself."

Kinte grows, learning Arabic, folktales, goatherding. "Manhood training" at a camp near the village, teaches him all the skills of survival, and the emotional stoicism of the men of his nation. In the year that Kinte attains his manhood, it is taken away from him, however. As he is cutting wood for a drum outside his village gates, he is captured and taken to the slave ship. Kinte is chained on his back, along with the others, and housed in one of the shelves which are stacked in the ship's belly. The women are kept above with the white sailors, and the men below are slowly infected when their own filth collects. When they are brought on deck to air, they revolt—and fall. Kinte vows to try to escape if ever possible.

The possibility arises when he is sold to a farmer in Virginia. He runs away four times and is finally stopped by a bounty hunter who cuts off his foot.

Kinte can no longer run. The boy who was taught that "man" meant ruler is now physically enslaved. Holding tenaciously to his pride and his Moslem religion, Kinte names his daughter according to the custom by which he was named. This first quarter of the book establishes the tradition by which the following generations are influenced. Throughout slavery, reconstruction, and the turn of the century, Haley's family is portrayed colorfully and honestly with each generation passing on a few Mandingo words they remembered and the story of Kinte, whom they called "The African."

In the last chapters of the book, Haley relates the research and travel which were required to make the book a reality. He describes his "first day in the back country of black West Africa" as "the peak experience—that which emotionally, nothing in your life ever transcends."

The hardest section to write, Haley explains, was the slave ship passage. Unable to do justice to the scenes, he boarded a freighter from West Africa to America. Although he felt he owed the book to his editor, family and his people, Haley could not write. Almost desperate, he stripped himself, as Kinte had been stripped, and tried to imagine part of the anguish that Kinte had experienced two hundred years before. The result is a passage as vivid as that of Gustavus Vassa, who wrote of his own passage in his autobiography in 1789.

Haley's portrayal of the African village, slave ship, and the South are not sentimental. The training he received from writing The Autobiography of Malcolm X is apparent in his clear, yet moving prose. He shows the psychological make-up of his characters well; the transition from African to Afro-American is shown as one culture is slowly transported and transformed into another.

Like so many other black families, Haley's held to fragments of a tradition. These pieces remain because some Kinte, somewhere, refused to forget his roots. Haley has remembered them for all blacks and all Americans. Having had his "peak experience" in the land of his roots, he can trace them, the tree which has grown from them, and share with us the fruits it has borne.

Out of the Bag
By Madonna Archer

Year of the Cat
Al Stewart
JANUS JXS-7022

Charm may be an offensive word to many people in the music world today, but where would Al Stewart be without it? He lacks the charisma of superstars like Bruce Springsteen and the degeneracy that has gained many other performers recognition. Instead he offers charm and personality. Both in concert and on record he comes across as a medieval minstrel, a jolly Victorian dandy, definitely an anachronism of our day. With his enchanting English voice, his poetic lyrics and his ethereal, acoustically-based music, Al Stewart's work contains an element of beauty.

After seventeen months of silence Year of the Cat, his latest release, grants us a nearly flawless exhibition of Al Stewart's unique talent. Side one opens with "Lord Grenville," a majestic sea song filled with waves and stormy skies via a fine string arrangement and effective touches of electric guitar. "On the Boarder" follows with its swift pace and Spanish guitar outlined by strands of mellotron. "Midas Shadow" is a song perfect for a rainy, grey day in November. Outside influences are obvious in the final two cuts on side one. The beginning of "Sand in Your Shoes" is evidently Dylanesque and "If It Doesn't Come Naturally," has a fine bluesy, evocative touch of Springsteen's Born to Run album.

Love in flight is theme of "Flying Sorcery" which features acoustic guitar and harmonica. A pastiche of images, it is a good place to help make "Broadway Hotel" effectively lonely. "One Stage Before" is an eerie song about reincarnation that flaunts a diabolical synthesizer stalking the background. The title cut "Year of the Cat" features a dominant alto sax among the strings and key boards that command this piece.

Whereas Past, Present and Future featured acoustic guitar and Modern Times used too much electric guitar for the delicacy characteristic of Al Stewart's music, Year of the Cat headlines the keyboards. There's some lovely piano, superb synthesizer and frantic organ interwoven with Stewart's ever pleasant acoustic guitar. Electric guitar has been toned down and appears only when needed, such as on "Harmonica, violin and alto sax are nice contributions. And as usual Stewart's vocals are sublime.

