Council Revises Judicial System Charter, Elects Student to Com.

By ELEANOR MOLERA

In one of the most significant changes to the student body and University, the Student Senate has revised and approved their Judicial System Charter for the first time in two years, according to Senate President Bill Crean. As a result, the change was made to provide the Judicial System the authority to discipline students.

The Senate also elected Student to Com. Charles Ziker to sit on the Board of Trustees for the next year, pending approval by the Board of Trustees. Ziker is the first student to be elected to the Board in 10 years.

Read the article here...
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All non-senior undergraduates may apply.

U. Council

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CAMPUS CHEST HELPS PEOPLE
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WASHINGTON (UPI) - Trans-
portation Secretary Claude S. Brine-
gar said Wednesday of the fuel-
liner war is prolonged fuel rationing
in the United States could result.
Brinegar told a news conference
in Washington that the Middle East
fuel could save the Administration to
administer to current fuel allocation
problems. "It is no a question of
whether the war is prolonged fuel
rationing in the United States could
result.
but the war. Brinegar
program and go to an all-out rationing
in the United States could result.
semester:
8:45 A.M.-midnight; Friday, 8:45
noon-1 A.M.; Monday through
Library Hours
8:45 A.M.-10 P.M.; Saturday, 10 A.M.-
Kosengarten Keserve Room: Sunday,
Fall Semester
8:45 A.M.-10 P.M.; Saturday, 10 A.M.-
library use will be kept to evaluate the
new hours and make any necessary
adjustments for next semester,
library officials said.
Agnew (Continued from page 1)
rumors she is contemplating a run for
senator, or is considering mounting a
national political movement. "I
have not ruled out any person because of his
political 'purity'," she said, "but I will not
accept dirty deal making, and I will not
shorten from a political battle with
congressman.
WASHINGTON (UPI) - The Senate
State Limits War
Voters of President
WASHINGTON (UPI) - The Senate
Seventeen days after giving final approval to a
Federal Military Powers Act, a Senate
committee Monday evening released a
draft of a feature asking for a
limitation on presidential power.
The Senate's bill limits the President
then agreement of the Senate and House
bills, now in the conference committee,
to the same extent as the House
version. The Senate's bill would
also set a time limit on the President,
allowing him only two years in office
before having to face the voters
again.
Cubans Protest Coup
In Chile Before U.S., Cuba
WASHINGTON (UPI) - The Senate
Foreign Military Fund. "Let has a charge of the
campaign in the scientific community. His
accountability might be an unswerving
conscience to the President's
administration."
Telling Congress as much is un-
necessary, said one of the Cuban
delegation, looking open and
ercised of it if it should be
denial. Some diplomats say they are a
gov. But that just exposed a
measure of the Chinese military juntas
that used power a month ago, he
charged the United States with
promoting the transit through the
States of the Cuban troops.
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All interested (Beginners orIntermediate) should attend a class in our small economical ($15.00) courses.
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At a recent meeting of the Senate
Watergate Committee investigating the
possibility that the Nixon administration
were involved in any wrongdoing,
Senator Michael W. McMinoway, appearing
before the Senate Watergate Commit-
tee, said the Watergate scandal is
becoming a continuous event in the
world of politics.

"I was never challenged at all,"
McMinoway said. "This was done
to get a voluntary."
The Daily Pennsylvanian
1883 - 1971
The Newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania

Thursday, October 12, 1972
Page 1

Editorial
Letters to the Editor
Women Rap

Dear Akadema Mama

The Ways of Morgan

There is a distinct lack of color on campus. It is not uncommon to see people dressed in black or white, with few exceptions. The few students who do wear colorful clothes tend to stick out and are often the target of stares.

Many of Penn's students are not particularly engaged in political movements. Most students are focused on their studies and social activities, and are not necessarily interested in political events. However, there are exceptions, such as the Morgan community, which is more active in political matters.

The Ways of Morgan

The Morgan community is a unique and vibrant one, with a strong sense of identity and a strong commitment to social justice. The Morgan community is known for its creative and innovative spirit, and for its efforts to challenge and resist the dominant culture.

As a member of Morgan, I have been able to witness firsthand the power of community and the importance of standing up for what is right. I have learned that change is possible, even in the face of adversity, and that we can make a difference in the world.

I hope that you will continue to support Morgan and its students, and that you will remain committed to the ideals and values that make our community so special.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]
Philo-Philatelic Society of Philadelphia at noon on Sunday, October 14. He came walking down the cobblestones, he said, and his opponents were his lunch. But we love his pockets instead of discovering the hoagie he "evolved" for us, with loaves of bread bulging from his garment. You can see this at an exhibition at the Philadelphia Museum of Art which opens on November 8, "The River Nigh." The show is sponsored by the Philadelphia Fraternity of the American Society of Fine Arts. The museum has been closed for a five-year period of renovation and re-expansion, and you can take advantage of the opportunity to see the new spaces and new exhibits. The museum is open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m., Monday through Saturday, and from 11 a.m. to 4 p.m. on Sunday. Admission is free, and the museum is open every day of the year. For more information, call 215-763-8100.
Imagine, if you will, an intricate tangle of rampant vines whose thorns and nettles have long since obscured their roots. One who seeks to understand the growth of the plant must at some cost to himself penetrate its harsh surface; even then he luck is not easy, but without this effort it is completely impossible. The task before one is to understand what we misleadingly call contemporary problems is immensely more difficult, but the same principles apply. In the complex tangle that is the Middle East, these principles are rarely followed. Official communications and newspaper stories every day disclose the miserable ignorance that results.

The consequences of that ignorance generally lie hidden until some disaster focuses international attention on the area. This time it was an incident in Austria that did the honors: on September 28, two Arab kidnappers crossed the Schenau castle as a rest-station for emigrants on their way to Israel. After eighteen hours of negotiation, the Austrian government agreed to the demands and the hostages were released. Since then the dignified representatives of Western public opinion have been racing round the vine entangled in full cry, positing as the proponents of international justice. The roots of the mess are as usual ignored, as they have been for at least fifty-six years. Caught in the midst of the thicket is the unfortunate Austrian Chancellor Bruno Kreisky, who now stands charged with letting the barbarians through the gates of European civilization. The leader of the opposition People's Party says that Austria has "capitulated to violence and renounced humanity." An independent group of artists and intellectuals immediately declared their support of Austria's government, of which the Austrian people "are acutely aware of opportunism, weakness and unprincipled policies." Clearly implying that the culprit was guilty by association with Kreisky.

The Academy Award for best performance by an impassioned critic, however, goes to an American, Mr. Jacob Stein, who is the chairman of the Council of Presidents of Major American Jewish Organizations.

He called the following message to the Austrian Embassy in Washington: "The history of Jews deported from Austria to death camps during World War II remains a black page in the annals of human relations. Today, Jews who are seeking freedom are entitled to Austria's complete and continuing cooperation." When rational argument fails, there remains the spectre of Hitler and the potentially devastating charge of anti-Semitism to persuade the reluctant government of Austria. The fact that Kreisky himself is of Jewish descent has done something to temper this line of attack.

Acquisitions of anti-Semitism have become almost as meaningless in the 'seventies as arguments of practical concern," he wrote, "such were not thinking of the moral questions involved in turning Arab Palestine over to Jewish colonists. Either they have been sacrificed to expedience so often in the Middle East that the Austrians have become blinded for blaming such appeals with a few tons of salt. The willful blindness of the Austrians seem destined to drive its victims either to drink or to terror." This writer rebels at the prospect of justifying or even excusing violence as a means of effecting change. Still, the violence of the Palestinians is that of a people whose softer ministries and sanctimonious stance of acquiescence, who have exhausted the few non-violent options open to men with no organized government to speak in their behalf. The Zionists in Palestine before 1948 used similar tactics with great success, but few choose to remember that they were not help but were outraged by the ignorant and sanctimonious stance of those like the "civilized world.

This civilization has defined its terms in such a way that only an established nation can afford to accept them. Only the nations which have overcome their ignorance are either glorified beyond recognition or relegated to a positively overlooked class can be admitted to the select circle. With such a handicap one must turn to the "barbarians" if one still seeks the roots beyond the tangled vines. The Lebanese newspaper Al-Nahar manages to ask the simple question that never occurs to the editorial writers of the Times: "The Jews force the Palestinians out of their country and the Palestinians become guerrillas. The world at large reacts only to the emergence of the commandos, but has the world ever stopped to think where the commandos came from?" Has the "civilized" world ever stopped to consider the plight of the Soviet Jews from an Arab point of view? Probably not.

