By Dana Kühne

In 1998, the nation’s first university opened its doors, drawing the region’s brightest and brightest to the City of Brotherly Love.

Today, more than 20 years later, the Philadelphia area boasts the second largest concentration of undergraduate and graduate college students in the country, with more than 220,000 college-age students calling the city home.

But those 220,000 area students account for only a fraction of the University of Pennsylvania’s total student body, which includes students from more than 175 countries and 50 states, as well as those from Pennsylvania’s city-county area.

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Rep. Fattah given award for service

By Laura McClure

For more than 11 years, Chaka Fattah has honed his energy on city schools — working to increase funding, raising scholarships money and even implementing a summer read-
ing program. But this year, Fattah recaptured his efforts as Penn's Fels Center of Government gave the Pennsylvania congressman the first ever Samuel S. Fels Award for humanitarian achievement.

The goal of the award, meant to honor distinguished leadership and public service accomplishments, is to encourage, according to Pete Center Director Lawrence Sherman, who presented it. "I think of no more fitting per-
tee to welcome home today," Sherman said, listing several of Fattah's accomplishments in the areas of ed-
uation and urban vitality — includ-
ing authoring provisions in the 1998 Higher Education Act to widen eligi-ility for Pell Grants.

"Sam Fels would be proud," Sher-
man said.

Fattah, who has served as a U.S. congressman since 1995, also served in both the Pennsylvania House and Senate. He also held several senior positions in Philadelphia government. The Democrat graduated from the Wharton School of the University of Pennsylvania and State Local Government in 1983.

Addressing the donors or no audi-
ce members in attendance, Fattah — who serves on both the early childhood and post-secondary edu-
cation Congress subcommittees — spoke for about 15 hours as he un-
ers the broad-based impact of the programs. He said the most successful initiative, called Gear Up, that target stu-
dents at the middle school level and continue for six years. Students are in-
olved in the program receive finan-
cial aid for college.

The congressman also spoke about his insistence on equipping a school system and the application to be working on that "would require status that Penn
nelsional system.”

Fattah explained that the money was "the most important thing

I would do in Congress,” adding that the current financial systems are un-
costitutions. At the end of his talk, Fattah raised questions about politics, in general, and the mostly urban audience.

Congressman Chaka Fattah (D-Pa.) receives the first ever Samuel S. Fels award from Alumni Achievement at the Fels Center of government yesterday.
Good. That's all the time you need at thepavement.com

Visit our site now. Register and submit your resume. Boom -- you'll have access to thousands of entry-level positions nationwide. And everything to help you make that jump into the real world: apartment searches, city comparisons, deals on cars, financial advice, salary ranges and more. So visit thepavement.com. Tick, tick, tick...
SWEATSHOPS from page A2

She noted that many things are culminating about this time, particularly how successful the WRC will be in achieving academic traction, social support and whether or not the group will be able to develop a strong social scene in the future. But Wharton sophomore Brian Kelley, a member of Penn Students Against Sweatshops who serves on the committee and who attended the presentation to the FLA, said the FLA has sent the group mixed messages and he feels that the group is not moving as fast as the WRC.

It was a written response to Kin- naher’s letter released yesterday. Rodin said she accepted the committee recommendation to transfer its work to the WRC because the FLA had no representation of both the FLA and WRC present to discuss the organization’s conditions for membership. "I thought that neither the FLA nor the WRC had fully satisfied the criteria of the organization and that the FLA’s plan to transfer is not in the best interest of the FLA. I felt that the committee’s recommendation was the best solution," she wrote.

"We need to actively resist against the system of death and show that we respect the lives of people," Garis said.

"Penn Pro-Life has been kind of dormant here at Penn since I have been here," Cook said. "The group is growing and Penn Pro-Life plans to participate in more educational debates and pro-life intercollegiate conferences," Joffe-Block said.

Elisa Garis, a member of the WRC, said that the pro-life movement urges its supporters to influence the university to join the WRC, which Penn Pro-Life believes is less influenced by parental representation. "The whole group is united on this," Garis said, referring to the WRC. "I think we are part of the pro-life movement in America, not workers’ rights."}

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Don't look for Bassik in the laundry room

BASISK page 1A

Since his arrival at Penn, Bassik hasn't turned out yet, although he has been constantly busy with student government and other campus activities. "To be less busy," he said, "would be contrary to Bassik's nature." Since his arrival at Penn, Bassik has played goalie for the soccer team, participated in Model United Nations, acted in the school plays and performed in the pristine leader becomes one of the department's most popular professors—was denied tenure. "More resources are needed for recruiting and support for junior faculty," the professor said.

The deadlines for many prestigious international scholarships for fall 2001 are early in the fall semester of 2000. Please consult OIP's Web site at http://www.upenn.edu/oip/scholarships.html and contact Clare Cowen at cowen@pobox.upenn.edu at the Office of International Programs (OIP) for details and to make an appointment. Get a head start—start planning now!

• Churchill Scholarships

• Fulbright Grants
  U.S. government grants for one year of study/research in over 100 countries. Deadline in OIP: October 2, 2000.

• Luce Scholars Program
  Internships in Asia for one year for people in academic and professional fields who would not, during the course of their careers, expect to go to Asia. Deadline in OIP: November 6, 2000.

• Marshall Scholarships
  Two years of study in Great Britain. Fields unrestricted. Candidates must enroll in a degree program. 3.7 GPA required. Deadline in OIP: October 2, 2000.

• Mitchell Scholarships
  One year of graduate study at any institution of higher learning in Ireland and Northern Ireland. Deadline in OIP: October 5, 2000.

• Rhodes Scholarships

• Thouron Awards
  Senior, graduate students in any of the graduate and professional schools, or recent graduates of the University of Pennsylvania are eligible to apply. Fields unrestricted; for one or two year degree program at any British university. Deadline in OIP: November 2, 2000.
The Dairy Pennsylvania gave Penn a bad name in the University City community.

Load parties, binge drinking and poor housekeeping have done little to persuade Pennsylvania students to fit in with the University City neighborhood over the years. A few Paul Bunyan statues or Baltimore Avenue aren't helping the problem.

Early on the morning of April 30, two honey locust trees were chopped down on the 3900 block of Baltimore Avenue. It is clear now to all involved that Penn students were responsible for killing the young saplings.

The trees were planted as part of a joint project between the community-run Baltimore in Bloom and University-led UC Green initiatives. The fractured stumps left behind serve as a reminder of how fragile the relationship is between Penn and the surrounding area.

It is incumbent upon all students to give greater respect to the community that for four years we call home.

Both students and administrators have worked diligently over the past several years to reverse decades of divisiveness and conflict on the part of local residents. Programs that make the streets safer and put Penn students in West Philadelphia schools have helped somewhat in this regard.

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City officials look to keep area graduates

RENTENTION from page A1

"Phil, it's a tall order in terms of downtown," he said. "It's an attractive enough site, though.

Benjamin said that although she believes Philadelphia offers many employment opportunities in other large cities, its social scene is lacking. "In Philadelphia, she explained, many recent graduates move to the suburbs, but in New York, there are always opportunities for young professionals living in downtown Manhattan. The Drexel survey suggests that these students' opinions are not on

While more than three quarters of the 277 students surveyed said they considered moving to Philadelphia, nearly half — 41 percent — of those who were interested in staying did so because of the job market. Among those who were not interested, 29 percent gave it an eight. An additional 29 percent gave it a 10, and 24 percent rate — 10 being the highest — a lot of their decisions, but they have not yet made up their minds.

"We don't have as many opportunities as the rest of the country? No. But we have some," Patricia Rose

Although one of the four sought- after job categories selected a job with the company, the position was for a less than ideal job. She spoke of the current limitations of area career opportunities and

"Do we have as many opportunities as the rest of the country? No. But we have some," Patricia Rose

City officials look to keep area graduates

The Daily Pennsylvania
JAMES G. SPADY
April 30th, 5-6PM
Penn Bookstore
2nd Floor, Events Area

Rose defended Philadelphia by say- ing that it even offered a wider va
vie of employment opportunities than New York. "You have to start up, teaching and buying the date," she said. Also, she believes that there are more opportunities in other cities — a fact that students realize. "Do we have as many opportunities as the rest of the country? No. But we have some," Rose said.

Here's the story:

It was the spring of 2000 when Wharton graduate Janelle Bundas

Bundas, an investment banking an-

ter of Legg Mason in Philadelphia, said that the ability to work in the city for a number of reasons, especially be-

"It's better overall experience, even though the New York big corpora-
tions as those in New York. Philadelphia is smaller, more personal and less hectic," she said. "I didn't want to be a small fish in a very big ocean in terms of company size and size of the city." But Bundas' enthusiasm did not carry over to the recent Penn grads that her company hires almost like.

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Supreme Court hears gay boy scout case

Supreme Court justices questioned both sides in the case of barring homosexuals from leadership roles in the Boy Scouts.

McCain tours his former prison on trip to Vietnam

John McCain shakes hands with Vietnam's Foreign Minister Nguyen Dy Nien after a meeting in Hanoi, saying he has long since put his differences with his family and deprived of proper medical care.

No visit yet from relatives

A psychiatrist says Elian Miami relatives must first reconcile with his father.

Free AirPort wireless networking card ($95 value*) with the purchase of an Apple iBook (64MB/6GB).

A special offer for the Penn Community

You're not completely wired until you're surfing the Internet wirelessly. With AirPort, your iBook can communicate with other AirPort-equipped computers or an AirPort base station without wires, up to 150 feet away. Share files, check e-mail, and surf the net with no strings attached.

* Or you can choose to forgo the AirPort card and receive a $95 discount on the price of your iBook.

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Dancers to step to Relays beat
By Caryn Tamber

Tallahassee, FL—Nine historically African-American fraternities and sororities will "step up" in the challenge Relays tradition at the 61st annual Inter-Greek Council’s annual step show.

The event, which went into effect last year, allows students to apply for a waiver from their summer earnings to approve searches, with the Vice President of Student Affairs having the right to decide when to read e-mail. The OSC is the main student judiciary and holds disciplinary cases. Many expressed concerns that the quasi-professional organization would have the right to decide when to read e-mail.

"We were just really ecstatic that the overriding majority supported what we originally envisioned," said Undergraduate Assembly Chairman Michael Bassik, a College junior. "I think it's a real victory for the student body."

About half of Council's 92 members were in attendance for Friday night's meeting in McClelland Hall, though not all of them were there for the vote. At least 37 members must be present for a quorum and for every vote to be taken.

In its other major business of the meeting, Council approved five changes to the Quasi-Professional Organization's website. Among them was an expanded list of organizations, including fraternities and sororities, looking especially stepping at your organization, especially stepping at your home school," the College senior said.

"It's great to represent your organization, especially stepping at your home school," the College senior said. "It's not just fun — it's fun and it's serious." Following the performances, a panel of judges will select the best fraternity and sorority, based on synchronicity among the steps. The winners will receive a new website, BET.com. Television will cosponsor the carnival — although not heavily advertised — is also a long-standing Penn Relays tradition.

"We don't even place it too much because it's so much word of mouth," Moses said.

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You Don’t Have to Feel So Bad

If you are experiencing...
• Constant Worrying
• Anxiety Attacks
• Obsessions and Rituals
• Social Anxiety
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• "The Blues"
• Phobias
• Poor Concentration

HELP IS AVAILABLE AT PENN A FREE SCREENING FOR ANXIETY AND DEPRESSIVE ILLNESSES • Take a screening test • Have a confidential meeting; with a health care professional • Receive free educational material

For more information, please call 800-422-7000.

Class of 2000

Time is running out . . .

support your Senior Class Gift Drive!

Help build the Class of 2000 Walk in the Perelman Quadrangle.

This year's gift drive has already broken the all-time record by reaching its goal of $20,000. Let’s set records that cannot be broken! Make a pledge today and be a part of the Class of 2000 legacy.

Want to contribute? Questions?
Contact a Senior Gift Chair:
Cori Grossman (corig@sas)
Leanne Shear (leannees@sas), or
Brett E. Weinheimer (brett33@wharton)

Penn fund

2000

The Daily Pennsylvanian

COUNCIL, from page A1

waiver from their summer earnings requirement if they participate in a law-of-staying public service or research internship.

