Administration tried to downplay allegations of sexism

By PATRICK O'Donnell

In the spring of 1987, the University had a "first-string" — in 1987 and just a few years later, a group of student affairs officials, including me, had a problem.

As an outside observer, it appeared to me that the problem was a matter of "gender bias." But when the problem was actually examined in detail, nothing was found.

As the head of a group of student affairs officials, my job was simply to oversee the student affairs office and make sure that it functioned smoothly.

That was a difficult task, but it was important. The student affairs office had to be able to handle student complaints and problems efficiently and effectively.

In order to do that, I needed to have a good understanding of the issues involved and the procedures for handling them.

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Security re-examination

by RANDALL LANE

In what students and administrators refer to as a recurring problem, the campus is again troublled by torn fliers advertising a lesbian and gay educational program.

Tuesday's resident assistant in the Quadquad's Community Center, had noticed the Sabbath afternoon before the weekend that she had pulled 150 of the campus was seen torn. She added that she was functioning and a community center, the task basic for security campus, the editor.

"It's incredible how people are in one way," Taylor said. Taylor then said that he has posted fliers for events and seen all of the fliers torn down, resulting in an "incredible feeling of shock." Taylor added that the fliers were taped down on the door, and that the fliers are on the list for security people.

There have been dozens of similar incidents in the past. During Lebanese students have been torn down.

"It hasn't happened before," Taylor said. "I've been on this campus for three years, and this is the first time I've seen this." Taylor said that the fliers are spread out across the campus, and that people are not sure if the fliers are being torn down on purpose.

Organizations have been torn down by vandals who rip down fliers advertising performances, presentations, and other events. Students have been seen tearing down fliers advertising events that are important to them.

"It's the same as writing racist slurs on walls," Taylor said. "It's like publishing a libelous statement in the University's open expression guidelines."

Franzke Walker said last night that the campus is expecting more trouble. "We're going to be looking for trouble in the future," Franzke Walker said. "We're going to be watching very closely what happens next."
The Performing Arts on Campus

Music

* The Conservatory of Music Symphony Orches- 
as will present works by Beethoven and Kurt Weill. The concert is free of charge and will be per- 
formed at the Church of the Savior, 38th and Chestnut Streets. (523-5242)
* Conducting the full Concertos and Concertos series at 8th and Chestnut Streets is the “Concert Ser- 
ies.” Programs range from classical to modern and will be performed at the Church of the Savior on Saturday at 3 p.m.

* The Philadelphia Drama Guild will continue its production of the Americanization of Henry in the Americanizing of Henry at 11:30 a.m. Sunday. Tickets, which include the cost of $1 for any additional tickets.
* The Philadelphia Opera Guild will present its annual Vocal Recital on Saturday at 7:30 a.m. at the First Presbyterian Church of Philadelphia. The program will be performed in the Church of the Savior at 8 a.m.

Drama

* Auditions are being held for the 20th anniversary of the Philadelphia Film Festival. Performances begin at 8 p.m. in the Houston Hall auditorium.
* The Annenberg Center and Philadelphia Festival for New Plays continue performances of the Rabbie Tour in the Broadhead Theater through Sunday. Performances begin at 7:30 p.m. Tuesday.
* The Philadelphia Drama Guild will continue its production of the Americanization of Henry in the Americanizing of Henry at 11:30 a.m. Sunday. Tickets, which include the cost of $1 for any additional tickets.

Film

* The Neighborhood Film/Video Project has its annual “Young Directors” series at 11:30 a.m. Saturday. The event will be held at the Church of the Savior, 38th and Chestnut Streets. (523-5242)
* The Philadelphia Drama Guild will continue its production of the Americanization of Henry in the Americanizing of Henry at 11:30 a.m. Sunday. Tickets, which include the cost of $1 for any additional tickets.
* The University Museum will show the film American Graffiti at 10:30 a.m. Saturday morning.

Spotlight

Fels Center grads say program’s unique approach spells success

By GEORGE POLANSKY

One University graduate program has boasted success not unlike that of the nation’s leading institutions. The University of Pennsylvania’s Fels Center for Government and Public Service has been attracting students and employees as “one of a kind in the nation,” according to one of the program’s founders, Dr. Paul Fels. The center, which opened its doors in 1985, was established to train future leaders in government and public service. The center’s success is attributed to its unique approach, which emphasizes the importance of practical experience and leadership skills.

Founded by philanthropist, Samuel Fels of Philadelphia, the center seeks to attract students as it has done in the past, with a focus on developing leaders for the public and private sectors. The center offers a variety of programs, including a Master of Public Affairs degree program, a Ph.D. program in Public Policy, and a Graduate Certificate in Government and Public Service.

In addition to its academic offerings, the center has acquired a national reputation for its ongoing research and community service projects. The center’s research agenda is based on the understanding that public policy is fundamentally about people and their experiences. The center’s research is designed to help decision-makers and policymakers understand the impact of their decisions on people’s lives.

The center’s approach to leadership development is centered on the idea of creating leaders who are not only technically proficient but also knowledgeable about the human side of public service. The center’s programs include courses in communication, ethics, and leadership, as well as opportunities for students to work on real-world projects.

The center’s success is illustrated by the fact that it has been named one of the top 10 graduate programs in the nation by U.S. News & World Report. The center’s graduates are in high demand and have gone on to work in a variety of public and private sector organizations.

The center’s approach to leadership development has been recognized by the nation’s leading institutions, who have expressed interest in learning from the center’s unique approach to public service education.

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Communications encyclopedia ready for release at start of next semester

By AMY SILVERMAN

The first-ever Encyclopedia of Communication is set to be published by University professor and co-publisher, the University, in the fall season, according to the fall release.

The five-volume set, published by the University in collaboration with Oxford University Press, contains over 1,600 articles by communication experts throughout the world.

According to George Gerber, the University's communications professor and co-founder of the magazine, the encyclopedia was "the result of a 30-year effort to create a comprehensive, authoritative guide to the field of communication.

The encyclopedia is designed to be a comprehensive, accessible resource for students, researchers, and professionals in the field of communication.

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LSAT REINFORCEMENT PROGRAM
Annenberg's Drama, which the Philadelphia Drama Guild, whose production of the play "The Crucible" is in a dramatic form, is an Afro-American and Colored interpretation of the "black" theatrical tradition. The play is directed by Ira Erikson, and the cast includes several African American actors. The play is an adaptation of Arthur Miller's original play, which was produced in 1953. The production is scheduled to run at the University of Pennsylvania's Arts Building until September 29.

The play is set in the early 1690s in Salem, Massachusetts, and centers around the trials and executions of accused witches. The play explores themes of fear, guilt, and theocracy. The cast includes several African American actors, including Ira Erikson, who is also the director of the production. The play is scheduled to run at the University of Pennsylvania's Arts Building until September 29.

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Prevention and Privacy

She came in through the bathroom window.

And if the was a Public Safety officer, she would have found herself in a quandary.

While students may want to keep the Department of Public Safety for using routine security searches to press charges against a fraternity for possession of a keg, the issue of concern is broader than this one instance. The issue here is not the keg itself, though the keg is foolish. No issue is whether University should have been going through fraternity, it is their policy to do so, and the insurer to keep the campus safe. Few would dispute the legitimacy of that concern.

What is at issue is whether any evidence uncovered by chance during a routine security check can be used to bring University or criminal charges against students, professors occupying an office, or property renting property from the University.

There are several problems involved. First, does the Constitution apply even to the University? That depends on whether the school is considered a public or a private institution. The general line of legal reasoning has been that the University is a private act. That means that Public Safety cannot bring the Fourth Amendment and as well as all the other rights guaranteed by the Constitution.

Their constitutional issues make for fine legal debate, but technical interpretations of the law should not obscure the rights of the community, right? They come from the Constitution but one of our fundamental beliefs about the responsibility of authority.

What are those fundamental beliefs? We don’t know, and we know Public Safety doesn’t have that clue. And that is exactly what concerns us about the present situation.

Finding a keg in a fraternity shouldn’t really shock anyone this is the kind of trivial situation in which no one but the University’s honorific benefactors benefit from bringing the law between protecting and existing students.

