Students learn in virtual reality environment

By ANDREA AHN

Last week, the University voted to approve the creation of a virtual reality laboratory and to abstract the principle of a "test facility" within the science of the University that would be used to research the relationship between virtual reality and human learning.

The proposed laboratory would be the first of its kind at the University, and it is expected that it will be used to study the effects of virtual reality on the cognitive processes of students.

Faculty split over sex code

By JOSEPH FRAZIER

The University's faculty has split over the issue of sexual harassment, with a group of faculty members calling for stronger measures to address the problem and others arguing that current measures are sufficient.

The debate has centered around the University's Code of Student Conduct, which was revised last year to include provisions on sexual harassment.

Project 2000 envisions safer U., campus law, new residences

By MIKE MADSEN

The University has announced Project 2000, a new initiative that aims to improve campus safety and security.

The project includes several components, including the installation of new lighting and security cameras, the creation of a new police department, and the implementation of a new emergency notification system.

UC remands newly proposed judicial reform

Calls for more due process

By LES LEVENSON

The University of California has remanded a newly proposed judicial reform bill, and calls for more due process.

The bill, which was proposed by the University's Board of Regents, would have allowed for the expansion of the court system, including the creation of new courts and the establishment of new procedures.

Please see COUNCIL, page 5

Hutch locker room plagued by thefts

Student helps U. Police catch thief

By KEITH BURCH

A student has helped University Police catch a thief who had been breaking into the Hutch locker room.

The student, who was walking through the Hutch locker room, noticed a man breaking into one of the lockers and called University Police.

The police were able to catch the thief, who was later identified as a student.

Please see ARREST, page 2

Corps director visits city

By MARK DAVIS

The Peace Corps director visited the city and met with local officials to discuss the agency's role in the region.

The director spoke about the agency's mission and its efforts to provide opportunities for young people.

Please see ARREST, page 8
Hatchet locker room plagued by property thefts

THERESA from page 1

points for the thieves.

And last month two suspicious males were seen in the Hatchet locker rooms carrying what appeared to be a "suit of clothes." University Police Lieutenant Santololfo

The two males fled the locker room and exited Hatchet through the emergency door, beating in the Pajez, Halpern said.

A scald and a lock both later found missing.

Currently, the connecting door is kept open for the convenience of athletes and recreational joggers, Hamerick said. But the price of convenience has been high for those victimized by the thieves.

The thieves typically look for credit cards and quickly ring the credit card numbers. Then, when the owner of the card realizes there have been unauthorized charges, they report the card stolen. "They are using these credit cards within a few hours of using them," Joe Reilly, Jr. said. "Nothing valuable is brought in the mail. All you lose is your $5 and your workout clothes."

Hamelick added that the thieves are especially difficult to catch, because they know the lockers and the times students use them. He said, given the ap-

Student helps U. Police catch campus thief

The two males then fled the locker room and the Pajez. Halpern said.

"Everytime your put your bag at their feet and they don't hold onto it, they know they can get away with it. Doing this is pretty simple because they know exactly who you don't recognize," Kay added. "She has learned about the security of her property since the theft."

Kay said that when she reached down to get something from her bag, she saw it was gone.

But fortunately, Kay said her bag was found by University Police in Brauston Hall, minus the $84 that was taken.

Kay was just happy her bag was found. "I was in the wrong thing. I'll deal with it."

Quote of the Day

"Kay says she's been houses by students, all meals. Housing at students' own expense.

"The rising tide of thefts in Steinberg Hall is causing concerns on campus. But the price of convenience has been high for those victimized by the thieves."

"The person who is at the door of the security guards every day since then, and I've held off my bags ever since. Adding that if the security guards had identification numbers, more property would be cut down.

Assistant Editors

BEAVIS AND BUTT MUNCH 3424 Sansom Street

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Penn's Spring Break Connection

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For Reservations and Information, call the BREAK-LINE:
When emotions and facts get confused, reputations of schools may suffer

By Adam Rubin
Daily Pennsylvanian Sports Writer

Columbia and its other legitimate Ivy League some do not give any other program its SAT scores in three digits. It’s against the rules. But for Penn, a school with a special waiver from the Ivy League, the questions that are being asked about the school are not only more pertinent but also more serious.

Ivy League schools, including Penn, are facing gender equality and racial diversity issues on campuses across the Ivy League. In addition, the league has seen significant decreases in overall admissions rates in the last few years. Some believe that this is due to increased competition from public universities and other private institutions.

Penn's athletic department has also come under criticism for its high salaries and lack of accountability. The university has been accused of paying its football coach more than $1 million per year, which is higher than the average salary for athletic directors in the Ivy League.

Despite these challenges, Penn's athletic programs remain strong. The university's men's basketball team has been one of the most successful in the Ivy League, winning multiple national championships. The women's basketball team has also been successful, with several appearances in NCAA tournaments.

In conclusion, while Penn faces challenges both on and off the field, the university's athletic programs continue to thrive. The university's strength lies in its commitment to excellence and its ability to attract and develop talent at all levels.
The program for "Cantorial" opens at 8 p.m. and the play, like the Torah, gets its audience to ask questions.

Director Katke Goodson should be commended for choosing an amazing collection of actors and actresses who are not necessarily students or alumni of the University of Pennsylvania. College freshman Anthony Deliodore delivers an impressive performance as Warren Ives, a twenty-something Yuppie who reconstructs an old synagogue as Warren's girlfriend, Leesey, is pleased by College junior Plaud's极强的表演 and humor. Together, Joseph and Frank are believable as young, intelligent adults who care about each other.

College senior John Weinstein's physical characterization of dell owner Harris Epstein is wonderful. His bearing never fails to match the mood of the play. The professional quality of acting in the show also placed emphasis on various scenes in the show. The stage set is entirely visible, and the stage manager and props are in place even after the audience leaves. While the set changes were, for the most part, quiet, some changes were unexpectedly slow and noisy. The noise level in the audience approached a dull roar because of the sound, and this immersion in the world of the show was quite enjoyable.

The synagogue under-construct

CANTORIAL

Group: Teatron
Director: Katke Goodson

Senior Walter Manning and junior Michael Blankow provide strong sup

port, bringing a new life to the show. But in the end, "Cantorial" is not merely a job, but also to be the best you can be. Mr. Street said he was not surprised at the turnout, but added that he enjoyed the speech, even though he had to cut it short.

"It's a shame," said Adibe. "Nobody comes when something valuable is going on, but everyone's there when there's not much to do."

"I was real. I got up there to take my hands off my business," he said. "I ain't about race, it's about your people."

And he stressed that blacks must get a job, then they missed the opportunity.

"They're getting ready to turn this neighborhood," he said. "In order to take back our neighborhoods, you're gonna have to deal with a whole lot of people."

Surprise speaker addresses crowd at DuBois

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- J.P. Morgan
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- Lord & Taylor
- Bain & Co.
U. remembers Brownlee

"If the principles aren't those that the Council wants, we have to send it back," he said. Evolving sentiments expressed by University President Martin Meyerson and Graduate Student Association President Vernon Brown were "still obvious" and "continuously evolving," he said. Jones then read portions of a letter criticizing the revised system from History Professor Alan Korc, who served as his adviser during the 1993 fall semester. Jones said they did not surprise him.

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Missing the Point

To the Editor:
The Daily Pennsylvanian's editorial "Reinventing the Wheel" (DP 2/3/95) misstates the entire purpose of Project 2000, the Undergraduate Assembly. Rather, it is a "whole new era in undergraduate life. It is said that very few of the 12 million college students in this country are actually undergraduate. Rather, it is a system for BCA's, and to some extent the system for Dining Services, and finally to some extent Project 2000 can be asked for not having original ideas. But there is a whole plan on campus for undergraduate life that has been developed at the University. It is not the seminar to get ideas from students to make Project 2000 work, but the whole plan has been a process of giving undergraduate students ideas to be actualized. The point of a plan is not to actually implement the plan, but to give undergraduate students the opportunity to give the entire purpose of Project 2000, the Undergr.

Editorial Board actually read the propos-

DAN DERECCIA Wharton '96 Undergraduate Assembly

RE: LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

To the Editor:

Jeremy Klein, in his letter to the Daily Pennsylvanian (DP 2/3/95) advocating "assault weapons" fanatics, makes errors in interpreting the second Amendment. Initially, the second Amendment of the Constitution reads "Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof; or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press; or the right of the people peaceably to assemble, and to petition the government for a redress of grievances." It is double that The Daily Pennsylvania has published several letters and articles in their minority before blasting them as "nationalistic/corporate" of the University's new TV program.

A new paper on University Minors and Minor Programs.

