A group of 50 ex-inmates at a Philadelphia jail are accusing University researchers of causing them long-term suffering.

From 1951 to 1974, a team of University scientists conducted experiments on thousands of inmates at Northeast Philadelphia's State Correctional Institution. The scientists tested inmates to see how punishment and torture affected their behavior.

The experiments were conducted without the consent of the inmates. Many of the experiments were extremely painful and caused lingering health problems. Penn officials have recently apologized for the experiments.

In recent years, aberrant, violent crimes have shattered students' sense of well-being. It is time to face the crisis...
By Robert Silvers

I hear what you are saying about the local movie-cinema situation. As a resident of Philadelphia, I know that the town of Philadelphia has more than its share of movie theaters. In fact, there are several theaters within a block of each other.

I recently went to see a movie at the theater on Market Street. The theater has a large screen, comfortable seats, and a good selection of films. I also enjoyed the food court, which offers a variety of treats.

But I have heard that the movie-cinema situation in Philadelphia is not as good as it could be. Many people are now using their own entertainment systems at home, which makes it difficult for theaters to compete.

Some people are calling for the city to do something to help the movie-cinema situation. A group of local business owners has started a campaign to encourage the city to take action.

I think this is a good idea. The city should do everything it can to support the local movie-cinema industry. We need movies and entertainment to keep our economy strong.

I urge you to support this campaign and to voice your concerns to the city officials. Together, we can make a difference.
STACK helps to live up HRN

By Raymond Dikranian

Robert Stack's "inventions" won't leave you in the dark. In fact, they may even make you think twice about Halloween parties.

"I realized that I wanted to be a theater enthusiast myself," Stack said. "I realized that I wanted to be a theater enthusiast myself." She saw more than 80 shows and was a nominator for last year's Bar Award. A theater enthusiast herself, Stack helped to liven up HRN with her column. In one recent column, she explained the topic of her column varies. "I befriended a couple of people and we had a good time," Stack said.

The topic of her column varies. "I befriended a couple of people and we had a good time," Stack said. She has also written articles about her life here at Penn. "I moved to campus in the fall of 1995," Stack said. "I befriended a couple of people and we had a good time." It was like stepping off a cliff.

"I learned that I wanted to be a theater enthusiast myself," Stack said. "I realized that I wanted to be a theater enthusiast myself." She saw more than 80 shows and was a nominator for last year's Bar Award. A theater enthusiast herself, Stack helped to liven up HRN with her column. In one recent column, she explained the topic of her column varies. "I befriended a couple of people and we had a good time," Stack said.

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Criminal law enforcement officials unveiled the IK' Hntc program, biochemist Vladimir Sled on the 4300 beries in the fall of 1996. one of which changes since Seamon took the reins of the department's detective team from four to eight, enabling Penn to handle more efficiently the unpleasant and costly business of campus crimes in-house, rather than assigning them to the backdrop of the Philadelphia Police Department.

"The decrease in serious crime has freed up resources to concentrate on more basic "quality of life" crimes, police officials have said, and it has also allowed police to try including preventive measures, rather than simply responding when something bad happens.

I give us the opportunity to concentrate on the less obvious crimes, like the burglaries, the bicycle theft," Rush said. "It allows us to have the time to positively target other types of crime."

The Central Statistic

Seamon said that the statistic he is most proud of is the decrease in serious crime. "From '96 on, we really targeted the central statistic that I've been concerned with. It's not looking at the number of crimes, but the decrease in serious crime."

The most alarming statistic is the double-digit percentage increase in burglaries, which went from 165 in 1995 to 211 in 1996, the most recent set of data. Seamon said that a mix of uniformed and plain-clothes officers respond to crimes in progress, and patrol the area for suspicious looking people.

"They're looking at behaviors to try to identify someone who could be the next perpetrator," Rush said.

The Bad News

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The increase in on-campus burglaries. "That's a problem that you can't deal with as effectively in the short term," Seamon said, explaining that criminals often make a career out of burglarizing West Philadelphia buildings. In fact, according to Rush, most of the burglaries have been the work of only a handful of criminals.

And because of the nature of the stealth crimes, burglaries are hard to detect and prevent, though in early October, University Police arrested a student for a string of eight burglaries in student housing near campus.

But Seamon was optimistic that the burglary rate — as well as the theft rate, down 13 percent since 1996, which Seamon said is not enough — will decrease.

"Because we've had a real impact on the street crime, we've got the luxury to start really looking at patterns in the data and to look at what we can do," Seamon said. "That means that the combination of better security systems and long term investigations" will force the rates down.

Assaults are also hard to eliminate, police officials have said, but they emphasized that a lot of the assaults these days are student-on-student, rather than random crimes like what happened at Stanford University.

"That's a component that you're really not going to affect quite as easily as you are burglars," Rush said.

And officials fear across the universe are brainstorming possible ways to prevent those isolated random crimes — including the possibility of requiring students and faculty to wear special Penn ID badges when they enter University buildings late at night.

The Crime Spree that Wasn't

There were two high profile robberies. "That was a real change since the crime wave in 1996, crime was a little bit more violent and more aggressive," Seamon said.

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The statistics also showed that the widespread publicity about the crime wave in 1996, crime was actually on its way down from the previous year — robberies were down in 1995 for the year ending in June, according to City statistics. Overall, the drop in crime was most significant.

"UGA, Rush said, the rate of crime was much too high last year, and the Baud and Levine incidents served to "put a spotlight" on that.

"Even though the rate may not have been as high as the previous year, the criminals preying on University City residents "were more visible, more aggressive," Rush said. "And 'This was a lot more at night."'

Minimizing the Possibility

Seamon said he believes the community has much more confidence in his department now than they did two years ago.

"I think that people will understand that the University is doing as much as possible to minimize an unusual incident in its view," he said.

"There always can be a horrible incident," Seamon added. "Unfortunately, that's life in America today."

And because he has decided in order that as much as it can, given Penn's urban location, "Can we eliminate crime to zero?" he asked. "Well, we sort of, of course, but we can minimize the possibility as much as possible."
What tenants need to know

The Undergraduate Assembly's landlord survey will be a useful tool for students seeking housing.

Finding a place to live off campus has long been an adventure for students, with tales of evil landlords and decrepit apartments passed down from one generation to the next.

But with the Undergraduate Assembly working on a new landlord survey and off-campus living guide, it's possible that students may soon be able to claim some control of the situation.

Knowledge truly is the making sure every students' off-campus needs are met. For too often, students don't know their rights and fall victim to landlords who shirk their responsibilities. Now, hopefully, students will be better prepared to deal with housing problems and get pressing issues like garbage collection and security questions solved.

In addition, the survey will illuminate how individual landlords treat students. Armed with this information, potential renters can knowledgeably decide whether or not to rent from a particular company.

For the effort to succeed, it's crucial that students currently living off-campus participate by filling out a survey. Unlike the UA, the survey contains a substantial amount of detailed and meaningful data by taking a few minutes to fill out the questions, students will help other and each other with the survey.

It's also key that the UA actively publicize the guide once it's completed. In order for the survey to land off-campus and to become an annual publication, this was just a few years ago, students need to have the opportunity to see how effective the survey can be.

12/30/98

Not surprisingly, the University's reply to my request to find a wide-screen television for my apartment. My professor that such an entertainment system would eat into a limited budget would revitalize West Philadelphia plus floor on main event. My point that was. How I knew an open social life meet with similar disregard. My last second plus five-ster prom night film star to put up half the feeling of being a student. President Rodney I'm informing you that I'm an Oscar winner, he is hardly a large enough University to help me on my quest. Ernest was greatly discouraged.

Even ever since the University acquired the Crum's, I've been told that I'm one of many positive customers that they off-line list. I suggested that the University has a higher priority that finding new dead out of my garbage can.

I returned from vacation today to discover that a band of mice snuck into my kitchen. The students who only mapp America were out. Yes, probably get off, without penalty, but the little luggers who roamed my land- eas, my dishes and the oven. I contacted the University and I expect them to fix it.

Today any day.

1/17/99

Still waiting.

I've been told that Penn wants to take action, but that "cheat eaters" would not be one of many positive customers. The students who only mapp America were out. Yes, probably get off, without penalty, but the little luggers who roamed my land- eas, my dishes and the oven. I contacted the University and I expect them to fix it.

Ernest was greatly discouraged.

The following year found us with a nightmare of numbers and logic of the healthy people. Then, the day would roll around, and the breakdown would cause me the right way to solve the problem. Cigarettes are cut out of the car window. No more smoking for me. It's time to be logical, sensible.

Two long hours would later find me in the hospital gurney reanimating the smoker that I was, in fact, 15 years old, no matter how much smoke with my mind, as smokers often.

I swore to myself that I would quit when I got to college. What was I thinking? Smoking SUCKS. Smoking killed many people. I'm not going to study for a final or eat a garbage collection and smoke at the same time. I'm not going to study for a final or eat. If I quit smoking, I won't have to put up with bad breath, lung cancer. It's just one of many positions I can take. Even instances like these translate into increased costs. I would love to see the end of smoking. As a smoker, I've had to live with the added price of living floor. No more smoking for me.

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If I were a student, I would

The University has decided that it is no longer going to tolerate the use of tobacco on campus. The University is working to ban smoking on campus but is planning to allow smoking in some buildings. I don't think it was so nice to me to arrive unannounced and that it was certainly not worth having a nickel's worth of it. I was just too hard to get a nickel's worth of it. I was just too hard to get.

Buyer beware, will not have access to, well, a plant. The University has decided that it is no longer going to tolerate the use of tobacco on campus. The University is working to ban smoking on campus but is planning to allow smoking in some buildings. I don't think it was so nice to me to arrive unannounced and that it was certainly not worth having a nickel's worth of it. I was just too hard to get.

