A Philadelphia Police officer removes a TEC-9 mini machine gun from the trunk of a suspect's car during a raid at 41st Street and Baltimore Avenue.

Study abroad struggles with changes

By Kari Blodau
Don't pack your bags just yet.

The College of Arts and Sciences' study abroad office just received word of a possible "change of plans," according to College of Arts and Sciences Dean Robert Rescorla.

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study abroad struggles with changes

Water leak in Hutch destroys petition

By Melissa Sprague
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CAMPUS EVENTS

MONDAY

TUESDAY

THURSDAY

FRIDAY

SUNDAY

SCHEDULE FOR THE WEEK OF OCTOBER 24-28

October 25

October 26

October 26

October 27

October 27


In Brief

Asian American sorority to meet

Kappa Delta Phi, an Asian American sorority, will sponsor its first meeting on Thursday, October 27, 7:00 pm in Bishop White Room, 3720 Chestnut St. All members, old and new, are invited.

 linux Pennsylvania

Pennsylvania

onii

Thursday, October 27


Walking to the library to look up in books by hand. someday be as unfathomable as copying lives, from using the library to buying football tickets. will someday affect even aspect ol students' mental toward greater computerization, which last year, said Michael Elley, associate vice director of Library Public Sen.

"Seeing students using All across the University, this is a very positive. Renfro said. We've had many responses from students last two weeks ago. The new gateway was tested this summer, and responses so far have been very positive. Renfro said. Over the summer the service allowed for greater utilization ol the net, and they've all been very happy with the system.

"This is here has been a rapid growth In the de..." said Maxon. "Some of the new sources available on line are the text of the Oxford English Dictionary, the Dow Jones/News Retrieval with market text databases of LEXIS NEXIS and KesNet is the key infrastructure." EUej said. "It's a fun for many University students.

In addition to improving computer technology, there is tremendous education potential than anything at this point by new users. Someday you might even be able to earn a degree without ever even stepping into a classroom."

"For programs like Mosaic, computer users can create and read other pages as well. "Michael Nenashev, system administrator for SAS computing said. "It's a good program that doesn't crash." Computer users can type in new computer commands, which then keep track of which games students bought guest passes for. Students can also add pictures to certain away games, such as text, or a new game at Princeton.

Another possibility is to have PAW on the Internet. Although University officials say they would In- a major impact to the back of I this year, students need a red sticker affixed onto the computers, which then keep track of away games, such as text, or a new game at Princeton.

The students identification is scanned onto the computers, which then keep track of which games students bought guest passes for. Students can also add pictures to certain away games, such as text, or a new game at Princeton.

"In the future there won't be just listservs. In the future there won't be just listservs. In the future there won't be just listservs."

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A frustrated, virtually-challenged, single-digit IQ superheen pulled over a few days ago for "careless AND reckless driving in HIS city."

Thinking that the Clinton administration is attempting to sicken us of some sick, dull things through his entire body. To those who will undoubtedly claim these are biased, unwarranted comments, I will only reply this: you ain't black, are you?

One of the reasons for this double-standard is the moral belief that a female no longer deserves his respect, his love, his esteem once she has released him. He can only imagine how men have been for women.

The ensuing ramifications of such an event matter of fact, it happens quite frequently. The male in this situation can act in a variety of ways, depending on his feelings for the female, but for this column, let us focus on the worst possible scenario which unfortunately is also the most common reality. The male thinks about what he has just happened with this female and every moment of contact between himself he is probably ecstatic, but at the same time he has had the last respect for the female.

The telling himself that in only two days this female was willing to have sex with him. This allowed him to get into the female's pocket and to follow her. He will follow her and he will follow her again. He will follow her in a way that he will try to make the male feel that he is forever and the individual who will continue to encourage sex will only want you because she had sex with her too easily.

The female in this situation can deal with the situation in a variety of ways, depending on her feelings for the male, for this column, let us focus on the worst possible scenario which unfortunately is also the most common reality. The male is this kind of male and the most egregious possibility considers the male always feel he was so wonderful that over the years they have seen with her and her and her and her. He is not sure that she is watching him and she also trusted her own judgment of character, and that's what he was doing. She is not sure that she is watching him and she also trusted her own judgment of character.

She truly told her friend about it, and her friend was shocked, but their minds they would have never seen because they were after blowing anything. She is no longer thinking whether the female is going to be her boyfriend or not, but that it looks at how stupid she is.

This double standard in male-female relations is one of our society's least talked about problems. The labeling of "slut" and "whore", and "other" is not digested in the din of conversations. This double standard is really about adding more anomalies to the already sick system of this only confirms one's sex stereotype.

Many females only desire sex when they meet a male. They run and tell their friends about good or bad you, well, you know...

CORIN BROWN is a senior political science major from Newton, Massachusetts. This appears alternates Thursday.
Carpey Storhke: Seize the Tray
Group: Mask & Wig
Director: David Zosia
When: October 25-27, 7 p.m.
Where: Houston Hall Auditorium

More than $600 worth of musical instruments were stolen from the group's band hall yesterday.

Details of the theft are few in number.

When Mask and wig members arrived at the auditorium on Monday morning, they found that their drum set, a guitar, and a piano were missing.

Some of the most original and humorous scenes were in the "Second Chance," a musical skit that was a mini-musical version of the original show. The skit included a series of scenes, complete with turret, drawbridge, and moat.

In one scene, Rodin, with black wig, speculated on her sex life. In another, Lennon, with black wig, psychedelically criticized the American educational system.

Despite this, the show went on. The missing cymbals were able to replace the cymbals within 30 minutes, insuring that the show would go on. The missing cymbals were able to replace the cymbals in a bare all buffet of loud arguments and dance moves.

President Juditli Bolden, expelled before curtain call, was not available to comment.

If you have any information about the theft, please contact the Police Department. The phone number is 898-6600; free to community residents.

Also featuring a series of skits and musical numbers, the group's humor came from the group's wit, talent, and tasteless jokes.

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Grenade-armed hijackers seize jet

JORDAN AND ISRAEL END 46 YEARS OF WAR

THURSDAY

October 27, 1994

Compiled from Associated Press Dispatches

International

WASH. ILSA. ISRAEL-JORDAN BALKERS

The guns of Israel and Jordan, once trained on each other across the barren desert, fired a salvo yesterday that ended 46 years of war and made the peace last forever. Leaders from both sides and PLO official Yasser Arafat declared the end of the multi-side relations between the two neighbors that now rejoin.

"For generation and the next, we are the ones who will transform the hostilities into a fertile seed," Prime Minis ter Yitzhak Rabin of Israel told 3,000 jubilant Jordanians. "The time has now come not only to dream of a better future but to make it."

The 75-year-old former general, calm, stood beside a emotional, fist-pumping and weeping Arafat. "This is the day of the re-conquest of all lands - the city of Jerusalem and the other lands," King Abdullah II of Jordan said. "The Israeli doing war is over."

With a sign of the once arid relations between the two nations that now rejoin.

One of two men who commandeered a jet surrendered yesterday and 24 hours later. The plane Tuesday night just after it left Makhachkala.

In the three killers of American student Amy Biehl in prison instead of the death penalty, saying they had a cause there was a chance that Biehl's killers could be shown no mercy.

The risk was not affected by the number of abortions or by other reproductive experiences, such as live births and stillbirths. In a talk show on WKXI. radio, Jandebeur denied any suggestion that those who had induced abortions were more likely to have breast cancer.

The fear is compounded by the lack of a suspect. State Department officials said they were closing in on Kupres, a Serb army commander, but the Bosnian Serb army has not yielded. Kennedy is doing so with surprising speed.

The Bosnian Serb army crumbled.

BOSTON - Dancing over at the TD Banknorth Garden. The crowd for a better view of the former Mayor, his last moment was to go to the Middle East yesterday, is to go to the Nobel Committee for the Peace Prize.

The Bosnian Serb army crumbled.

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SAC grants funding requests at meeting

BY LAUREN GREENBERG
Daily Pennsylvania Staff Writer

Funding requests were considered and grants were made to student groups that are run by students in order to host a variety of events. The Student Activities Council (SAC) granted the funding requests of several groups during the body's meeting Tuesday in Stabler Hall.

SAC's Activities Committee (SACAC) is the subcommittee of the council that is responsible for giving funding to student groups. The group will be able to host Native American drummers, dancers and singers, group representatives said. The United Nations Council received $814, a little more than half of their initial request of $485. The Student Activities Council (SAC) received $325, $104 more than half of their initial request of $221.

The SAC Finance Committee originally recommended that the groups receive $42, more than half of their initial requests. The United Nations Council received $814, a little more than half of their initial request of $485. The Student Activities Council (SAC) received $325, $104 more than half of their initial request of $221.

The event, which was shorter than usual, said the College sophomore. "All groups were able to get the money they wanted." Representatives from seven other student groups attended the meeting in hopes of receiving SAC recognition or re-recognition. All of those groups received a positive recommendation from SAC steering, and awaited the vote of the entire council to decide if they were accepted or not.

The Student Activities Council (SAC) has not re-recognized groups since the redesign of the council's bylaws last year. This year, said College junior Josh Shultz, "We are going to do things differently."

One of the groups that received funding was the Inter-Cultural Coalition to End Discrimination (ICE). Wharton U.S.A. representative T. A. Madison and a student from the South American Drum Group, were named the new Finance Committee representatives.

