Betas damaged by fire, water

By RHONNIE PATEL

The members of Phi Eta Kappa and their families were awakened in the early hours of Monday morning by the sound of警笛 and sirens. The cause of the fire is being investigated.

Fogelman was fast asleep when the plane went by the campus apartment when the plane went by the campus apartment. "I thought it was a plane going by," said Fogelman. He has not been asked for comment by the university.

The fire caused extensive damage to the house, including the attic and the first-floor living area. The Neighbors committee was awakened by the sound of the alarm and went to the fire department.

Nursing prof gets $1 million grant

By DREW ZOLLER

In a more perfect world, a new study being done by Nursing Professor Anne Kunze might not have been necessary.

The five-year study, which will examine the effectiveness of the program, was funded by the federal government.

"It's a plane. It's a bird. . . it's Superman. Look! Up in the sky!"

Bill Frazel, a Federal Aviation Administration inspector in Philadelphia, said yesterday that the plane was moving faster than the city's U.S. Airways Center, which is located near the airport.

Frazier said that he was not sure if the plane was on fire, but added that "there was smoke coming from it." He added that the plane was not a commercial plane.

The plane was flying low over the campus, said Frazier. "It looked like it was going to land."

"The plane was flying low and it was going to land," said Frazier. "I don't know if it was going to land or not."
**On Campus**

**Events**

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**Today**

- **2nd Annual Challenge to the Gospel Mission**: Monday, November 1 at 8pm on the second floor of Skolnik's. Be there or be nowhere else.

**Tomorrow**

- **Senior Screamers Walk to Find Out About Upcoming Events**: Meet the Senior Screamers tomorrow at 7:30 in the LBGA office.

- **JOHN MORGAN Presents Straight, No Chaser**: Tuesday, November 2 at 2pm in the Annenberg Center. A talk on AIDS awareness.

- **AIDS Awareness Program**: Wednesday, November 3 at 1pm in the Annenberg Center. Discussing AIDS prevention and support.

- **CAMPUS OPERATIONS PABST BLUE RIBBON**: Thursday, November 4 at 1pm in the Annenberg Center. Distribution of campus operating supplies.

- **JAZZ ENSEMBLE**: Thursday, November 4 at 3pm in the Greenfield Intercultural Center on 37th and Locust. Free admission.

- **HUSBAND & WIVES WOMEN'S DRAMA**: Friday, November 5 at 1pm in the Greenfield Intercultural Center on 37th and Locust. Free admission.

**Weekend**

- **AMERICAN HEART ASSOCIATION'S 19TH ANNUAL NATIONAL HEALTH AND HUMANITY DAY**: Saturday, November 6 at 1pm in the Greenfield Intercultural Center on 37th and Locust. Free admission.

**Support Research**

- **NEW GLASSES OR CONTACTS**: $10 OFF

**Special**

- **Free Fashion Tints with the Purchase of Glasses**

**Undergraduate Review**

- **UNIVERSITY CITY CENTER FOR EYE CARE**: 3935 Chestnut Street • 386-6200

- **FASHION WORLD**: 41st and Chestnut

**You've seen the rest, now see the best**

- **All Ads Filed • Work Fit Problems Cases**

**UNIVERSITY CITY CENTER FOR EYE CARE**

- **EYEWEAR**

**FASHION WORLD**

- **3935 CHESTNUT STREET • 386-6200**

- **41ST AND CHESTNUT**

**The Daily Pennsylvanian**

- **Thursday, November 1, 1990**

- **Support research.**

- **Quit smoking.**

- **American Heart Association**

**Charity**

- **CAMPUS OPERATIONS PABST BLUE RIBBON**: Thursday, November 4 at 1pm in the Annenberg Center. Distribution of campus operating supplies.

**For Appointment Call**

- **222-7963**

**How Does A Liberal Arts Student Make A Living?**

- **Wednesday, November 7, 1990**

- **The College Alumni Society**

- **Make a contribution to life after death.**

**American Heart Association**

- **FASHION WORLD**

- **3935 CHESTNUT STREET • 386-6200**

**Alumni Career Night**

- **7:15 – 9:30**

- **Bonnie Lounge, Houston Hall**

- **Referrals will be provided**

- **This is an opportunity for conversation with young alumni**

- **The American Heart Association**

- **Memorial Day**

**In Brief**

Forum promotes AIDS awareness

- Black Student Association. 2nd Annual Career Night, 11:30 a.m., 2nd floor Houston Hall.

- **FREE CHICKEN**

- **Free Fashion Tints with the Purchase of Glasses**

- **UNIVERSITY CITY CENTER FOR EYE CARE**

- **3935 CHESTNUT STREET • 386-6200**

- **MEMORIAL DAY**

- **American Heart Association**

- **The Daily Pennsylvanian**

- **Thursday, November 1, 1990**

- **Support research.**

- **Quit smoking.**

- **American Heart Association**

- **FASHION WORLD**

- **3935 CHESTNUT STREET • 386-6200**

- **How Does A Liberal Arts Student Make A Living?**

- **Wednesday, November 7, 1990**

- **The College Alumni Society**

- **Make a contribution to life after death.**
Eleven-year-old Staines is one of several Greek houses which arranged an afternoon of trick-or-treating for West Philadelphia school children yesterday. "Most of the kids we have are from the projects where it's not safe to go trick-or-treating," he said. "In general, we try to let these kids do things they wouldn't otherwise get to do."

Some of the houses had unique ways to distribute the candy. Phi Sigma Kappa greeted children with a red lobster and blue octopus holding shopping bags filled to the brim with candy. At Alpha Phi, the children caught a few seconds of "The Bad Santa Scene" as they hurriedly grabbed as much candy as possible.

The West Philadelphia Community Center children were dressed up as Doogie Howser. "I hope we get to do this again next year," he said.

Most of the young participants said they looked forward to the event as "good time."

"We've run this party for the past four years," said Mike Bruchak, Theta service chairman. "They're always very excited.

DU holds frat party for first grade class

DU brother David Pook, a College junior, said that he was pleased the fraternity could become involved in the community. "We want to be a part of this town," he said.
Some companies take a narrow view of recent graduates.

Companies often give their college recruits a very limited role to play. At Microsoft your role is limited only by your talent, imagination and energy. In other words, what you can accomplish is wide open.

This openness to ideas, anyone's ideas, helps us constantly innovate the personal computing industry—everything from advanced operating environments to integrated applications. We will be interviewing for Software Design Engineers and Program Managers. If you are pursuing a BA/BS, MS, or PhD degree in Computer Information Science, Electrical Engineering, Math, Physics, Management & Technology or related technical area, then let's talk about your programming experience, design skills and/or exposure to managing projects.

We are an equal opportunity employer and are working toward a more culturally diverse workplace.
junior Diane Machens has borne printed cardboard that is used to make the University identification cards. In the meantime, Machens was told there was a shortage of the material of ours." she said.

Despite the complaints, FAA's spokesperson Lieuten

ant David Wray, who specializes in general public. He said city officials and the FAA forced to fly over land. "It's a perfectly good aircraft fly-

over metropolitan areas as long as it stay 1,000 feet above the highest obstacle in a five-mile extension program" in the Philadel-

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The University responded to student security concerns by drafting a new resolution on security heightened in response to recent events. The resolution is modeled after a similar one issued by the University of Pennsylvania, which has a similar incident.

The resolution states that the University will work with local law enforcement to improve security measures. It also calls for increased communication between the University and the local community.

The University will also establish a task force to examine security practices and procedures. The task force will include representatives from the University administration, the police department, and the student government.

The resolution was approved by the University's executive committee and is expected to be presented to the Board of Trustees for final approval.

The University also announced that it will increase the number of security personnel on campus and will add additional lighting and surveillance equipment.

The University's decision to take these steps follows a series of incidents on campus, including a recent armed robbery at a convenience store.

The University has also been working with local law enforcement agencies to improve security in the surrounding area.

The University's actions were praised by local officials, who said they were pleased to see the University taking the necessary steps to ensure the safety of its students and employees.

The University's commitment to improving security was also noted by the local community, who said they were grateful for the University's efforts to keep them safe.

The University hopes that these measures will help to ensure a safer environment for all students, faculty, and staff.

