With Hackney at helm, U. rode financially stable course

By JEREMY KAHN
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

University officials give President Sheldon Hackney top marks for fiscal leadership during his 12 years at the University, but they say tough challenges lie ahead.

"I think he did a very fine job financially and was a major force in helping raise record endowments," said develop- ments, or "The Hackney Era 1981-93.

President Hackney got high grades for his financial acumen. "When Hackney became president in 1981, the University faced several financial problems. The University was severely understaffed for an institution of its size, with an endowment of only $3.9 million. Harvard University's endowment was $1.1 billion in 1981 and Princeton University's was over $1 billion a decade ago.

The University had also just begun to re- cover from eight years of operating deficits, totaling $11 million, that the University had incurred during his early mid-1970s. Another problem was that faculty salaries were below the level of several peer institu- tions, putting the threat that professors would leave the University and have trouble attract- ing new faculty members.

But the financial situation wasn't the only thing that was bad last week. "The thing is it was all we were terriblyBand Together

EDO band members play guitar while Elise, the group's lead singer, pulls on a cigarette between notes on Superblock yesterday for the Penn Environmental Club's celebration.

By JORDANA BORO
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

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Three varied paths to Walk diversity

By JORDANA BORO
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

The University has pursued three paths to diversify Locust Walk, each with its own advantages and disadvantages.

The first path is to diversify Locust Walk, "The Hackney Era 1981-93.

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Grad students ask for pub on walk

By ABBY BERSKIN
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

The Graduate and Professional Student Assembly passed a unani- mous resolution last night asking for the empty Theta Xi house to be converted into a pub or coffee house for the graduate students.

But many GAPSA members said that while they would prefer the house be turned into a gradu- ate student center, their main con- cern in that the house be used for an "The Hackney Era 1981-93.

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Inside

The RA Myth

Students and residential advisors voice the stereotype that RA's are for the police officers of residential buildings. Page 32

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Take a Bath

College Sophomore Jon Morris, College and Wharton Junior Jason Garmise, and College and Wharton senior Scooby Goldstein, all Alpha Epsilon Pi brothers, dunk in a hot tub on College Green to raise money for the Make a Wish Foundation.

By DENNIS REIDMAN
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

All but 12 of the 142 groups funded by the Student Activities Council (SAC) for this academic year have received their SAC funds,

"The plan includes three phases of construction, including bulldozing two blocks north to include the existing Theta Xi house and the north campus master plan that was proposed yesterday in the Houston Hall Ballroom by Gregory Clement, an associate partner of the Kahn, Pederson, and Fox ar- chitectural firm which designed the Revlon Center.

The plan is to "bridge Walk nestled with north campus" and find a "positive way to expand cam- pus," said Hackney.

Students would be willing to tolerate the stereotype that RAs are for the police officers of residential buildings. Page 32

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Students would be willing to tolerate the stereotype that RAs are for the police officers of residential buildings. Page 32
Campus Events

THURSDAY

LEBANON, Pa. - A good way to begin the week on a high note is to attend the Sigma Chi alumni banquet this Thursday at the Lebanon Country Club in Lebanon. A formal dinner, dance and bar will be held, with a cash bar from 7:30 to 8:30 p.m. An informal 7 p.m. buffet dinner will precede the formal events. Sigma Chi alumni and friends are welcome. Contact George Welker at 272-9711 for information.

SUNDAY

FRIDAY

MONDAY

TUESDAY

FRIDAY, APRIL 23

SATURDAY

LGT/A to join gay rights march in D.C.

The 1991 Gay, Lesbian, Bisexual March on Washington called attention to the fact that the 1990s saw the expansion of human rights for LGBT people from all over the country, and the event was seen as a landmark moment in the fight for equal rights. The march was held in Washington, D.C., and attracted thousands of participants from across the country. The event was a significant moment in the history of the LGBT rights movement, and it continues to be remembered as a pivotal moment in the fight for equality.

NEWSPRINTS, NWC, USA, New York City, February 23, 1993

In Brief

The Daily Pennsylvanian is a student newspaper published by the University of Pennsylvania. The newspaper covers a wide range of topics, including campus events, local news, and national and international events. The Daily Pennsylvanian has a strong tradition of promoting diversity and inclusiveness, and it actively works to ensure that all voices are heard on campus. The newspaper is an important source of information for students, faculty, and staff, and it plays a vital role in the life of the University of Pennsylvania community.

Copyright 1993

36th Street near new center to be closed

The closing should coincide with the center's planned fall opening 1996

ATTENTION FRESHMEN

Henry LaBarre Jayne Freshman Composition Prize

The Freshman English Office (416 Bennett Hall) will be accepting submissions for the Henry LaBarre Jayne Freshman Composition Prize until Monday 4/26/93. Submission can be any length, on any subject, written just for this contest or for a class—the only stipulation is that the entry be in essay form and written by an undergraduate. A cash prize of $100 will be awarded, and the winner will be announced in the Commencement Bulletin.

Put Your Feet in our Hands

If you are planning to travel abroad, you should make an appointment with the Student Health Travel Advisory Service now.

Travel Specialist will provide you with up-to-date, comprehensive advice and immunizations in order to make your trip as healthy as possible.

Please call Student Health at 662-2850 and request a travel counseling appointment as soon as possible.

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WHAT IS IN YOUR FUTURE?

You could spend it serving God and His people as a PRIEST in the Archdiocese of Philadelphia

VOCATION OFFICE FOR DIOCESAN PRIESTS

Saint Charles Borromeo Seminary

1000 East Wynnewood Road

Overbrook, Pennsylvania 19096

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BY PETER MORRISON
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

Every community needs certain people to uphold the laws and oversee the community's safety. Campus communities are no exception. In addition to the police, each state has state police, and cities have local police departments.

The University calls on resident advisors to guide and advise the residents of the campus dormitories. And since, in general, freshmen may tend to view freshmen as their equals, you wouldn't think of an RA as a type of police officer or authority figure.

But over the course of two sessions, both RAs and students often break through these presuppositions and develop closer, more friendly relationships, they say.

"One girl said to me that she was scared of me for about a month," said Ra Pai. "I realize that I was not that bad."

"The little brother" relationship with students is common for freshmen. Butcher, said he has developed a "great gift." The little brother relationship with students is common for freshmen.

"Brotherly" relationship with students is common for freshmen. Butcher, said he has developed a "great gift." The little brother relationship with students is common for freshmen.

"If you're bored he has a TV that in just go and bother and hang out with the boys down near the airport once," Derstein said this week. "We are his floor." He said. "We are his family."

College sophomores Christopher Nelson said that he has no problem either in the RA or the RA that he has had.

"I think my RA that I've had," he said. "We become friends with our RA. We see her as a friend and she sees us as a friend."

Most RAs also believe that students are a source of information for students. They often handle questions from University and the city.

"Knowledge of the University and knowledge of Philadelphia is what we help students with most," Wipert said. "In the beginning the students ask very basic things. I was blessed with a great floor and I have developed great relationships," he added. "I tend to remember all those guys. I'll still come back.

Students also say they feel that the RA is in their hallway is so much an authority figure as a friend and a counselor.

They add that they trust the RAs and often go to them for information or guidance.

"Our RA is really friendly," College freshman Alex Wipert said. "I see her as a little sister and she has done a lot for our RA this semester."

According to Wipert, Byun has studied ten friends and "taken on" the football players in her hallway to "keep them in line." Wipert explained, however, that it is just a game for her.

Wipert added that her hallway has study breaks together every Wednesday and brunches every Sunday. She also described one night when Byun drove her and friends to South Street and back.

She feels that her hallway would not have been as close if they had a RA. Byun drove her and friends to South Street and back.

"They ask us about coursework or about where a certain building is," she added. "They ask us about coursework or about where a certain building is."

And this sentiment is confirmed by residents. "It is nice to know if I needed anything in the city," Derstein said. "He is very helpful."

Both residents and resident advisors say that they trust the RAs. Byun drove her and friends to South Street and back.

"We like her, so we respect what she says," Wipert reiterated. "We like her, so we respect what she says." Wipert reiterated. Both residents and resident advisors say that they trust the RAs. Byun drove her and friends to South Street and back.

"I don't think it's difficult for me because of the age difference," Paterson said. "They respect me, I think, because I lead a different lifestyle. They don't see me out at their fraternity parties getting drunk."

"I think it would be difficult to write us up," he said. "We don't live on my floor," said Nelson. "I think it would be difficult to write us up," he said. "We don't live on my floor," said Nelson.

Many RAs admit that they warn students in their hallway first before writing them up.

"It is more of being a friend. Being an authority is less part of it." Ellsworth said that he tries to make the residents of his hall talk with him about problems that they have that are his floor talk with him about problems that they have.

"It is nice to know that they can talk to me," said Ellsworth. "It is nice to know that they can talk to me." Ellsworth said that he tries to make the residents of his hall talk with him about problems that they have.

And this sentiment is confirmed by residents. "It is nice to know if I needed anything in the city," Derstein said. "He is very helpful."

"We are his floor," she said. "We are his family."

Second year professional student Ellsworth said that he tries to make the residents of his hall talk with him about problems that they have.

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Patrick McGee  
Economics major

Cover letters  
Follow-up letters  
Three versions of my résumé  
A list of contacts  
Lotus 1-2-3 spreadsheet  
WordPerfect word processor  
Now Up-To-Date 2.0  
MS-DOS files  
SoftPC  
Managing Your Money  
HyperCard  
A money and banking paper  
A statistics paper  
Graphics for several papers  
My class schedule  
Instructions for using Internet  
Research from CompuServe  
My model stock portfolio  
My checkbook  
A list of notable business quotes  
A fax/modem  
A fax I sent to a software company  
My system for playing the horses  
My win/loss record for the year
Scott Waltz  
Economics professor

Overheads  
Lecture notes  
Assignments  
Tests I've given  
Syllabus for International Finance 281B  
Syllabus for Economic Development 286A  
Grade tracking  
Letters to old friends  
Letters to colleagues  
An article on national transportation policy  
Three chapters for a new textbook  
The Far Side Daily Planner  
Itinerary for Easter Island dig this summer  
Zen and the Art of Motorcycle Maintenance  
Microsoft Word  
Lotus 1-2-3  
Files from the department PC  
Macintosh PC Exchange  
Files from my Mac at home  
A fax/modem  
CompuServe  
America Online  
AppleLink  
Wildcat basketball stats  
Electronic mail  

The new PowerBook™ computers are more affordable than you think. To learn about them visit the University of Pennsylvania Computer Connection at the Bookstore.
A Good Pick

During the University's tough transition, it is reassuring to know that Claire Fagen will be at the helm.

