How The Other Half Lives

Trustees Gain Insight Through Campus Tour

BY ANDREW KIRKMAN

The student body was the central figure in the main event, the energy loss in campus buildings was a major topic. The panel, led by John Sands, director of Facilities, emphasized the importance of energy efficiency and conservation. Sands discussed the need for better maintenance and the potential for savings. The group of students and faculty members consisted of 100 people who were selected through a random survey of campus buildings.

The tour began with a meeting in the Student Union, where Sands gave an overview of the energy conservation efforts. Sands highlighted the university's commitment to sustainability and the need for all members of the campus community to contribute.

The tour continued with a visit to several buildings, including the Science Center, where students were shown the latest in energy-saving technologies. In the Science Center, Sands explained the importance of insulating walls and windows to reduce energy loss. He also discussed the university's efforts to improve lighting and heating systems.

The tour concluded with a visit to the Student Union's dining hall, where students were shown the latest in energy-saving technologies. Sands explained the importance of efficient cooking methods and the use of energy-saving appliances. He also discussed the university's efforts to reduce waste and promote recycling.

The tour was well-received, with students and faculty members expressing their commitment to energy conservation. Sands emphasized the need for continued education and awareness about energy conservation, and the group ended with a discussion about how to promote these efforts on campus.

Panel May Review U. Presidential Candidates

By Dick Stevenson

The search for a new president of the University of Pennsylvania has entered its second phase, and it is expected to begin reviewing possible candidates to succeed Martin Miller.

The search panel will be held after the private meeting of the Executive Board, which may review possible candidates in the coming weeks.

The search committee has met with representatives of various groups, including student representatives, faculty members, and alumni. The committee plans to hold open meetings of the Executive Board and recommend candidates to the full Board of Trustees.

The presidential search committee has met once and is expected to have a new president named by January 1, 1961.

Insconsistencies Hamper O'Neill's 'Emperor Jones'

BY PHILIP FELIX

The dynamics of O'Neill's 'Emperor Jones' is primarily centered around the character of Brutus Jones, the play's central figure. Brutus Jones is a former slave who becomes the Island's emperor through a combination of shrewdness, cunning, and a sense of humor.

Brutus Jones' character is complex and multidimensional, with elements of power, greed, and mercy. His ability to manipulate situations and people is evident throughout the play. However, O'Neill's treatment of Brutus Jones is inconsistent, with the character sometimes appearing as a devious and cunning man, while at other times he comes across as a sympathetic figure.

The play's inconsistent portrayal of Brutus Jones contributes to the overall confusion of the story. The character's actions and motivations are not always clear, which makes it difficult for the audience to understand the play's themes and messages.

The performance of Brutus Jones by Robert Young was generally well-received, with many critics praising his portrayal of the character. However, the inconsistencies in O'Neill's writing negatively impacted the overall effectiveness of the play.
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Further Information:
International Programs Office
133 Bennett Hall
Extension: 4661

Applications Deadline: March 7, 1980
The Polyethylene Predicament

By Neal Lerner

Late one Monday afternoon I was surprised to notice that the man was playing a guitar. "Don Carlos Compound," he said. "Always trying to find silence in a place like this, but the place is full of noise." I looked up and saw the guitar. It was black with gold trim and a golden pickguard. He started to play and I felt myself drawn into the music. The man was wearing a black shirt and drab pants. His hair was wild and unkempt. He seemed to be lost in another world, a world of music and silence.

"I've been playing for a long time," he said. "Years ago I was a member of a rock band. We played all over the place, but we never got anywhere. Now I'm just playing for myself."

I asked him what he was playing. "Don Carlos Compound," he replied. "It's a song I wrote about a place I used to go."

"Can I hear it?"

"Sure," he said. He handed me a sheet of music and started to play. The music was beautiful, haunting. It seemed to take me someplace else, away from the noise and the chaos of the world.

The man finished playing and put the guitar down. He looked at me and said, "I'm just trying to find silence in this place."

I nodded. "I understand," I said. "It's hard to find silence these days."

He smiled. "Yeah," he said. "That's why I play."
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A. Because she bought a Double-R-Bar Burger® at Roy Rogers and got one free for Leo.

Sure, Mona was happy to have her portrait painted. If you were being immortalized for all time, you’d be happy, too. But the real secret of that famous smile was a Roy Rogers Double-R-Bar Burger.

Mona just couldn’t resist our delicious cheeseburger topped with lean ham. A masterpiece of its own. But she really started to grin when she found out that just by bringing in the coupon she could buy one Double-R-Bar Burger and get another one free. Now that’s a stroke of genius worthy of only one man, Roy Rogers.

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"They're not a travel agency; they're a
real band."
- John Bradley, WMMR

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- John Curr, Phila. Inquirer

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SUMMER, 1980 COLLEGE
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Applications for the Summer, 1980 program will
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The deadline for returning the completed
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Interested students are urged to obtain and return
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The BLACK STUDENT LEAGUE will be
sponsoring a Jazz Concert on Friday,
February 29th at 9:00 PM in the
second floor auditorium of Houston
Hall. Featured artists will be
UNICORN and BARREN'S WINDFALL
There will also be Poetry Readings
by Orion Jamaal and Denise Holland

Admission is $3.00
B.Y.O.B. set-ups provided

Funded by SAC
Attention Women Athletes

Martha McConnell will discuss the Awards Banquet at the WAA meeting on Thurs. Feb 28 at 7PM in the upper lobby of HRE

All † athletes are urged to attend.

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Annenberg Center

The Goodman Theatre
AN ENEMY
OF THE PEOPLE

Henrik Ibsen/Arthur Miller

William Marshall

Zellerbach Theatre
March 5-15 Preview March 4
Performances on March 12 & 13 at 8 p.m. only
Performances on March 14 & 15 at 7:45 p.m. only
All other performances follow regular schedule

THURSDAY NIGHT SPECIALS

AT OHARA'S

T.G.I.F.
Thank God I'm Female. All drinks reduced at Ohara's Fish House 9-2am.

NURSES NIGHT

All Drinks Reduced at Ohara's Dining Saloon.
9-2

CHINA NOW

This fall a group of Americans spent ten weeks in China living and working in a factory and a village. You are invited to share their impressions and an glimpse of daily life in China.

