As baseball season strikes out, students cry foul

BY DANIEL GINSBERG

After 14 days of no baseball, the end has been announced.

But when Major League Baseball’s acting commissioner, Bud Selig, announced the official announcement yesterday, cancelling the season due to the players’ involvement in a salary cap, students were upset.

"It’s such a tradition — everyone is upset," said junior Ted Rutman, a member of the Penn Society. "I was out there waiting to watch the last pitch of the season. It’s just not going to happen." Selig’s announcement came after base-

BY GREGORY MONTANO

Three of the four Allied Security guards who were fired for sleeping on the job were discovered by Allied supervisors, said Man-

The daily Pennsylvanian, photographed several problems McGinn Security Services experi-

BY JOHN GREEN

At the University, history has been known to repeat itself. As with the events of the Vietnam War, the University is encountering a "staff"

By Renni Schreiber

Packed lecture halls may seem the norm for the University, but many students still choose to do research that involves looking at a variety of subjects, including history and religion.

HEATHER

Today: Partly cloudy, turning sunny.
High 82, Low 64.

Tomorrow: Warm, sunny and humid.
High 86.

The main hall was filled with the sound of students recording their voices in the 14th floor of the University Library.

Please see BASEBALL, page 3
CAMPUS EVENTS

CAMPUS EVENTS are listed daily by University of Pennsylvania, and may be mailed or placed in public service listing of FREE events Listings University-atliliated groups for listers M a paid putter service of the Street, from 9 a.m. to 5 p.m., Business Office, 4015 Walnut son at Events will not be accepted by advance.

3 pm 2 business days in ad-

WEDNESDAY

case of 1998 Motto Submit en-

of The Law School postponed a re-

“The Rap - Line celebrates its
day long with Locust Walk
ter, Sept. 16, 4-6 pm and Sept.
day, Sept 16, 6-8 pm and Sat-
tech positions available
es 202 S. 36th Call 898-7391 for
the Law School to simply wait for the materi-
sing, she said. "Now we know
is to simply wait for the materi-
Verrier said CPPS has already
These files are available to all stu-
:
has been implemented."

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"They had a variety of options open-
for a new program concenter-
these decisions prompted mem-
U. helps identify cancer-causing gene

Now is to simply wait for the materi-
they have that particular gene.
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to be submitted further in order to de-
termine the role it plays in causing
the disease.

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Foreign Minister to the State of Israel

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Monday, October 3, 1994 5:30 pm

Simulcast location: Annenberg School Auditorium

Simulcast tickets will be distributed in Suite 1030 Steinberg Hall - Dietrich Hall through Friday, 9:00 am - 5:00 pm.

Please bring your student I.D.
SDT, Tri-Delt enter new homes

"Home sweet home" has taken on special meaning for the Delta Delta Delta and Sigma Delta Tau sororities, both of which kicked off the academic year in new campus residences.

While both chapters are enjoying their new locations, moving doesn't come without its issues, said members of both sororities last week.

Tri-Delt President Melissa London said extensive clean-up was necessary to transform 3539 Locust Walk, formerly occupied by the Phi Kappa Sigma fraternity, into acceptable living quarters.

"I came down in June, and it was gutted," she said. "A lot of window pans were broken. There was a little vandalism, and incredible amounts of dirt." London said House Manager and College sophomore Maggie Lynd witnessed an entire overhaul of the house, including new paint, new laundry facilities and kitchen renovations.

"The house was completely renovated," Lynd said. "There was a little vanishment, into acceptable living conditions this summer, used the vacuum and construction establishments in business. It was gutted and everything was painted."

London said the residence was the victim of another malicious act last week when bottles and paint bowls were thrown at the house, resulting in extensive damage to the incident, which has resulted in increased surveillance of the house by University Police.

London said she has no reason to believe the damage was intentionally caused by Phi Kappa members, who inhibited the house until their charter was revoked by their national chapter this summer.

"I heard rumors people would come in and break things down," she said. "I have no reason to believe anyone in Phi Kappa intentionally caused the damage." London said she has no reason to believe anyone in Phi Kappa intentionally caused the damage.

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Serves as a program mentor who have already experienced what helpful," Allen said. "I met people called the program a success for minority students. Melendez said. "They often come from places where they are not a minority or in the extreme minority. They often come from places where they are not a minority or in the extreme minority." Melendez said. "They often come from places where they are not a minority or in the extreme minority." Melendez said. "They often come from places where they are not a minority or in the extreme minority."

"Coming to Penn can be a real shock for minority students," Finney said. "They don't want minorities to see those expectations not realized." Finney said the mentors also gave their input on how to deal with racism. She also said that one of the key aims of the program was to show the students other resources available to them — including tutoring assistance.

"I found the program to be very important because it sets the foundation for their GPAs," Melendez said. "I feel that getting involved is not only something to do, but I feel it is something to broaden your social experiences," Allen said. Allen added that the mentors told the group of freshmen how gradual their social lives more closely than any other aspect of university life.

"I think it is very important for freshmen minorities to meet upperclassmen minorities," Finney said. "Students in general have high expectations of Penn. I do not want minorities to see those expectations not realized." Finney said the mentors also gave their input on how to deal with racism. Allen added that the mentors told the group of freshmen how gradual their social lives more closely than any other aspect of university life.

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The argument is made that revenue generated through taxation is a selfish one with which the government can use the money in any way it sees fit. With the imposition of a tax on drugs, supply would increase and price would decrease, but the harm created in order to achieve economic efficiency in the black market would remain. It is not the government's job to police from hauling "bogus" drugs to city hall. As more people obtain drugs, the social and moral fabric of the community might be threatened. The argument made is that the demand for drugs remains constant, but will in the long run increase due to government attempts at limiting supply and the impact of the war on drugs. The government claims that legalizing drugs will alleviate the police from hauling "bogus" drugs to city hall. The police will have much greater concern about the purity of legal drugs while holding demand constant.

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English dept. utilizes ‘Gopher’

By JESSICA TONEY

Basketball Hall is the newest haven for data-craving students at the University. The introduction and enhancement of the English department’s Gopher, a repository of humanities-related information and departmental news, students from all areas of University, not just majors, are more bypassing away from a number of resources.

“We’re one of the top two or three on-line resources to students in the country,” said Jack Lynch, Assistant to the Undergraduate Chair. “We’re using gopher for Computing and Advising. Our real task is just making information available, but making it available in the best most user-friendly way.”

The gopher system has a calendar and announcement board, information about the requirements for both majoring and minoring in English, and announcements from the department’s faculty and staff.

In addition, it has information about the King’s College exchange program for English majors and minors.

Allied guards

ALLIED is on page 2. I think they’reMing with two different roles. I would not compare the two.

Not added that does not have the guards’ sleeping will jeopardize the University’s new security procedure, which has only one guard stationed in most campus residences during the late shift. Before last month, there was a guard on a trip.

In August, Allied changed for a two-year contract after an extensive bid process.

The firm was chosen from a pool of 16 candidates that were evaluated by a team of representatives from the Division of Public Safety, the Department of Residential Living, the Office of the Vice Provost for University Life, the Purchasing Department, and the student body.

University Director of Security Services Christopher Algard could not be reached for comment yesterday.

Season over

BASEBALL from page 1

Another downfall of baseball’s early fall is that this season was shaping up to be one of the most exciting in recent history:

• Ken Griffey, Jr. of the Seattle Mariners and Matt Williams of the San Francisco Giants — both with more than 40 home runs — were close to breaking Roger Maris’s 33-year-old record of 61 homers in a season.

• The San Diego Padres’ Tony Gwynn was batting .394 when the Strike began, chasing the coveted .400 mark, last accomplished by Ted Williams in 1941.

• The division races redefined in the beginning of this season — creating the possibility of exciting, meaningful games.

• A brand new, expanded playoffs with two wildcard teams was forthcoming.

But after such a long strike, many fans had given up on the rest of the season weeks ago.

Yom Kippur

YOM KIPPUR from page 1

Brochin added that the University needs comprehensive policies dealing with officials’ holdings, “but all protectors have abandoned the current policy,” and all faculty should be sensitive to a significant number of student’s needs.

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Brochin said he thinks a new policy which is more sensitive to the needs of Jewish students needs to be adopted.

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Officially: Israel and Syria close to a deal

A diplomatic agreement was in the works this week after months of secret talks. Israel's prime minister has indicated that he is willing to make significant concessions to win Syrian support in the Arab League.

"I think that the near future may allow the us to begin negotiations for a cease-fire agreement. I believe that the situation has been improved in secret talks with Syria," told the Israeli ambassador to the U.S.

No more dummy blast at home

A dreaded experiment involving the use of dummy blast at home has been halted. The experiment was designed to test the effects of explosives on human tissue. The test was halted due to concerns about the safety of participants.

The official spoke on condition of anonymity.

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"Muffin" to open new store

By ASH LIPMAN
Assistant Staff Writer/Feature

The Book Store is not just for books anymore.

Vice President for Business Ser-

vices Steven Murray confirmed this week that a branch store of My Fa-

vorable Muffin will be opening at the

week that a branch store of My Fa-

vorable Muffin will be opened by My Favorite

Book Store this fall.

The My Favorite Muffin store at 224 S. 40th Street will remain at its

this fall, Murray said.

