Discrimination Is Charged In U. Firing of Worker

By Richard E. Gordon

The Human Relations Commission has heard the University of Pennsylvania's case involving a worker fired from his job by the Medical Library. After a four-day hearing, the commission ruled against the University April 3. It has not yet rendered a recommendation. 'This would force the University to maintain the worker, or pay him more than two-thirds of the usual amount," the commission held. The commission has the option of appealed the case to the Pennsylvania Supreme Court, however.

In ruling against the University, the commission's majority opinion that a sine was fired because of his performance. 'The commission held that the University fired the worker in a 'time-travel' to the timelessness of the work. The brilliance of the Bard's

By JoAnn Greco

The play does not suffer from such time-travel. The supporting characters are somewhat weaker, however. Neverless, Shakespeare, for example, whose character is so central to the play, does not seem to get the full mileage out of his dialogue-scenes which are often involving the same character over and over again. Much more was given poor and impressionable. Instead, the supporting characters are more fleshed out and the play is much more coherent.

By Steve Dubow

In a series of Shakespeare's plays which are performed today, the title is the best choice for a contemporary setting. The title is not the least bit suggestive of the play's theme. For example, the line "The play is not suffering from such time-travel. The supporting characters are somewhat weaker, however. Neverless, Shakespeare, for example, whose character is so central to the play, does not seem to get the full mileage out of his dialogue-scenes which are often involving the same character over and over again.

By Robert Strauss

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Robert D. Goldstein
F.A.S. 1978

NEWS IN BRIEF

INTERNATIONAL

INVESTIGATORS OF THE ILLEGAL
broadcasting station that illegally broadcast blue movies and other film in the
stream area last week will have to go on the air again if Federal
Commission officials in Buffalo, another broadcast may be the only way to find
the source of the blue movies in Buffalo.

Search CEMENT FOR ITALIAN LEADER'S BODY—A search yesterday in
an earthbound area of Northern Italy failed to discover the body of ex-president
Alessio Meo, who was kidnapped two weeks ago by members of the Red Brigades.
Meo's family released a statement saying his body may be in the earthbound
area near the village of Cervia.

FRENCH TESTS ITS OWN NEUTRON BOMB—France has tested its own
version of the controversial neutron bomb on a Pacific island. United States
Department of Defense sources say that French was using the neutron bomb to
test the effects of the weapon on ships and vehicles it is considering for
potential use.

IMPLEMENTATION OF CANAL TREATIES DELAYED—Although the Senate
worked most of this year to get the Panama Canal Treaties approved, the
correct will not go into effect until October 1, 1979. A provision in the treaties
requires that a Senate vote be taken before implementation can begin.

LEARNER PREMIER DEFENDS IN COURT—Suits Al Hon, a Methodist
leader appointed President in the aftermath of Lebanon's war, is
accused of corruption.

The Army Nurse Corps

One of the most important Army Nursing jobs is the nature of
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The Daily Pennsylvanian

Thursday, April 20, 1978
Cohabitation Offers Both Problems and Pleasures

— Thursday, April 20, 1978

with

and bed. Weekends we spend much more time together than during the week. 

University will not assign unmarried males and females to the same room. A vast majority of University considers that just, since the University has not assigned unmarried males and females to the same room. 

Sometimes you bring clothes for the night. During the weekends we spend much more time together than during the week. With today's more liberal attitudes 

Cohabitation is a campus mainstream. There are no figures available on its occurrence at the University, but a student explained, "There has to be more there," he said. "We share a lot. Sex is just one thing. It's part of living together, but people don't live together just because of that."

Sex played a role in the relationship, but not a dominant one. "It's part of living together, but people don't live together just because of that." 

Sam said that sex played a role in the relationship, but not a dominant one. "It's part of living together, but people don't live together just because of that."

Some bad things happened, but I didn't care because I had her." Steve, a Faculty of Arts and Sciences junior, said. "They don't condone it. But they look the other way. It's almost as if they pretend cohabitation as an important living and learning experience of college."

Parents' reaction to cohabitation is usually more mellow than a University's response. According to that, their children, most of the parents understand the process. But in most cases they were not aware of how their sons and daughters were living.

"I would say that they don't think we live together," Bill said. "I think we would have a different view of what they think we do together. They might not see it as a sexual relationship."

Cohabitation -living together in a sexual relationship when not legally married. People that live together feel theirs has been a positive experience, and stress the benefits of personal growth and maturation that such a relationship provides.

Also, a lot of privacy is lost, both for those who live together and others who live in the same apartment or house with the cohabitators.

All the successful candidates will be invited to join the Communications Services staff in a continuous.

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Robert D. Goldstein F.A.S. 1978

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Dr. Wm. Whitney (WH)

UA Communications Forum
Tonight 7:00pm
Roof Top Lounge, HRS

State Budget
(Continued from page 1)
Shapp, whose original budget proposal in February did not provide any increase in funding for colleges, is now threatened that he will sign any increase in the budget if it is not accompanied by equal reductions elsewhere.

Research
(Continued from page 1)
1961, Lande said. In the meantime, scientists are putting into operation a neutrino telescope. "The sun is a boring star because of the stage it is in," said Lande. "The most exciting cases are when stars' hydrogen is gone and they begin to collapse. This releases great amounts of energy and causes violent reactions."

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Fri Rythm Jazz with May Tricks 10-2
Sat. San Francisco Sounds with Rich Brotman's Joint Dragon Travel Agency 10-2
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The Shape Of Things to Come

Maybe you’re not appreciating us. Over at Temple University, the editor of the Temple News received word Monday that the paper would have to stop publishing until further notice. The Tuesday and Wednesday issues have been discontinued, and notice will be posted.

The cut came in response to economy measures by the Temple administration.

What’s a Name? A Room With A View

We recently received an offer from the people at the Boardwalk Mall in Wildwood, New Jersey. Seems they’re looking for someone to occupy a room for the summer, complete with running water, electricity, lounge chair, radio, TV, and an ocean view. In addition, they are offering $1000 to the lucky occupant. One drawback is that the room is 100 feet in the air, atop a flagpole. Wildwood is looking to break the record for flagpole sitting, and anyone over 18 years old is eligible to try.

Today’s Fishers are Eric Jacobs and Dave Lieber. Have a Campus Flash for us!

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Auditorium, Houston Hall

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7:30 sharp until 10:30pm

Rehearsals are open without charge and limited to 15 persons. To make a reservation call Michael Quigley at 243-7189.

This program is supported in part by a grant from the National Endowment for the Arts.

Additional funds come from the Houston Hall Endowment for the Arts.

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The Perils And Possibilities Of Pre-Med Education
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Dr. Mitchell Lit
Chairman, Bioengineering
Dr. Burton Rosner
Chairman, Health Curriculum Advisory Panel
Dr. Thomas Wood
(Physics)
Dr. Janet Michaelson
(FAS ’72, Penn Med ’76)

Moderator:
Dr. Vartan Gregorian,
Dean, FAS

Discussants:
Dr. Renee Fox-Annenberg
Professor of Social Sciences
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Thursday April 20th.

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nobody asked!

He was in his twenties. So was she. Both were Catholic, unmarried, prayerful, creative. Both cared about people and cared for them.

