Council votes in favor of S. Africa divestment

In a letter to the editor, a professor expressed concern over the University's stance on divestment. "In my lens, the issue is whether the University should divest from South Africa. We must confront the reality that the University's current investments are complicit in the system of apartheid," the professor wrote. "If we do not divest, we are complicit in the suffering of the people of South Africa."

Annenberg gives $2.1 million for research on health

The Annenberg School of Communication has received a $2.1 million grant from the National Cancer Institute to fund a five-year study on the use of technology in cancer screening and treatment. The grant will support research on how technology can be used to improve access to cancer care and to empower patients and caregivers.

Dolfman attends first awareness workshop

The National Organization for Rare Disorders (NORD) hosted a workshop on rare diseases in Philadelphia. The event brought together attendees from academia, industry, and government to discuss the latest research and trends in rare disease treatment. Among the participants were Dolfman and other experts in the field.

Adult involvement in Greeks sought

Senate panel also reaffirms support of system

A Faculty Senate panel has recommended that the Greek system continue to operate as it currently does. "We believe that the Greek system is an important part of the University experience and contributes significantly to the development of leadership skills," the panel said. "We urge the administration to continue to support the Greek system in its current form."
Police Commissioner Gregorio Sambor resigns

Peres fires Sharon after policy dispute

CURRENT funding is due to expire at midnight, and President Ronald Reagan is expected to sign the extension.

The funding bill is separate from a second measure needed to raise the government's borrowing authority, which would permit Reagan to sign the first measure without a House vote. The House is scheduled to act on the second measure tomorrow if Congress has not increased the government's debt ceiling.

Several House members have signaled their intention to vote against both measures, and some Democrats warned that they would vote to freeze spending as long as the government remains in debt. The House Ways and Means Committee opposes the Ways and Means bill if it were approved by Congress and signed by the president.

The House Ways and Means Committee is also considering a proposal to raise the debt ceiling, if Congress has not increased the government's borrowing authority, which would permit Reagan to sign the first measure without a House vote. The House is scheduled to act on the second measure tomorrow if Congress has not increased the government's debt ceiling.

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Philip Glass, who will appear this Saturday with his ensemble at the Pacifics Center for the Performing Arts, has long been described as being in the avant-garde, has long defied not just description, but any sort of easy categorization. As in so many cases, the man behind the music has led the way for serious contemporary composers. In addition to the albums produced with his Ensemble (most notably the best-selling Glassworks), he has written the scenes for the films North by Northwest, American Graffiti, and the recent mini-series Holocaust.

But his real trailblazing has been with the redifinition of the operatic form with his trilogy Einstein on the Beach. Since his co-founding of the avant-garde theatre troupe Mabuse Minus in 1965, Glass has been discovering a variety of mixed media techniques. “I'd never been interested in opera. With Mabuse Minus, I'd perform.” He says. “I had to hold an audience with a lot of the factors about the theatre. I'm working a lot about the theatre. I've also worked on opera with photographer Lucinda Childs. Finally, in '76, all the elements came together with Einstein.”

The production of the work and the title was the title. “We started off with that, and then I was sort of doing experiments all over the place.” They are still together, and have rarely had the complete composition together. But really, the original idea, which was Bob's idea, was Einstein on the Beach or Wall Street,” Glass explained. “I've held on to the character of Einstein, and took it from there.” Glass's sense of the opera phenomenon in living memory and music today. All those works will be presented together at the Stuttgart Opera in '87. Glass explains that he sees a theme running through his music. “I can't even eat and listen to music. When we sit down to dinner, I have to turn the volume off. The people do all kinds of things to music, and I can't tell them, and certainly don't tell them, what those things should be. For me music should make you want to say, you put one to sleep. Music is far too serious and I don't demand that it be apathetic, and I don't demand that it be apathetic or be apathetic about that.”

Glass's own musical tastes are extremely all-embracing, as a result, he says, of his personal background. “I grew up listening to everything.” His father was a composer who taught, and his mother a musicologist. “I'm used with the music of Glass's Cutty Sark profile. It was quite a lot of input on Koyaanisqatsi. I was working very closely with Godfrey Reggio. He produced the film, and I was working with the film, not the music.”

As in the movies, Glass's music has strongly defined the image of the films on which he has worked as well. “I had quite a bit of input on Eisenstein. I was working very closely with Godfrey Reggio. He produced the film, and I was working with the film, not the music.”

Koyaanisqatsi, a collection of contrasting music and visual images, takes in rhythms and colors from Eastern music and has a libretto in Sanskrit. Although the idea is that you can't eat and listen to music. When we sit down to dinner, I have to turn the volume off. The people do all kinds of things to music, and I can't tell them, and certainly don't tell them, what those things should be. For me music should make you want to say, you put one to sleep. Music is far too serious and I don't demand that it be apathetic, and I don't demand that it be apathetic or be apathetic about that.”

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New U. animal committee convenes its first meeting

By JUDY KERPER
A newly-organized committee aims to improve the University's animal research program. The committee is charged with reviewing and enforcing federal guidelines for animal research.

The composition of the IACUC should add some excitement and be a source of pride for the Van Pelt Conference Room. 330 386-3588 for information.

DO YOU HAVE aspirations of being a member of the Middle East Center Brown Bag? Thursday, Nov. 14th at 7 p.m. 104 Vance Hall.

For more information, call 387-9318 or; have a great lime? Be a contestant in the Kerrigan Library. reserves. And, for information, call 245-247.

THINKING ABOUT GOING to the annual Federation Allied Jewish Appeal this week? The appeal was to take place on Fri Nov. 15 at 9 a.m. Hoover Lounge. Vance Hall.

THINK ABOUT GOING to the University of Michigan's annual Penn Model Railroaders meet? The meet will be held on Sat Nov. 22, 12-2 p.m. Bodek room. Penn faculty and expert on topic will present Alan C Campbell.

The University of Michigan will sponsor a symposium on law and the media Thursday, Nov. 21. 12-2 p.m. Bodek room. Penn faculty and expert on topic will present Alan C Campbell.

Now that you can be for information, call 245-247. If you can be for information, call 245-247. The annual Penn Model Railroaders meet will be held on Sat Nov. 22, 12-2 p.m. Bodek room.

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The Independent Newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania
1794 Year of Publication

Thursday, November 14, 1985

Letters to the Editor

Group Urges That Trustees Vote to Divest of S. Africa

To the Editor:

How is it possible to argue that profits and morality are not at odds? As members of the international community, it is our responsibility to use our power for the betterment of the world. Divestment on a moral basis is not extreme, but necessary. How can people who condone the desperate apartheid regime in South Africa even consider themselves moral? It is time for Penn and other institutions to send a strong message against the policies of apartheid. Tan people who continue to invest in South Africa are morally wrong and must be changed.

Our response is that the number is too few in all the world today there is such a clear case for divestment of so many of our present investments. The University is buying into the survival of a system that is not. You would say that we can not change a dictatorship of 150 million people. But there is no way we can say that we can not change a dictatorship of one hundred people. That is the importance of the University's voting power. Its investments in South Africa are a clear indication of the University's beliefs. By investing in South Africa, the University is saying that it is comfortable with the role of apartheid. By continuing to invest in South Africa, the University is saying that it is comfortable with supporting a system that is morally wrong.

Where else in all the world docs one find a beneficiary of the profits of apartheid? In South Africa. If there any place in the world that is a beneficiary of the profits of apartheid. South Africa? The United States profits from a Jewish-Christian creed and policy to justify and for all. Where else in all the world does one find a beneficiary of the profits of apartheid? In South Africa. If there any place in the world that is a beneficiary of the profits of apartheid.

Our university is a beneficiary of the profits of apartheid. Penn, like other institutions, is a beneficiary of the profits of apartheid. The University is buying into the survival of a system that is not. You would say that we can not change a dictatorship of 150 million people. But there is no way we can say that we can not change a dictatorship of one hundred people. That is the importance of the University's voting power. Its investments in South Africa are a clear indication of the University's beliefs. By investing in South Africa, the University is saying that it is comfortable with the role of apartheid. By continuing to invest in South Africa, the University is saying that it is comfortable with supporting a system that is morally wrong.

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Student Writs To Answer One Trustee Question

To the Editor:

I am interested in several aspects of the University at the University of Pennsylvania. I am both interested in the educational system and the endowment with which it is supported. I would like to be assured that this money supports the value of life and human rights. There is no question that the University must consider the ethical implications of its investments. If the educational mission of the University of Pennsylvania is to be inclusive of all those elements which would aid in the education of our students, then it has an obligation to shape its investments in such a way that the University does not demonstrate its commitment to social justice. If the educational mission of the University of Pennsylvania is to be inclusive of all those elements which would aid in the education of our students, then it has an obligation to shape its investments in such a way that the University does not demonstrate its commitment to social justice.

One of the key words of this article by John Gomberg is "profitability of doing business in apartheid." It seems that it is precisely the case that one cannot distinguish between the two. The University of Pennsylvania has an obligation to be responsible. How can people who consider themselves moral be responsible? We cannot have it both ways. The University of Pennsylvania is a beneficiary of the profits of apartheid. It cannot say that it is comfortable with the role of apartheid and at the same time say that it is not. The University of Pennsylvania must choose between profitability and morality. The University of Pennsylvania must choose between profitability and morality.

I am also interested in the question of how to compose the Trustees of the Board of Trustees concerning the investments of the University. To the Editor:

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“One of the Great Talents of Our Time”
ROBERTA PETERS
THURSDAY, MAY 14, 1986 at 8 PM
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SHLOMO MINTZ
WEDNESDAY, MAY 20, 1986 at 8 PM
The Sensational Young Virtuoso
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The Sensational Young Virtuoso
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ATTENTION!

