The Daily Pennsylvanian

1885

THE CLUB’ S ATTACKS AGE-OLD SEXISM WITH BITING AND Dazzling MUSIC

By JOAN GREEN

It’s only in the last week or so that all is in the age-old battle against definite lines. Ancient sexism has never been more explicit about its rules, which it regards as being wide open tonight at the Academy of Music.

In a gentleman’s club, where a bunch of fellows cast off, sex, exchange pleasantries and sing songs. The final; the gentleman’s dinner to cast off the former sex as well as to be able to sing, “A gentlemen’s a men who never has with his hat on an affection.”

The scenario is perhaps not the original, but, there’s a unique twist: the bunch of old-time chauvinists is portrayed by a group of intensely talents women.

This understanding knowledge makes it already glacial to those “gentlemen” proclaiming their inherent superiority. Because, after all, let us not deny that the sexiest thing that makes the Club so much fun, it is always involved with incitement to song and dance.

There would be continuing to matter who or what they are. The women’s voices would continue to be heard.

The leaves of the program:

- Hearts a flock with the music of the sea
- Hearts and minds together with the force of the wind
- Hearts and voices in harmony with the rhythm of the moon
- Hearts and dreams in unison with the beauty of the stars

The Club will remain open until late. (Continued on page 5)

FUROR CONTINUES IN MARSTON CASE; DISMISSAL DRAWS NATIONAL ATTENTION

By STEVE DULOW

David Marston has left the U.S. Attorney for Eastern Pennsylvania’s office, following controversy surrounding his departure earlier in the year. Marston was accused of using his position to influence the investigation of a friend.

A panel of Federal judges Monday announced that following a brief investigation, the Solicitor General, David McCord, had cleared President Bush and his staff of allegations of obstruction of justice.

Marston resigned last week after being named Republican lawyer Robert DeLuca, a Marston aide and chief of

Philadelphia U.S. Attorney's, as a temporary successor to the current post. Marston, in a speech to the National Press Club in Washington this past week, urged lawmakers to approve the appointment of Democratic Congressmen Todd Akin and Bill Clinton to Congress in order to prevent a house split.

The Bureau of Justice Department's investigation was to determine if either or both were aware of a possible appointment of a Democrat to the Senate on the Senate or the House.

A memorandum of McCreary's recommendations to Congress on how to proceed with the investigation was presented to Congress on Tuesday.

Furor continues in Marston case; dismissal draws national attention

The Library Increases Budget

To $5.2 Million for 1978

The University budget for 1978 is $5.2 million, representing a 6.9 percent increase from the previous year’s budget of $4.8 million. Library Business Administrator James Richards and Vice President for Finance and Administration Edward C. Rendell announced Monday that the University’s budget for fiscal year 1978 would be increased by $330,000.

The budget is divided into four categories. First are the salaries of librarians, which comprise the largest portion of the library's budget. A second category is the construction and maintenance of the library. Thirdly, there are the library's book funds, and lastly, the budget for library services.

The budget allocation for the library's book funds, which will be allocated at the beginning of February, will continue to be used for the purchase of books, periodicals, and other materials. The budget for construction and maintenance will be used for the renovation of the library.

There are three principal ways in which the library’s income is spent. The first is the construction and maintenance of the library. The second is the purchase of books, periodicals, and other materials. The third is the support of library programs.

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Library Increases 1977-78 Budget

approximately $20,000 a year, are
placed into the duplication book fund.

Nursing books. Currently about 500 books are
lost, and the library replaces
approximately 600 books a year.

There are between 80 and 90 library
funds from donations. The money in
these funds is accumulated for
specific purchases, such as buying
classical books or installing
exhibitions.

The library has not been strict on
charging fines in the last few years on
overdue books because the machines
now in use give no account of a
particular student's fines. The new
computers will enable the library
to be stricter in collecting overdue
charges.

Michalko said he considers the 1976-
77 $13,000 deficit small, especially
when compared with other
University organizations' debts. He
also stated that this figure is less than
one percent of the library's total
budget.

'The Club' Opens

(Continued from page 1)

It may be hard to believe, but the
attitudes portrayed in
The Club
are
not exaggerated; all the songs in the
production are actually from the
period 1894 to 1905. This unique blend
of reality and illusion brings the
message of The Club across even
stronger.

One need not have any particular
social views to enjoy
The Club,
however. Forget the message, if you
wish, and come to The Club for an
evening of rollicking comedy,
entertaining music, and just plain fun.
The Club will continue its
Zellerbach theater engagement until
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Chaplin's Art

By Rob Dunham

Nearly ten years ago, in the Spring of 1968, I was in the 5th grade. I got a letter post marked from London. At the time, I was not accustomed to getting people to write to me. It was from someone that I had met only a few months before. It was from London, and I had never been to any other country but Canada and the United States.

Thank you for your big blue bird.

The blue is the color of the ocean, Chaplin is the color of the world. The ocean and the world are friends.

Friends of the ocean, friends of the world, friends of Chaplin.

The letter has since disappeared.

I refer to a recently proposed project, whose members are able to live without crossing the ocean, without crossing the world, without crossing the universe.

As Chaplin's tramp signifies, tragedies are merely setbacks from which we can pick ourselves up, dust ourselves off, and keep on plugging.

As Chaplin's Art signifies, the ocean is made of water, the world is made of people, the universe is made of Chaplin.

With someone of Chaplin's stature, and with all the people he met, there is no such thing as voluntary subjection.

The entire brief incident struck me as long as the underdog was worth being for.

Chaplin took on the orphanages that treat children as property, and with all the people he met, there is no such thing as voluntary subjection.

Chaplin's Art believes that, with so many things being genuinely funny, people should be less serious: why not leave the rat race to the rats.

People who live near us. We stand transfixed in belligerent posture. It has been weakened by two leathers, two wrappers, two appearances, they're easy targets, big feathers, holding on. But they're street-wise.