His bags are packed and he's ready to go.

After 12 years as University President, Sheldon Hackney is moving on to the chairmanship of the National Endowment for the Humanities in Washington.

After five years as Provost, Michael Loonc Chen, Assistant Managing Editor, will be in the President's office if ever only for a brief stay.

We look forward to working with Fagen and hope that she will be able to successfully steer the University through this turbulent time.

So you wanna be a D.P. columnist?

Fine. Show me something to read. Ready to share it with 34,000 readers.

You want a place where your intelligent and witty, conscientious and creative people to write the Weekly columns next semester. Interested? Applicants should be the type of people who won't be afraid to defend their opinions and will be able to produce quality columns on a regular basis.

I had no response. I did not know where to send it.

Then I read that 22 percent of the respondents to the Roper Poll claimed it was possible that the Holocaust never happened. 12 percent of the respondents said they did not know whether the Holocaust was possible or impossible.

22 percent of the respondents to the Roper Poll claimed it was possible that the Holocaust never happened. 12 percent of the respondents said they did not know whether the Holocaust was possible or impossible.

Remembering Apathy

By Jeffrey Pollock

A
tting to the recent Roper Poll, most of all, to the Roper Poll, the Holocaust never happened.

And yet this is not a question that has been raised before.

The question is not whether the Holocaust ever happened, but whether the Holocaust ever happened.

If you had been asked the question, you probably would have said yes.

Two of them appeared featured and they had not tried it yet.

I had learned about the Holocaust extensively in Detroit. Never did a year pass by when we did not remember the passing of our millions Jews as well as the destruction of countless others.

Some did not even tell others that they had played dead in the grass fields in order to escape the Nazis.

Some may have passed by without noticing those yellow Jewish stars on people's clothing, I was shocked.

The first thing that caught my attention was theHolocaust. I had never thought that the world would be.

The second thing that caught my attention was the Holocaust. I had never thought that the world would be.

I was angry. I was angry. I was angry.

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The first thing that caught my attention was the Holoc...
Two men try to rob University employee

IN CHARLES GROUFEIN Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

A throwback to the '60s, 'Hair' bares it all

Two men tried to rob a University employee in the 4000 block of Pine Street, University City, last night.

The employee was not injured in the attempt, but the would-be robbers were quickly apprehended by University Police who were patrolling the area.

Fink said.

"I personally hope, as a woman at Penn, that it would be a high priority for campus administrators," said Sheila, his neglected girlfriend, is mentioned in the petition "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny" and spraypainting," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyny," she added that "I think that there is a conspicuous misogyn
**Israelis, Muslims battle over Lebanon**

MARtaskin, Lebanon — Battles raged yesterday in one of the heaviest artillery duels this peace process. Hezbollah, stung by the intensity of the Israeli and Lebanese army artillery attack, fired back late into the night, and night, Israeli security sources said, that the war has now entered its most dangerous phase.

The airstrikes of five hours had been broadcast on Israeli-owned television and radio stations. Officials estimated that the Israeli military had lost at least five rockets on Israeli-owned security cores.

A couple of hours later, one of the Israeli army's artillery shells landed in northern Israel, killing at least five rockets on Israeli-owned security cores.

**Off the Wire**

Compiled from Associated Press dispatches

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**Pentagon to sell off cache of industrial diamonds**

NEW YORK — With the Cold War over and budget cutters at the door, the Pentagon is selling its eqnivalent of the family jewels: a cache of industrial diamonds that was de-

Stocks

<table>
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<th>Change</th>
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</tr>
</tbody>
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**Prison riot ends, inmates free hostages**

LUCASVILLE, Ohio — A 19-day uprising at a state prison in which a least seven sexts and a guard were killed drew to a peaceful close yesterday after inmates being ex-

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**Oldest**

Of course, I am extremely proud that in thear at which everyone has joined together in an effort to bring this tragic ordeal to a successful conclusion. **Arthur Tate**

---

**Investigators search through compound ruins**

Many of the found bodies weren't immediately confirmed because of the slow pace of the investigation. The occupants of the compound were being questioned about the identity of the bodies.

---

**Democrats abandon president's job bill**

WASHINGTON — Democrats abandoned their effort to push President Clinton's jobs bill through the Senate Wednesday, as relentless Republicans saddled the new president with his first major legislative defeat.

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**The Dotted Line**

**Off the Wire**

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**The dotted line or an incredible opportunity for us all**

**Arthur Tate**

---

**Time**

Phil Weir sells a variety of tee-shirts during a Penn Environmental Club celebration in Superblock yesterday.
Music professor wins prestigious award for teaching

By HELEN HYUN

The honor of the Ira Abrams Me-
moorial Award for Outstanding Teaching goes to Music Professor Lawrence Bernstein this year. He’s a wonderful teacher, distinc-
tive scholar and an active participant in the School of Arts and Sciences’ Ira Abrams teaching award, scans a musical icore.

HACKNEY, from page 2A

campaigns. Currently the endowment is over $1 billion, almost five times its 1981 level. While Hackney gives credit for the campaigns’ success to Senior level.

fundraising efforts so that all of the Ira Abrams teaching award, scans a musical icore. schools’ separate fundraising ef-

Hackney raised U. endowment, $1 billion during his 12-year tenure... Currently the endowment is over $1 billion, according to a source of concern in 1981. now because the actions of the state. Hackney said. "We are runn-

ing the biggest budget deficit we have ever run and we see the need for the structure of the University.

We need to take control of the budget and we have a process that we will see that during the next three to five years," he added. "That is the challenge..."

We have an incredibly rich tradition of Philosophy, psychology, interpersonal relations, story telling and spirituality. There is time to pause and move - but always those times are there for us to learn with each other. We invite you to apply to SHIP and join us for retreats, parties, learning about our heritage, and for sharing with others our feelings in innovative and exciting ways.

Interns have met privately with exciting people like Wall Street Super trader Michael Steinhardt, Senator Arlen Specter, Congresswoman Marjorie Margulies Mezvinsky, Stuart Eisenstadt (President Clinton’s likely appointed ambassador to the EC), and this is only the beginning. There are trips to Washington, New York, and a retreat in Israel.

If you would like more information, please contact the following Steinhardt Jewish Heritage Interns:

Paul Germain 222-4447
Joy Prevor 222-7263
Amy Schuler 222-4782

of the Vet School," Budget Director Lawrence Bernstein this year.

"He had wonderful role models in his life. He has a good influence in train-

ing scholars in his field and in in-

suring undergraduates to do their College sophomore Elizabeth Page said she was impressed by his passion for teaching and his enthusiasm in helping me to develop my teaching skills.

"There are some master teachers in this department," he said. "I’ve had wonderful role models," Steinhardt said of the Uni-

versity’s blockbuster success at the University 23 years ago.

"I have taught graduate stu-

dents at Princeton, Columbia. Rut-

gers and New York universities as a

teach at the University 23 years ago and I have had wonderful role models," he said. "That is something you will not get anywhere else at the re-

serve university.

He also said that faculty salaries, in the $60,000 to $120,000 range rank with the nation, according to its ranking among the top 100 Universities of Association of Universities.

"We received $30 million to 100 million in the past three years," he said. "You can see that these were tremendous efforts, and all of that paid off.

Steinhardt said he had always dreamed of teaching and it was a part of his life. He said that the University’s future has been well thought out by Hackney and that the University focuses more on teaching and learning than on research, which is often neglected at research universities and it will improve the quality of teaching in the long run," he said.

Steinhardt added that the newly created award is for the University’s department that is involved in the teaching of Steinhardt’s caliber," he said.

"He's a wonderful teacher, distin-
tive scholar and an active participant in the School of Arts and Sciences’ Ira Abrams teaching award, scans a musical icore. Lawrence Bernstein, winner of the Ira Abrams teaching award, scans a musical icore.
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The Weekly Pennsylvanian
The Best of The Daily Pennsylvanian. The Best of Penn.
Cook wins Decathlon
Villanova star beats out competitive field

Daily Pennsylvanian Sports Writer

Day Two of the decathlon at the 99th Penn Relays...the weather forecast for Day Two of the decathlon was for mostly cloudy skies, with a slight chance of rain. However, Mother Nature managed to hold off the rain, and the day went off without a hitch. Close competition was a few surprises. That was the weather forecast for Day Two of the 99th Penn Relays. But, the competition and surprises were indeed for real. Dick Cook managed to hol...the vault. "He's a good vaulter, so I'm definitely happy with the time." "I'm really happy with the time," Cook said. "I told myself everything was going to be at...arrived at Franklin Field...distance. "I run the quarter, and my coach said...When [Knoecker] said to go at the 200, I was going to go around her, because I was starting to break my stride. She said, "I'm really happy with how I did." "I'm really excited, but not surprised," Roy said. "David's done this before — he'll...beating out. It shows he's a great competitor." "In terms of the rain, it was a...But, I'm really happy with the time," Cook said. "I told myself everything was going to be at...arrived at Franklin Field...distance. "I run the quarter, and my coach said...When [Knoecker] said to go at the 200, I was going to go around her, because I was starting to break my stride. She said, "I'm really happy with how I did." "I'm really excited, but not surprised," Roy said. "David's done this before — he'll...beating out. It shows he's a great competitor." "In terms of the rain, it was a...
Close competition and a few surprises in Decathlon

Williams wins match with strong finish in Heptathlon

Athletic Dept. discusses swim coaches

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- Are you conducting research of an international nature?
- Are you an international student studying at Penn now?
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- Evidence of your desire to interact with Penn's international student body.
- Evidence of your interest in meeting Penn students from other countries.
- Evidence of your involvement in an international or intercultural activity.
- Evidence of your interest in attending Penn's Office of International Programs (OIP) events.
- Evidence of your interest in exploring Penn's campus and city.

