Seminars help relations with community

By Josh Sherman

Eleven years ago, then Penn President Sheldon Hackney, history professor Lee Benson and Ira Harkavy, who now directs the Center for Community Partnerships, began an undergraduate honors seminar on "Urban University Community Relationships." Penn-West Philadelphia, Past, Present and Future as a Case Study.

The course examined the University's relationship with West Philadelphia and asked students to find solutions to various problems within the community. It also provided the students with the opportunity to experience the city from a University viewpoint.

Several projects have come from this seminar, including a request for Public Service and an assistant to University President Judith Rodin.

The program is based on the idea that the knowledge of creating the Penn University affiliated community colleges in West Philadelphia will help the local community to find solutions to the unique problems of the neighborhood.

"The program is focused on the problem of creating a community college in West Philadelphia and working towards developing new ways to improve the quality of life for the local community," said a spokesperson for the program.

and as a center for educational services.

The relationship that has developed between West Philadelphia High School and the University of Pennsylvania has been ongoing from the beginning of the program.

The Ford Foundation has invested $150,000 in the program, which provides professional development for teachers and students who work in the community.

"We're trying to help the students develop the skills and knowledge to succeed in higher education," said a spokesperson for the program.

Penn West Philadelphia High School signifies an ongoing effort to improve the quality of life for the neighborhood.

For example, History Professor Michael Zuckerman's course classically and conceptually addresses the cultural changes in America in the 1990s.

Zuckerman's course looks at the impact of American racial identity on the cultural changes in America in the 1990s.

The course, entitled "American National Character," focuses on the role of race in American identity and examines the role of race in American society.

"Zuckerman's course is focused on the impact of American racial identity on the cultural changes in America in the 1990s," said a spokesperson for the course.

The course is a required course for all students in the program and is taught by Penn Law School graduate T. Kumar, a human rights activist.

The course explores the impact of American racial identity on the cultural changes in America in the 1990s.

"We've increased the visibility of our efforts," said a spokesperson for the program.

"We're making sure what the correct things are that we provide that service," said a spokesperson for the program.

Due to a reduction in service and technological improvements, Fry said, the University will eliminate the "free" in the classroom. "We're trying to help the students develop the skills and knowledge to succeed in higher education," said a spokesperson for the program.

"We're working really hard to make sure the classroom is as accessible as possible," said a spokesperson for the program.

"We're making sure what the correct things are that we provide that service," said a spokesperson for the program.

With the goal of saving $65 million over the next five years, University officials are planning to restructure the service. Fry said that the University will purchase more than 664 million dollars of goods and services each year. Fry said that Penn will purchase a new blueprint for service and new strategies for the future.

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SAC groups have also complained about the lack of a "free" in the classroom. "We're working really hard to make sure the classroom is as accessible as possible," said a spokesperson for the program.

"We're making sure what the correct things are that we provide that service," said a spokesperson for the program.

U. Police report westward shift in crime

By Yochi Dreazen

The number of robberies reported to University Police has dropped over the last few weeks. Last week there were only three crimes reported to the University Police, which is the lowest number of crimes reported in the past year, according to University Police officials.

However, many of the crimes have been reported as "no incident reported." According to University Police officials, this is because the University Police are trying to increase their visibility in the community.

"The criminal element seems to be recognizing that there's too much heat in the area," she said. "We've begun deploying the cruisers.

Both shifted the westward move to a number of factors.

We've increased the visibility of our efforts, as well as our working relationship with the Philadelphia Police department," she said. "We want people to see our officers and to know that we're here for them.

"We're aware of the problem, as are the Philadelphia Police department, and we're currently looking into various ways of improving the situation," she added.

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**News Briefs**

**U. Police purchase new camera**

University Police welcomed the most recent addition to the force on Tuesday - a new camera.

The camera, purchased to improve public safety, will be one of three primary cameras for the University Police at the University of Pennsylvania. The others are located at the student center and at the south end of Campus Avenue.

**Police investigate possible Vet School hospital fraud**

Police are investigating reports that the Veterinary Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania received a $1 million grant intended to fund research for Alzheimer's disease.

According to reports, the grant was awarded to the hospital in 2015, but the research never took place. The police are investigating the matter and have not made any public statements.

**PAC elects new board**

The Performing Arts Council elected its new officers Tuesday night at its monthly meeting, according to an email from President Pam elit.

The new officers include Pam elit as president, Karen Johnson as vice president, and John Smith as secretary.

**Crime Report**

**Theft From Auto**

A car at the Hospital of the University of Pennsylvania was broken into and a Motorola Sip phone stolen.

The incident occurred on Saturday, August 25th, around 11:00 p.m.

**PennFact**

Yochi Dreazen

**Quote of the Day**

"I'm more nervous than anything. It's going to be a lot of work. And I'm not that good at math." - Donald Trump Jr.

**Pennsylvania**

**Night Assistants**

Janet Lee

Michael Magnone

Jalene Blanch

**Corrections and Clarifications**

The Daily Pennsylvanian regrets that the name of the Managing Editor, Yu Chen, was misspelled in an article published on Thursday, August 23rd. The correct name is Yu Chen. The Daily Pennsylvanian regrets any inconvenience this may have caused.

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Group calls for OSU alum

The job that Mixer did to hire.

"Mixer had to hire that job because SAC, in an interim capacity, does not violate University policy," said Robinson. "However, I think that is downsizing," she said. "In addition, Mixer's desire to hire new staff was not in the interest of SAC, because Mixer's job would be a premature to hire new staff."

Mixer added that helping SAC "Hiring another Lynn" would fix a few problems, but not SAC that would equal the cost, which "I don't feel it will."

ANOTHER LYN" would fix a few problems, but not SAC that would equal the cost, which "I don't feel it will."

John Robinson added that helping SAC "Hiring another Lynn" would fix a few problems, but not SAC that would equal the cost, which "I don't feel it will."

Shooting Chairperson and College Marketing Officer John Robinson said, "I don't feel it will."

Another Lynn would fix a few problems, though it wouldn't be a great change," Robinson said. "I think that would have to create an efficiency in SAC, and I don't feel it will."

Johnston added that helping SAC groups with their budgets and preventing funding issues is not really

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Unveiling a new bill of rights, complete with stark pictures and electronic rights, Judge Alex Kozinski presented "The Bill of Rights" yesterday at the Law School.

Kozinski, who serves on the 9th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals, combined humor with a serious discussion of how certain legal interpretations are changing the spirit of the U.S. Constitution.

"Those interpreting and applying the law have been more enamored with certain rights than others," Kozinski said to the 120 students and faculty members who gathered to see his presentation.

The unique constitution, which rested on an easel by Kozinski's side, featured everything from new rights to old rights, such as the right to two parents and the right to a big defense.

The modified constitution also displayed completely new rights, such as the "right to buy contraceptives" and the "right to die."

Kozinski explained that many law students have been inculcated with his interpretations of the various amendments.

"Economic rights have gotten the dirty end of the stick," he said, citing several instances where economic rights had been trampled upon.

Kozinski did not limit his grievances to any particular political view.

Liberal judges, he said, "don't give a hoot about property unless it's a space occupancy." And conservative judges, while understanding the importance of economic rights, do not like to change precedents.

The judge then gave advice to the first-year law students.

"Businesses cannot count on timidity of the judicial system," he said. "Don't overreact state courts as a possible avenue."

Kozinski also advised business lawyers to beat the judicial system at its own game.

"Undersell legal bureaucracy," he told them, "because that lawyers should look for loopholes in the law."

"While the federal courts will at times be here, those who help themselves will be helped the most," Kozinski explained.

Many students attending the lecture said they enjoyed it.

"Although he is short and articulate," said one student, "there was a big implication." First-year law student Darren Tucker said, "He was an excellent speaker. I wish I could have spoken longer."

Other students enjoyed Kozinski's unique delivery.

"He's the most entertaining conservative I've ever heard speak," said another, a third-year law student.

And second-year law student Jillial Shah proclaimed Kozinski "the Howard Stern of the bench."

The lecture was part of a series given by the University's Institute of Law and Economics, which combines parts of the Wharton School of Business, the Law School and the School of Arts and Sciences' Economics Department.

"The lecture was really successful," said Wharton economics professor Kathy Woodard, an administrative assistant for the Institute of Law and Economics. "The room was overcrowded and the audience was laughing."
Stoppard becomes panel focus

By Scott Lanman
The Daily Pennsylvanian

Although Tom Stoppard was sup-
pensed to be only one member of a panel of 
authors that included Saul Bellow, 
and Mario Vargas Llosa yesterday, he quick-
ly became the focus of the afternoon.

And the capacity crowd of nearly 
400 students, faculty and alumni 
which packed the Annenberg School 
Auditorium did not seem to mind.

Stoppard's heavy second day on 
campus did not end with the panel 
which became the focus of the afternoon.

As an official proclamation last 
night, Mayor Ed Rendell declared 
Auditorium did not seem to mind.

---

President Judith Rodin honoring 
Stoppard. who was born in Czecho-
slovakia but grew up in England, also 
talked about his friendship with the 
Czech playwright turned president 
Vaclav Havel.

He said he wanted to use the Rolling 
Stones song "You Can't Always Get 
What You Want" as the background 
music for the scene, which features 
a pair of lovers in a study room.

"I didn't know you couldn't waltz to it," he 
said. "But I was so ignorant that 
the audience followed the 
turn one of the authors was being 
asked to waltz in a study room.

The two interrogators were su-
pered to waltz to it," he said. "But I was so ignorant that 
the audience followed the 
turn one of the authors was being 
asked to waltz in a study room.

Fourth-year English graduate stu-
dent Leigh Edwards expressed sim-
ilar feelings.

"As an artist, he was really good 
about talking to academics," she said.

And some were simply awed by 
Stoppard. Cindy Mullock said.

"I was so ignorant that 
the audience followed the 
turn one of the authors was being 
asked to waltz to it," he said. "But I was so ignorant that 
the audience followed the 
turn one of the authors was being 
asked to waltz in a study room.

"I don't think of myself as part of 
anything," he said.

Stoppard also changed the topic 
during the discussion, after point-
ing out that when he first heard 
the question of influence is some-
what difficult to answer.

And so he went on to discuss 
what he believed to be the most 
important factor that influenced his 
work.

"I wrote it into the script," Stop-
pard said. "But I was so ignorant that 
the audience followed the 
turn one of the authors was being 
asked to waltz in a study room.

He said he had difficulty pinpointing 
serious influence that he had had 
upon his life.

"The question of influence is some-
times an ambiguous as the word it-
self," he said.

But Stoppard did say that since 
the most famous author was 
Becoming the focus of the afternoon.

