DA rests case in Robertson murder trial

BY MATTHEW SELMAN and MICHAEL SHOHUL

MEDIA — A blessing from the University student newspaper, the student body and the university administration stood on the sidelines and watched as defendant Ar-![...]

Penn News' owner Monk subpoenaed

State begins vestigation

By SCOTT CALVEIT

Penn Daily News

State Attorney General Dan Lowy's office on Monday served subpoenas on the Pittsburgh-based newspaper, questioning its role in covering a murder trial here last fall. The subpoenas are part of an investigation into the handling of the murder trial of Москве and his co-defendant, Alexander Mon-![...]

Questions remain why AIDS Week not held

By JOSE BONANNA

Daily Pennsylvanian Stall Writer

The Pennsylvania KALIDAS Awareness Week was tentatively planned to take place in April, but was canceled because it was not scheduled.

Students met with 'resentment' at pro-Iraq forum

By STEPHEN GLASS

The Pennsylvania Daily News

Students met with 'resentment' at pro-Iraq forum

By NATE LINHOL

The Pennsylvania Daily News

Malcolm X's widow speaks on methods for improving society

Spotlight

This will be a busy week for performances at the campus theater. Penn students are encouraged to purchase their tickets in advance, as the shows get ready to open.

Inside

AIDS

AIDS activist Douglas Crimp spoke yesterday at the CA about recent developments in the field.

McDonald's

McDonald's is one of the largest fast-food chains in the world. It is known for its burgers, chicken, fries, and milkshakes.

Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania is a state located in the northeastern United States. It is known for its history, culture, and natural beauty.

Malcolm X

Malcolm X was an African-American civil rights leader and writer who spoke out against racial discrimination and for the rights of black people.

The Daily Pennsylvania

The Daily Pennsylvania is the independent student newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania. Founded in 1888.
By ROXANNE PATLAR

Old arguments mark Walk forum

Approximately 30 students re-

shaped old arguments about the

status of Jimbo Jimbo on Locust Walk

at an open forum sponsored yester-

day by the Student Assembly in room

305 of Houston Hall.

Discussion centered around

President Shideler Hackney's re-

sponse that committee members had

said the walk must begin with the re-

source of last semester's controversies

by Garfinkel's limiting charge,

ber Amadce Braxton said. "I would

ignore the charge altogether.

Garfinkel's charge that the

president's charge should not lead

the committee is nonexistent with

the possibility of many other com-

mittee members, illustrating that many

of last semester's controversies may

not yet be settled.

But Garfinkel's stance that the

system itself represents diversity

from the Walk, said the fraternity

chanted, "Victory to Iraq

Shabazz speaks at Irvine

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"DONT SCREW AROUND."
**Spotlight**

**A look at performing arts events**

**Women's theater shows to begin this weekend**

By SUNG-AH
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

The second annual Women's Theater Festival will open Saturday with a wide array of one-act plays by and about women. Eleven different shows will be performed during the week-long event.

According to Katie Goodwin, co-founder of the event, the festival is organized in conjunction with the annual Women's Film Festival. The festival offers shows on various issues including sexual harassment.

English Professor Linda Kurt, who helped organize the event last year, said that since last year's festi-

**Loophole dramatic, professional**

By BEDEE GLEET
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

Loophole Productions made a successful debut in the University theater arts community last night with a one-act play that launched the Women's Theater Festival. The play, titled "Arms Straight Out," was a hit with the audience.

Theotis, an actor and playwright, said he had been working on the play for several months and that he was excited to see it performed on stage.

The play, which was directed by Professor Linda Kurt, featured a group of friends who are struggling to overcome their personal issues and find their way in the world. The cast included performers from various departments, including drama, music, and dance.

The play ended on a strong note, and the audience gave it a standing ovation.

**Review**

**The Glee Club puts on a happy face in a rehearsal for its upcoming show.**

By VIRGINIA WOODRUFF
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

The Glee Club puts on a happy face in a rehearsal for its upcoming show. The group's annual show, "Step Right Up! The Great Canary Caper," opens tonight at the Zellerbach Theater, parodying the circus and musicals.

The group's eight vocal soloists are led by Debra Lima, who said she is excited to see the show performed.

"I'm really looking forward to tonight," she said. "I think the audience will love it."

The show opens with a scene where the Glee Club members are dressed as circus performers and are singing, "Good to the Last Drop."

Bloomers is a theater group that performs plays about women's issues. The group is known for its innovative and thought-provoking productions.

Bloomers is currently performing a production of "The Women's Theater Festival," which is a collection of one-act plays written by women. The festival is held annually to promote women's voices and issues.

The show is directed by Professor Linda Kurt, who is also the co-founder of the Women's Theater Festival. Kurt said that the festival has been a success and that she is looking forward to future festivals.

"We are really excited to see all of the different shows," she said. "We think that the festival is a great way to bring attention to issues that are important to women."
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Inspection blamed in crash

BY DANIEL ROSENBERG

Last year's Market-Frankford line subway crash that killed four people was a result of SEPTA's failure to catch Street Scubbin' weekly in 34th Street Inspection blamed in Crash

Car, leading to the derailment of the fourth car which adequated safety review programs for mass transit systems. The March 7 accident killed four people and injured five when a motor fell off the bottom of the train's fourth car, leading to the derailment of the fourth car which adequated safety review programs for mass transit systems. In response to the Safety Board's report, Southeast Pennsylvania Transportation Authority officials said in a statement yesterday that it has already increased the frequency of safety checks on the motor support system every two days. In addition, the officials said they would like to explore in Market Frankford East, as recommended by a 1989 survey which concluded that the 10 major operating systems on the cars require an adequate safety review programs for mass transit systems. Philadelphia Transportation Authority officials said in a statement yesterday that it has already increased the frequency of safety checks on the motor support system every two days. In addition, the officials said they would like to explore in Market Frankford East, as recommended by a 1989 survey which concluded that the 10 major operating systems on the cars require an adequate safety review programs for mass transit systems. The Safety Board also suggested to state legislators that they create an agency or assign an existing agency to regulate and enforce safety on the state's rapid transit systems.

The Safety Board made several recommendations to SEPTA to improve its safety system. First, the board advised that the maintenance and inspection program be improved in order to ensure the quality of all SEPTA railroad equipment. In addition, the board recommended that SEPTA develop an improved evacuation system that includes a public address system, separate fire exit from electric waling, on elevated subway cars. Also, SEPTA should provide passengers with an evacuation operation instructions in the event of a train derailment. However, SEPTA employee-training sessions must be created to include passengers and personnel, the board said.

The Safety Board also suggested to state legislators that they create an agency or assign an existing agency to regulate and enforce safety on the state's rapid transit systems.

