U. may let fewer in next year
By CHARLES OESTNB

This year, applicants to the University may find their way to campus open with fewer in class ever to come to campus, discussions have already begun for the fall of
the class of 1996. Admissions Dean Lee Seel
said.

And Seel said the University may be more "conservative" when it comes to cop-
ing freshmen come April 1. But he did not say whether that would necessarily lead to a
overall yield of accepted students who were turned down by the University.

Meetings to discuss the situation will last into the fall, and early winter and will
be representative of all areas of Uni-
versity life. Interim Provost Marvin I<azerson,
Vice Provost for University Life Kim Mor-
risson said. "There are strong arguments for
keeping the class size as is," said. "But we'll be
cleaned to make sure that we'll get the widest
possible mob linking the University with
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**SCUE**

**THE STUDENT COMMITTEE ON UNDERGRADUATE EDUCATION**

**TAKE AN ACTIVE ROLE IN YOUR EDUCATION!**

Founded in 1965 at a time when students had little control over their curriculum or academic programs, SCUE has been a force for educational and academic reform for over twenty-five years. The organization has been a leader in bringing student-initiated reform to reality. Some of its activities include the coeducation of the College of Arts and Sciences, the establishment of Fall Break, course and professor evaluations, publishing The Practical Scholar, and the creation of the Freshman Seminar Program. Currently, SCUE is in the process of changing the College General Requirement, establishing Endowed Chairs for Excellence in Undergraduate Teaching, and implementing Undergraduate Advisory Boards in every department. SCUE seeks innovative, informed undergraduates willing to affect reform in the University.

**WHAT CAN YOU DO ON SCUE?**

Applications are available at 127 Houston Hall outside the SCUE office. For questions or information, contact SCUE at 898-6945, Michael Tresman at 807-9353, or Jonathan Piat at 873-7415. Applications are due Tuesday, February 9th at 5:00pm.

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**Campus Events**

**THURSDAY**

**FRIDAY**

**MONDAY**

**TUESDAY**

**WEDNESDAY**

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**Alpha Chi dedicates new house**

By DANIEL GINGERS

University of Pennsylvania’s Alpha Chi Omega sorority has a new place to call home.

The chapter held an inaguration ceremony Tuesday for its new house at 6000 Spruce Street.

Chapter President Colleen Lynch said 21 women of the chapter’s 116 sisters will be living in the 13-bedroom house.

Lynch said the sorority has a 25-year lease on the house. The hour-long dedication included speeches by Lynch, National President of the Alpha Chi Omega Corporation President Andrew Kim Morrison and all members of the Office of Student Life and Safety Affairs were in attendance.

Lynch said all agriculture and presidential positions were filled.

Said in February that the sorority had to leave its former house at 6061 Walnut Street, because it lacked a sprinkler system and a long term lease was unobtainable. Lynch said the full move will take place in the fall.

"We have an executive chef who used to cook at Lebo’s Pit," the Col.

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**University City Beverage**

**Grayson Montgomery**

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**Crime Reports**

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**Quote of the Day**

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**Assistant Editors**

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**Corrections and Clarifications**

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**The Daily Pennsylvanian**

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**The DP #1 IN THE IVY LEAGUE**

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**American Heart Association**

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**American Heart Association**

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**The Daily Pennsylvanian, Inc.**

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Hamalian criticized over First Amdt. remark

The First Amendment Task Force accused the UA chairperson of "not recognizing any urgency in addressing violations of student liberties at Penn.

"I didn't think that he as chair would speak out against it. If that's the way he feels, I would hate to see him go."

The release was a response to Hamalian's statement in Tuesday’s Daily Pennsylvanian, which questioned the point of a resolution calling on the Commission to Strengthen the Community to protect the rights of students’ civil liberties.

"I would hate to see us move from a high quality program for first-year students. I would hate to see us move away from programs because of the number of students we have," said Stetson.

"We're not allowed to do anything they think is a threat to the university," Stetson said. "So if they're not, we can't have an intellectual environment at all."

"They're strong arguments for scaling back this year," said Stetson.

Alumni Undergraduate Assembly
By GABRIELE MARCOTTI
Hamalian criticized over First Amdt. remark

"There are strong arguments for scaling back this year," said Stetson.

"They're strong arguments for scaling back this year," said Stetson.
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- YOGA
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ANDERSEN
CONSULTING
Where we go from here.
ResNet gives dorms newfound appeal

RESNET from page 1

on advantage of the networking and that a number of residents in Kings/Court English House are using them as well. "It's very popular," Rice said. "And quite a few people on this floor and throughout the building have taken advantage of Ethernet as well."

Rice, a fifth year Engineering student, said that the availability of Ethernet is especially beneficial to Engineering students, who routinely use computers for their classes. "It is much easier for people to use their own computers," Rice said. "You don't have to walk into a crowded computer lab and pray that there's an empty terminal."

The availability of wide area networks has made the residence hall a more social place. "Ethernet is especially beneficial because it enables students to stay in their rooms," said Michelle Whipplo, an English House resident, said that ResNet availability was a main reason that she chose to live in English House. "I'm heavily into the computer," she said. "Now I can walk into a crowded computer lab and pray that there's an empty terminal."

"We have lots of people using computers for their class assignments," Daniel Updegrove, the associate provost for information systems and the Dental School's representative in the Small Schools subcommittee meeting, said. "I wish they had in right after the students who were looking for it," said Charles Canby, provost for information systems and the Small Schools subcommittee meeting. "It is much easier for people to use their own computers," Rice said. "Now I can walk into a crowded computer lab and pray that there's an empty terminal."

The only student who attended the meeting was not on campus. Eleey said students were not interested in the idea. "We haven't had a person dealing with computers yet - we don't even charge a tech fee," said Dolores Bits, the school's financial officer. "We didn't plan to attend the Small Schools subcommittee meeting, said Bristow said that DCCS plans to set aside 50 accounts at a time to the financial officer."
Weíre parents concerned with the safety of their children who report to reports of campus thefts and violence, ad- ministrators have “no choice” but to “take the bull by the horns” and step up security and the outstanding record of the University of Pennsylvania. But behind the scenes, campus police tell a different story. Of course, police are not able to be everywhere, but certain issues may be over- looked.

An Editorial Page has purposely been designed this year to provide

Policy on Submissions

Any questions? Call Kenny at 898-6585.

GOT SOMETHING TO SAY? The Editorial Page has purposely been designed this year to provide

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The Independent Student Newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania
50th Year of Publications

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4015 Walnut Street
Philadelphia, Pa. 19104

Submissions may be faxed:
215-898-6585

Any questions? Call Kenny at 898-6585.

Page 6 The Daily Pennsylvania
Thursday, September 16, 1993

It's the ROTC, Stupid!

In the midst of a training fall this fall, I was found a few marks beneath my armpit, a dozen turns too late. The University can't do Politics and Procedures. It's news, it's a series of statements the University puts out. But when a wonderful idea, I thought: something students can hold the administration accountable to! How devastated I was, then, to discover that no one seems to take it very seriously. And I'm not sure where serious orientation is concerned.

Lesbians, Bisexuals and gay men must once again question the University's commitment to non-discrimination policy. As we are given the run-around year after year, a number of us are becoming increasingly frustrated and angry at Penn's non-committal attitude.

Weíre parents concerned with the safety of their children who report to reports of campus thefts and violence, administrators have “no choice” but to “take the bull by the horns” and step up security and the outstanding record of the University of Pennsylvania. But behind the scenes, campus police tell a different story. Of course, police are not able to be everywhere, but certain issues may be overlooked.

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DU brothers to mentor high schoolers

DU from page 1

"what college is like outside of the classroom.

