White House Tells Judge Sirica
Two Watergate Tapes Don't Exist

before Nixon fired Dean.

between Nixon and Mitchell on June 20, between Nixon and former campaign Lawyer J. Fred Buzhardt, called a

1972 - three days after the Watergate

IBM Chairman Stresses
Design in Tiffany Lecture

IBM Chairman Stress
Design in Tiffany Lecture


Class of '24 Grads Recall
Social Life of Bygone Era

"I Continued an page 3)
Theater Could Be Permanent

(Continued from page 1)

The producer has decided to coordinate the group's activities with the University's, and the new group will be called the University Players. The group will present three plays during the spring semester.

The first play, "The Diary of Anne Frank," will be presented on March 1 and 2. The play will be directed by Assistant Professor of English, John Webster. The performance will take place in the University's newly renovated theater, which has been refurbished with a new stage, lighting, and sound system.

The second play, "The Importance of Being Earnest," will be presented on April 1 and 2. The play will be directed by Professor of English, Susan Brown. The performance will take place in the University's newly renovated theater, which has been refurbished with a new stage, lighting, and sound system.

The third play, "A Midsummer Night's Dream," will be presented on May 1 and 2. The play will be directed by Assistant Professor of English, John Webster. The performance will take place in the University's newly renovated theater, which has been refurbished with a new stage, lighting, and sound system.

The University Players are looking for enthusiastic students who are interested in all aspects of theater production, including acting, directing, set design, and lighting. Auditions will be held on February 1 and 2.

For more information, please contact the University Players at (555) 555-5555.
(Continued from page 1)

There will be fourteen seminars in the series, which will be divided into two "theme" sections, each of which will cover a major part of the series. The seminar will be on May 9.

Kissinger, dismissing the suggestion that "we do not have a winning program," confirmed his travel plans for another U.S. diplomatic mission, but he did not specify the next stop.

On Thursday, Kissinger stated that he would try to work out a solution to the Vietnam "peace talks" when he returns from Pakistan.

There has been renewed speculation about a visit by the Pakistan president to the United States.

The United States and Pakistan have been "radically altered" agreements in the past year, and the President is expected to make a trip to Pakistan in the near future.

The United States and Pakistan have been "radically altered" agreements in the past year, and the President is expected to make a trip to Pakistan in the near future.

The United States and Pakistan have been "radically altered" agreements in the past year, and the President is expected to make a trip to Pakistan in the near future.
The Daily Pennsylvania University
Thursday, November 3, 1963

Penn by Any Other Name

By Marc Goldstein

The suggestion put forth by President McPike to study a proposal for a system of judicial consolidation in Pennsylvania is indeed a timely one. There has been an increasing awareness of the need for some type of reform in the legal system, and the timing of the suggestion is apt in the recruiting policies of the current adminstration.

The suggestion should be discussed. To begin with, our legal system is burdened by an overabundance of judges. If the suggestion were implemented, the University of Pennsylvania and Temple University law students could be employed in the recruitment policies of the law faculty. The current budget crisis would be alleviated by the increased number of law students who would be able to work as interns and thus contribute to the legal system.

The suggestion is based on the need to reform the legal system. With an increasing population and more business, the courts are becoming overloaded with cases. The need for reform is not only due to the increase in population, but also due to the fact that the courts are not as efficient as they should be.

In summary, it is suggested that the suggestion be discussed and implemented. The timing of the suggestion is apt and the need for reform is evident. The suggestion could contribute to the legal system and alleviate some of the current problems.
The Curator is going back on our annual line up to support the great democratic forces out there and turn the old rascals out and...
History and Harvard on the line

BY DAVE CHANDLER

"The season of 1884 was opened gloriously by the defeat of Harvard for the first time. The game took place at Cambridge. In the first half Pennsylvania played on the defensive because of the wind, and prevented Harvard from scoring. In the next half, after the first fifteen minutes' play, Pennsylvania adopted rushing tactics, and succeeded in scoring at two end down, the game ending 4 to 0 against Harvard."

But a funny thing happened on the way to Ancient Eight armageddon. Although the Quakers lost 4 to 0 to Harvard, the Quakers' young quarterback Glenn Casey's 72-yard touchdown run was the first in Harvard history. Harvard has never been the same since.

The Quakers' victory over Harvard in 1884 is one of the most storied moments in Ivy League football history. The game was played in Cambridge, Massachusetts, and the wind was so strong that Pennsylvania's players, led by quarterback Glenn Casey, were forced to play on the defensive. Harvard, on the other hand, used a rushing attack to score a touchdown and win the game 4 to 0.

But the victory was short-lived. The following year, Harvard returned the favor with a 19-6 win, and the series went back and forth for the next two decades. The Quakers' victory in 1884 was a turning point in the series, and it is remembered as a significant moment in the history of Ivy League football.
right of way

Truce or Consequences

What better way to commemorate the anniversary of the Cuban missile crisis than with a Condition III alert? Harry Strangeway talked us to the brink for the sake of freedom, peace, and all those other words that roll off official tongues with such fluid ease. Somewhere in his mind perhaps there lurked a desire to remind the masses of Kennedy.

But, said for Harry, this is 1973, and one reporter had to ask whether the American alert had been "promoted as much by American domestic requirements as by the real requirements of diplomacy in the Middle East." Vietnam has hopefully brought an end to the era of knee-jerk response to presidential saber-rattling. With a little practice we may learn to ask "Why?" and to recognize any less-than-honest response. The search for the sources of the latest Condition III alert leads through a malignant wall of facts and passions straight to the Middle East.

The fourth truce imposed by the United Nations since 1948 is now in force, and if past performance is any guide, it will in a few weeks or years be relegated to the scrap heap by a fresh outbreak of warfare. The truth is that an ap...
Dark Side of the Bowery Boys

By IRWYN APPLEBAUM

Martin Scorsese's Mean Streets is a brilliant film, one that is relentlessly bleak in its presentation of the tensions within a volatile milieu. Scorsese's film is highly stylized and features a presentation of the look and sound of life in a punishing environment that is too raw not to be real.

Scorsese hurl us into a world that is drawn from deep within his experiences while growing up in Lower Manhattan's Little Italy. In that world, the pangs and turmoil of the gang have grown up to spend their time as small time hustlers, brawling, gambling, and selling drugs in pool halls and bars for something to happen. Charlie Cappa, Jr. is 27 years old and collects for his Uncle Giovanni, a syndicate boss. Charlie works hard at being a character and a good dresser, but he's desperately trying to prove to himself and to his uncle that he has the independent strength to be an important man in "the neighborhood." He lives with his mother and, though she never appears, Charlie cannot escape the influence of the Catholic doctrines she and the priests have drilled into his head over the years. Charlie cannot reconcile those ideas of paying for his sins by burning in hell with the constant struggle of surviving on the streets.

How can I deal with the image of drinking the blood of Christ, for instance, when he is so caught up in the daily hell of the underworld and Little Italy? He has to cope with the world outside of church, but he still feels the need to keep up a confused dialogue with Christ to offer what he terms street penance for the sins of his mundane hell. But it's the spiritual hell that really tears away at Charlie. In his world nobody grows attached to anybody else yet he is attracted to two people looked upon in the neighborhood as Johnny and Teresa, an epileptic with the scrappy antagonism in whom Charlie is having an affair. Johnny for making a jerk out of him not to get involved with these two, the only people he really cares for in the neighborhood. The pressures begin from these dangerous tides when an inept local loan shark threatens Johnny for making a jerk out of him by stalling his payment and Teresa presses him to move away with her. He can't go to his uncle for help because he must not make any waves that would hurt his chances of gaining control of a restaurant he is looking forward to taking over.

The screenplay by Scorsese and Marilu Marini is looking connected in terms of narrative plot line, but carefully order the chronology of events. The explosive terrors of Charlie's world. For young, second generation Italians like Charlie and Teresa, the streets are indeed mean-mean in the American sense of being not only vicious but unmanageable. The gutter values

Looking properly menacing are (from left) David Proval, Robert DeNiro, and Harvey Keitel in the film Mean Streets.

By STEVEN ROTHMAN


It was bound to happen sooner or later. The literary memoirs of a radical. Not the obscure scribblings of an Abbie Hoffman or the psychedelically rambling of a Timothy Leary, but a book worth reading on its own merits and not solely because of the author's political background. At last we can find out what the Revolution is-what a rational figure. Rader gets beyond self-advertisement and tries to analyze the Revolution that failed.

