

Ticker
the

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ASYLUM

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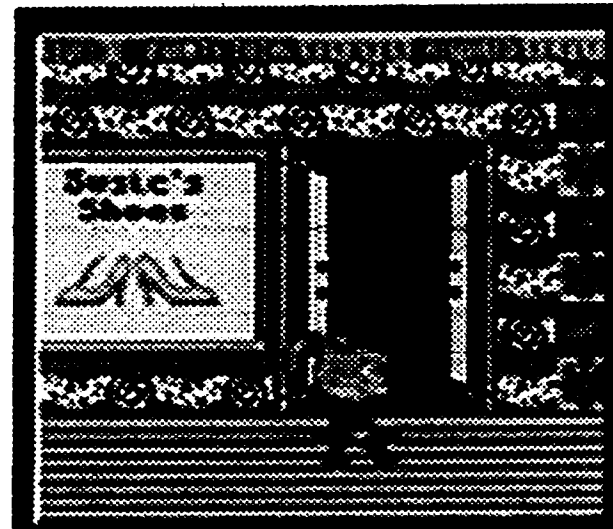
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The Ticker

David Blanks Editor-in-Chief
ticker_eic@scsu.baruch.cuny.eduHubert Reyes Editor-in Chief*
ticker_news@scsu.baruch.cuny.eduVanessa Singh Executive Editor
ticker_arts@scsu.baruch.cuny.eduBryan Fleck Managing Editor
ticker_news@scsu.baruch.cuny.eduShan-san Wu News Editor
tickernews1@hotmail.comGraceann Hall Business Editor
ticker_business@yahoo.comDara A. Abrams Business Editor*
ticker_business@yahoo.comKenyatta Pious Sports Editor
ticker_sports@scsu.baruch.cuny.eduKin Ping Koo Arts Editor
lyonez@hotmail.com

Tali Dvir Webmaster*

Jessica Rubenstein Advertising Manager
Jessica_Ticker@hotmail.com

*Denotes acting

TEAM TICKER

Production

Kin Ping Koo, Kenyatta Pious, Jessica Rubenstein

Senior Staff

Media Ariana, Sarah Ashfaq, Jeffrey Belsky,
Karl Boulware, Monynce Bowman, Mark Heron, Kiro,
Omolara Laniyan, Fred Leon, Nicole Lovell, Oleg
Perelman, Trisha Thomas, Henry Vysotsky, Vanessa
Witenko

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Olubunmi Jones-Omotoso, Anisha Mohammed,
Franck Mongbe, Adam Ostaszewski,
Antonio L. Pereira, Sherry Sung, Shirley J. Velasquez

Contributors

Photography

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tickernews1@hotmail.com

Established in 1932

Features

Summer Cruises at the Seaport

"Set sail for a cruise on the East River"

By Jessica Rubenstein
Senior Staff Writer

Prepare to set sail at the South Street Seaport every Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday night with the Seaport Cruises. Tuesday nights you cruise to Iowa blues; Wednesdays are oldies dance tunes brought to you by Jammin 105; Thursdays is cool jazz night; Fridays and Saturdays feature party cruises with club tunes.

On Wednesday nights join Jammin 105 for a 2-hour cruise along the East River. This cruise specializes in oldies dance music from the 70's. This past Wednesday, renowned vocalist,

King has 11 albums out and has been in show business for 23 years. Her last album, released in 1995, was called *I'll Keep A Light On* which was her overseas album. Although this was her first time on the Jammin 105 Seaport cruise, she says "I'll rock the boat so that the 70's

and EMI Records. Coming up, King will be performing at the New York State Fair on August 4th. Her listeners made all this possible and she says, "Thank you every-one for your support!"

As the boat left at 7:00 PM with a crowd of people on board, a DJ from



Galiet (Right) and Friend (Left) have fun on the Jammin 105 cruise. (Photo/JR)

will live on". In her 23 years as a singer she never stopped singing as she loves it.

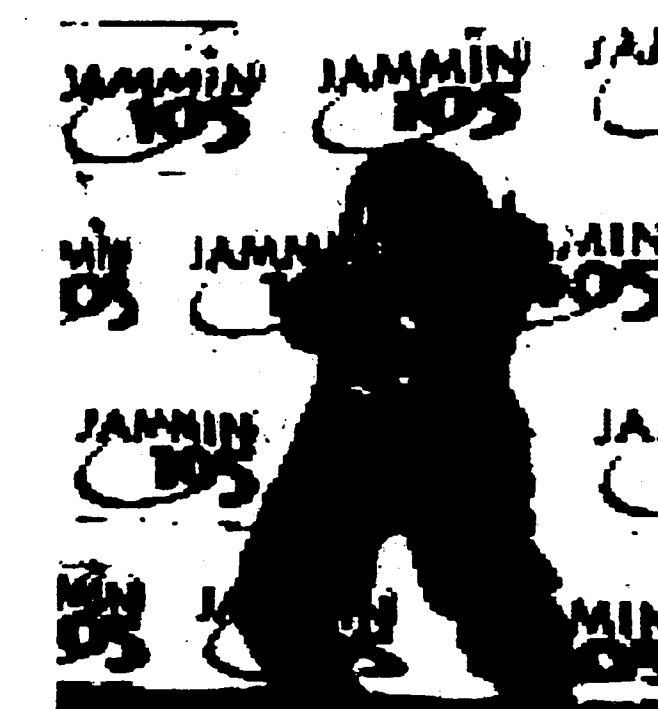
King, a native New Yorker from the Bronx, began her career in 1977 by moving out to Philadelphia where she was discovered. She lived there for a while and built up her career. Later on she traveled to New Jersey and then to California where she settled. Now she tours around the United States singing her tunes from the 70's. As a married woman for nine years, King has some spare time on her hands. Since she is a video fanatic, she loves going to the movies. Some of her hits include *Shame*, *Love Come Down*, *I'm In Love*, and *Kisses Don't Hide* from RCA



Evelyn "Champagne" King on the Jammin 105 cruise (Photo/JR)

Jammin 105 began playing music for all to dance to.

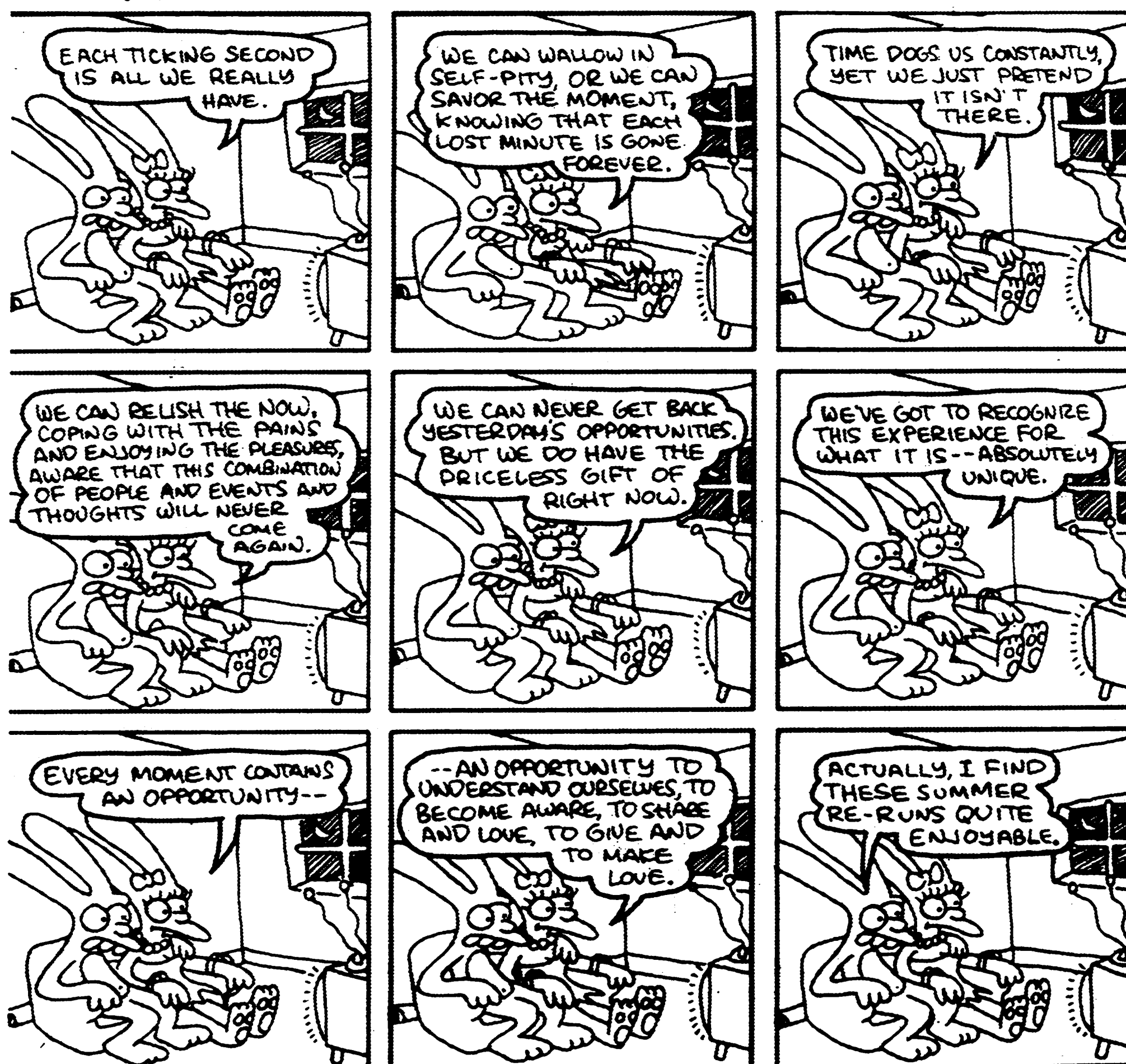
People got to chat with one another, have a beverage or two, dance, and get



