Pro-choice group gets 200 at intro
By PETER MORRISON
The Penn Pro-Choice organization on Tuesday intro-
duced its first Penn Pro-Choice meeting Tuesday in Logan Hall, according to the group’s co-chairperson Allison Morrison.

The meeting featured a discussion with Carol Tracey, former director of the University’s women’s center and a member of the legal team that recently fought Gov. Robert Casey in the U.S. Supreme Court over abortion restriction.

"We must come to life and take commitment,“ said Tracey. "Men have really understood for a long time just a woman’s issue — it’s a human issue."

The meeting was sponsored by the group’s co-chairperson Allison Morrison and encouraged by the number of students at the meeting, according to the group’s co-chairperson Allison Morrison.

Spinoffs: "I was overwhelmed by the turnout," Tracey said yesterday. "It makes me think that the women’s movement is alive and well."

Tracey, who is a University alumna and director of the Women’s Center at the University, said the experience had led to students to join the organization’s history and this year’s goals. Perishter’s Center Director Dina DiLati also spoke.

"It really excited you that so many people came," said Bob Rindell, Penn Pro-Choice member. "They seemed like an interested and educated bunch."

Penn Pro-Choice leaders said the meeting was the first in a series of efforts they have planned for this year.

Andmartoff said she was the presence of the first Penn Pro-Choice meeting is just the first in a series of events that will appeal to the broadest community.

"There were a good amount of people came," said Steve Leitzell, a freshman and alumni and director of the Women’s Center at the University. "I think we have my good amount of people about the issue of anti-choice but also for the people who have their own idea."

"They chew table legs, windowsills and stairs. I want to prevent him from doing that," said Barrett. "I want to see if there is preventative measures, labeling them as essential for behavioral problems, like there is preventative medicine for behavioral problems.

"I want to see if there is preventative medicine for behavioral problems, labeling them as essential for behavioral problems."

Pro-choice secretary said. "They seem to be the mother of invention in the University’s renovation project.

"I want to see if there is preventative medicine for behavioral problems, labeling them as essential for behavioral problems."

Please see CAMPUS Events, page A12

Student Health gives Hep B shots
By JEREMY KAIS
The University's Student Health Services has begun offering free he-

"I want to see if there is preventative medicine for behavioral problems, labeling them as essential for behavioral problems."
In Brief

Students stage Oates monologues

By SHIRLE BART

Although sitting through 12 monologues of her character's wacky wit and daily panache, the audience at last night's Theater Arts production didn't want the show to end.

The performing arts group's unusually large cast of performers included a collection of Oates' personal friends and family members.

The show opened with a monologue written by Oates as a piece of her new book. Oates is the author of several books, including "Studying the Art," and "The Last Supper in Manhattan.

Oates' monologues were interspersed with music, comedy, and lighting effects.

The show ended with a monologue written by Oates herself, which she attributed to her mother, who is a writer.

"The Secret Mirror," she said, "is a good idea.

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We're very useful... That's how we do it."
Philadelphia Mayor Edward Rendell, a 1965 College graduate, can still be seen singing the ‘Red and Blue’ and cheering on the Quakers at the Palestra.

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UNIONs, from page A1
It also brings the unions to give up control of their health plans, reduce their staffing levels and do away with a ban on layoffs.
"We believe this is in every way a fair contract and it's an important contract for the city of Philadelphia," Rendell said. "It will allow Philadelphia to regain its economic viability."

By implementing the contract, he added, the city will begin saving the $2 million it says its new contract will save.

Rendell insisted he is not trying to "hammer" the unions.
"In the last hour or five days...I have been approached in the street by citizens who say 'Sil in there'...and 'Stick to your guns,'" he said. "Some say 'Hang in there and kill them.' I don't want to kill...I don't want to kill anyone."

Unions said there are no negotiations in progress. Rendell said he is willing to negotiate at any time.

David Cohen, the Mayor's Chief of Staff, and union members will not accept the effects of the new contract.

The number of days will immediately drop from 20 to 12 per year, he said, and the first holiday will be Election Day, he said. Cohen stressed that workers will receive "uninterrupted [health] coverage." Starting November 1, the city's three Health Maintenance Organizations or Blue Cross Blue Shield. The new payment into the union's current health plan, he said, will begin on October 1, allowed be paid by the city.

The city will also not make payments into its legal plan beginning for the month of October, he added.

Cronin said the union's options include legal recourse, continued negotiations or a possible strike, but he would not be more specific and he would not be set a timeline for any action.

"We'll take it one day at a time," he said. Several city workers said last night they were ready to take action against their employers.
"If it was up to me we'd be out [on strike] now," said Water Department employee John Gallagher, who celebrates his eighth year anniversary as a city employee today.
"Maybe it's better that there are cooler heads ahead," another.

Womans Dinner

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5:00 P.M. - 7:00 P.M.
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U. proves necessity is the mother of inventions with chalk ‘DisPENNser’ design

Amiriz Perez-Guntin, a doctoral student in Spanish, demonstrates the use of the University's new chalk dispensers during a Spanish Literature class.

Amiriz Perez-Guntin, a doctoral student in Spanish, demonstrates the use of the University's new chalk dispensers during a Spanish Literature class.
Dear Mr. Perot,

After breaking out of an elevator at a hotel, you seem to be stepping back into the ring. Although I am not sure which ring you refer to, I must say that your election campaign is coming out of nowhere, as you did not gain any momentum. The voters have not been Alice or her wonderland, but rather, a nightmare for you. It is not that you entered the presidential race to win, but rather, you entered to lose. In my opinion, you have not been a serious contender for the presidency, and your campaign has been more of a sideshow than a serious political race.

In the past, you have been known for your business acumen and your success in the corporate world. However, your campaign has not been as successful as your business ventures. The poor fund-raising efforts, lack of political experience, and your tendency to make controversial statements have all contributed to your failure. It is not that you are not a capable businessman, but rather, you have not been a capable politician.

I must say that your campaign has been more of a sideshow than a serious political race. The poor fund-raising efforts, lack of political experience, and your tendency to make controversial statements have all contributed to your failure. It is not that you are not a capable businessman, but rather, you have not been a capable politician.

In conclusion, your campaign has been more of a sideshow than a serious political race. The poor fund-raising efforts, lack of political experience, and your tendency to make controversial statements have all contributed to your failure. It is not that you are not a capable businessman, but rather, you have not been a capable politician.

Sincerely,

[Your Name]
Got a news tip? Call 898-6585.

SAFE SEX, from page A1

Locker went on to offer additional possibilities, such as enacting a "French maid" scenario. She emphasized the versatility of the condom in creative ways. "It's fun to practice putting them on bananas, on zucchini," she said. Drawing laughs and giggles from the audience, Locker presented a number of everyday objects, such as honey and a razor, and suggested how they might be used for more than their intended purpose. The reaction of College freshman Kirk Hauptmann. "You hear a lot of ru

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• Applications and description packets are now available in the NEC/UA office, Room 112 Houston Hall.
• Applications must be returned by 5:00 p.m. Wednesday, September 30, 1992, in the NEC/UA office.
• Questions? Call the NEC office at 898-6586 or call Melanie at 898-8908 or call Manele at 898-8908.

We're Fighting For Your Life.
Prime Minister delays PLO legislation

Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin yesterday delayed the proposed legislation democratizing the PLO, saying he feared its adoption would lead to civil war in the region. He announced that the bill would be re-examined by a committee of ministers.

"The legislation was proposed to try to make the PLO a democratic body, but it must be re-examined carefully," Rabin said.

"The PLO must be reformed to become a responsible body," he said. "The government will work to make the PLO more democratic and responsible."
Students laud Cosby in new game show

By TOM DAMICO

Although over 60 students gathered around their TVs to watch comedian Bill Cosby's new show You Bet Your Life, everyone said they came out a winner. And while the students raved about the show's interpersonal humor, many gave the show's concept itself a thumbs up.

"The show game part was stupid," College freshman Cre Emery said. "But the interviewing part was funny and that's where Bill succeeded at his best.

Before taping began, Cosby hosted a reception for the invited students and assumed his role as host. "We think of the kids of the city being left out," Overall said. "Get it all out before temperament.

Students said they enjoyed being on the set of a game show where they got a "backstage" feel for it produced.

Vet School clinic solves puppy problems

CLINIC: from page A5

wanted to know what we can do early on in an animal's life to start it right," Overall said. "Will there be fewer behavioral problems or a lot of behavioral problems.

The clinic is being paid for by grants from the Maritime Historical Foundation and Ware Laboritories. Overall said that means what are turned into humane societies are respected by their owners due to behavioral problems. Those problems are brought to our door and "stay control and remain responsive."

"We want to know what to expect, how to handle it and what might happen," Overall said. "Owners on that are getting free preventative medical care for a year, and they also receive information on the dog's behavior and companionship.

"We brought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator. "We bought a Community House T-shirt for Bill Cosby." Shane said. "It was a collaborative effort for the students' social events coordinator, organized by David Shane, Community House's social events coordinator.

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Students said they were able to "get a backstage" feel for it produced.
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The Blackstone Group, a private investment banking firm, invites all interested seniors to an informal presentation to learn more about the firm and its financial analyst program. The event will take place on Tuesday, September 29, at 3:40 pm in Room 215 of Steinberg-Dietrich Hall. Attendees will have the opportunity to meet professionals and gain insights into the investment banking industry.
By JASON GOREVIC

The Daily Pennsylvanian Sports Writer

When it comes to women's soccer, the Penn men's soccer team has a ways to go before it can even be considered a powerhouse. Fortunately, there is one aspect of the game the Quakers have managed to perfect: heart-breaking losses.