Prosecution rests in Robertson hearing

The restaurant became a popular hangout for the departed Butcher, who lived in the area. Other witnesses included a police firearms expert who said the .45-caliber bullet casing removed from Robertson's body indicated the death was the result of a direct shot and not a ricochet, fired from a handgun. Robertson's body indicated his death was the result of a direct shot and not a ricochet, fired from a handgun. Robertson's body indicated his death was the result of a direct shot and not a ricochet, fired from a handgun.

Prosecutors also called a police narcotics officer who testified that he received a phone call from Butcher in February 1991, after the defendant had fled to Ohio and become a fugitive wanted by both Chester County police and the FBI. The officer said Butcher told him he had shot Robertson and had planned to turn himself in when he had enough money to hire a good lawyer. The officer said he was asked by Robertson to call in the phone conversation why it shot Robertson. He said Butcher repeated three times, "He was fucking with me. Robertson's attorney was unsuccessful in motions to "dismiss" the murder charges against Butcher. In the face of evidence that indicated Butcher had already been tried in county court to close gun Butcher meant to kill Robertson. The defense will begin calling witnesses tomorrow at 9:30. Attorneys said they expect the case will continue through Monday.

Prosecution rests in Robertson hearing

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THE PENN GLEE CLUB presents
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With seven reported cases of measles on campus and a recent scare in neighboring Shadyside, people across Philadelphia, it just makes sense to check up on your status before you get too near a classroom. With the exception of Mar Jeanine Collins, everyone on campus under 35 years of age should contact the University Health Service immediately to check their status. Those who need to be reimmunized can call 381-9555.

Student Health early in the morning and set up an appointment with the University Health Service. Public health officials are predicting that this is the beginning of another measles epidemic and urge the student body to be immunized.

Anyone failing to ensure that they are immunized is not only hurting themselves, but potentially endangering other members of the community. So take the time to make sure you are up to date.

Policy on Submissions

The Daily Pennsylvanian welcomes comments from the university community in the form of news and opinion pieces. All opinions must be signed. Submissions should be typed or written legibly and must be double-spaced. All material should include the author’s name, college major and class year. The Daily Pennsylvanian reserves the right to condense and edit all submissions. Submissions should not exceed one page in length.

Letters to the Editor

The Daily Pennsylvanian welcomes letters to the editor from all members of the University community. Letters must be signed and must not exceed one page in length. All opinions are encouraged. The Daily Pennsylvanian reserves the right to condense and edit all letters.

Letters should be typed or written legibly and must be double-spaced. All material should include the author’s name, college major and class year. The Daily Pennsylvanian reserves the right to condense and edit all letters.

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The Committee to Diversify Locust Walk is interested in your opinion about how to diversify the walk. Please share your views at the following open forums:

**WEDNESDAY, FEBRUARY 20th at noon**
Room 110, Annenberg School

**THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 21st at 5:00 p.m.**
Room 110, Annenberg School
**Off the Wire**

**Skirmishing intensifies along border of Kuwait**

By Mark Woodward

The Daily Pennsylvania

Thursday, February 21, 1991

The Persian Gulf is half a world from the White House to troops officials said. Types of chemical rounds with ders have been issued various bunkers were destroyed and as attacked an Iraqi bunker com—refused to say where the wounded in a ground engage—POWs and other intelligence have evidence Iraq plans to use —U.S. commanders say they have evidence Iran is using chemical weapons in response to an allied ground assault, fore—tanks to fight in gas masks and —POWs and other intelligence sources, Iraq defense commum—have been issued various types of chemical rounds with authority to use them at will, officials said. Black rain fell again on the from front-line bunkers to the desert for news of all-out war. The U.S.-dominated allied coalition expected to launch a ground offensive in the Persian Gulf War if Iraq does not leave Kuwait, which it insisted August 3. Dumas continued condemning —a light hundreds of Iraqi gunners zeroed in on a U.S. Iraq and Kuwait, and the world waited for Bush to give his own —mark's Queen Margrethe II, renewed the U.S. demand for its reply, its official radio re—

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NEC members will hold office hours Monday from 11 am to 4 pm any Tuesday from 12 to 5 pm to answer questions & accept applications.

Applications due in the NEC office by Tuesday, February 26 at 5 pm.

Questions? Call Shoshana Schwartz at 898-8908 or 573-7906.
Kentuckian Johnson isn't everything to basketball

In a couple of weeks, Johnson's basketball career with the Big Red will be over, but although it is difficult to find a time when basketball is not on his mind, he is happy and able to think about the next step. He hopes to attend University of Kentucky Law School. Johnson's basketball career with the Big Red will be over, but although it is difficult to find a time when basketball is not on his mind, he is happy and able to think about the next step. He hopes to attend University of Kentucky Law School. Johnson's basketball career with the Big Red will be over, but although it is difficult to find a time when basketball is not on his mind, he is happy and able to think about the next step. He hopes to attend University of Kentucky Law School. Johnson's basketball career with the Big Red will be over, but although it is difficult to find a time when basketball is not on his mind, he is happy and able to think about the next step. He hopes to attend University of Kentucky Law School.
Redmen paint over Orange men, 77-72

No. 2 Buckeyes defeat Illini; Tisch buys 50 percent of Giants

The New York Times Crossword

Wednesday, February 21, 1991 • The Daily Pennsylvania • Page 11

Edited by Eugene T. Magida

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Big led point guard Steve Johnson (left) fights for a loose ball during Cornell's win over the Quakers two weeks ago in Ithaca.

By DEREK LOWENSTEIN

Only five years after former Penn football player Tim Chambers won a place in the Quakers for the Ivy League dynasty of the 1980s, he found himself in the dark, trying to shake his way into the lights of Philadelphia's football field in front of 35,000 people.

This time the playing field did not have grass and goalposts, but instead had lights and cameras. It was a studio in which auditions were being held for a Tim Chambers Miller Lite beer commercial.

"I don't mean to sound cocky, but I can do the exact same things that he did," said Chambers. "And I was the first one to audition. It was just so funny, you could tell right from there that he should turn it down." Chambers was an exceptional defensive back during the Penn football team's 1981-85 run, but was cut once again in 1985 at the Indianapolis Colts, yet was cut from the Philadelphia Eagles in May of 1985, but was cut from the team after training camp.

But before he explored his acting talent, Chambers had displayed his talents at an early age, becoming a star at his high school games, both home and away. He was also committed to success in other areas.

"I've been involved with in all my years of coaching," Chambers said. "But being Tim Chambers, he was an exceptional defensive back during the Pens football team's decade of dominance. In 1984, I was given the first Award as the Ivy League Player of the Year, a man fast for a defensive back. During Chambers' three years with the varsity team, the Quakers went from winning a 1-9 team in 1981 to three times defending Ivy champions as they way to six titles in seven seasons."

Among his other awards, Chambers was honored in a brief ceremony for Carrier, and Tina Peckham, who cleaned routines. The team counted consistent."

"We're focused and understand the value of our time and effort," Lidsky said. "We have no reason to state that going to an Ivy League school will be at the Ivy Championships, starting today and will be the 100-yard butterfly, thinks that she and her teammates can produce a comparable performance."