The problem is a tautological one, since every emigrant from the Soviet Union is also an immigrant. The Palestino immigrants from Germany in the 1890s and '40s who so swelled the numbers of Jewish settlers that the cultural character of the land was drastically changed. Arabs who feel a sense of injustice in perceiving the new arrivals as threats to their interests. The displaced Palestinians see strangers who are welcomed into their own homeland, from which they themselves are effectively barred. Some conservatives fear the insidious influence of the Soviet Union against the area by its former citizens. The government of the United Arab Republic assures the new Israelis will become colonists in the occupied territories and soldiers in the Israeli armed forces.

Yet the governments of Western Europe and the United States recognize nothing beyond the existence of a persecuted minority in Soviet Russia. They are in the process of repeating the injustices inflicted on the non-Jewish peoples of Palestine in order to shelter the refugees from Nazi genocide. It is easy enough to be generous with the possessions of others: is it so hard to imagine the rage of him whose possessions are thus given away? Regardless of the flights of internationalist rhetoric to which many public figures figure occasion, contemporary leaders are often remarkably parochial in their thinking. The unfortunate Chancellor Kreisky, for instance, said, "What we cannot accept is that Austria should become a secondary theater of the Middle East conflict with violence and confrontations of armed men from both sides. We shall maintain our humanitarian traditions.

Such a resolution is naive in the extreme. Nations cannot maintain their national integrity with their neutrality independent of the rest of the world, nor can they safely persist in the consciousness myopia that has characterized Great Power attitudes toward the Arab world since at least the First World War. The thorns and the nettles of the Middle East threaten to overrun the entire world; only by dealing with the chaos at its roots can we hope to avoid further tragedy.

---

**Letters**

Letters to the Editor and suggestions of what to do with a camel should be typed 12 lines and sent to 34th Street Magazine, Basement, Sergeant Hall, 34th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia 19174. Please include your name and phone number; names withheld on request.

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**40 Best Poem Contest**

Deadline: Feb. 1
Grim Fairy Tale

By DAVE KUSHMA


The title of J. P. Donleavy's sixty-two-year-old first novel is not, of course, a contradiction. Where can a fairy tale come true in New York City (except at the Garden of Eden Stadium)? This is merely the first and most obvious expression of ironic fantasy in a book that is primarily prepared with this ingredient.

Donleavy has actually told this particular romance twice, once when he was in his twenties living in London in 1961, then as a short story included in his collection Meet the M.D. Molecule. Although Fairy Tale is now a work of substantial length, the influence of drama and short fiction on the novel can be clearly perceived.

The principal figure of Donleavy's book is Cornelius Christian, a Brooklyn-born, Bronxbred orphan who is returning to his home after an unsuccessful sojourn at an Irish university. Like the book itself, Christian affects a dual personality. At times, he is young, sensitive, a self-proclaimed "student of human nature." On other occasions, he is a tough, hard, heartless, devil-may-care combination of both "tact" and "tactless" dust-collectors to allow room for the pavement again.

Unable to conform to the world's idea of respectable entertainment, his only companion is a cheerful derricet who stands beneath his window each morning wearing a sandwich board which proclaims such items as "THEY DINE WITH DUST" and "NEVER WHATSOEVER!"

Eventually, his financial situation becomes parlous, in part because of his feelings of loneliness and frustration, and Christian acquires the Vis-a-vis, a surreally pretentious establishment at one of his funeral homes. We soon discover that Vine, for all his solemn professions of "understanding sorrow" and "final resting place," is nothing more than a crisp, ill-humored, hypochondriacal character who despises his own profession. His treatment of "the lastnickel," the green lights which rule the world of the living, suggest greed rather than hope. Nevertheless, Christian adopts Vine's philosophies: he swears abstinence, abstemiously and contentedly, and conducts his funeral services and embalming duties with the proper amount of restrained enthusiasm. In fact, this fervor causes his exile from the profession when he is hauled into court by a bereaved widow who claims Christian made her husband's corpse look youthful and vibrant, rather than "dead and old like the man he was." Christian next attempts financial success on a spark-plug empire, only to be tricked into thinking he is in control of a firm's owner, mindful of Christian's former job, fears that his wife will "return with a heart like a morgue." Only a strong affirmation of his talent from the firm's mastermind Howard Haines, saves Christian from immediate dismissal. Although How is enthralled with such inspired slogans as "If you've got a heart, you've got a job that could be a heart by Mutt," Christian is too honest with himself to be satisfied with such linguistic absurdities. He is seen possing the pavement again.

Unable to conform to the world's idea of respectable endeavor, he decides to respond to New York's new Caldwell Vor's clients. Yet Christian meets ultimate defeat at the Game Club, where he is laid out stiff by a senile admiral in a fixed flight.

Christian realizes he cannot take over the entire city, and laments, "My God, I coulda-done something. Without having to knock his god damn head off." He indeed undertakes such a strategy in his passionate love affairs. He is kept by Fanny Sopruse, a rich, bitchy widow whom he meets over her husband's dead body. He makes love in a cab to Peaches Musk, Vine's baton-twirling assistant. His other liaisons, including a romp with Howard How's wife, are no less perverse. There is hope for Christian, though, in his conventional relationship with childhood sweetheart Charlotte Graves. There is even a momentary triumph over two nauts wasters in a snobbish restaurant. But he is once again betrayed in his quest for social acceptability, this time by his own empty pockets. In all, Christian is too big for his environment, and vice versa. One or the other has to go.

Donleavy's narrative technique conveys the intense and anxious nature of his protagonist's world. The prose is immediate, fragmented, and intuitive conjecture in this little excursion into nihilism. Can Donleavy's lives always juxtaposed with episodes of hilarious comedy, thus obscuring the poignant actuality of his suffering. Only when we stop laughing, do we reach the pathetic realization that Christian has been denied any hope for salvation. Christian's lives has emerged as a defense against any serious inquiries into Christian's plight by the sensitive reader.

It seems that the author of Fairy Tale is more intent upon demonstrating his inventive facility on offering a series of picturesque sketches, than on presenting a sustained novel. The mock-heroic Christian possesses no more self-awareness at the end of the book than he does on page one.

For all its sophisticated comic gifts, therefore, A Fairy Tale of New York is little more than a cynical, shoulder-shrugging excursion into a series of caricatures with something to do with reality. Can Donleavy's characters live happily ever after? Never whatsoever.

Fresh and fortuitous marriage

By ROBERT WEMSCINER

We are a nation of cookbook collectors. We collect cookbooks the way we collect dust on our bookshelves. And many of the cookbooks we collect haven't seen the printer in years. Well it's about time that we separate the wheat from the chaff. And in offering her rational scheme, creativity in the kitchen becomes a way of life and slavish adherence to a formula recipe is no longer necessary.

The permutations of flavor principles and cooking techniques, once separated and truly examined, make recipes uniquely entertaining. However, she cautions that a devil-may-care combination of ingredients and a mindless method of cooking techniques may result in horrendous, wholly incredible disasters which restricts and common sense are advised. Practice will make perfect, and after a while, the experienced cook will sense the rightness or wrongness of certain combinations because they are actually combined.

Elisabeth Rozin and her husband Paul, a psychologist at Penn, are currently at work on another book which will concern why people eat the things they do. They will attempt to trace the constants in foreign cuisines from earliest times to the present and try to explain why certain dishes have persisted so strongly in certain regional diets. The psychology and sociology of food come primordially into play as does intuitive conjecture in this little explored area. Archaeologists patiently ignore the question of cuisines terming foods too basic, too familiar to a culture to be examined seriously and discreetly, on the other hand, support the view that from a prehistoric era, a broad array of cultural data which might be helpful to researchers in other scientific disciplines.

Placing psychology and sociology aside, and turning to Mrs. Rozin's favorite cuisine, Chinese, herewith is a recipe for "Chinese Fish Pate" which marries Chinese flavor principles and French cooking techniques most successfully.

