Not rain, sleet nor snow but staff crunch slows Quad mail

By EMILY CULBERTSON
Daily Pennsylvanian Stall Writer

President Sheldon Hackney today called for an investigation into the University Television show Pig Penn, saying that part of the show's content was not appropriate for airing in the classroom. The president requested that the Pig Penn producers or hosts be presented with a dress and engaged in an unexpected intense exchange over the show's contents.

During yesterday's University Council meeting, members voiced opposition after the show's host, Executive Officer Ronald Perelman, and students named a new research facility. The resolution will be named the Revlon Center in honor of the Revlon Inc. Chief Executive Officer Ronald Perelman. The president requested that the show's producers be presented with a dress and engaged in an unexpected intense exchange over the show's contents.

Pig Penn<br>

UNIVERSITY CONFERECE CENTER
The University would give the company the center after the cosmetics giant the conference center the Revlon Center could be resolved tomorrow when the council faces a vote on the matter.

The controversial issue of the name of the research facility was the only issue that spurred comments from members yesterday. The council fights code revision by PETER SPIEGEL Center.

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Center may get Revlon name soon by PETER SPIEGEL Center.

The controversial issue of whether to name the planned cam- pus center the Revlon Center could be resolved tomorrow when the University Trustees may vote on a resolution to formally name the center. The administration announced in late 1996 that the new research facility would be named the Revlon Center in honor of the Revlon Inc. Chief Executive Officer Ronald Perelman, who has donated $30 million to the center through the firm's philanthropic efforts.

The conference center will offer a variety of services including meeting rooms, a lecture hall, and a theater.

Please see UTV, page 2

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Please see UTV, page 2

Please see REVLON, page 5

Sorority rush to stay in spring

By EMILY CULBERTSON Daily Pennsylvanian Stall Writer

The Phiadelphia Association last night voted strongly against the internal secrecy rush from the spring to the fall. The resolution states that the fraternity's weekly meeting failed to win the approval of all of the eight houses - the three-quarters majority that is required to change the rush procedure. Members said last night that those who were certain the proposal would not pass, although it was hotly debated in some houses. Each house received one vote, and sorority members decided which vote to cast during house meetings.

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On Campus

Events

WXP2 moving to 88.5 FM dial
WXP2-FM, the University-owned radio station, will change its broadcasting frequency today from 88.1 to 88.5 FM to increase its power output.

The power boost is the result of a multi-year project that began last year.

The station will continue to operate as a non-commercial, educational service.

In Brief

Lauder-Fischer Hall to open today
The latest residence hall at the University, Lauder-Fischer Hall, will open today in a ceremony.

The facility, under construction since last February, will house the School of Business Administration. The new dormitory will be part of a major redevelopment effort.

The ceremony will include speeches by President Sheldon Hackney, Wharton Dean Thomas Steely, former President L. Rafael Reif, and corporate leaders whose names are open to the public.

PFI holding two debates tonight
The Penn Political Union will host two debates tonight on campus, one in a debate over the Central foundation's drug legalization policy.

The second debate will take place tomorrow night in the basement of the Center for Teaching and Learning.

The liberation and socialist parties will debate drug legalization against the conservative party in a separate debate.

Both debates are open to the public.

By MATTHEW HILK

Votes tallied in UA election

Secretary of State for the University

Calling for an end to the "Dieting Dilemma!

IS SEX ONLY FOR PEOPLE WITH "PERFECT" BODIES??

Tuesday 7-8:30 PM; Thursday (late afternoon)

This is also the first freshmen election that has used a "random lottery" system in the public campaigns.

The list has taken place, so that survivors can speak about their experiences.

There are several planned speeches, and Johnson said he will talk about his.

The University Graduate Student Marc Stein said that the group wants survivors to report that "violence is not an individual experience, it is a social problem." He also said that the event will help raise public awareness of the issues.

The march will proceed through 15th Street and will be held at last night's fair practices hearing.

MUSLIMSA ASSALAMU ALAYKHUM

KUM: Jummua prayers on Friday at 11:45 a.m. in the Center for Teaching and Learning.

Both debates are open to the public.

CALL YOUR DATE!

GALS call 645-0380

突发事件 WOMEN GUYS call 976-3113

ALTERNATIVE LIFESTYLES

850-8145

RSVP: 976-3113

KXO: Res. 222

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MELANIE BROWNROUT

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Ait Night Editor
By GAYLE MEYERS

Kathryn Helene may not have known what she was doing when she was two years ago by the University.

"I knew that whatever would happen would be the best," she said.

Since then, she has become the coordinator of Student Performing Arts and virtually a second mother to the dozens of students involved in the performing arts community. A result of student lobbying, the administration created her position as a liaison between students working in performing arts and administrators who were sometimes too busy to handle everything that the students wanted. "The people who I have the most problems with aren't interested. They will work a total of 500 hours to create sets that will work a total of 500 hours to create sets that will look real to the audience but will still be easy to move around," she said.

According to Schmidt, students' determined efforts will compensate for the lack of time and money.
Chemical Bank

Nine different ways to work at a bank.

Find out about them at our presentation and reception—
Tuesday, October 9th
6:00–8:00 P.M.

Faculty Club
Rooms 1 & 2
Sororities will still hold rush in spring

Mt. Olympus
CAMPUS SPORTSWEAR
30 % OFF
our best-selling exclusive
collection of Champion and
Russell athletic sweatshirts

Eyeglass Encounters
PROFESSIONAL CONTACT LENS CENTERS
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HOMECOMING 250
October 26-27, 1990

“Tine Time to Remember.
Tine Time to Look Ahead.”

Come celebrate
old traditions
and create new ones.

- Homecoming Fair
- Spirit Parade
- Pep Rally and Bonfire
- Picnic Lunch on College Hall Green
- Student Spirit Brunch
- Penn/Yale Football Game
- Homecoming Festival
First show starring The Hooters
Second show featuring
Mary Wilson of The Supremes
and The Four Tops

For additional information, please call 898-7811.
Vacation Safety

Full Berlin has arrived and the mass exodus from campus is beginning. This weekend students will travel to enjoy homes, friends, and sports during the holidays.

This campus becomes a much different place without the bustle of students and faculty excusing it to classes. It's quiet, it's peaceful, it's often eerie. And much more sinister.

Many students opt to remain on campus to enjoy the peace, and caution must be deployed if the weekend is long enough. If you are staying if you are staying, the common-sense safety rules must apply double.

If possible, try to pair up and stay with friends, especially those with college experience. Residential

Living's low-accommodation policies go into effect, requiring all students to sign in when they enter dormitories. We urge all students to take advantage of the following protections.

If you are leaving campus, please be sure to lock your doors and windows, make sure all your appliances are turned off, and put away extra keys.

And remember basic safety tips wherever your travels take you. Full Berlin travels many students take advantage of the long weekend to party and imbibe. Enjoy it. But also, we want to see you back in class on Wednesday.

In Each Other We Trust

As if other events on campus had not been making the print press dirtier than a muddy river, the Environmental Studies teaching assistant dyed my hair red to prove that Penn is a community.

To prevent seeing our mirth, he announced that we should all stay in one spot and report here in the prompt of the mass.

Holmes would say we lacked a binding contract. Social security. The social contract is a local one. It is in our community. We are all a part of a development. The social contract is another, in a sense.

West Point has a very distinct sense of community. If you are on an exam, you are taking an extraordinary one. If you are on a course, you are being treated as a student.

I agree. And I think the way we look at the relationship of individual and community. Of course, you don't want to have to

Even among seasoned schools, whether you can rely on a test and live by a honor code. Haverford College, for example, is governed by an honor code which works very well.

Exams are not practiced at Haverford because students take it seriously in membership to that community.