How come he never thought of the priesthood? How come she never thought of being a nun? "No one ever asked me," they said.

Is this your story? No one ever asked you? Well, we're asking.
Nine Battles Crusaders; Pitching Key

By JAMES FREDMAN

It may not be quite the same to be left of the beaten path, but one that has yielded an average of over 13 wins per season and has bred several members of the Philadelphia College All-Star team as well, is the Crusaders. With 14 victories in the season so far, the Crusaders have pitched very well, markedly better than the usual 8.00 runs allowed per game. In addition, Kellmer has allowed only 12 walks per game as opposed to 17 for the other non-winning teams.

Kellmer has pitched as a complete game, getting better. Tuesday I was able to work myself into a rhythm and worked out pretty good. However, the freshmen line-up was a little too fierce competition at the plate, and we were still left with a 3-1 deficit.

The Crusaders were behind from the start and couldn't be pulled back. It's a good game but I maintained. "I had a good game but I didn't get any help from the rest of the team,"

But the back and without that link you can't win the game." The backs are really made of," said Coker.

Pennington may still be stuck with foul Kellmer and the backs are really made of," said Coker.

"Whatever is, it's definitely has three Penn sporting events. The least part thereof may be reproduced in any form. In

Continued

BETWEEN THE FOUL LINES- The Crew is as far as I'm concerned-that's the big thing. That's what you have to do. You have to keep your head in the game.

"I'm trying to shake off any mistakes I make and still work on my concentration," she cited as examples. "It's really important Concentration is almost like meditation. The rowers and the boat glide across the water." While most Penn students listened to music engaged in competitions like baseball at home with her five children. "Between the rows may bring May flowers, but they also cancelled the LAXWOMEN's game with Franklin and Marshall on April 19 due to weather conditions. The only walking two consecutive hitters on this occasion. "I was able to spend them out and they didn't hurt in much," she said. "I've learned to slow it down a little a control it.""

"I'm a little disappointed that I'm only winning one game," said Coker. "But I'm getting better. Tuesday I was able to work on my control, and the coach asked me to work on it. I guess I'm converted to a little bit of a pitcher.""

Then there is that one indescribable concentration is almost like meditation. "I'm a little disappointed that I'm only winning one game," said Coker. "But I'm getting better. Tuesday I was able to work on my control, and the coach asked me to work on it. I guess I'm converted to a little bit of a pitcher.""

"It's still not hitting better," she admitted. "I'm still overthrowing the ball more than I should be." Despite a stronger batting average (14-1), Kellmer has driven in 10 runs, and is the only regular player with a perfect 1.000 fielding average, having handled all 30 chances cleanly.

Kellmer first started playing baseball at home with her five children. "I'm a little disappointed that I'm only winning one game," said Coker. "But I'm getting better. Tuesday I was able to work on my control, and the coach asked me to work on it. I guess I'm converted to a little bit of a pitcher.""

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**Quacker矢志于国家联赛。美国足球的崛起**

Quacker basebal coach Bob Seddon has seen it all up to now. Yesterday afternoon, enjoying an unseasonable day as all his game with LaBella was rained out. Instead, he was driven to make his rounds of the stadium, listening to the fans, before making his way to the office for an interview with the Daily Pennsylvania.

**Call this Soccer Tale the Sounder and the Fury**

By STEVE PETERS

Many have wondered how Toomey would do against the NY Cosmos. Toomey, a former Quaker star who went on to become a professional soccer player, has returned to the United States to play for the Nyack Lions. The Red and Blue doubles team of Steve Berliner and Murray Hickling were defeated by Penn State in the first round of the NCAA playoffs.

**Coker’s Lacrosse: Where’s the Fault?**

By SCOTT LEIBOWITZ

The Daily Pennsylvania

**Women’s Crew-Not Just Something To Do**

By SHERI LEWIS

I’m not a term for a woman in a rowing boat, but a term for a woman who loves rowing. 

**Roar Past Netmen, 8-1**

Toomey was still dribbling for the Red and Blue. The Coventry, Conn, native has been to five NCAA playoffs in the past two seasons, and once won a title game in 1977.

**Coker’s Lacrosse: Where’s the Fault?**

By SCOTT LEIBOWITZ

The Daily Pennsylvania

Toomey left for Seattle yesterday. “I’m not quite at a breather,” he said. “I didn’t know what to expect. I expected problems because I’m his offense. I’m a new system. Or is it?”

**Call this Soccer Tale the Sounder and the Fury**

By SCOTT LEIBOWITZ

The Daily Pennsylvania

**Women’s Crew-Not Just Something To Do**

By SHERI LEWIS

I’m not a term for a woman in a rowing boat, but a term for a woman who loves rowing.
Women in the Cinema

Comeback in the Making
I

The performance! viTiviviYiviYiviYiviYivi

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April 20, 1978

Table of Contents

Cover..................................................Page 1
Joan Rivers and Jill Clayburgh are two more females who join Fonda, Redgrave, Bancroft and Machine in an apparent renewal of Hollywood interest in women's roles in the movie industry.

Cryogenics..............................................Page 4
Back in those crazy sixties, there were folks who thought if you put bodies in Hefty Freezer bags and stuck them in the cooler, that you could wake them up and fix what ails 'em. Now, researchers, including some docs at HUP, say it isn't so. A lot of families with relatives on ice are bound to be crushed.

Punks..................................................Page 5
New fiction from the magazine which promised you that if anything good got submitted, we'd print it.

Joan Rivers.............................................Page 6
The classic stand-up comic tosses away buitline and husband jokes for a new career in film directing. Her new film, Rabbit Test, opens next week, after getting rave reviews in New York but Rivers compares this effort to early Woody Allen cinema. Whether a pregnant man is as funny as a Japanese spy movie with all the words changed is not at question. Joan Rivers is a very funny lady.

Jill Clayburgh.............................................Page 7
After some abysmal roles in terrible flicks—most memorably Gable and Lombard—Jill Clayburgh has finally become the part of the media blitz which goes along with fine acting in a fine motion picture.

Jaws 2..................................................Page 10
A review of the book, written from the screenplay of the new shark-kill flick. A mimmow of a book, soon to be a shrimp of a movie. After letting someone else write his sequel, Peter Benchley should sleep with the fishes.

The Guide .............................................Pages 8 - 11
Just in time for the weekend when you should be studying for your finals, 34th Street provides myriad ways to waste the weekend and avoid grinding. Reviews of Brooke Shields for a shrimp in the cooler, that you could wake them up and fix what ails 'em. Now, researchers, including some docs at HUP, say it isn't so. A lot of families with relatives on ice are bound to be crushed.

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Growing Up: Tossing It Off

Danny Gold

Desperation visited Marshall one night last week. He had been lying on his back, belly up, back supported by firm pillows, munching at a pane of cracked glass. Still, he was up, back supported by transparent walls, a veritable one-room college dormitory. "Damn Peter Pan had been lying on his bed."

April 20, 1978

Locust Walk Bridge? Come off it. You may not like my company, but I am the only one who'll listen to you when you're in this state.

Marshall was amazed. Was he so realizable? Was he so transparent as to be a veritable piece of cracked glass? Still, he quickly forgot his early reluctance to speak. It had been bothering him again and was time to let off some steam. Surely if he spoke now, he would at least procure a temporary respite from his tensions.

