Recent crime rate drops compared to 1995-96

By Scott Lazen

Public Safety officials attributed the 50 percent decrease from last year to more security and four new detectives.

By Tammy Reiss

Although city officials — representing the Public Safety bureau, the City Council, and other authorities — were more than happy with the decrease in crime that occurred early this month, the board-up status of Bennett Hall remains a sore point.

By Dina Bass

There have been some missteps when the city granted the permit for Bennett Hall, which is scheduled to be removed, given that it's unsafe, Scheman said. "We're asking that it be removed, any better," Scheman said. "The city is not in the business of putting out the city's money." But McNally said he does not expect the city to pay for the removal of Bennett Hall.

By Jim McConkey

Major crimes such as robbery and burglary have been diminished in recent years, according to Bennett Hall administrators and City Councilwoman Jannie Blackwell, who also continue to teach classes. University President Judith Rodin and Provost Stanley Chodorow both taught courses this year.

Several administrators have elected to teach additional duties.

By Nina Bass

It takes a variety of credentials to qualify as a Print administrator, from book sales to hotel management. And now it seems administrators must teach classes in order to make the grade. University President Judith Rodin recently urged members of the Architecture, Engineering, and Arts and Sciences Dean Robert Rescorla, have taught regularly throughout their stay at the University. But now two or three sometimes present difficulties, particularly in the area of scheduling. Rodin said her seminar was a huge time commitment in an already busy day. It was not only the three hours for class, she said, "I assigned a lot of material for the students to read, especially since it was from 7 to 10 p.m., and I knew that睁开 eyes in a few hours in his lab before he goes to work in the College office. Despite tough schedules, students praised the administrators for their accessibility and their ability to balance work and responsibilities.

But Farrington cited some of the school's weaknesses, including "an accumulated lack of attention to facilities ... space, and our limit-basin" — to build a roof over the open space in the middle of the city. Farrington ended the discussion by jokingly explaining his "grand dream" — to build a roof over the open space in the middle of the city, which students often use for outdoor activities.

Some U. officials wear two hats at the same time.

College Dean Robert Rescorla lectures in his Psychology class in Sipher Hall. Residence life is one of the growing number of University administrators who also continue to teach classes. University President Judith Rodin and Provost Stanley Chodorow both taught courses this year.

By Laura Robbins

Engineering dean outlines plan for future

CRIME FROM NOVEMBER 1 TO JANUARY 31

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By Laura Robbins

Engineering Dean Farrington discussed changes in the school and a newly announced writing requirement for Engineering students during his address to the students gathered in Curry Hall yesterday as part of his new plan as an "attempt to look at engineering in a broader sense ... to place our emphasis." Improving the school's national rankings is one of the goals outlined in the plan. Farrington said. Three Engineering School departments — Materials Science and Engineering, Bioengineering and Chemical Engineering — placed in the top 10 in the most recent rankings by the National Research Council.

Farrington added that the Engineering school — as part of the "multiversity" and "engaged university" — provides students with a "much better education broadly" than many other schools. He added that some of the Engineering School's weaknesses are the result of students and faculty in other departments.

Taling "English classes with English majors and History classes with History majors" is an advantage that the Engineering School has over smaller technical schools. Despite these weaknesses, Farrington said, "We're showing a lot of growth and progress, even in the number of applications to the Engineering School this year.

Each table at the Castle's leadership conference draws student leaders from across campus an opportunity to get to know one another — and to get to know one another. And Jamieson also set up special meetings for students when necessary, according to College sophomore Rasool Berry of the Black Student League.

Farrington noted that the school's "many leaders" are the "leaders of the future" — a sentiment that Farrington emphasized in his keynote address. The club sports' president glued a dollar bill to her desk to make the school better and make the school better will greatly benefit the students. She noted that the student leaders are the "leaders of the future" — a sentiment that Farrington emphasized in his keynote address. The club sports' president glued a dollar bill to her desk to make the school better and make the school better will greatly benefit the students.

"We thought this activity would break the ice and give people the chance to really talk to each other," Farrington said. "We thought this activity would break the ice and give people the chance to really talk to each other."
Grad student hears 'Sounds of Learning'

By Dean Tron

When Education graduate student Dennis Creedon first decided to explore the arts with his eighth-grade students 12 years ago, he did not realize he was setting the stage for what would develop into a nationally acclaimed education program called the Sounds of Learning. The program, run by the Opera Company of Philadelphia, is one of the first programs nationwide to integrate the arts into the core curriculum and makes it interesting for students by understanding and embracing a different language.

Creedon explained that since the arts helped him cope with his language difficulties, he developed many of his teaching techniques through analyzing the arts.

"Opera is a window for students to enter a different language," Creedon said. "This guy came in and was kicking the door down," published student written and managed newspaper published Monday through Thursday, with the exception of major holidays.

In accordance with the University's Board of Trustees, the University reserves the right to discontinue any program operated by the University of Pennsylvania. The University of Pennsylvania is an equal opportunity employer and does not discriminate on the basis of race, color, religion, national and ethnic origin, age, sex, sexual orientation, disability, or veteran status in the administration of its educational policies, admission policies, scholarship and loan programs, and athletic and other University programs.

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Penn State students deny funding to anti-gay group

By Shannon Burke

In a controversial decision, the six members of the University Ministry Council (UMC) voted unanimously to deny the Pennsylvania State University Pen-North Christian Association (PNCA) funds to fund anti-homosexual church services. The group has been pushing for Funds that are used for pan-heterosexual purposes. The UMC has been pushing for a decision that is not consistent with the University's stance on diversity and inclusion.

The decision was made on Thursday, February 20, after a meeting that lasted over two hours. The meeting was attended by five members of the Council, including President Mark Lyon and Secretary Paul Shaffer. They voted to deny the request by 5-0.

The decision was met with mixed reactions from the UMC, with some Members expressing concern over the decision, while others praised it for its consistency with the University's values.

The PNCA had submitted a funding request for $400 to fund a series of lectures and events focused on the Church's stance on homosexuality. The UMC denied the funding on the grounds that it did not align with the University's values and mission.

The PNCA had previously been denied funding for similar events in the past.

The decision was made with the input of students and staff members, who were consulted during the decision-making process.

The UMC's decision is in line with the University's values and mission, which prioritize diversity and inclusion.

The PNCA has been denied funding in the past, and this decision is consistent with the University's values.

The PNCA has 10 days to appeal the decision.
Clinton calls for campaign reform

The president collected campaign contributions as he discussed fundraising in New York.

WASHINGTON -- America's foreign trade deficit climbed to $142.2 billion in 1996, presenting a major challenge for President Clinton. The deficit has been a major issue for the administration and has been a source of international concern.

The deficit is one of the major challenges facing the United States and other countries. It has been a subject of international discussion for many years, and it is likely to continue to be a topic of debate in the years to come.

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The deficit is one of the major challenges facing the United States and other countries. It has been a source of international concern.
**WASHINGTON** — The Supreme Court today broadened the free-speech rights of protestors outside abortion clinics, ruling that they can stand close to doorways long enough to say at least 15 feet away from clinic entrances.

The court, by a 6-3 vote, upheld a New York law allowing demonstrators to march within 15 feet of doors and walkways. The court also, by a 6-3 vote, upholding a U.S. District Judge Richard Arcara's order requiring sidewalks and sidewalks across America.

The justices said a federal judge went too far in restricting anti-abortion demonstrators in the Buffalo and Rochester, N.Y., areas.

The judge in New York had ordered protestors to stay at least 15 feet away from anyone who was inside the clinic, ruling that they can move in as long as they do not stay for more than 15 feet away from clinic entrances.

The court did not strip abortion clinic and patients of the protection granted in recent years against violence and intimidation.

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EDIT ORAL & OPINION

Beauty doesn't equal thin

W e want her to stay as Miss Universe, and she is working in great consideration to her health. What seems to be a clear decision to publicly pursue weight loss aggressively has not gone over well with many. Some say she is a role model not only for women around the world, but also for young people. Still others say that she has the right to make her own choices and that people should respect her decisions. In the end, there is a delicate balance between health, personal happiness, and societal expectations.

DELIA VALLEJO

What is the role of University administrators in student safety?

W e are thrilled to see the University of Pennsylvania increasing its commitment to student safety, particularly with the installation of light phones. These phones, which will be available in various locations on campus, will allow students to quickly and easily call for help in emergencies. This is a positive step forward in ensuring students' safety.

DAVID B. COHEN

We must listen to residents' views

A dministrators should take into account the opinions of residents before installing more blue light phones. While these phones may be beneficial for students, they may not be as necessary for residents who live in different areas on campus. It is important to consider the perspectives of all members of the community.