The policy, which went into effect immediately, allows students to apply for a waiver for one summer during their four years at Penn. Current Internships, summer researchers and students who are taking the summer off are eligible for a waiver for upcoming summer plans.

The newest version of the e-mail policy requires an authorization signed by the Vice President of Student Affairs in order to access a person's e-mail. Federal and state law requires Penn to maintain a record of all authorized searches and keep a section of the policy governing student privacy. The Office of the General Counsel keeps a record of all authorized searches and press releases.

The Office of the General Counsel and the Office of the Registrar will coordinate the processing of judicial actions on the campus. For example, one fraternity always uses canes in its act.

According to BIG-C President and Steer Committee President Larry Moore, this is a "fair step in a series of synchronizing dance steps that traditionally have been connected with African-American Greek letter organizations."

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shorten the length of time before the right to decide when to read e-mail. The OSC is the main student judiciary and holds disciplinary cases. Many expressed concerns that the quasi-professional organization would have the right to decide when to read e-mail.

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The Penn varsity eight is ready to show that they are prepared to row well by taking seats at will.

"I am looking forward to this race," Sutter said. "We have the speed and finesse to win."

"We scored all of our runs early and late, with eight hits and two RBI on the day — reached on a bunt single.

"The bottom of the ninth was again Penn's foil as host Leigh struck last."

"This race is a very important test of speed for our team, and it's also a great test of how everyone reacts in the end."
PRO-CHOICE PRO-ENVIRONMENT REPUBLICANS

• Attend the GOP Convention in St. Louis, June 5-8
• Campaign Opportunities
• Intern in D.C.

Putting Penn to Paper!

The best?

You, the best because these jobs...
...give you real-world business experience in sales and customer service
...involve you in one of the largest student organizations on campus
...pay well

The Daily Pennsylvanian is looking for students to join our Office Staff this summer. You will work in our business office up to 32 hours per week, working directly with customers on the telephone and in person handling orders, information requests, and customer service. You will gain valuable computer experience and develop communication skills, all while working at one of the country’s top-ranked college newspapers!

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...pay well

W. Crew looks for first Award Plaque

By Christian Zeh

Seddon said.

"It's the way we lose them," Seddon said. "It's a giveaway type of
drive-in to the nitty-
gritty, and we just don't get it done." Stepman said. "It's a giveaway type of
end to every start."

Pagan and ending Penn's afternoon.
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MOORE TIES HITS RECORD, BUT SOFTBALL BATS REMAIN QUIET

SOFTBALL from page B1

by scoring four runs in the first. Penn scored in only run of the game in the bottom of the first inning when junior right fielder Heidi Albrecht's sacrifice fly scored freshman Cristina Farrell.

Chervenak's infield RBI single was one of only three Penn hits in six innings against Delaware pitcher Brian Dugan, who stiffened the Red and Blue batters and took the win to raise her record to an impressive 12-0.

The Quakers' only shutout win came against the Hawks and Seahawks. The Harvard game has been moved to the campus of Yale, but Penn will still play a double dip in Connecticut.

Since March 29, Penn has been held to one run or less in all six games against Ivy League foes. Last weekend's Ivy League make-up game against Harvard came on April 5 in a doubleheader sweep of Lehigh on the road.

The Red and Blue, who have lost 11 out of their last 13 games overall, are 1-9-1 in the second games of twin bills. The Quakers' lone nightcap win came on April 1 in a doubleheader sweep of Lehigh on the road.

Since March 29, Penn is a meager 2-9-1 in the second games of twin bills. The Quakers' lone nightcap win came on April 1 in a doubleheader sweep of Lehigh on the road.

With Buchop/The Daily Pennsylvanian

The Daily Pennsylvanian

SPORTS

Moore ties hits record, but softball bats remain quiet

SPRING from page B1

game of the year. Penn has a doubleheader against Dartmouth and make-up game against Harvard this week.

Penn was originally scheduled to play a doubleheader against Brown and Wagner on the road on April 30 and 31, respectively. But last weekend's Ivy League rainouts forced the Quakers to cancel those non-league contests against the Hawks and Seahawks. The Harvard game has been moved to the campus of Yale, but Penn will still play a double dip in Connecticut.

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Since March 29, Penn has been held to one run or less in all six of its doubleheader contests since 11-0 victory over the Engineers. The Quakers, who stood at a disappointing 12-21 on the year, have played their last two non-conference games of the year. Penn has a doubleheader against Dartmouth and make-up game against Harvard this week.

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Summer

The Daily Pennsylvanian

The Summer Pennsylvanian

The Summer Pennsylvanian is the DP’s summer edition, published every Thursday during the summer. Each weekly summer issue features all the latest campus news—plus sports, features, reviews and opinions— that you depend on the DP and 34th Street for during the school year.

Look for The Summer Pennsylvanian every Thursday, starting May 25.
Temple sophomores may be tough for W. Lax to stop

W. LACHOSSE from page B1

Princeton, but they're strong and powerful," Brower said. "They're like Harvard, but tougher — less flimsy and more cut-rate.

Clarewoss wasn't quick to dis- broil her team from the Ivy Leagu- ers, however, she said she the Owls are no more aggressive than the likes of Princeton and Penn. But she did say the Owls should have been more aggressive against the Quakers, since the Owls took the lead back Friday, 19-12, a few weeks ago.

Aside from last week to Princeton this season, Penn has something else in common with its Philadelphia neighbor. Each team will bring a young for- tune into today's contest, with just 13 upperclassmen between them, six of which are on the Penn roster.

Brower said the Owls still have a year of experience to go, and Ruch said she's had a year in her team. Temple's strengths is in six sophomores, who took the reigns last year when six seniors graduated. Clarewoss said that some inex- perience has still led to midfield

...turnovers for her team all season long. She claimed her young Owls may have a lot of learning to do, but lamented that there is just one man- ner to ake them the way — "It's Kelly Rice from

Phoenixville, Pa.

If the statistics are any indication, 
Chuk is doing pretty well despite her young supporting cast. She leads the team in scoring for the second year in a row with 18 goals, and the Owls nation-

mente.

Clarewoss said she is expecting a quaker and more agile team than she's seen in past Quaker squads. The key for her team, she said, will be effective double teaming in the mid- field to slow Penn down.

The Palestra

Mandy West

Carla Shultzberg

Chuck Bednarik

Roger Reina

Slow Larry

Shawn May

Brett Matter

Geoff Owens

Beer

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The Quaker

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A lot of reasons to write DPSPORTS

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Big 5

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Swamin

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TV TONIGHT

THURSDAY EVENING, APRIL 27, 2000

6:00 6:30 7:00 7:30 8:00 8:30 9:00 9:30 10:00 10:30 11:00 11:30 12:00 12:30

6:00-6:30 The Outrage \n6:30-7:00 The Newsmen \n7:00-7:30 Entertainment News To Go \n7:30-8:00 The Weather Channel \n8:00-8:30 NewsDigest: The World In本市関 \n8:30-9:00 WNYO-FM, 89.3 FM \n9:00-9:30 Penn State Today \n9:30-10:00 WNYO-FM, 89.3 FM \n10:00-10:30 WNYO-FM, 89.3 FM \n10:30-11:00 The Nightly Business Report \n11:00-11:30 The NewsHopper \n11:30-12:00 The NewsHopper \n12:00-12:30 Entertainment News To Go

REX REINHARDT is a Philadelphia lawyer who has written many books and articles, most recently "The Culture of Corruption." He has appeared on television and radio, and written columns in the Los Angeles Times and Chicago Tribune.

LARRY LONDON is the author of the "Iii Three Series." His latest novel is "The Searchers," which was published in 1999. He is also the author of the "Iii Three Series." He has appeared on television and radio, and written columns in the Los Angeles Times and Chicago Tribune.

JEREMY JACOB is the author of "The Culture of Corruption." He has appeared on television and radio, and written columns in the Los Angeles Times and Chicago Tribune.

JAY LERNER is the author of "The Culture of Corruption." He has appeared on television and radio, and written columns in the Los Angeles Times and Chicago Tribune.

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The Daily Pennsylvanian


**Knicks come back, beat Raptors by one point.**

NEW YORK — Late-night st Forts took part in a game that was not set in motion until 5:45 a.m., when the NBA’s final 17 points — including the game-winner with 7.9 seconds left — were scored in the last minute of a game.

The Knicks came back to beat the Raptors, 92-90, in the final game of the NBA season, a game which tied the Western Conference for the best record in the league.

The game was played in Madison Square Garden, and the Knicks, who finished with a 42-40 record, won their first game of the season.

**Game Recap**

The Knicks led by 12 points in the first half, but the Raptors came back to win the game.

**TV Schedule**

Rams Rivers named NBA Coach of the Year

ORLANDO, Fla. — All things considered, Rivers would not have made it to the NBA this season.

The playoffs began without the Orlando Magic, who were the last team to make the playoffs, and the Magic lost in the first round.

Rivers, who was named NBA Coach of the Year, lost in only 13 games.

**TRENDING NOW**

- The Magic lost to the Atlanta Hawks in the first round of the playoffs.
- Rivers, who was named NBA Coach of the Year, lost in only 13 games.
- Orlando Magic lost to the Atlanta Hawks in the first round of the playoffs.
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**SEASON STATISTICS**

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**CLASSIFIED ADS**

**SPORTSWSR**

**The Daily Pennsylvania Presents:**

**Today's Astrological Forecast**

**SYDNEY OZARK**

- Scorpio: The week will bring success and new beginnings.
- Libra: You will experience a lot of change.
- Virgo: You will have a lot of support from your friends.
- Leo: The week will bring good news.
- Cancer: The week will bring challenges.
- Gemini: You will have a lot of energy.
- Taurus: The week will bring good luck.
- Aries: You will have a lot of success.
- Pisces: The week will bring happiness.
- Sagittarius: You will have a lot of energy.
- Capricorn: The week will bring good news.
- Aquarius: You will have a lot of support from your friends.
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The Weekly Pennsylvanian
The Best of The Daily Pennsylvanian. The Best of Penn.
While one class is moving on, another is moving in

inside - Olde City restaurants • 'Road Trip' • Ryuichi Sakamoto • and more...
Sure, men twirling around in tights are artists, but what about men hitting each other over the head with chairs?

ARI CHANG

A couple of months ago, I was invited by a friend of mine to see the Pennsylvania Ballet at the Academy of Music. I saw Romeo and Juliet. Yeah, I know — ballet... Romeo and Juliet... yeah, shuddup. Don't get me wrong, I can appreciate art in all her many forms, including ballet. So I admit I had a good time. I very much enjoyed Romeo and Juliet. It's true. I especially enjoyed the scene where Romeo, played by a wonderfully talented and versatile young man in tights, was busy avenging the death of Mercutio by dueling Tybalt in a testosterone-filled melee when all of a sudden the two combatants dropped their swords and entered into a tirade of leaps and one-foot twirls. I couldn't help thinking about the other fine work of art that I could have been watching that evening entitled Beyond the Mat, a highly-lauded documentary about the behind-the-scenes world of professional wrestling which fixed a motel. Likewise, my friend Samantha in elementary school took ballet lessons. Every Wednesday her parents would send her to class. In addition, she could never stay after school and play because her parents would make her practice at least 1 1/2 hours a day or else she couldn't watch television. The last time I saw Foley, I was watching a tape of his famed Hell in the Cell Match where he was thrown off a 16-foot cage, through a 16-foot cage, and then choked slammed onto a pile of thumbtacks. Samantha spends most of her day chilling on the beach at UC Santa Barbara. This has nothing to do with anything.

I just hope that professional wrestling finally starts to garner the same type of respect that is conferred upon other performing arts like the ballet and Riverdance. So to my friend who loves the wrestling — I would never ever mock your love of StarCraft, foolio.

Well come on, isn't it? After all, both are performance arts — specifically, art forms expressed through movements of the human body. When Barishnikov wants to indicate his character's feeling of anger, he spins around and then leaps through the air. When Barishnikov wants to indicate his character's feeling of sadness, he spins around and then leaps through the air. I find this very similar to what the Caballeros Cripple Chris Benoit performs a diving headbut onto the top turnbuckle. In order to show the audience that jumping at your opponent using your head as a battering ram causes a fair amount of head pain, Benoit, immediately after performing the dive, clutches his forehead and rolls around in agony.

