Columbia newspaper editor resigns over ethics controversy

By RANN FISCHERMAN

COLUMBIA, Page A10

The symposium will center around recognizability as a major part of American public discourse. Topics will include the paradox of American society— in which people are urged to be accountable in some respects of their lives while being held accountable in other respects. It will be directed to the strictest interpretations of ethical guidance to presenting the daily news honestly and objectively, with empathy for the community. It will also be directed to the public.
**TUESDAY**

**Housing & Community Development**

**IN BRIEF**

Freshman elections to begin today
The Class Board election causes excitement on campus today and tomorrow from 10 a.m. until 10 p.m. on Locust Walk in front of Benjamin Franklin Hall. There will be 33 candidates running for 10 positions, including president, vice president, finance director, and others. Voting will take place on Campus Monday through Wednesday.

**Crime Reports**

**Shootings**

- **October 18** — A University Police officer was guarding a Bay View Hotel in South Philadelphia when he heard six to seven gunshots. He arrived on the scene at Metallo and Walnut streets and saw a man who was shot and fell to the ground. The officer immediately called for backup, and additional University and Philadelphia policemen were sent to the scene. Three units responded. The victim, who was described as being in his late 20s, was transferred to the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania. The Philadelphia Police Department remains in critical condition. Police recovered multiple shell casings and determined the victim was in the area but had since left. The male assailant escaped on foot.

- **October 19** — A University alumna was arrested after being caught with a bag containing four pounds of hash at JFK. Mark's Square and South Street at approximately 12:00 a.m. on Friday.

**Robberies**

- **October 14** — A University employee was robbed of $200 in cash and a backpack by two men at 6th and Market streets. The victim, who was on her way to the Brady Library, was approached by the suspects and then physically assaulted. The victim was able to escape with her belongings.

**Vandalism**

- **October 18** — A man broke the windows of a surveyor's office at 34th and Chestnut streets.

All information was obtained from University Police.

**Quote of the Day**

"It is useful for everyone to have one or two bad days. Sleep is for forgotten things." — Assistant Professor of Neuroscience, University of Pennsylvania

**Correction and Clarification**

If you have a news tip or a question about the paper, you can contact the Managing Editor at 898-8711 or m.knight@daily.penn. An anonymous tip line is also available at 898-1111.

**Letter to the Editor**

WHERE'S SCOTT?????

I have been trying to figure out where Scott is. I have phone numbers, cell phone numbers, and email addresses, but I have not been able to track him down. I am looking for him to meet up and discuss some business.

Gregory Montunaro

**Sports Night Editors**

**IN BRIEF**

**Women's Dinner**

Date: Friday, October 21
Place: Bowl Room, Houston Hall
Time: 7:00-10:00 p.m

CPSU Library, McNeill Building

Sign up at the CAS desk in the CPSU Office

**CAS CAREER SEMINAR**

**INTERVIEWING: THE EMPLOYER'S PERSPECTIVE**

Wednesday, October 26, 1994
7-9 p.m.
Ben Franklin Room, Houston Hall

**Are You Considering Professional School?**

**HARVARD UNIVERSITY'S JOHN F. KENNEDY SCHOOL OF GOVERNMENT**

Is looking for future leaders in Public Affairs.

- **A 2-year MPA Program in Public Policy, with concentrations offered in:**
  - Criminal Justice
  - Energy & Environmental Policy
  - Government & Business
  - Housing & Community Development
  - Human Services
  - International Affairs & Security
  - International Development
  - International Trade & Finance
  - Press & Politics
  - Science & Technology
  - Urban Economics
  - Urban Economic Development

Interested? Then come meet with the Kennedy School Representative who will visit Campus on Wednesday, October 26, 1994.

**TIME:**

11:00 a.m. group session

**LOCATION:**

Please contact the Student Counseling/Office at the University of Pennsylvania for the specific location.

ALL STUDENTS, ALL YEAR, ALL MAJORS WELCOME!
They are professional beggars. And for athletics. Donors included George Steinbrenner, Bill Cosby and Paul Schoenberger. "They are professional beggars," said former softball player Cherie Gerstadt who graduated in May. "They don't feel the obligation to give back. That is a bad cycle."

"It is the ultimate Catch-22," added Gerstadt's former teammate Lauri Moore, who first approached the Women's Law Project after hearing a seminar at the University on Title IX. "It was opened in 1978." On the face it has propelled women's athletics to new heights. In the early 1970s, approximately 30,000 women were participating in intercollegiate sports. That number has swelled to over 200,000 today. In the early 1980s, most athletic departments spent less on men's sports for every dollar they spent on women's sports. That ratio now is 4:1, just women now are being paid 61 percent of student-athletes' salaries.

Across the country, universities are grappling with Title IX regulations. In 1981, Brown trimmed its female athlete population from 40 percent to 31 percent in an effort to balance the number of male athletes. If Brown's male/female ratio is found to be in violation of Title IX, Penn could be asked to add women's sports or slash men's sports. Bilsky said the other choice is to cut athletic opportunities or add women's sports programs, which is the only way to bring Penn into compliance with Title IX.

"I asked the other choice to be cut our men's sports, if that is the only way you can get to those proportions, and I think that is horrible. At Penn and in the Ivy League, there is no margin for error." Boston athletic director David Buchs said. Buchs said he is considering ways to bring Penn into compliance with the Title IX regulations. Buchs is also concerned about future cuts to Penn's athletic programs. Buchs said the university is now trying to find new ways to raise money. Buchs said if the university is not able to raise money it will be forced to cut athletic programs.

"The principle of gender equity is to try to provide comparable opportunities for men and women. We need to look at what means and how we do get there."

— Athletic Director Steve Bilsky

"It can be done with a lot of creativity and imagination. With 32 sports at the University of Pennsylvania, we have the ability to raise money more easily. The key is to put the interest of the coaches at the forefront and the interest of the university at the forefront." Buchs said. Buchs said he is also concerned about the future of the university's athletic programs. Buchs said he is considering ways to bring Penn into compliance with the Title IX regulations. Buchs is also concerned about future cuts to Penn's athletic programs. Buchs said the university is now trying to find new ways to raise money. Buchs said if the university is not able to raise money it will be forced to cut athletic programs.

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Ligitation and fundraising are just two of the same plans in the ongoing effort to attain gender equity in Ivy League sports.
Explanations

The Daily Pennsylvanian explains the reasons for the Nominations and Elections Committee to do the same.

Three freshman Undergraduate Assembly candidates were disqualified at the Nominations and Elections Committee Fair Practices Code hearing.

One of them, Steven Schorr, was disqualified last week for being quoted on the record in The Daily Pennsylvania.

We do not have to abide by the NEC’s Fair Practices Code, we do try to follow journalism as fairly as possible.

It is a difficult standard to aspire to, and one that we have often been accused of not reaching.

Our intentions in running Steven Schorr’s and Cheryl Harnlic’s name were not born out of malice, but just the opposite — we aspired to wardsific stopping of the University student and journalists, it is difficult to achieve.

We try to be as transparent as possible in our editorial decisions in the interest of objectivity and impartiality.

In light of this, we urge the NEC to clarify this add openness to its griev ance hearings.

At present, these hearings are open, but deliberations are closed to the public — no one outside the group knows exactly why one candidate was punished and not another.

The NEC’s power to over rule the students — a democratically elected candidate can be disqualified if the committee supports the complaint against him.

We urge the NEC to lend transparency to its proceedings and explain the nature and reasoning behind each decision.

The NEC’s decision may never be reached — this does not make it any less worthy a goal to strive for.

The Daily Pennsylvanian wishes comments — knowing that such ac

The Daily Pennsylvanian welcomes comments from the University community, in all its diversity, will be at your disposal.

Our problems are threefold: insufficient funding, outdated facilities, and a lack of recognition by the University administration, faculty or student body for the difficulties faced by the performing arts community.

We are a student newspaper, and we are made to feel privileged to use the space and are often informed in advance of our daily operation.

The Performing Arts Council serves as a representative for student-performers participating in any of the University’s many performing organizations involved with arts and media.

• Administrative support — which so far has been given only by a select, concerned few, within the administration and in the arts at Penn as well as within the University community, it’s an open secret or an addressed for too long.

The Arts Task Force, which has been created, is a beginning. It must be given the same attention as other student groups, and the University administration, faculty, and student body must be held accountable for the funding and recognition they are due.

Rosalie Will is a senior Jewish Studies major from Aiken, S.C., and chairperson of the Performing Arts Council.

The Happy Boys

When the paint for the United States Capitol was last applied before Congress took over the building in 1800, and before Congress's building was constructed in the late 1820s, it is possible that no one in the United States had a clear understanding of the role of the Capitol in the American system of government. It was a practical necessity to have a national government building, and the Capitol was designed to serve as a symbol of the nation's power.

The Capitol building was constructed as a symbol of the nation's power, and it continues to serve as a symbol of the nation's power today. The Capitol is the seat of the federal government, and it is the home of the House of Representatives and the Senate, the two chambers of Congress.

The Capitol is also the home of the Supreme Court, the highest court in the United States. The Supreme Court is the final court of appeal for the United States, and it is responsible for interpreting the Constitution and for ensuring that the laws of the United States are fair and just.

The Capitol building is an important part of the nation's history and culture, and it is a symbol of the nation's power and its commitment to democracy. It is also a symbol of the nation's commitment to the rule of law, and it is a symbol of the nation's commitment to protecting the rights of all Americans. The Capitol is a symbol of the nation's power and of its commitment to democracy, and it is a symbol of the nation's commitment to the rule of law.
Rodin announces plans

Rodin plans to send her ideas to the Provost's Council on Undergraduate Education, the chairperson of the Faculty Senate Committee on Students and Educational Policy, a trustee representative, a student representative from each school and a faculty member from a professional graduate program, but not have an undergraduate program.

Rodin added that she has heard "this widely characterized as a concern that has not yet provided the full range of experiences for its undergraduate population."

"We think that Penn can be even better," she said, "this is the moment in which we really need to think about the 21st century and the Penn undergraduate experience in the 21st century."

"We are very much looking at how to take advantage of the strengths of the schools," she said, "and the strengths that we have all," she added.

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Lawyer on hunger strike to free husband

WASHINGTON, D.C., told The Associated Press.

The army says Jennifer Harbury's husband, Everardo Bala-

terry, saying she will fast until the army frees her guerril-

lawyer on hunger strike to free husband

Thursday, October 20, 1994

A3

A CALL FOR ACTION:

Mayo Ed Bendel speaks in front of the University Museum as part of the 1994 Phila AIDS Walk last weekend.