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Second chance for safety

Public Safety Managing Director Thomas Seamon needs to make sure his new master safety plan addresses community concerns.

One year ago, University President Judith Rodin released a master safety plan designed to address the safety and security concerns of the Penn community.

"Uniform security standards" for campus buildings were never developed. The safety locks, "Community Walks" and higher visibility of University Police — including the possibility of doubling the number of officers trained to patrol on bicycles — have not significantly impacted the campus crime rate.

Neither have these changes resulted in students feeling genuinely safer on campus, or in an improvement of "our real security as we study, work and live at Penn," the objective Rodin set out in her plan. Wurst of all, Rodin promised that her plan would be released for additional comment after a group of "special advisors" — law enforcement veterans from the Philadelphia Police department, Fire Service and FBI — had visited campus and examined how it was being implemented. But Rodin's plan has been confronted by several comments, nor was it then offered to community members as part of a work-in-progress.

However, Public Safety Managing Director Thomas Seamon, who recently reorganized Rodin's plan, wants to make a fresh start with a crucial review of the safety standards issue. He and his team have yet to offer new, innovative strategies to combat the black-on-black crime problem. He does not believe that the problems exist and that they have ignored.

In an interview with The Daily Pennsylvanian, Seamon said, "We have discussed with students who came to the city to find a feeling. It is increasing difficult to improve the existing school system and other public services. It is not enough to have a better safety plan. We need to do something about these problems."

The Daily Pennsylvanian supports Thomas Seamon's effort to bring about change, and is not afraid to see why African Americans are more troubled in urban America.

Letter to the Editor

To the Editor:

We applaud Singer and St즈naker for their ongoing discussion of eating disorders. "The man I know," 2000, a subject of frequent focus, is ever seen, by many. As part of Eating Disorders Awareness Week, Counseling and Psychological Services and Philadelphia will participate in a body image program. This screening is being conducted in an effort to help students evaluate their own body image. It is not uncommon for people to question their appearance and wonder how to improve it. However, it is also important to recognize when the desire to look different becomes an unhealthy obsession. Eating disorders are characterized by a desire to be thin, with accompanying thoughts, behaviors, and attitudes that may lead to unhealthy eating habits. The screening is aimed at helping individuals identify signs of an eating disorder and encourage them to seek appropriate assistance.

Darin Weeks

Help for eating disorders

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Policy on Submissions

The Daily Pennsylvanian welcomes guest columns. Submissions may be mailed to:
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Honest discussion is the only way to solve the problems of America's inner cities.

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Any questions?
**Murder trial continues**

**By Jenny Axt**

The Daily Pennsylvanian

The jury trial will continue today in the case of two of the defendants accused of murdering fifth-year graduate student Al-Moez Alimohamed. The prosecution, headed by Assistant District Attorney Roger King, will seek the death penalty for Al-Moez Archer, 17, who is charged with first degree murder. King is also seeking life in prison for Gregory Pennington, 17, who is charged with second degree murder.

The prosecution will continue to present its side of the case through the week and will be calling more police witnesses to the stand, Matthew Wolgang-Ziller said last night.

Ziller added that it is important for the defense and the prosecution, "both sides to see who is supporting the defense and the prosecution," during the jury trial.

Maureen Rush agreed that support from the public is important for the trial today, and often it runs past five o'clock, she said.

"Students should also know that they don't have to spend all day in class. 'She said.

Director of Police Operations Matthew Rush agreed that support from the community is important for the jury trial.

The jury will be looking out on both sides to see who is supporting the defense and the prosecution, she said. "They need to see that there are people other than the victim's family who are just as concerned and want to see justice served." Rush also added that the trial "hits home" for many students, since it concerns issues of campus safety, and that is a very important issue for these students who are interested in law.

The Daily Pennsylvanian

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Students should also know that they don't have to spend all day in trial. And often it runs past five o'clock, when most students are out of class," she said.

"Students interested in attending the trial today may take a University bus to the courthouse. The bus leaves at 9:30 a.m. in front of the David Rittenhouse Laboratory."
Jet crashes in ocean, 189 aboard

SUNNY ISLES, Fla. (AP) — The U.S. National Transportation Safety Board said Tuesday that the Airbus A300-600SR jetliner that crashed off South Florida late Monday was 189 people aboard.

The Philadelphia-based airline, Continental Airlines, said it was looking into the crash, which occurred about 70 miles southeast of Miami. The airplane, Flight 7394, was carrying 189 passengers and crew members.

The plane, a Boeing 757-200, plummeted into the ocean about 15 minutes after taking off from Miami International Airport on its way to Houston. The jet hit the water about 10 miles off the coast of Florida, near the Florida Keys.

There were no immediate reports of injuries or fatalities. The NTSB said it would conduct an investigation to determine the cause of the crash.

In other aviation news, the U.S. Department of Transportation announced that it would tighten safety requirements for airlines operating in the United States.

The DOT said it would require airlines to conduct random drug tests on flight crews and to implement new procedures to prevent tampering with flight data recorders.

The move comes after a series of crashes involving U.S. airlines, including one in which a pilot accidentally landed at the wrong airport.

The DOT also said it would require airlines to improve their emergency response plans and to ensure that they have adequate procedures in place to handle situations such as mechanical failures or engine problems.

The agency said it would work with the Federal Aviation Administration to develop a national aviation safety plan that would include measures to improve air traffic control and to reduce the risk of midair collisions.

The DOT's actions follow a series of major crashes involving U.S. airlines, including one in which a Boeing 737 crashed in June.

In that accident, 11 people were killed when the plane went down into the waters of the Caribbean Sea.

The DOT said it would continue to work with the FAA to ensure that airlines are meeting the new safety requirements and to monitor the effectiveness of the new procedures.

The DOT also said it would work with Congress to ensure that the agency has the resources to conduct the necessary investigations and to enforce the new regulations.
Yale faces second labor strike of the year

By Andrea Ahles

Picket lines began appearing around Yale University’s campus Tuesday, and no further talks and the Yale administration came to an end this year as the school’s clerical and technical employees went on strike.

Four month-old negotiations between Local 34 — the union that represents the striking employees — and Yale’s administration came to a halt Tuesday. And no further talks and the Yale administration came to an end this year as the school’s clerical and technical employees went on strike.

The Daily Pennsylvanian

Restructuring plan will streamline admin.

Trump’s son

Trump from page 1

officials hope this means “The Donald” himself will be around campus more during the next four years.

According to Vice President for Development and Alumni Relations Virginia Clark, having a child at home could make the president become more involved with the school.

“We are not sure, but...”

The University will use financial incentives to convince departments

The Daily Pennsylvanian

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Thursday, February 8, 1996

**AWARDS**

*Player of the Week: Tim Krug, Penn*

Krug was named Player of the Week for the second time this season following an outstanding three-game stretch. The Quakers won 10 of 10 games by Ken for 59 points, 21 rebounds, 11 assists, 11 blocked shots and 12 steals. His best game was against Columbia, where he scored 22 points, pulled down nine boards, blocked a school record seven shots and recorded six assists and two steals. His best game was against I

**Rookie of the Week: Tim Hill, Harvard**

For the third time this season, Hill was chosen the Ivy Rookie of the Week. During the Crimson's 2-1 week, the freshman pumped in 43 points, grabbed 50 minutes, eight rebounds, recorded 14 assists and made five three-pointers. He also lost to Brown, in which he had 15 points, seven assists and two steals, and played all 50 minutes. His best game was against I

**Honor Roll**

- Eric Blackiston, Brown
- Dean Pikars, Columbia
- Edie Samuel, Cornell
- Kyle Snowden, Harvard
- Gabe Lewullis, Princeton
- Daniel Okonkwo, Yale

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**898-1111**
Snowden leads Harvard team on uprising

JUNIOR VARSITY from page 14

"We're seven points up," Penn men's squash coach Ed Freidman noted before the match. "We're leading by seven points and have been leading by seven points for quite a while."

With such a lead, Freidman felt that the final score was assured. "They're not going to take us down," he said. "I think we can win this thing." Freidman also noted that his team was well prepared for the match and that they had a good sense of what to expect.

The game was won in four sets, 7-6, 6-1, 6-3, 6-2, with a final score of 3-1. The Harvard team won the first two sets, while the Penn team took the last two sets.

The Harvard team, led by sophomore Andrew Matter, was able to control the game and keep the Penn team from scoring. "We played well today," Matter said. "We were able to dominate the game and keep our opponents from scoring."

The Penn team, led by senior Rajiv Mehta, was unable to keep up with the Harvard team's performance. "We didn't play our best today," Mehta said. "We made some mistakes and were unable to score."

The match was a close one, with the final score being 3-1. Harvard was able to win two sets to Penn's one, but the difference in points was significant.

Freidman was pleased with the team's performance and felt that they had a good chance of winning the match. "I'm happy with the way the team played," he said. "They were able to control the game and keep their opponents from scoring."

The match was played on the Hinge Courts and was a close one, with the final score being 3-1. Harvard was able to win two sets to Penn's one, but the difference in points was significant.
 selanne. The 25-year-old Selanne stormed out of practice and sent high-scoring forward Teemu Selanne to the bench. "I told him he was not going to play," coach Oleg Tverdovsky and center Chad Kilger. "It was all Abrams inside and freshman Scoonie in the perimeter and finished with :tl points, five outside shot, Ewing took it He hit K) shots from the floor, and he still had six points in the game because he was being defended seriously enough.

Knicks 87, Bullets 82
NEW YORK — Midway through the New York Knicks' 72-10 victory last night, Washington Bullets coach Jim Lynam yelled to Patrick Ewing, "What the hell are you doing?" and Ewing responded with a roar.

In his 107th All-Star game, Ewing played perhaps his best game in the franchise's 24-year history. Ewing finished with 18 points and 13 rebounds, thought it was probably his best game in his last two years in the league. (206)971-3510 6X1A52811

St. John's 73

Bush 79

CINCINNATI — Cincinnati power forward Danilo Zanin scored 30 of his 31 points in the first half, leading the Bearcats to an 81-60 victory before leaving last night that completed a 3-game AE loss. "I have a really good feeling that we're going to be doing something special," said Zanin, 25. "I don't know why, but I really do."

Reggie Miller had 19 points and Rik Smits 17 for Indiana, which dropped 16 of 17 to the best offense in the Big East Conference. "This is a good team," Indiana coach Bob Knight said. "They've got a big body on them and are very difficult to defend."

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SPORTS

The Streak in perspective

The magic number is down to one.

Having gained a perfect 48-0 in Ivy League play since March 7, 1992, the Harvard men's basketball team is just one victory away from tying UCI-A's all-time Ivy League record set since March 7, 1992.

Harvard this weekend will give a try again on Saturday, possibly without its leading scorer, because of a knee injury without a loss, equaling the Ivy record set by the Penn Quakers of 1973-74.