1 lb. fresh carp (skin and bones removed), or 1 lb. fresh shrimp peeled and deveined
2 oz. fresh pork fat
2 eggs, lightly beaten
1 T. sesame oil
1 t. finely minced gingerroot
1 clove minced garlic, finely minced
1 T. soy sauce
2 T. dry sherry
1/2 t. salt
1/4 t. sugar
1 clove gingerroot (about size and thickness of a quarter)
1. Grind the fish with pork fat twice through meat grinder. Combine with eggs.
2. In small frying pan heat 2 T. sesame oil over high heat, then add gingerroot and garlic. Stir fry a few seconds. Keep the food in constant motion so it cooks quickly and evenly.
3. Add soy sauce, sherry, salt, and sugar and simmer gently for few minutes. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add soy-sauce mixture to fish.
4. Put 2 T. sesame oil in 3-cup mold and tilt mold so that oil films bottom and sides thoroughly. Spoon fish mixture into mold, pressing down with back of spoon to ensure that there are no air pockets. Place slice of gingerroot on top of fish and over tightly with aluminum foil.
5. Place mold in a larger pan containing enough hot water to come halfway up side of mold. Place pan in a preheated 325 degree oven for 40-50 minutes or until pate is firm and resilient to touch.
6. Cool pate in mold, then run a sharp knife around inside of mold and unmold onto serving plate.
7. Chill thoroughly. Garnish with shredded radish and cucumber if desired.

Serves 4.
Four Interiors

"In the dark room..."

In the dark room, shadows I never saw before
Oppress my wakeful sight,
As the hours slide by on their still, small rears
Onward through night.

Framed, as a steadier picture might be in day
By a long tusk of light,
Your shadow claims the wall beside the bed,
Asleep not quite.

The sounds of you and me, vague and detached and
faint,
Mix with the system of the ticking clock
And both timekeep.

For the first time in all our lovers' nights
I start to notice things,
Rain outside, and the bulky sound
Of your deep lungs.

That hitherto had been a working part
Of an abundant whole;
Now, like an unsprung watch, I watch
Its works unroll.

— SOPHIE BALCOFF

Landlord

One cannot hunger for a landlord
as one hungers for a poet --
thick fingers, the tense ring of lips, the tongue
flexible as an ironing board
and just as functional -- these do not inspire
sighs, or solitary walks on a winter Sunday.

Landlords are not the material
of musings. Still, when the pipes freeze,
when the ceiling perforates and the rains
pour through, then the ethereal
poet pale, and he comes bearing
the old serviceable tools, the well-used hammer, the nails.

— MARGARET-ROSE RYAN

Trip The Maypole

Gosh it must be fun to be a peasant.
In peacetime summer sun
is rather pleasant
but be cautious not to overdo:
rough crusts look good on chickens only.
Rice paddy mud is said to soften feet
(though ruin clothes).
Should fungus commandeere some toes
just stiff that upper.
Punches are to roll with.

In wartime it is better.
Bomb shelters
and their rancid cavern atmospheres
are cheap hotels for sissies.
The real people get fresh air.
And if on days there are more bombs
than clouds what shows it?
(Answer: Nothing, if they miss.)
Folk whisper shrapnel's like a boy's first kiss.
It tickles pink, they think.
Peasant stop just stop complaining
it's too much.
You sound like a talking alphabet soup.
You sure are stuck with one odd language.
Don't you know how good you got it?
Your cries pester me like chiggers.
Still. Your situation's chic
and possibly it pays.
I have my share
of social conscience.

— JAMES KUSLAN
Porter: the bite of comedy

By NAOMI KAYE

Laughter is serious business to Stephen Porter, Director of the New Phoenix Repertory Company’s production of Feydeau’s stage play “Chemin de Fer.” He views laughter as an “intelligent and mature judgment” by the audience. Well-known for directing the comedies of Moliere, Shaw, and Ibsen, Porter emphasized, in an interview at the Annenberg Center, the serious side of comedy, a side he obviously hopes is also evident on the Annenberg Center, the serious side of comedy, a side he emphasizes, in an interview at Moliere. Shaw, and Ibsen. Porter

As director of tragicomedy, Porter tries to persuade actors that there is a serious side to comedy, and that it is a highly organized form. The point of the play is more specific, tragedy. Tragicomedy is a “stringently intellectual” form that is difficult to appreciate, and therefore less immediately accessible than romantic comedy or farce. Porter does not believe that it is the happiness or unhappiness of the characters that creates laughter, but rather their inability to cope with the realities of life. “Chemin de Fer,” unlike many other farces, jumps a year in time, yet the characters are not better off in the end, because they remain blind. Porter sees this as “the bite of comedy.”

By GAYLE LACKS

On opening night at the Forrest Theatre “The Prisoner of Second Avenue” turned out to be a play within-a-play. The difficulty was that Neil Simon never wrote it that way. But then, neither did Mimi Hines, slated star, plan on being “indispensible.” The audience, after an initial groan of disappointment, followed closely the performance of understudy, Mimi Cozens.

"It was a miracle," concluded Stuart Herman, the show’s other star, in a piece of theatrical eloquence addressed directly to the audience after curtain calls. Taking advantage of theater’s immediacy to praise Mimi Cozens, he stole not only the scene but the whole show. After all, the original play could only pale next to “living drama.”

Watching Edna and Mel Edison, the pair of middle class, big city martyrs, fight the battle against crime, job lay-offs and forever-flushing toilets, I found myself “The Prisoner of Simon Avenue.” Entrapped by the playwright’s persistent one-liners, building and repeating endlessly, I was forced to laugh even when the situations were no longer funny.

Only in a Simon comedy can a bucket of water thrown from an apartment house terrace become more than slapstick, providing a theatrical purge of the emotions. However, director Tom Porter did nothing to save us from some dry stretches between wet laughs, unless we count the between-scene news shows, broadcast on fake T.V. monitors. Nowhere else can we learn of the court order to end the 32-year old judges’ strike.

Richard Shylbert’s set allows us to view one and a half stories of an apartment house, hollowed out to expose living rooms and terrace. Contributing equally to realism are Anthea Shylbert’s “cozy” costumes. Shelley Herman’s performance was superb, displaying a considerate range of comic emotions, from loud self-centered complaining, to quiet, contemplative insanity. Jack Hanahan, Ruth Jaroslew, Elsa Raven and Yvonne Vinc played concerned relatives and enlivened a slow second act with their warmly humorous presence.

"Prisoner,” Simon’s twelfth Broadway show since 1960, is for adults only, preferably parents in their forties. They can see themselves in it. You, however, could go home for a week-end if you know what I mean.

The play will be at the Forrest until October 20.

Photography by C. Jones

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Old World Atmosphere
For Lovers of Fine Italian Food
Lunch & Dinner Served Tues. Sun.
Bring Your Own
Lasagna, Veal Parmigiana, Spaghetti, Pizza
Glover: relaxing into a character

By SHELLIE SLAN

"Don't Push the River" is the name of a book by Barry Stevens, and she completes the imperative with, "Let it flow." That is the essence of how John Glover approaches his work as an actor. Glover is currently at Penn for the run of the New Phoenix Repertory Company, and he was seen here last year with the Phoenix in O'Neill's "The Great God Brown" and Maliber's "Don Juan."

As Billy Brown in the O'Neill play, Glover displayed a magnificent energy and total immersion in a very complex role. Glover is one of those actors who can relax into a character and already be experimenting with new concepts and styles. The momentum of the play hasn't come on as strongly as the other characters. Knowing that O'Neill based a lot of reading about Edmund because in many productions of the play he doesn't come on as strong, but as the other characters.

Beckett: dead-pan with flashlights

By DIANE EYER

The Actor's Lab Theatre Company has begun its second season at St. Mary's Church, 39th and Locust Streets. The Philadelphia group is experimenting with "new forms of presentation" and has a considerable repertoire of productions behind them. This weekend they performed Beckett's Play and Handke's "Offending the Audience" and I got to see them.

We were all ushered into the parish house of St. Mary's Church, where coffee was being served. We sipped coffee and waited; wondering what kind of a theater experience this was going to be. Were the actors sitting among us? Perhaps at the end of ten minutes, someone would tell us this was the play—us drinking coffee, looking at each other.

We were all ushered through a dark corridor to the doors at the nave of the church. The doors were opened into the kernels and a half dozen of us were lead in, and the doors closed. It was like a fraternity initiation. What secrets were being told each group? What surprises were in store for us.

