Men form group to help stop rape

By ROXANNE PATY
Daily Pennsylvanian Stall Writer

Several male administrators and faculty members have started a support group for men at the University in an attempt to curb sexual assault.

Group member Bob Gross, a social work professor in the Division of Counseling Services, said yesterday the group evolved out of an October workshop sponsored by Students Together Against Acquaintance Rape. He said men at the session realized that men need to be educated about rape.

"Much of the energy behind STAAR comes from women, but we must often the ones responsible for the rape," Gross said.

"A rape has to do with the way people communicate in relation to sexuality and the things that go wrong in terms of gender," Gross said. "It is the men who need to address these issues because if men do it means it is the man who is responsible in this society.

The organization, which has about 10 members, will act as a support system for victims of sexual assault and will meet once a week. It is called the previous problem of acquaintance rape.

"The name STAAR was chosen because we are not afraid to say the name and we want to take the issue to the public,

Some group members said they got a lot of criticism from women's groups. Some women who may use the group wanted to make sure the men really wanted to be there. Other women saw the group as a reaction to the problem of sexual assault.

"It is encouraging to see that male administrators see there is a problem and that they are doing something about it," Gross said.

Some group members said they were critical of women's groups' criticism.

"We want men to feel comfortable enough to come forward with their problems, whatever they are, and not to fear their own sexuality because of people's reactions to it," Gross said.

"I am very concerned about this, because as you have heard, this is a problem that has been "hiding in the shadows," Gross said. "I believe that if we are not afraid to talk about our problems, and if we can talk about the problem, we can solve it.

One member of the group, who asked that his name be withheld, said that he was raped as a child by a relative and that he had been afraid to talk about it until now.

"I am very concerned about this, because as you have heard, this is a problem that has been "hiding in the shadows," Gross said. "I believe that if we are not afraid to talk about our problems, and if we can talk about the problem, we can solve it.

Please see GROUP, page 4

Deck the Hall

Wharton sophomore Vallens Brandes decorates a Christmas tree in McClendon Hall Tuesday night.

By DREW ZOLLER
Daily Pennsylvanian Stall Writer

Dressed ornamentally in a cowboy hat and red socks, Yaf Miller looks like any other Wharton MBA student.

But, unlike many of his classmates, this first-year student from Moscow has no plans to pursue a position in a prestigious Wall Street firm. Instead, he is studying in Los Angeles consulting, with the hope of someday working in the oil and gas industry.

"I want to work in the oil and gas industry," Miller said. "I think that is where I will make the most money and where I will make the most impact.

Miller, who recently arrived from Moscow, is studying for his master's degree in mathematical physics from Moscow State University, Miller took a job as a manager at a small "middle man" company - Miller believes that "the world is divided" - separating business from government on topics of interest to both Russians and Americans.

This company owns and runs its own bridge connecting the Soviet Union with Europe and the United States. The bridge is a major source of income for the company, which Miller believes is "the most important" company in the country.

"I am very impressed with the way Americans run this company," Miller said. "I think that is where I want to work.

Please see ENGINEERING, page 4

Student will take business education back to USSR

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Please see ENGINEERING, page 4

SeAS opens new lab space

By DREW ZOLLER
Daily Pennsylvanian Stall Writer

Engineering Dean Gregory Parrington officially opened the Chemical Engineering Department's new Advanced Chemical Technologies Laboratory yesterday.

"This is the first step toward what we want to do," Parrington said. "We want to make sure that the new facility will be a place where undergraduate and graduate students can get the kind of education they deserve.

The laboratory, located in the Towne Building will give the department much needed space for basic and graduate student research and more support for students in the department.

University, corporate sponsors, and individual and professional organizations take the laboratory.

The laboratory will be used for study of chemists and engineers and students in the new facility will improve the department.

Some students have been concerned that the new facility will not provide enough space for all students.

"But I think that the facility will be well used," Parrington said. "I think that the new facility will help us recruit more students and improve the reputation of the lab.

"I am very happy that graduate Robert Christian, who spoke at the event, said the new facility will help attract enough students to the department.

"But I think that the facility will be well used," Parrington said. "I think that the new facility will help us recruit more students and improve the reputation of the lab.

"I am very happy that graduate Robert Christian, who spoke at the event, said the new facility will help attract enough students to the department.

Please see ENGINEERING, page 4

Sneaky Floyd follower wished you were there

By EMILY CULBERTSON
Daily Pennsylvanian Stall Writer

One student who heard the music was Sneaky Floyd follower. He said that he was not surprised to see the music being played at the event.

"I have always been a fan of Pink Floyd," the student said. "I think that they are a great band.

Please see PAGE 3.

Panhel calls Beta flier demeaning

By RALI JANGIR
Daily Pennsylvanian Stall Writer

The Panhellenic Council has expressed complaints to the Beta Theta Pi Fraternity over a flier which contained "inappropriate" language.

"I was very upset to see the flier," said Panhellenic Council member Carla Russell. "I think that it is very inappropriate to use language like that.

Beta President Cheryl Barney, who is the Greek life advisor for the Panhellenic Council, said last night that she had received no complaints about the flier.

"I think that the flier is very inappropriate," she said. "I think that it is very inappropriate to use language like that.

Please see PAGE 3.

Book thief sentenced to year in jail

By MARGARET KANE
Daily Pennsylvanian Stall Writer

The man found guilty of stealing two rare books worth about $500 each from Van Pelt Library last August was sentenced to one year in prison yesterday for a federal crime.

William Witherell, 39, of San Gabriel, Calif., admitted last June that he had stolen the books, which police found in his possession at a California home. He was charged with two counts of transporting stolen property across state lines.

"I understand that the issues we need to address among ourselves is what we can do to make sure that the books are returned to their rightful owners," he said.

Please see PAGE 3.
**In Brief**

BSL to start accepting nominations

The Black Student League is now accepting nominations for the executive board positions at the University. Any student interested in running for a position is encouraged to do so. Nomination forms can be obtained from any member of the BSL. The nomination forms must be turned in by December 4.

Group to recommend policy changes

Greek Social Action Council members will recommend policy changes for sorority and fraternity organizations. The council met on November 21 to discuss the recommendations. The council's proposals will be presented to the Executive Board at a later date.

**Quotation of the Day**

"I thought, "Gee, that's strange.""

- Assistant to the President William Epstein, on a prank involving the president's assistant.

**Correction**

There was a typographical error in the previous edition's quote of the day. The correct quote is "I thought, "Gee, that's strange.""
By BYLALE MEYERS
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

Most of the members of the Balalaika Orchestra had never played one before they came to the University. Some of them had never even seen one before. Performing for a joint theater/folk concert.

Concert President Ivan Wollownik had never even heard of one. When some of the members of the Balalaika Orchestra are preparing to dress up in Russian costumes and play the Balalaika, Ukrainians and Gypsies sing in Ukrainian and Polish.

At this Saturday's Vecherinka — a Russian party — the orchestra will play as part of a program of folk music, followed by a Russian meal, dancing and a vodka toast.

The string instrument, shaped like a box, is about 10 inches long, is sometimes 12 inches tall, and is three feet in diameter.

1966 College graduate Ivan Wollownik conducts the group, which he founded while he was a student here in 1966. Wollownik said that although he had learned to play the concertina, which sounds like the box and tall, and is three feet in diameter. An excellent international "instrument," the balalaika has a very unique sound that brings to mind the "Japanese" instrument.

"I'm going to pick up a simple tune, but if you really want "music of all the groups, then you have to take that for granted," he said.

New members are not expected to be able to play all the songs at their first concert. Instead, they are encouraged to come and learn to play the instrument,

"Rehearsals are very casual, very relaxed," said Tony, who is a student and has been in the group for one year.

"The group is very excited as the play came together for its opening night. For many of the cast, the play is their last at the University," she said.

"Our goal for the weekend of performance is to make dance performances a regular part of the community and the University. We are very excited at the Harold Prince Theatre of the University and we hope to make in the performances," said Engineering junior Sevrin Claggett, a member of the group who was not present for the rehearsal.

"We have this bond because we play this weird instrument," she said.

"We have this bond because we play this weird instrument," she said. "A lot of the groups are a mixture of different traditions. We have this bond because we play this weird instrument."

"Maybe three or four over the whole history of the groups have played," she said. "Really, we're talking about four, five, maybe.

All of them, however, have some musical experience. College junior Po-Po-Ching, who has been in the orchestra since her freshman year, said that the role of some of the more skilled and advanced dancers can play balalaika in the performance.

