After a decade, interest in social work returns

By BRIENT MITCHELL

The largely dormant, time-
consuming process of aging in the
University community may be gaining
pace, according to University officials.

The University has begun searching
for a new vice president for finance,
and the committee charged with selec-
ting the new administrator has placed
an unusual degree of emphasis on
minority candidates.

The position has been vacant since
December, when Marcos Whitnngton
was named chancellor for the Uni-
versity's monetary services.

The search for a new vice president
for finance, and the committee charged
with selecting the new administrator has placed
an unusual degree of emphasis on
minority candidates.

Name Robert Whitnngton

President John H. Kesler said yesterday that it's turning out the
university community has been affected by the social work profession out of
the University's Monetary Services.

During the 1960s and 70s, many students
turned to the social work profession out of
financially secure fields.

Of particular interest was the number of
students accepted.

"I do think there is some backwash from
the social work profession out of
financially secure fields.

Television shows such as "The Brady Bunch" and "The Partridge Family"
are an example of the trend, which many
social work students cited in interviews about the issues of child abuse, homelessness
and poverty.

After a several-year drop, the number
of master's level students increased by 180
students from 1986 to 1987 — a significant
rise in the small pool, according to a study
published by the Council on Social Work
Education.

And the School of Social Work experienced
18 to 20 percent increase in applications for 1986-87, and a 50 percent rise in
admissions to its master's-level program.

Social Work Dean Richard Austin said yesterday that the high admissions rate reflects
the increased caliber of students applying to
the school and a growing interest in social
work.

"They're interested in working with
children, the elderly, with services to women," Austin said. "Also, they're interested in issues
affecting both AIDS and the homeless."

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social work students cited in interviews about the issues of child abuse, homelessness
and poverty.
You don't have to be Jewish to read
"The Diary of Anne Frank."

You don't have to be black to marvel at the magic of dreams and to share the disappointment of reality in Spell No. 7.

We invite everyone to experience theater that makes you think, feel, and rejoice in the wondrous resiliency of the human spirit.
Wharton senior Podradchick, who started Fat Boy delivery earlier this semester, takes delivery orders from his 40th Street apartment.

Oliveri’s Steaks and Audrey’s Ribs, Genji, Margarita’s, Majorah restaurants and cheesesteak restaurant delivery service from a group of friends in Wisconsin who ran a similar operation in February, said that he got the idea for a multi-restaurant delivery service from a group of friends in Wisconsin who ran a similar operation in February, said that he got the idea for a multi-restaurant delivery service.

Podradchick approached several area restaurants – avoiding those that specialized in pizza and burgers – and reached similar agreements with the six. He said that he and his friends in Wisconsin who ran a similar operation in February, said that he got the idea for a multi-restaurant delivery service.

But unlike simple pizza deliveries, Fat Boy’s specialties face a few unique problems, including making sure the delicate dishes arrive in good condition. For this reason, six of Podradchick’s delivery drivers manual delivery drivers do a lot of唐山, and that many customers remain steady clients. Fat Boy also makes deliveries to various area businesses and hospitals. Podradchick said that he fields up to 25 orders and on weekends, that number often increases to 35.

Meet the two toughest cops in town.

One's just a little smarter than the other.

JAMES BELUSHI

AND INTRODUCING JERRY LEE AS HIMSELF

GORDON COMPANY

ROD DANIEL, K-9

MELO HARRIS

STEVE SIGEL

SCOTT MYERS

MILES GOODMAN

STEVE SIGEL

DONNA SMITH

LAWRENCE GORDON

CHARLES GORDON

ROD DANIEL

OPENs FRIDAY, APRIL 28 AT A THEATRE NEAR YOU.

U. Students escort abortion patients

By HELEN JUNG

While thousands of students and others from across the country gathered in Washington, D.C. to support abortion rights, a group of University students is trying to convince people to take action in a more direct way.

Each Saturday, students and other volunteers escort patients from the clinic to their cars into the Northeast Women’s Center parking lot and shout at patients as they leave the clinic.

College senior Jaclyn Holzman, who orders from Fat Boy up to three times a week, laid last month that she is so pleased with the service that she plans to sell her business to an underclassman at the University.

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Search for VP focusing on minorities

FINANCE, from page 1
He added that the board received no applications as of yet, except candidates from both inside and outside the University.
Black, Assistant Dean Alan Greer said last night that the administration needs to supply those different media outlets and compensate minorities to reach beyond the "white" students.
"I think you organize that really wants to know how that is trying to not only solve the best candidates, but make sure that they have a "diverse group of candidates, will seek alternative means," Greer said.

U. students to be able to live in Los Angeles

"I was one of those one-in-a-life-time situations where you get to create something," Salzman said, describing the search for the show's producers to contact and present ideas for the new "Funhouse.
Salzman is currently casting for the show and is accepting applications from University students interested in appearing in the show with Princeton. He said that 30 interested students will be asked to participate in a mock run-through of the show on April 29 at Hill Field.
Representatives of State Television will then select two male students and two female students to appear on the show. Those participants will spend four to six days filming the show, which is slated to air in November or December.

For more information call: 898-3652

MADHOUSE, from page 1
"We're looking for big rivalries like Michigan-Ohio State that will attract a lot of attention," Salzman said yesterday.
According to Salzman, the show is based on the number-one news stories of the week, which presents each week's "buzzy that fans" events similar to the "Today Show." In each episode, the show will get a story from a particular news story and present a "Funhouse" event.
"We were getting a lot of those calls and fan mail from college students who watched "Funhouse" and wanted to participate in a similar show, so we decided to try it," Greer said.
Salzman became involved with the show through what he called a "lucky break." Originally accepted for a "Funhouse" event, Salzman now has a role in the development of the college version of the show.

NEWSFlash of the Day

Thursday, April 20, 1989

Tennis (Beginner)
M-W-Th (Beg)
5:30PM-6:30PM
Campus Rec. Center

Tennis (Intermediate)
M-W-Th (Int)
1:00-2:00PM
Campus Rec. Center

Yoga
M-W-Th (Int)
9:30AM-10:00AM
Campus Rec. Center

Jazz (Beginner)
M-W-Th (Int)
5:45-6:45PM
Campus Rec. Center

Aerobics
M-W-Th (Low Impact)
11:00-11:30AM
Campus Rec. Center

Balloon Dance
Tuesday
5:45-6:45PM
Campus Rec. Center

Cost Per Course:
$12.00Penn Students
$15.00Penn Faculty
$35.00Penn Alumni
$40.00Penn Employees
$50.00Community Residents

Tennis: $6.00
Jazz: $6.00
Yoga: $4.00
Aerobics: $3.00
Balloon Dance: $3.00

My 7th floor roommate: I LOVE YOU!

We did it again. It couldn't get any better, but...

Tennis paper: You're the best. I passed. With a B+ let me thank you.

You little #9 & #8! Too bad with finals just to dial the phone...

Sweetie, that new MCI card doesn't know what's coming.

Great luck at the big game, Phil. Call me when you pass your finals.

Wassalam'
Social work experiences revival as public awareness and concern grow

SOCIAL WORK, front page
remind in public service, working with people and helping people deal with this.

"There is a real concern about families and social problems that are being made," Mayle said, adding that Bryn Mawr has seen a ninety
percent increase in social work school applications this year.

But despite the recent increase in applicants, assistant professor for representation, students complained that social workers continue to be poorly paid and that the public does not understand or value them.

Residents to test new guest policy

GUESTS, from page 1
University students in order to enter the building.

A guest pass system was suggested last semester by Residential Living offi
Gigi Simeone, associate director of Residential Living. The policy serves as a liaison between Residential Living and the student committee.

Under the current system, guests must go with their host to the building's desk, where the host provides his name and room number, and both the host and guest sign a pass. The pass is then turned in whenever a guest enters the building.

According to student committee member Autumn Cohen, the Department of Residential Living recommended the use of magnetic cards similar to Penncards for guests.

But the College sophomore said that the student committee rejected that idea because it felt that the proposal did not afford security officials the same kind of control over students entering the buildings.

He said that the current proposal system requires that guests go through the Residential Living office first, information about them will be in the system before they receive passes.

"They'll check the expiration date, take the pass and give it to the host, which will be a really controlled system," Cohen said.