"It's nothing, just the old story...my friends are graduating from college and into the Rest Of Their Lives, and I know I have only a short time before I must follow the same pattern. You said that I fear aging, it's not so much that but more a reluctance to give up my childhood.

"Once you leave college, you're supposed to know what you want to do with your life. Making decisions has never been one of my strengths - I'm still not sure if I'm going to come out against the Vietnam War - and I just don't want to say goodbye to possibilities. At least when I was a kid I could get away with hedging on everything. I could say wait till tomorrow, I'll think about it then.

"And you feel that tomorrow's finally here?"

"Something like that. Now I have to make decisions everywhere and all the time, and they always seem irrevocable and consequential. I mean, I can't even to weigh the benefits of having hot peppers on my hoagies against the sentence I know my intestines will pass.

"That's not all they'll pass."

"No bathroom humor, please. All I'm saying is I want to avoid the responsibility of my actions, and I know that I shouldn't.

"You could have yourself declared legally insane; that would take care of your problems.

"Now I don't think the folks would go for it."

I already got enough problems with a rubber sheet, let alone walls. Desperation was becoming annoyed. Marshall wasn't in the right mood for some serious moping; he was only grousing over the inevitabilities of growing up, and every one did that. "Damn Peter Pan syndrome is all it is," the demon muttered.

Marshall went on, now sensing a small victory. "Yesterday, two friends, each on their own, told me they should give up my baseball cap. It nearly killed me! I don't think they understand the significance of that cap, but I wear it as the last, best sign of my allegiance to adolescence. Give up my cap...it felt like the Schlitz commercial, the take away my gusto bit. But for me their suggestion meant more like take away my crutch, my fix."

"I can do it now. How about that? For the first time I feel like trying. Hey, this here's a monumental moment! It's like Linus tossing his blanket, or at least like Jerry Rubin going Establishment."

The New Guide To Study Abroad

1978-1979 Edition

by John A. Garraty, Lily von Klemperer, and Cyril J.H. Taylor

An invaluable aid to young Americans who want to study and travel in other lands.

-Senator Edward M. Kennedy

Each year, students from nearly 200 different colleges and universities spend part of their summer at Villanova University, attending one or more of three different sessions, taken (one or more) of over 400 different courses, in one (or more) of over 30 different disciplines. For the summer of '78, Villanova will sponsor three sessions:

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For the summer of '78, Villanova's green suburban campus, is offered both day and evening, is coeducational, is available to both residential and commuting students (transportation right on the campus), and to both graduates and undergraduates.

Come, spend the summer with us.
By Matt Cohen

About eight years ago, the word in the scientific community was that if terminally ill people were frozen, then in about fifty years they could be thawed out and cured of their various diseases by the wonder drugs which the sci-fi technology of the future was bound to produce.

In the film Sleeper, Woody Allen took a pot shot at this rapidly proliferating field of cryogenics—the study of low temperature phenomena. His protagonist, Miles Monroe, was mistakenly frozen after a hernia operation and after a hundred years was unwrapped from the aluminum foil good as new.

Allen's spoof, however, may have been telling less than the truth about the real capabilities of cryogenics. For while the freezing process is now being successfully employed on some simple organs and bodily fluids, the idea of freezing entire bodies has been proven scientifically unfeasible.

This would probably come as a considerable surprise to the people who have allowed their bodies to be used in the pioneer research. These persons have entrusted their bodies after death to refrigerated businesses, presumably in hopes of attaining a slice of immortalty.

Actually, only two groups used to indulge in this sort of thing, but one, the Cryonics Society of New York, went into its own big sleep a few years ago. Curtis Henderson, head of the group currently, said that the Society was put on ice because it "ran out of money and steam," and that "it never caught on in a financial way." He's probably right: the price to freeze a body several years ago was $8500, plus another $500 for maintenance. Now, Mr. Henderson says, "I'll freeze them, but I won't store them."

In Los Angeles, however, another cold-storage business, Trans-Time, claims that the business is thriving. Art Quaife, president of the company, said that at the present time he has "four patients in suspension," and seventy others "who have legal contracts" pending. For supplying the necessary materials and the proper set-up, Quaife charges $2000 per year for storage.

MEDICAL CRYOGENIC RESEARCH proceeds on a somewhat less grandiose level, and much of it is being done here at the University Hospital (HUP). Under a team headed by Dr. Herndon Lehr, chief of plastic surgery at the hospital, research in cryobiology began in 1953, when a better method for freezing red blood cells was sought. The technique in use at the time was freeze-drying, but had the severe drawback of giving blood only a short shelf life. Eventually, the proper method for deep-freezing was hit upon, and according to Dr. Harold Wurzel, head of the HUP blood bank, is the one that is used today. In freezing blood, the plasma is drained away, and the remaining red blood cells are slowly cooled, while cryoprotectants, substances designed to prevent cell rupture, are added. The whole mess is then bagged and frozen down to -85 degrees Fahrenheit. At this temperature the blood can be stored for as long as three years, and some samples have been found to be acceptable even after five or ten years.

To reverse the process, the bag is slowly warmed in a water bath, and various agents are added to wash out the cryoprotectants. Once the blood is dispersed from its packed state, it must, by law, be used within 24 hours since the bag has been opened and is no longer sterile.

Besides blood cells, other tissues, such as the pancreas, sections of the small bowel, and skin, have been successfully frozen and thawed. However, all of these are relatively low-density organs and Lehr and his team are now trying to extend the technique to denser organs like the kidney. So far, they have not had much success: it is hard to monitor freezing and thawing rates accurately in dense organs.

Lehr is optimistic and looks forward to the establishment sometime in the future of organ banks, from which one might draw a sample of almost any part of the body. On freezing whole bodies, however, Dr. Lehr said flatly, "it is not feasible at this time. One problem lies in an extension of the kidney problem: the body is a dense mass, only magnified. The body is made of several types of tissues and organs, each with its own characteristic freezing and thawing properties, and it remains unknown as yet how to control all these varying rates and thaw the body back as a whole. A graphic example of this was a chicken that was frozen and then thawed. The chicken exploded.

Another obstacle, Lehr noted, was that to be effective, the cryoprocess would have to be started while the person is still alive; that is, freezing would have to begin before death. As Dr. Lehr put it, "you freeze them dead, you get them back dead."

WHEN QUESTIONED ABOUT this, Quaife acknowledged the problem, noting that it would be illegal to start freezing a person while he's alive. He did have hopes, though, for loopholes included in a new right-to-death law being considered by the California legislature, which might pave the way for people to choose when and how they want to die. (The law has since passed.)

One aspect of Lehr's work is designing the right equipment to do the job, and that responsibility has fallen to Dr. Frederick Ketterer, a professor in Penn's Electrical Engineering department. Currently, Ketterer and his team are working on adapting microwaves as a method of thawing organs, the most difficult part of the whole process. Various cooling techniques, such as high pressures, ultrasound, and electric currents have been tried, but all have been found unacceptable.