SHELLEY D. MAGEE

Our sincerest apologies

W e are at the Daily Pennsylvanian and we deeply regret any offense caused to students who were incorrectly identified as "fat" in our recent report. We apologize for the mistake and want to assure our readers that we will take steps to ensure that this does not happen again.

JUDITH L. KONKLIN

Penn's bureaucracy

T he Editor

E nough talk of transparency, let’s see some action. Penn’s bureaucracy is absurdly inefficient. I was at a concert last weekend and the ticketing process was a nightmare. The lines were long, the staff was slow, and the entire process took far too long.

JERRY REYNOLDS

Unfair ROTC policies

T he Editor

E xam scores are unfair when ROTC policies give an advantage to students who are already enrolled in ROTC. This is not fair to students who are not in ROTC and who have not had the opportunity to participate in military training.

ANNA M. COHEN
Program reduces panhandling

Administrators plan to expand the successful donation box program.

By Liz Goldsheid
The Daily Pennsylvanian

University officials say the anti-panhandling program— instituted this fall— has met with great success in stemming the flow of panhandlers near campus, while still supporting the community's needs.

The Office of Community Relations, under the guidance of Director Glenn Bryan and School of Social Work Graduate Daniel Eiden, made the panhandling issue a high priority this year.

In fact, the office initiated a plan called "Make Some Change, Help Your Fellow Man Make a Change"— with the hope of adding services to the community's needs, while decreasing the number of panhandlers on the streets," Bryan said.

The University entered into a partnership with the local Wawa stores, setting up donation boxes in various stores, setting up donation boxes in various stores, setting up donation boxes in various stores.

The anti-panhandling program's success has prompted other schools to inquire about the initiative, Bryan said.

Joe Gallagher, former manager of the Wawa Food Mart at 36th and Spruce streets, reported a decrease in panhandling around his store.

Art N. Zaver, manager of Wawa at 36th and Chestnut streets, noted that "in the first two weeks we collected over $200.

While Gallagher noted that the effectiveness of the program varies from store to store, he added, "It is going straight to beneficial services for the University.

Bryan said the program "provides a more effective way for the University to invest in its own community needs."

"When we talk about the University doing a service to its community, we are able to do that effectively."

Bryan said the program stemmed from Office of Community Relations administrators' own observations of campus and community needs.

"We ask a generation rather than reactive states," he said. Noting that he understands that "students and others who give money to panhandlers do so with the best intentions," Bryan said that he felt the program "provides a more effective way to do it.

"People were intimidated. They were way too afraid to give money that will now be going into the donation box," Bryan said.

Bryan said he is currently working to expand the program to other campuses.

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M. TENNIS from page 12

Unrecruited Feldman went unclaimed

W. TENNIS from page 12

As a result, Feldman went unrecruited and was forced to defend letters to various coaches in hopes of a much-needed visit from one.

Miller said:

Feldman's return marked the start of a new phase in her development. After a disappointing season with no breaks, Feldman is hoping to improve by winning her first singles title in a long time. This weekend, Feldman plans to focus on her serves and volleys, which she feels have been her strong points throughout her career.

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9 EVENTS:
FREE FEB T-Shirt

**Hathaway switched between power forward and point guard to lead Christ the King**

**HATHAWAY from page 12**

"Part of the reason why we switched from field was tennis. Brian Hathaway said that "I was also a big time tennis player and it was partly because the commit- ment to tennis." When he graduated from junior high, he enrolled in St. Mary's in Queens, N.Y., which has a reputation for basketball. Two years later, he moved to Christ the King in Jamaica, Queens, which has a long history of producing talented basketball players.

"I don't have the same experience as some of the kids that have been here for a couple of years," Hathaway said. "I can't get to sample a lot of schools." But his decision to move to Christ the King was a smart move. The school's basketball program is one of the strongest in the country, and Hathaway quickly developed into a star.

"He's been outstanding off the dribble to drop in the basket which makes him able to pull up for a jump shot," said one of his coaches. "He's also a great passer." When asked about his middle-name of Sar- gan, Hathaway says the name was given to him by his father. "I don't know, maybe the

"I'll be less people off the dribble to drive to the basket which makes him able to pull up for a jump shot. He's also a great passer," said one of his coaches. "He's also a great passer." When asked about his middle-name of Sarge, Hathaway says the name was given to him by his father. "I don't know, maybe the

**HILL from page 12**

"It was a good trip for us. I just wanted to make sure that he could play basketball at Penn, and still enjoy playing tennis in the spring. Throughout high school, Hathaway had been a four-sport student, excelling at basketball, tennis, track, and baseball. But it was a difficult transition from high school to college, where the emphasis is on academics and athletic success.

"I wanted to go to. I just wanted to make sure that he could play basketball at Penn, and still enjoy playing tennis in the spring. Throughout high school, Hathaway had been a four-sport student, excelling at basketball, tennis, track, and baseball. But it was a difficult transition from high school to college, where the emphasis is on academics and athletic success.

"He'll beat people off the dribble to drive to the basket which makes him able to pull up for a jump shot. He's also a great passer," said one of his coaches. "He's also a great passer." When asked about his middle-name of Sarge, Hathaway says the name was given to him by his father. "I don't know, maybe the

**HILL from page 12**

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**HILL from page 12**

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"Actually, it's a spirit of the spirit and set the wrestling ball line on the Jadon Gym-
The EFFECT PROJECT for Undergraduate Research is pleased to announce the winners of its Winter 1996 round of research grants. We are happy to congratulate:

**David Lewis (CAS '97)**
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"Cultural Aspects of Breast Feeding Among Puerto Rican Women"
Advisor: Diane L. Spatz
Winning Grant: $500

The EFFECT PROJECT for Undergraduate Research is now accepting applications for its Summer 1997 awards. See http://dipsla.upenn.edu/effect for details.

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**Grumblng accommodations start of ABL playoffs**

As its inaugural season draws to a close, the women's American Basketball League is preparing to say goodbye to its first team and prepare for the format's next season.

The Columbus Quest play the San Jose Lasers and the Richmond Ragers take on the Colorado Snapshots in the opening round.

Although few regular season ABL games received much attention outside of the league, the play in the opening round will be a true test of the league's viability.

The quest, which jumped out to an 11-0 start to record the first unbeaten season for any team in the league, appeared virtually unstoppable until losses started to chip on their notion of flex.

Artist claims innocence in Lombardi tooth debate

GREEN RAY, Wis. — An artist who designed a commemorative stamp honoring the late Green Bay Packers' coach Mike Lombardi said he didn't touch up the gaps between Lombardi's teeth.

"If I had wanted perfection, I would have whitened his teeth, given him a more perfect jaw, but that would have made him a good Florida man. He was a real, solid, honest, serious guy," said the artist.

The Birmingham, Ala., artist said he decided to be honest after hearing reports that Lombardi had asked him to change his teeth.

"I wish he would have come here," Moore said. "I would have been happy to make the stamps the way he wants them."

The stamp, dedicated Nov. 3 at Lambeau Field, was approved by family members, the curator at the University of Wisconsin-Madison and the U.S. Postal Service.

The way the best-of-3-games series is set up, the Lasers are the only two teams to beat the Quest in the regular season.

"I almost went right through the ceiling," Moore said of the opening night's loss. "I thought he was going to make a name for himself at my expense."

Frazier, of Chicago, explained on an Internet home page dedicated to gap-toothed people that Lombardi's gums was leaving a little nothing between his teeth.

"I don't think he wanted to be the guy who didn't do anything," Moore said.

Yanks' Fielder a no-show at camp; demands trade

TAMPA, Fla. — Cecil Fielder, who has demanded the Yankees trade him before this season, is not reporting to the team's voluntary reporting date for spring training.

"I think I'll be here," Torre told reporters, "I wouldn't know what to do if he didn't come out."