The reinstitution of these "nationalistic/corporate" 11 of the 2000's specific recommendations in the Undergraduate Assembly.

This year, the streak started at the danahe Phil, the infamous groundhog prog

The Daily Pennsylvanian Thursday, February 9, 1995

Jeremy Klein.

The Daily Pennsylvanian's editorial "Rein-

Second Amendment of the Constitution reads for the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be in-

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The Daily Pennsylvanian Thursday, February 9, 1995

Jeremy Klein.
Faculty split over proposed consensual sex policy

SEX from page 9

out of privacy. And others have found fault with the way the University processes cases of professor-student relationships, as no procedures are suggested in the policy proposal.

There is no hint in this proposal of the problems of the past," said Economics Professor David Cass, who has been romantically involved with Economics Graduate Chair Claudia Stachel. Cass has alleged that he was refused the position of Acting Economics Graduate Chair because of his relationship. Can said she feels the proposal is an insult to the professionalism of the faculty.

"It takes as a presumption that the faculty is not ethical enough to deal with a situation which you would find very unnatural," he said. "I agree that the policy as

Project 2000 suggests improvements at U.

Project 2000 from page 1

by Debicella deals with campus safety and the distribution of University Police. Project 2000 suggests improvements at U. Police change their current system of patrolling so that police officers become more familiar with specific areas of the campus.

"The idea is to create a neighborhood cop," Debicella said. "We're proposing that a group of policemen be assigned to a specific area for six months to a year."

Debicella said he has discussed the project with University Police Commissioner John Kuprech, and that it is "along the lines" of what the police administration has planned.

Project 2000 also includes a recommended course of action for the administration to follow if a college house system is implemented at the University.

"There are many benefits to the college house system," he said. "There are many benefits to the college house system," he said. "The ability to have access to services through dorms, more contact with professors, an identity with the house... There are many benefits to having a system we have now."

Students learn in virtual reality environment

MOO from page 1

a student in English 66, he thinks the MOO is great. "The MOO is interesting at first, but once I got over my initial reluctance, I was surprised to find that such a seemingly impersonal experience as a computer was an intuitive learning experience," he said.

"I suppose that if you're a professional person, you are in a rite shape, but an ordinary person doesn't like being involved in something that is lacking under the system we have now," he said.

Apply: February 13, 9:00 am to 5:00 pm
February 14, 9:00 am to 5:00 pm

High Rise North
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Groups can apply to live together in Superblock. Read your Room Selection Booklet for details.
Questions keep coming on surgen general nominee

Dr. Henry Foster, Jr.’s nomination to be Surgeon General is in jeopardy as key senators express concern over his record in the late 1980s to test do it yourself abortion drugs.

Foster said yesterday as a good man who has a right to be confirmed by the Senate.

"I'm a little bit surprised, to be honest with you," Clinton said.

In other news:

Protesters are gathering outside the White House to demand the release of the report on the FBI's role in the Ruby Ridge standoff.

The FBI has so far released only a redacted version of the report, citing national security concerns.

Protesters are calling for full transparency and an end to government secrecy on the matter.

---

#DailyWorld #Politics #NationalNews
Scharff pleased with final match of career

"SHUTOUT from BACK PAGE

"No matter how much effort you put out, that you... possible task in front of them."

"Moore proves doubters wrong at every level... hands of defending national champi..."

"one think Moore played best...eastern Pennsylvania. And lest any... the No. 1 high school team in south..."

"...surprised with the result, but he did...the team goes, the effort was there, but..."

"...first two games. Then she...Moore's tap these days. It should..."

"...and start doing something about it..."

"...your priorities. Never read newspa..."
Imagine Their Disappointment

Over 400 DP Valentine’s Day Personal ads in Tuesday’s paper. And none of them from you. Because you didn’t stop by our table on Locust Walk or our office on Walnut Street to spend some time and a little money to say you care.

But wait! What if we told you that you had one more chance to wish someone special

Happy Valentine’s Day With a DP Personal Valentine

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Locust Walk in Front of Steinberg/Dietrich Hall 12 pm – 3 pm

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Great Games in Penn History: February 9, 1982

Thirteen years ago today, Penn recorded its last-ever victory over Temple.

Dr. Peter E. Chermak, associate provost for student affairs, was in his office last night, the roof Rig in back.

One problem the Quakers were having in the first 20 minutes was that Temple was putting numer-

ous second chances. During the half, the Owls collected no less than 13 offensive rebounds, while

Penn was only able to grab 13 total

rebounds. In the second half, Temple's Greg Artin returned

from a three-game suspension and

played game, as Temple

was back in the game. As Penn scored six points in the first nine minutes of the contest, the

game. The Franklin Mint

was back in the game.

To work on or off-site.

They are conveniently located on U.S. Route 1, approximately 6 miles south of

Route 476, provide tuition training, flexible day or evening schedules and the opportunity to

work at the beginning of the game, as

the Quakers' dominance over the

Penn recorded its last-ever

victory over Temple (16-5, 2-1 Big 5)

The consequences of those actions

section 215.

Forgetting whatever you've heard

about recent Big 5 games. All those

momen- tary slumps were charged

away last night, the real Big 5 is back

in town.

Although neither team ever

opened up a lead of more than sev-

en points, there were a few times

where it looked like one of the teams

might be disinterested or offended by the

lack of

tention. At what point was the Penn fan wrong?

players understand it and

stand it, players understand it and

abuse becomes a legitimate part of

the game. In the end, it
turned in. The junior captain began

the three point play.

As it turned out, it was the Quakers.

"I think they made the right

plays at the right times," Temple

coach Don Casey said.

Some of those right plays were

biting off a steal and a foul shot to com-

plete the three point play.

That play was just part of the out-

standing defensive effort Little

Turner had in the game. Turner

began the night covering the six

foot, eight inch Brown (13 first half points) and

Brown (13 first half points). Rawl

ingsl in the middle."

Back Page

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came down to who would be able to

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HOW TO PLACE AN AD

**DEADLINES & PAYMENT**

**AD DEADLINES**

Regular rate ads (new ads, changes, cancellations):
- 12 noon, one business day preceding publication

Classified Display ads (new ads, changes, cancellations):
- 12 noon, two business days preceding publication

**PAYMENT**

Classified ads must be paid in full at the time of placement. Home will be billed. Visa and MasterCard are accepted, with a $10 minimum. No maximum for DP Penman.
SPORTS WIRE
Compiled from Associated Press Dispatches

WASHINGTON (AP) - Patrick Ewing leads Knicks to another victory over Pacers. Hornets rout Pistons; Maxwell suspended for 10 games; Seminoles edge Wake Forest.

**Ewing leads Knicks to another victory over Pacers**

Indianapolis 110. Dallas 92.

**Hornets rout Pistons; Maxwell suspended for 10 games**


**Seminoles edge Wake Forest**

Miami won 111-107 over Wake Forest.

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WASHINGTON (AP) - Patrick Ewing scored 21 points and 11 rebounds as the New York Knicks defeated Indiana 110-92 last night.

Ewing also had 2 points, including two free throws, and an assist in the Knicks' victory over the Pacers.

**Veteran Ewing leads Knicks to another victory over Pacers**

Ewing, who has been seven of eight from the field in his last two games, also had 11 rebounds against the Pacers.

**Maxwell suspended for 10 games**

Eric Maxwell, a senior guard for the Indiana Pacers, was suspended for 10 games by the NBA for violating league policies.

**Seminoles edge Wake Forest**

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Eric Moore: Total confidence

BY ADAM NIXEN
Daily Pennsylvanian Staff Writer

THURSDAY

In a point guard.

In assists last year. He had 65 turnovers to 12.

As point guard, he was fourth on the team.

has taken that to heart and become the kind of leader through two seasons that

have been, to say the least, trying.

That kind of leader through two seasons that

In as dominating a performance as the Quakers have

In Johnson's case, it was a Columbia alum who

For one, he's the only senior on the team. He

Besides, Eric Moore has heard

Eric Moore's Career Stats

<table>
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<tr>
<th>Year</th>
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Don't you realize that

He is confident, but realistic. He

He is the only senior on the team. He

He wants to do something, he will do it. Eric

Eric Moore's team. He is fourth on the team.

Eric Moore's Turnover Total

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Eric Moore has shown remarkable improvement in his four seasons with the Quakers.

Throughout his entire basketball career, Moore has surpassed expectations and proved critics wrong.

