

# Diversions

WEEKLY ENTERTAINMENT SECTION ★ THE DAILY TAR HEEL

Thursday, February 13, 1997 ■ Page 5

Dance Page 7



**Graceful moves, terrific tutus**  
The Royal Winnipeg Ballet showed off their flair to UNC on Friday with a show that incorporated several different styles of ballet ranging from classical to modern. The show was a beautiful display of ballet at its finest.

## NO uncertain terms

Two trends have surfaced in this lovely decade known as the nineties which at first seem to have little in common. The first is America's preoccupation with angels, the second, America's preoccupation with aliens.

Perhaps it is incorrect to deem either a trend, since both have been around for a while. Angels were around when Lucifer fell from heaven, and everyone knows that aliens built the pyramids. Still, it is only recently that angels and aliens have entered the T-shirt business.

You know what I'm talking about: those two cute little Renaissance cherubim that are literally plastered all over everything. My mom even has them hanging on the wall in our house.

And aliens with huge almond shaped eyes who were once home to supermarket tabloids and "Unsolved Mysteries" are now being sported by those bastions of style, the Chapel Hill Post Office skaters.

I guess that means aliens are officially cool. Hollywood, of course, has to milk every trend for all it is worth.

"Independence Day" provided us with scary aliens, fancy high-tech looking spaceships and patriotism all rolled into two loud, star-studded hours of celluloid delight, while the movie "Michael" presented a charming portrait of Michael the archangel that had little, if any, basis in biblical tradition.

Angels and aliens are also on that barometer of public inanity, the television, in shows like "Touched by an Angel" and "The X-Files."

I feel compelled to mention that my goal here is not to dis "The X-Files" for fear that the people inhabiting the suite next to mine will eat me for dinner. I just want to know why we feel such a connection to them, and what they have to do with one another.

I think we just want to know that there is something else, and depending on your personality type you choose alien or angel.

Do you want to know there is more to the vast universe than just Earth, whatever those certain consequences may be? Do you feel, ahem, alienated? Then you probably choose alien.

Do you want to feel reassured that God is watching over you, and that the nonhuman beings floating around are good and bathed in silvery light?

You probably choose angel. Both serve the same purpose. They are basically messengers from another world unlike our own, and from them we hope to learn the secrets of the universe.

Despite our longing to be visited by an angel or kidnapped by an alien, we confront the reality with a degree of skepticism.

Who really thinks that Bubba from Cornhusk, Iowa, was taken into outer space for ten years with no discernable elapse of time?

Who really thinks it was an angel that pushed the little old lady's cat from the path of an oncoming vehicle? Actually, from what I can tell, the number of believers is growing.

I heard recently that more people in their twenties believe in aliens that that they will ever receive social security. So, the angels and aliens keep coming in movies, books and T-shirts, growing in time with our disillusionment.

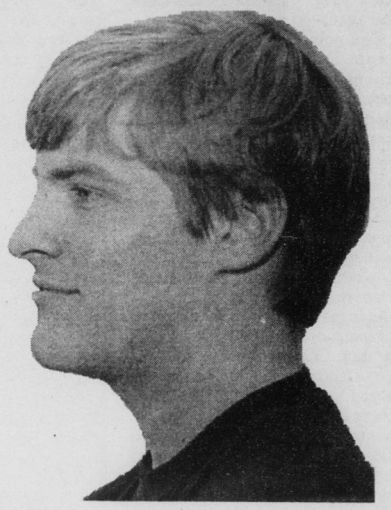
As life in the real world gets more complex, I too have turned my eyes to the skies. Douglas Adams' "Hitchhiker's Guide to the Galaxy" summed it up best when it deemed Earth "mostly harmless." It's a nice enough place to hang around while I'm waiting for my ride.



Jenna KALE



## A Love/HATE relationship with Valentine's Day



Time for romance ladies and gents. Dress your best and get busy lovin'.

Love? Tell old Cupid to talk to the hand; Valentine's Day has no point.

BY TODD "THE LOVE DOCTOR" GILCHRIST  
ASSISTANT ARTS AND DIVERSIONS EDITOR

Valentine's Day rears its sugar-coated, mass-marketed head once again in the lives of millions of single people this Friday and intimidates the hell out of them. Why? Well, the whole premise of Valentine's Day suggests, no, insists, that we have another person to be with, but it also places extreme duress on those who have companions and whose idea of romance is "the old ball and chain," a six-pack of Bud and some pork rinds.

Yet in spite of all of this pressure, we're addicted to the holiday. We buy chocolate hearts, candy hearts, cookie hearts, paper hearts, Whitman's samplers (Russian roulette for lovers), jewelry, and pass out roses like the petals are bacchanalian aphrodisiacs. And is it worth it? Absolutely.

