Anonymous a Problem

Course Exchange Draws Few

Law School Students Plan Second Meeting

Inside

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Campus Views Hackney

Reaction Mixed on First Year

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An A.A.S.E.E. Employer
I have not yet met a Penn student who wasn’t having a terrific time

Sheldon Hackney: A Year’s Perspective

I could help you see the issue into a single personality, which is what I think you need to do. I feel for that.

DP: It is in no way meant that the University at any or as a satisfactory level of political activism among students goes.

And students, from what I’ve observed, are very aware and informed enough about what goes on at the University.

HACKNEY: From my experience, students are very aware and informed enough about what goes on at the University. You cannot separate the political and the academic parts of the political process. Just look at the number of students, who vote for undergraduate officers, who want to see their government function properly.

HACKNEY: It has broadened my understanding of what the University here is interested in, how it responds to the University. I need to be more sensitive to the students who aren’t having a good experience here. I think the affirmative action program is helping in that respect. It’s a problem that a problem is used for them. So it’s a white range of things, from the faculty to teaching assistants to more mundane things like the dormitories. We have to do better, but we can’t get the whole idea to mold the place into a single community, which is why I feel we need to do.

I think we need to be more well-informed and more involved in the political process. Just look at the number of students, who vote for undergraduate officers, who want to see their government function properly.

I’ve been learning about myself for 48 years. I guess I learn things about myself every day, but I can’t tell you exactly what.

DP: What has been your greatest source and your greatest failure since you’ve been here?

HACKNEY: One is a little bit hard to name anything in a general sense. The thing that I think has changed the most is the environment. I think the affirmative action program is helping in that respect. It’s a problem that students who vote for undergraduate officers, who want to see their government function properly.

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Cuckoo's Nest\textsuperscript{1} Jim McCracken

A Saturday Night

The man stared at the woman, his eyes wide with fear. "Why do they keep getting nervous?" he thought to himself. "Why can't they just accept being called 'Cuckoo'?"

The man was a student at Pennsylvania College, and he had been chosen to be the new president of the student council. He was nervous about the upcoming election, but he was determined to win. "I have to show them that I'm not a 'Cuckoo'," he thought. "I have to prove that I'm a real leader."

The man was named Mr. Rodriguez, and he was a business major. He had been involved in student affairs for years, and he had a strong record of achievements. He had organized events, fundraisers, and even a charity drive for the local hospital. He had been a role model for many students, and he was confident that he could lead the student council to success.

But the man knew that he could not take anything for granted. The student council was made up of different groups, and he had to prove to them that he was the right choice. "I have to show them that I'm not a 'Cuckoo'," he thought again.

The man was a determined leader, and he knew that he had to work hard to win the election. He was going to give it his all, and he was going to prove to everyone that he was the right choice for Pennsylvania College.

---

\textsuperscript{1} The man's name was actually Mr. Rodriguez, and he was a student at Pennsylvania College. He had been chosen to be the new president of the student council, and he was determined to win. He had organized events, fundraisers, and even a charity drive for the local hospital. He had been a role model for many students, and he was confident that he could lead the student council to success. But the man knew that he could not take anything for granted. The student council was made up of different groups, and he had to prove to them that he was the right choice. He was going to give it his all, and he was going to prove to everyone that he was the right choice for Pennsylvania College.
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"Network of relationships from which has fallen in love with Philadelphia - transition," Owen said. "The priorities in Pennsylvania is in a nine ol rail Sweeten form ci Devetop- own personal style is," Owen added. Senior vice president [Sweeten] who would have to change, Columbia University. "The Diversity adversely affected by the difficult than most schools. handle the economic crunch better.

...whole question ol this network cannot be. It's very rough - it's nice to an other's company.

Hes said. "We need to expand the number of people who are some will be. It's very rough - it's nice to an other's company.

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"We have to communicate to potential educational institution! in America need to communicate the business with.

He cautioned, however, that such actions have to be made on where our finances, Webber said. We need to be more creative in the
to focus on the needs ol

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Hoyos Overpowers 'Cats

Georgetown Free Throws Key to 72-83 Triumph

BY JOHN DELATTARA

With just 1:50 remaining in the opening game of last night's doubleheader, at the Palestra in Philadelphia, La Salle's Phil Barone stepped to the charity stripe to attempt a seemingly insurmountable free throw and sank the lead to 72-63. The Hoyas lost 72-83.

On the court, he hasn't exactly been putting in 25-20-type games. And in terms of statistics, at least last night's effort against the Hoyas was exceptional. Barone had six points, one steal, and one block.

"I haven't been playing well in the last few games," Barone remarked after the game. "But I'm finally starting to get into the groove. I feel like I'm playing better right now."

Barone's shooting was very efficient against Georgetown. In fact, he hit 10 of 12 shots from the field. Barone's performance came at a perfect time, with the Hoyas' lead as high as 15 points in the first half. Barone was key in La Salle's rally, scoring 14 points in the final 12 minutes of the game.

"He's been great for us," La Salle coach Lefty Driesell said. "He's been our leading scorer and rebounder. He's been our main go-to player in the second half of games."

Barone's performance was crucial in La Salle's win. The Hoyas had been dominated by Georgetown's Patrick Ewing, who scored 26 points and grabbed 16 rebounds. However, Barone's 14 points and 8 rebounds helped La Salle overcome Ewing's dominance.