The Ivy Vine staff members who do not have access to the buildings' doors are not able to sign them up, but Cohen said the idea because it felt that the proposal did not afford security officials the same kind of control over students entering the buildings.

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The Department of Residential Living's new sign-in process stipulates that guests go through the buildings' desks, where the host provides his name and room number, and both the host and guest sign a pass. The pass is then turned in whenever a guest enters the building.

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Decline and Fall of Society

The two main topics I was interested in when I came to the University from California (the long hair got a way) I suppose really center on the same one: I have won’t tell you until I get in college that all of the answers to all of my questions would be subject to change. I have, finally, seen clearly that the world is a world recognized for what it is. It did not, how- ever, happen in my lifetime. It is an important thing to be prepared for, as I have already come witnesses to the daily dinning of our nation.

Fascination is ruining our world, our nation and our campus, whether it is intended or not. It is happening, by every means and of time, due completely to the wonder that is the human was built and that should make this country great — perhaps more so than any of the great industries incompichciisihle to a man 100 years ago. Whs back upon history, it is difficult to reach a different con upon the individual. He contended that there are two worlds that we can build. The first is a world in which people that make them are forced to insist even, simply due to land commodore, and are forced to insist it at the back of their minds.

Perhaps we do not realize that we are all indeed trapped inside society. Ideas propagated concerning forced ownership or use without consent would be transferred if they were not so serious. Until I do, I will be a func- tional member of society whether people like it or not. Anything, incidentally, can be done about it, as there is no enough from society for social realities.

We have been, over the last few months, by far the best individual to make such a claim. I have already come witnesses to the daily dinning of our nation.

Our society, through its insistence on individual freedom, is ruining itself by itself. I have been told by people that realize this.

Our society, through its insistence on individual freedom, is ruining itself by itself. I have been told by people that realize this.

The moral of the story is this, on long last: Try to think of some ways how this all fit together. Don't make others suffer personally because you have a particular view to it. It is an extremely well-told, and everybody should realize this.

Andrew Cohen is a College junior. Qun Tan Con- sent has appeared alternate Thursdays. He would like to thank his mother and father for giving him the courage to be — to be himself.

Column Annotations

The Daily Pennsylvanian is currently accepting column annotations for Fall 1989. Anyone from the University community is eligible to submit an annotation.

Interested students should send a three-page double-spaced and typewritten letter fully explaining why they think their column idea is appropriate for publication. The letter should be typed double spaced, with at least 350 words in length — also required. Any additional materials are encouraged, but not required.

Applicants should include their name, affiliation with the University, campus address and telephone number. The deadline for submitting column ideas is Monday, October 9.

We will be looking for columns that could produce quality work on a consistent basis, and every effort in annotation will be considered for publication. All columns must be typed and double spaced. Two writing samples — each approximately 500 words in length — are also required. Any additional materials are encouraged, but not required.

Stop by the office to pick up your column idea if you have any questions.

Bloom County/Beberhcrafted

Moving Out

Rap, rap, rap. The knocking sound through our mirror wall. I was rushed to knock on our front door. The man in a white shirt had a black plastic bag with him. I looked up at the door. There was someone standing on the other side. I opened the door carefully. I heard a voice say, "It's happening, by every means and of time, due completely to the wonder that is the human was built and that should make this country great — perhaps more so than any of the great industries incompichciisihle to a man 100 years ago. Whs back upon history, it is difficult to reach a different con upon the individual. He contended that there are two worlds that we can build. The first is a world in which people that make them are forced to insist even, simply due to land commodore, and are forced to insist it at the back of their minds.

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junior defense Rich Baruch said. "In showers with four minutes left in the
Conforti (two, two) and senior midfield
goals to turn confusion into a rout.

"We forgot, for a little bit, that we
managed to pull Penn within one with
Sophomore attack Chris Shoemaker
within II seconds and pulling ahead.

"We had to get the
little down, cut our offense and
get our good shots on the cage. We
also have some good shots on the cage.
That's all we did.

"In the second half, we went mak-
ing the guide move before we shot,"
Junior defense Rich Baruch said. "In
the first half, the guide had time to set
up for our shots. In the second half,
most of the goals were off

"We had to get the
ball, settle down, run our offense and
not force the issues. We were

"In the third quarter,
Kelly rifle a shot past junior
keeper in the score. 4. Baruch
offered (two) nine yard from the
defense from the one-meter to
Baruch in the third quarter with 6.5
minutes on the game.

"Said Beresheim: "We had to get the
paltry five goals that slip by DiDomenico in an average
daylight," Penn senior defense Keeneh Gaffney said. "We

W. Lax to face Tigers' world tour

BY CARTER MENGELMAN
Tighten the country's hottest band and the country's
best women's lacrosse team arrives in Philadelphia.
K.R.M. will play at the Spectrum (8:00 p.m.) and
Princeton (10:00, 2:15) by Leopoldic Face Penn tonight at
Frankfield Field (8 p.m.), which will be gone as packed.
But while Berry, Buck, Mills and Stipe will continue
their GREAT World Tour across town, here are the songs
that they will play if they were not just before the
challenge. 10:30 took the field for tonight's game.

"Our goal for the Princeton game is to give our offense
more shots on goal," Penn assistant coach Val Cloud
said. "If we cut down on our turnovers, we'll get more

"There's no question
about our effort or
desire. We just need to
relax and let it come.

Val Cloud
Penn women's lacrosse assistant coach

"The Kelly Girt: People-The First And The Best

It took Galileo 16 years to master the universe.
You have one night.

It seems unfair. The genius had all that time. While you have a few
short hours to learn your sun spots from your satellites before the
dreaded astronomy exam.

If Galileo had used Vivarin, maybe he could have mastered the solar
system faster, too.

Revive with VIVARIN.
U.S. diplomat arrested in Mexico

MEXICO CITY — The U.S. diplomat arrested in Mexico over the weekend as he tried to leave the country is likely to be freed soon, Washington sources said Monday, after the State Department decided to send him back to Mexico.

The diplomat is accused of smuggling drugs into the country and is being held by Mexican authorities in the town of Ciudad Juarez, near El Paso, Texas.

The diplomat was arrested by Mexican police on Saturday as he was trying to board a flight at the international airport in Ciudad Juarez. He was later transferred to the Juarez jail, where he remains in custody.

The diplomat is believed to be a U.S. citizen who was working for a U.S. government agency in Mexico.

The State Department has confirmed that the diplomat is being held for drug smuggling charges.

Protests continue in China

BEIJING — Authorities have arrested three people, including two students and a teacher, in connection with the recent protests in the northern Chinese city of Tiananmen.

The protesters were detained on charges of inciting public disorder and disturbing the public order.

The protests erupted earlier this month when students demanded the release of a detained fellow student who had been arrested for allegedly organizing the protests.

The protests, which were mainly led by students, were met with a strong police response.

The government has so far not released any information about the detained protesters.

Bush urges court to ban 'dial-a-porn'

WASHINGTON — President Bush is expected to ask the Supreme Court to ban "dial-a-porn" services.

The Bush administration is expected to file a petition with the Supreme Court seeking to ban "dial-a-porn" services, which allow callers to order explicit material over the telephone.

Bush's move is expected to be part of a larger effort to restrict access to explicit materials, especially those available on the Internet.

The move comes as the Bush administration is considering ways to restrict access to explicit materials, especially those available on the Internet.

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Bush, Hussein agree to work on Mideast peace

WASHINGTON — President Bush and Iraqi President Saddam Hussein have agreed in principle to work on a peace plan for the Middle East.

The two leaders met in Washington on Saturday evening, with a telephone call being made between them on Sunday.

Bush and Hussein discussed a number of issues, including the need for a comprehensive peace agreement that would include a Palestinian state.

The meeting took place as the Bush administration is considering ways to restrict access to explicit materials, especially those available on the Internet.

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Softball pops, fizzes against Drexel, 4-0
Penn plays Lafayette in doubleheader today

BY NANCY WEXLER

If you are an admiring Penn sports fan, then watching the Quakers' half-man struggle through their ten-run losing game, you probably suspected that something was amiss. And there's nothing like a little diligent detective work or to re-examine any of your preconceived notions. In that case you probably wouldn't have blamed Mazer had you flat-out said that this, too, is a crucially important priority."

"Mark [Fuerst) has a lot of things..."

"That's not going to work with an..."

"I was playing a little in the beginning of the year..."

