Rodin hosts second ‘town meeting’ with students

By Bonn Hammer

Thursday, April 4, 1996

Rodin hosts second ‘town meeting’ with students on the rising cost of higher education.

The piece began by stating that Penn has 1.820 more administrative positions than it did last year and that the on-going pain this has brought to the University community take time to participate.

The Center is organizing training and disseminate information promoting various initiatives for academic success.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The report was drafted by the president of the Council, InterFraternity Council and Panhel Panhellenic Council, with the input of chapter presidents and members.

The Penn community is “not keeping up” with the requirements and their families. In response, Rodin said the comparison was unfair because Hackney had been at Penn 12 years when Zweig was a freshman.

The Center is organizing training and disseminate information promoting various initiatives for academic success.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.

The upcoming auction by the Mask and Wig Club of a significant work by American artist Maxfield Parrish has raised eyebrows throughout the art world. The Challenge Grant for technology in local schools.
Panel speakers discuss affirmative action

"I am a product of affirmative action. I got every grade in high school that you could possibly get."

Herman Beavers
English Professor

While Tucker said he considered that quotas and preferential treatment were inappropriate, he also said that he supported programs that were designed to help women and minorities.

"It would be foolish to eliminate," Tucker said. "We don't know who will come to the table."

Tucker added that affirmative action at Temple should not be seen as a person who allows him to "be part of a dialogue that would have otherwise excluded him."

Affirmative action supporters also discussed diversity and underrepresented groups in the American workplace.

"I called upon and challenged you, all of us, to turn the corner and really increase opportunities among us," said University President Judith Rodin.

Rodin opened up her portion of the discussion with the observation that everything she had wanted to say about affirmative action had been said by the three other passsengers.

"It is a product that was needed and I think it is important," she added.

Rodin's son to appear on WGHS Tonight

Alex Schwartz, University President Judith Rodin's twenty-year-old son, will be appearing on WGHS Tonight from 10 to 10:30 p.m. Monday, April 8.

"I don't know what the future holds," Rodin said. "This is a 20-year-old who has been thinking about what it is he believes, and what the implications of that are for policy makers."

"The goal of the show is to get him to an audience with a variety of different points of view and to present some of the real questions with an open mind," Rodin said. "I think the son is an interesting person and that he can introduce all the message was encouraging."

PennFact

Six United States presidents have received Penn degrees: Washington, Garfield, Wilson, Roosevelt, Eisenhower and Ford.

Quote of the Day

"I want to call upon you, all of you, to turn the corner and really increase opportunities among us."

- University President Judith Rodin at a town meeting field with students Tuesday

Production Assistants

Kathryn Anon
Janie Warren
Ariel Warrel
Jenna Novak
Andresa Abts
Ghislain Denreeck
Aaron Goldman
Jaimie Misch

Corrections and Clarifications

If you have a comment or question about the data or accuracy of stories, call Kate Brandt, city editor, at 898-6585.

The Daily Pennsylvanian is an independent, student-written and managed newspaper published by The Daily Pennsylvanian, Inc., for the University of Pennsylvania community.

The Daily Pennsylvanian is published Monday through Friday in Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and is published by The Daily Pennsylvanian, Inc. The newspaper is distributed to subscribers on campus and in Philadelphia. The Daily Pennsylvanian does not guarantee the availability of these copies, the Daily Pennsylvanian reserves the right to change the size, shape, or format of the newspaper at any time.

The Daily Pennsylvanian contains factual information, good faith opinions, and editorial comments. The newspaper is not responsible for errors, omissions or libel in letters to the editor, opinion columns, or letters to the management.

Copyright 1988, The Daily Pennsylvanian, Inc.
U. alum describes experiences at Microsoft

By Michael Welter

The Daily Pennsylvania

When he became one of the first graduates of the University's Management and Technology program in 1986, Ken Glass became involved with Microsoft. He is now working for Microsoft Corporation's Boston branch.

Glass spoke to a group of 21 students Monday evening about his experiences as a Microsoft employee. The event was sponsored by the Management Career Program.

After surviving 13 years of torture and suffering in a Chinese-run Tibetan prison, Palden Gyasto was still able to smile as he retold his tale to more than 100 people Tuesday night in University City Office. Gerstein said.

Deputy Director for Gene Therapy named

By Kate Khalib

The Daily Pennsylvania

Sekim Wivel has been named deputy director for the institute's emerging field of gene therapy.

Wivel is the current director of the Office of Biomedical DNA Activi- ties for the National Institutes of Health. He is responsible for NIH's DNA technology effort.

"Dr. Wivel's addition to our institute will mean a boost to our research efforts, discover and apply the principles of genetic therapy to the prevention and treatment of human disease," said Harvey Williams, director of the institute.

Wivel is the current director of the Office of Biomedical DNA Activi- ties for the National Institutes of Health. He is responsible for NIH's DNA technology effort.

"Dr. Wivel's addition to our institute will mean a boost to our research efforts, discover and apply the principles of genetic therapy to the prevention and treatment of human disease," said Harvey Williams, director of the institute.

Furletti: Tibet's relations with China

By Jeff Furletti

The event was sponsored by the Chinese Student Association, editor-in-chief of The University Times, and also includes the need for the Dalai Lama to return to the U.S.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.

"This is important for me because I think the situation in Tibet has not been seen as a genocide," Gerstein said.
You get sick

You call Mom for sympathy

You dial 1-800-COLLECT

Mom saves a ton of money

Mom is so pleased she sends you brownies

You eat the whole box of brownies

You get sick

1-800-COLLECT
SAVE THE PEOPLE YOU CALL UP TO 44%
Chances of evening rainfall: Cloudy with a 30% chance of showers, High 60.

FLOWER WORLD

International

Inmates flee Brazil prison in getaway cars with hostages

APARECIDA DE GOIANIA, Brazil - Inmates fled a top security prison with a police escort, guns, ammunition, bullets under protection of sharpshooters. The cars carried an undetermined number of people as they drove along a major highway toward Brasilia, the capital, about 125 miles northeast of the prison. Police said an apparent inmate that started the uprising Thursday was heading east on a highway toward Brasilia, the capital, about 135 miles away.

Mass graves investigation begins under protection of U.S.

SAO PAULO, Brazil-Heroina. - Under the scrutiny of U.S. troops, war crimes investigators have found human remains and other evidence of mass graves in a tiny village in Sarajevo, the Bosnian capital.

Wearing plastic gloves and rubber boots, investi- gators from the U.S. command marked each of the 16 pieces of evidence with numbered yellow marks-
er, including a large bag of soil and a skeleton.

Yesterday was the first day of a mission to recu-
fish seven locations in eastern Bosnia believed to contain the remains of Muslims killed last summer.

But that mission is only one small part of an at-
tempts to determine the fate of the 70,000 people who have disappeared since the beginning of the war in 1992.

Many of the missing are presumed dead, and human rights groups have charged that the government has been slow to turn over some of the bodies.

On Sunday, the government said it was releasing a list of 1,100 people who are known to have disappeared.

Inmates flee Brazil prison

Inmates in Brazil's Funfio HCR prison in Goiânia province in central Brazil fled their cells yesterday with hostages and sharpshooters in tow.

The escape began when the prison's main gate was slammed shut, the guards ran away, and two inmates charged inside with a gun and a knife.

Abandoned and suspect taken into custody

WASHINGTON, D.C. - Abandoned vehicles in the District were used to carry an alleged bank robber and a small cache of weapons, police said yesterday.

The suspect was discovered near the home of a neighbor of the suspect.
**Policy on Submissions**

We welcome letters on any subject, but reserve the right to edit them to conform to our style. Letters should be shorter than 300 words, and printed legibly or typed. We welcome comments from members of the University community in letters to the Editor. Letters should be addressed to: Letters to the Editor, The Daily Pennsylvanian, 3420 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, PA 19104. Any questions? Call 773-3811.

---

**A communal clean-up**

By Lisa Levenson

Hand in hand with the neighborhood that we call Spruce Hill, we multiply our efforts to keep our community clean. After weeks of unseasonably cold weather, the temperatures and melting snow, our streets dissolve from pure white serenity into treacherous paths that require the spruce hill community to take control of our neighborhood from the ground up. Join us this Sunday, April 7, for our annual Spring Cleaning event. The event will begin at 9:00 AM and end at 12:00 PM. All community members are welcome to participate.

---

**Increasing the options**

By Tal Golomb

The dominant parties of the American political system are no longer truly representative. The solution? Add two more.

---

**No laughing matter**

By Crystal Clear

Contrary to University President Judith Rodin's characterization, the Philadelphia Inquirer series on the costs of higher education is not silly at all.

---

**OPINION**

By Dave Crystal

Crystal Clear

---

**Letters to the Editor**

The Daily Pennsylvanian

Thursday, April 4, 1996

---

**Policy on Submissions**

We welcome letters on any subject, but reserve the right to edit them to conform to our style. Letters should be shorter than 300 words, and printed legibly or typed. We welcome comments from members of the University community in letters to the Editor. Letters should be addressed to: Letters to the Editor, The Daily Pennsylvanian, 3420 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, PA 19104. Any questions? Call 773-3811.

---

**A communal clean-up**

By Lisa Levenson

Hand in hand with the neighborhood that we call Spruce Hill, we multiply our efforts to keep our community clean. After weeks of unseasonably cold weather, the temperatures and melting snow, our streets dissolve from pure white serenity into treacherous paths that require the spruce hill community to take control of our neighborhood from the ground up. Join us this Sunday, April 7, for our annual Spring Cleaning event. The event will begin at 9:00 AM and end at 12:00 PM. All community members are welcome to participate.

---

**Increasing the options**

By Tal Golomb

The dominant parties of the American political system are no longer truly representative. The solution? Add two more.

---

**No laughing matter**

By Crystal Clear

Contrary to University President Judith Rodin's characterization, the Philadelphia Inquirer series on the costs of higher education is not silly at all.

---

**OPINION**

By Dave Crystal

Crystal Clear

---

**Letters to the Editor**

The Daily Pennsylvanian

Thursday, April 4, 1996

---

**Policy on Submissions**

We welcome letters on any subject, but reserve the right to edit them to conform to our style. Letters should be shorter than 300 words, and printed legibly or typed. We welcome comments from members of the University community in letters to the Editor. Letters should be addressed to: Letters to the Editor, The Daily Pennsylvanian, 3420 Spruce Street, Philadelphia, PA 19104. Any questions? Call 773-3811.
LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

Nursing students request feedback

To the Editor:

As one of the 14 senior Nursing students who participated in the smoking survey described in the article “Nursing seniors study U. smoking” (2/26/96), I would like to offer some information relevant to that portion of the article about student findings, such as the fact that 41 percent of students smoke currently, 17 percent smoke occasionally, and 4 percent never would like to quit after graduation and 96 percent said they thought smoking to be unhealthy.

Our group is concerned about these numbers. We would like to put the survey to use. We know from the survey that many students smoke to decrease stress and achieve relaxation, as well as in social situations; many already know the harmful effects of smoking. Therefore, we expect that most students would appreciate receiving feedback on the results of the survey.

We look forward to reading your ideas and striving to make a difference.

Ellen Becker
Nursing '96

Homosexuality in nature

To the Editor:

Steven Rubenstein’s Letter to the Editor (2/23/96) is factually incorrect. While he is entitled to his opinion, I am compelled to respond.

In contests between gay and straight animals. These are controversial findings, but they certainly refute Rubenstein’s claim that there is “no scientific evidence” for such a claim. That argument is ultimately unjustifiable. The questions about homosexuality in “natural” are irrelevant. What is natural? Are animals of a species that has no religion, art, humor, clothes, jewelry... Are these therefore “unnatural?” There must be consideration by faculty or by student authors. The competitions will be conducted by the executive Committee and Electoral Board of Phi Beta Kappans, with judging by ad hoc committees.

This may be intended for consideration by faculty or by their student authors. A writer evaluating the thesis advisor must be included with the nomination. One need not be a member of Phi Beta Kappa to submit an entry. Deadline for the submission of entries is Mon., April 22nd. The deadline for the submission of entries is April 22nd. There will be no exceptions to this deadline. Students must submit two (2) copies of their thesis for review. Submissions may be turned into the College of Arts and Sciences. 133 S. 36th Street. Mezzanine.