Why Dotson Rader is disenchanted with radicalism is the question Rader hopefully hopes to answer. To do this, he goes back to the national convention of the SDS in 1969 when the Progressive Labor Party took over. For the first time, Rader begins to worry about whence the Revolutionary (with a capital 'R'). But it was not until later, during the Weathermen's "Days of Rage" when New York lived in fear of those mad bombers, that Rader began to seriously question the validity of a revolutionary (pardon, Revolutionary) stance. But Rader never does seriously question the need for Revolution. Indeed, his final stand is that it is not, if not necessary, to have a Revolution, and the sooner the better.

But Rader never even hints what sort of government he'd like to see as a replacement. Except that he finds the dogmas and fanatics of the Revolution exist solely in the abstract. Indeed, Rader possesses all the characteristics that make the radical Left its most irritating. Without set plans, he is nevertheless doctrinaire; without morals, he is yet priggishly self-righteous. What sets Rader apart from his fellow radicals is his willingness to attempt introspection, even though this attempt fails. Though a radical, Rader has had his book published by that well-established firm of Alfred A. Knopf. One would think a truly committed radical would refuse to work within the "System" at all. But Dotson Rader has apparently satisfied himself, if not the reader (of course, what is a truly committed radical doing reading an establishment book anyway?). Reading Rader is like going through a Who's Who of the New York intelligentsia. Names are dropped from Senator Javits to Germaine Greer, and from Norman Mailer to Yevegny Yevtushenko. And none of them come home to roost, to be scrutinized. Rader's friends津贴, perhaps, or Rader's dear friend Tennessee Williams who is treated as a Leftist pastiche. A broad stroke of a broad doldrums are painted in delicate shades of grey on Rader's Heretofore bloodsoaked canvas. It is only through pure effort that Rader overcomes his ennui and finishes this fine film of failure. If he only could see that the Revolution, his Revolution, and my Revolution are all tied together. As he personally had to overthrow the constraints of his Revolution he must throw off the mind-dulling cloak of abstract idealism and achieve as much as he can. As a base of the people, and not just to the oppressed minorities, as the community. Oppressed minorities have been getting special favor for the whole of the time. Dotson Rader is championing their cause. If any segment of our society is likely to resist Americanization.

As far as Rader's Revolution goes, if you doing it, why read Rader at all? What's the use? It's the very way, why bother? This book should not be missed by the historian, but can be skipped by those who were there.
Pathos and bathos

BY MICHAEL STEPHEN GROSS


One collection of short stories is much like another—at least as far as Isaac Bashevis Singer’s collections are concerned. Any regular Singer reader is certain to ask himself, “ Haven’t I read this story before?” several times before he is through with A Crown of Feathers; if, in fact, he is a regular New Yorker reader between the conflicting voices of her dead grandmother, who counsels righteousness, and her dead grandfather, who preaches self-indulgence and conversion to Christianity. To prove that she is not a demon, dead grandmother has Akhsa rip open her pillow to find the miraculous crown of feathers, symbol of the fragility and elusiveness of truth. The action proceeds in good soap-opera fashion: Akhsa, perverted, sees the priest, converts, marries a nobleman, feels cheated, repents, runs away, returns to the betrothed of her youth, is crushed by his sadistic religious, and dies in melancholy hysteria. On her deathbed, she miraculously rips open her pillow, finds a second crown, this one attesting to her grandfather’s truth, and dies perceived—who is right?—truth is “as intrinsic and hidden as a crown of feathers.”

All the weighty themes are there: the nature of sanity, the oppression of women, the shortness of life, Alienation—and the contrast between these weighty themes and the treatment they are given by Singer’s light, facile narration gives, or attempts to give, an overall impression of irony. Or attempts to give: when Singer is successful, he manages to turn his ridiculous little fables into something very much like good literature. Here, Singer is fairly successful, elsewhere in this collection, where he is too facile, too trite, or too thematically weak, the great Yiddish writer is simply the writer of (semi-sweetened) portraits of the very bitter traditional village society of Polish Jewry.

Having more or less overworked his traditional field, the author has, over the years, moved on to other settings. Singer the ironist has become the vaguely realistic chronicler of the Jewish settings of two of their greatest 20th century crises: their early-century response to modernity and the Outside, and their post-response reaction to Hitler’s achievement. As a realist, the newer Singer is both ambitious and more evenly successful in his attempts.

“Grandfather and Grandson,” the closing story in the collection, is a story in the response-to-the-Outside setting. Reb Mordecai Meir shields his heretical, revolutionary son from the Czarist police. Grandson has rejected the old; grandfather cannot understand the new; when grandson is caught down at a rally they are finally united; uncomprehending, but transcending hate, Reb Mordecai is carted off.

“The Son from America,” another in this category, describes an emigrant’s return to the village of his youth. He has only the dimmest recollections of his childhood; his aged parents, he finds, have no use for his worldliness or wealth. The stories are exercises in pathos and bathos; they are undeniably touching, and, in their own terms, undeniably good.

Farther into realism and closer to autobiography are Singer’s portraits of post-war life. These stories comprise the bulk of the volume. The protagonist is usually a Yiddish writer, often a celebrity bearing strong resemblance to the author. The world that is carefully described is a narrow (and disappearing) one, but the overall portrait seems more convincingly real than those of Singer’s other stories, if only because Singer is the only major living author to deal with it. Of course, strong evidence could also be marshalled in support of the suspicion that the author, in his old age, has run out of imagination and is resorting to autobiography.

In any event, “Neighbors,” more or less typical of these newest stories, describes a love affair between the Central Park West narrator’s two neighbors: Margit Levy, former lover of an Italian count, who walks on two canes and has a neck like “true stories” who boasts of having had an affair with Isadora Duncan. Plot, obviously, is trivial: the story, instead, emits first of all a general impression of pathetic humor and secondly, a feeling of vicarious nostalgia. The latter is strongly reinforced by the typical Singer device of having only the detaché narrator survive the conclusion of the action; in a general sense, this device, either implicitly or explicitly employed, is the central feature in the widespread readership appeal of Singer’s entire oeuvre. Isaac Bashevis Singer is the only major Yiddish writer who has experienced and survived the upheavals of the early century, the events of the forties, and the decline of Yiddish itself in years thereafter. Astutely in such a position can, is, and (one must grudgingly admit) should be allowed to get away with more than the usual share of faults before being relegated to the lists of the unread.
By MARIANNE SAWICKI

David Johansen's drummer gave him a great big kiss on the stage of the Shubert Theater during the New York Dolls concert two weeks ago. I asked him if it was part of the act.

He denied it.

"There's a break in the song there, and the drummer is supposed to pick it up after a while. Well, he didn't, so I turned around to see what was the matter with him, and he goes like this to me, 'Come here!' So I went back there, and he socked me a big wet one.

'That was good. In this day and

age, kids should dig themselves.'

The Dolls were in Philadelphia doing 'guerrilla work,' they said. It is a "vendetta" tour for them. It is a "vendetta" tour for them.

"Just the heaviest kids in town "Beautiful" means the Dolls

were beautiful creating an art form that in years Johnny Thunders said.

form, although it might not be you the legend of the Dolls.

'doing "guerilla work," they said.

"There's a break in the song two weeks ago. I asked to play basketball, although "the

Thunders was patient with me.

"When do you find out? You

The notion of New Yorkers in the city, they say, are

'realizing you were 10 years old," he

But Johansen and Thunders are both 19, and they think they have a mission.

"We tell the kids what's going on now," Thunders said.

"How do you find out what's going on?" I ventured to ask, since we were at the moment surrounded by perhaps the most synthetic people and oddest goings-on I had ever found myself among. Thunders was patient with me.

"Do you find out? You

Johansen would define you.

"You kids under 21 may be neighbors, ad-majorems-glitter-ads, black-is-beautiful, and ever I'm-O.K.-You're-O.K. Whether it does become a viable and worthy life-theme, though, depends on the difference it makes in the people who hear and keep it.

There were some truly amazing people in the audience at the concert, most of them, to judge from their fantastic attire, thoroughly digging themselves. The Dolls, all but falling off their platform shoes as they mince around the stage, are a great crowd-pleaser with the gay trade.

"I wish I knew why we attract such weirdos," Johansen said, and Thunders added: "We attract all the wildest and all the sleaziest. Now is the beginning, and we've got to attract the weirdos to attract somebody."

The five Dolls claim that needing in their act is contrived or put on.

After the concert, my partner and I went to the back of the Dolls' hotel to watch them on NBC's 'Midnight Special.' Many of the weirdos were too, and I felt conspicuous in my plain coat and jeans.

