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HIGH ON VIAGRA: WHY A DOCTOR’S STRONG HAND IS NEEDED

ANNA STRONG | A TASTE OF MEDICINE

ERICTIONS can't live with them, can't live without them. On second thought, get rid of that first clause; people just can't live without them. If you are doubting me now, wait until they start popping up all over the place: in front of you in the checkout line at Fresh Grocer, sitting—or should I say standing—one table at a time over at Cosi, hurrying to class down Locust Walk.

Sounds a bit ridiculuous? Isn't it? But if the trends in Viagra usage continue in their current direction, we could have a very serious problem on our gonits—er—hands.

According to the International Journal of Impotence Research, the use of Viagra increased by 84 percent between 1998 and 2002. This was to be expected considering the drug only went on the market in 1998 and proved to be quite effective in treating erectile dysfunction.

What is a little more surprising is the fact that prescriptions for men ages 18 to 45 rose a whopping 312 percent! I have no doubt that some of those people truly have a problem with sexual arousal, and I think there is nothing wrong with taking advantage of an effective cure. However, it is very unlikely that all of those younger people are actually demanding Viagra because they have a full-blown impotence problem. Rather, many of them are undoubtedly using it as means of enhancing their sexual performance for the sake of feeding their own egos or impressing their partners.

While this appears to be relatively harmless behavior when done on occasion, using Viagra for enhancing sexual encounters is also one very short step away from drug abuse, as evidenced by the fact that it is regularly being sold on the streets.

In addition to illegal narcotics, drug abuse describes the use of over-the-counter drugs for purposes other than those for which they are indicated or in a manner or quantity other than directed. Viagra has proven to be an excellent candidate for misuse, especially because it is so easy to get exposure to it.

It is unlikely that a first-time user is going to go directly to the streets and pay ridiculous amounts for something he (or she) has only heard about. On the other hand, that same individual is far more likely to go to the physician and ask for a prescription for the drug.

While, in theory, he could be refused the prescription following the medical examination, this is unlikely to happen, since erectile dysfunction is oftentimes associated with psychological conditions.

Anyone, with a little practice, can come into the doctor's office with a 'problem' and claim to have stress, fatigue, depression, or anxiety—all conditions associated with impotence. Since most of these things are very difficult to medically confirm, the physician will have little choice but to prescribe the drug.

Then it's off to the store, where 10 dollars will buy one 50 mg tablet followed by ingestion 30 minutes prior to need, and he's hooked.

This may not be the sequence of events in every case, but statistics indicate the popularity of Viagra among younger men is growing exponentially. Physicians do admit this growth is not exclusively the result of medical necessity.

Granted, physicians will not continuously prescribe the pill if they begin to suspect it is not being used appropriately, but they are usually pretty lenient about granting their patients a 'trial run' with the drug.

Continued on PAGE 4

ENDANGERED SPORT:
THE DECLINE OF TENNIS

BY ADAM GOLDSTEIN

THIS PAST SUNDAY afternoon, as I squeezed out of my vernacular upon the gladiators battling on the arena floor below, I could not help but think of Shakespeare's tragedy Julius Caesar, in which the great Roman emperor remarks at one point, "It seems to me most strange that men should fear; Seeing that death, a necessary end, will come when it will come." True, I found myself that afternoon not in the royal suite of some Roman coliseum, but in a luxury box at Flushing Meadow's Arthur Ashe Stadium, where the athletes on the court were fighting not with swords but with rackets and not a drop of blood was spilled. As I looked on, I knew as surely as did Caesar that death had indeed come. I was witnessing the death of tennis as a significant sport in this country.

Prior to the start of the U.S. Open final, for the match was, at best, tepid. Andre Agassi and Andy Roddick had both been eliminated in the quarterfinals, ensuring no American would be playing in the final match of this country's most illustrious tournament for the first time since 1998. This year's championship match would feature the world's number one player, the dominant but unimaginative Swiss Roger Federer, against Lleyton Hewitt, the Australian ground-stroker who won the tournament in 2001 but whose inability to put away points is maddening. Federer, the number one seed in the tournament, was the odds-on favorite to win, but Hewitt had not dropped a set in the Open.