"It was a great game for us," Driesell said. "We outscored them 44-28 in the second half and that was the difference in the game."

Barone's performance was just one of several key moments in the game. La Salle also got strong performances from Pat Piotrowski and Tom Black, who each scored 13 points.

"They are a great team," Driesell said. "We knew it would be a tough game. We had to play hard and we did.

The Hoyas had a chance to tie the game late, but La Salle's defense was too much for them. Georgetown's free throw shooting was key in keeping the Hoyas at bay.

"Their defense is very good," Driesell said. "But we were able to make some shots and get some baskets."

Barone's performance was a key factor in La Salle's win. He hit big shots down the stretch and continued to push the game in La Salle's favor. The Hoyas were simply unable to match his performance.

"I think we were a little tired in the second half," Georgetown coach John Thompson said. "We had a tough game against Loyola in the first half and I think that took its toll on us.

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The Beatles Are Back
Page Three

A Never-Ending Courtroom Drama
Page Six

Philby's Comedy Scene Takes Off
Page Ten
"Captain, ennemy wessel on the starboard side," reported Mr. Chekhov. "I am aware of that," snapped Captain Kirk. "And the correct pronunciation is 'wessel,' not 'wessel.'" "Aah, your mother," breathed Chekhov, under his breath. "Captain, tricorder readings indicate that the object is of unknown origin," said Mr. Spock. "Why couldn't you just say you don't know where it's from?" said Kirk. "Why do you talk in that high-class jargon all the time?" "Object coming closer," said Mr. Sulu. "I can see that," said Kirk. "Thank you for telling me what's on the viewscreen." "Aliens are trying to establish communication," said Lt. Uhura. "Turn on the loudspeaker," ordered Kirk. "I'll get you to laugh. Why does a Vulcan have pointy ears? Give up? So he can count to twelve!!" Lt. Uhura broke in. "Captain, I'm picking up what sounds like a scream." "Nonsense! In space, no one can hear you scream." Dr. McCoy burst through the door to the bridge. "Jim, what's going on here?" "I don't know, Bones." "You're supposed to know. Blast it. And I changed my nickname from Bones to Flesh."

The intercom buzzed with static. "Mr. Scott here, Captain. I can't help it, sir, but the aliens are beaming aboard of their own accord. They'll be on the bridge any minute." "Thank you, Scotty. I'll make preparations. Flesh, you get the hovers down!"

In the middle of the bridge two figures began to appear. They looked like human beings and they wore red suspenders and wooden barrels. "All right, Captain," said one of them. "Enough is enough." "What do you mean?" asked Kirk. "You know exactly what I mean. You're an impostor. We're here to take you back to your own planet and put the real Kirk back." Kirk hung his head in shame. "I guess I've been caught. But who tipped you off?"

"Why, Dr. McCoy sent us a message."

Kirk looked perplexed. "But he's an impostor, too! Together we were going to wreck the Enterprise."

"It didn't work, Jim," said McCoy. "I'm not the real McCoy."

As the aliens and the captain left the bridge for the transporter room, Chekhov turned to Mr. Sulu. "What was the point of all that?"

"I don't know," said Sulu. "I guess some people will do anything for a stupid joke."

CORRECTION

University of Pennsylvania Archives and The Philadelphia Inquirer supplied the photos for last week's story on the twentycen- nial.
FEBRUARY 4, 1982

They Needed A Doggie Bag

To celebrate the Year of the Dog (1982, to be exact) the 34th Street crew of culinary experts decided to dish out 22 dollars apiece last week to indulge in a twelve-course Chinese banquet. These nouveau poor gourmards chose to conserve their pennies and appetites by fasting before the feast. One diner consumed only a single Koch's knish all day, and another ate nothing but a chocolate-covered strawberry. They arrived at The Phoenix Inn on North 10th Street at 7:00 p.m., weak from hunger.

By 7:45, stomachs were still grumbling. "We've been here since 6:30," roared an irate fat man from another table. "I want my money back." The 34th Street photographer, thin as he was, fared better - the owner's wife treated him like a Mandarin prince, feeding him exotic delicacies from tiny plates. That's what happens when you carry around a wide-angle lens.

By 8 o'clock, Dim Sum made its appearance. The fat man munched happily. So did the culinary experts. Next came "Bird's Nest on the Sea." Traditionally, a Chinese chef makes this dish by soaking a genuine swallow's nest (made of the bird's saliva) in ice water, then rubbing it with peanut oil to remove the feathers and clean the nest. The culinary experts served bird's nest made out of potatoes. So much for authenticity.

After two hours of gobbling down shrimp, scallops, lobster, and Peking duck, the diners devoured "Money Tree Beef," a plateful of large rounds of marinated stewed beef in a rich black sauce. The beef chunks resembled ancient Chinese coins, symbols of good luck in the new year's financial undertakings.

About midway through the meal the dishes started flying out of the kitchen faster and faster. Or maybe it was just that the culinary experts began eating slower and slower. They gradually switched from eating the food to talking about it. "Ugh, what's that?" "It looks like cat." "No, I think it's heart." Later, they argued the relative merits of fish cheeks versus fish eyes. Cheeks won out.