The mentors work with the stu-

dents as they go through high

school by preparing them for stan-

dardized tests and helping them

with their college applications, said

Collaborative Chairperson David

Doctorow.

Doctorow, a DU brother and Col-

lege junior, said the program is being

carried out in conjunction with the

College Access Center of the

Philadelphia School District.

The Collaborative, which earned

DU the Greek Alumni Council's spe-

cial accomplishment award, is not

the fraternity's first effort to help stu-

dents in the West Philadelphia com-

munity.

Brothers from DU also have a pro-

gram in which they adopt a first

grade class at Lea Elementary

School each year, Wharton senior

Robert Cillman said.

But in their work with the elemen-
tary school, he said, "you don't see

the difference because of the classes

upturning. You can't tell if the math

lesson you taught Iwas successful!"

Cillman is enthusiastic about the

Collaborative because "you get to see

the progress." 

Although the fraternity hopes to

affect students' lives, he said, he also

feels that "personally, as mentors,

we gain a lot."

"If Ithe mentors) find that they like

helping kids, who knows what that

could lead to," he said.

Affirmative action director leaving U.

Mitchell from page 1

and compassion." He added that her talents — which helped to improve the University's AIDS and sexual harassment poli-
cies — would be missed.

Assistant Provost and Assistant to
the President Valerie Swain Cade
McCoullum, who had worked very
closely with Mitchell over the past
several years, said she, too, will miss
Mitchell.

"I'm so close to her that it's hard to
imagine her gone," McCoullum said,
"I think Joann's wonderful new posi-
tion will leave an enormous void in
the Penn family."

Mitchell added that although
Mitchell's leaving puts an added
workload on her desk, she hopes
Mitchell finds success in her new po-
sition.

"She's a woman of great integrity
and strength," McCoullum said
"She's one of my best friends and I
will miss her every hour, but I wish
her well."

Mitchell said, however, that "with
a little bit of luck" she may one day re-
turn to the University in different ca-
pacity. Until then, she said, the

campus will benefit from the "new
blood" that a different affirmative ac-
tion director will bring.

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PROOF OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE
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B. YOU MUST BRING YOUR
OWN (BYOB) ALCOHOL TO
THE EVENT WHICH WILL
BE LIMITED TO ONE
(1) SIX PACK OF BEER OR
WINE COOLERS.

C. INDIVIDUALS WHO ARE
OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE
WILL BE REQUIRED TO WEAR A WRISTBAND.

D. YOUR ALCOHOL WILL
BE CHECKED AT THE
DOOR.

GREEK ALCOHOL MANAGEMENT POLICY
Cuba headed to market economics

MEXICO CITY — Commercial Cuba took another step toward capitalism on Tuesday, as a New York firm signed a deal that will set up cooperatives on state land and let farmers share the profits.

The cooperation, announced on the front page of the Communist Party daily Granma, is the latest in a series of steps toward free market economics.

Cuba is trying to ease up on the economy, which deteriorated sharply after the fall of its trade partner, the Soviet Union. This March, the government will announce public service fees and will impose new tariffs on 350 items.

The agreement, signed by Cuban Deputy Agriculture Minister Daniel Romero and an investor, calls for the development of some 200 cooperatives over the next 10 years.

Agricultural specialists say the new cooperatives will open the way for more investment into Cuba's ailing economy.

The government said it will start selling state land to cooperatives, a key step toward the creation of such enterprises. It also said Cuba's new market economy will be based on a multiparty system.

The agreement also will open up the way for more foreign investment into Cuba. Cuba's government has approved the development of a number of cooperative enterprises in recent years.

The government said it would create a new cooperative fund for the development of new enterprises.

The deal was announced at a meeting of the Inter-American Dialogue in Washington, D.C.

"Instead of the last, Cuba is moving from an important zone of importance," said William W. Weston, a Cuban expert at Carlson University in Canada.

The agreement was signed in Washington.

For more info, contact: Khalid 243-0465

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Fugitive surrenders to FBI

BOSTON — Fugitive John Powers, who went from bank robber to labor organizer and then to a key secret service agent, ended his 25 years in hiding Wednesday by surrendering.

Powers, 44, who was once among the nation's most-wanted fugitives, was arrested outside his house Wednesday morning, then released after a telephone call from the bureau agents who said they would give him 10 minutes to show up.

Powers is to be charged with bank robbery, identity theft and bank fraud.

Power's attorney, said he would fight the government's claims.

"It's been 30 years, but it's like it was yesterday," said James Dunn, 63, as he pointed to the spot where the bomb went off outside the church. "It's still there, but it's like it was yesterday."

Don Gato

Chris Zaetta, a Wharton junior, relaxes in Superblock yesterday afternoon while reading a book and chilling with "Don" the cat.

---

Infant mortality on decline

WASHINGTON — The rate of infant deaths in Pennsylvania declined 10 percent over a 10-year period reaching in 1990, but mortality among black babies remained significantly higher than for whites according to data released Wednesday.

State health officials said the overall infant-mortality rate was largely stable in better health care and higher standards of living. However, the rate for black babies which for years has been two to three times higher than for whites — reflected a myriad of circumstances, in finding the effects of poverty and poor nutrition, Noonan said.

---

Sen. GOP presents health bill

WASHINGTON — Republicans in Congress proposed their own health care plans yesterday, pitching them as easier to swallow alternatives to President Clinton's that would gradually cover all Americans with- out forcing new costs on business.

House and Senate Republicans outlined separate packages aimed at making it more affordable for the uninsured to get coverage — but not requiring compa- nies to pick up 50 percent of their workers premiums as Clinton wants.

About 31 Senate Republicans are supporting a plan by Sen. John Chafee, R.R.I., that aims to have every one of them purchase their own insurance. Poor people would get help through government vouchers.

The House GOP plan would require that employers offer workers access to plans but would not have basic- ness to pay for the bulk of the coverage.

Democrats in Congress praised the Republicans for finding a plan that shares much common ground with Clinton. But Sen. Edward M. Kennedy, D-Mass., added: "It's a step in the right direction."

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POW-MIA's were sent to Soviet Union

WASHINGTON — For the first time, the U.S. govern- ment says it has obtained credible evidence of an American serviceman being captured in the Korean War and transferred into the Soviet prison system.

American officials, and before them the American government, have consistently denied that any American servicemen were taken from Korea by the U.S.S.R.

The new information was presented Tuesday to Irene Mandra, whose brother, Marine Corps Sgt. Philip Vincent Mandra, was missing and later declared killed in action.

"It's been 30 years, but it's like it was yesterday," said James Dunn, 63, as he pointed to the spot where the bomb went off outside the church. "It's still there, but it's like it was yesterday."

This was the first time the U.S. government has confirmed that an American was captured in the Korean War and transferred into the Soviet prison system.