Penn has lost just three of its last seven games, and two of those losses came against Ivy League opponents. In the Quakers' loss to Harvard, the Rams took advantage of an injury to goalie Peter Pappas to score the winning goal in the second overtime period. The Rams also scored an overtime goal against the Quakers in a 3-2 thriller to improve their record to 3-1.

Penn senior forward Karen Sparacio name the only sophomore to the All-Ivy second team, and in the process of the second overtime period. Yester-

The Rubik's Cube of soccer

The Rams iced the game with a 1-0 win over Bucknell yesterday. Despite being outshot by the Bucknell offense, the Quakers were able to hold on for the win.

“We knew we needed the better team and I think we expected to go out (in overtime) and just win,” said junior forward Eric Exelbert. “I just was not at all ready to happen. You have to go out and do it.”

Eric Exelbert

Penn junior forward

By JASON GOREVIC

The Daily Pennsylvanian Sports Writer

The Penn field hockey team and

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WRTI Classical  (Philadelphia, PA)

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WTTI News Talk (Philadelphia, PA)

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Women's ultimate opens season with three victories

By ADAM KAYE
Daily Pennsylvanian, September 20, 1992

The Penn women's ultimate frisbee team opened its season by traveling to Rutgers last weekend. The Quakers put on an impressive show and returned home unbeaten with three wins.

Club Roundup

In its first match, Penn defeated Princeton 15-6. "The game went really well," said Cianfrani. "We had a good performance." Cianfrani turned out to be a warming up for our next match versus Rutgers.

In what turned out to be the match of the weekend, the Quaker squad, comprised mostly of returning players, upset the Princeton Knights on their home turf 13-6. "We played well, but we need to continue to improve our defense," Cianfrani said. "We had a strong point defense, but we're key in the air as well.

Penn didn't need a stellar defensive performance to win against a tough Princeton. The Quakers cruised to the impressive score 15-6, completing their perfect weekend.

“This was our first tournament of the season and the result was voor the results,” Cianfrani said. "We have a lot of confidence in our success at the rest of the season."

The Penn women's ultimate frisbee team opened its season by challenging the likes of Princeton, Saint Joseph's and Swarthmore. The Quakers split on Rutgers, which were comprised mainly of veterans and reservists. The reserve team finished 1st. The Penn team swept its competition.

"The upsets the teams ever as we are a new team," senior co-captain Steve Grissel said. "It was a good, unexpected way to get our results.

The Penn women's ultimate frisbee team is comprised of veterans and reserves, who are well prepared to handle the challenges of the season. Cianfrani said. "We had a strong point defense, but we're key in the air as well.

For the 'A' team as they lost 13-12, 13-11 and 13-11 to Rutgers A', Princeton B and Lehigh 10-7 respectively. They also beat the Quakers, 10-14.

For the 'W' squad, the number 13 meant better luck as it scored 13 times in each victory over flavored ’Y’. Rutgers W, Swarthmore and Lehigh.

For the 'B' team as they lost 13-12, 13-11 and 13-11 to Rutgers A', Princeton B and Lehigh 10-7 respectively. They also beat the Quakers, 10-14.

For the 'W' squad, the number 13 meant better luck as it scored 13 times in each victory over flavored ’Y’. Rutgers W, Swarthmore and Lehigh.
Colgate’s Sparacio dreams about NFL

SPARACIO, from B1
against Patriot League opponents.
That’s where the coaches in the
league saw him and voted for him.
Now Sparacio is in his junior sea-
son, and like a fine wine, he is just
improving and getting better with time.
During the transition, he worked out in
order to get into better shape, and it seems
to be paying off. "This is the way we
were coached to several pre-season All-
America teams and last weekend,
against Patriot League rival Fords-
ham, became only the 16th player in
college history to rush for 1,000
yard. We had a total of 1,060 yards.
"Our defense this season is to run
for 1,000 yards," Sparacio said.
"I think this year I can do it.
He has already rushed for 138
yards in two games, and once again,
he is leading the Red Raiders in rush-
ing. But this year prevents some
players from the Colgate run-
ning game.

W. Soccer events record with 1-0 victory
BISON, from page B1

"We worked on stepping up in
pressures, and doing some
overlapping runs," Wolf said.
"She’s a very
coachable player."

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"Well, not really, the game was
just one of those things," Wolf
said. "I think they had almost a
vast improvement in their mid-
field. That’s exactly what they got.
Cory's attack was the previously
planned one."

The improved passing was such a
surprise to the Quakers that they
ended up with 11 of them.

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The most improved aspect of
the forwards much more effec-
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"We came up the field as a unit,
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**SportsWire**

Compiled from Associated Press Dispatches

**Oakland crushed but magic number reduced to 3**

**Milwaukee creeps closer; Alou comes through; Woman minds net for Tampa Bay**

**Bleachers to ground on a motions pay**

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**Shields to ground on a motions pay**

**San Diego**

Manager Greg Riddoch, who couldn't get the last place in the National League Western Division, was fired Friday night, as the San Diego Padres finished worst in the circuit for the second consecutive year.

Riddoch, who couldn't get the San Diego Padres to finish higher than fifth place in the National League West last season, was fired Friday night, as the San Diego Padres finished worst in the Western Division for the second consecutive year.

Ridgemont, manager of the Padres AAA farm team at Las Vegas during the last two seasons, was fired Friday night, as the San Diego Padres finished worst in the Western Division for the second consecutive year.

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See Your Future
Come Together.

We’re putting everything together. Great products. Smart people. A picturesque environment. Access to incredible resources. All that’s missing is you.

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See your Career Center soon for details.
IF I WROTE A BOOK ON SIXTY-FIVE YEAR OLDS... WOULD I BE THE VOICE OF THE COCOON GENERATION?

TALKIN' BOUT HIS GENERATION

THE AUTHOR OF GENERATION X AND SHAMPOO PLANET SPEAKS OUT
Let My People Throw

BY JOSH TYRANGIEL

We had a strategy: lots of speed in the outfield to counter their big bats, infield chatter to keep them off balance, and a dispute for every call that went against us. After all, this was the battle for religious superiority—the Father versus the Son, Yahweh versus Jesus, matzo versus Wonder bread for the family on braggadocio rights.

My cousin was getting married to what, as I learned later, was the bride's father. My grandmother reluctantly batted first. My grandmother was a widow, the spry seventy-eight-year-old jumped out of her chair and knocked the ball loose from the father of the bride, scoring a very important run.

The Jews were matched through three innings. In the fourth there was a play at the plate. Aunt Fanny tried to score from second on a ground out, but her sister screamed the name of his lord in vain, my grandmother squealed with joy.

We ended up in a happily symbolic tie 16-6. The Jews howled in frustration. A Christian called out, "They bribed the ump!" Low blow. Ensuing innings saw the first three-generational home run, several errors, a Jewish wave set to Hava Nagilah and the bride-to-be catching the scoring line drive of her almost-husband.

Somehow, while all of this was going on, the forced niceties of the day melted away. In their place were jokes and smiles, and even the odd serious conversation. We were getting along.

We crucified 'em. §
the Fraternity Guide* to College and Beyond

by Wayne M. Smoak, South Carolina '84

On Female Relations:

"When a woman enters a room, all men should rise to greet her. At a dinner table, a woman should be shown her chair before any of the men. It's still fashionable to open and close the door when a woman is entering or leaving a room; however, when entering a taxi or a revolving door, the man should enter first because it is easier for him to slide across the seat of a taxi or to push the door and start its rotation."

QUOTE OF THE WEEK, PART II

"Tootling your own ram's horn..."

Wanderings in the urban jungle

Dressed in our most flamboyant clown suits, complete with red noses and water-squirting bounteers, we investigated the goings-on of a peculiar bootleg video operation camping out in front of Baskin and Robbins. With 10 ducats in hand, and mass destruction on our minds, we ogled the incredibly impressive list of non-current titles on Muhammad's makeshift auction stand. We scored a brilliant coup with the purchase of the film noir classic Death Becomes Her, and kept our home-shopping club lesson in mind when we wrangled a money-back guarantee from the suddenly quiet Muhammad. Upon viewing the tape, however, we were disappointed by our incredible inability to distinguish Goldie Hawn's luscious figure amongst the sea of blur. But we could care less, 'cause it's always nice to get the clown suit on from time to time.

BELIEVE IT OR NOT

Philadelphia's Best Musical Talent Can Be Found This Year at SMOKE'S

SUNDAY - Pat Godwin Returns to SMOKE's Doing His Music and Comedy

MONDAY - The Patsy Foster Band Country—Rock—Blues—Incredible Vocals

TUESDAY - Kenn Kweeder and Friends "Already a Legendary Night on Campus"

FOOD AND DRINK SPECIALS ALL THREE NIGHTS

SHOWS START AT 10:00!

SMOKEY JOE'S

208 South 40th Street

"Check out our new menu!"

Street Society

Hi! It's the Creeper here, ready and steady to tell the tales and sell the seights of campus' precious perversion. As the damp sun of Indian summer pours on Locust Walk, students wake daily, unaware as to whether they should dress in autumn colors or attire styled from earlier months. The annual summer/fall clothing controversy always results in many a splitting headache — and therefore many a scandalous hipnk.

QUOTE OF THE WEEK: As a big blow with big hair and big earnings exited the lovely ladies room at the Paladium, she explained her slowdown to the immense pile of girls who had accumulated during her immense stay: "Sorry I took so long, there was a mirror — you know how it is."

QUOTE OF THE WEEK, PART II: On the subway back from the U2 concert several weeks ago, two members of our greek system discussed the hard hitting social issues of our time. The truly cutting nV

STREET MARKS

THE SPOT

DEATH BECOMES HER

3412 Sansom St. Philadelphia 301-3800

FARMVILLE, N.C. (AP) — A woman who was a semifinalist in this year's Miss USA pageant was killed in a weekend skydiving accident, officials said today.