The army says Jennifer Harbury's husband, Everardo Bala-

She claims her husband was illegally detained and tor-

City City City

City City City

Carolyn S. Kepner

Children and踊ed girls

The death toll climbed to nine on

The Houston attorney said he planned to

She claims her husband was illegally detained and tor-

She claims her husband was illegally detained and tor-

The city's health department was spreading apologies

The Texas attorney general's office

In all, 45 people, bus passengers

Three bodies were pulled from the

BACKYARD: A unique work, study and hiking experience in Israel. For Jewish men and women ages 21-30 with minimal Jewish background.

December 25th is an important date.

In a resolution submitted Tuesday, panel members asked

Richman sent letters of apology to members of the 36-

For driver Ovadia, a father of six.

The best-known routes through Israel's

The floodwaters turned a bustling street into a scene from

For driver Ovadia, a father of six.

City police said.

For driver Ovadia, a father of six.

City police said.

The blast set off a wide-ranging crackdown on

The Texas attorney general's office

In all, 45 people, bus passengers

The Texas attorney general's office

The attack, the worst in Israel in 16

Crime scene photos showed two bodies

The bodies of six people, including security

The Texas attorney general's office

In all, 45 people, bus passengers

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The Texas attorney general's office
Radio tour

WHERE it all began...When Pickett led the tour to Hous ton Hall yesterday, she found a crowd of students for the Women's Center, where she works as a member of the Penn Women's Alliance Leadership Team. "Since we are standing here, can I ask you to give me a round of applause?" Pickett asked.

ManypassersbybecameexcitedwhentheylearnedthatRobertandSteve Cherubinwouldbeattendingtheinauguralroutchesterday.Trying to prepare to deal with the side effects, some of the treatment de
tors are now concerned withbladd

INTERVIEWING IN THE PHILADELPHIA AREA

December 1 & 2.

Resumes will be accepted through November 3rd.

We are an Equal Opportunity Employer.

SIX CONTINENTS, ONE WORLD

Saturday, October 22 11 a.m. to 4 p.m.

RAIDERS OF THE LOST ARK on the BIG SCREEN!

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM

of Archaeology and Anthropology

33rd and Spruce Streets

"WHAT IN THE WORLD?"

Recreations of the famous, nationally televised 1950s program.

Join in, cheer on, and try to outwit Museum experts guessing the use and origin of Museum artifacts!

A DAY OF ARCHAEOLOGICAL DISCOVERY

Program supported by The Pew Charitable Trusts

GOT A NEWS TIP? CALL 898-6585 ANYTIME.
"Simplify, simplify."

Henry David Thoreau

"Hey, that's not a bad idea."

AT&T

AT&T Universal MasterCard.
The credit, cash and calling card. All in one.

The AT&T Universal MasterCard. No annual fee—ever. Access to cash at over 35,000 locations. Plus an AT&T calling card. Because life should be contemplated. Not complicated.

Call 1 800 438-8627 to request an application.
Trustees to hold meeting on campus today

By RANU FERGUSON
The executive committee of the Board of Trustees is expected to elect Roy Vagelos as its new chairperson and discuss the addition of four government-appointed trustees to the Board.

At its stated meeting today, the Board of Trustees is expected to elect Roy Vagelos as its new chairperson and discuss the addition of four government-appointed trustees to the Board.

At the time, Pennsylvania state officials disagreed about the new laws, Vagelos was brought up in July, Shoemaker said he was "not particularly excited about it."

Special Roll?

Give It Special Care With KODALUX Processing.

McKinsey & Company, Inc.

McKinsey & Company will be conducting on-campus interviews of our 2-year business analyst program on January 17 and 18, 1995. Students interested in interviewing should submit their resume to On-Campus Recruiting by Thursday, October 20, 1994.

Under separate cover you should submit:

• A cover letter
• A copy of your most recent transcript
• Your overall GPA
• Your math and verbal SAT scores (or GMAT if you have taken this test)
• Your location preference(s)

Please submit this information to:
Zulma Verdejo, Recruiting Administrator McKinsey & Company, Inc. 55 East 52nd Street New York, NY 10022

This information must be received no later than October 20, 1994.
**INTERFRATERNITY COUNCIL 1994 FALL RUSH OPEN HOUSE SCHEDULE**

The following is a schedule of all open rush events. If you haven’t already registered for IFC rush, you may do so at any one of the chapters on Sunday, October 23rd. Additionally, please feel free to call the Office of Fraternity and Sorority Affairs at 988-5263 if you have any questions regarding the schedule or the rush process.

**Good Luck.**

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**INTERESTED IN GOING TO LAW SCHOOL?**

**THE ASSISTANT DEAN FOR ADMISSIONS AT GEORGETOWN UNIVERSITY LAW CENTER**

**WILL BE CONDUCTING INFORMATION SESSIONS FOR PROSPECTIVE LAW SCHOOL STUDENTS ON**

**WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 26, 1994 AT 1:30 AND 2:30 P.M.**

ADVANCE SIGN UPS REQUIRED CONTACT CPPS IN THE GRADUATE AND PROFESSIONAL AREA

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**Maraton Associates**

**MANAGEMENT CONSULTANTS**

Cordially invites the University of Pennsylvania Class of 1995 to an Information Session

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**CAREER OPPORTUNITIES IN MANAGEMENT CONSULTING**

**Monday, October 24th, 1994 3:00 p.m.**

**Alumni Hall, The Faculty Club**

**Reception to follow**

Michael Martin 93  
Julie Duda 93  
Lena Wong 94  
Jeff Shinn 93

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**STAMFORD • LONDON • MELBOURNE**

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Penn escapes Lions' attack
Quakers hold on for 12-3 win

Senior tailback Terrance Stokes rushed for 193 yards Saturday as the Penn football team won a battle of field goals over Columbia, 12-3. The Quakers experienced trouble in the Red Zone.

Sophomore quarterback Mark DeRosa found the sure hands of junior wide receiver Miles Mack to make a grab during Penn's 12-0 win Saturday. Since Mack joined the varsity squad last season, the Quakers haven't lost.

By JED WITTMAN
Daily Pennsylvanian Senior Sports Writer

Senior Terrence Stokes rushed for 193 yards Saturday at Franklin Field. Sophomore quarterback Mark DeRosa was 22 for 34 with 263 yards against a porous Columbia secondary.

Despite this 40-yard offensive explosion, the co-defensive captain Pete P. Columbia in 12-3. The Quakers were not the victims of poor soundscaping around. However, they were victims of the Red Zone.

Excluding the final possession of the game, when the Penn offense was simply trying to run out the clock, the Quakers had the ball inside the Lions' 25-yard line eight times.

The read was backhanded, four field goals, one missed field goal, two interceptions and one turnover-on-shoes.

"Thank God Andrew [Lukowski] was kicking the ball well," were the first words from relieved Penn coach Al Bagnoli following the game. "It's a little flattering to have the field position, but it's a lot more flattering when you score on how many times — and come away with four field goals.

The reasons for the impotence of the Penn offense inside the Red Zone were multiple — from spectacular defensive plays to errant passes to plain bad luck. Most importantly, they were not able to convert field goals into touchdowns.

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Football can't score in Red Zone

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New England Consulting Group

Our Client List Speaks for Itself...

AT&T
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AVON
BASSICK & LIMI
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BIC
BONNEY & SMITH
BRITISH MYERS SQUIBB
BROWN FORMAX
CARDIAC KOMPRESSES
CATHAY PACIFIC
CHARLES SCHWAB
CIRCULAR CLIPS
CLINIQUE
CLOROX
COCO COLA
CONAGRA PAISLEY
CPC INTERNATIONAL
DRIECKT
DIN & BRADSTREET
EASTMAN KODAK
FIDELITY
FREIA
GELATIN
GEOX
GENERAL MILLS
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LARK
LOCKHEED
MADISON MILL
MARTIN MARIETTA
MCCORMICK
MeadJohnson
MERRILL LYNCH
MILES
MILLER BREWING
MORIL
NABISCO
NESTLE
NESTLE/ALPEN MILK
NESTLE/CEREALES
NESTLE/ITALIA
NESTLE/SOUTH AMERICA
NESTLE/SOUTH AFRICA
NESTLE/TRANSNIS
NEW YORK HOSPITAL
NEW YORK WATER WORKS
NIBCO
NIXON
N Strategy
OLDE TRAFFIC
OKINAWA
P & G
P & G FOODS
P & G PHARMACEUTICALS
P & G PLASTICS
P & G TOILET TOWELS
P & G UNDERWEAR
P & G WILLOW HILL
POLAROID
POLICY
PROcter & GALLAgHER
QUAKER
RAILWAYS
RAY BAN
REMEDY
REMINGTON
Remy AMBROSE
RIB NARICO
RUBENNAID
RUSSELL ATHLETIC
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SARA LEE
SCOTT PAPER
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Undergraduate Presentation & Reception
Thursday, October 27, 1994
Houston Hall Bodek Lounge
7:00 - 9:00 pm

Meet
Skip Yowell
member of the first American ascent of
Mt. Kanchenjunga
and co-founder of Jansport
when he shares his adventures and video
at the Bookstore!

Date: Thursday, October 20, 1994
Time: 11:00 a.m. - 2:00 p.m.
Location: University of Pennsylvania Bookstore

Skip Yowell took part in the first American ascent of Mt. Kanchenjunga in 1984. He has been involved in many innovations such as the first dome tent and the flexible frame pack. His recent adventures have included photographing African wildlife and climbing Mt. Kilimanjaro.

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(Retail Value $24.95 each)

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Time: 7:00 - 9:00 p.m.
Place: Steinberg Hall - Dietrich Hall
Room 211

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M. Soccer runs into trouble in Florida

BY TERRI HERAS
Daily Pennsylvania Sports Writer

Coach George O'Neill warned the team to stay away from Florida Atlantic's Robert Poe. But Poe freed himself from officials and curled in for a header. As Poe moved into the penalty box, two red cards already this season, he hit him during Sunday's soccer match. Poe suffered a concussion and a fractured collarbone when Poe showed up for the season.

The Quakers, dominated by Florida Atlantic's Robert Poe. But Penn's leading scorer was given a red card for the kick to the head. Poe, who is the nation's leading scorer, was ejected for his actions, just as he had been during the 1993 season. The Quakers were without Poe for the first half of the game. The Quakers picked up their play in the second half and cemented the victory.

Poe came out strong in the first half and scored a goal in the second half. Poe also scored a lead in the first half.

