



And I would have gotten away with it, if it weren't for those meddling kids at ...

Artsweek

GREAT EXPECTATIONS

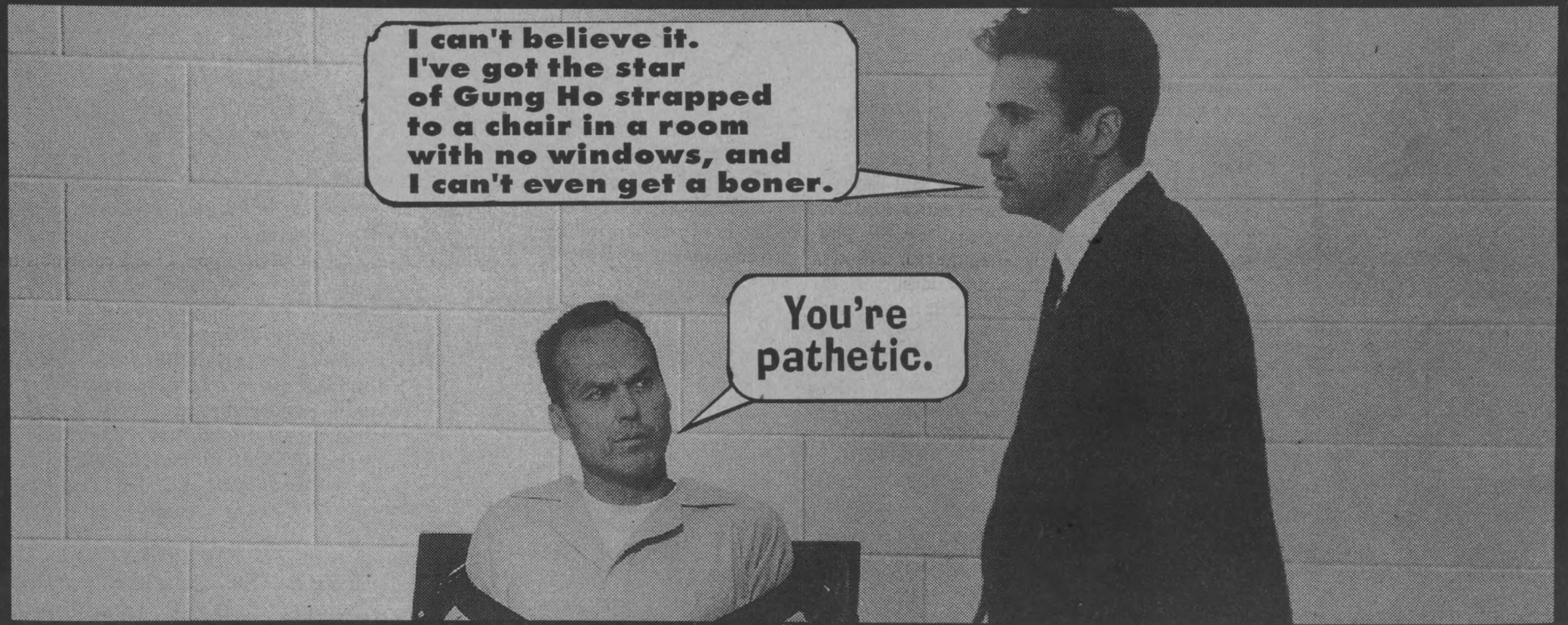
RICHARD III

RETURN OF THE BLUES

SCOOBY DOO

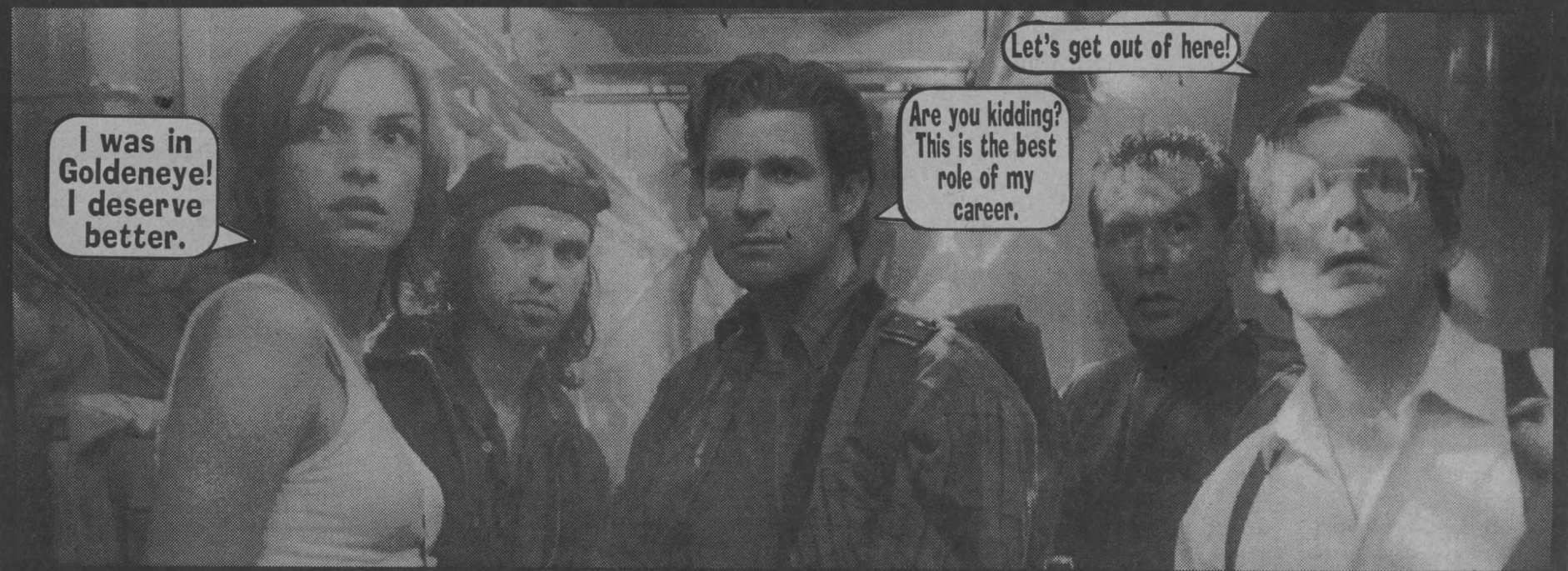


Hey kid, pull my finger.



I can't believe it. I've got the star of Gung Ho strapped to a chair in a room with no windows, and I can't even get a boner.

You're pathetic.



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Are you kidding? This is the best role of my career.

Today

Friday

Saturday

Sunday

Wednesday

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7 p.m. Campbell Hall