Tess Elliott, 23, Miss North Carolina USA, fell to her death around 4 p.m. It took two hours to get her body out of a tree.

As Miss North Carolina USA, Miss Elliott competed in February in the Miss USA pageant. She was one of 11 contestants chosen as semifinalists. "To overcome my fear of heights, I learned to skydive," she wrote in a profile distributed by pageant officials.

Street Bytes

STRAIGHT OFF THE A.P. WIRE...

CLEVELAND (AP) — A woman whose stomach lining was damaged by an omelet mistakenly made with poisonous mushrooms has sued her ex-boyfriend for medical expenses.

The suit was filed by Jeanne Rocco, 30, of Akron, against Erhard Hartman, 35, of Strongsville. "I don't want to create any hard feelings here," Ms. Rocco said. "I didn't file out of spite or revenge. It's nothing personal."

For four or five days after eating the omelet, Hartman was debilitated as severely, and his diet wasn't as restricted...

STATE COLLEGE, Pa. (AP) — Penn State's student government president and the district attorney who's office jailed him for three months for growing pot debated the virtues of marijuana use Tuesday night.

One side said the most dangerous thing about marijuana is "If a bale of it were to fall on your head" The other read a list about 20 bad things that can happen with marijuana use, including infertility, memory loss and lung cancer.

It's "Marijuana Week" at Penn State, sponsored by the student government association that's led by Robert Kampa, who served time for growing 97 marijuana plants in 1989.

"I shouldn't have spent one day in jail for growing pot. And it didn't work either," Kampa said. "I smoked before jail, in jail and after jail."

He said he has since given up smoking pot.
Hi, my name is Trista.
Hi, my name is Tyler.
I'm a freshman living in Commie House.
And I'm a Senior Mergers and Acquisitions major living
above White Dog.
This semester we're gonna make you think...a lot.

Ya know what really irks me Trista? Those awful janitors in
their silly blue outfits. Why can't they wear something a little
bit more tasteful. Sure Penn's colors are red and blue...so why
not red pants and a white oxford and perhaps a
predominantly blue paisley cravat?

I do, Ty... red pants. When was the last time you
wore red pants? I know you wear those stupid pastel madras
shorts, but red pants. Uccchh.

C'mon Trista. This is our first column. We don't want
people to think we're shallow and vacuous. Let's discuss
some political stuff. What about Yugoslavia?

Huh?
You know, the place they had the 1984 Winter Olympics.
Oh yeah, Scott Hamilton... those hideous spandex... Bill
Johnson. God, I really love the Olympics. Remember when
we dreamt of becoming the first brother and sister figure
skating champions?

Yeah, we sure did have a lot fun growing up. I'll never
forget the time we all went to Puerto Rico on vacation and
Mom and Dad caught you skinny dipping with a local.

Tyler I can't believe you wrote that. I am so embarrassed.
You suck. Maybe you would like me to write about the time
Mom found you in the bathroom...if you catch my drift.

OK Trista. Enough.

Well, as you can see, Tyler and I are gonna really gonna
make you think this semester. So join us again in two weeks.
See ya.
Fishin' for Fashion

BY LAURIE STALBERG

PARIS — Oh la la, Hermes — the couture house whose name alone is fraught, simply fraught with starved elegance. Hermes' (say it, "air-may") leviathan-esque reputation conjures up dreamy visions of perfumed wads of crisp cash and pinched, powdered and put-upon chain-smoking French women who have checking accounts for their bilingual poodles. This is the company that has had its diamond-solid reputation as Fashion/Snobbery Capital of the world. This is the Hermes that Japanese tourists' dreams are made of.

However, this is also the Hermes that this fall landed at Penn's Landing, looking more like Greenpeace than Gucci. The Hermes that we know and covet has discovered the selling power of the endangered species, and has elected to save some dolphins before their pricey scarves go the way of the Dodo. And so, as Coco Chanel turns in her grave, one of the great bastions of haute goes hippie. Relatively speaking, of course.

Apparantly, Hermes has christened 1992 "The Year of The Sea." All of a sudden the folks in Paris became concerned for the poor little fishes who decorate their $1200 silk scarves. And so in a grand “we care, really we do” gesture of concern, Hermes has expanded its view outward to help raise funds for the Cousteau Society and other marine preservation groups. Our support may help insure that the beauty of our seas is preserved. ”Well, they’re not about to pelt Norwegian whaling ships in the Arctic circle with giant poitny-gold accessories, but it’s a fine start.

The reception was held aboard a boat docked across the river from the aquarium. Call me Ishmael, but the waste, human and otherwise, floating around in the dark gray water, twinkling in the lights from the Jersey chemical factories does not an idyllic scene make. Heil aboard The Gazella, a 149 year-old Portuguese fishing ship, the party was a glimpse into the workings of old-fashioned Philadelphia.

The deck scene was peopled mainly by middle-aged, well-heeled couples and social X-rays with advanced hair helmet syndrome. One man examining a scarf for his wife asked his friend, "Well, Henry, what do you think of this one?

"Eh, that one’s way too goyish."

A cluster of older, over-coifed women were standing near the prow and discussing the preferred topic of the evening: $700,000? Well, it’s the value, not the money, you know. The value is what counts," quipped one thrifty shopper.

Drifting high above the stooped shoulder pads of the Brooks Brothers suits were the heavily made-up faces of a few sleek models in Hermes pret-a-porter. Scurrying around the perfume displays were the Really Tanned Saleswomen from New York, all of whom belonged to that peculiar species of evil fragrance sprayers indigenous to Bloomingdale’s. As in, "remember, ladies, the perfume is made, and the shoppers are muggers. Now, go! Sell! SELL!"

The main attractions on deck were the two glass cases stocked with bags, belts, ties, and the trademark huge, gorgeous silk scarves festooned with tromp de l’oeil designs of gold ropes and chains and, ta-da, p.c. oceanographic imagery. Jewel-encrusted fingers were pawing the scarves that the Replicant-like scarf salesgirls were loading onto the counter. Even more scarves were tied to the rigging, stuffed into portholes and wound around most of the female necks present.

Francine, from the Philadelphia Ship Preservation Guild, was one of the volunteer crew members of The Gazella, and she regaled onlookers with the intricately long and complex history of the ship. Her fellow crew member Ed gave a tour of the hold, and occasionally dented the fashion reporter’s by now fuzzy wine haze.

(As an interesting socio-economic side note, between the clients, the caterers, and the crew members, there proved to be an inversely proportional relationship between friendliness and quality of appearance. Discuss amongst yourselves.)

Gus (not his real name), the married old catering guy who kept serving chilled white wine, was the highlight of the evening. After a couple rounds of drinks himself he began asking my friend and I what we were doing that week and if we had any free time. We thanked him for the wine, and fled The Gazella — scarfless, yes, but damn proud of it.
Bloody Mess
Landis aims for the jugular
BY JOSH TYRANNIEL

In the original Dracula, Bela Lugosi said, "There are far worse things awaiting man than death." Well, Bela certainly had an uncanny premonition about John Landis' newest death-themed feature, Innocent Blood.

Set in modern day Pittsburgh, Innocent Blood seems harmless enough at its beginning. Marie, played by the previously charming Anne Parillaud (La Femme Nikita) introduces herself to the camera as a vampire—but not just any ordinary bloodsucker. She only drains the blood of law-breakers, evildoers and all-around meanies. Juxtaposed to her narrative, across town we see the ruthless leader of the local mafia, Sal Macelli (Robert Loggia of Prizzi's Honor) amoralingly slay a fellow gangster, simply because he doesn't like his face. Predictably, Marie, our nocturnal super-antihero does her dirty deed on Sal.

When Marie sucks the life out of her victims, she usually kills them before they get a chance to become vampires. But this time she can't finish the job, and Sal runs wild in the city as the newest, most dangerous member of the living dead. Sal realizes the amazing career advantages of immortality in fighting rival crime families, and seeks to make everyone he knows an immortal member of his everlasting mob. This would seem to be an interesting clash between the gangster and monster genres, and should have made an interesting movie, at least of Lost Boys caliber. But, alas, not this time.

The central problem in Innocent Blood is that director Landis has no idea where he wants his film to go. The movie is neither camp nor horror, comedy nor nail-biter. Landis gives the film absolutely no path to follow, and so it sits lifeless (or even worse, un-dead) and humorless on the screen, waiting for something to happen; but nothing does.

According to a logical script, the film's conflict would be solved by Marie tracking down Macelli and putting him out of his misery. Instead, she shacks up with down-on-his-luck cop Joe Gennaro (played humbly by Anthony Lapaglia, Whispers in the Dark), and they engage in an hour of aimless soporific time killing. Landis seems to be trying to recapture the irreverent humor from his long-gone glory days of Animal House and The Blues Brothers.

Landis doesn't allow his characters to define themselves, and pulls a never-ending series of sight gags and humorless jokes that poison any good thrill-value that could oozee out of Innocent Blood. Relying on snide racial and gender stereotypes, the script's fail-safe jokes fall totally flat. All the Italians in Innocent Blood are in the mafia, eat at Italian restaurants, and speak with an accent that would make Marlon Brando wince. The one Jewish character in the film, Manny Bergman, (portrayed by Don Rickles) is a whispy mob lawyer who is only worried about getting paid.

