HEW Expected to Ask Details of University Affirmative Action Plan

We have had a docket audit of the University's Affirmative Action Plan with several deficiencies which were discussed over the telephone recently, according to President Nassau's spokesman, who said the information was based on a call between White House Chief of Staff John Eisenhower and HEW officials.

According to President Eisenhower, HEW officials have been examining the University's Affirmative Action Plan and have found several deficiencies.

The University's Affirmative Action Plan has been under scrutiny by HEW officials, who have been examining the plan for several days in preparation for a meeting with University officials.

Nixon Plans News Conference: Congressmen Ask New Prosecutor

Nixon's Press Secretary David Johnson said that the President will hold a news conference on Tuesday afternoon to discuss the move to oust Archibald Cox as special prosecutor. The President is expected to announce his decision at the conference.

The move to oust Cox comes after a series of allegations that he was involved in the Watergate scandal. The White House has been under pressure to take action against Cox, who has been accused of leaks to the press.

HEW's Special Prosecutor's Office has been investigating the Watergate scandal, and the move to oust Cox is expected to have a significant impact on the investigation.

Early U. of Iowa Office Hours Suggested to Ease Traffic

The Office of University Relations has suggested that students and faculty members consider attending classes and meetings during the three-hour period from 9:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M. to avoid congestion.

These suggestions are based on the fact that most students and faculty members attend classes and meetings during the hours of 9:30 A.M. to 12:30 P.M., which is the busiest time of the day.

Some professors have already responded to these suggestions by shifting their class times or reducing their class sizes.

Conference To Review Third World Relations

A conference is being held at the University of Iowa to review third world relations. The conference is co-sponsored by the Department of History and the Department of Political Science.

Nixon's Secretary of State Henry Kissinger is expected to attend the conference, and other prominent figures in the field of international relations are also expected to participate.

This conference is one of several that have been held in recent months to discuss the challenges faced by third world nations.

Students and faculty members are encouraged to attend the conference and contribute to the discussion.

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TIME Magazine reports on the rise of Pink Chablis in the Los Angeles wine industry. "Callists Pink Chablis has recently triumphed over ten cooler California brands, securing a blind tasting victory in Los Angeles."

More than a Rose.

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TIME Magazine reports

More than a Rose.

PINK CHABLIS

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**Coming       to       Dinner**

**taste of the 1968 science**

**fiction hit monkeys who don't shine. James**

**Francisco, and Em Moter. Channel 10. 9 00 p m**

**Frogs 1972) Nature strikes back at man.**

**Watch out for these wars. Channel 10, 11.30 p m**

**SATURDAY. OCTOBER 27**

**One at a Kind Five top bluegrass musicians play in concert, with Richard**

**Greene and Clarence White. Channel 10, 8 00 p m**

**"Til the Butcher Cuts Him Down A**

**reconletion of New Orleans jazz with K I O**

**"Punch" Miller. Channel 23, 7 30 p m.**

**Law and Order A documentary by**

**Frederick Wiseman about a major police**

**atwork at the streets of Kansas City**

**Channel 23, 6 00 p m.**

**SUNDAY. OCTOBER 28**

**Hanewest Tales at Washington Irong**

**Broad East Channel, 6 40 p m.**

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**NEW LOCUST THEATRE**

Broad & Locust Sts. Philadelphia, PA 19107
right of way

A fading flame of tawdry glory

Before Spiro T. Agnew is awarded the newly-created Nobel Prize for Consciousness Political Integrity, this writer would like to nominate him instead for a far more appropriate honor—the Emmy award for obsequious self-righteousness in a public figure. His televised performance ten days ago captured the essence of Nixon's America with such consummate skill that a Pulitzer Prize is probably in order—whatever that is. Whatever one's personal opinion of the former vice-president, one can hardly deny that he was in evidence to the needs of a significant segment of the American people. He retained this ability to the very end of his farewell address.

William Safire, former speech-writer to the President, and current columnist for the New York Times, has characterized Agnew as the spokesman of the silent majority, a David public pronouncements of the Nixon Administration. He produced in prodigious quantity the meaningless epigrams that rallied his constituency but provided no insight into the problems of the country. Now those who dare to believe the evidence collected by the Department of Justice feel either betrayed or exultant, because the man who always wore his virtues on his sleeve turns out to be a conman.

Ironies abound in the Agnew case, the story of an arch-bureaucrat, the system who exploited the hell out of that system and eventually blamed his own corruption on its inadequacies. The man who built a national reputation chastising the media is now reaping the exact same criticism. He became an insignificant politico if the name hasn't made his name a household word. But we cannot understand what is going on. Most of the men in his former staff, including several of his close friends, presently await indictment, trial or sentencing—but he expects us to have implicit faith in his new nominee for vice-president. The chief of one of the most extraordinary ad-
mistrations in American history wants us to believe nothing irregular about the $100,000 that wandered somehow into the keeping of Bozo Rebeke, secret angel of the purblind.

The growing of the White House, however, is very questionable tax exemptions and, if one remembers that far back, the bombing of Bozo Rebeke, and the other humanitarian deeds that won Harry the K. his good citizenship badge: Richard Nixon has already secured his place in history. Last week in these pages, columnist Tom Wicker was quoted as saying that “the first and most fundamental task of the American politician ought to be that of public education—the enlightenment of the electorate he represents.” Mr. Nixon's administration has done more to fulfill this task than any of its predecessors. Since his election in 1968, we have learned about cover-ups, classifications, the whole history of Vietnam, the FBI, the CIA, the Justice Department, the IRS. We have learned the value of the dollar in large quantities and how to get things done in Washington. We have also learned how to impeach a president, and we have learned why it must be done.

-SUSANNA STURGIS
Stream of blackness

By ALISON DUBIN

The Negro Ensemble Company's production of Joseph A. Walker's The River Niger shimmers with a warmth and wit which is sadly lacking in today's theatre, though the author injects a false sense of excitement near the end of the play with some melodramatic tactics. A group of young black militants are holed up in a run-down house, along with their family, while the police, right outside the door, are shouting the occupants to give themselves up. Meanwhile, a Jew is discovered among them, and a confrontation ensues in which the father is shot.

Despite the melodrama, the situation gives the father, played admirably by Douglas Turner Ward, an opportunity to reveal the dignity black men possess by sacrificing himself for his son. Playwright Walker delineates the play to his mother and father "...and to highly underrated black daddies everywhere." It's a bit of time the myth of the black man castrated by his strong womenfolk was dispelled once and for all, and Walker does it beautifully and realistically. The father, Johnny Williams, is no saint. He drinks habitually, curses frequently, and is lax in paying the rent. But he managed to wrest two years of college from the Man while supporting his family. His profound admiration and love for his people shines through in his life, and his poetry which is his life. One highlight of the play was the majestic rendering of the poem, "The River Niger," by Ward.

The poem proudly affirms the black man's African roots and admires their blackness: "Be a FANTASTIC combination of carnival, WILD WEST SHOW, and vaudeville..." A play to savor in the recesses of your being.

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Clive Barnes, N.Y. TIMES

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Page 1
The quality of commercial breads being what it is today, with the bakery product not much better, bread-baking at home has come back into its own. A new masterpiece by James Beard, simply titled *Beard on Bread* ($7.95) should generate a renaissance of baking with its basic, though not boring, selection of breads, no-nonsense recipes.

From the pen of the granddaddy of master chefs, this compact compendium of 100 favorite recipes tells you all you need to know about bread baking (and the necessary information about yeasts, varied flours, baking pans, knives, to the actual techniques of kneading dough with helpful illustrations as accompaniment.) Master Beard takes the reader slowly but surely through every basic step of baking as applied to a recipe for white bread and from there you are mercifully on your own.

To give it a try, printed on an easy-to-read, cream-colored stock with brown ink, is handsomely done, with the added success of the type of bread under discussion. Sourdough, rye, e.g., including the directions for making the leavening, are all covered by Beard with interesting tidbits about the history, texture, or difficulty of kneading prefaces each recipe. Salient characteristics of each bread are capped in the prefatory description as well, where needed.