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for more info, contact: Khalid 243-0465
Dartmouth's Fiedler hopes 1993 leads him to the NFL

NFL from BACK PAGE where Jay Fiedler's importance of the will to win in a successful pro program. "When I was young, my father helped me immensely," Fiedler said. "I would go in practice when I was seven or eight years old and see how serious my dad was about him beside his dad in his early years. He's a great teacher, and even though he's my father, I know how he's known around football to show how to play quarterback. And like a good son should do, Jay followed his father's advice. And how. Following a brilliant career at Ocean-side High School on Long Island - where he also played varsity basketball - for three years. Fiedler moved up the diplomas and the hallowed halls of Dartmouth. Following a stellar sophomore campaign, Fiedler became a star last year. where he led the Ivy League with 3,141 yards of offense spearheaded by running back Sundiata Rush was accompanied by running back Roger Hughes taught me a lot around him. "Ideals for offensive coordinator Roger Hughes taught me a lot and a solid running defense," Fiedler said. "He's given me a new set of new perspectives on how to throw the ball and run an offense. His offensive philos that he has helped a lot. We also had some great players on special teams, and that helps us for one week hurts the depth of our team. This means that although no one man has the special teams and those starting group, the Quakers will be at a lark for replacements when dartments don't have two kids of that caliber." If the Quaker passing game is to get stronger, than so must senior quarterback Jim McGeehan's arm. Without Rush's grinding style lead- ing the way, though, the Penn offense isn't likely to be more aggressive, both in play-calling and in the formations run an offense. His offensive philos that he has helped a lot. We also had some great players on special teams, and that helps us for one week hurts the depth of our team. This means that although no one man has the special teams and those starting group, the Quakers will be at a lark for replacements when dartments don't have two kids of that caliber." If the Quaker passing game is to get stronger, than so must senior quarterback Jim McGeehan's arm. Without Rush's grinding style lead- ing the way, though, the Penn offense isn't likely to be more aggressive, both in play-calling and in the formations run an offense. His offensive philos that he has helped a lot. We also had some great players on special teams, and that helps us for one week hurts the depth of our team. This means that although no one man has the special teams and those starting group, the Quakers will be at a lark for replacements when dartments don't have two kids of that caliber." If the Quaker passing game is to get stronger, than so must senior quarterback Jim McGeehan's arm. Without Rush's grinding style lead- ing the way, though, the Penn offense isn't likely to be more aggressive, both in play-calling and in the formations run an offense. His offensive phi
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vating the Crescent in the NL West. The Giants lost their
eight straight and trailed the Cubs 3-1 to Chicago.

Ryan Klesko hit a two-run homer to

network is on 66 at San Diego. 10 06 p m

Los Angeles at Colorado. 9 05 p m

Allanla at San Diego. 10 06 p m

the loss, Montreal had won 16 of 17,

ready's throw to second was wide

and intentionally walked before Gilkey

umpires permitted.

who hit a 2-run 3a 3b and has won 1 of its last 3 games. Montreal, 2-0, who had won six in a row, started 11 of the first 13 games at home. He struck out two and
two walks. Rodriguez completed the ninth for his

Red Sox 6, Orioles 5

Yount's bases loaded double. Ab

20. Higuera, who underwent rotator
cure future Please call Lynda

Recommended.

Get answers to any three clues

Grammar: Do not hallucinate.
The baseball pennant races stay red-hot.

Inside Sports

Sports

New faces to make up receiving corps

By JASON LINS

Head Football Writer

Last season, the Quaker wide receivers totaled just 36 catches for 660 yards. Tight end Charlie Miller, by contrast, led Penn with 153 yards on 38 receptions.

Unfortunately for the Quakers, Miller is gone now, and the team has been hit hard by injuries in the early going. But there are still some capable receivers on hand to fill in.

Sound like Penn officials really have their act in order, doesn't it?

Right by school records remember this pitch, states that when school's orientation schedule with a conflict with Saturday's game. Penn officials knew there would be a conflict with Saturday's game. Penn officials knew there would be a conflict with Saturday's game. Penn officials knew there would be a conflict with Saturday's game.

The new policy, which was agreed upon in the spring by all the Ivy schools, is that freshmen can't compete in any sport that has a conflict with any mandatory commitment.

While both the sports and the students are benefitting from the new policy, there is a concern that freshmen are not able to participate in the events.

Penn football coach Al Bagnoli said, "From what I understand, a better pure quarterback," Penn coach Al Bagnoli said, "From what I understand, a better pure quarterback," Penn coach Al Bagnoli said, "From what I understand, a better pure quarterback," Penn coach Al Bagnoli said, "From what I understand, a better pure quarterback."
almost extinct
is diversity killing the WASP?
HOME IS A FOUR LETTER WORD TO MANY. IT IS perhaps the only place you ever got to this summer, a place where parents recover their nagging mode and that dirty magnetic banana still clings to the fridge door. Home may be little more than the security of a familiar schoolyard or the surefire remarks from the woman at the bakery who always marvels at how much you’ve grown. But home means little until you take an outgoing bus just past the stops that you know by heart, knowing that you won’t be back for dinner or your sister’s birthday.

Eventually, trudging down a corridor at the end of another drab day, you turn on the light of an empty room in a sleeping building, with the nearest person you want to call six solid time zones away. You feel a little better only after scampering through the isles of a new supermarket looking for your favorite cereal. But as familiar things get hard to find, you have to recreate your environment with more than the couple of boxes you travelled with.

As you learn to run away from the peace of your quarters with only your wits and the most essential belongings, leaving home has something of a fireman’s training. Although the contents of one backpack may seem like sparse equipment for the first few operations, before long you realize that your two favorite tapes, that bread with all the flours, will have discovered that Elvis is not the only King. And you may have made better friends, because you bothered to talk to someone even though you knew you’d be leaving on the sixty-four train.

Home is perhaps the oddly-shaped puzzle piece handed over to each of these people along your way, while you’re busy cutting the next fragment. Sure, the puzzle has no place on any map, but then again, neither do you, with no stagnant environment to embalm your notions of each place and every individual.

Leave then, before the wallpaper draws your shadow and the carpet goes bald where you step everyday.

Wherever I Lay My Hat

by Andrew Wanliss - Orlebar

healthy loss, and perhaps the only way to see that a friendship is more than borrowed possessions, and that the world is not just a collection of Hard Rock Cafes. Appreciating people and places for what they are worth, or more accurately what they are worth to you, is a source of far more luxuries than any mail order catalog will ever have to offer.

Of course, every now and then, remoteness can be a foreign town. When the time comes to move on again, you’ll know what to look out for, but you’ll no longer follow any brand names. Cultural flourish wears down to let you establish your personal, empirical values and needs. Life without an ice-crusher and a phone is probably as
Mike (in falsetto): Hi, kids! Gee, Extra, I never dreamed we'd be working together again after The Storybook Album, especially for this column. You may be from outer space, but I'll bet you've heard what's going on about me.

Mike: Oh, yeah, I did call you to get some moral support. Liz had you in her Rolodex, thank God, because Dione had thrown it away. And you would think that she'd know where she put it, with Psychic friends and all. I mean, how could people say those things about me? The lost Peter Pan child in me just seeks out, you know, beings who understand. Extra, are you my friend?

Mike (with a giggle): Why do you think I changed it, silly? I didn't want to be mistaken for you anymore. Remember how that kept happening? And think that she'd know where she put it, with I'syrhir tnends and all I mean, home.

Mike: On that note, here goes with our new column. Bye bye!

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New York Story

LIKE THE FLOWERS THAT BLOOM IN FAST-MOTION behind its opening credits, Martin Scorsese's latest movie is a showy, beautiful spectacle that opens with gaudy assertion. In the first scene, turn-of-the-century New York socialites watch Faust opera and, mostly, one woman. Scorsese's quick pans and rapid, flickering editing reveal, within seconds, the brewing scandal in *The Age of Innocence*. Countess Olenska (Michelle Pfeiffer) has returned from Europe after leaving a licentious count, and no one's gaze is held faster than Newland Archer's (Daniel Day-Lewis). Archer, however, is engaged to budding socialist May Welland (Winona Ryder), and in Edith Wharton's hypersensitive and precarious New York high society, falling in love with your fiancee is treason.

In one of the best narrations in recent memory, Joanne Woodward introduces this society at the post-opera ball. A steadicam wanders through rooms filled with tradition, glancing at paintings of balls and high society while Woodward describes the upper-crust in terms of feuding kingdoms, a battle of manners over fashionable blocks of the Upper East Side. As the list of names and relations mounts, the dancers begin to spin, and a cut to an overhead shot of a room full of whispering silk, feathers, and tuxedos betrays the film's central theme: the façades of members of a disaffected society taking one last stab at European aristocracy.