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FREE Delivery & FREE Assembly in Philadelphia.
Students enjoy volunteer job fair on Walk

By JOE GREEN
Daily Pennsylvania Staff Writer
There are more than 50 good reasons to do community service, students at the Annual Volunteer Fair on Locust Walk learned yesterday.

The unprecedented attendance of the best nonprofit organizations—ranging from the American Civil Liberties Union to the West Philadelphia Partnership—was exciting volunteer students on campus, said fair coordinator and Program for Student Community Involvement Secretary Yvette Carter.

"The fair tripled in size this year," she said. "The response has been excellent.

The fair seemed to offer something for everyone. For College junior Sally Winters, tutoring West Philadelphia schoolchildren is a way she is able to "give back" to her community.

"It's important to give back to the community because everyone is so privileged," she said. "We aren't any better than they. We because we had more opportunities." College sophomore Maxie also volunteering his time—but in a different community.

As a participant in the newly founded, student sponsored Adopt-A-Grandparent program, Jewish people living in a residential section of South Philadelphia.

"I learn something about yourself," he said. "I'm really looking forward to the time here with others." College junior David Cohen has not volunteered once he was in high school. Now, he wants to make a difference by playing sports with children for the Police Athletic League.

"I haven't done community service in a few years because I've been thinking about myself, and what I'm doing here," he said. "Now, I want to help." Engineering junior Oshin Oshin said she wants to either help the campus, or work to a woman's merit.

"I do a sense of gratification by helping others," she said. "I always helped out at my high school."

Job openings and freshmen alike said they were excited for a chance to perform community service.

"Part of the reason I came to the University of Pennsylvania was because of the community service," said College freshman David Forlander, who participated in the Penn Corps volunteer program before classes began.

With Penn Corps, I was exposed to the different services I'd like," he added.

College senior Gillian Silver, who works in PCIC as an intern, said the fair was geared towards making college students aware of community service opportunities, as a follow-up to the "It's the Streets" event on Sunday.

"I did the event the last weekend for freshmen," she said. "I think it's important to get kids to realize the idea of community service is started with doing the streets," she said. "There are so many resources at Penn that would be a chance to take advantage of them."

Power out

From page 1

"It just inconveniences us for a day, there is not much you can do about it," said College junior Tianxin Chen, who said she is pleased that Residential Living responded quickly to the crisis.

"I think it was handled pretty well," she said. "In the Residential Living guide, we were well aware of the problem, but not of how many people were affected or for how long."

College sophomores Andy Hoopes said she was angry when 36th Street home and was glad to move out immediately.

"I was pretty upsetting," he said. "It was such a disruption to everyday life."

College sophomore Jeff Grossman said not everyone was affected by the power outage. The Alpha Chi Eho fraternity house, located at 27 South 36th Street, was awaiting renovations when the power failed. Alpha Chi Eho President and College junior T.J. Zane said.

"I didn't think it was that much," Zane added that he was eventual to be able to lease a power generator so the construction work could continue.

The Mellon Bank building, located at 6th and Walnut streets, was alsoであった. The construction work could continue.

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NO annual FEE,
nationwide ACCEPTANCE
and LOW rates.
Because this is a ONCE in a lifetime trip.

IF YOU DON'T GOT IT, GET IT.
NHL tries to avoid strike; Deion close to being a 49er

Compiled from Associated Press dispatches

FREIBURG, from AP

"We've been through a lot of them but only once before was it bad, and that was in 1981. I have to fault both sides because they haven't worked anything out.

The World Series started in 1903, but was not played in 1904 because New York Giants manager John McGraw refused to have his team play in the fall. The Giants continued to have issues with the Fall Classic as they refused to have their team in the World Series in 1905 and 1908.

In 1918, President Woodrow Wilson's administration ordered an abrupt end to the season because of World War I. As a result, the World Series started the first week of September.

During World War II, baseball executives asked President Franklin D. Roosevelt whether games should continue. Roosevelt responded that America needed baseball, and said to play on.

In 1945, there was the Black Sox Scandal. Shoeless Joe Jackson and eight other members of the Chicago White Sox were accused of throwing the World Series against the Cincinnati Reds and the Boston Red Sox. But only once before was it bad, and "We've been through a lot of them but only once before was it bad, and that was in 1981. I have to fault both sides because they haven't worked anything out."
Tracy returns to alma mater in search for gender equity

TRACY from BACK PAGE
Tracy returns to alma mater in search for gender equity involving facilities, uniforms, recruit-
ning, practice times and medical
amount of loyalty, I think this case
relationship with Penn and a certain
quickly changed that. The 20-year-
cy was a no-name secretary. She
impressive," said associate medical
is 20 years old, who takes on a uni-
Because I have had such a long
Tracy is a veteran of taking on the
She arrived on campus in 1968, the
She arrived on campus in 1968, the
Then when I got out I found out
The reason I went to law school was
to attend graduate school in a field
to attend graduate school in a field
for outstanding students to prepare
to attend graduate school in a field
for outstanding students to prepare
to attend graduate school in a field
for careers in public service.
...designed to provide opportunities
to attend graduate school in a field
for careers in public service.

The Harry S. Truman
Scholarship Program
"...designed to provide opportunities
OPEN TO JUNIORS
with at least a 5.5 gpa who plan
for outstanding students to prepare
for outstanding students to prepare
for outstanding students to prepare

See the Football Preview
Supplement tomorrow

THE CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION
WELCOMES YOU TO CAMPUS!!
A Safe Place for Thinking Christians and Spiritual Seekers
Member of the Penn interfaith Council

Sunday, 9/18 - 11:00 a.m.
Welcome/Welcome Back Students' potluck following worship at Tabernacle United Church, 37th and Chestnut.

Sunday, 9/18 - 10:30 a.m.
Student Sunday Brunch after the 10:30 worship at University Lutheran Church, 37th and Chestnut.

Sunday, 9/18 - 4 p.m.
Groundbreaking for Nahemish Homes at 46th and Market. Join members of Calvary United Methodist Church for this celebration.

Wednesday, 9/21 - 7:00 p.m. at the CA
"Designing and Redesigning your own religion"
Get acquainted with CA students and explore the ways our spiritual journey changes. At our first meeting a political refugee speaks of her journey toward Christianity.

Wednesday, 9/21 - 8:00 p.m. at the CA
"Crisis in Relationships" A Bible Study of Genesis
Thursday, 9/22 - 6:00 p.m. 1920 Commons
"Condoms and Christ; Where Do I Fit in?"
Thursday, 9/22 - 7:00 p.m.
Episcopal Student League meets at St. Mary's Episcopal Church, 38th and Locust Walk.

The Christian Association, 3601 Locust Walk, 386-1530
"We seek unity not uniformity."

Two of the most popular bundles
on campus this year.

Two of the most popular bundles
on campus this year.
### Classified Ads

#### THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN

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  - Regular line ads are priced by the number of words.
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    - 3-day minimum $9.00
    - 5 days minimum $15.00
  - Classified display ads (boxed) are priced by size. Call for rates.

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#### DREAM COME TRUE...

- **FOR RENT**
  - 2 bedroom apartments, spacious, clean. Phone (215) 448-2000.
  - Apartments available for rent. Contact for details.

- **FOR SALE**

#### FOR ROOMMATES

- **FOR RENT**
  - 2 roommates needed for two bedroom apartment at 43rd and Osage, 2 bedroom, 2 bath apartment. Rent includes all utilities. 204-829-0204.

#### FOR HELP WANTED

- **HELP WANTED**
  - Experienced babysitter needed. 2 year old girl. 3-5 hours a day. Weekend hours are required. 542-2039.

- **HELP WANTED**
  - Babysitter needed for one year old. Experience necessary. Call 323-4568.

#### FOR PERSONAL

- **FOR PERSONAL**
  - Wanted: Part-time secretary. Must be able to type 50 words per minute. 222-0204.

- **FOR PERSONAL**
  - Student note takers wanted. Must be willing to work evenings. Contact admissions office in the medical school. 576-4567.

#### FOR SPORTS

- **SPORTS**
  - Women's Big Business Beauty pageants: Bright Lights, Big Business. Contact the Sports Information Office for details. 576-4567.

### THE DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN

- **THURSDAY EVENING SEPTEMBER 15, 1994**

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New York — What wars, strikes and bad weather can’t stop, money has.

Saturday, as the cold and snow moved north and east, the world of baseball held its breath. Today’s games had been postponed, but for how long anyone knew. It was a battle of two giants, a test of wills. A battle of two seasons, a test of might. A battle of two eras, a test of who would rule the world of baseball.

And with that as an underlying game plan, baseball fans, some 350 of them, turned up for an evening of baseball history. And along with it went a new, expanded and more demanding strike. Two of the six Steinbrenner teams voted to strike. Owners were fed up. They didn’t want to be on strike again, but they didn’t want to be on strike again.

With the strike started on Aug. 12, might be the last time baseball fans ever see a baseball World Series. This is a test of the future, and it’s not a good sign for baseball. A test of the future, and it’s not a good sign for baseball.

The strike had started a new chapter in baseball history. Notably the run by Ken Griffey Jr. and other players who were 17 years old in 1981. Little did they know that the aging, shoulder-patched players and older major leaguers were to celebrate 18 years in a row that they have in their prime game which was as unscripted as it was.

What will be baseball like?

Will there be any new league in these coming years, and will the teams of both major leaguers prove to be the best in baseball history?

What people will remember is that 1981 was the first Triple Crown season since Carl Yastrzemski in 1967. The long-suffering Cleveland Indians below or below Texas Rangers could have produced the new. 