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Emmeritus professor Kramer dies at 93

By STEPHEN GLASS

Saul Kramer, the emeritus Ar-
chaeology, professor who pioneered the field of American archaeology, died of throat cancer at his Phila-
Delphia home Monday. He was 93.

Kramer received his doctorate from the University in 1939, joined the faculty in 1942, and served as a
member of the University faculty from 1942 to 1989. Since his retirement, he has continued to
publish books and translate famous texts around the globe.

He often quoted one of his aca-
demic heroes, Sumerologist and archeologist who pioneered the field of sumerology, which read "You can have a lady, you can have a king, but the man to
love is the tax collector."

Thokild Jacobsen, a Sumerologist
at Harvard University, said Kramer "completely transformed, almost completely created" the field of sumerology. He wrote all
the early academic research on sumerology and was the first to translate many sumerian texts.

"Once you gave up the unacus-

bare melody of sumerian, you can fluently read the language," he said.

Kramer was also known for his work as an archaeological specialist, and his research included the study of the
Sumerian language and the history of the Sumerian people.

He received his doctorate from the University in 1939 and began his academic career at the University in 1942. He
continued to teach at the University until his retirement in 1989. He is survived by his wife, Helen, and their two
children.

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Soviet student will bring biz. education back home

SOVIET, from page 1

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SOVIET, from page 1


Thief gets one year term

Thief gets one year term

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Thief gets one year term

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Panhel criticizes Beta flier

Panhel criticizes Beta flier

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Challenges of the  University's Greek

The body will elect the next board at

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In other matters before the coun-

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董事会 are minorities.

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achievements.

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ACHIEVEMENT PROGRAM
Teaching Grades

The end of each semester is not only the finish line to receive grades, but for teachers as well. Students and teachers alike can feel the exhaustion of the semester culminating in the written assessments, the final projects, and all the other end-of-year challenges. As the last day of classes draws near, many teachers prepare to reflect on the semester and its impact on their students.

The University hopes to use the new building to improve teaching support, to make Penn into the "prestige institution" it deserves to be. But Penn is not the only institution in a dilemma. A new building is to be one of the new campus's historic district, which will add another irreplaceable building, dismantling 34th Street's 19th century streetscape, and destroying the most beautiful spot on campus, Smith Hall.

In rethinking Penn's future, we must begin with its history. The new building is to be one of the new campus's historic district, which will add another irreplaceable building, dismantling 34th Street's 19th century streetscape, and destroying the most beautiful spot on campus, Smith Hall.

We may get a new science facility worthy of competing with Princeton, but in doing so we are razing an irreplaceable building, dismantling 34th Street's 19th century streetscape, and destroying the most beautiful spot on campus, Smith Hall.

The Penn whose history we spent the last year learning and analyzing has changed. These buildings offer a kind of beacon, a light in the darkness. They can't be bought, it can't be faked. If the Penn of the last century, we must remember what Penn is and what it means to be Penn.

Some argue that the new building is to be one of the new campus's historic district, which will add another irreplaceable building, dismantling 34th Street's 19th century streetscape, and destroying the most beautiful spot on campus, Smith Hall.

There's more bad news. The new campus, with its proposed central campus location, has also become a "historic district" that Penn's campus is.

"Institutes for Advanced Science and Technology" are being considered to bolster the humanities while they are razing an irreplaceable building, dismantling 34th Street's 19th century streetscape, and destroying the most beautiful spot on campus, Smith Hall.

Just Another Greek Myth

From the way people were talking in the fraternity house last night I knew that the end was coming. Even before the Interfraternity Council had met to come up with whatever earth-shattering decision, students that the fraternities we had been working so hard with got their house down Smith Hall.

Others thought the new policy would lead to Greek expansion in Princeton and all of New Jersey. But most fraternities were excluded from the policy by the Interfraternity Council. One frater thinks "right now, they're the smallest and "more controlled" and not as risky as the bigger, open parties.

If Penn takes a gamble in supporting bigger international scenes, it's too bad. But to fail byumbing with the humanities while they pursue their new science interests, Penn's administration is going to find that the humanities are not only cheaper to support, but more relevant to today's world. I've read a great deal about the humanities' potential to serve as a "social science," but I've always been afraid that the humanities have also failed to get the graduate school to the new social science.

And while many will argue that the humanities' potential to serve as a "social science," I've always been afraid that the humanities have also failed to get the graduate school to the new social science.

The Office of Fraternity and Sorority Affairs has tried to present the idea as an opportunity for all the houses — as a way to help the fraternities and sororities to "play fair" for all the houses — as a way to help the fraternities and sororities to "play fair" for all the houses.

But if the real purpose of the policy was to bring "super-gamers" to the fraternities and sororities, it has definitely changed the Greek social scene has become more "controlled," and "more serious." But if the real purpose of the policy was to bring "super-gamers" to the fraternities and sororities, it has definitely changed the Greek social scene has become more "controlled," and "more serious.

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You Too Can Be a Columnist

The Daily Pennsylvanian welcomes all opinions from the community. To contribute your opinion, please email the Editor at The Daily Pennsylvanian, 4615 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19134. For more information, please call 215-898-8080.

Policy on Submissions

Submissions must be typed or written clearly and must be double-spaced. All material should include the author's name, address, telephone number, and a description of University affiliation. The Daily Pennsylvanian reserves the right to condense all letters and column submissions. To submit a letter to the editor, please mail a copy to The Daily Pennsylvanian, 4615 Walnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19134. Material may be edited to fit the space available.

Save Smith Hall

Perhaps the highest calling for a scholar in the United States is to position others at the pinnacle of scholarship. But in doing so many teachers and students constantly complain that teaching is not emphasized in enough departments. In a very low percentage of the humanities, communicative skill in both the classroom and student population is not emphasized. The only way to tell if the professor is teaching the course is through the SCUE.

Teaching evaluations will not be taken seriously, and will be cancelled. Only then will groups like SCUE be able to administer teaching assistants to private schools from the classroom.

And only then will students be able to stop complaining about teaching, because it will be improved.

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The University hopes to use the new building to improve teaching support, to make Penn into the "prestige institution" it deserves to be. But Penn is not the only institution in a dilemma. A new building is to be one of the new campus's historic district, which will add another irreplaceable building, dismantling 34th Street's 19th century streetscape, and destroying the most beautiful spot on campus, Smith Hall.

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Getting Beneath The Name

It happened two years ago at a college student newsletter on campus, where the editor had the audacity to print the name of the popular Hawaiian pizza. The Name that once seemed so exotic and eloquent was reduced to "Hawaiian" and was thus portrayed as a punchline. I was so put out by this that I wrote to the editor. For two years, this issue has been before the student body. One of the editors, Scott Tann, wrote to me last week to explain the change in their policy. He stated that they had always planned to change the name, but he was only now getting around to it. He also mentioned that he was going to write a story on the subject for the student newspaper. I asked him if he had any plans to meet with the editor of the student newspaper to discuss the issue. He said yes, and that he planned to meet with her later that week.

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By Derrick Harris

Rev. Stanley Rocklin has probably never eaten one himself, but he could deliver the benediction at a Presbyterian Church -- even if it meant using a variety of video conferencing and support to make it happen. The Covenant Church in Collin County is one of many that have started to incorporate video conferencing into their worship services.

The church's chairman says that she has become increasingly interested in using video conferencing to reach out to others who may be unable to attend church services in person. She said that the church has been able to use video conferencing to connect with people who are unable to attend due to illness, travel, or other reasons.

The church's current president is in charge of integrating video conferencing into their worship services. She said that the church has been able to use video conferencing to connect with people who are unable to attend due to illness, travel, or other reasons.

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In Response

Scott Tann

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Official: Look for recession in future

WASHINGTON — Federal Reserve Chairman Alan Greenspan said yesterday that oil-price pressures from the Persian Gulf crisis have put the economy in "a meaningful slowdown," confirming previous analysts' recession talk.

Approaching his last term as Banking Committee chairman, he also said the central bank can do little to cushion the effect of higher oil prices on Americans' standard of living.

Greenspan, speaking in a conference co-sponsored by the Commerce Department and the National Association of Broadcasters, also gave the first indication he would know for certain until perhaps two years or more in the GNP.

"All indications are that a meaningful downturn..." Greenspan cautioned, however, "is not going to be as severe and is not going to last as long as the previous 1990-91 recession..."

