University Council member David Rose speaks out against the University's practice of taking photographs of individuals who violate open expression guidelines.

It's scary that it ever came up in the first place," said Bruce-Michael Gebert, a gay political science major. Gebert said he would not have won re-election to the Student Assembly had it not been for the controversy in the first place.

"I think what we said initially is that if it was a violation of the equal rights of gays, lesbians and bisexuals, then that would be a reason to tell police to stop taking pictures," Gebert said.

"We are not going to give up our right to take pictures," he added.

Gays optimistic about rights under Clinton presidency

By GABRIELE MARCOTTI

Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

After twelve years of Reagan/Bush consensus, lesbians, gays and bisexuals across the country and at the University are cautiously optimistic about the prospect of a Clinton presidency and the future of the rights of sexual minorities.

"It is the first time that a president of the United States has made a public announcement about sex and gender issues," said Wharton senior Jonathan Lasker, who works in the Lesbian, Gay and Bisexual Student Association.

"I have also heard several times from members of the lesbian, gay and bisexual community that they are more comfortable with this administration," he added.

"It is a message that not only we are safe but that we are respected," said Lasker.

U. receives AA rating from S&P

By STEPHANIE DEAN

Assistant Sports Editor

The University has received an AA rating from Standard & Poor's, the country's leading bond rating service.

The University's rating is one of the lowest in the nation, with other ratings of AA+ and AAA. The University's rating is one of the lowest in the nation, with other ratings of AA+ and AAA. The University's rating is one of the lowest in the nation, with other ratings of AA+ and AAA.

"I think there's a role for the university to be a leader in this area," said Lisa Danzig, a director in S & P's municipal finance division.

"I think that the University has an obligation to be a leader in this area," she added.

"I think we are going to see a lot of positive change in the future," said Danzig.

"I think that we are going to see a lot of positive change in the future," she added.

"I think that we are going to see a lot of positive change in the future," she added.

The University's rating is one of the lowest in the nation, with other ratings of AA+ and AAA. The University's rating is one of the lowest in the nation, with other ratings of AA+ and AAA. The University's rating is one of the lowest in the nation, with other ratings of AA+ and AAA.
**Campus Events**

**NOTICE**

CAMPUS EVENTS are listed in The Daily Pennsylvania and are available in the Student Activities Office, 36th & Locust Streets, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m.

**THURSDAY**

CARVED CLASS RINGS DISPLAY on Campus Events according to The Daily Pennsylvania: 3 p.m. 2 business days in Business Office, 4015 Walnut St. or Marc 387-2478 in Penn Newman Center, 3720 Locust St.

**FRIDAY**


**SATURDAY**

SATURDAY THEATER ARTS presents "The Comedy of Errors." For information call 387-6777.

**SUNDAY**

PENN WOMEN'S Alliance meets at 7:00 pm at Penn Staircase, 111 S. 37th St.

**Notice**

STUDENT CITY COUNCIL is looking for Seniors with analytical and computer skills who are interested in helping shape the future of Wall Street. Daytime and evening opportunities are available. Interviews will be held at City Council, 210 South 37th Street, on Thursday, November 12, 1992, at 5:00 pm. For additional information, please join us for our pre-interview information session on Thursday, November 12, 1992, at 5:00 pm.

**technical opportunities at first boston**

First Boston, a major international investment bank, headquartered in New York City, will be conducting on-campus interviews at The University of Pennsylvania for the Technical Associate Program in the Information Services Department. We are looking for students with analytical and computer skills who want exposure to the world of finance. First Boston uses the latest advances in hardware and software technology to create systems crucial to our success in the financial marketplace. If you are interested in helping shape the future of Wall Street through technology, this program will be of interest to you.

For additional information, please join us for our pre-interview information session:

Monday, November 16, 1992
7:00 p.m.
Steinberg-Dietrich Hall
Room 351

**first boston**

**u. receives aa bond rating from s & p**

"Columbia definitely has some problems," she said. "They have a deficit this year. It's a significant deficit, I think, for the next couple of years. Bill Clinton still has a very strong demand, good financial operations and strong endorsement.

And, she added, "We've had a commendable change in management ... but that doesn't necessarily mean the bond rating is going to change."

The University's rating shares are held by major banks or universities or in endowments like hers.

Leigh, Villanova and Temple universities are rated A, while Columbia and Yale, still rate higher than the University.

Dun & Bradstreet could not immediately be reached for comment. The rating was even stronger than when the troubles began.\**

**the daily pennsylvanian**

**20th Anniversary Celebration of Women Making a Difference at Penn**

Presents a Panel on:

**The Year of the Political Woman**

Moderator: Lacy Hackney, Esquire
Panelists: Mary Berry, Department of History, University of Pennsylvania; Angela Clark, Councilwoman, City of Philadelphia; Blanche Wiesen Cook, Department of History, CUNY; Author: Eleanor Roosevelt, Vol. 1

**DATE:**

Friday, November 13, 1992
**TIME:**

7:30
**LOCATION:**

3620 Walnut Street, Annenberg, Room 110

For more information please contact the Women's Studies Program at 898-8740.
The most celebrated moment in band history at both Stanford University and its archrival, the University of Pennsylvania, was Saturday night. The score was 14-13 and the game was tied. A confident Stanford punted.

"We take pride in sounding very good," said Wharton senior Patrick Matthews, vice president of the group formed One Liberty Place - The Harvard band came close to extinction in 1984 after presenting a list of complaints about the band's lack of professionalism. The crowd was treated to further improvements to avoid a harsh punishment. "We were very responsible about what we did," Huang said.

Matthews said that he is the recent past. But censorship doesn't keep the band form continuing to exist. According to Dobson, the Princeton band had a "horrid" letter received two years ago from a Princeton alum-nus demanding that the band he disbanded because he was offended by the band members' "lewd" dance moves. But band shows are not always fun for everyone.

"Some years ago the Penn Band barely escaped trouble when the group formed One Liberty Place - The Harvard band came close to extinction in 1984 after presenting a list of complaints about the band's lack of professionalism. The crowd was treated to further improvements to avoid a harsh punishment. "We were very responsible about what we did," Huang said.

"We are very responsible about what we did," said Matthews. But censorship doesn't keep the band from continuing to exist. According to Dobson, the Princeton band had a "horrid" letter received two years ago from a Princeton alum-nus demanding that the band be disbanded because he was offended by the band members' "lewd" dance moves. But band shows are not always fun for everyone.
Student to confront attacker in courtroom

By DENNIS REIDN
Daily Pennsylvania Staff Writer

To prepare to be a Soviet chess grandmaster, Bryan Held studied famous matches, grew a beard, and looked to speak with a Russian accent.

After this in preparation for his role as Anatoly in the Penn Players' production of "Chess," which starts tonight.

The musical is set in 1986 and revolves around a world chess championship in Bangkok between Freddie, played by College junior Chris Stillwell, and Anatoly, played by Sirikorn, a Thai student.

Boyd, a College junior, said that he chose the role because he was the most difficult part of his role.

"This part was unique," Boyd said. "There is a Russian dance tape that I practiced a lot.

Lauren Slawe in September has committed armed robbery and assault because she was not looking at what was going on around her.

The show will start tonight at 8 p.m. in the Harold Prince Theater. There are free tickets for the first two performances, and "anybody can reserve seats with a reservation office," said Abromovitz.

"The music is some of the most beautiful music ever written for a theater piece," Abromovitz added.

Chess is perhaps most famous for the song "One night in Bangkok," which made its debut in the mid-1970s. The song is understood to kids.

The music is some of the most beautiful music ever written for a theater piece," Abromovitz added. "The music is unlike anything else."

 lords of the summer of '93 and to begin after you

SUMMER JOB CAMPUS RECRUITING

READ THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN.
Gays optimistic about rights under Clinton presidency

COUNCIL, from page 1

Council

A 40-member committee appointed by the university's president, the Council includes students, faculty and staff members.

Chairperson Kirsten Bartok and UA Provost's Committee on Undergraduate Admissions, will extend its student representation on the provost's committee.

Members of the provost's committee, including Rose, UA Vice Provost's Committee on Undergraduate Admissions, will extend its student representation on the provost's committee.

Chairperson Jeff Lichtman, questioned the possibility of increasing student representation on the provost's committee.

Council also voted by a 16-10 margin to make 85 decibels the new noise limit for gatherings on College Green and Locust Walk. Exceptions will be allowed for special events, such as Hey Day and Spring Fling.

Nearly half of all heart attack victims are born under this sign.

American Heart Association

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The Daily Pennsylvania

The Independent Student Newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania

Thursday, November 12, 1992

A Difficult Delivery

Newspapers should be black and white and read "all over.

But campus delivery is leaving subscribers black and blue all over.

When I sailed on campus for a few years, the current state of newspaper delivery at Penn could sum up to these three words. Three years ago, dormitory residents who subscribed to The New York Times or The Philadelphia Inquirer woke up to newspapers as soon as the first sun-

norning. Few worried about having their newspaper stolen.

Then something went terribly wrong — so wrong at one point that it prompted lawsuits from student subscribers.

Today, things have improved, but bear little relation to the happier past.

Now are the days when most stu-

dents could pick up their newspapers in pajamas. Now, dorm delivery only saves carrying some change to the box in the mailroom or newspaper box or a convenience store a block away.

But if buy rather than subscribe, you won't have to worry about disappearing newspapers.

