Pipe bursts in Quad basement

Pools of muddy water flooded the Speakman basement after a rainy Tuesday evening.

By Lindsey Faber

Freshmen who live in the basement level of the Quadrangle’s Speakman dormitory were unamused Tuesday night when their halls flooded.—again.

Pipe bursts as a common problem in the depths of the Quad, but at approximately 8 p.m. Tuesday, water began to spread into the dormitory from a broken water line on Hamilton Walk. “The hallway was covered with a layer of dirty, brown sludge,” said Jerry Cudzil, a student resident adviser and College senator.

Although students feared the water was maybe sewage, Associate Director of Operations in Housing and Residence Life Richard Miller said the water was just dirty from filtering through the ground. Besides covering the hallway with an inch-thick layer of muddy water, the flood also affected three dorm rooms.

“It’s like the ten plagues of Egypt—that’s what it is,” said sophomore Anna Fisher. Some students used creativity to protect their belongings. Daily Pennsylvanian reporter and sophomore Ian Friesman covered the hallway with newspaper, toilet paper and towels to protect their room like a fortress.”

Friedman said. “It was really cool—it was like a doomsday movie.”

Workers had gone home for the evening. “But until the morning because all maintenance workers had gone home for the evening,” Friedman said. “It was really cool—it was like a doomsday movie.”

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Protest ends at Mt. Holyoke after suspensions are issued

By Shannon Burke

A small group of students who took over an administration building at Mount Holyoke College — a women's school located in South Hadley, Mass. — gave up their protest Tuesday without achieving their main goals after the school took disciplinary action against them.

The students had occupied Mary Lyon Hall for two days to highlight their concerns that the school is not fulfilling its commitment to maintain the current need-blind admission policy.

"They are cutting minorities out of the landscape," said Fabiola Tafolla — a Mount Holyoke student who was one of the protesters — "and we won't stand for that." The protests are calling for Mount Holyoke to stop the number of underprivileged and minority students from being cut and to increase the presence of Asian American students.

"We love Mount Holyoke and we want to take over the building only if the school's trustees stop the counteroffer," she added. "We are angry and we think the group's demands are legitimate."

"I think the protesters were acting too radically," said a female student who was one of the protesters and a Native American student.

"We love Mount Holyoke and we want to take over the building only if the school's trustees stop the counteroffer," she added. "We are angry and we think the group's demands are legitimate."

April 22 — A female student's unattended and unsecured backpack, containing $4 in cash, a Sony Walkman, a passport and papers was taken from a rack in the incident, which occurred at approximately 8:00 p.m.

April 23 — A male student's unattended and unsecured backpack — containing $4 in cash, books, a passport and papers was taken from a rack in the incident, which occurred at approximately 8:00 p.m.

April 22 — A student's unattended and unsecured bicycle was stolen from a rack in the incident, which occurred between 5:20 p.m. and 5:30 p.m.

April 22 — A female student's unattended and unsecured backpack, containing $4 in cash, books, a passport and papers was taken from a rack in the incident, which occurred at approximately 8:00 p.m.

April 19 — A female student reported that a white men's moun
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April 22 — A student's unattend
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April 22 — A male student's blue jeans, a Nike T-shirt and sneakers. The student was theft at approximately 7:00 p.m.

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Few minority students attend Ivy schools

MINORITIES from page 1

The University has always had MINORITIES from page 1

The University could inmate Ms ef

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Council President Alejandra Mon

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But some Brown officials say even

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"Dartmouth College is a place where

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SATURDAY

FRIDAY

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Got a hot news tip? Call Mike Madden at 896-6585, ext. 138

MEETING: From page 1

work yesterday morning, rerouting the water supply to the bathrooms by 8:30 a.m. by re-routing water from other parts of the Quadrangle. City officials reported that repairs to the water pipe were completed by 11:30 a.m.

Cudzil said he felt badly for the freshmen living on his hall, and believed the experience was more than anyone deserved.

He said: "I think it's wonderful because it's a tiki bar and a conversation starter for new roommates," he said.

"We've found most people read it, and it's even a conversation starter for new roommates," he said.

Friday, April 24, 1997

NEWS

Class of 2001 to read book on Lincoln

MEETING: From page 1

excited about the novel selection and is a good introduction to academic life for freshmen students because "it's focus on the power of words." A book drawing attention to Lincoln is a shared novel among students whose interests coincide with themes of the class of 1999's Reading Project. The class is successful in its goal to create academic experiences in Paris.

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The Daily Pennsylvanian Page 5

The DP could be your skills. Be open-minded. Be adventurous. Be column, cartoon, you name it!

The Blonde Leading the Blonde.

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MEETING: From page 1

avoid blame by pointing out that the students had chosen to stay in the dorms. Zuino said.

"People should have lived here this year," he said. "In fact, most young people think there will be no one here.

Even the residents of Speaker's basement were offered the option to move out due to the repeated flooding after rain and mice problems. But the students "spied to stick it out together," Zuino said.

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Don't walk, run to the Relays

The 103rd Penn Relay Carnival starts today and all Penn students should make time to attend the events over the next three days. The 103rd Running of the Penn Relay Carnival will be like none other.

Don't walk, run to the Relays who have neglected to run.

students should today and all Penn Relay Carnival starts next three days. The strength, agility and athleticism of the Penn running team is shown up on Saturday — perfect for an enjoyable day out.

Penn Relay and American records are expected to be challenged, as an overcomer Columbia University is expected to run the full distance, and the women''s relay in the 400-meter dash. Olympic gold medalist Allen Johnson in the hurdles and America's best middle distance runner. Mary Decker-Slaney. Penn Relay and American records are expected to be challenged, as an overcomer Columbia University is expected to run the full distance, and the women''s relay in the 400-meter dash. Olympic gold medalist Allen Johnson in the hurdles and America's best middle distance runner. Mary Decker-Slaney.

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Student volunteer hopes to lead others by his example

By Hilary Schaefrr

College senior Matthew Rist understands that community service is an 'awesome' act of sharing. The 21-year-old student is one of the 800 members of the University’s Youth Leadership Council, which is meeting today to discuss the upcoming Presidents’ Summit.

“We are trying to increase the visibility of the Council to the community," said Rist. "It’s a great way to give back to the University and to Philadelphia neighborhoods." Rist also criticized the University’s failure to adequately fund the Council in previous years. He explained that the University should do more to help local residents.

"My hope is to convince other students to volunteer and get involved." said Rist. "I think it’s important to give back to the community and to make a difference." He added that students need to take an active role in community service and lead others by their example. "We are all a part of the community," he said. "Let’s work together to make a difference."
Dole supports chemical weapons ban

White House officials believe Bob Dole's decision will encourage ratification of the world-wide ban.

WASHINGTON — On the eve of a Senate showdown, President Clinton won key support from former rival Bob Dole yesterday for a worldwide treaty to ban chemical weapons. Clinton also courted backing from Majority Leader Trent Lott.

Dole, a former Senate majority leader who helped deadlock the treaty during last year's presidential campaign, offered conditional support in a late-night phone call. Clinton, who had lobbied both sides, then worked the phones to shore up additional support.

"It is perfect," Dole said at a White House ceremony attended by Clinton. "But I believe there are now adequate safeguards to protect American interests." Dole expressed optimism that Dole's decision would give "momentum to the treaty." The treaty, already ratified by 74 nations, would ban the use, production, development, and stockpiling of all chemical warfare agents and require the destruction of existing stockpiles over the next decade. It will take effect when it has been signed by at least 40 nations.

"I am prepared to take the criticism you may get either way you go," the Mississippi Republican told reporters during the day. "In his public comments, Lott gave both sides cause for hope."

Dole, who opposes the treaty at Clinton's side in the Senate, is among those who have said they support ratifying the agreement but not signing it. Clinton has said he would sign the treaty if it passed.

The treaty was approved by the Senate earlier today, and Clinton is scheduled to sign it in a ceremony attended by Clinton. "But I believe there are now adequate safeguards to protect American interests." Dole's decision would give "momentum to the treaty." The treaty, already ratified by 74 nations, would ban the use, production, development, and stockpiling of all chemical warfare agents and require the destruction of existing stockpiles over the next decade. It will take effect when it has been signed by at least 40 nations.

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Jiang, Yeltsin pledge to forge new world order

The presidents of Russia and China agreed yesterday to work toward a new world order in which regional powers would share a balance of power. They also spoke of the importance of the Cold War mentality and opposition to the ideological bond that snapped in the 1990s.

The two presidents met for more than an hour in a ceremonial hall at the Grand Kremlin Palace. Yeltsin, with typical grandiloquence, said afterward that the summit had "a tremendous, perhaps even historic importance, because we're determining the fate of the 21st century."

China and Russia, once the ideological bond that ended the Cold War, have endorsed the pact. They also spoke of the importance of the Cold War mentality and opposition to the ideological bond that snapped in the 1990s.

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The jurors, speculated to consist of 10 whites and two minorities, all have said they are in favor of the death penalty.

DENVER — Timothy McVeigh's jury in- cludes a referee who believes in boxing for hire, a teacher who sees McVeigh as a "nice kid," and property manager whose leasing his housing from Garfield Dead concert, according to a list obtained by The Associated Press.

The alternate panel included a retired Air Force man who believes he should be made a captain because he is a crime deterrent, and a man who was laid off at Chrysler and earning minimum wage.

All 22 jurors and alternates said they would be willing to recommend execution, although several expressed reservations about the ultimate penalty, and McVeigh now faces the death penalty if convicted.

"If someone is going to take another per- son's life they are in essence forfeiting their own," said a juror, a watchmaker who reads Gospel magazine and who is certain she could recommend execution with a clear mind. "I know who I would live with my life." The identities and backgrounds of the jur- ors, albeit in small pieces, all have said they are in favor of the death penalty.

A theme in the answers the jurors and al- ternates gave was that of empathy for the victims of the April 19, 1995, Oklahoma City federal building bombing that killed 168 peo- ple and injured hundreds more.

The first juror selected, a grandmother who lives in a mountain home, said she watched several hours of the bombing cer- emony and cried. She said she had cried and prayed for the survivors.

Another juror is a minister who views dis- abled children, looked over at McVeigh in court and expressed surprise that he could commit such a heinous crime.

"He looks like a nice kid," she said. "It's overwhelming for me to think that this person who looks like the average type of person could do such a thing." And further concealing their identities.

The identities and backgrounds of the ju- ors, albeit in small ways.

A young man who works as a landscaper for a transit agency said that after he heard the news of the bombing, he called his mother to tell her about the stability of the "We're Not Dead" signs. He asked his supervisor about it and was assured it was safe.