THURSDAY FEBRUARY 28

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Women Five Fail at Line in 65-61 Loss

By GEORGE BREEN

PAGE 8

FRANK McCAFFERY

Time is Study

Quaker Oats

SPLASH - The WOMEN SWIMMERS travel to Penn State today for the BIG Ten Championship. Over a third of the team will compete. Of course, we will have stars in the 200IM, but how many. Must look to our less known stars to contribute. Don't give up hope on the relay team. The women in it are working hard. Just keep in mind that the men are all freshmen, so it will be a good experience for them.

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Talking About Marley...

...Thinking About Green
By Rich Rabinoff
Son of the Galloping Gourmet

Sis was unloading the last of her pots and pans into my laundry basket. “This one’s pretty disgusting. It’s seen better days,” she said. “You can go out and buy another one next year.”

It was a very moving experience. It was late in May, and sis was entering the real world and, in a sense, so was I.

“You do know what this is for, don’t you?”

“Yeah, yeah,” I babbled back. “That’s a pie tin and you use it for making pies. Thanks a lot. I’ll need it.” To this day, the pie tin has gotten about as much use as my Ecco cup-cake tin—none.

“Now here’s a carrot peeler and here’s an egg slicer and here’s a broiler pan...”

“It is supposed to be all slimy and greasy like that?”

“Don’t worry,” she said, mumbling something about preserving natural flavors.

***

I had formally broken the tie. Over eight months and 300 meals with Dining Service, and the romance was over. There would be no more Roast Beef “Oh Juice.” No more of those cute little veal patties with the cheese on the inside (how did they ever make that?). Tuna-Noodle casserole—where the only rule is that you’re not allowed to eat it out of the oven—would be nothing more than a fleeting memory.

I remained true to the older generation, and I survived on my own culinary merits. I’d heard of guys with even less experience in the kitchen than me—those from the “you can wrap anything in tin foil and throw it in the oven” school of cookery—make it through college alive. Why couldn’t I?

To survive through the impending 10-month stint “over a hot stove” I developed some survival techniques for supermarket shopping and meal preparation. In no time, you too can begin to enjoy cooking the way it’s meant to be enjoyed:

1. Always remember that the supermarket is nothing more than a large adult amusement park where the only rule is that you’re not allowed to eat the junk food until you leave.

2. Have fun at the market. Play Starsky and Hutch with your shopping cart. Score points by “just missing” little old ladies. Try popping wheelies in the freezer section.

3. Play “target” with your shopping cart and single rolls of toilet paper. Make it harder for your shopping companion to score and keep the cart moving. Score extra points for the long passes...” He’s fading back...Oooh...He hit the paper towel display...”

4. Play little kid and try to fit yourself into that incredibly humiliating metal seat.

5. Try to pick up some older women.

***

Well, you’ve shelled out your life savings at the market and you’ve lugged the bags back to your apartment. Now it’s time for some creative cookery.

1. Never defrost. This handy cooking tip lets you cook whatever you want whenever you want. No need to worry about refreezing thawed meat—no matter how slimy and greasy like that.

“Your food will take on a gutsy, manly texture. No more of that wimpy, easy to chew meat. You’ll come up with recipes like “Tough and Chewy Beef Patties with the Cheese on the Inside” (how did they ever make that?)."

2. Never turn off your oven. Hey, if you’re lucky you’re not going to defrost anymore, you’ll definitely need that extra pre-heat thermal boost.

“What,” you might ask, “does failure to defrost do to my cooking?”

“Your guests will spend most of the evening attempting to digest what they’ve just managed to cut through. Your food will take on a gutsy, manly texture. No more of that wimpy, easy to chew meat. You’ll come up with recipes like “Tough and Chewy Beef Patties with the Cheese on the Inside” (how did they ever make that?)."

3. If that doesn’t work, burn things. No two ways about it. Make it charbroiled and crispy. No one will ever know how bad a meal is when they’re too busy trying to scrape off that black, flaky crust. And isn’t charcoal supposed to soothe and coat your stomach?

4. A more costly and time consuming option: Take a semester off from school, hop on over to France and study with the greatest chefs of your generation. You won’t have to masquerade in the kitchen any longer—you’ll be a real chef. The problem with this alternative, though, is that you might not be able to get all the ingredients you need right here in the neighborhood (Always call ahead when shopping for truffles at the Acme), and your fellow diners might not always go for those strange looking items with incredibly long and hard-to-pronounce names.

5. It’s never too late to buy a meal contract.
Never a Dull Moment

Philly politics haven’t been dull since Mayor Bill Green arrived — just different. But there were hints of change before.

By Rob Dunham

For eight years, from 1972 to 1980, Frank Rizzo was Mayor of the City of Philadelphia. In that time, there was a radical polarization of opinion. You were either for Rizzo or you were anti-Rizzo. You couldn’t be neither, and you couldn’t be both. Philadelphia politics at the time was a throwback to the age of hackdom, a testament to the stamina of political dinosaurs like the party machine and patronage politics. It was flamboyant, colorful, damn near depressing, and often embarrassing as hell. But it was fascinating.

For politics, Philadelphia was the place to be.

There were the scandals — Blaze Starr, the great bathroom deal between Rizzo and party foe Pete Camiel, and Emmett Fitzpatrick’s infamous safari suit. There were the outrages and the outrageous — any of several federal suits against the city police department for brutality, violation of civil rights, and for discrimination against women, the Recall Rizzo effort followed shortly by the Rizzo Forever Charter Change campaign, and the incident at MOVE. Philadelphia was a national joke surpassed only by Cleveland.

And then, all of a sudden, it was over. Frank Rizzo just faded away, like the morning after the nightmare when only the hurt remained. Bill Green was mayor of Philadelphia and things were threatening to get boring.

But this is Philadelphia, and we all should have known much better than that. Frank Rizzo has been gone for two scant months and the excitement to clean up the election process. That election process worked beautifully in South Philly and other machine strongholds, but seemed to yield thousands of problems where there was opposition to the Rizzo administration. Voting machines didn’t work in black sections of the city. Registrations were fouled up in both the recall and charter elections. When one reporter asked Marge Tartaglione if she and Maier would ever bury the hatchet, she indicated she would rather bury it in his head. But now this was changing.