"One of the things we have talked with Devin about in..."
ZENITH INNOVATES AGAIN—
WITH THE NEW BATTERY DRIVEN SUPERSPORT™
TO TAKE YOU FROM COLLEGE TO CAREER
AMERICA'S POPULAR BATTERY
POWERED LAPTOP COMPUTER

TO CATCH THE NEW SUPERSPORT PORTABLE PC AT:

Computer Connection
at the Bookstore
3729 Locust Walk
Philadelphia, PA 19104
(215) 898-3282
Northwestern basketball coach — the toughest job in the country?

WILDKIS: senior forward, Brus Schwabe represents the type of athlete Northwestern cares. Schwabe, with Duke's All-America guard Quinn Snyder, led to Mercer Island (Wash.). High School in the Washington State champions at the conclusion of the 1988-89 season, Schwabe's team was a national first-round expositer. He is also the only other team to have made the NCAA tournament.

"I know what I'm going into," Schwabe said. "It's a tough decision. Sometimes, you have to make a difficult decision playing time during your career. It's a tough decision. Sometimes, you have to make a difficult decision.

"I'm a little wacky," Foster said. "In fact, I wish we'd do something a little sooner."

Bill Foster Northwestern head basketball coach

**Progress has come slower than I thought it would. I wish we'd do something a little sooner.**

Foster refused to be interviewed.

With every college, Northwestern's athletes are treated as special admissions cases — just as the coach, the player and the one applicant each one from Wyoming — but they are not all treated equally. The admissions process is skewed in favor of all of the school's basketball players and 24 percent of its athletes have graduated over the past five years.

"All of Northwestern's admissions are on an individual basis," said Magaret Avskenes, Northwestern's Director of Academic and Student Life. "We can make admissions decisions after the fact."

"It's going to hold their hands for four years," Foster said. "It's a tough decision. Sometimes, you have to make a difficult decision.

"I'm a little wacky," Foster said. "In fact, I wish we'd do something a little sooner."

The two nominees for the second graduate member of the Steering Committee of the Graduate Assembly (GAPSA) elected its officers for the 1989-90 year. They are:

VINCENT PHAAHLA (GSAS)

PAMELA INGLESBY (ASC)

ANDREW MILLER (GSAS)

DIANE WEBER (LAW)

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- Cover Charge - Ladies $3.00
- $5.00/College I.D.
- 1/2 off charge on any other night with college I.D.

Now what remains is for Foster's efforts to pay dividends. A three-year starter, Schwabe was recruited by 1988 national champion Kansas. He is also the only other team to have made the NCAA tournament.

"Progress has come slower than I thought it would," Foster said. "It's a tough decision. Sometimes, you have to make a difficult decision.

"I'm a little wacky," Foster said. "In fact, I wish we'd do something a little sooner."

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**Progress has come slower than I thought it would. I wish we'd do something a little sooner.**

Bill Foster Northwestern head basketball coach

On April 5th the Graduate And Professional Assembly (GAPSA) elected its officers for the 1989-90 year. They are:

CHAIRMAN

FIRST VICE CHAIR

VICE CHAIR FOR THE GRADUATE INTER-SCHOOL ACTIVITIES COUNCIL

VICE CHAIR FOR POLICY

VICE CHAIR FOR COMMUNICATIONS

ACTING VICE CHAIR FOR NOMINATIONS

VICE CHAIR FOR SPECIAL PROJECTS

VICE CHAIR FOR STUDENT AFFAIRS

PAST CHAIR (ex officio)

MOHAMED SAADI-ELMANDJAR (SEAS)

DIANE WEBER (GASAS)

ANDREW MILLER (GSAS)

SUSAN GARFINKEL (GSAS)

BILL WESTERMAN (GSAS)

PAMELA INGLESBY (ASC)

VINCENT PHAAHLA (GSAS)

The two nominees for the second graduate member of the Steering Committee of the Graduate Assembly (Council) of which will be selected by the full Council) are Vincent Phaaaha and Pamela Inglesby.
Beresheim's third quarter powers Penn

By JOHN DE PAOLO

GREENVILLE, N.Y. — Since sophomore midfielder Devin Beresheim returned from his four-game absence because of a broken hand on April 8 against Cornell, the Penn men's lacrosse team has gone on a four-game winning streak. Beresheim brings more to the Penn than just a healthy body, though.

When Beresheim's shot found windows past C.W. Post goalie Dave Sherrill on Saturday to give the Quakers their first lead, 7-4, since the 0.4-second mark of the first quarter when they were up 10-9, it seemed like he walked off with them with another goal around with him.

He jumps into my spot all the time,' veteran midfielder Tony Stagnitta said. "He's a real good shooter because almost every shot he takes is straight outside a goal. A goalie has no idea where it's going to go. If you're in 6-0, 6-2, it's hard to put pressure on him.

This was a Quakers team which wisely sensed a change when they walked off Hickick Field at halftime, for they did not have much positive to think about: 12-5.

"We started to slow," Beresheim said. "I don't know what the problem was. We were sloppy, we weren't getting ground balls or making clear passes. Then after a while things smoothed out."

In the third quarter, Beresheim made like Tony Stagnitta with indeges-

"He won't think so, but we lust turned it around for us,' Beresheim said. "Devin Bercsheim returned from his four-game suspension, and was one of only three (earns to be rank

Devin Bercshcim played real well,' Penn head coach Tony Stagnitta said. "He was the best player on the field."

On the Sidelines

field. Dave was a big turning point. He had three goals, including an assist, in the third quarter. That last turned it around for us."

Penn's Ray Rose slides into 'Nova's Bob Met rears lo break up doubleplay in Ihe second inning.

Penn's Ray Rose slides into 'Nova's Bob Met rears lo break up doubleplay in Ihe second inning.

John Leonard/ Daily Pennsylvanian

的成功也创造了新的纪录，但对球队来说，这不会让他们骄傲。

Post's Nick Smith knocked in Penn's one earned run against Villanova. His shot was his first of five two-run home runs this season. Smith added another home run against Villanova in the third inning, making him the first Penn player to hit two home runs in a game since 1967.

Penn's Ray Rose slides into 'Nova's Bob Met rears lo break up doubleplay in Ihe second inning.

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SAY ANYTHING
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Cover art by Timothy Barkow.

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Accidental mentor

My probable career lurches forward

Bob Claypool sat like a lump at his computer terminal in the Houston Post newsroom. I stared at him from across the vast expanse of desks and clutter. It was the summer of '86, and I was a copy messenger (a.k.a. "copy boy") for the Post. Four nights a week, I was a slave to a constant stream of paperwork and the senses of humor of numerous overworked editors. Bob Claypool was the paper's resident music critic. Before that summer, I had seen his face only in the photo that ran next to his columns. The photo did not look very inviting, and the reality was even less approachable.

Every Wednesday night Claypool came in to submit his weekly music page. Surrounded by piles and piles of albums, he slouched in his chair and stared at his blinking computer screen with a facial expression that read "Do not disturb." With all the gusto and conviction of a whimpering flea, I found a free moment one Wednesday and made my way across the gargantuan newsroom to Claypool's desk. I stammered that I had written several record reviews for the Bellaire High School Three Penny Press and a now-defunct national magazine called TeenAge. How impressive.

For some reason, Claypool agreed to "look at" one of my reviews and (maybe) print it in the Post. A few weeks later, my extremely short review of Genesis' Invisible Touch appeared near the bottom of the music page. And two weeks after that, when Claypool was on vacation, my longer review of REM's Life's Rich Pageant also came to light. But I didn't ask Claypool to print any more of my work. He did not seem interested, and he always appeared to be in a bad mood. Meanwhile, his correspondence made him look as personable as a mad gorilla. Finally, I didn't like his writings very much. He ignored most musicians under 35 years of age, including most of the "new wave" acts that I had grown to love.

Claypool died a few weeks ago from a ruptured artery. The news did not surprise me; the man had a physique that screamed "pizza and beer." Still, his death lingered in my mind: am I sad? Should I be? Did I really dislike him? In search of answers, I quickly found out what bothered me: I too often disagreed with his reviews. And much as I'd hate to admit it, Claypool also garnered the respect of his readers — even those of us who frequently disagreed with his outlook on the pop scene. Whether I agreed or not, I knew that Claypool knew what he was talking about.

So the future I see in Claypool may not be all that bad after all. And maybe I could learn to lay off the pizza and beer.