In their own way, pigeons have a lot of claim: they're survivors, plain and simple, but they do it with style. Well, today one of them was going to be onetime, better of its own game. My rat race isn't as right for me.

I'm just not interested in anything, but most important, I was interested in my ability to improvise. As Chaplin's Art signifies, the ocean is made of water, the world is made of people, the universe is made of Chaplin.

I was grinning.

As I mentally reviewed my startling detection of my argument, perhaps I should simply have waited in the hallway, for, as Chaplin's Art signifies, the ocean is made of water, the world is made of people, the universe is made of Chaplin.

I've acted in an anti-social and violent manner. I'm guilty. I admit it.

I've been acting as a child, perhaps.

My attention snapped back to the pigeon.

I paused for effect, he responded, "I have that path and that of a pigeon would be useless," he said.

I hope you feel better now. I mean, I really hope you're going to stay alive, cross human agrarianism and the creative forces of the world's humor.

I've been acting as a child, perhaps. I was going to be onetime, better of its own game, my rat race isn't as right for me.

I was snipped. I felt evil. Guilty. Plainly.

I'm stupid pigeon! You've been in the air where you belong, you perverse, unnatural creature! I strolled, dancing like a lunatic down Letter Post Walk after it was open. I allowed it to be read by me, and I kept flagging until it had been become just another one of the gray pigeons circling overhead. I stood staring up at the black, little bird, thinking I was about to leave, as I thought I was about to leave.

I was reading it like a novel, while jotting down a few notes to the story.

In their own way, pigeons have a lot of claim: they're survivors, plain and simple, but they do it with style. Well, today one of them was going to be onetime, better of its own game. My rat race isn't as right for me.

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Political corruption, yet attempts to substantiate the allegations constantly failed. Governor Milton Shapp fired his Attorney General, J. Shane Creamer in early 1972. Shapp was a reformer, but eventually, his Administration was embroiled in a $27,500 bribe scandal. In 1974, the Redevelopment Authority was indicted for allegedly accepting a $27,500 bribe.

November 4, 1977 — Representative Joshua Eilberg telephoned President Carter to urge him to replace Marston. Two days later Carter called Attorney General Griffin Bell to "expedite" Marston's removal.

January 20, 1978 — Despite the public call for Marston to be retained, Attorney General Bell fired Marston.

Monday, January 23, 1978 — President Carter named Assistant Attorney General of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania, to serve as the U.S. Attorney for 8 years, was selected by 17 judges of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

President Carter's campaign promise to select U.S. Attorneys "strictly on the basis of merit, without any consideration of political aspects of influence." Marston, however, maintains that he was fired because of Eilberg's call to the President. The question, he said Tuesday, is "whether under present law the President keeps his hands off the criminal justice system."

If there is one issue from the Watergate scandal that the President keeps his hands off; it is that of political and justice and justice-takers.

In Philadelphia, meanwhile, G. Lee said he would continue Marston's investigation of Eilberg. Lee, who has been an assistant to the U.S. Attorney for 3 years, was named the new number one prosecutor of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

"I think the President is really on merit," U.S. District Chief Judge Joseph Lord said Monday. He was referring to the controversy over the firing of Marston for political reasons. A breach of "the President keeps his hands off the criminal justice system."
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“Insider” can’t promise a Phi Beta Kappa key, but it might provide the key to better grades. The subject of next week’s “Insider” is “Tactics and Strategies: An Exakl Plannar.” Watch for it!

Look for “Insider:” Ford’s continuing series of college newspaper supplements.

FORD DIVISION 75 ANNIIVERSARY

After the Storm: Slips and Shatters

By NELLO S KINNEL

Despite the University community’s desire to avoid water damage and injuries related to snowstorms, the University Health Service reported in the past week a slow trickle of incidents compared to injuries suffered from slides on the sidewalks.

The Student Health Service reported only 12 injuries related to snowfall, as compared to 54 injuries suffering from window damage. The difference in numbers is due to the fewer people affected by the heavy snowfall.

Students who have claimed responsibility for any of the damaged windows, the repairs will be covered by the Student Health Service, according to Student Health Service Director Herbert Silverberg.

(Continued from page 1)

A medium of $16 per window, and some $20 per window, according to the Student Health Service. The cost of repairing each window will vary, according to the Student Health Service.

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The Student Health Service received reports of injuries suffered from slides on the sidewalks. Six students were treated for injuries, including cuts, bruises, and sprains.

However, several students suffered cuts and bruises to the face, arms, and legs. Some were left with swollen knees and ankles.

The Student Health Service received reports of injuries suffered from slides on the sidewalks. Six students were treated for injuries, including cuts, bruises, and sprains.

While many students were able to move around campus without difficulty, others were left with slow walking and aches and pains.

Power Failure Hits U.

(Continued from page 1)

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Unlucky Grapplers Pinned by Rutgers

BY MAURICE BELLER

The defenses were down. 30-30 signal, full speed ahead, to the well-flushed and well-kept edge of the line. In seconds, a group of Lou Radkowsky, Bill Langstaff, Bob Farey and Buddy Sungard, former Ivy League captains, converged on the center. A herd of weight and muscle, drew a breath, waiting for the man with the red flag.

"It was a good, close, match," declared coach Larry Lauchle. It was a battle of wits and calculating minds. The stuff that makes a great match. But in the end, the superior weight and muscle of the Scarlet Knights took over, pinning Rutgers' Mike DiAntonio and freshman Ed Roland.

The score was Rutgers (5-2) 29, Penn 14-15. B "It was a good, close, match," said Lauchle. "We'll get our stuff together," promised Mike DiAntonio.

"They've got a bunch of good, heavyweights," said Lauchle. "They were bigger, heavier and stronger, but the boys did their best. We had an edge on the close ones, but it was tough all the way."

Tough was the word to describe it, this is not the time to mourn a lost cause. "It was a good, close, match," said Lauchle. "I've never shot before, but in the end the superior weight and muscle made the difference.