The police department, Frank Rizzo’s do-no-wrong pet — the same department hit with all the federal suits, and which had earned the opportunity to be joked about by Johnny Carson and by Hal Linden in Barney Miller — was opened up to scrutiny and investigation. And with Bill Green’s layoff plans, they were taking it on the chin.

Everybody was getting their due — or paying their dues. Except, it seemed, City Council.

The Stodgy Council

It is not safe to say — in fact, it would be clearly most political experts, turned out to be surprisingly forthright, conscientious, and — perish the thought — honest. The man who was accused of pleading the Fifth Amendment before a grand jury (in order, rumor had it, to protect his and other more powerful necks) stood up to the Rizzo administration in its waning days, refusing to authorize payment for an FOP (Fraternal Order of Police) insurance contract that would place three-quarters of a million dollars in the FOP discretionary fund’s coffers. He has since advocated budget cuts, eliminating excessive (some say repulsive) city automobiles use, curtailing employees’ use of city credit for gasoline, and supporting Mayor Green’s idea of layoffs to help balance the city budget.

The City Commissions — then-chairwoman Margaret Tartaglione, now-chairman Eugene Maier, and Republican John Kane — the butt of jokes for their often childishlike and hostile encounters and the source of controversy for what appeared to be malicious corruption or blatant incompetence, suddenly got together behind Maier to clean up the election process. That election process worked beautifully in South Philly and other black sections of the city. Registrations were fouled up in both the recall and charter elections. When one reporter asked Marge Tartaglione if she and Maier would ever bury the hatchet, she indicated she would rather bury it in his head. But now this was changing.

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The Stodgy Council

It is not safe to say — in fact, it would be clearly stodgy council-at-large delegation, and the election of John Street (Milton’s brother) to a district council seat put the fun back into Council. Still, George X. Schwartz — a political warhorse who somehow consolidated and maintained his powers in the Rizzo-Camiel fights without giving anyone any indication that he believed in anything — was re-elected as Council President. Harry P. Jannotti, whose hometown newspaper seemed more like a political gift properties payment, was retained as Majority Leader. City Council voted its members increased use of city automobiles and chauffeurs — just as Green and Leonard were calling for decreased use — and then voted themselves a pay raise.

Council was like a rotting banana waiting to peel.

FBI ‘Sting’

And then it happened, that Mack truck carrying political slime and seaminess hit the front pages. "Abscam" the FBI called it, short for Arab Scam. Federal Bureau of Investigation g-men posing as Arab sheiks and businessmen doling out bribes left and right for political favors snared Schwartz and Jannotti and District Councilman Louis C. Johanson. Also netted in the FBI "sting" were Philadelphia congressmen Michael "Ozzie" Myers, U.S. Representative for the 1st district (including Penn), and U.S. Representative Raymond Lederer. Though there were questions raised as to the propriety of the FBI operation, and President Schwartz has said he will sue the Justice Department, the feeling given by Justice Department and FBI sources and leaks was that in Philadelphia there didn’t need to entrap anyone; you mentioned money and they brought their friends. Had the money held out, many more would likely have been implicated.

(Continued on page 4)
As it was, the most powerful Democratic party hacks were sacked, the ones who had most often advocated very little publicly, shunned controversy, played with the Council power-strings and purse-strings, and run the Philadelphia legislature in this, the best of all possible patronage worlds.

The sting started in Philadelphia when Howard Criden, formerly an assistant district attorney here and a deputy district attorney in Philadelphia, told undercover agents that he was implicated.

Congressmen who would be attorney here and a deputy district attorney in this, the best of all possible worlds, shunned controversy, played with the Council power-strings and purse-strings, and frankly, the ones who had most often advocated very little, shunned controversy, played with the Council power-strings and purse-strings, and run the Philadelphia legislature in this, the best of all possible worlds.

But the battle for Philadelphia will take place within the Democratic party, within the relationship between party and government, with the hope that inordinate political self-interest will fade and, if Bill Green wins this battle, Philadelphia may get back on its feet again.

The sting started in Philadelphia when Howard Criden, formerly an assistant district attorney here and a deputy district attorney in Philadelphia, told undercover agents that he was implicated.

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The Cat is Flat on a Hot Tin Roof

By Howard Cohen

Nestled among quaint restaurants at 4th and South Streets is the Theater Center Philadelphia, which showcases the original works of local playwrights and better-known dramatic classics. Seating only 150 people, it is a fun place to spend an evening, but theater lovers should probably wait — until Cat on a Hot Tin Roof finishes its run on March 15. TCP is performing Tennessee Williams’ well-known drama in time for the play’s 25th anniversary. They claim that the script was rewritten and revised by Williams himself in 1975. Unfortunately, this production lacks the impact of reading or seeing a good performance of Williams’ work. Overall, it is much too long and talky, and is hampered by weak and unconvincing performances.

The revised Cat is set in the present. The story it tells, however, about a lack of communication and love within a Southern family, is timeless. Maggie, the proverbial “cat,” played by Teri Sweeney, is much too soft-spoken and monotonous to convey her frustration with her husband Brick, played by William Sarkess. Brick is a hopeless alcoholic who can’t escape his past. Sarkess’ drunken stupor is convincing, but his dialogue is too limited to fully shape the disconsolate character he is supposed to portray. Additionally, both of these actors seem constricted by a vain attempt at a Southern dialect.

Cara Marlowe and William Sommerfield as Big Mama and Big Daddy, the plantation parents, almost save the performance, though. The audience keenly feels Big Daddy’s hatred for his wife, his love for Brick, and his anguish over his own terminal illness. In turn, the unrelenting and pathetic love of Big Mama for her callous husband and her unwillingness to accept his illness are equally powerful.

A major pitfall for this production is the staging. All three acts take place in the same room, which quickly becomes monotonous. There do not seem to be any microphones either, and people seated in the balcony probably have trouble hearing the flat dialogue. In short, this production falls flat on the roof.

