U. vendors agree on fresh air food plaza locations

Wharton MBAs deal both stocks and courses

Veterinary School scores $30.5 million in state funds for FY1997-98

The funding amount for the state only veterinary school increased by more than 50 percent from the last fiscal year.
Alum mentors advise students on line

By Margie Fishman

The Alumni Writing Mentors project constitutes the most recent ad-

dition to the electronic writing

team. Pennsylvania students and alumni mentors are available to students through an online writing center called Penn Writers House. "Penn Writers House is an intellectual resource that offers Penn alumni free of charge," said Kelly Writers House director John Filreis — who created the program. "We have hundreds of current Penn students who have the potential to become very good writers but who do not have a clear sense of what a writing career might entail. That's the purpose of a writing career," he added.

Pricing and advertising all

writing, editing, publishing, from a variety of professions, includ-

ing publishing, editing, writing, pub-

lishing, advertising and entertainment — all careers where "good, clean writing is fundamental to success," Filreis not-

ed.

"I give my hope that maybe someday I will have a career in this," Cho said.

The Alumni Writing Mentors project has since signed on 12 un-

employed Penn alumni, and in the absence of a traditional career planning department, the fulcrum for helping students determine what prices might be charged for the service's principal
to students. Scheiman said that because the service "favors students with an ally-

way, students are at risk for be-

ing swept away from them. Additionally, University officials con-}
Assailant robs two students at gunpoint Tuesday night

By Ian Rosenblum

Two students were robbed at gunpoint Tuesday night.

Both students were injured in the incident, which occurred at 11:30 p.m.

The male freshman and female sophomore were outside Penn’s 4th and Pine streets junction with the Philadelphia Police Department’s regular patrol area — which spans from Market Street to Schuylkill River to 43rd Street.

But University Police often handle crimes involving students in or near the university’s regular patrol area, regardless of where the crimes occurred.

The number of robberies at gunpoint handled by University Police dramatically fell from last year to this fall. A comparison of such crimes between August 28 and September 28 this year and the same period in 1996 revealed a 59 percent drop in robberies.

None of these recent robberies affecting students have occurred on or near campus. The last time the university reported a gun-related incident was July 29, when an off-duty officer was shot and critically wounded while responding to a report of a disturbance.

The chances that a student will be victimized in an incidence of crime is now approximately 1:2,000. Although that number has increased, police still consider it to be extremely low.

The number of public crimes involving University Police is not feasible. Beekman said.

The university owns 10 percent of the property that is the Philadelphia Police Department’s regular patrol area — which spans from Market Street to Schuylkill River to 43rd Street.

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YOUR TEAM IS WAITING

Price Waterhouse
Engineering School clubs granted separate voices on SAC

The decentralizing move means the school gains own seat on SAC. Council granted each club — for last week as the Student Activities Science declared their independence more votes on SAC and may get increased funding. Engineering School clubs granted separate voices on SAC formerly represented by the Engineer job options you consider that the Graduate highlights Discussion ration work is dearly growing among nonprofit vice and OSE. the discussion featured Career Planning and Placement Services last night. As such, MacNamara said. We're at the mercy of resilience Lists. as "circuitous" at the mercy of the ranges of success. We're "We've had varying ranges of success. We're at the mercy of the quality of panelists." Lois MacNamara Graduate School of Education official

"I really wanted to see him," said Education science student James Kubly, adding, however, that the panel worked well to incorporate experience and advice for those curious about the nonprofit sector. Panelists represented a wide range of organizations — from the New Jersey Charitable Trusts, cancelled unexpectedly. though there was disappointment in the air as panelist David Morse, though there was disappointment in the air as panelist David Morse, though there was disappointment in the air as panelist David Morse, though there was disappointment in the air as panelist David Morse, though there was disappointment in the air as panelist David Morse. The Paily I

To get involved call toll free 1-888-BUILD-100 or contact your local representative Sheldon Rich at 215-477-4639
Responsible student drinking

Students need to be more responsible when they pick up a drink at a weekend party. All students are familiar with the catch phrase "Know when to say when" from the commercials sponsored by the beverage executives. But recently, several students have dismissed that advice, leading to tragic and even deadly consequences. On Monday, a Massachusetts Institute of Technology freshman died from over-drinking. He had been found unconscious as he vomited empty liquor bottles at a fraternity event. In August, a Louisiana State University student died from alcohol poisoning and had a blood alcohol level of 3.48. These lapses in responsibility are occurring at Penn as well. Three Hill House freshmen have been taken to the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania because of over-drinking since the beginning of this year. And several students have endangered themselves by getting into bloody fights on the way home from weekend parties.

Students are going to drink, the fact is irrefutable and irreversible. But when doing so, they need to exercise a degree of responsibility. It is a frightening and disturbing reality that students across the nation have recently drunk so much that their blood-alcohol levels have reached five times the legal limit. College students, who are presumably adults, must realize that drinking to the point of vomiting, coma and even death are not what constitutes a night of partying and good times. And alcohol-induced violence threatens not only the drunk student, but all those around him as well.

The simple fact is this: follow the commercial's advice. This University and the state of Pennsylvania do not need to lose another college student to the dangers of alcohol abuse.

Even so, few people ever face consequences. The threat of punishment rarely deter crime. In a recent England survey, 90% of those who sold marijuana to children or witnessed it being sold to children did not report the sales.

Professional and teaching assistant positions are distributed departmentally. Once we declare a major, academic advisor in most cases is assigned to that department. Even after graduation, students are often advised by departments.

But even here, the tendency is to create one fairly large, centrally managed body in one way or another the number of departments and the number of qualifications available to us as we try to establish the standards of my major. That many types of jobs are available to us, we can find them in the Arts and Sciences, in the College of Engineering, and in the Biology, History, and the History of Science.

Look at the Arts and Sciences' Academic Bulletin and you will get a view of the University departments. If you are interested in one particular department or historical background there are many different courses.

If we were to make a list of all the courses currently offered by the University and distribute them into departments, we would end up with a very different view of the University than the one we have currently. And just get departments. The course list is a guide, but it is by no means a complete list of the educational mission of the University. If departments are laid out arbitrarily, does this mean that different areas are arranged in equal priority?

The answer is, in some ways yes. If you are interested in language or knowledge of different areas from different areas within disciplines. Additionally, many subjects never get studied at all because they fall through the cracks between disciplines.

Now, the first of these claims will surprise nobody. That is why in the University has a culture that encourages interdisciplinary study. More often than not, hybrid disciplines do not exist, and these standards tend to approach the nomenclature of the field. To make sure that we connect knowledge from different disciplines to the onslaught of criticism, the University will lack the authority to make judgments.

For the scholar within a given field, it will lack authority because the field is not--as a practical matter--generated from these different currents in the world. In what you can do should this group, and what are you supposed to do? How should you establish standards as to what constitutes proper scholarship in order to remain viable social entities. And these standards tend to approach the norms of practice within the field on the one hand, and af for some particular historical or geographical context. And so on.

To take but one example, scholars of South Asian history—the "civilization" movement—have questioned the idea that history can be had so as to provide a linear story. If many interests are not represented in the historical record, then the contribution of these interests can only be that of a fragmentary nature, that is, inserted into large-scale histories, will break apart the continuous narrative that those large histories propose.

But there cannot be an overarching theory of the fragmentary nature of history. And indeed, as far as I can tell, the contretemps movement has never actually started to break up as an institutional alternative to mainstream historians. The response in England and modern literature departments to the onslaught of criticism has been to reorganize departments and to create new majors. Let me now return to the issue I was raised in the first section: the current state of affairs is no worse than it has ever been. It is only in the last few decades that various attempts have been made to focus on the foundations of the discipline of history, and those attempts have not been accompanied by a greater commitment to the idea of scholarly autonomy. And so on.

What do we know constitutes good history? Because professional historians have developed standards against which previous historical accounts can be compared. How many primary sources were used? How vast a range of primary sources were used? How many different languages are represented? What is the quality of the writing? How much of the material was translated? What are the results of the scholarship? What are the choices of the historian?
University takes an interdisciplinary approach to fighting the HIV/AIDS epidemic

AIDS from page 1

The Sociological Front

Fishbein's AIDS Community Demonstration Project at the CDC studied the effect of developing and distributing AIDS education materials to urban communities, including Seattle, New York and Denver. That project targeted intravenous drug users, female partners of users, youth living on the streets, commercial sex workers and those who have sex with other men but do not identify them as their primary partners.

Fishbein plans on launching a similar program in West Philadelphia, but first, he must gather more information about the beliefs and behaviors of the city's gay men. This information will help him develop effective educational campaigns for the city.

uni was recently completing the three-year-old study to include several years after the program's launch.

"I'm not too old to learn," she said.

The Patient Care Front

On the same day of the Nursing Education Building, Nursing Professor Linda Allen is working to improve hospital care for AIDS patients. Allen's research focuses on the beliefs and attitudes of AIDS patients living with patients and increase patient survival.

Allen surveyed AIDS patients in 28 hospitals across the country and found that patients in dedicated AIDS wards were more satisfied with their care than patients scattered throughout the hospital. This is because patients discovered that, as a result, patients in these AIDS wards lived longer than patients without such specialized care.

If everything going to be different in these specialized units, it was going to be surviving," she said. "The unit is organized around a professional nursing role.

These models place a greater emphasis on interdisciplinary care and focuses on the patient. Patients are also less impersonal.

"We're empowering women to be able to talk to their care," Allen said. "All they've got to do is show up on a Friday night.

The program reaches 42 separate hospitals in the Philadelphia area. Allen's research is being done at the University of the United States. The project, two years ago, is being coordinated with the educational department.

"We're very excited to see what's coming out of these hospitals," Allen said. "We're very excited to see what's coming out of these hospitals.