Table manners soon degenerated into silliness, as the bloated experts stopped talking about the food and started playing with it. They arranged the plates so that the lobster heads and the chicken heads could have a starring match. When this became boring, they decided to play "French Revolution" - one diner impaled a lobster head on a chopstick, while another speared a chicken head. Then they marched the heads down the table while the mob cheered.

Deep fried banana and sesame balls filled with bean paste arrived at 11 p.m. The glassy-eyed experts stared incredulously at the dessert, then made weak moves to sample the final course. After over four hours at the Phoenix Inn, they roiled off to Elan to dance it all off.

— Jeffery Miller

Deduktive Reasoning

"Where who goes?"

The ducks. Do you know, by any chance? I mean does somebody come around in a truck or something and take them away, or do they fly away by themselves - go south or something?"

Old Horowitz turned all the way around. He was a very impatient guy. He wasn't a bad guy, though. "How the hell should I know?" he said. "How the hell should I know a stupid thing like that?"

— Catcher in the Rye

J.D. Salinger

Salinger's preppy hero, Holden Caulfield, should have had more sense than to ask a goddam cab driver about ducks. He should have asked Larry Shelton.

According to Shelton, Curator of Birds at the Philadelphia Zoological Society, most of the ducks and geese in Fairmount Park don't go anywhere. The Canadian geese and Mallards just stay put," Shelton says. "The public feeds them, so there's more feed here than just about anywhere else. Besides, they're protected from hunting within the city."

"When the river freezes, the birds find what open water they can, usually around the waterfall," Shelton explains, adding that the ducks can prevent ice from forming by swimming around. "You'll see some of them, though, sitting right up on top of the ice - as cold as that may look to us."

As far as the Teals and Dabbling Ducks are concerned, they fly South, to the Chesapeake and Carolina coasts, and some as far as Louisiana. Louisiana, that makes sense. The place they hold Mardi Gras, the place where people get bombed on Cold Duck. Or is it Rye Whiskey?

— Muck Cohen

Yesterday...And Today

It's not an incredible simulation but the real thing.

Starting tomorrow at The Regency and surrounding theaters, Beatlemania goes authentic. The Beatles return in a re-recorded re-release of their first film, A Hard Day's Night, now in booming Dolby stereo.

Producer Walter Shenson says that he and Universal Pictures chose to bring back the 1964 classic because "there are a lot of young people, college age and younger, who weren't around when this movie first came out. And to see this picture in the theater, with the right sound on a large screen, is the best way to see this movie. The Beatles just bounce off the screen and the music is fantastic."

A Hard Day's Night (which United Artists originally funded simply so they could have the rights to what they were sure would be a popular soundtrack album) became an overwhelming critical and commercial success, and helped to legitimize the Beatles in America with an older audience.

"Originally," says Shenson, "people went to see The Beatles. I think today, you can go see the movie. I don't mean that you can separate the Beatles from the movie, but I think today people will be more conscious of the good craftsmanship."

With an Oscar-nominated script by Alun Owen, manic and innovative direction by Penn grad Richard Lester, and a performance by the Beatles which had them dubbed heroes to the Marx Brothers, A Hard Day's Night is much more than a dated remembrance of the Fab Four.

— Howard Gentler

Some ducks are lucky. Some aren't.

David A. Fields

David A. Fields

Mardi Grah's knish all day. and Deep fried banana and sesame balls filled with...
Talking About Freaks and Geeks

By Howard Sherman

Spalding Gray met Priscilla the Monkey Girl and Emmett the Alligator Man at a sideshow last year, and this weekend the actor will bring them into the center ring. With a touch of both comedy and poetry, he will recount his unusual experiences at the 1981 Tennessee State Fair in a monologue staged at the Wilma Project on Sansom Street.

"I am a sort of actor-anthropologist, a mixture of story-teller and monologist," Gray says, summing up his unique performing style. He talks directly to the audience from memory, using no script. Unlike previous one-man shows, Gray portrays no one other than himself as he "re-memembers" his life experiences for audiences.

Gray will deliver his piece, In Search of the Monkey Girl, for a live audience the first time this weekend. He has performed it four times into a tape recorder, in order to provide a text for a series of sideshow photographs shot by Gray is, to his knowledge, the only monologuist around. In fact, he coined the term himself. The monologue style was developed as a part of his work with the Manhattan-based Performance Group, a prominent experimental theater ensemble. Gray's experience with the group had included two years' starring in the American premiere of Sam Shepard's The Tooth of Crime. Then, in 1976, the group worked on creating a trilogy which centered around Gray's own life.

"The first piece was based around my mother's suicide. I had interviewed my relatives about her breakdown," explains Gray. "But in the third piece, I was alone on stage telling the audience about nothing more than my relationship to T.S. Eliot's The Cocktail Party. I liked the freedom of this direct address segment."

Pursuing this form, Gray developed his first monologue, Sex and Death to the Age 34, which was met with great success both in the U.S. and Europe. He followed it with other works, such as Booze, Cars, & College Girls and India and After (America). Monkey Girl is the first piece which was not based on a part of his everyday life.

Spalding Gray's talent has caught the attention of television, with C.B.S. Cable showing an interest in filming his work. But Gray balks at the idea, uncertain about how his act would be affected by electronic presentation. The success of his work, he feels, lies in live performance. This weekend, audiences can join him as his "memories are made fluid."

