At Temple, an anxious return to class

By ANDREY LIVSH 
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

Undergraduate assembly member Dan Sliger revisits the freezing rain prompting "vote for Dan Sliger or rot in the bowels of hell," Monday, the scheduled first day of school.

The UTV Executive Committee last night decided to fire the two producers of the program that incited the students' two-week occupation meant to show support for striking teachers.

UTV fires 2 staffers over lewd program

By HELEN JUNG 
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

Five firms have submitted bids to construct a $100 million cogeneration plant on campus, which will produce 60 megawatts of electricity production capacity and 300,000 pounds of steam production capacity.

Firms offer bids for U. power plant

Five firms offer bids for U. power plant

By MICHAEL SHERLY 
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

German unity will reshape probes' studies

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Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

As the first day of classes began on their North Philadelphia campus, most students will be on this year's ballot. Balian said he expects that they plan to run business-like campaigns in order to convince people to vote for them.

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Hackney: Code needs revision

By PETE SPECEL

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On Campus

Events

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| **PROGRAMS** | **

The Wharton Undergraduate Accounting Society cordially invites you to a
COCKTAIL RECEPTION

"Meet the Accounting Firm"

on Thursday, October 4, 1990; from 7:00 to 9:00 PM

at The Sheraton University City
36th and Chestnut Streets

Debra Emmanuel (215) 389-0619
Roger Mills (215) 387-5214

ATTENTION juniors interested in the
HARRY S. TRUMAN SCHOLARSHIP Competition:

We have just received updated information from the Harry S. Truman Scholarship Foundation in Washington as of Monday September 24th. This information is essential for completing the application. Please stop by 200 Houston Hall for an updated information sheet by Friday, October 5th. Completed applications are due by Friday, October 19th.

Speaker discusses Persian Gulf Crisis

Emphasizing the need for a peaceful resolution to the Persian Gulf crisis in a speech to 60 students Tuesday morning, Dr. Andrew Fisher — the executive director of the Arab-American Institute — urged the United Nations to take a leading role in the

Spurred by a Gulf crisis American, per- |
haps the most contentious issue, said the United Nations should be given a "collective role" in the conflict.

"This is not a war of nations, but rather a war among the people of the region, and it is the needs of the people who matter," Fisher said. "The United Nations must be brought into the picture in a larger role to help the people of the region negotiate an end to the aggression.

ATTENTION ONYX MEMBERS: 8 pm in rm 304 at Williams hall.

Ideas Questions? Call Barbi

ONYX MEMBERS, ATTENTION: A Mocktail reception will be held on Sunday, October 7 at 4th floor College Hall.

Two UTV producers fired

UTV, from page 1

show, Penn Live and Watch with a whole series of newspaper people trouble," Epstein said.

College senior Ashley Nicholas, who said that she was not in the show because he had decided to leave the paper before the episode was aired.

"There was a discussion — if your behavior were not to continue, you had to be fired," Epstein said.

While on the air, the hosts drank several shots of tequila. Nichols said that he was not the owner of the show, that the hostel was a toxic environment.

Engineering sophomore Tom Gallus and Business junior Doug Yannone said last night that they had wanted to leave the show because of a lack of a production, called the show's content "racist," "gender," and "political.

"We have to stop drinking the shows and stay on the show," Epstein said.

Assistant Editors

GOOD LIVESIN;

THE GREAT SANTIN

MAL ROY

MERRICK LEVIN

MICHAEL SHIDLY

THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN

These are stories in Monday's DP in which reporters and editors describe events that happened the previous day. These stories are not found in any other newspaper in the nation.

Corrections and Clarifications

THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN

The following are corrections and clarifications that are to be made to the Daily's stories:

CORRECTIONS

THE MUSICAL "O"

 devised for the Territorial War in 1887 as a means of raising funds for the Territorial Artillery. The Daily's coverage of the show's premiere was not only laudatory, but also reflected the widespread support for the show throughout the nation.

CORRECTIONS

THE MUSICAL "O" (continued)

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Art exhibit celebrates GSFA 100th birthday

By JOYCE TAM

The original sketches of the Quad dormitories, as well as photographs of the Quad, are on display at the Graduate School of Fine Arts as part of their celebration of the school's 100th anniversary.

The exhibit, which opened on November 4, is based on a written history of the Graduate School of Fine Arts, the culmination of the school's 100th anniversary projects. The collection features 100 significant projects representing the diverse talents of the school's faculty and students, both past and present. The exhibit is located in the Arthur Ross Gallery of the Graduate School of Fine Arts.

Graduate students Elizabeth Carlson and Gregory Lablanc examined a display at the Graduate School of Fine Arts' 100th anniversary exhibition at Meyerson Hall. The goal was to illustrate not only the achievements, but the diversity of the school," said graduate student Elizabeth Carlson. "It's really a rediscovery, a celebration of the past, and a look to the future.

The selected projects represent the achievements of all nine departments in the school, from architecture to the arts. "It seemed like the Urban Design and Landscape Architecture departments were among the most popular," said graduate student Gregory Lablanc.

First-year architecture graduate student Jack Glei said he liked the way the exhibit traveled the history of each project. "The most interesting part was how they showed early developmental sketches and not just the final presentation," he said.

Graduate students Elizabeth Carlson and Gregory Lablanc examine a display at the Graduate School of Fine Arts' 100th anniversary exhibition at Meyerson Hall.

"The most interesting part was that they showed early developmental sketches and not just the final presentation," he said.

All-delivery video store brings films to customers

By AMY KAPLSER

Galo Video Express is looking to become "the Dominick's of the video" and is offering a month-old delivery video store, new to the Philadelphia area. Galo Video Express Enterprise, is the only all-delivery video rental outlet in the city. The store delivers popular films to more than 100 employees in the city and parts of West Philadelphia — from Monday to Wednesday, seven days a week.

Customers phone into the store and one of about five employees provides them with a selection of pre-rated videos. According to Galo, or one of his employees delivers the movie and picks it up when the customer has finished with it.

Galo said he started Video Express Enterprise, based in a small office in southwest Philadelphia, with money from his own pocket. He is charging $1.96 plus tax per video — a little more than many other video stores charge. But he said he believes his store will be successful because it allows customers to stay at home and have their movies brought to them. "Busy people and people with transportation problems will be the ones to come in," Galo said.

But Galo also said that he would like to have more models of the Vanna Venturi House in Philadelphia. Conversely said that display was one of the most popular.

"It seemed like the Urban Design and Landscape Architecture departments were among the most popular," said graduate student Gregory Lablanc.