Microwaves, though, have proven promising. They don't scorch the tissue, and they have great penetrating power. An important factor when dealing with dense organs. Usually lethal at all levels the experimenters use, 1500 watts, microwaves can be used safely on frozen tissue for periods varying from thirty seconds to a minute. The one major drawback to microwaves is the inability to measure temperature changes caused by them in the tissue being irradiated. In the kidney, for example, it is vital to know how warm all parts of it are, so as not to overbake one part of it and leave another part still frozen. Conventional techniques of temperature measurement fail in the presence of microwaves, because they burn up, give false readings, and conduct heat at specific sites in the organ, causing it to overcook.

In response to this, several techniques have been developed, including one based on changes in the electrical resistance of a semiconductor in response to temperature flux, and two others based on light crystals which shift colors when temperatures fluctuate. Ketterer himself has developed a device of whose future value he is quite confident, although it is deemed too large and unwieldy in its present state. Cone-like receptacles filled with mercury are implanted in the organ, and light beams are focused upon them. As the mercury expands or contracts in response to temperature changes, the beam's focus changes, and these differences can be measured and converted back into temperature readings.

On the subject of freezing whole human bodies and later thawing them, Dr. Ketterer doesn't think it will happen. The organism is much too complex. He does see most of the body organs, eventually possessing the capability to withstand freezing, with the possible exception of the brain.

KETTERER ALSO THINKS that cryobiology is a "matter of need." In other words, many people have to suffer from a disease before research is started on it. This is perhaps a major reason why the kidney is being worked on. Since thousands of people suffer from kidney disease, two major treatments, transplantation and dialysis both have severe drawbacks. In transplantation, donors are few and hard to find, and there is always the problem of organ rejection. Dialysis is effective but the cost is exceptionally expensive, putting it beyond the reach of most victims. An ideal solution would be to organize kidney banks, where patients could be matched with stored kidneys of the right tissue-type, and all other relevant facets. One great benefit would be a dramatic decrease in organ rejection by the host bodies.

Till then, Lehr and his team press on, and Art Quaife continues freezing bodies. In the future, getting a cold reception may not be so bad after all.
Punks

By Feudi Pandola

The low rumble of the trolley slid through the night air. Caustically it rolled forward like a large green and white bug. Oteri grabbed the two dimes and thirty pennies for the fare. The car stopped and the double-doors snapped open. Oteri boarded and slid the coins into the farebox. They clattered for the perfunctory glance of the driver. Slammed back in his seat and slapped at the farebox. "Man. what the hell is wrong with you?" Again. Oteri slumped back in his seat and slapped at the farebox. "Sit down Fred...How's it going? What's it, three, four years?" "Yeah, about. How's your brother Phil? I heard he got in a program down Atlantic City." "No. I think he's in Chicago with some house band. How's your old man?" "He's dead. Retired and kicked the next year." Silence as Oteri tried to think of something else to say to this guy. The driver loudened the radio again and the sax ripped chalkily thru the car. Freddy glared at the conductor. "You still in school, Leon?" "Yeah...I'm at Penn. Taking Business. I graduate in May...What're you up to?" "I just got out of Holmesburg a few weeks ago." Fred laughed as he told of his arrest. "Me and Cletti's ripping this store...We got some good stuff. Projectors, recorders. So we get out to the car and here's the man ticketing the damn thing. We drop the stuff and tear ass but it was too late...A breathless pause, then on with the sentence. "I was on probation so I draw a year in the Burg. Cletti's uncle got him off..."

The overhead light bathed McMaster in drab yellow. All right. Yeah...OK. That asshole'd probably try to beat me anyway.

"Hey Leon." Oteri turned with a start. Before him stood a tall grinning young man. Teeth, hair, tight face spitting out the monologue in a flat hoarse voice. "I was on probation so I draw a year in the Burg. Cletti's uncle got him off..."

Freddy glared at the conductor. "You still in school, Leon?"

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The overhead light bathed McMaster in drab yellow as he rambled hypnotically. Leon saw ratty hair, tight face spitting out the monologue in a flat hoarse voice. "I was on probation so I draw a year in the Burg. Cletti's uncle got him off..."

"This is Freddy Mack. Fred, this is Charlie. Devil, Dick-Squared and Bates. Annie Titsu buried in a corner with some Math major from Drexel in search of Phil. Charlie at the head of the table smiling on his loved ones. Face all creases. Muscular. An incongruous little bald spot. Then the Devil. Fat and dumpy with flaming red hair. Over in the aisle, Richard Dick Dapper and neat. The image spoiled by his bad stomach and ridiculous name. Squared for short. And Bates directing traffic, explaining who insulted who, occasionally jabbing, one-liners. Into this walk Oteri and McMaster.

At once Charlie's on the chair with the announcement, "Entering now into our sty...The Scene Leon and a tall fair stranger. Get another pitcher. Beer for the weary."

From the jukebox the Band and 'Rag Mama Rag.' Oteri smiles and slides into the atmosphere. He waves to the crowd and nudges Freddy on. They get to the tiered section where chairs are shoved aside and someone swings a table in their direction. Freddy appears faded as he yields to the arm forcing him down into the chair. Oteri slips from an offered mug.

"Look," Oteri said. "I'm going over to a bar with some friends from school. You feel like coming, getting some beer."

McMaster bit at the nail again. Hesitantly he rose. "All right. Yeah...OK. That asshole'd probably try to beat me anyway."

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Flowing in a New Direction

By Geoffrey Little

JOAN RIVERS nervously fluttered her hands around the room. Her fingernails looked like the hood of a well-polished red Porsche. She has a similar drive which is evident when she talks enthusiastically about her new film—Rabbit Test.

"It's going to be a hit—it's the sleeper of the year. Look at today's Variety," she breathlessly shares the news. "The movie's about the ultimate loser—a pregnant man. Billy Crystal (of Soap fame) plays him absolutely straight; all the funny stuff happens around him. It's like a Marx Brothers' movie where there are always one or two straight characters for the audience to empathize with."

She is very honest about her background in filmmaking. "Zip. How did she finance, write, and direct a full length motion picture? "Guts, madness, stupidity, and insanity...My husband and I gave a lot of dinner parties—216. to be exact, and in the middle of the main course I would get up and say, 'Anyone who is not going to finance the movie has to stop eating.' We also mortgaged our house and our ten year old daughter."

"Rabbit Test" was made outside the normal studio system. "We only had a 23 day shoot and a $1,000,000 budget. If it had rained we would have had to buy umbrellas and write a rain sequence."

"I DID EVERYTHING on the film. Originally I was not going to be director, but I sort of fell into it when one of the backers suggested it. I had great fun working on all phases of the film...I had a lot of help too. Lucien Ballard was the cinematographer, you know he did the Marx Brothers' movies, so "Rabbit Test" even looks like a Marx Brothers'. I had Mel Brooks' editor, who knows comic timing."

The timing of a comedy film is different from working a live audience. There is no immediate response; it's hard to tell how you're doing. To overcome this I would take the unfinished film to UCLA which is near my home, grab kids off the street, and make them watch to see if they would laugh. Did working this way change the film from her original concept? "I think the film is much crazier, more zany than it started out to be...it's definitely for a young audience, old people might be offended, but the film is doing well in Provo, Utah—they love me in Donny and Marie country!"

"ALWAYS KNEW the movie was funny, and now I'm reassured. If it had been a bomb financially I still would have been convinced it was funny. The Producers and, Take the Money and Run—there are so many movies which should have been hits. Don't Start the Revolution Without Me, a very funny film, only played one day in New York."

