Dean Gross Resigns Education School Post

By JOHN WYCKOFF

Dean Gross resigned yesterday as dean of the Graduate School of Social Work at the University of Pennsylvania, a university official said.

Gross had been outspoken in his criticism of the school's policies, especially in the area of minority affairs. He was also known for his strong support of affirmative action programs.

The university official said that Gross's resignation was effective immediately, and that the search for a new dean would begin immediately.

Gross, who had been at the university for 15 years, said he was resigning to take a position in the private sector.

The university will begin the search for a new dean immediately, the official said. The search will be conducted by the university's search committee, which includes members from the faculty, administration, and students.

In addition, new programs for the social work program will be introduced. These include a new master's degree in social work and a new minor in social work studies.

The new programs were developed in response to changes in the field of social work and the needs of the community. The new master's degree will be offered online, and the minor will be offered both online and on campus.

The new programs were developed in collaboration with community partners, including social service agencies and non-profit organizations.

The new programs will be funded through a combination of state and federal funding, as well as private donations.

The new programs will be launched in the fall of 2023.
Campus Events

**CW Junior Spends Fall on Campus Afloat**

This fall, Chapman College for Women, has added a new program to the World Campus, open for admission to Chapman College for the fall quarter of 1983.

Bringing a biology major, joined in 200 other college students representing 300 colleges and universities in nearly all its states. September 4 will mark the start of the World Campus for Chapman College. Chapman has a four-hour work week to participate in the extent of the West Coast and the world. The voyage will end December 11 in Los Angeles.

Students carry a regular woman's load and attend classes at any of its ports on the planet, extending the concept of education to the educational program of the traditional campus. Chapman is one of the first educational institutions to offer the students the opportunity to learn on a global scale.

Adorned by the academic program contain varying research projects, and field trips related directly to course work. The academic program has often been arranged, or are social events with local students.

Now in its eighth year, World Campus attracts students of various academic interests and demographic backgrounds. Chapman offers the unique program in international education.

Classes meet regularly while the ship is at sea and return into the field research projects in the ports of call. Certain activities in each part has been prepared to satisfy course requirements. Visits to local universities, colleges and museums, is one of the important aspects of Chapman's academic program. In addition, government offices and other local developments are typical of these visits.

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1724 Sansom St., Phila., Pa. 19103-LO 7-7100
Gross

(Continued from page 1)

front that really is a part-time job. Nearly 70 per cent are full-time students and about 20 per cent are part-time students. Despite the fact that the student body is decorated

University President Dr. Martin Meyerson

We shall soon his leadership in the Graduate School. We attached an account of his plans for work in the various sections or classes in educational policy.”

ELEANOR NOREIK night editor

LIEFSTEN JUNE OLIVIA FEED copy editor

BUZZY BISSINGER Sports Copy Editor

MARK O'MOYNO Adverting Copy Editor

MIKE ROSEMAN Photo Editor

Gross Offers Fall Courses To West Phila.

By STEVE STECKLOW

The University City Arts League, a non-profit, community-oriented organization, is offering fall courses to students and residents of West Philadelphia. The league area ranges from banjo to hatha yoga, and will deal with everything from banjo to hatha yoga. The courses are taught by renowned professors in the field, and can be seen from 4-8 P.M., Monday-Friday through Sept. 26. A registration fee of $10 per course is required of all. The main courses are:

1. An intensive study in informal modern dance, taught by Kay Tuttle, who is teaching at the University of Pennsylvania. The course is for those who have some experience in dance and want to learn more about it. Registration fee: $50.

2. A course in contemporary poetry, taught by Professor John Harrison. The course is for those who want to explore the world of contemporary poetry. Registration fee: $40.

3. A course in jazz improvisation, taught by Professor David Smith. The course is for those who want to learn how to improvise in jazz. Registration fee: $30.

4. A course in contemporary sculpture, taught by Professor Peter Green. The course is for those who want to learn about contemporary sculpture. Registration fee: $40.

5. A course in contemporary photography, taught by Professor Mary Johnson. The course is for those who want to learn about contemporary photography. Registration fee: $50.

6. A course in contemporary music, taught by Professor Joseph Lee. The course is for those who want to learn about contemporary music. Registration fee: $50.

The courses are open to all students and residents of West Philadelphia. For more information, please contact the University City Arts League at 4228 Spruce St., Philadelphia, PA 19104. Phone: 267-1234.
Scrutiny

Shortcomings of the University

By Ben Ginsberg

There is something very disturbing about a campus newspaper that feels itself justified between editorial lines to announce that its own recognition is threatened, or perhaps more accurately, that it feels that the University administration is so threatened by the University's own letter that 12 people have to be producéd, or faculty offices allowing students to stand behind those students' backs, or the corruption of a dean's election, that the list goes on ad infinitum, to the point that even the students, not feeling that the University is developing in any of the same manner toward their future that the nation is threatened, or per-

The Longevity of a Dean

lagacy of a Dean should generally no longer than five to seven years, and the dean's term should be a renewable one. Upon retirement, the dean's position should be consolidated, either by upper reorganizing or by the central administration of the University. Quite the contrary, I submit that Martin Meyerson, like Steller and John Rohrbach deserve the recognition of the history or the support of leadership they are giving the University during the difficult period in the history of higher education in America.

I don't know what the definition of a tenured professor is, but we don't think in terms of years. I'm not so sure.

There are many, many students who the primary value of an education is the intellectual and spiritual enrichment that North America and the world has benefitted from. The academic freedom that the University has always enjoyed has been an important part of the tradition of the University. As the University is now manipulating its financial resources for purposes other than those of the University, it is not in the interest of the students, or the faculty, or the University administration, for that reason, to continue to grow in strength during the difficult period in the history of higher education in America.

It will be able to resolve its problems in an efficacious manner.
Robert Altman has established himself as one of the nation's most outspoken black Congressmen and former Presidential can
didate. His recent appearance was a response to the events in Philadelphia. The fellow with the "What, the study?" grin atop his
decked out in the white Mount men's suit, is clearly a man who has
deed stronger legal defense than a fellow causing a basketball ball. Along those lines is the Philadelphia premier of "The Long Goodbye" on Saturday, September 15 at 7:30 in the Zenthein Theatre of the Arts Auditorium, 30 W. datap Street.

PHILADELPHIA PREMIER: "THE LONG GOODBYE" 7:30 SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 15 AT THE ZENTHEIN THEATRE OF THE ARTS AUDITORIUM, 30 W. 3RD STREET

The column is back. Its good to be Home Again Tomorrow Night Deliverance with B. Reynolds & John Voigt 7 & 9:30 Irvine $1

Midnite Movies Friday the 14th Hitchcock's North by Northwest FA-B1 50*

Sunday September 16 Intruder in the Dust 6 & 10 P.M. by phone.

I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang 7:30 FA-B1 $1.00 for 2 movies

Monday Sept. 17 Alan Bates in King of Hearts 7 & 9:30 Irvine

PUC open Meeting Monday nite 7:00 Houston Hall Bowl Room 'It's fun, It's exciting, It's free'

FRITZ at IRVINE Sept. 29

Movie Committee Meeting Tonight 7 P.M.

New & Old Members of All Movie Committees (Midnite, RLC, PUC, etc.)

Love, Mike

Painted Bride Gallery' Sun Sept. 16 James Brantley Fri Sept. 21 Two Poets: Patience Merriman and Joe Colton 527 South Street

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The Drawbacks of Terror

A penchant for escapism frequently moves this neupehite senor to look back through the four years and three cities of her undergraduate career. News dispatches from Belfast, new revelations from Washington and this compulsion for reminiscence converge in the past, in May of 1970, the end of my freshman year.

It began with an incredible group of us sprawled around the communal TV set listening to Dick Deadyee's attempt to win us for the first time in several years days we of the self-styled "independent radical" faction convened a grudging respect to our hopelessly liberal-political brethren.