The New York manager said he expected to see Fielder by Thursday morning when the Yanks' voluntary reporting date, baseball's mandatory reporting date, would be here today if I'm him. He knows all you need to do."
**W. Tennis hits the jackpot with Feldman**

By Kent Grasso

The Daily Pennsylvanian

The final buzzer had sounded in the North Merrick North Bellmore Tennis Center, but not a single person moved from his seat. It was a Tuesday night in December 1988. Before the game, parents wondered which school — and, indeed, each grade level — had the best match-up in the AAU league. From the moment she was 3-years-old and was introduced to the game, Chelsea started playing competitively. It seems that not much has changed for Chelsea Hathaway since her elementary school days, when she dominated the court. From the moment she was introduced to the game, she has continued to play at a high level and has been extremely focused this year and even down the stretch. She has trained harder than ever. "This will add tremendously to the pressure to perform," she said. "These rushes have been sacrificing dual meets to give Chelsea this chance to compete in basketball." After every game, Chelsea calls her dad. "Hathaway’s rearview mirror," as he calls her, said: "These rushes have been sacrificing dual meets to give Chelsea this chance to compete in basketball." After every game, Chelsea calls her dad. "Hathaway’s rearview mirror," as he calls her, said: "These rushes have been sacrificing dual meets to give Chelsea this chance to compete in basketball." After every game, Chelsea calls her dad. "Hathaway’s rearview mirror," as he calls her, said: "These rushes have been sacrificing dual meets to give Chelsea this chance to compete in basketball." After every game, Chelsea calls her dad. "Hathaway’s rearview mirror," as he calls her, said: "These rushes have been sacrificing dual meets to give Chelsea this chance to compete in basketball." After every game, Chelsea calls her dad. "Hathaway’s rearview mirror," as he calls her, said: "These rushes have been sacrificing dual meets to give Chelsea this chance to compete in basketball." After every game, Chelsea calls her dad. "Hathaway’s rearview mirror," as he calls her, said: "These rushes have been sacrificing dual meets to give Chelsea this chance to compete in basketball." After every game, Chelsea calls her dad. "Hathaway’s rearview mirror," as he calls her, said: "These rushes have been sacrificing dual meets to give Chelsea this chance to compete in basketball."
The glory of the Oscars

This year’s nominations are a solid combination of independent films and mainstream blockbusters.

BY CHRIS KERNS

It’s that time of year again. This season when it becomes an honor just being nominated and when silly little divas whine about not being nominated at all. That’s right, my cinematic compadres, it’s Oscar season. As most people know, the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences recently announced its nominations for the 1997 Academy Awards. Oscar evening is generally the most anticipated event in Hollywood each year—and for many, that means the chance to rag the genre of commercial film and the frivolity of the awards show. But I come to praise Oscar, not to bury him.

First of all, to all of you pseudo-intellectuals: mocha cafe lane sipping decaf espresso. The problem that many critics and (critic wannabes) have with the Oscars stems from a fundamental misunderstanding about the purpose of the Academy Awards and a general prejudice against mass-market, box-office blockbusters. Don’t get me wrong. I have my own prejudices in favor of the awards; Oscar trivia is a hobby of mine. I can probably name most of the winners in every category from Best Picture to Best Boy. No, I do not have much of a life, and yes, I am a loser—but a loser who knows a lot about his topic. But I digress.

Many believe that an award’s qualifications for cinematic achievement should lie solely in the artistry of the film; an award for Best Picture should be given based upon artistic and dramatic credentials, not upon box-office success or mass-audience approval. For example, I can’t count how many people reviled Forrest Gump’s win over Pulp Fiction. This year, I’ve heard numerous complaints about Training Day’s not being nominated. I won’t even mention how many art films are passed over each year, in favor of things like Braveheart and Ghost. Granted, these complaints are somewhat legitimate, but only somewhat.

Here’s a tip. Oscar has not, does not, will not, and should not equal art. If the Academy Awards went solely to art films, a cascade of disastrous results would follow. Primarily, those films which did have massive appeal would get completely passed over. Is there no value in box-office success? I mean, this is America, right? The majority, no matter how idiotically, rules. That’s the way democracy works. Secondly, and more practically, if unknown films were the only nominations, then the Academy Awards shows would receive abysmal ratings, and therefore would be canceled since no one would care to watch them. Cancellation, of course, would not only be a travesty to the film industry, but it would also ruin my life.

This is not to say that Oscar-winning films have no artistic value whatsoever (unless you believe that Schindler’s List was a real dud). It just means that artistic presentation is only one component used in judging a film. Things like public appeal, acting, writing, cinematography, and even makeup all play a part in choosing the nominees. If blockbuster appeal were the only qualification, then the only winners would be drive-in films or the hell that was Independence Day. These were not nominated in categories for acting, writing, films that had at least moderate financial success (a requirement even art films must bear in the wake of critical success). Coupled with artistic and cinematic achievement, have received nominations this year.

Of course, no one will agree on every nominee. By definition, a compromise is something that nobody wants. Films this year range from blockbusters (Jerry Maguire) to artsy Angophile films (Secrets and Lies) to overturned critical successes (The English Patient) to underrated performances (Shine) and, finally, to films that are just plain fkn’ nawesome (Pulp — my own personal favorite this year). So now you see the Oscars are really the most all-encompassing, multi-faceted awards that the film industry has to offer. No, they’re not perfect, and many think that awards for movies are conceptually stupid anyway. And to them I say, shut up and sip your cappuccino.
When Zits Attack!

When a zit appears... It makes you feel real bad.

We've all been there. You wake up in the morning, look in the mirror, and discover that overnight a horrible zit has grown on your face. It is still a mystery to many of us why zits appear, but many of those deceitful scientists have attributed the cause of zits to greasy pores and dirty skin. Others say that zits come as a result of eating too much chocolate. Most say zits occur because you have somehow offended God. The truth is, no matter what we do, there is no way to avoid zits. It is just a matter of time before the next fat pimple (pronounced PUS-ee) bulging mass appears on your face. The following is a frank discussion of the disastrous effects of zits and how people cope with the horror. It is not an easy situation to deal with, and lack of understanding has caused great prejudice in our society. So while the facts may be disturbing, it is necessary for us all to be aware of the power of zits.

The Big One

For most of us, zits appear irregularly, and when they do appear they are in the form of tiny pink dots that are hardly noticeable. But every once in a while a zit comes along that is absolutely the largest collection of pus that your face has ever experienced. The first thing that people want to do when the big ones appear is to find a way to hide it.

Hiding the Big One

Hiding the big one is a very tricky thing to do. If you are lucky, the big one appears on your forehead and it can be easily covered up by a hat or bandanna. I am sure you all remember when Vanessa Huxtable got the big one on her forehead and Denise told her to use a Band-Aid. Evidently, Vanessa succeeded in concealing her big one from her schoolmates, but Rudy knew. Rudy knew everything.

"Hey Vanessa, that's a pretty bandanna you're wearing."

"Thanks Rudy, Denise gave it to me."

"You must have a REALLY BIG ZIT!"

HAHA. Ah, the Cosby show. It all started to go downhill after cousin Pam arrived. Rudy wasn't so spunky a few years later when she didn't want to go to school because her breasts hadn't developed yet. HAHA. That was a funny one.

Anyway, if you are not lucky enough to have the Big One on your forehead and it instead appears on your face or nose, the oft-used Band-Aid method is recommended. Remember when Kevin Arnold got the one near his chin and he was meeting that hot girl he hadn't seen in a few years? He used the Band-Aid, but he was also an idiot. Remember this hilarious moment in TV history?

"Hey Kevin, what happened to your face?"

"I... uh... cut myself."

"Ooh, that's bad. That's right where you had that big huge zit."

HAHA. That Winnie Cooper was pretty funny. But Winnie wasn't so funny a few years later when she didn't want to go to school because her breasts hadn't developed yet. HAHA. That was a funny one.

And finally, a method that some people use is by just leaving the zit uncovered. This causes problems when people see it, though, which leads to the next problem, which is what do you say when people notice your big one?

Admit to the zit:

Clearskin: Hey, that's a pretty big zit you got there.

Zitface: Thanks. It's my zit.

Say it's a bug bite:

Clearskin: Hey, nice zit.

Zitface: Thanks. It's my bug bite.

Pop it in their face:

With Breathe Right Strips, I can conceal medium to large zits, and get a lungful to run away from the "Spunky Patrol."

Clearskin: Nice Zit.

Zitface: Here, have some pus. (pop!)

My cousin Frank

Now, while most of us only have to deal with the occasional big ones, there are some people out there who have a more severe zit problem. People like my cousin Frank. He has a severe acne problem with zits all over his face, his chest, and his back. Frank goes to UC Berkeley. I was talking to him one day last week, and I decided to ask him about the differences in his life compared to normal people. This is what he said.

"It's interesting that you ask me that question. I think the main difference is that I have a tougher time making fun of others. Remember when we were little and we used to sit on the curb and make fun of fat people and give them clever monikers such as 'fat guy with a dog' and 'fat girl'? Well, ever since I got this zit problem, I can't do that anymore. Last week, I was like, 'Hey fat guy with spans, oh wait that's not spandex, those are baggy shorts. But they look like spanx on you because you are so fat.' And then he turned around and was like, 'Hey Kansas City Chiefs Fan with red Chiefs face paint. Oh wait, that's not red face paint, that's just an extremely dense concentration of zits that covers the entire region of your face.' I was pretty depressed. The only thing worse than having zits all over your face is being really fat. And the only thing worse than being really fat is being really fat with zits all over your face."

I feel really bad for my cousin Frank. He used to be the best at making fun of people, but now he can't because he's a freak.