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The last entry of the exhibit is a videotape presentation of the work of -step graduate student Peter Stanger, called "The Galaxy: Eviscerating the Future."
Penn Band makes a play for the Castle

By GAYLE M. MEYERS and BRIANNE PATEL

Friday, October 5, 12 noon, 222 Bennett Hall

The American Gift Store

THE THOURON AWARD
The Thourn-University of Pennsylvania Fund for British-American Student Exchange invites applications for fully funded degree study in the United Kingdom

Eligibility: Students in the College, Nursing, SEAS, Wharton and students in any of the graduate and professional schools of the University of Pennsylvania; single; U.S. citizen; good academic standing; excellent maturity in intellectual Emoluments: British university fees & generous living/travel stipend Duration of Award: one year, renewable for one additional year

Application deadlines: For Thourn Award: November 16, 1990 for programs beginning in fall 1991
For U.K. Universities: variable depending upon degree sought and institution

Applications and further information now available in:
Office of International Programs • 133 Bennett Hall • 6275 • 898-4661

General Information Meeting
Friday, October 5, 12 noon, 222 Bennett Hall

Lindback winners advised to advise on teaching

By PETER SPIEGEL

The program that awards the University's most prestigious teaching prize—The Lindback Award—distributes its cash and prize, they have little else to do after the program except vote as future winners.

But Provost Michael Allen wants to change that, warning the faculty to improve on campus courses or else. Faculty are the Lindback Community, a self-governing society, which committee members are charged with selecting faculty members active by the end of the semester, will advise him on their behalf.

"The Lindback winners are one of the University's most important resources in suggesting improvements on campus," he said. "If we lose them to the Academy, we lose a key link in the operation of our university."

Rabii said several Lindback winners have warned him that he would lose his post if they were not allowed to meet with the students, and suggested that he was not confident he would be able to persuade the students to come if he were.

Rabii's warning worried University President Michael A. Drake, who was present at the meeting yesterday. "I'm not sure I can convince the students to come," he said.

Penn Band makes a play for the Castle

By ED MILLER

Join the staff of your favorite store. Lord & Taylor. We're interviewing right now for excellent selling and non-selling positions for the holiday season. While experience may be helpful, it is not essential. We offer a generous employee discount, and our spirit is excellent. Where you'll love shopping for holiday gifts, while earning extra holiday income!

Full & Part Time Sales

Join the staff of your favorite store. Lord & Taylor. We're interviewing right now for excellent selling and non-selling positions for the holiday season. While experience may be helpful, it is not essential. We offer a generous employee discount, and our spirit is excellent. Where you'll love shopping for holiday gifts, while earning extra holiday income!

APPLY IN PERSON to Human Resources Department. Monday to Saturdays, 10am to 6pm
At City Line and Rittenhouse Avenue (610) 381-5777

By ED MILLER

Graduate students introduced this proposal at the meeting today and has put it on Wednesday's agenda for discussion.

Lindback executive board members have already won the Lindback Award. "I don't think they would need to be chosen," said the doctoral candidate.

Rabii praised the provost for his willingness to entertain the idea of the proposal being turned down by the students. "I would have to say there are so many more ways to improve teaching," the provost said, adding that he has not even decided who will live in the house yet.

One GAPSA member, who asked not to be identified, said this week that if GAPSA passes the resolution, it will do so "so that the students will have no alternative but to send a letter to Vice Provost for Student Life Kim Morrison at Student Affairs requesting that they be allowed to occupy the house. This opens the Walk to students who have no other access to housing in the center of campus.

The resolution requires the provost to add graduate or professional students to the committee, or to have GAPSA "so that the students can have their version of what happens."

"It's not like they didn't have enough time to figure out what to do," the doctoral candidate said, adding that he will not be available to attend Wednesday's meeting. "People get to decide when they make the decision, not the administration," said Rabii, who said that he will not be available to attend Wednesday's meeting. "The administration doesn't adequately represent the people who use Locust Walk everyday."
by STEPHEN GLASS

Audience included in enchanting 'Tempest'...
"I have already learned that I'm not ever going to be a novelist. How many of you can say the same?"

Policy on Submissions

The Daily Pennsylvanian allows welcomes comments from the University community in the form of guest columns and letters to the editor. All contributions are reviewed by this newspaper's editors and are subject to editorial discretion. The opinions expressed in these columns and letters to the editor do not necessarily represent the opinions of this newspaper's authors and are completely independent of this newspaper's position.
ATTENTION FRESHMEN

Come Out And Meet
The Candidates
Running For The
UNDERGRADUATE ASSEMBLY

Sunday, October 7th
4:30–6:30 Ben Franklin Room,
Houston Hall
Know who you are voting for.

STUDENTS OF PENN UNITE!!

CONSTITUTIONAL CONVENTION

Help Restructure Student Gov’t.

Sunday, Oct. 7th  • 2:30 – 4:30 pm
in McClelland Hall in the Quad.
Lunch will be served.
Call Duchess Harris at 573–8017
New sales growth may say it will strive for peace, not land

"In the future, any peace will emanate from Germany," Redi said.

At the same time, we stand on our moral and legal responsibilities that arise from German unification to "secure security" to Europe and to the rest of the world. The need for a national council in the first two hours of talks and of overall agreements was agreed to by the negotiators yesterday. President Richard von Weizsaecker raised the same issue in his speech in the ceremony in Berlin's Philharmonic hall.

"The war terror and the war is caused in Sudan certain serious and violent incidents on and off almost all of Europe and so to," he said. "We continuously read the victims." Among the several hundred guests invited was Hillel Gotsman, an architect of the host program and now the leader of German Jewish community.

### Greek Speak

**Princess Caroline's husband dies in crash**

MONTE CARLO, Monaco- Tragically retained Princess Caroline's royal family yesterday when an American car that her husband, Ricardo of Monaco, died in a street accident while driving a convertible with his family.

Caroline, a widow at 23, desktop black dress, died in a car accident in Monte Carlo. She was visiting the European Court of Human Rights in Strasbourg. De Ville, a flying car, and Caroline's husband, Ricardo, died in a car accident in Strasbourg. The car was on its way to Monaco, and Caroline's husband, Ricardo, died in a car accident in Strasbourg.

### Cold Cuts

**Potential hockey club members strut their stuff Monday in the Class of '93 ring before cuts.**

Michael Sammons / The Daily Pennsylvanian
Volleyball comes back to top Columbia

LIPPS, from page 12

"A waste," said he. "I didn't get to the net. That's why I failed." That's the way it is going to be going to call home about. Strong serving by Koeder and junior co-
in the student discount.

An extraordinary opportunity to live and work for a year in the People's Republic of China.

Join Penn's Program for Teaching English at Shanghai Jiao Tong University or Fudan University in Shanghai, where you will be provided with free housing, free routine medical care and a living allowance of approx. 600 - 650 RMB per month.

Seniors, students in the graduate/professional schools or graduates of the University of Pennsylvania are eligible to apply. Chinese language not required.

TEACH ENGLISH IN CHINA

An extraordinary opportunity to live and work for a year in the People's Republic of China.

Join Penn's Program for Teaching English at Shanghai Jiao Tong University or Fudan University in Shanghai, where you will be provided with free housing, free routine medical care and a living allowance of approx. 600 - 650 RMB per month.

Seniors, students in the graduate/professional schools or graduates of the University of Pennsylvania are eligible to apply. Chinese language not required.

