

Michael Tolkin: Caught Up In The Rapture.....pg 3A



ENCORE

THE ARTS AND
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SECTION OF THE
DAILY NEXUS

For The Week of April 16, 1992



IN AN
ENCORE INTERVIEW,
MIKE D, AD-ROCK AND MCA DISCUSS
THE NEW ALBUM, THEIR EXTENDED LAYOFF
AND THE HIP-HOP POTENTIAL OF NIRVANA.

PAGE 4A

PAT STULL/Daily Nexus

BOOK REVIEW

Anarchy in the U.K.

New Book Traces Roots of Punk Phenomenon

No future!" screamed the crass, leering Johnny Rotten at the end of "God Save the Queen," the second vitriolic single from London's infamous Sex Pistols. The song emerged at a crucial time during the Queen's Jubilee in 1977, when the majority of the British population blindly and buoyantly celebrated Queen Elizabeth's 25 years on the throne. Oblivious to the devastating economic recession that left nearly 1 million unemployed that year, the British people had no idea that they were celebrating the very institution that contributed to Britain's economic disaster.

England's Dreaming: Anarchy, Sex Pistols, Punk Rock and Beyond is a fascinating new book about the Punk movement that exploded in the mid-seventies as an angry reaction to Britain's conservative political and social climate. Former rock journalist Jon Savage devotes a rather lengthy 600 pages to the evolution of the Punk phenomenon, beginning with its roots in the anarchist rhetoric of the 1968 student uprising in Paris and terminating with the rather sudden demise of the media-obsessed Sex Pistols in 1978.

In between, *England's Dreaming* leaves no subject untreated. With a sassy, staccato writing style that reads like an extended *Melody Maker* article (i.e. there are a lot of big, pretty words), Savage tackles such diverse topics as anarchist politics, the British recording industry, Punk fashion and the rival American Punk scene centered around the nightclub CBGB's in New York.

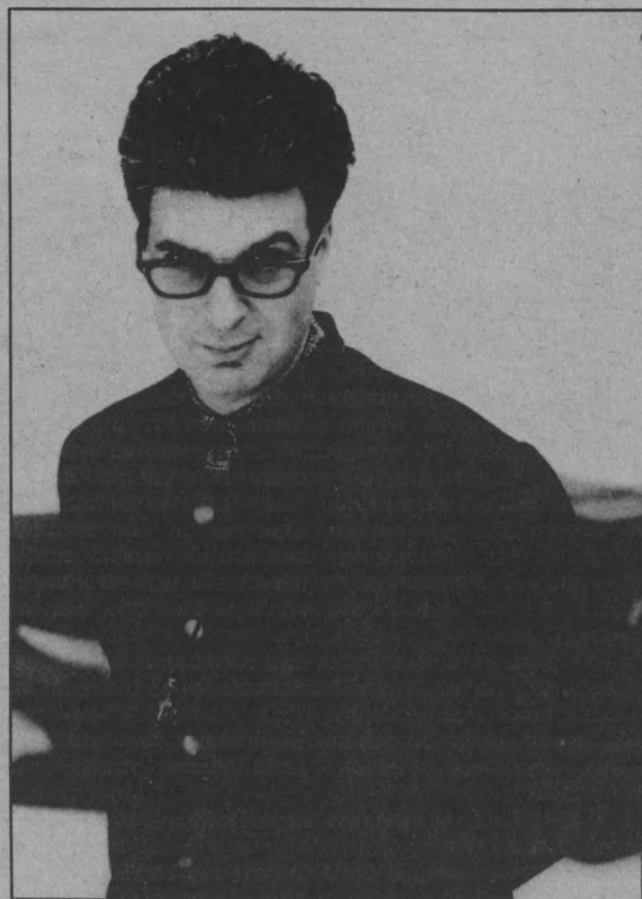
Featured are numerous interviews and commentaries from a wide assortment of pop stars including Chrissie Hynde, Siouxsie Sioux, Billy Idol, Adam Ant and Morrissey—all of whom experienced the British punk scene firsthand and lived to tell about it.