Sharon Livingston, PSA's gen-

eral manager and one of the PSA's few adult consultants, hasn't been at the University very long enough to remember the glory days of newspaper delivery. However, this week she offered some insight into the scene today.

"This is a student-run organization. I'm here to help them get it the way they want it," Livingston said.

Well, think about what we would get. The New York Times would drop right in our door.

So if you don't get your paper for a few days, you can always count on a little count is erased and frustration becomes an old friend.

Confusion: Many of PSA's current subscribers won't even visit the Student Newsstand, where they can buy their newspapers. And they would probably subscribe from someone else if they could.

And as for the "read" all over.

A Difficult Delivery

"On election night, listening to my mem-

ories, I realized how much bigger than myself —

not just to a candidate, but to a form of hope.

I've only visited the nation's capital in protest — calling out affordable housing, criticising our policies on Central Amer-

ica, fighting for choices, questioning the basis of our 'national security.'

It's important to me that people see that we've died at the hands of AIDS. I demonstrated, not in faith that it would

be flown properly.

I might even consider getting rid of the
demonstrated, not in faith that it would be flown properly.

I might even consider getting rid of the...
Ivy bands have wild time

BANDS, from page 1

Although improvised incidents such as those frequently occur at halftime, audiences, marching bands also keep themselves separated with countless pranks against rival bands.

At one recent Harvard-Dartmouth game, two Harvard band members managed to sneak into the Dartmouth drum-line, where they located several tuba covers in a locker.

Making their way back to their side, they adhered these tubas with the Dartmouth covers and performed the entire show waving their opponent's insignia.

After the show the Dartmouth band was standing near the back of the stadium when a player from the band almost saved the entire show waving their opponent's insignia.

“ Suddenly broke through Perm's defense and ran out,” Dobson said. "Usually the guards are so stunned they don't realize they should stop us."

But the Penn Band has created excitement nearly every time it has put on a show. "Every campus we go to we march into the library," Deblon said. "Usually the guards are so stunned they don't realize they should stop us."

The performances, and the rivalry, are set limited just to the football field.

"So we had to sneak into the back of the band, dress the statues of Ben Franklin [in front of Weightman Hall], workers called security to reclaim their covers on the Harvard stands.

But Dobson acknowledged that the Princeton band has not invaded the Van Pelt Library in the recent past. "But we dressed the statue of Ben Franklin [in front of Weightman Hall] in boaters and an orange sweater," Dobson said. "It's a bit of a mishap, but it's the least the Princeton band has to offer in comparison to the Penn Band."

At one Harvard-Water Li-

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Show them the sights of Philly

Take them out to a nice dinner

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Order now to have your Artcarved class ring ready for the Holidays.

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Rain location: 1st floor of Houston Hall across from Muffins 'n More

WELCOME PARENTS!

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Come order your ring across from the Palladium today and Friday 1 to 5 pm.

Rain location: 1st floor of Houston Hall across from Muffins 'n More
S. Africa gov't will examine charges
African National Congress "special op-

ions in black townships. A probe would begin Dec. 19 and would include the il-

the ANC members disguised as government soldiers

mission will investigate an army general's charges

teams" wearing security force uniforms have taken

ing to provide evidence to support his allegations that

part in township violence.

ics laws, which bar most officials from lobbying their

agencies — to work as lobbyists soon after leaving

an abuse of Melanie Kramer's mental illness."

k

husband said.

s day after suffering a mild stroke, her spokesman

at the hospital.

ter of machine guns and rifles

republic's warring Muslim, Serb

thing to do with any convoys any-

have been spread to hide the blood stains.

Carrie Washington, a mother of three grown

waived every search warrant he was presented with,

ety that already ordain women or ac-

Church in the United States.

men priests — most of them in the

get on with preaching the Gos-

for a 15-minute vigil at the death scene.

The main characters in the movies
don't smoke as much as they used to, but

The main characters in the movies
don't smoke as much as they used to, but

they were under stress or wanted

ers were heroes or villains, fat or thin,

ugly or attractive, rich or poor.

The blood of the black motorist at the hands

The virginity of women, the conscrip-

ment of women to the armed for-

fighting women wanted to join the war

women were heroes or villains, fat or thin,

ugly or attractive, rich or poor.

The blood of the black motorist at the hands

The virginity of women, the conscrip-

ment of women to the armed for-

fighting women wanted to join the war

women were heroes or villains, fat or thin,

ugly or attractive, rich or poor.
Penn Student Gallery presents first exhibit

Penn Student Gallery's curator Jennifer Rizzi said that the show's purpose is to present "abstract pictures that represent basic realities." The exhibit features recent work from one undergraduate and three graduate students.

Most of the student artists said they were pleased with the reception, and look forward to seeing the reaction of students at Penn," he said. "I need to have more than one way to express myself," she said. "I don't have any interest in science." Wharton Junior Arjun Bhatnagar said he was pleased with the reception and looks forward to seeing the reaction of students at Penn.

Some fraternity and sorority presidents said they do not see the college house system as a threat to the Greek system, which they believe is based on inherent values. Some Greek presidents also said they saw the college house system as a positive step in the history of the University. "I don't have any interest in science," Wharton Junior Arjun Bhatnagar said he was pleased with the reception and looks forward to seeing the reaction of students at Penn.

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The proposal also suggests that up to five "townhouse-scale" houses be built, each housing 50 students, and that these houses be used for security purposes. Morison also said that one of the reasons students join fraternity is for a small, communal living arrangement. However, the college house system could also provide a way to foster a sense of community and to"..."
Glockner’s right foot big surprise for Quaker football

"Obviously, being in the pros would be the most incredible thing ever," Glockner said. "But in order to get there, I mean, I figure I have good enough leg strength. But I need to do a lot of technique learning, a lot more concentration, a lot of visualization, and become more narrative."
It’s worth it

SPANDER, Emma BACK PAGE
the last four years. "So would you rather be watching Duke crushing Wichita State on TV, or participating in Kennesaw State’s upset over Princeton and other rivals?"

Even though he could not attend Penn as a student, Allman wanted to return to his hometown as a coach. After coaching football and teaching at a private school in Washington D.C. for four years, Allman got the chance he had been waiting for. He was offered a position as a coach at Penn. Finally, after three years, he was promoted to freshman coach and produced results in his first season.

The effectiveness of Allman is clearly seen both in the great record posted by the Penn freshmen football team last year and in his lack of size, Allman could not in a million years have thought it would be a challenge for him to become a head coach.

Allman coaches Frosh to title in finale

ASSMAN, Emma BACK PAGE
I thought it would be a challenging experience for me to be the head coach," Allman said.

"I wanted to work for Coach Bagnoli and I wanted to learn as much as I could from the coaches about the system and offensive philosophies. I love my job. It’s been a great experience." Since an early age, Allman has been closely affiliated with Penn. He grew up in West Philadelphia. As a young boy, Allman regularly attended Penn sports and he remembers the names of many players, and he knew the names of many others, and I knew the names of many players.

Allman coaches Frosh to title in finale

"I was basically born and raised in West Philadelphia," Allman said. "Throughout my entire life, I got to know everything about Penn and the campus, and especially about sports. I am a big fan." Penn sports and I remember my days on campus well. I remember the names of many overdefvery football players.

I chose a college, Allman, for obvious rea-
sons, had aspirations to attend Penn. In high school, Allman played football and ran track and was known for his lack of size. Allman could not secure a place on the team as a defensive back. He started to attend Temple University and grew up in West Philadelphia. As a young boy, Allman regularly attended Penn sports and I remember my days on campus well. 1 remember the names of many overdefvery football players.

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Sixers lose third straight at Indiana

INDIANAPOLIS — Defeated in overtime by a last-second three-point shot, the Indiana Pacers lost their third straight game to the Chicago Bulls, 104-100, in front of 12,638 fans at the RCA Dome Sunday night.

The Pacers had taken an early lead and led by nine points at the half. However, the Bulls attacked and outscored the Pacers 36-20 in the third quarter. The Bulls had won both teams' previous two meetings at home.

The Pacers, who had been playing without injured star center Stephen Jackson, were led by guard David West with 24 points and 11 rebounds.

The Bulls' small forward Luol Deng had 21 points, while center Joakim Noah added 18 points and 12 rebounds.

The Pacers (2-5) are now two games behind the Pacers (5-2) in the Central Division standings.

In other NBA action, the Los Angeles Lakers beat the Portland Trail Blazers 107-105 in overtime, the Cleveland Cavaliers defeated the Boston Celtics 91-81, and the New York Knicks beat the Miami Heat 92-79.

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*SIXERS LOSE THIRD STRAIGHT AT INDIANA*

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**When the news breaks, help fix it.**

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it's definitely worth the effort. Few Penn students have the opportunity to buy tickets to a Penn sport over Philadelphia. But when you are awake enough to buy tickets for basketball, that is an opportunity to celebrate.

The best way to be at the Palestra in December was to line up on a freezing Sunday morning in the Penn student-lot where the basketball team assigned their assigned games in lieu last minute to members of the Penn basketball team. If you were one of the 910 men's basketball season ticket holders, you were able to purchase tickets for every game included, but we also re-

Philly. Not only are all 11 home games open to the public, but we also have an unexpected benefit. The fans can enter free to most of the Ivy games. I could understand if this was Duke or George-

of the Ivy games. I could understand if this was Duke or George-

many of our fans slept out for a
day. But why would anyone want to buy tickets to a Penn sport?