The Age of Innocence

*directed by* Martin Scorsese

*At Ritzy Five*

**Kung-Fu Fighting**

WITH TRUE ROMANCE, DIRECTOR TONY Scott and screenwriter Quentin Tarantino have seized the crystal snowball of film genre and shaken it until every cliché, convention, and character have been sent spinning. Once all the pieces have fallen back into place, the end result is a remarkable film w h o s e u n f o r g e t t a b l e d i a l o g u e , h y p e r a c t i v e violence, and outrageous sound track translate into an i n s a t i a b l e movieg Fiesta experience.

Christian Slater stars as Clarence Worley, an Elvis-worshipping comic book store salesman living in the underbelly of Detroit. At a kung-fu film festival, Clarence meets Alabama (Patricia Arquette), a novice call-girl with a heart of gold. Wedding bells turn to silence when Clarence, encouraged by a dream-vision Elvis (Val Kilmer), pays a visit to Alabama's pseudo-Rastafarian pimp, Drexel (Gary Oldman), kills everyone in the room, and escapes with a suitcase of mob-owned cocaine. Clarence and Alabama load up the purple Cadillac and take off for California, the cops and the mob hot on their trail.

With an impressive list of slick action films to his credit, including the Tom Cruise vehicles *Top Gun* and *Days of Thunder*, director Tony Scott finally has a quality screenplay to complement his high-octane visual style.

**Quentin Tarantino**

*true Romance*

*Directed by* Tony Scott

*At AMC Walnut Mall*

“But I’m as much a silent movie buff as you are!”

Quentin Tarantino, the boy-wonder writer-director of *Reservoir Dogs*, has written a surly and nasty script that embraces and explosively takes violence to a new level — despite the inevitable fatal outcome, we are entertained by the seduction.
You remember Joey Coyle. He was the "luckiest man in Philadelphia," an unemployed dock-worker who found a million dollars that had fallen out of a delivery truck and spent a week giving money to his friends and family before the cops caught up with him. Joey’s true story makes Money for Nothing, Hollywood’s watered-down version of it, dull by comparison.

Joey became the liberating force of his life. Sadly, the real Joey Coyle became the liberating force of his life. Joey’s true story makes Money for Nothing, Hollywood’s watered-down version of it, dull by comparison.

Joey Coyle turns a master cat burglar fresh out of jail and primed for a return to the straight life. Her former associates, local crime boss Jack Schmidt (Terrence Stamp, Wall Street), is not quite so compliant; he wants Mc Coy to penetrate the world’s thickest vault at the Atlanta Union Bank and retrieve the eighteen million-dollar prize inside. When Stamp kidnaps her son, tough-cookie McCoy has no choice but to comply. With the aid of her servile sidekick J.T. (Val Kilmer), McCoy sets out to confound the bad guys and take the money and run.

Noted action-film director Russell Mulcahy seems to have re-gressed monumentally with this effort. With such films as Highlander and Ricochet, Mc Coy to his credit, Mulcahy has proven that he can film some enjoyable storylines with style and zest. The Pixel McCoy, however, features virtually no action or suspense; Mulcahy phones in the clichéd "rob the bank and escape first class to Rio" storyline.

The Real McCoy is praiseworthy for its attempt to depict a woman in the leading role of an action film; there are too few roles in movies these days that allow women any pivotal control. The role reversal is encouraging – Basinger as the cool-headed heroine, Kilmer as her sweet sidekick – but if Basinger really wants to expand women’s roles (and get out of Chapter 11), she should decline these low quality deals. Only then can the world of MacGyver be challenged as male only.

-Melissa DeLeon

Once upon a time, the American viewing public could see a movie sporting Kathleen Turner or Dennis Quaid on the bill and expect solid, interesting entertainment. So how is it that two funny, respectable actors are practicing their craft in the miserable, insipid Undercover Blues? Only their agents know for sure.

This formulaic foul-up begins when former spies Jeff and Jane Blue (Quaid and Turner, respectively) are pulled back into the espionage game to foil arch-villain Pauline Novacek (Fiona Shaw). The plot includes the usual bumbling intervention of a city police officer, Lt. Ted Sawyer (Olba Babatunde, Silence of the Lambs), as well as a predictable, if comical, monkey wrench thrown in for another comedy act.

The fight scenes between Jeff and Muerte are at least effectively punctuated by the musical score. Muerte’s presence is always announced by a ominous strains of a classical guitar.

To its credit, Undercover Blues does begin well. Jeff Blue and his baby daughter Jane Louise (Michelle Schaeck) are trapped in a dark alley in New-Orleans’ French Quarter when a knife fight and martial arts display ensue the first of many high-kicking episodes. Unfortunately, this it turns out to be one of the movie’s only exciting action sequences, with the possible exception of the mud-wrestling scene between Jane Blue and her nemesis Novacek.

As Paulina Novacek, Fiona Shaw once again plays the same horrid but endearing character she has played in Three Men and a Little Lady. Every character in Undercover Blues seems to be drawn off of some tired, old staple caricature: the bad guys all wear black, the heroine, Jane, is clad in white, and the audience can pretty well recite the dialogue before even seeing the film.

Using a baby in the film is a cute idea, but almost completely irrelevant. Her first adorable baby steps are thrown in somewhere, but it seems that her real purpose is to conceal a bomb-type plot twist later on in the film.

-And bomb is exactly what the film will do. Undercover Blues’ only saving grace is, perhaps, that it doesn’t take itself seriously, thereby saving its audience from trying to. It’s not utterly hateful, just unbelievably predictable.

-Kate Gillen
Could it be? Is it so? Has the world-famous Thee DollHouse finally landed on the shores of the Delaware River so that all of Philadelphia can bask in its unclad glory? Yep.

34th Street was invited to the gala opening of this virgin link in a chain of upscale strip bars — excuse me, “Gentlemen’s Clubs.” They’ve erected clubs in Cancun, Miami and at least two dozen other locations around the way, and they’re going Euronese next year with new clubs in Barcelona and Athens. So, they had cash to spare, and decided to stroke their, uh, egos with an opening night bash in South Philly’s honor. What good fellas.

At the entrance, the all-male clientele was milling about in various states of post-office attire. As I parked between a convertible Mercedes and a Porsche 969, more and more cars carrying shady-looking characters kept rolling into the abandoned truck and mafia graveyard parking lot behind the club. As these greasy sacks of human detritus, sausaged into shiny doubled-breasted suits, lumbered out of their cars, the vehicles literally heaved up from the ground, newly liberated and taxied up to the velvet rope.

Nervously approaching the gleeful masses at the door who were queued up like Republicans catching the last ferry straight outta Martha’s Vineyard, we had a chance to survey the personages who had made the pilgrimage to this Flesh Mecca, their pilgrim staffs held firmly in their pants. As we walked up, a cherry red (or was it midnight blue?) Lotus Esprit shrieked down the street, overshot the place, did a 180, and taxied up to the velvet rope.

What was a $100,000 car/portable Caribbean island doing across the tracks? Those boobs had better be able to make guacamole, crack a beer with their nipples, trim government of Trumpian excess. But maybe the IROC was in the shop.

We were all present and accounted for, myself, the Lotus pilot, and the crowd — which can be described in six words or less: Joe Pesci, Joe Pesci, Joe Pesci — so they opened the door. As a woman I was a little worried I wouldn’t get in. After all, it was members only. We were accosted first by a ravenous receiving line of women in Miss America gowns that would have made Cornelia Guest fall to her knees and beg for mercy. I was batted from one to the next, all the way down the line until I had Lee Press-Ons stuck in my hair and a hairspray inhalation buzz. Whew. Thoroughly exhausted, we had entered the G-String Zone.