The University's actions are part of a broader national effort to improve security on college campuses in the wake of recent incidents.

The University's decision to take these steps follows a series of similar actions by other universities across the country.

The University is committed to providing a safe and secure environment for all members of its community and will continue to work with local law enforcement agencies to improve security in the surrounding area.

The University is also working with local officials to develop a comprehensive plan to address the issue of campus safety.

The University's actions are part of a broader national effort to improve security on college campuses in the wake of recent incidents.
Prof receives grant to study fire victims

The study, which will involve primarily master's and doctoral degree candidates, has already begun the pilot stage.

Three bars’ liquor licenses have expired

in 1989 for serving 16 minors and received a two-day suspension earlier this year for serving five minors, Pinkham said.

Call 898-6585 if you want to be a ‘DP’ reporter

Ask for Amy or Dan

UPCOMING EVENTS SPONSORED BY UNIVERSITY POLICE

The University of Pennsylvania Police Department would like to cordially invite you and members of your department to our Open House on Thursday, November 1, 1990 from 4 p.m. to 6 p.m. Come meet the Commissioner of Public Safety, and members of the Police Department. We invite you to tour our building, see our state of the art equipment and, observe our operations.

We look forward to seeing you.

REFRESHMENTS SERVED
Bush growing tired of hostage treatment
Iraq offers holiday visits for U.S. families

President Bush said yesterday that he was ready to accept a Hamas-brokered "humanitarian" package to return several American hostages. "I think it's critical for them to come home," he said.

Thepackage would involve a Hamas-brokered prisoner exchange, with some American hostages potentially being exchanged for 500-1,000 Palestinian prisoners. The U.S. government would also be allowed to inspect the exchange site.

The Hamas proposal would include a surge of Palestinian and Israeli humanitarian aid into the Occupied Territories. It would also provide for the right to return of the three kidnapped American journalists.

"This is the moment. We can't wait to see this happen," Bush said. "We have to make this happen."
INFORMATION SESSION
TODAY
on
Career Opportunities
at
MORGAN STANLEY
Room B-89
Vance Hall
4:30 pm.
EVERYONE WELCOME!

MORGAN STANLEY
IS College Recruiting
1633 Broadway, New York, NY 10019
Some of the upcoming festival events include: Performances by local high school jazz ensembles, noon today and 11 a.m. tomorrow, in Bodek Lounge.

A lecture by moderator Gabor Sztrobl: "Jazz America's Musical Mirror," 4 p.m. today, in Bodek Lounge.

A panel discussion and debate as "The Impact of Commercialism on the Jazz Composition-Making Mire," at 2 p.m. today in Bodek Lounge.

A lecture on jazz criticism, noon tomorrow in the Ben Franklin Room of Houston Hall.

In University City quaint community:

- Performances by local high school jazz bands at 8 p.m. tomorrow in the Bodek Lounge.
- A jam session with University of Pennsylvania jazz ensembles, at 1 p.m. tomorrow in the Bodek Lounge.
- A jam session with the Penn Jazz Ensemble and local jazz groups at 9 p.m. tomorrow in the Bodek Lounge.

Please note the number that corresponds to your belief.

Consider the following three statements:
1. I never act on plans which I make on the basis of astrology.
2. I always act on plans which I make on the basis of astrology.
3. I most often act on plans which I make on the basis of astrology.

In the first place, in favor of the correctness of astrology.

Study the following five statements:
1. I always act on plans which I make on the basis of astrology.
2. I most often act on plans which I make on the basis of astrology.
3. I sometimes act on plans which I make on the basis of astrology.
4. I never act on plans which I make on the basis of astrology.
5. I only act on plans which I make on the basis of astrology.

In the second place, in favor of the correctness of astrology.

We are open seven days. 726-7058.

University City. WordPerfect 5.0.

Special $25 one page laser type set for manuscripts/articles, resumes, etc.

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Special $25 one page laser type set for manuscripts/articles, resumes, etc.
Tailback George has battled injuries for four seasons with lightweight football

"Unfortunately, he's suffered some very slow-healing injuries." - Bernie Rogers Penn trainer

George's sophomore year was one literally surrounded by operations. Three weeks before the season, he had surgery on a hernia, which limited his range of motion through the season. In January, he had arthroscopic surgery to remove torn cartilage—an injury he had sustained halfway through his junior year.

"Rod does everything he has to for rehab, follows the doctor's orders perfectly," trainer Bernie Rogers said. "Unfortunately, he's suffered some very slow-healing injuries."

His sophomore year was one literally surrounded by operations. Three weeks before the season, he had surgery on a hernia, which limited his range of motion through the season. In January, he had arthroscopic surgery to remove torn cartilage—an injury he had sustained halfway through his junior year.

This season has been tough for George and those around him.

"It's been frustrating not being able to perform at full capacity for most of this season," George said. "It's a disappointment to know that I may have been able to help the team a great deal."
Tanner overcomes serious wrist injury

Sophomore Joel Tanner has been a big hit for the tennis team. Tanner finally got back on the courts again in May. Although his hand gave him problems at first, today his hand and his game are as good as ever.

Joel's playing has been so good in fact that he was the second flight of the Philadelphia Invitational Classic two weeks ago at the Levy Tennis Pavilion.

"I had been out of competitions for eight months and I just had to get back right away," Tanner said. "Not too many people play only a few college tournaments and then win one. It was one of the best matches of my life.

Joel has lots of catching up to do. But everyday he walks on the court, he gets better and stronger."

Virgil Christian
Men's tennis coach
nominated for the Ivy League Comeback Player of the Year.

"Joel has lots of catching up to do," Christian said. "But everyday he walks on the court, he gets better and stronger."

A.T. Kearney invites you to learn about opportunities with a global management consulting firm dedicated to improving the competitive position of its clients.

4:00 p.m.
Thursday, November 1
The Faculty Club
Reception immediately following

The Penn Jazz Festival,
The Leon Lecture Series,
And The Office Of The Dean,
School Of Arts And Sciences,
University Of Pennsylvania

Present

"Is Jazz America's Classical Music?"

by

GUNThER SCHULLER
Renowned Author and Conductor of Charles Mingus' Epitaph

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1, 1990
at 3:00 PM
in the Bodek Lounge, Houston Hall

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS STUDIES
1990-91 GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN LECTURE IN CHRISTIAN ETHICS

HOMELESSNESS:
A CHALLENGE TO THE GOSPEL MESSAGE
by

MARY SCULLION, R.S.M.
Advocate for the Homeless
Co-Founder, Women of Hope
Co-Founder, Project H.O.M.E.

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1
4:30 P.M.
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, SECOND FLOOR
3601 Locust Street
ADMISSION FREE – OPEN TO THE PUBLIC

DEPARTMENT OF RELIGIOUS STUDIES
1990-91 GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN LECTURE IN CHRISTIAN ETHICS

PANEL DISCUSSION ON HOMELESSNESS
WITH

STEVEN GOLD, ESQ., PUBLIC INTEREST LAW CENTER
AKILA MALIK, PENN HOSPITALITY COALITION
AMATA MILLER, NETWORK
LEONA SMITH, UNION OF THE HOMELESS
REV. PAUL WASHINGTON, CHURCH OF THE ADVOCATE

THURSDAY, NOVEMBER 1
7:30 p.m.
CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION, SECOND FLOOR
3601 Locust Street • reception following
ADMISSION FREE – OPEN TO THE PUBLIC
Hi,

varsity snaps before this season, feelings inevitably arise that backup quarterbacks watching from the sidelines for two straight bis; losses breed frustration. And with two competent backup quarterbacks watching from the sidelines for two straight big games, feelings inevitably arise that one of them needs an opportunity to play in the last couple of games, to prove their worth.

"If you're 5-1, everyone's happy," Maloney added. "But obviously, losses breed frustration. It is frustrating Bitting there and watching when things don't happen.

We need you.

American Heart Association

Career Opportunities at Morgan

for University of Pennsylvania students interested in

Operations Management Systems

Please plan to attend our informational presentation on

Wednesday, November 7, 7:00 p.m.

Contact the time and location with your placement office.
J.P. Morgan is an equal opportunity employer

Want to write for the DP?

It's not too late!

Just call Amy or Dan tonight at 388-6555.