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Track, you worked to experience the magic of Relays.

**BELONG, from page B8**

But even injury is not enough to stop them. "We've been anticipating it for a long time," said senior sprinter Chris Harper. "It's like an athlete's Fling," said junior hurdler Mark Pan said. "It's the icing on the cake. You feel proud to wear a Penn jacket.""It's like an athlete's Fling," said junior hurdler Mark Pan said. "It's the icing on the cake. You feel proud to wear a Penn jacket."

"I basically just live down there," said senior hurdler Mark Pan said. "It's the icing on the cake. You feel proud to wear a Penn jacket.""It's like an athlete's Fling," said junior hurdler Mark Pan said. "It's the icing on the cake. You feel proud to wear a Penn jacket."

**W. Lax aims to soar against Lafayette**

"We're excited that everyone is going to be there all the time. I stay there as much as I can and I really only leave to compete last year. "I'm down with it," said veteran goalie Matt组建. "It's hard to watch your kids in pain. It's one of the greatest experiences one can have."

"We're just holding on," said senior attacker Jason Kohn. "It's just another race. You've got to keep your cool and have confidence in your abilities."

"I don't want to put too much emphasis on Penn State," said sophomore sprinter Mary Vadino. "There's so much more on the line, with everyone cheering. It's like a big celebration, bringing the center of attention for the top 10 pole vaulters in the nation."

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TRIUMPHS, from page B8

...he was ruled out of the game by the

"I'm not a very dedicated student," Breier
drafted him. "I didn't get

"It's been a delight," Breier said.

"I'm not a very dedicated student," Breier
drafted him. "I didn't get

"I'm not a very dedicated student," Breier
drafted him. "I didn't get
**NBA EASTERN CONFERENCE**

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**NHL DIVISION SEMIFINALS**

**PATRICK DIVISION**

- *Game 1*: Pittsburgh vs. New Jersey
- *Game 2*: Pittsburgh vs. New Jersey
- *Game 3*: Pittsburgh vs. New Jersey
- *Game 4*: Pittsburgh vs. New Jersey
- *Game 5*: Pittsburgh vs. New Jersey

**WILSON DIVISION**

- *Game 1*: New York vs. Atlanta
- *Game 2*: New York vs. Atlanta
- *Game 3*: New York vs. Atlanta
- *Game 4*: New York vs. Atlanta

**BASEBALL**

**AMERICAN LEAGUE**

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**NATIONAL LEAGUE**

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**Larkin walks to Reds win**

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**PITTSBURGH — Barry Larkin's ninth-inning single took all the pressure off the Reds'Binder when he helped the Reds walk off the Pirates for a 3-2 win.**

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- *New York 5, Florida 4, Game 1* Tomorrow, at St Louis
- *Chicago 5, Texas 3, Game 1* Tonight, at Los.
- *San Diego at New York, 10:05 p.m.*
- *San Diego at New York, 10:05 p.m.*
- *Los Angeles at San Francisco, 10:05 p.m.*

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Armored and dangerous

Briever turns adversity into success

BY STEVEN COX

The University Daily Pennsylvanian

Senior co-captain Ben Briever has survived many such collisions in his duties as a catcher.

"[Danny] has a winning attitude. He should shine," Graham said. "[Briever] certainly shone brightly during his high school career. He finished his career as the all-time second-leading scorer at Coral Gables, averaging 1.77 points per game. [He] led the cancellation of his senior year because of a back injury. [Briever] was one of the top four seniors this year. He was Outstanding All-American and Outstanding All-City honors in Dade County, considered one of the better defenses of basketball talent."

Ben Briever is a senior from Coral Gables, Fla. He has played for the Penn basketball team for three years, during which time he has received All-Ivy honors. As a freshman, he won the Outstanding All-City honors in Dade County, considered one of the better defenses of basketball talent. As a sophomore, he was named Outstanding All-State and Outstanding All-City honors in Dade County, considered one of the better defenses of basketball talent. As a junior, he was named Outstanding All-State and Outstanding All-City honors in Dade County, considered one of the better defenses of basketball talent. As a senior, he was named Outstanding All-State and Outstanding All-City honors in Dade County, considered one of the better defenses of basketball talent.

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The Corruption of Cool

In the face of mass media and big business, does any alternative culture stand a chance?
If there were any more space in Hell, I think that now would be the perfect time to book a flight. Pessimism aside, I can’t think of anywhere else I’d rather be going. Hell in a Bucket would be the perfect time to book a flight. Pessimism of course, unlimited drinks,” Don’t forget to read the worth every cent.

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For the brochure, but it was $2.95 a minute and just shed the weird reincarnation of the torture scene in Orwell’s 1984.

Heaven...

I wonder what the travel brochure for Hell would look like if there were any more space in Hell, I think that now would be the perfect time to book a flight. Pessimism aside, I can’t think of anywhere else I’d rather be going.

Outside world.

With the impossible ride to Hell sounds incredible. And once I get there, I can throw out my Ethics, Morality, and good-natured demeanor, all in service of the Devil himself. I’ll compromise my integrity, curse at my parents when they nag me to come home, and maybe if I get the nerve, start sending nasty letters to Hunter S. Thompson with the return address clearly marked HELL. Heath Jay Slawner is the film editor of 34th Street. He’s moving to virtual Hollywood to read Variety and schmooze with the best of them. 

When I got to the very last line that said “there are no oth-er rules,” the whole idea started to sound a little sketchy. Who would protect me? Support me? Feed me? These were questions that needed to be answered. There was an I-90 list at the bottom of the brochure, but it was $2.95 a minute and I didn’t want my housemates to think any thing kinky was going on between me and a sizzling hot party-line from the back pages of the Village Voice. For all of my apocalyptic rantings, no one will ever be lieve that I actually am going to Hell.

What are the alternatives, anyway? Get a Mcjob, a Mcwife, a couple of wanna-be Bart's, a couple of wannabe college students on the Green. I’d look good in the nude (nakedness is considered a torture scene, but it’s not next to Devilishness). With all that sweat and odor, it must make the Sahara Desert feel like a cold day in in the freezer with Uncle Ebenezer.

Still, Hell sounds like a great bargain. It probably resembles our planet way more than anyone I’m willing to admit. I just know people are starving in Hell. Someone like David Koren has already hoarded huge supplies of food, denying everyone else a basic meal. And I’ll be damned if Glenns Khan and Liberace aren’t tossing their garbage into the street, littering like a couple of jaded college students on the Green. Either way, the inevitable ride to Hell sounds incredible. And once I get there, I can throw out my Ethics, Morality, and good-natured demeanor, all in service of the Devil himself. I’ll compromise my integrity, curse at my parents when they nag me to come home, and maybe if I get the nerve, start sending nasty letters to Hunter S. Thompson with the return address clearly marked HELL.

I’ll start getting pumped for the Great Mediterranean Poke-Out. Sans time travel, however, I think Hell is the only viable alternative. Where else can you kill, maim, plunder, and get a high five from the Big Guy? I know I won’t have to pray to some lame duck god who can’t even get Murder, She Wrote off the airwaves. No repenting, no Hall Marvin (unless, of course, Emperor Hirohito is deep in the end zone). And this way I can avoid all the merry assholes who would otherwise greet me at Heaven’s Gate – Mother Theresa, Jesus H. Christ, Benjamin Franklin, Jimi Hendrix, etc. - with a Ned Flanders-like “doodly woodly, neighbor.”

I am still worried about the heat, though. Even if they sell 100 different kinds of deodorant in Hell, I don’t look that good in the nude (nakedness is considered a torture scene, but it’s not next to Devilishness). With all that sweat and odor, it must make the Sahara Desert feel like a cold day in in the freezer with Uncle Ebenezer.

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Like Allison Mariloff and Brian Turano didn’t miss me. Ask them what they did. So now we part ways for the summer. Just when things are really starting to pick up around here, I get shipped off to camp to be picked at and prodded like some side-show freak, but I won’t forget you. Your social lives, your barf, your pee, have carried me through my darkest, most-angst filled days. And I will always love you.

FLING PARTY ROUNDUP: Just to get it out of the way, Fiji had almost every drug imaginable, DeKe was crowded and uncomfortable, the Castle, Tabard was really random, AEParty in Hollywood was typically pre-fresh laden – though the searchlights added a real touch of class to the bar mitzvah atmosphere. Phi Sig was frightening but fun (the Phi Sig-gers ate raw pork rather than wait for their pig to cook), and the Sansom Block party got customarily out-of-hand as Villanova and Drexel folks threw 40’s of Budweiser at Escort vans.

EMPLOYEE OF THE WEEK: Senior Lisa Kan has taken a traditional strategy to guarantee her continued employment as a waitress at Marathon Grill – she started screwing the boss. After Tom (as the boss is known), sampled Lisa’s Beef Stroganoff and Plump Breasts Flambeés, he declared her candidate. Grilled – she screwed the boss. After Jon (as the boss is known), she declared her Employee of the Week, two weeks straight. We’re still waiting to hear if he’s tried the Split-thigh seal.

TRAMPLED: Phi Sig did nothing to debunk their reputation as a brood of brainless athletic scum-bags this Fling weekend. Senior Class historian Jen Spadano spent the night passed out on the footfall of 6’10” Phi Sig pledge Dave Meiselman. Witness claim that Sara Thrutchkey has had the hots for AEPi freshguy Scott, and the wunderkind, sensing he might get some play, just went along for the ride called the kid Scott, and the wunderkind, sensing he might get some play, just went along for the ride.

SISTER SLEDGEHAMMER: Even though Panhel claims to be a group of united women, shockingly, there are some divisions showing in the sisterly ranks. Evidently, the reason that AXO is currently on suspension is that their ‘mother party’ was busted by three treacherous Tri-Delt sophomores, who alerted the Panhel enforcers that the AXO’s were serving alcohol. A little advice to the women of 404 Spruce: people who live in glass security houses shouldn’t call Panhel.