Our reputation for self-interest is well-founded. Penn students are very competitive. We don't want our transgressions as an effort on other people. We look at the [context]

The Carney and Performance Learning Service (EPS) offers a perfect example to obtain an interview, one student went to the extreme of seeing that the student's interview was cancelled, and then showing up to take the test. As a result of this, he was taken up by a few people, and we want to enjoy an interview on which this would be based.

The social contract we lack is a concrete sense of community.
On Being Out

To the Editor:
The Alchemy Has Its Own Purposes: Lincoln, God and The Civil War

Kazin began his career as a Strayriyist critic in 1934 as a book reviewer for Malcolm Cowley, editor of the New Republic. He is most widely known for his writing for periodicals such as the Saturday Review, The Nation, The New Republic, and Ramparts Magazine. Monthly, which has covered the relationship of literature to contemporary "life. "Any and all of this is good," Kazin says, "in going to write of a profound inner struggle between what has been called "the values of the inner life and those which presently exist, between the past and the present out of which the future must be born." He is the recipient of many awards and honors, including the National Book Award. Kazin's latest book, Out, New York, was published by Harper and Row this year.

Dear Mr. Kazin,
I am writing to express my congratulations on your latest book, Out, New York. It is a remarkable achievement, and I am sure that it will be widely read and appreciated.

Sincerely,
[Your Name]

[Date]
Coffee stains found in the woman's socks was attributable to the fact that she confessed to drinking coffee from an unsealed bag.

The trial was

Edmund viewed with a mixture of
deference and revulsion. He was not
the sort of man to

be incarcerated without a proper trial.

On the other hand, the prosecution
argued that the confession was coerced
under duress and therefore inadmissible.

The court ultimately ruled in favor of

Edmund, finding that the confession
was voluntary and admissible as evidence.

Edmund was sentenced to life in
prison without the possibility of parole.

He is currently serving his sentence in

a notoriety.
GSFA to celebrate 100th birthday

By ED MILLER

The Graduate School of Fine Arts will mark its 100th birthday today with a formal centennial celebration. The ceremonies will feature 19-person faculty, 160 students, 101 academic procession, with the school's faculty, students, and friends in attendance.

The ceremony will include the presentation of honorary doctor of fine arts degrees to four men who have been involved with the University and have distinguished themselves in the fine arts community.

The ceremony will be followed by a reception and dinner at the student center, and a formal reception at 7 p.m.

Robert Engstrom, following the awards ceremony, Shephard will deliver the convocation address.

Shephard last spoke at the 1988 centennial. In May 1998, he is the second of these two lectures before the University. The convocation concludes the celebration.

Dean Copeland, who ended term at the end of the semester, said she is proud to be able to preside over the convocation.

Given the legacy of the school and those who have participated, Faculty and students, it is a privilege to be here at this moment," said Copeland. "This event allows us to reflect on those achievements."
League presidents will meet to make their final decision regarding spring practice, then maybe we'll have something that gives them the chance to choose. "Whatever the arrangement is, I think (by coaches) they will be in something that will be a development of what we're playing to do competitive football out of the league," said Carmine Cozza of the Pitt Panthers.

Penn-Tigers square off in Field Hockey

Penn-Coastal Carolina is the only match-up of Ivy League teams this weekend that will have an affect immediately. The Quakers' coaches and veterans stressed the need for quick starts and consistent play for the two halves to win their first Ivy championship 1981. In that fateful season, Penn lost last nine games including that Up-setting Game in the opener.

Steve Finkenstein

Volleyball

TIGERS from page 14

In addition to all the problems the Quakers may have with the Tigers, they have no idea. "We're waiting for Carolina on Friday," Frunson said. "I hope no body's looking past Thursday's match. We have a lot of confidence going here to see if any family and who are probably real realistic."

The Ivy Presidents' decision to go against spring practice has major implications for the Quakers' mission in stopping a bunch of Cal Coach's on the courthouse without thinking about California. It's difficult, but impossible.

Steve Finkenstein Out with knee injury

SAGE said. "We have to be consistent for two halves to win a game.

It's difficult, but not impossible.

PLAYFIELD. from page 16

"If not... I guess it would be an indication that maybe we'd have a schedule that other teams around the country. It's strictly in the hands of the Ivy Presidents. If the Ivy League (and/or the Penn-Pennsylvania) is going to have a problem maintaining the fire of the rivalry."

"If the Presidents want to go spring practice, we have to re-evaluate the relationship we have with them," by League Executive Director Bill O'Brien. "It's not just spring only practice, it's whatever we would continue to have. Spring practice issues does round in the conference be- cause the two major spring break and spring break are that Ivy teams will continue to have spring teams for a while to come. Most by schedules would be a matter of the next few days, and not too many days after too of these non-league games against Penn Athletic."
OLIVER, WYMAN & COMPANY

Strategy Consultants
to the
Financial Services Industry

Penn seniors
in all academic areas are cordially invited
to attend our presentation

Wednesday, October 17, 1990
Steinberg/Dietrich Hall
Room 351
at 4:30 p.m.

Founding partner Bill Wyman
will discuss our firm, our philosophy,
and the unique career opportunities
and challenges
offered by

Oliver, Wyman & Company
New York London Paris Toronto
Abba and Solo battle back for Columbia

President of the Student Senate, Louis Rains, has always been a pass-happy quarterback, but in the last few weeks when we've been behind in the game, "Solo isn't at the level physically that we want him to be," Abbruzzese said. "You want to do your best but you can't when you're sitting on the bench. When you've come off ruins the flow."}

"You want to do your best but you can't when you're sitting on the bench. When you've come off ruins the flow."

"Actually, it's somewhat like this in this race. It would be nice to win, but is clearly secondary in importance. Beating Temple is so much more important. To me it is absolutely intolerable to have the oversight committee examine the incident in which the player was accused of sexual harassment, after he had been cleared by the police."

"If we get to the point where we are not using the oversight committee, I can assure you that the University's handling of open expression will be severely criticized," Rains said. "If we are not using the oversight committee, I can assure you that the University's handling of open expression will be severely criticized."
INFORMATION SESSION
Thursday, October 18, 1990
6:30pm - 8:30pm
The Faculty Club, The Club Room

Bankers Trust Company's Merchant Banking Group invites you to an Information Session on Thursday, October 18, 1990 from 6:30pm - 8:30pm at The Faculty Club, The Club Room. A reception will follow the presentation.

Come meet with our Merchant Banking representatives and find out more about the opportunities in:
- Mergers & Acquisitions
- Equity investments
- Public Debt Offerings
- Private Placements
- Corporate Reorganizations

"COMMITMENT IN A CHANGING MARKETPLACE"
Athletes eject BoSox in four

OAKLAND, Calif. (AP) — Undis- tinguished by early Clemens'jection, Dave Stewart belted the Oakland Athletics' fast for a third straight season past the Oakland Athletics' and Carreras' third straight World Series championships.

Stewart never wavered. His left Cardinals' first eight strike outs in four innings and a combination of nine walks, improved his record to 6-1, and chased the Athletics' left from the box of the eight innings after only the first three outs of the last three years, won their division championship.

"I knew it would be a very dif- ferent game," Gallego said. "I just tried to pay a compliment to the World Series, and they're off to another shaky start when Barry Larkin led off Game 5 with a first allowing Van Slyke to score the go-ahead run.

The Pirates' third hit of the first inning was a grand slam in the fifth, the Pirates' second hit of the first three outs of the last three years, won their division championship.

"As soon as all of this (the inter- view) is over, then we'll get to re- ally celebrate," Oakland's Carey Laasher said.

There was little thought of Clem- ens or the lid the first time the A's had completed its third straight division championships.

