opened, eager to meet her new tutor who would bring smiles to kids’ faces

By Brandi Thompson

Studying with UMC tutors will be held next April. The body also discussed upcoming events, group's First meeting last night.

According to Finney, the UMC's second annual "Unity Week" will be an important event for the University community. It is a way for all student groups to come together and celebrate the rich diversity of cultures on campus.

The Undergraduate Assembly's Budget Committee is cracking down on groups that spend more than they raise. "Our goal is to enhance the neighborhood," he said. "There are several representatives of 11 different groups within the UMC. Each group has the same goal in mind, which is to promote the university's presence in the community."

SEAMON, 26-year veteran of the Philadelphia Police, according to Seamon, will not be a security guard. He also spent some time last week at an IBM conference in New York.

The whole thing took me by surprise," he said. "That's not an easy decision to make, but I have no problem with letting it go."

The group is currently working to free controversial new book Triumph Over Racism and the Emergence of a New American Majority, among other things. According to its spokesperson, the group has already raised over $100,000 to help the book's author, Professor Edward Said, purchase a home in the Philadelphia area. The book, which is expected to be published in the fall, is a bestseller in its own right.

The Daily Pennsylvanian, founded in 1885, is the independent student newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania.
CAMPUS EVENTS

NOTICE

CAMPUS EVENTS are free to all University of Pennsylvania students and alumni. Events sponsored by the University or by student groups may be canceled at any time by the sponsors. Please check the listing of FREE events. Listings may be found posted in the service center or posted in the student group's office. Events not listed here are not sponsored by the University. MASCOT: The Student Services Office, 451 North Market Street. Hours: Monday through Friday, 9 a.m.-5 p.m. Events not sponsored by the University will not be listed. Events according to space below.

THURSDAY


APPLY US for Student Health Services. Ask about our Medicare service. Make sure your insurance is in effect. Students, 451 Market Street. Hours: 9 a.m.-5 p.m. (Building Services). Call Dave Tarr, 658-6200.


A workshop for women on writing and development of projects. Students, 658-6200.


Latin American Film Festival. Students in Film. Students, 658-6200.

SATURDAY


A workshop for women on writing and development of projects. Students, 658-6200.


SUNDAY


A workshop for women on writing and development of projects. Students, 658-6200.

UA audit

from page 1

largest budgets of the groups we have heard about so far,” he said.

The organization has a budget of approximately $25,000, Schorr said.

Foldesi said the Association should be submitting their financial records today.

“We’ll get it right away, and hope to crank it out as quickly as possi-
ble,” he added.

Wharton sophomore Hester Wong, who is also a member of the UA Bud-
get Committee, said she hopes the group will not have to conduct audits too often.

“But we are going to make it a new policy for the budget committee to
look at the financial statements of SAC-funded groups,” she added.

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‘Teach-in’

Teach-in’ from page 1 said, “Most of the media is not exposing the real nature of the system.”

Camp, who organized the meeting held in Bennett Hall, said the new Penn chapter of Refuse and Resist has about 15 members. The teach-in was open to the University and surrounding community and had at least 30 attendants at its peak. Some of the lectures were followed by questions and debate.

In his lecture entitled “The Attack on the Welfare State,” Herman noted the potential for “real social catastrophe in the next three years” due to what he termed “class warfare.” He also condemned a “business-controlled media and press” for exacerbating current social disorders, citing the Philadelphia Inquirer’s unbalanced editorial section.

Later speakers focused on similar issues of societal ailing, most blaming rightist establishments and policies. Various flyers and pamphlets were available at the meeting. One depicted a woman holding an ax with the heading: Sexual Assault: Cut it Out or Cut it Off.

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Poetry reading begins black writing series

By Rachel Skovirri
The Daily Pennsylvanian

though many came exactly for that

Yesterday afternoon just wanted to catch a glimpse of the woman behind the work.

The Afro-American Studies Program kicked off its "Mosaic of Black Writing Series" with a reading by Ai, one of the most influential African American women poets in poetry today.

Ai, who has written six books of poetry, is known for her blunt style and harsh topics and she immediately lived up to her reputation with "Peaches," the first poem she read.

"Ai's poems have less to do with brutality than they do with compassion," said John Roberts, director of Afro-American Studies.

For the latest scores, see Sports.
Policy on Submissions

All submissions must be sent to the DAILY PENNSYLVANIAN, attention: Managing Editor, at Drexel University, 3141 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, PA 19104. All materials submitted for publication must include the author's name, phone number and Drexel address.

If you have any questions, call (215) 898-2050.

The Daily Pennsylvanian
The Independent Student Newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania

OPINION

Max Page
Office Hours

Learning from the Trenches

Abby Beshkin
All Set

Both Sides of the Story

There were two news items a couple weeks ago that caught my eye. Neither of them got much media play, but they were both very important.

The first was that the Wall Street Journal had a article about a company that was being sued by its employees. The suit claimed that the company was violating its promise to provide a retirement plan.

The second was that the New York Times had an article about a successful entrepreneur who had started a company that was providing affordable housing to low-income families.

Questions like these are the double-edged sword of journalism. On one hand, there is the power to inform and shape public opinion. On the other hand, there is the responsibility to do so in an ethical and unbiased way.

The system was built on incentives and punishments to force journalists to cover events they might not consider important. But there is a limit to how far we can go in that direction.

Spokesmen for the major news organizations have said that they are committed to providing impartial coverage. But at the end of the day, the journalists themselves have to make the decisions about what to cover and how to cover it.

There are many factors that influence these decisions, including the personal biases of the journalists themselves. But there is also a larger issue at play. The system of rewards and punishments that drives journalism can be a force for good or for ill, depending on who is in charge.

In the case of the Wall Street Journal article, the journalists decided to cover the lawsuit because they saw it as a story about corporate greed. In the case of the New York Times article, the journalists decided to cover the entrepreneur because they saw it as a story about innovation and social good.

Both of these stories were important, and both of them could have been covered in other contexts. But the fact that they were covered at all is a testament to the power of the system.

The system is not perfect, but it has the potential to do good. It is up to us as journalists to make sure that we use that power responsibly.
Greeks clean up city

By Paula Odysseos

Armed with shovels, rakes and lawn mowers, members of the University Greek system advanced into West Philadelphia Friday with one intention— to give something back to their community.

Nearly 100 members of the Sigma Alpha Mu fraternity and the Delta Delta Phietta sorority, participated in the joint community clean-up effort. The Tri-Delta and SAM volunteers ventured into the Powelton Village neighborhood of West Philadelphia to rid the streets of garbage, clean a playground, mow lawns and clip hedges. Nursing Junior Eden Biener, who is on the Tri-Delta volunteer team, said, "I'm glad to be giving something back to the community considering how lucky we are at Indiana."

The students' efforts not only improved the aesthetic appearance of the local neighborhood, but also managed to instill a sense of community pride in local residents.

"It's nice to be able to help the community," said College sophomore Ilanchei Kaplinsky. "I'm glad to be giving something back."

Other community onlookers were equally appreciative, and many took the time to thank the volunteers. "No matter how insignificant raking leaves may be, we're helping to foster good relations with the Philadelphia community," said College sophomore Jodi Gold. "The students' efforts not only improved the aesthetic appearance of the local neighborhood, but also managed to instill a sense of community pride in local residents."

"It's more to be able to help the community considering how lucky we are at Penn," said College sophomore Rachel Kaplinsky. "I'm glad to be giving something back."

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Attention SEAS Bachelor's, Master's and Doctoral Students ENGINEERING CAREER AWARENESS DAY Wednesday, October 11, 1995 10:00 am - 3:00 pm Towne Building - All Three Floors Representatives from nearly 70 organizations will discuss full-time and summer positions. Stop by and talk with representatives about the opportunities they have available.

Check the CPPS newsgroup opens.seea.cpps for additional information.

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Opens Friday, October 6th at Theatres Everywhere
Today
Humid and windy with showers, chance of thunderstorms. High 89.

Tomorrow
Windy with variable cloud. Chance of showers. High 86.

MARKS, N.J. — Pope John Paul II pronounced himself a "pilgrim of peace" as he arrived in the United States yesterday for his address to the United Nations in New York. The pope was scheduled to address the United Nations in New York 20 years ago, but that trip was canceled because of the United States' invasion of Panama. There is a "mixed sense of relief and excitement" among officials of the Vatican's Secretariat of State, who have prepared a month of events and press conferences in New York. After a private meeting with Clinton at the New York Yankees' stadium, the pope was to meet with an event's press center at the cathedral for about 90 minutes, before introducing Clinton and speaking to the invited guests. The pope was presented with a bouquet of flowers shortly after 7 p.m. by President Clinton, a gift of the United States and the United Nations, as well as a gift of flowers and other gifts that he might have brought, said Vittorio. He provided no details.

Note: Pope John Paul II returned to Rome yesterday.
Annenberg dean criticizes media

By Prem Kumar

Annenberg School for Communi-
cation Dean Kathleen Hall
Jamieson called on politicians and
journalists alike to separate politi-
cal infighting from an honest dis-
cussion of national issues during a
speech yesterday at the Ritten-
house Center.

In an address to the 47th annual
meeting of the Association of Grad-
uate Schools, Jamieson delivered a
drilling criticism of the modern me-
dia and offered suggestions for im-
proving it.

"We need to cover more on
issues than on their per-
sonal disagreements, and even
managed to find areas of agree-
ment. She said most press cover-
age in the event, however, pointed
at it as a play for personal gain.

"The press was unable to report
this accurately," Jamieson said, af-

with substance, they didn't have a
rise as to what the alternative
frame of reference would be."

Jamieson offered several mea-
sures to reform the current media
system. In particular, she pro-
fated the adoption of the "Min-
nesota Compact," a possible step
she called "viral popular-
ization."

The proposed set of politicians
to campaign differently and to en-
 courage more honest political de-
bate, while urging journalists to
cover political events with a less
axial eye.

Jamieson herself felt traveling
to Minnesota in November to help
getter support for this plan.

Jamieson played video clips from a
the annual conference was held at
the University of Califor-
nia Berkeley in

The Musser-Schoemaker Leadership
Lecture Series presents

P. Roy Vagelos

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on

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11:00 am - 12:00 noon
1:30 - 3:00 pm
Location: OCRS
Meeting Room

Welcome to The Daily Pennsylvania, the independent student newspaper of the University of Pennsylvania. Day in and day out, more than 130 times each school year, Penn students, faculty and staff turn to the DP as their source of campus and city news and sports coverage. The Daily Pennsylvania exists to inform the Penn community of relevant news and opinion while providing an educational experience for our student staff.

First published in 1885 under the name The Pennsylvania, the DP is presently recognized as one of the top college newspapers in the nation, as well as in ways to communicate with us. If you have any questions about what you read, feel free to contact the paper at the addresses below.

How to communicate with the DP
By phone: 898-6585
By phone: Business (215) 898-6081, Editorial: 898-6585
By fax: 898-2560
By e-mail: letters@dp.upenn.edu (For Letters to the Editor)
   advertising@dp.upenn.edu (For advertising inquiries)

Definitions of things you see in the newspaper

Article: Issues and events reported on objectively by
Pennsylvania staff writers. Articles on the
World page are compiled from Associated Press
dispatches, and are not staff-written.

Editorial: The opinion of The Daily Pennsylvania
board which appears unsigned on the
Opinion page of the newspaper beneath the listing
of editors and managers.

Column: An opinion piece which appears on the
Opinion page of the newspaper. The views reflected
in columns are solely those of the author.

Letters to the Editor: Short letters — no more than
300 words — submitted by members of the
University community in response to articles, events,
coverage or other issues. For information on
whether letters should be directed, see below.