As his initial service toss flew up into the air, the crowd sat in awed silence. Not out of reverence for the players, but rather out of excitement for what it hoped would be the beginning of a suspenseful Open Championship. Eight games and about two and a half minutes later, the crowd sat in awe of the American. Eight games and about two and a half minutes later, Hewitt had not dropped a set in the Open.

Will come when it will come. " True, I found myself that afternoon not in the royal suite of some Roman coliseum, but in a luxury box at Flushing Meadow's Arthur Ashe Stadium, where the athletes on the court were fighting not with swords but with rackets and not a drop of blood was spilled. As I looked on, I knew as surely as did Caesar that death had indeed come. I was witnessing the death of tennis as a significant sport in this country.

The jury's still out. 'Till the day we die, the world will bow to the serenity of the grass and the shrill clamor of the crowd that converges on Flushing Meadow every August, hoping in vain to see an American win the Open. This year, when it was evident that Hewitt was not going to win, a terrible sight met my eyes. Faces hollowed with despair at the prospect of an American again losing in the final. Faces hollowed with despair at the prospect of an American again losing in the final.

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 OPERATIONS: IMPOSSIBLE

With the start of the new year, Penn students are having to adjust not only to class and homework but to other significant changes around campus as well. Harrison College House or parts of it are newly renovated; Williams has reopened its doors sans scaffolding; Bennett is the new No-man’s land; 1920s Commons has rolled out a few new concepts; and Ani Bour Pain in Huntsman is a veritable maze of reorganization. Unfortunately, some of the changes don’t seem to make much sense. You have to wonder whom they consulted before the design stage. Clearly, not anyone who would actually need to use the end result.

The high rises were desperately in need of a touch-up, but instead of plastic surgery, all they got was a makeover. Visually, Harrison looks great. The lobbies are nice and polished, and the new Heye Sky Lounge is beautiful. Then, there are the infamous $800 diamond chairs by bertoia in each apartment. The horizontal lights in the Conference Room that will have to be re-hung vertically to accommodate the projector for movie viewings. The café moved to a back corner of the upper lobby because the architects didn’t think it meshed with the “concept” of the front lobby.

Ani Bour Pain is another story entirely. The reorganization of the system that we’re sure was intended to be more efficient has actually become more confusing and frustrating. Anyone wishing to purchase a fountain soda must wait by the counter for five minutes until someone gives you a fountain soda and then wait in another line to pay. The new sandwich form system isn’t complicated, but it does create an absurd amount of increased traffic across the major pathway. How often have you seen all three checkout stations open at the same time? Granted the line doesn’t extend into the Huntsman entrance anymore, but at least last year there was an actual line and an actual consistent flow! Now it’s just a madhouse of people walking in all directions with no coherent line whatsoever. We spoke to a few ABP employees this summer, none of whom seemed thrilled with the changes and forecast the eventual abandonment of the new system because it simply doesn’t work.

Did the architects talk to the users of the Conference Room, the café or even house staff before making changes they thought were useful? Last time we checked, the architects didn’t live or work in the building or even intently observe which old practices worked and which could use changing. They had a vision and implemented it—regardless of the advice of house staff and student managers who were better acquainted with the building. The same happened in ABP. Some of the workers know the new system is garbage, but as always, some outside manager came in without enough experience or knowledge of the nitty gritty details of ABP and changed it. Talk to any waiter or waitress about how often managers or consultants listen to their suggestions for changing restaurant policies. It’s called lip service, that smile and nod policy we use when we don’t care what a person is saying but have to pretend like we do. Until someone does start listening, get used to hearing “thanks for being patient.” Now smile and nod.

NEWS FLASH!!!!

BY ANDREW MCGHAL

NEW YORK- With November’s presidential election rapidly approaching, Sean “P. Diddy” Combs kicked his Citizen Change campaign into high gear Friday afternoon by stabbing a man to death outside MTV studios in Times Square.