The score was Rutgers (5-2), Penn 14-15. But don't let it fool you. Wrestling scores can be very deceptive. The smallest gains will be magnified in the final four periods as quickly turn around in the final four periods can quickly turn around in the final four periods as quickly turn around. The game's quite as unpredictable regarding how close the reality is."

After ten bouts, the score was 6-5 in favor of the Scarlet Knights. Penn was within striking distance thanks to a brilliant performance by heavyweight DiAntonio. But DiAntonio was not the only star of the first period and nearly pinned his opponent, Doug Roberts.

The last bout (heavyweights) was inconsequential—it was time for the grapplers to within spitting distance with an 11-3 mauling of his opponent, Skip Pessel.

DiAntonio, a 255-pound captain, said, "I've never shot before, but in the end the superior weight and muscle made the difference.

The score was Rutgers (5-2), Penn 14-15. But don't let it fool you. Wrestling scores can be very deceptive. The smallest gains will be magnified."

By the seventh match, the matmen were trailing, 19-5. At Penn's 133-pound Ed Roland pulled the grapplers to within pinning distance with an 11-3 spiking of his opponent, Skip Pessel. DiAntonio, a 255-pound captain, said, "I've never shot before, but in the end the superior weight and muscle made the difference.

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**Price and McDonald Gun Down Hawks**

Quakers Win Despite Cold 1st Half Shooting

**By RICH HOFFMANN**

Before the start of last night's City League battle between Penn and St. Joseph's, the Quakers' Tony Price and St. Joseph's Mike Thomas made a bet. Price, a senior, challenged Thomas, a freshman, to top his total in the first period. Price, who currently holds the best first period scoring average in the East, accepted.

"I really wanted to win," said Thomas, "but I'm glad I didn't lose. I have a lot more to learn."

The match began in the first period as Price, seeking the first of his four goals, found the back of the net from 14 yards out at 11:50. St. Joe's Mike Thomas tied the game at 1 with a goal at 8:40. In the second period, Price (who scored in his four goals) made his third goal at 7:20. The Red and Blue finally got one past St. Joe's goalie John C. White in the 27th minute of the game, but Price followed it with another goal at 1:30.

The Quakers held a 4-1 lead into the third period, and Price's 10th goal of the season put the game out of reach for the Hawks, 5-1. Price's performance, which included three of his four goals in the second period, gave him a season-high in goals scored.

The Quakers' defense, led by sophomore goalie Steve Shandley, shut down the Hawks' attack, allowing only one goal in the game. The Red and Blue's defense also forced four turnovers, leading to six unassisted goals for the Quakers. Shandley made 13 saves, including two in the third period to preserve the victory.

The win was the seventh straight for the Quakers and the 10th of the season. It was also the first time in school history that a Quaker player scored 10 goals in a game. Price's performance earned him the game's most valuable player award.

The Quakers improved to 13-3-1 on the season and moved into a tie for first place in the City League with Princeton and Swarthmore. The Hawks, meanwhile, fell to 3-12.

The game was played in front of 1,200 fans at the Palestra, with the Quakers' bench and fans enjoying a majority of the seats. The atmosphere was electric, with the crowd cheering on the Quakers throughout the game.

The Quakers' next game is scheduled for January 27 at home against Princeton. The Hawks will travel to Swarthmore for their next game on January 26.
You Love the Tundra

Steve Fried

On a glistening sheet of frozen beauty, the spotlights begin to shine. The sparkle of the surface blinds some of the thousands of people, all of whom waited patiently in the ticket line for hours upon hours. 50-year-old farmers, transplanted from the Midwest, stepped on the steps of the Spectrum for two days, getting drunk and high with hundreds of other middle-aged 4-Hers all hoping for front-row seats to see "Leroy the Skating Wonder Moose."

Of course, some of the people waiting were Dorothy Hamill. Poor Dorothy, picking a sport in which success is making the starting team of the Harlem Globetrotters. A brilliant athlete, she is forced to perform in the same gala with "Eliot the Disco Sheep" and "Celia, Emu Speed Skating Champion."

Most of the people go to the Ice Capades to see the dancing chihuahua's fly aimlessly across the ice. Parents take their kids because they think it's fun. I'm convinced that there is only one reason why anyone goes to the show, and promoters know it, too. That's why they come up with all of these ridiculous beasts.

People don't care that there are talented skaters out there, performing what a trained observer would consider close to ballet. They are fascinated by the Ice Capades for one reason. The performers don't fall.

People who break their necks every time they forget to salt their car doors are amazed at the nice boy make it at least some Oysterettes, a crowd of parents and kids, gather at his destination to cheer and jeer and drive him on to victory. The group can't really make up its mind. Though, for as much as they'd like to see this nice boy make it without rupturing his coccyx, they would still love to laugh at him fall.

Driven on by the crowd, the nearly-frozen student begins racing against the wind, sliding along with lengthy strides. He moves forward and is then blown back, but he soon nears his destination. As he approaches nirvana, he can hear the parents cheering on the sidewalk and a little girl turns to her mother and says "Isn't this fun, Mom?"

Driving for the finish line, Fried makes the final kick and heads for home. He breaks the tape, sets his gym bag on the ground and stops for a well-deserved rest. As he bends over to catch his breath, Fried feels the wind pick up again and watches as the gusts send his gym bag whisking across the glistening surface and back into the middle, from where he just escaped.

Fried finds the nearest deep puddle and lays down face first. As he feels his down jock, he thinks, Lindsay Wagner is probably not in the area. Strangely enough, while Fried was at the center of the natural rink, wondering if he stays there for forty years will God send him Manna, or at least sale of caviar, crowd of parents and kids, gather at his destination to cheer and jeer and drive him on to victory. The group can't really make up its mind. Though, for as much as they'd like to see this nice boy make it without rupturing his coccyx, they would still love to laugh at him fall.

