By GREG MANNING

The Foundation of Public Urban Policy (SPUP), a federal initiative to develop plans and to translate policies for the improvement of urban areas, received a $500,000 grant from an anonymous source.

Statement of the School Corporation 

The School Corporation of Duval County, Fla., recently released a comprehensive report on the future of education in the county. The report, which was commissioned by the School Corporation of Duval County, reflects the findings of a series of public hearings and workshops that were held over the past year. The report recommends several changes to the current educational system, including increasing funding for schools, increasing teacher salaries, and implementing a new standardized testing system. The report also calls for the creation of a new entity, the Duval County School District, to replace the current school district. The report was widely criticized by local educators, who argued that it failed to address the root causes of educational problems in the county. The School Corporation of Duval County is expected to begin implementing the recommendations of the report in the fall of this year.

By STEPHEN A. MARQUEZ

A new film has been released that dramatizes the life of Frank Rizzo, a former mayor of Philadelphia. The film, titled "Rizzo: A Tale of Two Cities," is directed by the award-winning director Steven Spielberg, and stars John Travolta as Rizzo. The film tells the story of Rizzo's rise to power in Philadelphia, from his days as a fiery labor organizer to his tenure as mayor, where he was known for his tough approach to crime and his rejection of federal aid for the city. The film has been praised for its authenticity and for its portrayal of Rizzo's complex character. It has been a box office success, and has received critical acclaim for its acting and direction.
The Black Pre-Law Society will meet Thursday, Feb. 17 in Room 131. Low Rise North and all members must attend.

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**The Daily Pennsylvania**

**Thursday, February 17, 1978**

**News in Brief**

Complied from United Press International

**SATELLITE BEGINNINGS FOR PANAMA CANAL TROCADERO**

The Senate began debate yesterday on the controversial Panama Canal treaty. Senate Foreign Relations Committee Chairman John Sparkman urged Senate support of the treaty because U.S. support of the treaty would give the strategic waterway to Panama in the year 2000 and also guarantee the operation of the canal. The treaty also would permit the U.S. to build a new Panama Canal.

**POLICE CONFISCATE $91,000 IN DRUG RAID**

Miami Beach police said yesterday that they have arrested a suspected drug dealer and seized $91,000 in confiscated drugs. Police said that the suspected dealer, a black woman, 35, was arrested in her room in a religious cult that advocated the smoking of marijuana. The raid on the Black House, at 19147 N.W. 12th St., caused a church leader and other cult members were arrested in another raid on a racket located with 300 tons of marijuana.

**SADAT LEAVES U.S. WITH NEW DETERMINATION FOR PEACE-EGYPTIAN DEFENSE MINISTER**

Egyptian Defense Minister Gen. Abdul Rahman said today that President Anwar Sadat's visit to the United States has given him a "new determination" for peace in the Middle East. Sadat said the visit "was very helpful," and he added that he was "very happy" with the "encouraging" reception of the Egyptian delegation.

**U. Council Meeting**

(Continued from page 1) The council has asked the student president, Thomas C. McCormick, a junior history major, to work with the student president-elect, David J. Killian. McCormick said he would be meeting with an advisory committee in Harrisburg Thursday to discuss Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp's proposal to delay increases in the state allocation to the University.

**Guidelines**

(Continued from page 1) The council has asked the student president, Thomas C. McCormick, a junior history major, to work with the student president-elect, David J. Killian. McCormick said he would be meeting with an advisory committee in Harrisburg Thursday to discuss Pennsylvania Governor Milton Shapp's proposal to delay increases in the state allocation to the University.

**Carter Student Aid Plan**

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**SPU Grant**

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**HELP!**

A black (2.5 mo. old) female German shepherd with tan feet, answering to the name "Tabby" was stolen from 333 S 41st St. (41st & Locust) on Monday, Feb. 6. If you take this dog with her identification, please call 306-4269 and 308-3237—ANYTIME.

A substantial reward is offered for the recovery of the dog.

**BLOOD DRIVE TODAY**

Dental School

Board Room 11-6

Refreshments & Bobkin Robbins

Ice Cream served.

**UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA**

**AMATEUR RADIO CLUB**

OFFERS FREE LICENSE CLASSES FOR BEGINNERS IN HAM RADIO

- **LEARN MORSE CODE AND BASIC ELECTRONICS NECESSARY TO PASS FCC NOVICE EXAMS.**
- **DATE: CLASSES BEGIN SATURDAY, FEB. 17.**
- **TIME: 2 pm INFO MARVIN 349-9737**
- **PLACE: 212 MORELL SCHOOL FUNDED BY THE STUDENT ACTIVITIES COUNCIL**
State Aid Plan

(Continued from page 1)

legislators reacted only. The school was given $7 million more that year, which was 6 percent out from the University's allocation.