INFORMATION MEETING

Monday, October 8 • 4 – 5 p.m.
Penniman Library
2nd floor, Bennett Hall
34th and Walnut

APPLICATION DEADLINE:
NOVEMBER 16, 1990

Application forms are available from the Office of International Programs, 133 Bennett Hall.
Fish and visitors smell after three days.

Benjamin Franklin, Poor Richards Almanac

Keep Ben's dream alive.
Join The Record, Penn's official yearbook

Introductory Meeting: Thursday, October 4th, 6:00 pm
3933 Walnut St. (the building next to McDonald's)

989-1111 Classified Ads

HOW TO PLACE YOUR CLASSIFIED AD

BY PHONE
CALL 215-989-1111 Telephone lines open 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Monday through Friday. Closed weekends and holidays.

BY MAIL
4015 WALNUT ST., 2ND FLOOR Philadelphia, PA 19130
Enclose ad text, payment (check, or money order number & expiration date), dates you want ad to run.

BY OFFICE VISIT
4015 WALNUT ST. 2ND FLOOR Philadelphia, PA 19130 Office open 9:00 a.m. - 5:00 p.m. Monday through Friday. Closed weekends and holidays.

AD TYPES
Regular line ads, by the word.

AD DEADLINES
Regular line ads, cancellations, changes 12 noon, business day pre-

duction publication.

REGULAR LINE AD RATES
$1.50 per word per day 4 days minimum. $1.25 per word per day
7 day subscription. $1.00 per word per day 21 day subscription.

OPTIONAL JUMBO HEADLINE
$2.00 extra for a large, bold headline above regular classified ad.

DP PERSONALS
DP PERSONALS can be placed Tuesdays-Thursdays, 9:00 a.m.-5:00 p.m.

PAYMENT
Check or MasterCard only. MasterCard fee, 2% of total charge

TERMS
 Classified ads must be paid in full at time of placement — none will
be accepted, with a $10 minimum.

CLASSIFIED AD INDEX:

1 Indian princess
22 Emulate D.
34 French
43 Painter
56 Bakery worker
68 Catchall abbr
71 Kind of job
898-1111

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45 Art cult

71 Indian princess

8 Pamphlet

38 Simple

66 Deuce topper

49 Invite

9 Pamphlet

50 Invite

253 S. 44th St.

478-0205

African Princess

23 Shirt type

50 Invite

207 S. 44th St.

478-0205

SAC FUNDING

Penn's Yearbook

The Record

The University of Pennsylvania Theatre Arts Program

presents

Shakespeare's

THE TEMPEST

Studio Theatre, Annenberg Center
October 3-6 (Wed-Sat)
All Shows 8:00PM
Tickets $5: Locust Walk & Annenberg Center

AUSTIN shows she's a hitter.

HITTER, page 12

Era two time with her, moving, and hitting," Keater said.

"We've only scratched the surface of Doni's talent," Penn coach Mark

Keater said. "Doni is a very versatile talent who is offen

ful of a four-year-old player

player he has been in the last three weeks..." Keater

f her. He feels so comfortable now that she's

been able to take that swing with mu

hitting technique.

"I have to do my part and go out and be confident, and the team won't be

confident in me," she said.

Austen is on her way to becom-

ing one of those top players, Highlighting last night's perf-

mance was Keater's remark about one of the balls Austen hit from the left side straight down the line.

"She made the people watching

see that she's a good one here," he

said. "Someone to watch."
BoxSox win American crown in McKeown move

McGee, Brett win batting championships; Braman says Buddy Ryan won't get fired

As a .310-16 centerfield specialist at Sted Anderson High School, it was not until the fall of his senior year that Hester, who burned his fingers on the crash in the bass guitar, began to play regularly for the football team. Czuba outside a neighborhood pickup game.

They must have had some pickup games in the fall, when the other three-fourths of that .310-16 hit-todt was contented. Until you new wide receiver for fourth-processing center whom McGee was inserted as a pinch-hitter in the opener of the best-of-7 AL playoffs last Sunday night at Fenway Park.

Senior year in high school was a special year for Hamm, as the ball game went well undescribed and at least 265 times he was wound around at Division I schools. He shut out the White Sox on 188-112, and her second save this year that Hamm, who already had to rrworl

As a sophomore he had 22 recep-

As a 4 X 100-meter relay specialist with ace Roger Clemens sent...it's been a tremendous thrill."

``We worked together, we ate...down with it."

But none of this went on without...work hard and don't ever give up."

``When I throw that ball, [I know]...or Mike Piazza."

``People may say a lot about you, never give up."

``Work hard and you will achieve."

``That's why I'm working hard and don't ever give up."

University of Pennsylvania Police Department Annual Bike Auction

Saturday, October 6, 1990 10:00AM
in front of

High Rise North, 3901 Locust Walk

Bikes may be inspected starting at 9:30AM

Checks with ID and cash accepted

Auction will be held rain or shine

Information: 898-4475

SportsWise

Compiled from Associated Press Dispatches

BoSox win American title with McCown move

McGee, Brett win batting championships; Braman says Buddy Ryan won't get fired

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Sports

Hamm wants to keep everyone on track

BY JOHN DI PAOLO

The Ivy Group. agreed to be known collectively as "a service of higher education" and that to raise their academic stature in New York. Penn's stature has un-


state. The University of Pennsylvania is ac-
nompanied by a certain position as


Opponent Spotlight

"I'm trying to make a difference and help these kids. I want to teach and help the kids, especially those in elementary school, as an assistant coach.

Hamm learned the issues of raising one's self-esteem development early on. His mother had raised him in a home with a lot of love but also a lot of constant battling. Hamm's mother helped him to learn to focus on the positives and to deal with the negatives in his life.

The squad evolved from a team of three to a set of blood

Two-run homer put Detroit ahead, 6-0. The Ti-

By the second game, the Quakers

Good for them.

"I asked the official if she touched

by Austin. A sharp smack is heard,

and Austin helped the Quakers

Come to Lafayette Play football

Fielder gets his 50th off Penn grad Adkins

BY SCOTT WANNEMACHER

The 1986 and 1989 Penn football teams shared a special principle emphasizing power

The power is the Quakers'...8

The Quakers finished with a 5-2 record last year after

They did not have the motivation to achieve

"I'm sure one of Steele's key sell-

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They had a good relationship with me, they were always there for me, and they helped me to become the person I am today.

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Fantasia is coming! page 5
Way back in January, three friends and I began planning our Summer Trip To Europe. We wanted the opportunity to travel, to see the sights, and to get a real taste of Eastern European culture. And since we planned half of our itinerary in advance, I was doing my damndest to pay attention. Before class began, though, she gave the following advice with a sly grin: "If any of you are considering a trip to Eastern Europe this summer, you might want to bring condoms over there instead of blue jeans. The East currently suffers from a great shortage of reliable birth control." 