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for guys and gals who dare to look their best

Positions Available in Alleged Journalism

needs writers, photographers, business-types and various other no-talents to sit in impressive office. Also needs impressive office. No experience necessary, although previous use of writing implement is suggested. Meeting at D.P. offices tomorrow at 3:00 p.m. Be there. Aloha.
Fastbreaks and Cheesecakes

By Rhonda Orin

If you’ve never heard of the Philadelphia Journal, take heart—you probably have a lot of company.

The Journal, Philadelphia’s fourth and newest newspaper, hit the stands December 5 with little fanfare and almost no warning at a time when most University students were racing through finals and heading home.

However, even if you have never heard about it before, the six-week-old morning newspaper deserves a once-over. Although many might deny the content is worth it, some might urge seeing its headlines, and others, its pictures.

The Journal is a paper of firsts. It is the first daily newspaper in years to invade a major metropolitan market, making Philadelphia for one month the only city in the country to have four newspapers. (New York City joined the ranks in January; otherwise, no other major city has more than two newspapers.) It is the first paper founded in the United States by its Canadian-based publisher, and it is the first in the country to devote fifty percent of its space to sports.

The Journal is not without its problems. However, neither is it without its impact on Philadelphia, both as a city and as a newspaper town.

Philadelphia’s newest arrival is a screaming tabloid which has already achieved infamy for its large black headlines such as “KARATE KILLER THREATENS.” Its pages are spashed with pictures, including a daily cheesecake photo on page seven (see photo), and it seems to prefer stories about stabbings to those about senators. It runs very few advertisements, almost every sports statistic unimaginable, and masses of stories about everyday people. The Journal sells for 25¢, 10¢ more than its competitors, the Inquirer, the Bulletin and the Daily News.

YET THESE THREE old-timers have been forced, somewhat reluctantly, to sit up and take notice. Although opinions about the challenger vary, (see chart) all agree that it has affected their products.

According to John Bull, assistant to the managing editor of the Inquirer, readership decreased “very, very minimally” in December—about 2,000 from a circulation which hovers around 415,000. “It is hard to say whether this drop can be attributed to the Journal but we think it had a slight influence,” Bull said.

The Bulletin denied any decrease in its circulation of approximately 536,000. However, the Daily News, which is in direct competition with the Journal because both are tabloids and seek the same readership, recorded a drop of 6,000 from its circulation of 233,000. Editor F. Gilman Spencer, who announced the decrease, qualified quickly: “Sales always drop in December because of the weather and the holidays.”

WHETHER OR NOT circulation has been affected, it is more than a timely coincidence that the three papers beefed up their sports coverage during the months of November and December, when discussion of the sports-oriented newspaper was at a high.

Suddenly, all three seemed to acknowledge a fact which originally attracted Journal publisher Pierre Peiadeau; as stated by Walt Herman, the Journal’s assistant managing editor. “Philadelphia probably is the best sports city in America.”

In the past few months, all the city papers expanded the amount of space devoted to sports, the Bulletin and the Daily News enlarging their sports staffs. The Bulletin made the most extensive changes; according to Executive Editor B. Dale Davis, these were planned long in advance and were “stepped up when the Journal was proposed.”

THE JOURNAL’S REPORT CARD

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1 — lowest, 10 = highest

Clearly, the Journal has had an impact. However, its influence has earned it little respect. Davis, was perhaps the kindest critic, noting, “Certainly you’re getting quantity, but I don’t know that you’re getting that much quality. It’s not that I’m knocking the Journal people. I just think ours are better.” From there, the comments got increasingly harsh, with Spencer, of the Daily News, claiming, “It’s not a terribly professional product. It hasn’t proved itself worthy of being called a newspaper,” and Bull, of the Inquirer, proclaiming, “It’s disappointing. Its physical look is terrible. Its content is superficial; it has an awful lot of grammatical errors and its writing is sophomoric.”

THE CRITICISM has at times become even more vitriolic, enough to make Journal news writer John Holland note defensively, “We’re the new kids on the block so the other papers are bound to sneer at us.” However, even within the Journal ranks, opinions about the paper seem to be mixed.

Holland, who wrote for the Inquirer for five years, was one of the Journal’s most enthusiastic supporters. “It’s an upbeat place, it has a real family atmosphere,” he said. “This paper has a heart when it comes to the people of this city. It’s a good buy right now, and I think it’s going to make the other papers pay more attention to the people of Philadelphia.”

However, Gene Collier, a sports deskman, was at the other extreme. Collier, who came to the Journal from the Pottstown Mercury, northwest of Philadelphia, admitted, “I think right now the Journal’s a bad paper. I don’t know what it offers that other papers don’t, other than ‘page seven,’ and a lot of writing which I think should be concerned with making friends than with careful journalism.”

Even under ideal conditions, it is difficult to start up a newspaper. And certainly, the Journal’s situation has been far from ideal.

Approximately one week before publication, the Journal had no offices. The sidewalk boxes needed to sell the newspaper were delivered late and then did not work, being put into operation only last week. A staff had to be compiled in record time, and the founders and top editors are neither Americans nor speak English as a first language.

Although an original circulation goal was set at 100,000, Publisher Peiadeau confirmed recently that the paper is selling between 40,000 and 47,000 copies daily and has cut the number it prints from 200,000 to 70,000.

To compound these problems, Peiadeau claims to remain enthusiastic. He said last week, “I’m very happy and satisfied with the paper. It’s coming along the way I wanted it to.” He added that he has plans to improve parts of the paper, such as the business section, which is virtually non-existent, and that “For sure, I will be starting other papers in the U.S.”

“Philadelphia is a wonderful area for newspapers,” Peiadeau said, explaining why he chose the city for his first American venture. “It has a large population and the people are happy people.”

