Students express safety concerns
By GEOFFREY MONTAGNA

About 35 students showed up for a forum on public safety in the day-to-day warming, located in the Undergraduate Assembly and the Graduate and Professional Student Union in the Human Resources Bldg last week.

Among the topics discussed were how to become a victim of crime and what students can do to protect themselves while traveling on and around campus.

But before the discussion began, some people noted that this is an important issue for students.

"I felt embarrassed to be an undergraduate when so few people showed up," said one student who was late for the meeting. "I wish more people would have attended this forum."

Forums, sponsored by the Daily Pennsylvania, the University of Pennsylvania Graduate Student Assembly, and the University of Pennsylvania Undergraduate Student Assembly, are held on a regular basis to address campus-wide safety issues.

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**Student hurt in Chemistry lab**

A chemistry laboratory experiment resulted in a student being hurt in the hospital yesterday afternoon. According to Chemistry Professor and Chairman John Smith, the accident occurred when a student was clearing some glassware in a lab. "He was Fell for his less in a "major accident," because the student was wearing the proper lab protective gear," Smith said.

The student was a member of the University of Pennsylvania, and was checking out the equipment. He was hurt to his face, according to Dr. Smith. "He has been discharged," said Dr. Smith. "It is not a major problem."

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**Daily Pennsylvanian**

**NOTICE**

CAMPUS EVENTS are held as a public service, and are not intended to endorse the views or activities of any group.

**THURSDAY**

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 31

7:30 pm Martin Luther King Jr. Memorial Lecture, "The Crime of Racism," by Dr. Martin Luther King Jr.

**FRIDAY**

10:30 am Study Abroad Information Session, "Germany," in Houston Hall, Room 304

**SATURDAY**

11:00 am Pennman Library Open House, "International Year of The Child," in the Pennman Library

**OFFICIAL**

ELECTION DAY is a day to come and make a difference. Help make a difference! Change Pennsylvania! Vote in the Primary runoff election at the Lower Campus Union, 5th Floor, from 9 a.m. to 3 p.m. The campus will be open through closing time. campusmap

GOT A NEWS TIP? CALL 215-885-5555

READ THIS DP

**IN BRIEF**

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**Campus Events**

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**Student seeks to define concept of radicalism**

By Katy Blum

Katy Blum, the first-year woman who won a national poetry competition last week, has been asked to define the concept of radicalism. "I feel that radicalism is a form of experimental writing," she said. "The task of poetry is... the in-

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**Police for burglarizing an apartment at 39th and Mar-

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**Correction and Clarifications**

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**Career opportunities at J.P. Morgan**

For University of Pennsylvania Arts & Science students interested in Management Services (Internal Consulting):

Please plan to attend our information presentation on Monday, November 7 from 3:00 - 4:00 in Room 231, Wharton School.

All majors welcome.

J.P. Morgan

J.P. Morgan is an equal opportunity employer.

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**Poets seek to define concept of radicalism**

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**Crime Reports**

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**Quote of the Day**

"The future will come out of people's minds," according to celebrated poet Allen Ginsberg.

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**Correction and Clarifications**

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How a cappella groups address issues of copyright infringement

By MIKE MADDEN
DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN
STAFF WRITER

The Harry Fox Agency has an entire department devoted to finding such violators, Brouillette said. "We have staff on our staff to collect royalties," she said. "We send the auditors to look at books. And one guy comes through Billboard magazine and finds them there."

Popp added that the only way about the mechanical license fees were from reading at a TRL (Tape Recorder Library), which the University holds a license for. She said the University did not pay extra based on what songs are performed. "The law is that the party who performs the piece is responsible for it," she said.

"It would be nice [to be licensed], but we're financially not in a good position to be paying for copyright," she said.

"Usually, Brouillette said, record labels do not allow their members to evaluate the laws. We usually steal songs from other artists in our own groups. We try to ensure the proper royalties are handled. Our members have set the royalty rate at 6.6 cents per song."

The license also covers performances by an a cappella group or a similar type of group on record. The University pays 7 cents per full人家 record, and 7 cents per percent of a performance for performances. This fee is due on Feb. 1, 1993, and much be paid timely to receive the license.

"The license also covers the performance of music played over speakers in a dorm, or recorded music, music played over speakers in a dorm, or on a computer screen," she said. "We get a feeling it's kind of like the little FBI in our college," she said.
Alumnus travels twisted path to success

By Heidi Kors
The Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

All stress and the sleep is how the founder of the Philadelphia Music Conference characterizes his life after graduating from the University of Pennsylvania in 1990 with a bachelor’s degree in communications. After earning a music marketing degree from Wharton—traditionally giving most University graduates access to the business world—the University graduate said he “punched a straighthole, drank lots of coffee and food through an emotional version of the blues.”

Debicella created the Philadelphia Music Conference when “I was tired of academia. This was my dream and my life to lead.”

I was tired of academia. This was my dream and my life to lead.

Brian Felson
Philadelphia Music Conference Executive Director

But the alumna’s most recent position had a few twists and turns, too.

Felson decided to tour Philadelphia and the surrounding area with rock, hip-hop and acoustic music. “I wanted to have people from different social styles and enjoy an opportunity to hear from and learn from each other,” he said.

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Felson then organized the conference’s second annual Philadelphia Music Conference when “It sounds really beautiful, but applying things to the real world is almost impossible.”

It sounds really beautiful, but applying things to the real world is almost impossible.

Then, you realize how vicious doing business hit Felson after the first annual Philadelphia Music Conference. “I was having financial trouble doing business really.”

I was having financial trouble doing business really.

Carter said he spoke with Filing Director Jill Caskey, who approved the UA’s plan to hold informal dinner gatherings with UA members. According to the Engineering Professor, the dinner will take place next week at the latest, and will be held at a local restaurant, where the group will discuss dining halls.

I don’t think sitting around waiting for the best way will work or may happen, but it does happen. I don’t think it’s a question of whether you can or can’t,” she said.

The University graduate said he “knew a lot of really good students and did what I could to help them.”

I knew a lot of really good students and did what I could to help them.

Debicella said he created the Philadelphia Music Conference to help people “feel better, to feel more connected.”

Feel better, to feel more connected.

Debicella said this semester’s “random hours” are another reason he thought the UA’s effort was a success. “I think it’s visually effective,” he added.

I think it’s visually effective.

Debicella said the UA is currently working on “I don’t think sitting that doing is any good. It sounds really beautiful but I don’t see it happening.”

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Alumnius travels twisted path to success

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I was tired of academia. This was my dream and my life to lead.

Debicella said the UA’s current program is for “people interested or involved in the world of music, but also being able to net- work, software and have fun.”

It’s like LaPushas for the in- telligently twisted,” he said.

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Dental School prof appears on PBS show dedicated to eat kitchen" with actor Alan Alda last

Scientific gram, Alda reviewed an ongoing study of obesity among Pima Indians of Arizona. The study, sponsored by the National Institutes of Health, the study aims to determine why members of the Pima tribe in Arizona are typically quite obese, despite the fact that their patterns of food and exercise remain relatively close to American norms. The review committee will consider whether the results of the study demonstrate ways in which ancient peoples unlocked the secrets to commonly grown grains. Such chemical processes include the treatment of blue corn with alkaline lime water — to release necessary niacin — and the soaking of beans to eliminate anti-trypsin factor, which disrupts digestion. Alda and Katz baked flat blue corn bread and made bean curd from raw soybeans to demonstrate ways in which ancient peoples unlocked the secrets to commonly grown grains. Although Katz normally works in a laboratory, his interactions with Alda occurred on a kitchen set because most of his work deals with food. "Working with Alda was just pure fun," he said. "He's a delightful human being, and he's also very bright — a very intelligent man who knows more about food than anyone I know." Katz's current research projects focus on food, as well as epidemiological issues such as health problems in children and the impact of lettuce — sticky substances in beans — on blood type.
Opening the Door

The University Council has de- cided to allow outside speakers to attend at their next meeting.

The University Council is the body made up of faculty, students, staff and administrators that makes recommendations to the president. The council members are elected by the students.

But until recently, although its meetings were open to the public, no members were not allowed to speak.

All this changed Tuesday, when Council held its first open forum. Members of the University community at large were able to raise issues in front of the entire body.

We urge the council to continue taking this important step towards improving campus dialogue.

And we urge everyone to attend the next meeting — November 9, 4 p.m. McClelland Hall.

Raiuned Halloween

To the Editor:

I was here less than two months. On October 31st, I went trick-or-treating. While visiting the campus, I noticed a group of people that were trick-or-treating.

I visited some of the houses and asked if I could have some candy. They all said yes, but when I returned, they had already put away their bags of candy.

I asked them why they didn't give me the candy and they said that I needed to be a little more polite.

This is a very difficult situation for me, especially because I am not used to this kind of problem. I need your help.

Sincerely,

[Name]

Correction

To the Editor:

I would greatly appreciate if the DP would correct an error made in the DP regarding the University student body. Specifically, the DP incorrectly stated that there were 30,000 students.

I am a sophomore and I can assure you that there are only 28,000 students.

Accurately, I do wish that the DP would properly and legally financially award to my colleagues for every error they make.