"Clemens' (jection didn't de- tract anything from us," Laasher said. "We just went out and did our best. They tried everything imagin- able to get us out of the game, but we went home. We're go- ing home," Oakland players said, and they're going home."
Sporadic V-ball faces Princeton

By STEVE DIOGENO
Daily Pennsylvanian, Staff Writer

The Penn women's volleyball team has been on a mission this season — sometimes successfully, sometimes not. Inconsistency has plagued the Quakers who square off against Princeton tonight (Jadwyn Gym, 7 p.m.). After a slow start against Colquanders who square off against Classic over the weekend, the rest of the Quakers' season may seem uncertain. But circumstances surrounding each Penn victory indicate that Princeton's early success has come with a team resembling the Penn team. The first two weeks earlier.

"It's a new day, a new season — sometimes the kids."

I'nn

The Ivy League matches and averaged a top in a Peninsula team which humili- nated them just two weeks earlier. The common thread here is moti- vation — something the Quakers stand out against Princeton. "We didn't hit the Quakers last Wednesday and a last- Princeton rivalry in all sports rise to an uncontrollable battle awaits something the Quakers did. They're even more intense."

"We go strong outside tap a top," Feeney said. "We don't try to do a lot in one set, so they have a lot of power dependency. Hopefully just to change our game, you know."

"They're real good outside attackers," Bergman said. "We have to be aware of them, and then we'll be able to step up and take it out from the corners."

"Princeton's early success has come with a team resembling the Tigers. The first two weeks earlier.

The field hockey rivalry goes well beyond the usual aspects in just about all aspects. It's critical to our programme that the two school's football scheduling agreement with Ivy League includes accepting a bit of the typical Pennsylvania football. While the players' heights won't be a competitive disadvantage, you can't hit the other team's weaknesses for fear that the morning wake-up call might last out for blood," senior goalkeeper Sue Donohue Rotchford, Sherrie Clarey and Ste- thumbs at heights of 5-10 or

"I told [the team] in practice to thinking about 15. Maybe we'll get to

Penn will match Princeton with its own version of the Philadelphia cauldron of friendly Ivy fun. Two years ago the Tigers would be com- petitive," Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta. The Penn men's varsity crew team takes to the road this weekend for the Bausch and Lomb Invitational Regatta.
"Nobody told me there'd be days like these."
- John Lennon

50 years
2 days
The old people in this country don't get any respect. Sure, just that most seem resigned to defeat. My grandmother (she didn't recognize me) held a door open ion that the people who stay here were all heroes once, that screams call out to no one in particular. You get the impression that the people who stay here were all heroes once, that might as well be a punctilious apologist for the nightingale. I held a door open for an old lady on her way out, who turned to me, smiled and said, "Thank god for today's children." Here, at a place where I associate with death, I found someone hopeful about the future.

But, by way of the elderly, two different versions of what I am bringing into the world. Sure, these two people positing their comments at a given moment represent only subjective opinions. They were only a couple of people from one generation who could by no means sum up another generation's deal. I realize that my actions were certainly not emblematic of today's youth and our actions and considerations of today's events and tomorrow's world.

Still, these two comments left a feeling that stuck in my gut like a pound of beef after a three day fast. Am I, as random old lady number one had suggested, ruining the world? Isn't it true that I have, on occasion, forgotten to recycle my soda can? Isn't it true that I am reading less, watching more TV and depleting the ozone layer at every chance I get? Or maybe, as random old lady number two had mentioned, I am the great young hope? Come to think of it, I have, on occasion, forgotten to recycle my soda can. Many of my generation have good intentions, but bad habits.

The more these two voices stayed inside my head, the more seriously I began to think about what those off-hand utterances actually meant. As I began to depersonalize the incidents, I decided that whether or not my generation would save or destroy the planet is not as important as the fact that old folks are bringing up these questions in the first place. For the first time, I truly understood that the ball is in my court — in our court, actually. That we are somehow responsible for something or other, whether it be saving the planet or picking up after ourselves. It dawned on me that it is up to us to decide whether to throw chewing gum on the ground, leaving it for the next generation to pick up, or open up the door and air out this place. Maybe then, the oldest generation can breathe a little easier before they run out of hope and, ultimately, out of breath.

Larry Smith is a senior in the College and an Editor-in-Chief of 34th Street.
FASHION
FAUX PAS

And what a party it's sure to be. This Faux Pas raises more questions than it answers. Is this lad going to a party, coming from a party, or is he a walking party unto himself? The garb is an example of the typical self-serving genius that inspired such classics as “Pennywise.” Next time, just write “I Drink Till I Vomit” across your chest and cut out the middleman.

STREET SAVVY

Some time ago, the Rolling Stones wrote a little something called “You Can’t Always Get What You Want.” The Rolling Stones are a rock group. Rock groups, like the Rolling Stones, usually get what they want. When the Rolling Stones were young and rebellious they wanted things like brown sugar, shelter and sympathy for the devil. Now that they have become old and greedy, they want things like a gig at Trump’s Casino, sports cars and lots of money. Maybe, after all is said and done, you can always get what you want.

If you want cigarettes, you go to the drugstore. If you want to go to the hospital, you go somewhere to get botulism. If you want an enema, you go to the hospital. If you want devolution from the English parliament. The English parliament wants Scotland’s North Sea oil, and it refuses to give Scotland its independence.

Salman Rushdie wants his independence, too. Somewhere in England, Rushdie is holed up in an unknown place. He can’t go outside to run around a park, wash his car or buy fresh squeezed orange juice at a convenience store. Though most of us have probably forgotten about Rushdie, the Islamic Fundamentalists, who want to blow his head into lots of little pieces, haven’t forgotten about him. They want him dead, though he wants to be free.

Dennis Barrie is free. Barrie is the director of a museum in Cincinnati that showed photographs by Robert Mapplethorpe. Some people thought that he was being obscene letting people see these pictures. Others thought that a court system that would even allow a trial on such an obvious case of freedom of expression is obscene.

Though Barrie got what he wanted, he never wanted to tell him he was a pornographer and an all-around bad guy. But at least now he can have some satisfaction.

The Rolling Stones have a song called “Satisfaction.” The Stones used to complain about not getting any satisfaction, but now that they’re old and rich and not very obscene, they always seem to get what they want.

I SPY DEPT.

Torn Apart After Being Born?

Blue Man
Clarence “Gatemouth” Brown

Johnny Five
of Short Circuit fame

STREET SOCIETY

I took a poll this week. I’m not going to tell you the results, but suffice it to say that just over 40 percent of you said you would only do it while eating apple pie, while just under 28 percent said that under no circumstances would you ever do it, except maybe on a rainy Tuesday. I was surprised to find that less than eight percent of you didn’t feel the question was clear enough to answer at the time. The remaining 24 percent or so just laughed — as if you really knew. It all goes to waste.

I SCREAM, YOU SCREAM: At last Saturday’s Senior Screamer, mobs of people crammed into that crevice between the Shops and the New Dock Tavern. I could only spot my darling La Rosa for but a fleeting, transitory moment in the pack. Otherwise, the Screamer was uneventful; it had the feel of a Watermelon Social in the Quad. By midnight, the New Dock Tavern became a rank pit of warm beer and cold people. While Eric Stein danced the mambas with Andrea Hyatt in the back-alley, others such as Eric Hecker (though rumor has it that he was actually on a couch somewhere watching TV with a bag of chips) and Julie Choderker were strangers passing strangers, just to wag their tails. Conversations ranged from typical fare such as “Are ya going to that Theta or that Sassen Street party later?”, to thoughts on the afterlife. Overhead by one cynical senior: “You know, there aren’t any fraternities in the real world, people will have to be individuals or something.”

Instructions for a successful Senior Screamer: Take a zinger of a concept, mix in about 250 people, shake (do not stir) them up in a bar, and tell them to mingle with people they haven’t seen since freshman year. Next, knead boredom. Add to mixture. Tom in a just a pinch of empty nostalgia. Cry.