Just how we can appreciate the absolute impressiveness of such a streak is highlighted by the fact that Harvard has won 62 of its last 70 regular season games, or 89 percent. Harvard will play its 1,700th game this weekend, something the other Ivy league programs can only dream of achieving.

So just how do we appreciate such a streak? Why, by victory without a loss, equaling the Ivy record set by the Penn Quakers of 1973-74.

The human spirit is a powerful thing. As Harvard this weekend strives for victory without a loss, equaling the Ivy record set by the Penn Quakers of 1973-74.

There are not too many Division I college basketball players who played second semester to someone else in their high school careers. But Harvard's Kyle Snowdon faced exactly that situation.

Snowdon came straight from his high school coach, Torrence Snowdon of Trinidad, Trinidad and Tobago, now a starting forward for Harvard, into Harvard's class of 1974.

Despite what he calls a "baptism of fire" by Harvard's varsity coach, Todd Snowden, he was a big hit.

In his freshman year, Snowden led all by 5.1 points per game, including his 11.4 average in Ivy League play since March 7, 1992, the Harvard men's basketball team is just one victory away from tying UCI-A's all-time Ivy League record set since March 7, 1992.

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Our picks and pans for the upcoming year
It's Just One Thing...

Revelations from the john

Everyone has one sometime in his or her life: the sublime moment in which suddenly everything seems to make sense, the answers to life's mysteries are solved, and the world is no longer completely puzzling. You know, kind of like when Batman would figure out who the criminal was, turn to Robin, and say, "This fits like the glove on my hand!"

Although I have not experienced my major revelation as of yet, I have been blessed with several minor epiphanies in my time. Whether it was finding the solution to a complex algebra problem in high school or the time I was able to precisely deduce the remaining three sins in Seven, these revelations have had a variety of settings and reached many different depths. But none have been quite so odd as my enlightenment the other night.

There I was, standing in the bathroom of my girlfriend's room in High Rise North, taking a leak. Yes, I shall remember the moment for the rest of my life. I was staring down at a toilet bowl urinating when I discovered the answer to the age-old dilemma that has eluded mankind for quite some time: The Meaning of Life.

I had always been one to observe and analyze my life and others' in an attempt to come up with an idea of what life should be. I saw life as a job, a series of tasks one after another that a person goes through as a matter of course, without stopping to consider why. I mean, here we are, college students, having gone through 12 years or so of school, coming here for another four, and most likely several more after this — to do what? Go out into the "real world," where we will work nine to five days (for some of you schmucks seven to eleven), come home tired, and then relax on the occasional weekend when we aren't too stressed about work.

I wrote a philosophy paper last year in which I argued that suicide can be a rational alternative to a life without joy that is not worth the effort of sustaining. I mean, sure, there are moments of fun — seeing Fage and Plant in concert, catching a funny movie, watching the N.F.C. Championship Game, running around in the woods swinging a sword, or shooting a paintball gun. But are these reasons alone enough to struggle to survive in the rat race? Not in my book.

I haven't gotten to the meaning of life yet, but stick with me. I had once thought that women had a fundamental role in the meaning of life. No, I was not a practicing womanizer — practice was about all I managed to do. Then I started dating and I realized my folly. Sure, companionship can help lighten a burden placed on you by society, and yes, a good backup definitely does relieve tension, but in truth, after the novelty wore off, there is a possibility for a significant other to become a significant bother, merely adding to the pile of work that one has, like when you're playing Down in your bathtub and your girlfriend is constantly asking you to walk to WaWa to get her coffee. How can this added bit of workload give life meaning? It couldn't. I had decided. Women (or men, for those that prefer us for some old reason) could not possibly be the reason to live. This realization led to what was known as "The Celibate Era."

So there I was stepping out of the bathroom on that night. I washed my hands and turned around after drying them, and the sight I saw held me breathless. She was not dressed radically differently than she had been moments ago, nor had she done her hair a completely different way, but suddenly, standing before me was the most glorious thing I had ever seen.

For as I stood over that porcelain bowl, looking down and reflecting, I realized that my assessment had been mistaken. The purpose of life is not to find that random hook-up at a drunken frat party or even someone to cuddle with while watching Friends. The meaning of life is that very point that I arrived at — all while straddling a urinal. Just like Curly "one thing," I realized then what I had lived my entire life for — and it was for that very moment.

The moment that I finally realized what love is.

---

Letter from the Editor

By now, you may be thinking, "Why the hell is Street running a preview of 1996 when we're already over a month into the new year?"

Simple. We just needed some time to get our feet wet. You wouldn't have expected us to offer our rollicking, thought-provoking, expert views on the world of entertainment and pop culture without actually experiencing some of what 1996 had to offer, would you?

So this week our staff offers a few ideas on the future of this leap year, and I'm sure you'll find our psychic (is that psychotic?) predictions remarkably informative and enlightening — or at least worth a good chuckle.

To be honest, though, my mind isn't on the upcoming year, it's on the upcoming week. This Wednesday is February 14th — Valentine's Day. I hate that damn holiday. I didn't always hate it. I remember when it was a simpler holiday. If someone was your Valentine, it meant that they dropped off their Valentine, it meant that they dropped off a Smart card and some of those candy "conversation hearts" into your decorated shoes at school. Ahh, those were the days... On a good year, I would get 50 or 60 Valentines. Since then, I average about four or five including the ones my mother and grandma send me. And every year it gets more and more depressing. No need to go into the details, but let me share with you a snippet I learned from Valentine's '95. If you're ever inclined to fly to Hawaii to visit that special someone on Cupid's favorite day, don't. With apologies to all two Penn students from Iowa, I truly must say that this is a cold, barren state with the personality of a bowl of soggy Corn Flakes — not exactly the best place for romance.

So this year, when the big day comes, make a difference. I encourage every last man, woman, and child at this university to get a shoe box wrapped in bright red paper outside their door and give out cheesy kiddie Valentines. The emotion may not be there, but if everyone did it, think of how popular you would feel.

Here's the lookout: I'll be sending Animations and X-Men cards this year.

XOXOXOXOXOXO

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How To Attract Women

Getting women is nice sometimes, but repulsing women is the ultimate high for any man in this world. There is no greater erotic turn-on for a hetero-sexual male than when a girl is totally repulsed. So, in order to satiate all of you males out there who just love a challenge, here are a few tips on how to utterly repulse women from a guy. I have repulsed women so many times in his life that people sometimes call him “The Woman Repulsor.”

While I can not give away all of my secrets, I will now list for you a few of my techniques followed by short explanations and examples. It will be extremely difficult at first to master all of these techniques. So the first few times you try these moves, girls may actually like you. Do not be discouraged. Remember that it took me many years to perfect these maneuvers.

1. Bad Odor

It’s a little off with the odor. If you smell good, the girls might like you, but if you stink, there is a good chance that they will be repulsed by you. I suggest not showering or brushing your teeth for at least three days before meeting the girl. I have always liked to roll around in canine humor once before the date in order to evade just the right aroma. Once the odor is in place it is time for you to master...

2. Extremely Bad Face-to-Face Conversational Skills

Women love men who are interesting and funny when engaged in conversation. A quick and efficient way to repulse women and make them think that you are a dork is to develop extremely bad conversational skills. There are a few techniques that many of the great women repulsers use in order to get women to boost.

A. Lie and Then Tell the Truth

Girl: Where did you go over the break?
Boy: Really, I have been to Paris 30 times.

Girl: How can you speak French?
Boy: Actually, I have never been to Paris.

B. Try to impress her with common knowledge

Girl: And then he examined my ear for infection.
Boy: Did you know that human beings hear sounds through their ears?

Girl: Yes.
Boy: Well, I knew that too.

C. Laugh when inappropriate.

Girl: What do you think of my dress?
Boy: I think that you are too taI...if I were you...

D. Repeat what she says in question form.

Girl: Then the dog came after me.
Boy: The dog came after you.
Girl: And it bit me on the shin.
Boy: It bit you on the shin.

Girl: Yeah.
Boy: Yeah.
E. Comment on her general unattractiveness.

Girl: What do you think of my dress?
Boy: I think your dress is ugly.

I think that when you say something right, it is really gross.

Girl: What do you think of my body?
Boy: I think that you are too fat. I feel the cause of that faultiness can be directly attributable to the fact that you eat too much or do no exercise whatsoever.

Girl: What do you think of my face?
Boy: It sucks.

F. Tell her about your anal bleedings.

Girl: What do you think of my hands?
Boy: They are dirty.

G. Puke on her.

Girl: So the Pope says, “I didn’t buy the shoes.”

Boy: (pukes on her).

3. Extremely Bad Telephone Skills

Another area when I have excelled in repulsing girls is on the telephone. While not as effective as the face-to-face interactions, extremely bad telephone skills are a good complement to follow-up an extremely bad face-to-face conversation.

A. Ask her for the homework assignment and then ask her out.

Girl: Hello?
Boy: Hello, Zelda, is Gary, what’s the math homework?
Girl: I’m not in your math class, Gary. Boy: Wanna go out with me?

B. Write down what you are going to say and then read it.

Girl: Hello?
Boy: Hello Julie, this is Adam Mark, Executive Editor of the DP, from your English class. I have wanted to touch

Clothes, bankrolls, and hoes... Sound exciting?

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Street

Something must have got us in, 'cause all of us turned to sinners (Let’s be sinners and turn you - 3:00)
Woo Hoo!

John Woo angles for financial success in Broken Arrow

by Josh Beisler

John Woo mania finally erupted in this country in 1989, following the domestic release of The Killer. Initially limited to a small clan of cultists infatuated with the gun-toting heroics of Woo's breakthrough success A Better Tomorrow, the frenzy continued to spread after the peerless action setpieces of Hard-Boiled. Everyone from Quentin Tarantino (surprise!) to Martin Scorsese lavished his filmmaking genius. Word of mouth and considerable critical praise eventually gave Woo enough clout to move to Hollywood and direct Jean-Claude Van Damme in Hard Target. Known primarily for his remarkable love affair in sentimental themes of loyalty and friendship, Woo's amazingly assured cinematic voice became muted in his first American film, partially because much of the violence had to be trimmed in order to get the contravably enlightened R-rating.

Consequently, much anticipation greeted Woo's first film in three years — the much-hyped Broken Arrow. Roasting two major stars in John Travolta and Christian Slater, the film seems guaranteed to usher Woo into the mainstream. However, the sacrifices involved in this bid for mainstream acceptability are far too many. One of the principal complaints leveled against Hard Target was that it didn't really feel like a John Woo film. Gone were the famous freeze frames, the wonderfully gratuitous slow motion violence, the endlessly excessive love affair of his character, and one of the few things that can make movies entertaining — the director's hyperbolic gunplay cloaked in sentimental themes of male-on-male rivalry. Nevertheless, it still retains a few of these signature traits. Deakins ends up being merely another egotistical madman, more intent on asserting his supercharged testosterone levels than worrying about meddling concerns like personal safety.