"We need this money to open the facility," said the executive director of the Inter-Cultural Coalition to End Discrimination (ICE). What U.S.A. representative T. A. Madison and a student from the South American Drum Group, were named the new Finance Committee representatives.

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greenwich, ct 06830

- first round of interviews will be held in January in philadelphia.
College alters study abroad requirements

ABROAD from page 1

An additional study abroad fee will be levied by the University beginning in Fall 1995. See also University News for further details.

"If we have a very difficult problem," she said, "it's nice to have a very clear academic advisor," she said. "But they did approve it and College alters study abroad requirements.

"I thoroughly enjoyed it." College junior Andrew Moncrief agreed with these positive reviews. "A student can learn a lot from Gamble and I think it went very well." He referred to the great number of questions asked during the question and answer session and the many students who approached him after the speech as evidence of its success.

"We've now made certain affinities which we're going to be testing out for a few years," Joyce Randolph, International Programs Director, said. "You can't just put a data file of courses together, you have to accommodate as much as possible. It also makes it more difficult for people to study abroad if Penn does not have a program which suits the needs of your major," she added. "And we've now made certain affinities which we're going to be testing out for a few years."

The Benefits to a PACE Trainer

• Names and phone numbers of any two references bearing on your decision to apply
• What you can contribute to PACE
• What your idea of PACE is
• Why you want to be a part of PACE

Your letter of interest should be no more than two pages and should include the following:

Attention Seniors!

All seniors who expect to graduate in May 1995 MUST file a diploma information sheet/card with their school no later than 4:30 p.m. on Friday, November 11, 1994. You must submit this information in order to be issued a University diploma and to have your name appear in the Commencement program. Materials submitted after November 11 will be subject to a $25 late fee. No diploma sheets/cards will be accepted after February 10, 1995.

Dual-degree candidates must file the necessary paperwork with both schools.

If you have not received instructions about filing this information, please go to your school advising office as soon as possible:

COLLEGE: 133 South 36th Street, Mezzanine
(phd diploma materials were mailed to students on October 14)

WHARTON: 1100 Steinberg Hall-Dietrich Hall (instructions were placed in student mailboxes on October 18)

ENGINEERING: 109 Towne Building (instructions were distributed at the Senior Assembly on October 7)

NURSING: 474 Nursing Education Building (pick up materials outside the Office of Student Information)
Staff Writer

December 25th is an important Jewish date.

Make this holiday season a Jewish one.

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Informational Meeting

Office of International Programs

Informational Meeting

Penn Abroad in...

Tuesday, October 27 - 4:30 PM

AMSTERDAM $199

PARIS $199

MADRID $255

MUNICH $229

OPENINGS $249


tickets are not required for students with tape and paint. Fare subject to change.

Leadership Lecture Series

Howard S. Marks, W '67

Executive Vice President Trust Co. of the West

Mr. Marks will speak on

"Managing the Most Important Asset: Yourself"

Reception to Follow Presentation

Thursday, October 27 - 4:30 PM

Room 1206 Steinberg Hall—Dietrich Hall

Senior Vice President

For more information, please call 1-800-621-0666.
Water polo club ready to go for the gold

Ivy League football playoffs will not come until after long process

Bajwa & Ma

SOME THINGS ARE MEANT TO BE CLOSED
YOUR MIND ISN'T ONE OF THEM.

For decades, MDA has shown what people with disabilities can do when they believe they can. Ability leads to strength and pride of personal muscles. The barrier that these people overcome is their closed mind. Keep your options open.

1-800-878-1717

Office of International Programs
Informational Meeting
Opening the Book on a New Europe

Penn in Prague
At Central European University

Academic Director
Dr. Zdenek Stary
Will be on Hand to Answer Questions

Thursday, October 27
3:00 - 4:00 pm
Room 127 Bennett Hall

LIVING WITH CHRONIC ILLNESS

This is for support groups and families of people who are trying to go to school and live with a chronic illness at the same time. In this group, students will be encouraged to explore feelings that stem from being diagnosed with a chronic illness. We will discuss the experiences of everyone in the group.

DP Classifieds are written by over 4,000 students and faculty. Call TODAY! 898-1111

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November 9th

UNIVERSITY
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All Designer Frames
Yale running back makes comeback from severe injury

PRICE: from BACK PAGE

Ricky Price had his legs, which in him was the most painful. He did not go back to running for another three months, but spent the winter in the weightroom and watched his team go through a frustrating 5-7 season. "That season was pretty tough," Price said. "Watching the team losing was tough, but mentally, the worst thing of all was I couldn't play, or even practice again."

Price began his recovery days at Simmons Hall in the Cajun. Can. He never played football before high school due to his mother's wishes that it might stunt his growth. But at Simmons, he started playing wide receiver before he was eventually converted to running back.

"Looking back, I'm glad I didn't start playing football earlier," Price said. "As a kid, I played baseball and I was hurt out. But with football, I still have a great love for the game."

23-28 pound back suddenly went through his rehabilitation, gained weight, and was back in the football field, an area that seemed to be months earlier. And against Brown in the opener, more than a year after that fateful play, Price was running.

"Price said does not care if the first line he carried the ball after his injury," I was a little bit nervous, but I felt good. People were glad to see me play.

So Price is now again a staple of the Bulldogs. Although he is not as much as one was, he looks like he is a better back today than he did before he was eventually 131 yards in the game. "The team this year has different personalities," Price said. "The ball as much as two seasons ago.

Price himself is happy because of the way the team has been running. People were glad to see him back, but he also realized the pain the team has been going through. "People were glad to see me back, but it was still the same."

Penn soccer is in the family

CARDIER from BACK PAGE

"I don't know if she'd do it. If she'd be able to keep up with it," Bob Cardier remembered the first time he met Cardier's daughter. "It's the first time she's ever been in the same place as me."

The family believes, however, that will not be the case for their daughter on the soccer field. "They've both been the type of players that will give me a chance to win," Cardier's daughter said. "They've been the type of players that will give me a chance to win."

The father of the family believes, however, that Cardier cannot come back to his mind. "It's the second time I've been involved in the game."

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Cardier from BACK PAGE

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NBA may not avoid labor strife that has shut down other sports

Proposal boosts Team USA 1998 World Cup bid chances; striking baseball players warn scabs of retaliation

NEW YORK — The NBA may not be able to avoid the labor strife that caused the National Basketball Association to cease play for a 40-day period in 1999. The league's new collective bargaining agreement is well on its way to being ratified, and the players' association has already begun to prepare for the next round of negotiations.

The union has filed an antitrust lawsuit against the NBA, claiming that the league's salary cap is a violation of the Sherman Antitrust Act. The union, represented by lawyers from the firm of Goodwin Procter, is expected to file the suit in the federal court in New York within the next few months.

However, the league and the union scheduled a joint news conference for today in New York. The sides were nearing an agreement on a new labor contract.

The NBA has been without a new labor contract since the last one expired on July 1. The league has been without a labor contract since the last one expired on July 1.

At least three weeks earlier, Stern had expressed an interest in the matter and hinted that the league might be willing to make some concessions.

Earlier in the day, Grantham de- nounced the union's position and said that the union was attempting to push the league too far.

The NBA has been without a new labor contract since the last one expired on July 1. The league has been without a labor contract since the last one expired on July 1.
Ivy football playoffs may happen in future

By Nick van der Will

For Penn football, head coach Randy Edsall and athletic directors, sending the league's fall sport to the NCAA Division I football playoffs is an idea whose time has come. But that time, in Edsall's opinion, is only five years away.

"It's going to happen in five years," Edsall said. "I'm sure of it."

If Edsall is right, it is a gamble one the athletic directors and administrators of the Ivy League might want to reconsider.

OPPONENT SPOTLIGHT

The statistics are not at all flattering for Price. In six games this season Price has rushed for 431 yards on 97 carries for an average of 4.4 yards per carry. The Quakers will also tell you their quarterback has rushed for seven touchdowns.

Keith Price shows why he is one of the top players in the Ivy League -- a respectable way to end his career. Price looks to pass in the closing minutes of the second half at Brown on Saturday. Price accounted for 160 total yards in the game.
TRAPPED IN WAWA! 24 hours in the aisles of a Penn institution
Stereo Review

by Dennis Berman

The images of me, that hope to be a, in the world, is a dream, are often that is what it is. The way to understand this is by telling him about your. So I will describe.

You had a girlfriend once. She liked you and you had sex. But you quickly distanced yourself from her after a couple of months. There was just "too much stuff to deal with" and she always complained that you never went dates and your only quiet time meant renting movies and by the time they were halfway over you’d find yourself in one of those slow group sessions interrupted by a fraternity brother looking for his favorite hat that he thought he left in your room.

Music: You really love Pearl Jam (what doesn’t?) and when you’re feeling really alternative or guilty, or as if this ongoing eco midlife is really going to “kick your ass” you’re going to put on a Rage Against the Machine song or even some Snoop Doggy Dogg. You love Snoop. Who doesn’t? You own a Harry Chapin disc and you tell your friends to listen to Pink Floyd “Success of Secrets.”

You play with your penis a lot. Not masturbate, per se, but just striking your hand down your pants, twirling your pubes, pulling your balls tight and making sure everything feels OK. You think that you’d really love to play soccer like you did in high school, and even though you were decent then, your chances of making the Penn squad are nil. So, you’re kind of fat now, and when you eat cheese fries you worry that your mildly hairy chest might move your Gap jeans size up from 34 to 35 Size 35 is fat. I’m sure many people in the band wear size 35 pants, and everyone knows they are fat. I’d bet that some sorority girls, the kind of girls who once loved you, wear their father’s size 35 jeans because everyone knows sorority girls, if not fat already, are getting fat.