BROTHERLY LOVE: Oh, those classy SAEs. After invading poor pledge Doug’s Quad room to store their Fling alcohol supply, they conveniently disappeared when the pledge’s room was busted by an ambitious RA. Doug kindly requested that his brothers at least pay the residential living fine, but they not-so-kindly rejected the proposal, and are now considering tossing the pledge from the fraternity. Will the joys of brotherhood never cease? SUNNY’S WOODY: For god knows what reason, Sundeep “Sunny” Goel took it upon himself to ascend the Quad stage completely nekkid on Friday. While there was nothing astounding to see, Goel became inexplicably aroused, and had to cover his little rising sunny with cupped hands. Sunny’s friends in yellow security jackets led him from the stage.

NOSE FOR THE NITROUS: Penn Rocks was the site of at least one major faceplant during Fling. PiKap David Goldberg tried to get high on Whippets, and for a moment, successfully got the giggle, laughy feeling he was supposed to get. Then the narcotics neophyte tripped, kissed asphalt, and broke his nose at the shamefully early hour of 8p.m.

THE GREAT GLOVED ONE AND THE WHARTON THIEF: If you heard that Michael Jackson was in Philadelphia this weekend, you were not misinformed. Michael came into town with Mike Myers and his wife to visit their son Greg. Interestingly, with all the combined financial power the two wielded, they were spotted dining at Ruth’s Chris Steakhouse. Guess Stiller didn’t have ‘all you can eat rib night’.

LAID OVER: Our very own managing editor Sabrina Roblin went to visit her boyfriend Scott at the Airport during his flight’s forty-five-minute Philly layover, but left with a special layover of her own. Finding a little rove by Gate B9, the two had a personal arrival and departure, the likes of which the vinyl seats (and curious tourists), may never see again. Shortly after the two reached maximum altitude, so to speak, Scott’s flight was called, forcing him to run from one gate to another.

Remember me? I missed a lot of you last week, but I bet Society-subjects like Allison Mariloff and Brian Turano didn’t miss me. You ask them what they did. So now we part ways for the summer. Just when things are really starting to pick up around here, I get shipped off to camp to be picked at and prodded like some side-show freak, but I won’t forget you. Your social lives, your barf, your pee, have carried me through my darkest, most-angst filled days. And I will always love you.

We’ve Been Spy-ed!

After years of our ruthless plagiarism, Spy Magazine has decided to fight back. It seems a certain editor of ours took the pop-culture laden Scubbin feature “Street Sixteen” (Street, March 25) up to his interview for a summer internship at Spy. Those nasty vermin liked the idea so much, they stole it. Right from under our little collegiate noses (see Spy, May 1983). Below are the two articles side-by-side; you decide who’s right and who’s a corporate media whore!

We all knew that gaining access to SAE (a.k.a. McFraternity), wasn’t exactly the hardest thing to do. After all, they are the world’s largest fraternity, and as long as you don’t have any grave deformities, or interests, they seem more than happy to let you in to their little club. Of course, the usual secret handshakes, house secrets, and gate-tyings are expected in the pledging process, but really, membership cards?

This card, belonging to Brian Higgins, was found over the weekend by some panosh schlub who thought it entitled him to discounts at the Philadelphia Ramada Inn. Actually, it entitles you to nothing. But do look carefully at Mr. Higgins’ initiate number, 228857. Ol’ Brian probably takes great pride in knowing that he has almost a quarter of a million brethren spanning the globe. Ahh, the intimacy of brotherhood.

McHappy Brothers Unite

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CLASS ‘93: To all those who’ve appeared over four years, we salute you.

SENIORS

Hey-Deja Vu Screamer
At Smoke’s
Celebrate Your Last Day Of Classes
At Penn!

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please do not steal all these copies
**The Lighter Side**

Halloween films work when they suspend our disbelief. The craftier and better flicks do it on the sly, twisting and manipulating reality until the real is replaced by the unreal, creating an otherworld so convincing that it becomes as much a reality as the iron claw of terror in your stomach.

However, a good horror film must go a step further: within the make-believe, there is a need to get lost in absurdity. The Dark Half, starring Timothy Hutton and directed by George Romero, fails to go the final mile, with enough clichés and flaws to kill the film’s spontaneity and fire.

The Dark Half tells the story of author and English professor Thaddeus Beaumont, played by brat pack Graduate Timothy Hutton. Thad is introduced lecturing his class on id versus ego, the hedonistic pleasure-seeking inner self that battles against the rational, controlled outer self. According to Thad, art is inspired not from our rationality, but from our unspoken indulgences and desires. He concludes that we must cultivate this “dark half” to liberate our blackest and most carnal passions.

Thad speaks from experience: his own personal dark side has made him a millionaire writing horribly violent crime thrillers. Though his books are lucrative, he writes them under a pseudonym, embarrassed by his obsession with a character who castrates his victims and stuffs their mouths with the remains.

Thad’s idyllic life begins to unravel when an attempt is made to blackmail and kill him, but the film’s spontaneous and fire.

Furthermore, lines are often so clichéd and unoriginal you feel like you’re watching Saturday Night Live, not Stephen King.

The most disappointing aspect of this film is that George Romero has his name on it. This talented director seems out of his element; while Night of the Living Dead was eerily claustrophobic and terrifying, The Dark Half is neither. Instead, it scores a perfect A on the bad-idea scale, a vague plot with shallow characters, unintelligible supernatural gibberish, over-reliance on fake blood, and a predictable ending. All of which leaves you wondering why you didn’t spend your $6.50 on three video rentals instead.

**Out of Order**

Depp, Masterson, and Quinn shine despite a muddled plot • by Judy Weinstock

Mental illness is a controllable sickness, not a terminal disease, and those afflicted can lead full, quality lives. In Benny and Joon, both title characters learn this critical lesson in their struggle for common understanding and personal fulfillment. The film destroys the misconception that psychologically disturbed people belong in hospitals, away from satisfying love relationships that most people enjoy.

Orphaned and isolated from society, Benny (Aidan Quinn) and Joon (Mary Stuart Masterson) share a life of misunderstanding and frustration. Benny, an attractive bachelor, sacrifices his social life and freedom to care for his mentally ill sister. Although he feels personally responsible for her well-being, he jealously deprives her of the freedom to establish other meaningful relationships. Joon, a victim of her brother’s confinement, spends her time painting and drawing in between driving her numerous caretakers crazy.

The sibling relationship is at a standstill when weirdo Sam (Johnny Depp) falls into their lives as the “winnings” from an afterlife lottery. He is the “winnings” from an afterlife lottery, despite a..."

Because both Depp and Masterson are fascinating to watch, the focus of Benny and Joon shifts away from the somewhat far-fetched and tangled plot. Their acting diverts attention from the unrealistic arrival of Sam in the siblings’ lives, as well as the tidy, euphoric ending.

Besides the credible acting, the colorful and romantic cinematography also eclipses the overly complex storyline. Vibrant shots of paints and scenery add a memorable appearance to the scenes, while uplifting music complements the film’s spontaneity and fire.

Stephen King flops on the big screen again • by Jason Weinzimer

Stephen King’s latest novel to hit the silver screen was the controversial PET Sematary. Now comes From a Frightful Land, a sequel to the popular novel of the same name. The film, directed by George Bowers, is a disaster from start to finish.

The story follows Thad Beaumont and his psychotic double, the Dark Half, and their reliance on fake supernatural mumbo-jumbo. While Hutton performs admirably as both Thad Beaumont and his psychotic double, the other roles were paid little attention by the actors, not to mention the casting director.

Despite an interesting plot, the film suffers from undeveloped characters and illogical details that make the scary parts simply boring (unless you get off on slashed throats). Furthermore, lines are often so clichéd and unoriginal you feel like you’re watching Saturday Night Live, not Stephen King.

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Shorts

LAST CALL AT MAUD’S

With its in-depth account of the history of the San Francisco lesbian movement, Last Call at Maud’s caters to a small, select audience. Producers Karen Kiss and Paris Poirier’s roughly cut eighty-minute documentary discusses the rise and fall of the city’s most renowned lesbian bar, Maud’s. The result is an informative but rather dry movie.

Director Paris Poirier has assembled 8, 16, and 35 mm footage from the past and present, documenting the lesbian social life from as early as the ’50s until the bar’s closing in 1989. Spliced with an array of entertaining interviews, Poirier features the stories of two women who had met at Maud’s years ago. Their humorous dialogue reflects the bittersweet nature of the bar’s history.

The account of Lela’s terror and joys of adolescence in an uncertain world immediately brings Joyce’s Portrait of an Artist as a Young Man to mind. All the right elements are there, including Daedalusian olfaction with an unobtainable love.

The young artist has to evade the perils of peer pressure, including the ritual deflowering of the neighbor’s cat by the boys. The room is full of prepubescent awkwardness as the boys try to look tough, while choking on their cigarette smoke. As if the attire of black leather biker jackets with boots that were too small to create a bizarre scene. “You Can’t Always Get What You Want” begins to play and the lyrician element reappears.

Shocking scenes seem to be an important part of Lela’s life appropriate, considering that everything is shocking at the age of twelve, especially if the most normal person in your family is a 98-year-old 3/4-brother who gains courage with every ounce of muscle. However, bizarre scenes are not there just for shock’s sake, but to create a fuller picture of Lela’s thoughts and emotions. The schisms do not end with the characters either. The cinematography is full of angle shots and rich sets full of colour and texture. The unfortunate exception is a scene featuring Lela in a crisp white shirt running in slow motion through a field of flowers―a girl who he will never get. The line between a detergent commercial and innovative film becomes weak for just a moment.

LELO

Stories of a young boy growing up and dealing with an identity crisis is nothing new, but ones in which the poor kid is convinced the offspring of a sperm-covered Sicilian tomato are hard to come by.

Lela’s family has been beset with their own secret. With a father obsessed with his family’s exotery functions and a grandfather who has attempted to kill the boy, Lela’s path is difficult to distinguish from the lives of the women themselves on their lifestyles and how they are treated in a society that caters to heterosexuals. All the right elements are there, including the eventual acceptance of the city’s gay and lesbian social scene.

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With an exceptionally experimental soundtrack ranging from Tom Waits to the ominous chants of Tibetan monks, Lela is in every way a feast for the senses. Warning: this is not a mainstream movie. If you feast on scatological movies like Delirium, this is a flick for you. If not, learn about the trials and tribulations of boyhood by renting Home Alone.