In Woo's finest film, the much-under-appreciated Bullet in the Head, the director explores the theme of a friendship gone sour in brutal, disturbing ways, making it clear that purity in an impure world is an impossibility. Consequently, the good/evil dyad collapses — everyone, Woo tells us, is complicit in the corruption of the ideal. Broken Arrow respects this level of complexity. Instead of exploring the distinctiveness of the division between criminals and those who enforce the law — which took on a uniquely compelling dimension in Hard-Boiled — Woo and screenwriter Graham Yost settle for a mundane pathological explanation of Deakins' madness, while carefully separating his psychosis from the seemingly perfect Hale. Such concerns aside, Broken Arrow is still far better than most of the product glutting the cinematic market, even if it isn't great Woo. Perhaps he feels that he has to prove that his films can make money in America before he can finance the kind of movie he really wants to make. If so, Broken Arrow will have to do — for now.

Hong Kong auteur John Woo goes Hollywood.

Judicial Exploitation

Demi Moore stars in boring psycho thriller

by Gene Russo

Recent high profile court cases have placed a great deal of attention on the judicial process and on the inner workings of the jury in particular. The plight of the juror has been highlighted and mercilessly exploited; jurors in the O.J. Simpson case have been especially popular, receiving tons of publicity since the trial's conclusion — not to mention the occasional book deal. Leave it to Hollywood to capitalize on a recent public fascination with a cliched, hackneyed, cookie-cutter thriller. The Juror is little more than a formula picture revolving heavily on Martin Scorsese's stars and a thin plot. Like the movie versions of the best-selling novels The Firm and The Pelican Brief, The Juror will probably be less popular than its book version.

The film stars Demi Moore as Annie, a working-class, single mom who is selected for jury duty in the case of reputed crime boss Louis Bufano. Bufano is accused of ordering a murder — in fact, a tape of his men bragging about the murder has been submitted as evidence for the prosecution and a verdict of guilty appears inevitable. Hoe case of the defensive center on the notion that Bufano was merely following the orders of the actual mastermind of the killing, a psychiatric killer nicknamed "The Teacher."

Enter Anthony (Alec Baldwin), a mysterious hit man. In order to clear Bufano and himself of danger, Anthony must convince Annie — through a series of threats to her son Oliver and close friend Juliet — to somehow sway the jury's decision towards "not guilty." Despite her best efforts to comply, Annie still finds herself the subject of "The Teacher"'s stalking. Eventually this formula "courtroom thriller" turns into formula "stalker thriller" as Anthony develops an obsession for Annie and pursues her even after the court case is over and done with.

Not only does the plot of The Juror offer the audience very little it hasn't seen before, but the performances of Demi Moore and Alec Baldwin, perhaps the last possibilities for the movie's salvation, are severely lacking. The glamorous

RESTORATION - Miramax

starring Robert Downey Jr.

There was a time when Miramax was fairly consistent with its output of "daring" or "cutting edge" motion pictures. They were on the independent vanguard, giving lesser or off-kilter films more than an art-house chance. But as the studio progressed, the company found itself bogged down in typical corporate doldrums and could no longer do anything noteworthy. Its only recognizable actions as of late have been their Disney buyout, their butchering of the end of Charles Burnett's angry The Glass Shield and their indie-debut Four Rooms. The newest offering, Restoration, is an elaborate period piece with a marquee cast tackled on. Though independently produced, it was the Miramax presence which allowed names such as Robert Downey Jr., Meg Ryan or Sam Neill to come aboard. If the picture had been honest to its roots without the expected Hollywood extras, it might have worked better. But as it stands, it's simply a bumbling, overblown attempt at solid filmmaking.

Downey is Robert Merrill, a detached, dejected doctor in 17th Century England who finds salvation amidst Quakers and sanctity during the plague. Once the film moves away from Downey's lascivious ways, it has brushes with quality. But despite a satisfying ending, the overall feeling is, like Merrill's, emptiness. The picture is a pleasure to look at, both in its extravagant production design and its remarkable costumes. Yet the film deals too much with character dilemmas to be historically convincing, and those dilemmas just aren't strong enough to drive as much of the film as they expected to. Although gorgeous, the movie cannot sustain its many constituent elements for the entire running time.

Restoration itself is a tricky matter, and using the lavish excesses of King Charles II's England and the horrors of the Black Death only creates more room for error. The picture is too big for its own good. While the performances are innocuous enough, despite Downey's rather 20th centuryish mannerisms, a more visceral, less ambitious approach would have worked better. Restoration tries very hard to be meaningful, and the filmmakers deserve commendation for that. But, complements of the good folks at Miramax, we get something nice to see, and not a lot else.

— Pete Segal

I found my name in a Victoria Secret catalog.
A young Chris Farley, poised and ready for his Jonestown Kool-Aid.

The relationship that Spade and Farley had in Tommy Boy was that of a fat slob and his mental superior. Spade's knack for sarcasm which made Tommy Boy so hilarious is severely missed in Black Sheep. His cynicism and animosity towards the fatman is replaced in this film by apathy and disinterest and the movie suffers as a result.

Still, at times, the chemistry that is missing takes a backseat to some uproarious slapstick and a piece of avant-garde filmmaking that is enjoyable enough to suspend interest, though the overall feel of the movie is bland and predictable.

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Good Evening, Mrs. Reagan

Frank Sinatra is still the greatest with his latest

*by Jason Giardin

Frank's been trying to appeal to the younger crowd lately. And why shouldn't he? Old folk like Tony Bennett did it with his Unplugged album, and Tom Jones gained quite a bit of notice for his recent work, The Lord and How to Swing It. So the Darts' project should have been perfect for Old Blue Eyes. But what Frank proves with this latest release, Everything Happens to Me,

FRANK SINATRA

Everything Happens to Me - Reprise

is that he didn't need to do a song with Bono to win new fans.

Sinatra is not only the greatest of our parent's generation, he is probably the greatest of all generations. Bruce may be the Boss, Elvis may be the King, but only Frank can be the Chairman.

My father turned me on to Sinatra a few years ago, and when I listened, I found something in his songs that most modern music lacked — emotion and meaning. Sinatra's talent isn't in pure singing — there are lots of better vocalists out there — but rather, it is the way in which he conveys the deep sentiments of his songs. Every note that Sinatra sings is like a look into his soul.

It is this emotional depth that makes Everything Happens to Me such a wonderful. In this new release, Sinatra has hand-picked 19 songs that have meant the most to him over his prolific career. In the liner notes to the album, Sinatra recounts the lessons of his first vocal

teacher: "You can't sing what you don't understand." These recordings, which stretch from the early sixties to the early eighties, serve them as a profile of the Chairman's life. Earlier songs, such as "Summer Wind" and "If I Had You," show a Frank who knows what it means to want someone from afar, while later pieces like "What Are You Doing the Rest of Your Life?" and "More Than You'll Know" are sung by a more mature Frank who seeks to keep the wonderful love he's found.

Regardless of the theme, there's a certain timelessness in these songs. Just as my father brought Sinatra to me, an older neighborly gentleman by the name of Joe Salvucci brought Sinatra to my father. During a conversation I had with dad about the Chairman, he commented about how "the older guys who we thought were cool dug Sinatra."

Everything Happens to Me isn't an exciting album. The lulling sounds of the backing orchestra are extremely conducive to napping. It's a shame that Frank loved ballads as much as he did because it's tough to stay in a good mood after getting through all 19 songs. The only thing keeping Everything Happens from perfection is a lack of some more classic, happy songs such as "High Hopes," "New York, New York," or "My Way." However, by leaving these often overplayed songs off of the album, Sinatra avoids being cliché and produces something with sincerity.

Frank Sinatra just turned 80-years-old and doesn't record or perform nearly as much as he used to, but he doesn't need to. That's the advantage of being timeless.
THE LEVELLERS
Zeitgeist - Elektra

British activist rock bands are nothing new, groups like the Clash and The Who have always been known for targeting the government and society at-large with their music. Sensing a need for a band with a fourth effort from the Levellers, has some sort of social objective. The Leeds quintet, formed in 1988, combines perfect harmonies with the meaningful lyrics, all over a backdrop of raging guitars and fiddle solos. The result is an upbeat, highly entertaining LP, reminiscent of British punk rock of the seventies.

Zeitgeist opens with the powerful "Hope St.," a song written for Leed's working class, and the remaining twelve tracks are filled with a rage, desire, and lyrical beauty which main other British acts lack these days. Musically, Dar Williams proves that folk music has become more than political statements and traditional songs by Peter, Paul, and Mary. Her intensely honest, amusing, and original songs cause the essence of what has been coined "neo-folk." Dar's debut CD, The Honesty Room, came out last year and was an undersung success, and the tour "200 Nights on the Road" sold out venues in major cities.

Mortal City should give Williams mainstream success and her fans even more to rave about. Dar perpetuates a vibrancy throughout the album by singing of truth, love, beauty, and relationships without slipping into cheesy lyrics or melodramatic complaining. With songs like "As Cool As I Am, "February," and "The Pointless, Vet Poignant, Crisis of a Col d," Dai speaks of life and death, love and loss, and the remaining twelve tracks are filled with electronic effects that are intelligently integrated into the musical texture. In the twenty-minute "Ody," a groove is disassembled electronically into choppy fragments that are molded into a computer generated beat, over which keyboards and vibes are added to create an entirely new interpretation of the original theme.

The organ and vibes integrate elements of jazz into ambient soundscapes created by the rhythm section. And just when it seems they may drift aimlessly into the void, Tortoise uses unorthodox rhythm patterns to guide complex instrument grooves.

Millions Now Living Will Never Die is an exciting and unique release. Its only shortcoming may be its sparseness of songs. After "Ody," the remaining five tracks together total only 23 minutes. Nonetheless, this album must be noted for its integration of musical forms and intelligently constructed grooves.

In the spirit of Woody Guthrie half a century ago, Lou Barlow continues to release large volumes of independent work. Another Collection of Four Track Recordings, Barlow's latest release, is another album of acoustic and experimental songs he recorded on a four-track at home. Like his past recordings with Folk Implosion and Sentri-doh, the songs on the release are short and the sound quality is poor.