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Street

Caught in the Net

JERKY BOYS  BELLY  WDRE
FEBRUARY 9 1995
The Anal Exam of Life

by Rocco Siffredi

EVERYONE HAS A LITTLE CHILDHOOD HERO — a person who influenced the formative years like no other. Maybe yours was the elementary school gym teacher who held students upside-down by their ankles when they got new sneakers, or your friend’s older brother who let you smell his hand after a hot date. Or perhaps it was the friendly mailwoman who taught you that, yes, a woman can break the rigid gender roles of our society if she puts her mind to it.

Our memories of these special people become vastly improved and romanticized with time. Much like reruns of Speed Racer, these memories continue into adulthood to elicit fits of nostalgia. My hero, or more fittingly, anti-hero, was my pediatrician. This man taught me, maybe at too early an age, about the intrinsic atrocity of the human soul. In a day of pop psychology and Oprah-induced catharsis, my tale of depravity fits in only too well. Read on, dear confidant, and you shall know of my rite of passage.

The office/residence of Harold B. Furman, M.D. emulated a unique and captivating odor. The smell of the small, urban apartment of a spinster aunt — complete with stale ribbon candy and a mean, elderly dachshund — mingled with the essence of antique moccasin couches and old medical magazines, as well as the lingering stench of sickness.

The wall separating the atrium from the examining room was paper-thin. Through the obligato murmur, one could discern the sounds of a lick your fancy in the air and let me check your rectum.” After the examination, the patient was forced to exit through the waiting room, enduring the stares of those who had moments before heard every observation about his or her naked body.

After an exorbitantly long wait, I was finally brought into his office and given a bedpan to fill up in the bathroom. The 15-foot walk back to the office room was an exercise in mediatic balancing powers. I was told to strip down to my “bare nakedness,” and made to sit on a cold, sticky leather table.

The doctor would then leave and take 20 minutes to catch up on some paperwork, while I sat in a first-floor examining room with the blinds up. Once I had gotten bored of playing with his expensive equipment and looking through the waste container, he would go into the waiting room and ask my mother to come in. It didn’t matter whether I was six or 16, all questions were directed to my parent.

“How’s he eating?” he would ask my mother at first, slowly working up to questions about blood in my urine and the consistency of my “stool.” It didn’t seem to matter whether I was down there, administering checkups to people who were unbelievably bad during their lifetimes.

Strange, I look back at the old pervert with a sort of appreciation, for he equipped my young mind with the knowledge that everyone gains sooner or later: the world is a harsh, humiliating and often times smelly place. No one is exempt from the hardship and loneliness, sickness and inflation, despair and decay that we passengers of space ship earth experience on our voyage towards the inevitable port of death.

Or, as Dennis Leary once put it, “Life is tough, buy a fucking helmet.”
arrived at 210 S. 42 St. (a.k.a Pachanga Headquarters) in response to a caller who said one another. Unwilling to sit idly by while his dreams of fortune, glory, and petty.at least according to the powers of Pachanga Central. His super-hyped hip hop jam
I ley' Footsteps' The mimes Castle am! Tabard ring any bells, man? No one's elite un-
portly puking peon. Yet one has to wonder why the police armed on the scene first
posedly professed that he had only called for an ambulance to save the life of a poor
he called the Grand Poobah of Pachanga to clear his name. Dear Mohammed sup-
bragging about his skullduggery. Word of the sabotage quickly spread through the
During the ensuing melee, Mohammed traipsed back to Boccie and at 12:47 was seen
ment was allegedly spotted at approximately 12:20 a.m. hiding behind a tree making a call
to sample Randy's dandy. Randall's next scheduled appearance is at 7-Eleven as the
hibitions have Included a mad dash through Ashurst Hall during finals and an ap-
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nival. That is until our little love birds leaned up against a door and fell into AEPi
A young gambling addict, Snuffy celebrates his freedom from debt after some teemster friends send his bookie to "sleep with the fishes" in the East River. Snuffy during his Village People years. He can be heard singing alto on "In the Navy," he later left the group, citing "creative differences" with the big

The Many Faces of Snuffepagus

So, what exactly do we know about Big Bird's imaginia? friend? Not bloody much: he's slow, he's shy and, despite the fact that he's a he, he gave birth a few years ago. But at we Street now have exclusive pix which offer a glimpse of what Snuffy is like when Oscar the Grouch has gone in the can for the day.

Snuffy experiences gender dysphoria, resulting from a hard
rowing day on the set with the equally asexual Grover; his
improbable pregnancy occurs during this phase.

Snuffy keeps fit to the Jane Fonda Workout; the leg-
warmers were a gift from Bert and Ernie last Kwanzaa. His
obvious arousal is due to a killer Crush on Jane.

The (COASIS

CLUB EXOTICS

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• Body Shampoo
• Plush Private Suites • Tanning Booth
BRAND NEW CLEAN, MODERN FACILITIES
OPEN 10AM-MIDNIGHT 7 Days
CREDIT CARDS ACCEPTED
351-9114

Street Society

with

Dennis Hopper:

The American Dreamer

Hey there, all you tap suckers and dope fiends! It's Dennis again, man, and I'm a little perked up, man. Some of you non-believers out there bad-mouthing my little gossip machine, man. They say 'bout we don't have enough of the "elite," eh, man. Well, I'll get a message for all of you fascists: the early Nineties are over, man! Ain't no such thing as an "elite" no more! Everyone's an equal when it comes to screamin' up. And believe me, I can hear the footsteps of Yvon and Shamin and dizzy and the footsteps are again, "Dennis, are you blind? They still our running stories with the same folks every week! Didn't we teach you anything?" And I say, "Hey! Footsteps! The names Castle and Tabard ring any bells, man? No one's elite un-portly puking peon. Yet one has to wonder why the police armed on the scene first

RESCUER: Concerned citizen Mohammed Afkami (Aftkan-Afbrahimi to some folks in Fachanga) witnessed a human tragedy of incredible proportions last Saturday night, at least according to the powers of Fachanga Central. His super-hyped hip hop jam
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Inside John’s Madness

Carpenter returns to scary form with new thriller

by Josh Beisler

IN THE MOUTH OF MADNESS WELCOMES DIRECTOR John Carpenter back to the horror genre with a vengeance. A relentless kaleidoscope of fragmented, hyper-intense imagery, jagged bursts of noise and savage violence enveloped in a strange, almost otherworldy feel, qualify the film as one of the most spine-tingling efforts in recent memory. Drawing on the skills that created such influential films as the original Halloween and The Thing, Carpenter has fashioned one of the more provocative and intelligent postmodernist scare flicks. However, considering the imagination invested in the project, it comes as an unwelcome surprise that this creative energy dwindles near the end, denying the story a satisfying climax.

Sam Neill (Jurassic Park) plays the unlikely protagonist, an insurance agent named John Trent, who gets mixed up with the disappearance of Sutter Cane (Joneg Prochnow, the U-boat commander in Das Boot), a horror novelist whose books outsell even Stephen King. Accompanied by Cane’s editor Linda Styles (Julie Carmen), Trent is sent by his firm to investigate the disappearance, discovering that the elusive writer has withdrawn to Hob’s End. The town that exists as a figment of his authorial imagination. Here we are told that “reality is not as it used to be”—Cane’s pen has been endowed with the power to transform fiction into fact, and with the publication of his new opus, the novel has the ability to turn its readers into raving psychopaths, and as the epidemic spreads, Trent becomes ensnared in the brutal chaos that surrounds him. As a skeptic, his desperation mounts as his rational world begins to disintegrate, representing the kind of person who fails to understand the appeal of horror as a genre.

Carpenter confronts his audience with the question of why anyone would actively pursue such a disturbing sensation. The transformation of Trent over the course of the film suggests that the answer lies in his growing awareness of the shortcomings of reality in a world being wildly altered by Cane’s malevolent influence. The appeal of horror exists precisely in the fact that it is irrational. Despite its occasionally heavy-handed philosophic musings, In The Mouth Of Madness can also be enjoyed on a purely visceral level. In his attempt to create an impressively claustrophobic atmosphere, Carpenter marries sight and sound in genuinely impressive ways. Co-writing the music himself, he has dispensed with the over-reliance on synthesized-audible ferocity.

The film’s shortcomings are endless and its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater. The film’s shortcomings are endless and its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater. The film’s shortcomings are endless and its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater. The film’s shortcomings are endless and its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater. The film’s shortcomings are endless and its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater. The film’s shortcomings are endless and its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater. The film’s shortcomings are endless and its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater. The film’s shortcomings are endless and its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater. The film’s shortcomings are endless and its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater.

A tribute to H. P. Lovecraft, Carpenter’s film impresses enough to make its eventual disintegration that much more disappointing. The foreboding atmosphere hints at a finale in which the scattered story elements coalesce into a coherent dramatic order, but the pay-off never arrives. However, in a genre that too often falls into formula, In The Mouth Of Madness at least tries to be different, and succeeds enough to justify its ambition.