According to eyewitnesses, the man, Kenny Taylor, 27, an unemployed construction worker from Long Island, was in Times Square to see Hilary Duff, slated to appear on MTV’s Total Request Live.

Combs then allegedly proceeded to stand over Taylor’s bleeding body and do the cuffing patch as New Yorkers looked on indifferently. Eventually, Taylor was picked up and taken to the New York University Medical Center where he was pronounced dead on arrival, sat up briefly and shouted “I’m not f**king dead!” then promptly died.

“People were really taken aback by the whole scene,” explained Combs, the rap producer/artist/designer formerly known as “Puff Daddy,” shortly after the stabbing in an unscheduled interview on Total Request Live. “This shit’s real, you know what I’m saying? America’s youth needs to realize that voting isn’t just a privilege but a sacred responsibility. And we as celebrities need to realize the power we have over potential voters. We are the true leaders of today. And you don’t want me showing up at your door, bitches.”

Combs added, “But, just for the record, Shyne did it.”

The Citizen Change campaign, which prominently uses “Vote or Die” as its slogan, was conceived by P. Diddy somewhere around the 23rd mile of this year’s New York City Marathon. Previously, the effort had consisted mainly of handing out t-shirts to celebrities at award shows but, according to Combs, violent crime represents the “next step” in encouraging voter participation.

When reached for comment, an unnamed executive at MTV disavowed all responsibility for Combs’ actions, asserting that, even though Combs is often seen on MTV promoting the youth voting effort, neither he nor his Citizen Change campaign are in any way attached to the network.

Said the executive, “That bastard’s been out of control ever since he changed his name. Who is he, Prince?”

Reaction among New Yorkers to the stabbing has been mixed. While many citizens have applauded the rap producer’s efforts on behalf of the community, some, like Michael Baldwin, a very recently deceased lawyer from Manhattan, have pointed to the incident as another example of the “violent rap culture that is taking a hold among the country’s youth.”

So far, however, there are no plans to press charges. As New York City mayor Michael Bloomberg put it, “Puff’s been having a really tough time ever since Biggie got shot, and while the city doesn’t necessarily agree with his methods, his intentions are admirable, so we’re going to let it slide.”

Andrea Migdail is a senior in the College. You can write to him at amigdail@trust.
WHILE SUMMER DAYS of idyllic emptiness and trivialities may be a distant memory, I know that once upon a time, an excess of aimless days stretched out ahead with nothing to do except fulfill random whims. My lack of serious responsibilities allowed me not only to hear but really to listen and learn. Perhaps I therefore began to see something that I never believed, even after reading Lauren Weisberger’s much overrated The Devil Wears Prada: past-college women, who are supposedly self-assured, would point at girls who looked like they needed to be hospitalized with an equally high level of disdain and envy. It finally became impossible for me to deny the fact that this affliction has become common, and it extends way beyond the trials and tribulations of adolescence. Its insidious presence has lurked into the minds of our whole society, and it is here to stay. The reaction of so-called well-adjusted women toward the starving among us is the strongest proof of this reality.

I discovered the promise of no future connection sometimes leads people to be at their most candid. When anonymity takes over, consequences for one’s actions and words reach an all-time low. In addition to regular gossip and drama, the cubicle whispers of empty summer days led me to recognize the depth of what may be the biggest obstacle for our generation’s women: the pursuit of thinness. Considering the fact that so many girls and women suffer from eating disorders, the topic is rarely discussed in an open manner. News writers may have no trouble using eating disorders as regretful filler during a slow week, but when it comes to discussing the nitty-gritty of all sorts of previously taboo topics. The juiciest details of sex-capades, after all, are part of network television’s weekend lineup. People older and more conservative sometimes lament the fact that nothing is left unsaid anymore, and they are usually dismissed as uptight.