Earlier yesterday, Tech. Sgt. Ish- mael Antonio, retired to rescue deceased pedesitrians amongst other duties, had to retrieve the two pieces from near Gold Dust Peak in the Holy Cross Wilderness Area, 13 miles southeast of Vail, Running said.

One piece is plastic insulated tub- ing and wires, described as part of a device used to control flags, and the other is metal with the markings of a rocket-engine. The FBI said the markings are of turbo parts made by General Elec-

Another juror tried to pick up the largest piece of wreckage, but it was bigger than him and he couldn't lift it from the snow. But he said he believed the two smaller pieces instead.

When the weather on the mountain was better than was anticipated, Pletcher said, and the searchers had no chance to get there overnight. The plan was to fly them out today, but if they had to, they could walk to Interstate 70, he said.

The four have cellular phones and other communication devices. They are experienced high-altitude climbers.

The AP yesterday obtained a thumbnail list of the seven-man, five woman jury and McVeigh's life they are in essence forfeiting their own," said a juror, a watchmaker who reads Gospel magazine and who is certain she could recommend execution with a clear mind. "I know who I would live with my life," added a juror, a watchmaker who reads Gospel magazine and who is certain she could recommend execution with a clear mind. "I know who I would live with my life."
PNN combines patient care with research

Nursing from page 1

from one study indicates that patients are more willing to visit nurse prac-
titioners, talk to nurses more and re-
quire fewer emergency room visits when regularly treated by nurses in a
system like PNN.

Evans noted that of PNN’s opera-
tions, two best represent the Nursing
School’s emphasis on research and
ship practices — the Health Annex and
the Collaborative Assessment and
Rehabilitation for Elders, or CARE,
Program.

The Health Annex, located on
the grounds of the Francis J. Myers
Recreation Center, is actually a col-
laboration between the Nursing
School and the Philadelphia Depart-
ment of Recreation.

The Health Annex is a primarily
low- to middle-income neighborhood, many of whose residents are技
or can be characterized as “working
poor” and lack insurance.

The Annex, therefore, encom-
passes a tremendous outreach pro-
gram that educates children, parents
and the elderly in locations ranging
from schools to churches.

In an effort to make the center ac-
cessible, the Annex was designed to
include a community room for meet-
ings and educational programs.

Practicing holistic medicine in this
community also means addressing
ailments and issues that are often
not strictly physical.

“We kind of blend and blur the
boundaries between the mental and
physical health rooms,” said Evans.

Based on both their mental health and
their physical health, the Annex
Practitioner Director Claire Wash-
ton said to this end, the Annex includes
a mental health room and a women’s
room so that patients’ needs can be fully
diagnosed and each person can be
“part of the team for your treat-
ment,” she explained.

The Health Annex also follows
through on another major theme of
the Nursing School — focus on pre-
vention and early detection.

“Education and prevention: that is
what the CARE Program is all about,”
said Dr. Vernick.

The CARE Program, PNN’s big-
gest project thus far, and its CARE
helpers — the Health Annex staff
— are the cornerstone of the Nurs-
ing School’s emphasis on research,
student education and community
service.

And as part of the Nursing School,
the Health Annex offers “a huge
role for students,” Washington said.

“Because the center’s work is so
interdisciplinary, students from a vari-
ety of specialties have worked at the
Annex, demonstrating the Nursing
School’s emphasis on research, edu-
cation and practice.

Just as the Health Annex uses spe-
cialists from a variety of fields to treat
patients, the CARE Program offers
students from many different back-
grounds the opportunity to “shop” for
their health care needs.

CARE helps older West Philadel-
phia residents by providing an alter-
native to a nursing home. With family,
occupational, physical and speech
therapists, as well as a geropsychi-
atric nurse and a physician on staff, the
program is a wide range of ser-
vice.

Washington described the CARE
philosophy as “focusing on the patient.

CARE incorporates all aspects of
health care, and provides services
beside physical characteristics and symp-
toms” — much as the Health Annex does.

Pointing to research showing that
older patients do better in outpatient
facilities than in nursing homes.

CARE leaders say the program pro-
vides an ideal setting for both nursing
research and student education.

And as part of the Nursing School’s
interdisciplinary focus, the Annex is in
everyday operations.

For me this has been the best cli-
ent experience that I’ve gotten,” Nurs-
ing student Kenny Carmel said.

PNN programs — which provided
an educational opportunity for 280
undergraduates and graduates last
year alone — have included students
in an effort to bring together all of
the community and health services.

In addition to the Health Annex and
the CARE Program, PNN includes
summer programs, a conference
program, a geriatric consultation
service and community-based health
services for women and men.

This fall, PNN will open the Living
Independently For Elders facility.

The new center, located in a two-
story house on the University of
Philadelphia’s biggest project thus far, and
Penn operates a second site will open
within a few years.

PNN supplies the importance of the
community to the Nursing School.
The two have a symbiotic relation-
ship — while the school needs the
community in order to conduct re-
search, the community benefits from
care, the surrounding neighborhoods
have received better health care tar-
ned to their needs.
Penn's solar car team gears up for national competition

By Kristine Shavers

The most competitive solar car race in North America, the Penn Solar Car Team is gearing up to finalize this year's solar car, "Independence." During a break in the basement of the Towne Building — the workshop for Independence — team members shared their excitement and anticipation with each other for next week's qualification process in Michigan.

"It's really exciting to see something that you've been working on for so long come to a completion," Engineering junior Scott Hafman said. "We're actually going to race this car that we put so much time and work into."

Crowell called his experience on the project unique, as the project in which he's been putting 45 hours into each week for the past four months. "It's not just an electric project or a mechanical project or a business project," he said, adding that being on the team requires a mix of management experience.

"We expect to win," he said. "We have a great team. We have people working on every aspect of the car... It's a huge opportunity to apply classroom experience and knowledge."

He added that members volunteer their time for personal gratification and experience, noting that the Engineering School provides little opportunity to apply classroom knowledge.

"I work with business and engineering students, companies, alumni, and people with all different backgrounds," he added. "There's a cooperative feeling between teams — we help each other out when things break and when teams need to borrow parts."

"The Penn Solar Car Team is an 8-year-old student-run organization. Members handle all design decisions and finances for the project — which requires $100,000. Crowell said most funding comes from alumni.

"It's not just an electric project or a mechanical project or a business project," he said, adding that being on the team requires a mix of management experience.

"I work with business and engineering students, companies, alumni, and people with all different backgrounds," he added. "There's a cooperative feeling between teams — we help each other out when things break and when teams need to borrow parts."

"Independence will be officially unveiled to the University on Saturday. It's a huge event to pull off, and they do a great job," noted Crowell, who added that when the starting flag falls at Sunrayce 97, Independence will be officially unveiled to the University on Saturday.

"We're actually going to race this car that we put so much time and work into." — Scott Salzman, Engineering junior

They've spent four years... Their achievements and accomplishments are many. Think of all your graduating seniors have given you during their last four years at Penn. They have been an integral part of your department and a special part of your life. Don't let them slip away unappreciated. Now it's time to say goodbye.

Make sure your department is part of this keepsake edition, coming out on May 16 in the Graduation Goodbyes Issue. List all your department's seniors, or those students graduating with special honors. Display ads start at just $50. Deadline for submission is April 30 at 5pm.

Stop by The Daily Pennsylvanian office weekdays from 9 to 5 to place your ad. You can also phone the DP at (215) 898-6581 or fax us at (215) 898-2030.

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<table>
<thead>
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<th>Price per day</th>
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<td>90+</td>
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**NOTES:**
- There is a 10-word minimum on all classified ads.
- Class ads are priced at one word per line. Check the ad for the first rate.
- The Daily Pennsylvanian will only assume responsibility for any errors the first day an ad runs. Transfers of proofs are not supplied for classified ads.

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<th>Size</th>
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<td>1/2 column</td>
<td>$35.00</td>
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<td>Full column</td>
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**DEADLINES**

- 1st & 15th of each month.

**PAYMENT**

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<tr>
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<td>$325!</td>
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<tr>
<td>1 Bdrm</td>
<td>$1440!</td>
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Regatta season enters the home stretch

COACHES from page 16

Seldon, who was already serving as the Penn men's soccer team, took the baseball coaching position in July this year. "In 1986, he relinquished his soccer position to accept a national coaching job with the Baltimore Orioles," Seldon said. "I think it would have been difficult for him to succeed with both jobs in the same season."

Seldon also said that he has no regrets about leaving baseball. "The current growth of the baseball season has made the situation for college coach more difficult," Seldon said. "It would be impossible for the college coach to be there during the entire season and still coach his team to the best possible level."

The former three sport athlete at Springfield (Mass.) College has not had a split he has seen in the number of sports played by students. Parents have taught their children to play only one sport, excelling at it the gymnasts and figure skaters who concentrate on the high bar or triple jump will never be gold medal winners."

The bread of Daley, the tough, multi-sport athlete and director of the Penn baseball and football teams, was almost always given, according to Seldon. The longer season has made the job of coaches like Seldon far more time consuming as the NCAA rules that academic year cannot be broken up into blocks of four to five weeks. "It's a little bit of a dilemma, he said. "It's to the teams advantage to keep one eye on its looming league commitments but also has to serve as the host of collegiate sports, according to Penn." When he was asked about the most exciting competition of the year in 1995 by Track and Field News, "I don't know if players watch a lot of baseball today. I don't know if the most exciting competition of the year in 1995 by Track and Field News, "I don't know if players watch a lot of baseball today. I don't know if the weekend may actually take place on Sunday or Monday for most teams," he said. "Penn Relays is totally stressed out because I'm what they call the firemen," Powell said. "There are a million things that we think are done, but maybe aren't completely done and my job in the last couple days is to make sure all the little jobs get done."
THE DAY PENS Avert Sweep

PITTSBURGH — The night was so emotional, even Mario Lemieux couldn't have reduced tears.

The captain of the Penguins refused to see what might be Lemieux's last game, going two0shouted and the tears started falling. He started IV fluids in Philadelphia a day before and stayed late in the goal for two days.

Lemieux made a dramatic finish in the game for the Penguins. He finished the game with four assists, scoring two, including the eventual game-winning goal, the Penguins' only goal of the game. He also scored the winning goal in the 1-0 victory over the New York Rangers.

Lemieux finished his career with 25 goals and 67 assists for 92 points in 175 games. He had 676 goals in 1,461 games and 1,255 points in 1,461 games during his career.

In the final moments of the game, Lemieux skated off the ice as the crowd sang "Happy Birthday." The Penguins' victory was a dramatic finish and a fitting end to Lemieux's career.