The Bards SOLAS

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The Shops at Penn

The Shops at Penn and the merchants of Sansom Street, including White Dog Cafe, La Terrasse and The New Deck form the present "Festival Scene" to entice new patrons to come and join the festivities. FREE for these five special evenings (in case of rain, concert events will be rescheduled.)

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THE SHOPS AT PENN HOURS Monday - Friday: 11am - 10pm, Saturday: 10am - 6pm, Sunday: 12 Noon - 6pm. 3315 CAFE FOOD COURT HOURS Monday - Saturday: 10am - 10pm, Sunday: 12 Noon - 9pm.
WorldCom offers $30 billion to buy MCI

WorldCom slipped $1.04 to $34.33 on the Nasdaq.

A WorldCom-MCI deal would easily exceed the $6.5 billion combination of Bell Atlantic Corp. and Nynex Corp. earlier this year as the biggest U.S. merger ever.

Both of them, as well as the $14.7 billion acquisition of Pacific Telesis Group by SBC Communications Inc., were prompted by a 1996 telecommunications law that broadened long-distance and cable companies to enter each other's businesses.

"The whole industry is feeling such relief," said Secrest Communications Committee Chairman John McCain (R-Ariz.), referring to WorldCom's offer at a hearing on the new Federal Communications Commission charter.

The 1996 law is not producing com-

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POLLUTION PATROL IN PARIS

Anti-pollution measures went into effect yesterday in Paris, as only cars with a license plate on which the group of numbers ends in an odd number can drive in the city during high pollution level alerts.

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Congress narrowly clears the way for $3,000 pay raise

WASHINGTON — Capping weeks of intense maneuvering, Congress approved legislation yesterday that clears the way for a $1,031 pay increase in lawmakers' pay. The 115-to-1 vote in the House. 

The political anxiety was evident in the Senate, where 19 of the 30 lawmakers seeking re-election next year voted against the bill. Only 1 voted in favor. 

"We should be receiving a raise of living allowances" during that period of adjustment, said Sen. Sam Brownback (R-Kan.) who faces the voters in 12 months and was one of a small number of senators to speak out against the increase. "I cannot support the COLA at this point in time." 

While partisan tensions inevitably surfaced, the issue remained largely a personal one, as the Senate debated the first of the year. 

Karaha said the Congolese government expected the U.N. to maintain its mission in whether it would let the investigators do their as 

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Offensive Player of the Week:
Eric Krawczyn, WR, Cornell
Krawczyn set four school records in the Big Red’s red zone loss to Columbia. He senior finished the day with 171 yards on 14 receptions, including 160 yards against Mike Jamison vs. Brown in 1992. The 14 receptions moved Krawczyn to first in career catches for a Cornell receiver — he now has 107, snapping the record of 99 by John Taglaferrri in 1983-85. The senior also broke the Cornell mark for receiving yards with 1,478, surpassing former teammate Busch (1994-96).

Defensive Player of the Week:
Fitz Werner, DT, Brown
Werner was all over the field in Brown’s victory against Lafayette with 10 solo tackles and two assists. Two of those tackles were for loss, both coming on key third-down plays to stop Lafayette drives. He was also busy disrupting the passing game, intercepting one pass and deflecting another. Just for good measure, Werner played a part in special teams as well, blocking a field goal.

ROOKIE of the WEEK:
John Amburgy, C, Princeton
Princeton entered Saturday’s contest having gone nine games without a victory, losing one point after another. Just as good for measure, Amburgy played a part in special teams as well, blocking a field goal.

 practises for the Penn women’s soccer team in November. (Amineh Ayoubi / TTN)

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In the field, the intensity so apparent during October wasn’t there after Thanksgiving.

“Cloud’s job goes beyond wins and losses. It’s a matter of life and death,” Cindy Quinn said. “It is intimidating coming in as a freshman, but I’ve learned to have confidence in my life and family.”

You’ll find more coverage online at Daily Pennsylvanian.com or by downloading the Daily Pennsylvanian App.

Cloud’s coast in first dual meet of fall

W. Tennis coasts in first dual meet of fall

Dowed could also celebrate the con-

nuence of Barney’s fellow freshman Stuie Eiseson, who won, 6-1, 6-1, after taking advantage of the return of Cards

Cheryl Baldwin.

In action were both Penn and Cali-

can natives, having overcome a 

high level of intensity and the

students in the fourth quarter.

Penn’s defense held, but the Poconos came away with a field goal.

I think sometimes I might be stretching the team out by lacking

the ball but on a line drive,” Saturi

gn said. “I’ve got to do a better job

kicking it 20 to 60 yards with good

weather places as Cornell.

“Two Wins for Penn against Elizabeth Scherer.

She was Penn’s first dual meet of the 

year, one against an opponent which had already played six.

Dowed was pleased with beating a team that had already played six matches, seven in all, this season. The

same week, he has been

working out with the team.

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If you want to do it, do it.”

The silent demeanor displayed 

on the field in Brown’s victory against Lafayette with 10 solo

against Elizabeth Scherer.

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Kovalsky: a wild and crazy guy

By Daniel Toshniwal

Penn soccer's cross country runner Bryan Kovalsky is no stranger to the limelight even in a month where limelight theory "Quakers captain Paolo FresDonald's in five months McMillan, who along with his team Kovalsky. they started laughing.

in the rest of the world."

"The only guy that took a lot of interest in me was coach Powell." Kovalsky said.

"Coach Powell said, 'This kid's gonna go a long, long way in the world.' Even if he does have trouble finding a place to get a quick meal-out into laughter". 'It enables us to see the golf course's strengths and weaknesses." Vaughn begins the practice with help the teams' course management.

The golf course, course manage- ment helps you to maximize what you do well and minimize mistakes, stay away from troubles. "We're trying to get as many practice rounds in as we can," said Owens, who played fourth at West Point. "Hopefully it will show us how much improvement during high school, it is an important, will seem very interested. "It's the Kenyan flag," he says, "be- cause they're the best.""Kovalsky's dream is to be both a track coach. After his extraordinary track coach. After his extraordinary

inter, according to Vaughn. "The Quakers traditionally play the Bethpage Black Course, but the Black Course is closed in prepara- tion for the 2001 U.S. Open. The tournament will be held on the unsuitable Red Course, "Kovalsky says plans the course," Penn junior Brian Owens said.

"We've always done well on the Black Course, so hopefully' we can translate our fall recruiting for Analysts and Associates.

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Greenhill & Co. is a boutique specializing in Corporate Mergers & Acquisitions and Real Estate Investment Banking.

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The presentation will begin at 3:00 p.m. on Wednesday, October 8th. The presentation will be held in the Palladium's Lower Lounge, with a cocktail reception to follow in the Winecellar.

For further information about Greenhill & Co., please visit our website at:

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Orioles beat Big Unit, go up 1-0

SEATTLE — The Baltimore Orioles provided plenty of reason to remember Sunday as the day Washington's Randy Johnson was a big 1-0 in the American League. Johnson was every bit as nasty as Mike Mussina and his teammates last night, the Mariners were sorely jeopardized.

The best reason to remember Johnson was how thoroughly he dominated the Mariners in Game 1 of the division series. Johnson lost for only the fifth time this season, three of them to Baltimore.

More facing a Pac-12 stack with righties — Dallas, Pacific, Roberts, Arizona and USC. Baltimore started on the mound against the Orioles.

"We'll be encouraged that they have value, and we would have gone in a different direction," he added.

McDyess' future seemed firm.

Meanwhile, in Miami, the game took a 2-0 lead in the first inning and got unassisted, and the Marlins beat San Francisco with their final swing of the season by the Detroit Red Sox this year.

If they can beat Seattle's ace so easily, they might not even need to throw a punch, obtaining Kemp last week in a trade for the Los Angeles Clippers. But the Nuggets' future seemed firm.

The Nuggets' future seemed firm.

The Nuggets, coming off the second straight season franchise victory at 3-2, received three first-round and two second-round picks. McDyess, the No. 6 forward was a frequent subject of trade speculation, but the Nuggets — fast with 13 rebounds in his second year in the league — joins another rebuilding effort in Phoenix, where coach Danny Ainge's team to last inside presence since Robert Horry was traded to the Los Angeles Lakers in January.

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As the Penn women's soccer team prepares to face the top team in the nation, Towson, on Thursday, November 2, Virginia, Carolina, finds out the mood in Quakers camp.

Sports

TOMORROW

Towson quarterback Kevin Smith has overcome the early jitters.

By Brett Cohen

For this season, Penn has seen several players step up and experience quarterback. In fact, for the first time in the history of the game, the quarterback will be able to call on junior Kevin Smith for the final times in his college career.

"First day when you get to Towson was to play very self," Smith said. "I think it's important for me to go out and play well.

Smith is proving to be a versatile quarterback, and his play has been instrumental in the Quakers' success so far this season. Smith has completed 61 percent of his passes for 1,296 yards and 13 touchdowns, while also rushing for 243 yards and 4 touchdowns.

The emphasis on the short pass has been evident, with Smith averaging 7.4 yards per pass. However, the Quakers have also thrown for a total of 1,483 yards and 14 touchdowns, which is an average of 165 yards per game. This is nearly 60 yards fewer than last season. Smith has also cut down on his interceptions until just 2 during this season.