A talented writer, Al Stewart creates pictures with words and moods through music. Year of the Cat may not be his ultimate best album but it will certainly make a lot of Al Stewart fans extremely happy.
Death Be Not Shroud

Three novice skydivers finally get their (cold) feet off the ground.

By P.H. Wiest

"You know fellas, this jumping crap is absolutely no sweat at all once you get out that door over there," our young jumpmaster Denny Robinson said pointing to the door of the cramped plane as we approached 3000 feet. "What do you mean no sweat at all?" I screamed. "Every pore in my body is telling me NO NO NO."

"Relax little buddy," he said. "This'll be as easy as Maxwell House coffee. You know, good to the last drop."

Terrific, that's all I needed during the last moments of my life was a sadistic jumpmaster whose only pleasure in life was making stupid jokes and pushing people out of planes.

My ace photographer, back-up jumper and I had waited nearly two weeks because of weather for this flight and quite frankly I was prepared to wait at least another year. Crunched up against the walls of the Cessna and sporting eighty pounds of equipment, we listened to our last minute instructions before the 3000-foot drop.

"Here's the hot tip fellas—gloves," said Robinson as he held up one of his hands.

"Great, Robinson, could you tell the pilot to pull over at the next corner and I'll step out and buy a pair," I shouted.

"O.K. fellas we're almost there. Hey take a look, there's the airfield where we took off from and over yonder is the target, that thing that looks like a nickel."

For the first time I pecked out the window. I didn't see the landing target and I couldn't see the airport. Everything looked like a blurred green jigsaw puzzle. I don't see anything. We're gonna go out that door any second now and I can't see a thing."

"How 'bout if I sit this round out," I said.

"You go first, Unger," I said to my back-up. "That way if something goes wrong, I can still write the story," I reasoned.

And there we were in the tiny little plane listening to our final instructions before the final step into the wind.

"O.K. Unger I'm gonna open the door now so don't get scared," Robinson said.

The door snapped open and the wind whipped through the cabin at 80 miles an hour. Unger turned pale and made a sharp move to grab the door and start talking. "You ready? Robinson asked.

"No. No problem. I might just drop in on you, by the time I gut out of the plane and was clinging to the strut, my life, in Sensourround, was going into reruns. I was waiting for the sequel."

Finally I looked back into the plane and noticed Robinson motioning for me to let go. I think he was about to hit me when I decided I had had enough.

To hell with this, I must have said. "It's all over. I'm going."

Falling at the speed of 120 miles an hour, I felt like a leaf being buffeted in the wind. We had been taught to assume a "stretch and tuck" position during the free fall which resembled a swan dive. I assumed the "kneel and pray" position.

Then, suddenly, the topsy turvy world of free fall stopped as the chute opened and I drifted down to earth under a beautiful army surplus parachute.

"Hey, this isn't so bad," I said. Heaven really isn't such a terrible place. After all, I could have gone the other way.

But then an excruciating pain convinced me that I was very much alive. The straps between my legs were inordinately tight. I felt like ten pounds of bologna in a five pound bag.

The gentle fall to earth was rather nice compared to the experience in the plane. It was quiet. The view was extraordinary.

A couple of minutes later I landed in a bush not too far from the target. Sure, it was a rotten bush, but it was better than landing in that dog farm nearby.

I remember the way Robinson characterized my first jump later that evening.

"You were bad. Wow," he said. "But you're alive," he said with an optimistic grin.

"Hello Mom, this is Phil. You know, your son." "What's the matter, you want money again?"

"Guess what I did, I jumped out of a plane."

"What are you crazy? Are you nuts? What are you tryin' to do, kill yourself? Were you scared?"

"No. No problem. I might just drop in on you next weekend."

When we pulled into the Paracenter, a blind man turned off from a one lane highway, I knew this place was a fly-by-night organization.

Needless to say I was not terribly impressed by the numbers of injured parachutists crawling around the grounds. With all the canes, crutches and casts, it looked like the outpatient clinic at Mount Sinai.

We suited up in our green army surplus combat suits and marched out to the plane much like those two fellows going to the gallows in the ending of A Tale of Two Cities.

We democratically decided who was to be the first out the door.

"You go first, Unger," I said to my back-up. "That way if something goes wrong, I can still write the story," I reasoned.

And there we were in the tiny little plane listening to our final instructions before the final step into the wind.