That’s strange, because some Asian girls are in sororities (mainly Alpha Phi) and they’re not fat. But Asian girls get together in packs and giggle a lot, and they are always good at French and Spanish because they study their conjugations hard. Who cares about conjugations except Asian girls with long hair and somewhat new, though hopelessly out of fashion Reeboks?

Talking about fashion, the people around the DP know nothing about the world. Everyone here is ugly and Jewish, and they report about things that no one gives a shit about, even the administrators who get paid to be quoted by the DP. Everyone knows the reporters and editors are social losers who couldn’t get into a fraternity or a sorority (though many are in Phi Sig), but that’s because their mothers know they’re losers and want them to get married and that’s why they hate the fraternity system. I mean, would you want them in your Circle of Brothers or your Ring of Sisters?

And what is Mask and Wig but nerdy theater guys who typically live in the High Rises and while hairy you want them in your circle of brothers or your circle of sisters. It’s what you think about fraternity guys, isn’t it? You asked your boss, what else do you believe? Let me describe.

Street GameDay

Film
The Road to Wellville
Mathew Broderick gets a Corn Flakes enema.
by Jennifer Donnelly

Review: Hoops Dreams
by Mike Talty

Shorts: Drop Squad, Love Affair, The Puppetmasters

Features
24 Hours in Wawa

What happens while one is trapped inside Wawa for a hellish 24 hours.

by Mike Talty

Radiohead Murders and Clerks
Street talks to “dreamy” actor Brian Benben and convenience store employee cum-director Kevin Smith.

by Alan Sepinwall

Sarah Dunn

by Erica Reichschild

Sex Beatles?
Is England’s Oasis the music world’s next big thing? Or just a mirage?

by Colin Paterson

Music
Boyz II Men

Beautiful, sexy and native Philly crooners further their characteristic romantic sound.

by Elsa Ramirez

Reviews: D Generation, The Cranberries, The Acid Jazz Test Part II, Melrose Place Soundtrack, Mose Allison, Bon Jovi, Snoop Doggy Dogg, Gas Huffer

SEASONAL FALL

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Where’s the music page?
Street Society
with
Vivian Smythe

Dear Diary,

Sipping on Creme de Menthe has often left me feeling a little bit flustered, but this week all of Northern Illinois seemed to catch a case of hanky panky. Having knocked back an old man, this time a couple of hot pies and hot pies and hot pies. And the last, it reminded me of that time when a social worker and a tax preparer sprinted and... well, you've already heard that story. 'Tis like I said, it is a sticky situation and I'll try to tell you the rest next week.

Love YOURS,

CAYEAT EMPTR: Just like the classmate who finds that everything works to fall apart, senior Steve Stone discovered that shopping in the "Bargain- ement" was not as easy as first expected. First off, he headed to social superstore "Beta Theta Pota" or "Margaritaville." In the fraternity's hometown, Stone picked up a discounted irregular, damaged merchandise, overstocked, which had been paid for by all the other patrons. Anyways, no surprise that this female aficionado was also mislabeled — she was ostensibly a student at Eastern College. But for her to misclassify, the cross-eyed caviar gazed down a hand-job in a dankened recess of the basement. Sadly, after the fluid transaction had been completed, Steven discovered that her "great find" was no more than standardized, local high school cheese.

EVER READ "YELLOW RIVERS"? By F.P. FREELY? The St. A's Octoberfest is known for its pungent blend of piss and hay. And this year was no different. Senior Tri-Delt Dolly Thompson found herself stuck in a superlong line of ladies waiting desperately to get into the bathroom. To make matters worse, a herd of St. A's troubadours, already cut ahead of the women-only line — crudely claiming that it was a "closed" bathroom. Her self-control was overtaxed. Thompson lifted her smock and paraded in the shower.

MATCH MAKER, MATCH MAKER, MAKE ME A MATCH: Freshman Eric crane — a self-styled social animal — had his doubts. Sadly, Eric's roommate has had a little trouble meeting people. In fact, most of people on the hall that said roommate has had almost nil contact with members of the opposite sex. Since he has to work on Eric's hall, these lovely ladies who has also been socially frustrated. So Eric and five other hallmates pooled their resources and offered her $100 to give him his roommate a blow-job. She accepted, and handed him to her room, telling him, "I'm curious about something I've never given someone blow-job before, and I'd like to try it with you." He broke, and she said, "Hello, I'll get go a CD and we'll listen and see what happens..." The CD played, and the deed was done. At press time, Eric and his hallmates and the guys in the floor above them are getting together more than four hundred bucks in pep, get Eric's roommate kid. Try over on Market Street, boys — it's only 10 bucks.

SEGAL OUT OF ORDER: A bad DJ, and lots of cheap alcohol were united in typical Penn fashion when their Upper LA Choir, Selh Hamilton (his memorable for his "Vote for the Gimmp" campaign posters) hosted a party ride with some fresh on its 42nd Street road trip. As the tunes blazed, peeling fresh Candies, "Sonic the Hedgehog" down the lane, after drink. Meanwhile, her friend Tiffany Wallis, another seemingly naive,oshi over to a slightly more limp, wanna-be-muscous. However, those who know him best, for time spent in his Usually drinking every minute, gallons and diving into bars. So much for recreating your identity when you come to college. Anyway, Big Tiffany waltzed and, after pushing his bear for a while, Steve gave you a "Come on baby" He quickly forgot about her supposedly sexy girlfriend and the two sacked in the middle of the dance floor while all the bystanders talked. All that was except for her. Because she had long since lied herself in the bathroom, poked and ultimately passed out. She was rescued two hours later by some smartass climbed up a ladder and broke in through the bathroom window.

BEAM ME UP, SCOTTY: Much to the chagrin of almost none, confrontational straw man HBP guest, Mike Birenbam is moving up North. Known for its "talked fast" incautious and vain affinity for mirrors, Birenbam is transferring to Concordia College, in Montreal. Our sources suggest that McGill's admission standards were a bit too rigorous for the inspiring French Canadian.

SOCIAL BUTTERS: After Tri-Delt senior Karen Now and Later right then her friend Theta settler "Tawdred" Audry Rosenberg, on the lips of the Castle late night, a crowd of nerd-like falls followed them around for the next hour begging for a repeat performance. The fellows went no doubt hoping, after watching the particular ladyadore's begin kick ballistics on the dance floor with her well-groomed sugar daddy.

LIGHT RUSH HOUR TRAFFIC: Struggling for legitimacy, the PIKA boys held a well-organized rush event on Tuesday. Even the seniors in the house showed up. Problem was, only, that seven, I mean SEVEN rushes showed up. I'm sure the most attractive looking was going cut. Flair must be going out of style, gentlemen.

All bolded names smell the funk, baby!
Anthony Hopkins goes from serial killer to cereal king

by Jennifer Dowling

HE PREACHED AGAINST FURRY BEDS, ROMANTIC novels, and was a firm believer in daily exercises. He labeled masturbation the "solest killer of the night" and cautioned that exercises were no more than a fig leaf on one's grave. Yet in the midst of the country's newfound fixation with health, Dr. John Harvey Kellogg attracted thousands of wealthy patients, eager to "take the cure" for mal de merImagine his response to his world-famous Battle Creek Sanitarium.

In the Road to Wellville, director/producer/writer Alan Parker (Brideshead Revisited) weaves the stories of several 20th-century health schemes into a multilayered portrait of America's first experiences with breakfast cereal, deceptively advertising the quest for personal health.

Wellville allows a glimpse of Kellogg's (Anthony Hopkins) family life with his three adopted children, the youngest of whom has already defied his father and now stands in the antithesis of everything his father believes in. This son, the deficient and deviant George (Lars Cowe), is neither a pig in mud, and makes a living by bawling and throwing shit at his father's patients until he receives his 'allowance' from dad and is once again chased off the property.

But someone else plans for George. He is recruited into the cereal business by the duo of fast-talking con artist Cordell Borden (Michael Lerner) and his business partner, the young capitalist Charles Osmond (John Cusack), who want to use George's well-known last name to sell their own flakes. However, first they have to produce the product—without a factory, capital, or even a recipe for cornflakes. All they have is a trusty product name, Stroh cereal boxes and enough hot wind to fool their creditors into placing orders for a cereal that doesn't exist yet.

Meanwhile, back at the "San," Will Lightbody (Matthew Broderick) is struggling to flee what he sees as "health madness." He is only convinced to stay by his wife Eleanor (Bridget Fonda), a devotee of Kellogg who is convinced that she and Will can't live a normal life until they're cured of their sickness. Tormented by memories of a miscarriage, she also carries guilt for unwittingly hooking her husband on opium, the prime ingredient in the "Sears's White Star Lagoon Cure" she had dropped nightly into his coffee to stop his drinking. Will's resulting stomach trouble is blown out of proportion by the good doctor, who immediately prescribes Will a barrage of tests, sinusoidal baths, scrubs, and enemas, all while discouraging him from sexual relations with his wife.

The film's opening scenes as if they were filmed long before the actors were comfortable with their characters—the dialogue is stiff, delivery is flat, and no one seems to care what they are wearing or who they are. Although the trouble is smoothed out 10 minutes into the film, it again rears its ugly head in the film's final moments. After taking the time to create a thought-provoking and extremely humorous movie, Parker turns tail on his talented cast by regurgitating a purged-by-fire II directorial signature.