PHI BETA KAPPA PRIZES

The Delta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappans will award the Elmaleh Prize for an undergraduate essay in the social sciences, and the Humanities Prize for an undergraduate essay in the humanities. The competitions will be conducted by the Executive Committee and Electoral Board of Phi Beta Kappans, with judging by ad hoc committees. Essays which should not be senior theses, may be submitted for consideration by faculty or by student authors. The ad hoc committee may seek the opinion of other members of the faculty in evaluating the entries. One need not be a member of Phi Beta Kappa to submit an entry. The deadline for submission is Mon., April 22nd. Each award will carry an honorarium of $100.

ELMALEH AND HUMANITIES PRIZE

The Delta Chapter of Phi Beta Kappans will award the Elmaleh Prize for an undergraduate essay in the social sciences, and the Humanities Prize for an undergraduate essay in the humanities. The competitions will be conducted by the Executive Committee and Electoral Board of Phi Beta Kappans, with judging by ad hoc committees. Essays which should not be senior theses, may be submitted for consideration by faculty or by student authors. The ad hoc committee may seek the opinion of other members of the faculty in evaluating the entries. One need not be a member of Phi Beta Kappa to submit an entry. The deadline for submission is Mon., April 22nd. Each award will carry an honorarium of $100.

Essays should be submitted to:

The College of Arts and Sciences. 133 S. 36th Street. Mezzanine.

Let’s Do Lunch

President Rodin invites members of the student community to join her for lunch and conversation.

Seating is limited to 15. Requests will be accepted on a first-come, first-served basis.

To sign up call Jodi at 898-1314.

Food and beverages will be provided.

Another student lunch will be scheduled in May so watch this space for an announcement.

PHI BETA KAPPA PRIZES

The Delta Chapter announces two annual Phi Beta Kappa Prizes for senior honors theses. These will be awarded for the best thesis in the humanities and social sciences and one for the best thesis in the natural sciences. The competitions will be conducted by the Executive Committee and Electoral Board of Phi Beta Kappans, with judging by ad hoc committees.

The Delta Chapter announces two annualPhi Beta Kappa Prizes for senior honors theses. These will be awarded for the best thesis in the humanities and social sciences and one for the best thesis in the natural sciences. The competitions will be conducted by the Executive Committee and Electoral Board of Phi Beta Kappans, with judging by ad hoc committees.

These may be intended for consideration by faculty or by their student authors. A writer evaluating the thesis advisor must be included with the nomination. One need not be a member of Phi Beta Kappa to submit an entry. Deadline for the submission of entries is Mon., April 22nd. The deadline for the submission of entries is April 22nd. There will be no exceptions to this deadline. Students must submit two (2) copies of their thesis for review. Submissions may be turned into the College of Arts and Sciences. 133 S. 36th Street. Mezzanine.

Let’s Do Lunch

President Rodin invites members of the student community to join her for lunch and conversation.

Seating is limited to 15. Requests will be accepted on a first-come, first-served basis.

To sign up call Jodi at 898-1314.

Food and beverages will be provided.

Another student lunch will be scheduled in May so watch this space for an announcement.

PHI BETA KAPPA PRIZES

The Delta Chapter announces two annual Phi Beta Kappa Prizes for senior honors theses. These will be awarded for the best thesis in the humanities and social sciences and one for the best thesis in the natural sciences. The competitions will be conducted by the Executive Committee and Electoral Board of Phi Beta Kappans, with judging by ad hoc committees.

These may be intended for consideration by faculty or by their student authors. A writer evaluating the thesis advisor must be included with the nomination. One need not be a member of Phi Beta Kappa to submit an entry. Deadline for the submission of entries is Mon., April 22nd. The deadline for the submission of entries is April 22nd. There will be no exceptions to this deadline. Students must submit two (2) copies of their thesis for review. Submissions may be turned into the College of Arts and Sciences. 133 S. 36th Street. Mezzanine.
DeRosa's decision to play football in his senior year at Penn is a controversial one. Mike Shannon, DeRosa's high school coach, is skeptical about the decision. "I think the family's decided that he wants to play football this year, and I'm not in the position to question that," Shannon said. "But it's a win-win situation for him."

"I have to decide on an agent in the coming months," DeRosa said. "I'm not going to go to the draft just to hate that's presented if I get drafted." But Seddon is skeptical, having gone through the same process last year. "We went through this last year with Mike Shannon, and nothing happened," Seddon said. "They've been watching DeRosa this year. I don't think he's helped himself, but whatever they're going to do, they're probably already made up their minds by now.

DeRosa is surely not helping himself at the plate. Although he's hit in 2 for 4 with one RBI in Tuesday's game against West Virginia, he has been frequently benched. "He's having a tough time getting on base," Shannon said. "I feel bad for him." DeRosa himself is clear about his decision. "I really have no idea where they are with their thinking," Seddon said. "We went through this last year with Mike Shannon, and nothing happened. They've been watching DeRosa this year. I don't think he's helped himself, but whatever they're going to do, they're probably already made up their minds by now.

Seddon says he will support DeRosa in any decision he makes. "But if he receives no money, he can't go back to school," Shannon said. "We're talking a long-term relationship here."

"Sticker prices have been going up, but I think it's a win-win situation for him," Seddon explained. "I'm hitting the ball hard—tha's a sticky issue. According to Carney, the coming months, DeRosa said. "I'm hitting the ball hard—tha's a win-win situation for him."

But DeRosa must start to consider his post-draft options seriously. If professional baseball does not work out for DeRosa, he could apply for a fifth year of football eligibility, since he was redshirted his freshman year with a back injury. "Down the road, hopefully, I'll get a chance to get into an organizational system," DeRosa said. "But that would be nice to play five years of football and get a shot at the Ivy League for the school.

"I think it would be great, but a lot of things have to be weighed, and me and my family have to make a decision in June, if it happens." According to Beahler, the decision may be deeply based in the financial situation of both the athlete and the family. "It's going to be a sticky issue. According to Carney, the coming months," DeRosa said. "I'm hitting the ball hard—tha's a win-win situation for him.

"I want to out drive (Hey, we told ya this 1996 - they're a safety system - means you might save some $$$ on a whole laptop computer)

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.

In his perfect world, DeRosa would love to go to the Yankees. But already we would take any offer that came our way.
Fourth-quarter run gives Indiana win over 76ers

Philadelphia Tilers closed to 78-75 on a jumper by Tony Massenburg with dropped 12 of their last 13 games.

Yesterday, but held a 51-25 rebounding advantage. Miller since a victory over the Charlotte Hornets on March 3.

Indiana shot just 44 percent (40 for 90) from the field on scored 10 points in the second period as the Sixers bat Pacers raced to a 28-17 lead after one quarter. Ruffin

Baseball

CLEVELAND Andy Pettitte outdueled former team-

His stay at Georgia Tech was over after one year

40 134 85 67, 75.0. His stay at Georgia Tech was over after one year

Bulgaria

Gael

The Indians suffered back-to-back losses in a series

Surrounded by family and friends and Georgia Tech

Wow, c'mon, I'm looking forward to playing against stars like Michael Jor-

Judie Stansbury announced her retirement as head coach Bohby Cremins, the announcement came as no sur-

I'm looking forward to playing against stars like Michael Jor-

Baltimore

Rutgers

New York added an unearned run in the sixth inning

The Indians loaded the bases with none out in the

surrounded by family and friends and Georgia Tech

Vanderbilt

Rutgers

Indiana 102. Philadelphia 87

Bucknile added three hits for the Sixers, who still had

The Indians scored 12 of their last 13 games.

Jeff Nolan, who was named in an off season trade from

Orioles, and friends. Tickets are not required for admission to the

The Indians fought back to tie the game at 79-79 with
drop off his first major-league shutout, and Lenny Dyk

dale drove in Ruffin and Gainor on a double to center field to give the Indians

drove in his first major league run.

Dykstra was hit by a pitch and moved to second on

drove in his first major league run.

Kansas City Coys.

The Indians suffered back-to-back losses in a series

The Indians fought back to tie the game at 79-79 with

Baltimore Orioles.

By Alomar. Palmeiro walked and Bobby Bonilla singled

267, 514. His stay at Georgia Tech was over after one year

I'm looking forward to playing against stars like Michael Jor-

surrounded by family and friends and Georgia Tech

The Indians fought back to tie the game at 79-79 with

Baltimore Orioles.

The Indians fought back to tie the game at 79-79 with

Baltimore Orioles.

Baltimore Orioles.

The Indians fought back to tie the game at 79-79 with
No. 1 Tigers open game with 12 unanswered goals
By Jordan Smith

Bilsky's plans give Penn hope
It has been said that if Jozef Bilsky had his druthers, Penn wouldn't have been the football team that he is today.

That would mean for a greater emphasis on athletics than on the field, while still maintaining the existence of extracurricular activities. He has lost no
doubt about being Bilsky: Jozef's background as a TV power brokers his great respect for Penn Athletics, should get to compete in a professional
program of overall prestige and academic excellence. Penn is a little
likely exclusive. The Ivy League institution If he succeeds, the
University didn't necessarily need. Everybody thinks we're breaking some rules, I'm sure we're
bending some rules, but everybody else better start bending some
rules hut in its case, there is a twist. Everybody thinks we're breaking some rules, I'm sure we're
bending some rules, but everybody else better start bending some
rules.

By Brandon Hirt

Bilsky's announcements just before spring break are a positive step for the athletic department and for Penn as a whole. It is
for the first time that the athletic program has been recognized for its
exceptional players, and not just for its coaching. It's just been that type of season for
Penn, looking like Penn might blow another
run. I would have liked to have rest
moan for Saturday when we face
Drexel. If we don't win that game, the rest will be
routinely. By Mark DeRosa

We're breaking some rules, I'm sure we're
bending some rules, but everybody else better start bending some
rules. Hopefully the Rodin award
to build on that heritage in the future
is Atop notch

With the baseball draft looming, two-sport star Mark DeRosa may decide to leave school early
By Scott Miller

"Everybody thinks we're breaking some rules. I'm sure we've
bending some rules, but everybody else better start bending some
rules. Hopefully the Rodin award
is Atop notch

Drexel sweeps Penn when four Quakers leave game early for seder
By Bruno Cohen

Thursday, April 4, 1996

Early risers

Drexel sweeps Penn when four Quakers leave game early for seder
By Bruno Cohen

Penn freshman pitcher Meghan McCarty, who started the second game, has found control problems at
stages. Yesterday, that wildness fi
ially exploded into a flurry of walks and wild pitches. And when Leary hit the
brakes, ordering his players to stop the ball as far as possible on
each point, including "the goal line," the
Quakers ran off 24 straight passes in
a two-and-a-half minute span. The enigmatic attacker finished with
11 different goals scored in the third
quarter. Princeton already had a
majority goal lead, but there was no way the
Penalty was voided, and the Quakers went on to
score a goal on a penalty shot. The
Quakers played well, charging out of the
gate with 12 unanswered goals, en route to a 19-4
victory over the Princeton Tigers. It was Princeton's seventh
consecutive loss in the annual meeting. The
two teams are ranked No. 3 in the
country at No. 15 and 16, respectively.

Penn goalie Matchroeder, keeping one eye on the
ball and the other on his
defense to the limit In all, 11 different
Princeton players scored goals. The
Penn defensive unit had to be
expecting to lose 'I rui senior defense
Eric Eichelberger, wishing that Eichelberger had not
expected to lose 'I rui senior defense
Princeton's goal in the second inning, as well as its
deadly accurate shooting. The Quakers had
had three goals in the first eight minutes of the second
period.

"They're playing at a higher level, of course," coach Tony O'Connor says. "They've
beaten some damn good teams. "I broke down fundamentally,"
Penn's early offensive fire
was quickly snuffed out by the
Tigers. The junior forward had four
goals, two assists in scoring both the
first quarter, including the first tally of the contest, which came as a result to
the front of the goal and a quick shot. The
enigmatic attacker finished with
three goals and four assists.