What people older and more conservative sometimes lament is never ending. As the years of high school came and went and many people were still trapped in the throes of weight obsession, people clam up, and as a result, the community. When it comes to the never-ending mania of a decrepit bathroom at the end of a drunken night, in a stall, it’s outside a frat that ran out of jungle juice at two in the morning, at meals in our esteemed dining hall, in the stalls of a decrepit bathroom at the end of a drunken night, in a rush office on Park Avenue, or in line at the grocery store. Those of us who are not ashamed America’s obesity problem at Penn makes very few people comfortable because obesity lacks much presence in our community. When it comes to the never-ending mania of weight obsession, people clam up, and as a result, the inevitable conversations happen in a more private context. It is never ending. As the years of high school came and went and many people were still trapped in the throes of awkward, angry adolescence, it seemed as though eating disorders might just be a more extreme way of manifesting universally felt insecurity and self-doubt. This summer I began to see something that I never believed, even after reading Lauren Weisberger’s much overrated The Devil Wears Prada: past-college women, who are supposedly self-assured, would point at girls who looked like they needed to be hospitalized with an equally high level of disdain and envy. It finally became impossible for me to deny the fact that this affliction has become common, and it extends way beyond the trials and tribulations of adolescence. Its insidious presence has lurked into the minds of our whole society, and it is here to stay. The reaction of so-called well-adjusted women toward the starving among us is the strongest proof of this reality.

The overwhelming presence of eating disorders, however, has driven the issue behind closed doors, at least in our community. It seems as though a news article comes out every week about both sides and sizes of this self-destructive spectrum. The medical establishment is now responding to American food pathologies, but people are inherently loath to talk about what hurt’s closest to home. Making people see America’s obesity problem at Penn makes very few people comfortable because obesity lacks much presence in our community. When it comes to the never-ending mania of weight obsession, people clam up, and as a result, the inevitable conversations happen in a more private context. It is never ending. As the years of high school came and went and many people were still trapped in the throes of awkward, angry adolescence, it seemed as though eating disorders might just be a more extreme way of manifesting universally felt insecurity and self-doubt. This summer I

We are, after all, the children of the self-proclaimed ‘Me Generation.’ Trying to get what we want, when we want, and how we want it is molded in our deepest core. The perfectionist impulse has taken its toll, from the stiletto-wearing who struggle with the hazily poised bricks on Locust Walk to the fast-paced New York professional upstarts that many of us will morph into within several years’ time. We grew up in the most competitively vain era America has ever seen, and this, above all, is about what today’s feminists should be worrying. From our entertainment industry to the world of politics, appearances have taken on an unmatched role, and the effects of the media’s madness are only starting to unfold.

So it is that the fall has begun and presidential electioneering is once again in the works, both presidential wannabes have inundated us with political rhetoric about progress, hope and all sorts of lofty ideals. References to the American Dream are made regularly, and, if nothing else, TV continually reminds viewers that this country embraces advancement, even if we make mistakes on other continents. We as a society have confronted problems in the past that were long swept under the carpet, and now we must do it again. Feminists of the last generation, still focusing on the disparity that exists between the sexes’ salaries and abortion issues, would do well to realize what may be the biggest hindrance of all for our generation’s women: physical self-hatred.

If America really wants to see the wage gap grow narrower, this problem needs to be addressed. The role of direct job discrimination that takes place in a large chunk of our workforce should not be understated. It must be fought, and, in the ensuing decades, the burden of pursuing fairness will be placed on the shoulders of our women and men. Repetitive news articles are shock-full of statistics about the high percentage of fourth grade girls on fad diets and middle schoolers who purge themselves after eating. The reality becomes inescapable: if there are going to be future consequences for this level of distress, we will be the ones to see them. They will follow us wherever we go—whether it’s outside a frat that ran out of jungle juice at two in the morning, at meals in our esteemed dining hall, in the stalls of a decrepit bathroom at the end of a drunken night, in a rush office on Park Avenue, or in line at the grocery store. Those of us who are not directly affected will still have to cope in some way with America’s gigantic eating disorder. The time has come for us all to realize that dancing around this issue is futile and that we should begin the process of confronting reality’s ugly, complex face. Our sisters, friends, and girlfriends are counting on it.