Women are treated the worst of all in Innocent Blood: Landis' past films have occasionally been accused of subtle misogyny, but Animal House could be a feminist mantra when viewed next to Blood. Marie is viewed entirely as a sex object and is photographed nude while involved in even the most pedestrian of activities. There are scarcely any other female characters in the film until the climactic scene in a strip joint, where the credits list no less than thirteen women who portrayed strippers. A chore to sit through, Innocent Blood sinks into predictable grooves from its mid-point until the finale. The only positive point is some kinky special effects, which, mercifully, divert from the goomy sets and droning dialogue.

Free Falling
Nick Gomez' deeds done dirt cheap
BY MORGAN BEATTY

Unglamorous street criminals, as opposed to their glitzy organized counterparts, make unsettling cinema heroes. With his first feature, independent filmmaker Nick Gomez has brought something extraordinary and new to the crime film genre. Laws of Gravity, a gritty, depressingly realistic film about a handful of petty thieves.

Made up entirely of bouncy, handheld location shots (mainly in Brooklyn), the film's style is more in common with the crime documentary than the crime drama. Gomez's $38,000 budget (only slightly higher than last year's Slacker) allowed room for only new talent—a group of hard, decidedely unpolished, locals who add to the very non-Hollywood, documentary feel. And add they do, for nearly one hour and forty-five minutes of intensely real, rapid-fire dialogue that bubbles forth from endless heated arguments.

The characters' concerns are mostly about staying out of trouble (but police are a thankfully slim element here), and their many arguments center around how to do just that. Jimmy (Peter Greene), an honorable but temperable shoplifter, is content to lift shampoo for himself and his wife, Denise (Edie Falco) who are trying to take care of themselves and Jimmy's multitude of misguided friends. One such friend, Jon (a cinema verite version of Tom Cruise), is a border-line sociopath whose anger spills over onto his girlfriend Celia, the punching bag for a neighborhood that condones only public displays of abuse. When Jimmy's debts expand, an offer to sell handguns for the film's real sociopath, Frankie, has Jimmy stepping up his local hustling.

More than a grim portrait of lower class crime, Laws of Gravity is an exhausting film to watch. It relies heavily, and successfully, on the cast's ability to improvise long takes that begin with ordinary conversation and quickly escalate to four or five voices screaming simultaneously. Veteran documentary cinematographer Jean de Segonzac jerks the frame around the characters, trying to follow the staccato yelling and suddenly a body falls in and a fight has broken out. Gomez's violence is intense, realistic and brief.

Throughout the film, a bag of guns is toed by nearly everyone; guns are handled and pushed until they become characters themselves. However, can Gomez still scare us with them when there is no premonition about John Landis' newest death-ridden debacle.

Innocent Blood
At the AMC WALNUT MALL
DIRECTED BY JOHN LANDIS
STARRING ANNE PARILLAUD, ANTHONY LAPAGLIA, ROBERT LOGGIA

Laws of Gravity has no easy, socially conscious message that it aims to preach. Jimmy steals not because there are no jobs, but because he doesn't want to collect garbage. Race is a non-issue in the neighborhood, and Jimmy and Jon only venture into a different section of town to try to sell guns there, but are unsuccessful because they can't "communicate" well. Their racial and gender stereotypes, the script's frail jokes fail totally flat. All the Italians in Innocent Blood are in the mafia, eat at Italian restaurants, and speak with an accent that would make Marlon Brando wince. The one Jewish character in the film, Manny Bergman, (portrayed by Don Rickles) is a whispy mob lawyer who is only worried about getting paid.

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Shorts

MISTRESS

At the Ritz V
Disguised as another drab “movie about making a movie” movie, writer-director Barry Primus’s Mistress fashions an invigorating tale about the awkward perseverance of the human spirit in a world gone bad.

Mistress stars an appropriately glum and unlikeable Robert Wuhl (Batman, Bull Durham) as a flagging filmmaker singled out by failed producer Martin Landau to make one of Wuhl’s earlier scripts. The film tracks Primus’s attempt to use some one of his talents to produce a film that is different — with the true drama behind his artistic integrity coming to light.

As the film swerves from munching in tacky restaurants to chasing Ernest Borgnine’s Mercedes, Mistress bounces from madcap to moving through its web of chaotic casting. Check full of character parts that contain the level of acting only De-Niro’s presence can command, the relentlessly contagious performances synergize Primus’ script, taking it to a much higher level.

Complex and funny on many intertwining plot and character levels, Primus doesn’t try to out-play The Player’s assault on the horrors of Hollywood. Instead, he conveys a nicely ambiguous, and even touching tale of one weak man’s attempt to make his dreams come true.

—Matt Selman

CAPTAIN RON

At the Riverview
Ahoy, mates. Captain Ron is here and has it all — beautiful sunsets on green seas, bloodthirsty Cubans ready to rob you, and, most importantly, a treasure that no other movie has ever had: the talents of Kurt Russel and Martin Short. The only problem is that this film’s treasure remains buried and undiscovered by one of this year’s most interesting scripts.

Short plays Marvin Harvey, a loving father from Chicago who is determined to show his family the ultimate vacation. A family heirloom — one rundown, old-fashioned sailing ship — is left in Marvin’s possession, and he sets out looking for a captain to charter his dream. Enter Kurt Russell as Captain Ron, a scruffy and tanned sea-faring man who needs to get off-shore immediately. The two join up and sail away into a guaranteed flop.

At first, the Harveys are wary of Captain Ron’s qualifications. Their recently engaged daughter Caroline complains constantly about Ron, while the ten year-old son sees him as some real life superhero. As the What About Bob--esque plot moves on, Marvin begins to feel divorced from the family as they discover in Ron the many macho-man qualities which Marvin sorely lacks. The family-robbing evolves into the main question of the movie: how long will Marvin stand for Ron’s continuous flirting with Marvin’s wife? Will the son decide to bond with Ron rather than Dad? In the midst of all this, the crew has to deal with Cuban guerillas, angry pirates, and a hurricane that makes Andrew look flaccid in comparison.

With talent on hand capable of making a truly great comedy, Captain Ron falls way short of its potential. Had Captain Ron gone all out slapstick, there may have been something. You may chuckle here and there, but you will spend more time wondering if you can still make the beginning of Sneakers.

—Mike Berman

GAS FOOD LODGING

At the Ritz at the Bourse
As the title Gas Food Lodging suggests, Laramie, New Mexico is a place for weary journeymen to find a hot meal, a tank full of gas, and warm shelter for the night. But come morning, when these men have drifted away, the town’s women are left alone to deal with their loveless and empty existence.

In this deserted situation we meet Nora and her two teenage daughters, Trudi and Shade. After years of heartbreak and despair, Nora (Brooke Adams, Days of Heaven) has become both financially and spiritually bankrupt; she has passed this hopelessness on to her eldest daughter, Trudi (Jone Skye, Say Anything), who disguises her pain with a rebellious and promiscuous facade.

It is left to the introspective Shade (Fairuz Balk, Valmont) to find the cowboy-booted savior who will bring love to her mother’s life and a father figure to herself and her wayward sister. But when the savior doesn’t appear, the women must come to recognize the strength and love inside themselves that they never knew they had.

First-time director Allison Anders delicately reworks the Richard Peck novel Don’t Look And It Won’t Hurt to match her own perspective. Her raw insight lends semi-autobiographical truths to the lives of Nora, Trudi, and Shade. As a result, the situations in which they find themselves are tragic, comic and, above all, genuine.

Mixing the extraordinary New Mexico landscape with its rather ordinary inhabitants, Anders has created a world anchored by women in which the men are the heartbreakers. It is only from this heartbreak, however, that these women discover the most important and fulfilling love: the love of family and of self. As Anders masterfully proves in Gas Food Lodging, it does not take a better half to make a whole.

—Daniel Agee

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Freedom Isn't Coming

Sarafina! hits the silver screen, as its writer says the anti-apartheid play still needs listeners

BY MELANIE REHAK

Shot on location in the South African township of Soweto, the new Hollywood Pictures film version of Mbongeni Ngema’s extraordinarily successful Broadway play Sarafina! is enormous in every sense of the word.

The camera sweeps over incredible beauty and almost inconceivable violence with an equally graphic and non-discriminating eye. Sarafina! boasts a soundtrack that would make even the most tone deaf viewer want to burst into song. But while the picture’s visual and aural presence in the theater is unquestionably large, its emotions and politics loom even larger.

Sarafina! is the history of the infamous Soweto Uprisings of 1986, a violent episode in the horrifyingly recent past which resulted in the murder of a number of black South African school children at the hands of the white military during a riot brought on by massive dissatisfaction with educational censorship in Soweto’s schools. The children who were not killed were sent to prison and subsequently tortured as a means of “teaching them a lesson” before they were set free into the oppressed township once more.

In essence, the film chronicles the moment in South African history when Apartheid reached its inevitable explosion into violence, making the escalation more accessible by framing it in the fictional story of one student, Sarafina (Leleti Khumalo), whose fight for freedom is fueled by the inspiration of her radical-minded teacher (Whoopi Goldberg).

The fight between students and police takes on epic proportions as the film progresses, and while watching, it is hard to believe that the details are true. Molotov cocktails fly, machine guns rattle, and brutality is rampant as the children’s movement gains courage and loses members in the face of the military police. At one point, we are even subjected to watching a painfully young Sarafina undergo electric shock treatment in prison, an intensely graphic and indelible image.

It would be nice to believe that this kind of violence is isolated and in the past now that Apartheid laws have been repealed in South Africa, but we would be blind if we did.

