

10-11-1999

Columbia Chronicle (10/11/1999 - Supplement)

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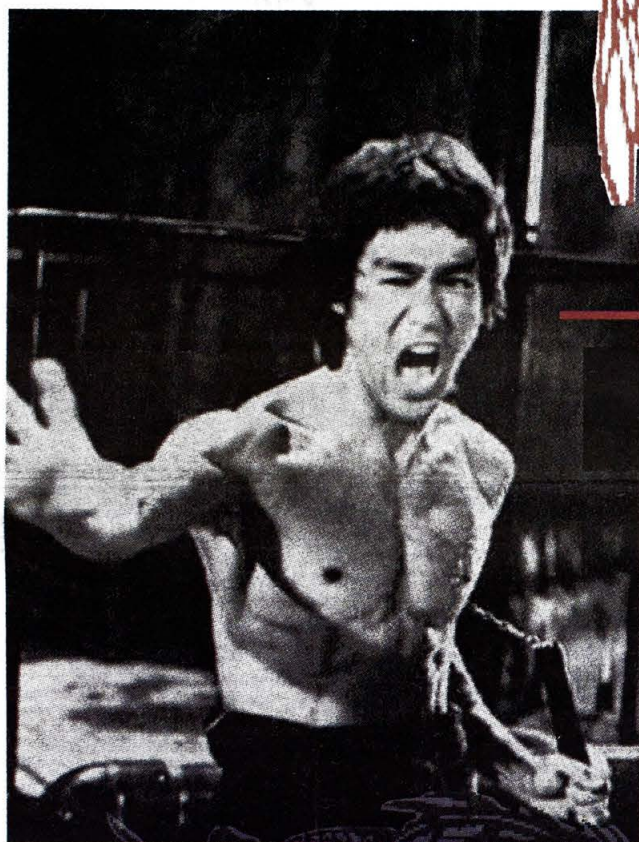
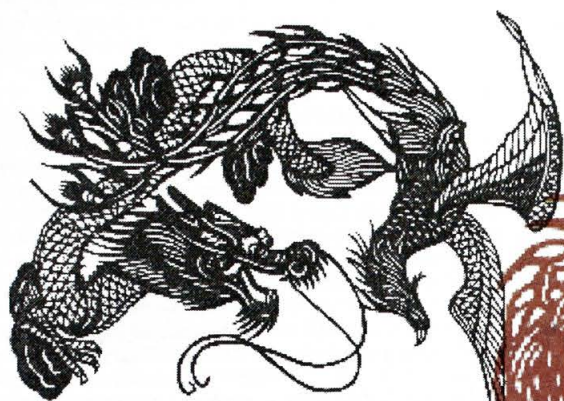
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Recommended Citation

Columbia College Chicago, "Columbia Chronicle (10/11/1999 - Supplement)" (October 11, 1999). *Columbia Chronicle*, College Publications, College Archives & Special Collections, Columbia College Chicago. http://digitalcommons.colum.edu/cadc_chronicle/437

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Fall Movie Madness



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Pavement, Dropkick Murphy's and more...

ADAM HEUN
Correspondent

Fall Movie Madness 99'

While the summer 1999 was not without its hits ("The Blair Witch Project," "The Sixth Sense," "Austin Powers" and of course, "The Phantom Menace") the new fall lineup for the screen looks, in some cases, even better. With the plethora of titles to choose from, however, one might be unsure where to begin. But not to worry, fellow movie buffs - here's a handy checklist of the Fall's hottest and most anticipated films for October and November:

"Random Hearts" (in theaters now) - Two unlikely lovers (Harrison Ford and Kristin Scott Thomas) come together after learning their respective spouses, who died in a plane crash, were having an affair. Director Sydney Pollack ("Out of Africa") spoke of the strange romance with "Premiere" magazine: "These are two people who don't even want to meet each other. It's like oil and water, and yet there's something marvelous about the mix."

www.spe.sony.com/movies/jump/randomhearts.com

"Fight Club" (Oct. 15) - Director David Fincher ("Seven," "The Game") tells the story of two men (Brad Pitt and Edward Norton) who establish an underground organization of hand-to-hand fighters. Underneath the plot is supposedly a rich commentary on an apathetic society looking for an outlet. With Helena Bonham-Carter costarring as the woman who comes between the two rugged heroes, this one looks to be an enticing mix of action and macabre values.

www.foxmovies.com/fightclubs.html

"The Story of Us" (Oct. 15) - Bruce Willis and Michelle Pfeiffer star as a married couple who, after fifteen years of marriage, question the stability of their relationship. Directed by Rob Reiner ("The Princess Bride," "When Harry Met Sally"), this drama promises to have its audience at the palm of its hands, as the entire film hinges on a central question: Will the two stay together or go their separate ways?

www.reellife.com/works/storyofus/index.html

"Bringing Out the Dead" (Oct. 22) - Legendary director Martin Scorsese returns to the streets of New York, this time following a paramedic (Nicolas Cage) in his taxing daily routine. Back on his team is screenwriter Paul Schrader, who penned "Taxi Driver" and "Raging Bull." Cage apparently prepared for the role by spending time in an ambulance. The film co-stars John Goodman, Tom Sizemore and Ving Rhames.

www.bringingouthedeath.com

"Being John Malkovich" (Oct. 29) - In a bizarre yet creative plot, John Cusack plays a man who discovers a door that literally takes him into the mind of actor John Malkovich, who plays himself. (Huh?) Directed by Spike Jones, the story apparently allows the protagonist to actually live a short period of time as the famous actor.

