Sources say Neurology Chairperson Robert Barchi will be named Penn's next chief academic officer.

written by Edward Shervin
Reported by Yolanda Deppa, Michael Wagner and Edward Shervin

After an 8-month national search, Neurology and Neuromuscular Department Chairperson Robert Barchi will be named the University's new provost today, sources close to the faculty and student community confirmed yesterday. The announcement caps off months of controversial speculation and rumors about who would replace former Provost Stanley Chodorow. Although officials have been maintaining a code of anonymity on the condition that the successor would be named the University's new chief academic officer.

"Barchi is the man," one source familiar with the committee's deliberations said yesterday. Barchi has been at Penn since earning his doctorate in pathology in 1987, and is widely seen as a strong-willed, dynamic leader with well honed organizational skills. But despite having a strong academic reputation, some undergraduates fear Barchi's tenure as chief academic officer would be named the University's new provost yesterday, sources close to the faculty and student community confirmed yesterday. The announcement caps off months of controversial speculation and rumors about who would replace former Provost Stanley Chodorow. Although officials have been maintaining a code of anonymity on the condition that the successor would be named the University's new chief academic officer.

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**NEWS**

Tuesday, December 3, 1996

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**By Andrew Ritter and Harrison Davidson**

The trial of a West Philadelphia man accused of shooting a College student in the abdomen on the first Sunday in March, which the defendant as its prime piece of evidence.

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SAC votes not to recall funding

By Erin Johnson
The Daily Pennsylvanian

Following a recommendation by its Executive Board, the Student Activity Committee's general body— the largest student organization on campus— voted to rescind its vote to recall funding to the Pan-Africanist Student Association. A motion to rescind the vote was put forth at SAC's regular meeting Wednesdays at 6:30 p.m. in the Engineering Center. SAC president Michael Cooper said the motion was necessary because SAC's original decision was made with little knowledge of the sanctions the University was planning to impose on the group.

Under federal and University guidelines, SAC—a non-profit group funded by Penn— must seek out funds to advocate for legislation or to engage in political activity, candidates or offices elected. But the final vote upheld the recommendation to rescind the funding authorized by the Executive Board at a special meeting last Monday night. In an official statement, the board said that SAC's attempt to restrict PAN's right to free speech was an "error in judgment." According to the statement, the board had been told of the sanctions but had not been told that PAN had violated any of its guidelines. SAC chairman Katie Cooper said the board had made a "simple, but major, error." She said the decision was made with "little knowledge" of the sanctions that had been imposed.

Two weeks ago, PAN members were denied permission to speak at the rally because they were violating a University policy on free speech. SAC had voted to recall funding for PAN after PAN members refused to receive the permission to speak, the board said.

A PAN representative asked that PAN's funding be reinstated, and the board voted unanimously to reinstate the funding. SAC chairman Katie Cooper said the board had made a "simple, but major, error." She said the decision was made with "little knowledge" of the sanctions that had been imposed.
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Robert Barchi expected to be named as next provost

PROVOST from page 1

Joseph's Preparatory School.

"He's highly experienced, he's smart; he's thoughtful and he's a great thinker," said Medical School Dean William Kelley, who also is the chief executive officer of PennHealth System and oversees both the clinical and academic aspects of Barchi's departments. "Bob Barchi will be wonderful for the job.

"Bob Barchi will be wonderful for the job."

William Kelley Medical School Dean

Barchi's imminent appointment caps off a long and at times harrowing year for the 16-member provost search committee.

In June, the search committee sent out a list of four external candidates for the position, several sources said. But the panel reconvened in September after one of the candidates dropped out and there were reasons to believe he'd be able to make the adjustment successfully. "I'm just not at all concerned about that," said Law School Dean Colin Diver who is also the chief executive officer of Penn's health system. "He's very well-organized and has strengths to the table. He's a clear thinker, very well-organized and has a great understanding of the issues affecting the University."

"Bob Barchi will be wonderful for the job."

William Kelley Medical School Dean

In terms of the academic aspects of Barchi's departments, "Bob Barchi will be wonderful for the job."

Law School Dean Colin Diver said that several deans had approached him about the vacant provostship, but Barchi's lack of liberal arts or undergraduate experience would affect the University. "She's the author of more than a hundred published scholarly papers, and is a member of numerous professional and scientific organizations."

Barchi has held a variety of positions at Penn, including a stint as a professor of the Medical School, and has served on a number of University committees, including chairing a task force charged with creating a new interdisciplinary program in cognitive neuroscience.

Barchi's appointment comes at a time of rapid administrative transition at the University.

New deans for the School of Arts and Sciences and the College of Engineering and Applied Sciences were named in January, although these other top posts remain open. The deanship of the School of Engineering and Applied Science has been vacant since May, when former Dean Gregory Fair left to assume the presidency of Lehigh University. Additionally, a task force charged with ensuring the academic goals of Rodin's Agenda for Excellence

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PENN PERFORMS

Countertenors Dec. 4, 8pm Medical School / Dupont Auditorium Full Measure Dec. 4, 8pm U. Museum / Rainey Auditorium Love and Other Natural Disasters Dec. 3, 8pm (Penny Singers) Iron Gate Theater, 37th & Chestnut Lisa Together Teeth Apart Dec. 3, 8pm (Quadrants) Annenberg Center / Prince Theater

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The campus community would benefit from open communication with the University.

Over the past few years, top Pennsylvania administrators and the University community have been working to improve the relationship between the two.

Making the move to University City

I recently had the opportunity to talk to some of my friends about their experiences at University City and how they feel about the transition. Many of them mentioned that they have enjoyed living in University City because it is a smaller, more manageable neighborhood where they can get to know their neighbors and feel like they are part of a community. However, some students expressed concerns about the lack of diversity in the area and the high cost of living. Overall, they seemed to appreciate the opportunity to live in a new and exciting location.

In conclusion, the move to University City has been a positive experience for many students. It has allowed them to live in a more vibrant and diverse community and has given them a chance to get involved in local politics and advocacy. While there are certainly challenges to living in a new neighborhood, the benefits of being part of a community that is working towards a common goal are clear.

When Penn stops being polite and starts getting real

I remember being a first-year student at Penn and being thrilled to be attending a university that was known for its academic excellence and social activism. However, as I have grown older and more experienced, I have come to realize that there are many aspects of university life that are not as positive as they first appear. One such aspect is the way that administrators and politicians often try to maintain a facade of politeness and respectability, even when they know that their actions are harmful or unjust.

For example, when the university administration decided to cut funding for a popular student magazine, they did so without consulting the students or explaining the rationale behind their decision. This was done in an attempt to maintain a facade of respectability, even though the students and faculty were aware of the decision and were angry about it.

Another example is the way that Penn's athletic department treats its student-athletes. While the university claims to be committed to providing its student-athletes with a balanced education and a competitive environment, the reality is that many of the athletes are overworked and underpaid. The university administration is aware of these issues, but chooses to maintain a facade of respectability in order to maintain its reputation as a top-tier university.

In conclusion, while it is important to maintain a facade of respectability and politeness, it is also important to be honest and transparent about the negative aspects of university life. By doing so, we can work towards creating a more just and equitable environment for all students and faculty.

A thought from you to me

I'm not sure what to say to you about your situation. I've been thinking about it a lot, and I can't really come up with anything useful. I feel like I don't have anything to offer. I'm not sure what to do. I feel like I'm just standing here, watching the world go by, and I can't do anything about it.

But I do have something that I want to say to you. I want you to know that I'm here for you, and I'm here to listen. I want you to know that you're not alone, and that there are people who care about you.

I'm not sure if this will help, but I want you to know that I'm thinking about you and that I care about you. I hope that this message will be a source of comfort to you, even though it doesn't solve anything. I hope that you can find some solace in knowing that you're not alone.

I don't know what to say, but I do care. I want you to know that you're not alone, and that I'm here for you.
Believing that they were not being treated fairly by the University's judicial system, a few students, one after the other, will stand up. Across the spectrum, and of students, one after the other, will stand up and say this isn’t the way it’s supposed to be. Administrators and faculty will stand up and say this isn’t the way it’s supposed to be. Hackney’s presidency, including the tenure, pointing out that the president of the University is privileged from getting involved in an ongoing student disciplinary matter. “During the spring of 1991, I was not in a position to intervene in judicial procedures,” Hackney said. “Students see free to bring charges. The court is a reaction to those charges. I think I felt required to do,” "Often Penn officials performed as indifferent light by Kors and Silverglate, refusing to ignore the work. “I haven’t read it and I don’t intend to read it,” said Read. said. Hackney, who would not comment on specific cases, said, "One of the things which she advised Jacobowitz, was to read it. The public perceived that Penn is no worse than other schools in the United States and Canada. Kors and Silverglate — self described rightwing libertarian who wrote of an American flag by Communication Professor Carolyn Marvin and the racially motivated desecrating of a white student by members of the Psi Upsilon fraternity in 1990. "The public perceived that Penn was unique, that Penn was somehow different, and that wasn’t true,” he said. "Penn was apathetic, what was happening systematically in American universities, is a problem that it was not left under public scrutiny.” "At Penn, things are more improved than at 90 percent of the campuses in this country,” he added.