King gets the audience going as she sings "Shame". (Photo/JR)

ready for a great performance by Evelyn "Champagne" King. The boat didn't get loud until around 8PM when King took the stage. This was a performance well worth seeing as she sang, invited the crowd to sing along, got them dancing and danced herself. The audience responded well to her songs as they wanted to hear more and more. Her final song was "Shame" which really got the audience up on their feet dancing. The energy on the boat was incredible. By the end of her set everybody was happy. By the end of the cruise everyone walked off happy and with tunes in their heads. I'm sure most of the people onboard will be back again to have some more fun on the Seaport Cruises. I know I will. Bon Voyage!

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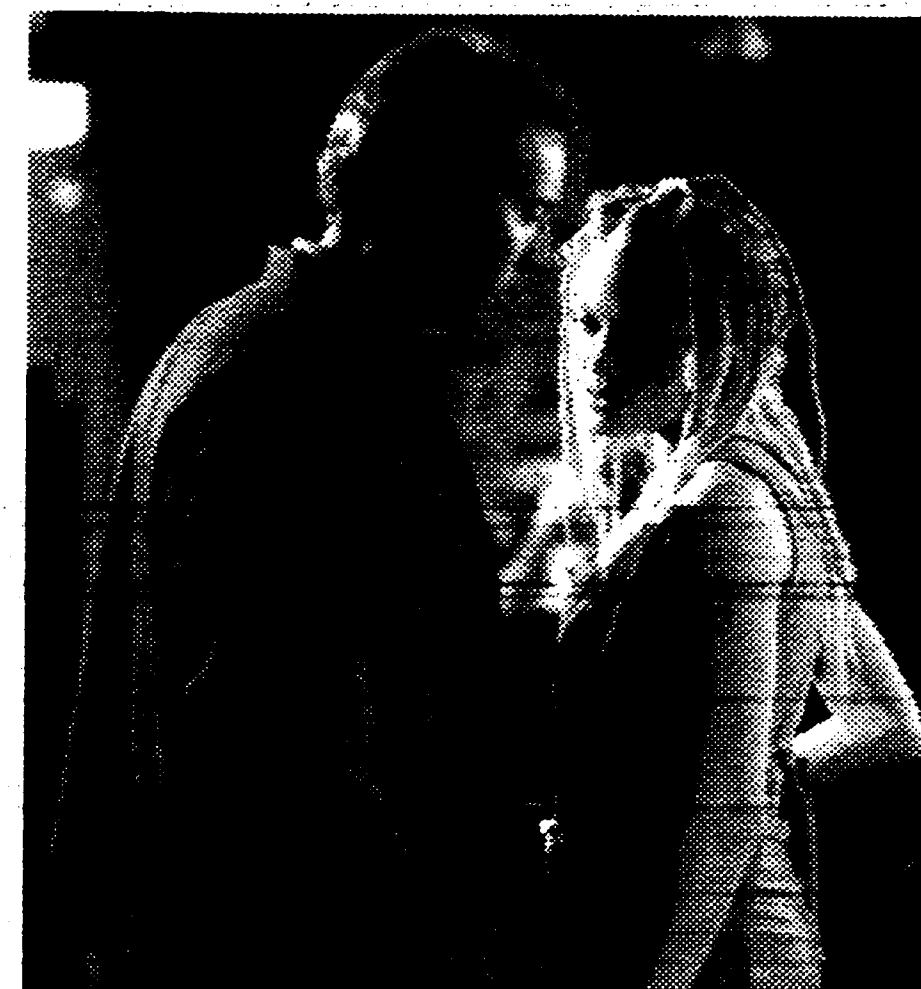
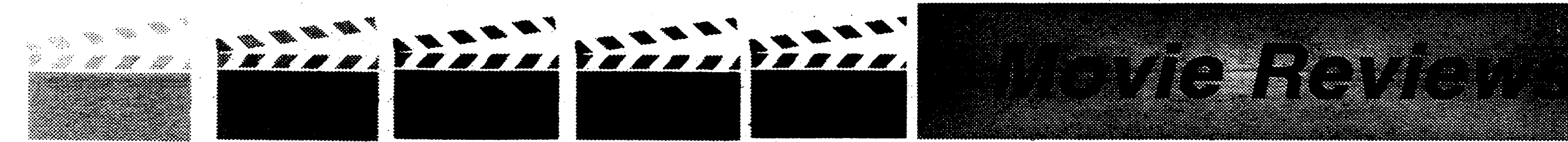
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Cage and partner in crime Jolie.

Gone in Sixty Seconds

By Jessica Rubenstein

Get ready to sit back in your seat and watch a car thief in action. *Nicholas Cage* (Randall "Memphis" Ranies) stars with *Angelina Jolie* (Sara "Sway" Wayland) in this high speed action film.

