INTERVIEW WITH CLAIRE BLOOM
The woman who once starred opposite Charlie Chaplin brings her one-woman show to Philly

THE LITTLE MERMAID
Street gets the word about what it's like to work on Disney's latest animated feature

The class of '79:
Coming of age in the '80's
For most of the regular or even not so regular readers of 34th Street, opening up Thursday's Daily Pennsylvanian on October 26 to pull out the magazine came as quite a shock. Plastered on the back page was a full-page advertisement for the Bank: a bloody, naked body of a woman, who was chained to a pole between her legs.

In recent weeks, 34th Street has received several letters and numerous comments and phone calls denouncing the advertisement and our role in its publication. One petition stated that our "callous insensitivity" in running the ad symbolized the sexual violence against women prevalent in recent years.

While we usually publish letters to the editor, I felt the number of complaints and comments merits a letter from an editor explaining our standards for advertising. For the issue is not whether the Bank's Halloween advertisement could be interpreted as misogynistic, violent and totally offensive, as these letters noted. It very well could be and, as far as this opinion is concerned, clearly was.

The issue we want to clarify is whether a magazine should make explicit its standards for "acceptable" advertising and to what extent it should exercise those rights, given its dual responsibility to its readers and advertisers.

The current policy of The Daily Pennsylvania states that it has the right to "reject copy at its sole discretion," and can, and in fact has, pulled ads before going to press. If any member of the staff feels that an ad is inappropriate, she or he should consult a top editor, who will make a decision.

As far as Thursday's issue was concerned, the staffers who opposed the ad did not know the proper procedure to protest. Unfortunately, the content of the ad did not influence the decision as much as the fact that no one really protested the ad's content until just before printing time. Thus, had the ad been pulled, we would have come out with a blank back page.

I don't want to go too much into the specifics of our politics, but the system is relevant to the situation. As previously stated, the DP has pulled advertisements in the past. Four or five years ago, the DP lost one advertiser, a dance club, in a dispute over a series of questionable ads with overtones of sexism and drug usage. After internal debate, the business staff decided to reject the club's submission, but refused to specify exactly what it should do to make the ad "acceptable." They ended up asking the club to make that decision on its own; instead, the advertiser withdrew its contract.

This story brings to light a problem with our current policy: we do not have explicit standards for "acceptable" advertising. The paper has instead insisted that defining what is obscene, offensive, sexist and racist is too subjective — especially when the staff completely turns over every four years.

Yet such a policy makes it unclear how we will draw the line. When we accept ads like the Bank's, many readers may question whether we made a mistake or whether we felt it was acceptable.

The New York Times straddles these difficult issues by following an explicit, though vague, standard. The Times doesn't accept material that violates federal and state laws against discrimination of race, religion, sex and age. It also will not accept "indecent, vulgar, suggestive or other advertising that, in the opinion of The New York Times may be offensive to good taste."

These standards, admittedly, do not say a lot. They essentially say what the DP does: that the Times has the right to reject copy at its sole discretion. The main difference is that the paper publicizes where it draws the line, even if the standards are widely interpretable.

Even if it's a small step, the DP can and should stipulate that it specifically opposes discrimination, indecency, vulgarity and sexism. Like the DP's unsigned editorials, the ads in some way reflect the editors' opinions, and each ad should be treated as reflection of what we deem to be appropriate. While we have a responsibility to present all ads in some way reflect the editors' opinions, and each ad should be treated as reflection of what we deem to be appropriate. While we have a responsibility to present all opinions in news stories and editorial columns, I do not think we have to compromise our principles in the rest of the paper.

It is unfortunate that those offended did not know how to protest the Bank's ad. Now they do, and they are encouraged to do so if a similar situation ever occurs.

Hopefully, Street will adhere to a consistent ethical standard in the future, thereby earning the trust of its readers as not only a journalistic publication but also a promoter of positive change in the community.

Helen Kim is a College senior and the features editor for 34th Street. This column is a personal statement and is not intended to represent The Daily Pennsylvanian.
Return of the Bard
Claire Bloom breathes life into Shakespeare’s female roles

BY ELLEN UMANSKY

Claire Bloom has never forgotten the man who made her a star. But she doesn’t buy him flowers and he has been dead for more than three hundred years. In Then Let Men Know, the one-woman show that she will present at Annenberg Center’s Zellerbach Theatre on November 18th, Bloom continues her homage to Shakespeare.

In 1952, at the age of 21, Claire Bloom received critical acclaim for her portrayal of Juliet in Shakespeare’s tragedy at London’s Old Vic, and her well-received performance helped save the troubled theater from bankruptcy. A few weeks later, Limelight — the film in which she starred opposite Charlie Chaplin — was released.

The coupling of these two successes launched Bloom into international stardom and marked the beginning of a fruitful career in theater, film and television. She has appeared on the stage opposite John Gielgud, Richard Burton and Laurence Olivier and in such films as Crimes and Misdemeanors. Bloom has never forgotten the man who brought everything home.

Bloom into international stardom and marked the beginning of a fruitful career in theater, film and television. She has appeared on the stage opposite John Gielgud, Richard Burton and Laurence Olivier and in such films as Crimes and Misdemeanors.