It's time somebody cut the student body a break.

ATTENTION!

It's time somebody cut the student body a break.

THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN — Thursday, November 14, 1985

PAGE 7

CAMPUS FORUM

“AIDS: Facts and Fiction”
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7:00 - 9:00 p.m.
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THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN — Thursday, November 14, 1985

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Students in Undergraduate University Residence will be receiving an RA Assessment Form. Please complete the brief survey and return your form to the Department of Residential Living, Friday, November 15, 1985.

Dept. of Residential Living
Asian group forum set for tonight

In addition: PHILADELPHIA

The Wharton Asian Association will sponsor a forum on divestment and South African investments tonight, kicking off a program to increase awareness of opportunities for Asians in business.

Representatives of two firms, American Express and Nomura, will discuss the role of their organizations in the American financial market.

The forum will feature a panel of experts, including representatives of Goldman Sachs and Nomura Securities. "Goldman Sachs is probably the most reputable firm in the United States," Wharton College President David Kim said. "Nomura is "

"cheap in terms of personal commitment," suggested that instead of divesting, the University and other institutions try to influence corporations through stockholder resolutions.

And Faculty Senate Chairman Adam Block said he was "longing for a forum for giving the University the right to make moral judgments.

"Think God that we realize that if we/ are taking about institutional morality we are all subjectives ourselves to death," Tomazinis said. "I cannot live with institutional morality.

"We want to contrast the working men of Asia to the working men of South African blacks and the development of black leadership."

Sexual harassment was also on yesterday's agenda. The council passed a motion proposed by Psychology and Education Associate Professor Michael Cohen that the university adopt new procedures for handling cases of sexual harassment.

An Undergraduate Assembly resolution calling for a boycott which also dealt with peer harassment was added to the motion.
Could it be a dynasty in the making in West Philly?

The frail yet indestructible bond between a wordly concert pianist and her self-effacing daughter is tested during a brief stormy reunion.

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The frail yet indestructible bond between a wordly concert pianist and her self-effacing daughter is tested during a brief stormy reunion.

The frail yet indestructible bond between a wordly concert pianist and her self-effacing daughter is tested during a brief stormy reunion.

For what three films did Ingrid Bergman win an Academy Award?

Could it be a dynasty in the making in West Philly?

The frail yet indestructible bond between a wordly concert pianist and her self-effacing daughter is tested during a brief stormy reunion.

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Soccer looks for some answers after subpar season

(Continued from back page)

of a game for the first time in his career because of an injury to his left knee in a game against Bellmore, and his career came to an end when he dislocated his left shoulder while practicing during the Quakers' spring break in Scotland. Three subsequent surgeries on his knee joints to Ed Delaney and Illan Shamin and Peter Weisenthal.

We had a different lineup for every game," Seddon said. "That's not what we wanted. The com-

It's not the right time to be in the

cision-making on the field. We

were never there to help build toward the season that we had done. If the players were late getting to places. It was the worst year we've ever had. We had 10-2, but we were never there when we wanted to be."

The problems weren't confined to the arena. It's tough to maintain a focus on the top game when you realize that there was a lot of pressure on the Quakers to win,

Seddon said cautiously. "If we had

can't be doing the kicking for the Quakers

made good 17 times in 19 tries. His 54
ttempts, with a long of 44 yards. On

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to help build toward next year.

"Next year's team was a little
good team," Seddon said cautiously.

"Next year we'll take steps to prevent

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Soccer reflects back on a disappointing season

By THOMAS HILL
The Penn soccer head coach, bedding his team for the final time, reflected on a disappointing season, but one not without its accomplishments. As the team prepares for the NCAA tournament, where they hope to extend their season, the coach looks back on what went right and what went wrong.

"It was not an easy season," the coach admitted. "We had high hopes for the season, but things didn't come together. We had some good moments, but overall it was a disappointing season.""}

Penn's 6-2-1 overall record, 4-0 Ivy League record, and a trip to the NCAA tournament were some of the highlights of the season. The team finished second in the Ivy League, just behind Yale, who compiled an impressive 7-2-1 record for the season. Penn's 4-0 record in the Ivy League was a significant improvement from the previous season's 2-2-1 record.

The team was led by dynamic forwards like Joe Connolly, who scored 14 goals and had 10 assists, and midfielder Cecil Cox, who had 144 rushing yards and was named Ivy Player of the Week. The defense was solid, with goalkeeper Tommy Leonard posting a 2.22 goals against average. The team's success was due in large part to the leadership of the seniors, who provided经验和智慧 to the younger players.

The team faced some challenges throughout the season, including injuries to key players and a difficult schedule. Despite these challenges, the team remained competitive and showed significant improvement from the previous season. The coach expressed his pride in the team's efforts and his confidence that they would continue to improve in the future.

"I am proud of this team," the coach said. "They worked hard and showed a lot of determination. I believe they will continue to improve and be successful in the years to come."

The team's focus now is on the NCAA tournament, where they hope to make a run for the national championship. The coach expressed his confidence in the team's ability to compete at a high level and his belief that they have the talent to succeed.

"We are ready to take our game to the next level," the coach said. "We believe we have the talent and the experience to compete at the highest level and we will work hard to ensure that we are ready for the challenge."
Fiction Issue

A Suddenly Warm Spring Day

• Incubus

• The Big Granola Shakedown
When they changed the clocks

By Frank Reggel

The following words were written by John Keats (renowned English Romantic poet), recited by Emily Coogan (obscure American English teacher) and heard by me (adult in training).

"... faery lands forlorn, / Forlorn! The very word is like a bell! To toll me back from thee to my sole self!" I got little out of highschool English class, but I did get a few eloquent phrases which have come in handy from time to time. And at this very moment, the word "forlorn" — encountered in an article about America's overweight kids — is bell-like — tolling me back to P. S. 143.

"Frank, you should've punched him in the face. I would've!" Michael, the speaker, was a nine-year-old loser; a loudmouthed braggart who threw like a girl and picked his nose.

"Shut up, Michael. You're a jerk," snarled Elliot.

"Yeah! You wouldn't have the guts to punch my grandmother!" chimed in Louis.

Michael rejoined with a re-sounding belch and we all giggled.

I had just related the details of an assault upon the honor of my family name, and — after the giggling subsided — awaited the judgment of our golden-boy Fuehrer, the best athlete in our class and perhaps in the entire universe, Jimmy O'Brien. After guzzling his Mott's apple juice, Jimmy spoke in his kind yet authoritative voice. "Frank, you really should've punched him.

I nearly cried on my sandwich, realizing that I had been a fag, a wimp, a farthead, and — realizing that I had been a wimp, a farthead, and — the teachers growled and the ranks, as the whistles blew and the latter arranged in size order, only managed to reach up to my sole self!"

I imagined the conversation:

"Frank! It's you! My God, it must be ten years! What are you up to these days?" "Oh, you know, finishing college, this and that. How 'bout you?"

"Well, I played some minor league ball down in Tennessee for a while, got bored so I went to Singapore, got a job on an offshore oil rig, traveled around the Orient for a bit, came back home, and — believe it or not — got the lead in an Off-Broadway production of Hamlet. We open next week. You'll come, okay?"

Jimmy hadn't seen me and was walking away. About to catch him, I thought better of it, and ran home through the old streets to the old bed.

When they changed the clocks, we all made jokes about the extra hour and how badly we needed it. But the sudden advent of earlier darkness was no laughing matter. It was a jolt from which some of use have not yet recovered. I remind myself that we are now on "real time," that during Daylight Savings Time we were fooling ourselves most unnormally, but the thought brings little relief. Darkness before dinner means another winter, means Thanksgiving exams.

Christmas, the new year. All of which is as fine as it is inevitable, but this time around it seems a bit extreme.

I snuck up the steps and into my room, avoiding my housemates, all four of whom are determined to get me "out of this" and "back on the go.""I put on some Mendelssohn and curled up under the covers, trying to simulate fatigue. And for a queasy moment I was very aware of how pathetic, even shameful, this sleep-lust was. How guys like Robert Mitchum, Ernest Hemingway, and Jimmy O'Brien would never stoop so low. I should have spoken to Jimmy. I would probably have heard a tale of supermarket checkout or gas station attendant ennui. And I would have gotten the cheap thrill I get from biographies which make such dour and cliched sense. But excepting for the occasional debauched moment, I was very curious about my sleep-lust was, I slumbered on and on until the word "lunatic" crossed my mind. A down-to-earth granola muncher gets drawn into the world of seedy mall lawyers and washed-out rodeo stars. By Christopher Downey. Illustration by Michael Morrison.
**Nails from space**  
After Velcro and Gore-Tex, the 'Astro Nail' might prove to be the greatest contribution of high-tech to the world of fashion. These glue-on fingernails are being introduced by area merchants The Nailery and Makeup Mecca, and are "made of the same scrylics used in the astronauts' helmets," according to Mary Ann Messere, the owner of both stores. She says they're guaranteed to break and can be worn with or without polish. Messere adds that her stores are the exclusive suppliers of the Astro Nail, and has high hopes for the success of the new product.

But the consumer verdict on the new product is not yet in. "I would find them unearthly," said one fashionable Penn student. The physics department had no comment. — Ross Kerber

**Briefing lawyers**  
It has been said that college fashion is a mixture of the slick and the sleazy — the recently introduced Legal Brief has an abundance of both characteristics. These boxers, imprinted with various slogans from the judicial world like "Stiff Sentence" and "Hung Jury," have been selling quickly as their introduction two weeks ago. The briefs are available in various men's sizes and thin, but white. "There's nothing too obscure about them — beyond 'All Rise' on the fly," says Steve Krupnick, whose company, Webb Manufacturing, produces the briefs.