Among the delectable array are included recipes for Portuguese Sweet Bread (an old standby on Nantucket) 'Challah, Norwegian flatbread, several pumpernickels, Parker House rolls, and an approximation of French bread which Beard calls "French-style bread." Yeast-less fruit breads are also included for the benefit of those who do not wish to plunge into the rhythms of kneading straightaway. With characteristic honesty, the author warns the novice to try the simpler breads first if "you have any reservations about the challenge" of a more involved bread. And his advice should be well taken.

To get started, here is one of the easier recipes of the lot for Black Bread, which is anything but black, although the moniker seems to have stuck. It is a whole-wheat type bread with an even crumb, dense texture and delightful flavor which should look you at first bite. It keeps well for more than a week when wrapped in plastic and stored in the refrigerator.

Add the corneal to the cold water and mix well. Pour into a well oiled and sprinkled pan, and let rise until doubled in bulk. Take a fresh headed egg and beat it until the white and yolk are well combined. Add 3/4 cup of warm water (100 degrees for 115 degrees, approx.)

| 1 c. cornmeal |
| 3 c. cold water |
| 3 c. boiling water |
| 1 T. salt |
| 2 T. and 1/2 t. brown sugar |
| 1/2 t. caraway seeds (other seeds will do) |
| 1 T. unsweetened cocoa |
| 1 t. instant coffee |
| 2 pkgs. active dry yeast |
| 3/4 c. warm water (100 degrees for 115 degrees, approx.) |
| 3 c. rye (dark) flour |
| 3 c. whole wheat flour |
| 1 c. unbleached all-purpose flour |
| Additional flour for kneading |
| 1 egg white beaten with 2 T. water |

Add the yeast in warm water and add to the mixture, and stir well. Blend in the flours, adding more liquid if necessary, and stir until you have a fairly sticky dough. Turn out on a floured board and knead, adding more flour if necessary to form a firm, plastic dough. Form into a ball and place in a well-buttered bowl, turnng the dough to butter all sides. Put in a warm, draft-free place to rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down the dough and let it rise for two or three minutes. Form into two balls, and either shape into free-formed loaves or roll and fit into two bread pans 8x4x2 inches. Allow to rise until almost doubled in bulk. Brush the bread with the beaten egg white and cold water and bake at 375 degrees for 30 to 60 minutes or until the bread taps hollow when rapped with the fist on its bottom. If you have doubts about whether it is done, let it bake longer. This loaf is a little overdone than underdone.

Bread-baking need not be the whole-day affair that many have made it out to be and, with the help of James Beard, a whole new sensual world is introduced to a public accustomed to tasteless and highly chemicalized stuff that passes as bread.

But as Beard slyly puts it, "there is the moment when that warm bread comes from the oven, and the aroma envelops you; you just have to sit down with a big slab of fresh bread, a little cold butter and glass of wine," and how could anyone quarrel with that? —ROBERT WEMISCHNER

—ROBERT WEMISCHNER
By VICTOR SCHONFELD

They stopped two thirds up the hill which looked like Switzerland, all hush bright- green grass sprinkled in flowers, steep sleeping down to the tree-topped park, to Prince Street, then the new city of Edinburgh, and the Firth of Forth barely covered over the horizon. The castle walls shot up behind them at the hilltop. There was no mist and the sun lit the city, bright and busy in the Festival.

The young man looked at how the girl's body went as she lolled in the grass, at how her mouth - oh, so sweet and soft - went when she talked, the boyish haircut, her beautiful complexion, and her eyes which tantalized more than anything else and emptied him inside when he watched them. He wanted her so much he could have been anywhere in the world and it wouldn't have mattered.

"What did you want to say to me, Sam?" she said.

She was a very pretty French girl who laughed too much when one shouldn't and attracted unwanted attentions. He sat cross-legged and looked down at her. "I wanted to know what you felt these last few days."

"What do you mean?" Her voice was cold.

He glanced away, then he said, "Why did it stop? I don't understand it."

"What stop? Was there anything?"

They both looked away. He wished for the miracle that things would turn around.

"You mean you don't like me at all now?"

She didn't speak. "I lost control of myself. I'm sorry." She didn't speak. She wasn't warmed to him. He went on.

"You let the others act that way and they were all the time, the but what you did, and in public, that was disgusting, just childish. Not even high school boys behaved like that, junior high school, and I thought you were so mature."

"I still like you," she said, "I like you very much."

"Why? I mean, what is it?"

"It just happened. They were silent for a moment. She continued.

"I thought you were different. I thought you were much older; then you told me. Maybe, you shouldn't have told me. Then you started behaving like the others."

"Oh, but that was nothing. I didn't mean anything by it."

She didn't speak. "I lost control of myself. I'm sorry." She didn't speak. She wasn't warmed to him. He went on.

"You let the others act that way and they were all the time, the but what you did, and in public, that was disgusting, just childish. Not even high school boys behaved like that, junior high school, and I thought you were so mature."

"I didn't you forgive me, forget that? I am different from them."

She lay on the grass. "You know, it doesn't happen often, I mean something real. You shouldn't let it be lost, the opportunity. We'll probably never see each other again."

She listened but gave no answer.

"Can we go together to London, anyway?"

She looked right at him.

"I'm going with Marcel tomorrow, and then we're returning to Paris."

"Oh!"

"Sit up."

"Amuse toi bien," he said.

He walked down to the park after she went, lighting a cigarette, and he waited, thinking over the city for a long, long time before he went back to the university.

Sam stood at the end of the Rokin and watched the blonde girls circling the Dam on wooden benches, crossed wide, wheeled spokes, handbarcads and just-right legs streaked from skirts clustering across the flow of the evening rush hour. He crossed to the square, and then scurried back to the hotel. He had his travelers checks, yes, his passport, ticket. The tram, over the Herengracht, stopping abruptly, Sam bumped into the girl at his right.

"Sorry," he said.

Tonight would he return to the Wallet-
- hes still had enough money. He would cruise along the banks of the Zeedijk or go to one of the midnight night club shows. There were many cars in the roads but few people on the sidewalks. Just off the square he came to a theater showing a Western with Claudia Cardinale, a promotion poster capitalizing on her luscious cleavage. He went inside.

A ticket booth was set at the front of the lobby but he couldn't see turnstiles or entrances to the theater.

"Do you have a men's room I could use?" he asked the woman in the booth.

"One flight up and to your left."

No one else was in the lobby. Sam glanced at his watch. It was nearly five. Thirty.

When he came out of the bathroom he scanned the lounge. Near him a man was vacuuming. Sam went to the cigarette machine and examined the brands.

"What do you want?"

"I just wanted some cigarettes. How does this work? You put the money in here?"

"I don't think it works," said the man, and moved away.

Sam didn't put money in the slot but stood there still, for a moment. All the way at the other end of lounge the man's back was turned, and Sam turned and walked quickly to the stairs. He climbed six or seven steps and saw a large group of man downstairs coming, fast, his heart jumped, and he bounded upstair s, slipping, burst into flashing lights. The door burst through a rear row, staring screenward, embedded himself in a seat, whopped off his hat, searched free of his jacket. He pressed his lips shut, tried to suppress his breathing, his chest's heaving, clerching the arms of his jacket, his head tailor for running. If they couldn't hear his heart he was safe, Sam thought, as he glimpsed Claudia Cardinale, and the light from the doors shot into the dark, the man entering the carpet.

The man, thin and small in janitor's clothes, stepped down the aisle training his flashlights. Sam came back up the aisle, flashed over Sam's face, and then he was in Sam's row, beckoning. Sam clothes were sweaty. His face dripping.

"Come with me," the janitor ordered, standing in a few yards away.

"What's the matter?" Sam managed to get out, and didn't budge.

"Come with me." He followed the janitor from the row and repeated.

"What's the matter?"

"Come on," commanded the janitor and, leading Sam, went through the doors. What was it? Sam then lifted up, would he run, now, that they were at the elevator not the stairs? The janitor held his arm.

"All right. Come with me."

Down, one flight or two! To the manager's office. They could order a Heineken there, sat in the lobby, walked past the ticket booth, the woman looked surprised - out and to the sidewalk, Sam went.

"Go away!" ordered the janitor, disgusted. "Go away!" next time I call the police.