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Poe was ejected from the game just two minutes into overtime. Poe was sent on his way by two red cards already this season, but he later received his red card. Poe freed himself from officials and curled in for a header. As Poe moved into the penalty box, two red cards already this season, he hit him during Sunday's soccer match. Poe suffered a concussion and a fractured collarbone when Poe showed up for the season.

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Attention All Penn Hoops Fans...
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The Palestra is the place to be during the 1994-95 college basketball season. It's America's No. 1 place for college hoops and the home of the Pennsylvania Quakers, one of the top 25 teams in the nation. With four starters returning from last year's 25-3 team, it looks like another great year for the Quakers...

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- Beginning on Oct. 24 at 12 a.m. (midnight), all members of the team must be in line.
- Beginning on Oct. 23 at 6 p.m., two members of the team must be in line.
- One member of the team must be in line at all times.
- Teams may not exceed four students and must be in line.
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Penn fails in the Red Zone

From SI
spot in the Lions' zone defense and stepped just in front of March to record his ninth interception of the season. Hudnall boasts the nation in picks.

"I take my hat off to that guy," Delonzo said. "He made a great play. They played us tough all of Saturday in their zone. We'll see a message, and we get the message."

Earlier in the half, Columbia tackle Eric Koch set the tone for the Lions defense when he made consecutive third and fourth down stops on Stokes deep in Columbia territory.

Time and time again, the Lions were able to pressure DeRosa with tackles, forcing interceptions and third and long situations that killed the Lions' drives. "DeRosa is like most teams, was more willing to take risks in the Red Zone where the field is shortened and the threat of getting beaten deep is lessened," Hudnall said. "We don't let anyone in the end zone." Hudnall said. "That's what we strive to do."

The Quakers made their share of offensive first down plays while they were knocking on the Lions' door as well.

Most blatantly, DeRosa threw a short out pass near the end zone that was knocked back by Quickback "Pig" Turner. The pass landed in the hands of Columbia strong safety Les Lind, landing Delonzo buying his helmet in his hands and Turner still searching for his first career reception. The interception was Delonzo's first as a Quak.

"That was a really bad ball on my part," Delonzo said. "It's one of the worst passes I've ever thrown."

Lady Luck was also a little bit mean to the Quakers. Glickner's 39-yard field goal attempt with 38 seconds left in the first half sailed right up and bounced back into the field of play, leaving the game tied at 3 as the teams entered the locker room.

We had no trouble moving the ball, we just didn't execute in the Red Zone," Mark said. "We made a few mental mistakes there. We will have to improve on that."

The Quaker attack knows the only offensive statistic that ultimately matters is points. This past unit is also aware that the performance in the Red Zone was truly offensive -- everybody execution results this Saturday at Brown.

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Wednesday, October 20, 1994 The Daily Pennsylvanian Page B5

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Presentation — October 20th, 1994, Samson Hall, Multi-Hall, Room 1206, 4:30 p.m.
Join Bill Wyman of Oliver, Wyman & Company at our
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Today

Thursday, October 20, 1994, at 7:00 p.m.
University of Pennsylvania Faculty Club
200 South 36th Street

Wagner's busy schedule

Wagner has been trying to gain full-time status for the last five years, arguing that he puts in as much time as much work as an full-time coaches. "As long as the University is demanding all this time, all this effort, all the responsibilities of coaching — for the same amount of hours, I think it is a full-time job," Wagner says.

But for now, as he has for the last 24 years, Wagner works part time. Considering how long he has been doing this, with such a hectic schedule and such little reward, you wonder why he keeps doing it.
Wagner's life is very busy

WAGNER from BL

The simple answer is Wagner is a jack of all trades. If you ask him, whether it be football, basketball or baseball, he is here. He is also the leader of various over-40 baseball leagues throughout the area.

"I love to play," Wagner says. "I played 15 games this summer. I played 14 out of 15." He did the travel, ball. Ball. Can play, and that's it.

High School in Camden, N.J. Wagner or "lived and died" to play football, basketball and baseball. "Those are all whole life." Wagner says. "I went to high school every day because if you missed a day in high school you weren't allowed to practice or play that week. So I had 100 percent attendance because I played every day of the week."

At Trenton (N.J.) State College, Wagner won 11 varsity letters in 12 seasons. He was All-American in football, and after graduating in 1961, Wagner received a $2,100 offer to play for the Dodgers' minor league affiliate in Spokane, Wash. But he turned it down and accepted a $1,500 position at his old high school as a teacher and head coach. "I went to high school every week. So I had 100 percent attendance because I wanted to."

Wagner won 11 varsity letters in 12 seasons. He was All-American in football, and after graduating in 1961, Wagner received a $3,700 offer to play for the Dodgers' minor league affiliate in Spokane. "I turned it down and accepted a $1,500 position at my old high school as a teacher and head coach. "I went to high school every week. So I had 100 percent attendance because I wanted to."

"I went to high school every week. So I had 100 percent attendance because I wanted to."

Wagner accepted, of course, and that's it. There is still the excitement of the event. There is still the love of the game that keeps him here. Only now the challenge is instilling that love into his athletes and watching them grow.

"The enthusiasm, the effort, the energy that's needed to perform, the competitiveness, you turn it over to your kids," Wagner says. "They've got to do it. If they believe in what you're saying, it'll be easy for you and you have some good kids to go along with, you can see your share of games and be successful."

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SPORTS WIRE
Compiled from Associated Press Dispatches

**NHL teams make season ticket-holder refund plans**

Baseball sides meet briefly; Hamelin gets AL Rookie of Year; Bradley injures left knee

The only moment in the NHL labor dispute that has brought hope to the 25 teams involved is one in which the Minnesota Wild's Wade Burbridge is making the journey back north after being traded to the North Dakota Fighting Sioux.

The longest journey that Burbridge ever had to travel was a three-hour trip from the small Minnesota town to the Twin Cities airport. But the Wild, like all the other teams, are making the journey north for a reason that their fans wouldn't approve of:

They are being dragged to bankruptcy court to recover their season ticket-holders' refunds.

Burbridge was one of 17 players and owners who met in Buffalo on Tuesday night to talk about the labor dispute.

The NHLPA, led by Bob Goodenow last Tuesday by the National Hockey League Goodenow to tell the owners that they had reached a tentative agreement to the proposal.

The owners have rejected the proposal and have announced that they will reject any proposal that has been found of work overtime. The NHL Players Association returned its support yesterday.

"Our stance has been, we're reporting the players in whatever fashion we're called to as long as we're able," Don Mattingly, who is employed by the league as a ticket-referee, told the Associated Press. "We're going to continue as long as we're able to."

The NHLPA has asked the owners to make a counter-proposal that would preserve the players' health and safety, including the right to refuse to work.

The owners have said they will not make a counter-proposal past June. In an interview in yesterday's edition of The New York Times, Bettman said that as many of the league's older buildings cannot produce adequate indoor surfaces during the summer, the league would need to make a decision about the season by mid-July. But the league is now holding the Stanley Cup Final Series in the NHL-organized building the Sunset Cup.

A day ago, the league's director of hockey operations, is retiring his tour of officiating assignments.

"I think it was a good decision," Mattingly said about the proposal. "I think we're all benefiting from that decision.""The four teams that have a 2-0 lead in the finals are now facing off Friday night."

The varsity and varsity teams that have been practicing in units of four teams have said they would not get together again.

The final, the most formidable obstacle, is the NHL's collective bargaining agreement with the NHL Players Association.

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The final, the most formidable obstacle, is the NHL's collective bargaining agreement with the NHL Players Association.
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Date: Tuesday, October 25th
Time: 7:00 pm
Where: The Faculty Club, Alumni Hall

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The Nerdy World of They Might Be Giants
Sex-Starved Things

by Jorie Green

Everywhere I looked it was the same. I was in a steamy lust-driven pit reeking of Drakkar, and the women were all gutter and yamper than I could ever be. I felt so incompetent. I didn't know how to ooze out of my clothes like that without unfastening any buttons; and no one, not even Katie Robin, my sexy friend from overnight camp who told me she wanted to be either a go-go dancer or an acrobat when she grew up, had taught me how to suck in and push out at the same time without causing permanent damage to my internal organs.

Geez, after two kamikaze shots I was in a daze, wobbling up and down the smoky dance floor trying not to either fall over in my high heels or accidentally have sex with one of the oh-so-ready Egypt Club patrons. "This is surreal," one of my patrons. This is part of the landscape here, you know. But now I knew he was right—and I would have told him, too, if I could find him in the crowd. "It's a nightmare, an absolute nightmare," I would have said. Because now I knew what was really meant by cheese. It wasn't just boys with their hair greased back hanging out on Passyunk Ave. It was a grown man in a dark, dandruff-littered suit, looking at me knowingly before he attacked another woman's mouth as if he was a vacuum cleaner and her tongue was coated in lint. It was dozens of couples, barely drunk, writhing around in each other's arms with gasps of fierce, fake passion. The I've-wanted-you-for-ever-and-now-you're-finally-mine kisses you only read about in Harlequin romance novels, except that these were complete strangers, not lifelong lovers, and romance was so absent from the scene that I was visibly upset. And I wanted to shout, don't these people have day jobs? How can anyone act like this at night, and continue on as an insurance salesman or a toll booth operator during the day? Do they heatedly grope at young women who ask them, quite politely, for correct change and directions to Harrisburg? Do they act like this in the supermarket, embracing in the meat aisle, knocking down canned tuna fish displays? Who did they think they were kidding?

Then, when I danced with a man from Greenland named Yudi—very intense looking, but a bit too pale and with acne nonetheless—I began to understand. He said, in broken English, "Baby, I want you so much." And I replied, quite cheerfully, "Hi, my name is Jorie." And he said, "Judy, I want you so much." Then he grabbed me so tightly I thought my head would pop off, and when I pushed away, he glared at me as if I'd stolen something from him. At that moment, I think I understood the problem very well, although I must admit I was surprised to find it there. Because I have known of such desperation, such hunger existing in poverty, in West Philadelphia, in desolate countries far far away. But at an affluent dance club with a ten-dollar cover charge? Never before have I discovered people like this, who seem so base and so starved, yet simultaneously over-fed.
Dear Diary,

Decided to let my hair down and follow the peppy crowds to that Northern mecca, the city that never sleeps, or at least that’s what Sinatra sings. So much for gentility—not one of those well-behaved frat boys turned drinking pseudo-hippies. for-the-weekend offered me a seat, and I had to sit on my carvel bag, the handle digging deep into the folds of my running out of time diary, but, to make a long story short, not.