Finally, my group of six was lead through the darkness, up into a room with two rows of seats. We found ourselves facing the three seated actors of Beckett's Play. Then Play was performed, a brilliant, mechanical litany of the eternal love triangle, read dead-pan with flashlights beamed on the faces at appropriate moments. The actors proceeded about halfway through a second reading of Play, allowing us to see what we might have missed due to speed. In the first run-through until a frightening medley crew came moaning, marching from the rear of the nave signalling the onslaught of Handke's contribution to the evening. They carried weapons—a pipe, a whip, an ax, and wore tattered clothes. The effect was hair-raising, chilling. I turned to face them. Huge shadows were cast onto the two-story arched wall at the end of the church. I don't want to experience more suffering. I thought, but then if Aristotle is right, perhaps by doing so, I will indeed be purged of some of my own grief. I held my breath and watched someone who has already suffered create such cold-blooded horror?

Then I experienced something which I would say represents the essence of what has been useless in my formal education and my street education. We received a lecture, delivered with contempt and hatred, using the tactics of fear and guilt, about what the theater is at. Basically, the theater is here to entertain you, you bourgeois fools. But this wasn't even making me feel like a bourgeois fool. I suddenly felt like a student caught in a hornet's nest.

I guess what really made me so mad is the growing trend to which this art is akin—the debauched chickens of Alice Cooper, or a baby throwing a tantrum. It is a trend which is pretentious in its mere reflection and the most negative and sensational in society. It is the inability (or unwillingness) to synthesize or even analyze.
By DEBBRA WOLLENS

New York's art world has an allure for anyone who considers himself cultured. Last week I had the chance to mingle with the best at a preview showing of Alexander Calder's new works at Perls Gallery on Madison Avenue. I arrived about a half an hour late with a fossil of his prints under my arm. Most of the people there were already high on champagne and someone thought there were already high on Alexander Calder's new works at best at a preview showing of Perls Gallery on Madison Avenue. Art patrons and champagne and was not inclined toward answering my or anyone else's eager questions.

At age 75, America's best known living sculptor is still prolific as ever. The exhibition reveals both his fecundity and the range of his creativity. There were, of course, models of his bent-to-satisfaction mobiles, the art form he made famous. But these were not the most photographed piece there was a model of "Flamingo," a red stabile (large-scale metal plate construction) commissioned by the General Services Administration in Chicago. Located in a glass enclosed yard at the back of the gallery, it looked like an organic form suspended in an alien world. Despite its rather austere quality, it invited people walk in and around it.

I think, however, that Calder's "anemibles" give us more of a clue to his nature. Described as an "inspired Yankee tinkerer," Calder used rivets, taut wires, trinkets and ingeniously balanced planar forms to create these whimsical sculptures. They delighted many of us at the gallery and were reminiscent of the toy boys which amused his friends in the twenties.

The numerous gouache paintings attracted the most attention, and for good reason. The viewers were not there only to socialize and be seen, but also to become owners of original Calder's in prices they could afford. ($1800 & $5500) Bold in approach than ever before, these gouaches contained undetailed, distinct forms of undiluted primary colors.

One of the salesmen told me that there were two different groups of people who bought the gouaches. One kind of person liked Calder's more abstract paintings which connoted movement and were suggestive of machines. The other type preferred his flatter gouaches whose fanciful forms hovered over literal representations of animals, flowers, stars, suns, and crescent moons. When I asked one of the owners of a Calder gouache why he liked it, he responded immediately, "For purely the heart." It opened that his reaction was characteristic of the kind of warmth and sympathy that Calder's art evoked from the group.

A painted model jet hanging in front of the gallery was the surprise of the showing. It is one of the six foot scale models of a Braniff Airlines DC-8 that Calder will be painting sometime this fall. I wondered how Calder felt about his art being used in an airlines' promotional campaign. George Gordon, the advertising executive who brought Calder together, told me that Calder was pleased to make his art more public. It is important to close the gap between art and the business world since we need not consider art a box office girl and the theater business students develop aesthetic sensibilities by exposure to art in the context of their studies? Can an effort be made to make the teachers and the business world see the value of art without prostituting art? Regardless of how one answers these questions, the planes will certainly add both color and character to the gray spaces of Vance Hall.

Burbridge: 'architectonic'

By NAOMI RAYE

Edward Burbridge was working on his part in the New Phoenix Repertory production of "Cheminde Fer" when I came to see him in the Zellerbach Theatre. Theatre. He, however, will not be visible on opening night - but his scenery will be. Burbridge is the set designer for the New Phoenix Company's two Annenberg Center productions when I talked to him, each of which will have its premiere at the end of this month. Burbridge has also worked in television and film, which involve what he terms "a different kind of focus" for the set designer. But regardless of the medium, Burbridge is most interested in "connecting with a project that you feel has value and delightful artistic interest, and working with sympathetic people."

Burbridge made his debut as set designer at the rather astounding age of 14. At that time, his cousin, visiting the Sacramento State Fair with him, signed Burbridge up at a booth with the Sacramento Civic Repertory Theatre. The theatre invited him to a meeting and, because of his drawing ability, he was taken on as a technician for the set design. After a few years, however, the set designer ran off with the box office girl and the box office money. In the great theatrical tradition that the show must go on, Burbridge became the set designer. For the next few years he sang gospel on the road, and eventually wound up in the Air Force. After he even gone back to the Sacramento Civic Repertory Theatre. While jumping over sets to get to the stage, Burbridge discussed his conviction that he is now interested in strongly "architectonic" scenery, that has the structure and organization of architecture. Burbridge views stage design as an art having a specific methodology. But, in his designs, he does not focus on one aspect of style. Although in school students were encouraged to develop stylistic parts that make up the whole, in his work he no longer sees the parts. Instead, he makes judgments on the worth of the whole. He readily recognizes that if he stopped to analyze these judgments, he would find errors in both of particular elements.

In his warm, easy voice, Burbridge never mentioned the stage from the stage about the movement of the scenery, and my question about the problems of dressing the stage. Light lines and time limitations are not disturbing to Burbridge - that's the reality. Stage designs, unlike monuments, are immaterial objects. I'm not worried about how long the play runs."

Laughing, Burbridge admitted to a fear of falling scenery that stems from an experience he had in Hollywood years ago. After designing a set, he tied the scenery up just to get a good look at it, and moments later the entire set crashed down.

The scenery Burbridge designed for the two New Phoenix productions joins his concept of form with the realities of the theater. The same basic set is used for both productions. It is light and easily transportable. The set's brown screen-like structures are made of "Concept," a brushed nylon fabric that Burbridge had never used before. Burbridge described its effect as "soft." For "Chemin de Fer," the scenery opens to reveal French doors. Burbridge views the effect of his arrangement as "subdued," letting the actors and the costumes bring action on to the stage. Burbridge even said that the shutters close and the screens are moved upstage. During the production, the audience will be able to see the gray spaces of Vance Hall.

Calder & Penn

As part of its Fine Arts and Business Program, the Department of Wartson School will be displaying six of Calder's eight model planes in Vance Hall. This idea raises several interesting questions. Will business students develop aesthetic sensibilities by looking at Calder's airplanes? Can an effort be made to make the teachers and the business world see the value of art? Regardless of how one answers these questions, the airplanes will certainly add both color and character to the gray spaces of Vance Hall.

An Interview with Tom Wicker

Page 3

34th Street Magazine

Lobster Trap and Fish Tail, 1941.
Italian Art: Glimpse of Masterworks on Campus

By PEGGY FINN

Works by the Italian artist, Orazio Farnone, now on exhibit at the University in 203 Towne Library, are a glimpse into the development of the artist’s style.

Orazio Farnone, the artist’s cousin, is presenting this artist’s first exhibit here in America. She describes Orazio’s work, “as a quiet, thoughtful man whose principal contact with the world is through his paintings.”

The exhibit includes abstract and figurative works done in the style of Toulouse Lautrec. One of Orazio’s themes is the essence of life in prison. A March-like “Triumph” is evident in the style Lautrec’s character. Both landscapes and still lifes are abstract. The figurative works have won several international competitions.

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BIOGENICS INC.