On the Street Scene

With Fletcher Towell

All right, so I don't have much time for all you gossip hounds this week — my schedule of fly-by-night visits to Beige Block boudoirs has gotten out of hand. If only you knew the things that I get away with every week. That'd be a hell of a column.

What's that stench? Such was the question perplexing the boys of PIKA on Friday, when they stumbled downstairs to find their house smelling like a septic tank. One look in the bathroom revealed the answer: someone had strewn fecal matter all over the walls, floor, and sink of the room. Quickly surmising that they must have been the victims of either a vengeful prank by Phi Delta, or an attack by the infamous mad shitter, the pikes rounded up their pledges to find out who had let the offender in. During the interrogation, however, it turned out that it had been an inside job. It seems that a pledge named Alex, his belly full of beer and his bowels full of feces, had stopped by the house on Thursday to relieve himself, and had missed, badly. Realizing what he had done, our boy best a lusty retreat from the house, but was cut out by some of his acco-tobes brothers in the morning. Needless to say, he had the privilege of cleaning up his shit.

Oh, and not to dwell on PIKA this week, but what's this I hear about track star Tracy Greenberger coming over to play strip beer pong in the basement, or being unknowingly photographed from outside by a couple of unnerved (and clearly frustrated) pikes? Come on now boys, can't you just buy porno mags like all the other frat guys?

All bolded names smell the funk

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Clint Eastwood’s *Absolute Power* is fine, but we’ve come to expect more from Mr. Cool than mere mediocrity.

**BY DANIEL FIENBERG**

As a director, Clint Eastwood has always been at his best when breathing new life into tired genres. He’s come to expect more from him than mere mediocrity. His directorial debut, *Play Misty For Me*, his directorial debut, brought psycho thrillers back into vogue and paved the way for all the obsessed-female pics that followed (*FATAL ATTRACTION, Hand that Rocks the Cradle*). Unforgiven, 1992’s Best Picture of the Year, found him playing off the role of the nameless outsider he made famous decades ago, thereby single-handedly reinvigorating the Western. Eastwood has displayed a consistent ability to tinker with convention, and his adaptation of David Baldacci’s hackneyed political-legal potboiler, *Absolute Power*, should have had similar potential for expansion. Instead, *Absolute Power* is a solid, by-the-numbers thriller that serves as a showcase for his talents.

In *Absolute Power*, Eastwood plays Luther Whitney, an aging master thief (he needs to put on granny glasses to even see the numbers on a security system) who witnesses the murder of the beautiful young wife of an aging billionaire. The people involved in the murder are very, very powerful, and they want to pin the murder on Luther, as does Seth Frank (Ed Harris), the cop on the case. Luther just wants to leave the country, but ties to his predecessor (Laura Linney) and some small sense of right and wrong keep him around to seek justice.

*Absolute Power’s* story is a bundle of clichés that would probably wear down most films. There are elements taken from every John Grisham, Michael Crichton, and Scott Turow novel, and most movie fans will be able to guess the destiny of every character from their first appearances on screen. William Goldman’s script also sticks to the basic formula, doing little to add tension. The deletion of the book’s main character makes the film’s ending painfully anti-climactic. The climax is, in fact, non-existent. But even if the denouement leaves viewers scratching their heads, the film itself still seems to work.

Although devoid of special effects and impressive stunts, *Absolute Power* contains several scenes of classic suspense. Hitchcock would be proud of the rooms within rooms and stairways leading to more stairways, which draw out the taut chase scene that comes within the film’s first 10 minutes. Is the result of the chase ever in doubt? Nah, but the frantic editing and Lennie Niehaus’s eerie synthetic score drive the scene at a frenetic pace. Though his direction carries the action sequences, it’s Eastwood’s performance and his persona that carry the rest of the film.

Eastwood’s gradual effort to soften his screen images is finally beginning to pay dividends after decades as *Pink Cadillac*. His effort to win back his daughter’s respect are heart breaking, but he isn’t all soft. When the police, the White House, and a hired assassin are all on his tail, Clint is probably smarter than all of them, and he’s certainly cooler.

The supporting cast is also strong, Ed Harris is the poor man’s Clint Eastwood, and Scott Glenn is the poor man’s Ed Harris. And putting Harris, Eastwood, and Glenn together in the same film is a dream. Their minimalist acting style — in which a frown is soulful, and a wrinkle of the brow can mean a million things — is a joyful change of pace after a year of Hollywood thrillers featuring Mel Gibson and Robert DeNiro yelling and spitting. The cast’s only weakness is Gene Hackman as the corrupt president. After a performance cribbed directly from his role in *No Way Out*, it may be time for Hackman to take a long break.

Clint Eastwood has directed 19 films in the past couple decades. Though *Absolute Power* is not a ground-breaker like some of his best, Eastwood is a consummate professional, and his all-star cast carries the film above its recycled plot. Only those who’ve come to expect the best will be disappointed.

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**short takes**

**Cube returns in Ground**

Since Ice Cube’s new action drama, *Dangerous Ground*, bears more resemblance to film noir than to urban drama, it would be an injustice to discuss the film in light of Cube’s past work, such as *Boyz N The Hood* and his controversial rap music, Cube, who executive-produced and starred in *Ground*, establishes new territory for himself in ways more than one.

The story begins with Vusi Madlazi (Cube) returning to his native South Africa for the first time since being exiled to America in his early teens. He was a young rabble-rouser against apartheid, attempting to assert the rights of black Africans. Madlazi returns Americanized, driving a rented BMW and speaking in a California accent. His attitudes are American, as well — he refuses to take part in the sacrificial rite for his father’s funeral ceremony.

After burying his father, Vusi soon learns that his youngest brother, Steven, is in trouble in Johannesburg. Vusi sets out to find him, enlisting the help of Steven’s punky neighbor/girlfriend (Elizabeth Hurley). The search leads them through the back alleys and nightmares of Johannesburg and eventually into the palm of cold-hearted kingpin Muki (Ving Rhames, of *Pulp Fiction* fame). The action scenes are a bit trite, and one can’t help but wonder if the film isn’t better suited for television.

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**Friends in Low Places**

As ’90s sitcom potables go, *Friends* is an easy quaff, a light beer chilled just enough to help you overlook the fact that it’s got no real kick. Any edge the show does have springs from Matthew Perry, who delivers its best lines with timing and conviction. But Perry is competent, but advertised as a polyp of belly laughs, that’s not a good thing. Perry is competent, but given no chance to show off the show’s sting, which makes him so appealing on the small screen. And Hayek’s not painful to watch (she definitely ain’t painful to watch), but she contributes little humor or inspiration to the film. Ultimately, *Fools* is harmless — not offendedly bad, or even bad. It’s just not good.

—Francis Englerth

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**Absolute Power**

**Starring:** Clint Eastwood, Gene Hackman, Ed Harris, Scott Glenn, Judy Davis

**Directed by:** Clint Eastwood

**Rated R • Columbia**

**Playing at Cinemagic**

**February 20, 1997**

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**The 34th Street Ratings Guide:** ★★★★★ Mr. Chips ★★★★★ Mr. Keating ★★★★★ Mr. Kotter ★★★★★ Mr. Rooney ★★★★★ Mr. Belding
BY PETE SEGALL

Kolya may be cute, but it's no masterpiece

February 20, 1997

Play Misty for Me

Kolya may be cute, but it's no masterpiece

BY PETE SEGALL

There's something to be said for a filmmaker who can take a premise as obvious and, well, old as that of Kolya, and turn it into a charming little piece of cinema. Of course, that said, as charming as it is, Kolya can never escape its own preset boundaries without kicking the viewer in the stomach. But nonetheless, Kolya is cute and disarming — no, these aren't glowing words of praise (it's pretty obvious that this isn't Potemkin), but it doesn't shoot much higher than that.

Kolya (Zdenek Sverak, who also wrote the script) is an aging bachelor, a skirt-chaser and a concert cellist who is relegated to playing in a small ensemble at funerals. Set in Prague, just before the onset of the Velvet Revolution of 1989, there are Russian soldiers scurrying all over the film, but the important Russian occupation here is an entirely different one: when Louka marries a Russian woman in a failed money-making scheme, he becomes saddled with her five year old son, Kolya (Andrej Chalimon).

This plot line is strictly formulaic. Louka is armed with an acid tongue and has a rather steady stream of young women coming up to his flat. He's broke. His irreverence got him bounced from the State Philharmonic. In other words, he's a right nice foil to have an aban-
doned boy come live with. But his words, he's a right nice foil to have an aban-
doned boy come live with. But

There's something to be said for a film that, in Don Siegel's Dirty Harry, he began his own successful directing career with this vintage thriller. Eastwood plays Dave Garland, a popular jazz disc jockey in California. Garland is a player, thinking nothing of his one-night stands until he meets and beds Evelyn Draper (Jessica Walter). Evelyn, a frequent caller on Garland's show, interprets the sex as the sign of a commitment and she becomes obsessed with him. This obsession goes from the benign (buying him steak) to suicide attempts, kidnappings, and murder.