For any unconvincing drama lovers, Cat on a Hot Tin Roof may be seen on Wednesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays at 8:30, and on Fridays at 10, until March 15. Tickets are $5 on weeknights and $6 on Saturdays. TCP is located at 622 S. 4th Street, between South and Bainbridge.

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Long and Weak Show: William Sarkess as Brick
Marley on Marijuana: "Herb is the healing of the nation. When the people smoke herb, they think alike."

he smokes marijuana continuously and ceremoniously, so that the object of the meeting seems transformed into "higher" regions. Still, Marley's religious conception of life, that of Rastafari — a Jamaican Christian Messianic sect — and the defiance of Western values that characterizes this sect, has put off many a hopeful interviewer.

Marley, the Jamaican prince of reggae music, a rare Third World star to make a name in the Western world, is not what Americans would call the typical rock star. Raised in the shanty town of Kingston, Jamaica, he has lived amid violent oppression towards his race, become a black nationalist revolutionary, and through his unique reggae music, directly addressed the black man’s plight in white-dominated Jamaica.

Though some view him as no more than a militant rebel who is constantly on a marijuana high, Marley the Rastaman has in fact been recognized by the United Nations as a laudable spokesman for the plight of the Third World. Last year he received a peace medal from the U.N.

Marley’s reggae, that Jamaican brand of rock music, invaded Europe in the early 1970’s and has been knocking on the door of the American market ever since. Its influence on rock and roll and New Wave music, according to the Rolling Stones, Led Zeppelin, and the Grateful Dead have all experimented with its infectious off-beat rhythms and polyphonic dissonances — sometimes even unconsciously. Reggae is firmly rooted in the New Wave music coming out of England.

To understand Marley, one must grasp his religious conception of the world through the Rastafarian faith, and its relation to reggae music. In his own cool, exuberant way, Marley calls for black people to come together and follow the black Messiah Haile Selassie (which is Jah Rastafari), to African redemption in the black Zion, Ethiopia. Rastafari is a black Christian sect calling for the uplifting of the black man’s dignity in a white society. The message is that every man must experience a spiritual rebirth. The Rasta Revolution, a Jamaican movement for peace, says that man should live, in Marley’s words, "upful, and right," coming to terms with the "Truth."

In three and a half hours of dreamlike talking, no one’s name emerges more often than that of Marcus Garvey. His name is by no means an easy man to interview. He is effortlessly considerate and stores you right in the eyes, according you his full attention. But at the same time he will not bend to accommodate his audience. The Jamaican patriots sounds almost foreign to an unaccustomed ear, and you can only ask someone to repeat himself so many times. During the interview, Garvey, a black Jamaican Baptist preacher responsible for the rise of the Rastafarians, says, "We are the children of Marcus Garvey," says Marley. "We live in his prophecy. All Garvey really says is that to be free all people must be free. The white man cannot be free, for he keep the black man in bondage. Once the black man is free, all people can be free."

The highly regarded Garvey came to New York in 1921 and organized the Universal Negro Improvement Association, the greatest black mass movement the United States would see until the Civil Rights movement of the 1960’s. Garvey saw himself as the reincarnation of Moses: he would lead his people back to Africa, where, free from oppression and bondage, they would come to express their true worth and build the greatest kingdom man would ever see.

Garvey has been criticized and exalted for being 'in a time of great disappointment and desolation — after World War One. Before anyone knew what had happened, he had received so much money and support for his cause, that he could announce that 'he'd bought three steamships, founded the Black Star Line, and that the great plan of repatriation to Africa was actually under way.

But the Federal government and alarmed black intellectuals thought the joke had gone on long enough. The end of Garvey’s story is dismal. Imprisoned in Atlanta for a couple of years, he was then deported to Jamaica, and never returned to pick up the pieces of his movement. He died dejected and forgotten, in England. But, before leaving Jamaica, for the last time, the leader had proclaimed to followers, "Look to Africa, where a black king shall be crowned. The day of deliverance is near."

An Ethiopian lord by the name of Ras Tafari Makonen was crowned Emperor Haile Selassie — a descendant in a line that stemmed from King Solomon and the Queen of Sheba. The Rastafarians came into being.

Marley reaches for his Bible, turns to the fifth chapter of Revelations and reads,

"And I saw a strong Angel proclaiming with a loud mouth, 'Who is worthy to open the Book, and to loose the seven seals thereof?'...and I wept much, because no man was found worthy to open and to read the Book, neither to look thereon. And one of the elders said unto me, 'Weep not, behold the Lion of Judah, the Root of David, hath prevailed to open the Book, and to loose the seven seals thereof.'"

The "strong Angel" is Marcus Garvey. The "Lion of Judah" is Haile Selassie.

"So you know, me just look at that. Let me look now," gestures Marley. "I scan the Bible and I look upon the Earth. Who is the Lion of Judah? Me look you know; me never just look in-a Africa, you know. Me look in-a America, an me see no one. Me look in-a England and me no see no one. Me look in-a Ethiopia — me see one living, the Lion of Judah, Root of David, line-a King Solomon and Sheba."

"The Bible and history, at this point, it link up, and that is the truth to me." Marley speaks in a low and raspy yet melodious voice. His eyes shine with real warmth and expression.

But Marley’s own lyrics explain his beliefs much better.

"But read it in Revelation, Dread, Dread. You'll find your redemption. And then you give us the teachings of His Majesty. For we no want No Devil philosophy — from One Drop Bible is Truth"

Marley and all Rastas claim to be the twelve lost tribes of Israel ("Woe be unto those who say they are Jews and are not," Marley frowns). Blacks, Marley says, are the true Israelis, banished from their homeland for their sins. They are now being held captive in Babylon, which in Rasta terminology is the western world, in all its decadence and iniquity. Again, the reggae lyrics explain.

"How good and how pleasant it would be Before God and Man To see the unification all Africans. As it's been said already Let it be done right now We are the children of the Rastaman. We are the children of the Higher Man."

"from Africa Unite"
Bob Marley: Beneath the success of a rock star from Jamaica is a religiously earnest Third World nationalist.