Despite the wall-to-wall mirrors and miles of hot pink neon lights, The(e) DollHouse resembles nothing so much as Philadelphia’s airport bar, clientele included. Couches surround the stage, and tables and chairs line the back wall on a raised floor. In honor of the gala, free champagne, hors d’oeuvres and a nice open bar were booming, but the four-deep suits around the bar were perhaps thanks to the twenty or so bartendresses in white lace merry-widows, white garter belts, white G-strings and the showcase “Shoe-of-the-Night”:

white pleather pumps.

The strippers were galloping about in their rip-away prom dresses, schmoozing with all the big, important, blood-infused, rich guys in wrinkled suits, pantytails and cellular phones. It was mostly big, fat Mafioso types leering at the happy hostesses, with a couple of awe-struck college guys in baseball hats lurking in the corner. The six TVs placed shamelessly around the bar were showing ads for table dances that were “Only $30!” to cover the “Professional Artist Fee.”

The emcee, a professional artist himself, kept hyping the show that was “about to begin” for forty-five minutes, and right before it did we spotted Jeff “Knicker” (“You’re cruisin’ for a bruisin’”) Conway from Geraldo Philly’s own celebrity! Philly’s one celebrity! He was looking very Keith Richards-y in long hair and black suit, as he sat giving autographs and kissing female fans. Ever hear the expression “big fish in a small pond,” pal? More like guppy in a fine mist.

The show started, and row after row of the girls paraded on stage, doing uninspired can-can kicks as they were introduced one by one. Most of them were actually attractive despite the “Tammy Faye School of Cosmetology” makeup and the unfortunate home bleach jobs. As they kicked awkwardly they were graciously allowed to flee off stage one at a time as the emcee squeezed out phrases like, “let’s hear it for [name] from Tampa! Look at that beauty, boys!” After all sixty girls had been introduced by name and turn-on, they assumed their positions around the room, and the voice announced “Hold on to yourselves and your seats, boys — tonight everybody gets a free table dance!”

Within eight seconds there were sixty “professional artists” in G-strings, gyrating to Bon Jovi in our faces.

About 80 percent of the women had partaken of major surgical enhancement, making their breasts as stiff as the unfortunate home bleach jobs. As they kicked awkwardly they were graciously allowed to flee off stage one at a time as the emcee squeezed out phrases like, “let’s hear it for [name] from Tampa! Look at that beauty, boys!” After all sixty girls had been introduced by name and turn-on, they assumed their positions around the room, and the voice announced “Hold on to yourselves and your seats, boys — tonight everybody gets a free table dance!”

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W. Thacher Longstreth is the quintessential WASP. An eighth-generation Philadelphian (his ancestors came over with Billy Penn), the tall, athletic, gray-haired City Councilman fits the puritanical bill in every category.

by Kenny Baer
Educated at the Haverford School, Longstreth then went on to Princeton, where he made sure to join the right eating club (Ivy, where his grandson is now a member), and proceeded to excel both on the football team and in student government. When the nation called for service, he joined the Navy where, ironically, he served for a time on the USS Wasp. Now in his fourth term of City Council, Longstreth has become a member (or a small “r”).

So where to find these dwindling specimens of American culture? At first, it seemed that by design, this article was doomed to failure. Barely any of the bluebloods and debs on campus could be persuaded to tell us anything about their lives or their attitudes, let alone what color argyles go well with seersucker. True to their unwritten code of conduct, most of them refused even to speak.

Adam — who, like all the Penn students interviewed for this article, requested a pseudonym — described the codes that govern WASP behavior: “It’s a scary thing. They’re very wealthy, but they’ll deny their wealth to everyone.” As Longstreth matter-of-factly puts it, “It’s the nature of the beast.”

This beast’s womb is the prep school system, where boarders and day students alike plug into a vast-reaching WASP network. Largely through athletics, connections are made and then carried on to elite East Coast colleges. Although it is harder today to get into the Ivy League than it was in Longstreth’s day, WASPs still seem to have an easier time getting accepted. Rich bloodlines don’t hurt.

As the bluebloods fall by the wayside, the ‘nouvelliste’ step in their place, emulating their predecessors in dress, manner, and conduct.

So with these support networks and privileges in place, how can they possibly be dying? According to Penn Emeritus Professor Digby Baltzell, the man who originally coined the term “WASP” in 1964, the central elements to the upper class are its values of hard work and civic duty. WASP commentators note that over the past few decades this central code has slowly disappeared from younger generations, amounting to nothing less than self-inflicted genocide.

The roots of this decline began a half a century ago, with what one author deemed “WASP rot.” With money already easily attainable through the bloodlines, some young WASPs began to stray from the carved-in-stone Work Ethic. “There are people at Penn who are just waiting to get access to their trust funds and go out and live,” admits Adam.

Longtime friends Baltzell and Longstreth both agree that this ethic has disappeared from their society. Longstreth’s family lost all of its money in the depressions of 1905 and 1929. Both times, the Longstreths worked their way back into prosperity, remaining a fixture in Philadelphia society for generations. These brushes with economic ruin, especially during the Great Depression, shaped a generation of WASPs, buttressing the Yankee work ethic that had historically served them so well.

“Now, the Protestant work ethic is based on getting your hands on the family fortune,” laments Longstreth. When met with complacency, money and power slowly dwindles into decay.

According to the Washington Post, of the 1000 New York families classified as rich in 1845, not one made the Forbes list of the nation’s most wealthy in 1985. Abigail Trafford, a WASP writer, comments that the once-rigid code of “gentlemen should not appear to being trying hard,” has quickly become “gentlemen should not try hard.”

Look at the WASPs’ distaste with the money-hungry Whartonite and you realize that this does indeed seem to be the case. Social excellence has replaced economic excellence as the raison d’etre of most up-and-coming WASPs.

Along with this previous commitment to business excellence, there was societal obligation — the noblesse oblige, if you will — of serving one’s community. As you enter Longstreth’s City Hall office, the words of Plato catch your eye: “The punishment of wise men who refuse to take part in government is to live under the government of unwise men.” But this ethic is gone as well. As Baltzell notes in his essay, “The WASP’s Last Gasp,” the present generation of WASP leaders have fled the city. He notes that Longstreth was the last WASP to run for citywide office when he ran for mayor in 1971.

“WASP rot” may have another cause. By maintaining such an exclusive attitude through the decades — the source of WASP panache — the WASP culture has grown stagnant. Who says that a WASP has to be white, Anglo-Saxon, or even Protestant, anyway?

Forty years ago, Longstreth never saw a black or Hispanic student, and there were only seven Jews in his class. Now in the Ivy League, there are “WASPs” of all religious and ethnic backgrounds. WASP culture is hip. Just pick up a J. Crew catalogue and witness the message that faded khakis and frayed Oxfords are the key to success. In a sick twist of the “can’t beat ‘em, join them” attitude, the people who have been excluded from the higher echelons of society — Jews and Catholics, to name a couple — have embraced the establishment. And the WASPs seem to be embracing these nouveau elite, or “nouvelliste.”

According to the work of Baltzell, the old establishment is crumbling. Is this WASP glasnost the death knell for bluebloods or the very strategy which will revive a rotting elite?

WASP culture is American culture, and will not die. But as the bluebloods fall by
the wayside, the nouvelite step in their place, emulating their predecessors in dress, manner, and conduct. With the ethics of hard work and civic duty in place, the nouvelite may actually build a better WASP: they may turn out to be better WASPs than their foster forefathers.

Adam is typical nouvelite. He is neither white, Anglo-Saxon or Protestant. But he belongs to the ethnics of old and belongs to some of their dubs, but also to Jewish blood in his not-so-blue veins and probably would never have dreamt that a man of his lineage is straight out of a training manual. He is in, but not of the WASP culture.