If the plot sounds familiar, that's because it has become a Hollywood favorite. Adrian Lyne's Fatal Attraction and the Brooke Shields's Friends episode could never have been made without Misty, but Eastwood's film still stands as the genre's best. With slashing scenes on par with Psycho and a goofy sex scene with Clint and TV movie queen Donna Mills, Play Misty For Me is constantly suspenseful and often terrifying.

—Daniel Flenberg

Perfect World (1993)

In 1993, Kevin Eastwood had just starred in the smash hit, In the Line of Fire, and he was still basking in the glory of his Oscar win. In 1993, Kevin Costner was the biggest star in film. Why, then, did their first collaboration, a movie-joker's dream, fail so badly at the box office and with many critics?

While massive blizzards in the Midwest can be blamed for the ticket sales, there is no excuse for the critical dissing that this film took. Costner is at his best as Butch Haynes, a cold-blooded killer, and Eastwood is im-
pecable as the Geni-fuzzing law man, Red Garnett. Perhaps fans were too stunned by Eastwood's age and Costner's mean-
to appreciate Clint's subtly beautiful di-
rection and John Lee Hancock's complex script. Perfect World is worth seeing if only to watch Kevin Costner talk about underwear with a 10-year-old boy.

—Joshua Dunn

Any Which Way You Can (1980)

This movie is what Bonnie and Clyde would have been if Bonnie were played by Clint Eastwood and Clyde were an orang-
utan. Actually, this film was directed by Buddy Van Horn, and not the Clint-ster, but that's OK. There's a guy in it named Ken Lerner. That's almost Kevin Lerner.

—Not Kevin Lemer

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Why are we afraid of the Women's Center?

BY NATALIE DENNEY

"So just call B-FLICK or come down to our office in the Women's Center (and you thought that place was just for male-bashing bitch feminists -- WRONG! It's Penn's new Whore House! The best kept secret on campus) and find the one you've been waiting for all this time."

My stomach twisted and my face burned when I read this sentence, printed in the most recent edition of Penn's independent humor magazine, Punchbowl. I had packed the issue in a "feel-better" bag to give to a friend of mine who needed cheering up. The contents of the bag also included a big-ass hoagie, a box of chocolates, Mike Nichols' *The Graduate* on videotape, and another tape with several hours of *The Simpsons* episodes. Everything I had packed had been carefully selected to make my friend laugh, and I figured Punchbowl would do the job.

I read the issue. I realized how wrong I was. Despite the fact that, as a *Street* staffer, it's in my contract to make fun of Punchbowl whenever possible, I've actually enjoyed the magazine for its oftiebeat sense of humor. Many of the articles, aiming for sardonic, Denis Leary-esque wit, dance along the fault line separating wry, condescending humor from offensive and compassionate ridicule.

The Penn Women's Center is dedicated to women's rights, advocacy, and support. The Women's Center exists for the advocacy of "women, racial minorities, sexual minorities, and other disenfranchised groups," not for "male-bashing." In fact, men are welcome at the PWC and can receive the same counseling and personal attention that women do.

Many of the women who seek counseling there have suffered emotional damage, physical or emotional, which will be with them for the rest of their lives. Some have endured abortions; some have been harassed or demeaned; some have been raped. Listening to these survivors share their psychological torment, one hears the same phrases mentioned repeatedly: these women feel attacked and violated; they feel stripped of their dignity; they feel wounded and vulnerable. To call them "whores," to take simply deriding as far as you can into the reservoir of poor taste. Controversial humor should challenge the audience's sensibilities and their notions of propriety; this does not mean abandoning all respect for the listener with venomous personal attacks. Such diatribes invade the privacy of innocent people and deprive them of the respect they deserve.

When writer Nicole Ovadia referred to an infamous case of rape, the message was intended as a parody of various Penn establishments, finding sexual dissolved of ads. The first is called, "The U.S. Armed Services: Built for a Man, pH Balanced for a Woman," while the second will be entitled, "Today's Army: Where a Modern Woman Can Blossom As Well As Learn to File Her Enemy's Small Intestine with a Swiss Army Knife."

Fearful Fan

Who is this guy? I think I know him. I believe that half of my housemates have been with him, just kidding. If your friend is a reputable source, then I would listen to her. Otherwise, play detective and investigate for yourself. Does he sleep around? Look handsome? I'm not saying that people can't change, but if that is the case, then make him lust for you — and investigate for yourself. Does he say things that make him change his ways. If you search the right avenues for clues to his background, you'll know. And then, you can decide for yourself.

You've got questions. The Mistress has answers. Write to her care of street@dp.upenn.edu.
The lecture began by tackling the misconceptions about Judaism. Is Judaism faith or knowledge? The man asked. He proceeded to explain that, because we are rational beings, we cannot accept anything without proof, especially when it comes to making such important life-style decisions. We base our choices on information and knowledge backed by evidence.

No, this wasn’t a Hebrew school class, or even a rabbi’s sermon. Rather, it was a lecture by a Jewish man named Jay Taffel, who runs seminars through the Aish HaTorah organization. By using real-life examples and drawing analogies to choosing a doctor and taking a car to the mechanic, Taffel tries to help “lapsed” Jews such as myself understand our decision making processes, with the “miraculous” conclusion that Judaism is knowledge.

Devoted to persuading secular Jews to observe Judaism and famous for its peculiar, rational approach to faith, Aish HaTorah was founded in 1974. Currently, with a budget exceeding $16 million and 36 branches worldwide, this Jerusalem-based organization has become the most aggressive and successful of such organizations worldwide. It has succeeded in exceeding $16 million and 36 branches worldwide. It has succeeded in providing a quick reason to believe in God and works. Not surprisingly, its promotion has been tremendously successful in Los Angeles, with the help of celebrity supporters like Larry King, Elliott Gould, and Kirk Douglas. For example, the Discovery seminar was also held in L.A. on the same day as it came to Penn, although there it boasted the proud sponsorship of JASON Alexander (who we all know as George from Seinfeld).

Essentially, the organization does little that other neo-religious, cult-like groups do in terms of brainwashing and preaching completely preposterous ideas. Theories of the codes in the Torah date back to medieval times, and a computerized word search is just a high-tech twist. The rational, “speak-your-own-language” approach to the codes are simply the igniting factor – not the primary cause – behind the growth of Aish HaTorah’s success. The real reason for its success is the appeal to the modern need for an easy, accessible, and believable God. The codes are prophetic messages in the Torah, intricately woven into the letters of the text, and placed there by their author, God. The controlled, scientific experiment, as performed by Aish HaTorah, consists of running the text of the Book of Genesis through a computer program, searching for 34 names of outstanding rabbis and their dates of birth and death, taken from The Encyclopedia of the Great Men in Israel.

The statistics searched for a minimum number of letters to skip in the Torah’s text to spell out the names and dates of birth of the prominent rabbis. The awe-inspiring results produced the name and the dates of birth and death next to each other. With the incredibly low probability that these findings are random (.000016), the results of the research have become the backbone of Aish HaTorah while traveling in Israel. He received his rabbinical ordination at the Aish HaTorah College of Jewish Studies and is currently an Educational Director of the New Philadelphia branch of Aish HaTorah. In a tie and suit, Rabbi Barnett looks like an ordinary executive.

The question that remains is really of ends and means. The ends, to save the Jewish culture and to preserve the tradition, are worthy. But when the same rationality is applied to the process of taking a car to the mechanic and choosing to believe in God, I begin to wonder about the means.

As a result of attending the Discovery Seminar, Tanya Rubbak has taken on a new hobby — reading the Torah. She is most likely to be found at Cafe Trio, eating pork, calculator in hand.
The neighborhood is West Philly — with more than 20 schools, thousands of students, and a few teachers, it's not exactly an urban paradise. With minimal funding, the schools are understaffed. Some of the kids suffer from learning disabilities; some have crack-addicted parents; some are victims of Fetal Alcohol Syndrome. Compared to the privileged private schools that many Penn students attended, their West Philadelphia counterparts pale in comparison.

The school district of Philadelphia is divided into 22 separately funded clusters, each consisting of a high school and "feeder" middle schools and elementary schools. Donald Peirce, a reading specialist at Locke Elementary School, says that even though the schools have input into how to distribute the available funds, he would still like to see a lower student-to-teacher ratio. "In larger classes, it's harder to control behavior problems," says Peirce.