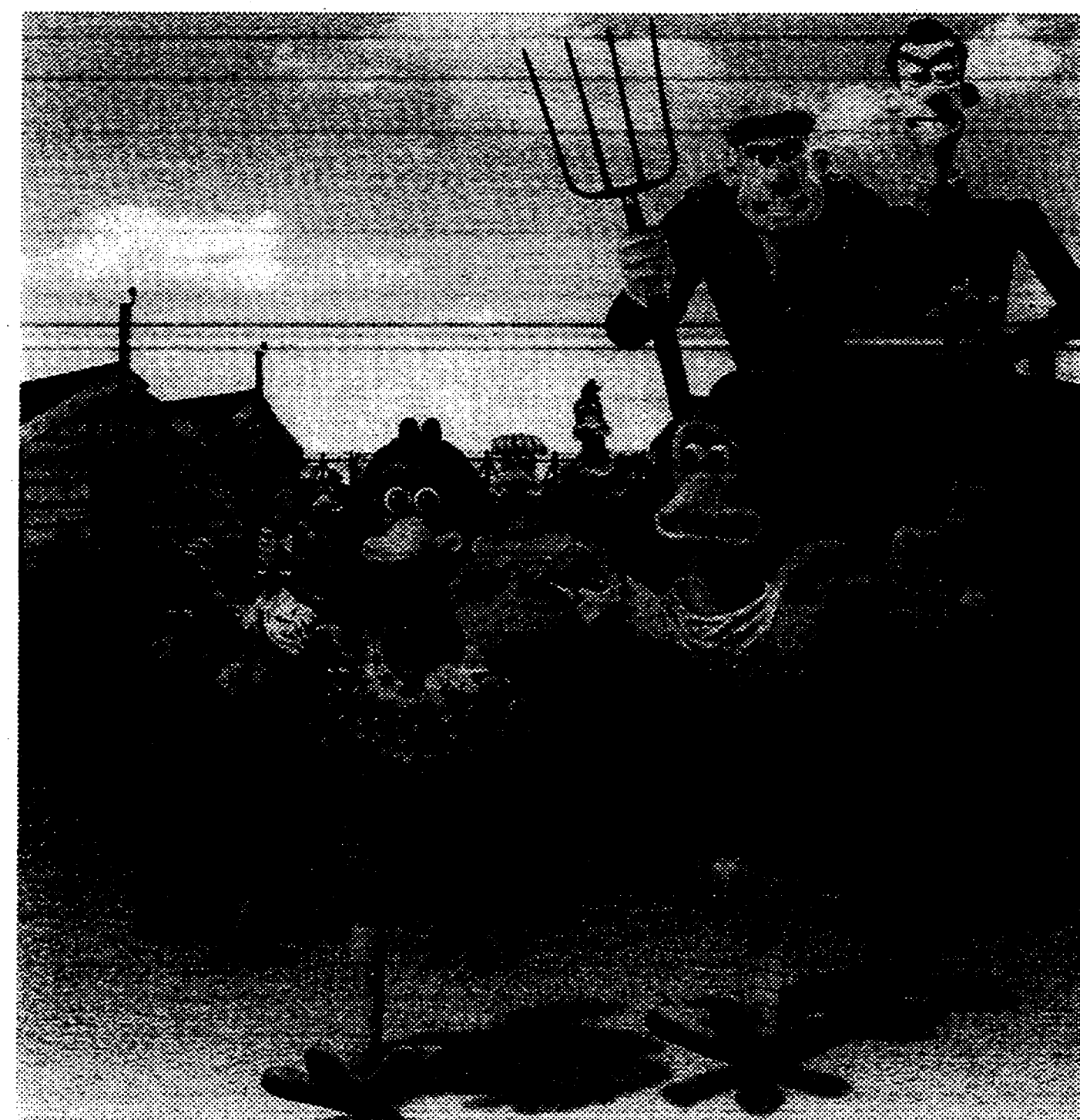
If former car thief Memphis wants a car, nothing can stop him from breaking in and stealing it. Within 60 seconds, the car is gone! Trying to live the clean life proves to be impossible however, as he must reinstate his car thieving habits to save his brother, who followed in his

footsteps. His brother is not as successful as he is however. With the cops on his tail, Memphis risks his own life to help his brother steal 50 cars in one night.

There is plenty of action in this film as you watch Memphis race the stolen cars. The climactic car chase is by far the best thing this predictable movie has to offer. There are solid performances from the rest of the ensemble (including *Giovanni Ribisi* and *Robert Duvall*), but there are no surprises. A Hollywood ending, a clichéd romantic subplot, lots of fabulous cars, and one great car chase scene sum up this film.

For all of you who love car chase scenes or cars period, you might want to check this movie out!

Chicken Run: Poultry in Motion



By Pooh

Take some clay, mold it into a group of chickens and a couple of humans, get some good actors to lend their voice talent, film it, then sit back and watch the audience laugh.

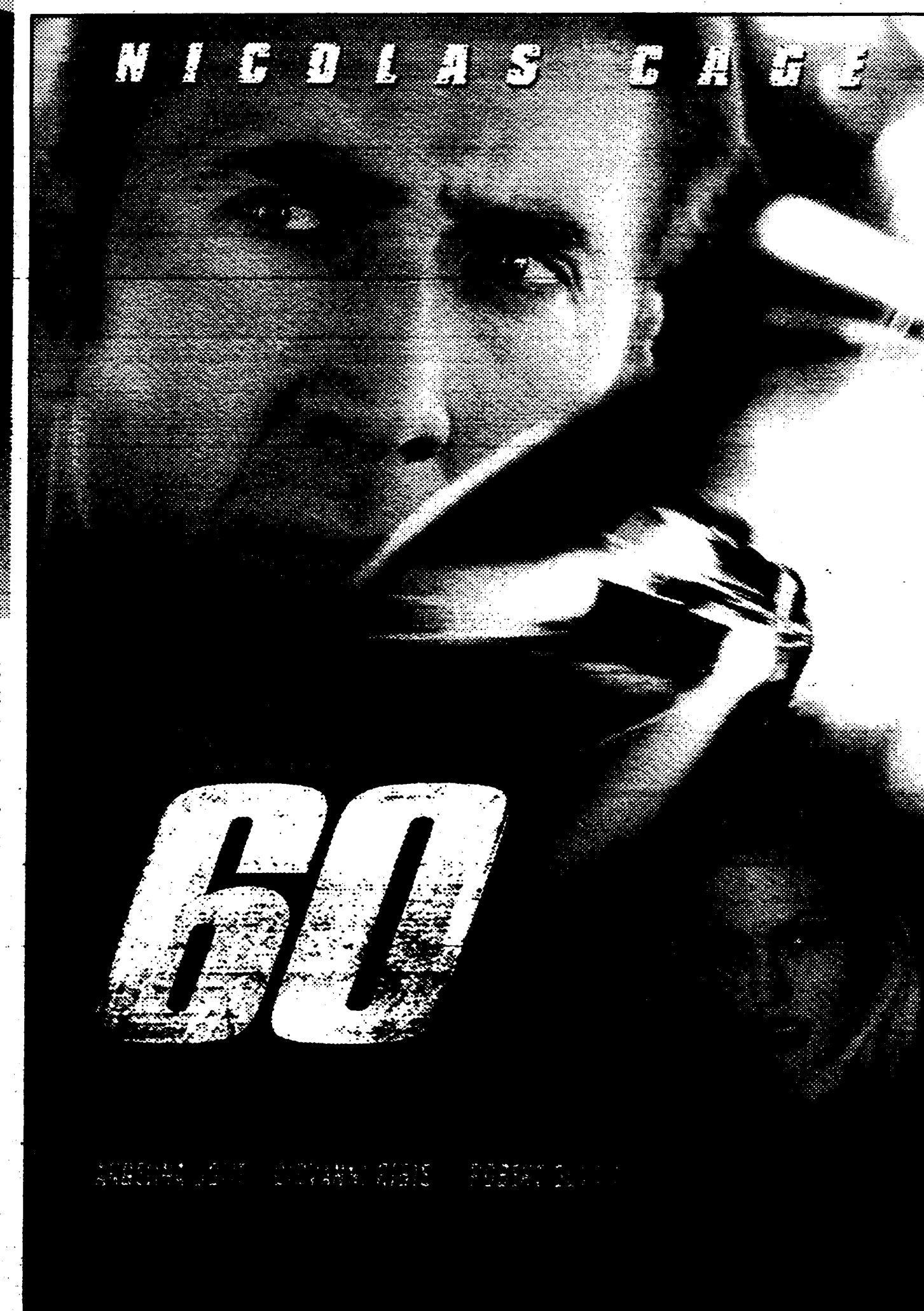
Chicken Run is a clay animation movie about chickens imprisoned on a farm who dream of escaping to the freedom that lies beyond the wire fence that surrounds them. Escape attempts are repeatedly thwarted by the farm's owners, a hapless husband and his cruel wife. Ginger, the leader of the luckless chickens, stumbles upon Rocky the rooster who she recruits to help them escape. The ensuing results are hilarious.

This film stars the voices of *Julia Sawalha* (Absolutely Fabulous), *Mel Gibson* (Lethal Weapon), and *Miranda Richardson* (Sleepy Hollow). Plot-wise, it

is your standard root-for-the-underdog (underchicken?) fare. However, it won't take you long to find yourself fully immersed in the characters' world and rooting out loud for them.