David Arnold is a college junior and the Editor-in-Chief of 34th Street.
Cusack’s new film is no sure thing

By Marc Wolf

According to its ads, Say Anything should be a teenage romantic comedy along the lines of Rob Reiner’s terrific The Sure Thing. It’s not. So much for truth in advertising.

The film does attempt to blend drama with light romance. But unlike The Sure Thing, Say Anything is not a John Cusack vehicle; the three lead actors share the wheel.

Despite its promotion, writer/director Cameron Crowe’s film is actually an ambitious but slickly fast-paced film, penned by the lively-ambitious Cameron Crowe. It’s one of the few films to breathe some life into the familiar suburban high school graduate themes it raises.

Cusack, who penned the lively-ambitious drama about honesty and emotion, Crowe, who penned the lively-ambitious drama about honesty and emotion, Cameron Crowe’s film is actually an ambitious but likable high school graduate. It’s a film about honesty and emotion, and it’s one of the few films to breathe some life into the familiar suburban high school graduate themes it raises.

But the film’s midsection, when Diane’s two relationships begin to conflict, the audience grows increasingly alienated. Even worse, the Cusack character is eventually reduced to a catalyst between father and daughter. The film has its share of good moments. In one scene, Diane’s father confronts her about staying out all night. He tells her, “You can say anything to me. I hope you still know that.”

Say Anything leaves John Cusack out in the cold

By Jim Gladstone

As one local critic opined, Married to the Mob was “The Godfather on laughing gas.” Disorganized Crime can be plausibly thought of as Married to the Mob on sedatives.

This year’s clunky model has a premise that’s an obvious extension of last year’s inspiration. Where Married took its big city gangsters and placed them amidst the mazes of the city, Crime takes a further hike and places its bad guys under the Big Skies of rural Montana.

Called together by ringleader Frank Salazar (Corbin Bernsen), safecracker Nick (William Russ), car thief Ray (Lou Diamond Phillips), explosives expert Max (Fred Cwynne), and the Cusack character doesn’t ever get a chance to speak — Lloyd Dobler merely provides the essentials for Diane to change. Say Anything leaves John Cusack out in the cold.

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Like a virgin
A German lesbian searches for love

By Timothy Barkow

L et’s face it, the film industry in America is run by a bunch of ultra-conservative, BMW-driving “Big Suits” who are more interested in demographics and green-backs than giving audiences something daring and innovative to watch.

That’s the hard and ugly truth about film (kinda like life ain’t it?). Every time you submit to them, you’re going to find yourself treated, mistreated and worst of all, sans your five bucks.

Often we Americans have to look to other countries for truly substantial cinematic entertainment. That’s where film’s like Virgin Machine come in.

Written and directed by German filmmaker Monika Treut, Virgin Machine is not an amazing film, but it makes it’s mark where it counts.

Popular German actress Ina Blum plays Dorothee Muller, a German writer looking for love in all the wrong places. While investigating the meaning of “romance” for an article, she falls through lackluster affairs with her editor and her half-brother and finds there’s something lacking in her life.

Searching for new experiences and a different angle on love, Dorothee beams across the Atlantic and lands smack dab in the middle of the San Francisco lesbian community. Her quick tour of the town makes up the most enjoyable part of the film. Although Dorothoe seems frail and meek, Blum fills her character with enough curiosity to overcome any fears of the goings-on in the strange city of San Francisco.

After her first few days of exposure to San Francisco’s lesbian community, Dorothee finally has her coming-of-age experience with Ramona, a young stripper. Dorothee quickly finds out what Ramona really wants out of their relationship, and she dutifully pays up. But she doesn’t let this one experience get in the way of the new life she hopes to build in the wild, woolly lands of this nutty country some people like to call America.

Treut successfully manipulates her storyline to encompass messages about sexuality in such a way that the two components complement each other. But the camerawork is quirky and a little hard to follow, and instead of grabbing the audience’s attention, it tends to get rather tiring. And the inclusion of some vague art-film symbolism seems unnecessary.

In all, however, Virgin Machine is a rather lighthearted look at one girl’s search for her “ideal” love. Although the story was written through one set of eyes (director Monika Treut’s), it should be an enlightening experience for those not acquainted with the lesbian community. Treut should be applauded for making this film so enjoyable and palatable.

What is most ironic about Virgin Machine is the attitude Treut portrays about individuality and the opportunities possible in San Francisco. But not far away from San Francisco lies a great gonzo movie industry that would never have produced Treut’s film in a billion zillion years. Sad, isn’t it?

Winter kills
McGillis' latest puts audiences in deep freeze

By Robin Fields

W inter People,” muses my cabdriver as we barrel down Spruce Street. “Doesn’t that sound stupid? What’s it about, people in Alaska?”

Well, yes and no. Most of the time, Winter People does sound pretty stupid. But that’s because it’s about Kurt Russell, a clock-makin’ widower, who falls in love with Kelly McGillis. Seasons change, a pig grows up, bears are shot and skinned, throw in some muck-a-muck and our supporting players kill their skimpy material with kindness; they are either depressingly hearty or laughably grim. And the actress who plays Kurt’s daughter is the most annoying ‘face since Quinn’s whatsherface on Family.

Winter People might have been about time healing all wounds, clockmaker Kurt brings the community into modernity with technology but also by preaching talk over violence. But this idea gets lost, and Winter People leaves the audience cold.

I na Blum (right) and Marcello Uriona inhabit Monika Treut’s adventurous film

The Whole Truth

Street Talk:

34th Street: We Know Where You Live
Strange brew
A young genius sabotages her mother’s love life

By Jennifer Fife

Even well-adjusted people have a hard time growing up. This dilemma is exemplified in Amanda Lipsky, the main character in Moon Over the Brewery, a production by the Philadelphia Festival Theatre for New Plays.

Amanda’s mother has found a new man—one of many who have failed to live up to Amanda’s expectations. And the thought of having to call another loser “Uncle” just gets Amanda’s goat. So the daughter (played by Evvin Hartsough) decides she will rid herself and her mother of the sap before her mom goes crazy over him.

As depressing as this strife-ridden plot might sound, Moon Over the Brewery is one of the most hysterical plays of the year so far.

The copping, 13-year-old Amanda enlists the aid of her swashbuckling sidekick Randolph Hall (Jeffrey Hayenga) to chase off Warren Zimmerman (Matthew Loricchio), the mailman who stole Mom’s heart.

The clever repartee between Amanda and Randolph is enough to change anyone’s negative opinion of smart-alecky children. If not for their age, these characters might be compared to Gracie and George or Hepburn and Tracy. They have a special chemistry, which is heightened by the mysterious circumstances surrounding their relationship (revealed midway through the play).

Hartsough, an amazing young professional, carries the show. She leaves all those cutsey, aspiring-Shirley-Temple-types in the dust. Neither her mannerisms nor her dialogue seem contrived, and acting appears as natural to her as breathing.

Hayenga conveys a playful-ness and charm that is as winning as Hartsough’s performance. And Loricchio, with his hearty laugh and naive, provides a perfect foil for Amanda and Randolph’s disingenuousness. Meanwhile, Debra Monk convincingly plays an artistic mother who paints only moonscapes but still knows how to rear a “young Republican.”

Despite its setting in a potently depressing coal mining town, Moon Over the Brewery avoids the tear-jerker tendencies of movies like A Coal Miner’s Daughter and remains humorous throughout. And Amanda’s character also aids in keeping the play down to earth. Although she may be a genius, Amanda’s not a bratty Annie-type who’s out to win everyone’s attention. She’s just a teenager who can’t decide whether she’s going to jump around on the sofa or manage her mother’s finances.

Moon Over the Brewery saves one of its best surprises for last. After the play, either the playwright or the director makes an appearance to get comments from the audience. The Philadelphia Festival Theatre for New Plays relies on this method of audience-writer interaction to foster the growth of modern playwrights.

This refreshing tactic helps make the show a unique and worthwhile experience, despite its somewhat prohibitive ticket price (although students can get discounts). But the real draw here is the warmth and humor that permeate the play itself.
**The process of in vitro fertilization stirs up a legal maelstrom**

It’s the classic story of Boy meets Girl — well, sort of.