WHAT ARE YOU WAITING FOR?

Don't Be the last to know

Read the Daily Pennsylvania

There is no substitute

W. Tennis

HEALTH CARE INTERNSHIPS

10/31 - 11/20

Get answers (or up to three clues.

- 900-420-5656.

Everyone Welcome!

BEN FRANKLIN ROOM
HOUSTON HALL

Beyond the Bottom Line: Not-for-Profit Career Day

Friday, November 16, 1990

12:00 - 3:30 PM

Keynote Speakers:
- Dr. Iris Harkavy, Vice Dean, School of Arts & Sciences
- Director of Pen Program for Public Service
- Rae Scott, Jones, Esq.
- Director of Operations, West Philadelphia Improvement Corp.

Ben Franklin Room, Houston Hall

A Sampling of Representatives Scheduled to Attend:
- American Red Cross
- Catholic Social Services
- Department of Community Affairs
- Neighborhood Assistance Corporation
- Pennsylvania Industrial Development

- Room TBA on UA Office Window
- Call Duchess Harris at 573-8077

PRE-MED/HEALTH CARE INTERNSHIPS

A panel discussion

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 5
7:00 PM

Room TBA on UA Office Window

All Graduates and Undergraduates Welcome!

CAREER CENTER

Don't Be the last to know

Read the Daily Pennsylvania

There is no substitute

Constitutional Convention

Help.Restore. Student Gov't.

Sunday, Nov. 4th • 7 - 9 pm

Room TBA on UA Office Window

Call Duchess Harris at 573-8077

Tigers' tight end also plays volleyball

For all those crazy tennis fans, matches will begin at 8 a.m. on Friday, November 16. All matches will be played indoors at the Levy Tennis Pavilion.

Want the answers? That'll help you get through the New York Times Crossword Puzzle.

Just call 1-900-350-500. Get answers to the five clues. Cost 75 cents per minute.

Fill out the DP. We'll get the answers. You'll get the facts.
SportsWire
Compiled from Associated Press Dispatches

**NFL**

**NATIONAL CONFERENCE**
Eastern Division
W  L  T  PF  PA
N.Y. Giants  1  0  0  146 144
New England  1  0  0  130 128
Dallas  1  0  0  129 115
Philadelphia  1  0  0  136 126
Washington  1  0  0  127 124

Central Division
W  L  T  PF  PA
Chicago  1  0  0  147 136
Detroit  1  0  0  125 119
Green Bay  1  0  0  132 127
Minnesota  1  0  0  122 117
Cleveland  1  0  0  140 131

Western Division
W  L  T  PF  PA
St. Louis  1  0  0  130 126
San Francisco  1  0  0  126 124
Cincinnati  1  0  0  124 122
San Diego  1  0  0  135 131

**AFC**

Eastern Division
W  L  T  PF  PA
Pittsburgh  1  0  0  136 132
New England  1  0  0  128 122
New York  1  0  0  139 134
Buffalo  1  0  0  132 125
Miami  1  0  0  135 131

Central Division
W  L  T  PF  PA
Kansas City  1  0  0  140 138
Baltimore  1  0  0  129 125
Indianapolis  1  0  0  128 124
Pittsburgh  1  0  0  136 132
Cleveland  1  0  0  131 128

Western Division
W  L  T  PF  PA
Chiefs  1  0  0  140 138
Baltimore  1  0  0  129 125
Indianapolis  1  0  0  128 124
Denver  1  0  0  129 125
Kansas City  1  0  0  140 138


**NHL**

**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**

**The AP Top 25**

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**MONITOR COMPANY**

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Tennis is an easy racket for Quakers' Tanner

By DARIN OHLDANDT
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

It's hard to believe that someone who look up tennis just four years ago could be the number-three singles player on one of the nation's top programs.

Senior Doug Hensch, shown here on Saturday in a 27-10 loss to Yale, is Penn's starting quarterback.

Tennis is easy for me, Tanner said. "It's easy to play tennis. I enjoy it."

Tanner is a three-sport student-athlete at Penn, but his main focus has been tennis. Tanner earned his way onto the starting lineup earlier this season and has since played in 10 of the Quakers' 12 matches this fall. Tanner has won six matches this fall, including a straight-set victory over the nation's No. 17 player, Virginia's Christian Bell, in last weekend's ITA Northeast Regional.

Tanner's success on the court has led to increased opportunities off the court. Tanner has been invited to play in several national tournaments, including the USTA National Men's Clay Court Championships in May. Tanner was also selected to play in the ITA National Men's Team Championships in September.

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YOUNG WRITERS:
Philly-based authors Rachel Simon and Paul Watkins have the Right Stuff

Plus: The Soupdragons, Star Search, and Tune In Tomorrow...
What's it like living with seven guys? Females often ask me in disapproving astonishment. My responses up until now have been vague and insubstantial, but after one year, one month and 29 days, my answer is something like this column.

Tuesday is trash day on my block. As I trudged up 46th Street in the pouring rain, I noticed the garbage people hadn't come. I also noticed that none of my seven male housemates had put out the trash for the second week in a row. (The trash lives about five feet from the street — a lift and a step is about all it takes to do the garbage.) Still, I figured I had better get the garbage out so Keith and Joan, our middle-aged neighbors, wouldn't complain about the stench again. After lugging nine brown Hefty Cinch Sacks full of dead food and 35 gallons of rain water, I uncovered last week's trash swarming with maggots. There I stood, a disgusting stench, under the illusion that all guys knew instinctively to take the trash out. Not my guys.

Anyway, the menstrual flow was really the icing on the cake. I began to think: how would any one of the bunch (my housemates) feel about the pros outweighing the cons. Some borrow my clothes and pick up his prize.

Think about it: if my housemates, or all men for that matter, menstruated, two things would happen. First, guys would compete over who had the heaviest flow — Randall Cunningham would appear on TV bragging, "Well, I use Super-Plus-Plus-Plus-Plus Tampons, what do you use?" Other men would remain incapacitated for weeks at a time — national holidays would be declared when "that time of the month" rolled around; the World Series might even be postponed until the majority of players weren't menstruating. My housemates would be more like the latter. It's hard enough for them to turn the TV off when they leave the room, clean up three-day-old pizza boxes, or even flush the toilet. How, I ask you, are they going to be able to do these menial tasks while "on the rag"?

That's another thing that really gets me when it hurts (and you know where that is). It's that little chant I hear whenever I say anything slightly bitchy to get one of them to do his fair share of household chores: "Uh-oh, Gab's on the rag again."

Despite popular notions, I am not always on the rag whenever I say anything slightly nasty. As a matter of fact, I'm productive while menstruating. For example, this month alone I mopped eight-month-old grime off the kitchen floor and cleaned fresh vomit (not my own) out of the toilet. Maybe being bitchy every now and then — it feels like, um, like eating a York Peppermint Patty. Call it a sensation.

But my sanity, not York Peppermint Patties, is the issue here. In a house of seven guys, privacy is never something to come by and I'm about to lose my mind. My sex life has been stunted due to daily reports from the rest of the house about what went on in my bedroom; I find myself inhibited — one lonely crank of the bed frame and I call it quits. It's just not fun to have my bedroom practices discussed over coffee in the kitchen, sometimes while I'm still in bed. My boyfriend isn't too pleased either. Alas, we're on the verge of a break-up thanks to my oh-so-considerate housemates and creaky floorboards.

But karma is karma, and I'm plotting ways to seek my revenge, actually trying a few. Once when one of them was hooking up, I surreptitiously hung a poster with pictures of sexually transmitted diseases in the bathroom. But the poster fell, and the unsuspecting female never even saw the facility. I've tried leaving tampon applicators on the bathroom sink to disgust my housemates into cleaning things up. They remain unfazed. Presently, I'm developing new strategies and taking suggestions.

I must admit, there are some good things about living with all guys. I no longer contend with females who hog the bathroom, and I do feel a wee bit safer. Yet I'm not sure if the pros outweigh the cons. Some borrow my clothes without asking. (I thought with no females around this wouldn't be a problem.) Others borrow my TV and don't return it for months. I don't think anyone realizes it's mine anymore. Again, I must say, I don't think I'll ever come up with a definitive answer to the question, "What's it like living with seven guys?"