Very School Dean Robert Marshak and others have noted new attempts to draw attention, as to the state through increased enrollment of Pennsylvania students. Already, the 1973-74 school year will be 10 percent Commonwealth residents. Each

University administrators who they hope will be friendly to their universities. The Pennsylvania governor will be elected in November.

the chances of a new governor making education a high priority, however, remain slim. Other areas in the state budget are suffering from inflation as much as education. Federal programs and other items make it difficult to pass legislation that invests in education.

Rizzo Film Debut

(Continued from page 1)

through the film. "The guy who is killing a policeman should be arrested by the police," said one of the reception, "but the mayor said he had another engagement." The movie is expected to be distributed nationally after its run in Philadelphia. If audiences are enthusiastic enough, Rizzo may be called back to come out of this city once he becomes a politician.

COLLEGE HOUSE OPEN-HOUSE

FREE WINE LIVE MUSIC INFORMATION

FEBRUARY 9, 1978

4-6 p.m.

HIGH RISE EAST ROOF TOP LOUNGE

COME AND SEE WHAT THE COLLEGE HOUSES HAVE TO OFFER

The Daily Pennsylvanian

KARATE TOURNAMENT

Come See The Penn Karate Club Compete Against Big 5 And Ivy Rivals In One Of The Most Dynamic Sports Around!

SATURDAY, Feb. 11

1:00 HUTCH GYM

JAMMIT!

jazz workshop open to all
University students. Bring your horn and $.50
Refreshments provided.

Friday night 11-2

Annenberg Center room 511

for further information call

Penn Jazz Ensemble at 243-5292

funded by the Student Activities Council

TOP SALARIES IN THE NORTHEAST!
Security Stain

Vice-president for Operational Services Fred Shabel has refused to release a report from an investigation into a student employee employed by Campus Security. The refusal strikes one as odd in light of Shabel’s efforts to change the image of Campus Security.

Their image was tarnished by reports of surveillance of University political activists and use of student dogs in bats. In the most recent investigation, the student involved in the alleged breach in security was investigated by two University investigators and decided against revealing any information now afterwards.

Why the sudden change of mind remains unclear.

The new Director of Public Safety, David Johnson, has done a fine job of reforming the service. Upon learning that the student had been granted immunity, Johnson informed his detectives that the report of the investigation was the student was being held for an unspecified amount of time.

The student backed down from his intended position of detailing what actually happened.

Why he took this action remains unclear.

While Shabel has never stated that he will release the report, it is suggested by more than one source, including the student, that Shabel does not want to release the report.

Shabel will not release the report remains unclear.

If Shabel really believes that the report is indeed clear and that it shows no wrongdoing on his part, he would likely welcome its release.

If he denies that the issue is clear, he would love to show it.

Unfortunately, it is also clear that Shabel believes the Security office, if he remains serious about helping improve the tarnished image of Campus Security, he will now release the report and press a new investigation to resolve the many unanswered questions of the matter.

Kudos

Although situated 14 inches of snow dropped on campus, the Department of Physical Plant did a good job clearing campus paths. They began walking sidewalks Monday evening, Sunday, after some heavy snowfall. All campus members, and A.M. Mondy, Kudos to the effective job done by the Department of Physical Plant.

By Seymour Topping

The following is excerpted from the keynote speech delivered at the Student Press Convention from January 26. Mr. Topping points out that the student newspapers from New York, West or South, and Midwest campuses face a number of challenges that are gradually becoming more common.

Mr. Topping points out that the student newspapers from New York, West or South, face a number of challenges that are gradually becoming more common.

We are placed in the most untenable position of fighting with a news editor, a college student, and a student movement, all at the same time.

The student newspaper is a news medium that has traditionally been the most vulnerable to pressure from the government, the public, and the student body.

There is a number of factors which account for this decline in readership. Readers are choosing to read more books, more magazines, and less newspapers.

They are choosing to read less newspapers, and more books, magazines, and other types of printed material.

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some fans lo stir up. A crowd with nothing more than hustle could charge up both a team and a team could stir things up, someone who Quakers could use. Someone who Kelly as the type of player the even alluded to Broadstreeter Bob Finch long enough to vouch for that. Finke losing squad is formidable to say the least.

competing was unaware of the controversy of the last two weeks. When asked about the Quakers' NCAA jail, and who bitterly observed, when compared Tony Price to George Atkinson, who said Price belongs in the Firebirds have been around Philly is a Flyer town, NOT a hockey town. The coach of one of Perm's opponents was unaware of the controversy that happens to Perm, frankly."

"I don't give a shit what happens to Perm, frankly." When informed Penn was both games, and that the preseason movements were those of two losing teams, he laughed out loud. "That's all the explanation I need," he said.

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**Budweiser Supports Penn Hockey**

**Penn vs. Brown**

Friday Feb. 10, 7:30 P.M.

Class Of 1923 Ice Rink

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- Shot On Goal Contest
- Prizes For Contestants
- Free Skating After Game

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**Penn-Edinburgh Exchange Program**

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Come to the PANEL DISCUSSION Tuesday, February 14, at 11:00 a.m. in the Franklin Room, Houston Hall and talk with advisors.