Want more out of college life than classes and parties next semester? Work as a Sales Representative for The Daily Pennsylvanian and start your resume and job experience for your future.

"Both investment banks and consulting firms where I interviewed were impressed by the experience I gained while working at The Daily Pennsylvanian. For me, this meant more interviews and job offers than I could handle and a job at McKinsey & Company. As Business Manager of The Daily Pennsylvanian, I learned a great deal about teamwork, motivation, and leadership. There is no course in Wharton that can teach you confidence of student disciplinary proceedings. In such cases, Silverglate said he provided pro bono legal advice while working on a few cases on his own. Recently, the two civil libertarians said they had not noticed a growing trend towards suppression of free speech. "About 15 years ago, we realized that the kinds of charges students faced were beginning to change content, not the manner of speech,” Silverglate said. "We found cases coming not just from minority groups but from all sides and that wasn’t always true.” he said. "Penn was apathetic, what was happening systematically in American universities, is a problem that it was not left under public scrutiny.” "At Penn, things are more improved than at 90 percent of the campuses in this country,” he added.

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As the semester winds down and the final hurdle of exams awaits, the last thing you may be concerned about is next semester, let alone life after college. But if you think you’ll need more than a Penn diploma to get a good job after graduation, then consider a job next semester as a Sales Representative for The Daily Pennsylvanian, Penn’s independent student-run newspaper.

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The Daily Pennsylvanian
Israel puts troop withdrawals on hold

After a soldier was beaten by Palestinian youths, Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu said in a statement that he would conduct a military inquiry into the beating and other recent incidents involving Palestinian youths, which he said had been "tended to." Netanyahu said he had ordered the military to work "professionally and respectfully" to bring to justice those responsible for the attacks.

Former Agriculture Secretary Mike Espy was found not guilty of charges that he accepted illegal gifts. The jury in the Espy case was deadlocked on charges related to Espy's role in a 1997-98 land swap, but it convicted Espy on one count of conspiracy to commit fraud.

Members of the Israeli cabinet approved a visit to Israel's northern border with Lebanon yesterday. The cabinet members were accompanying Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu to visit an army base along the border. Netanyahu vowed to retain Israeli troops in southern Lebanon "whatever the cost" until Israel permanently guarantees its borders with a northern state.

Former choir member acquitted in corruption case

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JUDGES RULE JUSTICE DEPT. MUST TURN OVER MUNGAN

White House lawyers also accepted an invitation to appear before the House Judiciary committee.

WASHINGTON—House impeachment proceedings will move forward Thursday, Dec. 3, 1998, with a court order issued yesterday that Congress has the power to compel the executive branch to turn over documents.

President Clinton’s lawyers contended the president does not have to obey a request for documents or a subpoena to appear before the full House.

The White House legal team ac-
cepted an invitation from the com-
mittee to make a defense before the
jury on Tuesday and possibly even
receive privileged materials. The de-
fense would be able to review the
motions to seek the senator’s de-
scription of alleged fundraising abuses in
1995 and 1996.

White House lawyers representing the presi-
dent, including White House Counsel Charles LaBella, mem-
ber of the House Judiciary Committee’s majority counsel team,
did not object to the order.

The House Judiciary Committee has deliberated the...
By Invisible Texter

The Penn swimming team had already beaten Swarthmore before the start of the conference. "I was more interested in Penn," said Larry Gilbert. "I think we're better prepared for the upcoming season." The Quakers were able to have their second straight win. "I think we're getting the hang of things," Gilbert said. The Penn senior finished first in the 100 meter breaststroke and second in the 200 breaststroke.

"It's a little different," Gilbert said. "When you come off the pool and you're not used to swimming competitively, you get a confidence boost." After losing two straight meets to Princeton and Penn finished first and second in both races, and also had a

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**Lehigh looks to capitalize on its veteran leadership**

**M. BASKETBALL** from page 14

Concentrated on the last five days in practice, Bubba "Brett" Mentesana creates for the team. The Quakers have to turn their attention to the Ivy League, which has proven itself as a difficult conference.

Lehigh's third-round victory over Cornell was not easy, as they needed overtime to secure a win. Brett has missed a lot of practices lately and has not been 100 percent healthy. This weekend, Lehigh will face Penn and Brown.

M. Swimming takes top three spots in most races

**M. SWIMMING** from page 14

``If we win the game, and hopefully even the conference, we'll have a shot beyond the arc, as it has a strong defensive team. They have been dominating the conference and are one of the top teams in the nation.``

``The Chicago Bears have been doing well lately, averaging 20 points per game. In the last five games, the team has scored over 25 points. They are a strong team with depth and good quality at the top.""
### Standings and Results

#### National Hockey League

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<th>Team</th>
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#### National Football League

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<td>Miami Dolphins</td>
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### NBA Games

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<td>Phoenix Suns</td>
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### College Basketball Scores

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<td>Virginia</td>
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<td>2</td>
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<tr>
<td>Virginia Tech</td>
<td>12</td>
<td>3</td>
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### NBA Payoffs

The bankruptcy of the Pittsburgh Penguins paid their play this week with $2 million to the bankrupt 
Cittsburgh Penguins paid their play 

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**NBA College Basketball Recap**

### Duke hangs on to beat Michigan State

Duke, the No. 1 team in the country, beat Michigan State, 71-68, Saturday in East Lansing.

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**NCAA BASKETBALL RECAPS**

**No. 23 UCLA 109, Delaware State 67**

**Los Angeles —** Bruins Davis, the heart and soul of UCLA's America 1996 season, scored 25 points in UCLA's 109-67 victory over Delaware State.

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**Chicago**

** educate, opp, merit.**
Allen’s double-double can’t save W. Hoops from loss

Penn forward Jessica Allen scored 12 points and pulled down 12 rebounds, but her team lost to Lehigh, 71-62.

By Katie Goldhaber

A nine-point deficit doesn’t really seem insurmountable. After all, is the world of college basketball you just need a few three-pointers and you’re back in the contest. Well, that’s what you thought in a pivotal 1-02-12, looking for that scoring spark that could cut into that nine-point deficit, losing 71-62 to the Engineers at Lakeview down.

Welcome to last night’s scene for the Penn women’s basketball team. With under 10-minutes remaining in their game against Lehigh, the Quakers found themselves down 64-52 with junior guard Gladiator with their feet. Paul trouble-ravaged Penn’s usually tenacious defense. And just like that, Allen’s seemingly unassailable lead had been cut into that nine-point deficit, losing 71-62 to the Engineers at Lakeview down.

According to Penn coach Julie Severe, Allen started playing the way toward this preseason early in the second half when they could have multiple scoring opportunities.

**W. Basketball**

**LEHIGH**

62 71

"We missed a lot of early shots that could have made a big difference in our game," Severe said. "I think they did a good job of controlling the tempo of the game and getting us into foul trouble."

Despite the loss, Severe was pleased with the team’s defensive effort.

"I think they did a good job of controlling the tempo of the game and getting us into foul trouble," Severe said. "I think we were more focused defensively in the second half and were able to limit Lehigh’s scoring ability."
An Offer You Can't Refuse

Need a job? Enjoy drugs, sex and guns? Join the Mob 'cause crime pays.

DAVID MIN

Ahhh...winter. Chilling temperatures, a dearth of people on the Green, suit-clad Whitman soldiers marching down the Walk, to battle the forces of inefficient markets. I don't know about you, but these happenings all combine to remind me of death.

And speaking of people in suits and death, I think that the University and its graduating seniors should form closer ties with the Mob. As a former intern (who, incidentally, didn't sleep with the President), I am here to tell you about all the great opportunities that this firm offers. Do you have a finance degree but can't find a job in investment banking? We have openings in money laundering and other financial areas. You're a history major and firms just aren't interested? Come join the John Gotti Stratification Services division, where you'll get to put your Machiavellian studies to good use. An ex-football player but not good enough for the NFL? Oh boy, have we got jobs for you, in the exciting fields of Facial Reengineering and Body Disposal Management.

Illegal activities are what the Mob excels in, and illegal activity is a high-growth, high-yield, high-potential industry with unmatched compensation packages. Our salaries are unbeatable and our performance bonuses are unbelievable. For example, while bankers and lawyers are paying through the nose for drugs, our standard benefits package includes the best narcotics available. And, as an added benefit, when you work for the Mob, you don't pay any taxes.

But, you say, if the Mob is such a great place to work, why haven't I heard about these jobs before? Because unlike other firms, the Mob avoids publicity. It doesn't advertise and is very discreet. But don't let that fool you. The Mafia has a track record that McKinsey and Goldman Sachs would die for (and in fact, some of their partners may have done just that). The Mob, or Mafia, as it is also known, is a multibillion dollar partnership with core competencies in pharmaceuticals, financial consulting, gambling, and financial engineering. To these and other industries, the Mob has a virtual monopoly in the United States. Quite literally, it blows away its competition.

But a lot of people think that they can't join this great family because they're not Italian men with bad hygienic habits. We're not even looking for people with other financial skills. Well, I'm here to reassure you that this is no longer the case. Forget what you've heard about the Mob's hiring practices. It's the '60s, folks, and the Mafia is catching up with the rest of the world. If you're talented and motivated, we will hire you, regardless of your race, creed, or gender. The only discrimination we engage in is against the law-abiding (i.e., Mormons).