Both the ballet and professional wrestling are intensely physical forms of art accompanied by sweat, tears and years of dedication to training. Hard-core legends Mick Foley drove 16 hours every weekend from his college in upstate New York to his wrestling school in Pittsburgh. He slept in the car because he couldn't afford a motel. Likewise, my friend Samantha in elementary school took ballet lessons. Every Wednesday her parents would send her to class. In addition, she could never stay after school and play because her parents would make her practice at least 1 1/2 hours a day or else she couldn't watch television. The last time I saw Foley, I was watching a tape of his famed Hell in the Cell Match where he was thrown off a 16-foot cage, through a 16-foot cage, and then choked slammed onto a pile of thumbtacks. Samantha spends most of her day chilling on the beach at UC Santa Barbara. This has nothing to do with anything.

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Randi Rothberg

Missing you already...

Randi Rothberg

This time there's no bashfulness, no hiding behind lowered eyelashes, no whispers of guesses. Instead, while a few tears may fall, I open my eyes and can see perfectly. I know that I'm in love.

More than any person, class, activity or memory, The Daily Pennsylvanian and 34th Street have claimed my heart. Last semester I spent hours and hours (and then some more hours) writing, laughing, talking, working and pretty much living in our messy office tucked into the back corner of 4015 Walnut Street. Party Mix is pretty exciting anytime, but I promise you that it tastes better at 4 a.m. when you're sharing it with a friend.

Thank you for reading. I hope the Philadelphia School Board's decision to install metal detectors in local high schools angers you as much as it did us. I hope Alexis James' incredible spirit will inspire you to work past your own struggles and still shine with your smile achievements. I hope you look at the homeless men and women tipping their cups and remember that they have dreams too. And I really hope that you've gotten off your ass and asked out your crush. Even if you disagree, I appreciate your attention. (One loyal reader deserves mention: JS, here are your quotes: ***)

David Scott

I hate this sentimental bullshit

David Scott

It's the last few weeks of senior year. That means it's time for nostalgia. I hate time for nostalgia. And it's not because I don't feel nostalgic, it's because I do. Many of those about to depart haven't had to go through the goodbyes that come at the end of an era since high school. I went through it last year after a semester in Madrid. It's a different kind of goodbye when there will be no summer vacations to return to. After high school, you lose track of acquaintances, but you continue to see your friends on break. As the class of 2000 scatters across the world there will be friends, close friends, you will never see again. Sucks, huh?

Looking back on four years of Penn, I try to think about what I will remember best down the line. What set our college experience apart from everyone else's, not just at other schools, but among previous and future Penn classes as well? Pennsylvanians like Spring Fling and Hey Day don't count because even the freshmen get those at some point. Instead, it is the singular occurrences that will make anecdotes for years to come that I'll remember. It is the things we'll laugh about when I run into you at an airport in 20 years. It is the stuff that you wouldn't have believed possible before you came here, and have nearly forgotten because so much other shit has gone down since. It is the Cheesehead Game in which Penn beat Lehigh 100-58 in December 1996 thanks to an intentional foul with seven seconds left and a last-second basket by bench-warmer Nate Allison. We won Ivy championships in later years, but it was all downhill from there.

It is the fact that the student body, who wouldn't bat an eyelash if the University enslaved Paraguay, became militant protesters when the University tried to take our alcohol away.

It is that guy who didn't get shot in the penis.

It is PSAS. I haven't followed this as closely as things of more importance and interest to me, such as Pee-Wee hockey league scores in Botswana or the current fashion trends for elderly amputees, but as far as I can tell, this group got us to leave the monitoring organization we were in and we have yet to join another. We are currently part of no monitoring organization. Way to go.

It is FWOT. If you want large fries and a drink, it isn't supersize, it's "hook me up." And they make you say it.

It is when a $10 million gift changed PIBS to the Huntsman program and our status changed from specimens of a fledging experiment to Lords of all Creation. Free printing and finger sandwiches for all.

It is that the University thought it could keep the goalposts in Franklin Field out of the Schuylkill last year.

It is Brother Stephen, Kathy Change, the Duke of Earl and the gang at Azalea Court.

It is all these things and a whole lot more that have defined our collective experience at Penn. It wasn't the classes, the special events or anything else planned. It was just stuff that happened, much like my experience at 34th Street. I never had any journalistic ambitions — being film editor for three semesters was just something that came out of my affinity for movies. I enjoyed it, though. On the track toward investment banking slavery it was a nice break to discuss CDs rather than DCGs for at least a few hours a week. My housemates, having heard me return late Tuesday night daunting the magazine and all those involved on occasion may disagree, but they're a bunch of damn sauce monsters anyway.

I want to briefly thank all the people who wrote film reviews over the last two years, especially those who wrote good ones. Thanks to Mike Silverstein for making my job a lot easier this semester and to Christy Cheng, the patron saint of the film section. Most of all, to anyone who ever read the headlines, subheads or captions in the film section and thought It Was Better. God bless you.

David Scott

Leaning toward Princeton

Stupid Guys Can't Act. N.Y. Times says, "As an interviewer, Leonardo DiCaprio is no Tim Russert" after his Earth Day dialogue with President Clinton. They forgot to mention that as an actor, he's not even a David Hasselhoff.

Gwyneth Paltrow. Sued by two Los Angelesenos who claim "serious back injuries" after colliding with her rental car a few months ago. Replies Paltrow: "You're lucky I even drove on the right-hand side of the road, you stupid Americans.”

Backstreet Boys. MSN reports that Backstreet Boys' initial marketing was directed to young gay males. In a totally unrelated story, Vermont will allow five gay males to marry each other.

Pikajesus. The pope is now a fan of Pokémon, that devilish little Japanese cartoon. What's better than blind faith? Getting robbed blind by the Japanese, of course.

Juiced-up publicity stunt. O.J. Simpson is heading back to court to try and clean his name. He will try to claim that Nicole Brown Simpson was not killed within the LAPD's true frame. As for the matching blood in the Bronco, that was planted there by a wild racist gaggle of geese, duh.
Snuffed for the very first time

“Daddy, I wanna make a movie!” “Okay, sweetie, in a bit...” “No Daddy, I want it now! Or else I’ll star in your next film!” Hence, ‘The Virgin Suicides’.

TIM BANDEEN

The Virgin Suicides marks the feature debut of director Sofia Coppola, who has been appearing off and on in her father Francis Ford Coppola’s films since her petite as the infant in the climactic christening scene of one of his more family-values-oriented films, The Godfather. A prominent member of Hollywood’s first family herself, expectations for Sofia’s prowess as a filmmaker in her own right are high. And most of them should be satisfied by her work on The Virgin Suicides.

The film examines a climax in the lives of a family of five sisters against the backdrop of upper-middle-class suburban life in America in 1975; its theme of ageless confusion and dark tone resemble those of Ang Lee’s The Ice Storm. The Virgin Suicides, an invisible narrator (Giovanni Ribisi) leads us through a series of events that end with the descent of five beautiful but withdrawn sisters from enduring the painful frustration of adolescence into an inexplicable act that will haunt Ribisi and his friends forever.

Coppola’s skilful direction moves deftly through the material, setting a pace that doesn’t allow the film to get bogged down in any of its emotional scenes, either those of heightened drama or comic nostalgia. Melodrama is not the film’s focus nearly so much as introspection and contemplation of a tragic event that once shocked a town, but is now just another tumultuous memory for those who lived to see it. Coppola’s ambitious screening techniques reflect the influence of her father’s generation of exuberant filmmakers, but these flourishes are balanced by her measured, objective approach to the material.

The screenplay, adapted by Coppola from the novel by Jeffrey Eugenides, captures those most awkward of high school moments wistfully, and it paints a believable picture, never getting carried away with even its most unreasonable characters. The film makes a bold decision concerning point-of-view in its latter stages, withholding information and frustrating its audience into contemplating the hows and whys of what’s happened. It’s a risky technique, one that leaves a little too much of the film’s message to be inferred, and one that sacrifices story for the sake of provocation.

Material like this begs for competent performers, of which the film boasts its fair share. The young actresses, led by Kirsten Dunst as the strongest-willed of the sisters, are effective across the board. The ever-reliable James Woods puts in a rare nice-guy appearance as the girls’ father, only as strict as his paranoid wife (Kathleen Turner) pushes him to be. The Virgin Suicides is a bold debut for director Sofia Coppola, one that proves she is not only competent as a filmmaker, but genuinely talented. It’s a film that is accessible to almost anyone, as the period to which it harkens is not a specific setting but the universally difficult period of adolescence. The Virgin Suicides will linger in the minds of audiences long after the credits roll, and what could be better for any artist’s first effort?

Like a romp in the countryside.

Pick of the Week: Frequency, it’s got everything you want in it - Dennis Quaid, supernatural activity, time traveling, murder mysteries, and big ole breasts. OK, the breasts part is probably not true, but you believed it, right? Right? If you actually read this, we will be amazed. I mean, the print is so small anyways.

stones movie? The first one sucked enough. Aye carumba. Where the Heart Is - A whole bunch of chicks in the South talk about their diaphragms. See our review.

Dennis Quaid, supernatural activity, time traveling, murder mysteries, and big ole breasts. OK, the breasts part is probably not true, but you believed it, right? Right? If you actually read this, we will be amazed. I mean, the print is so small anyways.

street ratings guide: *****Seniors  ****Juniors  ***Sophomores  **Freshmen  *Pre-Frosh
Episode I: The Phantom Menstruation

Some folk'll never give birth in Wal-Mart, but then again, some folk'll like Natalie Portman in 'Where the Heart Is'

Stacey Beck

Novalee Nation (Natalie Portman), the poor Southern protagonist of the film Where the Heart Is, was left to fend for herself in a Tennessee trailer park by her mother on her fifth birthday. Ever since, the number five has caused her nothing but strife. A very pregnant 17-year-old high school drop-out, Novalee leaves Tennessee with her boyfriend, Willy Jack Pickins, in hopes of providing a better life for their unborn child. While making a purchase at a small-town Oklahoma Wal-Mart, she receives $5.55 in change and immediately senses trouble. She rushes out of the store to find herself stranded, she becomes a surrogate mother, and Sally Field's brief appearance as the mother who abandoned Novalee (she looks Cruella De-Vil-ville look like Donna Reed) round out this film's all-star female cast.

Aside from the cheesy title and the fact that the names of the characters provoke all kinds of "trailer trash" jokes in the minds of viewers (Novalee names her daughter "Americus"), the film achieves its objective of championing the survival of ordinary women who face extraordinary odds. Director Matt Williams beautifully illustrates the power of friendship and maternal love with exquisite detail. But the film becomes overwhelmingly sentimental at times, and the sub-plot of Willy Jack's adventures after he leaves Novalee is distracting. These scenes take the focus off Novalee's life and shift it onto someone the audience has already written off as scum and for whom little empathy can be conjured.

If you're in the mood for a compelling and heartwarming coming-of-age flick, Where the Heart Is proves itself worthwhile and rewarding despite its flaws. Just don't expect your boyfriend to agree.

That messy spaghetti stain? All gone, thanks to Stain-B-Gone Ultra Washout!!!

Do not turn to the left. We repeat: do NOT turn to the left.
Highway Sixty-Fun!!!!! Revisited!!!!!

Last title ever, worst title ever. Ladies and gentlemen, David and Mike have left the building.

Catherine Lucey

Over the past few years, moviegoers have been bombarded with teen movie after teen movie. From 'Clueless' to 'American Pie,' these movies all combine a few basic elements — Abercrombie-wearing actors with great hair, constant erection jokes and extremely embarrassing bathroom humor. And this summer's teen extravaganza, 'Road Trip,' is no exception, pulling all the old tricks as it strives to top its predecessors and achieve blockbuster status. Unfortunately, it doesn't quite reach the destination.