Citing Woods furor, Zoeller drops tourney

GREENSBORO, N.C. — Chalking it up to bad luck, Patty Zoeller pulled out of the Women's National Invitation Tournament on Thursday. April 24, 1997 after Kmart severed its ties with the event.

She offered no immediate reason for her withdrawal.

"I am the one who screwed up and I will pay the price," Zoeller said yesterday in pulling out of the Greater Greensboro Chrysler Classic.

The surprising news came one day after Kmart severed its ties with the event.

Black Jack back on track as Cleveland beats Red Sox

CLEVELAND — Behind the four-homer of Billy Hatcher, the Cleveland Indians defeated the Boston Red Sox 8-3 Thursday. April 24, 1997, to snap their three-game losing streak.

Hatcher, who had homered the previous day, went 4-for-4 with a double and four RBIs, driving in four runs in the Indians' victory.

The Indians, who have lost three straight games, announced Thursday that they will not attend the Boston Red Sox's home opener on Tuesday.

The Indians will instead attend a minor league game in Toledo, Ohio, on Monday. The game is scheduled to start at 7:10 p.m.

Zoeller because of his remarks.

Cleveland, 3-4, lost its 11th straight game, but the Indians, 3-4, scored four runs in the first inning to beat the Boston Red Sox. The Indians also scored two runs in the third and fifth innings.

Jake Plummer, who had a career-high 17 hits, drove in two runs with a single in the first inning. The Indians also scored two runs in the third and fifth innings.

The Indians, who have lost three straight games, announced Thursday that they will not attend the Boston Red Sox's home opener on Tuesday. The game is scheduled to start at 7:10 p.m.

The Indians will instead attend a minor league game in Toledo, Ohio, on Monday. The game is scheduled to start at 7:10 p.m.

"I was sitting in the dugout, and I ran off to the dugout, and I thought about it," Plummer said. "I was sitting in the dugout, and I ran off to the dugout, and I thought about it, and I ran back."

Zoeller, who has been under investigation for a year, is under probation for his remarks.

Plummer, who was pitched by the Red Sox, said he was not thinking about the remarking of his own remark.

"I was thinking about it, and I ran off to the dugout, and I thought about it, and I ran back."

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George Mason's Wright takes heptathlon

Poor weather, few events left the heptathletes to labor in relative obscurity yesterday before the competition begins in earnest.

By Kent Grasso

The highlight of Penn's TOMORROW tomorrow as past and future campus today, yesterday's Penn Relay Car- action, few fans other than athletes' parents came out to see the women's heptathlon, the men's decathlon and the men's pole vault.

Those who were in attendance, though, were treated to an outstanding display of athletics.

Day two of the two women's heptathlon saw Wright of George Mason fly away all competition in the seven-event competition to lead the field of 12. The score places her among the top heptathletes in the coun-

lent. George Mason coach Norm Garth was in awe of the performance. "It's still nice when it happens,"Garth said. ("Other scores" look bad on paper, but if you actually complete seven events, then you have nothing."

Wright finished first in the 100-meter hur-

dace, the high jump (she shot put, the 200-meter dash and the long jump. She also placed four, five and six in the

javelin throw.

Minnesota's Anjali Boppler placed sec-

ond, finishing 267 points behind Wright.

Bledter placed second in the shot put, the javelin and the 400. She also placed third in the 200.

Penn senior co-captain Jennifer Jermone placed sixth overall with a score of 4,744, but still felt like a failure. She could not throw the javelin, the 400 and the shot put.

Jermone's score was down from her high of 5,312 last spring. That score made her a pro-

ven qualifier for nationals, but crashed her 50th overall while only the top 20 are ad-

vance.

"I'm not really happy with how I competed," Jermone said. "I'm just trying to leave behind the fact that I didn't do my best." See HEPATHLON, page 12

Times are changing in sports world

The days when most of a coach's job was on the field are giving way.

By Mike Jackarson

Penn baseball coach Bob Seddon walked to the mound at the plate and turned to the dugout. "You have to tell yourself you're okay," he said. "You have to have concentrated your thoughts on who was playing and film session.

NCAA forms they have to fill out or under the pile of cus-

the face of athletics since the 1950s.

Between the bad weather and the lack of

tomorrow, Seddon replies like a coach who has seen the days of the 1970s. "You have to

more that you can sell yourself and the school ," Seddon said. "Coaching is the smallest part of the job today."

Seddon remembers the days when he could drive to

North Jersey to watch a big-time high school prospect like

kid's swing.

"You have to be aware of the times,"Seddon said. "You have to be aware of the times that have been slowly changing."

"Coaches have carefully planned strategies," she said. "They're subspace new, and the job requires more and more that you can sell yourself and the school."

See COACHES, page 14

Princeton shows no mercy in sweeping Softball

By Matt Wurst

Sury had a steamboat, and the Penn softball team rode it like a wave from their first two victories all the way to Princeton. Then the steamboat sank.

Penn TIGERS 8 Princeton 0

April 26, 1997

Sury had a steamboat, and the Penn softball team rode it like a wave from their first two victories all the way to Princeton. Then the steamboat sank.

Penn starred in a one-sided sweep over Princeton Saturday, extending its winning streak to 12 against the Tigers. The Quakers, who allowed only one run in last 15 innings, combined for 19 hits in enemy territory, giving two walks and an intentional walk to Boppler finished in the second meeting. After that, Miller cut the lead the Penn comeback, tying with eight Quakers on six innings.

Penn freshman Suzanne Arbegast pitched three scoreless innings before the Tigers opened the floodgates and unloaded a hitting fest.

The game ended on the bottom of the sixth in-

ning when senior Vicki Moore gave up a two-

double lead and the game was extended to 6-3 in the second game. Penn didn't have any bet-

ter. The Quakers faced the second half of Princeton's pitching platoon in seniors Maureen Dardin, Darcey, last year's Leaguer Pitcher of the Year, four years after Miller left the team. More than a dozen players pitched in the game. Penn's starting pitcher was Mark Fabish. She gave up five earned runs before being relieved by Arbegast in the fifth inning. Penn coach Linda Coverdale has been afraid to throw her freshmen pitchers

Fabish jets to Atlanta for Falcons minicamp

The former Penn wide receiver hopes to latch on as a kick returner.

By Salvatore Bollini

Mark Fabish broke his left shoulder in a game against the University of Maryland, forcing him to miss all but the last game of the Penn football team's season. It ap-

Reddy was third in the 800 with a personal-best time of two minutes, 34.16 seconds.

Jimenez's top finishes included a third place in the 800 and the long jump. She also placed sixth in the shot put and the javelin and the 800. She also placed third in the 400.

Penn's entrant, Hide, finished sixth with 7,617 points. Disappointed with his six-foot, 10-inch jump, Hendley managed to hold onto his sixth place stand-

See RELAYS, page 14

Fabish said. "I knew I wasn't done playing foot-

ball,"Fabish said. "This has been a goal of mine since the season ended." The new Penn Fabish said another teammate of his high school

Last year, the former Penn wide receiver was signed by the Atlanta Falcons, the team that drafted him in the third round of the NFL draft in 1997.

Fabish, who spent last season with the Detroit

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IN THIS ISSUE: Doe Shafir talks to the Toasters
PLUS! Joe Depechi Mode — or, the new movie from Joe Pesci and the new album from Depeche Mode
Senior farewells...(sniff!)

Our Culture Editor bids adieu to the money pit

BY BENJAMIN XAVIER KIM

Well, I see by the ol' VCR programming menu that it's April 1997... which means that it's high time that I get out of here. Soon, I'll be joining a few thousand similarly-robed graduates-to-be, each of us wondering "Who are these people?" or "I wonder how long my e-mail account'll last" or "Oh hell, God, this could be one of the last meals I can completely sponge off my parents... Susanna Foo or Le Bec Fin?"

Personally, I am not going to feel too many tears about leaving. For one thing, I'm going to remain in Philly (please hold your derivative sneering until the end of the Word)

On the Street, thank you and eke out a living while trying to keep up my hobby/dream of being a rock star. Thus, many of my younger friends will be on hand, as will be some of my familiar haunts in the city.

More importantly, I never really fell in love with Penn. When I first got here, I was disillusioned, to say the least. Homicidal to say the least. But not all. 1 must say that Brown, I managed to slog through four years at this damned place. The only thing that gave me the times I put in the windowless den of corrupting was my co-workers, the ones who made this job interesting and enjoyable. Thanks for the memories.

My, "accomplishments," at Street can sound really cool if I try hard: I spent one and a half years here, and a half semesters as copy editor and one as the Voice editor. I've reviewed six of the worst movies ever made, and one of my favorite faves of all time; I've soliloquized about two dead rappers, and reviewed a total of three posthumously released albums. I tried to eulogize my grand-

"How ya livin'?" Anyway, it's been fun.

I don't know how else to say goodbye to the entity that has been a cornerstone of my life for the last two years. I'll no longer look for- ward to Thursday mornings, where I can see the tireless efforts of this whole staff immortalized on paper. I'll never have the opportu- nity to dis the bullshit in theaters, stereo, and across the planet. I won't no longer get any of the free shit that goes along with the job. Life goes on, I guess. Thank you to everyone who's read what I wrote; whether you praised them, or even wished my death because of them. I'll see 'ya at the cross- roads, jerky. Yo Starks, pass the baking soda...

Yeah, I got some last words...

BY JESSE DUCKER

The time has come for me to end my two year tour of duty at the en-
tity of 34th Street. It all started with The Big Green and it ends with this, as well as a few scattered articles throughout this issue. I think I bet-
ter move on before I start taking myself too seriously.

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There's nothing like the end of a school year to make you feel pretty depressed. Back in the day (like, third grade), the end of the year was always exciting — for the next eight months, you could quickly propel them into the upper echelons of whatever in-

3rd and Indiana at the Arden Theatre

Also: Dirty Frank's crazy version of what we call art
guides

You people need so much guidance, I don't even know where to begin...

On the cover

Spring Fling: Let its down stroke stroke you down.

Where's the love? Give us a call or a fax or a note or an e-mail or a letter... or anything just to say hi! We're going to miss you, you know.

Cover photo by a photographer in the billboard room with a camera

April 24, 1997
Asians, when caught outside of their comfort zone of origin, experience a violent shuddering and brain-numbing when not in close contact with others of their own race. Some believe that the DNA vapor exhaled by one's fellow Asians maintains and stabilizes blood oxygen and pH levels. However, with medication, it is possible for Asians to live normal, happy, healthy lives amongst those of other races.

Asians who choose to get along with non-Asians.