The Dolls were late arriving. The other guests promenaded in the hall for a while but bored each other quickly. Most headed into one room, and it got very quiet. No one had much to say. Everyone was wishing the Dolls and their people would get back and start something. A few took the initiative and left. It could have been a case of too much self-digging to engage in the recognition of one another that would have made for some party interaction. But I wouldn't want to say:

If digging yourself is going to work as a generational theme, though, there has got to be more to it than digging yourself up and showing yourself off.

Liking oneself apparently entails an end to repression. Freud calls little children polymorphously perverse; they feel good all over without being reproducible. Sexual organization has not yet set in.

I shall never think of that term again without thinking of the New York Dolls. The Dolls seemed to enjoy all the trash and gutter around them, drawn by their glamour. It was a contagious feeling, and a little scary.

I asked Johansen if he was gay, and he thought it was a ridiculous question:

'I can't make up my mind. Nobody can say that about themselves. There is just no such thing as being a homosexual. People are just sexual. Anybody who says "you're a fag!" is full of shit. You know, a guy says he's straight, just that means he hasn't met a gay person on yet. He could go out tomorrow and really get turned on by somebody.'

Marianne Sawicki, 23, is a student at the University of Annenberg School for Communications Arts and Sciences on mass message makers.
By DAVID ASHENHURST

The King David Report, by Stefan Heym, G.P. Putnam's Sons, 354 pp., $6.95

Stefan Heym is a talented writer who feels political pressure from every quarter. Born in Germany, he emigrated to this country during the Nazi regime, served with the U.S. in Europe during World War II, and wrote The Crusaders, an American bestseller about that war. The McCarthy era, most of whom moved back to East Germany, and subsequently won the National Prize, their highest literary award; then in 1968 he was denounced before the GDR's Central Committee, and as a result his books are not published in his own country, and he writes in English. In this book, Heym has taken a central passage from the Old Testament (I Samuel 6:1 to 1 Kings 2) and forged it into a delightful blend of historical speculation, downright fiction, and contemporary observation of human nature and power. He seems perfectly suited to write the story of Ethan ben Hosaiah, a man who loves truth too much to ignore it but knows his own times too well to feel comfortable with it.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord our God, whose truth is like a field arrayed with flowers of many colours, for each man to pick the one striking his fancy," so proclaims Ethan ben Hosaiah, redactor of The One and Only True and Authoritative, Historically Correct, and Officially Approved Report on the Amazing Rise, Gold-bearing Life, Heroic Deeds, and Wonderful Achievements of David the Son of Jesse, King of Judah for Seven Years and of Both Judah and Israel for Thirty-three, Chosen of God, and Father of King Solomon—the so-called King David Report (Ethan, by the way, is also the author of the 80th Psalm, and the story is mentioned in 1 Kings 4:31). He is commissioned to write this by no other less important figure than Solomon himself; Solomon wants to establish his right to the throne of Israel by traces of the greatness of his father, and he sees such a biography as the way to quell unpleasant rumors about the succession to that seat.

The report is to be both true to itself, so that Solomon and Ethan, and Ethan's devoted students, and Solomon, and Ethan and Ethan's devoted students, and Solomon's devoted students, and Solomon and Ethan and Ethan's devoted students, and Solomon's devoted students, and Solomon and Ethan and Ethan's devoted students, and Solomon's devoted students, and so on, will have no room to doubt the authenticity of the work, and Solomon's devoted students will know that he is not only a great king, but a great writer, and that he will not be easy to outdo in his own field. He may even try his hand at fiction, and perhaps some will be truly offended at what may seem to be gross impertinence. But whatever else, the book is truly entertaining and thought-provoking; and in spite of all that is said with unfiniting enthusiasm, Heym ultimately retains his benevolent view of all creation and his fellow men: "... What are the stories of the kings and the swords of the mighty? All this will turn to dust, says the Lord, but the word, and truth, and love, these shall remain." Particularly comforting in these times of unholy war and Watergates, the truth of these words is timeless—and when these times are past, The King David Report will remain, just as little beholden for its power to the circumstances of the world to which it first appeared.

American bestseller about that war. The McCarthy era, most of whom moved back to East Germany, and subsequently won the National Prize, their highest literary award; then in 1968 he was denounced before the GDR's Central Committee, and as a result his books are not published in his own country, and he writes in English. In this book, Heym has taken a central passage from the Old Testament (I Samuel 6:1 to 1 Kings 2) and forged it into a delightful blend of historical speculation, downright fiction, and contemporary observation of human nature and power. He seems perfectly suited to write the story of Ethan ben Hosaiah, a man who loves truth too much to ignore it but knows his own times too well to feel comfortable with it.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord our God, whose truth is like a field arrayed with flowers of many colours, for each man to pick the one striking his fancy," so proclaims Ethan ben Hosaiah, redactor of The One and Only True and Authoritative, Historically Correct, and Officially Approved Report on the Amazing Rise, Gold-bearing Life, Heroic Deeds, and Wonderful Achievements of David the Son of Jesse, King of Judah for Seven Years and of Both Judah and Israel for Thirty-three, Chosen of God, and Father of King Solomon—the so-called King David Report (Ethan, by the way, is also the author of the 80th Psalm, and the story is mentioned in 1 Kings 4:31). He is commissioned to write this by no other less important figure than Solomon himself; Solomon wants to establish his right to the throne of Israel by traces of the greatness of his father, and he sees such a biography as the way to quell unpleasant rumors about the succession to that seat.

The report is to be both true to itself, so that Solomon and Ethan, and Ethan's devoted students, and Solomon, and Ethan and Ethan's devoted students, and Solomon's devoted students, and Solomon and Ethan and Ethan's devoted students, and Solomon's devoted students, and Solomon and Ethan and Ethan's devoted students, and Solomon's devoted students, and so on, will have no room to doubt the authenticity of the work, and Solomon's devoted students will know that he is not only a great king, but a great writer, and that he will not be easy to outdo in his own field. He may even try his hand at fiction, and perhaps some will be truly offended at what may seem to be gross impertinence. But whatever else, the book is truly entertaining and thought-provoking; and in spite of all that is said with unfiniting enthusiasm, Heym ultimately retains his benevolent view of all creation and his fellow men: "... What are the stories of the kings and the swords of the mighty? All this will turn to dust, says the Lord, but the word, and truth, and love, these shall remain." Particularly comforting in these times of unholy war and Watergates, the truth of these words is timeless—and when these times are past, The King David Report will remain, just as little beholden for its power to the circumstances of the world to which it first appeared.
The black theater of Douglas Turner Ward

By ALISON DUBIN

Douglas Turner Ward, actor, director, and playwright, is in Philadelphia this month with the Negro Ensemble Company production of The River Niger. Ward is the co-founder of N.E.C., which is probably the most important Negro Theater Company in the country.

As an actor, Ward made his debut off-Broadway in The Circle in The Square production of The Iceman Cometh. He understudied Sidney Poitier in A Raisin in the Sun, and eventually played the Poitier role during the national tour of the play.

Ward became a playwright of distinction in 1965 when his two short plays, Happy Ending and Day of Absence, opened in an off-Broadway showcase. The plays won a Vernon Rice Drama Desk Award and an Obie Award. Although, as some critics have noted, Ward's writing is an extension of a single joke, the comedies sparkle with an uncommon wit.

The young Ward had the precious gift of irony, of double vision. Whites are often startled and, in their smug self-righteousness, Ward becomes a playwright, he also found in Robert Hooks, a man who was thinking along the same lines, and they teamed up to form the Negro Ensemble Company in New York. Ward is the artistic director, Hooks the executive director. In mid-1969 they were given a $344,000 Ford Foundation grant. Housed in an off-Broadway theater, the company opened in early 1968 with nothing less than the American premiere of Peter Weiss's The Song of the Drowned Ones. This play is a mirror of the brutal Portuguese colonization of Angola but by extension a harrowing and compelling picture of the modern world. The authors, employing both song and dance, were considered supple in mind, speech, and movement. The premiere indicated that this young company promised to change the face of New York theater.

The Negro Ensemble Company has a nucleus of fifteen permanent actors on annual salary, special workshop groups for playwrights and directors, and a large cadre of apprentice performers. The theater is not in the ghetto, but the company's audience is now 60 per cent black. The major emphasis is on black culture and on an unapologetic black viewpoint, a correction of 350 years of stereotypes. The company revives some of the neglected, neglected plays in addition to presenting new scripts. Though it primarily offers themes of black life, it hopes it is resilient enough to incorporate the best of world drama-whatsoever its source-into the repertory. Whites are not altogether excluded from company membership. This is a theater with a black identity, rather than a segregated, separatist theater. Ward is neither a militant, separatist nor a militant, separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a separatist nor a sep...
Dear Akadama Mama:

Mama's Love Potions.