Savage emphasizes the scheming antics of Malcolm McLaren, the shrewd and manipulative art school dropout-turned entrepreneur who was ultimately responsible for the Sex Pistols' audacious assault on the staid, conservative British population. These legendary marketing tactics are all hilariously described, though McLaren emerges as a corrupt Fagin-like father figure who used the Sex Pistols as media pawns in his merchandising scheme to shove Punk rock down the throats of the masses.

The author clearly believes that Punk merits a place in the annals of popular culture, and in the tradition of Greil Marcus' *Lipstick Traces*, *England's Dreaming* attempts to condense decades into one concise volume. For this reason, the book often becomes cluttered with unnecessary trivialities.

Nevertheless, *England's Dreaming* succeeds as a well-written and complete document of the entire Punk era. Savage does a remarkable job of tying together music, politics and popular culture, allowing *England's Dreaming* to emerge as much more than just another look back at the explosive era that brought Anarchy to the U.K.

—Andy Bailey



This dapper gent, Jon Savage, explores Punk in his latest book, *England's Dreaming*.

This Week at The Anaconda

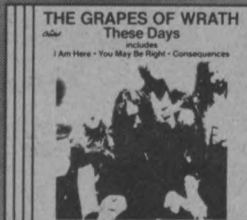
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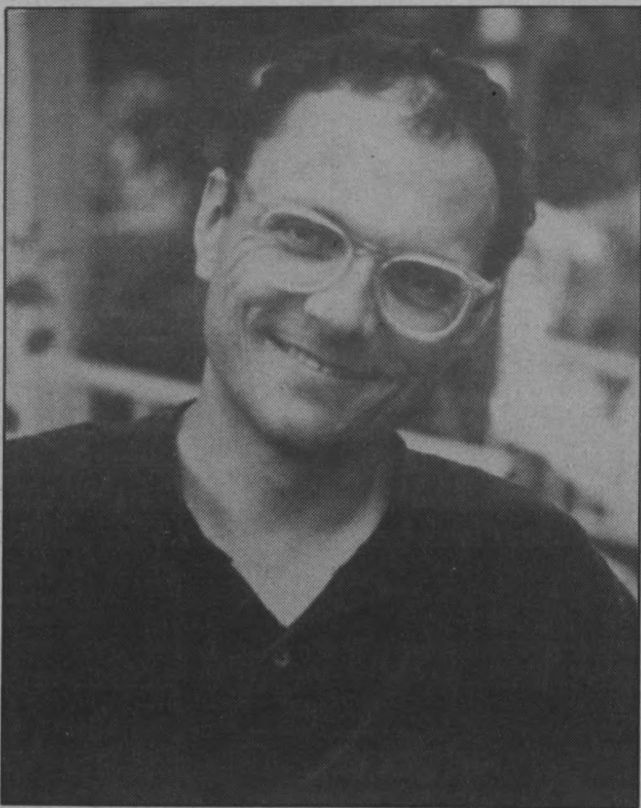
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"In *The Rapture*, there is no scapegoat. You are left alone with yourself and that makes people uncomfortable."



"You have to accept the ideas that come to you. If you are dishonest to these ideas, you're a hack."

Not a Player

Filmmaker Michael Tolkin Finds Success With a Cynical View of Hollywood

By Denis Faye

I like the feelies." This was a rather sudden comment Michael Tolkin made in the middle of naming off his favorite writers. It took him a second to explain that his train of thought had moved on from authors to bands that he enjoyed. He liked the *Feelies*.

Look at screenwriter/novelist/director/journalist Tolkin's life, and every aspect of it seems to have this leap-first-and-tell-people-about-it-later approach. His first profession was that of a journalist. Despite the fact that he has had articles published in *The Village Voice* and the *Los Angeles Times*, he felt that he didn't have what it took to be successful in the realm.

"I did a profile on the author Tom McGwin," Tolkin said. "It was an amiable profile until my editors helped to make it less amiable. (McGwin) wasn't too happy about it. ... I didn't have the stomach to go on mugging people like that."

So, in 1978, he up and moved to Los Angeles with the ideas of becoming the next "Fassbinder and Spielberg." The general audiences in the USA do not have much of an appreciation for German Art Cinema, therefore "Hollywood was not into the Fassbinder side."