JILL LOPRESTI
Vitality Editor

"Superstar," starring Molly Shannon as Mary Katherine Gallagher, is just another reminder of how sour "SNL" writing has become.

Throughout the movie flashbacks from the previous flop, "A Night at the Roxbury," haunted the screen. The narrator, an overzealous, over-aggressive psychopath, is on a mission to become a superstar only to get a kiss. A passionate, wet your pants, Hollywood kiss from her dream desire, Sky, played by fellow

"Saturday Night Live" cast member Will Ferrell. Of course, the movie is followed with a 'moral of the story' ending and Gallagher realizes that she doesn't need to succeed for the adoration of another, but for herself. That's right kiddies, do it for yourself! Regardless, deadpan humor and over exaggerated stereotypes are the vehicles used to snag us into laughter. Unfortunately, they result in mere cringing and gasping at the horror of the script. The love scenes between Gallagher and a tree are almost indescribably sickening. Gripping the tree with her legs and lips saying, "You want to be spanked don't you," while standing in front of a nun was just ridiculous.

As far as the time period goes, who

"Superstar" Supersucks!



knows!? One minute all the kids are playing records and rocking out to seventies tunes and the next the students are using fax machines and God is telling people to get "jiggy wit it!" The forty year old plus actors passing as high school students didn't quite fit the bill for a convincing cast either.

A smidgen of

With armpits and admiration the stars of "Superstar" fall hard.



laughter arrived with the face of a familiar screwball, Tom Green. Somewhat playing himself, Green was the one liner jocko, who harassed the special ed kids and started food fights. Other "SNL" stars conveniently popped up here and there as well.

Aspiring superstar Mary Katherine Gallagher gets her wish in the end, but not quite how she planned. Before she could lock lips with her dream boy Sky, Slater (Harland

Williams), rides his Harley into Gallagher's heart pumping a different tune.

Basically, if you enjoyed "A Night at the Roxbury" and the nineties versions of "Saturday Night Live" then definitely check out "Superstar." If not, don't rent it, don't watch it on cable, just wait till there's laundry to be done and catch the few glimpses of humor when running past the TV to put the next load in.

www.reellife.com/works/beingjohn/index.html

"The Bone Collector" (Nov. 5) - Despite his paraplegia, a skilled detective (Denzel Washington) and a rookie Manhattan cop (Angelina Jolie) team up to stop an elusive serial killer. Novelist Michael Bergman, whose work the film is based on, says of the adaptation: "It's exciting and very scary. It's also a love story. It has elements I have never seen put together in this way, and it deals with a heroic figure. That has never been done before." The film is directed by Phillip Noyce ("Patriot Games," "Clear and Present Danger").

www.the.bonecollector.com

"The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc" (Nov. 5) - Despite being the subject of countless other films, director Luc Besson takes his turn, this time starring Milla Jovovich in the title role. This \$55 million project promises to be an exciting mixture of historical drama and an epic war story. The film's stunt coordinator, Philippe Guegan, shed some light on the production in "Premiere": "One time, they attacked a castle, and its door was on fire. Luc himself went into the fire with the camera."

www.spe.sony.com/movies/jump/joanofarc.html

"Dogma" (Nov. 12) - The subject of much controversy, this satire on Catholicism stars Matt Damon and Ben Affleck as a duo of angels who bend the rules of heaven. Despite a backlash from Catholic officials, director Kevin Smith ("Clerks," "Chasing Amy") told "Premiere": The movie's not an attack [on the church]; it's a challenge. . . The movie is pro-faith." Co-starring in this outrageous comedy are: Chris Rock, Salma Hayek, Alan Rickman, Linda Fiorentini, and Alanis Morissette - who plays God. (?!)

www.dogma-movie.com

"Sleepy Hollow" (Nov. 19) - Washington Irving's classic horror tale of Ichabod Crane and the Headless Horseman is brought to life with the masterful creative touch of director Tim Burton. Johnny Depp, who's worked with Burton before ("Edward Scissorhands," "Ed Wood") stars as Ichabod Crane; Christina Ricci plays the object of his affection. The movie itself is sizing up to be a horrific, yet highly entertaining thriller.

www.sleepyhollowmovie.com

"Toy Story 2: Collector's Item" (Nov. 24) - At first, Pixar and Disney's computer animated sequel was to be a direct-to-video release. As the project proceeded, however, the studios' best techniques (along with more money and the addition of "Toy Story" talents Tom Hanks and Tim Allen) destined this long-awaited sequel for the big screen. In this "Toy Story," Woody (Hanks) falls into the hands of an obsessive toy collector, leaving the rest of the toys to devise his rescue.

www.disney.go.com/DisneyPictures/toystory2/index.html

BRIAN CAMPBELL

Contributing Editor
The Limey

"You're not from around here, are you?" a cop asks limey Dave Wilson. Could this have been more obvious? Wilson has the most pronounced English cockney accent ever heard on film. Calling thieves "tea leaves," a look a "butcher's; butcher's hook," a mate a "china; china plate," his speech gradually descends into a Dick Van Dyke farce. He actually says "blimey!" and "look squire, you're the guv'nor." He sounds like a cross between Yoda and Michael Caine.

