U. Council Endorses Revision of Policies on Racial Data Collection

BY JOHN WEPFER

The University Council today endorsed a revised personnel policy calling for a collection of the University’s personnel, and an expansion of its Association of Professional Employees.

The revised personnel policy, originally presented to the Council by Provost Eliot Stellar, was approved by the Council. The policy would not be destroyed until new data of both the undergraduate and graduate student bodies.

The personnel policy would include a statement of the University’s position on the issue of racial identification. The policy would require that all records and forms of any University- sponsored conference be destroyed and that ethnic identification on the registration forms will be available until 7 p.m. on Wednesday, November 29.

The personnel policy would also require that the University’s Office of the Vice-Provost’s workgroup on minority issues would be held after. Kelly attributes the changes to the personnel policy.

The personnel policy would allow the University to consider the personnel policy.

The personnel policy would also allow the personnel policy.

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Court Asked to Limit Access to Nixon Report

WASHINGTON (UPI) -- Lawyers representing President Nixon's two former closest aides said Thursday they cannot have a secret grand jury report they say relevant to the House Judiciary Committee's proceeding to draw up articles of impeachment.

U. S. Attorney General John N. Mitchell told reporters following a full court vote: "We maintain we have a duty to protect the President or on the leading officials of the government from the exchange of information with regard to the criminal proceeding."...Mr. Mitchell said the report should be available to the House Judiciary Committee.

On the opposite side, Selective Service officials describing the grand jury asked Sirica to turn over the Watergate cover-up. They all pleaded a grudging aiding of the President were indicted. The domestic affairs adviser, and five aides of the President were indicted, including the chauffeur, Anne's personal bodyguard, a policeman and a man who worked on security and the bodyguard were seriously hurt.

Police said the woman ran out before Secretaries of State indicted Parliament later a suspect had been identified.

Witness Says Dean Tried to Slow Trial

New Draft Liss

By United Press International

WASHINGTON -- The draft lottery drawing is now to be held on July 29-August 30 (day and evening)

Thursday April 4, 2:00 pm Speaker - Buckminster Fuller Hopkinson Hall, International House

Friday April 5, 8:00 pm Speaker - Buckminster Fuller Hopkinson Hall, International House

Saturday April 6, 10:00-5:00 International Bazaar - International House

7:30 - Music and Dancing performed from around the world.

Announcing International Week

- April 1-6, 1974

Monday April 1, 8:00 pm Opening ceremonies Hopkinson Hall, International House

Tuesday April 2, 7:00 pm Population Panel Stretler B-21

Wednesday April 3, 8:00 pm Speaker from U.N. Hopkinson Hall, International House

Thursday April 4, 3:00 pm Coffee Hour, Houston Hall Auditorium 8:00 pm Speaker from World Bank, Hopkinson Hall

Friday April 5, 8:00 pm Speaker - Buckminster Fuller Hopkinson Hall, International House

Saturday April 6, 10:00-5:00 International Bazaar - International House

7:30 - Music and Dancing performed from around the world.

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There is no system of broadcasting is for lacking in education, flexibility will not stabilize. One of the major functions of the Undergraduate Council Assembly is to raise awareness of the total Council budget. Overall, it is one can to act predecise and decree any future regulations. It can be possible to solve the present problem, but the present refinements of this proposal is an illusion. As the Undergraduate Assembly is responsible for its ongoing game, the power of pulling the strings is not fair with the fans. Those who have historically misled you is that overwhelming mass of the world's people, while they may discourage us in how far this technique should be developed, what it should be good for, who should be the fans? We can't help but feel that MOVE presents some of the most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting statements while becoming and physically assaulting some of our most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting statements while becoming and physically assaulting some of our most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting statements while becoming and physically assaulting some of our most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting statements while becoming and physically assaulting some of our most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting statements while becoming and physically assaulting some of our most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting statements while becoming and physically assaulting some of our most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting statements while becoming and physically assaulting some of our most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting statements while becoming and physically assaulting some of our most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting statements while becoming and physically assaulting some of our most prominent groups, anti-war activists, and students of this University in a manner that a plethora of serious and hard-hitting
Dancin' with Mr. D.

By PAT GALLAGHER

In the February 22 issue of a new, slick national magazine called *New Times* an article appeared suggesting that Bob Dylan was not the writer of his most famous song, "Blowin' in the Wind." The article was the first time this version of the song had appeared in print, and it caused a stir among fans of Dylan's music and civil rights movements of the early 60’s and it was also the song that made Bob Dylan famous.

The author of the article was Royko, a prominent journalist and author who writes an article for New Times, and he eagerly devoured the song, "American Pie," which he had composed himself.

"Blowin' in the Wind," the song was written by Bob Dylan in 1962, and it was a hit on the pop charts. The song became an anthem of the youth folk music and civil rights movement.

When Royko first heard the song, he was struck by its simplicity and its message. He was also intrigued by the idea that the song could be a protest song, and he decided to write an article about it.

Royko then went to work researching the song and its history. He found that the song had been written by a man named Wyatt, and that Royko had been the one who had written a different version of the song.

Royko then wrote an article for New Times, which was published in the February 22 issue. The article was entitled, "The Story of Bob Dylan's 'Blowin' in the Wind'"

The article was an instant hit, and it caused a sensation among fans of Dylan's music. The article was widely distributed, and it was eventually published in a book called, "Blowin' in the Wind: The History of Bob Dylan's Greatest Song."
The last hare-rah

By THOMAS LUCRINI

Chorus: Why do you cry thus, unless at some vision of horror? Adams-rah! In the name of El-ahrairah! Pray, Richard-roo Ad-ams-rah! in the name of El-ahrairah, El-ahrairah i Prince with a dozen must press forward over the downs and meadows to establish their own Thelme. To maintain their prolific standards, the rabbits must impregurate their community with does. A stalwart seaman (or minstred clan must also deal with a pack of large, healthy rabbits who refuse to answer the question, "Ubi sunt?" As the mystery of this Utopian moor comes to light, the white-tailed dozen must press forward over the downs and meadows to establish their own Thelme. To maintain their prolific standards, the rabbits must impregnate their community with does. A stalwart seaman (or

Ray and hope for rock

COME LIVE WITH ME—Ray Charles
LET ME IN YOUR LIFE—Aretha Franklin

The latest Ray Charles recording chronicles the Genius' music

Ray Charles laid the groundwork for a new musical style. Through it all, the effectiveness of Ray Charles' singing does make this record a bit easier on the earphones. Apparently Charles' pop framework is more sedentary than this fan of his Fifties gospel-style had hoped. But he did it in Las Vegas, and he's gonna do it here.

The difference between "laid-back" and lazy, in the case of Aretha's release, Let Me In Your Life, is public relations. There is a lack of energy in Lady Soul's vocals, which is in no way compensated by the sleazy arrangements which predominate. She may as well be back on Columbia, making like Leslie Uggams—whatever she is.