Applause. A positive response. This is what any comedienne lives for. Joan Rivers is no different. "I always knew I was funny. In school I was chubby and used verbal wit...In college I was always the one who made the Proust joke." (Joan majored in philosophy, Barnard '58.)

After college I lived in the Village trying to make a living—telling Proust jokes. There was a whole bunch of us trying to make it, and we all helped one another. George Carlin, Richard Pryor, Dick Cavett, Flip Wilson, Woody Allen."

"Woody," she confided, "is the only genius among all of us. He is genuinely a humble, sweet person. But he also knows he's invited to Norman Mailer's parties and he knows he can get the table for Elaine's. He's no dummy; he enjoys it."

When I first started, I did not know if I would be accepted, because there were so few women comics—none. When I played the Catskills I always left my car running.

The big break for Joan came with her first appearance on the Carson show. "You should have seen me, you know, the early '60s, hair piled up to here, nice little dress—I was horrible." Since then Joan has appeared over 300 times on Carson's late night show. "On the 500th appearance Ed McMahon uncorks a bottle of Bud and we celebrate."

"Show business is a joke. Some take themselves too seriously—the Peter Bogdanovitches of the world. My whole life has been 'Let's see if I can fool them and be a comic, heh, heh,'" she laughs."

"Now let's write a play, heh, heh, now a book (Having a Baby Can be a Scream): They bought it. It's craziness that I was able to succeed."

IF IT'S TOUGH BEING a woman in show business, it's certainly no easier in the male dominated film industry. "You should have seen me the first day on the set. Was it hard? The union guys are tough. I mean these guys had worked for Peckinpah—they had tattoos up to here. She touched her shoulder. 'I had to convince them I knew what I was doing (of course, I didn't). Someone dropped a pencil, and I screamed expletives for fifteen minutes. I didn't want them to think I was a frail little woman."

"Ten years ago there were no women directors, let alone women in the industry. Ida Lupino was the only director, and she was considered a freak. My parents never wanted me to be a comedienne either."

"The movie has no statements about women or their role, and people expecting to see this will be disappointed. It's not at all realistic. We didn't want to get into 'Well, does he have morning sickness, does he eat pickles and ice cream' details. The subject is really just a take off point for lampooning everything."

"IN FILM-MAKING I'M at the point now where Woody Allen was ten years ago with Take the Money or Run. I know Woody looks back on these and says 'How could I have possibly made such terrible movies?' I hope to be able to say that about "Rabbit Test" in ten years. I'm sure my next film will be 100% better. "Rabbit Test" is basically a series of jokes and sight gags. It makes fun of everybody—the medical profession, minorities, religion."

Joan has more craziness and films in store. "My next film will be called Roxy Haul...it's about two guys—both are real losers and one is a WASP, which I think is a new idea in comedy, having the WASP as loser. Anyway, these two guys kidnap the Rockettes, the entire chorus line from Radio City Music Hall. They hide them in the attic and then a random note to the city of New York. New York says 'You can keep them.' "What do you do with 36 Rockettes?" 'That's the funny part,' she winked.
Clayburgh: A Rising Star?

By Joan Greco

April 20, 1978

34th Street Magazine

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Dear Friends:

We're sorry for the rain, but happy that you are able to return to the Big Apple for our Press Conference on An Unmarried Woman. This time you will be talking to Paul Mazursky, Jill Clayburgh, Michael Murphy, Lisa Lucas, and Alan Bates.

- Nico Iacobellis

Eastern Division

Publicity promotion Manager

Twentieth Century Fox

Jill Clayburgh hates press conferences. At least that's what The New York Times said in 1976: "Miss Clayburgh is a very shy actress whose impetuous eyes betray her dislike of interviews. She has been known to burst into tears before a television talk show, and walk away. She has cancelled others at the last minute, saying, 'I want to be an actress, not a personality.'"

But last month, as she sat at a small table surrounded by notepads, cassette recorders, and cameras, she didn't seem to mind her recent surge in popularity. "I'm too old to have it be scary," she admitted, her "impatient blue eyes" relaying more boredom than fear of this, the last major press conference for her latest movie. "It's really wonderful. It's nice."

It is also about time.

ALTHOUGH CLAYBURGH HAS dominated the silver screen several times in the recent past, none of her films before An Unmarried Woman could be called hits. And although her performances in Cable and Lombard, Silver Streak and Semi-Tough were often singled out as some of the few positive points in generally mediocre films, they did not win her much recognition.

"I felt pretty comfortable with the role," Clayburgh declared. Comfortable enough to have made an occasional change in dialogue when the lines didn't seem right for her character. "When we (the character Erica and her husband) break up, Paul (screenwriter and director Mazursky) had written a lot more dialogue. But Clayburgh suggested it be pared down to its present short and bitter form.

There were a few obstacles to hurdle, however. ODDLY ENOUGH, Clayburgh found her "toughest acting job" to be a scene in which Erica goes apartment-hunting. "I had trouble with the new apartment," she said of the set which Erica was supposed to love. "I hated it. It had no closets. I came off ambivalent, which was okay—but Paul wrote it to be jubilant!"

A more "reasonable" dilemma was the problem in making the film's mother-daughter relationship believable. 32-year-old Lisa Lucas is just a little too old to be the daughter of 32-year-old Clayburgh, and, as Clayburgh admitted, "I never had a child—that was a real problem."

An Unmarried Woman may have, in some respects, been a challenge to her acting abilities but it was a challenge she was glad to have. "I'm glad women are getting more imaginative roles. There are still not that many good women's roles—there are not that many good movies," she noted. And it is obvious that Clayburgh does feel An Unmarried Woman to be a very good movie. "It makes me very angry when people say it's a women's movie—it's about a person," she insisted. "The thing I like about the movie is that it's not generalizing. It's not a tract for women's liberation."

While shooting An Unmarried Woman Miss Clayburgh relocated her residence in New York City, finding the renaissance of the tramway stage very attractive for a serious actress. Though she is committed to film acting, she would like to do a drama on the stage and is looking for the right project.

"Would you come back to Broadway?" someone asked. "No. I don't like the theater as much as movies," Clayburgh replies. "I didn't like any of the directors I had—except Bob Fosse. I don't think I have a good enough voice."

What have you been doing since An Unmarried Woman?

"Just hanging around. I'm ready to work again—I just want to find something I like."

"Have you gotten a lot more offers?"

"I've gotten more scripts...no! she stopped, and laughed. "Where are all the scripts you're supposed to get?" Clayburgh whines. "Other actors talk about having piles of scripts; but I read so fast—I read eight scripts in a day—and I throw them away so fast..."

One thing Clayburgh does not spend her time reading is movie critics. "I try not to read reviews. When they're bad, they ruin your whole day. When they're good, you get conceited," she explained.

"So how do you know if you've done a good job or not?"

"I see the movie."

A simple and straightforward idea—much like the rest of Clayburgh's lifestyle. "I meditate—I try to, anyway. I jog a lot," she paused. "I really don't do much of anything. I wish I did more things."

Mike Hutter Hal Sherman and I, along with Diane Schaeftlin of our Canadian office, again hope that you find your visit with us enjoyable as well as valuable.