"We won't know whether it is a recession until perhaps two years or more in the future." (February 1991)

Stanford housing policy causes stir

STANFORD, Calif. — Virginia Velez, a graduate student in education, threatened to court the California Supreme Court yesterday because Stanford University won't extend "spouse" privileges, such as "subsidized medical care..." to her partner, Neel Murthy, a visiting scholar at the University of California at Berkeley.

Velez and others in the homosexual community fear Stanford's effort to build a tolerant, diverse, body of students, nearly 2500 are foreigners. Foreigners comprise a quarter of the 6100 graduate-student population. The campus behavior has the potential to breed what she calls "incredibly tension, and they can erupt at any time...."

Velez and others in the homosexual community fear Stanford's effort to build a tolerant, diverse, body of students, nearly 2500 are foreigners. Foreigners comprise a quarter of the 6100 graduate-student population.

BOSTON — About one in 369 U.S. college students is infected with the AIDS virus, and further spread of the deadly illness is 'likely because of...'

"It's still got a number of people who I would unabashedly call 'hogs', and even more people who would resist not to fall into the trap of moral panic because we know that, in a way, AIDS is a product of our society's 'hunger for sex'..."

"Today's focus is not on the job market..." Virginia Velez, a graduate student in education, threatened to court the California Supreme Court yesterday because Stanford University won't extend "spouse" privileges, such as "subsidized medical care..." to her partner, Neel Murthy, a visiting scholar at the University of California at Berkeley.

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"Today's focus is not on the job market..."
M. Basketball corral Mustangs, 66-59

BUFFY II, page 12
going to be played down there,"
Curran said. "It seemed that
most of us instead of the holidays and eating turkey."

"It was during our first tournament in the
New Jersey Intercollegiate where our
incredible 180-pound win over
Wittenburg, a transfer from West
Virginia, clipped the Southern
Methodist rally midway through the
first half as it led to a one of two
points to give the Mustangs a 12-11
lead over one minute into the.

Two minutes later Wilson, who
played the game with a head
sinus problem, hit his last trey for the
victory, something Southern
Methodist had lost in the last of the
night at 20:50.

That had boosted spirits with
senior captain Scott Schewe.
"We wanted to play our hard
at the end of the season."

When an extra time period was
awarded because a Quaker
ball was fouled in the last
six minutes left in the contest. Penn
should have thanked the rule
change as they twice missed what
last two shots would have been
at a one-and-one.

PENN Quakers

Shaven M. Swim overpowers meek Columbia Lions

SHAVEN, from page 13
"It was really good to stay together over
the break. It enabled us to focus on the meets ahead
instead of all the holidays and eating turkey." 

In the pool, the Quakers dominated the Lions
evening to give Southern Methodist
an 8-point lead. The

Two minutes later Wilson, who
played the game with a head
sinus problem, hit his last trey for the
victory, something Southern
Methodist had lost in the last of the
night at 20:50.

Josie Swartz Kunter turned in an all-star per-
formance, breaking the Columbia pool record in
the 100-yard individual medley in a time of
1:01.96. She also helped the Quakers win the
1,000-yard freestyle relay, which
completed the freestyle sweep.

Trios come off the bench to give M. Hoops a boost

Trio comes off the bench to give M. Hoops a boost

W. Basketball wants to send message with win today

MESSAGE, from page 13
and "That's all I'm trying to do. I'm
not trying to be a leader. I'm just
trying to come in and play a role.
That's what we do — a lot of role
players. Once we all learn our roles
and the offense, we're there."

"I'm just trying to do what we're
told. We're not going to win every
game and maintain our

W. Basketball wants to send message with win today

Trio comes off the bench to give M. Hoops a boost

You don't know nuthin' if you don't read...

A Front Row View

Front Row View

Mike Cambenari

John Di Paolo

Tedd Segal

When I first got here, there was
a strong emphasis on the boards while Marshall
wasn't ready to play, then your bench
doesn't really stop and we're at a loss for what to do in the
compliance because we have the 12
guys who are the coaches of
the Quakers got the one thing
they've always looked for from
their performance — a victory.
For the fans, bring back doubleheaders

SERIES, from page 52

night. And it's crazy to make die

with the games

fans. We could have put the games

Micali said.

said of her 15-7, 15-7, 15-4 victory

is going to be easy, but it is easy to

it.

Penn squash player

Hannah Todd, 15-6, 15-8, 15-7. "You

But, the Big Five will likely come

together again under one roof so

in these matters. It's in the hands of

presidents."}

"Tonight each

the La Salle game. "Tonight each

Sonya Magdalena played at the Palestra and

in their own arena. The round-robin

in their own arena. The round-robin

PRACTICE, from page 12

spiritual benefits of unity.

played at the Civic Center. La Salle, St. Joe's and Temple

played at the Palestra and

in South Philadelphia

but this time in South Philadelphia

Penn coach Tom Schneider to

Quakers' next matches in the Prin-

Penn squash player

Pens won all of its matches in three
games with most of the vari-

in their own arena. The round-robin

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in their own arena. The round-robin
**SportsWire**

COMPILLED FROM ASSOCIATED PRESS DISPATCHES

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**NFL**

- Philadelphia 20, New York Jets 7
- Pittsburgh 24, New York Jets 7
- Phoenix 34, New England 14
- Tampa Bay 28, San Diego 17
- San Diego 28, San Francisco 17

**NBA**

- Western Division
  - San Antonio
  - Los Angeles Lakers
  - Los Angeles Clippers
  - Sacramento Kings
- Eastern Division
  - New York Knicks
  - New York Knicks
  - Philadelphia 76ers
  - Miami Heat

**NHL**

- Western Conference
  - Chicago
  - Minnesota
  - St. Louis
  - Detroit
  - Dallas
  - Buffalo
  - Nashville
  - Columbus
- Eastern Conference
  - New York Islanders
  - New York Rangers
  - New York Rangers
  - Washington Capitals

**NCAA**

- College Basketball
  - AP Top 20
    - North Carolina
    - Kentucky
    - Duke
    - Georgia Tech
    - Michigan State
    - Arizona
    - Iowa State
    - Oklahoma State
    - Tennessee

**Hockey**

- Pittsburgh 24, New York Jets 7
- Phoenix 34, New England 14

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**COLLEGE FOOTBALL**

- The AP Top 25

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**ANSWER TO PREVIOUS PUZZLE**

- **ACROSS**
  - 1. A type of cheese
  - 8. Pickle delicacies
  - 7. Long tail
  - 14. Large hat
  - 9. Sad	
  - 10. Sad	
  - 15. Sad	
  - 9. Sad	
  - 10. Sad	
  - 15. Sad

- **DOWN**
  - 1. "The Eleven O'clock Man"
  - 2. Locutor
  - 3. "The Eleven O'clock Man"
  - 4. "The Eleven O'clock Man"
  - 5. "The Eleven O'clock Man"
  - 6. "The Eleven O'clock Man"
  - 7. "The Eleven O'clock Man"
  - 8. "The Eleven O'clock Man"
  - 9. "The Eleven O'clock Man"
  - 10. "The Eleven O'clock Man"
  - 11. "The Eleven O'clock Man"

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**EDITED BY**

- Eugene T. Molinka
Penn players deserve award for their roles

By MIKE CAMBARELLI
Daily Pennsylvanian Sports Writer

Penn was in a supporting role as well, helping to set the stage for a block of other players on the same team.

W. Basketball wants to send message through Lehigh

By ERIC COMBERG
Daily Pennsylvanian Sports Writer

The Quakers are preparing to face Lehigh, a team that has struggled in recent years.

M. Swimming humbles Lions

By DANNY FELDMAN
Daily Pennsylvanian Sports Writer

The Penn men's swimming team has set itself some goals for this season.

Penn's Leslie Smith thrusts defeated Haverford's Louisa Zim, an "American yesterday in the fastest of the Ranck's Swim Meet "I thought we did a real good job with the backcourt," Dunphy said. "Penn basketball coach Fran Dunphy did a real good job setting everything up. Our place was going to be handed to us. Sometimes we have to work hard, put in a lot of extra effort. It was a really good passing angles and we did a better job of scoring and getting the pressure and trying to score." Dunphy was down to three in the losing moment, but junior guard Ryan Grid, who was a perfect hardcourt a 3-pointer from the left side to tie the game at three. From there...

I am happy to be back in the Palaelstra! Fran Dunphy

Penn basketball coach Fran Dunphy was on a night-time run to take it to 11-1 in Ivy League play.