The strike had started a new chapter in baseball history. Notably the run by Ken Griffey Jr. and other players who were 17 years old in 1981.
THURSDAY, SEPTEMBER 15, 1994

SPORTS

DeRosa tries to answer QB question mark for football

By Lee Goldstein
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

There was a lot of competition between us, but we both had big pressure before," he said. "Mark definitely has the talent to run this offense. He has a lot of experience and is hard-nosed. He knows how to handle a game."

"I think he's got the ability to step in and do a good job," said assistant coach Tim O'Neill. "I think he's got a lot of experience."

Experience may indeed be the biggest question facing DeRosa heading into the season. One of the biggest factors for Penn throughout last year's 10-0 campaign was the team's ability to run the ball. The Quakers averaged almost 220 yards per game and DeRosa was a key part of that offense.

Marsh's outside rushes. The Quakers nearly always have at least one playmaker on the field to take advantage of the opportunity. DeRosa's success should continue to improve the offense's overall performance.

For DeRosa, the pressure of playing for the senior quarterback position will be a welcome challenge. "I think it's a lot of fun," he said. "The coaches are pushing me, and I'm looking forward to it."
The 1969 College Hall Sit-in

Catalyst of change or just more of the same?

15 September 1994
Welcome Back

by Bret Stuntz

West Philly summertime. (my romantic reality)
May, post-exam period;
Students flee the ivory tower for internships in gilt-edged skyscrapers, metropolis far away.

(some people; (so me) sometimes the gentle scraping of trolley wheels against trolley tracks, sound is damped by the Hu-

life and silently. And you look closely, you see that feet move, but slow-

awaken, a current in an urban tumUeweed and deposit the way but it is bent, too hint I taint to daub the sweat

— considerately plod their determined way from point (b) in a sluggish imitation of their sur-

— weigh down — and there are only a few — the people left behind are bent but not heard; alone and self-possessed; they plod sluggishly along scorched sidewalks

the boat has hung their heads and curled their gait. If you look closely, you can see their feet move, but slow-

and silently. And life too is slower so time expires more quickly.

And sometimes, when god is smiling his cruel still wonderful smile, a breeze will awaken, a current in an otherwise stagnant solution, and slip along its weary way but it is faint, too faint. Too faint to daub the sweat from flaccid necks, too faint to arrest the oppression of the day. Virile enough only perhaps to turn a discarded brown bag into an urban tumbleweed and deposit it into the midden of a gutter.

Unlettered individualism emerges supreme as the relentless sun, properly placed above humanity, quails any inclination one might have to bother others. So the people left behind — and remember, there are only a few — considerately plod their determined way from point (a) to point (b) in a sluggish imitation of their sur-

rounding elements, lucid only in the act of con-

templation.

This must seem like such a dreary life, no?

It's not hard to see what is missing, right? The dimmest of the dim will have no trouble telling you what it is that transforms Allegro's from a sultry, quiet, sluggish, contemplative existence — I would.

for sunlight in an unending parade of collegiate eu-

berance.

And who would want it to end? For it is not only the body, but the mind as well, that is highly developed in the modern progressive individual, so well exemplified in the Penn Student Body.

Intellect and cultural awareness are honed with equal acuity to form a completely well-rounded individual. To wit: despite the rigors of the pursuit of a top-tier education, the Penn Student still finds time in his busy schedule for an active social life; fraternities have parties every weekend!

For those with loftier social aspirations than the oft-

ridiculed Greek system, Penn clubs such as the Tabard Society offer viable recreational alternatives.

Civils- minded students go the extra yard for their fellow man with progressive activist organizations like the Penn Undergraduate Assembly, a democratically based student empowerment union.

Best of all, groups like the Philomathean Society combine both the social and the intellectual to create a virtual tour de force in the world of cultural contribution. And this is just the tip of the iceberg!

So given the obvious abundant qualities of the Penn Student Body, its cognizance of social responsibility, and its extensive contribution to the standard of living in West Philly, who could stand to see the streets around campus barren — that is, devoid of the Penn Student Body?

Who would ever want to see life in West Philly as a sultry, quiet, sluggish, contemplative existence —

that is, devoid of the Penn Student Body?

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that is, devoid of the Penn Student Body? 
Dear Diary,

Ever since Kenneth and I started sleeping in separate beds, I've been thinking back to the Vandy football games when we got up early, put on our velvet and chiffon, and sipped on those scrumptious hot chocolates Sally Ann used to spike with Crema de Menthe. So anyway Diary, when those Tri-Deltas up north moved into those two small, rough and tough football players' house, the National Bond asked me to make sure they don't use or abuse the pride of the Delta. I'll be their behind-the-scenes dem mother. And Diary, I'm going to make sure those northern sisters haven't forgotten what it means to be a lady. But it seems a lost cause, I've already witnessed so many instances of Southern gentility that I think I'll have a little nip myself. Lusc, Victorian

A MIDSUMMER NIGHTS DREAM: In a summer fling fraught with couples, Pi Lam junior Tim Allen, a.k.a. Flipper, romanced an unsavory stripper who, I hear, dug Shakespeare. I thereby secured his reputation as the Dirt Devil, a distinction originally earned for not washing his sheets once during a semester-long masturbating binge freshman year.

EXPLOSIVE LOADS: Heading up to Woodstock with a couple of friends, Sigma Chi Treasurer, senior Tim Blake, was pulled over by a sometimes law enforcement official for not wearing his seat belt. Naugthy, naughty. The prescient small-town pigs realized that there was more to the unsavaging than met the eye. Lo and behold, they discovered a little Mary Junior, as well as a cache of illegal fireworks ideal for large crowds. We're holding our breath for dear Tim (but not inhabiting).

DP INTRODUCTORY MEET-UP: Looking especially repressed Executive Editor Jordana Horn now has a long-distance, open relationship with previous DP Executive Editor Steve Glass. What do her long heart to heart conversations with effeminate theater guru, Riaz Patel, and Saturday dinner plans with Jeff "I told everyone at the Sphinx smoker I got into Yale Law and didn't" Pitt, former head of SCUE add up to?

NOW I LAY ME DOWN TO SLEEP: When the cops woke junior Mike Greven up at 10 a.m. after a refreshing SEVEN-HOUR BOOZE-INDUCED SNOOZE on the sidewalk at 40th and Locust. Greven wasn't really sure if he had been mugged or not. He was sans watch and wallet but the details escaped him.

And freshman Jamie Garfinkle don't worry what she happened to you before you ended up swimming in your own bart on the floor of the Speaksmen men's bathroom alongside fellow freshie spew-meister Daniel Kueppers.

DARTH ZETA: As class '94 Castle-boy Zander Paumgarten headed into a Friday late night at Zeta's dark and gloomy pit of cultural elitism, his social position was jeopardized by a seemingly unnaturally high-sounding prose at the door. Zeta senior Michael Levin threatened a repeat of the Zetes/Castle battle if the drunken and nearly autistic Paumgarten caused trouble. Moving on, low-level goon-cum-hotel employees — plucked straight from the slums of South Philly — menaced in the background. Inside, however a stew of hormonal juices and bottled Yuengling was brewing in a soene reminiscent of Snow White and the Seven Dwarves, surrounded Sean Bythet the argument diffused.

Kerikes in line for cheap beer, bad music and slightly rancid body odor on Friday night at DEJCE So
doing the oh-so-Subtle Sears (fondly remembered by all for throwing petulant junior Adam Tantleff through a window last semester) threatened to digesl the hoagie-thing Kerekes who then pulled out a cellular and made good on a promise to call his boys — fellow residents of 325 S 44th Street seniors Haile Johnston and Kris Love and hangers-on Rob "Your" Berman, came to blows, eventually sending a mangled Bie Greenbaum out the door with a broken nose. Immediately, ZBTs in a soene reminiscent of Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs, surrounded Sears. Though nothing really happened. Several football players including pudding-like 6'6", 300 lb. sophomore Sears Wright, were tarns in range at the time. Seems like I should just leave.

BIRDS OF A FEATHER PISS TOGETHER? In those nervous aw-kward freshmen days many a newcomer sucked back a few in the hope of losing a little control. While the majority realize that less control should translate into free-flowing conversation, AEPi-esque freshmen Jeremy Isenberg got a little confused at a party at 4047 Pine. When nearby observers noticed a free-flowing wetness in Jeremy's pants, they sought to question the evidence and probing questions asked. Isenberg naturally denied urination. Quickly, AEPi senior Rob Francis sprung into action, deftly pouring beer on his own under-used crotch. As all eyes watched, Francis approached the soiled Isenberg. Defiantly Francis "It's cool to piss in your pants, right man? I did." "What? I didn't piss on my pants, dude." "Fuck you! It's cool right. I did and so did you. Right on bro!"

"Right on! Fuck yeah, I pissed on myself. I pissed on myself and I'm cool!" As contraire mon friere.

YOU GOT THE RIGHT ONE BABY: It was ten minutes after last call at Smokes, the end of a typical, long night of beer gorging and ass proclivities. Quaint quintessential lacrosse players, Fiji senior Vern Briggs III and junior Andrew Croton, Briggs spied an empty pitcher, but alas the bar was closed. Thinking fast, he lowered the pitcher under the table filled with several ounces of his own personally brewed, 96° Shays and replaced it on the table. "Croton, let's kick this pitcher and get out of here " Briggs suggested innocently. After years of conditioning, Croton instinctively took a deep draught of the swill. Realizing his mistake, he spit his formidable gulp into Briggs' face,edboring him with a copious mixture of piss and saliva. Is there commercial mud-mask potential in this concoction? I smell a marketing project.