Looking back f grin at our incredible lack of foresight. At that time the Revolutionary Youth Movement (RY-M) of the Adder and Teddington around in some strength, leading its inexperienced folowers into open confrontations with police on a theory that a cracked skull revealed all the tyranny of bourgeois society. The local leaders of RY-M had lost touch with their humanitarian roots; their actions became increasingly irresponsible, and their potential supporters drifted into other groups. Now it seemed that we had condensed the bomb threat had yielded to the same rhetorical arrogance and implicit despair that we condemned in the RY-M leaders. The same qualities lie at the heart of any ideology that adopts terror to accomplish its ends.

Recent years have witnessed a sharp increase of terrorist violence on an international scale. Desperate Palestinian guerrillas, whose efforts to secure justice through conventional channels have met with repeated failure in the last twenty-five years, have resorted to bombing, skyjacking and murder to present their case to the world. Without questioning the moral desirability of such tactics, one might well ask what the hijackings and the murderous deaths remain without meaning. Any person who professes to admire the exploits of international terrorists would do well to think through his or her plans for curbing the terror when it is no longer desired. All of us must acquire the habit of looking beyond the next election, the next violent attack, and the next attempt to suppress dissent.

-SUSANNA STURGIS

Theatre and Dance
Medusa: A Fairy Tale

By AUDREY CLEMENT

Medusa was a magic kitten. She was mostly gray, with a white belly, a scar on her tongue, and, of all things, a snake's tail. Her master was a magician named Tulip. Medusa felt sorry for Tulip because she was pining away for her lover Gab, whom she adored but who had split forever.

It all began in April of 1973, when Tulip came to live in a large, Race Street house in Powelton Village. Because Tulip had escaped from a mental hospital after 48 days of involuntary commitment, she was outlawed from her nation in West Philadelphia. Now Powelton Village was a hippy ghetto. And since most of its inhabitants were illiterate drunks, who themselves were outcasts from society, Tulip found grudging acceptance in this community. Her building was the palace of George, president of all West Philadelphia, from the banks of the muddy Schuylkill, north to the wilds of Manius, south to the Gulf oil refineries, and west to City Line Avenue. Powelton Village was not a very prosperous community, so the chicks were all on welfare and the dudes were forced to deal drugs. George, their teenage waiter, had been busted eight times, but because he had a good mind and paid his taxes, he had gotten off the rap. For intellectual stimulation George depended on a dandified named Leon. Leon's alter ego was a cat named Mellow who was totally alpha. Although he was sufficiently in the influence that Medusa decided sexuality was hip and, thereupon, she repulsed Tulip's amorous advances. Leon, who was a heroin fiend, enjoyed tormenting Tulip. He had fallen in love with him. He rejected her on the grounds that she was nuts. Indeed, Tulip was nuts because she had proclaimed her virtue high and low, her soul was black as sin. Tulip was dying of thirst, and she wanted to avenge the loss of her mate. A day or so after Medusa left her mother, a young hippy named Raphael came to visit Tulip's third floor pad. Raphael had long flowing black hair and big baby-blue eyes. He was avidly intelligent and very well bred. Raphael had been given two years probation for resisting the draft. So impressed was Medusa with Raphael that she adopted him as her alter ego and thereafter she became a little toughminded. She decided then and there to play guitar. She put a gimp on cats three times her size, squealing with rage when they spurned her advances. When she was all tuckered out she'd crawl under Tulip's covers and lie in wait for her master. Tulip adored her little pet and showered her with kisses. Medusa returned Tulip's kisses with scratches, and soon Tulip's arms were covered with red rackets.

When George, the only civilized inhabitant of the dwelling, spilt for Chicago, Tulip lost her mind. She fasted on the cops on Charles, the virtuosoo guitarist, who insisted she was a Jerry Garcia fan, and to play guitar. Realizing too late that calling the cops in the jungle was not the way to go, Tulip was given five days notice. Realizing too late that calling the cops in the jungle was not the way to go, Tulip underwent a period of self-induced psychotherapy, during which she developed an equitable relationship with her housemates. Medusa, however, continued to abuse her master and Tulip soon realized why. Brainwashing at the hands of her shrinks and Catholicism at the hands of her friends had destroyed Tulip's sensitivity. Tulip vowed to sue PFG for her imprisonment, and for the first time in months Tulip's snubber was interrupted only by the contented purring of Medusa on her loving master's tummy.

“Race Street Epilogue: On Friday, August 24, George was shot in a racial confrontation with three roughnecks. He lay paralyzed from the neck down. This was, in the author's opinion, the worst tragedy since Medusa arrived in West Philadelphia, inasmuch as George is truly a noble man.”

By MARC L. ROVERE

With the massive coverage given the 1972 Olympics on international television, the David Wolper organization had to come up with a uniquely cinematic idea that would rival the appeal of the livingroom set. They decided to have eight internationally-known film directors present their personal visions of Munich. The owner's decision of what event to include is not made with the film directors present. They decided to have eight different director's impressions on the events of Munich. The film is flexible because it allows eight different director's impressions on the event. The film is rigidly flexible format of the event, the desired effect should be achieved. The film is pre-selected events, and, come Noah's flood, that is what we are going to do.

This response is built into the rigidly flexible format of the event. The film is flexible because it allows eight different director's impressions on the event. The film is rigidly flexible format of the event, the desired effect should be achieved. The film is pre-selected events, and, come Noah's flood, that is what we are going to do.

The humanity of the runner is brought to the screen, not in a screaming symbol, but in one of the 1200 athletes. The humanity of the runner is brought to the screen, not in a screaming symbol, but in one of the 1200 athletes. The humanity of the runner is brought to the screen, not in a screaming symbol, but in one of the 1200 athletes. The humanity of the runner is brought to the screen, not in a screaming symbol, but in one of the 1200 athletes.

Famous names do not make a masterpiece. Just not suited to inhuman actions.

Schlesinger focuses on the question of whether the runner loses. He shows him jogging fifteen miles to work every day in anticipation of winning for self, friends, and country. In such a context, the training and desire to win evidence the obsession that can brush aside a tragedy that threatens in a concentrated effort.

But the runner loses. Schlesinger shows the runner and running but, after the first marker, distance is always remaining behind. He comes in sixth and one can almost hear him thinking: "Where did I go wrong?" "At what point should I have saved my wind?" "Should I have pushed myself harder?" The humanity of the runner is clearly brought to the screen, not in a screaming symbol, but in one man's effort.

Milo Forman's "The Deer Hunter" (Czech) provides the comic relief through the imaginative juxtaposition of Ringo Starr's "For No One" from the Beatles with the super-event of the Games. The gamut of emotional strength is matched against the super-human efforts that stretch over a period of 1000 years. But despite Forman's effort, there is a true comedy at Munich. There is little purchase on the boxed editions of the boxing judges nor, pointedly, in Avery Brundage's failure to halt the long jump. The true record of the Olympics lies buried in ABC's videotape storeroom, not in Visions of Eight.
though, that is even more bleak and terrifying than joblessness. It can be seen in those who are only on the fringes of the violence: the children. "The wee children" runs as a lament from the adults of the other side. "But it was the way they were being thrown that made it different. Young kids throwing with rage and screaming things while the women...cheered and shook their fists."

The despair is not only for Ireland. In a brief epilogue that shows Dermot after he comes back to Queens, we once again see him preying on the Blacks. The insights and compassion gained in his Irish education are real enough, but the shield of his earlier schooling is impenetrable. Dermot returns to his old haunts, and as he sees Catholics and Protestants of the same age hurling rocks and bottles at the adults of the other side. "But there was nothing else and it is very sad."