A Prank Couple Jerks

Prank callers should’ve stayed underground

by Anya Huneke

SOME THINGS JUST AREN’T MEANT TO be turned into movies. Although Hollywood doesn’t preach this philosophy, it should. Storylines that involve botched undercover investigations, fatal attractions, family deaths or numerous other conceivedly interesting plots can produce a high audience turnout and be bearable to watch at the same time. While The Jerky Boys may appear to be a unique and hilarious idea for a movie, its appeal ends the minute you pass the outlandish posterboards and step foot in the theater. The film’s shortcomings are endless and its attributes few. Most of the appeal of the Jerky Boys lies, or used to lie, in their underground fame. The two happy-go-lucky New Yorkers (Johnny Brennan and Kamal Ahmed) decided to start taping their prank phone calls several years ago. Distributing them to friends and family, no one knew that the appreciation of their “talents” would ever be so widespread. The tapes circulated mainly among teenagers, introducing the Jerky-lings to college campuses nationwide. With a Waco-esque following, the Jerky Boys gained a fame that represented the antithesis of what Hollywood promotes: a spontaneous, ad hoc, face-value performance that was anything but a performance. It was real life.

When producers Joe Roth and Roger Birnbaum got a hold of the tapes and played them for director James Melkonian, dollar signs flashed in front of their eyes, visions of Hollywood recognition danced in their heads and out popped a two hour torture session. It is a masterpiece of bad humor, even worse acting and a fictional recounting of an indisputably non-fictional story. The opening scene reveals the Jerky Boys being hauled into jail, hiding their heads under black sacks with large yellow smiling faces adorning the front. When they’re brought in for questioning, they begin retracting their “career,” recalling the pranks they played when they were younger, incorporating other kids in the neighborhood. Twenty years later, two hundred pounds heavier, still unemployed and living at home with a heavily accented Peg Bundy-style mother (Suzanne Shepherd), they continue their pranking. Hitting such places as a local hamburger joint, a convent and an auto-mechanic’s, they launch their career, while remaining anonymous to their employers.

One of their pranks lands them in the laps of the mob, and it is at this point in the movie where the plot begins and the novelty ends. The rest of Jerky Boys: The Movie is filled with numerous close-calls and near-death experiences, all of which are performed, of course, with a nonchalant and professionalism that can only be the result of Hollywood’s idealism and camera maneuvering. However bad the plot may be, the acting is even worse and understandably so. Johnny B and Kamal play themselves, which is the root of the problem. Although their fans wouldn’t accept any kind of stand-ins, neither one has any acting experience outside of impersonating loonies over the phone. Taking this into account, their performances are admirable, but not enough to carry the weight of an otherwise horrible film.

The Jerky Boys

Starring

The Jerky Boys

‘Caravan’

The source of the film’s shortcomings is not the acting, though. It’s the initial ambition of the Jerky Boys to go pro with their cloistered talents, destroying the best-kept secret of the adolescent world. Perhaps they were driven by a “rags to riches” fantasy involving two unsuccessful Queens boys who find prosperity hidden under a pile of phone bills and disheartened prank victims. All of which is, in some respects, a good idea and good for more than a few laughs. The Jerky Boys have a genuine knack for improvisation and an admirable ability to make people laugh. Beyond this, they have spread their talents throughout the country by mere word of mouth. Pretty impressive. Unfortunately, money and fame have an impenetrable power over people. Caught up in the glamour and glitz of a potential superstar lifestyle, the Jerky Boys have taken a step too far. In their attempts to self-aggrandize and money-making, they have lost all individuality and humiliated themselves in the process.

February 9
BOYS LIFE
WATCHING BOYS LIFE, A GREAT COMPILATION OF low budget short films depicting the lives of three very different young men connected by their homosexuality, almost restores your faith in the young directors of America. The three shorts exude a genuine warmth by combining serious dialogue about love, lust and liberation with just the right amount of humor.

The first short, "Pool Days," written, directed and produced by Brian Sloan, revolves around a Holden Caufield-esque high school senior, Justin Mitchell (Josh Weisneil) who takes a job as a life guard in a suburban health spa. His dilemma, or perhaps his initiation, begins when he befriends an attractive older gay man who forces him to confront his sexuality and be honest with himself. While at dinner one night with his more worldly friend, Justin displays his youthful naivete by offering a learner's permit as I.D. for a Rolling Rock.

In the second featurette, "A Friend Of Dorothy," the protagonist, a sophisticated NYU freshman named Winston, already has a stash of fake I.D.s and has come to terms with his homosexuality but must deal with his attraction to his roommate Director, producer and star Raoul O'Connor is able to create empathy for Winston so that the audience feels Winston's isolation and longs to stay in New York with his girlfriend. Robin (Mary-Louise Parker) is leaving New York after a break-up with a bartender who left her with nothing but HIV. This odd couple for the PC generation teams up to drive to Los Angeles. They are later joined by Holly (Drew Barrymore), a pregnant bottle-blond who is running away from her abusive drug dealer boyfriend.

As the three road trip, they paint each other's nails, eat junk food and sing along to the radio. The slumber party stops when the three are detained in Tucson because Robin is sick with pneumonia. Is it any surprise that these three women with nothing in common will come together and become the nurturing family unit that all of them desperately long for? Of course not, but the predictability of the plot is not the most problematic aspect of the movie.

The real problem is that Boys on the Side is a woman's movie as only a man could make it. Directed by Herbert Ross (who brought you the similarly tweaky Stol Magnolias), and written by Don Roos, the movie is for women, not by women. The performances are strong, but the characters are stereotypes; a tough talking lesbian, a Star Search runner up who knows all the words to The Way We Were and a boy-crazy bimbo who can't say no. A movie so shamelessly geared to women should be uplifting or hopeful. A quality women's movie is just that; it is not a Chick Flick. These three lesbians get broken hearts, too, and if a man doesn't hit you, you should settle for him.

Boys on the Side is enjoyable. However, the most telling scene in the movie is when Holly needs to make an important decision. She listens to her friends and then looks to her boyfriend for the final say. Boys are not on the side, women are just on the bottom. The closest this comes to a quality women's movie is Trelma and Louise reference and a piano in the living room.

-Katie Hart

BOYS ON THE SIDE
FILM IT AND THEY WILL COME. IT SEEMS SO EASY: MAKE a movie in which girls keep their clothes on and men are all bad and women will pay to watch it. Right? Maybe.

Boys on the Side is about three women, all of whom are running away from guy problems. Jane (Whoopi Goldberg) is a lesbian folk singer whose back-up guitarist is fed up with life on the road and wants to stay in New York with his girlfriend. Robin (Mary-Louise Parker) is leaving New York after a break-up with a bartender who left her with nothing but HIV. This odd couple for the PC generation teams up to drive to Los Angeles. They are later joined by Holly (Drew Barrymore), a pregnant bottle-blond who is running away from her abusive drug dealer boyfriend.

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-Katie Hart
The upside-down world of West Philly’s favorite hardcore band

Start Here Butthead
You are in a dark forest. There are large trees as far as the eye can see. A large ogre is sleeping nearby.

>LOOK AT OGRE
The ogre is a foul beast with rank breath and many warts. He is carrying a large sack.

>KILL OGRE
You hit the ogre. He dies from the mighty strike of your sword. The wizard MADDOG suddenly appears before your eyes. He *giggles* and says, "Hi. You seem cute. Come here often?"

MADDOG *winks*.

You sit at your terminal playing your favorite Multi-User Dungeon game. You are wearing an old Led Zeppelin shirt and slippers. Your eyes are bloodshot from staring at a monitor for five hours straight. You feel an urge to go to the bathroom, but you ignore it because you have finally found something interesting.

By Jason "Skippy" Giardino
Photos by Andy Deemer
Um... 'Look at ogre.'
You take a sip of flat Diet Coke.
'Piece of cake. 'Kill ogre.'"
You smile. In the back of your mind you notice a
pang of hunger. Your last meal was a bag of Cheez
Curls purchased six hours ago from the commissary
— anyplace else was too far away.
'Hey, it's Maddog,' you glow. 'I haven't talked to
him for ages. I wonder if his mother's operation
turned out okay.'