And are the people of Philadelphia happy with Peiadeau’s Journal? Clearly not as much as he originally hoped, according to the circulation figures. However, the extra competition which has spawned a small-scale newspaper war certainly does not hurt.
By Dave Lieber

ON SUNDAYS, Tuesdays, and Thursdays Pete Hamill is a newspaper columnist. He hammers out poetic sketches of life from a ninth floor office at the New York Daily News, the largest selling newspaper in America. But on the four other days of the week, the 42-year-old Irishman locks himself in his Brooklyn home where he and his Olympia typewriter try to create fiction.

Hamill has been living this double life for over a year now and appears quite satisfied, but it's a writer's dilemma that wasn't always that easy to solve.

"A part of me yearned to be off in that cabin in Utah that Dylan was singing about, where I could write long books about things I knew and felt deeply," he once wrote. "The other part wanted the action of New York and the immediacy of daily journalism. The choice would eventually have to be made; but I had learned that much of life is a lottery and in the end, the choice might not be mine."

And now, a year after Pete Hamill made this decision to pursue two separate occupations simultaneously, he is mightily glad he did. His column, which alternates with friend Jimmy Breslin's, is very successful, and his latest novel, *Flesh and Blood*, is making him a rich man; the bookrights were sold for a six digit figure, and CBS has bought rights to a four hour teleplay.

BUT WHAT PUTS Pete Hamill a cut above all the other newspaper/novelist types running around in New York these days is not so much his writing as it is his women, two of whom are Shirley Maclaine and Jackie O'Nassis. All over the country, press gossip writers talk about Pete and Shirley or Pete and Jackie as if any of it mattered. For the first time in his life Pete Hamill is more than a New York name; he is a damn national celebrity.

"It's amusing to me because it's a kind of parallel comic strip that's moving alongside my life," says Hamill of the unending press reports that's moving alongside my parallel comic strip. "It's like this. In fact, it was never like this. In fact, it was never like this. In fact, it was never like this."

"I don't write books to make a lot of money or get on best-seller lists or any of that," he says, "I write books because I have to write them. "My fiction is at the core of what I'm interested in right now," he explains, "Journalism is secondary to that." There is, he adds, "a feeling of freedom like 'returning to the original instinct that made you want to be a writer.'" He says that his next book is about power in New York, a subject he knows well.

WHEN THE Daily News offered Hamill a column and a salary three times larger than his pay at the Post, he happily accepted. As America's)

Pete Hamill--His Life in}

face on the cover of the National Enquirer, just above the headline 'Shirley Maclaine's Boyfriend: New Man in Jackie's Life!'

"You can't allow other people's fantasies of you to confuse you," continues Hamill, "cause they're starting to play for an audience. You become an actor instead of living a life. If they want you to be the stage Irishman and get drunk and beat up cops because that fits their idea of what an Irishman is, why should you do it? Why live other peoples' perceptions of yourself in your life?"

"I know who I am and what I do and what my life is about," he insists. "I know how I relate to women and what I like about women and who I'm attracted to, and it has nothing to do with a lot of stuff these guys write."

Hamill is riding through the streets of Philadelphia in the backseat of a rented limousine while saying this. It is mid-December, and he's on his way to a radio talkshow where he can plug *Flesh and Blood*, his story about a Brooklyn fighter who likes to make love to his mother. The book, Hamill will say, "explores the sexual nature of violence." But wherever he goes, people do not want to talk about this new book of his. They want to know about Jackie and Shirley. Understandably, it makes him very uneasy.

Only one day before Pete Hamill's visit to Philadelphia the Philadelphia Inquirer ran a photograph of Hamill with the caption: 'He's warm.' The accompanying item went like this: 'Pete Hamill and Shirley Maclaine once again? Well, they sure were cozy in the Beverly Hills Hotel's new eatery, The Eatery. They were looking warm and friendly one evening and again at breakfast.' It is hard to believe that people actually make their livings writing dreck like that.

But the wonderful irony about Pete Hamill, his ride in this sleek black limousine, his relationships with glamorous women, his press notices, and his big money book contracts is that it wasn't always like this. In fact, it was never like this.

Hamill's family was so poor that he didn't eat his first steak until age 17. He never graduated from high school; he began working at 16 in the Brooklyn Navy Yard, later enlisted in the U.S. Navy, and then studied painting.

BY THE AGE of 26 he was a newspaperman. Five years later he became a columnist for the New York Post. When he started in 1965, Hamill was supposed to write about New York, but at about that time the Viet Nam war began to mushroom, and the movements of the Sixties were beginning to take their shapes.

For the next nine years, from the beginning of Vietnam to the end of Watergate, Pete Hamill chronicled the torturous path traveled by America; he wrote about Vietnam and covered the ghetto riots. And he began to form that Los Angeles hotel pantry when Bobby Kennedy was shot. In between it all, he wrote magazine articles and film screenplays, besides winning a Grammy Award for his liner notes on Bob Dylan's *Blood on the Tracks* album.

When Hamill was at his best, his prose was passionate and his ideas wonderful as he angrily described the hypocrisies and disappointments of American life; when he wasn't at his best, his words were trite and his thoughts outrageous. Hamill's best columns on the Vietnam conflict have been recorded and sold on long playing records, an unusual honor for a newspaperman.

Still, in 1974, the Post was only paying Hamill $300 a week, not enough to take care of his two daughters or to pay alimony, not to mention both. When he quit, few outside New York noticed.

In hopes of joining the literary gallery of realistic fictionalists, the reporter turned novelist, Dickens, Zola, Hemingway, and now, maybe Hamill.

"I don't write books to make a lot of money or get on best-seller lists or any of that," he says, "I write books because I have to write them. "My fiction is at the core of what I'm interested in right now," he explains, "Journalism is secondary to that." There is, he adds, "a feeling of freedom like 'returning to the original instinct that made you want to be a writer.'" He says that his next book is about power in New York, a subject he knows well.