"I think we can have as much success as other teams who have," Gilbert said. "But in our case, we're not trying to make up for the amount of talent that we have.""Penn has a history of success at the Eastern Intercollegiate Swimming League Championships, starting baby and continuing until Saturday, it will attempt to accomplish all in a season."

"He was as instrumental in the turnaround of Penn football as any player," said Chambers. "They thought I was thought of as just another somebody having no pre-season practice, but in a way it was good that I had to work so hard."

"It was the first time I can ever remember having to prove myself," Chambers said. "I thought I was an exceptional defensive back during the Pens football team's decade of dominance. In 1984, I was given the first Award as the Ivy League Player of the Year, a man fast for a defensive back. During Chambers' three years with the varsity team, the Quakers went from winning a 1-9 team in 1981 to three times defending Ivy champions as they way to six titles in seven seasons."

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...THE SIGHTS AND SOUNDS - p. 6&7

miss lucy - p.2   philly dance clubs - p.4&5   film: king ralph - p.10
T

by A. Mark LiiV

The day the war started, a bunch of us went out to lunch to a restaurant we didn’t know much about. I ordered a steak, no big deal. We all watched TV as we waited at the bar. Drinking. Service was slow. I got bored, so I played a video game. As I zapped away merly, my mouth watered irresistibly as I pictured the meal that awaited me.

I could almost taste it — that thick hunk of meat, pink and tender on the inside, crispy on the outside. Succulent flesh so soft, roasted to such perfection, that it falls right off the bone and melts in the mouth.

A crisp salad, fresh warm bread, a beer... human flesh roasting in a bomb shelter built for 500 civilian targets. Wait — this isn’t what I ordered. This isn’t what my waiter promised.

Does this offend you? Well, it offends me that our country buys the bullshit about Kuwait. Millions of people walking around with quiet little yellow ribbons — what are they really saying? Do the ribbons mean “I support the troops!”? How about “I support the troops and only the troops?” Or “I support the war?”

Of course you and I and almost everyone else support the lives of our fellow Americans, respect their convictions if they’re thoughtful and thank them for risking the “ultimate sacrifice” (read: death). This, then, is a moot issue.

But what have we said of substance? What have we said about the reason our friends are over there? It is easier to sit and watch government-censored television, it is easier to read simple statistics and candy-coated words like “collateral damage,” and to hope we will just win sooner than it is to actually demand peace. Iraq cannot win this war, but neither can the U.S., because nobody wins in this way it will ever be resolved — peacefully.

And this money is drained out of our pockets, our homes, our refrigerators, and out of our schools, only to be stuffed into the blasted wallets of the military and corporate weapons builders. When companies profit from a war, they’re not going to protest. You would never see “the crazy pacifists” demonstrating outside the conventional weapons plants on 32nd and Chestnut if you watched NBC. Because G.E. owns the plant, and G.E. owns NBC. That’s just not good business sense.

And so “THE LIBERATION OF KUWAIT” has begun. But liberation from what? After the war, they’ll have nothing left to save but a huge toxic waste dump and plenty of space for parking. True enough, Iraq should not have invaded another country and they should get the hell out. But at what price? And why has it become our responsibility with only token support from “the world?” Exactly what will be the next duty of the world’s policeman?

Let’s liberate the Kuwaitis from their undemocratic monarchy. Let’s liberate ourselves from oil dependency. Let’s not allow Kuwait to declare martial law when the war is over. Let’s address the Palestinian issue the only way it will ever be resolved — peacefully.

Why why why... the opiate of the intellectual.

“This war is very confusing. I do not know if I support the war. I have not made up my mind. Of course, in general, I do not think war is a good thing...” These words are mine, I spoke them once. But the war has been raging for over a month now. The murder is not put on hold while we sit, perverse. Where did our promised “short and surgical” war go? Yeah, up our ass. We’ve been screwed, or can’t we admit it?

This war will drag on and drag on and drag on. More people, thousands no doubt, will die. Is it really unlikely that the draft will be reinstated? Is any of this really inconceivable as the war becomes increasingly savage? Let’s ask ourselves what we expect, what we are prepared for and what we are not. Do we believe everything we see on TV? Do we know what those one-dimensional Pentagon statistics really represent? Do we even want to know?

Is it too harsh to say that the apathetic are just as guilty of murder? Maybe. But what’s it going to take to make them think — sad act? Will it be the inconvenience of war? Economic ruin? A dead brother? Maybe it’ll be getting sick of hearing butthead chants “U-S-A,” like this is some damn hockey game.
CD longboxes are an icon of our age. Like an egg in its carton, a Big Mac in its styrofoam, the CD and the longbox are a team — part of our culture. But like styrofoam, the glitter and the glitz of the long box ain't doing much for the Redwoods, or any woods for that matter.

There's a push to eliminate the longbox. Why do music stores and manufacturers insist on keeping the longbox? Ah, yes. Why?

Why? is a question that has plagued philosophers for centuries. The obvious answer is: because. Of course, Arnette and The Mickey Mouse Club would say the answer is “Because we like you.” Like Who?

Who? The Who are a ’60s rock group that said “I hope I die before I get old.” They did a reunion tour just last year, and they seemed pretty damn old. Too bad it wasn’t a three-hour tour, like on Gilligan’s Island. Everyone knows that the Skipper sabotaged the S. S. Minnow’s cruise, so he could get to a first base with Ginger. Everyone wanted to get to first with spicy Ginger. But the question was Where?

Where? It’s hard to get to first with the Howells around. But back on the mainland, you can usually get to first base in the backseat of a car, sometimes with a blonde bombshell. But some blondes aren’t bombshells. Then they’re known as Nelsons, members of the MTV Super Group, Nelson. Members Gunnar and Matthew are, of course, the sons of rock-star and freebase king, Ricky Nelson. He’s dead, though. How?

How? Drugs, that’s how. You see, in the ’60s, when Harvard Professor Timothy Leary said, “tune in, turn on, drop out,” Ricky listened. In the ’80s, while Ricky was plummeting to his death in a plane, all the other freaks dropped their acid habits and took up power-walking. In the ’90s, people are power-walking right back to their bongs. War is in the news, long hair is back in vogue (just like Nelson), and drugs are back on campus. “Everybody must get stoned.” WHAT?

What goes around comes around (say it family tradi-
tions). Our parents used to sit with Ricky Nelson at Bob Dylan concerts and get really really really baked. Parents who smoke pot have kids who smoke pot. But the times they are a-changin’ and somehow, our parents’ values were trashed like yesterday’s lover. When?

Yeah, when? It’s hard to say, but today’s kids have a different set of values — fighting for the Amazon rain forests instead of the forests of Vietnam. And just like the ’60s, musicians are leading the way. Environmentally-conscious artist Peter Gabriel is the first major artist to release his CD without a longbox. Gabriel sacrificed millions when stores refused to carry his CD. That’s a whole lot of Big Macs.

