Research Group Holds Campus Petition Drive

By PETER GINSBERG

The Six Pennsylvanians of the Public Interest Research Group (EPPRIG) has launched a petition drive on campus by calling a meeting of all interested people to explain the purpose of the effort and to set up campaign headquarters.

EPPRIG hopes that one-half of the student body will sign the petition drive in the next 10 days. "This is not an 'intellectual snub' for the student. One might want to say that "PIRG" is providing information for the public interest. The group should not be a partner politically, but there is no in contradiction between the University getting information and getting it out publicly.

In the past, research of public interest, citizens should get together and do this themselves. 'Money in the first place,' Field said. "We are not advocating the reverse. Unfortunatly, voluntary contributions are not a reliable source of funds."

In addition, EPPRIG's drive of personal said, that 'things are running very well on the petition drive,' but the first week is always the rough. Third, get it going and try to get the 1/2 of the student body.

"I think EPPRIG's drive is necessary, "Fielid said. "I think a number of them might be putting off more, but forth after four, I can see them."

Peter Force, head of EPPRIG's drive, also said that "the group in getting signatures is just information and what to do with it which is a big thing."

However, some students who were asked to sign the petition said they would not sign. "It's as an exercise of my right of freedom," said Force. "And I'm afraid that I am going to be for my right of freedom."

Pointing out that the public universities in enough of my efforts to get the truth out."

"No, it's the notion that "it is because it is public interest," said Force.

FTC COMMISSIONER JONES TO SPEAK TODAY

Philadelphia: Mary Gardner Jones will discuss the FTC's work in the section of antitrust legislation have been held here. She also said she will be doing work in the FTC's antitrust work.

University Plans to Expand Foreign Study Participation

By JOHN MURPHY

Senior Vice President of the University at the meeting of the Board of Trustees, Mr. Murphy said that he had "late and frequent reports of foreign study programs in the University. He said that he had been told that the University had been receiving a number of requests for information about the programs in the University."

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The office is currently exploring a possible program in India. Mr. Murphy said that he was "a number of University centers are already in existence in India, and that the University has been receiving a number of requests for information about the programs in the University."

The program's goal is to "educate the students in the University by exposure to the foreign cultures." Mr. Murphy said that he had been told that the University had been receiving a number of requests for information about the programs in the University.

Ross is born in South Vietnam's Quang Tri Province. His father, who is a former member of the Revolutionary Government (PRG), and his mother, a former member of the Vietnamese Army, are both prisoners of war.

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The program is being funded by the Office of the Vice President for Development and University Relations.

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MMERGENCY VETERINARIAN

By ISMAIL ALLAM

Dr. Mark Allam, dean of the University's School of Veterinary Medicine, was appointed assistant vice president for health affairs Wednesday.

In his new position, Allam will be concerned with health affairs in the areas of planning, development and coordination of health services at the School of Veterinary Medicine.

"I've been doing this for the 71 years that I was in the dean's office," said Allam. "I think that the people who are doing the job will be happy." With this new position as assistant vice president for health affairs, Allam will have a seat at the table to discuss health matters.

He said that the University's health care system is one of the largest in the country, and that he will have a seat at the table to discuss health matters.

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**Campus Events**

By United Press International Students interested in law, medicine, dentistry, examiner trainee, graduate engineer for more information. For American students interested can be obtained at Student Services. No later than Wed., Feb. 7.

**MINORITY VOCATIONAL ADVISING**

To work or new Excellent condition 1600. U.P. Prof. 594 8050 or EV 7 0679

**APPLICATIONS**


**VOCATIONAL ADVISOR**

Seeking to expand the program. Contact Assistant Professor of Psychology, Michael Smith, 701 996 7687. No answer call BA 3068.

**SUBLET WANTED**

Without feel. We have responded to all other candidates. Contact Assistant Professor of Psychology, Michael Smith, 701 996 7687. No answer call BA 3068.

**NEED A PLACE TO LIVE?**

Contact Professor Russell Ackoff will speak at Newman Room, bath. 1150 MO 4 1:1:1. All welcome.

**FIRST-EVER ALUMNI DINNER PARTY**

Throughout the 80s, students of the University of Pennsylvania will have the opportunity to spend time with their former classmates. This event is organized by the Alumni Association and will be held on campus.

**DOCENT TOURS**

from the library’s permanent collection of works of art. Docent tours are offered Wednesday afternoons at 2:00 p.m. and Saturdays at 1:00 p.m. Reservations are not required.

**THE VALENTINE'S DAY CAFÉ**

is open from 11:00 a.m. to 2:00 p.m. on Valentine's Day. The café will feature a special menu, with dishes such as chocolate mousse and strawberry shortcake.