SIHTATT REVISED: Recent graduate Adam Scholi back on campus. Why?

All names bolded for that extra fresh feeling!
The Killing Joke

FRESHMAN DIRECTOR

Roger Avery's ultra-violent psychodrama *Killing Zoe* does not have much to do with Zoe (Julie Delpy). Similarly, it does not spend much time chronicling the apparently accidental overnight seduction, or 'killing,' of Zoe by expert safe-cracker Zed (Eric Stoltz). The supposed focus of the movie is the relationship between Zed and Zoe. Their involvement with each other, however, is limited to the first and last few minutes of the film. The majority of the story is taken up by an ongoing display of death and debauchery.

The first half introduces Eric (Jean-Hughes Anglade), Zed's childhood friend turned sadistic criminal, who leads Zed and the crew into a ballistical all-night heroin and opium binge. Reality unravels as the group slides into a Paris dixieland club to psych themselves up for tomorrow's Bastille Day bank heist. Zed, meanwhile, becomes increasingly overwhelmed by a maelstrom of chemicals and the crew's insanity.

In this scene we see the beginning, however meager, of the only character development in the film. Zed, not used to the manic binging that is clearly old hat to the Paris underground, recoils to the bathroom in both apprehension and dissatisfaction. The films makes it evident that Zed is in over his head.

Zed's mental state takes a downward spiral as the night progresses. Avery's delicately authentic portrayal of Zed's psychological hallucinations draws the viewer through Zed's eyes into the throbbing candy store of his visual trip.

The scene is reminiscent of Mickey and Malorie's magic mushroom munch in *Natural Born Killers* (written by Killing Zoe's executive producer, Quentin Tarantino).

The film's second half encompasses the actual bank robbery, but functions mostly as an excuse to film truckloads of flying lead that kill off half of the characters in the film. As the team's plan disintegrates and the police surround the bank, Eric breaks under the stress and begins shooting himself and his own crew while Zed hides in the vault with a few small arms and a pulse-pounding soundtrack, *Killing Zoe* is entirely gratuitous. Whereas the violence in *NBK* added substance and flavor and was crucial to the plot, *Killing Zoe* does not benefit at all from the same level of graphic bloodshed. *Killing Zoe* may center around the bank heist, but the movie also tries to make a point about the unusual relationship between Zed and Zoe.

Despite a stellar performance by Stoltz, Tom Richards' impressive cinematography and an adrenaline-packed soundtrack, *Killing Zoe's* banal and one-dimensional characters are the downfall of this film. Eric is sadistically self-destructive, but has no personality beyond that, while Zoe is a pretty face who, given her importance to the plot, hardly clocks enough screen time to establish herself. Only Zed comes across as having any degree of depth, but his ballast is not enough to save this sinking ship.
A GOOD MAN IN AFRICA

Remember that day in high school English class when your dedicated English teachers taught you that a story needs a protagonist, an antagonist, a plot, a climax, etc.? A Good Man in Africa is truly remarkable because in ninety minutes of storytelling it produces none of these essential elements. Despite a strong cast of popular actors, a Good Man in Africa is one of the most boring and uninspired movies of the year — possibly the decade.

A Good Man in Africa is contemptible if only in the way it wastes the presence of former Oscar nominees Louis Gossett Jr., John Lithgow and Sean Connery. Instead of building on the talents of these charismatic actors, the film centers around the extremely bland Colin Fries as Morgan Leafy, a diplomatic secretary from the United Kingdom working in a fictitious West African country.

The main problem with A Good Man in Africa is that it is a movie that cannot make up its mind. One minute William Boyd's screenplay (based on his novel of the same name) tries to be a satire of British Imperialism and the next it has become a story of Leafy trying to redeem his life. This schizophrenia doesn't give any of the characters time to shine or develop. None of the characters engender any kind of sympathy. Even the sudden death of one of the main characters isn't able to generate any significant emotion.

If you need an example of how badly the script butchers the talents of the performers, look no further than Connery. Usually one of the most likable actors around, here Connery seems unrecognizable.

Still, he's more interesting than the film's ostensible lead. Watching Fries stumble from scene to scene is like watching paint dry. It's hard to laugh at or even feel sorry for a character that is so despicable yet boring.

The only redeeming quality of A Good Man in Africa is John Lithgow's performance as Leafy's pompous boss. While Lithgow's entire part consists of screaming at Fries, he somehow finds a way to make it funny.

If forced to choose between seeing A Good Man in Africa and watching grass grow, give it some serious consideration especially with the knowledge that watching grass is free. And only one of them will give you a tan.

—Jason Gardino

THE NEXT KARATE KID

To hell with Ralph Macchio. There's a new kid in town...and he's gorgeous.

The aptly-named Hilary Swank, making her feature-film debut in The Next Karate Kid, rescues the flailing series from the backstreet gutter it was stranded in after The Karate Kid. Although Swank is no Macchio, she is certainly the proverbial rising young actress of this week's film world. Her innocent smile and here-to-please screen presence rival any of the recent screen debuts.

The best reasons to see this film, however, are the Monks. They add some much-needed comic relief to the film — the scenes where they line-dance to the Cranberries tune Dreams — and whup the local talent in a "striking" display of Zen bowling.

Although Swank is no Macchio, she presents themselves with such an air of self-importance that watching grass grow, give it some serious consideration especially with the knowledge that watching grass is free. And only one of them will give you a tan.

—Mike Tiley

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The dream was over almost as quickly as it began. In the beginning, it all seemed so innocent, a chance to fly where eagles dared, to kiss the sky. Instead, it emerged a burned, cynical wreck, my hopes dashed, my heroes fallen. It seemed so simple: a pale yellow postcard mixed in with the 24th Street morning mail. On the front was an itinerary for a summer tour. This piqued my interest. Then I saw the names: Rollins, Helmet, Sausage. At this point, I cried aloud. Sausage, the side-project of Primus chieftain and Beavis hero Les Claypool, was coming to town and the shit was going down. It wasn’t until the second time I scanned the dates that I noticed the bottom line, the cause of all my suffering: interviews available upon request.

To listen to Primus is, roughly, to deify Les Claypool. More than just the Jimi Hendrix of bass, more than the most original songwriter of the day, Les represents all that is weird and cool at the same time. Claypool and company had made a career of being freaks and having fun, and managed to become something of a hero to the disenfranchised.

“Oh, sweet Jesus,” I thought to myself. Les Claypool, one of the most talented musicians of the day, was coming to town. I was going to see him play. And, dream of dreams, I was going to talk to him.

Sausage is the original lineup of San Fran freak-rockers Primus. Frontman Les Claypool, along with longtime friends Todd Huth and Jay Lane, made the first generation of Primus. The three eventually parted paths. Les stayed with new recruits Ler Lomax and Herb Alexander and went on to Lollapalooza glory, while Huth and Lane pursued personal lives. Though the band with Huth and Lane was known as Primus back in the day, the demo released was entitled Sausage. So they figured that was a good enough name to use for their reunion tour. Sausage’s 1994 album, Riddles Are Aound Tonight, has the definitive Primus sound — Claypool’s manic slapping bass and nasal, twangy self-described “shitty” vocals. The lyrics are, as always, classic twisted Claypool odes to nonconformity mixed with blue-collar vignettes.

A side project from the already eclectic Primus, Sausage allowed young Lester the chance to tour with some different friends. The band’s informal song structures provided him more opportunities for improvisation.

A quick call to the publicist, and the interview date was set: Les Claypool would be calling me, at my house. My heart racing, I imagined the conversation — Les generally talks so damn fast that he makes the Mini Micro Machines man sound like the long-haired guy from Dazed and Confused. I envisioned a Yoda-like voice racing through exotic phrases. The prospects immediately had me braying to all my friends.

Now, make no mistake: Les Claypool is not a normal man. Nor is he handsome. In fact, he is, with the possible exceptions of Perry Farrell, Geddy Lee of Rush and Todd’s Maynard James Keenan, the ugliest man in music. But Les wears his unattractive-ness like a quirky badge of courage. Every twisted grinace, shaking pointed finger and flailing leg complement his seemingly rubber-boned body, creating a strange dance which only amplifies his talents — he can play bass better and faster than anyone else, and still can concentrate on singing, bouncing, smirking and twirling. The whole package is so weird and so cool.

The future looked bright. The days dragged, time hung still. College application "if you could spend an evening with anyone" essays were molding into a startling reality. I called aunts and grandparents to tell them the good news.

Soon came the day, and I was prepared. I had fifteen minutes of phone time and drafted thirty questions. Les would, no doubt, be bowled over by my low-key interview style, wry wit and austere reverence for his being. I had huge plans how we could become great friends, Les would invite me backstage, we would spend the night after the concert drunkenly carousing the brothels of Philadelphia before he would invite me to join Primus (I could sing the 'say, baby' part of "Tommy the Cat").

The interview was set for 4 pm. I went to my room around 3:30 to wait. And wait.

By 5:30, I realized that perhaps I should call the publicist and see about the holdup.

She assured me that there had been delays, but he would definitely call within half an hour.

Ninety minutes passed.