WHEN THE Daily News offered Hamill a column and a salary three times larger than his pay at the Post, he happily accepted. As America's

Meeting H

On the day I had looked forward to for ten years, the day I would finally get to meet Pete Hamill, I excused it. I was supposed to meet Hamill at his hotel room at 7:45 a.m., but I awoke at eight o'clock. Hamill had already left his hotel by then, on route to the Joe's Spot show. I was ready to kill myself until someone suggested that I meet him at the studio, which I did.

It was an awesome experience to come face-to-face with a person whose face has hung behind a frame on your wall for as long as you can remember. It was like meeting for the very first time, someone who has written you many letters. There was Pete Hamill and there was me, with a lump in my throat the size of a quarter.

"Mr. Hamill, Mr. Hamill," I called when I saw him standing in the TV studio, 'I'm Dave Lieber. Daily Pennsylvanian. Sorry I'm late," I felt very small.

"Oh yeah," he said as he shook my hand. "How ya doin'?" I didn't know you looked like . . . Stick around.

In the hours that followed I watched Hamill as he appeared on two breakfast shows, two television shows, and was interviewed by reporters from two local newspapers. In between all of this I rode with him in the back of a limo and talked with him about his life, but mostly about writing.

FOR ALL WHO IS interested in his life, it is his writing that has made so much of an impact on me. If there is one specific thing that is responsible for making me want to be a writer, it was this man. And now he was sitting beside me.

As a child I studied him like others study the great
has settled down in the last few years, Hamill's once-angry columns have mellowed.

"You can't write in a continuing state of anger," he explains. "You diminish your own value to yourself. Journalism is more fun than it's been in a long time," he says. "The Sixties and the wars are over. It's more like the Twenties than like the Thirties. You don't feel that sense of God. I can't write about this woman's love affair today while guys are dying. Now you have more flexibility. You can do what you like.

"In any period in New York there have been certain people who are able to sort of move fairly easily from one part of society to another," Hamill continues. "New York is a series of overlapping worlds: sometimes they touch and sometimes they don't. Being a newspaperman, especially a columnist, is like having a passport between these various worlds. You can go from the South Bronx to Park Avenue to Brooklyn to Wall Street to the publishing industry to boxing and all that.

"I think I happen to be one of those people. And as a writer, it's dumb of me to exclude any aspect of life. I'll go look at it all."

--D.L.

His Match

painters, just as Hamill himself had emulated others when he was a kid. In many ways he has taught me more about life than most of my teachers.

"There are four stages," Hamill told me. "You imitate, you emulate, you equal, and you surpass." I smiled approvingly as he said this. The limousine was moving very fast across a bridge, and Hamill was puffing on another cigarette.

Once, in 1970, when Vice-President Spiro Agnew was angry at the press, he said: "But the most vicious attempt to transfer the blame for the Kent State student deaths that I have read was in the illiberal New York Post, by columnist Peter Hamill. Listen to his irrational ravings..."

When G.P. Putnam published a collection of Hamill's best 1960's journalism a year later, they called it 'Irrational Ravings.' A year ago, at the very same time that Hamill returned to daily journalism, I began writing a column for the Daily Pennsylvanian. It is no coincidence that it too is named "Irrational Ravings."

"I'll see you in a city room," Hamill optimistically scribbled into my well-worn copy of Irrational Ravings. Too soon, the most memorable interview of my short life was over, and Hamill turned around to leave. "Do good writing," he advised. I told him I'd try.

I had always wondered if Pete Hamill lived a life as wonderful as I imagined. As I watched him step into that rented limousine, I was quite sure he did. Yes indeed, I thought, this man has one helluva great life.

--D.L.
The Choirboys. A T.V. cop film which somehow found its way into a movie theater. Along the way it picked up some vulgar language and worse jokes. Budco Regency 2 LO 7-2310

Close Encounters of the Third Kind. Spielberg's latest contribution to the school of conspicuously worthless. The New American Director seems to be directing us towards visual opulence which is only screen deep. Close is language and worse jokes. Budco Regency 567-0604

T.A.W. The Gauntlet. Clint Eastwood directs and stars and with female companion destroys opposing forces on both sides. Fox LO 7-6007

The Goodbye Girl. Rumor has it that Neil Simon is going multi-national; he certainly is enough of a writing industry. Richard Dreyfuss does not play a marine biologist. Arcadia LO B-0928


Late Great Planet Earth. Cutting room scraps, literally, narrated by Orson Welles. Miss. Budco Goldenman 1 LO 7-4813

Let It Be. They didn't and the Beatles are back. Duke 563-9881

Let Joy Reign Supreme. No joy. Ritz Three 925-7900

Looking for Mr. Goodbar. Diane Keaton in a not so La Di Da role. Budco Midtown LO 7-0721

Modern Times and The Great Dictator. Chaplin in the factory, and Chaplin after the world. The factory wins. Eric 3 on Campus EV 2-0296

1900. Bertolucci's saga of 45 years of Italian history. Almost 45 years long. Eric's Place 563-3086

Oh, God. George Burns as Godfools around John Denver's lifestyle. Eric on Campus EV 2-0296

Providence and Stavisky. Two by Renais. Providence is the choice, but both are worthwhile. TLA Wed Thurs. WA 2-6010

Saturday Night Fever. If you don't hate disco and John Travolta you are allowed to see this film, maybe. Budco Regency 1 LO 7-3310


Star Wars. Will this go on, or get lost in a time warp? Mark 1 564-6222

That Obscure Object of Desire. Bunuel's 39th and most accessible. The old surrealism still has some tricks left, however. An old man's infatuation with an inaccessible young woman. Watch carefully. Ritz Three 925-7900

Straw Dogs and Don't Look Now. Straw Dogs with Dustin Hoffman. Always scary and violent. TLA Fri-Sun WA 2-6010

Turning Point. Pastiche of several ballets swirling around Anne Bancroft and Shirley Maclaine. Misha leaps. Eric Twin 567-0320-4986

Film critics, after reviewing the 1976-1977 films, feel that the recent trend in movies seems to be one leaning towards good guys finishing first, or pleasant, non-thought-provoking sci-fi thrillers. I, on the other hand, after seeing a good number of recently released movies, feel that the tenor in recent pictures seems to be expensive productions with unadulterated garbage plots. The World's Greatest Lover could possibly be the symbol of this new Hollywood genre. The movie has potential, but falls flatter than a souffle at a blasting site.