The line is flexible, however, students should think twice before apprehending at the idea of having to protect their residence not just from burglars but also from Public Safety. The issue is more complex than it seems. There can be no absolute rule mandating that police will see no evil and hear no evil while securing residence.

What if Public Safety had found marijuana residue in a place? What if they had found a holster-distributed calorie of cocaine? What if they had found the University’s Monitor’s crystal ball?

Public Safety could not just simply forget these instances. Does that mean the police that the students not enter residence at all? That would send a hard message to the department from doing its job. The answer is whether it is appropriate to form some sort of guidelines to separate private invasions of privacy — such as finding a half-empty bottle — from legitimate law enforcement actions.

Without such a rule, Public Safety could harass residents for the most trivial offenses: stolen street signs, mail cards and Louisville cards. And quite possibly, if Public Safety ever found something worse, they would be encouraged in Fourth Amendment considerations that the case would be thrown into doubt.

It is in the best interests of both civil liberties and the community spirit not to mention community trust — for Public Safety, along with the administration, to engage in more thought and find some answers.

Old, But Not Old Enough

For those who have not heard, University Council on April 6, 1988, passed a new rule stating that students shall not bring alcohol with them on University campus.

The preliminary was that the committee, which is reviewing its decided policy, recommend allowing young adults to the University from 8:00 a.m. to 10:00 p.m. and that the university present the administration with a plan for the event.

Surely this is not an issue of students at the University.

But who is in control of our immaturity and responsibility, what exactly would constitute a "party", who are the days that should be included and just when??

The term "young adult" is perfect because that seems to be the prevailing attitude that students have towards the topics of the student at the University.

In the eyes of the University, their authority is in question. But they have not revealed their immaturity and responsibility, what exactly would constitute a "party", who are the days that should be included and just when??

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In addition, many agree that Hynes is a first-rate scholar. During his terms as dean, he was praised in America, the American Anthropological Association, the Council of Anthropology and Education and the American Association of Applied Linguistics.

"He was, as a dean, a tremendous asset to the school," said one who saw him in action. "I think there were all kinds of issues that came up, and he was always willing to discuss them and be open to new ideas."

"These things are done with men, with a gentleman's agreement. With women, they make them leave. Men have golden parachutes, and one tends to land very softly," Hynes said.

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U. officials tried to downplay faculty charges of sexism in the GSE

EDUCATION

Deans and others have been trying to downplay faculty charges of sexism in their school. Professor Thomas Hynes, dean, was reported to be concerned about the issue, and he has called for a thorough investigation of the allegations.

"I think the administration is doing everything it can to address the problem," said Hynes. "We are taking the allegations very seriously and will do everything we can to ensure that all employees feel safe and respected."
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The Daily Pennsylvanian.
Off the Wire

USS Nimitz jet fighter accidentally fires and damages six aircraft, kills one sailor

Nimitz, Bahrain — A jet fighter is killed by a missile yesterday, sending its pilot ablaze on the USS Nimitz flight deck and killing a sailor, but the carrier survived without having the flames spread, U.S. officials said.

A second carrier was severely burned in the fire, which was brought under control in about 26 minutes. Navy spokesmen reported.

They said a cannon in an A-7 Corsair was fired accidentally during "handshaking," a practice in which pilots smoke a cigarette.

The deadly shell exploded against another parked plane, starting a fire that eventually killed six aircraft, the ships and a sailor and 37 people, said the military.

Navy spokesmen said the accident yesterday would not affect operations of the -powered carrier, which arrived October 29, beginning an eight-flight battle group deployment in the Persian Gulf.

The AV-8B Harrier jet was launched in 1975 as the first in the Navy's newest class of super-planes. It carries about 3,500ors, including attack planes and aircraft maintenance personnel, and is home port in Bremerton, Wash.

Photo Archives: Circa 1978

You know it's beginning to look a lot like Christmas when the candy canes start crossing the lights — or at least you did ten years ago. Since then, the candy cane population has melted away, but for all those who still nurse a secret desire to chase after those sweet holiday scenes, you can find them at Mandy's. — They have everything.

Tensions arise as Armenian deaths continue

MOSCOW — Ethnic clashes between Azerbaijanis and Armenians killed 11 people, including a modern media, raising the death toll in less than two weeks of bloodshed to at least 19, officials said yesterday.

The report by the official Armenian news agency Armatamos that 10 Azerbaijanis and one Armenian had been killed in the latest Azerbaijani attack on a town south of Baku was the first to mention that any of the residents were killed.

The Armenian capital of Yerevan and the Azerbaijani capital of Baku, both under heavy fire, were reported to be tense but calm. Official media in both cities reported thousands of refugees were streaming across the border to their ethnic homelands.

Love Across, the editor-in-chief of the Armenian news agency, said in a telephone interview that the deaths announced by officials yesterday included people killed in clashes in several Armenian cities between November 22 and Thursday.

An Azerbaijani official said that a large open meeting of Armenian in the city of Kallans in far northern Armenia for last week, "but they there were stones at him. One hit him in the hand and killed him," Armatamos said.

U.N. gives U.S. a day to issue visa to Arafat

UNITED NATIONS — The General Assembly yesterday ordered the United States by a vote of 152-2 to give President Yasser Arafat a visa to visit the United States. The General Assembly voted 152-2 to allow Arafat to visit the United States, Arab officials said yesterday.

The resolution, which was adopted by the General Assembly, said the United States should issue the visa to Arafat.

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Arafat has long been a critic of American policies in the Middle East, and the resolution was seen as a way for the United States to respond to Arafat's criticism.

Almost every country in the world supported the resolution, but a small number of countries, including the United States, voted against it.

The resolution was adopted by a vote of 152-2, with 29 countries abstaining and 40 countries voting against it.
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Pam Freitag swims the last leg of the 200-meter relay in the Quakers’ victory over Cornell two weeks ago. Last night, the Penn women’s swimming team fell short at Columbia, losing 72-68, to drop its record to 1-2.
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Miller leads St. Joe’s over Dragons, 89-77

By ALAN SCHWARTZ

Advising the Hawkeyes is none other than Rudney Blake and point guard from Iowa who was supposed to be a difficult choice for St. Joe’s hand basketball coach Fredy.

But in the Hawks’ season-opening win against Canisius Miller, freshman Craig Amos scored 42 points, after scoring 11 in a previous game.

And his sight against Drexel, with Adam Mungay, sophomore Marlin Miller came to the rescue. Miller, a 6-foot forward scored a game-high 37 points and grabbed 12 rebounds in St. Joe’s 87-77 victory from Friday afternoon in the Palestra.

Although the season is only young, coaching staffs aren’t usually that bright in the top program. Scott Miller is one of the top program’s bright stars.

Brian Byrd scored for the first time in the 1980-82 season. He made 10 points.

With young players, you never know what they’re going to do,” said Blake. “This is typical, we have some good, young players here.”

The Hawks’ offense started slowly as Drexel hit 6-3 to jump out to a 6-lead with six minutes remaining in the first half.

From there, however, Miller led the Hawks comeback with a 12 shooting. He scored 10 of the Hawks’ 15 points.

“We just couldn’t get the ball in the basket the first 10 minutes,” Hawks guard Brian Lenard said. “It wasn’t a problem getting the shots. We got the shots but it took us too long.”

St. Joe’s took the lead for good with 15 minutes remaining, as the Hawks beat the Dragons down the floor and found nine turnovers. Drexel point guard Todd Lehmann (24 points) kept the Hawks in check early, but the late John Rankin (22 points), but the Hawks’ defensive-minded forwards — led by senior forward James Owens — forced turnovers to convert 10 turnovers for the game.

St. Joe’s frequently converted the extra opportunity, with 22-39 shooting in the second half, while St. Joe’s struggled with a paltry 13-29.

“Typic we were looking for Lehmann and saw Jimmy Brey,” Blake said. “The rest of the guys, Miller gave us a tough line.”

We’re all focused on what happens behind,” Blake said. “That was a big mistake.”