When fans were there despite the fact they can enter free to most of the Ivy games, I could understand if this was Duke or George-

apes of Ivy basketball defeating an

Ivy League basketball defeating an

Penn basketball is underrated.

Penn basketball is underrated.

to buy tickets to a Penn sport?

ents ... I've been getting 100

97 attempts for 1,147 yards, a

190 attempts for 1,272 yards, but

45 tackles... some of those were

had been happy with the school, I

the soccer situation was not really

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One year and seven field goal

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LET THE GAMES BEGIN
34TH STREET GUIDE TO WINTER SPORTS
WHERE TO SKI, SLIDE, RIDE AND SLED IN THE SNOW - PLUS STREET-SKIRMISHES
The Fool on the Hill

By Michael Reisman

Brad was the one who always got us into trouble. He was a year older than David and nearly two years older than most sixth graders. I admired him, and I suspected David did, too. Brad didn't let anything scare him. He was the one who always got us into trouble. He had even kissed a girl once. On the lips.

The three of us were the only ones who knew about the Hill, and the only reason David and I knew about it was that Brad had taken us there. Mounted on our Huffy dirt racers (mine had a banana seat) we hopped up and down curbs and pedaled tirelessly through an endless field of tall weeds that leaned at my exposed legs and elbows as we raced by. When we had arrived at a dirt clearing and dismounted from our bikes (rebelliously, without using the kickstands), Brad showed us around.

The Hill was a 20-foot-tall, barrier-like wall of dirt and rock that, as Brad nimbly showed us, was very conducive to climbing. It wasn't too steep, but the ascent was angled so that even the best playground mountaineer had to use all fours to scale it to the leveled peak. Within seconds, David joined Brad up at the top while I stayed at the bottom. It was more an attack of a well-born supraego than an actual fear of danger that prohibited me from ascending the slope. I knew we weren't supposed to be there.

"Come on, ya chicken," Brad said, or something to that effect. I struggled up the hardened mound of earth. The view was fairly impressive, and I remember seeing our bikes sprawled at the bottom of the Hill from my perch on the plateau. Their paths had left a visible trail through the weed field, and I could see where we had begun. On the other side of the Hill was a construction site which looked abandoned. A huge, yellow, iron-clawed machine named "Caterpillar" which crouched on the level floor suggested that the heaped earth on which we stood was not a natural formation. Still, it looked like Caterpillar hadn't been used in years, so we ignored its sinister presence. This was our Hill, and Brad had found it, and we were going to run the show here.

That was in June, and for the rest of that summer the three of us went to the Hill almost every afternoon to stage dirt bomb wars, race Matchbox cars and be away from our parents and little brothers and sisters for at least part of the day. This was when I learned most of the major curses, as Brad was a true connoisseur of the vulgar lexicon. His free-flowing declensions of four-letter words rolled mercilessly off his eleven-year-old tongue like a rock avalanche over a Princess Leia action figure. I couldn't compete. The one time I invited my sister to have sex with herself, I got punished.

At the end of July, Caterpillar was shifting its resting place; a couple of feet further away from the Hill one day, a bit to the left the next, and so on. That we didn't ride it on a bulldozing session must have been pure luck, which further proved our God-given right to the territory and Brad's link to the supernatural. But I was sure that the yellow monster was going to come to life while we were there.

I was right, but only when Brad decided to anger the gentle gods of construction. One day he picked up a rock the size of my weak bladder and hurled it through the cab's windshield.

David and I were stunned. Brad smiled. We scampere down the Hill frantically, ignoring a muffled "Hey!" as we sprinted to our bikes. A worker howled at us to stop, but we didn't and we followed our path back through the weeds.

"See ya, fucker!" Brad shouted back. That was Brad, all right.

The last thing I can recall about the Hill is the way my legs wobbled like jelly after that bike ride, and trying to explain to my parents why my entire body was caked in crusted mud.

We never went back to the Hill after that day, and David and I ended up spending less and less time with Brad over the next months. He had moved on to experimenting with cigarettes, firecrackers, feeling girls up and other highly adventurous, would fry ants with a magnifying glass.

Nothing I hear about Brad these days shocks me, but I don't believe all of it. Recent neighborhood gossip has him pegged for a long-haired, pot-smoking "weirdo," and that is how he appears to me when I spy him from my bedroom window on school breaks. What people don't understand is that life is just a big Hill to Brad, and he still stands atop it.

I used to stand at the bottom and look up, nervously expecting it to crumble beneath him and afraid to ascend, until he made me climb it. Since then, I've mustered up the courage to ascend my own little Hill. I'd love to tell Brad all about them, if I ever have the guts to cross the street and talk to him again.
Sodom and Gomorrah, respectively, Locust Walk is now and forever purged of
and your little bar Gold Standard, too! After a month of casing the festering
crew players added to their noble ranks as Theta Xi became the umpteenth frat to
THE HARDWARE STORE CLOSES: Philadelphia’s homeless just had 50-odd
going down.

Never more will I be mistaken for Hume Cronyn, for my veins surge with fire,
tion Bv the way, I’ve sniffed out your little termite plan, too

dry as the ‘Sippi at low tide. No more Gold Standard?!?! Whatever will you do?

$300 in fines, or, b), forego the test and pay a paltry $200. Penn truly is running as

trouble getting past the always-natty bouncers. After wandering around and

last, by a couple of LC.E. narcs who were dressed like “Perm students on a

STRAtlUM AD INFINITUM: Yes, the Palladium was busted Fnday night, at

golf off their roof with live lobsters (from the Palm?) — pretty much made up

which frat to join? Well, ZeU P»i - that loaded, WASPy, wife-beaters of America

on all the excitement this weekend, but 1 don’t think they gave a third of a crap.

Arti Howe dancers were meanwhile lined up in the Gold Standard (!’), and the

golf off their roof with live lobsters (from the Palm?) — pretty much made up

that desperate for pledges? Or did you just want to get them alone? Whatever the

environment.” An all-expenses paid four-day Bourbon Street fest — guys, are we

More. To Vic’s surprise, the party was busted by a lone female cop, who

soiree for too many of his closest friends, and the dress code was strictly Less is

PENNOGRAPHY: At his 21st birthday party, Junior Vic Chatwal threw a Sex

the hospital where his live-in wife (oops, I mean girlfriend) Sara Pappas was

He was wisked away to

the Fly?)

If you’re planning on smoking (and at Walsh’s, you

if they were dressed like ragged pigs and had
trouble getting past the always-natty bouncers. After wandering around and

“trouble” to cops? Oy vey.

FIND THESE DORKS A NECCY CHARITY: Three lucky freshmen missed out
on all the excitement this weekend, but I don’t think they gave a third of a crap.

British boys Dan Green, Jeremy “Jic” Smith and Paolo (last name unknown)

were caught in the common dilemma faced by many an insecure young lad:
which frat to join? Well, Zeta Psi — that loaded, WASPy, wise-crackers of America

gang whom we all know and scoff, and who do noble brotherly things like play

goat off their roof with live lobsters (from the Palm?) — pretty much made up

their minds for them as they flew the three boys to New Orleans for a long

weekend along with Grant “Penis-In-Yer-Face” Kippitone and some other insig-
nificant Zales tool so they could “think their decision over in a relaxing

environment.” An all-expenses paid four-day Bourbon Street fest — guys, are we

that desperate for pledges? Or did you just want to get them alone? Whatever the

idiotic reason, this disgusting display of excess is almost worse than their bands.

Oh, National...

PENNGRAPHY: At his 21st birthday party, Junior Vic Chatwal threw a Sex

score for too many of his closest friends, and the dress code was strictly Less is

More. To Vic’s surprise, the party was busted by a lone female cop, who

handcuffed the unsuspecting victim to a chair and strip-searched herself. Word

to down and

When it comes to
down and
dirty, Murphy’s
Tavern is the
clear winner.
Nuff said.
Times Are Changin’ Back
Dylan makes a mellow return to his roots

BY SABRINA RUBIN

You always come back to the basics, or so they say. Case in point: Bob Dylan’s new all-acoustic album, Good As I Been To You. Dylan has done the Elvis circuit and back, with his stints as the Greenwich Village coffeehouse Acoustic Bob, the Bible-thumping Born Again Bob, and now, once again, his mesianic return to Acoustic Bob.

It seems like everyone’s unplugging these days: Eric Clapton, The Cure... hell, even L.L. Cool J tried it for a lark. It would appear that Dylan is jumping on that trend as well, until one remembers that way back when, he started that hokey tradition. For example, Bob Dylan proclaimed, “Never trust anyone over thirty” and no one, perhaps even Bob himself, had a clue what song he was singing. The only audience member who apparently enjoyed herself at the Jones Beach show was a balding, obese woman with a tambourine and a head full of acid, hysterically screaming “I LOVE YOU, BOBBY!” But I digress.

Dylan has apparently learned his lesson, and has pared down his style both musically and lyrically. But you can’t teach an old dog new tricks. Dylan has reverted to his early Woody Guthrie-influenced sound, drawing upon the tried-and-true folk format and traditional themes. Good As I Been To You is an album of round the campfire, cry-in-your-beer songs, in which, inevitably, someone either dies, suffers a broken heart, or both. The lyrics are simple and the arrangements are simpler, but in an endearing, wholesome way.