Hollywood Pictures may endeavor to leave us with a hopeful impression of the situation in South Africa, especially now that Nelson Mandela, who serves as Sarafina’s touchstone and spiritual guidance counselor throughout the film, has finally been released from prison, but it is a difficult task. It is far too easy to settle into the comfortable misconception that South Africa is now a land of freedom and equality, yet truth comes out when Ngema admits freely that the film is not at all outdated, despite the governmental changes that have occurred between the original staging of the play in Johannesburg in 1987 and the recent release of the film. He gives a loaded, one-word affirmation of the statement that the film could have been set in 1992 with the omission of references to freeing Nelson Mandela, a simple, forceful, “Exactly.”

For Ngema, Sarafina! is quite clearly intended to allow the truth about white supremacy in South Africa be known. While he is complimentary towards other films made about the trouble in his country, such as “Cry Freedom”, a movie which portrays the flight of white South African Donald Woods and loosely covers the story of Steven Biko, one of South Africa’s most influential anti-Apartheid leaders, he feels that more needs to be said.

“Biko’s story is such an important story. Donald Woods happened to be there at the time. He was never a hero. He might have a good conscience, I’m sure,” Ngema concedes, “But Biko’s story made it impossible to do Biko’s story and that’s unfortunate because he was one of our heroes who died for what he believed in.”

To Ngema, the bottom line concerning South Africa is that “If you are a product of Apartheid, the first thing you learn is to defy the law, not to abide by the law.” This is what his story depicts: brazen defiance in what is perhaps more detail than we would like to see.

Ngema is to be commended for his moving and honest portrayal because the violence and abuse have not gone from South Africa. Even more frightening are the all-too-easily drawn comparisons between the anti-police sentiments and actions in the film and those that manifested themselves in an equally fiery manner in Los Angeles last summer. Clearly it is not entirely necessary to be a product of Apartheid to defy the law, but rather a product of a repressed community of any kind is sufficient. Sarafina! serves not only to wake our national conscience to racial hatred in other places, but to the violence here at home which has had equally harsh results.

Ngema makes no secret of how he views the situation of African-Americans in regard to the L.A. riots he says, “Well, my reaction was that it was about time. You know [what] I think [about] life in America...for black people, I’ve always felt there’s like a time bomb...Because after all the Civil Rights movement and all that, I think this country has been really unfair to the people of African origin. He is bitterly amused when he mentions that most of South Africa did not know about the riots, that “all they knew was what they saw on television. America: close to heaven is America.”

We are by no means close to heaven in this country; the same unrest lurks beneath the surfaces of South Africa and America alike. Ngema manages to bring this to our attention by combining rousing music and visual politics. It is more than a bit ironic, however, that one of the main cuts on the soundtrack, is a rhythmic, buoyant number entitled “Freedom Is Coming Tomorrow.”

Chronologically speaking, we have reached the tomorrow that the children involved in the Uprisings aspired towards. Mandela has been freed, Apartheid, at least in uniting, has been lifted. It would seem that the prayers of the film have been answered. But Ngema is still looking for the harmony, and the freedom.
"YOU KNOW HOW YOU MEET PEOPLE WHO ARE LIKE, OH GEE, I WISH I COULD LIVE IN THE FRANCE OF LOUIS QUATORZE, OR I'D GIVE ANYTHING TO LIVE IN GATSBY'S MANHATTAN? I THINK THAT I'M ONE OF THOSE PEOPLE EXCEPT I WAS LIVING IN THE YEAR 2600, AND I REALLY, REALLY, REALLY WISHED SO HARD TO LIVE IN 20TH CENTURY NORTH AMERICA. AND I GOT MY WISH, AND I'M JUST FREAKING OUT LIKE, WOW! MADONNA'S POINTED BREASTS! -- THEY'RE ON OUR TEN DOLLAR BILL OR
WOW! ROSEANNE BARR’S NOSE JOB -- WE READ ABOUT THAT IN THE GREAT BOOKS,’ AND THEN ‘OH MY GOD, EXPRESSWAYS AND BIRTH CONTROL PILLS, AND FAX MACHINES AND ALL THESE THINGS THAT WERE JUST MYTHOLOGIZED AND I’M HERE!”

Is this the gleeful vision of an author otherwise quoted as a scornful spokesman of the “baby buster” generation? Is this the man that inspired the “twentysomething” media craze with his unsparring, vitriolic prose? Is this the voice of a writer that commented on his forerunners in a memorable description, “Yuppies are dickoids who snap like wolverines on speed when they can’t have a restaurant’s window seat in the nonsmoking section with cloth napkins. [They’re] androids who never get jokes and who have something scared and mean at the core of their existence, like an underfed Chihuahua baring its teeny fangs and waiting to have its face kicked in?”

Douglas Coupland seems to be putting to rest the many assumptions drawn from his first novel, *Generation X*. Like that old game show that culminated in the odd bobbing of three silhouetted figures (two of whom having deftly fooled their celebrity guests into an assumed-for-prime-time identity), Coupland has emerged from behind a lurid shadow of sarcasm to reveal his true humanity and charmed naiveté. Though drafted as the keynote speaker for a generation following in the path of burnt rubber and fresh yuppie roadkill, Coupland continually affirmed his zeal during a recent interview.

“I visited the Campbell’s soup museum in Camden; it was like meeting Cher,” he said frankly, “I guess to me it’s not trivia. It’s all wonderful, and I just like to soak it in and enjoy.”

To deny any irony in his voice would be naive. But to attribute any malice to the statement would be unfair. What never became clear to the critics that still can’t see past the sophomorics of *Wayne’s World* is that sarcasm and the twentysomething thought process are inextricably linked. To label it malicious is to avoid the hearty, full embrace of everything high culture relegated to the ranks of banality.

First, there was *Generation X*. Its groundbreaking format blended statistics, gossip, hip lingo, catch-phrases, fantasy and fiction, and succeeded by mere dint of Coupland’s frenzied, brilliant wit. Specifically, the narrative element of the novel follows Andy, Dag and Claire through their low-pay, low-prestige, low-dignity, no-benefit, no-future, service-sector “McJobs,” highly educated and highly disgusted with the real-fattening pen environment of the white-collar world, the three escape conventional life to reside in the retirement community of Palm Springs. Originally intended as a “handbook” (as in the early-’80s: “prep-pie”), X blossomed into a vital, multi-layered document aimed right at the sour heart of a generation born a couple years late for the baby boom. The sensation built slowly but surely, until soon *Forbes* and *People* began calling for quotes on his cohorts adrift in a sea of acerbity.

Now arrives Coupland’s follow-up novel, *Shampoo Planet*, the flipside story to the generation raised on *The Brady Bunch*: the generation raised on *Brady Bunch* reruns. These characters affectionately label themselves Global Teens and see more hope for the world than the jaded X-ers. Tyler, a version of the narrator’s blissful younger brother in *Generation X*, takes center stage in *Shampoo Planet*.

Coupland elaborates, “There’s a Tyler in *Generation X*, and he was obviously the seed for the second Tyler; he just screamed for development and I really liked his attitude, I guess. I kind of almost admire him because you don’t know if Tyler is pushing that envelope of irony to some absolute extreme or if he’s being completely sincere.”

Tyler’s sincerity is naturally questionable when he’s surrounded by an industry town mired in toxic waste, a hippie mother sulking through divorce and a local mall sinking in a recession.

Even harder to tell is if youthful immaturity or true generational rifts explain Tyler’s response to his ’60s mother’s flakiness: “Go worship your crystals. Poverty blows.”

Still, like Coupland’s X characters, Tyler relishes the absurdity of mass culture, best exemplified in the shops of his local mall.

“The games arcade is as stuffed as ever, the floor strewn with Wooly Pop wrappers and crunched clear plastic bento boxes and chopsticks from The Great Teriyaki Experience™, detritus from the malls two remaining outposts of nutrition...The arcade’s lure is irresistible, like the lure of wanting to make long-distance phone calls on your parents’ bill.”

At some point the world became a laundry list of adjectival proper names and obscure niche references — somewhere around the time our television sets’ channel capability and hair care treatment alternatives increased by 1000 percent.

**“I’M NOT SURE WHAT MY PARENTS WERE THINKING WHEN THEY NAMED ME; MY FAMILY IS ALL SCOTTISH AND THE BLACK DOUGLAS WAS THIS MYTHICAL CREATURE THAT LIVED UNDER BRIDGES AND AT CHILDREN.”**

**B**orn on a military base in Germany, in 1961, Coupland seemed primed for the kind of nuclear-clouded future that kids ducking under desks in the ’60s would shoulder for the rest of their lives. Soon, his parents (and three brothers) would return to Western Canada, where Coupland remained through adolescence. Though living mainly in Vancouver (where Coupland still resides) would not account for the vast amount of minute and experience packed into the two novels, it does account for the core reverence of nature in both. Coupland seems drawn — almost unwillingly — to brief encounters with the Northwestern natural world. But what of that proverbial finger on the inner wrist of the baby busters? How does growing up in Vancouver provide one that universal sensitivity?

“Well, Canada is its own version of America anyways; we get all the same television channels,” Coupland jokes. “But still, people will trick you into verbal gymnastics, trying to get you to somehow confess that you’re some weird voice of a generation. But, no, that’s so hokey, I’m not doing that. I write characters who are, hopefully, plausible and identifiable by a certain audience.”

So apart from the dark, child-thieving monster under a bridge in Scotland, no dopplegangers lurk in Douglas Coupland’s consciousness alerting his mind to such twentysomething phenomena as Dumpster Clocking (“the tendency when looking at objects to guesstimate the amount of time they will take to decompose”) or Flame-Induced Apathy (“the attitude that no activity is worth pursuing unless one can become very famous pursuing it”) or Pull-the-Plug, Slice-the-Pie mentality (“A fantasy in which an offspring mentally tallies up the net worth of his/her parents.”).