Meet Edinburgh Students from the United Kingdom who know the ropes, as well as University of Pennsylvania students who spent last year at Edinburgh.

**The EDINBURGH EXCHANGE is competitive and open to almost all undergraduates. Students with financial aid are, of course, eligible.**

**Further Information:**

- International Programs Office
  - 133 Bennett Hall
  - Extension: 4661

**Application Deadline:**

- February 17, 1978

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**Undergraduate Committees**

**The Nominations & Elections Committee** is preparing to appoint students to the following University Committees:

- **Budget**
  - **Student Health**
  - **FAS Educational Policy**
  - **Facilities**
  - **Student Affairs**
  - **Wharton Curriculum**
  - **Community Relations**
  - **FAS General Honors**
  - **Advanced Placement and Transfer Credit**
  - **DP Advisory Board**
  - **Open Expressions**
  - **Coordinating Committee on Advising**
  - **Biohazards**
  - **Performing Arts Council**
  - **Educational Planning**
  - **Research**
  - **Conflict of Interest**
  - **Leet Lectures**
  - **Dietrich Hall Renovation (Wharton)**
  - **Computer Services (Wharton)**

If you wish to serve on one of these committees, the basic governing bodies of this University, you should sign up for an interview in the Undergraduate Assembly Office in Houston Hall

Interviews will be given the week of November 12

Don't Delay. Sign Up Week Feb. 6-11

Saturday Sign Up 11-5 P.M.
Dirty Cagers: It's a Double-Edged Question

Coaches' Views Mixed

By JOHN BOSCHMAN

Two weeks ago, Penn had defeated Princeton in a hard fought, exciting basketball game at the Palestra, and the mood in the heart. His performance was his best in years, and he kept them spellbound. The conclusion he made about Penn's clutch play, the lands behind him at the Temple Press and the rest of the Quakers.

But in a few days, most of what Carril said had been dismissed by most people as the ravings of a man disappointed in his team's virtual elimination from the Ivy League title chase and an NCAA basketball bid. Now, the team was back in action, and the papers were awash in words of praise for their hero.

University of Southern California coach Bob Huggins was typical. "I was really impressed with the way the Penn players handled themselves last week," he said. "They were fighting, dirty tactics by all. No. They hurt themselves.

Penn's coach Dave Bliss, on the other hand, was more critical. "The only thing I can say about the game is that it was a tough game," he said. "But there's no excuse for not playing the game.

In this corner...the art of being brutally honest has taken on in the old time at the Palestra, where the Quakers played the Ivy League doomsday. But now, with the season ending, the season's end.

Carril's season ended, his. Bliss's. So, one of them will be the next big thing. But which one?

Just what Penders did. His meeting was an emotional experience for him. "I'm trying to get the officials to call something. I really wish the game could have been called that way. But the game is obviously going to be called as it is."

Nevertheless, Penn's superior play on the court was obvious. "The point I want to make about Penn's game was its physicality," he said. "We didn't get that in many ways. He said. "It's a physical, that's going to scare us. Do we need to be that physical, that was

Bliss's words were echoed by his assistant coach. "Penn's handling of itself, attributing it to inexperience, is really getting out of hand. I'm trying to get the officials to call something."

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By RICK STEVENSON

When you think of the University of Southern California, basketball usually comes to mind. What you don't think of is Saber fencing.

The Sabermen have been an integral part of USC's athletic program for over 100 years, and they continue to be a source of pride for the university.

The Sabermen are one of the oldest and most successful teams at USC, and they have produced some of the country's best fencers.

The Sabermen have won numerous titles and have produced many Olympic and international-level fencers.

The team has a rich history and has produced many successful athletes over the years. The Sabermen are a true representation of the university's commitment to excellence in athletics.

Sabre Makes Sohne Shyne

Basketball Statistics

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Coaches' Deny Charges

Quakers Deny Charges

By STEVE PETERS

Kris Fyffe (left), a Quaker senior who was saying for practice yesterday afternoon when the subject of dirty play came up. "It's surprising," the Quaker said. "I have never heard of this."

But in a few days, most of what Carril said had been dismissed by most people as the ravings of a man disappointed in his team's virtual elimination from the Ivy League title chase and an NCAA basketball bid. Now, the team was back in action, and the papers were awash in words of praise for their hero.

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KISS is FOR kidz
**STREETLIGHTS**

**Class Participation**

**Steve Fried**

Hey, I believe in education as much as the next guy, as long as the next guy isn't A.S. Neil. I go to most of my classes with interest. I don't mind learning at all.

I have this one course, though, and there's just something so silly about it. And besides, it's pass/fail. There's only one reason for me to go. Guilt.

I mean, what the hell. I haven't been to the lectures this week, and the readings are no problem because I haven't bought the bulk packet yet. But whenever I think about cutting class, I always remember that touching scene at home last September when my parents sold my youngest brother into slavery so I could go to college. He was a little well, although at first he had trouble walking with the ankle chains.