The phone rang and I leapt for it — it was Willie the tour manager who, through an amazingly thick Scottish accent, over a cracking, fuzzy cellular phone, told me that the "lad" was running late and would call within half an hour.

My wanting patience and growing anxiety mixed in my growling stomach, but I vowed not to leave the phone’s side.

Eight o’clock approached.

The phone rang. My heart jumped. It was a Hispanic woman asking for Maria. My hopes sank. This was developing into the direm theme of the night.

Then it happened. Les called. It was the same crackly, fading cellular, but it was him. And I was ready.

With harmonious choruses of angels and the comforting warmth of the God’s light piercing the unbelieving eyes, I opened with my big gun: a mix of respect for his work, legitimate curiosity, and even a shade of flattery. “Given the unique sound and absolute novelty of Primus’ music,” I asked him, “what did you first envision a Primus song as legitimate music?”

A moment of silence lingered as he carefully selected his telling response. With seven simple words, Les dashed my ear.

Oh.

It was worse than learning the truth about Santa: Les was not manic; he was not a fountain of witticisms, he was just really normal. And, worse yet, even kind of dumb. The haunting realism came crashing down around me: Les was not the cleverly-produced all-rock freak icon I had grown to adore. He’s just some guy. My words were like ashes in my mouth as I flipped through my list of questions, now seeing how pointless they all were.

“Uh...what were your favorite bands when you were a kid?”

We spoke dryly about past tours and new material, the impending Woodstock date and the former Lollapalooza days. Les’ cellular phone sputtering happened. He said they were all "pretty fun" — not quite the sparkling repartee I had anticipated.

Still, I reasoned, this was my shot to ask him the questions I had always wondered, and forgetting the interview context, I decided to just forge ahead and chat with the Man. It should have come as no surprise that at that exact moment, after 4 static-filled minutes of sputtering cellular coughed to its death, severing my umbilical cord of contact with the mighty Les.

I didn’t worry, though. I had faith. I knew Les would promptly call back. Thirty minutes later, my friend dragged me from the phone and told me to go to bed.

I couldn’t believe it — Les was not the media image I had been lead to believe in. He’s just a normal guy.

Already somewhat cynical, this fiasco made me faithless. I re-read Catch-22 and agreed with everything Yossarian had to say. I became a cauldron of bitterness. I realized that any of my heroes, idols and generally respected peers and elders — carelessly selected and sifted over year — could possibly be a loser, jerk or child molester outside of my knowledge.

Hero worship is as old as, well...religion, I suppose. One might assume it is an attempt for humans to reconcile their inherent faults, their inability for complete perfection, by imposing those qualities on a distant image. And then, of course, they’d like to meet this really cool person. That’s where the trouble sets in.

It’s hardly a new idea to suggest that these expectations are simply too much for our heroes to cope with. That’s certainly how Spike Lee painted Malcolm X. But if those you choose to admire can’t even live up to your ideals, what hope is there for self-improvement?

Red Hot Chili Pepper bassist Flea once adored Magic Johnson, going so far as to pen a song about the former NBA star. When his chance to meet Magic realized itself as an MTV function, Flea dreamed of how he and Magic would become friends, hang out together and go to basketball games and concerts. Instead, he realized, Magic ignored him as though he were "just some little punk rocker."

“We don’t play that song anymore,” stated the depated Flea — a saddler yet wiser bassist.

John Frusciante, the guitarist for the last two Chili Pepper albums, had the opportunity to realize a fantasy. His near-obsessive love of the Chili Peppers’ music inspired him to learn guitar. Following the "Under the Bridge"-inspiring death of founding guitarist Hillel Slovak, Frusciante managed to obtain an audition and snare his dream position. He had become a co-worker with his heroes, recorded a gold album by the age of nineteen and a platinum album by twenty-one. He subsequently quit the band by the wizened age of twenty-two, and, as his dreams gave way to disillusionment, he chose to simply subside in quiet Hollywood suburb.

Winona Ryder, in the Rolling Stone reading of her diary, confessed that she was sick of being a movie star and wanted to be just like everybody else. Ironically, she insightfully noted that this included dreaming about being a movie star.

Nine Inch Nails frontman Trent Reznor has moaned about wanting something he can never have, but perhaps he’s better off that way. The act of working for an unattainable goal is far better than realizing that the goal is unattainable. It gives you something to occupy your time.

The truth is, you don’t want to meet your idols, because you will find they are all too human. Alfred Edward Housman’s poem, To An Athlete Dying Young, says it’s better if our idols fade away before their weaknesses destroy their once-mighty stature. So long as we believe in our own dreams, we will have something to aspire to. The alternatives are too messy to consider. One Flew Over The Cuckoo’s Nest’s Chief Bromden had the right idea when he smothered the lobotomized McMurphy.

It just wasn’t right to see him like that. Essentially, the inherent message here, can be summarized with the t-shirt-ready phrase "Kill yr idols."

That’s what Sonic Youth said, and they’re so cool.

Josh Leitner is the former Managing Editor of 34th Street Magazine from Ocean, NJ. He is fond of surfing, alternative music, self-deprecating humor and FWS.
The 1969 College Hall Sit-in

by Dennis Berman and Scott Gallin

Scan any fraternity or sorority house composite from the Vietnam era and you’ll stumble upon a strange breed of Penn student.

They came to the University in the mid-1960s, when the school was still shackled by the dainty social and sexual codes of the 1950s. Admission to Penn and the Ivy League promised affluence and a stake in the stolid world of the East Coast elite.

And for most of the 1960s, the stuffy, traditionalist, Ivy League experience was what they got.

Women were funneled into the tiny rooms of Hill House and attended separate classes in the College for Women.

Regulations forced men to wear coats and ties for meals served in Houston Hall. Girlfriends could visit only during appointed hours.

Penn’s mission, after all, was to prepare young men and women for the responsibilities of citizenship in JFK’s America. With each graduating class, a pool of future lawyers, doctors, and bankers was primed for success, filling the desks once occupied by their parents.

But by the end of the decade, a few students challenged the University’s commitment to producing professional automatons.
The students' concerns paralleled their peers' across the national landscape. While Presidents Johnson and Nixon escalated engagement in Vietnam, anti-war and social justice movements found an audience in the emerging counter-culture on college campuses. In 1969, the two sides could face off within the three blocks that separated the Science Center from the protesters in College Hall. But the sit-in was about more than the Science Center, the displaced residents and the War. It advanced the students' struggle against the Establishment as a whole. Years earlier, it began as a call to overturn dress codes that maintained discipline in both appearance and attitude. By the time of the sit-in, what started as clamoring for University-level reforms had expanded to include changes in the community and the nation as a whole.

Partly driving their frustration was an administration that falsely assumed the student body was docile. The administration was authoritarian with the acquiescence of students, and then they began to withdraw acquiescence and once they withdrew acquiescence you reached a fork in the road," remembers history professor Michael Zuckerman, who attended Penn in the late 1960s and returned to teach. The College Hall sit-in marked the moment when University students rebuffed their in loco parentis status and declared independence from trustees and administrators who designed an outdated diorama reflective of their own straight-laced careers. The collegiate "adolescent" had come of age, and has stayed an adult ever since.

As a reflection of that maturity, student leaders peacefully negotiated with the University brass. The sit-in was a novelty at Penn, and administrators sought to avoid disaster and restore order to College Hall. Inside, the sit-in grew serious yet strangely social. Today, Lynne Mikuliak remembers the sit-in as a rite of passage for university students, a rite not necessarily constructed for the best reasons. "Just like you have to take History 101 or English 101, back then it was like Demo 101 as our obligatory 'of the Sixties' demonstration," says Mikuliak, who later married fellow demonstrator Joe Mikuliak. "There were definitely aspects of it that were a heck of a lot of fun."

Still, a sit-in is not a sit-in without a list of demands, and the movement's factions took hours to agree on common goals. If the byword of today's student activism is apathy, 1969's student groups were almost too enamored with their pet political causes. Leaders had to consider the platforms of centrists and leftists, labor supporters and socialists. Even after demands were agreed upon, some groups were not happy.

"There was a group of [outside] people who called themselves SDS [the leading national group Students for a Democratic Society] who were associated with Lyndon Marcus," recalled then senior Joe Mikuliak, who was president of the campus' official SDS chapter. Marcus, Mikuliak explains, has since changed his name to Lyndon LaRouche. Later notorious for his political fearmongering, seeds of Marcus's eccentric personality peeked through in College Hall.

In a speech delivered near the end of the rally, Marcus seemed to be "some image from a revolutionary poster." Mikuliak remembered Marcus's ideology as unrealistically pure and oversimplistic. "They always thought they were right," Mikuliak remembers.

The sit-in distanced itself from ideology and through large meetings of 50 to 100 people, developed a more practical list of demands: That the Science Center Board of Directors vote to return the land on Market Street to the community; that the University and Science Center produce money to build low-rent housing eliminated by the laboratories; and that the charter of the Center be amended to prohibit classified, military-related or defense research.

Anxious for closure, the Trustees conceded to most of the students' demands. "The trustees agreed to raise $10 million for community renewal programs, to rebuild equivalent housing demolished by University construction and to set up a Quadrupartite commission to study future development ideas of the University," reported the DP on February 24. As the settlement's final condition, students were to leave College Hall by morning.