**SUSPENSION STUDY**

The study would attempt to link itself closely to the citizens of the city and interpret the study. The purpose of the program, Kirkland said, is "not in contact with the enormous complexity of the human condition." The program's civilian officers will retain a "reality contact that is close, accurate, and continuous." Kirkland reported.

**OPEN MATHEMATICS**

in cooperation with scholars from several countries. Kirkland is hoping for "the possibility of inviting national and international cooperation."

**IMMIGRATION LAW WORKSHOP**

The workshop will be held in the library's fifth floor conference room. It is scheduled for Saturday, March 3, from 10:00 a.m. to 4:00 p.m.

**WITNESS FERRY**

during the period in which he was on the island. The witness also provided information about the activities of the company's personnel on the island.

**WITNESS TERRY**

who was in charge of supervisory teams from monitoring the island. He testified that he prepared an affidavit stating that the company's personnel on the island were conducting operations in support of military objectives.

**WITNESS HSU**

who was an employee of the company's personnel on the island. He testified that he was an expert on the company's personnel on the island and had knowledge of their activities.

**REVISION OF GUIDELINES**

Committee on Open Expression

Revision of Guidelines

Feb. 3:30 - 5:00 P.M.

Benjamin Franklin Rm. H.H.

All members of the community are urged to attend.

**Spring Rush Introductions**

KAPPA DELTA SORORITY

3809 Walnut Street

Welcome's you to

Friday, Feb. 3

FONDUE PARTY

3:00 - 5:00 P.M.

INTERNATIONAL DINNER

3:00 - 5:00 P.M.

**Mask & Wig's 80th Annual Production:**

**TAKETEN**

"Tickets still available at Houston Hall for Feb. 2, 1973 @ 3:00 P.M.

**Spring Rush Introductory Parties**

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Thursday, February 1, 1973

** Masks and Wig Traditions Withstand the Tests of Time **

By Barbara Wynnes

"Tally! College isn't taking sides!" It is designed to organize a game of "Tally!" at the University of Pennsylvania. The game involves two players who try to score points by making the other player say "tally!" The winner is the first to reach a certain number of points.

** Agnew Leaves South Vietnam, Flies to Bangkok **

By United Press International

** Exercise FAY Charleston **


** A WEEKEND ABOUT ENCOUNTER **

By the man who sparked the encounter resolution in U.S.-Vietnam relations, William S. Smith.

** IS YOUR BLOOD TYPE A OR B **

By the way, if you're planning on giving blood, make sure you're checking the A or B blood type. It's important to know your blood type before donating blood. This will help ensure that you can safely donate blood to someone in need.

** BULL AND BARREL **

Socialism and the DP

By W.F. Sweeney

On Jan. 1 that letter appeared in the DP in which homosexuality was described not as a sexual orientation but as a "social perversion." Taking offense to this vicious word slur coming from someone actually in ignorance I felt that this was not only unethical but also immoral. I believe that the DP was wrong to print a letter of that nature and is, in my opinion, unethical to do so.

This letter is intended to give the first place the editors as much as an honest first rate that was the name, but in. By their denying me the place and the editors as much as ridiculous stupid to allow the other person should not have the right to edit letters according to their own standards. The editors admitted that the letter of the other person should not have the privilege to write a letter that could not be edited personally anymore. I would normally be inclined to write a letter as long as it was general enough not to be involved in anyone as being a sexist, a racist, a person and a person who is enourished by a fear for their own morality. I feel that the DP was wrong to print a letter of that nature and I am, in my opinion, unethical to do so.

Letters to the Editor

Black Scholars

I was glad to see the Mendelson College '76 Seedling Consumer Board some well-deserved recognition. They solve a variety of consumer problems, including making wise decisions. The editors admitted that the letter of the other person should not have the right to edit letters according to their own standards. The editors admitted that the letter of the other person should not have the privilege to write a letter that could not be edited personally anymore. I would normally be inclined to write a letter as long as it was general enough not to be involved in anyone as being a sexist, a racist, a person and a person who is enourished by a fear for their own morality. I feel that the DP was wrong to print a letter of that nature and I am, in my opinion, unethical to do so.

I at present plan to write an article on the question of housing for the DP in the future but I will not have to write a letter that will not be able to go through as long as it was general enough not to be involved in anyone as being a sexist, a racist, a person and a person who is enourished by a fear for their own morality. I feel that the DP was wrong to print a letter of that nature and I am, in my opinion, unethical to do so.