A Horse Worth Seeing

The Sea Horse

People's Light and Theater Company
39 Conestoga Road, Malvern

By Harina Jost

The two-character play is a peculiar theatrical vehicle. Although the ancient Greeks used only two actors in their works, theatrical form has developed over the years to the point where two characters rarely constitute a play any more. When a two-character play is written its true strength lies in its performance and its success depends on the power of its two stars.

The Sea Horse, by Edward Moore, is an admirable production of a two-character play. Telling the tale of a dockside romance, it is a realistic exploration of the past of two lovers: Gerty Blum, the owner of a maritime bar, and her would-be husband, Harry Bales, a lively seaman. Harry has had a vision in which he sails the seas with a son, and he chooses the less-than-respectable Gerty to help him achieve his vision.

Amidst the realistic environments of Gerty's tavern, called The Sea Horse, director John Loven has made the most of his two performers. Dick Bocelli's Harry is a likable, jovial dreamer whose determination to win Gerty's love is completely believable. As the reluctant object of Harry's admiration, Alda Cortese's Gerty, with a magnificent face off-setting her rotund form, seems a worthy subject for Harry's love. The two expertly play off each other's emotions, effortlessly dramatizing the dynamic relationship.

The Sea Horse is an intimate and surprisingly brief two-act play (so brief that an entertaining Chekhov one-act completes the evening). While The Sea Horse is no tour de force, it is a well-mounted production of a little-known play, with two performances creating a pleasant evening of theater.

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FEBRUARY 4, 1982

THE BIG MAN

Clarence Clemons
Janis Without Bruce

By Aphrodite Vallera

"This is my band. I'm the Boss here."

After years of standing in the shadow of the original Boss, Bruce Springsteen, saxophone player Clarence Clemons relaxes in his plush trailer and gets ready to stand on his own. CC and the Red Bank Rockers are about to play their fourth and final set at the Chestnut Cabaret, a far cry from the cavernous arenas the Big Man has played with his cohort in musical mayhem. This Boss clearly enjoys the change of pace, while the audience (most of whom have previously only seen the Big Man from afar) has responded tonight with the same frenzy usually reserved for Bruce.

But Springsteen fans can rest easy if they think that Clarence has left Bruce for good. "I don't ever see myself breaking away from the E Street band," he says, "or separating myself from Bruce. This is something extra."

That something extra is a 10-piece band, one in which the Big Man hopes to realize some of his rock and roll ambitions. "This band is a dance band," says Clarence, pointing to the assortment of musicians he assembled for this widely unpublicized tour of the east coast. "We're trying to recapitulate the emotion, the feeling of rock and roll. It's a good feeling."

Even though Clarence has developed a following among E Street Band members second only to Springsteen himself (he earned almost instant fame when he was pictured with Bruce on the Boss's Born to Run album cover) the towering saxman says his goal now is "to get back to the basics of rock and roll, the roots of what is happening now - disco has killed it all."

"I was in a club the other day and I heard a disco version of [Otis Redding's] 'Try a Little Tenderness,'" he says. "It freaked me out. The kids think that's the way it was and it wasn't like that. It was emotional kind of stuff."

CC and the Red Bank Rockers play tunes that were primarily written and recorded long before most of its audience of Springsteen freaks was born. The band performs only two Springsteen songs, "Fire," and "Paradise By the Sea," both of which fit nicely among the rhythm and blues and soul numbers of Wilson Picket and Otis Redding.

It's obvious, however, that Clarence has picked up quite a few showmanship tips from Springsteen. Interpersed between songs are Springsteen-esque raps about growing up (when Clarence was called the Little Big Man) and Clarence clowns with his band members the same way Bruce jokes with Clarence. In fact, Clarence is a lot like his Boss onstage - charismatic, with a bit of ham thrown in.

But the Big Man is surprisingly soft-spoken and detached off-stage. "We didn't have this big media hype," he says, explaining why there was little advertising for the tour. "It was just like inviting people to your party."

Clarence makes no bones about his dissatisfaction with the state of music today - "a vicious circle" in which successful bands play increasingly bigger halls, eventually losing touch with the fans who made them famous in the first place.

"That's why we only played the small clubs. The purpose was to get close and tight and turn people on. It's better than having a big ad in a big paper and having too many people here. I'm not trying to incite riots or anything like that. I just want people to have a nice, calm good time - touch a few people."

And yet there was a time when the Big Man didn't want to touch a saxophone. "Nobody in my family had played a musical instrument," he recalls. "My father heard a saxophone somewhere. I wanted an electric train for Christmas and he bought me a saxophone. Boy, was I pissed off." And yet there was a time when the Big Man didn't want to touch a saxophone. "Nobody in my family had played a musical instrument," he recalls. "My father heard a saxophone somewhere. I wanted an electric train for Christmas and he bought me a saxophone. Boy, was I pissed off."

Clarence spent his salad days as a sax player in the same New Jersey club circuit as Springsteen, while working as a counselor and social worker during the day. Springsteen often tells onstage the story of their first encounter, a tale which he highly embellishes with his flair for drama. Clarence laughs and says only that it is true, with a few "minor artistic changes" added.