Have you any interest in Women's Lib?

President, Showgirls Lib, Las Vegas

Dear Ms. President:

I'm more interested in Mama's Lib and Mama's Red with a drink you like by your Daddy, 'I do it right by you. Now my Daddy, I treat him right. When he comes dragging home at night I fluff up his cap. Slip off his shoes. Hand him his pipe. And head for the Akadama wine. Forget these tooty-fruity wines. They're for boys, not for my Old Man. So I get out my Akadama recipe card and mix him one of my love potions. You'll be surprised how fine a Saturday can be when you start it off with Akadama Red and orange juice. And the second best way I know to end the day is with Akadama Red and champagne. So! if you want my advice, Ms. President, just keep passing that Akadama. Take it from Mama. FAME & FORTUNE.

Listen to Mama, and pass the Akadama, the wine that tastes a lot more than it costs.

Sincerely,

(Continued from page 1)

HOCKEY BUFFS

Penn Tickets on Sale

Season and Individual Games

Student Tickets - $1.50 per game

12 Game Home Schedule

BUY NOW - BEAT THE CROWD

Franklin Field Ticket Office

'74 Class Recalls Social Life

(Ivy league, which is essentially an athletic conference, put the University in a category with several regional and nationally, the task force said its "evidence is clear and almost unique way." The task force wrote that "a successful athletic program is significantly important to the University.

FRIENDS!

The 1974 Record wants all your friends to be in the Penn yearbook.

Info: 594-8720

Dear Akadama Mama:

Mama's Love Potions.

Have you any interest in Women's Lib?

President, Showgirls Lib, Las Vegas

Dear Ms. President:

I'm more interested in Mama's Lib and Mama's Red with a drink you like by your Daddy, 'I do it right by you. Now my Daddy, I treat him right. When he comes dragging home at night I fluff up his cap. Slip off his shoes. Hand him his pipe. And head for the Akadama wine. Forget these tooty-fruity wines. They're for boys, not for my Old Man. So I get out my Akadama recipe card and mix him one of my love potions. You'll be surprised how fine a Saturday can be when you start it off with Akadama Red and orange juice. And the second best way I know to end the day is with Akadama Red and champagne. So! if you want my advice, Ms. President, just keep passing that Akadama. Take it from Mama. FAME & FORTUNE.

Listen to Mama, and pass the Akadama, the wine that tastes a lot more than it costs.

Sincerely,

(Continued from page 1)

HOCKEY BUFFS

Penn Tickets on Sale

Season and Individual Games

Student Tickets - $1.50 per game

12 Game Home Schedule

BUY NOW - BEAT THE CROWD

Franklin Field Ticket Office

'74 Class Recalls Social Life

(Ivy league, which is essentially an athletic conference, put the University in a category with several regional and nationally, the task force said its "evidence is clear and almost unique way." The task force wrote that "a successful athletic program is significantly important to the University.

FRIENDS!

The 1974 Record wants all your friends to be in the Penn yearbook.

Info: 594-8720

Dear Akadama Mama:

Mama's Love Potions.

Have you any interest in Women's Lib?

President, Showgirls Lib, Las Vegas

Dear Ms. President:

I'm more interested in Mama's Lib and Mama's Red with a drink you like by your Daddy, 'I do it right by you. Now my Daddy, I treat him right. When he comes dragging home at night I fluff up his cap. Slip off his shoes. Hand him his pipe. And head for the Akadama wine. Forget these tooty-fruity wines. They're for boys, not for my Old Man. So I get out my Akadama recipe card and mix him one of my love potions. You'll be surprised how fine a Saturday can be when you start it off with Akadama Red and orange juice. And the second best way I know to end the day is with Akadama Red and champagne. So! if you want my advice, Ms. President, just keep passing that Akadama. Take it from Mama. FAME & FORTUNE.

Listen to Mama, and pass the Akadama, the wine that tastes a lot more than it costs.

Sincerely,
A Balanced Attack vs. Penn

Adolph Bellizeare: A Man with a Purpose

He will, in all probability, be considered Pennsylvania's greatest running back of all time before his career is over. Just last Friday, Burgess at USC, Calif., High and Bellizeare, same name will probably become synonymous with running excellence at Penn when quarter-quarter passer is in attendance without ever missing a single block.

He will, in all probability, pass the Penn career rushing record of 191 yards by Harry Strauss in 1926 in the last game of the season, and with 11 carries left in his senior career, he should easily exceed the 200-yard barrier.

He has done this before, in the second game of the season against Temple, and has made all the difference in the world. He's really improved in his passing, and his Crimson running attack has been putting the ball into the air on passing, and his

"I don't take it easy to get me up to the game, because they're Harvard from then on here. Maybe I could have gained more, but I never wanted to because of the people there. They're mostly, I know we're going to come here and give our all, and I make every effort to do it.

Although Bellizeare rushed for 650 yards last season, he won't be the most consistent of ballcarriers, as evidenced by your previous record against Brown and Columbia. Where he came back running camp this year was determined to make such an effort part of his game, and it has succeeded. He's coming off a three-game winning streak in which he carried the ball 65 times, was six of seven in passing, had 242 yards rushing against Brown and 214 against Columbia."

And this is important, his off-season component at Penn's from this year for its first burster from last year. The talent at the examining post is not going to be

"I think we've shown them." he said.

By ANDY FRIEDE

This year's Penn football team was brought into existence by the advent of Coach Harrigan, who has made all the difference in the world. He's really improved in his passing, and his Crimson running attack has been putting the ball into the air on passing. Bellizeare is the man who has made all the difference in the world. He's really improved in his passing, and his Crimson running attack has been putting the ball into the air on passing.

"I think we've shown them," he said.
History and Harvard on the line

By DAVE CHANDLER

"The season of 1884 was opened gloriously by the defeat of Harvard for the first time. The game took place at Cambridge. In the frenzied aura enveloping players on the defensive because of the wind, and prevented Harvard from scoring. In the next half, after the first fifteen minutes' play, Pennsylvania adopted rushing tactics, and succeeded in scoring a touchdown, the game ending 4 to 0 against Harvard."

—History of Athletics at Pennsylvania, 1896.

It seems that every Pennsylvania football victory over Harvard is a glorious one.

Ever since that October afternoon in 1884 when the Quakers first bested the Crimson on the gridiron, a win over Harvard has been a cherished, if less-than-often occurrence for the Red and Blue. Out of 43 meetings between the two schools, the Quakers have won only 16 games (there have been two ties).

But there's more to the Penn-Harvard football series than records or point totals. Tradition is the unseen aura enveloping every Ivy football game, and there is a certain tradition enveloping Penn-Harvard, that of the Quakers battling the "Harvard mystique." The university by the banks of the Charles has always had its own individual grace, a kingdom-and-the-power atmosphere; it has produced five presidents, the most recent Nobel Peace Prize co-winner, and the author of the greatest-selling schmaltzy novel of our time. Harvard has always set the pace for the nation's academia.

Penn, on the other hand, has never really had a mystique of its own. Pennsylvania, as a Harvard grad might smugly tell you, was too far east to be in the Big Ten and too far north to be in the A.C.C., so it happened to be placed in the Ivy League, there battling the Crimson and, yes, its mystique. It's probably for this reason that the Quakers did indeed consider their victory over the Cambodrigians in 1884 truly "historic."

This Saturday, Pennsylvania attempts to go up for more of that glory and more important, tries to hold onto sole possession of first place in the Ivy League, as the Quakers meet Harvard in a Homecoming battle on the AstroTurf. Before last Saturday's contest, the two were shaping up as the Ivy Game of the Year, as both squads figured to come into the November 3 showdown undefeated in league play. Both teams sported 2-0 conference records, and both were favored to defeat weekend rivals Princeton and Dartmouth.

But a funny thing happened on the way to Ancient Eight amalgamation. Although the Quakers led down, the first half they played poorly; they had a good strong second half but couldn't pull it out." Gamble's players echo his sentiments. "We have to be even more determined," notes co-captain and cornerback Glenn Jameson. "It'll be the biggest game of the year for both of us."

No matter what the outcome on Saturday, it seems certain that this weekend's Penn-Harvard clash will be another in the long line of donnybrooks that have characterized this series ever since the teams' first meeting in 1881, a 24-0 victory for the Crimson at the Polo Grounds (they scored differently in those days, incidentally). Penn unsuccessfully tangled with Harvard again in 1883 before finally winning its first from the Crimson the following year. From 1886-1985 the two squads met 17 more times, with the Quakers winning only six of those encounters. But three of those Penn victories came in 1884-85, when the Red and Blue capped however, the two teams were slated to meet each other yearly from then on, and in their first official Ivy encounter in 1956 the Quakers recalled their glory years as a national power by winning their two best meets.

