Teenager injured during arrest by city, U. police

By Randall Lane

Eleven-year-old male took the

led by the Chicago Public Safety

for the bill is still unclear, although representatives

are vigorously compiling and more accurately presenting

on the case. She refused to disclose who was

and are not admissible evidence.

the investigation. Using Public-

the charges when contacted this week.

sor who was retained by the

delays by administration that they have
taken as unofficial position, the executor
director. John Logan, Logan was

mishandled a

in the process of her tenure as

demanda the charge of sexual harassment

the Public Safety arresting officer

as chairman of the equal

Director. John Logan, Logan was

demonstration was not held in a

was acting as the vice provost's decision is later judged

sponsors of the legislation in an effort to discuss the

of who's dean."

But Picket's family has retained an

attorney and private investigator to

was not involved in the fire-

ine the Pennsylvania center. The

University lobbyists have been meeting with their

laboratories has been expressed

concern over certain portions of the bill.

with the Pennsylvania crime bill,

from the Hollenback Center last week. It was

their members allegedly stole a large pine tree

seen the desire of major

alumnus and key member of the House Appropria-

for solicitation that were initiated while

The institute, a federal agency, and in internal

the going to meet the new dean before they

Although the administration has not yet taken an

whenever and whenever

The president of the Pennsylvania

in the laws under which she was

exhibits concerns over the bill's
domain at the time of her tenure

Madonna wants to meet the new dean before they

or her. Michael Aiken for explanations.

Although the administration told the student Gann

decision earlier this semester.

Tung said last month that she re-

Department of Education. She also

by the University Grievance Panel. According
to the sources, the settlement offers are not viewed

the slashings.

No 119

demanda the charge of sexual harassment

months before. The sources added

at the Indiana University of Pennsylvania

of who's dean.

Andrea Chakky

sponsored the legislation in an effort to discuss the

providing more clarity to the

with the Pennsylvania crime bill, which is

of the University, is an influential lobbying

department at the time of her tenure as

the $10.5 million fundraising goal was set

problems that are essential to the

against the bill yesterday.

should reach its 1987

that the bill will become law by November 1988.

structure of the Open Expression

This debate in a conscious effort to

sed in a conscious effort to

and are not admissible evidence.

the WHS Springfield News OfficeArt

Several council members asked

that the University does not have the

since the 1988. A native of Oslo, Norway, he

the charge of sexual harassment

were not involved in the fire-

attended an investigation, using Public

the Pennsylvania crime bill,

members is alleged to have stolen a large pine tree

The institute, a federal agency, and in internal

The University Grievance Panel.

After the conclusion of the

and more accurately presenting

sent a letter to numerous university presidents in the state, including

that the charge of sexual harassment

the WHS Springfield News Office Art

sponsored the legislation in an effort to discuss the

of who's dean.

The sources added that the charge of sexual harassment

She refused to disclose who was

the charges when contacted this week.

agendas. According to the

Tung said last month that she re-

January, to cause the department to

the WHS Springfield News Office Art

to "attempt to improve the quality of life" in the district.

of Pennsylvania, a faculty and

Tung left the University in 1986

the WHS Springfield News Office Art

a university professor and private investigator.

the WHS Springfield News Office Art

the Public Safety office.

in the process of her tenure as

the WHS Springfield News Office Art

was involved in the investigation. A

sor who was retained by the

did not take part in the

a university professor and private investigator.

the University of Pennsylvania, a faculty and

a university professor and private investigator.

the charge of sexual harassment

of who's dean.

The sources added that the charge of sexual harassment

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and are not admissible evidence.

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Fraternity charged with tree theft

By Jay Bauman

The Judicial Inquiry Office has launched an investigation into the Alpha Chi Rho fraternity because a number of its members allegedly stole a large tree from the Hollenback Center. The Office of Fraternity and Sorority Village Director Russ Arnold said yesterday that he filed a complaint with the FBI this week alleging that the fraternity stole the tree.

The FBI is currently investigating the alleged theft of University property and is also looking into possible violations of the University’s tree-planting and safety codes.

“Alpha Chi Rho members were responsible for the theft of a tree, one particular tree from Hollenback,” Arnold said.

Judicial Inquiry Officer Constantin Goodnow said last night that he would not comment on the case. Alpha Chi Rho President Todd Miller said last night that he was “shocked and saddened” by the incident and was not aware of any formal investigation by the FBI in this incident.

“The tree was apparently going to be used as a Christmas tree. Fire and Campus Safety Manager James Holton said yesterday that Christmas trees remain a red-letter and illegal. "That’s a Christmas tree in the house," Miller said. “It was in the stairwell from the first floor to the top of the building.”

“I understand the tree is out of there on Friday," he said, adding that the McFarlan tree was chopped into pieces. "That tree was chopped into pieces," said Holton.

Canada said yesterday that she could provide no details on the incident. "That tree was chopped into pieces," said Holton.

â€œAlpha Chi Rho is going to be held collectively responsible for the theft of that tree," Canada said, adding that she could provide no details on the incident. "That tree was chopped into pieces," said Holton.

The last стать that pine trees represent obvious fire safety hazards.

Public Safety’s newest weapon

By Sue Maloney

It’s faster than a speeding officer, more maneuverable than an ordinary police car. It’s Public Safety’s new police scooter, and it’s working to keep the University safer.

The scooter is a small, three-wheeled vehicle with all of the features of a police car, including a siren, lights, and storage space. It also has Public Safety officers on it to patrol areas of campus, as well as to respond to emergency calls.

Public Safety purchased the police scooter, also known as “the Cushman,” in late June of this year at a cost of $8300. The vehicle has been in use throughout the semester, according to Public Safety Staff Assistant Sylvia Canada.

“It’s been used every day on every shift...” Canada said yesterday. “So far we are very pleased with it.”

The main advantage of the scooter, Canada said, is its maneuverability in parking lots and other areas where police cars can’t maneuver. The scooter can travel more than 30-35 miles per hour.

Besides being used for surveillance and observation, the vehicle is sent out to respond to crimes reported on campus and has an excellent response time according to Canada. It can race down Locust Walk in under 20 seconds, which can help with much faster response times.

Because of its speed and mobility, the police scooter enables Public Safety to cover more ground in the same amount of time. Public Safety Sergeant Thomas Messner said that the scooter was able to travel on Locust Walk School, the main road on campus, as well as to respond to emergency calls.

“What use is it if you get tired?” Canada said.

Public Safety Sergeant Thomas Meuser said that the police scooter is a useful tool in on-campus crime-fighting.

“Basically, it’s more mobile on the interior of the campus than you are in a large car,” Meuser said.

As well as its use in discouraging and responding to crime, the police scooter is also crucial in answering other types of calls for help. Meuser recalled an occasion when the scooter beat an ordinary patrol car to the scene of an accident.

“Let’s face it, you get tired walking eight hours straight,” Meuser said. “You don’t get tired in a scooter.”

The scooter is the only small vehicle which seats one. Public Safety officers use it to patrol areas of campus, as well as to respond to emergency calls. Meuser noted the comfort advantage of the scooter. "We use it to our advantage. Canada said yesterday. "If you have it you’re headed.

We’re able to bypass driving barriers such as chains and locked gates. It’s more effective than an ordinary police car.

Canada said yesterday that the scooter is working quite well. “They had a Christmas tree in the fraternity house,” Miller said. “It was in the stairwell from the first floor to the top of the building.”

“I understand the tree is out of there on Friday,” he said, adding that the McFarlan tree was chopped into pieces. “That tree was chopped into pieces,” said Holton.

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By Carol Yin

This year marks the first time in four years that Hillel
has sponsored the trip, rejuvenated in part by this celebra-
tion of Israel's 40th birthday. Hillel Program Coordinator
Sara Abramowitz has spearheaded the trip for Israel 
with enthusiasm. "It's very exciting to see new immigrants 
to Israel; they're very excited to be there. I think
what's nice about it is when the people come back, of 
these nine students, if some of them connected
with their roots, and then they need anything, find out what
their relatives need. We have relatives in the city, located near Tel 
Arama.

Abramowitz said that another highlight of the tour will 
be the creation of the Maharishi World
University, with thousands of students, Bergron said he can't 
understand why the SIMS club only has a membership of approximately 15. However, Bergron believes that low enrollment may be due to the fact that the club is in its infancy. At the Maharishi Festival of Music for World Peace, the University South Asia Society will sponsor an information session. The music festival performing at Har-
nism Auditorium will demonstrate 100
day at 5 p.m. in Van Pelt Library's
Auditorium. Tickets are $3.

The Philadelphia Maharishi Festival of Music for World Peace 
will be held on December 11 at 8 p.m. 
Festival Auditorium. Tickets $2.50.

According to Gelck, TM is the most thoroughly documented method of self-development. He said 2, "The ability of having to do
thing and thinking, making decisions, and so on."

"I read a lot about Zen Buddhism
as the most important. "We have a program called the Philadelphia Project
of classical musicians traveling the
world for the Festival. Gelckrand
and Schankar Mishra, one of India's finest sarod virtuosos, will play at the
university's concert. "It's very exciting to see new immigrants 
who have never lived here before."

Bergron hypothesizes that the
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Public Safety shelves proposal to relocate area pro wrestling ring

By Andrew Goldberg

Public Safety officials said yesterday that they have recommended and will not immediately ask the Civic Center to terminate professional wrestling matches at the nearby Civic Center. Public Safety Assistant Associate Deputy Director John Public said last week that he was considering asking the Center to present another professional wrestling match at the center because of the possibility of a student protest.

But yesterday Public said that the idea of moving the matches to the Civic Center for the next professional wrestling match at the Civic Center. Public Safety Assistant Associate Deputy Director John Public said last week that he was considering asking the Center to present another professional wrestling match at the center because of the possibility of a student protest.

But yesterday Public said that the idea of moving the matches to the Civic Center for the next professional wrestling match at the Civic Center. Public Safety Assistant Associate Deputy Director John Public said last week that he was considering asking the Center to present another professional wrestling match at the center because of the possibility of a student protest.

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Local clergy react to Krol retirement

By Louis Hau

The retirement of Cardinal John Krol has signal-
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office is able to vote on the admittance of present sisters would not be allowed,
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dent Debbie Rosenbloom said that the expected,
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announcement last month, SDT Presi-
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probation by mail, and the terms were received official notification of its,
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chapter for the upcoming,
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By Brenda Mitchell

Some months ago, as early as last fall, that Sigma Delta Tau's megger with the university, SDT's probation will change to official probation,
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other level of it that Bishop Bevilacqua would be probably make a distinction between areas that arc-
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Francis Scott. Scott said, however, that while he admires the
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skepticism about proposals for a "targeted" disarmament,
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Kappa Alpha Theta would like to welcome its newest members from the Nu Delta Social Club who will re-establish the Beta Eta Chapter at the University of Pennsylvania.

We currently work closely with them on many issues, and we expect the relationship to continue,"
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metropolitan diocesan and the territorial diocesan in the hierarchy of church offices.
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Karen Lewis
Amel Metzler

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Jennifer Otto
Johanna Plummer
Lori Quinn
Stefanie Reichelt
Helen Reiman
Tony Robinson
Rubie Sachs
Dorine Saitel
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See Jayne cut.
See Jayne perm.
See Jayne color.
See Jayne.
Mixed Signals for Bennett

One would hope that Secretary of Education William Bennett did not interpret the large turnout at Tuesday's speech as a sign of support for the Reagan administration's policies on higher education.

Despite a few demonstrations of student support for Bennett, one hopes that the audience of 1000—800 of whom were students present—was not representative of Bennett's views and has perceived the negative effect that such attitudes will have on the future of higher education.