Instead of the high-flying singer who added a new dimension to Ray Charles' low-key gospel sound, we have the addition of—da la—strings to the seven-piece format, Everyman's answer to the need for musical sophistication.

Congratulations are in order. Aretha has taken a collection of forceful, driving songs and has smoothed the edges so much that it rocks like a side order of pot cheese. -EVAN SARZIN

LIFEMASK — Ray Harper

Roy Harper is a poet who was introduced to folk music by Dave Cousins of the Strawbs and gloved into rock with the aid of the Nice. His previous albums have hosted such musical people as Tony Vencon, Brian Davison, Nicky Hopkins and a lady who plays a lovely harp. His most recent concert is Jimmy Page's supportive playing for Harper makes one wonder if it is the same person who plays for Led Zeppelin since the adjectives "intricate, precise and stunning" have yet to be found in the Archives of Zeppelin Criticism. However, does one explain the fact that Harper's albums are either expensive import albums or are out of circulation. I suppose the price of personal success is obscurity.

Lifemask is the best produced, most literate rock album of 1973. Grappling with the task of showing how unique our universal characteristics are, he elevates the commonplace by showing us our "transparent counter-history." From "poaching tomorrow from God and the State" in the first song, "High on an itchy," to the bone faces of the city and the true loves they have never met, he paints a sympathetic portrait of our struggles in the 20th century. He concludes his work with "The Lord's Prayer," because if it fills in the gaps left by the original. It is the closest to being a requiem for the modern. It is a requiem for the man. The human condition from the Stone Age to modern times. Harper's third and most ambitious album of magistic production. If there is any redemption to be found in rock, it will be in Lifemask.

-FRANK LYNN
Talking out 'Loudie'

By ALAN BEHR

"Mr. Wainwright, do you have anything further to add?"

"Hi, Mom!"

And so, an interview with folk singer Loudon Wainwright III draws to a close. As Loudon sings in "Me and My Friend the Cat," "If only you'd been there, you'd know what I mean - if only you'd seen."

He greeted us wearing workman style coveralls with the name "Loudie" written in red script above the breast pocket. "I told them to sit tight. You lose them a bit, but you're tired of worldly toils - Shuffle of this mortal coil - Turn your back to soil - It's okay..." and his testimony to sexual reality, "Motel Blues." He now writes such "love songs" as "Mr. Guilty," the lament of a less than fully repentant do-badger, and "The Hardy Boys at the Y;" a tongue-in-cheek story of a gay affair in the YMCA locker room. He is doing more humorous satirical numbers including a recounting of antics by fun loving vandals he calls "Clockwork Chartreuse," and "I Am the Way," which is the gospel according to Loudon set to Woody Guthrie's "New York Town." "Don't tell nobody, but I kissed Magdelene - I said, 'Mary it's O.K. I'm the way...."

Wainwright acknowledges a certain shift toward humor. "It seems to be going in that direction. Some of it is conscious, some not." What about any unconscious desires to be a well known Alice Cooper-style pop star? "I play and people listen," he answered. "I want to be a well known Loudon Wainwright."

- The one and only "Loudie" Wainwright III.

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ADVANCE TICKETS FOR ALL SHOWS
Up from the roaches, a Review

By ANDREW FEINBERG

"Literate magazines? They're sort of like roaches," says Theodore Solotaroff, the editor of American Review (AR). "I mean there are a lot more of them than there used to be. Most literary magazines are lucky if they sell three or four thousand copies. By their standards, AR is a giant."

American Review, formerly New American Review (RAR), is now in its seventh year and has been called "our best literary magazine" by, among others, Newsweek and the New York Times. This evaluation is both justified and somewhat misleading. AR, unlike other literary magazines, has never focused solely on fiction, poetry, and literary essays. Over the years, AR has included such ex-subjects as the Columbia riots, resurrection city, Karlheinz Stockhausen, Plato, and Richard Nixon. Solotaroff, a literary critic, teacher, and former editor of Book Week, has been determined that the only predictable element of each issue would be "quality, freshness, and diversity."

"AR began when I was asked by New American Library to revive New World Writing (1955-1959), a paperback magazine that had published Norman Mailer, James Joyce, Gore Vidal, Jean Genet, and the whole generation of post-war writers. I said I didn't see any point to reviving a corpse that had been dead for many years. I wanted a magazine that would make it more responsive to the changes that were happening in our culture and this idea proved so. So a sense was a Son of New World Writing, but it was definitely of another generation."

"It's been very exciting by New World Writing because it was full of new writers and, being a new writer myself, at the time it seemed like a marvelous place to be published. It could reach all those people that little magazines never reached. It also had a nice blend of writers who were well-known and writers who were arriving, and it gave you a good sense of where the literary culture was at."

"Those qualities I tried to preserve in AR, the diversity of spirit and hospitality, being open to all kinds of writers, not just one particular genre or period. And also that you had to interest a general reader, not the more specialized literary type. Back then one of our biggest problems was getting things that were more or less comprehensible to an intelligent person who may or may not have a background in the writers' work. That's why I have to turn to most of the unknown writers."

"This is very true. My scorecard for the writers in the forthcoming issue of AR reads 14-8-20. But obviously, whatever the talents of the unknown writers, Solotaroff says that after failing to turn onto the side of the unknown writer, I feel he needs the magazine a lot more. And besides, it's more exciting, more fun to publish someone unknown. On the whole, I think that when you look at each issue, you're likely to find that you've never heard of at least half of the writers in it."

"That is very true. I can think of a lot of people I've never seen in this magazine before. It's a little better, that's all."

"Although he tends to shrug them off, economic considerations inevitably figure slightly in the editing of the magazine. "What Solotaroff sometimes has in the back of his mind is that a handful of writers who are fairly well-known. When I send out information to salesmen about the next issue, I could of course have a marvelous issue, but if they haven't heard of anyone in it, they're going to treat it a bit less enthusiastically about it. And while I've never published anything I didn't can see.""Since 1967, although Solotaroff's basic conception of the magazine has remained the same, the content of AR has changed substantially. "When I began NAR I tried to provide a kind of natural forum for writers. Rather than deciding which writers I wanted to publish and then just going after them, I let the writing that came my way instruct me. Instead of deciding, for instance, that the minimalist writers--Robert Coover, William Gass, John Barth--were the seminal writers of the sixties, I said why don't I just publish the material that interests me as it comes in. And if it's experimental, fine. And if it's straight realism, fine."

"This catholicity is still the same, but AR has been different back then because so many things were changing in the sixties--politics, education, psychology--that the magazine tended to be tuned into society as much as it was to the so-called literature. My idea then was that imagination was not being confined to fiction and poetry and prose, that a great deal of it was going into education and matters like city planning, race relations, even law and medicine. I just don't find that there is a sense of innovation around anymore, or that there are writers who are interested in writing about other fields."