Walking fast Sam cooled, felt his perspiration evaporating and calmed. He realised how hot he'd been, and be felt, and, leading Sam, went through the doors. What was it? As Sam walked up, would he run, now, that they were at the elevator not the stairs? The janitor held his arm.

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Sam, young man in leal trousers, thin and small in janitor's clothes, stepped down the aisle training his flashlights. Sam came back up the aisle, flashed over Sam's face, and then he was in Sam's row, beckoning. Sam clothes were sweaty. His face dripping.

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Sam drank from his glass and watched as the young man's friends persuaded him to move so he wouldn't be arrested. Sam had averted his eyes when the young man had posed menacing at the fence. Sitting there in his shifty summer suit and he felt shaken all through. He wiped around the corner and went back across the square to the cafe, where he stopped in a chair.

The man, thin and small in janitor's clothes, stepped down the aisle training his flashlights. Sam came back up the aisle, flashed over Sam's face, and then he was in Sam's row, beckoning. Sam clothes were sweaty. His face dripping.

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Sam, young man in leal trousers, thin and small in janitor's clothes, stepped down the aisle training his flashlights. Sam came back up the aisle, flashed over Sam's face, and then he was in Sam's row, beckoning. Sam clothes were sweaty. His face dripping.
By Enoch Brater

For the audience seeking an understanding of Beckett's work, the theater of Samuel Beckett is a stage full of pitfalls and contradictions. In the process of watching Krapp's Last Tape or Not I, we are aware, inevitably, of "something taking its course"—but then the magic ends, the curtain falls on us as much as on

Beckett's Krapp's Last Tape and Not I open at the Zellerbach Theatre tonight.

Now what in God's name—or the theater's—is that all about? If you listen closely and you would be wise to do so—there's not much else to see or do in this short play—a story begins to emerge replete with mystery, pathos, symbolic density, and of
course, missing parts. Mouth, never relinquishing third person, tells the story of a tight-lipped old woman (really tight-lipped—in fact, she hardly spoke at all, maybe a word or two per annum) who one day started talking non-stop and has been going at it ever since. The plot thickens. Humm. If Mouth is an endless avalanche of words, maybe she's the "she" after all. The play ends: Beckett spares us the art and craft of
denouement. It's a regular cliff-hanger.

Mouth speaks. Auditor hears, we see. Each man his specialty. In the process, however, Beckett exercises his own. Presenting situations which must be poised even though they may not be understood, raising questions which must be asked even though they cannot be answered, is the very special province of the playwright. In Beckett, as in Chekhov and Shakespeare, there is an extraordinary evocation of the unsaid by the said. The accept once is never on Godot, but on waiting—on the process of trying to find 'meaning' in a world which won't give us simple solutions, a world which, moreover, obligates the writer to search for imaginary solutions to real problems.

Now in his third year as an assistant professor of English at Penn, Dr. Brater has thought about Beckett every day for the last five years. He wrote his PhD dissertation on Beckett. His work on Beckett, is completing a book called Language, Logic, and Mythology in the Work of Samuel Beckett, and teaches a graduate course in the plays and novels of Mr. Beckett.

In addition to teaching the Modern Drama course here, Dr. Brater has been actively involved in many aspects of theater. He is on the Annenberg Center planning group and is working on a theater curriculum for the College of Thematic Studies. At Harvard he worked at the Loeb theater, doing everything from floor sweeping to acting as Managing director. Last summer he was a visiting lecturer at the Harvard Summer Institute of Arts Administration.
The American landscape discovered

By BOB WILLIAMS

Thomas Doughty was one of the first American painters to devote himself entirely to landscape. Born in Philadelphia in 1793, he formed a curious link between earlier, more "primitive" American artists and the later landscape painters such as those of the so-called Hudson River school. The exhibit of his work, which opened Thursday at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts (Board and Cherry Streets in the city), includes a good, representative selection of paintings, illustrating the development of his style as well as his imagination, both the variety and sameness in his work.

Like many artists, Doughty is best when he is humblest. His smaller works, and those in which he uses a more limited palette, show greater observation and firmness of grasp, and achieve a more significant and poignant poetic effect. The View Toward the Hudson (c. 1839) is a simple and un-spectacular painting, yet the effect of mist on a lake, and the diffused yellow-gray light of morning is beautifully and touchingly realized. Other paintings, such as Landscape (1846), On the Susquehanna Near Harrisburg (1829), and Delaware Water Gap (1828) succeed in the same way.

View of Swampscott, Massachusetts (c. 1830), which is perhaps the best piece in the show, is large yet simple and restrained. Each element in the scene has been carefully observed and strongly felt, yet subordinated to an all-over effect of airiness and depth which is quite remarkable. In Full Cry is also an outstanding picture, showing hunters with their dogs racing through a forest by a river. The handling of the paint here is light and deft, and the energy of the chase is echoed by the springy, powerful trees and bushes. Other paintings, however, are less successful. The group of imaginative "sublime," or "romantic" landscapes, taken largely from material gathered in Europe, generally suffer from a too uncontrolled use of color and less than adequate draftsmanship.

Often, a picture will succeed in producing a general effect, evoking a momentary mood, but, upon closer examination, will reveal weaknesses which begin to cancel out the merit. In Autumn on the Hudson, for example, the largest painting in the show, the sudden effect of unlimited space and air, the feeling of freedom, is powerful and refreshing. Yet when one moves in to observe the detail the picture falls flat: generalized draftsmanship, awkward and illogical focus, and discordant color reveal themselves. Parts survive; far background and some venerable old trees remain, but the whole force of the picture is lost. Early Winter (1833) looks terribly cold, yet one prefers to take it in from a distance. Doughty's tendency to generalize natural forms plagues even the best of his pictures. Trees are often only casually observed, and soon one begins to see the "standard tree" and the "standard rocky crag." The tendency to generalize is extended in the later works to the composition itself.

While the inability to come to grips with drawing is perhaps the most persistent problem, insufficiently controlled color also detracts from the work. In this respect Doughty betrays a bit of primitivism, it is part of his intensity, his vivid response to nature that he should overstate certain effects such as light on grass or clouds. One tends to forgive the color easily because there are often happy passages. A bizarre painting called Swiss Scene, while full of unforgivable drawing, nevertheless captures with color the feeling of a storm in the Alps with extraordinary accuracy. Doughty was obviously deeply stirred by this awesome spectacle and set it down in very personal terms. As in other paintings, Doughty carefully disregards certain rules, but comes up with a unique and personally meaningful response to nature. It is the conflict between the intense, sensuous response and the stiff, intellectual demands of landscape which, while not always resulting in good pictures, gives Doughty's art its peculiar force and fascination.

Addenda, Errata, and Cetera

1. Last week's right of way photo of Mayor Lindsay was taken by Dwight Pagano.
2. This is my last week as editor of our reader(s) and staff, good bye.

M.S.G.
Nixon Vetoes Presidential War Powers Bill

WASHINGTON (UPI) - President Nixon vetoed a bill Wednesday which would have limited the President's power to send U.S. troops overseas and to commit U.S. forces in a war without consulting Congress. The bill "would have limited his war-making power," Nixon said in a message to the House. The bill sought to impose a 90-day limit on the President's power to send U.S. troops overseas and to commit U.S. forces in a war without consulting Congress.

"I believe," he added. "Any attempt to make any such alterations by legislation alone is clearly without constitutional power." Amendments by legislation alone are clearly without constitutional power, he said.

"I'm sure that every future Congress the ability to hand down to future presidents merely by doing nothing and sitting still. Nixon said the resolution "would give every Democratic Congress." It "would have limited his war-making power," Nixon said in a message to the House. The bill "would have limited his war-making power," Nixon said in a message to the House.

In a message to the House, Nixon said that only legislation alone is clearly without constitutional power, he said.

"I want to bruise their egos," Friedman said. "I want to bruise their egos," Friedman said. "Man has always fought the notion of UFO's." Friedman said. "Man has always fought the notion of UFO's." Friedman said. "Man has always fought the notion of UFO's." Friedman said. "Man has always fought the notion of UFO's." Friedman said.