Love and unity are the message on Marley's latest album, Survival. "Unity, y'know; this is unity time now," explains the musician. "We talk the Truth, it is the time to love your brother. People are just starting right now. It's a small number, you know; really come together."

"Survival is to survive; it is the act of survival. You know every man can live, but you can't live in them places (Babylon — the western world); you have to survive. Because the laws they live by are the laws that govern every step you take out on the street; these are laws contrary to life; they kind of take you away from yourself. People want to live by that law which is God law, y'know."

We're the survivors: a black survival
In this age of technological inhumanity
We're the survivors, black survival.
Scientific atrocity, we're the survivors
Atomic misphilosophy, we're the survivors
It's a world that forces life long insecurity
All together now, we're the survivors
Yes the black survival.

from Survival

Survival in Western World

The defiant revolutionary rhetoric of the Rastas may be rather disarming, but the Rastas do not expect to be understood, and want no sympathy. It is senseless to ask a Rastaman whether he truly believes that blacks are more divine than whites; it is equally useless to suggest that Selassie's record as leader of Ethiopia was far from what one would expect from a God. Those are questions that require worldly answers — which the Rastaman will not address. The Rasta rationale is derived straight from the Bible.

When you talk the Truth, Rasta. When you talk the Truth you have no business who hear it. Maybe the cow hear it, or maybe the bird hear it, all them living things, you know. But once you talk the Truth, it no matter who hear it."

It is not easy for the Rastas to survive in the western world. "For Rasta it is hard, mon," Marley says. "It is really hard, for those people who set up (society's leaders) — them not Rasta."

"Rasta must decide his own destiny," Marley continues. "This is it, mon. I and I deal with Rasta and whatever politics Rasta deal with, it must be Rasta politics. Rasta can't deal in a capitalist politics, or a communist politics, because them (Babylonians) don't want acceptance of the truth. Them want to hang on, saying, 'Oh we fight for this, oh we fight for that, baa baa boom boom,' — which is a lie, because those who really fought gone dead."

"Them set up society so that one you defend Rasta you can't get no work. Some men can learn a trade, but others have they to take it, and then them say you're a criminal," he adds.

As Marley says on his latest record,

Not a Typical Rock Star: "To understand Marley, one must grasp his religious conception of the world through the Rastafarian faith, and its relation to reggae music. 'Acceptance of the truth is for all people, you know,' Marley says."

Marley's Music

Reggae originated in Jamaica in the mid-1960's as an original variation on the American rhythm and blues that reached the island by way of New Orleans radio stations. Who ever first thought of accentuating the offbeat is unknown, but it is Fred Hibbert and his band the Maytals who coined the term "reggae" in their 1966 hit, "Do the Reggay." Bob Marley, Peter Tosh and Bunny Wailer formed the original Wailers about that time and became the number one band of the island.

Before long, musicians from outside of Jamaica came to admire Marley, leading to a number of phenomenal hits such as Johny Nash's "Stir it Up" and Eric Clapton's "I Shot the Sheriff," both written by Marley (though this is hardly known). By 1972, Marley and his band had toured England for the first time and the reception he was given resulted in an international recording contract, and set the stage for Marley's rise to superstardom in the years that followed.

He has since been seen on the covers of Rolling Stone and the two most prominent British music papers, Melody Maker and the New Musical Express. After 12 albums and six international tours, Marley's popularity in the United States, though somewhat disappointing when compared to England, is firmly grounded.

Babylon System is the vampire
Sucking the blood of the sufferer
Building church and university
Deceiving the people continually
Me say them graduating thieves and murderers
Look out now, they're sucking the blood of the sufferers.

'Babylon System, from Survival

The title of an earlier Marley record is Exodus, signifying the movement of Rastafarians to Africa. For Marley and Rastafarians, the certainty and imminence of repatriation to Africa makes life just barely bearable. Marley explains, "There's work to be done, so let's do it little by little. You must be united when you go there; you must be sending sixty thousand carpenters, twelve thousand this, twelve thousand that, going over to work — cause the thing is development. You can't go over there and expect. Development is good, so while you're staying in them (western) places you must develop yourself so you can be of use when you get there."

Marley lives a wholesome life as a Rastafarian, dictated by the Bible. A few things are sacred: natural foods, music, and lots of marijuana. These are the ingredients that give man divine inspiration and allow him to live in love and brotherhood. Marley explains the connection between reggae, marijuana, and Rastafari, like this: "Herb is the healing of the nation. When the people smoke herb, them think alike. When they think alike, they can unite. So they don't want the people to unite, so they don't let the people get the herb. That is law contrary to man."

The Rastafarians' only real cause for panic is when the marijuana supply is running low. Weed is the one thing that makes life in Babylon bearable to the Rasta. The herb and the trance-like rhythms of reggae music, transpose the Rastafarian into "higher regions." (Continued on page 9)
Books

Life & Times With the ‘Not Working’ Class

By Noel Weyrich

Not Working
By Harry Maurer
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
297 pages; $12.95

I had a friend last summer who worked for a while in a Pittsburgh hot dog joint. Bob had been out of work for some time, needed the money, and began to work hashslinging at “Original’s.”

He came in stoned and late a lot, if he came in at all. He’d wander in, munch out, put the cost of the food on his “bill” and then amble out twenty minutes early. When he was fired after three weeks, they didn’t give him a paycheck. He had somehow managed to eat more than he had earned during his tenure there, and he left the establishment owing them a fair amount of bucks.

Bob is a classically unemployable character, totally lacking the ethics and good faith required to hold down a job. Unfortunately, you won’t find people like him in Harry Maurer’s Not Working. Maurer’s stated intent is to “measure the human damage” brought about by unemployment, to discern what is psychologically lost when someone loses, or is forced to leave, his job. Happy bums like Bob are unwelcome in Maurer’s premise that losing a job can be an emotionally trying experience.

Not Working is written and laid out very similarly to Working. Studs Terkel’s epic of a few years back. Just as Working featured scads of people in all different occupations from all over the country “talking about what they do,” Not Working has similar folks talking about what they used to do and why they no longer do it.