We are not a press team. We play it to make our offense. We never thought about pressing for the whole game. That kind of were down. The game turned out that we had some mistakes, but we had the opportunity to win.

In addition, the Quakers are preparing to face Lehigh, a team that has struggled in recent years.

It would be more than a return to the Palestra; it would be a return to the way things were back in the days of the Great Depression. It would be more than a return to the Palestra; it would be a return to the way things were back in the days of the Great Depression.

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Never miss a chance to have sex or appear on television.
— Gore Vidal

34th STREET

WILL THE REAL MILLI VANILLI PLEASE STAND UP?

And the Nominees Are...

Cartoonist Stan Lee • Living Colour interview • Dances With Wolves
Bringing Up Baby

BY ELAINE BEEBE

The best babysitter I ever had was a 15-year-old punk. You may think my parents were out of their minds, entrusting their pride and joys to a boy with a black leather jacket and several earrings. It’s unconventional, to say the least — especially for my cozy, PBS-watching, sherry-sipping parents. But really, he was a very nice boy, despite my Doc Martens.

And hey, he was a hell of a lot of fun, too.

The whole thing started when my mother decided to go back to school. I was eight, my brother was 10. It seemed that my mother felt unfulfilled by ironing and soap operas (who wouldn’t?), and somehow the PTA wasn’t her style.

For mom, this meant splitting her time and energies between two radically different worlds, the academic and the domestic. Looking back, I’d say she balanced equations and oatmeal with amazing dexterity.

But for my brother and me, this transition meant one thing: afternoon babysitters.

We started off with the next-door neighbors’ banal high-school-aged daughters. Those Sanderson girls just weren’t any fun. It didn’t even matter which one baby-sat, or when; we could barely tell them apart.

Every day, the same scenario: The Sanderson-duo would park it on the couch, flip on the old black-and-white set (but no afterschool specials for us any more; she’d miss the Edge Of Night, you see), munch on some chips, and lead through Tiger Beat for seductive shots of Leif Garret: I’m still not quite sure how, but Billy created plastic explosives from common household items like baking powder and Liquid Plummer. In any case, that cannon fodder. I’m still not quite sure how, but Billy

And we didn’t play your standard “boy” games, either: I was never excluded from the fun. If G.I. Joe were going on an adventure, Barbie could ride shotgun in the Jeep. We even dressed her for combat and gave her the mohawk.

In fact, that infamous G.I. Joe became a sort of cannon fodder. I’m still not quite sure how, but Billy and I had a go at it, with those Rock Cornish Game Hens that we could actually make ourselves. I’m still not quite sure how, but Billy

Once, mom called — she was going to be late, and someone had to cook dinner. As you can guess, Billy and I had a go at it, with those Rock Cornish Game Hens that mom had hired to throw at eight a.m. Yet at the same time, my brother was working on a model of a W.W. II B-17 Bomber. Billy, never one to play favorites, narrowly escaped glazing those hens with Epoxy.

I wonder what Billy thought about G.I. Joe shrinking to seven inches high, instead of 11 and a half. Machismo problem? Not with Billy.

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When my mom got home, my brother got the spanking of his life. But it was worth it; the Sandersons wouldn’t have come back. Hell, I scoured around — no more boring babysitters and no sparkling either.

The very next day our new babysitter Billy Luther arrived — and he was looking pretty darn scary to the average little kid. If he weren’t an old familiar (his parents and mine were old buddies), I would have run for cover.

Yeah, the dyed-black John Lydon to his mother wouldn’t let him get a mohawk definitely inspired terror.

Despite the frightening visage, Billy turned out to be the best babysitter I ever had. He never plopped amorphously on the couch; I never saw him crunch a single chip. No, Billy played with us.

Battlehips became a game for three — we took turns being the double-agent. Billy taught us how to play poker, and didn’t really care when I beat him.

And we didn’t play your standard “boy” games, either; I was never excluded from the fun. If G.I. Joe were going on an adventure, Barbie could ride shotgun in the Jeep. We even dressed her for combat and gave her the mohawk.

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“When the Whistle Blows” by Neil Smith

It’s official. There is life after Without A Net. ComedySportz, playing most weekends at Doc Watson’s Pub (16 S. 11th Street) is the new horizon in improvised comedy. According to Mike Young, member of the recently-formed Philly troupe and erstwhile Without A Net Alumni, ComedySportz has spread in just five years to 16 cities nationwide and is still going strong.

Like Without A Net, ComedySportz features short comedy skits based on audience suggestion, with the added twist of a competitive sporting motif. Two teams battle for supremacy in a titanic struggle of comic wit, presided over by an impartial referee, and judged by volunteers from the audience.

The referee begins the show by leading the audience in song and explaining the numerous rules and regulations. Foul include “Waffling,” when a teammate is pointless to the point of boredom; “The Groaner,” when a player’s blatant cheesiness illicit a groan from the audience; and “Brown Bag Foul,” when the referee places a paper bag over the head of a player guilty of cheap lavitatorial humour. But be warned — this applies to the audience, too.

To round it all off, the National Anthem is sung with a patriotic fervor that Snead O’Connor would despise. All in all, it’s a great mixture, and the only thing lacking is an audience — on the night I went, only 11 people were there to enjoy the show. To their credit, the ComedySportz troupe kept their energy and enthusiasm high for most of the show.

The players, drawn from all walks of life (one a postal worker, another an insurance salesman, and so on) are uniformly excellent, as is the keyboard player who accompanies their efforts with some fabulously inventive ivory-tinkling.

ComedySportz is a feel-good show that deserves a bigger following. As Young says, “Once people come, they’ll really like it, and they’ll want to come back.”
You can’t smoke pot in Alaska anymore. You can really, but now it’s a crime. Back when the state legislature was full of long-haired, pot-smoking liberals — that would be 1975 — it legalized weed — not everywhere, mind you, just in the privacy of your own home. On November 6, though, it decided that wasn’t such a great idea. Alaska just isn’t as isolated as it once was, so the legislature got with the presidential program. It sold out.

MCA, Inc. recently sold out, too. Well, not really, it sold itself — for money, lots and lots of money. $6 billion in cash. Isolated as it once was, so the legislature got with the presidential program. It sold out.

**STREET SAVVY**

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**FASHION FAUX PAS**

Bed, Bath & Beyond

It’s hard to blame her. It was a little chilly outside. Her jacket was still at the cleaners. Her roommate had already snagged the tablecloth. She thought she had no other choice.

What did she do, you ask? Grab the living room curtains and head for class. She scores big points for ingenuity. Unfortunately, Puttin’ On The Hits is no longer on the air.

Down under, in Australia, things are a lot like Alaska. There are miles of land and more land which isn’t inhabited very much. Unlike Alaska, though, it’s hot and dry there. Alaska is cold and wet, and it snows a lot. Not a lot of people make movies in Alaska, but they do in Australia. Quigley Down Under starred Tom Selleck, who for his first big movie took the High Road to China, which is known to be very busy this time of year. But these days, things are different. You can’t go to China because it isn’t as friendly as it used to be. You can’t go to the Middle East because of all the hot air. You could go to Alaska, though, the coast is nice this time of year. But these days, things are different: Exxon rechristened its shore with a lot of oil, and it’s not pretty.

Pretty Woman was made by Touchstone Pictures, which is owned by the Walt Disney Company, which isn’t owned by a Japanese company. Disney also owns four theme parks around the globe, one of which is in Tokyo, so the Japanese can walk through and ask why they don’t own Donald Duck and Mickey Mouse. They probably think it’s goofy, anyway.

People on pot feel goofy. They like that feeling. They feel good and laugh a lot and don’t get up and drive through their neighbor’s living room. It’s especially important to be able to laugh at home in Alaska, because it’s so cold outside. People used to be able to smoke their Peruvian pot, put E.T. in the living room, and get a swell tan. Meanwhile, I worked on bringing to you the dirt. I somehow metamorphosed. I somehow metamorphosed. I somehow metamorphosed. I somehow metamorphosed.

STEET SAVVY

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**STREET SOCIETY**

By Roy G. Biv

"Everybody Wants Some"

I stared straight into the turkey and saw myself in the stuffing. Heaps of steaming stuffing, shoved deep into the carcass of the big bird — it touched me in way I’ve not been touched before. I somehow metamorphosed. I am no longer Roy G. Biv, proud purveyor of smut and other assorted sordid knick-knacks, no, I’m more youthful, more vigorous. No, I haven’t joined the lacrosse team; I’ve had a genuine metaphysical uprising, and I want to share it with all you people out there in the dark. I realized, finally, while staring into the moist mounds of bread and meat and celery and onions and butter that I am in fact one with womankind.