'Road Trip' feels like a compilation of scenes from former teen comedies, with a few grosser or dirtier moments thrown in to prove that the movie is fun and edgy. But it's not. In fact, its a whole lot like 'American Pie,' just set inside a car. The brightest note in this desperate maneuver to be entertaining is Tom Green, who gleefully narrates the turtlesnake, which could easily be a bit on his time trying to feed a mouse to a cranky rat-university. Green spends much of his screen movie as a blatantly incompetent tour guide in an attempt to save Josh's long-distance love affair. The relationship is in danger because Josh has been screwing around and mistakenly sent the girlfriend a video of his wild night (three times to be exact) with another girl. While the men in the audience probably fully support Josh's exploits, the lead character feels a little guilty and packs up a car with the prototypical stones, outcast and stud (played by Stifler from 'American Pie'). Along the way, the guys do some drugs, have some sex and meet some funny senior citizens as well as some equally funny disabled people.

The audience can feel the movie straining to entertain, pulling gag after gag, almost shouting, "look at me, look at me, I'm funny, really I am." After a while it's more exhausting than amusing as one starts to wonder how many more drugs/sex/feces jokes can possibly be made. One particularly unnecessary scene in a diner shows a repulsively obese and hairy chef putting french toast down his pants and rubbing it against his ass crack.

And as the film racks up the miles it also drives across some very dubious territory. A questionable moment occurs when the travelers stop in at a traditionally black fraternity, where the brothers accuse trippers of being Ku Klux Klan members. Somehow, the filmmakers thought this would provoke hilarity among teenage audiences. Regardless of its limited scope and redundant humor, 'Road Trip' will likely bring in big bucks from undiscriminating teen audiences this summer. But while the movie is probably more fun than driving to Ohio with your grandparents, it's a lot less fun than driving to Florida with your friends.

Interview

Breckin up is hard to do

Perennial Road Tripper Breckin Meyer shares his thoughts on the film with Street.

Catherine Lucey

He's never attended college, never partied in a frat house, never doused off in a philosophy class. Yet somehow, actor Breckin Meyer will try to entertain the 16 to 24 crowd again. This time, however, he's not in this summer's low-brow, teeny-bopper sex comedy 'Road Trip.' In fact, Breckin has never even been on a road trip.

"I've never taken a road trip," he says. "I get to do the fun things in my job, I don't get to do them in my real life."

Wearing a faded, wrinkled blue shirt that just matches his baby blue eyes, Meyer, 25, curls up in an armchair at a Los Angeles hotel to talk about 'Road Trip,' his acting career and his inexperience with the "fun things" in life.

"No one's said to me that I've missed out yet," he says of experiencing milestones like high school graduation and a college education on screen. With his short, spiky brown hair, he looks more clean-cut now than in his first major success, 'Clueless,' when he played the stoner-with-a-heart-of-gold, Travis Birkenstock.

"'Road Trip' is really just another notch in the teen-flick belt for Meyer, who has racked up quite a résumé in the past couple of years, appearing in 'The Craft,' 'Go' and 'Can't Hardly Wait.' Among others, 'Road Trip' follows Meyer's character, Josh, and some friends as they trek across the country in an attempt to save Josh's long-distance relationship. High jinks ensue — graphic, spewy-doriation scenes, french toast stuck down a hairy fat man's pants and spirited Greek step-dancing are all in store.

"Meyer says this film represents a transition from his work in supporting roles to leading heartthrob status. "I went out for E.L.," he says, referring to the gregarious and sexually perverse sidekick played by Seann William Scott, who made a huge hit last summer as Stifler in 'American Pie.' "But I wasn't anywhere near as funny as Seann was," Meyer explains. "They called me and asked if I wanted to audition for the lead. I jumped at the chance."

Of course, while being the star has its glamour perks — including more screen time and higher billing — it fame comes at the price of security. "I was nervous," he admits. "The last thing I wanted was the audience to get sick of me."

The movie pairs Breckin with a slew of other up-and-coming teen stars. The names aren't so memorable, but most of the faces have shown up in the endless cycle of WB dramas and pre-pubescent romances over the past year. Meyer and company all say that filming on location was fun. The star tells some stories about helping drunken castmates home.

"I'm like 3'2 and Seann's 6' and I had to fucking carry him home," he laughs. "He was punching all the lights in the hallways."

So what quasi collegiate experience did Meyer enjoy filming the most?

"I could say something naughty, but I won't. The fraternity. I loved that."

The fraternity scene takes the road trippers to a traditional African-American fraternity in the South, where they party with the brothers and watch a running Greek step show.


Still, Meyer seems to be happy with his current life in Hollywood, noting that he has even carved a little niche for himself in the cutthroat world of acting.

"The last three movies I made were about road trips and the pilot I just did was a road trip," he says. "I'm the road trip guy. I'm the road tripper."

So the banana says to the cab driver, "But I don't have any pockets."
Michael Almereyda's forthcoming Hamlet features Ethan Hawke in the title role and takes place in modern-day New York, where Ophelia diaries Moviefone and soliloquies take place in Blockbuster Video. Street met with the up-and-coming director to discuss David Lynch, product placement and the joy of dropping out of Harvard.

Q: When did you start directing movies?
A: I dropped out of Harvard and I wrote screenplays for Hollywood for a while. Then I got disenchanted with that and used money from one job to do a short film with Dennis Hopper; after two years of trying I got money for another film. That didn't turn out very well, largely because the company that financed it went out of business. They just crashed — they took 15 movies with them and just dumped them to video. So after that I was kind of a certified failure and it was very hard to do anything else. That was 10 years ago.

Q: Did you have a specific reason for doing Hamlet?
A: I tried to avoid it because it seemed too obvious and too overdue, but the more I thought about it the more irresistible the picture became. It's resoundingly great, but it's a vast play and there are so many ways to approach it... I was avoiding it and then it seemed to chase me. I thought back to when I first read it in high school and all the parallels it had. I felt what it meant for me then, and what it could still mean for an audience. It largely has to do with casting Hamlet as someone who is young. In all of the movies of Hamlet, Hamlet is middle-aged. There's not a single Hamlet under 30. Ethan Hawke's the first one. So that was a starting point for doing something fresh. Putting [the play] in a contemporary world is done often enough on stage, but we haven't done it in film. And I took a flying run at it.

Q: You've been compared to [director] David Lynch, who was the executive producer of Najda [an earlier Almereyda film]. How did you come to associate with him?
A: I knew him and I liked his work a lot. The woman who ended up producing Najda is his editor, and between the two of them they were very supportive. And that's how it started.

Q: Do you feel you've been influenced by his work?
A: Oddly enough, not — I think that we just have a lot in common. I'm from the Midwest and we share a lot of reference points. If he's an influence it's one I'm not constantly aware of. We just come from the same territory. And other people are probably more conscious of his influences. But I think of him mostly as a friend.

Q: Where would you like to go after this?
A: I'd like to go to New Orleans and make a movie. That's what I'm planning to do. A low-budget movie in New Orleans.

Q: Do you feel like talking about Harvard at all?
A: I had a fine time there. I just didn't have much patience for college. I wasn't really a good student. I didn't fit well with authority. I liked the routines of college. I liked the libraries. I liked a lot of things about Harvard. But there was a lot in college that I didn't like. I didn't like the way the world was measured in college. I didn't like the way the world was measured in society. I think I might be painting or something. I'd go to the beach and society at large is only making it more difficult. Unfortunately, there are going to be some people who go after the film because they feel it's some sort of corrupt product-placement scheme.

Q: If you weren't making movies, what do you think you'd be doing now?
A: Swimming on the beach. It's kind of unimaginable. I think I might be painting or something. I'd go to the beach and paint.

Q: What movies do you like?
A: My tastes are all over the board. I think my favorite movie last year was The Matrix, but I also liked a lot of movies you probably haven't heard of because they're not American or European and weren't even in film festivals, so they didn't get distributed in the U.S. I think movies, though, in a way are overrated in our culture. I wish it was balanced in a way that people had more time and attention for other things. Not merely art, even, just reality. Movies have a way of taking over and that's another suggestive aspect of this Hamlet, the way movies saturate our lives. That ties in with the product placement. It's all connected, and Shakespeare knew everything was connected, so I'm just adding a few more things into the spiral of connections.
Forget Rittenhouse Row and South Street. The savvy Philadelphia diner knows where to go: Olde City. Nestled between colonial-style buildings and cobblestone streets are some of the City's finest — not to mention trendiest — culinary destinations. If you don't mind opening your wallet a bit wider than usual, head on down to the City's historical district and prepare your taste buds for a treat. To help you decide which place to hit first, Starr has sampled a few of the most noteworthy restaurants in Olde City.

The Blue Angel

Located on a nondescript stretch of Chestnut Street, the Blue Angel is a charming recreation of the classic French bistro. The floors are tiled, the walls are mirrored and er-satz coat shelves rest several feet above diners' heads — all the accoutrements of a classic Parisian neighborhood restaurant are featured. The menu offers mostly meat-and-potatoes fare, with frites (French fries), but a whole lot tastier than those offered by McDonald's) accompanying most dishes. The steak-and-frites is wonderful, as is the chocolate souffle for dessert. The fairly steep menu prices are likely to make the Blue Angel a when-the-'rents-visit-only destination, but if you're willing to spend the money, it would be great for a birthday or big date. The only prerequisite for dining at the Ro coco could fit almost any occasion from a meal with friends to a pre-clubbing drink to an intimate (but perhaps noisy) dinner date. The only pre-

Rococco

The atmosphere is whatever you make it at Rococco. Architecturally dazzling, the former bank is spaciously laid out with a long slick bar on the right, a large dining area on the left and a relaxing cigar lounge at the back which features a view of the entire restaurant. With excellent food and drink, a meal at Rococco could fit almost any occasion from a meal with friends to a pre-clubbing drink to an intimate (but perhaps noisy) dinner date. The only pre-

Lucy's Hat Shop

Lucy's Hat Shop is the place to take a first date. Not only is it cozy and romantic, but on weekends the joint is packed with a lively young scene, so if your date turns out to be a loser, you may just snag a new one at the bar. The food is American with a modern flair. While portions are sometimes a little on the small side, appetizer prices are very reasonable so be sure to check them out. Lucy's is an enjoyable experience either at the bar, for a weekend brunch or an early dinner. 247 Market Street, (215) 413-1433

Fork

As its name suggests, dining at Fork is a streamlined affair — food without frills. An intimate yet comfortable space, Fork is the perfect venue for great, unpretentious cui-

Tangerine

One of the most recent installments in the rash of flashy restaurants in Olde City is Tangerine. Steven Starr (also the owner of Continental and Blue Angel) breaks away from the gauzy white zen of his similarly hip restaurants with the decor of his latest joint. Instead, Starr creates a space that claims both a club vibe and a mysteriously foreign at-

WILL BURHOP

street wants you to see another movie!!

Did you know that heroes like to rise? It's not really their bag to remain underground because then they wouldn't be able to do all their heroic stuff. Heroes lift cars and slay evil creatures. Who is your hero?

e-mail street@dailypennsylvanian.com between 5:03 and 5:37 with your answer and get two complimentary passes to a special screening of Gladiator.
Spice up your life

A new Indian bistro joins the crowd of Old City restaurants

JILL MAGLIONE

Tired of dull, run-of-the-mill Indian buffets? In the mood for some home-cooked, not left-out-in-the-open-for-hours fare? Want to try Indian food that sizzles your taste buds without singeing them? Then check out Cafe Spice, Philadelphia’s newest Indian bistro.

Located in the heart of Olde City, the week-old Cafe Spice is as piquant as its moniker suggests. Gigantic red French doors invite diners to experience the café’s visual flavor while shades of ginger, cardamom and curry, sprinkled with cinnamon and nutmegs, permeate the spice-themed restaurant. Warmly colored walls and moldings complement the high-ceilinged dining rooms, boxy and eclectically chic design, as lights sheathed in burlap sacks and cubed lanterns provide an intimate dining atmosphere. Included, romantic booths tucked into the walls boast ultra-suede seat covers and backrests crafted by renowned New York City designers, while one wall is adorned with pictures of —

text continues on next page
Can you feel the heat closing in? Look at them — they’re all around you. They travel in packs, led around by one of your more well- rounded classmates. They’re smarter than you, they’re faster than you, they’re younger than you and they’re hungrier than you. And pretty soon, they’ll take over. They will sit in your chairs, win over your teachers and sleep in your beds. They will become you.