Jeffy-Poo, don't you think there might have been a better way to show your admiration for fellow TEPster Scott Melk than getting up on stage and pretending to give him head? It's just a thought. And continuing on with unwanted stage presences, how about Junior Johan Widjaja's drunken antics Saturday night on Superblock? Tell me, Jo-Jo, did you really have to climb up on stage and try to sing with Fathead? I guess that's what consuming four 40oz'll do to you. And finally on the unwanted stage presences tip, what's up with being a 26-year-old grad student and re-activating as a member of your college sorority? I guess we could ask Theta's Drew Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who not only cut Street's Doree Shafrira, but also cut Street's Drae Jones, whose inexplicable return to the ice-princess fold set up an almost unbelievable performance of bitchery at the door of ZBT's Swamp Thing on Saturday night. Aren't 'm monitors supposed to be adults? Oh, and to the girl who...
Bring me the head of Joe Pesci

In Eight Heads in a Duffel Bag, Joe Pesci delivers his most thought-provoking performance since The Super.

BY MOE TKACIK

To see a movie for free and still feel cheated is veritable torture. To actually pay to see such a film after people saw it for free and learned you about it, severe ineptitude must play a leading role.

That said, if you see Joe Pesci’s latest embarrassment, 8 Heads in a Duffel Bag, in any other state, you will doubtlessly feel the overwhelming urge to kick yourself a thousand times simply to reawaken the senses you’ve momentarily lost by viewing such insanity. Ask any unsuspecting soul who fell victim to the lure of a complimentary screening at An- nemberg last Tuesday — not only is this film bad, it’s bad with a vengeance.

The trouble with Heads is that you can’t trace its awfulness to anything obvious or specific — if you could, it might at least be farcical. But Heads, while completely ridiculous, follows the formula of other immeasurably more enjoyable films — The Naked Gun and Ace Ventura, for instance. And writer/director Tom Schulman, who won acclaim for writing Dead Poets Society, is not normally prone to such cringe-eliciting.

But Schulman here inflicts a dull, lingering pain, making a movie of an excessively stupid story that revolves around a hitman (Joe Pesci) and his hunt for eight lost heads, and incorporating the entire cast into his driveling mess of a script. Pesci, who accidentally switched duffel bags on an airplane trip, is searching for eight decapitated human heads he saved as proof of his murders, and his escapade becomes feature length as Schulman strings together silly stunts that result from Pesci’s dilemma. Much like decapitation practices before the invention of the modern-day guillotine, Heads draws a preview-length punishment out to an excruciating hour and 37 minutes. Inevitably, the poor losers who see it will wind up envying the heads (at least their suffering is over).

You, on the other hand, have to watch them as they wind up in the unsuspecting hands of a directionless pre-med student (Andy Corneau) and his fiancée (Kristy Swanson — who for the record is definitely more fly than her man) who are vacationing in Mexico with her wacky dysfunctional family. While Corneau and Swanson deal with the “hilarities” that accompany finding eight human heads in their luggage and intermittently emit blood-curdling screams, villain Pesci finds two fraternity brothers of Corneau’s and interrogates them in an effort to get back the heads and get them safely back to his boss. Pesci subjects the two frat slobs — played by David Spade and Todd Louiso — to various kinds of scalp tortures in order to get them to talk. Not one of Pesci’s techniques, however, compares to the torurous boredom of having to watch prank after prank as the cast tries to incite laughter and gaiety — failing miserably.

It’s not as if they quit trying, though. Violent catastrophe after violent catastrophe ensues as the boundlessly energetic cast attempt to save the script.

But there is nothing — save the Com- bustible Edison-esque soundtrack — redeeming about Heads. Were it simply the inappropriacy of the plot, the exaggeration of the characters, or the tastelessness of the humor, perhaps it would be forgivable. But the combination of all three is compounded with remarkably unskilled writing and unskilled delivery. In such an unflattering package, the movie just seems hideously, vulgarly pros- terous.

Like the thinking of carrying around a duffel bag full of decapitated “cabezas des humanas,” Heads is nauseating, vaguely disturbing, and indescribably absurd.

short takes

Fish with bicycles

Chasing Amy is the third film from independent filmmaking sensation Kevin Smith, writer/director of Clerks and Mallrats. This awkwardly sensitive, unconventional love story sheds the sarcasm of Smith’s previous films in favor of an honesty that is nonetheless tinged with cynicism. Chasing Amy retains the brilliant dialogue and lovably obnoxious characters that have become Smith’s trademark, but the film’s intense, emotional scenes — with stirring performances from Joey Lauren Adams, Ben Affleck, and Jason Lee — drag the viewer into unexplored territory.

Adams stars as Alyssa, a charming punk-rogue lesbian who sweeps artist Holden (Ben Affleck) off his feet at a comic book convention. In the Smith tradition, the film is eerily divided into two halves. While Affleck and Adams are sweetly developed characters, which is chronicles the developing friendship between the quirky pair. When Holden confesses his love for Alyssa, Smith steers the film adeptly into dramatic terrain without sacrificing wit or realism. While Clerks and Mallrats both addressed relationship angst, Smith’s latest take on the subject is by far his most touching and thought-provoking.

The Road to Hell

It was bound to happen. After the success of The English Patient, Hollywood assumed that a movie containing even more melodramatic dialogue would be even more successful. Here’s hoping they’re wrong. Paradise Road is yet another cheesy sob story masquerading as an artistic masterpiece of cinematic achievement.

The essential problem with this film is its characterization, not its subject matter. Based on a true story, Paradise Road centers around a woman’s prisoner-of-war camp during World War II. When the Japanese attack Singapore, the European women and children are evacuated, only to be captured by sea by Japanese fighters. The remaining two and a half hours deal with the suffering of these women at the hands of the ruthless Japanese soldiers. Yet, throughout their struggle, the women cling to the hope of survival and triumph. It might be touching if only the movie wasn’t laded with sensationalist overemphasizations.

Instead of taking the prison and using it to bring out universal issues about the roles of women and the meaning of imprisonment, the film simply bombards the audience with horrific images, ranging from runs scrounging around in dung to a woman being burned alive for giving medicine to a sick comrade. But these images are shocking and nothing more — once the audience delivers its gasps of pity, the film simply forgets the scene and moves on. Nothing dramatic or thought-provoking is generated from our horror. The effect is much like that of rubbernecking at the scene of an accident.

Perhaps the reason for this unintended sensationalism stems from the utter lack of sufficiently developed characters, which is no fault of the actresses who play them. The cast is impeccable: Glenn Close, Frances McDormand, Julianna Margulies, and several others comprise an impressive ensemble. Unfortunately, the film fails to focus in depth on any one of them.

Finally, Paradise Road’s pacing is desper- ately inadequate. When the credits roll, the moviegoer will have spent the better part of an evening watching the suffering of people he still does not know. Have you ever spent two hours gazing at a traffic accident? Do not start now.

—Chris Kern

Eight Heads in a Duffel Bag
.123456789
Starring: Joe Pesci, Kristy Swanson, David Spade
Directed by: Tom Schulman
Rated R • Orion Pictures

Playing at the Samesan and UA 69th Street
Capital murder
Didn’t Clint Eastwood just make this movie?

BY JAML SMITH

At first glance, director Dwight Little’s action thriller Murder at 1600 seems mundane as its title — more White House intrigue and scandal (yes, that’s 1600 Pennsylvania Avenue they’re referring to), more action thriller nonsense, et cetera. The film stars Wesley Snipes as a D.C. homicide detective investigating the murder of a young woman whose body is found inside a White House bathroom stall. Surprisingly enough, this film has a taut, suspenseful story that works best at the moments when you don’t expect it to.

Harlan Regis (Snipes) finds himself drawn into a situation in which his honest duty — finding the killer, plain and simple — is at odds with the governmental mode of operation. Secret Service sharpshooter Nina Chance (Diane Lane) gives Regis some help from the inside, but her duty also comes into question. It is evident from the beginning that there is a c-o-n-s-p-i-r-a-c-y in effect: doubletalk oozes immediately from the White House chief of security (Daniel Benzali of ABC’s Murder One). The murder happens in the midst of bad times for Regis and for the President, Jack Neal (Ronny Cox). Both already have their share of has-sles: Regis is trying to protect his beloved home from government-mandated destruction, while the commander-in-chief faces a hostage crisis in North Korea with American troops and a cabinet growing increasingly impatient with his inaction in the situation. Neither is prepared for the turmoil that ensues.

After doing a little snooping around with his partner (the wisecracking Dennis Miller), Regis discovers that the murder victim was being protected by the Secret Service. The trail of suspicion initially leads to the president’s son, Kyle Neal (Tate Donovan), who had slept with the victim shortly before she was killed. Regis and Chance follow every lead they can, only to find a new suspect at the end of each one. As they get closer to the truth, the Secret Service becomes more and more trigger-happy, eliminating everyone who might have some useful information. Another good barometer for how close Regis is getting in is how upset he makes those high-ranking governmental officials; the chief of national security (Alan Alda) becomes progressively less cooperative, for one.

Eventually, the truth is revealed to the audience (at least the ones who hadn’t figured it out already) and the climactic action gets underway. Chance, having become target practice for her former fellow agents, joins Regis and his partner in the effort to stop the bad guys, using some of the old tunnels and hideaways under the White House. To this point, the action sequences had been somewhat clichéd, but the dark and suspenseful ending is satisfying.

ANIMAL HOUSE (1978)
Duh.

SIXTEEN CANDLES (1984)
Not only does this movie have parties in it, but in its prime it was also a favorite at parties — seventh grade girls’ slumber parties, that is. Molly Ringwald stars as a lovestruck high schooler whose only birthday wish is a kiss from the dreamy Jake Ryan. Unfortunately, Jake is dating the hottest bitch in school. When said bitch gets boozed up AT A PARTY, Jake finally sees her for the shallow eye candy that she is, and finds himself looking elsewhere for a more fulfilling relationship. Hilarity ensues.

BACHELOR PARTY (1984)
Tom Hanks gets his last shot at single life in this tale of party organizing gone horribly awry. Witness uninvited guests (some nonhuman) and other snafus that make the LCB look like alcohol-bearin frats lookin’ for some lovin’. Hey baby, drink more of this...

RISKY BUSINESS (1983)
Despite popular belief, Risky Business actually features two party scenes. The more celebrated is, of course, the big prostitution party upon which all of Street’s shindigs are loosely based. Personally, I follow the example set earlier in the film for all of my celebrations. I am not rarely seen prancing around in my boxers lip-syncing into a cucumber. Oh, and BXK said I should end this with, “Are you ready for me... Ralphie?”