With a lack of guidance, even the smartest children can easily fall under the spell of peer pressure that declares it "uncool" to get an "A." And with the limited college advising available at Philadelphia's public high schools, few students ever let themselves dream of continuing education beyond secondary school. Some children say things that most of Penn would probably find absurd — like the Drew Elementary School student who declared to his tutor that he couldn't apply to a university because "black people aren't allowed to go to college."

Ultimately, many kids simply don't get the attention they need, according to Linda Hansell, director of the Partners Program — "a unique urban-suburban school partnership" — and a professor at Penn's Graduate School of Education. "These kids are starved for attention, the teachers have a hard time, and there's not enough money to hire enough teachers to care," Hansell says. In short, West Philadelphia public schools are in desperate need for money, people, talent — anything to help the kids. With so much room for improvement, however, is there anything that is being done?

"Few people realize that a mission statement of a University is to combine service, teaching, and research," says Amy Cohen, the ultra-overworked assistant director of the Penn Program for Public Service. Most Penn students would eagerly agree with the teaching and research missions of the establishment, but what about service to the community? But Cohen believes that the community service trend is on the rise. "72 percent of entering freshmen come to college with some prior community service experience, with an interest in continuing it in college," she says.

While some choose to get involved on a more temporary basis — remember one of the first Saturdays in freshman year, when a few brave students woke up at nine a.m. to get involved with the Into the Streets project? — others choose to devote time to programs like Penn Corps or the West Philadelphia Improvement Corps. Among other things, these programs aim to get students into West Philly to help out in different ways. An especially popular volunteer opportunity is tutoring in West Philadelphia elementary and high schools.

Penn offers a surprising abundance of community service opportunities, many of which are run under the auspices of the Program for Student-Community Involvement (PSCI) in Houston Hall. The largest of these programs is the West Philadelphia Tutoring Project, which involves 11 team leaders supervising about 300 Penn students to cover 21 area schools. These tutors work with all age levels, helping kids mainly in reading and math. The Project also organizes special events, including ice-skating, 76ers games, and plays at the Annenberg Theater. By maintaining contact with the kids outside of the classroom, the program's organizers hope to create a relationship that goes beyond the academic. And by and large, it seems that the program is successful, although measures of success are admittedly difficult to quantify with such a small statistical sample.

Nevertheless, academic classes that get Penn students into the West Philly schools, such as Linda Hansell's Education 323, Tutoring in Urban Public Schools, Theory and Practice, have produced anecdotal results. College junior Leslie Cohen, who took the course in the fall of 1995, has had a unique opportunity to apply theory in her personal relationship with a seventh-grade student named Michael at Drew Middle School. Now an eighth-grader, Michael has been aided by Cohen for one and a half years. Outside of the classroom, she has played games with him, supplied him with issues of Sports Illustrated, and helped raise his self-esteem by explaining the role of the multiple intelligence construct — something that she directly learned in Education 323.
Cohen regards Michael as a success story, because "he no longer needs her help," she says. Quoting Hansell's words, she notes that "the goal of every tutor is to become obsolete — to make the student independent so that he or she doesn't need your help." Apparently, she has succeeded, because recently Michael's teacher told her that Michael was ready to learn on his own.

Luckily, Michael is not the only success story of the tutoring project. School officials are unanimous in their praise of the benefits that tutoring gives to the West Philadelphia students. Donald Peirce believes that he has witnessed a positive impact. "Primarily, it has seen improvement in the attitude. Some students go up as much as a grade level [in reading]," he notes.

Marie Bogle, coordinator for the West Philadelphia Tutoring Improvement Corps at Turner Middle School, sees indirect results that are difficult to measure quantitatively. "Children's behavior changes. Children do better because they feel better," Bogle says. She adds that she is especially happy about the family participation that the tutoring project produces. Some families even bring their children to school on Saturdays, which creates a sense of community and helps raise their kids' academic satisfaction.

What is the purpose of tutoring in the long run? The various projects' aims are not limited to a higher reading level, or a better mathematical reasoning ability. Ultimately, Hansell believes that Penn should be sensitive to the academic needs of the community. "We can't change the people from the outside, but can listen to the community, and help them to empower themselves. Penn is doing a tremendous amount to help people bridge the gap, to make them successful adults in a multicultural society," she says.

Community service is undoubtedly the best rebuttal to those who oze negativity about living in West Philadelphia. Although some may believe that the escalating crime rate is driving down the University's popularity, many have chosen to get involved in order to help. At a time when Penn is busy installing bright lights around campus and opening a shiny new Security Division to give West Philadelphia a band-aid solution to the crime problem, volunteers are trying to provide a feeling of comfort in their own -- giving local children a sense of self-worth and an innumerable number of options to explore. And it is these programs that will do much more in the long run than any number of security guards will do today.

Sasha Pugachensky is Street's Features Editor. Last weekend, she had this cross-dressing party at her house and made a pretty fine lookin' fella.

U. City High students are among those in West Philly who are tutored by people at Penn.
Finally sick of Sick of It All

Ten years later, this hardcore mainstay proves it wasn’t Built to Last

BY JOSH HEALD

I know I’m up too late if I don’t recognize the band on MTV at that hour. I know I’m up way too late if I need an English to English translator to guide me through the song’s lyrics. I guess I must have been up too late the first time I listened to Sick of It All’s new release, Built to Last, because it’s hard to distinguish from other hardcore music of its caliber. I can’t tell the difference between these guys, Down By Law, Pennywise, or NoFX, except that listening to any of these other bands is much easier on the ears. True to their roots though, Sick of It All makes no effort to alter the standards of hardcore set over a decade ago with their debut album. Built to Last just don’t live up to their hype. Rather, the songs all follow the same outline: a short intro (either vocal or guitar), a lot of yelling and jumbling of words, and drummer Armand Majidi working overtime on the set. To top it off, lead vocalist Lou Koller’s voice is like an old war wound, festering and raw.

This is music for the mosh pit and not for the symphony hall. If you’ve already gotten the shit beat out of you in the pit, you won’t have any problems with this CD — you’ll probably love it as much as the identical one played before it. But, when making the decision on whether or not to invest in Built to Last, don’t indulge… chances are, you already own it.

Midgets, mutes, freaks, and punk

BY DIEGO HADIS

Punk rock has always been fascinated with noise, freaks, and social outcasts — a progression which can be traced from the Ramones (their cry “gabba-gabba-gabba” was borrowed from a ’30s film about circus freaks) to Fugazi, who sings about marginalized members of American society. Such outcasts inhabit the songs on Let Them Eat, the debut album by Washington, DC’s current punk rock sensation, the Monorchid. On the album’s first song, “Chompers,” singer Chris Thomson warns us that “the circus is coming.” Indeed, what follows is a song-by-song cataloging of various sideshow oddities.

Directed at the “anorexic vampires,” “Oral Fixation Anonymous” is a thinly-veiled swipe at trendy scenesters involved with D.C. hardcore. “How could someone one smile and look so ill?” Thomson asks with disgust. On “This Jazz Ain’t Free,” perhaps the album’s best track, Thomson asks “what ever happened to the girl with the sleepy eye?” He doesn’t expect an answer, muses, “was it witness protection, or did she try suicide?” Other outcasts march through the Monorchid’s songs.

Honky-tonk woe, man

BY MELISSA GOULDS

Chris Whitley’s new album, Terra Incognita, is an eclectic mix of sounds reminiscent of folk/punk pop combined with the influence of the Urban Outfitters grunge generation. Whitley’s sensuous mellow voice is perfectly enhanced by the laid-back strumming of his banjo and the harmonizing of the guitar. His seemingly effortless crooning, highlighted by distinctively western accompaniment, creates an interesting country flair.

This style is occasionally interrupted by the imposing moaning of an electric guitar that detracts from the smooth rhythm. While this electric guitar does succeed in modernizing Whitley’s classic style and in forming an experimental bridge between the two generations, it also negates the folk tradition that Whitley has so expertly mastered. This is exemplified in “Clear Blue Sky,” in which Whitley’s guitar is a bit too ambitious and strays from the original form. Yet overall, Whitley’s music tends to focus on his obvious vocal talent rather than on any intricate instrumentation.

With the exception of Whitley’s few uncharacteristic guitar interludes, he definitely has a unique and promising approach to music. His contagious beat is apparent in “Automatic,” in which his subtle twang mesmerizes the listener. While the lyrics often lack depth — “Automatic love is all I want/End of the day/Automatic love is all I got/To get away” — he presents them in such a pleasing manner that he reduces the need for any profound meanings, if you ever had that need in the first place.