However, he did land a



Kimberly Cullen (left) and Mimi Rogers in filmmaker Michael Tolkin's *The Rapture*.

job as the story editor of the endearing television sitcom, "Delta House." It was with this spinoff of *Animal House* that Tolkin got the opportunity to work with the likes of Michelle Pfeiffer and John Hughes. He takes pride in his work on this show.

"I learned about movie making and helped to destroy a TV series," he said. Meanwhile, "The Spielberg side got angrier from 1978 to 1985," at what Tolkin described as "stupidity." It was at this point that he sold the screenplay of that skateboarding epic *Gleaming The Cube*.

There is an irony here, in that some might consider this film to be quintessential Hollywood — a vehicle intended to bring young Christian Slater into the

spotlight. But what did Tolkin do with the money he made from his screenplay? He wrote a book that would make a biting statement on that previously mentioned stupidity in previously mentioned quintessential Hollywood. He titled it *The Player*.

For some strange reason, Hollywood decided it liked being viewed in such a cynical light. It liked it so much, it bought the rights to the book, and made a movie. Robert Altman directed it, it stars Tim Robbins and Hollywood likes it. A lot.

Somewhere in between the writing of *The Player* and the making of the movie, Michael Tolkin did another one of his 180-degree turns. He wrote a short subject about religion. His friend, Nick Wechsler (pro-

ducer of *Drugstore Cowboy* and *sex, lies and videotape*) read the screenplay and encouraged him to expand it into a feature film. With the backing of Wechsler and several others, he made his directorial debut with *The Rapture*.

The film's strong religious comment attracted a strange collection of critics.

"When it came out, it had attackers and supporters," Tolkin said. "The supporters liked it because it supported a need for religion or it portrayed a cold universe in which God was the enemy."

"The attackers said it was either blasphemous or it was religious propaganda. The symmetry was interesting."

Tolkin didn't intend for the movie to be a traditional narrative. It is a personal film, allowing only for personal interpretation. If *The Player* is an attack on Hollywood, *The Rapture* escapes it.

"Younger audiences don't know what films can be. They (the studios) train the audience to be united in a feeling; they give us a scapegoat."

"In *The Rapture* there is no scapegoat," he added. "You are left alone with yourself and that makes people uncomfortable. If it

See TOLKIN, p.7A

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"Sometimes we'll say (we were) kayaking or snowboarding, but... the truth is we were just jamming in Adam (Ad-Rock)'s bedroom."
— Mike D



The Boys Are Back

After a Three Year Hiatus, The Beasties Return With a New Attitude and a Double Album.

By P.E.A.C.E.

Yes, ladies and gentlemen, b-boys and b-girls, the second hiatus is over. The Beastie Boys have returned three years after the release of Paul's Boutique (one of the most underrated hip-hop records in history). Their new album is *Check Your Head*, due next Tuesday. ENCORE caught up with the elusive Beasties to "shoot the shit" about reverse sex changes, Nirvana's unreleased hip-hop record and the new LP. ENCORE: It's been a while since we last heard from you guys. What've you been up to? MCA: You know, it's actually funny you should ask that because a lot of people are asking us that. Mike D: That's been the big question today. MCA: "Where have you guys been?" Mike D: Sometimes we'll say like, that we're kayaking, or snowboarding, but really, the truth is we were just jamming in Adam (Ad-Rock)'s bedroom. MCA: I think you can clearly see that I haven't been working on my pool game in that period of time ... ENCORE: So, you guys have been jamming in Adam's bedroom for what, three years now? Mike D: Ten years! We

could only jam there for three weeks 'cause then the downstairs neighbor who has a gun and a Harley called the cops. ENCORE: What happened with Paul's Boutique in reference to *License to Ill*? Stylistically, they were a lot different. MCA: Adam personally wanted to take it to a higher level. Ad-Rock: I went through a lot of emotional and physical changes through that period of time. MCA: Sex change into a woman and back to a man. Ad-Rock: And I feel a lot different but much more like the same now. Feel good though. Mike D: A lot of people ask Adam how he got the nasal style, but a lot of it has to do with the fact of how he physically changed to a woman and back into a man. That actually has a lot to do with how he got the nasal style. ENCORE: Let's talk about something on the serious side for a moment. Paul's Boutique didn't get the treatment it deserved from the record label (Capitol). Do you wanna talk about that a little bit? Ad-Rock: I don't know what you're talking about. Mike D: Well, a lot of people don't realize this but at the time the record came out — this is top secret — the