Directed by Academy Award® winner Nick Park, of *Wallace and Grommit* fame, *Chicken Run* is full of humor and action. Audiences delight in the many cultural references sprinkled throughout the movie (the line "It's raining hen" got a big laugh from the adults). It is visually delightful. The animators' attention to detail will draw you back to the film again just to see what you missed the last time.

Both adults and children will find this movie appealing. Even the most cynical among us will find something to chuckle over. Suspend your disbelief and go see *Chicken Run*. It's a pleasant way to spend a couple of hours.



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m

VARIOUS ARTISTS
Music from and
Inspired by
MISSION:
IMPOSSIBLE 2
Hollywood Records

By Kin Ping Koo

You ever think to yourself, "When did they play these songs in the movie?" after you listen to a soundtrack? It annoys me because, obviously, a soundtrack should remind you of the movie. But in this case, it does say "music from AND inspired by the movie" so they're forgiven. After listening to the album, I found it to be a fairly accurate representation of the movie: chaotic, loud, and not worth my time.

Limp Bizkit's version of the Lalo Schiffrin theme music of Mission Impossible slows the 5/4 time signature to a 4/4 kick, making it submissive to Bizkit's flavor. The slower beat was nice, but the fervent lyrics were a bit much. Also included are songs from rock artists such as Metallica, Rob Zombie, Foo Fighters, Godsmack, and Buck Cherry. *What u lookin at?*, produced by Kid Rock and sung by Uncle Kracker, might as well have been sung by Kid Rock himself.

Apartment 26 teases with threads of drum n' bass before they too succumb to the formulaic rigor of this album, contributing their own the raging vocals and thundering bass riffs. Somewhat out of place is *Tori Amos and Powderfinger*, who contribute with the placid *Carnival* and *My Kinda Scene*, respectively.

This soundtrack contains fiery rock songs that are heavy on the bass and generous with raging vocals. They didn't inspire me to hang off a cliff, do a tango in a ferrari or play with toxic biochemicals, but I was certainly energized. Still, like the movie, I could live without it. Better luck with the second soundtrack they are releasing for *Mission: Impossible 2*, featuring the high-voltage score by film composer Han Zimmer.



Craig "Mud" Smith Stinger Jose Maldonado Chris Holt Eric Nagy

LIQUID GANG
NINETEENTH SOUL
Atlantic Records

By Jessica Rubenstein

Liquid Gang is a hard rock group that has their own unique sound. Unfortunately for them, it sucks! Their CD, entitled *NINETEENTH SOUL*, was released last April and sounds like a bunch of guys with no voices screaming into the microphone while randomly strumming a guitar in the background.

What makes this album worse is that it has a repetitive sound. Tracks one

and two for instance sound identical. The group just rambles on. I can think of different words they can put into their songs, but since they are screaming I could not really make them out anyway. The fourth track is arguably the worst. Called *Megalomantic*, it sounds as if the "Waassssuuuuup" guys had raided the studio.

However, to be fair I must say I largely hate hard rock. On a lighter note, those who love blaring guitars and the wild screams of men could enjoy this music, especially those who already like Korn or Rage Against the Machine.

Chantal
Kreviazuk: Colour
Moving and Still
C2Records

By Henry Vysotsky

If *Paula Cole* weren't so lost in her soul-diva pretensions and shaved her armpits, she might have put out an album like *Chantal Kreviazuk's Colour Moving and Still*. Kreviazuk, where her 1997 debut *Under These Rocks and Stones* went double platinum, but didn't create much of a stir in the U.S. Most American audiences became acquainted with her through her contributions to *Armageddon* and *Dawson's Creek* soundtracks, the latter one being especially appropriate, since Kreviazuk's music, like that of most other singer-songwriters' appearing on teenage/twenty-something drama soundtrack albums, can easily be dismissed as "Adult Contemporary." (Do forgive me for using such obscene terms.) Of course, if you decide to eschew this record solely because of an overly-broad music industry label, you will miss out on one hell of a piece of ear candy.

Kreviazuk played a free gig at the Fourteenth Street branch of the Virgin Megastore a short while back, accompanied only by her piano. Needless to say, the woman has an incredible set of pipes; however, her music goes over much better with full band accompaniment, which nicely compliments her powerful delivery. Much of the credit has to go to producer Jay Joyce, who co-wrote the music to the upbeat *Before You* and is responsible for the eerie electronic loop on *Until We Die*. Indeed, these songs would have suffered greatly if it weren't for the masterful, seemingly simple (but only upon the first listen) instrumental arrangements, which do have a strong presence but are subtle enough not to ruin the record.

Of course, even the best producer cannot salvage a record where the songs are awful. Fortunately, Kreviazuk's songwriting is a fitting match for Joyce's production skills. The aforementioned *Until We Die* has a cool, midnight feel, and is possibly the best song on this album. The cynical *Blue* is reminiscent of a semi-pissed Alanis Morissette: "Where were you when they wrote the news / And how are you, are you feeling blue?" wails Kreviazuk over a steady, propelling midtempo beat. *Dear Life* is pretty upbeat, like *Before You*, (at least music-wise; the lyrics are of sadder stuff.) and you have to appreciate a record that encompasses many different moods, without ever seeming insincere.

Be warned, though: *COLOUR MOVING AND STILL* is very much Lillith fare. If sensitive female singer/songwriters on soul-searching trips make you want to go postal, stay away from this one. The album could have done without *Eve*, a loss of innocence tale which is the musical equivalent of a CBS Sunday night made-for-TV family drama. (I know: every album has to have one. Maybe if we all wrote complaints to our local congressmembers regarding this matter...) But this is really my only lament, and hey, 9 out of 10 ain't bad.

Don Henley
INSIDE JOB
Warner Bros.

By JEFFREY BELSKY

It's been eleven years since this former Eagle released his Grammy-winning *THE END OF THE INNOCENCE*. Henley takes a mellow path on this studio album, seen especially in *Take You Home*. He and his backing band certainly work it on *Workin' It*, a song which talks about dirty business. "Welcome to the land of flame and fizz / Where you will learn that packaging is all that heaven is / Ah, company man, Eight for me, one for you / Business as usual." The lyrics are pretty risqué: "While you are looking the other way, they'll take your right to own your own ideas." Henley even curses on a few of the tracks, which sound

Bells there! Do
you get turned on
by words, but
never know what
to do with those
feelings?
It's out.

The Jayhawks SMILE Columbia

By Henry Vysotsky

First, a little history lesson. Quick — what's the first thing that comes to mind when you hear "early and mid-nineties?" Is it Grunge? Many people (especially young urbanites) may not be aware of this, but there was an underground music scene which was gaining some serious momentum at the time, known as Alternative Country, or "No Depression," a term coined by Uncle Tupelo, the most significant band in this genre, when they released an album of the same name. Uncle Tupelo combined a roaring, fuzzed-out rock guitar sound with the rootsy honesty of country music, occasionally throwing banjos and violins into the mix; this became the basic formula used by the many alt-country bands that followed. In 1994 Uncle Tupelo broke up, and from its ashes rose Son Volt, headed by Jay Farrar, and Jeff Tweedy's Wilco. Both bands initially met with relatively big success and lots of critical acclaim, and things were looking good for the numerous like-minded bands... until the scene kind of died, which happened right around the time Grunge practically croaked as well and the bubblegum boy bands mucked up the airwaves. Perhaps the changing pop culture tastes