Krupnick also offers shorts designed for "financiers, gamblers and plumbers (featuring the blub "six-inch main"). The Legal briefs are available for $9.50, plus $1.20 postage.

— Ross Kerber

**Philly folks**  
The Green Grass Cloggers are not a new line of footwear — they won't be appearing in your local shoe store. You will find them, however, at the Folklore Center of International House this Saturday, demonstrating the unique dance form known as clogging.

But this North Carolina group isn't the only event on the Center's program. Appearing with them will be Philadelphia tap dancer LaVaughn Robinson and blues/country-western songsters Phil and Gay Johnson. It is all part of a folk series running through May.

The Center is offering a special 30 percent discount subscription rate for the seven-concert series, which entitles subscribers to reserved seating (otherwise unavailable), discounts on pre- or post-concert meals at International House's Eden Restaurant and the chance to attend receptions for the Guest Artists following the November 16 concert. For a complete listing of performances and further information call 387-5125, extension 219. — Carolyn Wernhblom

**Project peanut**  
When it comes to exciting legumes, peanuts probably rank somewhere above squash, but definitely below zucchini. All this may change, however, with "Philadelphia's Star Spangled Salute to Peanuts," a project in which 19 prestigious city restaurateurs are featuring peanut dishes throughout the month.

"It's a challenge," says Judy Fay of the Center City Proprietors, one of the event's promoters. "When people think of peanuts they come up with ballpark, peanut butter, cookies...but there's so much else that can be done with them. We're hoping to show people how to enjoy peanuts as gourmet food and to showcase Philadelphia as a city for such promotions."

Along these lines, chefs are discovering how easy it is to substitute peanuts for pecans and resturants are featuring such concoctions as a swordfish dish based on peanuts and many different vegetable preparations.

Not to mention peanut butter. — Ross Kerber

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**AROUND TOWN**

No one cares very much what the average person has to say these days. It's only the big names that count — virtually all one reads is what these famous few have to say on a plethora of topics. But what happens when the tables are turned, and anonymous people comment on the celebrities? A trip through the white pages yields the answer.

Mary Doe, whose husband's name is John, cites Chuck Norris as one of her favorite stars. She loves "the way he acts in the movie Forced Vengeance." She adds, "He's a very good actor. He played his part very well." Doe also likes Billy Dee Williams a lot, especially in *Lady Sings the Blues* and *Mahogany*. She is also fond of his personality.

John Jones has several favorite celebrities. He first mentions Mario Lanza. "He had a great tenor voice," he says. He also adores John Wayne, and especially enjoys the actor's Westerns. "His style was nothing too fancy," he says. Paul Newman and Bette Davis are also high on Jones' list for being good actors in psychological roles.

Another John Jones also likes John Wayne. "He's a great actor," says John. "He entertains me."

John Smith was asleep when phoned, but his wife was happy to list his favorites for us. According to her, he likes Charles Bronson because of the actor's "rough and tough" image. Her favorite actor is Paul Newman and "is a little sexy, but not too much."

Smith doesn't particularly like a lot of the movies Newman has starred in, but said she enjoys seeing the blue-eyed star in them. She adds that she also adores Newman because despite being a superstar, he still leads a normal life and has had the same wife, Joan Woodward, for so many years. "He seems like a real nice person," she adds.

Smith's favorite songs include "Shout" by Tears for Fears, "Private Eyes" by Hall and Oates and "Bennie and the Jets" by Elton John. She stresses that she liked Elton John much better when he "had big glasses and funny hats and stuff. She also expresses a liking for David Bowie. "He's not too cutey looking; he's mysterious even eerie," she says. "I like to watch him."

Another John Smith cites Clint Eastwood as his favorite star. "Any picture he ever made I like," he says. "He is a good actor. His favorite Eastwood flicks are *The Good, the Bad* and the Ugly and *Hang 'Em High*. — David Schultise and Jacqueline Sufak
Music to hold by
Which tunes to tune in — and tune out

By David Schulthise and Jacqueline Sufak

Hold, please.

These two words can instill panic in the bravest of callers. Being put on hold for what seems an eternity, listening to the clicking noises of the telephone, passing time by trying hard to hear something on the other end — virtually everyone has experienced this aggravation.

To make being on hold a less frustrating experience, some phones are equipped with music to help the caller endure the wait a little more easily.

Still, there is good hold music and bad hold music.

Sometimes the music can provoke more annoying to the caller than empty silence. It can be loud, boring or just plain distasteful. Most businesses offer the caller on hold "nice" Muzak to drift along to but other companies find more imaginative fare.

Many times the employees who answer the phones are themselves unaware of the kind of music — or Muzak, in many cases — that awaits the incoming caller lucky or unlucky enough to be put on hold. So don't ask — just consult the following shopping guide to some of the best hold music in the area.

The best of the lot is the hold music heard when calling Taylor Music, which sells pianos and organs. Taylor's features classical music, and seems to place an emphasis on quality hold music, actually taking the time to provide the frequent caller with variety by changing the composer frequently. They are currently featuring the music of J. S. Bach.

A bit on the surprising side was Zap's Music Store, which deals in musical instruments of all types but caters mainly to rock musicians. They offer the soft, lush sounds of Easy" to their aspiring customers.

Finding the right blend of music for the hard-riding clientele can be a problem. East Coast Cycle Shop makes things easy on itself by letting someone else do the choosing. They tune callers into rock radio station WMMR.

Sometimes the music can evoke images of the business' product. For example, Budco Theatres plays symphonic music, reminiscent of some elusive movie score. And the music at Esprit's offices in California is as funky and upbeat as their fashions — though it was a surprise to hear the Doors on a second calling.

Hold music can turn up where one least expects it. Penn's Van Pelt library features hold music suitable to a proper library. Their classical selections make for an enjoyable listening experience for the caller forced to wait for circulation information.

But style is not found at all establishments. A cartoonist's office in New York plays the ever-popular easy-listening format, featuring elevator music with a pop feel. As usual, this music isn't very easy to listen to, despite its name.

And, of course, there is an abundance of Muzak. Yet customers aren't the only ones who don't appreciate this type of music. An employee at Mayflower Moving categorized the business' hold repertoire as "dentist's office, no lyrics."

"I'm an acid rocker, myself," he added.

As of yet, there is no music to be found which caters to his tastes.

WANT TO BE A WRITER?

Then come to The Eileen and Jim Show

Eileen's a staff writer at Prevention Magazine. Jim's a freelance writer, who's been published in Philadelphia Magazine. They'll tell you about their work and answer any questions you've got.

Monday Nov. 18
4:50 pm at the 2F
4018 Walnut
FREE!
Katie walked into history class at exactly 9 a.m. The bells rang throughout the school. It was the ice cream man again. "Mom, can I get a double dip?" "No, you can't eat when you're swimming."

She had been late for the bus today. It honked and honked and she ran out. It wasn't her fault. The day before had been so cold that her wet strands of hair were stuck together by the ice flakes in the moist air. "Warm today. Reaching 70 degrees. Sunshine..." The voice went on. She took off her sweater, the one that her mother had given her for Christmas. She didn't like it much. A ski sweater. That's what her mother had called it. A ski sweater. That snow-covered hill, cold and wet. Down, up, and down again. Why couldn't she stay on her feet?

The sound of Mr. Hunter's voice as he lectured on the Civil War was muffled by the thickness of the air between teacher and student. Katie caught a glimpse of a ray of sunlight projected at the big toe of her right foot. She traced its origin with her eyes to a robin in an evergreen, struggling to free its wings from a winding branch. "...A war fought for freedom. Take this down in your notes. The Civil War was a war fought for freedom." Katie grabbed her pen and doodled birds and rainbows in the even margins of her notebook. In the center of a page in her notebook fell a strand of hair. An animal shedding its winter coat, she thought. Katie examined the piece of hair before she cast it onto the floor with her elbow. The hair wasn't brown in color, nor was it blond. It was an oddly in-between color, mousy, perhaps. A color in an interstice of time.

The white fluorescent light above her head flickered. The lightning bugs were trapped. She and her brother held the jar up for Mommy and Daddy to see. The insects struggled for life as they illuminated. "People were judged by the color of their skin." The skin on her knuckles was rough and dry. The winter weather had been harsh on them.

9:38 it was. Ten minute bell. Bzzzzzzzzz. Like the bees. The bees fly from flower to flower, seeing other bees, stinging people and not knowing why. Not caring why. Bees are bees; but they have to respect the Queen bee. Yes, the Queen bee. Mr. Hunter glanced at her and Katie smiled. But his eyes disappeared too quickly. Just like the rabbits in Katie's backyard. Right when she got close enough to touch the fuzzy, white tail, it hopped away into the confines of the oak forest. Oak. Oak. He stood like an oak. Stable. Unquivering. Distinguished.

Mr. Hunter turned to write on the blackboard and Katie sighed. The chalk made a shrill noise on the board. Like a scream. "I'm sorry, Mom. I had a bad dream."

"It's okay. I'm here. Tell me about it."

"They were trying to save me from the monster, but they couldn't see. They were blind. I could see, but I couldn't talk." watch the frogs jump forever. Katie decided to jump in, and as soon as her feet touched the floor of the classroom, the bell sounded. "It's supposed to rain tomorrow."

"Again?"

She pushed the sleeves of her pink oxford shirt up to her elbows. The color of her shirt matched the color of the blooming tree outside the window of the Civil War. Most of the buds were open and alive, but some were closed, waiting, unsure of the time. Winter or spring? "I don't know, Mr. Hunter." And she realized she never would.