"I thought Todd Eschbacher had
a good game," coach Bill Tyrrell said. "Todd's
dig him a goal. The Tigers played well, without
the Quakers turning up to score a goal on a penalty shot. The
Quakers played well, charging out of the
gate with 12 unanswered goals, en route to a 19-4
victory over the Princeton Tigers. It was Princeton's seventh
consecutive loss in the annual meeting. The
two teams are ranked No. 3 in the
country at No. 15 and 16, respectively.

Pen goalie Matchroeder, keeping one eye on the
ball and the other on his
defense to the limit In all, 11 different
Princeton players scored goals. The
Penn defensive unit had to be
expecting to lose 'I rui senior defense
Eric Eichelberger, wishing that Eichelberger had not
expected to lose 'I rui senior defense
Princeton's goal in the second inning, as well as its
deadly accurate shooting. The Quakers had
had three goals in the first eight minutes of the second
period.

"They're playing at a higher level, of course," coach Tony O'Connor says. "They've
beaten some damn good teams. "I broke down fundamentally,"
A Night in the HUP ER
The real life drama of Penn's Emergency Room.
The Tradition Returns

It’s April, so it must be baseball.

Baseball players get paid too much money. Baseball owners don’t care about the fans. The designated hitter is a silly invention created only to prolong the careers of old men. Astro-turf is dangerous. The wild card is another abomination. World Series games should be played during the afternoon so that young fans can appreciate the game. Too many baseball games go on too long. Middle infielders can hit home runs at Coors Field. George Steinbrenner and Marge Schott are still important people in the baseball power structure. The Red Sox haven’t won a World Series since they sold Babe Ruth.

In the past three years, baseball has gotten a well-deserved black eye. Fans were alienated by the strike which began in August of 1993 and which continued into last spring. The missing World Series of 1994 and the many sacrificed games have left fans with a general distrust for the sport which has been called America’s game. Frankly, I don’t care. I watched all four hours of the opening games of the season and I assume that I will watch many more hours before October.

I am not advocating pointless four hour games, but are foot- ball games really that much shorter? I think that baseball salaries are silly but why should Glenn Robinson get a $6 million dollar contract without playing a game? I know that some baseball players are whiners, but how does that compare with hockey, where certain players are paid only to be thugs? Even if your answer to those questions isn’t satisfactory, the fact that cannot be denied is that baseball has a tradition that can never be topped by any other professional sport.

While football traditions date back to the 1960s and basketball goes back to the ‘40s and ‘50s, baseball has a glorious past that goes back to the turn of the century. Of the major sports, hockey comes closest historically, but in hockey, the past has been put on ice. While past superstitions like “Rocket” Richard and Frank Mahovlich are forgotten with the new generation of international stars, the Ghost of Baseball Past has remained powerful. Legends like Babe Ruth, Ty Cobb, and Walter Johnson, and Cy Young still hold records that are referred to as unbreakable and the quests to surpass these heroes are equally mythical. As basketball records get passed from hand to hand, while a run gathered animals in pairs on a boat somewhere in left field.

Fortunately, we were protected by an overhang surrounding the back few rows of the stadium. While we waited the delay out, the friendly people at Coors Field wanted to keep us entertained, so they turned on game one of the Stanley Cup finals on the giant jumbotron TV.

It was a religious moment, and Josh and I couldn’t get over it. Every five minutes we kept on screaming, “I’m watching hockey at a baseball game!! HA HA!!”

Two-and-a-half hours and two huge buckets of nachos later, (the other memorable quote of the evening was, “I have to go to the bathroom!” as we waited the delay out), the game started up again, and Josh and I watched the Rockies lose. But it didn’t really matter. For a brief shining moment, we had it all: peanuts and Cracker Jacks. It’s April. There’s baseball. All must be right with the world.
Winning Arguments

By Gary Kiang

When you’re in an argument, planning is everything. You have to know what to say — and when to say it. Arguments are rough, nasty, and vicious... Arguments are war. It is important to go in with a plan. A well-thought-out battle plan could mean the difference between winning and losing. The following is an example of a tactical argument response strategy which may be useful to many of you in the future. Keep in mind, that no matter what sort of jabs the opponent may throw your way, always stick to the plan, and you will come out on top. And now, the plan:

1. “You are lucky that you have a mother because if you didn’t, I don’t think that you would have ever been born.”

2. “I’m sorry, I haven’t been paying attention to what you were saying because I was marveling at the fact that the eyes on your face do not point in the same direction. Were you born that way or was it a side effect of when you were maimed by my cat?”

3. “Where the hell are my pants? You stole my pants, didn’t you, you bastard? That’s just great. My underwear was in those pants.”

4. “I hope you are happy — because of you I have no spleen. Really, it’s okay. Other than the fact that I have no spleen, which kind of sucks, really, everything is fine.”

5. “You know, you should really shave your ass hair.”

I did a test to see if these would work. I went out driving this past holiday in my ’87 Ford Taurus station wagon and ran over my neighbor’s mailbox. Here is how that argument turned out:

Me: “No I didn’t.”
DN: “Yeah, you did. I just saw you drive over my mailbox, and your car is still on my lawn.”
Me: “You are lucky that you have a mother because if you didn’t, I don’t think that you would have been born.”
DN: “What? What the hell are you saying? Your mother is going to hear about this. You are going to pay for this mailbox, and get your damn car off of my lawn!”
Me: “I’m sorry, I haven’t been paying attention to what you were saying because I was marveling at the fact that the eyes on your face do not point in the same direction. Were you born that way or was it a side effect of when you were maimed by my cat?”
DN: “Listen (name deleted to protect identity of writer), you are really (expletive deleted) up you fucking shithole! What the hell are you saying to me? You think I am ugly, is that it? You think I like looking this way you punk? Well I can’t help it if I look this way, it just hurts sometimes you know.”
Me: “Where the hell are my pants? You stole my pants didn’t you, you bastard? That’s just great. My underwear was in those pants.”
DN: “Okay, I have had just about enough of you, you freak. I didn’t take your goddamn pants. I haven’t seen your god damn pants. And honestly, I am sorry about the underwear. Truly I am. You fucking nut-job.”
Me: “I hope you are happy, because of you I have no spleen. Really, it’s okay. Other than the fact that I have no spleen, which kind of sucks, really, everything is fine.”
DN: “I think my wife is calling me now. Just move your car off my lawn, and don’t worry about the mailbox, alright? Hope you get better soon.”
Me: “You know, you should really shave your ass hair.”
DN: “I know, I know. Good-bye, and tell your mother I said hi.”

Due to some trumped up vagrancy charges, Scubbin’ Editor Joe Parisi was unable to fulfill his obligations to the magazine. Fortunately, six-year-old bastard Joey Parisi, Jr. was able to fill in for his father this week.
**Get Your Ass in Gere**

*Primal Fear* is just another mediocere courtroom thriller

**by Jesse Ducker**

The problem with *Primal Fear* is a common one: it strives to be a complicated, thought-provoking, important thriller, but inevitably ends up wading in mediocrity. For all its rhetoric, plot-twists, character exploration, and miscellaneous crap, there is nothing that elevates *Primal Fear* to make it a quality courtroom drama.

*Primal Fear* revolves around the brutal mutilation and murder of the Archbishop of Chicago. Soon after the officers arrive to the Archbishop’s house, a kid drenched in blood is seen fleeing the scene, is apprehended, and thrown in the slammer. Within the hour, Martin Vail (Richard Gere) promptly shows up to represent the kid, already dubbed the “Butcher-boy.” Vail is a flamboyant criminal-defense lawyer who loves to see himself on the covers of magazines and specializes in getting mob-bosses off in court. The kid, Aaron Stampler (Ed Norton), turns out to be an alt-boy who had been living in the Archbishop’s home. The stuttering, frightened kid admits that he was in the room when the Archbishop was killed, but protests his innocence. However, due to blackout, Stampler can’t recall the killer’s identity.

Despite the mounds of damning evidence against Stampler, Vail figures that he might have a good case going for him. There are no witnesses and, more importantly, no motive. Plus, Stampler has the demeanor of a boy-scout. When it’s time for court, Vail finds himself up against his former protégé and lover, Janet (Laura Linney), on this case at the hands of slimy DA Shughnessy (John Ma-honey) who makes it abundantly clear to her that if she doesn’t win, she’s out of a job.

The movie plods forward, interspersing complicated and unrelated plot-lines that are never resolved, until about half-way through, when it’s revealed who really killed the Archbishop. For all intents and purposes, the movie ends there. It runs out of gas and spends the last hour sputtering along, trying to somehow resolve the mess it presented in stereotypical “court-drama” fashion, culminating in a surprise ending that’s got more holes than an episode of *Murder, She Wrote*.

**PRIMAL FEAR - Paramount starring Richard Gere**

of Murder, She Wrote.

A serious flaw in this movie is Gere’s performance; he’s not believable as a arrogant megalomaniac struggling to regain his soul, perhaps because he only displays two facial expressions throughout the film: the blank stare, and the blank stare with the slight smirk.

Linney’s performance also leaves something to be desired. She spends every scene she’s in spitting witty and sarcastic remarks at (.ere which fail to be all that witty. The dialogue between the two ex-lovers is contrived and a carbon-copy of the standard “lover-turned-enemy” relationship.

The supporting cast is the movie’s real strong point. Norton is admirable as the stuttering, timid altar-boy who, as one character puts it, “couldn’t kick his own ass.” Alfred Woodard’s take-no-bullshit judge, presiding over the courtroom, could give Lance his some lessons. Andre Braugher is great as Vail’s private investigator, but he plays basically the same character on NBC’s *Homicide.* At least they could have let him slap around some pansy in “the box.”

*Primal Fear,* with all its forced melodrama and passion, is pretty much doomed from the outset. If the writers had killed the soul-searching, pseudo-social commentary and psycho-babble, there wouldn’t be much of a movie left. It’s simply not good enough to suspend disbelief concerning the abundant chasms in the plot. Thus, with nothing new to say or show, *Primal Fear* remains yet another exercise in mediocrity crowding the theaters across America.

---

**Branagh, Boring Again**

No surprise as Branagh delivers more mediocrity

**by Kevin Lerner**

Writer/director Kenneth Branagh’s latest film, *In the Bleak Midwinter,* had its title changed to *A Midwinter’s Tale* for American release by its

**A MIDWINTER’S TALE - Sony Pictures Classics directed by Kenneth Branagh**

American distributor for no discernible reason except that Americans are the sort who wonder why they missed the first twelve Apollo movies. Of course, there’s no discernible reason for the movie to be in black and white either.

The main character of *A Midwinter’s Tale,* Joe Harper, excellently played by Michael Maloney, has a dream of directing and starring in *Hamlet.* Unfortunately for Joe, he doesn’t have the major studio backing necessary to make an adequate version. When his agent (Joan Collins) promises Joe a small sum to produce the play in a church

in a small rural town, the out-of-work actor snatches up the opportunity. The six actors Joe hires to play the 24 roles in *Hamlet* are certainly not Sir Lawrence Oliviers, but it’s this ensemble cast that makes *Hamlet* and, consequently, *A Midwinter’s Tale* work.

The best part of the film is the cast Joe hires. Nina (Julia Sawahla) is a half-blind Cyndi Lauper look-alike with a tendency to fall off the stage and fall in love with her director. Tom Newman (Nicolas Farrell) is an insecure bumbling fifty-something failure of an actor who still has to answer to his mother. But the real standout comedic character is John Sessions who earned what American fame he has through Comedy Cen- tral’s “Who’s Line is it Anyway?” Sessions plays an aging gay drag queen who appropriately insists on playing Queen Gertrude in the play. He and the homophobic actor Henry (Richard Eriess) cast as the King make an interesting odd couple and play off each other very well.

When the film concentrates on the face of people falling off stages in rehearsal and on the witticisms flying back and forth between actors who very obviously do not like each other, the movie succeeds wonderfully. Unfortunately, Branagh’s script disintegrates into the sort of sappy math that Shakespeare would never have approved of. The film drags horribly when it concentrates on unnecessary love affairs and on the conflict between Sessions’ character and the son he fathered in a brief heterosexual fling.

