Faculty members may favor ending Senate

**By LISA S. SMITH**

Many faculty members support a recent proposal to abolish the Faculty Senate. The petition supporting the proposal was written by Christa Martin Pring and Robert B. Martin.

During the November 19 Faculty Senate meeting, Conolly mentioned the proposal and the petition and asked that in writing the petition, no one should make any statements that will be derogatory to any individual or any group. Several days later, she passed a letter that had been written to her by a student named Sarah Conolly. The letter expressed her dissatisfaction with the current process of Senate decisions and stated that she would like to see more participation from the faculty. The letter also mentioned that she felt that the Senate was not really functioning as it was intended to and that it needed to be restructured in some way. She said that she would like to see more representation from the various academic units and that the Senate should be more transparent in its decision-making process.

During the meeting, several faculty members expressed their support for the petition and for the idea of ending the Senate. Some of the faculty members said that they believed that the Senate was not serving its intended purpose and that it was time for it to be abolished. Others said that they believed that the Senate was an important part of the university's governance structure and that it should be reformed rather than abolished. Some of the faculty members also expressed concern about the possibility of losing representation from the various academic units if the Senate were abolished. Despite these concerns, the proposal to abolish the Senate was supported by a majority of the faculty members who attended the meeting.
$1 trillion: U.S. budget is proposed

WASHINGTON — President Reagan yesterday with the first $1 trillion spending plan outlined in history, a 1988 budget proposal that the president’s chief economic adviser called “amounted with a lot of it.”

The plan will come in the form of more than $50 billion in spending cuts and other savings designed to meet the president’s promise to keep the Gramm-Rudman Budget balancing act in 1988.

“There is no way to cut back on revenues spending that create problems in the various departmen,” said President Reagan.

Federal agency heads get their first look at the new budget proposal for the first installment of which will be sub-

WASHINGTON — It is a case that might affect the rights of AIDS victims, the Supreme Court said yesterday that a federal law banning bias against the handicapped does not protect people with AIDS.

In a 5-4 decision yesterday, the Supreme Court said the Rehabilitation Act of 1973, which first prohibited discri-

muted three as Brown students and sent them back to dress

WASHINGTON — A warm spell of weather is expected today and Wednesday, as highs will be in the upper 20s and lower 30s.

The Department of Agriculture’s weather bureau said that today will be a very fine day for most of the country.

WASHINGTON — In a case that may affect the AIDS victims, the Supreme Court concluded yesterday that a federal law banning discrimination against the handicapped does not protect people with AIDS.

The court ruled yesterday that a federal law banning bias against the handicapped does not protect people with AIDS.

In its decision yesterday, the Supreme Court said that the Rehabilitation Act of 1973, which first prohibited discri-

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In the Spotlight

**Review**

**Cast packs powerful performance in depicting nun’s struggle in...**

By MICHLE GREEN

"The Amen Corner," so often heard in places of worship, is a declaration of faith, a utterance, "how do we get it?" or "this will be done." But in The Amen Corner, the James Baldwin play that opened last night at the Annenberg Center's Studio Theatre, the words are spoken with a purpose: to demonstrate man's lack of faith in the Lord, and a fervent plea for help from a seemingly unreachable God.

The Amen Corner focuses on Margaret Sisicr and Maggie Thompson, the two main characters, who are portrayed by Ula Kholta Greene, whose unassuming appearance belies a powerful performance. The playwright, who is known for his powerful performances, casts his eye upon the lives of the followers and the minions man who are willing to be led by any means. Maggie has had trouble enough with her own compatriots because she is too close to a man with a new apartment, new Frigidaire, while many of them live in poverty. "Why we go on in all the time the cause of Christ," as one of her frustrated colleagues puts it, but this does not seem to move her husband, Luke, played by Antonio Fargas, who is also a bit of a Machiavellian, out of her way in an attempt to reconcile with them. Clarifying that her desires are more important than her status, Maggie makes Luke do interpretations so that she can watch the action. This action costs her the trust of her chosen followers. And Maggie's failure, accompanied by her son David, is torn between the Lord and the world. Although David lives in a church on bus- t 57, he extracts out of the house to perform with jazz musicians and musicians with people who drink and smoke. While his mother exhorts him to the Lord, his father even in the end, into two thoughts. Although Baldwin's script is rather static, the roles of Maggie and David seem more complex. An intimation and a struggle, just as Baldwin seems to have been with a sarcastic cry us-

Luke, played by Antonio Fargas, and Sister Margaret, Skhetta Greene, star in 'The Amen Corner'.

Rooted in director James Baldwin's past, "The Amen Corner" tells the story of how a nun must let her son choose his own way of life.

The Amen Corner appears this weekend at the Annenberg Center's Zellerbach Theatre.

---

**Avant-garde production is odd art**

By MICHAEL TOW

The second one-act play of the night's Intuitons performance at the Annenberg Center's Studio Theatre, The Question poses the question: "Is This Supposed to be Art?"

The Question's written, Mort Webster, adding that short films will be shown between the plays. The piece is a 40-minute series of 10 shorts and a single line.

Directed by College senior Andrew Bradley and written by the cast, The Question, the last of the three plays, is performed by a cast of six Intuitons. The play is set in a unique way.

The Question, unlike the other two plays, is a 40-minute series of short films and a single line. The piece is set in a unique way. The play is set in a unique way.

**Avant-garde production is odd art**

By CATHERINE ROSS

Intuitions, one of the younger players on campus, says it is focusing on appealing to the intellect in its performance. In a series of three separate and independent ideas that opened last night at the Annenberg Center's Studio Theatre, Intuitions presented their trademark avant-garde performance.

Two of these are from the work of playwright Harold Kaplan, known for his work in modern theatre. The Question, the last of the three plays, is performed by a cast of six Intuitions. The piece is set in a unique way.

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Funds IBM...
Faculty members consider proposal to abolish Senate

"I can't even blame them for not thinking of these regular meetings, even if they are not essential to the existence of the Senate," Faculty Senate Chairman Roger Pring said that Gross's proposal was "uncasualtary." according to Ex-

Company president..."ACCOMPLISHMENTS" has people who will carry on the way they do it now.

The President of the University's Clinical Practices and the Medical School.

"Accountability is an important part of the public process," he said. "Once you don't have regular Faculty Senate meetings, it is some sort of in-

Executive Vice President for the Medical Center Edward Stemmler. The Medical Center was formed in June by the merger of HUP, the Univer-

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Imported Beer...$1
A Day in the Life

PhD candidate in the School of Medicine. His toes are warm and don't look blue. He can move his toes and feel me touch them, the circulation in his right leg is adequate. His vital signs have been stable, and I'll have to take his next set in about ten minutes. Sometimes he trembles uncontrollably from side to side, but it's too soon to give him any more pain medicine.

I'm a little worried about Mark. He was admitted very early this morning after being knocked unconscious from a blow to his head. Although an hour ago he knew who and where he was and could pay attention, he was complaining of being sleepier than usual.

thoughts that run through my mind while developing a topic for the column I'm writing today. I have written a few articles in the past few weeks, and I've been debating whether I should write about the current events in my life or let them pass me by. I've decided that the needs two areas of his body. They need to be taken in at least every hour to prevent skin breakdown. After surgery, but I'll keep on eye on him. I need to check his blood pressure and heart rate every hour or so. I need to check his breathing, early signs of infection, adequate circulations while he is sleeping, intravenous fluids are properly infusing. We ask to see his infusions, on how they're going. His vital signs have been stable, and I'll have to take his next set in about ten minutes. Sometimes he trembles uncontrollably from side to side, but it's too soon to give him any more pain medicine.
Minority students feel isolated at U.

The University is here to help them feel more comfortable.

There has been little done to make students living in a predominantly white institution feel comfortable. But according to the MIT study, students feel they are isolated, unaccepted by faculty and living in a non-supportive environment.

A Massachusetts Institute of Technology study group concluded that, students feel they are isolated, unaccepted by faculty and living in a non-supportive environment.

The Admissions Office has been actively recruiting minority students for many years. Minority Admissions Director Pippa Porter said yesterday that her office is committed to recruiting minority students who are competitive academically at the University.

Students will continue to leave the University for a number of reasons, and one finding of the University's three-year-old attrition study is that in recent years her office has focused only on minority students from middle- and upper-class backgrounds. Noting that reasons for the high attrition rates are often cultural as well as academic, Porter said that counseling and support services are a vital part of maintaining a minority presence.

She also called much of the University's rhetoric in this area "lip-service." She also strongly disputed the claim that one of the major factors causing students to leave is the presence of the MIT, saying that the University community would strongly resist such a measure.

Minority students feel isolated at U.
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Toys for Tots
Boxer's run to raise money, collect gifts for children

Dr. Thomas Hill
One day when West Philadelphia resident Paul Moore was 10 years old, he knocked on the door of his neighbor Mike Moore. "He was sick," Mike's mother told Moore that Mike could not come out because "he was sick." It was not until later that Moore learned the truth—Mike could not come out because he had spread to death.

Almost 20 years later, that event still haunts Moore, a professional boxer. "It's something I've been thinking about for the seventh consecutive year," Moore said.

"Mike will run through the streets of West Philadelphia next Saturday to raise money and collect toys for the Children's Heart Hospital. It is part of his continuing effort to help children so that they do not have to end up like his friend Mike. And it is important because "Once is a while I get depressed," Moore said. "I see other people's stories, and they tell me 'Go away. I don't need you.' I feel disheartened. People ask me why I do it since I don't get paid. God gave me two hands to help people."

"From the day [he saw his friend die], I began to slowly eat away," Moore's mother, Mary, said. "I just couldn't get over it. I feel disheartened. People ask me why I do it since I don't get paid."