But Penn would only win twice again before its 38-27 victory last season. Once was in 1959, when the Quakers pulled out a 19-6 victory, and the next time was in 1961. Then the Red and Blue stopped undefeated Harvard's nine-game winning streak, 7-2, at Franklin Field. That contest was termed by Daily Pennsylvanian sports writer Al Rincon as "Eastern football's greatest upset of the season." The first half was scoreless, but the Quakers recovered a Harvard fumble on the second-half kickoff and promptly drove for the touchdown. The Crimson's only points were scored when Penn coach John Stiegman ordered punter Bruce Molloy to drop back out of the end zone on fourth down late in the final quarter for a safety, rather than risk kicking it a strong wind. Out of Stiegman's entire struggling Penn career, it was probably one of his two best moves.

The unfortunate Stiegman's other successful move, described recently by then-Penn gridder and now Philadelphia Magazine executive editor Dan Rodenberg as Stiegman's "one master stroke," was to hire one certain young high school coach from Audubon, N.J. as an assistant. And when Harry Gamble retired to Penn as head coach almost a decade later, he proceeded to nearly upset the Crimson in his rookie year of 1971, and then knock down Harvard on its own field last season. It was the first time in four years that the Quakers beat a team they weren't supposed to beat.

Penn may have surprised Harvard last year, but this season it's the Quakers who are in the underdog's role. Despite the burden that this supposedly places on a football team, Penn is better than it was in 1972, and the advantage of playing on the Turf before a conceivably large Homecoming crowd has to help.

"The thing about playing Penn is that everyone wants to kill us," summed up fullback John Sheffield. "We have to be ready. We can't let up."

Stiegman was always a poor defense against perseverance.

Dave Chandler is the associate sports editor of The Daily Pennsylvanian.
right of way

Truce or Consequences

What better way to commemorate the anniversary of the Cuban missile crisis than with a Condition III alert? Harry Strangeloive talked to us for the sake of freedom, peace, and all those other words that roll off official tongues with such fluid ease. Somewhere in his mind perhaps there lurked a desire to remind the masses of Kennedy.

But, sad for Harry, this is 1973, and one reporter had to ask whether the American alert had been 'promoted as much as' American domestic requirements as by the real requirements of diplomacy in the Middle East. Vietnam has hopefully brought an end to the era of knee-jerk responses to presidential saber-rattling. With a little practice we may learn to ask 'Why?' and to recognize any less-than-honest response. The search for the sources of the latest Condition III leads through a malignant wall of facts and passions straight to the Middle East.

The fourth truce imposed by the United Nations since 1948 is now in force, and, if past performance is any guide, it will in a few weeks or years be relegated to the scrap heap by a fresh outbreak of fighting. However, one might mark the beginning of the struggle on 2 November 1973, the date that the Balfour Declaration was issued by Great Britain: "His Majesty's Government views with favour the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people and will use their best endeavours to facilitate the achievement of this object, it being clearly understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine. . . . Those non-Jewish communities, the overwhelming majority of which were Arab, included at that time, the total population of Palestine. Despite the avowed aims of the World Zionist Organization, Arabs still comprised almost 72 per cent of the population in 1939 and over 60 per cent in 1942. The land into which the Zionist settlers came had been a backwater of the Ottoman Empire for some four centuries. The Zionist National Fund with its vast resources was by contrast able to spend over £75 million on land alone between 1919 and 1939. Much of this best farmland was purchased at inflated prices from absentee landlords with the stipulation that only Jews could farm it. Quite understandably, the Arabs interpreted the increasing Jewish immigration, which was made legal or sanctioned by the British colonial administration, as an act of aggression against them. The double standard in urban wages, Zionist arms-smuggling tacitly condoned by the British authorities, and the increasingly rabid pronouncements of Zionist leaders aggravated the situation beyond all expectation. The entire period between the world wars in Palestine was fraught with riots and terror on both sides. External forces that might have reconciled the directly conflicting interests of Arab and Zionist proved too susceptible to the internal rivalries and to the latter. The Churchill White Paper of 1922, the terms of the League of Nations mandate, and the Passfield White Paper of 1939 all maintained the crucial distinction between the wording of the Balfour Declaration, between a Jewish national home and an explicitly exclusive Jewish national state. Each collapsed in its turn, provoking new escalations of violence. The White Paper of 1939 declared that home rule would be established in Palestine within ten years under British protection. Whatever prospects this proposal might have had expired in the course of the Second World War.

In 1947 the British in despair turned the problem over to the United Nations, which partitioned Palestine against the united opposition of its Arab members into Jewish and Arab states with totally indefensible borders. It was inevitably followed, driven by the Zionist propaganda of deeds—inciting the infiltration of Jewish armies into the Jordanian side; at Dair Yasin—and convinced by their own leaders that they would soon be able to return the victorious Arab armies, Palestinian civilians fled by the thousands. The legacy left by the last fifty-six years is so incredibly bitter that one would like to ignore the entire period and create at last a bi-national state that should have been established long ago. But no one can erase five and a half decades of history, no matter how revolutionary it is to recognize only exaggerates the alien nature of what is essentially a European state in Arab lands.

Israel must withdraw to her pre-1967 boundaries under agreements worked out with each of her Arab neighbors. No Middle Eastern boundary is inherently secure without a firm understanding of peace on both sides. Israel will have to come to terms with this fact unless she intends to march to Gibraltar on the west and the Persian Gulf on the east, an outrageous proposition even by Middle Eastern standards. Israel's brutal exploitation of Jerusalem must cease immediately. Arthur Katcher, an architect and for three years a member of the planning department of the city, documents this butchery in The New Jerusalem. The dilemma faced by all large cities is in Jerusalem compounded by political considerations, but the fact remains that the city is sacred to three faiths. Israel's stated justifications for taking and holding the city in 1967 was Jordan's violation of Jewish access rights to the holy places. The Jews style themselves a historically-minded people: their original claim to Middle Palestine rested on little more than history and tradition. For Jerusalem to be sacrificed in the name of political expedience, after surviving countless wars in three millennia, would be utterly tragic.

Finally, and most difficult of all, Palestinian refugees who choose to return to their homeland must be allowed to do so or be compensated for their losses: this should take priority over all other immigration. Both the Arabs and the Sephardi (Eastern) Jews who have frequently complained of second-class treatment in their own country must become first class citizens of Israel. The admittedly radical nature of these proposals makes their eventual implementation uncertain at best, but implemented they must be, if there is ever to be a stable peace in "Greater Syria." They demand at the same time a return to the principle of the Balfour Declaration that the rights of the Jewish communities in Palestine not be infringed upon, and a revaluation of Israel's arrogance that has spurred the Zionist movement since its inception.

— Susanna Sturgis

SAM AS IN BECKETT

MANNING STREET ACTORS' THEATRE

1620 LOMBARD STREET

1-732-5425

Painted Bride Art Center

Friday, Nov. 2
Karen Myers, Lyrics
Pieces from her Elizabethan and Renaissance Repertoire

Saturday, Nov. 3
Night with the Browns
classical, folk, poetry and jazz

527 South Street

34th Street Staff

Members (new, old, prospective)

IMPORTANT MEETING
this afternoon
at 5:00 pm
in 34th St. Office

November 1, 1973

THE CLASSICAL GUITAR STORE—

fine instruments classical & folk, repairs—music

28 S. 18th St.
LO 7-2972
By MARIANNE SAWICKI

David Johansen’s drummer gave him a great big kiss on the stage of the Shubert Theater during the New York Dolls concert two weeks ago. I asked him if it was part of the act. He denied it.

“There’s a break in the song there, and the drummer is supposed to pick right up after it. Well, he didn’t, so I turned around to see what was the matter with him, and he goes like this to me, ‘Come here!’ So I went back there, and he socked me a big wet one.

“That was good. In this day and age, kids should dig themselves.

The Dolls were in Philadelphia doing “guerrilla work,” they said. It is a “yenta tour,” for them.

“Just the heaviest kids in town will come to hear us, and they can tell the other kids so they’ll be ready for us next time,” Johnny Thunders said.

Well, “kids,” let me pass on to you the legend of the Dolls. Johansen told it this way:

“We started out just hanging around in the core of culture in America, the artsy section of New York, where the artists are creating an art form that in years to come will be accepted as an art form, although it might not be accepted now. We were beautiful to look at.