Unless you're a regular Net surfer, you have probably never met "Dwayne"
(a Wharton freshman whose Internet habits are embarrassing enough to
warrant the use of a pseudonym). His days and nights are filled with ex-
ploring his chosen MUD, in which he meets new people and continues
relationships with old friends.
Once in a while Dwayne gets up to go to the bathroom or grab a quick bite to
eat. He will even attend class and talk to people now and then, but only if the sys-
tem is down and he can't log on.
Obsessive? Perhaps, but this is perfectly normal for many Internet users; these
people have become so entranced by the realm of cyberspace that they forget
about the real world for hours and hours every day. What is it about these games
(which are nothing more than clones of Zork with real people) that creates so many addicts? How
can Dwayne believe that "the
MUD is above food and bathroom. It's a higher priority."
The interest is not the game itself.
Text games went out of style in the Eighties right along with Atari.
Rather, the draw is the fact that playing a MUD pulls users around
the globe into a different and
smaller world, complete with its
own culture, rules and social
mores. The person to person in-
teraction on the MUD allows for
the ultimate in escapism.

"Sometimes if something is really
bothering you, you might tend to close out a lot of your friends in the 'real world,'" self-proclaimed Internet addict Matt Dworkin explains. "But you can still go to the
computer and escape there. In there you can find the people that are your friends
there and they can provide comfort and solace."
Dwayne, for instance, often counsels other mudders. "There are a lot of people
on MUD who really have serious problems," he notes. "I've met people who are
suicidal. I mean, just recently I've been helping this one woman who was just raped."

People laugh, cry, frolic and
fall in love. Virtual marriages
(in which two characters
wed within the confines of
the game) are not uncom-
mon, and quite often players
engage in cybersex.

Inn Room.
This is a spartan inn room. There is a
rotting chair and a bed made of
straw.
TRISH the elf is here. She is wearing
a pink silk dress.
>smile
TRISH *winks* and whispers, "I want
you."
>tell trish "take of your dress"
TRISH removes her dress. TRISH
*smiles* and says, "Now your turn."
>remove armor
armor dropped
>remove clothes
clothes dropped
TRISH *giggles*. TRISH rubs your
chest.
>fondle breasts
Sorry, I do not know the word
"breasts."
>fondle trish's chest
TRISH *moans*. TRISH rubs your
groat.
>moan
TRISH asks, "Do you like that?"
>tell trish "yes"

Dorm Room.
You have just arrived from the bathroom
assignment for history. You might go to class
to meet Trish at the inn.
"Good...she's here. 'Smile.'"
You blush a bit. You've heard about
though you would actually do it. You
"Take off your dress."
You are surprised when Trish actually
"Okay...um, 'remove armor.' 'remove'
You feel a bit silly, but decide to continue
"fondle breasts'...Dammnit! I wish that
You flounder for a second.
"Uh... 'fondle chest.' Good, that one.
You begin to feel a bit turned-on. You
Sex on the Net is big; in the relatively tame arena of newsgroups alone, the sexual opportunities range from alt.binaries.pictures.erotica to alt.sex.fetish.foot.

By eliminating the physical aspect of sex, the Internet helps many people lose their fear and embarrassment. Michael Strong, a graduate student who teaches the English course “Dangerous Toys: Thinking About New Technologies in Our Brave New World,” points out that “Visual clues are invisible, so your body is not connected to what you’re writing.

The lack of physical contact also allows for plenty of exaggeration and deception on the Net. For example, when Dwayne noticed that “the women on the MUD are treated completely differently. Guys come onto them. They’re kinda lewd sometimes,” he decided to log on as a female guest and perform a virtual strip tease. Eventually, approximately 25 male players had gathered to watch his antics. Dwayne went to each of them, one by one, and gave them all virtual wedgies before running off.

Lying about one’s identity is particularly easy on the Net, but are the false persona of cybersex really that different from the lies which accompany the real thing? In a world of Wonderbras, pick-up lines and The Crying Game, those involved in the game of love often don’t care whether or not the other players are truly who they claim to be.

In the case of his virtual practical joke, Dwayne believes that many of the men watching his character’s antics really enjoyed the show. Those who engage in cybersex are substituting images for the real thing, and it doesn’t matter who provides the images for them. In the words of the Rolling Stones, “You can’t always get what you want, but if you try sometimes you get what you need.”

But some residents of cyberspace don’t believe users can get what they want or what they need from intimate relations on the Net. “I don’t advocate getting really private and personal on the Internet,” Pennet celebrity Meng Weng Wong asserts. “You might spill your guts to someone you don’t know that well, and you also may spill your guts to anyone who might be snooping on your network.”

While people like Dworkin have managed to make some of their “best friends” on the Net, many others think the Internet is an improper medium through which to meet new people and maintain friendships. Carter Page, a Computer Science Engineering junior, firmly believes that the Internet should be used solely as a supplement to already existing relationships. “You totally lose what makes people people,” he states, “which is more the non-verbal communication — the subtle nuances, gesture and motion.”

By the same token, many wonder about the appeal of cybersex. Just as Internet relationships lack the elements that make people people, doesn’t cybersex lack the elements that make sex sex? The answer seems to lie somewhere between two “real world” sexual practices: watching a XXX rated movie and hiring a prostitute. Although cybersex does not include physical contact, it is still able to offer intimacy with a live partner. And though it lacks the sensual aspect of phone sex, it offers a far greater level of anonymity.

Many people are uncomfortable with their own social skills. For them, the Internet is a haven — despite the real person at the other end of the wire, the Net creates the illusion of talking to an inanimate computer. And there are those who reap emotional benefits from their Internet relationships.

“It may not be the ideal means of doing it,” Dwayne points out, “but then some people simply aren’t willing or able to get beyond it and to take risks, or perhaps go out to do something else...they’re at least working on some things, and they’re not...just dwelling in their misery.”

Does the Internet truly allow people to reach out to others in new and unusual ways, or is the lack of personal contact damaging those who depend on it? The answer isn’t really clear, but one thing is certain: Internet addiction exists because the Net serves as an essential element of the user’s social life and interpersonal relationships.

One Internet addict described it all when he said, “[The Internet] is like Cheers: it’s a place where everybody knows your name. It’s also like ‘Hotel California’: you can check out any time you like, but you can never leave.”

Jason “Skippy” Giardino is a College sophomore from Denver, Colorado. His girlfriend is from Boulder — home of Mork & Mindy — but currently resides in Iowa. If you want good corn, he's the man to call.
Same Old Belly Dance

Alterna-babe Tonya Donelly and Belly continue alt-rock's traditional gimmicks

by Josh Leitner

"AT THIS POINT IN ROCK HISTORY, PUNK ROCK (WHILE still sacred to some) is, to me, dead and gone."

So spoke Kurt Cobain in 1992’s In Utero liner notes, with an authority that was his alone. It was he, the hesitant crown prince of the alternative revolution, that could bury the hallowed institution of punk rock, one of few standards by which its purists judged music. And with it, so too did punk rock’s youth culture phenomenon.

Well, that was then. Seattle had exploded on the scene and with it a so-called alternative had superseded most pop on the Billboard charts. And with it, so too did all flavors of impressionism and enlivened creative music that had gone heretofore unrecognized. The word “alternative” went from a legitimate adjective to a household name. This was the great alternative era, where music was its own best pitchman and alterna-babe Tonya Donelly. And while the Lemonheads were largely inane, Belly’s debut, Star, with its twisted lyrics, mixed tempos, lush vocals and thrilling vignettes about radon poisoning, manipulative friends and dead dogs carried on women’s back to usher intelligent, yet melodic, music to the realm of commercial viability.

The strange factor involved in the whole deal is the alternative autistic relationship with the pop world. The inverse effect that widespread popularity has on a group’s original fanbase is as enigmatic as it is pervasive. Yet that is exactly what the second wave of the alternative revolution concerns itself: alternative music has replaced pop music and simultaneously become pop music.

Fugazi described the fast-paced trends in the alternative-pop market with it’s lyrics “Action. Reaction. Action.” Well, Fugazi was actually talking about something else entirely and predated the occurrence by some five years, but Goddamnit, their simple truths speak volumes. Trends reduced to microtrends, which shrank again to gimmicks. Belly, the Breeders and, later, Versaca Salt all cashed in on that baby-girl voiced, guitar-driven melody brand of pop music. And as the style became set, as the magazine covers piled up and as the movie soundtrack contributions numbered, the music began to take a backseat to the images.

In a field of music in which, at one time, nearly every band deserved at least a touch of respect, these days we are faced with the worthless likes of Weezer, Green Day and the Offspring as viable alternative music.

Belly chieftain Tonya Donelly, a former Throw-Me-Baby and Breeder (themselves but a step removed from one of alt-rock’s few true great names, the Pixies) has had a hand in making alternative music that is substantive and pure pop is as difficult pleasing. However, the inherent difference between music that is substantive and pure pop is as difficult to describe as it is readily apparent. Belly’s sophomore effort King epitomizes alternative music’s second great transformation. Here is an alternative band with an utterly forgettable pop album that will surely spawn at least one hit single. “Style over substance” is today’s hippest style.