—Barbara Verwoed

LELO

BODIES, REST & MOTION

In an unexpected way, Bodies, Rest & Motion’s tale of trendy twentiesomething restlessness stumbles into a Seinfeld ethos—nobody has, no one learns and nothing ever happens.

Looking moister than ever, Lindy Fonda posts her way through the movie as a self-proclaimed co-dependent trapped in the throes of an emma-laden relationship. Her lover, overlaid by white trash—phil Phil Brit actor Tim Roth, is more even more amusingly bored with his alcoholic Southwestern TV landscape presence. Together, they don’t generate much heat on screen: their affair seems like more of a vacuum, sucking their motivation out into the dust of the ’90s malaise days slackertown where they live.

Director Michael Steinberg awkwardly translates the tightly structured Bodies, Rest & Motion stage version to an awkwardly polarized screen vision. He layers a four-part character piece with big, grey Eastern blue-style wall architecture and the natural cactus beauty of the roving Arizona skies and deserts. These images map out his character’s constant conflict between the banal stuffification of post-post-industrial American society and the pure, open transcendence of the Southwest.

Representing this unsullied Southwest is Eric Stoltz, who plays the Zen doofus housepainter, adding a fresh coat to Fonda and Roth’s abode. On the other hand, the pair’s pal—captured doll with an attitude, Phoebe Cates—has adjusted, God forbid, to the pseudo-world of plastic plants and ubiquitous air conditioning.

As Roth takes off down the interstate, Cates whines, and Fonda’s body gravitates to Stoltz’s addled mind, the film’s lack of genuine irony begins to erode one’s interest level. The weakest link is the massive void between the psyches of newfound lovers Fonda and Stoltz. There’s no room for needed ambiguity in these two character extremes. Where the Northern Exposure-simplon Stoltz comes in contact with Women Who Love Too Much-poster child Fonda, it’s a wonder they don’t explode in a giant matter/anti-matter psychokinetic explosion. Instead they just fizzle.

—Matt Selman

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Goodbye, Goodbye

With tearful eyes and wistful memories, come evaluate the last 34th Street of the semester, and bid a heartfelt adieu and best of luck to our graduating partners in crime: Matt S., Dan S., Michael S., Josh C, Heath S., Jon A., Todd A., David B., Roxanne P., Danylo S., Elaine B., Ann L., Nancy W., Ivy C., Otto D., and Timman, we’ll miss you most of all.

Everyone else, we really appreciate your hard work and terrific effort. See ya next year.

So come join in tonight at 4015 Walnut Street, 6:00pm. And maybe we’ll even tell you where the End-of-the-Semester party is.
Old West, New Cowboys

The big joke in Blazing Saddles, Mel Brooks’ classic spoof of Hollywood westerns, was that the new sheriff of Ridge Rock was black. After all, who would have believed that black cowboys actually existed?

Consider this: Between 1870 and 1900, nearly a million black explorers, adventurers, missionaries, homesteaders and, yes, even cowboys crossed the Mississippi River into the Western territories. African-American heritage on the West coast goes back to the early 1790s, when twenty-six of the forty original settlers of Los Angeles were black. All in all, one-third of the people whom we now call cowboys were black. For many years, the “old west” was the most integrated area of the country.

Unfortunately, Hollywood has rarely seen fit to include any of these facts in the over 2000 westerns produced from 1915 to 1992. No blacks were given starring roles. The few western roles available to black actors were always bit parts as freed slaves. With no alternative, actors like Woody Strode had little choice but to accept the minor roles they were offered.

By the late 1960s, black directors made inroads into the mainstream film industry. Filmmakers such as Sidney Poitier, Gordon Parks and Melvin Van Peebles created a whole new genre, that of “Blaxploitation” cinema. Set in the inner cities, these films often featured outlaw heroes fighting for justice, often at the expense of the law. Sounds like perfect western material, doesn’t it? But the powers that be never made the logical crossover, and limited black roles to those of ghetto warriors.

It took until last year’s Oscar-winning revisionist western, Unforgiven, to finally begin to expose the Western’s dirty little secret. But despite being a major part of the story and the only African-American in the cast, Morgan Freeman’s color was a non-issue. No attention was paid to the incredible fact that a black man was cast as a cowboy. His character could just as well have been played by Kevin Costner.

This omission is typical of a film industry that has never quite gotten a handle on race relations. The “Old West” is recognized as the symbol of early America. Even Voltaire proclaimed that “if the American frontier did not exist, it would have been invented.” The truth is, the American frontier was re-invented by Hollywood. But in recreating the Old West, African-American involvement was all but overlooked.

“I think that this movie has some importance. A lot of black people were forgotten. Believe me, we were there.”

The new film Posse, directed by Mario Van Peebles (New Jack City, Sonny Spoon) attempts to de-mythologize the Old West. The story concerns a predominantly black group of renegades who blaze their way through the desert to their ultimate destination: Freemansville.

Like all good Hollywood western posse, this one’s chock full of stereotypes. The band of merry men includes Van Peebles’ noble Jesse Lee; Stephen Baldwin’s white sidekick Little Joe; Melvin Van Peebles’ (Mario’s dad) wise Papa Joe; and Tone Loc as the wild and crazy Angel. Yeah, that Tone Loc. The one who gave you “Wild Thing.”

“I think that this movie has some importance,” explains the raspy rapper. “A lot of black people were forgotten about. Believe me, we were here.”

Loc grew up with his grandmother, now 116 years old, telling stories about Old West frontier life and the black people who were curiously absent from the Westerns he watched. Loc considers himself lucky to have been brought up with a sense of history. “I probably brought a lot of information to the movie,” he says modestly.

Tone Loc’s character is the typical bad-ass cowboy immortalized by everyone from John Wayne to Clint Eastwood, a role that wasn’t much of a stretch for Loc. “Ansel is a really wild, partying type, kind of like myself, uh, at age 25.” Twenty-five is pretty old for an outlaw. Cherokee Bill, often referred to as the black Billy the Kid, was in his first shootout at the tender age of 18. He was known by citizens and wanted by the law in Texas, Arkansas and the Oklahoma Territory for a three year crime spree. He was hanged a week before his twentieth birthday.

While Van Peebles and the cast of Posse may have set out to reflect the true multi-cultural Western experience, the result doesn’t challenge the norm. Posse doesn’t create new myths, it merely puts the existing ones into a more accurate historical context. Cowpos are cowboys, regardless of color. And Westerns are Westerns, no matter what agenda they espouse. Loc agrees, “They’re basically the same, except this time you’ve got black people doing it.”

Of course, a film about a posse of outlaws played by a cast that includes several rap stars is bound to attract some comparisons to the youth gang problem currently plaguing Los Angeles. Loc himself recognizes the connection between the two. Posse’s theme song (by Loc himself), “Posse Love” explores the brotherhood between members of a, well, posse.

One of the reasons that the Blaxploitation films were so popular is because they gave a voice to African-American rage. The heroes were outsiders, not bound by the codes of an oppressive world. Cowpos lasso the same respect as these fictional heroes. In the Old West, they could live free.

In the end, though, Posse is just another Western in the tradition of Shane and A Fistful of Dollars. The American West is a dark and gritty place. Life is cheap and people risk their lives just walking across the street. Nothing really new, but this time, as Tone Loc says, “you got black people doing it.” And this time, people are watching.
IT'S BEEN ALMOST TWO YEARS SINCE "SMELLS LIKE TEEN SPIRIT" turned the rain-plagued Northwest into the National Center for Youth Angst. And since then, the 'grunge' look has gone golden. Matt Dillon made a movie about it. Cosmo posed a cover model in a wool cap with dreads. MTV built a shrine to Eddie Vedder in the back of their office. L.L. Bean can't keep enough Black Watch Plaid in stock.

CONTINUED
So what does all this corporate crossing-over mean? Can alternative culture still be considered alternative when Lollapalooza is the one of the highest-grossing concert tours over the past two years, when Doc Martens show up on the feet of mall rats across America and when the punk mecca Zipperhead opens a store on the Main Line?

Don’t bet on it.

The term 'alternative' is, admittedly, an amorphous concept, a subculture enveloping fashion, art, politics and lifestyle around a seminally musical core. It all started, of course, way back in the now-hallowed '70s, when hordes of spiky-haired, safety-pinned teenage ner-do-wells banded together to chant angry epithets at an unresponsive society. As the '80s passed, the hair grew longer and the body piercing more painful, but the message remained loud and clear: "Anarchy in the UK."

"Birth, School, Work, Death. "Teenage Rite." "Idiots Rule." Child psychologists shrugged their shoulders and said anxious parents not to worry; it was just an adolescent phase.

But now these so-called growing pains have blossomed into a full-blown pop phenomenon. Once-revered subcultural icons have been reduced to mere parody (Weird Al Yankovic covering Nirvana? 'Nuff said) by the pesky media and the almighty dollar.

Some alternative fans are getting fed up with the entire scene. Flannel-spotting has become a new sport, and grunge a dirty word for the bands who receive its dubious label. Perry Farrell's love-child Lollapalooza, a celebration of all things non-mainstream, now represents a wake for a dying culture, irreversibly corrupted by the peky media and the almighty dollar.

Is the situation really so dire? Or has the death of cool been wrongly exaggerated by a group of angry fans, resentful that they're no longer the only ones on their block with a Chili Peppers album?

Taking to regulars of the scene on South Street, Philadelphia's own one-block venture into the realm of the underground, reveals a general consensus about the sorry state of alternative along the strip. "It's crap. It's not alternative," says Michele Devine, a punky-clad, short-haired blonde who has been working at Zipperhead for six months. "When TV newscasters start wearing Doc Martens it's not alternative... I don't even wear them. I stopped wearing them about five years ago," she says scowl.

As for the idea that alternative culture has become little more than the national "pop du jour," she notes in a dry voice, "You'll see a 14-year-old come in here with her nose pierced. She'll probably have it in for about 5 months then take it out for good... it's all just a passing fad."

And therein lies the very heart of the problem in attempting to define a true, and long-standing, form of alternative culture. Alternative is generally recognized as a youth movement, a teenage lifestyle, thus it must at some point be outgrown, just like any other trend. "You grow up and grow out of South Street," Michele observes. "If you're gonna pay attention to the scene it's gonna pass, and if you're gonna pay attention to Nirvana it's gonna pass too."