POOR SPORT: For all of those that are not aware, there is a block on 39th and Sansom. In fact, there was a 22-keg party there Saturday. A three-story beer funnel and three bands fit the bill. There were some fireworks, or fistfuls to be more exact. Awesomeness incarnate, Kyle Holmbeck, otherwise known as Penn’s backup center on “THE TEAM,” was galavanting around 3922 Sansom when he got into a fight over a plastic cup. Kyle crushed it, another dude punched him and ended up with a black eye. Frustrated with footballs, Kyle cut loose. Hikes.

Overheard after the smoke cleared: “Whoever said the meek shall inherit the earth was full of shit.”

A LITTLE BIRD TOLD ME: The Owl Club, formerly Pui Up-Salons (SAY IT, the Castle) is apparently having its own little secret rush to compensate for the fact that they have been kicked off campus. It’s either that or join the Penn Band. Shhhh.

SCHLOSSER: Debra Schlossberg had a Cocktail Party. And she pulled out all the stops. Brie and chardonnay, Amstel Light and Sam Adams, goat cheese, Wheat Thins . . . Limberger, Port, Pinot Grigio, Feis Grass, Smoked Salmon, Beluga C. — the usual cafeteria fare. Debra is no flash in the pan — this girl can put on a bash. And The Pad: straight from Home and Gardens. White walls, a shellacked wood trim, high hats — darling, you must tell me who did it for you.

Also at the party, Penn grad and Grey Advertising underling (coffee boy) Henry Siegel showed off his proud, Peacockian feathers of real-world cynicism, his apartment mate, Iris, focused features and all, was there too, talking somberly in the corner. A girl with a “New Jersey” T-shirt sat quietly, smiling, her torn jeans a pleasant addition to the atmosphere of self-conscious couture.

Becky of tennis team and Theta, was also there. I found out she hurt her arm playing, Beck, get well soon.

THE LITTLE ENGINE THAT COULD Cheryl De La Soul had a birthday Saturday. She turned 21 and took the opportunity to get together with a few close friends and then, as the night tick-tock-ed to the joyous rhythms of a college carousing, get so bombed that she actually hugged people she used to date.

Also friends and then, as the night tic-toc-ed to the joyous rythms of a college carousing, get so bombed that she actually hugged people she used to date.

UP-RISING: Coming out of St. A’s last Saturday was a poor soul throwing up on The Walk. Helping him puke down the walk was Janusz Hooker. That’s what friends are for.

MORE SPORTS TALK: Overheard at Friday’s SAE Block party on 40-41 Baltimore: “Man, I don’t even have cable and the Whalers are playing on ESPN.” Random women porting around half-eaten pizza and guys in cap and button-down were the rage. Beta’s own James Brewer was spotted jamming to Harry Belafonte, banging his bongos on a convenient speaker.

ALL NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT.
The Right Stuff
Another David Puttnam product flies

BY MICHAEL GESZEL

Memphis Belle, the simple tale of green gal- lar- strip under fire, is an immensely satisfying film. It never cheapens or suffers from the horrors of World War II. (1943) account of a 187 crew flying its last required bombing mission (it's completed 24 unscheduled). Directed by Michael Caton-Jones (Scandal and co-produced by the tireless oppositionist David Putnam (Chariots of Fire), the film is a good example of economical, unsentimental storytelling. The key to its success is that it doesn't try to one-up its subject.

Divided into two halves, one grounded, the

MEMPHIS BELLE
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL CATON-JONES
AT THE RITZ
WRITTEN BY MONTE MERRICK, STARRING MATTHEW MODINE, ERIC BOSTICK, HARRY CONNICK, JR. AND JOHN LITHGOW

other in-flight, the film dispenses with melodrama, getting right down to the fact that the men of the Memphis Belle (the plane’s name) are very young and still very scared. Writer Monte Merrick drums up the final sortie with a sketchy sub-plot about callous opportunism, in which an army FR man (John Lithgow) informs the crew they’ll be national heroes, complete with a Life magazine cover and money and women, what- ever they want — provided they return alive.

The crew members, played by a casting coup of young stars and eager recognizables, are in- troduced in the sort of ingratiating manner that suggests taking the good with the bad. The straight-faced captain (Matthew Modine) practices consummate a- narchy and has his charges rolling their eyes in “This Drago Naegi ru reli- ance.” The narcissistic co-pilot (Tate Donovan) loves the Life angle. The pint-sized scanner (Sean Astin) thrives on ingenious self-delusion. The soft-spoken radio operator (Ethan Hawke) is a closet poet and avid photographer. And then there’s the mellow tail gunner (Harry Connick, Jr.), who puts odds down on everything (and croons at the big dance), the spokey navigator (D.B. Sweeney), the smooth bombardier (Billy Zane), the truck-and-freight side gunners (Court- ney Calena and Neil Giustolisi), and the mand- emately dwey-eyed front gunner (Reed Edward Diamond), who dreams of being a building cross-country pilot that all offer the same hamburgers (Remember, this is 1943).

The recruits don’t dwell on death; most are disconcertingly cocksure, at least on the ground (only the spooked one lets the prospect really get to him); in the skies, where each is granted his day in the sun, they function on nervous energy. The mission’s target is a plane factory in Ger- many. During the actual war, “little friendslies” (as the film’s crew calls its fighter escort) used to fly along with the squadron until their fuel ran out, which was some time before the target. Left alone and sitting ducks for the German Luft- waffe, the squa- dentions suffered astronomical los- ses. The film’s reproduction is a crafty admixture of computer graphics and archival footage.

One of the common war themes at work in Memphis Belle is the indirect proportion between the time left to serve and the cringing gruesomeness of death. Also familiar is the way women tend to be idealized during wartime as benevolent, sexual and symbolic purveyors of manhood: to the men, the Memphis Belle is the place where they prove their mettle, even outside of combat (a guy loses his virginity on board).

They’re conventional explorations and can be found in countless 1940’s war films. But Caton- Jones and Merrick treat the crew with a respect that rubs off on the viewer and that in turn lends the themes ballast and efficacy. The filmmakers don’t let their inspiration inflate their sensibility. They’re clearly concerned with the story’s own ordinary extraordinariness, rather than any inflated meaning, they might surmise with hind- sight, which would probably seem — especially in the context of a WWII film — dated.

In 1943, William Wyler, the legendary director of Ben Hur and The Best Years of Our Lives, made a documentary about the real Memphis Belle crew. He wanted to boost morale by show- ing dedicated soldiers take to the skies in a show of setless heroism. The director’s daughter, Catherine Wyler, is Memphis Belle’s co- producer. Along with producer Putnam, she probably thought that a successful portrayal of real-life young heroes is a sure-fire way to win over an audience.

If so, she wasn’t wrong. Memphis Belle is a curious little film that somehow enlivens themes tried-and-true.

The men and their flying machines: A doleful Penn, a hard-boiled Rourke, an angelic Caine and a laudatory Scorsese

The jist is that Terry is torn between his love of Jackie and Kathleen and his revulsion with the type of life Jackie leads. Penn, playing the angst-ridden protagonist, has a scene in which he says, “Reality is real,” and mentions something about angels occupying a state of grace. But State of Grace just can’t pull it together. The premise is overplayed, and what has potential to be either a powerful melodrama, or at least a thriller, falls miserably short of both objectives.

Gory, blood-spilling, skin-exploding, bottle-shattering vio- lence abounds, especially in the woefully misconceived ending.

State of Grace is in a state of confusion.

— Laura Spirova

Mr. Destiny

LARRY BURROWS (James Belushi) dreams of what could have been. In the last 24 hours, he has run out of Wheaties and lost his job; he now resides broken down on a back street in the prov- erbial middle of nowhere. Larry knows that if he had just hit that last pitch in the high school championship game 20 years ago, his life would now be completely different.

Enter the mysterious bartender, Mike (Michael Caine), who gives Larry more than just a sympathetic ear. Mike turns out, is the incarnation of destiny and can give Larry what he’s always wanted: the chance to change his past.