—Kevin Lerner

THE PARTY (1968)
Peter Sellers stars as an Indian movie star who somehow gets invited to a swank Hollywood party. Armed with his convenience store accent and typical bumbling slapstick, Sellers causes mayhem on a grand scale, eventually filling up the house with bubble bath. Mancini does the score, Edwards the direction. Can’t beat it with a stick.

—BXK

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Postcard from the edge

A graduating senior voices his angst about his impending descent into the "Real World"

BY JESSE DUCKER

When I first arrived in Philadelphia at 6:30 AM on a late August morning, it was 90 degrees and humid as hell. As fate would have it, my first day at the University of Pennsylvania would be on the hottest day of the year. As I handed my dead-body sized duffel bags into the rented car, I wondered, "What the hell am I doing here?" In actuality, I knew, I was getting my college education, dammit. Four years of high school had led up to this: the college experience. I thought back to how I felt the day of High School graduation, and about how excited I was to be moving on to "the next level." I felt like I was standing on top of a mountain, and the world of College lay spread out before me. I was on top of the world, and I resolved to plunge into the next four with reckless abandon.

Things were looking on the up at the beginning of freshman year. I was living in Hill House, which wasn't Quad, but nonetheless I was content. My best friend from high school lived down hall. I got along with most of my suite and many others in the building. I enjoyed most of my classes. Each and every person I met was a potential friend.

Now, three and a half years later, things have changed. Not necessarily better or worse, just different. I live on the 9th floor of High Rise East. My best friend transferred to USC to pursue his music career. I've been a DJ at WHPS for three years. I've been writing for this rag for two. I share my head on semi-regular basis because my hair is "thinning" in front. My freshman year roommate got my name wrong when he saw me early this year. Nearly four years of college has made me, if nothing else, more abrasive. Music Editor Kevin Lerner said that I could be used to scrub pots.

As I near the end of the "college experience," I'm scared shitless. With about a month to graduation, I no longer feel like I'm on top of a mountain with the world laid out in front of me. Now I feel like I'm on the edge of a very unsteady cliff, with a vast precipice beneath me. And I hear the abyss calling me; it wants to descend into its grand emptiness, and I know I'm going to have to jump, soon. What lies beneath me does seem so limitless; it's a cold, scary place.

During freshman year, I only thought of the "Real World" in the abstract sense; I knew it was out there, but I didn't need to think about it. It didn't matter that I didn't know what I was going to major in or that I didn't know what I wanted to be when I grew up. I was 18 and I had four years to sort out what I was going to do with my life. Well, that period is now over. I'm a 21 year old American Civilization major who doesn't want to be a lawyer and can't fathom teaching for a living. I'm considering being the point guard for the Warriors.

I can separate my "college experience" into three categories: the things I did and enjoyed; the things I did and regretted; and the things I didn't do and regretted. I don't quite fulfill my quota for category #1, but this is balanced out by lucratively having very few items in category #2. Category #3 is what's killing me. There's a good amount of things that I wanted to do while I was here, but just haven't. Don't get me wrong, I'm certainly ready to get out of here and go back to warm, sunny California, but its the idea of "The End" that's bugging me. If I could have done all the things I hadn't done, would my life be better? Am I really ready for what's waiting for me at the bottom of the abyss?

But I realize that it all really doesn't matter. Whether or not I'm ready for the "Real World," in about a month I'm going to have to deal with it. So I might as well stop whining and shut the hell up. To all the other graduating seniors out there who are in similar predicaments, I feel for you, and I hope you find success on the other side. All I can do now is jump off the cliff, and plunge towards whatever waits for me. I might not go with open arms, but I'll go with an open mind.

ask mistress lola

The last Lola of the year. Discuss any other problems with your right hand

Well, my sex starved darlings, this has been quite a semester. You have challenged my mind and my body with stimulating questions and truly exciting propositions. It has been a delight to be able to dominate your desires and fantasies. As you approach this summer, don't forget the basics. Enjoy the summer, enjoy each other, enjoy sin — and be safe. And for those of you who think you know who I am, I'll be waiting for you in my dungeon. I will tie you up, whip you, and make you scream for more!!!!

Dear Mistress Lola,
I was so drunk this weekend that I streaked across the Quad Saturday afternoon. People keep staring at me and laughing. I am only a freshman. Will there be three more years of this?

—Naked Boy

Dear Mister Lela,
I was so drunk this weekend and watched a friend of mine making out with this really hot girl. I was so turned on by the scene (and the girl) that I joined in. Am I gay?
—The Participant

Dear Participant,
No, you are not gay. Besides, Fling is a time where all boundaries are broken and you can do things that you might not normally do. If you were aroused by your friend, you may be dealing with other issues, but if you were drunk or on some other sexually stimulating substance, you were probably taking advantage of an interesting, and once in a lifetime, situation.

To the gentleman who expanded my knowledge of blue balls — thanks!
(You know who you are.)
—The Mistress

Vietnamese kill rats for cash

Eight million rats have been killed after a "cash for rodents" campaign was launched in the Northern Vietnam province of Thai Binh. The endeavor has encouraged participation of children all ages, says vice-protector of Thai Binh's plant protection department. After killing the rats, people can sell the rats tails for the equivalent of 1.7 to 2.5 cents.

Madam I'm Adam. A man, a plan, a canal, Panama. Able was I, ere I saw Elba.

Dutch doctors leaves patient in prickly position

A Dutch acupuncture patient was left bristling with needles after his doctor was called away on an emergency, and then forgot him and went home. The patient had to be freed by police after lying in the office for more than an hour. He bears the doctor no ill will.

Kevin Lerner came up with a really cool idea just now: write a book forwards, and then be able to read it backwards for the sequel.

Assault with deadly garlic breath

After eating garlic, Australian Jeff Pearce attacked a policeman by breathing on him. At least, that's what the court said — on Friday, Pearce was convicted of assault. A section of the local criminal code defines assault as the direct or indirect application of force, including gas or odor, in such a manner as to cause personal discomfort. Pearce was convicted after admitting he had deliberately chewed a clove of garlic and then breathed in the policeman's face when he was pulled over for a traffic offense.

He thrusts his fist against the post and still insists he sees a ghost. He thrusts his fist against the post and still insists he sees a ghost.

April 24, 1997

street bytes
Nicely tucked away into one of the cozier nooks of Rittenhouse Square, the Curtis Institute of Music can be found beneath the buildings and apartments that crowd one another above. It’s almost as if the Institute’s founder, Mary Louise Curtis Bok, wanted to snuggle Curtis away where time and change would never be able to find it.

Every week, most of Curtis’s students, faculty, and staff meet in the institute’s entrance room, or Common Room, to join the Wednesday afternoon tea party that is held each week in memory of the founder. These days students relax and enjoy the tea party as a break from their daily seven hour practice routine. But a Norman Rockwell portrait of Bok that hangs on the wall like the back page of a Saturday Evening Post reminds them that these tea sessions used to be something quite different. Years ago, Bok used these sessions to educate students from rural areas in the social graces one would expect from a concert musician.

Traditions like these have a hard time dying out at Curtis as the present administration guards Bok’s desires like they would an original copy of Mozart’s Ninth. Even the story behind the building itself conjures up memories of the past. Upon entering, walk to your right and find a Board Room that houses the original Curtis Publishing Company table under its mured ceiling. The table once belonged to Bok’s father, who ran the publishing company that put out the Ladies’ Home Journal and the Saturday Evening Post. Louise Bok bought the house in 1924 from the Drexel Family, with the intentions of beginning a conservatory. After realizing that many young immigrant musicians could not afford to pay for a musical education, she decided to appeal to her father for the money to open a conservatory.

Bok’s emphasis presently continues in the school’s policy that each student meet once a week for lessons with the same instructor until graduation. Learning goes far beyond lessons, however, as the sound of a student’s music flows from any one of the recitals that the Institute offers three times a week during the school year at no charge to the public. Students also gain a liberal arts education through the modest curriculum offered by Curtis, which they can supplement by taking classes at Penn. The same agreement allows Penn composition students to hear their works performed by Curtis musicians.

Because of the intensity of the Curtis musical education, most students live around Rittenhouse Square. The expenses for housing are the only part of the education that the Institute does not provide for, financing the cost of each student through a mixture of fundraising and endowment. Curtis students have a chance to recoup the cost of living by performing in any number of events, including weddings, bar mitzvahs, and other family functions throughout the year. “If you play in Curtis Hall on Wednesday and someone hears your music, you might get called to perform for them,” says first-year student Jason Hannon, who has been paid up to $150 an hour to play his bassoon at an outside event.

The number of events performed by Curtis students makes it fair for one to refer to them as the junior varsity of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Their performances include three annual appearances at the Philadelphia Academy of Music, along with the weekly recitals open to the public. Curtis students also introduce inner-city children to classical music: “I’ve gone to public schools in inner-city Chicago and played for kids that are amazed at classical music,” recalled first-year clarinet student, Anthony McGill. “We just need to expose them to it.” In the spirit of the effort to share classical music, Curtis matches its students with Philadelphia grade-schoolers interested in free music lessons.

Despite the hurried life and competition, Curtis students keep a close family-like atmosphere among each other. Most entering as recent high-school graduates or older, the students learn to respect the accomplishments of their peers and accept each other for their shared devotion to music. “At this level they’re with other musicians who are serious about their music and willing to work hard to achieve this level,” explains Public Relations Associate Susan Lewis.

You can almost hear the collective sigh of relief as you walk in the Institute entrance. “When I was young I dreamt of playing for the Quebec Orchestra and at fourteen I did,” recalls third-year student Marylene Gugrar-ray. “When I was young I dreamt of playing for the Quebec Orchestra and at fourteen I did,” recalls third-year student Marylene Gugrar-ray. “In an age when Tiger Woods wins the Masters at 21, the youthful success of Curtis students like Gugrar-ray seems inappropriate.”

Most Curtis students hope to one day join one of the five major orchestras that claim New York, Boston, Philadelphia, Chicago, or Cleveland as their home. The positions attained by the alumni imply the possibility of success. The musical repertoires of nearly 50 percent of the Philadelphia Orchestra was honed and perfected by Curtis professors. Many Curtis students have achieved success overseas as well, helping to draw international students to Curtis’s large international population. “There are a lot of famous Curtis graduates,” says Lewis. “Leonard Bernstein, who wrote the music to West Side Story, went here.”

Watching over the musical achievements of such Curtis musicians as Bernstein, that picture of Bok hangs over what used to be Drexel’s living room in vigilant care that time and change — should be so bold as to enter — would never disturb the musical legacy that can still be heard throughout Philadelphia and farther.