**FASHION**

**FAUX PAS**

TIE A YELLOW RIBBON...
Wacky, what a good war can do for the Army & Navy business. One-day you’re a big, fat dork if you wear cameo and the next (provided there’s some action) you’re trendy, slick and P.C. — or so you think. This little drummer boy, however, has geographically incorrect fatigue. Those clever Pentagons think of everything — including desert wear. You’ve gotta blend in with those camels.
Shake Shake Shake, Shake Your Booty

The Street Guide to Clubbin’ in Philadelphia

Roxxi
602 S. 2nd St.

Just Do It. If you’re down on South Street and in the mood to dance, hit the Roxxi. Like a typical “alternative club,” the scene inside is dark, dark, dark. Pink and purple neon waves flow across the black walls. An imposing luminous eye gazes down upon the bar, scaring the scammers. The bar itself is slick and long — half a block at least. And adjacent to this never-ending liquor train lies the high-tech dance floor.

Dancing at Roxxi is hazardous. Electric disco balls, space-age lasers, smoke machines and mondo black-lights create the alternative atmosphere — this is not a scene for the lint-conscious. Funky-fresh madmen on roller skates groove to the beat on the dance floor.

At the Rox, the college-age crowd bounces and thumps to primarily “Dance-Oriented Rock” and European house mixes: no hip-hop rock, no cheesy Top-40 and no rap here, says club owner Tony Labello. Unfortunately, weekends attract a more suburban crowd who “torture our DJs with Top-40 requests.”

And torture it is. Wanna-be-progressives donning poseur black and dancing to... M.C. Hammer! Grr, make-up, leather, and BIG HAIR just don’t fit. Fortunately, the smoke and dark atmosphere camouflage the undesirable.

WAIT! HOLD THE MAYO! Do my eyes deceive me? Could it be? Yes! No! But, I think it is! Ohmagawd! It’s ANDRE AGASSI! That’s right true-believers. Agassi, the famed Nike-clad tennis champion is standing here with us in the Roxxi. When asked what he thought about the club, our close buddy replied, “The club’s cool. But the people are towny.”

When we presented the same question to his posse o’ women, Andre graciously responded for them, “They love it.”

For Penn students in search of a break from the frat scene, the Roxxi offers DJ mixing every night, and live bands three times a week. Before the night away, you can dine at the adjoining Cafe Bene — which Food and Wine Magazine voted one of the top 50 moderately-priced restaurants in the country.

If you can tolerate the sometimes cheesy crowd and don’t mind the six-dollar cover, then take it from Agassi: “It’s a good club.”

— Mark Feldstein
— Jennifer Sajor

Klub 2121
2121 Arch St.

There’s never anything to do on Tuesday nights. You don’t feel like hanging around on campus, but a trip downtown is too daunting for your lazy mood.

Klub 2121, formerly Voodoo, is conveniently located at 2121 Arch Street (where else?), which is not a bad walk if you’re sporting your Doc Martens. After paying the five-dollar cover, you enter the dimly-lit interior. And it’s surprisingly nice, complete with cushioned barstools and matchbooks thoughtfully placed at intervals across the counter.

Alternative music reverberates throughout the club, with the occasional run of annoying house music. But the DJ doesn’t mind experimenting — Betty Boo followed by Ministry is just one of his bizarre sequences.

The clientele consists mainly of the same angels of death who frequent coffeehouses and smoke Camel Filters. But the staff has less of that pretentious, calculated cool. And the bartender wears a Harley-Davidson shirt to boot.

You can go here late in the evening, after meetings and papers, because it doesn’t close until 1 am. In general, the Tuesday groups are small. Not only are high school seniors tightly tucked in bed, but lots of college students just won’t miss that riveting episode of thirtysomething.

Upstairs in Klub 2121 is a bit more upscale: lots of tables provide that clubby (klubby!) atmosphere while a local band jams its heart out. See you there — I’ll be the one in black.

— Julie De Falco

The Bank
600 Spring Garden

We brush past a group of dejected 20-year-old guys whose fake IDs were apparently not up to par. After paying the $5 cover, we enter The Bank, located at 600 Spring Garden.

The arched ceiling is skilfully decorated with a facade of balconies and bunches of colored taffeta streamers. The neo-Victorian appeal coolly contrasts black and white graphics on the walls and an enormous mummy hangs over one of the bars.

A predominately early-20s crowd mingles around the room’s two bars — a drink will run about $3.25 — and a few people dance beneath a bright light show to Frankie Goes To Hollywood’s “Relax.” But when the DJ blasts “Everybody, Everybody,” the hordes flock to the floor to get down.

Next to us, a couple from Yuppyville (complete with jacket, tie and Laura Ashley skirt and blouse) attempts to groove. Another couple in coordinating black leather outfits brushes past us.

The music, like the crowd, is eclectic but not too outrageous. Expect a combination of new wave and typical club fare — Erasure, Depeche Mode, the Soup Dragons, with a little Madonna background music and words are provided. A bunch of guys do “You’ve Lost That Loving Feeling” which four women counter with a rendition of Tina Turner’s “What’s Love Got To Do with It?”

There’s still plenty to do even if you’re not in the dancing mood. Small, dimly-lit rooms with chandeliers and sagging Victorian couches are positioned around the club for more private encounters. The old bank vault has been converted into a movie room, and the basement supplies yet another bar and a pool room.

We recognize a figure cloaked in a black trenchcoat — it’s Bip’s old buddy Nathan! Because he’s a regular, we take advantage of his unique perspective. “Saturday nights suck,” he proclaimed. “Friday is the best — $6 cover and an open bar from 9 to 11; the place is packed. Thursdays are too crowded, $10 cover and an open bar all night. They cram 950 people into this place,” he grimaced. “Way too crowded.”

As for the ID question? “It’s really hard to get in if you’re a guy under 21,” he observed. “It’s easier if you’re a girl and good-looking.” Clubs aren’t too different from frat parties, but don’t expect to get by with your North Dakota ID card that only fools the wrestler/bouncer in your Chem class.

By 1 am, the place is jammin’. We squeeze our way onto the floor and move to a cool remix of the Cure’s “Let’s Go To Bed.” The strobe light intensifies. The crowd keeps on growing.

— Nancy Wheeler
The New Kurt's
1229 Chestnut St.

It's a small, unassuming entrance: an unobtrusive blue canopy on Chestnut between Twelfth and Thirteenth Streets reads, "The New Kurt's." Descending a flight of stairs bathed in blue light, you are confronted by three burly bouncers. One takes your five bucks, the other stamps your hand and the third scrutinizes your ID. But once you've made it past the Jolly Green Giants, the fun begins...

A trail of fog slithers out as the door to the pulsating dance floor opens. Welcome to The New Kurt's, one of Philadelphia's progressive dance clubs, where boys can be boys, men can be men, men can be women, and women, women.