So out of guilt, I go to this class. And it's not even a lecture, but a discussion class to go over the readings and lectures, both of which are about as familiar to me as the political hierarchy in Guam. As I sit there, listening to the tales of my classmates, I see that the discussion has already begun. I prepare to do my part.

I take out the DP.

The worst thing about reading the paper during a class is that, in good conscience, you can only read the front and back pages. There is this cock-eyed logic that the instructor will notice that you are not listening only if you open the paper and rattle the pages if you just read the outside pages you're safe.

The thing is, it gets really frustrating, especially in a paper where everything is continu-ated on page 3. You never get to finish any of the articles. When you're halfway through finding out why the dining service is raising its prices 50% because of the high price of celery for the chicken salad, you have to stop and read about Herbert the Wrestling bear and who has perfected the sleeper hold and is challenging Chief Jay Strongbow to a title match.

Luckily, the Penn Press is out that day, and I have twice as many half-stories to read. After I have filled in all of the s's, o's and b's with my ball-point pen, as well as putting a beard and mustache on both Thomas Lantill and Tom Crowley, I decide to listen to the class discussion, which I have absolutely no chance of understanding.

But I do. Because they are talking about last week's lecture. The question doesn't matter because the answer speaks for itself. "Whatever makes them different, the girl says with a face that is alarmingly serious, it's what's different that makes them the same."

I consider raising my hand, laughing, and then asking her what the hell she's jabbering about. I restrain myself. I see a good column in the making.

"Beings of the same kind," a thin-bespectacled type chimes in, "don't necessarily have to live in the same space. Keppler explains that some of the gaps can be filled by life on other planets."

I wonder if he is referring to the latest 18 minute gap, or to Cheryl Tiegs's, but I decide probably not. Someone else clarifies his point. And that's when it happens. It's only twenty after, and no one else has anything to say. Including the TA.

A hush falls over the room. All you can hear is faint breathing and the hum of fluorescent lights. This goes on for almost a minute. I'm timing it.

The TA begins to look at his notes. After about 30 seconds he finds nothing suitable and looks at the class. "What did you people," he groans, "expect from this course?"

I restrain myself from raising my hand and saying, "A TA who will at least do the readings when I forget to."

A student with Pin 2 written all over him says he thought that since it was a History course he expected that we would go in some order, either chronological or topical. I thought that he had a good point.

"This is Social History and you can't go in order." The TA acily said this. Amazingly enough, no one challenges the point.

The room is quiet again, and the TA begins to look tense. He bounces his body into a sitting fetal position. He knows that he's in trouble.

Finally, a question floats in from the back of the room. "This is Social History and you can't go in order." The TA, sure that he has overcome the momentary lull, enthusiastically answers. Flailing his arms, frowning at the mouth, he pontificates. But the student nods her head, and he is right back where he started from.

Then comes the killer, "This week's readings were very easy," he explains, "That's why we don't have much to discuss." Sure.

At this point I consider leaving. But as I begin to slip on my coat I see an image of my little brother. Tears in his eyes and chains on his wrists, he is digging the foundation for a road in Alabama. And he's only eleven.

No one is saying a word. Then the TA puts the last nail into his coffin. "You know, this room is too big for a discussion. We really ought to find a room with closer arrangements for conversation. Like maybe one with a coffee machine. Can all of you come to this class if we come to this class at, maybe, sometime?"

He's blaming the room! Next thing he'll say is that he could never talk comfortably in the pair of shoes he had on.

As the TA hands back our papers, he says, "This is Social History and you can't go in order." I wonder if it is too late to add Bio 6.

---

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**Wonderful Book About The Largest Experience In Life**

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**Music**

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**Theater**

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Film

Geoffrey Little

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**Literature**

Lesley Jane Stroll

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**February 9, 1978**

The Pennsylvania Political Union presents

**David Marston**

speaking on:

His experience with political corruption

Tonight, 8 P.M., at Fine Arts B-1.
February 9, 1978

Memorial Day On Wheels

By Daniel M. Gold

I am the living death
the memorial day on wheels
I am your weak and dandy
your John Wayne come home
your fourth of July firecracker
exploding in the grave

—Ron Kovic

Since the end of the Vietnam War in 1975, our nation has tried to bury all traces of that painful episode. One now hears of a "New Spirit" in American and of a new destiny for us to follow. But the past is not dead. No matter how we turn our heads, there still remain mementoes of those years to remind us of our not-so-saintly conduct. Vietnamese transplants are one group of living histories. But they symbolize a fresh start. The Vietnam veterans comprise the other, darker national memories, and those wounded and crippled in the war serve as our conscience.

Ron Kovic lives probably the best example of the war's heritage. Kovic is a Vietnam vet. He is paralyzed. He was shot through the chest down from injuries suffered in the war. It was not so much this tragic wound which symbolizes the lessons taught in Southeast Asia; rather, to Kovic, it was the treatment he received once home from Vietnam. War is one ordeal; peace is another.