"It is a superior intelligence somewhere in the solar system," Friedman said. "It is a superior intelligence somewhere in the solar system," Friedman said. "It is a superior intelligence somewhere in the solar system," Friedman said. "It is a superior intelligence somewhere in the solar system," Friedman said.

"I believe that any attempt to make any such alterations by legislation alone is clearly without constitutional power," Friedman said. "I believe that any attempt to make any such alterations by legislation alone is clearly without constitutional power," Friedman said. "I believe that any attempt to make any such alterations by legislation alone is clearly without constitutional power," Friedman said.
The Trustees' Meeting

As the Trustees of the University visit campus during their biennial fall meeting, we urge them to take an especially hard look at the immediate needs outlined in the Development Commission report. In addition, we hope they will take advantage of this opportunity to make themselves more aware of the thoughts, desires and needs of the University community.

Pennsylvania faces a severe challenge in the next few years. If the University does not significantly improve its educational product, the dual specters of escalating costs and competition from improved state institutions will prevent Pennsylvania from attracting top students. This can only result in an overall decline in the quality of the institution.

Immediate implementation of the far-reaching recommendations in the Development Commission report will allow Pennsylvania to continue as a first-rate university. But far, the Trustees have delayed the approval needed to begin the fund-raising campaign for these vital proposals. Only the delay has caused a loss of momentum and excitement generated on campus by the release last December of the development report. The Trustees must act quickly to begin the campaign. If they do not, the University may not be able to realize the positive plan for excellence that the University can have a positive plan for excellence for the next few years.

It is also disheartening that the Trustees' schedule for the meeting includes an agenda that includes no time for meetings with students, faculty or staff. The only contacts the Board will have with the community-at-large are luncheons with the Faculty Senate Advisory Committee and the Sphinx and Friars student honor societies. Just two groups do not represent the breadth and diversity that gives the University its special strengths.

We hope the next time the Trustees visit campus they will not restrict their interactions to these groups only, but will attempt to meet a greater diversity of the community. We suggest an open reception or coffee, perhaps, which would allow questions from members of the community for which they make the decisions.

Bertram D. Hinsley, Urban Economics, a former student of John "Jack" Wood's "My Eye." He reports that the black professor, who is also a part-time outside consultant, is both an authority on the influence of higher white communities; since race is a key ingredient in the attempts of state funds for operating costs, and the state, then, becomes the enabler of the white student's provided he has a white student's ticket.

It may appear that Morgan and its housing is being threatened. The small percentage of Morgan students who, like other students, come from an area where the influence of color is an unwarranted interference by a private institution in national foreign policy, and in a foreign conflict. The university has a right to refuse such interference and exclude it from its campus, even if it is done at Morgan's request, since Morgan is an unwarranted interference by a private institution in national foreign policy, and in a foreign conflict. The university has a right to refuse such interference and exclude it from its campus, even if it is done at Morgan's request, since Morgan is.
Democrat.s on the House Judiciary Committee voted to give its chairman, Rep. Peter W. Rodino, D-N.J., per-
trol subpoena power when the joint begins its preliminary inquiry into the possibility of formal charges against
Nixon. Both said they reluctantly fend Gov.

The Senate Watergate Committee is known to be in its final stages of investigat.

Nixon from possible criminal charges. Howard Wet al. (named special Rebozo
thinks in 1969 and 1970. Watham
reportedly was a high official who
put the money in a secret bank and returned it to Hughes early that
The House move toward con-

Office Hours

Office hours are as follows for the main campus: 8:30 to 12:00 in the morning, and 1:00 to 4:30 in the afternoon. The phone number for the main campus is 543-1234. Students are encouraged to use the office for meetings and discussions regarding academic and personal matters.

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(Continued from page 1)

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Speed Skaters Grab Ice
To First Season

By BILL ABNER

Speed skating a ruler of the road is ready to meet an track meet in Allentown for many years this sport has had a low visibility in the Lehigh Valley. For several years now,. no major meets have been held here. The closest competition has been held at the annual festival in Bath during the first week of November. We are now one step closer to the sport's national level.

The name of the sport is inadequate, however, to describe the power and excitement of speed skating. Skaters glide on the ice at speeds of up to 35 miles per hour. They perform various maneuvers, including jumps, turns, and stops. The sport requires strength, speed, and coordination.

The upcoming season promises to be exciting. The Outdoor Speed Skating Association (OSSA) will be hosting a series of meets throughout the region. The first meet is scheduled for December 1st at the Lehigh Valley Ice Arena. Other meets are planned for January and February.

The OSSA's mission is to promote the sport of speed skating in the region. They offer training sessions, equipment rentals, and competitive opportunities for skaters of all ages.

To find out more, visit the OSSA website or contact them directly.

Times Are Changing for Princeton

A football game is up to the end of the fall, but it looks like Lehigh isn't quite ready to consider Friday night's 28-20 defeat at the hands of Princeton.

Lehigh's coach Fred Dinkins announced Tuesday that he would return to win the Ivy League. Lehigh is now ranked 16th in the nation, but the team is struggling to find consistency. The Leopards are currently 0-6 in league play and have just one win on the season.

The loss to Princeton was the third straight for Lehigh, and the team is now 0-7 overall. Lehigh was outscored by 116 points in the three losses, indicating they need to improve defensively.

Lehigh has struggled with turnovers, giving up 12 in the three games. They have also struggled with their quarterback, who has been pulled twice in the last three games.

The team is currently looking for a new starting quarterback, as sophomore Jonny McCullough is out for the season with a shoulder injury. The Leopards will need to rely on the arm of backup quarterback Nick Falcioni, who has started in McCullough's absence.

The Leopards have a tough road ahead, with games against Harvard, Penn, and Yale on the horizon. The team will need to improve on both offense and defense to have a chance at a winning season.
struggling against the in
tellectual establishment. Agnew
took on the terrifying liberal
press and supposedly brought it
to heel almost single-handed; he
caused the newspapermen to
ask themselves if objectivity
were not a more important goal
than persuasion.' His most
notable achievement in that
area, however, was the creation of
the tightening liberal press and
American public which
determined America forget that
the overwhelming majority of
its news was produced by
Nixon's administration. The
New York Times and the Washington
Post, which had been close
business, were now the
foundation of society.
America had felt the
celebrated Agnew rhetoric lay a
mammoth chasm, the emptiness
of which even Agnew could not
have learned why it must be
done. We have also learned how to
dismiss the Agnew phenomenon with
a moralistic sneer, more than a
weeping over the candidates. He
was for many the embodiment of
the national virtue and what
an elevated Everyman whose
concern can be excused before the
people has sufficiently
shown. The Associated
Press several years ago carried the
news that the new Oklahoma City
Mayor had sentenced to fifteen
years in prison for pilfering $3.73
in change from six parking
meters. Court poem poor people
serve months in jail before they
can be prosecuted to the full
extent of the law. The
Greening of the White
House, very questionable tax
evasion and what, if
remembers that back, the
bombing of Cambodia and the
other humanitarian deeds that
won Harry the K. his good
citizenship badge: Richard
Nixon has already secured his
place in history.
Last week in these pages,
columnist Tom Wicker was
quoted as saying that the "first
and most fundamental task of the
American politician ought to be
the enlightenment of the electorate
he represents." Mr. Nixon's
administration has done more to
fulfill that task than any of its
predecessors. Since his election
in 1968, we have learned about
cover-ups, classifications, the
whole history of the FBI, the CIA, the
Justice Department and CREEP; we
have learned the value of the
dollar in large quantities and how
to get things done in Washington.
We have also learned how to
impeach a president, and we
have learned why it must be done.