The night is still young, and the Friday crowd slowly trickles in, filling the multi-level club with people from all walks of life, from fraternity preps to voguing femmes. But as the evening wears on, the crowd on the dance floor grows. (Hey, someone just took off his shirt, much to the delight of the screaming pack around him.)

If you're there for the dance-club atmosphere, the music runs the pop gamut, from Depeche Mode to Lisa Stansfield, Black Box to Whitney Houston. Admittedly, the 25-minute dance remixes of Top-40 radio faves can grate on the nerves. Just when you think you're groovin' to a new song, you realize that Madonna is still performing her organic ritual in "Justify My Love." But the crowd seems to lap it up.

And the light show is pretty impressive. Strobes and a dazzling array of multi-colored lights add a nice touch to the Club MTV feel. They even have a fog machine — like the ones from eighth-grade dances.

After a few drinks under the electrifying light show, it's best to take a quick break. Couches with huge cushions line the side of the club for a quick breather. On either side of the dance floor, there are two sedate rooms where you can escape the frenzy. Here you can actually see and hear the people that are trying to pick you up — which may or may not be a good thing. But don't get too comfy, 'cause the drinks are expensive.

That's not to say the owners of Kurt's aren't benevolent. Every so often they host theme nights. Their recent Italian Night featured a free buffet dinner, showings of the Rocky series on the video screens and two male dancers decked out in boots and bikinis — nice touch.

I don't know what the old one was like, or if there even was one, but for a progressive atmosphere, the latest in pop music, and unriviled people-watching, check out The New Kurt's.

— Michael Suchan

Polo Bay
17th & Locust

"No, no, no, no, NO! I will NOT go in there!" whined the blond sorority miii-babe standing beside us outside the entrance to Polo Bay.

Hey, this is a good sign. Mean, at least we won't be spending our night in a club filled with Debbie Gibson look-alikes. (WRONG! We spent it with their parents.)

Upon entering the club, we got lost in a pastel jungle paradise — without a guide. Palm trees flourish in the ooze of pink neon lights. The floor, the couches, the murals and the staff's Hawaiian t-shirts ... you're trapped in a Miami Vice nightmare.

Now, when you think of Miami, what comes to mind? Retired grandparents? Okay, so that's a little harsh, but we are the only people in the club under 30. We do see a lot of balding men in suits and middle-aged women squeezed into miniskirts. "Boom boom boom, let's go back to my room ..." Top-40 crowd-pleasers like Madonna and Snap echo above the bar mitzvah fold-out floor. Polo Bay's music selection, if somewhat Eagle-10Base, provides adequate DJ mixing and a good beat. And check out the souzy lighting effects, just like at a thirteenth birthday party. People are getting down, or trying to, and we keep expecting Dance Fever's Denney Terris to pop out of the electric disco ball.

By 11:30, the young'uns (that is, twentysomethings) trickle into Polo Bay. Most head for one of the two bars to wet their whistle.

The bars are good-sized, well-stocked and offer choice seats for scooping the singles making their rounds. But the hot spot for the evening is definitely the backgammon table, removed from the bar and the dance floor. It's the place to go to recover from the nauseating room.

If not exactly fun, the place is tolerable. For the college-age crowd interested in experiencing the Polo Bay adventure, be advised that Penn students pack the pastel palace only on Wednesday and Thursday nights. But the weekends attract an older crowd. Damn, you bet. On the night we went, white suits were de rigueur — it was Fantasy Island meets Saturday Night Fever.

— Jennifer Sajor

— Mark Feldstein

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t most people, the experience of war is simply
something about being scared, and then, as their
and speeches rise, something about
giving the enemy hell. But, as if it were a cata-

tropheric melodrama being played out on a Hol-
lywood soundstage, we don’t know quite what
to think of it. All those experts and hotdoggin’
reporters hustling, hustling, hustling . . . and
then we see the battered, haunting face of Lt.
Jeffrey Zasv broadcast via satellite from Iraq to
every TV in the world.

To get a sense of the psychological, emotional
and physical trauma of war, we turn to the
films. We cannot rely on film or give the whole
picture but it can give us some sense of reality.
Watching Oliver Stone’s Platoon, we may think
we know what war’s like. But in truth, while
we’re seeing all the carnage and chaos through
Stone’s lens, we come to realize that the ultimate
experience of war lies outside film’s potential to
reproduce (or even come close). Stone is both
expanding our understanding and trying to put
a stop to the belief that we can, in the farthest
reaches of our minds, fathom what war is realU
matically transparent.

That said, there are films that approach war
in a different way. They are not about different factions of people
who have been affected by war, but about the nature of mankind.

**SIGHTS & SO**

**War and**

**FILM**

But July is all about anger — rightful, defiant,
yelling—"penis"—in-your-face until you realize
that the world has changed for the worst forever.
Weir is lyrical and artistic, Stone is
rancorous and blunt.

The difference between Stone’s boiling um-
brage and an artistic treatment of the theme of
lost innocence is evident in All Quiet on the
Western Front. Eric Remarque’s novel—come
WWI film classic follows Paul, a 16-year-old
German who, brought up believing in the nobil-
ity of war, enlists in the army. Fear, pain and
blood are the harsh realities he must contend
with after he swallows, like a baby does candy,
his teacher’s jingoistic rhetoric. When Paul re-
turns to the same classroom years later, he finds
wide-eyed upstarts hankering for a blood-and-
guts narrative replete with the famile, abstract
visions of courage, adventure, sacrifice, etc. But
instead of a slam-bang story, Paul delivers an
impassioned anti-war speech to the dumbstruck
students. And what is war good for, the prote-
gestant asks absolutely nothing.

When French filmmaker Jean Renoir was
asked about his Grand Illusion, another Great
War classic about Allied POWs and a sentiment-
al German officer, he replied only that in 1937
he had made a staunchly anti-war film and two
years later war broke out. Renoir wasn’t being
naive. Watching the film, one notices how he
foresees art’s limited power to alter mindsets
and to adjust attitudes.

Conscious of the risk of sinking too far into
despair, Renoir sets up a dialogue between skeptic-
ism and hope, nostalgic longing and cold prac-

ticality, seizing on the universal language of love
—a self-sacrificing devotion to character
and country — will be rewarded with glory and
pride in a job well done. In Weir’s elegiac
masterpiece, a proud Outback-worn Aus-

stralian, full of the radiance and shining glory
of youth — a blonde Adonis — lies his way into the
army (he’s too young) in the hopes of becoming
a man. Weir turns his character’s journey to
manhood into a bitter ironic tale of wasted
youth. The real-life Gallipoli campaign
witnessed the wholesale slaughter of thousands

of Australian troops. In an effort to distract the
Huns from a British landing on a nearby beach,
young Australian soldiers stormed out of their

trenches and into the deadly spray of German
machine guns. The film allows Weir to use this
humiliating episode in Australian history as a

doomed love story that highlights the one true
boy’s tragedy — what is stone
put in mind with from the 5th of July.

by Michael Geszel

&

Larry Smith

Larry Smith and Mike Geszel sacrificed life and
love for 34th Street last year. Andrew Libby and
Elaine Beebe are doing it now. Be nice to them;
they’re all legally insane.