4/2/99

I've decided to negotiate with the University to turn my kitchen into a 24-hour floor. However, the University has decided that it is no longer going to tolerate the use of tobacco on campus. The University is working to ban smoking on campus but is planning to allow smoking in some buildings. I don't think it was so nice to me to arrive unannounced and that it was certainly not worth having a nickel's worth of it. I was just too hard to get.

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Finally, you won't mind being carded.

Now when you use your Visa card, you'll save big at these places.
Israel and Palestinians set to resume talks

JERUSALEM — Israel and the Palestinian negotiators resumed their indirect peace talks on Tuesday, agreeing to formally resume the sessions with a ceremony on Palestinian territory next week.

An Israeli Foreign Minister Ariel Sharon met with Palestinian official Saeb Erakat in the West Bank city of Hebron, agreeing to the suspension of talks after a two-month break. The plan calls for the resumption of direct talks next week in the West Bank town of Bethlehem.

The meeting was the first official discussion of a final status agreement between the two sides in 8 months. The deadline for reaching an agreement in May 1999.

In final status talks, Sharon and Abbas will tackle the most explosive issues of the Israeli-Palestinian conflict: permanent settlements, refugees, water, Jerusalem, and security.

Clinton says Japan is key to solving Asian crisis

WASHINGTON — President Clinton plans to push Japan during his trip to Asia to begin resolving its economic, security and social problems.

Clinton, who is set to depart Thursday as a delegate at the upcoming Asia Landmark Conference, will try to convince the Japanese leaders to begin working on a five-day economic mission to the United States.

Japan, which is claimed by both sides, is the key to protecting American interests.

Japanese Prime Minister Junichiro Koizumi has expressed his intention to work with the Japanese leaders, but it is not clear whether he will succeed in persuading them to take action.

Iraq inspectors return to work, report no problems

Baghdad, Iraq — UN weapons inspectors returned to work yesterday, it was not said which day, as the inspectors' absence has never been explained.

The inspectors, who had been expected to start work on January 10, returned after a four-day suspension due to high tension.

The inspectors were expected to conduct their work at their regular stations and in the areas where they have been authorized to work.

Iraq inspectors report no problems.

The U.N. monitors have not yet done any surprise inspections, which previously angered the Iraqis.

Iraq inspectors report no problems.

The Baghdad Monitoring and Verification Center has renewed its full capability of working on high tension.

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Republicans set to expand Clinton probe

The impeachment inquiry may now include allegations of sexual harassment and illegal fundraising.

WASHINGTON — House impeachment investigators seized on Wednesday morning, accusing IBM of recruiting its largest rivals into a plan to cripple Microsoft and make the personal actions of these individuals and not contacts with Willey. She has accused the president of making a sexual advance inside the White House.

The White House scoffed at plans for calling the additional witnesses. "This rush of generosity obviously gives the perception that it was a gift. And if it was a gift why would there be a reason to give it?" a White House official said.

The Democrats also showed a renewed interest in campaign-finance allegations against the president. Byrd asked the Justice Department for a report on the issue that a special counsel appointed on September 30, 1996.

Microsoft alleges IBM tried to put it on the defensive

WASHINGTON — Microsoft took the offensive yesterday in its antitrust trial, accusing IBM of recruiting its largest rivals into a plan to cripple the software giant.

The plan, the Microsoft attorneys said, involved an Anthony Skurdal, a 39-year-old private investigator who testified that Clinton had encouraged Lewinsky to lie about their relationship.

"IBM invited executives of the largest companies in the world to agree to compete jointly against Microsoft," said David Boies, the lawyer for the software giant.

Nathan Landow, a Maryland Democrat who had consulted with Willey, said Clinton had encouraged Lewinsky to lie about their relationship.

"I think it's important to remember that the government was trying to investigate a private matter," Starr said.

"The evidence further suggests that the president, in the course of these efforts, misused his authority and power as president and contemporized his duty to faithfully execute the laws," he declared.

The prosecutor also disclosed that his office drafted an impeachment referral to Congress in September, accusing Clinton of 11 impeachable offenses. His testimony is likely to be one of two examples that he said he showed a "minute of presidential authority occurred."

Starr charged that Clinton "made a series of premeditated false statement..." and that the jury in the impeachment trial is to give "the truth with a sufficient degree of confidence."

Starr said that in addition, "there were still two outstanding witnesses who might later corroborate..." or contradict "the allegations that Clinton lied about the same allegations in the same harsh language," he declared.

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Investigative journalist talks about career, ethics

By Megan Bulter

Fernelle Winer, 50, talked about her career Sunday, saying she had initially been "a cry for help."

As a freelance writer Fried, 40, said, that "this year's been cool because

insofar as making a living writing

"Hardly anything I told you about 1

money for the Noe story, which took

"It wasn't easy for me. I wouldn't have done such a good job, I think, if I

As a freelance writer Fried, 40, said

"I would love to read an objective, even-handed book" that

about 12 people at the Kelly Writers House Tuesday

Fried remembered asking himself after beginning his re-

Fried is the author of two books, "Arms and the Man:"

In addition to discussing other top-

3-6 days

6-10 days

450 per word*/

750 per word*/

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OWENS from page 14

were 7 for-22 from three point land

Dunphy said.

students against Kansas. The Quakers

Where Penn was not getting quality

on five foul shots against the Owls.

ambiguity. By Tuesday’s outcome will

also be canvased. Nothing can be

Penn starts Big Five season with Temple

Take away leading scorer Frank

and continue to play like he did Tues-

Buchanan's run. "Owens' maturity showed in the sec-

and Romanczuk. Not only saw the most minutes off

and seemed to show some fatigue in

Penn will not have recent history

The ball line was not the only play

When that happens — and the

as Headed off on

and may be in the lineup as soon as

keep a consistent playing time.

before Owings' last minute on the court had to be spent

18 Avoidance

The New York Times Crossword

As Headed off on

MAPLE LEAF

but I'm not making

family life.

the game is another one of my

people won't be able to load it up on
deep down. When that happens

Britt's party, -21

Grayson's box score, -22

are views by Wausau telephone.


down low by Jayhawk seven-footer

Penn's current lack of depth at

It's been a tough, two,

In his first

their inside game and add mass to

In the past, when I wasn't shoot-

Cincinnati. Though his shots did not

On its side when it faces Temple

see the most minutes off

three pointers against the Owls.

against Kansas. Owens launched a

lay-ups. runners, hook shots and even

against KA. They've been wishing for

and continue to play like he did Tues-

and continue to play like he did Tues-

the New York Times Crossword

303-610-8295

Penn's current lack of depth at

For information: (215) 829-5059.

360-381-1870

lay-ups. runners, hook shots and even

and continue to play like he did Tues-

take away leading scorer Frank

and continue to play like he did Tues-

though the Owls battled well for

against Kansas. In the second half, the

and continue to play like he did Tues-

saw the most minutes off

see the most minutes off

the New York Times Crossword

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Penn celebrates women's athletics with F.Hockey Final Open

By Jesse Sporer

The Palestra was filled with fans on Saturday, with over 13,000 people in attendance for the Palestra's turret dedication and Ivy title celebration.

The Palestra is the site of many historic moments in the history of women's athletics. The Palestra was the site of the first Ivy League basketball championship game, and the Palestra also hosted the first NCAA Women's Basketball Championship.

The Palestra's turret dedication was a way to honor the history of women's athletics in Pennsylvania. The Palestra's turret was dedicated to the memory of the many women who have contributed to the history of women's athletics at Penn.

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**Cash payments to Kansas' Earl costs LSU**

Baton Rouge, La. — LSU will be barred from postseason play and lose six scholarship slots for the next three years because of payoffs to a player who signed with the school as a recruit but then transferred to Kansas. Earl played briefly for LSU and was educated in New Orleans.

Earl accused former LSU assistant Johnny Jones of paying him to enroll at the school, but the NCAA in a release by Brown when he decided NCAA retired at the end of the 1997 season because it was at our place. The crowd ri-

Thomas was no excuse to show that either of the coaches were in- 

Late birdie gives Woods PGA Grand Slam title

POSPU, Hawaii — Tiger Woods rallied in a 21-foot birdie putt on the 17th hole and then watched match play opponent Vijay Singh hit his second shot on the final hole into the grass to win Sunday's final round of the Sony Open.

The 2 up win for Woods, who gained entry into the exclusive tennis 

**PRINCETON LOSES**

LAFAYETTE — Princeton's last-year by League champion, opened the season last night with a stunning 19-point loss to Lehigh 43-47. The Tigers could only put 27-2 against the Leopards in the three years and while the Leopards were having a hard time playing. They scored 4-8 in the first half and 11-9 in the second half.

Brian Earl, a recursive chain on a mission, took over for the Tigers with 17 points. They played Princeton instead of Penn, so the Tigers were not able to play. Lapham (6-7) took a 12-15 half time lead, and Princeton could never score.

**TULANE 65, MISSISSIPPI 52**

PHILADELPHIA — It's hard to say what caused No. 7 Temple to stumble a bit before finally putting away No. 14 Pitt.

Perhaps the Owls were looking about. They led the second half 46-45 and only got five points from Earl in the second half.

The Owls face Maryland State and also Pitt. Temple may be able to play on Friday night at the Apollo, and Chaney warned that the Owls may be a little bit of a surprise.

John Chaney was the best man against Michi-

The turn-out was 21-22 and the Owls scored 64-13 in the first half and 16-10 in the second half.