"Uhhh."

"Well, what's the answer, Katie?"

"I don't know. Mr. Hunter." And she realized she never would.

She felt a little queasy as a warm breeze stunned her body — a body which had reluctantly adapted to the coolness of the winter months. Was she a discarded oak leaf?
I was early in May, after the long deathless clouds of April had blown from the lake, and the wind wasn't so cold anymore, but fresh and warm so that you wanted to stop and smell — when I had my first time. And I hadn't even expected anything that night, just got into the skiff with my rod and tackle. The sun had just dropped behind the hills and the sky to the west glowed peach and orange and hot. I threw the dock line into the boat and in one motion stepped in and pushed off. The skiff and I floated clear and smooth as a ripple on glass, onto the surface of the lake.

The oarlocks creaked as I rowed slowly, following the shoreline till I passed the Hunters' dock, when I turned and made for the dead water in the quiet center of the lake. There was no current, and I rowed easily. This would be the second summer I was allowed out on the lake alone, and my rowing muscles had grown strong. With each stroke the skiff leapt in the water, then resettled as I pulled the oars up, gliding smooth. High overhead a hawk drifted in the last failing light, his wings outstretched and trembling, sustained on some invisible unfelt breeze, and then they drew tight to his body, and he plummeted, shot into darkness.

I could see across to the far side of the lake, around the point, to the big hotel. Its strong lights glittered as a dream. The yellow lights winked and twinkled, as though I was seeing them through gasoline fumes. The bright light fell upon the water, decorating it with dancing tinsel and spangles. Then I moved swiftly to the lake's center and the splashing lights disappeared behind the fast-moving shadow of the point. I stole quietly into the moonlight.

With one last pull I sent the skiff gliding, then rested the right oar on the gunwale while giving the water one last poke with my left, watching the thick water whirl from it, me and the skiff going into a slow and lazy spin. The lake was awfully calm. A storm had just blown out and now, in the aftermath, when the breast of the lake trembles with a tranquil sigh, there was no sound. Only the water lapping against the hull of the boat and the far-off caressing of some big bird. That and the silent breath of the sweet breeze. The moon, risen full now, shone upon the lake. Its light came melting down, settling on the water like edges of cream. I sat there for a while, not even drifting anymore, just still, in the moonlight. One last pull I sent the skiff gliding, then rested the right oar on the gunwale while giving the water one last poke with my left, watching the thick water whirl from it, me and the skiff going into a slow and lazy spin. The lake was awfully calm. A storm had just blown out and now, in the aftermath, when the breast of the lake trembles with a tranquil sigh, there was no sound. Only the water lapping against the hull of the boat and the far-off caressing of some big bird. That and the silent breath of the sweet breeze.

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Incubus

By Kenneth Howe Art by Marcy Weinstein
up my spine, burning along the nerves, and splintered in my brain an explosion of glassy needles. A million thoughts dashed through my head like mad birds.

My god, she looked just like she did on TV. She was perfect. I had seen her so many times, every Wednesday night for an hour, and now she was here, with me, alone, on the quiet empty surface of the lake, with the moonlight falling softly over everything.

Her face lay below me, within my reach, seemingly soft to the touch, and warm. But she was still cold, from the lake. Flecks of black dirt, from the bracken filthy water on the floor of the skiff, smudged her perfect skin like clots of blood. I dipped my hand into the lake, and splashed clean water on her face.

I couldn't believe it: There she was, right before me, real. So many times I had sat in front of the TV, for hours, waiting, watching that stupid show, for just a glimpse of her body, the dream of her face. My god, it was insulting, to watch such swill, but I watched, faithfully I watched. I would stare at her face, fasten my eyes to it, and still I could never remember it. It had something uncapturable about it. When I looked into her face I saw clouds, my chest seemed to expand and explode into the sky, and I was floating, floating.

And now she was here. I straightened her body out so that it ran almost the full length of the boat. I propped her head against the stern gunwale, and brushed the hair from her face. There was room for me to sit in the bow. Stretched out like that, skin glistening prickling in the moonlight — my god she was beautiful.

I sat like that for a good while. I just looked at her, that body, that face, never before closer than the glass wall of the TV tube, the ghost of my dreams. Her body lay stiff, drenched in moonlight, like a sleeping princess. Her fingers curled loosely, as if she was too weak to make a fist. From the bow I couldn't see her face that well, not as well as I wanted. I leaned across to see her, my hands plunging into the cold two inches of water on the skiff floor. I pressed close to her, my shirt front dampening against her skin, and when I slipped my face fell against her breasts. They quivered at my touch. I looked at her face.

Her eyes stared at me dully. But her lips, they fell open in soft invitation. I thought, No, no. I can't. I mustn't. But it was Angela. My chest was on fire, and all my nerves shrilled like alarm bells. I moved to her, across her cold wet body. Yes.

I kissed her as I'd always dreamed of doing. Her tongue was cold and fat against mine, and tasted of brine and the lake. And then her breasts, I sank my mouth against them, sucking, tasting the lake again.

Inside, she was lovely. I squished some, and water drained from her and ran down my thigh. But she felt delicious, wonderful, and I moved above her looking into her face, my god more real than any TV screen, more beautiful than anything real. The moonlight iced her hair, iced the lake and sky, and I shivered against Angela Deluna's naked body.

When I was finished, I sat in the bow again and looked at her for a long while. I drank her in, remembered her. Then I went to the stern, lifted her by the armpits, she hanging like a limp heavy sack, and hoisted her onto the gunwale. I lifted her legs and swung her around so that her entire body lay teetering on the skiff wall, steadied by my hand. Then I leaned down and kissed her one last time — that was goodbye — and let her drop. She splashed into the water and her head thumped against the boat; her legs had caught on the gunwale. I freed them with a flick of my arm. Her feet flashed stark white and then the body slipped into the water and was gone.

I had to dump her like that. There was no choice. I couldn't bring her in after what I did to her.

I rowed home, pulling hard against the thick black water. A heavy wind descended, flattened itself in gusts on the lake surface. I rowed in the wind, my hair peeled back from my face, and looked up at the stars: and in the wind, the stars bright points like rock salt and the moon shining cold above everything, shedding light down on everything, I thought to myself, I'm a man now. She made me a man.
I'd like to say greed has never had a great effect on my life. I've always lived within my means and the desire to be rich is not an obsession of mine. Money is good, as long as you don't have to work to get it. Even the most staunch capitalist would agree that this is one of the unwritten rules of life. By the same token money doesn't bring you happiness. But by accumulating a great deal of wealth, those around you are miserable, hence, by making others unhappy, you become synthetically happy.

But when offered a shot at the Big Score, your point of view can change. The chance to be rich doesn't come along very often in a lifetime and as my grandfather once said, "When opportunity knocks you better not answer the phone." So when I ate a granola bar that had worms in it, I didn't think much of anything. But when I passed out over the railing in a lecture hall later that day, I thought about it a little more. After a few days of recuperation, I decided to consult a lawyer to see what my options were through the legal channels.

The Broome county yellow pages has a lot of names under "Attorney," but after calling a couple of them my worst fears were confirmed. The going rate for an hour's consultation was anywhere from $50 to $100. I was about to give up when I came upon a relatively unusual listing.

LAW WORLD - QUALITY LEGAL ADVICE AT AFFORDABLE PRICES. INITIAL MEETING FREE. OAKDALE MALL

I was all over it.

When I arrived at the immense, monolithic shopping center I found to my dismay that the doors to LAW WORLD were barred and locked — closed on Saturdays. I was about to throw in the towel when a scene with an odd sight — a guy sitting behind a desk in the middle of the thoroughfare. He was shuffling papers, completely oblivious to the people walking past him. On his desk was a name plate that read "James L. Mooney, Attorney at Law."

"What the hell," I said to myself, and pulled up a chair.

"What can I do for you," he said.

While I explained my dilemma to him, he listened attentively and seemed genuinely concerned. After I finished, he said he would draft a letter to the natural foods company and get back to me in a couple of days. I thanked him and left my phone number.

I said I had to go and he got up, as if there was any door to direct me to. Surely, the profession of shopping mall lawyers was becoming a shark pool. I shuddered to myself.

Three days later I got a call from Mooney.

"Kenny," he said, "I've got some news for you. Does the name Stanley Pezeley ring a bell?"

"You mean the famous TV and rodeo star?" I said.

"That's the one. The only man who could bite a whisky bottle in half and spit out the pieces. Anyway, he's the president of Pezeley Products, and I'm putting his name at the top of the lawsuit." Mooney, Attorney at Law.

I wasn't sure I heard the last part correctly.

"Did you say, lawsuit?"

"That's right, we're suing them for damages incurred by their product to your physical and emotional state. Come down right away. I've got some papers for you to sign. I really feel good about this one, Kenny. See you later."

With the telephone still in my hand, I took a few seconds to think over what he said. Suing Stanley Pezeley? Things had gotten out of hand and before they went any further I decided to put a stop to it.

"Listen Jim," I said at the mall. "A lawsuit isn't exactly what I had in mind for this. A fresh box of granola, a letter of apology maybe. That's all. I mean let's not blow this out of proportion."

He held up his hand.

"Before you go on let me tell you a little story. A four-year-old girl bit into a snowcone and broke her tooth. There was Buick hood..."
ornament in it. Don't ask me how it got there. Her parents sued Frosty Sno-Co for the mental anguish left on their daughter. They were awarded $12,000. Wait, I have another one. A guy lived next to the airport. He sued Pan Am for a quarter million, for keeping him awake at night. He went home with a hundred grand. What do you think I learned from that?