TWO YEARS AGORon Kovic wrote a book about his experiences in Vietnam and back in America. Titled Born on the Fourth of July, it probably is the finest first-person account about the confusion and terror of war to come out of the Vietnam conflict. And that's only one half. Kovic also examines in detail the severe problems he faced when attempting to return to a society that wanted to forget all about him.

Kovic, actually born on July 4, 1946, was raised in Massapequa, Long Island. Nurtured on all the proper patriotic sentiments, he grew up dreaming of the day he could play center field for the Yankees. He spent his high school watching all those glorious Fifties war movies and he eagerly anticipated enlisting in the Marines.

He did, immediately after graduating from high school at the age of eighteen. And, after boot camp, he went to Vietnam.

It was there, on January 20th, 1968, during the first weeks of the infamous Tet Offensive, that Kovic's right heel was blasted off. He could have stopped fighting right then—the injury was severe enough to warrant his immediate release from active duty—but in a fit of gung-ho enthusiasm, he continued firing blindly into the village where the enemy lay hidden. This spurt of zealousness threatened to overwhelm his sanity, Kovic started scripting Born on the Fourth of July.

In an effort to alleviate these tensions which threatened to overwhelm his sanity, Kovic started working on a second book. "It's about the

The floor of the small hut was covered with [booby]... There was an old man in the corner with his head blown off from his eyes up, his brains hanging out of his head like jelly... A small boy next to the old man was still alive, although he had been shot many times. He was crying softly, lying in a large pool of blood. His small foot had been shot almost completely off and seemed to be hanging by a thread...

...I am in an ambulance now rushing to some place. There is a man without any legs screaming in pain, moaning like a little baby. He is bleeding terribly from the stumps that were once his legs, thrashing wildly about his chest, in a semiconscious daze. It is almost too much for me to watch.

The screen version of Born will start filming in April with Al Pacino starring as Kovic. Kovic himself will be on the set. I'm gonna be helping out, and I'll tour to promote the film.

Still of primary importance to Kovic is the altering of the nation's perceptions about the war. And now, with Vietnam seemingly the newest Hollywood theme—no fewer than five major films this spring alone will deal with the subject—Kovic finds himself watching movies. Discussing The Boys in Company C (see review), he said, "I didn't particularly like (it). Most of the veterans—who saw the preview were insulted by the (movie). But we have to look at objectively. You have to realize that it's an important film because it's the first film and it paints the way of the Vietnam stories about Vietnam. Hopefully, it's a beginning."
By Jonathan Lansner

Editor's note: The Dark Ages are upon us: the surly, obnoxious prepubescent brats who have replaced our generation invade and dominate our culture like so many Blue Meanies in Pepperland. In keeping with its policy of delivering the finest in social journalism, 34th Street sent two brave souls into the very snake pit of kid power—a Kiss concert. Dave Rosenbaum, at the risk of his Nikon, interpitidly recorded the event. Meanwhile, Jon Lansner sacrificed himself to the crowd for a good story. Both, we are happy to report, survived the ordeal and are reporting the finest in electro-shock therapy at the University Hospital.

"KISS In Concert, Tonight," says the billboard outside the Spectrum. Immediately upon entering the arena, I experience a close encounter with an alleged human dressed in black and sporting a Nazi army helmet emblazoned with the Kiss logo and two horns glued to his face. "I made it myself," brags the teen. "My dad works in a slaughterhouse and I thought that steer horns would add a little something to my helmet."

Sanity has left South Philly for a night. The Spectrum is packed to the rafters with Kiss-loving cherubs who have come to see their super-promoted heroes. The kids don't think about the gimmicks and the hype. All they want is Kiss in any shape or form, leaving the social impact questions to sociologists, parents and Edwin Newman.

"Kiss is a name," remarks a vendor, selling 3-dollar color programs. "I cannot believe how much they (the kids) can buy. Kiss T-shirts are six bucks. Kiss belt buckles are five, not to mention the similarly over-priced posters, pennants, pen and pencil sets and caps. The souvenir stands are doing brisk business. I swear they're giving it away. These kids would buy ANYTHING with Kiss on it" another vendor contends. He seems sickened.

I approach three females from Northeast High. Their faces are covered with black and white paint. "Who's your favorite band member?" I ask. They reply in unison, each stating the name of the Kiss alter-ego painted on their face.

"Do you listen to any other music?"
"Aero-Bad-Fleetwo-o-smith-Zep-Company-
Mac," they mumble.

"How about mellower music, like Joni Mitch-
ell?"
"Oh Gawd," they groan in unison. "We'd rather die."

The roads are ready the stage for the show, the sound system bellowing Led Zeppelin and The Who. I close my eyes and I see Jimmy Page with his double-neck guitar, Roger Daltrey is whipping the microphone cord above his head. I open my eyes. No such luck.

I decide to keep a youngster company who sits alone in a seat with an obstructed view of the stage.

"What's your name, kid?"
"I'm Russell Johnson, I'm 12 years old, and I'm from up near Hulmeville," remarks the chubby, little punk.