Not that it’s unimaginable, just that it’s hard to believe. And, in the notorious world of urban journalism, most people who care about the Metro Section of last Friday’s New York Times would be your own ever-vigilant Si tor-in-chief, Ruth Halikki. She didn’t really understand the factoid to his Wall Street resume. Perhaps realizing that the Penn micro-cosmos doesn’t extend beyond Chestnut street, and that Cultural Elite selection is not audited by the likes of Coopers & Lybrand, Charlier thankfully just removed the item. All bolded names were spotted with the Gimp fleeing the Kuwaiti border.

The Columbia Daily Spectator always looked a little rugged; much like the bleak, fearful Harlem-based campus it reports on. So it came as no surprise to collegiate journalism’s watchdogs—that would be your own ever-vigilant Street staff—that the Spectator found itself in the Metro Section of last Friday’s New York Times.

Normally, this would be an honor comparable to the time when Columbia’s marching band appeared on Letterman. And, in the notorious world of urban journalism, most people who make the Times’ Metro section are at least some bad-ass murderers or terrorist ideologues. We suspect that the Spectator’s editor-in-chief, Ruth Halikki, legge-man, bent journalism’s already malleable code of ethics (see today’s front page for details) in yet another attempt to surpass rival and perennial winner of its own collegiate newspaper competition, the Daily Pennsylvanian.

“She didn’t really understand what the consequences of pulling a fire alarm meant,” Spectator managing editor Mike Stanton told the Times. As for consequences, we can only assure you that, as Sports has known all along, Columbia sucks.
**Witty Woody**

**Allen’s funny again**

by Scott Neustadter

WOODY ALLEN IS PERHAPS THE MOST consistently entertaining filmmaker alive. Originally thought to be merely a funny comedian, he’s illustrated his remarkable genius in every aspect of the movies since 1977, with the multi-

Academy Award-winning _Annie Hall_. Practi-

cally each year since, Allen has made at least one movie, all of which have been critically acclaimed, hardly any of which have been profitable. When that Soon-Yi business hit the headlines, Tri-Star, which had released _Alien_ for Orion, let go of Woody Allen and cut ties to his movies.

Had they seen _Bullets Over Broadway_, the latest Allen masterpiece, they probably would have reconsidered. This could easily be the one that gets him back into the public eye, not just in the newspaper headlines, but in the hearts of the American public. The first line in _Bullets_ has protagonist David Shayne (John Cusack) deciding to his agent, “I’m an artist.” The film closes with the same character pleading, “I’m not an artist.” This contradiction is the centerpiece of the film, and there are a number of equally entertaining subplots that make for a fast-paced and consistently engaging movie.

It’s the Roaring Twenties and playwright Shayne has high aspirations for his new work, but he refuses to let anyone but himself do the staging. Lack of money keeps him from his dream, but his agent (Jack Warden) finds a backer in the form of Nick Valenti (Joe Vitrel-

li), an average Italian mafia kingpin. There’s only one catch: a small role in the play must be given to Nick’s terribly untalent-

ed and horribly annoying girlfriend Olive, played to perfection by the terribly untalented, horrifyingly annoying Jennifer Tilly. David refuses, but the temptation rises when Helen Sinclair (Dianne Wiest), an over-the-hill Broadway super-

star, expresses interest in the play. David decides that the opportunity is too great to pass up and decides to make the play under Nick’s conditions, even though he sometimes wakes up at night screaming, “I’ve sold out!”

This is making the play within the movie that provides the film’s comic highlights. The motley crew of hired actors all have their moments of hilarity, but two of them are especially impressive: Wiest’s Helen Sinclair, a recovering alcoholic, whose every uttered phrase seems to come from a Walt Whitman poetry book; and Tilly’s Olive, who has difficulty reading the script, let alone performing it. David is at the mercy of Olive, since her boyfriend is the play’s backer (not to mention a flapp-

eres John Cusack). To make sure his moll gets what she wants, Nick sends in Cheech, a hitman played by Chazz Palminteri, who steals every scene he’s in. _Bullets_ has come a long way since scripting the Melanie Griffith/Don Johnson dud _Born Yesterday_. Equally wonderful is the production design and costumes, which remake the 20s with flawless precision. And of course, Allen’s direction is yet again phenomenal, paralleling the work he did on two of his previous Oscar nominated directing efforts, _Hannah and Her Sisters_ and _Crimes and Misdemeanors_. If there is any doubt that he deserves respect, this film should be proof.

Allen’s greatness also lies in his ability to get satisfying performances out of mediocre actors (i.e. Mia Farrow). He can easily bring an actor’s hidden dexterities to the foreground, which he did in _Bullets_ with Olive, a role written to accommodate John Cusack, a truly respectable actor whose future looks immensely bright. Also delivering career performances are Dianne Wiest, who outdoors every role she has heretofore por-

trayed, and Chazz Palminteri (the writer-star of last year’s _A Bronx Tale_), who deserves all the recognition he is soon to receive.

About ten minutes into _Bullets_, another struggling artist (Rob Reiner in a brief cameo) tells Shane: “no great artist is ever fully appreciated during his lifetime.” Evidence strongly supports this hypothesis, but it seems strange coming from such an ap-

preciated genius like Woody Allen. Perhaps he is ashamed to have such a following when artists like Van Gogh and Kafka had to die to get their deserved recognition.

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**The Horror, The Horror**

_Freddy’s not quite dead yet_ • by Mike Tuhy

FROM HOMER TO THE Newest Version of_ The People Under the Stairs, the horror genre has always been a refuge for humanity during times of crisis. Whether it be World War II, the Cold War, or even the present day, the horror genre has always been a way for people to escape from the harsh realities of life. In the 1980s, the horror genre experienced a renaissance, with films like _The People Under the Stairs_ and _The Thing_ becoming classics of the genre. However, the horror genre has not been immune to change, and in recent years, it has evolved in new and interesting ways. In this article, we will explore some of the latest developments in the horror genre, and see how it has adapted to the changing times.

 Wes Craven’s _New Nightmare_ directed by Woody Allen

_Wes Craven’s New Nightmare_ directed by Woody Allen

_The Horror, The Horror_ is the latest film in the _Nightmare on Elm Street_ franchise, and it is a welcome return of the franchise. The film is directed by Wes Craven, who also directed the first two films in the series, and it is a continuation of the story of Freddy Krueger, the terrifying sleep-walker who haunts the dreams of his victims.

The film follows the events of the previous film in the series, _A Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child_, and it picks up where that film left off. In _A Nightmare on Elm Street 5: The Dream Child_, Freddy Krueger was believed to be killed, but in _New Nightmare_, it is revealed that he has survived and is now back, more powerful than ever.

_Freddy’s not quite dead yet_ • by Mike Tuhy

The film is set in Los Angeles, where a woman named Heather Langenkamp is a fan of the _Nightmare on Elm Street_ series. She is a junior at a high school in Los Angeles, and she is about to turn 18 years old. As she is about to turn 18, she receives a strange letter from someone who claims to be Freddy Krueger.

The letter is written in blood, and it warns Heather that she is in danger. She becomes convinced that Freddy Krueger is after her, and she begins to have nightmares about him. She starts to hear strange noises at night, and she begins to have a sense of dread.

_Nightmare on Elm Street_ is a classic of the horror genre, and it has been a favorite of horror fans for many years. The film is known for its terrifying atmosphere and its memorable characters, including Freddy Krueger, the terrifying sleep-walker who haunts the dreams of his victims.

The film is directed by Wes Craven, who is one of the most famous filmmakers in the world. Craven is known for his ability to create tension and suspense, and he has directed many successful horror films throughout his career.

_Nightmare on Elm Street_ is a film that is not for the faint of heart. It is filled with violence and gore, and it is not for those who are easily frightened. However, it is a film that is sure to be a hit with horror fans, and it is a film that is sure to be remembered for years to come.
Shorts

EXIT TO EDEN

"Boss, de pain, de pain!" Imagine Fantasy Island meets The Adams Family — at least, that's what ads for offer. The commercials play up the roles of Dan Aykroyd and Rosie O'Donnell who pose as two stiff undercover cops assigned to infiltrate an island haven for S&M enthusiasts. In reality, that's only a subplot of Eden, with the bulk of the movie portraying the relationship between a dominatrix and her slave. Combining erotic romance and slapstick is something only a hack director like Garry Marshall (Pretty Woman) would try, and the results are as confused as you might expect.

To be fair, Aykroyd and O'Donnell are very funny. Rosie has the larger role and the best one-liners, while Aykroyd, more often than not, has to play the straight man. They work well together, but their scenes don't fit with the rest of the movie.

If Eden had focused on O'Donnell and Aykroyd, at least it would have been an amusing flick. The movie happens to be based on an Anne Rice novel, however, which gives its characters minor roles. The main characters, in the film and book, are Eliot Slater (Paul Marcellino) and Mistress Lisa (Dana Delaney). Slater is a combat photographer who knows no fear, but also knows no stable relationships. So he goes to Eden to have some sense knocked into him. Mistress Lisa is there to teach him about exploring one's fantasies and how to create illusions. Unfortunately, she gets too close to him and loses her objectivity as a "train-er."

There are some very touching scenes between Lisa and Slater, and some are very intense. Bondage enthusiasts will be pleased by the reality of the scenes. But every time we are ready to be pulled into the world of bondage, out comes one of O'Donnell's one-liners, and we're jerkily brought back into comedy. This happens throughout the film, and the romance between Delaney and Marcellino clashes badly with the hijinx of Aykroyd and O'Donnell. BUSM enthusiasts will be slightly upset at some of the portrayals, and people who know nothing about bondage will only be confused.

Watching Exit to Eden might not be a torture, but I can think of better things to do with five bucks. In fact, there's a place on Chestnut Street...

—James Ingraham

I LIKE IT LIKE THAT

As the first African-American woman director to make a major studio motion picture, Darnes Martin's writing and directorial debut I Like It Like That is long overdue. Set in her childhood hometown of the Bronx, Martin successfully weaves the pressures of love, poverty, and raising a family to create a film of uncommon grit and tenderness.

Lisette (newcomer Lauren Velez) and Chino Linares (Jon Seda of Carlito's Way) struggle to sustain their marriage and family. External forces try to sabotage their efforts: the neighborhood where they played by a sleazy Lisa Vidal) pegs Chino as the leader of her bastardized brothel, and the drug-dealing street bums prove far too tempting for young Chino (Thomas Melly, in a convincing first performance).

When Chino lands in jail, Lisette has no other way of raising bail money than by looking for a job — a notion foreign to the idle woman. The impasse Lisette encounters, however, is that she herself has yet to mature to where she can take charge of her own life. Thus, I Like It Like That also becomes the story of Lisette's coming of age and assertion of her womanly independence.