Hmm ... Living with seven guys is like having your mental condition gradually taken away by maggots. No, that's too graphic. Being a female and living with seven males is like getting your privacy 27 days of the month. No, too graphic. I know, living with seven guys is like being Snow White and shackling with every bunch of dwarves named Lazy, Messy, Smelly, or Lenny. Perfect. The only thing is, I don't think Snow White menstruated — no one ever secretes body fluids in fairy tales.

The moral of this story for all you women out there is this: living with all guys is not like a fairy tale, but if you're thinking about doing it, make sure you buy yourself a hefty supply of garbage bags, maggot killer, and Super-Plus tampoons. Don't forget to soundproof your walls. If I had four soundproof walls, my TV back, my man to myself and a clean bathroom, a few maggots probably wouldn't have bothered me so much.

Gabriella DiFilippo is a senior in the College and loved and appreciated by each of her housemates (despite the fact that she's always on the rag).

The daunting task of transposing Victor Hugo's Les Miserables, an 800-page novel about the French Revolution, into an opera set caused many to doubt the marketability of the show. Still, despite the skeptics, producer Cameron Mackintosh (Cats, The Phantom of the Opera, Miss Saigon), brought the show to London in 1985. Five years later, Les Miserables has played internationally in London, Tel Aviv, Tokyo and Reykjavik — winning eight Tony Awards in the process. As the show returns to the Forrest Theatre (1114 Walnut St) after two years, all doubts about Les Miserables have been erased.

For those who have been under a theatrical rock for the last few years, a Cliff Notes' synopsis of Les Miserables is in order. The opera's charts a 17-year period in the life of Jean Valjean (J. Mark McVey) — from the time of his parole to his death. But Les Miserables is more than Valjean's life story; by weaving in secondary characters, the audience is confronted with themes of love, jealousy, vengeance, truth, and ultimately, repentance.

This three-hour show has the pace of a soap opera and the power of a Shakespearean tragedy. Although the plot contributes to the emotional intensity, it is the music which is the true base of this show. Les Miserables adopts classical techniques rarely used in mainstream musicals. The worldwide success of the production serves as a proclamation of its greatness as well as the cross-linguual quality of music.

The intricate sets for which the show is famous, have been scaled down for this engagement, but they are nevertheless effective. The curtain remains open throughout the show, allowing no chance for the audience to remove itself from the mood. The cast of the Philadelphia show is outstanding. They treat the material with a certain playfulness which lightsens the mood. As Valjean, J. Mark McVey has a presence and conviction which can be heard in each word he sings. Javert (Robert DuSoul), the police inspector, proves to be both Valjean's and this show's largest nemesis. DuSoul diminishes the urgency of the struggle between these two characters, and his voice lacks the passion needed to counter Valjean's emotion. Still, any imperfections in this production are hidden neatly beneath the wealth of talent of Philly's Les Miserables.
**T** hose of you who have been listening to WMMR radio of late may have noticed a disturbing new element on the station's playlist. Local guitar guy John "Jungle Boy" Eddy recently released a cover of The Cure's "In Between Days." His version, done with wimpy acoustic guitars and pathetic, overwrought vocals (so bad that Tommy Conwell would cringe), represents a direct affront to the song, the Cure and good taste in general.

Music companies, never bastions of art or morality, follow demographic trends with particular zeal. The country's gettin' older, gang, and profit margins vary on whether or not every thirtysomething-post-hippy-turned-yuppie feels safe with what he, she, or it hears on the radio. Innovation is dying quickly, so why not take the few great and original songs around and blatantly bastardize them for mass market appeal?

We are the activist generation. Newsweek adores us, so it must be true. So here's a chance to activism. Fight the Crosby, Stills and Nashionalization of great, new (relatively) music. Our music. Not Mom and Dad's.

Write Eddy's music company, Elektra Records, at 75 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, NY, 10019, or WMMR at 19th and Walnut, Philadelphia, PA, 19103. Speak your mind, and stop the violence.

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**STREET SAVVY**

John Updike is a writer. He has just published a new book, Rabbit at Rest, which is not the posthumous biography of the famous country singer, Eddie Rabbit. In fact, Eddie, not to be confused with Roger, probably isn't dead yet, and the biography isn't written. But don't count your chickens (or rabbits) before they hatch. Why? Just because you don't.

Counting chickens is something that people don't really do, they only say they do it. This is called lying. It is also called bad writing; the use of cliche to liven up boring prose. Some of these people who dislike cliches could be English professors. Some of those professors could live in Philly and teach at Penn. Some of these Penn professors could have family members they would like to see during the coming holidays. Maybe they shouldn't be too worried about students who use cliches. Maybe they shouldn't carry all their eggs in one basket.

This is called a threat, a portent, handwriting on the wall. Walls were never meant for handwriting, just ask your mom. She yelled that she would ground you if you wrote on her walls.

This is called a threat, a portent, handwriting on the wall. Walls were never meant for handwriting, just ask your mom. She yelled that she would ground you if you wrote on her walls.

That was repetition for effect. The effect should have made the irony and incongruous nature of this passage clear. If it didn't, you weren't paying attention. Not that people actually "pay" attention in dollars, they usually use one of their credit cards. These cards are made of plastic. They're made of plastic because plastic is very durable and you can jimmy many doors open with one card. This saves the credit card company much time and expense in mailing out new cards.

To mail one of these credit cards, the company needs a stamp. Stamps are just like credit cards for the mail, only different. With stamps, you have to pay before the postmaster will mail your plea to the telephone company not to turn off your service. If your telephone hasn't been turned off already, you can call your service representative, not unlike a congressional representative, but smarter, and trick them into keeping your telephone on. If they only knew you didn't have a dime. Or a quarter. You couldn't even get a decent shave now.

Shaves cost money. They used to cost two bits, to be exact. A bit is an eighth of a dollar. Early settlers came up with the term "bit" because they had no coin of their own and were using lots of Spanish coin to trade with. The Spanish coin was divided into eight sections, like a pizza. Someone had to make change, they broke the coin and paid the appropriate number of "pieces of eight."

There are eight players on a baseball field. No wait, there are nine. Forget it.

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**STREET SOCIETY**

"The Joker is the Only Fool."

Tick. Tock. Tick, Tock. Daylight savings came and Murphy's turned back clock. The clock struck two, there was drinkin' to do. Murph decided it was really one, Jamie got a gun. Or maybe a jeep. I grow old, I grow wise, I wear my rainbow on my head."

ONLY THE SHADOW KNOWS: After a bout of hard, difficult drinking at the homecoming blowout at Franklin Field, a large, Santa-Clausian figure was seen urinating in, of all places, Le Aah's soda cooler. To the delight of the perpetrator, and those with him, nobody saw a thing, and the eggrolls were crunchy.

BOOTS, 'N BOOTS, AND MORE GOOD BOOTS: Who didn't have the old purple button pushed at 3930's hotel party/splat-o-rama on Friday. Making the distinguished list were The Skeik, Son of Sigmund, and Roger's buddy, Dream Gog, among others. Most blamed Steve G's twisted concoction of vodka, Kahula, dirt, rat poison and Sprite, but the cheesy tunes spun on the living room dance floor may have had a little say in the matter . . .

IN A RELATED STORY: Whoever broke the window at the aforementioned bash, you're an asshole. And whoever broke the doorknob, you are too. Go bring it back. Alive. You know where we live.

EVEN MORE STREET SOCIETY (Staple): Sophomore Margaret Mac just couldn't hold it together at Murphy's Saturday. Three fresh guys — a Jeff, a Jeff and a Matt — you know who you are — carried her back to her room.

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**THE BUZZ IS BACK:** Last Monday, Sansom Street's Saturn Club (you know, great haircuts and jazz, too) was a buzzing social who's-who heaven. Brook Raine's Rose (moderately-long hair in front, short in back) was among the notables. Allegedly, Rose hadn't gotten his piece chopped for over two months. Said Raine, "I like to keep my hair long." Meanwhile, reading dirty mags and talking baseball, were Andrew Teagle and David Guttman, who had to bid his pony tale adieu, it seems that medical school interviews lie ahead. So much for youthful idealism. Said Guttman, "I feel worse than the time when we had to shave my doggie for the big operation." Street would also like to send our condolences to all the rest of the interviewees who had to part with their long hair such as Leonid "I used to be a Deadhead, but it's all over now" Olliver (Wharton, Engineering) and Alex Hart (Electrical Engineering, former lifeguard), among others. Parting is such sweet sorrow.