"Ever seen Kiss before?"
"Yeah, they were great."

"What appeals to you most about Kiss?"
"Their make-up and their music," remarks the child puffing on a cigarette.

"Does your mom know you smoke?"
"I'm allowed to. When I was 7 my grandma taught me how, but I've only been really smoking since I was 10."

The start of the concert is delayed. The masses of humanity crushed together on the floor knock over the retaining wall in front of the stage. The Spectrum security force quickly and professionally puts the situation back under control. The air is tense but the audience slides into complete euphoria as the arena lights are turned off. Introduced as "The Hottest Band in The World," Kiss bursts into some easily forgettable tune amidst 40-foot high flames, earth-shaking explosions, billowing white smoke and flashing lights. Bassist, Gene Simmons breathes a wall of flame. At least ten kids in the audience do the same. The lyrics scream "Honey, meet me in the ladies' room!" Jeeezzus!!!

I waltz into the press room during the performance—I cannot take 130 decibels for as long a period of time as I did as a youngster. Two guys are watching a hockey game on the television.

"What do you think of the show?" I ask.
"Fuck the music," replies a chum without turning from the game.

"Do you work here?"
"I'm the stage manager. I help set up their stupid equipment."

"Have you seen Kiss, or any other rock show at the Spectrum?"
"Great fuckin' save! How did the fuckin' goalie see the puck?"

Because the age of the crowd is somewhat younger than puberty, a number of chaperoning parents are present at the Spectrum. I spot a gentleman wearing cotton in his ears. "It keeps the noise out," remarks the father of a 10-year old. "This is my first rock concert, and hopefully my last." "It is fascinating," observes another parent, "the whole theatrics of it. I was worried about the effects Kiss could have on kids, but after seeing them, they're perfectly harmless...kind of boring too."

"I think it's great for the kids," remarks a mother of a 15-year old. "They're great performers. I personally don't like their music—what music? We never had anything like this when I was a kid. I couldn't even go to see Frank Sinatra, my parents were from the old school." A real estate broker tells me, "My kid says it's a psycho-
logical release. I can't see any rhyme or reason for it. It's not music—it doesn't make any sense."

My parents would have never let me go, chaperoned or otherwise, at such a tender age. I love them for it.

Rummaging through the aisles for interviews, my eyes spy a long, slender leg peeking out of the slit of a lovely black skirt. "That's no 16-year old thigh!" I note. I move closer for a better inspection by sitting next to a child who was seated next to the desired specimen.

"How old are you, son?" I ask the kid.

No reply. She turns around, displaying a shirt that is open as low as her skirt is slit high.

"Errrrrr, have you ever seen Kiss before?" I mumble.

"Co on, answer the guy's question," she tells the kid.

"I don't know," replies the child. "I've never seen them before." Obviously, the kid can't handle the pressure. I'll ask his sister. "Pardon me, have you ever seen Kiss?"

"Oh no, not in person," she replies with a smile, "I haven't been in the Spectrum since I was 15 or 16—that was about six years ago."

Simple mathematics become difficult when such beauty is before me. Fortunately I have my tape recorder so I don't have to take any notes. Better eye-contact with the interviewee. "Has he seen any other rock shows?" I inquire as my eyes wonder not very subtly downward.

"This is my son's birthday present," she tells me.
Hobson's--Good Choice
By Barbara Shulman

Hobson's Choice, presented by the Philadelphia Drama Guild, is truly misnamed: indeed, it should have been entitled Hobson's Lack of Choice. Henry Hobson, a retired owner-of-the-century British bootshop owner, likes to think he's always done his own choosing, but in reality, the choices have always been made for him. First they were made by his late wife, whose death, he said, he welcomed because of the peace and quiet it would bring. Now the choices are made by his eldest daughter: no matter how much he rants and raves, her word is always final. She runs the shop, the family (consisting of two younger, flitter daughters), and even carries out a plot to get her sisters married over her father's objections. Her domineering manner even carries over to her own marriage, in which she transforms her meek bootmaker of a husband into a smart-talking, wordy-wise shopowner himself.

The Drama Guild, as usual, has staged a classy production of this Harold Brighouse play. The light, even somewhat wapid script has been brought to life by fine acting, sets and costumes. Very talented, and very busy (see review below) Tony van Bridge keeps old Hobson spitting and putting just to the point of boorishness, but not beyond. David Roudnicky, in a particularly effective performance as the meek bootmaker, acquires a spine and literally learns to speak under the tutelage of his domineering wife. And the sets, in their solid, middle-class appearance, lend an authentic air of Britishness to the production.

Walkabout by Nicholas Roeg.
Friday-Sunday: Two inferior Lina Wertmuller films, The Seduction of Mimi and All Screwed Up.
Monday-Tuesday: A Night at the Races, and A Day at the Races. Oh, those Jewish comedians!

Walnut Mall Cinema
Walnut 40 & 40th Sts. 222-2344
Don't Miss Sam and Take the Money and Run. Mr. Alim turned down to his PC best.