Actually, to dismiss King as entirely forgettable is to oversimplify the case. Most notably, Tonya Donelly’s voice is all over the album, a fact itself worthy of notice. And while King contains no tracks comparable to its stellar predecessor, a number of tracks, including “Puberty” and “Red,” are the type to linger in the listener’s mind. But the album’s homogeneity and flattened lyrics (a stunning contrast to the indecipherable Star) are enough to make a Belly fan wince.

The alternative onslaught of the pop music charts has created an interesting, if not haunting, side phenomenon. Music is almost as racially segregated as it was in the 1950’s before the advent of rock. White folks with guitars play rock. Grunge and its aftermath involved an almost exclusively white cast. Pop legends like Janet Jackson and Boys II Men somehow shifted to R&B (a notion which would surely horrify the likes of Curtis Mayfield). Even MTV reinforced this dichotomy with their “rock on the right, jams on the left” ad campaign. Exactly what this entertainment rift signifies is uncertain, but the fact that black and white music is increasingly separate seems apparent.

She can turn the whole world on with her smile.
WHAT TYPE OF MUSIC WOULD complement two guys who make prank phone calls? The Jerky Boys' characters vary from the semite Jew, Sol Rosenberg, to the helpless immigrant Ali Kamaal, to the helpless immigrant Ali Kamaal, so how could one type of music hope to match their many eccentricities? It doesn't—it the Jerky Boys' diversity is mirrored by a varied collection of artists ranging from guitar-driven Helmet, rappers The Wu-Tang Clan and House of Pain and even veteran rocker Tom Jones.

The Jerky Boys had two previous albums comprised entirely of phone calls. And although this soundtrack begins and ends with Jerky Boy material, the other ten tracks are solid musical contributions.

Green Day continues to use its successful punk-derived formula on “2,000 Light Years Away.” Fellow MTV summer favorite, Coolio, has what will turn out to be the album’s most popular song with the catchy “Dial ‘D’ and ‘Telephone.” Tom Jones offers a lively, horn-laden cover of Lenny Kravitz’ “Are You Gonna Go My Way,” even though the original hasn’t cleared the airways. Kravitz himself produced the song, jumping on the Tom-Jones-is-cool-again bandwagon.

On the downside, the album occasionally comes across as a soundtrack straining to accommodate the subject matter with song titles including “Jerky,” “Dial” and “Telephone.” Furthermore, there are only twelve tracks, one of which is a prank call and a second that is comprised solely of Jerky Boy samples.

The tracks that truly are songs, however, are strong, including the efforts by Collective Soul, L7 and Superchunk. With this musical array, the soundtrack manages to represent the Jerky Boys’ distinct style. If you’re unfamiliar with their act, this would be a useful introduction. Besides, it’s a good album, Jerky.

—Jeremy Lerman

JAYHAWKS

Jayhawks Tomorrow the Green Grass (American)

IN A GENRE WHERE IT SEEMS THE ONLY direction to travel is reverse, the Jayhawks make a noble effort to advance past on their latest recording Tomorrow the Green Grass. They are still singing the country-folk-rock derivative of the Eagles, but they have added a backup female vocalist and pianist in an attempt to create a more definitive sound. Whether or not the sound files is debatable.

The Jayhawks, fronted by Mark Olsen and Gary Louris and with new additions Karen Groberg and Benmont Tench (playing organ on selected tracks), can still pen a good rock song. Songs including “Blue,” the album’s first single, “Real Light” and “Nothing Left to Borrow” are reminiscent of their familiar southern rock sounds. The best rock track on the album is “Bad Time,” a Grand Funk Railroad cover. The hypnotic melody of “Bad Time” is a great addition to Grass.

Unfortunately, “Bad Time” attempts to fill a void all too big on the album. The Jayhawks, trying to progress, end up rocking a whole lot less than they should. The album loses appeal when the country aspect of the Jayhawks’ music takes control. Songs like “Anne Jane” have a miserable country feel. They resemble the unbearable works of Garth Brooks and other shotgun-slingin’, moonshine-drinkin’ monsters.

Tomorrow the Green Grass asserts itself as one of the few retro-rock albums left in this age of whatever the hell people like—be it punk, garage, hip-hop or Celine Dion. The Jayhawks, like the Black Crowes, represent a flashback to the country rock of earlier times, while groups like Dave Matthews Band and God Street Wine make a bid for the alternative crowd. Unfortunately, the Jayhawks’ grass is not as green as they might have hoped. They just didn’t come up with enough songs on the theme. With Grass, the Jayhawks provide little more than thirteen Black Crowes b-sides.

—Jeff Fuhrman

KIRSTY MACCOLL

Galore (IR)

KIRSTY MACCOLL’S SEVENTH ALBUM Galore is just that. It’s an abundance of her best work from 1979-1995. But more than an album of “hits,” this album highlights her versatility — it contains her past works with the Pogues in addition to a new collaboration with Evan Dando.

Long considered one of England’s greatest songwriters, MacColl is mentioned in the same breath as Ray Davies, Billy Bragg and Morrissey. She pays equal praise to each of these artists with cover songs. This ability to interpret and add to others work explains why she appears regularly on other artist albums such as The Smiths and The Happy Mondays.

—Panos Martinis

AUSTIN, TEXAS HAS BEEN ONE OF THE national Meccas of alternative bands for years. Fortunately, unlike certain west-coast “scenes,” it has yet to receive the media’s corruptive attention. Fortunately, unlike certain west-coast “scenes,” it has yet to receive the media’s corruptive attention. Fortunately, unlike certain west-coast “scenes,” it has yet to receive the media’s corruptive attention. Fortunately, unlike certain west-coast “scenes,” it has yet to receive the media’s corruptive attention. Fortunately, unlike certain west-coast “scenes,” it has yet to receive the media’s corruptive attention.

The Ugly Americans

Ugly Americans (What Are)

Ugly Americans outstanding musicianship. The endless jammin’ comes out perfect in the end and the Ugly Americans are so divergent. Who could guess that the Tom-Jones-is-cool-again bandwagon.

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—Jeff Fuhrman

MUSIC

Debut Releases

Eds. note (for morons): The following reviews are from artists who have recorded their debut CD’s. You’ve never heard of them, but we have.

God Live Underwater

God Lives Underwater

ON GOD LIVES UNDERWATER’s self-titled debut, punk rock meets rave as musical talent is combined with a flair for computerized rhythms. The major problem with the EP is that the songs sound pretty much the same: sampling, accompanied by simplistic lyrics. The track “Waste of Time” is promising with its moving best and melodic similarity to early Guns ’n’ Roses. This album will not overly impress anyone and will especially bother those opposed to computerized music.

Ravers and punks alike will consider the album decent for a debut, and you’ll be hearing more from God Lives Underwater in the future.

—Jonathan Zucker

Trenchmouth

Trenchmouth

TO BE QUITE BLUNT, MOST PEOPLE will not like this album. Having said that, it should be recommended to connoisseurs of hardcore, ska and free-form jazz. An interest in only one of these musical genres will translate into an enjoyable listening experience of this Chicago quartet’s album. Trenchmouth amalgamates all these styles into something truly unique. Many critics have praised their instrumental prowess and organised over their unique sound, but uniqueness should not be synonymous with quality. Sure, Trenchmouth’s songs are distinct, but it’s difficult to work out what is supposed to be brilliant on this disjointed and disjointed record.

—Kosy Gilis

Jewel

Pieces of You

PERHAPS THE EASIEST WAY TO PRAISE this album is to compare Jewel to the legendary Joni Mitchell. Their shared folk style, lyrics and sad longings for uncompromised acceptance, faculty coax the listener through the songs and leave them hanging on every poetic word. Jewel comes out of the San Diego coffee house scene and compromises little of that intimate aura on her major-label debut Pieces of You. The songs are simplicistically written, usually lead by a single acoustic guitar and Jewel’s coldwater vocals. This collection may be too strongly influenced by Mitchell’s unchained depth and grace, but given time and maturity (Jewel is only 20) she could become the strongest and the most influential force on the modern folk scene.

—Jared Young

Jewel of the dial

This album highlights MacColl’s singing ability and shows her knack for writing great lyrics and catchy hooks. It is a compilation of 18 tracks of pure pop. The best songs include Billy Bragg’s “A New England,” “Fairytale of New York,” which features the Pogues, and “Angel.” Her biggest hit was the 1991 release “Walking Down Madison,” which she co-wrote with Johnny Marr, a powerful song about the differences between the rich and poor.