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Don’t miss next week’s...
Dorfmeister stands out for Quakers despite loss

By HANS STEINBERG
Quakers basketball pre-
day junior Dorfmeister landed the cover of the Penn Daily News' 1996-97 yearbook as the Player of the Year, led the team in scoring with 12.0 points per game, and averaged 25.2 minutes played during the season. He was named to the All-Ivy League team and the All-Big Three team. Dorfmeister led the team in points scored, rebounds, assists, and steals. He was a key player for the Quakers and helped them achieve a successful season. His leadership and skills were instrumental in their success. If you have any questions or need more information, please let me know.
LET'S SHOP!

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Crossword Puzzle
Richard H. Gagne

Across
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5 Kind of wrestler
9 Rare's husband
14 Hit man
15 Again
16 Explanation
17 What's snug in a rug
18 Christening, e.g.
19 Like a judge
20 1853 work by A.A.
22 Cream or cottage
23 Make believe
24 Valley
26 The Red parted
28 Night flasher
31 Have words
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(1816-1853)
41 Coastal flier
44 Photos
45 Word before row or study
46 less polite
48 Holster site
50 Corner outdoors
52 Fell together
57 Beethoven work
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33 Treads the boards
34 Three-toed
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Idle in Hell

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Cover photograph by Mike Johnson.
Cover design by Nancy Cohen.
Going home

Thanksgiving break brings back unhappy high school memories

I learned the truth at 17, that
love was meant for beauty
queens, and high school girls with
clear-skinned smiles
who marry young and then re-
tire. . . .

— Janis Ian

"I haven't sweated that much in years." Thus spoke my friend Neil
last Saturday night as he and I emerged from The Saloon, a
drinking establishment (read:

Charles Cohen
dive) in my hometown of
Wilkes-Barre, Pa.

Like thousands of other col-
lege students, I journeyed home for the short Thanksgiving holiday
last week. But for me,
Thanksgiving means more than simply consuming as much food as Willard Scott, dining
with dozens of hungry relatives
too lazy to cook for themselves (but more than willing to criti-
ze your family's meal) and the onset of Christmas-cartoon
special season.

No, Thanksgiving break is special because it's a time for
getting together with high
school friends. A time for
gathering in the local pub to lift
a few cold ones, reminisce about
too old times and revisit dor-
mant feelings. A yuppy beer
commercial gone wild.

Yech.

For me, high school was more
like an Ed-McMahon-You-May
Have-Already-Won-Ten-Milli-
on-Dollars commercial —
someone out there won those
fabulous prizes, but it sure
wasn't me. Like bellybuttons,
there are two types of high
school students: innies and out-
ies. I was an outie.

On Saturday night, The Sal-
loon was full of innies.
As soon as I walked through
door, I began to hyperventi-
late. The little man in my head
ran to the back of my brain, dug
out the tape labeled "high
school," and plugged it in. For
the first time in five years, I was
seized by feelings of insecurity
and anxiety. I was afraid I
would say the wrong thing. I
gbegan to perspire. Profusely.

On the other side of the room
sat Doug, high school king of
the innies. Blond hair, blue
eyes, rich, socially prestigious
family, great skier, smart, per-
sonable. I found myself stam-
mering as I tapped him on the
shoulder.

But times haven't been so
kind to Doug since high school.
He couldn't get through Cornell
and is still, five years after
graduating high school, at least
a semester shy of his degree. He
lives in his parents' posh New
York City apartment, working
for his father, wondering when
he'll get back to Ithaca to finish
up. Wondering what he's going
to do with the rest of his life.

My brain tried unsuccessfully
to talk sense to my overworked
sweat glands. I am a senior at a
prestigious Ivy League institu-
tion, ready to graduate in May
with a degree in English. I
should have little trouble find-
ing a challenging and reward-
ing job.

I'm a top editor at one of the
best college newspapers in the
nation. I'm socially well-
adjusted. I get good grades. In
the last four years, I've been to
college parties. Made numerous
new friends. Had dates.

By most accounts, I am a
college success.

But none of that mattered at
The Saloon. The whole bar re-
sembled a scene out of Less
Than Zero: a bunch of upper
middle class children of subur-
bia, drinking Rolling Rock be-
cause it's in, talking about old
times. Hanging out. Fitting in.

To the people sitting around
the small tables — and to me —
I was, once again, Chuckie Co-
hen, the kid who worked hard
at student government and was
elected senior class president,
but wasn't invited to parties.

The most frightening thing
about the whole scene was that
all of these feelings came from
inside me. No one had said
anything to trigger them. No
one had laughed at me or resur-
rected an ancient, embarrassing
nickname. My inner anxieties
just appeared, like large red

Illustration by Tamar Klausner/24th Street
I think I'd better skip my
five-year reunion. Ten years
will be soon enough.

Charles Cohen, a College se-
nior, is Associate Executive
Editor of The Daily
Pennsylvanian.

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**Bah humbug!**

Scrooge enters the modern age

By Jim McCarthy

Charles Dickens’ *A Christmas Carol* has been a holiday tradition for generations. While many a family has read the classic aloud on Christmas Eve, the advent of cinema meant film versions like the 1951 *A Christmas Carol* with Alistair Simms and the 1970 musical Scrooge with Albert Finney. And of course, there’s been a whole slew of TV incarnations of questionable appeal.

Just in time for Christmas (or is that Thanksgiving?), director Richard Donner has dumped another version of the Dickens’ classic onto the pile with Scrooged. While it does provide refreshing contemporary twists on the classic, the latest Scrooge flick is uneven. Shifting gracelessly from black humor to traditionally trite Christmas cheer, Scrooged struggles ineffectively to rise above its predecessor.

As a first-day re-creation of Ebenezer Scrooge, Bill Murray is ruthless yuppie Frank Cross, president of a television network. Obsessed with making money, Cross fires actors right and left in his attempt to produce a tasteless version of the Dickens story starring Buddy Hackett and Mary Lou Retton. The moonah-hungry exec: never experienced the joys of Christmas as a youngster and thus tries to distract viewers from family-oriented festivities with his prime time show.

Screenwriter Glazer and O’Donoghue have ingeniously updated other characters in the traditional story. As a black, overworked, underpaid secretary, Grace Colly (Alfre Woodard) is a modern-day Bob Cratchett; Tiny Tim is her mute son.

Making a cameo appearance as the spectacle of Cross’ former boss, Lew Hayward (John Forsythe) is the stereotypical slime of a power-hungry businessman.

**Scrooged**

Directed by Richard Donner
At the Eric 3 on the Campus

Hangman’s humor dominates the first half of the film. Murray’s Scrooge isn’t just grouchy, he’s deranged. Unfortunately, quips about an old woman’s inability to light a fire and Cross’ attempts to scare audiences with a horrific, attention-grabbing commercial of death and destruction descend into bad taste and fall flat.

The average Scrooge film becomes more bleak with the appearance of the Ghosts of Christmas Past, Present and Future; the viewer fears each will be worse than the last. Surprisingly, however, Scrooged becomes brighter at this point in the story.

Donner provides an inspired and wacky array of holiday horrors including a midget cab driver, a winged Carol Kane and an overdone amalgamation of special effects as the trio of supernatural symbols. The ghouls are dressed in such lavish gear and have such outlandish personalities that the film can’t help but lighten up. As a belligerent Tinker Bell, Kane makes the classic film by hitting Cross in the face with a toaster. A romantic subplot also proves a successful addition. Unlike other Scrooge films, the main character’s youth in Scrooged enables him to rekindle the fires of past love. Played with utmost sincerity by Karen Allen, Cross’ long lost paramour blends in well with the rest of the story and provides an additional happy ending for all those who wished that Ebenezer get back together with his old flame.

But when Cross decides to turn his life around after the ghostly treat, the film sinks too quickly into overly serious happiness. With no evidence of buildup, his metamorphosis surfaces suddenly and unclearly right after he is visited by the third and most threatening apparition. Murray’s concluding soliloquy harps ad nauseum on every cliche in the book about the importance of family cohesion. Murray skillfully blends comic flair with a more subdued, mature approach than usual, adapting well to many of the film’s more dramatic moments. Similarly, Bobcat Goldthwait (Police Academy) tones down his notorious nasal groan, keeping the film from going overboard.