"One hears these words, spoken in a voice much too quiet to attract a crowd in a bar, and one realizes that the man's pride in his achievement and his sorrow for the wasted talents of his people are not going to be recognized by those who know only the public Breslin. Most people will see the brazen wit and the bluster and they'll be amused: others will see the same act and find him a crude, fat bum who drinks too much. One cannot argue with these people who are only entertained or offended. Breslin encourages these reactions by his demonstrative philistinism and his eagerness to grab the big laugh. After the 1969 campaign with Norman Mailer, an effort that Theodore White called "one of the most serious campaigns run in the United States in the last five years," Breslin, as usual, got in the last line. "I am mortified," he said, "to have taken part in a process that required the bars to be closed." One laughs, and one wouldn't even want to lose the performing Breslin, but it is a bit sad nonetheless.

"I would say that the attitudes of any human being do not change," says Jimmy Breslin, and, of course, nobody is going to change Jimmy Breslin. So, in a few years, when he is reading the favorable reviews of his next serious fiction book and he finds a rare incomplimentary passage, he'll probably turn to his drinking companions. But none of his friends and Marvin the Torch, and say something nasty about the reviewer's mother. His two friends will nod and then, grinning, make creative proposals for widowing the reviewer's wife. One thing is certain: the conversation will not be taking place in Elaine's.
By ANDREW FEINBERG

It had been a day of confusion, intolerable heat, and frantic phone calls, a day of general, all-out chaos. Just after noon I received a call from Rich Barber, Jimmy Breslin's publicity man at Viking Press, that set everything in motion. That call made one thing certain: my 2:30 meeting with Breslin at Jimmy's restaurant was in jeopardy. Breslin was downtown at Manhattan's First Precinct on an assignment for WNBC-TV and Rich would call me again at Jimmy's with more information.

Rich got back to me. No new information. Breslin was still tied up downtown. A wait. Another call and a short wait. It was 3:15. Then some new information. Rich didn't think Breslin was tied up anymore, but, well, Rich wasn't quite sure just where Breslin was, but he'd get back to me. He got back to me. Breslin was on his way uptown, more or less. doing an interview on the run with two New Jersey newspapermen. He was on his way to NBC to tape his spot on the six o'clock news and he'd get to Jimmy's (two blocks away) very soon. There was one other interesting piece of information. Rich and Jimmy were to catch a 6:00 flight to Washington to do a meeting with Breslin at Jimmy's two blocks away. It was 4:45. Rich Barber walked into the studio and said he'd be right over. At 5:15 Jimmy Breslin, trailed by the two New Jersey newspapermen, walked up to the bar at Jimmy's. He looked calm and cool. As if he had just lost the tiebreaker in the fifth set at Forest Hills. We shook hands. Then I sat down and shook my head. It was 5:05. I began thinking about the 6:00 flights and I started to rehearse my lines. "Hello, Mr. Breslin. It's very nice to meet you. Have a nice flight." Rich was re-entering the world of the living with a vengeance. The acceptance of a television job does not, however, mark a significant shift in the career of Jimmy Breslin. It is nothing like the decision he made almost five years ago to drop his regular newspaper column. I quit the newspapers after 1961. I had to cover two assassinations, King and Kennedy, and murders and courts; then the Democratic National Convention, which was like the Gates of Hell, and then the Nixon election. I loved doing the column, but I had done it for so long that I just couldn't go anymore. In 1968 I also wrote my first fiction book, The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight. I had never thought of writing fiction at all until I did that book, and then I said, 'Fuck it. I think I know how to do these things. I'm going to sit down now and do something serious and cut myself off from the rest of the people. You know, they keep lumping me in as just another newspaperman. Well, I'll show them. I'll set myself off.' The first fifty pages of The Gang That Couldn't Shoot Straight were atrocious. People I knew said that my idea of a lead on the book was just disgraceful, and they didn't know how the hell they got to page fifty-one. After that the book kind of got a little humorous. I didn't show it to anyone before it was published. I just wrote this. It was just a little bit more careful. I had a couple of people look at the new book and it's 4800 per cent better.

The theme of the book is that Breslin takes the barrage of interviews, meetings, and autograph sessions as seriously as he sets out to sell this new book. "There's a whole new thing in communicating which anyone in the book business will tell you. A person who writes a book had better be able to go out, to go bookmakers, assorted hustlers, and the list gets worse can only serve to boost sales. Breslin, despite his pronouncements about lack of ego involvement, wants to be recognized as a serious fiction writer. He doesn't use big words like "novelist" and thinks, quite rightly, that he is a damn good one. Barrack's antics and shadiness: you know why a bar is called a bar. The current assignee for Breslin's chaotic existence, aside from the NBC thing is all right for money. The New York City Council of New York. He believed deeply that the election of his running mate, Norman Mailer, as Mayor, was the only way to save the city he loved. When Breslin felt that his reputation as a "clown" was hurting Mailer's candidacy, he drafted a statement of withdrawal. It was not carried over because Mailer requested that Breslin remain and continue to contribute to the campaign. As things turned out, he was opposed Mailer by 38,000 to 4,000.

Breslin would not say in so many words that his image would cause some reviewers to dismiss his book without careful consideration. But then again, he never said directly that he took pride in his writing. What he did state, in the Sunday Times Book Review of three weeks ago, was the "deshumanizing effect" that his writing had on him. "I always wanted to do something different, to write something that made me look at my life in a different way," he said. "I always wanted to do something new, to write something that was new, to write something that was different."

Breslin is most memorable for his columns that have been concerned with debts, debts that husbands keep from their wives, debts that are settled and always mounting. In "The Art of Saving," he wrote, "Nearly everybody we know has a shell shock to his bed each morning, testing his breath with a hand mirror to make sure he is alive. To Breslin's people, losers all, from the Mets to the Mafia, the unfamous New York blackouts had nothing to do with generator difficulties upstate. These poor souls, whose ends, when they meet, seem always to meet in the wrong places, viewed the situation pretty. 'I should have paid the

(more)
The Greening of Jimmy Breslin

(Continued from page 3)

since 'of a Sunday night, 32.5 per cent of the book reviewers in the world can be found in Elaine's (see Manhattan) it is very difficult for a Queens writer to get a fair shake. He laughed when questioned about the article.

'Of course the piece was antagonistic, because I knew they were going to give the book to thought I did very well covering the trial day by day for the paper, I always thought I was pretty good at that. Roy Reed of the Times was also working on the story. Then a rat named Roger Kahn, who wrote The Boys of Summer, wrote a piece for The Saturday Evening Post. Kahn always looked to put needles into other people and in the article he

up staying so late that when I got to the Today show, set in the morning I didn't know where the hell I was.

So I spoke to Salisbury a couple of days ago and he just said, 'I was so glad I had a chance to rectify that, you know, those things.' And I said, 'But how the hell am I going to take back all the fucking things I called you for?'

This seems to be the basic pattern for reviews thus far; little of the condescension and snickering that Breslin expected has anything to do with print. Perhaps the bars and wisecracks are whipped over aperitifs, but perhaps not even there. In public, at the very least, Jimmy Breslin has been accepted as a fiction-writer. In fact, things are going so well that one may wake up one day to find Breslin's name splashed in Kelly green on the cover of the New York Review of Books. The only place they may refer to his talents is his own backyard - Queens. This, however, does not surprise Breslin.

'Nobody in Queens has seen the book. The story in a place like that, if you write about the kind of neighborhood where very little book buying is done, would be a year from now I'll be having a drink at a bar and somebody will break a bottle over my head, and I don't know why. And then I'll wake up an hour later and discover that the paperback has just gotten on the newsstand. That's where that'll come from.'

Breslin's pride in his writing surfaces again when he speaks of the lack of credentials which most reviewers bring to their task.

'I don't think that somebody who doesn't write for a living can sit on the side and pass judgments and make opinions. He doesn't know what he's talking about. Three weeks ago the book was playing big in the Philadelphia Bulletin and it was reviewed there by somebody in the English Department. He thought the first part in Queens was good, but that a year from now I'll be going to Ireland and he had all kinds of technical reasons and reasons that I don't understand. But, see, he's a fucking dope who teaches. He doesn't know that this whole game begins with the English sentence. If you can't write an English sentence, then you're never going to write anything well. The sentences in this book, I am confident, will carry a person through anything, through technical flaws and over bumps in the road. Simple sentences follow one another, set in a rhythm, will carry people. I know what is a flaw and what isn't. I can tell my professor about things he doesn't know about. But what constitutes a flaw to him in the classroom does not constitute a flaw in the reader's mind.'