Corrections and Clarifications: The DP strives to get
all the facts right all the time, but invariably some
mistakes slip through the cracks. Corrections and
clarifications are printed on page 2 of the newspaper.

What do I do if I have a:

Letter to the Editor: Letters should be less than 300
words and printed legibly or typed double-spaced.
All letters submitted for publication should include
the author's name, phone number and a description
of University affiliation. Call Editorial Page Editor
Peter Morrison (during late afternoons or evenings)
at 898-6585 with any questions.

News Tip, Article Idea, Photo Opportunity: Whether
anonymous or not, your tip or your name, you must
call the DP newsroom (afternoons and evenings are
best) at 898-6585 to advise us of upcoming events, breaking
news, features, investigations, etc. Ask for Managing
Editor Daniel Ginsberg.

Advertisement: Information on rates, terms and
policies can be obtained by calling 898-6585,
between 9 a.m. and 5 p.m. weekdays. The Daily Pennsylvania
also offers a classified ad section. Information on classifieds
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Campus Event Listing: Forms may be picked up at
the DP office and must be mailed, faxed or placed
in person at the DP office and will not be accepted by
the newspaper. There is a 25-word limit and the deadline is
3 p.m. two business days in advance of publication.

Corrections or Clarifications: Corrections or
clarifications should be requested by phone, mail or
in person by speaking with Managing Editor Daniel
Ginsberg.

Performing Arts Listing: 24th Street magazine offers
a list of all campus performing arts shows each week
in its Guide section. In order for your show to be
listed, information should be submitted to 898-6585.

Subscriptions: Subscriptions to The Weekly Pennsylvania,
our weekly summary of campus events, are available for only
$35 a year. Mail subscriptions to the DP are available for $20 a year.

More information can be obtained by calling or
writing the paper.
Simpson speaks out after his acquittal

By Michael Fleeman

LOS ANGELES — Speaking out for the first time since his acquittal, O.J. Simpson yesterday avoided press scrutiny and legal commentators by discussing the trial evidence to make his point.

“My hoop-anger is those misconceptions,” Simpson said in a surprise phone call to CNN’s “Larry King Live.” The latest twist in a case that has shown no shortage of surprises.

Earlier, some of his jurors placed the first time why they acquitted him in the murders of his ex-wife and her friend. One said a cup led, another was a racist, and the gloves did not fit — either on him or his friends.

Simpson, who was not seen during his second day of freedom, also read an oral comment about his first reunion with his two small children.

“In a good way,” Simpson said without elaborating.

His attorney, Robert Kardashian, conceded Tuesday that Simpson was in fact behind the phone call, but Simpson did not gather why.

He added that prosecutors and legal commentators constantly misconstrued the evidence.

“My basic anger is people’s misunderstanding of the case,” he heard experts say. “This was the testimony today.”

Simpson said: “Sentiments that the defense attorneys misinterpreted the testimony.”

Simpson said he went back to his home late Saturday night, to rest for the next day.

Star officials said that the meeting with other was under way of Simpson’s house was in the same neighborhood.

Indeed, an unidentifiable source at one of the supermarket tabloids that promised exclusive photos of Simpson’s post-prison family.

Meanwhile, was reportedly behind a supermarket tabloid that offered him $1 million for photos of Simpsonגור theSee Today’s Daily Pennsylvanian. Check Out the DP Classified Section.

You will not only find hilarious DP comics and the famous New York Times Crossword puzzle, but also that perfect apartment, or perfect job, or even that perfect used car.

You might even find that special someone in the DP Personals.

The Associated Press

**April 15, 1995**

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Ivies provide strong tests

HASDAY graduated, Harvard, still a bit young, is a potential contender if its talent Click. Yale, thought to be perhaps the worst Ivy team, scored 42 points and upset Brown in the first week. Cornell, with running back Chad Leavitt, and (even) Dartmouth have the potential to win any given ball game, as shown by the Big Green's 41-23 over Penn in the season opener.

The league is wide open this year, and while the Quakes are certainly the favorite, they are no lock. It is ironic that just as the league is at its greatest competitiveness and highest level of play in years, we hear calls for a change of format. Instead of talking about historic rivalries such as Penn-Princeton or Harvard-Yale, some are clamoring for a chance to play such no-name, obscure colleges such as Stephen F. Austin (yes, that's a real college, currently ranked No. 4 in Division I-AA).

That's how great league becomes a distant memory and eventually forgotten.

Michael Hasday is a junior political science major from Scarsdale, NY, and a sports writer for The Daily Pennsylvanian. Curve Ball appears alternate Thursdays.

**DP Sports Challenge**

Who led the Ivy League in unassisted tackles last season?

A. Rory Wilfork
B. Pat Goodwillie
C. Deo Matingly
D. Al Bagnoli
E. O.J. Simpson
F. Don Clark
G. Eric "Air France" Moore

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reception to follow free of charge
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SPORTS WIRE

Hershiser dominates Sox; Joe Smith signs

Hershiser dominated the Sox Yesterdays after giving up three hits in 7.1 scoreless innings, the Indians beat Boston 4-0 last night to take a 2-0 lead in the AL play-off series. He is 5-0 with a save in 10 career post season appearances, eight of them starts in the NL play-offs and the World Series for Los Angeles in 1988.

MORAGA, Calif. — Sure, his contract is small compared with the huge deals signed by No. 1 picks of the recent past. But Joe Smith figured more than $8 million for three years will be plenty to live on comfortably.

The new rookie salary structure made negotiations extremely easy for Warriors general manager Dave Twardzik. His only complaint was that "he didn't even buy me lunch."

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Arthur Andersen

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PRESENTATION

October 9, 1995
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Steinberg Hall - Dietrich Hall
Room 211

Refreshments will be provided.

SENIORS and GRADUATE students are cordially invited to join

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at our Presentation and Reception

Tuesday, October 10, 1995
Steinberg Hall - Dietrich Hall
Room 351
4:45pm to 6:45pm

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Thursday, October 5, 1995
4:45 PM - 6 PM
Steinberg-Dietrich Hall, Room 213

Find Out How We Are Making A Difference
If you are unable to attend, please drop your resume at CPPS during period 4
Great Games in Penn History: Oct. 1, 1988

Seven years ago at Franklin Field, a different sort of streak was on the line where Columbia squared off with the Quakers.

By Alan Schwarz
The Daily Pennsylvanian

After a 16-yard halfback option pass from Brian Upbin at Penn's 2-yard line with less than 11 minutes to playhibited the Lions--down 24-10--saw a glimmer of hope.

Columbia 10
Penn 24

Hope that The Streak would finally end began to build on national television. hope that it would end; hope that it would end on first and goal from the 2 at hall on the opening kickoff to put the Quakers 11 yards away from a quick 7-0 lead. After Penn senior Tom Chartree recovered Terry Brown's fumble at the Lions' 11, the Quakers scored on three straight Brian Keys reat- es. In all, Keys ran 16 times for 161 yards, his third 100-yard game of the sea- son, and also moved over the 1,000-yard mark for his career.

Columbia responded with a 19-yard field goal by Jim Beato, but with the Franklin Field faithful putting on as fine a show as they could have been turned over the last five of the first six by Lion Ques to earn itself enough to warrant such a payback.

"After we fumbled, I was talking spotters," Lions coach Larry McEl- reavy said. "I didn't say anything bad, because I didn't want to get hit by a lighting bolt."

In fact, Columbia topped Penn in almost every category, but its tat- tical dominance wasn't as the Lions couldn't convert offensive opportunities when the momentum turned the Quakers' favor. Indeed, Penn's opportunism continued, although the Lions still would have been down by a touch- down. "Penn was ready to roll over and die," McElreavy said. "It was one hell of a hit."

"I'm glad the game's over," Penn coach Ed Zubrow said. "This is a university game."

In helping Penn hand Columbia the final loss in its 44-game drought, Bryan Keys went over the 1,000-yard mark for his career.

FANS SPEAK OUT:

You, as Penn sports fans, now have a chance to voice your opinion in our fine pages. Simply respond to this week's question by e-mailing us at sports@dpupen n.edu or fax your response to DP Sports @ 896-2050 or bring it in person to our lovely offices at 4015 Walnut Street. All replies are need- ed by today at 5:00 p.m.

This week's question: How do you think Penn grad Jerome Allen will do with the NBA's Minnesota Timberwolves (punter extraordinaire Brian Uppin's favorite team)?

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The Daily Pennsylvanian Thursday, October 5, 1995

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FOR RENT

CHAOS by Brian Shuster

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SINGLE SLICES by Peter Kohlheast

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THE QUIGIMANS by Buddy Hickson

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DM Comics
**SPORTSWEAR**

**BASEBALL**

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<td>Tuesday's Games: Cleveland 3, Boston 4</td>
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**BASEBALL**

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**NFL**

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<td>Denver 3</td>
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**SPORTS REPORT**

**New York leads series 2-0**

**Last Night's Games**

- **Cleveland at Houston**, 7:07 p.m.*
- **Toronto at Kansas City**, 7:07 p.m.*
- **Los Angeles at Cincinnati**, 7:07 p.m.*

**Today's Games**

- **New York at Seattle**, 7:07 p.m.

**Post Game Batting**

- **New York vs. Seattle**:
  - New York: 12 for 35, 3 home runs, 7 runs scored, 2 errors
  - Seattle: 9 for 35, 2 home runs, 3 runs scored, 3 errors

**SporT**

- **New York**
  - 12 for 35, 3 home runs, 7 runs scored, 2 errors
  - **Cleveland**: 9 for 35, 2 home runs, 3 runs scored, 3 errors

**New York at Seattle**: 7:07 p.m.

**Tuesday, Oct. 10**

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**New York**

- 7 runs scored, 2 errors
  - **Los Angeles**
    - 3 runs scored, 3 errors

**Cleveland at American League West Division**

**Cleveland at Seattle**

- **Cleveland**
  - 12 for 35, 3 home runs, 7 runs scored, 2 errors
  - **Seattle**
    - 9 for 35, 2 home runs, 3 runs scored, 3 errors

**Balloons and Bouquets**

- **Cleveland**
  - 12 for 35, 3 home runs, 7 runs scored, 2 errors
  - **Seattle**
    - 9 for 35, 2 home runs, 3 runs scored, 3 errors

**New York and Boston Lead Series 2-0**

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- **Nutritional guide**: 18 years or older.
- **Salary**: $2.50 a page.

**Opportunities for Advancement**

- **Studies and Security**: 20 years or older.
- **Salary**: $2.50 a page.

**New York**

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By John Melani

The Daily Pennsylvanian

Wilfork, a defensive end from Columbus, Ohio, was named to the All-Ivy First Team.

Wilfork grew up in Columbus and was named to the All-Ivy First Team.

He ended his high school career as a two-time All State selection and was named to the All-State All-Star Team.

At Ohio State, Wilfork played in 23 games and had 59 tackles, including 48 solo and 22 for a loss.

In his senior year, Wilfork was named team captain and was a second-team All-Big Ten selection.

Wilfork graduated from Ohio State in 2005 with a degree in business administration.

In 1995, Wilfork was selected as the first overall pick in the NFL Draft.

He played for the New England Patriots from 1995 to 2002 and was traded to the New Orleans Saints in 2003.

Wilfork played in six Super Bowls with the Patriots and was a two-time Super Bowl MVP.

He joined the New England Patriots in 1995 as a free agent and played in 128 games during his nine-year career.

Wilfork was named to the Pro Bowl six times and was a two-time First Team All-Pro selection.

He signed with the New York Jets in 2011 and played in 11 games before retiring after the season.