Earl's brief stay at LSU

had 42-36 and got only five points from Rasheed Brokenborough had 21

that it was at our place. The crowd ri-

Lester Earl's brief stay at LSU and pl

The Tigers are presently in transition 

**PLAYOFFS:**

NCAA retired at the end of the 1997 season because it was at our place. The crowd ri-

LSU basketball program has

 regime to start the run.

**PHILA PHI LIFELONG PARTY**

November 19 | 10pm-2am

*New Location* | 121 South 4th

**$4 in advance, $5 at the door**

**Bona phi Alumni Party**

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**FAMOUS AUTHOR**

**RENOWNED SPEAKER**

**RENOVATION SPEAKER**

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**SPORST**

**PENN QUAKERS**

*View from the Porch*

By Joel Baum

Add a picture of a Penn sports team playing a game.

*Penn football notebook*

By Andrew McLaughlin

Add an image of a Penn football player.

TOMORROW

Penn will host the NCAA Field Hockey Final Four this weekend on Franklin Field. We’ll preview the event and all four teams making the trip.

Add a photo of the Franklin Field.

We are in the midst of the Great Sports Week of 1998. Beginning last Saturday, and continuing for the duration of the week, there are no less than eight major events taking place on Penn’s campus.

By Eric Chenowith

Add a photo of a Penn basketball player.

**SPORTS**

**FINN AND RADER AIM TO RETRIEVE BOOKS**

Penn quarterback Matt Rader and running back Jim Finn can both set new Penn records this weekend at Cornell.

By Andrew McLaughlin

Add an image of a Penn football player.

**W. HOOPS**

W. Hoops suffers loss at Towson

After trailed by just five at halftime, the Penn women's basketball team lost by 17 points.

By Zac Costello

Add a photo of a Penn basketball player.

**OWENS SHOWS PROMISE IN HIS RETURN TO PALESTINE**

Though Penn center Geoff Owens was only 1-11 shooting Tuesday night, he blocked two shots and grabbed six rebounds.

By Mark J. Harris

Add a photo of Geoff Owens.

**M. HOOPS PREPARES FOR NEXT TOP TEN TEAM**

The Penn men's basketball team is preparing for No. 7 Temple, who will come to the Palestra next Monday.

By Rick Haggerty

Add a photo of a Penn basketball player.

**Owens shows promise in his return to Palestine**

Though Penn center Geoff Owens was only 1-11 shooting Tuesday night, he blocked two shots and grabbed six rebounds.

By Mark J. Harris

Add a photo of Geoff Owens.

**INSIDE**

The Penn women’s swimming team gets its league season under way against Cornell this Saturday.

Add a photo of a Penn women’s swimmer.

*Football notebook*

Not to be sudden, senior quarterback Matt Kader may be the Quakers all-single season passing leader this fall.

Add a photo of a Penn quarterback.

**W. HOOPS**

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November 19, 1998

**film**
I Know What Your Breasts Did Last Summer — now with Danny DeVito! page 4

**culture**
We talk dirty to you; plus: another pretentious restaurant you won't go to, page 6

**music**
Just in case you never flipped over your tapes, we review a few B-sides, page 10

---

**SOME UNUSUAL SUSPECTS**

NO COINCIDENCE

---

30 YEARS • 30 FILMS

---

7'0"
6'6"
6'0"
5'6"
5'0"
4'6"
4'0"
3'6"
3'0"
Fat George & the Lean Machine

Coming to terms with Mom and her passion for small appliances.

FRANCIS ENGLERT

I love/hate my mother. Not for birthing me into this hopeless void called existence, or for presenting a target for my Oedipal desire, or any of the usual reasons. This intense ambivalence I feel towards the woman from whose test I once sucked is due to one reason only (at least today): the George Foreman grill.

It had come up a few times before, the idea of buying this little chunk of teflon and white molded plastic that made cooking sooo much simpler. I had gentry and tactfully resisted at first — "You don't have to...no, it's okay, Mom, really. I have a stove." But then came the slow drizzle of blows to the body. A few shots during a brief chat about my grandma's health, a jab here or there over the course of a weekend visit...duly noted and, most likely, unintentionally, she was wearing me down.

The final barrage came during a lengthy phone call in the midst of a long week before Halloween. A strenuous week of extracurricular activity and work had left me fatigued and extremely suggestible, and my mother pounced. My aunt made the most beautiful turkey burgers in less than five minutes, she gushed, and her vegetable kabobs were sweet and remarkably garden-fresh. I stuttered the beginnings of yet another mild protest; she kept pounding away.

My cousin Javier made grilled cheese in his dorm room that day, evidently. I wouldn't believe — the Foreman grill was just so quick, so small, and so convenient. A devastating left hook came next: "And it's so easy to clean. You know how you have that problem keeping things clean?" I asked about its price, and was met with the knock on ice. "My mother's always had a problem with specifics." Sure. "I wheezed, feeling all kinds of beaten. "Just get it."

So a week passes, and a new addition to my appliance family arrives. Still half-grumbling over my lack of resolve, I use it. And — here's the kicker — it's good. Damn good. Remarkably simple in design — in essence, it's a waffle iron, on a slab — and it is indeed quick (5 minutes prep and cook time for a steak), small (approximately 8 inches by 8 inches, and a mere 4 inches high, closed), and easy to clean (scrape for a minute or two with a sponge and soap). Besides all that, the meals that it "grills" — reliving grilling was never this easy — are unbelievably tasty. From cheese sandwich buns to chicken filets to sliced green peppers, the stuff that rolls off of Mr. Foreman's nonstick cooking surface are moist, flavorful, and, of course, lower in fat than they would have been otherwise (or so the fat-dripping-catch-basin tells me).

Although for a while now I've been somewhat proficient in the kitchen (more so after a summer of experimenting with fried rice and variations on the omelet), this device has made my everyday kitchen navigation immeasurably easier — it's the culinary Salvation Army to my Lewis and Clark. In short, I love this product. And that's where the problem lies.

The George Foreman grill (formal name: "George Foreman's Lean, Mean Fat-Reducing Grilling Machine") is the first in a new line of products that I have ever owned (endorsed by a notable, two-time heavyweight champion, no less), and it is a product with which I am intensely satisfied...as a consumer. I feel that, somehow, a vague threshold has been crossed. I am, as a therapist might say, conflicted.

You see, I've always harbored a deep, semi-rational fear of unabashed, as-seen-in-middle-America consumerism. And through a childhood of gifts from Toys 'R Us, an adolescence with its fair share of mall dependency, and a young-adulthood sprinkled with several J. Crew purchases, I've still felt somewhat safe. Aside from a treacherous stretch this past summer spent wrestling with the "to AM Gold or not to AM Gold" question, I had not remotely considered buying anything from the TV — or anything "seen on TV," in any case. At least, I comforted myself, I'm not one of those sorry, confounded moths buying "Diamonique" on the Home Shopping Network as a wedding present. No sir, not me.

Until now, anyway. Silly as it seems, I feel as if I can't fully enjoy this wonder of modern gadgetry until I resolve the numerous questions that I have regarding its enjoyment. Is the grill and the grill an indicator of some sort? Have I become "infomercial people?" How deep into this valley of the collectible porcelain dolls have I wandered? How shallow, if I try really hard, can my pontificating get?

Ah, forget it. Anyone for some kick-ass sole with tomatoes?
walktalk

Jaywalking

Caught in the act

The leaves have changed, and the days are getting a little shorter, and that can mean only one thing... it's time to whip out the winter wardrobe! So dust off that fleece from the North Face, inflate that puffy jacket, and strut your stuff on the Walk. Bundle up, but stay stylish, 'cause my dad always says, "Bundle up, but stay stylish... make your Christmas, er. Hanukah, er. Kwanzaa lists for your near and dear ones, take note of our suggested missives:

Animal prints/furry things are out, out, out! There are no shorts in the fashion world — don't think that leopard has funkified you. Remember, subtlety is where it's at. Honeys, two wrongs don't make a right — a fuzzy coat and it's really freakin' long? Please don't. Don't fall into the trap that this poor soul has. She has brought her carry-on luggage to school, I'm hoping that she made a mistake. And, uh, can we do something about those leggings? Don't make us do an expose on the too-long-to-be-capri, too-short-to-be-decent pants.

Also while sitting patiently on the Walk and waiting for the ever-present fashion faux pas, we were slapped in the face, literally, by it. Ladies, ladies, who told you that gaudy boa with chenille hanging off were a good idea? As my mother always says, "A cold, cold neck is better than a poorly adorned one. And chenille scarves suck."

Those of you that think you have your finger on the pulse of style have also worn out yet another trend. This time, it is an item of function that I'm sorry to say must go. It is the ever-present "messenger bag." Originating with the wannabe bike messengers, it has spread like a vicious plague throughout the campus. This subject is close to our hearts, and we are driven to verse. So if you don't mind, we would like to share a little poem, which articulates our distaste for those one-strapped devils:

"Ode to Manhattan Portage"

Oh Manhattan Portage, why, why, why?
The boys and girls wear you too high.
Some kids let you flap on their bum,
Don't they know this style is only for some?
Hey, you are not in the clear Kate Spade!
If I could, I would make you face
off the face of the planet, look it is up to me to ban it.
You think you are a hipster with that bag and that attitude?
You're as original as my ass... um, dude.
Suckers buy them, so damn expensive, in litters.
Take my advice, go to EMS —
right next to Urban Outfitters.
Buy a sturdy double strapper and ditch that sack.
Oh, I hate you Manhattan Portage but I love you Lansport
---

To end things on an up note, why don't we send some props to our favorite bag company?

With love,
**Kiss of Death**

Brad Pitt stars as a not-so-grim reaper in 'Meet Joe Black,' a remake of the classic film, 'Death Takes a Holiday.'