'This is the first time I've ever talked like this in my life, because I'm just essentially a newspaper guy who went out and did something. But it comes from two and a half years at the typewriter, writing one book, and knowing through twenty years of writing for people what will keep a reader from quitting on you. Having done it every day for a living, I am not too quick to accept the judgment of a fucking who's never done anything and never will. Fuck him and his judgments. I know better. Arrogance and stubbornness! Perhaps Breslin is overstating his case a bit, but he by no means ignores all the criticism he receives.

'This says if Willird Sheed and Mike Royko say something about the book, that would be a different story. It would be tough to argue with these two. Even I'd have done it themselves and they know. And I wouldn't expect a bad review from them because we generally think pretty much alike when it comes to what keeps a reader with you and what doesn't.'

***

World Without End, Amen is, as Sheed and other writers agree, a fine novel, one so good that Breslin's fear of rejection by the Elaine's congregation seems, even if his roots and character are held against him, completely unrealistic. The background of the book is 'the special doctrine of Diocese of Brooklyn (see Queens) Roman Catholic American,' in which constant recitation of the Baltimore Catechism is required to assist in the resistance of temptation, and patent leather shoes are for-forgotten for girls because a boy might look down at them and see a girl's dress. Through repeated drilling one emerges with an education of 'conservative religion, patriotism, and obedience.' It is an education that sticks and, for some, it sticks and hardens.

For Dermot Davey, a twenty-nine-year-old Irish Catholic policeman who lives in Queens, the fortress formed by his prior schooling is not airtight. Evil has entered his life through an unkind man. His failure as a husband, a father, as a cop, with booze and with his gun, and with the minority groups whom


Waiting to go on the air.
The morning Johno only looks up the white guys in the box score... Sometimes he doesn't even know who won the game."

The bar talk of Queens, the patter and repeated phrases, is brilliantly handled by Breslin. He has always shown, from the early columns on, a perfect ear for New York speech. This gift is not required, however, in Dermot's world outside of the bars and the pretentious house. It is a world of silence. Conversation with his wife is almost impossible (no one ever taught him how to communicate) and she has no help to offer him. "Always, no matter what was going on, she was a woman staring at the stove waiting for coffee water to boil."

Dermot's only moments of complete security come when he rises in a bar, along with twenty other "police brothers," feels his gun in his holster, and sings "The Star-Spangled Banner." It is not much to hold on to. A police charter to Ireland serves as a temporary way out. Dermot goes with no foolish hopes, taking as little with him as he leaves behind.

The structure of the novel is dangerously simple, however. Dermot's role is completely reversed in Northern Ireland, where he visits his father. He is not the victim, senselessly beaten by Protestant police and British troops. He falls in love with a beautiful Marxist follower of Bernadette Devlin (a technical description: she isn't much of a character), and the girl further educates him about his Irish Catholic heritage. The sentences, though, do overcome any difficulties that exist with the plot. The descriptions are without exception powerful and moving: the blazing riots in Belfast and Derry; the soggy browns of the countryside in yellows, browns, and greens, the jobless Irishmen who slouch. This disastrous unemployment in Northern Ireland seems to have struck Breslin with almost as much force as the frequent bloodshed.

There's a Breslin clan of people in Derry in Ulster and I met them in the midst of a riot. I would help him get a job. Bernadette Devlin could help him out and commits crimes, outside a put-on Nobody working goes out and commits crimes, outside a few. They'll always do it, through the history of the world. No if nobody does anything about jobs, they're not going to accomplish anything, either in this country or in Northern Ireland."

The trouble in Northern Ireland has had almost no effect on the Irish in New York because eighty per cent of them are four and five generations removed, and their idea of 'Irish' is a juke box filled with IRA records."

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Gray in 1980. With her appointment as provost for Yale, she became the first woman to hold an important administrative position in the university. Gray has had a long association with Yale University, having taught there since the mid-1970s. She is also one of the first women on the governing board of the university.

Commenting on her appointment, Gray said that it is especially significant considering the small number of women teaching in the sciences. "Coeducation is a recent phenomenon at New Haven and beyond," Gray said, "and it is in that addition to her unusual position, she has made the following contributions: "

- The future looks bright for women in science, she said, "because of the growing interest in science education."
- The field of science is becoming more diverse, she said, "and women are becoming more involved in the field.

Gray has been the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences at Northwestern. Prior to her appointment, she taught history at Harvard, the University of Chicago, and Northwestern. A native of New Haven, Conn., Gray grew up in New Haven and attended Smith College, where she earned her B.A. in history. She received her M.A. and Ph.D. in history from Yale.

Gray's research interests include the history of science and technology, and she has written several books on the subject. She is also a member of the American Historical Association and the History of Science Society.

Gray's appointment is proof that "now is a time when women can play an important role in the sciences," she said. "Women should not be limited by sex roles, and they should be encouraged to pursue their interests in science.

Gray is a strong supporter of coeducation and believes that women should be treated equally in all aspects of the academic world. She is also a strong advocate for women's rights and believes that women should have equal opportunities in all fields of study.
Sociology I Revamped to Include Guest Lecturers, Classic Readings

By ANNETTE LEVINSON

This semester the sociology department is offering an entirely revamped version of its most popular course. To judge from the enthusiastic response of students already enrolled, the course is likely to remain popular throughout the year.

However, the changes that have been made are designed not only to add variety to the course, but also to increase the level of student interest and participation. These changes include:

- **The course syllabus** has been completely overhauled, with the help of several guest lecturers from other fields.
- **Readings** have been selected from a wide range of sources, including works by classic sociological theorists.
- **Recitation groups** are led by experts from various fields, including anthropology, political science, and history.
- **Assignments** now include projects that require students to engage in field research and analysis.

The course is divided into two main parts: the first part focuses on classical sociological theory, while the second part explores contemporary issues in sociology.

Undergraduates: AN INTRODUCTORY MEETING OF THE RECORD

the yearbook of the University of Pennsylvania

All student-artists, photographers, writers, poets, lay-out talents, businessmen, organizers, etc...
...urgently to attend!

7:30 p.m. Tonight
Ivy Room
(2nd floor Houston Hall)
Statue Adorned by 'The White Turban'

To Welcome Freshmen to Quadrangle

By MIKE LEITWORTZ

It wears the familiar crown and holds the accustomed torch. Even a sign of its base once bore a recognizable quotation. Yet, the statue which stands in privacy to the right is performing a unique role of welcoming students.

The crown and torch are papered, watered, and set on an upper Quad originally dedicated to a Rosco Weiland, son of one of Franklin's contemporaries. Taking credit for the alteration is local group, the "White Turban." According to an alternative theory, the "White Turban" is a "group of Penn Pennsylvanians for a fair and just policy toward the black residents to the Quad.

The statue is "an unfamiliar role of welcoming students out for a good time, pulling pranks and generally creating problems," said Ralph I. Rosenthal, who has been studying urination along with the Health Research Group, a Ralph Franklin organization.

Rosenthal and C.D.'s case is one of a few others that fit with his own "one of several things" that will be done to combat "inappropriate" problems which Superkinkel and College Hall Green as possible targets. "It is a political type problem," said Rosenthal, "that although there is no particular problem of the group, it would be nice to have some kind of reference that the group, if not the individuals, have a history, but he declined to elaborate. When asked if the group represented any type of organized movement, he said, "No, that would not be a fair statement."

The group officially stood as a sign at the base of the statue, but it disappeared the next day. A note left by the group on the statue stated, "Thanks for the attention of the true likeness of Liberty."

Your body hardening process must not cease.