Three times last weekend in a 12-6 Towson loss, Towson is facing most of the Ivy League this season. Towson, which had its best season last time, will be facing a few of the Ivy League schools. However, Smith is already set to play against the Ivy League schools. Smith said, "I hope we can win and get a lot more victories this season."
"To say that Chuck D didn't have a profound influence on hip-hop would be tantamount to saying Albert Einstein didn't have a profound influence on physics..."
The Transference Theory

BY KATE LEE

A recent Saturday night found me on a rooftop, observing the backyards of a certain fraternity party that had a line of people — waiting to be admitted by Event Staff — snaking out the door. The prospect of spending my evening standing in line for two hours was wholly unappealing, so I stayed and chatted, and eventually was pronounced cool enough to be admitted. I too fell in line, and as I approached my position, a group of perm students perceived me and greeted me with open arms. My reasons for leaving Brown and moving to Providence were far from the norm, and it was refreshing to be surrounded by people who had no idea what I was doing either. I was a transfer student, having just completed two years of college at the University of Vermont. I approached my next two years of college with equal parts trepidation and excitement. Why did I leave the quaint institution of Brown University? I had no idea what to expect, except that I would probably be a hell of a lot different from my last two years of college. I was prepared for the unexpected, but I also welcomed the challenge of being on a new campus, meeting new people, and experiencing a new environment. I was ready to embrace the unknown.

But if I couldn't remember why I left Brown, I never forgot why I chose to come here, and it is my perception of the school that has both surprised and informed people I met and gotten me through these difficult weeks. Penn students are amazed at my range of options that actually include some degree of privacy for sophomores and upperclassmen. Others groan about the quality of cafeteria food, whereas I walk into the Commons and face a range of food choices — I can at least walk to one of the many eateries on- and off-campus. While students complain about the impersonal bureaucracy, I have encountered a friendly, involved, and diverse community. Many bemoan the state of on-campus housing, while I see a social freshman quad and a range of options that actually include the notion of privacy for sophomores and upperclassmen. 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FRESHMAN REMEMBERS

by Paul Manion

Last year, the *Daily Pennsylvanian* ran an eight-page special supplement profiling some of the dynamic members of the historic Class of 2000. We thought we were the greatest thing since Wawa Iced Tea. Then came the Class of 2001 and we weren't the shit anymore. So we wanted to check in with the eight students from the Class of 2001 and see how they're doing now. Unfortunately, we were the greatest thing since Wawa Iced Tea. Then came the Class of 2000. We thought words will always bring a smile to my face. Hey, where were we? We were the greatest thing since Wawa Iced Tea. Then came the Class of 2001 and we weren't the shit anymore. So we wanted to check in with the eight students from the Class of 2001.

Ryan Katz

"My favorite memory of last year was going to the Wawa and seeing Ali the Homeless Man With the Heart of Gold. He ha. My friends and I used to say you had to pay the All Toll when you went to Wawa. You know, like paying a toll on a bridge when you go to New Jersey? Ha ha. 'Hey fellas, a little help!' Those words will always bring a smile to my face. Hey, where was the hell is Ali these days?"

Jack Schonewolf

"My favorite memory was when someone put a box of Ramen Noodles in our toilet in the Quad. 'Cause guess what? Ramen Noodles boxes don't flush! They clog toilets! Ha! And when the toilet is shared by, like, 15 guys and it's a weekend and those cleaning ladies won't be there until Monday and people keep using the toilet until the dookie is actually ABOVE the level of the water, man, how can that not be a good memory?"

Claudia Blumenfeld

"I remember when people would walk by my room and I'd say, 'Hey, are you going to Wawa?' and they'd say, 'No, I'm going to take a shower. I have a towel on.' And when the toilet is shared by, like, 15 guys and it's a weekend and those cleaning ladies won't be there until Monday and people keep using the toilet until the dookie is actually ABOVE the level of the water, man, how can that not be a good memory?"

Dave Cox

"I loved the racial harmony and diversity I found at Penn. During Spring Fling, I did that bouncy boxing thing with this black guy Trevor I had class with, and I thought, 'Jeez, the world would be such a better place if all blacks and whites could beat the piss out of each other with oversized novelty boxing gloves.' Also, there were some Asian kids in my classes."

Nicole Melchiorre

"One night I got drunk at a frat party and ended up in this guy's room on my hall. He got up to go throw up. I think, and I had second thoughts and wandered back to my own room. Good thing, too, 'cause the next day I found out he threw up on himself that night. It would have got on me! Eww! I sure was lucky that night. Damn, what was his name? I think it rhymed with wall.."

Paul Manion

"One night I got drunk at a frat party and ended up with this girl from my hall in my room. I got up to go boot, and I guess she left and went back to her room. Good thing, too, 'cause the next day I woke up covered in my own vomit. It probably would have got on that girl if she stayed. Man, what was that girl's name?"

Ryan Gallagher

"I'm a Catholic, so I couldn't figure out why the hell there was never anybody in my Spanish class all the time during the first semester. Then someone told me that on a bunch of special days, all the Jewish kids had to go back to Long Island for something. I was just pissed that when I went home on Good Friday, it counted as one of my four absences."

Brian Russell

"My favorite memory wasn't when I threw four touchdown passes in that one game. No, it was the best time I had last year was when I pledged Fiji. The best time I had last year was when I pledged Fiji. At HUMC I was in Sigma Chi, but I've only met one brother here. His name is Matthew, and he's the social chair of a house that doesn't throw parties — what a happening dude. I've also noticed that most other people at Penn are really lame...and ugly. They think of crazy ways to pass the time and all the time. Like last Thursday there was a sex party on Pine. Sex Party! I used to throw those parties all the time. So I go to the sex party and who's hosting it? Some drag queen named 'Peaches' in leather pants, a knit halter top, and high heeled clogs. To me it seemed like a same-sex party. One of the girls from the house kept trying to hook up with this Alpha Chi sophomore named Jill. Silly girl. Jill wouldn't hook up with you. Jill only likes boys — lots and lots of boys. And everyone knows that real sex parties turn into orgies. When I used to hang out with Ron Jeremy we had orgies all the time. It's a shame that that guy doesn't go to Penn. Instead, we have to settle for his mustache-less look-alike, ZBT Junior Mark Halpern. Anyway, next week I'll have pictures of the sex party for you to see. Speaking of sex parties, what's this I hear about a certain Senior Class President, a pair of bisexual leaders, a straight girl, a game of spin the bottle and some very public make-out sessioning? I wish I were class president so I could hook up with multiple b-ssexuals instead of sleeping with all these ugly girls."

Katy Platt

"One time I woke up late and thought I was going to miss my Calc 141 recitation and I was really nervous because the TA said attendance was mandatory, so I got dressed really quick and then I made it to class on time. That was my favorite memory. That, or the time I hooked up with four guys from my floor."

Martin Park

"Another time I was at a frat party and ended up in this guy's room on my hall. He got up to go throw up. I think, and I had second thoughts and wandered back to my own room. Good thing, too, 'cause the next day I found out he threw up on himself that night. It would have got on me! Eww! I sure was lucky that night. Damn, what was his name? I think it rhymed with wall.."

Nad Jammer

"I don't have any good memories. I came from Guam, so my parents didn't know that my name meant the sound of a star in the mainland U.S. And God, I can't tell you how many times one of you bastards said, 'You're from Guam? Does that make you Guamanian? Does Weird Al sing Guamanian Paradise when he's in your country?' I hate you all."

Pete Henderson

"I have a lot of great memories. Me and this kid, I think his name was Paul, found out we could walk to Rissqué Video so we went there a lot and bought pornography. Man, we would masturbate like crazy for days whenever we bought a new movie! We would even skip class sometimes! God bless you, 43rd and Chestnut! You helped me get an 0.5 GPA. Well, that and the fact that I drank myself into a stupor eight nights a week and then broke bottles in the hall and hit stuff with a hammer, stuff like my roommate's closet. What a great year!"

Stoney McBonights

"I remember the time I smoked pot with one of my teachers. Oh wait, that was in Animal House. Or was it me? Man, why'd I smoke so much pot last year? Hey, you're name's Paul Romanian? Don't you, like, play basketball? Go Quakers. Heh heh. yehhhhh."

All of these stories are based on true events. Some names have been altered to prevent me getting my ass kicked, especially by Fiji.
A Peace of the Action

Dreamworks makes its debut as a player with this George Clooney vehicle that's not as hot as its star.

By Diane Skorina

Is there a better way to spend two hours than watching George Clooney? And not just George Clooney in hospital scrubs or regular civilian clothes. No, the George Clooney of The Peacemaker — DreamWorks's much-hyped first production — runs, fights, kills, and just looks generally gorgeous in full colonel's uniform, army fatigues (with a beret no less!), and a tight black shirt. Heaven. And not only is he gorgeous, but he's perfect for the part of Tom Devoe, the army colonel assigned to Dr. Julia Kelly's (Nicole Kidman) anti-terrorist team that's trying to stop stolen Russian nuclear weapons from crossing into Iran. He plays the largely unbelievable part of the fearless, indestructible, ass-kicking hero to perfection.

As far as plot goes, though, the movie is pretty typical, run-of-the-mill stuff, reminiscent of largely unbelievable pan of the fearless, indestructible, ass-kicking hero to perfection. Die Hard rip-off. The knopliizing, sensitive, justice-pretty typical. In this tin- mill stuff, reminiscent of largely unbelievable pan of the fearless, indestructible, ass-kicking hero to perfection.

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The Peacemaker • • • 1/2

Starring: George Clooney, Nicole Kidman
Directed by: Mimi Leder
Rated R • Dreamworks
Playing at Cinemagic

The Peacemaker is basically every other terrorist action movie re-made. It has the obligatory shootouts, the typical road, rail and air confrontations; therote dialogue; and the necessary sexual tension. Though the plot is relatively intricate, involving terrorists from two different foreign nations and some big nuclear weapons, every single episode in the movie is entirely predictable.

With two such beautiful stars as Clooney and Kidman, the moviemakers apparently felt obligated to throw in some sort of romantic crap at the end, despite the complete lack of development in the Kelly-Devoe relationship. But it's basically just straight predictable action against a "realistic" setting. If you're a George Clooney fanatic, or if Nicole Kidman turns you on, definitely go; there are a lot of really tight, dramatic close-ups of their gorgeous faces to keep you entertained. Otherwise, it's unlikely that the film's retrograde action will be of interest.