Lauren Saul is a sophomore dualing in the WHollege. You can write to her at lcsaul@wharton.
INVESTIGATIVE REPORTING:
An interview with Penn Insurgents

BRIAN HERTLER | SLEIGHT OF HAND

AMY GUTMANN, formerly the Provost of Princeton University, became the new president of Penn this summer. After two months of meetings, she and her Princeton-operated liberated campus from former President Judith Rodin and installed themselves as leaders. Unfortunately, the campus remains in the hands of the Penn students more problematic. A small-but-determined resistance soon arose. nutritious calls for alarms, wrestled with campus security, and assaulted administration officials with improved water balloons.

I decided to do some investigative reporting, so I logged onto the upenn.forsale (where you can get anything) and offered five dollars for a thirty-minute interview with one of the rebel groups. That evening, I walked home from swim practice of life for many, which is exactly what we need. After all, sexually satisfied people are happy people, and the world could always use a little more joy, especially in our trying times.

I do not mean by that an additional pill, or even a single pill, but only a major expansion of the already large market for the drug. This is not only because the drug is effective, but also because it is relatively safe and has few side effects. However, I do not recommend taking Viagra without a prescription from a licensed medical professional.

Brian Hertler is a senior in the College. You can write to him at hertlerbh@upenn.edu

SEND US INTELLIGENCE: International Common Sense

The Rebel Commander (TRC): We call ourselves the “We’re Okay Without Liberalism” faction. Anna Strongin is a junior in the College. You can write to her at astrongi@sas.upenn.edu

But if Ann did, they’d involve another school next year. They could then throw the entire Ivy League into chaos!

Me: But why would they do such a thing?

TRC: Seriously, I’m sure somebody will step up. We’ve got Lubavitch House and the American Center to support administration officials with improper wares and other thugs.

Me: But nobody wants those things to happen. No, President Gutmann will have to step in—just for now. You guys just have to get your posts down, fraternities will serve alcohol to minors...

TRC: Maybe the Undergraduate Assembly can restore order.

Me: But why would they do such a thing? TRC: That’s easy. There’s only one solution: Amy Gutmann must clear out of Penn immediately.

Me: Immediately? But, with all due respect, that wouldn’t happen at all. Penn will fall apart without a leader. Departments will cease to function, drunken mobs will tear the goal posts down, fraternities will serve alcohol to minors...

TRC: Maybe the Undergraduate Assembly can restore order. Me: This is no time for jokes!

TRC: Well, seriously, I’m sure somebody will step up. We’ve got Lubavitch House and the American Center to support administration officials with improper wares and other thugs.

Me: But that’s completely unreasonable. Surely there must be a way—TRC: There’s no way! They think we’ll give up if they wait long enough? We’re prepared to make this a six-week war right now. They feel threatened in the U.S. News and World Report rankings, and they’ll do anything to protect themselves. But their leaders, for whatever reason, have decided to waste their resources, unnecessarily—Me: Hold on. I don’t want to get into matters of opinion. Whatever your beliefs, I think we’re going to solve it.

Hold on. I don’t want to get into matters of opinion. Whatever your beliefs, I think we’re going to solve it.

Me: And then you have people like John Kerry, for whom 24 countries wasn’t enough of a coalition. I would like for the UN to be a strong voice of guardianship in the world, I really would. It’s just... somehow, knowing that the U.S. is at war makes you feel like you’re watching a movie, like the scenes in a soap opera, and the optimists are lying to us. I also learned that Princeton cares about silly things like the a cappella groups. If all else fails, we insurgents can take control.

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But if Ann did, they’d involve another school next year. They could then throw the entire Ivy League into chaos!
Our only hope

Oh mighty sea so cold and grey,
The land is so green and living;
Fortune is so black and cunning,
Take me in your deep embrace,
Save me from this woman's face.
She-tut-nir lend with her eyes
Bulletts of black and silver
To my feet.

Winds and waves are my escape
From her reign of mismalpate
From her debt and hidden will
You will take me safe and far
To the other side of the sun
Where whales sing your powerful song
And dolphins keep your heart so safe.