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Shorts

DROP SQUAD

THE PUPPET MASTERS

ROBERT A. HEINLEIN, GOD BLESS HIS GENIUS-SOUL. DEF-
served better than director Stuart Orme's adaptation of his
acclaimed novel, The Puppet Masters. The book was classic Heinlein,
filled with excitement, wonder and pure science fiction. Un-
fortunately, the movie does not capture this spirit. Though packed
with action, Puppet Masters is generally tiresome and boring.

The film opens with an alien space-
craft landing on an Iowa farm. The
aliens proceed to take over the minds
of farm boys.

But the aliens' plan is more ambi-
tious than this kids' stuff. In all like-
hood, almost nobody would have
minded if they just settled for Iowa,
but their goal is to control the entire
planet.

At first glance, this story reads like
a blatant ripoff of invasion of the Body Snatchers. But as every
Heinlein fan knows, The Puppet Masters was written four years be-
fore Jack Finney's Body Snatchers novel.

Andrew Nivens (Donald Sutherland) heads the anti-alien task-
force of some CIA officers and women he hires for the venture.
His two underlings are his ex-serviceman (Eric Thal), A Stranger
Everywhere, and Mary Selton (false Warner, the beauty in Das
Hollywood). As the reserved, logical and sympathetic character
of Nivens, the formidable Sutherland is very convincing. And
though he seems to have a decent feel for his character, Warner
makes him appear a bit of a klutz.

The realism in The Puppet Masters ranges from superb Alarm-
type effects to a series of negatively cheap sets. The alien effects
are deliciously gruesome. Through vicious dissections and labo-
rate tests, the audience gets to know the creatures a little more
than they probably would have liked — but it's one of the more
satisfying elements of the film. The set design of the alien center,
however, is unfortunately a bit too Ed Wood-esque for a major stu-
dio feature.

At the core of The Puppet Master's failure is the lack of a cohe-
sive storyline. The film has many satisfying separate elements, but
they just don't gel together. Some of the action scenes are satis-
fying but too similar, and don't seem to add much to the film.

The film could have been saved had it been developed more
carefully. Perhaps the next Heinlein film will reflect the
work of one of the world's greatest science fiction writers. But for now,
The Puppet Masters is the perfect movie... for a USA Network Sat-
urday night presentation.

—Michael Levintz Suskind

THE 3 THREES

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THE 3 THREES

LOVE AFFAIR

TAKE WARREN BEATTY AND ANNETTE BENING, HOL-
lowood's fairy tale couple, set them against Tahitian sunsets and
moonlit skies, and you practically guarantee romance.

While Love Affair does deliver the romance, the movie has the
same negative and positive attributes as Warren Beatty. Both are
gorgeous and always photographed skillfully and flirtatiously.
Both have wry humor and Annette Bening, and both are class ve-
hicles, having withstood the test of time.

But love Beatty, whose desire for a secluded private life is leg-
endary, Love Affair is reticent about what is actually going on.
Keeping your private life a secret is one thing, but keeping the plot
of your movie obscure is a bad idea.

The new Love Affair (this is the second remake of the 1939 Leo
McCarey (wryker) center on Mike, an aging ex-football play-
and player, and Terry, who is "involved in music" (this is the sole
explanation of her career). Though both are engaged to oth-
er people when they meet on a 747 to Australia, an attraction
steadily develops.

When the plane has engine trouble and emergency lands on a
tiny island in the South Seas, it appears fate has brought them
together. The passengers are transported from the stormy is-
land by a passing Russian cruise ship, where they dance the
night away.

If this is not romantic enough, the next morning Mike takes Ter-
ry to meet his aunt, played by Katherine Hepburn, who conve-
iently lives a boat ride from the ship on Tahiti.

Hepburn delivers an enchanting performance, and foreshes
that they were meant for each other. Bening and Hepburn have
great chemistry, and Bening's face, hard to see through diffuse
lighting and soft focus, is a fascinating study of emotion and
beauty.

But here the story slows. After Mike and Terry return to New
York, deprived of their playful banter and director Glenn Gordon
Caron's Tahitian landscapes, the movie slows. Mike and Terry are
miserable, as is the audience, waiting for their prearranged meet-
ing on top of the Empire State Building.

The supporting players try to brighten things up but aren't giv-
en much of a chance. Gary Shandling, as Mike's lawyer, has to play
off the wooden Beatty, shuffling his lines, and Mike, who is not
verbatim involved in music, is charming, but can't brighten up the movie's second half.

Still, Beatty and Bening do have wonderful chemistry togeth-
er — when Terry and Mike fall in love, you believe it. And true
on-screen chemistry is so rare that Love Affair is almost worth see-
ing just for the sparks that fly between the two leads.

—Rachel Agronsky
Kevin Smith gives the convenience store clerk his due • by Alan Sepinwall

So you hate the people who work in convenience stores, right? Think they're complete idiots, right? They can never locate your cigarettes when everyone in the world knows Camel Lights are to the left of the counter, not the right. They can never find the price on your magazine or the cost of a pound of turkey. And of course, they're always on the phone when you're going to be late for class or need to buy condoms.

Well, here's a newsflash: they hate you even more than you hate them.

In fact, it was the whole cycle of clerk-customer antagonism which inspired the upcoming independent comedy Clerks, directed by Kevin Smith. Smith, who worked for three years in the only QuickStop Convenience Store in Leonardo, NJ, where Clerks was filmed, says that his biggest memory of the behind-the-counter lifestyle was "the stupid customers — all the stupid questions from the customers."

That contempt for customers fuels much of the humor in Clerks, which follows Dante Hicks (played by Brian O'Halloran) through one of the most trying days in convenience store history. Among the customer idiocy Dante and his video-store pal Randal (Jeff Anderson) confront: a derailed high school guidance counselor searching for the perfect dozen eggs, a fat guy with his hand stuck in a Pringles can, a dead body in the bathroom and the continued inquiry of "Are you open?"

Smith admits that Clerks stretches the "average" day in the life of a QuickStop. "No single day in a convenience store was ever that exciting — in fact, if you totaled up the six years I worked in convenience stores, you still wouldn't come up with all the stuff in the movie."

Which isn't to say that Clerks is largely fiction — it's just a bit of artistic license. "I had to put that stuff in to keep people from thinking we were watching a documentary or something," explains Smith, since a normal day involved little more than him shooting the breeze with friends. However, the bulk of the strange events in Clerks actually did happen.

Even some of the most surreal anecdotes were drawn from Smith's clerking career. When asked whether he actually sold cigarettes to four-year-olds, as Randal does in one scene, Smith replies enthusiastically. "Hell, yeah! I say get 'em started as early as possible!"

In fact, Smith generally identifies more with the obnoxious Randal (who's not afraid to spit water at customers if he doesn't like them) than the more reserved Dante, who goes out of his way for the customers. "The first year I was working at QuickStop, I was all the way Dante. But from the second year on, when I knew I could never get fired, it was all the way Randal. If a customer was giving me shit, I wasn't afraid to tell him about it."

So how exactly did a problem-making ex-convenience store clerk get a movie made and shown at the Sundance Film Festival (where it won the Filmmakers Trophy Award)? Well, it helps to have friends and — credit cards. Smith met co-producer Scott Mosier and director of photography David Klein while attending film school in Vancouver. Smith dropped out so he could devote the rest of his tuition to the movie, then leveraged over $20,000 more, using the credit of "between 18-12 credit cards."

While Smith was assembling the finances, Mosier and Klein got the extra experience needed to make sure production went smoothly. "Thank God Scott and David stayed," says Smith. "Because David knew everything we had to know about cinematography and Scott pretty much had the editing room down to a science."

Meanwhile, the cast was assembled partly from local Jersey actors, and partly from Smith's high school buddies. The latter group provided the film's happiest accident: Anderson's hilarious, machine-gun paced performance as Randal. "Jeff was just a buddy of mine from high school who I brought in to read for a smaller part, and his reading was so natural that I said to him, 'I want you to read for Randal,' and his timing was incredible."

Smith never worried about working with a lot of non-professional actors, "because they were working with a guy who generally wasn't a director."

Despite Smith's inexperience, the production went surprisingly easy, with the cast and crew filming in the QuickStop after-hours. The biggest hassle came after production was over, when the MPAA tried to slap an NC-17 rating on the film for its abundance of profanity. In a rare change of heart, the rating was overturned, thanks to the pleading of several prominent film critics who had seen Clerks at Sundance and loved it.

Now that Smith has made the definitive movie about convenience store clerks, his next project is Mallrats, "the definitive movie about mall rats."

- Only from the mind of a Jersey boy...

Dream Life

Brian Benben has a gorgeous wife, a new movie and a job most men would kill for • by Alan Sepinwall

Brian Benben's parents never imagined their son would grow up to spend his time staring at-on-camera with a different beautiful, naked woman each week. In fact, they couldn't believe it.

"When I told my parents I wanted to be an actor," explains Benben, the star of HBO's adult comedy series Dream On, as well as the new feature film Radioland Murders, "they were horrified. Even today, they're still a little embarrassed by Dream On."