— SUSANNA STURGIS

right of way
A fading flame of tawdry glory

Before Spiro T. Agnew is
awarded the newly-created
Nobel Prize for Congenial
Political Integrity, this writer
would like to summarize him in
place of a far more appropriate
honors: the Emmy award for
obscene self-righteousness in a
public figure. His televised
performance ten days ago
captured the essence of P. R.
America with such consummate
skill that a Pulitzer is probably
in order as well. Whatever one's
personal opinion of the former
vice-president, one can hardly
deny that he was able to speak to
the needs of a significant
segment of the American people.
He retained this ability to the
very end of his farewell address.
William Safire, former
speechwriter to the President and
current columnist for the New
York Times, characterized
Agnew as the spokesman of the
silent majority, a David
public pronouncements of the
Nixon Administration. He
produced a prodigious quantity
of meaningless epigrams that
rallied his constituency but
provided no insight into the
problems of the country. Now
those who dare to believe the
evidence collected by the
Department of Justice feel just
betrayed or exasperated, but
because the man and the
apocryphal virtue on his
turned out to be a
common crook.
Ironies abound in the Agnew
case, the story of an arch-
defender of the system who
ended up on the hell out of that
system and eventually blamed
his own corruption on its
adequacies. The man who built
a national reputation chastising
the media would have remained
an insignificant political if the
daily papers and the evening
news hadn't made his name a
household word. But we cannot
would have been intolerable." So
said the former vice-president in
an attempt to convince us of his
lofty motives and innocence.
One begins at last to
understand the depth of Richard Nixon's
abhorrence of what he is
wont to call the easy way out of a
crisis. He must sweat, he must
suffer, he must publicize his
agony in an effort to appease the
ruthless god. Dissenters and
resisters jeopardize the entire
country with their blasphemous
arrogance. Any would-be Daniel
Ellsberg who challenges the
solidarity of the government
must be prosecuted to the full
ends how blatant the double
standard must become before
the law can pass judgment.
Whatever one's
dedication of his dear Ted,
still
in
his
F. I. L. A.
SOLD
EVERY
THE
B. K. a.
right of way

October 20, 1973

ANDREW L. Fеннег
Managing Editor
MARY-ANNE OST
Business Manager
DAVID ASHENBURST
Book Reviews
JOAN PHILLIPS
Guide
LIZ AMES
Photography
SHELLEY SCLAN
Theatre and Dance

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All articles represent the opinions of individual authors and do not necessarily represent the editorial position of 34th Street Magazine.

Cover photograph by LIZ AMES


Painted Bride Art Center
Oct. 26, 27, 28
Sigmund Raves, director
An Evening of one act plays
Starring Susan Goss and
Odysseus Lloewell

43rd Street Magnet
The magazine of the Daily Pennsylvanian

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BY VICTOR SCHONFELD

They stopped two thirds up the hill which looked like Switzerland, all lush bright-green grass sprinkled in flowers, steep sloping down to the tree-topped park, the Rokin Street, then the new city of Amsterdam, and the Firth of Forth barely seen behind. The castle walls stood up behind them at the hilltop. There was no mist and the sun lit the city, bright and busy in the Festival.

The young man looked at how the girl's body went as she lolled in the grass, at how her mouth—oh, so sweet and soft—when she talked, her beautiful complexion, and her eyes which taunted more than anything else and emptied him inside when he watched them. He wanted her so much he could have been anywhere in the world and it wouldn't have mattered.

"What did you want to say to me, Sam?" she said.

She was a very pretty French girl who laughed too much when one shouldn't and attracted unwanted attentions. He sat crumpled and되고 in her lap, and she said, "I wanted to know what you felt these last few days." 

"What do you mean?" Her voice was cold.

He glanced away, then he said, "Why did it stop? I don't understand it."

"What stop? Was there anything?"

They both looked away. He wished for the miracle that things would turn around.

"You mean you don't like me at all now?"

"I still like you," she said. "I like you very much."

"Then why? I mean, what was it?"

"It just happened. They were silent for a moment. She continued, "I thought you were different. I thought you were much older; then you told me. Maybe, you shouldn't have told me. Then you were much older; then you told me."

"What do you mean?" Her voice was mild and cool but Sam didn't put money in the slot but ordered the janitor, "All right. Come with me."

He followed the janitor from the row and repeated, "Yes."

"Come with me," the janitor ordered, standing a few yards away. What the man managed to get out, and didn't budge. "Come with me. Come with me."

He followed the janitor from the row and repeated, "Yes."

"What's the matter?"

"Com'mander," the janitor said, the beautiful young man's friends persuaded him to move. "We couldn't be arrested. Sam had averted his eyes when the young man had posed menacing at the fence. Sitting there in his spiffy summer suit, the young man could provoke someone, and he was not going to.

When Sam crossed the square this time there was little traffic. He went into the Pan American office. The clock on the wall said 5:45. "I have a ticket for Paris-New York," he told the clerk; "I'd like to change it. I'm not going to London."

"All right, sir," she said. "If you give me your ticket I'll fix it for you, and I'll see if anything is available for—that's for Saturday."

"Yes. Thank you."

"We know you are fairly busy this time of year, especially on weekends."

"Say, see if you have anything for tomorrow. I'll go tomorrow if you have something."

She watched her bend over the computer terminal and he resisted against the counter. Raising her head she said, "Twelve thirty Friday. "Is there a meal on that flight?"

"Yes. There is."

"O.K. I'll go then."

Sam stood at the end of the Rokin and watched the blonde girls circling the Danrak and, wearing the same clothes, stepped down the aisle and ran the flow of the evening rush hour. He crossed to the square, and then scurried back to the hotel. He had his travelers checks, yes, his passport, ticket, the tram, over the Herengracht, stopping abruptly, Sam could see her in the girl at his table. "Sorry," he said.

Tonight would he return to the Walletteil, the women around the Zeedijk made him nervous. He eyed her, sized her up.

"Hey son, um'ere," one woman had spotted him and asked the woman in the booth, "You looking for a bolt?" "All right. Come with me."

Don't get anyone to look inside.

"One flight up and to your left.

No one else was in the lobby. Sam glanced at his watch. It was nearly five thirty. When he came out of the bathroom he saw the man by the entrance. Near him a man was vacuuming. Sam went to the cigarette machine and examined the brands.

"What do you want?"

The man was right next to him. "I just wanted some cigarettes. How does this work? You put the money in here?"

"I don't think it works," said the man, and moved away.

Sam didn't put money in the slot but stood there still, for a moment. All the way at the other end of lounge the man's back was turned, and Sam turned and walked quickly to the stairs. He climbed six or seven stairs into the dim and then the man downstairs coming, fast, his heart lumped, was turned, and Sam turned and walked quickl) to the stairs.

Across the square and up a block was the Pan American office. The clock on the wall said 5:45. "I have a ticket for Paris-New York," he told the clerk; "I'd like to change it for — I'm not going to London, anyway."

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"O.K. I'll go then."

The danrak and mounted the tram just as the traffic began moving.

In little over an hour the Pan American office would close and he might not get his reservation. He needed to use the bathroom at his hotel but he was already on the Rembrandtstraat and he remembered he had forgotten. The girl who cleaned the hotel had said hello as he left his room and he flustered, turned to the lavatory, and then hurried downstairs. Now it was all right but he would have to stop before he got back to cafes. The waiter was standing at his table. "Heineken," Sam said.

"Paradiso," a discotheque formerly a church, where Sanwcnt last night. For six guilders he saw an old Western there, sat on the dance floor among many Americans smoking grass, and watched a psychodelic slide show on the wall behind the band while the band played and he listened.

The waiter brought the beer and Sam at the door. He climbed six or seven stairs into the dim and then the man downstairs coming, fast, his heart lumped, was turned, and Sam turned and walked quickly to the stairs. He climbed six or seven stairs into the dim and then the man downstairs coming, fast, his heart lumped, was turned, and Sam turned and walked quickly to the stairs.
Wading through Beckett

By Enoch Brater

For the audience seeking an understanding of his work, the theater of Samuel Beckett is a stage full of pitfalls and contradictions. In the process of watching Krapp's Last Tape or Not We Are, we are inevitably confronted with "something taking its course" - but then the magic ends, the curtain falls on us as much as on the actors and we are left only with the knowing anxiety of trying to figure out just what in the world all this "barbershop poppycock" about life and death is all about. "What's it mean? What's it meant to mean?" Winnie's question in Happy Days becomes our own. The compulsion to find meaning or "significance" makes us a bit like Gogo and Didi waiting for Godot. As they wait for Godot in an unidentified landscape for an unspecified reason, so we wait - and hope - to find a key with which to unlock Beckett's "message," never realizing while we wait that he has cleverly turned us onto one of his own characters. To be alive is to wait for Godot - in much the same sense that we wait for Godot in Not I. And while we are waiting, meaning to our actions and their consequences, meaning to the words we read and the plays we see. But in Beckett the "meaning" we are searching for often turns out to be elusive as Mr. Godot himself - he remains always that infamous stage occupant. He is working as someplace and floating somewhere in the wings, missing all his cues. "Where does that leave us?" one Beckett character asks. The answer: "On our hands and knees." Well, not quite. We're in our seats in a theater somewhere and Krapp's Last Tape is taking its course.