Mike shows Larry what his life would be like now, had he knocked the ball out of the park and become the school hero. But

Mr. Destiny continues, bottom of page 5
Miller's Crossing

Dir. Kaufman plots Henry Miller's love triangle

BY ELLEN UMANSKY

I've done the dullest things, June, (Uma Thurman) purrs to Anais (Maria de Medeiros), "but I've done them superbly."

Ignorance may be bliss for some, but it loses out to experience in the Henry & June. Based on Anais Nin's diaries and the semi-autobiographical novels of Henry Miller (Tropic of Cancer), writer-director Philip Kaufman's latest is a erotic odyssey, a captivating exploration of sex, love and ecstasy.

Set in Paris in 1931, Henry & June chronicles the dizzyingly intense love triangle between Anais Nin and Henry and June Miller. Anais writes of her longing for sexual freedom in her diary. But until she meets the Millers, her bourgeois life with her well-intentioned cloid of a husband (Richard E. Grant) does not reflect this desire.

A paradigm of pent-up energy, Henry Miller (Fred Ward) exudes masculinity and passion with every gesture. Although he captivates Anais, Henry's voluptuous wife June (Uma Thurman) is the catalyst that really starts things sizzling.

As June, Uma Thurman gets to do what she does best. Oozing sexuality with every drag of her cigarette, Thurman makes June's "I'm-beautiful-but-misunderstood" attitude believable. But June is more than just a sex kitten, and Thurman brings life to the character's emotional complexities. Portuguese Maria de Medeiros is superb as Anais, her extraordinarily expressive face mirroring her turbulent emotions. Finally, overcoming the five o'clock shadow he sports on his shaven head, Fred Ward captures Henry Miller's essence, embodying his carpe diem philosophy with feverish intensity.

Cinematographer Philippe Rousselot creates a highly stylized Paris. Smoke and fog cloud the screen, nicely reflecting Anais' confused state of mind. The dimly-lit cafes and nightclubs, the smoky bridges and the debauchery in the Parisian streets provide the perfect setting for the wild passions of Henry, June and Anais.

As in The Unbearable Lightness of Being, Kaufman lets the passion speak for itself. He avoids saturating Henry & June's many sex scenes with white light and lofty music and instead directs them with a detailed-yet-graceful eye.

When Anais Nin's diaries were published, she omitted the years that covered her relationship with the Millers and instructed her lawyers to print them only after her husband's death. After being privy to Anais' multiple sexual encounters in Henry & June, you'll be glad that her husband is good and buried.

Mr. Destiny continued on page 4

as in every Twilight Zone "beeware what you wish for because you just might get it" episode, Larry quickly discovers that being president of the company, married to the Prom queen, and living in a gigantic mansion is not nearly as great as he'd always dreamed. He has to run board meetings. His two trusty children are a nightmare. His butler doesn't know what a "breakfast" is.

Playing at AMC Palace, Mr. Destiny's writer-director James Orr resurrects the "change the past and it changes the future" premise but fails to provide even a glimmer of novelty. The film takes its message — count your blessings — and smashes the audience over the head with it. After an hour of watching Larry snalk, the audience is repeatedly subjected to lines like "I guess I just didn't realize what I had" — in case anybody missed the point.

Throughout most of the movie, Belushi's character makes absolutely sure that the audience understands exactly what's going on. When he's on-screen alone, he discusses what he should do next. He talks about why he's "learned from all of this." Even during the scenes in which Belushi doesn't appear (rarely), he provides unnecessary voice-over narration.

Michael Caine is one of the few bright spots in this film. He is obviously at ease, even with the clumsiest lines. There is also a terrific reference to The Blues Brothers, where Jim Belushi re-enacts a scene from the movie. He finds himself in the same mess as his late brother John when a mysterious woman in a red dress appears out of nowhere and tries to kill him.

While Mr. Destiny is mildly entertaining, its heavy handed delivery prevents it from being a truly light comedy. As such, even a comedic genius like John Belushi couldn't have salvaged it.

— Matt Lewis

Desperate Hours

A REMAKE OF WILLIAM Wyler's 1950 Humphrey Bogart vehicle, Desperate Hours (now playing at Eric's on Campus) casts Mickey Rourke as the typical criminal mastermind — brilliant but twisted, crazy-psycho-controlled. His Michael Bosworth is manipulative and methodical but still commands respect. He's the type of charismatic character that can hold an audience even as the film around him is falling apart.

And the plot does fall apart, as if too much attention had been paid to making Bosworth interesting and dynamic. The storyline is filled with gaps. Events occur without cause, and the most unbelievable coincidences make it difficult to suspend disbelief.

Desperate Hours continues, top of page 6

In a little town...
Rourke plays a high-IQ crook in Desperate Hours

The film opens in a court room. Rourke stands trial for brutally assaulting a prison guard. In an emotionally charged scene, he demands to go “pro-per,” meaning he wants to fire his sexy attorney (Kelly Lynch) and represent himself. This calls for a private session between the lawyer and her client. But wait! Lynch furnishes him with a gun. This pro-per business turns out to be part of an elaborate escape plan, and Lynch turns out to be Rourke’s lover.

Smarter than your average crook, the newly escaped Rourke opts for a better-than-average hide-out and moves to the suburbs. Poor Nora Cornell (Mimi Rodgers) and her family — husband Timmy (Anthony Hopkins), daughter May (Shawnee Smith) and son Zack (Danny Gerard) — just weren’t expecting Rourke’s lover.

As a vehicle for Rourke, this section almost works. It offers a glimpse into the way Bosworth, a master puppeteer who meticulously manipulates the players, thinks — which gives Rourke a glimpse into the way Bosworth, a master puppeteer who meticulously manipulates the players, thinks — which gives Rourke some depth for this character to play opposite Rourke. She’s supposed to be someone as smart and as tough as Bosworth, his law-abiding antithesis — a match. Unfortunately, even though she pops up at various times throughout the movie, Chandler doesn’t get enough camera time.

Desperate Hours does have its moments. The cinematography is excellent. The tightly framed shots and low-key lighting contribute to a heightened feeling of claustrophobia. Cornell’s beautifully decorated suburban home contrasts with the unspeakable violence that occurs there. — Joshua Holmes

Hollywood Mavericks

HOLLYWOOD MAVERICKS. A LOOK at some of the more daring directors in American cinema, begins with Webster’s definition of “maverick”: an unruly animal or an independent individual who refuses to conform to his group. The film evolves into a quest to find the definition of maverick within the film world and to show the contribution of maverick directors.

The film, which opens Friday, at The Roxy, looks at the work of 17 directors, ranging from D.W. Griffith to David Lynch, and uses rare interview footage and dozens of clips from their films. Almost entirely narrated by directors Martin Scorsese, Peter Bogdanovich, and Paul Schrader, Mavericks gives a sense of what these men were like — directors who managed to create something new and unconventional while working inside a studio system that rarely encourages originality. Excerpts from their films, however, do little to demonstrate the directors’ real contributions. One can only guess at the Mavericks’ goals, which are obscured by the seemingly arbitrary choice of clips and the limits of a two-hour format. Since most of the interviews are from the ’60s and ’70s, the film also seems dated.

To those not acquainted with the works of Erich von Stroheim — a temperamental genius recognized more for his small part in Sunset Boulevard, than for his silent masterpieces — Samuel Fuller (The Big Red One), or King Vidor (Duel in the Sun), the film may come across as a 90-minute history lecture, and, as such, it seems far better suited for a PBS documentary than a full-length feature. Also, the choice of directors only serves the impression that the film is an exercise in obscurity; missing from the list of 17 directors are, for example, Stanley Kubrick, Woody Allen and Spike Lee (if Lynch, why not Lee?). Their acknowledgements come in a montage of three-second clips in the closing scene. That Robert DeNiro is the only actor interviewed gives the mistaken impression that the great one is the lone thespian capable of discussing film.