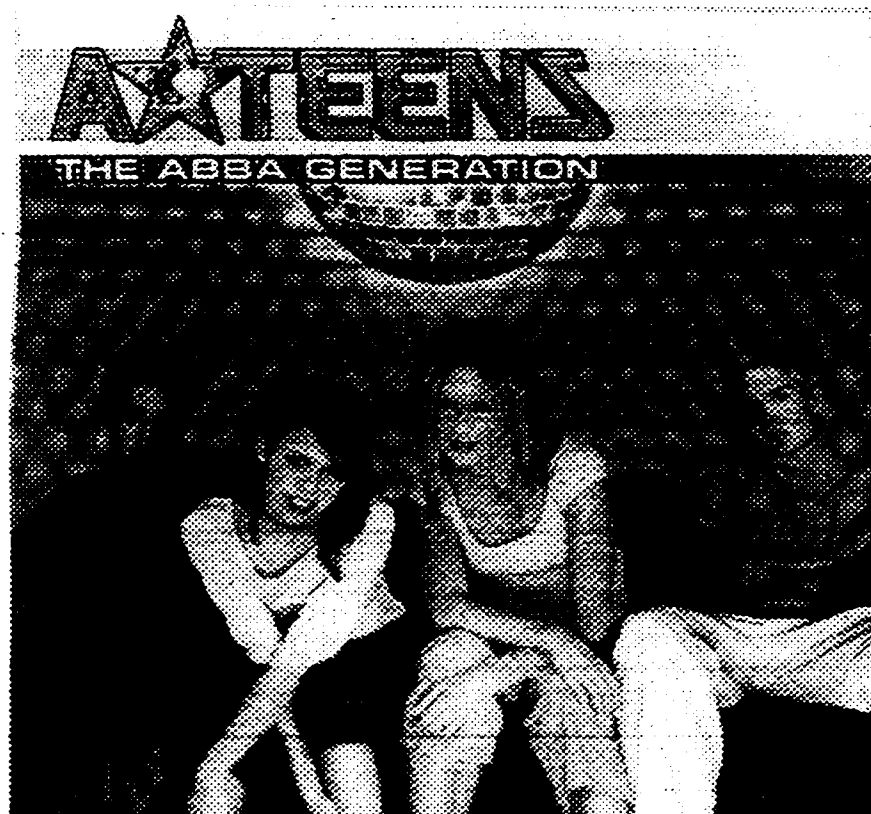
were to blame; perhaps it was because the No Depression bands were too rock for country fans and too country 'or rock purists. As it stands today, the term No Depression is no longer in use and the few alt-country bands that still matter aren't seeing any platinum sales.

The Jayhawks were one of the more crucial and successful alt-country bands. They have been around since 1985, making music that was more Pop than anything else, despite their unrelenting rock energy and unmistakable country "twang." Hollywood Town Hall, The Jayhawks' 1991 DEF AMERICAN RECORDS debut produced by George Drakoulis (The Black Crowes), made many an influential music critic's "best albums of the '90s" list, and 1995's TOMORROW THE GREEN GRASS, an unbelievably awesome collection of songs, received many a rave review. Unfortunately, singer/guitarist/songwriter Mark Olson quit the band right after the Tomorrow tour, leaving Gary Louris, the other half of the band's nucleus, at the helm. Louris, a fine singer and talented guitarist, chose to eschew most of the band's old twang (and originality) for a more rocked-up sound on 1997's Sound of Lies. Now comes SMILE, the Jayhawks' fifth album, and the next chapter in the band's continuing descent into insignificance.

Olson must have been the band's true genius. Every song on TOMORROW was beautiful and bittersweet with its heart on the sleeve;

here, the tunes are mostly repetitive and easily forgettable. Perhaps Louris believes that his band's new, harder rock sound will bring it a bigger audience and sell a ton of records. The more likely scenario is that it will alienate the old fans while failing to appeal to new, prospective ones. The title track is pure cheese, destined to become an elevator classic; that is, unless a pesky little lyric prevents that from happening. (Are they singing "Cheer up, cheer up" or "Shit up, shit up?" For some reason it's hard to decipher.) *I'm Gonna Make You Love Me*, the album's first single, is simple, melodic and upbeat, with predictable lyrics, but Tom Petty does this sort of thing better. The album's production is way too clean and polished to make the band actually sound edgy, and too many tracks here employ choruses consisting of only one line, sung over and over. Kinda makes you wonder, Where have all the poets gone?

SMILE is not a total waste, though. *What Led Me To This Town* and *Broken Harpoon* are so, as Paul Westerberg once put it, sadly beautiful, that I start to reminisce about the old days, when The Jayhawks were one of the greatest fucking bands in the world, every time I listened to them. But since these songs serve as a painful reminder of those days, they are too sad for repeated listening. The Jayhawks albums will always have a place in my home; unfortunately, in SMILE's case, it will be as a beer coaster.



A*teens
THE ABBA GENERATION
MCA/Stockholm Records

By Kin Ping Koo

Oh no, not more teeny boppers! Don't worry. These kids are cool. Although this is a group that is also hoping to ride the wave of fame on their looks, since that's the only reason why the two apparently mute males seem to be in this group, this album is fun fun fun! *Mama Mia* and *Gimme! Gimme! Gimme!* are sure to get your botty shaking. Their take on classic Abba hits like *Take a Chance on Me*, a song that the likes of Erasure has taken a stab at, is whimsical, as is much of this high energy album. If you're planning a party, be sure to get this CD.

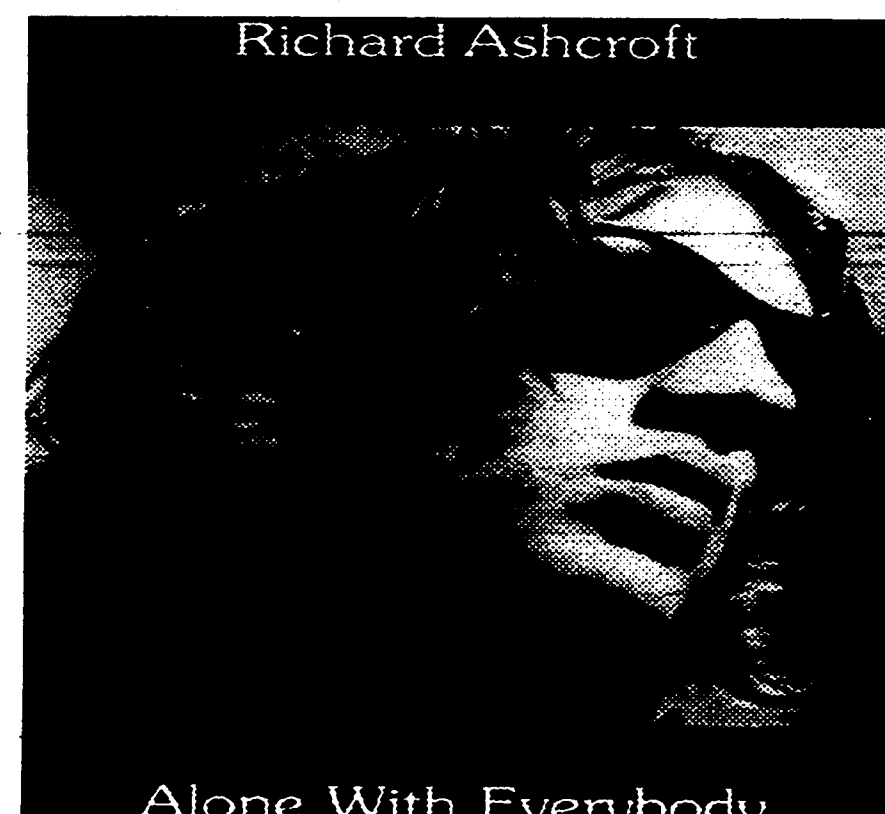


Angie Aparo
THE AMERICAN
Arista Records

By Kin Ping Koo

Currently known for his single *Spaceship*, THE AMERICAN shows that Angie Aparo is more than a one hit wonder. This Atlanta based singer/songwriter has performed at downtown's The Bitter End as well as the Mercury Lounge.

The songs are emotional and richly spacious. The music is transcendent. Soft pop rock, this album is worth a spin, but it won't blow your socks off. "It's a crime to be usual", he says in *Beautiful*. Guilty you are!