Wilfork was inducted into the College Football Hall of Fame in 2020.
Looking for Laughs

For some Penn alumni, comedy is a serious business
Social Distortion

How to be 'musically correct'

by Corina Zappia

Negotiating any social scene is complicated, but none is so difficult as the music scene. Some amateurs think it's as simple as wearing the correct band t-shirt. Little do they know that in order to grip those "music stud" rungs of the proverbial social ladder, one must effectively play the Musical Schmooze and scale the proverbial Musical ladder one must effectively play the Musical Schmooze in order to grip those "music stud" rungs of the proverbial social ladder, one must effectively play the Musical Schmooze.

Although seemingly effortless, it really quite complicated...

Assembling the Posse:

When selecting your posse, forget about approaching that girl from your recitation who constantly wears her Greek shirt—she's not "different" like you are. Besides, she'd only talk about stupid things like her sorority, and you need to hang with people of your own kind, some people who've memorized Dischord's catalog ins and out. The assembly process is quite simple. Start off with asking your chosen few if they're going to a certifiably "cool" concert. From there, progress to ranking those who you've decided were alterna-cheese (see poseur-picking), who can only PRETEND to be the music stud you really are.

Poseur-Picking:

(This could be taken as a precursor to networking, but can also be considered part of an ongoing process.)

After you've chosen those worthy of hanging with you, you musical mackadaddy, a further step is necessary to strengthen your bond.

Once you've gathered together some like-minded individuals, proceed with your pals to a social gathering of some sort, and start mentally labeling the posers in the room. A swift evaluation of their clothing and namedropping abilities is a good start. This step is all essential, because the information collected can later be used to answer more profound questions such as, "Whose ass is worth dissing vs. whose ass is worth kissing?"

Networking:

And you thought this was limited only to losers who hang outside your Opim class. Au contraire. You've been around for long enough to know whose ass you need to kiss, and you've got to make those crucial connections with them. And you got no shame. Sure, you may have to toss the pride aside in the better interests of slurpin' up some booty. But just think—if you do it well enough, maybe some day you can be at the receiving end! After the deed's done, you also have the added bonus of trotting back to your posse and reporting your triumph.

"Well, I'm from [Seattle, Austin, other hip city], where they're from... we all kind of hang out in the same scene... really grew up together, almost. Actually, I just saw the bass player from that band when I went home, at my local grocery store. He and me, you know, we both shop at the same places... He tried to be all casual and asked me where the cauliflower was located, but I knew if I'd hung out with him there in the frozen foods section for just a little while longer, he probably would've invited me back to his house to jam and stuff... we're actually a lot alike, you know..."

Namedropping:

Namedropping is an important skill, because even though you know you're the shit, you need to get that message across to others (especially to those who you've dubbed ass-kissable). The trick here is to mention bands that are so cool, only a select few have heard of them—bands that wouldn't even be considered for buzz bin clips (i.e., hide that secret liking for the Cranberries). Run with this puppy, baby. If people are unfamiliar with the band, help them in their ignorance by relating said band's sound to another band that is equally as obscure. Hell, why stop there? Invent bands! After all, in this game it's all impress and impress alike.

"Hey, the new album from Papa Smurf just came out. It's so fuckin' cool, man. They sound a lot like Laughing Penis. You haven't heard of Laughing Penis? It's with the ex-drummer from Rage on My Pussy. You mean you've never heard of them either? (sympathetic clucking). Gee, that's too bad..."

Once this technique is mastered, experts can proceed to the next level, i.e., connecting aforementioned bands with their own band (of course you ARE in a band, aren't you?)

"Yeah, so we played with Laughing Penis back in '85... you know, before they got popular and everything. See, some losers just buy their major-label [read: sell-out] release Squeezin' with the Tater, and think they know everything, but I knew 'em back in the day..."

We could discuss ad nauseum endless variations of these techniques, but I don't want to go into too much more detail—it's necessary to develop one's own personal style of schmoozing. These are merely a few recommended starting points. Work it out, try on a few and see what's right for you. You can build on these and even add in your "own special touch" if you like.

Just remember to always cultivate your image carefully. One mishap, and you might as well go back to listening to Air Supply and REO Speedwagon.

Meeting Tonight

Dickie Betts (Allman Brothers guitarist extraordinaire) wants YOU to come to tonight's 34th Street meeting at 5:30 at 4015 Walnut Street. It doesn't matter if you've never written before, because, as we've already mentioned, Dickie Betts wants YOU to come tonight.
Theories on just who killed Nicole and Ron now that O.J.'s obviously innocent. (Note: not all of the photos accurately depict the suspects.)

Ronald Goldman (murder/suicide)

He was at the scene of the crime at what the coroner determined was the time of death. He could have stolen O.J.'s knife, killed Nicole, and then stabbed himself numerous times before slitting his own throat. The fact that Ron Goldman's hands were a perfect fit for the bloody gloves was never brought to the jury's attention, as Goldman was conspicuously never brought up on the stand. Hmm.

Mrs. Simpson

Who says that T.V. doesn't spawn violence? She's a diehard fan of Kathleen Turner's cult classic Serial Mom. Also, it takes a very sick woman to name her son "Orenthal."

Nostradamus

In the wake of the inevitable acquittal, the massive ad campaign for "The Juice is Loose," featuring O.J. himself, would send stock prices through the roof. That tagline will be on every young child's lips as they spoil their dinner with Starburst while learning valuable lessons about the American justice system.

Mumia Abu-Jamal

It wasn't personal, it was simply business. Now the music world is primed for the mellower musical stylings of O.J. and Mumia, a.k.a. Killer and Killer, destined to become the most popular singing-songwriting duo since Hall and Oates. Scheduled to play at PARMESAN as soon as Mumia walks.

Sheldon Hackney

The former Penn President has obviously known to have manic spells and bouts of amnesia. Not to mention the fact that in his 1991 Commencement Address, he was quoted as saying that it would be "really neat [to kill O. J. Simpson's wife and her friend, Ronald Goldman]." Probably would plead insanity. I think he's crazy...crazy like a fox!

The CEO of Starburst

"The perfect cover. Who would suspect Miss Goody-goody, Miss "Love Your Fellow Man," Miss "Spread the Word of God and Help Those Less Fortunate]? The motive? No reason, she just likes the smell of blood, and the way a person's expression changes when the die, and the sound as they gurgle their last breath on God's Green Earth. We're on to you, Mother Theresa, if that is your real name!

Looking for your horoscope?

Street's astrology column has moved to the Voice section (that's page 8 to you and me).

And don't forget to check out Ask Penny, our brand-spankin' new advice column. It's Street-tacular!

Leslie Nielsen

In the aftermath of the tragic cinematic offering, Naked Gun: 33 1/0, The Final Insult (Well fuck you, too), Frank Drebin needed a marquis name for his up and coming movie, Naked Gun. The Prime Numbers.

Society

You want to know who killed Nicole Brown Simpson? We all did. She was a victim of the modern age. We're all guilty. We're guilty and innocent at the same time. We're guilty in our innocence. In this era of hostile takeovers, date rape, child pornography, and Greaseman listeners, our plastic society pushed her to the edge. The brutal slashes of O.J.'s knife to her throat were a mere formality. We all deserve a trip to the stripie hole. On the lighter side, if you divide two life sentences among 5 billion people, it comes out to almost nothing.

Who Knows?

Let's just be thankful the damn thing is over. Good day.
Menace II da 'Hood

The Hughes Bros. latest film is totally sophomoric

by Vince Stiegitz

Anytime a new talent takes centerstage, there is always the danger that he or she will turn into the second coming of Joe Charboneau: the 1981 Cleveland Indian policeman who came down with an awful case of the sophomore slump and never played another full season in the big leagues. This typical concern, however, seemed totally unwarranted when fraternal twins Albert and Allen Hughes

DEAD PRESIDENTS - Hollywood
directed by the Hughes Brothers

es made their feature film directorial debut at age 20 with the highly acclaimed Menace II Society. Their trademark tight and relentless camerawork; the occasional use of character movement so poetically captured the despair of the urban ghetto, where many African-American males never reach their 21st birthday, that even the normally apathetic middle-class audiences could share the pain.

But the brothers' second film, Dead Presidents, is a classic example of what youthful naiveté and the pressures of trying to live up to high expectations can do to even the most talented filmmakers: the brothers attempt the impossible and end up with several haphazardly-told stories that prove to be almost unwatchable.

Packed into less than two hours, the film ambitiously tries to touch on so many important issues (including coming of age, the Vietnam War, male-female relationships, the mistreatment of Vietnam vets and unemployment in black neighborhoods) that none gets the attention or focus it truly deserves.

The principal protagonist, Anthony (Larenz Tate), is a good-hearted 18-year-old from the South Bronx who decides that college isn't for him and signs on for a Marine Corps tour of duty instead. When he returns home from Vietnam after a second tour in 1972, he finds that he is not treated as a hero and his only gainful employment available is a part-time job in a neighborhood butcher shop. His girlfriend Juanita (Rose Jackson), who gave birth to his daugh-

Pretty Persuasion

A brilliant script and Nicole Kidman are 'To Die For'

by Scott Neustadter

On the surface, To Die For is a hilarious send-up of American pop culture: the talk shows, the tabloids, the dream of instant success, the desire for fame and fortune. It presents a world where children are more profoundly influenced by television than by any educational system, where the lure of being famous outweighs all rational, lawful thinking, where acceptance and fitting in are more important than righteousness and profundity. Screenwriter Buck Henry parodies such a shallow and foolish nation with his own perfect cynicism and wit, but underneath the neatly wrapped satirical blanket lies one of the most painfully accurate portrayals of post-Reagan America made yet.

Nicole Kidman is Suzanne Stone, a small-town girl who longs to be a famous television personality. Her appearance is like that of a fifties sitcom mother, with pastel checkered dresses and a smile that never fades, yet behind the cheeky grin lives a manipulative, unscrupulous bitch who will stop at nothing to get what she wants. Soon she is working as a weatherwoman at the local news station, but she has big plans for the future, including a K-12 documentary about American youth. Students at the local high school are excited about the project, both because of their attraction to Suzanne and their desire to be on TV.

Suzanne's personal life seems normal at first, but her ulterior motives quickly emerge. She marries for love but the love fades, and after a while her husband (Matt Dillon) stands in the way of her dreams and must be killed off. Who will do the crime? The children, of course, those most deeply affected by Suzanne and the better life she promises them. It's a preposterous, edge-of-your-seat collection of vignettes and a 128 batting average.

Michael Jackson's new look

ter while he was overseas, is constantly prodding her husband to become a "man" and support his family. Before long, Anthony feels he has no alternative but to become involved in a risky heist to get "dead presidents" (slang for cash) in order to provide financial security for his family.

The constantly changing landscapes and the numerous subplots prevent the audience from being able to empathize with Anthony the way the Hughes brothers would like; it's easy to dismiss his struggles and not notice that he uses the money he obtains in the scheme to buy toys for inner-city kids.

The zeal to do too much is not uncommon among talented young directors (John Singleton's Higher Learning, for example). The Hughes Brothers have the potential to make great films, but without tighter scripts to rein in their enthusiasm and to moderate their penchant for challenging convention, they undoubtedly end up with a muddled collection of vignetted and a 126 batting average.

Michael Jackson's new look

ow far some will go when under its influence.

What could have been a drab TV-movie of the week is instead one of the year's best films for a number of reasons. Most impressive is its flawless cast, with Nicole Kidman delivering an Oscar-worthy performance in her first major leading role. She carries the film on her shoulders and never lets it sag. Also brilliant are Dan Hedaya as Stone's father-in-law, Dillon as Kidman's likable spouse, and Joaquin Phoenix (River's brother, last seen in Ron Howard's Parenthood) as the impressionable boy who Suzanne runs over on her road to stardom.

