U. Attempts To Reduce Quadrangle Energy Use

By ROBERT WOJTOWICZ

Philadelphia, Pa., September 10, 1980 - The University has decided to increase the insulation of the roof of the Quadrangle, as part of a research project-called Cultural Indicators-which received the Big Bird is busy advertising for PSA's bartending course. If you read it naturally, here is the text in plain text:

U. Attempts To Reduce Quadrangle Energy Use

By ROBERT WOJTOWICZ

Philadelphia, Pa., September 10, 1980 - The University has decided to increase the insulation of the roof of the Quadrangle, as part of a research project-called Cultural Indicators-which received the

FAS, Engineering TA's Receive Stipend Raises

By JEFFREY R. COLMAN

The University has decided to increase the insulation of the roof of the Quadrangle, as part of a research project-called Cultural Indicators-which received

Correction

The basketball team was named its Athlete of the Week for the second time this season. The basketball team was nosed out of a second Big Five victory last night in triple overtime against St. John's. Prajean, however, attributed the loss to a minor injury to a player which was not reported in The Daily Pennsylvanian.

Annenberg School Dean George Gerber

34th Street takes ‘A Vacation With The Moonies’

The ten-member task force, which will be chaired by Associate Dean Donald Fitts and Engineering Dean John Borghis, is to deliver a preliminary report by April 15, according to Shulman.

“...not so we are in a transition phase...”

MARTIN MNEVYKOV

By ROBERT WOJTOWICZ

Philadelphia, Pa., September 10, 1980 - The University has decided to increase the insulation of the roof of the Quadrangle, as part of a research project-called Cultural Indicators-which received the

Shen Appoints Task Force On Grad Schools

By JEFFREY R. COLMAN

Yesterday appointed a task force to explore the problem of rising costs of education in the graduate schools.

The next time you are watching "Baretta," and the heroin addict inadvertently shoots a stray dog while robbing the parked car, watch for a small hole in the car's door. This is an experiment which could serve as an example of the experiments which could serve as an example of the experiments which could serve as an example of...
ABORTION:
Will it be there if you need it? a multi-media workshop presented by the National Abortion Rights Action League of Southeastern Pa., January 27 from 1:00 pm to 5:00 pm at the Christian Association.

Classified Ads

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- **FAX**
  Make sure your documents are clearly visible and legible. Use a dark pen or marker for best results.

For more classified ads, visit our website at www.classifiedads.com.
The disagreement between the union and the paper was over wages. "The agreement thus averts the turn of the prit." Chemistry department chairman Bryan Roberts said the drivers did not agree to work to publish an issue today, but John Gough, an attorney for the Journal, said he hoped the agreement was reached. A vote by the drivers on the agreement was scheduled for 11 a.m. today.

But basketball isn’t our only beat. DP sportswriters follow all the Penn teams throughout the year. Freshmen and other students i are the University fellowship. It enhances the faculty experience as well as the un-
A Hasty Solution

If President Carter has his way, and he likely will, the United States will soon begin registration of draft age youths, leaving the country one step away from reinstatement of selective service. Carter talked the talk last night that he "will not be the first to reimpose the draft," but left open the possibility that a peace-time draft might be instituted. We share the president's concerns about the state of our national defense in a period of world turmoil. However, we do not believe a peace-time draft is justified and are worried about the use of excessive registration as a first step towards easing selective service back into existence.

The Carter Administration has always opposed the draft. Defense Secretary Harold Brown told Congress last summer that "we don't believe a peace-time draft is justified and are worried about the use of national defense in a period of world turmoil. However, we do not bluffing match or in domestic politics. We propose to go to registration, let alone the draft, until we are convinced time. The crises in Afghanistan and Iran might eventually develop to the point where we would be engaged in open hostilities with another nation. When the United States is engaged in open hostilities with another nation, a peace-time draft, i.e., Selective Service, is a possibility. It should be remembered, however, that the United States is, at this time, engaged in a peace-time war with an aggressive nation, and that this war might last for many months or even years. If the United States were to be engaged in open hostilities with another nation, a peace-time draft, i.e., Selective Service, is a possibility. It should be remembered, however, that the United States is, at this time, engaged in a peace-time war with an aggressive nation, and that this war might last for many months or even years. If the United States were to be engaged in open hostilities with another nation, a peace-time draft, i.e., Selective Service, is a possibility. It should be remembered, however, that the United States is, at this time, engaged in a peace-time war with an aggressive nation, and that this war might last for many months or even years.

Off To Be The Wizard

Rick Feehery

The Dally Pennsylvanian.
Affirmative Action Problems

(Continued from page 1)
added, however, that the University "may be trying to make the necessary affirmative action," and added "we've rates will be lowered, according to graduate, we'll be so far into debt that students, but by the time most of us it," he said.

There is a chance that high tuition there is a chance that high tuition will take a long time to make up for as a regular clinic.

"If Model B is successful, the

Dental School Tuition

(Continued from page 1)
many students missed out last fall because they followed the "flock," and enrolled in the "other" MCAT preparation course...

Before you invest your future in a pre-course, make sure you will get the best preparation and the most for your money. It pays to shop comparatively.

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"You too can design ads for THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN"

The production staff of the D.P. is looking for some students who are ready to put their creative skills to work. If you are interested in graphics, layouts, and ad designs, this is your chance to go in some valuable first-hand experience.

Introductory Meeting: Friday 4:00 p.m.
At The Daily Pennsylvanian Offices, Located at 4015 Walnut Street

Congratulations to our new sisters
Bonnie, Deb, Sally, Sandy, and Michelle.
Love, The Sisters of Chi Omega
The Black Student League will hold its first general meeting of the new semester and decade on Friday January 25 at 7:00 P.M. in the Gallery of Low-Rise North. Gary Kelsey of the Minority Recruitment Program will be speaking on this year's recruitment outlook. We are hoping for a very successful new year and hope you will join us in making it so. All are invited.