Velez's transformation to resilient tough chick is honest and believable. Instead of using her love of music to drown out the noise of her responsibilities — like the children banging on the door of Lisette's bathtub haven — she uses it to land a job with record executive Price (Griffith Dunne). Lisette's in-your-face attitude wins him over.

Jesse Boregy, in a winning performance as Lisette's transvestite brother Alexis, acts as foundation under Lisette's crumbling alternative way of life, that keeps Lisette from shunning her own brood. He also adds the comedy element of the film as Lisette and Alexis dispute over his "bits," an area where Lisette needs help.

Martin effectively incorporates music and sounds in every sequence. There is a constant presence of noise; from the knocking of the bed, the kids, the downstairs neighbor, and Chino's insulting mother (Rita Moreno), who never ceases to praise his penis after being thrown out in the hall by his frustrated father.

It is here that Martin's message of family tenderness is thoroughly conveyed.

—Lara Parker

Review

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The Mighty Giants

These nerds with tubas don’t care what you think
by Mike Tuhy

“I came back as a bag of groceries, accidentally taken off the shelf before the expiration date,” whined John Linnell on his band’s 1990 breakthrough album, Flood.

Ahhh! These lyrics ring so well in the ears of many a college student. Ever since that year, countless hours have been spent by said pupils trying to decipher the inner meaning of these altogether simple words. What the hell do they mean? Who knows? It really doesn’t matter — it’s jolly; it’s intriguing; it’s They Might Be Giants.

Since the late eighties, They Might Be Giants have been renowned as freakish, idiosyncratic luminaries of college radio. The inventive din (accretion-driven melodies, hip-hop drum machine beats and jangly, “happy” guitar/banjo work) and eccentric poetry of TMBG emanates from the minds of John Linnell and John Flansburgh — the two men who, until the band’s most recent album John Henry, were its sole members.

Despite what many critics have labeled as intentional quirkiness, Linnell insists that the band “wasn’t really trying to be wacky. We were just trying to be interesting. We just used whatever appealed to us. It wasn’t really a decision to be wacky.”

And, lyrically, Linnell is somewhat defensive. He maintains that there is nothing deeper than what is written: “There’s not really anything hidden. I feel like it’s all pretty much on the surface. We write these particular words and they mean a particular thing to us. Obviously, not everybody gets it, but it’s not because there’s any secret code you need to crack. I think it’s more if you find it appealing and interesting. If you don’t, then it doesn’t mean anything to you.”

TMBG does appreciate those fans who do seem to understand. And Linnell points out that the upcoming tour will keep this in mind. The band is “sort of bad at selling out at this point,” according to Linnell, so TMBG won’t be garnering a new following, relying on its already solid fan base to sell out the concert venues. TMBG will perform many of its older “classic” tunes on the tour, perhaps keeping these loyal followers in mind.

ASPIRING OFFSPRING
SoCal punk rockers gaining esteem • by Ben Myers

“I’m not a trendy asshole,” asserts singer Dexter Holländ in the title track of the Offspring’s latest release, Smash. But with over a million records sold and a heavy share of MTV’s buzz rotation, this Southern California band certainly has been setting some trends on the indie punk-rock scene.

Their current American tour has been a sell-out success. And their singles “Come Out and Play” (Keep ‘Em Separated)” and “Self-Esteem” have elevated the Offspring to the top of Billboard’s Hard Rock chart. Attention to the charts, however, is decidedly unimportant: “It’s kind of fun for us to see where we go, if we move up or down. But it’s not life or death,” explains bassist Greg K.

His lack of concern probably stems from the fact that the Offspring’s success has been fluctuating for the past two years. After playing the garages of Orange County for almost a decade, the Offspring began to find a receptive audience in the punky, hyper, surf/skate/snowboard sub-culture. When songs from their first album, Ignition, were used in a few skate and surf videos, album sales started heating up. “The skaters and surfers listen to it and got pumped up before they go out. It’s the energy of it they like,” explains Greg.

And Offspring has no lack of energy. With infectious guitar and a relentless, driving percussion, their music is as frenetic as any asphalt-threatened thrash session. Even Holländ’s vocals are defiantly charismatic.

“I think for punk it’s mostly the energy, the attitude, the power of it that initially attracts people,” reasons Greg. “I don’t think it’s really the lyrical content.” And the Offspring is lucky in that respect, because some of their lyrics are unintentionally laughable. “When I go driving I stay in my lane / But getting cut off makes me insane,” yells Dexter on “Bad Habit.”

Nevertheless, the group makes up for lack of profundity with verve. Smash has speed (“Bad Habit”), it has ska (“What Happened to You”) and it even has a surf-rock version of “Come Out and Play.”

So is this a peek at where punk is headed? “People are saying that this is going to be a whole new wave, but its really only been two albums, us and Green Day that sort of broke through. I think it will open the door for other band’s to get noticed,” says Greg.

Although their raw sound and live energy shows are promising, their rough-hewn lyrics have a long way to go. But the Offspring knows better than to think that good music comes easy. After all, Dexter rationalizes in “Self Esteem,” “The more you suffer, the more it shows you really care.”

—The Offspring will be playing with Rancid at the Toreador next Thursday, October 27.
What goes through the mind of a police officer? Sometimes the actions and attitudes of police seem incomprehensible to the average citizen: The beating of Rodney King, the unprovoked killing of O.J.'s Bronco, even the humorlessness of the state trooper that pulls you over for speeding. Have you ever wondered why they act like they do?

This summer, I got to find out.

In July, Philadelphia Police Commissioner Richard Neal announced the formation of the Civilian Police Academy, a special citizen education program that would explain police operations and explore issues confronting officers on the streets. The 12-week series of lectures would closely mirror the training given to police recruits — an abbreviated police academy.

The chance to glimpse at the secret life of the police prompted 40 ordinary citizens to trek out to the remote Police Academy on State Road. The CPA's first class was a diverse group — attorneys and activists, cops and clerks, two writers, a political aide and a couple of folks with nothing better to do on their Tuesday nights. Some were there because they'd always wanted to be policemen; others because they always feared them.

The CPA was a public relations gambit for a department that had been suffering from a lack of public goodwill. The city was in the middle of an anti-police uproar. But the academy was established as much to co-opt local activists as it was to provide a public relations gambit for a department that had been suffering from a lack of public goodwill. The academy curriculum emphasized community policing and self-restraint instead of car chases and self-defense. Nonviolent resolutions, while less dramatic, are also less dangerous and less prone to messy publicity and litigation. Police don't want confrontation and they certainly don't want to take unnecessary risks.

Putting on a badge doesn't make us bigger or stronger," asserts Sgt. Martin O'Donnell, betraying an awareness of his own mortality. And there is plenty of evidence of that mortality. CPA classes featured several graphic training videos, describing the various ways a careless police officer can get himself killed. It was like Red Asphalt for cops: movies of car stops, pedestrian stops, domestic disputes — mundane tasks that suddenly turn lethal because of a moment's inattention. The training is designed to make the officers aware of their extreme vulnerability and to instill proper alertness. It certainly worked for me.

I shot a guy last week.

A masked figure with an automatic was backing out of the store. "Freeze! Police!" I cried out, firing a couple of warning shots into his back. But I didn't mention the simulated round I'd accidentally fired at the man in the suit. I agreed that he had indeed acted hastily. The words, "Poor Judgment," flashed across the giant video screen. Jim Heyworth, the training officer running the computer simulation, noted that it was standard procedure for the Philadelphia Police Department to give the gunman time to react to my warning. I agreed that I had indeed acted hastily. (I didn't mention the simulated round I'd accidentally fired at the second man, who turned out to be the store owner; good thing the miss didn't register on the computer.)

I fared better on the next two scenarios, firing — and more importantly, not firing — at the appropriate instances. Of course, I was no stranger to gunplay; I'd had extensive training on the "Lethal Enforcer," a mock-up of the Galaxy Arcade on Walnut. Some were there because they'd always wanted to be policemen; others because they always feared them.

The better speakers were the younger cops fresh from the academy. They were rougher around the edges, but full of the enthusiasm of those who really believe in the importance of what they're talking about. "We have the unfortunate job of running to situations that most people would run from," mused one instructor as he gave a session on proper foot patrol procedure.

One of the training's most interesting discoveries was the strict — even constricting — limits placed on police action. Some limits, like Miranda rights and search warrants, are familiar and more than sensible. Other restrictions are lesser known and more questionable.

For instance, Departmental Directive 45 discourages officers from engaging in high-speed pursuit — because of possible hazard to innocent bystanders, police are prohibited from ramming or shooting at a vehicle. Even roadblocks are deemed dangerous. Standard procedure dictates that officers (all back and follow at a safe distance; only when the alleged felon reaches his destination and gets out of the car can the police move to arrest him. (This explains the spectacular O.J. Simpson traveling road show of a few months back!) If close pursuit cannot be safely continued, then police are instructed to let police helicopters track the suspect. Since the Philadelphia Police haven't actually gotten around to buying any helicopters yet (next year for sure) there seems to be a flaw in this plan.

But crime doesn't exactly like an episode of NYPD Blue. More emphasis is placed on developing "verbal judo" skills in place of the more physical variety. The academy curriculum emphasizes community policing and self-restraint instead of car chases and self-defense. Nonviolent resolutions, while less dramatic, are also less dangerous and less prone to messy publicity and litigation. Police don't want confrontation and they certainly don't want to take unnecessary risks.

"Putting on a badge doesn't make us bigger or stronger," asserts Sgt. Martin O'Donnell, betraying an awareness of his own mortality. And there is plenty of evidence of that mortality. CPA classes featured several graphic training videos, describing the various ways a careless police officer can get himself killed. It was like Red Asphalt for cops: movies of car stops, pedestrian stops, domestic disputes — mundane tasks that suddenly turn lethal because of a moment's inattention. The training is designed to make the officers aware of their extreme vulnerability and to instill proper alertness. It certainly worked for me.

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Citizens On Patrol

Learning the streets
from 12 weeks with Philadelphia's finest

by Louis Nosce
Can the anti-talk show host stay different in the homogenized world of late-night talk shows?

by Max Handelman

Jon Stewart is short. He's about 5'7", a Jewish 5'9" if you will, and though that's nothing to be ashamed of, it does create certain limitations. He's a real late-night talk show host, and talk show hosts, among other things, are supposed to be tall. Just look at Dave. He's a giant. Or even Conan. No matter how far his show plummets, he still has his height: a lofty 6'4".