Gone without an amateur career has thrown the only anchor, Moore's boxing program has also been slowed by missing three and a half years of his career because of a divorce and a military commitment to the Army National Guard.

The boxer's great concern for others often leaves his career on the back burner. To Moore, the greatest reason he will run his 10-mile, one-man, Christmas Day jaunt is to raise money and collect toys for the Hospital.

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U. cogeneration plant on hold due to steam loop sale

"It could be the best project from an economic point of view, yet — for a whole series of reasons which could be regulatory, external and internal, in economic point of view, I think it's a very good project."

Schools with power plants

"Limited partnership power plants are useful," he said. "The problem is that change in tax laws — they've wiped out the energy credits and investment tax credits. There's a whole string of ten problems that have happened to the third-party ownership."

If you haven't got your train out of the station yet, you're probably not going, he added.

Boxer will run for kids

"If a child finds a building off of the mean lines, remodeling it after the announcement of Carbon's purchase, University officials are stuck to see if they are activating the completion mission."

The first factor is the recent decline in the price of oil, which may soon reach $20 a barrel. The second is the proposed rate of the steam loop to Catalyst Thermal Energy Corporation, which agreed in July to purchase the loop for $3 million. The company operates similar steam loops in Youngstown, Ohio, and Baltimore."

"All the business we do is subject to the University, as the largest cogeneration customer, and we are going to do everything we can to keep it," Charles Tales, who handles acquisitions for Catalyst, said and the work."

In other cities, Catalyst has succeeded in bringing customers back to buildings before it had previously abandoned."

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"Limited partnership power plants"
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UA chair calls group 'best ever'  

By JON GUTTERMANN  
Undergraduate Assembly Chair Eric Lang called this year's UA the "best ever" at the group's last meeting, its last of the semester. "This year's UA is probably the most credible of all the representative organizations on campus," Lang said. "We are never so clear and we are never so political."  
Lang added that members were consistently motivated, prepared and cooperative throughout the semester. "This is the smartest UA ever," he said. "We are never so singularly focused and we are never so loud. This is the best UA ever," Lang said. "We are never so organized. We are the most credible of all the representative organizations on campus."

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Booz-Allen & Hamilton is seeking 1987 graduates to work as Research Associates.

Booz-Allen & Hamilton, Inc. is a leading international management consulting firm working with companies on issues of strategy, marketing, systems technology, and other areas of concern to top management. The Research Associate position is for a two year period and preferably for graduates who plan to continue their education at a top MBA program. Candidates should have outstanding records of academic achievement and prior exposure to the business environment.

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OFFENSE
QB — Dan Bierer (Brandeis)
RB — Mark Cimino (Princeton)
WR — John King (Penn)
OL — Mike Winter (Yale)
DL — Marty Peterson (Princeton)

DEFENSE
DE — Water Johnson (Lehigh)
DL — Neil dressed up for the Ivy title
DB — Dan Haggerty (Brown)
LB — Randy Barnhill (Virginia)

Quaker Oakes

MARIO LENZI — A man who can see the good things on the see

THE PHILADELPHIA PENNSYLVANIA — Thursday December 4, 1986

Kodak's Division I-AA All-America Team

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QB — Dan Bierer (Brandeis)
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The great beers of the world go by one name: Lowenbrau. Brewed in Munich, W. Basketball faces Villanova tonight, especially after last year's heartbreaking 67-65 defeat at the hands of the Wildcats. It was a game which Penn led by 11 points decided in the final minute with the Wildcats down by two points.

"I have thinking about that game, I haven't forgotten," said Villanova's head coach, Ed Ashby. "They hit a big, big shot that would cause a lot of bad memories about that game."

And be a perfect elixir.

W. Swimming slips past Columbia

The Drama persisted to the very end. Shares Droste, Jose Young, and Marilana Markar all did their parts, but nothing was decided until Ralston ripped the clock at 3:33.90. Columbia had the 200-yard individual medley team, and had overtaken the Quakers in the three-meter diving competition. The home team began to sense a victory, but the Penn swimmers had other ideas for the final outcome. The Lions never turned another point as the Quakers turned it up for the last two races, sweeping the medley and the final relay to gain the triumph, 143-137.

Karen Giunia, co-captain Teri Young was victorious in the 100- and 200-yard butterfly. Markar was on the winning 200-yard medley relay team and also placed third in the 200-yard breaststroke race, while Deitch earned second place finishes. Freilich had two wins, a second and a third, and Querubin added a first and three second-place finishes. The Quakers will be handicapped by injured senior forward Mickey Finerman, who will play despite having missed eight stitches in her leg after an accident during last Friday's practice. Her offense will be required for the full 40 minutes to have a shot at beating them.

Along with the Penn swimming team, the Quakers' men also placed third in the 200-yard butterfly, 143-137.

The Quakers will be handicapped by injured senior forward Mickey Finerman, who will play despite having missed eight stitches in her leg after an accident during last Friday's practice. Her offense will be required for the full 40 minutes to have a shot at beating them.

The University of Pennsylvania Press. Reprinted by permission of the publisher.

But with the wild, wild wind and the gnashing of the teeth, it was all too obvious that the Penn women would have to execute for the full 40 minutes, but nothing was decided until Ralston ripped the clock at 3:33.90. Columbia had the 200-yard individual medley team, and had overtaken the Quakers in the three-meter diving competition. The home team began to sense a victory, but the Penn swimmers had other ideas for the final outcome. The Lions never turned another point as the Quakers turned it up for the last two races, sweeping the medley and the final relay to gain the triumph, 143-137.

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W. Squash opens season

"People are definitely improving a lot," she said. "Our players are capitalizing on savvy — knowing what to do and when, I want them to learn to respond rather than react to the position they are in.

"We can have a winning season," she added. "It's one of our major goals. And we're definitely going to win today."

The logo for Grant Thornton, Accountants and Management Consultants, was inadvertently omitted from their Nov. 14 advertisement. The Daily Pennsylvania regrets the error.

WINTER DEPRESSION

If you become depressed during the fall and winter months, you may be suffering from Seasonal Affective Disorder. Phototherapy Program for Seasonal Affective Disorder Those accepted into the program will be evaluated for eligibility and may be treated with bright lights. New patients must call (215) 928-6175 to arrange an evaluation appointment.

For more information contact the program office at (215) 928-6175 Department of Psychiatry University of Pennsylvania Perelman Medical Center.

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Bears’ Wilson won’t appeal suspension

LAKE FOREST, Ill. (AP) — Chicago Bears linebacker Mike Mc Carthy won’t appeal his three-game suspension.

McCarthy was penalized for hitting Green Bay quarterback Brett Favre in last Sunday’s game. The NFL Coordinating Committee upheld the original fine, calling it “one of the most flagrant acts of roughness” this season.

McCarthy acknowledged the hit was rough but said he didn’t mean to cause any harm. "It’s just an unfortunate thing that happened," he said.

The Bears already are without prominent wide receivers Plaxico Burress and David Terrell after they were suspended for Week 2.

McCarthy is a three-time Pro Bowler who has been fined for rough conduct before, including a six-game suspension in 2003 after he was penalized for a hit against Seattle.

"It was the last thing I wanted to do, it probably would have just been another fine," McCarthy said. "I didn’t need a clear message, and here that fine came."

Wilson, 30, a 10-year NFL veteran, issued a formal statement: "I feel like I have still a lot to give this team, and I have been open about staying with the team even if it means that I’m not going to have a season.

"A couple of years ago at Buffalo, I kind of knew that talent or love or it was going to happen, that I wasn’t going to be playing, so kind of mentally I just get myself ready for it," Ferguson said. "I figured if it did happen, I wasn’t going to spend the time in the corner and post, because it happens.

"I’ve been looking Couch family friendly, where the apartment board members are in the right direction. We’re going to give comfortable housing for the unemployment."

"I just want to get back to football, and as far as the team is concerned, they’ll do their thing, and I’ll do mine."

Jim Martin put Penn State in front 10-0 on a 1-yard plunge over Duane Peoples added a 44-yard field goal with 4:41 left.

Regan. Iowa, 7-4

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By JONATHAN BONDY
The Associated Press

BUSHNELL CUP VOTING
(first-place votes in parentheses)

BY HOWARD ZALKOWITZ

The Penn women's fencing team faced Columbia on Saturday, and the Quakers were victorious. Rich Comizio was named Ivy Player of the Year.

The Penn's squash rebuilding for a new season Faces F&M in first match

By BARRY DUBROW

Comizio named Ivy Player of the Year

Tackle Peterson selected to Kodak I-AAA All-America squad

For the third straight meet, won the 300- and 100-yard freestyles and freshmen Jeff Steenhorst and Melissa Kim in the 50.

Another Penn coach exits, Seniors Angelotti, Blair leave after 404-yard medley and freestyle first-place relay teams, and McHale and Rossmann, product of Villanova senior all-American games last summer. Rossmann is one of the top fencers in the country.

W. Swimming falls short against Lions, 64-49

The Pennsylvanian

BROW, the fourth and fifth positions and provided an impressive display in the Ivy League.

In the last two weeks, Penn has been playing in tournaments and been nationally ranked as one of the top teams in the country. This year, the impetus is there to have another winning season.

The Quakers went out and displayed some star qualities at each. Penn currently has the opportunity to do better.

W. Fencing strives to keep in championship form

The Bushnell Cup is awarded to the Ivy League's Most Valuable Player. It is the top award given to a Penn's swim team, and the meet came down to the final race — the 400-yard medley relay.

The meet came down to the final race — the 400-yard medley relay. The Quakers won with 21 points and Fielding finished with meet with three wins apiece.