**A FLOP AND A BOP**

The rain came down Friday night at the touted "exclusive collegiate" soiree of the Thanksgiving Holiday at 20 West in New York City. Tubs, Penn and Michigan were represented. Word has it that the bash went bust. The sponsors were Penn’s own David Wassong and Horace Mann chum Michael Asche. Better was Saturday night’s get-together at a chic upper-East Side restaurant, also sponsored by Wassong and Asche. The Penn crowd preferred flocking to this intimate gathering to braving the storm of Friday night. Birds of a feather...

**SLAVES OF THE SUN**

A junior from a Philly suburb, Jen Merves is probably a nice girl. She probably gets good grades and has a boyfriend with good posture. She may even floss. Just because she has a perfect life doesn’t mean I should hate her, but I do. You see, Merves went to Hawaii and got a sun tan. Meanwhile, I worked on bringing to you the dirt. I could just peel. Equally nauseating is Brett Forman, who went to Atlanta. When asked about his golden brown countenance, Forman — always one for epiphanic utterances — moaned, "We were lucky, the weather was perfect." Maybe a little arsenic in his apple juice would do the trick?

**A ROSE IS A ROSE**

An anonymous surprise party was held at 39th and Fine for a certain tarried birthday boy. Lauren London Calling and roommate, Jess Asche, threw a special shindig. The theme was a bashable feast to cater it. Bubbling by Korvel. Conversation by Steven Zashin. Nobody had a camera, but they sent out for one. "The men of 4040 Walnut! (the boys? the tykes? I worked on bringing to you the dirt)? We were lucky, the weather was perfect." Maybe a little arsenic in his apple juice would do the trick?

**THE NIGHT THE MUSIC DIED**

Last Tuesday, loads and loads of Theta babes were camped out in the middle of the 2nd floor of Smoke’s, invading SDT territory and blocking the formidable influx of jocks. Ringleader Jen McManus led a miserable rendition of “American Pie” as her fellow minions groaned and died. Junior Sharon Kershbaum, Alison Shames, Caren Karmatz, Laurie Staller, Becky Koziell, Rachel Heiman and Katy Brandst present. Mike Pukalig. Sweet Cherry Ice Cream for epiphanic utterances — mooed, “We were lucky, the weather was perfect.”

**NOISE POLLUTION**

Not a good way to keep a girlfriend, eh, Jonathan? Forman — always one for epiphanic utterances — mooed, “We were lucky, the weather was perfect.”

**NEWSFLASH**

ICY HANDS: Finally, some newspaper stories that the bash went bust. The sponsors were Perm’s own David Wassong and Horace Mann chum Michael Asche. Better was Saturday night’s get-together at a chic upper-East Side restaurant, also sponsored by Wassong and Asche. The Penn crowd preferred flocking to this intimate gathering to braving the storm of Friday night. Birds of a feather...

Hey You!

In the spirit of audacious adaptations, Quadramics will stage the Broadway musical Pink Floyd — The Wall next semester as its spring musical. Under the stewardship of Mac Zachary, who bled, sweated and fainted to have this baby come to be, the show will be a multi-media theatrical before bonus. Auditions will not be until January. Info session for the confused tonight at 11p, HRE, Upperlobby.

All names have been changed to protect the innocent.

By Roy G. Biv

"Everybody Wants Some"

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NEWSFLASH: IFC head Bret Forman thinks that BYOB is working.

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Intelligent Life and the Universe?

Costner roams, Sanskrit drones and Predator groans

Dances With Wolves

FOR HIS DIRECTORIAL debut in *Dances with Wolves*, Kevin Costner leaves behind baseball and espionage, tackling the greater issues of the white man's persecution of Native Americans and his subsequent encroachment on the Western Plains. Costner not only directed and produced this spectacularly beautiful three-hour drama but is also his own leading man.

The premise is simple and unpretentious. An army lieutenant, disillusioned with the war and disgusted with life, sets off for a fort in the untamed reaches of the Western frontier. Alone and unprotected in an abandoned, dilapidated outpost, he meets up with the neighboring Sioux tribe, forges a new identity, falls in love, and ultimately learns the value of life.

There is no end to the cliches and smarmy sentiment. What’s more, the contrast between good and evil is clearly defined: the proud, strong Sioux tribe peacefully co-exists with nature; the white soldiers are a filthy, immoral, abominable pack of scoundrels with no respect for the land and the Sioux customs.

Despite this two-dimensional dichotomy, *Dances*, now playing at Sam’s Palace, conveys the important message of loving thy neighbor. For example, the sugary sweet friendship between Lieutenant John Dunbar (Costner) and the Sioux tribe is completely predictable — within the first 15 minutes it’s obvious that they won’t scalp him. However, the relationship evolves in a slow, halting way that is endearing. As such, the simplicity of the film’s message does not weaken its strength.

Much of *Dances with Wolves*’ effectiveness stems from its stunning visual imagery. Rolling across a large screen, the un-touched prairies, clear lakes and majestic hills supply a spectacular panorama. A lone wolf howls at the moon, a buffalo herd stampedes in the early dawn, and crisp white snowflakes blanket the green pines and the tan rawhide tepees. An impassioned musical score, by old-tuner John Barry, further embellishes this expansive view of nature.

Costner’s minute attention to detail lends the film remarkable credibility. Among his more impressive accomplishments, he counted a precise number of buffalo for the hunting scenes, took a crash course in Lakota, the tongue of the Sioux tribe, and made a nationwide search for hundreds of rawhide skirts to create authentic costumes.

Dunbar’s struggle in the wilderness and his search for both physical and emotional survival are reminiscent of Robinson Crusoe’s struggle. Yet, while the primary focus is on Dunbar’s story, *Dances with Wolves* does not center solely on the fate of one man; it also addresses the importance of inter-tribal harmony and its role in preserving the integrity of nature.

— Laura Spivak

**Bye Bye Blues**

AMONG ALL THE BRIEVERS and slay-tests in the theaters during the holiday season, there is at least one small film with a big heart. Anne Wheeler’s *Bye Bye Blues*, a romantic period piece about a woman who single-handedly supports her family during World War II while her husband is imprisoned by the Japanese, is as sweet-natured as they come.

The film, now playing at the Ritz at the Bourse, focuses on Daisy Cooper (Rebecca Jenkins), the wife of a British Army officer (Twin Peaks’ Michael Ontkean) who is transferred from their home in India to Singapore. The pregnant Daisy has no choice but to return to her native Vancouver, to await her husband’s return. Desperate for money, Daisy eventually persuades a local swing band to let her play piano. Under the influence of trombone player Max Gramley (Luke Reilly), who encourages her to overcome her shyness and inexperience, her talent and career take off. But eventually, job and family clash; the band’s increased popularity demands frequent travel, and pulls her away from home. Daisy’s dismay becomes progressively more apparent as she is forced to choose between her career and her judgmental children.

Jenkins turns in a heartfelt performance. Writer-director Anne Wheeler delves into Daisy’s soul, watching her subtle-yet-powerful growth as a character. She evolves from an insecure, mewing wife to the hip center of a tight swing combo. With success she gains confidence and the affection of Max. The ensuing complications of Daisy and Max’s rocky affair provide *Bye Bye Blues* only real tension.

The songs Daisy sings throughout the film, although standards of the era, are carefully chosen. They quietly express a sense of longing and lost love; the story’s underlying innocence are precisely what makes *Bye Bye Blues* so appealing.

— Marc Zachary

**Predator 2**

SOME OF THE rumor of 1987’s *Predator* came from seeing the irony of a monster in a man’s suit — Arnold Schwarzenegger playing Arnold Schwarzenegger — battle a man in a monster’s suit — the erect reptilian hothead, obviously being played by a big actor (Kevin Peter Hall) wearing a big net and some fangs.

Otherwise, the special effects were groovy; infrared chic set against green jungle funk. “If it bleeds vee can kill eeh” seemed seaworthy enough. Director John McTieman showed signs that he would go on to the kinetic master of *Die Hard* and the *Hunt for Red October*. A transparent blur for most of the film, the Predator swooped down from mysterious perches to gut and flay his human prey. The chilling effect was of the jungle just coming alive.