No problem. The night before I left, I was walking through CVS for supplies, and as I turned down the aisle of rubbers, I recalled my teacher's words. I had some extra money, so I went for the big time and bought two Economy Size packs of Trojan. Thirty-six lubricated and thirty-six unlubricated, to be exact. They cost me a small fortune, but so what? I was fully aware of the artificial boundaries that kept people apart and dealt with my foreign brothers and sisters on the most basic of all human levels. With hopes inflated like the Polish economy, I left the country feeling like a Johnny Appleseed of sorts, ready to Outfit 1 Monster Truck Challenge.

Thinking back on the my foray into the skin trade, the irony of the situation overwhelmed me. Why didn't I fill my carry-on with bananas or canned corn or beef jerky? They might not have traveled quite as well as six dozen jellies, but the profit margin would have been tremendous.

I much more than "hang out a society bell" if it's easier to have safe sex than it is to eat! I have visions of Soviets staggering around from lack of food, with their skin falling off after receiving a potent dose of Chernobyl radiation, coughing up large black chunks of phlegm from breathing ultra-pollution for years, but screwing like fiends while using the best protection that the international pharmaceutical industry has to offer.

A friend of mine told me once, back when nuclear holocaust seemed possible in the next breath, that if the Big One came, I would go over to his girlfriend's house and, given her consent, do the wild thing until the blast ripped the flesh from their bones. Maybe the same concept applies in the wild, wild East.

To this day, I can't figure out whether my professor was cruel, stupid, or a major shareholder in the condom industry. I do know that I only have even odds on having sex 72 times over the rest of my life. And, even if I use a condom half of these times, I still have enough vulcanized rubber to outfit a Monster Truck Challenge. So much for being an ambassador of goodwill.

Questions, Comments, Gripes, or would you just like to say hello? 34th Street welcomes your letters. Write us at 4015 Walnut St., Phila. Pa., 19104

Meeting today at 5 p.m.
FASHION FAUX PAS

This Simpson’s schmata is a symbolic faux pas, for all the garments people know they should cast out, but insist in bringing out for that last fling. Included on this list of faux pas are: all left-over Batman paraphernalia, those ever-stylish black Reeboks, and of course, the infamous acid-wash trouser. Burn em. 

And now, a word from our sponsors...

This is in reference to the article published on September 27, 1990 entitled “Fashion Faux Pas.” First of all, the way we dress and present ourselves is a matter of free expression and I do not think a newspaper should use this freedom to impinge upon my freedom of expression. Second, I do not feel I should be the one criticized for making a faux pas. I think it is more of a faux pas to publish an unauthorized picture accompanied by an antagonistic article. In addition, I always thought this university supported individuality and tolerance. Therefore, I do not understand why a news publication which represents this university would violate this policy. I am sorry the way I dress offends you. But please realize that my apparel does not offend you as deeply as your article offended me. In the future, please use some discretion. I would appreciate that you refrain from publishing anything you please without concern for those involved.

Tamara Feldman

Dear Tamara:

Sorry that we offended you. We didn’t mean to be taken so seriously, but that’s the risk a free press runs. But we do appreciate your comments. It’s kind of like what Virgil once wrote in the Aeneid—“You gather strength with every step.” Or maybe it was like the pearls of wisdom once uttered by the prophet Elizabeth Fraser of The Cocteau Twins—“Heaven or Las Vegas?” And so, when we’re all dead and rotting and have deserted at either the entrance to the fiery gates or the road to the neon nightmare, won’t that be the real issue?

Sincerely,
The Editors

Street Savvy

Next Monday is Columbus Day. 498 years ago some Italian guy living in Portugal was given credit for discovering America with Spanish money. He must have arrived on a Monday, because that is when we remember it each year. Either that, or it gives us an excuse to have a three-day weekend in October.

Fortunately, the country was named after a different Italian who was named Amerigo, or we would all be living in the United States of Chris. When Columbus “discovered” America, he found what we call Native Americans, or Indians. America couldn’t have been discovered by the Indians—they were just born there.

The Indians are a baseball team in the American League who play in a city called Cleveland (named for their world-famous cleves) in Ohio. Ohio is a state in the Eastern third of the United States in an area called the Midwest. Most college freshmen can’t find Ohio on a map.

No one can find Twin Peaks on a map, though Twin Peaks maps suitable for framing will be coming to stores very soon. For now, we know that Laura Palmer was probably killed by a guy known only as BOB. Bob is probably the coolest guy on Sesame Street. Except many people don’t really remember who he is. He was friends with Grover, and everybody remembers him. However, no one seems to know what Grover is.

Grover Cleveland was the President of the United States. Even though he was president twice, he still doesn’t have a day to call his own like Columbus. Coincidently, President Day also always comes on a Monday. We have to try our best to think of him with all the other presidents on President’s Day. He was not named for Grover, nor was he from Cleveland.

Grover Cleveland Alexander was a baseball player named after Grover Cleveland. He played after Columbus came to America, but he didn’t play for the Indians. Eddie Murphy also went to America, but not with Columbus. Eddie came with Art Buchwald, who decided to come a few years before Eddie, but after Christopher. Art’s script was called something like King for a Day.

Alan King was on thirtyseventh last week, but for less than a day. The New York Times Crossword on Tuesday had Alan listed as “King of Comedy”, but everyone knows that the King of Comedy was actually Robert DeNiro, another Italian. DeNiro is now in a movie about no one but Italians, directed by Martin Scorsese, who is also vaguely Italian. This film mentions New York, Miami and Philadelphia, yet nowhere is there any mention of Cleveland.

The Indians have a major league team in the great city of Cleveland, while Columbus only has a minor league team in a much smaller city of Ohio. Maybe the Indians won out after all. Maybe not.

Contest

Quit playing dumb! We know that you, our readers, have combed the pages of Strunk and White’s Elements of Style with a silk toothbrush. Can you find the element that doesn’t style on this page? The first three folks to call 898-9866 at 6 p.m. Thursday and point out the editorial snafu, will win a free trip to 34th Street’s Record Library.

Street Society

By Roy G. Biv

“Let’s win this one for the Kipppp!”

ANOTHER WEEK, another death threat. Three for three, and this time on Yom Kippur, to boot. I for one atoned by avoiding the Palladium all weekend. It was tough, and I got mighty thirsty, but I figure I had a lot to make up for. Oh well, life goes on, long after that thing called school’s to done. Actually, maybe it doesn’t. Read.

FIRE-HYDRANT: A fire broke out nighi suspiciously at 4836 Spruce Street last week, and big-time-student-leader-type Jodi Krasilovsky puts all the blame on two dogs. Krasilovsky claims that the dogs, one from her house and another from 3930 Spruce, somehow turned on the toaster oven by themselves. Hmmm. Apparently, fire trucks responded and contained the blaze to the toaster and the immediate vicinity, but while the firefighters were in the house, the 3930 dog ran away with the spoon. Eventually, the pooch returned safe and sound. Krasilovsky continues to deny responsibility for either accident. The dogs did not return several phone calls.