president of the company went into shock, and this secret clone of the president actually took over and ran the company. And even though he seemed like he was awake and running the company, the real president was sleepin'. He was in a coma — he was fast asleep. ENCORE: Is this after hearing demos from Paul's Boutique? Mike D: No, this is when the album was released. MCA: As it was released, my man suddenly turned into Rip Van Winkle instantly. And we're not talking about napping, we're talking ab-

out comatose sleep. ENCORE: Nirvana. Ad-Rock: He joined Nirvana ... and then I joined Nirvana, but they didn't want me and (Mike D and MCA did) so I joined the Beastie Boys. Mike D: And also, a lot of people don't know that we did this hip-hop record with Nirvana that never came out. We hooked up the beats for it and not that many people know about it. But that was before they blew up. ENCORE: Let's talk about the new record. What's it titled, when is it coming out, etc.? MCA: You know, it's funny you should ask that ... Mike D: OK, number one, let's knock this right outta the box. The album is called

Check Your Head by the Beastie Boys. It's comin' out in April. We wanted it to come out before that but the record company kept beatin' us down and holdin' us back. It's gonna be a double album. ENCORE: Will there be a single? Ad-Rock: The single is called "Pass the Mic" and it's comin' out late April. Mike D: But we're going to sneak (college radio) cuts 'cause you're more hooked up than the people who go shoppin' at the Warehouse. ENCORE: What is it going to sound like? Mike D: (completely ignoring the question) It's going to have some nice B-sides ... MCA: Featuring Busy Bee. Ad-Rock: Busy Bee, Biz Markie, all kinds of people on the record. ENCORE: Would you call it a hip-hop record? Mike D: It's kinda like hip-hop, punk rock, hardcore, salsa, samba, free jazz, marimba, (indecipherable), disco, Barry White music, reggae, funk album. ENCORE: Will there be a video? Mike D: We did one video and now we're doin' another for the B-side of the single. ENCORE: Do you need people to come out for that? Mike D: Well actually, no offense but it pretty much just involves me. ENCORE: Any last words? MCA: Keep on truckin'. Mike D: We'd like to say what's up and send shouts out to all the people from the South Bay, Gardena, all the way down the coast, to all the kids hookin' up their own beats; and all the MCs and DJs out there.

"(Check Your Head) is kinda like hip-hop, punk rock, hardcore, salsa, ... (indecipherable), disco, Barry White music, reggae, funk album."
—Mike D.

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FILM REVIEWS

League of His Own

John Goodman Scores as *The Babe*

The Babe. Starring John Goodman, Kelly McGillis, Trini Alvarado, and Bruce Boxleitner. Written by John Fusco. Directed by Arthur Hiller.

From bulging nose to bursting stomach, John Goodman is *The Babe* (at the Paseo Nuevo Cinemas on Friday). But the portrayal is more than a triumph in good makeup and great eating. Goodman is Babe Ruth — a waddling, shouting, larger-than-life hero whose exploits on and off the field made him legendary.

The actor jumps into his first full-range lead character as if he thought the film would be up for Oscar consideration. It isn't, but the performance delivered by a man best known for his television work will go down as one of the year's best.

The others involved in the production will not be so fortunate. Director Arthur Hiller creates formula baseball fluff, complete with opposing pitchers who



He's outta here!

sneer at our protagonist and crusty managers who wax nostalgic about the good ol' days of the game. (This is the '20s! How much older was the game?)

Hiller can't decide whether to focus on Ruth's historical achievements or his personal life, which is ultimately the film's greatest fault. Not only it is about 20 minutes too long, but fails to adequately expand on the private side of the Bambino. Countless other books and

films have recorded his World Series heroics and famous "Called Shot". But how many people know about Ruth's troubled childhood, his two marriages, or his dream of actually managing a major league team? All these subjects are treated in *The Babe*, but certainly not to the extent which should have made this contemporary version far superior to the decades-old *The Babe Ruth Story*.