"In turn, there is a kind of withdrawal back into literature. Guys who might have gone to Selma before are now staying home and writing their poems and stories again. So the magazine has become more literary, less political."

"Also, in the first five years of AR, almost everything I published had to do with the sixties, or everybody's response to the present. Now I think AR is more in touch with the past, as writers begin to go back to the past again. This is probably a way of getting away from the present, which has become rather depressing and dismaying."

"I think the feeling is that we're all been too much concerned with now, with what's happening, and it's time to get some perspective again."

"This retreat from contemporary subjects is evident in the newer pieces of AR. The lead story, "Ragtime," by E. L. Doctorow, in a troubling fantasy view of a gayly and sexually charged 19th New York, as seen through the eyes of Harry Houdini, Jacob Riis, and Sigmund Freud. In an interview, Doctorow said that Richard Hugo recalls his small successes: "I remember the famous little stories of the '30s and '40s and the larger failures that they helped to blur. But the most ambitious is Robert Coover. His past is something like Slon- sky's long and fascinating essay, "Art & Life: A Mempean Proposal to the Readers of the American Review.' Did E. L. Doctorow just invent "Ragtime'?" Klonsky explores the astonishingly connected vices of poetry and prose in the writings and drawings of Robert Coover, Christopher Smart, William Blake, and Carlos Castaneda. He also meditates upon the unconscious roots of historical coincidences, focusing on the erotic and prominent writers-in-residence, but they have neglected to sponsor magazines that will print some of this fine writing."

"It's a real crisis."

The thousands of rejection slips that Solotaroff has run out of writing are exactly what he would not have wanted. But AR has been written and designed by a professional and not by a boy on a computer--it plugs into so many more tasks than doing a rejection.

"AR has a lot of reputation-it may not have a marvelous issue, but if they haven't reached more readers I just don't think it's going to be as good as it is."

"I said why don't I just publish the material that interests me as it comes in. And if it's experimental, fine. And if it's straight realism, fine.

"By ANDREW FEINBERG

"What's really frustrating for everyone is that while a lot more young people are writing and writing well today than ever before, the number of significant magazines is shrinking. The universities have poured huge sums of money into creative writing programs and into attracting prominent writers-in-residence, but they have neglected to sponsor magazines that will print some of this fine writing."

"It's a real crisis."

"The thousands of rejection slips that Solotaroff has run out of writing are exactly what he would not have wanted. But AR has been written and designed by a professional and not by a boy on a computer--it plugs into so many more tasks than doing a rejection. And people just don't like to be rejected, whether its their work or themselves."

"By ANDREW FEINBERG"
Holding a bottle up to Nature

By LOU PETCU

SHAY DUFFIN IS BRENDAN BEHAN—
Grendel's Lure Cafe Theater

Come boozers hearty and join the party
And see the cares of this wide world sink
As people pour us the only chorus
That we should put our true trust in drink.

It's like a summer evening in a small, friendly Irish pub, where the beer is good, the conversation is better, and the person next to you still feisty and interesting. Standing at the bar with a bottle of Guinness stout clutched in one hand, he reflects on his life and acquaintances, absorbing you into his discussion as only a drinking mate can. When pain or fear is mentioned, he distills them; noting the lessons to be learned or the grim laughs to be had from them, and then moves on to happier thoughts. He strikes you as a man whose intimate side is at once understandable and perplexing. This is the impression one gathers from Shay Duffin's characterization of Brendan Behan, at Grendel's Lure through March 24.

I take back the word "characterization" immediately. Shay Duffin's portrait of Brendan Behan is more in the vein of a living biography of Behan on the tenth anniversary of his death; an entertaining rather than critical look at the man's ideals and ideas of the man. And for all the controversy and battle that marred Behan's experiences, the play retains a refreshing air and is a genuine insight into his life.

It has been said by many that the Irish playwright-pimp-activist-alcoholic was a man of many moods and puzzling contrasts. That's obvious. Jailed at 16 in London as an IRA terrorist, he spent nearly a quarter century on the road, the food and liquor sa- mless. That's obvious. Jailed at 16 in London as an IRA terrorist, he spent nearly a quarter century on the road, the food and liquor sa-

alcoholism, the London Daily Mail eulogized him as "too young to die, but too drunk to live." Fortunately, Shay Duffin's rendition of Behan avoids such a judgment of the man and leaves that decision to the audience. The play was conceived by Shay as "a showcase of his writings, his lectures, and his social comments," and it took five years to write. During this time Shay drew upon his personal experiences with Behan (both came from the north side of Dublin.) Duffin cites Hal Holbrook's interpretation of Mark Twain as an inspiration.

An expert, a man having had personal experience with Brendan Behan would bring an amazing touch of credibility to his portrayal. Duffin, who bears a striking physical resemblance to the young Behan draws on his knowledge of the Irish experience, brogue, and lifestyle to project a Behan who is intensely aware of his identity as an Irishman: "By American standards a man like Behan would be considered too young to be a politician because he had only one face.

Despite being one of the supreme drunks of the century, Behan in the pub was a marvelous raconteur. His stories would often be punctuated by Irish ballads like "There's No Place on Earth Like the World" and his "anthems" (see above.) He became a literary somebody at the age of 33 with the publication of several plays: "The Quare Fellow", "The三等奖”, "The Hostage.” Behan explained that the secret of his success was in the fact that he always wrote while sober. When he died on March 20, 1964 of diabetes, jaundice, and acute liver disease, the London Daily Mail eulogized him as "too young to die, but too drunk to live." Fortunately, Shay Duffin's portrait of Behan avoids such a judgment of the man and leaves that decision to the audience. The play was conceived by Shay as "a showcase of his writings, his lectures, and his social comments," and it took five years to write. During this time Shay drew upon his personal experiences with Behan (both came from the north side of Dublin.) Duffin cites Hal Holbrook's interpretation of Mark Twain as an inspiration.

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SHAY DUFFIN

Based on the works of Brendan Behan

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French comic genius Jacques Tati confronts the tourists in PLAYTIME.

PLAYTIME-Academy Screening Room


Occasionally in "Playtime", Tati places his camera roam wherever it may come upon by-products of the unspoken. His voice, an officious maitre d' exhorting, an arrogant office employer arguing. Amidst this conflation of just plain noise is the quiet, unobtrusive Mr. Hulot, again appearing as the friendly tramp Mr. Hulot. This film is really less about Hulot than were Tati's previous films, though. The earlier Hulot was a French-ified, toned-down Chaplin trying to fit into these crazy mechanical modern times. Here, Hulot is one victimized individual among a multitude, all of whom are trying to accommodate themselves to these tremendous objects which have rendered modern living so new and difficult.