WHEN HE'S 64: Last week, it was reported that Glenn McCloistock had been to Murphy's Tavern for 57 straight nights. Well, the streak is still going. Glenn's streak, is now at 64 nights strong and counting. Who will last longer, Glenn or his ban roll on?

OUT IN THE COLD: The Tahard Society was disinvited from Wednesday night's all Greek mixer montrosity thrown by Phi Delta, and replaced by the hating beauties of Tri Delta (For Shame) Sigma Chi, Phi Sig, St. A's — "I'm feel a little diplopia coming on — Chi Omega attended the intentionally named get-together, blender, ah, mungling? You see, a mixer means BYOB laws are not in effect.

BATTLE OF THE BINARY NUMBERS: Computer Science engineers (called The Dining Philosophers) have challenged the Systems engineers (Society of Systems Engineers) to a grueling match of volleyball. Date is not set yet. Stay tuned. The Dining Philosophers are expected to win (odds are 111 to 1).

OVERHEARD: The ever charming, never quiet Theta beta Shane Kershbaum to DP columnist Andy Semnovitz: "Why do you always have so many negative opinions?" Semnovitz bites back — "How come you have so many opinions?" Toulouse.

FAHRENHEIT 3900: Sparks were flying for Beta's own Bob Cowles last Tuesday. It seems that Bob's room just up-and-blow-up. Like fire, flames, smoke, fire department — the whole bit. Next time, remember to use lubricants in the heat of the moment, Bob.

ALL NAMES HAVE BEEN CHANGED TO PROTECT THE INNOCENT.
Radio Dazed

Falk vehicle is out-of-control fun

BY MICHAEL GESZEL

Peter Falk must be in his 60s by now, but he can still whoop it up. In Jon Amiel’s exuberant period (the year is 1951) melodrama/romedy Tune In Tomorrow . . ., which is based on Mario Vargas Llosa’s novel Aunt Julia and the Scriptwriter, Falk’s comic pitch reaches hilarious heights. He and this crazily footloose film are a match made in silver-screen heaven.

Falk plays Pedro Carreich, an innoxious writer of radio soap operas. Wherever Pedro goes, he stirs up scandal and imperils each station’s very existence. But his soaps send ratings soaring.

Pedro arrives in New Orleans (after the last station he worked for was firebombed) to bring WKRU, “The Voice of New Orleans,” into the 20th century. Pedro is a pulp writer who knows how to shock people with emotionally ersatz tales of incest, lust and revenge. He thinks of himself as an “artist” supremely qualified to teach the world a thing or two about conven- tional sex, violence, blackmail and murder, and all the requisite blues soundtrack is a bonus, it’s not enough to stop boredom.

The plot is, to say the least, familiar: handsome, tight-lipped Martin (Kevin Reeves), a 21-year-old aspiring writer head-over-heels in love with Julia (Barbara Hershey), the 35-year-old sister of Martin’s aunt (in marriage). Pedro teaches Martin about art and life, helps him with the affair, but also uses it as material for his serial, “Kings of the Garden District.”

Amiel (BBC’s Th Singing Detective, Queen of Hearts) and writer William Boyd create a film within a film by cutting from the radio station, where a bunch of elderly folk vocally act out the soap characters and produce the appropriate sound effects (doors closing, rain, thunder, etc.), to the soap itself as performed by the likes of John Larroquette, Elizabeth McGovern, Peter Gallagher (sex, lies and videotape), Hope Lange, and Buck Henry.

Hyperventilating lunacy or over-the-top, uproarious antics — this film forces one to search hard for the appropriate blend of adjective and noun in order to convey the sheer energy of its steam-engine waggedness.

Still, the soap opera scenes get a bit tiresome; even with straight exaggeration, they’re one big pop-art put-on. Amiel and Boyd keep the hyperbole rising exponentially until the soap’s very existence. But his soaps send ratings soaring.

The Hot Spot

The up: November 1, 1990

Back on the Block: D.J., Le Q and King

AT FIRST GLANCE, Dennis Hopper’s new film The Hot Spot (playing at AMC Midtown) has all the ingredients of a ’40s film noir: sex, violence, blackmail, and murder, and all the requisite plot twists and double-crosses. Unfortunately, closer examination reveals this moody, overlong and tiresome thriller to be a

Peter Johnson, clearly miscast as the anti-heroic protagonist, fails in yet another bid for big-screen stardom — he lacks the intensity and force that an actor like Kevin Costner or Nicholas Cage might have brought to the role. As for the women, Connelly’s simpering coyness and schoolgirl grins are annoying to watch; Hershey and Reeves act in the same way ridiculous pulp fiction can.

As the story unfolds at an elephantine pace, it’s hard to care how shock people with emotionally ersatz tales of incest, lust and revenge. He thinks of himself as an “artist” supremely qualified to teach the world a thing or two about conven- tional sex, violence, blackmail and murder, and all the requisite blues soundtrack is a bonus, it’s not enough to stop boredom.

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returning to his Chicago birthplace. In an unrehearsed, spontaneous sequence, Quincy visits his old haunts and becomes reacquainted with his intimate childhood memories.

The film goes on to deal with Quincy's escape from one of the worst parts of Chicago and his subsequent discovery of music in Seattle. If you like jazz, this showcase of Jones' musical successes, combined with a host of famous people he's worked with, is undoubtedly the film's highpoint.

This collage of memories, music, and meandering interviews tells of more than Quincy's life; it also addresses the history of 20th century black America. The interviews with the older performers convey an idea of the struggles and hardships of black entertainers to rise above race barriers, a problem faced not only in the past but also by current performers. Big Daddy Kane tells of being told, "This line is for credit card holders only, sir."

The cinematography is both the film's greatest strength and its greatest weakness. Structured like a kaleidoscope, the film does not follow a linear, chronological sequence. Instead, it is organic and moves associatively, metamorphosizing from one section into another. The approach lends the film an immediacy it might otherwise lack. But the lack of coherent narrative structure becomes annoying and over-burdened. There are just too many tangents.

The problems of cinematographer Stephen Kazmierski's style are endemic to the whole film. His techniques are better suited to shorter formats (he has filmed videos for Public Enemy and L.L. Cool J). Listen Up is half an hour too long.

— Joshua Holmes

GRAVEYARD SHIFT

STEPHEN KING'S Graveyard Shift (playing at Eric's on Campus) serves up a blend of pulp violence and intellectualism. Cheesy episodes blend with satirical stabs at the horror genre. The effect is not entirely ghoulish.

The film begins with a worker dying during the graveyard shift (11pm to 7am) at the local mill in placid Gates Falls, Maine. This puts a damper on the mill's re-opening. A lone drifter, John Hall (David Andrews), wanders into the secluded town and gets a job cleaning up the textile mill.

The tyrannical foreman, Warwick (Stephen Macht), reigns over the town's shady dealings — his misdeeds include adultery, pay-offs, blackmail and, not surprisingly, murder. Not one to get his hands too dirty, he strikes a deal with the bat down in the basement: Warwick sends unsuspecting souls downstairs and the bat conveniently bumps them off.

The horrific tale (adapted from the short story "Graveyard Shift" by Stephen King) is a cut above your average horror show. A colorful cast and funny dialogue supply some finishing touches.

The silent, cross-eyed and generally weird Andrews infuses Hall with a certain strength. Brad Dourif, as the obligatory Vietnam vet Tucker Cleveland, steals scenes with his chewing tobacco, ankle-holster and Ghostbusters-meets-Star Wars exterminator uniform. Macht, who in the past has turned in only mediocre performances (Raid on Entebbe), pulls out all the theatrical stops: his Maine accent makes the Peppridge Farm guy seem like the embodiment of evil and his Nicholsonesque eyebrows complete his malevolent demeanor.

First-time director Ralph Singleton has an eye for strange angles: he opts for shots of people's blemishes and nose hairs. And he establishes a kind of quirky humour, cutting between comic scenes and repulsive episodes — after the secretary/mistress breaks her neck in a fall and is munched on by several rats and the Big Bat, he switches to rats riding planks of wood to the Beach Boys' "Surfin' Safari."