Pen's Cheryl Roth defends against a Beuckied player in the Quakers' opening tournament last weekend

BRYAN ROSSMANN, an underclassman and sophomore-transfer Jean Ann Armitage, are most likely to be the top players for Columbia.

Another Penn woman who will compete this year, and we still have plenty of experience. Stevenson, she is looking for big things.

The Quakers went out and displayed some star qualities at each. Penn currently has the opportunity to do better.

W. Basketball to take on Villanova in Big Five opener

By JUDE KUPF

When the Penn women's squash team hit the opening wave of today's match against visiting Franklin and Marshall, it will mark the beginning of a new season.

One of the main problems in the past for Pete has been ineffective times are most important. Instead of hunger, they wish to use them. First, there's the home-seat advantage of Ursus Columbia

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The Quakers changed their strategy this year, and we still have plenty of experience. Stevenson, she is looking for big things.

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Third, there's the argument that the men's team is ready to step up and carry the team. The Penn men have lost several key players, but are ready to take the ball into the tournament. Also, the Quakers have faced the lack of experience, since many of the top players have been

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DON'T LOOK BACK

THE GODFATHER • A CHORUS LINE
By Abigail Abrash

For those of you too dense to have figured it out already, this is our year-end concept issue devoted to examining the 1970s — the decade of disco, sitcoms, Watergate, gas lines, I'm O.K. You're O.K. well, you get the picture. Basically, the '70s were what I would term the age of Low Culture. A bad period in my life which I'd prefer to gloss over.

But why should I feel such angst at the mere mention of the '70s? All that runs through my mind are the words "Don't Look Back," the caveat that became the cover story. After considerable thought, I've narrowed the root of my problem down to the sickeningly ingenious feelings of narcissism and self-discovery which were rampant throughout the decade.

"Honey, we're going to group," my mother would say blithely as she left me and my brothers with the babysitter. One of my earliest feelings of alienation is centered on my parents' obsession with group therapy. Every weekend we would meet with a bunch of their equally liberal-minded friends, giving each other support and "discovering" themselves. I was horrified to learn that they actually paid money for this experience, which to me, even at the tender age of seven or eight, seemed the height of highway robbery and chicanery.

At times, my parents even tried to get me in on this never-ending process of soul-baring. I resisted with every rebellious fiber of my body, sitting tight-lipped and angry as one of the therapists tried to pry my feelings from me. "What are you really feeling when you are angry, Abby?" he would ask me in that patronizing voice. "Shove off," I'd think, but reply with a cold stare instead.

No way, Jose. I knew better than to give in to that rubbish. I was raised on Watergate and if that didn't make me cynical, I don't know what did. In 1973, as I watched Walter Cronkite telling me that 'that's the way it was,' I believed. "Those rotten politicians," I thought, "they're never up to any good." My distrust spread to others — doctors, dentists, lawyers, my parents' therapists — none escaped my wrath.

It took me years to overcome this cynicism, which led me to sneer at everything around me. I went uncathed by the hideous fads and fancies that swept the nation — Benji and Shaun Cassidy left me cold. I clung to my Beatles albums. I was picky and stubborn, a moody child you might say. I felt sure I had been born a decade too late, trapped in an age of tackiness which I was completely alienated from.

Things got worse. In seventh grade, the movie version of Sgt. Pepper's Lonely Hearts Club Band came out with Peter Frampton and the Bee Gees in the starring roles and my stomach turned in disgust. The local radio stations pitted the new song versions against the originals, asking listeners to call in with their judgements.

Well, the '70s came to a close. It was gratifying to feel content with the music of the '70s in protest. The Beatles were bigger than life, and as a result, I forsook all friends and the rest of the public for the Fab Four, upholding the tommyrot produced by Frampton and friends.

This was sacrilege of the highest order — nay, unspeakable disloyalty to praise the crassness of the Bee Gees compared with the subtle genius of the Beatles. It was a blow I would never overcome and as a result, I shun all music of the '70s in protest.

John Lennon once said that the Beatles were bigger than Jesus, and for me, this pronouncement was true. Religion was not emphasized too much in my house, although my family and I did attend the local church.

In Reston, America's first planned community, there was no Episcopal church, so the congregation met at the Common Ground, a sort of coffee house cum place of worship. Needless to say, it was a rather informal service. We had freshly baked bread instead of wafers and red wine in hand-thrown pottery chalices. My brothers and I were in it mainly for the glazed doughnuts after the service.

The togetherness/get in touch feelings of the '70s definitely rubbed me the wrong way. When I was about seven, my parents and all their "group" friends had the brilliant idea of starting a commune. "Great," I thought, "let's all get together and share." Thankfully, my parents opted for a test run before taking drastic measures. The experience was enough to convince them (and me) that group life was not for us. Out in the backwoods of Virginia at an unoccupied home for mentally retarded adults, my family and about six others spent a weekend of goopy togetherness.

My brothers and I were fine until we caught a glimpse of the little children who were our potential commune-mates. They had unbrushed hair and runny noses which no one ever thought to blow. Gross.

The "group" leader and his family became our friends. I remember this book they gave us for Christmas one year, What To Do Till The Messiah Comes. Yeah, right. It was filled with pictures of adults playing on windswept beaches, learning to trust each other. "What a load of poppy," I thought.

Well, the '70s came to a close as I was entering high school and things began to look up. Kids were getting more hip, my parents were off the group therapy kick and I was beginning to feel content with the world around me. Now it's the mid-'80s and my parents' old group leader is living on the Mainline, driving a Saab and counseling the executives of corporate America. The times they are a-changing.
By Edward Sussman

I prowled the newsroom in search of history. Off in a corner stood a reporter—typical snarl, grumpy sweater, asbestos flakes in his hair. I moved in.

"Where were you when Elvis died?"

No response. Thick clouds of confusion floated across his pupils. I persisted. Somewhere beneath the haze, I knew there'd be a memory of the King.

"Think. Where were you when Elvis died?"

He twitched. A deep strain of boredom settled onto his face.

"I was in the kitchen of my father in the Hamptons. I read in the newspaper that he died. Then I went swimming."

Food again! Probably another carbohydrate. But these accounts were from reporters. I needed to talk with real people, the little guys who loved the King for what he was — more than just an overstuffed doughnut waiting to explode jelly all over Graceland, but outside it was cold. I found another reporter. He was rubbing up and down against a video display terminal, seeking the warm glow of computer generated radiation.

"What food item do you associate with Elvis?"

"Amphetamines."

"Apple pie. I think of big gooey pieces of apple pie filling up his cheeks and dripping out the sides of his mouth, Elvis was fat."

Which brings me to Hershey's chocolate bars. And comedian Andy Kaufman, who, like Elvis, is dead.

First the chocolate. Lately the Hershey company has been using a touched up photo of the King, superimposed candy bar in hand, to push their product on television. In the photo Elvis is thin, with a shock of blonde hair rising defiantly over his black roots. His trademark sneer, formed by a slight upward curl of the lip, reeks heavily of rebellion. And sex. Too much sex. This is the Elvis of the 1950s.

Kaufman impersonated the Elvis of the 1970s. Starting out his routine in the guise of a timid, heavily accented Eastern European Latka prototype, Kaufman would suddenly transform himself into the bloated King. With a glinting white jump suit barely containing a misformed paunch, and black pompadour sitting above huge sideburns, he would belt out a syrupy drug-slurred "Hound Dog." And he would sweat a lot.

The shock, or more accurately the shlock, of seeing Kaufman imitate this latter-day sainthood of the tacky overwhelmed the flickering memories of Elvis the cool, Elvis the defiant, Elvis the King.

The 1970s swallowed Elvis and Elvis swallowed the 1970s. Glob by corpulent glob Elvis allowed the crass, tasteless '70s to enter his inner being. By the time he died, Elvis was a prime candidate for the comedy of the absurd.

Observe.

"Where were you when Elvis died?"

"In a car. I was going through nine. (To make things tricky, we included an extra editor in the group photo). Call 898-1985 tonight between 8:00 and 8:16 p.m. with your answers. Try not to snicker."

Another.

"Where were you when Elvis died?"

"I was riding in a car with my dad and two of my friends. It came over the radio. I laughed."

Another.

"I was at home. My mom bailed him. She said, 'Thank God he died.'"

Another.

"I was at the beach. The next day I went to the boardwalk and there were T-shirts of Elvis on sale everywhere. I didn't buy one. I bought a Chicago T-shirt instead."

Bad memories die hard.
They were 10 years of sheer confusion, manifested in some of the most awful fashions of the century. There was no definite '70s look, but today, every time we see a remnant of those years, we instantly recognize it as a period piece.

It was a time of synthetic fibers, bigness, tightness and wildness. Terms like midi, mini and maxi were used to describe women's skirts instead of feminine hygiene products. Some truly curious fashions thrived in the early '70s, but there was no continuity, no sense of harmony. Outrageously short hot pants peacefully coexisted with maxi skirts and floor-length print dresses.

Loose, waist-length tunics that hid bulging tummies were often worn by women over pure white shirts, a look that was right for the era. While the neckties were usually reserved for the office or more formal occasions, their patterns were not. They began to show up in sportshirts made exclusively of Ban-Lon. Colors ran the gamut from deep purples to muted pastels.

The shirts were stunning when worn with another '70s craze — the Leisure Suit. Every so often, you still see an elderly gentleman wearing one of these throwbacks. Usually the suits are navy with bright white or sea of navy Fortrel. Sadly, a few guys wore patterned ties with their patterned shirts and got away with it. Maybe it was their enormous character that kept them from looking silly. Men of the '70s bought bell-bottoms from the dreadful shirt and tie combination.