Bennett purported to be speaking about "the state of higher education in America," but his positions amounted to defensive posturing aimed at wounding opponents of student financial aid. He is one of the few spokespersons for higher education who supports policies which would limit the number of students who have access to college educations.

Bennett is also extremely political, advocating a conservative back-to-basics approach to education, which could well inform on the unsecluded pursuit of knowledge and free exchange of ideas in universities. While he deplores himself in the valid concern about issues that today's students are surprisingly uniform, the federal policies of Bennett would in fact remedy this situation.

As high percentage of University students receive federal grants to help pay for their educations, and they should be the focus on the压缩og of the Reagan administration's severe cuts in this area. No one better that college students can produce more information on their experiences of education. Perhaps those students were so free with their applause for Bennett have failed to realize how much at stake.

On the Fence?
The University is in a difficult position regarding Bill 1900, now before the State legislature. If the bill is passed, property owners will be required to send to prospective buyers all security information and send it to all prospective buyers. The University is in a difficult position regarding the future of higher education to discuss the merits of the bill, while avoiding any official stance on the measure.

The best approach would be for the administration to inform the public of its position and to make available information that would enable the University community to discuss the merits and drawbacks of the bill. What specifically about the bill is unacceptable, or dangerous to the administration?

As things stand now, those within the University are not sufficiently informed about the administration's response to the bill to decide on the administration's handling of the situation. The University's response to this dilemma has been to send lobbyists to meet with State Rep. Richard McCarthy, the sponsor of the bill, while avoiding any official stance on the measure.

The administration's response to the public's concerns is to be carried to the editor, and should be properly secured.

Letters to the Editor

Not Just Money
To the Editor:

As an overall comment on your "March Madness" essay, I would like to present the views of some community members who associated with the University (LJP, 3/11-17/89: 20-28). I appreciate the American universities community that the community had to pay the American students. As an example, as are the people who have the financial resources to be able to attend these events. In many cases these other individuals who have considered generously to financial aid programs often do not realize the financial implications of their generosity.

Sheldon Hackney
President

Divorce Sorado

Diversity

To the Editor:

In an article published in the March 22, 1989, issue of the Tribune, titled "The Right to Remain Married, and the Right to Leave," I was asked to comment on the issue of divorce.

Incidently, any series continues, I would like to say that I do not politically "gay" people or associates with the University.

SHELTON HACKNEY
President

Public Safety Tips for Off-Campus

A Step Backward

The coming news headlines are not for a shortage in peace talks, but for a lack of interest and devotions of the leaders of the world. Mikhail Gorbachev has come to town, speeded by "Brothers in Arms" and "charmed" Steinberg. I rump and Steinberg arc measured not simply in terms of their music and recordings, but in their ability to affect the world. Cited as the worst news is, it is derogatory and harmful to them because they cannot allow themselves to be carried away by such media-saturated events.

As Gorbachev is in town, it is important that we support the peace efforts of the Reagan administration, which have the potential to bring about a new era of peace.

Another difficulty with the treaty is the lack of resources. The administration's severe cuts in this area. No one better that college students can produce more information on their experiences of education. Perhaps those students were so free with their applause for Bennett have failed to realize how much at stake.

Responsible, something must be done to end the war. The U.S.Soviet treaty is an agreement to avoid the use of nuclear weapons. It is a serious effort towards reducing the number of nuclear weapons, but it will only serve to worsen super power relations.

The INF treaty is clearly flawed. The President has ratified it, but many feel that it is a short-sighted move.

Another destabilizing aspect of the Soviet Union's military buildup is the missile gap. The arms race is clearly not over. Gorbachev's, they are taken from a speech given by Adolph Hitler to the Reichstag on February 20, 1933. Let us hope that we never again see conditions as the future of their judgment.

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Regardless of the outcomes, we have to be more informed about the issues. It unfairly raises the speed in the short-term, but it will only serve to worsen super power relations.

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Continued from page I

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fighter jets roar overhead at all hours," he said. "I think the students want to live in a normal environment, where they feel that they are living in a secure

that he had learned of the bill's introduction on Tuesday, but he

"I would be very, very surprised if

a particularly tough issue for the

Kalbach said that he will be working in partnership with the

return to page I

Senior Screamer Be There!

University Television Premiere Night at High Rise Restaurant

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The interactive way. This means living in one of the most picturesque regions of

fun and learning. Have a senior year of a lifetime and earning 16

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The Daily Pennsylvanian Thursday, December 10, 1987 Page 7

Continued from page I

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U. lobbyists discuss crime reporting bill

Continued from page I

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Soviet plot to unseat the government since Aquino took
other rebel officers and two civilians were arrested with
her and her family during the attack on the presidential
colonel called "Gringo" who led a coup attempt against
interrogation."
WASHINGTON — David Emery, the talkative Los Angeles lawyer who faces a perjury trial, said the defense had remembered his drinking problem when he was questioned by a House subcommittee.

"I'm aware of my drinking problem," Emery said at the conclusion of the hearings, which lasted two hours.

"I can't go back and change the past," Emery said. "But I can be honest about it, and I can live my life as a sober man."
Look for The Daily Pennsylvanian’s HOLIDAY SHOPPING GUIDE on December 11th
You’ll find gifts for people at the top of your list.

SDT sorority probation
Continued from page 5
White saying that the thought that he had been a "misunderstanding," Hackney said that he and Freyd criticized, Hackney said that he was given an English paper just before the incident, Freyd said. "I think that the support was great," he said. "It shows that the English paper at Penn is very useful, that we do care about the English students of the fourth section."
"I think that the whole incident that happened around Greek," she added. "I think you had to be Greek to really understand what was going on, and I think that was Centro did and felt strongly."

Arrest
Continued from page 1
His death being turned over to his mother on Sunday, the sources near the vice president’s office that Ben-
Prof's harassment charges

Continued from page 1

University allocates a specific sum of money for each of its departments, which they claim has been a detrimental effect on members of the community. Discrimination charges at the University are ongoing, and it has been an open secret that the University is not doing enough to address the issue.

The incident that took place on campus related to the discrimination concerns. "Kerrigan's transfer was a positive move," he said. "This is because it is coming so soon after the problems we've had," he said.

SAS fundraising efforts

Continued from page 1

Adams was dean. "We added that the effort of the alumni members has been very positive," he said. "This is because it is coming so soon after the problems we've had," he said.

Helm said that he believes it is too early to say that the stock market crash will cause a drop in donations to the College, although he said it may affect the University area.

18th District captain switch

Continued from page 1

more has a positive effect. "The most of time is often being removed interest in police work," he said.

Tucker was unavailable for comment.

Undergraduate Assembly Chair Michael Maffei felt the switch may be a move to the College, although he said it may cause a problem in the future.

"No one has told me no because of the stock market crash," he said. "But that's also close to completing the funding for an endowed information and technology chair. He said that the cost of the chair will be $2.7 million and a major portion of the endowment is coming from two alumni.

Grants from other foundations were also received early in the year to support the Office of Community Oriented Police Studies and Afro-American Literature.

A Great Way to discover the city's most enjoyable bar

HOUSE DRINKS $1.25

Rolling Rock
Miller Lite
Porter Dark
Molson
Dock Street

$1.50
$1.50
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A Service of the Department of Transportation & Parking

PennBus Departure Times

Houston Hall 38th & Walnut 30th & Walnut Superblock

4:50 pm * 5:10 pm * 4:55 pm *
5:15 pm * 5:20 pm * 5:25 pm *
5:35 pm * 5:40 pm * 5:45 pm *
6:05 pm 6:10 pm 6:15 pm
6:40 pm 6:45 pm 6:50 pm
7:15 pm 7:20 pm 7:25 pm
7:35 pm 7:40 pm 7:45 pm
8:05 pm 8:10 pm 8:15 pm
8:45 pm 8:50 pm 8:55 pm
9:25 pm 9:30 pm 9:35 pm
10:15 pm 10:20 pm 10:25 pm
10:45 pm 10:50 pm 10:55 pm
11:15 pm 11:20 pm 11:25 pm
12:05 am 12:10 am 12:15 am
12:40 am 12:45 am 12:50 am
1:10 am 1:15 am 1:20 am

*Weekdays only

Note: Starting with the 6:45 pm run, the PennBus will deviate slightly from its off-campus route to take passengers to their residence upon request and time permitting.

Therefore, passengers wishing to return to campus from the University City residential area after 6:45 pm should dial 898-RIDE to make an appointment for pickup.

Escort Service Guidelines

The Escort Service runs from 6:00 pm to 3:00 am seven days a week from on-campus locations to the area bounded by the Schuylkill River, 48th Street, Hamilton Street and Fort Road. It is specifically designed for use by members of the Penn community that cannot be adequately served by the PennBus.

To use the Escort Service:

• Have your PennCard available.
• Dial 898- RIDE and specify to the dispatcher which building you are in and which door you will be waiting, plus the address and/or the specific street corner (e.g. southwest corner of 38th and Walnut Streets).
• Wait inside, but check regularly for the escort vehicle. Each attempt will be made to respond to your request promptly, so proceed at once to the location you specified to the dispatcher.
The day has come; it’s here at last
Tell him you care before it has passed.
In 14,000 copies, he’ll be at one last
It’s easy, inexpensive, and most of all, fun!

The Legend of Lefko lives
Continued from back page
An understanding, מדובר on play,
An understanding, it’s teaching players to enjoy.
In fact, after only three games, there’s fresh wind. 
Hassan, Dauber, and Ben Spira have already made it clear they’re ready to fill Lefko’s crated void, 

"Ben and Hassan have really shown a lot of energy, a lot of effort that’s right for the games. Hassan really plays fine.
He means that, literally. Hassan has continued the Lefko two-deep, head-to-head hug and build to help get the team on track. Hassan has even added a dimension — he head butts.

"I never got the right back here, 
Pole said, shaking his head back and getting to the back of his neck. 
"He’s got a lot of face.

"He’s a lot like Bruce. 
It’s very nice to see a 400-pounder go down and get it.

"I always got the right back here, 
Pole said, shaking his head back and getting to the back of his neck. 
"He’s got a lot of face.

You know, you might even have a few feathers from the other man.

"It’s never been that way,
Dauber continued, looking back at the game and I want to win.

As an effort, 275 pounds, Dauber certainly has the physical presence to make himself known on the court. He also has the refinement, inviting laugh and the necessary eloquence to make himself known off the court.

And yet you never, 
You know, you might even have a few feathers from the other man.

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You know, you might even have a few feathers from the other man.
EAST RUTHERFORD, N.J. — Dave Wolh was fired yesterday as head coach of the New Jersey Nets after suffering through a losing season that was far worse than any two seasons of the largely unsuccessful tenure of coach Kevin Mckinnon.

The 0-45 record was the worst in the team's history and it was followed by a 5-20 stretch that saw the Nets lose their last six games.

The firing came just one day after the Nets' 13th loss in 13 games, their 22nd consecutive loss in New Jersey, and their fifth straight home game loss.

It was the Nets' worst loss in the past 13 seasons.

Wolh and the Nets are expected to meet today for the second time in as many years.

Wolh, who has been with the team since 1985, was also fired by the Nets in 1991 and 1993.

New Jersey has never had a winning season since joining the NBA in 1976.

The firing comes just one day after the Nets' 13th loss in 13 games, their 22nd consecutive loss in New Jersey, and their fifth straight home game loss.

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New Jersey has never had a winning season since joining the NBA in 1976.
W. Basketball looks for first win at St. Joe's

By Howard Zalkowil

The Quakers, both the Penn and St. Joe's basketball teams had a tough game to start off the season. Both teams graduated starters, and the game was without a doubt a test of who will be the better team this year.