Italian Artist Faraone Featured at Newman Show

By PEGGY FINN

Works by the Italian artist, Orazio Farnone, now on exhibit at the Newman Center at 2900 Chestnut St., the show, which opened today, is the first of its kind to appear in Philadelphia.

Arab-Israeli

(Continued from page 1)

It was not immediately clear whether the Israeli ground thrust was aimed at an area of counteroffensive aimed at securing the Suez area.

The ground and air strikes were part of an Israeli drive to recover from the recent Israeli-African defeat, the loss to Egypt of five miles north of Katina. Among Egyptian troops was taken.

The Israeli military command said that the biggest air battle so far reported in the 1970 Middle East war, on places downed 15 Syrian MiGs that were trying to attack Israeli armor around positions from which ground batteries were being fired.

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The 'Ideal' Situation

By Glenn Ullenger

The National Society of Alchemists, a small, highly select group of academics, is having a dead-end job. "You don't think they want to adhere to that alignment of terms and out recruiting fair," Ullenger said.

"I was a student in the '70s," he continued. "I had a flush toilet finally stopped, and the A.D. resumed. "You know, in a way it's ironic that all this has come about. The whole time undergrads have been concerned about it's academic reputation." the A.D. wondered aloud.

"It's time to get back into the business of education," the visitor interrupted. "After that I almost foot taller." 

"But now, with a team heavily re-

The Individual Analyses:

The Cadets are the nearest candidate of Cornell, the host, to keep the score to the extent they connected on five of seven for 47 yards while senior O'Neill also rushed for 1152 yards, and he also filled. Quickly.

Senior running back Tom Weber, whose fathers should buy a deli in the season, was founded in 1956, winning four National championships, was the national leader in scoring with 132 yards. But both the offensive and defense working together more.

Another girl which has shown promise is Liz Hancock. Due to her improved tradition behind it. The new coaches are now 4-1 with 13 receptions for 196 yards, and five TD's. Cornerback Mike Brait still isn't returning George Heinze and Steve Wagner. "Since it's our season opener Saturday, Wagner. "We're looking for one of these guys to step up and take the middle guard Bob Sorin and freshmen middle guard Bob Sorin and freshmen carrying at Andover. Downing, big for a running back, led. But his role in the next few weeks may be at right side blocking.

The probable starting backfield will probably be the strongest link, with returning George Heinze and Steve Wagner. "We're looking for one of these guys to step up and take the middle guard Bob Sorin and freshmen middle guard Bob Sorin and freshmen carrying at Andover. Downing, big for a running back, led. But his role in the next few weeks may be at right side blocking.

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Lightweight Gridders Open Season Vs. Army Saturday

By BRUCE TISHE

Can Ann Arbor and West Point Daredevil Football League do battle for the title? It seems quite possible. In fact, almost anything is possible in a football game, and the season opener is no exception. The two teams are looking forward to an exciting and competitive contest.

The Gridders will be playing their first game of the season against the Army Black Knights. The Gridders have been practicing hard and are ready to face any challenge. The Black Knights are also well-prepared and will be giving their best effort. The game promises to be a thrilling one.

The Gridders have a strong defense, led by senior linebacker John Smith and junior safety Mike Wilson. The offense is led by senior quarterback Tom Johnson and junior running back Mike Green. Both teams have experienced players who will be key in determining the outcome of the game.

The Gridders are ranked as the number one team in the nation, but the Black Knights are not to be underestimated. They are a tough and determined team, and the Gridders will have to be at their best to come out on top.

The Gridders have won their past two games, and they are looking to continue their winning streak. They have a tough road ahead, but they are ready to face the challenge. The Gridders vs. Army game is sure to be a classic.

Don't miss out on this exciting game. Come support your Lightweight Gridders as they take on the Army Black Knights. This is a game you don't want to miss!
Image: The roots beyond the tangled vines

Imagine, if you will, an intricate tangle of rampant vines whose thorns and nettles have long since obscured their roots. One who seeks to understand the growth of the plant must at some cost to himself penetrate its harsh surface; even then his task is not easy, but without this effort it is completely impossible. The task before one who would understand what we misleadingly call contemporary problems is immensely more difficult, but the same principles apply. In the complex tangle that is the Middle East, those principles are rarely followed. Official communiques and newspaper stories every day disclose the miserable ignorance that results.

The consequences of that ignorance generally lie hidden until some disaster focuses international attention on the area. This time it was an incident in Austria that did the honors: on 28 September two Arabs kidnapped through the Soviet Union the three emigrating Soviet Jews and one Austrian customs official, then released. Since then the in-accusations of Communism have become almost as meaningless in the seventies as arguments of practical concerns, "he surely wasn't thinking of the moral questions involved in turning Arab Palestine over to Jewish colonists. Ethics have been sacrificed to expedience so often in the Middle East that the Arab guerrillas are hardly to be blamed for taking ethical appeals with pinch of salt. The blindfoldness of the West was bound eventually to drive its victims either to drink or to terror. This writer rebels at the prospect of justifying or even excusing violence as a means of effecting change. Still, the violence of the Palestinians is that of a people whose softer surface; even then his task growth of the plant must at some obscured their roots. The nettles of the Middle East question are, to be outraged by the ignorant ignorance generally lie hidden.

This civilization has defined its territory in such a way that only an established nation can afford to accept them. Only the nations whose possessions are thus given are either glorified beyond recognition or relegated to a position where they are admitted to the select circle. With such a handicap one must turn to an established nation if large still seeks the roots beyond the tangled vines. The Lebanese newspaper Al-Nahar manages to ask the simple question that never occurs to the editorial writers of the Times: How force the Palestinians out of their country and the Palestinians become guerrillas. The world at large reacts only to the emergence of the commandos, but has the world stopped to ask where these commandos came from? Has the "civilized" world ever stopped to consider the plight of the Soviet Jews from an Arab point of view? Probably not.

The problem is a tautological one, since every immigrant from the Soviet Union is also an immigrant into Palestine, like the immigrants from Germany in the 1930's and '40s who so swelled the numbers of Jewish settlers that the cultural character of the land was drastically changed. Arabs of all factions are in perceiving the new arrivals as threats to their interests. The displaced Palestinians see strangers who are welcomed into their own homeland, from which they themselves are effectively barred. Some conservatives fear the insidious influence of the Soviet Union represented in the area by its former citizens. The government of the United Arab Republic believes that the new Israelis will become colonists in the occupied territories and soldiers in the Israeli armed forces.

Yet the governments of Western Europe and the United States recognize remaining beyond the existence of a persecuted minority in Soviet Russia. They are in the process of repeating the injustices inflicted on the non-Jewish peoples of Palestine in order to shelter the refugees from Nazi genocide. It is easy enough to be generous with the possessions of others: is it not hard to imagine the rage of him whose possessions are thus given away?

Regardless of the flights of internationalist rhetoric to which many public figures yield on occasion, contemporary leaders are often remarkably parochial in their thinking. The unfortunate Chancellor Kreisky, for instance, said, "What we cannot accept is that Austria should become a secondary theater for the Middle East conflict with violence and confrontations of armed men from both sides. We shall maintain our humanitarian traditions."

Such a resolution is naive in the extreme. Nations cannot maintain their traditions or their neutrality independent of the rest of the world, nor can they safely persist in the conscientious myopia that has characterized Great Power attitudes toward the Arab world since at least the First World War. The thorns and nettles of the Middle East threaten to overrun the entire world; only by dealing with the chaos at its roots can we hope to avoid further tragedy.

- SUSANNA STURGES

Letters
Letters to the Editor and suggestions of what to do with a camel should be typed in characters to the line and sent to 34th Street Magazine, Basement, Sergeant Hall, 34th and Chestnut Sts., Philadelphia 19174. Please include your name and phone number; names withheld on request.

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**Porter: the bite of comedy**

By NAOMI KAYE

Laughter is serious business to Stephen Porter, Director of the New Phoenix Repertory Company's production of Feydeau's comedy "Chemin de Fer," he views laughter as an "intelligent and mature judgment" by the audience. Well-known for Moliere, Shaw, and Ibsen, Porter tries to persuade actors that there is a serious side to comedy, a side he hopes is also evident on stage in the plays he directs. Porter happily launched into a discussion of the field in which he is most interested — comedy, and more specifically, tragicomedy. Tragicomedy is a "stringently intellectual" form that is difficult to understand, and therefore less immediately accessible than romantic comedy or farce. Porter does not believe that there is the happiness or unhappiness of the characters that creates laughter, but rather their inability to cope with the realities of life. "Chemin de Fer," unlike many other farces, jumps a year in time; yet, the characters are not better off in the end, because they remain blind. Porter sees this as "the bite of comedy."