And if you're looking to network, there's no better place. Our client list includes Congress (all of it — don't kid yourselves), Hollywood and Jesse "the Body" Ventura, to name a few. If you join the Mob, you will meet and work with famous and influential individuals.

Case Study

The year is 1963, and you have been brought in to advise Mr. Gianconne, the current acting chief executive of the Mafia, on changing the company's strategic direction. Recently, the firm's market position has been undermined, and you have been asked to help Mr. Gianconne turn things around.

First, a recent joint venture with the Central Intelligence Agency to execute a hostile takeover of Cuba failed miserably, decimating the previously operational relationship between the CIA and the Mob.

Adding to Mr. Gianconne's problems is the sudden shift in direction by the President. In past years, the President would have offered to work together with the Mafia. Theirs had been a symbiotic relationship, as Mr. Gianconne provided the President with drugs and sex, while the President gave the Mafia strategic support and infrastructure. However, in recent months, this alliance has soured, as the President has apparently undergone a shift in attitude. The FBI has begun to disrupt business operations, and the Mob has been hit hard by the recent news.

However, Mr. Gianconne's immediate concern is a proposal made to him by a group of Texas businessmen, who have offered to work together with the Mafia to "remove the President." What he's looking for is advice on the wisdom of entering the "Political Reformation" movement. A few questions to consider:

1) What cost considerations are there, as well as likely benefits?
2) What are the barriers to entry?
3) Is this a sustainable industry?
4) Is there competition?

from the editor

The lesson I learned from this week's issue of Street is never plan ahead. Several cover stories for this week's issue fell through, and what happened? We came up with what will probably be — if not the issue of Street with the most journalistic integrity — at least the most-read issue.

That's right: This is the seat of your pants. Unless, of course, you're not wearing any.

Which was the case of all the lovely ladies who made our feature story this week possible. Not to mention the lovely ladies who wrote and edited it, of course. And no Dinen, that doesn't mean I'm forgetting you.

I never used to be a big fan of nudity. My own, I mean. And there still aren't but a well-chosen handful who can claim to have seen me in such a state. And there's only one of this state anywhere. Damn.

Nevertheless, I've come to terms with nudity. Sure, the stress of running this magazine coupled with the stress of school and certain other external stresses has caused me to lose two inches from my waistline, but Hell, until recently, I couldn't really prove to anyone that I had ribs. Last sounds too self-deprecating, let me assure you, that I am comfortable with my naked self. I prefer the nudity of others, but I couldn't not be the type who wants to pay to see it.

But if there's anyone out there who wants to pay to see me naked, I suppose I'd consider offers. I don't know exactly what my price is, but try me.

If I like you enough, I may not even charge. Maybe I'll just ask for reciprocation.

Anyone up for a game of strip poker? I promise the photos won't end up in Street. (Told ya, "Chris").

Next week, my tyrannical reign here comes to an end with a thematic issue, as is traditional. I'll leave the theme itself as a surprise. But look for the fun next week.

Love and pasties.

Kevin Lemon, Naked, stored and stashed

Matthew Snyder, Naked Truth

Julie Borealis, Naked Truth

Jamie Feldman, Secrets & Lies

David Scott, Naked as the day I was born

Brian Cross, Naked Lunch

Kate Lee, Just naked on the floor

Zach Miller, Buck Naked

Paul Manion, Naked Guy

Alex Ling, There's a place in France

Deanne Tan, Where the naked ladies dance

The Naked and the Dead

Derek Sorensen, Daniel Fienberg, Mark Glassman

Naked Baby Pictures: David Min, Thomas Schmit, Jeff Adler, Careen Ahran, Elizabeth L, Silver, Jo Plaza, Jack Schwenker, Jason Biren, Adam Snow, Naked Guy

Contacting: 34th Street: If you have questions, comments, complaints, or letters to the editor, email street@daily PENNPHILO.com. You can also call us at 215-255-6055. To place an ad, call 215-536-3211. Visit our web site: http://www.daily PENNPHILO.com/Street.

"If there's a hint of dick, it's not running."

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Cover photos by Jennifer Ander and Karen You

Cover model: Catherine Lacey
Jaywalking caught in the act

If there is one thing that for sure, it is that there's a right way and a wrong way to do things in the world of style. I do feel inclined to write you all off as a bunch of lame-ass, still-have-a-card-charging tools. Sure, it is that there's a right way and a wrong way to do things in the world of style. I do feel inclined to write you all off as a bunch of lame-ass. Still have a dad's-gold-card-charging tools. It has come to my attention when I first met my roommate, I knew it was going to be a long year.

For a hefty fee of $600. Was it worth it? Was it a fashion statement? Perhaps we should call it a "bank statement"? Lesson No. 1: you don't have to have big bucks to look good. Apparently, you have to pay big bucks to look like Joseph (of "and the Technicolor Dreamcoat" fame), but not to look like a fox. These two bench-sitters, on the other hand, know where it's at. They are the consummate expression of (what is that word) something (fond of us ing?). Oh right. "Chill." These two fashion plates know how to work it with the thrift stores. What makes them look even better is that they are confident in the fact that their clothes shopping is cheap, quick, and easy... kind of like their mothers.

I've also been doing a little bird watching as of late. Let's just say it's been a real hoot. Yeah you know what I'm saying, those nocturnal creatures we love to hate. And believe you me, unlike their feathered friends, these boys are no headturners. I first spotted are friend over here at a Siegfried and Roy lookalike contest. Since then I have had my lens, uh, I mean, eye on him. His upturned collar and perma-smirk give me the impression that he is trying to go for the quasi-Euro look. This classy schtick isn't working, and to tell you the truth, he has a conning demeanor. I think he is going for the International Man of Mystery look, in which case I draw your attention to these two cads. They, on the other hand, do "sketchy dude" the correct way. I would even go as far to say that the boy to the right wrote the book on shady and questionable maneuvers. Perhaps it would do him well to get some lessons from his fellow low hooter in the leather Driving Moccasins. Remember men: Section 1, paragraph 3 of the Eurotrash charter says: "Thou shalt not wear socks." I think it is right after the "must wear nauseating amounts of cologne" clause...

To conclude this tutorial of sorts I choose to pose the philosophical conundrum that has reared its ugly head: the campus is seriously lacking in style, and apparently my weeks of chiding have only worsened the problem. I mean, really, there is something rotten in the state of Denmark when I am actually sort of condoning leather mocassins on grown men.

What happened to your sassy? I expect to see some improvements in the near future. Or once again I will be left to write inanely on the content of your closet and not your character. I am left only reminded of what my mom always says: "Yo, Penn kids can't dress for shit, and your father is an alcoholic." Uh, disregard the part about my father.
**Big Will v. Big Brother**

Washington goes after Mr. Smith in *Enemy of the State.*

**David Scott**

This past weekend, an announcer at the Meadowlands mentioned that the northeastern part of the country is experiencing a "Native American Summer." Absurd political correctness aside, he is correct in his assessment; the weather was unseasonably warm this November. Meanwhile, mild temperatures have not only fooled the birds and foliage into hanging around longer than normal, it seems a few Hollywood executives may have gotten confused as well. How else can one explain the late autumn release of *Tony Scott's Enemy of the State?* With a summer film pedigree that includes director Scott (Top Gun, Crimson Tide), producer Jerry Bruckheimer (Armageddon, Con Air, The Rock), and star Will Smith, the film is a stark contrast to the mass of children's films and offshore comedies that have been inundating the screen over the past couple weeks. This alone is a good thing. The fact that the movie is one of the most entertaining action films of the year makes it even better.

Robert Clayton Dean (Smith) is a young Washington D.C. lawyer who, early in *Enemy of the State,* walks into a lingerie store to pick up something special for his wife (Regina King). There he runs into Daniel Vazitis (Jason Lee), an old college friend who, unbeknownst to Dean, slips a portable disk player into his shopping bag. Minutes later, Vazitis, on a bicycle, is introduced to the radiator of a speeding bus. While Dean sees this merely as a senseless traffic accident, the audience knows better. Vazitis is fleeing from agents of the National Security Agency who hoped both to silence Vazitis (mission accomplished) and to retrieve the contents of the aforementioned disk, which contains footage of an NSA team murdering a prominent senator. While Dean fails to realize that he is in possession of the disk, the NSA does and proceeds to bug his home and clothing, vandalize his house, cancel his credit cards, and chase him all around the greater metropolitan area.

The story of an innocent man being pursued by the government is nothing original, but the film lessens this shortcoming by creating characters and situations that do not necessarily coincide with the audience's expectations. In addition, Scott keeps the movie moving at a brisk enough pace that both Dean and the audience are thrown into more impending doom before it is possible to contemplate the logic of the previous scenario.

The role of Dean is hardly a challenging one for Smith, the character is similar to his previous creations sans wisecracks, but what *Enemy of the State* does show is his ability to carry a film on his own. Despite sharing top billing with Gene Hackman, this (unlike *Independence Day, Men in Black, or Bad Boys*) is Smith's film. Hackman is always good, and this film is no exception, but like Jack Nicholson he seems to be playing the same character over and over again. The rest of the supporting cast is filled with many of the more recognizable young actors working today including Lee (Chasing Amy), King (Jerry Maguire), Kennedy (the movie need from Scream), Seth Green (Scream Evil in Austin Powers), and Jake Busey (Starship Troopers).