Hollywood Mavericks does have its merits. It tells the stories of artists who believe in their independence and their personal vision in an era when money and public accessibility are the dominating factors. The three narrators give a strong sense of their roots and how the movie-making system has changed in the past 75 years. Maybe the MPAA should create a new rating for this kind of film — FB-90 — only for true film buffs with 90 minutes of spare time. — Marc Zachary

The cantankerous Von Stroheim was the forerunner of the brilliant, visionary spendthrift director

The Middle East Restaurant is the home of belly dancing and Sheesh Kabob as well as the famous Comedy Works Nightclub. The 16 page menu takes you through the delights of Lebanon, Syria, Israel, Armenia, Turkey and Greece. There is also a host of classic American steaks, shrimp & seafood dinners. Nightly entertainment includes live Middle Eastern music led by Najib Nasser and belly dancing we’re also the home of the ‘Comedy Works’.

Happy Birthday David. Put those paisley, silk boxers to good use.

A PENN TRADITION

The Middle East Restaurant is the home of belly dancing and Sheesh Kabob as well as the famous Comedy Works Nightclub. The 16 page menu takes you through the delights of Lebanon, Syria, Israel, Armenia, Turkey and Greece. There is also a host of classic American steaks, shrimp & seafood dinners. Nightly entertainment includes live Middle Eastern music led by Najib Nasser and belly dancing we’re also the home of the ‘Comedy Works’.

20% Discount to U of P ID Card Carriers

Middle East
Restaurant
126 Chestnut St.
922-1003
Borders Bookshop and Espresso Bar opens in Philadelphia with street-stopping fanfare

By Cheryl Family

"The store will be a cultural mecca, and I am the guru of the mecca."
- Jim Gladstone, Publicist, Borders Bookshop


And the answers, for those of you who say you don't want to work in a dumb ol' book store anyway, are: Russian literature, art, religion, anthropology, fiction, George Eliot, Marcel Proust, Thomas Mann, William Faulkner and Sophocles.

McDonald's is still hiring.

"Oh, the test was really easy for me," says Chip Sheffield, who is in charge of the art, art history, film and women's studies books, among others, as he thumbs through a photography book. He has his masters in the history of art and wanted a job in the book business before he goes back to school for his doctorate. One of his colleagues standing in the history department tells him he has clearly read too much. "I've had a love for books since I was very young. There are titles here that I haven't even seen in other bookstores."

"Everyone who works here is over-qualified," Gladstone contends. "That means that everyone working here is doing it because they want to, because it's a great work environment."

While the sales staff admits it isn't paid very well, there is a profit-sharing plan, where the company distributes 25 percent of its pretax income to its employees, and, more importantly to some, each employee receives $300 a month in free books.

"I have a feeling Borders makes out very well, in that its employees spend a lot of their paychecks on books," Mim Zelnik, whose territory includes the theater section, says. Zelnik is also very active in the theater community of Philadelphia.

Letitia Coleman decided to leave data-processing three years ago; in addition to some temp work, with a friend she began putting together black history workshops for children. Her domain in Borders includes African-American literature and African history, which allows her to gather information for the workshops as well as helping customers.

"I'm thrilled, I really am," Coleman explains. "There are a lot of books here; any book that you could possibly want in life is here. And my main thrust is going to be in making people comfortable. We want to have people come in and browse and hang out."

So Philadelphia is getting a Borders, which, Random House Vice-President Jason Epstein told the Philadelphia Inquirer is "the kind of store you never want to leave."

Borders Bookshop and its cultural shadow shouldn't find itself all alone and feeling blue in Philadelphia.

Cheryl Family is a College Senior and dreams of finding her own novels on sale at Borders.
Deee-lectable

Rap Sheet

Geto Boys funky but offensive

BY JOSHUA HOLMES

Deef American is a record label that takes music seriously. Rick Rubin, ex-producer of the Beastie Boys and ex-head of Def Jam, is offended by little. His label has put out the sexist, racist, homophobic rantings of comedian Andrew Dice Clay and the seemingly satanic music of Glenn Danzig (ex-Misfits). The Geto Boys' new self-titled album bears the following disclaimer:

Def American recordings is opposed to censorship. Our manufacturers and distributors, however, do not condone or endorse the content of this recording, which they find violent, sexist, racist and indecent.

THE GETO BOYS

The Geto Boys

SEE AMERICAN

This is a far cry from the standard parental advisory that warns of "possibly objectionable content." Usually, "objectionable" amounts to the word "fuck" cropping up a few times, a word by no means foreign to the average third-grader. In fact, a warning sticker acts more like a sign to the youngsters, screaming "Buy Me!" But the warning on this album is more than a come-on urging people to buy a novelty item. The Geto Boys will offend 95 percent of the general public — the remaining 5 need help.

The Boys' first major label release is actually a compilation of songs put out on Rap-A-Lot, a Houston-based indie rap label. The Rap-A-Lot version, Grip It. On That Other Level, sold over half a million copies; the major labels quickly sat up and took notice. Originally, Geffen released this album but decided after rereading its contents. The Geto Boys have since been picked up by Def American.

The first song, "Pimpin' Em," is surprisingly mild, considering all the brow-ha-ha. Here, however, the Boys (DJ Ready Red, Akhen, Bushwick, and Willie Dee) speak out on some of the injustices of the world. Angry parents confiscate their tapes to protect their children's virgin sensibilities; Parents Against Rap block their every move; they can't even wear hats in school. They produce an outspoken statement for their critics: "Fuck You!" Not a lot of deep thinking going on here.

And of course this album wouldn't be complete without the boys glorifying the magnitude of their genitalia. I'm guessing that this is a short crew and that some insecurity regarding size and bulk motivate the song "Size Ain't Shit." Here, they assert that big things come in small packages. The message? "We Got Big Dicks." More deep thought.

After defending their small size, Willie Dee and the boys then brag about their sexual prowess. After listening to "Cangero of Love," I felt embarrassed to be male — this song's about boning, but not the kind I'm into. Basically, it describes how they make love, and it's not very exciting. But for good measure, The Boys throw in a few descriptions of various sexual encounters with women and children. As the Boys say, this song makes "Freddy's bitch-ass look like a wet dream." No lie.

But there's no denying that musically, this album rocks. A casual listen reveals only dope jams, not offensive banter. Unlike most rap albums, which suffer from too much sampling and over-production, this one's got a solid groove and a consistency that spans the album. Most tunes have funky bass lines and catchy guitar riffs. ... a beat you can dance to. ... I give it a nine.

The sampling is innovative and amusing. Anyone familiar with the Beastie Boys will recognize bits of "Egg Man" on "Do It Like a G.O." The Geto Boys also do a number on the Steve Miller classic "The Joker." The ... "call me the... ganger of love" line runs throughout the song of the same title.

Subtle tributes to other rap acts make for hip in-jokes. The Boys refer to Run-D.M.C. via mention of "Miss Elaine," a song from their 1987 release Tougher Than Leather. They also pay homage to KRS-One of Boogie Down Productions with mention of the jumpy hat from a catch little ditty KRS sang about condoms. Listen carefully, or you'll miss the in-jokes, one of the few redeeming qualities of the album.

This album isn't for everyone; in fact, I can't imagine too many PC types getting seriously into the Geto Boys. Admittedly, on the first listen you can't help but laugh and groove. But the second time around, any laughter stems from nervousness and embarrassment.

If you're into music about random violence, rape, drugs, and sodomy, or if you just don't pay attention to the lyrics, then this is the record for you. 

Deee-lovely,

Deee-lectable

BY NICK RUBIN

In the last five years, we've been bombarded with bands who use politically and socially correct stances to comprise the bulk of their message. Unfortunately, this is often achieved at the sacrifice of THE GROOVE. There are exceptions — Sun City, "Cult of Personality," as well as loads of rap and underground music. But there are way too many boring songs about homeless people, sung in the most sincere, honest, emotional, annoying voice the singer (usually Bono or Sting) can muster.