Mike Jaccarino is a scary guy with big hair. I hope somebody edits this before it goes to press or I will be deeply embarrassed for having trusted a contributor in such a harsh manner. Wait, this is my last issue! WHO CARES??!
Before Saturday, the Lainmeyers and I had never played a show during the sunlit hours of the a.m. Of course, this also required our breakfasting on Southern Comfort (our traditional pre-show drink), so Saturday morning was certainly well, peculiar. At 11, I drove Steve's van with all of our equipment down Hamilton Walk. As I pulled into the Upper Quad, the thunderous sound of the Cars' "Just What I Needed" exploding out of huge, spongy speakers reassured all four of us that it would be this obscenely loud sound check and not our (obscenely loud) first song the red brick walls of that great fortress, a dozen or so more people, and maybe even a dozen or so on top of them, lay peacefully in their beds, listened approvingly to our music, and prophesized softly, "People will come, dear Lainmeyers, people will definitely come."

"Things are gonna change, I can feel it."

— The Brian Cross

Spring Fling, a haiku
Spring Fling in the Quad
not only are they freshmen, they are all jathads.

The only experience stranger than being completely wasted with thousands of other psychotic people during Fling is being completely sober with thousands of psychotic people. At 1 a.m. on Saturday night, we made our way down Locust Walk, bombarded by screaming, jumping blobs followed by incoherent stragglers who struggled to avoid lamp posts and bushes. A boy strode by us, making faces with wide, glazed eyes, and attempted to reclaim the nearest Pukespot, the anchors them- ally drunk friend" as they made their way English language. Girls held onto their "re-
glazed eyes, and attempted to reclaim the
followed by incoherent stragglers who
bombarded by screaming, jumping blobs
night, we made our way down Ix>cust Walk,
completely sober with those thousands of
er psychotic people during Fling is being
completely wasted with thousands of oth-
hurl themselves.

This year, it was Sansom Street on Sat-
due to a false accusation by a horrid and
one who was doing time in the slammer
— surprise, surprise — us) our early morn-
ing serenade came to an end. The dozen or
ple other random early Flingers (one of
chick who interrupted our set to find out
that a song of ours she liked was written by
— Natalie Denney

Fling has a tendency to transform the place that I call home into a playground for
drunken crowds. Last year it was Upper
Quad. The scene was somewhat disturb-
ing, as I watched an endless number of
eager Flingers put on puffy "Sumo
Wrestling" outfits and struggle in a bloody
match with their happy — and similarly
puffy — partners.

This year, it was Sansom Street on Sat-
day night. At about nine, I prematurely
assumed that the block party was not go-
ing to attract anyone because of the weath-
er. At 11, I walked outside to find the street,
MY STREET, transformed — tons of peo-
ple, all drunk, all joined in a weird race to
push their way to another part of the block
and then stumble back. So I joined in and
cried the block about 10 times. What a
place to schmooze! What a place to be seen!
Finally, I "escaped" the Sansom craze in a brief trip to Wawa and Chats, where I
inspected the Flinging crowd in much bet-
ter lighting and somehow got suckered in to
watching more Fling nonsense.

4 p.m. Finally escape the "seduc-
tive" clutches of The Sixteen-Year Old
drug addicted single mother of all
Flings to go home and do some work.
"Work" becomes putting up a newly
acquired poster on my wall and then
napping.

9 p.m. I arrive at the barbeque. We
wait in line for a few eternities to fi-
nally get cold eggplant and lemon-
ade with far too much ice. Out of a
sense of obligation, we go to the block
party.

11:30 p.m. After one beer and en-
during a lame-assed band with a
singer who thought he was beautiful (he
was not) and I retire to watch a
movie at home. Yawn.

— Benjamin X. Kim

Saturday night. A frat house that shall re-
main nameless. Nature, God bless her, was
calling. Friends and I make our way to the
(near) bar line.

Girl cuts in front by sweet-talking the
sherry man in front of me. I tell her to
get back behind us. She grabs my armpits,
shrieks, "Do you know who I am?", and
digs her nails into my arm. Sticks her mid-
dle finger up at me. Says, "You're fat," and
It wasn't exactly the Mother of All Flings...sort of the second cousin once removed, really. But *Street* was there. Now, relive the weekend you don't remember.

**THE TOASTERS**

by Doree Shafrin

Imagine, if you will, a day long ago. A day before Gwen Stefani invaded both Stacees and our television screens with the brand of midriff-baring, bleached-blond music she called ska. A time when it was still about two-tone and skinning to the infectious sounds of English Beat and The Specials and when the words "punk" and "skank" were not necessarily synonymous.

The year is 1983. The place? New York's Lower East Side. A man, Buck Hingley, who names his new band after an old Jamaican ska dance move called "toasting." The same year, Hingley starts an all-ska record company, Moon Records, which is currently the longest-running ska label in the United States. And today, nearly 15 years later, the Toasters have released six full-length albums — their latest, *Hard Band for Dead*, came out last June — and are known as one of the most innovative and critically acclaimed ska bands in the world.

While the Toasters have never enjoyed the commercial success of their newer, brasher contemporaries, they nonetheless managed to impress a Spring Fling crowd with their upbeat, yet intense set. It was just that fiesty "Fling" feeling.

**Street**: More hardcore, or pop?

**Buck**: Hard-core influences, yeah. But if that's what the industry wants to call it now, well, whatever.

**Street**: Why do you think it's suddenly becoming popular?

**Buck**: Two reasons. One, because it's genuinely good music. Second, because the majors have kind of run out of things to exploit, so they're looking at ska music as being some sort of ready-made musical form that they can just pop in and cook to their own recipe in three minutes. Hopefully, that won't be the case.

**Street**: You guys seem pretty consistent, though.

**Buck**: Yeah, that's one of the secrets to our longevity. If you keep doing the same thing, sooner or later it's gonna be right.

**Street**: Are you influenced by first-wave ska, or do you consider yourselves more third-wave?

**Buck**: We don't really consider ourselves anything like that. I think those kinds of labels are for people who don't really understand the music. We're just kind of throwbacks to the early '80s, when the two-tone thing was still rocking — the English Beat, the Specials, Madness, Selecter. That's a lot of my influences; that's basically where we're coming from.

No Doubt or other bands like that.

**Buck**: I think it's more of a rediscovery than a revival, because in order for it to re-vive, you'd have to assume that it was dead, which it wasn't. I think it just kind of went underneath the radar screen. But there's a lot of bands out there now that are called ska music that people who really understand ska wouldn't call ska at all.

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**Buck**: It was pretty late-breaking. I don't think it was until like a week or two weeks ago that we had it confirmed.

**Street**: And how did you feel about playing tonight?

**Buck**: It was fun. It's always a test going in front of a lot of an audience that's not really yours. It's kind of good — I think they liked it.

**Street**: I think you won over a lot of people tonight.

**Buck**: Good. That's the point.

**Street**: Where's your next album coming out? And what are your long-term plans for the future?

**Buck**: Well, we're starting work on our next album now, so hopefully it'll be out sometime before the end of the year. But I feel the best plan is not to have one.

**Street**: Is there anything else you think people should know about the band or about ska in general?

**Buck**: If people want to find out more about ska music, they can write or call Moon Records [PO Box 1412, New York, NY 10076; (212) 673-5538]. They'll send you down some information so you can plug in to the network.

Now among the old-timers in the ska music business, the Toasters have the luxury of looking back on their years in the industry and relishing the fact that they have influenced bands ranging from the Bostones to the Pietasters to Rancid. But the Toasters remain a band that is not about the Billboard chart or crowd-surfing or hot pink mohawks — simply high-quality ska music. Skank on!
Just the Artifacts, ma'am

Jesse Ducker writes his last rap review for Street. See ya, Jerky!

BY JESSE "ESQUILAX" DUCKER

See, the gimmick is that there is no gimmick — the Artifacts' second release, That's Them, is completely free of Dullshit. MC's Tame One and El the Sensei don't rhyme over the beat of "Wanna Be." They don't shoot bazookas into the audience during their live shows. The B-Sharps and Melvin and the Squirrels don't make special guest appearances. The Artifacts are the pared-down essence of hip-hop: two MC's, one DJ (recent addition DJ Kebi), ruff rhymes, rugged beats, memorable-yet-not-catchy choruses, and pure skills.

Though thanks to the lack of the rawness of their first release A Rock and a Hard Place, it will still satisfy heads hankering for true hip-hop. Tame-One is still the doper MC of the two, and not afraid to experiment with some new styles on the mic. He's not one to be restricted to the time delays of his first album. To quote him: "In the time of 'Break it Down' where Tame-One boasts, "For those of you who don't know! My flow keeps Mc's on freeze! 128 bars doing MK 3 fatalities." Yet the album's pinnacle comes with both versions of "The Ultimate." The first version, which appeared on the High School High soundtrack, has a bouncy, feel-good to it, while the remix adds new lyrics and conveys a rough texture through its hard-as-steel drum track.

If you're sick of the bullshit, you can't go wrong with That's Them. Just remember the Artifacts credo, as stated on "The Ultimate" remix: "I'm not in it for the gimmicks! Satisfying critics? I just want my own like the Hasidics."

Grunge goes ga-ga for Gallagher

BY KEVIN "STROK SR QUEENS" LERNER

We've heard it all already — blues, rock, country, ska, punk, new wave, electronica, grunge, hip-hop — you name it. It's out there somewhere, floating around on the FM radio waves. Frankly, if I can speak for the collective, we're sick of it all. What are we, the music-buying public, supposed to do while we wait for the next big thing in the development of music? Well, we can listen to more of the same old shit, or we can look for the select few musicians who can twist the old conventions to make the stuff listenable again.

Third Eye Blind is a grunge band at heart, but their self-titled debut album at times sounds like punk, funk, marches, and Oasis (which is odd, since they're 100% American). The band even bounces like ska on a couple of tracks. You just can't figure these guys out from one track, and the grace of this keep-you-guessing-ness saves Third Eye Blind from being just another same-old same-old (but certainly saleable) modern rock album. Sometimes, though, I just don't know what to make of this curious little anomaly in popular music.

"Semi-Charmed Life," the first single release, exemplifies the band's surprising depth. Beneath the open-sunroof, summer cruising facade of the music lies lyrics lamenting the breakup of a relationship due to drug abuse. You wouldn't know to be depressed if you weren't paying attention. In fact, the whole album reeks of loss and tragedy, but for the most part the music happily bounces along, oblivious to the depression that should be weighing it down. Third Eye Blind's a confused little album. Is this a bad thing? Truth is, I'm not sure. The music's good. The lyrics are intriguing and intelligent ("crystal myth" is a particularly good little pun). It's just that they don't fit together as well that all. And then they go and try to sound like Oasis... I like innovation, but Oasisism is an unforgivable sin.