Though the film is undoubtedly entertaining and often clever, it is also leaves little impact. It is the kind of film you quickly forget, but that you nevertheless enjoyed. In other words, it's a summer film. And what better time for a summer film than in the animation infested weeks of early December.

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**The Other Bug Movie**

No Woody Allen, but it's good anyway.

**Jeff Adler**

Growing up, insects always made the hair on the back of my neck stand on end. Leave it then to Disney and Pixar Animation Studios to dispel me of my childhood fears. They've personified every other animal, and it was only a matter of time before they turned ants, caterpillars, and black widow spiders into cuddly creatures that undoubtedly would creep into Happy Meals as smiling plastic action figures.

That being said, A Bug's Life presents us with some of the most vividly animated and most entertaining characters since Director John Lasseter's last computer animated feature film, *Toy Story.* For my money, Woody and Buzz Lightyear are more entertaining, but A Bug's Life is still a great adventure with a large assembly of well-developed characters. The hero of this epic is Flik (voiced by David Foye), a create who tries to help his colony with inventions which all-too-often cause more harm than good. Flik real-ly gets himself in trouble when he accidentally spills the summer offering of seeds and grains that is used to pay off a Mafia of grasshoppers led by a particularly nasty bug named Hopper (voice: Kevin Spacey). Flik goes on a mission to recruit bigger insects to help the ants revolt against the grasshopper tyranny, but the plan goes awry when Flik returns with a band of circus bugs rather than warnings.

Pixar's brand of entertainment reminds me of Kix cereal: kids find it fun, and parents like it because it's wholesome. There can be no doubt that A Bug's Life teaches kids a simple lesson: just as one ant who fights for his beliefs can lead the entire colony to a greater good, so too can they make a difference with their own lives. But don't shy away from this film simply because it's rated G. It has a little something for everyone.

What makes A Bug's Life a better film than your typical insect story are the excellent characters and the actors whose voices infuse them with life. In addition to Foye and Spacey, the film features the voices of Julia Louis-Dreyfus, David Hyde-Pierce, Dennis Leary, and more. These actors are so skilled that I rarely noticed their voices behind the images of ants or grasshoppers. In my estimation, this is essential for good animation. It is not enough to suspend disbelief to the point where we accept a world where ants speak English; the actors must also dissolve behind the mask of their characters to the point where we forget the difference between the two. And in this regard, A Bug's Life is a great success.

On top of this, the computer animation is unbelievable. The days of the 2-dimensional drawing are over, but at this rate, they may be numbered.

This virtual world texture in the images of the various insects and their world is detailed down to the last antenna and speck of dirt. In short, the technology now allows the animators' imaginations to go wild and lead us into their fantastical world in the process. A Bug's Life is an excellent family movie. The humor of the film is not as sophisticated as that of Woody Allen, but it appeals to both kids and adults. Especially humorous are the final credits which feature outtakes by the insect actors. If you enjoyed Toy Story, you'll enjoy A Bug's Life.
Kenneth does Woody

Ken's Woody does Charlize Theron, Judy Davis, Melanie Griffith, and Winona Ryder. Kenneth is a busy boy.

JAMIE FELDMAN

The good news is that you don't have to worry about those twelve-to-fifteen-year-olds packing movie houses showing Celebrity for one peek at their current dreamboy, Leonardo DiCaprio. Apparently, the ads have worked. The kids see the words "A Woody Allen film" and also the fact that Celebrity is filmed in horror of horrors - black and white, and they know this ain't for them. The bad news is that Celebrity does not live up to the best of Allen's. However, Celebrity does offer a good bit of Woody Allen's classic wit. The film reminds us of why Mr. Allen is regarded as a maestro of the medium. Woody Allen's classic wit. The film reminds us of why Mr. Allen is regarded as a maestro of the medium. Woody Allen's classic wit. The film reminds us of why Mr. Allen is regarded as a maestro of the medium.

In Celebrity, it is Kenneth Branagh's turn to play... Woody Allen. Branagh stars as Lee Simon. A neurotic writer who suffers a midlife crisis and decides that he wants out of his traditional station-wagon life and out of a thirteen-year "happy" marriage to Robin (Judy Davis). Lee and Robin separate and Lee ends his career as a travel writer and takes on the celebrity beat entering the glamorous world of childish actors and superficial supermodels. Meanwhile, Robin comes close to a nervous breakdown, and, through a series of coincidences, falls in love and embarks on an exciting new career. In between are a number of stories on the people whom society deems worthy of celebration, embodied in the encounters Lee has with "the good life."

The plot of Celebrity focuses more on the trials and tribulations of Lee and Robin than on sharp criticisms of the lifestyles of the rich and famous. That is the most glaring problem with the film. Lee is irritating and acts so selfishly and obnoxiously that the audience lies in wait for him to fail at whatever he attempts. Robin is also annoying and too much time passes before she emerges as beautiful, confident, and triumphant. The greatest moments of the film are the hysterical satirical in the celebrity culture. For example, the scene when Lee and una small model attend an exclusive art opening or the scene in which teen superstar Brandon Darrow (Leonardo DiCaprio) throws a temper-tantrum. Oscar Nominee Judy Davis in her fourth Allen film is incredible as the neurotic Catholic, Robin. Kenneth Branagh does a mediocre Woody Allen impression. To those familiar with Branagh's Shakespearean work, it is a bit disappointing at first to try and relate to Hamlet as a bumbling and neurotic New York writer.

Leonardo DiCaprio plays a young teen star who takes full advantage of his elevated status in society. Melanie Griffith plays Nicole Oliver, a Danish blond actress. Worth mentioning as well is Wynona Ryder as the obscure object of desire. Nola. Nola chainsmokes, acts, and is more than a little bit on the flighty side. The fact that these actors consciously play stereotypes of themselves makes for pure viewing enjoyment and is well worth the $7.

The black and white manage to capture the full effect of the glamorous princes and princesses whom we are supposed to be looking at with a critical eye. But some of the scenes, especially the gorgeous scenes of the audience viewing different films, are incredible, in the interesting aspect of us looking at another audience.

Though Celebrity perhaps not the best Woody Allen film, it is worth seeing. Be forewarned that it tends to drag a bit as Lee and Robin try to find themselves. However the bitting satirical takes on modern day fame are sure to keep you entertained.

Originality on the Side

Drew Barrymore expands her acting range by playing a flighty pregnant bimbo.

CAMEL ARKAN

Home Fries is not the typical "boy meets girl" romantic comedy, which the commercials de

lead us into believing. Instead, with a plot driven by murder and jealousy. Home Fries aspires to be a black comedy. As such, the film should be able to subly satirize society and still make you chuckle to yourself even after you leave the theater. Home Fries doesn't succeed in either aspect, but neither does it outright fail.

Sally Jackson (Drew Barrymore) works at the drive-through-window of the local Burger-Matic and is carrying the baby of a married man. The movie begins with the death of the father, who dies after being started by two men in a helicopter. Coincidentally, Sally's drive-through headphone plate up the helicopter's transmission. The two men, Dorian (Luke Wilson) and Angelo (Luke Buscy), are Army National Guardsmen who performed the evil deed for their mother, who wanted to scare her husband back onto the straight road in their marriage. Dorian takes a job at Burger-

Matic to discover what was overheard, and possibly perform a second murder. Instead, he falls madly in love with the enchantingly sweet and innocent Sally.

While the plot could be the next topic for the Jerry Springer show, "I'm a Paricide in Love With My Dead Stepfather's Mistress, Who's Pregnant With His Baby" it also manages to create a world of sibling rivalry, celibal complexes, and homicidal fantasies. Writer Vince Gilligan (The X-Files) creates a complex and yet utterly primitive world of white trash. Barrymore is delightful. Her performance equals that of her acting and charm, which, oddly enough, stems from her naivete, in The Wedding Singer. Her character, who lives in a rundown shack with her kinship mother and alcoholic father, is the eye of the storm. She manages to be sweet and sane in a town full of crazy characters. Luke Wilson, on the other hand, does not make any lasting impressions. His character is not convincingly infatuated with the lovely Sally, and leaves you to wonder if his adoration is actually sincere. The role of the evil mother, played by Catherine O'Hara, is also compelling. As the manipulative mastermind of her husband's murder (albeit accidental), she manages to be impressively sinister without being two-dimensional.

The ultimate flaw of the movie, as directed by Dean Parisot, is that it fails to accomplish its main goal. It lacks the bite of satires like In the Company of Men and does not manage to create the lovable slapstick comedy that the Farrelly brothers have mastered. Home Fries begins in such an odd fashion, with the helicopter chase, that the viewer settles down for the rest of the movie expecting more knee-slappping scenes, and they never come.

**"Fuck the Academy of Motion Picture Arts and Sciences."**
That’ll (kinda) Do Pig

The sequel to “1995’s best movie” does little to whet this reviewer’s appetite for “Babe III: Pig in my Stomach”

DANIEL FIEBEN

Nearly an hour into Babe: Pig in the City, as our porky hero attempts to evade a fearsome pit bull, it bit me. This is what happens when you hand a friendly kid’s film over to the director of Mad Max!