It’s Penn Preview Weekend, and inside Logan Hall’s Terrace Room, about 100 parents wait patiently with their college-worthy bundles of joy. Soon, a Penn student will lead them on a tour through four of Penn’s college houses.

As they wait for the tours to begin, the parents make small talk. They swap SAT scores like recipes. With smiles on their faces a mile wide, they compare and they boast and they name-drop.

“We’ve just been to Harvard. I like the campus there better.”

“I’m personally rooting for Stanford — it’s closer to home. My daughter just wants to see all her options.”

“Oh, yes, that’s very important — they’re going to spend four years here. Penn is very pretty, too.”

The kids hang back, sit down with their legs out, trying to look comfortable. They wear uneasy grins as their parents politely spar with their statistics. They attempt to reverse the course of their high school careers — they try not to stand out.

As 1 p.m. approaches, more families arrive. Fathers walk in with sons — shadows of themselves, blue chips off the old block, varsity jackets in tow. Parents alternately gripe about financial aid and the weather.

Some parents hover over their little superstars’ shoulders. They wear a concerned look and an ever-so-anxiously furrowed brow, advising their offspring to the last about the Most Important Decision of Their Lives.

These kids come when called, they know their roles. When their parents are done complaining about traffic and talk turns to their children, the kids dutifully present themselves for inspection and recite their résumés.

“Well, I’ve always loved music, so I think I’d like to pursue that while I’m at Penn. I was also very involved with my student government.”

One girl and her family sit in the back laughing — she probably got into Harvard.

Some parents examine the other kids in the room like hawks, silently judging. Are these students going to stimulate our boy’s college experience? They ask test questions — “So, what are you planning to study?”, “What major are you going for?”

Many kids give a noncommittal answer, but the real good ones pull out gems like computer science. “Oh, that’s a wonderful field!”

As the tour winds through its first stop, Stouffer College House, prospects and their parents take special notice of the various flyers posted on the hallway walls.

The parents look for affirmation — they want to make sure Penn is indeed a place where all of their kids’ cultural and social needs will be met in wholesome and productive ways.

The students, however, seem intent on just taking everything in. They are thinking not about how things ought to be, but about how things actually are.

On an otherwise sleepy Easter Sunday, Black Sabbath blares out of the commissary, reminding everyone that they are in a college dormitory and not at a hospital.

Most of the students observe silently, letting their parents ask the burning questions. Some chime in with queries about room sizes, but most simply take a peek inside the rooms and nod their heads.

“Can I go into this room?” asks an overly zealous mother in King’s Court, as she tries to open a locked dormitory room.

“Not all students have agreed to display their rooms today,” the tour guide politely informs her.

In the Quadrangle, a dad lags behind the rest of the tour, staying back to question the room’s occupant about dormitory life.

One father takes copious notes throughout the tour. A mother repeatedly asks whether or not dormitories are separated by majors. Another mom seems concerned that all dormitories are co-ed by floor.

“Parents primarily seem to ask the bulk of the questions,” says Quenby Jackson, one of Penn’s regional admissions directors. “Students tend to sit back and let their parents ask the questions, but there are some students who chime in and are independent and seem to be leading the charge on their ultimate decision.

“Students ask about the food, they ask about their housing choices, and then they ask about getting into classes that they want,” Jackson says. “They ask the same types of questions as their parents, but with a different angle.”

According to Admissions Dean Lee Stetson, the issue of safety has waned over the last few years. As urban campuses become increasingly in vogue, most parents and students seem eager to be hip to the city scene.

“Part of my region is the southwest — Texas, Arizona, Oklahoma and New Mexico — and when I’m in those regions during programs, I get a lot of questions about safety and security,” Jackson says. “For people who haven’t been to campus, safety and security is an issue, but then once they get here and they’ve spent the day, they tend to say, ‘Well, it’s really a very open, but very comfortable, safe-feeling campus.’”

On Monday’s tour, guide Anthony Gill, a fourth-year college junior, leads kids through the charge on their ultimate decision.

These pre-frosh — or “prospectives,” to use Admissions Office parlance — have chosen to spend their Easters and Passovers on the road, checking out first hand the place that they might call home for the next four years.

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The herd of pre-frosh with parental entourage tours the campus after sucking the University Bookstore dry with their enthusiasm.

skillfully detours his group of prospectives around fire engines and police cars investigating the anthrax scare at New York University.

"This street appears to be blocked off, so we're going to go around this way," Gill says nonchalantly, taking his group up Walnut Street rather than over to 36th Street.

As Gill brings the group together at the compass, he makes the day's first mention of Greek life at Penn. The subject is quickly forgotten as the tour moves on to the Wharton School.

Stetson calls the Class of 2004 the most competitive group ever admitted into Penn.

The average SAT score for the early-decision admits is just under 1400. The average SAT II score lies a hair below 700. They arrive from far and wide, from South Jersey to South Africa.

No longer is Penn the social Ivy; a steadily rising U.S. News & World Report ranking and rapidly progressing maintenance projects are shaping Penn into what Stetson calls a "school of choice."

In 1991, Penn accepted 47 percent of its applicants. That number is down to 22 percent for the Class of 2004. And for the first time ever, Penn dipped below the magic number of 20, accepting only 19 percent of its regular decision applicant pool.

The kids in the Terrace Room look at each other the way Apollo Creed looked at Rocky at the end of their first fight. They feel a mutual respect and an embattled comradeship for one another, yet they retain a sense of that competitive drive that got them here — a sense that the real competition will begin next year at freshman Convocation.

"I think the people here are a lot more interesting than some of the other schools I went to," Averett said. "I want a really good academic school with people who also know how to have fun.

Most prospective families at Penn Previews list Penn as their favorite, or else have it running in a tie for first.

The parents are drawn to Penn because of its tradition, its academic excellence, its Ivy League reputation and its deep financial-aid pockets.

"Like the feeling of community," says Pragjee, who turned down New York University and Carnegie Mellon for Penn. "We visited all the college houses. We went to the athletic stadium and they were talking about the school spirit and it felt really good."

Ralph Patrick Pfeifer will most likely choose Penn over Columbia and M.I.T. because he "like[s] all the people."

Boston native Natalia Averett said she is leaning toward Penn over Pomona, Harvard and the University of Chicago.

"I feel like such a slacker amidst all these people because they all look so smart," says prospective Mamie Higgins.

"Urban versus rural," he repeats.

After the tour, Fox has not yet reached a decision, saying he'll have to discuss all his options with his mother on the plane trip home.

"The decision's totally his," his mother says. "Except Penn's been very generous with their financial aid package. That could be a factor.

"I want him to be happy, I really do. But it's going to be one of those two because I'm not going to spend that much money for a non-Ivy League school."

A total of about 53 percent of Penn's 4,280 accepted applicants are expected to agree to attend the University.

And around 2,350 students that are smarter than you will descend on Penn's campus next fall and begin moving into the niches you leave.

But Stetson downplays the number comparisons between the incoming and current undergraduates.

"It's all very much on the margin," Stetson says. "It's ratcheting up slowly but surely. Does that mean you can sense the difference in the classroom? I don't think so."

But make no mistake — you are being replaced.

You will no longer be the annoying kid who dominates discussion in his writing seminar. You will no longer be the girl who hooked up at her first fraternity party.

"I like the feeling of community," says Pragjee, who flew to campus all the way from Durban, South Africa, was so smitten with Penn that he turned in his deposit after fewer than 24 hours on campus.
spotlight on...

Ryuichi Sakamoto

Seth Isenberg

It's a warm Saturday night in March and South Street's TL is bustling. The stage is dark and the room is full of seats; the seats are full of people. Suddenly, sounds of drilling can be heard. As the disturbing noise reverberates throughout the theater, it is accentuated by other noises as well. A voice begins to speak in German, seeming to foreshadow some sort of throbbing techno beat, capable of bringing these disparate elements together. But this is not the case. The other voices die down, and all that can be heard is a heartbeat. Gradually, the disturbing sound effects begin to take a more soothing tone. What is left at the end is a Buddhist sutra, the ultimate in man overcoming physical constraints. And Ryuchi Sakamoto has taken the stage.

In the late '70s, Sakamoto co-founded the Kraftwerk-inspired Yellow Magic Orchestra, an early techno-pop hybrid that took Japan by storm. By the time the group disbanded, millions of albums were sold and the band's concerts had generated an immense following throughout Asia. After his stint with the Orchestra, Sakamoto wrote the score and acted in the film Merry Christmas Mr. Lawrence—a World War II tale of British POWs in a Japanese camp—which also starred David Bowie. The multi-faceted Sakamoto has worked with a gamut of artists including Thomas Dolby, Iggy Pop, Bootsy Collins and Tony Williams, to name a few. In 1987, Sakamoto wrote the score for the film The Last Emperor. This small film went on to win nine Academy Awards, including one for Sakamoto's original score. He also scored the soundtracks to Little Buddha, Wuthering Heights and, unusually, The Railroad Workers (Poppycock). "Opus" is an example of the spontaneity of Sakamoto's muse, as he relates that "...in order to be able to save something, no matter when or where it happens, I always carry a really small portable recorder in my bag. This tune came to me while I was driving my car in Japan, and so while I was stuck in traffic I rolled up the windows and sang it into a handheld miniature recorder."

While his bout of inspiration might seem odd, Sakamoto began to carry a recorder in order to remember songs as they formed in his head instead of writing them on napkins or anything else available. "Intermezzo" is a Brahms tribute, and "Tong Poo" is an old favorite of his, translated to the piano with an Asian flair. Sakamoto's recent Philly stop on his U.S. tour was no disappointment. After the initial sound-effect blend, he proceeded to flawlessly play much of his work from the last two releases. As if to show his audience that he is not just about piano, he even created an amazing soundscape by dropping small trinkets on naked piano strings. Few artists hope to accomplish half of what Sakamoto already has in his career, and if history is any indication, expect him in the future to complete feats that will boggle both himself and his peers.

For more information about Ryuichi Sakamoto, including samples of his work, log on to http://www.stesakamoto.com

have you heard of...

The Stone Coyotes

Jeffrey Barg

The Stone Coyotes are not what one might expect from a three-piece band with two members over the age of 40 and a third who is the son of the drummer. Sure, lead singer and guitarist Barbara Keith may have played folk songs while she was growing up, but the Stone Coyotes are no old, washed-up musicians. The group represents a surprising energetic cohesion of the hardest, rawest form of rock.

The Stone Coyotes' sound is deeply entrenched in the purest punk rock. Built upon the rigid rhythm section of drummer Doug Tibbles and bassist John Tibbles, Barbara Keith pounds out power chords with ferocity and blazes her way through each song with reckless abandon. Her searing guitar solos hold a kind of raw power attainable by only the most authentic rock musicians.

The Stone Coyotes were given their first big opportunity when they were "discovered" by Elmore Leonard, who penned the book for the 1995 blockbuster movie Get Shorty. Upon hearing the Stone Coyotes, Leonard decided to use the band's songs as the foundation for Be Cool, the sequel to Get Shorty. In addition to appearing in Leonard's book, those songs soon became Church of the Falling Rain, the Stone Coyotes' rocking 1998 debut album.

Situation Out of Control, the band's brand new follow-up to Church of the Falling Rain, continues in the same jagged, punky rock tradition. Keith's lyrics, laden with a storytelling style that blends folk and the blues, provide a perfect complement to the group's intense rock framework. Situation Out of Control aptly demonstrates the band's ability to press through an album with fiery energy. Showing no signs of slowing down, the Stone Coyotes continue to rock and refuse to be tamed... at least until they qualify for retirement benefits.
An overcrowded beach, a bustling strip mall, a top 40 radio station. These tend to be the carriers of the epidemic of the universal summer hit. The song that can be heard in the sterile confines of the dentist’s office, on the car ride home and then blasting from yo mama’s Casio boombox. To make a long story short, this is going to be Elwood’s summit at the dentist, the strip mall, the beach and, of course, on the radio.

Horns, sweet horns, if these wonders of metal engineering had never been invented The Parliance of Our Time’s choruses would be pure silence apart from the odd chant. Elwood has mastered the art of the melodic hook and is determined to cram as many as possible into each of his “anthems-in-training.”