“Beautiful” means the Dolls could sum up and express all your ideas and for all the possibilities your work, you can settle for yourself and for all the possibilities your life.

“Speaking for my generation, people under 21 — people are just people. Sexual. People can’t have pre-planned roles and types and plans, then the dig-yourself mantra seems to be the art of losing it. When you get over that naive view of the way things work, you can settle for yourself and for all the possibilities your tomorrows bring.

“We asked Johansen if the group had ever been attacked by anybody hostile to their style of deportment and dress. He remembered being rushed by a mob of drag queens once and arrested by the Metropolitan Police.

“Kids, especially gays, are very upright. We’re very cool about women. All our songs are really about treating women as human beings. Guys are so secure with their little macho trip... We’re into pleasing women as much as men.

“When the hour drew nigh for the Dolls’ hotel to watch them on NBC’s Midnight Special. Many of the weirdos went, too, and I felt conspicuous in my plain coat and jeans.

“The Dolls were in Philadelphia doing ‘guerrilla work,’ they said. It is a ‘yenta tour,’ for them.

“Just the heaviest kids in town will come to hear us, and they can tell the other kids so they’ll be ready for us next time,” Johnny Thunders said.

Well, “kids,” let me pass on to you the legend of the Dolls. Johansen told it this way:

“We started out just hanging around in the core of culture in America, the artsy section of New York, where the artists are creating an art form that in years to come will be accepted as an art form, although it might not be accepted now. We were beautiful to look at.

“Beautiful” means the Dolls could sum up and express all your ideas and for all the possibilities your work, you can settle for yourself and for all the possibilities your life.

“Speaking for my generation, people under 21 — people are just people. Sexual. People can’t have pre-planned roles and types and plans, then the dig-yourself mantra seems to be the art of losing it. When you get over that naive view of the way things work, you can settle for yourself and for all the possibilities your tomorrows bring.

“We asked Johansen if the group had ever been attacked by anybody hostile to their style of deportment and dress. He remembered being rushed by a mob of drag queens once and arrested by the Metropolitan Police.

“Kids, especially gays, are very upright. We’re very cool about women. All our songs are really about treating women as human beings. Guys are so secure with their little macho trip... We’re into pleasing women as much as men.

“When the hour drew nigh for the Dolls’ hotel to watch them on NBC’s Midnight Special. Many of the weirdos went, too, and I felt conspicuous in my plain coat and jeans.

“The Dolls were in Philadelphia doing ‘guerrilla work,’ they said. It is a ‘yenta tour,’ for them.

“Just the heaviest kids in town will come to hear us, and they can tell the other kids so they’ll be ready for us next time,” Johnny Thunders said.

Well, “kids,” let me pass on to you the legend of the Dolls. Johansen told it this way:

“We started out just hanging around in the core of culture in America, the artsy section of New York, where the artists are creating an art form that in years to come will be accepted as an art form, although it might not be accepted now. We were beautiful to look at.

“Beautiful” means the Dolls could sum up and express all your ideas and for all the possibilities your work, you can settle for yourself and for all the possibilities your life.
David begat Solomon and Ethan begat...

By DAVID ASHENBURST

The King David Report, by Stefan Heym, G. P. Putnam's Sons, 254 pp., $6.95

Stefan Heym is a talented writer who at various times has felt political pressure from every quarter. Having emigrated to this country during the Nazi regime, served with the U.S. Army during World War II, and wrote The Crusaders, an American bestseller about that war. During the McCarthy era he was moved back to East Germany, and subsequently won the National Prize, their highest literary award, then in 1965 he was denounced before the GDR's Central Committee, and as a result his books are not published in his own country, and he writes in English. In this book, Heym has taken a central passage from the Old Testament (I Samuel 6 to 1 Kings 2) and forged it into a delightful blend of historical speculation, downright fiction, and contemporary observation of human nature and power. He seems perfectly suited to write the story of Ethan ben Hosaiah, a man who loves truth too much to ignore it but knows his own times too well to feel comfortable with it.

"Blessed be the name of the Lord our God, whose truth is like a field arrayed with flowers of many colours, for each man to pick the one striking his fancy," so proclaims Ethan ben Hosaiah, redactor of The One and Only True and Authoritative, Historically Correct, and Officially Approved Report on the Amazing Rise, God-Fearing Life, Heroic Achievements of David the Son of Jesse, King of Judah for Seven Years and Both Judges and Prophets, and Father of King Solomon—the so-called King David Report (Ethan, by the way, is also the author of the 89th Psalm, and his great wisdom is mentioned in Kings 4:31). He is commissioned to write this by none other than The Wisest of Kings himself; Solomon wants to establish his right to the throne of Israel beyond all controversy, and he sees such a biography as the way to quell unpleasant rumors concerning the succession to that seat.

The report is to be both true to the facts and favorable to Solomon, and Ethan knows because of these disparate goals that his task will be no easy one.

He might end up rich—or "with my head cut off and my body nailed to the city wall." He begins his investigation reluctantly, though ever shrewdly; and as the uncovering of truth becomes more and more dangerous to know, he becomes more and more unwilling by his own words, "I must know. I must know the man David. Was he an animal that strikes indifferently? or was he there within him a vision which he pursued, whatever the number that I can no longer ignore them. Archibald Cox could have said it was a sin to render himself, although he might label good or bad, and he feared worse than death. But Ethan, he is a man who wishes to get to the bottom of things, fired because he did the job he was hired to do—and this is seen in a capricious ruler to fire him, a power to suppress not enjoyed even by the God of Israel.

As for Nixon himself, the prophet Nathan's appraisal of Solomon's father, "Ezra, a man who loves truth too much to ignore it but knows his own times too well to feel comfortable with it," seems perfectly suited to write the story of King David. Heym's, even the Bible's, seems fitting in many ways: "This one is but an impostor, and he knows his own times too well to feel comfortable with it." He must prove to himself not only that he is wiser than you, but that he is the better man.

The parallels are everywhere, but these may be the most striking.

In a way it is unfortunate that it appears in the present political climate, because many will notice this aspect and this aspect only, and it will never rise above the Watergate comparisons; but the King David Report is as timeless as it is timely. The problems of realism and idealism, of practicality and religion, is nowhere expressed better than in the words of the royal chief scribe Amnonisheth: "Have you not noticed that the mind of man is strongly influenced by his tongue? We seem to be living in two worlds: one that is described in the teachings of the wise men and judges and prophets, and another which nobody speaks of but which is real, one that is fenced in by law and by the word of your god Yahveh, and another whose laws are written somewhere but followed by everybody. And praised be that split of the mind, because it is a safeguard for the Others what is necessary by the laws of the real world and yet believe in the teachings of the wise men and judges and judges and prophets; and only those will end in despair who, seeing the cleavage, take it upon themselves to make reality fit the doctrine."

All the wonderful allusions and profound analogies aside, the book is a joy to read. Heym works extremely carefully to maintain biblical tone as well as idiom, and it is unsurpassed in making Jerusalem's rubble as real as its kings and queens. Passage after passage is lifted wholesale from the Old Testament; and well they should be, for Heym is not writing a complete alternative to the original, but only an ampustral version, a modern interpretation. Heinrich Boll wrote in Der Spiegel that Heym "ripped up and began all over with the seams"—and indeed he does, for it is just that patchwork effect that he is out to destroy. Ethan is a seeker of truth: he will accept it compromise and improbable, but he shuns the obviously false and clumsily fabricated substitutes. His is a thankless job, but his worldliness and cynicism cannot

thought-provoking; and in spite of all that is said with unflinching realism, Heym ultimately retains his benevolent view of all creation and his fellow men: "... What can we do? I love, I hate, I love, and love, these shall remain.."

Particularly comforting in these times of unholy wars and Watergates, the truth of these words is timeless—and when these times are past, The King David Report will remain, just as little beholden for its power to the circumstantial state of the world to which it first appeared.
The black theater of Douglas Turner Ward

By ALISON DUBIN

Douglas Turner Ward, actor, director, and playwright, is in Philadelphia this month with the Negro Ensemble Company production of The River Niger. Ward is the co-founder of N.E.C., which is probably the most important Negro Theater Company in the country.

As an actor, Ward made his debut off-Broadway in the Circle In The Square production of The Ieeman Cometh. He understudied Sidney Poitier in A Raisin in the Sun, and eventually played the Poitier role during the national tour of the play.