Stewart is the new kid on the talk show block, a genre dominated by network tradition and the fickle demands of viewers who want the same voice talking them to sleep each night. But size doesn't scare Stewart, in fact, he relishes his status as an outsider.

Stewart counters many of the talk show conventions. He's a small Jewish guy from a Trenton suburb who cares little for the hype that so easily suffocates some of television's best-known and most-loved talking heads. He smokes and makes Catholic jokes. In short, he's the anti-talk show host.
The essence of the anti-talk show host bridges much of the life into the Jon Stewart Show, his late-night syndicated talk show broadcast over 30 stations nationwide. Absent from the production are the flashy suits, the elaborate house band, the faux-metropolis set typical of most late-night acts. Stewart, instead, opts for jeans, obligatory Doc Martens, and a sweater. No tie. No tie.

Music is provided through a vast library of guest bands (most recently the likes of The Mighty Mighty Bosstones and Spearhead), and the set is, well, faux-industrial; a surreal combination of oranges and blues that evokes the bridge of the Star Trek Enterprise. And then there's Howard Feller, Stewart's sidekick. A horridly dressed hybrid of Kramer and Sidekick Bob. Feller could very well be the latest coming of the Missing Link. With a sunken, ape-like jaw, buck teeth, anti-gravitational hair, and a vacuous pair of eyes that dart back and forth, he looks every bit the part of an evolutionary misfit. Feller is less a foil than a comedic village idiot, and he represents an even further departure from the late show norm. He does not sit next to Stewart nor does he laugh incessantly at every joke. Rather, he has his own dunce's corner where he occasionally shows “bumpers”—short, eclectic movie clips leading in and out of commercials—and more often, just sits there.

This motivated Stewart to pick Feller as his sidekick. Recalls Stewart, “I always wish I could say, ‘I was at this circus one day and they brought out the lobster tank and there he was!’” He really was just this stand-up guy who always talked about how much blow he did and how he was this real party animal. The audience just didn’t know what to do.

Most importantly, Howard symbolizes the unconventional attitude the Jon Stewart Show promotes. “He’s the antithesis of anything you’ve ever seen on TV,” explains Stewart. “Because, so much of stand-up is geared towards getting on TV while he seems geared more towards caves and other such venues.” It is this smug confidence, a youthful arrogance, that drives the show’s irreverence, and it seems appropriate (if not gratuitous) for it to cater to a younger college audience raised in the Media Age. Cynicism is in, pretension is out. Jon Stewart takes little seriously, and refuses to take himself seriously, either.

Thumbing its young nose at the rest of the corporate late-show world, the show doesn’t buy into many of the late show formulas. Though the show’s style could be calculated and contrived, its casual format works. “On our show there is sort of a relaxed standard of what you can say and do. We still don’t have a sense of our show being run by a business,” says Stewart.

On this Friday night, The Jon Stewart Show is celebrating its 25th episode — no small feat in a time when networks often cancel programs after limited trial runs. Just ask Chevy Chase. But there was another celebration of greater importance and that is for Sal Fialla, a retiring New York city catch-basin cleaner. For those unfamiliar with the catch-basin, it’s the metal grate that covers sewer drains and collects the city’s grungy and often unmentionable refuse. After several dozen of cleaning catch-basins, the Jon Stewart Show is rewarding Sal with a retirement party stocked with champagne, cake and the Doubledmint Twins, who are Sal’s escorts for the evening. Sadly, this show produced only modest results; a problem for the Jon Stewart Show as of late. With hints of brilliance, Fialla, sagging after a set of painfully mediocre guest. The audience is offered a forgettable appearance by middle-race actor Fisher Stevens, (of Michelle Pfeiffer fame) and an obnoxious showing of Morocco and Kelsey Grammer. The audience is genuinely upset. You get in a position where you say, ‘I can’t believe we’re so concerned about these fairly trivial things.’

Do you feel like you’re losing your perspective on what is going on in the world, he laments. “I mean Haiti could blow up and Somalia could be overrun but if we don’t get the Doubledmint Twins we’re fucked. That is genuinely upsetting. You get in a position where you say, ‘I can’t believe we’re so concerned about these fairly trivial things.”

Jon Stewart

And in this brief, fleeting moment, the elements of the anti-talk show host have resurfaced. Late show hosts aren’t supposed to care. After all, isn’t Letterman’s uncanny ability to make even the most terrifying event look stupid the thing we love about him? The idea of Dave’s, our TV pal, pushing the side of a beligerant guest is nothing short of impossible. It would ruin his mystique.

Yet Stewart appears to have held fast to his sense of reality and the constant threat of its disappearance. “Doing this show, you sort of lose your perspective on what is going on in the world,” he laments. “I mean Haiti could blow up and Somalia could be overrun but if we don’t get the Doubledmint Twins we’re fucked. That is genuinely upsetting. You get in a position where you say, ‘I can’t believe we’re so concerned about these fairly trivial things.”

At the same time, Stewart is a bit of a masochist. He acknowledges the price one must pay to succeed in television. And though he may lose his self-worth, he is realistic and accepts this sacrifice. “I never want to do something I feel bad about or can’t sleep at night. But it’s inevitable because things are out of your control sometimes.” He concedes.

But Stewart is also quick to assert that one must, in the end, maintain a balance. “You don’t ever want to get to the point where you think you’ve lost your humanity because you’re doing three interviews with people promoting their books.”

Despite Stewart’s insistence on remaining true to himself, some would suggest he has neglected to do just that. A native of Lawrence, New Jersey, Stewart grew up as Jon Stewart Leibowitz in a middle class Jewish family. As a struggling teenager, his height and religion helped cultivate his humor. “Comedy is oddly about taking the foibles that destroyed you when you were younger and now putting it in people’s faces as ‘your weapon,” explains Stewart, “Things that need to be your de-bilitations are now your weapons. It’s sort of empowering.”

After attending the College of William and Mary in Virginia, Stewart took the place into the New York comedy scene. “That’s when he dropped the name Leibowitz.”

Though some imply he is running from his identity, Stewart downplays the religious implications. “My religious identity is not by court to bear,” he explains. “But, at the same time, my Jewish identity is a part of my character.”

Stewart appears content, rather than insecure, with his character. And it is this persona that has led to his success. “I’m proud of being short and Jewish,” he says. “Things that got me in trouble at 15, got me success at 31. Stewart then admits, “I do have that odd vindictive streak where I want to call up girls from eleventh grade and say, ‘See, where’s Jimmy Metzger now?’”

With the emergence of Stewart and his persona, he has quickly joined a new movement in entertainment: the cute Jewish guy thing. Jeff Seinfeld, Paul Reiser and Rob Morrow are the most prominent of the group, and with their novelty comes the inevitable strains of the image-conscious corporate machine. Stewart is one of those Jewish guys, and in the realm of television, that may be the only way he’s seen. Though he is proud of his accomplishments, he tries to avoid categorization.

“In L.A., everything is about who you are that you can remind them of. So I would sit in meetings and they would say, ‘You’re kind of like a calm Richard Lewis, a more urbane Jerry Seinfeld. They would never say to me, ‘You’re like a more verbal Steve Martin.’” That would never be there,” Stewart laughs. “Their categories would always be: who are the other Jews we know that have been in this business that we can relate this guy to?”

These days, Stewart remains the anti-talk show host. He’ll never be able to change his height, and judging from his perspective and attitude towards television’s often in-vasive cameras, he hopes his personality won’t change, either. In his own iconoclastic way, he’s amazed at the degree of scrutiny his audience pays the show.

You don’t know that people are watching so closely,” remarks Stewart. “Like people ask you, ‘What was that thing you did with your eye?’ I don’t know, maybe it’s a nervous tick.”

And strangely enough, for a man who appears nightly on thousands of screens nationwide, Jon Stewart still carries about as much pretension as Lawrence, New Jersey.

Max Handelman is a College senior from Portland, OR. Most who know him balk at his progressive views. Everyone knows he loves to jump on the corporate bandwagon and be speak-fod of classy by marketing slang. Check ya later, buddy.
Pumpkin Patch

Even Smashing Pumpkins' B-Sides smell like roses

by Alexander Okuliar

Normally, when a band decides to release an album of B-sides and "rarities" to follow up an immensely successful work, it's crap thrown together in order to squeeze a few more bucks out of the hapless consumer. Folks, we're a society of suckers waiting to be had...look at the Sex Pistols. They've been milking their one album with 17 years of shitty back releases to fill our CD cases and video shelves. It's an industry which has made Johnny Rotten (a.k.a. Lydon) and Co. a billion dollars. And don't think that Pisces Iscarrot is not born of the same logic. They're sticking us with stuff that wasn't considered good enough to put on an album before the Smashing Pumpkins were a household name. Unfortunately, one can't get too upset with Billy Corgan because his "crap" is better than most of the garbage out there. So, although Pisces Iscarrot should be opposed and not purchased for ideological reasons, it's worth the money. This is good garbage.

Smashing Pumpkins
Pisces Iscarrot

(Virgin)

The listener won't find anything revolutionary or different on this collection of ditties. But, one will find a lot of the same Pumpkins' magic evoked by their last two albums. Corgan and James Iha's guitar work is brilliant, weaving together loud, brash, trashy feedback with acoustic riffs that are as delicate and pure as fine bone china. Corgan's voice rises and falls in response to the musical whirlwind surrounding it — giving the music an element of intense passion and beauty that few other groups can produce. As in Siamese Dream and Gish, the songs roll between fury and repose like a disturbed mind pushed to the brink of sanity. However, D'Arcy's beautiful, consistent bass lines and Jimmy Chamberlain's sweet jazz drumming keep the music steady and balances the vocal and guitar trumrants that pour from Billy and James.

Lyrically, all of the songs seem to deal with Corgan's favorite topic himself: Social isolation, loneliness, sex, love and pain filter through every note of this hour-long journey. Pisces Iscarrot is the perfect product of America's troubled, suburban, "whiner" generation.

Conceptually, this album is not an incredible leap. As with most other modern works of art and literature, the Pumpkins' music is bound by itself. It is an exploration of the individual without realistic regard to that individual's surroundings. Actually, Corgan's picture of self-loathing, self-pity, laziness, and hedonism is frightening. It's disturbing because it comes from the mind of an av-enge young American: a twentysomething with a "healthy," two parent home. And, worse yet, Corgan's work is even more terrifying because of its mass appeal. It has long been said that art reflects society which produces it. If this is true, then young America, Gen X if you dare, is alarmingly pathetic.