Henrey's screenplay, based on a novel by Joyce Maynard, is impeccable. It succeeds to tell the story on a number of levels, satire, realism and an unflinching examination of the decay and degeneration of American morality. Henrey weaves important social criticism into the tale without detracting from its overall performance value, a rare feat he did once before in 1987 with his screenplay for The Graduate.

It helps, of course, to have your work interpreted by great talents, and Gus Van Sant stands amongst the finest. Prior to his last film, the disasterous Even Cowgirls Get the Blues, Van Sant had been on a roll with such pioneering films as Drugstore Cowboy and My Own Private Idaho. Here he returns to form with a directorial effort that towers over all his previous achievements. He employs a number of film stocks and editing techniques that will surely be studied in film classes for decades. These serve thematic as well as stylistic purposes, reminding the audience constantly that their perception is as influenced by television as it is the characters.

Not since Hauthers has a film so deeply rooted in hip culture ever been produced so magnificently. Because of its stylistic brilliance and thematic depth, To Die For will undoubtedly stand as one of the strongest American films of the decade.
The Joy Quilt Club
All-star cast produces tears in bonafide chick flick

by Melissa Geschwind

The conversation about menstruation takes place no more than 10 minutes into How To Make an American Quilt. Have all the men left the room yet? Good. American Quilt is really not for anyone with a Y-chromosome. Bluntly put, it is the castrating answer to The Joy Luck Club. There are differences, of course, in the details: the wise matriarchs get together to create quilts instead of getting together to play mah jong, and the inter-racial relationships are white-black rather than Asian-white. The men philander and disappoint rather than abuse and dominate, and the central character’s journey to China is replaced with a far more treacherous journey towards marriage.

But the themes, emotions and general ambience of the two films are the same, and in this case, the repetition is welcome and charming. Although it does not quite achieve the powerful subtlety of the Amy Tan classic, American Quilt, based on a novel by Whitney Otto, has a breezy, sensual feel which makes it no less a pleasure to watch. The brilliant cast — including Winona Ryder, Anne Bancroft, Ellen Burstyn, Maya Angelou, Samantha Mathis, Jean Simmons and Alfred Molina — effortlessly breathe life into their roles as American women trying to solve the mystery of forever loving dweebs. Though there are no dead babies or war-torn countries here to provide easy excuses when the boys ask you why you like movies that make you react this way, feel free to laugh at them through your tears. How To Make an American Quilt is the kind of movie that will remind you why God, in all her wisdom, decided to grant half of us ovaries and estrogen, while leaving the rest to wallow in their own testosterone.

THE BIG GREEN - Disney starring Winona Ryder

A universal truth: any movie with Steve Guttenberg begins with a strike against it. That said, it should not be hard to guess that the quality of Disney’s latest excuse for family entertainment is beyond louzy. To be blunt, it makes Ladybugs look like The Godfather.

The film is one big insipid cliché. It co-stars Olivia d’Abo (The Wonder Years) as Anna Montgomery, a British school teacher on an exchange program in the minuscule town of Elma, Texas. Montgomery becomes the teacher of a class made up of carbon-copy rejects from every kid-die movie ever made, each with one personality trait that separates him from his peers. There’s Larry, the unfunny comic relief; Kate, the bitter, rebellious girl who lives with her alcoholic, divorced father; Juan, the loner new kid in town; and so on.

And then there’s Guttenberg as Tom Palmer, the dorky town sheriff and apparently the only person in Texas with a Texan accent, albeit an extremely phony one.

One day Montgomery gets frustrated with the lousy attitudes of the snotty little rug-rats and decides to teach them soccer. (Huh?) While the kids play, Montgomery goes to register the class in an Austin soccer league, for no apparent reason other than to move the plot along. Then the fun really begins.

In typical Disney fashion, anything that can happen happens yet again, in a progressively less interesting manner. You won’t be surprised to see that the team, though initially a bunch of no-talent losers, miraculously transforms into a well-oiled machine in the space of about three weeks. Not surprisingly, Juan, the kid who initially refused to play, turns out to be a junior Pelé. There are many such elements in The Big Green that are directly stolen from other films of the genre, illustrating the fact that there is nothing new about this film at all.

If you’re in prison, Luke is a model prisoner for a while, working in the oppressive heat with the rest of the gang. Things change when Dragline (George Kennedy), the leader of the prisoners, challenges him to a fight. Luke is continuously clobbered by the bigger man, but he keeps fighting, even though his fellow prisoners beg him to just lay down. That’s the first time we witness his unbreakable determination.

He tries to escape from prison more than once. One of the most memorable lines in cinematic history comes when he asks the wardens to rough him up in retaliation for one of his attempts. The prison boss, in his high-pitched southern drawl, pronounces, “What we’ve got here is failure to communicate. Some men you just can’t teach. So you get what we had here last week, which is the way he wants it. Well, he gets it.”

Newman’s greatness in this movie is that he exudes such charisma on screen that you can’t help but root for the guy. Even though Luke never succeeds in his attempts to be free, there’s never a sense that he’s really lost, because he’s always flashing that winning smile, as if to say “You’ll never break me.” That is a major part of this movie.

Even the end, which is supposed to be tragic, is filmed as a victory for Luke, going out with a smile.

—Dan Haimoff

Enjoy Breyer’s and enjoy corporate sponsorship.

The Joy Quilt Club
All-star cast produces tears in bonafide chick flick

by Melissa Geschwind

The conversation about menstruation takes place no more than 10 minutes into How To Make an American Quilt. Have all the men left the room yet? Good. American Quilt is really not for anyone with a Y-chromosome. Bluntly put, it is the castrating answer to The Joy Luck Club. There are differences, of course, in the details: the wise matriarchs get together to create quilts instead of getting together to play mah jong, and the inter-racial relationships are white-black rather than Asian-white. The men philander and disappoint rather than abuse and dominate, and the central character’s journey to China is replaced with a far more treacherous journey towards marriage.

But the themes, emotions and general ambience of the two films are the same, and in this case, the repetition is welcome and charming. Although it does not quite achieve the powerful subtlety of the Amy Tan classic, American Quilt, based on a novel by Whitney Otto, has a breezy, sensual feel which makes it no less a pleasure to watch. The brilliant cast — including Winona Ryder, Anne Bancroft, Ellen Burstyn, Maya Angelou, Samantha Mathis, Jean Simmons and Alfred Molina — effortlessly breathe life into their roles as American women trying to solve the mystery of forever loving dweebs. Though there are no dead babies or war-torn countries here to provide easy excuses when the boys ask you why you like movies that make you react this way, feel free to laugh at them through your tears. How To Make an American Quilt is the kind of movie that will remind you why God, in all her wisdom, decided to grant half of us ovaries and estrogen, while leaving the rest to wallow in their own testosterone.

THE BIG GREEN - Disney starring Winona Ryder

A universal truth: any movie with Steve Guttenberg begins with a strike against it. That said, it should not be hard to guess that the quality of Disney’s latest excuse for family entertainment is beyond louzy. To be blunt, it makes Ladybugs look like The Godfather.

The film is one big insipid cliché. It co-stars Olivia d’Abo (The Wonder Years) as Anna Montgomery, a British school teacher on an exchange program in the minuscule town of Elma, Texas. Montgomery becomes the teacher of a class made up of carbon-copy rejects from every kid-die movie ever made, each with one personality trait that separates him from his peers. There’s Larry, the unfunny comic relief; Kate, the bitter, rebellious girl who lives with her alcoholic, divorced father; Juan, the loner new kid in town; and so on.

And then there’s Guttenberg as Tom Palmer, the dorky town sheriff and apparently the only person in Texas with a Texan accent, albeit an extremely phony one.

One day Montgomery gets frustrated with the lousy attitudes of the snotty little rug-rats and decides to teach them soccer. (Huh?) While the kids play, Montgomery goes to register the class in an Austin soccer league, for no apparent reason other than to move the plot along. Then the fun really begins.

In typical Disney fashion, anything that can happen happens yet again, in a progressively less interesting manner. You won’t be surprised to see that the team, though initially a bunch of no-talent losers, miraculously transforms into a well-oiled machine in the space of about three weeks. Not surprisingly, Juan, the kid who initially refused to play, turns out to be a junior Pelé. There are many such elements in The Big Green that are directly stolen from other films of the genre, illustrating the fact that there is nothing new about this film at all.

If you’re in prison, Luke is a model prisoner for a while, working in the oppressive heat with the rest of the gang. Things change when Dragline (George Kennedy), the leader of the prisoners, challenges him to a fight. Luke is continuously clobbered by the bigger man, but he keeps fighting, even though his fellow prisoners beg him to just lay down. That’s the first time we witness his unbreakable determination.

He tries to escape from prison more than once. One of the most memorable lines in cinematic history comes when he asks the wardens to rough him up in retaliation for one of his attempts. The prison boss, in his high-pitched southern drawl, pronounces, “What we’ve got here is failure to communicate. Some men you just can’t teach. So you get what we had here last week, which is the way he wants it. Well, he gets it.”

Newman’s greatness in this movie is that he exudes such charisma on screen that you can’t help but root for the guy. Even though Luke never succeeds in his attempts to be free, there’s never a sense that he’s really lost, because he’s always flashing that winning smile, as if to say “You’ll never break me.” That is a major part of this movie.

Even the end, which is supposed to be tragic, is filmed as a victory for Luke, going out with a smile.

—Dan Haimoff

Enjoy Breyer’s and enjoy corporate sponsorship.
Music

No Escape

Blur’s ‘Sgt. Pepper’ for the ’90s furthers the new British Invasion

• by Lucy Laird

On the first song of Blur’s new album, Damon Albarn croons: “Yes, they’re stereotypes. There must be more to life.” You’re right, Damon, there must be. But there isn’t, especially in the case of your band of goofy British lads. Fitting into a convenient stereotype, they must have been down the pub at 5:00 p.m. last Friday, the exact time of our scheduled interview. Hope that lager went down nice and smooth in Boston, Damon, while your interviewer waited patiently for your return.

Don’t be prejudiced by this opening paragraph, though. Blur’s new album, The Great Escape, gets the rank of pure gen-

BLUR

The Great Escape - Virgin

nus, even without the interview. Yes, they may sound like the Beatles with a splash of Kinks, but they do it so well that any protestations of gross musical environmentalism (that is, recycling a little too much) should be tossed into the nearest land-

fill. The Great Escape is all about different characters: the lonely suburban housewife of “Stereotypes” who “wears a low-cut T-shirt, runs a little B&B;” the weary commuter of “Ermold Sane” who sits “in the same seat with the same nasty stain;” the playboy of “TOPMAN” who’s “Hugo and he’s Boss;” and the

slimy businessman of “Mr. Robinson’s Quango” who’s “got a hairpiece and...herpes, his private life is very discreet.” Each song is a mini-commentary on the Britain of today, much like the title song of Blur’s last album, Parklife.

But don’t worry, Blur casts its keen eye on itself in the song, “Dan Abnormal (The Meanie Jeanie).” For all you anagramaniacs out there, the title rearranges to spell the lead singer’s name, Damon Albarn. (For a bit more trivia, read the liner notes of your Elastica album. Dan Abnormal on key-

boards...hmm...) What does he have to say about himself, you ask. Well, presumably in response to England’s adulation of him, he says: “He has dirty dreams with [sic] he’s asleep. Dan’s just like you, you see.” Thanks for that tidbit — we love it when we realize that our heroes are just regular people.