Ward became a playwright of distinction in 1965 when his two short plays, Happy Ending and Absence, opened in an off-Broadway showcase. The plays won a Vernon Rice Drama Desk Award and an Obie Award. Although, as some critics have noted, each play is an extension of a single joke, the comedies sparkle with an uncommon wit.

The young Ward had the precious gift of irony, of double vision. Whites are often startled and, in their smug self-righteousness, neitner a militant, separatist nor apologist. They learn that blacks have been laughing at them and their primitive color prejudices for generations.

In Happy Ending, which is based on an incident in Ward's youth, one sits in a kitchen of a Harlem tenement and gets the lowdown on the downtown whites for whom the domestics work. It offers good healthy belly-laugh at the whites, with (and this is because Ward is an artist with more than one tune in his repertoire) a few pointed barbs at the blacks as well. In Day of Absence Ward offers an even more revealing look at "Charlie," "Whity."

The Man. Day of Absence is a minstrel show in reverse, perhaps the funniest minstrel show ever performed. The entire black cast plays in whiteface. In an unnamed Southern town, the blacks - hotheads and Uncle Toms alike have disappeared overnight. It is a calamity. In confusion, whites wake up without seeing the cheerful, familiar grin of mammy. Who's to do the dirty work? Who's to nurse the children? In a quick succession of cartoons, the black actors impersonate the Souther whites to a fare-thee-well. Ward also wrote two other plays, Brotherhood and The Reckoning.

As Ward was finding himself as a playwright, he also found in Herbert Hughes a man who was thinking along the same lines, and they teamed up to form the Negro Ensemble Company in New York. Ward is the artistic director, Hooks the executive director. In mid-1960 they were given a $10,000 Ford Foundation grant. Housed in an off-Broadway theater, the company opened in June 1968 with nothing less than the American premiere of Peter Weiss's The Song of the长征: "Raisin in the Sun," majestically a mirror of the brutal Portuguese colonization of Angola but by extension a harrowing and compelling picture of the modern world.

The actors, employing both song and dance, were considered supple in mind, speech, and movement. The premiere indicated that this young company promised to change the face of New York theater.

The Negro Ensemble Company has a nucleus of fifteen permanent actors on annual salary, and an additional cadre of apprentice performers. The company is not in the ghetto, but the company's audience is now 60 per cent black. The major emphasis is on black culture and on an unapologetic black viewpoint, a correction of 30 years of stereotypes. The company revives some of the neglected plays by black authors who had not been presented before. Though it primarily offers themes of black life, it

hopes it is resilient enough to incorporate the best of world drama-whatever its source-into the repertory. Whites are not altogether excluded from company membership. This is a theater with a black identity, rather than a segregated, separatist theater. Ward is neither a militant, separatist nor consciousness of the person, not as a label or a party badge or an ideological catnap that you wear on your sleeves because the right art forms. But Ward's company doesn't necessarily create the best art. Positions change, issues change, but the facts are obvious and the facts are obvious

In speaking of the people who influenced him in his writing, Ward cited Genet as the writer he most admires, beside Sean O'Casey and Richard Wright. But it was Tennessee Williams who taught him how to pursue my own path as a writer. He freed me in the sense that..." When I addressed to the surface, to the facts. And yet Genet, without any self-consciousness, used it in his own materials wherever it was a time, when for their own entertainment, for their own consciousness, used it in the certain extent, for their own entertainment..." Ward has never..." Ward has never..."

"In speaking of the people who influenced him in his writing, Ward cited Genet as the writer he most admires, beside Sean O'Casey and Richard Wright. But it was Tennessee Williams who taught him how to pursue my own path as a writer. He freed me in the sense that..." When I addressed to the surface, to the facts. And yet Genet, without any self-consciousness, used it in his own materials wherever it was a time, when for their own entertainment, for their own consciousness, used it in the certain extent, for their own entertainment..." Ward has never..." Ward has never..."

"In speaking of the people who influenced him in his writing, Ward cited Genet as the writer he most admires, beside Sean O'Casey and Richard Wright. But it was Tennessee Williams who taught him how to pursue my own path as a writer. He freed me in the sense that..." When I addressed to the surface, to the facts. And yet Genet, without any self-consciousness, used it in his own materials wherever it was a time, when for their own entertainment, for their own consciousness, used it in the certain extent, for their own entertainment..." Ward has never..." Ward has never..."

Blood & Plasma Donors Needed

School Organizations, Fraternities, Sororities, & Clubs. Raise Funds for Your Treasury

CASH PAID FOR ALL DONATIONS

INTERSTATE BLOOD BANK OF PA. INC

2503 N. Broad St
(215) 228-2343
OPEN SAT. 9AM-1PM

IF YOU ARE BETWEEN THE AGES 18 & 65
AND IN GOOD HEALTH YOU MAY QUALIFY

INTERSTATE BLOOD BANK OF PA. INC

2503 N. Broad St
(215) 228-2343
OPEN SAT. 9AM-1PM

IF YOU ARE BETWEEN THE AGES 18 & 65
AND IN GOOD HEALTH YOU MAY QUALIFY
Pathos and bathos

By MICHAEL STEPHEN GROSS


One collection of short stories is much like another—at least as far as Isaac Bashevis Singer's collections are concerned. Any regular Singer reader is certain to ask himself, "Haven't I read this story before?" several times before he is through with A Crown of Feathers; if, in fact, he is a regular New Yorker reader.

The author's earlier stories—their themes want is novelty. There are, after all, four; the villains are Bryce, and demons, These are dull, and silent; the landscape surrounding peasants are few. These traditional stories are exercises in pathos to autobiography. The protagonist is usually a Yiddish writer, often a small volume. The protagonist is dead, has run out of words. The old age, has run out of words. The profiles are so vivid, so intense, that the detached narrator survive the conclusion of the action; in a general sense, this device, either implicitly or explicitly employed, is the central element in the widespread readership appeal of Singer's entire oeuvre. Isaac Bashevis Singer is the only major Yiddish writer who has experienced and survived the upheavals of the early century, the events of the thirties, and the decline of Yiddish itself in years thereafter. Astroteller in such a position can, is, and (one must grudgingly admit) should be allowed to get away with more than the usual share of faults before being relegated to the lists of the unread.

The latter is strongly reinforced by the typical Singer device of having only the detached narrator survive the conclusion of the action; in a general sense, this device, either implicitly or explicitly employed, is the central element in the widespread readership appeal of Singer's entire oeuvre. Isaac Bashevis Singer is the only major Yiddish writer who has experienced and survived the upheavals of the early century, the events of the thirties, and the decline of Yiddish itself in years thereafter. Astroteller in such a position can, is, and (one must grudgingly admit) should be allowed to get away with more than the usual share of faults before being relegated to the lists of the unread.

The latter is strongly reinforced by the typical Singer device of having only the detached narrator survive the conclusion of the action; in a general sense, this device, either implicitly or explicitly employed, is the central element in the widespread readership appeal of Singer's entire oeuvre. Isaac Bashevis Singer is the only major Yiddish writer who has experienced and survived the upheavals of the early century, the events of the thirties, and the decline of Yiddish itself in years thereafter. Astroteller in such a position can, is, and (one must grudgingly admit) should be allowed to get away with more than the usual share of faults before being relegated to the lists of the unread.

The latter is strongly reinforced by the typical Singer device of having only the detached narrator survive the conclusion of the action; in a general sense, this device, either implicitly or explicitly employed, is the central element in the widespread readership appeal of Singer's entire oeuvre. Isaac Bashevis Singer is the only major Yiddish writer who has experienced and survived the upheavals of the early century, the events of the thirties, and the decline of Yiddish itself in years thereafter. Astroteller in such a position can, is, and (one must grudgingly admit) should be allowed to get away with more than the usual share of faults before being relegated to the lists of the unread.

The latter is strongly reinforced by the typical Singer device of having only the detached narrator survive the conclusion of the action; in a general sense, this device, either implicitly or explicitly employed, is the central element in the widespread readership appeal of Singer's entire oeuvre. Isaac Bashevis Singer is the only major Yiddish writer who has experienced and survived the upheavals of the early century, the events of the thirties, and the decline of Yiddish itself in years thereafter. Astroteller in such a position can, is, and (one must grudgingly admit) should be allowed to get away with more than the usual share of faults before being relegated to the lists of the unread.

The latter is strongly reinforced by the typical Singer device of having only the detached narrator survive the conclusion of the action; in a general sense, this device, either implicitly or explicitly employed, is the central element in the widespread readership appeal of Singer's entire oeuvre. Isaac Bashevis Singer is the only major Yiddish writer who has experienced and survived the upheavals of the early century, the events of the thirties, and the decline of Yiddish itself in years thereafter. Astroteller in such a position can, is, and (one must grudgingly admit) should be allowed to get away with more than the usual share of faults before being relegated to the lists of the unread.