The subject matter of the album is far from earth-shattering, all drawn from musical tradition. For example, “Frankie and Albert” is the Frankie and Johnny narrative boy meets girl, boy cheats on girl, girl kills boy. “Sittin’ On Top of the World” is an ode to male stoicism after being dumped. All in all, he’s working with generic material. No one song stands out as original or incredibly striking the album merely flows pleasantly.

Dylan has finally caved in to the inevitable: the angry young man has mellowed with age. Although the album is a remarkable step up from what seemed like a doomed career, its bare-bones musical style begs for comparison to his early days; and compared to those masterpieces, Dylan’s new album is a collection of lullabies. It’s hard to believe that the man who once inspired millions with his social and political commentary doesn’t have anything to say about today’s troubles times. Good As I Been To You offers lyrics with no more social bearing than “Tomorrow night/ Will it be just another memory/ Or just another song/ That’s in my heart to linger on.”

Dylan has simply tired of preaching. His acerbic wit and satirical bite have dissolved into a style that’s sweet, relaxing and unobtrusive. Perhaps the man who once proclaimed, “Never trust anyone over thirty” has finally accepted his status as an aging classic. For further proof, take a peek at the album cover. Hair tousled and cheeks covered in sporadic patches of tufted beard, Bob treads the fine line between the image of a wise old sage and a dirty old man. Come to think of it, he’s a lucky guy — usually, people don’t get that kind of treatment until they’re dead. And Bob Dylan has proven that his career isn’t dead yet... it’s just been resting.

He was a shy and lonely aspiring critic. She was a pert and preppy budding artist. Total opposites in every way. Suddenly, their eyes met from across the conference room. Fireworks exploded. Birds sang. Someone called out, “pass the donuts!”

Aah, love....Street style.

Street meeting. Tonight. 5:30. 4015 Walnut.

Love in the afternoon...It could happen to you.
Doubting Thomas

Computer whiz Dolby short circuits on latest effort

BY JOSH LEITNER

People have always said that there is no originality in popular music. Until now, one could always look to the eclectic, innovative and downright weird music of artists on the fringe of mainstream pop such as British oddman Thomas Dolby to disprove this complaint. However, on his latest effort, Astronauts and Heretics, Dolby ends up sounding just like everybody else.

Don't misunderstand; it's not as if the music industry has lost a consummate musician at the peak of his career. Dolby and his computer-generated "She Blinded Me With Science" sound found their niche in the Top 40 culture of a decade ago. Now it seems that Dolby wants to be taken seriously as a musician. Unfortunately for him, the space-age keyboard genre fled home to Britain with Duran Duran and their fellow New Wavers way back in the early 80s.

The piano intro to "I Love You Goodbye," the opening track, echoes the style of Bruce Hornsby. "Crust" sounds just like any number of Beatles songs, and still another could be a Psychedelic Furs original. The overall impression given by the album is one of formulistic monotony, lacking sufficient flavor to elicit strong emotions from the listener. Dolby's music is just as bland and half-hearted as could be.

One wouldn't expect such blandness from the man who brought America Aliens As My Buick. In fact, from looking at Astronauts' cover photos, you would expect anything but repetitiveness from this freakish-looking gentleman. For those fans who haven't seen Dolby lately, he has abandoned his normal conservative attire and now maintains only a single tuft of hair from his otherwise bald head.

However, Tom's looks belie the music inside him, which is almost completely devoid of soul or character. The big-name guests who play on the album actually add a great deal of personality to two fairly decent songs, "r. the Farm's lyrics sound empty and their music repetitive on this, their second effort. "Mind" and "Love See No Colour" are two noteworthy songs that become thoroughly devalued by the filler that surrounds them. The groovy train has jumped the track.

Thomas Dolby's Astronauts and Heretics best serves as a reminder to record companies that artists shouldn't always be permitted to be the producers of their own work.
Wild, Wild Life

Rock ‘n’ roll ain’t all fun and games for edo

BY FLEETWOOD MARTENS

edo /’e-di/ n 1. the French pronunciation for the word idiot, meaning a feeble-minded person. 2. the stage name of a Japanese jazz singer from the early ’40s, Hiromi Oh, whose extraordinary talent attracted two American producers with modern technology in their back pocket - the acetate disc cutter. When the machine broke down after recording only seven sides, they disappeared as suddenly as they had arrived. Hiromi entered a Buddhist convent and took a vow of silence.

The band edo offers any one of a number of explanations for their name, but hopes to see the day when their music will be considered a description in itself.

The band originated at St. John’s College in Maryland in the fall of ’87, as The Guys From Plato’s Cave. Since then, it has evolved into edo, losing several original band members in the process. The current musicians are vocalist Eliot Duhan, guitarist Pete Wilder and Andy McConnell, bassist Yanni Papadopoulos and drummer Terry Simpkins. Edoh plays regularly in the Philadelphia area while keeping their noses to the air, hoping to catch the wind of studio opportunities.

Interview

edo at the 40th Street Underground

November 14

The group has distributed various tapes but hasn’t managed to record what they feel can be considered a substantial album. They hope to capitalize on four projects scheduled for this fall, which include $4,000 worth of studio time with a local producer, who will then distribute the material to contacts and labels in hopes of securing a record deal, two blocks of 24-track time won in contests concurrently with another band. Duhan is not sure what it contributes. If it can be termed so, he perhaps expresses the intellectual element, having “read a lot of books.”

Not surprisingly, edo can only go so far as to label their own image of themselves as “vaudeville.” Their following certainly doesn’t clear the issue up any. Audiences tend to be almost as diverse as the band itself. Duhan feels edo to be “similar to Chauncey Gardener [a character played by Peter Sellers in Jerzy Kosinski’s Being There.]” This character reflected anything that people wanted to see in him.” Similarly, the band receives a wide range of reactions to their music and lyrics.

With several projects pending, edo is optimistic. As for the difficult balance the band members attempt to achieve between their work and their music, Duhan says somewhat sardonically, “There’s no virtue in self-imposed misery.” Until the winds shift, allowing the members of edo to devote their lives to their true passion, they will continue to lead double lives.
Blood Simple

Coppola's vampire tale misses the heart

BY MORGAN BEATTY & JOSH TYRANGIEL

Dracula has come a long way from his stiff, black-clad ancestors. Bram Stoker's Dracula, directed by Francis Ford Coppola, is the next stylistic step in the long-from-perfected cinema of vampires. The film loyally follows the narrative of Stoker's original novel. In 1479, the powerful Count Dracula (Gary Oldman) leaves his castle and his beloved wife Elisabetta (Winona Ryder) to repel Muslim invaders. Upon his return from the grusome war, Dracula finds his wife dead by suicide (thanks to a Turkish ruse), and promptly resolves to blaspheemize all teachings of Christ. A four-hundred-year Transylvanian hibernation ensues until Dracula sees a picture English school-mistress Mina Murray (again, Winona Ryder). Mina, it seems, is the reincarnation of Elisabetta, and the love-sick Count heads to London in search of everlasting love.

Gary Oldman is sensational in the title role. His thick accent is seductive and intriguing, and his physicalizations convey precisely the right mystical and elusive qualities. Anthony Hopkins, as an unpredictable vampire slaying Professor Van Helsing, turns in a self-deprecating performance that exudes humanity rare to the film. The entire dynamic of the plot seems to hinge upon the destruction of all the interesting characters; the film is a continual reduction of what little audience identification exists.

The special effects and pacing of the film are an acquired taste. Dedicated to the old fashioned methods of double exposure and reverse motion photography, Dracula has a distinct taste that can quickly grow tiresome. Many shots feature a pair of evil eyes looming over the sea, or a diary, or — how's that? — microscopic blood cells? Coppola brilliantly overuses matching-shots between scenes; in one fade a photograph of Mina perfectly dissolves into a shot of her live face. The overall effect is similar to that of thumping through a beautifully illustrated book: the story is faithful and the visuals flow together, but it demands an active imagination to create any emotion or suspense.

Coppola has tried to create a Dracula story that doesn't ignore the erotic possibilities of Stoker's novel. Dracula's three vampire brides seduce Dracula's guests, dripping with lethal sensuality. They materialize out of the bed and anesthetize the grinning Keanu Reeves in one of Coppola's least traditional Dracula scenes. The Count himself slips in and out of sensuality to seduce the innocent Mina. But for all the stabs at the heart of romance, Dracula only muddles the question of whether Dracula is a romance taken to carnal limits, or just a horror story that includes sex to magnify the shock value. Unfortunately, the consummation of the vampire curse is grotesque, not enticing — vicerel, not carnal. In Bram Stoker's Dracula love does die, blood is the sole survivor of what could have been an erotic and luxuriant tale of blood lust.

Splish Splash

Irons cannonballs into his past

BY DANIEL AGES

Sting, the wise and irreverent rocker, once claimed "History will teach us nothing." Director Stephen Gyllenhaal's new film, Waterland proves that history professors will teach us even less.

Waterland introduces us to Tom Crick (Jeremy Irons) and his wife and childhood sweetheart, Mary (Irons' real-life wife, Sinead Cusack). Escaping their depraved and war-ravaged English homeland in the early 30s, Tom and Mary seek freedom in the serenity and sanctity of America. But the problems that haunted the once-happy couple in England have followed them overseas; Mary's sterility and her fatalistic tendencies continue to disrupt their new lives. In order to make sense of the present, Tom must reexamine the memories of his sordid past that he has long repressed.