“My theory,” Coupland responds, “is that you take a baby, and it pops out of the womb; it opens its eyes, and its brain it doesn’t know when its born or where its born in history, all it knows is that its alive and it has to tallies up the net worth of his/her parents.”

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The eighties were just at their peak and I was just so tired of yuppies being able to go out and just purchase a sensibility or buy an attitude. And I wanted to encapsulate the aesthetic before it disappeared.

It was 1988. Michael Milken was still trading junk bonds. Donald and Ivana had the pre-nup locked away. Ronald Reagan’s hair was an artificial, yet nonetheless soothing, auburn.

And Douglas Coupland, previously a staffer on various Canadian art magazines, left for Palm Springs to write his first piece of fiction to date. It was to be a handbook aimed at a generation lost in the shuffle of yuppie parents and their precious kids. What St. Martin’s would receive from the project was something far different than the innocuous bite-size guide for which they bargained.

There was a way of seeing the world in 1988 that was strangely unrecorded. There was just no evidence of the world being perceived that way by anybody,” says Coupland.

Sure the yuppie angst of the Big Chill was on display for the nation and Time magazine to indulge in, but the sarcastic grunt from behind a gray, polyester-weave cubicle wall went distinctly unnoticed. The only baby-busters with a voice were the spoiled Breet Easton Ellis also-rans that mimicked the ravenous materialism so heartily en vogue at the time.

Generation X awoke sociologists and pop culture-ophiles to the smell of their espresso machines. An alternative bohemianism was afoot, challenging the prevailing assumptions of the assumed middle-class lifestyle. Soon, Richard Linklater’s film, Slacker joined the fray, and an anthem was created.

A follow-up to such a phenomenon always puts the writer in an unfortunate bind. Shampoo Planet, however, wisely avoids the topos of its predecessor and aims for an emotional connection that the coolness of the X-ers would never allow. One sees moments of such beauty in the novel that affirm in their purest state and wrench in their most honest.

There’s this whole slew of TV series out now about people in their twenties...but you know the thing is none of the seem to have any sense of irony? Why don’t any of the characters do any impersonations of Sunny the Cocoa Puffs Bird, where are the Hereville Alzheimers Jokes? Or the curse of different strokes cast thing? I mean different strokes jokes are one of the few salvations of being in your twenties.

Coupland raises a point that will invariably never made note of in Hollywood. The twenty-somethings of our time have an eye on American culture sharper than any cultural anthropologist. Sit in on a pop culture class at any school and see how shifty everyone gets around fifteen minutes in.

That familiarity with the lowest common denominator creates a love/hate relationship among twenty-somethings. Love for a show like My Three Sons can be analyzed in many different ways, but let’s take it at face value: it’s fun. At one point, though, Coupland pinpoints the dark side of the show culture moon: being forty-five, an alcoholic, and writing on the Warner’s backlot (“That’s so sad. I can’t believe I said that!”) Or in other words, whoring for the god he worships.

In reading Douglas Coupland’s two published views of the world, one conclusion about our society — the one that Tyler finds in Shampoo Planet — is amply clear: “Wake. up. The world is alive.”

Dan Sacher is the Managing Editor of 34th Street and is funny because he is true.
Beastie Goys
Irish rappers bubble and fizz with fine malt lyrics

BY SABRINA RUBIN

Remember those high school bullies who used to beat you up for no apparent reason other than to satisfy their testosterone rush? (C'mon, you know who you are.) Well, they've come back to haunt you, as obnoxious, oversexed, and homophobic as ever — and threatening. "If you get on the basketball court, talking shit is half the game," admits Everlast, frontman for the Irish bad boys, House of Pain. "I look at the lyrics like a basketball." True to form, these nephews of the rap scene could be the biggest trash-talkers in the business, but they deliver on their self-titled debut.

House of Pain has had a firm grip on rap's steering wheel since the release of this summer's anthem, "Jump Around." The single is the per- sonal love story against the backdrop of middle America. As the narrator broods over breaking up with his girlfriend, he swings through moods of relief, pain and stoicism, ultimately deciding to abandon his one-horse town. His need for escape parallels the dashed hopes of the working class, as Penn finds, "There's no gold in this barren town."

The polished L.A. production of House of Pain conflicts with the ideology of an appeal on behalf of the economically downtrodden. At the same time, Penn's talent for interesting twists of melody, choruses and time signature hinges upon the tight and clean sound which moves the album forward. Sophisticated harmonies from vocalists such as former Squeeze singer Glenn Tilbrook complement Penn's unwavering lead. The understated impact of two guitars, bass and drums suits the accessibility of music whose originality lies in the writing, not in the clutter of studio effects.

Michael Penn
FREE-FOR-ALL
RCA Records

Penn maturely uses a wide range of instrumentation and tone, from the contemplative acoustics of "Long Way Down," to the decided more electric aggression of "Free Time" to the slow, bluesified,hard-pressed ballad in "Cool" and "Sleeping My Mind." Preference for poetic complexities over straightforward descriptions or metaphor pervades the basic story and keeps it a fresh and challenging listen. The lyrics hyperspace in and out of poker games, bus rides, dialogue and soliloquy, and from tenderness to wry skepticism. "If I wear apathy's crown. Don't call me highness/ It's a long way down." Even the album's title suggests the inherent flaws in any common phrase: does "Free-For-All" mean indiscrimination of the American ideal of individual freedom, or is it the motto of anarchy?

There haven't been a lasting American male voice on the popular scene since Springsteen, John Cougar Mellencamp, and Billy Joel (unless your definition of "male" includes Michael Jackson), and Michael Penn's inspired, ambitious and refined music compares favorably to any of his aging predecessors.
No New Tale to Tell
Ex-Rocketman crashes and bores

BY JOSH LEITNER

David J's new album, Urban Urbane, heavily contrasts the polarity of city life: the rich and jaded versus the hopelessly destitute. Unfortunately, these contrasts comprise the message of the album and, like the title, are both trite and uninspired. The idea of a theme-dominated album appears refreshing and offers the artist the opportunity to portray different views on a single topic, but this particular monothematic effort suggests that David J had only one idea, which he stretched into twelve slow tracks. This is not to suggest that David J has any qualms about writing lyrically repetitive songs. After all, he is a Love and Rockets alum.

Urban Urbane simply lacks the interest-holding aspects of J's earlier works. After the first track, which contrasts the lifestyles of the very rich and the very poor, J alternates every other song to be a story of either the unfortunate urban dweller or the suave, urbane, burned-out former star. However, instead of discussing the wide range of issues that fall into either the urban or urbane category, J rehashes the same tired theme throughout most of the album. J immediately tries to distance himself from his Bauhaus/Love and Rockets days with a poppy opening track titled "Some Big City." Unfortunately, the barely interesting songs on the album's newfound social consciousness appears sporadically throughout the album, but is conspicuously void of the anger or resentment one might expect to accompany it.

J's lyrics are as intelligent and laced with religious imagery as ever; however, the music simply sucks. J abandons the acoustic strumfest, the intensely mellow, and the feedback/distortion sounds of his Love and Rockets years for a weak stab at the Dylan-esque, but without Dylan's lyrical abilities and American folk credibility. What remains is uninspired and trilling musical accompaniments to not-so-thrilling lyrics.

David J
Urban Urbane
MCA

To J's credit, he employs the aid of producer Niko Bolas (of Fishbone's Reality of My Surroundings live) and Assistant "Some Big City." Unfortunately, the barely danceable baseline, as well as the "Walk, Don't Walk" refrain, makes this track seem more like a Sesame Street sketch than an insightful sociological survey.

David J maintains a 'I know just a little more about this than you do' attitude as he relates to us the rigors of daily life of the drug-addicted teenage prostitute in "Candy on the Cross." Although lacking the integrity of Jane's Addiction's "Jane Says," this track stands as one of the more interesting songs on the album. J's newfound social con

GILBERTS

Now that the 'Berts have once more reacquainted themselves with the ivy-strung, puke-encrusted stones of Locust Walk, it's time to settle down into some serious fratennizing. 4 or 5 of the bow-tie guys means you've hit a secret stash of Sam Adams 1 or 2 and it's Schlitz, Schlitz as far as the eye can see.

The Robert Cray Band I Was Warned
Legend-before-his-time Robert Cray plays good radio-pop with a bluesy feel on his latest release. Unfortunately, he manages to sound whiter than Bonnie Raitt in the process.

—Melanie Chang

Tom Waits
Bone Machine

Open your ears to Waits' latest and prepare yourself for music from an experimental, blue sardophagus that rattles with the imminent sounds of the coming apocalypse.

—Matt Marlowe

Bleach
Killing Time

Morrissey claims that "London Is Dead." Tell it to these guys. Bleach's debut is filled with proto-typical Limy shoegazer vocals and swirling, feedback-laden guitars in a steadfast reminder that tired genres don't die; they multiply.

—Aimee Miller

The Jayhawks
Hollywood Town Hall

Do you remember those great bands of the '70s, with smooth guitar licks, laid-back melodies, and really long hair? The Jayhawks do. They're not especially cute, grungy, or danceable, so don't look for them on MTV. Hunt down this dose of good ole' rock n' roll.

—Andy Esparshade

Thai SINGHA HOUSE
Exotic Thai Cuisine

JAYWALKIN': After Bauhaus and Love and Rockets, things look bleak for David J

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—Melanie Chang

—Tom Waits

—Aimee Miller

—Andy Esparshade

34TH STREET MAGAZINE 13
WEEKEND

film

Catch the restored 35mm print of Jean Cocteau’s 1946 classic Beauty and the Beast playing this weekend at the International House. Cocteau’s spin on this now extremely familiar fable seems all the more magical than Disney’s when one considers its age. Cocteau achieved a surprising number of his charming special effects primarily by running the camera in reverse. And the Beast’s costume and castle are stunningly dark and attractive though he’s no Robbie Benson.