In the regrettably bad Come See the Paradise,
English director Alan Parker “issues up to this
nation’s actions with his treatment of the U.S.
government’s internment of more than 10,000

Japanese-Americans during World War II.
Though Paradise gets trapped in its own sap, the
film is still important, as it discusses a gross
atrocity that gets nary a mention in most high
school history tests.

Ed Zwick’s Glory, however, darts off the cob-
webs on the schoolbooks, adding a few proud

pages usually left out. The film (which earned
Denzel Washington an Oscar for his portrayal of a
runaway slave who’s joined the Federal army)
recounts the story of the first black regiment to
fight in the Civil War. In addition to being one of
the greatest stories never told, Glory is visually
stunning and offers memorable performances by
Morgan Freeman and Matthew Broderick.

In the final analysis, films about war, like war
itself, are not about different factions of people
with irreconcilable differences, but about the
nature of mankind.
took 177 years, but things have finally come full circle. In 1814, Francis Scott Key watched bombs rock an American fortress. So he pulled an all-nighter and composed "The Star-Spangled Banner" — and voila, a national anthem was born.

In 1969, The Jimi Hendrix Experience did some drugs, shoved their instruments into their amplifiers at Woodstock and had Francis Scott Key doing flip-flops in his grave. Hendrix's irreverent version of the Banner rejected traditional Americana, but embodied the new society of peace, love and dope that the Woodstock counter-culture symbolized.

But now it's war in '90s and music has become patriotic once again. Consider the dynamic and traditional gospel interpretation of the anthem that Whitney Houston performed at last month's Super Bowl — the very antithesis of the Woodstock. The Country Joe and the Fish song "I Feel Like I'm Going to Die Rag" became one of many rallying cries that voiced a generation's outrage and fear. Country Joe's satirical and unforgiving lyrics brought the 400,000-person Woodstock crowd to its feet in a unified chant: "Now ain't no time to wonder why, whoopee! We're all gonna die... Now come on mothers throughout the land, pack your boys off to Vietnam! Come on fathers don't hesitate, send your sons off before it's too late/Be the first one on your block to have your boy come home in a box."

While Country Joe's lyric protest directly attacked the Vietnam conflict, many songs condemned the concept of war itself. From Bob Dylan's "Blowin' in the Wind" to Coven's "One Tin Soldier" to Richie Havens' "Freedom," music had a crucial role in shaping the attitudes and ideals of many involved in the peace movement.

The simple and violent lyrics to Edwin Starr's "War" captured the spirit of the peaceники who characterized the generation. "War, ugh, what is it good for? Absolutely nothing... War has caused unrest within the younger generation. Indecision, who wants to die?"

But these days, few people are singing and few radio stations are playing the inflammatory rebellion songs of the '60s — they just don't fit the mood. The media and the White House have denounced comparisons between Vietnam and the Gulf War. But the music industry cannot ignore the war, so it has offered the mainstream American public an apolitical compromise: re-releasing John Lennon's inspired, yet uncontroversial, "Give Peace A Chance." The message, simple and direct, refuses to antagonize, with the hopeful lyrics "All we are saying is give peace a chance."

Lennon's dead, so it's hard to know how he'd react to the war. But '90s peace-singers Peter, Paul & Mary have changed their tune a bit since the old days. At a recent concert at Indiana University the group chose not to perform their famous protest song, "Where Have All the Flowers Gone," because they claim the songs of the '60s don't fit the situations of the '90s. PP & M said, "There are some great anti-war songs out there, but they are a little simplistic, so we're not singing them. There's more to it than blood for oil... the motives we're finding are not as dubious [as Vietnam]."

And the issues surrounding the Gulf War have more angles than such straightforward '80s causes like saving the rain forests and feeding the Ethiopians. And so it seems that socially-conscious yuppie artists like U2, R. E. M., Tracy Chapman and Peter Gabriel trotted back into their dressing rooms just when the going got tough. (And where is quasi-liberal Sting hiding out?)

But a few facets, both new and old, are building their own private bandwagon (seems they found PP & M's hammer). The "Voices That Care" project that features the random pairings of Sally Field with MC Hammer, Nelson with Kevin Costner, Dudley Moore with Ronnie Raitt and Steven Stills with Mount St. Helen Streep united by a single cause supporting our troops. It's a safe enough stance, seemingly apolitical, but humanitarian.

Sometimes it's difficult to find sincerity in media-fueled hype that are centered around stars looking to score some politically-correct points. But when the same sentiments are echoed by a couple of college students in DC, the concern for the individual in the Gulf becomes believable.

Stand by the soldiers, your sisters and your brothers so they'll know they have a home. Unite against this pain. He's our common rival and not another Vietnam.

In one of the first war songs to get worldwide media attention, George Washington University students Phillip Wolf and Adam Grisalk put one guitar and two untrained voices together to record a tune called "Send My Regards." In the last few weeks, the song has been broadcast world-wide, from college stations in Maryland to South Africa to the troops in Saudi Arabia. Again, the apolitical approach appeals to '90s songwriters. "I don't see this song as being either side — it deserves to be put on side of supporting soldiers," explains Wolf. "The soldiers are out risking their lives and they deserve support."

"People are getting tired of the war. I just hope that these type of songs will make people think of war rather than policies behind the war."

But even closer to home, the traditionally conservative Penn campus has remained musically comatose in response to the war. Madhatters keypiper Billy Stein has written either anti-or pro-war tunes, and band members generally hesitate to politicize their lyrics. Stein criticized bands for offering token politically correct gestures during their sets, when "they're not really into [the war] at all. Even the cheesiest pop bands add in a little blurb when they play — something like 'no blood for oil."

Our band supports the troops, but we haven't written any songs about it."

And Chaos Theory bassist Jim Morgan commented, "It's not affecting how or what we're playing. We play parties, and people aren't there to hear about politics... maybe things will change when a ground war starts, but I don't think anyone's doing anything."

A few professional artists have spit on humanism by condemning the war outright. But unlike the generic sunshine-and-hope protest tunes of the '60s, anti-war releases sound more like bate songs. Proposing no solutions, they speak only of unscrupulous political motivations and resulting horrors.

Always on the cutting edge of politically conscious music, activist/musician John Biafra (formerly "Jello of the Dead Kennedys) recently released a single, "Die for Oil Sucker": self-explanatory. And rap musicians have also jumped into the act with The 2 Black, 2 Strong And The MMG [Manhattan Militant Gangsters], recording along similar anti-war lines.

And thrash-metal band Slayer's latest single, "War Ensemble," offers a searing look into the bleak reality of war. For them, the U. S. offensive is a "propaganda death ensemble, burial-to-be." The troops are merely pawns of the government's plans, whose "indication of triumph is the number that are dead."