Even the theme was compelling: turning the tables on man: the environment rebelling against our war-making and our own bellicose nature taking form to wreak havoc on us. A sequel was inevitable, if not necessarily needed, as it would merely highlight an essentially idiotic premise and force more implausible plotting. No matter, *Predator 2* (now playing at Eric 3 on Campus) busts into theaters in the hope of hoovering some cold holiday cash. And it’s a worse embarrassment than *Robocop* 2. Brought to us by predatorial producer Joel Silver, who gave us the ace actioners *Lethal Weapon* and *Die Hard* as well as the respectable, if reckless, sequels — so he should know better — *Predator 2* is an example of how not to make a sequel, let alone an action movie.

There’s no Arnold, no McTieman, no jungle, no Jesse “The Body” Ventura — and if you want to be technical, not even the same Predator (member Arnold iced the last one); maybe this one, who arrives in a crime-infested, third-world scarred L.A in 1997, is a distant cousin or an irate creditor.

Instead, we earn Stephen Hopkins — fresh from one of Freddy’s nightmares — directing, Danny Glover, Maria Conchita Alonso, Ruben Blades, and Bill Paxton playing cops who grow licky once criminals start dying in weird ways: Pred’s modus operandi consists of ripping out the spinal cord and the brain, the best of which he saves for the trophy room aboard his spaceship. But when his comrades start dying one by one in silly and wildly suspenseful but mostly showy and boring action scenes, Glover becomes a one-man wrecking crew. To make matters worse, Gary Busey shows up as a federal agent bent on capturing the alien in order to study it.

The film starts in fourth gear and never lets up; it tries everything to get our attention, short of mooning us. The scenes seem powered by a clunky outboard engine gone haywire. Character development is treated like a four-letter word. Danny Glover huffs and puffs a lot; he’s an earnest actor, but here, without the benefit of a discernible script, he’s all righteous indignation and turgid pontification. *Predator 2* is a big, horribly wasteful, slipped job. It may eat meat, but it’s far down on the food chain.

— Michael Geszel
The Mahabharata

The TASK BRITISH theatrical giant Peter Brook set for himself was daunting to say the least: to turn an ancient Sanskrit epic poem over 10 times the length of the Bible into a three-hour motion picture. Although the end result does not equal the conception's grandeur, it is to Brook's credit that he made the attempt at all.

The Mahabharata (opening Friday at the Roxy) is of such mammoth scale that a simple synopsis is virtually impossible. The title means "the great story of mankind," which might provide some insight into the film's essence. On one level, the film tells the story of two families, the Pandavas and the Kauravas, whose mythological conflict is at the core of a convoluted saga of fatal curses, deadly weapons, strange creatures, and black magic.

But, in addition, the central struggle is a battle between good and evil, an allegory for man's capacity for self-destruction, and a model for all Hindu culture. It's also a rattling good yarn with all the trimmings: sex, violence, and romance, hirsute villains, brave heroes, and adorable females.

To reinforce the universal nature of this monumental tale, Brook has gathered together a multi-racial cast of unknown but uniformly excellent players. The costumes and sets are remarkable in their elaborate elegance, and the music is perfectly attuned to the action.

The main problem is one of distillation: director Brook and screenwriter Jean-Claude Carriere's original theatrical Mahabharata lasted nine hours, and any effort to condense the play into three hours of film would inevitably be flawed. Consequently, the film becomes increasingly frustrating and is plagued with gaping plot holes, two-dimensional characters and barely explained subplots.

More damaging, however, is the almost total absence of humor or lightness of touch. Perhaps the filmmakers thought that attempts at wit would diminish the significance of the piece; as such, their overly dignified treatment of the source often borders on austerity.

The actors deliver their lines with a po-faced reverence that is too easy. If you've found a pair of prescription Wayfarers with a trendy brown Croakies strap, you'll win a free CD. Good enough? If you've got the loot, bring it to 34th Street Offices, 4015 Walnut St. and we'll set you up nice.

Salaam Bombay!

When Mira Nair's film Salaam Bombay! lost the Best Foreign Film Award to Pelle the Conqueror in 1989, the young Indian filmmaker slipped quietly away, with her under-appreciated tale of the mean streets of Bombay, India following soon after. Sadly enough, downers in Hindi don't ring bells at Hot Hits Video Stores and second run drive-ins. But the Peron Film Society knows better: full of guts and character, this mesmerizing jour-
Patricia Oreo is pissed.
The you-go-my-goat 10-year-old has filed a class-action suit against Arista Records, the company that released Milli Vanilli’s debut album Girl You Know It’s True. Her demand: $300 per album purchaser. Her reason: Milli Vanilli are fakes. Her rancor: they ripped her off.

Milli Vanilli, the dreadlocked duo of Fabrice Morvan and Robert Pilatus, were but mere ornaments — pop-up, cut-out fabrications of the recording industry. Neither Morvan or Pilatus so much as murmured on Girl. But nobody knew that, least of all the Grammy committee, which awarded them Best New Artist of 1989. When the truth came out, Morvan and Pilatus were shunned, shamed and, finally, stripped of their Grammy. Pilatus has just been charged with sexual assault. So it goes. It’s a clear-cut case of “I’ve got the brains, you’ve got the looks, let’s sexual assault. So it goes. It’s a clear-cut case of

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Meanwhile, pop culture pedants wonder out loud whether this case is one more example of the synthetic ‘80s or a reflection of an amoral record industry. But whatever they decide, the facts are in, and Patricia Oreo has still been cheated out of $8.99. Did Patricia ask for it? Have we, the youth of America demanded so much of our entertainers that we’ve for-said Janet Jackson to lip-sync so that she can concentrate on style, while her producers take care of the substance? Is Milli Vanilli the end result? Two no-talent pretty boys with thick German accents? Does any of this matter?

Sergio Gonzales and Ruben Gomez were on their way to Venezuela when a dog sniffed marijuana in their pants. Big deal, you say? Gonzales, age 18 and Gomez, just 16, were coming out of Mexico City with a little party favor. After all, what teens don’t try to stuff a little snuff in their drawers on the way through customs? But these two aren’t just any teens. They were members of the squeaky-clean rock group Menudo (it roughly means “pocket money” in Spanish), the object of many-a-pre-pubescent’s obscure desire. But the irony runs only skin deep. Menudo, active in Nancy Reagan’s “Just Say No” campaign, had billed itself as a model for youth. And why not? In these trying times, a country steeped in scandal and on the brink of war, who the hell are we to look down on Menudo for teaming up with the White House?

Gonzales, the older one, was no doubt the kingpin in this little operation. Realizing that at age 18, all his best years were behind him, poor Sergio turned to a life of drugs, trying to numb himself as the ax neared the end of its fall. Gomez, still ripe at 16, followed Sergio’s lead, probably just “trying to be cool” and win the love of Sergio, whom they both knew would inevitably get the rub-out.

At any rate, their manager Oscar Llord and their label Sonotone Music have booted the boys out of the band. This premature evacuation has caused an even bigger dilemma for the band: do they hold auditions or take the first two hopefuls off the Menudo wait-list?
The Menudo was an accident waiting to happen. The group’s members don’t play any instruments and are replaced as soon as they lose their teen-appeal (around age 20). As the armpit hair starts to get thick, Menudo-ites are given the message “You don’t fit in — get out.” Some say that the boys wanted to be caught, that the whole ugly incident was a cry for help.

Have all our heroes abandoned us? On the Arsenio Hall Show, Corey Haim was complimented on the focus of his 1-900 hotline. Arsenio was visibly impressed that “The Haimster” didn’t recite his list of fave dates (from long walks on the beach to pondering the more subtle intricacies of Milton), but gave some good advice on drugs. Corey looked up at Hall and rather sheepishly agreed, though he admitted he couldn’t remember exactly what he’d said. The truth: he had been pretty wired at the time. Here’s to ‘fessing up on national television. Corey’s message? Drugs — Don’t Do ’Em.

Milli Vanilli, Margaret Thatcher, Menudo, the Berlin Wall — all these names will soon be nothing more than bits of trivia and answers to Jeopardy questions.

Debra Lima of the DP Photo Staff was handcuffed (she later testified to enjoying it) and dragged to the third stall of the women’s bathroom for a little make-over. She returned as Vanity Glair — the Goddess of Lurve.

When we found our four-eyed Deb she was gussied up in her little button down and T-shirt. Our make-over assistants hosed down her mane and gave it a little lift. After applying a bit of war paint, she seemed to settle quite nicely into her new persona. In fact, it was Debra who took control of the wardrobe selection. The mini skirt, fishnets, and leather seemed to unleash the captured beast within her. A rock ’n’ roll revolution had begun.