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The question is do you or do you not want Black faculty at Penn? If you answer no to this question, you are no longer part of the University. There is no possible way to prevent or discourage the recruitment of Black professors. In the future we must have more Black faculty. This letter will give us the place and the editors as much as ridiculous stupid to allow the other person should not have the right to edit letters according to their own standards. The editors admitted that the letter of the other person should not have the privilege to write a letter that could not be edited personally anymore. I would normally be inclined to write a letter as long as it was general enough not to be involved in anyone as being a sexist, a racist, a person and a person who is enourished by a fear for their own morality. I feel that the DP was wrong to print a letter of that nature and I am, in my opinion, unethical to do so.

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NCAA Hopes to Cut Down Athletic Costs by Implementing Rule Changes

By DAVID CHANDLER and RICHARD UMBERGER

Penn State's athletic department has been in a state of transition for a little over a year. Rather than a little bit of fire for what some consider to be an initial period of development, the Nittany Lion football program has seemed to have been in the doldrums of the state of Pennsylvania. The recent season has been one of the most disappointing in recent years, and the athletic department has been forced to look for ways to cut costs and improve the team's performance.

The Penn State athletic department has set its sights on reducing costs by implementing a number of changes. These changes include cutting the number of athletes on scholarship, reducing the number of non-revenue generating sports, and implementing more cost-effective travel arrangements.

The NCAA has also implemented a number of cost-cutting measures, including a reduction in the number of athletes allowed on scholarship, a limit on the number of non-revenue generating sports, and a decrease in the number of travel expenses.

These changes are expected to result in significant cost savings for both Penn State and the NCAA. The athletic departments at other universities are expected to follow suit, as they seek to reduce costs and improve their programs.

University City Travel

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Included: airfare, hotel and extras based on twin occupancy. All land arrangements are with hotels of the investigators' choice. Airfares may vary. For more information, contact The Travel Express at 3730 Walnut, EV2-2928.
P.S. . . .

By Phil Shinkin

To Win and to Win and to Win

Winning is not a sometime thing; it's a something. It's not done up in a day. It's done and will be done each time we play the game. It is something you and I and every athlete has to do the very first time we play. It is something you and I and every athlete have to do each and every time we play. It is a moment of doing right all the time.

Winning is a habit. It's something you have to do and do and do. To win and to win and to win. To be first in your game and that is first place. It's always first place. You don't win once in a while; you do it all the time.

There are no secrets to winning. The Ivy League doesn't win because they're better. They win because they do it all the time. Winning is a habit. It's something you have to do and do and do. To win and to win and to win. To be first in your game and that is first place. It's always first place. You don't win once in a while; you do it all the time.

Winning is a habit. Not just a sometime thing; it's an all-the-time thing. If you go to school with a 3.0 average, people say you're lucky. But if you go to school with a 4.0 average, people say you're good. If you go to school with a 5.0 average, people say you're a genius. But if you go to school with a 6.0 average, people say you're an idiot. Winning is a habit. It's something you have to do and do and do. To win and to win and to win. To be first in your game and that is first place. It's always first place. You don't win once in a while; you do it all the time.

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By STEVEN WINN

When Darryl's girlfriend Doris finally flung her arms above her head the little ball of bird she released hesitated, as if it really were a ball with no life of its own. Then, with a sudden lurch like the one that had just set it free, it seemed to tumble upward through a shaft of dry blue air. Ronko could see both their heads roll back on their shoulders as it dipped behind the far line of trees, then shot straight back over them and towards the house. As surely as a bird that had never had its wing broken, it swept up from the arc towards the window where Ronko stood and disappeared above the roof. With that, Darryl and Doris started back.

It was the third weekend in October, and already some of the trees poked leafless branches through the remaining colors. Seed pods had burst or withered. The grass was torn and matted. In it, Darryl seemed much taller and thinner through the body than his older brother had remembered. But then, the youngest always remains the baby in the others' minds. Doris was a different matter. Now, as they crossed the road, Ronko could see she was wearing one of those shirts the color of sherbert. Today her hair was pulled back from her face, and although it was perfectly blond, there was a kind of dusty undertone visible at the sides of her head. It made her look serious and older, but still the pretty girl with long brown arms that she was. Darryl nudged her and snickered across the yard - some kind of a joke - but she only smiled and kept walking to the house.

"Ron, come back here and talk, Ron. You haven't told us a word since you got home."

His mother was working in the kitchen. From the window she could watch his father in the far say's youngest pasture. Now that he was out of view she wanted company. He heard a dish plop into water.

The Hebrart's dining room, like all the other rooms in the house, had not changed much. Scenes from around the world repeated themselves from ceiling to floor on the walls - the Elk Tower, some arch in Rome, the Statue of Liberty, the Taj Mahal. Now, with just Darryl living at home, they didn't have to bring chairs in from the kitchen to seat everyone. Ronko twirled one of the four straight-back chairs around on one leg and straddled it. He knew that if he went into the kitchen his mother would have him drying dishes or looking after something. It wasn't that she minded helping out, but he was going to hold firm. As he had told her on the phone, he was only coming up for a weekend visit because he was in the area. He insisted his mother not keep a room for him anymore. He would sleep in Alan's old room under the pool house - the Eiffel Tower, some arch.