Graveyard Shift stays away from the slash-and-gore mentality that predominates around Halloween time. It relies instead on well-developed characterizations and satirical dialogue. It scores the coup of providing a comic tone strong enough to soften even the horror of rats munching on a paralyzed girl.

— Marcus Hswe

Ladies and gentlemen, Mr. Quincy Jones

PARENTS WEEKEND at Annenberg Center

Half-Price Tickets

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You pay $13 Orch./$12 Balc.
Penn Students & Parents

Tickets on sale at Box Office
Rachel Simon publishes short tales of sex and magic

Interview by Ellen Umansky

T he bartender at the restaurant where Rachel Simon and I met overheard us talking.

“You’re a writer?” he asked her.

“Yeah,” she said smiling, “I am. I just wrote a book.”

“What’s it about?”

She thought about it and then answered, “Sex and magic.”

People have been asking Rachel Simon a lot of questions lately. Her literary debut, a stunning collection of short stories entitled Little Nightmares, Little Dreams, was released by Houghton Mifflin at the end of September, and the diminutive 31-year-old Philadelphia resident has been inundated with publicity ever since.

But with publicity arrive the inevitable comparisons to more established authors, ranging from Gabriel Garcia Marquez to Alice Walker. Yet the newly published Simon will have none of that.

“It looks when people say to me, oh, I loved your book. Your stories are like David Lynch, or John Cheever or whoever,” says Simon. “I’m honored by the comparisons, but I want to say to them, no, my stories aren’t like these other people, they’re like me, Rachel Simon.”

And she should know. While other children were playing cops and robbers, Simon, at age seven, decided to be a writer. By the time she graduated high school, her canon included four book-length collections, three novels and a collection of short stories.

Her motivation and productivity can be traced to a turbulent family life—a father who left when she was eight—which rocked Simon’s childhood. Writing became her refuge.

“Our family had, what’s a nice way to put it?—tremendous disharmony,” she says. “The family exploded into tiny little pieces. I turned to my writing to get love.”

At age 16, Simon left her disintegrating family for boarding school. The Solebury School in New Hope, Pa. provided her with a stable but by no means conventional life. Simon felt comfortable among the students here; she was just another fish in a sea of non-conformists.

Upon graduating from Solebury, she enrolled in Bryn Mawr College, where the heady young-writer-in-training found her work criticized for the first time. She had always depended on her writing as the ticket to a fantasy life all her own. When people started to impinge on that never-never land, when her professors started critiquing her fiction, the writing became work. As a result, Simon dropped her passion cold turkey.

Despite her former prolificacy, Simon did not return to writing after graduation. She floated through a variety of jobs, from secretarial work to belly dancing to artistic modeling.

At the Annenberg Center, Simon worked as a television researcher, analyzing the violence content of T.V. shows. Simon, though, wasn’t writing, and her literary quiescence began to gnaw at her.

“I felt horribly guilty that I was skipping out on my bargain with God,” she says. “I had always felt that I was put here to write.”

Fearing her catch-phrase would soon become “maybe I could have been, if only I had...,” Simon vowed to return to writing. She began going to Van Pelt every day after work, practicing her chosen craft with a start-from-stratch approach.

She wrote only sentences at first, concentrating on her structure and style, until she moved on to paragraphs and, finally, stories.

In 1985, during her final year of graduate school at Sarah Lawrence, Simon won the Writers at Work competition judged by the highly-acclaimed writer Richard Ford. After fine-tuning her thesis, Simon submitted her work to several publishers. Houghton Mifflin accepted the manuscript of Little Nightmares, Little Dreams.

Simon’s fictional worlds are light-years away from the wealthy sheltered campus where she received her education. Beach houses and BMWs are just not revelant to the sexual politics, an imperative issue for Simon. The stories skip across time and place, ranging from the ruminations of the elderly to the sexual antics of teenagers.

Simon refuses to pande to the stereotype of women as either superheros or submissive. Many of the stories focus on the sexual activities of the characters—a young woman barters sex for power in “Skirts,” a teenager fakes her pregnancy in “Afterglow.” Each story analyzes contemporary sexual politics, an imperative issue for Simon.

“I get enraged by how irresponsible many media—books, films, music—are about sexual politics,” she protests. “And I am specifically committed to not being irresponsible.”

Ultimately, Simon’s writing does not rest on the social attitudes she wishes to convey, but on her inspired imagination. And her fictional dreamworlds come as naturally to her as eating.

“I’ll feel a compulsion to write a story the way you feel a compulsion to eat,” she says.

Simon says her next project will be the daunting revision of her 900 page novel, written last year. And while she won’t reveal the plot, Simon says she has combined the magical and sexual elements of Little Nightmares, Little Dreams into one character. She views the experience of writing this novel with reverence.

“I feel like my life was programmed to lead up to the moment of this novel,” she says. “If everything ever makes me believe in God, it would be the experience of writing this book. I almost feel like it’s a good enough trade if I spend the rest of my life miserable and depressed to know that I had that peak of ecstasy writing that novel.”

Ellen Umansky is a College Senior. She’s a good kid and we love her.
Paul Watkins writes of war and inner-peace

Interview by Michael Geszel

A

s an undergraduate at Yale, novelist Paul Watkins went through an experience common in an age of labyrinthine bureaucracies and corporate universities. Two hours a day he reported to work at the law school, his job to sell copy cards at $10 a pop for people to use on the Xerox machines in the basement.

"I thought, 'This is fair enough, it's not such a bad job.' But after a week, not one customer showed up," explains the Welsh-bred Watkins, his mild English accent lending his eloquence a soothing quality. "Someone would walk past and I'd get all ready. But nothing. I'm way up at the top of this building, where the gargoyles stick out. And this went on for months. Finally, I went down to the basement where the Xerox machines were, except they weren't there. This guy told me they hadn't been there for months.

"It was like Kafka story ― I'm lost in the machine. I just wondered around thinking, 'I don't see them,' but I never gave him a chance to get his bearing; he became a teenager caught between the fantasy of American pop and the reality of British propriety.

"England was always the place for work," says Watkins. "America was the place for fun. I used to make tape recordings of TV jingles. I couldn't tell you who you was myself convinced that I would have to do it. I had never really thought about making a living off of writing."

He may not have thought much about it before, but he soon started to ponder his options. He found an outlet in the University of New York's renowned creative writing program, where Watkins was able to take a few coveted cues from literary lion Tobias Wolff. It was there that Watkins finished Calm at Sunset, Calm at Dawn and got the idea for African Dreams.

"It was a good thing to have done. You meet people who are in the same struggle as you are," says Watkins. "You see the good things they do and the fuck ups and you learn a lot. You also see them screw up in ways that will make it difficult to ever recover."

Of the stylistic snafus Watkins witnessed at Syracuse was not so much in his peers' prose but the lack thereof.

"There's myth about being a writer: that they're hard drinkers and wild, and then they're under the table and haven't touched a pen in a while," says the disciplined scribe, who regularly punches in eight-hour writing days and who's already wrapped up his fourth novel. "I saw people who called themselves writers and who hadn't written a sentence in months."

Fame is another inebriating influence (African Dreams was a best seller in Britain) which Watkins hopes to imbibe in moderate, measured gulps.

"People will watch the going up just as much as they'll watch the going down," cautions Watkins.

The concern came from seeing people I know reach fame at an early age and suddenly you have a public persona and a private persona, and you're ahead of yourself...People can make the mistake of assuming the press is their friend.

He adds: "There's a lot to be said for the steady climb — without balance you're not going to go forward in a way that's going to last.

At present, the New Jersey resident is concerned with his longevity and his survivability. He talks of how publishers — his is Houghton Mifflin — cotton to young writers, especially those who show a serious devotion to their art without the hedonistic tendencies which can cut short careers.

"It's trench warfare," says the author, using a metaphor he's familiar with, "keep you're head down and you'll survive."

Watkins is surviving, even thriving. His fourth book involves the Irish independence movement during the 1920s, a time when it wasn't so "convoluted."