Eggs extracted from Girl’s ovaries meet Boy’s sperms in a petri dish (incredibly romantic, isn’t it?). The fertilized eggs are then frozen and later re-implanted into Girl’s uterus. And now Boy and Girl and all their little boys and girls can live happily ever after — or can they?

Okay, so as far as procreation goes, plain old sex seems simpler. But for thousands of couples, the miraculous process of in vitro fertilization has provided new hope for childbearing in cases where the old method has failed.

And although the process sounds complicated, it seems simple when compared to the legal monster it has created.

That monster will rear its head in Tennessee this July in the form of what should have been a “simple” divorce trial. After Junior and Mary Sue Davis had failed in several attempts to have a child, they decided to resort to a fertility clinic for in vitro fertilization. But the wait was longer than they had expected.

After six years of failed implantations, the Davises decided to get a divorce. And now they’re battling over who gets custody of the seven fertilized eggs that remain in cold storage.

Mr. Davis claims that the dilemma should be decided as a joint-property case, but Mrs. Davis asserts that the eggs are not mere property but rather “potential life” — thus suggesting a custody suit.

Meanwhile, Mr. Davis argues that allowing his wife to keep the eggs for implantation is tantamount to forcing him into fatherhood after the divorce. If Mrs. Davis brings one of the embryos to term, Mr. Davis will be made to feel more than just morally responsible for the child’s upbringing — he would also be subject to child support laws, even to the extent of garnishing his wages.

But Mrs. Davis’ lawyer, J.G. Christenberry, asserts that Mr. Davis has no say in whether the eggs should be brought to term, since he already willingly fertilized them.

Although Christenberry has not said whether he will invoke Roe v. Wade, several legal experts predicted that the argument is inevitable: in Roe v. Wade, the Supreme Court ruled that a father has no right to decide the fate of a pregnancy already in progress. But Ellen Wright Clayton, an assistant professor of law and pediatrics at Vanderbilt University, argues that the landmark ruling will not apply to the Davis case.

“Embryos in petri dishes in a frozen deep well are morally different from a pregnancy,” Clayton says.

Similar legal precedents also yield inconclusive answers. The infamous 1987 Baby M decision makes for a weak paradigm, especially since the court debated over the custody of a living child — not seven eggs in the freezer.

Another cog in the legal wheel is that no court has ever determined the legal status of an embryo. In 1985, however, a California court did broach the subject with a ruling that several frozen embryos were not entitled to inherit their wealthy parents’ estate.

Vanderbilt professor Clayton says that, as a result of the California ruling, many clinics have mandated that couples sign an event-of-death or -divorce agreement before undergoing the fertilization process. She blames the Davis mess not on the litigants but on the fertility center they consulted. The center did not require a prior agreement.

“They just plain dropped the ball,” she says. “Potential clients can be and ought to be counseled about the consequences of fertilization. People should know what they are getting into.”

Elizabeth Berryman, Chief of the Medical/Legal Committee of the Philadelphia Bar Association, stresses that this agreement should be different for each couple and that it should include such issues as religious beliefs and the number of eggs the couple wants to fertilize.

“This is not something that is done on a whim or in five minutes,” Berryman explains. “It takes years of screening and planning to get to this stage.”

But even if fertility centers are forced to draft contracts similar to pre-nuptial agreements, Clayton predicts that several major questions will still remain for future juries to tackle: to what extent is the medical community ethically responsible for screening potential clients? What is the public’s obligation in funding the costly process to make it more accessible to less wealthy clients?

Before such issues can be addressed, we first have to see what will happen to those seven eggs frozen deep in Tennessee. Meanwhile, the Davises, like the Whitesheads and Sterns before them, will spend fortunes in argument, probably only to lose out in the end — those precious eggs have less than a 20 percent chance of becoming children.

“Probably no one will be happy with [the judge’s decision],” says Berryman. “And everyone will have spent a lot, including three or four years of emotion. All you can say is that you feel very sorry for the people involved.”

Jim Colucci is an Engineering sophomore.
Marijuana junkies and civil libertarian Hash bash participants listen to pro-legalization arguments

There have been only three deaths because of pot: one guy got the munchies and ate himself to death, someone else talked himself to death, and a young couple got real high and fucked themselves to death.

— Abbie Hoffman

It was almost high noon. I knew that I could be in only one place, and I sure hoped that's where I was.

I'm not sure whether it was the sweet scent of pot in the air, the man blowing four-foot psychedelic bubbles from a gigantic wand, or the random assortment of 2000 people stoned out of their collective gourd — but something tipped me off. I was at the University of Michigan. I was at the infamous Hash Bash.

Hash... hmmm. Bash... double-hmmm. I had first heard about the Hash Bash last spring from a friend who went to the University of Michigan, and although I wasn't exactly sure what it would be like, one year later I found myself rolling down I-69 bound and gagged in the trunk of a '72 Chevy. I had been kidnapped and forced to join the movement for the legalization of marijuana.

It was a day-long pro-drug rally, and the themes were simple: smoke-in, speak up, hang out. The Hash Bash — this much fun couldn't possibly be legal.

It isn't. But for the thousands of people who gathered on the university's main courtyard on April 1, it should be. The day may have been made for practical jokes, but this was no April Fool's bunk.

Armed with bags of ganja, hundreds of protest signs, and youthful idealism, my compadres on Michigan's Diag included the traditional Big 10 co-eds, "misguided youths" and professional businessmen — all of whom gathered to support the legalization of pot.

Yes, pot. The feel-good drug of the '60s has made it to the '90s. It's survived Reaganaomics, yuppies and the popularity of the more expensive Colombian imports. And now we wanted to make it legal.

Buckets circulated around for contributions to "The Cause." Someone decided to toss a coin in the general direction of the podium. And then someone else chucked up another. And another. Hundreds of coins of every size, value and type bombarded the podium and the speakers on it. Like everyone else there, the platform also got stoned.

In Ann Arbor not everyone was screaming bloody murder about the marijuana laws. Clean-cut L.L. Bean types stared at us Hashbashers like we were from another world, hoping that all us "weirdos" would just pack up our tie-dyes and weed and get off their manicured lawn. We seemed like populist anachronisms in a world where activism has been replaced by apathy, trying to convince a drug-hysterical nation that pot isn't so bad after all.

The history of Hash Bash started back in 1971. Michigan followed a national trend in decriminalizing marijuana, in some cases making possession a misdemeanor rather than a felony. Getting caught with less than an ounce of pot now meant only a $5
What was just a couple of smokers evolved into Hash Bash '89: a full-blown, all-out, no-holds-barred, Bong-For-Your-Rights protest against marijuana laws. And the movement isn't stopping there.

Close to a thousand students turned out in the early '70s, but the tradition went by the wayside during the Reagan years, as getting money and power took precedent over getting high. By 1982, barely a dozen brave bashers lit up on the Diag, and it almost looked like the movement had been burned out.

But the conservatism of the '80s pulled the chord too tight, and something was bound to break. When legislators threatened to change marijuana possession back to a felony and judges began imposing large fines, the times began a' changin'.

While Ron and Nancy urged the country to just say no, High Times, the nation's official marijuana magazine, decided to get into the act. Working closely with NORML, the National Organization for the Reform of Marijuana Laws, High Times became one of the driving forces behind the Hash Mash and other pro-legalization protests.

For the past two years, High Times has advertised for various pro-drug rallies and urged its readers to "Stop the War on Drugs."

Thanks to Reaganesque conservatism and High Times, which is often called the strugglers' "Playboy," word about Hash Bash and the marijuana movement as a whole has expanded. What was once just a couple of smoke 's evolved into Hash Bash '89 — a full-blown all-out no-holds-barred Bong-For-Your-Rights protest against marijuana laws. And the movement isn't stopping there.

This year alone, the magazine will advertise 12 to 18 pro-legalization rallies, concentrating on the big ones at the University of Illinois and the University of Wisconsin, which draws 50,000-60,000 supporters nationwide. High Times Executive Editor John Holmstrom says that recent mail convinced him that the publication needed to take a stand on marijuana legalization.

"As the drug war gets more serious, more innocent people are getting hurt — specifically people who smoke pot," says Holmstrom, who calls marijuana users one of "the most oppressed minorities."

"The feeling around here was that our readers did expect us to take a leadership position on marijuana."

According to High Times and NORML, the '80s drug hysteria has given a harmless drug a bad name. NORML National Director Jon Gettman says that below the wave of cocaine and more dangerous narcotics began flooding American borders, people could "smoke up" without worrying too much about the consequences.