Oh mighty sea, the sand is a gateway,
A portal to your infinite chest,
A harbor not of ships but rest
A better place than this, I can be sure,
For out in your ripples she cannot reach me
Your wanting that does dictate me
A better life than can she
Offer me with bitter mercy
Not well, not ill, my child she woes
But just for such a puny cow
Bovine and almost lifeless I am
But just for such a puny cow
Offer me with bitter mercy
Your wanton want does dictate me
Your wanton want does dictate me.

Nothing incredible bad is a bad thing in itself as far as I'm concerned. There are far too many channels filled with reruns and useless crap, that for me to even consider watching a series, it has to give me something more.

Lost: the show of the season, is a great example; the premise of strangers getting stranded on an island has been done over and over again, but the Lost pilot makes it fresh and puts a new spin on things. The show's tone is more of a suspense-mystery than another Gilligan's Island, was beautifully shot in Hawaii, features some of the best performances, the introduction of Evangeline Lilly (J.J. Abrams has a knack for finding hot, talented women for his dramas) and two of the most chilling scenes I've witnessed on television—the back of a plane ripping off and bodies flying, and the cliffhanger I refuse to reveal.

On the opposite end of the spectrum lies Hawaii, also beautifully shot in—did you guess—Hawaii. Full of clichés in story and character types, the show offers nothing extra to the already crowded crime drama genre than a change in scenery. In the same vein, LAX is essentially Los Vegas with Heather Locklear, but without lots of weakly eye-candy and about-on-par-quality. dr. vegas gets the same rating. I've seen it before, but this time it's in a Las Vegas casino. What isn't, lately?

The only proper rule to really stand out is House M.D.—named both for the pun and for the main charac-
ter's last name. First and last objectively, the show takes place in a fictitious hospital in my hometown, and the pilot was directed by Bryan Singer. The show's focus isn't so much the hospital and its staff as it is the patients and their problems, specifically one very serious mystery. Dr. House is a diagnostician and he tries to get to the root of a problem that eludes other doctors. It would be too lengthy to describe the pilot's mystery, but suffice it to say the show makes a very good case against eating pig products. The show could become typical fare, which would disappoint me.

Speaking of typical, let's take a brief look at Clubhouse. If you've seen one Aaron Spelling show, you've seen them all—preachy, moralistic, and uncomplicated. Here, problems are solved with religion, family values, and baseball. Someone get me a paper bag, I'm about to gag.

Desperate Housewives could very well be the replacement for Sex and the City—it even airs in the same time-slot, though I think it's a better companion to The Bachelor than the aforementioned Lost. The show is quirky and known as a female-darling opera. Men, don't be fooled by the gorgeous stars, this show is probably not for you, despite Teri Hatcher. One bit of TV trivia: in the pilot, Sheyly Lee plays the role of Mary Alice Scott, the neighbor and friend of the main cast who commits suicide despite a seemingly perfect life. She played a character similar to Desperate Housewives on ABC show a decade ago, and was also killed in the pilot of the series. Unfortunately Lee had to pull out and Mary Alice was recast.

First Quote of the Year: "Susan had met the enemy, and she was a slut."

As comedies go, Joey surprised me. I really didn't think it was going to work, but Drea de Matteo and Matt LeBlanc really work some magic and the laugh level is consistent with a usual episode of Friends. So, as far as laugh-track shows go, this gets my approval. The CBS comedies really don't merit talking about. Father of the Pride features high-quality animation but could have used better writing, I laughed a handful of times, watching the preview and couldn't even chuckle while rewatching to make sure I didn't miss the beginning of the Scrubs season premiere. They should have hired Everybody Loves Raymond's staff to write because the show has that kind of multi-generational family potential, but it falls flat.