"Sure, Mom. Great. It lit out like it never had been on the ground."

"Oh, she's a pretty one. Yes." Ronko did not even have to look at her. But here, his mother arms in the dishwasher it looked as if she had trapped herself in some foolish way. She was almost sixty, and nearly eight years older than Ronko's father. But he had seemed to age so much quicker than his wife. Even so, in moments like this, Ronko could see that the strain of bearing her last son at the age of forty-two had made her look serious and older, but still the pretty girl. Ronko's mother had set a glass of milky lemonade in front of the girl. Before Ronko could answer, Doris' smallest finger slipped on the rim of the glass, and a tiny silver bead of liquid leaped across the table.

"Another year and I'll be out. Two weeks a year and a weekend a month. It still beats a vacation in Viet Nam."

Ronko grinned at the girl, then remembered his father had been a military man - Army, the Navy, he couldn't remember. Perhaps she was offended.

"No one ever accused my big brother of being a fearful patriot, no sir."

Doris smiled gaily at her boyfriend's teasing. Ronko's heart sank. He had misjudged her. But, oh, she was lovely. Thin as it was, the blouse she was wearing seemed spongey, alive with air.

"How about you, little big shot, how do you plan to get around it?"

"There's a way, Ronko, there's a way."

"Daddy says the draft will be over and the time Darryl comes up. It's so unpopular, even most senators and congressmen are against it now. My dad thinks it can't last another two years."

"Is that right?"

"That's what they're saying, big brother."

"Darryl scratched his head. His thin hair was pulled back from his face, and although it was perfectly blond, there was a kind of dusty undertone visible at the sides of his head. It made him look serious and older, but still the pretty girl. Ronko's mother had set a glass of milky lemonade in front of the girl. Before Ronko could answer, Doris' smallest finger slipped on the rim of the glass, and a tiny silver bead of liquid leaped across the table.

"I'm just be Darryl wearing away his mother and father in the house - and this tall Doris Wyatt setting a bird free, or showing off a new dance dress, or coming out from town to help Ronko's mother re-hang the drapes."

"Darryl tells me you're in the Reserves, Ron."

"The boys' mother had set a glass of milky lemonade in front of the girl. Before Ronko could answer, Doris' smallest finger slipped on the rim of the glass, and a tiny silver bead of liquid leaped across the table.

"Mom, Dad still works too hard. He's not so young anymore."

"Ronny, each morning he gets out of bed a little slower than before and I don't even mention it anymore. I just look, and he knows what I'm thinking. Everyone tells him; Alan told him before he left."

"Darryl set the conversation off on another track.

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Abortion: an ethic of responsibility

A high school girl, pregnant, scared, isolated from the prospect of maternity and life in a society that still stigmatizes unwed mother. Her father on a tip goes into a lower class neighborhood and makes contact with the local back-alley abortionist. Except that the back alley turns out to be the master bedroom in the girl's own home, where her brothers sisters are playing downstairs and her parents are out for the afternoon. As is often the case the illegal abortion results in heavy vaginal bleeding, but the girl's own father forbids his wife to take her to the hospital.

That story was one of several included in a film composed entirely of testimony from women who had had abortions, called *Happens to Us.* A related tactic used by pro-abortion groups before the recent Supreme Court decisions was the *American Women's Petition* signed by individuals who had also undergone abortion. Both tactics are designed to explode the myth that such women were some how a class apart, that they were somehow for or unmarried or ignorant. Both pointed out that abortions will be performed whether the new laws are legal or not; restrictive laws tend only to prompt self-inflicted operations performed by fly-by-night charlatans under invariably atrocious conditions. As a result of these films, numerous other published accounts were often tremendously disturbing testimonies that made it impossible for a sensitive human being to consign her sisters to the back alleys.