Watkins' fondness for the footnotes of history, for the countless stories washed away by the tide of time, is expressed in the manner in which he recounts personal tales. Listening to him describe in vivid detail how his cat was lost and then found or how his jaw was smashed aboard a trawler, it is clear that Watkins cherishes his role as recitateur.

"You come across stories that ought to be written," says Watkins. "I watch an interview with this woman from the wall, but he didn't get it."

Mike Geszel is a College Senior. He's read the writing on the wall, but he didn't get it.
I was half an hour early for the press conference, so we grab a few rolling rocks at the bar. So, this is the Hard Rock Cafe, sacred monument to the art of rock ’n’ roll. At first, nothing registers but the soothing chill of my bev.

Then it hits... HARD. Yeah, this is the Hard Rock, great bastion of schlock. Warrant’s “Cherry Pie” video flashes across the bar’s television. It’s only rock ’n’ roll, and I hate it.

And I’m not the only one. The Soup Dragons’ lead vocalist, Sean Dickson, gripes about the microphones being malfunctioning. “It’s basically selling rock ’n’ roll.” He’s not terribly pleased with his band being true to yourself, the music comes out all wrong.”

As the song says, “I’m free to do what I want, any old time.” These are words that the Soupies live by. With titles like “Sweetmeat” and “Crotch Deep Trash,” their songs remain as crass as in their obnoxious early days.

The original Soupies, Dickson (vocals, guitar), Jim McCullough (guitars, backing vocals), Sohail Dade (bass), and Ross Sinclair (drums) began the band in a Glasgow garage six years ago. Critics likened the band’s original abrasive sound to the Buzzcocks, a connection the band denies. After a label change (from Sire to Big Life), the press has developed, they were guitar songs with a wah-wah pedal.” In fact, the pouty gons’ influences? Dickson evades the question, saying, “We draw from all music, good music.”

Dickson denies that the Soup Dragons are just another dance band, because they still play their old thrashier material live. “We never labeled ourselves a dance band; we’re not the critics or the press.”

And now, the obvious question: what is a Soup Dragon, anyway? When asked why the name, Dickson muses, “Why the Beatles, why anything? It’s only a name... It’s an old 70s cartoon that was made by ‘60s dropouts. It was kind of a heady cartoon.”

So, if not Manchester, what are the Soup Dragons’ influences? Dickson evades the question, saying, “We draw from all music, good music.”

But exactly what is good music? “When you hear it on the radio,” he explains, “it gives you a rush.”

The Soup Dragons all share a passion for music. Dickson, who claims he began on the guitar at age four, feels that “the minute we stop getting excited about music, we’ll stop making it. We love making music, we love buying music, we love playing it.” Indeed, these chaps believe in music for music’s sake. The vocalist concedes, “I doubt any of us want to be pop stars. We just want to make something that will be around in 20 years’ good time.”

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It’s a perfect name for some pretty heady guys. After all, Dickson’s favorite color is “ultraviolet.”

John bought the Rocks, Phil changed the tire, and Elaine... well, she folded the laundry.
Simon Says
Paul mambas and sambas with Rhythm
BY JONATHAN ABEL

You thought he couldn’t outdo Graceland… but you were wrong.

Once again, Paul Simon redefines his style in The Rhythm of the Saints, his latest, boldest and most optimistic album.

Ever the musical innovator, Simon has adopted a Brazilian rhythm motif this time around. The lyrics are bright and hopeful, and together with the music, they create a thematically cohesive work.

One Trick Pony: Simon is the perfect mixture of performer and Innovator

The Saints’ musicians are tighter than a double knot, the sound hotter and thicker than molten lava. Ladysmith Black Mambazo, Adrian Belew and Greg Phillinganes (Clapton’s keyboardist) join in on various tracks throughout the album to complement a lineup of talented Brazilians. Rare instruments are employed to accentuate the sound (whats a “chakeire,” anyway?). As a result, Simon’s music is polytextural, but not cumbrousome.

The new style has not transformed “Mr. Alienation”’s touch for lyrics: “Faith is an island in the setting sun, but proof, yes, proof, is the bottom line for every-thing” ’s touch for lyrics: “Faith is an island in the setting sun, but proof, yes, proof, is the bottom line for everything”'s touch for lyrics: “Faith is an island in the setting sun, but proof, yes, proof, is the bottom line for everything”

The lyrics of “Can’t Run But” set the scene for the hopeful theme that pervades the album. The song serves as a mottled overview of the eighties, from the Chernobyl disaster to the yuppy lambda. “Cool, Cool River” drifts past the ears on an up tempo, throbbing jungle beat.

“The Coast,” a tale of philosophy and beauty, pleases with a mellow mystique. Simon’s ideology discusses the artist’s manipulation of his dark loneliness for material benefit. “Sorrows everywhere you turn, and that is worth something when you think about it. That’s worth some money.”

You bet it is, Paul.

At the opening of his world tour, a “Bill Bradley for U.S. Senate” fund-raiser at Brendan Byrne Arena, October 20, Simon and his posse jammed for an hour and 15 minutes. The 14 musician crew included four percussionists (three on congas and bongos), three guitarists, three horn players, two keyboardists, a drummer, and a bassist.

The band immediately challenged the audience to accept their new style of arrangement, opening with a revamped “Boy in the Bubble” from Graceland. Longtime fans and resident politicians alike received the opening number with gusto.

Michael Brecker’s sax solo on “Late In the Evening” and “Still Crazy After All These Years” blazed with intensity. A passionate rendition of “Sounds of Silence,” followed by a funky double-shot of “You Can Call Me Al” (the played it twice) demonstrated the musical versatility that has recently become Simon’s trademark.

Always energetic, the band pulled out all the stops for the new material. “The Obvious Child,” the album’s first single, measured up to Simon’s finest. Recorded live on the streets of Salvador, this doo-wop-jungle-strut opened the album and closed the show.

With the release of Rhythm of the Saints, Simon has proved his staying power in today’s rock ‘em, sock ‘em, nutty of world. He has created a seemingly unsurmountable musical legacy through his sitzs with Garfunkel and impressive solo career. Unlike some artists, whose glory years end with their 30th birthday, Simon’s still got sambas on the soles of his sneakers.

The high point is definitely when the warden steps up to the mike to calm the restless natives in between sets. But with old faves like “Sweet Little Angel,” they’ve got reason to yell. The old bluesman’s slick as ever; no, the thrill ain’t gone.

(Morris Lester Freddie “Boom-Boom” Washington Roosevelt Franklin Ann-B Miles Sammy Davis, Jr.)

Merging funk, dub, industrial and rock for a smokin’ sound. Tackhead has topped even their own high standards this time. It’s their most accessible work yet, but definitively no sell-out. Mixmaster Ad- rian Sherwood’s killer funk grooves and Bernard Fowler’s soulful vocals will set your CD player on fire. (Jeff Bucholtz)
n air-brushed portrait of John Lennon hangs at the entrance to the studio. Chewed styrofoam cups that litter the floor cover the end-tables of the Green Room. A incessant hand-tapping on a mixing board punctuates every down-beat.

And I see the light. A fake wood lamp illuminates hopeful band members as track lighting gently highlights their volumes of hair.

My mentor and I have entered a new world. Bands from miles around have converged upon this studio to find their ticket to fame. The 1990 Star Search Talent Quest opens up before us like a long freeway to STARDOM.

In the dim light of the renovated warehouse, a sense of close frustration and anxiety surround us. There’s a feeling of a greater power at work. Even the people in charge, the ones who’ve got the rhythm down, don’t quite grasp what they’re doing here. They aren’t even sure who they’re working for. Still, the road to fame is paved with good intentions. The whole thing stinks of Zen.

Mentor: I ask you, what do you see before your eyes?
Disciple: A... recording studio?
Mentor: Yes, to the untrained eye. But notice the colors. Are you deceived? The black on black, does it not suggest a certain “struggling-artist-so-look-at-me-intensity”? The sleek charcoal trim, the grey sheen of leather, the solid drapery of black marble — what does it all mean?
Disciple: And I see that you shake many hands, oh Wonder of wonders.
Mentor: What you discard as a simple “handshake” is known to this tribe of Searchers and minstrels as Networking. Yes, and traditionally we higher beings enhance this ritual with the intimately familiar greeting of the gods, “Yer a babe.”