"Playtime" and How It Affects Us is Tati's ambitious subject-matter and the wonder of it all is that he pulls it off so effortlessly. Tati doesn't make his subject; he merely observes it in a dryly clinical fashion. Like all of Tati's earlier films, "Playtime" is pointless and rambling. Hulot lets loose at this movie, and it's hard to choose between the city it chooses throughout the city. Sometimes it will stop to follow a party of female tourists doing what all tourists do: taking pictures, shopping, riding buses. Or the camera will wander into an ultra-lavish efficiency restaurant to observe all the annoying accidents provoked by objects that consistently disrupt the restaurant's business. Inertly throughout the film the camera will stop to consider Hulot as he attempts to just sit down, or just talk to an employer, or just walk through a glass door. What the film amounts to is an onslaught of little, insignificant events that are so funny because they are so commonplace. Because we watch people wrestling with these monstrous, seemingly communicative objects, harried doormen whose glass door has fallen down again holds onto the knob and pretends to open the door that isn't there, feeling everyone except, of course, a drunk. Hulot gets lost in a labyrinthine maze of cubicles that leave him wandering dazed. Glass walls create a succession of confusing images that leave people staring after the reflections. Men crash into the glass they didn't notice. And still there are more objects on the way: a wall material that looks like wood, feels like wood, but is not wood. And on and on.

Stack amidst these objects are people acting so un-personal like. "Playtime" is about that funny, ludicrous species into which we've evolved while being so entrapped by all the dehumanizing objects which vitimize us. Hulot, Tati's last bastion against this too, too insinuating Age, disappears much too frequently from the screen, and I miss him, as a good whiff of old humanity.

On the surface, none of this should be so funny—but it is, which is Tati's best justification for that most ardent of causes he does. His humor is a sedate, sentimental humor that defers to its audience; it doesn't force us to laugh, it merely offers us that option if we are wise enough to recognize our whimsical foibles as they are revealed.

In parts of "Playtime" even the most ardent of Tati's fans will find him unbearably boring, particularly when his camera wanders aimlessly and fails to find anything that is particularly funny in the midst of all that too delightful and humorous scenes, which take place in a department store and restaurant (those paragons of bourgeois self-indulgence), finally grow tiresome and repetitive. Then Tati's mellow, surveying comedy gets lost in its own fustian. It flounders.

Otherwise, he is effective enough and original enough. The point we are so Closeted in a web of mechanical things isn't new; the way he makes that point is, however. He makes it all visual, good-humored gags more to be contemplated than laughed at. Tati's humor is too mean and charming for being so honest.

It suffers, I suppose, from Tati's utter lack of coarser taste that keeps his films, from being ballyhooed. His films are too far between men and objects never get as stupidly silly as we, and he really makes the few gags about our resistance contribute to their lack of popularity, and I always find it useful to label each cheese as it is I,et's have less of lecithin. I always find it useful to label each cheese as it is placed on the board for your guests' handy reference. (Pelage's (French) Melba toast-like product is good and crunchy for some of the more spreadable types while the old-standbys, Brie or Coulommiers don't challenge through. Yes. chacun expresses and in so doing extending your gustatory experiences. It's best available here). And don't forget the wine. A well-chilled dry white like Monton-Cadet might clear the palate nicely between cheeses. And don't be afraid to stock up on dry Italian whites, either. (Ceretto or Frascati, also well-chilled, would fit the bill cleanly. A bowl of perfect crisp apples or firm russet pears would complement your cheese-board and provide the right visual and textual contrast. Be sure, however, to allow your selection of cheeses to come to room temperature, out of the refrigerator, for an hour or so before your guests arrive. I always find it useful to label each cheese as it is placed on the board for your guests' handy reference (it always seems easier to associate taste with name rather than appearance since many French cheeses look alike). With little preparation or fuss, you can provide an evening of palate pleasure and you may even start a tradition among your friends. And when you're exhausted the French repertoire you can move on to the Italian. But that's another story.

There's something intrinsically rewarding about exposing others to your own enthusiasm and in so doing extending your gustatory experience. Yes. But the last you need government-approved lecithin to separate one from another. Though not all cheeses in flavor are enough? Let's have less of lecithin. --ROBERT WEMSCHNER
Student Elections Today

(Continued from page 1)

The referenda, sponsored by the Child Care Coalition, must be voted on by 15 per cent of the undergraduates in order to be "validated" as an expression of student support. The coalition got two thousand signatures in order to place the amendments on the ballot.

Opponents of the proposed change claim the new system would be inefficient because the two bodies do not agree. "But I vote for the amendment for it to be "validated" so that we can have a say," said Cook. "Under the old constitution, the Assembly controlled all the policy-making. Under the new constitution, the Assembly controls everything."

"I don't think the (Assembly) will be intere..." said Council Chairman Jean... I wonder if the (Assembly) will be interested in this," she said.

Approximately 200 students signed the petition asking for the proposed amendment to be placed on the ballot, said members of the surrounding community. The referendum, sponsored by the Child Care Coalition, must be voted on by 15 per cent of the undergraduates in order to be "validated" as an expression of student support. The coalition got two thousand signatures in order to place the amendments on the ballot.

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"I don't think the (Assembly) will be interested in this," she said.

Colloquium

(Continued from page 1)

because the University is "highly committed to a liberal arts education." He added that "there are... college and universities across the state." Although Stelzner said there are currently no plans to make the... of the upcoming conference "the first annual conference of liberal arts education," he expressed hope that it will help develop "relationships with other institutions that will continue afterward.

Elections

Candidates for Council membership are available at Hillel, application deadline Wednesday, March 27.
Streaking Fad Fanatics
Break Final Barriers

Exhibits around the world
Ann: Exhibitors' first freaks, the cast of the motion picture of "copacetic," as he rode down a main street Wednesday, in Chicago's portion of the city of Evanston, a woman fainted when two young men strode a residential street.

In San Marcello, Tex., Jack C. Cohn, acting president of Southwest Texas State University, said streaking must stop or it would be "diabolical, picante, and may lead to violence and possibly court action would be taken.

Exhibit... (Concluded on page 1)

without realizing their work is to their advantage. "I'm sure of this that thanks to it's not easily pathetic, then not art," he said, added the notion that people aren't intelligent enough to react.

Daly said his exhibit is not intended to shape people's behavior. "There was a laboratory, but that a deceptive approach is effective because it's such a part of our lives. Pretense to skills, experience, whatever they want."

Daly said he practices patience in modern society. Personal relationships by his conception of "naive" people represented by a variety of statues, some people where skin of control and transmitted interests over great respect. Daly said he opposes such people. Insensitive people need to be punished if they haven't lived up to their role.

Incumbents (Continued from page 1)

Baseball (Continued from page 8)

stated that the group would conduct a study to develop "updated financial and figures" in February or early March, the survey has not yet been done.