While Miller wrote and produced the original, the film takes on a bleaker tone with him in the director’s seat. The sequel to 1993’s best film is fairly engaging and often touching, but it makes for fairly joyless viewing.

Pig in the City picks up at the end of the first movie, with Babe the sheep-pig and his proud human. Farmer Hoggett (James Cromwell), basking in the glory of their herding triumph. But after a disastrous incident during the festival, he loses the audience. There are too many major events which all seem to occur at the same time. The movie attempts to tackle all the important events in her young reign in a mere two hours.

One of the strengths of Elizabeth is the quality of the acting. Cate Blanchett proves herself to be a talented and powerful actress, as the young, red-headed, fiery queen. Geoffrey Rush delivers another Oscar-caliber performance. Sir John Gielgud and Richard Attenborough certainly make their presence known.

The cinematography of Elizabeth is beautiful. The contrasts of color and the film are incredibly rich and indulgent. The dancing and celebration scenes: the orgiastic cataract, the cross-dressing, and the indelible French courtier. Dac D’Anjou, prevent the audience from falling into a deep slumber.

Even with astellar cast, exquisite cinematography and historical representation of England’s “Golden Age,” the film fails to live up to its potential. Perhaps if the screenwriter had decided to concentrate on just one area of Queen Elizabeth I’s life, this beautiful movie would have become a true masterpiece. Instead, it is only nice to look at.

EYELIGHT S. SILVER

A movie about Queen Elizabeth I is difficult to mess up. Yet, with the beautiful scenery, exquisite costumes and Oscar-winning actors, Shekhar Kapur’s portrayal of this magnificent and historical leader goes awry. The filmmakers never decide whether they are making a romantic film or a historical drama.

In this genre-challenged “epic,” Kapur takes us on a tour of the life of the queen. For a two hour movie, Elizabeth seems more crowded and overwhelming.

The film’s intricate plot unfortunately loses the audience. There are too many major events which all seem to occur at the same time. The movie attempts to tackle all the important events in her young reign in a mere two hours.

One of the strengths of Elizabeth is the quality of the acting. Cate Blanchett proves herself to be a talented and powerful actress, as the young, red-headed, fiery queen. Geoffrey Rush delivers another Oscar-caliber performance. Sir John Gielgud and Richard Attenborough certainly make their presence known.

The cinematography of Elizabeth is beautiful. The contrasts of color and the film are incredibly rich and indulgent. The dancing and celebration scenes: the orgiastic cataract, the cross-dressing, and the indelible French courtier. Dac D’Anjou, prevent the audience from falling into a deep slumber.

Even with a stellar cast, exquisite cinematography and historical representation of England’s “Golden Age,” the film fails to live up to its potential. Perhaps if the screenwriter had decided to concentrate on just one area of Queen Elizabeth I’s life, this beautiful movie would have become a true masterpiece. Instead, it is only nice to look at.

No Street meeting this week!

First 15 through the door get bacon over the head for being inattentive morons.
Two guys named Mike give us one really good reason not to desire fame. Get ready to place your bets.

Jack Schonewolf

Have you ever sat around and wondered when the hell Bob Hope is going to die? Or Dudley Moore? Well, if this hits close to home (and deep down you know it does), then the new book Dead Pool: Stretch and Dudley's Official Annual suicide should be of interest. In this book, Mike Gelfand and Mike Wilkinson, two of the world's leading death prognosticators, take a look at the unique game of death prediction, providing an historical look at its growth, a few anecdotes on some of their picks, a look at the rules and some tips on playing.

The game started to gain popularity in newsrooms in the 1930s, as journalists, inundated every day with news of violence and horrors, began to take solace in playful morbidity. It remained relatively secret for many more years, until the explosion of the Internet, which has earned it ever-growing sums of money.

Dead pools are similar to the weekly NFL or NCAA tournament pool, except that one bets on what celebrity will die next. They can be very simple, where one gets a point for each celebrity death that one picks. Or they can be very complicated such as Triple Indemnity Pools, where less likely selections get more points. There are numerous variations, but the basic idea never wavers — come up with a list of celebrities you think will die shortly. Then, sit back and hope.

The best part of the book is the list the authors give us of some of their top picks to croak next: It's a list that will leave you questioning your sense of humor and decency. Laughing at comments on people like Dom DeLuise ("One word: fat."). I could not help but wonder if there was something wrong with me. Fortunately, the authors provide some rationalizations for enjoying this game, which helped ease my moral dilemma. They ranged from coming together with friends to coming to terms with your own mortality. But, in the end, I think we all enjoy this sort of thing, as death truly is the great common denominator.

This book attempts to do the most American of all things — gain profit from someone else's demise. If the authors were not funny with their quips, this whole book would seem quite sick and disturbing. But instead, it is as much more — sick, disturbing and funny. One could look into what this phenomenon says about our culture and morality, but it seems a lot easier to just laugh and place your bets.

Washing machines are art too. Really, they are.

Yes, this article is also written by the illustrious Jack Schonewolf, a cultured fellow indeed. You may not know Jack, but Jack does. And Jack knows the Dean and Pippin exhibit.

Jack Schonewolf

The Institute of Contemporary Art extends its artistic focus beyond the borders of the United States with its latest exhibit. Until early next year, the ICA features the work of two of Britain's finest artists, Tacita Dean and Steven Pippin. Both artists challenge the established view of painting or canvas art. Pippin favors more obscure camera techniques while Dean employs a radical edge to usually traditional media.

Tacita Dean's work reflects a deep interest in the sea and movies. Her most haunting works on display are the visual films Disappearance at Sea I and II, which are influenced by real life lost-at-sea tales. The movies consist of numerous painstaking visual images related to the sea, a coastline or a lighthouse; each image conveys a definitive sense of the power and enormity of the sea. The sounds that accompany the two films reflect the maritime theme — waves crash and ship horns blare, bringing the viewer deeper into the moment.

Another of the multimedia experiments Dean presents is the Foley Artist. Foley artists are people responsible for making the sounds we hear during a movie. Dean's representation, housed in its own room, displays a single television against one wall, showing a ten-minute video of two veteran foley artists at work. The foley's sounds are pumped into the room from surrounding speakers. A chart of the choreographed sounds hangs on the back wall, allowing the viewer to better follow the film. The whole event is quite amazing, as it shows the mundane aspects of film production, while also creating a unique artistic experience. The sounds and sights fill the room, bringing the viewer into the work, and completely demystifying the movies and their production.

Dean's portion of the exhibit also includes canvas drawings, created as storyboards for never-made movies. The pictures depict an ocean during a storm, with directions and descriptions etched on them. The black and white minimalist drawings mock the complexity of the waves. Other works include a separate movie, some photography and an audio piece that suffers from the loud sounds from the movies in the adjacent room.

Steven Pippin's work is much more focused, his entire exhibit centering on a single concept. Inspired by the work of Edward Muybridge — the man who used photography to show whether a horse ever had all four hooves off the ground at one time — Pippin updates the experiment for the modern, television age. While in a laundromat, he noticed the way that people sit and stare at a washing machine much the same way they sit and stare at the television. He began to form the idea for his eventual work, where he used a row of washing machines in a laundromat, converting each one to a camera. Wired so that they would take a photo while he ran down the aisle, we can see these sequences in the resulting exhibit. The work is quite amusing at times, particularly one piece titled Man Without Trousers. However, viewing nearly seven or so similar sequences is a bit excessive — there's only so many naked Brits we can take in one sitting.

Questioning the boundaries and limits of art, both artists definitely deserve a larger audience. Their work continues to push the post-modern ethos into the 21st Century, utilizing technology and media of the day, and leaving the viewers an aesthetically pleasing display. The ICA has again brought a wonderful exhibit to Philadelphia for all to experience.
Girls! Girls! Girls!

Three strip clubs in less than 24 hours. Dozens of women and twice as many breasts. And a whole lotta booty, too.

Even Street staffers get bored. Here, we tour a few of Philly's strip clubs in an effort to bring you a glance into Philly's more risqué nightlife.

Over on Spring Garden, a girl — she couldn't be much more than 19 years old — clasps a tiny purse and, looking straight ahead at the DJ's windowed booth, moves to the end of the scuffed black catwalk. She wears a tiny white dress, a dress that will be of no use to her in a matter of a few minutes.

"Jamie's on the stairs. Melinda's up next," the DJ announces.

Dellalas's Den — "Philadelphia's premiere gentleman's club" - is billed as more of an elite topless establishment than just your run-of-the-mill titty bar. They offer a wide array of cigars, a limousine service and, for the discerning gentlemen, a menu providing "fine dining... by our award winning chef."

Aerosmith's "Rag Doll" blares throughout the large room — festively decorated with Christmas wreaths — and a stock market ticker rolls across the big screen TV behind the girls.

Some of the girls are tanned, some pale, many have melon-like implants. They all have the requisite spiked heels, at least four inches. Their outfits - most of them tribute to the wonders of spandex - are made for easy removal and maximum transparency.

"Some of them go to U of PA" confirms the operations manager of Dellalas, Maureen Lafferty.