Trash and weary bodies were cleared from hallways. Student leaders like Ira Harkavy announced victory. "We have won more than any college movement in history," claimed Harkavy, who was then head of the student negotiating team and who, at a campus-wide assembly a few days later, received a standing ovation at first glance, it seemed that this skirmish between students and the administration rendered all parties victorious.

"There was a relief that everything worked out," Harkavy now recalls from his fifth floor office in the Mellon Bank Building. "There wasn't a sense of bitterness. Since no one got hurt there was a sense of progress. I had a great sense of relief and some sense of accomplishment. And I was also very tired."

Though the demonstrators claimed success, they were still unsure about the long-run implications of their actions. As sons and daughters of the well-to-do, each heard stories about a family friend tainted by the band of McCarthyism. Who could foresee whether speaking against the University might haunt them in years to come?

"You knew there were infiltrators," says Zuckerman. "You knew that there were photographers, you knew that notes were being taken. You didn't know whether this was going to cost you your career," says Zuckerman.

There were dangers, however, more immediate than being locked out of graduate school or corporate America. In 1968, demonstrators at Columbia were beaten and bloodied in hostile encounters with police. The school even shut down as fragmented student groups waged a protracted political struggle with administrators. President Gaylord Harnwell could have easily called on police to remove the protesters by force. Fortunately for the students in College Hall, the administration agreed to work with them.

"Penn was nothing if not cool," recalls Lynne Mikuliak. "We had a very 'bust heads' policy commissioner and Penn could have easily called the police and said, 'get these kids outta here,' and they never did."

They catalyzed the movements that left other students with the era's most potent memories: sit-ins, protests and marches. Moreover, parts of a once quiet student body awakened to issues beyond itself.
“A lot of concerns of the community were real then and are more real now. The problem with the sit-in was that nothing was really institutionalized...nothing continued over time,” Harkavy says.

vide some educational, medical and financial resources to the community, more positive and sustained efforts that began in forms like the College Hall sit-in are needed.

Walter Palmer, a black activist and teacher who was involved with both the University and “Black Bottom” (the neighborhood now called University City) agrees that though the movement had symbolic value, it ultimately lacked the substance and momentum necessary to extend into the nineties, or even until the short summer months that separated the 1969-70 school year from the February demonstration.

Students across the country lost two valuable enemies as the military's involvement in Vietnam and the fervor of the Civil Rights struggle diminished. The departure of students like Ira Harkavy and Joe Mikuliak also left the University’s movement without leaders and a sense of direction.

Continuity was absent—always a weakness of student movements. It would be hard for College Hall protesters to perpetuate their ideals when most intended to graduate within four years.

By her senior year, with enemies like the War dissolving, Lynne Mikuliak saw activism waning. A year after the sit-in, SDS flew apart. Bands of radicals splintered, mounting their own ideologies over the organization's.

“I don’t think that there was any activism whatsoever in the next year,” she recounts. “Political activism died in 1970.”

“A lot of white students became more fully prepared by virtue of the interaction that took place in 1969, 1970, 1971 to deal with the world at large and to deal with a multifaceted world,” Palmer said.

Today, Palmer continues, “If the University decides it can no longer afford or if it is no longer expedient to do it, they can always retreat. But the community can't afford to.”

Certainly Penn's sit-in was about real problems that concerned students. Yet it was also the quintessential college experience of the times, the mortar and brick of reminiscence that then, and now, holds the classes of 1969 and 1970 to-the-line.

Yet it was also the quintessential college experience of the times, the mortar and brick of reminiscence that then, and now, holds the classes of 1969 and 1970 together. In that, the sit-in is just another memory, a special occasion like a Jimi Hendrix concert or a freshman's first experience with marijuana. It makes for great storytelling at class reunions. It does not mean change is happening in Philadelphia in the year 1994.

After graduation, students involved in the sit-in dispersed to all parts of the country, most of them leaving Philadelphia and the problems of their college environment behind. Still, there were those who continued to live here and who tried to maintain the sit-in's ideals.

“I still have some hope. I definitely have some hope that things are getting better. I think I believed that things could change much more rapidly back then. I understand a lot better why things are the way they are,” says Lynne Mikuliak. “I'm still aware of the uneasy mingling of the community.

Indeed, not much is left of the College Hall Sit-in of February, 1969.

“What has happened is that we have lost people in the community, just like you have lost radicals on campus,” notes Palmer. “We’ve lost a lot of good people. Maybe they decided to move on or move out, and not reach back, died, got sick, or just got tired.”

Dennis Berman has been pulling compliments all week thanks to a six-month effort to acquire facial hair. A junior from Kentucky, he is Editor-in-Chief of 34th Street magazine. Scott Gallin, now in his fifth year of school, has finally figured out the intricate nuances of shaving. His advice: go against the grain.
J Mascis has stopped whining and started writing

by Alexander Okuliar

OVER THE LAST SEVERAL YEARS, J Mascis has consistently produced some of the best music around. However, many of his efforts have had two significant problems: redundancy and excessive length. This is probably a product of his creative process: Mascis is singer, songwriter, guitarist, drummer, keyboardist, bassist and producer for his band. The lack of influential outside perspective allowed Mascis to freely wield his creative prowess, but it also demonstrated his limitations.

Well, all this has changed. As if some angel had stepped into show him the way, Mascis has somehow recreated himself. Without a Sound is, without a doubt, the best album that he has created. Where necessary, the songs have been shortened and his taut guitar riffs are not destroyed by overplay. J Mascis has finally matured, and his latest work is a testament to this change.

Mascis has not only improved upon his older style, but expanded his musical range. The album’s pace actually slows down at some points. There are even a few ballads and some piano playing. Julia Zedek’s Juliana Hatfield-esque vocals on several songs add yet another dimension to Dinosaur Jr.’s redefined sound. Mike Johnson’s bass and backing vocals also add vitality to Mascis’ work.

Without a Sound

Dinosaur Jr.

(Warner Music)

As an example of Dinosaur’s maturation, one can look at the difference between his most popular song off of Green Mind, “The Wagon,” and “Feel the Pain” from this album. Both songs are very catchy, but “The Wagon” lingers for over five minutes and has little lyrical depth beyond the refrain. “Feel the Pain” lasts four minutes and the refrain is only called upon a few times. Although these variances seem minute, they attest to Mascis’ improved songwriting abilities.

Aside from “Feel the Pain,” “Outta Hand” and “Get Out of This” are the two finest songs on the album. “Outta Hand” is one of Without a Sound’s few slow songs and is one of Mascis’ best. His voice, which isn’t quite as good as, say, Whitney Houston’s, works surprisingly well here. Johnson’s bass, assisted in the background by a piano, carries the melody for much of the song. The result is a kind of melancholy that everyone loves. A song that allows you to relax and think about lost loves, forgotten friends or whatever purges your pathos. The effect is much like that of listening to “Wendell Gee” or “I’m Sorry” by R.E.M.

“Get Out of This” is another stand-out track on the album. Like “Outta Hand,” it is also a departure from Mascis’ normal sound. With its fast, folksy tempo, this song sounds like something that wouldn’t be out of place on a Freedy Johnston album. As a matter of fact, until the very end of the song, it sounds like a less depressing, electrified Indigo Girls.

All in all, Dinosaur Jr. seems to be taking some turns for the better. Maybe J Mascis, slacker that he is, finally cares about his music. He has an incredible amount of talent—that can be seen in any of his previous releases. However, the difference here is that it appears that a lot more time was spent fine-tuning this album. It has great production quality, a more significant amount of musical experimentation, and, for once, it doesn’t seem to just be a showplace for Mascis’ guitar wizardry. For lack of a better descriptive, this album is not as “messy” as was, say, Green Mind. Without a Sound shows that J Mascis is, at last, growing up. And that may not be such a bad thing after all.

Give to the Freedy

Freddy Johnston’s major-label debut is a crisp effort

by Matt Kogan

POP JINGOIST FREDDY JOHNSTON HAS A knack for songwriting. On his major label debut This Perfect World, he plays the role of rough alley cat, crashing and scratching his way around the gutter of broken hearts. Standing on the verge of being cast aside by the star systems, his tenderly written, enjoyable fodder.

By appealing to the romantics of the world, Freddy has placed himself in that cadre of wussified rockers which includes the likes of Paul Westerberg, Morrissey and Evan Dando. Each of these whiners has their own go-to move, and Freddy’s is his twangy voice. Throughout the album he displays tremendous range for such a beaten soul. Loyal listeners of the punk rock genre should find Freddy’s vocal purity refreshingly distinct and warm.

This Perfect World

Freddy Johnston

(Atlantic)

The overall sound on This Perfect World is efficiently stripped down, yet crisp and deep. This is largely due to work of Butch Vig, a studio rat who has pulled off musical coups on Nirvana’s Nevermind, both Smashing Pumpkins albums and U2’s Bono-era

Hang. Although Freddy’s style deviates from Vig’s usual clientele, Butch managed to tinker with the levels and check-one-two this album into the decent zone. If you are a fan of Smashing Pumpkins slower tracks, you will find that sort of angelic beauty within this album.

Already college and pop radio jocks have discovered Freddy’s crisp sound and are playing the first cut of the album, “Bad Reputation.” On this duplicitous ditty, the listener finds Johnston admitting that, “I know I’ve got a bad reputation and it isn’t just talk, talk, talk.” Seconds later he’s “breaking down,” with one hand on his six string and the other on an adoring fan’s butt.

In “Disappointing for America,” Graham Maby’s bass playing serves the day from lyrics like “against the door, waiting for their jobs to start... looks so sad, talks so tough.”