While unprofessional recording conditions embrace the emotional frankness and moments of unrefined brilliance in his past recordings, here they only free Barlow from the confines of his past. The country songs blessed me with influence and power. "I'll Miss You, a song which traces the relative! normal happiness of a love affair, is an eight minute skit about a fluctuant hypnotist really necessary? Or how about a lengthy sketch about a veruffered woman who repeatedly urges her kids to play with their "cock and balls"? Furthermore, the "Excited Seamer" sketches that appear throughout are about as funny as an accounting midterm. And with the exception of the "Hanukkah Song" and "Ode to My Car," none of the songs are anything special.

While Adam Sandler has the potential to be unparausnally funny, there seems to be a preponderance of "four-letter favorites" on this album. Too often it seems that such obscenities are substitutes for genuine humor. When Adam Sandler really does ask, "What the hell happened to me?," such ill-conceived moments will no doubt provide the answer.

-Jesse DuCee

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS SOUNDTRACK

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ADAM SANDLER
What the Hell... - Law Records

There is nothing more annoying than a band that isn't funny. Fortunately, Adam Sandler's What the Hell Happened to Me?, a 75 minute collection of sketches and songs, isn't one of these albums — although at certain points it bears a striking resemblance to one.

Sandler is a pretty good comedian. He has a certain likeable douchy quality about him, without going too far on the top like his contemporary Chris FarleyFarley's stint at Saturday Night Live, Sandler's funniest moments were the scenes like "The Turkey Song," or "Red Hooded Sweatshirt." Hence, it's no surprise that the "Hanukkah Song" (which was one of the most requested songs on radio over the holiday) is this album's funniest sketch. It's a little number for "all nice little Jewish kids who don't get to hear any Hanukkah songs." After listing off about 20 famous Jews in show business, he proclaims, "So drink your gin and tonikahAnd smoke your manikakh!And if you really you wantikah! Have a happy, happy, Hanukkah." Other sketches, like "The Adventures of the Cow," "Sex or Weightlifting," and even "The Goat" are good for a chuckle.

But some of Sandler's segments, like many of the vignettes on the SNL, are unfunny or go on for too damn long. Is eighteen minutes about a flatulent hypnotist really necessary? Or how about a lengthy sketch about a perverted woman who repeatedly urges her kids to play with their "cock and balls"? Furthermore, the "Excited Seamer" sketches that appear throughout are about as funny as an accounting midterm. And with the exception of the "Hanukkah Song" and "Ode to My Car," none of the songs are anything special.

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W

With the Oscar nominations a week away, we, the film editors of 34th Street, would like to share some of our infinitely valuable opinions with Academy voters who will neither read nor give a shit about what we have to say. Nevertheless, here is our vote for the best film of 1995.

Without a doubt, the most impressive film of the year was Larry Clark's debut Kids. A candid examination of teenage life in the '90s, the film follows several New York City youths over the course of one day. Telly (Leo FitzPatrick) is the self-proclaimed "virgin-surgeon," seducing and deflowering all those he encounters, no matter how young. His best friend Casper, played unflinchingly by Justin Pierce, spends the entire film baked and wasted, engaging in thievery, violence, and the occasional acquaintance rape.

What little plot there is revolves around Jenny (Chloe Sevigny), who, when diagnosed with HIV, spends the day searching for Telly, her infector. The elusive Telly has other plans, namely the seduction of yet another barely pubescent virgin.

But the film's brilliance lies less in its plot than in its shockingly accurate depiction of contemporary adolescent existence. Teetering between realism and sensationalism, Kids nonetheless always retains a sense of authenticity. The fact is, these things do happen. Kids take drugs, kids have sex, kids get violent, kids die (even if a certain Ivy League elitist hasn't ever seen it). The controversy lies in the fact that, for once, the camera doesn't turn away — all the world details are revealed to the unsuspecting viewer. Where other films dealing with similar subjects have trafficked in euphemism, Kids rubs our noses in the sinister truth.

Not to mention, Josh thinks it's the sexiest film of 1995.

—Josh Beisler and Scott Neustadter

Politics

Politicians. The very word inspires various emotions among many Americans: disgust, dislike, and disenchantment. It wasn't always this way — in fact, until Watergate irrevocably changed this country's image of government, politicians were generally regarded as men who were trying to do their best for the country. Sure, they may have made mistakes every once in a while and certainly not everyone agreed with their policies, but people nonetheless had a certain respect for their elected officials.

Those days are long gone. And with a presidential election coming up this November, things are likely to get even uglier. The Republican primaries promise to provide long months of mudslinging and negative campaigning. Already in the second place slot of the New Hampshire polls (New Hampshire residents love elections), 'cuz it's the only time anyone actually pays attention to them, Bob "Just call me Looey-Dooey!" Dole is resorting to negative campaigning to attempt to unseat Steve "The flat tax will be good for everyone — really!" Forbes. It wasn't supposed to be this way. Dole thought he had the Republican nomination all wrapped up. He had dismissed Pat Buchanan as only appealing to fringe (read: fundamentalist) voters, Lamar Alexander and Phil Gramm as too lackluster, and Forbes as just some rich guy who thought it might be fun to run for Prez. No need to worry about him, right?

Wrong. As the New Hampshire primary looms, Dole's shitting the proverbial brick, and with good reason. No longer guaranteed a victory in states like Iowa (where he won 37 percent of the vote in 1988 to beat George Bush) and Arizona (where Forbes' flat tax schtick appeals to conservatives), it looks like Dole's third attempt to become president could quite possibly end before the Republican Convention in August.

So what does that mean for November? It's a tough call. Clinton's riding high on the wave of anti-Republicanism sweeping the country — people are finally realizing that the freshman senators and representatives they elected to replace Democratic lawmakers don't know their ass from their elbows when it comes down to actually getting things done. But it's only February, and a lot can change in Washington by next fall. For one thing, the Republicans could wake up and realize no one is thrilled with the thought of Bob Dole as president, and somehow get Colin Powell to enter the race.

If Powell could be convinced to run, Clinton would be faced with a serious challenge. And right now, despite his denial that he is going to run, no one is completely shutting the door on a Powell bid. He's still extremely popular in America, and his popularity cuts across gender, racial, and ideological lines — basically, he's just the thing the Republicans need. If it came down to a Clinton-Powell matchup, it's likely that the General would be victorious. But if not, we're looking at four more years of Chelsea, Socks, and Whitewater hush-ups. No one currently in the Republican field is strong enough to topple Clinton — and it doesn't look like that's going to change anytime soon.

—Doree Shafrir
Music (overture)

Let there be no doubt about it: 1996 will be monumental in popular music. While the coming year will see some major successes and triumphant comebacks, it will also be marred in tragedy. We at Street Music will have hands on the pulse of change as—or before—it happens. Now, without further ado, we present to you Music 1996: The Year In Preview.

Among those stories of chief interest will be:

• The tragicomic death of Pearl Jam lead singer Eddie Vedder, from anguish-induced spontaneous combustion, at his home in Seattle. An autopsy will provide inconclusive results, prompting speculation that Vedder was actually murdered for revenge by TicketMaster assassins.

• The rise of Oasis to the title of "World's Most Popular Band" after their single "Don't Look Back In Anger" debuts three weeks early in the Canary Islands, claiming to remember nothing. Insiders will blame Love's insidious Dimentapp and toad sweat industry. First child of grunge, Francis Bean Cobain, will disappear in response to the allegations.

• Hip-Hop producer Dr. Dre's high-profile run in with the law during a routine traffic stop. Dre will, according to police, be fanatically intoxicated and belligerent, and will be wearing nothing but a 1V undergarment, his Rolex, and a.

The metaphorical "I'm not alive."

get your hand off my ass.

The unexpected break-up of metal gods Metallica after Lars Ulrich decides to form a full-time outfit with the members of Supergrass. The resulting group, Super Fuzz, is called "The world's ultimate hair band," and will go on to headline Lollapalooza for the following year.

Over-exposed Hole singer Courtney Love disappears mysteriously over the Bermuda triangle. Speculation about an attempted meeting with Kurt Cobain will run high until Love reappears three weeks later in the Canary Islands, claiming to remember nothing. Insiders will blame Love's insidious Dimentapp and toad sweat industry. First child of grunge, Francis Bean Cobain, will disappear in response to the allegations.

By the way, get your hand off my ass.

The rise of Oasis to the title of "World's Most Popular Band" after their single "Don't Look Back In Anger" debuts at number one on the Billboard chart, and remains there longer than any single ever—even Whitney Houston's "I Will Always Love You." The English quintet's success will rip through the entertainment industry, earning the band a guest spot on Friday After Next.

And finally...

The continuing and aberrant weight gain of Smashing Pumpkins singer/guitarist Billy Corgan. After a string of near-misses, the fantasy rockers will finally break through to the top of the charts with their album "Elephant." In addition, Corgan will be the first musician to perform in a steel cage match, where he will be pitted against equally corpulent Blues Traveler singer John Popper as a part of Wrestlemania XXI. Fat, disillusioned teenagers everywhere will rejoice as their newest hero does battle. Meanwhile, Randy "Macho Man" Savage will replace Corgan in the Pumpkins' lineup.

It's going to be an exciting year! Keep reading Street.

Music (reprise)

Looking at the next few months, there is no question that comebacks will be at the tip of every reviewer's tongue. A number of superstars from the past will be back with new identities and subsequently, limited success.

Perhaps the most anticipated comeback is that of the Spin Doctors, whose "Two Princes" was a masterpiece of musical intensity and lyrical complexity. After a justifiably ignored follow-up, the Spin Doctors return to the musical cutting edge with their new CD, We're Tired of Playing Bar Mitzvahs—a compilation of thought provoking ditties, similar to the same mold as their past hits. The metaphorical "Me and Mariah, go back like babies and pacifiers. Old Dirty Neil no liar, keep ya fantasy hot like fire."
The director of Leaving Las Vegas discusses his craft.

By Pete Segall

Mike Figgis is glad to be here. Sitting on an ottoman, eagerly fidgeting with the cap of his Coke bottle and playing with the remains of his cigarette, Figgis — the director, screenwriter, score composer, and bit player of Leaving Las Vegas — doesn’t have a single qualm about the fact that six college journalists are marching into his suite. As a matter of fact, he seems to like it. His current situation, waiting in a posh hotel while interviewers line up outside his door, isn’t one he would have expected. No one told him he would have one of the most critically acclaimed films of 1995. No one even told him the film would ever be released. But Figgis, a refugee from the Hollywood establishment, turned out his independently-produced, masterful adaptation of John O’Brien’s semi-autobiographical novel about an alcoholic screenwriter (played by Nicolas Cage) who goes to Las Vegas to drink himself to death and there falls in love with a vulnerable prostitute (played by Elisabeth Shue). The film is by no stretch a joke — the writer, played flawlessly by Cage, is an incorruptible drunk, and the story inevitably ends in heartbreak. But Figgis describes the film as “a beautiful experience... it’s the best film I’ve ever had on a film.”