The whipped refuse of your learning playground still</p>

Wald

(Continued from page 1)

sterilization abuse, said Ralph I. Rosenthal (Continued from page 2)

sterilization abuse, said Ralph I. Rosenthal. He also said that he would see the group as a fair statement, and that non-sterilization operations, wording to- would be a fair statement. The group officially stood as a sign at the base of the statue, but it disappeared the next day. A note left by the group on the statue stated, "Thanks for the attention of the true likeness of Liberty." Your body hardening process must not cease.

The whipped refuse of your learning playground still
Bruins, Big Red Threaten Penn

BY STEVE MEYER

The Harvard Crimson

The Presence of the Penn Quakers in the Ivy League football finale this year could mean that the Harvard Crimson, although losing its last game, will still be considered one of the top teams in the Ivy League. The Crimson is coming off a 2-3 season, but has shown signs of improvement in recent years.

The Crimson will face the PennQuakers on Saturday, November 10, at Franklin Field. The game is anticipated to be a close contest, with both teams vying for respect and pride in the Ivy League.

Will the Crimson be able to pull out a win against the PennQuakers? Only time will tell. Stay tuned for updates on this exciting football game.

Sports

By KEITH MERRILL

The Daily Princetonian

The Princeton men's basketball team will face off against the University of Pennsylvania on Saturday, January 12, at 7:30 PM in the Jadwin Gymnasium.

The game is expected to be highly competitive, as both teams have shown strong performances in recent games. The Princeton team is ranked 15th in the nation, while the Penn team is ranked 21st.

Will Princeton be able to secure a victory against Penn? Only time will tell. Stay tuned for updates on this exciting basketball game.

St. Louis Tops the Charts

In Seddon's Fall Forecast

BY KEITH MERRILL

The Daily Princetonian

The St. Louis Cardinals have been ranked as the top team in the National League Central Division, according to Seddon's Fall Forecast. The Cardinals have been consistently strong in recent years, making them a top contender for the World Series.

The forecast predicts that the Cardinals will secure the division title, with a strong performance from their pitching and hitting. Stay tuned for updates on the Cardinals' progress throughout the season.

Boothes Age Gracefully; Could Better1972 Record

By BYRD R. BIY CHIUK

The Daily Princetonian

A special recognition is given to the Princeton University women's track and field team, which has aged gracefully despite the passage of time. The team's core members have been with the program for over 20 years, and their experience has contributed to the team's success in recent years.

The team is projected to achieve even better results in the future, as they continue to develop and improve. Stay tuned for updates on the team's progress throughout the season.
A penchant for escapism frequently moves this neophyte student off campus and back through the four years and three cities of her undergraduate career. News dispatches from home reveal the latest wave of letters from the university announcing that all university buildings and the Embassy in Washington, D.C., British soldiers had been warned not to hitchhike in uniform, since the Provisionals of the Irish Republican Army allegedly intended to kidnap and kill soldiers at random. By bringing the violence of Ulster into England itself, the terrorists hope to mobilize British public opinion to demand an end to the British presence in Ireland. This goal is admirable enough: the American civil rights movement tried frequently to do the same thing through demonstrations, teach-ins, draft riots, and films. But the Irish terror draws no lines between sympathizers and opponents. Bombs have been loaded for the hands of others. Terror appeals to the irrational point by arousing fear and hatred. Terror is so uncontrollable that the motives of its practitioners must be called into question.

Scotland Yard has suggested one interesting motive for the summer of terror. The theory is that highly visible attacks increase the generosity of IRA financial supporters, that arms come where arms are used. It is no secret that many of these contributors are Americans with little or no chance of becoming victims in the conflict. Their decision to buy a piece of the action is at least as despicable as the sending of bombs. In any case, the ones who will build a new society in Ulster if and when the British pull out are more concerned with those who will, including each maker and sender of an IRA bomb, in a world where means so often generate their own ends and where human beings are frequently trapped by their own short-sighted decisions.

Costa-Gavras' controversial, thought-provoking film State of Siege, which is based on the kidnapping of an Agency for International Development official in Uruguay, includes a moving sequence of young Tupamaros caught between their humanitarian instincts and their publicized vows to assassinate the prisoner if their demands are not met. A strange, tenuous, almost respectful relationship grows up between the A.I.D. man Santore and his captors, though they remain, of course, implacable enemies. Still, the decision has to be made: will Santore live or die? The guerrilla leaders poll their membership during a series of busrides through the streets of Montevideo, as expected, the majority vote for execution, but the decision is by no means unanimous. Costa-Gavras captures the agonizing doubt in the faces of the revolutionaries as several decide that Santore the human being is more important than Santore the counterinsurgency expert. This cinematic demonstration of depth far surpasses anything written in either the established or the alternative press; Costa-Gavras' Tupamaros win the viewer's sympathy regardless of his or her political convictions. It is harder to read humanity into the deeds of the IRA or the various Palestinian groups, but it is easy enough to see how they have boxed themselves in. The Palestinians have resorted to many of the same tactics that the Israelis used to drive them from their lands in 1948. The Israeli hawks of the Defense Council have since displayed a narrowed vision and a racial hatred that merit comparison with those of the Nazis. One wonders how long the Palestinians will be able to reconcile their commitment to a democratic, non-sectarian state in Palestine with their indiscriminate response to international murder.

Terror is the strategy of the desperate. The logic that comes to power through the use of terror by implication condones the use of similar means against it, as one who takes control in a bloody coup increases the odds that he will lose his power in the same way. Bold visions slowly yield to brute repression, and the uncounted deaths remain without meaning. Any person who professes to admire the exploits of the international terrorists would do well to think twice about his or her plans for curbing the terror when it is no longer desired. All of us must acquire the habit of looking beyond the next election, the next ban, the next appeal and next attempt to suppress dissent.

--SUSANNA STURGIS

The Drawbacks of Terror

The first day of the class boycott was going well, until it became apparent that a certain feroeious professor of chemistry had no intention of exempting his students from a scheduled exam.

For the first time in several anxious days of we the students' "independent" faction conceded a grudging respect to our hopelessly liberal-political brethren.

Looking back I cringe at our incredible lack of foresight. At that time the Revolutionary Youth Movement (RYM-2) of the old SDS was still around in some strength, leading its inexperienced followers into open confrontations with police on the theory that a creased skilled government buildings and the Embassy in Washington, D.C., British soldiers had been warned not to hitchhike in uniform, since the Provisionals of the Irish Republican Army allegedly intended to kidnap and kill soldiers at random. By bringing the violence of Ulster into England itself, the terrorists hope to mobilize British public opinion to demand an end to the British presence in Ireland. This goal is admirable enough: the American civil rights movement tried frequently to do the same thing through demonstrations, teach-ins, draft riots, and films. But the Irish terror draws no lines between sympathizers and opponents. Bombs have been loaded for the hands of others. Terror appeals to the irrational point by arousing fear and hatred. Terror is so uncontrollable that the motives of its practitioners must be called into question.

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The Greening of Jimmy Breslin

By ANDREW FEINBERG

It had been a day of confusion, intolerable heat, and frantic phone calls, a day of general, all-out chaos. Just after noon I received a call from Rich Barber, Jimmy Breslin's publicity man at Viking Press, that set everything in motion. That call made one thing certain: my 2:30 meeting with Breslin at Jimmy's restaurant was in jeopardy. Breslin was downtown at Manhattan's First Precinct on an assignment for WBNC-TV and Rich would call me again at Jimmy's with more information.

Rich got back to me. No new information. Breslin was still tied up downtown. A wait. Another call and a short wait. It was 3:15. Then some new information. Rich didn't think Breslin was tied up anymore, but, well, Rich wasn't quite sure just where Breslin was, but he'd get back to me.

He got back to me. Breslin was on his way uptown, more or less, doing an interview on the run with two New Jersey newspapermen. He was on his way to NBC to tape his spot on the six o'clock news and he'd get to Jimmy's two blocks away very soon. There was one other interesting piece of information. Rich and Jimmy were to catch a 6:00 flight to Washington to do a radio show there. I gulped and hung up. It was 3:45.