But she is perhaps best known to American audiences as Lady Marchmain in the BBC’s adaptation of Evelyn Waugh’s Brideshead Revisited.

But no matter what other paths her career has followed, Bloom has always returned to Shakespeare. Asked about her motivation to perform this one-woman show during a recent interview, she explained, “I enjoy them. It’s as simple as that. And I have them in my pocket to do between things. I’m doing material that I’ve chosen, within my own control and I can perform them whenever and wherever I please.”

Then Let Men Know is one of four different programs in a series entitled These Are Women performed by Bloom since 1981. While the Shakespearean show is the only one she will be performing here, others are based on Charlotte Bronte’s Jane Eyre, Virginia Woolf’s Mrs. Dalloway and A Room of One’s Own, and Henry James’ The Turn of the Screw. Tying these separate vignettes and the different characters together is a common focus on women.

“We wouldn’t call them feminists, but I have no idea what that means, really. They’re interesting, richly individual women,” Bloom comments. Her performance combines extended passages from both Romeo and Juliet and Twelfth Night with shorter excerpts from four other plays. “I do three speeches of women within the bond of wedlock,” she explained, “from Othello, Portia from Julius Caesar, Katherine of Aragon from Henry the VIII, and then I do one woman who is bonded not to her husband, but to her son, and that is Virginia from Coriolanus.”

Bloom chooses to focus on Shakespeare’s works that boast significant secondary roles for women — Olivia in Twelfth Night and the nurse in Romeo and Juliet — allowing her to create a sense of dialogue by reading more than one part. Allowing audiences whose familiarity with the material is limited, she introduces each piece and fills in the gaps of the story.

The stage is bare — neither props nor fellow actors help her — so the evening’s success depends solely upon her talent as an actress. “I don’t know how I convince them,” she said simply. “I try to believe in what I’m doing so hopefully the audience will believe it as well.”

Bloom does not restrict her choice of roles to the corners of literature. “One does different projects for different reasons. I did Crimes and Misdemeanors even though it was a rotten part because I wanted to see what it was like working with Woody Allen. I did ‘Brideshead’ because it was marvelous material, simply a wonderful, wonderful part. I would only do a play if I totally and wholly believed in it, and wanted to do it with all of my heart. And I might do a film because you can make a nice amount of money. There are all kinds of reasons to do things and they’re not quite as high-minded as we’d like to think.”

Above all, Shakespeare remains close to Bloom’s heart. At present, she is sharing this love with others by teaching a class on the Bard at Hunter College in New York. When asked why she didn’t focus more on women writers, Bloom replied, “I’m not a politician, I’m an actress. If I can produce a playwright as good as Shakespeare, then perhaps I would have done them.” Until someone else comes along, Shakespeare is the one for Bloom.
There are two parts to a person's life — birth and death. Nothing else counts. But if you think carefully, there were transitions: from toddler to tyke, pre-teen to ominous, mature to just plain dead. The good old days weren't always good, either... in fact they could be incredibly miserable. And above all, no matter how good you had been, Mom still made you eat meatloaf.

Disney's latest foray into the animated feature dives through the depths of the sea (almost 20,000 leagues) into the enchanting undersea world ruled by the mighty hand of Triton, the Sea King. His adorable sixteen year old daughter, the princess Ariel, is bored with her waterlogged life and dreams of living a life on the surface with the humans. Yes, the kelp is always greener on the other side of the reef.

The Little Mermaid aims its flippers at a young pre-teen audience and attempts to teach the little smelts something about life. Writers/directors John Musker and Ron Clements have nettled the issues of racism, family relations, and love to fill out their film with a conscience. Triton's stereotypical remarks on the evils of the human race, the tempestuous relationship between King and daughter, and the nature of forbidden love are all included amongst the shells and seaweed. The issues are treated simply; thinly masked behind the storyline, they turn Mermaid into more than an afternoon time-killer. But Ariel's simple problems will probably bore anyone over 17.

Ironically, the film really shines during the scenes that have nothing to do with the plot. Sebastian, a small Caribbean crab, loses himself in the human prince's castle and suddenly realizes he's in the kitchen as an overzealous chef warbles about his love for fish while chopping and baring his gums out. When the chef spots a fine addition to the night's supper in poor little Sebastian, the crab scurries about, dodging knives, mallets and fish heads. I dunno, I thought it was funny.

The musical numbers should also score quite a hit with the post-pubescent members of the audience. When he's not playing a mean round of dodge-knife, Sebastian is also the kingdom's greatest composer, leading an all-crustacean revue through a few songs of the sea.

While harboring a number of entertaining interludes, *The Little Mermaid* panders to youngsters with a message they can grow on. And although it sinks short of the type of action/adventure that usually keeps the little brats in their seats, it exudes a naive elegance becoming to its fantasical setting.

Just tell me why Triton let his daughter marry at sixteen.