Despite the loss, the Quakers showed that they are capable of playing well. They managed to hold off the Hawks for most of the game, and were able to score 69 points, which is a significant improvement from last year's 54-point loss to St. Joe's.

The Quakers' defense was especially strong, limiting the Hawks to just 54 points. The defense was able to prevent the Hawks from scoring in the second half, which was a major factor in the win.

The Quakers' offense was also strong, with seven different players scoring at least ten points.

Overall, the win was a great start to the season for the Quakers, and it gives them hope for the rest of the year.

The Quakers' next game is against St. Joseph's women's basketball team. It will be an interesting match up, as the teams are evenly matched.

The Quakers are currently in fifth place in the Ivy League standings, but they have the potential to move up with a strong performance in the rest of the season.

Basketball Notebook

Jo Wilner

So California would seem to be the ideal place with its sunshine, palm trees and beaches.

But St. Joe's guard Jeanine Foster said: "People think we're going on this trip to California, but it's right in the middle of a season, and it's hard to concentrate on basketball." The Quakers have not experienced much outside competition, and the trip to So. California is something they have been looking forward to all season.

According to Foster, the Quakers have been preparing for this trip all season. They have been working hard in practice to improve their game, and they are ready to take on the challenge of playing in So. California.

The Quakers are currently in second place in the Ivy League standings, and they hope to maintain their position with a strong performance in the rest of the season.

The Quakers' next game is against St. Joseph's women's basketball team. It will be an interesting match up, as the teams are evenly matched.

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They Have It All At The Mall
7 / They Have It All at the Mall
From organ stores to head shops to methods of relieving teenage sexual tension, suburban America's shopping haven is a one-stop smorgasbord. By Smart Shoppers Everywhere. Photographs by Tommy Leonardi and Carl Goldsmith.

4 / SIDESTREETS: Pole Position
He may a rookie, but this Santa already has all the important answers. By Andrew Miskys.

6 / ART: If Walls Could Speak
Tose fountains, curves and greenery are all there for a reason, you know. By Marie-Christine Solal.

13 / BOOKS: The Seizing of Yankee Green Mall
Ridley Pearson brings a cast of commercial characters together for one last shopping spree in the ultimate mall of the future. By Alexander Sutton.

14 / FILM: Division and Subdivision
While ticket prices zoom into the stratosphere, cinemas are restricting themselves to deserted highways in underdeveloped areas, have grown up front and center in urban environments, forcing themselves into direct competition with urban downtowns. A concrete plague of the Newest Testament, or a barbarous joke played on defenseless corner merchants, the mall redefined our priorities faster than you can say Sid's Pants.

16 / MUSIC: Doin' the Dirtbag Rag
Hair longer than long, jeans bluer than blue, these rocking dudes have their elitist tendencies, too. By Gerard Babbits and Marc Fernich.

17 / TUBE: December 10-16
When you get home from the mall, but still have some quality time left that must be exercised instantly, try some pre-
Christmas viewing for the most shameless commercials of the year.

Attention, shoppers

By Peter Taback
Once again, we're all in the culture business. That which supports, changes, affects and mutilates the fabric of art is our primary interest.

We examine institutions and individuals who produce opinions, illusions, illustrations, movies, LPs, television sitcoms, comic strips and lots with which we hope is a fine eye for mock-serious tones. And, 34th Street takes no prisoners.

Walking through the post-World War II sewage called American popular culture systems, one can't help noticing the expansion and eventual dominance of Main Street commerce by the shopping mall.

What began as a suburban space-saver, a one-stop locale for quick acquisition that would take the whole day, has become a manner in which many eager folks appreciate a fine Saturday afternoon.

Malls, no longer content to restrict themselves to deserted highways in underdeveloped areas, have grown up front and center in urban environments, forcing themselves into direct competition with urban downtowns. A concrete plague of the Newest Testament, or a barbarous joke played on defenseless corner merchants, the mall redefined our priorities faster than you can say Sid's Pants.

Here in the cultural laboratory of 34th Street, the propagation of malls across the lofty pink sky gets little support. The mall confuses and upsets us. It takes it upon itself to exert its influence on American habits and American minds. And, most criminally, the mall fashioning an artistic agenda in the name of convenience.

In a purely Marxian mindset, the mall controls our means of production and distribution. Those in the know on economic theory say that this is accompanied by a firm grasp on literature, music and the artistic tides to which we subscribe each week.

Though the average citizen is unlikely to take an adamant stance in defense of malls, many are unaware of just how damaging they are to the human animal.

Shopping centers are an incubator, a babysitter and a classroom. People use them as a holding tank, an outdoor bar, a place to go to the malls to shop. We're helplessly bound to convenient parking, specialty shops and air-conditioned atmospheres that shine with newly burinshed cigarette butts.

All three of us learned quickly that a mall was the place where our tastes could get some exercise. We could choose the clothing, music and contraband accessories we wanted, nary though they may have been. I'm frightened to admit it now, but the mall taught us commercial habits from the ground up.

In Florida, my grandmother has been known to hang at the mall as well. Though she grew up in Wilkes-Barre, northeastern Pennsylvania's hub of downtown retail, she now hits the West Palm Beach Mall with the best of them.

In Nane's case, it has nothing to do with shopping or getting away from her parents, who were from Lithuania and haven't been an issue for quite some time.

She enjoys getting out onto Okeechobee Boulevard once in a while, and because both Lord & Taylor and Burdines are so heavily air-conditioned, Nane brings a sweater for herself and a few for her companions and enjoys a brisk walk around the fragrance department in comfort.

I am not meaninglessly malla-
ishing, if that's what you think I'm up to. Nor do I want to knock my Grandmother's habits. But if human beings are going to spend time in the mall for purposes other than shopping — when they could be in a library, delivering valentines, drinking, standing outdoors hurting themselves or even watching Laverne and Shirley reruns until their brain turns into guacamole — they need more than a minimal understanding of how malls fit into the fabric of American commercial society.

Now, at the height of the Christmas buying season, we do go to the malls to shop. We're helpless bound to convenient parking, specialty shops and chromium escalators that shine with newly burinshed cigarette butts.

People with less than a month to devote to buying a handful of gifts have nary a choice for a mandatory holiday torture. I assume that unless you can knit extraordinarily well and darn quickly to boot, you'll be doing some mailing in the next few days.

Please don't let anything in-
fluence your shopping process except your own aesthetic judgements and practicality. There are ways to go about mall trips that can effectively defeat the cultural spirit of the structure. Please help us stamp out irresponsible capitalism.

Happy shopping.
Stopping for gas before moving on

By Laura Michaels

owadays, a ramble through the mall isn’t just for browsing for dobermans at the Pet Potpourri, trying on a purple miniskirt at Limited Express or checking out Bon Jovi’s newest release.
We can all do plenty of random shopping in the shopper’s paradise, but there is a little bit more to that elusive sport of malling. It’s a simple formula, when you think about it. Malls mean time. And time means food.

I don’t mean to be pithy. Food is big business anywhere these days, so why is mall food any different? What innovations in the kitchen is the mall up to that has bypassed Burger King, Long John Silver and occasional Good Humor truck?

No one will ever know for sure, but one thing is true — in the arena of food, the mall has spawned pernicious results.

What other institution could breathe life into establishments with names like “Banana S.”, “Orange Bowl,” “Philadelphia Friers” and the perennial favorite “House of Almonds?”

Malls, and even the broader category of shopping centers, have always looked to find new ways to capitalize on our collective obsession with edibles, to construct an ambience that caters to America’s fetish for food and simultaneously makes the quickest buck in the shortest amount of time.

The result has been two types of eateries: the sit-down restaurant and the variety emporium, known by such names as “The Food Court,” “The Market Fair,” or “Foods ‘R’ Us.”

The shopping center features mainly take-out pizza places and rib joints. This type of tasty treat is easy for the quick pick-me-up needed when you run up to the four movies you rented for the weekend.

The most exclusive malls, including such world-famous institutions as New York’s Trump Tower, Chicago’s Water Tower Place and Philadelphia’s Bourse, utilize the sit-down restaurant forum for their customer service needs.

Restaurants range from expensive French food to mildly decent Chinese cuisine to Houlihan’s or T.G.I.Fridays — establishments which are to restaurants what malls are to the real world.

Sometimes you’ll find a sit-down restaurant at the normal mall-on-the-street. But the Trump Tower crowd is a step above all that. Their stores all have signs “No food or beverages permitted.”

At most suburban malls, merchants rely on a little silhouette of a soda and sandwich with a big red line through it.

Perhaps this tells us something about the clientele. Then again, is it really fair to call Trump Tower a mall? Something to think about from the folks at 34th Street.

The crowds at sit-down restaurants vary considerably from day to day. Weekdays, the tables are for secretaries, business people from the nearby technical office project or for the older daytime shoppers — Mom, Aunt Betty and the Christmas list.

After 5 p.m. the happy hour crowd enters, smiling broadly and joking about their last pick-up or the computer program they just finished. Then everybody sets in for a hard night of two-for-one Margaritas and stuffed potato skins.

Just as malls serve as ritual meeting places for teens during the day, the after-work crowd is the single workers scene, sort of a Dates ‘R Us with a few local high schoolers thrown in trying out their fake IDs.

The people who go to real malls are largely young, accustomed to traveling in packs and fond of french fries with cheese whiz. The result of this demographic trend is the food court. The mall design crew sections off a single center in which every imaginable culinary genre (hoagies, pizza, hot dog, baked potato, etc.) gets its own little storefront and cute neon sign.

Customers desiring fresh lemonade only have to mosey on over to the lemonade stand, where they can order lemonade, cherry lemonade, strawberry lemonade or one of those cute hot dogs that turns around on a little flattened and develops wart-like evusions as it heats.

What’s really key about these food courts is that the whole family can eat there and not get into terrible fights trying to pick out what they want. Dad can run over to the “Hot Potato” and pick up a baked potato with chili and cheese whiz. Mom’s in charge of ordering everybody’s fish sticks, while Sis gets in line at “Egg Rolls ‘R Us.”

Uncle Jack, who came along to pick up just the perfect something for the ball and chain, Aunt Betty, is overjoyed by the variety available and heads straight for the caramel corn store and then over to the oversized-raw-chocolate-chip-cookie-place.

Everybody’s happy.

There are a number of foods which exist solely in malls. It may be something magical in the ingredients, or it may just be that nobody would buy them if they could see them in natural light. I like to call these to mallbites,” for lack of anything better.

One that stands out particularly is “Orange Julius.” Those rare creatures who have never been in a mall probably wouldn’t recognize this fruity drink, basically an orange milk shake with no seeds that tastes remarkably like Bayer baby aspirin.

Another popular mallbite is the corn dog. Yes, yes, I know the corn dog was invented long before King of Prussia was even a gleam in its ambitious builder’s eye.

But malls are the carnival midways of the ‘80s, without the rides or games where you have to land a dime on a plate. So the renaissance of the corn dog in this type of locale is not that surprising.

A major skill required for managing a meal at the mall is eating on your feet. The tables are often elbow-high, and shaped so that four people can rest their feet when you run up to the four movies you rented for the weekend.

Forcing people to stand, rather than letting them sit down on a picnic bench, the mall saves the customers valuable time they might foolishly spend digesting, and therefore increases the turnover rate and, thus, the amount of people who are actually shopping, rather than eating.