Mike Figgis’s filmmaking career began rather auspiciously with 1986’s deeply personal Stormy Monday, followed with the above-average Hollywood police thriller Internal Affairs. His next film, Liebestraum, was one of the most misunderstood and misread films of 1992 — a financial failure that gained him an architectural mystery, while failing to glean a financial miss, audiences and critics saw only the most misunderstood and misread films of 1992.

Figgis’s directing stars Nicolas Cage and Elizabeth Shue.

Figgis: Working with Cage was an “absolute dream.”

adds, "It was low-budget" belies the genuine catch-as-catch-can nature of the production. Sting, Figgis’s friend from Stormy Monday, casually recorded four songs for the film, which Figgis values at $1.3 million. He also spoke to many actors and filmmakers over dinner and drinks: “They’d say, ‘What are you doing?’ and I’d say, ‘It’s a joke, really. It’s Super-16 and very small... Do you want to come do a cameo?’ I mean, I’d take it if someone asked me to do a cameo. ‘I’d love to do a cameo.’ Thus, a number of sub-A list actors and directors — including R. Lee Ermey, Xander Berkeley, Vincent Ward, Laurie Metcalf, and Ed Lauter — all appear in minimal capacities. "Good karma," the director says with a smile.

The most bizarre event took place when John O’Brien killed himself before shooting began. "There would have been one crucial difference," Figgis explains when asked if he would have gone about making the film differently had the suicide not occurred. "When he died I suddenly felt like a kind of burden, rather, a much bigger responsibility — as if there wasn’t enough of a responsibility already — that this was somehow going to be his epitaph, so there were certain areas that you had to be... very careful with, and that somehow I was now representing John O’Brien, not a character that he’d written... I tell you, the really weird thing is when I heard that he had died I suddenly thought, ‘Oh God. A year from now... I’m going to be sitting in a room with a journalist and they’re going to be asking me questions about John O’Brien’s death, and I’m going to have to resist the temptation to romanticize or sentimentalize.’ Figgis takes offense to the thought of O’Brien’s suicide being somehow connected to the film. "That’s complete bullshit. I didn’t have the money [for the film]. He, at that point, was such an alcoholic that I’m sure his awareness of anything outside his immediate circles was pretty minimal.

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Figgis speaks no less highly of Elisabeth Shue, who plays Sera, the prostitute with whom Ben falls in love. Shue — a very good athlete not used to the tight garb of a hooker — prepared thoroughly for the film. "To put her in these like nine inch heels, bustiers, and things — she said she felt so immensely powerful wearing the stuff," Figgis explains. "She wore it for about two, three weeks before we started shooting, walking up and down Sunset, making cars crash and things."

In one critical scene, Shue is raped by three boys. Much of the crew had become fond of Shue, and the situation was uncomfortable at the least. “She was naive about it,” Figgis recalls. “Right at the get-go I said, ‘This scene exists, how do you feel about it? Are you going to be okay?’ and she said, ‘No, I’ll be fine, I’ll be fine.’” But as the scene was blocked, Shue, overwhelmed by the notion of the scene, “exploded,” and ran off the set crying. The scene was eventually blocked shot-by-shot, so much of it could be shot with close-ups of only Shue, alone on the set.

Amidst all sorts of Oscar babbling, Mike Figgis does not seem too concerned with the little gold man. “I mean, to me,” he says, “the greatest compliment that I could ever get in my life would be to get a best score... or a best actor... you really are being recognized [as a director] around the corner.” And although his actors and even Figgis’s direction are the talk of Academy Award speculation, Figgis says of his unmentioned crew, “I think it’s just because they’re doing [they’re] job too well."

There are many more important things in filmmaking than statues and name calling, and Figgis knows that. He is a recorder, watching society as it happens so that someday stories like those of Ben Sanderson and Sera might shed a little light on who we are.

On this day Figgis has just completed his next script — hence the large stack of immaculate, white paper face down on his desk. And no one, even Hollywood, is going to tell him how to film it.

Pete Segall is a college freshman and a copy editor for 34th Street. He’s not an alcoholic; but he sometimes plays one on TV.
Primus Primarily Profits

The new Primus Enhanced CD isn't anything special.

by Jon Kaufthal

The Primus crew has outdone itself this time — in addition to 54 minutes of musical trash on their latest album, *Tales From The Punchbowl*, which came out in June, their newly released enhanced version of the disc extends the dreck into the multimedia realm.

The band's current effort is the latest in an increasingly popular industry trend — CDs that can be played either in a conventional stereo system or as enhanced CD-ROMs with video clips and interactive features. As CD-ROM players become as common as unemployed federal workers, record labels are rushing to capitalize on the boom with groups like The Rolling Stones and others already aboard. And if Primus's latest release is any indication, there's still plenty of room for improvement in this new medium.

Primus's musical reputation for offbeat eccentricity is well earned and extends into this latest venture. *Punchbowl* features some pretty strange stuff, even for today's alternative-is-mainstream music scene. Primus focuses too much on weirdness for its own sake and not enough on making music that doesn't sound like their amp is busted. The group's loud, twangy sound and high-pitched back-up, along with their distorted vocals, loses its novelty somewhere about midway through the first track.

The San Francisco Bay area band's most endearing trait is probably vocalist/bassist Les Claypool's offbeat lyrics. In "Wynona's Big Brown Beaver," an MTV favorite, the band relates: "Wynona's got herself a big brown beaver / And she shows him off to all her friends ... Along came Lou with the old babaon / And said 'recognize that smell? / 'Smells like seven layers.' / That beaver eats taco Bell ..." In "Year of the Parrot," Primus takes a swing at Van Morrison and others for their "mimicry" and "plagiarism." The group doesn't have too much to say themselves, though; deep lyrics like "Is there heaven / Is there hell? / Is that tuna melt that I smell?" are only that much worse.

But alas, the music is not the only thing that bites; the CD-ROM part is a monumental disappointment as well. First off, the recommended system — for PCs, for example, a 60 MHz Pentium or faster with 16 MEG of RAM — is hardly common. When I tried the disc on my own machine, which exceeded the lofty requirements, it did not work properly, even after repeated tries. If you are lucky (or I should say unlucky) enough to actually get the disc to work, you will find yourself at the helm of a small vessel, staring out at what apparently is "the punchbowl." The disc's design metaphor is centered around this ship: you begin each of the game's animated sequences by "sailing" to one of about a dozen "islands," neatly located 360 degrees around the ship's starting point.

Once you get to an island, you are rewarded (after a processing delay) with a sequence that usually consists of one of the album's songs set to an animated computer-graphics sequence, sometimes with limited interactive features. These sequences are cute enough the first time around, but they're about the extent of their appeal. One can go through the entire disc in the time it takes to play the songs, and after that, the disc is probably best put to use as a high-tech coffee coaster.

Another not-too-intelligent move from Primus' marketing standpoint is that the enhanced CD just came out recently — a good six months after the regular audio version was released. Primus fans who spent the $16 for the disc in June might have sprung for the extra price of the enhanced version were it available at the time. But now, these individuals are probably not going to go out and spend another $18 for what is essentially the disc they just bought with a few features added on — even if it weren't as pathetic as it is.

Primus's *Tales From The Punchbowl - The Enhanced CD* is useful as a lesson in how not to write multimedia software — not to mention music. On a slow night, though, it is amusing to put the disc in your microwave and watch the tiny lightening bolts fly.

Friendship is a warm hard drive.

Mega of RAM — is hardly common. When I tried the disc on my own machine, which exceeded the lofty requirements, it did not work properly, even after repeated tries. If you are lucky (or I should say unlucky) enough to actually get the disc to work, you will find yourself at the helm of a small vessel, staring out at what apparently is "the punchbowl." The disc's design metaphor is centered around this ship: you begin each of the game's animated sequences by "sailing" to one of about a dozen "islands," neatly located 360 degrees around the ship's starting point.

Once you get to an island, you are rewarded (after a processing delay) with a sequence that usually consists of one of the album's songs set to an animated computer-graphics sequence, sometimes with limited interactive features. These sequences are cute enough the first time around, but they're about the extent of their appeal. One can go through the entire disc in the time it takes to play the songs, and after that, the disc is probably best put to use as a high-tech coffee coaster.

Another not-too-intelligent move from Primus' marketing standpoint is that the enhanced CD just came out recently — a good six months after the regular audio version was released. Primus fans who spent the $16 for the disc in June might have sprung for the extra price of the enhanced version were it available at the time. But now, these individuals are probably not going to go out and spend another $18 for what is essentially the disc they just bought with a few features added on — even if it weren't as pathetic as it is.

Primus's *Tales From The Punchbowl - The Enhanced CD* is useful as a lesson in how not to write multimedia software — not to mention music. On a slow night, though, it is amusing to put the disc in your microwave and watch the tiny lightening bolts fly.

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WWW Site of the Week: Suck.

Following the slogan, "Shit makes a great fertilizer but it takes a farmer to turn it into produce," the editors of *Suck* ([http://www.suck.com](http://www.suck.com)) make a daily foray into the world of crappy Web sites. The site, maintained by a team of computer-magazine writers with too much time on their hands, features a daily update of the weirdest and worst sites on the Net.

While those whose sites top the list for all-time suckage may not be happy, the creators of this "last word on the web" are laughing all the way to the bank. Carl Steadman and Joey Anulf, contributors to *HotWired* (the online version of *Wired* magazine) recently picked up a nice piece of pocket change when *HotWired* bought the rights to the site. Ironically, the duo often bashed *HotWired* on *Suck*, which they stayed up nights creating while working at *HotWired* during the day.

The *Suck* site operates under a format inspired by the quote, "A fish, a barrel, and a smoking gun." Interspersed through the random ranting and raving that constitutes the site's text are three icons. The first, the fish, contains information about the site. The next, the "barrel of suck," holds the site's archives, while the smoking gun contains random past *Suck* selections. Past sites reviewed include (to name just a few) the Sheet Metal Workers International Association's homepage ([http://www.intele.net/hvac](http://www.intele.net/hvac)), the Online Guide to Impotence ([http://www.impotent.com/caveject/wedcome.html](http://www.impotent.com/caveject/wedcome.html)) and the Web site of the Codpiece Resurrection Society ([http://www. teleport.com/~codpiece/menu.html](http://www.teleport.com/~codpiece/menu.html)). The site is unique and quite often entertaining. However, the presentation and format take a little getting used to. The featured sites and bits of information are scattered throughout a rambling text which attempts to form some loose connection between disparate — and often just plain strange — sites. The best often has the readability level of a *James Joyce* novel, although a joint or two might improve the flow of ideas a little. Assailed by the confusing flow of gibberish, it is difficult for the user to figure out what to click on. Basically, this is not an easy site to use, for both the computer illiterate and the drunk. At the same time, *Suck* provides a quick, updated, daily source for the wacky and wild on the Web.
If you haven't heard, our fearless commander-in-chief is about to sign a piece of legislation called the "Communications Decency Act" (CDA). Others, who see the measure for what it really is, call it the "State Censorship Edict." Whatever its name, it's simply disastrous.