What the Benbens don't realize is that their son is the envy of every male in America — much to his dismay. "People actually come up to me on the street and say, 'Hey, you're Martin Tupper [Benben's Dream On character]! That thing you did last week happened to me once!' It kind of appalls me that people will just readily admit that," says Benben. "When you consider some of Martin's kinkier sexual misadventures — everything from taking part in a nudie 3 way with his best friend to taking his father to a gay bar to find him a date — it is kind of weird."

Even so, Benben doesn't think Dream On's sexual explicitness is such a big deal. "I admit, we've had our moments of gratuitous nudity — and will continue to do so in the future — but the show's more germane now. I can give a couple of episodes without taking my clothes off. He is a little forced by the continuous stream of undressed co-stars, but claims it could be worse. 'It's kind of nerve-wracking to do a naked scene with someone I don't know, but it would probably be even more nerve-wracking to do it with someone I do know.'"

"Someone like his wife, actress Madeleine Stowe, for example. While they're happily married, the thought of working together is a bit much. 'We could work together, I suppose, but we'd have to live in separate residences, or else we'd kill each other. Besides, our careers are totally different. She gets to go to exotic locations for her movies, I go to Newark.'"

Now that he's made Radioland Murders, he can better relate to his wife. In addition the film being his first starring role in a major feature — something Stowe is accustomed to — Benben had to dress in drag for several scenes. "Dressing as a woman is something all men should do at least once. It's strange to see how differently the women relate to you. Instead of the usual mock flirting that men and women do, the women on the set were giving me tips on my makeup and my hair — both of which I needed a lot of help with!"

While he loves doing Dream On — "I don't see any other TV show that has as much creative freedom as we do" — Benben hopes that Radioland Murders will be his springboard into a more prosperous film career that has eluded him so far. This biggest prior credit came as Dolph Lundgren's sidekick in I Came in Peace. "I'd always much rather be doing features."

He may not have long to wait, rumor has it that Dream On is in its final season. "We go through this [possible cancellation] every year, but the show may have run its course. We're getting down to Martin Dates a Girl With Big Ears."

If and when Dream On does go to sleep for good, Benben doesn't know exactly what he'll do next, nor does he care. "I don't have a grand plan," he explains. Part of the problem stems from the fact that he's now viewed only as "the successful, in-love, in-the-city bachelor, but 'a lot of the comedy scripts I've been getting are really not funny.'"

Of course, he wouldn't mind staying with Dream On a little longer — working each week with beautiful naked women does have its advantages. "It's a job," claims Benben with more than a trace of a smirk on his face, "and someone has to do it."

The lucky SOB.
City Paper and former 34th Street columnist Sarah Dunn had a dream. She was going to write a book about nothing. Well, the occupation of doing nothing, that little word that means so much to so many. Dare we say it — “slack.” Erica Rothschild paid a visit to Dunn’s hovel cum-official slacking zone. Why a hovel? Do you know many slackers who live in villas?

What was your role at 34th Street? Did your work there inspire you to become a full-fledged writer?

It did actually. I started writing my freshman year then they gave me my own column my sophomore year. I started writing once a week and it made my sophomore year hell pretty much.

What was the column called? “Street Talk.” You don’t have it anymore. I had this really vicious breakup with my boyfriend right before my sophomore year started, so my first four columns were all drawing on that energy. They were my best columns I think.

Was there ever a point in your life where you passed your Handbook’s official slacker test?

Partially. I had some of the outward signs. I was a waitress. I never had a resume. I had no health insurance. I kept all my money in this big jar, in my closet. I have had socks in the kitchen, coffee filters on the toilet tank, and dirty dishes in the bed. I did steal a lot of things from work too. When I quit my waitress job, I had stolen enough coffee beans to last for six months. I think I was close enough to the culture to have a good look at it, but I wasn’t a hard-core slacker.

In your book you write that a personal conspiracy theory is essential for any slacker. What is your own conspiracy theory?

I’m mostly interested in the crop circle thing. Interestingly enough there’s not a single crop circle conspiracy in my book. The conspiracy theories in my book are from Illuminati Conspiracies, by Robert Anton Wilson. It’s total insanity, but people love this book. I think that the reason that conspiracy theories are appealing to slackers is that there is this idea that everything is fixed in the world, like it’s impossible to say, get your movie script bought, okay. Why? Well, because there’s basically some Hollywood conspiracy that keeps good films from being made. Also, it’s just sort of the facts of the way serial killers are.

In the Handbook and in talking now, it’s hard to tell whether you have the utmost respect for the slacker culture or whether you are making fun of it.

I really enjoyed writing this book, and I could not have spent that much time in this sub-culture if I didn’t have an appreciation when I started out and an appreciation all the way through. The way I’d like for people to perceive this book is both as an anthropological look at this phenomena, but also I hope that people can take a step back and laugh at themselves — and say, hey we are all wearing goatee.

The conformity of non-conformity. Exactly. The thing about traveling around and seeing it again and again — it was amazing to me that in Tempe, Arizona, people had exactly the same look, and everything. And this is all from people who at least claim to be total non-conformists. And also denying the fact that they could be categorized.

Do you anticipate a backlash problem because of this categorization?

Yes, it’s a huge problem. I think being a slacker is a little like being a racist. The more you actually conform to the label, the more you are upset when it’s used to describe you.

In the book, you’re aiming at white, college-educated, middle class people who have parents that can bail them out if necessary. Does this fairly marginalize the group?

The fact is people are able to live this way largely because they have a safety net somewhere. They might not have health insurance, but they know that if they needed some sort of catastrophic dental work that grandma would come through with $4000 bucks for it.

Is that really the majority of the community?

I have no problem saying that. Slacking is about rejecting materialism in its highest form. It’s rejecting this idea of working really hard so you can buy more things so you can work hard so you can buy more things. I think that in our culture the only people are ready to reject that are the people that have seen it first hand, the ones that have grown up in the suburbs with a VCR, and they’ve seen what sort of sacrifices their parents have had to make to get that. If you’re, say, from an immigrant family, your parents are struggling and you’ve never had a couch — you’re not really gonna be a slacker. But, there is a lot of good — what slackers are rejecting is what should be rejected. The downside is that it’s going to be a little difficult being forty years old and scoping ice cream for a living.

If you lived next door to College Avenue and L-Ak pile Erica Rothschild, you’d quickly learn (as we did) that she was a Secret Mountain Scent anti-perspirant and showers at night. If you catch her at just the right moment, you’ll see her watering her plants in the nude.
feature

Penn certainly has its institutions: bronze statues, brown brussels and High Day. These are official, the kind cheerfully mentioned in yearbooks and the big pages of recruiting brochures. But real life at this school is not really about that. It’s not really about flinty selling your CD collection to buy a fake ID, reading 400 pages of Marty Dale or an awful sitting, and, of course, making late-night caffeine runs to Wawa. Wawa doesn’t get some attachment to the store at West and Spruce or its thousands, students search for late-night cookies, comrades and, perhaps, that last-minute desperation hook-up. Hour after hour, Mike Tuffy observed this phenomenon. Here are his notes on one long, very long, late-night visit.

11:00 p.m. — Coffee is brewing, four pots to be exact, the physical limitation of Wawa’s coffee counter. The assistant manager tells me, “It’s going to be a few minutes, son, so you’ll just have to wait.”

11:08 — I decide it’s too early for coffee anyway. I opt for the Dr. Pepper and the Tasty Cake Butter Scotch Krummels Delights.

11:11 — I light up a cigarette.

11:14 — An infamous college senior named Heather is “studying” with a friend at a nearby table. A guy walks in, says hello and proceeds to have a five minute discussion about midterms. The conversation also includes Heather’s philosophical analysis of English 210. “I know. It sounds like a foreign language, but it’s English.”

11:20 — Her friend walks away to use the MAC Machine. Heather’s friend condescendingly mocks the inevitability. “Who was that guy?” Heather responds with embarrassed expression, “Oh my God, I totally forgot his name.”

11:22 — A goateed man at the next table notices my tablet and pen. Being the ever-inquisitive non-Penn Wawa consumer, he asks me what I’m doing. Ahhh! My first victim. “Hi, I’m Mike, can I ask you a few questions?”

11:23 — He reveals his name to be Pete “Pa-paya” Adams. I would learn later that he is a squatter who moves between abandoned houses in West Philly with his friends. For the next half-hour, we discuss his interesting lifestyle, the current state of Philadelphia and his dog. In between cigarettes, 21-year-old Pete ardently describes the process by which he abandoned houses around the city and are subsequently auctioned. He discusses the fiscal levels of Philadelphia neighborhoods, the back taxes which set this level and the politicking that goes into the Sheriff’s auction. He travels around the country (he’s been to all but seven states and one province) during the winter months, usually by hopping trains since hitchhiking “pretty much sucks.” He offers other insights. On Philly: “It’s cool because a lot of people seem pretty chill about things. It’s a really poor town and people seem less uptight.” On the city’s ability to deal with the housing problems: “The city has been so apathetic about selling them or giving them out. They put money into project housing which is completely stupid, because no one cares about a rental. If it’s not permanent they don’t care about it. But if they gave people these houses people would care, because it’s going to be their house. Instead they put them up this fucking disgusting high-rise boxes. It’s amazing. The upkeep of the places is disgusting because no one gives a fuck about them. There’s prostitution and drug dealing in the hallways.” On why he goes to Wawa: “I didn’t feel like hanging out in my house and a lot of my friends stop by here too. It’s cheap. I can come in here and buy one thing and sit here for hours.”