Well, ideology and societal ramifications aside, this is a good collection of music. Its only short-comings are that it lacks a consistent conceptual nature. Each song, however, is superb and there are even a couple of real standouts. For instance, "Pissant" is a real burner in the vein of "Silverfuck" or "Goo, U.S.A. ""Trall and Bedazzled" is another guitar rampage — perhaps the finest that Smashing Pumpkins has produced.

Pisces Iscarrot is the perfect tidbit of new music for all of those fans out there dying to hear something, anything out of the Pumpkins' Chicago lair. It's like those mid-afternoon snacks you used to get to hold you over until dinner. The only problem was that once you got to the dinner table, you realized you weren't really that hungry. But, go ahead and splurge, you deserve it, man.

Samples
Autopilot
(W.A.R.?)

TURN DOWN THAT BOOTLEG GRATEFUL DEAD TAPE and put away your trail mix. Boulder, Colorado's Samples, who last year graced Houston Hall with a free acoustic performance, have just released a new album. Their fifth effort, Autopilot, is aptly named, most likely describing the band's attitude in the recording studio.

The music on Autopilot completely foursakes innovation or originality and opts for a repetitive blandness. Singer Sean Kelly must have stayed up all night, thinking of lyrics such as "If you need water / I'm your rain / If you need fire / I'm your flame," that seal the mediocre fate of this album.

It is often hard to distinguish when one tortuous, whiny ballad ends and the next one begins. The Samples have forgotten that an interesting melody makes a great ballad. Their third track, "Weight of the World," an ode to "Kurt Cobain and the American Press," is inappropriately upbeat, even danceable. Sean Kelly sounds happy about Cobain's tragic death, as he asks his ghost, "Can I please have one more dance with you?" Sinead O'Connor performed a much more appropriate and poignant tribute on her latest album. The Samples, however, try pitfully to prove they are deep and sensitive.

Oddly, this track is reminiscent of the early '80s supergroup journey, to whom The Samples pay homage with schlocky keyboards and bad harmonies. Another band who the Samples resemble is Counting Crows, whose lead vocalist has the same whine as Kelly. But where Counting Crows compensate for this with skillful guitar and pop sensibility, The Samples just whine.

—Rachel Agronsky

Chocolates and Cheese
The Sophomore Effort from Ween doesn't disappoint. Their odd lyrical combined with a wide variety of musical styles continue to amuse and impress the listener. Some songs sound pretty serious, until you listen further and realize it's all a joke. Then there are those trademark tunes that are just plain garbage out there dying to hear something, anything out of the Pumpkins' Chicago lair. It's like those mid-afternoon snacks you used to get to hold you over until dinner. The only problem was that once you got to the dinner table, you realized you weren't really that hungry. But, go ahead and splurge, you deserve it, man.

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—Rachel Agronsky
The Wedding Present
Watusi
(Island)

Robbie Robertson
The Native American
(Capitol)

Danzig
Danzig 4p
(American Recordings)

Dream Theater
Awake
(East West Records)

WHO WOULD THINK THAT THE PARTRIDGE FAMILY would make a comeback in the '90s? Well, not exactly. But The Wedding Present has released a new album that bears a striking resemblance to that first family of '60s rock n' roll. The album is Watusi, and by comparing it to Keith and company I'm not saying it's bad. I kinda like 'em.

For anyone who is familiar with the band's prior release, you might be a little surprised at the comparison. Summons, their 1992 release, promised a future of full, all encompassing sound, but not quite reaching any sort of musical catharsis. Tracks like "Gazebo," sticks to the straight and narrow never really approaching any sort of musical catharsis. Their music is straight-forward and beautifully crafted. They are tight and clear. Maybe it's not the most progressive music ever to hit the stores, but it's little watery. There's value there. Shannon Armstrong

FOR ANYONE IN THE DARK ABOUT WHO GLENN DANZIG IS, picture an occultist Jim Morrison on steroids. Glenn, who fronted the legendary Misfits, has been influenced by different types of American music, ranging from punk to classical. His band, Danzig, is often described as a crossover between punk and metal, with a heavy emphasis on the latter.

The band's music is known for its dark, gothic sound and its often controversial lyrics. Glenn's vocal style is distinctive, with a high-pitched, almost falsetto delivery that can be heard throughout the band's discography. The band's live shows are known for their theatricality, with Glenn often wearing elaborate costumes and makeup.

The band has released several albums, with their most recent being "Danzig 4p." This album, like many of Danzig's other releases, features a mix of punk and metal influences, with elements of gothic rock and industrial music.

The band's music has earned them a loyal following, with many fans regarding Glenn as a musical visionary and a true innovator in the rock and metal genres. Whether you're a fan or not, Danzig is a band that cannot be ignored.

AFTER RECORDING AS BOB DYLAN'S GUITARIST FOR eight years, Robbie Robertson ventured into songwriting for the instrumentally brilliant The Band and defined American rock and roll in the early '70s. Since then his solo efforts, although sporadic, have been influenced by different types of American music. This album, the soundtrack for The Native American (a documentary and book release about the history and culture of the American Indian), cleverly meshes ancient tribal beats and modern sensual rock rhythms.

As far as capturing the ancient American Indian spirit, Robertson's atmosphere is brilliant while still maintaining urgently new sounds. Tribal chants and lyrics meld perfectly with carefully developed backgrounds and Robertson's virginal yet haunting guitar sound. "Golden Feather" and "Skimwalk" reveal Robertson in his familiar mode of songwriting; elegant, not-too-catchy, melodically infected but let's face it, it's not the most progressive music ever to hit the stores, but it's little watery. There's value there. This is the same guy who fronted the legendary Misfits, a band that might be a little surprised at the comparison.

The Native American
(Capitol)

FOR ANYONE IN THE DARK ABOUT WHO GLENN DANZIG IS, picture an occultist Jim Morrison on steroids. Glenn, who fronted the legendary Misfits, is responsible for such classic metal songs as "Twist of Cain" and "Mother." Even with these credentials, Danzig has always stayed out of the metal scene's limelight.

The band's slogan is a little wacky. There's value in the seemingly ordinary. Besides which Shirley, Keith, Laura and Danny were somebody's brainchildren and their music reflected that. So what? The Wedding Present is very real. Their sound is equally authentic.

—Shannon Armstrong

Black Sabbath
Nativity in Black
(Columbia)

LIKE IT OR NOT, BLACK SABBATH HAS BEEN THE MOST important band in rock music for the last 25 years. Pioneering the "psychedelic" riff mixed with Ozzy Osbourne's lyrical anguish, Sabbath's influence is profound and enduring. But they have also had their share of ups and downs, including a series of albums that were critically acclaimed but not commercially successful.

Nativity in Black is an assembly of modern day grinders, including black metal, death metal, and doom metal. Each paving respect to the grandfathers of headbanging with a modern twist.

A standout on the album is "Type O Negative's" brilliant version of the song "Black Sabbath." Coming straight from the rack of a dusty dungeon, this gothic tale swirls amidst torturous chanting and lyrics delivered with a sinister eye. 1000 Homo DJ's, featuring Ministry's Al Jourgensen, succeeds by putting a bouncy version of "Supernaut" through some chafing industrial plumbing.

Sabbath's appeal always stemmed from their balance: just when they had you entrenched in an oppressive dose of power guitar, they would launch into an ascending ballad that made the next heavy part twice as lethal. Nativitly in Black falls short due to its overdose of guitar punishment, losing sight of Sabbath's solid, mystical side. This collection of inferior duplicates is essential listening for anyone seeking a fix of metal tonnage, but still leaves you craving the original. Give the listener, get inspired and then pick up a copy of Sabbath's Master of Reality for the real thing.

—Eric Dubinsky
The days of "pay what you weigh" are gone.

Gone are the times of kid menus designed to enforce four food group intake. You're a college student now. Unfortunately, this existence is post-"weekly allowance" and pre-"five digit salaries," so we are stuck for the cash that feeds appropriate college binging.

Now, we at Street don't want you to think that we disapprove of your consumers' natures. Let's face it: we're 80's babies, and no matter how little dough lines our designer pockets, we are going to keep eating and drinking until someone cancels our student credit cards.

Cheap eats, that's what we're getting at—"cause who cooks seven nights a week?" Street set out to track down Philly's best meal deals, places where you can get appetizers, entrees, drinks, coffee and dessert all for a single Hamilton. Take our star studded tour of Philadelphia's fabbest, go out, have fun—all without draining your bank account.

Kineret (4248 Spruce Street, 382-7701) is a Middle Eastern palace a hop, skip and a jump from home. It's a great place to grab a bite on a weekend with some friends, or just to go to alone and study over some baba ganouj. The decor is a little sterile, but the food makes up for it. You can get a falafel sandwich, a Greek salad and a soda for only $7.70. For an even better deal, try one of their platters, like Chicken Shish Kabob, that comes with salad, French fries and pita bread for an even $7.50.

Bombay (110 S 40th Street, 222-6112) is a great spot right near campus, the one and only place to go if you've never heard of macrobiotic dining or Tempeh meat substitute. Essene is a vegetarian establishment that combines the healthiest ingredients with the sexiest spices. The appetizers rock, but to truly hit thermal meltdown one must try their assortment of organic salads. The menu is varied enough so that whether you prefer a succulent Black Bean Salad ($9.00) or a delectable Sauteed Tofu Teriyaki Burger ($6.50) you won't be disappointed. Don't forget to try the mixed juice drinks.

Nifty Fifties (1356 E. Passyunk Ave. 468-1950) is probably the best place in Philly for a festive occasion dinner. It is big (there's a reason it's called a warehouse) and has many added attractions, like the option of dining in an old street car or playing pinball and PacMan. Sample the large portions of spaghetti with meat sauce ($5.69) or the cannelloni (a mere $6.95). All entrees come with salad and unlimited bread, so you'll have enough for some wine or spumoni.

Mexican Post (104 Chestnut Street, 923-5233) is a hike from campus, but easily accessible from the Blue line. Don't let the distance discourage you. Mexican Post is a world better than Taco Bell and only a little bit more expensive. The margaritas alone make it worth the trip, and at only $3.25, you could even manage to come in under budget. Also, don't miss the coupon in the Collegiate Coupon Book (the one that comes in all your bags from the Bookstore).

Spaghetti Warehouse (10th and Spring Garden, 787-0784) is probably the best place in Philly for a festive occasion dinner. It is big (there's a reason it's called a warehouse) and has many added attractions, like the option of dining in an old street car or playing pinball and PacMan. Sample the large portions of spaghetti with meat sauce ($5.69) or the cannelloni (a mere $6.95). All entrees come with salad and unlimited bread, so you'll have enough for some wine or spumoni.