Her mellifluous voice and catchy sound make for easy listening. Her lyrics are eclectic and convey a feeling of introspection. Moreover, when listening to the tunes on the album, the music shows that MacColl was always on the cutting edge of music. The intermixing of synthesizer and guitar is a break from tradition and provide the pop feel of no other artist. The whole album is filled with tunes that are fun to listen to, bringing back happy memories of the Hey Day of British music in the 80’s. Even her 90s songs carry a flavor of the previous decade.

Kirsty MacColl has been a fixture on the British pop scene for over 15 years and will continue to be so. Galore is a carefully-crafted compilation that gives justice to MacColl’s influences and her life’s work.

—Sam Kison

The Jerky Boys Soundtrack (Atlantic)

Austin Chronicle described them as “alternative soul” — whatever that means. What the band serves up is that defrosted 70s stoner-funk-soul music that can “move” crowds of goateed frat boys like nothing else. This lack of originality doesn’t necessarily mean that the band is marginal. On the contrary, for fans of this type of music, Ugly Americans is a great album.

Most of it is recorded live — a tribute to the Ugly Americans outstanding musicianship. The endless jammin’ comes out perfect in the end and one can easily figure out that this band has practiced a lot. Special reference should be made to the lead guitarist Max Evans (although sometimes one can’t take his foot off the wah wah pedal) and the bass player Sean McCarthy. But all six members of the band are veterans, with resumes that include the likes of Cracker, Poi Dog Pondering and Joe Rockhead.

Right now the band is about to kick off its American tour opening for the increasingly popular Dave Matthews’ Band. This album shows how much fun, if repetitive, the Ugly Americans can be. National chronicles will love the newest thing from Austin.

—Panos Martinis

MCCOLL'S SEVENTH ALBUM Galore is just that. It’s an abundance of her best work from 1979-1995. But more than an album of “hits,” this album highlights her versatility — it contains her past works with the Pogues in addition to a new collaboration with Evan Dando.

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WDRE has a “new” format, but has it changed Philly’s radioland?

by Mike Tuhy

A FEW YEARS AGO, THE WDRE PROGRAM directors truly were “on the cutting edge of rock.” The regular playlist included Sonic Youth, The Cure, U2, R.E.M., and others. “Cutting-edge,” WDRE had turned into a pop station.

While WDRE did indeed play mainstream pop music, at least there was some variation. It wasn’t all that diverse, but you could at least hear a different Pearl Jam song each hour on WDRE, as opposed to “Better Man” every hour on Y100. Neither radio station was ideal, but WDRE did have some sort of an “edge.”

Add in WMMR, which played bands like Pearl Jam, Soundgarden and Blind Melon, and you had three radio stations who claimed to be completely different, but were essentially the same.

So all was peaceful yet lame in Philly’s radioland... until two weeks ago.

WDRE aired a startling announcement. The message led listeners to believe that the station was on the verge of an alternative music renaissance. Not alternative in the hackneyed BuzzClip sense, but in the “here’s some new, undiscovered bands that you won’t hear on Y100 (Green Day) or WMMR (Pearl Jam).”

So fans suffered through two weeks of the “History of Modern Rock from A to Z” and a tedious weekend of “classic” Modern Rock Albums — all the while anticipating the new stuff.

They’re still waiting, because when they tuned in last Monday morning, nothing had changed — same shit, different day.

Today, WDRE is effectively non-existent. Instead, the station is now the “Underground Network,” whatever that means. If anything, the UN is a far cry from the WDRE legacy. They’ve tired most of the DJ’s — many of whom (Jody Vale, Mabu Sue and Donna Donna) were the best in the business. The programming still consists of too much Green Day and Gin Blossoms and “classics” from the Eighties, starring supergroups like Men Without Hats and Nena.

But perhaps most confusing and inconsistent is the fact that several bands who appeared on both the old WDRE and the new UN were extraordinarily popular before the word “alternative” sprang up anywhere. Bands like The Police, R.E.M. and Squeeze had established substantial fan bases while Eddie Vedder was still in high school. In addition, bands like Depeche Mode, The Cure and The Smiths held a sizeable cult status (the first two thanks to MTV) long before the pungent aroma of teen spirit pervaded the trendy olfactory airwaves.

This all adds up to one unavoidable conclusion: radio sucks. While both Y100 and the virgin UN are somewhat interesting, they represent a far greater problem: the music-buying public is still afraid to branch out into the unknown. You still can’t hear My Bloody Valentine or Superchunk on most commercial radio stations because listeners fear the “unmarketable.”

But what makes something “marketable” has little to do with quality; it has to do with what is perceived by the masses to be quality.

WDRE cannot be faulted for cashing in on a trend, but they should not claim to be “on the cutting edge of rock.” They are pop, plain and simple.

Many critics and fans have proclaimed the death of alternative music and the triviality of the word itself. But we must reconsider what the word actually means: existing outside traditional or established institutions or systems. That said, how could post-“Teen Spirit” Nirvana have ever been considered “alternative.” The new Superchunk single on The Jerky Boys Soundtrack does “exist outside the traditional” — hence alternative, as in “in an alternate to the norm.”

Sure WDRE has changed its name and has boldly launched an alleged new format. But it’s just more of the same. The Underground Network is Y100 with a slightly more diverse song list. And as long as Deadeye Dick, Candlebox and NIR are marketable, and as long as the misconception over modern rock exists, commercial radio will continue d’etre la meme chose.

The “Old” WDRE

Dinosaur Jr. and Throwing Muses, while the other radio stations in town were content to air insipid mainstream fare like Boyz II Men, Black Crowes and Tom Petty. Until about 1992, music lovers could rely on WDRE to plug them into the universe of “alternative rock.”

Flash back to the fall of 1991. MTV begins to air a song by the name of “Smells Like Teen Spirit.” Now, it’s known throughout the industry that R.E.M. bassist Mike Mills claimed the foundation for this turn of events. But the popularizing of the genre by bands like The Pixies, Jane’s Addiction and even bands like The Cult formed the universe for this turn of events. But the popularity of Kurt Cobain’s crew, for whatever reason, opened the floodgate for the grunge deluge which followed.

And as Pearl Jam, Alice in Chains and Soundgarden found their place in WDRE’s regular rotation, the program directors at Y100, then the quintessential Top 40 station, noticed where the next dollar sign could be found. In spite of everything these “modern” bands claimed to stand for, the multi-million dollar music machines grasped onto the fad and launched it into the air.

Y100 changed its format, yet remained a pop station — they played the music that was/is popular of the day, hence the name. Meanwhile, WDRE still had Nirvana and Pearl Jam on the play lists, while the burgeoning powers of MTV’s Alternative Nation pushed the same bands with its BuzzClips. Instead of continuing its pursuit of the cutting edge, WDRE was content to play the same songs over and over again.

Contrary to the plug by R.E.M.’s bassist Mike Mills, WDRE was, in fact, “just regular radio.” But instead of Bruce Springsteen’s new single being played ad nauseam, you could hear the latest Pearl Jam B-side ad infinitum. Not much difference there. So, despite its attempts to claim “cutting-edgesness,” WDRE had turned into a pop station.

The “New” Underground Network
Cats is Andrew Lloyd Webber's relic from the 80s — a certifiable artifact preserving the era of Madonna and the application of blue mascara.

In this charmless, shoddy production of the musical based on T.S. Eliot's Old Possum's Book of Practical Cats, the big-haired, lyrca-clad cast is reminiscent of a group of junior high school mall groups. Eliot must have written this stuff (intended for his godchildren) in the twilight of his genius. The scenes overflow with the kind of sanctimonious twaddle and hackneyed crap one expects to hear in an amateur poetry contest.

Cats attempts to take a metaphorical glimpse into the human psyche through the irreverent antics and tribulations of some junkyard cats. Unfortunately, the production does little more than stir a heavy dose of ennui and an unmistakable and irreverent antics and tribulations of some junkyard cats. Unfortunately, the production does little more than stir a heavy dose of ennui and an unmistakable and irksome irreverence.

Not only does Webber's storyline lack depth, the musical score is devoid of humbly splashy numbers. There is a vulgarity to the writhing, wriggling dance sequences and scene after scene displays an eerie flatness.

Lady-killer Rum Tug Tugger gyrates and shimmies as though he is Elvis incarnate. The felines swoon. The audience starts to snore.

When Grizabella cat — once the reigning glamourpuss, now relegated to outcast status — comes on stage to sing the one surefire hit of the whole show, the audience is too drained to care. Even the evocative and lyrically beautiful "Memory" fizzes. Cats is a real stinker, and not just because it lacks the character development that is sure to disturb the average museum-goer.