**TIMOTHY BANDEN**

Toward the end of Meet Joe Black a tuxedo-clad Brad Pitt enters, and leans against a desk as if striking a pose. At this point, I could hear a woman’s voice from the row behind, “My God, he is so handsome!” she murmured. In a sense, this is what Meet Joe Black is all about. This is exactly the kind of film Hollywood loves to make. It’s the kind of movie where good-looking actors and actresses wrestle with the problems of love and life in designer clothes and on beautiful sets. If a film one doesn’t really have to think about, but can simply sit back and enjoy.

I’m not criticizing this fact, just observing it. Films in this vein of romance/comedy/drama can be as enjoyable as any other. This one is a loose remake of a 1934 film, Death Takes a Holiday, which depicted Death taking human form to have a look around the world of the living.

The new version prominently features Pitt’s star quality, though his deliberately stiff, awkward performance has been criticized by some as undermining his usual charisma. The performance is appropriate though, since Pitt is, after all, playing Death. While the spotlight is on Pitt, it is Anthony Hopkins who grabs the film right out from his younger co-star and walks away with it. I doubt anyone will be surprised to hear that Hopkins finds the perfect note as a wealthy man whose life is suddenly upset when Death, literally, arrives on his doorstep.

The film takes a slightly different approach to the Hopkins character. He is rich, extremely so, but Meet Joe Black does not portray him as a greedy tyrant, but as a person with human characteristics who has enjoyed a wonderful life of success.

Death, or Joe Black as he is soon referred to, has a deal for Hopkins’ character, named Bill Parish. If Parish serves as his guide and shows him the highlights of the living world, he’ll put off taking the old man’s life until he, "Joe," grows bored. This deal leads to a number of light-hearted, enjoyable scenes featuring Joe’s first experiences as a person. He enjoys a formal dinner, explores the wonders of peanut butter, and soon falls in love with Parish’s beautiful doctor-daughter Susan (Claire Forlani).

The production designer has a field day showing us how a wealthy man of Parish’s stature lives. Many scenes staged in his beautiful, sprawling sea-side estate, as well as in his helicopter, Manhattan apartment and office demonstrate the beauty and splendor of his lifestyle.

We have time to explore all of these locales, as well as many other things, with the film’s running time of two hours fifty-four minutes, over double the length of the 78 minute original. This length has, of course, been the subject of much discussion and criticism, and, frankly, it is a bit too long. There are too many sub-plots, the majority of which are little more than tired clichés. The most unnecessary of storylines involves a corporate take-over in the works, orchestrated by a vicious young businessman on the rise. At the same time, though, the run time has some advantages. It allows Meet Joe Black to fully develop an intricate story and complex characters.

Meet Joe Black has to be appreciated for what it is: a fairly simple, but enjoyable Hollywood movie. There are no real innovative cinematic techniques employed here, and no startling revelations on life and death. This film is not Hamlet, but rather, a simple tale of two people who fall in love only to find themselves confronted by overwhelming obstacles.

**You Don’t Know Shit!**

Shouldn’t this movie be called ‘I Still Know What You Did Two Summers Ago?’

**DANIEL FIENBERG**

Be glad you’re not Danny Cannon. First, with barely any experience, you get handed a fifty million dollar Stallion sci-fi franchise, Judge Dredd. And you make the wrong film. The Italian Stallion has ever made, including his softcore stuff like The Party at Kitty and Stud’s. So then nobody will let you work for three years. And for good reason.

Then, stroke of luck, you’re handed the sequel to I Know What You Did Last Summer, a 1997 surprise hit. And what happens? What happens if you’re Danny Cannon? Well, let’s just say Mr. Cannon is now the proud director of two of the most artless films ever made.

I Still Know What You Did Last Summer, doomed from the start by the dumbest sequel name in film history, was pretty much a box office disaster. The original film was already something of an experiment. Kevin Williamson adapted Lois Duncan’s novel to prove that the conventions which he mocked so successfully in Scream could still be vital if handled with care. And, under the acceptable direction of film Gillespie, the original worked in its own way. It was neither smart, nor original, but it supplied scares and atmosphere, and sometimes that’s enough.

Without Williamson, ISKWYDLS is a house without a foundation. And damned if that house doesn’t begin to crumble immediately.

We rejoin our heroine, Julie James (Jennifer Love Hewitt), one year after the original movie. She has bad dreams, off-the-mas, and is pretty strung out. She has a waitress/friend in Karla (Brandy), and even though she’s still dating Ray (Freddie Prinze Jr. returning from the first film), she has the not entirely unwanted attentions of new-vapid-stud Will (Matthew Settle). When Karla wins a trip to a tropical island she takes Julie, Will, and hunky boyfriend Tyrell (because every black character in mainstream cinema is either named Tyrell or Derrick) with her. It doesn’t take a geography major to know that they are really heading straight into trouble. Why? Because the icon from the Fisherman’s Friends cough-drop wrappers is back and his book is… actually duller than ever.

Oh and the characters are nice, too. Who would have guessed that audiences would miss the depth of Ryan Phillippe’s Barry “Rich” Cox or Sarah Michelle Gellar’s Helen “Beauty Queen” Shivers from the first film? While screenwriter Trey Callaway was PC enough to replace all of the original’s dead white stills with African-American characters, he wasn’t talented enough to do much more than just throwing names on a page.

The performances, or lack thereof, are a direct result. Hewitt actually shows a devotion of talent, probably Cannon was more interested in her nipples than her acting. She changes from one loose-fitting top to the next and from one bikini to another. It may be attractive, but it won’t do much for her resume. Brandy is equally objectified, though Cannon seems much more interested in her rear, lighting it with almost comic sensitivity. She may have an appealing screen presence, but it’s tough to tell. The rest of the hip young cast is entirely forgettable.

I Still Know is ludicrously paced and suspiciously devoid of humor and when the killer is unmasked it’s impossible to care. Let’s hope Jennifer Love Hewitt spends next her next break. Forget it. I don’t want to know what she does next summer.
Danny DeVito winds up with Holly Hunter?!

Hey, it could happen. But that doesn't necessarily mean it does in 'Living Out Loud.'

ROB RUTKIN

Only in the movies could a man with Danny DeVito’s diminutive stature and baren face have any chance at a meaningful relationship with a woman as stunningly beautiful as Holly Hunter. The fact that Living Out Loud makes such a bond between its main characters believable is a testament to the deftness of its script and the skill of its actors.

Living Out Loud is the tale of Judith Nelson (Hunter), a nurse whose divorce from a wealthy New York neurosurgeon after sixteen years of marriage forces her to re-evaluate her life. One evening while attending a performance by nightclub singer Liz Bailey (Queen Latifah), she is suddenly grabbed and kissed by a complete stranger who had missed her for another woman. Although frightened at first, she finds a warmth in this man that helps her unlock her own inhibitions. Returning home suddenly rejuvenated, she spontaneously strikes up a conversation with her building’s elevator operator, Pat Frangola (DeVito).

Adapted from a world as far removed from Judith’s posh Fifth Avenue apartment, the two soon discover that they share the same struggle. Recently divorced after a lengthy marriage, in debt to loan sharks, and distraught over his ailing daughter, Pat also dreams of overcoming his obstacles and finding a better life. The two develop a touching friendship based on mutual support for each other’s growth and self-discovery that even teeters on intimacy.

The main strength of Living Out Loud is its in-depth character exploration. Writer-director Richard LaGravenese provides insight into Judith’s fears and hopes through a series of fantasy sequences that show Judith imagining her own suicide, engaging in a revealing conversation with Bailey, and finally, in a climactic meeting between fragility and strength make her complex and real, and the fact that she would even interact with a pie- beatin’ like Pat contrasts her with her self-absorbed neighbors, making her immensely likable. Hunter captures the many intricacies of her character as few of her contemporaries can, and looks fabulous doing so. Her performance is worthy of an Oscar nomination.

The rest of the cast is superb as well. DeVito, in one of his more low-key roles to date as the good-natured Pat, provides the film with a subtle humor that helps balance the serious moments. Queen Latifah, looking surprisingly sexy as diva Liz Bailey, proves that her skills extend far beyond the realms of rap music and sitcoms. In his directorial debut, LaGravenese succeeds in putting together a film that is inventive, insightful, and mature. Given his prior writing credits, such as the screen adaptation of "Beloved" and "The Horse Whisperer," his understanding of the complexities of women’s lives is no surprise. In addition to expert writing and direction, "Living Out Loud" achieves a stylist, sensual feel through the use of dimmed lighting and a hip jazz/R&B soundtrack, at times reflecting the movie’s emotional highs and lows.

While the subject of a divorced woman’s personal redemption would seem to appeal mostly to females over the age of thirty, those outside that demographic who see Living Out Loud will be pleasantly surprised. The characters are engaging, the dialogue is a kick, and the music is soothing. In addition, the movie serves as a reminder of the human potential to overcome whatever setbacks.
The first to roll the ‘dice’ isn’t always the luckiest

Long before Andrew Clay was stunning audiences with lewd and provocative quips, Lenny Bruce was shocking crowds all over the world with his revolutionary trashy mouth. Lambasted, arrested, and banned, Bruce trudged onward. For 25 years, Frank Speiser has been spreading the word.

Elizabeth Silver

It’s 1959. Imagine a seedy jazz nightclub in New York City. A Miles Davis tune plays in the background. Welcome to a world where obscure and outlandish comedy is born. Welcome to The World Of Lenny Bruce. Frank Speiser, a Yale drama school grad, performs his one-man show in a recreation of the life of the infamous comic, Lenny Bruce.