At 4:30 Rich was no longer in his office. I panicked and called Breslin at NBC. He apologized and said he'd be right over. At 4:45 Rich Barber walked into Jimmy's. He looked calm and cool. As if he had just lost the tie-breaker in the fifth set at Forest Hills. We shook hands. Then I sat down and shook.

It was 5:00. I began thinking about 6:00 flights and I started to rehearse my lines. "Hello, Mr. Breslin. It's very nice to meet you. Have a nice flight."

At 5:15 Jimmy Breslin, trailed by the two New Jersey newspapermen, walked up to the bar at Jimmy's. He was pale and looked too tired to sweat. In a surprisingly weak voice he apologized to both Rich and me for losing control of his day. He mumbled something about catching a 7:00 flight. Then he was at the bar, and, it seemed only seconds later, handing drinks all around, greeting people, his voice getting louder, and passing still more drinks. He was drinking at a healthy rate now, surrounded by people, and was re-entering the world of the living with a vengeance.

As one watched this awesome transformation, one soon realized why a bar is called a "watering hole." For Breslin this was nothing less than a survival stop. He now appeared marvelously comfortable with his drinks, and a small cigar completed the picture of a man who wears his vices well. Twenty-five minutes before he had entered with his energy sapped, a battered and almost empty dry cell. In its place, as we pilled into a cab headed for LaGuardia Airport, looking ready to take on almost anything, was a highly charged wet cell.

The current cause for Breslin's chaotic existence, aside from the NBC position, is the publication of his second novel, World Without End, Amen (Viking). "I spent two and a half years under a rock writing one long fiction book, and I wanted to get back into daily life a little bit. The NBC thing is all right for money, but that isn't the main reason for doing it. I do it to be known in New York, to talk, to shake hands and just plain sell because the competition for a reader's time has gotten so heated and the economies of publishing so narrow that you've got to go out and grab the free space for yourself and your product. There's no such thing as staying home. I would say that the publishers take this into account when they begin a book with an author. They're not going to invest heavily in a book whose author can't go on the Today show. I don't think they should. Most authors should be able to go on shows and talk, there's no question about it. Shakespeare did it. Mark Twain did it. Why shouldn't a bum, a fat bum named Breslin do it?"

The emphasis on sales ability should not be surprising from a man who grew up in a poor Catholic neighborhood in Queens. Throughout his career he has stressed the fact that he is a "working writer." "I just write because I've got to. I don't write for my own ego or to prove points. I've got six kids and a lot of bills and I've got to work."

Some of Breslin's most memorable columns have been concerned with debts, debts that husbands keep from their wives, debts never settled and always mounting. In "The Art of Saving" he wrote, "Nearly everybody knows he has a shelfock next to his bed each morning, testing his breath with a hand mirror to make sure he is alive." To Breslin's people, losers all, from the Mets to the Mafia, the infamous New York blackout had nothing to do with generator difficulties and these poor souls, whose ends, when they meet, seem always to meet in the wrong place. He viewed the situation with admirable simplicity: "I should have paid the bill."  

Breslin takes the barrage of interviews, meetings, and autograph sessions very seriously as he sets out to sell this new book. "There's a whole new thing in communicating which anyone who knows in the book business will tell you. A person who writes a book had better be able to go out, to go everywhere in the country, to talk, to shake hands and just plain sell." It was just a terrible year. I just wrote it. This time I was a little more careful. I had a couple of people look at the new book and it's 4,000 per cent better."

It's all right to read the Sunday Times Book Review - if your book is on the New and Recommended list.
The Greening of Jimmy Breslin

(Continued from page 3)

since 'of a Sunday night, 32.5 per cent of the book reviewers in the world can spend a day in Manhattan it is very difficult for a Queens writer to get a fair shake.

He laughed when questioned about the article.

"Of course the piece was anti-automobile, because I knew they were going to give the book to thought I did very well covering the trial day by day for the paper, I always thought I was pretty good at that. Roy Reed of the Times was also working on the story. Then a rat named Roger Kahn, who wrote The Boys of Summer, wrote a piece for The Saturday Evening Post. Kahn always looked to put needles into other people and in the article he

stayed so late that when I got to the Today show the next day I didn't know where the hell I was.

"So I spoke to Salisbury a couple of days later and he just said, 'I was so glad I had a chance to rectify that, you know, those things.' And I said, 'But how the hell am I going to take back all the fucking things I called you?'

"This seems to be the basic barrier for reviewers. I haven't had a lot of ink, but I think people resent the fact that he was trying to hurt me. And that isn't pacifist. This is a cover-up. It goes. I knew I had to have a piece in there. I wanted it to run the week before, to put them on

notice. For a couple of reasons: I know I can write better than anyone they get on the fuckin' paper, that the Times has always thought that anything I wrote would get more notice. But also the Sunday paper would be afraid to say anything positive, for fear of being laughed at, particularly in his set. He couldn't hurt me, but I could hurt him. And I wouldn't expect a bad review from them because I'm in the class at the Times has always accepted as a fiction-writer. In fact, things are going so well that one may wake up one day to find Breslin's name splashed in Kelly green on the cover of The New York Review of Books. The only place I thought Breslin's talents is his own backyard. Queens. This, however, does not surprise me.

"Nobody in Queens has seen the book. I never saw that sort of thing. I called him up and he told me. The sentences in this book. I

The New York Times quoted a Salisbury memo saying that I thought Reed's coverage of the trial was superb, much better than any other paper and then Salisbury said something about Breslin with his harpoon style.' So I says, 'This dirty mother-fucker!' and I started to call him every name in the book for the next month. I can't remember how many years.

Then the other night I'm a at a bar in Queens. It was a Thursday night and I had to get up at 5:30, six o'clock the next morning to do another paper. I wasChannels

Grabbing everything but the last some junker who didn't know anything, a clerk, and he'd write copy, and the editor's review. See, there are pieces of info which will help me. Then there I wanted to run the book buying is done, would be back door. His failures as that, if you write about the kind of a man who would be on the television and make a mistake going to Ireland and he had all kinds of technical reasons and this and that. But, see, he's a fucking dope who teaches. He doesn't know that this whole game begins with the English sentence. If you can't write an English sentence, then you're never going to go through anything well. The sentences which are kind of unconfident, will carry a person through anything, through technical flaws, because the ideas are good. And the sentences which are kind of unconfident, will carry a person through anything, through technical flaws, because the ideas are good. And the sentences which are kind of unconfident, will carry a person through anything, through technical flaws, because the ideas are good.

"I don't think that somebody who doesn't write for a living can sit on the side and pass judgments and make opinions. He doesn't know what he's talking about.

Breslin's respect for the ruling classes at the Times has always been a bit suspect ("I even knew one of them who wasn't a pompous!"). Eight years ago an incident occurred that caused him to question the integrity of Timesman Harrison E. Salisbury, now an Associate Editor of the paper. Salisbury's actions landed him an untreasured spot on Breslin's annual list of the untrustworthy. "People I'm Not Talking To Next Year." Breslin was jilted into recalling the story by the surprising fact that Salisbury reviewed World Without End, Amen is, as Sheed and other writers agree, a fine novel, one so good that Breslin's fear of rejection by the Elaine's congregation seems, even if his roots and character are held against him, completely unrealistic. The background of the book is "the special doctrine of Diocese of Brooklyn (see 'Queena') Roman Catholic American," in which constant recitation of the Baltimore Catechism is required to assist in the resistance of temptation, and popular leather shoes are forbidden for girls because a boy might look down at them and see up a girl's dress. Through repeated drilling one emerges with an education of "conservative religion, patriotism, and obedience." It is an education that sticks and, for some, it sticks and hardens.

For Dermot Davey, a twenty-nine year-old Irish Catholic policeman who lives in Queens, the fortress formed by his prior schooling is not airtight. Evil has entered his life through an un-noticed back door. His failures as a husband, a father, as a cop, as an ex-police officer, and with the minority groups whom the the classroom does not constitute a flaw to what he don't know about. But what constitutes a flaw to him in the classroom does not constitute a flaw in the reader's mind.