I didn't see the connection. "What does that have to do with me?"

His face began to turn red. "Don't you see? This is the case. We can make a fortune. Look at you, you go back right?"

I knodded my head.

"A good liberal arts education? What a crock. What do you think liberal arts means in real life? I'll spell it out for you: U-N-E-M-P-L-O-Y-A-B-L-E. I went to SUNY and look where it got me. I practice law in the middle of a corridor! Take this chance, it may be the only one you'll get. You'll regret not suing that fat, rich, bastard when you're living alone in a burned out warehouse, with a rusty manual typewriter, an emphysemic cough and a case of Alpo beef chunks dinner on the shelf. Because if that's the way you want it, fine. I've got plenty of other important cases to devote time to without getting time on someone who doesn't want to take what's his by right. But it's your decision."

He looked at his watch. "Now if you'll excuse me I have an appointment with a client in Waterbed Village in five minutes."

"Wait a minute," I said. "I — I'll do it."

"Good, just sign here and here." Obviously he was confident I would follow through.

"What's this?" I asked sarcastically.

"One is the lawsuit and the other is a medical form signed by a doctor confirming his diagnosis. It's only a formality."

"Wait a minute," I said. "I didn't have any examination and who's this Dr. Sanjay B. Sanjay anyway?"

He was visibly annoyed now. "He's a doctor, what difference does it make?"

He calmed down.

"Do you know where Leatherland, Toy World and Tite City are?"

I knodded my head.

"Well next door is a new medical center, TOOTH TOWN. He's head of oral surgery on Monday for the trial. The bad news is I can't do it."

I was recuperating from my wound in the hospital. "Kenny, this is Jim — the cowboy's flying in Monday morning we drove up to the courthouse. As we ascended, a wave of reporters surrounded us."

"No comment, my client has no comment at this time," he repeated.

All of sudden, they broke away into the street as a black limo pulled up in front. A short round man in a ten gallon hat stepped out. He was wearing a white suit with rhinestones on ther lapels, a red shirt and red rattlesnake boots. From his old TV show, he looked like he could throw three men out of barroom window without breathing hard. Now, it looked like he'd have trouble hanging out the wash. From where I sat I could make out only a few words of what he was saying to the press. They sounded like, "fraud," "sham," and "varmint," but I couldn't be sure. When he walked up the steps, I pointed a trembling finger at him.

"I DEMAND RETRIBUTION GREENHORN," I screamed. "I WANT MY POUND OF FLESH!"

He picked up his beady eyes at me.

"I'll give your flesh a pound, boy. I'll pound your head right into these here pillars of humiliation I incurred during the trial was enough to regenerate the dead tissues in my legs, causing me to appear to jump six feet in the air."

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"What the hell," I said to myself, and pulled up a chair.

I screamed. "I WANT MY POUND OF FLESH!"

He straightened his jacket and went inside. Taking our seats, the bailiff announced our case. The judge asked Mooney if he had anything to say to the court. He stood in front of the jury and began his case, that being that People Products was negligent in allowing infested nutrition bars to be sold and would now have to face up to their responsibility. I was impressed and felt confident.

Sheldon Kloog stepped up to the court. He was a fat, tanned, California corporate attorney. No match for my starring renegade mall lawyer, I thought.

"Your honor, ladies and gentlemen of the jury, our defense is simple. I will prove beyond a shadow of a doubt that the defendant did on many occasions, knowingly and willfully consume live insect larve for his own perjury to verification. I can stand my first witness, Mr. Mario Petruzzi."

Mario Petruzzi. It was a name I hadn't heard since grade school. He stole my milk money every day, even when I was absent. What did he have to do with all this carnival of suffering and deceit? I thought I saw Mooney shift in his seat.

"Mr. Petruzzi, please tell the court what you observed transpire on the morning of May 6, 1975."

Mario wiped his nose, sweating hands on the lapels of his powder blue polyester suit.

"Well, it was about eleven in the morning and I was on my way to school when I seen, uh, Kenny, sitting in the bushes. He already gave me his milk money, so I wasn't really interested, but I looked over and he was . . . eating bugs. Lots of little ants, worms and stuff, never saw nothing like it."

Kloog looked at the judge. "No further questions, your honor."

He turned to the jury.

"I have a list of no fewer than 20 witnesses who looked like the defendant engage in various forms of insect ingestion, as well as other deviant behavior. I now call to the stand . . ."

"I couldn't take it anymore. I stood up. "LIES, IT'S ALL LIES," I screamed.

"See L.O. and I said Leggo a' me. I'm gonna whump some collegiate butt.

Stan lost his cool.

"Stanley, please," Mary Louise said.

"Grabbing the thermos on the table, he bit it in half. Reaching into his pocket he pulled out a sixgun.

"Try and make a fool out of Stanley Pezzeley, huh?" A shot rang out. I screamed.

I suppose a case could be made that after winging me in the leg with a silver bullet, the jury took an immediate bias against old rawhide, but I'd just say that it's irrelevent to the outcome of the case. Mooney told me not to hang around my mailbox waiting for a check to show up. He figures we'll be approaching our 80th birthdays before we see a penny of it. It'll take at least that long to convince some specially selected, twisted, biased jurors that the emotional trauma and humiliation I incurred during the trial was enough to regenerate the dead tissues in my legs, causing me to appear to jump six feet in the air.

In the meantime I've missed over two semesters of school and I have no immediate plans to go back in the near future. You see, while I was recuperating from my wound in the hospital Brenda Sue, the youngest of the Singing Bloodstein Sisters, came to visit me every day and we took a liking to each other. She's coming to New York this month and we're going to cut a record together of some urban contemporary rap music. With any luck the album should hit the stores by the spring, and by the summer, if Charlene Tilton can break away from her busy schedule on "Dallas" for a minute, she'll be maid of honor at our wedding. Looking at the whole thing over again in a kind of panorama I guess I'd have to say everything's worked out for the best. But just as it's the better part of valor, the next time opportunity knocks, I'll answer at my own discretion.
The real Sting

‘Night’ music is unique

Bring on the Night
Directed by Michael Apted
At the Eric Mark I

By Kathy Constan

The makers of Spinal Tap spoofed the usual poorly made rock documentary, but Sting, an eccentric rogue during the eccentric rogues of the film, retains his madcap, idiosyncratic personality and works well.

The film provides an excellent balance of concert footage, interviews, rehearsal sessions, and some private scenes from the musician's life. It opens with shots of the city of Paris, then the countryside, through the door-blasts a tough little cop with laserbeams shooting from his beady eyes and a wicked case of galactic overbite. "Hands up, freak!" he yells as he floats across the room. "You're under arrest, Gordon Matson of illegal narcotics!"

The original documentary is a fascinating behind-the-scenes look into the tour's eight-day stop in LA. Through a series of nineteen sequences, director Alan Rudolph's camera captures the dynamic duo from place to place, repeatedly retracing their steps as they debate where their political beliefs are leading them.

Throughout the film, Liddy, the former high priest of LSD, is a fascinating character. He is both charismatic and compelling, able to hold a candle to the manic energy of the Leary of the later years. In another scene, he uses circular reasoning to accuse columnist Jack Anderson of being a CIA stool pigeon. The soundtrack music, by Adrian Belew, lead singer and guitarist for King Crimson, is often used lightly behind the dialogue, enhancing the current mood or creating a whole new one, though it might be a bit too much. It seems amazing considering what these men are and what they've been involved in.

Return Engagement is an exciting documentary film. Although it may not give us the in-depth view necessary to really understand these men, there is never a boring moment. At one point in the film, Leary asserts: "Together Gordon and I brought down the Nixon White House." In this film together they bring down the movie house.
Hang it up
Humor vies with horror in confused ’6-5000’

Transylvania 6-5000
Directed by Rudy DeLuca
At the Palace and the Walnut Mall
By Michelle Green

Genre parodies can’t all be as good as those of Mel Brooks. More often than not they are torn between faithfulness to the conventions being spoofed, which provide continuity and a certain amount of plausibility, and the desire to be funny in a creative way. Transylvania 6-5000 has just such an identity crisis.

Unable to decide whether it’s an inapendic comedy about horror films, or a dreadfuly unhorifying horror flick with a few jokes, the film is neither frightening nor amusing — and the weak characters, terrible gags and poor filmmaking do nothing to help.

The preposterous, plodding story begins when the editor of the trashy tabloid Sensation sends his incompetent son Gilbert (Ed Begley) with jaded journalist Jack Harrison (Jeff Goldblum) to uncover the facts behind rumors about a Frankenstein-like creature in Transylvania. On arrival in the Old Country, the two meet a collection of oddballs that includes an insatiable boyfriend, a sinister chief of police, and a nymphomaniac vamp who "wants to neck" all the time.

Frankenstein fails to put in an early appearance, and a poor attempt at building suspense begins. Why have so many residents of the local retirement home been maimed, and why has the local doctor lost his license to conduct scientific experiments? "Something," Gilbert declares, "is definitely going on."

Unfortunately, it doesn’t go on quickly enough. The minimal mystery of Transylvania is neither intriguing nor amusing. The gag alluded to in the title, involving a telephone which plays the theme from the television show Pennsylvania 6-5000 instead of ringing, has been worn so thin by the end of the film that the audience actually boos it. The gimmicky pranks and loony characters lose their appeal, a process expedited by the characters’ annoying tendency to laugh at their own jokes — providing an unwelcome off-screen laugh track.

By far the best performance comes from Jeffrey Jones (the Emperor in Amadeus) as the town’s mayor. Jeff Goldblum reincarnates his Big Chill character, playing the same holly, lacy, second-rate journalist he portrayed in that film. Gilbert comes off as merely hip, instead of naive and pleasant, while the supporting cast looks like a group of Rocky Horror fans falling out of the theater after the late show.