While Whitley’s style seems a bit confused, he is still thoroughly enjoyable when he concentrates on his confident sensuality and soothing harmony. He does not challenge you with complicated instrumental or obscure words; rather he allows you to free your mind with a bit of nostalgia for classic legends of past generations.
Selling the drama again

Live's eagerly-awaited Secret Samadhi won't disappoint fans of the band's pretentiousness and stylistic stagnation.

BY KEVIN LERNER

The members of Live had their coming-out party as bonafide rock stars this past weekend on Saturday Night Live. Decked out in leopard-skin pants, the quartet pranced around like they owned the stage. The multi-platinum success of Throwing Copper has allowed them to take such liberties with their persona. This "look at what our record company will let us do" mentality oozes out from between the cracks of lead singer Ed — sorry, he's Edward now — Kowalczyk's voice on their new release, Secret Samadhi, and runs a promising band.

To call Live a bad band would be wholly unfair. Looking back at Live's eagerly-awaited Secret Samadhi release, now — Ed — sorry, he's Edward now — Kowalczyk's voice on their new release, Secret Samadhi, and runs a promising band.

The Bush of the New World.

Edward Kowalczyk doesn't exude Gavin Rosdale's pretty-boy confidence, but he has added a self-important swagger to his lyrics. Without Kowalczyk's anguish (and anguishing) wailing, however, these lyrics reveal themselves as inane and utterly meaningless. A quote from the song "Merica" is particularly telling: "My head's in the ground / I can't make a sound. / The priests were all stoned / The fact that you moaned / My head's in the ground (repeat)." The "repeat" is significant because it highlights the most alarming trend in the album's lyrics: lack of ideas. "Ghost" uses the phrase "You stole my idea" no less than a half dozen times, with the only variety coming from the insertion of the oh-so-astute witticism, "The puke smells like beer."

Every track features the incoherent ramblings of a pretentious jerk. In that aspect, Live has become Bush.

Musically, however, Live holds one advantage over its British counterpart in the ego-rock trade. Whereas Bush plays loudly all the time, Live plays quietly, then suddenly breaks out into a loud chorus. Dynamic contrast is a plus, but it can't make a bad album good. Secret Samadhi is evidence of this.

Behind the album's moronic spewing of fortune-cookie wisdom lies a poorly arranged foundation of messy strumming and erratic cymbal crashing. The guitarists are distorted beyond recognition, and quiet sections of the album, no less — has no right to major release — their full track analog recorder. Any band that allows unprofessional fuck-ups like those onto a major release — their third full album, no less — has no right to be pretentious, and yet Live seems to want to base the rest of its career on caring for helterskelter through a set list of under-written, over-produced songs.

Yes, Live will have a "rest of its career." Secret Samadhi will likely follow its predecessor to platinum status, even though it lacks the radio-friendly pellets fed to the public by so many radio stations. Live found its formula with Throwing Copper, and they try to milk that formula for another twelve tracks on their new release. The average non-discerning teenage testosterone-controlled listener will undoubtedly be thrilled to hear this news. Unfortunately, the ears of the non-discerning were the same ears that made Live into what it is today:

PENN POETS
Live at the Kelly Writer's House

"XPN is still far from returning to its former status as Penn's student-run radio station, but featuring Penn poets at a Penn organization is a good start, even if it is broadcast at the wonderfully convenient hour of midnight on Saturday. The jury is still out on English professors. A Fire Island's experiments with silence, though. Yes, I'm nervous. Al, what's your point?"

LYRICS BORN

Baliuag Beach 12"

(SoleSides)

Lyrics Born waxes melancholy over this slow-rolling, soulful, self-produced track. He weaves an intricate extended metaphor between the passing of time and the endless crashing of waves on the beach. Born has created a beautifully crafted jewel.

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Ultimate Dance Party 1997

(Pristine)

Proudly owned by Street's very own Editor-in-Chief, this collection includes classics like Quad City DJs' "C'Mon and Ride It (The Train)," Amber's "This is Your Night," and yes, even the Macarena. When you've got this puppy in the CD player, the disco ball spinning, and the booties shaking, you're guaranteed an evening of hip-grinding love, straight out of the mid-'90s. And this isn't even one of those "only sold on TV" discs — you can pick it up at your local record store. What a deal!
Beavis & Mike Judge goes prime time

Texas. When he's not shirt-wearing Everyman from Arlen, King of the friends, or chewing out his ditzy cussing auto maintenance with his The Simpsons. and Butthead

The brainchild of a match made in animated heaven, King of the Hill is a collaboration between Beavis and Butthead creator Mike Judge and Greg Daniels of The Simpsons. And while the strong influences of the two shows are easily apparent, King of the Hill has a feel that's all its own.

The setting of King of the Hill plays a big part in setting the tone for the show. Life in Arlen moves slowly — the show has a pace far slower than Simpsons and fans slowly — the show has a pace far its own.

The most entertaining of the group is the slant-eyed Boomhauer, who regularly spouts off about the topic at hand in a voice that could easily be mistaken for a foreign language. After only a handful of episodes, he's already covered such diverse topics as Seinfeld, baseball, and child rearing — and he's even had a tete-a-tete with another incoherent favorite, Bob Dylan.

Boomhauer's take on the Internet goes something like this (though it's just not the same without hearing his voice): "Yeah, man, I'll tell you what, that dang of Internet, man, you just go out on there, and point and click ... talking about us dot com and you got them that naked chicks on there, one a different stereotype of southern life. Dale is a conspiracy buff who seems oblivious to the fact that his own son bares an uncanny resemblance to his wife's tall, barechested Indian-chief "friend" who always seems to be leaving (occasionally out the window) whenever Dale's arriving. Bill is a divorcee whose main contribution to the bunch seems to be providing a convenient fourth whenever a case of beer has to be split amongst them into six packs.

King of the Hill

Created by: Mike Judge, Greg Daniels

The 34th Street Ratings Guide: • • • • Mr. Chips • • • • Mr. Keating • • Mr. Kotter • • Mr. Rooney • Mr. Belding

Hell bent

Microsoft, in their never-ending quest for total world domination, has decided to do everyone a favor and enter the video game market. One of their more promising releases, Hellbender, shows that we are all probably still safe for now. There is probably a pretty cool plot behind Hellbender, but it doesn't matter. The point of the game is simply to pilot your Hellbender fighter and kill all the baddies before they kill you. You also have to destroy certain things before proceeding on to the next level. Obviously, originality is not one of Hellbender's strong points. However, the game has some golden eggs. The animation may be a little choppy, but the graphics are nicely drawn, and the cinematic sequences between levels are a nice touch. The music is also pretty cool, adding to the mood of the game without being annoying, even with the weak sound effects. One of the neat aspects of the game is that Scully from X-Files is the voice of the computer on your ship, although she sounds pretty bored. This game is more fun with a joystick, but a keyboard facsimile will do fine if that's all you have. The controls are very responsive, with the arrow keys being used to control the direction of the ship, while the X and Z buttons throttle up and down, and the spacebar fires your gun. The game is in a true 3-D environment; keep your bearings, or you will end up flying upside-down into a mountain.

Livin' large on the Web

It's funny ... just when you think that this country's going to hell in a handbasket — that wholesome, rib-ethereum, folks who live by the word of the Almighty Lord and the NRA are going the way of dinosaurs and Betamax — something always manages to salvage your faith in humanity. In the glutted internets of information that is the Internet, this redemption comes in the form of The Pot-Bellied Men of America Home Page (http://www.potbelly.com). Established "to give proper recognition to the work ethic of all pot-bellied men in the United States," the corpulent armies of the Pot-Bellied Men struggle to make sense of life's treacherous straits, to find meaning in the cultureless void that America has become.

However, the PBM home page isn't an asylum for the weak or unreflective. It's a celebration of the homespun values that once made this land of whole-milk-and-extra-thick-homey-hominy taste like home for the soul. With features like "Man of the Month," this electronic coterie of corpulence champions oft-neglected values like loyalty and steadfastness as only the proudly plump can. Far from a mere soul-soother, this artery of bandwidth is clogged with enlightening factual cholesterol ... such as the fact that over 80 percent of obese Americans make love in Virginia, belong to Baptist churches, and assist in scout mentoring.

Unlike most point-and-clickables, the page's gifts just keep on giving. The frequently-updated "Pot-Bellied Men News" keeps the vigilant apprised of the pot-bellies' latest exploits, while "Pinup of the Month" provides a juicy morsel of lardly lasciviousness for those lonely nights at the truck stop. These are tough-to-swallow times that we live in. Like a half-pound of Bac-Os on a garden salad, the PBMA homepage helps things go down a bit easier. Hell, the damn thing makes me want to hum a few strains of "God Bless the U.S.A." just thinking about it.