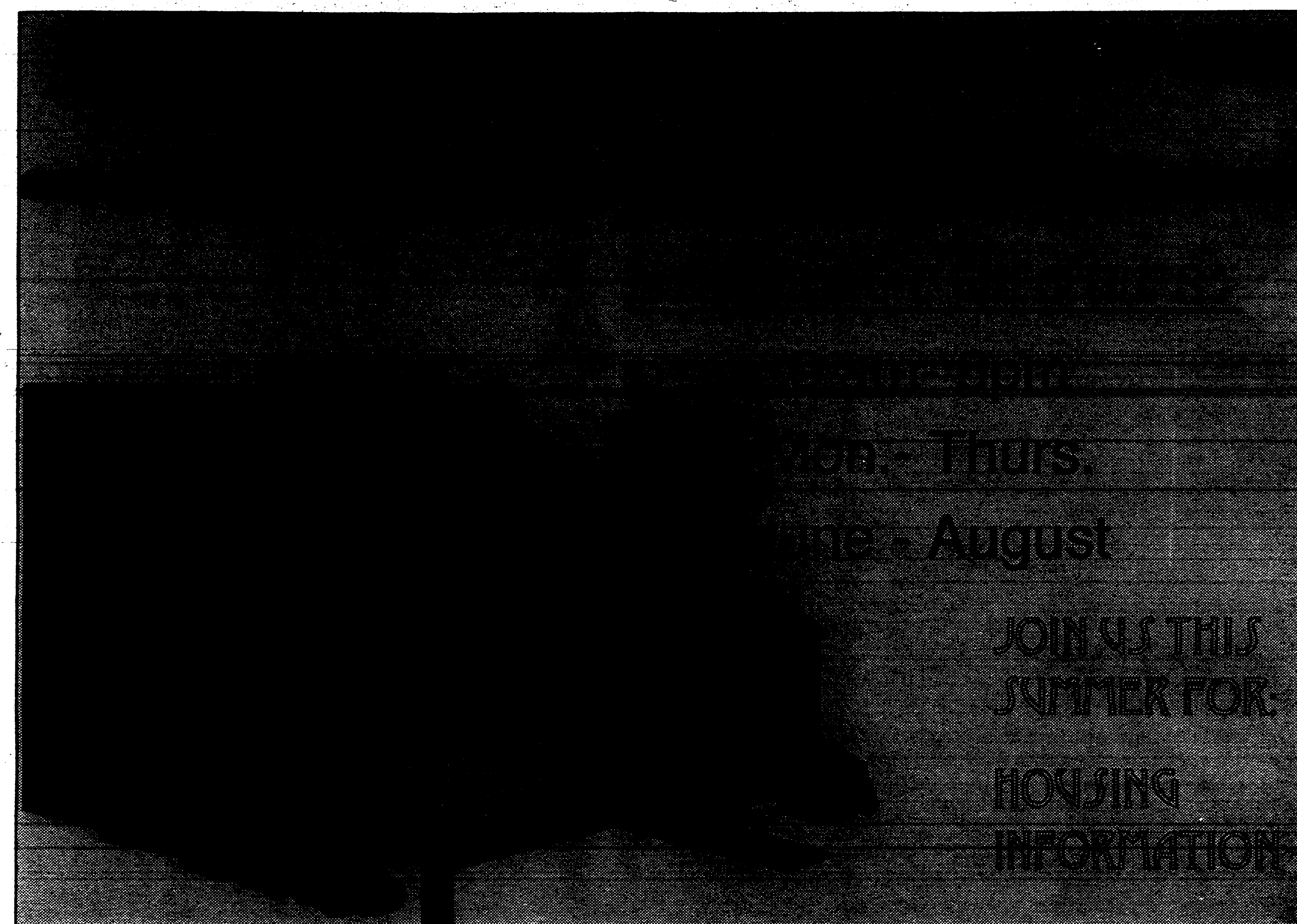


Richard Ashcroft
ALONE WITH EVERYBODY
Virgin Records

By Jessica Rubenstein

Richard Ashcroft is an alternative artist with a sound remotely similar to the likes of REM. However, his songs come off as sounding terribly morbid and have an almost eerie quality to them as if they could be used in a scary/mystery movie. His new CD, *Alone with Everybody* will be released on June 27th. I for one would not buy this CD unless I wanted some music to drive me into a depression.

I found that most of the songs on this CD, such as *New York*, had an interesting enough sound to keep me listening. On the other hand, *Brave New World* just has a depressing sound to it. I would not recommend this CD to most people but considering this is his debut album in the States who knows how things will progress.



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Badseed's Bottomline

Rugrats: Totally Angelica
By Jon Minners

Once upon a time, video games were designed just for men. There weren't many reasons for females to play and men dominate the market. Realizing that money can be made from getting females into the mix, companies started trying to find ways to capture this female audience.

The other day, I received a game from THQ based on the Rugrats license. It is called Rugrats: Totally Angelica and uses the annoying, and bratty female lead to play center stage. The box even crosses out the word boy in Gameboy and replaces it with girl, letting you know who this game is intended for.

I didn't want to play it, because, well, I'm a guy, and walking around with a Gameboy and Angelica inside, didn't really appeal to my image. My girlfriend on the other hand picked up the game immediately and played

with it, enjoying it, as if she was transported to being a little kid again. Of course, she is an older gamer, one who remembers the simpler games and this game was a little out of her league, so after some time she gave up.

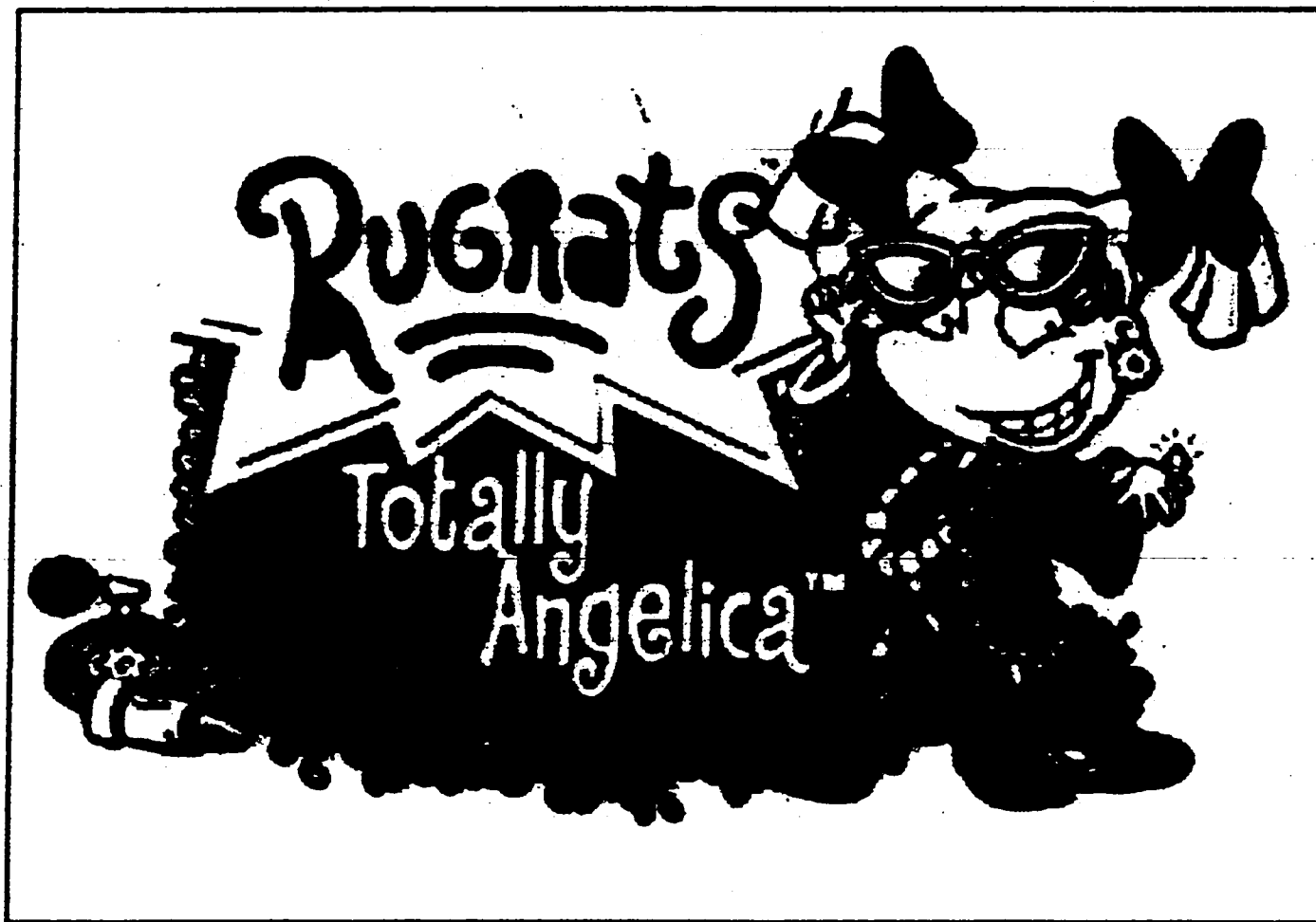
Who could try this game next? Would I have to? Thank God for children aged five. Boys age five don't care what kind of game it is and who it is intended for. As long as you keep quiet, they will play it and he did. My girlfriend's nephew, Jeremiah played the game for what seemed like forever. He seemed to totally enjoy it and he was doing better than his 24-year-old aunt.