On other tracks, Johnston is a boy interrupted. (“Disappointed Man”) and a omniscient narrator (“Across the Avenue”). On the title track, Freddy’s songwriting skills shine as he frames a personal romance on “This Perfect World.” Johnston jealously guards this memory, as he urges his lover to “lock your door, someone may get in.” This is a world where only he, Freddy, will indulge.

If it were a perfect world, Freddy would be a little more handsome. However, with the help of the Fatzer Photo Archives the album sports a kitchy little photo of an older couple sitting in front of a Middle Eastern structure. The slick inside photos of Freddy make him look like a cross between Danny DeVito and Chris Isaak. It’s too bad Johnston, whose music is a throwback to the time when singers were nuts-and-bolts professionals, is afraid to bare his ugly puds.

Well, it is an age of vanity and maybe it was a company decision, but at base This Perfect World remains as basic as chinos in September. It’s about unrequited love and expressing yourself as a fallen male. A few soft spots prevent This Perfect World from being an outstanding album, however, it’s bound to bridge alternative and adult audiences with its blend of sappy romance and power-pop production.
D.C. favorites plan to take over the nation with an intense sound

Daring Discord

*by Dan Jensen*

PONY EXPRESS RECORD, SHUDDER TO THINK'S major label debut since their Dischord days, maintains the vigor of their earlier classics. Funeral at the Movies ('90), Ten Spit ('91) and Get Your Goat ('92) met with regional success even though the band was working in a more electric direction. Following the release of 1992's Get Your Goat, the band's original lineup took a well-deserved break from performing. Bassist Stuart Hill to form the unit found on Pony Express Record. In late '92 came the band's final Dischord release, the "Hit Liquor" / "No Rm. 9, Kentucky" seven-inch single. In '93, they piqued the interest of Sony Music with their cover of "Animal Wild" on Sweet Relief. Soon after, the band signed with Epic Records and entered the studio to work on their first album in two years.

Pony Express Record picks up, quite literally, where they left off with the inclusion of the two-year old songs "Hit Liquor," the album's opener, and "No Rm. 9, Kentucky." The rest of the record, however, consists of entirely new material. Gang of S is straight ahead riff-rock with a discordant guitar break and a catchy chorus. The lyrics are typical Wedren, out in left field and delightfully cryptic: "One honey donut and our lips are stuck to the seat." 9 Fingers on You" and "Chuka" fall into much the same realm, with guitarist Larson never failing to churn out some interesting licks. These songs will satisfy some of the band's earlier fans who were drawn by the more straight-ahead nature of the first two Dischord releases.

But Shudder has not lost the experimental vigor of Get Your Goat. Songs like "Sweet Year Old" and "Trackstar" tread new ground in rock 'n roll, while "Own Me" and "So Into You" create a kind of modern blues. Both songs showcase Wedren's incredible vocal and emotional range. "Own Me" descends from the simple confident statement, "Girl, you don't own me," into a mournful goodbye and then to the bluesy swagger of an after-hours cabaret. The music embodies the temptations of love and sex, while Wedren stubbornly resists through his vocals.

"So Into You" pulls out all the stops of a blues classic and throws a little John Coltrane-era jazz into the mix. The first verse is a vocal solo which descends into a traditionally-structured chorus. For the second verse, the bass and guitar drone underneath the original melody while Wedren embellishes it in an Indian-sounding manner, calling the modal jazz experimentation of Coltrane material like "Alabama" and "Blue Train."

Pony Express Record is a mature record, one that combines the straight-edged rock of Shudder to Think's early recordings with the experimentation of its more recent work. While staunch indie music listeners might balk at the band's decision to jump to a major label, there is no doubt that Shudder has not lost any of it's cutting edge attitude. Also, the hooks on Pony Express Record will bring this well-deserving band to a wider audience.

They're very big in Berlin.
Downtown Philly from French to Fish

Chow, Baby

You know the drill: you get back to Philly with the best of intentions — a culinary and cultural wanderlust — but in the end you get caught in that same Le Anh's/Beijing rut. Well, this is the year to break out, to try something new, to venture past 30th Street into the great urban beyond. Don't know where to start? Let your taste-testing guardian angels here at Scene help.

We begin our eastward journey at Odeon. Captivating windows look out onto 12th Street, but there's no sign to guide you into the most elegant and affordable French bistro in Philadelphia. Upon entering, you're taken into a subtly lit oak and marble interior divided by a grand staircase and filled with the soft strains of stylish jazz.

The second floor provides an escape from the after-work chatter of the downstairs. With the friendly service and the gently romantic ambiance, Odeon is the perfect spot for a pre-theatre dinner or first date.

The Mediterranean fish soup with rouille ($5) is a house specialty, with a smooth texture and a distinctly nonfishy taste. The herbed-crusted St. Peter's Fish ($16) over jasmine rice with a ginger-tomato sauce was at once crispy and tender.

Dock Street Brewing Co.'s wide appeal comes not only from its unassuming but confident attitude, but also its laid-back style. With a brewery right on the restaurant premises, Dock Street offers international-style handcrafted brews like dark Munich style Dunkel, the light Oktoberfest Marzen, an almost black London Porter and the popular Czechoslovakian inspired Bohemian Pilsner. Available in rounds of tasters ($3.50) for the curious or in yards ($10.00), half yards ($6.75) and feet ($3.00) for the truly bohemian, the drinks can be enjoyed by serving at, or on antique English bistro tables and bar tops.

As with fine restaurants' wine lists, the menu is designed to best complement the beers. The basil pesto chicken served with French potato salad and shaved vegetables ($8.50) is a flat-cry from the very American conception of cold beer, chicken wings and ranch dressing.

Dock Street has all the excellent tastes desired in any dining excursion, the friendliness of a neighborhood pub and the world's best beer.

The Dock Street Brewing Co., 2 Logan Square (18th & Cherry Sts), (215) 696-0441. Reservations preferred, all major credit cards accepted.

Stripped Bass is about presentation, performance and aesthetics. From the warm peach- and earthy green tones in the tables, marble columns and moss palms to the complementing textures and tastes in dishes, everything has been planned to the last exquisite detail.

The tuna carpaccio ($8.50) offers thinly sliced sushi-grade tuna with sharp, almost bitter coriander and parsley salad and some properly salty won ton crisp. The moroccan baked pennerano fish ($30) in a sauce accented by the sweetness of orange peel and light tartness of lemon requires only a French Chardonnay as accompaniment.

Stripped Bass, 1500 Walnut St, (215) 732-4444. Reservations required, not held after fifteen minutes. All major credit cards.

Ralph's is the kind of place where your grandparents would go for spaghetti with mussels and wine every Thursday, every week for twenty years. It's the kind of place where the tables are close enough for you to carry on conversations with the party two tables away — and you do. Ralph's is a fourth-generation family restaurant with a history that dates from the pre-WWII floor to the original ballroom ceiling from the day when the building was a three-star hotel. Diners have raised their children on the DiSpigno family's fresh pastas and homemade desserts, and will continue to for generations to come.

The veal medallions served with mozzarella, asparagus tips and button mushrooms ($12) in an onion-tomato cream sauce were mild yet flavorful. But the true test of any Italian restaurant is its fettuccine Alfredo. After one bite of Ralph's crowd-pleasing dish, all you can say is fresh — from the cheese to the cream to the eggs, this is a dish born ten minutes before it's presented on your plate.

If you plan on dessert, plan ahead and leave room: the bulk of the after-dinner menu consists of rich desserts such as cheesecakes, tortes, succulent cannoli cake and tiramisu. If you're in the mood for ice creaminess, there's also homemade spumoni and tufon.

Once in The Saloon, we fell victim to servers whose smiles could have frozen over the sun, and whose accompanying bored tour-guide voices described the day's seafood market with a patronizing air.

Once they found out the true identity of our secret reporters, however, butter couldn't melt quicker in their mouths, and they circled the table like hawks, hoisting close to snatch away the plates as soon as the forks were put down. The overall effect was a little too Chilis, not a swank joint where you pay $24 for swordfish that's not cooked all the way through.

While the food rated higher than the service (high marks for fillets and the fedelini vongole), the experience drove our agents to the loo, where they took advantage of the Saloon's complimentary mouthwash to rinse the evening's bad taste away.

The Saloon, 750 S 7th St, (215) 627-1811, only Amex and cash, reservations recommended.

Jennifer Dowling & Elva Ramirez

15 September
It seems hard to imagine that the erosion of a collective human soul, the destruction of meaning and the end of life as we know it could be summed up with the title Half Asleep In Frog Pajamas. It is, however, paradoxes like this one that give meaning to Tom Robbins' latest novel.

Like all of Robbins' work, including the recently Hollywood-treated Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, Half Asleep features a handful of bizarre characters, each of whom attempt, either through a didactic sexual relationship or osmosis, to teach the protagonist (that being the reader) the way to true happiness. To do so, they attempt to drag a bright, but closed-minded yuppie (read: mainstream American society) kicking and screaming into the author's version of enlightenment.

Philosophically, Robbins seems to believe that life is about the enjoyment of laughter, freedom and art. While his answer to life's Big Question appears deceptively naïve to some and hopelessly irresponsible to others, it is nonetheless convincing in its simplicity.