**From the Easel to the Silver Screen**

Little Mermaid animator Leon Joosen talks about life in Toon Town

Justice seemed slightly thwarted as I talked to Leon Joosen, one of a group of animators for Walt Disney Pictures' *The Little Mermaid*. It seems that Disney hadn't yet been able to round up the film's 500 contributors for a special pre-release screening of the project they had worked on for the past three and a half years. Leon Joosen knew how hard he'd worked on separate parts of the film, but had yet to see the finished product of his toils.

The construction of an animated feature is divided among groups of animators responsible for different scenes. Part of a group of thirty character animators, Joosen's responsibility centered around the main character, princess Ariel. *Little Mermaid*, Joosen explains, is not your stereotypically emptyheaded 90-minute cartoon — it combines surprising thematic profundity and emotion. "Working on *Mermaid* was fun because it had a lot of substance — there was more depth than you usually see in animated features," he says. For the artist, it was important to suggest convincing character mood and development through both the plot and his animation. "When I was doing the scene where Ursula steals Ariel's voice I tried to convey a real sensual feeling through her movements as the mist coils around her body."

While Joosen's work was limited to one character, it was still important for him to understand the dynamics of the entire film. "What was difficult about *Mermaid* was we had to create a totally different world, we had to learn how hair acted underwater... The directors, obviously, were always coming around to check on what we were doing to make sure it fit into their storyline."

"Although most people probably don't realize it, creating an animated feature is a lengthy and complicated process. After all the sequences have been finished... the character designs were all formalized, the size of her arms, her face," Joosen says. But there are still subtle nuances that belie the identity of a scenes creator, little trademarks such as hand gestures or facial gestures... People have come up to me and asked if that was one of my scenes... I can't really think of anything I do as a trademark, but I must have something, maybe something subconscious."

When the entire film is pieced together, the film should flow as a unit; there should be little hint of the many different personalities behind the finished project.

Moving the genre of the feature-length cartoon into the 1990s, technologically advanced techniques complemented the artists' talent. "The computer animation was used mostly in effects, creating the look of an undersea world. The ships that rise from the sea at the end were computer generated, as was the Prince's ship at the beginning. There are also some schools of fish that swim across the backdrop that were computer generated also."

But some feel that the computer creates characters that are too smooth and have no individual personalities. In next year's *Rescuers II*, the computer's use is limited to special effects, focusing on the differing backgrounds, creating a sense of depth that should rival live-action film.

A hallmark of the animation feature has long been the incredible number of drawings required to complete it. No exception to the rule, *Mermaid* utilized over a million separate drawings in its 7,000 feet of hand-drawn film. Joosen explains, "Where a live-action film might use sixty hours of film, you're only seeing an hour and a half of that. In an animation film, every frame is a different drawing."

So Leon Joosen's contribution to *The Little Mermaid* has been completed and he is currently working on an animated short that will be released with *The Rescuers II* next year. Such is the life of the animator: another day, another drawing.
I love in the U.S.A.

Benz exposes teen sex in the '50s

BY MICHELLE GARBERT

As director Obie Benz's Heavy Petting there was a "Whole Lotta Shakin' Going On," "The Girl I Love" asked "Peter Gunn," "Do You Love Me," while "Ready Teddy" "Rocked Around the Clock" with a bit of "Old Black Magic," and very soon "Annie Had A Baby.

Investigating teenage sex in the 1950s, this "docu-comedy" opens with a throbbing beach scene as hot as the movie's soundtrack. With beats ranging from Rick Nelson to The Diamonds, Obie Benz creates a flick that jives.

Playing dual roles of filmmaker and social critic, Benz combines clips from educational and feature films with sequences from such vintage archives as Army VD films. Using a barrage of color, black and white, and animated footage, Benz recalls the futile attempts of neurotic parents to constructively harness their children's teenage sexual aggression.

Working without a script, Benz threads together scenes from fanatical church services, high school health classes and hysterical mothers emoting at the kitchen table. In addition, Benz splices these clips with personal interviews of such well-known ex-'50s teenagers as Spalding Gray, Judith Malina, Sandi Sissel, Paula Longendyke and the late Abbie Hoffman. Using these personal accounts to bring the film a fresh '80s perspective proves to be the film's much-needed superglue.

Longendyke, for example, recalls images from her adolescence that she still finds sexually exciting some 30 years later. For her, Marilyn Monroe in Andy-Warhol-colored cleavage and James Dean playing chicken in "Rebel Without A Cause" stir up a potent combination of sex and unbridled energy. Interviewee Judith Malina recalls the growth of sexual freedom during her lifetime from the "evolution of body contact during a 50's slow dance" to Abbie Hoffman's "Great Circle Jerks of 1951," a popular symbol of teenage sexual aggression and promiscuity.

Back in the days when mothers warned their children "Do do the Do's" and "Don't do the Don'ts" everybody was doing the don'ts, or thinking about doing the don'ts while lying to Mom and Dad. Through his upfront interviews, Benz successfully conveys the transition from the repressive '50s to the sexual revolution that flourished during the '60s. Since that time, women have no longer been called "good" if they listen to Mom, and "bad" if they have sex, nor are all boys "bad".