Applications Are Now Available For: Hill House Graduate Fellowships

Hill College House is looking for individuals who will be graduate or professional students at the University in 1980-81, and who are interested in living and working with undergraduates in a living-learning community.

If you are interested in the possibility of serving as one of Hill's Resident Graduate Fellows, please pick up application materials at the Hill House Office, 3333 Walnut Street, Between 9 A.M. and 5 P.M. Inquiries: 243-5237

Deadline for Applications: February 11th

Television Violence Study

The W.W. Smith Trust Fund currently provides funds for term time and summer job experience for qualified handicapped students currently not participating in the federally funded College Work-Study Program. If you are a handicapped student who desires such employment experience, you may be eligible for one of the grants. For information and/or application contact Mrs. Sally H. Johnson, Office of Equal Opportunity, 3537 Locust Walk, 243-5993

Human Testing Guidelines

Weibel stressed the importance of this group in fostering better relations between researchers and the general public.

"We're in a period of an advocacy of democracy, rather than one of mutual trust and benefit," he said. "It is important that the ethical laws that we set be easily communicated to the public. We must get society behind such laws and not look upon him as if he were used by someone else."

Weibel said both the committee regulations should protect individual rights to such matters do not hold if they are not well understood. Weibel said that the committee should be involved in the research. The networks always say they're going to reduce violence, but essentially it has stayed at the same, pretty high level."
Cagers—

(Continued from page 8)

an array of Quaker foul warning areas and jackets, Williams hit the final end of the one-and-one. One Quaker time out was consequently called, and as the ball was inbounded through the hoop, the game was going into extra time. So as the free throw cleanly went through the net later, the game was going into a contest in that third extraperiod. One Quaker time out was called, and Paul Little, hitting two free throws, the first points since the Quakers matched the pace of the game.

Yet the Hawks fared earlier in the game, when just prior to the close of the first half, 'The shot from almost the exact same spot on the rim as the buzzer sounded. This city, locations, phone numbers, prices and all the latest information about disco's, restaurants, recreational facilities, places of interest and where to rent everything from cars to roller skates. The book will tell you how to save money and get the most from your vacation. Order now by sending your name, address and check or money order for $4.95 to Hansen Publishing & Distributing Co., Dept. 47, P.O. Box 17244, Plantation Fla. 33318.

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There is always a critical shortage of blood after the holiday season.

We need your help now more than ever before

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Tuesday, Jan 29 at Vance Hall
Thursday Jan 31 in the Quad

STOP the shortage, tap your own natural resource!
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**Hawks Jolt Cagers in Triple OT, 60-56**

**BY ROBERT MOLLOY**

It was just another Big Five game. The Temple Owls (3-10, 0-7 Big Five) tried to pull off the upset, but the St. Joseph's Hawks (1M, 1-0 Big Five) had other plans. The Owls were looking for a win, but the Hawks had other ideas.

The Owls came into the game with an 8-8 record and were looking to bounce back from their last game. The Hawks, on the other hand, were looking to maintain their momentum and continue their winning streak.

The game started off with the Owls leading the Hawks by a point. However, the Hawks quickly regained their composure and took the lead back. The game went back and forth with neither team able to push their lead too far.

As the game drew to a close, the Owls found themselves down by only three points with less than a minute left on the clock. They had one last chance to tie or even win the game. A shot by Temple's Mike Davis was off the rim, and the game went into overtime.

The first overtime period saw the teams tied at 48-48, with neither team able to gain an advantage. The second overtime period was a repeat of the first, with the teams once again tied at 54-54.

The game was suddenly halted when the Owls' Paul Little made a key steal and turned it into a fast break, resulting in a layup for the Owls. The lead was now 60-56, and the Owls were set to secure the victory.

**Deadye Flick Shines As Penn's Mr. Clutch**

**BY CHARLES FUCHS**

The women, who are entering their third season without a change in the starting lineup, are a very cohesive unit, with five freshmen in the mix. In the past, the team has struggled with injuries, but this year, they have a much more experienced squad.

This season, the team has been led by captain Anne Kay, who has been a consistent force for the team. Kay has been instrumental in helping the team to improve their performance and has been a vocal leader on and off the court.

The team has also been bolstered by the addition of senior guard Liz Smith, who has been a key player for the team. Smith has been a consistent scorer and has been a leader on the court.

The team has been able to build on their successes from last year, with the addition of new players and a more experienced lineup. They have the potential to be a strong team this year and are looking to build on their successes from last year.

The team has been practicing hard and has been working on their fundamentals. They have been working on their defense and have been focusing on their offense.

The team has been working on their chemistry and has been practicing their配合 (from the divers)," Geygan said. "We have a lot of depth and a lot of good performances."

The team also worked on their relay in the Eastern Championships. The relay team consisted of four swimmers and was able to qualify for the next round.

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A Vacation With The Moonies


Also

Journalists: On Free Press
The Flyers: On Being Good
By Christine Woodside

I Leaned Casually on the "Eraser Trough..."

Before the hazy reality of editing 34th Street has time to intrude, I still in college the 12-year-old sister I asked me to officially reveal some not-yet-found expertise. It was my first speaking engagement: a 30-minute stint in front of some charmingly chaotic seventh grade.

The subject: "Running a newspaper." The English class had been studying printed media for a week and everyone had already read the Science section from The New York Times.

Since co-editor Richard and I had not yet crawled up to the cubic reserved for 34th Street to wade through piles of old photos and trash, I suspected that the sixth and seventh graders would be more in control of the episode than the speakers they waited to hear. Seventh-graders know only stark honesty, and their comments were marvelously unreflective and unrehearsed, a definite challenge for inexperienced speechgivers. For a while, that raw honesty made us unconsciously forget that most adults learn to politicize, romanticize, bullshit, or bore people everyday words.

The invitation came third-hand from my sister Anne Elizabeth's English teacher. During a phone conversation with my mother shortly after returning to Pennsylvania, I discovered that Anne had announced at school: "My sister's the editor of a newspaper in Philadelphia."