A thunderous load of crap...

BY MIKE "HIPPIE HATER" SENDROW

Come On Home, the new tribute album by Boz Scaggs, is salvation for the many who have lost faith in the glory days of R&B. Scaggs is the man of the moment. His album, "Semi-Charmed Life," has been a huge hit, and his success has carried over to his new album, "Come On Home." The album features a collection of covers of some of Scaggs' greatest hits, as well as new material. The result is a powerful display of Scaggs' talent and creativity.

Boz Scaggs
Come On Home

Virgin Records
Depeche Mode are people

So why should it be that the second half of their new album gets along so awfully, after such a strong, promising beginning?

BY DANIEL "VIOLATOR" FRIEBERG

Back in junior high you used to be scared of the people who listened to Depeche Mode. They were goths, only not as cool as goths are today. With pale skin, darkened hair, and a funny smell, they knew that they were on to something. You tried to avoid them in public and to be like them in private. But by 1990, around the time that Violator came out, you began to look back and realize that people are people, after all. You began to see the world in their eyes. You were finally able to shake the gan to see the world in their eyes. But then, where does the album go? After such a great beginning, several instrumental tracks in the middle go nowhere. You almost wish that they would just sample Steve Miller like everyone else; at least then the songs would have direction. It's almost like Gore vanished in the middle in favor of a lesser songwriter. Lyrics like "I'm yearning! I'm burning! I feel love's wheels turning," aren't even what the band's critics could call pretentious — they're just plain stupid.

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So what's the solution? Ultra will probably appeal to those pale Mode-heads from your seventh grade gym class, but what should the casual listener do? Get that kid from your gym class (wherever the hell he is) to tape the album for you. Tell him to cut the CD short after track six. Enjoy what will then be a wonderful album. And pity those of us who had to deal with all the other crap.
Arsenio Hall tries to pretend he can act

Arsenio is the last attempt by a washed-up talk show host to make it on TV. Needless to say, he's not doing such a good job

BY MOE TKACIK

Back in the day before his stalwart challengers drove poor Arsenio out of the late-nite ratings race and before the temperamental Zappa stopped making public appearances — may he rest in peace — host Hall embarrassed himself quite clumsily.

He made the faux pas of inviting Frank Zappa on his show. Once a regular on Solid Gold and always good chums with the likes of Gloria Estefan and Tina Turner, Arsenio must've thought no harm would come from musical illiterate. He knew nothing, however, about Zappa. The former stand-up comic was confident and wingi'd affectionately about the unorthodox pa as the “Z-man” and teasing him affectionately about the unorthodox subject matter. When his late night show finally left the airwaves, Arsenio was little more than a joke himself. Now the network that brought you T.G.I.F. has given him a layer in its midweek prime-time sandwich complete with a cast and premise that is pure prime-time sandwich complete with ample money, no kids, freeloading relatives and taken Sitcom 101. Arsenio is making a fresh start.

So if Arsenio Hall is truly a "talented actor," as claimed by the "Wall of Facial-Haired Fame" website, he's not showing it here. A far cry from the likes of Abraham Lincoln, Sean Connery, and William Shakespeare (also mentioned on the website) and an even farther cry from the Frank Zappa (bearded, although surprisingly missing from the site), Arsenio will predictably perish — and I'm not just saying that because it's already been shelved — against the stiff competition of the opposing Party of Five. 

Arsenio

Starring: Arsenio Hall, Vivica Fox, Shawnee Smith, Alimi Ballard, Kevin Dunn

ABC, Wednesdays 9:30 p.m.

Not that we'd expect more — nay a surprise is offered in this yuppified newlywed scenario beyond the actually favorable reviews the show has received. From the big name TV reviewers.

Don't believe the hype! To watch this show is about as worthwhile as masturbating telescopically. Far from the hilarious stud (uh... yeah) he was a decade ago (remember Coming to America and his stint filling in for Jean Rivers?), the Arsenio of 1997 is named Michael Atwood and wears polyester golf shirts and khakis. Though decidedly more stylin' than some of his white friends and blessed with a wife who is way hotter than he is (Vivica Fox of Booty Call — mmmm), Arsenio's new, early-evening persona is positively vapid.

Arsenio and his wife are a young, upwardly mobile couple whose spans revolve around some weighty issues as Arsenio's purchase of a wide-screen TV and Vivian's snoring problem. In the vein of Mad About You, they have ample money, no kids, freeloading siblings (Vivian's indolent oaf of a brother is Harvard-educated, to add to the formula) and nothing really happens. However, unlike Mad About You, it won't elicit even the vaguest chuckle. Arsenio hasn't been funny for awhile, and he's not funny here. It could, feasibly, be worse. All the key players have obviously paid their dues and taken sitcom 101 — but basic line delivery skills and a wardrobe from the Gap do not a positive television experience make. The script is banal and the subject material is already squeezed to an uninspired pulp.

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North Philly theatre verité — ce n’est pas vrai!

3rd and Indiana tries to capture the urban feel of North Philadelphia but instead comes off like a Potemkin town

By Chris Kerns

If 3rd and Indiana had been made into a movie, it would have worked much better. Film and television have the ability to put a gritty edge on realism that provides the right artistic touch. Hence lighting, sharp film editing, and interesting camera angles can take the viewer inside a world that may not look as sullied from a distance. Grittiness is the element that makes shows such as Law and Order and NYPD Blue work as well as they do. However, the techniques for providing grit are simply unavailable on stage, a fact apparently unknown by the director of the gritless 3rd and Indiana.

The play is an exercise in social realism — showing the audience the “way things are.” In this case, the “way things are” hits very close to home: the play is set in North Philadelphia. The conventional story, based upon a novel by Steve Lopez, revolves around two principal characters: a white, middle-class, middle-aged, mediocre musician and a black, impoverished, young, talented artist. Both characters find themselves caught having to choose between salvation and arrival in a world where crime reigns supreme. In conveying this sense of complete helplessness, this class-conscious play succeeds tremendously. Yet, beyond this one disturbing aspect of realism, the play has little more to offer.

Realism — showing the audience the way things are — hits very close to home. In this case, the way things are. In terms of the music scene, then the galleries and museums host the headline acts and splashy newcomers, while the alternative spaces — the gritty coffee shops, the bookstores, the cramped bars — provide stage space for the up-and-coming performers. And, as in the music scene, you tend to miss a lot by limiting yourself to the main stages.

Art appreciation for the imbibed

Dirty Frank’s Off-the-Wall Gallery showcases local artists in a lowbrow, everybody-knows-your-name kind of atmosphere: its own bar

By Francis Englert

It’s dingy. It’s dark. It reeks of the charmingly bohemian, of barroom poetry, of countless conversations over whether life is a dream or the dream is life. It is Dirty Frank’s, a dank little hole-in-the-wall bar and longtime hangout for University of the Arts students and it is home to some of Philadelphia’s most underated underground art.

If you think of the city’s art in terms of the music scene, then the galleries and museums host the headline acts and splashy newcomers, while the alternative spaces — the gritty coffee shops, the bookstores, the cramped bars — provide stage space for the up-and-coming performers. And, as in the music scene, you tend to miss a lot by limiting yourself to the main stages.

housed the city’s hungry unknown artists for almost 20 years, Dirty Frank’s gallery is one of the elder statesmen of Philadelphia’s alternative spaces. Set in a corner wall of the bar, at a respectful distance from the neon “Red Dog” sign and dart board. The Off-the-Wall affords not only the chance to keep one’s finger on the pulse of Philadelphia’s cultural community, but also the opportunity to see vital art in the context of everyday life. At Dirty Frank’s, the flashes of abstract color and surrealistic figures meld with curls of cigarette smoke and the well-worn wood of the bar’s booths, making for a raw, real viewing experience.

Currently, the gallery features works from local artists. J.S. Wilson, Margaret Robertson, and Joan Zelten, all on display until June 7. Wilson’s works depict classical figures like Morpheus and various angels counseling or consorting with mortals. In pieces like “Butaelia Delores Digging Herself,” Wilson’s use of earth tones grounds his classical themes, lending them a humanist resonance. Robertson’s fruit-themed paintings — with titles like “Honeydu,” “Apple,” and “Mango” — are juxtapositions of oddly-posed nude female forms and strokes of bold color. The twisting orange and blue bodies of “Orange” are especially striking. Zelten’s pieces effectively convey confusion and intrigue with her use of dark color and ambiguous, dominating shapes.

For all the city’s artistic outlets, very few can fairly claim both an utter lack of pretension and an abundance of vibrant, constantly changing exhibits: the Off-the-Wall Gallery at Dirty Frank’s is one of these. Aim at being there on a weekday afternoon — the crowds are thinner, while the cheap beer and art are still free-flowing.

Ask Us About...

> Antarctica Expeditions from $4350
> Belize Diving and Rainforest-Archaeological tours from $1250
> The Unexplored Serengeti from $4990
> Kimberly and Arnhem Land Soft Adventure Cruise from $3550

Before Alcohol

Meet us Today at 5:30 p.m. at 4015 Walnut and we’ll head off to swanky elite hotspot Smokes. Street is going to throw a ‘ill bash for contributors who have shaved for us in the salt mines. We promise nothing, but hope that certain judgment-impairing liquids will be on hand. So buffalo shots won’t you come out tonight, come out tonight, come out tonight — and see how beautiful even we could look under the influence.
Thursday

Guess who's coming
dj shadow

Jeru the Damaja is playin' himself if he thinks he's the one drawing the locals to the Theatre of the Living Arts tonight, because it's all about warmin' up tonight. Ladies and gentlemen, get yo'-self to the TLA on time because West-coast "Jimmi Hendrix of the Sampler" DJ Shadow is opening. Shadow's critically acclaimed current release Endtroducing proves not only that you needn't be a raver to enjoy a skillful DJ these days, but that original music can be created from forgery. An ingeniously crafted collage of samples, Endtroducing conceives an atmosphere that is all its own, and make mad mood swings to boot. Where "The Number Song" is almost violently hyperactive, "Midnight in a Perfect World" completely chills. But Shadow's subtleties consistently show intricate mastery of his media entirely beyond the normal boundaries of trip hop.

$13.50. 8 p.m. Theatre of the Living Arts, 334 South St. (215) 922-1011.

P.S.: a kesjwick of the week

herbie hancock

Yet another blue ribbon Blue note steals the show at the Glenside haven of hep tonight. If you're willing to make the expenditure and walk the mile, Herbie Hancock is about as straight-ahead excellent as it gets in the jazz world.