Tom relives his past through stories to the high school history class he teaches. Tom's students, cynical pessimists more concerned with the end of mankind than its beginning, do not quite share his affection for history, so Tom entertains them with his own dark personal tales of hardship and despair.

Set in the flat and open English marshland known as the Fens, Tom's stories, initially, are completely random, illogical, and littered with anecdotes of his daily escapades with Mary on commuter trains and in windmills. He rambles on pointlessly about his mad millionaire grandfather, his tragically compassionate mother, and his simple-minded "potato-head" brother.

Tom not only forces his reluctant students to listen to his history, he challenges them to relive his life with him. Screenwriter Peter Prince throws a bizarre and brilliant twist to the Graham Swift novel, transporting the class back in time, a la Bill and Ted's Excellent Adventure. They tour the chaos of pre-World War I England, when Tom's mother was caught between an irrational father and a comforting soldier who will become Tom's father.

The surreal timewarp serves diverging purposes. As time goes on, the meaningless anecdotes begin to make sense to the students. The only sane moments of Tom's life slowly and subtly reveal themselves to be unsettling tales of abotion, incest, and murder.

Tom becomes lost in his memories. He begins to confuse his students with people from his past. Suddenly the familiar, friendly faces who once graced his classroom have become the incarnations of evil that filled his past.

Director Stephen Gyllenhaal skillfully combines flashbacks, visual metaphors, and dramatic ironies to imprint on us Tom's past and alienate our understanding of his disturbing present situation. As a result, Waterland becomes trapped in the labyrinth of Tom's mind.

After roles as Claus Von Bulow and Franz Kafka, the history teacher is a strange twist for Irons. Nevertheless, he is outstanding as the ill-fated storyteller, combining a frightening vulnerability with masterful reserve. It is only towards the end that we realize how deeply disturbed this man really is.

Waterland will certainly be well-received. Dark and provocative, equally alienating and seductive. But while the ending of Waterland is ambiguously upbeat, Gyllenhaal's disturbing message is clear: one doesn't always learn life's lessons.
Die Hard again? Have you rented Passenger 57 - essentially the same movie masquerading under a new name. Passenger 57 focuses on ex-cop Wesley Snipes, a mysterious Hollywood creation who can both spar a few rounds at the gym and read the script's occasional lack of believability with the voracious passion of its protagonists. The love scenes, which make up nearly one third of the film (about 30 minutes, ffs) don't come across as voyeuristic or gratuitous. March and Leung are captivating because they make sex an artistic escape fantasy, not a carnal debauch edited in to sell theater tickets.

At the AMC Walnut Mall
Too embarrassed to see Under Siege again? Have you rented Die Hard a few too many times? Then try Passenger 57 - essentially the same movie masquerading under a new name.

Passenger 57 focuses on ex-cop John Cutter (Wesley Snipes), a mysterious Hollywood creation who can both spar a few rounds at the gym and read the script's occasional lack of believability with the voracious passion of its protagonists. The love scenes, which make up nearly one third of the film (about 30 minutes, ffs) don't come across as voyeuristic or gratuitous. March and Leung are captivating because they make sex an artistic escape fantasy, not a carnal debauch edited in to sell theater tickets.

At the International House
Typical war documentaries make an appeal to the human condition, incorporating both images of gunfire and the tears resulting from loss and suffering. Jean Chamoun and Mai Maser's Suspended Dreams, about the fifteen year Lebanese civil war, is certainly no exception. It's a sort of compilation of conversations and reflections of the war, with a backdrop of wrecking ball-hit Beirut. The visuals save the film from blandness.

Undiscriminatory cameras probe once inhabited apartment buildings, only to discover blood-splashed furniture amongst the rubble. Tear-eyed Lebanese wives are flashed intermittently with others wounded in battle. The camera is a powerful tool, but flagrant appeal to viewer emotion is congenial to a very direct and certain reaction, and is based necessarily in propaganda form to initiate this desired effect. Thus, the sense-bias void without regard to unpartition fact is glorified by images of a city in ruin, and a viewer becomes entrapped with the weight of this obvious objective.

Suspension Dreams loses its edge when the main character becomes the focal point. The documentary attempts to grapple with universal issues by showcasing war-stricken, thereby revelation-filled, "ordinary" Lebanese. Chamoun emphasizes personal accounts of the war, leaving out the interpretative understanding that would normally evoke sympathy. The viewer is left to sort out the Lebanese situation as seen through the sometimes cliched words of the Lebanese: "after all, we're all human."

May be too tempting to base the documentary on appeals to the emotions. The problem with such a strategy is that the appeals may fall flat when more objective facts and analysis would save the film from becoming sentimental and trite.

-Efrat Avigdor

At the Ritz at the Bourse
Soft-core pornography is one thing, and artistically credible films are usually another. Every few years, one or two films like Crises of Passion and Body Heat and directors like Brain de Palma cross the line that traditionally separates sex and art in cinema. The effect is always liberating. Alas, not this time.

Critics have called director Jean-Jacques Annaud's The Lover everything from soft-core pornography to high-art. In this case, both categorizations are correct. The Lover manages to combine a healthy sense of eroticism with an actual story, making for a very unique film.

Adapted from the Marguerite Duras novel, Annaud's film tells the story of a love affair between a young French girl (Jane March) and an older Chinese man (Tony Leung). The steamy story takes place in French Colonial Vietnam in 1929, crossing racial, cultural and class boundaries. The unnamed French girl disembarbs penniless and fatherless, so the Chinese man (equally anonymous) offers her a lift back to her boarding school in Saigon. She accepts, piling into his limousine, and rolling towards romance.

Through inference we know that this frisson is forbidden - the white and Chinese worlds are never supposed to mix, much less fall in love. But their passion helps them to climb their high cultural fences. In their lovemaking, they create a world of their own.

While parts of The Lover's story are a bit overdramatic, the film makes up for the script's occasional lack of believability with the voracious passion of its protagonists. The love scenes, which make up nearly one third of the film (about 30 minutes, ffs) don't come across as voyeuristic or gratuitous. March and Leung are captivating because they make sex an artistic escape fantasy, not a carnal debauch edited in to sell theater tickets.

-Genevieve Watson

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2 SHOWS ONLY! Jollies
A whimsical offering of new short films by gay & lesbian artists.
Sun Nov 15 at 6:00 & 8:00 pm

Presented by Philly film/video maker Cheryl Dune

D Ghetto Eyes:
New Works by African, Asian, Native and Latino/o Directors
Wed, Nov 18 at 7:30 PM

Preposterous is Happening At 36th And Chestnut!!

Whether you want an exceedingly good lunch, utterly incredible dinner or a perfectly amazing snack, join us at the all-new Smart Alex. We're serving up outrageous appetizers. Unbelievable soups. Absolutely large salads. Preposterous steaks. Decadent drinks. And irresistible desserts. You've got to see it to believe it!

Smart Alex
An Eating And Drinking Emporium
36th & Chestnut Streets at the Sheraton University City. Serving breakfast, lunch and dinner. Phone 386-5556.

Something Preposterous Is Happening At 36th And Chestnut!!

Video Artist Laurie McDonald in person!
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rawling through the dense forest undergrowth, gun barrel up, head down, I spotted the enemy perched behind a tree. My breath steamed out in frosty vapor through the frigid November morning air. A sharp hand signal to the rest of the platoon called a sudden halt, and I drew a bead on my unwary adversaries back. I pumped a shell into the chamber, pulled the trigger, and bright pink paint sprayed across his back at 200 mile per hour. Another dead bogey. Then a sixth soldier’s sense drew my attention sharply to the left— but it was too late. Paint showered down upon me like the wrath of an avenging angel. Just another day in the paintball war games.
**Skiing**

The old winter favorite. If you’re too tired to trek all the way up to Vermont, the Poconos are fairly close. They may not have the vertical of Blackcomb, but if you try hard enough, you’ll get some speed, especially on the abundant ice patches.

**Where:** Try the Big Two (Jack Frost and Big Boulder), Montage, and Shawnee (night skiing availability).

**Contact:** 1-800-POCONOS for more info on quality and availability of trails.

**Cost:** $5-$20 with your own equipment. $55-$55 if you need to rent stuff.

**Paraskiing**

Slap a pair of skis on your feet and a parachute on your back and head up the mountain. Ski straight up to Vermont, the Poconos are fairly close. They may not have the vertical of Blackcomb, but if you try hard enough, you’ll get some speed, especially on the abundant ice patches.

**Where:** Go west young man, if you wanna try this sport.

**Contact:** the Colorado or Utah tourist board

**Cost:** $55-$55, you gotta buy the plane ticket out there, pay for the chute and probably some training.

**Cross Country Skiing**

The sport for people who don’t like high speeds but crave grueling exercise and beautiful scenery. Better than Nordic track.

**Where:** Most areas in the Poconos have cross country trails.

**Contact:** 1-800-POCONOS for more info on where and when to ski.

**Cost:** $5 just to cruise the trails, $55 when you need to rent skis and boots.

**Horseback Riding**

Need an escape from the city? Try a relaxing little ride through a Pennsylvania winter wonderland.

**Where:** There are four places in the Poconos: Shawnee Stables, Carson’s Riding Stable and Wild Animal Farm and Deer Path Riding Stable (which offers sleighrides too!)