Ed Begley and Jeff Goldblum with the tedious title gag

The lackluster performances aren’t helped by Rudy DeLuca’s direction. Scenes which could have been amusing are swamped with threatening shadows and ominous organ pipes. And the film is edited so poorly that every chance to build suspense or humor is chopped short. DeLuca cuts from gloomy horror to comical slapstick.

Transylvania 6-5000 is the kind of movie to see with ten intoxicated friends — though the film’s jokes fail, the absolute stupidity of the movie is a riot. Just don’t expect any laughs that aren’t at the expense of the director, the cast, or the gags themselves.

On target
Hackman-Dillon team is hot

Hackman and Dillon bring life to father-son conflicts

Target
Directed by Arthur Penn
At the Old City
By Cara Blumberg

Ordinary, middle-aged Walter Lloyd leaves from yet another monotonous day at the lumberyard, and drives across town to see his son, Chris. Chris emerges from beneath a car at the race track, his home away from home. The two greet each other with indifference; they are totally incompatible, hardly able to communicate with each other.

The problem sounds familiar, doesn’t it? The typical father and son relationship in the movies begins with with jaded misunderstanding and eventually turns to love and caring. But this time it’s in Target, an Arthur Penn film, and the team is Hackman and Matt Dillon as the troubled father and son pair. The film is anything but typical.

When Lloyd’s wife Donna (Gayle Hunnicutt) leaves for a vacation by herself in France, Lloyd and Chris find themselves in the uncomfortable position of being alone together. Donna has asked them to try to get along, but, as one expects, all attempts, including a weekend Fishing trip, end in failure. There is no antagonism between the two, but their lack of common interests divides them.

The focus radically shifts, though, when the mother disappears from her tour group in Paris. After initial dissent, the two agree to fly to Paris to look for her — and are plunged immediately into danger, beginning with the gunning down of a man who is talking to Walter in Paris’ Charles de Gaulle airport. Setting off by car across Europe, father and son try to find the answer to the mystery of the mother’s disappearance.

For Chris, though, the mystery is two-fold; he watches in amazement as his combative father is suddenly able to speak fluent French and handle a gun skillfully. Walter finally can reveal the truth any longer, and must reveal to his son the truth about why Donna was kidnapped.

Screenwriters Howard Berk and Don Peterson make the European scenes suspenseful and unpredictable, injecting mystery and surprising twists into the complicated but coherent story. Double agents, disloyal lovers and old friends that can no longer be trusted crop up at every turn in the creative plot as father and son move from Paris to Hamburg to East Berlin.

Though at first skeptical, Chris comes to acquire a new admiration for his father. In the course of their exploits, Walter’s attitude towards Chris is also modified, bringing the two closer and enabling them to join together as a team in their search for Donna. Their strained relationship improves, and they gradually progress from misunderstanding to caring and harmony. The balanced script and sure hand of director Arthur Penn (perhaps most famous for Bonnie and Clyde) make both characters equally sympathetic and understandable, so that the audience longs for a resolution of their conflict.

Matt Dillon, known for his tough guy image in films such as Rumble Fish, Tex and The Outsiders, is convincing and sincere as the emotionally confused 26-year-old; his moves, his expressions and his emotional intensity give him great credibility in the part. Gene Hackman, whose career includes nearly two dozen films, is as professional and likable as ever. As he re-adapts from his mundane present life back to the adventurous and resourceful one of his past, his character gains depth. As father and son the two bring life to a relationship that evokes compassion and warmth in the viewer.

What makes this movie so pleasing is the mixture of drama and suspense with fast action and great acting. As they struggle together toward the common goal of finding Donna, they are faced with a situation that shows each his dependability and love for the other. The depiction of the growth of this very human father and son relationship makes Target a great success.

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34TH STREET NOVEMBER 14, 1985 /11
Street Music

Preachy preschool

Ono doesn't kid around on 'Starpeace'

Yoko Ono

Starcap

Polygram

By Mark Caro

Yoko Ono has made a career of providing fodder for cynics, and they should have a field day with Starpeace. Her third album since the slaying of her husband, John Lennon, is a plea for world peace and a bid to establish herself as a serious pop artist of the '80s. The result is a sometimes funky update of Marlo Thomas and Friends' Free to Be You and Me. Co-produced by Ono and Bill Laswell (whose previous credits include records by Herbie Hancock and Mick Jagger) Starpeace is Ono's fullest-sounding album. Laswell has taken some of the edge out of Ono's voice and given the album a smooth, crystal-clear, multi-layered finish. A first-rate band (including Talking Heads and P-Funk keyboardist Bernie Worrell and the acclaimed rhythm section of Sly Dunbar and Robbie Shakespeare) gives Ono room to try her hand at reggae, funk, fruity kids' music and combinations of the three.

But while expanding her sound, Ono sacrifices much of the emotional immediacy that made Season of Glass a moving record. Instead of reaching for our hearts, she's now preaching to our consciences.

About half the songs deal with children and their innocence. In the reggae-fruity 'I Love All of Me,' Ono puts herself in the roles of various persecuted people ("I'm a small guy, my friends call me an armadillo, I'm a big girl, the boys call me a waterbed," etc.). The song is proof that even the best intentions cannot withstand trite lyrics: "Live and let live," she chants before perhaps the first-ever Mommy rap, which includes an odd line about wanting to burn crosses instead of people because it would be healthy and not blasphemous.

Fifty-two-year-old Japanese women aren't supposed to be able to rap, and after Ono shrieked her way through the late '60s and early '70s, most people don't even think she's able to sing. She does have a knack for awkward pronunciation, but her voice can be stirringly effective. On Season of Glass, Ono could sing "Walking on Thin Ice," her fragile voice sounds ready to shatter at any moment. Ono's emotional vocals on songs like "Reminisce Part Two."

Starpeace is most successful when the band is allowed to cut loose. "Cape Clear," the album's best track, recalls the complex dance music of latter-day Talking Heads. Over a pulsating beat, screaming guitars, funky keyboards and swirling, hypnotic textures, Ono plaintively sings of a girl who lost a teddy bear. Despite its potential for silliness, the surreal analogy between the child's loss and Ono's is effective. "Hell in Paradise," the album's first single, also has our hearts; she's now preaching to our consciences.

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Our culture, in the apparent belief that anything goes, is suffering through its husband's murder and continual disdain from the public. "I Love You, Earth," doesn't evoke as many smirks as it could because her message is so positive and she's so damned sincere. But the album ultimately fails because she doesn't realize that Yoko Ono and accessible pop music are inherently contradictory terms. For the general public, the album has too much Yoko: for anyone looking for an artistic statement, it doesn't have enough. Baby Bear might think this music fits just right, but kids will never hear it because mommies will never buy Starpeace.

Dressing door

Dexy's Runners stumble

Dexy's Midnight Runners

Don't Stand Me Down

Polygram

By Aaron Caplan

Judging from the unsmling faces of the conservatively dressed, well-bred figures on the cover of Don't Stand Me Down, Dexy's Midnight Runners are trying as hard as they can to be boring.

Gone are the scruffy hobos who scored a number one hit in 1982 with "Come On Eileen." Instead, they've become a dour band of self-conscious musicians, eager to seem professional. As befits the band's new Generation image, the album reeks of self-indulgent excess. The 46-minute record contains only seven songs-most of them overly long and dull.

Four of the album's tracks are marred by vocalist Kevin Rowland's pretentious decision to speak at length instead of sing, in the apparent belief that any syllables to spill from his lips deserve attention. "This Is What She's Like," the 12-minute centerpiece of the album, suffers the most from this conceit. The song opens with a full minute and a half of inarticulate conversation between Rowland and guitarist Billy Adams, punctuated with "yeah's" and "y'know's." ("Where you been?" "Round about, y'know. Nowhere special."). After trying in vain to describe the woman of the title, Rowland resorts to singing nonsense syllables to convey her essence. By itself, this song is an interesting statement about the inability of words to express emotions. But the absence of verbiage on Don't Stand Me Down contradicts this musical approach with a happy Celtic sound to a rock-solid rhythm section of Memphis studio musicians. The arrangements, though, provide for no lead instrument save Rowland's voice, and the songwriting has given him few noteworthy melodies.

As a result, the band is left to vamp on scraps of melody that don't develop. In "One of Those Things," Rowland talks about the shallowness of British radio programming and British/Irish politics while the band endlessly repeats a two-bar riff similar to the one in Warren Zevon's "Werewolves of London." Rowland sings in the chorus, "It all sounded the same." How true.

When they have a melody to work with, Dexy's Midnight Runners can produce a powerful, soulful sound. "Knowledge of Beauty" and "The Waltz," while close to identical, are both effective ballads. Rowland, a graduate of the Bryan Ferry school of British crooning, makes his voice dip and sereve over a field of carefully textured acoustic sound, filled with stringings, horns, steel guitar and piano.

If, on Dexy's next album, Rowland suppresses his narcissism, sings regularly, and writes more identifiable melodies, he may find the success for which he is so well dressed.
Weak 'Strength'
Alarm’s angry image rings hollow

By Jake McGrath

M emories come flooding back, the bitter pain of disappointment,” sings Alarm lead vocalist and songwriter Mike Peters on the band’s new album Strength. With this pessimistic statement — the opening line of the first cut, “Knife Edge” — he accurately describes the album.