Zipperhead assistant manager Tom Concannon has his own ideas about the source of the culture's untimely demise. "People are so programmed by MTV," he says, "look how they live."

Indeed, the portrayal of alternative culture in the mainstream media bears a strange resemblance to its description of hippie culture some 25 years ago. In both cases, the press focused on teenagers' supposed sense of social unrest and need for peer acceptance as the cause of such bizarre behavior. People Magazine went so far as to dub Lollapalooza "Weirdstock" in 1992.

And even the Philadelphia Inquirer attempted a Freudian analysis of teen subculture last year, running a front-page feature on mosh pits at the Trocadero, complete with their own rules of "mosh etiquette." While these in-depth articles may soothe confused parents, the sheer absurdity of anyone actually trying to define a culture from such an outside perspective reveals the depth of the current generation gap. "They don't understand at all," Michelle scoffs.

"People come into this store for their own entertainment and not to spend money," says Devine. "They come in to pull on the clothing and say, 'look, honey, look how they live.'"

Down the street at Veem, David Dollinger tries to put things into a clearer light. South Street "isn't what it was a couple of years ago," he admits. "People come in and want to sell money, even my dad has flannel."

Just like Seattle and plaid, South Street appears to have fallen prey to the same group of swarming buzzards that helped bring the downfall of Haight-Ashbury in the 1960s: the mass media. Though always a well-known tourist trap, the street now often flows with self-conscious adolescents jumping on a video-inspired bandwagon, as well as gawking fortysomethings trying to decipher what the hype's all about. "People come into this store for their own entertainment and not to spend money," says Devine.

The most visible symbol of alternative culture, at least in the eyes of the media, is Lollapalooza. The wildly successful concert and sideshow extravaganza will soon embark upon its third summer tour, bringing with it new questions regarding its loyalty to the alternative scene. The event was originally designed as "nothing more than a Jane's Addiction headliner show with six opening acts," explains Stuart Ross, Jane's former tour accountant and current member of the Lollapalooza brain trust. "The second year, after Jane's Addiction broke up, we decided to make it into more of a carnival-like atmosphere."

There are, however, some who claim that the carnival has gone corporate, that the mu-
The youth of 1993 are going to have to face that new music, a new image, a new attitude to express the rebellious nature that lies deep within their teen spirit. The options are limited for those who have watched the scene grow and thrive over the past fifteen years; yet all agree that it’s time to move on. But to where?

One true believer, like David and Ler, suggests that the regenerated scene is already upon us in the face of new new bands such as Rage Against the Machine, who capture the unbridled energy and political fervor upon which the culture was first built. “It’s a new underground,” professes David. “It’s turning over; I mean, if people don’t think there’s an underground then they’re just too lazy to go out and find it... they’re too used to having it handed to them.”

Ler agrees, pointing to the longterm success of bands like the decidedly-subversive Dead Kennedys as proof that “there are still some great alternative bands out there.” And in a paradoxical return to the womb of punkdom, Michele offers another suggestion to the next generation. “I think now that alternative should go back to Bowie. Go make up your face, go wacky... do your own thing.”

But while some people wax optimistically about alternative’s future, others are still mourning its past. “I’m 23 years old and I just cut my hair,” says Tom. “I have friends who are completely dropping out of the scene. The thing now is to say, ‘Hey, I’m a regular guy. I’m just me. I don’t have to deal with idiots.”

Nevertheless, the verdict is in: it’s the end of alternative as we know it. Now that this long thriving subculture has been subsumed into, and tamed by, mainstream society, the youth of 1993 are going to have to find a new music, a new new bands such as Rage Against the Machine, who capture the unbridled energy and political fervor upon which the culture was first built. “It’s a new underground,” professes David. “It’s turning over; I mean, if people don’t think there’s an underground then they’re just too lazy to go out and find it... they’re too used to having it handed to them.”

“If it’s just sad, because now I have to deal with idiots at my favorite shows.”

These Are A Few of Our (Least) Favorite “Alternative” Things:

- Grunge
- Flannel
- Doc Martens, Combat Boots
- Seattle
- MTV’s Alternative Nation
- Alice In Chains
- Duet Hair
- Robert Smith
- Nose Rings, Body Piercing
- Morrissey
- Depeche Mode
- Thembalini
- Black Nails
- Liquid Eyeliner
- Skate Or Die
- Tattoos
- Heroine
- Jordy Ramone
- Dreads, One Really Long Braids
- Stilts
- Silver Crosses, Studded Jewelry
- Triple-Pierced Ears
- Wool Hats, Rasta Hats
- Swimsuit and the Bandanas
- Shaved Heads
- Long, Strange Hair
- Platform Shoes, Clogs
- Bell Bottoms
- Masking, Stage Diving
- Thrift Stores
- Watch
- Middle Parts
- The Brady Bunch
- Skirts
- Goggles
- Suspender
- Zebra-Striped Stockings

Photos by Derek Jokelson

Anne Miller is 34th Street Managing Editor, and has always wanted to write a feature when she grew up. Also, around 3 am on Tuesdays you can find her climbing the walls and slowly sliding down.
Around the world with Karl

**Party of One**

by Alan Sepinwall

Karl Wallinger is having an identity crisis. Wallinger, the guiding force behind World Party, can't decide if he wants to be Mick Jagger, Prince, Michael Jackson, George Clinton, Chris Isaak, or Roy Orbison. On his new album, Bang!, he decides to be all of them, making it the musical equivalent of Sybil.

Wallinger has made a career paying homage to his musical ancestors. In fact, World Party's biggest hit until now was the single "Way Down Now," with its generous sampling of the Rolling Stones' "Sympathy for the Devil." Bang! doesn't deviate from that pattern. Wallinger frequently shifts styles, not only from track to track, but often in the middle of a song. "Kingdom Come," the opening song, begins as a simple, quiet folk tune before deviating into an orchestral bridge, only to launch off into a catchy hook reminiscent of They Might Be Giants.

The album might appear a blatant rip-off if it weren't for Wallinger's ample musical gifts. He capably writes all the songs, plays all the instruments, and even handles the production, all (Ensign/Chrysalis) "Is It Like Today?", the album's first single, is infectious in its musical simplicity. The lyrics, however, are a complex statement on the human condition. "How could it come to this? / I'm really worried," Wallinger announces. A deep concern for humanity and the environment is a recurring theme in Wallinger's work.

Although Wallinger's musical Rich Little routine is entertaining, the two most exciting tracks on the album are the two with minimal musical roots. "Radio Days" features a very simple drumbeat over Wallinger's near-spoken lyrics about the addictive power of radio: "But all I see is chaos and understanding / Why don't you turn it off? / Leave the world alone / Cos you just don't know."

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However, Wallinger manages to mix both his lotty and serious themes with a healthy dose of humor. Probably the best thing about Wallinger's music is that it is fun. He freely acknowledges that he's blatantly copying others, and doesn't let it bother him. And in case you don't think he's enjoying himself, just listen to "And God Said..." The song features a group of operatic tenors chanting, "And God said, 'Look after the planet!'" for thirty seconds before Wallinger interrupts by screaming, "But Man said, 'Fuck You!'" It's comforting to know that even Karl Wallinger has picked something up from Sunday school.

Really Wasted

Drinking with American Music Club

by Andy Espenshade

In Roman mythology, Mercury was the speedy messenger of the Gods that would have made FTD envious. Until now, the only thanks he received was having a hot planet and the stuff inside thermometers named after him. But now, American Music Club recalls the original UPS guy to bring you their message: they've come, they've seen, and they're really wasted.

American Music Club is a new band. Mercury is their sixth album, and more than one band member is sporting a receding hairline. But after several record label changes and a few treks to Germany and back, AMC has managed to hold onto its eccentricities and quickness.

American Music Club is one of those bands that radio stations, record companies and music writers hate, because they do not simply fit into a pre-established music category. Imagine the Lemonheads' Evan Dando singing in a lounge band somewhere in the Southwest and you're getting close to AMC's sound. On the new release, the San Francisco quintet continues its off-beat blend of rock, country, blues and Sinatra-style waltz.

Also intact are frontman Mark Eitzel's eccentric lyrics and bizarre sense of humor, evidenced with songs such as "What Godzillas Said to God When His Name Wasn't Found in the Book of Life," "The Hopes and Dreams of Heaven's 10,000 Whores," and "Johnny Mathis' Feet." Oddly enough, these are a few of the most inspired and sincere tunes on the disc. "Godzilla" is a soothingly infectious ditty driven by a smooth acoustic hook and inventive percussion. "Was it like moonlight / Over your desert shore / Is it better to lose yourself / Or go on as before?" Eitzel-as-Godzilla ponders, as a steady bass maintains the cool mellowness of the tune.

The album's best song, "Johnny Mathis' Feet," is also the funniest. "I said Johnny, can you tell me how to live?" Eitzel pleads, looking to one of his heroes for inspiration. "With a wave of his jewel encrusted hand across the glittering Las Vegas scene / He said, 'You gotta learn how to disappear into silk and amphetamines.' But what makes the song so enduring is Eitzel's sincere delivery of his confessional and personal lyrics. This is not a Dead Milkmen parody: rather, the instrumental backdrop for those lyrics features a beautiful string arrangement. The humor is tongue-in-cheek, not in-your-face, and every note of the instrumentation is soaked with sincerity.

Aside from wit, the album's other main focus is loneliness and the cruelty of love: somebody must've hurt Eitzel pretty badly along the way. On "Hollywood," a delightful little waltz, Eitzel declares "My revenge against the world / Is to believe everything you say." Eitzel relates the loneliness of a musician on "If I Had a Hammer," a beautiful and inspired piano piece. "The love cry of the traveling man goes / No one knows who I am," he croons above more sweet percussion and solid acoustic accompaniment.