The editor? A newspaper? They must have decided I was 30 years old. Anne's teacher, Mrs. Ruderman, a cool, energetic woman who taught me to operate a photo enlarger in 1972, replied, "Ask her to come speak to the class."

The teacher probably expected the publisher of The Philadelphia Inquirer, after my sister's statement, the thought of becoming a celebrity for 50 minutes was intriguing enough for me to accept the request and convince co-editor Richard to go as another admirable big person.

So, on a boring grey Friday before classes started, Richard and I ran down the steps of Stairway and leaped onto an Amtrak heading north-east. "Do you think they'll call that we're really college students?" I murmured as we negotiated seventh grade.

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The teacher probably expected the publisher of The Philadelphia Inquirer, after my sister's statement, the thought of becoming a celebrity for 50 minutes was intriguing enough for me to accept the request and convince co-editor Richard to go as another admirable big person.

"I'm an elementary school teacher. I'm not used to this," the substitute told us before we were halfway across the classroom.

"Before that, we were both reporters for the Daily Pennsylvanian," Richard said. "You should understand the life of newspapers..."

I leaned nonchalantly on the eraser trough, and knocked one on the floor, before deciding to awkwardly reach to my collection of past issues of the DP and 34th Street, and gingerly pass the issues around.

The students cooly listened and alternately chattered about various items we mentioned. Trying to return to the discussion to the magazine side, I held up a copy and said, "There are several regular parts. We write about plays, movies, books, restaurants..."

"You write about certain restaurants?" interrupted Pudgy Baseball Cap, as the substitute half-rose and mumbled, "raise your hands, boys and girls."

"Well, local restaurants give our reviewers free meals, and we write what we think of them," Richard replied.

"What if you hate the food?" asked Pudgy Baseball Cap.

"That's the risk the owners take," I put in. "Just like the movie-makers, and just like companies who send us free records, so we can write what we want about them," I said.

"Do you review Led Zeppelin?" asked Tall Girl, and Richard nodded. But the class was getting noisier again. I had held up a 34th Street feature on Jim Spanarkel. By then I was fully involved in the seventh grade spirit of no-frills comments, and said loudly, "Blahahahahah!" Surprised silence followed.

Then Freckled Boy raised his hand and said, "How do you pay for everything?" Rich and I gulped, and Rich began, "We have to sell ads, and the larger the ad, the more money we get. We also have a budget from the newspaper."

"People are busy and don't want to be bothered, so we have to figure out how to get the information we want without upsetting them too much."

Suddenly our speaking tour was over, and I was happy that no one had cared we were college students instead of some-of-the-world types breezing in on a paid deal. As we gathered together our sample issues, a former math teacher ran in, shook my hand, and said, "I hear you have a great job."

"Yes, well it's as co-editor of my college magazine," I said, while the teacher said, "Oh, so you're still in college."

At the same time, another teacher was trying to convince us to return the next week for her class.
Freedom of the Press?

Journalists Gather in Historic Philly
To Discuss the Fickle First Amendment

By Stuart Fell

Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances.


And Freedom of the press.

It's kinda like the guy in the bar who tells some guy twice his size he's an asshole.

"Who's an asshole?"

"You're an asshole, asshole."

"You better take that back."

"Hey, it's a free country, I can say anything I want."

Then he walks away with a broken nose.

This is how most Americans interpret the First Amendment, but not how New York Times reporter Myron Farber interprets it. He spent over forty days in a Northern New Jersey prison because he refused to reveal his sources on a murder story that he had written. It all ended up costing his employer over $600,000.

That's not how the Supreme Court interprets it either. In the Stanford Daily case, they recently ruled that a court can enter a newsroom with a subpoena in order to acquire evidence held by a newspaper. Freedom of the press? Sounds a bit like what a good watchdog does.

"You know, John Connally's hometown recreated the things you said he was guilty of."

"Yeah, exactly."

But it is not like the press to stand idly while they are being put down. For this reason, twelve national journalist organizations decided to organize the First Amendment Congress, a forum to examine today's free press. Yet the end result turned out to be a lot of hype, a lot of speaking, and few questions really answered.

There are two blocks from Independence Hall, the day before Benjamin Franklin's birthday, finishing off a prime ribs dinner with the baked potatoes in the foil and the cheesecake for dessert, when suddenly a dull drumroll is heard, and in walk three men in Colonial garb. "We are the minstrelmen," they proclaim. "We fought for our freedoms in the cold hills of Saratoga." Pure pomp. It sets the pace for the entire conference.

"Hey, it's a free country, I can say anything I want."

And all this is despite the fine array of speakers - Dan Rather (who substituted for Walter Cronkite and won an award for his courtroom performances), George Gallup, John Henry Faulk, and Robert Toth.

After the minstrelmen, John Henry Faulk is introduced to the Congress. Faulk is an older man whose original claim to fame was his role as the folklorist on the CBS radio network during the early 1950's. During the Red Scare, he was fired for his leftist leanings, which resulted in his being awarded $3.5 million in what is the largest libel award in history. His story was dramatized last year on television (George C. Scott played the lawyer).

Faulk is no more than just another good old boy from Texas. A little bit aged, and a little paunch, not once does he mention his involvement with the First Amendment. Instead, he sticks to telling jokes and stories.

"You know, John Connally's hometown recreated his birthplace the other day. They put the last straw in the manger yesterday."

The thing is that Faulk can tell a story better than anybody, and smiles and speaks with his sweet Texas accent — but he doesn't say too much. Neither, for that matter, does Robert Toth, the Los Angeles Times reporter who was held in Russia. He lacks the charisma of Faulk and the celebrity of the other two speakers.

Members of the audience are seen closing their eyes. Maybe they just need to digest the food. It's the next day that will complete the Congress. Dan Rather's keynote address and George Gallup's poll results are the big news to come.