Terence Stamp plays Wilson, who has come to L.A., after a spell behind bars, to search for the man he believes killed his daughter Jennifer. After getting tipped off by Eduardo (Luis Guzman), Wilson pursues Jennifer's old flame Terry Valentine (Peter Fonda), a pop music mogul with a penchant for drug dealing. Could there be two more boring character names - "Dave Wilson" and "Terry Valentine". Our English friend spies on Valentine's plush abode and makes another priceless, but unlikely, remark: "Who does he think he is? The Marquis of Tavistock?" We have all said this once or twice, have we not?

Director Steven Soderbergh uses countless devices to keep us enthralled, though constant flashbacks (usually of Jennifer - Melissa George, best known for appearing in the Australian soap opera "Home and Away"), scenes where the characters are talking without their lips moving and scenes with continuous speech apparently being spoken from different locations. The dream sequence where Wilson "shoots" Valentine is compelling, and the Californian coast scenery is exquisite. As with Soderbergh's "Out of Sight," the film is pieced together excellently. George Clooney actually appears in the film, when Valentine and right-hand man Avery are watching television.

Wilson goes through several near-critical moments, of course, and the charming Valentine and his henchmen are to blame. Also in on the act are the less than intelligent crooks Avery hires to kill Wilson, who are similar to Steve Buscemi's character and his partner in "Fargo."

Valentine and his crew try to get away from the "Terminator T-2000"-esque Wilson by heading into the hills. The limey duly follows and there is a tremendous suspense scene, as Valentine's bodyguards go missing in the typical vast leafy grounds in the dark, and the boss is left to sweat behind his patio doors. He's in for a surprise or two.

"Limey" is not the most flattering of names to call an Englishman, and it remains to be seen if the film will retain this title when released in England. Wilson is also called "A stupid English fuck," and England is referred to as a country "half the size of Wyoming," where "the cops don't carry guns." The script really goes to town with the cockney lingo ("I'll shop ya dad! I'll call the old bill!" - which roughly means "I will transform you into a shop, dear father, and I will telephone a pensioner named Bill." Or it may mean "I will inform on you, dad, I will call the police." So the movie appears to be aimed at Americans, to a large extent. It is highly entertaining, though the cockney asides begin to grate.

The Limey is Doris. (Doris Day; OK).

B-limey guv'nor!

A grainy subjective experience

TOM SNYDER

Correspondent

Be honest: what was the purpose of the Gulf War?

Were we fighting for Kuwait and their freedom, or merely playing with new toys and kicking a little ass to further repress the memory of Vietnam? Was the video-game style, push-button firebombing a righteous fight, or was it all for the sake of oil prices?

Back in 1991, when I was a naive little 11-year-old, the Gulf War was a scary, but strangely fascinating and exciting event to behold. I can remember the nightly news showcasing smart-bomb explosions and oil field fires, and the pride I felt in our Nation's noble efforts. According to President Bush, we were fighting a mad man named Saddam; folks, "we" were doing the right thing; "we" were the good guys helping the helpless. Never underestimating the power of cinema.

With "Three Kings," Writer/Director David O. Russell has made a masterpiece of dark sardonic humor and political protest that blasts away the false beliefs any individual might hold concerning our efforts in Iraq. Now, I grew up and realized long before this film that the United States committed several crucial errors regarding Iraq, but "Three Kings" wonderfully etches into film and memory the ridiculousness of it all.

Judging from the high-octane, rock 'n' roll driven trailer that showcases George Clooney and former rappers Mark Wahlberg and Ice Cube parading through the desert wise-cracking, one might expect "Three Kings" to be a fun little comedy/treasure hunt flick. But Russell's film has something else—a razor's edge beneath the enticing icing one might say.

"Are we shooting?" asks Mark Wahlberg's character at the beginning of the film. When he doesn't get an answer and realizes that the man in the distance is holding a gun, he fires, blowing the stranger's head away (never mind the fact that he was waving a white flag and a cease-fire had just been declared). "Wow! You shot someone! Cool!" crow the nearby American soldiers, snapping Polaroids and inspecting the body. The credits roll and you understand: This isn't your typical war movie.

"Three Kings" takes its title from a brief line Pvt. Conrad Vig ("Being John Malkovich" director and

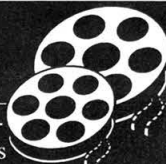
first-time actor Spike Jonze) sings after he and two other soldiers, Sgt. Troy Barlow (Wahlberg) and Chief (Ice Cube), discover a map hidden in an Iraqi soldier's ass: "We three kings be stealin' the gold." Just ignore the fact that the film should be called "Four Kings" once George Clooney's character, Sgt. Maj. Archie Gates, joins the group in their ramrod scavenger hunt for hidden gold bullion.