12:01 a.m. — I light up a cigarette and open up the latest issue of Details.

12:05 — Another one of Heather’s friends stops by. He can decipher from the conversation is, “You probably don’t remember this, but we had a long talk last week at Smoke’s, you were so loaded!”

12:08 — I succumb to the caffeine craving and buy the mega-20 oz cup of Wawa coffee.

12:10 — I return to my seat to find two interesting characters have entered Wawa.

Man 1: For the next hour, the guy states at the wall like a schizophrenic, occasionally mouthing incoherent utterances to an unknown ear.

Man 2: Wearing a baby-blue and white pin-stripe suit, a man named David Mohammed approaches and mumbles something to the effect of feasit begins.

12:45 — Mohammed is now alone. I take advantage. He’s scribbling in the Italian book and I ask why. “I’m testing a test — a brain test.” Of course he is. He tells me he’s waiting for his daughter who is “not here… she’s at work.” Sure. As for inspirational philosophy, he says, “Malpractice is illegal in hospitals… I didn’t know that… You know, they have black surgeons now.”

12:48 — Realizing my time with Mohammed is futile, I thank him and walk away. But not before noticing a man without shoes and wearing “knickers” (for lack of a better description) walk into the store, check things out, and leave.

12:49 — “I did my laundry today for the first time in a month” says girl two from the salsa table. No response. Only chewing.

Trapped In Wawa

Greenpeace number? It’s not in this week’s TV Guide.

1:21 — I walk outside and speak with Chris and Bob. — two homeless men.

1:22 — Roland refuses to be photographed saying, “Thirty-one cents and you’re going to exploit me. I don’t think so,” I give him an extra 33 cents and he seems happy. Chris explains Wawa: “The way to find out what happens here is to put yourself in black shoes and be here. You have to experience it. It’s a carnival. It’s peace and love. White ain’t white, black ain’t black, and men ain’t men. You take the bitter with the sweet and be thankful.”

1:25 — Chris intersects, summarizing the state of the homeless man in Philly. “I’ve been out here for a while. Life just ain’t giving you nothing. What you get is what you get, but the main thing is you have to be grateful for what you get because like my man said, it’s bitter sweet. The bitter is damn bitter and the sweet doesn’t come too often. It’s supposed to be the City of Brotherly Love, but I haven’t seen too much brotherly love here in a while. It’s just not there. You better appreciate what you have because if you put me in your shoes, you might not get them back. I’m looking back at you and you got it going on. I’m not saying I want to be white, I love my race but I want what you have. Call it envy. You give me what you have and I’ll take full advantage of it. From the homesys, the one thing I can say to you is help.”

2:00 — Two on-duty Penn Police officers enter the store while on break. Pizza Hut. The officers describe the time back in 1990 when a car crashed into the store, severing a customer in half, but more importantly, forcing Wawa to renovate the store.

2:30 — The crowd and the excitement begin to diminish. The cleaning crew begins to sweep and mop. One by one, the black customers are kicked out. “I’m left to do my own thing.” In an ironic way, this pisses me off.

2:33 — David returns and begins cutting off a callous on his left foot with a razor blade. Blood drips onto the floor. He’s soon forced to leave. Disgusting.

2:40 — Heather leaves the building without even saying good-bye.

2:45 — I decide to go outside and talk to Mark. He relays his opinions on Penn: “The Wharton guys don’t give change.” “The service here is really slow.” “I’ve plugged into the Penn community. It’s not just about change it’s about other things. One of the best things I can get is when someone asks me for change.”

3:05 — I notice a sign behind the register reading: “Zima and Killian’s Red are 6 per imported price. Card everyone.” Why?

3:10 — In mid-right up, I witness a cross-store employee debate over the last time the trash was taken out. Final line of the argument: “I am sufferin’ from that Alzheimer’s shit.”

3:16 — I buy some more Dr. Pepper. I overhear the sweater speaker saying, “See, I’ve graduated.” A man who had been kicked out a few minutes before comments, rather humorously, “How can you graduate to sweeping?”

3:20 — I continue my nightly run again in the bathroom, but the employee is cleaning the toilet. “Can I just piss real quick?” He responds, “Yeah sure, just don’t leave any brown smudges on the seat.” I can feel that, especially while pinning.

3:40 — Tired, I walk home. I can only think of one line from Chris about late-night Wawa: “Straight from the hoodie, it’s a bunch of shit.”

Mike Tuffy is a college senior who now knows that three ounces of chicken – not four – are used when assembling a chicken soft taco supreme.
SEX BEATLES

Will Britain’s “next big thing” just be a mirage in the States?

- by Colin Paterson

A year ago I was on the dole in Manchester spending my giro (unemployment check) the day I got it and being nagged by my mum. Now, 12 months later I’m a star,” is the arrogant claim of Liam Gallagher of the explosive British pop group, Oasis. The turn in their lives has really been that quick.

Their first single “Supersonic” was released in Britain just six months ago. It was a minor hit, but three top twenty singles followed, and the music press is drooling over their debut album of all time. They even managed to keep the Domingo-Carreras-Pavarotti World Cup concert off the number one spot in the album charts.

Three fat blokes shouting is no match for Oasis,” was their official response. Magazines write articles about them without even speaking to them. They were acknowledged as the best act at Glastonbury, the UK’s biggest pop festival. The buzz about them verges on hysterical. It could almost be termedClassmania, with them being hipper and selling more records than just about everybody.

And so they move to the next stage in their bid for world domination: the USA. They are now on their first tour here, having previously played July’s New Music Seminar in New York, where the press seemed to be the only one interested. “We stole the whole show. We always do wherever we play.”

On Sunday night, Philadelphia got its first taste of the boys from Manchester at a sold out J.C. Dohes, where fans celebrated by singing along and crowd-surfing.

Speaking during their sound check, bass player Paul McGuigan evaded the same enormous self-belief that resonates from the whole band. He explained why America should take notice of them: “We’re the best band live in the world and have been for about a year. We’re not necessarily the best at playing our instruments. I mean I can hardly play my bass, Tony (McCarrol) can’t drum. Liam (Gallagher) claims about his own singing, Noel (Gallagher) will admit he is not the best guitarist in the world and Bonehead (Arthurs) says he just smashes on his guitar for fun. You don’t have to have the best musicians to be great. I mean Hendrix wasn’t in the Beatles, but they were still the best band. It’s when we come together we’re something different.”

This notion of the Beatles is typical of Oasis. For the last 25 years the music press has been looking for the “new Beatles.” Such groups, like the Knack and Duran Duran ignored this label, which was just as well seeing they sell for far less than the Fab Four. But Oasis have almost gladly accepted it, mentioning yellow submarines in “Supersonic,” and even doing a cover-version of “I Am the Walrus.”

McGuigan is not sure about the comparison. “The press can’t decide if we’re the new Beatles or the next Sex Pistols. I don’t see how you can judge us next to the Beatles.”

- Paul McGuigan

One American who is already a huge fan is Evan Dando of The Lemonheads. He joined them on stage in London and has also arrived as an unannounced opening act. Oasis have not minded his admiration so far. Says McGuigan, “Evan is a top bloke. Liam thinks he’s John Waters on acid. He’s excellent on his own with just an electric. I hate the Lemonheads though. They’re shit. We’ve told him to leave them, but he won’t listen.”

McCarrol is as equally dismissive of other contemporaries, describing Suede’s Brett Anderson as a “middle class kid who pretends he’s working class to sell records,” and The Stone Roses as “old men whose new record sounds like rare groove.”

Later that night, Oasis let their new record loose on an audience of students and alternative rock fans at J.C. Dohes. One girl even brought her mom along. Anyway, their loud guitars, unforgettable melodies and unmistakable Manchester vocals were greeted with a wild reception.

Liam Gallagher, the lead singer, stood with his hands behind his back, pouring in a way that could only be the result of years of practice in front of the mirror. He cooed cooingly, dealing with a girl’s cry of, “I love you” with “Big deal. So does my Mum.” His brother Noel, the guitarist and songwriter, is equally unflappable, refusing to play their Christmas single, “Because it’s not Christmas yet.”

With Noel allegedly having written 220 songs (“He can do four on a three hour plane flight,” claims Paul) there is no sign of Oasis drying up. A new album is planned to be out next year and with MTV getting interested in them, there seems every chance of success with Definitely Maybe.

Maybe in 25 years, people will have to be looking for the new Oasis.

Colin Paterson is a junior exchange student from Glasgow, Scotland and attends St Andrew's University. He plays a tonalité right midfield for Van Peteg Hotel’s soccer team.
Motown in Philly?

Sexy Philly crooners continue their definitive romantic pop sound

by Elva Ramirez

BOYZ II MEN'S SECOND ALBUM, II, retains the silky allure that has become the group's trademark. They remain as subtle, sexy and talented as when they first appeared on the music scene. They continue to set themselves above the reach of their many imitators. While others spout out cheap, saccharine ditties, the boys are classy songwriters. Far from the rampant and badly made songs that are the music industry's answer to soft porn, the tracks on II are anything but blatant.

The album is a successful meld of understated sex appeal, rich vocals and smooth melodies. Even with the constraints of modern culture's fickle tastes and decidedly undemanding musical standards (since most audiences usually favor the less creative of artistic ventures), there is a classic beauty in songs like "Unfaded Knee" that may make them lasting examples of superior ballads.