And this lack of a p.c. (proper and correct) bloodline does not seem to make a difference. "Jay," a leader in one of the most established fraternities on campus, looks the WASPy part. Sitting in his room, one that has housed his predecessors and his predecessors' predecessors, he looks completely at home. Yet his predecessors probably would never have dreamt that a man with Jewish blood in his not-so-blue veins and who was only a day student at Exeter would sleep in that room. But as Jay pointed out, the Penn scene has changed.

"At this school, eight out of ten times, a person is not actually a WASP," he said. And why would any self-respecting WASP come to Penn? Fifty years ago, the students here were considered "socially a couple steps below Harvard, Yale, and Princeton," says Longstreth, and Adam agrees that the true WASP would stay away from Penn.

"Wharton turns away a lot of people. It is sort of disgusting to these people; they have a very strong ethic about talking about money," he explained. Adam added that an urban campus like Penn's is also not conducive to the WASP sporting life — very few lacrosse fields and the river is a bike ride away.

But nowadays the WASP culture quietly exists with nouvelite and WASP alike at Penn. Tied to the Occasion, grabbed the reins and forged ahead, the exclusivity which made WASPs so holy has been replaced by a welcoming openness, and the written code of conduct makes it a "big no-no" to dress "in anything that is remotely fashionable."

Ira, a 1989 Penn grad and a rookie in the nouvelite rush for status, revels in the fashion absurdity. "There are young guys [at the elite Philadelphia Racquet Club] who will wear sock suspenders and order these custom-made double vented suits — things a 75 year-old man would wear," he said.

Association of Independent Schools' minority enrollment jumped from 9.1 percent to 13.5 percent. "Prep schools nowadays pride themselves on diversity," Jay commented. "It's almost neat to be different." So much so, that one black father told the Washington Post that he sent his daughter to the Holton Arms School in Washington because its curriculum was more committed to diversity than most public schools, even though only four of its 68 faculty members are members of a minority.

For some, enrolling in a p.c. prep school opens the door for the WASP track to advancement. Adam, a first generation American, moved to Milton Academy in Massachusetts after his public school was closed down. He admits that he had "no idea" what he was getting into, but he quickly learned.

"Your friends' last names are on buildings, gyms, study halls, and libraries," marvels Adam.

But even as the nouvelite seem to be ascending the social ladder through open doors, the exclusivity which made WASPs so mysterious still exists.

"It's still very discriminatory at some very high level," admitted Adam. "You wouldn't be able to talk about it or see it." Longstreth agreed. Even the elite clubs with their Jewish and Catholic members are still decidedly white and male. Philadelphia Racquet Club member Ira acknowledged that there are "hardly any women or black people — one maybe two, that's it." And Adam said he constantly has to answer the charge that he is but a token in his fraternity.

The WASPs have conceded many of the battles to the nouvelite. Catholics are welcome in the Union League and Philadelphia Racquet Club, and the presidents of Penn, Princeton, Harvard, and Yale are Jewish. This diversity may very well save WASP culture. But it will only do so by sacrificing itself. On the outside, it will appear that the WASP's still rule society. But as sons of first families marry daughters of immigrants, the true white, Anglo-Saxon Protestant will slowly become extinct. But then again, that's what America is all about. Remember that WASPs were once the debtors, convicts, and persecuted of European society, and upon arrival in the New World, they rose to the occasion, grabbed the reins and forged their own future.

W. Thacher Longstreth

"Now, the Protestant work ethic is based on getting your hands on the family fortune."

Kenneth Baer is the editorial page editor of The Daily Pennsylvanian. He spent the summer performing in the Kings Dominion production "Grease A Summer Revival!"
Breeding Success

"WE HAVE COME FOR LIGHT," KIM DEAL asserts prophetically at the start of "New Year," the opening track on Last Splash, as guitar riffs crash around her breathy words in a sun-drenched tidal wave of sound. Much to the ex-Pixie's credit, the rest delivers on its promise of a new beginning. After three years of fine-tuning her former side project, Deal now seems to have gloweringly emerged as both a bandleader and a vocalist in her own right. How ya like me now, Frank Black?

The Breeders first hit the scene in 1990 as a 'girl's night out' sort of gathering, a musical experiment featuring Deal, then-Throwing Muse and current Belly goddess Tanya Donelly, and Perfect Disaster bassist Josephine Wiggs. Pod, the group's first full-length release, was raw, bloody and beautiful, introducing the stilled tempo changes and angry little-girl vocal harmonies that the band has now come to claim as its own. Now that the Pixies have turned to dust, Deal is devoting her attention to The Breeders full-time. One EP (the well-received Safari) and several new band members (Kim's sister Kelley and drummer Jim MacPherson) after Pod, the Breeders are set to challenge who.

Pod's collection of unfinished sonic booms have been fleshed out on Last Splash into blissful, shiny pop-noise at its purest and finest. The band encapsulates every sub-genre from cowpunk to hardcore, yet somehow still manages to keep Last Splash coherent and free-flowing. "Divine Hammer" is a glorious 1950s-style ode to matchmaking, sung in bubbly-voiced glee by the sisters Deal. The metallic-tinged "Rot" forcibly bites and scratches its way to the surface of its only lyric: "Raw! Where the shot leaves me gagging for the arrow." And the instrumental "S.O.S." crests and falls like an ultra-loud surf anthem for the 90s.

Lyrical, Deal brings her Pixie heritage to full bloom, taking the standard relationship-analysis song to new heights of delightful weirdness. "I'll be your whatever you want! The bong in this reggae song," she offers on "Cannonball," one of the album's standout cuts. Wiggs' bass booms steadily behind layers of feedback loops, muffled voices and catchy guitar hooks, as Kim sings of her disastrous adoration for a slimeball. The Breeders focus most of their wrath on men: imagine greasy Danny ZuCCO hiding from Sandra Dee on the first day of school at Rydell High and you see what they're railing against.

To be sure, the album itself stands as a memoir of summer love, with each song musically and lyrically mirroring the dizzy ups-and-downs of a whirlwind romance. "No Aloha" is a slow-moving lamentation of a failed love, with only a glimmering undertcurrent of intensity. Halfway through, though, the song explodes into an angry, bitter rocker strangely reminiscent of the Pixies' "Wave of Mutilation." Unbridled energy courses through the cracks of every song break, each pause in Deal's shimmery voice is an invitation to an aural outpouring of love, hate and all the feelings in between. Ultimately, the band's quirky, tongue-in-cheek approach to love reveals itself in one quick line on "I Just Wanna Get Along": "If you're so special, why aren't you dead?"

Last Splash does contain its fair share of fluffy tracks. "Drivin' On 9" is a quaint but certainly throwaway country ballad, while "Do You Love Me Now?" mocks syrupy Top 40 lamentations with its insanely insistent refrain of "Come back to me right now!" Yet even these songs blend well with the rest of The Breeders' material, offering morsels of sweetness and light to counterbalance the blistering taste of the album's nastier cuts.

Last Splash closes with "Rot (Reprise)," a shorter but equally powerful version of its predecessor. As Deal repeats the song's single line, a writhing guitar shakes and cuts to an abrupt finale, falling off the edge of an aural cliff, leaving the listener alone with a disquieting silence. With this album, The Breeders have taken the plunge into a sonic whirlpool, spinning and churning and daring to meet the dark center of their vision head-on. Be sure to catch the wave.

Another Cherry Bomb

Mediocre R.O.C.K.
in the U.S.A.
• by Dennis Berman

IF YOU'VE EVER BEEN TO Southern Indiana (and you probably haven't) you know the dreary sky, grey pickup trucks, and grim faced citizenry. Indianan John Mellencamp - the heartland icon who has made a living glorifying the forgotten travails of Midwestern life - has craftily managed to sing about life in a small town without forgetting his wider audience. He has repeatedly pulled off the neat trick of treating his subjects with dignity while not boring the life out of his customers.