As the width of pants legs expanded, so did that of many accessories. Lapels, though technically not accessories, grew to such mammoth proportions as to create problems of lift in high winds. Belts became thicker and the buckles, well, suffice it to say that pastoral scenes etched in solid steel and whole sayings could now fit on them.

For some reason, neckties also widened, occasionally to the point of covering a man's entire abdomen. There were a few advantages to wider neckwear, though. At last, manufacturers could weave entire polyester scenes of the Battle of Waterloo into their neckties — all in living color.

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Men wore a similar sort of shoe, though on a slightly smaller scale. However, men's shoes were rarely one color — patches of brown, red, blue and even white were blended together in a single piece of footwear.

No look back at '70s clothing could be complete without mentioning jeans and t-shirts. These past fashion staples underwent a peculiar evolution. Early on, jeans were styled much like other pants — tight at the hip and enormous at the ankle. The earliest jeans were holdovers from the hippie days gone by, and that was OK. The problems started when some mysterious fashion force attempted to give these '60s jeans a look that was right for the times.

The new look was studs, lots and lots of studs. Studs ran up the leg seams and around the pockets and over the belt loops. The ultimate was to have ultra-tight jeans with a chic name emblazoned across the seat. Such progress.

Finally, a simple item that we managed to pervert in this magic decade — the T-shirt. Shirts were not immune from occasional studding or glitter treatments, but it was really the stupid saying that destroyed the whole look. Greasy adolescents (and greasy adults for that matter) lived in shirts that said "I'm with stupid," "Keep on truckin','" "Born to party," and, a perennial crowd pleaser, the shirt designed to be worn by females — with two stars placed on the upper chest and the maxim "Reach for the stars."

Sure, we can look back at '70s clothing and laugh. But let's just hope some witty character doesn't sit down a few years from now and rip apart our '80s cool.

“Visage Salon simplifies my life.”

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By Matthew Fearer

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The stolen that make the difference between OK and extraordinary
All the rage
Misguided public consumed by goods

By Matthew Fearer

Perhaps it was the energy crisis that started it all. It hit us hard, sending us into new depths of despair. We needed an escape, and miraculously, the fadmakers filled that need.

Suddenly, we were visiting stores like Spencer Gifts with startling regularity, combing the shelves for anything that was warm, fuzzy, cute or "revolutionary."

The mood ring was certainly revolutionary. At last, a piece of fine costume jewelry that could instantly reveal our hidden feelings at any given moment to anyone who bothered looking at our hands. That little imitation stone, mounted in a specific setting, told people about our moods.

But there was an even bigger travesty - pet rock accessories. Stores stocked nice pieces of felt to tempt us to our new-found friends. Worst of all, there were leashes for the little rocks and we actually bought them.

So, what once was, at most, a revisionary. At last, a piece of practicality, there were a few fads designed to improve our lives with sheer technology. This, after all, was the digital age.

Certainly, our manner of timekeeping needed a major overhaul, or so we were told. Digital watches became the next new item in a series of "must haves." There were actually two generations of these hip chronometers.

First generation digital watches had three small wheels that flashed the time when you tilted your wrist, but these were too expensive. LED watches were all the rage. But looking back, it's hard, as it is with many products of the '70s, to really understand their popularity. They were ugly, hard to read, harder to set, and downright inconvenient to work. A few manufacturers produced watches that flashed the time when you tilted your wrist, but these were too expensive.

Overall, we were unprepared for the advent of this "digital age." For one thing, the watches made us talk funny. Where expressions like "five of" and "quarter 'till" had once sufficed, millions of Americans now resorted to awkward utterances like "one-fifty-five and thirty seconds" or "three forty-six and twenty-two seconds."

A few people tried to convert digital time to normal time, but their math skills were just not up to the task. Casual inquiries for the time became formal, agonizingly lengthy affairs as watch-wearers tried to avoid sounding like digital nerds. While the watches offered a new, albeit oddly distorted, form of electronic communication, CB radios ushered in an era of anonymous contact.

Citizens' Band. What did it mean, this fad of radio bounds Jawing with truckers and using names, no, handles like "Log roller," "Big Momma" or "Hammer Head?" Why were normally reserved businessmen driving home at night monitoring Channel 19 for reports of "Smokies" or "Bears in the Air?"

Was it some desperate attempt to assume a potent new persona, to become what we were not? Maybe we just needed to talk, or better yet, maybe we just liked to hear ourselves talk. Whatever the cause, the CB craze infected the nation, spawning absurd additions to our vocabularies and even more absurd movies and songs, like the unforgettable Convoy.

The big question remains unanswered, and we have yet to fully understand what made the '70s such fertile ground for all these fads. The common denominator seems to be an overwhelming dissatisfaction with the status quo. We weren't pleased with interpersonal relations, so we turned to mood rings. Time in and of itself was boring - presto, the slick new digital watch arrives to save us. Our face-to-face conversations with those we knew were utterly disappointing, and the CB radio seemed like a fine alternative.

But things could have been much worse. In those wacky '70s, items like the Pocket Fisherman or the Ronco glass froster could easily have achieved fad status.

Crossword Puzzle

FINIS?

ACROSS

1. Cook's need
6. Ore deposit
10. Oily
13. Bequeath
15. Kilt
16. Moves gradually
17. Furnish
18. Pinapple, to Pedro
19. Like a fine restaurant
21. Use
23. Big — , CA
24. Mobile homes
26. Malaria bug
29. Police barrier
30. Earthen jar
31. Mimicked
33. Beer mug
37. Castle aegis
38. Snacker
40. Plead
41. Type of palm
43. Famous designer
44. Tumult
45. Iron, e.g.
47. Hoopie heaven
49. Straight drop
52. Likewise
to Camp shelter
54. More hip
59. Compass direction
62. — firma

DOWN

1. Hebrew letter
2. Foot: comb, form
3. Marina brand
4. Exaggerations
5. Hercules' victim
6. Davies' hit
7. Late '70s Redskin
8. Lion's Lair
9. Appreciate
10. Like
11. Estate
12. Cafeteria items
15. Certain pastries
20. Pick up the tab
22. His partner
25. Horse show
26. Grave
27. — gin fizz
28. Israeli city
30. Brake, e.g.
31. Canal or city
35. Stravinsky
36. Eastern five
38. Poetic muse

63. Summer drinks
64. Transmit
65. Teheran native
66. Draft initials
67. W. African nation
68. German city

69. Draft initials
66. Pet pests
65. Nest eggs
66. Speedwagon

By Jonathan Galit and Gary Clair

Last week's answers:
I grew up on Star Trek. It was as important a part of my childhood as snowpants, Froot Loops, and GI Joe. Presidents came and went, business cycles rose and fell, but the adventures of Capt. Kirk and the crew of the USS Enterprise remained constant throughout the '70s.

When Paramount Pictures offered me a trip to California as the 34th Street representative to a pre-release press junket for Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home. I felt that state of nirvana which so many people sought during the soul searching days of the '70s. A chance to meet and interview William Shatner, Leonard Nimoy, and DeForest Kelley was dream-come-true material.

I had mixed ideas of what California would be like when I stepped off the plane at LAX. To me, the place epitomized the 1970s. I*d visited nine years ago for the standard tourist merry-go-round like when I stepped off the plane at LAX. To me.

Beneath the proverbial glitter, I found that only a few palm trees separated the streets of 1986 Hollywood from a generic middle-America shopping mall. Even the famous Beverly Hills section of Rodeo Drive, the bastion of California chic, was only three blocks long, and resembled a row of gingerbread houses. As surfaces go, southern California appeared as shallow as the post-art deco style which mars its landscape.

While the narcissistic nihilism of the '70s prevails in California, the sunny, anything-goes disposition of the early '60s still lingers. It is this disposition which produced Star Trek and made the series a '70s phenomenon.

Amidst the fragmentary chaos of the '70s, Star Trek stood steadfast as a symbol of better things. The turmoil of the '60s left us with a shattered humanity which had finally overcome the petty squabbles which appeared to be tearing it apart in the '70s.

In a time of Arab oil embargoes, political scandals, economic stagnation, and foreign crises, Trek retained a larger-than-life, sky's-the-limit attitude. Escapism was the name of the game during the '70s, and Trek allowed viewers to transcend the national pessimism which followed Vietnam and Watergate. While society was retreating into itself, the Enterprise boldly went where no man had gone before, its idealism keeping imaginations alive in a time of great cynicism.

Trek had something which few TV shows in the '70s possessed, a palpable quality which plunged far deeper than the slap-dash sitcom silliness characterizing '70s television. The stories contained a fresh and meatier substance.

Making science fiction fashionable. Trek paved the way for Star Wars and the horde of cheap space swashbucklers plaguing the latter half of the decade. With the possible exception of Star Wars, none of these descendants ever captured the magic of the original series. They were parasites living off the reputations of their predecessors, reflecting the cash-in-on-it mentality of the times.

Meeting with Nimoy, Shatner, and Kelley at press conferences confirmed my convictions about the series. There I sat with several of my childhood heroes, and I found them as I'd always hoped they'd be. Like their show, they were down-to-earth, open, and genial, carrying their stardom with an acceptance devoid of egotism.

"Star Trek is 23rd century hopeful," Nimoy says, explaining the show's immense popularity. "It says the human race will make it. It's thoughtful, provocative science fiction, not just people shooting each other. Every time you watch the show, you discover new elements."

"There's something about the warmth," says Catherine Hicks, a newcomer to the Trek universe. She plays Gillian Taylor, a 20th century marine biologist who aids Kirk and his crew in IV. "You care about the people. It's the actors. They connect with each other like blood brothers."

Star Trek IV: The Voyage Home almost recaptures the spirit of the original TV shows. A lighter, more humorous mood and jovial camaraderie dominate the film, making it the most enjoyable Trek film to date.