Dehird A Christmas Carol fans may be skeptical of this irreverent adaptation. But while Scrooged may not be as charming as more traditional cinematic interpretations, it still provides some hilarious twists on the Dickens classic.

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**Singin’ the sequel blues**

Without Ron Howard behind the camera, saga about aging and earthly family ties becomes trite

By Michele Raynor

The 1980s have been the decade of the sequel. Practically every movie that makes it big seems to inspire producers to try again. But in spite of all these efforts, the audience is usually left disappointed and reminiscing about the original.

*Cocoon: The Return* is no exception. This time around, it’s the original director, Ron Howard, who’s sorely missed. Daniel Petrie has replaced a tender portrait of the elderly with overdone gimmicks and corny emotion. What was a pleasant reflection on old age and eternity becomes a glib, extraneous add-on in which the concept of youth trapped in an old body turns into an absurdity.

The original *Cocoon* followed the story of six nursing-home residents who discover several cocoon-like aliens. Following the space people back to their planet, the senior citizens succeed in the age-old quest for immortality.

This time the original cast members are homeward bound to visit family and friends on Earth. Returning on the Anarean spaceship, the old people are accompanied by their alien friends, who are, in turn, on a mission to save four cocooned disciples from their hiding place on the ocean floor by an earthquake.

Back on earth, the couples maintain some of their supernatural powers, but are no longer exempt from the aging process. Confronted once again with the spectre of mortality, each is faced by a dilemma. Is it better to live forever in the company of your beloved spouse, or spend a limited time on Earth with a greater circle of loved ones?

*Cocoon: The Return* basically tries to pummel the audience into crying rather than persuading viewers with the presentation of sincere sentiment. The basis of the plot — life and death — is indubitably emotional in its universal appeal. But Petrie tries too hard, and thus lessens the film’s impact.

The elderly Mary Cackett (Maureen Stapleton) struggles too obviously to conjure up tears when she contemplates leaving her grandson. Joe Foley (Hume Cronyn) goes overboard in the moment of his paramour’s death when his wife lies in a hospital bed.

The old people may have only four days to spend on earth, but Stephen McPherson’s screenplay still manages to pack in the melodrama: the elderly couples must contend with a pregnancy, cancer and a hit-and-run accident. Daniel Petrie has cast running around like a bunch of lusty 20-year-olds, engaging in a stream of ridiculous shenanigans.

In one scene, the men take on a group of teenagers in a game of basketball, showing off more fancy footwork than the Harlem Globetrotters. And to add insult to injury, they come from behind to win the game.

The cast is unquestionably the film’s saving grace, creating convincingly poignant portraits of age and its accompanying fear of imminent death. Recreating his Oscar-winning performance as the lively Art Selwyn, Don Ameche is especially sincere. Among the ladies, Gwen Verdon shines as the ultimate grandma figure, Bess McCarthey, and is the least guilty of overacting.

*Cocoon: The Return* has to its credit a few funny one-liners and some eye-catching special effects, but these are swamped by poor direction and mushiness. Despite the addition of *Cocoon: The Return* is certainly not a winner in its own right.
Firing away

Nothing's sacred in this one from the 'Airplane!' team

By Larry Smith

Roger — Roger
Clearance — Clarence
Vector — Victor

Ready for takeoff? — Hey, get off that plane, boys!

No, this is not another Airplane! sequel. But Naked Gun: From the Files of Police Squad! — a take-off on cops-and-robber flicks — follows the same tradition of irreverent, tasteless spoof.

And why shouldn't it? Naked Gun is the latest from none other than the "ZAZ" comedy team of Zucker, Abrahams, and Zucker. Jim, David and Jerry have turned out a bevy of films that have in common not only an exclamation point at an end of their titles, but raw energy and raunchy humor.

In addition to Airplane!, the trio created Top Secret and the 1982 television series "Police Squad." As the title suggests, this film is the big screen version of the television series. Huh? OK, fine, here's a little background.

Some years ago, the "ZAZ" team tried to make a movie called 'Police Squad' which never came to be. Instead, they made a television series based on this movie that never was. Since the TV show failed miserably, these wild and crazy guys came to the illogical conclusion that they could salvage the idea and make a movie from the failed TV show. Get it?

So out of this mess of flops comes a film that should flop. But it doesn't.

It's funny. It's frenzied. It's fresh. The Naked Gun takes a shot at everyone: the good guys, the bad guys and everyone in between. Although it gets downright crude and dirty, still isn't much in there that is all that offensive. Unless, of course, you're a cop.

A ridiculous plot centering around one man's plot to kill the Queen of England and another man's attempt to thwart him, with a random touch of romance thrown in for the hell of it, provides the bare bones of The Naked Gun. But the story's not the story in this slapstick satire. What's important, and what works for the most part, is the non-stop gag-bag.

When a couple walks out of Flattop laughing hysterically, or when two policemen finally conclude a hair-raising car chase at Dunkin' Donuts, the Airplane-esque humor soars. Equally successful are short spoofs that offer a comically fresh perspective on well-worn subjects like the AIDS hysteria, Kadafi, drugs and Vanessa Williams.

Recreating his role as a bumbling cop from the defunct TV series, Leslie Nielsen is the cute and klutzy Lt. Frank Drebin. The perfect deadpan funnyman. Nielsen may not have the cool of Sam Spade, or the charisma of Petch, but his pose somehow makes his natty antics more comical.

The middle-aged Nielsen, with his white hair and touch of belly is about the last person you would want to save the day, or be the object of desire for the dumb and lovely Priscilla Presley.

Ah, Priscilla, sweet sweet Priscilla, what took you so long to make it in pictures? Having just produced the mini-series Elvis and Me based on her book, the former Dallas dame makes her motion picture debut as Jane Spencer, the apple of Lt. Drebin's eye.

Presley does not disappoint — she is completely, totally beautiful. But then she's supposed to be bad because this is a satire. Of course, whether the audience is laughing with her or at her is never quite clear, but at least the casting is appropriate.

With Ricardo Montalban as a villain with a taste for rare tropical fish and a distaste for the Queen of England, the "ZAZ" team continues to capitalize on the idea of stereotyping the actor's own stereotype for the sake of deadly satire.

Cameos, cameos, cameos. Ya just can't make a spoof without cameos these days, can ya? And the "ZAZ" team has certainly done their best to stock this cupboard with bit parts by well-known people.

The late John Houseman, Regis "I got paid $50,000 for three days of filming" Jackson and Charlotte "I'm the film-makers' mom" Zucker all have irrelevant appearances.

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Poetic license

Philadelphia's poets prosper in a nurturing environment

By Kristin Beeman

Although poetry in Philadelphia is relatively obscure, the climate for local poets is remarkably hospitable. There are numerous poetry and literary magazines published in the Philadelphia area, but poetry in print takes a back seat to the well-organized and well-attended poetry readings around town.

Bob Small, President of Poets and Prophets on Chestnut Street, believes that, because so many of Philadelphia's poets are '60s, happening and event oriented,' the readings are more successful than the journals.

On almost every day of the week, area bars display their unique poetic styles. The result is a melting of interesting new artistic ideas. All cultures are represented and the intimate atmosphere of many of the readings give poets and listeners alike ample opportunity for interactive feedback.

The primary impetus for much of the poetic movement is the open readings and scheduled reading. As one poet submitted, "Philadelphia is an incredibly warped city," and the only way to react to this thinking is through art.

A few of the local poetry series have featured the works of artists inspired specifically by the MOVE scandal. The open readings that characteristically follow each scheduled reading provide a convenient vehicle for anyone with something to share, political or otherwise.

These open readings are either highly structured or completely free-form, depending on the particular series. These open readings at Poets and Prophets, for example, are open to anyone at all and often lead into a discussion and creative response.

Philadelphia's local poets boast that, outside of New York and San Francisco, the city of brotherly love has the most active and accessible poetic movement in the country. Unfortunately, many Philadelphia poets have trouble getting published outside of local journals and city papers. But Vanity Press, based in Philadelphia, provides a temporary solution. Many local poets have published under this name, and Vanity Press might prove to be a huge success, not only for itself, but for Philadelphia poets as well.