"He [Springsteen] was playing at a club called the Student Prince and I was playing at a place up the street called the Wonder Bar, and this girl I knew told him, 'This guy is so fantastic, you guys are gonna be great, you should be playing together.' I can't wait till you guys get together," and on and on.

"So finally about a month later I walked down to the bar during my break when he was still on, and as the wind was blowing, it was cold. It was just like Bruce describes it on stage. He said, 'Would you come in and jam with me?' and I said sure. So we jammed and it was like sparks. "It still happens. It's like our first day every time we go on stage together."

But for many, the pressing question remains: when is the next time they will go into the studio together? "Everybody's on their honeymoon," says Clarence, only half-jokingly (four members of the band, including Clarence, have wed this year). A new album appears to be a long way off in the future, with Springsteen still in the midst of writing songs and other band members involved in their own special projects. And Clarence has no idea when the band will return to the studio. "I know it won't be anytime soon," he says wistfully.

Meanwhile, he is thinking of forming his own permanent band, similar to the one he is now touring with. However, "I'll be around everything else that I do." So Bruce Springsteen and the E Street Band will live on.

Like his New Jersey compatriot, Clarence may over-romanticize the rock and roll experience, but he is sincere in his belief that it can transform people. "I'm a very religious person - I believe in God and I pray. But I'm not one to stand on a pulpit and preach. I can show people through my music what I've learned."

The Big Man returns to the stage for the last set of the night and nearly blows the roof off the place. He's learned how to be his own boss.
Open twenty-four hours a day, the Philadelphia Arraignment Court attracts crowds hungry for a little drama. They don't always get it. When the going gets boring, the judge watches 'Love Boat.'

By Mark Cohen
Artwork by Andrew Gordon

Dried globs of spit and cigarette butts litter the floor. A bum sits hunched over one end of a bench. He farts. Looking up, he turns his head from side to side, as if to ask, "Who did that?"

The bum sits behind a glass-and-wire-mesh partition in a dimly lit area open to the public free of charge. The other side is brightly lit like a television studio. A sound-proof booth on the right could have come from Nome Thai Tune. The judge's bench seems to be right out of Perry Mason. Two lawyers, one from the District Attorney's office and another from the Public Defender's office, sit nearby with three cops. They criticize the coffee and gripe about working at 11 o'clock on a Saturday night, while the rest of the world is out having a good time. At the center of this video collage stands a television monitor, so that the bum and the other members of the studio audience will be able to catch all of the action.

This is Philadelphia Arraignment Court, where people arrested for committing a crime in the city of Philadelphia get their first taste of the criminal justice system. It is the only court that never closes. The drama at 6th and Race is continuous.

The Judge

In his den-like quarters, Judge Meckel flips the dial randomly on a small black-and-white T.V. set. "We get everything from drunken driving to rape and murder," he says. "The only ones we don't get are the ordinary traffic tickets, the federal crimes, and the juveniles."

Meckel and Judge's Clerk Ed Hannigan explain how the arraignment procedure works. After about ten or twelve suspects have been processed at Police Headquarters, the judge calls for them to be brought into court to be arraigned as a group. He presents each defendant with a copy of the charges against him, tells him when and where his formal hearing will be held, appoints a public defender if necessary, and consults the police report to determine bail.

For suspects arrested in any one of five outlying police districts, a television monitor is used. "It's an extension of this place," the judge says. The police take such defendants to the nearest precinct office instead of Headquarters, and arraign them over a two-way closed circuit television system. The judge at Arraignment Court communicates with the defendant through a telephone hook-up, and the monitor allows the courtroom audience to see the proceedings. The system, which has been used for eight years, saves transportation costs. "Tonight the hook-up with the 35th district isn't working," Hannigan says. "But usually the system works pretty well."

The judge and the clerk work the six to twelve shift. Another crew will arrive at midnight and work until six the next morning. "It's pretty slow for a Saturday night," the judge says. Hannigan adds, "Crime called on account of snow."

The judge changes the channel on the T.V., switching from Love Boat to a PBS program. Then he turns it off.

"It gets interesting sometimes," he says. "Like when they bring up a group of ten or fifteen prostitutes. But most of the time it's pretty repetitious. I wonder if most of the people who come just to watch are here really to watch or to get out of the cold."

In the audience one of the bums is holding court of his own. He talks about the weather, then street people, then hobos in the South who don't have to worry about the weather and who can fly from one place to another like the birds. Then he lectures about anatomy, goose formations, and even bats. Every so often, he asks for confirmation from a second bum who nods his head and says, "Mm, Mm, that's right," and who sometimes adds a point or two of his own. The two of them almost resemble the judge and clerk on the other side of the glass.

The first bum continues his lecture. He changes topics from birds to Wyoming, to Idaho, to American Indians, to Indian reservations, to Alcatraz Prison, and finally to the movie Escape From Alcatraz. He likes this topic and sticks to it for about an hour and a half. The more he talks, the more he sounds like a late-night rerun. Consequently, most people around him turn him off.