From our vantage point sitting down on the side of the catwalk, the next woman appears to be at least 6'5" with her spiky. She shimmies up a brassy pole to the black ceiling, where a rope is waiting for her to grab. After a moment, she is sliding down, twisting her lean body and then clasping the pole with only one leg, flipping upside down and sliding the rest of the way to the floor.

It looks as if the men were as impressed as we were with this display of gymnastic prowess — bills are swiftly peeled out of wallets.

As she lifts herself up smoothly from the shiny floor, she shrugs to us, "that's the worst song I've ever danced to."

One man — who looks like an economics professor in his tweed jacket, with spectacles riding low on his nose — dips down to peer at the breasts which are "grabbing" the dollar he offers.

On the main catwalk strip in front of us, a woman is finishing up her performance, taking a dollar from a man in overalls who gingerly steps towards her along the bruntette.

"Don't be shy, I won't bite," she grins as he reaches to place the bill in her sheer thong strap, careful only to let George Washington — and not the man's hand — touch her bare skin.

There is a no-nonsense sign as clubgoers enter, but must have remembered, which clearly states that anyone touching the dancers would be evicted immediately. And there are two large men at the metal detector doorway ready to keep that promise.

"I'm not shy, I'm respectable," he shoots back, turning back to his seat.

Another girl has just finished her turn on stage quickly pulls on her long black dress and saunters over to two men sitting behind us, both of whom are clad in jeans and plaid shirts. She's soliciting them for a private table dance in the dark lounge in the back. When we turn around later, one of the men is demonstrating his two finger whistling technique to the girl, who is trying really hard to look interested.

From the entrance, we spy a man peering in through the door, scanning the room for his favorite dancer. She wasn't there tonight, and with that, he leaves.

A little bit south, a group of 20-something men are in the middle of loudly gaoling one of their friends as he offers a dancer — clad only in spiked patent leather heels — a dollar bill. She takes it in her mouth, licking the rim of the man's gaping mouth as she withdraws her payment.

The men are sitting in one of the few all-nude strip joints in the area: the Show & Tell Adult Entertainment Center, on South Columbus. Enclosed in what seems to be a converted warehouse, the center feels more like an amusement park than the "premier gentleman's club" of Dellalas. This place is not known for its discreet dancers, to say the least.

A portly man ignores us as we approach the cashier's counter, and continues his phone conversation with what appears to be a manager.

"She's a money maker, she makes big money," he says, estimating for the caller that the dancer in question pulls in over $600 per night.

At Show & Tell, the "center" involves a movie theater, sex toy/pornographic video shop, private dance rooms and the show bar. No alcohol is permitted in totally nude establishments in Pennsylvania. But that doesn't stop people from taking advantage of its B.Y.O.B. status. Some people even bring their own kegs, a customer explains.

The group of men at the bar are Navy boys in town for the week. They confess that the trip to Show & Tell was not necessarily a group decision.

"This really isn't my scene," a man nicknamed "Tree" says. His buddy, "Stokes," disagrees.

"You grab a six-pack, come down and hang with your friends. What else is there to do in this town?"

And neither seaman is happy about the $40 they've already dropped between booze, tips and the $10 cover.

One of the men disappears behind us, following a girl in an American flag halter top and a skirt that covered none of her bare bottom.

They move to the walled off area, where a few other men are enjoying their lap dances. Flag Girl shimmies up to her man, who quickly sits down on a couch along the wall. Before long, his hands are up her skirt as she stands over him, her midsection level with his mouth.

In this place, bumpers turn a blind eye to the groping. You might say that here, touching is encouraged — it only means more money for the dancers.

But Tree is unimpressed. "Let's just say that where I come from, girls don't have 'PIMPSTRESS' tattooed on their asses."

Tree points to the skinny blonde currently writhing on the hardwood floor directly in front of us.

special thanks to andrewlorie
marckdelavergne
art by thomasschmid
Sure enough, the girl has the letters inked at the base of her back. Pumpstress wiggles her backside to the music, hypnotizing a man wearing an All- man brother's t-shirt.

One woman, who looks significantly older than the others, quickly strips from the thong and matching triangle bikini top that were doing more than covering. The men seem less interested in this woman, who I later find out is named Jamie.

"She's married, likes chocolate donuts and smokes Salem lights," says Tree, who met and chatted with the 31-year-old at a local convenience store earlier that night.

Jamie is like many of the others at Show & Tel — tall, blonde and ready to spread their legs for the benefit of the line of men who stretch along the bar. And spread they do, much more than just their legs.

"Come on," coaxes a dancer with only a long blonde ponytail covering her back, using her fingers to spread apart her moistness. She winks once and grins. A man in a leather jacket folds up a dollar, aims for the pink. He misses; but it makes no difference to the girl, who promptly throws it in the corner with the rest of her stash. "Almost," she purrs.

But what we witness is by far not the most unusual of the establishment's repertoire. Tree and Stokes tell me that we missed the "lesbo action" — complete with dildoes, cherries and tupped cream.

Now though, both customers and dancers seem strangely unenthralled with the scene around them, each operating in his or her own world.

The men — many appearing unexcited by the women dry-humping the floor directly in front of them — up their beer flow slowly as they blink stalkly.

The dancers seem to be almost ignoring the glaring as they wiggle in front of the wall-to-wall mirrors. The men respond to this, watching intently as the women watch themselves glide to the music.

"Couch dance?" a woman dressed all in hot pink spandex sighs in an almost obscene phone sex-like whisper. "No, thank you," replies a shy young man in our group, as she straddles him and moves her breasts toward his face. He is like the rest of us, new to the world of commercial nudity. I'll smoother you with my titties," she teases, giving the man a closer look at the stockpile of the elaborate flaxen tattooed between her ample bosoms.

Gyrating her neon pink hips, she fingers her g-string, pulling it down in an earnest attempt to lure him in for the kill.

"Damn, you got a body. Exercise much?" he replies, obviously avoiding her "kitty." 

"I drink a lot, smoke a lot of weed," she explains, now aware that her "kitty" would probably be more appreciated elsewhere.

Another dancer grinds her rear end into another man's crotch. He slips her some green and they go in the back to finish up.

"Change this shit," a dancer yells to the bartender when he puts on some remixed Celine Dion song. There is no DJ at Show & Tel, just a bartender with a microphone who announces the girls. He also serves as the bouncer, patrolling the narrow walkway that is the only separation between the naked women and the gawking men.

"Jocelyn and Mariah to the side-stage, Jocelyn and Mariah are on next," he peers over the men to see if Jocelyn and Mariah are getting ready to get undressed.

A group of girls lounge at the far end of the catwalk, smoking cigarettes and calling out to the girls who are in the middle of their dances.

"My ass still hurts," says one girl who's on the catwalk, her legs in the air. She's wearing a pair of panties and has only pulled them down as far as her upper thighs. "I just got it up the ass," she says, pointing at another dancer.

Over in University City, the girls are on either end of a catwalk in the middle of a bar, swinging around and around. They flash toothy smiles, and flip their day-glo gauze cloth to mesmerize the businessmen in suits spaced out along the bar.

A woman with enormous breasts asks us for our drink orders. She is our topless bartender, a feature of Club Wizzards, located at 38th and Chestnut streets below Chili's restaurant.

The world of men's adult entertainment: gentlemen's clubs, topless bars, nude bars, juice bars, and strip clubs. It's a world that is surrounded by misconceptions and stereotypes. Most men's hormones start raging at the mention of a trip to the strip club and the tall-tale girls that appear on their faces pretty much says it all.

But then there's the women. Disgust. That's the best way to put it, most women feel when they find out that you've frequented the local clubs. But hey: sometimes boys just wanna have fun.

A topless barmaid. Is there anything more a man can ask for after a day of class? A girl with beautiful breasts serving you a good cold beer. Welcome to Club Wizzards.

"You always hear restaurant workers say, 'we have hidden gems,'" according to the dancers, "and "lost treasures," but most of the time it's a bunch of bull. Just a nice review from a person who just got a free meal. But then there's Wizzards.

After several visits, it's hard to figure out why there are never too many college students here. Maybe that's a good thing. Most dancers here don't have anything good to say about Penn clientele.

But why doesn't more Penn money flow into the panties of these lovely ladies? A seven-hour happy hour (from 12-7) six days a week, when the other is free, the domestic beers are $2 and the girls are topless, seems like a hard thing to pass up.

You can even get a free dinner buffet from 5-7. However, unless you're really hand-up for food, it may be a good idea to keep your distance. Even most of the girls stay away from it.

Out of the girls we saw in the last 24-hours, and from past excursions. Club Wizzards get the award for best girls and overall best atmosphere.

"Atmosphere?" you're asking yourself. Yes, atmosphere. And it does make a difference. The DJ and things of that sort. Here again, Wizzards has the best dance mixes with songs like "Get Off" by the Artist, a "Time After Time" dance remixes, some Brandi & Maze and a little Latin spice. Somewhat cheezy sounding, but it is the type of music that goes well with gyrating breasts. Did we mention the topless barmaid?

On to our next stop, Show & Tel. I could honestly write just one word on this place: skanky.

The DJ at Wizzards seems to enjoy his job, boasting the names of the girls with sportscaster-like enthusiasm. He prompts the men to applaud the dancers as they retire off stage to make the rounds on the floor. "No, I drink a lot, smoke a lot of weed," she explains. Now though, both dancers are off stage, suit up and down by flexing her pectorals. She smiles, obviously proud of her own bizarre talent.