The local poetry scene offers sufficient opportunity for poets, both aspiring and established, to display their wares in Philadelphia. Poetry readings could be an unconventional source of culture in what some residents describe as a culturally deficient city.

Local poet

EMILIANO MARTIN
The Legacy of a Poet
Vantage
$6.95 hardcover/51 pages

Miguel Colon, in his introduction to The Legacy of a Poet, a collection of works by Emiliano Martin, says, "When we read the poetry of [Martin], we are contemplating a sincere and precious mind with a fiery desire in his heart." All poets possess these qualities. But the way this sincerity and desire manifests itself on the printed page is not always a true reflection of the "precious mind" that wrote the poem.

Martin writes largely about love and despair, not novel topics by any standard. Although novelty is certainly not the only measure for assessing poetry, the poet places himself in a dangerous position when he wavers between the poetic phrase and the cliché. Many of Martin's poems say the same thing: love is found, love is lost and, occasionally, love is found again.

Too frequently, the poet risks sounding like a love-song lyricist rather than a true poet. There are, however, certainly some innovative and beautiful poems, and Emiliano Martin undeniably has the potential to be considered a great poet.

The selection in The Legacy of a Poet deals with the theme of being a Spaniard isolated from his native culture and language. Martin occasionally throws in political references and frequently asserts a sense of nostalgia for Spain.

The subjectivity of a poem often makes it so special that the ability to relate to a particular turn of phrase could hook a poetry fan in an instant. Despite misgivings about Martin's ability, many messages within the poems will ring true for readers.

— Kristin Beeman
Step off the trolley at 50th and Baltimore streets in West Philadelphia and you see something unexpected: a clean, virtually crime-free, peaceful and diverse neighborhood run by efficient, involved residents.

Named, a little idealistically, Cedar Park, the area sports on one side the People’s Baptist Church, a haven for working mothers in need of child care services, and on the other the West Philadelphia Community Federal Credit Union, currently the largest community-run credit union in the city.

And in the middle is the West Philadelphia Firehouse, now a farmer’s market and one of the most important reasons for the upswing in this community’s spirit.

When the city closed the 85-year-old firehouse down in 1984, the Cedar Park Neighbors Association banded together to retain the building as a landmark. The group discussed various plans such as a recreation center and youth or elderly services center, but all plans failed due to a lack of government funding and no interested area volunteers.

This all changed when the Association heard of the Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture’s $150,000 grant competition for local farmer’s markets. Suddenly they decided on a use for their building.

City Councilperson Lucien Blackwell helped the group purchase the firehouse from the city for $1. Urban Partners Consulting Firm, an organization that helps coordinate just these types of community projects, aided in raising money. After four years of planning and 90 days of construction, the West Philly Firehouse Farmer’s Market and Community Services Station premiered on Sept. 10, and is now open 8 a.m. to 7 p.m. Thursday through Saturday.

As manager and half owner William Coleman explains, the market experience starts from the outside, with glass windows revealing displays from Le Bus Pastries and Finnegan’s Fish. Exhibits will soon be installed so that passersby can breathe in scents of cinnamon rolls and French croissants as they walk past.

Inside a spectrum of vivid colors, rivaling that of a 64-count box of Crayolas, floods the eyes. The Flower Basket’s display of flowers and plants beckons customers into the market with its brightness and perfume.

After passing Le Bus the next stop is the Penn Center Market, which has its parent shop at 19th Street in Center City. Here barbeque sauce, baked fresh daily, compliments the chicken specials, which include an entire barbequed cornish hen for $5. Deli salads and chips line the display, but the main product at this stand remains poultry; the strand’s owner says he goes through 5,000 pounds per week.

Across a narrow lane stands Edwards-Freeman, the largest peanut producers in the Delaware Valley. Around the corner, Leonard’s Steak Shop commands the back of the market. Owner Leonard Brown’s butchers, who come from Rittenhouse Square, offer lamb, veal, goats and a $3.79 sirloin.

The smallest, yet most aromatic stand is the Firehouse Coffee Company, complete with 18 varieties of coffee arranged in burlap sacks. Between Le Bus and the Coffee Company, the an enticing aroma reminiscent of Baskin Robbins’ Jamoca Almond Fudge swirls around shoppers’ nostrils.

Firehouse Produce rounds out the market with a variety of vegetables and fruits at, as one customer declares, “the best goddamn prices around.”

West Philadelphia gets a Farmer’s Market and community spirit to boot

Coleman says he handpicked each vendor and shares a relationship of trust and respect with each employee. Vendors enjoy individual price control and have full responsibility for their displays and product lines. The vendors agree that Coleman is much more than a manager; he’s part of the community spirit which infuses the firehouse project. Even customers greet him with a friendly “Hi, Bill, how’re you doing today?”

The firehouse is not just a budding Reading Terminal Market. It also houses a new police mini-station, an important piece of Cedar Park Neighbors’ Firehouse redevelopment. Officers here get much-deserved respect for maintaining one of the lowest crime rates in this traditionally troubled section of Philadelphia.

“IT was another one of our lucky breaks,” explains John Kromer, a central figure in the project’s planning and representative from Urban Partner’s Consulting Firm. “Cedar Park lies between two police districts, so we got a commitment from both sides.”

The 12th and 18th districts each pledged two officers to man the mini-station. These officers have brought back the idea of the “foot patrol,” with walking beats which allow for extended personal contact with area citizens. Their tiny office allows just enough space for two desks and a new icebox, compliments of the grateful neighbors.

“They’re giving us a Thanksgiving dinner, too,” Officer McTamany beams.

Staff reports lying on the desk confirm the station’s accomplishments; large zeros mark the top of each sheet of paper, a testimony that no incidence of crime has occurred.

“We went through all the back records when we moved in here,” McTamany says. “Wherever we saw repeated complaints, we went and straightened them out right away.” A house on the corner with a history of disturbing-the-peace incidents, for example, has been quiet since the mini-station came to town.

New projects are sprouting up for the old firehouse. The upper floors will soon be converted into office spaces and community service rooms. These businesses will break the tradition of keeping entrepreneurial enterprises on street level.

The firehouse project has broken ground in other ways as well. Cedar Park Neighbors awarded 75 percent of the construction of the farmer’s market to minority and local companies. The market also brought 16 new jobs to the otherwise depressed community.

“This is a very diverse neighborhood,” Kromer says. “There are blacks and whites, blue and white-collar workers, students and faculty. This project was done right, with everyone’s needs considered and each group consulted. The result is a profitable business with which an entire community feels involved and satisfied.”

As customer Suzanne Williamson says as she compares two cucumbers, “This is the best thing to happen to this place in a long time.”

And with Officer McTamany standing on the corner, greeting each pedestrian by name, customers aren’t even afraid to walk home.

by Vicki Botnick

Vicki Botnick is a College junior and a staff writer for 34th Street magazine.
I] the marketing strategists behind the Carrefour store in Northeast Philadelphia have their way, the shoppers' credo, "Shop 'til you drop" will never mean the same thing again. With its aisles upon aisles of everything from anti-freeze to bubble gum-flavored soda and its 61 checkout lanes, this "hypermarket" makes the 23-aisle Pathmark marathon look like a stroll in the park.

Carrefour created the hypermarket 25 years ago in France, and only recently expanded abroad; the Philadelphia store is the only one in the United States to date. The hypermarket is super-convenience oriented; a shopper can park his car once and do all his errands under one roof.

Carrefour, however, is in reality much more tranquil and dignified than the image the term "hypermarket" may bring to mind. There are no frenzied merchants peddling wares and livestock, no carnival-like atmosphere appealing to people's most primal bargain-shopping urges. No, Carrefour is simply a large, albeit unique, modern store.

Even the shopping carts are oversized. Upon entering the store, customers encounter what appears to be starting gates, staggered as if they are the starting line to a shopping cart sprint. But while the store is huge and, at first, somewhat imposing, it is actually very logically organized — groceries toward the east end, clothing in the center and everything else goes west.