HEAVY PETTING
DIRECTED BY OBE BENZ
AT THE ROXY

Heavy Petting should make our generation wonder if we're becoming more conservative since freer sex has resulted in such harsh repercussions. Living during a time when Mom and Dad may not kill you, but AIDS will, we are all pressed to ask ourselves the same question as we emerge from the theater: Do we have to start saying "no" all over again?
The Bank Presents

A NEW WAVE TEST

1. Name the lead singer of this group.

2. She was on the name...

3. I might like you better if we slept together.

4. The underwear cover of the Rolling Stones.

5. Triplets.

6. After your 99th trim.

7. Bark! Bark! Bark!

8. The other Elvis.

9. Bad apple Johnny was

10. This group would be airborne in a nuclear attack.

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The Clash
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BY GRACE SHIPPENS

Shirley MacLaine slips Tom Steketee's tongue in Steel Magnolias

Iolly Field, Dolly Parton, Shirley Maclaine, Daryl Hannah, Olympia Dukakis, Julia Roberts and Sam Shepard — what a group! It would be a miracle if they didn't lock horns simply because they're all employed in the same city. But to put them all together in one movie — that would just be too much.

Yet that's exactly what happened when playwright Robert Harling agreed to adapt his hit play Steel Magnolias for the screen.

These Hollywood superstars tell the story of six women of various socio-economic backgrounds in the small town of Natchitoches, Louisiana. From Truvy Jones (Dolly Parton), a beauty shop owner whose shop is her home, to Ouiser Boudreaux (Shirley MacLaine) who claims to be "richer than God," these women wouldn't seem to have much in common.

But when they meet on common ground in Truvy's beauty shop, these six turn out more alike than you'd expect. Except for Annelle (Daryl Hannah), all of the women have lived in Natchitoches and known each other for most of their lives. They all hate the same people ... and they all check their social backgrounds at the door when they go to get their hair done.

Steel Magnolias starts out as a charming comedy when all of Natchitoches prepares for a wedding. The action moves slowly but surely as director Herbert Ross spends time not only with the women but with the majestic Southern architecture and flora.

The pace picks up as bride-to-be Shelby (Julia Roberts) disturbs the peaceful town screaming that her nail polish is drying too dark. Who is this princess? How did M'Lynn (Sally Field) raise such a brat? And could Sally Field really be out-classed in this cast of stars?

The film's only weak link, MacLaine's purely comedic character sticks out like a sore thumb in the midst of the otherwise skillfully executed drama. But in another "out-of-this-world" performance, MacLaine pulls it off without wearing orange even once. Although she may be convinced that she's already won numerous awards in her former life as Bette Davis, it would be no surprise if old crazy Shirley does it again — for real. Hannah and Roberts are simply out-classed in this cast of stars.

Harling based Steel Magnolias on his mother and sister's experiences in the small town where he grew up, and he's revamped his work well here. And Ross's realism won't let any eyes stay dry in the theater. Most important, the integrity of the original dramatic production is retained. If the six women had appeared together at the end to take a bow, the film's magic wouldn't have been broken.

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Tim & Larry want to know where the hell is Gumby anyway? And they're partying on Friday night to find out
T
ake that,
J
esse Helms

Some call it “disturbing,” others call it “traumatic art.” But it’s hot, and local artists say the city isn’t doing enough to support them.

Take that, Jesse Helms

Some call it “disturbing,” others call it “traumatic art.” But it’s hot, and local artists say the city isn’t doing enough to support them.

Judith Schaechter is a Philadelphia artist who cracks the traditional medium of stained glass. Her images depict modern scenes of urban crime — junkies shooting up, murderers being committed. One Philadelphia gallery director labelled Schaechter’s pieces “disturbing,” describing them as “traumatic art.”

“They bring into the open things that people don’t want to think about,” Schaechter explains. But while Schaechter has earned recognition and renown around the country for the critical value of her work — she has multiple fellowships from the National Endowment for the Arts and the Pennsylvania Council on the Arts to her credit — she says the disturbing nature of her subjects scares off the owners of this city’s premier commercial galleries.

“The people think it’s [the market] conservative, so they’re not willing to take a chance,” she says. “Look, I can’t even get a show here, and I’m practically famous.” Schaechter’s story is not unusual, according to many Philadelphia artists and critics. Schaechter, along with many other artists, feels that Philadelphia is simply unreceptive to exploratory art, blaming a bias toward the traditional that makes both national recognition and financial success nearly impossible for artists working in less conventional modes.

Artist Jerry Di Falco is known for his extremely political work — his current show at NEXUS, the city’s oldest art cooperative, features two portraits of Senator Jesse Helms as a masturbating Jack-in-the-Box.

“These portraits were inspired by Helms’s archaic and fascist attitudes toward the traditional that makes both national recognition and financial success nearly impossible for artists working in less conventional modes. Currently, the Philadelphia Museum of Art’s three Contemporary Art galleries display 33 works, of which only 12 date from this decade. Most of the 12 are by recognized and established artists as Frank Stella, Brice Marden, Jasper Johns and Anselm Kiefer. PMA Director Anne d’Harnoncourt says she believes that many avant-garde artists aren’t looking for recognition from the institutions. For example, the PMA is sponsoring a con-temporary art exhibit next spring, but d’Harnoncourt says few experimental artists submit their works.