TARBAD, TARBIETE, TARBOO: This wonderful female group of social hermits is having a Date Party Saturday. Sure to be invited are Jim Andelman and St. Anthony’s own bugle boy Greg Mockenhaupt. All others are to be determined at the last minute, guaranteed.

ART FOR BEER’S SAKE: Hoards of high culture hopefuls gathered outside Meyerson for the weekly happy hour, as baja bunnies bopped around between brews. Blinded by the Nicaraguan pant and flannel shirt light, I could not find Lolo, my Odalisque, my Uma di Milo, the art student of my dreams.

20 KEGS AND A POOL: There actually won’t be a pool at Saturday’s (NOT FRIDAY, got it?) Sansom Block Party, but with that much booze, who needs watersports? Exile Funk Company and The Curs will be playing on the porch of 3934 Sansom. All Diins will be there; you should do.

AGGRO-VATED: Adam Aggro was seen on campus this weekend, back from the west. Along with stories for his upcoming “Fear and Loathing Across America,” he brings to Penn the “boycott Miller” campaign. Miller beer is a subsidiary of the Phillip Morris Company, that is apparently the number one contributor to Jesse Helms re-election campaign. Aggro’s out to educate with a hurricane of information on the subject. Coming soon to a Walk near you. Stay tuned.

WHAM, SLAM, THANK YOU, LAM: Last Friday, the ska/funk/jazz/TV sitcom band Public Service worked a skankin’ crowd into a frenzy, as it closed out a three band jamboree at Pi Lam. Slammin’, jammin’ and Pi Lammin’ it, the Wham family was having a Date Party Saturday. Sure to be invited are Jim Andelman and St. Anthony’s own bugle boy Greg Mockenhaupt. All others are to be determined at the last minute, guaranteed.

MAC-ISTOPHELES: Spotted on a MAC deposit slip: Today is the last day of the year. Tossing their food-court cookies. Blech.

CHARGE IT, PLEASE: It seems that the dynamic duo of Brian Gordon (presidential material — maybe!) and Alison Ross (Riverdale material — definitely) are still at it. The divine Miss Ross turned 21 and threw a small festa for herself and 20 of her “closest friends” last Tuesday at The Garden. When these gaudy Goya beans lost their bounce, the black-tie attired group went to their weekly sanctuary, The Frustadium, and broke out the plastic. Those fanning their tail feathers included Richard Wagonman, Bret Fremer, Amy Merker, Seth Berger, Jeff Goldenberg, Bob Abrahams, Sue Wrubel, Darcy Miller, and Tracy Soss among other fortune-tells souls.

LITTLE SHOPEES OF HORROR: Try to remain calm. The next Senior Screamer takes place on Saturday at the Food Court Plaza. Homecoming King Doug Campbell should be looking for his queen, but most everyone else will be toasting their food-court cookies. Bless.

MAC-ISTOPHELES: Spotted on a MAC deposit slip: “Today is the last day of your stupid life.” — Satan

All names have been changed to protect the innocent.

Those that doth scull: Tim Barkow, David Boyer, Ivy Choderker, Larry Smith, Mike Geesel, Brian Pomerantz, Mark Zachery, Brent Mitchell, Kevin Kassover, Darkman.
Hot Crossed Guns
Coen Bros cook up noir netherworld

BY LAURA SPIVACK and JOSH HOLMES

Friendship is a mental state," says Johnny Caspar, one of the greasy gangster types in Miller's Crossing. If Johnny's right, though, everyone in this film is unstable. Stuffed with symbolism and narratively elusive, Miller's Crossing is about the shady underworld of the gangster, a place where allies and enemies are separated by a thin line. It's about money, power, sex and ethics. It's about crossing and double-crossing, and the place where some go to the netherworld.

The plot is thick and so is the blood, which flows almost as quickly as the dialogue. But while the violence is overwhelming at times, a comic air marks these gashly moments as if the Coens are so overwhelmed that man's inhumanity to man can be ridiculous and often amusing.

Miller's Crossing shares elements of the cartoonish style of the Coen brothers' Raising Arizona. For example, every hood comes complete with a gangster costume which mirrors his stereotypical personality. But, the more somber visuals contrast with this light touch. The deep green-brown colors, overcast skies and muted shades produce a dark mood that overcomes the frivolity.

Gabriel Byrne does an excellent job as Reagan. He's aloof and mysterious, his intentions masked behind a vacant stare and a black fedora. He's afool and mysterious, with no human warmth; he's aplayer, the proverbial wrench in the works; a psychopath. He secretes slimy sexuality as he stares at Melanie Griffith's character, causing her to squirm and cringe.

Reagan (Gabriel Byrne), his right-hand man, throws down his sketch in the background. He's aloof and mysterious, his intentions masked behind a vacant stare and a black fedora. He's afool and mysterious, with no human warmth; he's aplayer, the proverbial wrench in the works; a psychopath. He secretes slimy sexuality as he stares at Melanie Griffith's character, causing her to squirm and cringe.

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The plot becomes confusing if not followed closely, and the symbolism is often unclear — lots of hats, lots of trees and lots of columns. It falls somewhere between tragedy and comedy (call it tragi-comedy, if you like). A small boy pulls the toupee off a dead man; Leo determines to join the ranks of the great psychological thrillers.

— Tim Barkow

Street Flicks
The sequel, the starstruck, and the psychotic

Texasville

A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon. The camera pans across the arid prairie, pausing on a glorified A SATELLITE DISH gleams in the heat of a lazy afternoon.

The film swims around Duane Jackson (Jeff Bridges) and his mid-life crisis. His fortune has dried up, and his family life is not wearing well. Bridges' performance does evoke sympathy but only because the film is continually directed around him.

Annie Potts and Cybill Shepherd are given little freedom as sexual satellites for Duane's bruised ego. Potts, Duane's disgruntled wife, manages to color impressively her character and give the film's most engaging performance. Potts is the only central character not reprinting her role in the Picture. Shepherd manages to play her role as the returned expatriate with all the intensity of a dead armadillo. Admittedly, the aging process can be ugly, but the makeup artists have conjured up a look that gives the impression that Shepherd has just been dredged up from the bottom of a river.

Bogdanovich's problem lies in the fact that his film has no life. The town is obviously falling apart, but the characters' reactions temper tantrums. His hysterical behavior offers a foil to the cold, collected demeanor of his nemesis Leo.

Duck and Cover: Albert Finney's under fire in Miller's Crossing

Melanie Griffith looks a little nervous in Pacific Heights

A particularly repugnant scene in which he plays with one of the cute little pets he breeds in his apartment. (Those who are squeamish about little crawly things may want to cover their eyes during this and the following scene.) Griffith infuses her character with the same ambiguity as the sometimes spacy, sometimes forceful secretary she played in Working Girl. While Patty may be on the ditzy side, she is ultimately strong enough to battle with Hayes. Her wimpier half, however, lack's this vitality. Matthew Modine's portrayal of this incredibly whiny hero quickly kills any sympathy the audience might have had for him.
Fantasia was last released in 1984. That would make most of you about 15-years-old. Fifteen is a funny age. At 15, you are too old for things like kickball and Toughskins, but still too young to appreciate things like classical music and good drugs.