The current film does have the advantage of a big budget, which means close period detail to costumes and sets. But what it has in looks, it lacks in heart. Few of the actors beside Goodman seem comfortable in their roles, especially a terribly miscast Kelly McGillis as Ruth's showgirl-turned-lover-turned-wife. If ever one performance was enough to merit a film's recommendation, this is it. But as any baseball fan will confirm, it's a team game.

—Brian Banks

An Existential Romp

Until the End of the World. Starring William Hurt, Solveig Donmartin, Max von Sydow, Jeanne Moreau and Sam Neil. Written and Directed by Wim Wenders.

Science fiction writers and religious prophets have often chosen the year 2000 as some sort of reference point for the future; it has come to acquire a mystical significance as a marker of how far society will have gone in the last two millennia.

Until the End of the World (at the Victoria Street Theatre) is one of the first works to look at the year 2000 as a future that has already arrived.

The latest film by German director Wim Wenders (*Paris, Texas; Wings of Desire*), this movie shows us a future that is little different than today — the locations are simply contemporary scenes with the occasional insertion of futuristic design in an almost offhand manner. Much of the humor and the drama of the film comes from watching the characters interact with this new technology.

Solveig Donmartin plays Claire, a woman bored with both money and technol-

ogy, but forced to rely on both as the means of traveling the world in her quest for purpose.

The object of her quest is embodied in Trevor, played by William Hurt, who is country-hopping on a quest of his own. Using a camera built by his father that produces video images that can be seen by the blind, he is recording the world so his mother, blind since childhood, can see it as well.

Sam Neil is Claire's husband, a writer who has little identity apart from the various technological devices he harnesses to help him in his work and his search for Claire, his excuse for world travel.

Max von Sydow and Jeanne Moreau are Trevor's parents, completing the triangle of a family that has become dysfunctional because of the father's obsession with his invention.

Set against the backdrop of impending nuclear destruction, the film follows the characters around the world, moving rapidly across a dozen countries with unconscious ease as the ultimate techno-road

movie. Everyone seems lost and directionless, trying to gain a foothold in a global society that is too big for any one person to cope with. The film then brings the characters together at the final stop, the deep outback of Australia, where each journey turns inward. They face themselves and their dreams, cut off from all technology except that of the camera, forcing them to explore increasingly ominous uses for it.

The film takes on heavy themes, but treats them all with whimsy, and is both an existential journey and a playful romp. Everything from the wall-to-wall pop song soundtrack, to Donmartin's breathy delivery, to dialogue that gets conspicuously corny at times, serves to keep the level of heaviness down.

Ultimately, we are left exhausted from the trip and wondering if the title, a phrase used to pledge undying love and commitment, can now only be used ironically; the end of the world might always be just around the corner.

—Alex MacInnis

In a Dog Daze

Beethoven. Starring Charles Grodin, Bonnie Hunt, Dean Jones, Oliver Platt and Stanley Tucci. Written by Edmond Dantes and Amy Holden Jones. Directed by Brian Levant.

Beethoven (at the Fiesta Five) is a big, dopey, formulaic fluffball of a movie which only halfway succeeds in pushing the buttons of its target young audience.

The star of the film is *Beethoven*, an "awww"-inspiring stray St. Bernard, who is adopted by a middle-class family headed by George Newton (Charles Grodin), the hapless authoritarian father with a heart of gold, and Alice Newton (Bonnie Hunt), his understanding

but invisible wife. Together they live in the suburbs with their three adorable mop-pets, Ryce, Ted and Emily.

Over the course of the movie, *Beethoven*, possessing credulity-straining psychic powers, saves the day time and time again, eventually endearing himself to George and bringing a family back together that showed no signs of breaking up in the first place.

Though mildly amusing in its slapstick first act, the film seriously drags whenever *Beethoven* is not on-screen (as illustrated by the restless children in the theater), for the simple reason that none of the human

characters are engaging. The third act, with its veterinarian-gone-bad (Dean Jones) wanting to use *Beethoven's* large skull to test out a new kind of maximum-damage bullet (!), is predictable and a tad too violent. The script has a sense of being written in three parts by three separate people.

If the filmmakers had kept more of the magic that children see in clever animals and ditched the overly cynical plot elements, *Beethoven* might have been pleasant matinee fodder. As it is, the movie barely gets above TV-movie quality.