But still, you wonder what the purpose of the conference is. Sure it's a great forum for newspapermen to discuss the first amendment, but it's doubtful that they are hearing anything they don't already know. "Maybe it's the whole smoke-filled room concept," points out one member of the working press.

"You see that guy over there in the gray suit, the one with the gray hair? He's the president of Gan-net newspapers, probably the most powerful man in all of newspaper publishing. I doubt he came here just to hear a few speakers."

The next morning, before the keynote address, the loudspeakers boom, and then, as if from heaven, comes the voice of the god of broadcast journalism — Walter Cronkite. "My deepest apologies for not being with you this morning. A new assignment has demanded that I be elsewhere. But what I'm up to is not as important. The subject is the preservation of our rights to free press and free speech. Ladies and Gentlemen," the tape finishes, "Dan Rather."

Dan Rather is slightly grayer in person, but his power still moves anyone who sees him. His strength as a journalist is unsurmounted: few men could stand up to a President, much less make him look like a fool on national television. God, remember that day in 1974. "Mr. Rather, are you running for something?"

"No, Mr. President. Are you?"

Rather boldly confronts the question of the role of the free press. "It's a watchdog role. It's not the role of an attack dog going after everybody's throat. It's certainly not the role of a lapdog that crawls up in the lap of everyone in town and just wants to be petted. It is the watchdog role, and what a good watchdog does is bark at everything that is suspicious. And the watchdog's role is being narrowed down by these court decisions and by public opinion. We need your help.

(Continued on page8)
Theater

‘Rosencrantz & Guildenstern’: They’re Alive

By Matt Cohen

To anyone who had to study Hamlet in high school, the names Rosencrantz and Guildenstern may bring back horrible memories of tortured analyses and long-winded speculation. Fear no more, however, for the Repertory Company’s revival production of Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead makes the duo a source of amusement and laughter, rather than a migraine headache.

The work by Tom Stoppard, a revue sol in the formal ol a ‘‘The Big Broadcast ol 1944 ol the Harry James Orchestra. Dennis Day.

The Big Broadcast ol 1944 makes the duo a Rosencrantz and Guildenstern are Dead is the duo’s creation. The duo is not the original characters from the Shakespeare play, but rather a contemporary reworking of the characters by Stoppard. The play is set in the 1960s, with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern working for the Tragedians, a decrepit vaudeville troupe.

The play opens with Rosencrantz and Guildenstern meeting at the Repertory Company’s Zellerbach Theater at the end of February. The play follows the duo as they make their way through a series of unfortunate events, including a series of unexpected deaths. The play is a satirical look at the nature of life and the reduction of even the most mystic experiences to what he calls “the thinness of reality.”

Despite these glaring differences, the pair cling to one another constantly, and it is their scenes alone on stage which float the show. Rosencrantz, confident of his superior intelligence, goes into one of his interminable word games sure of success, and naturally Guildenstern destroys him. Or Guildenstern himself goes into a long soliloquy on the merits of being buried alive or dead in a box, while Rosencrantz sits by and listens in stupified amazement to the twisted gibberish his partner is spouting.

In opposition to the continuing banter between Rosencrantz and Guildenstern is a touch of the mystic added by the Tragedians, a decrepit acting troupe that comes to Claudius’ court to perform Hamlet’s recreation of his father’s death. They specialize in “death, blood, and rhetoric,” says the head Player – especially death – because it is the end to everything: “The bad end unhappily, the good unluckily.” They even demonstrate this by enacting a pantomime which ends prophesying Rosencrantz’s and Guildenstern’s deaths in England, which of course goes unheeded.

Before the show begins, the audience is treated to a selection of ballads sung by Bette Phelan and Peggy Morgan, accompanying themselves on guitar and dulcimers. Their ten-minute performance is a delight in itself. Directed by Linda L. White, Rosencrantz and Guildenstern follows this excellent beginning with a performance that is a captivating piece of theater for two hours. If to be or not to be is the question, then suffer the outrageous slings of SEPTA and get thee to the Repertory Company.

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The Flyers:

By David Elfin

The team skates onto the ice trading insults, jokes and squirts from waterbottles. After a diligent but brief practice, they head for the locker room for more verbal sparring, trading insults, jokes and squirts from waterbottles.

The Flyers: squirts from waterbottles.

By David Elfin

well-earned sobriquet, the Broad Street Bullies.

The Flyers are the Cherry Hill East hockey team, but they head for the locker room in winning back-to-back Stanley Cups in 1973-74 and 1974-75 known by the well-earned sobriquet, the Broad Street Bullies.

After a diligent but brief practice, they head for the locker room. Clarke's team-training insults, jokes and squirts from waterbottles. After a diligent but brief practice, they head for the locker room for more verbal sparring, trading insults, jokes and squirts from waterbottles.

The Flyers are these same Flyers who in winning back-to-back Stanley Cups in 1973-74 and 1974-75 were known by the well-earned sobriquet, the Broad Street Bullies.

The Flyers still lead the league in penalty minutes but they also top the league standings with a 20-6-3 record, six points ahead of the Buffalo Sabres.

Dave Schultz, Don Saleski, Gary Dornhoefer and Bernie Parent, among others, are gone from the Cup winners. The Flyers of today are a perfect blend of experience and youth, guile and agility.

"The comradeship on this team is as good as those teams that won the Cup," ten year veteran Bob Kelly said. "This team has a different skating style. We used to win 2-1, 3-2. This team is a lot more explosive."

The Flyers were one of six expansion teams in 1967. By 1973, Philadelphia had developed a solid nucleus and reached the semi-finals. The next two years were glorious.

Fred Shero's hard-checking, hard-working Broad Street Bulls fought their way to the titles.

1975-76 seemed to be more of the same. Reggie Leach scored 61 goals, Moose Dupont. Bill Barber and Jimmy Watson enjoyed their finest seasons and Bobby Clarke was the league's most valuable player. Philadelphia finished with its highest point total ever, 118. However, in the finals, the Flyers ran into Montreal. The Canadiens with their emphasis on skating skill instead of brute strength, swept the Flyers in four straight to win the first of their four consecutive Cups.