...which is also a member of the board of regents, was interviewed by someone, no one specific...

New! SPRING SLACKS
in Fresh Pastel Shades
only 6*

In Chicago, female bartenders... 10-5

...we'll be real tough to beat."

Seddon "good pitching will beat good pitching, but..."

There is now a designated hitter in the Big Ten and junior shortstop Ted Alfiere, who would probably be starting if he..."

and junior shortstop Ted Alfiere, who would probably be starting if he had not hurt his knee in Florida. This Martin and Muhlstock can fill in..."

Mark in and Muhlstock can fill in..."

...in Florida. But according to..."

...in Florida. But according to..."

...in Florida. But according to..."

...in Florida. But according to..."

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Referenda Questions

Vote Yes or No on Each Question

Referendum No. 1

1. Shall the Finance Committee purchase and provide the following textbooks for the use of the graduate Assembly?

Referendum No. 2

1. Shall the Finance Committee purchase and provide the following textbooks for the use of the graduate Assembly?

COUNCIL & ASSEMBLY CANDIDATES

Howard Rogers, Col '76

The Undergraduate Assembly, what is that? What do they do? The typical student who has no interest in student government considers it a waste of time, a drain on the finances of the university. However, I believe that no student, no matter what his major, has little or no interest in these matters. I believe that we must start educating students about their rights and responsibilities in the Undergraduate Assembly.

Barry Kurt, Wh '78

We should have a forum for student opinion-a channel of communication to the administration. Having served this body for one year, I know that it is quite feasible to communicate with student opinion. The difference in attitude to the administration has been quite striking.

Gary Senel, Col '77

The Undergraduate Assembly should be a forum for student opinion-a channel of communication to the administration. I believe that we can work with the administration to make this a truly useful body.

Richard Lossll, Col '76

I am convinced that the Assembly has failed miserably. Students are not consulted on important issues. We should be better informed about what is happening on campus. Complaining will do no good unless accompanied by valid criticism. We have the ability to change things, and I intend to use it.

Robert L. Smith

I have heard that the future of the Assembly is in the hands of the students. I am running for the Assembly because I believe that the future of the Assembly is in the hands of the students. I believe that the Assembly should be more representative of the student body.

Janice B. Klein, Wh '76

I have been involved with student government for the past four years. I have learned how to deal with people on all levels and how to work with them effectively. I am running for the Assembly because I believe that the Assembly should be more representative of the student body.

Theodore M. Cheek, Wh '77

I believe that the Assembly is a place where students can come together to discuss important issues. I am running for the Assembly because I believe that the Assembly should be more representative of the student body.

Theodore B. Miller, Col '77

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By ROB MCLINN

When I was first named the manager of the Phillies three years ago, I must say I was rather surprised. It seemed to me that I had never really been prepared for such a position. I had always thought that the job would be more of a temporary nature, and that I would eventually move on to something else. But here I am, three years later, still in the same position, and I must say I am quite satisfied with it. The team has been doing well, and I have been able to work closely with the players and see them improve. So, in short, I am happy with my job and I am looking forward to the future with enthusiasm.

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Harvard Nine is On Top of Heap Again in EIBL Pre-Season

By BILL HAMILL

The Harvard baseball team is off to a 2-0 start this season, and the Harvard coaching staff is optimistic about the team's chances of repeating as champions in the Eastern Intercollegiate Baseball League (EIBL). The team has already defeated Rhode Island and Northeastern University, and is currently ranked second in the EIBL.

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Yearlings Are Uncertain Streakers on Diamond

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Baseball

DIAMONDS READY TO GO; ONLY PITCHING IS QUESTIONABLE

By JAY STAUV

When the Harvard baseball team completed the series against the Northeastern Huskies, it marked the first time all season that the team had won two games in a row. The Hawkeyes had been struggling early in the season, but they were able to come back and win both games against Northeastern. The team will now prepare for a tough match-up against the Brown Bears, who have been one of the surprise teams in the EIBL this season. The Bears have a strong pitching staff, and they will be looking to stay hot against the Lady Crimson.

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The Good, the Bad, and the Ugly

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Dancin’ with Mr. D.

By PAT GALLAGHER

In the February 22 issue of a new, slick national magazine called New Times an article appeared suggesting that Bob Dylan was not the composer of the most famous song, "Blowin' in the Wind." This was the song that became the anthem of the youth folk music and civil rights movements of the early 60's and it was also the song that made Bob Dylan famous.

It was an old rumor. The first mention of it came in November, 1963 in a Newsweek article on Dylan; it then turned up in various other magazines in 1964 and 1965. But as Dylan wrote other songs and deserted the folk movement, his fame's dependence on 'Blowin' in the Wind' decreased and the rumors died down, though they were never explained. Then came the famous 1974 return tour and the dirt about Dylan started to fly again.

New Times is not too widely read; however, the rumor was repeated again in the February 17 column of Mike Royko, a nationally syndicated columnist who appears in a large number of big city dailies, containing the Bulletin. Both Royko and New Times referred to a story that had appeared in the December, 1962 issue of the Millburn (N.J.) High School newspaper. This is what it said:

"'Blowin' in the Wind,' a song written by senior Lorre Wyatt expressing the composer's own philosophy concerning the world's problems, is now the property of a New York folk singer. Apparently, the singer heard 'Blowin' in the Wind' while in New York, and bought the song and the rights to it for $1,000. Shortly after this, Lorre donated the money to CARE. When asked why, he replied, 'Just listen to the words in the song and you'll understand.'

"Last summer, Lorre, and amateur folk singer and guitarist, put together a melody that had come to him in snatches. He began writing lyrics to it in early autumn, inspired by Student President Steve Oxman's welcoming speech...Lorre

true? I was devastated. I like Bob Dylan a lot and I respect him as an artist—but now? To make it worse, I had heard the story about a month before, from a good friend who had gone to Millburn High. We were listening to the Bangladesh album one day and Joan said to me very matter-of-factly, 'You know, Dylan didn't write 'Blowin' in the Wind.'" The story was local knowledge around Millburn and a number of people believed it, I found out. I told her it was impossible.

Well, a bit of investigating aroused my doubts. A small folk song magazine called Broadside had published "Blowin' in the Wind" in the fall of its May 1962 issue. That was months before Lorre Wyatt claimed to have written the song. This of course was something that Royko and New Times and Newsweek and the others all could have found out before printing the rumor but didn't. Six months after it was written, it's outside season on artists, especially taciturn one like Bob Dylan.

In one light, the incident is exemplary of the animus that one sees directed towards the successful artist and time and time again. Both the 1962 Newsweek article and the 1974 Royko column are full of condescension about a man who appears in a large number of people's minds of many be erased...I'm just sorry it's taken me 11 years to say, 'I'm wrong.'