The book features nearly 100 people, briefly discussing their life and times with relation to being unemployed. It makes for interesting but self-indulgent reading. The one telling tidbit of information in Not Working is that the only thing people hate more than working itself is getting fired or laid off from their jobs. Most of the people Maurer talks to never really liked their jobs in the first place and often wound up quitting or somehow engineering their firings. A laid-off auto worker tells of how her fellow workers would complain about the job day in and day out, wishing they would get laid off. Other interviewees, aspiring actors and novelists, tried quitting their menial jobs for a short time, and then ditched it.

An unpublished author calls his unemployment checks his “government subsidy,” a grant, so to speak, for writing detective novels. The problem with Not Working lies with the obvious difficulty of finding subjects for this “oral history of the unemployed.” To compile the stories, Maurer frequented unemployment centers for two years, accosting people as they walked out and asking if he could talk to them about their lives. This approach rules out de facto welfare recipients, hoboes, the idle rich, and people like my friend, Bob. Granted, they’re difficult people to locate, possibly impossible to locate. But in choosing to ignore them, Maurer has given us a nominally worthwhile work that is, in truth, only about “people who collect unemployment checks.” What is needed is a more complete work that includes the multitude of reasons why some people will never be able to get used to the idea of toiling for their daily bread.

Up and Coming — Ten years after his sci-fi classic Ringworld appeared, Larry Niven has published a sequel, The Ringworld Engineers with Holt, Rinehart & Winston . . . George V. Higgins, author of The Friends of Eddie Coyle some eight years ago, returns to Boston’s underworld with the misleadingly titled Kennedy for the Defense. The story of a defense attorney with some "scummy clients" will appear next month on Knopf Books.

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The Academy Kids Are All Right

By Kevin Coyne

Alumni of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts get at least one chance each year to prove that there really is life after art school — by participating in an annual group show staged by their alma mater. This year’s attempt, “Fellowship Exhibition 89,” consists of 135 works by 135 artists, and is currently on view at the Peale House (1811 Chestnut).

Shows like this tend to produce a curiously dissatisfying effect on the viewer since they seem to promise so much more than they actually deliver. This is by no means a survey of recent trends in art, but is instead a safe and inoffensive show, enjoyable but not particularly unique. There is a lot here, both in terms of numbers and various styles, but surprisingly little of it is really memorable. Oh, it is all very competent, no question about that. The Academy did a good job of teaching these students how to paint. But something is still missing.

Take Ed Hughes’ “Let’s Dance the Voodoo.” A clever work in the style of Robert Rauschenberg, it offers nothing to make it important in its own right. Granted, it is clever and nicely executed, but it is also somewhat disappointing. The same is true of figurative works like Deborah Deitchler’s “Chetelaine” or Charles Ellis’ “George Inness” despite the authority of their execution they tread perilously close to mere illustration because they lack the special quality which distinguishes important art.

That special something is not so easily found. Empty and purposeless stylistic innovation will not achieve it. Nor will simple and thoughtless rehashings of the styles of previous artists. No, it must be sought after relentlessly. And that is exactly what many of these artists are doing. Charles Hewitt’s “Beach Scene, white,” John Snow’s “The Song Billy Saw . . .”, Glenn Perry’s “The Radiant Presence”, and Roswell Weidner’s “Red Tree and Bridge”.

No violent battles are being fought here. Instead, a slow and quiet search is being conducted. It may be a little too slow and too quiet for some, but even then it is still pleasant to watch.

Among the shoe stores and opticians which line that pedestrian mall known as Chestnut Street stands a large and serious art gallery which is free and open every day but Monday. Venture inside one day. The kids are all right. Not great, but certainly all right.

This Week

Associated American Artists

1614 Latimer St.

An exhibition of early French photography opens March 1. Prints by Manet, Delacroix, Gericault, and many others will be on view. Open Tuesdays through Saturdays. Free.

The Photography Gallery, Inc.

132 S. 17th St.

A newly organized gallery which will be showing selections from its collection of prints by master photographers of the 20th century, beginning in February. Open Tues.-Sat. Free.

Philadelphia College of Art

Broad and Pine St.

Collages, constructions and sculpture by Venetian Boghosian will be on exhibit at the PCA main gallery from February 22 through March 22. Open Mon - Fri. Free.

Coal Miner’s Daughter

Sissy Spacek, Tommy Lee Jones

“COAL MINER’S DAUGHTER”

also starring Beverly D’Angelo, Levon Helm.

Screenplay by Tom Rickman

Based on the Autobiography by Loretta Lynn with George Vecsey

Executive Producer Bob Larson

Produced by Bernard Schwartz

Directed by Michael Apted

A Bernard Schwartz Production - A Universal Picture

Opening March 7 at a theatre near you

She was married at 13.
She had four kids
by the time she was 20.
She’s been hungry and poor.
She’s been loved and cheated on.
She became a singer and a star
because it was the only way
she knew to survive.

Marley

(Continued from page 7)

“This is the generation that seek God, and unity, and we are sure, and I am sure that Haile Selassie is the Chapel
the Church, the returned Messiah.” Marley croons.

“The music is the true communication to the people — all people. We pray; we want the people to know the Truth, to be
cause when the Truth is known, we’re all free. From the time I look, don’t close my eyes again to blackness, cause what
we see is blackness.”

“Let me open my eyes and behold God’s creation; that is beautiful,” Marley continues. “When we sing, what we see is
the Truth and what we see it from is blackness. You see every man; you see mankind. Herb and music come together
in unity. Man think alike and come together.”

It is hard to respond to Marley’s sincerity with a typically western critical view. You soon realize this is an impact: Marley, like every man, has made his own assumptions about life; it is clear that the man speaks from his heart. The Truth comes in many shapes and forms, but, says a Rastafarian, it can only say one thing. “I-man must forward always to love and l-nity. Rasta-fari.”

Be not selfish in your doing.
Pass it on.
Live for yourself.
You will live in vain.
Live for others you
You will live again.
In the Kingdom of Jah
Man shall reign.

from Pass if On
By Robyn Stanton

With its romantic, autobiographical plot, *Chapter Two* purports to be a fairy tale. To call *Chapter Two* a fairy tale, however, ignores the film’s undertones of banality. In its attempt to be funny and charming, *Chapter Two* is only trite.