Those years we didn't win the Cup were the toughest of my career," Barber claimed. "I feel comfortable about the Cup winners. The Flyers still lead the league in penalty minutes but they also top the league standings with a 20-6-3 record, six points ahead of the Buffalo Sabres."

Despite their 20 point division lead over the Rangers, the Flyers aren't going to relax. "We can't rest," Quinn declared.

This team's done so well in the past eight years. You're always conscious that someone might be so primed up for you, that they can take you (as Washington almost did last Saturday before Clarke scored with four seconds remaining to salvage the tie)" he added. "There are certain criteria you have to meet as a Flyer. We now have expectations of ourselves we need to live up to."

"I feel comfortable about the things we've done. I'm confident we'll improve to the point of being a good playoff club. This whole business is centered around success in the Stanley Cup. Finishing first in the regular season is probably a better indication of a team's caliber, but that's the way it is," Quinn, 36, is in only his second year as a head coach, after a nine year NHL career for which he is best remembered for deckung Boston superstar Bobby Orr. "Coaching is part salesmanship. You have to convince 19 people that if we are good at what we do, we'll beat those bastards."

"Pat's a good coach," Leach said. "I have a lot of respect for his players and we have a lot of respect for him. Players work a little harder if they like the coach. We'll never quit on Pat."

Quinn appointed team leader Bobby Clarke and former Flyer Joe Watson as assistants for the year before the team went on to win the Cup defeat Boston. "The team is a lot more conscious that someone might be so primed up for you, that they can take you," Barber said. "I always thought he'd be good but not this good. He gets a lot of my rebounds."

Peeters, 22, the only undefeated goalie in the league is also enjoying a marvelous year. "He's doing a great job," Quinn noted. Last Friday at Penn's Class of '23 Rink, Peeters' teammates teased him unmercifully not being an All-Star. A winning team can do that.

"We've got good camaraderie, in general a pretty damn good feeling and I think that comes with winning," Quinn said.

Winning. That's what it's all about. "It would mean a lot to me to win another Stanley Cup," Barber said. And it would surely mean a lot to the rest of the team and their fanatical supporters.

They're the Talk of the League And the Toast of the Town

By David Elfin

The team skates onto the ice trading insults, jokes and squirts from waterbottles. After a diligent but brief practice, they head for the locker room for more verbal sparring, trading insults, jokes and squirts from waterbottles.

The Flyers are these same Flyers who in winning back-to-back Stanley Cups in 1973-74 and 1974-75 were known by the well-earned sobriquet, the Broad Street Bullies.

The Flyers are the Cherry Hill East hockey team, but they head for the locker room. Clarke's team-training insults, jokes and squirts from waterbottles. After a diligent but brief practice, they head for the locker room for more verbal sparring, trading insults, jokes and squirts from waterbottles.

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Dave Schultz, Don Saleski, Gary Dornhoefer and Bernie Parent, among others, are gone from the Cup winners. The Flyers of today are a perfect blend of experience and youth, guile and agility.

"The comradeship on this team is as good as those teams that won the Cup," ten year veteran Bob Kelly said. "This team has a different skating style. We used to win 2-1, 3-2. This team is a lot more explosive."

The Flyers were one of six expansion teams in 1967. By 1973, Philadelphia had developed a solid nucleus and reached the semi-finals. The next two years were glorious.

Fred Shero's hard-checking, hard-working Broad Street Bulls fought their way to the titles.

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By Noel Weyrich

I t was the quietest bus ride I have ever taken. There weren't many people on the Tampa-bound Greyhound and everyone had both seats in each aisle to himself. Two rednecks behind me passionately discussed their musical tastes, repeatedly mispronouncing Ted Nugent's name. No one else spoke a word during the entire three-hour ride.

I leaned my head against the window and watched the palm trees fly past the orange Florida moon. Is this Monday or Tuesday? I had lost track of the days. I looked at my watch. It was almost midnight. The little "31" date indicator was creeping back under the numbers.

As the last moments of 1979 slowly ebbed away, I thought back to the previous four days. I had spent them exclusively with disciples of the most widely-feared religious sect that today's spiritual smorgasbord has to offer — the Reverend Moon's Unification Church.

On December 27 I had joined a group of Moonsies, prospective converts, and curious outsiders on a five-day student seminar near Gainesville in northern Florida. The seminar was sponsored by a college-oriented branch of the Church, a thing called CARP. I went solely to find out what these people are all about, and then write about it.

I had planned to go with a fellow Penn student, but when he didn't show up I went alone instead. I had intended to behave like some confused soul in search of a lifeline, to win their trust, but I failed. During lunch on the third day, I was unceremoniously tricked into entering a van, and then hauled ten miles to the nearest Greyhound station by some Moonsies who smelled a phony in their midst.

But I had spent four days with them between the afternoon that I met them at Reverend Moon's Unification Church, and the evening that they left. So much for my plans to behave like a Moonie anymore. And you know what happened then.

"Oh, no. She didn't."  

"Uh-huh. She started right back in mutilating herself. To this day, she still has all her original hang-ups, despite the time she spent with the Moonsies."  

"Jesus."  

"That's about all I can say about it, and I'm supposed to be a professional. I don't know. It's just that her family is a real upstanding Boston family and they really don't want a Moonie for a daughter, even though they know what the alternative is."  

"Carol's story gave me something to think about as I waited for my next ride. Her account of a slasher turned-saint by the Moonsies could easily be countered by the other stories everyone's heard about them. A friend of mine likes to tell about a friend of his who fell in with the Church, and whose parents, after supposedly being kidnapped and almost murdered by Moonsies, paid some Cosa Nostra goons to go in and get their son the hell out.