"the end of violence" by means of a system that uses a network of hidden cameras. Set in Los Angeles, the story kicks off when two gunmen kidnap Max. He escapes and is rescued by three Mexican gardeners. Together, the four men set off to discover the conspiracy in which Max has been involved by Ray.

This film offers the viewer a collage of complex issues and symbols. The auteurs play with the tools of their specific crafts. A myriad of allusions and objects having to do with filmmaking and writing inundate the whole storyline — and there is a subtle usage of the word "gentleman" in relation to Byrne's character. A "gentleman," Cardinal Newman tells us, is someone who does not intentionally hurt another person. Other words arise and confound us with their enigmatic meanings: Alien invasion, China, computer, father, fuck, Mexico, paranoia, typewriter, and fuck. In the end, The End of Violence is good old American entertainment because it gives everybody what they want to see and it brings it all together.

Now That's Good Head

In Kicked In The Head, director Matthew Harrison combines lame characters, Pulp Fiction-esque dialogue, and wacky, hard to believe situations to make a picture that is both funny and entertaining. Also, as one would expect from a Martin Scorsese-produced film, it also includes its share of violence, although here, no one ever gets hurt.

Kevin Corrigan (co-writer with Harrison) stars as Redmond, a twenty-something living in the Lower East Side of NYC who is enduring a self-destructive period. He is a jobless, apartmentless, aimless loser who, in his spare time, purports to be a poet. As if in an effort to make his life more difficult, he agrees to deliver drugs for his uncle Sam (James Woods), a fast-talking troublemaker.

Forced to find a place to stay, Redmond moves in with an even bigger loser, Michael Rapaport, who is excellent as Redmond's friend Stretch. An illegal beer dealer and an alcoholic, Rapaport instantly makes you remember why you often hate rich, powerful Hollywood guys backing into The special effects are pretty neat, including a very cool nuclear explosion and a very large train wreck. The cinematography is excellent, and there are some suspenseful moments, but it's difficult to shake the feeling that The Peacemaker is basically every other terrorist action movie re-made. It has the obligatory shootouts, the typical road, rail and air confrontations; therote dialogue; and the necessary sexual tension. Though the plot is relatively intricate, involving terrorists from two different foreign nations and some big nuclear weapons, every single episode in the movie is entirely predictable.

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— Jorge Solano

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Forced to find a place to stay, Redmond moves in with an even bigger loser, Michael Rapaport, who is excellent as Redmond's friend Stretch. An illegal beer dealer and an alcoholic, Rapaport instantly makes you remember why you often hate New Yorkers.

Things become altogether weird when Redmond, driven by a fortune cookie, convinces himself that a flight attendant he saw earlier (Linda Fiorentino) is his guardian angel. The relationship which develops between the two is hard to swallow, yet interesting. Fiorentino's character, though, is a letdown as she loses the edge that marked her when she first enters as a bitter, sharp woman.

Overall, the movie adheres to the original plot lines of a guy trying not to get killed and trying to get the girl. What's inventive, however, are the film's funny sub-plots, supporting characters, and rambling dialogues. For example, Lili Taylor plays an ex-girlfriend of Redmond's who reappears several times to make sure that Redmond doesn't want her back. So although you won't find yourself wiping away tears of laughter, you'll find this little film quite impressive if you want a simple story surrounded with witty humor.

— Laura Manning
October 2, 1997

Contempt-orary Genius
Godard's masterpiece returns to the big screen.

By VANCE BELL

The re-release of French director Jean-Luc Godard's legendary 1963 film Contempt is a true event. Now completely remastered and sporting a color Cinemascope print and soundtrack, this early work from the icon of French New Wave cinema presents contemporary American audiences with an opportunity to view one of the key works of cinematic modernism. Filmed in Rome and Capri by Raoul Coutard, who also shot Godard's Alphabetical, Breathless, and Weekend, and provided with a lush score by composer Georges Delerue, Contempt serves as a strong example of Continental filmmaking.

Based on the Alberto Moravia novel, A Ghost at Noon, Contempt examines the gradual disintegration of the marriage between husband Paul (Michel Piccoli) and wife Camille (Brigitte Bardot), a financially troubled writer, who has been hired by a sleazy American producer, Jerry Prokosch (Jack Palance), to rewrite the script of a film version of The Odyssey, which is being shot by the great German film director Fritz Lang (M. Metropolis, here playing himself). Prokosch, more interested in the financial gain and seducing beautiful women in exotic settings than in creating art, is largely unimpressed with Lang's approach to the project. At a private screening of rushes, Prokosch meets Bardot, who accepts a role in the film and moves in with him. Prokosch finds her and her husband as she begins to realize that Paul uses her to ingratiate himself with the producer.

Godard films the gradual dissolution of the couple's love affair as a shipwreck on a set of预制的circumstances of misunderstanding and lost understanding. A core 30-minute segment of the film, shot in the couple's sparsely furnished apartment, shows the couple slowly succumbing to painful insecurities (brilliantly doubled by Godard's filming of the couple continuously entering and exiting the room without ever confronting one another face-to-face). As with many of Godard's films, Contempt operates on several levels. It is one of the first films to openly attack the accepted way of making films. Most movies about movies up to that point were either celebratory in nature (such as Singin' in the Rain), or cynical (such as Sunset Boulevard), their indictments abstract and aimed at the fringe episodes to the happy Hollywood rule. Contempt, however, will have none of that. Godard calls the whole process into question, accentuating the absurdity of art and commerce working together, even to the point of basing the mannerisms of his character Prokosch on Contempt's true-life producer, Joseph E. Levine, and having him state at one point in (ironic paraphrase of Goddard), "When I hear the word culture, I take out my checkbook."

Contempt is a complicated piece of filmmaking which constantly takes into regard its own nature as a film. Typical of Godard, it combines seriousness and lyricism with intellectualism in a fashion which amounts to placing a cerebral landmine in the midst of a beautiful cinematic landscape. Godard's central concern is this: there is no more accurate reality than the appearance of reality, yet recording them is not enough to reveal the secret hidden behind them. This is the paradox that drives Godard, who in Contempt manages to build a surprisingly deep and coherent film on a narrative fruit with misrecognition, suspicion, and contradiction.

Contempt

Starring: Brigitte Bardot, Jean-Michel Piccoli, Jack Palance, Fritz Lang
Directed by: Jean-Luc Godard
Rated R • Sony Pictures Classics

Playing at the Ritzy at the Bourse

By 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 10:00.

Other face-to-face).

Godard's masterpiece returns to the big screen.

The Game

The Peacemaker 4:30, 7:35, 10:00, 1:00, 4:00, 10:00. The Edge Fri.-Thurs. 1:00, 4:00, 7:00.

The Full Monty 1:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10:00.

In & Out Fri. 12:30, 2:30, 5:30, 7:30, 9:30.

The Game Fri.-Thurs. 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10:00. The Game Fri.-Thurs. 12:30, 2:30, 4:30, 7:30, 10:00.


The Artful Dodger

Beef and Ale House

Philadelphia

For Fake (1974)

Orson Welles' last completed film, is just a big "screw you" to everyone who ever messed with him in Hollywood. If you didn't think Orson was cool in Citizen Kane, The Third Man, The Magnificent Ambersons, or Touch of Evil, this is the ultimate proof.

Houseguest (1994)

It came. He ate. He stayed. No. not another porn film, we're talking Sinbad. Up until this film, the Sinster was just another funny man, but after this, all our impressions changed forever. No longer just the black Louie Anderson, Sinbad was able to flex his versatile persona to an unparalleled degree. Hey U.S. Postal Service, I want the Sinbad.

Glengarry Glen Ross (1994)

It's Raining, It's Pouring...
A leak in the bathroom ceiling is usually a recipe for discomfort on the can.

By Elana Iacciofano

Whoever started the suspicion that it is unlucky to open umbrellas indoors had obviously never explored benefits of this action. There are so many useful reasons to put that umbrella to work — indoor sprinkler systems, errant kitchen faucets, spitting roommates, and finally, my personal favorite, leaky bathroom ceilings.

As an ignorant inquirer, you might suggest that an umbrella is not required to combat this situation. Rather, a simple bucket on the floor in which to catch the falling drops of water would be sufficient. Obviously, the whole ceiling is not caving in and so it would be quite simple to just walk around the offending region to avoid the drip entirely.

In my bathroom, this cannot be done. The leak is situated right above the toilet. This placement has its pros and cons. The one and only pro is that the aforementioned bucket it not required because the water drips nicely into the bowl of the toilet. To counter this, there is one issue that especially inconveniences. Actually sitting on the toilet presents an uncomfortable and rather damp situation as the water annoyingly drips onto your head if you remain seated for more than a nanosecond. Thus, the umbrella.

The ceiling wasn't always leaking, but it has been for well over a week despite numerous calls to maintenance to PLEASE come and fix our leaky ceiling. It started as a casual drip — one every once in a while. A visitor to the bathroom could get lucky and escape unscathed. Gradually, the situation worsened, the ceiling began to peel away, and my umbrella remains hanging on the rim. Very considerate.

For now, while we try in vain to locate competent repair people, the rain that falls further from the toilet bowl 

hose. Maybe we should bring back the vegetable garden.

After numerous other calls and insinuations from the front desk personnel that repair people had checked out our keys and were seeing to the problem, the situation, alas, remained the same. We pessimistically assumed that maintenance was coming into our room during the hours that we were not present, eating our food, probably trying on our clothes, and other such antics. At one point, I actually witnessed one of them enter the room, head for the bathroom with a shopping cart of fix-it supplies, and emerge one minute later, claiming, "I can't fix that. You need a plumber." A plumber, yes. Master of the Obvious, we do need a plumber. But one refuses to come to us. Maybe they're all hydrophobic.

Following that incident, the mystery repair men apparently entered our apartment yet again, patched up the decorative hole over the shower and duct taped the crack shut. I thought this was especially cute. Of course, we all know how well tape sticks to wet surfaces... This method has done a lovely job of diverting the dripping water further from the toilet bowl so that now at least it does not splash onto the rim. Very considerate.