But the times they aren't changing, and the music industry is trying to keep pace. The '90s are not the '60s; the Gulf War is not Vietnam. The rebellion peace-loving songs of the Woodstock generation have given way to the "support the troops" attitude of the politically correct generation. And it's clear that the music of today is not going to shape the ideals and values of a generation, or catalyze the youth into unified action. So if you don't support the Gulf War, your best bet is to turn off the radio and dust off that old "Alice's Restaurant" single.
Let's Get Animal
Rhino releases animal rights album

BY JULIE DE FALCO

You've heard about them, no doubt — animal rights activists who, among other things, break into labs to "emancipate" creatures great and small, spray red paint on random fur coats, and refuse to dissect drugged live rats in biology class. But you probably have never had the opportunity to actually hear them.

Well, it's about time. Rhino Records has produced a collection of animal-oriented tunes for your listening enjoyment. Featuring names from the Indigo Girls with Michael Stipe to Belinda Carlisle, this album is guaranteed to reach out to everyone with pro-animal tendencies.

Howard Jones, everyone's favorite optimist, opens the album ironically crying, "Don't be part of it" (also the song's title). This track vividly describes inhuman ways of killing animals, citing traps, slaughterhouses, and factory farms. Jones sets the tone for the rest of the album: depressing lyrics set against solid, usually upbeat tunes.

Raw Youth, in the second and title track, follows Jones' example. A funky background of a drum machine melded with guitars and what seems to be a banjo can't mask the chorus' message: "Tame yourself... blame yourself, for you are to blame/Shame, shame."

Tame Yourself does have its musically darker moments. The unique combination of the Indigo Girls' and R.E.M.'s Michael Stipe's voices gives the self-explanatory "I'll Give You My Skin" a creepy, almost nightmarish cast. The patented jangly acoustic guitar sound popularized by both groups highlights the song's morbid lyrics.

But k.d. lang doesn't go for the blood "n' gore in her countryish "Dammed Old Dog." Rather, she targets the emotional spot most pet owners have, as does the B-52's live version of "Quiche Lorraine." Both songs talk about dogs in a strange combination of irritation and nostalgia, focusing on pet owners' love and annoyance for their animal companions.

Still, the album can get pretty graphic at times. Rhetorical questions like "What do you think a monkey feels/When his brain is split by cold hard steel?" are threaded throughout the Fetchin Bones tune, "Slaves." It's impossible to feel ambivalent, despite the poppy, pleasant melody.

On the other hand, the emotionless "Far," by Jane Wiedlin makes apathy easy. The refrain, "I don't wear fur/Won't do it/Fur's for fools/I'm too cool," gets the point across, but in a childish, rapid way. Two songs later, history repeats itself. Erasure and Lene Lovich's "Rage" sounds unsurprisingly like every other Erasure song, falling miserably at some highly bizarre distortion effects.

Off and Spinning
A cool '90s degrees

BY ANN LUERSSEN

There are 360 degrees in a circle and four members in the Boston band, the 360's. So by the transitive property, don't be surprised if this scruffy bunch sends you spinning in circles.

Yeah, illuminated, the band's debut album, is that good. The record centers around front woman Audrey Clark's sometimes growing, sometimes sweet vocals, and provides some wonderful grunge guitar from Clark and bandmate Eric Russell. Not to be forgotten, bassist Brian Evans and drummer John Grady do their share by sounding out a strong, seductive "pulse" rhythm.

When Love & Rockets released "So Alive," it seemed as if the former Bauhaus boys were headed for Nia Peeples' Party Machine. Surprisingly, Ash has dodged this commercial road for a more alternative route. By combining gothic rock with jazz and blues, he has accentuated his eccentricity and proved that he can turn angst into art.

Of the album's three cover tunes, Ash's unique version of "Day Tripper" is definitely the most memorable. The song slowly builds to a musical climax with eclectic harmonies from Ash and vocalist Natasha Atlas.

In contrast to the album's upbeat melodies, Ash slows the pace with "Sweet Little liar" and "Candy Darling." These songs, written after his marriage collapsed, display his dark, melancholic side. Ash has used a time of depression in his life to his own advantage, offering us some of his best work to date.

When Love & Rockets released "So Alive," it seemed as if the former Bauhaus boys were headed for Nia Peeples' Party Machine. Surprisingly, Ash has dodged this commercial road for a more alternative route. By combining gothic rock with jazz and blues, he has accentuated his eccentricity and proved that he can turn angst into art.

The 360's certainly have their abrasive moments, such as "Texas." This tune's a bona fide treat; it captures the band's oddball humor by mixing the bizarre: nasal hollers ("Taaxal"), pseudo-satanic lyrics, and elaborate, grinding guitarwork.

But even when the band calms things down, illuminated is smashing. On the hypnotic title track, Clark's sleepy-sounding voice layers with the guitars in delicious harmony.

360's illuminated

This lovely sound returns in "Saved," the album's one enchanting acoustic piece. Juxtaposed with the rest of illuminated, it displays the 360's great versatility—they hop from bands to smooth and back again. Let's hope they keep on hoppin'.
Red Sky At Morning

Release portents The Fixx's demise

BY JAMES P. BREWER

Three-quarters of the way through a feel-good romance flick, we watch a montage of clips of the young male and female leads jogging along the beach. They stop for lunch at an outdoor cafe, and finally give in to what we all knew they were feeling all along (smooch). Just at that moment, as the guy picks up the woman and spins her around, laughing, in slow motion, the theater’s speakers should pump out any one of the songs on Fixx’s new album Ink.

True, this new, sentimental Fixx is not the Fixx that gave us “Red Skies” or “One Thing Leads To Another.” But just because they’re different doesn’t mean that they’ve become total losers. Things are different now. Things are happier, friendlier, cleaner. This is simply a new direction for the dynamic, maturing band.

Ink.

The Fixx have not given up their penchant for bleating about the pain and misery of being in love, being alone, or being abused by someone you loved who then left you alone. In their prime, they could inspire that knot-in-the-stomach, hey-I’ve-been-there feeling that U2 perfected. This latest effort, however, comes off as melodramatic at best.

“Crucified,” which goes over the edge just on name alone, takes a turn towards the schmaltzy and hackneyed as Cy Curnin croons “Now, I see you build the walls to keep me/You turn my world around/And still I cry, cry, cry/Why did you crucify me?” Oh, stop it. Just stop it, dammit.

All in all, Ink isn’t that lame. I don’t predict that many people will buy it, but those who do probably won’t sell it back. My real concerns centers around the future of the band. If The Fixx are following a straight path from 1983’s “Reach The Beach” to today’s “Ink” and beyond, then the next album most likely won’t make it off the shelf.

The Gilberts. Their ears stick out for miles, but those ears know their music. If 5 Gilberts think a record is tasty, open up those ears and listen. If only 1 of these dudes dig a disc, well... play frisbee with it. And when these cowboys won’t give it to you straight, you know what to do: grab those old, clunky specs and that terrible bowtie. Find the disc in question and do the Gil-butt.