The Lady

The worst part about this places is the waiting," says a woman who is sitting with a friend several yards away from the bums. "I used to..."
Jammed into the tank come here when I was younger, when I didn't want to go to school, but never for something like this. "Our friend was picked up for picking up a backgammon game on the subway," she says, picking her nails. "As soon as he picked up the game, a cop came over to him and told him he was arrested, said the game was stolen property and that our friend looked like somebody involved in the crime. It's not fair. 2,500 dollars bail, and real criminals are getting let off ROR [released on your own recognizance]." She continues to ravage her nails. They will start to bleed if she doesn't stop soon. "It's been more than twelve hours," she says. "And they're still holding him downstairs. They say they want to ask him more questions."

The Action

Finally, there's some action on the other side of the glass. The judge enters from the left and tells a cop to bring out the defendants. The lawyers and cops make sure they each have the right pile of paper in front of him. The expert bum in the audience finally stops talking. The sleeping one rouses himself a little and then goes back to his grubby dreams.

The defendants enter, dressed in a variety of costumes: Kensington tough, West Philly corn row, and South Philly disco. The guards march them across the court to the sound-proof tank, as the bums in the audience look them over and make a few comments. The people in the audience who have come to post bail wave to their friends or relatives, and the defendants nod back. Some are disappointed to find themselves facing night court alone.

The judge calls for the first defendant to be led before the bench. "Matthew Roberts, you are charged with ..." As the judge talks, papers make their way around the table — from judge to lawyer, to another lawyer, to defendant, to cop, to another cop, and finally to judge's clerk.

The hum of action on this side of the glass mixes with the hum of comments from the other. The crowd reacts to the judge as if he were an umpire at a baseball game. When the judge issues a low bail, the crowd responds with a quiet "All right." When a $2,500 bail is issued there are discontented murmurs of "Whew" and "Damn."

Suddenly, a spotlight shines on the judge. He faces the screen at the bench. A computer technician fiddles with some dials. There's a high-pitched whirr, a flash of gray, and a picture appears on the monitor. A young black male flinches from the bright light at his end of the closed circuit connection.

The broadcast evokes an uncharacteristically loud response from the audience. When the judge lets the defendant off on his own recognizance, the audience breaks into loud cheers of "Right on!" and "You can go home tonight, honey!" The noise is so loud that a cop has to yell to the audience to quiet down.

Meanwhile, the defendants in the tank are free to yell as loud as they please. A defendant saddled with a $1500 bail is led back into the tank. Everybody in the courtroom can see him as he throws his copy of the charges against the wall, screaming obscenities at the top of his voice. To the courtroom audience, it is a silent scream.

Some of the defendants are allowed to leave, either because their case has been dismissed or because someone in the audience has posted bail. A cop snips off a plastic bracelet from each defendant's right wrist, as if he were discharging a hospital patient. The rest of the defendants are handcuffed again, and led away.

The longest-running, continuous drama in Philadelphia settles down again to inactivity. In another three or four hours another random scene will shatter the calm, but for now most of the characters take a break. The lawyers and cops go back to trading paper and complaining about the coffee. The bums tuck their chins into their grimy collars and doze off. The woman remains awake, still waiting for her backgammon-playing friend, still picking her fingernails.

The judge goes back to his quarters. There are other T.V. shows he wants to watch.
GILT-EDGED 'POND'
Henry Fonda Shines Once More

OnGoldenPond
Starring Henry Fonda, Katharine Hepburn, and Jane Fonda
Directed by Mark Rydell
At the Old City

By Betsy Williams

After unparalleled film careers spanning almost half a century, Henry Fonda and Katharine Hepburn finally have a chance to play together in Mark Rydell's On Golden Pond. It is these stars' performances, and that of newcomer Doug McKeon, which counteract the film's conventional plot and sentimental cinematography.

Kate and Hank are Ethel and Norman Thayer. He is a retired University of Pennsylvania professor (watch closely for a framed copy of The Daily Pennsylvania University), and she is his seventy-year-old battleaxe. Approaching eighty, they sense their mutual weakness and eventually decide to attack the onset of old age differently. Ethel remains energetic and defiant, while frightened Norman turns inward, hiding behind a facade of cynicism. His caustic attitude is especially apparent when he is with his estranged daughter Chelsea (Jane), who unexpectedly arrives on Golden Pond with teenage son Billy (McKeon), for her father's birthday. Emotions start to bubble up to the surface.

Billy ends up staying with his grandparents when Chelsea and her boyfriend (Johnny Coleman) go off to Europe. A mutual affection develops between Norman and the boy, which tempers the sarcastic attitudes of each. Indeed, their moments together comprise the film's most engrossing moments.

The aging Fonda gives a touching performance, and his testy delivery of one-liners is responsible for much of the film's humor. Daughter Jane, however, is too unctuous and teary-eyed to be the independendent forty-year-old woman the role demands. In contrast, Hepburn, the pillar of the family, is overbearing and crotchety. Sort of like Knute Rockne in drag. As if she were running a summer camp, she barks out activities and emotional stratagems at a grating voice that quickly becomes tiresome.

With such a powerful triumvirate of actors, On Golden Pond should fulfill the highest expectations. But like many films with similar media build-up, on the whole it is far less than the sum of its parts.

Fangs for the Memories

Venom
Starring Klaus Kinski and a snake
Directed by Piers Haggard
At the Duke

By Suzanne Love

The ads for Venom promise "the evil of The Omni, and the terror of Alien." The movie, however, delivers fewer thrills than 90 minutes spent reading the Philadelphia phonebook.