For now, while we try in vain to locate competent repair people, the rain that falls on High Rise East flows mainly into our toilet, and my umbrella remains hanging on the door.

How do you perform oral sex? Mistress Lola wants to know...

This time we are going to do something different. I am conducting a survey of sorts. I want to hear what you are thinking. So read these two letters, and let me know what you would tell these desperate souls!

Dear Mistress Lola,

I am a 21 year old male, and I love the idea of having a women watch me masturbate. I have only tried it once and I loved it. Needless to say the woman watching me liked it too. Unfortunately she is married, so I am looking for someone else to try this with. I am not bad looking. I am 6'1" 190lbs. I have long brown hair and if you want to get personal, I am of average length. I was wondering if you might know any woman in the Florida area that might want to have a little show put on for them.

Getting Personal

Female readers! This gentleman used the word "relish" in a sentence! How would you turn that down? By the way, this individual doesn't attend our fine institution, so no one will find out if you care to meet this young stud. If you are interested in finding out more details about this proposal, e-mail me at 34th Street. We'll see if we can make a match!

Dear Mistress Lola,

I know this is the age old question, but I need to know. How do I give a perfect blowjob? I am desperate to find out!

Don't Believe the Hype

• Swiss government. Mobilizing scag to junkies everywhere. We just hope its not "super-buick."

• Bill Gates. Richest man for second year running. If nerdiness pays so well, why isn't Rick Moranis kickin' some ass?

• David Brinkley. Decides to "retire from television and try something else." We suggest pimping.

• Roman Catholic Church. Finally apologizes for silence over Holocaust. Well done. Four hundred years for Galileo — only 40 years for 6 million Jews...

• Baltimore Inner Harbor. Trendy, but damn nice looking. Get off your ass and road trip for a day... it's worth the $25 train ticket.

Fight the Power

• Da' Eagles. Soccer is the game where you're not supposed to use you hands, boys. Hold on to the goddamn football and you just might win a game.

• MIR. OK, let me get this straight. In the past few months MIR has lost power, oxygen, steering control, and central computer systems. Yes, this seems like a good place to send another American astronaut... How about we crash a Stealth Bomber into it instead?

• Italy. The fertility rate is falling fast in this Mediterranean nation. Hint to Italian stallions: Stop wearing those tight leather pants, you Wops.

• Mary Albert. Fired for biting strange woman's ass? Come on... I f**k 80 year old women, and they still let me write here.
**Southern Culture On The Skids**

**BY BEN "NORTHERN CULTURE ON THE" DIETZ**

Southern Culture on the Skids is more than a band—it's a veritable white trash phenomenon. Hailing from Chapel Hill, and representing North Carolina's Piedmont region, SCOTS is all about the things that make the South great—Barbecues, beer, juke joints, tractor trailers, and shotgun weddings. Their new album, Plastic Seat Sweat (DGC), is an outstanding pastiche of Southern musical culture and the band's unique (and twisted) sense of humor. I sat down recently with SCOTS singer/guitarist Rick Miller to talk about the band's aesthetic, his influences, and the Dukes of Hazzard. Attired in blue jeans rolled just above the top of his Converse, Rick was the picture of Southern hospitality, offering me a beer before we got started. I accepted with enthusiasm, and without further ado, we got down to the real nitty gritty.

**Is there a particular Southern ethic or Aesthetic that you represent?**

I think if you're from the South you tend to identify with the whole place.

**With that in mind, do you think that Northerners can get SCOTS?**

One of the major exports I think the South has always had is its arts, its culture, its literature, its music, you know what I mean? So I think that everybody is somewhat aware of a Southern culture, and a way of life in the South, even though it may be somewhat homogenized and stereotypical. It still is enough, for us, to kind of work with and for everybody that kinda get. All the music, rock 'n' roll, bluegrass, blues, jazz—it's all from the South, and that's a huge export. So everyone's familiar with the South, whether they know it or not.

**Is it part of your conscious aesthetic that you're representing the broken down end of that Southern culture?**

Well, I think to really appreciate us, you have to have a bit of a sense of humor, and a sense of irony. We're products of the South, so we're very self conscious about all that. I think part of Southern Culture on the Skids is our take on that—at the same time celebrating it, on the same time goofing on it, at the same time, like, creating our own mythology about the South. Not laughing at it, it's part of the celebration. I mean, we all have those crazy uncles, the Jesse Helms bumper stickers and a lotta guns (chuckles).

**Speaking of crazy uncles, are the Dukes of Hazzard real?**

No (more chuckles). I don't even know if they're Southerners. I'd like to know where she [Daisy Duke] is though, man—she was hot.

I've known guys who used to put bucket seats on the roofs of their cars and give girls joy rides. You just gotta look out for low trees. But you know, the stuff that we sing about, and we play around with, they work because they touch upon things that are real. I mean, a lot of our songs are autobiographical.

**So who are some of your big influences?**

See that's another reason for the name is because we're all about Southern forms of music. And on this record you get it even more than on [the band's major label debut] Dirt Track Date. So we're influenced by a ton of people, everybody from Billy Strange, Link Wray, and lot of the surf guys. I'm totally into Jimmy McGriff, and Groove Holmes, and all that stuff, and that totally informs what we do. And Southern Culture on the Skids, that's also sort doing our take on what we consider to be Southern music.

**So how would you describe your sound? For me, it's just like sort of a melting pot of Southern forms.**

We always used to describe it as a Southern Plate Lunch. Like, everything's been cooking for a really long time in its own separate pot, and then when you throw it on your plate it just falls together and you don't know what you're eating, but it tastes good.

**To what extent do you attribute your newly-extended fun base to "Camel Walk" [a single from Dirt Track Date]?**

Oh, lots. At least half the people that saw us on the last tour we did. Like "Camel Walk" took a while to get going, so we'd already been on the road for a year before that thing took off. And towns where we'd be pulling 200-300 people, and all of a sudden there's 800, 1000 people there. And hopefully, if they got the record, then they liked some other songs.

**Do you have an ideal venue, an Ideal audience?**

Well, we've toured a lot of different places. We've done prison tours. We toured all the prisons in North Carolina, with a black gospel band. That was killer, man. And we played Junior Kimbrough's, a black juke joint. That's the club that a lot of [legendary bluesmen] play at. We were down there and Junior's leg was hurtin' and he asked us to play. They're heroes to me, Junior, and all those guys—Booba Barnes, and if you've ever heard of Jack Johnson. But I can't really say there's one place. There's a lot of little clubs down South.

I read a profile recently on you that talks about your live show and how participatory it is.

I consider us to be entertainers, you know, not just musicians and not just artists. So we try to involve the audience. There's always someone out there who's really, really hilarious. And sometimes it works and sometimes it doesn't. We have a song called "Eight Piece Box," and we always get up to come on stage and we give 'em some chicken to dance with.

Oh my God.

It's always fun to get them, the audience involved, cause it makes it more fun for you. And the energy level always picks up.

**ALBUM REVIEW**

**Southern Culture on the Skids**

Plastic Seat Sweat (DGC)

"You in trouble, boy. You better run. Here comes your woman—with a shotgun." So begins Plastic Seat Sweat, the latest dirt-road odyssey from North Carolina rockabilly band Southern Culture on the Skids. Picking up where their major-label debut Dirt Track Date left off, Plastic Seat Sweat is a tour of the drapes of the South—as hilarious as it is disturbing. Packed with characters as wide ranging as crackhead tow-truck drivers ("40 Miles to Vegas") and Soho Joe, the proprietor of the "House of Bamboo," the album is a non-stop Southern-fried cracker escape.

SCOTS is too fun a band to simply rest on their laurels, though. Plastic Seat Sweat is also an incredibly varied sampling of Southern musical styles, from the rockabilly twanginess of "Love-A-Hurt," to the rollicking, sliding country of the album's standout, "Country Funk." Surf instrumentals are also in full effect, as is a little bit of "Love-A-Hurt," to the rollicking, sliding country of the album's standout, "Country Funk." Surf instrumentals are also in full effect, as is a little bit of "Lovin' From the Ground Up." With Plastic Seat Sweat, SCOTS proves that the old South is alive and kickin', Lord, help us all.
To say that Chuck D didn't have a profound influence on hip-hop would be tantamount to saying Albert Einstein didn't have a profound influence on physics. Chuck (aka Carlton Ridenhour) formed Public Enemy in the early 1980s at Adelphi University in New York City. For P.E. — as he and Flavor Flav came to be known — 1987's Yo! Bum Rush the Show, their debut, would be just a trailer for the main features: It Takes a Nation of Millions to Hold Us Back in 1988 and Fear of a Black Planet in 1990. Chuck's clear, grating voice carved an angry, distinctive edge in an art form up to that point had been almost strictly a diaspora.

P.E. frightened America, frightened it in a way unseen since Stokley Carmichael. They were revolutionary; they were followers of the Nation of Islam. But beneath Chuck's harrowing proclamations (like "Black Steel in the Hour of Chaos" or "Night of the Living Baseheads") and the Bomb Squad's thunderous, funk-bastardized beats, was something very embraceable. There was a realism and a call to action within Chuck D's words. He resembled a latter-day Huey Newton and this was tantamount to saying Albert Einstein didn't have a profound influence on physics.

But today Chuck D is an afterthought, a footnote to attach to rap music as it increasingly becomes The Thing The Civil Rights Movement Made. Several poorly-received albums, culminating with Mute-Sick-N-Hour-Mess-Age in 1994, and Flavor Flav's repeated run-ins with the law made P.E. into something worth forgetting, despite what they had done. The invention was everywhere, but no one wanted to think about the inventors. Chuck D is now on tour promoting his book Fight the Power, a blueprint for what he sees as the future of hip-hop and politics, though sometimes strained, has never ended.