Krap's old antagonist, we discover, is a tape recorder - and "box three, spot five" goads him as much as did Othello. Krapp is now an old man, but the voice he listens to is that of the Krapp of some thirty years ago, a man then celebrating his 39th birthday. Beckett has some fun with this device; the voice on tape says he just has been listening to yet another tape of some dozen years before. Three dimensions of time are deftly set in motion on stage: the words of the Krapp we watch comment on the past and the words of the past on tape comment on the Krapp we see. And so cross-references and cross-commentaries form the basic tension and conflict of the one-act play. Krapp-at-39 chuckles at his youthful ideals as the Krapp we see now, a dilapidated drunk, joins in his earlier reaction, roaring with laughter and creating a grotesque duet of voices on stage. But the laughter now is heavier, throatier, infinitely more bitter. And Krapp's present guttural trails off into a threatening cough - the tape he will soon make may very well serve as his final soliloquy. Krapp stares motionless at the audience as the tape of his younger self runs on in silence. The curtain falls - the fire of his life, the passion of his words, extinguished. Only the tape remains - a mechanized spool of empty words, unrealized dreams, disembodied voices.

In Not I, the voice itself has become quite literally disembodied. We see only Mouth, faintly lit from close-up and below, the rest of the face in shadow. And Mouth is limited to ordinary function words. The voice begins even before the audience has had sufficient time to settle into its seats - as the house lights dim the voice is already speaking, unseen and unintelligible. And then the off-courses in on all the physical movement of the play - four brief movements consisting in simple sideways raising of the arms from sides and their falling back, in a gesture of hopeless compassion. The movement lessens with each recurrence and is scarcely perceptible at the third. The play ends as it began - in a sweeping to and fro sweeping of empty words, unrealized dreams, disembodied voices.

In Krapp's Last Tape and Not I we open at the Zellerbach Theatre tonight.

Now what in God's name - or the theater's - is all about? If you listen closely and you would be wise to do so - there's not much else to see or do in this short play - a story begins to emerge replete with mystery, paths, symbolic density, and, of course, missing parts. Mouth, never relinquishing third person, tells the story of a tight-lipped old woman (really tight-lipped - in fact, she hardly spoke at all, maybe a word or two per annum) who one day started up her own shop and has been going at it ever since. The plot thickens. Hmmm. If Mouth is an endless avalanche of words, maybe she's the "she" after all. The play ends: Beckett dashes us the art and craft of denouement. It's a regular cliffhanger.

Beckett speaks, Auditor hears, we see. Each man his specialty. In the process, however, Beckett exercises his own. Presenting situations which must be poised even though they may not be understood, raising questions which must be asked even though they cannot be answered, is the very special province of the playwright. In Beckett, as in Chekhov and Shakespeare, there is an extraordinary evocation of the unsaid by the said. The accent is never on Godot, but on waiting - on the process of trying to find 'meaning' in a world which won't give us simple solutions, a world which, moreover, obligates the writer to search for imaginary solutions to real problems.

In his third year as assistant professor of English at Penn, Dr. Enoch Brater has thought about Beckett every day for the last five years. Having completed his Ph.D. dissertation at Harvard on Beckett, is completing a book called Language, Logic and Mythology in the Work of Samuel Beckett, and teaches a graduate course in the plays and novels of Mr. Beckett. In addition to teaching the Modern Drama course here, Dr. Brater has been actively involved in many aspects of theater. He is on the Annenberg Center planning group and is working on a theater curriculum for the College of Themeatics. At Harvard he worked at the Loeb theater, doing everything from floor sweeping to acting to Managing director. Last summer he was a visiting lecturer at the Harvard Summer Institute of Arts Administration.

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Bring Your Own . . .
Lasagna, Veal Parmigiana, Spaghetti, Pizza
Nixon Vetoes Presidential War Powers Bill

WASHINGTON (UPI) - President Nixon vetoed a bill Wednesday which would have limited his war-making authority, calling it an unconstitutional intrusion on Presidential power.

The bill sought to impose a 90-day overall limit on the President's power to send U.S. troops overseas and to give Congress the right to cancel such action by a simple majority of both Houses.

Nixon said the resolution would have checked fast action by the United States at times such as the 1962 Cuban Missile Crisis and might have even impaired diplomatic efforts like the one to reach a Middle East cease-fire.

Nixon's ninth veto this year is expected to be sustained by the Democratic Congress.

In a message to House, Nixon said the resolution "would give every future Congress the ability to handcuff every future president merely by doing nothing and sitting still."

"The only way in which the Constitutional powers of a branch of the government can be altered is by amending the Constitution and any attempt to make any such alterations by legislation alone is clearly without force," he added.

Nixon said the resolution would take from the President powers which he has "properly exercised" for almost 200 years.

Record Air Pollution Halts Factory Work

WASHINGTON (UPI) - Air pollution—at its worst in at least two years—Wednesday forced factories to shut down some operations in the industrial cities of Birmingham, Ala., and Pittsburgh.

The very young and very old, mothers-to-be and persons with lung ailments were warned to stay inside both cities, and smoke from a garbage dump fire and fog were blamed for a massive automobile pileup on the New Jersey turnpike at which at least 10 persons were killed and 42 injured.

In the heavily-industrialized population centers of eastern New York and Connecticut, the weather bureau issued an advisory that stagnant air had created a high pollution potential.

10 Killed in Chain of NJ Turnpike Crashes

KEARNY, N.J. (UPI) - A shroud of fog and a smoldering garbage fire dropped visibility to zero on the New Jersey turnpike early Wednesday, triggering 30 chain reaction accidents. At least 19 persons were killed and 42 injured.

William J. Flanagan, executive director of the New Jersey Turnpike Authority, said the fire had been burning for 10 days in the Hackensack Meadowlands dumping grounds within a mile of the turnpike.

Experts See Growing Arab-US. Oil War

VIENNA (UPI) - Whatever the outcome of the latest United Nations Middle East truce resolution, the oil war between the Arabs and the Americans has just begun. Western experts predicted Wednesday.

"Fought in the crossfire are motorists and householders dependent on fuel oil for heat. Europe and Japan will be most affected; the United States to a lesser degree."

LOST POCKETBOOK

A red and pink flowered pocketbook was lost in the secretaries' office of the first floor of Sergeant Hall Wednesday. The pocketbook can be returned to Mr. Robinson's office.

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THE SHORT CIRCUS!

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The Trustees' Meeting

As the Trustees of the University visit campus today for their two day fall meeting, we urge them to take every possible and hard look at the immediate needs outlined in the Development Commission report. In addition, we hope they will take advantage of this opportunity to make themselves more informed of the thoughts, desires and needs of the University community.

Pennsylvania faces a severe challenge in the next few years. If the University does not significantly improve its educational product, the final specters of escalating costs and competition from improved state institutions will prevent Pennsylvania from attracting top students. This can result only in an overall decline in the quality of the institution.

Immediate implementation of the far-reaching recommendations in the Development Commission report will allow Pennsylvania to continue as a first-rate university. But thus far, the Trustees have delayed the approval needed to begin the fund-raising campaign for these vital programs.

Already the delay has crossed a loss of most of the momentum and excitement generated on campus by the release last December of the Trustees' schedule. The Trustees must act quickly to begin the campaign, for this much needed motivation can be restored and the University can meet the challenge of the next few decades.

It is also disturbing that the Trustees' schedule does not include any real opportunity for mingling with the community. The Board will have with the community at-large are the Faculty Senate Advisory Committee and the Squires and Squires honored student societies. Just two groups do not represent the breadth and diversity that give the University its special strengths.