The story of how a small fib among a group of friends spread and grew is interesting. The rumor was caused by a song he had written that didn't exist, and that the song didn't exist, and that the谣者 by Royko, while only a reportorial observation, bespeaks an intense admiration among a group of friends spread and grew, that the rumor was allowed to pass without the people. It constantly denials of it before he began his concerts, but gradually he began to be pestered by other things and the rumor was allowed to pass until it was recently resurrected.

Dylan never knew Wyatt and never made any overt attempts to contact Dylan over the years. Maybe now Wyatt owes Dylan a few dollars he made in royalties from his plagiarized version of "Blowin' in the Wind" but probably Dylan doesn't need.

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AR is a giant. "I mean there are a lot more of them than that, their number varies from day to day, and many of them don't last very long, maybe an issue, two issues at most. Most literary magazines are lucky if they sell three or four thousand copies. By their standards, AR is a giant."

American Review, formerly New American Review (NAR), is now in its seventh year and has been called "our best literary magazine" by, among others, Newsweek and the New York Times. This evaluation is both justified and somewhat misleading, "unlike other "literary magazines," has never focused solely on fiction, poetry, and literary essays. Over the years, AR has included much extratypical subjects as the Columbus riots, Resurrections of New York, City, Kartheinz Stockhausen, King Kong, and Richard Nixon. Solotaroff, a literary critic, teacher, and former editor of Book Week, has been determined that the only predictable elements of each issue would be "quality, freshness, and diversity."

NAR began when I was asked by New American Library to reviv New World Writing (1952-1969), a paperback magazine that had published Norman Mailer, James Joyce, Gore Vidal, John Genet, and the whole generation of post-war writers. I said I didn't see any point to reviving a corpse that had been dead for many years. I wanted to broaden its concept and make it more responsive to the changes that were happening in our culture and this idea prevailed. So in a sense NAR was a Son of New World Writing, but it was definitely of another generation."

"I remember being very excited by New World Writing because it was full of new writers and, being a writer myself, at the time it seemed like a marvelous place to be published. It could reach all those people that AR had never reached. It also had a nice blend of writers who were well-known and writers who were young and, I feel I gave you a good sense of where the literary culture was at. Those were qualities I tried to preserve in NAR. I took the idea of being open to all kinds of writers, not just one particular school or coterie. And also the idea of interest a general reader, not the more specialized literary type. In order to do that, you had to publish things that were more or less comprehensible to an intelligent reader who may not have known everything there was to know about literature in general. This person would read your magazine provided that you managed to interest him. The burden of interest was on the magazine."

Solotaroff is clearly convinced that the material he has published thus far would interest a wide audience. Yet AR's circulation has leveled off at about 90,000, a figure much lower than Solotaroff had expected.

"AR has a lot of reputation—it may not be as good as I think it is—but it doesn't reach more readers. I just don't put out a high school romance with a nurse and a doctor and hope to sell 70,000 copies. I just don't understand it."

Regrettably, I tell Solotaroff that only a few people know at Penn read AR. "That's a problem in a way," he says. "That means, here's Penn, which is a literate school with lots of English majors and prominent students and faculty where you'd expect to be interested in AR. But it just doesn't have any great sale there. Even when someone like Philip Roth (published in five issues) or Daniel Hoffman (AR 9) who teaches there is an want in the magazine-just for the sake of the writer's name, if I am very low on material by well-known authors I may try to drum some up. But my bias really operates on the side of the unknown writer. I feel he needs the magazine a lot more. And besides, its more exciting, more fun to publish someone unknown. On the whole, I think that when you look at each issue, you're likely to find that you've never heard of at least half of the writers in it."

"This is generally true. My scorecard for the writers in the forthcoming issue of AR 20 reads 9-for-20. But obviously, whatever happened to the idea that you tried to interest a general reader? I've never had a marvelous issue, but if they haven't heard of anyone in it, they're going to get a bit less enthusiastic about it. And while I've never published anything I didn't can see."

Since 1967, although Solotaroff's basic conception of the magazine has remained the same, the content of AR has changed a lot. "When I began NAR I tried to provide a kind of natural forum for writers. Rather than deciding which writers I wanted to publish, I just went after them. I let the writing that came my way instruct me. Instead of deciding, for instance, that the fantasist writers—Robert Coover, William Gass, John Barth—were the seminal writers of the sixties, I said why don't I just publish the material that interests me as it comes in. And if it's experimental, fine. And if it's straight realism, fine."

"This catholicity is still the same, but NAR was different then because so many things were changing in the sixties—politics, education, psychology—that the magazine tended to be tuned into the society as much as it was to the so-called literature. My idea then was that imagination was not being confined to fiction and poetry and prose, that a great deal of it was going into education and certain city planning, race relations, and in fact, medicine. I just don't feel there is a sense of innovation around anymore, or that there are writers who are interested in writing about other fields. In turn, there is a kind of withdrawal back into literature. Guys who might have gone off scene are now staying home and writing their poems and stories again. So the magazine has become more literary, less political."

"Also, in the first five years of NAR almost everything I published had to do with what was on everybody's mind—the present. Now I think AR is more in touch with the past, as writers begin to go back to the classics. That's probably why I'm getting away from the present, which has become rather depressing and dismaying. Also I think the feeling is that we've been too much concerned with now, with what's happening, and it's time to get some perspective again."

This retreat from contemporary subjects is very evident in the longer pieces of AR 20. The lead story, "Ragtime," by E.L. Doctorow, is a troubling fantasy view of a gaudy and gristy New York as seen through the eyes of Harry Hoodini, Jacob Riss, and Sigmund Freud. In an essay, "Theory," poet Richard Hugo recalls his small successes in Seattle softball games in the 1930's and 40's and the larger failures that they helped to blur. But the most ambitious examination of the past is Milton Klassky's "Art & Life: A Manichean Pawn to the Flea; or, Did Dostoevsky Kill Trotsky?" Klansky explores its fantastic vision of the flea, and sometimes the gnat, in the writings and drawings of Robert Haake, Christopher Smart, William Blake, and Carlos Castaneda. He also meditates upon the unconscious roots of historical characters-again on the eerie similarity between the "Classics Comics" version of Crime and Punishment and the communist version of Trotsky.

Solotaroff's major daily problem is coping with the massive volume of submissions that AR receives. "We get something like 16,000 manuscripts a year. One day a moment I figured out that they were coming in at the rate of eight an hour. And we don't have a very big staff at all. Our staff is three people, and until recently two. So you're the kind of attention to each one that you should. One of the obvious reasons we get so many is that there are so many people out there who want to send them anymore that pay fairly well and offer a relatively large circulation. There is so much to do, I have to turn down because I only do this three times a year and there's just not room for it."

"What's really frustrating for everyone is that while a lot of young people are writing and writing well today than ever before, the number of significant magazines that have poured huge sums of money into creative writing programs and into attracting prominent writers-in-residence, but they have neglected to sponsor magazines that will print some of this fine writing and these programs have produced. It's a real crisis."