Of course, even a five-year old hits snags and eventually I was called

into action to help him out. So here I have Totally Angelica in my hand and I'm playing it with the same intensity I used to play WWF Smackdown, also from THQ. Serious gamers don't care what game we play, we all play hard. The game contains all the Nickelodeon Rugrats characters who appear in six mini-games plus one final battle. You can even swap outfits and accessories with other players via the infrared port on your Gameboy Color. Of course, I didn't try that. The object of the game is Angelica running around a mall in an effort to win a fashion show so she can earn points to rescue a doll that was stolen from her by her Rugrats counterparts, Chuckie and Tommy. The minigames are not challenging for someone who has played games for 18 years, but one game had me and Jeremiah playing for a while. It featured a maze where one has to bounce a ball of yarn through using spring-like bouncers. The game hasn't been beaten yet, but we're working on it.

This game reminds me of an old Muppets Carnival Game I played a long time ago and enjoyed. The game is basically for kids, so someone like me would have to go back in time for a review for this game.

Lil' Badseed's Bottomline: 4 out of 5. It is a fun little game for kids. It's also fun for adults to help kids play. I guess it can be even more fun for little girls, but I think girls have now entered what was once a man's territory when it comes to video games, like Street Fighter and House of the Dead. Still, all little kids would find this game fun in some way or form. When I came over to my girl's house, Jeremiah asked me where the game was. It won one kid over. How many will follow? My guess is a lot.



Back again: Minners Commentary Corner

Hey yo! So, I bought the new Eminem CD and I totally enjoyed it. I loved this CD more than his previous one. He takes the middle-finger salute one step further and track 7 is my new anthem. Stan is a song that made me wish I had fans that would kill themselves for me. oops! Shouldn't have said that, huh?

Still, this guy needs some major help and fast. The other day I looked in the Guinness Book of World Records and Old Dirty Bastard still has the record for the most arrests in the fewest days, but Ol' Marshall Mathers is quickly catching up.

First, he laid the smackdown on some guy for kissing his girl. While his girl claims it was just a friendly kiss, Eminem didn't buy the "what's a little tongue between friends" defense and hauled off, getting arrested for weapons charges. What Eminem needs to realize is Kim (his wife) is only in it for the money. Why else would you stay with a man who has killed you off in both his CDs?

Right after this arrest, he was arrested again for weapons charges when he pulled a gun out on an associate of the Insane Clown Posse. Dumb move as we all know anyone associated with ICP will only retaliate by running home and telling mommy. Still, Eminem will probably get off, because he's rich, and the judges don't want to be skewered in his next songs.

Whitney Houston's family urged her to get help for drug use. She takes drugs? Someone say it ain't so. I could have told you that the minute she married Bobby Brown and stayed with him.

Napster is getting hit with lawsuits left and right for copyright infringement. The Internet company that allows you to download songs for free, from the theme to GI-Joe to Whitney's drug...uh...love ballad is heavily under fire. I don't see the big deal. Statistics show that album sales have gone up since Napster's debut so what's the problem. It's not stealing in my eyes. It's a like a huge radio station and me with my tape recorder. Now, I'm at my computer downloading songs 24-7 before courts shut these thieves down.

Shaft is coming out and I can't wait to see Samuel Jackson kick supreme ass. X-Men scares me as I don't think it will do justice to the comic. Scary Movie looks to be a hilarious parody of all those horror parodies. Can't wait to see the man with the Scream mask smoke the wacky weed.

Well, I have to sign off. I'm no longer the editor of the Asylum. Just helping the new staff out. My new Entertainment magazine is looking to come out in September so stay posted to the Asylum and find out where. Also, keep checking me out at www.wrestleview.com with Badseed's Bottomline as I have gotten over a hundred hits on many days and I am looking for more.

Until next time, Peace.



Sunny Day Real Estate
THE RISING TIDE
Time Bomb Recordings

By Henry Vsysotsky

In 1995, Seattle's modern rock sons Sunn Day Real Estate broke up. That's the way it should have stayed, for they would never have released **THE RISING TIDE**, an alternately heavy and mellow platter of... total mediocrity. But fate works the way it sees fit, asking no one for advice; ergo, this collection of eleven compositions, now in a record store (and coming soon to a used CD bin) near you.

First, some padding to soften the coming blows: the guys in SDRE are rather decent musicians. Drummer William Goldsmith and guitarist Dan Hoerner can blow you through a wall with their bone-crushing riffs or, at their dreamier, recall **Joy Division** on steroids. Singer/guitarist Jeremy Enigk also played bass on the record -- (Nate Mendel, the original bassist, chose not to come along for "take two" when the band regrouped in 1998) --- proving himself to be a fine bass player. It is not for lack of chops, then, that this record is so uninspiring; the fault, dear Brutus, lies in other matters.

The first problem, one that is noticeable right away, is Enigk's voice, or more appropriately, his wimpy whiny wail (for fun, try saying this fast, five times in a row.) The conflict is apparent on heavier tracks, such as *Killed By An Angel* and *Snibe*, where a deeper growl would do the songs far more justice than Enigk's cast-rated yell. His voice goes over better on softer, dreamier tracks; alas, it fails to evoke the moods necessary to appreciate these songs.

Problem # 2 stems from lack of memorable melodies. There are no hooks here, nothing to sing along to, not one song that would lodge itself in your ear canal and crawl back inside your head an hour after you've listened to the disc, causing you to loudly hum on the bus as old ladies shrink

back in fear and uneasiness. If you do decide to buy this album after all, give yourself a test: listen to any song here twice in the afternoon, then see if it's still in your head by nightfall. Chances are, it has been replaced hours ago by that Britney Spears tune your little sister has been listening to.

The last problem could have been overlooked if the other two were not so profound. Rock music does not necessarily have to have brilliant lyrics. The words to Kiss's *Rock And Roll All Nite* were no Beat poetry, but they were fun, and the song was so great we would have let Gene Simmons get away with reciting a chocolate chip cookie recipe during the verses, so long as the chorus was intact. In Tide's case, where the singer is whining and the songs are droning, the listener may try to justify the CD purchase by looking to the lyrics for wisdom and perhaps emotional support. What they get instead is crap like "She's in my head/ Like television" (from "Television.") The rest of the songs contain similarly boring, meaningless drivel, with the exception of "Snibe," which is angry enough to be cool: "We stand in the marketplace/ With cold September eyes on the hungry people/ We passed the interrogation/ Signed our names at the bottom of the government paper."