By the third act of the play, the actors and directors. Actors may reach for laughs too hard or in the wrong places. The latter is often the result of a peculiar situation that Porter described as the difference between rehearsal and performance laughter. Often during rehearsal, the actors respond to each other's performance styles with laughter; the audience responds largely to the storyline. This discrepancy may cause the actor to try too hard for a laugh during a performance. Porter warns his actors that they can't wait to get caught with your hand in the till reaching for a laugh.

Porter tries to persuade actors that there is a serious side to comedy, a side he hopes is also evident on stage in the plays he directs. Porter has heard a round of applause at a Moliere play because of the audience's appreciation of the structuring of a scene. This response, to Porter, is the ideal to be reached for. Porter attended the Yale Drama School with no intention of becoming a director — he did not wish to have "the inferior job of traffic control." But finding other directors incompetent, he began directing plays, beginning with Moliere's "The Misanthrope." He now sees his job as "fairly complicated...that of leaving people alone."

Porter believes that actors must "draw out from the actor's way, while "drawing out from the actor what he tempomerentially is." Even in a farce, with its exaggerated action, the actor is the basis of the character. Porter insists that the actor remain somehow in contact with reality. Porter tells his actors to "dive down into the water, but have an air tube that connects you with the outside air."

Stephen Porter sees his role as that of bringing out the play, not reorganizing it. "I try to be in sympathy with the point of view of the play," Porter turned down an opportunity to direct that became the Broadway hit "Butterflies Are Free" because he objected to attitudes in the script. He refuses to reinterpret classical plays to satisfy modern sensibilities, and for this reason would not direct "The Merchant of Venice." Reworking the comic scenes to make Shylock a tragic hero would work contrary to "the author's muscular rhythms." While the Open Theatre is interested in subjective, nonverbal experience, Porter "would go towards rather than away from the text...towards the universal."

Porter, who directed last year's New Phoenix production of Moliere's "Don Juan," is well aware of the effects of working in repertory theater setup. In the case of the New Phoenix Repertory Company, the choice of play is controlled by the fact that the actors work in both productions simultaneously. However, a good actor is often willing to take on a smaller role in one of the plays because of a more appealing role available in the other play. Audiences enjoy watching the actors "stretch one way and another" into different roles. With the set design, Porter recognizes an "acute element of compromise" in repertory theater, because the same basic set is used for both plays. His worst relationship with a designer resulted in Porter throwing out the entire set. This year, working with Edward Burbridge, Porter has been able to work out problems with the set, bringing the bedroom set of "Chemin de Fer" closer to Porter's original idea that it should look like the inside of a lady's purse.

As director, Porter is closest to his actors. During rehearsal, he works at "protecting them, loving them, encouraging them." Porte, who directed last year's New Phoenix production of Moliere's "Don Juan," is well aware of the effects of working in repertory theater setup. In the case of the New Phoenix Repertory Company, the choice of play is controlled by the fact that the actors work in both productions simultaneously. However, a good actor is often willing to take on a smaller role in one of the plays because of a more appealing role available in the other play. Audiences enjoy watching the actors "stretch one way and another" into different roles. With the set design, Porter recognizes an "acute element of compromise" in repertory theater, because the same basic set is used for both plays. His worst relationship with a designer resulted in Porter throwing out the entire set. This year, working with Edward Burbridge, Porter has been able to work out problems with the set, bringing the bedroom set of "Chemin de Fer" closer to Porter's original idea that it should look like the inside of a lady's purse.

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**Simon: quiet, compassionate insanity**

By GAYLE LACKS

On opening night at the Forrest Theatre "The Prisoner of Second Avenue" turned out to be a play within-a-play. The difficulty was that Neil Simon never wrote it that way. But then, neither did Mimi Hines, slated star, plan on her solo role. The director, Stephen Porter, who has been directing classical plays since 1956, believes that comedy is difficult to understand, and that there is a serious side to comedy, a side he hopes is also evident on stage in the plays he directs. Porter happily launched into a discussion of the field in which he is most interested — comedy, and more specifically, tragicomedy. Tragicomedy is a "stringently intellectual" form that is difficult to understand, and therefore less immediately accessible than romantic comedy or farce. Porter does not believe that there is the happiness or unhappiness of the characters that creates laughter, but rather their inability to cope with the realities of life. "Chemin de Fer," unlike many other farces, jumps a year in time; yet, the characters are not better off in the end, because they remain blind. Porter sees this as "the bite of comedy."

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**Glover: relaxing into a character**

By SHELLIE SCLAN

“Don’t Push the River” is the name of a book by Barry Stevens, and she completes the impossible, which is to say she is a writer. That is the essence of how John Glover approaches his work as an actor. Glover is currently at Peter Coe’s New Phoenix Repertory Company, and he tells me here last year with his final appearance in O’Neill’s “The Great God Brown” and Molieré’s “Don Juan.”

As Billy Brown in the O'Neill play, Glover displayed a magnificent energy and total immersion in the role. He attributes part of this success to the fact that he was able to connect personally to the character, and sometimes he may not find it until he is in front of an audience. This is where “Flow of the River” comes in.

Glover believes that an actor must achieve total relaxation before he can really work on a character. Sometimes that key comes from thinking about himself by staring at his reflection in the mirror, and other times it may come unconsciously—the actor says a line or makes a gesture he liefor he can really work on a character. Sometimes that key may not find it until he is in front of a character, and sometimes he perhaps they’ll step off of their character. “There’s something extra on stage when you’re working with actors that have chemistry about you and you cut through the basics just that much sooner.”

The Actor’s Lab Theatre Company has begun its second season at St. Mary’s Church, 95th and Locust Streets. The Philadelphia group is experimenting with new forms of presentation, and has managed to achieve a considerable repertoire of productions behind them. This weekend they performed Beckett’s Play and Handke’s “The End” and “The Wall at the end of the church.” We were all ushered into theEH. Where coffee was being served. We were all ushered through a dark corridor to the doors at the theater experience this was going to be. Were the actors sitting among us? Perhaps at the end of ten minutes, someone would tell us this was the play—us, drinking coffee, looking at each other.

We were all ushered through a dark corridor to the doors at the nave of the church. The doors were opened into total darkness and a half dozen of us were lead in, and the doors closed. It was like a fraternity initiation, and the secrets were being told each group? What surprises were in store for us?

Finally, my group of six was lead through the darkness, up into the sunshine, and we were seated in the front row facing the three seated actors of Beckett’s Play. Play was performed, a brilliant mechanical litany of the eternal love triangle, read dead-pan with flashlights burned in the faces at appropriate moments. The actors proceeded about halfway through a sermon of a play, allowing us to hear what we might have missed due to speed and lack of expression in the first run-through until a frightening tantrum. It is a trend which is gradually being. Perhaps there will yet be some interaction with us, perhaps they’ll step off of their piece (which was full of intellectualizations about the theory of theater, and full of contradictions which became increasingly annoying) and they kept on saying it.

And this is when it began to resemble what has been useful in my school experience. Frustration breeds violence. These artists—playwright and actor—me like the increasing human casualties of this society, who fear, hate, assault, and kill. They tried to mask their frustration, their impotence—"I probably won't be able to make you do what I want—so I'll hit you over the head." But after a while it was no longer even clear what they wanted—just the message you're not giving it to me. So we, the audience, sat there, being accused of not knowing what the theater was, while the actors babbled on.

I guess what really made me so mad is the growing trend to which this art is akin—the de-captulated chickens of Alice Cooper, or a baby throwing a tantrum. It is a trend which is present in its more reflection of the most negative and sensative society. It is the inability (or unwillingness) to synthesize or even analyze.
Fancy-free in Calders' world

By DEBRA WOLLINS

New York's art world has an allure for anyone who considers himself cultured. Last week I had the chance to mingle with the best at a preview showing of Alexander Calder's new works at Perls Gallery on Madison Avenue. I arrived about a half an hour late with a folio of my prints under my arm. Most of the people there were already high on champagne and someone thought it rude to open the bottle. I arrived about a half an hour late with a folio of my prints.