On "Challenger," AMC show they can rock as well as they stroll. The song launches a full-throttle assault of guitar and vocal distortion amidst cryptic lyrics concerning space exploration and flight. AMC closes the disc with it's prettiest tune yet, "Will You Find Me?" A moving mix of acoustic guitar and strings, this song explores the paradox between the need for individuality and the need to be loved. "Will You Find Me?" provides the perfect summation of AMC's talent: quirky and catchy, mellow and smooth, eccentric and unique. Oh, yeah, and really wasted.
Liverwurst is no longer the scourge of all food groups. Pork soda is the new epitome of culinary greatness. You know the kind of food. The type that causes instant humiliation when the other kids spot it in your lunch box. The kind you'd trade for Yoo-hoo in a second. But wait! You should listen to your mother and at least give it a try—pork soda never tasted this good.

Pork Soda is Primus' scumptious new release. From the titles of past albums such as Selling the Seeds of Cheese and Frizzle Fry, it is clear that Primus has a food fetish. The trend continues on this latest album from these hungry San Franciscans. With songs like "Pork Chop's Little Ditty," "Hamburger Train," and of course the witty title track, Pork Soda is a vegetarian's nightmare. Morality aside, vegetarians should join their carnivorous foes to savor the unique talent of Primus.

Primus is one band which truly fits the category "alternative music." Its bass-oriented sound is unmatched in a scene dominated by guitarists and drums. Les Claypool (Primus' bassist and vocalist) is so incredibly skilled at the bass, even Red Hot Chili Peppers' Flea pales by comparison. Claypool dabbles on several different kinds of basses including the very difficult six-string fretless bass, creating a sound that is funky and physically heavy.

This is not to say that Primus is a "heavy" band. On the contrary, there is not a single trace of the doom-and-gloom brooding on Pork Soda that is the trademark of so many other groups. Claypool is an extremely likable guy whose light-hearted singing style is the trademark of so many other groups. Claypool's complete lack of self-consciousness is contagious. He sounds like he's having a grand old time and you can't help but want to join in. Whether it's by jumping up and down, slamming into other people or simply dancing naked as the band. On the contrary, there is not a single trace of the doom-and-gloom brooding on Pork Soda that is the trademark of so many other groups.

On Pork Soda, Claypool's complete lack of self-consciousness is contagious. He sounds like he's having a grand old time and you can't help but want to join in. Whether it's by jumping up and down, slamming into other people or simply dancing naked as the song "Nature Boy" suggests, it's all fun, fun, fun.

"If you have a problem with what people are doing, then you're the one with the problem," says Claypool. "The act of peripatization is a threat to the status quo. If we want to keep the power structure in place, we need to keep people in their place."

Claypool's lyrical whimsy does not detract from the instrumental brilliance of Pork Soda. There are a few instrumental tracks that show off all of Primus' musical talent. "Hamburger Train" is an eight minute exhibition of Claypool's agility on the bass. And although his bass playing is certainly Primus' forte, the band does experiment with different genres on the album. "Fryin' Pork Chops Little Ditty" (there are two ditties) are brief Irish jigs and "Wounded Knee" incorporates xylophone with drums for a refreshing new sound.

As an opening act on the eastern leg of U2's Zoo TV tour and as a feature band in this summer's Lollapalooza III, Primus are finally getting the exposure they deserve. It is questionable, however, whether the mainstream will catch on to Pork Soda. The album is not the smooth or polished work of crowd-pleasers U2 and REM, but rather eccentric and very original. As Les himself suggests on the title track "Pork Soda": "Grab yourself a can of pork soda/And you'll be feeling just fine." So, you really should listen to your mother.

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PACK A LUNCH

Primus brown bags it • by Mia Quagliarello

Pork Soda
(Primus)
(Interscope)

Got a quarter? How ya dooin'?
Ethnic groceries add culture to cuisine

unbeatable price of $1.25. There is not much at this store in the way of refrigerated foods or fresh produce, although there are some ready-made vegetarian meals in the freezer. House of Spices is also something of a variety store; they rent videos and sell tickets to concerts advertised in the front window.

One block west, the International Store expands on the main themes of House of Spices. It houses a bigger selection of Indian and Pakistani foods, adding homemade desserts and a few more refrigerated goods to the usual fare. Everything is clearly marked in the store, an aid for which novices should be grateful. The service is friendly and patient. Although the sign outside boasts "Sarees, Movies and 110-220 volt Appliances," The International Stores' strength is certainly its variety of groceries. Indian food is a great alternative for vegetarians; even carnivores should take advantage of the many Indian grocers around campus as a healthy alternative to the burger-and-fry American diet.

ORIENTAL SUPERMARKET
47th & Spruce
Tues-Sat 10-4, Sun 10-6

Put on your walking shoes and trek over to the Oriental Supermarket. This giant store carries a multitude of foodstuffs from China, Japan and Korea to satisfy any palate. There are at least 5 aisles filled with various types of noodles, sauces, tea, sweets, spices and unique munchies such as shrimp-flavored chips. Many of these items are available in larger sizes; there are sacks of rice up to 25 lbs and voluminous bags of sesame seeds and chili powder. Even though the fresh produce section is rather limited, you can discover hard-to-find fruits like Fuji apples and Japanese pears in addition to standard Oriental vegetables like bok choy and snow peas. Don't expect these exotic citruses to come cheap, however—one pear which bore a striking resemblance to an apple set its consumer back a dollar. The extensive frozen and dried food sections amply compensate for the small selection of fresh meat, fish and poultry. Down the aisle from the many types of dried seaweed there are such delicacies as dried shrimp and anchovies. The learned shopper will enjoy finding every unusual ingredient available at the Oriental Supermarket. Unfortunately for those who can not read Chinese, Japanese or Korean, much of the packaging is difficult to decipher, if at all. Unless its contents are obvious, you must be a little adventurous when shopping here—you might discover that that might not be such a bad idea after all.
Meat Beat Manifesto

"We've got elements of a lot of different styles of music within our own music," says Meat Beat Manifesto's frontman, Jack Danger, on his band's unique sound. Yeah, right. And the Rolling Stones are all versus us Giuseppe Verdi. While they may win many awards for their operatic masterpieces, Meat Beat easily leads the ever-increasingly cluttered techno-pack.

Unlike other bands of the electronic genre, Jack and his gang don't merely rely on a sequenced script; much like Phish, they really perform. "We improvise a lot of stuff. It's different every night," Jack continues. "A guitar band can't change as much as we can, because of the technology we're using. We can strip things down and completely change them."

Joining Meat Beat Manifesto on the tour are newcomers Supreme Love God as well as the legendary, 808 State, a band with the dubious distinction of being named after a synthesizer. Meat Beat has been touring since September in support of latest album, Systronics. "On the last couple of weeks of the (European) tour, we were approached by 808 State's agency about this one," the main instigator explains. "We really weren't doing anything else so we thought that we'd do it."

This diverse lineup promises something for everybody, that is, if everybody wants a evening of sweaty, techno-fest. And that wouldn't be such a bad thing. (Saturday, April 24 at The Trocadero, 10th & Arch, 923-ROCK.

— Philip Rackin

Thing of Beauty

A thing of beauty is a joy forever... until she starts shooting heroin and falls from grace, that is. Stephen Fried's new book Thing of Beauty: The Tragedy of Supermodel Gia recounts the rise and fall of Gia Carangi, the bad girl whose bare breasts once graced every magazine from Vogue to Gimbels circulars. There's even some half-naked photos in the book, for good measure. Like all fairy tale heroines (pardon the pun), beautiful Gia's career sprouted from humble beginnings, at her dad's hoagie shop in our very own Center City. From there, she skyrocketed to almost unprecedented stardom and plummeted to unbearable depths. Through extensive interviews, Fried tells Gia's story in captivating, page-turning detail. Every fascinating, albeit somber aspect of her life is covered in depth, from her lesbian lifestyle to her hair-you attitude to her drug abuse and her ensuing struggle with AIDS.

Fried covers all bases in the Gia story — at times, too many. The book is an addictive read, but the story tends to stray from its main focus. Volumes of background on the modeling industry helps to flesh out the story, but tends to muddle Fried's main focus. The book is filled with facts, inside information on the modeling industry, and provides a candid look at the industry. The book also provides a glimpse into the lives of some of the other supermodels of the time, including Gia's childhood friend, Linda Evangelista.

However, many of the characters' dilemmas remain unresolved, leaving many questions lingering in the viewers' minds. The book runs through May 1 with performances Tuesday through Sunday at the Harold Prince Theater at The Manhattan Center. Call 888-899 for tickets and more info.

— David Magid

A Very Nice Neighborhood

A Very Nice Neighborhood, written by "Best of Philly" playwright Bruce Graham, cleverly enriches the somewhat hackneyed theme of a wealthy man undergoing a midlife crisis. Yuppie extantimate Nick Perceval (Bryant Weeks) and his attractive wife Lisa (Kate Skinner) are happily living in their secure, suburban Philadelphia home when Nick's brother, Roger (Miles Chapin), returns with his wife from a seven-year mission in Central America. Relaxed and adventurous Roger clashes with the materialistic Nick, until Nick undergoes an epiphany: he sees his shallow life pass before him while choking on a tomato in a hot tub.

In an expected and improbable rebirth, Nick decides to quit his high-paying job and move to a hotel in Mexico with his pregnant wife. The plot becomes even more entertaining when Nick, in search of adventure and in competition with his brother, sets out to hitchhike to New Jersey, a trip which proves far more dangerous than the jungles of Central America.

Unfortunately, the actor doesn't match the edifying plot; most of the cast over-act, their lines, and certain key scenes lack true emotion.

To its credit, A Very Nice Neighborhood does poignantly explore the contemporary and pertinent questions that wealth and social separation bring. Witty humor and a complementary stage arrangement also help to save the play. However, many of the characters' dilemmas remain unresolved, leaving many questions lingering in the viewers' minds. The play runs through May 1 at the Center Theatre, 2525 Sansom Street, Philadelphia. Call 368-0077 for tickets and more info.