We hope the next time the Trustees visit campus they will restrict their interactions to the groups only, but will arrange to meet a greater cross section of the community. We suggest an open reception or forum, perhaps where the Trustees can question from members of the community for which they make the decision.

By Gary A. Duszyk

While I exchange student at Morgan State, an event occurred which I believe to be the result of a series in which I am presenting cases to a local attorney in an attempt to communicate my feelings and experience with the daily life of a black student. Thursday night, November 16, 1972

During the course of my presentation, I never formed my name and told the audience that I would not hear his decision not to pledge Kappa. "No, I don't think that's the time to get to beat up by them black boys. Those black boys have their feelings too. NY City and your own. More than not at least."

The board then authorized a statement to be made by the student to the media. So this statement was made and has been reprinted here.

The statement reads as follows:

"I fear that my boy's gone crazy and you're going to do it. You've got me apprehensive for a while. Then I talk to you. And I talk to you. As long as you keep me apprehensive, I keep you around."

President to account for his actions; he must realize that every ambulance for the Israeli Emergency Fund is an unwarranted interference by a non-foreign conflict. The money for partisan political causes, and in a foreign conflict.

This was disappointing, but selling time for a second showing. Keeping in mind the developed by the Arab nations to aid for Israel, the Campus Chest has a development Commission report.

Because of the strong bond that exists between Morgan and the others, we must avoid succumbing to the temptation of being black in this country. This fact means that Morgan must be our primary concern. The measure taken by Morgan proves that the Morgan community is experiencing a psychological and emotional breakdown. Now, it is the only clear retrospective sight that tragedy brings to bed. Some tears come to my eyes, but I don't know what, they are for.

Friday meeting in Urban Economics this morning, a student who gave a book report on George Greenberg's Defense of the Davy by In My Eye. It doesn't make me do, or to the white the black. Many of the black members of the class. Paul Stare takes it for granted that there is a deep relationship between the black and white to the rise of the Student's Right to speak on the influence of the on the scene at the time Morgan and State are linked in our past, and our current, and our present influences. The most prominent influence of white has ever been the color that could help Morgan's position for black community development. They are at school at Morgan and State are selected to students at Morgan and State are interested in helping the tragic. Morgan and Morgan are interested in helping the tragic victims of the war in the Middle East. Morgan and Morgan are interested in helping the tragic victims of the war in the Middle East.

Because of the strong bond that exists between Morgan and the others, we must avoid succumbing to the temptation by the Arab nations to aid for Israel, the Campus Chest has a development Commission report.

The overall objective of Morgan is to promote the well-being of Morgan students. It is an unwarranted interference by a partisan nature. The money for partisan political causes, and the money for partisan political causes, and, in a foreign conflict. Morgan and Morgan are interested in helping the tragic victims of the war in the Middle East.

By Robert F. Stahl

I have been asked to do an essay on the decision made by the Board of Trustees to allow Morgan to continue as a first-rate university. But thus far, the Trustees have delayed the approval needed to begin the fund-raising campaign for these vital programs.

I hope that in the future of American-Arab relations, there will be no more deaths, are for. I talk to you. And I talk to you. As long as you keep me apprehensive, I keep you around."

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Tonight's Program
Thursday, October 25, 1973
Living Together
Ellen Berman, M.D.
William Stayton, Ph. D.

Thursday, November 8, 1973
The Abortion Rap
Caren Monastersky, CHOICE
Richard Schwarz, M.D.

Thursday, November 8, 1973
Homosexuality
Barbara Gittings, Task Force on Gay Liberation
American Library Association
Harry Langhorne, Gay Students at Penn
William Stayton, Marriage Council of Philadelphia

8:00 P.M. in the Harrison House
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BIOGENICS INC.
The American landscape discovered

By BOB WILLIAMS

Thomas Doughty was one of the first American painters to devote himself entirely to landscape. Born in Philadelphia in 1793, he formed a curious link between earlier, more "primitive" American artists and the later landscape painters such as those of the so-called Hudson River school. The exhibit of his work, which opened Thursday at the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts (Board and Cherry Streets in the city), includes a good, representative selection of paintings, illustrating the development of his style as well as his imagination, both the variety and sameness in his manner.

Like many artists, Doughty is best when he is humblest. His smaller works, and those in which he uses a more limited palette, show greater observation and firmness of grasp, and achieve a more significant and poignant poetic effect. The View Toward the Hudson (c. 1829) is a simple and un-spectacular painting, yet the effect of mist on a lake, and the diffused yellow-gray light of morning is beautifully and touchingly realized. Other paintings, such as Landscape (1841), On the Susquehanna Near Harrisburg (1829), and Delaware Water Gap (1826) succeed in the same way.

View of Swampscott, Massachusetts (c. 1840), which is perhaps the best piece in the show, is large yet simple and restrained. Each element in the scene has been carefully observed and strongly felt, yet subordinated to an all-over effect of airiness and depth which is quite remarkable.

In Full Cry is also an outstanding picture, showing hunters with their dogs racing through a forest by a river. The handling of the paint here is light and deft, and the energy of the chase is echoed by the springy, powerful trees and bushes.

Other paintings, however, are less successful. The group of imaginative "sublime," or "romantic" landscapes, taken largely from material gathered in Europe, generally suffer from a too uncontrolled use of color and less than adequate draftsmanship.

Often, a picture will succeed in producing a general effect, evoking a momentary mood, but, upon closer examination, will reveal weaknesses which begin to cancel out the merit. In Autumn on the Hudson, for example, the largest painting in the show, the sudden effect of unlimited space and air, the feeling of freedom, is powerful and refreshing. Yet when one moves to observe the detail the picture falls flat; generalized draftsmanship, awkward and illogical focus, and discordant color reveal themselves. Parts survive; far background and some venerable old trees remain, but the whole force of the picture is lost. Early Winter (1861) looks terribly cold, yet one prefers to take it in from a distance.

Doughty's tendency to generalize natural forms plagues even the best of his pictures. Trees are often only casually observed, and even one begins to see the "standard tree" and the "standard rocky crag." The tendency to generalize is extended in the later works to the composition itself.

While the inability to come to grips with drawing is perhaps the most persistent problem, insufficiently controlled color also detracts from the work. In this respect Doughty betray's a lot of primitivism, it is part of his intensity, his vivid response to nature that he should overstate certain effects such as light on grass or clouds. One tends to forgive the color easily because there are often happy passages. A bizarre painting called Swiss Scene, while full of unfor-givable drawing, nevertheless captures with color the feeling of a storm in the Alps with extraordinary accuracy. Doughty was obviously deeply stirred by this awesome spectacle and set it down in very personal terms. As in other paintings, Doughty carefully disregards certain rules, but comes up with a unique and personally meaningful response to nature. It is the conflict between the intense, sensual response and the stiff, intellectual demands of landscape which, while not always resulting in good pictures, gives Doughty's art its peculiar force and fascination.

Shipwreck, stormy Coast by Thomas Doughty, (1834)
K-L-S-S-I-N-G

By IRWIN ALLEBRAUM

Susan is a high school junior who combines reticence and good looks in a most appealing fashion. Jeremy is a high school sophomore who is inoffensively eccentric in his ways and decidedly goofy in his appearance. Jeremy is also the title of the current Repertory production at the H.H. Theater on RittenhouM Square.

Of a new movie at the Twin Eric

I've never interfered with his bowing or his horses. That is, until he stands mouth agape watching the new girl in school go through her dance exercises. She is Susan and in her limbering up exercises she does a great deal to stretch Jeremy's imagination.

This places him in the even awkward position of trying to come to a girl, an older girl to boot. In a series of very naturally funny scenes, he seeks the advice of a self-proclaimed peer expert and engages in much preparation and finally hits his own personality stride with Susan. So begins their process of winning one another over. Their time together is spent walking in city streets and parks and Barron captures them with that elusive but very special quality of serenity that being in love within the context of a moving effect brings normally concrete surroundings. The movie remains pretty much a fairy tale despite all of the rightness of its moods and respect for its youthful lovers. These two kids are more than a little unreal. Discounting their above average wealth and talent, Susan and Jeremy are unlike other kids because they have no contact with drugs, violence, or even cigarettes. They're too clean, too young, too new to be a pedestrian romantic involvement. Despite being at that troublesome age when every kid bears some hostility towards his parents, Jeremy and Susan have a tremendous amount of tolerance for mother and pater and Susan even has long conversations with her Dad. That's all very nice, but rather alien to normal high school experience.