The thousands of rejection slips that Solotaroff's office send out have not exactly made him a popular man on college campuses.

"The paranoia I run into on campuses is amazing. People will come up to me and very sarcastically say, 'I sent you a story that you rejected, I guess I'm just not Philip Roth, right?' Or someone once said to me, 'Solotaroff, should I change it to Shapiro to be published in your magazine?' Or else they think that you have to be a New York writer to get in AR, or you have to be a connected to a famous agent. It's incredible the rationalizations people can make. It's also understandable because a rejection is a rejection. And people just don't like to be rejected, whether it's you or me. If you're an editor, you've got to be prepared to deal with this and to take it seriously, in a human way at least."

But AR's prestige has also enabled Solotaroff to send out rejections that are almost pleasant tasks. "In the course of time, I have known nearly every writer you can think of for one reason or another. I've turned down things by Tom Stoppard, Susan Sontag, Oates. He laughs, rather contentedly. "Gass, Coover, Grass, Beckett, Sartre—everyone. But if I don't turn you on, so you don't publish it."

Maybe if Singer changed his name to O'Neil...AR 20 will be available in a week or less at bookstores throughout the city.
Holding a bottle up to Nature

By LOU PETCU

SHAY DUFFIN IS BRENDAN BEHAN-
Grendel's Lair Cafe Theater

Come boosers hearty 
and join the party. 
And see the cares of this 
wide world sink 
As people pour us the 
only chorus. 
That we should put our 
true trust in drink.

It's like a sunnier evening in a 
small, friendly, Irish pub, where the 
beer is good, the conversation 
better, and the people you 
still feisty and interesting.
Standing at the bar with a bottle 
of Guinness stout clutched in one 
hand, he reflects on his life and 
acquaintances, absolving you 
into his discussion as only a 
drinking mate can. When pain 
or fear is mentioned, he distills 
them; noting the lessons to be 
learned or the grim laughs to be 
had from them, and then moves 
on to happier thoughts. He strikes 
you as a man whose intimate 
side is at once understandable and 
perplexing. This is the im-
pression one gathers from Shay 
Duffin's characterization of 
Brendan Behan, at Grendel's 
Lair through March 31.

I take back the word “characterization” immediately. Shay Duffin's treatment of 
Brendan Behan is more in the 
spirit of a living biography of 
Behan on the tenth anniversary 
of his death; an entertaining 
and his “anthem” I see above, i

Irish 
viable raconteur, whose stories 
supreme drunks of the century, 
Behan in the pub was a mar-

never be a politician because he 

revolutionary, he hated politics 

old men and women happier in 

cheaper, the beer stronger, and 

society, except for anything that

life I've had a total irreverance 

rebelliousness: “Throughout my 
credo to explain his 

He spent nearly a quarter of his 

that's obvious. Jailed at 

the Irish playwright-pimp-

I-E-AIR THROUGH MARCH 24.

Brendan Behan, at Grendel's 
Lair.

Shay Duffin as the infamous Irishman, Brendan Behan, 
at Grendel's Lair.

alcoholism, the London Daily 
Mail eulogized him as “too young 
to die, but too drunk to live.” 

Fortunately, Shay Duffin's 
rendition of Behan avoids such 
a judgment of the man and leaves 
that decision to the audience. 
The play was conceived by Shay as “a 
showcase of his writings, his 
literature, and his social com-
cerns,” and it took five years to 
write. During this time Shay 
drew upon his personal ex-
periences with Behan (both 
came from the south side of 
Dublin). Duffin cites Hal Holbrooks's 
interpretation of Mark Twain as an 
inpiration.

As expected, a man having had 
personal experiences with 
Brendan Behan would bring an 
amazing touch of credibility 
in his portrayal. Duffin, who bears 
a striking physical resemblance 
to the young Behan, draws on his 
knowledge of the Irish ex-
perience, breque, and lifestyle to 
project a Behan who is intensely 
aware of his identity as an Irish 
man: “By American standards a 
Caucasian, European by promotion and Irish by a bloody 
stroke of luck.” Possibly the best 
indication of Duffin's acting 
ability is the fact that his 
character has the habit of 
smoking up on you during the 
course of the play. It's easy to 
forget that it is a play and one feels as if the man on stage 
were alongside mentally carrying on a 
conversation. The portrayal 
thought, is not perfect in all 
respects—he is intense at times 
gets thick enough to obscure the 
meaning of some of the passages, 
and the transition between 
scenes and moods could, in 
places, be a little smoother.

Shay Duffin as the infamous Irishman, Brendan Behan, at Grendel's Lair.

Nonetheless, Shay Duffin 
seems to have a good handle on 
the incredible gamut of 
characters Behan has developed 
in his writings. There is an 
appolyptic English justice 
handing down a sentence 
to young Behan; a crotchety old 
priest; two boorish Yankee 
travellers; a knuckle-headed 
salesgirl in a bookstore; and 
the repulsive "screws" (prison 
guards). All these characters 
were very capably presented and 
tremendously entertaining.

It is interesting to note that in 
addition to writing and perform-
ing the play, Duffin has 
designed an unusual set with 
three props—lectern, bar, and 
run window grill—to suggest 
shifts in what he considers the 
three aspects of Behan's 
character; the talker, the pub 
entertainer, and the rebel. The 
shifts in scene are accompanied 
by corresponding shifts in at-

titude—he is alternately a 
philosopher, a story teller, and an 
angry and frightened young man.

As the man at the bar winds 
to discuss his concluding comments, it is 
clear that Shay Duffin knows 
Behan in an intimate sense. And, 
as one leaves the theater, one 
shares this intimate knowledge of 
a proud and amiable man.
French comic genius Jacques Tati confronts the tourists in PLAYTIME.

Consuming passions

I guess I first discovered real cheese, that is, not processed cheese or that awful stuff called cheese food that passes for cheese in this country, in a small boulangerie in a small town in southern France. There was a cheese display in one of all shapes and sizes, some cut, some left whole, some wrapped, some left exposed to ripen in the fragrant air of the shop, but all with a name tag and a price written with that French in a small town in southern France. There was a cheese display in one of all shapes and sizes, some cut, some left whole, some wrapped, some left exposed to ripen in the fragrant air of the shop, but all with a name tag and a price written with that French

...
Talking out ‘Loudie’

By ALAN BEHR

"Mr. Wainwright, do you have anything further to add?"

"Hi, Mom."

And so, an interview with folk singer Loudon Wainwright III draws to a close. As Loudon sings singer I.oudnn Wainwright in "Me and My Knend the Cat;" "If only you'd seen."

He greeted us wearing workman style coveralls with the name “Loudie” written in red script above the breast pocket. He had just awakened. After serving tea with honey, he completed his outfit with a pair of bright green socks and an English riding cap and sat on a rented piano bench in his sublet New York living room.