Sincerely,

[Name]
Students share personal stories at vigil

"Vigil," from page 1

Other students brought tears to listeners' eyes as they spoke of anti-Asian violence resulting in tragedy. College senior Nina Park retold her chilling story of the death of her friend, Lopin Nguyen, a former student at the University of Miami who was beaten to death by 15 males who called him "a gook."

"I feel that it's important for Asian Americans to remember and respect the past," said College freshman Titi Vu. "Late of times, those who are born in this country take for granted what our parents went through and sacrificed to get us where we are today. I encourage us all to look at our parents and what they did for us."

Channel News anchor Siani Lee, who organized the vigil's master of ceremonies, said the vigil's purpose was to retell the story of Asian Americans in this country. "We want this event to create a sense of honoring those individuals, cultures and institutions that brought us here today and support us."

Individuals slowly dispersed after a minute of silence to pay respect to Asians and their history. The silence highlighted the respect to Asians and their history. The silence highlighted the respect to Asians and their history. The silence highlighted the respect to Asians and their history.

Professor of Organizational Behavior at the University Counseling Alvin Alvarez, the GIC advisor for Asian Pacific American Heritage Week said the vigil's purpose was retell the story of Asian Americans in this country. "So what we're trying to do is create a sense of honoring those individuals, cultures and institutions that brought us here today and supported us."

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The names of Asians who have died as a result of racial intolerance were written in memory on pages of the vigil. "I want this to be more than a vigil," she said. "I want a standing memorial for other people to see, only to support the Asian American community, but to pay respect to her parents for helping her get to where she is today."

"I owe a lot to my family for the sacrifices they made to make a better life for me, both educationally and professionally," said Lee, who is also a member of the Asian American Journalist Association. "We are gathered here today because the time is long overdue for us to pay our respects to the past that is all our histories and the lives that continue today as a result," she said.

Senior Staff Psychologist for University Counseling Alvin Alvarez, the GIC advisor for Asian Pacific American Heritage Week also the vigil's purpose was retell the story of Asian Americans in this country. "So what we're trying to do is create a sense of honoring those individuals, cultures and institutions that brought us here today and supported us."

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"It also reminds us on how much further we have to go in the future to truly become American."
THURSDAY NOVEMBER 3, 1994

WORLD

Compiled From Associated Press Dispatches

Antibiotic-activist convicted of murder

Washington — A Colorado man sentenced to stand trial on charges he fired 27 randomly selected rifle bullets at the White House last year, has been found guilty of murder.

Duran ordered to stand trial, held without bond

WASHINGTON — The Colorado man who was ordered to stand trial on charges he fired 27 randomly selected rifle bullets at the White House last year was found guilty of murder.

Jill Abramson, staff psychologist for University Counselors, confirmed that at least 20 more people who knew or worked with Anita Hill are planning to testify under the new rules. The authors interviewed many people who knew or worked with Anita Hill. The authors interviewed many people who knew or worked with Anita Hill.
**Great Minds...**

"Let's face it, getting into med school is really competitive. And that's why I teach at Kaplan. They know what it takes to compete. Kaplan has prepared more students for the MCAT than any other test prep company — over 250,000 in the last 15 years alone. And, with Kaplan, my students get more ways to prepare with thousands of practice questions, great home study notes, videos, tutoring and an extensive training library. No wonder Kaplan's the MCAT prep leader."

——ADAM ENGEL  MCAT INSTRUCTOR

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**Mr. & Ms. Penn**

**Bodybuilding Contest**

To be held January 26, 1995

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<thead>
<tr>
<th>Competition</th>
<th>Weight Class</th>
<th>Notes</th>
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<tr>
<td>Lightweight Men</td>
<td>Under 160 lbs</td>
<td>Only accepted for men in the &quot;rod&quot; category.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Middleweight Men</td>
<td>160-180 lbs</td>
<td>Only accepted for men in the &quot;rod&quot; category.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Heavyweight Men</td>
<td>Over 180 lbs</td>
<td>Only accepted for men in the &quot;rod&quot; category.</td>
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Open Women

Interested Participants contact:
Coach Teneci  808-7666  (work)  544-4681  (home)

All participants must be Penn Undergraduates.

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**Naturists bare all on UTv**

Naturists from page 1

"The program showed how nature- al people can be in the nude," she said.

The Naturists, who say their group is show's lighthearted and cursive approach to "natural living" and "natural formation" and heightened public accep- tance of their principles.

But UTV's Station Manager Todd Dollar, in a phone interview, said he held no reservations about the Naturists express prior to the taping. He said he ordered that the cameras be strategically placed at least a few feet away from any covered controversy.

While we are not under the umbrella of the Federal Communications Commission, we try to hold ourselves within their guidelines," Donnely said.

On Saturday, Transum, an Education graduate student, appeared nude against the wall and Nachtman on the floor. "It was a fun experience," he said. "I hope someone will reconsider their "brave" and direct stance instead of just sitting on the sidelines." While all these Naturists seemed to enjoy the publicity, Trembol said he didn't think it was a good idea to expose ourselves on television.

"The lights were hotter than I thought they would be," he said.

---

**Republicans**

FUNDRAISER from page 1 count of 169 on the list. "Penn is a big vote for us, yes, you are throwing your vote away."

Penn also talked about the need to change Pennsylvania's tax struc- ture to promote economic growth, reform the welfare system and re- duce the crime rate.

Many of those at yesterday's meet- ing related their concerns to members of the Pennsylvania House and Republican state assembly candidates from the 169th District, who said tax reform was high on his agenda.

And David Thomson, a retired computer analyst and Republican running for 169th District state rep- resentative seat, said he has been fighting against registration fraud, an issue with particular relevance in the 169th Ward which has twice voted to remove names from the voter rolls. Thomson also looked at us at his op- posite, State Rep. Paul Officer. "The only thing he ever does is to prepare a state song," Thomson said.

While many among the diverse crowd at yesterday's fundraiser said it was sometimes frustrating to be a Republican in University City, they also expressed approval of the "brave" and "direct" stance the Republican Party and Mayor John Kuprevich supports taking on issues with the radios. No final agree- ment was reached on the matter.

Mestre also gauged graduate stu- dents' interest in a Dec. Holiday anni- versary event at the Institute. He noted that the listing will facilitate com- munication with graduate students and allow announcements to reach them.

Mestre said GAPSA will be able to create a graduate student listserv and a GAPSA semiformal.

The group.

Once the closet is installed, Mestre said the problem could be avoided by giving someone final ju- dgment on the event at the Institute.

Santos said the problem could be in the event the program lasted only a few issues, it is not as big a differ- ence as most think."
Golden State sends Owens to Miami

Wednesday, February 15

The Golden State Warriors have sent forward Jarron "Trailing" Owens to the Miami Heat in exchange for forward Alonzo "Deadly" Seikaly.

The Warriors valued Owens' 6-9, 215-pound frame but couldn't commit to paying him the $1.88 million owed him under his expiring contract.

"We feel we have a better chance of developing Alonzo," said Warriors general manager Bob McAdoo. "We were at a real stalemate." Owens, who has scored 24 points in his last six games, is average 14 points per game this season.

Seikaly, a 5-foot-11, 200-pound guard, is averaging 1.8 points per game.

"We thought [Owens] was a better player," said Heat coach Don Chaney. "But we think [Seikaly] will make a great addition to our team."

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The Heat also received the rights to forward Brian Kersey, whom they had drafted last month.

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"I think Jarron's reaction will be very similar," said Owens' agent, Joel Stein, in a telephone interview.

"They are mortgaging their future for a player who has two years left in his contract."

Owens is the former 14th pick in the 1992 Draft, and he is currently 17th on the team's depth chart.

"I think it's a terrible deal for the Heat," Stein said. "They are making a big investment in a player who doesn't have a lot of value left in his contract."

Owens had indicated that he would have loved to remain with the Warriors, but Stein said that he and Owens will not discuss the situation further.

On the other hand, the Heat were happy to get the pick at No. 11. They had drafted Kersey in the 1994 Draft, but he was not selected.

"We think we have a big winner," said Heat general manager Don Chaney. "We feel we have a better chance of developing Alonzo." Seikaly was drafted in the 1986 Draft, but he was cut.

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**SPORTS**

**M. Soccer wins in ugly fashion**

Quakers top Temple 3-2 in OT

BY VIRGINIA BRESLE

Yesterday's double-overtime men's soccer game never seemed to end, and so Penn's unexpected championships.

After taking 48 shots, the Quakers struggled to find the back of the goal again, and finally, at the end of the second overtime period, Penn's Scott Armstrong, with the ball at his feet, scored the winning goal. This was the second time Armstrong has scored a goal for the Quakers, and the first time in double overtime.

Penn entered the match with a 1-1-1 record and Temple with a 1-1-3 record. The Quakers started the game with a 1-0 lead, but Temple tied the game in the second half. In the first overtime period, the Quakers had a chance to win the game, but Temple's goalkeeper, Brian Bryan, made a save on a penalty kick.

In the second overtime period, Armstrong scored the winning goal. This was Armstrong's second goal of the season, and his third goal for the Quakers. The goal was scored on a penalty kick, and Armstrong used his body to get the ball past the goalkeeper.

Armstrong's goal was the only goal of the second overtime period. The Quakers controlled the ball throughout the game, and Temple had no answers for the Quakers' attack. The Quakers' defense was also solid, and they held Temple to just one goal.

