

There goes the neighborhood, guys

"Gosh, this Neighborhood Watch program is sure a good thing to be in," said Harley Davidson as he sat on his front porch munching an apple and sipping schnapps-laden hot chocolate. Celeste and Otis were sprawled in easy chairs on each side of him.

"This beats going to class," said Celeste, taking a long pull from a pitcher of margaritas. "And just think — we're doing our city a great service. Harley, have you ever seen such disgusting people in your life?" She pointed to a nearby house.

Mary Louise Knapp

"They look like drug dealers to me," said Otis. "Maybe we ought to call the cops on 'em. You know, suspicious activities and all that. And will you look at the hair on that guy? He's probably been asleep since 1967."

"Otis, that is unworthy of you," Harley chided. "I thought you were a good Christian soul."

"I'm just watching them to make sure they don't fall into evil ways," Otis said. "I think of myself as a sort of earthly guardian angel."

Celeste snickered. Harley put down his hot chocolate and began taking notes on a steno pad.

"Good stuff for the National Intruder, folks," he said, looking across the alley. "Father comes out of the house, mad. Kids are running all over the place. Dogs completely out of control."

"Sounds like a budding 'domestic violence' report," Celeste said.

"Wait, here's the best part," Harley said. "Father starts bellowing at the kids."

As if on cue, an angry voice emanated from the house.

"Harry! Harry Greg! You get in the house this minute! This is the last time I'm warning you!"

Otis raised his eyes to heaven. "Last

time threats are often a prelude to homicide," he said.

"Do you think we should call in the FBI?" asked Celeste.

"I don't know, maybe an exterminator would be more effective," Harley said.

A loutish-looking youth of about fifteen emerged from the house across the alley, and gazed malevolently around the yard.

"Heidi!" he cried. "Heidi, dad's going to beat your head in if you don't pick up your stuff!"

Heidi, a small, thin girl, appeared. "Harry Greg, mom's really gonna be mad at you," she whined. "Wait till I tell her what you did!"

Harley whistled.

"Wow, this is really hot stuff!" he exclaimed. "The cops are going to be proud of us when they find out all that's going on in this neighborhood."

The father of Heidi and Harry Greg stepped outside again.

"Boomer!" he yelled. "Harry Greg and Heidi, where did you put that damned dog? Boomer! Boomer!"

"As soon as I finish this report, I'm taking it to the Lincoln Police Department," said Harley. "If we waste any more time, Harry Greg, Heidi, Boomer and everybody else in that house will be lying in pools of blood. I know these things. I've seen them in the movies."

"Well, here's somebody else you can keep your beady eyes on," said Celeste, passing her binoculars to Harley. "I think you'd better videotape this one."

A police car, covered with shaving cream and crepe streamers, pulled up to the house next door. Several boisterous, intoxicated officers emerged, carrying bottles of champagne.

"Come on over to the Policeman's Brawl!" shouted one. "It'll be a real good time!"

Harley groaned and proceeded to tear up his notes.

"Sometimes it just doesn't pay to be a good citizen," he said. "Celeste, can you bring me another hot chocolate? Make it about half-schnapps this time."

Albee plays . . .

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Action is also directed toward and addressing the audience, so that spectators become like a character in the play; from what He and She say it seems appropriate to think of the audience as the Public which can help to deaden any relationship.

In some lovely metaphors about love in "Counting the Ways," Collins sadly pulls off rose petals, and eats it before

he gets to the center, like the owl and his Tootsie Roll pop.

She is also as intrigued by Love as a game than as an undertaking between two persons. Marcy wears the same playful, malicious smile when she has found out something about present and past loves as she might if she found the last word of a crossword puzzle.

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News . . .

Continued from Page 16

The NBC late-night summary was much more conscientious. Anchor Tom Brokaw did a fine job of recapsulating the day's events with fresh insights. There were no commercials, so Brokaw had the opportunity to talk to his guests without interruption. Commercials usually take up six minutes of an average 30-minute broadcast. Ironically, the NBC broadcast was 24 minutes long.

ABC's "Nightline" offered another concise assessment of the day's events. Unlike the other networks, ABC's show also presented special, expanded coverage the following night. It was on the second night, during a commentary by Jeff Greenfield, that television's mission during this crisis became clear.

The result of the news blackout was this: For two whole days we had to rely on secondhand reports

of varying reliability. This is frustrating, but as television viewers we must begin to ask ourselves this question: Is our need to know right away worth a reporter losing his life?

Ultimately, we must answer

no. The question that we now must answer is how long will we have to wait before we learn the whole story. In his age of instant information, the answer doesn't come easy.

ALL NEW

RICHARD PRYOR

Here and Now

R. PRYOR

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AT: 1:40-3:40-5:40-7:40-9:40

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lasertech

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