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Burbridge: architectonic

By NAOMI KAYE

Edward Burbridge was working on his part in the New Phoenix Repertory production of "Chemin de Fer" when I came to see him in the Zellerbach theatre.

Theatre. He, however, will not set be visible on opening night -- but his scenery will be. Burbridge is the set designer for the New Phoenix Repertory Company's two Annenberg Center productions when I talked to him, he was obviously in the place he likes best -- the theater.

Sitting in the middle of the darkened theater, watching his scenery set up on the stage for the first time, Burbridge remained still for a few moments to discuss how he formulates his ideas for settings. Even when first reading a play, he is already forming "visual pictures" of the play's setting that he will develop further through closer readings of the script. For "The Visit," Burbridge supervises all the shopwork for his sets. In the past, he has both painted and built scenery, training which he has found invaluable. Discussing with a technician the position of a screen on the stage, Burbridge turned to me and said "This is the fun part of designing scenery; this is the great part." Watching him work, I knew that was true.

An Interview with Tom Wicker next week in 34th Street
Four Interiors

“In the dark room...”

In the dark room, shadows I never saw before
Oppress my wakeful sight,
As the hours slide by on their still, small rears
Onward through night.

Framed, as a steadier picture might be in day
By a long tusk of light,
Your shadow claims the wall beside the bed,
Asleep not quite.

The sounds of you and me, vague and detached and faint,
Mix with the system of the ticking clock
And both timekeep.

For the first time in all our lovers’ nights
I start to notice things,
Rain outside, and the bulky sound
Of your deep lungs.

That hitherto had been a working part
Of an abundant whole.
Now, like an unsprung watch, I watch
Its works unroll.

Landlord

One cannot hunger for a landlord
as one hungers for a poet -
thick fingers, the tense ring of lips, the tongue
flexible as an ironing board
and just as functional - these do not inspire
sighs, or solitary walks on a winter Sunday.

Landlords are not the material
of musings. Still, when the pipes freeze,
when the ceiling perforates and the rains
pour through, then the ethereal
poet pale, and he comes bearing
the old serviceable tools, the well-used hammer, the nails.

Trip The Maypole

Gosh it must be fun to be a peasant.
In peacetime summer sun
is rather pleasant
but be cautious not to overdo:
rough crusts look good on chickens only.
Rice paddy mud is said to soften feet
(though ruin clothes).
Should fungus commandeer some toes
just stiff that upper.
Punches are to roll with.

In wartime it is better.
Bomb shelters
and their rancid cavern atmospheres
are cheap hotels for sissies.
The real people get fresh air.
And if on days there are more bombs
than clouds what shows it?
(Answer: Nothing, if they miss.)
Folk whisper shrapnel’s like a boy’s first kiss.
It tickles pink, they think.

Peasant stop just stop complaining
it’s too much.
You sound like a talking alphabet soup.
You sure are stuck with one odd language.
Don’t you know how good you got it?
Your cries pester me like chiggers.
Still. Your situation’s chic
and possibly it pays.
I have my share
of social conscience.

- SOPHIE BALCOFF

- MARGARET-ROSE RYAN

- SUSANNA STURGIS

- JAMES KUSLAN
Grim Fairy Tale

By DAVE KUSIMA


The title of J. P. Donleavy’s sixth novel is little more than a contradiction. Where can a fairy tale come true in New York City (other than the Metropolitan Stadium)? This is merely the first and most obvious expression of irony in a novel that is primarily prepared with this ingredient.

Donleavy has actually told this particular romance twice before, once as a play that premiered in London in 1928. The story included in his collection Meet My Maker the Mad Maker, published last fall, is now a work of substantial length, the influence of drama and short fiction upon the novel can be clearly perceived.

The central figure of Donleavy’s Victorian romance, the protagonist, Christian, a Brooklyn-born, Bronx-bred orphan who is returned from an unsuccessful sojourn at an Irish university. Like the book itself, Christian affects a dual personality. At times, he is shy and sensitive, a self-proclaimed “student of human nature.” On other occasions, he is a tough, scrappy street brawler whose boxing ability has, in fact, earned him a membership in the elite Came Club.

Christian’s pilgrimage to the Heavenly City of New York reflects his desire to show his new born-upon-the-merits of his own money. Cry out for joy stuffing it in my pockets. I love it, sky, rich and strong.” His wife dies on the ocean voyage, however, and Christian’s experience in the New World is her burial, assisted by Clarance Vine, a former of a chain of funeral parlors.

Plunged into guilt and sorrow, and alienated from the hostile city around him, Christian locks himself in his room in a waterfront tenement. His only companion is a cheerful derelict who stands beneath his window each morning wearing a sandwich board which proclaims such motion as “DOWN WITH DUST AND ‘NEVER WHATSOEVER.’”

Eventually, his financial situation becomes unbearable as his feelings of loneliness and frustration, and Christian accepts Vine’s offer of employment at one of his funeral homes. We soon discover that Vine, for all his admission of “understanding sorrow” and “final resting places,” is nothing more than a criminally hyperteoric to whom death is a business with good and slack seasons, and grief a commodity to be exploited for the last nickel. The green lights which bathe his viewing rooms are more inviting than hope.

Nevertheless, Christian adopts Vine’s sales pitch wholeheartedly, and early relations with services and embalming duties with the proper amount of restrained enthusiasm. In fact, this fervor causes his exile from the profession when he is hauled into court by a bereaved widow who claims Christian made her husband’s corpse look youthful and vibrant, rather than “dead and old like he was.”

Christian now attempts to make a living at a spark-plug empire, where he is thrust into a think tank and ordered to produce, in a firm’s owner, mindful of Christian’s former job, bears that “run this most empire like a morgue.” Only a strong affirmation of his talent from personal secretary Howard How saves Christian from immediate dismissal. Howard How is enthralled with such inspired slogans as “If you’ve got a heart, you don’t need one,” or “If you’ve got a heart by Bott.” Christian is too honest with himself to be satisfied with such linguistic absurdities. He is seen ponding the pavement again.

Unable to conform to the world’s idea of respectable endeavor, he decides to respond to the profession when he is hauled into court by a bereaved widow who claims Christian made her husband’s corpse look youthful and vibrant, rather than “dead and old like he was.”

Christian realizes he cannot take on the entire city, and laments, “If only I could find one person to amaze. Without having to knock his god damn head off.” He indeed undertakes such a strategy in his passionate love affairs. He is kept by Fanny Bourgess, a rich, bony widow whom he meets over her love in a casket to Peaches Musk, Vine’s baton-twirling assistant. Her other liaisons, including a romp with Howard’s wife, are no less perverse. There is no hope for Christian, though, in his conventional relationship with childhood sweetheart Charlotte Graves. There is even a monumental triumph over two nasty waiters in a snobbish restaurant. But he is once again betrayed in his quest for social acceptability, this time by his own empty pockets. In all, Christian is too big for his environment, and vice versa. One or the other has to go.

Donleavy’s narrative technique conveys the intersex and anxious nature of his protagonist’s world. The prose is immediate, fragmented, and surrealistic. The transition from omniscient narration to the preservation of Christian’s thought processes is effected abruptly and without punce in Young and Cornelius’ flat pounds the table. Utensils clutter. Man rushes back to retrieve his grey converted pock poe. His pows who think they’re going places. Hold tight because I’m cracking up. With no night to sleep in Throwing tiny fists at a looming bug grey black city.”

The cumulative irony is mirrored in Donleavy’s prose, as well as through the wild, unpredictable outbreaks of his protagonist, evokes the theme of the individual’s instability and loss of faith in moral values when pitted against a society whose institutions thrive on cruelty and injustice. Yet the intricate and ironic humor used by the author seems as much an evasian as a thematic device. We are forced to laugh at Christian’s naive, albeit exuberant, attempt at accommodation to his society. As this quest fails, Donleavy presents the uncontrolled excesses of his major character in an even more uproarious manner.

The fleeting insights we gain into the desperation of Christian’s life are always juxtaposed with episodes of hilarious comedy, thus obscuring the poignant account of his sufferings. Only, when we are no longer laughing, do we reach the pathetic realization that Christian has no derived any hope for salvation. Donleavy’s humor has existed as a defense against the cruel and punitive ways into Christian’s plight by the sensitive reader.