Before listening to the album, the memories that come flooding back are of an unbearably hot night in July, 1983 when the Alarm opened for U2 at the New Haven Coliseum. This young quartet of Welsh rockers put on such an incredibly powerful show, with explosive versions of “Mar- ching On” and “The Stand,” that they almost overshadowed the band has trouble channeling the strengths, the Alarm remains a forceful post-punk band. Their energetic live shows are still as draining and exhilarating as that night in New Haven. In concert, the Alarm can transform a good new song like "Absolute Reality" into a moving anthem, and one forgets the stupidity of its lyrics. Yet the band has trouble channeling the febrile intensity of performing live into worthwhile recordings. Until they can substantiate the empty frustration found in their songs, they remain — like Iago, in Coleridge’s famous words — motiveless malignant.

The Alarm
Strength
I.R.S.

Peters (second from right) and the rest of the Alarm: rabid without a cause

two records and a five song EP, and which has earned them favorable comparisons to Big Country and the aforementioned U2.

But how many times (and in how many songs) can the band say the same thing? In his raspy voice Peters informs us time and again that life sucks, the world is unfair, and it’s tough when you don’t have a job. Peters makes each new attack or complaint sound like it should be an astounding revelation: when he sings in “Deeside” that “working men are born to die” and asks, “How many years must I waste in these black times?” his indignation is undermined because he has used these same words and ideas in earlier songs.

Stylistically Strength has many of the usual Alarm trademarks. Lead guitarist Dave Sharp is still churning out re- sounding, gnashing power chords, and drummer Twist’s militaristic style makes the songs sound like regimental marches. Yet there are some changes in the Alarm’s style. Most of these new tunes are noticeably slower than the quartet’s customary wild fare. And the addition of a piano and some embarrassingly self-conscious lyrics makes their militant message take on a sentimental tone.

In fact, the band has watered down their formerly angry message with a large dose of commercialism. The slow, quasi-romantic tune “Walk Forever By My Side” is an obvious attempt by songwriters Peters and Eddie Macdonald to reach a broader audience (Can you say, “selling out,” boys and girls? Sure you can!). The band only reaches past these commercial concessions in “Spirit of ’76,” a nostalgic quasi-romantic piece about losing track of good friends, filled with enough proper names to give the listener a working knowledge of Peters’ hometown in North Wales.

Despite Strength’s weaknesses, the Alarm remains a forceful post-punk band. Their energetic live shows are still as draining and exhilarating as that night in New Haven. In concert, the Alarm can transform a good new song like “Absolute Reality” into a moving anthem, and one forgets the stupidity of its lyrics. Yet the band has trouble channeling the febrile intensity of performing live into worthwhile recordings. Until they can substantiate the empty frustration found in their songs, they remain — like Iago, in Coleridge’s famous words — motiveless malignants.
Isn't It Romantic
Directed by Tom Markus
At the Walnut Street Theatre
By Jean Sherman

A raw chicken and life.
On the surface, these aren't exactly similar obstacles. But if you stop to think about it, both can be spiced up or toned down — elegantly complex or surprisingly simple.

Central character Janie Blumberg faces both barriers in Wendy Wasserstein's Isn't It Romantic. Now playing in Philadelphia, Isn't It Romantic is a wonderfully entertaining tale about the complexities of growing up. It focuses on Janie Blumberg (Becky London) and Harriet Cornwall (Debra Jean Templin), best friends from their elementary school days, who have made the big move back to the big city. The old 'I'm afraid of growing up or toned down — elegantly complex or surprisingly simple. Isn't It Romantic is a wonderful-ly entertaining tale about the

From her dialogue, it is apparent that Janie Blumberg is intended to be a bright, funny, likeable character. The moment she steps on stage dressed in her schleppy best, you want to like her. London, unfortunately, doesn't give the audience that opportunity in the beginning, coming off as a cold fish. Though she warms up to the audience and the rest of the cast as the play progresses, she never is able to overcome this initial off-putting attitude.

The good work of the rest of the cast, however, outweighs London's weaknesses. Her mother, Lillian (Sheila Smith), is a divorced corporate executive who spends her evenings watching Rockford Files reruns on TV. Lillian sees nothing wrong with being alone, and discourages Harriet from racing to the altar. Not wanting her own permanent engagement with James Garner, Harriet is having a rocky affair with Paul Stewart (James Secret), her boss's boss, a smooth operator who is also very married.

Meanwhile, each day brings Janie and Harriet closer to that awful age, as they try to come to terms with their mothers, their boyfriends, each other and especially themselves. Wasserstein's script offers the actors witty dialogue and good characters to work with. Unfortunately, the primary actor in the Walnut Street production doesn't do the script justice.

For Janie (Becky London) and Harriet (Debra Jean Templin), raw chicken is the sushi of life... ('one, two, three, hup...') around the stage is entertainment in itself.

Tom Markus's direction is solid, if not inventive. The play opens slowly, with too little physical action in the first scenes. But it picks up enough speed in the second act — with London making a raw chicken do the can-can — to leave the audience feeling refreshed. Scene changes done by a quartet of costumed moving men are initially funny, but lose their novelty and start to drag after the first few. Additionally, the moving men inappropriately break the fourth wall, interacting with the characters, on a few occasions, hindering the continuity of several important scenes.

The set, by Joseph A. Varga, is masterful work. A series of rooms, ranging from Janie's delapidated apartment with pipes sticking out of the walls, to Harriet's yuppie haven, is moved in and out of the picture in front of a Central Park backdrop. It effectively serves to create the feeling of the extreme contrasts that exist between the characters and in New York City. Lighting by Richard Moore, costumes by Lana Fritz, and the use of '50s and '60s tunes as background music successfully complete the picture.

Considering all of its strengths and weaknesses, Isn't It Romantic is a play that should be seen. It doesn't offer all of the answers. It doesn't even ask all of the questions. But it's easy humor will put those with uncertainties about their lives at ease.

And it will teach you how to cook a chicken.

For more information, call 925-6663 or come by INNVER VISION RELAXATION CENTER, 524 So. Third St.
Double exposure

Metzker and Smith show the range of photography

W. Eugene Smith: Let Truth Be the Prejudice
Ray Metzker: Unknown Territory
Both at the Philadelphia Museum of Art

By Susan J. Brown
T

The exhibitions of black and white photographs currently at the Philadelphia Museum of Art, W. Eugene Smith: Let Truth Be the Prejudice and Ray Metzker: Unknown Territory, present two completely different perspectives on photography.

Smith's journalistic photographs are heavily imbued with a moral and social conscience and emotionally stir their viewers. Metzker avoids literalism, and his photographs that are experimental, technically innovative and highly personal.

The Smith show begins with his W. W. II pictures; it was during these war assignments that Smith developed his social concern. Followed American soldiers through battles and into the trenches, Smith captures images that vividly depict the horror and absurdity of war. One of the more moving images from this period is Smith's photo of an American soldier holding a naked, wounded infant found in the Saipan Mountains. The contrast between the innocent, helpless baby and the soldier is startling and sad.

After the war, Smith became a photographer for Life, creating numerous photo essays which earned him a reputation as one of the world's most powerful photo-journalists. His "Nurse Midwife" (1951) is the story of Maude Callen, a black nurse working in rural North Carolina. The first picture shows her with her medical bag struggling to cross over logs lying in a muddy, wet road. In another shot she appears concerned yet in control at a patient's bedside. The concluding photo depicts the nurse taking time out to share a laugh with a soldier. The work has an emotionally evocative power.

Among the more than 200 prints in Let Truth Be the Prejudice, one also finds examples of the master's work outside the pages of Life, including images from his book, Minamata. The book, which took three years to make, portrays the monstrous diseases that overtook the people of the Japanese city Minamata after mercury wastes polluted the water supply. The most moving photograph, "Tomoko Vemura Is Bathed by Her Mother," shows the crippbling effects of the illness on a young girl. In the picture, the mother holds the girl in her arms; the girl's hands are grotesquely contorted and her skeletal structure is visible through her skin as the whites of her eyes glare out in the darkness that encircles her. Minamata, like the exhibits as a whole, is emotionally exhausting, and compels awe for an artist intensely committed to bringing peace through his photographs.

Metzker's Unknown Territory is a less draining experience. Unlike Smith, who reports on real life events, Metzker departs from the everyday by transforming and manipulating his prints into quiet, abstract and bizarre images. Metzker works in series, 11 of which are displayed. The collection is so divergent that it hardly seems to be the work of one artist; even within an individual series the underlying theme is sometimes elusive.

The first series in the exhibit, "Composites," (1964-1984) is comprised of works which each vary a single image numerous times. The individual photographs overlap each other in rows and many have been manipulated through multiple exposures. In "Composite: A Maze 'n Philadelphia," Metzker presents close-up views of the weird ways people unknowingly reveal themselves at a beach. One picture in this series depicts a young boy sandwiched between an old man's protruding belly and a woman's fleshy arm. Another shows a woman in a loud, floral bathing suit contrasting vibrantly with the straight lines of her beach towel. She is completely sprawled out, one leg bent, the other straight, her eyes closed and her mouth slightly open, caught unaware in a private moment.

Al though Metzker's photographs are not as powerful as Smith's, the show is intriguing and entertaining. By comparing the unique work of these two artists, one recognizes the potential and wide range of possibilities found in the art of photography. Both shows will be on display until January 5.
For those who missed it yesterday, the Oscar-winning TIMES THE MISTAKES OF HARVEY MILK (Thurs 9 p.m., Ch. 23), a documentary on the assassination of San Francisco's first openly gay elected official, is on again.

A prime example of Alfred Hitchcock's consummate directorial control is NORTH BY NORTHWEST (Mon 8 p.m., Ch. 29), the 1959 thriller starring Cary Grant and James Mason.