Cordially,

Nico Iacobellis

CLAYBURGH RELOCATED to the last of the four press-laden tables, she must visit this afternoon, just about every reasonable question had already been asked before. The reporters looked at each other. One finally thought of a question.

"Do you have a favorite scene in the movie?"

"No."

"Oh...well, I thought the most important scene was when you broke up with your husband..."

"Uh-huh."

Clayburgh seemed to be tired of answering all the questions. Suddenly, she turned the tables on her inquisitors. "Isn't it hard for you to write reviews after all these reviews have been written?"

They jumped at the bait. The table became animated with conversation, none of which has anything to do with the star.

Perhaps Jill Clayburgh does hate press conferences. But she might as well get used to them, for there are a lot more in store for the rising star. 

Michael Murphy. Lisa Lucas, and Alan Bates.

An Unmarried Woman.

ference on

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Perhaps Jill Clayburgh does hate press conferences. But she might as well get used to them, for there are a lot more in store for the rising star.
There are two things which are memorable about Louis Malle's new film *Pretty Baby*. One is the setting, the other is Brooke Shields.

The camera zooms in on Storyville—a famous New Orleans House of ill repute. The setting and the atmosphere are perfect. The 1917 ragtime music constantly plays in the background, and the whores frolic with well-dressed customers in the paneled and tasseled Victorian rooms of the bordello. The grotesqueness of the characters such as the wrinkled, baggy Madame Nell capture the viewer's attention.

Much more captivating than the setting is the beautiful Brooke Shields as Violet. The first shot is her face, mostly her dark eye—brows arching upward and eyes opening wide to watch a prostitute give birth. Moments later Shields is sliding down the bannister into the active budge of the house's front room. Where gentlemen are picking out their favorite ladies. This is the dichotomy: Violet, the daughter of a whore, is a child who looks like one of della Francesca's angels but has in fact grown up to talk like a true Cajun slut.

We follow Violet through her evenings in the house, wandering around in her artificial world seemingly unaware that there is any other. We also follow Violet through her first night as a professional with a sad-eyed customer who has paid four hundred dollars for the privilege.

In all of this enters an intruder, in the form of E.J. Bellucci (Keith Carradine), a photographer who soon becomes a background fixture in the house, observing and taking photographs of Violet, her mother, and the other whores. Carradine, as Bellucci, is a hard character to understand. We don't see much of him, and when he is onscreen his character is so unformed and vague that when he marries the young Violet, it comes as a surprise. Carradine's attempt to lend force to a weakly scripted role.

The camera wanders throughout the entire film. Sven Nykvist, Ingmar Bergman's primo cinematographer, lensed the shots, so they are pretty, and it is not his fault they are, in general, unsubstantial filling as substitute for plot and acting.

It's difficult to say why the movie is ultimately so unsatisfying. Director Louis Malle has two excellent films to his credit, *Lacombe. Lucien* and *Murmar of the Heart* deal subtly and complexly with adolescents involved in murder and incest. If there were anyone who could successfully craft a story about a twelve year old whore, one would think it would be Malle.

Perhaps working in English instead of his native tongue, French, caused some difficulty. The dialogue certainly seems more stilted than Malle would normally allow.

In the final scene, there is some tension—notably lacking until this point—between Violet's two lives, as the Girl and the Woman. The conflict is only partially resolved in a cop-out freeze frame ending of her beautiful face. What is Malle trying to show? One is left with only the two memories: The New Orleans atmosphere and Brooke Shields' amazing face. The face is enough to knock C.P.O.'s socks off any day, and the Welles story has always been a favorite. A Best Bet.

**Pretty Baby**: Amazing Face
Minstrel Show: Della and Friends

By Barbara Shulman

For the first time in what must be fifty years, a minstrel show has come to town—the Last Minstrel Show. It has arrived complete with dancing and singing, blackface and white lips, Mr. Interlocutor and Mr. Bones. In short, the new musical at the New Locust Theater is an authentic minstrel revival. All of the old southern songs are there, performed as a traveling minstrel show of the 1920s would have performed them: all of the corny jokes—Mr. Bones: I was once a slave. Mr. Interlocutor: But after the war, you got your freedom. Mr. Bones: No. I got married—are there, too.

Actually, The Last Minstrel Show is not only a minstrel show. It is the story of the conflict facing Black Sally’s Travelling Troupe when they arrive at a Cincinnati theater and are greeted by a group of blacks protesting their debasing show. The protest- ers claim that by portraying the blacks as fools and simpletons, the minstrels are playing right into the white man’s hand. Black Sally, however, claims that those protests don’t want to face their heritage but just want to “get more like the white folk everyday.” She says she is committed to exposing the truth.

The show opens on April 26 with performances continuing through April 15. The Philadelphia Company is being presented here.

The Philadelphia Company

3601 LOCUST WALK

Phila, Pa. 19139 • 215-GR4-6217

By Melody Kimmel

Women: Truffaut’s Love

The Man Who Loved Women sounds like a funny title. After all, most men do, right? Not like this fellow, Bertrand (Cherif Ben Khedher) is a man tormented, a genuine, non-stop woman junkie. His passion obeys no boundaries of age, time, or place: he pursues with equal ardor his invisible wake-up service operator, a babysitter, and a woman he had spied dining in a small, cozy restaurant with her husband.

Director Francois Truffaut introduces us to this devoted womanizer with a sequence in which Bertrand initiates a maddened hunt for a beautiful girl he has glimpsed while in line at the laundromat. Knowing only her rented apartment number, he wrangles with the police, the car-rental agency, and his own insurance company in order to obtain the woman’s identity, then drives across France trying to meet her. He is eventually unsuccessful but still manages to establish two or three romantic contacts en route.

Giving form to what might otherwise be merely a recounting of the many conquests of a modern Casanova is a story-within-a-story. Bertrand is writing a book, a running autobiography of his romantic exploits. In it he details an existence that is preposterous yet somehow believable. He never actually explains how he gets only hints of his background: an aloof, man-chasing mother, for example, and an early rejection by one woman for whom he truly cared. Is he a wobbly lady-killer or a curiously romantic?

In his own way, Bertrand is a gentle, tender, sensitive human being. “It’s impossible to refuse you anything,” one of his amours tells him, “because you ask somehow as if your life depended on it.” Each new face, each new pair of legs represents not a challenge to him so much as a prospect. “You’re a sincere wolf,” another lover notes. He hourly walks them all with the intensity that might be accorded one’s ultimate, true love. And he never doubts that the woman of the moment is indeed the most exciting one on earth—even after he has made love with six different women in one week.

Truffaut has crafted a loving look at one man’s almost religious admiration for a woman’s inherent grace and beauty. One laughs with Bertrand as his adventures unfold on screen: there is never any desire, however, to laugh at him. His pursuit is not one committed by a lecher but by one whose temperament is similar to a little boy’s in a candy-shop. Bertrand is an innocent, and one leaves the theater feeling joyful. In today’s cynical world, Truffaut’s lesson about the values of innocence in an adult world is a delight.