Additional arguments for legalization come quickly to mind. The right to legal abortion grows naturally from women's struggles for control over their economic, legal and political life. She needs to create her own identity independent of the role society has set up for her, she fights for some of the equal opportunities that politicians and civil rights leaders are so ready to grant to others. Whatever the legal, racial, colors and creeds. If breaking away from the secretary-service syndrome, it is for the woman working for recognition in her own right, re-evaluation of her working duty as wife-mother is an absolute imperative. New ideas on this score have arisen as unsettling to the liberals as to the conservatives. Karen Lindsey wrote a report for the Philadelphia Phoenix on her eventually successful efforts to be sterilized. She was single, in her mid-twenties, and childless, with the result that doctors and "liberated" acquaintances alike insisted that she didn't know what she was doing. A woman acting on the serious conviction that she not only won nor in the future intend to have children was treated herself as an irresponsible child. Laura Shapiro in another Boston weekly carried the lesson of the Lindsey case into a discussion of abortion "Abortion forces a confrontation upon a woman: she becomes responsible for past decisions and knows that she has to fulfill this one. It's an affirmation of where she stands in her own life, which is certainly a healthier choice for many women than knee-jerk maternity."

From responsibility one moves to the valid if somewhat petty point that the abortion laws were neither new nor passed by women in the first place. Supreme Court Justice Byron R. White recently decried as a "resultant" of the Texas case Roe v. Wade on his preference to leave the issue "with the people and to the political processes the people have devised to govern their affairs". He was surprised to find that their credibility is in doubt. Cardinal Cooke and his Philadelphia counterpart Cardinal Krol have been among the vocal in the disease that Catholic dogmas are still accepted and that one man maintains a monopoly in ethical judgments. They have not yet dealt with the existing problems of those who were non-converters the old legislation were least able to change it. Even where male legislators were not

Of course there are the pragmatists (if to terms was the exception of auburn no means of reversible birth control legitimate. Even if there are no legal or moral objections to the woman to consider, the most the right of those available is for many women because of its mental and psychological effects. On a lower level, the dissemination of information about contraception for the woman working for recognition in her own right, re-evaluation of her working duty as wife-mother is an absolute imperative. New ideas on this score have arisen as unsettling to the liberals as to the conservatives. Karen Lindsey wrote a report for the Philadelphia Phoenix on her eventually successful efforts to be sterilized. She was single, in her mid-twenties, and childless, with the result that doctors and "liberated" acquaintances alike insisted that she didn't know what she was doing. A woman acting on the serious conviction that she not only won nor in the future intend to have children was treated herself as an irresponsible child. Laura Shapiro in another Boston weekly carried the lesson of the Lindsey case into a discussion of abortion "Abortion forces a confrontation upon a woman: she becomes responsible for past decisions and knows that she has to fulfill this one. It's an affirmation of where she stands in her own life, which is certainly a healthier choice for many women than knee-jerk maternity."

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Justice White for his part makes the effective issue chief. Insofar as they accord women the right of conscience and sovereignty over their own biological processes, they stand as a milestone in the fight for sexual equality. But aside from the old questions remain unanswered, since the Court correctly claims no professional, scientific knowledge and it is expressly from. And as far as matters of theology. The majority does recognize at least the practical problems - viability, unwanted children, maternal health and the legal implications of personhood - as it takes the easy way out. It can only allow us the dignity of acting in accordance with our own experiences, an extraordinary responsibility indeed.

To help I think back to a remarkable ethics course I took once, where the professor hummed home his conviction that the first prerequisite for a valid philosophical system was consistency. If one believes that human life is in itself sacred, one must extend protection to life in the process of becoming human. To reconcile a strong inclination to pacifism and an aversion to violence, both rooted in that deep respect for human life, with a philosophical system is abortion is impossible for me to do. For this particular woman, obtaining an abortion would be an admission that she had not lived up
to her own ideals.

Perhaps surprisingly, the most thoughtful essay I have yet seen on the subject was written by a radical journalist on the staff of Bostons's *New York Times* and a radical journalist on the staff of Bostons's *New York Times* and a
Freedom and Order: the grand design

By ANDREW FEINBERG

The Sunlight Dialogues, a novel by John Gardner, is a new reworking of the Beowulf story, with the monster Grendel as the book’s hero. Yet for all its technical dazzle, the novel seemed more an intellectual exercise than a fully realized work of fiction. Although teeming with ideas, it was almost barren of humor. For this reason, Gardner’s novel, Grendel (1971), was a superbly fascinating story that either has two men could easily lose their humanity and become allegorical figures, a development that would be fatal to the novel’s purpose. In order to be involved in the debate taking place, we must be completely absorbed in the novel’s world and find sunshine in the sun. The Sunlight Man becomes Gardner’s spokesman for Absolute Freedom. Gardner’s novel also succeeds in examining of man’s conflicting desires and inaction will both lead to death; one course immediate, the other gradual. There is a choice, but there is no escape.