“Those artists are often not interested in the kind of exposure a juried show brings,” she says.

Jerry Di Falco is one experimental artist who has difficulty showing his work. These paintings are an attack on Senator Jesse Helms, portraying him as a masturbating Jack-in-the-Box.

Writer and photographer Diane Neumaier, who has 15 shows across the country piece, “Metropolitan Tits,” she parodies the Metropolitan Museum of Art’s coffee table series to emphasize the commodification of women in the media.

She moved here from New York a few years ago for personal reasons, but says she is “out of here” as soon as her son graduates high school in a year and a half, claiming that the intellectual scene doesn’t appear readily accessible or apparent.

“I think of those support systems of the art world — the critics and writers that make it really vital,” Neumaier says. “I think that’s the purpose that’s missing here. Or at least I haven’t found it. From what I can tell there isn’t a place progressive artists can call their own.”

Philadelphia, the artists say, is a city of art schools — a city with a very strong conservative tradition perpetuated by such established institutions as the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. Many artists posit that it is this tradition which limits the growth opportunities for exploratory work.

Most artists and critics agree that the cutting edge art being produced — in Philadelphia or anywhere — concerns itself more with social relationships and political issues than with questions of aesthetics.

Though they have always been important adjuncts to art movements, socio-political concerns have themselves become the subject of today’s most contro-

by Rachel Elson

photos by Cort Fey
sial art. Artist Connie Coleman says the adoption of these subjects is partly a result of the artists' quests for new horizons.

"If there's any subject matter that's au courant, it's the political," she says. "That's also a notion of post-modernism — we're all searching for new territory."

But the problem, say local artists and critics, is that this kind of artistic experimentation is not welcome in the Philadelphia marketplace.

"The things that seem to sell here are things that corporations can buy: realist seascapes and equestrian prints," explains NEXUS Gallery Director Anne Raman. "Then you go up a level from that and you get the personal collector, someone who's buying art for their home or whatever — there's a range of taste for that. Generally you'll find that there are awful lot of saccharine, low-budget paintings for that. Abstractions color-coordinated with the couch or nice impressionistic landscapes scenes."

"There's a limited market for local artists who do branch beyond the very traditional," she concludes.

When asked whether the Philadelphia Museum of Art would be willing to exhibit a piece that was critically acknowledged as good art but was potentially offensive or controversial, PMA Director d'Harnoncourt neatly dodged the question. "You aim at what you think is the best art," she repeated twice.

Larry Spaid, chairman of the Department of Art and Art Education at Temple University's Tyler School of Art, partly attributes the weak exploratory art scene to a weak art market.

"New York is the trendsetter. New York is the marketplace for contemporary art — the marketplace, and the showplace," he says.

But Phil Simkins, a conceptual artist who works predominantly with environmental installations, says that experimental artists are never well-received in established institutions — in Philadelphia or in any city.

"Experimental art by its very nature has to carve out its own venue," says Simkins, who calls himself an "established irritant" in the Philadelphia scene. "You're never going to find the key bulwark institutions willing to allow the irascible to be done."

Some artists also feel that a major liability for Philadelphia is its proximity to New York City. Artist Barbara Harris sees the problem in all of New York's relative advantages.

"I doubt it's just the money, although that probably is a factor," Harris says. "It's a more cosmopolitan audience, first of all. So there are no national art reviewers in Philadelphia. The lack of facilities to display what's happening at the last minute doesn't encourage the development of an audience for contemporary art," she says.

Philadelphia exploratory artists, in response to the absence of available space, have answered the challenge by developing artist cooperatives. Co-ops function as galleries and support networks, where artists nurture and critique each other's works. NEXUS Director Raman emphasizes that the recent increase in the number of alternative art, she says, points out as examples such cooperatives as Vox Populi, Momenta and the Philadelphia Artists' Cooperative.

Artist Harris, a member of Vox Populi says the co-ops perform a triple role within the art scene. "For young people, [the gallery] has a lot of flexibility... which allows them to do whatever they feel they need to do without having to satisfy a gallery owner who has to sell art interesting are somewhat higher. It's a very high energy scene," she said. Artist Schaechter indicates that co-ops fill a void left by commercial galleries. She says that local art buyers are much more willing to take chances than the gallery owners give them credit for.

"I sell my pretty weird stuff to Air Force officers, businessmen — everyone's got a wacky side to them," she says.

Some artists are hopeful about the future, feeling that the increasing number of co-ops is strengthening the local art scene and reinforcing its support for the alternative artist. But, unfortunately for Philadelphia, a sizeable number of local artists feel that Andy Warhol may have been right: Success [is] a job in New York.

Rachel Elson is a College senior.
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34TH STREET
When the Class of 1979 marched out of Franklin Field and into the 1980s, little did they realize they would become the symbols for Ronald Reagan's America. They were the last generation of the '70s, the ones which jumped at the hip, seemingly disparate trends such as disco dancing and money management jobs. They were entering a decade that came to be known as much for its immense wealth and corruption as for its social consciousness about drugs and AIDS. And ten years later, this free-spirited class would reflect the successes and failures of that decade.