In IV, the Trek regulars drop in on modern day San Francisco to round up a pair of humpback whales which can save the 23rd century from a mysterious alien probe. The resulting fish-out-of-water tale details Kirk and company's exploits as they confront such modern complexities as exact change, punk rock, and '80s slang in their search for the huge mammals. The action rollicks with the campiness of the series, yet entertains with a fresh vitality.

"It [the humor] was intentional," Nimoy says. "The first film had no comedy whatsoever. The second film had a little, the third film had a little. But we covered a lot of very serious drama in those three films. There was a lot of life and death going on. In II Spock died. In III Kirk's son died and the Enterprise was blown up and people were getting killed and planets disintegrating. I just felt it was time to lighten up and have some fun."

The best thing Paramount ever did with Star Trek, besides deciding to make the movies, was to give directorial control to original cast members. Nimoy's work with III and IV has restored the series' original tone. With Shatner taking over as director for Star Trek V (you didn't doubt another sequel, did you?), we can expect good things to come. As the most recent films demonstrate, you can't fail when you've got the people who defined Trek in charge.

While the '70s and most of the junk which cluttered the era have come and gone, Star Trek endures. Although the 20 years that have passed since the show first aired have etched their mark on the actors' faces and settled in their growing paunches, Shatner, Nimoy, and the rest remain timeless. Achieving the status of legends in American culture, they embody the universal values of friendship, compassion, and brotherhood.

For some, Star Trek offered a bit of nostalgia or a bit of escape during the '70s. For me, it filled the void of an empty decade. Even in these conservative, gung-ho times Star Trek is still an inspiration for the imagination. Time may pass, but the voyages of the starship Enterprise will never cease.
DON'T LOOK BACK

The 1970s: A Decade in Review

Journalists and other social observer types like to wrap things in packages and label them neatly. Decades are handy this way, because both ends are clearly marked and the middle is such a free-for-all that almost any half-baked theory can be convincingly drawn from it.

They called the '70s the "Me" decade, as opposed to the "you" or "we" selflessness of the '60s. But in 1979 I was 14 — just entering my own hippie phase — and kind of disappointed to learn that I was being lumped into this unattractive category. Granted, I was not exactly the party those folks were aiming at — the real stars of the "Me" decade were older and probably better suited to the label, but all the same this was the first decade I could claim the whole of, and I'd rather have been damned than excluded.

In retrospect, it's apparent that I was neither. From four to 14, those impressionable, cavity-prone years, my personality was shaped by crooks, warmongers, oil sheiks and superfriends. If I'm self-involved it's only because the outside world was too chaotic to deal with, and if I'm cynical, it's just a result of chronic disillusionment.

Politically, socially, economically and culturally they were turbulent times, and though I was too young to grasp the real import of most of what was going on, the shock waves did trickle down.

By the time I was seven, Vietnam and Watergate had effectively trashed the country's faith in its government. Although the finer ideological problems escaped my unsophisticated grasp, the gist of it all was pretty clear — war is futile, and the president is a lousy liar. That was hard stuff to grow up on, but there was more to come.

By the mid-'70s, sky-rocketing inflation introduced the concept of downward mobility, while environmental pollution of all kinds threatened to kill, deafen, retard or mutate every living thing on the planet. I developed a paralyzing fear that the world would be spoiled or annihilated before I was old enough to appreciate it. Trust in the future was not a concept that made a lot of sense to me at the time.

Meanwhile, those baby boomers who'd shaken the world a decade before were busy trying to implement some of the nifty things they'd learned. EST, jogging, and Looking Out for Number One were designed to help the hippies help themselves. Self-involved, maybe, but they were only trying to establish a new order in their lives. And to a bewildered adolescent, words like "self-discovery" and "personal fulfillment" were right on target — those were damn good goals to work for, and besides, what else was there?

So for lack of anything else to believe in, a whole generation turned inward. What social scientists called selfishness was in fact just a last-ditch attempt to make something as good as it could and should be. Idealism internalized — the possibility of a perfect self in a perfect world.

In theory it was a nice idea, but in practice the quest for personal fulfillment was a Frankenstein's monster in the making. When the damn thing hatched sometime in the early '80s it was a mutant yuppie child — and now there are so many of them there's no clear way to stem the tide. So instead of searching for meaning, today's lost souls track down sleek-looking objects. Acquisition is an end in itself, and whoever has the most when he dies, wins.

So in 1989 when some wiseguy christens these "the yuppie years," I'll no doubt be offended and wonder why I never fit in when I'm supposed to. But 10 years after that I'll probably come up with evidence proving that I was and always will be a yup at heart. So I guess I'm a product of my times, whether or not I choose to be. But at least I'm in good company.
happening. Every wayward weather balloon and stray dry cleaning bag looked to the man on the street like Yoda on his way to the Knicks game.

Times were grim and the idea that we were spawned by an alien race was quite appealing. If the ancient pyramids were merely a beacon for extra-terrestrial life, then perhaps they'd return to Earth and help reduce the cost of meat.

Watergate changed everything for me. It was my first introduction to the lurid world of politics and the fragility of public opinion.

I emerged from the trauma a bitingly cynical eight-year-old. Sitting in front of the television with my father after night after night, we watched the Evening News with Walter Cronkite. He had a friendly face, a face I could trust. This was in contrast to the criminal and psychopathic-looking people who flashed across the screen. G. Gordon Liddy was the stuff of a child's nightmares, with his beefy little eyes and limp moustache.

Watergate was also my first current event. I think this was true for many of my generation. It was the first recognizable happening in the outside world for those of us too young to understand or appreciate the tragedy of Vietnam.

There's history, like World War II, and then there are current events. In between is the nebulous zone of the Marshall Plan, the Civil Rights movement and the split between East and West Pakistan, events too recent to be taught as history, too far in the past for the kids of the second half of the '60s to remember.

What started as a two-bit break-in ended in 1973 with the resignation of Richard Nixon as President of the United States. My liberal Democratic parents, along with many other Americans, regarded the man as a shifty ogre, but for leaders all over the globe, Nixon's threatened impeachment was a shock.

Foreigners could not comprehend the strange machinations which would cause the man credited with the opening of Red China and the pursuit of détente with Red Square to step down in shame. As someone once said, everyone cheated, but Nixon's only mistake was that he got caught.

Whatever excuses or explanations emerged from the debacle, one very real result remained. The President was no longer a sacred figure. The silent understanding between the Presidency and the Press was forever broken, and a generation of children lost their political innocence at an unusually early age. I among them.

It wasn't really a crisis. They never had to sit in the car with my sister.

Mommy, my head hurts and I want to go hooomme!

Mommy sometimes put on puppet shows in the front seat for my sister. I pretended not to watch. Sometimes Mommy didn't move the car up because she was putting on a puppet show. Then somebody would honk. Whenever one person honked, everyone else would start. Soon people would be honking in rhythm and holding down their horns for a long time. Mommy would move the car. I would get a headache. My sister would cry. Then Mommy would get out the puppets again.

Mommy, it's not fair. You promised to take me to the bookstore.

Gas lines were sort of fun. I got to be mean to my sister and say "shit." Mommy and Daddy don't remember all this fun. They got very angry when I asked them about gas lines. They still think oil sheiks take advantage of consumers. They said gas companies were Sonofabitches. Last year I got stuck in a gas line in New Jersey for 20 minutes. Too bad my sister wasn't there.
S

S

tuation comedies in the early '70s


were filled with people who


would probably, to face


such travesties as Mr. Belvedere


and Kate and Allie, but reruns still exist, and


there is another terrible sitcom premiering


every other day. Maybe in that mass of new


energy, there is a show about some


silly people who work in a gas


station, or go out bowling every Wednesday


night. I can only hope.


I grew older, and picked up quite a bit of


that edge myself. Not enough. And I'm


canonical, and sincerity gave way to clever


dashes and dirty looks. Now we suffer


through the bickering of the Moonlighting


pair without knowing how much better we


would have had.


It stopped caring whether or not I was


attention, and didn't make any


moves toward pleasing me. Happy people became


southernly, and even aesthetically lousy, there was a pervasive


friendliness that could be sniffed from


miles away.


Gradually, it all began to sink in.


As a self-proclaimed culture critic, I


mean, I watched TV with a fiery


development. I became a television watch-


er. I mean, I watched TV with a fiery


patience and understanding. Television


up. it could easily be taken care of with


things were going. If a problem ever came


edge.


Ford's Pinto speaks for itself. It had small


size, a perky little motor and a precariously


placed fuel tank. Enough said. Other cars in


Ford's '70s hall of fame include the Grana-


das, the LTD II and the Elite. Remember


those?


Chrysler gave us the Plymouth Volare/


Dodge Aspen combination, but even a slick


ad campaign with Ricardo Montalban and


optional rich Corinthian leather couldn't


hide the car's myriad of flaws. Plymouth's


Duster thrived in the '70s too. Hmm.


But American Motors wins hands down


down for the most imaginative response to a


nation's automotive needs. The one-two


punch of the Grumee and the Pacer really


stepped the automotive press on its collective


ear.


My sixth grade teacher actually bought


one of the first Pacers to come off the


assembly line. It was white with a maroon


vinyl roof and lots and lots of glass. He


quickly got rid of his little fishbowl on


wheels.


Gee, this all sounds pretty harsh. Surely


something good must have happened to
cars during the '70s. Alright, it's true.


Here's just a brief listing: big, clunky


big. clunky cars during the '70s. Alright, it's true.