Looking for a way to enjoy the lingering warm evenings and a cure for the midweek blues? I lead down to Center City on Wednesday nights to partake in Mayor Rendell’s latest brainchild, “Make It A Night.” More than 700 downtown retailers, restaurants, movie theaters and galleries are competing for your hard-earned dollars with discounted shopping, outdoor dining, and music entertainment.

music

“Sometimes you just have to go up,” says EDO kappelmeister Eliot Duhan. Indeed. Make sure to catch his band’s wild antics (of recent SPEC-inspired Superblock fame) at the Chestnut Cabaret, where they open for Eek-a-Mouse on Thursday, October 1. A “Marx Brothers Tribute Band,” EDO combines a heavy jazz influence with an unexpected, hyperactive energy reminiscent of Phish. Their influences? “Ernie Banks, Julia Child. And Chekov.”

WEEKEND

STREET

choice

film

means Street says go.

COMMERCIAL

BEBE’S KIDS
The late Robin Harris is paid tribute in this animated family comedy. (Erie’s Place)

BLADE RUNNER
Harrison Ford, Rutger Hauer, and Sean Young star in this re-release of the sci-fi thriller now sans narration and five minutes longer. (Ritz V)

BOB ROBERTS
“An absurdly satirical portrayal of ultra-conservative propaganda... or the necessary economic gospel.” You decide. (Ritz at the Bourse)

A BRIEF HISTORY OF TIME
Stephen Hawking, as a paradoxical analogy of the mysteries of space. (Ritz V)

CAPTAIN RON
SEE REVIEW PAGE 7. (AMC Walnut Mall, AMC Police, UA Rittenhouse)

DEATH BECOMES HER
Robert Redford goes back to the future in this twisted back comedy. (AMC Old City)

ENCHANTED APRIL
Four English women rediscover themselves during a lost month in Italy. (Ritz V)

GAS FOOD LODGING
SEE REVIEW PAGE 5. Starts Wednesday. (Ritz at the Bourse)

HELLRAISER III: HELL ON EARTH
Rent the first one or the second but don’t pay to see the third. (Ritz at the Bourse)

HONEYMOON IN VEGAS
Take one bride, one groom, 54 Flying Elvises, shaker vigorously, simmer at low temperature Serve chilled. (Sam’s Place, UA Rittenhouse)

INNOCENT BLOOD
SEE REVIEW PAGE 6. (Ritz at the Bourse)

LAWS OF GRAVITY
SEE REVIEW PAGE 6. (Ritz at the Bourse)

LONDON KILLS ME
Actually so does Philadelphia, New York, Los Angeles, Detroit, Washington, and Cherry Hill, New Jersey. (The Bourse)

MISTRESS
SEE REVIEW PAGE 7. (Ritz at the Bourse)

HOWARDS END
Merchant Ivory does Forster once again in a charming and compelling fashion. Ends Tuesday. (Ritz at the Bourse)

HUSBANDS AND WIVES
“A quiet lament of human hearts taken more with envy than with passion.” (Ritz V)

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September 25 - 28

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Asian American
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Starts September 30
Through October 12

MTL SUNDAY REVIEW
MUSEUM
Academy of the Fine Arts
Broad and Cherry Streets
Cassatt, Degas and Pissarro

Showing at the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts through September 27 are 20 original prints by Mary Cassatt, Edgar Degas, and Camille Pissarro. The exhibit explores the three artists’ unusual printmaking style, especially in patterning, perspective, and color. Cassatt studied at the Academy of the Fine Arts in the 1860s, then traveled to Europe and became established in the circle of French Impressionists alongside Degas. This exhibit commemorates the centennial of her 1891 exhibition and includes 30 of her prints from that exhibition, three additional Cassatt prints, three by Degas, and three Pissarro prints. Their innovative use of the print style has effects today, as can be seen the art of Andy Warhol and Larry Rivers.

A photographer (Bob Hoskins) who reproduces organisms better than Meg Ryan, an ex-con (Jeff Goldblum) who poses as Jesus for religious scenes and an actress (Natasha Richardson) who can’t control her sexual urges upon hearing classical music are among the curious characters in Ben Lewin’s quasi European comedy The Favor, the Watch, and the Very Big Fish.

Offbeat and quirky, Lewin’s film pays outward tribute to the outrageous wit of Monty Python. But despite its often satirical attitude, The Favor, the Watch, and the Very Big Fish still boasts an ethereal charm which keeps the viewer glued to the screen.

-Rene Simon
available at

THE VIDEO LIBRARY

4040 Locust St
387-5440
daily 10-10
ARTS

MUSEUMS

AFRO-AMERICAN HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL MUSEUM

(Seventh and Arch Streets, 274-0280.)

"Protest and Participation: Freedom Ain’t Free." An exhibition which captures images of African Americans using the First Amendment to advocate for freedom during the Civil Rights Movement.

ATWATER KENT MUSEUM

(15 South 7th St., 922-030.)

“Street Wise: Race, Class, and Change in an Urban Community.” Dr. Elijah Anderson, U of P Professor of Social Sciences, will present a free lecture on Thursday, September 24 at 7:30pm.

“Image worlds: Photographs by Alfred A. Delard.” The exhibition will focus on the photographer’s role in creating an image of the city and its people. September 18 through February 27.

THE FRANKLIN INSTITUTE

(Broad & Cherry Streets, 922-7600)

EAKINS THE TEACHER: an examination of the curriculum of the Pennsylvania academy of fine arts. When Thomas Eakins was the director (1882-1886) through figure studies in oil, photography and anatomy sketches. Through September 30.


PACING THE PAST: 19th Century portraits from the collection consisting of about 40 works reviewing the Academy's influence on the genre's popularity, stylistic evolution and impact through April 11.

LAST CHANCE TO SEE CASSATT, DEGAS AND PISSARRO: A STATE OF REVOLUTION; this exhibit explores the unconventional

printmaking practices employed by these three artists and their innovative use of color, patterning and perspective. Through September 27.

PHILADELPHIA MARITIME MUSEUM

(321 Chestnut Street, 925-539.)

WILLIAM PARTRIDGE BURPEE: American marine impressionist show offers 42 paintings by native northeasterter Burpee. Also various other oils from the 19th Century.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART

(Parkway at 26th Street, 763-8100.)

Tuesday-Sunday, 10-5. Admission after 1 pm is $3 for students with ID, free Sundays till 1 pm.

Featuring anatomical drawings of Leonardo da Vinci from the collection of Queen Elizabeth II, plus a dramatic exhibition of the Romantic master Eugene Delacroix. And of course, the impressive permanent exhibits.

THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM

(33rd and Spruce, 898-400.)

Tuesday-Saturday, 10-4:30, Sunday, 1-5.

It’s worth the walk to 33rd to browse the artifacts at the University Museum. Now featuring “The Gift of Birds.”

GALLERIES

BRANDYWINE CONSERVATORY

(Route One, Chadds Ford, 495-1900)

“The Helga Pictures Then and Now.” The famous and often

STUDENT TICKET INFORMATION 1992 PENN FOOTBALL

HOME GAMES

STUDENTS:

All university of Pennsylvania students are admitted FREE with their valid I.D. (PennCard) to all 1992 home games at Franklin Field. Entry to Franklin Field is through designated student gates 5D-SC-5D-SE. The student section is located in South Stand upper and lower tier sections SA-SE. If all student sections are full, students will be permitted to sit in East Stands (end zone).

STUDENT GUESTS/DATES:

Students are eligible to purchase one student section guest ticket at $5.00 with their valid I.D. for each 1992 home game. Additional tickets are available at the regular reserved price. Student section guest tickets are subject to availability and are only sold on game day at the designated student guest ticket booth (southwest corner Franklin Field).

AWAY GAMES

Tickets for all 1992 away games are available at the Franklin Field Ticket Office during regular business hours through the Thursday before the game. If a discount student ticket is available, students may present up to four valid I.D.’s including their own to purchase discount tickets (limit one discount ticket per valid I.D.). Additional tickets may be purchased at regular price. Away game tickets are subject to availability. Contact the Ticket Office for specific game information.

FRANKLIN FIELD TICKET OFFICE

235 South 33rd Street
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HOURS: Monday through Friday, 10 A.M. to 4:30 P.M.

FOR MORE INFORMATION CALL (215) 898-6151

SEPTEMBER 24, 1992

1992 PENNSYLVANIA FOOTBALL

Head Coach: Al Bagnoli

1992 PENNSYLVANIA FOOTBALL Schedule and time subject to change.
controversial Hilda Pictures by Andrew Wyeth will be exhibited for the first time since 1987, exclusively at the Brandywine River Museum, from September 24 thru November 22.

THE FACULTY CLUB
(201 South 36th St., 988-6181. Weekdays 9:30 am-7:30 pm.)
The paintings, watercolors and paperwork of Gertrude Fishman and Anne Karmit, both Penn Alum, will be shown at Penn's Faculty Club until September 25.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART
(118 South 36th St., 498-7081. Tuesday-Sunday 10-5, Wednesday 10-7)
"Bill Viola: Slowly Turning Narrative." The master of the psychologically charged video has developed a new large video and sound installation, featuring a 12-foot screen and two projectors in the darkened gallery.

"Eileen Neff: The Mountain and A Chair." Mixed-media installation inspired by Cezanne's work and playing with two and three dimensional space and reality and illusion. Both run September 11- October 18.

NEXUS FOUNDATION FOR TODAY'S ART
(137 North 3rd St., 269-1103)
The Nexus features Full Moon, an installation by Jane Runyan, which runs until September 27. The exhibit includes "Dance of the Wildflowers," a characteristic work which stirs the viewer with its beauty and its use of color.