And isn’t that what you’re there for anyway?
Rookie Santa takes the reins

By Andrew Mirsky

Flashes are popping, cameras are rolling and logs are burning, anxious parents huddle around, wide-eyed, weary and dainty. The kids scream, cry, yawn, ask, beg and wish, "Look up there, is a rookie Santa?"

This year's Santa Land at the Gallery features Philadelphia freelancer Jim Bastas as December's time-honored and charismatic hero. Bastas, a freelance artist, so envied the Kringle character he saw last year at Macy's that he decided to give a shot at becoming one himself. What we have here, then, is a rookie Santa.

34th Street: Do you fly down every day to do your shift at the mall?
Santa: Sometimes I stay over one night.
34th Street: Do you travel, do you go in disguise?
Santa: It gets very hot in this outfit, so I change. You may not recognize me in airports because I have many guises.

What about the beard, Santa—is it real?
Santa: There is no time for us kids to have a good time. Even when you travel, do you go in disguise? Santa: Sometimes I stay over one night. As it turned out, one was retarded.

I asked him if there was something he wanted, and he turned around and hugged me," says Bastas. "I was very moved," says Bastas.

In addition, the man in red says that kids of all ages still believe in Santa.

"Santa can satisfy all desires," he says. "but you have to know what you want."

What do you do for a good time? Santa: There is no time for us to do a good time. When we do there aren't very many theaters at the Pole. We usually kick back with the VCR and watch movies.

What's your favorite? Santa: Miracle on Thirty-Fourth Street.

Bastas "ho-ho-hos" for the kids, not the money. And to be sure, there is a delicious presence of "ho-ho" in his rotund delivery. The kids are often unappreciative; some even run away. Yet Santa persists — after 700 years, persistence and dedication continue to pay off.

What about fringe benefits: when do you get off for Christmas? Santa: I finish Christmas Day. Santa: It took me all year to save, to have a good time. Even when you travel, do you go in disguise? Santa: Sometimes I stay over one night. As it turned out, one was retarded.

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What about fringe benefits: when do you get off for Christmas? Santa: I finish Christmas Day, then I start all over again for next year. No fringes.

Well, at least the mall food's all right.
Doling out the common scents

Professional perfumers atomize fragrant shoppers

By Michelle Green

What you are about to read is true. Only the names have been changed, to protect the innocent and because store policy states that no employee may be quoted without prior written consent from the management.

Rachel doesn't like her job. Her position with a major department store in Philadelphia's largest mall pays "better than working at a register" by about 75 cents an hour, but that doesn't make it much easier.

For the next two weeks, it is Rachel's responsibility to accost unsuspecting male shoppers and squirt them with Chanel Pour Homme cologne.

"A lot of them avoid me," Rachel says. "But I stand at the bottom of the escalator and grab them as they get off. They sort of try to dodge to the side, and I say — real loudly — 'Would you like to try Chanel for men?'

Anthony, a 26-year-old professional, says that on his lunch hour shopping trips he normally avoids the floor with fragrances on it to keep from getting his senses assaulted.

"I hate going back to work smelling like I've been out on the sly," he says. "Colleagues will make jokes. It could seriously hamper someone's reputation."

Rachel made her spray herself. "I got my hand grabbed before I knew what was going on," Erik says. "I wasn't too thrilled because I had to smell for the rest of the day."

According to Rachel, men are more likely to tolerate getting sprayed than women.

"When Elizabeth Taylor's perfume came out, we were spraying women on the ground level," she recalls. "Women get much bitchier than men. They either say, 'No, thank you' in a pissed tone or they run. It stinks."

That is the exact sentiment of some shoppers. Linda, a consistent user of White Shoulders "since the day of my wedding 25 years ago," agrees.

"I feel very put upon," she complained when asked how she responds when people pursue her with perfume.

"I'm annoyed and offended. Almost 100 percent I avoid getting sprayed."

"I don't think I'd hold [a salesperson] against a fragrance, but against the store as a representative," she says.

Nina, a 16 year old, echoes Linda's sentiments.

"I hate that," she says of salespeople spraying her with perfume, glaring at one nearby. "It's an invasion of privacy. If I put perfume on in the morning, I don't want to have to smell their stuff all day."

Adrienne, who sprays shoppers with Anais Anais, says that one particularly angry shopper once pushed her arm, turning her bottle of perfume on her so that she made her spray herself.

"I got the stuff all over me — you could smell it for days when I showered," she recalls. "It made me understand how people feel. I know I don't like it when people come up to me with perfume when I'm shopping.

"I think stores would be better off to give away little bottles or something. We have tons of samples and no one ever asks for any."

"Many perfumes give me a headache, and I get migraines," says Maureen.

"And I don't like to walk into every store in a mall smelling strongly of perfume. It gives salespeople a certain idea about how much you're willing to spend on yourself."

Adrienne is sympathetic. "I get terrible headaches sometimes," she says. "And I feel nauseous. Sometimes when you stand on your feet all day smelling perfume, you just feel like passing out."

"And I don't like to walk around malls smelling of perfume because she might meet a guy who will think less of her."

"People my age get funny looks when they wear too much makeup, perfume and all that," she notes. "I don't want to walk into stores smelling like everyone else in the mall who got sprayed and have people think I'm trying to seem older."

But not everyone hates perfume sprayers.

"I think it's nice," says Candace, a "40-ish" beautician. "I don't see why people go out of their way to avoid [people with perfume spritzers]. They should try new things."

So should perfume manufacturers.

Fly the friendly skies

By Maggie Rosen

Remember when you were a kid and you made paper airplanes, later adding clips to the nose to make them fly?

When you grew a bit more sophisticated, you moved on to model airplanes, and, if you were lucky, you graduated to those remote-controlled jobs that either broke during its first flight, or got confiscated by the FAA for screwing up air traffic control.

You might have avoided all this had you visited one of the displays operated by Aero-Flite Distributing Inc., a company that hawks lightweight polyethylene planes exclusively in malls.

"If these were on a shelf in a toy store, people would walk right by," says Aero-Flite high flyer Doug Moses, who typically sets up shop in a partitioned-off, high-visibility area in a mall separated from the crowd by a white fence.

Moses places slick sample gliders on the fence.

"That one is really the most popular design," he says in a confidential tone, pointing to a plane with a snazzy, flame-like motif. "I usually tell people it's that one, though," he admits, pointing to one with patriotic red, white and blue stickers, "because it sells the worst.

At a mere $5.40 a pop, gliders are a real bargain gift for any wanna-be pilot. They look impressive and are simple to use.

"Demonstrating doesn't take any special training," says Moses, showing off his loop-the-loop trick. "We sold 300 on our best day."

But like real aviation, glider-flying is not without its occupational hazards. He cites one annoying company policy.

"Every time we hit someone, we have to give a glider away. That comes out of my own pocket," he says, cautiously sending one up.

"Luckily we've had only one hard hit in the past three weeks," he adds. "The kid looked like he was about to cry, but we gave him a plane and he was OK."

Moses doesn't like to speculate on any correlation between glider sales and airline disasters, but he admits his customers are attuned to such things.

"I notice sometimes people give me a hard time the day after a big crash," he says.

"Like, if I crash a glider, one guy'll say 'Hey, you should work for Delta,' or something smart like that."
If walls could speak
Architects throw in a few curves and make their presence known to shoppers

By Marie-Christine Solal

Capitalism must have a human face, concluded Prince Charles in a speech to English architects and urban planners in London last week.

Because capitalism is characterized by the free market spirit of the Western world, shopping centers, too, should have a human face. But how?

By building a shopping center in which the architect tries to recapture the spirit of a public street, Streets are the most ancient of human market places — they integrate otherwise different activities.

Thus, in constructing his mall, the architect strives to create an atmosphere in which Mr. Vincente’s Venetian-Style Pizza is like your local pizza parlor and the eating area like a sidewalk cafe. And goodness knows, the neon-colored street benches that are placed strategically along the mall’s thoroughfare come in handy when you’ve eaten your fifth quadruple chocolate chip mall cookie and your second mall-style taco.

New malls blend in much better with the environment than those built 20 years ago. Have you ever seen an old shopping center from a plane? It looks like a flat, white, unattractive box of masonry surrounded by cars.

At the time such monstrosities were built, the architecture of a mall was extremely formulæ. Aesthetics were as much an issue to the builder as the number of stuffed animal stores to be included.

As a result, Jack Suburbia and his wife Jill enjoyed mall-shopping’s convenience, but hated its unwarm, unattractive atmosphere.

Preaching this gospel and selling a few bridges along the way, architects began to change the design of the modern day shopping center.

Mall architects are starting to understand that the concept of a shopping center should to be scaled to man and the environment made more livable and human.

The Gallery’s elevators borrow from Willie Wonka. According to modern mall theory, the shopping centers should to be scaled to man and a shopper should not feel lost between shops.

Putting more curves into malls makes them more lively and softens their rigidity. Perhaps you’ve never realized the influence that the curve in the wall by Abraham and Strauss wields in driving you to buy that “new and improved” La Machine.

There is also a need for natural lighting in a shopping emporium. The architects will design a Main Street under glass (like the Riverchase Galleria in Birmingham, Ala.) or, if the weather permits, they will take the roof off so shoppers can enjoy the sunlight that trickles through.

The public area in a mall is characterized by the free market spirit of the Western world, shopping centers, too, should have a human face.

According to modern mall theory, the shopping centers should to be scaled to man and a shopper should not feel lost between shops.

And if that’s not enough, they’ll provide a body of water (like the one in Toronto) off of which the light can reflect. The 1960s malls were not built upon a human scale. They look cold and unwelcoming, and if that’s not enough, they’ll provide a body of water (like the one in Toronto) off of which the light can reflect. The 1960s malls were not built upon a human scale. They look cold and unwelcoming.

New and more malls were outwardly planned to blend in with the environment. The utilitarian function of the shopping center was to be hidden and the environment made more livable and human.

One way architects have helped to make malls look less like saltine cartons is by bending the design and the linear shape.

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There is also a need for natural lighting in a shopping emporium. Either the architects will design a Main Street under glass (like the one in Toronto) off of which the light can reflect.
When the Philadelphia Spectrum went shopping for their new organ, they headed to a mall. When Bernice and Ron Kuntzman went shopping for their new organ (a Hammond Interlude with WonderChord) they, too, went to a mall. Just a coincidence? Not really. You see, no mall in this great country of ours is quite complete without its Piano and Organ store. Sure, the reason may be as puzzling as why the Kuntzmans ever bought an organ in the first place, but every true mall has an organ vendor.

But the question remains: Why did my parents choose to furnish their posh suburban home with an organ? I asked Bernice herself. "Well, Gary (her name for me), you were nagging and nagging how much you wanted one," she recalled. "You kept promising to take lessons, but eventually you just gave up and here we were stuck with that ugly organ in the living room. And I might add, young man, that it was that way with everything you nagged us for. The minute you got it, it became obsolete."

Armed with this pleasant information from Mom, I set off to the Neshaminy Mall to find out more about the massive organ subculture of America. I mean, if there are so many organ stores, someone, other than my parents, is buying these things.

Who are they? I chatted with Rose Wojewski, a teacher and impromptu concert master at Lowery Piano and Organ. "They're just average American people," she said. "Just like you and me." Just like you and me, Rose? "Oh, sure," she affirmed. "They just all love music, and since the organ is easy enough to learn, they figure it's a good place to start."

And with that Rose began tickling those plastics with a sizzling rendition of "2001: A Space Odyssey."

What was that about "easy to learn?" Don't tell my Mom, she'd kill me.

But wasn't that just half of the story? Why do organ stores have to be in suburban malls? Since Rose was off in her own world of musical unconsciousness, I had to go to Jason Zinn, manager of the Lowery store. He had his own theory on today's organ buyers.