If the Mighty Mighty Bosstones, Everlast and Len had a bastard child it would be physically hideous, but would sound and some thing like Elwood. Prince Elwood Strickland III, to be exact, has been a mainstay for the past decade at the home of New York’s downtown hip hop scene — Greene Street Studios. He engineered projects by De La Soul, Mos Def, Tricky and Adam Yauch. Combine that hip hop mindset with the pop mastery of producer Steve Lillywhite — the man responsible for Dave Matthews Band, the Rolling Stones and U2 — and the songs oozing with summer sugar will make perfect sense.

“Sumdown” is the album’s first single and is sure to be on sound track to the summer months. A remake of the Gordon Lightfoot’s 1974 “classic,” it’s got the usual favorites: record scratches, white boy rap and a drunken sing-along chorus. Fortunately, Elwood doesn’t try to front super-ficiality. What you get is what he does and sticks to it. Surprisingly, The Parliance of Our Time offers a great deal of variety, so maybe a visit to the dentist might be entertaining this summer. Just thank Elwood.

McBoring Patty with fries

SOMEONE WROTE THIS

The Pat McGee band formed in Virginia in 1996, and has since gained a loyal grassroots following. After three independent release albums, the band has finally hit the mainstream with Shine. Pat McGee explains the band’s sound in an oxymoronic way: modern classical rock which translates to a mix of pop and folk music. This staple of McGee is exemplified on “Runaway,” a catchy tune that opens with an unusual guitar and piano duet. The second song, “Rebecca,” has appeared on two previous albums, and some fans would claim that it is the group’s best song ever. Rebecca is not a real person, but a combination of the women who have passed through the band members’ lives. The light, airy percussion, the acoustic guitar and clever lyrics make this track the band’s signature song.

The next couple of songs are “anybody” and “Drivin’,” preserve the momentum of the first two tracks. They both use the same sort of light beat, but “Dri vin’” sounds a little more distinct thanks to a clear banjo riff in the background. The album then hits a bit of a low point with three almost identical songs. One saving grace, however, is the addition of the tenor sax on “Lost,” which introduces an interesting new element to the disc.

Just as thing are looking down, the standout track “Fine” jumps out of nowhere. Opening with an a cappella refrain, it will track listeners to the other songs on Pat McGee croons the lead part while AlWash and Jonathan Williams harmonize beautifully in the background.

Following this trend, “Shine” is a haunting melody with sad lyrics. “Now you walk among the fallen ones/ You’re the angels’ sun, but now you’re gone! And you chose to shine.” A hidden final track is a bit of a surprise for listeners who enjoy listening to 11 minutes and 53 seconds worth of silence. Overall, Shine is an average album that neither sounds classic nor modern. Instead, the Pat McGee Band churns out compositions that have potential but are hidden beneath a veil of inconspicuousness.

A Perfect Figure

ASHER LEWIS

One question was on the minds of El- liott Smith fans after the 1998 release of the brilliant XO—can Elliott answer that album with one of equal quality? XO had a greater texture and was more musically complex than his previous albums. In Figure 8 — Smith’s fifth LP the structured approach continues to work in the artists most polished work to date.

Who is Elliott Smith, the non-initi- ated might ask? The Portland, Ore., native is best known for his Oscar-nominated work for the soundtrack of Good Will Hunting, but his work on four of his four LPs (Roman Candle, Elliott Smith, Either/Or and XO) have built him a catalogue of songs that has made him arguably one of the best singer/songwriters of the ’90s.

Smith has taken up the mantle of Lennon/McCartney, Brian Wilson and Ray Davies to contribute personal, con- fessional songs on love and loss to musical history.

How does he fare on Figure 8 Great. The 16-track LP has features some of Smith’s catchiest work to date. “Junk Bond Trader” is a cautionary tale every Whatartonite should ac knowledge. The artist then ranges from rocking, elec- tric guitar-changed anthems like “LA” to slower, acoustic confessional like “Better Be Quiet Now.”

“Happiness” and “Pretty Mary K” prove that Elliott is still capable of writing some of the sweetest melodies around. “Happiness” be- comes a centerpiece for the album, as the chorus builds to a crescendo, chanting “What I used to be/ will pass away/ and then you’ll see... That all I want now/ is happiness/ for you and me.” Smith has an ability to write maudlin, borderlineitations that neither sounds classic nor modern. Instead, the Pat McGee Band churns out compositions that have potential but are hidden beneath a veil of inconspicuousness.

Ass-slapping, hip-thrusting, foot-stomping, head-banging, mind-bending, heart-shaking thrills for the summer months.

Get up kids, prick your ears and prepare for the flux of summer releases. The good, the bad and the ugly will line the slick display cabinets of your local music mart. Many will lure you in with vibrant covers, bonus discs and extraordinarily well-developed teenage nymphettes inviting you into illicit affairs for only 12 bucks. Let’s hope you do the research your future investment with great care.

In the hectic onslaught that is university existence, we sometimes miss some notable releases. Longtime Naess is perched on some “Don’t Miss” rack being unfairly ignored and perpetually overlooked. Her album Comatilis is full of sweet, tender, tripped-out pop ballads. She laces ’80s loops and riffs with the ambience of ’90s vocal electronica. Rock and roll is also fairly represented. Despite its preponderance of sound-track appearances, Tonic has succeeded with Sugar (its members aren’t the most imaginative name-creators in the world). It’s pure Tonic, yet this time around the group was able to sound a lot less obnoxious and slightly more earnest. Perhaps the situation was helped by Andy Wallace, who helmed the glorious Jeff Buck ley album Grace.

On the other hand side of this tonic is the victorious Low and Basketball soundtrack. With veritable smash- es from Lucy Pearl (Raphael Saadiq does it again), Bil lal (and again) and Black Eyed Peas, this is a sure-fire hit. But I’m still wondering why Angie Stone picked Simply Red’s Holding Back the Years. I mean, out of all the covers in the world, couldn’t she have picked some- thing more...”Finkle Young Cannibals”? Also look for releases from Jill Scott, Sy Smith and Shan Dazia.

Hip hop don’t, won’t, can’t stop. Common Like Wa termelon Sugar. To make a long story short, Common is a sure-fire hit. But I’m still wondering why Angie Stone picked Simply Red’s Holding Back the Years. I mean, out of all the covers in the world, couldn’t she have picked some- thing more...”Finkle Young Cannibals”? Also look for releases from Jill Scott, Sy Smith and Shan Dazia.

Like Watermelon Sugar. To make a long story short, Common is a sure-fire hit. But I’m still wondering why Angie Stone picked Simply Red’s Holding Back the Years. I mean, out of all the covers in the world, couldn’t she have picked some- thing more...”Finkle Young Cannibals”? Also look for releases from Jill Scott, Sy Smith and Shan Dazia.

There’s also a nonstop plethora of releases heading right for your tray table. The newly mature SKaNY No Doubt, a live album from Built To Spill and a fresh offering from Nell Young are just a few. And do not ignore the live compilations in memory of Jeff Buckley. From across the Atlantic, prepare for Supergrass, Green Velvet (all right, he was born in Chicago) and Cata- nomia.

—Benjamin Rowe
Technology of final exams

I hate exams. I hate the papers, the tests, the home-work, the multiple-choice questions, the short answer questions. What is the point of a semester of slacking followed by one week of pure hell? Why can't knowledge be tested evenly throughout the year so we can avoid jamming everything into an "exam period?" Playwright David Mamet once suggested that colleges — and exams, in particular — are systems of "institutionalized hazing." But don't give up yet — Street has a few solutions to help you through the gauntlet that divides the school year from the summer.

Life's a ball, but it sucks to be you

GEORGE SCHEER

This week, every person on campus has begun conversations with friends by complaining about exams. It seems that students simultaneously dread doing the work they've put off all semester and incur an immense ego boost by claiming that they have more said work than their friends. Yet the honest truth behind all the talk is that everyone is overloaded with work, and we don't have enough time to do all of it.

Simon & Schuster Interactive has a solution: Daria's Sick, Sad Life Planner. Not only will this program manage your time, remind you of approaching deadlines, store phone numbers and even keep track of your grades throughout the semester. It even does your complaining for you. Simply turn on your computer to find out just how much your life sucks and how worthless your friends are. Daria offers no encouragement, suggesting instead that the exciting plans you do have are merely false entries created to make yourself seem less pathetic.

Daria's Sick, Sad Life Planner is the best possible purchase for any exam period. Somehow, this simple program can out-complain the most annoying New York princess on campus while keeping the most unorganized students on task. But if you are in fact satisfied with the way your life is going, beware. This program will ruin it!

Don't worry, your term papers are just a click away

CHARLES BLACKBURN

It's 4:30 in the morning, the birds have started chirping and the Philadelphia sky has lightened to its eerily unnatural, pre-dawn shade of mauve. Ten pages on Themistocles and the Persian War separate you from a case of Natty and that proverbial fatty bowl which everyone sharing an assignment or exam proclaims they will smoke together once their finals are over. With your bed beckoning, the temptation is overwhelming. You log onto the Web, enter a few keywords and a credit card number and within seconds (or minutes if you don't live on campus) you have in your hands a seemingly well-written, grammatically-sound essay.

University life — complicated by the rigors of exams, term papers, part-time jobs, 14 daily hours of sleep and the responsibility of getting drunk and laid as often as possible — has traditionally left college students susceptible to the perils of cheating. Internet technology now facilitates the corruption by allowing students to access hundreds of Web sites that offer term papers on virtually any topic imaginable. Some sites, such as cyberessays.com and cheaters.com, offer bulletin board-like services where you can download essays either free of charge or in exchange for posting another paper. Other sites like the evil house of cheat.com or schoolscraps.com have created extremely profitable enterprises by charging hefty fees for their contribution to academic debauchery across American campuses. For $19.95 a page, termpapers911.com instantly delivers essays by e-mail. If your paper grapples with a more specific and challenging topic, never fear: $250-500 will buy you a custom-written essay from termpapers.com.

These Web sites have attracted more than just the attention of lazy college students. In 1997, Boston University filed a lawsuit against eight companies in seven states for wire fraud, mail fraud and racketeering. Companies have responded to legal attack by prom jming disclaimers stating that their sites are for "reference" purposes only. But a few clicks of the mouse often reveal instructions for downloading guaranteed As and encouragements to "screw the professor by getting an A without doing any work."

And cyber cheating and the Internet phenomenon in general have invoked a debate within the academic world that extends beyond the immorality of evading schoolwork. Intellectual property is a very recent concept and some believe that it doesn't really exist, arguing that one hand doesn't need to be so precious, but one mind cannot be credited for a body of work. By obscuring the original authorship of many works and themes, the Internet is redefining the way in which we view the artist as the sole proprietor of art. Controversy aside, a quick search through these Web sites renders the most legitimate source of incredulity on the matter. Papers entitled, "Hamlet as a Revenged Tragedy" and "The Scarlet Letter: An American Tale of Redemption" do not invoke images of a guaranteed A. Back to the books.

Drink away exam worries with the precise amount of alcohol

GEORGE SCHEER

Exams are finally over and its time to drink away the pain of the last two weeks. If you're like most students offering your bartending services at a friend's party, then pouring orange juice, pineapple juice, light and dark rum and grenadine to make a mai tai doesn't need to be so precise. But just imagine how surprised everyone would be if you carefully measured each ingredient to create the perfect inebriating concoction.

Last Call, the new release from Simon & Schuster Interactive, takes you inside the exciting life of a bartender. With the boss hanging over your shoulder, be sure to check IDs and to not waste alcohol. But good players must extend themselves beyond the menial task of mixing drinks and serving them to impatient customers. Be prepared to flirt with certain customers and always remember to check IDs or you’ll end up with a pink slip.

The game tends to be a little slow at times and enormously repetitive as customer after customer comes to the bar asking for drinks. And hunting and pecking for different alcohol icons is like learning how to type again as you familiarize yourself with the virtual bar. But once you have mastered the proper maneuvers, the game will teach you over 100 different drink recipes. It’s like Mavis Beacon Teaches Typing for alcoholics. No one enjoys playing it, but once you have mastered the keyboard you’re enormously pleased with your new skills.

Last Call is a fantastic way to learn numerous drink recipes which will make your parties better and help the exam period fade away all that much sooner.