"The government is making the drug user Public Enemy Number One, and that includes the serious, responsible marijuana citizen," Gettman says.

"With the penalties imposed," Holmstrom adds, "you'd think..."
smoking pot was next to child molesting." The result? A backlash against the prohibition.

According to the National Institute on Drug Abuse, nearly 60 million Americans experimented with marijuana last year, and NORML claims some 20 million smoke it regularly.

"Marijuana users span all areas, all racial groups. There is no typical marijuana smoker," Gettman says. "The normal marijuana smoker is your normal American citizen."

NORML Activist Coordinator Doug McVay says that his organization primarily targets college campuses for pro-legalization rallies because students have a higher percentage of drug use.

"The fact that [the resurgence] is happening first on college campuses is not really surprising," McVay says. "Campuses are traditionally one of the places where activism will occur even when it isn't prominent in the public consciousness."

The '60s are gone, but Holmstrom feels that college students are more socially conscious these days.

"I think this is something that's been building up for years," he says. "We want to raise people's consciousness about the issues. As it stands, the government can take away your house, your kids, all because you smoke pot."

So the Hash Bash, once a celebration of a liberal bent, has become a fight for the new marijuana revival. And like any good rally, it came fully equipped with a procession of speakers, politicians, petitions, donation booths, hippies, yippies, and just so you remember it's still the '80s young entrepreneurs selling the latest in Hash Bash paraphernalia.

'We've added a political flavor to make it an organized movement," says NORML's Ann Arbor Coordinator Rich Birkett. "The school's trying to stop it, but people just know that on April 1 at noon on the Diag, they can join everybody else in a peaceful demonstration for the same reason — support marijuana usage."

Chef Ra, High Times' psychedelic cook, whose "rasta pasta" is a hit among bong stoners with the munchies, raised an already-ferocious crowd. Eventually, the rally's main purpose was addressed: the legalization of marijuana.

While signs screamed a joint "Pot is Fun" and chants of "we smoke pot and we like it a lot" resounded throughout the Diag, a feeling of practicality also filled the air. High Times writer Ed Rosenthal — considered by many to be the pot smoker's Hemingway — as well as NORML National Director Jon Gettman urged smokers to become politically active through petitions and speeches.

Self-described "pot historian" Jack Herer took the mike and at one point called for his "pot jacket," saying that the jacket was "100 percent pot." Herer claimed that this coat made of pot was warmer and would last much longer than a comparable coat made out of any other material — it's ridiculous, he said.

Despite the bizarre demonstration, Herer and other Hash Bash speakers were pragmatic about the practical uses of pot, explaining that most people are unaware of all pot's positives.

According to NORML National Director Jon Gettman urged smokers to become politically active through petitions and speeches.

Gettman adds that he is not even looking for the legalization of marijuana that he's made your social skills that it makes you reclusive," Gettman says. "Most marijuana use takes place in private by responsible people. There's nothing so dangerous about marijuana."

But the key is politics. Although the Libertarian party of Michigan generally supports the legalization of marijuana, the group is the exception to the rule.

Gettman attributes the lack of political support to a fear by politicians that legalization means approval of all drug usage. Although right now the political world won't listen, Gettman says that once the public becomes pot-educated politicians and the public "will be very, very supportive."

Gettman adds that he is not even looking for the legalization of pot — anything that keeps the pot user "out of the criminal process" is good for him.

The NORML director represents a core of people who understand the import of organization and political awareness. Although one joker sported a "legalize heroin" T-shirt, most everyone from Rosenthal to the guy next to me made it clear that marijuana was the only drug worth fighting for.

"The government gives out all this misinformation about all the bad things that pot will do to you," says Penn College sophomore Oliver Leonid, who attended the Hash Bash. "And then when they try it and realize that the government created a monster that doesn't exist, people refuse to listen to the real facts about the hard drugs like coke and smack. That's why this country's got a drug problem."

Amidst all the peace talkin', bandana wearin' and hippie lovin' protesting — something was amiss. Although many had traveled though dreads and dreads to get to Michigan to say their piece, once they got to Ann Arbor, they left politics at the last Grateful Dead show.

When the Libertarians were brought to center stage and reeked of political action rather than weed, few wanted to listen. O.K., people were willing to hear them out for a few minutes, but when the politics started rolling, so did the yawns. When you're flying high at 193 m.p.h. with nothing but sunshine heading your way, your moment may be fleeting.

"It didn't use to be such a big deal," points out Michigan junior Dave Rennecker. "People just came out and got stoned."

NORML Coordinator Birkett, who won a primary for a state representative spot last November but lost in the final run-off, says the rebirth of politics and pot may have galvanized a large section of Americans to action, but he predicted that legalization will still take a long time.

Traditionally, the Ann Arbor police have been known to be pretty reasonable at the Hash Bash. As long as the protest remains peaceful, they stay out of the way. Michigan senior Toxi Hatanaka was one of only a handful of smokers given tickets.

Hatanaka, who was accosted by police while filling his pipe, explained. "It sucks I lost my pipe."

"Tough break, Toxi, but it's a small price to pay for a cause. In the end, whenever someone mentions the University of Michigan, the Hash Bash will probably finish a narrow second to the Wolverines in an impromptu free-assocation test. But Bashers don't much care.

"In contrast to the basketball game, the Hash Bash is a lot mellower," says Michigan sophomore Lori Alba. "But I don't know — I've been to two Hash Bashes, but I've never been to a basketball game."

Once things got rolling on the Diag, many participants were too baked to really care much about the impetus behind the whole rally. This first group of pro-legalization advocates is more the what-the-back-change-the-social-order types. It's pointless to scream and yell about marijuana laws if you don't light up — the heart's not in the cause, and people will look at you funny.

On the other hand, the people in a position to make a difference probably don't sit around the house and do bong hits all day. They're the hard-core the-legs-are-unfair-lets-change-them types. They're too busy on the campaign trail, trying to generate public support and respect for the revived marijuana movement.

The new pro-legalization movement, then, is truly a wacked coalition. Its success relies as much on the power of Chief Ra's doobies as it does on Gettman's list of facts and the support of a political party like the Libertarians. But even with a divided coalition fighting an uphill battle, it's one that's being fought.

Holmstrom explains. "Hey, we may not win, but if we don't win the alternative is a police state. We don't have an alternative."

National Drug Czar William Bennett has pledged to wage a "war on drugs" in the nation's capital, complete with inter-city police raids and barricaded wire fences. But Cap'n Bill neglects to mention that he'll also have to deal with a different class of Americans, a broad class that just wants to smoke a joint in peace. But if it's a fight he wants, it's a fight he'll get — the year of protest has officially begun.

And that's the straight dope.

Larry Smith is a College sophomore and film editor of 34th Street. He hopes his mother never reads this article.

Thousands gather to celebrate the virtues of marijuana
Working girl

"Tis the season for finding gainful employment"

By Sarah Dunn

Vacation is almost upon us, and you probably already have a phonemonal summer job lined up interning at Goldman Sachs or clerking for Supreme Court Justice William Rehnquist or producing news segments for 80 Minutes.

And that’s fine if you want to get sucked into a life-long pattern of overachievement and hyper-success that will eventually leave you spiritually and emotionally drained, until all you have left when you die is an American Express Black Card and a hollow feeling in the pit of your stomach.

Last summer I was like you. I had two count 'em — two jobs. One was an internship at a Los Angeles movie studio, and the other was a cushy secretarial position in Malibu.

The internship was technically described as "non-paying," which means that, well, I didn’t get paid anything (Gee, I never looked at it that way — Ed.). When you think about it, this is a pretty darn good deal for whoever hired me, but it could well throw a wrench into the entire wage-price cycle on a global economic scale.

Not that I didn’t learn some valuable information about the film business as an intern. I picked up all sorts of useful skills by stapling various important documents and driving a golf cart really fast around the studio lot. And every so often I’d run into somebody famous.

That is a figure of speech. I never actually ran into anyone in the golf cart, on purpose or otherwise. Although if I had come upon Robin Leach wandering around behind an isolated sound stage, I can’t say I wouldn’t have been tempted.

For economic reasons, I was forced to work for a Malibu land developing firm as well. Imagine for a moment what would happen if five fraternity brothers from Arizona State got together and decided to start a business raping the California landscape.