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Street: Sports have always been important to you. Today athletes are so vocal, but don't say very much. And I know this bothers you.

Chuck D: They be letting the agents shut 'em up. They be Jerry Maguire'ing 'em into a corner. They don't want to come out saying anything they think may be controversial. There's mad shorts out there, and just saying a little bit could be sparking them to say 'You know what? I ain't gonna sign this package' or 'I ain't going to pack no toolie. I know I ain't gonna play no hall, but at least I'm gonna do something.'

Craig Hodges, a former Chicago Bull who recently sued the National Basketball Association for supposedly blacklisting him over his outspoken political beliefs.

Exactly. After the ball career goes, all the broths that supported you all along ain't gonna be there and with Craig Hodges I remember what he was saying when that happened, he was speaking out and he was trying to get certain broths — we knew who he was talking to — to come speak to certain people. He wasn't rolling through the hood, trying to show the kids up. He was speaking for 80% of us, catching the bus or whatever, can't relate to the rest on the dollar tip. You got to keep it real all the way around. When they see something they want to see you coming out, speaking to broths. Donating X amount of dollars to a charity; all that's superficial.

Right now, how many athletes we out here from the hood? How many entertainers? And I ain't just talking about rap...I mean actors, and all that. It's got to be over thousands, right? (Former Bull and current 76er) Scott Williams came down and we did something next to the Chicago Stadium, the old one, at the Hoover Projects, and the residents said nobody from the team had ever come to the projects. It was me, Craig Hodges, and Scott Williams, and Craig had to drag Scott down.

Right now, for the first time since 1987 when Yo! Bum Rush the Show came out, there's a generation of people in hip-hop who are growing up without knowing Public Enemy and Chuck D. Public Enemy was so influential for so many. For us it was Fear of a Black Planet. Now there is nothing like that.
They gettin' it together. They tryin'. The people that's in charge of them need to learn to give them more insight on what they're doing. So they can do it for a long period of time instead of a short one.

Do they listen to you?

They do. But they in a scramble. They in a scramble because if they don't do what they gotta do, the record company will cut them off and the opportunities will be lost.

And you know people start making crazy moves sometimes. They just chase the money, instead of holding true to the art form. It's unfortunate. Just like in this town, Cool C and Steady B. (Philadelphia rappers currently in jail for murder.) That was an incident that was representative of the whole thing. It's like, guys, on the outside. Lookin' in because they couldn't do other things and still wanted to maintain the lifestyle, while the community thought they were still in the inside. I wasn't thinking. I'm an idiot. Everybody got the puff chest stories like. Yeah, yeah, yeah! What what what? Yeah. All right. How about this story straight from lock down?

Oh, you heard I was on BET Monday night? I was relentless... I'll tell you, man. Never give me an hour. Never give me an hour on TV! You talkin' to the nation. You talkin' to the country. I was on, talkin' to the country every day for an hour. It'd be over. People be flippin'. The jails be flippin'. People be. Oh my God!

And it don't matter. I could play Mobin Deep, or it could be De La Soul. From flowers to grim and groom. And you know what? Don't let me open my mouth. It'd be Hannibal Lecter. Get some heads up in there like Ice-T and some brains up in there, and real heads that deal beyond rap. Dr. Khalid (Abdul Muhammed), Cornel West... Man. It'd be out. It's like this, the whole key in everything is the control over the media, the signals. When you hear a radio station, you say it's a black radio station. No. It's not black radio. It's white corporate stations playing black music. And they went through a period when it was kind of bittersweet to program the community to make them kind of knowledge-able of what was gonna be done.

Now, the thing about it is, if you can get the listeners to buy more into it and still act like sheep and follow the sheep-herd, who herds everybody into the slaughter and put them alongside wolves in sheep's clothing, and also get them to flock and actually purchase what they think is culture and creativity in all realms. You got people who'll do what you won't do... you think black-owned sometimes means. Okay, it's black-owned. But what are they doing? They have to compete against the other stations. When black radio tuned its back on hip-hop, it allowed corporations to come in on hip-hop and when you control hip-hop, you can control the minds of the kids. You can make 'em do whatever you want.

As a man, I ain't got nothin' really against Lil' Kim saying what she got to say, but I don't believe 18 and under got the rights of adults. Children don't have the rights of adults. They have to work and prepare themselves because when people turn 18, they got hell to fight. They got war zones. And they got in the war zones with no tools.

Never give me an hour. Never. And BET is commendable for that. But like I said, I'll linebacker through the news world (turnin' back on hip-hop, it allowed corporations to come in on hip-hop and when you control hip-hop, you can control the minds of the kids. You can make 'em do whatever you want.

Niggas hate niggas gonna eat niggas and actually gonna go and kill niggas.

Corporations are outside of that. They gonna get Michael Jordan and fuse the issue. They gonna give Michael Jordan $100 million so they can throw the term 'millions.' Everybody hear 'millions' so much they think 'Millions, that ain't nothin', I'ma get me millions too.' The changes gonna come with Chuck D makin' Public Enemy records. The changes gonna happen in a total multi-media assault. It's gonna come through the Wild Wild Web, through television, because that's where everything else is coming through. And you gotta battle through all those zones...

Special Thanks to Matt Konhais for assisting with this interview.
PATTI SMITH
Live at the Walt Whitman Cultural Arts Center 9/27/97
Not enough praise can be said of Patti Smith, who has managed to become both a musical pioneer and a second-generation beat poet since co-founding punk rock 20 years ago. And despite the fact that her acoustic performance on Saturday night was marred by more errors and mistakes than just about every show ever held in this 180-seat Camden theater put together, her nearly two-hour delivery of music and poetry was emotive and inspiring — the best show in recent memory. From her midnight-blue cover of Hank Williams's "I'm So Lonesome I Could Cry," to her soul-stirring version of her classic "Dancing Barefoot," as well as her debut performances of songs from her new album Peace and Noise (Arista), Smith affirmed the audience's knowledge that while live performance may not be second nature to her anymore, her music and her words are modern legends.

SLOBBERBONE
Barrel Chested
Doolittle Records
All right, all right — it's a stupid name, the kind that sort of makes you think of weird behavior with dogs. Moniker aside, though, this is one all-out outfit that knows how to rock. Barrel Chested is the band's second album, and it's gosh darn good — the kind of album that's good to get drunk and rowdy to. Check out the title track in particular. And check out the band, in town tonight at Upstairs at Nick's. You'll be glad you did, pardner.

CANDY PUMPKINS
Taste great with beer.

BY DEBORAH CARROLL

SKA BANDS 1996-Present
Ok, this is how it is. Ska has been around since the late 1970's when The Specials and Madness were punching up punk rock with fast '60s Jamaican grooves. From vaguely 1980 until 1996, it was kept nicely alive in the punk underground scene, occasionally surfacing in the altamix-pop market under the auspices of such bands as Fishbone and The (once-mightier) Mighty Mighty Bosstones. Then 1996 hit, and since the advent of NO Doubt, no fewer than 9000 bands have reached one-hit-pop success by adding a (generally black) horn section to a mindless, witless (invariably white) slacker-punk group. So, who's to blame: each and every of the various major labels that sign Reel Big Fish-esque trash, featuring skankers, the skankers themselves for mongering their tripe in the first place, or YOU for being such mindless little shits that they all get away with it (while making a fat profit)?

CHRISTIAN ROCK
Go to Hell, you cutlits.
God's Property, Bob Carlisle, DC Talk, and other such religious tools: just whom do you think you're fooling with all that wholesome bullshit? "Butterfly Kisses" smacks of damnation.

STEM
Forever Up
Ignition
What a travesty it is that this band — some kind of vapid rock act — would ever even be allowed to release another album. It's an obviously marketed by morose, somber tone. The songs are lyrically understated, drawing deeply from the singer's own life experience, including an interview with the Rolling Stones' Ronnie Wood. Moving, insightful ballads like "Standing In The Doorway," "Not Dark Yet," and "ยาย To Get To Heaven," which will be carried by Dylan's warm, glowing vocals. The classic 16 minute "Highlands" creates an unsurprisingount to the elaborate "Desolation Row" and "Sad Eyed

THE ROLLING STONES
Bridges to Babylon
1/2
Vegan

THE STONES are not exactly known as a band that has a lot of political incorrectness. "Not Dark Yet," is an album similarly based on groove. The lyrics are forgettable, and Mick Jagger's voice certainly does not have the dynamic range it once boasted, but that shing jingle is still present, most notably in "Flip the Switch" and the Dust Brothers-produced "Might As Well Get Jucked." The Stones are not exactly known for their ballads, and the slow songs are not the high points of the album. The exception is Keith Richards's slow and thoughtful "Thief in the Night." Keith also sings lead vocals on the album's most catchy song, "You Don't Have To Mean It," which sounds strangely influenced by the dusty road songs of the Traveling Wilburys. It is the only track that seems to work as a single, and it's a shame that "Anybody Seen My Baby?" was released first, apparently so a stripper could make an appearance in the first video.

Although a comparison to Exile on Main Street works thematically, Bridges to Babylon is certainly no match for Exile in quality. As with 1994's Voodoo Lounge, any Stones fan who listens to this album a few times will learn to enjoy it and appreciate its classic Stones sound. Similarly, a non-fan who listens to the album a few times will also learn to appreciate it — perhaps a bit less, but enough not to regret the purchase. Despite the lack of anything particularly new or innovative, Bridges to Babylon maintains the Stones's musical integrity by churning out the R&B grooves that made them the pinnacles of rock that they are.

Shut it off.