The Quakers' next game is against the University of Pennsylvania on Tuesday, November 8. The game will be held at the University of Pennsylvania's William H. Phipps Stadium, and the start time is to be announced. The Quakers are currently 3-3-1 in the Ivy League standings, and they are tied for second place with the University of Pennsylvania and the University of Delaware.
Hollywood's Biggest Tool

RIGHT HAND MAN

NBA

DIGABLE PLANETS

3 NOVEMBER 1994
Dreaming of a Sunbeam - by Mike Tuhy

Automobiles speeding by. Taxi drivers exceeding the speed limit. Station wagons driven by reckless drivers. Large, forceful SEPTA buses controlled by a man just doing his job.

A bird, perhaps a sparrow, stands in the middle of the road at the traffic light. A car waits, like in Pole Position, waiting for the green light to come on.

The bird just sits there, steadfast, dazzled by the Saturn's headlights, at peace. Click. The light changes. The car accelerates. I never wanted to be a sparrow so much in my life.

It was the night Kurt Cobain had taken his life with a shotgun blast to the head. Like many people, I was devastated. But, unlike most, I took my indignation and despondency into my own hands — all too literally.

What began as a promising evening of beer, cigarettes and revelry was becoming a dismal night of blood, self-mutilation and depression.

My capricious mind wavered, as it had for several months — the result of failed academics, disconcerting career plans and unsatisfying relationships. My grades were pitiful; psych wasn't for me. Friendships were dwindling and unfulfilling.

The loss of Cobain — who, at the time, was my favorite musician and the source of all of my idolatry — was the proverbial straw on the camel's back.

The spark could have been anything, though — a failing exam grade, losing a computer file, even stubbing a toe — but it just happened to be the death of an idol.

And, it was a Friday night. I reasoned that no human being meant the amount of devotion I paid to Cobain.

So I decided to spend the evening with my few remaining friends, hanging out in a smoke-filled bar and drinking warm, watered-down beer.

As the evening wound down, my mood went with it, plummeting into a new level of sadness, an emotional chasm I had never explored. I walked home, alone, and became curious about the amount of physical pain involved in suicide.

And the sparrow intrigued me.

Looking into the bird's eyes, I felt a kinship with it. It seemed to understand the imminent events. The de facto suicidal fowl.

But I survived the walk home without spilling any blood on the concrete.

I turned on the television and MTV continued to air its day-long tribute to Cobain. I wept uncontrollably, screaming "Why?" But other than that one word, I could say nothing. I was lost, mesmerized by the haunting image of Cobain on the screen and in my mind. I visualized a visit from his ghost, right there in my living room, where he would somehow transfer his musical aptitude into my soul. But this was probably not going to happen. And this back-breaking element only enhanced my melancholy, about as much as dropping the remote control.

"Gillette, the best a man can get" — this catch-phrase for the Gillette Sensor commercial soon became ironic. I figured I would cut my hand with a shaving razor to discover how much it would hurt — the best I could get.

I didn't necessarily wish to end my life. I wanted help and I wanted to know how much pain a razor would cause. Amongst curiosity, confusion and cognitive distress, I rationalized it didn't hurt very much. And even more upsetting, as the blood oozed out from the veins of my left hand, I was masochistically aroused.

And I found myself standing there in the bathroom, staring at the empty mirror, creating a Red Sea in the sink, smiling, at peace. I continued to slice-up my hand.

But as the blood became more prominent, the alcohol rapidly went off and my rational judgment surfaced. I decided I should phone around to some friends and scream for help.

No one was home. I left messages on answering machines and waited.

Thirty minutes. Staring at the damage, still contemplating suicide, and still listening to Nirvana, I continued to weep for a half-hour before anyone called me back.

It seemed like days.

Thousands of random, seemingly disconnected thoughts scrambled my brain like a computer checking for viruses. I felt like George Bailey. How trite.

I agonized over: people's reaction to my suicide, my brain like a computer checking for viruses.

I was comforted by: having a home, my guitar, my sisters-in-law, my friends, my recently obtained summer job at the DP, Cobain's musical legacy, listening to Rush, having food, attending Penn, my sense of humor, my intelligence, my academic diversity.

All of this in thirty minutes... then the phone rang. I ended up spending the morning in the emergency room of HUP speaking with misunderstanding nurses and listening to banal lectures from doctors.

I've never fully understood the thoughts behind the actions of that evening, but since my hand is permanently scarred, I have a grim day-to-day reminder of that night.

The death of a stranger is about as important as tripping over a curb. Exams will always be around the corner, computers will always crash and walls will always be around to accidentally walk into — all of which serve to frustrate.

All of which can light an emotional fuse. Life is the best revenge and "Jesus doesn't want me for a sunbeam."

If only the sparrow had realized...
Once a year, 34th Street convenes an omnipotent braintrust to find truth in a field normally considered subjective. Truth is what separates the hangers-on from the powerful, those who strive for attention from those who deserve it; it will provide you with direction in a world that seems to have none. This truth will lead you to Street Society's Cultural Elite. There is no application process for its elusive slots. Either you are or you're not.
**Divine Comedy**

Clerks is amateurish but hysterical  
• by Alan Sepinwall

CLERKS, A SCATHINGLY FUNNY NEW comedy from novice writer/director Kevin Smith, has a ramshackle charm to it. Shot on a $8,000 worth of credit cards and comic books as gory, black-and-white, with a cast called mostly from Smith's high school cronies, the movie won't win over without even trying. Its low-budget high-spiritedness is so far removed from the disgustingly slick comedies Hollywood churns out that even the film's most grossly amateurish moments are forgivable.

Set almost entirely in the QuickStop Convenience Store in Leonardo, NJ where Smith himself worked for years. Clerks follows the lives of the various customer interactions of Dante Hicks (Brian O'Halloran) and his obsessive pal Randal (Jeff Anderson) through the most bizarre day in convenience store history. Anti-smoking lobbyists, roller hockey, hermaphrodite porn, quilted bathroom tissue and necrophilia are all touched on — and the funny thing is, it all makes sense.

Smith's cinematic verité directorial style keeps the movie hopping along at a rapid clip — some exchanges between Dante and Randal go by so fast that they may as well have come from a David Mamet film. Unfortunately, while Smith's direction is inspired, most of his actors aren't. The bulk of the cast is woefully unskilled — imagine a hard-core porn movie without any sex scenes to redeem it. The two notables exceptions, surprisingly, are two of Smith's high school buddies: Anderson, whose motor-mouthed portrayal of Randal perfectly captures Smith's ironic tone; and Jason Mewes as Jay, a dope-dealing bad-mouth whose hilarious rhetoric seems to be the embodiment of all that's bad about New Jersey.

Even when the acting is subpar, though, Smith's skewed vision brings the dialogue to life. In one scene, for example, Dante and Randal's banal sub-Scarface banter about the pitiful existence of a high school guidance counselor is redeemed by an unprintable, from-left-field punchline about artificial insemination.

At times, these forays into the bizarre threaten to overwhelm the film's grungy setting, but Smith quickly pulls on the reins and brings the movie back down to earth. As Clerks heads into the home stretch, Dante and Randal reveal far more layers than the film's simple beginnings could possibly have suggested. Despite all his whining about his job, Dante is so comfortably entrenched in his QuickStop existence that he's afraid to do anything else. As Randal astutely points out, Dante wouldn't be happy if he wasn't complaining.

Randal proves even more complex. Underneath his immaturity, his obviousness, his obsession with movies about "chicks with dicks" and his total narcissism, Randal turns out to be something of an idiot-savant who realizes he's pissing his life away and doesn't care. And when he tells Dante's cheating ex-girlfriend, "break his heart again and I'll kill you," it's obvious he means it — he may not really care about himself, but he cares about Dante.

And that's what's so special about Clerks; everytime you think you have something or someone pegged, they surprise you again. Just when you start to feel sorry for Dante, you realize he brings his misery upon himself; just when you're ready to start smacking Randal around, you realize he's a great guy who's justified in saying, "I believe in a ruling class, because I rule it."

And Randal does rule, even if his kingdom does consist of a bad convenience store in some obscure corner of hell. Then again, his best friend's name is Dante...

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**The Sci-Fi-ing Game**

Spader and Russell kill lots of aliens  
• by Scott Neustadter

SCIENCE FICTION MOVIES ARE ONLY GOOD WHEN they manage to stray from established conventions and create their own original ones. Steven Spielberg did it with Close Encounters. James Cameron did it with The Abyss and the two Terminators. George Lucas did it with, those Princess Leia movies. Roland Emmerich, whose biggest prior credit was directing monosyllabic hulks Jean-Claude Van Damme and Dolph Lundgren in Universal Soldier, doesn't hold a candle to those guys and he knows it. His new film, Stargate, clings to the old conventions like a parasite, but at least he cribbed from quality sources.

Stargate isn't a breakthrough movie, but it's not half bad either, a result of its imaginative sets and the performance of one of America's most under-appreciated actors, James Spader. Spader plays noble archaeologist Daniel Jackson, his first nice-guy role in years. While Daniel is the hero of the film, top billing goes to a terrifyingly wooden Kurt Russell, playing a military officer in charge of the top secret mission that is the film's centerpiece.

The prologue, which takes place in 2828 Egypt, sets the film in motion. A young girl accompanies her grandfather to an archaeological site where an enormous stone circle has been discovered. No one knows what this circle is nor do they know what it is capable of doing.