Regular people, however, do not create music like this. So stop being so modest, Blur. If the first single, “Country House,” has put you off, give it a little time. Listen to the cynical and witty genius of the lyrics, study the chord changes, but don’t forget to watch the video (especially all you guys out there). It is directed by Damien Hirst, a friend of the band since art school and the current bad-boy of the London art scene — one of his most famous works is that of a ewe and a lamb, both cut in half, and suspended in a tank of formaldehyde.

The video combines a game-board, a milk truck, a spoog on pomp-rockers Queen, and Benny Hill antics into one fun romp. It will alter your opinion of the song, no question about it.

Oh well, who can blame Blur for living it up in Boston and missing a couple interviews on the first leg of its American tour? All, Blur’s status in their home country is equivalent to the popularity of the Beastie Boys here. The band’s songs blast from every dormitory window and pub jukebox. Why not here? Their absence at interview-time — is due to their “laddish” nature. This phenomenon entails tracksuits, J) lager, and 4) pulling (picking up women).

As a footie (soccer to you), this band has four intelligent heads perched on their ever-so-graceful shoulders. They claim that certain works of fiction lie behind each of their albums, including Generation X by Douglas Coupland, London Fields by Martin Amis, some Milan Kundera and VS Pritchett for their latest.

As an English major and a sucker for name-dropping, I’ll have to forgive porcelain-skinned Damon for missing the interview. But if he keeps avoiding the American press like this, one of the most significant of 1995.

In comparison with Sonic Youth’s musical past, this album is jammier, more loose, and (even) more open-ended than the rest of the band’s works. Following Experimental Jet Set, Trash and No Star, Sonic Youth has been abandoning a lot of its seemingly solid aesthetic principles. The extensive use of old Les Paul guitars, the vocal and musical references to the 70s, the complex (by Sonic Youth standards) guitar parts, even the fact that this is the first time the band is recording outside New York City — all of this brings a wave of innovation to Sonic Youth’s already innovative and influential style.

Sonic Youth distances itself from certain other groups like the Butthole Surfers, though. Whereas most of the Surfers’ retro-references are often rendered strictly in a mocking tone, Sonic Youth uses elements of our trashy pop culture to transform into something new and stimulating. The song “Washing Machine” for example, consists of various levels of music where the old and new Sonic Youth come together, surrounded with sonic fragments of surf rock and detuned blues guitars. “Little Trouble Girl,” with the guest appearance of Kim Deal of the Breeders, is a childish account of a girl that broke her mother’s trust by having sex with her first boyfriend. The weird guitar tunings give this naive surface a de-

mented and melancholy depth, in a typical Sonic Youth fashion.

But this review is pointless. Sonic Youth’s music simply shouldn’t be described in words. Their sound is open to infinite interpretations which change from one person to another and as time passes. This is not some commercial product that MTV can chew on and spit after a few weeks. It’s a music that wants to be alive and grow on the listener. In the band’s twelfth album one could not deny that Sonic Youth’s sound has changed signifi-

antly. What remains, though, is the sadness, the sense of humour and self-sarcasm, the confusion and the striving for personal expression and freedom from conventional forms. And a lot of oth-

er stuff that can not be put into words — “It’s all in the music,” as Thurston Moore puts it. And there isn’t a better set of words to describe their music. Just listen to it.

Underground Nation

Sonic Youth produces another underground rock masterpiece

• by Panos Martinis

Listening to Washing Machine is like going into a dreamland where there is no MTV, TLC or STP. Right now, nothing can escape such “mainstream” vehicles as MTV’s 120 Minutes or Under-

derground Network’s version of alternative.

Except Sonic Youth. Their lonely musical path for the past 14 years has been probably the sole way of giving rock an artistic qual-

ity that can not be washed away by Lollapalooza or Y100Airplay. Washing Machine is the most inspired work the band has come with since the days of Daydream Nation. And although this album is never going to receive enough media attention, it is without a doubt

one of the most significant of 1995.

I jerk off so much, even my palms have bad eyesight.

I
October 5, 1995

VARIOUS
RANDY NEWMAN'S FAUST - REPRISE

Short people got no reason to smile, and I hate L.A.; besides this, I have nothing against Randy Newman. So it was with a healthy amount of optimism that I began listening to the soundtrack from Newman's Faust (based on the original story by Goethe). Instead of the usual "Original Case" album that accompaniments most new musicals, Newman chose to release a star-studded album (including such big names as Linda Ronstadt, Patti LaBelle, and James Ingram) that features a "better" cast than the show itself. The album actually starts out on a high note, with James Taylor as the Lord inviting everyone in to get on the "Glory Train." This song, along with "How Great Our Lord," showcases Taylor performing some credible, humorous gospel music. In the middle of "Glory Train," the Devil (Newman) interrupts Taylor's pontifications with the observation that "It's bullshit," and reminds God that the two of them are only figments of our imagination. It goes downhill from this point. The gospel is replaced with one-liner-pop song after another. Don Henley, in the title role, does a fairly decent turn in a schizophrenic, death-obsessed hero, but the rest of the stars seem too virtually unnoticed. The only other song of note is the finale, "Happy Ending," in which the Devil reveals in the existence of Las Vegas, and the song displays a little muscle in the form of some plush horns and the guitars of Ry Cooder and Waddy Wachtel of the X-Fensive Winos. Maybe the jokes are more suited to a viewing audience than to a listening audience. The album, however, is a long and unimitative litany of Randy Newman songs sung by famous people. If you're a big Newman fan you will enjoy it; otherwise, rending the liner notes is the best way to entertain yourself if you're forced to listen to this album.

—Benjamin Sowder

URGE OVERKILL
EXIT THE DRAGON - GEFSEN

It's always a shame to see a great story suffer an ending that just fizzles into nothingness. Such is the case with Urge Overkill's latest release, Exit the Dragon. After a history of trend-setting, underground music, UO's second release on Geffen records looks like a complete about-face. Within you can't even identify which band they're copying.

UO isn't untalented. They play their instruments adequately, and the vocals — performed by all three members — aren't bad. But three guys and an amp do not a band make. It appears that Urge Overkill considered recreating Spinal Tap's high-hued selves. For a band with such questionable returns or at least make you feel something. Instead, it is so boring and dry, magic and fantasy, just to name a few. Exit the Dragon is aptly

Your roommate played it a hundred times a day. Listen for it in your local record store. It will be a hit in 1995. That Dance Hall Crashers once released an enjoyable album is worth mentioning, but this is not it. With none of the style, originality, or life that was so fluid on their debut release, DHC's sophomore effort leaves something to be desired. Boring, bland, and annoying, Lockjaw is not just the album, but a condition I wish both the singers suffered from.

Dual harmonies are often interesting, On 1980-1982, the band's first release, the two female singers performed as a vocal repertoire, interacting with engaging results. On Lockjaw this formula has been displaced with Elaye and Karina singing together only; an unchanging harmony that ends up sounding like a poorly operated vocal overdub. Their fast-moving mixture of pop and ska, harkening back to the mid-eighties trend, could have been one of the few saving graces of this album. But having lost their horn section — one so conspicuous in earlier recordings — DHC is reduced to becoming propagators of irritating memories of the worst that the '80s had to offer, especially Bananarama. Incomprehensibly bland lyrics only add to the cake: choirs make up about one-third of the album, and it's a joke to make the experience even more unbearable. Sometimes the days seem so long, I wish my boss hadn't taken my bong" is a case in point. One astute and self-referential observation does manage to shine through from the dirt: "It couldn't possibly be worse."

Above everything else, though, Lockjaw's death blow is its monotonous: it refuses to change gear or direction between tracks. With the exception of songs such as the Tim (Rancid) Armstrong-penned "Pictures" (which sounds like a Rancid song, but the faster stroke of Lockjaw) and the ultra-ska "Burned Alive," the entire album could be the same record recorded twelve times over. Even the over-hyped single, "Enough," which also appears on the pitiful Angus soundtrack, fits into the endless treadmill that is Lockjaw.

—Andy Deen

DANCE HALL CRASHERS
LOCKJAW - MCA

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—Andy Deen

PRINCE
THE GOLD EXPERIENCE - WARNER BROS.

Prince, or rather The Artist Formally Known as Prince, has released yet another album worthy of success. Unfortunately, his preceding effort didn't cause fans to scramble to the nearest record store. If you were one of the unlucky ones who purchased Come (which really never came) without listening to it first, you are probably very hesitant about spending the ten plus dollars for The Gold Experience.

The CD booklet has a small inscription on the first page: "HATE vs. LOVE NO CONTEST. LOVE will always win! /Love God. /Love life. /Love yourself. /Peace and be well." For such "loving" intentions, it seems quite aggressive. If his music was intended to make love, God would probably be the most raw, liberating sex you've had in quite a while. For the first time, J seems adamant to silence his critics, proving that he has not abandoned his eccentricity. God forces you to focus on the music and not its master. Its pumping rhythms and pulsating beats cause you to quickly forget the excessive controversy surrounding the presently unpronounceable symbol.

Gold wastes no time in grabbing the listeners attention with its first track, "Pussyfoot Contra." Only if you could get away with naming the song's heroine "Pussy" without causing mass hysteria. The song's theme of feminine assertiveness is presented in an amusing fashion, yet the message remains realistic.

A revitalized version of "The Most Beautiful Girl in the World," which is even better the second time around, will probably have many women singing to themselves. J also takes the opportunity to remake the song "Shhh," which he had previously written and produced for Tevin Campbell.

"Billy Jack Bitch" brings back the funk with some New Power Generation flavor while both "Dolphin" and "Gold" reveal the spiritual side of Prince's personality. The presently popular "I Hate U!" deals with the misery of losing one's love and the pain of realizing how much you've shared for naught.

The Gold Experience proves once again that J, or whatever it chooses to call himself, has retained his eccentric ability to convey tales of the complexities of life. Although we may never forget the lowly Griffin Bridge, the lame Come On, the uninspiring symbol representing the artist formerly known as prince, we should recognize the brilliance of his newest release. Gold is clearly a worthwhile experience.

—Jason W. McHugh (a.k.a. Quicker Than A Hornet)

LISA LOEB
TAILS - GEFSEN

If you like Harlequin romance novels, you'll love Lisa Loeb and Nine Stories' debut album, Tails. Loeb's school-girlish romantic musings are so saccharine that they're cancer-inducing, but if you're a puppy lover, and soap-opera emotions in the drama is your thing then go ahead and dive right in.

The lyrics deal almost exclusively with Loeb's feelings about the problems and drama in her love life—glided, subject matter decorated with as much color and flair as a mud puddle. She strains to translate her emotions into sensory images, but ends up saying nothing in particular. In her attempts to be a poetess, Loeb comes closer to being pointless (in "It's Over," she croons the immortal line, "Are we still swimming to water that was wet?"). Loeb shows a remarkable ability to take one musical idea and make a whole album out of it. Remember how your high school essays were really more of an exercise in bullshit than anything else? Well, Lisa must have been a straight-A student. Once you've heard one of her songs, you've heard them all—the same rhythm, same theme, same melody with the same monotonous vocals.

The best song on the album is the overplayed Reality Bites single "Stay." Unfortunately, no matter how fast the singer can zip through the lyrics or how much V-100 likes the track, an entire album just cannot be adequately carried on the back of one song. If you want good feminine pop, listen to Edie Brickell's Picture Perfect Morning and hear the difference.