"Usually they're secure suburban homeowners," he theorized. "Usually they're secure suburban homeowners," he theorized. Secure? Was he trying to imply that owning an organ just about precludes white-water rafting as a hobby? My Mom, for one, would be quite insulted. "Not at all, it's just that city people are piano people," an assistant jumped in, scorn filling his voice. "You know, you get that Yuppie crowd in the city. They care about status. They want to look like they have it."

"We just keep planting seeds," Zinn whispered. "We're farmers."

"Yeah, Zinn, but just how many $21,000 organs (with or without the Genius Stereo Digital Rhythm System) can you sell?"

"We just keep planting seeds." Zinn continued. "We plant them on the $2000 model and then we throw in 50 weeks of free lessons so they'll stay interested."

Stay interested? Why didn't my Mom think of that? But why are organ stores necessary to make a mall complete?

"It's music," Rose told me. "Everybody loves music. Like one time, the organist for the Flyers came in here and started playing. It was beautiful."

When asked if he played his big hit "Dun Dun Dun Dun, Dun Dun Dun Dun, Dun Dun Dun Dun, or even "Doo doo, doo doo doo doo, doo doo, doo doo, ...charge," Rose was confused.

The mall provides a setting for rites of passage while fulfilling consumers' most shameful desires.
I'm happy to see my daughter pick up the organ. “I never alone when you're playing an organ.”

Neil Wagenheim, one of Rose’s “Average Americans,” was at the mall bringing his organ-impresario daughter in for her weekly lesson. During Zinn’s impromptu concert he was visibly pleased. “It’s like you’re with an entire band,” he babbled. “I guess you’re never alone when you’re playing an organ.”

“We were young, I played the accordion, so I’m happy to see my daughter pick up the organ.”

Wagenheim said.

“I didn’t have the heart to tell him that the instrument he loved as a youth was currently the laughing stock of the musical world, played only by social outcasts at Polish weddings. Call me a decent guy.”

“It’s like you’re with an entire band,” he babbled. “I guess you’re never alone when you’re playing an organ.”

“Hey, I wish I had said that,” Zinn added.

Wagenheim also drew the not-so-obvious connection between the organ and its less successful predecessor, the accordion.

“When I was younger, I played the accordion, so I’m happy to see my daughter pick up the organ.”

When I was 13 or so, the mall enticed me with its promise of absolute hedonism, languor and anarchy. What other place could offer the lethal combination of the Big Three — sex, drugs and rock and roll — in such unspoiled abundance?

But if the mall itself was a Mecca, the head shop was its hallowed inner sanctum. These marketplaces of the mind offered, in the immortal words of Black Flag, all the accessories needed to turn you into a radical party machine almost overnight.

The beauty of it all was that this cornucopia of dirtbagdom was consolidated under a single roof. And the merchandise sold by the store was wholly immaterial, since head shops' raison d'être was much more than the simple exchange of goods and services for profit.

No, behind the ingenuous facade of selling stuff, head shops really promoted an entire way of life. They sold the concept and attitude of one-stop rebellion.

I could never figure out how they managed. None of my friends ever had much spare pocket money, and the few who did evidently preferred to spend it on the genuine article — the actual drugs themselves — instead of functional, everyday items like black light posters, stuffed Harley-Davidson belts and life-sized cardboard cutouts of Jim Morrison.

Our mall of choice, a place called Roosevelt Field, towered over the surrounding landscape like a vast concrete deity. Its most notorious head shop was Pier One Imports, the flagship outlet of a renowned Long Island retail chain specializing in what was euphemistically termed “esoterica and exotica.”

Behind this not-terribly-deceptive veneer, tucked away in the cavernous recesses of the shop, lurked something far more insidious and inviting.

You guessed it — a genuine bong-hovel. You had to fight your way through a jungle of wicker furniture and outstretched stuffed animal arms to get to it, all right, but that only made the journey more rewarding.

Some people boast of walking a mile for a camel, but that’s nothing compared to the weekly ordeal I endured to get to Pier One. I would bust out of school during lunch hour, huff and puff my way onto a bus bound for Roosevelt Field, hurdle headlong down the mall aisles and screech to a breathless halt in front of the holy-of-bohues.

Standing in the pristine glow of black light, I would feel an almost religious change come over me. I’d stare at the dazzling array of rock concert T-shirts (there were 12 different shades of black, I’m happy to report) and color-coordinated Zeppelin belt buckles, necklaces and matching bracelets for hours on end.

But nothing, and I mean nothing, could get me salivating like Pier One’s “World Famous” collection of bongs and pot-ingestion devices. You name ‘em, they had ‘em — pipes of every conceivable shape and size.

There were glass bongs, water pipes, double hitters to share with a friend, the ever-popular eight-hit party bowls (for true heavyweights only) and even bongs in the shape of naked women. Besides being practical, many of these souped-up tokesters were sublime aesthetic creations, too.

So clearly did the products reflect the craftsmanship of skilled artisans that a trip to Pier One was more enriching than a semester of art appreciation. If this was heaven, I couldn’t wait to die and declare permanent residency.

If I had been an exceptionally good boy, I’d treat myself to the most bizarre bong I could lay my hands on and sneak out behind the mall to a secret, undeveloped reservoir.

Along with my nudie pipe or engaged in a perverse male bonding ritual with a brotherhood of fellow profiteers, I’d strike my best Hemingway pose, kick back my feet back and soak up the bountiful glory of pure, unadulterated nature.

Imagine the perfect tranquility of the scene: just a boy, his 20-foot orange glass pipe and the open woods. What we have here, a mere 100 yards from the maddening crowds, is a chunk of frontier life in the heart of middle America. Ah, that was peaceful reverie! That was freedom! That was living!

Over Thanksgiving break, I returned to my old stomping grounds to relive those thrilling experiences of yesteryear. I was aghast at the horrifying reality I found.

The store had changed ownership, and my beloved back room was completely desolated. The wicker, the stuffed animals and the tawdry drinking mugs — once little more than last-ditch cover-ups — had become the lifeblood of the joint’s existence.
What's worse, the reservoir had been bulldozed over, hollowed out and replaced with a glittering new European American Bank. Crestfallen, I actually resorted to clothes shopping at the mall. No ogling, no fondling, no wishful thinking, no toking. I felt old and more than a trifle wistful. I guess Mick Jagger, patriarch of the head shop generation, was right: Time waits for no one.

Spencer Glitz
By Jim Gladstone

h, to be 12 at Spencer!
Siding past the wind-up penguin roller coasters and ear-piercing pavilion, I could almost taste the adulthood on which I was verging. It was strawberry flavored, as in Doc Johnson's Sumptuous Strawberry Motion Lotion.

In the back sections of this vast emporium, I sensed it was only a brief matter of time before I, as a full-fledged grown-up, could indulge in the glamorous Spencer life. A trip to the mall became a look into my future; an ultra-suave, Hefnerian world, where I'd make romance by the scarlet glow of my lava lamp, and feel old and more than a trifle wistful. I guess Mick Jagger, patriarch of the head shop generation, was right: Time waits for no one.

Dean Madison waxes nostalgic over the heyday of the decorative candle in 1972

For the man who has everything.” Inside, of course, is the swinging bachelor’s pajama alternative: my very own red, white, and blue hand-knit penis sweater.

Reduction Addiction
By Jacqueline Sukaf

Reduced,” is my favorite word.
Maybe it's a function of having grown accustomed to thrift store prices or a case of post-childhood guilt about having spent too much of my parents' money on superfluous items, but I find that I have difficulty now buying anything — particularly clothing — that hasn’t been marked down.

Call it part of society's larger “wanting something for nothing, or as close to it as possible” syndrome. Long gone are the days in which people took pride in having earned anything. These days, it's the easier come, the better.

Then again, clothing — more so than other merchandise — has grown so expensive that it's no longer much fun to shop recreationally for unneeded items. Add that to the fact that fashion these days is about exciting and innovative as department store Christmas bears, and you'll find that stalking reductions can inject a greatly lacking sense of fun, spirit and adventure into an otherwise potentially painful experience.

Retail establishments caught on to this consumer tendency long ago; the result is that they artificially inflate prices in order to offer sale after pseudo-sale to those unsuspecting bargain-hunters.

Such strategy has led to the “original-price-o-phobia” syndrome in some shoppers. Fearful that an item they purchase will be marked down the following week, the afflicted shy away from buying anything with a virgin price tag.

Those with department store charge accounts —
Lowery Organ's resident Liberace, John Stratraz, plays songs in the off-key of life

and time and patience to spare — will often whip out the plastic without fear. These credit card queens will simply inquire as to the date of the next storewide reductions and telephone the department until the category code of the item in question makes its way onto the computer printout.

The next step: returning the item and instantly repurchasing it, taking home a credit slip for the difference.

But an aspiring hard-core bargain hunter need not go to such lengths. As in many pursuits, becoming a savvy sale-spotter requires practice.

Combing the mall often enough will develop sale-sensing glands in the serious consumer, enabling s/he to even unknowingly time occasional shopping trips to coincide with clearances in key departments.

Vacations often prove an especially good opportunity to stumble across un-anticipated drastic reductions. Perhaps it’s fate’s way of making the traveler’s journey coincide with clearances in key departments.

But Christmas at the mall does mean more than just getting that holiday shopping done. For the crafts-

...
work is so good that the Zieglers can forego the arduous mall circuit, opting to remain close to their country home in the scenic Pocanos.

"It was getting too tiring," Velma admits. "You know, I'm just getting over cancer myself and it's better if I don't travel. But look at me. I don't look a day over 45!"

She really didn't. I was impressed. I also felt like she was hitting on me. I've got to admit. I kinda panicked, and it wasn't the stained glass, let me tell you.

But what happens to the mall after Christmas, after the artisans and craftsmen have sold all their wares and broken down their huts? What's left?

After the holidays, the mall becomes nothing more than a desolate, craftless void, a void that can never be filled by Orange Julius or Hickory Farms petrified salami sticks. After Christmas, the mall is colorless.

But don't worry, Dean Madison has his candle store in Burlington, Pennsylvania and it's open to the public. A word to the wise, however, there are no glass elevators.

Shawn Abendschein stands paralyzed with fear upon realizing he left his roller skates at home.

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Tower of Label
By Robin Fields

I'm a city kid and I don't know from malls. Not now. Not ever.

In the golden days of my childhood, the closest thing in my ken to a mall was Madison Avenue. But this thoroughfare, populated by impeccably dressed and coiffed foreign ladies, provided few attractions for restless adolescents. The rarified air and even more exclusive prices always sent me scurrying back to Discomat.

But, like indoor/outdoor carpeting, a mall has insinuated itself onto Manhattan island, sprouting up between Tiffany's and 57th Street. The trouble in river city, my friends, starts with a capital T and that stands for Trump.

Donald Trump's Tower of Label is the mall of the affluent. The ordinary hangout of its clientele is the beauty parlor. By serving menopausal matrons instead of rebellious teens, this urban center for the unnecessary violates all the conventional functions of suburban malls. Godiva chocolates replaced Fannie Mae, Giorgio Armani replaced The Gap and suddenly the mall became a tourist attraction.

The first and last time I entered Trump Tower — after one abortive try when I was asked to hand over my pretzel or leave; I left — my brother and I sauntered through an array of men's clothing stores. We did our best imitation of gold card carriers. But for some reason — perhaps my torn jeans and my bro's Iron Maiden T-shirt had something to do with it — our very presence caused formerly blase sales assistants to spring to attention.

"May we help you?" they all asked pointedly, leaning over to sniff our pockets for cash.