Get to the present day where Daniel is giving a lecture on how it was impossible for the Great Pyramids to have been built by mortal men. A more intelligent film would follow up on this issue. But do you really think the director of Universal Soldier, who wrote this film with Dean Devlin, has the slightest clue who built the pyramids? Give him credit for just knowing where they are.

The suspense begins when Daniel comes up with the idea that the stone circle is a gateway to another galaxy, a stargate. Russell's character, who's been a borderline psychotic since his son's suicide, is called in, as he tells Spader, "in case you succeed." The army is concerned about what will happen if Daniel decipheres the hieroglyphics on the wheel. The audience already knows, however, because they've seen Jaye Davidson (the she-male from The Crying Game) in commercials as a hard-core porno movie without any sex scenes.

The scenes on Earth that take up the first third of the film are actually quite good, much more interesting than those that take place on the new planet. The movie begins to get stale when Russell, Spader and a team of soldiers go through the stargate and onto the new planet. The transportation sequence is visually impressive as are the desert landscapes of the foreign world. But things start to look ugly when they get familiar. Spader pulls a Captain Kirk and falls in love with an alien; Russell teaches an alien youth about the dangers of playing with guns; and your typical good aliens vs. evil aliens war breaks out with the humans leading the charge against the evil Ra (Davidson, androgynous again). There is never a doubt which side will triumph.

With the exception of the wonderful Spader, there is no evidence that any of the other performers can act. When a company spends all its money on special effects, Kurt Russell starts to look like a damn fine casting choice. He isn't. Fortunately, Russell's role requires no acting talent whatsoever, and he doesn't supply any. Jaye Davidson, a pretty poor actor/actress/gimmick in the first place, is nevertheless a casting director's dream in the role of Ra. Stargate offers more evidence that Davidson is really a woman, regardless of his/her heretofore displayed penis.

Which leads to only one conclusion: Stargate is basically 2001 with extra cheese. However, it's the cheese that makes it fun. For fans of the Star Wars trilogy who have been wandering the desert of bad sci-fi imitations, and have been searching for the oasis to whet their appetites until the next installment, Stargate is only a mirage.

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Hi there. My name's Dante. What's yours?
Il Woodisimo
The Italian Woody Allen crafts a forgettable bore
by James Miller

Dear Diary,

Today I went to see a movie called, ironically enough, Caro Diario (Dear Diary). I entered with an open mind. Granted it is a foreign film, Italian to be exact, with subtitles, often blocked by the six foot five man in front of me, and is billed as Italy’s Woody Allen’s crossover hit, as if the world needed another Woody Allen. But it was a movie about diaries and I was intrigued.

To my disappointment, instead of being centered around a man and his diary, something that would have at least been interesting to us, Caro Diario is comprised of three chapters from the main character’s diary. Chapter one is entitled “On My Vespa,” and centers on the protagonist Nanni’s travels through Rome on his motor scooter. Apparently, Nanni’s life is so dull that he finds it necessary to point out at least 20 selected apartment buildings while on his road to nowhere. Who would bother to write this crap down, although I guess I’m not one to talk. Like any good Woody Allen wannabe (and there are so many out there, aren’t there?) Nanni is a film director in search of a peaceful location to write his next film. The most interesting detail about this episode is that there really is an island in Italy named Stromboli, although Nanni never eats one while he is there.

Nanni’s desperate attempt to cure an unexplainable itch. After he goes to a variety of specialists and crackpots, the movie comes to a rather disappointing ending — Nanni survives.

Diary, it’s a good thing I brought a friend along with me to the movie. One of us was able to remain conscious at all times. Although I’m sure both of us dozed off during the tour of Rome’s apartment buildings.

No movie about diaries could be all bad, although this movie comes close. Perhaps the movie’s greatest moment is a cameo by Jennifer Beals (star of Flashdance). Of course, the scene only lasts two minutes and centers upon whether the main character is crazy or just plain odd (I would side with boring).

Perhaps the beauty of this film is lost in the Italian. My friend, who managed to pass Italian 110, said the subtitles often left out several sentences of dialogue. It is obviously within these missing sentences that the true beauty of Caro Diario lies, if it lies anywhere. The problem, Diary, is that Nanni does not come across as a pitiful little nebbish who has a skewed view of life a la Woody Allen. Instead, Nanni is merely sophomoric. His attempts at humor are simplistic and contrived. The fact that the most promising plotline involves Jennifer Beals says it all. At points, it seems as though the director took three plotlines from three movies he never released, taped them together, and threw in a few pages from a diary in a desperate attempt to link them. There is no unity among the stories except for Nanni’s presence as protagonist. In one plotline he is always wearing a motorcycle helmet and in another he is obsessed with finding a place to concentrate. In the spirit of bad Saturday Night Live the director takes a few good ideas and stretches them into never ending scenes that quickly turn tiresome.

To say that I hated Caro Diario would mean that it was important enough to put with the ranks of Hitler, Nixon and Quayle. Rather, Caro Diario is simply forgettable. Dreadfully forgettable.

Love and Kisses, James

Hey! It’s Halley’s Comet!
Every day, atop the plush Packard Building in Center City, Marty Weinberg 
spends his hours a happy man. As the senior partner and chairman of 
the law firm of Obermayer, Rebmann, Maxwell and Hippel, one of the most 
prestigious firms in the city, he has achieved what many attorneys can 
only dream about.
Weinberg’s other passion is politics. He has been rubbing elbows since the tender age of seven, when he helped his father campaign in South Philadelphia. For much of the past 25 years, Weinberg has been immersed in city politics. Yet, it was his role as campaign adviser and “right hand man” to legendary Philadelphia mayor Frank Rizzo that he holds most dear.

Few people have succeeded in navigating this gray area between law and politics. Weinberg deals with this through his accessibility. With a teddy bear face and a quick wit, Weinberg admits, “when I loosen up I get pretty good … I’m a performer, I like to get into that stuff.” While not quite a Hollywood superstar, he links law, politics, teaching and acting together. “All of these fields are performance related,” he says, “a number of actors are lawyers.”

If struggle fuels comedy, then growing up in South Philadelphia gave Weinberg plenty of material. In the fifties, the area was a racially mixed, lower-middle class community often overshadowed by more blue-blooded areas. South Philadelphia was hampered by abusive treatment from City Hall, which often left the community out of the financial circle. “If you look at South Philly, there’s the Spectrum, Veteran’s Stadium, 1-95 runs through and there is a lot of public housing. These are convenient for the people, but they were heaped on the community, displacing pre-existing homes and families … disrupting lives.”

Despite Weinberg’s frustration with the status of his neighborhood, he opted to stay in Philadelphia, attending nearby Drexel University on baseball and basketball scholarships. It was there that the political roots laid by his father gradually took hold. Spurred by an interest in helping the common man, Weinberg’s other passion is politics. He has been immersed in city politics. Yet, it was his role as campaign adviser and “right hand man” to legendary Philadelphia mayor Frank Rizzo that he holds most dear.

For years Marty Weinberg served as Frank Rizzo’s number one aide.

Weinberg was willing to adapt new campaigning techniques, which made him a valuable asset.

Four months before the 1991 election, Rizzo died of a heart attack, leaving a host of “what if’s” and an open path for Democratic candidate Ed Rendell. While the death was both a loss for the city and a personal setback, Weinberg has found a new political interest in Republican gubernatorial candidate Tom Ridge. "Tom Ridge is much more of an old fashion campaigner than most," claims Weinberg.

Weinberg’s future aspirations are clear-cut: “I just want to continue doing what I’ve always done, which is to be involved in politics, and therefore feel like I’m part of things, and continue to practice law.” This low-key approach is typical to many attorneys who spread their devotion between their own jobs — whether in private practice or government — and politics. Weinberg was fortunate to spend a large chunk of his political efforts with one of the most colorful characters in Philadelphia history.

It is an experience that comes into play everyday of his life.

"If there is one thing that every political figure shares with his right hand man, it’s that they totally rely on that person … they have complete trust. When you’re talking to Marty Weinberg, you know … that you’re really talking to Frank Rizzo.”

Matt Kogan is a College junior from Harrisburg, PA who has the skills of Chris Dudley in the body of Michael Adams. Ask him about his 'female orgasm' at-home demonstration, too.
His weekly sitcom *Home Improvement* on ABC is so successful — it's the top rated prime-time program this season — that people are beginning to forget that Tim Allen was a stand-up comedian for years before the Emmy nominations and the three People's Choice Awards. In fact, he still doesn't think that he should be called an actor. After making his film debut in Disney's *The Santa Clause* he'll be fighting off critical questions of whether or not he'll be joining the ranks of burned out comedian-turned-film actors like Eddie Murphy and Bill Cosby.

Allen does see this film as being his first step down the road to a possible new career, but while he is intrigued by the publicity, he remains hesitant in making the change. Even though he is told by his publicists to take on new roles (most recently, author of a bestselling book,) he makes his choices with care. Given director approval by Disney and holding the unique position to mold the script according to his own brand of humor, Allen isn't about to become anyone's movie puppet. In the wake of such major disasters as Chris Elliott's *Cabin Boy* and Dana Carvey's *Opportunity Knocks*, Allen shot down more than the lion's share of badly-pitched, plotless "star vehicles." In fact, the *Santa Clause* script virtually sat unread on his night table for a year before he threw it in a suitcase as a vacation beach read.