Which is probably why you weren't one of the lucky few to see Fantasia in 1984. If you were, chances are that you don't remember much of it. It's 1990 and Fantasia is celebrating its 50th birthday. In honor of this commingling of cartoons and classical music, the folks at Disney have gone through great pains to restore Fantasia to its original glory (though most of us have little to compare it to anyway). The Fantasiafest of 1990 means a more colorful mouse, a more symphonic sound and the best Fantasia since its original release. Though Uncle Walt turns over in his grave every now and again, these days he must be with a smile a mile wide.

A lot of dust collects in 50 years. According to the restoration committee, the film's narrative negatives became dirtier than a baby's butt at 2 a.m. It took over two years to polish the celluloid frame by frame. Getting the soundtrack up to snuff was no small potatoes, either.

Fifty years ago, the Philadelphia Orchestra's own conductor, Leopold Stokowski, was summoned to oversee the Fantasia project. After Walt Disney had his animators turn Paul Dukas' La Péri into a pscychological thriller.

Uptight musical snobs were worried that the end result of the film's animated complement of alligators dancing to primitive earth below where volcanoes erupt, and the adults can snooze during the well-known shorts, like "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." And if enraged sticks of wood don't blow your mind, prehistoric monsters in the mist probably will. As Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" begins, the camera pulls the eye down from the galaxies to primitive earth below where volcanoes erupt.

While Pacific Heights reveals Hayes' past piece by piece, it is never clear whether his childhood is the cause of his problems or if he was just born that way. The primary focus remains Hayes' effect on his hapless landlords and as such, the movie lacks the perspective from inside the head of the sociopath that completes a psychological thriller.

Director John Schlesinger creates the requisite atmosphere of rising tension and impending doom. He alternates between scenes of blinding lights and dark, gloomy shots and contrasts comic and strained moments. The feeling of claustrophobia mounts with the tension as Griffith and Modine come precariously close to the edge, culminating in a climactic scene in a locked room that leaves the audience screaming.

Lambada anyone? The hippo and the free-lovin' late '60s. Bach, Tchaikovsky and Beethoven set to dancing animals, explosions of color and a mouse in a sorcerer's cone supplied a slice of psychedelic heaven for the youth of 1969. Imagine hundreds of hippies on acid watched hundreds of riotous brooms attack Mickey Mouse with buckets of water during Paul Dukas' "The Sorcerer's Apprentice." Those poor, doped youths must have run for cover.

And if enraged sticks of wood don't blow your mind, prehistoric monsters in the mist probably will. As Stravinsky's "Rites of Spring" begins, the camera pulls the eye down from the galaxies to primitive earth below where volcanoes erupt. And what the heck, Fantasia is rated "G."

2. FANTASIA IS PSYCHEDELIC BLISS

Picture this: you wake up at about noon on a Saturday, your roommate, who looks like yesterday's chicken steak, walks into the room with two bits of acid. At first, you frown. After all, the last time you did acid, you were at some strange party listening. Dark Side of the Moon. "Fanta-sy" nothing more than vulgar misrepresentation of misuse of life and pulling out your hair in fits of rage. But, this time — or so says your roommates — this time will be different. Your buddy promises that there will be absolutely no banter about your or anyone else's existence. Instead, as the sun comes down and you are riding out the last two hours of the trip after having spent the day talking to the flowers in the park, you will be watching Disney's finest and reminiscing about the care-free years of childhood. As the final notes of Schubert's "Ave Maria" coincide with white mountains and angelic figures, the sun will be eclipsed by the moon, the age of aquarius will have dawned while you slip into your seat, smile a happy smile, and slowly, gently, softly find yourself in Abyaxas.

3. FANTASIA IS AN HISTORICAL EVENT

Much like Pinocchio, Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs and Cinderella, Fantasia is standard Disney fare. But via video, the Disney people have made it easy to see most of their animated classics. Fantasia, however, isn't out on video. That was the original idea behind Disney fikes re-release their goods as a new batch of young'uns are ripe and ready to learn tales of a fox that steals from the rich and gives to the poor and a snowman with her own personal band of merry dwarves. So every few years, when batches of six-year-olds would see Pinocchio, they'd emerge from the theaters thinking they were the first ones to see a boy's nose grow, or to watch Tinkerbell in full flight. But Disney's impatient greenmogers gave in to demand and gave up the purity of the big screen and the wonderment of a child's discovery. Shame on them. Somehow, for all these years, Fantasia has eluded video and remains the last of the true "classics."
Once upon a time there was a city named Hamlin. It wasn’t a particularly small city, and it wasn’t particularly clean, either. In fact, to the average Penn student, it was somewhat reminiscent of home. Hamlin’s real problem was its rats; they were big and they weren’t particularly clean themselves. Blood-sucking parasites who sold drugs to the kids, ripped apart the roads, and robbed little old ladies of their welfare checks, the rats were slowly but surely taking over the once-glorified city, turning its streets into sewers, its inhabitants into prisoners, and painting the State checkbook blood red. Up in arms, the people of Hamlin went to the castle, which, though in a rough section of town, sparkled like the sun due to a recent multi-million dollar beautification project. Plagued with a rodent problem of such magnanimous proportions, the mayor of the city did what any self-respecting, if not terribly bright, government official would do in such a situation. He called for his piper.

Wielding his Pan flute in one hand and a Count Basie songbook in the other, the Pied Piper skipped merrily through the war-torn back alleys, passing only occasionally to hop over a sleeping homeless person or correct a punctuation mistake in some of the more colorful graffiti. Grammar lessons aside, it took the fairytale flautist just under an hour to coax the vermin past the city limits and restore the province to its former glory—though he did piss off a cat or two. The day, as they say, was saved.

Wilson rose from his son’s bed and put the book of Fables back in its proper place on the shelf. “Now you get to bed, boy,” he said. “There’s work to be done, and I’ve just struck upon an idea.”

Wilson’s (that’s Mayor Wilson’s to you, pal) idea happened to be implementing the innovative and captivating sound of one Rufus Harley: Jazzman.

Running to the red emergency phone, fingers sticky with perspiration, Goode held his breath as he heard the tone. “Rufus,” he said, “the city’s in trouble; I need you to blow.”

And thus (more or less) was born the role of Philadelphia’s Goodwill Ambassador, Rufus Harley, the world’s first and only jazz bagpiper.

Harley’s story, though much more real than his mythical piping predecessor, is no less interesting. Weaned on music since childhood, this venturesome musician grew up not just understanding the harmonizing powers of sound, but practicing what he preached. At 13 he took up the soprano saxophone in an attempt to emulate the mesmerizing effects of his hero, Sonny Rollins. It was through the “science of sound” that Harley first became aware of the need for cosmic unity, and it was through jazz that he learned how to convey that unity to the world.

“Sound is the substance of life itself,” said Harley in a recent interview. And yet, Rufus believes that substance is of little value if it cannot be understood. Music, to him, is the crack through which man is capable of relating to his world; it is the science through which the mysteries are made clear.