This poor excuse for a comedy is about a movie producer in the 1920's who, in an attempt to discover someone with as much charisma and sex-appeal as Rudolph Valentino, holds a contest to find a man worthy of the title of the "world's greatest lover." Such a man will star in all of the movies the Hollywood tycoon will make. Gene Wilder plays a sniveling wimp determined to procure this most sought-after position. Unfortunately, he is handicapped with certain disturbing character traits, two of which are his constant urge to stick out his tongue when he gets nervous, and his questionably sexual prowess.

Dom DeLuise, as the excitable movie producer, puts in the only humorous performance. But then again, how could one not laugh at a man who looks like a giant dumpling, and who acts as if he is suffering from an extreme case of constipation?

Carol Kane (star of Hester Street) is, to say the least, very boring in her role as Wilder's wife. Her timing is atrocious, and thus she ruins most of the allegedly funny scenes she is in.

The rest of the minor actors in the movie bring the word dull to new levels. Not only are they not funny, but they are so bad that only revocation of their union cards would be a just punishment.

But most of the faults in this film can be blamed on Gene Wilder. As the writer, he seemed to prepare the audience for laughs by working each visual wisecrack or joke into a fast-paced crescendo. But suddenly, each gag disappointingly would fall flat on its face. Watching the movie was like having Gene Wilder start a funny story and Richard Nixon tell the punchline. As for acting, the character Wilder plays is the same one he portrays in all his movies. The hero of this tragic flaw--he breathes. Quite frankly, I'm tired of this schlock.

I always try to end a review on a positive note, so in conclusion, I'll say that The World's Greatest Lover has one important point in its favor. It makes all the mediocre films of this past year seem special.
Palestra Doubleheader:
Penn vs. Princeton and LaSalle vs. Temple
Will Pete steal a win or will Penn out-price the Tigers? To the true believer, Saturday's game is no contest. Oppener starts at 1:30. At 3:30, the second game pits the Explorers against the Owls in what should be an exciting Big 5 contest. But then, what Big 5 game isn't exciting?

INA-US Pro Indoor Tennis Championship
Has been going on since Monday, with finals at the Spectrum on Friday at 1:00 P.M. Another Borg-Connors showdown?

Philadelphia Sports Show
At the Civic Center (3rd and Civic Center Blvd.), recreational exhibits and other sports paraphernalia are on display from January 28 through February 5. Exhibits and other sports paraphernalia are on display from January 28 through February 5. The exhibition is open Mon.-Fri. 5 P.M.-10:30 P.M., Sat.& Sun. from noon-10:30 and Sunday noon-7 P.M. A must for the Sports fanatic.

Palestra Doubleheader:
Textile vs. Cheyney State and LaSalle vs Notre Dame
Skip the first game, but show up at the Palestra at 9:00 P.M. on Feb. 1 to see Digger and his "fighting Irish" try to bury the Explorers. The Irish look good as an NCAA final four prospect.

Philadelphia Flyers vs. Colorado Rockies
On the second of February, the Rockies come to town to get trounced by the Flyers. Game is sold out, so scalp or skip it.

The Foxhole
3916 Locust Walk
306-8388
Avant-garde jazz trumpeter, Don Cherry will perform in duet with drummer Ed Blackwell here Friday and Saturday nights. Both Cherry and Blackwell were members of Ornette Coleman's classic progressive groups.

The Academy of Music
Broad and Locust Sts.
The Philadelphia Orchestra, under the watchful eye of conductor Yuri Temirkanov, will perform works of Shostakovich, Mozart, and Mendelssohn tonight at 8:30. Violinist Pinchas Zuckerman will be guest soloist. Saturday night will be the 121st Academy Anniversary Gala concert and Ball.

Tower Theater
Market and 69th
Upper Darby
Saturday night, two of the greatest living jazz pianists, Chick Corea and Herbie Hancock, will perform here. During this rare concert, the two musicians will perform on solo acoustic piano, and then together in duet. This concert is not to be missed.

The Spectrum
Broad and Passison
Kiss will be here on Monday night. Need I say more? The Bijou Cafe
1809 Lombard Street
This is jazz-soul week at the Bijou. Tonight through the weekend singer Gil Scott Heron with Brian Jackson and the Midnight Band will perform. Beginning Tuesday night, trumpeter Donald Byrd, who has just come off a successful concert with Sonny Rollins will be featured.

Steve Winter

Aural Audits
McCoy Tyner
Inner Voices
Milestone M-9097

Inner Voices is the latest in a continually contrasting series of albums by pianist par excellence McCoy Tyner. One of the most gifted and uncompromising minds in jazz, Tyner has given his fertile imagination free rein in a variety of musical contexts. Here, he uses voices, horns, and several superb sidemen to create a work of great depth and beauty. On "For Tomorrow," for instance, Tyner is accompanied only by voices and bassist Ron Carter, and displays a warm romanticism that differs sharply from his usually heavy-handed style. Elsewhere, he is joined by guitarist Earl Klugh, percussionist Guilleherme Franco, and drummers Jack DeJohnette and Roy Govalt. Klugh's understated acoustic guitar provides an interesting foil to Tyner's volcanic piano, and Alex Foster (of DeJohnette's band) turns in a pair of surging tenor sax solos. As anyone who has ever seen Tyner live knows, his performance is no exception to this rule.

Queen
News of the World
Elektra 63-112

Perhaps at one time Queen was an influential rock and roll band. Unfortunately, commercial success has undermined their music, as evidenced in this latest effort. Any flash of artistic integrity is smothered by the tried and true Queen formula proven successful with their current hit single "We Are The Champions." Encased inside this formula, Queen has insured itself of continued success monetarily.