Despite being difficult to watch, *Hamlet* is as visually tantalizing as any recent film. It pulls no punches, and makes it strikingly evident to American audiences that we are not the only ones on the planet up to our necks in it.

---

**HATE - Egg Productions directed by Mathieu Kassovitz**

*Hate,* Mathieu Kassovitz’s brilliant new film, is a monster. It’s a small monster, though. Set in the course of a day in the projects along the Paris outskirts, *Hate* is a brutally honest portrait of urban despair. This is not grand despair of the Taxi Driver or The Godfather variety, *Hate*’s film is able to take 200 people in the ploth of three friends and the events constituting their day — no matter how inconsequential — and make each one into its own, shatter-vignet.

Although the French word banlieue translates literally to English as “suburb,” les banlieus are simply by no means the white bread, dull, and dreary that we think of. Les banlieues are giant, pre-fabricated housing projects, dreary and lifeless, an ideal place for aimless and eventually nihilism to fester. Three friends living in these projects, Said, an Arab, Vizn, a Jew, and Hubert, a Black, (said Taghmaoui, Vincent Cassel, and Hub- bert Kounde, respectively, each of whom is amazing) are the film’s focus. Their lives revolve around little more than smoking weed, stealing food, yelling at strangers, going into the city and crashing an art gallery party, or sitting around, trying to figure out something to do. When Vizn finds a police officer’s lost Smith & Wesson and vows to kill a cop, the stage is set for the film’s inevitable and nightmarish climax.

Kassovitz wisely avoids taking sides. Vizn, Said, and Hubert are by no means saints. Conversely, the cops are omnipresent, due to the fact that most of the banlieue is still digging out from a series of riots — stemming from police brutality, noticias.

But because there is such a tangible lack of hope, when the three young men let off hostility, it is the only feasible recourse. When everyone in the film carries such immense bitterness towards not just their immediate surroundings but at the world, drastic measures seem natural. *Hate* is chillingly appropriate title. Not a single character acts without antagonist as a motive, at the pigs, at the government, at strangers on the street, at the world, for dealing them such a loaded hand.

Although *Hate* is fiercely nihilistic, there is something darkly comical about the picture. Kassovitz uses a running joke as the lifeline of the film, and as it is present over and over, interspersed with random and uncomfortable moments of comedy, Kassovitz twists our own dread over what we are watching into something inaccessable, but impossible to turn away from. With his cinematographer, Pierre Aim — who deserves credit for some of the most stunning, mesmerizing photography seemingly in years — Kassovitz is able to take something so upsetting but ostensibly minor, and turn it into a powerful and haunting, but strangely beautiful, piece of cinema.

Despite being difficult to watch, *Hate* is as visually tantalizing as any recent film. It pulls no punches, and makes it strikingly evident to American audiences that we are not the only ones on the planet up to our necks in it.

---

*Ass Gerbils vs. the Dalai Lama*

---

**Kenneth Branagh is now in production for his own version of Hamlet, with a considerably larger cast than he gave his character. With all the lux-uries Branagh has at his disposal, it only highlights the inadequacies of A Midwinter’s Tale.**

Fortunately, his next film has a pretested script that cannot be marred by the sap that sinks this one.

---

What does this loser have to celebrate?**
It's unusual for a film to be so utterly mediocre that it leaves the viewer with no feelings about it at all. However, SGT. BILKO manages to be the first film in recent memory to achieve this feat.

Steve Martin stars as the ever-reliable (to all but his girlfriend) Master Sergeant Ernie Bilko. People older than most of our readers would remember this premise from the television series known to all as "SGT. Bilko," but really called the Phil Silvers Show. It starred Phil Silvers as Sgt. Bilko, con-man, magician, gambler, and all-around standing military leader. Well, he does run the motor pool at a cutting edge military research and development base, which is naturally, a base on the verge of suffering huge cutbacks. Enter Colonel Hall (Dan Aykroyd), the stereotypical "guy-in-charge," who has no clue about the antics of those under him. "Throw in a vengeance-driven Phil Hartman and a fresh recruit ripped right from the seat on the bus next to Forrest Gump, and you've got a sure fire comedy success. Or do you? Somehow, SGT. BILKO fails to deliver on the promise of laughs frequently enough to judge it a good comedy. Even Chris Rock, the third SNL alumnus in the film, fails to illicit huge laughs when finally in a non-typecasted role.

This is not to say that the film is without its fair share of humor. The problem is that the antics of Bilko's barracks get boring after the first few scenes, and the film falls into the doldrums of predictability. And as any comedian will attest, it is the surprise that gets the laugh, and little in this film comes as a surprise.

Martin, Aykroyd, and Hartman all give their standard performances — again, nothing special. The film comes out looking very low-key, without the vibrancy one might expect from a film about a zany army man starring Steve Martin.

It's entirely possible that there are more hidden jokes than meets the virgin eye, but none seem worth a repeat viewing. The humor is frequently subtle, like Bilko himself, requiring a moment of thought to realize the comedy in a line like, "I just want to earn an honest week's pay for an honest day's work." But even if this is the case, wait until it's in a medium where a second viewing costs as much as the original show — in other words, wait until cable.

It's not good. It's not bad. It just is. Skip it. —Matthew Dworkin

CULT MOVIE OF THE WEEK

MEET THE FEEBELLS - (1989)
directed by Peter Jackson

Sandwiched between the slapstick splatter epics Bad Taste and Braindead (released on American video shorn of eight minutes as Dead/Alive) and adumbrating the ethereal brilliance of 1994's Heavenly Creatures, Peter Jackson's Meet the Feebles occupies an anomalous position in the New Zealand director's rapidly growing canon. A gloriously depraved satire of the Muppets and all things genteel, this grotesque import produces belly laughs and vomit-stained outbursts of equal measure. Populated entirely by puppets that find voice somewhere between Jim Henson and the Marquis de Sade, the film boasts a colorful melting pot of fornicking, drug-dealing, murdering, raping, drug-addicted, disease-ridden fuzzballs whose orgiastic excesses aspire to shatter the spurious refinement operating behind manufactured illusions of innocence. The effect is as ambiguous as the film's approach suggests — at once exhilarating and maddening, amusing and repulsive — and often reaching dizzying heights of comedic brilliance.

Set in the tense moments before a television broadcast of the family-oriented Feebles variety show, Meet the Feebles uses its slight plot as an excuse for a series of increasingly sick gags noted for their uninhibited employment of various bodily fluids: blood, puke, piss, and dripping, infectious pus all flow with copious abandon. With his gleefully comedic approach to vomit and viscera, Jackson offers such memorable characters as Trevor, an unrepentantly nasty rat who doubles as a would-be snuff filmmaker and porn auteur while selling drugs on the side, and the omnipresent Blowfly, a potent metaphor for the media in the form of a shit-eating insect whose muckraking antics wreak havoc on the already beleaguered cast and crew.

One of the film's principal pleasures lies in its cynical juxtaposition of the candied fluff the troupe produces with the psychotically endureng goings-on backstage. The delusional excess of the latter foregrounds a paradoxical preoccupation with the body. After all, there is no flesh to be found in the world of the Feebles, yet the harshness of the imagery — which is totally grounded in the inexorable materiality of the body — threatens the implied transition from puppet to metaphor with its overwhelming corporeality.

However, this complex effect emerges as the film's greatest strength, suggesting that it cannot be dismissed as a simple parody. Instead, it is a pastiche, lacking, as Fredric Jameson writes, "parody's ulterior motives [and I] devoid of any conviction that alongside the abnormal tongue you have momentarily borrowed, some healthy linguistic reality still exists." In other words, Meet the Feebles plunges the viewer into the snare of physicality without offering the comfortable objective distance of parody. Consequently, the deluge of vulgarity is precisely the point. Ultimately it is our body that Jackson points to with his anthropomorphic insanity, and Meet the Feebles bridges this gap with punishing wit and imagination.

— Josh Beisler
Irish entertainment has a long tradition of greatness.

By James Ingraham

The Irish brogue may be the most obvious clue that a person is Irish — besides their last name — but there is also an accent to Irish music, literature, dance, and acting that carries with it a rich and beautiful history. Nearly every significant event in Irish history is recorded in song or print, stylized or exaggerated with a distinctive flavor. No matter your tastes, there's a work of art made by the Irish that will appeal to you. They have an amazing ability to touch the soul through song, dance, and word that can bring almost anyone to tears of either joy or sorrow. Listen, read, watch, and learn: you'd be surprised how many artists have carried on the great traditions of Irish artistry, we can only say thank you.

The Celts arrived in Ireland around the sixth century B.C. The Roman historian Diodorus Siculus wrote of them, "They frequently exaggerate with the aim of extolling themselves and diminishing the status of others. They are boastful and threatening and given to bombastic self-dramatization and yet they are quick of mind and with good natural ability for learning." These qualities were frequently exemplified in Irish oral poetry, which became one of the first areas in which their artistic excellence flourished. Irish poets were brilliant orators with quick wits, who would mercilessly lampoon those who had offended them. Even kings feuded the distasteful art of the ferocious satirists.

As a written language, Celtic (pronounced with a "k" at the beginning, unlike the Bostonian basketball team) left much to be desired. In 432 A.D., St. Patrick brought the Roman alphabet with him when he arrived as a missionary. This immediately enabled the Celts to write as well as speak, and thus Irish literature took on much of the same importance as had poetic oration. The most outstanding piece from this time period is undoubtedly the mythological saga Táin Bheóigín a Rí — a literary work that conveys important information about early Irish society. The myth tells of the defense of Ulster in the north against the rest of Ireland led by Queen Maeve, with characteristic embellishment. (This should in no way be confused with current tensions in Northern Ireland.)

Since then, the Irish have preserved a record of their history through literature — for over two millennia. A few spectacular works with elaborate ornamentation in bronze, enamel, and gold made between 800 and 1000 A.D. have survived to inspire modern writers. The most famous is the Book of Kells, a copy of the New Testament on vellum, colored with finely detailed designs. In fact, some figures required thousands of quill strokes. Literature is not the only art form the Irish excelled at; Irish architecture, with its intricate detail, has found its way into today's times, as well. Architecture developed very differently there than from other regions; rather than massive structures, the Irish favored tall, slender round towers, often decorated inside with huge, elaborate high crosses that feature sculptured panels depicting scenes from the Old and New Testaments. An Irish design called the Celtic knot, a complex pattern that defies geometric description, is still commonly used today — most often as body art. These knot-like tattoos of are both popular and impressive.

In music, the Irish have also excelled, creating an assortment of unique instruments, including the bodhrán (a kind of drum), bagpipes (which aren't only Scottish), the tin whistle, and of course, the harp. In the 1960s, Irish folk music surged in popularity with performers such as Tommy Makem, the Clancy Brothers, and Danny Doyle. Currently, The Chieftains probably hold the crown for most popular folk musicians. In addition to these and other traditional groups, many more modern bands have been influenced by the Irish sound, giving them a distinctive feel. The ultra-famous U2 are an example, followed by artists like Sinead O'Connor, Enya, and Delores O'Riordan of the Cranberries. Lagging in popularity but no less talented — are little known groups, like the Pogues and Black 47, with strong cultural followings. A host of Irish musicians can be found in any music store, particularly Tower Records, and information is easily available on the Ceolas site at http://celtic.stanford.edu/ceolas.html. A simple search for "Irish Music" on Lyceos or Yahoo will turn up a surprising number of links.

Irish music has carried on the role of the ancient poets. The satirical power is channeled into songs, often with hidden analogies that are in fact biting criticisms. A prime example is "Finnegan's Wake," which inspired the James Joyce novel of the same name. Seemingly a silly drinking song, the injured Tim Finnegan is thought to be dead but wakes up during a brawl that breaks out in the middle of his wake. The song is in reality a reformation of the commitment of the Irish people to maintain their identity and culture and an inspiring call to action to achieve this goal. Lyrics in many Irish songs demonstrate a mastery of language, presenting sexually charged or outright bawdy topics with a subtlety that avoids being crude or blatantly foul-mouthed.