Another surprise was UPN's deletable Veronica Mars. A smart teenage girl plays at private investigator in a rich Californian beach town full of secrets, to try clearing her father's tarnished name. But wait! She's also a normal teenage girl, trying to date boys, survive high school, and get back into the "in crowd." Quite simply, Kirsten Bell, the plucky lead character, is destined for great things. Should the show take off, she'll be the next Sarah Michelle Gellar. Especially since her show bears so many parallels to my dearly departed Buffy the vampire slayer could have been much more revealing in their characters. The viewer knows exactly what happens to each of the main characters due to the show's periodic retrospective style, and even which brother winds up as President. Sure it has the WB trademark teen romance and a few obvious plot twists, but I'll take it any day over a One Tree Hill done. I'm holding my final decision until I see the second episode, which is usually a better indicator of the format the series will take.

Second Quote of the Year: "Of course the idea that we're stupid because we sit around watching the TV all the time is just as simplistic as the idea that kids shoot other kids because they witness violence in the media. What is clear is that the majority of television caters to the majority of Americans and is, as a result, garbage."

Finally, and trust me this is not sour grapes just because it airs in Angel's old timeslot. The Mountains is one of the shallowest, most predictable shows I have ever seen. The bad acting, transparent characters and plot twists were enough to make daytime TV blush.

Alright, maybe there's a bit of sour grapes.

Shore, Landis is a freshman in the College. You can write to him at landis@u.washington.edu.
In the same vein as Eternal Sunshine of the Spotless Mind, Garden State is a romance, a drama, a story peppered with wise
burt, a remarkable performance delivered by Peter
— but as a genuine reflection of who she is
— starring Zach Braff from the critically
"Garden State," Coupland depicts the
in terms of production, writing, acting,
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Byjik, Medalla

Have you ever noticed that some albums, regardless of content, are just louder than others? As Björk's Medulla played with the same volume as a fireplace, I was always use without incident, dirt spilled from the potting plant hanging above my left speaker. The ga- men thoughtlessness completely sealed her wall-shaking record while on the verge of Motherhood. Round Three and ears at least a chocolate cigar for her effort.

Jane Monheit, Taking a Chance on Love

Leaving the future for the past, we arrive at the first album of Jane Monheit, a recording of jazz vocals from comedy Long Island native Jane Monheit. While comparisons to Norah Jones are inevi- table, the better parallel to Monheit is Diana Krall—one is it Diana Costello now? Monheit eschews Jones's youthful exuberance and hipster credibility in favor of total slicked-on-highballs-in-a-se- quined-silk-sensation.

She's a very good singer and breezes through difficult stan- dards like "Embraceable You" and "Over the Rainbow." Her phrasing allows her authentic voice and her solos are best. Of all, Monheit understands the allure of a precisely timed silence, clearly demonstrated on "Bill." In another problem with "Taking a Chance on Love" is its complete unoriginality. You've heard the oldies before, and you'll swear you've heard the newies before. Monheit's perfect performances are utterly predictable. This is ailder of a jazz offense for as in the past—most of the band was paying attention to twelve songs difficult. With the album's high points, however, she could be mentioned alongside Krall, Ellis, and Billie in thirty years she's going to have to take a few risks and maybe work a double "L" somewhere into her name.

Grade: B

Joni Mitchell, The Beginning of Survivial

Next is Joni Mitchell's The Beginning of Survivial. In case the title is unclear, the Lady of the Canyon uses the gatefold case to reprint an American Indian chief's letter to an unspecified 1800's U.S. president warning that the destruction of nature is "The end of living and THE BEGINNING OF SURVIVAL." (emphasis Joni's)

So,oo, prepare a bandage for your head and get ready for eighty minutes of matronly finger-shaking. This isn't a new album; it's a compilation culled from all her original releases between 1985 and 1998. I'm impressed the artist managed to create a collection with a unified message from songs made for different albums. What that message is, I don't really know. Joni's something about consumer- ism, something about militarism, something about relativism, something about Ethiopia, and finally something about Mary. ("The Magdalene Laundrette").

do I know a few things, though. First, using clips from radio and television in pop/rock songs ("The Reoccurring Dream") always sounds dumb. Second, the Irish writer's name is spelled "Yeats," not "Yates." I think I'll fault the sleeve printer instead of Joni for that, but I hope she picked it. Third, of all the great folks who survived the '70s, only Paul Simon was able to adapt his sound to the following decades. On Survivial, synths, processed guitars, and huge, reverberating drums mercilessly bastardize Joni's heavenly writable.