Nowadays, it reminds one of the days when valentines were a demonstration of friendship. You spend all night with paste and plastic scissors trying to cut apart a large sheet of Garfield pictures, attaching those tiny, carcinogenic candy message hearts that say "HUG ME" and placing the whole mess in an envelope exactly two millimeters smaller than the valentine. Licking the poison adhesive, you have a lumpy, fingerprint-smudged envelope ready to be delivered into the construction paper mailboxes of your fourth grade classmates the next morning. For us adults, Valentine's Day is the only licensed holiday for men and women to approach the mate of their dreams, hand them a flower and say, "Uh, I think, um, you're pretty neat." There's a sense of accomplishment that comes with stepping out on that narrow ledge to tell this person over whom you've been obsessing you think they are "the bees' knees."

Judging from the sleepy-eyed drones running around in sweatpants and Big Johnson t-shirts, "dressing up" is an infrequent practice on this campus. February 14 is the day you can set aside those oversized Carolina sweatshirts and slick yourself down with an outfit that will attract more looks than if you

ran, screaming and on fire, through the middle of the Pit. The frat boys will be drooling on their khakis as you, in your best dress, saunter past the Pit, calling for men with only the wrinkle of a finger.

Oh, yeah, then there's that crazy thing called love. Love your friends, your companion, your relatives or (God forbid) your boss,

BY TODD "COLD FREEZE" DARLING  
ARTS AND DIVERSIONS EDITOR

Once again, it's that special day of the year when love reigns supreme and Hallmark stores across the nation are aglow

enough, we have to make a holiday out of it. If schools were cancelled and people got off work for it, I could possibly see the reasoning for it. Since I don't foresee the end anytime soon, here are some things you can do to make it a little more tolerable (and remember, always keep a paper bag handy for those times when you see a couple happily sucking face and you have to retch.)

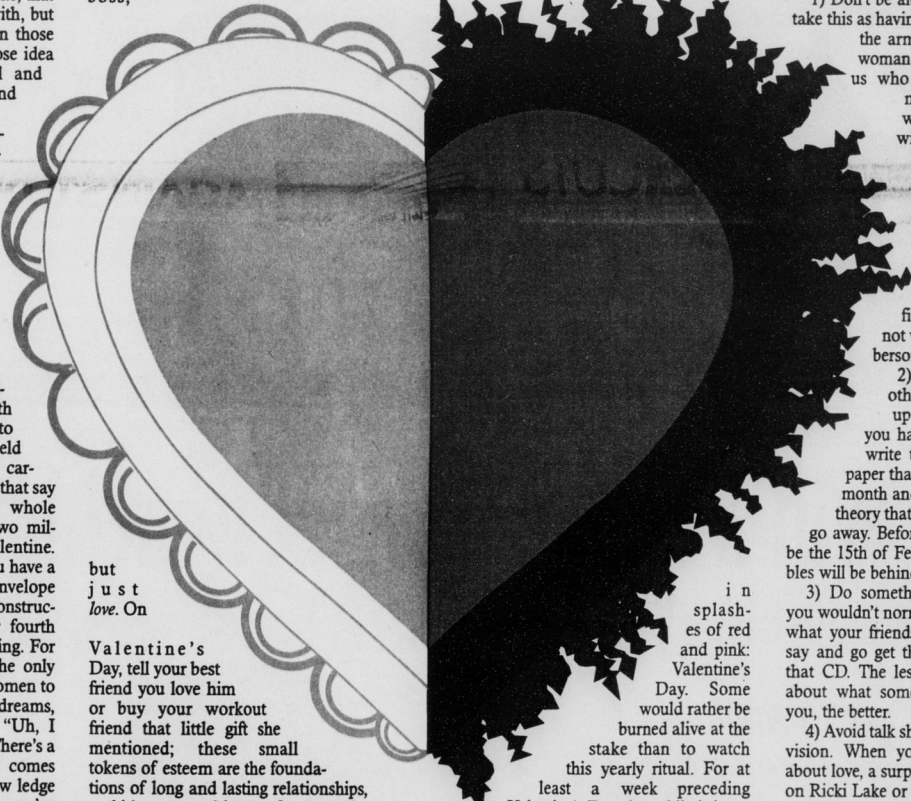
1) Don't be alone. Some might mistake this as having to go and jump into the arms of the first man or woman they see. For those of us who aren't suicidal, this means just hanging out with someone else. Go with your friends to rent a movie (preferable something in the non-romance genre such as "The Exorcist"), explore the bottom floor of Lenoir Hall or simply hang out. You'll find that it's more fun not worrying about a cumbersome significant other.

2) Use the time to get other things done. Catch up on those 200 pages you had to read for class or write that ever-so-important paper that's not due for another month and a half. Believe in the theory that if you ignore it, it will go away. Before you know it, it will be the 15th of February and your troubles will be behind you.