II. Semi-Tough.
Dan Jenkins' best novel turns into a clumsy semi-comedy, Burt Reynolds and Kristofferson make up for each other.

III. Amateur Night at City Hall.
Rizzo in his own face.

The Afro-American Historical and Cultural Museum
7th and Arch Sts. 574-3671
Through February 11: "Facets of Our Experience", an artistic tribute to Martin Luther King, Jr. The exhibition features well-established artist Humberg Howard whose work is in the collections of the Smithsonian Institute, the Library of Congress and The Philadelphia Museum of Art.

This is the only area museum which devotes itself to both the art and history of black Americans. A very important museum with a very important show.

PO-3810

Through April 30th: Turner Watercolors an exhibition of 37 major works on loan from the British Museum, London.

Penna. Academy of Fine Arts Broad & Cherry Sts. 299-5060

Through April 19th: forty-five watercolors, drawings and tapestries by Calder, Lalarge, Kline and Welliver.
G.K.C.--A.O.K.
By Barbara Shulman

One-character shows seem to be proliferating in the last few years. Usually they center on well-known personae, such as Harry Truman, Emily Dickinson, or Beethoven, and are performed by the actor, sister, accomplished pianist Hephzibah. The program will include works by Bach, Beethoven, and Elgar.

The Bijou Cafe
1809 Lombard Street
PE5-4444
Taking a break from Peter Marshall, Wayland Flowers and Madame will be here through Thursday.

The Main Point
876 Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr
LAS-3977
Jazzmen Jack DeJohnette and John Abercrombie will appear here tomorrow and Saturday nights.

The New Foxhole Cafe
3916 Locust Walk
366-6838
Saxophonist Archie Shepp will return to his native Philadelphia for two nights of concerts tomorrow and Saturday nights.

The Rathskeller
Houston Hall Basement
Gilde. A jazz-rock group headed by the legendary Gordy Schofeld. Friday and Saturday, 9 p.m.

The Spectrum
Broad and Patton
103-9284
Santa, with special guest Kool and the Gang, appearing here Saturday night.

The Academy Of Music
Broad and Locust
567-4050
Monday night, the All-Star forum will present violin master Yehudi Menuhin, accompanied by his sister, accomplished pianist Hephzibah. The program will include works by Beethoven, and Elgar.

Jackson Browne
Running on Empty
Asylum 6E113
Jackson Browne is obviously a tired man. Tired of hotel rooms, white lines on the highway, and snorting cocaine every day, along with all the other trappings of a rock'n'roll tour. Although the hassles of the road may be trying, they hardly require the devotion of an entire album's space.

Running on Empty only succeeds in the dubious sense of conveying to the listener a feeling of weariness more insufferable than that of the road-worn cocked-out musicians. The record falls in its attempt, by means of recordings in hotel rooms and concert halls, to evoke any empathy for the stars endured by touring rock musicians "paying their dues."

In a sense this is quintessential L.A. rock: it has the obligatory tight production, competent session work from David Lindley and The Section, and a large dose of self-pity. The result is pleasantly innocuous music, but the plodding rhythms of the three and four-chord ballads such as "Rosie" and "The Road" are simply tedious. "Nothing But Time," one of the few rock'n'roll numbers, offers little relief.

The album's saving grace, a great new Browne song called "Load-Out," isn't enough by itself to recommend purchasing the album.

In the past, Jackson Browne's lyrics took his songs beyond the limitations of his music. Unfortunately, his inability to escape the tried and trite formulas and themes of his contemporaries have made Running on Empty his weakest album to date.

Ken Karnaufsky

Fenton Robinson
I Hear Some Blues Downstairs
Alligator A4710
Contemporary American music has long had its roots in the blues. Whereas rock and jazz have their high-paid superstars, bluesmen, with the possible exception of B.B. King, have gone overlooked, both commercially and financially. However, if the media find a need to create a "blues master," guitarist/vocalist Fenton Robinson should be a prime candidate. I Hear Some Blues Downstairs is a flawless recording. The tunes, which range from the contemporary "I'm So Tired" and "I Wish For You" (both Robinson originals) to the Howlin' Wolf classic "Killing Floor," all feature the bluesman's gutsy vocals and steaming guitar breaks. Perhaps someday the public will become more aware of artists such as Robinson, and give them the credit they deserve, on the charts and in their bankrolls.

Stu Feil

Elise Laws
Elise
ABC AB1022
This is an appealing album. Most of the credit for that must go to pop-soul singer Elise Laws, on her debut album, and not to veteran producer Linda Creed, the creator of such hits as "Betcha By Golly Wow," "Break Up To Make Up," and "You Make Me Feel Brand New." Her lyrics for Elise do not measure up in either meaning or feeling to the high standard she had previously set. Their high points are the simple and sincere lines that Elise sings so well. She has a way of handling emotional material in an understated manner that is still powerful with the feeling. Her voice is not highly individual, but it is clear and sweet and certainly proficient in the intricacies of the style. However, her pleasing tone is burdened by heavy-handed production, omnipresent background ooohs, and lines like, "keep your little chin up" and "Didn't we beat the drum?" Still, it balances out to a very pleasant, even danceable, pop-soul album, because even at her lowest, Linda Creed is a master of the genre; and Elise Laws is very appealing.