In The Sunlight Dialogues these themes and this world of “general meaninglessness” have been expanded and transported to Batavia in August, 1966. Junk is the common house-name in disrepair and wrecked cars rust along the highway. Men still cling to their systems, but these serve only to ward off death and decay, and not to enhance life. Will Hodge Sr. attempts to patch the leaky roof in a roomie no longer uses; the Woodworth sisters (aged ninety-seven and one hundred and eight) rally against the evils of the modern age; blind Esther Clumly resists to commit suicide. As in Grendel, a world of chaos forces one to seek self-definition in acts that are real negations of acts. Into this atmosphere of creeping senility and fading light blazes the Sunlight Man.

Successes and failures, the representation of Law and Order, is Police Chief Fred Clumly. The two men first met in Clumly’s jail after Taggert has been arrested for painting the word “murder” in letters across two lanes of a Batavia street. Aging and methodical, Clumly’s belief in an ordered world begins to crumble as he listens to the Sunlight Man’s seemingly insane philosophic babble. Taggert’s last speech is amaizing and vengeful. Like Grendel, he possesses equally fierce feelings of hatred and love for the society which he has abandoned. He is a magician and a murderer, a “skylight smuggler” who seeks to cut through the darkness with screaming sunlight. The Sunlight Man becomes Gardner’s spokesman for Absolute Freedom.

Sunlight Man arranges four meetings with the Chief, the dialogues of the title, and shrouds them in mystery and magic. He traps Clumly in a deadly maze of interviews that seems all confusion, but one which offers the sole chance of survival—a glimpse of the light. Taggert lectures him on the epic of Gilgamesh, the forthcoming doom of Western Civilization, the scarcely credible events of his life, the value of action and, most important, the Babylonian conception of freedom, that it is one’s duty to remain free. He states the dilemma that has contributed to his madness. “One man, one act, one must ask oneself, shall I act within the cultural order I do not believe in but with which I am acquainted, or do I believe in the law of which I am an order indifferent to man?” The Sunlight Man’s lengthy puzzles; bizarre, fascinating and distrait Clumly, but he emerges with a partial understanding and greater compassion for the satanic seer who irrevocably shook the Western World of Order. Let to have a device such as the dialogues at the heart of one’s story is a tremendous risk. The characters and intricate subplots of The Sunlight Dialogues are not nearly as dissimilar as one would imagine. In the earlier novel, Grendel is torn between a conscience for man’s false and inane systems of order, history and religion, and an intense desire to become a part of them, to identify with ideas, it was almost barren of humor. The Sunlight Man becomes Gardner’s spokesman for Absolute Freedom.

For one thing, Clumly’s world is so vast and amorphous that one would not expect the novel’s world to make sense, but that is except Taggert. The force of history is too strong, however, even for a small town like Batavia, and at its end, is sucked under like the rest and destroyed.

Gardner’s novel also succeeds because the dialogue of words is supplemented by a dialogue of contradictory events. The absolutes of Clumly and the Sunlight Man must be rejected (the actions of both men lead to the death of others), but eventually they realize this. The two men share a belief in love, even though for them it has led only to misery and destruction. There is an evil far greater than either absolute: it is coldness, indifference, ice.

The Sunlight Dialogues is not as schematic as I have presented it. It is a vast flow of characters and intricate subplots that usually succeeds in illuminating the novel’s core. However, it is also a work that contains passages of more than one would ever expect from such an overwhelming achievement.

The novel is pretended. On the thematic level, this fault is overcome, but it is quite harmful to the book’s style and language. Gardner’s pretension is most evident in French, German, Italian and Welsh. Such erudition is intrinsically linked to the novel’s integrity and frequently pointless when one translates the quotes into English. Perhaps this is his abuse of the simile. There are literally hundreds of them, usually nothing more than flabby, vapid glimpses of verbiage. A truck turns over “like an elephant falling down a heart attack,” and a woman moves slowly “like a burnt-out star.” Such similes are just too annoying because Gardner is a writer who is capable of unadorned passages of descriptive prose. After several hundred pages, one is conditioned to shudder at the sight of the word “like.” One then fails to appreciate even the successful simile. But in no time this results in a barrier between the reader and the characters.

Occasionally Gardner’s sub-plots get the best of him and he becomes ensnared in a fascinating story that either has no elephant falling down a heart attack or merely reiterates a point already convincingly stated. Similarly, many of his characters are given long-winded orations when a simple declaration would suffice. One wonders, though, when making these criticisms, if any but an overblown novel could be written. The Sunlight Dialogues is a masterpiece, both in twentieth-century America, and in the realm of all history.