The Man Who Loved Women is playing at the Ritz Three. It is in French with subtitles.
By Lesley Jane Stroll

Arthur's Steak House (15th and Walnut) is the type of restaurant everyone in town has either been to or heard about. Its reputation as a great steak house is well established. Arthur's is the sort of business man's lunch stop--comfortable, prompt service and good food. Steaks, chops, and ribs are the standard fare, with some seafood and other dishes to fill out the menu. Everybody orders the steaks, which are served in a straightforward unpretentious manner. The frills of French cuisine aren't evident, nor are the complicated sauces and gravies for which cheaper establishments are known.

Dining here can be an enjoyable, albeit expensive experience. If your parents are going to be in town for a while, try the Arthur's cheese calzone ($4.25). Cherry stone clams on the half-shell ($2.25), and mushroom caps stuffed with crabmeat ($3.25) just to mention a few. The mushrooms are interesting, firm and quite pungent, and topped with small tastily-seasoned crab cakes. A soup might be a better choice to start your meal. The baked onion soup ($1.50) was properly scalding and glazed with a delicious full-bodied cheese. The snapper soup ($1.50) was less interesting and for the same price the onion seemed a better value.

The entrees (i.e. the steaks, for to come to Arthur's and not order steak would seem simply foolish) are top quality. The cuts of meat are so beautiful that they appear on display in the window of the restaurant. In most restaurants, when ordering, one must second guess the chef to get his steak done the preferred way. At Arthur's, if you order your steak medium rare it will be served just as requested. The prime sirloin ($11.25) or a smaller sirloin ($9.25) are tender, almost sweet pieces of beef. The prime rib ($15.25) is above reproach. Arthur's recipe is easy to follow at home. Start with an excellent cut of meat, prepare it plainly and come up with a good steak. Maybe even a great steak.

Desserts at Arthur's is your idea of a proper way to enjoy a special occasion, then spending the bucks at Arthur's might be in order. The appetizers are what one would expect a shrimp cocktail ($4.25). The new man is a diving instructor, who is teaching the Sheriff's son, afraid of water since he was a child, to enjoy the water. The teacher is thoroughly enjoyed in the last few weeks of the book.

Through all these subplots, we finally come to the climax, which is so imaginative these days), chasing a baby shark with some journalistic credibility, which might be turned up to the highest gain the ampullae were processing every frequency through which she passed, from the changing polarity of salt-water currents to the radiation patterns of the steel hulls passing above...

The plot is too absurd to believe. You'll never guess how they got the shark that caused the storm. The book was written by one Hank Searls, and based on the screenplay by Howard Sackler and Dorothy Tristan. It's a terrible novel, and will undoubtedly be exciting, the book will undoubtedly be exciting, the book

By Steve Fried

Editor's note--This review concerns a book of a particular genre which is causing alarm in the literary community. The book is an example of the new wave of novels, mostly in paperback form, which are written from the screenplays of films in order to increase the profits of the films, create increased advertisement for the films, and, ultimately, to proliferate film paraphernalia. The fact that writers have prostituted themselves by scripting these so-called novels after a movie is released is bad enough.

Jaws II, however, is even worse. For this film was released before the book, uses the premise of having the same characters as Peter Benchley's brilliant novel, and will take many unsuspecting consumers by surprise, probably only after they have bought the book. In the interest of literature, this review seeks not only to critique the book, but also to expose the entire plot of the film in order to discourage as much as possible the gains which Bantam Books and Universal Pictures will undoubtedly accrue using these inappropriate techniques.

Jaws II
By Hank Searls
Bantam Books
$2.25 304 pp.

Woody Allen turns to Diane Keaton in a scene from the sequel to the smash hit, "Annie Hall." Allen mutters, "It's a dead shark.

Surprise, Jaws fans. The whole gang's back again in another thriller, only you wouldn't believe it there's another shark on Amity Island. Unfortunately, as much as Jaws II tries to be a different story from Jaws, it cannot.

When reading the book, one cannot avoid the feeling of deja vu. It's still Roy Schneider hanging on for dear life from the characters created by Peter Benchley. Of these four, it is guaranteed that Searls is the least responsible for the story.

However, he is responsible for the style, which is, in a word, terrible. From the biographic capsule summary, we learn that Searls is an experienced sailor and scuba diver. It is hoped he imitates Lloyd Bridges better than Benchley. To pad the film-script story, the reader finds out that, at one time, Searls tried to inject little tidbits of ichthyology and scuba lingo. This serves only to confuse the hell out of an audience who might be turned up to the highest gain the ampullae were processing every frequency through which she passed, from the changing polarity of salt-water currents to the radiation patterns of the steel hulls passing above...

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Beating a Dead Shark
By Steve Fried

... "Her ampullae of Lorenzinii, tiny vials of a clear liquid, spaced around her head, could receive electromagnetic energy emitted by the Fell's quarry. Sensitized nose by need for food, as a radar might be turned up to the highest gain the ampullae were processing every frequency through which she passed, from the changing polarity of salt-water currents to the radiation patterns of the steel hulls passing above..."

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Dreyfuss. The new man is a diving instructor, who is teaching the Sheriff's son, afraid of water since he was a child, to enjoy the water. The teacher is thoroughly enjoyed in the last few weeks of the book.

Through all these subplots, we finally come to the climax, which is so imaginative these days), chasing a baby shark with some journalistic credibility, which might be turned up to the highest gain the ampullae were processing every frequency through which she passed, from the changing polarity of salt-water currents to the radiation patterns of the steel hulls passing above...

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How can you be sure that there'll be a sequel? Read the epilogue. The last scene depicts the baby sharks, which were somehow born (films are so imaginative these days), chasing a baby shark. This leaves the reader with only two questions. Who will play the baby shark in Jaws III and who will go see the same movie twice? Hopefully, after reading this, you will be persuaded not to do the latter.

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The Academy of Music
Broad & Locust Sts.
1-893-1914
The Philadelphia Orchestra, under the watchful eye of conductor Eugene Ormandy, will perform works by Webern, Mozart, and Brahms Friday afternoon and Saturday night. Guest soloist will be pianist Sir Clifford Curzon.
The Long March Coffee House
407 South Street
925-1236
The Long March continues its Friday and Saturday night jazz series this weekend with the J.R. Mitchell Band featuring Gary Hammond on reeds.
The Main Point
874 Lancaster Ave.
Bryn Mawr
LA 5-3375
Friday and Saturday nights.
WJOQ presents the Hometown Band and the Lamont Cranston Band. They are both new, young bands, beyond a shadow of a doubt.
The Tower Theater
69th and Market Streets
UPPER DARBY
69th and Market Streets
The Tower Theater. Tomorrow night it's new wave master Lou Reed with Ian Drury and the Blockheads opening. Southern rockers, The Outlaws will be in Saturday night. Sunday night, very high voiced Smokey Robinson will appear without the Miracles.

Aural Audits

Wings
London Town
Capitol-SW11777
Wings' new album features a slimmer down band. Jim McCulloph and Denny Laine remain as a lack of—all—mestrics. McCulloph and English exited with a whimper, not a bang. London Town sounds the same as any other Wings disc. McCARTNEY's capacity for singing this trip is wearing thin: "I've had enough/I can't put up with anymore/No no no no no no no..." Paul is wailing against the drudgery of suburban life; he is not singing "pity the pointlessness of my songs," but it's easy to see him doing exactly that on "I've Had Enough."
The music (notes and special effects and stuff) on London Town is passable as is Paul's every pretty and versatile voice (he does a fun Elvis-type song, "Name and Address"), but the lyrics are downright banal. London Town is for a select few, those fans of Paul McCartney who don't know he was in a group before Wings.