"Three Kings" has its obvious influences. With strange yet effective scenes such as using footballs for target practice and a shot in which the camera actually enters the human body and details a gunshot wound filling with green bile, "Three Kings" reminded me of "Apocalypse Now." And the various scenes that satirize the media's involvement (showcasing Nora Dunn as a "I want my Emmy" journalist) and the break-neck, ultra-stylized camera work and cinematography reminded me of "Natural Born Killers."

Now I'm not accusing Director David O. Russell of copying, but rather praise and applaud him for his courage to take risks. "Three Kings" could have been a sprawling desert epic with uncountable "Lawrence of Arabia" "ooh-ahhhhh, that's beautiful" shots, but Russell opts, wisely, to make this a grainy, subjective experience. My ultimate compliment: I felt as if I were riding in that Humvee with the four kings, squinting at the sun's brightness, and when someone was shot, boy did I feel it (warning to the squeamish: don't eat before seeing "Three Kings").

So what is so great about "Three Kings?" It's a double-edged sword. One, it's a comedic "Indiana Jones"-type jaunt of the highest order (Sgt. Barlow's attempt to call home on a stolen cell phone is priceless) and two — and most importantly — it's an emotionally wrenching drama with profound points to make. Detailing them is pointless; go see "Three Kings" and view them for yourself. However, let me say this: it's incredibly relieving to finally see a film discard the racist stereotypes that most Hollywood productions place on Middle Eastern individuals. You know you're witnessing greatness when a film can produce sympathy for the same enemy we were taught to fear and hate when we were 11-year-olds.

ROACH & Seals Reels



DONNIE SEALS JR.

Assistant Photo Editor

CHRIS ROACH

Correspondent



In the mid-eighties sleep was not an easy thing to come by. People would work hard during the day so they would get home in time to watch Family Ties and the Cosby Show, then stay up all night listening to their Tiffany and Debbie Gibson records. If they did eventually fall asleep, they were quickly woken up. This was because there was a modern day bogeyman that haunted the movies and many moviegoers' nightmares, and his name was Freddy Krueger. Freddy Krueger was brought to life by horror film director Wes Craven in 1984, and since has become as much an image of terror in popular culture as Dracula or Frankenstein. Wes Craven's film "A Nightmare on Elm Street" was an imaginative movie that brought new life into a genre that was being killed by mindless slasher films. Incidentally, Craven would do the same for horror films again more than a decade later with "Scream." "Nightmare" was popular enough to spawn six sequels and make Freddy Krueger a movie icon, and to help celebrate the 15th anniversary, New Line Cinema has released a fabulous box set to DVD. The set includes all seven "Nightmare" films and an eighth disc of bonus material. This week I am going to focus on the first three of the Freddy films.

The backbone of the series is of course the original. This is an imaginative, scary, and very unique movie. This is the one that introduces Freddy (played by Robert Englund), and the series first heroine, Nancy Thompson (played by Heather Langenkamp). Nancy and her friends are all having the same nightmare. A horribly burnt man with razors for fingers wants to kill them. Nancy thinks it is just a dream until her friends really start dying in their sleep (including new comer at the time, Johnny Depp). Nancy later discovers the man is Freddy Krueger, a former child murderer who was burned alive by the parents of Elm Street. He is now seeking revenge by getting the children where the parents can not help them, in their dreams. Craven, who not only directed, but also wrote the original film, got the concept from a newspaper article about kids dying in their sleep. The series of articles went on about how they would do anything to stay awake, and there was no real explanation of their cause of death. By 1985, Craven had left the Nightmare series, but New Line produces a sequel that comes nowhere close to the original with the subtitle of "Freddy's Revenge." This film is looked at as the worst in the series and with good reason. It loses its imagination, and becomes more of a gore-fest. None of the original characters besides Freddy return, and after this missed

opportunity, these characters and this film was quickly forgotten. It was two years later that the series became huge, and Freddy became a household name. "A Nightmare on Elm Street 3: The Dream Warriors" became a monster hit. Wes Craven returned to help write the story and executive produce. The film is an imaginative tale about the last surviving teenagers of Elm Street using their own dream powers to battle Freddy. Nancy returns to the film series to help the kids (who are in a mental hospital) and try to convince the adults that their fears are real. This film features Laurence Fishburne and in the lead role, Patricia Arquette. This is a hip, fun, and scary film. Although not as original or terrifying as the first, "Dream Warriors" is the most entertaining of the whole "Nightmare" series. "Nightmare 3" is the last before Freddy becomes too commercialized. I will review the final four films next week.

AUDIO



I remember watching these films on video a very long time ago, and when I watch them now, I'm thankful to New Line Cinema for the new digital audio mix. For those who want to reminisce back to when they first saw the Nightmare, they can choose to watch the film in 2.0 surround or mono sound. There isn't much to the 5.1 mix. There are soft ambient sounds from the rears during the movie, but music comes from them more than anything else (especially when Freddy Krueger jumps out of the shadows). The front channels handle the chase scenes and music well, and the center channel dispenses the dialogue in a clear fashion to separate from the action.