"O.K. Unger I'm gonna open the door now so don't get scared," Robinson said.

The door snapped open and the wind whipped through the cabin at 80 miles an hour. Unger turned pale and made a sharp move to grab the door so he wouldn't accidentally fall out the door.

The noise of the single engine and the wind were deafening. Sitting behind Unger, I turned to my ace photographer and tried to say something.

"This is it," I screamed. "We haven't got a chance."

Unger dragged his gaunt body close to the door and swung his legs out, nearly being sucked out by the wind.

"Cut," Robinson shouted. That was his signal to the pilot to cut the motor, and prepare for jump.

Unger acted as if there was some external force that kept him from moving. But then an excruciating pain convinced me that I was very much alive. The straps between my legs were inordinately tight. I felt like ten pounds of bologna in a five pound bag.

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**Film**

Budco Goldman Twins
15th and Chestnut
LO7-4040


Budco Regency
16th and Chestnut
LO7-3440

Marathon Man, with Dustin Hoffman, and Mean Frank & Budco Goldman Twin *. 

Budco Midtown
Broad and Chestnut Sts.
LO6-5953

A Matter of Time, with Ingrid Bergman and Liza Minelli—see review on p. 4.

Cinema 19
19th and Chestnut
LO9-4175


**Art**

Institute of Contemporary Art

34th and Walnut
243-8721

"The Philadelphia-Houston Exchange," an exhibition of works by a dozen artists from each city, organized jointly by the ICA and Houston's Contemporary Arts Museum.

Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts

Peale House Gallery
1813 Chestnut St.

Through Dec. 5th: "Cobalt's Orchard," a creation of a rural cemetery in Illinois by Jo Hanson. 

Arts Council
YM/YWHA
401 South Broad St.
KSI-4400

Through Oct. 24: "Beyond the Page," an exhibition of innovative forms and structures, of language and art.

Moore College of Art

20th and Race Sts.
LO8-4035

Through Nov. 12: "John Sloan Robert Henri: Their Philadelphia Years." Sloan and Henri together with the rest of the "Philadelphia Eight" were the cornerstones of contemporary Philadelphia Realism. This exhibit includes 40 paintings and a number of photo murals.

**Music**

Latin Casino
City Hill, N.J.
392-4343

Singer Natalie Cole appears until Sunday night. Following her will be the noted pianist, vocalist, and humor, Don Rickles, who appears until Oct. 24.

Brandywine River Museum
Route 1, West of Route 100
1 Chadds Ford, Pa.
388-7601

Pianist John Davidson will play on Sunday at 5 P.M.

Painted Bride Art Center
527 South St.
925-9914

On Monday at 8 and 10 P.M.

Painted Bride Art Center

527 South St.
925-9914

On Monday at 8 and 10 P.M.

**Theatre**

Annenberg Center

360 Walnut St.
243-6706

The French Contemporary Arts Festival, France's contribution to the bicentennial, opens this week. In the theatre line are The Ik, October 17-20; and Le Pavillon au Bord de la Riviere, October 20-22. The Ik is presented by The International Center of Theatre Research, founded in Paris by noted producer Peter Brook. The play is based on anthropologist's Colin Turnbull's book The Mountain People, deals with aorton African tribe forced to change the mainstay of its society from hunting to agriculture and its resulting implications. Le Pavillon au Bord de la Riviere is a musical drama taken from a 13th Century Chinese story. It will be performed in "French that can easily be understood by those with the barest knowledge of the language."

Stage Door Cinema

19th and Market


Philadelphia Art Alliance

251 S. 18th St.


The Bird and the Dirt

302 Race St.
925-0349

This arts collaborative will be having an Open House this evening, Oct. 14th, from 8-10 p.m. Artists are invited to bring slides, photographs or 1/2 inch video tapes of their work.

Philadelphia Museum of Art

Parkway at 26th St.
POD-8100

"Continued," "Historical Exhibitions this month include "American Family Portraits: 1750-1970."

The First National Bank of the United States

120 South Third St.
243-8721

The Architecture Department of the University of Pennsylvania is hosting "Palladio in America." This exhibit, a gift from Italy, chronicles the work and influence of Renaissance designer Andrea Palladio.

University Museum

33rd & Spruce
242-4244

In honor of the French Contemporary Arts Festival, the Columbia Museum will present "Four Centuries of French Music" on Wednesday at 8 P.M.

**October 14, 1976**