Conceived by former stand-up comedians turned screenwriters Steve Rudnick and Leo Benvenuti, the *Santa Clause* treatment was one of hundreds pitched to the rising comedian. But Allen was intrigued by a story which made him "laugh and cry and didn't humiliate Santa." And once Allen was hooked, the studios also took the bait.

The *Santa Clause* tells the story of Scott Calvin (Allen), a divorced father whose strained relationship with his young son Charlie begins to mend only after a bizarre Christmas Eve occurrence leaves Scott holding the bag, so to speak, as the new Santa. When the current Kris Kringle falls off the roof, Scott, believing him to be a twisted burglar, checks for his ID only to find a card that instructs him to don the suit and finish the deliveries of holiday goodies. But sooner than Scott can say "bah humbug," he catches sight of the team of reindeer waiting on the roof. His son pesters him until he puts on the suit, and in a twinkling of an eye, the two are steering the sleigh from rooftop to rooftop.

"The santa clause," though, states that once Scott puts on the red suit, he has taken on the responsibility of the job. He fights the inevitable weight gain and graying as long as he can, but once he discovers his son believes in him, he comes to accept the events himself — that is, in fact, the real Santa.

For a neophyte in the film world, though, Allen found *The Santa Clause* to be more than just a bit daunting. "Hours of makeup, flying blue screens, split screens, double screens, kids, animatronic cross-eyed reindeer, plastic snow...yeah, I guess it was a bit of a wild start!" he laughs. "There's a big difference between TV, where you do everything in one day, and this, where it was a lot of nuance and waiting and sitting in my trailer. I had a ball with the script, though. I'd play to the crew, try to make them laugh even though they weren't supposed to and if they did, we'd have to reshoot. There was one scene where I could have gone on all day making up new lines if John [Pasquin, the film's director] hadn't gotten rightfully pissed off at me!"

Pasquin had been looking for a special project to which to make his film debut, and after being tapped by Allen to direct ("he's the best sitcom director in the business.") he knew that this was the job he'd been waiting for.

"After spending a year and a half on *Home Improvement*, doing a movie with Tim was like going back to high school with my best friend," says Pasquin.

"I wasn't interested in making this character into another Tim Taylor [Allen's TV persona.] And while this movie was a comedy, neither Tim nor I wanted to spoof the image of Santa to the point where it wasn't believable to kids," explains Pasquin. "If you screw it up, you violate the trust people have in that image."

The original script had Santa falling off a roof and breaking his neck — funny as hell to some adults, but a little too cruel and sardonic for the younger set. And early on in the filming, the question had to be resolved as to whether this was going to be more black comedy or snow-white fairy tale. After much debate about the storyline — boy vs. dad? Scott vs. the reindeer? Santa vs. the doubting public? — Allen and Pasquin struck gold with a story that mixes in family values for the moms and dads with enough of Scott's inner battle to intrigue even his die-hard comedy fans.

"You can't try to please everyone," said Allen. "But we were able to create something that won't make the kids cry and won't put those over 16 in a coma. There is stuff in it that the kids won't get, and there are moments the adults won't understand. But it has a rhythm to it, and it all means something. I feel like this character, Scott, needed to become Santa in order to find the missing something from his life."

In the story, Santa has persisted through the centuries because every so often, he is replaced by a new person. Participating in the Santa Claus myth ultimately makes Scott a better dad, a something which had previously eluded...
The Santa Review

Remember all the questions you used to have about Santa Claus as a kid? Like how does he climb down your chimney if you don't have a fireplace? How does he visit every house in just one night? Do the reindeer really fly? Is Santa black or white? And the eternal question that hits most children as soon as they hit grade school—is Santa real?

Scott Calvin (played by Allen) is a divorced father who struggles to explain these questions to his son Charlie (Eric Lloyd) after Charlie's stepfather Neal (Judge Reinhold) tells the boy that there's no such thing as Santa. Scott, not much with kids himself, tries in vain to win Charlie back with a Christmas Eve dinner, but winds up burning the turkey and taking the dejected Charlie to Denny's instead. But there's more in store for Scott than a lump in his stocking—especially after Santa falls off the roof of his house and dies. So begins the story of The Santa Clause, Disney's way of picking up where The Night Before Christmas left off.

According to the "Santa clause," anyone who puts on the red furry suit and hat unconsciously accepts the title of Santa, with all responsibilities and duties included. No amount of refusal will do—since the old Santa kicked the bucket, a replacement is needed, and Scott is the man for the job. He poo-poops the clause, and loudly proclaims to his son that he's dreaming. But when he wakes to face the evidence, he has to decide whether or not he's going to deny his fate, or accept it.

First-time film director John Pasquin makes the transition from TV to the big screen as easily as his star. Though the character of Scott is a far cry from the role Allen usually plays, the part is tailor-made to Allen's humor. Not your hackneyed holiday schmaltz (Home Alone 2: Christmas Vacation), this script actually allows the actors to have fun with their roles, improvising and invoking real laughter from their co-stars. In more than one scene, it seems like the loser in a battle of wits between Allen and Reinhold is the one who has to turn his head away to hide his on-camera giggles.

And if comedy isn't enough to get you into the theaters, the special effects should have you dreaming of more than sugarplums. From the team of animatronic reindeer (live reindeer, unfortunately, look and act like cows) to the flying sleigh rides, a magical snow-filled ball and morphing chimneys, the visuals will leave your head spinning. Allen's transformation from yuppified everyman into a picture-perfect Father Christmas is one he fights all the way—from shaving three times a day to embarking on a cookies-and-cream fast—but slowly he realizes that no matter what he tries, the beard and the belly are there to stay.

Allen's comedic instincts are right on target with this film, and he's supported by the strong backing cast of Reinhold, Lloyd, and David Krumholtz (who plays head elf Bernard with a Queen's accent and wiseass know-how.)

In the season to be jolly, you won't find anything better under the tree than you will in any theater showing The Santa Clause.

—Jennifer Dowling
Diggin' In The Crates

Digable Planets second effort is slick addition to lauded acid-back style

by Josh Leitner

Sometimes it doesn't pay to have an early lead. Just ask Paul Tsongas. Similarly, bands with brilliant debut albums often times have trouble matching their past glories. Just ask Ned's Atomic Dustbin or, perhaps, the Stone Roses. It's a strange phenomenon. Maybe fandom's warmth soothes young tempers; perhaps bands use up their bag of tricks on the debut. 

Not so the Digable Planets. Okay, while their sophomore release, Blowout Comb, is overall less impressive than their well-received debut Reality, it still stirs a certain maturity and artistic growth for the trio. Also, it's still pretty damn good in its own right, just not right away.

Rap improvisation and trends move at a dizzying pace. Especially compared to the current stagnation of alternative rock. Therefore, it should come as no surprise that after nearly two years, the Digables style has changed. More appropriately, perhaps, they've grown as artists.

Less important on the new album is the jazz/hip-hop hybrid for which the Digables essentially set the standard. That damn U.S. song pretty much boot the hell out of that little genre. What remains is a marriage of tightly em-ginzied acid jazz backgrounds, funky beats and the Digable's super-mellow voices. Blowout Comb features studio musicians and original tunes as opposed to the wealth of samples that floated their previous effort.

Blowout Comb is a solid album. In fact, it is almost exclusively just this: an album, a flowing work that functions best at its hour long length, rather than sliced into singles. In fact, other than the already released “9th Wonder” with its super-fly funky bassline, few tracks stand out as noticeable single material. Still, the album flows from one song to the next, somewhere between mellow and ambient.

More than anything else, the three young rappers have matured since “Rebirth of Slick.” Flooded the airwaves. They are, as they repeatedly claim, “lickin' the mud.” The songs are less flashy, and the Digables, as is often the mark of talented songwriters, are able to pull off longer jams, many clocking over the six-minute mark. They've even pretty much dropped those stupid insect names. What they have adapted, besides a more than passing fondness for the sound of their hometown of Brooklyn, is a hardcore black power communist stance.

After earning their artistic liberty by selling more than a few copies of their first album, the Digables find themselves in the position where they can stick it to the Man and still subsist. Unlike the teeming masses of struggling artists whose politics are inextricably tied to their work and are therefore held back, the Digables debut was toned down enough behind phrases like “we be redgin' Marx where I'm from.”

To allow it to get to the people. With some cash flow behind them, the Digables are able to fight the Man on his own terms, and Blowout Comb does just this.

The Digables have carved themselves a distinct niche that separate them from the countless others on the rap horizon, quite a feat considering the dizzying amount of plagiarism among rap acts these days. The increased emphasis of politics is refreshing, especially their penchant for community activism. Still, their newly voiced opinions don't weigh as heavily as those of, say, Public Enemy, and allow the music to be enjoyed completely in its own right.

The London Suede

Dog Man Star (Columbia)

The Jackson 3

Various Artists

Clerks Soundtrack (Sony)

The Melvins

Stoner Witch (Atlantic)

American and British rockoholics quite often fail to meet eye to eye. Whereas British singles are a dime a dozen and last maybe three weeks, those that are a smash in the U.S. can last inexhaustibly for a half-year. This difference is not due to British attention span; it reflects dissimilar ideologies in the way the cultures write music. The London Suede’s (previously just The Suede) latest album’s short-sightedness is either a product of the British-American misunderstanding or just a misguided effort.