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HOG SHOW

Beth Waters
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732 State St.



In the Company of Men

7 p.m. Campbell Hall



The Watermelon Woman

6 p.m. MCC Theater



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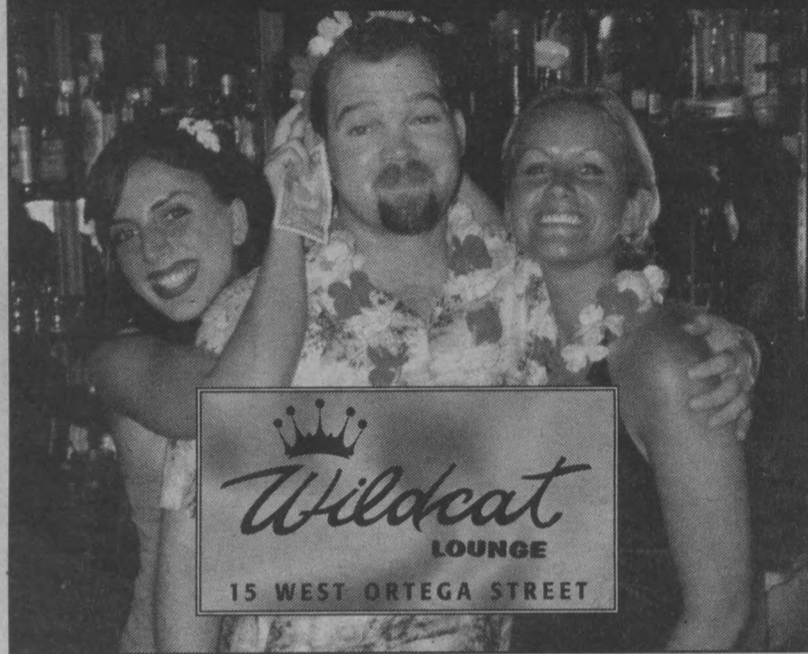
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Rags to Richard

Though the rain canceled Tuesday night's performance, hardcore Shakespeare fans fought the wind chill to see Wednesday night's entertaining rendition of *King Richard III* as presented by A Voice Within theater company.