Deee-Lite, however, ignores the real, concrete socio-political issues plaguing the world. Its message is as simple as Sly Stone's: "I'm OK, you're OK, so let's get down." As Lady Miss Kier sings on "Power of Love," "Let the people call me naive." The ecstatic mood on World Clique, Deee-Lite's debut album, remains constant for over ninety percent of the disc. The U.K. warehouse pose will jam to it all night long, all year long. And like all great dance music, the louder you turn it up, the better it sounds.

This tri-cultural (Asian/White/Hispanic) New York group has been likened to De La Soul. But besides the similar lyrical imagery on the cover and the cartoon in the liner notes (the one in Three Feet High and Rising is funnier, though, there isn't much in common here). If De La Soul was rap for those who don't like hip-hop, Deee-Lite is the opposite: they sing, not rap, over a largely hip-hop beat.

But Deee-Lite owes much to British synth-pop as well. A lot of their beats draw more from New Order than James Brown, yet without sounding pre-packaged, mechanical, remote. In fact, some of the best grooves here are those echoes of techno-pop: "Good Beat" and the title track, for example.

The lyrics, as noted before, are NOT deep. Kier is usually singing something like "Our trip is the world/The world is a trip." But it doesn't matter, 'cause this is a party. You're dancing so hard by the middle of "Good Beat" that you hardly notice she actually just said "zuzu zuzu zuwalala zuzu zuzu zuzu..." or do you care?

Much has been made of the appearance of legendary James Brown sidemen and P. Funkers Fred Wesley, Mack Parker and Bootsy Collins on this disc. Naturally, they add soul through sweet horn lines and funky bass and guitar on songs like "Try Me On...I'm Very You." But World Clique could still swing without them. Their production company is Sampledelic, but Super DJ Dimitry and Jungle DJ Towa Towa keep the beat to a minimum, deakin' out their own rhythms.

The rhythms aren't infallible, unfortunately. "E.S.P." is indistinguishable from any dime-a-dozen dance tune. "Build The Bridge" is utter filler; the guest vocals by Bill "Chicken On Fire" Coleman prove the unfortunate accuracy of his nickname. The melancholy flavor of "Deep Ending" departs from the psychedelic joy of the previous 10 songs, but then you're already hooked and happy — the low points on World Clique are few and far between. CD is the only way to go, though — "Deee-lite Theme" is definitely the funkiest tune, but it's a bonus track.

The first single and trippy-ass video is "Groove Is In The Heart," with a cameo rap by Q-Tip from A Tribe Called Quest. It's pleasing, but like De La Soul's "Me Myself And I," it's not the most appealing song from their debut. So give Deee-Lite a second chance if you don't dig it — they're for real.
Another One Bites the Dust

New Queensryche lacks a heavy mental metal

BY MELANIE CHANG

Shadow Warriors: Queensryche goes up against Its last album, and loses.

Queensryche Empire

struggle to survive in a dark, Orwellian world of sex-crazed priests and murderous reprobates. The album and companion video trace their Romeo-and-Juliet-with-leather-and-chains story. Somehow, it is intriguing rather than ridiculous.

But with Empire, Queensryche attempts a return to normalcy: no soap operas this time, just straight-ahead progressive metal. But the band fails miserably — it's a colorless, insipid album. Had it been released instead of Mindcrime two years ago, Metallica never would have snagged them as openers on the "Shattered Justice" tour.

The lack of substance is that much of a disappointment from a truly visionary force in metal music. This is not the new and improved Queensryche... this is the new and sedated Queensryche. One can only hope that Empire is a mere glitch in the plan that the Divine God of Music has for the boys in the band. Maybe by the next album, they'll be feeling more like themselves. Guys: don't go changing to try and please us — we loved you just the way you were. 

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THE DARLING BUDS
Crawdaddy

Intelligent and unusual lyrics and complex, yet soothing music make this a very interesting album. Standout tracks include "Thieves of the Night," "All Boys Believe Everything," and "The Ice Maiden." Sprout has come a long way since those Green Giant commercials. And hell, it's produced by Thomas "Blinded By Science" Dolby, too. (Jeff Newell)

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THE INDIGO GIRLS
Indiana - Nomads - Saints

With songs like "Hammer and Nail" ("Got to get out of bed and get a hammer and nail/I learn how to use my hands not just my head"), and "Putting the Needle Too Far" (a ditty either about drugs or sewing, you decide), the Indigo Girls prove that alas, girls-with-guitars are passe. 'Tis pity, but this time it's less folk and more pop for your Buck (even Peter can't save this contrived, goofy mess). It's time for these girls to grow up and become women. After all, this is the '90s. (Larry-D-Smith)

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THE GLOVE
Blue Sunshine

Art-trash, take note — here's an album that's moodier than you are. Robert Smith of The Cure and Ste- ven Severin of Siouxsie and the Banshees just re-enacted this collaboration from 1982, when they were both totally bummmin' about (what else?) BABES. The trippy computer music swoops from ecstatic and pop-ish highs to hypnotic lows which sound like the forefathers of acid house. (Julie DeFalco)
And the Beat Goes On

A new Philly retrospective showcases art and angst of the Beat Movement

BY DAN SACHER

I was three thousand two hundred miles from my aunt's house in Paterson, New Jersey. I wandered out like a haggard ghost, and there she was, Frisco — long, black streets with trolley wires all shrouded in fog and whiteness. I stumbled around a few blocks. Weird burns (Mission and Third) asked me for dimes in the dusk. I heard music somewhere. — Jack Kerouac, On the Road

Zig-zagging cross-country on 25-cent-a-gallon gas, sucking down life in a smoky coffee shop, keeping a watchful eye on the new release window at the City Lights Bookstore— the San Francisco beat scene was a coming out party where no jacket was required. Life sprouted all around this generation of fringe-dwellers, and they waited to pluck it at its root.

In Frisco, Lawrence Ferlinghetti dashed off jagged poetry, David Park abandoned artistic convention, Kenneth Anger filmed roaring sexuality pushed to its limits, and Jack Kerouac worked the brakes on the Southern Pacific with occasional faceless subjects repeat throughout the paintings, the people are transparent; the lonely scenery is forever. Richard Diebenkorn portrays a man stirring a mug located at the bottom of the canvas and titles it "Coffee." Theophilus Brown's "Swing" shows a man supporting a woman holding a nearly invisible rope. It's a philosophy that examines not only people, but their inseparable context.

In fact, Diebenkorn rarely includes people in his works. Bright, lonely landscapes with occasional faceless subjects repeat throughout the exhibit. The atmosphere, though glowingly illuminated, is unmistakably sullen. A frenetic, confused generation takes a deep breath. Best Culture, though, exists as an art unto itself. Reading On the Road carries the undeniable attraction of matching up characters' names to Kerouac's friends. Sculptor Manuel Neri (featured in the exhibit) organized the first public reading of Allen Ginsberg's epic poem "Howl".

The newest museum and school in the United States, the Academy exclusively highlights works by American artists. Now in its 185th year, it has educated artists from Mary Cassatt to David Lynch.

Running until the the end of the year, The Bay Area Figurative Art Exhibition hearkens back to a symbolic beginning. In 1949, David Park, one of the San Francisco's most acclaimed Expressionist artists, drove down to the city dump and destroyed all of his canvasses. This now-legendary "display" ushered in a local move toward realistic painting. Today, San Francisco Figurativists stand as a cohesive movement in American art.

Like the rest of the counter-culture, artists housed in this California enclave broke away from convention. These painters and sculptors defied the Abstract Expressionism (a la Jackson Pollack) popular at the time and, instead, chose bright colors and wide strokes to produce recognizable imagery.

The results are at times striking. The artists hold a fixed focus on landscapes and interiors. In the paintings, the people are transparent; the lonely scenery is forever. Richard Diebenkorn portrays a man stirring a mug located at the bottom of the canvas and titles it "Coffee." Theophilus Brown's "Swing" shows a man supporting a woman holding a nearly invisible rope. It's a philosophy that examines not only people, but their inseparable context.