VIDEO

New Line Cinema dug back in the crates and brought these movies back from the dead. Nightmare on Elm Street 1-3 all received new anamorphically enhanced transfers. The numerous dark scenes were handled well along with the sharp colors. I noticed more grain during some dark scenes during "Freddy's Revenge", but nothing that would take away from the film.

EXTRAS

All seven of the Nightmare films have an innovative feature called "jump to a nightmare." This allows DVD watchers to jump straight to any scene involving Freddy. The first disc features a great bonus, commentary from director Wes Craven, stars John Saxon and Heather Langenkamp, and director of Photography Jacques Haitkin. All the films are widescreen and feature cast and crew biographies. The set even comes with an eighth disc called the Nightmare Series Encyclopedia, which will be reviewed next week.

"In the Loop" offers free programming to College Students

BRENNA McLAUGHLIN

Staff Photographer

The Cultural Center stirs up some major performances for their fall season for the poor college student. "In the Loop" is a chance for college musicians, performers and artists to get exposure and to interact with other professionals in their field. It is also a way to get good exposure.

The first of these major events was held on Saturday, Oct. 2. The performance was located in the Claudia Cassidy Theater, one of the many places the Cultural Center offers for public viewing. People of all ages came out on this rainy Saturday afternoon to enjoy the free concert. I had the pleasure of enjoying world renown jazz pianist and composer Steve Million, with legendary Randy Brecker on trumpet. Both are masters in their field and have a record number of musical accomplishments. Brecker is also a multiple Grammy winner. Million has his next album out in stores entitled "Truth Is" which he says has a significant meaning, but you'll have to buy it to find out what it is. The audience was enthralled by the power of the piano, the strong

trumpet sound and the smooth sound of the bass guitar.

The passion that was showed in the musicians' faces and this particular concert was enchanting. It enhanced the audience's experience of the music. When Million or Brecker scatted off into a solo, the audience—which was a

crowd of about 100 people—participated in appreciation with enthusiastic yells, and much clapping. Most originals were played but the occasional rendition of a famous piece also crept into the musicians' set. The audience took in every note that was played during the hour long



All photos by Brenna McLaughlin

show. It was quite an enjoyable way to spend a Saturday afternoon.

If you are interested in more information on the "In the Loop" series of concerts and events this fall, call the Chicago Cultural Center at (312) 744-1424 or stop by and pick up some information at 78 E. Washington St. I highly recommend getting involved this season, as it is a wonderful opportunity to save some money and enjoy quality entertainment.

good eats good eats

JILL LOPRESTI

Vitality Editor

Chicago Diner

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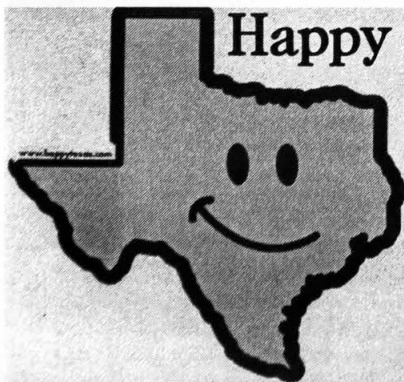
Lakeview is home to one of the most creative and thorough vegan/vegetarian restaurants in Chicago. In the heart of Boys Town, Chicago Diner has been serving healthful vegetarian cuisine since 1983. Even the most carnivorous eaters can find something appetizing on their extensive menu.

Many of the dishes are based on the red meat cookbook from sloppy-jo's, fajitas and burgers, but the Chicago Diner twist prepares the above with no-meat substitutes. It may take a while for some to get adjusted to the fake meat but with an open mind, some of the substitutes prove remarkably tastier and are edible without all the guilt. The essential no-meat ingredients include soy, tempeh (from soy, denser and grainier), seitan (wheat meat) and tofu (from soy bean, soft texture) which are all high in protein and low in fat.

For vegans and those with food allergies or other dietary concerns, Chicago Diner is a mecca. Ask any of the servers for a fact sheet, and they will supply a comprehensive ingredients listing that covers everything from their coleslaw to main menu meals. Wheat free, protein, dairy, non-dairy, low-fat and organic dishes are all available.

Chicago Diner offers a full menu of fresh squeezed juices, organic and non-organic wines, brews and smoothies. For those with a sweet tooth, try their German chocolate cake. Chicago Diner's specialty desserts are all vegan and are available at Whole Foods grocery store throughout Chicago.

Chef's choice - Sloppy Jo (tempeh and seitan combination), tofu-scramble jubilee and the no-Meata fajita (seitan). Editor's choice - by far the sloppy-jo and pesto bruschetta. Chicago Diner is smoke free. Reservations recommended with parties of five or more.



Happy Texas

CELINA SUMMER

Staff Writer

Jeremy Notham, Steve Zahn, Ally Walker and Illeana Douglas star in Mark Illsey's comedy "Happy Texas." It is no surprise that this film received the most buzz at the Sundance Film Festival because it kept the audience rolling with laughter from the opening scene when Wayne Wayne Wayne Jr.