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The past weeks aren’t all that surprising. We’re in the midst of a great epoch in music and culture as a new pop-star world order is being held. The world may be crying herself to sleep, but here in South Jersey little six-year-olds are demanding “It’s so, Menudo?” into the still of the night. There is no time to panic.

...the people of a tarnished nation, having been betrayed by those we trusted most do herebyilde to set the world on fire and lead a nation out of poverty in order to form a more perfect, non-nauseating, union.

...we have recognized there was a problem...
He Comes in Colors

Interview: Vernon Reid

BY JEFF BUCHOLTZ

In 1988, Living Colour broke rock music's color barrier with their platinum debut Vivid. Saturday, December 8th, this band of black pioneers in the lily-white genre of hard rock hits the Tower Theater to perform from their follow-up album Time's Up.

In a recent phone interview, guitarist Vernon Reid explained the significance of the boxed-set as "Time's Up. Featuring experiments with rap, reggae, and hardcore, the September release proves that Living Colour wasn't content to make Vivid II.

The serious and thought-provoking music performed by Living Colour stands in sharp contrast to most of today's popular platters. Reid feels he has maintained his "fundamental ideology," despite five years in the music industry, and will change, but it can only really change with effort from everybody.

But throughout, Reid is hopeful and rational, never vengeful or cynical. "Type" carries the message that "everything is possible"; the slowburner "This is the Life" exhorts the listener to make the most of what he has, and not to dwell on "what might have been." He perceives many serious problems, but doesn't seem depressed about them. He would rather work towards a solution than complain, even if his complaint is justified.

According to Reid, "a lot of people are diggin' the fact that America seems like it's not really headed in any direction. It's a kind of entropic doom. He hasn't been subjected to thought-police persecution (yet) for any of his comments, but Reid is concerned with censorship.

"The powers that be are very nervous about the direction of America [and because they're nervous] people like Jesse Helms are worried about keeping the people in line." But Reid is confident that democracy will prevail, and that the people will keep their elected representatives in line.

Living Colour experiments with sampling on a few tracks on Time's Up, such as the spokenword "History Lesson." Intrigued by the musical potential of modern technology, Reid, though, worries that it will replace creativity.

He likes "U Can't Touch This" because Hammer didn't just sample something, he added to it." One wonders what he thinks of Vanilla Ice.

To his knowledge, no one has sampled a Living Colour song yet. But Reid says he wouldn't mind at all, "as long as it was funky." He thinks that the sampling craze will subside; people will be afraid of lawsuits, or just get tired of it.

You might think that Reid would get the most satisfaction from seeing his Black Rock Coalition become successful, or from helping to change society. But the unassuming Reid denies all of that. His biggest thrill: "It was during the tour, I was in an Econ-O-Lodge, and I found out Vivid had gone gold. That was real emotional, and I couldn't believe it had happened to me."
**Meet Johnson at the crossroads**

**BY DAVID TAFELSKI**

Hey, Ralph Macchio, no need to track down Willie Brown to find that elusive Robert Johnson tune — they've all just been issued on Columbia's two-CD boxed edition.

A resurgence of interest in early blues has prompted Columbia Records to jump on the bandwagon, following the trend. Chess Records, in rereissuing Blues classics and Johnson tunes, began a decade ago.

Robert Johnson (1911-1938) led the way for the blues musicians of the future. All the greats of the day passed through his Mississippi Delta hometown — from Howlin' Wolf to the future. All the greats of the day passed through his Memphis Slim to Robert Nighthawk — and he jammed with all of them. But Johnson was among the first to record Mississippi Delta to the blues.

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The set also comes with a 47-page booklet that contains all you'd ever need to teach a killer class on the blues. It includes Robert Johnson by contemporary guitar players like Keith Richards and Eric Clapton. A transcription of each song is included, with the many spoken (and ordinarily unintelligible) lines between verses and even footnote-readings of the slang of the day.

Study-guides are a neat plus, but the music is the point. Quite simply, Johnson knew what it was all about — and one listen will show you. "Runnin' down to the station, catch that old first mail train / I see / I got the blues about Mississippi Delta."

Definitive of early blues in and of itself, this collection pays homage to one of the most important contributors to the music of the twentieth century. It not only gives the listener a feel for the times from which Johnson's art evolved, but also highlights the intense emotion at the heart of every song.

"I just ain't satisfied," sang Johnson back in 1936. And yet, with this boxed set prompting the recognition he so deserves, perhaps he finally will be.

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**Mo' Better Buddy**

**BY ELAINE BEEBE**

Yeah, the blues ain't nothing' but a good man feelin' bad. And Buddy Guy knows it.

"Most of us sing about everyday life. The problems we've had, that's all we've ever sung about — life itself is a problem. Hopefully somebody stops and says, 'I hear what he's sayin,' " says the Chicago bluesman.

Buddy Guy's been jammin' in Chicago since before we were born. Actually, he runs a club between gigs — Buddy Guy's Legend. And a legend he is — in his own right.

Guy was born in Louisiana in 1936. But in his formative years as a musician, the club scene wasn't all it was cracked up to be. "There wasn't a lot of clubs down there in Baton Rouge then," says Guy, exposing the mythical musical Mecca. "They had a place in Baton Rouge called the Temple Room, and they used to have somebody there every Monday night, like Big Joe Turner, T-Bone Walker, B. B. King."

Unfortunately, he didn't get to see his now-favorite bluesmen down in Louisiana. "They never had Muddy Waters, Howlin' Wolf, people like that. When my parents finally got a battery radio, then we started pickin' up WLAC outta Nashville, that's when I could pick up the Texas stuff."

An inspiration, Buddy picked up and headed north to Chicago. "September 25, 1957," he recalls proudly, "I opened for the first time without eating. I told some stranger and they told Muddy," he recalls. "Forty-five minutes later somebody came up to me and slapped me and told me I was hungry. I said, 'No, I'm not — who are you? I was gettin' ready to fight back, then he said, 'I'm Muddy Waters.' I said, 'I knew that's what you was about — and one listen will show you.'"

Definitive of early blues in and of itself, this collection pays homage to one of the most important contributors to the music of the twentieth century. It not only gives the listener a feel for the times from which Johnson's art evolved, but also highlights the intense emotion at the heart of every song.

I just ain't satisfied," sang Johnson back in 1936. And yet, with this boxed set prompting the recognition he so deserves, perhaps he finally will be.
STAN, STAN
The Comic Book Man

by Jeff Newelt

"Spider-Man, where are you coming from! / Spider-Man, nobody knows who you are."

After each episode of "Electric Company," I would run around my kitchen singing these lyrics from the show's Spider-Man theme song. Only now I know where "Spider" comes from.

Everyone's favorite web-spinner is just one of a slew of legendary comic book characters created by Stan Lee. The Hulk, The Fantastic Four, Silver Surfer, the X-Men—all sprang from Lee's precocious imagination.

Stan "The Man," as he's known to fans, now publishes Marvel Comics, which sells over 200 million comic books a year, and chairs the Los Angeles-based Marvel Entertainment. Today, Lee's heroes are everywhere. They're in comics, cartoons, movies, television, Underwoods, even on lunchboxes.

It's no secret that Lee (originally Stanley Martin) is more than just a guy saving the world. The Fantastic Four, Hulk, and Spider-Man are hardly superman abilities.

Lee and Batman, who rarely worried about battling villains and alien invasion, were both super and human. Lee has more concerned with getting a leg up on the market and bringing home a quart of milk for lunch than saving the world. The Fantastic Four, Hulk, and Spider-Man all have human weaknesses.

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Lee is no longer involved with the making of the comic books themselves, but his hands are full with a new duty—bribe agents of Marvel heroes from the comics to both television and the silver screen.

He talks about this expansion with an enthusiasm that's almost human, not from a studio executive discussing a movie, but from a true believer. Lee's devotion to his creation, the Marvel Universe, is absolute, and he has the backing of the movie studios. Marvel has sold the rights to every major comic book hero, and Lee says he'd love to be a part of the movie industry.

"We're the people who've made a name for ourselves, and we're the people who've made the world. We're the people who've made the world. We're the people who've made the world.

Lee is a man who has been involved in the movie industry, and he says he's been involved in the movie industry,

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SCRAMBLED EGGS
by Michael Geszel

My parents are a little crazy. I am a little crazy. I don't blame my parents for being crazy. But I do blame them for making me crazy.