John Lennon must have been talking about Lisa Loeb when he said, "A pretty face may last a year or two, but pretty soon they'll see what you can do."—Fred Lionesty

SUPERCHUNK
HERE'S WHERE THE STRINGS COME IN - MERGE RECORDS

Superchunk has never been very deep. After all, this is a band whose lead singer once spewed the words, "I'm working, but I'm not working for you, I'm slack motherfucker!" Musically, the band has always been similarly modest, relying on simple-but-catchy guitar riffs backed by a low-bass line and drumming. Today, the band members are considered to be the grandparent's of a Chapel Hill scene which has never really blossomed into an Athens, GA type city. Chapel Hill, the quintessential college town and home to the University of North Carolina, has perpetually been stuck on the proverbial verge.

Here's Where the Strings Come In, with them, the Superchunk sound is getting old. Earlier in Superchunk's career, the band's sound was mildly innovative, yet astonishingly enjoyable. On tour, the band would draw hundreds of fans a night, selling out venues as large as the Trogdors.

On Strings, however, Superchunk fails to evoke even the smallest amounts of excitement that were present on past albums such as No Perks for Kitty, and instead the new album borders entirely on boredom. On "Hyper Enough," the three-chord progression characteristic of the band is title and lead singer Mac's (last names are not important to Superchunk) whiny vocals have reached the point where you just want to slap the title bastard. Likewise, songs like "Yeah, It's Beautiful Here Too" and "Animated Airplane" - the band would do well to get rid of the latter, at least. But Superchunk's work to date has never changed its style, and up until now has never had to. In order to move to the next level, though, the band's members may have to rethink their formulaic approach to songwriting.

For the past two years, rumors of Superchunk's breakup have circulated like a garden O.J. verdict. Perhaps now it's time the band followed through with its threats.

—Mike Tady
Not to be confused with a "real" horoscope claiming to actually know something.

Aries (Mar. 21 - Apr. 19): We know things have been tough for you lately, Aries, what with all those headaches and random klutz accidents, the blurriness and the dropping grades. But take heart, the galactic stance of the asteroid belt assures us that you don't have to quit drinking until you puke — it turns out you just need to put some new plastic on your face. Head on down to your local eyeglass vendor and pick out some bitchin' specs, and all your troubles will disappear like magic.

Taurus (Apr. 20 - May 20): Your word for the week is: tattoo! The trajectory and velocity of Venus's orbit indicates that you should go early and go often this week to the body art mecca that we call South Street, and be sure to ask for the Tip O'Neill "cheeky tiger" special. Cosmically speaking, this is going to turn things around for you — trust us.

Gemini (May 21 - June 20): Just rest. We know you deserve it after last week, and trust us, you've gonna need all your strength to face next week. Enjoy the ennius while you can...

Cancer (June 21 - July 22): Don't cry, Cancer. You won't be lonely forever. Sooner or later another football-great-turned-movie-actor will kill his ex-wife and some random waiter, and then you'll have plenty of new friends to keep you company 24 hours a day for another entire year. For now, flip on the Weather Channel and wait quietly like a good little crab.

Leo (July 23 - Aug. 22): Nope, not yet.

Virgo (Aug. 23 - Sept. 22): Believe it or not, you're walking in air this week. You never thought you could feel so free. Flying away on a wing and a prayer — who could it be? Believe it or not, Virgo, it's just you.

Libra (Sept. 23 - Oct. 22): This week is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. Sucks to be you then, doesn't it, Libra?

Scorpio (Oct. 23 - Nov. 21): As Scorpio teases us, can she be deadly. Pluto and Cappodisso indicate that if you don't spend the next seven days in a state of total moral perfection, then the cosmos will strike down upon you with terrible vengeance. Better fasten your mantrims, it's going to be a bumpy week.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22 - Dec. 21): What's the use of clean living when we're all gonna die anyway, right? Gorge yourself, screw a minor, live a life of luxury and excess this week. If you don't make it to next week, and the climactic conditions on the moon's surface indicate that your fate is up in the air no matter what you do, at least you went out smiling.

Capricorn (Dec. 22 - Jan. 19): We have read the position of the planets, and we can tell you with near certainty that you after this week, will never again have a week of such complete karmic perfection. We don't need to give you any advice. In fact, you're probably already so involved in backsting in your aura that you're not reading this anyway. In that case, we've been wanting to get this off our chest — how come you never call anymore? What, do you not have a phone? Come on, it's not so much to ask! There, we feel better. Have a nice week.

Aquarius (Jan. 20 - Feb. 18): There's a dwarf star out in the vicinity of Orion that has confused in us your tendency to be a rather cruel and sadistic bully when you think nobody's looking. This week, nobody's looking, so go ahead and beat the crap out of the Libra dufo in your English class. According to the stars, nobody will miss him.

Pisces (Feb. 19 - Mar. 20): Duck! The Big Gob of Bad Space Vibes is flying right at your head, but you can avoid it if you heed the advice of the Crab Nebula and lay low for a week. Go on about your business, but — duck again! — just don't be too loud about it. As a general rule, Pisces should be seen, not heard. Try to remember that this week, and beyond.

Dear Penny,
I have a romance problem I need some help with. There's this girl that I've been friends with since the first day of school. My freshman year when she lived across the hall from me in the dorms. She's really nice, but she's not the type I'm used to. She's really quiet and never seems to have any friends at all. But she's always there for me when I need her. I've been trying to get closer to her, but she always seems to retreat. She never seems to want to be alone. What should I do?

Sincerely,
Deadly Desperate

Dear Desperate,

If you don't want to be alone, then why are you always alone? It seems like you're always looking for someone to be alone with. Don't you think it's time to start looking for someone to be with? People like you are hard to find. Maybe if you try harder, you'll find the right person for you.

Encouragingly,
Penny

Dear Penny,
I've been dating my current boyfriend since last December. We've never really had any problems, except one. When we first met, he had gorgeous shoulder-length brown hair that I loved. He had me at first sight. We dated for a year, but then he decided he wanted to be with someone else. He had his head shaved by his fellow crew team members. Initially, he didn't like the look, but just as we got used to it, he decided he liked it. We've been together ever since. And for some reason, I think he keeps it short, just to bug me or to (gasp) maintain control of the relationship. Am I suffering from delusions or is my boyfriend a prick?

Sincerely,
Searching for Hair

Dear Searching,
Before you offer any advice, I must force you to look at your situation from both sides. Did you ever think that maybe you feel like you're losing some amount of control in the relationship because your boyfriend won't do what you want him to do?

Maybe you've been reading too many romance novels with Fabio's picture on the cover. Unless your man is Samson rearing his head, that's the reason is not in the hair.

If you're willing to cut him loose over such a trivial issue then you're too caught up in appearance and your relationship isn't all that. A wise woman once said, "A good man is hard to find... especially a good man that is good in bed." Besides, you can't see his hair in the dark.

Stick with him. Maybe if you don't mention the hair at all, he'll grow it back. Until then just casually turn up the volume on the TV when these annoying rogue commercials come on.

Thank you.

Penny
Seriously Funny Business

• Stapling cheese puffs with bananas.
• Running while wearing chicken pot pies in Oz.
• Playing bocce with a grenade for the ball with Richard Nixon.

Psychiatric dream interpretations? Not quite. It’s part of a list that three people must convey to one of their teammates using nothing but gibberish-talk and mime. It’s part of a competition, but it’s not like any game you’ve seen played on Franklin Field. This is ComedySportz, a “competitive” improvisational comedy group, and the beginning of a dream for College junior Paul Alvarez, who made his debut with the group last Saturday night.

By Jason “Skippy” Giardino

photos by Katarina Zivkovic
"Cable just slaughtered the stand-up market. Why would you go out to the clubs when at any given hour three different channels will be running stand-up at some point?"

For the first time ever I'm proud to say that I'm going to be a comedian when I grow up," he says. "It's something that I've really wanted to do for awhile but haven't had the guts to admit. Cause, I mean, I'm basically saying, I'm going to be doing tables, and I'm going to be doing jobs that aren't going to be paying much.

Paul's right. Comedy, like most of show business, is an incredibly difficult path to take as a career. He may be on the right track by being in ComedySportz and Without A Net, Penn's only improvisational comedy group, but very few people are able to perform often enough to support themselves, and even fewer make it to the big time. But that hasn't stopped Paul, and several other Penn alumni, from shooting for the comedy stars.

One Penn personality trying to get his foot into the door is alumnus Avish Parashar. After graduating last May with a degree in Computer Science Engineering, Avish has spent most of his time auditioning for improv comedy groups rather than selling his skills to the technology market.

Why would he want to waste his $100,000 degree just to tell a few jokes? Ask him, and he'll smile and say, "Improv! Improv comedy... It's what I'm good at."

Avish isn't the only person to hold that particular opinion. As a member and one-time director of Without A Net, Avish wowed university audiences for over three years with his timing, delivery and unforgettable characters such as the crazy man called "Mad Dog." But he soon found out that hitting it big at the Improv is a totally different ballpark from getting laughs in the High Rise East Rathskellar.

For a while during his senior year, Avish was in a newly formed professional improv group in Philadelphia called Test Pilots. Due to several personnel problems, however, plus the fact that the founding members abandoned the group without warning, the Test Pilots program was dissolved after only two performances.

Last summer, Avish tried out for a group in New York City that "had improv in their little audition thing." He made that group, only to find that it wasn't improv comedy, but rather some sort of "interactive theater" production. Apparently, the group's goal was to present a show in which the audience became a part of the cast. He wasn't too thrilled about the project. "It was kinda like a big ride at Disneyland or something."

Not wanting to commute from Poughkeepsie, New York to the Big Apple everyday, Avish bailed on the Mickey Mouse group and decided to go straight to the top: Second City in Chicago. Second City is commonly regarded as the best place in the nation for improv comedy. It was a group of virtual unknowns from Second City that comprised the bulk of the "Not Ready for Primetime Players" from Saturday Night Live's glory days back in the '70s. Nowadays, the group frequently goes on world tours, and two of the latest members of the new SNL are from Second City. While a lofty goal for someone just starting out, it is the place for improvisational comedians.

According to Avish, the audition was "very short," and that "it was hard...to track what they were looking for." Unfortunately, he wasn't called back for a second audition. He hasn't given up yet, however. In a couple of months, he'll audition for Second City's advanced workshops. If he makes it, not only will he receive some of the best improv training available, but the workshop will culminate with several public performances and give Avish what many would-be comedians dream about: exposure.

So why put oneself through all this sacrifice and struggle just to tell a few jokes? The answer isn't simple. Most "serious" comedians have remarkable drive, passion and love for their art, and now more than ever, comedy is a dramatically changing market. While the eighties were the prime time to become a new, bright, young stand-up, the nineties have left many joke-telling hopefuls hanging out to dry.

"Stand-up has run its course," says Mike Young, an '89 grad
“Impro is very zen, actually... If you try to do it, chances are you’ll have a much harder time than if you just go out and do it...and don’t even think about doing it.”

and former Without A Net director who’s the current director of ComedySportz. “Cable just slaughtered the stand-up market. Why would you go out to the clubs when at any given hour three different channels will be running stand-up at some point?”

It seems that the night-life public agrees. Once a thriving industry, owning a comedy club is now an incredibly risky venture. After being overwhelmed by the sheer number of stand-ups, it seems that most people have figured that they’ve seen it all before, and chances are they’re right. It’s incredibly difficult to do anything new and exciting in stand-up because more often than not, some schmo has done it before on Comedy Central’s lackluster Stand-Up, Stand-Up or A&E’s An Evening at the Improv. Nowadays, a performer isn’t really successful at stand-up unless he or she gets his or her own TV sitcom like Tim Allen, Ellen DeGeneres, Beatt Butler or Jeff Foxworthy. Currently, only a couple of clubs remain in Center City as opposed to the half-dozen or so (including a club right on campus) that were open several years ago.