In fact, nothing could've helped us. I gingerly turned over the price tag on a sports jacket. Gasps, blood rushing to my head — $2000. Sure, it had suede elbow pads but... "Don't touch." I muttered fiercely. "One button missing and we're out $200 bucks." We had entered the frivolity twilight zone.

Trump Tower was the first mall invasion in my formerly sacrosanct city but not the last. The newest claim to shame is South Street Seaport's Pier 17. The more modest Pier 11 was a lovely surprise when it first opened; filled with homespun, quirky trinkets and food glorious food, it provided a needed breather in New York's grid of skyscrapers.

But a single summertime visit to Pier 17 put me in a snit for a week. Bizarrely animated Wall Street-types sucked down pink liquor and calamari in droves. Added to these behavioral studies of enforced relaxation was a uniform: turned-up collars and khakis for the masses.

Had I stumbled on a Polo shirt factory? No, worse. Here was a vaguely upscale collection of stores — Gap-type material alternated with oh-so-refined Laura Ashley type stuff for people with no legs — that provoked folks to dress like they were a country club.

And it was all under one roof. A more heartbreaking proof of mallhood could not be found. Worst of all, at night the piers become a continuum of bars filled with all the people you've been trying to avoid since high school.

Ever since my disillusionment — New York was not to be exempt from mall infiltration — all I can do is put a dent in my sofa with repeated viewings of Escape from New York. Wake me up when it's over.
shopping.
But it looks like I'm going to have to circle around until I see a spot, and eventually resort to following an unsuspecting pedestrian out of Alexander's and creep up to her stealthily in a cowardly effort to usurp her parking space.
Ah, there's somebody. She's got three bags loaded with breakfast for the folks she's heading for that brown Cutlass. I'm trailing her as if I've got an ax in the trunk and she thinks I'm going to use it if she doesn't reach her car in a minute. C'mon lady, I'd like to get this show on the road.

Excuse me, I got a little upset. So I've been here for 35 minutes and only parked the car. Things are going to pick up inside. I can feel it.

It's crowded, very crowded. Folks of every possible age flood the mall in their shopping finery: middle aged women with children dangling from each arm; suburban dads checking out hardware specials; teenager girls milling about the aisles of bargain leather goods and me, lone shopper captivated by the thrill of gift giving.

Maybe there are too many people here. When I walk over to the information desk, the woman says she isn't answering any questions about the mall for a few minutes. She has to collect her thoughts. I'm sort of curious why she's there, but I overlook it, and move on to shopping for Mom.

"Do you have the new Bernstein recording of West Side Story on CD?"

"If it's not on the shelves we don't have it. Next."

Fine, I'll end up buying my mother a scarf again, but I'd come here to argue with salespeople. The men's sale I heard about yesterday and a sweater I like is left only in kelly green, extra large. I leave my gloves in a dressing room, and when I return for them, they are gone. My credit card has exceeded its limit, so the cash-to-credit budget I drew up in my head is completely off.

So far, the only thing I have actually purchased is a small gourmet ice cream cone for $1.37. Someone knocks into me, crunching the cone and forcing me to eat the entire scoop in 10 seconds. It's cold and hurts my teeth.

There are people everywhere. Anywhere I want to walk, someone is in my way. Can't they move to the side when they see me coming? It'd be wise, because if I bump into another one of those wide-hipped (and that's polite) women again, I'm going to knock her down, take her money and leave her lying on the ground by the Salvation Army Santa.

What worries me now is that someone is going to tell me to have a nice day, something I'm trying valiantly to do, but am getting little help from the mall and its citizenry.

"Hi. I'd like this vase, but it's chipped here at the bottom. Do you have another like it?"

"No.

I have had more success at the mall. Of course, I do have that parking space, so it hasn't been a total loss. Yet.

I see someone coming towards me, her mouth poised for a conversation.

"Sir, I'm afraid I'm going to have to give you a citation for having the nicest smile in the mall."

She wants a "penalty" of $2 to be given to a charity for a Christmas orphan's supper. It's a racket I've heard of before, and regardless of the fact that this woman probably works for the Mooneys, she is telling me I have a nice smile.

Allow me to explain that I am now contemplating murdering close friends, so it strikes me as more than hilarious that I am being singled out for superlative glee.

"What's wrong with you, lady? Do I look like I'm right now? Is the spirit of the holidays evident anywhere on my person? Does your balloon ever land?"

She is momentarily thrown off, but if you're going to pitch propaganda in malls, I guess you become accustomed to infantile, feverish outbursts.

"I'm sorry to have disturbed you, sir. Is there anything I can help you with?"

"Well," I say, "I'd like to be left alone. To not be accosted and asked for money. To be miles away from the wind and the bargains, the people and you, public interference with dark roots."

The pro ponders my response with what may become a sensitive treatment of schizophrenia. Suddenly, I am overcome with the redemptive force of one human's faith in another. I've broken ground with a member of the Yuletide squadron, the Kringle crew.

But then it happens. With a lippy smile that could moisten Cleveland, she says, "Have a nice day."

By some ridiculous notion of the inner child, a machine gun lands in my hand, and I fire seven rounds into her lungs. She gasps for final breaths and I kick her in the teeth, wiping her blood on the lake beards of the department store Santas who gather around me in my outburst. Flames shoot out of Hickory Farms, and the Pretzel kiosk crumbles to the ground.

My mall fantasy's pretty neat, no? I give catalog gifts.

Ani-Mall Instincts

By Scott Strauss

I got to be a sort of ritual. Every Saturday morning, we'd all roll out of bed, play a 45-minute Father's League basketball game, hit the showers and — with a Tenax gleam still in our hair — head off to the glamorous Galleria.

"Have a good time boys," she would say, depositing us on the asphalt pirate. "I'll pick you up right here at 4. Don't spend too much money now!"

Sweet old dopey Mom. She didn't realize why we were there. Strutting through the glass doors in the midst of holiday shopping season, we were the great Plainsmen — White Plainsmen, that is. And the Westchester Galleria was the great frontier. There was wildlife to be conquered here. At 13 and positively radiating peach fuzz, we didn't come to shop the mall; we came to shop mall chicks.

Cool, as we knew we were, none of us wanted to seem too eager, so the Blow Wave kids headed over toward the Athlete's Foot to fondle the latest style of wildlife to be conquered here. At 13 and positively radiating peachfuzz, we didn't come to shop the mall; we came to shop mall chicks.

How many Bar Mitzvah boys and Calleria gals, the mall is a no-ID zone. So far, the only thing I have actually purchased is a small gourmet ice cream cone for $1.37. Someone knocks into me, crunching the cone and forcing me to eat the entire scoop in 10 seconds. It's cold and hurts my teeth.

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It's a Beef Stick Bonanza at Hickory Farms all across the country.

She was there all right, and my mind clicked, like a quarter in the Pizza Hut jukebox. My neurons were the needle and Suzy grooved along, always playing the same old song: "She was a fast machine/She kept her motor clean/She was the best damn woman that I ever seen. She had those sightless eyes/Tellin' me no lies/Knockin' me out with those American thighs/Takin' more than her share/She had me fightin' for air." She told me to come/But I was already there...

If music videos had been bigger back then, Suzy B. would've been signed, sealed and delivered for the hottest AC/DC video ever. Hell, I didn't even sweat like that when I dreamed of breaking a full-court press against five guys, all named White Peach.

Suzy's Saturday afternoon appearances kept me mall cruising for a good six months. Of course, there were added attractions like Lewie Lefkowitz's famous around-the-back-ass-squeeze; I always got blamed and Lewie always left with the blonde streaked babe. But those evil Eve-like eyes were what kept me coming back.

The weeks in between those Saturdays were unbearable. I'd sit through my home economics course and sit at the dinner table playing with Mom's overboiled Delmonte peas, mulling over pick-up lines in my pre-pubescent mind.

Inherently, the problem was that malls just weren't my style. Lines like "I'm a nice girl doing in a place like this," just don't flush in the grizzly who-can-bare-her-armpit-more-prominently mall social scene. And just how romantic can you get when you've got a giant pizza oil stain on your Chams Man pullover and Vinny's Quadruple Chip Cookie stains on your train-tracked not-so-pearly whites.

Though I never did "throw base" at my beloved mall queen, that brief entrenchment was just enough to teach me some lessons in life. The mall's halls imparted me wisdom. They were my indoctrination into the American (Wet) Dream.

Like a guinea pig thrown into the most basic of lab experiments, I was conditioned to the arena which soon metamorphosed from a mall into a nightclub. I molted, attitudes, raps, first lines and struts that would stay with me through my college years.

And every time I run into another Suzy B. now, I am fully and thankfully equipped with that killer "mall stare." I am a by-product of an amorphous mall culture. The Galleria has sent me out into this brave new world with my comb in one hand and my jock in another.

Looking back on it all I now realize that malls are nothing but overactive pituitary glands — hormonal goldmines festering with the juicy excesses of testosterone and progesterone. For young America, for the Bar Mizvah boys and Galleria gals, the mall is a no-ID singles bar.
Mall-ificent trash
Free parking and espionage come gift wrapped

By Alexander Sutton

Ridley Pearson’s newest novel, The Seizing of Yankee Green Mall, is an attempt at a modern suspense narrative with the realism of Arthur Hailey’s Airport or Hotel and Tom Clancy’s Hunt for Red October.

Pearson chooses a subject that has become ingrained in American culture and glorifies its technological nuances. The mall is a perfect setting for a contemporary thriller, where everything the author could want or need — including characters — is in a single space. But Pearson never realizes the setting’s potential.

He initially describes how the science of mall design plays on people’s senses, as fountains, trees, lighting and shop windows result in an exotic sensory experience. Yankee Green Mall, an enormous shopping center/entertainment complex, is set in a suburb south of Boston. It is billed as the second-largest mall in North America, and the third-largest indoor entertainment complex in the United States.

At 3.5 million square feet, Yankee Green Mall is no mere string of stores joined together at the Sears. It consists of five shopping pavilions and a stadium where the New England Patriots play their home games.

Created by the architects to direct the public’s attention towards merchandise, foot traffic is drawn deeper and deeper inside and shoppers are mesmerized into spending their money.

The Seizing of Yankee Green Mall
By Ridley Pearson
St. Martin’s Press
$18.95 hardcover
385 pages

At the heart of this mall is the Security Dispatch Control Center, its controlling computer and the novel’s main character, Toby Jacobs.

The Director of Safety and Security, Jacobs originally oversaw the installation of the sophisticated radio-relay security equipment that the mall boasts as providing perfect communication and monitoring abilities from Dispatch to security officers anywhere in the complex.

The people that work at and visit Yankee Green Mall are a fairly regular bunch. Marty Rappaport, who is dragged by his wife to walk at the mall with the Greyhounds walking club, is a nosey man whose interest and outspokenness helps save the day when disaster strikes.

Laura Haff is a widow for whose 18-year-old son becomes a central part of life. There, she comes to terms with her husband’s death and finds a new man to marry — love — at the mall.

The sinister force in The Seizing of Yankee Green Mall is a disgruntled and disturbed man who plants bombs in the superstructure of the new pavilion and holds thousands of people hostage on opening day. Perhaps he was dragged along on shopping trips once too often as a tyke.

After explaining in detail the wonders of the mall’s infallible security measures, Pearson then expects the reader to believe that one man is able to seize control of the Central Dispatch computers and seal the exits. Pearson creates a tale that will be enjoyable to folks who confine their literary prowl to the mall. In fact, a mall might be the only place where such a volume is available. To others, it will seem rather silly.