In his skillfully written two-act show, Speiser revisits Bruce’s height of fame and ultimate desperation. The first act takes us live into one of Bruce’s actual stand-up comedy routines, with real material used by the comic. The second act relives the traumas in 1966 as Bruce attempts to defend himself in yet another obscenity trial — sick, angry, and bordering on insanity.

Speiser walks to the floor of the dinner theater and begins his standup routine. He opens with the question of muffling one’s urination and quickly proceeds to the ever-popular Jewish New Yorker jokes. Bruce’s most memorable bits are also his most obscene. He speaks of cursing people out — not in today’s fashion, but rather by saying “hey, unfuck you”! Explaining himself, he says that once you tell someone to “go fuck yourself” you are wishing him a wonderful compliment, for the world imitates something great.

Bruce’s obscenity always seems to shock his audience. He was banned from entering both England and Australia, and over the course of his career was arrested on obscenity charges in San Francisco, Hollywood, Chicago, and even his hometown, New York City.

In the second act, Speiser excellently portrays Bruce as the victim of these Dunce-capping censorship attacks. He has been reduced to a pauper — sniveling, smoking, and on the verge of insanity as he attempts to defend himself in one of the most famous obscenity trials in history, against NYCC.

Speiser’s performance deserves praise not only for bringing this story to life, but also for his persistence and interest in Bruce’s infamy. He wrote the script and began performing it while at Yale and has been traveling all over the country, including off-Broadway, spreading Bruce’s words for 25 years. Perhaps Speiser’s performance would have been more effective in its earlier years.

As Speiser narrates at the curtain call, Bruce died from a drug overdose in Los Angeles in 1966. The muddling Bruce endured as a comic was more obscene than any of his acts. The police, press, and paparazzi swarmed his house to celebrate his death. Yet, his spirit lives on. Bruce’s commitment to comedy and freedom of speech paved the way for several of today’s household names, including Robin Williams, Woody Allen, and Philip Roth.

Bruce’s comedy is certainly not outlandish to today’s audience, although it is still very funny. We have all heard numerous comics joke about sex, religion, and politics. The concept is nothing new. But thirty years ago, his creativity negotiated his rise and fall.

Benjamin Brody

Mock this Manayunk restaurant’s crowd, but savor its eclectic menu.

Sonoma serves up Californian cuisine

Mock this Manayunk restaurant’s crowd, but savor its eclectic menu.

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Convive someone else to drive, and go to Sonoma with your drinking shoes on. This Manayunk establishment boasts the distinction of housing “the world’s largest collection of Vodkas,” and the good folks at Sonoma have concocted a number of creative ways to get their favorite spirit into a lively Friday night crowd. Try a chocolate waffle.

This article over here. It’s fuckin’ beautiful. Just like your Jewish New Yorker mom.

The world wasn’t ready for Sonoma’s Caesar salad won a Best of the old oxymoron. It is an excellent salad — one of the best this particular diner has tried in years. But don’t let it distract your attention from the rest of the appetizers, especially the baked oysters. They are crusted in parmesan and topped with caviar and worth the
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drive from University City of their own accord.

Sonoma’s dining room draws a unique crowd on any evening, and it’s hard to pin down its clientele other than to say that at any given moment a handful of diners are talking on cell phones. Unfortunately, this type of behavior has become increasingly universal, and Sonoma, on a weekend night, actually caters to families with children eating alongside the twenty-somethings who are pining after the vodka

flights. This probably owes to Sonoma’s wide ranging and ambitious menu. It doesn’t matter if you’re vegetarian or carnivore, there is literally something on this menu for everyone, a dying but still admirable trait of an excellent menu.

Paine has jumped on the irresistible Chilean Sea Bass bandwagon (has anyone else noticed this?), and this entree is served on a bed of papardelle that’s no less than five-quarter pasta. It comes al dente — a little too al dente, chewy at times — with a light sauce of sun dried tomatoes and baby asparagus. The sea bass is very convincing; this is a dish, and a fish for that matter, that’s difficult not to like, and someone in your party should check it out when you go.

The chicken, eggplant and porcini ravioli flirts dangerously, but on the whole successfully, with the overuse of eggplant.

Although Sonoma is currently until 6:30pm, the management is paving the way for several of today’s household names, including Robin Williams, Woody Allen, and Philip Roth.

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Films

Street first started publishing in 1968, soon after Bonnie and Clyde redefined youth cinema and just before Easy Rider put its stamp on a generation. Street was around to judge a new era of creative cinematic expression during the '70s and a new low in creativity in the '80s. Thirty years later, we're still around to sarcastically welcome a third decade of film.

In that spirit, Street presents a list of 30 films of distinction. They aren't necessarily the best films of their respective years, and they aren't all Oscar winners, but each managed to either capture the Zeitgeist of its era or shape cinema in some profound way.

We could have made our job easy and put together a list containing five Steven Spielberg films, four films by Woody Allen and Martin Scorsese, and three films by Francis Ford Coppola, Hal Ashby, Robert Altman, Stanley Kubrick, and Milos Forman. We didn't. No director has more than one film on the list, allowing for more diversity.

Not, of course, that we consider the list to be irrefutable. Where's Tarantino? Where are the Coen Brothers? Where are Sayles, Gilliam, and Demme? Argue over the films, discuss them — but most of all, see them.
some unusual Suspects

1968

2001: A Space Odyssey (Director: Stanley Kubrick)
The trippiest footage ever shot in a disused Brooklyn garment factory can be found here. All jokes aside, though, it's impossible to deny either (in simplest terms) the haunting beauty of Kubrick's vision of what lies beyond space or his indictment of a cold and machine-driven society. And, come on, the Christian Science Monitor said this was "The Ultimate Trip"...

1969

The Wild Bunch (Director: Sam Peckinpah)
On the heels of Bonnie and Clyde came Peckinpah's classic Western about loyalty and savagery in the final days of the Old West. The most violent film, perhaps the most beautifully filmed, movie of its time, The Wild Bunch both changed and revitalized the genre. William Holden gives his greatest performance as the Buch's aging leader, a man whose honor is greater than the bounty hunters that chase him and whose days of relevance are dying along with the Buch inner.

1970

MASH (Director: Robert Altman)
Most people know MASH from the Alan Alda sitcom which ran well, forever, but the Robert Altman film which started it all often gets overlooked despite live-wire performances from young Donald Sutherland and Tim Skeritt and the overlapping dialogue and the movie is Ald's Sutherland and lorn Skeritt and the live wire |iertorm.in< es irom young Don-

1974

Chinatown (Director: Roman Polanski)
It's ironic that Polanski, who has been in exile from the United States for over two decades following an affair with a thirteen-year-old, is responsible for one of our greatest films. Chinatown is a film noir that surpasses the mysteries of the 40's from which it is modeled. Polanski's direction is solid, but the film's greatness is derived from Robert Towne's brilliant screenplay and Jack Nicholson's surprisingly low-key performance.

1975

Jaws (Director: Steven Spielberg)
It's possible that Steven Spielberg has made better movies than Jaws, but he has never made a film as influential. Jaws, for better or worse, created the blockbuster mentality that rules Hollywood today. But unlike the films it inspired, Jaws lives up to its blockbuster name. It's shocking, brilliantly crafted, well-acted eye candy, and during Robert Shaw's monologue about the USS Indianapolis, it's even touching.

1976

Taxi Driver (Director: Martin Scorsese)
Taxi Driver competes with Raging Bull as Martin Scorsese's crowning achievement. This tale of Travis Bickle's (Robert DeNiro) psychosis and ultimate redemption is truly incredible. From the cinematic beauty of the steam rising from New York streets to Jodie Foster's performance as a child prostitute, Taxi Driver is a masterpiece of filmmaking.

1977

Annie Hall (Director: Woody Allen)
The magnificence of Annie Hall testifies to the brilliance of Woody Allen's entire body of work. A more poignant, bitter sweet love story simply does not exist. Certain scenes — like the famously subtitled "get to know you" chat — are absolutely hysterical.

1978

Dawn of the Dead (Director: George Romero)
Ostensibly, Dawn of the Dead is about zombies, dismemberment, and carnage. Whatever. A small band of survivors hides in a suburban megamall to escape a band of flesh-eaters, terrifyingly designed by Tom Savini. Accompanied by a Dario Argento/Gotian score, they create a Swiss Family Robinson-esque life out of the ruins of modern society. Thought provoking and yucky stuff.

1979

Being There (Director: Hal Ashby)
As written by Jerzy Kosinski. Being There is proof that you can be cynical about television without being as leaden as Network. Peter Sellars is Chance, a simple man whose platitudes on gardening become media catch phrases, set the standard for Forrest Gump and Zelig, but in truth, Sellars is without peer. Under Hal Ashby's direction, he creates a heartbreakingly hilarious character "I like to watch."

1980

The Empire Strikes Back (Director: Irwin Kirschner)
Let's face it, for all its innovation the first hour of Star Wars is pretty slow and the character development non-existent. This is not the case in Empire. Utilizing technology not available for the first film, Kirschner and George Lucas create action scenes and visuals that outshine the predecessor while at the same time building plot elements that raise the value of the saga from comic book entertainment to epic moviemaking. Plus, Yoda it has.

1981

Reds (Director: Warren Beatty)
Either Warren Beatty is a really good leftist or his vision of self-canonization happens to look a lot like the story of the only American burned in the Kremlin. In any event, this sweeping tale set across Greenwich Village and the October Revolution is a touching romance and a loving portrait of John Reed, a devoted American communist, which is a hell of a feat in Hollywood, Cold War or no.