That's the most commonly accepted view of the group. They have a reputation for brainwashing people into becoming converts, having them sign their earthly belongings over to the Church, and then drowning them to lives of privation and celibacy, until the Church can find suitable spouses for them. I don't know how well-documented all this is. I've never read any of the half-dozen Moonie books on the market. I didn't even think of reading any of them for this story.

That's partly out of a conviction to enter this thing with an open (and empty) mind. It's mostly out of laziness and lack of time.

The Original Plans

Alex Kerman (not his real name). DP reporter extraordinair, first came up with the idea during finals week to masquerade as a potential convert on this Florida trip he had been reading about. He discussed it with me and I said I thought...
The writer prepares to take a trip to central Florida with followers of Rev. Moon.

First of a three-part story.

...
Where do you go to find the best chili in Philly? The simplest answer would’ve been to go to O’Hara’s last Tuesday night for their Second Annual Chili Contest. Not only did the local saloon host the contest, but they also won it — hands down.

The contestants were evaluated in three categories — most unusual, tastiest, and spiciest — by a panel of local personalities: Dorothy Stork, of the Philadelphia Inquirer; Rose DeWolf, of the Bulletin; Dick Clayton, of WIP radio; Jerry “The Greater with the Heater” Blavit from WPHT-TV; Jack Edelstein, renowned double-talker from the Philadelphia Eagles; and Stanley Greene, restauranteur-at-large. Together, the panel sampled 12 varieties of chili. They were cheered on by a large, enthusiastic, and somewhat inebriated gallery of spectators. In turn, were encouraged by O’Hara’s PR-man, dressed appropriately in a black-leather pants suit and cowboy hat.

Richard Cellini, of O’Hara’s, said the contest began last year when Charlie Taylor, of Taylor’s Country Store, said that his restaurant had the best chili in town. This time around, O’Hara’s received over 200 requests from local restaurants to enter the contest. And according to Cellini, the first 12 to apply were chosen to participate.

Every judge sampled each restaurant’s entry, and scored it on a scale of 1-10 in all three categories. Between sampling the judges softened their taste-buds with small amounts of lime sherbet, and much larger amounts of Perrier water, Rolling Rock and Heineken.

And when it was all over, O’Hara’s had won their own contest in all three categories. In between sambles, the judges soothed their taste-buds with small amounts of sugar peels and sherbert, and much larger amounts of Perrier water, Rolling Rock and Heineken.

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Books

Pre-Professional Nightmares: Jobs & Credit

By Noel Weyrich

The Complete Job-Search Handbook
by Howard Figler
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
285 pages, $5.95

Credit Where Credit is Due
by Glen Walker
Holt, Rinehart & Winston
198 pages, $4.95

The quest will soon begin. The search, first for a fulfilling job or simply inexperienced, doesn't go quite that far off the potential. Hmmm. Types? Horatio Alger goes existentially
to save up the funds you need to live a decent life. You have only one recourse. CHAAAARRRRGE IT!

Glen Walker's Credit Where Credit Is Due is billed as a legal guide to your credit rights and how to assert them. With lucid examples of sample situations and layman's explanations at every turn, Walker has provided an extremely useful handbook to refer to when a nasty letter from someone wanting money finds its way into your mailbox, or when you decide to take out a loan or apply for a credit card.

Much more than a legal guide, however, the book provides helpful advice on how to apply for a credit card, how to figure the cost of borrowing money, and even gives a listing of Federal Trade Commission offices in the appendix.

However, for the most part, Walker, a New York lawyer, gives basic sound advice on your rights as a consumer, and how to exercise those rights for maximum effect. Truth-in-lending, standing up to a credit bureau, billing errors, bill collectors, defective products, repossession, bankruptcy — it's all here in simple, yet intelligent fun-to-read form, liberally supplemented by samples of letters and forms written and filled out to show you how to handle these barracudas in the money business. A great book. Don't buy anything without it.

***

Short Clip — Ted Bundy: The Killer Next Door (Bantam Paperback, $2.75) By Steven Hindman & David Merrill. A scant six months ago. handsome law

Wallace will publish his next novel, The Second Lady, with the New American Library and Signet paperbacks. It's set to come out in autumn ... The answer to Studs Terkel's epic oral history Working. Holt Rinehart & Winston will publish next month Nut Working — a chronicle of unemployment's devastating effect on human life. Watch for the review in this column ... Writer's Digest Books is ready to release a quartet of books on what to do with yourself overseas this summer. Included are 1980 Adventure Holidays, Travellers Survival Kit: Europe, Kibbutz Volunteer, and 1980 Overseas Summer Jobs.
The Outlaws
In the Eye of the Storm
Arista AL 9507

The Outlaws were Playin' to Win on their last album; now they seem satisfied with a mere tie. The best verdict of In the Eye of the Storm is neatly provided by one of the song titles, "It's All Right." This is a disappointing effort for a band of the Outlaws' proven capabilities. The problem with the album becomes clear in the Florida-based band's version of Elvis Costello's "Miracle Man." Their cover of the song lacks the frantic urgency of the original, although this is not to say the Outlaws should have parroted the abrasive Costello; rather, they should have recorded the song with more energy, more abandon. This "Miracle Man" sounds as if it were played by a bunch of Rhinestone Cowboys, not a bunch of Outlaws. "Blueswater" succeeds where the Costello tune fails; closer to what is expected from the Outlaws, it is a vibrant song driven by producer Elvis Costello in his own music (e.g. "Pump it Up"). The Specials have put together a combination of dancing tunes ("Do the Dog" and "Nite Klub" stand out as the best) and others which are distinctly Caribbean ("A Message to You Rudy"). Every song is characterized by unpolished vocals and many have harmony sung in two distinct native accents, yet all of this seems appropriate for this hybrid musical form. While groups such as the Police are producing what is essentially reggae-ified rock, the Specials' music is inherently Caribbean. Their unique sound maker listening to each song a special treat.
— David Evans