(Zahn), Harry Sawyer (Notham) and another inmate are chained together, cleaning roadkill in their orange prison suits.

Wayne Wayne Wayne Jr. cracks the inmate over the head with a dead armadillo because of a comment referring to his goat-like appearance. A brawl breaks out, Sawyer gets caught up with the other two because of his unlucky

Smoke Daddy

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Summer is over, but that doesn't mean you still can't get down and sloppy and eat some mean barbecue. Catch some finger-licking, teeth-picking, smokin' barbecue at Wicker Park's notorious casual American diner, Smoke Daddy. To set the mood, Smoke Daddy provides nightly live performances so don't expect a romantic quiet dinner! Tuesdays and Thursdays are mainly jazz; Sundays feature the popular acoustic rockabilly group Torturing Elvis and the rest of the week is predominately Blues.

Smoke Daddy is about the size of a typical diner with only a few booths, two tables and ample counter top space so be ready to wait or catch a drink. Located a few blocks from the Division/Milwaukee Blue Line stop, Smoke Daddy is directly across the street from Liquid Kitty and the great neighborhood watering hole, Goldstar.

Three most popular dishes are the Pork Sandwich, Baby Back and Spare Ribs. Editor's choice: smoked chicken soup, Mac & Cheese and BBQ Chicken sandwiches. Just to make you feel at home, snag one of the Tupperware held brownies on the counter.

Smoke Daddy is vegetarian friendly with a full section of barbecue veggie burgers and salads. Specials change every Friday, but the menu generally remains simple and hearty. Be sure to check out the Sunday brunch from 11-3:30! Reservations recommended with parties over five. Dinners are moderately priced from \$5-18\$. Smoke Daddy does not offer deliver, but take out is available.

circumstance of the chain. All three inmates get shipped back to prison for a vacation in solitary confinement.

Lucky for them, the driver loses control of the prison vehicle, and they all escape unharmed. The third inmate runs off, so Wayne and Sawyer decide to help each other flee the law. They end up stealing a trailer only to find out that it belongs to a gay couple named Steven and David, who coach child beauty pageant hopefuls. They end up having to impersonate the couple in the town of Happy, Texas.

Passion brews between Sawyer, the bank owner Jo, and the town sheriff. Love is also in the air for Wayne and the pageant advisor, who is at first utterly shocked by the ridiculous teaching methods of Wayne, and his open behavior with adult intended gestures and phrases to the little girls. In one scene Wayne grabs one of the girls because she is fighting with a boy, reprimands both of them, then instructs the girl on how to throw a "real" punch and offers her a cigarette. The audience was laughing harder than in the "zipper scene" in "There's Something About Mary."

The characters added much to the film. They all had distinct traits such as Wayne's short-temper and Sawyer's smooth talking. They were easy to fall in love with and feel empathizewith because they were so realistic, that made it difficult not to get involved in their love lives which were quite mixed up, due to their reputations as gay lovers.

Pavement Power!

AMY AZZARITO

Copy Chief

Pavement is scheduled to play in Chicago once again after playing two sold out shows at the Metro this summer. This time they're promoting a second EP off their fifth album, "Terror Twilight," which marks the 10th anniversary of the band.

Pavement began as a lo-fi, bare-bones experimental band. They're still experimental, but for the first time they've recorded an album on 24 tracks—definitely not a lo-fi sound (although, their look is still lo-fi).

"Terror Twilight" was their first collaboration with producer Nigel Godrich of Beck's "Mutations" and Radiohead's "OK Computer." Godrich turned down several other projects to produce "Terror Twilight"—he is currently the "It" man in the world of rock production.

Pavement, the archetypal slacker band—they look more like grad students than rock stars—began in the suburbs of Northern California. In 1992, "Slanted and Enchanted" was released and embraced as an indie rock masterpiece, and they scored a minor commercial success with the 1994 single "Cut Your Hair."

Even before the 1992 album, Pavement found itself caught up in the major label frenzy of the early 90s to cash in on the indie rock revolution ushered in by Nirvana. While Nirvana was propelled to superstar status, Pavement turned down deals to stick with the indie label Matador. Bands like Nirvana burned out bright and fast; Pavement burned slow and steady, forming a cult of fiercely loyal fans.

For a short stint in the 90s, all the band members lived in New York City. Now they are spread out across the country from New York City (Mark Ibold-bassist) to Berkeley, California (Scott Kannberg-guitar).



tar).

In fact, since 1993 no two band members have lived within 100 miles of each other. Steve Malkmus (lead singer, guitarist and band leader) kicked off the recording of "Terror Twilight" by coming up with a "blueprint demo." In an interview he called the album "essentially solo stuff." The band then converged in Oregon last July for a month of rehearsals.

A Pavement performance always proves to be uniquely rewarding. Their music is more intimate and warmer than many of the current modern rock bands. Memorable, beautiful melodies imposed over jagged and intriguing soundscapes, with the smart absurdist lyrics of Malkmus layered on top, make Pavement's music both instantly pleasing to the ear and boldly original. Laced with psychedelic guitar riffs and a Beatlesque backbeat, their sound has a consistent classic rock vibe even though it's wrapped in a hip,

relevant package. In the song "Major Leagues," the focal point of the band's new EP, Pavement conjures the spirit of country-rock ala Byrds with jangly guitar strumming and glassy, shimmering chord textures. It's easy to sing along with the unassuming melody that comprises the airy, spacious-sounding chorus.