Friday

time
4 sum akshun
Redman, KRS-One, Akinyele, Channel Live, Cutty Ranks, and Moonshine

Let's get ready to rumble!!!!!! Want to actually see a good concert at Irvine this weekend? Then get ya sucka-duck ass to Locust Walk or the Annenberg Box Office and get some tickets to hottest show to hit Philly this year, ya sucka duck! First, KRS-One, the teacher, revered as the dopest hip-hop performer of all time, will be in full effect. The Funkadelic Devil Redman, will be bringing on his pure, raw, uncut funky shit. Akinyele will be on hand to make the females in the house do the unimaginable. If you've never seen hundreds of ladies sing along perfectly to "Put It In Ya Mouth." then you're just missing out on one of life's great experiences. As an added bonus, former Penn student Jabari Gray (a.k.a. Able) will be performing as well, with his crew Moonshine. If you miss it you shall incur the wrath of the Blaster-Master himself.

B.p.m. $25 for most, but we'll chop $10 off the price if you're currently paying $30,000 a year for your college education. Irvine.

-Jesse Ducker

Sunday

multimedia microbrew

Beer Festival '97 with the Nomads

Perhaps you're not familiar with the Nomads — maybe because as hunter-gatherers, they migrate frequently and are forced to survive on pemmican and wild berries. Which is why beer fest '97 is a rare treat for both you and this band of primitive vagabonds.

Starting at 1 p.m., they are allowed to divert from their venison diet and imbibe 30 different microbrews while you get to watch them long enough to examine their morphology as they pass out onstage.

Unfortunately for you kiddies, however, hot sauce will be served, and due to its overwhelming torridness, we're drawing the line at exactly half the life span of an Old World Austrolopithecine. That's right. Moe really did retain some of that nifty Anthro 003 lingo and you can't come unless you're 21.

The Electric Factory. The Nomads are playing. And there will be beer. 1 p.m. (215) LOVE-222.

Wednesday

culture, penneanderthal fest of international cinema

If you don't look at Philly as a cultural mecca, you aren't alone — but you also probably don't spend too much time at International House. While you, year long, settle for crappy Cinematic flicks, perhaps venturing out afterwards to eat at College Pizza or — dare I say it — the culinary haven of authentic Eastern delicacies that is Beijing, those in the know are catching the latest foreign flicks at International House.

Well, I've been whining for you to check it out all year, but never is the time so ripe for the pilgrimage north to 3701 Chestnut (yeah, that's right — next to Boston Chicken) as during the reading days extravaganza known as the Philadelphia Festival of International Cinema. The six-year old tradition kicks off tonight at I-House with A Self-Made Hero, a French film about a fop who uses the French resistance movement during WWII to transform himself into a "hero" — while in actuality he is a full-Bedged fibbing piece of French fritsam. Stay for Juanita Holiday and the Ernie Hopkins Quartet. Or if Wednesday doesn't strike your fancy, take advantage of the fest the rest of the week, which features movies from countries all around the world at theaters all around town.

3701 Chestnut St. Get there at 6 p.m. for dinner, 8 p.m. for the movie. $15.

The P.M. of A.

Pushy taiwanese mommies

The Philadelphia Museum of Art joins the coterie of venues featuring films from afar tonight with the poignantly hilarious Wedding Banquet. Half in Mandarin and half in English, the characters twist the truth to incredible proportions in an effort to hide a good Chinese son's sexual preference from his parents overseas.

Set in New York, where both illegal immigrants and wealthy gay men are fairly abundant, the story centers around a young homosexual Chinese-American who, to please his traditional parents, marries a green card-less — and conveniently, Chinese — tenant of his. The face, helped along by his gay white "butter" lover, nearly works until his elaborate, incredible, intoxicated event than anyone could imagine — at which point the threesome faces the consequences of being overly convincing actors.

The Philadelphia Museum of Art. 28th and the Ben Franklin Pkwy. Till 8:45.

Baseball — A Tribute to the Game and Its Players

May 8-10 • various times

Okay, so this isn't happening this week, but it was so luscious we had to save it for your reading days. MOMIX dance company presents a show that promises to "excite dance and sports fans alike," and while "multimedia elements" and a "plethora of props" are involved, there's no porn involved.

Annenberg Center, 3680 Walnut. 215) 898-6791. $12.
Leon Redbone & John Hammond Sing the Blues

Keswick Theater
Redbone’s wry humor and raspy voice intertwines old country blues, vintage jazz, and antique pop into a bluesy sound. His toothbrush/moustache/panama hat image. His bill-sharing guitar wielding desperado, John Hammond, Jr., has tread quite a particular musical path over the years. During the mid ’60s, he was a member of the legendary Greenwich Village scene; he even played a two-week gig at the Cafe Au Go Go with a rather experimental guitarist called Jimmy James — James later rearranged the spelling of his surname to ‘Jimi’ and played a two-week gig at the Cafe Au Go Go with a rather experimental guitarist called Jimmy James — James later rearranged the spelling of his surname to James later rearranged the spelling of his surname to ‘Jimi’ and even played a two-week gig at the Cafe Au Go Go with a rather experimental guitarist called Jimmy James — James later rearranged the spelling of his surname to ‘Jimi’ and played a two-week gig at the Cafe Au Go Go with a rather experimental guitarist called Jimmy James — James later rearranged the spelling of his surname to

Live at St. Joe’s
So, what’s the deal? A rinky-dink, non-secular school like St. Joe’s has to suggest they’re better than us by having a spring concert that craps all over ours? Which is not to say that Spring Fling was mediocre... that would be too nice. Anyway, anyone who is interested in seeing what a decent spring concert is like should swing on by the Main Line and check out these pretty progenitors of quirky pop. They have a secret to tell, from their electrical well... it’s a simple message and they’re leaving out the Fun Lovin’ Criminals! April 24. St. Joseph’s University.

GENESIS TRIBUTE
Theatre of the Living Arts
What does it always seem to be, I’m looking you... you’re playing Genesis music. Well, that isn’t entirely fair. Genesis was one of the most interesting and experimental art-rock bands of the ’70s, rising from the same seed that produced artists like Pink Floyd and Mike Oldfield... the same seed that produced artists like Pink Floyd and Mike Oldfield... the same seed that produced artists like Pink Floyd and Mike Oldfield... the same seed that produced artists like Pink Floyd and Mike Oldfield... the same seed that produced artists like Pink Floyd and Mike Oldfield... the same seed that produced artists like Pink Floyd and Mike Oldfield... the same seed that produced artists like Pink Floyd and Mike Oldfield... the same seed that produced artists like Pink Floyd and Mike Oldfield...

THE WIZ
Tower Theatre
You’ve got to ease on down, come on and move on down, move on down Market St., to where it hits 69th St. and groove on over to the Tower. What it is, brotha! This jvn’ musical remake of L. Frank Baum’s ‘The Wizard of Oz’ features supersoulful Grace Jones as the Wicked Witch Evillene, the golden Peabo Bryson as the Wiz, Tony Terry as the Scarecrow, and Tasha Scott as the intrepid Dorothy Gale. April 29 - May 4, 8 p.m., $15 (4/27), $20 (4/29), $25 4/30.

RARE AND NOSTALGIC KIDS’ TV SHOWS
Keswick Coffee
Perhaps the most tenacious mobile movie group in the city, the Secret Cinema is behind this presentation as well. Amidst the crunching of free breakfast cereal and popcorn, the Secret Cinema will project in 16mm film some of the most famous shows from the ’60s and ’70s, including episodes from The Banana Splits, Fat Albert and the Cosby Kids, Multiplication Rock, Lancelot Link, and Secret Chimp, as well as rare TV commercials. April 28, 8 p.m., $3.50. 285 Keswick Ave., Glenside. (215) 884-2001.
film times: April 25 - May 1

AMC Olde City 2
2nd and Sansom, 627-5966

Romy and Michelle's High School Reunion Fri. 5:15, 7:45, 10:00. Sat. 2:00, 5:15, 7:45. Mon. 10:00, 1:15. Tues. 4:30, 6:20. Wed. 5:30, 8:00. Thurs. 4:30, 6:20.

love jones Fri. 5:30, 8:00, 10:15. Sat. 3:15, 5:30, 8:00, 10:15. Sun. 1:15, 3:15, 5:30, 8:00. Mon. 5:30, 8:00. Tues. 8:00, 10:15. Wed. 4:30, 8:00. Thurs. 4:30, 10:15.

School Reunion 6:20. Mon.-Tues. 7:45. Wed. 4:30, 7:45. Thurs. 4:30, 7:45. Fri.-Sun. 7:45, 10:00. 2:00, 5:15, 10:15. Mon.-Tues. 7:45, 10:00. 2:00, 5:15, 10:15. Wed. 5:30, 8:00. Thurs. 4:30, 6:20.

Volcano Fri. 7:30, 10:00. Fri.-Sat. 7:30. Mon.-Tues. 7:30, 10:00. 1:20, 4:20, 7:20, 10:00. Volcano Fri.-Sun. 1:20, 4:20, 7:20, 10:00. Wed. 4:30, 7:30, 10:30. Sat. 1:20, 4:20, 7:20, 10:00. 1:20, 4:20, 7:20, 10:00.

The Saint Fri.-Thurs. 1:00, 4:10, 7:20, 10:20.

Ritz Five 214 Walnut, 925-7900

The Daytrippers Fri.-Thurs. 1:30, 3:35, 5:40, 7:50, 10:00.

The Devil's Own Fri.-Thurs. 1:20, 4:20, 7:30, 10:30.

Chasing Amy Fri.-Thurs. 1:45, 4:20, 7:00, 9:35.

Liar Liar Fri.-Thurs. 2:00, 4:30, 7:30, 9:40.


Paradise Road Fri.-Thurs. 1:15, 4:00, 7:10, 9:45.

Suburbia Fri.-Thurs. 1:30, 4:15, 7:20, 9:55.

UA Ritz Five 925 Walnut, 222-5555

Grosse Pointe Blank Fri.-Thurs. 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 10:00.

Anacandra Fri.-Thurs. 1:40, 4:40. 7:50, 10:10.

Inventing the Abbotts Fri.-Thurs. 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 10:00.

B.A.P.S. Fri.-Thurs. 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 10:00.


6th Man Fri.-Thurs. 1:30, 4:30.


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We’re Looking For a Few Good People to Edit Street!
Many of your favorite Street editors are graduating, fleeing the country, or being summarily assassinated. We need folks to take their places. There are many exciting positions open. Come to 4015 Walnut on Tuesday, April 29 at 5:30 p.m. to find out how to become one of us.

First them through the door get to rearrange through the old editors’ stuff.