The music changes frequently within most songs on Dog Man Star, indicating a lack of faith in the songwriting. While some tracks, like the opener “Introducing the Band,” have hooking chord changes or competent guitar playing, no musical idea lasts long. The British attention span is short, but not this short.

The songs range from noise rock to dippy piano ballads to operatic overture where the heavy-sounding lead singer croons like a melodramatic Phantom Of The Opera (generally considered irritating).

The London Suede’s lyrical content is the typical unventive schmaltz. “The Hollywood Life” manages to write a dull stereotyped story of the United States’ film making capital and many more of the lyrics are equally trite.

Not so Dog Man Star fails to immerse the listener. The Asphalt World,” a Floyd-esque nine-minute psychedelically journey, is the most cohesive song, but the album wanders from genre to genre without ever convincing the listeners they’ve heard anything somehow new. Maybe the only change was only the beginning of their search for a new identity. This lack of confidence shows on the album.

The Jackson 3

“Clerks” by the Digables features some of the tighter raps heard on Blowout Comb, but the overall production is still markedly weaker than the debut. The track’s tempo is a bit slow, and the Digables’ penchant for style over substance is more evident here than on any other track on the album. The Digables’ style is a little too close to the Digables’ style, and this track suffers as a result.

The Melvins

Stoner Witch (Atlantic)

Though Stoner Witch often “sucks,” as it were, there are glimmers of originality. The album is full of diverse effects like a dog roaring in pain, a pencil sharpener and something that sounds like a helicopter. King B leads the way on lead vocals, and while all three members of this San Francisco trio play guitar, the pseudonymous Dale C is the drummer while so-called “Stoner Witch” reeks of the likes of Gwar and White Zombie, with roaring guitars and poorly-rowled lyrics.

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The London Suede

Dog Man Star (Columbia)

The Melvins

Stoner Witch (Atlantic)

Blowout Comb (Pendulum)

FILMSOUNDTRACKS — WEDDED TO A STORYLINE

And born in the ephemeral magic of a dark movie theater — usually sound worse after you've paid 12 hard-earned bucks for them.

The exception to this are the Digable Planets. Like the Melvins can drag out a dull song. "SheviP Is in the airwaves they are, as they repeatedly claim, "lickin' the mud." The songs are less flashy, and the Digables, as is often the mark of talented songwriters, are able to pull off longer jams, many clocking over the six-minute mark. They've even pretty much dropped those stupid insect names. What they have adapted, besides a more than passing fondness for the sound of their hometown of Brooklyn, is a hardcore black power communist stance.

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American Music Club
San Francisco (Reprise)

IN A PERFECT WORLD.MARC EITZEL. AMERICAN MUSIC Club's songwriter and vocalist would have a following several times larger than that of Michael Stipe. While AMC and R.E.M. each had their modest beginnings in the early 1980s, albeit on opposite ends of the continent, one band has gone on to megastardom while the other has released brilliant album after brilliant album in relative obscurity. While R.E.M.'s commercial success negates any potential weak efforts on their part, AMC cannot afford to release a lackluster album.

The lyrics of San Francisco are not a lackluster album. It oozes brilliance. From the gut wrenching, yet restrained 'Love Doesn't Belong to the Upboat but equally personal 'Wish the World Away,' AMC outdoes its one-time counterparts in every facet of songwriting and performance. This recorded odyssey is an epic journey through the mind of a man who should be famous. Nonetheless, Eitzel must be content with his songwriting, despite the absence of mass media attention. He mocks the MTV generation by proclaiming, 'I don't need anyone's love. I couldn't afford it anyway.' It almost seems as if he has come to terms with the fact that AMC will not be another R.E.M. — thank God for that.

His music is intricate while his lyrics, interestingly enough, exceed both discontent and hope, as he seeks the mats acceptance that has eluded his band for over a decade. 'Help me,' he pleads, in all too apparent appeal for attention. Eitzel realizes that ignoring one's audience may have worked in the '80s, but is a death sentence in the musically-abundant 1990s. 'I thought your love was a great big lie,' he sings, 'now loving you is the only thing that's gonna get me by.' Despite this attempt to reach out to the world, maybe Eitzel's acceptance of his band's obscurity on the musical map will ultimately bring his unparalleled songwriting to the ears of millions. If not, I'm sure he'll find solace in his own brilliance.
—Kosti Gill

David Gray
Flesh (Virgin)

BOY. THIS GUY WANTS TO BE IRISH REAL BAD. MORE than that, murring stunted leprechaun in the Frosty Lucky Charms advert does; more than new York cops do and maybe just about as much as those annoying Americans who felt they had a right to support Ireland in World Cup '94 just because their grandfather once went to a Van Morrison show.

Unfortunately for David Gray he comes from Manchester, England. This does not deter him from singing in the manner of an Irish folk singer, pronouncing words in ways you would never think of (eyes as 'eeors') — the phonetic alphabet must struggle to keep up. However, this does not mean Flesh is a bad album. His vocals are sung with such a clipped passion that the listener can forgive him for the occasional times it begins to grate. Gray has two types of songs: the raggle-taggle one with fast acoustic guitar and the heart rendering ballad with slow acoustic guitar. However, like his singing, they are played with such gusto and enthusiasm that the listener can accept the limitations of his style.

The album cover is the front of a photographer's studio and the songs appear to be snapshots of Gray's life, which seems to have been a damn miserable one so far. The theme of the album is how all this has changed due to a new love. Much of the imagery is too above-above — comparisons of nature (moon, wind, even mountains) and love having been done to death as much as returns of I Love Lucy — but somehow he pulls it off.

This music that will appeal to a small hardcore following and work probably be popular in the path of Brian Eno. In the AMC's best track, "New Horizons," Gray sings, "If things don't work out I get superstitious." If he is singing about a desire for commercial success, he'd better get ready to start reading the horoscopes.
—Colin Paterson

Various Artists
Spliff Relief (Mesa)

THIS IS NOT THE BOB MARLEY ALBUM THAT YOU HAVE been listening to since your sophomore year of high school and the sounds don't have catchy themes about your crying girlfriend. As the name implies, Spliff Relief: Reggae From the Yard is a good album for a night at home with a dime bag and a few hours of social introspection. It's hardly

If you love reggae you will like this album. It serves up a wide range of music that has something to please everyone.

Musically, the album is divided into two sections. One, the heavily instrumental reggae of the old school, and two, the chintzier sound of today's modern reggae. The album excels with the former and is only average with the latter. Black Uhuru offers a few compelling songs that recall its genesis in reggae's heyday in the mid-seventies. Among the notable are the dub "Big Red Bully." The song's heavily-natural instrumentation comes through well, and is accentuated by it juxtaposition against more electronically-inspired songs. Black Uhuru's version of Peter Gabriel's "Mercy Street" is an archetypical rock-songs interpreted through reggae. "World War III," by the Mystic Revelers, is a greater opener for Spliff Relief since it mixes elements of both old and new reggae.

The album drifts into danceable tracks like Sugar Minor's bouncy "Rub A Dub." The song crafts a delectable beat and extends it into a warm calypso romp.

Many of this album's bad tracks revert to an eighties Top Forty music trend that shunned real instruments at all costs. "Fever," by Aálido, proves to be one of the worst tracks as it is musically indeterminate, mixing too many styles and neglecting instrumentation.

The better tracks on this album are best appreciated with the bass tuned up to heart-pounding levels. This music is meant to hurt, as the bass washes across the room and pounds out a week's worth of boring Chem 101 lectures.
—Elie Seidman

Cramps Flamejob (Medicine)

YOU ARE SUPPOSED TO THINK THE CRAMPS ARE HARD rockin', cutting-edge, rebellious giants.

After all, they were one of the pioneers of the psychobilly sound that has been around for over a decade, and they're still writing lyrics like "You wanna pet her tail until she paws/Run your fingers thru her fur."

And if Flamejob was Andrew Dice Clay's new album, the blatant sexual innuendo would be enough. Unfortunately, The Cramps claim to be a band, and they therefore have the additional burden of setting their words to music.

Somebody forgot to remind the four band members — none of whom go by their real names, and for good reason — that it takes more than one drumbeat, one baseline and one endlessly repeating guitar riff to build a 13-track album. In fact, it takes more than that to make for even one reasonably good song, which is why you will never hear a DJ talking about "the new single off Flamejob."

If The Cramps are rebellious, they are rebelling against the notion that successful bands should have a modicum of musical talent. If they were ever cutting-edge, that ended years ago — they are now a tired, predictable band.

There are a few tracks on Flamejob which deviate from The Cramps' hard-driving,yet-boring norm. You would expect to find "Sudo County Auto Show" on the Rocky Horror Picture Show soundtrack, and "Strange Love" represents a failed experiment with the three-chord blues formula. But these variations, while welcome, are lacking both in quality and quantity.

Flamejob is so musically rapid that The Cramps are disappearing as a novelty act if you're into semi-creative obscenity, check out Green Day or Aerosmith, or even Janet Jackson. There's a world of intriguing sexual references out there — you don't have to settle for a group that clearly spent more time and money designing its CD cover than writing the music inside.
—Melissa Geschwindt

Victoria Williams
Loose (Atlantic)

IF YOU WERE TO MEET VICTORIA WILLIAMS, YOU would say she was the cutest, most charming woman ever to walk the earth. As reflected in the uplifting words of her latest release, Loose, she gives off an aura of sincerity and light-heartedness.