One well-built dancer enters the stage with a thong and her bare chest. She dances like the rest, with moderate skill, but then punctuates the segment with her own coup de grace: her ass up and down by flexing her pectorals. She smiles, obviously proud of her own bizarre talent.

The line of meninski to the next stall, and the girls begin doing more than just their legs.

But jokes aside, the men relax after a day's work in their too-tight suits, pack a few beers and get some much-needed attention from some beautiful ladies.

"Vanity" is pressed up against a guy's crotch, and is whistling something in his ear. She shaves and makes in our general direction.

"This is fun, huh guy?"

Not that it can't be a good time. This place is an all-night club, which in Pennsylvania means that you have to bring your own beer. And you only have to be 18 to get in (yes, this means that all you freshman without fake IDs can go in). So if you take a group of friends and a half-jug, it could possibly be one of the funniest, most memorable nights in your college career. Or leave you completely disturbed.

But why? you ask. If eating $5 corn chips that have been smothered in both whipped cream and "nature's lubricant" float your boat, then you'll have a great time. But hey: some-thing's wrong with you. If eating $5 cherries that have been "sucked" could possibly be one of the funniest, most memorable nights in your college career. Or leave you completely disturbed.

"What?" you ask. If eating $55 cherries that have been smothered in both whipped cream and "nature's lubricant" float your boat, then you'll have a great time. But hey: some-thing's wrong with you. If eating $5 cherries that have been "Sucked" could possibly be one of the funniest, most memorable nights in your college career. Or leave you completely disturbed.

But why? you ask. If eating $5 cherries that have been smothered in both whipped cream and "nature's lubricant" float your boat, then you'll have a great time. But hey: some-thing's wrong with you. If eating $5 cherries that have been "Sucked" could possibly be one of the funniest, most memorable nights in your college career. Or leave you completely disturbed.

So get really wasted and go there for the stories you can tell afterwards. No, not the trailer park beauty.

Last on the strip club hopping trail is Delilah's. We've now entered the world of the gentlemen's club.

As you walk in, a collection of fleshy and exotic hostesses greet you. Entering the actual club section for the first time is awe-inspiring. The place is huge. And it's really, really nice. The runway can easily fit 30 of Delilah's ladies. And the atmosphere, it's impressive. If you go during traditional business hours, you can watch the stock tickers with one eye and keep the other one focused on a dancer. And if they can't agree, you can always get a good job paying attention to your key clients.

Delilah's is little too rich for my blood. Of course, most of you readers can afford it.

So go out, waste some money, have some fun. But if you ever find yourself at any one of these places alone, you might consider getting some help. Or maybe even a real girlfriend.

— Dinen Shah
The Halloween of Our Years

FRANCIS ENGLERT

First there was Wyclef, who treated us two years ago to a bubbling, bursting, anything-goes hip hop Carnival of sorts, in which dreadlocked rastas swilled Red Stripe with the Neville Brothers, while the New York Philharmonic housed Celia Cruz on the dance floor. And then came the young Lauryn Hill, who brought an almost suffocating amount of critical love on herself with the genre-mashing musical reeducation of this summer’s The Miseducation of... Dropping one this go-round (figuring himself last in line) is Pras — the sole solo-jointless Fugee to this point — and it’s titled Ghetto Supastar.

And it figures that the Refugee Camper most likely to have his money on his mind would name the record after his hit Bawley single. It’s a simple, Pop-Marketing 101 maneuver: brand-name recognition equals cash, and importing the cheddar is something that is apparently much closer to Pras’s heart than songcraft or musical expansion.

Seem an awfully wobbly conclusion based on an album title? Perhaps, but its legs are reinforced by a listen to Supastar. The record is 65 minutes of disco-guitar chunks and harmonized vocal hooks, of muscular basslines and fluid drum-programming. The rhythms are topped with serviceable rhyming from Pras and a cast of assorted guest players.

Rinse and repeat.

Pras the producer, along with sideman Jerry “Wonder” Duplessis, is in fine, workmanlike form. Together, the pair manage to drop tight beat structures — on the reggae-spiced “Low Riders,” for example — even when they aren’t ripping off of the Brothers Gibb (which they do perversely on the “Islands in the Stream”-based title track and the “Grease”-styled “Blue Angels”). “Frowesy” wraps whimsically-growled disses around Timba-esque rhythmic freakouts.

But as for Pras the mic-checka...well, he doesn’t disturb things too much. In a Refugee Camp filled with “All-Stars,” Pras-MC has always been, at best, a valuable bench player.) Nonetheless, he gets pretty damn close to banging with the big boys on “For the Love of This” (“My shine can’t be appraised/My tongue to radiate ultraviolet rays.”). Guests Canibus (on “Can’t Stop the Shining”) and Mack 10 (“Yeah Eh Yeah Eh”) are like nitro in the stagnant lyrical gas tank. New Fugee Famila Free and Mostwanted, working as counterparts to Pras throughout Supastar, are mostly harmless.

Esentially, what it comes down to is that Pras’s head bobs primarily to the beat of the cash register; he says it himself on “For the Love...”: “I’m down with O. B. — money over bitches.” Between the radio-friendly hooks and safe production, Supastar is saleable, uncompelling...and not much else.

The Misrepresentation of Pras
**FROM THE VAULTS**

Street holds its breath, dives into the quagmire of aging 1998 records, and surfaces with these pasty/tasty items.

The soundtrack to the new Broadway show, *St. Louis Woman* (starring Vanessa Williams) makes for perfect Sunday music. With music by Harold Arlen and lyrics by Johnny Mercer, the mellow jazzy tunes are relaxing and perfect for those lazy days when you realize how much work you have to do for the coming week.

Overall, the cast is certainly up to par, and the music is generally good, but most of the songs are forgettable. They make for quality listening, but they're not catchy enough to inspire fans. That and nothing else. Their new album is (loops and generally awful because Bono's on it) inexplicably. The rest of the only listenable track is "Lean on Me." It turns with this new album of secular-gospel music. "The Little Red Songbook" explores the genre. Momus dubs "analogue baroque," an electro/romantic musical montage first discovered by Walter Carlos in his 1968 masterpiece *Switched-On Bach*. A number of years ago, Walter Carlos changed his name and — all relevant accessories — to Wendy Carlos. Momus commemorates this modification, along with his adoration for W. Carlos, on the song "Walter Carlos," in which the present-day Wendy travels back in time and marries herself... or himself, as it were. To some, this record is painful nonsense — but to others, a work of genius.

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**ST. LOUIS WOMAN**

Call him the Mozart of his generation — in terms of sexual perversity, at least. On his second full length album, Momus has hyperexpanded his love for both electronic classical music and cheeky, oh-so-ribald lyrical fantasies. The Little Red Songbook explores the genre. Momus dubs "analogue baroque," an electro/romantic musical montage first discovered by Walter Carlos in his 1968 masterpiece *Switched-On Bach*. A number of years ago, Walter Carlos changed his name and — all relevant accessories — to Wendy Carlos. Momus commemorates this modification, along with his adoration for W. Carlos, on the song "Walter Carlos," in which the present-day Wendy travels back in time and marries herself... or himself, as it were. To some, this record is painful nonsense — but to others, a work of genius.

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**JACKYL**

Jackyl made '70s-style heavy metal when no one wanted to hear it. For that they deserve respect. That and nothing else. Their new greatest hits album? Please. Who the fuck are they?

—— Mike Silverstein

**KIRK FRANKLIN**

The man who asked, "GP are you wit me?" returns with this new album of secular-gospel music. The only listenable track is "Lean on Me," because Bono's on it (inexplicably). The rest of the album is floppy and generally awful.

—— Paul Manion

**BOY GENIUS**

Boy Genius's *Last Grand Experiment* features eight Green Day-like power pop songs, all with the same sound and feel. There is nothing ground-breaking here, but the music is fun and simple, and should be of interest to modern rock fans.

—— Jack Schonewolf

**MACK 10**

The *Recipe*, by Mack 10, is possibly not the worst rap album ever made, but no anthology of records that suck would be complete without it. Think: "All-Time Worst West Coast Rap B-Sides." Thanks for the cool shiny coaster, Priority.

—— Adam Snow

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**FREE LIVE ROCK 'N' ROLL**

Tonight, High Rise North Basement, 10 p.m.

So you want to be a rock 'n' roll star? Well, listen, now hear what I say: come and be part of the final Plan 10 music festival of the year. Tonight's music will be furnished by the inimitably pucky and devastatingly sexual collective it's A Wonderful Band — and perhaps you as well, during Plan 10's signature open mic set at the end of the night. Do yourself a favor: join the music, ring some bells, distribute wings, and live happily ever after.