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These simple yet elegant structures become all the rage among connoisseurs. Although they have been aligned with contemporary theater gurus like Tom Stoppard and Harold Pinter, he sees himself more as an individual out there trying to make people laugh and have a good time.

For people who don’t know much about the conceptual background of Dadaism, short for its "readymades," the term he used to describe his everyday-objects-turned-art. "Fountain," however, is absent from the collection. Also included in the museum tour, and the guides are very informative; they help to provide a context in which to place Duchamp’s work. It is interesting to wander through the rooms surrounding the one that contains the collection, to see the work not only of those artists who were influenced Duchamp, but also the work of those who were influenced by him.

Dadaism is not just a bizarre hiccup in the evolution of art. It is at least partially responsible for all of the art that provokes people to sneer, "That isn’t art — that’s bullshit!" If you’re interested in figuring out if it’s bullshit or not — whether a urinal is a urinal is a urinal, or if perhaps it could be a work of art — Duchamp titles his "Urinal," an everyday urinal "Fountain" and claimed it was art, critics were skeptical. They argued that a urinal was plumbing, not sculpture.

Choice

Unscathed by the madness that has plagued the best artistic minds of our generation, the artists of Philadelphia’s Olde City struggle with a different problem: obscurity. They’re alive and willing to display their art for free on the first Friday of every month. Gallery Zone One, located in the midst of the cultural conglomeration, currently holds two solo shows: Emily Snyder’s "Climatic Conditions" and Susan Hader-Golden’s "Chordata Series."

Snyder’s paintings and drawings capture impressions of her travels through Costa Rica. Her iconoclastic symbolism, similar to contemporary artist Cy Twombly, contrasts the beauty and impending marketability of the lands.

More visceral and enticing are Hader-Golden’s quasi-figurative paintings. She depicts her contorted figures bareboned and pressed against a bland landscape. Bringing an intuitive feminine understanding to the human form, Hader-Golden evokes a grim portrayal of life’s essence.

Twenty-five galleries hold free exhibitions on the first Friday of every month. Zone One, located on 139 North 2nd Street, is open from Tuesday-Friday 12-6 and Saturday and Sunday 12-5. For more information call 629-6995.

—Joshua Schnurter

The permanent collection of Marcel Duchamp, an artist from the Dadaist school, is tucked into an obscure corner of the Philadelphia Museum of Art. The placement of the collection in the museum is noteworthy because it seems to reflect the Dadaists’ location within the realm of the general public’s conception of art.

Dadaism was an anti-art movement in the early part of the twentieth century, although its validity continues to be more challenged by artists and non-artists alike.

For people who don’t know much about the conceptual background of Dadaism, short-written explanations are posted by some of the pieces.

—Amanda Karsten

When the Native Americans first began constructing totem poles to demarcate their tribe’s territory, they probably had no idea that their markers would become all the rage among contemporary art connoisseurs. These simple yet elegant structures are a part of a resurgence of understated art which eschews modern tools and technology. This ode to Native American culture can be seen in an exhibition entitled "Totems And Other Structures," currently being held at The Painted Bride Art Center.

The modernist sculptures on display are organic abstractions primarily composed of twigs, branches and other shrubbery. Predominantly hand made, the pieces are constructed in a primitive fashion intended to evoke a temporal feeling. The focus is on harmonizing nature with a rapidly advancing technological society.

The visually stimulating totems of Kate Ritson and Al Zaruba are contrasted by Susan Boscarino’s sculptures, which are created by tightly weaving together bamboo and paulownia branches without adhesive. Inspired by the potential for metamorphosis, the sharp contours and reference forming she uses give her inanimate figures dynamic movement. The smell of the decaying branches serves as a reminder of the transitory nature of life which Boscarino respectfully notes, "I know that despite the months of intense labor, my sculptures won’t be around in twenty years."

Placing plant roots in clear cups of water, Elizabeth Mesa-Gaido also uses the art medium as a personal metaphor. Her struggle to maintain her Cuban heritage and withstand the pressure to become part of the "melting pot" is evidenced in the exposed roots. The transparent vessel allows for outsiders to observe her battle.

"Totems And Other Structures" runs through December 10. The Painted Bride Gallery is located at 220 Vine Street and is open from 12-6 p.m. on Tuesdays through Saturdays. For more information call 925-9929.

—Vince Stieglitz

The Philadelphia Theater Company provides a cozy atmosphere to sit and experience a play in. This month the company is putting on a fabulous series of one act plays by David Ives, entitled "All In The Timing." The main theme of the plays is, well, to be frank, fun. Ives has no pretensions concerning the role of theater in the social construction of culture; he merely uses it as a medium for entertaining the audience. Although Ives has been aligned with contemporary theater gurus like Tom Stoppard and Harold Pinter, he sees himself more as an individual out there trying to make people laugh and have a good time.

The plays all vary in content, but the subject matter is uniformly hysterical. For instance, the second play involves three monkeys named Kafka, Swift and Milton. Observers watch to see if the monkeys, locked in a room with three typewriters, can produce Hamlet as a result of their dynamic movement. The collection achieves unity by successfully maintaining the balance inherent in the realm of the general public’s conception of art.
**THE ADVENTURES OF PRISCILLA, QUEEN OF THE DESERT**
Just your standard "Two drag queens and a transsexual go on a road trip in the Australian outback" kind of flick. Ho hum. When is Hollywood gonna stop making these formula pictures, anyway? (Ritz Five)

**THE BROWNING VERSION**
SEE REVIEW PAGE 3 (Ritz at the Bourse)

**EAT DRINK MAN WOMAN**
Simple title good. Good grammar bad. "Ridiculous and funny." (UA Riverview)

**THE MASK**
It's back, and still not...sammamakin'? If you've seen the commercials you've seen the movie. (UA Riverview)

**ONLY YOU**
Marta Tornoe thinks Robert Downey Jr. is the man of her destiny. Hilarity does not ensue. (Rittenhouse)

**PULP FICTION**
 Quentin Tarantino's latest is the movie of the year, and maybe the decade. See it now or we'll stick the Gump on you. (Ritz Five)

**WES CRAVEN'S NEW NIGHTMARE**
SEE REVIEW PAGE 4 (Savem)

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**THEATRES**

**AMC MIDTOWN**
1412 Chestnut, 367-7021
Jason's Lyric Fri-Sun 3:15; Mon-Thu 2. The Specialist Fri-Sun 1, 5:45, 8:15, 10:30; Mon-Thu 5:45, 8, 10.5; The Puppet Masters Fri-Sat 2, 5, 7:30, 10; Sun 2, 5, 9:30, 10:30; Mon-Thu 2:30, 5:30, 7:45, 10.

**AMC OLDE CITY**
2nd and Sansom, 627-5966
Love Affair Fri-Sun 2, 5, 7:45, 10. Mon-Tue, Thu 5:30, 7:45, 10; Wed 4:30, 10.

**AMC RIVERVIEW**
2140 Chestnut, 599-6262
Forrest Gump Fri-Thu 1, 3:10, 5:35, 7:20, 9:45. The Shawshank Redemption Fri-Thu 12:30, 5, 7, 10, 10:30. Timecop Fri-Thu 1, 3:10, 5:30, 8, 10, 10:30. The Mask Fri-Thu 1, 4, 7, 10, 10. Forrest Gump Fri-Thu 1, 3:30, 6:30, 9:30.

**RITZ AT THE BOURSE**
6th St. north of Chestnut, 255-7900

**THE ROXY**
"A Beacon in the Night" 2021 Sansom, 869-9000
A Beacon no longer, folks, the Roxy Theater just went out of business.

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**CONTEST**

To win free passes to see Clerks, call 898-1111 tonight between 5:55 & 6 (no earlier, no later) with the answer to the following question: What hours is 7-11 open each day?
**music**

**THURSDAY**

**PLANT, GO FIGURES, AND PALE**
Simple names and complex music come to South Street. Go Figures is from Athens, GA. So they're certain to bring the good 'ol pogo back to Philly. Pale used to be called Green Revolution if that means anything to you. (J.C. Dobbs, 3rd & South, 925-4033)

**LIFE IN HELL**

**SATURDAY**

**DEE LITE**
Supporting their latest album, Deo Dots in the Garden, Dee Lite will get the groove going in your heart. Lady Kier, DJ Dmitriy and Towa Tei produce a trip, highboppy, jazzy dance blend that's uplifting and tranquil, but one that will leave your bootay swayin' on the dance floor. (Trocadero, 10th & Arch, 973-ROCK)

**MAGGIE ESTEP w/ BAND FAMOUS PENCIL**
Founding mistress of the spoken word genre, Estep is one chick you don't want to mess with. She's intelligent, witty and can be oh-so mean when she wants. Her raw, rapid banter is as entertaining as it is thought-provoking. Also, go and find out if "Famous" and "Pen" are one in the same or two distinct happenings. (Tower Theater, 69th & Ludlow, 336-2000)

**THE PRETENDERS w/ MATERIAL ISSUE**
Quirky, eccentric and "with tuba," TMBG comes to town. For further information, see page 5. Pretenders are as solid as any band around. This is no longer the eighties and if you can still rock, Crissie Hynde will blow the roof off the Tower. (Tower Theater, 69th & Ludlow, 336-2000)

**WHO'S ON EARTH**
They're really cool guys. They're from somewhere. They all get stoned now. They're really cool guys. They're from somewhere. They all get stoned now. (Khayber Pub, 56 S. 2nd St., 503-9683)

**SUNDAY**

**THEY MIGHT BE GIANTS w/ FRENTE and FRANK BLACK**
Quirky, eccentric and "with tuba," TMBG comes to town. For further information, see page 5. Frente and Frank Black will be performing solo on acoustic guitar, which, according to TMBG's John Linnell, "he loves." Check it out. (Tower Theater, 69th & Ludlow, 336-2000)

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**Chinese Vegetarian Restaurant**

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Under Rabbinical Supervision

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(215) 923-3663

**El Contesto!**
It's called cross-marketing and what it means is that a movie, say, for example, Clerks, promotes itself by offering tie-ins with McDonalds or a soundtrack full of alternative music. Clerks is too racy to promote wholesome Big Macs, but there really is a soundtrack with tunes by Alice in Chains, Soul Asylum and Corrosion of Conformity. Come by the Street office after 9 p.m. on Sunday night and we'll hand out t-shirts to the first 15 people. One lucky person will receive the soundtrack itself, and in an expression of gratitude, we expect the winner to buy us all the Big Macs we can eat.
come

shake your

BOOTY

THE BANK

friday WDRE night
9pm 11pm open bar and buffet $7

saturday 50c Beverages until 11pm

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