"This is the first time I've ever talked like this in my life, because I'm just essentially a newspaper guy who went out and did something. But it comes from two and a half years at the typewriter, writing one book, and knowing through twenty years of writing for people what will keep a reader from quitting on you. Next time I do it every day for a living, I am not too quick to accept the judgment of a fucker who's never done anything and never will. Fuck him and his judgments. I know better."

Arrogance and stubbornness? Perhaps Breslin is overstating his case a bit, but he by no means spares all the criticism he receives.

"If guys like Wilfrid Sheed and Mike Royko say something about the book, that would be a different story. It would be tough to argue with them because they've done it themselves and they know. And I wouldn't expect a bad review from them because

we generally think pretty much alike when it comes to what keeps a reader with you and what doesn't."

***

World Without End, Amen is, as Sheed and other writers agree, not as much a novel as it is a collection of disjointed stories about people and events. Breslin is always looking for ways to make his stories stick and for people what

Waiting to go on the air.

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fine instruments classical & folk repairs - music
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(Celebration of page 3)
sinks into despair.

Breslin, who had three policemen in the family and once even began preparation for the Police Department text, had always felt very close to the men on the force and he recognizes the monumental difficulties that the job presents. There are pressures and temptations that exist nowhere else. It is of course, better to be a clean and thoughtful cop, but he does not condemn those who, like Dermot, have gone astray. Breslin's description of the Queens courthouse routine reveals transgressions made by all parties; defendant, lawyer, arresting officer, and judge. It is not a moral world that Dermot inhabits and, therefore, the author refuses to judge him morally. He doesn't even condemn those cops who hate the blacks they police, although he does ridicule some of them.

John Dermot's partner, is a bukki, boozing, piglike policeman. When Johno watches a basketball game he only sees the white players. The Knicks usually play two of them. If one white guy doesn't have the ball, or if one of them isn't guarding someone with the ball, Johno doesn't know what's going on in the game. Because he only watches the white guys. Then in the morning Johno only looks up the white guys in the box score...sometimes he doesn't even know who won the game."

The bar talk of Queens, the patter and repeated phrases, is brilliantly handled by Breslin. He has always shown, from the early columns on, a perfect ear for New York speech. This gift is not required, however, in Dermot's world outside of the bars and the precinct house. It is a world of silence. Conversation with his wife is almost impossible (no one ever taught him how to communicate) and he has no help to offer him. "Always, no matter what was going on, she was a woman staring at the stove waiting for coffee water to boil."

Dermot's only moments of complete security come when he rises in a bar, along with twenty other "police brothers," feels his gun in his holster, and sings "The Star-Spangled Banner." It is not much to hold on to. A police charter to Ireland serves as a temporary way out. Dermot goes with no foolish hopes, taking as little with him as he leaves behind.

The structure of the novel is dangerously simple, however, Dermot's role is completely reversed in Northern Ireland, where he visits his father. He is now the victim, senselessly beaten by Protestant police and British troops. He falls in love with a beautiful Marxist follower of Bernadette Devlin (a technical flaw here; she isn't much of a character), and the girl further educates him about his Irish Catholic heritage. The sentences, though, do overcome any difficulties that exist with the plot. The descriptions are without exception powerful and moving: the blazing riots in Belfast and Derry; the soggy browns of the countryside in yellows, browns, and greens, the jobless Irishmen who stand on the street corners and loiter.

This disastrous unemployment in Northern Ireland seems to have silver Breslin with almost as much force as the frequent bloodshed.

"There's a Breslin clan of people in Derry in Ulster and I met them in the midst of a riot. I could tell it was my family. They were sitting on a wall above the battle in saloon and they were drunk with some beer they had stolen. And speaking to them I learned that only one of the three men there had ever worked. They were grandfather, father, and son, so that it was a put-on. Nobody working goes out and commits crimes, outside a few. They'll always do it, through the history of the world. So if nobody does anything about jobs, they're not going to accomplish anything, either in this country or in Northern Ireland."

Breslin being interviewed by Leon Lewis on radio station WMCA.

"The trouble in Northern Ireland has had almost no effect on the Irish in New York because eighty per cent of them are four and five generations removed, and their idea of 'Irish' is a juke box filled with IRA records."

"The Greening of Jimmy Breslin"

The man could cope with an uncommonly simple situation. He has always that there is a tradition in Ireland. They've been in slavery for their lives, and having been on the welfare, and having on the welfare rolls in the United States Army base, and being on the welfare rolls in the United States Army base in Brooklyn. The only word in politics that means anything to me is 'jobs.' Everything else is a put-on. Nobody working goes out and commits crimes, outside a few. They'll always do it, through the history of the world. So if nobody does anything about jobs, they're not going to accomplish anything, either in this country or in Northern Ireland."

There is a tradition in Ireland,
people have not lived up to their enormous potentials, such as squandering their gift of words, he is saddened, yet merciless in attacking them. The following passage, which was written in 1966, is an example: 

"On Thursday, March 17, there will be 100,000 Irishmen, their chests stuck out almost as far as their stomachs, their stub noses as high in the air as a man can get his nose, and they will be marching up Fifth Avenue and you can take all of them and stand them on their heads to get some blood into the skull for thinking, and when you put them back on their feet you will not be able to get an original phrase out of the lot of them."

"And nothing has changed since then. The Irish who write just write insurance policies and traffic tickets." And then the voice becomes soft and slow and sad. "I don't know anybody that's writing. Hamill writes a little bit. Flaherty writes a little bit. Flaherty worked on the docks, what would he know? I guess he'll tell you he went somewhere, but you can't believe him."

The humor vanishes again as he discusses the writing situation in Northern Ireland.

"There are a number of very fine writers in the North who are caught between being activists in the IRA and doing the job that they should be doing, which is sitting off and writing. They are not supposed to be involved in that situation. Writing is their business and it's a very important business and will do more good in the long run. There are so many young writers that just got lost into the IRA, into the violence rather than the business. It's a very sad state."

Breslin encourages these reactions by his demonstrative philistinism and his eagerness to grab the big laugh. After the 1969 campaign with Norman Mailer, an effort that Theodore White called "one of the most serious campaigns run in the United States in the last five years," Breslin, as usual, got in the last line. "I am mortified," he said, "to have taken part in a process that required the bars to be closed."

One laughs, and one wouldn't ever want to lose the performing Breslin, but it is a bit sad nonetheless.

"I would say that the attitudes of any human being do not change," says Jimmy Breslin, "and of course, nobody is going to change Jimmy Breslin. So, in a few years, when he is reading the favorable reviews of his next serious fiction book and he finds a pretty uncomplimentary passage, he'll probably turn to his drinking companions, Fat Thomas and Marvin the Torch, and say something nasty about the reviewer's wife. His two friends will nod and then, grinning, make creative proposals for widowing the reviewer's wife. One thing is certain: the conversation will not be taking place in Elaine's.
Medusa: A Fairy Tale

By AUDREY CLEMENT

Medusa was a magic kitten. She was mostly gray, with a white tummy, a bright pink tongue, and, of all things, a snake’s tail. Her master was a magician named Tulip. Medusa felt sorry for Tulip because she was pining away for her lover Gabriel whom she adored but who had split forever.