Today, among the 1800 or so graduates, one is a lawyer who prosecutes investment bankers for insider trading, and one is an investment banker under investigation for insider trading. One is a University of Chicago doctoral student studying church state relations in Uganda, another is a professional Manhattan lawyer and mother. One is an aspiring author, and another was one of the first AIDS medical researchers; he now chairs the 1990 International AIDS Conference. While at Penn, they were a motley bunch. This was a class that had grown up in a hazy ideological period, one that fell somewhere between the liberalism of post-Vietnam and the conservatism of the early '80s. Not surprisingly, they were obsessed with both punk clubs and preppie dressing, sit-ins and grad school applications, co-habitation and fraternity pledging. They founded the Penn Political Union and the United Minorities Council; but they also wore clogs, sponsored a senior dance where they simulated the hand motions to the Village People's "YMCA," and took over College Hall for three days partly because the administration axed their hockey team.

At the time, they didn't seem remarkably different from any of the previous 235 classes at the University of Pennsylvania. Like any freshman class, they fought against the "Not Penn State" stigma, they flocked to Smoke's every weekend (the old one on 38th and Walnut Streets), they grumbled over their $3790 tuition rate, and they showed the nation a school spirit worthy of any Big Ten college when the cagers went to the Final Four their senior year. They were in many ways, as one graduate put it, "quite predictable" college kids.

But more than anything, this predictable band reflects the decade in which it came of age. And a close look at the Class of 79 today reveals in many ways how the 1980s affected America.

The University's tumultuous history during the late 70s offered considerable opportunities for the future leaders of the Class of 79. And for many, one of the more significant student demonstrations was the three-day sit-in at College Hall in the spring of 1978. The first sit-in in over five years wasn't a paltry affair. Over 800 students rallied outside then-President Martin Meyerson's office on March 2, protesting budget cuts and lack of student involvement in administrative processes. They pelted Provost Eliot Stellar with snowballs during his speech, and booted Meyerson when he returned from his vacation in the Bahamas.

The rally turned into an 87-hour protest, complete with televised negotiations and the birth of a new organization known as the United Minorities Council. The protest also exacerbated the leadership flaws in the administration, and by the following September, both the president and the provost had announced their impending resignations. Still, the class activism had its subtle ironies. According to College graduate Barri Bernstein, one of her clearest recollections of the "great sit-in" was sitting between student activists and fellow classmates who had brought typewriters instead of sleeping bags. While one group negotiated with administrators, the others were typing furiously away at their graduate school applications.

For then-College junior David Seide, who was very active in under-
In college, whenever I'd hear about someone staying home and having a family, I would sort of laugh and think 'Not me,' " she says. "I thought it was beneath women to stay home. But I guess a lot of us are doing it now — the only difference is we're doing it at 30 rather than 25."

Silverman-Marcus says that she intends to resume her career as soon as she feels it is appropriate. But she adds that this sort of decision would have been difficult five or more years ago.

"There would have been a whole lot of pressure on me to work, find a career," she says. "Now people are realizing that family life is important. And with the recent scandals on Wall Street involving those Penn people, others are realizing that there are a lot of things more important than money."

In a decade that has often been labeled too conformist, it seems appropriate that the Class of '79 has its few idiosyncrasies. During Ron Kassimir's term at Penn, most students knew him more for singing "Sweet Jane" at each Spring Fling than for his career goals, according to several friends.

But Kassimir is in hot pursuit of a unique academic career — researching the history of Uganda's church state relations.

"He's got the lowest-paying job of anyone outside of jail," says Ralph Austin, chairman of the University of Chicago's African Studies program.

Lisa Kassimir, Ron's sister, says that her brother had little direction after graduation and just happened upon African studies. After obtaining his masters degree from Columbia University, he began his doctoral study at UC-San Diego, before moving to Chicago. "Ron was never the business type, he was kind of overshadowed by the school he attended," Kassimir says. "He's always been into something different, and he loves causes."

"The Final Four was Penn's equivalent of disco music — it was wild and fun and totally out of control," recalls Philadelphia Magazine senior editor Steve Fried. "Penn had never seen anything like it before and probably never will again."

The school did go wild in that spring of 1979. At no other time in history had national, local and campus attention focused so closely on one team as they did then, nor had the school so tightly rallied around one cause. While seniors across the country were scrambling for job interviews and polishing up their resumes, everyone from the "nerdy engineer to the football jock" took notice of the cagers, says Barri Bernstein, executive director for the Tennessee Bar Foundation.

They packed Franklin Field stadium for rallies, paraded by the thousands down Locust Walk, and traveled in droves to Salt Lake City, Utah to cheer on their team.

Fried, who started his professional career with a submission to the Philadelphia Inquirer about his Final Four road trip, says that he and several friends schemed to make money off the trip by scalping extra tickets to the games.