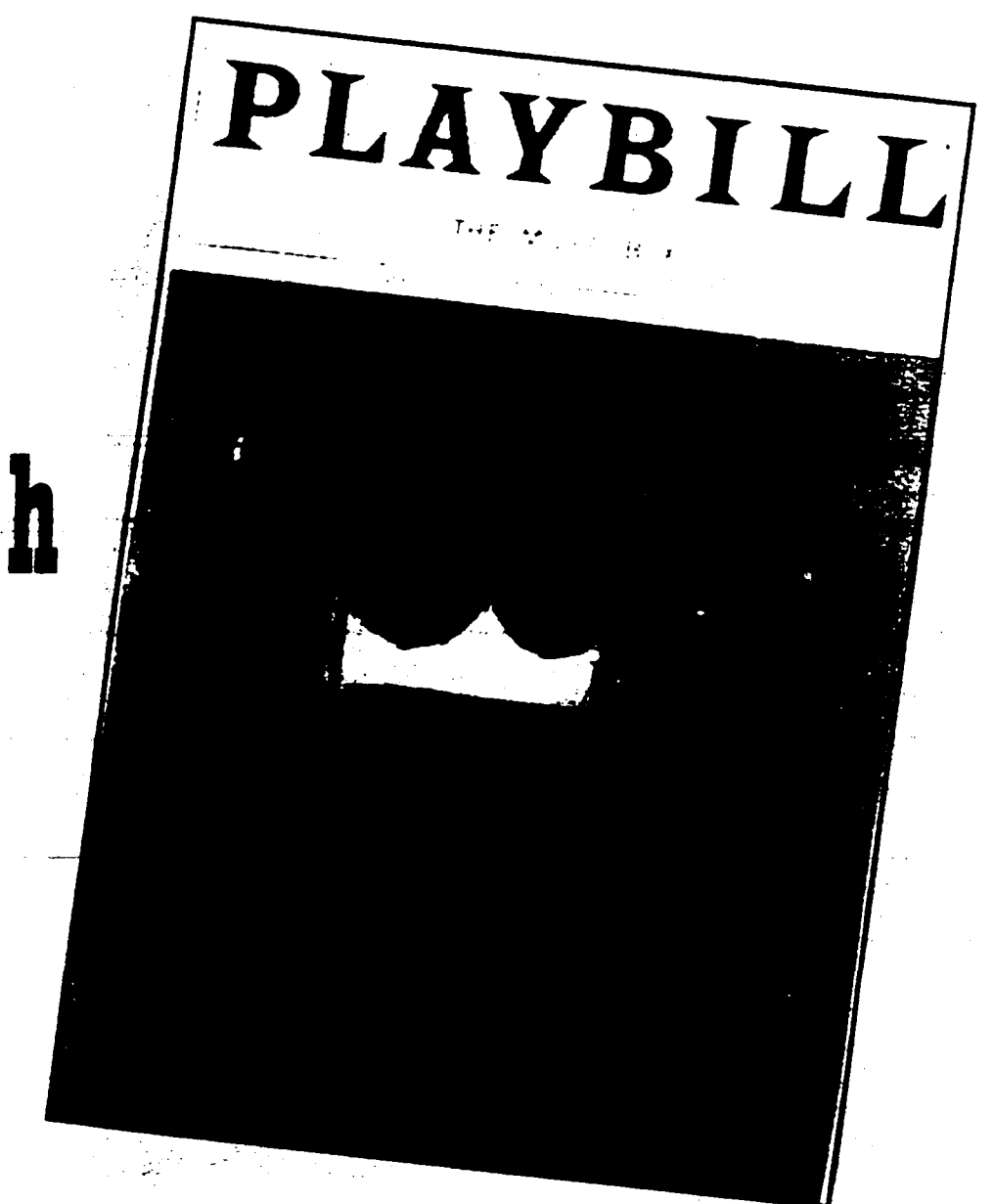
Unfortunately, the song itself fails to deliver, and while most people will accept a good tune with bad lyrics, few will listen to a song if it's the other way around.

To SDRE's credit, *Rain Song*, *The Ocean*, and *Faces in Disguise* are pretty enough to make for good background music. However, the band would much benefit from a talented singer/ songwriter, for SDRE would make a rather fine backing band for an artist with a charismatic voice and a knack for writing memorable songs, someone like, oh, Dave Grohl. Before SDRE decided to regroup, Goldsmith (along with Mendel) comprised the **Foo Fighters'** rhythm section. He should have stayed there.

Theater

Broadway

Macbeth



By Kin Ping Koo

Curious to see whether or not this play is really cursed, after watching a performance I'll have to say that this latest production of **Macbeth** was most certainly plagued. It was plagued by... the Sandman!

I have never attended a more wearisome, and just plain boring, live production. Most of the 2 hour play (without an intermission no less) was held in dim lighting, making it even easier for me to fall prey to the Sandman's attack. The sporadic flashes of light were none too pleasant either, as I truly felt like one of Plato's enlightened ones each time. Unfortunately, the actors

Scottish play. **Macbeth** is a powerful character. Grammer does not exude this. Neither does **Diane Venora**, who plays the supposedly more ambitious Lady Macbeth. The other actors fared no better with this play, at times speaking at a far too accelerated pace for even Elizabethans to comprehend.

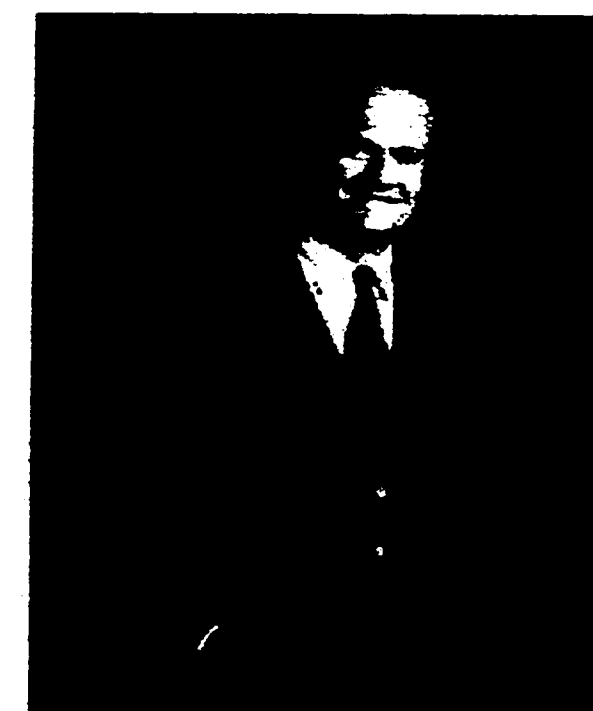
Many scenes were just ineffectual. One of the more popular scenes in the play is when Lady Macbeth sleep walks and tries to wash her hands. "Out damn spot, out!" In this production, Lady Macbeth walked with a candle in her hand, and therefore mimed washing her hands with only one hand. Needless to say, that detracted from the intensity of the scene.

The only brief moment that broke the monotony came from Seyton, played by **Peter Gerety**. His comical antics were a welcome respite from the tedious play. It was one of the only times the audience showed signs of life.

This production just came across as low budget and uninspired. Which is probably why it has been cut short from its originally scheduled eight week run. **Macbeth's** last show will be on Sunday, June 25th. If you are a die hard Shakespeare fan, or happen to love one of the actors, then hurry to the box office. If not, pass on this one.

lacked the passion and ability to keep us enraptured. None, not even **Kelsey Grammer**, (better known as Dr. Frasier Crane) were able to carry this sleepy drama.

For anyone who has read the **Shakespeare** drama/tragedy *Macbeth*, is an emotional play, filled with power hungry and conning characters. That was nowhere to be found in this



**When I have fears that I may cease
to be**

When I have fears that I may cease to be
Before my pen has gleaned my teeming brain,
Before high-piled books, in character'ry,
Hold like rich garners the full-ripened grain;
When I behold, upon the night's starred face,
Huge cloudy symbols of a high romance,
And think that I may never live to trace

Their shadows, with the magic hand of chance;
And when I feel, fair creature of an hour!
That I shall never look upon thee more,
Never have relish in the faery power
Of unreflecting love!—then on the shore
Of the wide world I stand alone, and think
Till love and fame to nothingness do sink.

-John Keats (1795-1821)

A Life

Innocence?

In a sense.

In no sense!

Was that it?

Was that it?

Was that it?

That was it.

-Howard Nemerov