On this effort Williams, a veteran of the music world, incorporates a myriad of disparate styles and unconventional instruments into a single work. Her sweet, distinct voice pieces together these different influences. Unto itself, each song proves to be a complex anthem with many unexpected changes. Through the ability to create such incredibly strong and diverse melodies, she brings the album together as if it were a greatest hits anthology.

The nostalgic touch of "When We Sing Together" clearly has its roots in the folk styles of Joan Baez and Judy Collins. "Love," accompanied by acoustic bass, violin, viola and cello, presents a cross between the lounge feel of Combustible Edison and something out of Miss Sisqó. Another example of witiness, "Happy to Have Known Pappy," carries through the comical chant of "Who's the one? Who's the one?"

Backed by a full orchestra, her rendition of the classic Louis Armstrong tune "What a Wonderful World" proves to be one of the recording's many highlights. Closing the album, the inspirational "Palm Tree" is borne of the death of her dog (who appeared on the cover of her Happy Come Home album). The denouement thoughtfully states, "You hold me in Thy very hands. And always walk beside me."

Further augmenting the value of Love is the number of guest appearances. Big names include Dave Portner of Soul Asylum, and half of R.E.M.'s braintrust in Mike Mills and Peter Buck—a star-studded cast completing a star-studded performance.
—Derek Lee

Black Uhuru espresso bar!
As the year 2 A.D. (After Air) gets underway tomorrow night, the NBA playoff field is more confused than ever. No champ in history has been more maligned than the Rockets. The league instituted a new anti-hand-checking rule to try to keep the unpopular Knicks from returning to the Finals. The Suns added a ton of offense, but lost their few remaining defenders in the process. Nobody has the first clue about who’s going to win the title, but hey, at least they’re playing.

Street takes a look at the strengths and weaknesses of the eight teams most likely to contend for the crown:

the Knicks, Pacers, Magic, Rockets, Suns, Supersonics, Jazz and Warriors.

Eastern Conference

**New York Knicks**

**Primary**

**Key additions:** Guard (G) Forward (F) Doug Christie, rookie G Charlie Ward, rookie F Monty Williams

**Why they could win the title:** Handchecking or no handchecking, Pat Riley’s crew still has the best defense in basketball. Patrick Ewing, Charles Oakley and John Starks are All-Stars. In addition, Christie has intriguing potential as an added scorer, and Williams was a draft day steal, thanks to a very minor heart condition that scared off other teams.

**Why they could be in trouble:** Ewing and Starks are the only Knicks who know how to score, and Starks is uncatchably streaky. If Christie, Williams or Ward can’t do something to improve the offense, the Knicks are in trouble — especially if refs are overly zealous about calling handchecks against the league’s new “Bad Boys.”

**Indiana Pacers**

**Primary**

**Key addition:** G Mark Jackson

**Why they could win the title:** Offensively, Jackson is a major improvement over former starters Haywood Workman, and he didn’t cost the Pacers a single player who was involved in their near-upset of New York in the Eastern Conference Finals. Larry Brown may be the best coach in the league.

**Why they could be in trouble:** Larry Brown also has a bad tendency to leave a job quickly, and in the rare cases when he sticks around, his team is never as good as in its first year with him at the helm. Jackson and Reggie Miller may be the most exciting starting backcourt in the league, but neither one could guard a potted plant. Despite last year’s playoff run, C束 Shavlik Randolph and SF Derrick McKey are still maddeningly inconsistent, and nobody on the roster but Miller can shoot the rock.

**Orlando Magic**

**Primary**

**Key additions:** Forward Horace Grant, G Brian Shaw, rookie G Brooks Thompson

**Why they could win the title:** Grant would appear to be the answer to coach Brian Hill’s prayers for a longer at power forward. Magic Johnson-wannabe Penny Hardaway continues to improve by leaps and bounds. And, of course, there’s always that guy O’Neal.

**Why they could be in trouble:** For a team that’s never won a playoff game, expectations in Orlando are way too high. Besides, in order to fit Grant under the salary cap, Orlando management had to give away G Scott Skiles, the heart and soul of a woefully young team. Teaching Shaq to shoot free-throws and not rap videos might help.

Western Conference

**Houston Rockets**

**Primary**

**Key additions:** None

**Why they could win the title:** The reigning NBA champs still boast the league’s most dominant post-MJ player in Hakeem “The Dream” Olajuwon. Dangerous F Robert Horry continues to develop his Scottie Pippen-esque game, and when he’s hot, almost no one can stop G Vernon Maxwell.

**Why they could be in trouble:** When he’s cold, Larry Johnson’s Grandmama can shut down “Mad Max.” Kenny Smith is one of the worst starting point guards in the league. The frontcourt depth is poor. If Hakeem’s not focused (and he may not be, now that he has his ring) this is a mediocre team at best.

**Phoenix Suns**

**Primary**

**Key additions:** F Danny Manning, F/C Center (C) Wayman Tisdale, rookie G Wesley Person, C Danny Schayes

**Why they could win the title:** The Suns may have more offensive weapons than any team in NBA history: can you imagine trying to shut down a lineup of Charles Barkley, Kevin Johnson, Dan Majerle, Manning and Tisdale? Who do you double-team? The real surprise may be Person, who looks like an even better shooter than older brother Chuck.

**Why they could be in trouble:** The Suns may have the worst defense in NBA history. You can steam through the regular season by outscoring everyone, but if you can’t shut people down in the playoffs, you’re dead. In addition, with a gunner like KJ at the helm, there may not be enough balls to satisfy everyone on the floor.

**Seattle Supersonics**

**Primary**

**Key additions:** C Bill Cartwright, G Sarunas Marciulionis

**Why they could win the title:** The embarrassing first-round playoff loss to the young Denver Nuggets (the biggest upset in playoff history) may give George Karl enough ammo to keep his inconsistent team fired up for the whole season. Shawn Kemp and Gary Payton are both rising stars, and the Sonics have one of the most balanced attacks in the league.

**Why they could be in trouble:** Do the Sonics really think Medical Bill Cartwright is the answer to their problems in the middle? The Nuggets bounced the Sonics out of the playoffs because nobody on the Seattle roster has the first clue about what to do in a half-court game. Marciulionis could solve this, but relying on a player who’s missed the last two years with various knee injuries is a very risky proposition.

**Utah Jazz**

**Primary**

**Key additions:** F/C Antoine Carr, F Adam Keefe

**Why they could win the title:** The Jazz have the league’s best power forward in Karl Malone and the best point guard in John Stockton. Sooner or later, “Stockaline” (as the duo has come to be known) has to break into the Finals. Having sharpshooter Jeff Hornacek around for a full season will help.

**Why they could be in trouble:** Other than those three, there’s not much there. Felton Spencer plods at center, and David Benoit may be the most obscure small forward in the league. Coach Jerry Sloan’s predictable “Feed Malone in the post and let God sort it out” offense doesn’t help either.

**Golden State Warriors**

**Primary**

**Key additions:** C Ronny Turiaf, G Ricky Pierce, C Manute Bol

**Why they could win the title:** With Tim Hardaway, Latrell Sprewell, Chris Mullin and Chris Webber, the Warriors have always had plenty of firepower. With yesterday’s stunning trade of Billy Owens for Seikaly, they suddenly have a top ten center.

**Why they could be in trouble:** Let us count the ways: Webber’s holding out (he’s waiting for Glenn Robinson to get his $100M contract so he can ask for more), Hardaway’s coming off a major injury, Mullin will miss the first two months of the season with an elbow injury, and Seikaly missed the whole preseason with foot problems. When the team is whole and healthy, they’ll be a major force, but the Warriors seem snakebitten. Stay tuned.

So, if all the contenders (some would say “pretenders”) to the throne are such serious question marks, who’s gonna walk off with the hardware? Well, we like the Knicks in the East and the Suns in the West. What happens when all-defense meets all-offense is anybody’s guess.
Faculty Art Gallery

If you think Mask and Wig shows are the only culture to be found on campus, then it's time to do a little exploring in your own backyard. Start at the Faculty Club's Art Gallery, where this month you can see the work of two painters from opposite artistic poles.

Mimi Chapra is an abstract painter who uses acrylics to depict women's journeys through menopause. Although you'll need to read the paintings' titles before you can understand the meaning behind the art, the works like "osteoblast" and "inside-outside" show a unique and personal insight into the changes that affect middle-aged women.

Maya Starr's work could not be more different from Chapra's. While Chapra's art is stark and abstract, Starr describes her own paintings as "decorative" and "illustrative." Her warm and uplifting watercolors are reminiscent of storybook pictures.

Starr's enchanted trees and smiling people will just make you feel good, and Chapra's work will make you think. All but one of the works on display is for sale, and with a starting price of $165, you might even be able to afford one. Remember, you can't take Mask and Wig home with you.

Chapra's and Starr's work will be on display at the Faculty Club's Art Gallery until December 2. The Gallery is open from 9:30 a.m. until 7 p.m. Call the gallery at 896-5831, but you really should just stop by instead.