Neil Simon’s original screenplay, adapted from his Broadway stage hit, is autobiographical to an extent. This is *Chapter Two*’s only redeeming factor. The film, in its attempt to be as funny as “The Odd Couple” and/or as charming as “The Goodbye Girl” fails on both accounts. Although it embodies the lighthearted Neil Simon humor, the dialogue sometimes seems forced and quickly turns from cute to trite.

*Chapter Two* opens with the not yet-acquainted, juxtaposing lives of Jennifer McClaire (Marsha Mason) and George Schneider (James Caan). George is a writer who peremptually uses his ability to be humorously articulate. He is also the bachelor who plays Sunday softball and who blindly dates women — in the literal sense of the word “blind.” The women he takes out are blind matches that his brother Leo arranges. These women are in turn blinded by George’s fond memories of his deceased wife, Leo, the bored and boring family man, lives vicariously through George and thus the women he picks for George are the ones that are closest to Leo’s fantasies. Jennifer, on the other hand, is an attractive self-assured actress who becomes one of the unsuspecting victims of Leo’s endless supply of phone numbers. After a series of unsuccessful calls, George and Jennifer decide to meet for five minutes. This “simple twist of fate” is, of course, accompanied by a Marvin Hamlisch score as their future is sealed. Jennifer takes out the wine and cheese and a few select dates later they are engaged to be married. “I just want you to know I love you always,” says Jennifer, a new-born saint. George says later, “you can’t go on with the present unless you go through the past.”

Meanwhile, Faye (Valerie Harper) is the jealous woman who seeks a new affair with Leo. The moral of this relationship (which fails on all possible levels) is that their match was never pure. Simon didactically juxtaposes that relationship with the final consummation of George and Jennifer’s relationship.

Like most of Simon’s works, New York City is the setting for the interaction of Marsha Mason’s carefree divorced woman, James Caan’s self-searching widower and Valerie Harper’s undernourished, satisfaction-seeking housewife. Their performances range from disappointing to strong; while Mason outshines her material. Caan is simply competent, and Harper sinks further into her “Rhoda” stereotype.
Warren Zevon

Bad Luck Street in Dancing School
Asylum SE-509

"Sweat to God I'll change," promises Warren Zevon in the album-opening title track of his latest, Bad Luck Street in Dancing School. No more "acting like a fool" from this one-time excitable boy. Willing to forgo his past yearning for the reckless life, the Peckinpah of Rock tells Ernie K. Doe's "A Certain Girl" that "I'll do anything just to be your slave."

Is this the same Warren Zevon who raped and killed little Suzie after the Junior Prom? Of the two sides on Bad Luck Street, side one is by far the more serious. The macho "Jungle Work" is a collection of mercenaries that...understand. We'll do or die." Rowsing vocals, along with Rick Marotta's war-like drumming, and crunching guitar riffs from the axes of Zevon and Joe Walsh, paint an extremely tense picture. Nor is any relief in sight for the depraved backwoods family of "Play It All Night Long." The disc's zaniest number, "Godzilla, you're a Desperado..." Zevon's imagination runs wild. In this witty commentary on the complexities of human life, a big ape steals the musician's glasses, BMW, and indentity, only to find out the hard way that life's a hell of a lot easier from inside a cage.

Bad Luck Street possesses all the earmarks of a potential classic, from crisp, powered vocals and a clean, polished sound to lyrics that can make you laugh or cry. And the usual all-L.A. guest appearances, among them Jackson Browne, Linda Ronstadt, and David Cassidy, certainly don't hurt. But what really makes this disc special is its persistent energy, a drive created through Zevon's internal clash between the side that promises change and the half that desires to remain reckless forever. The verdict? 

- "Well, they tried so hard to hold him/Heaven knows how hard they tried/But he made up his mind/He's the restless kind/He's the wild age..."

— Paul Strauss

Ivan McLagan

Troublemaker
Mercury SRM 1-3786

Ivan McLagan has spent fifteen years playing with some of the finest talent in British bands. As keyboardist for the original Small Faces, Faces, and the New Barbarians, and as touring member of the Rolling Stones, McLagan has provided a steady background for much of the rowdiest, liveliest music in rock. It is therefore a terrible disappointment to find that Troublemaker, his first solo album, is weak and lethargic. McLagan's voice is very limited in both strength and range, as is the material itself. "Little girl troublemaker" opens the second side, hints at some power and excitement, but this dissipates by the following piece. "If It's Alright," a washed-out love ballad. The musicians backing McLagan, Ron Wood, Stanley Clarke, Ringo Starr, and others, have few opportunities to display their considerable talent as the music is simply undemanding. McLagan has proved before that he belongs polished in the elite of the British bands. But Troublemaker shows that he has no place in the forefront.

- Marc Brown

Johannes Brahms

Variations on a Theme by Haydn
Serenade S-60335

Living in Beethoven's shadow, Johannes Brahms struggled for years trying to compose his first symphony. During this period he wrote a set of variations for full orchestra, using a theme from a set of "Field Partitas" attributed to Haydn. The original script, however, was entitled "St. Antoni Choral," suggesting it to be a traditional melody. This particular performance of Variations, which was done for recording purposes, is by the Philadelphia Orchestra, Guided by Carlo Maria Giulini. Clearly that of an experienced conductor, the orchestra's performance is well poised, while the instrumentation is clean and roll the rattle of Charlie Sayles for an evening of rockin' rhythm 'n blues Saturday at 8:30 pm. Tel. $3.50 adv. $4 at door.

Depot Hall Tavern
Depot Hill, N. J. 09.4-68-3555

Local boys, the Shakes rattle and toss on Sunday night. Every Thursday is college night — free admission w/ID.

Emerald City
Rt. 40, Cherry Hill, N. J.
923-0255

The Specials, who specialize in Jamaican ska, clue into the dance spot tomorrow night at 9 pm. Neighbors & Allies open. Saturday, Igor Pop rocks the place. Iggy pioneered heavy metal and was a precursor to punk. Both these shows cost five bucks. $5.50 day of show. Sunday at 10:00, funk out with Ray, Goodman & Brown.