In sharp contrast to Schaechter's work, British artist Rachel Whiteread's sculptures — on display on the ICA's ground floor — are a friendly collection of cubes and other assorted shapes.

Whiteread, who is considered by many to be one of Great Britain's premier contemporary artists, employs large spaces and objects in her art. She even puts an entire room on display; it is entitled, simply enough, Room.

Her largest work — maybe one of the largest pieces of art ever — is the cast of a London row-house which can be seen via videotape at the ICA. Some of Whiteread's other large works include floors, bathtubs and other spaces which provide a calming effect for the viewer's subconscious. One can almost forget the horrors of Schaechter's world in the embrace of Whiteread's inside-out santuraries.

The show's best piece is William Rumley's "Audio Snapshots," which consists of an array of objects on a wall and headphones through which the viewer can select stories about each item. Multimedia at its finest.

There are also some real turkeys such as "Bag Containing Itself." This work of art is nothing more than a Ziploc bag of motor oil. Although the accompanying little card says the oil will bead on the surface, the oil will surely be impressed to find their ash trays emptied every 20 minutes or so.

The graphic imagery in works like "Murder and Child," "Rape Serenade" and "Memories of a Child Prostitute" are sure to generate controversy. Along with her graphic notebooks and a painting called "Torture Chamber" (whose inhabitants include stabbed people, a masturbating devil and a wolf vomiting human souls), Schaechter has created a world full of brilliant colors and psychological and physical pain that is sure to disturb the average museum-goer.

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Beckoning to the city last November, the Pleasant Peasant is sure to become one of Philadelphia's gems.

The restaurant, located at 15th and Locust, serves up truly unique cuisine. General manager Steven Dudley describes the restaurant's fare as "American regional cuisine with a Caribbean influence." Just as the name suggests an exotic blend of cultural influences, so does each entree offer a combination of the typical with the unusual. For instance, if pasta is your passion, the spicy grilled artichoke with tomatoes and olives is an absolute joy. Other entrees include a salmon club with apple-smoked bacon and tomato basil mayonnaise, and split fired chicken with lemon-whipped potatoes and asparagus.

Beyond the fabulous collection of appetizers, grilled pizzas, salads and entrees is service of an almost unprecedented caliber. As soon as you are seated, your water glass will be filled immediately with your choice of either tap or bottled water. Just as quickly, you'll find a creatively-arranged basket containing a variety of breads set before you.

If you ever have a question concerning the menu or any specific entrees, the waiters are very knowledgeable and eager to help. When it comes to ordering another cocktail, expect your refill momentarily. And smokers will surely be impressed to find their ash trays emptied every 20 minutes or so.

While dining at the Pleasant Peasant, make sure to notice the interior architecture. The restaurant was designed by a famous Texas architect who did an especially good job of creating a warm and intimate feeling. The walls are lined with rosewood, and a special backlighting softens the colors in the room and prevents any glare that might detract from your perusal of the menu.

Although the meal can be a bit pricey, the experience is well worth it. The portions are big, the atmosphere is relaxing and, given the right company, the Pleasant Peasant will provide an evening of sheer delight.

(Whiteread's and Schaechter's works are on display at the Institute of Contemporary Art at 118 S. 36th St. The Institute is open Wednesdays from 10 a.m. to 7 p.m. and Thursday through Sunday from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m. Admission is free with a PENNcard.)

—Elliott Keretny
Film

- means Frank Zappa says go commercial

- BEFORE SUNRISE
  Romance, the slacker way. (UA Riverview)

BOYS LIFE
SEE REVIEW PAGE 5. (Ritz at the Bourse)

BOYS ON THE SIDE
SEE REVIEW PAGE 5. (Ritz at the Bourse)

HIGH LEARNING
Boy's in the Classroom. (UA Riverview: Senators)

THE JERKY BOYS
SEE REVIEW PAGE 4. (AMC Old City)

THE LAST SEDUCTION
Linda Fiorentino screws and screws over every man in her path en route to wealth. And they loved every minute of it. So will you. (UA Riverview)

LEGENDS OF THE FALL
Brad Pitt prances about on screen for ninety minutes in the women's movie of the year. Men should check their balls at the doors. (UA Riverview: AMC Midtown)

LITTLE WOMEN
They're tiny. They're female. See ya there! (Ritz Five)

THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE
He's just mad because the baseball strike hasn't ended yet and the Yanks could have a shot at the Series. (Ritz Five)

IMMORTAL BELOVED
The story of Beethoven. A better title might have been Deal and Dumber. (Ritz Five)

DUMB AND DUMBER
Jim Carrey does his best to capitalize on his waning success before America realizes that he is merely the reincarnation of Jerry Lewis. (Senators, UA Riverview)

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岁月的延续: Frank Zappa says go

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THE MADNESS OF KING GEORGE
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These new signings to Island are headed by former Fluid drummer Garrett Shavlik. Previously, they played their pure punk while opening for Meat Puppets and the Wedding Present. Their single is called "Superstar." Shavlik won't ever be one.

Ted Wrrrh's and "Acoustic" Phineas Gage a.k.a. Jay Sand's brainchild still rages — with two new leaders. Daryl "Del" Marco and Ben Kim have taken over the helm of this maximalist affair that highlights the vibrant Penn band scene this week on the s>rt-o( Mage is the jangly acoustic guitar rock of The Prolitolumbaya. Perhaps the Profit can live up to his name and predict who will take the opportunity to use the open mic that follows them. Par-me-san!

FRIDAY
SPECTRUM W/BARDO POND
Sonic Boom, the hall of Spaceman 3 that did not become Spiritualized, takes his new ensemble on the road. Let's hope that he does not do the driving given the heavily drug-tinged influence of their music.

JEWEL
Spend another acoustic evening with a babe and her guitar. She's been packing 'em in at coffee Houses for years and it ain't just 'course of her singin'.

UGLY AMERICANS
"What the Uglies serve up is that de-fronted 70s stoner-funk-soul music that can 'move' crowds of goateed frat boys like nothing else." They'll be playing in Houston Hall, Hall of Flags, on Friday afternoon at 1 P.M. And later on that evening, they're opening up for...

THE DAVE MATTHEWS BAND AND BIG HEAD TODD AND THE MONSTERS
The mini-H.O.R.D.E. tour checks into Philly for two nights. But guess what? Both shows are sold out! So all you neohippie-poseur-Skeletons from the Conventown' pseudo-burnout types will have to listen to the Counting Crows, instead.

Big-Head-Todd! Big-Head-Todd!
(Tower Theater, 69th & Ludlow Sts., Upper Darby, (610) 352-0313)

SATURDAY
EDO W/E-TRIBE
EDO takes their name from the ancient capital of Japan. Ah so. They are the heir-apparent to the throne of the Dead Milkmen. Check out feature story on page 6.
(Trocadero, 11th & Arch St., 923-ROCK)

THE LONDON SUEDE
Since their last tour, Suede have lost their guitarist and to compensate added The London to their name. Due to the Blur and Oasis hype, Suede have been pushed to the background, but DogManStar will be acknowledged as a classic in a couple of years. The fact that new plank spanker, Richard Oakes, is only 17 could explain why they are playing an all ages venue.
(TLA, 334 South St., 922-1011)

EMMA W/ST. JOHNNY
A year ago St. Johnny had just been discovered by Sonic Youth's Thurston Moore and signed to Getten. They were to be the next big thing. Now a year later they are supporting the unheard-of Emma at the Khyber Pass. Their career is going to pan out about as well as the Bay of Pigs.
(Khyber Pass, 56 S. 2nd St., 440-9683)

THORAZINE/STINKING LIZAVETA/FIRETRUCK
Stinking Lizaveta claim to be the best musicians in Philadelphia. Firetruck of Beer claim to be the best beerdrinkers in Philadelphia. Take your pick. Knowing Pi Lam, it will probably be your nose.

(Tower Theater, 69th & Ludlow Sts., Upper Darby, (610) 352-0313)

It's Back and All New! Coming February 1995! Live Alternative Music
The Chestnut CABARET
38th & Chestnut University City's First 100% Modern Rock Dance Club
To win free books, CDs, or bumper stickers from Caravan Pictures' The Jerky Boys, call 898-1111 tonight between 6:50 & 6:55 with the answer to the following question: In one of their most famous pranks, the Jerky Boys harassed optometrist Saul Rosenberg. What pseudonym did they use when contacting the good doctor?

Remember the neon picture on the cover of last week's Street? If you want to see what Matisse's painting looks like before a computer scanner messed the color up, run, don't walk, to the PMA for "From Cezanne to Matisse: Great French Paintings from the Barnes Collection," on display until April 9.

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