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Sunlight Man in jail

Gardner's 'philosopher.' The Sunlight Man's lengthy puzzles, bizarre, fascinating and puzzling Clumly, but he emerges with a partial understanding and greater compassion for the satanic seer who irrevocably shook his order of the Western World. Let to have a device such as the dialogues at the heart of one's story is a tremendous risk. The Sunlight Man's lengthy puzzles, bizarre, fascinating and puzzling Clumly, but he emerges with a partial understanding and greater compassion for the satanic seer who irrevocably shook his order of the Western World. Let to have a device such as the dialogues at the heart of one's story is a tremendous risk.
by SHELLIE SCLAN

When Harold Prince was asked whether there was any American playwright who seemed to him as unique and promising of becoming as great as Eugene O'Neill, his answer was John Guare. A modern drama course at Penn includes a play of Guare's in a reading list that also covers Brecht, Tennessee Williams, and Beckett. That play is The House of Blue Leaves, winner of the 1969 Ohio and New York Drama Critics Circle awards, and now in its Philadelphia run at the Aliens Lane Cafe Theater. The play opened here Friday, February 1, and will play through Thursday, February 28.

Unlike many new plays of the past decade, The House of Blue Leaves contains no nudity, very little profanity, a realistic box set and a plot that is easy to follow. The play is about what happens to zoo-keeper-song-writer Artie Shaughnessy on that day in 1965 when the pope came to New York to plead for peace at the U.N.

Shaughnessy is a middle-aged, middle-class Catholic from Queens. His son is in the army, his wife is erotically insane, and his mistress keeps a scrapbook of her favorite recipes with the sameness in which the serious woman "J" filled a book with her formulas for sex. Just as Chekhov's characters dream of going to Moscow, Artie dreams of taking his songs to his childhood friend Billy who is now a big Hollywood producer. But Artie just has to keep dreaming because no one will ever be able to help him, and he can't help anyone else.

The play contains so much funny dialogue and so many clever sight gags that it has been labeled a farce. It unusually makes fun of many reverberations in situations, especially the Catholic Church and American hero-worship, but the crux of the play is the pain of the little people who don't see themselves as important or even real when compared to the luminaries they watch on television. One of the most moving monologues of the play is the wife's dream of finding Jackie Kennedy, Lyndon Johnson, Cardinal Spellman, and Bob Hope all hailing taxi cabs on a street where only she will recognize them and give them a ride. Guare wrote in his forward to the Viking edition of the play, "I'm not interested so much in how people survive as in how they avoid humiliation." In this play, everyone humiliates and is humiliated. It is unparaph in its cruelty, implicating the audience because it makes us laugh.

Aliens Lane's cafe setup (the auditorium is intimate and coffee and cakes are served at candle-lit tables during intermission) is perfect for this play, which often breaks the fourth wall with aides and seems to involve the audience as characters in the prologue. But director Kate Shaffmaster makes a big mistake when she instructs the audience how to act before and after that prologue as though she were a first-grade teacher.

The cast, indeed the whole production, is enthusiastic, unselfish, and sometimes very effective. Richard Glockner is excellent as the AWOL son who delivers a monologue that defines himself, his family and the play.

by RICH HALLAHAN

The Sweetheart Sampler - Frankie and Johnny (Warner Bros.)

So much melodical goodness comes packaged in pairs, Fonzie, Simon and Garfunkel, Seals and Crofts, Batdorf and Rodney, Brewer and Shipley, Loggins and Messina, Peaches and Herb. You might even allow me to overgeneralize in assuming that any two proper nouns separated by an "and" are almost assured of at least a certain measure of success, albeit with some exceptions. Peaches and Herb...

In any case, two new albums come from the hometown man, Pat Martino, and Herb... Frankie and Johnny. And that only with scads of help from Coopper. But keep looking for these two because there is probably more to come. (And, luck, they're no Peaches and Herb.

The Raven Speaks - Woody Herman (Fantasy)

This recording effort is probably Woody's best of the past decade. Herman's band, like the Buddy Rich and Maynard Ferguson ensembles, has in its repertoire its own arrangements of new tunes. In this LP such future standards as "It's Too Late" and "Summer of '42" appear. Woody relates.

This orchestra is deep in competent improvisers, more so than the Rich and Ferguson bands. One can hear on this album the wailing of the old man Woody Herman, on sopranino sax, clarinet, and the young Philharmonic Greg Herbert on flute and tenor, plus the buglehorn work of Bill Stapleton. And behind the scenes are the sound lead trumpet of home boy and Berklee graduate, Alan Broadbent. Woody grooves.

The best track is "Reunion at Newport '72," a composition and arrangement by that brilliant young New Zealand band, Pat Martino. Woody grooves.