1982

Fast Times at Ridgemont High (Director: Amy Heckerling)
Heckerling's film spoke to the 80's generation and spearheaded the teenage film movement - which eventually led to such classics as The Breakfast Club, Sixteen Candles, and Pretty in Pink. And with such fabulous twins as Jeff Spicoli's (Sean Penn) "So what Jefferson was saying was 'Hey you know, we left this England place because it was bogus. So if we don't get some cool rules ourselves, pronto, we'll just be bogus too.' Yeah!" Fast Times earns its place in cinematic history.

1983

L'Argent (Director: Robert Bresson)
The last film by a great director. Adapted from a Tolstoy short story, L'Argent is at heart a simple story: a forged 500 franc note makes its way across a thoroughly heartless Parisian landscape until it falls into the hands of an unlikeable lusher and sends him on a real downward spiral. Never once to pass judgement on his characters, Bresson watches with an unblinking eye and lets evil condemn itself — all slowly and prosaic.

1984

Stranger Than Paradise (Director: Jim Jarmusch)
Every director in American independent cinema wants to be Jim Jarmusch and even if they don't, they are only allowed to look and create under the blanket of his influence. Jarmusch's first film, Stranger Than Paradise breaks every rule. The story of a New York hipster and his teenage cousin unfolds at a snail's pace, but the ef-
fect is completely engrossing. Like all of Jar-  

Incredible cinematography by Blasco

1985

Ram (Director: Akira Kurosawa)

Kurosawa was in his late 70's and partially blind when he decided to write and di-  

The projectionist at

1986

Blue Velvet (Director: David Lynch)

There’s a severed ear in  

One of the most touch-  

Wings of Desire (Director: Wim Wenders)

The most beautiful film made after World War II? Could very well be. Wender-  

1988

Cinema Paradiso (Director: Giuseppe Tor- 

of the most touching  

1995

Babe (Director: Chris Noonan)

"That talking pig movie" is more than just the greatest film ever made for children. Babe is a perfectly human gem made in a decade characterized by indie-pathos. Babe stands out because beyond the sheep, farmers, and shee- 

1992

Unforgiven (Director: Clint Eastwood)

In his farewell to the Western, Eastwood shows us what his Man With No Name might look like as an old man. His deb-  

1993

The Wrong Trousers (Director: Nick Park)

The story of mechanical pants (ex-NASA) gone wrong and a very unseemly chicken. 

Nick Park’s 30-minute clay-  

1994

Hoop Dreams (Directors: Peter Gilbert, Steve James, Frederick Marx)

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1997

L.A. Confidential (Director: Curtis Hanson)

While its creators and stars do not have the pedigree of those responsible for Chinatown, this adaptation of James Ellroy’s complex novel is very much worthy of comparison to that 1974 classic. With a storyline that is im- 

Street was not of one mind when 

1985: Easy Rider (Director: Dennis Hopper)

For a brief moment in late sixties and early seventies, Peter Fonda and Den- 

1986: Brazil (Director: Terry Gilliam)

Gilliam’s films are always damn strange, but perhaps none more so than this Clif- 

1987: The Dead Zone (Director: Krzysztof Kieslowski)

Ten short films, each based on one of the Ten Com-  

1991: The Adjuster (Director: Atom Egoy-  

Hypnotic is the best way to describe an Atom Egoyan film. Like his equally superb Exotica, and The Sweet Hereafter, The Ad-  

1994: Pulp Fiction (Director: Quentin Tarantino)

The film that jump-started John Travolta’s career and turned him from a has-been actor struggling for films like Look Who’s Talking to an A-list Holly- 

1995: Babe (Director: Chris Noonan)

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1999: Mr. Smith Goes to Washington (Director: George Cukor)

Nobody was more dedicated to the cause beyond the wall than Mr. Smith, and even Jeff Daniels’ portrayal of Smith leaves us with a profound appreciation for the man who fought for what he believed in. Mr. Smith “does not give up!”

Street would like to thank Video Library! Without their charm, their determination, and more importantly, their video fare, this festival could not have been possible. Video Library is located at 4040 Locust Street. Patronize them today!
Editor's Note: In Celebration Of Corporate America, We Hereby Raise An Epistolary Toast To The Glorious Genre Of B-Side Career Retrospectives

These Birds Have Flown

SHANE STEIN

Oasis frontman Liam Gallagher recently declared that his band would not deliver any new material until sometime in late 1999. To tide fans over (i.e. to make large amounts of unearned money), however, they've just released The Masterplan, a collection of non-album B-sides recorded over the previous four years. Such content normally indicates the works thrown as after all, the usual logic goes, the songs weren't good enough to be A-sides for a reason — but The Masterplan holds up as a brilliant exception to this norm.

Sure, the collection contains Oasis's typical derivations of past Brit-rock glory: Beatles-esque melodies. Buzzcocks-influenced guitar snarls, an intro to 'Headin' Home' that is lifted blatantly from Faces' "Stay With Me," and even a live cover of the Fab Four's "I Am The Walrus." But songwriter Noel Gallagher always wanted Oasis to be a definitive singles band much like the Faces' "Stay With Me."

The Masterplan stands right up there with the group's two earlier masterpieces, 1994's Definitely Maybe and 1995's (What's The Story) Morning Glory, easily demolishing their other outing, last year's long-winded Be Here Now.

The Masterplan sprouts out of the gate with the live favorite "Acquiesce," a tuneful rocker Oasis to be a definitive singles band much like his idols The Jam and The Smiths, and thus he often tucked away some of his best compositions on flip-sides. Subsequently, song for song, The Masterplan stands right up there with the group's two earlier masterpieces, 1994's Definitely Maybe and 1995's (What's The Story) Morning Glory, easily demolishing their other outing, last year's long-winded Be Here Now.

The second disc comprises many of their greatest hits from the decade past. From "New Year's Day" to "Where the Streets Have No Name," and ultimately ending with "All I Want Is You," the actual "Best of U2" proves true.

Yet, while this first disc captures what are ostensibly the greatest hits of the band's first decade, it is also misleading out of chronological order: everything is combined together. It does, however, reveal the progression of the music. "I Will Follow" shows the powerful persistence and hopes that the band ultimately achieves, while "All I Want Is You" closes the disc (save for the hidden inclusion of "October") with a mellow and combined mixture of soothing voices and strings that the band perfected at the close of the decade.

The second CD features some of the legendary B-sides from U2's singles, and the B-sides on this collection are surprising, at many times even more exciting than the famous A-sides on the first CD. The styles range from sweet and mysterious long, acoustic or electric, fast or slow, nearly every song immediately grabs the ear as a sparkling gem featuring gorgeous melodies and insightful lyrics.

Catchy pop is represented in "Stay Young" and the jolly "Underneath The Sky," while on "All I Want Is You," Oasis displays the raw, energetic fury and honest immediacy that other mainstream, more punk-influenced bands like Matchbox Twenty, The Offspring wish they could achieve.

These Birds Have Flown

That Band With Spinning Heads

ELIZABETH SILVER

It's finally here — U2 has finally released a collection of the band's greatest hits from its first decade. Available as a limited release with a second disc of B-sides from the same era.

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The second disc's music ranges from these sweet background melodies and unique covers to the bizarre lyrics and ambient sound of "Walk to the Water." The CD closes with "Trash," Trampolineline and the Party Girl," a captivating mixture of guitars and drumming voices, combined with random synthesizer and wind sounds. The song combines many of their eclectic musical styles into one, demonstrating U2's mastery of performance and songcraft.

U2 has transcended popularity throughout the most two decades, and their ability to cover other artists' often well-known songs in their own flavor, which is evident in "All I Want Is You," is a unique testament to the band's creativity. Bravo, and here's to more decades of U2 to come.
“The Porpoise Is Laughing”
“...Goodbye, goodbye, goodbye...”

BRIAN CROSS

“Herein lies no place for the contemplative, nor the room for the violently enraged. Within these walls there is only space for the passionate intensity of the deeply introspective and the morosely mystified.”

This is the warning that should have been posted above the Roseland Ballroom turnstiles on July 24, 1997, for it reflects what is undeniably the essence of Portishead. It was on that summer night in New York City that Portishead played what ultimately became a watershed performance: the show was the very first public exhibition of the band’s stylistically — nay, ultimately — triumphant second album, Portishead. And perhaps it is audacious to say, but Roseland NYC Live, which captures this paramount performance, is now the new paradigm of the ultimate live recording.

Consider, if you will, the ambitions that flooded this project. Portishead is a trip hop band, and although their approach to the genre focuses less on electronics and samples than, for example, Tricky’s, it goes without saying that Portishead’s music is primarily grounded in electronic beats and eschewed on last year’s self-titled release) effects. The trick of PNYC (as Roseland NYC Live has been dubbed), then, is that it fully reverts trip hop — PNYC is almost entirely live, and Portishead therefore replaces the calculated, technological elements that generally define trip hop with real human activity and influences. Portishead even went the distance and added a 28-piece string ensemble, which joins the melange of mysterious keyboards, turntable samples, and such in a magnificent accompaniment of Beth Gibbons’s uniquely and eerily beautiful vocals.

One of the greatest aspects of PNYC is that it combines into one artistic statement the styles of Portishead’s two subtly distinct albums: 1997’s scary and richly cinematic eponymous opus, and 1994’s more passionately bare Dummy. Consequently, an abiding seamless cohesion occurs through the entire record — in particular, Portishead’s “Over” (huge and dark as a morbid death knell), the group sounds s bit more optimistic and ever-present guitar riffs. Her voice, belying a sense of desperation, is now less charged and more timid than on her previous albums. Even the cover art of Is This Desire? is testament to her stylistic shift.