Complementing traditional Irish folk music is traditional Irish dance. Although there are no famous Irish dancers in America, it is not a complete unknown. Many pubs here in the U.S. sponsor dances, and there are international Irish dance competitions. Finally, square dancing is an offshoot of the ceilí, a form of group dance, while early country music and dance was clearly influenced by Irish immigrants.

Ireland recently has been the focus or setting of many movies, including The Brothers McMullen, The Crying Game, and The Commitments. Some films about Ireland have been very successful, although they have had few Irish stars, such as In the Name of the Father, Patriot Games, and A Far and Away. In Hollywood, current Irish actors like Pierce Brosnan (James Bond), Colin Mearney (Star Trek’s O’Brien), Gabriel Byrne (The Usual Suspects), and Liam Neeson (Schindler’s List) are trying to live up to the precedents set by all-time greats such as Maureen O’Hara and Peter O’Toole, and they often work under Irish directors such as Neil Jordan (Interview with the Vampire).

It is evident that the Irish people and their history have pervaded all areas of arts and entertainment. Despite what most people think, they are not just known for their high tolerance and happening pubs. On the contrary, Ireland is known for a rich history that has left its mark in poetry, literature, architecture, music, dance, and film. To those who have carried on the great traditions of Irish artistry, we can only say gaoith nua agat. Thank you.

James Ingraham is a Management and Technology "senior" from Bonham, Texas. When not busy as Street's internet editor, he spends his free time proving the Roman Hypothesis with his sneaky-knowledg.
April 4, 1996

Dave Barry's World

In 1960, Baseball Was the Game.

As I ponder the start of yet another baseball season, what is left of my mind drifts back to the fall of 1960, when I was a student at Harold C. Crittenden Junior High (“Where the Leaders of Tomorrow Are Developing the Acme of Today”).

The big baseball story that year was the World Series between the New York Yankees and the Pittsburgh Pirates. Today, for sound TV viewership reasons, all World Series games are played after most people, including many of the players, have gone to bed. But in 1960 the games had to be played in the daytime, because the electric light had not been invented yet. Also, back then the players and owners had not yet discovered the marketing benefits of sporadically cancelling entire seasons.

The result was that in those days young people were actually interested in baseball, unlike today’s young people, who are much more interested in baseball, football, soccer, and downloading dirty pictures from the Internet. But in my youth, baseball ruled. All of us boys played in Little League, a character-building experience that helped me develop a personal relationship with God.

“God,” I would say, when I was standing in deep right field — the coach put me in right field only because it was against the rules to put me in Sweden, where I would have done less damage to the team — “please please PLEASE don’t let the ball come to me.”

But of course God enjoys a good prank as much as the next infallible deity, which is why, when He heard me pleading with Him, He always took time out from His busy schedule to make sure the next batter hit a towering blast that would, upon re-entering the Earth’s atmosphere, come down directly where I would have been standing. If I had stunk as a fielder, if I had been wearing a bowling shoe on my hand, or a small aquarium.

But even though I stunk at it, I was into baseball. My friends and I collected baseball cards as a boy, and I firmly believe that at one time I had the original rookie cards of Mickey Mantle, Jackie Robinson, Ty Cobb, Babe Ruth, Jim Thorpe, Daniel Boone, Goliath, etc., and that I’d be able to sell my collection for $163 million today except my mom threw it out.

My point is that we cared deeply about baseball back then, which meant that we were passionate about the 1960 Pirates-Yankees World Series matchup. My class was evenly divided between those who were Pirate fans and those who were complete morons. (I never have cared for the Yankees, and for a very sound reason: The Yankees are evil.)

We followed every pitch of every game. It wasn’t easy, because the weekday games started when we were still in school, which for some idiot reason was not called off for the World Series. This meant that certain students — I am not naming names, because even now, it would go on our Permanent Records — had to carry concealed transistor radios to class. A major reason why the Russians got so far ahead of us, academically, during the Cold War is that while Russian students were listening to their teachers explain the cosine, we were listening, via concealed earphones, to announcers explain how a bad hop nailed Tony Kubek in the throat. That Series went seven games, and I vividly remember how it ended. School was out for the day, and I was heading home, pushing my bike up a steep hill, listening to my cheapo little radio, my eyes staring vacantly ahead, my mind locked on the game. A delivery truck came by, and the driver stopped and asked if he could listen. Actually, he more or less told me he was going to listen; I said OK.

The truck driver turned out to be a rabid Yankee fan. The game was very close and we stood on opposite sides of my bike for the final two innings, rooting for opposite teams, him chain-smoking Lucky Strike cigarettes, both of us hanging on every word coming out of my tinny little speakers.

And, of course, if you were around back then and did not live in Russia, you knew what happened: God, in a sincere effort to make up for all those fly balls he had directed toward me in Little League, had Bill Mazeroski — Bill Mazeroski! — hit a home run to win it for the Pirates.

I was insane with joy. The truck driver was devastated. But I will never forget what he said to me. He looked me square in the eye, one baseball fan to another, after a tough but fair fight — and he said a seriously bad word. Several, in fact. Then he got in his truck and drove away.

That was the best game I ever saw.

Dave Barry is a syndicated columnist from The Miami Herald. “Dave Barry’s World” appears weekly on the Voice page.
A 10 p.m. on a typical Thursday night, most televisions on campus are tuned to NBC’s smash-hit, ER. From Superblock to the Quad, students crowd around sets placed on common-room tables or perched precariously atop wardrobes. Even non-pre-meds are entranced by the fast-paced, dramatic reenactments of illness, injury, and death played out on the show each week. But inevitably, the characters’ personal crises and the medical miracles they perform come to neat conclusions in time for the late local news.

Down the street from the dorms, doctors, nurses, and volunteers are going through the same motions students see on TV — scrubbing in, gowning up, examining patients, making chart notes, and staying constantly alert for whatever — or whomever — could arrive next. There’s just one catch: at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania’s Emergency Room, everything’s for real.

“If ER the show was like it always is [here], the population would be dead in six months,” says Jared Miller, a College junior who hopes to pursue a career in medicine and has been volunteering in the HUP ER since September.

The events of a recent Friday afternoon prove the truth of Miller’s statement. In four hours, the staff of two attending doctors, seven to eight nurses, and an assortment of medical students, interns, and residents spent most of their time tending to the ordinary — severe diarrhea, blood in urine, a migraine headache, a leg abscess arising from diabetes, an asthma attack, heart palpitations and chest pains, partial finger amputation, and two elderly patients unable to care for themselves.

They also saw two traumas, about average for the HUP ER, which deals with 1,200 traumas every year, says William Baxt, chairperson of the Medical School’s Department of Emergency Medicine and chief of Emergency Medical Services at HUP. “We don’t have the choice ever of saying we’re going to close our doors because we have to remodel,” he explains, since the HUP ER sees 50,000 patients per year, or 110 to 140 every day. An individual doctor can see anywhere from five to 25 patients during an eight to 12-hour shift.

“Nothing is ever the same,” Baxt adds. “Nothing is ever quite duplicated, day to day.”

Baxt arrived at HUP nearly two years ago, bringing with him from the University of California at San Diego a computerized case management system that will, by June eliminate the paperwork necessary to chart patients’ progress. By December, “hard film” X-rays will also be obsolete. Instead, these images will be scanned in through the computer.

The HUP ER is about twice as busy as most other urban emergency rooms in the U.S., in terms of “patient acuity,” Baxt says, or how sick people are when they come in. About 30 percent of patients treated in HUP’s ER are admitted to the hospital before going home, double UCSF’s 12 to 14 percent and the highest admit rate Baxt says he has ever seen. This increase may be partially attributable to the fact that many of Philadelphia’s low-income Medicare recipients use the HUP ER as their source of care for chronic ailments, he explains.

Baxt beams as he shows off the gleaming new ER that opened in HUP’s Silverstein Pavilion in January, the state-of-the-art suite of rooms where the sickest three-quarters of patients are treated. “The other 25 percent are seen at the walk-in clinic, just off the waiting area,” Baxt points out the three separate trauma bays, in sight of video cameras that capture every poke and prod for later dissection and analysis, whether the patient lives or dies.

Down the hall are “reverse-flow” rooms, where air pressure can be adjusted to protect patients with weakened immune systems or to shield staff from communicable diseases like tuberculosis.

There’s a “psych room” at the end of the hall, padded and locked, standing ready if patients become dangerous to themselves or others. Finding a way to finish the renovations without compromising care was a challenge in coordination, like every other aspect of working in the ER, according to Baxt.

Baxt’s 14-year-old daughter watches ER, but he admits that it’s only seen the show a few times: “What you see in an hour [on the show] is something that would happen over a week — conceivably in some departments, over a month.” If the producers showed the downtime that makes up a large portion of the day in a real ER, though, viewers wouldn’t keep tuning in.

Doctors and nurses in HUP’s ER work “in sync together,” says Stefanie Porges, one of the two attending physicians on duty on this afternoon. “If they’re worried, we’re worried,” she adds. “We couldn’t do it without them.”

Doctors like Porges are also assisted by paramedics, whom Baxt calls “nurse extenders.” This arrangement, unique to HUP, adds one more level of staff members trained and certified to start IVs, give drugs, and perform procedures like tracheotomies when the pace of activity gets intense.

“You never know what’s coming through the door. It’s fun — it keeps you on your toes. Nothing is ever controlled,” Porges says.

Photos by
Evelyn Hockstein
ong and real at home while emergency room.

says, her eyes lighting up as she describes the inherent challenges of emergency medicine. "We try to keep the uncontrolled controlled." The adrenaline-generating unpredictability may explain why, even today, academic departments of emergency medicine are about 90 percent male. Penn's department, however, has 19 faculty members in clinical rotation, almost evenly split between men and women. Most residency programs in emergency medicine (Penn's will start up this summer) are now 30 to 40 percent female, Baxt says. Because emergency medicine involves a little bit of everything, skilled nurses are an integral element of providing care. Nurses in the ER have to know advanced cardiac life support, and perform some procedures that nurses on traditional hospital units will do it tomorrow, working through a prescribed rotation. Baxt, like Hofbeck, only watches the earlier team have vetoed. She asks the patient how the wound feels, how he's walking, and whether any pus has been draining from the scab that formed where the bullet exited. He mumbles reluctant answers; he just wants to get out of the ER, where he's been waiting impatiently with his mother all morning.

Before leaving, Porges asks the young man what kind of gun his assailant used. He doesn't reply, but Porges is pretty sure she knows. She explains later that different kinds of guns discharge different types of bullets and make characteristic wounds. Shotguns fire from long-range send out sprays of bullets, which scatter like BBs in the skin. Sawed-off shotguns, used at close range, tear destructively through muscle and soft tissue in a single motion.

"Just remember, when you watch ER, it's not like that, it's like this," says third-year medical student Catherine James, in her second week of a month-long rotation through the ER, as she leaves this patient's side to clean another man's abscess. She dealt with an asthma attack this morning, but that's been the extent of her excitement today.

Porges's next concern is an elderly woman who's been in the ER twice in the past two weeks. She can't care for herself and her husband is now too frail to do the job himself, but the woman refuses to let her visiting nurse bathe her. The woman's prognosis and course of action are both uncertain at this point; it's Porges's job to make a diagnosis, then develop a coordinating treatment regimen and plan. In short, her unenviable task is to make everyone who comes in feel better. And, amazingly, much of the time that happens.

"We're not going to fix all the problems down here," Porges admits. "But we feel we're making a difference."

The pace of activity in the HUP ER begins to quicken as the weekend draws nearer. The passage of time is marked not in hours or minutes, though, but by the rate of patient arrivals. There's not a clock in sight, and the bright fluorescent tubes hanging overhead reflect harshly off the spotless white walls and light floors. It's like some kind of never-never land, where no one sleeps. The staff can punch out when their shifts end, but the patients are in a surreal, lingering state of limbo between varying degrees of life and death, health and sickness.