"I'll Make Love to You," the first single off the album, is romantically irresistible. With its poetic lyrics and slow rhythm, the song is an enduring plea to submit to a long night in. Like a considerate lover, the song stresses the giving of pleasure rather than taking of joy; unlike certain pop tunes, this is hardly another dancefloor grind. The song speaks of physical love, only to endow it with an elevated sense of beauty. It is extremely difficult to dislike a song that melts into sweetness every time it is played, not so much out of sappiness as out of apparent sincerity and passion.

II does have the occasional catchy cut, such as "All Around the World," and even though it doesn't really say much, the song has a way of lingering. While it is little more than a rhyming list of countries and cities, Boys II Men makes the most of it. It is, after all, a light release from the disc's more serious mood. And though they are singing of life on the road, they still harbor a furtive sensuality, as even with irrelevant material they cannot let go of their image.

The album never overdoes the poignancy. Its abundance is evident in both the way the songs flow together and the way everything ends much too soon. While some albums resemble shaky affairs (with rhythms that build to forced heights, only to crumble under exertion), II is neither so base nor hasty. Just as there is a sensuality inherent in red wine, scarlet roses and red kisses, there is an external physicality connected with an emotional response that evokes ever-increasing passion and consuming desire.

The ubiquitous cover does wander onto sacred musical territory; the Beatles are supposed to be above the realm of disposable manufactured music and saccharine crooning. Technically, this is true. But the a cappella rendition of The Beatles' "Yesterday" sacrifices neither the musical force nor the delicate harmony of the original recording. Far from a blasphemous mishandling of one of rock's psalms, this version is more an homage to musical genius than an opportunistic gamble to garner attention. The tone is reverential yet still characteristic Boys II Men.

The fact that they shine even when performing fluffy soundbites or classic material is a credit not only to their vocal virtuosity but to their confident musical persona. They find the right combination of formula and originality; they remain true to themselves while giving the public what it most likes to hear.

I'm too sexy for Philly


SICK OF TECHNO THAT SOUNDS LIKE IT WAS WRITTEN by a six-year-old on speed? Pained by listening to the same lame Unlimited songs every time you turn on WDRE? Want to be in on the next big thing in electronic music? Then throw out that gold lamé Adidas warm-up suit and break out your black turtle neck, because Nu-Jazz is the thing for you.

When some hear of a jazz crossover, one word comes to mind: fusion. Although fusion went a long way toward proving that jazz should be left alone, Acid Jazz manages to avoid this negative label. It is still a combination — live horns, guitars and vocals with sinuous, laid-back techno beats — however, Nu-Jazz does not dilute these varied elements.

The Acid Jazz Test: Part II explores the genre's ever-changing continuum. Tracks such as "Stickman Crossing the Brooklyn Bridge," "Stoned Again" and "Vibe Provider" feature sly rapping along the lines of A Tribe Called Quest and De La Soul. Other songs, such as "Do The Right Thing" and "I Like Me Better Now" are lead by soulful singers who one could see closing down tech-noland clubs late on a Friday night. Most of the other songs on the album are instrumental featuring live musicians improvising over electronic rhythm sections.

The Acid Jazz Test: Part II would be a worthwhile purchase for anyone looking for that perfect disk to play in between Min-gus and 140+ BPM. Hard to classify as either Jazz or Techno, it stands alone, independent and refreshingly new. If the popularity of this up-start style is a measure of its potential, Acid Jazz is here to stay.

—Elliot Blanchard
Mose Allison
The Earth Wants You
(Blue Note)

Melrose Place
Melrose Place
(Giant)

Gas Huffer
One Inch Masters
(Epitaph)

Mose Allison
The Earth Wants You
(Blue Note)

The Earth Wants You is the latest studio under-taking of legendary blues pianist and vocalist Mose Allison. This album is his most ambitious in some time, featuring 10 original compositions and an all-star band.

The strength and diversity of his supporting cast are the first things which deserve attention. The band includes drumming great Paul Motian, the increasingly popular alto saxophonist Joe Lovano, and a household name in jazz guitar — John Scofield. The band produces a crisp sound as each of these formidable players is steeped in different jazz traditions — Lovano has his roots in bebop while Scofield plays a more contemporary style.

What makes The Earth Wants You special is the way Allison's jazz support complements his vocals and piano stylings: a style that emerges from a wholly different tradition, the country blues. Allison's voice, smoothly projected with a rich Mississippi accent, will grab the listener's attention. The characteristics of his voice mirror his approach towards explaining deeper social messages in his music. Though his very, deadpan humor, Allison playfully sings of the serious burdens of life. For example, "Certified Senior Citizen," "Children of the Future" and the title track tackle such problems as aging, race relations and loneliness.

A recent feature on Allison at JazzTimes labeled his music as "therapy for the soul." He offers musical testimony to the adage that we should try to laugh at our problems, and he illuminates the trials of life through humorous lyrics and emotional energy.

—Elli Wolf

Murder Was the Case
The Soundtrack
(Interscope)

Like bloated generals of the Napoleonic era, today's rappers mass teeming staffs of advisers and confidantes, live in insinuative luxury, and most importantly to hang on, dole out commissions in the form of the coveted rap cameo.

Snoop Dogg Dogg was a major behind the reputation of the Dr. Dre and eventually paved the way for more potent than his mentor's. Now, Snoop, in the film compilation for Murder Was the Case, is dishing out patronage, giving airtime to a tired collection of gospel bellows and mediocre rappers.

Though the album cover features Sun King Snoop, he doesn't even compose an original solo song, instead slapped together a remix of his woeul "Murder Was the Case" and collaborating with a handful of unknowns on "21 Jumpstreet" and "Who Got Some Gangsta Shit." These snippets don't compensate for the album's remaining mediocrity. It's filled by Snoop's reputed "Dogg Pound," a shifting cadre of would-be rappers who share his love for violent urban braggadocio but who lack his infectious, laid-back style.

Each of these unknowns hopes his attachment to Snoop will yield fame or at least minor recognition. It worked for Nate Dogg, who makes one of the album's only solid appearances with his sing-song "One More Day." But beyond Nate and a ambitious collaboration from Dr. Dre and Ice Cube, the album witts in shallow self-promotion and imitation.

Listen to the female crooner called Jewell have a fake telephone argument in her seemingly belligerent "Harvest for the World."

"They're ain't no man livin' here, this is my place, ho," she yells. "You see, Yolanda, I don't give a damn about how you're taking this." Obviously, gangsta rap is not at is best over the phone.

That's the problem with the members of Snoop's Dogg Pound. They don't have the resolve to separate themselves from their musical godfather. Song after song finds the rappers aping Snoop's ominous drawl. Murder Was the Case proves that in the drawing rooms of rap's courtly society, not everyone can be top-dog.

—Dennis Berman

IF MELROSE PLACE ONCE A WEEK ISN'T ENOUGH, NOW YOU CAN enjoy it everyday of the week. Joining the ranks of The Simpsons, Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtles and its sister show Beverly Hills 90210, everyone's favorite Monday night soap has come but with its own very special soundtrack, aptly titled Melrose Place — The Movie. Yes, it really does exist. But don't expect to hear Heather Locklear's renditions of your favorite songs. This is a smooth album with an all-star cast of musicians like Frente!, Dinosaur Jr., and Paul Westerberg. Admittedly, this equation of Melrose Place and commercialized music should be viewed skeptically, but the total product is really quite good.

What should come as no surprise to anyone is the fact that love/hate and relationships are the running themes of this album. With track titles such as "I'm Jealous" or "How was it for you?" one gets the feeling that these songs are somehow really related to the Melrose Place television series. However, listening to the album will not conjure up images of past episodes or make you think, "Hey, this was the music they played when Billy proposed to Allison." What this album will do is give you an entertaining compilation of poppy tunes that are catchy and just plain fun listening. There isn't a bad song on this record. It has something for everyone, from softer songs by Paul Westerberg and Sam Phillips to harder edged songs by Dinosaur Jr. and Uze Overkill. Stand-out tracks are Annie Mann's "That's just what you are" and Frente!'s "Ordinary Angels."

Don't judge this album by its cover. It is a nice sample of today's fast-rising musicians singing tunes that just happen to be related to Melrose Place. But if you are too embarrassed to buy this album simply because it says Melrose all over it, all tracks are labeled his music as 

*NEW JERSEY'S GOT A LOT OF GOOD STUFF. Malls, big hair, diners, 4th shore, "what exit?" Woodrow Wilson. Bill Bradley and, most significantly, music. Yeah, music. From Warrant to Whitney Houston to Southern Johnny (and those Asbury Jukes), Jersey's musical diversity is unrivaled.

But, at the apex of Jersey musical culture — the source of shower nozzle masturbation material for Jersey girls, the root of unshaking envy for Jersey guys — there exists one man and his band: Bon Jovi.

For years, Bon Jovi has been the brunt of many a "leather pants and big hair" glam rock joke. But with the band's greatest hits album, Crossroads, Jon, Richie Sambora and company crackle their unprecedented glam sound and pertaining rock 'n roll fury. Including powerful hits like "Living on a Prayer," "Give Love on a Bad Name" and the ever-classic "Runaway," Crossroads offers its listener a history lesson on one of rock's most consistently innovative and talented bands.

But the absolute genius of Bon Jovi dwells in the lyrics. With philosophical analogies like "Your love is like bad medicine and bad medicine is what I need" and self-introspective offerings like "I'm a cowboy, on a steel horse I ride. I'm wanted (wanted!) dead or alive." Bon Jovi's poetic endeavors recall those of the great American poets like Allen Ginsberg and Walt Whitman.