Trevor Rabin
Face to Face
Chrysalis CHR 1221

Well, it's finally been done. Someone has actually bothered to occupy that previously uninhabited, bland musical region that exists between the respective styles of Foreigner and Styx. That someone is Trevor Rabin, whose latest album, Face to Face, succeeds where the Outlaws' proven capabilities. The Specials' music is inherently Caribbean. Their unique sound maker listening to each song a special treat.
— David Henkoff

The Specials
The Specials
Chrysalis CHR 1265

The debut album by the Specials is unconventional, at least when compared to today's popular sounds. This seven member band (two Jamaicans, five Britons) fuses the Caribbean influence of calypso and reggae with basic rock styles. The organ and horns prominent in most songs mix well with the fast tempo often used by producer Elvis Costello in his own music (e.g. "Pump it Up"). The Specials have put together a combination of dancing tunes ("Do the Dog" and "Nite Klub" stand out as the best) and others which are distinctly Caribbean ("A Message to You Rudy"). Every song is characterized by unpolished vocals and many have harmony sung in two distinct native accents, yet all of this seems appropriate for this hybrid musical form. While groups such as the Police are producing what is essentially reggae-ified rock, the Specials' music is inherently Caribbean. Their unique sound maker listening to each song a special treat.
— David Henkoff

Bob Welch
The Other One
Capitol SW-12107

Bob Welch left Fleetwood Mac just before they hit it big. But Welch quickly proved his grapes weren't sour, achieving platinum with his debut solo effort, French Kiss. The album contains simple yet pleasing melodies, energetic vocals, and an abundance of hooks. The Other One, Welch's third and latest release, is also his second consecutive dud. Welch's voice is a gift, his old ballads capable of lifting one's soul like a seagull gliding over a deserted beach. On "Love Came 2X," however, Welch sounds like a little boy. The song itself is rock-reggae blend better suited to the Stones. Most of the album's tracks aren't worth mention, but two are. Future Games is a pleasing ballad reminiscent of "Sentimental Lady." It contains no excess instrumentation, just a pure and simple sound. Powered by strong rhythms, "Rebel Rouser" is about the strongest brand of rock that Welch has ever recorded. In it, he reminds us that "Everything is changed/Yeah, nothing stays the same." So true, yet one wishes it didn't have to be. Keep your insipid stabs at funk and reggae to yourself, Bob. But keep me "Hypnotized." — Paul Strauss

The Baby's
Union Jacks
Chrysalis CHR-1267

The photograph on the cover of Union Jacks is an attempt to create a New Wave image for the Baby's. Unfortunately, the boring, mainstream hard rock found inside the cover fails to support that image. Nothing on this record distinguishes it from the multitude of similar efforts by bands such as Foreigner or Aerosmith. Lead vocalist John Waite has no discernable personality as a singer, and Jonathan Cain's pompous keyboard playing is like the syrupy schlock found on any Styx album. The lyrics, too, are relentlessly mindless. "Can't find the truth/Just need to score," sings Waite in "Jesus Are You There."

"Union Jack," co-written by Waite and bass player Ricky Phillips, contains this gem: "I want to be somebody some day/Living my life away." None of the other lyrics rise above this banal level. The danceable "In Your Eyes" is the album's lone memorable song. Its arrangement features keyboard work that finally enhances rather than obscures. It is not good enough, however, to justify the purchase of this record.
— Jonathan Matzkin
‘Northern Lights’: Glow

By Lisa Green

The struggle of farmers in early 19th century North Dakota to organize a grassroots political movement may not warrant a lavish film treatment, but ‘Northern Lights’ is far from a big-budget spectacular.

Instead, John Hanson and Rob Nilsson, the independent filmmakers who produced, directed, wrote and edited ‘Northern Lights’, strove to create a basic, austere setting that would complement that fragment of American social history. Their presentation of the formation of the Nonpartisan League in 1916 deliberately lacks the slick production of Hollywood studio products.

Yet the success of ‘Northern Lights’ lies in its unpretentiousness. It is a film that turns the difficulties of a miniscule ($300,000) budget into assets. Because of the historical context of ‘Northern Lights’, the use of grainy 35 mm black-and-white film, largely unprofessional actors and bleak rural settings emphasize the plot’s credibility and temper it with compassion.

Through the story of Ray Sorenson (Bob Behling), a young farmer who reluctantly joins, then helps to direct the Nonpartisan League, ‘Northern Lights’ straightforwardly follows the organization’s growth and eventual triumph in the state. But more interesting and far more valuable is the film’s depiction of the bleak lives of the farmers. The brief glimpses of Sorenson’s family dinners and romantic scene with a neighboring farmer (Susan Lynch) reveal the existence of an American society virtually unaffected by industrialization.

Slow-moving and often shadowy, yet the success of ‘Northern Lights’ is a celebration of two successful attempts. The first, the political salvation of a group of farmers, ended with the 1916 election sweep of the Nonpartisan League. The second, the triumph of a group of filmmakers over the constraints of Hollywood, ended, perhaps, at Cannes in 1979, where ‘Northern Lights’ received the Camera D’Or Award for Best First Feature.

Burns, Carney, & Strasberg Going In Style

By Jim Meyers

Without resorting to flashy gimmicks or sensational effects, ‘Going in Style’, the first film for director Martin Brest, is both funny and entertaining. Brest’s fresh approach to an old subject — old age, to be exact — provides a compassionate, tender look at his subjects.

Veteran entertainers George Burns, Lee Strasberg and Art Carney star as three cronies, forced for an alternative to Lawrence Welk and prune juice cocktails. Their decision to rob a bank, suggested by the impish Burns, gets them off their park bench and into a life of crime, disguised simply with fake noses and eyeglasses.

The three men are not criminals; it is their love for life that sends them to a mid-town Manhattan bank in broad daylight. These old men have a touching enthusiasm for life, although Strasberg seems uneasy when he tries to dance to African rhythms.