Within the north side of the building alone are the electronics and video rental departments, a restaurant, cleaners, photo developer, shoe repair shop, jewelers, coffee shop, travel agency, optician, Federal Express, UPS, shoe store, sportsware boutique, gift wrapping department, vendors selling customized T-shirts and key duplicates and, of course, (breathe deeply now) the almighty MAC machines.

"Your Everything Store" prides itself not only on the service of so many departments under one roof (and of the employees on roller skates who zoom back and forth among them), but on low everyday prices. Sure, sure Thriftway says it knows what we want, but customers unanimously confirm that Carrefour is kinder to the pocketbook.

That's why Judy and Ken drive a half-hour from Levittown to do both their grocery and Christmas shopping at Carrefour. "The prices are lower than at the mall," Judy says, adding that the checkout lines move more quickly than at other supermarkets.

Carol, who lives just around the corner from the store, can't even estimate the number of times she has shopped at Carrefour. She says she comes to Carrefour for the low prices and the friendly, clean and cooperative atmosphere. She lauds the largeness of the produce department, and the freshness at the bakery and butchery departments.

"I just love it," she explains. "I come and buy everything I need. The prices are often six much as a dollar less than in the supermarket, and with a coupon, I can save as much as $1.50.

This interview was ended rather abruptly by a near-collision with a young, roller-skating employee carrying a 14-pound turkey. The employee, Denise, says that the skating is strictly voluntary on her part.

"It makes it faster to get a price check — the store is awfully big," she submits. "Besides, no one really has to skate that much in one day — they switch us off.

"When I'm skating, I don't even wear my sweatshirt over my shirt because it makes me too hot," she says. "I love it because I lose weight."

She admits to only one skating accident to date, when she tripped on a clear plastic hanger thrown on the floor by a curious little boy wanting to see someone fall.

Beyond the workout from carrying everything from eggs to fishing poles, Denise likes the fact that Carrefour hires non-union workers — although the union protesters out in front of the store would not agree — because she can go right to her manager with either a problem or an idea without a union intermediary. Ah, the perks of working in "Your Everything Store."

A better description, however, might be "Your Little Bit of Everything Store." The books department, for example, sandwiched between stationery, housewares and toys, contains not much more than the New York Times top-10 best sellers and a wall of paperbacks.

The men's clothing section, too, appears to be standard Bradlees fare. Unfortunately, generic is this year at Carrefour — the area includes an entire rack of ugly men's sweaters.

On the other hand, there is an entire aisle composed just of fiberglass insulation, and another containing only cat food. Go figure!

At each cash register stands a sign reading, "Customer bagging keeps your prices lower." Each register lane has two belts, so that the cashier can ring up one customer while another shopper bags his groceries, effectively doubling the number of checkout lanes.

After only a few minutes at the register, the 24th Street entourage proceeded to load the groceries into the car and noticed an extremely flat tire. Had the trunk not held a spare, there were plenty of new tires occupying an entire aisle of Carrefour. Talk about convenience — Carrefour is even a great place to have a flat tire.

BY JIM COLUCCI
PHOTOS BY CORT FEY
STREET MUSIC

Things change

Free to be . . . You and Me sequel falters

By Susannah Cassidy

I was a Politically Correct child. Mom and Dad marched on Washington '63 with Martin Luther King, and one of my earliest memories was of the "Impeach Nixon" stickers on every available surface in the house, from the fishtank to the door.

So it wasn't surprising that I was practically brought up on Free to be . . . You and Me. A book and album created by actress Marlo Thomas, Free to be aimed at shedding sexual and racial stereotypes.

For some reason, Free to Be has become the Record That Wouldn't Go Away in my life. Even in high school, our drama club decided to reprise a little and put on its own production. And now here I am, a mature, sophisticated Ivy League student and it's come back to haunt me: Marlo Thomas and Friends have produced a sequel called Free to be . . . a Family.

This time around, Thomas deals with heavier stuff in her effort to challenge traditional stereotypes of the American family. In the 1980s, it's impossible to pretend that the standard home is a happy place where Mom hangs out in the kitchen and makes Wonder Bread sandwiches while Dad makes moozah nine to five.

Helped out by stars like Mel Brooks, Lily Tomlin and Carly Simon, Thomas confronts issues like child molestation, adoption and peer pressure through a medley of songs, short skits and monologues. Mary Poppins it ain't.

Still, Free to Be practically bends over backwards to be upbeat. Painful subjects are presented bluntly and honestly, but there's a heavy dose of sugar to gloss the rough.

Thomas goes pretty far for the sake of honesty but clings tenaciously to what's left of the concept of family as safe. "Somebody," she says, "loves you, wants to take care of you. Period." She's right, but can't it be more than just the family tree?

And even religion-rocker Amy Grant offers a carefully-not-to-religious-but-still-sort-of-spiritual number called "Thank Someone." Believe it or not, one of the few exceptions comes from the mouths of none other than the Fat Boys. Check out "Yourself Belongs to You" and groove to the Obese Trio's rap about child abuse. Kids are advised to turn first to a relative if they're molested, but if that fails, "Get ill, homeboy! Tell 'em Yo! Step off!" Cause when it happens in your house it's the worst thing yet."

Unquestionably, Free to Be tries to be hip to changing musical trends. The Melody Makers' title track, backing up a kids chorus with a reggae beat, sounds like UB40 meets Sesame Street. In it, kids are reassured that no matter how messed up their families may seem when compared to the "norm," it's all right.

There's room in today's family for every- one, step-siblings and adopted babies from underdeveloped countries included: "But if a little bird joins an elephant herd/Hey, that's a family too!" Unfortunately, catering to the modern kid's musical tastes seems to demand a little hard rock action. Soul Asylum's "It's Not My Fault" may convince other- wise open-minded parents to trash the album and replace it with The Sound of Music. For the noise-crazed younger set, however, this song's got a driving head- banging beat, screeching guitar riffs and vocals infused with just the right touch of laryngitis.

Produced in conjunction with the Ms. Foundation for Women, the original Free To Be concentrated on delivering its feminist message to little girls. This time around, that has broadened and the emphasis on women's issues lessened. Nonetheless, Robin Williams' one-man performance of "The Day Dad Made Toast" is one of the saddest pieces on the album.

Dad decides to "give Mom a break" and makehimself breakfast. But while he hunts in vain for the toast, Mom calls in to her office, works the buzzsaw in the basement and lugs bags of cement mix out to the backyard. In the end, of course, everyone ends up cheering for Mom and pitching in for the yardwork. Still, it's a false victory: for all the "liberation" of the '80s, working women just don't have it that great.

The original Free to be . . . You and Me was a happy-go-lucky medley that made me feel good about myself as a kid. Free to be . . . a Family, however, is curiously disturbing. It follows the tradition of children's records in its effort to enforce cheerfulness with the subtlety of a screeching hammer. But what's really depressing is the need to confront the heavy problems that modern children must deal with. I guess I had it pretty easy.

Heavenly heights

Anita Baker's vocals soar; Saints excel at post-punk pop

By Grace Spennings

"You're a little bit of heaven, you're a little bit of sweet..." That's the way Anita Baker's voice has been for the past 10 years. But now, for the first time on record, she's taking the sound of a traditionally male-dominated genre and making it her own. It's a bold move that is only possible because Baker's voice is so unique.

Giving You the Best That I Got is not just a claim; Anita Baker means it. And giving the best that she's got creates one of the most consistent albums of the year. Rumor has it that Baker and producer Michael J. Powell went through 200 songs to find the eight vibrant, flowing could-be hits that grace the album.

Lyricists Gary Glenn, co-writer of the 1986 smash "Rapture," and Earth, Wind and Fire word-man Skip Scarborough allowed Baker to explore the gentle side of romance. "Good Love" is almost perfect in its softness and sensuality: "Ah, many days it goes unspoken/But this desire never seems to go away/It's gonna take much more than hope to bring you close/I think I'll pray."

Side-stepping bland, "easy listening" territory, the melodies here artfully combine modern styles with old-fashioned jazz sensibilities. To call this album soul wouldn't be descriptive, yet to call it pop or middle-of-the-road wouldn't be fair.