Not surprisingly, Robbins' philosophy carries over to his writing style, which is simple, funny and extremely readable. But Half Asleep's fast-paced, humorous prose has not outweighed what every fan of Robbins knows he is: a writer of the perfect sentence.

To wit, "Belford is lying on the bed, eyes closed and an expression on his face that could end three Italian operas and still have enough anguish left over to butter an existentialist's toast."

Although Robbins can match quips with any writer in America's literary history, Half Asleep in Frog Pajamas is not high literature. It is, however, entertainment, and you would be hard pressed to find much better entertainment anywhere.

—Christopher Pryor

Self-taught and self-promoted, Philadelphia photographer Arm Specter is the first artist exhibiting in the Emerging Artist Series at the Esther M. Klein Art Gallery at 3600 Market St. The exhibit, entitled Close-ups — Abstract Images for Tomorrow, features both color photographs and a more recent foray into computer images. The works focus on the visual and psychological impact of abstract images, textures, color and light, with most of the outdoor photographs appearing in places ordinarily ignored by passers-by. The photographs examine random swipes of graffiti on walls, parts of buildings, signs and structures, streets and sidewalks. The graphics go beyond fractals to the unanticipated harmony of a patternless collaboration. The exhibit runs through September 30, with gallery hours Monday through Friday, 9-5 p.m.

—Jennifer Dowling

Out of Tylenol for your frat party hangover? Are half of your books still on order at the bookstore? Well, here's the aesthetic hypodermic for that which ails. The Clay Studio on 139 N. Second St. celebrates its 20th Anniversary by hosting a huge exhibition. This contemporary exhibit features clay sculpture, pottery and paintings from over 130 artists.

The show is very diverse in its use both of media and artistic background, while delivering a great number of intriguing works. Perhaps the most impressive is "Thinking Woman," by contemporary sculptor Viola Frey. This way-larger-than-life clay sculpture is a feast for the eyes of any avid art-gazer. The pitted, glazed texture and sheer size of the piece both contribute to the visual excitement elicited by "Thinking Woman." Other highlights of the show include Native American pottery by the renowned artist Lucy Lewis of the Acoma Pueblo in northern New Mexico. Anita Powell, a contemporary sculptor, gives the show a touch of the surreal with her piece "Red Cup."

Now is the time to shake a leg and groove on over to The Clay Studio, cause there's a whole lot of culture waiting out there if you're willing to leave the wild West. The exhibit is free but only lasts a few weeks. For further information call 925-3453. —J.A. Stevens

Stephen Hawking's A Brief History of Time caught the reading public by surprise. With most best-sellers absorbed in the love lives of chunky middle-aged women, Time converted scientific jargon into readable prose and made cosmology the hottest intellectual property since relativity.

Hawking's newest book, Black Holes and Baby Universes and Other Essays, says just as much about the man behind the telescope as science itself. It assembles speeches and short essays delivered for conferences and ceremonies, many of which deal with Hawking's disability: Lou Gehrig's Disease.

Able to speak only through the help of a computer, Hawking describes the painstaking chores of his daily life. He recounts phases of his childhood and his rise in the academic world, where he now holds the Isaac Newton Chair in Physics at Oxford University.

A few essays elaborate on astronomical questions, but Hawking's words are most powerful when describing the draining battle with his own body. He may have explained the universe to us, but Hawking proves we still have much to learn about our own lives on this planet.

—Dennis Berman
**THEATRES**

**AMC WALNUT MALL**
9025 Walnut, 222-4244
Natural Born Killers Fri, Mon-Tue 5:30, 8:10; Sat-Sun 2:30, 4:10, 10:15
Time Cop Fri, Mon-Tue 5:10, 7:30, 10:15; Sat-Sun 1:30, 5:15, 7:30, 10:15
Fresh Fri, Mon-Tue 7:30, 7:45, 10:30; Sat-Sun 1:45, 5:30, 7:45, 10:30

**AMC MIDTOWN**
1412 Chestnut, 567-7800
Lion King Fri-Sun 1:45, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30; Mon-Thu 5:45, 9:45; Good Man in Africa Fri-Sun 1:45, 5:30, 9:15; Mon-Thu 7:45, 10: Mon-Thu 7:30, 10

**AMC OLDE CITY**
2nd and Sansom, 627-5666
Trial By Jury Fri-Sun 2, 5, 7, 10, 10; Mon-Tue 5:30, 7:45, 10: The Giant Fri-Sun 2, 5, 7, 10; 10:30, Mon-Tue 4:35, 9:45; Wed-Thu 5:30, 9:45

**ERIC'S RITTENHOUSE**
1907 Walnut, 567-0020
Princess Caraboo Fri-Thu 1, 3:10, 5:20, 7:30; 9:45; Milk Money Fri-Sun 1:30, 4:30, 7:30; 9:30; Forrest Gump Fri-Thu 1, 4, 7, 10

**SAMERIC**
1901 Chestnut, 567-0043
Time Cop Fri-Thu 1, 3:20, 5:30, 7:30, 10: Next Karate Kid 1, 4, 7, 10; Clear and Present Danger Fri-Thu 1:30, 4:20, 7:20, 10; Clear and Present Danger Fri-Thu 1:30, 4:20, 7:20; 9:30; Forrest Gump Fri-Thu 1, 4, 7, 10

**RITZ AT THE BOURSIE**
4th St. north of Chestnut, 295-7900
Corrina Corrina Fri-Sun 12:30, 2:30; 5:10, 7:30, 9:30; Killing Zoe Fri-Sun 1:30, 3:55, 5:45, 7:45; 9:30; Fresh Fri-Sun 1:30, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 10:30; Priscilla, Queen of the Desert Fri-Sun 12:15, 2:45, 5:15, 7:45, 9:30, 10:05; A Place in the World Fri-Sun 1:15, 4:15, 7

**RITZ FIVE**
201 Walnut, 295-7900
Barcelona Fri-Sun 1, 3:10, 5:30; 7:40; Natural Born Killers Fri-Sun 12, 2:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30; Quiz Show Fri-Sun 11:00, 1:15, 4:35, 5:30, 7:45, 9:30, 10:15; Priscilla, Queen of the Desert Fri-Sun 12:45, 2:35, 5:05, 7:15, 9:25, 10:15

**THE ROXY**
“A Beacon in the Night” 202 Sansom, 567-9098
Sparkling the Monkey Fri-Sun 1, 3:30, 5:30; 7:30, 9:30; Mon-Thur 1, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30; Milk Money Fri-Sun 1, 4:30, 7:10, 10; Gas Crazy Fri-Sun 1, 4:15, 8:35

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**UA RIVERVIEW**
Red and Delaware, 755-2219
Time Cop Fri-Thu 1, 3:20, 5:40, 10:20; Princess Caraboo Fri-Thu 10, 1:10, 3:10, 5:25, 7:25; Repulsion Fri-Thu 1:10, 5:40, 10:10; It Could Happen to You Fri-Thu 3:20, 7:20; Milk Money Fri-Thu 2, 4:30, 7:30, 10:30; Color of Night Fri-Thu 7:30, 10:10; Clear and Present Danger Fri-Thu 1:30, 4:20, 7:20, 10:20; The Mask Fri-Thu 1:40, 4:20, 7:30, 9:30; Forrest Gump Fri-Thu 1, 4, 7, 10

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To win soundtracks (either on CD or cassette) and T-shirts for the new Miramax film, Fresh, call 898-SWAMP Friday btwn. 5:20 & 5:25 (no earlier, no later) with the answer to the following question: In Fresh, star Samuel L. Jackson’s Amos & Andrew, who played Andrew?
**music**

**THURSDAY**

**THE FRIGGS w/ THE ULYSSES**

It doesn’t get much better than this. The legendary Friggs rock the Troc. If you’re 21, you can even get buttwasted in style. (The Trocadero, 10th & Arch Streets, 923-ROCK)

**HUFFAMOUSE w/ DIRGES**

Huffamouse is making quite a name for itself here in this big town. They’re gonna be bigger than them one day, and you can say you saw them when they were just a third-rate band. Lucky you. (Khvyber Pass, 56 S. 2nd St., 440-9683)

**SUNDAY**

**THE LIDDs**

Unless you’re a freshman you’ve heard of these skaheads. They’re Penn’s best ska band, and probably Penn’s best band. And you may see them show you in this magazine in the future… (Smokcy Joe’s, 208 S. 40th St., 222-0770)

**FRIDAY**

**LUSCIOUS JACKSON**

You must go see this band. They’re fresh off the second stage of Lollapalooza, which means they’re the shit. Taking in this show could do wonders for your social standing. (The Trocadero, 10th & Arch Streets, 923-ROCK)

**SATURDAY**

**GOD IS MY CO-PILOT w/ RUINS, PURPLE CIRCLE 7**

Purple Circle 7 is a Phily band from New York. Even though they’re opening this one it’s the best reason to see this show. Knees are one of those Japanese bands making noise in the States and the openers are just okay. (Khvyber Pass, 56 S. 2nd St., 440-9683)

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**CLARK PARK MUSIC FESTIVAL**

Featuring The Goats, Papaya, Ma Fang, Go To Blazes and Mel’s. It’s the best afternoon and there’ll be people selling stuff.

**WEDNESDAY**

**STEREOLAB w/ THE SPINANES**

Stereolab is the new thing on DRE and soon they’ll be your new thing. This is surely the best way to get over your week’s hump — if you know what we mean. (The Trocadero, 10th & Arch Streets, 923-ROCK)

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