—Ted Mills

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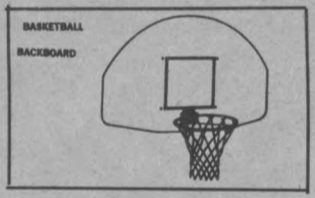
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MUSIC REVIEWS

Wanna Rock?

Def Leppard's Latest Offers Little Else

Adrenalize
 Def Leppard
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Some bands habitually take incredibly long breaks between albums. Boston, for example, takes years between works, for it is their philosophy that every song they create must be a masterpiece in itself. These three or four years between creations are spent building and crafting what they believe to be art.

Def Leppard is another band that allows for huge gaps of time between masterpieces. However, where Boston is working hard, Def Leppard is living hard and, subsequently, dying hard.

Adrenalize, this British band's latest effort, makes it painfully obvious that the band has spent the last four years breaking beer bottles and not new ground; developing not new music but being with developed nude women.

That's not a bad thing. It's great. This is music by beer drinkers for beer drinkers. Def Leppard has completely abandoned

any attempt at making any statement (there is no "Dogs of War" on this album). Almost every song on *Adrenalize* is about how they will rock you, how you rocked them or how we all should rock together. It's all about "rocking."

One surprising feature to this album is its three power ballads. This band usually has one or two ballads, max. Keeping this in mind, you might have to bring *two* lighters to the concert this year.

Tear-jerkers aside, this is true-to-form Def Leppard. It has all the three-guys-singing-in-tune-but-without-harmony, all the computerized backward-sounding drum beats and guitar work (new guitarist Phil Collin seems to have mastered the difficult orchestration that Def Leppard tunes call for.)

So, if you expect some sort of symphonic brilliance, perhaps you should look elsewhere. But if you want to drink pitchers of beer, annoy people who drink coffee, feign intellectual superiority and most of all "rock," they've got an album for you.

—Denis Faye

Tried to Be True

Arkansas Traveler
 Michelle Shocked
 Polygram Records

Michelle Shocked is the Horatio Alger of the modern alternative "folk" movement. Discovered accidentally, singing and playing by a campfire, Shocked never even tried to be famous.

Now the warbling singer/songwriter has come out with her third album, *Arkansas Traveler*. Judging from the photo on the album's cover — in which Shocked poses like Huck-leberry Finn in front of a Walt Disneyesque Appalachian shack, it seems that she's not about to give up trying to be famous. Tragically, much of the heart and soul of her storybook rise to stardom has been mysteriously bled from her music.

In this latest effort, a majority of the cuts utilize the sounds of mountain music, country and Celtic folk without possessing any of the emotion and depth that these styles are intended to carry. Though she has the tremendous gift of a voice



Miss Shell-Shocked
 somewhere between Emmylou Harris and Tracy Chapman, her songs fail to invoke the same emotion and dark genuineness of past efforts like *Short Sharp Shocked*. With countless instrumental runs of country fiddle and washboard, it seems like she's just going through the motions of being one of the few remaining folk artists still producing in this metallic, industrial generation.

While the overall package

tends to disappoint, Shocked's talent for honest, intelligent words and sweet, unassuming vocals makes the album worth more than many. Most of the stronger tunes come in the first quarter of the album with numbers like "33 RPM Soul" and "Over the Waterfall." "Prodigal Daughter (Cotton Eyed Joe)," in which Shocked laments about being a woman with something to say in a man's world, is one of the few songs with any lyrical artfulness.

In "Secret to a Long Life," Shocked whimsically posits "The secret to a long life's knowin' when it's time to go" — words that seem applicable to this new album. Rather than going forward in her musical future, the talented Shocked has gotten lost. Though she does not die with this effort, there are many better places for her — and her listeners — to be.

—Dylan Callaghan



Red Squares

Limpopo is a Russian street band now based in Venice, CA. Who says glasnost is dead? Catch them Tuesday at noon in Storke Plaza.