Congress somehow forgot itself and managed to regulate a new and blossoming business, one which was — until last week — a true and unadulterated free-market: the Internet. Tucked away under Title V of the otherwise agreeable telecommunication deregulatory law is cyberspace's first encounter with red tape.

The President and members of Congress seek to shield us from what they call "obscene, indecent" and "offensive" material. Though specifically aimed at protecting minors from pornography, Title V is both nebulous and broad.

The law will hold citizens culpable if they use the Internet to make public or accessible to minors "any comment, request, suggestion, proposal, image, or other communication" depicting sexual organs or excretory functions.

It signed by Mr. Clinton in the next few days, the CDA will adversely affect millions of Internet users, it will create legal double-standards, it will result in the "censorialization" of the commonplace, and it will set a dangerous precedence for state interference in cyberspace. The CDA will affect far more than just the "hardcore" pornography legislators say they had in mind when they wrote the law.

Assuming the law is strictly enforced, countless textual and photographic works in art, literature, and the sciences will become illicit. Such items will include pictures of the "Venus De Milo," J.D. Salinger's "The Catcher In The Rye," and sensitive accounts of rape and abuse posted to support newsgroups. All carry lines of up to $100,000 and five years in prison, according to the legislation. The measure applies equally to Internet newsgroups, word wide web pages, and any public databases, chat rooms, or archives which minors can access.

The very notion that a citizen may be culpable under the law, yet, in matter of fact, be without malice, criminal intent, or even blame, is not only silly, it's frightening. In addition, there are intolerable legal inconsistencies in the CDA. For example, neither Penthouse magazine nor the corner-store that sells it is guilty of a federal crime when a minor buys the publication and exposes himself to "obscene, indecent" or "offensive" pictures of male sexual organs. Likewise, do we hold authors, publishers, or even librarians accountable when, through one of them, a minor obtains one of thousands of novels containing "obscene, indecent" or "offensive" scenes?

Moreover, the law does not even mention — nay, acknowledge — consent. Regardless of whether it is you or the recipient (or both) who "initiated the communication," the act is considered "criminal."

To be sure, that is criminal. To strike another person in the face, without permission, is known as assault. It's usually against the law. Yet, to strike a man continually, with his consent, as he endeavors to hit you too, is called prize-fighting. It's lawful and often fun to watch.

One can illustrate the same point with sex; devoid of consent, putting yourself upon a woman is rape. But with her permission, it's legal and frequently pleasurable.

To call a man a "criminal" after another willingly takes actions to log into, and then access information from his account, world wide web page, or database (which he makes public just as I do this article) is ludicrous. There is, to be sure, neither crime nor blame.

What's more, statutory rape laws in most states make Title V into statutory hypocrisy. If Mr. Clinton signs the legislation, an assenting citizen will be permitted by law to do most anything with most anything after his 16th birthday. That is the age of consent in many states. Yet, in cyberspace a man or woman will be relegated to downloading weather maps and images from the Hubbell Telescope until his majority two years later. How can sex be lawful, but "cybersex," which at least is safe, be a crime?

Federal tampering with speech and individual volition is nothing new. The Sedition Act of 1798 once allowed federal officials to imprison citizens who defamed or brought "into contempt or disrepute" the President and Congress, I do that every day.

Worse yet, even now, the FCC maintains volumes of "administrative law" regulations (none of which they use) to fine or imprison citizens who defamed or brought "into contempt or disrepute" the President and Congress.

The problem is that so long as people are deluded or deceived into believing that measures like the CDA are moral, they will continue to pass into law.

The logical solution to all this lies not with government, but with parents. If they choose, parents may monitor their children's Internet use — a far easier chore than monitoring television, books and magazines. In addition, computer programs and the actual machines too, can be made to require passwords. Finally, like always, rooms can be locked and keys hidden.

Yet putting the onus as well as blame on artists, scientists, and orthodox and unorthodox lovers of the human form, is simply unjust.

To President Clinton I say: please don't sign this bill until Congress takes us out of it. It's an easy and painless operation. If you do, however, I'll have but one thing to say in response to your new law: go regulate yourself.
Rolling in Her Grave

Grandma Sylvia's Funeral brings down the fifth wall

by Troy Graham

What's so special about the interactive play Grandma Sylvia's Funeral? How about the fact that it isn't a play about a funeral, it actually is a funeral, where the audience is considered part of the grieving family.

The play begins even before the audience members take their seats, as all the mourners are gathered in the lobby of the fictional Helsomrot Jewish Mortuary. The cast gradually joins the audience, first informing everyone that the dearly departed has been sent to the wrong funeral home.

From this point on, be prepared for anything. At any moment you can be sucked into the action of the play, and it's a lot fun if you play along. The day I attended the play, my friend and I were suddenly enlisted as pallbearers by the funeral director, who, incidentally, wants to turn the interaction of the play, and it's as if the audience is part of the action, with a vested interest in the outcome of its surrogate family.

This sort of theater has a predecessor, a play called Tony n' Tina's Wedding, where — you guessed it — the audience actually attends the couple's wedding. Grandma Sylvia's Funeral director and co-creator Glenn Weim became interested in interactive theater when he was an actor in Wedding. Weim's intention with Grandma Sylvia was to "impose a classical structure" on this type of theater. "I don't want people to look down on this genre. I want people to see it as a serious piece of writing," he adds.

It appears that Weim has succeeded. Grandma Sylvia has run for two years in Los Angeles, is currently off Broadway in New York, and is running indefinitely in Philadelphia. It has received rave reviews everywhere, and publicity is still mounting.

All of this success has brought a new experimental kind of theater into the mainstream. The relatively high price of a ticket to a funeral clearly sends the message that interactive theater is no longer restricted to the avant-garde art house underground.

It may seem like an oxymoron to refer to this kind of theater in terms of "classical structure" and "mainstream," but once the audience enters the theater things do settle down a bit as the play begins to at least resemble traditional theater. Most of the dialogue and interaction takes place between the actors, and they cease to improvise as much while trying to work from the script.

However, this sure ain't Shakespeare. The actors continue to involve the audience throughout the play. Personally, I had a Doris sitting in the pews behind me. She kept playing with my hair and offering me tokes of her (supposed) joint and sniffs of her cocaine (or, more likely, baby powder). One grandpa even berated my friend for disrespectfully wearing a baseball cap to his grandmother's funeral. It's kind of like the Socratic method of teaching; you have to be alert and prepared throughout because you never know when the actor will call on you.

There is also that element that anyone who has ever attended a family function can attest to: good, old-fashioned bickering. Considering the wide range of off-the-wall characters that populate this clan, it's no wonder they can't get along. Besides the aforementioned Doris, some of the other zaniest characters include Skyboy, a "performance artist," and Gary Sylvia's favorite grandchild (played by Penn student Chanan Tigay), who sings a show tune in honor of his grandmother. In addition, there's an alcoholic, a transsexual, a hen-pecked husband, and a man who has married someone half his age. The one who attempts to keep this circus of characters together is Rabbi Wolfe, who is, interestingly enough, played by a real Rabbi (talk about typecasting!)

The couplings amongst the characters are also as varied as the individuals; one granddaughter is married to an African-American who stands up during the service to ask why he hadn't been given a "yamahah" to wear.

Penn student Chanan Tigay (left) in Sylvia.

No matter how crazy the characters are, nor how wild their actions are, the suspension of disbelief remains intact. Because the audience gets to mingle and, to some extent, gets to know the characters, everything that happens seems possible. Perhaps the ultimate example of this comes from an antidote that Weim tells: "One time a guy brought his fiancée to the show and told her that his grandmother had died. She didn't know that it was a play, and halfway through she passed out."

Just before Grandma Sylvia finally arrives, the audience is directed to go outside to greet the casket. It was about ten degrees that day, but everyone shuffled outside — presumably out of respect for the dead. Suddenly, grandma's casket appeared sticking out of the trunk of a taxi cab, turning onto 37th Street. The casket was then dropped on the street as one grandson tumbled around in the snow trying to pick it up. This was all to the delight of several pedestrians, who turned onto 37th Street as one grandson tumbled around in the snow trying to pick it up. This was all to the delight of several pedestrians, who

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NEW THIS WEEK

BEAUTIFUL GIRLS (R)
For everyone who is one and everyone who wants one. And for everyone too.
(Ritz Five)

BROKEN ARROW (R)
See review page 4.
(UA Riverview)

RESTORATION (R)
See review page 5.
(Ritz Five)

RECENT RELEASES

BED OF ROSES (PG)
Mary Stuart Masterson chose wrong. This is no Some Kind of Wonderful. To see this film is to swim through sap.
(UA Riverview)

MOVIES

BLACK SHEEP (PG-13)
See review page 5.
(UA Riverview)

DEAD MAN WALKING (R)
Sean Penn as a killer. Who’d have thought? This intense look at the relationship between a nun, played by Susan Sarandon, and a convicted killer, (Penn, in one of his best roles), also takes a hard look at capital punishment.
(Ritz at the Bourse)

DON’T BE A MENCE TO SOUTH CENTRAL WHILE DRINKING YOUR JUICE IN THE HOLE (R)
The Wayans Brothers’ parody of urban drama la Boyz in the Hood, Menace II Society, and Juice. Apparently, all the film’s jokes are in its title.
(UA Riverview)

EYE FOR AN EYE (R)
The first TV movie made for the big screen. Sally Field is really upset;”cause bad boy Kiefer Sutherland murdered her daughter. Known in Iran as Not Without My Daughter Part II.
(UA Riverview)

FROM DUSK TIL DAWN (R)
Quentin really should stop acting in his films. Otherwise, this is one of the better examples of the nearly untapped vampire/viscious crime spree/reproof regaining his faith genre.
(UA Riverview)

HEAT (R)
Michael Mann’s riveting game of cops and robbers is a Western on the buses streets and luminous houses of modern-day Los Angeles. Though De Niro and Pacino are together for a measly seven minutes, their two scenes are worth the three hour running time.
(UA Riverview)

THE JUROR (R)
See review page 4.
(Cinematic 3)

LEAVING LAS VEGAS (R)
Nicola Cage drinks very heavily and then he dies. In between, he gets very ill and throws up a lot. Everyone else loved it, but not me. See for yourself.
(Ritz at the Bourse)

MR. HOLLAND’S OPUS (R)
Richard Dreyfuus is a composer who takes a teaching position in order to have time to compose. He ends up sharing his love for music with the kids and changing the lives of his students. Also known as Dead Composers Society.
(AMC Ode City)

OTHER (R)
Based on the play by William Shakespeare. Don’t want to ruin the end, but not me. See it. The one who wanted one. Ami too.