Porges is walking briskly from desk to phone to desk, answering pages, scribbling notes in triplicate to herself, to colleagues, to whomever will next read a patient's chart. She consults with Jill Schwartz, another doctor, trying to find the cause of heart palpitations and nausea on the results of an electrocardiogram of an otherwise healthy man in his late 20s. She's asked for her opinion on a spontaneous lung collapse, shown by an X-ray to be the cause of a woman's two-day-old headache.

Porges then breezes into room 2, where a 59-year-old man who has sliced two fingers with a circular saw is waiting in pain. The man is lucky; his tendons are not severed and he can still move his fingers, indicating no fractures, either. But the saw's blade cut brutally through the nail bed on his index finger. Porges recommends a "digital block" — numbing of the man's fingers — followed by thorough irrigation (cleaning) and a tetanus shot.

The man is still waiting for care instructions when the 4 p.m. to midnight group of doctors comes through on rounds at the start of their shift. They call in a hand surgeon for an opinion, an option the earlier team had vetoed.

During rounds, the doctors, interns, residents, and medical students who have been on duty walk through the ER with their replacements for the next shift, stopping at every occupied room to provide vital statistics on the identity, condition, and suggested treatment for the patient inside.

After the walk-through, Porges takes a stack of charts of all the patients she's seen this afternoon and reviews and initials what's written. She's finally done, though she won't leave until about 5 o'clock, an hour later than the end of her shift.

"Not everything is as glamorous and exciting as what you see on ER," she says, ticking off patients suffering from headaches, coughs, and diarrhea as the ailments she sees most often. "But what would they do without us?"

At 4:50 p.m., a 27-year-old man is wheeled in on a stretcher, brought by ambulance with a gunshot wound to his right thigh. He's conscious and talking, and the white stabilizer cuff around his thigh masks the seriousness of his injury: a broken femur. As doctors and nurses begin streaming into room 1, the man starts screaming. The emergency medical technician who brought him in take their stretcher out, and the man's blood glistens, visible even on the red plastic.

The decision is made to activate the ER's trauma system, and elements of a well-oiled machine spring into immediate action. Personnel arrive from all areas of the department, scrubbing in, gowning up, taking their assigned positions and playing their assigned roles. They'll repeat this scene again within 15 minutes; an ambulance driver has radioed that he is on his way with a car accident victim from Montgomery County.

The weekend has almost arrived. ER cast members are probably relaxing with friends and family, learning lines and blocking patterns for next week's episode. But the staff of the HUP ER is still hard at work. Their production never goes off the air.
There is a dearth of rhyming skills in hip-hop music today. It’s as if the majority rappers today have forgotten how to write a dope metaphor, or create sentences that flow like water to form one cohesive concept. In recent years, few MCs have shown any interest in being clever or intelligent. However, as hip-hop passes its 20-year anniversary, MCs with true skills have slowly been creeping back to the forefront of a field that has been dominated of late by gangstas and drug sellers. Some of these MCs have enjoyed commercial success, like the Fugger, while others have remained underground, like Organized Konfusion and AcyAcal. Now Bahamadia, an MC straight out of West Philadelphia, is trying her hand at success with her debut album Kollage.

**THE STREET INTERVIEW**

**BAHAMADIA**

**Kollage - EMI**

Kollage describes GangStar’s Guru as “a collection of lyrical and musical art that brings forth her masterful contribution to the hip-hop world.” This statement is a slight exaggeration. Kollage is not quite a masterpiece, but it is certainly a soulful, jazzy, lyrical tight collection. The album aptly demonstrates the direction in which Bahamadia herself wants to see hip-hop go. “I see it going back to the way it was originally — back to when MCs flexed their skills on the microphone.” While she’s not disguised with the direction that hip-hop is currently going, she believes that some MCs need an attitude adjustment. “I think hip-hop should be about having fun. It should go back to the days of rocking parties. Everybody’s trying to be a gangsta now.” So, like her Gang斯塔 family member, Jeru The Damaja, Bahamadia leaves her 9mm at home and brings her skills to the battle.

Bahamadia’s skills are in abundance on the album. Remarkable is the aforementioned Jeru and West Coast super-talent Ras Kass, Bahamadia possesses a complex, intelligent flow in which all the lines are interconnected, and not just a collection of witty non-se q uitors. Her lyrical endowment is showcased on such jams as “Ragged Rap”: “Compositions by causing calamities rapidly / What MC would dare take this in the vocabulary mastered presented / Reflection extended through iller style inverted / Brain cells excel like V-6 engines when I’m entering.”

Many of the songs are bonafide lyrical-feats, especially “Wordplay,” and the pass-the-mic party-rocker “3 the Hard Way.”

Though Kollage is her first album, Bahamadia is by no means new to this rap game. She started as a DJ back in 1985 and began recording tracks in the late ’80s. She first sent a tape to Guru of GangStar in 1985, who was so impressed that her took her into his Gangsta family. She dropped “Total Wreck” as a single in ’94, and now with the Guru and DJ Premier’s backing, she has stepped into spotlight. She has released on single so far, “UKNOWHOWWewedu,” a tribute to Philly hip-hop and has been touring the US with the Fugger, The Roots, and Goodie Mob. The tour, she says, has been good, and responses have been overwhelmingly positive. “It’s a trip to be performing and to have people around the country know the words to UKNOWHOWWewedu, especially since it was jam made for Philly.”

Philadelphia has largely been ignored in the larger hip-hop scene for the last five or so years, but Bahamadia asserts that in “Illadelph,” hip-hop never died. “Hip-hop has always been freestyle and cypher-based in Philly because there haven’t very many outlets to showcase it... It’s not like Philly is an entertainment-based city like New York or Los Angeles. There have never been very many ways to get put out here, but hip-hop and MCs have always been here.”

While Bahamadia may have had trouble getting put on, she’s now backed by some of hip-hop’s luminaries. Three tracks from Kollage are handled by DJ Premier. These tracks are classic Premier, with dark, driving percussion, healthy doses of pianos and keys, along with a smattering of horns. The Brooklyn-based Beatminerz were behind the mixing boards for “Spontaneity” and “Innovation,” and their flavor shines through as well.

The only let-downs on Kollage are the two tracks handled by Texas-native N.O. Joe. “I Confess” and “Biggest Part of Me.” Here, Bahamadia’s intelligent and thought provoking verses are drowned out by cheesy, R&B-esque, mass-appeal beats. Ironically, Bahamadia actually sought out N.O. Joe to produce tracks for Kollage. She says, “I mean, why limit yourself when you are presenting yourself to the entire nation? I thought his shit is dope, so I had him produce a couple of jams.”

The apex of the album clearly comes with the old-school influenced “Da Jawm,” a track with her fellow Philly-heads, The Roots. Over live drums and haunting keys, Bahamadia, Malik B., and Black Thought tear into the mic with vengeance, and all give dazzling performances. Bahamadia explained how she hooked with her fellow West Philly natives: “We’re basically on the same vibe. We were chilling in the same circles, and coming up at the same time. It was inevitable that we would hook up to do a jam.”

Kollage is an excellent album that should be enjoyed by those who loved what hip-hop used to be, as well as those who want to see how it should be done. Bahamadia, a hard worker, has beenrome to be a lyrical force to be reckoned with, as well as someone who is aware of what she is trying to accomplish. A hip-hop addict who says she could even freestyle over Garth Brooks, West Philly’s own just wants to contribute to the music she loves. Stand back and let her do her thing.
CRACKER

The Golden Age - Virgin

Camper Van Beethoven, fronted by David Lowery, was one of the most important modern rock bands to emerge in the 1980s, fusing radio-friendly pop, ska, and punk sound with the influential anyone-can-do-it attitude that spawned Cracker, whose music was, well, not awful, but only marginally higher than Right Said Fred on the significance meter. After two mediocre, highly uneven albums, it seemed as if Lowery’s glory days were behind him.

Cracker’s new LP, ironically titled The Golden Age, confirms that sad fact. Easily the worst of Cracker’s releases thus far, Golden Age also marks the nadir of Lowery’s decade-long songwriting career. Golden Age kicks off with the oddly rocking “I Hate My Generation,” a song that’s either a vicious attack on Kurt Cobain or an embarrassingly poor attempt to sound exactly like Nirvana. The trouble continues with “I’m a Little Rocket Ship” and “Big Dipper,” forgettable songs to make every fan of Camper Van Beethoven cringe uncontrollably. “Nothing to Believe In,” with a guest appearance by Joan Osborne is only slightly better than Osborne’s own obviously annoying “One of Us.” “How Can I Live Without You” finds Lowery singing the ever-so-profound “You could still come and bring me coffee in the morning/ You can still come and make me chicken fried steak,” proving that Lowery has lost not only his talent but also his mind. “Useless Stuff” is a return to the mindset of the ridiculously facile, but ultimately brilliant “Take the Skinheads Bowling,” where Lowery sang “Some people say that bowling alleys all look the same/ There’s not a line the goes there with rhymes with anything.” Such understated lyrics speak volume through their simplicity, a tactic Lowery should have employed more often on this wretched release. There’s absolutely nothing Golden about this Age.

—Dougie “Pearl” Washington

IGGY POP

Naughty Little Doggie - Virgin

Iggy Pop is widely regarded as the godfather of punk. He was making loud, aggressive rock back when the Sex Pistols were in junior high and Green Day was in diapers. As both a solo artist and frontman for the legendary Detroit band, The Stooges, Iggy has made a career of being a genuinely outrageous punk pioneer. The years have not been kind to Iggy, though. Unfortunately, with his latest, Naughty Little Doggie, he comes off sounding like a pale imitation of his former self.

The songs on Naughty Little Doggie are flat and contrived. Not only does Iggy fail to break new ground, he doesn’t even manage to rehash his old en-

White Man’s Blues

People often ask, “can a white man really play the blues?” The answer is unquestionably no — but regardless of the purity of creed, blues fans can prepare to be happy! Duke’s Blues, the new album from The Duke Robillard Band, is a return to the classic blues styles of such greats as Joe Turner, Guitar Slim, Muddy Waters, and T-Bone Walker that mix blues, swing, and jazz to create down-home music that you can’t help but snap your fingers to. Duke Robillard leads the band with deep soulful vocals and fluid guitar riffs that would make B.B. King proud. On Duke’s Blues, besides the usual crew, Duke is ably backed by an outstanding horn section fronted by “Sax” Gordon Beadle and pianist Matt McCabe, also along for the ride. With a crew like this, it’s hard to go wrong.

A compilation of both original music and classic blues covers, Duke’s Blues opens with the shoving “Midnight Blues” of Joe Turner and then dips down into a heartfelt lament of lost love in T-Bone Walker’s “Glamour Girl.” Both of these tunes echo the greatness of their originators, but Robillard manages to make them his own, adding his own ingenuity to those classic songs. Robillard transcends his forefathers, playing every note with ease and authority, on such songs as “Love Slipped In” and “Red’s Rib,” while at the same time allowing his band to strut their stuff. Some of the more swingy songs, like “Don’t Leave Me Baby” and “Don’t Treat Me Like That” are as absorbing as the straight-up blues tunes, but they still make you feel something when you hear them.

Duke’s Blues is an album that both honors and exemplifies blues at its best. After one listen, it would be a low-down dirty shame if you didn’t acknowledge Duke Robillard’s latest release as an outstanding celebration of all blues styles. To the Duke, only one thing can be said: “Go on with your bad self!”

—Craig Holter

MARIA MCKEE

Life Is Sweet - Geffen

After her lackluster first album, You Gotta Sin to Get Saved, few expected Maria Mckee to release a second album. But after going through a stage of what she calls “almost semi-retirement,” Mckee returns to the musical forefront with her second solo album, Life Is Sweet (or betterwise, as the slightly bitter composer croons in the next line of the title song). Unfortunately, though. Mckee’s album doesn’t deliver the biting and vital muscularity that she intended. Instead, Mckee’s new work seems more like a weak imitation of Alanis Morissette’s edgy, angry whining.