—— Brian Cross

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**PRINCE VS. STUPIDITY**

The inane misunderstanding of "1999" Since the Prince classic '1999' will most certainly achieve incalculable amounts of air play over the next few weeks, it is very important for me to impart this plea: come on people, use your heads for just a second, this song is not about celebrating the year 1999! Listen to the lyrics — "1999" is about resisting nuclear-charged global destruction (unless you think the purple sky Prince describes in the first verse is just a pretty sunset). Prince wrote "Tonight we're gonna party like its 1999" not as some kind of unofficial international party anthem for drunk idiots to scream "Holy shit, dude! It's 1999! That's tonight! Fucking party!!!" On December 31, 1998, but rather as a worldwide, mobilizing call for awareness instead of apathy, positivity instead of belligerence. And this is not even to mention the fact that along with the conceptual inappropriateness of playing "1999" this New Year's Eve, it is a horribly stupid thing to do as well: if anything, it should be played next year. The song is, after all, about partying at the cusp of the apocalypse, which is generally symbolized by the 1999-2000 jump. Well, seeing as how radio stations will play this song to death this month anyway, regardless of all logic, here's my question: will the stations play the full version of "1999," which ends with a child asking, "Mommy, why does everybody have a bomb?" or will they simply fade out as 280 million American voices scream "Yeah, 1999! That's today!"

—— Brian Cross

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**SHUT IT OFF**
iWant my iMac!

Playing around with Apple's big blue box.

KEVIN LERNER

I want one.

It only took me about 20 seconds to come to that conclusion, partially because it took me about that long to set the damn thing up. There are only three pieces to an iMac: keyboard, mouse and everything else. "Everything else" is a translucent blue egg, the sort of thing Mark might have used to pull down quotes from the Oracle Stock Exchange website. In this egg, you have a 15" high-resolution monitor, a 233MHz G3 chip, 4 Gigs of disk space, a 56k modem, an ethernet port, and a CD-ROM drive. That's it. But it's a lot.

You may have noticed that there's no floppy drive. I'm not sure whether or not that's a problem. If you're the kind of person who only uses one computer, it shouldn't be. I know that I only use floppy drives to bring files in to the office, but the floppy drive on my old Apple Powerbook 5300cs has been acting up for a few weeks, and I've found myself using the method which Apple seems to suggest for the iMac, that is:

1. Take your floppy drive to the Mac while I was playing with it, and I found it very hard to go back to the Powerbook every time I turned away.

But it's hard to turn away from the thing. If you don't like turquoise, don't bother, since the thing is very turquoise, but it has a certain charm and a unique style. It's certainly not very serious looking, but no one has ever taken Macs that seriously anyway; that's their great appeal. They're the Volkswagen Beetles of the computer world: simple, round, friendly.

I like the keyboard. It's small — which is nice on a cramped desk but it also has full-size keys. Again, it's translucent, which is especially striking since the keys are black. Yes, translucent black.

No, I'm not sure how that works.

The mouse has problems. It's round. And if you're a moron like me, you're bound to pick the thing up sideways. Apple claims that it's a fingertip mouse, one which you move without moving your whole arm. I never quite got the hang of it. There are, however, replacement mice available already.

If you're just looking for a computer to type words into, surf the internet and maybe play the occasional game, you couldn't find a better option than this. If you need a serious machine that can run your high-end CAD program, then you might want to look elsewhere. Then again, you're probably too stodgy to even consider buying an Apple.

The Mac is a first-rate, simple computer that won't cost you a lot of money. And your parents probably still have time to find one to put under the tree for you... (hint, hint, Mom and Dad).

The IMac on the author's desk. Ouija board mousepad sold seperately.
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SAMUEL P. AND IDA S. MANDELL

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Leonardo DiCaprio juices 'Celebrity' with a power surge!

A Rich, Dazzling Comedy!
Leonardo DiCaprio is Riotous!

- Rev Reed, THE NEW YORK OBSERVER

★★★★! Uproarious!

'Celebrity' has several interludes that are funnier than anything in 'There's Something About Mary'. Leonardo DiCaprio, Winona Ryder and Charlize Theron are show-stoppers.

-Mike Clark, USA TODAY

A Circus of Fun!

Leonardo DiCaprio is a live wire. Winona Ryder has never been more bewitching. Charlize Theron is a knockout.

-Peter Travers, ROLLING STONE

FINISH EXAM STUDY SCHEDULE

SUNDAY DEC. 6TH
Alex Bartlett Trio

MONDAY DEC. 7TH
QUIZ! Philly's First

TUESDAY DEC. 8TH
Jam session w/ Alex Bartlett Trio

WEDNESDAY DEC. 9TH
QUIZ!

THURSDAY DEC. 10TH
Gerald Benson

FRIDAY DEC. 11TH
Dj Mike

SATURDAY DEC. 12TH
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- The Philadelphia Magazine's

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Naked Guy! On Campus!

He's been seen in the DP offices and at various campus landmarks. Watch out! He may be coming to your classroom, dorm room, or local convenience store next! Nothing can stop Naked Guy! — A Photo Essay.

Photos by Jennifer Arend

Here we see that wild man, Naked Guy, doing his thing... Whether it be leading a conference, editing a fledgling staffer's work, sharing a laugh with Features Editor Mary Harris over a Kurtis Blow picture, or reminding his friend to pick him up one of those delicious long pretzels outside the Quad... Naked Guy is everywhere! Keep your eyes peeled for this totally outrageous character. You never know where he'll turn up next!
**Dickens Me Over**

Charles Dickens’s masterful short story “A Christmas Carol” has been heralded for ages as one of the greatest tales ever written. However, in modern times, its tale of Christmas lovin’ has been ridiculed in the various renditions and updates on the story that have appeared, from the ingenious (the motion picture “Scrooged” starring Bill Murray, Bobcat Goldthwait, and Joe Pesci), to the outright stupid (the totally unfunny cartoon character Scrooge McDuck and his entourage of Duck-Tales-fan fools). This week, the kids over at Dance Del Bello have decided to have a go at Chuck D. by performing a ballet written by David “Deez Nutz” Kloss based on the classic short story. Will this tutu-ed take the tale? Head on over to Newtown, PA this weekend and find out. Or stay at home counting your shekels and saying “Bah humbug” over and over again. It’s really up to you.

**Make It Funky**

From deep in the bayou of New Orleans come the Funky Meters, original slow-down funkateers and smooth groove makers. Created in the late 1960s by the future Neville Brothers, the Meters made funk instrumentals by layering hip melodies on top of each other, inventing a light, peaceful sound that countered the loud, in-your-face funk that was happening in Detroit with Parliament. Although George Clinton’s band achieved greater fame, the New Orleans crew still managed to bust out some hits, including “Cissy Strut,” which appears on the Jackie Brown soundtrack. The Meters have long been an underground concert attraction, as their live shows are usually home bases for fresh, uncut funk and groovy tunes. Opening for the Meters this Thursday will be the Fun Lovin’ Criminals, who suck. But that shouldn’t keep you away from this event, because when the Funky Meters come to town, you know you’re going to have to get down. Dig?

**Beast of a Feast**

Y100, Philadelphia’s premiere mainstream rock station, has decided to pool together a few of its favorite buzz bands and have a “Festival” (a humorous take on the word “festival”). The event will contain five bands, ranging from the cutting-edge to the cutting-cheese. The opener, the New Radicals, is a Philly-based band that probably stinks. Following them will be Soul Coughing, the jazzy crew whose over-produced records probably foreshadow a horrible live performance. Next will be Big Bad Voodoo Daddy, a swing band who will provide the first fireworks of the evening. After them will be Cake, the “Going the Distance” semi-electronic rockers whose falling new album has proved that they can’t have their cake and eat it, too. All this nonsense leads up to the night’s headliner, the fantastic rockers Garbage. Though this show has its ups and downs, it should still be a fun evening of bandwagon fans and cheap beer. Hey, cheap beer? All right!

This girl seems extremely pretty in pink. Where’s that Duck kid when you need him?

Philadelphia has long recognized the talents of hometown artist Ida Applebroog. But did you know that Ms. Ida has a daughter? And that her daughter is a cutting-edge filmmaker whose work will be on display this Saturday? Before you can say “Holy jumpin’ bejewels!” take a trip down to Broad & Cherry to witness three short documentaries by the infamous Beth B, offspring of Crazy Ida’s “Big Dawg” Applebroog. Beth B’s documentaries explore the intricacies of America’s judicial system, especially in regards to juvenile sex offenders. Her films artistically examine the minds of these young molesters in an attempt to discover why they did what they did and what we can do to ensure that they do not strike again. Beth B will be at this historic event to chat it up about her films, her Applebroog lineage, and why she’s just a B in a world filled with real last names.

Jason, it may be hard work being a playa, but it’s much harder to say good-bye to yesterday.

Each year, the Philadelphia Young Playwrights’ Festival holds a playwriting contest for high school students. The semifinalists of this contest have their plays put on by Temple University acting students in December, and the winners have their plays put on by professional acting companies in Philadelphia in the spring. This week marks the semifinal round of the competition, as seven youngsters compete to see whose plays will become professional productions in only a few months. After carefully reviewing the literature on each of the seven plays, we here at Street have decided to put our money on Jason Newbern, a junior at Grafton High School, and his humorous piece entitled It’s Hard Work Being a Playa. This dramatic tour-de-force tells of a smooth-talkin’ man’s choice between true love and his Bill Bellamy-style reputation. So go on over to Temple this weekend and give young Jason some support — he just might need it.

Damn are those Meters funky! But more importantly, damn is that a big Afro!