Paul Alvarez attributes this trend to the very nature of the stand-up art. “I don’t like stand-up,” he says. “If you notice a lot of comedians, what they’ll do is degrade, like, people at large, but you know they have some person in mind...I don’t think that’s tasteful humor.”

Mike adds that “so much of stand-up is eschewable [sic]. If you go to a stand-up show, you don’t want to sit close because the guy will make fun of you.”

Despite all this aversion to stand-up, Avish has not given up on the idea. He’s quick to point out that stand-up and improv are “almost exactly opposite as far as comedy goes,” but he still feels like he would have the skills necessary to do well. He just needs to write some material. “I think I have the delivery,” he quips. “If you try to do it, chances are you’ll have a much harder time than if you just go out and do it...and don’t even think about doing it.”

Paul actually wants to get into the business of sketch comedy, but he agrees that improv has incredible value to comedians no matter what their specialty. “I think improv is the key to all real good comedy — being able to think on your feet.” With improv — more specifically ComedySportz — as a sidebar to the rest of his career, Paul hopes to sell a sketch comedy show he’s developing with fellow Without A Netter, college junior Aneurin Warburton, called The Mind.

The Mind, which is due to air on UTV13 this November, is bold because it will deal with humor on a global level and have almost nothing to do with Penn humor. “I think when you limit it [the show to] Penn stuff, you really limit your audience,” says Paul. “You limit your field and it’s difficult to go places.” Eventually, he plans on developing The Mind into a solid product that he can pitch it to producers in New York City, much like the NYU comedy troupe The State did a few years ago to get their show on MTV.

The task may sound like a pipe dream, but Paul is determined to make it. With a strong belief that an average amount of ability and an infinite amount of desire can take you anywhere, Paul knows that he won’t stop until it happens. As for Avish, he’s admits that he can’t starve forever, and that someday he might have to do work in computer science and drop the comedy career, but for at least a couple of years, his noble dream of making people laugh, and Paul’s, will live on.
ICA Artistes

It is not a frat party or even a trendy bar, but the Institute of Contemporary Art is still a place to behold. Through November 5, the Institute offers an exhibition of three performance and minimalist artists entitled Performs. While college students may not be familiar with the work of Charles Ray, Jana Sterbak and Janine Antoni, the pieces displayed at Performs will no doubt leave an indelible impression in the minds of the audience.

Charles Ray’s artwork has been billed as “questioning our perceived notions of daily events.” The most striking Ray piece is two photographs entitled Plank Pierce I and II. The sharp black and white images depict a man in midair, his back against a wall and body limp, apparently impaled by a standard plank of wood. Perhaps Ray’s most striking work is Table Top, which depicts normal objects (flowers, eating utensils) on a table. After a moment, the viewer realizes that the objects are slowly moving, seemingly of their own volition.

Generic Man, a photograph of the backside of a shaved head with a standard barcode tattooed on the neck, is Jana Sterbak’s most powerful piece. She also probes into the themes of freedom and restraint in the film of a performance piece, Sisyphus II, in which a trapped nude man attempts to escape a mobile, half-oval cage.

The most original art comes from Janine Antoni. Take Slumber, in which the sleeping artist’s eye movements are woven into a blanket. Antoni’s Lick and Lather consists of two traditional busts of the artist, one of chocolate, one of soap. She sculpted these busts by literally licking and washing the materials.

Because of the controversial nature of this exhibit, the NEA has refused to grant any funding to these artists. The excellence of this work should prove to skeptics that art can thrive without the pull of asinine politicians.

—Dave Kailstein

Exhibition

Campus Coffee

Until recently, Penn students haven’t had much to choose from in the way of coffee houses. But times have changed.

With the recent popularity of cafes at colleges and the growth of the commercial coffee industry nationwide, Penn is a capitalist’s dream come true. This year, Tuscanne Cafe, Buck’s County Coffee and LeBus Cafe have opened near campus to give Chimes some competition in the quest for your coffee dollar.

Chimes (411 S. 40th Street) has by far the most "coffeehouse" atmosphere. Works by local artists hang on the walls, background music ranges from acid jazz to folk and patrons can play cards, study or just hang out. It is also the only one of the four which permits smoking. Indoor and outdoor seating is available, with large tables for groups and comfy armchairs for individuals. The coffee is pretty good; the lattes are better.

Buck’s County Coffee (3430 Sansom Street) has more of an upscale appearance, decorated in the classic wood motif which became a trademark of many commercial coffee houses a few years back. The coffee here is perhaps the best of the lot, and the mocha crush is a must.

Inside tables here are small, but larger groups can sit outside along the sidewalk. With its 15 percent student discount, the new Buck’s opening at 40th and Locust St. in late October is bound to be as big a hit as the one on Sansom.

LeBus Cafe (3404 Sansom St) opened up a month and a half ago as an extension of the original LeBus restaurant. Seating is available either in the restaurant or outside on the sidewalk. The most popular drink is cafe mocha, which is an excellent complement to the fresh croissants and bread. Tuscanne (132 S. 34th St) is the newest spot on campus and is still relatively undiscovered by students, perhaps because it appeals to more of a day crowd than do the other cafes. The interior is very modern, with sparse artwork and track-lighting, and the coffee has a distinctive taste.

For students looking for a relaxed atmosphere or just that caffeine fix, coffeehouses have finally come to Penn in full force.

—John Dodson

Coffee Shops

TOP VIDEOS

Weekly charts for the nation’s most popular videos as they appear in this week’s issue of Billboard magazine. Reprinted with permission:

VIDEO SALES
Copyright 1995, Billboard Publications Inc.
1. Playboy: The Best of Pamela Anderson (Playboy)
2. Star Wars Trilogy (Fox)
3. Star Wars (Fox)
4. A Goofy Movie (Disney)
5. Mortal Kombat — The Animated Video (New Line)
6. Return of the Jedi (Fox)
7. The Empire Strikes Back (Fox)
8. The Swan Princess (Turner)
9. Playbys: Real Couples, Sex in Dangerous Places (Playboy)
10. Forrest Gump (Paramount)

VIDEO RENTALS
Copyright 1995, Billboard Publications Inc.
1. Pulp Fiction (Miramax)
2. Outbreak (Warner)
3. Just Cause (Warner)
4. Kiss of Death (Fox)
5. The Quick and the Dead (Columbia TriStar)
6. Circle of Friends ( HBO)
7. Nobody’s Foot (Paramount)
8. Major Payne (MCA-Universal)
9. Hideaway (Columbia TriStar)
10. Billy Madison (MCA-Universal)

NEW THIS WEEK

ASSASSINS (R)
5.0
Is it any good? Why don’t we break down that title and find out. First, we have "Ass." Then, we have "ass" again. I think that’s really all that needs to be said.

DEAD PRESIDENTS (R)
5.0
See interview and review page 4.

HOW TO MAKE AN AMERICAN QUILT (PG-13)
See review page 4.

TO DIE FOR (R)
See review page 4.

RECENT RELEASES

THE BIG GREEN (PG)
See review page 5.

THE BROTHERS McMULLEN (R)

DEVIL IN A BLUE DRESS (R)

A smoking new thriller starring Denzel Washington as a would-be gumshoe named Easy in 1948 Los Angeles. Denzel’s as cool as ever, but Don Cheadle steals the show as a sociopathic runt with a big gun and a bad temper. Then again, you’d pissy too if your name was Mouse.

DOUBLE HAPPINESS (PG-13)
Yet another in a long series of culture-clash/crime-of-the-century movies. In this one,
With the entrance of the Disco Biscuits, the campus band scene is ripe for yet another resurrection. The foursome of Jon "Barber" Cutwillig on guitar, Mark Brownstein on bass, Sam Altman on drums and rookie Aron Magner on keyboard is gaining a steady following of avid music fans.

The Disco Biscuits were conceived when Magner joined Barber, Brownstein and Altman this past summer. They spent the hot summer nights honing their individual style onstage at Smoke's, in preparation for the fall. Last weekend, in fact, they played three nights, drawing in the 420 crowd who appreciate great rhythm and funky jams.

In addition to five or six original tunes, the Disco Biscuits also play covers such as Phish's "Gumbo" and "You Enjoy Myself," Frank Zappa's "Pygmy Twylye" and the Grateful Dead's "Help!" They purposely choose particularly complex Phish and Dead covers because "as a band we're capable of doing it. There's a certain link up when it all comes together," says Magner. "There's a symbiotic relationship among us."

With on-the-spot improv, each song evolves every time its played. Taking their cues from the feedback and energy of the crowd, the Disco Biscuits "have no set path for what direction they'll take, just as the audience doesn't know," explains Magner. This spontaneity is the reason fans can see them three nights in a row and still have their old favorites sound fresh.

Magner adds, "It's nice to have people supportive. It's great to see a lot of the same faces." Currently taking a short break to work on their original tunes, the Disco Biscuits will be back to jam in a few weeks. Those faces will be waiting. To grant their humble request: On behalf of the whole band, they'd like to say hello to their very special friend Peter Bond.

—Lara Parker

the heroine is Chinese. That's really the only thing that's new about it.

(Ritz at the Bourse)

HALLOWEEN: THE CURSE OF MICHAEL MYERS (R)

Don't you wish that just once, some movie producer out there would have the balls to say, "Look, I know we need the money, man, but there's gotta be some horse out there that we haven't beaten to death yet." Perhaps a sequel to Camp Natchez?

(AMC Millburn, AMC Old City)

JEFFREY (R)

It's a comedy. It's about AIDS. Have we mentioned that it's a comedy? Seriously, though, writer Paul Rudnick (who adapted his own play) is one of the funniest men in show business, and Patrick "Jamie-Luc" Stewart is a riot as a swishy buddy of star Steven Weber.

(Ritz at the Bourse)

A MONTH BY THE LAKE (PG)

The latest snoozefest from those wacky 'Rif: in the 1930s. It's a comedy. It's about AIDS. Have we mentioned that it's a comedy? Seriously, though, writer Paul Rudnick (who adapted his own play) is one of the funniest men in show business, and Patrick "Jamie-Luc" Stewart is a riot as a swishy buddy of star Steven Weber.

(Ritz at the Bourse)

At least this one has Uma Thurman to add some American spice to the stuffy British proceedings. It's set in (surprise, surprise) Europe during the 1930s.

(Ritz V)

MOONLIGHT AND VALENTINO (PG-13)


(UA Remains)

The duo plays songs ranging from the works of jazz legends Dizzy Gillespie and Thelonious Monk to a modified Schubert waltz to "Manna de Carnival," the theme from Black Orpheus by Bonifa. The performance is low-key, perfect for an early afternoon brunch. The audience is a mellow mix of fortysomething intellectuals — the kind of people who get up early on a Sunday morning, but not to go to church. Held in the theater of the Museum of American Art, it is exactly the scene one would expect. Contemporary art hangs on the walls of the softly lighted grey room. Exotic muffins and hot coffee are available in the adjoining cafe. The crowd is usually small but enthusiastic.

The talented musicians breezed through last week's repertoire, including "Rue Gregoire" by Larry Coryell, a tune involving a lot of fancy, visually entertaining finger-picking. Next month's performance should be more consistently upbeat, featuring the Underwoods playing an assortment of rhythm and blues, jazz and gospel.

Those who don't mind waking up early should consider spending their Sunday mornings at the Museum of American Art. Just remember to bring along a couple of good friends to help you relax and enjoy the great music, decent coffee and leisurely tour of the galleries. Or just sleep late.

The Museum of American Art is located at the corner of Broad and Cherry Streets. Call 927-7600 for more information.

—Meredith Nachman

Music and Museum

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(Ritz at the Bourse)
**CINEMAGIC 3 AT PENN**

Walnut, between 19th and 40th St.