Malkmus sings in his usual half-speaking, half-singing voice which is superb in its natural emotive power. His lyrics, which are often dry and full of irony, convey a more nostalgic, but typically ambiguous feeling here; like a cryptic word puzzle that has a beauty of its own rather than a meaning to be found.

This incredibly influential five piece band has consistently proven that they have the gift of making it all come together for the last decade. They've secured a place in the underground history of rock so don't miss this opportunity to experience the genius of Pavement.

The city's adrenaline level peaked to an all-time high, or at least it seemed to, as Chicago's North side played host to one of the most anticipated and anxiety-filled shows of the fall season. The punk rock community was out in force as one of the most notorious tours in recent months was booked for a sold-out show beginning at noon on Saturday Oct. 2.

The "Kids Want a Riot" tour barreled into town with four of the most hard-edged hardcore, Oi!, and straight up punk bands on the bill. Beerzone, from England, Blood for Blood, an accomplished hardcore band, and the highly anticipated Anti-Flag, a pseudo-political punk band from Pennsylvania that were all packed on to the same roster. But the real draw of the show was the headlining band, the rowdy Boston based Dropkick Murphy, with their unique blend of standard punk, mixed with Oi! and skinhead anthemic Irish folk music.

I stood outside the ever popular Cabaret Metro on one of the first truly brisk mornings this season. I watched as the line along North Clark St. grew and grew, stretching up to the corner of Racine and then beyond. I began to grow anxious, so many people for such an early show—noon on a Saturday, is not the prime time for this particular subsection of the populus to be out in force. When I woke up, the first thing I did was stare out my front window, (which also happens to overlook North Clark) to see droves of mohawked, studded belt, boots and braces types in a mass migration toward the show.

The people waiting in line were beginning to get impatient. A tall young man in black leather with an impeccably groomed neon green mohawk stepped in line just in front of a scoffing group of north side skinheads who seem to be amused at the young man's display, despite obvious hangovers from the previous night's activity. The line and the tension seemed to be growing, which was in no small part due to the fact that, over an hour after the doors were to open, the crowd had yet to enter the club.

Once the doors had finally opened, people seemed to have calmed down. The steady line streamed in, was patted down by security, and then let to pass. Dropkick Murphy is not exactly a venue's dream band, because at the last show there were several incidents during the set that finally ended with an on stage fist fight involving one of the members in the band and someone on Metro staff. The house lights were put on and the show stopped, only to begin again because of the fans' refusal to let scuffles destroy the show that they desperately wanted to see. After the problems at the first Metro show, Dropkick was having difficulties finding a club that would book them a second

time, and were in danger of having to cancel the Chicago stop on the tour. The staff at Metro decided to give the Murphys a second chance and with slightly beefed-up security the show went flawlessly.

Once the fans were in and the bands began playing, everything came together. Blood for Blood played a shortened set on account of a collective band hangover; however they did play one of their most popular hardcore sing-a-longs, the pulse-quickenning "F**k You." Anti-flag played a surprisingly well thought out set, challenging their audience to question authority and not to follow blindly along a preconceived path of someone else's plan. They then led the crowd in a shout-a-long with their theme song for the tour "Too Smart to Fight, Too Smart to Die," and a song for unity in the crowd with "Drink, Drank, Punk!"

The real show began however, when Dropkick Murphys opened with a bag-piper playing the traditional Irish "Call to Arms" Murphys style. The band's set

The kids want a riot

BILL MANLEY

Staff Photographer

mostly consisted of songs from their new album "The Gang's All Here" on Hellcat records but they threw in favorites like the rowdy "Bar-room Hero" and the semi nostalgic "Boys on the Docks" from their debut Hellcat release "Do or Die." The blend of the new with the old is something Dropkick Murphys are masters of. They bring together the surly punk rock attitude flawlessly, with the working class pride that the skinhead movement is based on, even though, politically, the two should never meet. Dropkick ended the show by bringing the piper back out for a crowd sing-a-long to the first verse of "Amazing Grace" with 1100 of the socially shunned singing as one, a traditional religious hymn.

The last song in the Murphys' set is always a Boston version of the folk song "Charlie on the MTA" aptly renamed "Skinhead on the MBTA." During the Oi! chant in the chorus of the song they worked in AC/DC's "T'N'T" again, taking a look back at their musical roots.

For being one of the most anticipated and anxiety-ridden shows of the year, this latest tour by Dropkick Murphys could not have been more successful. The bands, as well as Metro staff and security, pulled off more of a show of support than a show of force, and it was a fine outlet for us all to get together when "The Kids Want to Riot."