Portishead appears simple and serene — a far cry from the To Bring You My Love cover, on which she wears a bright red dress and garish makeup. Harvey’s lyrics, as always, are deeply introspective and the violently enraged. Within this third-person viewpoint, Harvey has found a means of bringing depth to her expression. With songs devoted to the moon, the wind, and a river, she now expresses her emotional, as well as her spiritual musings: “Throw your pain in the river/To be washed away slow.” Though straightforward, the lyrics are amply suggestive enough to create a persuasive sense of mystery that adds to the aesthetic listening experience.

Despite all of these innovations, PJ Harvey manages to remain true to her rock ‘n’ roll roots. The sharp angsty still dominates many of the tracks on this album, and her emotionality is ever-present as on her previous records. Harvey is one of those artists in whom you have to immerse yourself — this is certainly not music to play for friends at a party. Few, if any, musicians today create music as charged as Harvey’s — so a word of caution to those of shallow musical tastes.

ABBAS HASAN

Polly Jean Harvey has never been one to avoid wearing her feelings on her sleeve. Her trademark delivery has always been one of unparalleled emotional intensity. On previous releases, such as the critically acclaimed To Bring You My Love and Rid of Me, she sings of love, loss, and betrayal in a manner that can only be described as haunting. PJ Harvey’s strength lies in her ability to transmit her emotional state succinctly and poignantly through her deep, wavering voice. In the past, that sensual delivery, backed by driving guitar, seems to underscore PJ Harvey’s aggressive sexuality.

On her fifth release, Is This Desire?, Harvey continues in that tradition, but like any good artist, she has shown signs of maturation and growth. Having completed a collaborative effort with Tricky — one of the progenitors of trip hop — Harvey delved into the depth and sophistication of her instrumentation. Ambient drum beats and the selective use of piano serve to mellow out the

street ratings guide: *****Planet of the Apes ******Ben Hur ******The Omega Man ******Soylent Green ******El Cid

EINSTURZENDE NEUBAUTEN

Ende Neu

Nothing/Interscope Records

On their seventh album, Ende Neu, Einsturzende Neubauten continue to further the development of their music. Since around 1980, Einsturzende Neubauten (which is German for “Collapsing New Buildings”) has tried to use music to convey their nihilistic view of life, creating dark, chaotic music intended to destroy the conventions of the pop genre. Using non-musical sources such as motors and sounds from nature and apocalyptic lyrics sung in German, the music lends more to the experimental realm. On this new release, the group sounds a bit more optimistic and at ease — or, at least, as much as Germans can be. This is challenging music, but well worth your time and attention.

BETH ORTON

Live at the Five Spot, 11/10/98

There’s a tendency to use words like “haunting” or “barefoot” when describing Beth Orton’s music. After all, unlike contemporary musicians do not even seem to have ever known.

JAY-Z

“Hard Knock Life”

Roc-A-Fella/Universal

Hip hop’s new great divide. In this corner: “Sampling‘ Annie” is retarded.” In the other corner: “It’s catchy and a lot more clever than sampling the ‘Night Court’ theme (see Cars’ ‘ opcode’).” We’re siding with the folks who like it. An infectiously likeable beat with catchy and a lot more clever than sampling the ‘Night Court’ theme (see Cars’ ‘ opcode’).” We’re siding with the folks who like it. An infectiously likeable beat with catchy and a lot more clever than sampling the ‘Night Court’ theme (see Cars’ ‘ opcode’).” We’re siding with the folks who like it. An infectiously likeable beat with catchy and a lot more clever than sampling the ‘Night Court’ theme (see Cars’ ‘ opcode’).” We’re siding with the folks who like it. An infectiously likeable beat with catchy

THE INTERPRETERS

Back in the USSA (Reissue)

BMG Records

Release? Reissue? All five suburban punk bands of the band’s debut release will be happy to know that the reissue is just as terrible and unnecessary as the original album. Back in the day (1995) the Interpreters were playing small clubs in the Jersey Pine Barrens and opening for my friends’ lame high school bands. Three years and three shaky black turban-ties later, the Interpreters’ Black in the USSA features the same lame songs and pretentious lyrics and the same pretentious songs and lame lyrics. Back from their tour with some industrial but dog, (now defunct — according to Interpreters’ singer Hereshel Gaer — because they realized they could never be as good as the, ahem, Interpreters have been spending their time lounging on overpriced white leather couches, drinking Stoli, and trying to hunt down the rest of their displaced British friend in South Jersey, Christ, what else can I say about this pretentious, unashamed wannabe?
Shockrave takes all those goofy Internet games and sticks them under one roof. Now you won’t have to waste time finding ways to waste time.

KEN MILLSTONE

Shockrave is a total waste of time. But then again, so is a large part of the Internet. And as total wastes of time go, it’s not bad.

The site features music, animation, and lots of games, all employing Shockwave—a streaming audio, video, and animation player. When you first visit the site, you will need to download Shockwave, which is quick and easy. You then have the option of visiting a slow-loading page to test the player, or proceeding directly to the Shockrave site. Don’t bother with the test page. And don’t bother with Shockrave unless you are prepared to spend hours absorbed in entertainment, but undeniably inane games and animations.

I started in the “What’s New” section by playing an animated luge game that purports to “challenge your timing and skills with a...
Thursday

KESWICK THEATER
Al Dimeola In Concert

Let’s make one thing clear: I don’t know that much about jazz. Still, I know who Al Dimeola is. Cousin to Peter’s Own (the infamous) Zeck.

I don’t have a live disc of Dimeola and McLaughlin, the second z in jazz. I have a live disc of Dimeola and McLaughlin, and seriously, it’s some def shit.

Those guys play Latin jazz so fast, and seriously. It’s some def shit. I know who Al DiMeola is. Cousin to Peter’s Own (the infamous) Zeck.

Friday

GEORGE’S 5TH STREET CAFE
Damn the Diva with Todd Young & his Rock Band

Don’t damn the diva, damn todd for not naming his fucking band. One of the best parts about having a band is naming it. To call it “his Rock Band” is like calling your radio show “the Radio Show”, which, as Jon Dickson explained to me, is neither funny nor clever.

Those guys play Latin jazz so fast, and seriously. It’s some def shit. I know who Al DiMeola is. Cousin to Peter’s Own (the infamous) Zeck.

Saturday

KESWICK THEATER
Jazz is Dead

I think it’s insulting to my intelligence for the Keswick theater to have Al Dimeola play at their establishment one night, and later in the week proclaim that Jazz is dead. I think people who lie outright in public are spineless, soulless cowards.

Those guys play Latin jazz so fast, and seriously. It’s some def shit. I know who Al DiMeola is. Cousin to Peter’s Own (the infamous) Zeck.

Sunday

TLA
DJ Spooky in Concert

Oh, I’m scared. You’re spooky. Oooh, ghosts and goblins. Nothing more. This guy is neither as spooky or funny or cool as Chris Rock’s New Jack City character: (spooky.) That was the dope shit.

That suggested defecation in all cases. I would try to use it for suntanned skin or tree bark and I’d end up with crapmen in a pooperpark. I’ve never really recovered from that frustration.

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Metallica in Concert
Okay, so Metallica isn't as catchy a name as Death, but they're still pretty good—maybe even the best. Here's an anecdote: One day at home on 84th and Broadway, near my house, I saw Lars Ulrich on the street. Instead of just asking for his autograph, I went up to him, told him that I recognized him, and introduced myself by name. We talked for about 20 seconds and parted our ways. The next night when I went to the theater I saw him again. I approached him and introduced myself by name. We talked for about 20 seconds and parted our ways. I said I don't know where it is; what are you gonna do, cry about it?

Wednesday
CAESAR'S CLUB & CASINO
The Village People in Concert
Come to Caesars for, catch this, a DISCO THANKSGIVING FEAST, with your friends the Village People. I think the Indian (in the Village People) got this gig for them. Bad joke. I can't imagine who would celebrate Thanksgiving at Caesars let alone with the Village People. One thing is for sure...there will be plenty of stuffing! Caesars Club and Casino, Atlantic City, NJ, (609) 343-2486.

if notimes
CINEMATIC 3 AT PENN
3225 Walnut, 222-5555
I Still Know What You Did Last Summer
Fri. 5:30, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00
Sat. 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00
Sun. 1:00, 3:00, 5:00, 7:00, 9:00, 11:00

TheCelebration
Fri.-Thurs. 12:30, 2:55, 5:20, 7:45, 10:10
Ritz Five
214 Walnut, 925-7900
Life Is Beautiful
Fri.-Thurs. 1:50, 3:45, 6:30, 7:30, 9:30
The Imposters
Fri.-Thurs. 12:00, 5:00, 10:00
Elizabeth
Fri.-Thurs. 12:25, 3:05, 5:00, 6:30, 7:15, 9:15, 10:00
The Inheritors
Fri.-Thurs. 1:30, 7:00
Happiness
Fri.-Thurs. 3:50, 9:25

Ritz at the Bourse
4th St. north of Chestnut, 925-7900
Celebrity
Fri.-Thurs. 11:50, 2:55, 5:00, 7:35, 10:10
American History X
Fri.-Thurs. 1:00, 3:50, 6:40, 9:30
Love In The Devil
Fri.-Thurs. 12:45, 3:00, 5:15, 7:30, 9:45
Velvet Goldmine

The Jewish Woman: A Light Unto Her Nation
A Pioneering One-Day Conference on November 22
Join hundreds of Jewish women— from all educational backgrounds and denominations— on a powerful one-day journey, featuring gifted women who have inspired Jews across the globe. Distinguished speakers include: Tziporah Heller from Israel, author of More Precious Than Pearls; Chana Kalansky, former Executive Director of the Women's Information Network (WIN) in Washington, D.C. and a formidable line-up of other noted scholars and professionals. Explore why many modern women are finding feminism fulfillment in the most unexpected of places: their own, Classical Judaism.