"I live in the parking lot next door. I just borrow this place for interviews."

Loudon has to his credit four albums, the third of which contains the single “Dead Skunk” hit he claims now bores him, which helped raise him to semi-obscurity of a folk rocker. He had studied drama at Carnegie-Mellon for a year and a half. From there he worked at odd jobs while trying to break into the club circuit. His eventual successes there helped land him into the club circuit. His eventual recording contract with Atlantic Records. He is married to fellow musician Kate McTarrigle, and they are raising their baby boy named Rufus.

Loudon’s songs are mostly about everyday routines such as love, religion, sex, and getting drunk, the latter being a particularly recurring image. When asked why he chose less political themes than many of his forerunners of the sixties, he answered, "I want to be a well known Loudon Wainwright."

While he might make an intriguing political speaker, Wainwright does not consider his music to be indicative of our times. "Alice Cooper is more of a reflection of the social scene," he says, though he notes that "some of my best friends are glitter rockers." He has his own brand of dedicated followers, though, many of whom recognize and applaud his songs in concerts after hearing the first couple of chords. "They bring them in every show. They’re called the Loutettes."

Wainwright characterizes himself as a spontaneous, "day to day" person, a fact frequently manifesting itself in his work. At several concerts, including one last year in Philadelphia, he excused himself to his audience and disappeared off stage to the "Attempted Mustache" he added. "I don’t sit and work at it really. Sometimes once a week, twice a week, or not for months."

Since the release of his first album in 1970, Wainwright has altered his physical appearance countless times since he posed for the mug shot photograph on the jacket of that record. Subsequently he has grown and cut facial hair and even shaved his head. He says the "Atmacted Mustache" he sports in his latest album’s cover and title "is in there somewhere" under his newest beard. "It’s all part of that day to day thing," he added.

More importantly, his music is different since those earlier days of the "Suicide Song" ("When you’ve got to go, you’ve got to do."

His songwriting is also something of an unplanned event. "I don’t sit and work at it really. They just kind of happen, sometimes once a week, twice a week, or not for months."

When you’re tired of worldly toils - Shuffle of this mortal coil - Turn you’re tired of worldly toils - It’s okay...

Wainwright acknowledges a certain shift toward humor. "It seems to be going in that direction. Some of it is conscious, some not."

What about any unconscious desires to be a well known Alice Cooper-style pop star? "I play and people listen, I answered. "I want to be a well known Loudon Wainwright."

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The last hare-rah

By THOMAS LUCHINI


Chorus: Why do you cry thus, unless at some vision of horror? Cassandra: The house reeks of the altar sacrifice. Odor of the altar sacrifice. Death and dripping blood.

Cassandra: The house reeks of breath from the tomb. His warren covered with blood. Aged Teiresias than Cassandra, timid rabbit, Fiver, more like an aged Teiresias than Cassandra, envisions the sloping hillside of his warren covered with blood. Muttering up support from the myriad of burrows in the Sandyford Warren, Fiver and his companions commence their enthralling exodus—an exodus reminiscent of Moses leading the Jews out of Egypt. It is Fiver's friend, Hazel—a level-headed, phlegmatic rabbit—upon whom Fiver places the responsibility of founding a new warren, just as Christ chose Peter to found the new church. Indeed, the story seems to parallel the life of Christ: as the small band of bunnies moves from warren to warren, more rabbits join the cause, and in the fury of the warren we clearly see reminiscent replicans of St. Paul and St. Thomas. In fact, Fiver is eventually surrounded by twelve long-eared apostles who have invested their faith and lives in this Lapine prophet. Enduring encounters with baddies and foxes self in their language of Lapine, the composted clan must also deal with a pack of large, healthy rabbits who refuse to answer the question, "Ub i must?" As the mystery of this Uopian moon comes to light, the white-tailed dozen must press forward ever to establish their own Theleme. To maintain their prolific standards, the rabbits must impregnate their community with does. A stalwart seawan (or rather, a sea gull) assists them with this laborious enterprise. It entails a raid on the nearby Efrafa Warren, a totalitarian society under the command of the formidable General Woundwort. The ensuing struggle is easily a chapter from the Nazi confrontation with the French resistance.

Richard Adams, a former Assistant Secretary in England's Department of Environment, masterfully creates a unique personality for each member of the leporine sorus. However, his anthropomorphic characters and their lose their perspective. His new language, lapine, euphemistically expresses terms like "murdered" (zorn), "turd" (braza), etc.—for our convenience, a threepage glossary is included in the text. Adams has rigorously explored all aspects of the rabbit life. He goes beyond the realm of the scientific and into the cultural with discussions and stories about the legendary rabbit folk hero, El-ahrairah (Prince with a Thousand Enemies). The source of the information is the book by R. M. Lockley, The Private Life of the Rabbit. Adams frequently contrasts human life-styles with those of the rabbits so that we have a clearer conception of some of the various functions of a rabbit's life which are usually overlooked. The story is told from the rabbits' point of view. The effect is that of a low angle shot of a camera—our perception is drawn down to the "bunny level" such that familiar objects, (i.e., other humans, etc), take on Panargiadian proportions.

Naturally, Adams is an avid nature writer; he hesitates every so often to fertilize the epic with several descriptive passages of the gentle Hampshire Downs. Though these blooming briefs are not necessary to the action proper, from them stems the earthy canvases on which the life and death struggle is reaped and sown. The story tends to be slightly episodic—but then, that's just Fiver. In fact, the rabbits submit to a swimming contest similar to that of Beowulf versus Brecce.

However, Adams waives the herculean and anchors his story to reality: instead of holding their noses for four days, the rabbits must preserve for only five minutes.

Adams plants a few ethnic digs in his vegetable garden; whereas the rabbits speak the King's English, and at times we're conscious of an accent, a little mouse who meanders onto the scene sounds like an Italian immigrant searching for an olive oil tree. The seagull speaks with a German accent so heavy that we would have to read it out loud. Needless to say, we're glad when it does.

The rabbits themselves indulge in mild blasphemy. In their more trying moments, they yell such horrid imprecations as "F'rith in a pond!" (F'rith being the sungod).

Aside from these expected drawbacks, the novel is quite clever. Adams has cast a contrast of societies ranging from the pacifist inhabitants of the Cowslip Warren to the marauding soldiers of Efrafa. He meticulously mixes politics and religion revealing a Littlepuppet world— and a commentary on the world of today is certainly included.

Watership Down is not a sensitive lay depicting the beauties of nature. It is a stam- mered, but not unloved, and its vitality which avoids the mawkish trappings of a Hessian Bildungsroman, is compulsively into a veritable tranche de vie.

F'rith bless you, Richard-roo Adams-rah! In the name of El-ahrairah, Fiver, and the Holy Hlaka Amen.