THE BATTLE OF RUSSIA (Tues 10:30 p.m., Ch. 65), a 1942 ABC Documentary on W.W. II, is compiled by Hollywood director Frank Capra (Mr. Smith Goes to Washington) from Soviet footage.

16/34TH STREET  NOVEMBER 14, 1985

FRIDAY 11/15

6:00  •  Eyewitness News
7:00  •  MacNeil-Lehrer Newshour
7:30  •  All The Company
8:00  •  News
9:00  •  Saturday Night Live
10:30  •  Wheel of Fortune
11:30  •  The Ballad of Billy Jack

SATURDAY 11/16

1:00  •  The Cosby Show
2:00  •  South Pole
2:30  •  River's Edge
3:00  •  Apollo 13
4:00  •  Batman and Robin
5:00  •  Mork and Mindy
6:00  •  The Brian Matthew Show
7:00  •  Love Connection
7:30  •  The Mary Tyler Moore Show
8:00  •  Mork and Mindy
9:00  •  The Only Way
10:00  •  Star Trek: The Next Generation
12:00  •  The Eight
1:00  •  The Cosby Show
10:30  •  Wheel of Fortune
11:30  •  The Cosby Show

TV listings from 11/14 to 11/20

Call Mr. D.
10:00  •  Miami Vice
Crockus and Tubbies
must stop a hasidic mobster whose
tabernacle followers are creating
crime in Miami (60 min.).

Family Honor
Call Mr. D.
10:00  •  Miami Vice
Frank McKay and his girlfriend are
attacked by a violent ex-con, while
the Daucego plot to evade a murder
charge. (80 min.)

Falcon Crest
Lance makes a deal with Richard Channing
in order to showcase Apollo's prominent
display. (90 min.)

Mark & Mindy
10:30  •  NBC News
The Untouchables

The Silent Pioneers
10:30  •  ABC News
The Black Pirates
A special goes on for gold,
speading terror along the
Mackenzie River. (60 min.)

9:00  •  Live at Five

SATURDAY 11/16

12:00  •  The Eight

12:30  •  Friday Night's Best

1:00  •  Bob Newhart
The Psychiatrist
A young woman can't see into the future until she sees the circumstances surrounding her own death. Jennifer O'Neill, Marc Porel, Gail Garden. 1979.

1:30  •  The Ballad of Billy Jack
A special investigator is called in when a high-profile subject is killed in a top secret research installation in the Arizona desert. George Grizzard, Anne Francis, Dana Andrews. 1965.

1:30  •  Move the Mountains

2:00  •  The Siskel & E肇a Show

2:30  •  Saturday Night Live

3:00  •  The Cosby Show

3:30  •  The Cosby Show

4:00  •  Miami Vice

4:30  •  The Cosby Show

5:00  •  Miami Vice

6:00  •  Miami Vice

7:00  •  Miami Vice

8:00  •  Miami Vice

9:00  •  Miami Vice

10:00  •  Miami Vice

11:00  •  Miami Vice

12:00  •  Miami Vice

1:00  •  Miami Vice

2:00  •  Miami Vice

3:00  •  Miami Vice

4:00  •  Miami Vice

SUNDAY 11/17

1:00  •  Miami Vice

2:00  •  Miami Vice

3:00  •  Miami Vice

4:00  •  Miami Vice

5:00  •  Miami Vice

6:00  •  Miami Vice

7:00  •  Miami Vice

8:00  •  Miami Vice

9:00  •  Miami Vice

10:00  •  Miami Vice

11:00  •  Miami Vice

12:00  •  Miami Vice
18/34TH STREET  NOVEMBER 14, 1985

Tube continued

matters

1. Leave it to Beaver
2. WWF Wrestling
3. Headline News
1:00 4. NFL Football: Teams to Be Announced
5. NFL Football: Chicago at Dallas
6. In Person
8. MOVIE: ‘‘Girl! Girl! Girl!’ Elvis is chased by a bevy of beauties but can’t decide which one he prefers. Elvis Presley, Stella Stevens, Lauren Bacall. 1965.
9. Pro Wrestling USA 1:30 10. Irvme-Thurs., Nov. 14-10 pm-$2.50
13. Capitol Journal Hoddmg Carter hosts this weekly news magazine which reports on Congressional activities.
14. CBS News 3:00 15. Great Performances: Master Harrold and the Boys (CC) This drama deals with the human toll of youthful drug addiction.
15. CBS News 4:00 16. Brown’s Journal Tony Brown discusses issues of special interest to the black community.
16. PBS NewsHour 3:00 17. Great Performances: Master Harrold and the Boys (CC) This drama deals with the human toll of youthful drug addiction.
18. William F. Buckley Jr. 4:00 19. NFL Football: Teams to Be Announced
21. CBS News 5:00 20. ABC News
22. NBA News 6:00 21. ABC News
23. Wheel of Fortune
25. Diffent Strokes
26. All in the Family
27. Headline News
28. Wheel of Fortune
29. $100,000 Pyramid
30. Carson’s Comedy Classics
31. Carol Burnett and Friends
33. 8:00 32. MOVIE: ‘‘Dumbo’’ A baby elephant with oversized ears soars to fame and fortune in the center ring of the circus. Animated. 1941.
34. Hardcastle and McCormick (CC) Hardcastle and McCormick pose as pro wrestlers to solve the murder of a female wrestler. (2 hrs)
35. Scarecrow and Mrs. King (CC) A New Englander and his love attempt to stop a security leak involving the possible presence of 2. Edgar Hoover. (80 min.)
36. Undersea World of Jacques Cousteau
38. MOVIE: ‘‘North By Northwest’’ A Madison Avenue advertising man is mistaken for a CIA agent. Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason. 1959.
40. ABC’s Monday Night Football: New York Giants at Washington Redskins (CC) Kane and Abel become bitter enemies after Kane’s Boston bank fails that Kane is mistaken for a CIA agent Cary Grant, Eva Marie Saint, James Mason. 1959.

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Film Alliance

For what three films did Ingrid Bergman win an Academy Award?
(First 5 answers win Free popcorn)

18 / 34TH STREET  NOVEMBER 14, 1985
Eddie Murphy BEVERLY HILLS

Friday, Nov. 15th
7:30, 9:45, 12:00
in Irvine

He's been chased, thrown through a window, and arrested. Eddie Murphy is a Detroit cop on vacation in Beverly Hills.

movies

EDDIE MURPHY

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7:30, 9:45, 12:00
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He's been chased, thrown through a window, and arrested. Eddie Murphy is a Detroit cop on vacation in Beverly Hills.

SATURDAY, NOV. 16 AT 8 PM

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A WXPN Concert Event
Street Guide

The film guide is effective as of tomorrow.

AFTER HOURS
New York you’ve never seen it. Director Martin Scorsese warps all sense of dating decency.
(Oldie City, 2nd and Samson, 527-0966)

AGNES OF GOD
Immaculate conception makes a comeback.
(Eric Rittenhouse, 1979 Walnut, 567-0320)

AMADIAS
Milo Fornham should have a trophy case to display all the Oscars.
(Eric Rittenhouse, 1979 Walnut, 567-0320)

BACK TO THE FUTURE
Only a Decoart could serve as a time machine.
(Sameric 4, 1908 Chestnut, 567-0604)

BEVERLY HILLS COP
Duke and Duchess, 1605 Chestnut, 567-0881

BRING ON THE NIGHT
If this movie is about the formation of a band, why doesn’t the band have a name? REVIEW PAGE 10.
(Eric Mark 1, 18th and Market, 561-6207)

COMMANDO
A hilarious romp with the former Mr. Universe — pumping lead, not iron.
(Regency, 16th and Chestnut, 567-2310)

DANCE WITH A STRANGER
First week. A story about the last woman to be executed in Britain.
(Ritz V, 214 Walnut, 925-7900)

DEATHWISH III
Bronson is a one man army blowing apart the street gang that killed his friend.
(Walnut Mall, 3825 Walnut, 222-2344)

JAGGED EDGE
People are lining up around the block to see this hot new rap film.
(Bern's Place, 19th and Chestnut, 972-0354)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN
A riveting action adventure yam set in a secret police cell.
(Regency, 16th and Chestnut, 563-0306)

KISS OF THE SPIDER WOMAN
A riveting action adventure yam set in a secret police cell.
(Regency, 16th and Chestnut, 563-0306)

LIVE AND DIE IN LA
An riveting adventure yam set in the mean streets of LA. California’s not a safe place for E.T.
Everywhere.
(Ritz 3, 40th and Walnut, 382-0296)

MISHIMA
A highly structured and stylized documentary about the life and final day of Japan’s most famous writer.
(Philomath Films, 5th and Chestnut, 222-2344)

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THE MANDRAKE
A British play about a woman’s role in the love and marriage of two countries.
(Theater Center Philadelphia, 783-0309, October 17)

REPERTORY CINEMA
"Romeo and Juliet" with Paul Newman and Elizabeth Taylor.
(20th Century Fox, 30th and Cherry, 925-7900)

THE MANDRAKE
A British play about a woman’s role in the love and marriage of two countries.
(Theater Center Philadelphia, 783-0309, October 17)

TOO GLASS
A portrait of a young New York artist and his life.
(Paradise Playhouse, 1714 Delancey, 792-8333)

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A portrait of a young New York artist and his life.
(Paradise Playhouse, 1714 Delancey, 792-8333)

WATERCOLOR
An exciting opportunity to see a work of art.
(Tops Gallery, 2017 Chancellor, 625-8503)

THE BANTAM
A British play about a woman’s role in the love and marriage of two countries.
(Theater Center Philadelphia, 783-0309, October 17)

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