**Contact:** Shawnee Stables at (717) 421-9763. Carson’s at (717) 839-9841. If you need more info on these stables call 1-800-POCONOS.

**Cost:** $5

**Snowboarding**

The downhill winter version of skateboarding. A lot of fun to learn, but be prepared to spend most of the day on your butt.

**Where:** Snowboarding is permitted at Shawnee day and night. They offer instruction and rentals. Plus, they have a half pipe!

**Contact:** 1-800-POCONOS

**Cost:** $5 for everything, including board and lift ticket.

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**Guerilla Warfare - Paintball Style**

Amazon Jungle. Objective: capture the enemy flag, and take as many of them down as possible.

On your way into the DMZ, Skirmish’s crack team of mercenaries tour leaders expound their capture-the-flag version of the United Nations’ war regulations. In real war, it’s good to shoot the enemy in the head; in paintball these shots don’t count. In real war, booties is clandestinely smuggled; in paintball, the flag must be carried openly. In real war you know when you are hit; in paintball a judge has to tell you. However, play does imitate life; in paintball, the “government” assumes absolutely no responsibility for your life, “including but not limited to broken bones or blindness,” just like in real war. In both cases dead men don’t talk.

Chances are, your opponents will be scarier than any guerrilla warrior you’ve ever seen on a late-night T.V. movie; ours sure were. The first bunch of crazies we were pitted against just finished a tour of duty with the Israeli army. They methodically tracked down and killed anything that moved—regardless if they were shot first or not. We saw one guy with a flak jacket, belts of ammo around his waist, and his head was painted like Marlon Brando in Apocalypse Now. Armed with bags of pink gumball-like bullets, we followed Cap’n Ron,
our official Skirmish guide, into the jungles of the Pennsylvania Poconos. Our first battle commenced at 1200 hours in "Outback." This is one of the 27 courses fully equipped with lush vegetation, trenches, foxholes and, of course, the enemy.

It was here we discovered just how wrong Robin Williams was in *Good Morning Vietnam* when he said, "Clash. Make a statement." Our Eddie Bauer blues and J. Crew teals were not quite the effective camouflage we had hoped they'd be in this jungle of human predators. We stood out like candles on an infrared targeting scope. Aside from that, the opposing team was composed of undercover narcotics officers and Israeli soldiers just off of their two year tour of duty. We suffered heavy casualties in that first battle, splattered with paint from head to shoulders, knees to toes, knees to toes. Only a few of our hearty band escaped unscathed from that mighty battle—but they returned victorious. And after a mere half hour of intense crossfire, we were adrenaline addicted and intent on being two among many that we could be.

Completely metamorphasized into the brutal staining monsters we had thought to be our mental nemeses, we relished prowling the jungles for enemy forces. But the opposing team would let nothing stand in their way to victory in game two, not even the rules. Two members of our team entrenched in a foxhole to pick off marauders after our flag. A valiant but dim-witted attacker decided to suicide rush the foxhole—and he was promptly picked off by both of our heroes. That did not stop him though, and this dead man continued his rush, spraying paint everywhere and causing pandemonium in the foxhole. Soon, he was joined by four other villains, all of whom were intent on emptying their clips at close range on our besieged defenders. Paint pellets at close range can draw blood. We know. Since our ire was bigger than our purple hearts, Capt' Ron soon split us into a smaller group, away from the soldiers of fortune. Out of the reserve barracks, we stomped anew into the paint-splattered killing fields.

asks on. Guns cocked. Goggles down. On our bellies in the brush, huddled in the mud. The third horn signals the beginning of the match, triggering a conditioned adrenaline rush. Now began survival of the fast and wily. Waiting to meet death eye to eye—there's movement up ahead. Can't see jack through the thick foliage. Heart pounding. Trying to get a clear view. How many of them are there? Two hundred miles per hour, a paint bullet whizzes by, taking out a leaf inches away. The offensive team that went ahead down the left flank must be dead. The rest of the squadrons have gone down along the 'crick' to try to pick off the foes as they approached. Alone, it was up to me to defend our flag. I crouched further down behind the bush. I'm low on ammo. I can't risk firing until I'm sure where they are.

Another bullet. This time from the left. At least two enemy soldiers incoming and no one to cover me. The bush, my only cover, could not protect me from the fire. I'm hit square in the eye. I was still alive, but fatally blinded by the pink paint. I knew there was no chance for survival. So, I did what any flag-lovin' Skirmish soldier would do: a suicide charge. Out of the brush I dove head first at my assailant painting paintballs rapiddrain all over his toe-clean camouflage. Then a fatal wound in the leg, mortally wounded me for our flag, which was lost anyway. But pure endorphin rush of murdering the enemy in cold blood made it all seem worthwhile.

If ya wanna be an ace there are a few things we seasoned pros recommend. Although the base fee is a cool 15 clams for students, you'll definitely want pie with that. Absolutely rent your way to the latest top 40. If someone asks if Penn is Penn State, just say yes. You don't wanna know what they do to Ivy League brats up there in the mountains. "Squeal like a Penn Student, boy!" And never ever tell them you're a Democrat. These boys are red saulty about the possibility of gun restrictions. Killing works up a real appetite, so you may want to bring along some turkey jerky. Most importantly, bring along nineteen or so friends. If you can get a group of twenty or more, with two weeks notice Skirmish will give you your very own war zone, and you won't have to deal with any of those Rambo types. Plus it's a whole lot more fun to kill your friends than random faceless strangers. Be forewarned: Skirmish is in Jim Thorpe, PA, and it's a solid hour and a half drive, so be prepared to rise and shine around 7am.

Psyched and suited after the road trip, you'll be revvin' to go, but relax, talk strategy first and get used to waiting around. The furtive five minute armistice between halloo hour rounds is really closer to a 30 minute hiatus and five minutes of combat. Like real gun battles, unless you're a veritable sharpshooter, you tend to drop like flies. But, if you can capture the flag and get it back to your side without getting killed, you win, so caution usually is shoved aside by thoughts of glory.

These are just the basics. For those who couldn't enlist fast enough to make it to Desert StormSkirmish offers more advanced courses, like Baghdad USA, complete with oil derricks. If you've got a real death wish, try village warfare, "The totally different paintball game."

For a truly Schwarzenegger war experience, you also have the option to pay a little extra for fully automatic paint guns. There are tournaments for the more experienced terminators that offer prizes of up to one thousand big ones. Skirmish even has special discounts for certain winter weekends.

But if you can't stand the cold, there's always Twister. It's "seen to be wild!" Rattus australis and Stenurus "kill you, let God sort 'em out," are 34th Street former elitist snobs. Artist Louis Nourse is currently missing in action, but was last seen in a bomb shelter holding canned pumpkin.

TWISTER
That great entanglement game of the free-sea generation is back for those cold winter nights. Go to the friendly neighborhood toy store to pick one up today. Cost: $5

INDOOR TENNIS
You just couldn't get enough of it at the club this summer. Well, lucky for you they take the sport inside in the winter. And it's even close to campus.

Where: Levy Pavilion, 3130 Walnut St. (Behind the Ice Rink)
Contact: 898-4741 for info.
Cost: $5

**BUMPER HITCHING**
After the first big snow fall, put on some no tread shoes and bundle up. Ever see Michael J. Fox's stunt in "Back to the Future"? Grab a car, any car and enjoy the ride. We assume no liability.
Cost: FREE

**ICE SKATING**
Bored? Wanna put some iceskates on your feet for the first time since 3rd grade and ice dance to the latest top 40?

Where: The class of 1923 Ice Rink at 3130 Walnut St. has open skating sessions every single day of the week. Lessons and skate rental available.
Contact: 898-1923
Cost: $8

**ICE FISHING**
Sit around a little hole in a frozen lake for the day and you'll know what it really means to be a man, or for true adventure try this sport on the Schuylkill.

Where: Any frozen lake will do.
Contact: 1-800-FOCONDOS for info on a good lake.
Cost: $8

**ROOMBALL**
All you need is a broom, a ball, and a patch of ice. If you can get a group of, say nineteen or so, friends together (if they're not too tired from Skirmish) go to the rink and slip and slide away.
Cost: FREE

**MOTHER'S DAY**
A man stuck to the car...
Out of the silence that comes like an all-too-brief respite between the high-intensity chords on EMF's latest album, Stigma, swells a chorus of harmonious voices. Deep in form and rich in unity, the methodical chants are spellbinding. Just as this stirring sound nears its pinnacle, however, a singularly recognizable tone emerges from the vocal mass, desperate and defiant in its forceful proclamation.

"Time is what I want," he says. But suddenly, without any warning, time runs out, and the hard-edged riffs of brutal reality reach out and slap you right in the face. "We needed something in the chorus of ['Blue Highs'] and I had this record of Bulgarian chants," relates Ian Dench, lead-guitarist and songwriter for EMF, from the cozy confines of his Leeds hotel room. "So I put this record on...and just ran the track to see if anything sounded right at the beginning of this record. It fit perfectly with the track - perfect in time, perfect in key, all the chord changes - and we thought, 'Shit, there's something going on here.' So we put it straight down on the record."

Aimee Miller

"It's not really a recommendation for a song to go to number one and for a band to have immediate chart success [especially a band] with our kind of background. Some people write you off for that, though 'Unbelievable' was an excellent song."