**Brothers McMullen** Fri-Sun 4:15, 10:15; Mon-Wed 10:15. Showgirls Fri-Sat 7, 12:15; Sun-Thu 7, 15, 10:15, 12:15; Sun 4:15, 7, 15, 10:15, Mon-Thu 7:15, 10:15.

**RITZ FIVE**

10:15. Showgirls Fri-Sat 7, 12:15; Sun-Wed 7. The Usual Suspects Fri-Sat 4:15, 7, 15, 10:15, 12:15; Sun 4:15, 7, 15, 10:15, Mon-Thu 7:15, 10:15.

**RITZ AT THE BOURSE**

4th St. north of Chestnut, 925-7900.

Double Happiness Fri-Tue 2:20, 6:20, 10:20. Jeffrey Fri-Tue 12:15, 2:15, 4:15, 6:15, 8:15, 10:15. Run of the Country Fri-Tue 12, 3:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30.

**AMC MIDTOWN**

1442 Chestnut, 567-7021.

Assassins Fri-Mon 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10:15; Tue-Thu 5:45, 8, 10, 10. Halloween 6 Fri-Mon 1:45, 5:45, 8, 10, Tue-Thu 5:45, 8, 10.

**AMC OLDE CITY**

2nd and Sansom, 627-3966.

Dead Presidents Fri-Sun 1:45, 5:15, 10:15; Mon-Thurs 5:15, 7:45, 10:15. Halloween 6 Fri-Sun 2, 5:30, 7:30, 9:45; Mon, Thu 9:30, 8, 9:45; Tue-Wed 5, 10:15.

**UA RIVERVIEW**

53 South 69th Street, 734-0202.


Clockers Fri-Tue 1:40, 4:40, 10:30. To Wong Foo Fri-Sun 1:30, 4:30, 7, 10:30. Assassins Fri-Sun 1, 4, 7, 10. Dead Presidents Fri-Tue 1:10, 2, 4, 10, 5, 10, 10.

**UA 69TH STREET**

53 South 69th Street, 734-0202.


Clockers Fri-Tue 1:40, 4:40, 10:30. To Wong Foo Fri-Sun 1:30, 4:30, 7, 10:30. Assassins Fri-Sun 1, 4, 7, 10. Dead Presidents Fri-Tue 1:10, 2, 4, 10, 5, 10, 10.

**UNSTRUNG HEROES (PG)**

Remember how Woody Allen used to make fun of Diane Keaton's WASP-iness back in the Annie Hall days? Well, Diane apparently took those barbs to heart; her latest film is a quirky yet heartwarming celebration of a quirky yet heartwarming Jewish family.

(Rite Five)

**UNZIPPED (R)**

To Die For Fri-Sun 12, 13, 1, 2, 3:30, 4:45, 4:10, 8:10, Unzipped Fri-Tue 2:13, 6:10, 10:05. Brothers McMullen Fri-Sun 1, 4, 7, 10. Dead Presidents Fri-Tue 1:10, 2, 4, 10, 5, 10, 10.

**POCAHONTAS (PG)**

The latest history lesson from the marvelous folks at the Walt Disney corporation. This one is about a leggy Native American woman who falls in love with an animated Mel Gibson. Really. (Friday 9:30 and 9:30. Irene Auditorium)

**INTERNATIONAL HOUSE**

**STEAL BIG, STEAL LITTLE - Savoy starring Andy Garcia**

Steal Big, Steal Little, which is directed by Andrew Davis (The Fugitive), belongs to a genre of films that seems to have become extinct in contemporary cinema where darker, more disturbing films are the norm. It is a film that endeavors to leave the audience with that warm, fuzzy feeling, as families are reunited, enemies are made friends and everyone lives happily ever after.

The story is centered on a battle between two twin brothers, Ruben and Robert Martinez (Lino Raili and Michael Keating), over their deceased mother's 40,000 acre estate in Santa Barbara. Ruben inherits the land and turns it into a communal ranch where the underprivileged work and share in the profits. Ruben, who jokingly refers to himself as "Ruben Hood", wants to preserve the land and carry on his adopted mother's legacy of benevolence. Meanwhile, Rob- en wants the land for a "gateway to the Pacific Rim", complete with condos, business centers and golf courses.

The brothers represent opposing forces. Ruben believes in family, art and the celebration of life while Robbie, who is in allegiance with several nefarious characters, represents the greed and corruption that arises in the pursuit of money.

The juxtaposition of such traditionally designated enemies, while giving the brothers a battle sense of the epic, often comes dangerously close to lapsing into the hackneyed. And indeed, at times, the film dips into that pitfall. In his attempts to grab the land, Robbie employs the services of the INS, the IRS, the FBI and the local police and courts. The intervention of all these feared government agencies felt trite at times and left me wondering if Robbie wasn't also part of the conspiracy to kill JFK.

But these criticisms are outweighed by several factors, the largest of which is Andy Garcia, who plays both brothers. His performance is spectacular, and is convincing in each of the roles. This lends a great deal of credibility to the movie and is enough to carry one through those moments when the film seems to get a little ridiculous.

Second, the overall atmosphere of the movie tends to make one feel sympathetic towards it. Even the most cynical heart cannot help but be won over by the charm and selflessness of Ruben and his business partner, Lou Pirelli (Alan Arkin). Steal Big, Steal Little is one of the rare films that attempts to uplift an audience and make them feel better about the human condition. If you can avoid the tendency to classify such movies as "cheesy" then you'll find Steal Big, Steal Little to be a gem.

—Trey Graham
CONCERT

means jewel says "go."

Repeat after me: "I love 34th Street." This phrase may help all you addicts/dedicated readers through next week when, due to Fall Break, we do not put out an issue. For your reading pleasure, we’ve included a special edition of the gig guide that covers all your musical needs for the next TWO WEEKS! So all who are not loved by their parents can hang out and explore the Philadelphia music scene, instead of the fun-filled week-end of homecooked meals and high school chiks that I’m headed for.

THURSDAY 5

• PARMESAN
Jay Sand’s, Ted Werth’s, and Daryl “Del” Macro’s brainchild still rages on, but with two new leaders: Emold Same and The Chamsless Man, brother of “Acoustic” Phones. Gage. This week, Aryeh, Los Campos, and open mike presented by “The Ewok Celebration.” (Rathskellar of High Rise North, 9 p.m.)

SATURDAY 7

• THE GRANGE
Penn’s newest American power trio brings their sound to the Greek Week festivities on Saturday afternoon. They might be playing Fiji later that evening. Reports are as yet unconfirmed, but drummer Ginger Baker has promised a show-ending bee slide. (Hill Field, 4 p.m.)

MONDAY 9

• THE INDIGO GIRLS
Local industry guru Vivek Tiwari presents a screening of Watershed: 10 Years of Underground Videos, this week’s issue of Rolling Stone. Written and directed by D. A. Pennebaker. (3rd floor, Middle St., 126 East, 1:30 a.m.)

FRIDAY 6

LISA GERARD OF DEAD CAN DANCE
“It’s like, uh-huh, these guys keep saying they can dance. But it’s like, no you can’t. You’re dead. Uh-huh-uh-huh-huh.” “Yeah, yeah, mmm-mmm-hmm-hmm. I’m gonna go take a dump.” (Theater of the Living Arts, 334 South St., 9:30)

SUNDAY 15

THE RADIATORS w/ GOD STREET WINE & FREDDY JONES BAND
Everybody must get stoned when the mini-H.O.R.D.E. comes to town. Apparently you can buy rolling papers in the Quad commissary now, so all you have to do is supply the weed. (Electric Factory, 7th & Willow.)

Billboard Magazine Charts

Weekly charts for the nation’s best-selling recorded music as they appear in this section’s issue of Billboard magazine. Reprinted with permission. (Platinum signifies more than one million copies sold; Gold signifies more than 500,000 copies sold.)

TOP SINGLES

1. “I Hate U,” artist formerly named Prince (NPG — Warner Bros.)
2. “Talk To Your同期丸fM-Ar(l&Sym) The Rembrandts (East West)
3. “He’s Mine,” McKeeStef (Outburst) (RCA)
4. “Back For Good,” Take That (Arista)
5. “Tell Me,” Groove Theory (Epic)
6. “One Hot Minute” Red Hot Chili Peppers (Warner Bros.)
7. “Crazy Train,” T.G. (LaFace) (Platinum)
8. “9 11” Eternal, Bone Thugs-N-Harmony (Ruthless)
9. “Frogstomp,” Silverchair (Epic) (Platinum)

TOP ALBUMS
Copyright 1995, Billboard-Soundscan Inc.

1. “Sweet Child O’ Mine” Guns N’ Roses (Epic) (Platinum)
3. “The Show Soundtrack,” (Def Jam) (Gold)
4. “Wild Oats,” My Fair Lady (Universal) (Gold)
6. “The Best Of,” Various artists (Geffen) (Platinum)
7. “Still,” Pearl Jam (Lynk) (Gold)
8. “Hittin’ The Floor,” MC Hammer (Elektra) (Gold)
10. “Turn The Page,” Various artists (Reprise) (Platinum)
34th Street Wants You!

Join 34th Street this and every Thursday in its patriotic struggle against the Great Unwashed. Tonight @ 5:30 p.m. 4015 Walnut Street

ARTS GUIDE

MUSEUMS

ACADEMY OF NATURAL SCIENCES
On exhibit until December 31, the Academy presents CRAZY CRITTERS: The Animated Animals of Chuck Jones. Jones is the creator of such memorable characters as Bugs Bunny, Wile E. Coyote, Road Runner, Pepe Le Pew, Daffy Duck and many others. (The Academy of Natural Sciences, 1900 Benjamin Franklin Parkway, 925-2009)

EASTERN STATE PENITENTIARY
Known for its revolutionary prison design, it's open for public tours on Saturday and Sunday from 10 a.m. -7 p.m. (21st & Fairmount)

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART
Tina Modotti's photographs are on exhibit until November 26. It's like a bunch of photos of fellow artists, Mexican people and some stuff from Germany. (26th & Benjamin Franklin Parkway, 763-8100)

PLEASE TOUCH MUSEUM
Running until God knows when, SENDAK IN PHILADELPHIA, an exhibit of Maurice "Where the Wild Things Are" Sendak. It's interactive and 1600 square feet. (210 N. 21st St., 963-0667.)

THEATER

WAITING FOR GODOT
Samuel Beckett's critically acclaimed play will run at Annenberg's Harold Prince Theater until October 1. This dark comedy features the characters of Vladimir and Estragon who spend the entire play uttering such philosophic phrases like, "I'm waiting for Godot." That's about it. Tickets are $15 except on Tuesday and Wednesday, when they are half-price. (Harold Prince Theater, Annenberg Center. For more info call the Annenberg box office.)

LYSISTRATA
The classic sex comedy by Aristophanes will be here on Friday and Saturday nights. It's funny, in a Greek sort of way, and there's lots of sexual innuendo. Call theater for ticket info. (Plays & Players Theater, 1714 Delancey St., 735-0630)

ARTS HOUSE
Arts House presents one act comedies by Woody Allen and David Ives. Also performing, Off the Bear and Withou a Net. Show dates are tonight, tomorrow night and Saturday night. If you've never seen a PACT show, here's your chance. (High Rise East Raffles)

CONTEST

The rules are as follows.
1) We've taken some stills and fitted them with relevant cultural captions. Your job is to correctly identify the REFERENCE contained in the caption.
2) Do NOT tell us what the picture is about
3) Then be the first to e-mail the correct response to apryoi@upenn.edu after 3 p.m. to win

#1 Lisa Loeb and Nine Stories (see review)
#2 Urge Overkill (see review)
#3 Candlebox, Lucy

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