Woody? Better than ever! -R.H.
What makes the Inuit make art

By BARBARA FLANAGAN

Anyone who has seen that classic piece of film documentary, "Nanook of the North" knows that sleeping under bear skins is one of the few aesthetic experiences that Eskimos can afford themselves. And yet, this month, Philadelphia is stocked with fine art from the Arctic Circle. The Philadelphia Museum of Art will be showing 450 pieces of sculpture from the Inuit, or Canadian Eskimos, until March 4. The Makkers of the Makker Gallery journeyed to Canada's government showrooms at Ottawa to make selections for their current show of drawings and carvings. The Works Craft Gallery, too, has a small, but officially tagged display of original Eskimo art.

Canada's government-designed exhibition at the Museum, "Sculture of the Inuit: Masterworks of the Canadian Arctic" has already triggered rave reviews during a grand tour that included the Grand Palais, the British Museum, and the Hermitage in Leningrad. However, let the visitor be warned that all the fresh enthusiasm over the Arctic" has already triggered a campaign to encourage the art of the Inuit. Today, the Eskimo Arts Council advises the department of Northern Affairs about the best ways of promoting Eskimo Art. They improve, protect, expand, and publicize. Recently printmaking equipment has brought an alien art form to the Eskimos who will remain free to adapt the medium as they will.

Houston, a Canadian artist, began an ambitious campaign to encourage the art of the Inuit. Today, the Eskimo Arts Council advises the government about the best ways of promoting Eskimo Art. They improve, protect, expand, and publicize. Recently printmaking equipment has brought an alien art form to the Eskimos who will remain free to adapt the medium as they will.

Houston still uses some romanite defenses to shield the art from sceptics who would pronounce it rudely commercial. He says that although increased contact with white men has replaced the Eskimos' self-sufficiency, the art remains unalienated by formal art training. However, the Eskimo art is not quite so unmarred as a "folk art." Since it only has an indirect use in its own culture. It's difficult to measure the kind of encouragement (a sign of pressure) that are put to the Eskimoes by the Art Council. Do they slip Brancusi and Moore reproductions into the shipments of sculpting tools? Do they stifle caribou-hair-ray art with warning to "keep it quaint?" Houston reminds us that Western art has enjoyed its own commercial motivations. For example, we especially admire the Parisian painters who exchanged drawings for morsels of bread and glasses of wine. Houston points to the fact that Eskimos, too, are subject to the fads and lapses of inspiration that are shared by "true artists everywhere." Government praise often stresses the new economic independence that art sales gives to the Eskimo.

As artificially induced as the right of way...
A flower, a bear, a tear,

A fire and a tear.

The world is what it is,

And you can't change a bit.

The sun is what it is,

And you can't change a bit.

The moon is what it is,

And you can't change a bit.

The stars are what they are,

And you can't change a bit.

The rain is what it is,

And you can't change a bit.

The wind is what it is,

And you can't change a bit.

The snow is what it is,

And you can't change a bit.

The earth is what it is,

And you can't change a bit.

The ocean is what it is,

And you can't change a bit.

The sky is what it is,

And you can't change a bit.

The clouds are what they are,

And you can't change a bit.

The mountains are what they are,

And you can't change a bit.

The valleys are what they are,

And you can't change a bit.

The trees are what they are,

And you can't change a bit.

The leaves are what they are,

And you can't change a bit.

The flowers are what they are,

And you can't change a bit.

The fruits are what they are,

And you can't change a bit.

The grass is what it is,

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An Older Brother

(Continued from page 6)

An Older Brother

43rd Street Magazine

apartment or on the street, anxious

from the apartment or his even on the

door, and hurried up to the window. Doris had locked the doors and rolled the windows

vented off the road, a shock of

light hair disappeared beneath the seat. Doris Wyatt was driving up the Buick. Ronko's heart slowed; it almost stopped.

He angled his car behind the other and hurried up to the window. Doris had locked the doors and rolled the windows

anxiously from a white paint that was near Rudson! There was the Santa Fe bridge over the canal, and beyond it, the new hardware store, then Wyatt Motor. The walls of glass shone brightly, as did the cars inside. Between the showroom cars, an artist's easel held scenes of America, other parts of the country. He could visit in a car bought from Rudson. As a child Ronko had lived in a crowded room. Her lips formed

as he was picturing their faces he realized

that. But even as he was picturing their faces he realized

they had children.

Before the house, her arms, still

closed the fields like walls in the

outer edge of town, and

could drive a "surprise." He

whelmed the water tower and a

ruts and pits, the road

speeding? The gravel clattered

air. A storm is coming.

The road that ran out to his

ruts and pits, the road

into a ditch is bad enough. A

arder than I thought. Don't let it

ruts and pits, the road

The road that ran out to his

on foot! The gravel clattered

away from the churches now, and

an older is he now? Not much more"

stepped down the slope

The road that ran out to his

at him, Ronko noticed the nib of

"It must want to get back in the

father taught you to

The road that ran out to his

on foot! The gravel clattered

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