-Melissa Geschwandt

The influence R.E.M. has had on the formation of rock history is immeasurable. It's been over 10 years since Murmur and Reckoning crowded the college rock charts and through that time, a slew of books has been published about the boys from Athens. It's clear, however, that Talk About the Passion is the least interesting book written on R.E.M. and their musical history so far.

This is the story of Berry/ BUCK/ MILLS/ SLICE as told by their friends, co-workers and critics. Notably absent in the telling of this tale are the following key individuals: the band members themselves (whose remarks are taken from magazines and newspapers): Scott Litt, who produced their last five albums: Jefferson Holt, a long-time close friend and manager of the band since its inception; and Berit Segal, another close friend and the band's personal lawyer. Holt and Downs have been considered co-members of the band since R.E.M.'s first album. These individuals could have added great interest to the book, especially since it contains almost no references to the band recording in the studio.

Contributing "voices" to the book are mostly three kinds of people: those who are nostalgic for the old, small club R.E.M. those who remember vividly how they felt when those early albums were released and those who felt scorned by the band when they became successful. Among the latter is Keith Alford, an employee at IRS records who once worked for the band. He seems particularly pathetic when he whines, "I deserve a free ticket to their shows!" Only Mitch Easter and Don Dixon, who co-produced the first two records, contribute anything of interest, and even their comments are bland.

If you can never get enough R.E.M. there are better books out there (such as Behind the Mask) that are very enlightening. But books about bands almost always fall short of the music. To really feel the passion that is R.E.M. listening to it is so much more effective than talking about it.

—Scott Neustadter

April's Motel Room

April's Motel Room fits snugly into the emerging cottage of bands who, while taking their small doses of success seriously, manage to spin lyrics and music into an impressionistic cast of hard work and peculiarity. Judging from its first album, Black 14, the band deftly assembles a tableau of classically-spin hard rock riffs and the gentle yearnings of acoustic rock without the self-importance that has ruined the likes of Stone Temple Pilots and Smashing Pumpkins.

Those who visit April's Motel Room will find a pleasant array of musical motel furniture. Like a solid mahogany desk, the rhythm section anchors the band's exploratory leanings. A warm bedspread, knitted from waves of biting rhythm guitar, covers most of the Black 14's songs. And, like a soothing TV that comforts travelers in a foreign land, Sam Nickell's voice lays out a consistently pleasing drone.

April's Motel Room hails from southern California, and has been hitting the LA club circuit for a long while. This California influence shines through in songs like "God," which mixes hints of California's legendary punk heritage with the band's own melodic prowess.

Pomo for Pyros producer Matt Hyde also had a hand in Black 14, which, judging from the success of Jane's Addiction and Perry Ferrell, bodes well for the inhabitants of April's Motel Room, who seem well on their way to building a solid following.

Check out April's Motel Room Friday afternoon in the Hall of Flags in Houston Hall at 1 p.m.

—Dennis Berman
TO WIN FREE RECORDS
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BULLETS OVER BROADWAY
SEE REVIEW PAGE 4 (Nyser)

WES CRAVEN'S NEW NIGHTMARE
Watch a minute - Freddy isn't dead? Then I want my $7.75 back for enduring The Final Nightmare! (Nyser)

THE SPECIALIST
Sharon Stone & S, t Stallone, two primo slabs of Grade-A Hollywood beef, get together to do the nasty and blow stuff up. (AMC Midtown, UA Riverside)

STARGATE
SEE REVIEW PAGE 4 (Nyser)

FREE STUFF!
To win free records and posters that are signed, yes signed, by April's Motel Room, come to 4015 Walnut after 5:00 p.m. this Sunday. Please see choice page.

THE ROAD TO WELLVILLE
Hannibal the Cannibal goes Ferris Bueller a Corn Flak snack. Hasty ensues on a grand scale. (Ritz at the Bourse)

THE Puppet MASTERS
Donald Sutherland loads the search for a bunch of aliens taking over people's bodies in rural Ame. Can you say, "Bad Jumon of the Body Snatchers done," boys and girls? I knew you could! (AMC Old City)

IT'S KINDA LIKE KARAOKE FOR JOKCS.
INTRODUCING QBE I

As you watch the game, you predict the plays with a remote control. Call ten right, you get points. Call ten ivrong, you lose points. Live via national satellite, it's the hottest thing to hit Smart Alex since the Buffalo wing! So bring your friends, bring your brain and let the best quarterback win!

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THI WEEKEND
PHILADELPHIA MUSIC CONFERENCE
Nov. 3rd
MAGNET MAGAZINE SHOWCASE
Nov. 4th
STRONG WOMEN IN MUSIC
Nov. 5th
PUBLIC SERVICE
EDO
E-TIBE

UPCOMING SHOWS
Nov. 9th EVERYTHING/GIRCH
Nov. 19th THE SOFT PARADE (Tribute to the Doors)
Nov. 23rd RUDER THAN YOU/THE AUTHORITY
(18 to get in, 21 to drink)
Nov. 25th EK-A- MOUSE
**ARTS**

**MUSEUMS**

**PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART**

Japanese Design: Survey since 301 offers a selection of furniture and clothing. The exhibit runs through November 20. Alone in A Crowd is a retrospective of works by African-American artists of the 1930s and 1940s, highlighting techniques and materials which is not often showcased and viewed from that time. Runs through December 4. Face to Face is a touchable art exhibit featuring sculpted bronze life castings. On display are faces such as performing genius Robin Williams, basketball great Julius "Dr. J" Erving, jazz legend Dizzy Gillespie, and TV comedian Richard Pryor. Runs through December 4.

**UNIVERSITY MUSEUM**

Time & Rulers Al Tikal: Architectural Sculpture of the Maya is a thousand year history of the Mayan civilization. The exhibition documents hieroglyphs, sculpture, Mayan gods and rulers. Also on display is The Ancient Greek World which contains hundreds of artifacts, dating from the 11th century to the first century B.C. (33rd & Spruce, 896-4000)

**AFRO-AMERICAN HISTORICAL AND CULTURAL MUSEUM**


**GALLERIES**

**THE 1521 CAFE GALLERY**

Always a cool place to chill, have an iced latte and potentially meet the artist who will ask you to "strip down naked." Changing exhibitions make it hard to keep track of them all, so go. (1521 Spruce St, 546-1521)

**THEATRES**

**TEMPLE UNIVERSITY**

Hamlet, the timeless classic that has inspired so many through the English language, is once again given new life and breath. Also playing is Richard III, the great historical tale of monarchy and chaos presented by Novel Stages. Both shows through November 12 on the obso-famous Stage III. (Stage III, 1619 Walnut St, 800-825-7262)

**THE WALNUT STREET THEATRE**

Waiting for Godot, Samuel Beckett’s existentialist play about the "nothingness of it all," has become a classic example of 20th century disillusionment. While it is true that nothing comes of nothing, the dull roar of emptiness is sometimes too loud to ignore. Orestes, Estragon and Vladimir take on a narcissistic detachment that is compelling in its frighteningly accurate mirroring of our own hopeless, irrelevant lives. Bring the kids. November 3-19. (9th & Walnut Sts, 574-3550)

**THEATRES**

**THE 1521 CAFE GALLERY**

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**THURSDAY**

**LOVE SEED MAMA JUMP**

Philly's own "alternative" cover band packs a punch wherever they go. And they're actually quite good, covering bands like Stone Temple Pilots, Peter Gabriel and Nirvana, as you've probably discovered. From these appearances. (800 W. Broad & Locust, 8:30-10)

**MARY CHAPIN CARPENTER w/ JOHN GORKA**

An acoustic set by the queen of the folk-ditty. You know the name, but you're unaware of the music. John Gorka, well... Anyway, she's a nice woman who knows how to "stroke a man's guitar neck." (Tower Theatre, 88th & Ludlow, 5:30-9:00)

**FRIDAY**

**SEAL**

Hey! It's the "Crazy" guy! And we're not talking about Steven Tyler either. The British singer, composer once again brought it to the percussion table with his sophomore album, the recently titled, "Seal. Answer, you know who. The sounds like..." (Tower Theatre, 88th & Ludlow, 5:30-9:00)

**MAIT SEVER, JOHN FLYNN, PULL MY DAISY, SOUND ADVICE & CURIOSITY SHOP**

What she can't say about this show except, "Wow, man!" It's a solid lineup of Philly and national acts at one of the best places in town, Troc. A show once of Philly's clubs kept secrets. The price is a little expensive. But what's up? Besides, everyone's "Pull My Daisy." (North Star Bar, 27th & Poplar, 229-Star)

**SATURDAY**

**THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA**

Not playing at Fiserv as part of the Philly-Philharmonic, the music conference that they played will be held this weekend. For example, a thing or two about harmony. (Academy of Music, Broad & Locust, 8:30-10)

**ANNENBERG CENTER THEATRE SEASON**

-Nov-Dec 1994

**DANCE CELEBRATION**

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November 10-11 $26

Works by Twyla Tharp and other leading choreographers.

*A jazz-dance company with a strong ballet base"* The New York Times.

**AMA COMPAGNIE MARIE CHOUINARD**

November 14 $24

From Montreal with Stravinsky's The Rite of Spring.

"She is an original." Toronto Star

**DIAMANDA GALÁS w/ JOHN PAUL JONES**

November 13 $15 & $20

Former Led Zeppelin bassist and avant-garde diva on tour for The Sporting Life.

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