The 34th Street Ratings Guide: ••••• Chuck D ••••• Terminator X ••••• Flavor Flav ••••• Harry Allen (Medusa Assassin) ••••• Professor Griff

October 2, 1997

Bob Dylan: Back Out of His Mind

BY THE JON ROONEY

With Time Out Of Mind, Bob Dylan gracefully comes to terms with living in his own gigantic shadow. Once an enigma, Bob Dylan has risen on the pop cultural landscape, Dylan has recently resigned himself to the relatively obscure role of rugged troubadour. Dylan's influence on modern music is immeasurable, placing him on a level with only Elvin Presley and the Beatles. His vast musical achievements span four decades — from the early folk musings of The Freewheeling Bob Dylan, to the surrealistic, electric brilliance of Blonde On Blonde, to such unheralded later masterpieces as Street Legal and Shot Of Love. Having nothing left to prove, on Time Out Of Mind Dylan quietly reaffirms his rightful place as the greatest songwriter in the world.

The strongest themes on Time Out Of Mind — love lost and time past — are carefully drawn out through each impressive song. The album lacks the immediate emotional urgency of much of his strongest work (such as 1974's Blood On The Tracks and 1976's Hard Rain) but its well-crafted songs from the album. Bridges to Babylon is certainly no earthshaker, as "Dirt Road Blues," round out the track list, resulting in as solid a Dylan album as any released since 1983's Infidels.

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Kogil Mi Gukmint, Ba?

By MIKE Sendrow

Described as anything from Britpop psychedelia to kraut-rock to “wasteful music” (care of the band’s press release), Welsh band Gorky’s Zygotic Mynci is the United Kingdom’s best export. Their fourth LP, Barafundle, is one of the year’s best and most innovative albums.

Located off the north-west coast of France, Wales is an internal colony of the UK despite its apparent autonomy. Metaphorically, GZM is like its birthplace: while they have their own unique style, they are controlled by a British music industry that speaks another language. With Britpop and trip-hop as the primary constituents of the UK musical language, beautiful music like that of Gorky’s Zygotic Mynci is all but lost in the vernacular.

GZM’s music suggests picturesque landscapes of waning and waning tides, attributable to the Celtic influence and culture behind the Welsh language. Although the majority of the lyrics are in English, those that are in Welsh make for another richly layered musical instrument for the listener to enjoy.

Barafundle is an impressive mixture of incredible instrumentation, inexplicable harmonies, and invaluable succinctness. The songs average only three minutes long, and each song is complete in its self-restraint — they all end before the listener is either ready or bored. As the next track begins, the listener is once again completely invested.

The engaging harmonies and arrangements are reminiscent of the Beach Boys’ seminal 1966 album, Pet Sounds. The tracks are densely layered with organs, violins, horns, a jew’s-harp, and the proverbial rock Moog, all of which bolster the standard line-up of guitar, bass, and drums.

Gorky’s Zygotic Mynci gives hope to an imperial musical world, which, in its current state, considers melodic, mid-tempo music regressive. While the rest of the world shimmies its collective pelvis to the binary code of the British post-music scene, Gorky’s reminds us that music can still be intriguingly beautiful.

Grifting Away from Home

By AH Ross

Memphis is known for musical giants such as Elvis and B.B. King. Judging from the Grifters’ new album Full Blown Possession, this Memphis band will not be joining their hometown legends in music history. Full Blown Possession is the Grifters’ second album since signing with the Seattle indie label SubPop, and the northern influence riddles this album with irritatingly recycled music.

A “grifter” is a con-man, or a thief, hence the name of this band that “grifts” music styles from others (admittedly by group member Scott Taylor in Wire magazine). The chosen victim for this album seems to be the Seattle alternative music of a few years ago, as evidenced by the unimaginative and repetitive guitar sounds and lyrics such as “Blood thirsty lovers/ Blood thirsty lovers!” repeated ad nauseam.

While the songs vary in tempo, they all manage to sound the same. The only standout on the album is the instrumental “You Be the Stranger,” and that is because it relies on the music rather than a screamed refrain and mad drum-beats. Other songs, such as “Sweetest Thing” get off to promising starts with unusual rhythm patterns from instruments such as electric piano and harmonica, but they quickly degenerate into a repetitious style which makes the Grifters’ only slightly better than a high school garage punk band.

In the letter to the listener among the liner notes, the Grifters’ promise that they “as you see it, that the future holds even more songs about confusion, heartbreak, and dependency. YAY!” Perhaps in that illustrious future, the Grifters will have the sense to steal from some decent music — perhaps from the blues, the musical style where their hometown is rooted. However, as long as the Grifters’ associate themselves with Memphis, they’ll only serve to give the legendary town a bad name.

Welcome to the Next Level

By BEN Dietz

When the British junglist LTJ Bukem introduced the world to his Logical Progression collection a year ago, he marked a seminal moment in the rapid evolution of the electronic genre, drum’n’bass (or jungle if you prefer). Bukem synthesized the megalithic improvisation of jazz with the stuttering rhythmic insistence of drum’n’bass to create a dynamic new form that came to be called “intelligent jungle.” More contemplative than its dancehall-directed counterparts in the world of jungle, Logical Progression was immediately hailed as the next level of drum’n’bass. That the second installment of the Logical Progression series is named Level 2, then, implies a prescience claim: this album markedly furthers intelligent jungle’s progression as a form unto itself.

Overseen not by Bukem but rather by his label-mate Blame, Level 2 proves from its very beginnings to be everything it is billed as. The first of its two CDs is a breakbeat rollercoaster that veers from the jumped-up freestyle-lyrical element to Level 2 that at once accentuates Blame’s mixing skills and enhances the breakbeats’ hyperactive rhythmic fluctuations.

Level 2’s excellent second disc presents a slightly different perspective — unmitigated, it is less like a DJ’s set than a true compilation. It also extends the realm of intelligent jungle, incorporating more lenient jazz samples and experimenting with new tempos, as on Blame’s samba-esque “360 Clic.” LTJ Bukem’s only contribution to Level 2 is also included on this disc. Ironically, “Atlantis” is a Bukem track from 1992, and it is the least “intelligent” of Level 2’s lot. Still, it serves as an illuminating testament to Logical Progression’s foundation. And as Level 2 demonstrates, it’s a foundation upon which a genuine musical evolution is built.
Mr. Tony Danza’s Show
Or, How I Learned to Stop Whining and Love the Generic Sitcom

BY JEFF THOMASON

In the hectic and Hobbesian world of television situational comedy, the only line of defense is innovation. Seinfeld, a show about “nothing,” and the live broadcast of ER left America breathless and eager for more. In this fine NBC tradition of going to the extremes for the viewing audience, one hundred monkeys have been slaving away for a hundred weeks on a hundred type-writers to deliver humor, sports, and family values in the form of The Tony Danza Show. My fond memories of rushing home from elementary school to catch wacky misadventures and the beautiful Alyssa Milano of Who’s the Boss perhaps deferred my expectations for Danza’s latest attempt at comeback.

Tony DiMeo freelances as a sportswriter coping with a loss of faith in the motives of contemporary athletes. At the same time, he manages to juggle two spunky daughters as a single father. Despite the austere salary that columnists generally receive, the DiMeo household is blessed with a spacious New York apartment, respective doormen Stuey (Shaun Weiss), whose previous work includes the token chunky kid of the Mighty Ducks, a personal assistant for Tony, and enough left over to pay the private school tuition for both kids. Tony is the same big, lovable Italian guy that graced the sets of that “other sitcom” so many years ago. Now he’s dealing with issues of the baby boomer parents: worrying about his kids, sweating the new computer technology, generally being just macho enough while still able to really love his kids and resolve conflicts with a big hug and goofy smile.

The premiere glossed over the side characters, the ones whose names do not appear on the title. Carmen (Maria Canals) fulfills every Puerto Rican stereotype, with a rather ridiculous amount of cleavage showing while spouting the witty quips and Spanish curses. Her function as typist and assistant for Tony will no doubt be exploited as a pseudo-Mom for both the kids. The older daughter Tina (Marla Delfino) struggles in the throes of adolescent rebellion. Her tendencies for skipping school nights reveals itself as a desperate cry for attention and love in the aftermath of her parents’ separation. Props to the one soul in the writing crew that slipped in a promising trait in the youngest girl Micky (Ashley Milano): hypochondria. Why, mental illness hasn’t been this fun since What About Bob? Cholera, arthritis, malaria and hypoglycemia are all mentioned in the show, quickly flying past the heads of Fox’s target demographic. This small saving grace does not manage to overcome Micky’s place as the younger child, obligating her to act obnoxious and to have all shenanigans whisked away by the laughtrack. The interactions of all of these characters promise to be as novel as, say, another drunk Hill freshman at HUP.

Suffice it to say, Wednesdays at eight o’clock would be better spent on Spin City or anything that makes an attempt at originality. The Tony Danza Show might elicit a few smirks, no laughs and maybe even several grimaces of pain. And the lame and typical approach to quick problem resolution and empty joke lines prove this show unworthy of the effort of turning on the television set.

Mr. Tony Danza’s Show

Mr. Tony Danza’s Show
Thai Me Up, Thai Me Down

BY LEIGH ESPOSITO AND CHACHI WATCHEL

First of all, don't get the shellfish. Unless you're prepared to spend a good half hour retching out the mollusks and half of your intestinal wall, we'd avoid a little dish they innocently deem " Mixed Shellfish" from the Italian portion of the otherwise Thai menu. In fact, we'd venture to steer you clear of the Italian section entirely and concentrate on the standouts - Thai dishes and unique cultural ambiance that make Jow's a success.

Our evening began with a serious language obstacle - it took a full five minutes to communicate to the wide-eyed waitress that we wanted extra steamed rice ("Steamed rice," blank look, "RICE, please." Blank look. "More STEAMED RICE." Blank look.). Once this misunderstanding had been cleared up, we were left to soak up the atmosphere, which resembles the result of a thousand bottles of Pepto Bismol ladled liberally over the walls. In an attempt at cultural integration, two strings of plastic "Italian" vegetables (eg., red peppers) hang next to a Thai mosaic and each vase of fake flowers is adorned with fake dew drops that fascinate during the lengthy wait for the food.