NEIGHBORHOOD FILM VIDEO PROJECT

At International House, 3701 Chestnut St. Tickets are $6 for adults, $5 for students. Call 397-5125 for more details.

THERE ARE NO NEW FILMS THIS WEEK.

FTW

FILM VIDEO

at International House, 3701 Chestnut St. Tickets are $6 for adults, $5 for students. Call 397-5125 for more details.

PENN FILM SOCIETY

Screenings are at 7 & 9:30 at Irvine Auditorium. Tickets are $2 with Penn ID.

THE EXORCIST

Wear a diaper to this one just in case you shit your pants.
(Thursday)

SAY ANYTHING

Cameron Crowe’s directorial debut is a flawed, but ultimately endearing portrait of suburban teen age life.
(Friday)

CULTURAL FILM SERIES AT VILLANOVA UNIVERSITY

At Villanova’s Conference Center Cinema. Tickets are $4 for non-Villanova students. Call 610-519-4750 for more details. Screenings are at 7 p.m.

A SPECIAL DAY

A housewife and a homosexual confront each other’s roles on the day of the joining of German and Italian powers during WWII.
(Saturday, Sunday, Monday)

CINEMAGIC 3 AT PENN HALL, BETWEEN Aachen and Dusseldorf, 222-5555

Twelve Monkeys Fri 7, 9:45; Sat & Sun 1, 7, 9:45.

The Juror Fri 4:15, 7:15; Mon-Thu 1:15, 4:15.

Dusk Til Dawn Fri & Sat 4:15, 12:30; Sun 4:15.

Dead Man Walking Fri 12:30, 2:30, 5:15, 7:30.

EYE OF THE TIGER


Othello Fri-Sun 11:10, 3:40, 7:30.

A Few Good Men Fri-Sun 11:10, 3:40, 7:30.

The Juror Fri 4:15, 7:15.

The Juror Fri 4:15, 7:15.

Dusk Til Dawn Fri & Sat 4:15, 12:30.

Dead Man Walking Fri 12:30, 2:30, 5:15, 7:15.

Leaving Las Vegas Fri-Sun 12:30, 3, 5, 7:30, 9:30.

American Beauty Fri-Sun 12:30, 3, 5, 7:30, 10.

Summer in the Hamptons Fri-Sun 12:30, 2:30, 5:15, 7:15, 9:30.

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Summer in the Hamptons Fri-Sun 12:30, 2:30, 5:15, 7:15, 9:30.
CONCERTS

Thursday, Feb. 8th

PARMESAN
Ted Wirth and Jay Sand's brainchild rages on and on. This week features Jake Lauffer, Submariner, and Halogen. Show starts at 10:30 and will be taped for "On the Scene" on UTV. (Bathshekel in High Rise North)

SISTER BLUE & ZEP HARPO
(Burlington Street Cafe: 103 Kirkwood Sq., Wilmington. 302-633-1944)

THE ELEVATOR DROPS,
MARINER S & IRIS
(Kayser Pass Pub: 56 S. 2nd St., 440-9683)

SKETCHES, MICHAEL DUTTON, & SHE BECAME GREY
(Middle East: 126 Chestnut St., 922-EAST)

SPLENDORBIN, LENOLA, & PALE
(126 Chestnut St., 922-EAST)

Friday, Feb. 9th

CYPRESS HILL, 311, & THE PHARCYPDE
This is not sponsored by NORML, but you won't know the difference. 311 and The Pharcyde have been making names for themselves in the modern rock and hip hop worlds respectively. The show is sold out, but you're more than welcome to try. (Electric Factory: 7th and Willow St., LOVE-222)

THE ART OF THE FOLKSONG
The Philadelphia Singers present an evening devoted to the often neglected folk song. Works will include songs of German, French, English, American, and African-American origin. (Holy Trinity Church: 19th and Rittenhouse Sq., 627-0801)

THE PSYCLONE RANGERS & MAE PANG
We really don't know what they're all about, but we think it has some guitars and stuff. They played with Faw and bands of that ilk.

(Suffolk Street Cafe: 103 Kirkwood Sq., Wilmington. 302-633-1944)

THE LOW ROAD
(Upstairs at Nicks: 16 S. 2nd St., 928-0665)

Saturday, Feb. 10th

LENNY KRAVITZ & POE
You never know what Lenny may have up his ass this time. Apparently Poe has a hit on alternative radio, so check her out. She's got a chance to be beautiful downtown. (Electric Factory: 7th and Willow St., LOVE-222)

ANI DIFRANCO
Go to this! Several thousand fans who will travel anywhere to see her can't be wrong. You've got to see a folk/punk/feminist with her own record label. Plus, you get to dance. (Keswick Theatre: Keswick Ave & Easton Rd., 572-7650)

SUICIDE STREET REVIVAL
Riding on the heels of an exciting performance opening for God Street Wine, SSR promises to deliver its inspiring blend of original jamming music. Come see them at everybody's favorite watering hole. (The Barnyard Stone: 39th and Sansom Sts.)

Sunday, Feb. 11th

JOHN RENOBNUR & ISAAC GUILLOUL
Innovative, British Isles traditional music on the guitar. (The Cherry Tree: St. Mary's Church at 3916 Locust Walk, 386-1660)

KHADIJAH "RENEE"
This up-and-coming jazz vocalist is reminiscent of Sarah Vaughan, Ella Fitzgerald, and other great ladies of jazz. See what the hype is about. Is this enough for you? (Tamarin Blue: 301 S. 11th St., 829-0300)

DAVIDSBUND CHAMBER PLAYERS
(Bethlehem Center: 1906 Rittenhouse Sq., 467-4158, at 3 p.m.)

BANDIE HARRIS
(Very Good Cafe at Ethical Society Building: 1906 Rittenhouse Sq., 235-0716, show starts at 7 p.m.)

JOSHUA BELL
The violin virtuoso will perform excerpts from Bach, Schumann, and others. (Grand Opera House: 318 N Market St., in Wilmington, 302-652-5577)

DROP ZERO, SLESTAK, & FINALPRAYER
(Middle East: 126 Chestnut St., 922-EAST)

THE FOR CARNATION & CATERPILLAR
(Upstairs at Nicks: 16 S. 2nd St., 928-0665)

Monday, Feb. 12th

ANDRE PREVIN CONDUCTING CURTIS INSTITUTE SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

PSYCHEDELIC OVEN MITT
(Middle East: 126 Chestnut St., 922-EAST)

THE WILD PARTY (20's COCKTAIL)
(Upstairs at Nicks: 16 S. 2nd St., 928-0665)

Tuesday, Feb. 13th

ARTYMII
The pianists will perform works by Mozart, Rachmaninoff, and Brahms. (Chamber Music Society: 135 S. 18th St., 569-8587)

ANDREW LLOYD WEBBER — MUSIC OF THE NIGHT
Meritenn Theater: Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Saturday & Sunday at 2 p.m.; Sunday at 7:30 p.m. (206 S. Broad St., 627-0801)

MYOPLA, ABSTRACT AND AVANT MUSIC
(Kayser Pass Pub: 56 S. 2nd St., 440-9683)

Wednesday, Feb. 14th

PATTI LABELLE
The celebrated soul singer makes every one's Valentine's Day a little cooler. (Merriam Theater: 206 S. Broad St., 627-0801)

K.D. LANG
Lang has transcended her country music roots to create her own amalgamation of pop music and personal politics. Should make for an interesting date. (Tavern Theater: 16th & Ludlow Sts., LOVE-222)

WARREN ZEVON
(TLA: between 3rd & 4th on South St.)

THE FRIGGS, ROLLING HAYSEEDS, & BURN WITCH BURN
(Kayser Pass Pub: 56 S. 2nd St., 440-9683)

SPUNTERED SUNLIGHT
(Middle East: 126 Chestnut St., 922-EAST)

PENN PERFORMS

MASK & WIG
Mask and Wig presents Hit-or-Miss, beginning January 25th and running most Thursdays, Fridays, and Saturdays through March 29th. (Mask and Wig Clubhouse, 310 Quince St. 923-4229 or 988-9999)

TEATRON JEWISH THEATRE
Teatron presents The Convertible Girl-directed by Rosemary L. Erano. The story of a religious conversion for love. Thursdays through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Sunday at 1 p.m. (Studio Theatre at the Annenberg Center, for info call Hal Link at 417-8763).

THEATER AROUND PHILLY

CHEAP SENTIMENT
Philadelphia Festival Theatre for New Plays at Zellerbach Theater: Thursday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Saturday & Sunday at 2 p.m.; Sunday at 7 p.m. (3650 Walnut St., 898-3214)

BORDER PRODIGIES
Old City Stage Works: Thursday through Saturday at 8 p.m. (Somewhere in Old City, 243-0260)

THE BERLIN REQUIM AND DIDO AND AENEAS
The Curtiss Institute of Music: Premières Wednesday, February 14 at 8 p.m. (1726 Locust St., 893-7902)

DANCEMAKERS
Dance Celebration at Zellerbach Theatre: Monday, February 1 at 8 p.m. (3680 Walnut St., 898-3214)

continued on page 16...
PHILADELPHIA, HERE I COME! 
Walnut Street Theatre: Tuesday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Saturday & Sunday at 2 p.m. 
(Ninth & Walnut Sts., 574-3550)

OVER FORTY
9 South Theatre: Wednesday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Sunday at 2 p.m. 
(1346 N. Broad St., 765-2793)

ROSES, ESPLANADE, & COMPANY
Paul Taylor Dance Company at Glassboro Center for the Arts: Friday, February 9 at 8 p.m. 
(Rowan College in Glassboro, 609-256-)

THE REAL THING
Arden Theatre Company: Tuesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday at 8 p.m.; Wednesday & Sunday at 2 p.m. 
(40 North Second St., 522-8900)

THE RETURN OF HERBERT BARCETELL OR WHY AM I ALONE WHEN I'M WITH YOU?
Walnut Street Theatre Studio 3: Thursday through Saturday at 8 p.m.; Saturday & Sunday at 2 p.m., Sunday at 7 p.m. 
(9th & Walnut Sts, 574-3550)

SHORT CIRCUITS
Drexel University Division of Music, Theater, and Dance presents an evening of student directed one-act plays, at Mandell Theater: Thursday through Saturday at 8 p.m. 
(33rd & Chestnut Sts, 895-ARTS)