Unfortunately, Mellencamp's twelfth and newest album, Human Wheels, sinks to the level of small-town mediocrity. Mimicking the tinny, insipid sounds of a garage band echoing off the coarse brown hills that dot Southern Indiana, Mellencamp, whose songs were once inspirational cries for the American farmer and the American dreamer, has gone low-key, entering the staid world of middle-age introspection.

Middle age is not necessarily a bad plateau from which to create music. Aerosmith, behind all of its makeup and women's lingerie, can still push out a spirited rock performance on a solid dose of Geritol. Even Jerry Garcia can occasionally coax his fingers into a spiraling, inventive guitar solo. Both have evolved artistically, letting the times and their perspectives create new forms and styles. Yet when Mellencamp pessimistically croons that "This is always been/All roads to the river," he sounds like a musical lemming, resigned to drown in the fate of greatest hits albums and nightly barnstorms through 6,000 seat venues.

Mellencamp's vocal delivery is the most gratifying and disappointing aspect of Human Wheels. His voice is quiet and tired, tinged with a throaty, "I've seen all this all before" reservation. From a man who sang so vitrily about "rain on the scarred and broken blood on the plow," this album's offerings are decidedly placid.

The album's best cut, "When Jesus left Birmingham" takes its energy from powerful gospel background vocals, not Mellencamp. Yet despite his vocal impotence, the catchy mix of gospel, a splash of techno and random background chatter combine to form one of the album's few noteworthy songs.

Mellencamp is renowned for his self-styled "gypsy rock" feel - the combination of harmonica, dulcimer and fiddle. This "country fair" atmosphere, which helped spawn foot-stompin' classics like "Paper in Fire," is barely noticeable on Human Wheels. Without auxiliary instruments, Mellencamp's band is just an average rock-n-roll set-up whose songs sound markedly similar, if not identical.

The album's first single, "What if I Came Knockin','" is the only composition in which Mellencamp releases himself vocally and musically. Near the end, he actually raises his voice. For that one moment, it sounds like Mellencamp is truly concerned about all of America's farmers and recent flood victims. It is that urgency which made Mellencamp a strophe of the 1980s, and which leaves some hope he can be an important part of the 1990s.
Trip Away

by Mike Parker

YOUR LOCAL RECORD STORE MIGHT NOT BE sure just how to label Justin Warfield. This 20-year-old, grungy rapper/guitarist's new album features 16 new, prismatic tracks that defy traditional classifications. Warfield freely borrows riffs from the standard patterns of jazz, funk, and blues. The result is a montage that is appealing to fans of each genre yet cannot itself be easily categorized.

Warfield slid into the rap scene several years back when two of his songs were included on Gotti Sound Lab, a multi-artist compilation of tunes arranged by up-and-coming producer Quincy III. "Season of the Vic" earned plenty of props in the clubs and was an MTV darling for a fleeting — but significant — moment.

Now, with his debut album My Field Trip to Planet 9, Justin Warfield has assumed full creative control. It is a funkified yet melodic collection of introspective musings and acid advocation spliced into his autobiographical lyrics.

Warfield is at his best during the song "Live From the Opium Den" when, invoking the surreal world of Burgess's A Clockwork Orange, he raps: "Moleko vellocet and shit/ and plus/ I'm in the know/ I flip the drogue talk/ and tweak the flip bow/ like Salvador Dalí surreal and amazin' /or dogs playing cards on a black velvet painting."

My Field Trip to Planet 9's sound is reminiscent of the recent Beastie Boys' efforts, yet the album remains decidedly on the esoteric, jazz side of the fence. Warfield's guitar permeates the album and is occasionally accompanied by horns, keyboards, drums and a bass. These original jams are layered on top of rich beats and samples compiled by producers Quincy III and the legendary Prince Paul (who worked with De La Soul), as well as by Warfield himself.

Meanwhile, Warfield's poetic meandering also reveals the influence of Tribe Called Quest and other groups in the Native Tongues family of artistic New York rappers. However, Warfield's rapping style differs from that of these new-school artists. He drops slick throwbacks in the old-school style of basic end rhymes. These rhymes frequently detail Warfield's diverse ethnic roots. During "Fisherman's Grotto," he tells would-be adversaries, "You don't want none of this unless you plan to get dosed/ protected by the star of David and a big black fist/ scalp ya 'cause I'm Indian, play you like Custer." According to Warfield, his inspirational heritage is no less disparate than his ethnic heritage. Among many others, he lists Jungle Brothers, John Lennon, Timothy Leary, and Bob Dylan as influences in the liner notes.

This broad variation places Warfield at the forefront of current genre-jumping trends. While most styles of music discourage any form of copying, hip-hop revels in samples and thus allows for striking new types of improvisation. There's a new emphasis on "diggin' in the crates," or looking through record collections for sounds to sample. And so, while many genres seem stuck in time, rap is evolving and improving at an exponential rate as artists juxtapose sounds never before heard together.

Groups such as Rage Against the Machine, the Goats and Alphabet Soup have been picking up on the trend, and have positioned themselves in between musical classifications. Justin Warfield is at the apex of this scene, experimenting with combinations of rap and other traditional types of music.

Societal as well as musical currents collide in his life. On My Field Trip to Planet 9, Warfield surfs the swells of rap, jazz and rock. He acknowledges his varied ancestry and basks in the psychedelic traditions of the sixties.

As America is home to an ever-increasing multitude of tribes, those like Warfield, those who avoid being trapped by any one category and navigate the borders with eyes, ears and mind open, are truly cool like that.

Free Willy? No! Free the Gilberts. While most of the Penn population was out building up their resumes on Wall Street or engaging male prostitutes in the West Village, the Gilberts were captured by a group of student radicals who claimed that their disembodied presence was offensive to all who have extremities. They took out hapless heads to the group's suburban Long Island headquarters where they were held prisoner and forced to eat the ringleader's mother's home-made kugel. After a daring escape, the Gilberts rolled into the Big Apple where they managed to find work in the hat check room of famed S&M Club, The Vault. Not a great job, but the tips were pretty good. As usual, a disc with one Gilbert is like an evening with Michael Jackson and Macaulay Culkin. Five little 'Berts means that the disc is as powerful as a herd of stampeding water buffalos!

THE DOUGHBOYS

Crush

Tired of dreary American grunge genre overkill? Well, check out Canadian hardcore rockers the Doughboys' latest effort. Crush. Manic and energetic, the album still remains melodic and distances itself from the horde of slaphappy noise bands. Feisty and frenzied, the Doughboys deliver a poppin' fresh effort.

— Josh Leitner

JOHN HIATT

Perfectly Good Guitar

Singer-songwriter extraordinaire Hiatt, whose songs have been a boon to the careers of Bonnie Raitt and Jeff Healey, returns with his "meat-on-the-bone" guitar style and gravelly voice. Hiatt has a knack for weaving pretty imagery into his working-class blues and the end result is yet another first-rate album.

— Daniel Ages

VARIOUS ARTISTS

Grunge Lite

Picture yourself 20 years from now: you are stuck in an elevator, and Nirvana comes blasting through the muzak. Experience the future today on this humorous collection of grunge hits gone geriatric. I laughed, I cried. I tried some more.

— Andy Espenshade
Pull up a chair and light up a Dunhill...Street checks out poetry readings

by Erica Rothschild & Shannon Armstrong

There once were two writers from Street
Who thought they were retro and beat
So they left their homes
To check out some poems
And found Philly's scene to be neat

Fortunately, you don't have to suffer through your roommates sophomoric attempts at verse to appreciate great poetry. You just have to have an inkling for offbeat culture and a craving for cappuccino.