The fine acting in ‘Going in Style’ is no surprise, considering that the three leads have a combined total of over 150 years of acting experience to draw from. Director Brest fully utilizes this resource by using long shots, in the tradition of Orson Welles, to capture the realism of these characters and their living situations. Although the shot sequences are long and the close-ups somewhat claustrophobic, this is offset by the trio’s expressive faces. In Burns’ case, his facial agility can be cinematic proof that age is only a state of mind.

In the end, the spunk of the senior citizens in ‘Going In Style’ is summed up by the imprisoned George Burns, who growsl, “No tin horn joint like this could ever hold me.” Burns, along with his two talented co-stars, are cinematic proof that age is only a state of mind.

**THIS WEEK**

Annenberg Exploratory Cinema
Annenberg Studio Theater
360 Walnut St.


International Cinema
International House
2701 Chestnut St.
677-0125

Thursday: The Second Awakening of Christa Klages (West Germany, 1971) about a woman who saves a bank to save her cancer center.

Friday: Christa Klages, and a series of recently restored Socially-Related Documentaries of the Thirties hosted by pioneer filmmaker Leo Seltzer.

Temple Cinematheque
1019 Walnut St.
781-1529

Thursday: a 1953 version of Julius Caesar features Marion Brando, James Mason, John Gregur and Deborah Kerr.

Friday-Saturday: Marcel Pagnol’s The Well-Digger’s Daughter (France, 1940), a comedy about a peasant forced to defend his daughter’s honor.

Sunday-Monday: Sword of Doom (Japan, 1987), Housing Samurai epic from the folks who know their knives.

Wheat Street Theatre
Film/Video Center
625 Walnut St.
574-3550

Thursday: Diary of a Mad Housewife, Carolee Schneemann’s film is torn between two men (Richard Benjamin, Franz Langer) satire.

Sunday: Paper Moon, Entertaining story of a con man and his precious daughter. Talia O’Keeffe captured an Oscar in the latter role.

University Museum Sunday Film Series
Harrison Auditorium
133rd and Spruce Sts.
653-4025

Sunday: The museum, if it’s still standing after Saturday’s SP banquet, will house Seated Soil, an Italian film about a young woman’s personal revolution.

Walnut Mall Cinema
3925 Walnut St.
222-2344

Thursday-Saturday: Seven Beauties and Sleepy Away, two by Lina Wertmuller.

Tuesday: Sunday-Supper, Two Capney films; Angels with Dirty Faces and Yankee Doodle Dandy.

Friday-Saturday: WMMR Late Show presents Cassidy.
Scrapple
Is This Exercise?

Everyone seems to have a different conception of just how to have fun. The Japanese slice bricks with their hands. The Canadians have curling. The Scots hurl logs. And now, to cure those off-season blues, the Americans have Hocker.

It's no typo. The name's Hocker.

Hocker, though, is not your average ordinary sport. Its origin is as unique as the way it's played. It was developed by John Henry Norton, a judge, and his family of nine natural children and five adopted Asian orphans. With 14 kids, not many people generally invent sports, but Norton invented Hocker.

Hocker is billed by its promoters — Hocker Federation International, who else? — as the sport that anyone can play. It's easy to learn, low cost and injury free, they say. And it has "major league, worldwide" possibilities.

The game rules are ideal for a bus-load of hyperactive six-year-olds. There are no boundaries on a Hocker field. Play in your back yard or play on the Tundra, size is no limit. You score in Hocker by propelling the "large, lively, soft 16-inch Hocker ball" through the Hocker goalposts — a wooden volleyball net without the net (see the picture).

It seems the only thing you can't do in Hocker is push or trip the opponent or hold the ball. Other than that it's a no-holes-barred battle for the ball.

The "low" cost of the game — about $900 for the goalposts — does seem to make the cost of skiing look like kid-stuff. Have no fear. Hocker Federation International says you can play without the posts, although we've yet to figure out what you would do with the ball.

If you're the type of person who might be interested in this, the proclaimed "ideal answer to Title IX," you can write to Hocker Federation International (54 Miller Street, P. O. Box 768, Fairfield, Conn. 06430). They might even be able to provide you with a set of goal-posts for around $400 providing you're a non-profit group and guarantee that the goal posts will be permanently installed.

Who knows. Maybe ABC Monday Night Hocker is next.

(No) Surprise

Surprises seem to come a dime-a-dozen in the City of Brotherly Love. It's no surprise, then, that Philadelphia's city fathers are going to trash the $1 million-a-year advertising campaign that used to bill our little town as — you guessed it — "surprising".

It seems that the guys downtown are upset with the "Surprising Philadelphia" campaign developed by Kalish and Rice Advertising. According to City Representative Richard Doran, reports The Associated Press, Philadelphia should "stop apologizing."

"What the slogan says," he revealed, speaking to the hypothetical tourist, "is that you — and we, too — think this city is a bummer, but if you spend some time here you'll be surprised — we're not as bad as you think."

Baltimore can't compare with Philly, says Doran, and San Francisco "is a nice little town on the West Coast trying to be Philadelphia."

Surprise again. Kalish and Rice will close out the surprise campaign with $40,000 worth of print ads downplaying the whole idea of Philadelphia being a surprise. Then, they'll try it again in about 60 days with a new campaign.

First It Was
Nuke Iran...

First there were the "Nuke Iran" bumper stickers. Then came "Ayatollah Assahola." And don't forget those cute "Fuck Iran" buttons.

Now it looks like the folks in Erie, Pennsylvania have come up with yet another way for the American people to unleash their hostilities on the Ayatollah. Well, at least some of the people.

Their contribution to the wave of patriotism that has surfaced during the crisis in Iran is known as the Ayatole Target.

The idea for the three-by-four-inch vinyl decal came to its creators one night in a bar. "Let's put the Ayatollah in the toilet," they said. Now, the product's promoters say that Erie residents are "lining up to christen the product."

Maybe a larger version will be available soon, for convenient placement in gymnasium spit sinks.