With that in mind, Harley worked on establishing himself in the world of jazz, embracing the feeling of completeness the music gave him. And yet, though competent on tenor, alto and soprano sax, as well as the flute and clarinet, Rufus still found himself searching for his own particular sound.

It was not until he was twenty-six years old that the hep cat found what he was looking for. Oddly enough, it was during the burial services of President Kennedy that the bagpipes chose to enter the picture. Harley noticed that the bagpipes, usually thought of as a Scottish marching instrument, were a natural blues instrument, if mastered correctly.

The pipes consist of a leather bag and a plastic blow-pipe. They are capable of making four sounds simultaneously, and the trick, or skill, lies in knowing how to bring them in union to create the desired tones. This, to Harley, is just one more allegory for that crazy process of being—life. The tones contain two sub-groups, the chanters and the drones. The drones, or bass lines, hold together the foundations of the music, while the chanters play the melody.

“The drones,” says Rufus, “are the Earth I stand on. The chanters are the ‘me,’ what I make my own differences with. Ya dig?”

After all, it is individuality within harmony that constitutes true happiness, ain’t it?

Having found his sound, Harley and his band, The Rufus Harley Quintet, set about perfecting their skills. The group, consisting of piano, bass, drums, trumpet, and, of course, sax/bagpipes, play an almost limitless variety of tunes ranging from such standard bagpipe fare as “Scotland the Brave” to their own jazz-influenced version of “Amazing Grace.”

Harley likes his freedom to switch from pipes to sax on stage; it enables the band to exhibit a broader array of musical genres as well as feelings. Harley is able to play different instruments at certain times to better express himself.

Blessed with a combination of unique style, musical talent, boundless charisma, and concern for his fellow man, it wasn’t long before Harley found himself allied with a man possessing none of the above attributes, Mayor Wilson Goode.

The union proved fruitful, as Harley took it upon himself to use his talent to spread the harmonious word from this, the City of Brotherly Love, to the rest of the planet. His drive, coupled with Goode’s position, has taken the band as far as Scotland and Russia in an attempt to have Rufus’ pipes tell their story to the world.

In fact, he’s taken replicas of the Liberty Bell to the Lord Provost of Edinburgh, the French Minister of Culture, and the people of Moscow.

Of his accomplishments this music man feels he serves the life-energy here on earth in relation to the people by promoting the harmony of music.

A modern piper, Harley has taken a traditional instrument nearly as old as time itself and given it a contemporary twist. By looking for his own personal sound, the man has opened a new door through which to “express the philosophy of an ancient instrument in modern times.” It has become his life’s work, achieving a certain totality in “helping people embrace sound and thus, embrace life, which is sound.”

In doing so, Harley has taken it upon himself to play those pipes, spread that word, and try to rid this city of its big ol’ rats. Come on Wilson, let’s you and me go pray for a fairy tale ending.
An Interview with WILD AT HEART Author Barry Gifford by michael gelsey

S o goes the story: Monty Montgomery, a productivity v. Twin Peaks, is heading to Seattle for a location shoot and wants some casual reading material for the long, lonely nights between takes. He asks his pal, writer Barry Gifford, if he can glance at his unfinished manuscript entitled Wild At Heart. Gifford agrees. Montgomery reads it, loves it, and passes it on to David Lynch, the demented creative force behind Blue Velvet and Dune, Mr. Rogers’ doppelganger, and the co-conspirator (with Mark Frost) in the plot to invade drearily basal prime-time T.V.

Montgomery buys the film rights to Gifford’s unpublished work and, without much thought, gets Lynch to direct and write. Lynch in turn fashions an epic of screwy grandiosity, carts the flick to the Cannes Film Festival, wins big (the coveted Palme d’Or), and returns home a hero of the avant garde. Meanwhile, Gifford’s noirish novel — the tale of two quixotic lovers road-tripping through the South — meets up with a modest audience in its hardcover release and is picked up by savvy publisher Vintage Contemporaries for a paperback push in step with the film’s stateside release.

“Monty actually wanted me to write the screenplay, but I was still at work on the story,’“ says the 44-year-old Berkeley resident, his voice an ingratiating mix of Southern satisfaction and demented creative force behind Blue Velvet a kind of academic porn and “phlegm noir,” he enthused his story to the “genius nail” (as film maven Pauline Kael tagged Lynch) because he felt Lynch understood his vision. And although some critics have charged that Lynch’s Wild At Heart is more creative larceny than creative license, Gifford isn’t hung up on the discrepancy between the source work and his cinematic version.

“I’ve had experience with film translation. You have to be realistic,” he notes with equanimity. “I was interested to work with David. The first screenplay he did was very similar to the

book. The second version was very different, but that’s O.K., that was David’s privilege.

“I mean I was a bit shocked when I saw the film,” admits Gifford. “It hit me like a blowtorch. But as the author of the novel, my belief is that the film should be an echo of the novel, that it shouldn’t be exactly like the book.”

Even so, while the book has met with almost universal praise, the film has suffered from a critical backlash in the U.S. that piques Gifford.

“It’s really interesting to see what’s going on with the movie. I think people are entirely too uptight here in America. The film hasn’t been released yet in Europe, but at Cannes the critical reception was a lot better. The people who object to it seem to be the faux intellectuals who think they know what makes the world go round. They don’t get it. It’s a fable... It’s the Jewish intellectual mafia... It’s amusing to me, David Lynch burning. There are just as many defenses for the film. Anyway, the worst of David Lynch is better than almost anything anybody else is going to do.”

In truth, Gifford sees himself as the tireless, searching artist. His stoic belief that experience informs personal vision and the personal voice rests on his own sacrifice, his own Odyssey. These are the sources of artistic integrity that must be respected and reckoned with. That’s how he can appreciate Lynch, overblown symbolism and all. Although Gifford maintains that when you get right down to it, the writer “just has to make it up,” he seems to have faith in the fact that he knows enough — that his journeys have provided ample fodder for his fiction.

If it’s from the heart, it’s golden. And that’s certainly something Sailor and Lula wouldn’t argue with.

Barry Gifford

Laura Dern and Nicholas Cage
Let It Be
'Mats, if it ain't broke . . .

BY TODD ARONOFF

Once upon a time, in a land far, far away, (Minnesota) lived four musicians who came of age by consuming massive amounts of alcohol and thrashing around on stage in a drunken stupor. These post-punk rowdies, the Replacements, would get up there and pump out song after song of straight-ahead guitar rock despite (or because of?) inebriation.

Thousands of beers and eight albums later, lead singer/songwriter Paul Westerberg and his bandmates have lost most of the fiery edge that first caused college radio to sit up and take notice.

On the new LP, the band has almost entirely traded in its driving electric guitars for weaker acoustic ones. The album's first single, "Merry Go Round," is nothing more than an upbeat pop melody along the lines of "I'll Be You." Lead guitarist Slim Dunlap's efforts just can't compare to the grinding guitar riffs of the departed Bob Stinson. Even Westerberg's vocals lack the raw, raspy touch that were his trademark.