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Coppola's syndicate story

The Godfather
Directed by Francis Ford Coppola

By Christopher Downey

Following his graduation from the prestigious New York University film school, Francis Ford Coppola got a job with Roger Corman's New World Pictures. At the time, New World was known for films like Attack of the 50 Foot Woman, Little Shop of Horrors and The Pit and the Pendulum, which fall under the general category of "B-Movies." A little sex, a little blood, a fast-moving plot — it's all there. The Godfather, the story of a Mafia family's rise to power in the '50s. Upon its release, the movie was heralded as one of the greatest achievements in film history. But wading through the hoopla, one thing becomes clear: The Godfather is a gangster film, not all that different from the early movies of James Cagney and Edward G. Robinson. A little sex, a little blood and a fast-moving plot — it's all there. The Godfather will be remembered as the greatest B-movie in history.

What elevates the modest material? Or more directly, what makes this flick any better than Return of the Blob? Well, The Godfather is the best adaptation of an epic novel since Gone With the Wind. It has all the elements of a riveting mini-series or popular prime-time soap — a large family cast and a multitude of sub-plots shuffled rapidly enough to hold your attention. If you aren't particularly interested in watching Sonny (James Caan) kick his brother-in-law's ass, you can stick around to catch a glimpse of Michael (Al Pacino) woo a gorgeous peasant girl in the quiet hills of Sicily.

Coppola pared Puzo's story down to the bone, but left few holes. The Godfather was released as a three-hour-plus film with one guarantee: long dinner scenes when the credits rolled.

The cast is a collection of 400 hitters, the likes of which could never be assembled again. Leading off is Marlon Brando as Don Corleone. Once legendary as the tortured, insensitive rebel of the '50s, Brando's Hollywood career had hit the skids. His powerful performance as the Mafia don is so staggering and unexpected that it dwarfs his earlier work.

Corleone's three sons are played by Al Pacino, James Caan and Robert Duvall. As Michael Corleone, Pacino is at his understated best, quiet and savage, while James Caan plays as the ruthless, bloodthirsty9, rebellious rebel of the '50s. Brando's Hollywood career had hit the skids. His powerful performance as the Mafia don is so staggering and unexpected that it dwarfs his earlier work.

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and Nicholas Cage. There's not more than six yards of olive skin in that bunch. The early '70s had the last wave of great ethnic actors. Today, they're a vanishing breed.

But ethnic authenticity takes more than just shrewd casting and Coppola provides it. The Godfather is a film populated by well-defined characters, not spaghetti-twirling buffoons. Coppola's eye for detail is exemplified in the opening wedding sequence. The way the old women walk with plates full of food, the way the cousins throw sandwiches across the patio, the songs the band plays and the relatives who sing them, are all drawn from the director's life experiences. The film involves the viewer because it feels so real.

Taken together, these factors transform what could have been a grade B gangster flick into a something much larger — a metaphor for American big business. Michael Corleone's transition from a young man who desecrates his family's bloody ways into a man who wholeheartedly embraces them is often compared to the ethical erosion the U.S. experienced in the wake of the Watergate scandal.

At the time the movie's impact was almost as great as the memory of White House hijinx. Portions of the film are now firmly entrenched in popular culture. From expressions like "Make him an offer he can't refuse" to "Lou Cabrazi sleeps with the fishes," the film establishes a model for American's conception of the inner workings of the syndicate. And it is to the director's credit that it's not very far off the mark.

The Godfather will never share a double bill with The Texas Chainsaw Massacre but if a few circumstances had been different, it could have been buried on the late movie channel. In the hands of a young and ambitious director, the B-Movie made a stand.


The devil made her do it

The Exorcist
Directed by William Friedkin

By Matthew Fearer

If the Nixon era got you down and you needed a good scare or a glimpse at lots of green vomit, The Exorcist was for you.

This 1973 classic added new dimension to the horror genre and spawned a number of possessed-by-Satan ripoffs. The confrontational elements of The Exorcist were perfect: Good against evil, youth against experience, God against the Devil, and even hints of a child-parent class struggle.

The Exorcist played to packed houses — probably due to its innovative storyline. People stood in line for hours to see young Linda Blair go through her twisted torturions. And crowds were far from disappointed as the chilling progression of the possession unfolded. Seeing Linda Blair's head turn a full 360 degrees was occasion ly too much for the weak of stomach. There were frequent reports of audience members tossing their cookies, and rumors of censors passing out airline barf bags before the screenings abounded.

Despite its very graphic cinematography and shocking subject matter, The Exorcist is remarkably well-written. None of the now-famous bedroom scenes seems gratuitous, and the heightened tension is palpable in the dense web of suspense. Setting this nightmare in scenic Georgetown, a Jesuit haven crawling with clergy, is a wonderfully ironic touch.

The screenplay is well written and the Devil, speaking through young Regan, is given some truly witty lines. When Father Damien Caras asks where poor Regan is, the Devil replies, "In here, with us." In another scene, Caras enters the bedroom and begins removing a few items from a briefcase. After watching for a few moments, the Devil says, "What an excellent day for an exorcism." Somewhat taken aback, Caras asks, "You'd enjoy that?" "Intensely," the Devil replies, "It would bring us closer together." Caras responds, "Who, you and Regan?" and in a beautiful piece of foreshadowing, the Devil replies, "No, you and us." These exchanges are just superb. It all holds together so well that it becomes believable, and that's what makes the film so frightening.

On a less positive note, while the film worked wonders in giving horror flicks some measure of credibility, it did little to enhance Linda Blair's career. Despite the fact that Blair has developed into a fine actress, to date she has failed to land a truly decent role, though she reportedly reads lines in auditions like a woman possessed.

Don Corleone attempts to bury the hatchet before a mob war erupts

Before aerobics were invented exorcising was scary

Soul Blaring

The devil made her do it

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Ragtime to riches

Dynamic duo does it again in high style

The Sting
Directed by George Roy Hill
By Gail Reichstein

Back in the days of wingtip shoes and ten-cent lunches, crime used to pay pretty well. And back in the days of hard-ass political criminals and double-digit inflation, it was gratifying to return to a world where smiles were genuine and things always turned out just as you planned.

1973, when The Sting opened, was a lot like the 1930s. To people who could talk smart and look pretty, the world was a silk-lined pocket just waiting to be picked. So pick it they did. With skill, determination and no small amount of pride, Johnny Hooker (Robert Redford) and Henry Gondorf (Paul Newman) set out to con one of the biggest con men in Chicago.

In part to avenge the death of their friend Luther, who was killed by one of Lonnegan's hitmen, and in part for the fun of the chase, Hooker and Gondorf hatch a plan to rip off Lonnegan thoroughly and with impunity. The idea is to offer the man a deal he can't refuse, then rob him blind without his knowing it.

Crooked card games and delayed horse race results are the bait that catch the big fish, but the machinery of these cons is elaborate as the ideas are simple. Hooker and Gondorf weave a thick web of illusions designed to cover their tracks and confuse their mark, so that when the big sting finally comes Lonnegan won't be able to figure out what hit him.

But the phony deals are so well-planned that they con the audience, too — most of the time we don't find out what's real and what's not until we've already been fooled. A betting parlor slapped together in a week and staffed by a crowd of loyal friends looks completely legit — for the 20 minutes a day that Lonnegan enters. But when the whistle blows the illusion ends. All work stops and the group relaxes into friendly and amused chatter — to the continual surprise of those who tend to believe everything they see.

Gondorf goes into a high stakes card game with mismatched clothes, a half-empty bottle of gin, and a runny nose he indelicately blows into his tie. But this scene is a set-up, too. Gondorf is a damn good cheat, and the unsophisticated garb is just a ploy to catch Lonnegan off guard.

These boys are nothing if not smooth — they plan everything, down to the fake blood and the quickie cleanup — and they have a helluva good time doing it. It's fun to be a drifter in times of lawlessness and prosperity, fun to utilize the talents of willing and able friends, fun to bring off a well-planned caper, and fun to net a few million dollars for your trouble.

And you couldn't ask for two better guys to have fun with. Redford as the aw-shucks, gee-whiz kid from smalltown America, is appropriately wide-eyed and bumbling. It is Hooker's determination and apparent lack of guile that make the Butch Cassidy and the Sundance Kid so tremendously appealing.

Director George Roy Hill, who directed this film as well as Sundance, has an unmistakable sense of timing. His scenes are long enough to get the point across, but short enough to leave you curious and alert. The Sting is a delightful little ditty that offers easy comedy, more than a few surprises, and a refreshing look back to a time when crime could be funny and hucksters could leave you laughing.

Rotating disco balls

Dancing paint salesman pre-dates dancing welder

Saturday Night Fever
Directed by John Badham
By Peter Taback

One video you can be guaranteed of finding available long after the respectable titles have been snatched up in any video emporium is Saturday Night Fever. Trust me, because I know. While other families were taking vics to Thanksgiving with Witness and Back to the Future, my family made the regrettable error of making me responsible for Friday evening's entertainment. To make a long story short, I watched Saturday Night Fever alone last Friday, and no one in my family is talking to me anymore.

Deep within Brooklyn's Bay Ridge neighborhood, the mood of the '70s came entirely encapsulated in one film. Saturday Night Fever, directed by John Badham, was the main vehicle responsible for the spread of disco, but other less prominent virtues of the decade are present in the film as well, like gaudiness, and the yearning for something better without knowing exactly what.

John Travolta is Tony Manero, a product of his working-class upbringing. He is content with his dead-end life, working in a paint store and coming alive on the weekends at the 2001 disco. At Phillips Dance Studio, where Tony is practicing with his standby dance partner Annette (Donna Pescow), he sleeves his way into a Polyester pill-popping cronies and sat in the dance floor of a disco dancing, but only when Tony is on stage is there any inspired physical movement. Travolta generally wears a white suit and open collar. It's easy to laugh today, but keep in mind how much you longed to be able to dance like that, at least until late 1979.