Add to your mental picture the fact that their aggregate IQ puts the five of them as a group — mentally on par with advanced invertebrate life. Then give them lots of inherited wealth, vast tracks of virgin soil in the hills behind Malibu, and some really impressive automobiles with cellular phones.

The only problem was that none of them could compose a business letter that adhered unceremoniously to the rules of standard English. While I was busy re-writing their valiant — if failed — attempts at lucid prose, they were goofing around with the office intercom system, watching videos in the boardroom, and hiding from anyone they owed money.

Originally, my plans for the upcoming summer included extensive foreign travel cleverly disguised as a broadening educational experience. Then my father began talking about the virtues of a future that included "gainful employment." with, if I’m not mistaken, direct reference to me. I’m not sure what he means by the term, except that it precludes any type of writing that isn’t an integral part of a well-thought-out legal brief.

On the other hand, possess only one goal in life, which is never again to have a job that calls for a laser-printed resume or requires that you actually show up at work five days a week wearing nylons.

So my father and I are at an impasse of sorts, but for the time being he is allowing me to pursue a summer job in the culinary service arts. When I’m not waiting tables, I’ll be locked in a small dark room in the basement, chained to my Macintosh, translating the pathos which has come to characterize my very existence into a voluminous collection of thematically unified haiku.

You can hold out for the quality paperback edition if you want.
Hey Jude, make it better

Julian Lennon attempts once again to escape the shadow of his father

By Jim Morgan

Ever since you've been leaving me
I've been wanting to die
Now I know how it feels for you
I've been wanting to die...

I remember hearing "Too Late for Goodbyes" five years ago, when Julian Lennon's debut album Valotte came out. "Julian Lennon, huh?" I thought. "John Lennon's son, huh?"

"Sounds just like Dad."

You couldn't miss the similarities. Julian deftly mimicked the tone and phrasing of his famous pop's voice — it was almost as if more of those lost Lennon tapes had been found and released.

This haunting similarity served Julian Lennon well on his first album. Valotte produced a couple of hit singles and gave Son of Lennon a name of his own, albeit a smaller one than Dad's.

Things were going fine for Julian until that vicious sophomore slump that dogs so many young performers struck. Lennon's second album The Secret Value of Daydreaming sold disappointingly. And a bout with substance abuse didn't further Lennon's career much, either.

Fortunately, the man has rebounded.

Yes, he's Mr. rock and roll now!

With the new album Mr. Jordan, Julian Lennon is back and better than before. But that doesn't mean he has anything new to say.

The first sign of change is that Lennon ditched producer Phil Ramone and hooked up with a frequent Madonna collaborator Patrick Leonard. That's right: bangles and bellybuttons meet the son of "Give Peace A Chance." John must be spinning in his grave.

The Lennon-Leonard combination bypasses the jazz/funk sound of the first two albums, replacing it with straightforward rock and roll. Listen to the differences between Valotto's "Too Late For Goodbyes" and Mr. Jordan's first single, "Now You're In Heaven": the jumpy beat and syncopated synthesizers on the earlier cut give way to distorted guitars on this year's model.

Lennon also uses a new voice on "Now You're In Heaven." Instead of trying to sound like his father, he sings in a simple, no-frills rock tone, using phrasing that comes less from the Beatles and more (presumably) from himself.

Leonard thus seems to have helped Julian Lennon develop an individual sound that finally escapes his father's musical shadow. This sound, however, has the distinct pop undertones that one might expect from the guy who runs Madonna's sound board.

But don't think that Julian Lennon has completely ignored his roots. In addition to the allusion in "Now You're In Heaven," Mr. Jordan contains a track called "Mother Mary." Beyond the title's obvious reference to a line in the Beatles' "Let It Be," Lennon also borrows the slow and soft feeling of the Fab Four classic, and, like Paul McCartney, he uses his voice to infuse a subtle power into the tune. The result is a more individualistic and less blatant form of imitation/tribute than can be found on Julian Lennon's previous works.

Other cute on Mr. Jordan continue in this refreshing vein. "I Get Up" is a hip little rockabilly number that bypasses the Beatles and heads straight for GraceLand. And a guest guitar solo by Peter Frampton gives another cut, "Second Time," a distinctly '70s feel.

In all, Mr. Jordan presents a few ironies about Julian Lennon's music. He has indeed avoided copying the style of his late, great father. But while trying to establish himself in his own right, he does not create new and unique sound. Instead, he borrows — from pop, from Elvis, and from the '70s. By giving up John's innovative and unique shadow for a new, more individual identity, Julian has robbed Peter to pay Paul. And while the songs on Mr. Jordan are enjoyable and even worthwhile listening, they are nothing new.

Okay, folks, it's heavy metal Gilberts week. All you snobs pseudo musical intellectuals who scoff at the notion of wearing head bands and holding up lighters at concerts can just piss off right now. So put on those cords, grab a pack of filterless cigarettes, let your hair get really greasy, and join all the other grunts at the mall for some serious head-banging action.

Black Sabbath
Headless Cross

Mekong Delta
Mekong Delta

Extreme
Extreme

Helloween
I Want Out (Live)

How these dinosaurs ever got signed to IRS Records is beyond us. But switching record labels hasn't helped much; Black Sabbath is still the most overrated metal band around. Tony Iommi can't solo to save his soul, and the band's Satanism wouldn't scare Mr. Rogers.

Above average thrash metal from Germany. With a driving rhythm section and a pair of guitarists who play LOUD, really LOUD, this band will leave you numb after one listen. The riff on "Black Sabbath" (the song) is particularly tasty.

The press release calls this record "one of the most exciting debut albums of this or any year." Don't believe everything you read. Take away all the inspired bass playing of Pat Badger, and all you get is a poor man's Van Halen. The insipid anti-abortion anthem "Rock-a Bye Baby" even contains the line "the cradle will rock."

Ratings Guide:

Not worth the print to pan it.
Not good, but somebody probably tried.
Worth a listen, maybe even a purchase.
Approaching greatness. Buy it.
Ranking with the best albums of the decade.
Put it out

California thrashers should take a few more lessons

By Robin Fields

I beg your pardon, but did someone say Dada? Most of the lyrics on the third FIREHOSE LP BROMOHOI make almost this much sense — which translates, in Fire hose speak, to: these guys are singin' and playin', but I don't know what they're sayin'.

Unfortunately, the band couples lyrical incoherence — which might have been forgivable — with musical staleness. In addition, FIREHOSE's latest delivers fewer than 30 minutes of music, including two (count 'em) drum solos.

Most of BROMOHOI's best tunes seem oddly familiar. "In My Mind" sounds like REM melded to Los Lobos. And in a quick straw poll around the newsroom we concluded that everyone from Clapton to Petty to (yup, them again) REM has already overworked the tired collection of chord progressions that dominates FIREHOSE's "Understanding."

From a band that evolved out of beloved L.A. underground faves the Minutemen, something fresher and hotter is expected. Instead, FIREHOSE douses the flame-throwing speed and intensity of the Minutemen and replaces it with lukewarm centrist pop.

But the band's problems don't end there. While the rhythm section, made up of ex-Minutemen Mike Watt and George Hurley, is as tight as ever, singer Ed Crawford lacks distinction. Although bassist Watt does lend his signature growl to a few songs, an album chock full of his vocals would be indigestible. So FIREHOSE should ditch Crawford and check the want ads for a new singer.

The LP's one outstanding cut is the first side's closer, "Liberty for Our Friend." This is the type of song that 10 soused Irishmen sing in a bar. Hawkish, inexplicably Celtic and catchy as hell, it also includes the album's best line: "A search for truth through a gift of Sto-lighthouse." Reminds me of my babycon days at college...

But this band's bread and butter is bare-but-for-the-basics rock and roll, not drunken ballads. But the band is bereft of the political bite and humor that enlivened the Minutemen, and BROMOHOI lacks even a hint of the sparks of the past.

34th Street: every page counts

Street Guide: film, music, theater and (this week) brunch.

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The cafe boasts an inviting atmosphere and excellent service
Pigging out in style
Cafe Academie offers a Great American Brunch

By Michael LiPuma and Barry Moskowitz

No one really knows the origin of the term "brunch." Most likely it was the idea of some sleepyhead who got up too late for breakfast and too early for lunch. But regardless of its lineage, brunch constitutes an ideal weekend meal for college students.