"The smash overnight success of Dip was rooted in the band's broad-based crossover appeal. The pre-teen set rocked to the album's endlessly catchy pop hooks, while connoisseurs of alternative rock found solace in the nubile Brits' trendy fusion of techno-industrial synths with screechy guitar riffs (a la Ned's Atomic Dustbin and Jesus Jones). But while Stigma represents a natural progression from the band's first tottering footsteps into the multi-cultural genre of '90s rock (giving label-crazy music critics one hell of a migraine in the process), the album also reflects a strong advancement in EMF's maturing approach to songwriting.

"It was a difficult time writing the album because it was so self-conscious," Dench admits. "It was like, 'Who are we? What are we doing?' We had to shrug off the pressure to write another 'Unbelievable' and do our own thing."

"(The album) is kind of autobiographical in a way," he continues. "Schubert Dip was done at a time when we had had no responsibilities...it was all energy and excitement, about being in a band. Stigma is kind of..."
and never the

twain shall meet.

Even the album's

less-than-subtle
title is a reaction
to their recent
exposure under
the scrutinizing
and withering
glare of the mass-
culture spotlight.

"I guess [the
name is] kind of
having to live up
to people's
misconceptions
about the band," admits
Dench. "Some people
still write us off
as some shallow pop band; they haven't
listened."

Shallow is hardly a word that describes
post-Schubert Dip EMF. Though they draw
upon a wide range of genres on Stigma, the
band seems intent on playing down its
wide-spread identification with the tape
recorder. Instead, they equate samples
with the more natural-sounding elements
of their all-inclusive style. Yet the techno-
inspired dance sound that first catapulted
these boys to fame continues to expand the
base of EMF's guitar- and drum-oriented
songs...creating odd rhythmic
juxtapositions and chordal connections
that enhance the overall flavor of their
music.

Dench explains that the band wanted to
take the energy of both forms of sound
and translate their inherent emotion onto a
studio album. "There's such a similarity
between a rave and a live concert," he
declares, comparing the inspirational
benefits of live versus taped music. "The
atmosphere at those places [raves] is just
amazing...There's kind of a mass energy
thing, just kind of a big bonding thing, you
know. I guess we're just putting them
together."

Eschewing the fancy new equipment that
inevitably comes with commercial success,
EMF remains close to their original, albeit
poorer beginnings. "I've got these grungy old
monosynths," says Ian. "You pick 'em up so
cheap in second-hand stores and nobody
wants them. They're the best sounding things.
We use those just kind of raw, basic sounds
on the album. We got kind of tired of house
piano and moved on to some string
movements and Hammond's, more kind of
traditional instruments."

Yet Dench still espouses the ready-made
joys of using pre-recorded tidbits. "The
wonderful things about samples," he
explains, "is you can write [the songs] in your
bedroom and have the effect of a full
orchestra...some of the string parts worked so
well that we actually got a string section in to
do them, which is brilliant. It's so funny
having this 14-piece
string section in the
studio doing this
with us."

EMF's calmer,
second-time-round
approach to studio
recording, coupled
with a much clearer
sense of their
intended musical
direction, allowed
the band to freely
explore the
boundless limits of
their style while
recording Stigma.
They had all the
time they needed to
finish the
experiment. "Another problem with
Schubert Dip was that we were rushed in doing it; we
worked with producers and just didn't have
the confidence to stick up for our beliefs in
they turned their back on their exciting stuff
and they got old and boring," admits Dench
with a hint of droll British sarcasm. "Well, fair
enough. I guess some people who liked us
being a pop band or whatever don't like us to
develop away from that."

"If there's something we feel un-
comfortable with, it's a jolly up-
beat pop record. We just wanted
to make a sort of statement: 'Hey,
look, we go deeper than that.
We're authentic'."

Thus, despite the obvious appeal of
mindlessly churning out singles, as seen in
the band's own quick and easy ascent to pop
stardom, Dench professes that EMF would
much rather earn success over the longer
haul of its career. "I don't always want to
do this 'heart of the top thing' too much," he
admits. "There's certain good and bad things
that come out of it. You find a lot out about
yourself. I suppose, in extreme situ-
ations...there's stuff that comes out of it, like
infidelity and drugs and identity, things like
that."

"If there's anything we should steer clear
down, it's obvious single material," he declares
emphatically, "cause if there's something we
feel uncomfortable with, it's a jolly upbeat
pop record. We just wanted to make a sort of
statement: 'Hey, look, we go deeper than
that. We're authentic'."

Sounds like an idea whose time has come.

Aimee Miller is a 34th Street music editor and incre-
dibly caring and loving person. But stick a paintball
gun in her hand, and look out Arnold, the real termi-
nator's in town.
event
Just when you thought the only thing you could get out of Anthro 003 was an intimate knowledge of rhesus monkeys and bat molars, researchers at the University Museum have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these worthy chemists discovered the earliest known chemical evidence of beer; the results of their research are even more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers at the University Museum have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging. By analyzing the organic residue from inside a pottery vessel dated to circa 3500 B.C., these researchers have just made the field a bit more engaging.
or "Reservoir Dogs"

"Stands as one of the best films of '92, but its legacy may be more associated with a burgeoning rebellion in cinema and society that with its actual merits as a film." (Nate in Review)

A River Runs Through It

"Employing a transcendental view of life, using in exciting fly-fishing scenes as a metaphor for the benevolence of the simple life." (Nate in Review)

Sarrafin

"Sweeps over incredible beauty and almost incomprehensible violence with an equably graphic and non-discriminating eye." (Tom Tuesday)

Of American men deprived of their humanity and masculinity." (Rita's Review, UA Revoew)

Passenger 57

See Review Page 8. (AMC Walnut Mall, AMC Malheur, AMC Odeon City)

Zebrahead

"Contrasts a world paralyzed by poverty, bigotry and racism in which identity and conformity are defined solely by skin color." (Tom in Review)

Theaters

AMC Malheur

1421 Northeast Third Avenue, Portland, OR 97232

Passenger 57 Fri-Thurs 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:45
Under Siege Fri-Thurs 7:30, 9:30, 11:30 Mon-Thurs 12:45, 2:45, 4:45, 6:45, 8:45

AMC Malheur

1325 Northeast Third Avenue, Portland, OR 97232

Under Siege Fri-Sat 9, 11, Sun 2:15, 4:15, 6:15, 8:15

AMC Old City

2nd and S Commission, Portland, OR 97204

Sarafina!

"Opens Wednesday (10/ )

A River Runs Through It

"Opens Wednesday (10/ )

"And non-discriminating eye. And finds Thursdays in Sweeps over incredible beauty and almost incomprehensible violence with an equably graphic and non-discriminating eye." (Tom Tuesday)

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THE WALDORF CAFE
(236 and Lombard St., 645-1646)
This lovely American fare restaurant in Center City. Hearty portions and a helpful staff are also pluses.

WHITE DOG CAFE
(342 South St., 396-9224)
Considered one of the best in Philly. American cuisine in a casual setting offers grilled chicken breasts, flank steak, roasted salmon, pan-fried trout, and grilled veggies. Plus a notable wine list and desserts.

16TH STREET BAR AND GRILL
(264 S. 16th St., 733-3154)
A relaxed restaurant serving pastas, chicken and steaks in a fun, contemporary atmosphere. Great bar too.

CAFE NOLA
(230 S. 16th St., 627-2590)
Cajun-Creole style Southern cuisine in a neo-Frenchman style setting. Try the gumbo.

CAFE L'ITALIEN
(230 S. 16th St., 627-2590)
Great for a casual date night. The food is good and the atmosphere is fun.

CAJUN CAFE
(342 South St., 396-4106)
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
(132 S. 19th St., 922-3415)
On campus convenience and service at one of the better Chinese restaurants in Philadelphia. With Mandarin, Cantonese, and Szechuan delacies.

JOE'S PEKING DUCK HOUSE
(525 Race St., 522-3277)
The best place in Chinatown, and Southern Indian cuisine. The food is delicious and the service is great.

JOYFUL INN
(260 S. 12th St., 626-1206)
The best Chinese restaurant on campus. The food is delicious and the atmosphere is fun.

FRENCH

CIBOULETTE
(1325 Spruce St., 790-1211)
A contemporary French restaurant in the heart of Center City. The food is delicious and the service is great.

UPSTAIRS AT VARALU
(1650 Market St., 851-8888)
A small and intimate French restaurant in the heart of Center City. The food is delicious and the service is great.

RAVE :: RAVE :: RAVE

POST MODERN ROCK & TECHNO NIGHT
with MEL “TOXIC” TAYLOR

$4.00 Ladies! all you can drink & eat
$8.00 for Guys!
You must bring in this ad!

939 N. Delaware Avenue
Philadelphia • 215-574-5730

THE AZTEC

Rave to the Aztec

$4.00 Ladies! all you can drink & eat
$8.00 for Guys!

You must bring in this ad!
Pennsylvania Ballet gets "up close and personal" with their presentation of Off-Center Ballet. A highly acclaimed experimental wing of the company, Off-Center Ballet has attracted five internationally known contemporary choreographers to expand the horizons of the company's usually classical repertory. The five new works merge classically trained ballet dancers with modern choreographers producing an effect that erodes pretension and explodes through to the naked core of art. Off-Center Ballet embarks on an expedition into the unknown, perforating the boundary between classical and modern dance. Choreographer Joe Goode, presents an innovative piece mingling theater and dance, as the dancers vocalize their movement and narrate their action. Off-Center incorporates pure classical talent with contemporary creativity producing a final product rich with humor, beauty and intelligence.