Mentor: And the woman you have just greeted.
Disciple: Alison Alison, the Star Search representative?
Mentor: A small cog?
Disciple: Hush! She has been touched by the hand of Ed McMahon.
Mentor: But her name, does not its cyclical nature imply a banality?
Disciple: No, it suggests an innate duality befitting only the Northeastern Talent Coordinator for Star Search herself. My son, do you know who this woman is? Or what she can and will be? By Zeus himself, it should be a humbling moment for such swine as yourself.

Mentor: But is not Star Search small olives in the branches of the recording biz?
Disciple: These cultivators of culture have spent eight years now, weeding the egotistical from the talented, placing them upon the ultimate American pedestal: TELEVISION. In fact, they themselves fashioned the household term, “spokesmodel.”

Mentor: Disciple: It is clear. Let it be.

Disciple: Sporting gold necklaces, mod-clothing and a six-pack of (hair) mousse, musicians pace across the Star Search waiting room. Selected from among hundreds of Tri-State area bands, these musicians now audition for their chance to play on Mr. and Mrs. Jones’ television. But today, these musicians enjoy no audience. Only the staring figures in the sound-room, and the cold camera demand the all-important Image. The Image that pervades only to suggest the concept of music.

Mentor: Exactly. Less is more. This is the fruit of the entire post-modern-minimalist-quiet-semi-linguistic dogma. Star Search is the living dream of millions of French people. As Allison Alison just told us, “most people use Star Search as a showcase-type situation.”

Mentor: But what of the spirit of artistic expression? Of the creative process?
Disciple: What of the spirit of the American way...

Mentor: Allison Alison: “Hey, we’re looking for marketable people, signable acts. Besides, it’s not a dirty word.”

Disciple: A former circus geek turned musician, Bill Aronson (of the band Aronson Grant) screams, “I’ll eat fire for you — anything you want, Allison.”

Mentor: The burning truth rings in young ears. To these performers, fame and publicity are more than the offerings from idols of show business may demand.

Disciple: But what of the spirit of the American way?
Mentor: Bill now talks of his life in the Biz. He slots his band into the “Pop-Rock” category, “something like Squeeze or Hall & Oates,” but would be satisfied to achieve a reflection of American society. It is quintessential.

Disciple: It has been a great night. This latest batch of easily digestible young hopefuls promise to satisfy teenage girls and house-bound agoraphobes across the country.

Mentor: And I think to my enlightened self, the Biz is not a dirty word. Commercial is reality, is life. Has Star Search given America no more than just the word “spokesmodel” and Tiffany? It has been a great night. This latest batch of easily digestible young hopefuls promise to satisfy teenage girls and house-bound agoraphobes across the country.

Disciple: Yet it all goes just a bit deeper. After all, who created Star Search? Not Ed McMahon, nor the CEO at TeleRep Syndication, but the American people. It is a monument to America, contributing more to our culture than the high art of Robert Mapplethorpe’s photography ever could.

Mentor: It is just another chance to break in.

Disciple: I think I am beginning to understand, oh Father of the Obvious, this is a wrinkle in time, an opportunity for home town bands to exercise their 15 minutes of promised fame.

Mentor: I think you have got it. Yes, this is a uniquely American form of democracy. Regardless of background, everyone has the opportunity to win their share of cash and prizes totalling more than 1.5 million dollars.

Disciple: Apple Pie by any other name.
Mentor: Indeed. A giant, nation-wide talent show based on the worth of one’s craft.

Disciple: But my Beloved Mentor, is not originality trampled in the rush for acceptance by a mass television audience? Is it not in the desire for a mere measure of Nielsen ratings? Does not rampant commercialism pervade every corner of the Star Search mentality?

Mentor: Don’t be foolish. It pervades every aspect of the American mentality.

Disciple: The auditions draw to a close and weary feet splash the last damp cigarettes. Allison Alison, still bubbling enthusiasm, mutters to them, yeah, they’re good, it’s been a good night. Babe.

Mentor: And I see the light. A fake wood lamp illuminates hopeful band members as track lighting gently highlights their volumes of hair.

By A. Mark Liiv
and Dan Sacher
Sarah Dunn could not be here this week, she was gagged, kidnapped and forced to eat gummy fish with a potential suitor. Sarah's been off University dining for years and is on what her friends like to call The Male Plan. Still, she's probably the last one on the planet who still goes out on what was once known as a regular old traditional date. You know, a little dinner, a movie (PG-13), ice cream, blah, blah, blah. He pays, she squeals, taxis are taken, hands are held, and a reverse missionary is probably out of the question.

In Sarah's absence, I have usurped her space, offering the more daring a few colorful scenarios for a really bad first date with Sarah, or anyone else for that matter. I'm in loco Sarah-enthus, as it were. Though all of these date ideas are designed to make both of you as miserable as possible, these hypotheticals will provide you both with a night neither will soon forget.

1. A TRIP TO THE DERMATOLOGIST: Even with the two-for-one zit-pop special you've neatly clipped from a college coupon book, still not a good plan of attack.

2. GOING TO AN ISOLATION TANK: A black sensory perception box built for two? Not a good idea as it leaves little opportunity for idle chit-chat. No movie to watch, no food to nibble on, nothing to distract you from your date's stories of bedbugs and ballyhoo. Just you, the Date, the black box, and nothing but silence. Boo!

3. LEAVING FOR VERMONT, MOVING INTO A BARN AND RAISING COWS: This could come off as too strong, you might just want to suggest going out for Ben & Jerry's instead.

4. ANY FANCY RESTAURANT: Avoid places where you may have to sniff a cork and then report your findings to a snotty waiter who's probably hitting on your date, anyway. Let her know upfront that you prefer downscale American diners to upscale French bistros. Your every-guy sensibility expands to include movies over plays, Bud over Beck's, Camels over Dunhills.

5. SOUTH STREET: Not a bad place, but avoid this for fear that you could suddenly have the urge to jump on the bandwagon, roll down the car windows, turn the music up real loud and begin to grab your own genitalia. And you know where that is.

6. GOING TO A WEIRD MIDNIGHT MOVIE AT A REPORTORY THEATER: I once took a date to the Roxy to see Jan Svankmajer's Alchemist of the Surreal, though I'm still not sure what it was about. She spent the entire movie screaming "Let Me Out of Here," with her head sandwiched between her legs. If this should happen to you, the important thing to remember is to stand your ground. You paid for her to come and see this flick; hold her up and make her watch if you have to. The relationship is obviously not going to work. Don't try to fix what's broke, just send her out for more Milk Duds and soda.

7. GETTING MUGGED: This old trick has been done one too many times on this campus. Though, since she will be shaken up, you'll probably want to bag the dinner and/or movie plans you had and cut straight to the bar scene. You'll both need a few shots to loosen up after such a harrowing experience, and before you know it, socks are a-flying.

8. DEEP SEA FISHING: Though you plan to recite passages from Hemingway's The Old Man and the Sea, you'll end up as nothing more than a water-logged phallus on your way to a burial at sea.

9. AN ABORTION RALLY: Sure, you'll win the heart of a "PC" woman, but others might get the wrong idea. You stand to lose your balance on the ledge of perception. You have an equal chance of looking like a progressive male for the '90s or a scumbag covering himself in case of emergency.

BONUS. For circling the jade elephant on the nine-records-for-a-nickel form in last week's 34th Street, here's your bonus bad date idea. (Note: Your bonus may be different than your neighbors', so be sure to trade.)

10. TAKING YOUR DATE TO YOUR COURT HEARING FOR CHARGES OF BESTIALITY: Yes, I know what you're thinking — a courtroom situation has both reality and drama, two things that usually make for a fine night on the town. But you run the risk that neither your would-be soul-mate nor the judge will buy your excuse of "I was drunk at the petting zoo Christmas party," — and alas, your date will be ruined. &
**JAZZ**

Saturday is Adam Ant's 36th b-day. Paint your faces, slide into those tight vinyl pants, and sing "King Of The Wild Frontier" until you die of asphyxiation.

**THURSDAY**

ITZHAK PERLMAN w/PINCHAS ZUCKERMAN

Zuck will play. FREE, the Tony Williams Quartet and look out for the Uptown Collection in Bodek Lounge, 66 with Brant Marsalis up, 96 without.

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