This past weekend, the Street went all over town in search of the perfect brunch. We looked for a place that offered the following: good service, a location easily accessible from campus, a pleasant Sunday atmosphere, a decent menu, and, most importantly, tasty food available in mass quantities.

We found almost everything we wanted at the Cafe Academie in the elegant Hershhey Hotel — but the price tag was a little high.

The Cafe Academie rests upon a massive deck that overlooks the richly decorated lobby of one of Center City's most luxurious hotels. The outside view, however, is even more spectacular than that of the lobby. A massive glass facade, trimmed by interlocking silver iron rods, allows sunlight to stream into the restaurant and provides a grand view of Broad Street and the Academy of Music.

The spread at the Cafe Academie is as magnificent as the view. Its culinary offerings provide an appropriate balance between breakfast items and lunch fare as well as a balance between the typical and the exotic.

We chose to start our meal with the basics — bacon, sausage, ham, potatoes, and a made-to-order omelette. At many brunch establishments, these breakfast foods often sit in steam-fueled boilers for hours. But at the Cafe Academie, an army of cooks constantly brings fresh food from the kitchen.

While in the breakfast mode, we also sampled the fruits, cheeses and pastries. Unlike the eggs and breakfast meats, however, these offerings were not constantly replenished and thus were a little stale.

But the Belgian waffles, made on-the-spot by a chef, were light and quite tasty. We washed all this down with complimentary (and endless) coffee and orange juice. Other breakfast items on the menu include blintzes and eggs benedict.

Before beginning the second half of our feast, we replenished with some boiled shrimp and crabcakes — extracted from an ice-filled tub. The seafood looked as if it had been sitting out for too long, but it tasted quite good. In addition, all the shrimp were of the jumbo variety. This part of the meal was also accompanied by champagne, which was included in the price of brunch and unlimited in supply.

Finally, we moved on to the lunch portion of our adventure. Sampled entrees included freshly-sliced turkey, tender pieces of roast pork, and spicy chicken. The first two were excellent; the last possessed little taste.

The Cafe also offers a multitude of lunch side dishes, including fresh peas, wild rice, stuffing, and a choice of tortellini and fetuccini that could be smothered in either marinara or cream sauce. The pasta was generally fresh and good, although the sauces were a little flat.

For dessert, we could choose from a mountainous selection of pastries, pies and cakes, including a devilishly delicious chocolate cake.

Service at brunch restaurants is a tricky business: unlike the chef's detailed interactions of a normal sit-down meal, waitresses and busboys must make swift and frequent passes to collect the used plates that can stack up quickly. They must also keep glasses constantly filled with coffee, juice and champagne.

The service team at the Cafe Academie executed these tasks with precision and grace. The huge staff — working the tables, standing behind the food, and filling in the kitchen — was omnipresent but never bothersome.

In addition, the hours of the brunch were long and convenient — seating begins at 10:30 and continues until 3, but patrons may continue to eat their fill until 4.

The only drawback of brunch at the Cafe Academie, at least for students and their pinched budgets, was the $19.95 price. The price doesn't seem as much, however, when you consider that it includes vast quantities of food and unlimited soft drinks and champagne. With tip and tax, two of us escaped for $48 dollars— admittedly a hefty tab, but, after such a massive repast, neither of us ate for the rest of the day.

And with the advent of graduation brunch at the Cafe Academie is a perfect place to take parents. There's plenty of good food (with a few minor exceptions), a classy atmosphere with a beautiful view, and excellent service. Just make sure Mom and Dad pick up the check.

Please see the brunch guide on page 15. Phil Susser contributed to this story.
FILM

GUIDE

The listing is effective Friday (until Wall Street specifications and times are not available at press time)

TRENDING

THE ADVENTURES OF BARON MUNCHAUSEN
An epic adventure of Python-esque proportions from Terry Gilliam

Dumbo tickets and gimmicks abound as a circus-like atmosphere is created. The film is full of humor and adventure, making it a great choice for families.

DANGEROUS Liaisons
Dangerous Liaisons

It was a dangerous time, danger was fun, and dangerous sex proves to be twice as fun for John Malkovich and Diane Lane.

DEAD CALM
Director Phillip Noyce reminds us that suspense doesn’t mean Friday the 13th part 23: A Grity, scary trip

DISENGORGED ORGANIZM
Despite the considerable chances of Fred Gwynne, this moronic comedy will delight those who love the morons out there.

THEATER

FAME
The kids from the School of Performing Arts prove that they are definitely going to be famous

Website: $12-$24, 574-3588

GLENNARY GLEN ROSS
The Philadelphia Theatre Company presents David Mamet’s vision of America’s corrupt small-business world

Website: plays and theatre, 1714 Da- lomont St. Tickets $23.50-21.50

A LOVE OF LIFE AND WHAT HO. JEEVES
A group of seven actors star as players in an English parlor drama and a suburban neighborhood from hell.

Website: The Walnul St. Theater, 8th and Walnut Sts., 574-7300. Tickets $13-$15

MOON OVER THE BREWERY
A teenage girl and her own romantic schemes to break up her mother’s romance with the malaise. SEE REVIEW ON PAGE SIX

Website: (Handel Prince Theatre Airport Center, 3060 Walnut Street. 886-6791. $20-$22

NONSENSE
After three years, the blue buns are still in the hedge.

Website: (Bachman Playhouse. 507 S. 8th Street. 923-0219)

MUSIC

CORAL BLUES BAND
Once again, we’d like to remind you to check out the best in weekly rhythm and blues.

Website: (Bachman Playhouse. 320 South Street, 545-6963)

CHARLIE SEXTON
Editor emeritus Rob Fields describes this Texas rocker as a “cross between the Cure and Sean Cassidy.” Current editor David Arnold says Sexton is “like a cross between Bruce Springsteen and Robin Fields.” We’ll let you figure that one out yourself, Thursday.

Website: (Cheese, Street, 392-1002)

THE DAVES
One of Philly’s quirkiest bands, under the direction of Bekka Eaton, is sure to give a wacky show. Friday and Saturday.

Website: (Amber Cabaret, 23 East Lancaster Street, Ardmore, PA, 646-9240)

REM
w/DWIND’N CRYIN’
Eight years after America’s favorite college band, the Athens GA wunder-

Website: (Theatre of Living Arts, 334 South St., 923-1010)

BOBBY BROWN w/LEVERT AND KARINE WHITE
Armed with two acting credits, bad boy Bobby Brown unleashes a sort of homemade reggae.

Website: (Broad and Pattison Sts., 336-3600)

CINDERELLA w/WINGER AND BULLETBOYS
Armed with two acting credits, bad boy Bobby Brown unleashes a sort of homemade reggae.

Website: (Broad and Pattison Sts., 336-3600)

SONS OF ACE
The Daves and Rhyner Pass continue to present their weekly reggae spectacular.

Website: (Synder Pub, Second and Chest-

BRUNCH

CAFÉ ACADEMIE at the HERSHEY HOTEL
It’s a whole lot more than chocolate cake. SEE REVIEW ON PAGE 14.

Dress — casual. Hours — 10:30-300 on Sundays. Price — $19.95. All major credit cards accepted.

THE CHART HOUSE
The restaurant, located on the Delaware and Penn’s Landing, offers an unlimited fruit and salad bar, homemade muffins, chili and appetizer buffet.


SHERATON SOCIETY HILL RESTAURANT
Located on the Delaware and Penn’s Landing, this brunch buffet offers a selection and an assortment of salads, breads and desserts.

Dress — casual. Hours — 10:30-200 on Sundays. Price — $11.95. All major credit cards accepted.

THE WYNDAHAM FRANKLIN PLAZA HOTEL
Located near the Delaware and Penn’s Landing, this brunch buffet offers a selection of salads, breads and desserts.

Dress — casual. Hours — 10:30-200 on Sundays. Price — $11.95. All major credit cards accepted.
When you party, remember to...

It's as easy as counting from 1 to 10.

Guests:
1. Know your limit—stay within it.
2. Know what you're drinking.
3. Designate a non-drinking driver.
4. Don't let a friend drive drunk.
5. Call a cab if you're not sober—or not sure.

Hosts:
7. Be responsible for friends' safety.
8. Stop serving alcohol as the party winds down.
9. Help a problem drinker by offering your support.
10. Set a good example.

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