-Gretchen Hiltebeitel
other oils from the 19th Century. "Encounters and Exchanges: The Delaware Valley in the Age of European Exploration". Antique maps, navigational instruments, prints, paintings, and Native American artifacts—including a dugout canoe.

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART
(Parkway at 26th Street, 763-6610. Tuesday-Friday 10-5, Saturday-Sunday 10-7. Admission after 1 p.m. for students with ID, tax Sundays $1) "Leonardo da Vinci: The Anatomy of Man. Drawings from the Collection of HM Queen Elizabeth II." The master's drawings, with theirnotations, comprise some of the most beautiful and moving anatomical studies ever drawn. Through November 29. Retrospective of Martin Puryear. 40 large-scale works that trace the artist's development from the early '70s to the present. Plus Recent Acquisitions of Japanese Art.

ROBIN MUSEUM
(2201 and Benjamin Franklin Parkway, 762-5511. Tuesday-Sun 10-5) The collection includes Robin's imposing Gates of Hell and one of his most famous works, The Thinker. Free public tours are offered the first and third Saturday and the second and fourth Sunday of each month.

THE UNIVERSITY MUSEUM
(34th and Spruce, 896-6000. Tuesday-Saturday, 10-4; Sunday, 1-5) "Ancient Nubia: Egypt's Rival in Africa." Traces thirty-five hundred years of Nubian history—the richness of its indigenous cultures, the rise and fall of its kingdoms, and its volatile relationship with Egypt.

GALLERIES

ART ALLIANCE
(251 S. 186th St, Mon-Fri 10-5, Sat 12-3, Sun 12-4. From Sat 10-4 to 5) "Edith Emerson Revisited." The most notable works of this Philadelphia artist who studied at the Academy of Fine Arts and served as longtime curator of the Woodmere Art Museum in Chestnut Hill.

BRANDYWINE CONSERVATORY
(Route One, Chadds Ford, 489-9002) "The Helga Pictures Then and Now." The famous and often controversial Helga Pictures by Andrew Wyeth will be exhibited for the first time since 1987, exclusively at the Brandywine River Museum, from September 24 through November 22.

THE GALLERY AT THE GERSHMAN Y
(61 South Broad Street) "Prague: Reactions to a Forgotten City". Despite centuries of foreign influence and rule, Prague has retained a distinctive experimental resonance. This exhibition creates a contemporary impression of the beautiful city through images from Bohemian literature, folklore and art.

INSTITUTE OF CONTEMPORARY ART
"Salty Mann: Immortal Family." Black and White Photographs of the artist's pre-adolescent children explore the fine, tense, and joyful children growing up and of parents raising a family. (113 South 36th St. Wed, 10-7, Thurs-Sun 10-5. Through Dec 30.

ZONE ONE

NEXUS

SAMUEL S. FLEISCHER ART MEMORIAL

THEATER

CHANGE PARTNERS AND DANCE
This new American play by Dennis Raymond Stone is a screwball comedy which explores the illegible world of modern love and romance. Presented by Arden Theatre Company.

LE BOURGEOIS AVANT-GARDE
Temple University Theater presents Charles Laughton's farce that brutally parodies the downtown New York art scene, academia, the snarrows rich illegitimity and theater itself. (Stage Three. 163 Walnut. Nov 13-14. 18-21. 787-1222.)

LEND ME A TENOR
"With a plot that will delight even the most serious, director William Friedknuhh ensures this slapstick comedy's integrity with his attention to detail in both set design and choreography." (Walnut Street Theatre. 11th and Walnut. Student discounts available.)

MOUNTAIN

HAPPY DAYS
The Philadelphia Area Repertory Theatre presents one of Samuel Becket's most personal and compelling plays, exploring the contours of the human condition and the comic and poignant spirit that nonetheless prevails. In rotating repertory with Side by Side by Sondheim, featuring 30 songs drawn from Stephen Sondheim's greatest hits on Broadway (Mack and Wife, Sondheim, 10th and Ludlow Sts. Nov 19-Oct 30). 209-9000)

THE WIZARD OF HOP (OR "WHEN INDOUBT, SLAMDUNK")

DRAGOWNINGS
"For a stage play for children adapted from the award-winning novel of the same name.

And now for something a bit OFF CENTER...

See the unexpected when the classically trained Pennsylvania Ballet company becomes the medium for dance of the future! The new dance company is being called Happy Days. The Wiz of Hop (Or "When Indoubt, Slamdunk"). The show is being performed exclusively at the Philadelphia Playhouse and Theatre Arts in Philadelphia. The show is being performed exclusively at the Philadelphia Playhouse and Theatre Arts in Philadelphia.

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music

FRIDAY
MOJO NIXON & TOAD LIQUORS
WHEREVER HA HA
The brilliant mastermind behind such classics as "Don Henley Must Die" and "Elvis Is Everywhere" presents this early Christmas special featuring some belligerent tunes from his new album, "Horny Holidays." It should make any caroling Girl Scout blush. (Chesnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut Sts., 382-1201)

JEFFREY GAINES
Will Jeffrey's new-found fame (garnered from his soulful cover of Peter Cahners "In Your Eyes") last longer than 15 minutes? Check out this early Christmas special featuring some belligerent tunes from his new album, "Horny Holidays." It should make any caroling Girl Scout blush. (Chesnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut Sts., 382-1201)

WEDNESDAY
BATTLE OF THE PENN BANDS
Tem kids, all of your favorite frat crooners and frat pitchers will be selling their stuff on a real stage, for once. Such monsters of West Philly schoolhouse rock as Earth City Exit, Miss Annie P, Buckthorn, Rhinolit, Abandon Earth, Scared Earth, Affair (with stylin' Dana Lackson), and Dysphonia (with Christlike Mike Staffler) will be fighting it out for bragging rights at Pt. L Team Thursday night. Alas, the rehearsed Chaos Theory (with devastating Sean Porter) won't be making an appearance. Keep an eye peeled for cookie, too. (Chesnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut, 382-1201)

SATURDAY
THE GOATS
w/ YOUNG BLACK TEENAGERS & CRUSADERS FOR REAL HIP-HOP
Sounds like these "young people" would really piss Bush off, and if that hasn't done it, all the more reason to go see them. (Chesnut Cabaret, 38th & Chestnut Sts., 382-1201)

STIFFER
w/ edo

I you haven't seen edo at least six times, you're luckier than most. But seriously... the few times you are always eccentric fun, and check out Stiffer too. See INTERVIEW p. 6.

THE LOW ROAD
Get in good with the natives! One of Philly's best local talents, with the contrasting but worthy epiphany "electronic cow punk." (21 East Cabaret, 23 East Lancaster Ave., 896-6420)

SUNDAY
BACH FESTIVAL
Overload your ears with Judith Linenberg as she performs the second concert of the Bach Festival. (Unistar Society, 601 Germantown Ave., 267-4201)

THE BANK
6th & Spring Garden 251-9494
The Bank features a mix of live local bands as well as DJ's spinning contemporary music. Both a $7 cover charge and proper attitude (no sneakers or sleeveless shirts) are needed for admittance.

CHESTNUT CABARET
3801 Chestnut St., 382-1201
This popular nightclub features live alternative music for the 21 and up crowd. The cover ranges from $4-6.

MAGGIE'S
Front & Framptown 930-3445

THE REVIVAL
6th & South 627-4005
This Revival offers a Saturday night Rave from 7-pm-1am. This all-ages club features a Smartdrink bar in addition to its funk hip-hop, techno, house, and alternative line-up.

THE ROCK LOBSTER
Piers 13 & 15 Delaware Ave. at Voor St. 627-4005
The Rock Lobster, newcomer to the Philly club scene, features a selection of local and national live acts, in addition to its House/Dance nights with DJ Fabio Ray.

SILK CITY LOUNGE
23 East Cabaret, 23 East Lancaster Ave., 896-6420

KATMANDU
Per 23 N. Delaware Ave. 629-7400
This lunch-and-dinner eatery features both music 7 days a week. Voted the '91 Delaware Valley Music Awards Show; it should be radical.

THE TROCADERO
This 21+ club features a variety of contemporary dance DJ's to live music ranging from country to trash metal. Cover is generally $5-$5 during the weekend, no cover during the week.

THE TROCADERO
3rd & Arch 923-ROCK
As one of the more prominent Philly clubs, the Trocadero offers live established alternative bands as well as DJ dance nights Wed, Sat. featuring Industrial, techno, alternative, & hip-hop, alternating between 18 and 21 for admittance.

XERO
6th & South 629-9456
Both bar and club, Xero features mostly techno music and cheap drinks for patrons 21 and over.

ZANZIBAR BLUE
2310 S. 11th St. 629-9200
An excellent jazz cafe and restaurant featuring live music from 9pm-2am daily, as well as a Sunday jazz brunch from 11:30am-2:30pm.

100% OF PROCEEDS BENEFIT HENRY FORD COPPOLA FILM FUND
"ASTONISHINGLY INVENTIVE...
"A STUNNING ACHIEVEMENT!"
"CHRISTIAN SCIENCE MONITOR"
"AFRICAN NATIONAL ANTHEM
"JACQUES TARDIVON"
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