3) Do something for yourself that you wouldn't normally do. Forget about what your friends, parents, etc. would say and go get that new outfit or buy that CD. The less you need to worry about what someone else says about you, the better.

4) Avoid talk shows and daytime television. When you're trying to forget about love, a surprise wedding proposal on Ricki Lake or a gushy love scene on "One Life to Live" will not help you. Try watching the X-Files and ponder the question if there really is any intelligent life out there.

The art of avoiding Valentine's Day like the plague is one to be perfected. Just don't worry about the lovesick fools walking around. For V-Day this year, just hang on tight and it will be over before you know it. And hey, there's always Halloween to look forward to.



but just love. On

Valentine's Day, tell your best friend you love him or buy your workout friend that little gift she mentioned; these small tokens of esteem are the foundations of long and lasting relationships, and it's not stretching too far to say that we all want to be able to talk, think, and relate to other people at more than an immediate level.

There are few holidays as a pre-packaged and plastic-wrapped as Valentine's, but the ideas upon which it was founded are connected to the heart of each of us. Now I'm sliding into pretentious sentimentality, but that's okay. After all, it's almost Valentine's Day

in splash- es of red and pink: Valentine's Day. Some would rather be burned alive at the stake than to watch this yearly ritual. For at least a week preceding Valentine's Day the public is inundated with advertisements calling them to "show that special someone you care." Gross, many people would say. Shouldn't there be a day celebrating loneliness and celibacy? It is baffling to figure out why we need a holiday to spout off silly romantic words that usually don't even make sense the next day. What about the other 364 days out of the year? And if things weren't bad

## Sweet gives crowd new, fresh sound

You might be able to relate to this. You go on a car trip with your parents and don't want to spend six hours listening to the Boston Pops doing the "Best of Star Trek," but 90% of your CDs would cause major inter-generational embarrassment. So, you try to choose something cool, but parentally approvable.

Because of this, Matthew Sweet's third album, "Girlfriend," my sister's all-time fave, became the soundtrack of College Tour '93.

Fast forward to February 8, 1997. Matthew Sweet, 2 albums later (and one due out in late March), hits Carboro, NC and rocks Cat's Cradle with his previously mentioned brand of guitar heavy, alternative pop fun for the whole family.

Backed by a tight touring band, Sweet blasted through all the hits, stopping only to have a laugh with his bandmates and to change guitars (he played about 10). Playing

to a noticeably older crowd, Sweet drew equally from his last three albums (ignoring completely the synth-pop disasters that were his first two records), mixing in some new material to keep the crowd on their feet. Kicking off with "Dinosaur Act," the band immediately showed the crowd what was in store for the evening: crunchy rhythm guitar, tight drumming, and his saccharine sweet vocals topped off with gigantic hooks and the appropriate backing harmonies. While all of this was going on, guitarist Ivan Julian was busy layering on his omni-directional Stratocaster-toned leads, all of which blended together to create a tasty pop confection that could only be described as, well, Sweet (ugh).

Matthew Sweet has stumbled upon a great formula for songwriting, a formula he doesn't seem ready to give up (as his new songs demonstrated), but his incredibly strong pop sensibilities keep the songs fresh and varied. This could be seen in the quirky opening riff of "Divine Intervention," the semi-funky

groove of "Girlfriend," the harder rocking chords that drive "Sick of Myself" and the pensive strumming of "(I Need Someone to) Pull the Trigger," the latter getting my vote for the feel-good-hit of the year.

The band sounded great, and their enthusiasm carried over into the music, raising even the blatant mediocrity of a song like "Does She Talk?" to a higher level than I ever thought possible from the recorded version. Sweet came back for two encores, ripping through a Sweet-ened cover of David Bowie's "Moon-Age Daydream," with Sweet and Julian swapping lead and rhythm duties back and forth, and the crowd favorite "Evangeline" (which had so many couples going at it that I thought Barry White was on stage). A show highlight came at the beginning of the second encore, though, when Sweet and Julian strapped on hollow body acoustic-electrics for "I Thought I Knew You," a song he announced that they hadn't



Matthew Sweet rocked the Cradle Saturday with his pop sounds.

### The Weekly Barometer

#### Flying to the top

Patricia Cornwell still tops the bestseller list with "Hornet's Nest" while Michael Crichton enters in with "Airframe."



Author	Title
Patricia Cornwell	"The Hornet's Nest"
Michael Crichton	"Airframe"
Richard North Patterson	"Silent Witness"
Diana Gabaldon	"Drums of Autumn"
Jonathan Kellerman	"The Clinic"

SOURCE: ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

SEE SWEET, PAGE 8