Haverford College's Roberts Hall
Haverford, Pa.

Jazz on tap Saturday courtesy of the Old and New Dreams Quartet, featuring Don Cherry on trumpet and Dewey Redman on tenor sax. $5 shows at 8:30 and 10:30 pm.

Mendelssohn's Symphony No. 4 and helicopter's Unfinished Symphony, a concert of contemporary music in rock. It is therefore a clearly Brahmsian textures to balance combines with typical classical fusion: the concept seems ludicrous, but the result is superb. One Step Beyond is such an enjoyable album that one would have to be insane not to like Madness.

— David Evans

Madness

One Step Beyond Sire SRK 6085

The current rage in England is the ska/bluebeat revival led by groups such as the Specials, The Selecter, and Madness. After one listens to One Step Beyond, one need not wonder why. The band's virtues are their "rock steady beat" (from the intro to the first track) and their general zaniness — it's the "nun's sound around" (again, from the intro). The album begins auspiciously with a frantic instrumental (the title track) and one is left to wonder whether the band has prematurely shut its load. These thoughts are soon dispelled as Madness maintains this high level of achievement (and energy) throughout the album. Each track is characterized by outstanding keyboard-sax based rhythms which serve to provide a coherent laid-back sound ("My Girl") or a high-energy dancing sound ("One More" AB) which realizes the group's name. The band gets adventurous with a re-arrangement of "Swan Lake" which is a unique ska-classical fusion: the concept seems ludicrous, but the result is superb. One Step Beyond is such an enjoyable album that one would have to be insane not to like Madness.

— David Evans

Around the Bend

CBS Records will release a couple of interesting discs this coming Monday. One is a pure rock 'n' roll album from Billy Joe. Entitled Glass Houses, the latest from the Piano Man should really shatter a few housewives... The other is a Stiff/Epic release from teenage sensation Rachel Sweet. Protect The Innocent. How sweet... Watch for reviews on this page.
**Scrapple Day After Tomorrow, March Roars In**

It “comes in like a lion” to signify how tired we are of winter, and it's supposed to “go out like a lamb” amid dewy pastures — and somewhere during 31 days, that transition from cold to balmy takes place. For 31 days, people wonder if it's too cold for a thin raincoat or too warm for a bulky, itchy, tired winter coat. No one remembers to buy a kite. The ground is muddy, baseball season isn’t here, and winter sports are trying to decide when to finish up. If it were April, a snowstorm would be news, and if it were February, a sunny, warm afternoon would be a nice surprise — but in March, any kind of weather seems like expected humdrum.

Actually, the month of transition from dead winter to living Spring can be the most exciting time of year, if you like wild windy changeovers. Perhaps this is why March was the first month of the year in the old Roman calendar. Even after the Julian calendar was adopted in 41 B.C., England and its colonies regarded March as the first month until 1700. The actual name comes from a guy named Mars, an ancient Roman god of war, who is thought to have also been the god of vegetation. Speaking of vegetation, rumor has it that March is National Nutrition Month.

To prove that no day — not even a March day — is a blank square in the calendar, what follows is a scrap worthy of a place on the refrigerator this year.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>SUNDAY</th>
<th>MONDAY</th>
<th>TUESDAY</th>
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<td>Texas Independence Day. Commemorates the day in 1837 when that gigantic piece of land became a state.</td>
<td>Alexander Graham Bell’s birthday. He was an Edinburgh, Scotland baby in 1842, and his father had already invented a system for teaching deaf-mutes.</td>
<td>Vermont Day. In 1791, Vermont became the 14th state.</td>
<td>The Boston Massacre. On this day in 1770, trouble between the Redcoats and the Rebels came to a peak in Boston.</td>
<td>Alamo Day. The famous fort fell on this day in 1836 as the Texans fought Mexico for Independence. The eventual outcome? See March 2.</td>
<td>Luther Burbank’s birthday. He was a famous California gardener who developed new varieties of plants and flowers.</td>
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<td>Edwin Forrest’s birthday. The year? 1806. Thanks to the Edwin Forrest Home for Retired Actors right here in philly, this American actor’s memory is preserved.</td>
<td>A Day for Albany, New York. On this day in 1787, New Yorkers selected their capital.</td>
<td>The Blizzard of 1888. This was a humdinger for an unprepared East coast. An estimated 400 died. Drifts reached to second story windows.</td>
<td>Girl Scout Day. On this day in 1912, someone named — ready? — Daisy Gordon gathered in a vacant stable with some little girls in Savannah.</td>
<td>Joseph Priestly’s birthday. He was born in Yorkshire, England in 1733, and grew up to discover oxygen. How did we breathe before that?</td>
<td>Eli Whitney patents the Cotton Gin Day. He was a Massachusetts native, he only sent South to show off his Yale education as a teacher, and look what happened.</td>
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<td>Saint Patrick’s Day. This guy is Ireland’s patron saint — this day is his death day (he died in the year 463), not his birthday. Wear green.</td>
<td>Grover Cleveland’s birthday. The 22nd and 24th president.</td>
<td>William Jennings Bryan’s birthday. Born 1860. Favored free silver. Wanted to be president. America’s favorite farm boy politician.</td>
<td>Henrik Ibsen’s birthday. Born 1828. Norwegian dramatist and poet.</td>
<td>Johann Sebastian Bach’s birthday. German master of counterpoint and organ music and it all began in 1685.</td>
<td>Signing of Stamp Act. King George made us mad in 1765.</td>
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<td>Maryland Day. This commemorates the first Roman Catholic mass held by settlers sent over by Lord Baltimore, in 1634.</td>
<td>Robert Frost’s birthday. Born in 1874. It might have been a snowy evening.</td>
<td>Get a Navy Day. In 1794, President Washington signed the act that made it possible to be officially seasick.</td>
<td>Aristide Briand’s birthday. He was born in 1862, was a French premier many times, and won the Nobel Peace Prize in 1926.</td>
<td>John Tyler’s birthday. 1790. Tenth president, who took over for William Henry Harrison after his one sick month.</td>
<td>Money to Widows day. On this day in 1862, Congress passed a bill that would provide pensions for the widows of presidents. Black face is expensive.</td>
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