Joe Ronson
Genesis
And Then There Were Three...
Atlantic SD 19173
Genesis, with the release of its newest album, has scored two hit records in less than a year. The first was Seconds Out, and now there is And There Were Three...The fact that Steve Hackett, their former lead guitarist, has dropped out doesn't seem to affect Genesis in the least bit. The music is both intriguing and intricate on every cut and the lyrics are the most haunting.

David Friesen
Waterfall Rainbow
Inner City 1027
David Friesen has one of the most unique voices on acoustic bass in contemporary music today. His second album, Waterfall Rainbow, further promulgates this fact. As his fingers dance over the strings, his bass resonates a clean, clear, and full sound. In other words, he has fabulous technique. On "Song Of The Stars," one of four unaccompanied numbers, Friesen shows off his incredible improvisatory talents and speed on the strings. It is how Keith Jarrett would sound if he were a bassist instead of a pianist. He is joined by guitarist Ralph Towner and clarinetist Paul McCandless, both member of the band Oregon, as well as others on "Spring Wind," a beautiful composition out of the ECM school of jazz. Friesen plays arco bass in duet with McCandless's oboe and bass clarinet on "Castles and Flags" for a successful classically-influenced improvisation. If there is any justice in the world, David Friesen's destiny is set: he is to become a leader in contemporary improvisatory music.

Stu Feil
Wire
Pink Flag
Harvest ST-11757
For those who are interested in where the movement known as punk rock has gone and is going, this is a highly instructional record. Unlike much of English punk, Wire's music comes out of a charged-up intellect rather than an enraged heart; as such it provides a key to what the musical ideas of this movement are all about. Pink Flag has been called a "punk suite"; it does indeed have a unified structure comprised of twenty-one "movements" arranged in an order of absolute logic. Wire challenges the punk aesthetic even as it practices it. They carry the formal elements of punk—the removal of melody, the tight song structure, to an extreme, but at the same time, the faultless musical execution of the riffs and the album's perfect continuity indicate that this is a deliberate exploration of a style rather than a copycat nonsense. The lyrics are strings of fascinating fragments. Example: "This is your correspondent, running out of tape, gunfire's increasing, looting, burning, rape." All in all, it's a strange trip.

Richard Grabel
Woody Shaw
Rosewood
Columbia JC 35309
On his first album recorded for a major label, trumpeter Woody Shaw, a veteran of the bands of Eric Dolphy, Chick Corea, McCoy Tyner, and more recently Dexter Gordon, presents creative music which successfully blends large and small ensemble voicings with burning improvisation. Bringing in both his concert ensemble and quintet, Shaw textures his sound in a swinging, flowing momentum. "Sunshower," a composition by bassist Clint Houston, begins very much like Joe Zawinul's "In A Silent Way" but then breaks into a solo section featuring excellent improvisations by Shaw, saxophonist Carter Jefferson, and pianist Onaje Allan Gumbs. Shaw's superior composing talents are evident in the multi-layered title tune, on which he plays a very Freddie Hubbard-influenced solo. And, with Hubbard playing quasi-disc, Maynard Ferguson playing movie themes, and Miles Davis not playing at all, Rosewood emerges as the finest mainstream/modern jazz trumpet recording of the year.
Bates is talking. "It's the last of the ninth. Two outs. Last game of the year and they're playin' the Mets." "Philadelphia has a twenty-five year hard-on," Charlie says between swings. "blue balls for a pennant...Runner on first. Dave Cash. The count's one and one to the batter..."

"Bowa Bowa," pipes the Devil. Charlie and Squared are outraged.

"Right, Devil," says Squared, "and my dick just grew a fingernail. Get in the ballgame, Redman." Bates defends the Devil's choice. "Wait a second. Bowa is perfect. You guys forget how good damn stupid Ozzie is."

Charlie plays the rare role of negotiator. "Let's compromise...Koosman blitzes a strike by Bowa, and Ozzie yanks the little shit and sends in Pierro to get a line on the handsome medical student. The group leaves and Oteri hurries to the Southbound entrance with Freddy. Halfway down the steps he gives up. It has been a long night and he does not feel well.

"I still ain't got an answer from the Reddlerman... Not talking, huh? OK, enough bullshit. We want length and diameter. When's the last time you saw the frigging thing?"

Unexpectedly the Devil gets up from his chair. "Assholes. What are you so hot for that for? What the hell are you, homo?"

Squared feigns shock, "Holy Shit, the Devil strikes back. The best defense is a good offense." Charlie shrugs and heads for the outhouse. "Two outs in the ninth. Hutton is on base. Yates is up immediately. The wild chemistry operates looking better than you... Fat, ugly."

"No, you won't.""No you won't...

Charlie laughs easily at Oteri. "You simple goonea. Don't think I'm letting up on that flaming eunuch. I can't help it if I'm handsome. More beer is ordered as Charlie goes back to the Devil.

Freddy reaches into his pocket and grabs a cylinder of nickels that he looks from some cades into the student's lap. "Yes, between swings, "blue balls for a pennant... Runner on first. Dave Cash. The count's one and one to the batter..."

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Freddy reaches into his pocket and grabs a cylinder of nickels that he took from some grocery store. Charlie sips at his beer and ignores Freddy's presence over him. Freddy hits Charlie's shoulder and the brew cascades into the student's lap.

"Motherfucker!" screams Charlie as he bolts out of his seat. "That's it. Chump. We go!" Quickly Charlie throws a right. No way. Fred easily flicks away the jab, crouches and swings from the other side with his nickel fist, his money punch. He catches Charlie's open mouth and pops a tooth out in a carmine spurt. The impact rips open Freddy's knuckles and showers the area with nickels. He screeches and violently shakes his fist trying to fling away the pain. The brawl is over in three seconds. Devil collects nickel souvenirs while Squared gulps the last of the beer. The boxer arrives. Show's over. Everybody out. Bates helps Charlie to his feet while Freddy raps a handkerchief around his bloody fist.

"You guys feel like going to the Mug?"

"No more bars," chuckled the Devil. "That thing can get infected. Where you parked? Squared?"

"Cheestnut Street."

"Let's go."

The group leaves and Oteri hurries to the Southbound entrance with Freddy. Halfway down the steps he gives up. It has been a long night and he does not feel well.

Are you planning to go to LAW SCHOOL? announcing Hofstra University School of Law's annual pre-law SUMMER INSTITUTE

Due to the enthusiastic reaction to its prior Institutes, the School of Law will again offer a "Pre-Law Summer Institute" for five weeks from May 30 to June 29 for weekday sections (Tuesdays, Wednesdays & Thursdays) and from June 3 to July 1 for the Saturday section. The course will be of value to those who have already decided to attend law school and to those who are trying to decide whether they should attend. Taught by the Hofstra School Law faculty, the Institute will assist students in developing analytical and research techniques. All those which are essential for competent performance in law school. The course will be conducted in the same manner as regular law school courses and will include case reading, and problem-solving techniques.

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