There is no doubt that Mckee’s past work has been fairly successful. Her song “If Love is a Red Dress...” was featured on the Pulp Fiction soundtrack, and the always-laudable Bette Midler uttered “To Dessert You.” Life is Sweet, however, officially puts her into has-been status. Mckee’s strong vocals do make their way through the otherwise uneventful pieces in songs such as “Everybody” and “Human.” However, her lyrics and style fail to qualify as anything more than lame, pseudo-depressed ranting: “Don’t want to be a father/ Too good of an excuse to leave/ Sometimes I wish I wasn’t born/ Too good of an excuse to breathe,” she moans in “I’m Not Listening.”

If her emotions were expressed with more eloquence or poetic skill, or if the accomplishment were creative and did not bear such a strong resemblance to everything WDRE plays, this album might be more appealing. Unfortunately, Life is Sweet is a confusing, incompatible mishmash of flavors and musical styles. None of Mckee’s virtues can compensate for her lack of songwriting talent.

Without the collaborative input of her former bandmates in Lene Justice, Mckee obviously lacks the creative energy necessary to save her latest effort. “The only way to avoid getting bored as an artist is to set up a crisis situation for yourself,” Mckee claims. This album should assuage your boredom for some time, Maria.

—David-Michelle Davies and Jessica Knauster

TRACY BONHAM

The Burdens of Being Upright - Island

“I’m hungry! I’m dirty! I’m losing my mind! Everything’s fine!”

That’s the chorus of “Mother Mother,” the first song on Tracy Bonham’s The Burdens of Being Upright, and it exemplifies this female rocker’s debut album. The Burdens’ twelve songs are fast-paced, with vicious lyrics and a sound usually — violent musical accompaniment. The songs are a compelling bunch — both lyrically and thematically.

From the opening of “Mother Mother,” with its emotive sobriety about the repugnance and reality of life, the album moves through several steps. The middle of the album contains several softer, more cheerful-sounding tunes, such as "Kisses," yet the lyrics remain dark and cynical. There are driving songs such as “Bulldog,” which is apparently rather unflattering metaphor applied to an acquaintance of Bonham’s. Finally, there’s “30 Seconds,” which is sung in a melancholy drone that seems almost out of place on the album. "This penultimate piece, an appropriately ironic ballad, "Sell half your soul? And you realize that you are? No one. No one. No one! For every star there’s another one that’s fading."

The Burdens admirably exhibits Bonham’s songwriting talent. Her sweet alto is delicate but strong, and the songs will be a caddie similar to that of other artists like Janis Joplin and Janis Ian. Bonham’s songwriting, however, follows the trend of female soloists such as Joan Osborne and Liz Phair with their bards, realistic lyrics. The synthesis between distinct vocal and lyrical styles is the heart of Bonham’s music.

If The Burdens of Being Upright has a fault, it is that the songs seem poorly organized — the transition from one to the next is often jarring. If the tracks were ordered differently, this might not have been so. Then again, this juxta-position might have been intentional. Either way, it’s an admirable first effort from a talented performer, and the album is well worth checking out.

—Scott Schimmel

CHERRY POPPIN’ DADDIES

Kids on the Street - Space Age Bachelor Pod

Seattle may be the mecca of alternative-rock, but Eugene, Ore. has just good too — The Cherry Poppin’ Daddies are proof of that. They have a weird name. But the Daddies’ third album, Kids on the Street, may have what it takes to bring grunge out of its current doldrums.

The Daddies are weird. Their style is pervaded by influences of jazz, swing, ska, and punk threaded together with an underlying sense of working class/generation X angst. The Daddies, however, don’t hate themselves or the rest of the world, which is always good to see.

Kids on the Street showcases the band’s eclectic nature. Their style, engineered by frontman Steve Perry (not the Journey guy), who writes all the words and music, takes depressing situations, snaps them together with some innovative lyrics and instrumental sections, and backs it all up with an incredible horn section to belt out the best ska music since The Lids. Seriously. The Daddies possess the power to fill the gaps left by the disappearance of both the Sex Pistols and Madness with one great sound.

The quality of Perry’s songwriting ability and the talent of each musician produce some great selections, but the title track is the release’s best offering. It sums up the group’s message and style with its opening line, “Vacant faces and empty bottles, the camera rolls and it’s time to die/ Stuck in the game, trying to keep things going, and losing my mind.”

The Lids may be sort of strange, but they do make cool music. Buy Kids on the Street — cause hey, what the hell? The Lids broke up. —Carolyn Giolitti
Carnival of Carnage

Bad Day on the Midway — like Mickey Mouse on bad acid

by Victor Randolph Cinco

The creators of Inscape's The Residents' Bad Day on the Midway have frequented some whacked-out amusement parks in their youth. Set in a run-down, nightmarish carnival, Bad Day is a top-notch gothic thriller that may leave you wary about that Disneyland vacation. No doubt an experiment in interactive graphic-storytelling, this "anti-game," as the CD pamphlet bills it, is one of the most innovative CD-ROMs published in the last year.

BAD DAY ON THE MIDWAY
PC & MAC CD-ROM - Inscape

lished in the last year.

The second CD-ROM to come out of the minds of that wacky music/art/performance group, The Residents, and digital artist Jim Ludlith, the game has at least one thing going for it — its originality.

At first glance, Bad Day resembles a CD-ROM of the genre exemplified by the Cyan-Broderbund game, Myst, which has beautifully rendered digital graphics, an absorbing yet nebulous storyline, and a shroud of mystery surrounding it. Bad Day has all of these, but goes one step further with its innovative storytelling device. Instead of the usual you-are-the-hero-who-must-escape plot — in which you remain one character throughout the game — Bad Day forces you to assume different characters. In fact, the player has no particular identity during the course of the story — you begin as innocent little Timmy, and as you meet new characters you are given the opportunity to become him/her/it.

And the characters you can be! There's Timmy, the annoyingly crying child; Ted, the virtual Jeffrey Dahmer; Lottie, the log lady with no legs who is Ted's mother; the IRS man who aspires to be the author of tax code; and Oscar, the lab rat that "knew fear." All the characters have a dark edge to them, but somehow are attractive in a grotesque way.

Game play, like in any role-playing game, is free form; the player has no distinct path to follow. In Bad Day, however, the creators make sure that you are actually following some path: if you stay still for too long, or even stay in one character for a more than is necessary, "bad things will happen." There is an "over-arching" plot, which involves the future of the Midway, the Plague, the IRS, and Ted, but the creators suggest that the player concentrate on the individual characters. In that sense, Bad Day becomes more like a story, and only resembles a game once you finish.

Randomness, or "bad luck," plays a huge part in the game; it's virtually impossible to play the same game twice because of the inherent randomness of the game play. Specific characters have different access to certain places, but as they experience the rides and attractions or talk to other characters, their access and behavior may change. A character's change is evident in another innovative device used in the game: beneath the picture window, the thoughts of the character you've assumed appear and float around in a stream-of-consciousness fashion. Partly as entertainment, but mostly as a clue to the character's motivation and feelings, the constant output of thoughts gives a compelling narrative feel to Bad Day.

As a video game, the graphics are spectacular, and the animation is remarkably smooth. The environment is completely digitally drawn, and movement is rendered as an appropriately dizzy swoosh towards your destination. The sound is great — the Residents' soundtrack is surrealistic and immerses you in the story, and the characters' voices are provided by real actors. The Midway ride, "Myst's Top Ten," "Kill-a-Commie Shooting Gallery," and "Sperm Whale Giving Birth to an Electric Eel," are more like "performance" multimedia. Using the popular multimedia presentation software, Macromedia Director, the creators apparently anticipated this problem and have overcome it with two methods. First, there are recurring characters, including the alternate selves of the four Sliders, and this is interesting to see how someone turned out differently in a different universe. Most importantly, however, are the stars themselves. Quinn Mallory (Jerry O'Connell of Stand by Me fame) is intelligent, attractive, and idealistic. His teacher, Professor Maximillian Arturo (John Rhys-Davies, Raiders of the Lost Ark) is equally brilliant but far more shifty. Rhys-Davies is a spectacular actor, and he would probably be single-handedly carrying the show were it not for Tony Award winning theater actor Cleavant Derricks as former R&B singer Rembrandt "Crying Man" Brown. Rembrandt has a witicism for every occasion, and his easy-going manner plays perfectly off his high-brow companions. Wade Welles (Sabrina Lloyd, Father Hood) rounds out the cast as a computer expert with a genuine concern for everyone's well being.

There's a theory in physics that says (loosely translated) every time you make a choice, an alternate universe is created in which you made a different choice. Individuality, we're all completely unaware of this, no matter which reality we're in. Or are we? On the Midway, there can go from one world to the other — except for Quinn Mallory and his three friends on Sliders. Through an accidental discovery, Quinn and his motley crew are condemned to wander among parallel earths searching for a way home. If they stay too long at one time for longer than the timer on their Sliding device gives them, they are stuck there forever.

This premise provides fertile ground for script ideas. The show can have biting political commentary with worlds where the Russians won the Cold War or the British won the American Revolution — and social commentary is easy when writers can just dream up a world where intellectuals are as revered as sports heroes or men are considered the weaker sex. This gives the show a great deal of depth, but one of the great things about the show is its ability to be quirky. Hence almost every episode has a few things thrown in, like Elvis being alive or rock and roll never existing in the first place.

While science fiction enthusiasts eat this kind of thing up, Sliders has some serious flaws. The four Sliders have an uncanny ability to sum up the public in one word — the general public thinks they've decided "not to get involved" with any of the worlds they visit. Every episode follows essentially the same development; slide in, spend 15 minutes figuring out what makes the parallel earth tick, get into trouble and get separated, try desperately to get back to where they landed, and slide to the next world just at the last second. To make matters worse, there's no sense of continuity. The characters can't build lives or settle down. Fortunately, the creators apparently anticipated this problem and have overcome it with two methods. First, there are recurring characters, including the alternate selves of the four Sliders, and this is interesting to see how someone turned out differently in a different universe. Most importantly, however, are the stars themselves. Quinn Mallory (Jerry O'Connell of Stand by Me fame) is intelligent, attractive, and idealistic. His teacher, Professor Maximillian Arturo (John Rhys-Davies, Raiders of the Lost Ark) is equally brilliant but far more shifty. Rhys-Davies is a spectacular actor, and he would probably be single-handedly carrying the show were it not for Tony Award winning theater actor Cleavant Derricks as former R&B singer Rembrandt "Crying Man" Brown. Rembrandt has a witicism for every occasion, and his easy-going manner plays perfectly off his high-brow companions. Wade Welles (Sabrina Lloyd, Father Hood) rounds out the cast as a computer expert with a genuine concern for everyone's well being.

The show has enormous potential, particularly if the writers can come up with another idea besides the "get into trouble, get out" theme. With the appeal of a solid cast of engaging characters transforming a lack of continuity into a focus on themselves, the show hits a broader audience than pure sci-fi buffs. The added bonus of parallel earths that are at once bizarre and hauntingly familiar will charm anyone who has asked the question, "I wonder what it would be like if...?"

—James Ingraham
Spelling Mistakes

Will his two latest shows survive?

by Ivy Wong and Sacha Thacker

Malibu Shores and Savannah, Aaron Spelling's most recent attempts at portraying "real" life, are a wasted two hours of prime-time television.

Just down the road from West Beverly is Pacific Coast High. Even though there are one Hispanic and two black cast members, we're not talking politically correct here.

Malibu Shores stars a bevy of 25-year-old Barbie dolls whose acting is as plastic as Ken's hair. The characters include a girl named Andrea from the wrong side of the tracks, an outcast because of her ethnicity and poverty — oops, wrong show; a wealthy teenage alcoholic from a dysfunctional family (a.k.a. Dylan McKay); a self-righteous good Samaritan a la Brando; a Walsh who takes the blame for everyone else's mistakes and doesn't mind that his girlfriend won't sleep with him ("I can wait as long as it takes," he says); and, finally, another one of Aaron's prog- eny, Tori's younger brother Randy. We can forgive nepotism once...

The show manages to include every public service announcement on television today; from "Stay in School" to "Just Say No." But the best reason to watch this show would be the witty contemporary dialogue that would put the writers of Seinfeld to shame — or maybe not. One example is an exchange between the especially ditzy Nina and Teddy, her study date with no backbone, who secretly has a crush on her. Teddy kisses Nina unexpectedly after class, and the following exchange ensues:

Teddy: I'm sorry, I just...