It seems that the author of Fairy Tale is more intent upon demonstrating his inventive facility in creating a series of picareque sketches, than on presenting a coherent novel. The mock-heroic Christian possesses no more self-awareness at the end of the book than he does on page one.

For all its sophisticated comic gifts, therefore, A Fairy Tale of New York is little more than a cynical, shrug-shouldering exercise in affectation. Can Donleavy’s characters live happily ever after? Never whatsoever.

Fresh and fortuitous marriage

By ROBERT WEMISCHNER

We are a nation of cookbook collectors, weaned on Front of the Kitchen, The Flavor-Principle Cookbook (Hawthorn, $8.95) is just such a companion-piece, written not at all in an attempt to present a rational order on various foreign cuisines by isolating certain recurring flavors, but an attempt to present an intuitive combination of foreign cuisines that by combining a Chinese cooking technique (let’s say, stir-frying) with a French flavor principle, you can arrive at a fresh and unexpectedly fortuitous culinary marriage. A recipe below. And in offering her rational scheme, creativity in the kitchen becomes a combination of life and slavish adherence to the printed recipe is no longer necessary.

The permutations of flavor principles and cooking techniques, once separated and提炼ed, are endless. However, she cautions that a devil-may-care combination of flavor principles and cooking techniques may result in horrendous, wholly inedible dishes and therefore restraint must be exercised. Practice will make perfect, and after a while, the experienced cook will understand the rightness or wrongness of certain combinations before they are actually combined.

Elisabeth Rozin and her husband Paul, a psychology professor at Penn, are currently at work on another book which will cover Chinese flavored techniques as its method.

His two-proved prowess serves him well as he metes out justice to ill-mannered bums, cab drivers, and alienated from the huge, tawdry city. “If only I could find one person to amaze. Without having to knock his god damn head off.” He indeed undertakes such a strategy in his passionate love affairs. He is kept by Fanny Bourgess, a rich, bony widow whom he meets over her love in a casket to Peaches Musk, Vine’s baton-twirling assistant. Her other liaisons, including a romp with Howard’s wife, are no less perverse. There is no hope for Christian, though, in his conventional relationship with childhood sweetheart Charlotte Graves. There is even a monumental triumph over two nasty waiters in a snobbish restaurant. But he is once again betrayed in his quest for social acceptability, this time by his own empty pockets. In all, Christian is too big for his environment, and vice versa. One or the other has to go.

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Each arranged usefully by food category (hors d’oeuvres, soups, meats, etc.) that by combining a Chinese cooking technique (let’s say, stir-frying) with a French flavor principle, you can arrive at a fresh and unexpectedly fortuitous culinary marriage. A recipe below. And in offering her rational scheme, creativity in the kitchen becomes a combination of life and slavish adherence to the printed recipe is no longer necessary.

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1 lb. fresh carp (skin and bones removed), or 1 lb. fresh shrimp.
2 oz. fresh pork fat
3 eggs, lightly beaten
4 T. sesame oil
1 finely minced gingerroot
1 clove garlic, finely minced
1 T. soy sauce
2 T. dry sherry
3/4 t. salt
5 T. sugar
1 slice gingerroot (about size and thickness of a quarter)
1. Grind the fish with pork fat through meat grinder. Combine with eggs.
2. In small frying pan heat 2 T. sesame oil over high heat. Add gingerroot and garlic. Stir-fry a few seconds. (Keep the food in constant motion so that it cooks quickly and evenly.)
3. Add soy sauce, sherry, salt, and sugar and simmer gently for a few minutes. Remove from heat and cool slightly. Add soy-sauce mixture to fish.
4. Put 2 T. sesame oil in 3-cup mold and tilt mold so that oil fills bottom and sides thoroughly. Spoon fish mixture into mold, pressing down with back of spoon to ensure that there are no air pockets. Place slice of gingerroot on top of fish and over tightly with aluminum foil. 5. Place mold in a larger pan containing enough hot water to come halfway up side of mold. Place pan in a preheated 325 degree oven. Place until pate is firm and resilient to touch.
6. Place pate in mold, then run a sharp knife around the edge and unmold onto serving plate.
7. Chill thoroughly. Garnish with shredded carrots and cucumber if desired.
Guide

Give You a Lift Mister

art

MUSEUMS & INSTITUTIONS

Institute of Contemporary Art

39th & Rittenhouse S.

Three Washing rooms, you've been sitting
in the front of the Farnsworth Library since
on parts of your property...there's part of IC's
now tell吃饱腹... "You visit..." A com-
most unactivated, unless the site itself is this
show, a glimpse into the nature of the
described, otherwise their activities and
preconditions, and the destructive nature of
the site. The IC's press release, won't be on
your radar...and that's how it will be on
Open weekend, S.

Philadelphia Academy of Fine Arts

Broad & Cherry Sts.

Paintings by William W. Holmes &
T. Biddle. Tues. 2-4 Tues. 9-11

Philadelphia College of Art

1845 Spring Garden St.

Oct. 27 & Nov. 3. "Outstanding 3," an
exhibition of the work of three young artists from
Here.

Music Thurs. 9-11 Tues. 9-11

Philadelphia Museum of Art

36th & Fairmount

Fri. Nov. 11. "Michelangelo's Drawings -
retrospective. Restoration and display of
manuscripts. Collection of modern art
Dining $5. Free with membership

GALLERIES

Houston Hall Book & Framed Gallery

3401 Spruce St.

Two Nov. 7. "Photographers." David
Munich, Ken Piotrowski, Gail Fischer,
Lynn Carson, and Harvey Fonske.
Weekdays 5

Marianne Lock Gallery

128 Walnut St.

Sat. Nov. 7. "Recent Watercolors."
Weekends 11 & Wed. 9-11

Newman Gallery

181 West St.

Nov. 3. "Watercolors."

Walk in the second annual visual and musical
installation of Walt Disney's Fantasia returns to
the screen in a new video this week. Great
sights of music by Tchaikovsky, Rimsky-Korsakov,
another are brought together via spectacular video
demonstrations. Watch for Mickey as he
survives his adventure.

The Print Club

Newman Gallery

Oct. 4 to Sat. 15.

Philadelphia Museum of Art

Institute of Contemporary Art

5th & Rittenhouse S.

Winston Churchill's "World of the Saints" and
"The Visit" by Peter Handke. The company
returns for its second year "The Visit" by
Stephen Porter, director of the Philadelphia
Academy of Music. "The Visit" by Stephen
Porter..."The Visit" by Stephen Porter.

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LITTLE BIG MAN

October 15

C. A. Aud. 7 & 9 30.

MYSTERY ON THE BOUNTY

October 16

C. A. Aud. 7 & 9 30.

THE GOLD RUSH & PAYDAY

October 17

C. A. Aud. 7, 9 30 & 11 30. 75 cents.

THE TRIAL OF THE EATONSHIRE NINE

October 18

C. A. Aud. 7 & 9 30.

PETIN SWOPE

October 19

C. A. Aud. 7 & 9 30.

FIVE FINGERS OF DEATH

October 20

C. A. Aud. 7, 9 30.

"Play" by Simon Beckett and "Othello: The
Audience," by Peter Handke at St.
Rita's, Lab Ronee Company, Friday and
Saturday nights, 8:30 pm. October 21. 54 S.
14th St.

The Paul Taylor dance company opens the
Summit Street Theatre's American dance
festival. World premiere of Taneyhow's
"American Legends." October 21. 429
14th St.

"Of Mice and Men," with Tom Poston at the
13101 V6. 30th St.

"Touch of the Poet," by Eugene O'Neill at
11-23.

"A Funny Thing Happened On The Way To
The Forum," with Zero Mostel recreating his
legendary starring role, at the Valley Forge

"The Proctor of Second Avenue," by Neil
Simon. The Lighthouse. Oct. 21. 311 S.
3rd St.

Phoenix Arises

The New Phoenix Repertory Company
returns for its second year to the Zeidler
Theater. Harold Prince directs the
eponymous "The Visit." The company
includes "The Visit" by Stephen Porter.
Salome returns for its third year. Run
through October 15. U.S. student's price with
student ID. 394 NM.

On the Penn Campus.

Friday the 12

The Marx Bros. in Horsefeathers
7 & 9:30

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7 & 9:30 Irving 11

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