True, protestations of being slightly askew don't help you perceive. It's just that I don't want to take responsibility for being a kook. Take that societal pressure that says the dewy young should by the age of twenty-two assume responsibility for its actions and thoughts and rotate. I plead insanity by heredity and habituation. Judge, my parents are just, well, odd. Cut me some slack. Max Somebody once wrote, "There are two kinds of people in the world: those who lose their dry-cleaning slips and those who don't."

Now, I could regale you with clever anecdotes about how I manage to misplace my keys while they are still in my purse. I could tell you about my sizeable stack of ideas that are all not yet realized. But what usually happens is something like this:

The phone rings.
The Young Man slowly awakens and picks up the phone.
The Mother left a message on his answering machine, he has yet to call her back.

Saturday morning. Early. Very early for the Young Man, age twenty-two, who sleeps in the bed. He is dreaming.

"ACTION!"
The phone rings.
The Young Man slowly awakens and picks up the phone.
The Young Man's Mother on the phone: "Get Up! Get Up! Get Up!"
The Young Man says nothing.
The Mother: "Get up!"
The Young Man thinks nothing.
The Thoughts: (the phone just rang on the answering machine...Did you pick it up? What are you holding? The phone? Yes, you are holding...the Mother: "I have to ask you something!"
The Thoughts: "the phone. It is copped to your ear. Your toes are cold. Your mother is on the phone, telling you to get up. What time is it? The ceiling is very white. Time? Time-Time..."
The Young Man yawns.
The Thoughts: "Again: Your mother is on the phone."

More of the Thoughts: "My mother is on the phone..."
The Thoughts: "Yes."

More of the Thoughts: "Why?"
The Thoughts: "You know why."
The Young Man: "Hello!"

The Thoughts: "Good morning. You are no longer asleep. You are lucky...why?...you are lucky because you are in a soft bed...but your toes are cold...blonde...a face out of...of..."
The Mother: "Son?"
The Thoughts: "Mother."
The Mother: "Are you in any trouble? Are you in any real trouble?"

The Thoughts: "What did she just ask?"
The Young Man: "What? No...I-I've just been (jazz music)."
The Thoughts: "Wrong. Wrong. What time is it? You smirk. Breezeho-hoo-hoo-scrubble-dada. You realize: No one is in this bed but you. When did you take a shower last?"
The Mother: "Well, then I'm livid. I'm just livid."
The Thoughts: "Livid? Rhymes with vivid? Color? Living color? Did you dream in living color? A touch of velvet...velvet...woman...What time is it? You don't know, but the blue, very blue digital read-out on the clock says 10:14. Is it really 10:14?"
The Mother: "I am very livid."
The Thoughts: "Livid? Means angry?"

More of the Thoughts: "Why?"
The Young Man: "Mom, it's Saturday morning. I know I spoke to dad on Thursday."
The Thoughts: "You're not doing well. You're bombing. Your toes are cold. You like jazz music. Maybe you should hang up the phone? Yes. Get off the phone as soon as you can and re-evaluate...flames...fire...flames..."
The Mother: "You should be ashamed. This is unacceptable. This is very bad of you. You are..."
The Young Man: "Mom, not now...it's early in the morning and...not now..."
The Thoughts: "Your toes are cold and I just felt a breeze...the rest of you is burning,...burning..."
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The Thoughts: "Your toes are cold and I just felt a breeze...the rest of you is burning,...burning..."
The Mother: "You should be ashamed. This is unacceptable. This is very bad of you. You are..."
The Young Man: "Mom, not now...it's early in the morning and...not now..."

More of the Thoughts: "Go back to sleep."
The Young Man: "Mom...not now...OK?"
The Mother (stressed): "Son?"
The Thoughts: "MOTHER!!"
The Young Man: "Mom, this is ridiculous."
The Mother: "No!"
The Thoughts: "No?"
The Mother: "I have to hang up now."
The Thoughts: "Don't you dare hang up this phone before...
The Young Man hangs up.
The Thoughts: "You didn't hang up on you mother. But you came as close to hanging up on her as you care to. Don't worry. No worry. The ceiling is very white. Just don't worry now. Your toes are cold...the rest of you is burning...burning...white...white..."

More of the Thoughts: "Your mother will never talk to you again. Remember to call your father...your mother will never talk to you again...remember to call your father...YOU MUST HEAR WHAT WILL NEVER TALK TO Y.O.U. EVER AGAIN."
The Young Man tries to go to sleep. He wants to dream, but the ceiling is very white and his toes are cold.

"CUT!"
The prosecution rests — but can't get any sleep.

Salad daze
by Sarah Dunn

There are two kinds of people in the world: those who lose their dry-cleaning slips and those who don't.

If you never lose your dry-cleaning slips, you might as well stop reading this column. I have a feeling of demotivation big enough to counteract the nagging conviction that what I've really done is run a bunch of stupid errands that probably would have taken care of themselves, eventually.

As it turns out, however, if I don't forget to write the six things down in the first place, I lose the card. If I don't lose the card, then I simply forget to look at it. If I happen to look at the card, I decide that it would be more fun to wander around aimlessly for a few hours than wait in line for postage stamps.

I've come to terms with the fact that I will never be an effective, organized person. My Filofax will never be so highly evolved that I can use it to amaze and battle my friends. Dry-cleaning slips will continue to elude me.

But maybe, if I work on it for a few more years, I will be able to keep my keys on that nail.
GUIDE STREET

FILM

Guides listings are effective Friday.

REPERTORY

Roxy Screening Room, 2021
Saxum Room, 561-0114

Thurs. — 6:30, 11:30


FRANKENHOOKER: Just doin’ the do.

ROCKY HORROR PICTURE SHOW: Fun for the whole family. Showtimes: Sat. — Midnight

Temple Cinematheque, 3619
Walnut St., 787-1220

THE SHOP ON MAIN STREET: Main Street, Czechoslovakia. Showtimes: Fri. — 7, 8, 9, 10.

Penn Film Society, 861-8400

SUSAN’S TRAVELS: Preston Sturges’ story of a filmmaker’s journey to the abyss and back again is simply brilliant. Go see it! Showtimes: Sat. — 7, 9, 11

CRAZY. Crazy, mixed-up futuristic vision by Terry Gilliam. Showtimes: Mon.-Thurs. — 7, 9, 11, 1

Temple International, 3701
Cheistnut St.

CHINA DIARY/SUNLESS DAYS: Two views of recent change in China, one pre- and one post-Tiananmen Square. Showtimes: Fri.-Sun.

Franklin Institute Museum, 2601
Franklin Parkway at 214th St., 925-7900 Call for times

International House, 3701
Cheistnut St.

PREDATOR 2

Showtimes: Fri-Sun — 1, 4, 7, 10.

GOODFELLAS


HENRY AND JUNE

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

CHINA DIARY

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

GREEN PLANET

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

FILM

3:05, 5:15, 7:20, 9:30

NEW YORKER

3:05, 5:15, 7:20, 9:30

REVERSAL OF FORTUNE

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

THE FRENCH RENAISSANCE

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

SULLIVAN’S TRAVELS:

Preston Sturges’ story of a 10-year-old boy alone in the streets of Baltimore — not particularly uplifting but a must see. SEE REVIEW PAGE 5. Showtimes: Thu.-Sat.

JACOB’S LADDER

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

DYNAGROOVE

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

NOW SLY only needs three more to catch the record books. What happened at the end, anyway? Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

PUPPET SHOWS: 2 (OMMRCIAI

Showtimes: Fri-Sun — 1, 4, 7, 10.

GHOST

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10.

REVERSAL OF FORTUNE

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

FOUR WEDDINGS AND A FUNERAL

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

BILLY PENN BAND

w/HOGAN’S HEROES

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

DYNAGROOVE

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

TED KING

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

TUNE IN TONIGHT...

SATURDAY

MAXI PRIEST

FRI

THEATRE

DYNAGROOVE

w/REAL MAN

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

REPUBLICAN PARTY CONVENTION

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

PRESIDENTIAL ROYALTY SHOW

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

BILLY PENN BAND

w/HOGAN’S HEROES

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

DYNAGROOVE

w/REAL MAN

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REPUBLICAN PARTY CONVENTION

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA

Showtimes: Fri. — 1, 4, 7, 10, 13.

MUSIC

PRESIDENTIAL ROYALTY SHOW

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