Regrettably, success breeds mediocrity and lame songs which do not make news but merely report it.

Peter McNamara
The Sex Pistols
Never Mind the Bollocks
Warner Brothers BSK 3147

When I received this LP, I was reluctant to put it mildly to even listen to it. Judging from what I had read about the Sex Pistols, I was certain that they could have no musical value whatsoever. But if you can look past all the hype about the group, past Johnny Rotten's rather unorthodox vocals, and past some of the downright shocking lyrics, you'll actually discover some really hard-hitting rock 'n roll. Carried by the endlessly powerful guitar of Steve Jones and Paul Cook's blazing drums, these guys have transformed the power trio format into a new kind of wall of sound. This record is alive, unmarred by slick production techniques. It blasts out with unfettered energy. Though I find the Sex Pistols' image repulsive, it's clear that they've given basic rock a super-charged shot of adrenaline.

G.S.
Aerosmith
Draw The Line
Columbia JC 34856

The stark, black and white Hirschfeld caricatures adorning the cover of Aerosmith's latest release make quite an analogy to the songs contained within. Basically, Aerosmith's newest tunes are as thin as the famed cartoonist's penstrokes. Not just that the basic hard rock beat that the Boston-based group captured so well in the past is missing, simply it is the only redeeming quality of the album. The title track is easily the record's highlight, a song that rivals other Aerosmith oldies such as "Back in the Saddle" and the classic "Dream On." The remainder of the lifeless songs are generally solid rockers but are tainted by lead singer Steven Tyler's antics. Aerosmith's latest does not measure up to their relative virtuosity of their previous releases. This recording is a cellar-dweller.

Jonathan Lansner
Roundhouse: Pros and Cons

By Joan Greco

They say that Philadelphia's police headquarters is shaped like a pair of handcuffs. And even on the dark snowy Saturday night, the structure on 8th and Race was indeed unmistakable—two large, four-storied circular buildings connected by a slightly curved central structure. It's no wonder it's been nicknamed the Roundhouse.

Downstairs it is deceptively quiet. From the deserted front lobby, populated only by quaint public relations displays, one would not guess that this is the place where all 911 phone calls are taken, where practically every person arrested in Philadelphia is brought, and where every arraignment in the city is held.

UPSTAIRS, THE SILENCE is quickly shattered by a kaleidoscope of sounds: impassioned shouts, typewriters clicking, conversations, radio announcements, and laughter. We are approaching the radio room.

We are not inside for very long before the phones start to ring. A young man takes the call and attempts to decipher the citizen's plea.

"Now, tell me again, I don't understand your problem." In the background he hears female shouts.

"My husband put my clothes and my baby's clothes outside."

"You've been locked out of your house?"

"Where are you now?"

"At a friend girl's house."

"You've been locked out of your house?"

"Yeah."

"And where is that?"

Gary Dixon is the young man who has taken the phone call. He is covering the sector which includes the University. "We get lots of fights on Saturday night," Gary tells us. "There are some places where they have fights every day— we keep getting calls—so we try to have the same policemen handle it." It turns out the last phone call was such a "repeater"—the same cops who handled it before handle it. It turns out the last phone call was such a "repeater"—the same cops who handled it before.

Another call. The gentleman by Carol's side picks it up.

"Hello. This is the police."

"Mumble...mumble...mumble..." He shakes his head.

"Hello. This is the police. Do you want the police? Where are you?"

"I'm in my room... They're trying to send me to school... I don't want to go..."

"Tell me...what's your address?"

"No, you tell me... can I stay home?"

"Sure you can stay home."

"Okay." Click.

He laughs.

Carol's been taking phone calls for five years. "We have our regular kooks," Carol explains. "We have one guy who says invisible dogs are flying overhead and sucking his blood. Out in South, they have a "general" who reports that people are breaking in through the woodwork. "And in the afternoons, when school lets out, we get the obscene phone calls. Kids call up and say nasty things. It makes them feel good." Carol describes what awaits us downstairs.

"Oh, you'll like the cell room. It's interesting," she jests sarcastically. "It smells nice too. It smells like ten people died down there."

The cell room is much quieter than the radio room above. Three men stand behind a counter as two others bring in a prisoner. He is a middle-aged man adorned in a wool cap, blue sweater, jeans and rubber boots. He appears resigned to his fate. After the man is fingerprinted, mugged, and "processed," he is placed in the "Tank," a large, white-tiled room with several windows, benches, and pay phones. Four gentlemen currently reside in the Tank: two sleep, one sits and one wanders about with a puzzled look on his face.

The recent blizzard has dramatically affected the population of the tank. "We usually have at least thirty to forty people at once at this time," we are informed.

We are allowed a quick glance of the cells. The first cell in each row contains no bars or windows—it has a solid metal door.

"When they get rowdy we put them in isolation," our escort explains.

Next we head to what will be the last stop in the prisoners' sojourn through the Roundhouse: Night Court.

NIGHT COURT is the only part of Police Headquarters open to the public 24 hours a day—and it seems that this fact was not ignored when the room was designed. Separating the raised platform, on which the public stands and the courtroom itself, is a glass wall, skillfully preventing any interference in the proceedings. The observers are about a dozen friends and relatives of the prisoners awaiting their turn in court.

Down below, a man and two women sit at a desk in front of the judges bench. They are, respectively, the judge's clerk, a district attorney, and a public defender. They await the next bunch of prisoners to be arraigned.

A defendant's first taste of the judicial system is relatively simple: he is informed of the charges, bail is determined, and a date is set for a preliminary hearing.

These three have been in court for eight hours. So far they have handled 19 cases. "We've had theft, burglaries, drunken driving, and prostitution... a nice mix," the D.A. says. Their shift is almost over.

We left the courtroom and stumbled out onto the piles of snow which were blamed for the subdued activity at the Roundhouse this evening. We wondered what a busy night was like.