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— David Magid
**COMMERCIAL**

**ALADDIN**
You would think that this animated retelling of the old story about a boy and his genie would have laded at the office by now, but Robin Williams and company are still going strong. (UA/Ramsey)

**ADVENTURES OF HUCK FINN**
Perhaps they should have called this remake of the Mark Twain classic *Huck Finn.* (UA/Ramsey)

**BENNY & JOON**
Days! See review, page 5.

**INDIAN SUMMER**
A bunch of thirtysomethings come back to the summertamp where they spent their youth and decide who takes over after Uncle Morty retires. We did not make this movie up. (UA/Campus)

**INDOCHINE**
Catherine Deneuve in a tale of romance set in early 20th century Southeast Asia. (UA/Ramsey)

**POLISHING---**

**BOILING POINT**
Weeky Stripes as a hard-boiled cop, if there were any other kind. Best line: “I'm gonna put him in a box...by the book.” Screenwriting at its best! (AMC/Walnut, AMC/Malvern)

**CB4**
A made-for-movies TV show about a bad rap group. Chris Rock and his buddies pretend to be a garage rap group. Weird! (UA/Walnut, UA/Ramsey)

**CLAIRE OF THE MOON**
A new look at the Indiana lifestyle.

**COP AND A HALF**
Burt Reynolds' trooper out acts him again as he and director Henry Winkler take the buddy cop genre to an all-time low. (UA/Ramsey, UA/Riverside)

**THE CRYING GAME**
Maybe the biggest independent movie sensation of all time. If you haven't seen it, you don't deserve to call yourself a film fan. (UA/Riverside)

**THE CRUSH**
The Hand that Rocks the Cradle meets the Amy Fisher Story in a film that’s only for the viewer. (UA/Ramsey)

**TUNE IN...**

**TO BE, OR NOT TO BE**
To be, or not to be, that is not the question. But if you want to win passes to a screening of Kenneth Branagh's *Much Ado About Nothing,* starring Denzel Washington, Emma Thompson, Keenan Reeves, and others, name Branagh's first Shakespeare film adaptation. Call 898-6581 at 6:45 with the answer.

**CONTINUING**

**AMC WALNUT MALL**
1925 Walnut, 222-7744
Benny & Jon Fri 3:45, 8, 10; Sat-Sun 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, Mon-Thur 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, Fri-Sun 1:45, 4:30, 7:15, 9:45

**E R I C S C A M P U S**
40th and Walnut, 962-0696
Who’s the Man Fri 3:45, 7:45, 10, 10; Sat-Sun 1:45, 4:30, 7:45, 10, Mon-Thur 7:45, 10; The Dark Half Fri 4:30, Sat-Sun 1:45, 7:45, Mon-Thur 1:45, 7:30, 9:45, 10

**ER I C ’ S R I T T EN H O U S E**
962 Walnut, 962-4320
Benny & Jon Fri 1:10, 3:25, 8, 10; Indecent Fri-Thur 1:30, 3:15, 5:30, 7:45, 10

**SAMERIC**
180 Chestnut, 567-0614
Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles III Fri 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30, 10:30

**SOMERVILLE**
Yet another remake, this time of the French film, *The Return of Martin Guerre.* Anyway, Richard Gere doesn’t look like Gerard Depardieu if you ask me. (UA/Ramsey)

**STRUCTLY BALLROOM**
Dirty Dancing Down Under. (UA/Riverside)

**TEENAGE MUTANT NINJA TURTLES III**
The only job Corey Feldman can get these days.

**UNFORGIVEN**
Clint Eastwood gives the final word on the Western. Best Director of 1992, according to those Oscar people (AMC/Old City)

**WHO’S THE MAN?**
MTV's Dr. Dre and Ed Lover make their big-screen debut. Happy happy, joy joy! (AMC/Old City)

**AMC MIDTOWN**
1421 Chestnut, 567-9921
Boiling Point Fri-Sat 2, 5:30, 8, 10; Sun 2, 1:30, 5, 7:30, 10:30; Indian Summer Fri-Sat 2, 5:30, 7:30, 10:30, Sun 1:30, 5, 7:30, 10:30

**AMC OLD CITY**
2nd and Sansome, 627-9964
Sunday Story Fri-Sat 2, 5:30, 8, 10; Sun 2, 5:30, 7:30, 10:30, 1:30, 5, 7:30, 10:30

**AMC UNIVERSITY CITY**
36th & Chestnut Streets at the Sheraton University City
Phone 386-5556. Serving breakfast, lunch and dinner.

**COURTESY AUTO RENTAL**
University Weekend Special From 79th inc. CDW, PAI Free Unlimited Miles We rent to qualified drivers 21–25 yr.

**AUTO RENTAL**
446-6200 11 Northampton CDA Cards 873-0800
To win passes to the new film Leolo, all you have to do is tell us the film's country of origin. If you read our review on p.5, you should be able to find out.

Call 988-6581 at 6:55 with the answer.
THURSDAY

MIRACLE LEGION w/ THE BARNABYS & GREENBERRY WOODS
Kind of a cross between heavy and light, the Miracle Legion drenches you with their waves of ambient sound. As heard on XPN, all the time.
(J.C. Delisi, 314 South Street, 929-0445)

MULE
w/ BLUE PLUMBING
As I have said on many occasions, Touch & Go is the best label in this country. Mule is another example of why: country, blues, thrash rock. Loud and hard, baby. Loud and hard.
(Kythe Pan Pub, 56 South 2nd St., 440-9660)

SAIGON KICK
A treat for your pretensions. Saigon Kick hails from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida and is the type of band that can only be described as relentless. You know, the type of adjective that truly freaks you out. Even better, German industrial noise! The godfathers of the genre.
(3rd & South 687-1825)

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN w/MIRANDA SEX GARDEN
Noise, Noise, Noise! Even better, German industrial noise! The godfathers of the genre are still around and still looking like crazed, engineering grad students. Or wacky, be experimental, and most of all, they're there.
(Troca, 10th & Arch St., 925-0001)

SATURDAY

THE COWS
w/ JANITOR JOE
Chicago is a great city: Hog butcher to the world, the home of Big Block, Jesus Lizard, Killdozer and The Cows. The Cows could very well be the most successful band ever since the days of the Sixties. Lots of power, served up the way you like it RAW!
(Kythe Pan Pub, 56 South 2nd St., 440-9660)

BUFFY SANTEN-MARIE
The real vampire slayer? After 30 odd years on Sesame Street, Buffy hits South Street. And this Native-American activist/folk singer isn't going to pass-by first around like she does on TV! A rare reserved seat show at the newly-modernized TLA.
(TLA, 304 South St. 350-2000)

PETER HUMMELMAN & SUSAN WERNER
An acoustic evening with two of the leading singer-songwriters of the day. Peter is kind of like a modern rock Dan Fogelberg, and I don't mean it in a pejorative sense.
(Chumash Cabaret, 36th & Chestnut St., 382-1201)

TESTAMENT
w/ GREEN JELLY & PRO-PAIN
Legendary drifters, Testament have little to offer that has not been heard before, but that isn't such a bad thing. Green Jelly, on the other hand, has even a new name. They are a self-proclaimed "band with no talent" in the vein of GWAR and tell some truly factual fairy tales.
(Troca, 10th & Arch St., 925-0001)

WMMR ANNIVERSARY SHOW FEATURING JETHRO TULL, THE HOOTERS, PAUL RODGERS & CO., WARREN ZEVON AND JEFFERY GAINES
And you thought that all dinosaurs were extinct. But at least they are live.
(The Spectrum, Broad & Pattison Ave., 336-2000)

While they are still around. They will be missed.
(The Water Theater, 8th & Market, 350-2000)

MEAT BEAT MANIFESTO w/ STATE & SUPREME LOVE GODS
As a rave hound and go true yourend. SEE MUSIC CHOICE
(Troca, 10th & Arch St., 925-0001)

NATIONAL WRECKING CO.
Everybody's favorite corporation holds open house meetings every Sunday night. If you haven't figured it out by now, I really like this band. They're style. They're not class, but most of all, they're got love technique.
(40th St. Underground, 40th & Sylvan, 620-0001)

W/ MIRANDA SEX GARDEN
Noise, Noise, Noise! Even better, German industrial noise! The godfathers of the genre.
(3rd & South 687-1825)

FRIDAY

THE COWS
w/ JANITOR JOE
Chicago is a great city: Hog butcher to the world, the home of Big Block, Jesus Lizard, Killdozer and The Cows. The Cows could very well be the most successful band ever since the days of the Sixties. Lots of power, served up the way you like it RAW!
(Kythe Pan Pub, 56 South 2nd St., 440-9660)

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SUNDAY

THE BANK
w/ BLUE PLUMBING & NEIL BARNABY & GREENBERRY MULE
Kind of a cross between heavy and light, the Miracle Legion drenches you with their waves of ambient sound. As heard on XPN, all the time.
(J.C. Delisi, 314 South Street, 929-0445)

MULE
w/ BLUE PLUMBING
As I have said on many occasions, Touch & Go is the best label in this country. Mule is another example of why: country, blues, thrash rock. Loud and hard, baby. Loud and hard.
(Kythe Pan Pub, 56 South 2nd St., 440-9660)

SAIGON KICK
A treat for your pretensions. Saigon Kick hails from Ft. Lauderdale, Florida and is the type of band that can only be described as relentless. You know, the type of adjective that truly means that they really, really hard, but with less than. This band is relentless. A Heathenberg's Ball four!
(Troca, 10th & Arch St., 925-0001)

40TH ST. UNDERGROUND
w/ BLUE PLUMBING & NEIL BARNABY & GREENBERRY MULE
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CHESNUT CABARET
(38th & Chestnut St. 382-1201)
This popular nightclub features live music of extremely varied and eclectic genres, ranging from jazz to metal to folk to alternative. This 21 and up club charges from $4-20 for admission, depending on the act.
(J.C. DOBBS
(3rd & South 625-4053)
One of several clubs featuring the thriving local music scene of live alternative bands. This club features a 9pm showtime, as well as air-conditioning.
KATMANDU
(Par 25 N. Delaware Ave. 629-7400)

REVIVAL
(40th & South 627-4025)
Revival offers a Saturday night Rave from 7pm-11pm. This all-ages club features a 9pm showtime, as well as air-conditioning.
KATMANDU
(Par 25 N. Delaware Ave. 629-7400)

WIN A BUTHTOLE...

Butthole Surfers are back with yet another limited edition brown vinyl Butthole Surfers record. That's right, it is that easy.
Independent Worm Saloon available now on CD and Cassette.