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Nexites Probe Mystery

Report Concludes Columnist "Just Kind of Died"

Editors Note: As promised, an elitist group of high-ranking Nexus officials has done a complete investigation on the disappearance of the Video Guy. What was uncovered is tragic, or not that bad if you are affiliated with the Women's Center. They have compiled their findings into the 38-page, double-spaced Hornberger Report. Here is an excerpt.



... After numerous interviews, it became obvious that previous investigative parties had overlooked one possible location of the now-missing Video Guy — his home.

We were received at his door by his roommate, a man who went by the name "Trout." At first, we thought that this nickname was the explanation for the horrible fish-esque odor that permeated the house. It smelled like fish. Trout invited us in and offered us beers, really great beers, like Keystone. We declined and inquired as to the location of The Video Guy. He said that The Video Guy was on the couch in the TV lounge and had been there for several months.

As we entered the lounge, the stench became stronger. The Video Guy was there, but he was not recognizable because much of his hair had fallen out and he was green.

We questioned him for about 20 minutes and it was growing rather irritating, with all the flies and the fact that he wasn't answering our questions.

At this point, Investigator Pizarro became angry. He turned off the television (which was only playing snow) and started to shake The Video Guy vigorously, shouting, "Damn it, Man! For the love of Mike, talk to us!"

Investigator Pizarro let go of The Video Guy and, to our surprise, he remained in the position which Pizarro had left him. That is to say, his body had stiffened to the point that it bended as we pleased.

Investigator Ross became very entertained. "This is so

cool," he said, and proceeded to play with The Video Guy like a "big, neat Ken doll."

It was at this time that Investigator Hilldale came to a startling conclusion. "Uhhh, Maybe this Video Guy is dead or something."

The Video Guy is dead.

It is the job of this committee to discover the reason for this death. We have entertained a bounty of possibilities.

The "Magic Bullet" Theory — The most viable of the theories, it contends that perhaps he was shot from across the street by a gunman with three guns and four bullets all from different angles and then another gunman smoked in some bushes ... or maybe it was three gunmen and one bullet ... No, it was one gunman.

This theory has only one unanswered question, in that The Video Guy was not shot and there are no windows in the TV lounge.

The "He Just Kind Of Died" Theory — Popular among the college crowd. Investigator Hilldale founded this theory. It is the most logical.

The "Don Knotts" Theory — Mr. Knotts' comedic genius will be missed by us all.

The "He Was Nuzzled By 29 Babes With Huge Jimmy Hoffas Until He Died In Raptured Bliss" Theory — While The Video Guy preferred this theory, we just aren't buying.

We have decided to go with the "He Just Kind Of Died" Theory. Although we all hated him in that he made a mockery of *The Daily Nexus* for his entire career, the only reason we went to his funeral was to laugh heartily as Investigator Freeman made farting noises with his armpit. But that aside, he will be missed. We were fair and objective with the investigation, just as we are with the news. ... We are hiding nothing, really.

Next Week: a tribute to *The Video Guy*

TOLKIN

Continued from p.3A gives you one bad night sleep dealing with this film, that's good."

Tolkin is aware that many writers have categorized him as cynical. He has gone

as far as to look up the word in the dictionary, concluding that it does not describe him. He claims he merely calls them as he sees them.

"I carry a certain amount of philosophy; this is the lens through which I look at the world. This is how I get ideas. ... You have to accept

the ideas that come to you. If you are dishonest to these ideas, you're a hack."

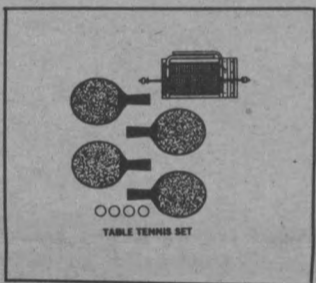
He is also aware that some find him bitter. But he wasn't bitter about not directing *The Player*, after he had already headed *The Rapture*.

"I was offered the job but

I turned it down. I was too close to *The Rapture*. My feeling was when Altman came on, I was going to learn a lot. And, if the film was a disaster, everyone would blame it on him."

OK, so maybe he's a little cynical.

The Rapture is playing tonight in Campbell Hall at 8 p.m., as part of Arts and Lecture's Take Two series. Ticket prices are students \$3, general \$5. Michael Tolkin will introduce the film and answer questions after the screening. For information call 893-3535.



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