"There we were on the day of the game trying to scalp our tickets, and absolutely no one wanted them. It was five minutes before the game, and we were about to lose a fortune. People lost hundreds of dollars, and [after Penn lost to Michigan State in the semis], we just began trading the rest of the tickets for whatever we could get," Fried says.

"Whatever we could get" turned out to be ski-lift tickets, and the group went skiing on the day of the finals. Meanwhile, Salt Lake City fans turned out by the horde to watch the showdown between Indiana State's Larry Byrd and Michigan's Magic Johnson.

"A couple of guys we knew made a hundred dollars a ticket — we hated them. We got back to Penn, and we still hated them. And I just know they're the ones who are the investment bankers now," Fried says. "It was the perfect curtain raiser to the '80s."

For Bob Wachter, his role as Quaker during the glory months of the Final Four earns him almost as much recognition now as his current position as program director of the Sixth International AIDS Conference, sponsored by the University of California at San Francisco.

"I used to do strip-teeses during half-time and had a mutually perverse relationship with the band — people knew me," Wachter says. "But still about two or three times a year, I'll see people point me out on the street and stare at me with a quizzical look on their face. I'll know the look, and I know that they went to Penn."

When he joined the staff in 1983, AIDS was still a relatively new phenomenon, the first cases having been reported in 1981.

"All we knew was that it was really unprecedented that people who were my age, were coming in previously healthy and were dying in tremendous numbers one after the other," he says. "It was a whole new ball game, and I just started asking questions."

Wachter's questions led him to developments in ways to treat and care for AIDS patients through policy, and consequently linked him to some of the foremost researchers in the field. He says his current role now requires concentrating more on administrative affairs rather than laboratory research, but that he enjoys it diversity in his field.

As the 1980s draw to a close, the Class of '79 turns to a new decade — with the confidence and perspective of a few added years.

"A lot of things have happened to me that are totally unplanned," Wachter says. "I happened to chance on a discount fare to San Francisco, it happened to be a beautiful day here. If I had chanced upon a city that hadn't seen a lot of AIDS, I'm not sure whether I would or could have been as involved."

"You don't see the epoch or the era happening around you," Tennessee Bar Executive Director Bernstein says. "You live your own life, and take the days as they come."

Helen Kim is a College senior and the features editor for 34th Street.
Hey, hey, my my... Neil Young is back from the musical doldrums — and this time he means business.

NEIL YOUNG
REPRISE RECORDS

The two versions (one acoustic and one electric) of "Rockin' in the Free World" that grace Freedom seethe with the same fury that powered "Powderfinger." Against a backdrop of gutter-like guitar, he croons, "We got a thousand points of light/For the homeless man/We've got a kindler, gentler machine gun hand."

He also takes on the Central American question in "Eldorado," a song that harkens back to Zuma's "Cortez The Killer." And the epic length "Sixty To Zero (Crime In The City Part II)", paints a complex cameo of the harsh life on the city streets.

Not since the cries of "How many more?" in "Ohio" have Young's observations come so timely and struck with such force.

"There was a band playing in my head/And I felt like getting high."

Much like Tonight's The Night, Freedom finds Young attempting to tackle the complexities of the drug problem. But fifteen years later, the sense of disillusionment and loss that followed Whitten's overdose has been replaced by feelings of outrage and remorse:

"Give me some of that crack/Give me that crack/Ahhh!" he moans over churning Les Paul's in the fadeout of "On Broadway." Bearing little, if any, resemblance to Lieber and Stoller's original, Young's version delivers a murky and disturbing indictment of poverty in the Big Apple.

On a more tender note, he offers up "Too Far Gone" as a message of atonement to his wife. Over lilting acoustic and pedal steel guitars, he wonders how "we made it home" and asks regretfully, "Was I too far gone/too far gone/too far gone for you?" Perhaps, the writing lacks subtlety, but Young's plaintive vocals drive the point home anyway.

"When you see me fly away without you/Shadow on the things you know/Feathers fall around you/and show you the way to go."

With his whiny voice and dark brooding image, Young has always espoused a strange romantic vision. What other artist could sing "Down by the river, I shot my baby..." and make it work?

Ultimately, the love songs on Freedom provide the greatest satisfaction. From "Hanging on a Limb," a touching duet with Linda Ronstadt to the more rocking "Ways of Love," it's clear that, despite all the political commitment, he remains a sap at heart.

Of course, he's an elliptic sap. The gorgeous "Wrecking Ball" stands as the first love song ever to use construction site imagery. Strange, you bet. But somehow, Young delivers the line "meet me at the wrecking ball" with believable, heartfelt emotion.

"I could die in penthouse 38/You could lose me on the freeway,/but I would still make it back alive."

After a long time spent wandering in the musical wilderness, Neil Young has made it back alive. With its tortured romanticism and fiery rockers, Freedom erases his past failures. The rest of the '60s rock crew that has recently re-emerged should take this album to heart — it proves conclusively that a road-weary veteran can still rock with purpose and soul.