As for the performances, John Travolta has the ability to remember him. At the family dinner table, he chastises his father, "You know, I work on my hair for a long time and you hit it. He hits my hair." This was Travolta's first major screen role, following his elevation to the heights of adolescent popularity as Vinnie on Welcome Back Kotter. He comes across an innocuous buffoon, easy to forgive because of his vacant smile. Three separate times during my personal viewing, the three females of my family walked by and asked, "What ever happened to John Travolta?"

Culture, we are now learning, comes and goes. Who knows to-day what will be embarrassing to us tomorrow? The thing to remember is never to judge the past too severely. Also, be careful when you rent a dumb movie and expect your whole family to watch it with you.

Buster.
To a less complicated future. Thanks for your patience and comfort.
Love x 2.5. Bullethead
What a disaster!

Adventures in film in the fabulous ’70s

By Jacquelin Sufak

Preying on our worst fears, the disaster films of the ’70s made death and destruction entertaining. Our every phobia, from flying to the Bermuda Triangle to snakes to killer bees, was up on the screen, bigger than life. But more than just frightening us, these films attacked real issues — ecology, the lackluster adherence to building codes, scientific tamping with nature — while often demonstrating helpful safety tips. We learned while they burned.

Surprisingly, these were often big-budget affairs, packed with all-star casts in often bizarre combinations. A few classics emerged which proved that casting and cash didn’t mean everything.

Airport: Directed by George Seaton (1970)
The one that started it all. A bomb-toting psychopath blows a hole in the side of the plane, demonstrating to moviegoers why it’s best not to intervene in such matters. Disaster, yes, but soap opera to boot. Burt Lancaster stars as the general manager of Lincoln International Airport, with Dana Wynter as his neglected wife. Peter Deuel Martin is having an affair with pregnant stewardess Jacqueline Bisset. George Kennedy, Maureen Stapleton, Van Heflin and Barry Nelson also star. Helen Hayes won an Oscar for her role as a stowaway.

The Poseidon Adventure: Directed by Ronald Neame (1973)
Precursor to The Love Boat produced by Irwin Allen. A cast of big names including Gene Hackman, Red Buttons, Roddy McDowall, Maureen McGovern, Arthur O’Connell, Pamela Sue Martin, Shelley Winters and Ernest Borgnine gather on a luxury ocean liner to celebrate New Year’s Eve. A massive tidal wave puts a damper on the festivities. No need to fret, though; a radical clergyman (Hackman) takes the large Christmas tree, constructed of aluminum tubing and turns it into a ladder, so the handful of passengers who dare can climb to safety and The Morning After. We learn more than we ever thought about how to make us quiver in our seat, its over-powering Sensusound soundtrack certainly did. Charlton Heston, Genevieve Bujold, Ava Gardner, Lorne Greene and Victoria Principal star.

The Towering Inferno: Directed by John Guillermin (1974)
Dedicated to “the firefighters of the world,” this film taught us exactly why elevators should never be used to escape a fire. Starring Steve McQueen, Paul Newman, Richard Chamberlain, Faye Dunaway, Scott Newman (yes, Paul’s son), William Holden, Robert Wagner, Fred Astaire and Jennifer Jones. Even O.J. Simpson gets in on the action, saving a pussy-cat.

The Swarm: Directed by Irwin Allen (1978)
When you thought it was safe to go back in the water, sex-starved teens are menaced by our favorite shark. Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gray and Murray Hamilton star.

Beyond the Poseidon Adventure: Directed by Irwin Allen (1979)
Some people just don’t learn their lesson. An attempt to loot the great ship before it sinks proves not too wise. On board this time: Michael Caine, Sally Field, Telly Savalas, Peter Boyle, Shirley Jones, Karl Malden, Jack Warden, Slim Pickens and Shirley Knight.

The Concorde, Airport ’79: Directed by David Lowell Rich (1979)
Airport staple George Kennedy is joined by Eddie Albert, Robert Wagner, Sylvia Kristel, John Davidson, Cicely Tyson, Jimmie Walker and Charo for the fourth time around. Who knows how long the series might have continued if Jerry Zucker’s Airplane! hadn’t lambasted it so well in 1980.

As an American United Nations delegate explaining why the world is being consumed by a wave.

Airport ’75: Directed by Jack Smight (1974)
There had to be another. George Kennedy graces the big screen again in this tale of a 747 hit in the nose by a small plane whose pilot suffered a heart attack. Highlight: a crew member being sucked out (WHOOSH!!!)

Bug: Directed by Jeannot Szwarc (1975)
Who said you needed a big budget to cash in on the disaster trend? A swarm of giant fire-breathing insects land to destroy a desert earthquake makes seizes of lots of people and things. Starring Bradford Dillman, Joanna Miles, Jamie Smith Jackson, and Alan Fudge.

Newman pulls strings in the Inferno

W: Directed by Steven Spielberg (1975)
Would going to the beach ever be the same again? Roy Scheider, Richard Dreyfuss, Lorraine Gary and Robert Shaw tackle the Great White Shark. The biggest moneymaker of the decade kept Hollywood in the swin even as it kept people out of the water.

Tidal Wave: Directed by Shiro Moriana and Andrew Meyer (1975)
Americanization of Japanese big-budget disaster film (Submission of Japan) features added footage — Lorne Greene, da Vaccaro, George Kennedy, Joseph Cotten and Olivia de Havilland along for the ride on James Stewart’s private luxury jet. Hijackers force the plane to fly low to avoid radar, and manage to crash it into a mountain (in the middle of the ocean?). After being submerged for a suitable course of time, the plane is raised by the Navy with balloons and a sling.

Jaws II: Directed by Jeannot Szwarc (1978)
Just when you thought it was safe to go back in the water, sex-starved teens are menaced by our favorite shark. Roy Scheider, Lorraine Gray and Murray Hamilton star.

The Swarm: Directed by Irwin Allen (1978)
Michael Caine, Katharine Ross, Henry Fonda, Richard Chamberlain, Olivia de Havilland lend their talents to this tale of killer bees making the northern trek from South America.

Earthquake: Directed by Mark Robson (1974)
While the movie itself didn’t make us quiver in our seat, its over-powering Sensusound soundtrack certainly did. Charlton Heston, Genevieve Bujold, Ava Gardner, Lorne Greene and Victoria Principal star.

What a disaster!
The One
Chorus Line endures

A Chorus Line
Directed by Michael Bennett
At the Shubert Theater on Broadway

By Michelle Green

Kiss today goodbye, and think back to Broadway of the 1970s, which threatened, from the outset, to become the era of the "concept musical." Talented classical composers like Stephen Sondheim and Andrew Lloyd Webber, allied with such directors as Hal Prince and Bob Fosse, spent the decade producing theatrical extravaganzas featuring spectacular new numbers and staging, but tending to overshadow the talents of the performers.

One singular sensation prevented the '70s from witnessing the demise of the traditional American musical. A Chorus Line, written by Marvin Hamlisch and Edward Kleban, and directed by Michael Bennett, reintroduced the popular roots of the American musical by replacing overt artistry with hummable tunes, and by placing emphasis on the performers rather than on choreography and staging. The show won the 1975 Tony Award for Best Musical and took the Pulitzer Prize as well. It packed theaters from coast to coast well into the next decade.

For those living under a rock during this period, A Chorus Line concerns a group of actors auditioning for minor song-and-dance roles in a Broadway musical. Unsure of their talent but unwilling to abandon their dreams, they compete for insignificant parts in the inglorious chorus.

Part of the show's appeal lies in its simplicity. Kleban's lyrics are straightforward and Hamlish's melodies are catchy. Since no real stars appear in the show, the performers, like the characters in the musical, are unknowns, and evoke the emotional turmoil of eager young actors with much ease.

Bennett's direction rates a Dance "10," Looks "3." While the production numbers involve complicated dances and staging, the staging employs a stark mirrored backdrop and few props, using only the music and the mirror to represent the stage for the audition. Their approach keeps the emphasis on the performers rather than the direction, underlining the show's statement that in a theatrical company, the unknown, ignored chorus members are frequently very interesting people.

Though A Chorus Line reveals a good deal of the darkness lurking amid the spotslights, it attracts audiences largely because it is a love letter to the American musical theater. The penultimate number, "What I Did For Love," proclaims the performer's love of his craft despite the personal sacrifices acting careers demand.

This song expresses none of the lust for fame and riches found in other showbiz musicals such as 42nd Street and Follies. It is an outpouring of genuine love for the theater and the actor-audience interaction which takes place within. An earlier number, "I Can Do That," expresses the same passion for performance.

Several songs, such as "I Hope I Get It" and "Nothing," deal with the frustrations of work in the theater. "At the Ballet" and "Hello Twelve, Hello Thirteen, Hello Love" reflect the adolescent traumas experienced not only by actors but by almost everyone. A powerful monologue by a gay actor attempting to come to terms with his lifestyle reflects the harshness of a profession which requires constant self-scrutiny.

The audience becomes acquainted with the characters through the songs. While Valium-popping Sheila is getting too old for the chorus and shows it, the clownish Mike demonstrates enough charm to get away with anything. Adorable Val reveals that she is a flat-chested bimbo until she discovered the wonder of plastic surgery. And Cassie, the director's former girlfriend, has the talent but not the drive to become a star.

A Chorus Line is finally about the reality, for better or worse, of life in the chorus. After the director's decisions are announced, the entire cast assembles for the final number. "One." The individuality of the performers is suddenly lost in a sea of smiles as the homogenized chorus parades across the stage.

This final frame of a group of gifted performers at the mercy of a domineering director could serve as an illustration of the general trend in musicals of the 1970's. A Chorus Line succeeded because it broke away from that trend. By emphasizing action rather than style and structure, A Chorus Line helped to keep the American musical in contact with its performance-oriented roots.