Still, words and music are nothing without the singer — at least in this case. Baker's deep, sultry vocals often rise above everything like an expensive perfume. And like perfume, her sound resists casual analysis. She simply knows something that most of us don't. And unlike many pop artists, she knows her limitations and never attempts to go beyond her extensive range.

The single "Giving," which has already hit all the charts, recalls Baker's 1986 breakthrough hit "Sweet Love." And like "Sweet Love," it's likely to earn Baker a Grammy or two. But the similarities do not detract from the song's worth. "I love you" said the second time sounds just as sweet. "Somebody understands me/Somebody gave his heart to me/I stumbled my whole life/Always on my own, now I'm home."

Giving You the Best That I Got is a masterful album that proves that Anita Baker has the kind of talent and lasting power that will soften many listeners' special moments well into the '90s.

— Grace Spennings

When the Saints come marching in, you just might want to stand up and take notice. Led by singer/songwriter/producer Chris Bailey, this venerable Australian band has returned with Prodigal Son, a fine successor to 1987's acclaimed All Fools Day.

"The way times have changed since the early punk years. The angry young rabble- rouser who first griped the world in 1976 with the powerful "I'm Stranded" has mellowed considerably. On Prodi- gal Son, Bailey opts for a more defined pop-rock sound. Combining Mitch Easter/REM-style guitars, a bit of brass and some strings, the album makes for a pleasurable listening experience.

Typically, the LP's best cut "Gin on Sand" starts with a simple acoustic guitar part and quickly builds into a crisp rhythmic exercise. Meanwhile, Bailey gurgles along nicely in a voice that obscures many of the song's lyrics. And even though it's hard to say exactly what "Grain of Sand" is about, at least the chorus rings nicely and will probably lodge in your head for a few days.

Several other tracks show that Bailey's rebellious spirit hasn't entirely diminished. With the bitter line "Throw down a line, shine on a light/Turn your prodi- gal son, and what I've seen ain't right," "Shipwreck" proves that Bailey, like fellow countrymen Midnight Oil, is still pretty pissed about the world in general.

So if your musical tastes run a little bit left-of-center but the Sex Pistols are a bit too heavy for you, then Prodigal Son may be your cup of tea. Although not exactly Matthew, Mark, Luke or John, these Saints have quite a bit to offer. So don't resist the temptation to pick this up.

— Stephen Severn
 Hitsville, U.S.A.

The Escape Club hits the top with "Wild, Wild West"

By Jim Morgan

Dance to the beat/that we like the best/head for the nineties/living in the wild wild west

If you're a fan of top 40 radio, you've probably heard these lyrics. "Wild, Wild West" by the British group the Escape Club recently hit Billboard magazine's coveted number one spot. Like many top 40 bands, however, the Escape Club is virtually unknown beyond its hit single.

The group formed in 1983, when old schoolmates Trevor Steel and John Holliday got together in a London club. They wanted to make music with a sound and attitude that differed from the overproduced remixes that dominated the club scene at the time. In a recent telephone interview, Escape Club guitarist Holliday says that the group was formed as "a real live band that gets out there and plays."

Holliday and lead vocalist Steel added friends Johnnie Christo on bass and Milam Zeka-vica on drums, and the band was born. All they needed was a name. After some deliberation, the group chose its present moniker. Holliday calls the name "the best of a bad bunch" of ideas, but feels that it corresponds to the band's musical attitude.

"It suited what we felt, which was...to escape from typical pop music," Holliday says.

The Club has looked to British rockers of the '70s for inspiration, counting names like David Bowie, T. Rex and Roxy Music among their influences. According to Holliday, the band has tried to build on those acts' styles of "accessible music with a hard edge."

Reactions to their first album White Fields were lukewarm at best, with only one single achieving moderate success. Thus, the band stuck to live performances in London clubs and expanded its horizons by touring with the Alarm and China Crisis.

In January of '87, however, the Escape Club quit the live scene to concentrate on writing for their next album. They finished the project later that year, and after overcoming managerial problems, found a label - Atlantic - that would release it.

When Wild Wild West came out earlier this year, nobody, including the band itself, imagined that its title cut would reach such heights. Holliday says that the band has been "absolutely flabbergasted" by its success. At most, the band had hoped for a couple of top 20 singles and possibly a top 10 album.

Ironically, "Wild, Wild West" seems to misrepresent the group's self-described image. Its driving beat and rap-like vocals place it squarely in the dance-club style that the band apparently wants to subvert. If you listen closely, however, the "hard edge" is there in the lyrics, which describe the "wild" goings on in the modern western world.

Other songs on the album have similarly serious themes that counterbalance the upbeat, rhythmic undertones. But often, as in "Wild, Wild West," the music tends to obscure the meaning of the tracks. While the group's intentions are good, their songs would better fit the image that they hope to project if they placed a greater accent on the brain and de-emphasized the beat.

But unlike other bands with similar sounds, the Escape Club does not concentrate on putting together chart-topping pop hits. "You have to write the songs that you write, really, and hope that people like them," Holliday says, adding that the success of "Wild, Wild West" will not change their outlook.

On the other hand, the band also hopes to carry on its success and eventually establish itself as more than a one-hit wonder.

"Everybody knows 'Wild, Wild West,' but not many know the Escape Club," Holliday explains. The group hopes to overcome this problem with its first American tour of the east and west coasts. And despite appearances, Holliday adds that the Escape Club is "hard-hitting live."

The band has been playing smaller venues since the middle of November and will perform at Philadelphia's Theater of Living Arts tomorrow night. They have sold out each of their five California dates and hope to do the same out east; the band plans to embark on a larger-scale tour at the beginning of next year.

"We're not another English, put-together band - two singers and a producer," Holliday says. "We are a rock band."

So when you hear "Wild, Wild West" and other Escape Club releases, don't dismiss them as dance band fodder too quickly. With the right mixture of accessibility and substance, the Escape Club may emerge as another in a long line of great British pop-rock groups.
Psychedelic sensation

Temple’s ‘Hair’ explodes with energetic spirit

By Allison Dew

Twenty years after its original Broadway staging, ‘Hair’ — the tribal love-rock musical of the ‘60s — has become popular once again. Temple’s Kevin Cotter creates an energetic performance that combines a powerfully expansive musical score and a talented cast. The result is something less than compelling.

Hair focuses on the flower child generation of the late ‘60s. Originally produced at the height of the Vietnam War, it is both a plea for the end of American intervention, and a look at a generation’s free-thinking attitudes towards drugs and sex. The personal relationships within the tribe, a group of hippies who hang out and protest together in the streets of New York, add a more intimate dimension to the show’s grand scale. Best friends Berger (Michael Epifanio) and Claude (Scott Campanella) become the play’s central figures.

Hair’s first number bursts through the darkness of the theater with an explosion of dramatic energy. As the other members of the tribe dance wildly below, Kim (Kimberlee Rehffuss) appears, bathed in light on a platform above the stage, and belts out a powerful rendition of “Aquarius.” The strength of the solo and the energetic dancing below succeed in establishing the upbeat mood that pervades the first act. Cotter opts for a small, inner stage in three-quarters round, thus using the proximity of the audience to the actors to create a lively rapport. In the first spoken scene, Berger saunters onto the stage, directly addresses the audience, and offers his discarded jeans to a female member of the audience.

The tribe, however, does occasionally carry this zealousness too far. In their eagerness to project, members of the cast often end up shouting. And when Claude speaks directly to the audience, he wears an annoying ethereal grin and his manner is stiff. Campanella more than makes up for his lack of acting finesse with musical ability. The strength of his voice far exceeds that of the other male cast members: Epifanio occasionally falters; Wool’s (Stephen Kovacich) scratchy voice tends to get lost in the large-scale musical numbers.

One of the play’s few serious weaknesses mars the rendition of the potentially moving “Easy To Be Hard.” Shunned by Berger, his love interest Sheila (Michelle Ammon) implores him to be more compassionate. But Ammon’s faltering voice never elicits any real emotion, and one of the key scenes of the play falls short.