George Scheer says, “I like monkeys with tambourines. Really, that's life's perfect combination. However, I must admit that monkeys and tambourines are not as good a combination as -street- and you.”
I like laughing. That's been the guiding principle of my life for as long as I can remember. I have no mantras. I have no deep philosophy to speak of. But ever since I was very little, I have always enjoyed laughing, and even more so, making other people laugh. More often than not, I made sure to make others laugh so that they would not laugh at me for being an intelligent, skinny little weenie with glasses. While self-deprecation is still a staple in my humor grab bag, other styles have since joined it there. Now I have self-deprecation, TV and film references, mediocre impressions and sex jokes all in my repertoire. Since this is the final time that I get to fill this page with my silliness, I figured I'd take a look back at the last 22 years, and what made me laugh along the way.

Ages 0-3
Life wasn't too funny when I was born. No wait, it was. I was going to say it wasn't funny because I was born a month premature and needed an incubator to stay alive and everyone thought I was going to die. But I forgot that it was funny because when I was born early, my Dad was on a business trip in Portland. I was the eighth child born into our family, so the luster of a new kid must have worn off. Our neighbor called him in the middle of the night and said, "Hey Joe, you have a new baby boy." He replied, "That's nice," hung up, and went back to sleep.

Then, when we were trying to crawl, I crawled on my back and my grandpop said, "That kid's retarded." We think he was wrong, but the jury's still out on that one.

Ages 3-8
My earliest memory is of my older brother John being mean to me and not sharing his Darth Vader doll on our front lawn in 1981. He was mean to me for most of my life. He told me on his wedding day that he was always mean to me in the hopes that it would toughen me up. I don't have a lot of that. I'm not a mean person.

I was born into our family, so the rich kids of Falco's "Rock Me, Amadeus" in 1982 were to me as "Rock me, I'm a Danish" to the tune of "The Impossible Dream." I don't think the author as a child was impressed by the song, but I was.

My first car was a tan 1984 Plymouth Reliant K. I got it for $100 from a family friend. That car ruled. Since it was orange, I could swing at the ball on the tee. To fake the throw before the batter time came, I would pretend to down the hill, gasping in terror by the time I made it to the bathroom. This happened every night. I blame whoever the hell left a 7-year-old kid watch Poltergeist. Stinking-rich neighbors that had HBO.

Ages 9-13 (The awkward years)
And I mean awkward. When I graduated from the eighth grade, I was 5'9" and weighed 111 pounds.

In fourth grade, we moved. That meant a new school, and new kids to win over. Our music teacher didn't help matters when she made me sing "Frosty the Snowman" in a mega-soprano voice for a Christmas Recital in front of the whole school. All I remember is belting out the first three words and watching as everyone in the school nearly fell out of their chairs laughing. One kid in my class actually did fall out of his chair. The funniest thing about it is that now I have a voice that is deeper than Barry White's, so my brothers who laughed at me for singing like a girl can't make fun of me anymore. Now when I sing that song, I think to myself, "That's not true." The voices are filled with sand.

The rest of grade school was awkward. The only good thing was to come of these years was the development of a love of potty humor. My brother and I used to sing clever songs with lyrics like, "Poop, poop, I love poop." What a great word. It doesn't sound quite as horrible as the word "amateur" associated with excretion, and the implied onomatopoeia is priceless. Other than that, grade school was weird. I don't want to talk about it. Let's move on...

Ages 14-22
High School was fun, but not at first. It started out slowly, as there wasn't much to do on weekends. So we went to a movie theater parking lot and hung out. I swear to God. Every weekend, you would find 100 15-year-olds just standing in a parking lot. Some people would play dice, some would sneak sips from water bottles filled with drinks stolen from parents' liquor cabinets, but most of us stood around.

As we grew older, our tastes grew more refined. The gatherings moved to wooded areas, where a keg could be placed, and the cops could be easily eluded once they showed up, which they always did. Man, were we stupid. I never drank in those days, so I had to climb trees and then fall out of them to entertain myself and the drunks who were sipping their Keystone Light.

My first car was a tan 1984 Plymouth Reliant K. I got it for $100 from a family friend. That car ruled. Since it was such a piece of crap, we used to ride around the parking lot after track practice and people would pet it with tennis balls. I don't know why that amused us, but as I said, we were pretty stupid kids.

Other highlights of these seven years included my first kiss, with a girl who was six feet tall just like I was. The best part was when both the girl and I were.Possessing each other's knees, while holding hands. She was sitting against the party after we hated making out.

I had to be more creative to make people laugh in high school, so I did stupid things like dressing up in a little kid's ninja costume on our home room TV show to get people to go to football games. And I regaled the guys on the track team with stories of the Spice Channel if you adjusted the tint and sharpness on your TV. I don't know that that had ever been a story before. So it did a stint in musical theater. Nothing like playing the Pharaoh in Joseph and the Amazing Technicolor Dreamcoat to get the ladies lining up for you...

Then came college. In order to make people laugh here, I had to be on the ante even more. I had to be even sharper in my Simpons quotes. I had to dress up like a dam Quaker and run around at sporting events. I had to embarrass myself and haze the Penn community by exposing my horrible body on the pages of this magazine. But it was all in good fun.

There are so many more things I wish I could say and do, but I cannot. This, like all things, must come to an end. So before I go, let me say just a few more words.

To my fellow freshman A**holes on this Campus: You're getting Any: Don't worry. Wait until you're a senior. I don't know why it is, but you'll hook up a hell of a lot more. Trust me on this one.

To Snobby People on this Campus: Your shit stinks. Just thought we'd clue you in, since you seem oblivious to this fact. Lighten up and have some fun.

To those who can't see the forest for the trees: They're everywhere. You see someone you think you know, and you start to say hi, but then you realize it's someone completely different. I started to wave to some guy the other day, because his long arms made me think it was our basketball center. Not even close. So don't say hi until you're absolutely certain who the person is.

To the Street and DP People: Thanks for the good times. I enjoyed my time here. No need to name names, 'cause you're all good people and you know who you are.

To My Friends: Nicole Melchiorre, you're simply the best person I know. Dave "Skippy" Cox, you've given me more laughs than anyone else here — from busting out on those naked people that we've had some fun. Claire Cavanaugh, you're anything but nondescript, you're the most cheerful person I've ever met. Thanks for teaching me that a Captain and Ginger is the best drink in the world. Jack Schonewolf, thanks for being in one of my classes through each of our eight semesters, but I'm still salty that I missed that guy come in late, fall over a chair and land on his face in Logic freshman year. Friars, thanks for letting me lick you all.

To the People who Read This Over the Past Two Years: Thank you for your time. I hope I made your Thursdays a little more enjoyable. I truly believe that one of the best things you can do for another person is make them laugh, because making them happy for a while. So if I made you laugh, thanks. It made me feel good to do so. Now go make someone else laugh. Let's keep it going. So don't buy that "Boy Named Sue" logic. I just think he was doing an incubator to stay alive going to die. But I forgot that it was funny because when I was born early, my Dad was on a business trip in Portland. I was the eighth child born into our family, so the luster of a new kid must have worn off. Our neighbor called him in the middle of the night and said, "Hey Joe, you have a new baby boy." He replied, "That's nice," hung up, and went back to sleep.

The author as the Quaker

I never played Little League, unlike most kids in suburban Philadelphia. I played tee-ball for a few months, but I spent most of that time being jealous of the "pitcher." He was the coach's son, and he got to fake the throw before the batter could swing at the ball on the tee. One day, someone hit a line drive and drilled him in the head. I was jealous of him anymore. I later learned how to make people laugh, even back then. One day, I was singing. "Rock me, I'm a Dandy" on the tune of Falco's "Rock Me, Amadeus" in the schoolyard, and everyone was laughing. The next day, I heard a parody song use the same joke on the radio. To this day, I don't know if I made it up or stole it from them. I think I made it up.

When you're that young, life can be scary. My older sister who lived in our attic had two clown dolls that someone made for them in their college colors. The red and blue one that belonged to my sister Beth (Whom I've always sat at the top of the attic stairs. The room I shared with my brother was at the bottom of those stairs, and our bathroom was way down the hall. I would wake up at night, when I'd wake up and have to pee. I dreaded going past that door, because I thought the clown doll would come and kill me. I would run down the hall, gasping in terror by the time I made it to the bathroom.
“Do you ever think that there’re just too many shirtless unicycle wielding gnomes passing you by on Locust Walk?

I thought so, too, but then I realized that there were only about two or three, and that’s not really too many.”
THE CONFERENCE OF THE BIRDS
University Of Arts Bank Theatre
8 p.m.; $5-$10
Through April 30
361 S. Broad Street

OK, I have never seen this play, although I must admit I am very intrigued. Here is the plot: Thousands of crazy birds go and search the world to look for their new king. Many become discouraged throughout the journey and finally realize that they themselves are, in fact, the king. Confused? Me too. And how on earth do they perform this? Are there just a bunch of people dressed up like birds on stage? Do they constantly flap their wings like the St. Joe's mascot? I'll fill you in on what it's got to be an odd spectacle.

THE PHILADELPHIA ORCHESTRA PRESENTS:
WORKS BY BARBER, SIBELIUS AND RAUTAVAARA.
The Academy of Music
8 p.m.; $15-$90; April 27-29
Locust and Broad streets
It's all about getting some culture and good music to round out the year. Classes are done, the stress of finals will soon begin but right now you have nothing to do. Go to the Academy of Music. One of the top five orchestras in the nation will knock your socks off no matter how big your wallet is, since tickets can cost as little as $15 or as much as $90, depending on whether you want to impress or to just relax and enjoy the show.

THE VEXING, THE RAPTURE, BLACK DICE
4040 Locust Street
$6; 9:30 p.m.
http://www.RSProductions.com

This is a smart show. Yes, although it is difficult to have a "smart" show, this indeed is one. Therefore, we go to Penn, we should be smart, we should like this show. Makes sense, right? Yeah, and with a lineup like this one, including Philly's own the Vexing, and the Rapture and Black Dice both on Gravity Records, I think we all know what to expect — insanity. The members of the Black Dice are themselves known for their absurd live shows, so let loose and go nuts.

THE UNIVERSITY SINGERS AND ORCHESTRA
The Chapel of St. Joseph
8 p.m.; Free

The pigs were the commoners you put. And the farmers represented the North Vietnamese.

THEATER

SPOKEN HAND
The Painted Bride Art Center
8 p.m.; $18
Through April 30
230 Vine Street

No, this is not the group of hippies you see on the green during the day playing their drums. This is a real, professional 16-member drum orchestra. Led by Lenzie Sidings. Spoken Hand will perform Afro-Cuban, Brazilian, North Indian and West African beats to keep the audience enthralled and amazed. So if you want to hear people who actually know how to play drums and aren't just hitting the heads randomly in the name of peace, check this out.

MUSIC

MARTIN BAKER
St. Paul's Church
22 East Chestnut Hill Avenue
8 p.m.; $15

Martin Baker is one of the world's greatest organists, and has come all the way from Westminster Abbey to grace us illadephians with his golden fingers. At St. Paul's Church, Mr. Baker will tickle the ivories and send his harmonious notes up through the thick, hard brass tubes lining the church walls. This dude is truly famous and even played at Princess Diana's funeral. Check him out now or you'll have to wait till the next time you're in London to catch his act.

PENN CHORAL SOCIETY
Cathedral Church of the Savior
3723 Chestnut Street
8 p.m.; Free

The Penn Choral Society is one of the lesser-appreciated vocal groups around here, but it's just as impressive as any of those 8,000,000 a cappella groups you all love so much. This group is more likely to belt out hymns rather than cheesy pop songs, and its members probably even wear robes. Not only is this show free, but it will get all of those indolent churchgoers back into the house of God for little while.

H2O
Trocadero
10th and Arch streets
7 p.m.; $10

If you're ready to throw some elbows and get moshing, then this is the show for you. H2O is one of the premier punk rock bands on the scene right now, and their infallible stage energy is sure to get your grooving. The Troc's typical crowd will bring some serious energy and some serious tattoo collections to this one, so leave mom at home. Throw on some dirt jeans and get ready to rock out with your cock out.

THE STY OF THE BLIND PIG
John E. Allen Theatre
1316 N. Broad Street
8 p.m.; $18-$34; 8 p.m.