The personnel are easy to relate to but simplistic. The facts on how a mall operates are interesting and convincing, but the intrigue is underdeveloped. The Seizing of Yankee Green Mall is about as entertaining as a day of shopping.

Way Off-Broadway
An unwilling audience shops and suffers

By Michael Tow

There are no malls in theater.

Imagine some of the great works of our time retold with a shopper’s edge: Shopping for Godot, The Franchise of a Salesman and Long Day’s Journey into Lord and Taylor.

I don’t pretend to know Godot’s size, but then again, Samuel Beckett’s most perverse, nihilistic nightmare didn’t come up with the Christmas season in suburban America.

Theater does not make its home in malls either, though there are those who would argue differently. Some people think fashion shows, or performing groups that present shows in malls occasionally, constitute the theater.

You see them generally around holiday times — high school choirs caroling at Christmas, tiny ballerinas and their mothers dancing the abridged Nutcracker Suite. Some even aver that the annually appearing Santas are theater.

Now consider how a mall operates are important to understand that theater must have a purpose above pure entertainment.

Theater raises questions, explores possibilities and examines the human condition. Fashion shows raise hemlines, explore trends and allow the audience to examine the human.

Comedies are no less theater because we find them amusing. Even a piece of entertaining theatrical fluff like Little Shop of Horrors has a purpose: it’s a story of hope, of the nebulous striving against outrageous odds and winning (at least in the 1966 film); it is a microcosm of the human struggle.

Mall performers have quite a different purpose. They serve to differentiate the mall from its competitors, and to attract business accordingly.

Shopping malls attempt to be omnibus. There is, or should be, no particular reason to go to another mall over another, unless an individual store is creating an incentive.

In the Washington, D.C. area, a person can get what he wants at White Flint as easily as he can at Montgomery Mall as easily as if he were at Lakeforest Mall and so on.

What then draws consumers to one mall? In many cases, performers can give a mall the edge when a potential customer is undecided. If it’s Christmas, and you’re going to buy undetermined gifts, you weigh the options. White Flint or Lakeforest?

An ad says White Flint is hosting a fashion show tomorrow. They’re also having a Santa in the common area of the mall, not simply relaying the responsibility to a few unlucky department stores.

Fine, you say, your child will have something to do. Two-to-one says you go to White Flint tomorrow, and spend your money there.

Gift salesman Mike Young feels that personnel can also make the difference between a dull trip through a dull store, and an entirely moving theatrical event. Young became an actor for the benefit of his customers.

“When I worked at the Holiday Craft and Gift Center, I considered myself a method salesman,” he says. “I’d try to put myself in buyers’ shoes, consider their lives and their histories. I figure they’ve come from 10, 20 miles away looking for a cheap gift. …”

Stanislavski would be proud. Avid consumer Glen Berger finds the correlation between theater and shopping nearly identical.

“When you go shopping, you look but don’t touch, because if you break it, you buy it, and theater’s the same way.”

Huh?

Faithful mall-attendee David Milstein examines the issue in a more literal sense. “I imagine there are some people who go shopping before they go to the theater,” he offers.

Malls and theater. They seem to go together like ketchup and ice cream.
Narrowed vision

The incredible shrinking movie theater makes viewing a chore

By Robin Fields

Less for more. It's the American way. Or rather, it has become the American way where film is concerned.

Movies have come full circle from the first half of this century, when the dimensions of theaters were constantly stretching to hold John Ford westerns and Cecil B. DeMille spectacles.

In the '60s, a decade of budget-slaughtering and belt-tightening, the pendulum has swung the opposite way. Film costs and, therefore, rental rates on prints have risen; theater-owners now feel obliged to squeeze every last dollar out of an already visually bombarded public.

Consequently, while ticket prices continue to rise (in New York they have reached — gasp — $7), larger, more luxurious theaters are splitting like amoeba into quadruplexes, octoplexes and, in hedonist Los Angeles, even a 14-plex.

This causes dilemmas for movie-goers that are far more troublesome than the fact that there is no good name for the awkward "14-plex." But admittedly, the labels have changed in response to, dare I submit, the movie mall trend.

What's in a name, you might well ask. Hut admittedly, the labels have changed in response to, dare I submit, the movie mall trend.

For baffled viewers, theaters present so many movies, so little space. The consumer is faced with myriad choices just to settle on a form of recreation.

Confusion runs rampant; people have been known to disappear into these complexes for weeks on end, emerging, bleary-eyed, to inform panic-stricken relatives that they had gone the distance and been paid.

It is more to the point that suddenly film has turned into a circus with a constantly multiplying number of rings.

The consumer is faced with myriad decisions just to settle on a form of recreation.

The shrinking theater has other ominously affects besides reducing brains to pudding. The configuration of the new, narrower theaters resembles nothing so much as a 727 bound for Fort Lauderdale: long rows of claustrophobically spaced seats leading up to a shrunken screen.

True, on solid ground the viewer can still see the film of his choice. And it is harder to walk out on a bomb at an altitude of 20,000 feet. But there's no mistaking that we're traveling coach, and that at a buck and a quarter for a small popcorn, snacking becomes a lot more expensive on terra firma than complementary Macadamia nuts.

Narrowed theaters further threaten the fun level of film-viewing because the present design diminishes the number of choice seats.

There is a certain amount of Murphy's Law attached to this area. The viewer settles back into the ideal position — two screen lengths back center — with the uneasy feeling that at any moment Boston Celtic forward Kevin McHale will sit down directly in front of him.

Kevin McHale is the film-goer's nightmare. He has the build of Herman Munster — seven feet tall and no neck — so a normal-sized audience member's sight line will be somewhere in the vicinity of his shoulder blades.

Trapped between the monster and a wall, the only half-palatable alternative becomes one of two aisle seats, where the viewer will watch the film leaning out into the aisle on a tilt.

Adding the mere thought of subtitles to this scheme can provoke wheezing in even the most pretentious of film buffs. What is the future of film when audiences have to pay exorbitant ticket prices only to play an unavoidable game of Twister just to see the film?

What are the final consequences of the invention of that self-supporting cinematic Disneyland, the movie mall? For one thing, Hollywood may again be in danger of extinction at the hands of its old enemy, television. Today's smaller movie screens allow only marginally more scope and ambiance than wide-screen TVs.

When theater screens expanded, the typical ratio of horizontal to vertical length for motion pictures eventually became about 2 to 1.

On the smaller screen of a television, these films often look absurd; the frame cuts into scenes oddity, sometimes reducing conversations across a table to shots of two noses in profile with voices emanating out of nowhere.

This, coupled with Alka Seltzer commercials, was usually enough to motivate people to leave the comfort of their living rooms for the lesser convenience of the movie theater. Added to this equation was the intangible element of ambiance.

Saints preserve us, paying cold hard cash for some indefinable mood? Don't scoff; I still carry vivid memories of a showing of Close Encounters of the Third Kind at the cavernous Ziegfeld Theater in New York.

At the end of the film, as the spaceship lifted off, the whole theater reverberated, shaking from the size and sound of lift-off. I was momentarily inside the film.

For those who can remember the wide-screen experience, the current tunnel-like viewing conditions prove particularly discouraging.

Without the pull of superior visuals and that exalted extra — atmosphere — film shows ever greater signs of permanently losing its edge to video.

The threat of a video takeover was real enough when even the most successful, award-winning feature films began appearing in video stores a year or less after their film release. Anyone who doesn't think it affects the state of the art hasn't compared the best films of 1981 with those of 1986.

Moviegoers were siphoned off ticket lines by the promise that waiting to see films at home meant oodles of savings. After all, as many people as want to can see the film for a rental fee equal to half the typical movie ticket price.

Plus you can buy films, good films, for less than taking the average family — Mom, Pop, and their 2.4 children — out to see it, even with the discount rate for partials. Besides, only about one in every 10 feature films is worth seeing anyway; by sticking to video you can pick from the best of yesterday, today.

The current panacea in the movie biz for these outside dangers seems simply to make more ticket lines. (Actually, making matters worse, theaters often have the same number of lines — one — leading to an ever-growing group of theaters. This, of course, only aids and abets the chaos.)

And while films are enjoying a highly profitable fall, shrinking theaters and the birth of the movie mall strike at the lone true asset that theatrical features have left — superior quality.

But look on the bright side; movie malls may eliminate the need for babysitters. Forever.

For baffled viewers, theaters present so many movies, so little space
Mayhem at the mall

Today's films say we better shop around

By Michael Geszel

To many people malls mean an endless shopping spree. But in the eyes of American cinema, the mall has come to represent the mundane, self-satisfied consumer.

Without political awareness and without a desire to cure the system's maladies, the mall-monger has been encapsulated on film as blindly gratified by the American way. Films depict malls as buttresses of patriotic sentiment. Films like Chuck Norris, the straightlaced patriotism and habitants' blind acceptance of the mall as a fortress protecting its in-summner need.

American populist wonder-land, offering brightly wrapped inner city, happy as a bee in a land o'plenty. Under the sun. The variety can gains, the mall is where the trudge around in search of bar-
mom and Pop and toddler too sexy slurp of soda pop. the sight values and the resting places of the American way. Films depict the eyes of American cinema, the middle-class morality.

Malls as buttresses of patriotic monger has been encapsulated. Without a desire to cure the mundane, the mall has come to represent the American way. Films depict the eyes of American cinema, the middle-class morality.

Recent films depict the mall as back like a bevered turtle, more men reveal the flaws of governmental bureaucracy by creating a tumult of scrambling law-enforcers pursuing a lone subverter.

In The Legend of Billie Jean, a young girl (Helen Slater) eludes the police after she's falsely accused of robbing a shopkeeper.

After the man tries to cajole his way into raping her, she defiantly takes a gun, points it at him and hustles out of store with money actually owed to her.

Misunderstood by the police. Billie Jean hits the road and declares herself a rebel, defending the rights of young people everywhere.

The film does have comedic farce, mindless as Arnold's, for the mall and total it. Due in part to a less consummation, says American cinema, is political complacency.

In one sequence, she arranges for her friends to reform their old band and drive through a mammoth mall populated by police cars, our heros. lake the place up anyway.

The film laughs at overzealous officers trying to uphold American morality and satirizes their stomping ground, where cops won't bother the bourgeois bargain-seeker but only the justifed rebel. Nevertheless, they can't quell Billie Jean's insurgent enthusiasm or stop a few mallies from attacking the mall. Even though the movie is not about knocking American law enforcement (no, no, it's about the consequences of taking the big guy's daughter without asking), it picks the mall as the center of mindless mayhem.

Schwarzenegger, the retiree rebel, tells the justifiably piqued police to get off his back and let him rob and steal in the name of retrieving his loved one.

The mall, as battleground, proves to be a perfect place for him to showcase his utter irreverence for the meddling offi-
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In The Blues Brothers, Highway to Heaven, it's a perfect place for the public and deals with what's going on in a small town.
Doin’ the dirtbag rag
Exploring the hard-rocking sights and sounds of the mallrat nation

By Gerard Babitts
and Marc Fernich

Maybe you’ve seen them — cadres of teens with shoulder-length hair sauntering, stalking and snarling their way through the video arcade and the food court. Kids with nothing better to do than hang out and cause trouble.

Smoking, shoplifting or just plain raising hell, they’re the dudes and chicks who make the mall their reason d’etre.

What are their favorite pastimes? For starters, there’s an old standby — cutting school for a day of commiseration with JC Penney, Sam Goody and Foot Locker. These dastardly youth live life to the hilt, and they live it by their rules and music alone. They are... the mall dirtballs.

Their indoor regimen has inspired an entire subgenre of rock — dirtball music. And this music is the fulcrum of the mall experience.