If Young follows the same time-worn pattern, the next 17 records will probably suck. But for what it's worth, this old folkie is right on track now.
Gilberts: Gorehounds, Agony Column, Russ Tolman, Butthole Surfers:
cool name, dorky name, normal name, bitchin’ name; Unknown, un-
known, unknown, known to a certain twisted few; Quasi-punk, death
metal (don’tcha luv it?), laid-back tunes, punk punk; Dublin, Texas, Lost
Angeles (we think), Mars; Maybe buy, don’t buy (unless you’re twisted),
maybe buy, do what you want. Period.

The Gorehounds
Semtex

Agony Column
God, Guns, and Guts

Russ Tolman
Down In Earthquake Town

Butthole Surfers
Widowermakerl. . . EP

Although the name suggests
death-metal, this Irish-brogued band
evokes images of The Ramones, Tin
Machine, and Spinal Tap. The music
on the album is downright silly and
rowdy, and, as a result, very
entertaining. Standout tracks include
“The General,” a rap about a
big-time criminal, “Eyeball Soup,” a
documentary of the advent of fast
food in prehistory, and best of all, a
wild ride through Kenny Rodgers’
“Ruby.”

Satan, evil, death, death, death. This
album by Tipper Gore’s favorite
“hellbilly” band is generic power
metal, except for the lyrics, which
are, uh, poignant. Appropriate back-
ground music for human sacrifice,
necrophilia, and especially, a quiet
evening of Cosby and Trivial Pursuit
with the folks (“Yo, Mom — pass
the blood!”).

Russ Tolman and his Totem
Polemen combine their laid-back,
folksy style with the sounds of more
traditional rock musicians like Steve
Wynn and the Strawberry
Neopolitan Singers to produce an
upbeat and innovative album.
Tolman’s slightly flat voice carries
his simple but clever lyrics while
adding a wistful quality to some
songs. Side two highlights include
an excellent horn arrangement, and
the efforts of guitarist Wynn.

With one tame exception, the
“songs” here begin innocently only
to digress into anarchic art-rock
from hell. If it takes this much mock-
perversity and offensiveness to
wrench the spirit of rock n’ roll from
the clutches of the market-minded
‘80s, then so be it.

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Big Daddy Kane knows who's the boss

BY JOEL TROTTER

KANE - King-Asiatic-Nobody-Equal.

This is what you and I have been waiting for. No cause for worry — Big Daddy Kane's debut follow-up, *It's a Big Daddy Thing*, will not leave you wanting. But be forewarned, this disc is not for the hip-hop tame. Inexpensive speaker systems and persons in close quarters, beware, because Big Daddy rips shit up.

Kane's lyricism forges an often unexpected path through his DJ's bumpin', bass-laden beats. Time after time, Kane squeezes stoopid-long phrases into beat lengths seemingly too short, as only the self-proclaimed "smooth operator" can. *It's a Big Daddy Thing* hits harder than Tyson, and like Iron Mike, he comes out swinging at the drop of a bass. Forget setting up with the jab, Kane goes for the KO from jump. Stuff like this would make The Fight Doctor from NBC jump for joy.

For the unfortunate masses unfamiliar with Big Daddy Kane, picture this: Tyson's relentlessness and strength coupled with the consciousness of Malcolm X. Put it to a funky bassline and you can begin to envision the style of this hip-hop innovator. *It's a Big Daddy Thing* follows the lead of these artists. Kane approaches the subject more subtly than Chuck D, but hey — doesn't everyone?

In "Children R the Future," he advocates education and moral strength as the liberating tools for blacks trapped in an oppressive world. "Calling Mr. Welfare" is a dis'a la MC Just-ice to men for leaving their children and to high school dropouts who live off state aid. "Another Victory" takes on the destructiveness of the crack crisis currently undermining black culture. Throughout the album, Kane implements samples of Minister Louis Farrakhan's speeches, as well as bits and pieces of vintage James Brown (surprised?). The best comes on "Big Daddy's Theme," where Kane pulls "some old pimp shit" straight out of an early '70s blaxploitation flick.

But with seventeen songs on the compact disc, there's plenty of room for some lighter cuts. "Pimpin' Ain't Easy" is an X-rated, sexist farce, while Kane allows his boyz to join him on the mic in "On The Move."

Of course, the album wouldn't be complete without the theme song from that cinema blockbuster, *Lean On Me*. He could have spared us the misery of having to hear it again, but that wouldn't be good business, now, would it? At least the version on the album is remixed. *It's a Big Daddy Thing* is a more than competent successor to *Long Live the Kane*. By using a greater variety of producers and more sophisticated rhythms, Big Daddy refines and develops the rawness of his debut. Loyal fans won't be disappointed and newcomers will definitely be wif it. As Kane says: "I'm employee of the month because I do work." While this may be true in Big Daddy's case, I doubt you'll see his mug on the wall at McDonald's.
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Eric Rittenhouse 3, 1907-11 Walnut, 567-0320.
Show times: Fri. — 1, 5:30, 7:30, 9:40, 10:15.
(AMC Midtown, 1412 Chestnut St., 567-7021.
Show times: Fri., Mon -Wed. — 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:45, 10:15.)

Speaker
Next time I see you, just lie down on the
floor. don't talk. She's an old lady —
(national-recognized poet film in which image are set to music
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