—Francis Englert
Crawfish, jambalaya, and gumbo, gar-on-teened

The Magnolia Café serves up Cajun for the Yankees

BY DANIEL OHGI

Where should I eat? What should I eat? Who am I? What is this thing and decor are what one would expect from a stylized version of the menu, as well as the foods designated as "Dining With Heart," which are low in fat, cholesterol, and sodium. Finally, the desserts are each worth the attention. The Magnolia Café warrants the experience of age. Like Jackson Pollack, Stern uses splotters of color, but she incorporates them into her picture, instead of in place of it. The same bicycle, which the viewer sees from seat to handlebars as one scans the painting from left to right, is shown in different moods. While Claude Monet painted haystacks in different natural settings, Stern creates her own worlds. The bicycle's pedals are in the same position in all of the paintings, right pedal down, left pedal up. Its outlines are thick and disproportional, remaining just recognizably "bike-like." Stern plays with two main ideas — the single bike and the multiple bike themes. The multiple bike version contains bikes of varying sizes set at different angles on the canvas. Parts of bikes extend off the canvas, as the picture does not end where the canvas does. Furthermore, the bicycle lines appear to meld into the cross-sectional background lines, making object distinction difficult. Stern's "Bicycle Construction," an example of the multiple bike theme, is completed with six Matchbox cars (including police vehicles), four toy traffic lights, and two toy traffic cones lined up on the bottom edge of the frame. These props pay homage to the childhood that her work evokes. Every first Friday of the month, members of the Old City Arts Association hold open houses and charge their displays. Next month, Stern will show some of her other portraits at Gallery Alexy along with more than two dozen other artists.

Neon Bicycles at Funland

Janet Stern
At Gallery Alexy

Gallery Alexy
225 Race Street
(215) 627-0769
Runs through March 2
**picks of the Week**

**February 20 - 26**

**Thursday**

**art**

**Barnes Foundation**

After more than 70 years, the Barnes Foundation has opened its once-closed doors to the public, allowing anyone with five bucks to view one of the finest collections of early French modern and post-impressionist collections in the world. Masterpieces by Renoir, Cezanne, Matisse, Picasso, Rousseau, Modigliani, Monet, Manet, and Degas line the walls. Take note of the placement of the pieces — they illustrate Dr. Barnes’s innovative teaching philosophy, which encourages the appreciation of all forms of art, from African masks to Native American jewelry. A short walk away from SEPTA Regional Rail’s Merion Station, the Barnes collection is a must-see for anyone living in the area (that means you, stupid). It doesn’t take an art history major to appreciate the genius and talent that created the collection. Call SEPTA for train times.

**friday**

**museum**

**Between Yin and Yang**

Long before the yin-yang became a well-known icon in the Western world, manifesting itself in various forms of adolescent jewelry sold at “Claire’s” (like those charms that dangle from chokers), it was a meaningful symbol in the East. Among its more common interpretations — as a parallel for the male-female relationship or as an emblem for moderation — it symbolizes the earth and heaven.

And between yin (the earth) and yang (the sky) are stars — which, over the years, have inspired a whole mess of ancient Chinese fables with their ambiguous mysticism. The Franklin Institute has decided to take advantage of their impressive Fels Planetarium to put on a show that explores ancient Chinese astrology, as part of the extensive museum-wide investigation the country’s contributions to science (not as if the invention of movable type or gunpowder could compare to being mass-produced on moon rings). A troupe of 14 artisans from China is also along to show off their skills making paper and weaving silk.

Through March. Free with admission. 222 N. 20th St. (215) 448-1200.

**saturday**

**music**

**L7**

Perhaps you were pretending that riot- grrl rock was dead. Perhaps you were enjoying the new sensuality of girl-pop. With female-fronted bands like the Cardigans and Garbage monopolizing the airwaves and all-girl groups like the Spice Girls emerging from out of the Brit-ground, the woman in rock has been decidedly feminine these days. Even the less bubblegum alternative-girls nowadays, like those in Luscious Jackson and Veruca Salt, boast vocals a few octaves higher than those of a few years ago.

But L7 is back with a new tour, a new CD, and a highly favorable Rolling Stone review (and it takes a strong man to stand by a strong woman), all while simultaneously retaining their rougher, loon-feet-esque “masculinity.” The band has apparently gone a step “brawnier,” and the show is definitely worth checking out if you’re old enough to riot at the Pontiac Grille.

Doors open 8 p.m. 3rd and South Sts. (215) 925-4653.

**Odadaa**

Sounds of the southern hemisphere dominate the International House tonight. While African music has had an unparalleled impact on almost every genre of music we listen to today, very rarely do we experience it in its pure form. International House offers all this and some mad-fly costumes with Odadaa.

Hailing from Ghana, the 11-member troupe that performs Odadaa sings, dances, and plays everything from the asieemenu to the xylophone (the astemenu is one of many Ghanaian drums that comprise the percussion section of this energetic bunch).

S$15. 8 p.m. 3701 Chestnut St. (215) 387-5125.

**sunday**

**music**

**A Cappella Competition**

It is a strange compulsion that urges people to sing. Even if they’ve been seemingly engineered to make sounds resembling alliging zebras (which I imagine would sound really annoying), even if they’re incapable of keeping any semblance of a beat, people still like to open their big mouths.

Almost all humankind deserves to be chastised for this indulgence and utter lack of self control — a certain Romeo of mine, who will go unnamed, is no exception. But the strong, vocal minority of you in a cappella groups are exempt from this tirade.

Ah, the sweet, sweet sound of talented human voices. Sigh. How rarely I enjoy them. But wait! Tonight, for only five dollars (a paltry fee), I can skip along to Zellerbach Theatre and watch five different a cappella groups sing! And they’re actually competing to prove who’s the best at singing! Hee hee! Nice sounds! No screech! Hahahahaha!

Ahem. Excuse my effervescence. Anyway, come hear and cheer on Penn-a cappella groups the Counterparts and Off the Beat, as they square off in perfect harmony against University of Maryland’s Generics, NYU’s APC Rhythm, and Johns Hopkins’ Octopodes. And I mean perfect harmony. No sick zebra sounds or anything.

S$5. 7 p.m. Annenberg’s Zellerbach Theatre, 3680 Walnut St., (215) 988-3791.

**tuesday**

**art**

**Bird Chasing Comet**

An exhibition of visionary art from six non-profit rehabilitation programs. Just down the street, the Arts League displays colorful, emotive works whose artists partake in local rehabilitation programs. These paintings, drawings, and sculptures clearly and disconcertingly express the thoughts, feelings, and life experiences of the artists, also revealing their innate creativity and completely self-taught talent.

An added bonus offered at the exhibition is a “Tanzer” produced by one of the artists. It recounts his experience, lobbies against psychological imprisonment, and exemplifies the intense desire for freedom and acceptance pervading this show. Bird Chasing Comet will make an unquestionable impact that beats any old Picasso, or at least anything else you’ll find for free within a two-block radius.

Free. 4226 Spruce Street, (215) 382-7811. Monday-Thursday 1-8 p.m., Friday 1-5 p.m. Through March 10.
If people always did the right thing, we wouldn’t have racism. And the answer to racism isn’t just tolerating each other. People don’t want to be “just tolerated” - they need to be loved. And just telling people to be more tolerant or loving hasn’t worked and won’t work. We need a new heart attitude, a new ability to love - Jesus Christ specializes in heart transplants of this kind. He promises to give us the power to love even our enemies. In honor of Dr. Martin Luther King’s birthday and Black History Month we’re offering the article “Give the Dream New Life.” For your free copy call 1-800-236-9238.
MARGARET MEAD
Traveling Film & Video Festival

Thirteen intriguing films from the U.S. and abroad
direct from the renowned New York Margaret Mead Film and Video Festival

Friday, February 28th through Sunday, March 2nd

Subjects include
Fake Documentary
Focus on Peter Adair
Pacific Island Cultures
Reevaluating Traditional Roles
From the Point of View of Women

Me and My Matchmaker
Filmmaker Mark Wexler’s effort to learn more about a Jewish American
“schakhma” (professional matchmaker) gets complicated when he begins a
relationship with the matchmaker and her clients! (Saturday, March 1)

Focus on Peter Adair
Two of gay filmmaker Peter Adair’s works are the focus of the opening night:
Holy Ghost People portrays a West Virginia snake-handling sect, and
Absolutely Positive features Adair as both director and subject as he explores
the lives of Americans living with HIV. (Friday, February 28)

For a complete program call (215) 898-4015.

SPECIAL RATES
FOR PENNcard HOLDERS!
Day screenings FREE
Evening screenings $2.50

UNIVERSITY OF PENNSYLVANIA MUSEUM
of Archaeology and Anthropology, 33rd and Spruce Streets
ACROSS FROM FRANKLIN FIELD