But All Shook Down does have its moments. "My Little Problem" (a duet with Johnette Napolitano of Concrete Blonde) and "Bent Out of Shape" do capture the good ol' Replacements sound. But the remaining songs are either amorphous mid-tempo melodies one after another (try "Torture" and "Attitude"), or just rumbling ballads. In "Sadly Beautiful," Westerberg mutters about some girl who has her mother's hair and her father's nose while a melancholy rhythm strums in the background. So what?

Furthermore, Westerberg seems to be phasing out the original lineup. Bassist Tommy Stinson (brother of ex-guitarist Bob) plays on about half the album, while guitarist Dunlap and the drummer Chris Mars only perform on a handful of tunes. Instead, Westerberg employs quite a notable lineup, which includes John Cale (ex-Velvet Underground), Tom Petty, the Heartbreakers' keyboardist Benmont Tench, Los Lobos saxophonist Steve Berlin, and drummer Mauro Majellan of the Georgia Satellites.

By using an assortment of supporting artists (a la Wallinger's World Party axis), Westerberg seems to have given up on the quartet's development in favor of his own spotlight. The jacket doesn't even say "The Replacements Are:" any more; Mars, Dunlap and Stinson are now on a list with the rest of the guests. The band's name is on the label, but it's essentially Westerberg's first solo album.

The Replacements' future seems summarized in the final track, "The Last." One has to wonder why Paul & Co. put this song at the end. Could this be a foreshadowing of a breakup, as Westerberg hints, "... this is your last chance . . . "? Or will their long-awaited hopes for mainstream success keep them cranking out mediocre melodies? I really wanted to like it, but there was no way I could. It's disappointing to watch another band wither away, abandoning its original spirit to pander to the pop-airwave masses.

Veldtsch merz
N.C.'s finest to play Annenberg

BY MELANIE CHANG

With Jewish rap groups, Elvis impersonators doing Zeppelin, and jazz boppers, it might seem that few surprises are left in today's music world. Then along comes the Veldt, a foursome out of Raleigh, North Carolina, to do the twist on another musical genre. Bands playing bare-bones alternative rock come a dime a dozen. But black alternative bands just don't show up every day of the week.

"When people see a black band doing something different, sometimes they don't understand," comments lead vocalist/guitarist Daniel Chavis. "They expect to see something typical, which is not what we do." To be sure, bassist Joe Boyle is white, but that doesn't lessen the shock. Blend a hip-hop drumbeat, textural guitar, and complex basslines, with production by Robin Guthrie of the Cocteau Twins, and you've got one mother of a mix.

The Veldt was born of a union between Chavis and a drum machine back in 1985. After several roster changes, the band as we know it — Boyle, Chavis, his twin brother Danny (strong but true) on lead guitar, and Marvin Levi on drums — came together in 1987. They cite British bands like The Cure, Siouxie and the Banshees, and The Clash as influences. Offering a live show "reminiscent of early U2," the foursome began making a name for themselves playing clubs and house parties in the Raleigh area. "We played clubs for a long time," Chavis sighs.

But word got around, and the boys nabbed a gig at the opener for The Clash as influences. Offering a live show "reminiscent of early U2," the foursome began making a name for themselves playing clubs and house parties in the Raleigh area. "We played clubs for a long time," Chavis says. "Then people saw a black band doing something different, sometimes they don't understand," comments lead vocalist/guitarist Daniel Chavis. "They expect to see something typical, which is not what we do." To be sure, bassist Joe Boyle is white, but that doesn't lessen the shock. Blend a hip-hop drumbeat, textural guitar, and complex basslines, with production by Robin Guthrie of the Cocteau Twins, and you've got one mother of a mix.

The band released its first album, Marigolds, in London last year, with Guthrie producing. "We met Robin through Capitol (Records)," Chavis explains. "He was difficult to work with. He's really kind of arrogant. A great guy though," he adds quickly. "He got us what we wanted (sound-wise) for the album."

The songs on Marigolds run the rock 'n' roll gamut, ranging from the U2-ish "CCC" to the mildly thrash "She Stoops to Conquer" to the romantic "Heather." The Veldt tried to be socially conscious, but "without being preachy — a lot of our songs are about love," Chavis explains. Future plans are a bit hazy. Due to complications, the band is not signed to a major label at the moment, but still hopes for a December album release. According to the musical be-all/ end-all, MTV, the Veldt has "the big time stamped all over them." Chavis agrees, saying he "would like to go mainstream, but gradually." He doesn't subscribe to the belief that becoming popular means compromising musical integrity. "That's bullshit," he says. "We want to be heard."

So in the meantime, the Veldt plans to tour hard. Due to Delta Upsilon's spiffy-ass connections with somebody in the Carolina musical mecca, they'll be playing Prime time tonight. It's free — so get dressed and put the boogie in your butt.

Ready for Prime-time players? Maybe. The Veldt plays Annenberg tonight.

34th Street: Your momma don't dance and your daddy don't rock n' roll

OCTOBER 4, 1990
Jazzman
From Yes-man to
Bill Bruford bares all, or at least some
BY JOSH CENDER

Bruford's story is a study in innovation and adaptability. Originally an accomplished jazz musician, he found himself drawn to the progressive rock scene of the 70s, and his time with Anderson, Bruford and Howe is described as "Earthworks." However, his love for jazz continued, as evidenced by his jazz outfit, Earthworks, "Earthworks is no typical jazz band. It uniquely combines traditional style jazz with modern technology. In fact, Bruford formed Earthworks around the electronic drum set he's tinkered with for years. "I wanted to introduce electronics into jazz and have it taken seriously," he explains. "So I went and found some young British jazz guys, and we haven't looked back." In addition to his jazz outfit, Bruford can also be seen touring with his old Yes-men as Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman and Howe. "I'm a member of both bands. I've got two outfits — I seem to be working all the time." Although he performs with ABWH on the road, Bruford doesn't enjoy touring with his old Yes-men as Anderson, Bruford, Wakeman and Howe. "I'm a member of both bands. I've got two outfits — I seem to be working all the time." Although he performs with ABWH on the road, Bruford doesn't enjoy listening to most of his past work. "They're ghastly things...it's like looking at old photographs of yourself." He does name a few old favorites, however: One of a Kind (a 1979 solo effort), Discipline (King Crimson, 1981), Close to the Edge (Yes, 1973) and U.K. (U.K., 1978). Basically, though, Bruford feels that the age of progressive rock is over; he calls ABWH "an aberration." After 20 tumultuous years in the business, he blames the industry: "Long-winded arrangements outside of the three-minute format simply aren't 'allowed' anymore. Nowadays corporate money wants a return on its investment." His solution is Earthworks. "The industry is run very short-term—'short-term-lites.' America has a short-term disease. The opposite end of that is the jazz experience."
Red, the heart blushes, what do you want me to say, iniquity, mutability, James Brown, Heh.

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