If you feel like there is nothing to do on campus because Locust Walk is being saturated by Penn's "Save the Water Buffalo" right wing liberals, try crossing the Schuylkill. Just a few blocks from Penn there's a whole other world of poetry and performance art thriving in the city.

Just like New York and San Francisco, the beat attitude and lifestyle has been reborn in Philadelphia, in the cafe and book nook culture. Call it a slacker renaissance. But unlike the here-today-and-thank-God-gone-tomorrow rave and '70s scenes, poetry and performance art has been an underground force here for years and will remain far after the last strip of polyester has burned.

Take the North Star Bar (27th & Poplar Streets) - they've been having poetry readings with established poets in their hip Green Room for over ten years. North Star's readings usually feature poets published locally, although occasionally they have open mike nights. Since the eccentric beat poet Katon Ben Caesar founded these readings, they have featured such Philly talent as Gregory Corso and Richard Hall from Voidoids.

When it's all said and done you're bound to come away from Doc Watson's Pub (216 S. 11th Street) with more than a hangover. Dot Dat Dat magazine arranges open mike poetry sessions every Monday night at this cozy pub. These diverse readings, with everything from spoken word to one-act plays to musical jams, moved to Doc's about a year ago from the Spruce Street pad - 1521 Coffee House. After a short repose, the famous poetry "slams" at J. C. Dobb's (304 South Street) will awaken again on September 21st. A true tour of the poetry scene would not be complete without these two urban hubs of culture.

For more upscale and established angst venting, check out Borders Books (1727 Walnut Street). Along with readings and signings by prominent authors, Borders also bills local poetic heroes and open mike readings for the more daring.

For the most part, the crowd is well past their college years and damn bitter about it, but that makes for passionate mid-life crises poetry. However, there is the chance of striking gold with an occasional young'un testing out some of his newest poetic frustration.

Like Borders, City Book Shop (1127 Pine Street) offers books, coffee, poetry, music, and even an occasional one-man play. As the name suggests the Cafe '90 series held there has been circulating since the early days of the decade. For the first two years the readings dwelled in the west Philly home of poet Robin Young. Soon after he moved to New Jersey to can fruit and concoct verse, Cafe '90 moved east as well to the City Book Shop. It is strictly open mike and open-ended, indulging mostly poets but also songwriters, musicians, playwrights, and performance artists. The cozy atmosphere of the readings is like being in your best friend's backyard. This is the perfect place for aspiring writers to share their poems and prose without feeling intimidated by large crowds.

Caffeine for thought emanates from Beathaus (1149 S. 12th Street). This place offers the true underground artistic poetry experience five nights a week. Drop by Wednesdays for spoken words followed by open mike. Performance art, poetry readings and music are featured Thursday through Sunday nights. You may want to cut out the caffeine but don't cut out the Beathaus - this place is Philly's quintessential poetry palace.

For great coffee, great food, and great poetry try The Last Drop Coffeehouse (13th & Pine Streets). They have been hosting Thursday night "Groove Sessions" since they opened in January and while their open mike readings may not be as established as some of Philadelphia's older venues, they are equally as stimulating.

So for those of you for whom poetry evokes tweed and the iambic pentameter wake up and smell the coffee. With nothing left to do on this corpse of a campus, caffeine and poetry are Philly's best alternatives, that is, of course, unless Urge Overkill is playing.
The F-word (no, not that word) takes a bath in Katie Roiphe’s *The Morning After: Sex, Fear and Feminism on Campus*. One of the youngest voices to emerge from the growing spotlight on collegiate sexual politics, the twenty-five-year old Princeton grad student seems to have raised quite a stir in Women’s Studies departments across the nation. Excerpts from her first book, told from an insider (read: female student)’s point of view, have already made their way into such upper-middle-class rags as *Lile* and *The New York Times Magazine*.

Much of the hype surrounding *The Morning After* is well-earned. The book takes a radically anti-feminist view of rape and sexual harassment, as Roiphe rails against what she terms the self-victimization of women. The author uses such now-staple campus sights as blue lights, security whistles and Take Back the Night programs to decry a society scared straight. The feminist movement for which her mother fought so hard, she laments, has now made a dangerous turnaround to the days of pre-liberation, when women were afraid to show their sexuality and lived in constant fear that the boy next door would turn into a savage animal during a date to the drive-in.

But while Roiphe’s p.c.-backlash, “let’s not call every drunken leer sexual harassment” attitude often falls into accord with current mainstream-America thought, at times her insensitivity to the plight of abused women can be downright frightening. It’s one thing to want women to be strong in the face of sexual adversity, but at what price should they sacrifice their sense of self-worth? Love it or hate it, *The Morning After* offers a provocative and well-argued glimmer into one of the most pressing social issues of our time.

~~Aimee Miller~~

What a talented young man, that Perry Farrell. He’s a singer. He’s a dancer...sort of. He’s a millionaire, thanks to Lollapalooza. He’s a pretty snazzy dresser. And now he’s an actor...well, give him an "E" for effort, anyway. Farrell’s screen debut, *Gift*, won’t win the man any Oscars, but is still a cult film worth watching.

Billed as “a story of love,” *Gift* documents both the grief and the twisted pleasure the loss of a loved one can bring. It’s also about drugs, doctors, cops, drugs, music, friends, sex with dead people and more drugs. There are enough extreme close-ups of hypodermic needles lodged in swollen, track-marked arms to make even the most steelied stomach queasy. The same can be said for the fully nude shots of Farrell. His dramatic performance is matched only by that of his ex-girlfriend Casey, whose character Ols early on and spends much of the flick laying across couches and floors.

All in all, *Gift* is an engaging, touching and savagely funny experience. Ice-T’s cameo is one not to be missed. And the fact that live footage of Jane’s Addiction punctuates the film is an added plus. *Gift* is out on Warner Bros. Video, so pick up a copy while supplies last. Just don’t watch it with your parents.

~~Sabrina Rubin~~

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SEE REVIEW PAGE 5. (Evo’s Campus, Sam’s Place, UA Rittenhouse)

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SEE REVIEW PAGE 5. (AMC Walnut Mall, Sameric, UA Rittenhouse)

RISING SUN
(5th and Sansom, 627-5666)

THE SECRET GARDEN
(Kit’s at the Bourse)

STRIKING DISTANCE
(Evo’s Campus, Sameric, UA Rittenhouse)

TRUE ROMANCE
SEE REVIEW PAGE 6. (AMC Walnut Mall, AMC Malvern, UA Rittenhouse)

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SEE REVIEW PAGE 5. (Evo’s Campus, AMC Old City)

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1987 Walnut, 567-0320.

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SAMERICO
601 Chestnut, 567-0604.

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19th and Chestnut, 972-0538.

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Reed and Delaware, 755-2219.


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TODAY IS THE DAY
w/ CHOREBORE & GUZZARD
Check out Amphetamine Reptile's Introductory Tour billed as "Cluster F**k 1993." It should be as loud and rude as Rosanne herself.
(Khyber Pass Pub, 56 S. 2nd St, 215-966-5700)

THREE WALLS DOWN
Another jangly band out of Athens, GA, Three Walls Down will support their Mike Mills-produced debut. Topics will cover issues from politics to politics to abuse.
(J.C. Dobbs, 3rd & South Street)

SAVATAGE
w/ GALACTIC COWBOYS & PIER & BRAWL
Florida's Savatage rips into town with their raunchy sound and explosive vibes from their new release "Edge of Thorns." Sounds like cheesy metal to me.
(Khyber Pass Pub, 56 S. 2nd St, 440-9663)

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