Nina: No? I'm OK, I'm just crazy about you and everything, but, just, like, not in that way!

Teddy: I just thought...

The best reason to watch this show would be the witty dialogue. Image maps make navigation easy. There is also a convenient search feature. This can help sort through the large archive maintaining all the information collected since its inception.

Since CNN On-line is not divided between costly "members only" vs. free public sections like many other websites, such as ESPNet, the casual web user is free to roam the entire site and make use of all its resources from top world news to the latest gossip. The articles read like transcripts of CNN reports and include links to sound files, images, Quicktime™ movies, and related pages. Some of these multimedia links are handy, such as the music clips, while others seem useless, like an audio clip of the translation of a Japanese director's comments. But most importantly, they give the site a flashy style, one that should impress the people who use Netscape. One drawback, however, is that the server is slow, resulting in long downloading times. This may change if CNN realizes that their equipment is not powerful enough for the demand, but for now it is only bearable if the user can multi-task — do something else while waiting for a movie to be fully downloaded.

In a world where one can find anything on the net if one knows where to look, CNN On-line is definitely a good place to know about.

The only thing missing is a soundbyte of James Earl Jones saying "This... is CNN."

—Matthew Dworkin

Great Tasting, Healthy, Freshly-Made, Firegrilled, Mexican Food.

At COOL PEPPERS™

we don't make it until you order it! We purposely don't have microwaves or freezers because nothing is frozen or re-heated. Our chicken and steak are marinated then grilled on an open flame...

Taste the Difference!
PARMESAN SPAIN, CLOSK STRIKES 13, & GOD STREET WINE & THE FUNDAY Sand's brainchild Ted Worth and Sis., LOVE-222 (TIA: WISH SOHM LOVIN' CRIMINALS Quartet, and possibly a special punk comeback Following a fanciful rilow, Rise North (10:30 in High street guest. you Janet Kim, the Heiscnborg Siring M.irk Sand and Bon Kim, who ofter rages on, now under the direction of JOHN CROSS THE LINE, FLEMMING & Mild Seiif/Sf.v, 925-4053) DOMK (J.C 440-9083) Pass Pub: 56 S. St., LUCKY PIERRE (Middle East 922-EAST) SOFT PARADE — 14 VAUO ID     V M2S WAINUT STKET       |215) 222 SSSS THURSDAY, APRIL 4 I 50 FOB W THRU FRIDAY, APRIL 5 MldelS - TIETJELYMAXIN "HE:HL 111 M!HIMI ^" |Rienda£!&L -«— H::illi:i; .=.-- #%% ” ‘NQIM KEVIN MCKINHEY 1111111 IISCOCK Still consider him the godfather of punk, The Pop is really scary, but HIM con- [gying LOVE (Electric Factory: 7th b Willow your history and see I sometime star of band, MlbdudeS are strange SUBDUDES & ANDERS OSBORNE MD some really lyrics. with a soulful, barbershop quartet feel, Major Beethoven's Mass in C and quiem PHILADELPHIA SINGERS The group will perform Mozart's Re- 3rd 6 South (TLA STfs! LOVE-222) md some really -rics. The Sanfa Barbara group is the newest thing in grunge, they are evidently they DISHWALLA The Santa Barbara group is the newest body can do the twist, but everybody everybody can do the ska, it's the new dance that goes like this. (Trocadero: 10th & Arch Sts., 923-ROCK) JOAN OSBORNE, SCREAMIN' CHEETAH WHEELIES, & BEN ARNOLD She really does sing songs other than “One of Us”, and they are pretty good; she’s got the blues in her soul. You might find that you like her after all. (Electric Factory: 7th & Willow Sts., LOVE-222) MONDAY, APRIL 8 APOCALYPSE THEATRE & CHAR-
April 4, 1996

NEW RELEASES

A MIDWINTER’S TALE (PG-13) See review page 4. (Ritz at the Bourse)

SGT. BILKO (PG-13) See review page 5. (UA Riverview)

HATE (R) See review page 4. (Ritz at the Bourse)

PRIMAL FEAR (R) See review page 4. (Ritz 5)

IN THEATERS NOW

ANGELS & INSECTS (R) Sort of like The Fly but different ‘cause there are like angels and stuff. (Ritz 5)

THE BIRDCAGE (R) Those wacky drag queens. Seriously, this is allegedly a very funny movie, and not as exploitive of the ‘safe to depict’ sexual minority as many others of its ilk. (Cinemagic 3)

THE CELULOID CLOSET (R) Vito Russo’s masterpiece study of gays and lesbians. This was the man’s life work, give it a go. (Ritz at the Bourse)

DIABOLIQUE (R) Despite the fact that Isabelle Adjani is a deity the order of Jerry “Ice” Reynolds, this movies is still ass. (Cinemagic 3)

FAITHFUL (R) I saw Byun O’Neal standing outside 42nd and Baltimore the other day, offering to do some pretty unpleasant things for only a nickel, and he looked rather hungry, so I think we should go see his new film. (Cinemagic 3)

A FAMILY THING (PG-13) If Robert Duval and James Earl Jones had a child from a semi-incestuous relationship, would he look like DF Executive Editor Adam Mark? (UA Riverview)

FARGO (R) The Coen brothers have apparently done it again with this small town, true crime story, with the usual twists. (Ritz 5)

FLIRTING WITH DISASTER (R) I don’t really think that one could consider Ben Stiller to be a disaster, but some of his movies have been (consider If Lucy Fell), so I guess it could be a transfered epithet. (Ritz 5)

IL POSTINO (R) The low budget, surprise hit of last year. See if it is worth the Oscar hype. (Ritz 5)

IT’S MY PARTY (R) Pete is only a copy editor, but he feels pretty damn strong that this is the greatest motion picture ever filmed, and that everyone should bear the utterly shitty acoustics of Irvine to view Fellini’s flawless examination of creative purgatory. (Thursday)

THE AMERICAN PRESIDENT This cute, and extremely idealistic film shows what it would be like if the President were single and started dating. Well, despite all this, it manages to give you a warm little feeling inside. (Friday)

CULTURAL FILM & LECTURE SERIES

Screenings are at 7 p.m. at Villanova’s Connelly Center Cinema. Tickets are $4, for information, call 610-519-4750. They get their break when it really seems like spring...translation, no film this week.

NEIGHBORHOOD FILM/FILM PRODUCTION OF INTERNATIONAL HOUSE

The only thing that is happening this week is a lecture, this Saturday, on the Business and Legal Aspects of Independent Filmmaking, from Alexander Murphy, Jr., an entertainment attorney. Screenings are held at 3701 Chestnut St. For information, call 895-6552.

CINEMAGIC 3 AT PENN

Walden, between 38th and 40th, 222-6555

Diabolique Fri 4:15, 7:15, 10:10, 12:30. Sat 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10:10, 12:30. Sun 1:15, 4:15, 7:15, 10:10, Daily 7:15, 10:10.

The Birdcage Fri 4:00, 7:00, 9:45, 12:30. Sat 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 9:45, 12:30; Sun 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 9:45, Daily 7:00, 9:45. Sense & Sensibility Sat-Sun 12:50, 7:15. Daily 7:15. BravestHeart Sat-Sun 3:00. Rumble in the Bronx Daily 10:30.

RITZ FIVE

UA 925-700


RITZ AT THE BOURSE

40 St. north of Chestnut, 925-700


UA SAMERIC

1908 Chestnut, 567-6604


Homeward Bound 2 Fri-Mon 1:50, 4:10, 7. Executive Decision 1, 4, 7, 10. Mon-Thu 5:30, 7:45, 10. Thin Line Between Love and Hate Fri-Sun 2, 5:30, 7:45, 10. Mon-Thu 5:45, 8, 10:15.

AMC MIDTOWN

1424 Chestnut, 567-7021

Call theater for listings.

AMC OLDE CITY

2nd and Samsom, 627-5966


UA RIVERVIEW

Red and Deluxe, 755-2219


WALK ABOUT BAR & GRILL

WE’RE OPEN

The Same....

Great Service, Great People, Great Place

Come In And Try Our New Menu

SPECIAL LOW PRICES ON DRAFT BEER!

534 South 4th Street (Just Off South Street)

Philadelphia, PA • 215-922-2198
AFRICAN AMERICAN ARTS ALLIANCE
"A Soldiers Play", the play upon which the film A Soldier's Story was based, they promise it will be a good time. The show will be performed on Friday and Saturday at 8 p.m. (Annenberg School Theater, torn/thing)

JESUS CHRIST SUPERSTAR
The Keswick's annual Easter-Week performance: Thursday & Friday at 8 p.m., Saturday at 7 p.m. (Keswick Theatre: Easton Rd. & Keswick Ave., 572-7650)

PHILADELPHIA MOVEMENT THEATER COLLECTIVE
Group Movement: Saturday and Sunday at 8 p.m. (Keswick Theatre: Easton Rd. & Keswick Ave., 572-7650)

ROME AND JULIET
American Repertory Ballet: Saturday at 8 p.m. (Philadelphia Center for the Arts: Roman College in Glassboro, New Jersey 08028-256-4345)

SHE STOOPS TO CONQUER
Walnut Street Theatre: Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m., Thursday, Saturday, and Sunday at 2 p.m. (Ninth & Walnut Sts., 574-3550)

EXHIBITS
It's First Friday this weekend, so go to the galleries, (there are a lot more than we have space to list) it's free, and you can impress your peers with your knowledge of the arts. Just walk along 2nd St, until you see some galleries.

BURLISON ART GALLERY IN PENN'S FACULTY CLUB
Photographs. This month, the gallery shows the works of Harvey Riser, a landscape photographer, and Herbert Romm, a "macro-photographer" specializing in close-ups of flowers. (200 South 36th St., 898-5831)

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM
Their exhibits go on and on like the sands through the hourglass, and they're really close by. (33rd and Spruce, 898-4000)

PHILADELPHIA MUSEUM OF ART
In addition to the ongoing displays, the Art Museum also features limited-run exhibitions such as: "New Art on Paper 2: The Culture of Flowers: Japan in Flower, 20th Century Glass." (26th Street and the Parkway, 684-7860)

RODIN MUSEUM
Not our beloved President, but the guy who sculpted The Thinker. The new exhibit is entitled Correspondences with Rodin: Photographs by Ernestine Ruben. Ruben has photographed the works of Rodin using handmade papers and applications to the photos themselves, to achieve a 3-D look. (The Rodin Museum is down the street from the Philadelphia Art Museum, you'll find it easily)

THIRD STREET GALLERY
The paintings and monotypes of Carol Albrecht and Nina Rake, respectively; oddly enough, it's on Second Street. (58 N. 2nd St., 625-0993)

PAINTED BRIDE ART CENTER
A Woman's View: The Body as Form & Subject: this is a collection of male and female nudes as photographed by five women artists. (230 Vine St., 925-9914)

ZONE ONE
Things You've Seen: New Work: an exhibit of drawings of everyday objects seen in a new light. Also on display is a show of representational painters. (139 N. 2nd St., 829-8995)

OTHER EVENTS
CATCH A RISING STAR
Angel Salazar, Cuban/Puerto Rican comedian extraordinaire, who has a penchant for wearing mini-skirts. You figure it out. Chris Coccia will open. (221 South St., Abbot's Square, call 440-HAHA for times and dates)

CELEBRITY ALL-STAR HOCKEY TEAM VS. FLYERS ALUMNI HOCKEY TEAM
Where else can you see Jason Priestly, Alan Thicke, and MacGyver team up against some hockey greats. The fun starts at 8 p.m. on Saturday. (CoreStates Spectrum: Take the orange line all the way south, and there you are.)

TUESDAY NIGHT SQUARE DANCE CLUB
As the name indicates, this will be Tuesday Night at 7:30 p.m. No partners or experience necessary, and they serve refreshments afterwards. Be Smith and friends will call and play music. (St. Mary's Parish : 3916 Locust Walk)