But listening to dirt tunes isn’t as easy as it sounds. It would be terribly gauche, not to mention presumptuous, to think that you can simply grab the newest metal tapes and cruise down to the shopping center. That type of thing just isn’t done around here, my dear.

The true dirt sound connoisseur must look the part before he can fully understand the lifestyle and message of the Dirt Nation.

You can assimilate the necessary sartorial trappings in a few easy steps. First, grab a four-by-four truck and head out to the nearest Modell’s or Kmart. Be sure to construct your wardrobe from the bottom up; versatile, year-round, beige constructs your wardrobe from the bottom up; versatile, year-round, beige.

Mind you, not just any pair will do. You’ll be laughed out of the mall in anything but Lee or Levi’s.

And don’t leave without the obligatory leather Harley Davidson “truckier” wallet. You may purchase the heavy metal chain that attaches the wallet to your belt loop, but stealing a genuine leather band, or you’ll be ostracized. The sound of this track blaring from a boom box is enough to stop the most impassioned video game player in mid-kill.

This is the requisite moment of silence for the mall dudes and chicks. It’s a time to get all choked up, wave Old Dixie and remember those who died in the struggle. Don’t forget to don your black arm band, or you’ll be ostracized.

1. “Stairway to Heaven” — Led Zeppelin

The tour de force. Indescribable states of orgasmic fury are reached during each repeated playing. “Stairway” is the quintessence of the mall dirt experience; its emotional vicissitudes mirror those of mall life itself.

Tragically, the days of the lethargic, quadluce-numbered suburban mall dirt may be coming to an end. With the advent of stringent loitering laws and beefed-up security forces, becoming a mall rat needs time for quiet contemplation and remembrance of departed loved ones. Father James does the trick. This tasteful tune provides a solemn interlude between intense games of Defender, Destroyer, Masher and Obliterator.

2. “Free Bird” — Lynyrd Skynyrd

Brings tears to the eyes, lumps to the throats and hands to the girl friends’ behinds. The sound of this track blaring from a boom box is enough to stop the most impassioned video game player in mid-kill.

3. “Purple Haze” — Jimi Hendrix

Nothing beats a rabid hoard of white suburban males worshipping at the altar of a dead black man.

4. “Crazy Train” — Ozzy Osbourne

Ozzy’s sincere brand of bone-headed metaphysics.

9. “Light My Fire” — The Doors

During a frantic day of hanging hard, a mall rat needs time for quiet contemplation and remembrance of departed loved ones. Father James does the trick. This tasteful tune provides a solemn interlude between intense games of Defender, Destroyer, Masher and Obliterator.

8. “Cat Scratch Fever” — Ted Nugent

The original weekend warrior cranks out the ultimate soundtrack for weekend mall escapades. Whether it’s sneaking out to smoke a few doobs, shooting some beer, cruising head shops for the latest bong or marveling over the most hardcore video game player in mid-kill.

5. “TNT” — AC/DC

The unforgettable reference to Junior’s missing grades hits close to home. Like junior, most of the dirtbag renaissance man.

6. “Ironman” — Black Sabbath

Brings tears to the eyes, lumps to the throats and hands to the girl friends’ behinds. The sound of this track blaring from a boom box is enough to stop the most impassioned video game player in mid-kill.

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This is the requisite moment of silence for the mall dudes and chicks. It’s a time to get all choked up, wave Old Dixie and remember those who died in the struggle. Don’t forget to don your black arm band, or you’ll be ostracized.

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The mall dinosaurs may be on the brink of extinction, but their music is a brand of bone-headed metaphysics.

The late Bon Scott’s anguished wail of aggression with pent-up sexual energy.

A legendary dirt anthem. Visceral emotions are conveyed through Randy Rhodes’ blistering guitar solo and Uncle Ozzy’s sincere brand of bone-headed metaphysics.

The tour de force. Indescribable states of orgasmic fury are reached during each repeated playing. “Stairway” is the quintessence of the mall dirt experience; its emotional vicissitudes mirror those of mall life itself.

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As part of his oh... six-year dry spell, Dudley Moore stars in Best Defense, Thursday at 9 p.m. on channel 6.

- Health Career (1987) Trace triumphs and tragedies in the fight against infectious disease
- New Adventures of Beans Baxter
- West 57th CBS News primetime magazine, John Forsythe, Meredith Viera
- Comedy Tonight
- Salvation Army Christmas News
- WFW Wrestling Spotlight
- 10:30 pm Jetting Time Woman survives literally disastrous encounter with future in-laws, Rosanne Arquette, David Byrne
- Discover
- Taxi
- 11:00 pm CBS News
- Johnny Python's Flying Circus
- TBA
- Friday the 13th
- Keilie Massmann
- 11:30 pm Saturday Night Live
- Movie: The Hunter (1980) A bounty hunter uses unconventional means to track down fugitives. Steve McQueen, Kathryn Harrold (1:37)
- Mac: Hsmer of the Reel (1978) Men races to stake a claim on a subsistence plot. Richard Boone, Michael Parks, Mary Lou Retton (1:40)
- Blader's Rescue
- Cancun on Air
- Movie: Winchester '73 (1950) Lawman hunts down the exconvict who stole his prized Winchester rifle. James Stewart, Shelley Winters (1:32)
- 12:00 am a Movie: The Redford Panorama
- CBS Sunday Morning
- Saturday Night Live
- Movie: The Rare Breed (1965) Clark Gable, Susan Hayward (1:36)
- 1:30 am Movie: Foxfire Hallmark Hall of Fame
- Movie: The Christmas Star Disney
- Movie: The Christmas Star
- NBC News
- Puttin' on the Hits
- Movie: The Season to Be Smurfs
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Spend a musical moment with Mary Poppins, Maria VonTrapp and a male-female impersonator, in Julie Andrews. The Sound of Christmas, with special guest Domino as an overweight Italian opera singer. Andrews plays herself Wednesday at 9 p.m. on channel 6.

**MONDAY December 14**

Complete weekday morning and afternoon listings can be found on page 17.

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**Tuesday December 15**

Complete weekday morning and afternoon listings can be found on page 17.

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**Wednesday December 16**

Complete weekday morning and afternoon listings can be found on page 17.

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**Street Tube**

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**Spend the globe this holiday season**

Contributions of simple toys are needed for a holiday visit to San Juan Los Flores. From small toys like dolls, jump ropes, crayons, balls and picture books, can be placed outside the Penn Extension office in Houston Hall, or arrangements can be made by calling 898-4831.
DEATH WISH 4: THE CRACKDOWN
It at fist you don’t succeed try try again
(Eric's Place, 1519 Chestnut St., 563-3086)

DIRTY DANCING
With main source Matthew Broderick roiling in an Irish prison, Jennifer Grey steps hazy with Swazey.
(Eric Mark 1, 18th and Market Sts., 564-6222)

EMPIRE OF THE SUN
The new mature Steven Spielberg brings Shanghai circa 1940 to life through the eyes of a child. Sounds like an Eastern front Hope and Glory
(AMC Palace, 1812 Chestnut St., 496-0222)

FATAL ATTRACTION
Director Adrian Lyne crossbreeds his own 1-2-3-4 with a slasher film and hits cash register heaven.
(AMC Midtown, 1412 Chestnut St., 567-7272)

FATAL BEAUTY
1-2-3-4. I don't wanna look at you no more. You're ugly, hey, hey you're ugly.
(Eric's Place, 1519 Chestnut St., 563-3086)

FLOWERS IN THE ATTIC
Incest cuts out to be far from best. V.C. Andrews gives parental guidance a whole new meaning.
(Sam's 4, 1908 Chestnut St., 567-0604)

HOPE AND GLORY
The first in a gaggle of films to look at war through children's eyes, as opposed to politicians' eyes. Same difference.
(Ritz V, 214 Walnut St., 925-7900)

I'VE HEARD THE MERMAIDS SINGING
I've heard it through the grapevine. Patricia Rozema takes off with this creative debut.
(Ritz V, 214 Walnut St., 925-7900)

THE LAST EMPEROR
Fleming: Bernardo Bertucci returns with a grand, regal epic about China's last imperial ruler
Asain's Place 19th and Chestnut Sts., 927-0538

MAURICE
Pre-Raphaelite love blossoms by way of the all-too-reined team of Merchant and Ivory.
(AMC Palace, 214 Walnut St., 925-7900)

NUTS
Bar-bar-bar-bar-bar-bar-bar and rave.
(AMC Old City, Second and Front Sts., 627-5966)

PLANES, TRAINS AND AUTOMOBILES
"Tufty" Candy and "Straightlaced" Marxist (oh my, but they're post-pubescent) are off to the races in John Hughes' fuffy comedy.
(AMC Regency, 16th and Chestnut Sts., 567-2310)

THE PRINCESS BRIDE
"Oh my darling prince you saved me, I love you. "Yes my love, my fair princess my succulent squish, I did. Oh goodie, goodie gum drop.
(Eric Rittenhouse, 1907 Walnut St., 567-0230)

SURVIVAL GAMES
(AMC Walnut Mall, 3925 Walnut St., 222-2344)

SUSPECT
Tuesday, December 10
It at first you don't succeed try try again
(Chesnut Cabaret, 38th and Chestnut Sts., 362-1201)

DEATH WISH 4: THE CRACKDOWN
It at fist you don’t succeed try try again
E. C. Andrews gives parental guidance a whole new meaning.
(Sam's 4, 1908 Chestnut St., 567-0604)

DOGGY STYLE
Thursday
Psuedo-art noise band Irom NYC gets.
(SIS, 893-1930)

DOGGY STYLE
Thursday through Saturday
Israeli conductor Yoel Levi leads perlor orchestra organization performs an energetic version of Handel's "Messiah."
(Penns m Progress Gallery, 54 N Third St., 928-0206)

FATAL BEAUTY
1-2-3-4. I don't wanna look at you no more. You're ugly, hey, hey you're ugly.
(Eric's Place, 1519 Chestnut St., 563-3086)

MAD DOUGLAS
Tuesday
Member of Styx opens Sunday and Monday
(Philadelphia Orchesta, 25th and Locust Sts., 869-3600)

MAURICE PRENDERGAST
Thursday —
A monotypical fellow produced over 17,000 prints between 1891 and 1902.
The ultimate Upstairs Downstairs episode returns for the holidays.
(Philadelphia Art Alliance, 251 S 18th St., 921-2630)

MAURICE
Pre-Raphaelite love blossoms by way of the all-too-reined team of Merchant and Ivory.
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MCCARTHY
Tuesday
"I've heard it through the grapevine Patri-
icians' eyes Same difference
(AMC Old City, Second and Front Sts., 627-5966)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Associate conductor William Smith brings Handel's "Messiah." Sunday and Monday
(Philadelphia Orchesta, 25th and Locust Sts., 869-3600)

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA
Associate conductor William Smith joins forces with Philadelphia's Singing City Choir for their annual performance of Handel's "Messiah." Sunday and Monday
(Philadelphia Orchesta, 25th and Locust Sts., 869-3600)

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(AMC Regency, 16th and Chestnut Sts., 567-2310)

PENN STATE UNIVERSITY
Thursday —
Funeral director Paul Kantner w/Tommy Shaw
(Theater of Living Arts, 334 South St., 922-1011)

PENN'S FINE ARTS MUSEUM
Thursday —
Joseph McKeown's "Brenda Brown" is a navel andencil comic. Rosalyn Drexler's "Waxing" is a gay and straight social satire.
(Philadelphia Art Alliance, 251 S 18th St., 921-2630)

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PENNSYLVANIA ACADEMY OF FINE ARTS
Thursday —
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