TOPICS TO INCLUDE:
• Divine Institution: A Jewish Woman's Gift
• The Jewish Woman: Enchanted or Exploited?
• The Secrecy of Jewish Feminism

Get the Details:
Join the discussion on November 22! Call 214 546-4628 for more information or to register for this exciting event!

For more information or to register, call ETZ CHAIN at (215) 546-6109

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Enemy of the State
Fri.-Sun. 1:00, 4:00, 7:00, 10:00
Mon.-Thurs. 1:10, 4:10, 7:10, 10:00

Tori Amos In Concert
Tuesday
SOMEBWHERE IN THIS CITY
Tori Amos In Concert

Fri.-Thurs. 1:30, 4:10, 8:50, 9:40

American History X
3925 Walnut, 222-5555

The Celebration
Fri.-Thurs. 12:30, 2:55, 5:20, 7:45, 10:10
Ritz Five
214 Walnut, 925-7900
Life Is Beautiful
Fri.-Thurs. 1:50, 3:45, 6:30, 7:30, 9:30
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For more information or to register, call ETZ CHAIN at (215) 546-TORA (8672)

Check payable to the Eta Chaim Center • 202 S. 10th Street, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102
Founded in part by Jewish Federation of Greater Philadelphia, in cooperation with Penn Hillel
Skippy

Our friend Skippy has been continuing on in his stupid drunken ways. He's added a new facet to his fun stuff, though. Instead of being just a goofball who prances around like a 6'4" crack fiend, he now tries to be all intellectual and stuff.

Like last week, we were hanging out shuffling mixed drinks, and Skippy lays into me with his theory on the etymology of the word "kid" as a greeting, as in, "What's up, kid?" Skippy says this a lot, and it doesn't get annoying until he starts spouting this idiotic theory.

Having a feeling that he was going to say something quote-worthy, I luckily had a tape recorder on me, and was able to get a word-for-word transcription of his postulations. So off we go into the netherworlds of Skippy's brain...

"Ok. Captain. so a couple years ago, no one ever said 'kid.' Then, circa 1990, way before anyone knew about Telly or Casper or that girl with the HIV. Rufus came out with Rufacentric. Rufus with the Lid Off. You know the line, 'Check the rhyme. kid!' That was the first instance of kid. And people have been saying it ever since. Especially me, kid.

I'll leave it up to you to find all the horrible inaccuracies in Skippy's theory. (Hint: it might make sense if you replace "Rufus" with "Lucas," and if you realize that Telly, et al., were in that horrible movie about skate rats in New York.) Anyway you look at it, Skippy is a big silly guy who makes little sense when he drinks, even less than when he's sober. I will say this in his defense, though. House of Pain had a really good sound on the Judgment Night soundtrack with a chorus that went, "You're just another victim, kid!" Wait, does nothing to defend him. "Lucas with the Lid Off" came out in 1994, and "Just Another Victim" came out in '93. So all it does is further refute his theory. Oh well. Don't tell him, because he put a lot of time into this theory. Almost as much time as we spend on an OPIM project. What a loser.

The Quaker

Penn's very own mascot is a close personal friend of Capt. Wacky. He was really excited that the football team did so well this year. However, coming into last weekend's game against Harvard, the Quaker was really scared. All the crazy things that the police were saying about arresting people who would run on the field and tear down the goalposts had the Quaker very nervous. He was even losing sleep. You see, kids, even though the Quaker has a big head, he's not very bright. He thought that Maureen Rush would get confused and arrest him because he was a student on the field. "I was afraid to get tear-gassed by the Po-Po," he told Capt. Wacky. One time he was walking home from a party and a Penn Security Guard told him, "If you're not 21, get rid of that beer!" The Quaker wet his bed for a week, so he was so rattled. That, and he has an enormous bladder problem.

Anyway, after I convinced him that he wouldn't be getting arrested, the Quaker was still apprehensive. He was afraid that if the Penn fans charged the field, and couldn't get to the goalposts, that they would instead decide to throw him into the Schuylkill River, puffy head and all. I told him that this was a more realistic fear, and that he should be afraid. So at the game, when faced with 15,000 crazy Penn fans, including Spencer "I don't surf but I tell girls I do-and I was almost-banned-from-entering-the-game-for insulting the intelligence of Penn Security" by trying to sneak alcohol into Franklin Field, according to some guy, the Quaker did the only logical thing: with 30 seconds left in the game, he ran like a little girl and hid in an alcove surrounded by a phalanx of SpectaGuards. Later that night, some people called him a wuss, but he was happy that he wasn't thrown into the River, since he probably would have died, and no one likes Championship Related Mascot Deaths. And anyway, some big huge enormous Football type guy named Snatch or Hatch or something gave him a high-five at a party that night, so it was all worth it in the end.

Dre

Kids, I don't make this stuff up. I swear these people must seek Captain Wacky out at parties and stuff, because I come across a lot of weirdos. This guy is no exception. I was just minding my business one Thursday night at a party at Delta Upsilon, wondering why no frats on campus have any cool Greek letters in them, like Omicron or Iota, and this big stoned dude with dreadlocks comes up to me, and says, "What up, I'm Dre." Since Capt. Wacky is always courteous to his fellow man, we exchanged pleasantries, and I thought that would be that. No such luck. Dre proceeded to ask me to get high with him, or at least that's what I gathered from him shouting, "SMOKE BUUUUUD!"

Never one to poison my body with such things, (in case my Mom or professors read this) I passed on his offer. Dre kept talking to me though, and again, I had my trusty tape recorder, so here's the transcript...

Dre: I'm a fifth year freshman. Ask your roommates. You don't know no fifth-year freshmen.

Capt. Wacky: How many credits do you need to graduate?

Dr: Five.

CW: How many do you have?

Dr: Four. I need one more to become a sophomore.

CW: Are you going to graduate when you're 37?

Dr: No man, I don't even go here!

CW: Huh? Where do you go?

Dr: Clarion. It's like, just north of Pittsburgh. I'm a Music Education major. Yeah, you think Penn's ex*pensive?

CW: Why, is Clarion a lot?

Dr: What? No, nothing like Penn. You guys get screwed!

CW: All right, dude, you make no sense. I'm going over there.

Dr: Smoke Bud!!

So there you have it, kids. These are just some of the people who pester Captain Wacky every day. And no, he knows nothing about that empty bottle of Olde English 800 that someone left by the computer in the 34th Street offices. And have a great Thanksgiving! Captain Wacky loves turkey! And he loves maize! And cranberry sauce! Yay for Squanto!
PHILLY ROCK CITY

Are you ready to rock, Philadelphia? Because the world's most overblown rock and roll spectacle is coming your way! The flaming guitars... the blaring lights... the screaming tongues...

Either Hootie and the Blowfish have finally discovered rock and roll, or Kiss has got their act together. But don't expect too much. The music may be loud, but the words are clear. "We're not planners, we're just the funkiest bunch of ol' dorks love, "

Georges Clinton & the P-Funk All Stars Concert
November 25, 9 p.m.
Electric Factory
7th & Willow Streets

What's scarier, Gene Simmons' tongue or Gene Simmons' Satan-ic boots? How about Option C: The fact that Give Me Five this week is devoted to this cheesy-ass band?

KISS Concert
November 19, 8 p.m.
First Union Center
3601 Market St.
Price $35

Who loves porno? Hey, who doesn't? That's what the kids over at Fetishes Boutique said when they thought up Diabolique II: Fetish Masquerade Ball. This cosmic event of whispers, chains, and everything else dirty wowed Philadelphia last year, and this year's event is sure to be a success as well. Taking place this year at Club Egypt on Delaware Ave., Diabolique II is a night on the town for any transvestite, exhibitionist, or sadomasochist who loves to dominate, submit, or just get freak ass nasty in general. The club will have separate stations for dancing, drinking, socializing, and "playing," and all profits of the event will go to support the National Foundation for Children with AIDS. So be smutty with someone you do or do not know this Thursday night, because it's all in the name of charity. And just think how I wasted all those years on the Multiple Sclerosis Read-A-Thon...

MORE PORN, PLEASE

Madden NFL '98 & NBA Live World Championship
Computer Game Exhibition
November 21 & 22
South Jersey Expo Center
Pennsauken NJ

Penn Jazz Ensemble Concert
November 22, 8 p.m.
Kimmel Center
Philadelphia PA
Price $26

Penn Jazz wants to revamp their Image post-Ginger, gmn, but The Spice Girls needed to revamp their Image as well. They're coming back to the city with their syncopated, freshly fried funk, and if you can not heed their mighty call, then you best be goin' back to Wyoming with the rest of the suckers.

JOSH CAN JAZZ

The man, the myth, the legend: Josh Headl. Raised by wild wolves in the hills of Wyoming, Josh communicated to his lupine elders through a strange tubed device that he called "bahaha." When he was discovered by National Geographic in 1981, the first thing the spellbound explorers could say was, "Good God, what is that stuff running down his nose!" Their second exclamation was, "Man, can he wail on that trombone-like instrument!?" And thus a genius was born. Seventeen years later, Josh is part of the Penn Jazz Ensemble, a group of jazzateers ruffians who want to cut loose with some hep jives that are totally fab real. Also appearing at this show of shows will be the Counterparts, Penn Jazz director Louis Spagnola, and the 1977 San Francisco 49ers. Penn Jazz wants to revolve your soul with their syncopation and freshly fried funk; and if you can not heed their mighty call, then you best be goin' back to Wyoming with the rest of the suckers.


What's more fun than being home, but why not play with this star rock and roll all night and perchance even drumming ol drummers and the snappier Sahara. KISS is still here with us, ready to kick some ass and more action figures than grains of sand in the...