The latter is strongly reinforced by the typical Singer device of having only the detached narrator survive the conclusion of the action; in a general sense, this device, either implicitly or explicitly employed, is the central element in the widespread readership appeal of Singer's entire oeuvre. Isaac Bashevis Singer is the only major Yiddish writer who has experienced and survived the upheavals of the early century, the events of the thirties, and the decline of Yiddish itself in years thereafter. Astroteller in such a position can, is, and (one must grudgingly admit) should be allowed to get away with more than the usual share of faults before being relegated to the lists of the unread.

The latter is strongly reinforced by the typical Singer device of having only the detached narrator survive the conclusion of the action; in a general sense, this device, either implicitly or explicitly employed, is the central element in the widespread readership appeal of Singer's entire oeuvre. Isaac Bashevis Singer is the only major Yiddish writer who has experienced and survived the upheavals of the early century, the events of the thirties, and the decline of Yiddish itself in years thereafter. Astroteller in such a position can, is, and (one must grudgingly admit) should be allowed to get away with more than the usual share of faults before being relegated to the lists of the unread.
Dark Side of the Bowery Boys

By IRWYN APPLEBAUM

Martin Scorcese's Mean Streets is a brilliant film, one that rediscovers (via a recreation of the tensions within a volatile milieu. Scorcese's film is highly stylized and personal in its presentation of the look and sound of life in a punishing environment that nothing too raw to be real.

Scorsese hurls us into a world that is drawn deep within his experiences while growing up in Lower Manhattan's Little Italy. In that world, the punks and gang members have grown up to spend their time as small time hustlers, brawling, gambling and just waiting in pool halls and bars for something to happen. Charlie Cappa, Jr., is 27 years old and he collects for his Uncle Giovanni, a syndicate boss. Charlie works hard at being a charmer and a good dresser, but he's desperately trying to prove himself and to his uncle that he has the independent strength to be an important man in "The neighborhood." He lives with his mother and, though she never appears, Charlie cannot escape the influence of the Catholic doctrines she and the priests have drilled into his head over the years. Charlie cannot reconcile those ideas of paying for his sins by burning in hell with the constant struggle of surviving on the streets.

Scorsese is unusual in the image of drinking the blood of Christ, for instance, when he is so caught up in the blood, he is no longer daily bell of the underworld and Little Italy! He has to cope with the world of church, but he still needs the feel to Keep up a confused dialogue with Christ to offer what he terms street penance for the sins of his own murderous he. But it's the spiritual hell that really tears away at Charlie. In his world nobody grows attached to anybody else yet he is attracted to two people looked down upon in the neighborhood. One is Charlie Boy, a crazy clown who owes money to everybody in the neighborhood and goes and laughing without any intent to pay for either his debts or his sins. The other is Johnny's Cousin, Teresa, an epileptic with

The screenplay by Scorsese and Mariik Martin is closely connected in terms of narrative plot line, but carefully orchestrated to commemorate the explosive terrors of Charlie's world. For young, second generation movies like Charlie, the streets are indeed mean-mean in the American sense of being not just violent, but unmanageable. The gutter values

Looking properly menacing are (from left) David Proval, Robert DeNiro, and Harvey Keitel in the film Mean Streets.

are a strange mix of old world Catholic guilt and the insatiable desire to "prove" one's worth. But Dotson Rader's Revolution is a courageous effort to come to grips with the frightening toughness derived from American racism and prejudices. The only way to real walls that Rader has is to make his people to shield oneself with the scrappy antagonists they have picked up from the gutter. Love and friendship are seldom seriously doubted and easily denied. When a band is raised to someone's face it is impossible to predict whether it intends an affectionate pat or a slap in the mouth. The day consists of idle hours spent cursing and horning around with friends, never knowing which insult will set off the next deadly serious brawl. Their antics and rantings are crude, crude terrors, reminiscent of the old Bowery Boys comedies, But Scorsese shows us the dark side of the Bowery Boys, the fear that is beneath all the bravado, silliness and eruptions of violence. The silence is sudden and merciless, accepted breathlessly with an irrationality they never question.

Scorsese trains his camera astoundingly on the gaudy pageantry of the action, at times very effectively thrusting into the bravado themselves. He follows them as he makes the rounds at the bar, thoroughly allowing us to watch the restless hands, ritual postures and to note all of the alternately loud and bored conversations taking place in the sad red-lit room. When something horrible does happen, as when a young punk shotgun a drink in the bathroom in order to make his reputation. Charlie and his friends sweat a little, laugh a little and run away. The only life they have ever knew goes on and they stumble through it.

Scorsese, an editor of Woodstock, has done a marvelously faithful retelling of these scenes and especially use bursts of music as the energetic backbeat for the action. The acting seems to be chipped away from the very tenement walls themselves. As Johnny Boy, Robert DeNiro (the dumb strong man) gives a marvellously uninhibited performance carried by the pressure and massiveness of man's madness. The reckless manner with which he counters Harvey Keitel's Charlie point up how skillfully Keitel is able to express a confused striving for control. The talents are overwhelming, the film a very mean achievement.

Remembrance of revolutions past

By STEVEN ROTHMAN


It was bound to happen sooner or later. The literary memoirs of a radical. Not the obscure scrabbles of an Abbé Hoffman or the psychoedelicated ramblings of a Timothy Leary, but a book that would worth reading on its own merits and not solely because of the author's political background. At least we can find out what the Revolution is was to a rational figure. Rader gets beyond self-advertising and tries to analyze the Revolution that failed.

Why Dotson Rader is disenchanted with radicalism is the question Rader hoplessly hopes to answer. The book begins by going back to the national convention of the SIS in 1969 when the Progressive Labor faction took over. For the first time, Rader begins to worry about the Revolution, he says, with a capital 'R'. But it was not until later, during the Weathermen's with their motorcycle mystique "Days of Rage" when New York lived in fear of those mad bombers, that Rader began to seriously question the validity of a revolutionary (parson, Revolutionary) stance. But Rader never does seriously question the need for Revolution. Indeed, his final stand is that it is nice, if not necessary, to have a Revolution, and the sooner the better.

But Rader never even hints what sort of government he'd like to see as a replacement. Except for some rather vague mumblings about uniting all exploited classes for the overthrow of American capitalism, Rader's Revolution exist solely in the abstract. Indeed, Rader possesses no concrete actions that make the radical Left its most irritating. Without set goals, he is nevertheless dogmatically orthodox, without morals, he is yet grimly self-righteous. What Rader apart from his fellow radicals is in his willingness to attempt introspection, even though this attempt fails.

Though a radical, Rader has his book published by that well-established firm of Alfred A. Knopf. One would think a truly committed radical would refuse to work within the "System" at all. But Dotson Rader has apparently satisfied himself, if not the reader (of course, what is a truly committed radical doing reading an establishment book anyway?). Reading Rader is like going through a Who's Who of the New York intelligentsia. Names are dropped from Senator Javits to Germaine Greer, and from John Gardner to Yevgeny Yevtushenko. And none of them come out unscathed with the exception, perhaps, or Rader's dear friend Tennessee Williams who is treated as a Leftist patsy. Rader has nothing nice to say for anybody else yet he is attracted to any of the oppressed minorities, whatever they may be. Oppressed minorities have been getting special favor for the whole of the book and Rader is clearly attempt this technique over the oppressed minorities. If any segment of our society is likely to be interested in a book written by a white man in a white society, whatever they may be. Oppressed minorities have been getting special favor for the whole of the book and Rader is clearly attempt this technique over the oppressed minorities. If any segment of our society is likely to be interested in a book written by a white man in a white society, whatever they may be.

As far as Rader's Revolution goes, if you can do it, why read it? And if you can't do it, why bother? This book should not be missed by the historian, but can be skipped by those who were there.
THE WAY WE WERE

Chestnut & Broad
La Stravinsky and Resendent in romantic drive the way nobody should have ever been.

ON PENN CAMPUS

LA SALLE APRIL

Thursday, November 1

11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE

Friday, November 2

11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

CESAR AND ROSALIE

Friday, November 2

11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

SALT OF THE EARTH

Saturday, November 3

11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

SLAUGHTERHOUSE FIVE

Friday, November 2

11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

LA SALLE APRIL

Thursday, November 1

11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

CESAR AND ROSALIE

Friday, November 2

11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.

SALT OF THE EARTH

Saturday, November 3

11:30 a.m. to 2:30 p.m.