And always challenging the established frontiers of rock, Bon Jovi performed an acoustic version of "Wanted Dead or Alive" on the MTV Video Music Awards a while back. The overwhelming response from the invariably cutting-edge MTV viewers launched the now prestigious Unplugged series.

For over a decade, Bon Jovi has pushed the boundaries of rock beyond the tiresome levels set by under-remarkable bands like Jane's Addiction, Nirvana and The Pixies. Crossroads, Jon and the boys demonstrate the unprecedented raw energy and skill that could only come from a coastal town in central Jersey.

—Mike Tully

Mall rats with big hair
"Darling,
you know you were born
under a lucky star..."

Street loses its shirt in search of the lost art of psychic reading
• by Susan Garfield and Shannon Armstrong

It's that time of year again — that special holiday season of goblins, ghosts and witch-es: A night of raucous drinking in an outfit that perfectly represents your favorite tad is fun, but this year you may want to get out and see what the future will bring for you. Yes darlings: CRYSTAL BALLS, TAROT CARDS AND PALM READINGS. This Halloween is the perfect time to step across the metaphysical boundaries of rationality and experience the alluring world of psychic readings.

Street pounded the pavement in search of the perfect adviser. These Madams of mysticism were not the bejeweled babies of the movies. Their love for white leather, black lacquer and zebra skin created more of a Mannequin set than anything out of a gypsy caravan. But don't let the false glamour factor hold you back, these ladies are good. They'll tell you everything about your past, present and future. And for any of you who are a little cortisol about your love life, career or lottery numbers, you just might find the answer in the cards.

The process of finding the right psychic may not be as difficult as you think. The ladies we met were all extremely insightful, calming and, if nothing else, megaperceptive. Once you enter their salon-psychic arenas (usually the front rooms of their homes), you choose what type of reading you want. Of course, we wanted the whole kit and kaboodle. Much to our dismay, we found out knowledge of the future doesn't come cheap. In fact, even when we opted for bargain readings, they ran us between 15 and 20 bucks a pop. But don't forget that you are dealing with gyp-sies and that bargaining is a perfectly viable option.

Our first stop was to gypsy queen Miss Gina, conveniently located next-door to 3rd St. Jazz and Rock. We opted for the full life reading which consists of past, present, future, job, love and money. With a throaty Slavic accent, Gina told us of all the wonderful things to come. She promised a man, happiness and wealth. Now, this made us a little skeptical, especially when she said, "Darling, you know you were born under a lucky star, you know what I am saying? Your aura glows bright like the sun, so you no worry about the future. It's all going to be OK." Although probably not reliable, we left there feeling that our fates were secure.

If you don't have the stomach for any more bad news in your life, this is the place for you. The two women who run this establishment were definitely on the shadier side of endearing, but it's a nice little mystical pick-me-up at the end of a hard day.

Next stop was Julie, located on 6th Street just north of South St. Julie gave us the best reading of the day, though there is no room for haggling here. A half reading (present and future) costs $20, but you can get a full life reading (which tells you everything you want to know and some things you don't) for a mere $40. Julie has no qualms about informing you of imminent disasters, deaths and losses, so come prepared. Her fast, almost-gibberish speech led us to believe that the voice was coming from the Great Beyond. She was so accurate it was a little unnerving.

Third was Miss Sylvia, who operates on 134 Chestnut St. This place was exactly what one would expect from a tarot reading — mystical looking priestesses come from the back room in order to reveal their secrets. Yet, once the reading got underway, we realized that our advisers might have a common, more insidious thread traveling through our futures. Sylvia informed us of women plotting behind our backs out of fiendish jealousy. It was almost as if she was saying, "don't trust anyone but me. Come, I will solve all your problems." But hey, it is a business, so you might as well fall for their games. Sylvia wasn't the most accurate, but her hypnotic stare was supernatural in itself. Miss Sylvia is a good performer; but regarding the real life applications of her words, I wouldn't be too sucked in.

Madam Fatima at 7th and Chestnut was just plain weird. She told us we were honest and wonderful people and that was about it. Her dirty, children's tarot cards were unprofessional and her inability to reveal anything convinced us she was pure scam. Unlike the other psychics though, she wasn't good at concealing it. She was charming, and even offered to burn candles and pray for us. Don't be put off by the threat of voodoo. Her altar had every major religion represented.

Nicole Winters is an easy stop over from a visit to Wonderland or The Pleasure Chest. We had our palms read here, both of 'em for only $20. Her reading was the more generic mumbo-jumbo, and she paused every few sentences to see if she was right. Again, we found there was someone in our life trying to destroy us, which is psychic-speak for "Come back and give me another $20, because I'm your only real friend." Her psychic computer will make you an astrological chart for an additional $10. We had a feeling, though, that Mrs. Winter's readings get better the more money you have.
A colonial settlement stifled by the heat of an intense sun in the middle of nineteenth century Queensland: three children, two girls and a boy, are playing make-believe on the edge of their yard as a figure comes flying towards them out of the brush. The man, dark-skinned and knob-kneed, clad only with a loincloth of soiled blue rag, leaps, arms frantically waving, onto the top rail of a fence that marks the extremity of the yard. The boy takes a sickly mincing of a stride and levels his sights on the apparent intruder.

"Don't shoot," the man shouts. "I am a B-british object." He then falls, away from the sun and onto the ground at the feet of the colonists.

The ironic gall of Gemmy Fairley—who sixteen years earlier was a thirteen-year-old British cabin boy thrown overboard by the crew of his ship—shaped the title for "[British] subject," marks the entry of the central character into Remembering Babylon, a novel by David Malouf. Gemmy’s fall-away-from-the-sun suggests a forfeiture of life in harmony with the land and marks his re-entry (he was adopted by a native Australian tribe) into British society.

Malouf paints a picture of colonists in conflict with their environment; gentrification to the detriment of both themselves and the native Australians, foist a foreign lifestyle upon a land and culture that reluctantly accepts it. His characters act out the intricacies of the psychology of fear, each one dealing with his or her own way with the perceived threat of the unknown. Also an established poet, playwright, and librettist, Malouf, an Australian, writes in a lyrical prose, rhythmic and symbolic, at times reminiscent of William Faulkner. He has also been, the recipient of many major international literary awards. Remembering Babylon won the Los Angeles Times Book Award for Fiction and was short-listed for the prestigious Booker prize.

—Bret Stuntz

Remembering Babylon

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WES CRAVEN’S NEW NIGHTMARE
Want a minute -- Freddy isn’t dead! Then I want my $6.75 back for enduring The Final
Nightmare! Gack...

THEATRES
AMC MIDTOWN
1412 Chestnut, 667-2021

THE SPECIALIST Fri-Thu 1:45, 5:45, 5:45, 10:00. Mon-Thurs 1:45, 5:45, 8:15. Fri 1:45, 5:45, 8:15. Sat 1:45, 5:45, 10:00. Sun 1:45, 5:45, 8:15, 10:00.

AMC OLD CITY
2nd and Susanna, 627-9966


ERIC’S RITENHOUSE
4817 Chestnut, 667-3221

Only You Fri-Thurs 8:30, 8:30. Sat-Sun 1:45, 8:00. Sun 1:45, 4:00, 6:30, 9:00. Sun 1:45, 4:00, 6:30. Mon-Thurs 1:45, 4:00, 6:30. Fri 1:45, 4:00, 6:30.

SAMERIC
205 Chestnut, 667-6004

Time Cop Fri-Sun 1:45, 5:30, 7:45, 9:15.

THE PUPPET MASTERS
SEE REVIEW PAGE 5

THE RADIOLAND MURDERS
SEE FEATURE PAGE 6

THE RIVER WILD
Marlo StOtzer news and Kevin Bacon puzzles.

THE SPECIALIST
Sharon Stone & Sky Stofnle, two primo sides of Grade-A Hollywood hero get together to
do the nasty and blow stuff up. (AMC Midtown)

TIME COP
The Boids from Bolo’s try to save Superman from Fiona. Brolin’s been watching Being
Bette (10:00)

THE ROAD TO WELLVILLE
SEE REVIEW PAGE 8

THE NEW YORK TIMES

THE PUPPET MASTERS

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THE PUPPE...
DINOSAUR JR.
Yes! The new and improved Dinosaur JRs. have finally reached Philly. If you've ever been to the Tree, you know that every band has a Jesus Lizard sound good there too, which might be a bit at a stretch. So, imagine the energy when someone like this takes the floor. Oh mom, I never thought I could be so happy! (Trocadero, 10th & Arch, 973-ROCK)

SATURDAY

The PEAKS
The newest band in Philly. Name that band could be just the thing for you if your interest is finding out something about Philly's local rock groups. The Peaks, hometown boys, are playing especially for you! Don't hurt their feelings by not showing up! (Name That Bar 254 South St. 667-1960)

KILLING JOKE
AHAHAAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHAHASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASASAS.
OktoberFest '94

Superblock Carnival

Friday, 10/28 1994
Free Rides, Games, Music and Rootbeer!
Featuring performances by...
Spruce St. Revival  LifeBlood  Birdcage featuring Cynthia Mason
Bliss on Bliss  Dead Susan
Mother's Garden

Celebrate Penn rolling over Yale at the...

BULLDOG ROADKILL

More food, games, music and Rootbeer!
College Green 10/29, 11am-1pm