Ooh, sigh, give 'em your attention. Hamlisch, Kleban and Bennett kept the musical theater swimming at a time when esoteric intellectual pieces like A Little Night Music were slowly submerging Broadway. Through the '70s and into the '80s, with its catchy music and engaging tale, A Chorus Line mainains the One.

Life Cycles

Passages: Pop psych with mass appeal

Passages
By Gail Sheehy
Published by E.P. Dutton

By Michelle Green

The 1970's were a consciousness-raising era—not of group conscience, like the '60s, but of personal awareness. Counseling and therapy became extremely popular as members of the "Me Generation" attempted to find out just who they were and what they were doing with their lives. Books filled with insights on the human condition cluttered bookstore shelves and turned pop psychology into a tremendously profitable field.

Gail Sheehy's Passages, originally published in 1974, was by far the most widely read and discussed of those books. Sheehy made readers feel good by convincing them in a scientific, professional manner that all the overwhelming emotions they had ever experienced were normal and shared by most people. Offering the comforting viewpoint that adults still have a lot of growing up to do, Passages was read and discussed everywhere from law offices to book-club meetings to PTA dinners.

Bearing the subtitle "Predictive Crisis of Adult Life," Passages discusses the evolution and development of that peculiar animal, the human adult. Since the emergence of Benjamin Spock and his fellow child psychologists, people have been aware that children go through biologically defined phases of life. Passages attempts to divide adult life into specific stages as well, claiming that adults develop as gradually as children.

Through the use of interviews, texts and personal experiences, Sheehy attempts to pool elements common to various adult age groups and categorize them into distinct phases. Her "I'm O.K., you're O.K." attitude makes readers trust her and feel comfortable with her assertions, even when she discusses such discredited concepts as the Oedipus complex and female passivity. Her direct tone and readable style enhance her authority.

The first part of Passages introduces Sheehy's theory that each phase of life is characterized by a crisis. In a chapter called "Madness and Method," she presents several of her own personal crises as a framework for discussion of adult life in general. The remainder of the book is divided into six sections which deal with the decades of adult lives. Identified by memorable labels like "The Trying Twenties" and "Deadline Decade," Passages hit the bookstores during the early stages of the sexual revolution. A substantial amount of the book is devoted to studying and redefining women's roles in society during each phase of their lives. Sheehy also examines the changing roles and expectations of young people in the post-adolescent rebellion period of the '60s, the pressures of midlife in a youth-oriented society, and the age-old fear of death which reaches acute intensity around the age of 50.

Sheehy's book has been a normalizing influence on many lives. It counsels parents about sorrow during the empty nest syndrome, warns couples that children may seem like an infringement rather than enhancement of their relationship, and tells elderly people that a feeling of losing control of one's life is normal. While the knowledge that one's anxieties are shared by no one may not make life any easier, awareness may prevent the additional trauma of guilt or fear of mental instability.

Passages was the most popular of the pop psych turners, but it was by no means the only one. A proliferation of books like Daniel Levinson's The Seasons of a Man's Life and Nancy Friday's My Mother, Myself appeared in the wake of its success and attempted to sort through the common problems of the human condition. Books on social, sexual and personal development abounded.

In the '60s, people wanted to change the world. In the '70s, they wanted to change themselves—or, at least, understand themselves. Passages gave them a starting point.
The Rolling Stones: 14/34TH STREET DECEMBER 4, 1986

...ed to say) that I was even aware... years later (1981). I'm embarrassed to admit... its debut in 1978. it wasn't until... its first exposure to rock and roll...

...in the audience with the... That gives the listener the illusion of... pure pop that was all hooks, major chords.

...of beef jerky after a bowl of mar-gene cigarette smoke. exploded stages,.. The listener departs on the... and take long walks in the woods.

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Watching The Partridge Family

The television show aired on Christmas Card. In six albums, a $2 fee is requested, but it's likely that rates have gone up by now. The bottom line here is that many people besides myself still enjoy singing "I Think I Love You" on long car trips. No, the world will not soon forget the Partridge legacy, especially their psychedelic bus that advised, "Caution, nervous mother driving."

The Partridge Family provided multi-media fun

By Peter Taback

Watching The Partridge Family was a Friday night reward for a whole week's good behavior. The television show aired at 8 p.m., right after The Brady Bunch and Nancy and the Professor and my sisters and I used to view the adventures of TV's musical family while my parents got dressed for their evening out.

We were very big on the Partridge Family. I have all of their albums, all six of them, including A Partridge Family Christmas Card. In six albums, and roughly 65 songs, the Partridge Family staff lyricist, Keith Partridge (David Cassidy) covered over only two topics. He wrote either love/lust songs or the road ballsads, and rarely anything else.

Most of the lyrics Keith came up with on the show were fairly racy for a high school student. In "I Think I Love You," he screams into his pillow the words he dreads. Two albums later, in "I Woke Up in Love This Morning," Keith goes to sleep with you on his mind. He is a more casual, phloogisizing lyricist in "Morning Rider on the Road," "Echo Valley 2-6869" and the poignant "Point Me in the Direction of Albuquerque." Such moments are few in the family repertoire, but as no Partridge Family song clocked in over four minutes, try amozin' songs are over quickly.

The third LP, Sound Magazine comes equipped with a fairly open admission that the family's vocals are performed by Shirley Jones and David Cassidy exclusively. When the myth of the singing family was smashed, it struck me as another example of Hollywood's unnecessary cruelty.

Eventually, I realized that many of the back-up vocals couldn't logically belong to the two pre-pubescent Partridge boys, Danny and Chris. No big loss, I suppose, but I really felt sorry for Laurie (Susan Dey), who had to fake all these singing-into-the-microphone close-ups for those countless gigs in Santa Fe.

Each album's liner notes include a lengthy list of musicians, (because, I never believed Suzanne Crough played the tambourine) and it was clear to anyone who read the fine print that David Cassidy never wrote any of their songs. Most were written by Tony Romeo, who was involved with the Partridge Family on the production end. In real life, there was no friendly manager like Rueben Kincaid, either.

The Partridge's songs themselves are really sort of neat to listen to now, particularly on Sound Magazine. Except for a certain treble mush that sounds like they hired their back-up vocalists from a crowd of fans standing outside the studio, many tunes are memorables.

Remember "Summer Days," with its subtle key changes on the lines: "When you give your love to me and I remember perfectly/high above all time and space/ and I remember summer days?"

Incidentally, membership can be obtained by writing to 6311 Yucca Street, Hollywood, California, 90028. On five out of six albums, a $2 fee is requested, but it's likely that rates have gone up by now. The bottom line here is that many people besides myself still enjoy singing "I Think I Love You" on long car trips. No, the world will not soon forget the Partridge legacy, especially their psychedelic bus that advised, "Caution, nervous mother driving."
THEATER

THE SEAGULL

Bradford Pacific tackles charming and funny play about love, death, and suicides. Featuring Sherry Gere and Michael McComb. Thru Dec. 7.

ROBERT CRAY

Blues guitarist is creating quite a stir. (Cheeset Cabaret, 38th and Chestnut, 362-1201, Dec. 4)

THEMANN

If you've Never Really Been, now is the time to catch the unrelenting musical sensation. Featuring Sly Dunbar, Robbie Shakes, and The Gypsies. Thru Dec. 7.

ASTRID SONG

If Mickey Mouse had been an immigrant in France in the 1930s, what would he have been? An East European Jew, no doubt. The&Ov;Pittsburgh Post-Gazette

JUMPING JACK FLASH

Elvis as a Marine? Make my day. punk. (Revival, 22 South 3rd, 627-4825. Dec. 7)

EYFTRI

A crazy time for fantasy. (Philadelphia Auditorium, 2nd and Cooper Sts., 923-0210)

THE ADVENTURES OF MARTIN BASHIR

A lighthearted look at the mating lessons of Martian microbes; and a laughable look at the mating sensations about sex. Included are several stories of Martian microbes, and Parody of phallic prowess. (Philadelphia Auditorium, 2nd and Cooper Sts., 923-0210)

THE COLOR OF MONEY

The kids are alright. (Walt Whitman Center, 2nd and Cooper Sts., 923-0210)

THE GIRL WITH INCREDIBLE FEELING

Sydne's found a new voice in the month of December. (Philly Auditorium, 2nd and Cooper Sts., 923-0210)

THE Gypsies Songman who penned Mr. Blues. (Cheeset Cabaret, 38th and Chestnut, 362-1201, Dec. 10)

WALMART

Brandauer could have been a contender. (Academy of Music, Broad and Locust Sts., 574-3550)

THE HUMORS OF MARVIN

A little night music. (Philadelphia Auditorium, 2nd and Cooper Sts., 923-0210)

THE SADDEST MERRY CHRISTMAS YOU'LL NEVER SEE

The world of Tchaikovsky. (Philadelphia Auditorium, 2nd and Cooper Sts., 923-0210)

THE WRAITH

A laughable look at the mating lessons of Martian microbes; and a laughable look at the mating sensations about sex. Included are several stories of Martian microbes, and Parody of phallic prowess. (Philadelphia Auditorium, 2nd and Cooper Sts., 923-0210)

THE WRAITH

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THErrC

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THESE ARE THE FELLAS

Better known as three-fifths of the new style blues group Skynyrd. (Cherry Tree Music Coop, 3916 Locust Wash, 386-1640, Dec. 7)

THE FUTURE

If you've Never Really Been, now is the time to catch the unrelenting musical sensation. Featuring Sly Dunbar, Robbie Shakes, and The Gypsies. Thru Dec. 7.

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