It all began in April of 1973, when Tulip came to live in a large, Race Street house in Powelton Village. Because Tulip had escaped from a mental hospital after 48 days of involuntary commitment, she was outlawed from her nation in West Philadelphia. Now Powelton Village was a hippy ghetto. And since most of its inhabitants were ill-equipped historians who themselves were outcasts from society, Tulip found grudging acceptance in this community. Her building was the palace of Tulip’s third floor pad. Raphael, president of all West Philadelphia, from the banks of the muddy Schuylkill, north to the wilds of Mantua, south to the Gulf of refineries, and west to City Avenue. Powelton Village was not a very prosperous community, so the chicks were all on welfare and the dudes were forced to deal drugs. George dealt weed. He had been locked twice in jail, but because he had a good mind and paid his debts on time he had gotten off the rap. For intellectual stimulation George depended on a dullard named Leon. Leon’s elder ego was a cat named Mellow who was totally sensual. It was under Mellow’s influence that Medusa decided sexuality was hip and, thereafter, she repulsed Tulip’s amorous advances. Leon, who was a heroin fiend, enjoyed tormenting Tulip, who had fallen in love with him. He rejected her on the grounds that she was nuts. Indeed, Tulip was nuts because although she proclaimed her virtue high and low, her soul was black as sin. Tulip was dying of thirst and hunger. Raphael had been to averge the loss of her mate.

A day or so after Medusa left her mother, a young hippy named Raphael came to visit Tulip’s third floor pad. Raphael had long flowing blond hair and big baby-blue eyes. He was avidly intelligent and very well bred. Raphael had been given two years probation for resisting the draft. So impressed was Medusa with Raphael that she adopted him as her older ego and thereafter she became a little roughneck who craved affection.

In her search for affection she pounced on cats three times her size, squealing with rage every time they spurned her advances. When she was all tuckered out she’d crawl under Tulip’s covers and lie in wait for her master. Tulip adored her little pet and showered her with kisses. Medusa returned Tulip’s kisses with scratches, and soon Tulip’s arms were covered with red lacerations.

When George, the only civilized inhabitant of the dwelling, split for Chicago, Tulip lost her mind. She called the cops on Charles, the virtuoso guitarist, who insisted on playing his guitar after three a.m. Tulip was given five days notice. Realizing too late that calling the cops in the jungle is about as kosher as eating kasha with chopsticks, Tulip permanently moved to the 430 block of Spruce Street, in the heart of West Philadelphia.

Resolved to mend her errant ways, Tulip underwent a period of intense, self-induced psychotherapy, during which she overcame her instability and developed an equitable relationship with her housemates. Medusa, however, continued to abuse her master and Tulip soon realized why. Bragwasting at the hands of her friends had destroyed Tulip’s seargent de vivre. Tulip wanted no more of PG13 for improvisation, and for the first time in months Tulip’s situation was interrupted by the contesting parry of Medusa on her living master’s tummy.

Race Street Epilogue

On Friday, August 24, George was shot in a ragged white uniform on a black and white and green street, armed with his .38 caliber gun. He was paralyzed for the neck down.

The author’s opinion, the worst tragedy befell West Philadelphia. Philadelphia, along with George is truly a noble man.

Famous names do not make a masterpiece

By MARC I. ROVNER

With the massive coverage given the 1972 Olympics on international television, the David Wolper organization had to come up with a uniquely cinematic idea that would rival the appeal of the livingroom set. They decided to have eight internationally-known film directors present their personal visions of Munich. The owner’s decision of what event to watch would be elevated to a question of judicious aesthetic judgment, and, once again, cinema could be elevated to the superior audio-visual medium. Unfortunately, the problem with this distinctly antieurist approach is that a name (or several names) does not make a masterpiece.

Due to the scope of the Munich Olympics, the only hope for a film would be an attempt to capture the mood. Yet even this little gesture is sadly lacking from Visions of Eight: this tragedy of the Israeli team is reduced to a few interpersed shots within John Schlesinger’s otherwise excellent essay on marathon runners. Ron Hill, the favored British runner, says in an interview that he is “trying to ignore” the tragedy. He is at the Olympics; he is there to win the event. This insensitive response also seems to be the present justification for the film. The directors went there to film their pre-selected events, and, come Noah’s flood, that is what they are going to do.

This response is built into the rigidly flexible format of the film. The film is flexible because it allows eight different directors to impose eight different views on a single event large enough to interest them all. It even allows them to be as uncoordinated (as Kon Ichikawa does with the hundred-meter dash) as a symbolic gesture of contemporary human existence. Yet, the format does not allow the film to embrace the true story of tragedy and mistakes which would be possible in a picture filmed under the guidance of one sufficiently sensitive and omnipotent hand.

At the end of the film, the camera cuts from a silent still of the empty Israeli team chairs to a breath-taking shot of a marathon runner leaping the high jump. But, if this insensitivity of mood is not enough, the miniature film essays shift unperplexingly to the events themselves.

With a time-problem unavoidable in the short-essay form, the directors understandingly revert to the use of quick cuts. A director, by swiftly moving through each poised position of an event, could hope to present a coherent and powerful development. By repetition of the same position, or the event, the desired effect should sink in. The main problem for the director is to select and select the sufficiently powerful positions; here, however, several of the directors failed.

Five out of the eight portrayals showed good ideas but very little feeling. They are Jiri Ozoron’s "The Beginning" (Russian), the moment before an athlete moves; Mai Zetterling’s "The Strongest" (Sweden) which weaves with the weightlifters; Claude Lelouch’s "The Losers" (France); Michael Phleghars "The Women," and Ichikawa (Japan).

There is no real feeling in the essays for either the events themselves or the magnificently trained bodies of the athletes. Effective use of the quick cuts demands an internal development that these five essayists neglected.

A notable exception is Arthur Penn’s "The Highest" (American). Penn manages to transform the pole-vaulter’s attempt to defy gravity into its essential power and poetry. Through a combination of slow motion and grainy haze evolving into sharp focus and speed, Penn creates the most poetic and moving essay of the entire film. Perhaps Arthur Penn, with the skill for handling violence he exhibited in Bonnie and Clyde would have been a better choice to film the Israeli tragedy than John Schlesinger. Schlesinger’s English temperament is more suited to gentle devotion. In his "Race: The Madding Crowd," Sunday, Bloody Sunday, and Midnight Cowboy, Schlesinger displays a humane quality that is just not suited to inhuman action.

Schlesinger focuses on the quiet determination that for Jori brings to marathon running. He shows him jogging fifteen miles to work every day in anticipation of winning for self, friends, and country. In such a context, the training and desire to win evidence the obsession that can burst aside a tragedy that threatens a concentrated effort. But the runner loses. Schlesinger shows him running and running but, after the first marked distance, always remaining behind. He comes in sixth and one can almost hear him thinking: "Where did I go wrong?" "At what point should I have saved my wind?" "Should I have pushed myself harder?"

The humanity of the runner is clearly brought to the screen, not in a screaming symbol, but in one man leafing through "The Decadent" (Greek) provides the comic relief through the juxtaposition of German music (from bells to violins) with the super-event of the Games. The gamin of German musical strength is matched against the super-humans effort that stretched over a period of three days. Yet despite these efforts and the musician’s efforts to make George a true comedy at Munich. The image of a little humor in the unfairness of the whole is pointedly, in every Arne Brundage’s words, "shrink and Catholicism at the shrink the games. The true record of the games was enjoyed in ABC’s videotape storekeeper, not in a man leafing through..."
The column is back. Its good to be Home Again

Tomorrow Night Deliverance with B. Reynolds & John Voight
7 & 9:30 Irvine $1

Midnite Movies Friday the 14th Hitchcock's North by Northwest FA-B1 50c

Sunday September 16 Intruder in the Dust 6 & 10 P.M.
I am a Fugitive from a Chain Gang 7:30 FA-B1 $1.00 for 2 movies

Monday Sept. 17 Alan Bates in King of Hearts 7 & 9-30 Irvine

FRITZ at IRVINE Sept. 29

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The Marlins Gallery
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Sept 24 Oct 17 Pergamino paintings and sculptures by Delores Charles Towner

Theatre
APOLCALYPSIS CUM FIGURIS
The Polish Laboratory Theatre directed by Jerzy Grotowski will give eight performances for student audiences in St. Augustine, Church, 9th & Broad streets in Philadelphia. The Long Goodbye disappeared after it. Last year. The Long Goodbye disappeared after it. This year, I find new ad

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