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Their art and life are intertwined to the point of inseparability. The Academy's film and lecture program, then, forms a vital accompaniment to the art exhibit.

The film series begins October 21st with leather and motorcycles. Marion Brando in The Wild One and Kenneth Anger's Scorpio Rising bubble over with anger and sexual fury. They complement the more reflective, bleak visions characteristic of the on-going art exhibit.

Quintessential Beat filmmaker Norman McLaren supplies his inimitable five and eight minute shorts. Abstract and experimental, his jumpy, exuberant films seem hurled onto the screen.

Also not to be missed are two documentaries, What Ever Happened to Kerouac? and Pull My Daisy. Both films examine the artists as they talk about their generation, their experiences, and their celebrated friends.

The Academy rounds out the retrospective with a series of lectures and readings. Each artist on view is discussed on dates through the fall. Also, on November 7, the museum hosts a reading of works by West Coast poets.

This exhibit becomes the third look back to the '50s that the Academy has hosted. Previously, it highlighted Franz Kline and the New York movement of the '50s. Focusing now on the West Coast, much of the exhibition premiers art previously unseen in Philadelphia.

"We're excited to be bringing art into the community when it might not have been seen before," explains the program's publicist Anne Broussard.

Lisa Bantel, director of the Pennsylvania Academy for the Fine Arts, believes that, 30 years, later there still exists an audience eager to re-examine the Beat Generation.

"The reassessment of the importance of the Bay Area Figurative Movement is part of a revived interest in the art of the 1950s," she explains. With the recent publication of Carolyn Cassaday's Off the Road and re-issues of obscure Beat authors and poets, interest in a bygone Beat world seems to be picking up more speed than ever. Jack Kerouac and his transitory Beat movement left a more permanent mark than critics or even they themselves would have foreseen. It is only ironic that the mainstream structure from which they felt so estranged now welcomes them with open arms.

Watch the wool, honey: Brando manhandles Mary Murphy in the classic The Wild One

GUIDE TO FIGURATIVE ART

All programs free with museum admission ($2 students, $5 regular) except where noted. All films begin at 3 p.m.

OCTOBER 20
LECTURE: Focus on Nathan Oliviera, featured artist. 1 p.m.
BAY DAY: Half-price admission to anyone sporting a beret, goatee, or scarf.
OCTOBER 23
NOVEMBER 4
NOVEMBER 7
NOVEMBER 9
PERFORMANCE: "My Civilization" — Paul Zoloon's satire using trash and found materials.
NOVEMBER 11
NOVEMBER 17
LECTURE: Focus on Richard Diebenkorn, featured artist. 11 a.m.
DECEMBER 1 and 8
LECTURE: Focus on Manuel Neri and Joan Brown, featured artists. 11 a.m.
DECEMBER 2
PERFORMANCE: "My Civilization" — Paul Zoloon's satire using trash and found materials.
For more information contact the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts, 972-7600.
My editor suggested I write a column entitled *How to Have a Nervous Breakdown* since I’m withstanding mine with such panache.

Now I’m not advocating breakdowns. If you can skip through life with a smile on your face and a bluebird on your shoulder, well, heck, I say, more power to you. But for those of us who got lost on the road to Sunnybrook Farm, a breakdown can be a natural, if not altogether pleasant, part of life.

But first, a few preliminary remarks. It's always best to stave off what I classify as a *catastrophic* breakdown. You don't want to fall off the deep end. Avoid any behavior that might justify placing you in a rubber room. If something is going to involve (a) blood, (b) flashbacks, or (c) anything remotely having to do with death, it is best to refrain—even if it seems like a good idea at the time.

With that little disclaimer out of the way, consider this my exhaustive, thoughtfully-researched guide to the fine art of nervous breakdowns:

1. **DRESS THE PART:** Tank top, no socks.
2. **INDULGE IN PATENTLY SELF-DESTRUCTIVE BEHAVIOR:** Eat like a third-grader trapped inside a convenience store. Call up old boyfriends late at night. Should the mood strike, pierce your nose.
3. **IF YOU FEEL COMPELLED TO WALLOW, DO IT IN PRIVATE:** When you feel like your soul has been wrenched out of joint, it's generally best to keep it to yourself. Don't be afraid to trade in your whirlwind social life for a week buried head-first in your bed. Life is much less daunting when viewed from the underside of a down comforter, and you're less likely to become a source of consternation and embarrassment to your friends.
4. **YET, OCCASIONAL CRYING IN PUBLIC IS DE RIGUEUR:** People will think it's just a hormonal thing, but hey, you do what you can do.
5. **BINGE:** Daytime television... pistachio nuts... MTV... Twin Peaks... Warrant... cheesecake... Woody Allen movies... Twinkies...
6. **CULTIVATE YOUR FAVORITE VICES, BUT WITH LESS THAN THE USUAL FERVOR:** It's okay to take up chain-smoking, but you must do it somewhat dispassionately. Perfunctory obsessive-compulsive behavior is fine, so long as you are unable to derive from it any lasting pleasure.
7. **ERRATIC BEHAVIOR IS MORE INTERESTING THAN UNREMITTING MELANCHOLY:** Lear is more interesting than Hamlet. Scotch is more interesting than water. “Manic” is more interesting than “depressive.”
8. **IT'S OKAY TO LET YOUR FRIENDS TRY TO CHEER YOU UP:** Suppose, in a Herculean effort to lift your spirits, one of your friends offers to let you cut his hair. And suppose you realize that the odds of your giving him a normal-looking haircut are comparable to your chances of being elected Secretary General of the United Nations. Especially if electric shears are introduced into the process. You might, in all probability, be tempted to waver. But I say, go right ahead and do it.
9. **DONT BE AFRAID TO ALARM YOUR PARENTS:** Parents—while they will try to convince you otherwise—thrive in a continual state of alarm. Press them into service when you think you've hit rock bottom, and they'll feel like they're doing their job. It also might help you explain that slew of Incompletes littering your transcript.
10. **DO SOMETHING DRASTIC TO YOUR HAIR:** This is the perfect time to traipse into a trendy underground alternative hair salon on a rainy Friday afternoon and let a strange bohemian have his way with your hair. You'll come out looking like a cross between Patti La Belle and Sinead O'Connor, but consider it fodder.
11. **IF YOUR ROOM IS CLEAN, YOU'RE NOT DEPRESSED:** Similarly, if you find yourself regularly aerobicsing, flossing your teeth, canvassing for your congressperson, wearing high heels to class, eating food from all four food groups, dotting your i's with little hearts, or spontaneously breaking into song on Locust Walk, you're not in the throes of a breakdown.

Consider yourself blessed.
THE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA
Featuring a bit of the old Ludwig Van. (Academy of Music, Broad and Locust, 955-1930)

LOU AND PETER BERRYMAN
Rasberries, straw-berryn, boysen-berryn, and blue-berryn. They're actually married. (The Cherry Tree, 3915 Locust Walk, 3-1084)

DAYBREAK CHAMBER PLAYERS
Bach in the high life again, the concert also features selections by Mozart and Vivaldi. (Philadelphia Ethical Society, 1906 S. Rittenhouse Sq., 239-5727)

THE PHILLY POPS
Tonight — Ethelmania, we're not kidding. (Academy of Music, Broad and Locust, 800-1930)

MONDAY
Go in Murphy's; it won't be that crowded, and the jokeshop is killer.

TUESDAY

THE RADIATORS
An evening to make men—men good. (Cheesetuna Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut, 382-1201)

WEDNESDAY

THE MADHATTERS
Humor has it Hitler can sing eight songs in a row without coming up for air. (Khyber Pass, 56th & 2nd, 440-9683)

and 'cause there's no street on the 10th.

NEXT WEEK'S PICK:

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