None of this special treatment really detracts from the appeal of the film. It does tend to make the inevitable interludes of their separation rather artificially and arbitrarily, a little too dramatic.

Because these kids are young and doing so nicely together in their ideal world one tends to forget that they are their first love and that they probably would have grown away from each other any way. They will wish to prove their parting and it is unfortunate that Barron just drops their relationship for the moving effect it supports, instead of showing a process of drifting apart that would come with a natural maturing process. Otherwise, Barron really had done a wonderful job of moving the lovers along through the film and working with the two stars. Robby Benson is appropriately awkward and appealing as Jeremy, but it is Glynnis O'Connor as Susan who really brightens the film and proves an object worthy of both his and our attentions.

They, like the film, convey a very good feeling of being alive and in love in all its small joys and without a lot of dripping emotionalism.

The quality of commercial breads being what it is today, with the bakery product not much better, bread-making at home has come back into its own. A new masterpiece by James Beard, titled *Beard on Bread* (Knopf, $7.95) should generate a renascence of breadmaking with its basic, though not boring, selection of lucid, no-nonsense recipes.

From the pen of the grand-daddy of master chefs, this compact compendium of 100 favorite recipes tells you all you need to know about bread baking (from the necessary information about yeasts, varied flours, baking wares, knives, and the actual technique of kneading dough with helpful illustrations as an accompaniment). All you need is a well-buttered bowl, plastic wrap, and a good rubber spatula.

Bread takes the reader slowly but surely through every basic step of building a successful bread. Included are no-nonsense master recipes for white bread and from there you are merrily on your own.

The book, printed on an easy-to-read, cream-colored stock with large black, inky type, is divided into chapters according to the type of bread under discussion. Sourdough, batter, quick, rye, Irish soda, and among others, are all covered by Beard with interesting tidbits about storage, texture, ease of difficulty of kneading preacid each recipe. Salient characteristics of each bread are capsulated in the prefatory description as well, where needed.

Among the delectable array are included recipes for Portuguese Sweet Bread (an old standby on Nantucket), Challah, Norwegian flatbread, several pumpernickels, Parker House rolls, and an approximation of French bread which Beard calls "French-style bread." Yeastless fruit breads are also included for the benefit of those who do not wish to plunge into the rhythms of kneading straighway. With characteristic honesty, the author warns the novice to try the simplest breads first if "you have any reservations about the challenge" of a more involved bread. And his advice should be well taken.

To get started, here is one of the easier recipes of the lot for Black Bread, which is anything but black, although the misnomer seems to have stuck. It is a whole-wheat type bread with an even crumb, dense texture and delightful flavor which should hook you at first bite. It keeps well for more than a week when wrapped in plastic and stored in the refrigerator.

### Recipe for Black Bread

- 3 c. cornmeal
- 3 c. cold water
- 3 c. boiling water
- 1 T. butter
- 1 T. salt
- 1 T. and 1/4 t. brown sugar
- 1/2 t. caraway seeds
- 1 c. unbleached all-purpose flour
- 2 pkgs. active dry yeast

**Additional Flour for Kneading**

- 2 eggs, white beaten with 2 T. water

**Adding the correimal to the cold water and mix well. Pour into boiling water and stir until thickened. When it is thickened and bubbly, stir in brown sugar, caraway seeds, and instant coffee.**

**Kneading Dough**

- In a well-greased bowl, place to rise until doubled in bulk. Place in a warm, draft-free place to rise until doubled in bulk. Punch down the dough and knead for two minutes. Form into two balls, and either shape into free-form loaves or roll and fit into two bread pans 8x4x2 inches. Allow to rise until almost doubled in bulk. Brush the bread with the beaten egg white and cold water and bake at 375 degrees for 50 to 60 minutes or until it is a deep brown (when wrapped with the flat on its bottom). If you have doubts about whether it is done, let it bake longer. It is better a little overdone than underdone.

Bread-making need not be the city's battle that many have made it out to be and, with the help of James Beard, a whole new sensual world is introduced to a public tired of nutritionless, tasteless, and heavily chemical ingredients that pass as bread today. As Beard succinctly puts it, "there is the moment when that waft comes from the oven and the aroma envelops you; you have just to sit down with a big slab of fresh bread and butter and a glass of wine," and how could anyone quarrel with that?

-- ROBERT W. WEMBACHNER

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### Juneau Council Presents

**Tomorrow**

**Nite Oct. 26**

Coffee Rock presents

*The Three Stooges* of Rock & Roll with Ivory Vessel at 9 PM

H.H. Dining Room

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**Sat. Oct. 27**

Midnite Movies present

Mae West in

*She Done Me Wrong*

**Sorry But Slither Has Been Canceled**

**Sat. Oct. 27**

**9 PM**

Cabaret is back

Free Tix Today at H.H. Desk Show is H.H. Auditorium

**Sun. Oct. 28**

D. H. Lawrence's

*The Rocking Horse Winner*

7 & 9:30

Fine Arts Aud. $1

O. Henry's

*Full House*

unavailable, sorry

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Old H.H.

Dining Room

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**Sun. Oct. 28**

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Fine Arts Aud. $1

O. Henry's

*Full House*

unavailable, sorry

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### Advertisement

**Sun. Oct. 28**

28 D. H. Lawrence's

*The Rocking Horse Winner*

7 & 9:30

Fine Arts Aud. $1

O. Henry's

*Full House*

unavailable, sorry
**INDIANS**

Oct. 25-28; Nov. 8, 11

Temple University's

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Thurs. & Sun. (7:30), Fri. & Sat. (8:30)

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**Stream of blackness**

By ALISON DUBIN

The Negro Ensemble Company's production of Joseph A. Walker's *The River Niger* shimmers with a warmth and wit which is sadly lacking in today's theatre, though the author injects a false sense of excitement near the end of the play with some melodramatic tactics. A group of young black militants are holed up in a compatriot's home, along with his family, while the police, right outside the door, are expelling the occupants to give themselves up. Meanwhile, Judas is discovered among them, and a confrontation ensues in which the father is shot.

Despite the melodrama, the situation gives the father, played admirably by Douglas Turner Ward, an opportunity to reveal the dignity black men possess by sacrificing himself for his son. Playwright Walker dedicates the play to his mother and father "and to highly underrated black daddies everywhere." It's about time the myth of the black man castrated by his strong womenfolk was dispelled once and for all, and Walker does it beautifully and realistically. The father, Johnny Williams, is no saint. He drinks habitually, curses frequently, and is lax in paying the rent. But he managed to wrest two years of college from the Man while supporting his wife's family. His profound admiration and love for his people shines through in his life, and his poetry which is his life. One highlight of the play was the majestic rendering of the poem, "The River Niger," by Ward. The poem proudly affirms the black man's African roots and boldly asserts: "And the whole world will hear my waters. - I am the River Niger! Don't deny me! Don't deny me!"

The play's mostly honest portrayal of black people's lives is marred by its carefully soaked sentiment. Mattie, Johnny's wife, portrayed with dignity by Robin Braxton, is discovered to have cancer and, of course, Johnny's son, Judas, is discovered to have a ribald, tough-living man. The heavily bearded, wifty repartee between Johnny and his close friend, Dr. Stanton (Albert F. Laveau) is one of the treasures of this play. The black humor, bravura performance, Albert F. Laveau must be cited for his witty elegant, subtle impersonation of Dr. Stanton. Dead by as the son, Jeff, generates some sparks when he demands that everybody let go of "my big toe." And Hilda Haynes, as Grandma who has a penchant for the bottle and claims to be half-Cherokee Indian, is very funny. Amanda liarre as Ann, Jeff's black South African girlfriend is very attractive, but she has to play a rather unsufferable character. She spends most of her time being amiable and helping around the house. When Dr. Stanton says ad-