This Week's Lineup

Friday 10/15 Pavement @ Vic Theater
Wednesday 10/13 Elvis Costello, Steve Nieve @ Park West and Friday 10/15 at Arie Crown

Wednesday 10/13 Echo and The Bunnymen, Otherstarpeople @ Metro
Monday 10/11 Art of Noise, DJ Warp @ Metro

Thursday 10/14 Ben Folds Five, Train, Fleming and John @ Riviera

Wednesday 10/13 Christian Death, Mortis, Godhead, Diet of Worms @ House of Blues

Wednesday 10/13 Yo-Yo ma @ Symphony Center

Thursday 10/14 John Mellencamp @ United Center

Saturday 10/16 Motorhead, Nashville Pussy @ House of Blues

The Sound Corner

MICHAEL O'BRIEN
Assistant Editor

Something To Write Home About
The Get Up Kids
(Vagrant records/Heroes & Villains)



What a mess their personal lives must be. Judging by the lyrics from The Get Up Kids' entire catalog, their relationships aren't going very well. Somehow they manage to wake up in the morning and record some music, which is quite lucky for us.

Something To Write Home About is a simple, guilty pleasure. It's less indie than the Kid's previous discs. They've turned up the vocals and cleaned up the guitars. This sounds like a major label record.

The change has had positive and negative effects on the band's sound, however. They've ventured from emo-punk to straightforward poppy emo-candy. Consequently, they have lost a lot of indie-cred, but should gain a legion of fans.

The biggest flaw with **Something To Write Home About** is the unfortunate fact that the two best songs on the album, "Red Letter Day" and "I'm a Loner Dottie, a Rebel" have been previously released. It's a minor complaint, however. The album is enjoyable, spirited proof that indie rock can comb its hair, get dressed up and try to get a date to the big dance.

Retrospective
Red House Painters
(4AD)



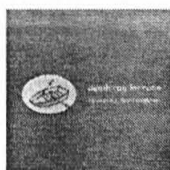
His voice is a gift. It sits in the corner of a dark lonely room, filled with memories and pain. Mark Kozelek doesn't really actually sing. He just lets out. None of his lyrics are there because they rhyme or sound nifty. They have to be there. Every song is a process of moving on, giving up or dealing with someone.

Red House Painters are a special band. They make intensely personal music that shows an incredible knowledge and awe of the human condition.

Retrospective is a two-disc collection of greatest hits, demos and out takes. It's a wonderful introduction to the Red House Painters world. It's also a special treat for old fans. The demos are stark, emotional takes of old favorites. The stripped down version of "Mistress" is a notable highlight. Kozelk's painful, melodic yelp at the end of the song is one of his finest moments.

Trust me on this one. You'll get 27 songs for 15 bucks, and if you have a soul, you'll fall in love with Red House Painters.

Something About Airplanes
Death Cab For Cutie
(Elsinor/Barsuk Records)



The Pacific Northwest is home to an incredible amount of outstanding, innovative bands. Built To Spill, Modest Mouse, 764-Hero, Sleater-Kinney, Unwound, Damien Jurado and Sunny Day Real Estate head the impressive list. Death Cab For Cutie is the latest entry.

Lead singer Benjamin Gibbard's voice has all the good parts of Built To Spill's Doug Martsch in it, and none of the annoying qualities. In fact, comparisons to Built To Spill are extremely valid, however, nothing on this disc sounds the least bit derivative—it's exactly the opposite. It's the first classic indie-rock record of the year.

Something About Airplanes has a dark, claustrophobic feel, but manages to avoid sounding tedious. Death Cab segues smoothly from the pop thrills of "President Of What" into the darker "Champagne From A Paper Cup," a song which ends the Built To Spill comparisons. It shows an emotional depth that Built To Spill has never been able to capture.

Something About Airplanes was recorded and produced on an analog eight track, and as usual something about that sound is just so right. It doesn't bash you over the head like 16 track stereo recordings do.

Death Cab For Cutie has earned a solid spot alongside their Pacific Northwest contemporaries. Modest Mouse recently signed with Epic, the home of Pearl Jam and Oasis. The signing of Modest Mouse could be the beginning of another major label blitz on the state of Washington. If so, Death Cab For Cutie has an excellent chance of making a name for themselves.

BILLY O'KEEFE
Viewpoints/New Media Editor

Tonight the Stars Revolt!
Powerman 5000
(Dreamworks)

There ain't no revolution going on here—hell, there's nothing even original about this record. But with "Tonight the Stars Revolt!," California's Powerman 5000 has created in its sophomore LP what Trent Reznor couldn't produce in five years' time: a loud concept record that's not a dizzying bore to listen to.

Like plenty of industrial bands (think Deftones playing with Korn, throw in some cheesy superhero lyrics, and you get the picture) PM5K suffers from the same one-beat-itis that produces a decent opening number, and 10 songs more that sound either like remixes or the same song with different lyrics. But if the band had to put a sound on heavy rotation, it picked a good one: "Revolt" can drag at times, but it never slows down or gets lost in its mess. Most importantly, the token third single/slow track is nowhere to be found here.

When it comes to hardcore, "Revolt" is no "Pretty Hate Machine" or "Psalm 69," but it comes through with good, loud ambience that, once absorbed, translates into fun, if not pristine, headphone music.

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