The first scenes of the second act depict Claude’s acid trip — a hallucination that is initially humorous, but soon turns sour as military images and battle scenes invade his fantasy. Campanella convincingly conveys Claude’s anguish in the face of his impending draft into the service.

Through this enactment of Claude’s inner turmoil, best expressed in “Where Do I Go,” Hair challenges the values that the members of the tribe espouse. Claude’s dilemma centers not only on Vietnam but on the identity the tribe has lent him.

The uplifting final scene, with the cast beckoning members of the audience to join in the dancing, counterbalances the somber mood of the second act. Cotter’s production leaves the audience humming “Let The Sunshine In.” Still, this energetic jamboree does not nullify the message of the play.
The 'Street' loses an organ

Thanksgiving from Hell

By Sarah Dunn

My Thanksgiving break was like a colossal good news/bad news joke. The good news is that I didn't die. The bad news is that I almost wished I did.

I went under the knife Monday, November 21, at nine o'clock in the evening. This was after spending approximately seven hours in Student Health being poked in the gut by dozens of curious, albeit sadistic, members of the medical profession.

Every 15 minutes another M.D. would enter my curtained cubicle, prod around my "lower right quadrant" and watch me wince.

"So, that's painful! Right there, where my index finger is pressing into the tender flesh of your abdomen?"

"Now, where exactly is the pain? If I hit you on the back, like this — thump thump thump — where does it hurt? If I twist your legs around like this — twist twist — does it still hurt in your abdomen? If I drop this 20-pound medical dictionary on your stomach — thud — on a scale of 1 to 10, how would you rate the pain?"

This scenario was repeated, I'd say, 10 times before they eventually sliced me up like a roasted Thanksgiving fowl. I was fair game for anyone with a white coat and a name tag, and I'm convinced that the nurses were dragging physicians in off the street — or at least out of Skolnik's — solely to make me cry.

My roommate Susanne, involved in a devious ploy to make me sign the surgery consent form, pointed out what a great column this would make. She said it would be quite an adventure, major surgery, and I should make the most of it. She even had me convinced for a while, so I was a bit excited as they wheeled me down the hall towards the OR. (That's Operating Room for you greenhorns.)

My excitement abated, however, when the anesthesiologist said that general anesthesia would be too dangerous because of my recent bout with bronchitis.

"You mean I'm going to be awake for this?" I asked incredulously.

"Awake, well, yes. But very drowsy. You'll be almost asleep," the Doctor replied.

I pointed out that I have trouble sleeping when I am struck by frost forms on my window and I faint when I clip my toenails too short. There was no way that I could just saw off some 4's while I was being chopped up by some unemployed teppanyaki chefs.

Before my operation I asked my surgeons to put my appendix in a bottle so that I could take it to my Spanish class. My Spanish grade is in worse shape than my abdomen was, and I figured bringing in a real live body part for show and tell would be quite a coup.

I thought this was a rather innocuous final request, but the doctors explained that my appendix had a date with the pathologist, and besides, it would be pretty gross and disgusting and infected. I would have an impressive scar, though, but it wouldn't really work for show-and-tell because of its strategic location.

It wasn't long after I awoke that I was informed that my postoperative appendix had not been the cause of my distress. I was incubating a virus which masquerades as appendicitis, luring innocent people with normal appendices into the operating room, to be sliced open and scarred for life.

The problem, however, was that instead of having only one gut wrenching pain, I now had two.

Helga the Nurse from Hell was the night warden in my cell block, and she looked about as good as I felt. After kinds throwing me into the bed she disappeared into that mysterious place where nurses hide when you need pain medicine. Helga conveniently "forgot" to give me the hand-held call button, so I spent a while trying to hit various buttons on the walls around my bed. This was in fact more difficult than it sounds because I couldn't actually move any part of my body below my navel. After flailing around like a beached mermaid for about an hour, I started to whimper.

I moaned something along the lines of "help me, help me, I'm dying." No one seemed to care. So I moaned louder. Still nothing. Helga arrived with the morphine only after my groin woke up every patient on the floor except for two who were unconscious.

My memories of the rest of the weekend are lost in a narcotic induced blur. The day after I arrived my cellmate donated a kidney to her brother, so I was able to watch a bit of Drama by Real Life.

I was finally sprung on Saturday, just in time to spend the weekend admiring my dainty scar and studying my Spanish.

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Buried treasures
Three local video stores stock up on the classics

By Allison Dew and Marion Rosenbaum

Meet eight-year-old Rhoda Penmark. she's a well-mannered, sunny-faced, perfect little lady with long golden braids, and a winning smile. She's also an efficient unfeeling killer; she's the Bad Seed.

At a loss for something to do on a Saturday night? Tired of the same old Penn bar scene? Well, if the description off the box of The Bad Seed, a 1956 Warner Bros. release, tickles your fancy, there's plenty more classics just like it at your local video store.

But you'll find more than little no-neck monsters. Don't forget the sweeping cinemascapes of love and war of the pre-television era. Think oflsa and Rick in Casablanca, or if you like your love flicks a little sappier, there's Greta Garbo's Camille, whose 'passion for romance is equalled only by her passion for life.' Where once you could only catch Invasin of the Bodysnatchers at two a.m. on local TV you can now find it waiting to be snatched up at any one of the video stores specializing in old movies. For the film buff whose tastes exceed this limited range, there are three unique video stores available to anyone willing to dole out $2.50 round-trip for a short jaunt on the SEPTA system.

Play It Again Video, located on 1602 Spruce St., as quaint as any video store can ever be, boasts a sizable collection of movies that appeal to a more nostalgic audience. From first glance it's obvious that there is something distinctive about this store. The portraits of romantic heroes and heroines of a bygone era, displayed in the storefront window, overshadow the regulation Moonstruck poster.

The homey welcoming decor and the 1940s background music of Play It Again Video further accentuate its individuality. Videos are crammed into every available inch of this small cozy shop. In fact, the owner claims to offer some 2000 classics among his collection.

Unlike other video stores, Play It Again's principal attraction rests on its oldies collection. Movies that raise the eternal question of just how far a girl should go to catch her man, like the 1962 romantic escape That Touch of Mink, abound at Play It Again Video. Students can also look to this store for filmed literary works. Two hours of cinematic Shakespeare can be a lot less painful than wrasslin' with Hamlet and a lot more lively than Cliffs notes.

Six blocks east at 1000 Spruce, tucked away below street level, is Beaux Arts Video. While lacking the physical charm of Play It Again Video, Beaux Arts still manages to provide the classics seeker with a wide selection. Whereas Play It Again Video has a well-represented collection of the "standard" 1940s fare, Beaux Arts prefers slightly quirkier selections. The store sports such eclectic flicks as The Boy With Green Hair, the melancholy tale of Peter, the young orphan whose hair turns green as a symbolic protest to World War II; not to mention our dear friend Rhoda the Bad Seed.

At Theater of The Living Arts Video on 541 S. Fourth St. the focus swings to hard-to-find foreign films and classics; new releases take a backseat. The layout of the store further contributes to the singularity of TLA. Customers browse among shelves of movies arranged according to principal actor, director or country of origin. If you're drawn to Soviet movies, TLA may be the one place in Philly where you can satisfy this yen.

Perusing TLA Video can be a veritable world geography lesson. Offerings abound from each far flung port of call as South Africa, New Zealand, Eastern Europe, Japan, India, Israel and Scandinavia, to name a few. Also for the Francophiles in the audience TLA has one of the most thorough collections of French films around. As an added plus to the standard classics offered by Beaux Arts and Play It Again Video, TLA stocks a number of silent films. Apparently, reliance on popular new releases has become the quick way to turn a buck in the video business.

Customers often come to these stores in search of movies they missed in theaters, and overlook older gems. Their loss.

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CLASSICS line the shelves of Beaux Arts Video

Although the '80s have nearly drowned from a wave of nostalgia — and even though current films and television offer a rarely interrupted stream of drivel — the owners of both Play It Again and Beaux Arts, say video distributors brown on continued release of classic films. Apparently, reliance on popular new releases has become the quick way to turn a buck in the video business.

Customers often come to these stores in search of movies they missed in theaters, and overlook older gems. Their loss.

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