Switching mentors from Elvis Costello to Bob Dylan, Parker ends up somewhere in between. Though acoustic, raw and throaty like Dylan, you still can’t separate Parker’s voice from Costello’s. But the lyrics are meaningful and the music rockabilly.

Wow! 12 different groups record the same song 12 times on one album! Hardly what one would expect from hip-hop/rap greats like Queen Latifah and the Jungle Brothers. If you wanna dance, buy Dee-lite instead.

The post-punk Chicago quartet’s latest won’t disappoint fans of 1989’s Beet. Catchy acoustics with an edge blend with surreal rhymes; they’re still caught between here and there. Check out “Dream of a Sleeping Sheep” for its name alone.
Wie heisst du?
Sonja, if you’re nasty

BY ARTHUR HUH

Touted as an exuberant black comedy as well as an internationally-acclaimed success, writer-director Michael Verhoeven's The Nasty Girl is truly exhilarating. Unlike much of modern, staid German cinema, this film presents a thoroughly entertaining, if at times unsettling, account of life in contemporary Germany. Winner of the Audience Award for Best Film at the Berlin International Film Festival, the movie's immense popularity in its home country is all the more striking considering its central and controversial issue: modern German attitudes towards the Nazi era.

It all begins with Sonja (Lena Stolze), the title character and narrator, who enters a pan-European essay contest. She chooses the topic "My hometown During the Third Reich." Sonja recounts her experiences in Pfiling, where her search for historical information seems to put everyone on guard.

THE NASTY GIRL
DIRECTED BY MICHAEL VERHOEVEN
WRITTEN BY MICHAEL VERHOEVEN, STARRING LENA STOLZE.

She struggles against seemingly amnesiac townsfolk, corrupt officials who block her access to informative archives and even highly-respected figures long recognized as 'underground' resistance fighters during the war. Everyone Sonja meets entreats her to leave the past alone and to forget her quest for the truth. Her refusal to compromise in the face of this technique emphasize the complex underlying social conflicts, rather than purely historical events, which ultimately alienate Sonja from her hometown.

Verhoeven uses every experimental impressionistic device available to him as a filmmaker to create the necessarily fictional world of Pfiling. This technique emphasize the complex underlying social conflicts, rather than purely historical events, which ultimately alienate Sonja from her hometown.

Verhoeven also uses unconventional angles, distorted camera movements, comic sight gags, voice-overs and overlapping sound, all against an array of strangely surrealistic backdrops. One particular scene repeated at regular intervals shows Sonja and her family floating down the streets of the town — in their living room — as they listen to insidious, life-threatening messages on their answering machine. And childhood scenes, shot in black and white, burst into color as Sonja realizes her love for her Physics teacher.

Through these techniques, and with the help of outstanding performances from everyone involved, Verhoeven has created a truly delightful and provocative picture. Pfiling, he says, is "a universal portrait of a modern German town." The question "Is Nazism dead?" inevitably follows. Verhoeven's realistic portrayal of Sonja's world, while admittedly fictional, depicts, at the very least, present-day tendencies to discount the impact of that historically infamous movement.

The numerous, amusingly-funny sight gags add to the mirth: Ralph's Little Richard-inspired sprawl on the royal harpsichord; the mighty monarch's hailing limbs as he dangles from a cable over an unsuspecting steed; glasses tumbling across the royal table like dominoes. Just a glance at Goodman's good-natured mug, fixed with a silly, harmless grin, elicits laughs aplenty.

Ward's screenplay, crammed with clever, comic lines, plays on the obvious and inevitable misunderstandings between the cultured, refined aristocrats and Ralph, the gauche, graceless American. The laughs, fast and furious for most of this fanciful fairy tale, are somewhat stifled by the muddling ending. Our heroes get their just desserts, though in light of the laughs the inane outcome is pardonable. King Ralph is everything you'd expect in a slapstick Hollywood comedy, and not something to be taken seriously. For a funny, feel-good magic-carpet ride, leave your intellect behind and join King Ralph — it's a jolly good show.
CINEMATHEQUE
1619 Walnut, 215-546-2900
IVAN THE TERRIBLE, PART I (1944)

describes Ivan's look at the 16th century czar. (Thu., 7:30)

PAISAN
(Italy, 1946)
Roberto Rossellini's six-part documentary of survival in post-war Italy. (Fri., 7:15)

THE TWENTY-FOUR STEPS
(G.B., 1935)
One of Hitchcock's first films in which an innocent man is framed for murder. (Thu., 7:30)

THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV
(Russia, 1935)
A stage adaptation from Dostoyevsky's novel to life. (Mon., Tues. 7:30)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE
20th and Chestnut, 215-382-5125

TONG TANA: A JOURNEY TO THE HEART OF Borneo
(Sweden, 1999)
Swedish documentary charting the destruction of the rain forest, featuring a Swiss expatriate hiding among the island's nomadic Indian tribe. (Thu., 7:45; Sat., 2:00, 4:30, 7:45, Sun. 1:00, 3:45, 7:45)

Franklin Institute
Benjamin Franklin Parkway at 20th St., 215-428-1200

THE CABOOSE WILL BE CHUGGIN' ALONG WITH A GRIND — HERE'S A LOT OF JAZZY SING-ALONGS.
Wear a favorite photo.
Community Education Center, 300 Lancaster, 267-1917

AL RAPONE & D'INCO GeX
These other New Orleans folks will clock you with their Grammy-winning brand of cajun and zydeco music.
(23 East Lancaster, 23 E. Lancaster Ave., 896-6420)

SUSAN HAYES
The seeds, formerly Love Media, will do you right with some good, old-fashioned rhythm and blues music.
(23 East Lancaster, 23 E. Lancaster Ave., 896-6420)

CRIMES OF THE HEART
Beth, Holly, and Susan change their Mississippi sisters and their love lives. Through March 23.
(Stag & Vic Clubhouse, 319 South Quinio St., 896-4976)

BLACK HEROES IN THE HALL OF FAME
A musical chronicling 3,000 years of black history and culture, from the Black Madonna of the 12th and Queens of Africa to Martin Luther King and the Mandinka from West Africa. (Hubert Theater, 250 South Broad St., 722-5646)

ARMS MUSIC

Guide listings are effective Friday.

THEATER AND DANCE

AROUND THE WORLD IN A DAZE
Everyone's favorite one-man-to-drug, back for more skins and reveries at their clubhouse. Through March 23.
(Stag & Vic Clubhouse, 319 South Quinio St., 896-4976)

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THE BIG MACGOO OR MORE GUYS AND MORE DOLLS
Based on stories by Damon Runyon, the Nobel Stage Productions transforms the theater into a New York speakeasy from the 16th Century. March 3.
(Stage III, 319 Walnut St., 546-9793)

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HOUSTON HALL MALL

The Campus Spot For All Your Needs.