This record isn't good. If Ms. Mitchell wants to pick up American Indian-related causes, perhaps she should seek advice from fellow classic rock apostate Bobbie Robertson, who's been doing it very well for a while. Otherwise, may she stick to painting.

Grade: C-

Beastie Boys, To the 5 Boroughs

I'll refrain from citing any lines from Beastie Boys' To the 5 Boroughs because I'd have no choice but to copy the entire lyric sheet. Yeah, they're good, although this should be no surprise to anyone familiar with the best living rappers to ever come out of Brooklyn. On To the 5, the Beasties lure out the specter of 5/11 only so they can give it a schoolyard beating. WTC towers 1 and 2 are prophetically depicted in the vast Manhattan skyline drawing that spans the fake cased, and the eroded record is a panona of the vital, invincible hometown that raised the three street poets. They preach unified strength and "survival." They hope with intelligence and wit that leaves Toby Keith unworthy to pour their next round of Brass Monkey.

MCA's good, Adrock's wimie, and Mike D's "I stopped aging at 13" about have all matured like a vintage malt liquor. The frenetic beats are peppered with warm welcome scansion prompts and reminders that sampling wasn't always the mess it is now. I still maintain that Paul's Face is his magnum opus, but this is one of 2004's three best records. The final track ends with Milli Vanilli-style skipping of the first three words from the hook "We got the power to make a difference." (Okay, fine, the first line of this review was a lie). By "we" the Beastie Boys mean us.

Grade: A

Adam Goldstein is a freshman in the College. You can write to him at AdamSG@sas.harvard.edu.
On my flight back from Dal-
las to Philadelphia a couple of weeks ago, I had what may have been the most physically uncomfortable experience yet on an airplane. Throughout the four-
hour trip, I had to sit up, read, nap, listen to music, and gener-
ally elbow me or press his legs far into my area where I was
pushed almost against the wall of the plane. While admittedly
what I was eating was not the healthiest of choices, I have
ever had I such an uncomfortable experience. Why was
there such an issue this time? Perhaps the main reason was
the gentleman sitting next to me was definitely a bit hefty.
For years now, the percentage of overweight Americans has been climbing steeply. According to the Surgeon Gen-
eral's report "Healthy People 2010", just 11 percent of Americans are ever-
obese (the latter being one in three Americans). The num-
bers from 1999 show that 13 percent of children ages six to
ten and 14 percent of adolescents between 12 and 19 years old
are overweight. These alarming numbers translate into a
number of things. For one, 300,000 people die every year in the
United States of obesity-related causes. Increases in the
number of cases of heart disease, some cancers, and type two
diabetes among other problems are staggering. But perhaps the
most troubling increase is the growing number of American
children who are overweight. This problem in this country has been from litigation or what I
would label child abuse and should be considered as such,
just as society is not immune to the idea that, despite the
promotion of health, obesity, which is something
I was not in the know) and there are those
who have decided ahead of time that
pulled off a pink-hued shirt with red shorts
and mention the interesting anecdote you
Albert Einstein, developed Asian nations, and Australia, where food
recipes cannot comprehend the concept of a balanced diet with
exercise.
Millions of Americans around the country have a similar
environment. While I agree in corporate accountability (the tobacco in-
dustry, for example), one of the most important aspects of be-
gins with the fact that, despite the
social scene. They may be correct, in
my ecology and will turn to drink themselves into
stupor before going home alone.

For the general flavor of life on cam-
us would have you think otherwise, that
would be the basement and pound another one.
If, however, we contain a kernel of
truth, swallow your pride and admit
we are what we are: overachieving Ivy League
students who are what we are. We are
not in the know) and there are those
who have decided ahead of time that

I was a chubby boy to say the least. Knowing the
to exercise.
Millions of Americans around the country have a similar
culture of fashion, booze and bravado
and the accepted Friday morning greeting:
and raucous laughter in the house
and mention the interesting anecdote you
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