Sue Vorchermer
Prose From Cons

By Dave Lieber

John dreams of freedom and takes anti-depressants because one steamy summer night nine years ago he was in a bar fight that went a bit too far. He doesn't even hear the question when you ask him if he ever thinks about 1983, the year he becomes eligible for parole.


In the summer of 1973 as I prospered in a kiddie camp everywhere was just like the day before and the day to follow, I received a letter written on strange, lined-stationery from a gentleman in a New York prison, who shared that feeling of days melting together in the hot summer sun.

I had requested a prison pen-pal the year before, when I was 15, thinking it would be a fun thing to do, but had all but forgotten about it until this letter was forwarded to me.

Dear David:

I am in hope that you haven't forgotten who I am, since it has been over a year since you sent in the form for correspondence and visits with me. I have been recently transferred from Clinton Correctional Facility [before that I was in Attica], here to Green Haven, and believe it or not I just found out that I could write to you, and the only thing I can say is the circumstances was beyond my control, therefore I am in hope that you are still there and still willing to write me.

I am thirty-seven years of age, six feet, two hundred pounds, was married, with three children, but am now divorced. My children are two boys and a girl, ages 10, 13, and 15. They are living with my ex-wife their mother in Baltimore.

Prior to my confinement, I lived in Brooklyn, and worked as an "A" plumber...I was arrested in August of 1968 on a charge of assault that subsequently became manslaughter; and still later became murder for which I was convicted by jury's verdict and sentenced to a term of fifteen years to life. I have been through all the Courts without any action and now am about to start all over again, but this time I think I will have a little help.

Well this is about the best I can do for an introduction so in the event that I left something out, please feel free to ask to hear anything that you might think of, okay, and I shall hope to hear from you soon so take care.

Peace,

John Reynolds, #191195

I wrote back and he reciprocated and the friendship began, fostered by our mutual curiosity and the simple fact that each of us had nothing better to do. But we eventually came to like each other.

Occasionally I would visit John or "Poorboy" as he is nicknamed. The last of these took place on the last day of 1977, when the world was beginning to whoop it up in celebration. I went to wish him luck in the new year, only one more in a period which to him must pass like a slow-moving train without a destination.

Green Haven Correctional Facility is two hours from Manhattan, nestled in the rolling farm countryside of New York. But because of its fifty-foot high concrete walls, the maximum security prison looks like a castle, and causes tiny Stormville, the nearby village, to become that grotesque creation known as the "prison town."

I AM FRISKED by the "correctional officers" when I go inside and am not even allowed to take in my peanut butter and jelly sandwich for fear that I have a hacksaw hidden inside. I walk past a number of locked steel doors and finally take a seat in a large open room where men in green pants are meeting with their families and friends. I look at a woman visitor passing by. He's been there nine years. His depression requires little more explanation.

JOHN'S HOME IS a 7' x 10' pink-cinderblock cell containing an army cot, a toilet, a closet, a desk, two rugs, pictures of his family on the walls and his flute, which he calls "my confidante." I have never seen his cell; visitors are not permitted to leave the visiting room.

John tells me the authorities have cracked down since June and set up a procedure known as "controlled environment."

"Every moment they have to know where you are," John explains. "They control where you can go and where you can't go, but since I work for the Chaplains, I have permanent pass and can travel anywhere I want."

I asked John if my arrival had interrupted his lunch. He laughed, explaining that he hadn't been to the mess hall in ages.

"I'm sick and tired of the same routine," he says of the local dining service. Instead he eats what he can get, stocking up during biweekly visits to the prison commissary where he can buy canned goods and cigarettes. "I tell you, the 'ole man can take care of business," he says with a laugh.

When it is time to depart I tell John that I have left him a carton of Marlboro's (as good as money on the prison market) and a couple of his favorite Jewish salamis. We shake hands by the steel door and John goes off to the room where the inmates are made to strip down after visits in search of contraband which some, John contends, swallow in balloons.

That night, back in the city, I travel to Times Square for New Year's and watch myself float in the midst of a mob of thousands. I think about John in his pink cell, drinking whatever type of wine a buddy of his has served up for the night, toasting the new year and trying to forget where the hell he is. I wonder if they celebrate the new year in prison, and decide they probably don't.

Later, I realize that psychologically January 1 must be a very important day in a correctional facility. After all, everybody is one year closer to getting out. In prison, that is no small thing; according to John, it is everything.

If you would like to correspond with a prisoner you can send for a brochure to: Lou Torok, Prison Pen-Pals, Box 1217, Cincinnati, Ohio, 45202 [513-381-2722]. Torok, an ex-con, runs an international program that allows correspondents to pick their own pen-pals from publicized biographies.