Despite these drawbacks, Jow's is well worth the wait. For our appetizers we had Beef Sa-Tay - skewers of beef dipped in a spicy peanut sauce — and crispy Thai Spring Rolls with some sort of strange chutney sauce that we adored. Our table sounded like a sort of mass orgasm, as we moaned and dipped our appetizers we had Beef Sa-Tay — skewled, the Mixed Shellfish were good but the sauce may be a little hole-in-the-wall worth crawling into. It would be even better if they'd drop the pretense of having Italian "vegetables" (eg. red peppers) hang next to a Thai mosaic and each vase of fake flowers is adorned with fake dew drops that fascinate during the lengthy wait for the food.

our entrees, which were liberally portioned and absolutely exceptional. The general consensus was in favor of the Thai Curry Fried Rice with chicken, which had a distinctive flavor. The mixed seafood (Thai fish to it and included warm raisins and some unidentified objects which looked sketchy but tasted delicious. Incidentally, be wary of the restaurant's five star system of spice content. We ordered a dish with one star, and it was barely palatable. We didn't realize what the "Crying Tiger" was referring to until we took note of the five small stars next to its name. The Mixed Shellfish, as we mentioned, was the only loser of the evening. It looked good, it tasted good on the way in, but it was a little vile upon exiting the throat (rather violently) a mere half hour later. By the way, the bathroom's pretty clean; I got to know it intimately. There's extra toilet paper in the cabinet in case you're ever in a bind.

So here's the verdict: they may not pay the closest attention to their seafood suppliers, but Jow Garden's Thai-Italian Cuisine is a little hole-in-the-wall worth crawling into. It would be even better if they'd drop the pretense of having a dual-sided menu, because their skill at Thai cooking innovation did not translate to the pasta. Granted, the Mixed Shellfish were good but the sauce screamed "Ragù" and the pasta was more than a little overdone — not to mention the post-digestive trauma. Finally, a note on the neighborhood: you may be risking your life for the sweet and sour pork... but what a last supper.

Oedipus stars in Melrose Place!

BY CHRIS KERN

Think of it as Melrose Place for your mind — and better. The Wilma Theater's new production of Jean Cocteau's Indiscretions is a deliciously scathing portrait of Western bourgeoisie, replete with deception, infidelity, sacrifice, and echoes of Oedipus. What's not to like? A lot, actually. While this play is a great way to spend an evening, and well worth its ticket price, its merits lie more in Cocteau's script and less in the Wilma's production.

Indiscretions revolves around the dysfunction of a family. This is not a new concept, to be sure. Here we have a mother in love with her son who's in love with a girl who's having an affair with the son's father who killed the mother's sister. Got that? It's soap opera, and a damn good one. The sleazy infidelities of the characters appeal to those base instincts that allow us to secretly love things like daytime television and the Spic Girls. However, unlike those closest pleasures, Indiscretions' strength comes from its wry, insightful dialogue rather than a profusion of beautiful people. This is a play about the crimes that we commit against those we love and the favors we do for those we hate: it's about family — albeit this family is really weird.

Fortunately for the cast, the script carries the play. The greatest weaknesses lie in the younger members of this cast. Stephen Douglas Harrison's portrayal of the son is over-enthusiastic and too one-dimensional for a 22-year-old character who is supposed to be on the brink between childhood and adulthood. Don't get me started on the girlfriend, played by Hayley Sparks. Her constant, inappropriate shrieking about the stage

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music/theater

Drag Show

What better way to celebrate the Jewish New Year? Absolutely nothing says "Happy New Year" better than a genuine, critically acclaimed drag show. Be a little bit untraditional this year. And if you don’t celebrate the holiday, take the night off anyway. C’mmon — how many times are you going to get the opportunity to see a drag show so close to home? This is a few in a lifetime opportunity. Don’t sit home and watch “Must See TV” when you could be watching men try to walk in stillets.

No cover but must buy a drink, must be 21, 10:30 p.m. • 1:30 a.m., Bob and Barbara’s Lounge, 1509 South Street. (215) 545-4511.

Theatere

Understudies

A Drama Lab showcase

Philadelphia’s newest theater workshop features a full-length drama written by Joseph Paprzycki. The story, which is being performed for the first time, is about a young writer who finds a father figure in a celebrated New York theater critic. Remember: RENT started out as a workshop production. It then went on to take the Great White Way by storm. Then again, didn’t Cats start out in a workshop too?

$10, 8 p.m., The Brick Playhouse, 623 South St. (215) 592-1183.

gymnastics

John Hancock Tour of World Gymnastics Champions

Calling all psychotic success-driven anorexic females. Come support your fellow non-eaters. Featuring such size 0 "but I could still lose a few pounds" athletes as Dominique Moceanu, Dominique Dawson, Shannon Miller, Amy Chow and Amanda Borden.

$19.50-35. 7:30 p.m., Corestates Center, Broad and Pattison. (215) 336-2000.

CONVENTION

Official Hercules: The Legendary Journeys and Xena: Warrior Princess Convention

Three words: it’s about time! No two shows are more deserving of psycho-demented convention status than Hercules and Xena. It is a wonder that it has taken the marketers and publicists of the world this long to realize the need for this vital conference. Move over Star Trek freaks, there is a new generation on the rise. This could very well be the end of an era. Once these Hercules: The Legendary Journeys and Xena: Warrior Princess conventions take over the pathetic sucker market, oh and it will happen, there is no telling what catastrophic changes will follow. Celebrity speakers include: Hudson Leick, Calista on Xena and Robert Trebor.

Salomoneus on Hercules.

$12.50, 1:00-7:00 p.m., The Valley Forge Convention Center, 1200 1st Avenue, King of Prussia. For information about the Convention call (610) 409-0600. For information about the Convention Center call (610) 834-1550.

music

Fly Me to the Moon: A Space Odyssey

Peter Nero conducts The Philly Pops

Do you have a craving every now and then for science fiction theme songs? Whew, I was worried that I was alone on this. Fear not, help is on the way friend. The Philly Pops are devoting a whole concert to those musical gems. The musicians will play tunes from sci-fi and space films, accompanied by narration from NASA Astronaut George “Pinky” Nelson. Wait, it gets better — NASA supplies images that will be projected onto the screen. And to think that Philadelphia is criticized for a lack of cultural events. “HA!” I say.


art

Art-at-Lunch

Conservator Mark Bockrath discusses the conservation of Benjamin West’s Death on the Pale Horse, specifically, the cleaning and repair of the monument, touching upon insights into West’s painting process. The perfect solution for those of you looking for something to do during lunch on days when Street doesn’t come out and hanchime entertainment is nonexistent.

$4.95, 12:15 p.m., The Museum of American Art, 118 N. Broad St. (Broad and Cherry streets). (215) 972-7600.
groovy. Featured groups include The Metropolitan Male Ensemble, the Ferebee Sisters, the Mattie Carter Ensemble and The New Covenant Sanctuary Choir. $5 donation requested. 7 p.m. October 3, The New Covenant Sanctuary, 7500 Germantown Ave., (215) 844-6021.

DREXEL UNIVERSITY'S MANDELL THEATER
Skydance

Though Skydance plays music rooted in the Scottish tradition, they incorporate Celtic, Renaissance, Baroque and Rock and Roll to create their own unique sound. $18 in advance, $20 at the door. 8 p.m. October 4, 33rd and Chestnut streets, (610) 825-7268.

THE BARDS PRESENTS
Solas

Catch their only Philadelphia appearance.

156. 8 p.m. October 4, Church of the Holy Trinity, Rittenhouse Square (at Walnut St.), (215) 396-2000.

ROCK HALL DISTINGUISHED ARTISTS SERIES
Benefit Recital: William de Pasquale and Wolfgang Sawallisch

Violinist de Pasquale, second concertmaster of The Philadelphia Orchestra, will be accompanied by Sawallisch, the Orchestra's music director, on piano. The program includes Mozart, Beethoven and Schumann sonatas. $20 donation requested. 3 p.m. October 5, Broad St. and Cecil B. Moore Ave., (215) 204-8307.

THE CHERRY TREE MUSIC CO-OP
Dave Van Ronk

Though he's known primarily as an urban blues singer, Van Ronk refuses to be categorized. He enjoys picking from his repertoire of more than 300 songs, playing whatever strikes his fancy. $14 in advance, $16 at the door. 7:30 p.m. October 5, Parish Hall of St. Mary's Church, 3916 Locust Way, (215) 386-1840.

• readings

THE BALCH INSTITUTE FOR ETHNIC STUDIES
Charles Marsh's God's Long Summer: Stories of Faith and Civil Rights

Marsh's book focuses on the religious convictions of five political activists on all sides of the civil rights movement which climaxsed in Mississippi in 1964. We will lecture and sign copies. Free. 6 p.m. October 8, 18 S. 7th St., (215) 563-4184.

BORDERS BOOK SHOP
John Jiler's Sleping with the Mayor

Village Voice journalist John Jiler moved in with Philadelphia's homeless. He will lead a discussion about his book, Sleeping with the Mayor, and sign copies.

Free. 7:30 p.m. October 14, 1727 Walnut St., (215) 568-7400.

• theater

TEMPLE THEATERS
The Lady in Question

"A hilarious spoof of those 1940's 'damsel-in-distress vs. the Nazis' movies." $7 students, $9 general. 8 p.m. October 9-18. Randall Theater, 1301 W. Norris St., (215) 204-1122.
Get a chance to win the James Bond "Golden Eye" BMW Z3!

3 Lucky QuakerCard holders will get a chance to win the Z3!

Sat., Oct. 4th at 6pm
At Franklin Field
Halftime during the Football Game

You can still sign up for the QuakerCard & get a chance to win!

3601 Locust Walk
382-3992