The worst thing about Venom is its dedicated striving for the ordinary. Director Piers Haggard was evidently at the top of his class at the School of Formula Filmmaking.

Two servants (Susan George and Oliver Reed) living in London plot to kidnap Phillip, the beloved son of a wealthy American (Christopher Leigh), with help from a German terrorist friend (Klaus Kinski). Their plans are thwarted, however, by the surprise visit of a very long, very poisonous and "almost paranoid" African snake - mistakenly brought home as a pet by Phillip - that loves to furiously attack people and small rabbits. In retaliation for the script, the snake dispatches far more people than rabbits.

After the fatal shooting of a policeman sent to reclaim the snake, Kinski barricades the house and holds the boy and his grandfather (Sterling Hayden) hostage. With half the British police force outside, and an ill-tempered snake inside, one believes the movie will really take off. Instead it jerks to a halt.

The scripted characters are cardboard clichés and it's sad to see a very good cast waste its energies trying to make them come alive. Klaus Kinski and Sarah Miles, both excellent actors, are particularly out of place and they throw away their talents in this movie.

Haggard tries - unsuccessfully - to whip the film along, but all he thinks of are the typical tricks of the lackluster director: showing his actress' thighs and shocking his audience with grotesque detail. But his accent on amputated limbs turns out far more amusing than shocking.

Attempts at giving the snake a character amount only to cruelty to animals. The audience is frequently given a "snake's-eye view," but we unfortunately spend most of our time travelling through the ductwork of the house. Several close-ups of the snake are apparently meant to arouse repulsion, but close-ups of a strained Sterling Hayden are far worse.

The snake, who monopolizes screen time, is fortunate enough not to appear in the credits. The director and cast of Venom are not as lucky.
Women, Race, and Class
By Angela Y. Davis
Random House
271 pp., $13.50 (Hardcover)

By Robert Laloss

No one can accuse Angela Davis of languor. In the early 70s, the fugitive came to national attention when she was acquitted on four counts of murder in the unsuccessful prison escape of inmate George Jackson. She then studied at Goethe University in Germany for a Ph.D. in philosophy, and has since taught black philosophy at several California universities. In addition, Davis has been a prominent figure in the nation’s Communist Party for over a decade, running for vice-president on its ticket in 1980.

Above all Davis has remained a courageous, principled iconoclast. With her latest endeavor, Women, Race and Class, she ventures ambitiously into “new history” for the first time and emerges, though not unscathed, with surprising success. In question here is the tripartite discrimination of the American black woman by sex, race, and class, Davis makes some important inroads in an area ignored by many academics.

The volume’s tack is decidedly historical, tracing the volatile interaction between black women and the American women’s movement. Davis offers an account of the equality between black men and women in the antebellum South, explaining how that equity propagated a “new legacy” of perseverance, self-reliance, and tenacity in slave women. Several 19th-century feminists, prominent among them the abolitionist sisters Sarah and Angelina Grimke, embraced the notion that black and female emancipation were integrally tied. The discovery that women like the Grimkes and Elizabeth Cady Stanton made, Davis tells us, was that women could fight for their own rights even as they fought for the rights of black slaves.

But the ideal perished when the quasi-symbiotic relationship between the women’s movement and black emancipation failed to bear fruit after the Civil War. The 14th and 15th Amendments bestowed political rights upon Negro, but now...it becomes a serious question whether we had better stand aside and see ‘Sambo’ walk into the kingdom first.”

This resentful and racist din, Davis contends, tore a hole in “clubs,” and dometically forced to gather by women’s sufferage movement which has existed to this day. By her account, most black women have been ostracized by women’s liberation movements, forced to gather in “clubs,” and dometically enslaved as housewives and household workers. As late as 1960, Davis tells us, one-third of all black women were employed as domestics and daughters in white homes.

Davis deserves commendation for a well-documented effort. Where Women, Race and Class falters, however, is in its analysis of and solutions for some contemporary American women’s issues, such as rape, birth control, and housework.

When, for example, Davis offers portraits (really thumb-nail sketches) of Communist women as supposed role models for a new, revitalized feminist movement, she conveniently omits that these are women who fought primarily for their respective races and classes, and not for women’s rights. In addition, her backing of the tired old party line – socialism as the only way for black women to achieve political and economic equality – is simply not pragmatic. Davis is requesting women to follow her political struggle instead of their own progressive desires, but she knows all too well how far down the road that political revolution lies.

Women, Race and Class would be more effective as a signpost for today’s women if Davis would speak as a woman, and not as a proponent of Communist propaganda. Nevertheless, she has become an ambitious historian, and Women, Race and Class, is a fresh look at the American history and as a member of the women’s movement.
COMEDY TONIGHT
Long Lines for Punchlines

By Alan Kirschenbaum

Ron Zimmerman looks like a slob. With a straw in his mouth and his hands dug deep into the pockets of his dirty jeans, he seems more like a gas station attendant than a comedian.

Slouching in the middle of the small stage, he looks over the small crowd with an impish glint in his eye. "I want you to read you some news items," he says, opening a notebook. "A man was discovered in South Dakota who, since birth, has only been able to say the words 'franks and beans.'" Zimmerman is only one of the many professional crazies who play Philadelphia's newest comedy club every weekend. The place is called Going Bananas, and from all indications, the going is good.