I really have no idea why this play is called The Sty of the Blind Pig. It is a play about a lonely singer who stumbles upon his lost love who lives with her crabby old mother. How does the title merit the play? I don't blame you. Now is the perfect opportunity to check out the campus' most interesting and stimulating bi-monthly event — the Gathering.

SPRING SING
Xando
6-9 p.m.; Free
36th and Walnut streets

Spring is here, and in celebration, six Penn a cappella groups are getting together outside of Xando for one fantastic show and Jubilee. Featured groups include Pennsylvania Six - 5000, Chord On Blues, Off the Beat, the Inspiration, Quakersongs and Penny Loafers in what promises to be a great time, provided no one decides to run across the stage buck-ass naked...

In a world where cactus juice is a precious commodity, — street — is like a big-ass tomato pie.

Smoke's Next Week

Sun. A 0 Live  
Mon. Open Mic  
Tues. Kwedder  
Wed. Sink or Swim  
Thurs. Prententious Club Night

Happy Hour After All Exams
Good Luck On Your Tests
The L.C. Bee, malt liquor enthusiast and avid -street- reader

"Many people have been inquiring as to what I have planned for this summer. Well, let me tell you, there's nothing more I like during the summer than reading back issues of -street-, sipping on a ice-cold 40, and sitting around the pool with Sisqo looking at some thongs. And if we're lucky, my boy Pauly Shore will roll up with some fly honies and the latest issue of -summer street-, which, as anybody knows, is the only part of the once-a-week Summer Pennsylvanian that is worth reading."
When the big name band stops in Philly in the midst of a world tour, the Electric Factory, the TLA and the Trocadero are almost always the venue of choice for the big concert. Sure, these mainstream places make for a fun night, if you can manage to push your way to the bar, succeed in jockeying for a position within 50 feet of the stage and are lucky enough to attend a show where the sound system is functioning properly. Actually, it’s just a pain in the ass.

Not so at the Tower Theater. The Tower was built in the ’40s as a cinema, before the large multiplexes stole its audience. Philadelphia may have lost a movie theater but it gained an incredible music venue. Over the years, the Tower has hosted myriad artists at the threshold of stardom, including Bruce Springsteen and Queen. More recently, artists such as Sting played for the Tower audience.

One look at the Tower’s exterior proves the venue’s uniqueness. The marquee remains from the ’50s, as does the ticket counter. The building stands out against the line of Upper Darby dollar stores and bars, as if the entire community developed around the theater, afraid to challenge its dominance over the landscape. The Tower is just as impressive inside. The ceiling is round and vaulted and extends well above the balcony. The wide stage ensures that performers on captivating the audience. Although the Tower can feel cavernous inside, it seats just over 3,000 and — most importantly — sound quality is never compromised.

If you’re lucky enough to catch a show at the Tower, don’t whine about the trek to Upper Darby. The Tower’s visual elegance and acoustic assets make the trip more than worthwhile.

— Ethan Arneheim

When the dog barks at the moon the blender will rendezvous with the toaster.
**1. HOORAY FOR TESTES**

**THE BLOODHOUND GANG**

April 27

General Admission: $15

Day of Show: $17

The Electric Factory

3421 Willow Street

This native Philly band made its explosive entrance into the insulted but delighted hearts of fans with "Fire Water Burn" just four years ago. If the line, "The roof, the roof, the roof is on fire," still brings an all-out smile to your face and makes you want to burst out in chant, then check out the Bloodhound Gang in concert this Thursday as the band promotes its most recent album — titled in signature ribald style — *Hooray for Boobies*. The group's mix of rap and rock, infused with splashes of dance, electronica and motes its most recent album — titled in signature ribald style — *Hooray for Boobies*. The group's mix of rap and rock, infused with splashes of dance, electronica and

**2. CRABBY VISITATIONS**

Don't you just love that commercial where the young handsome guy flicks briskly along the busy streets with a bouquet of flowers for an unknown woman? He runs to the steps of the house that is his final destination when a set of keys goes flying out the third story window. Inside, we find out that the mysterious woman is in fact an elderly widow who finds company and support from her knight in shining armor. *Visiting Mr. Green* is a version of this commercial gone horribly wrong. A reckless driver hits the aging Mr. Green with his car outside Green's New York apartment: the driver's punishment requires him to make weekly visits to the lonely old man. But these aren't your sweet little meetings — the two can be downright nasty, and a very comical interplay results. Once again, the oldest theater in America dazzles audiences with superb acting and a fantastic plot.

**3. DOGGIE WANT A BISCUIT?**

*DISCO BISCUITS*

The Trocadero

Saturday, April 29

9 p.m.; $12

10th and Arch streets

Although this homegrown Philly group is often described as a "jam-band," the label does not accurately depict the type of music one can expect from a live Biscuit show. Drummer Sam Altman, keyboard player Aron Magner and guitarist Jon Gutwillig have created a unique sound that blends the elements of high-energy, improvisational rock with the pulsating rhythmic beats of techno/trance. Forging a highly spontaneous path through uncharted musical territory, this "trance-fusion" sound is as intensely electrifying as it is rhythmically soothing. So if you're in the mood to shake your booty, get sweaty and get down, come check out the Bisco experience for yourself this Saturday night at the Trocadero. It is a fitting way both to celebrate the end of another semester of classes and to prepare your loss of personal freedom for the next two weeks to Finals.

**4. YOUR MOM'S FAVORITE PLAY**

*LES MISERABLES*

Tues.-Sat. 8 p.m.; Sun. 7:30 p.m.; Sat. and Sun 2 p.m.; Through June 4

Forrest Theater

1114 Walnut Street

(215) 923-1515

Although *Les Miserables* burst onto the stage years ago, the classic musical still captures spots in hearts of mesmerized fans. Laying claim to eight Tony Awards including Best Musical in 1987, *Les Miserables* deals with such universal themes as love, honor, sacrifice and compassion. Scored by musical geniuses Claude-Michel Schönberg and Herbert Kretzmer, the music interacts beautifully with Victor Hugo's classic tale of Jean Valjean and his quest of hope and optimism amidst the grim reality of 19th-century France. But the story moves well beyond time and space through its concern with the ageless and universal question of the composition of the human spirit. The heroic Jean Valjean defiantly, heroically and elegantly persists, conquering obstacle after obstacle in the names of truth and justice. A beauty of a musical, a gem of its genre, awaits you in *Les Miserables*.

**5. WU-WEAR IS ESSENTIAL**

This weekend, Penn will host one of the world's greatest athletic competitions: the Penn Relays. Older than the modern Olympics — OK, just by one year, but the relays are every year, not every four — and second in size to the famous Greek games, more athletes have performed in this competition than in any other track meet in the world. With competitors ranging from ages 8 to 80, you might catch a glimpse of the next Jackie Joyner-Kersee or Dan O'Brien. And don't forget about other the other exciting events designed to help entertain the 100,000 people drawn to West Philly by the races: If you get bored of people running around on Franklin Field, there is always tonight's concert, featuring Method Man, Redman and Ghostface Killah. If the recent Fling show featuring Ben Folds Five and the Roots didn't strike your fancy, check out these three rappers of Wu-Tang fame. Topping the charts together as members of the Wu-Tang Clan in addition to their solo albums, these artists are sure to put on a terrific show with a completely different sound than Penn's last blowout party.

*Mariah Carey: Doesn't leave much to the imagination.*

*Well, we got your small guns, your medium guns and then the guns that will tear you a new asshole. Which one will it be?*

*They told me this was the biggest track meet in the world. They also told me it was in "scenic" West Philadelphia.*
Penn Relays kick off with a bang
Sports, back page

New radicals
Opinion, page 4B

Penn Police vie for accreditation

A review of departmental procedures will include a town hall-style meeting.

By Jonathan Margolis

Finals week is just about to begin, and Van Pelt Library is growing more crowded daily. The dimly lit rooms stay open deep into the wee small hours. And at the Public Safety headquarters, University Police officers work around the clock 52 weeks a year. A little-known fact: the largest private police department on a university campus in the nation, with more than 1,000 sworn officers — is gearing up to be reviewed nearly four years in coming.

Starting this weekend, the Penn Police will undergo a five-day accreditation process, starting tomorrow night, in the hopes of gaining national recognition.

Survey: Prof's not reporting cheating

The U. Honor Council asked faculty how they treat integrity violations.

By NIMI Ceter

A whopping 75 percent of faculty members are not likely to act on part academic integrity violations at the offices of Student Conduct, according to a survey conducted by the University Honor Council this week. Surveying 107 faculty members and 68 teaching assistants, these recent Chairman Kevin Levine said.

"Faculty like to retain as much control over their own students as possible," Hodges said. "The OSC process is very long and complicated, and a lot of faculty see that as red tape.

The matrix reflects Hodges' and the Honour Council's 75 percent of faculty saying that they would be unwilling to take action against students because of the hassle involved.

Additionally, 77 percent of teaching assistants surveyed said they had never had any exposure to the OSC, and only 10 percent said they currently have students sign the conduct contract.

This statistic is especially significant because "handling of grading disputes and advising in probation sections falls on the shoulders of students," Professor Hodges, Levin said.

The University Honor Council is composed of 13 undergraduate students who advise the president in all matters relating to the conduct of students. "Economics Professor Larry Stdenski said.

"The OSC is not the best way to treat academic integrity violations. As a result of these findings, the council will be working with the OSC to implement the process for reporting academic integrity violations."

By Victoria Sun

Two hundred and seventy-five university students cast their votes shortly after returning from spring break.

Yesterday, in the cub of Bruce Aker-

Concert brings down the rink

Redman and Method Man headlined the Penn Relays concert.

By Navahid Ali

There was nothing daily about the Class of 1923 Ice Rink last night. With the illuminating beats of Method Man and Redman in full effect, the building was red hot.

Approximately 1,200 students and community members came to watch the rappers perform at the Penn Relays concert, which is held annually during the international track and field event.

The audience roared when the charismatic duo took the stage. The nearly three-hour event was due to rain in the nighttime and the crowd eventually became restless.

"Everyone was on edge," said one of the attendees. "The audience began to show their reaction to the sound, but then the music kicked in and everyone settled down and enjoyed the show.

The audience was then treated to Method Man's solo performance last night. With the rappers wowing the audience with energetic beats, Method Man headlined the Penn Relays concert last night at the Class of 1923 Ice Rink.

This year marks the first that TA members and friends - gathered to celebrate

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The vast majority of students said that they felt safe on Penn's campus, but few fear to tread past 40th Street after midnight.

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**Crabby Visitations**

**Visiting Mr. Green**

The Walnut Street Theatre

$22-25; 7:30 p.m.

Through May 21

825 Walnut Street

**Doggie Want a Biscuit?**

Although this homegrown Philly group is often described as a "jam-band," the label does not accurately depict the type of music one can expect from a live Biscuit show. Drummer Sam Altman, keyboard player Aron Magnier and guitarist Ian Gutwillig have developed a unique sound that blends the elements of high-energy, improvisational rock with the pulsating rhythmic beats of techno/trance. Forging a highly spontaneous path through uncharted musical territory, this "trance-fusion" sound is as intensely electrifying as it is rhythmically soothing. So if you're in the mood to shake your booty, get sweaty and get down, come check out the Bisco experience for yourself this Saturday night at the Trocadero. It is a fitting way both to celebrate the end of another semester of classes and to prepare your loss of personal freedom for the next two weeks to finals.

**Your Mom's Favorite Play**

**Les Miserables**

Tues.-Sat. 8 p.m.; Sun. 7:30 p.m.; Sat. and Sun. 2 p.m.; Through June 4

$20-70

Forrest Theater

1114 Walnut Street

(215) 923-1515

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**Penn Relays Carnival and Concert**

Method Man, Redman and Ghostface Killah

April 27-29

**Visiting Mr. Green**

Mr. Green is a version of this commercial gone horribly wrong. A reckless driver hits the aging Mr. Green with his car outside Green's New York apartment; the driver's punishment requires him to make weekly visits to the lonely old man. But these aren't your sweet little meetings — the two can be downright nasty, and a very comical interplay results. Once again, the oldest theater in America dazzles audiences with superb acting and a fantastic plot.

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