SAMUEL FLEISHER ART MEMORIAL
(709-721 Catharine St., 922-3456. Monday-Thursday 11am-5pm & 6:30pm-9:30pm, Saturday 10am-5pm.) "Challenge Exhibition #1." First in a four part series focusing on regional artists, running to October 1.

THEATER

CAMELOT
Robert Goulet stars in this fantastic retelling of a classic tale. If you loved him in "The Fantastics," you'll really dig him as King Arthur Pendragon of the Round Table. Does Ricardo Malteban play Lancelot? How about Ethel Merman as Queen Gwen? (Valley Forge Music and Convention Center, 337-4000.)

AN EVENING WITH GEORGE BERNARD SHAW
A philosophical review from the present to the future, in which he foreshadows the neutron bomb and genetic manufacturing. Also tales of a classic love triangle of husband, wife and lover in the form of a knockabout farce. Through October 3. (Hedgerow Theatre Company, Wellingford, 565-4211.)

INTERNATIONAL HOUSE
See choice box (p. 14) for Cocteau's Beauty and the Beast. For other programs and complete schedules call 367-5125 (International House, 3701 Chestnut St., 367-5125.)

ECHOS OF THE JAZZ AGE
The world premiere of Aaron Porter's adapted theatrical collage features the works and wisdom of the Roaring 20's great figures, including Dorothy Parker, Cole Porter, Langston Hughes, Ernest Hemmingway, and F. Scott Fitzgerald.

(Toddlet Theatre Company, Saint Stephen's Alley Performing Arts Center, 10th & Ludlow St. Ticket info: 829-8900.)

THE FAIR MAID OF THE WEST
The17th Century play takes the traditional role of maiden in distress and turns it on its ear. When an English captain is taken captive by Spaniards at sea, only his true love and barmaid can save him. Sounds like fun.

(Red Heel Theatre, 2415 Perot St., 790-0577.)

THE MYSTERIES AND WHAT'S SO FUNNY
A theatre-dance-music work by Philip Glass, Red Grooms and David Gordon. Meditations on the nature of art by French DaDaist Marcel Duchamp are at the core of this rich multi-layered piece with an eloquently amusing story.

(Zellerbach Theatre, Annenberg Center. September 25 and 26, at 8:00pm)

ORCHESTRA 2001
The name says it all, doesn't it?
September 24 at 8:00pm.
(The University of the Arts, L. Wagner ball, 311 S. Broad St. 875-4800.)

THE PLAYBOY OF THE WESTERN WORLD
John Millington Synge's classic comedy portraying life in a small turn-of-the-century Irish village, where the residents make a hero out of an asylum seeking outlaw.
September 16-October 25.

ET CETERA

PENNSKATE 92 MARKS REUNION OF OLYMPIC SKATERS CALLA 7 ROCKY
For one night only. Skating fans unite!
(U of P Class of 1923 Reunion. September 24 at 7:30 pm.)

1991 TOUR OF OLYMPIC AND WORLD CHAMPION GYMNASTS
Olympic medal winners from the Summer games in an all-new arena tour.
(The Spectrum, September 29 at 7 pm.)
Joe's Peking Duck House offers up its pancake bread, as well as a two delicious duck with plum sauce and several different styles; there’s the specialty — naturally — duck in treasured anti-hero of modern dining.

And remember: the cure for bitterness is fries dipped in sweet and sour sauce.
16TH STREET BAR AND GRILL
(264 S. 16th St., 735-3156)
A relaxed restaurant serving pastas,
chicken and steaks in a fun,
contemporary atmosphere.

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CAFÉ NOLA
(326 South St., 627-2999)
Cajun-Creole style Southern cuisine in
a two-deco mardi gras environment.

MAGNOLIA CAFÉ
(1623 Locust St., 546-4188)
Cajun and other southern style foods at
reasonable prices in a large, high
ceilinged room. The entire menu
is great and some entrees are even health
conscious. Try the Sunday brunches.

CHINESE
BEIJING
(3714 Spruce St., 222-5142)
On campus convenience and speedy
service at one of the better Chinese
restaurants in Philly, with Mandarin,
Cantonese, and Szechuan delicacies.

JOE'S PEKING DUCK HOUSE
(925 Race St., 922-3277)
Reputed to be the best place in
Chinatown, and they're right. Super-
duck dude.

JOYFUL INN
(9th St., between Sansom and Chestnut,
366-1210)
Another Chinese place near campus,
with out of this world KM
prucv St., 222-52431

ITALIAN
BOCCIE
(4040 Locust St., 386-5500)
Great gourmet pizza and pastas in a
casual setting. Try the scallop &
basilica and Hawaiian.

LA GROLLA
(723 2nd St., 627-7701)
Northern Italian cuisine in an intimate
atmosphere, this hidden secret shines
out as one of the cooler places on South
Street. A variety of meats and fishes in
thick sauces. Excellent venison and
risotto.

French

CIBOULETTE
(1312 Spruce St., 796-1210)
Virtually the best in Philly for French
cuisine according to Esquire's 1989 list.

Provincial French cuisine in a simple
atmosphere. Well worth the price for
$45 meal for four courses. Every entree
is exquisite.

LAUTREC RESTAURANT
(408 S. 2nd St., 374-0141)
Attached to the Borgia Cafe for Jazz,
this is one of the more casual French
spots around.

LE BEC FIN
(1321 Walnut St., 567-1000)
The most famous, and expensive,
French restaurant in Philadelphia.
"Nuf's said.

LE CHAMPIGNON
(122 Lombard St., 922-9875)
Featuring both French and Japanese
fare, this on the water dining,
experience is well worth the trip.

210
(210 W. Rittenhouse Sq, 546-9000)
Contemporary French cuisine with
American and Continental influences
including deer sole, red snapper, and
breast of duck. Dramatic views of
Rittenhouse square and hotel.

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Gumbo and other southern style foods at
a neo-deco mardi gras environment.

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**F R I D A Y**

**K I T C H E N S O F D I S T I N C T I O N w/ KINGMAKER & BLEACH**
British alternative favorites come to America seeking aid for their failing Lenev economic system. Groove up those U.S. books while you can, boys.
(Chestnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut, 382-1201)

**FLAMIN’ CAUCASIANS**
Another goofy band from Philly tries to make their laughy-minute presence known. Make sure to down a few before attending this one.
(Rock Lobster, Delaware & Vine, 627-ROCK)

**A FLOCK OF SEAGULLS w/ CERTAIN FLIGHTLESS BIRDS**
For those of you who have only heard those U.S. bucks while you can, boys.
(Chesnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut, 382-1201)

**M I C H A E L P E N N**
The brother of Jeff Spicoli returns!
Supporting his second album, Penn should enliven the audience with his acerbic wit and daring stage acrobatics.
(SEE REVIEW P. 10.
(Chesnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut, 382-1201)

**B I G H E A D T O D D A N D T H E M O N S T E R S**
Yes, it is a giant name for a band and yes, they are very good. In from out Colorado way, these guys will definitely make it a fun evening. And ex-Replacements drummer Chris Mars painted their album cover.
(Ambler Cabaret, 43 E. Butler Pike, 846-4727)

**P H I L A D E L P H I A O R C H E S T R A**
Conductor Hans Vonk conducts one each from Shumann, Erd and Tchaikovsky. A truly posh event that any Ivy Leaguer (yes, that means you) would be proud to attend.
(Academy of Music, 1420 Locust St., 893-1930)

**S A T U R D A Y**

**K I T C H E N S O F D I S T I N C T I O N w/ KINGMAKER & BLEACH**
British alternative favorites come to America seeking aid for their failing Lenev economic system. Groove up those U.S. books while you can, boys.
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**TUESDAY**

**D R E A M T H E A T E R w/ C A R N I V A L O F S H A M E**
(LEC), so we don't know much about these two bands either, but hey, going to see them beat the hell out of watching Ronan reutars.
(Chestnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut, 382-1201)

**W E D N E S D A Y**

**A R O O M W I T H A V I E W**
Billed as "Philadelphia's popular alternative band," here's hoping they aren't as slow as the film. But hey, women are admitted free of charge.
(El's Pyle 34, 715 S. Columbus Boulevard, 423-2500)

**R I C H A R D A C E & T H E S O N S O F A C E w/ CHEF EDDY**
We're pretty sure that you're in store for some fantastic reggae, but don't blame us if it turns out to be polka night.
(El's Pyle 34, 715 S. Columbus Boulevard, 423-2500)

**E E K - A - M O U S E & E D O**
Put on that rasta cap and check out one of the finer reggae bands around. And if you haven't seen them in one of their seventeen-odd recent local appearances, Philly's own EDO opens the show with some way-cool material of their own. SEE CHOICE.
(Chestnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut, 382-1201)

**T H U R S D A Y**

**D R E A M T H E A T E R w/ C A R N I V A L O F S H A M E**
(LEC), so we don't know much about these two bands either, but hey, going to see them beat the hell out of watching Ronan reutars.
(Chestnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut, 382-1201)

**W E D N E S D A Y**

**A R O O M W I T H A V I E W**
Billed as "Philadelphia's popular alternative band," here's hoping they aren't as slow as the film. But hey, women are admitted free of charge.
(El's Pyle 34, 715 S. Columbus Boulevard, 423-2500)

**R I C H A R D A C E & T H E S O N S O F A C E w/ CHEF EDDY**
We're pretty sure that you're in store for some fantastic reggae, but don't blame us if it turns out to be polka night.
(El's Pyle 34, 715 S. Columbus Boulevard, 423-2500)

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