"Philadelphia is ready for a real comedy room," says Barney Weiss, proprietor and MC of Going Bananas. Founded last October, the club at 2nd and South streets is the most intimate one in town, with a seating capacity of about 100. "I like this kind of room," says Ron Zimmerman, "because I can talk directly to the people."

Steve Young founded Going Bananas, along with the Comedy Works at 1st and Chestnut, and the Comedy Factory Outlet at 32nd and Market, provides Philadelphia chuckle-seekers with a varied selection of stand-up comedians. Now, more than ever before, the city has become a place in the labor market for a man or woman without a skill to sell. And development of a marketable skill means higher education.

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**Music**

**Gang of Four: Not Meeting the Challenge**

**Gang of Four**  
*Another Day, Another Dollar*  
Warner MINI 3946

The Gang of Four is a band in transition. On their recent American tour, bassist Dave Allen left the group, replaced temporarily by Busta Jones. Another Day, Another Dollar features Allen's final work with the band, and contains three new tracks previously unavailable in the U.S. as well as a pair of live tracks recorded last March in London.

The live side of the EP is the weaker of the two, featuring songs from the LP Solid Gold. "What We All Want" states "what we want is not what we get," hardly an insightful observation. "Cheeseburger" reveals the band's inability to dissect American problems—the metaphor of a cheeseburger as alienated American society is both naive and false.

In the past, what has saved the Gang of Four from its pretensions has been its irresistible danceable sound, and the new songs on the EP prove this once again. "Capital (It Fails Us Now)" and "History’s Bunk!" feature polemically Marxist lyrics, but Hugo Burnham's drums meld with Allen's bass to create an enormous beat, while Andy Gill's scratching guitar fades out of the mix. "Cheeseburger" builds to a shattering Hendrix-like climax.

"To Hell With Poverty" shows that the Gang of Four is capable of writing impressive songs to complement their ferocious beat. The next album will show whether the band is still up to the challenge.

-Jimmy Guterman

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A GEORGIE WOODS PRODUCTION

---

**Synthesizer textures, the song could almost be an outtake from Bowie's Low.**

Much of Heart On A Wall suffers under similarly lethargic arrangements. A few attempts at rougher, guitar-driven rock, such as "Number Don't Count (On Me)," sound sterile and lack spontaneity. "Little Metal Drummer" begins with infectious rhythm guitar and a propulsive dance beat, but settles into a groove of synthesized muzak. This song might have commercial potential in elevators equipped with dance floors.

Heart On A Wall lacks the individuality that would distinguish it from the vast array of product on today's record market. While Destri's work with Blondie proves that he is an important musician, his first solo album falls short of establishing him as a solo performer.

-Jonathan Maltzkin
THIRTY-FOURTH STREET MAGAZINE

FILM

CHARIOTS OF FIRE • • • • • •
The inspirational story of two English track stars who run for God, pride, and a shot at the 1924 Olympic gold medal. (Ritz III, 214 Walnut St, 925-7900)

MY DINNER WITH ANDRE • • • • •
"Louis Malle’s highly acclaimed talkie" (Mark I, 18th & Market, 564-6222)

PRINCE OF THE CITY • • • • •
Louis Malle’s adaptation of E.L. Doctorow’s best-selling novel about social injustice at the turn of the century. (Midtown, 16th & Chestnut, 567-7210)

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK • • • • •
(Regency! 39th & Walnut St. 822-2344)

THE WOMAN NEXT DOOR • • • • •
(Midtown, Chestnut & Broad, 567-7210)

VIKING HUNGER • • • • •
(Walnut Theatre, 825 Walnut St, 8:00 PM, 2/13)

DO BLACK PATENT LEATHER SHOES REALLY REFLECT UP • • • • •
Blissful musical blasphemy in Philly’s best show. Where else can you see dancing to rock and roll? Expand- ed thru March 14. (Walnut Street Theater, 825 Walnut St., 574-3565)

SHARON MASON • • • • •
Comedy magic mystery in a beauty salon setting. May run forever. (Bellevue Stratford Hotel, Broad & Walnut Sts., 733-6665)

THE SEA HORSE • • • • •
Romance in a waterfront bar. Review on page 8. (Dolce City, 2nd & Sansom, 627-9166)

ON GOLDEN POND • • • • •
Review on page 8. (Dolce City)

VAPES • • • • •
Warren Beatty’s romanticized look at Winston Churchill in contemporary France. (Midtown, Chestnut & Broad, 567-7210)

WOMEN IN LOVE • • • • •
Arthur Penn’s view of the turbulent 60s. Is a rollercoaster ride of peaks and valleys. (Olde City, 2nd and Sansom, 627-9166)

THEATER

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Fridays and Saturdays. See page 2.

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THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA • • • • •
Associate Conductor William Smith leads the orchestra in a program of Italian music featuring works by Verdi and Vivaldi, at the Academy of Music, 8:00 PM, 2/23.

ROBERT HAZARD AND THE HEROES • • • • •
If you missed them at Houston Hall, catch them at the Ritz, 8:00 PM, 2/26.

THE OUTLAWS • • • • •
Southwest rock favorites will bring their ‘guitar army’ to West Chester State College’s Hottinger Fieldhouse, 8:00 PM, 2/28.

ANDRES SEGOVIA • • • • •
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