A wonderfully rich portrayal of the historical play was enlivened by the performance of A Voice Within co-founder Geoff Elliot as King Richard III. With elaborate costume pieces and staging, the company has enraptured audiences around the country.

After a harrowing but successful attempt to reach his Santa Barbara hotel amidst the storm, Elliot filled us in on his theatrical lifestyle:

Artsweek: How long has A Voice Within been performing?

Elliot: A Voice Within was founded in 1991 by myself, my wife, Julia, and our partner Art Manke. We started with Shakespeare's *Hamlet* and we just went from there. When we started, we never thought we'd come to this.

So, where exactly is the company going, doing what?

We're staying in Glendale, but we've been traveling too. Our theater seats 144 people and we'd like over the year to expand to 450 seats and have a smaller second space. It's a very busy time, a very exciting time — we'll know fairly soon what we'll be doing in those terms. Our seating capacity is about 98 percent, so we're almost always sold out — it's a fabulous problem.

Is this your first performance of Richard III?

We did *Richard III* this last fall, so we're revisiting it. It was fabulous. It was as though we never left it. We had to restage the show because in our theater, a third of the audience is wrapped around the stage, but not in Santa Barbara.

How do you enjoy playing the character of Richard III?

It's a great deal of fun playing a wonderfully evil guy who wants to knock everyone off to be king, and then it's all downhill from there. If I were to complain, every actor would kill me. But I enjoy doing it all. I just did a Tennessee Williams performance and I'm involved in doing Charles Dickens' *Great Expectations*. It's hard to say that

Shakespeare is my favorite, but I certainly love to do that.

When did you begin your acting career?

I graduated from the American Conservatory Theater in 1985, so I've been professional since then. Since 1990, I've been wrapped up in A Voice Within to help create it. I've also done television and the commercial thing, but my whole life right now is with A Voice Within, with no regrets.

Does the company perform only Shakespeare's works?

We do classical and classic plays, and that's certainly what we'll always do. We just finished *The Glass Menagerie*, and that was fun.

Does this performance follow Shakespeare's text, or did the company add a modern twist?

No, *Richard III* is set in the period, 1483. The costumes are period costumes, but have



a more silhouette look which gives them, if not a modern feel, certainly a different appeal. Michael, the director, did nothing to alter the text, but he did a great job of streamlining the play and not leaving out any of the meaning. It was really Shakespeare's first big hit — he had other plays before, but this was the one that made him a star. It's a great first Shakespeare for the audience as well.

Is this your first visit to Santa Barbara?

No, I did *The Importance of Being Earnest*, I think, three years ago. I love the audience. It's a very entertaining, exciting bunch — they were all just so nice. It's a huge hall, and I'm really looking forward to it.

— Rabia Shirazi

Contest

Name at least 5 guest stars who appeared on Scooby Doo. Submit your answer under Storke Tower for your chance to win a Jimi Hendrix, Sublime, or miscellaneous poster.

Next week:

- Interview with Samuel L. Jackson
- Interview with Daft Punk
- Interview with the Vampire.

Queasy Listening

In your ears like wax ...

Sixteen Delux / Emits Showers of Sparks / Warner Bros.

An "alternative"-type band made up of one girl singer and three dudes may not sound very exciting considering the amount of other bands that fit under that same description, but Sixteen Delux do their best to bring something new to the tired genre. More psychedelica than straight pop, and with dizzy vocals, this CD squirts streams of hallucinogen-laced flan more than it emits sparks. But dreamy can be good. Each tune begins in a noisy chaotic fashion, relaxing a bit as the vocals come in and sometimes venturing off into scratchy excursions before a crash into silence.



The songs are either really good or really cliché, the latter happening when an experimental intro ends up being simply that—a short experiment with sound, and then back to basic dull pop. Potential is a big word here, and if Sixteen Delux continues writing tunes like "Let it Go" they may very well win over fans from Mazzy.

— Tony Bogdanovski emits golden showers of ...

Talking to Animals / Manhole / Velvel

Four-piece garage bands are like minimalist paintings: Anyone can throw one together, but it takes effort to create one that's worth a second look.

Talking to Animals is one of the standouts, in large part due to its lead vocalist. She delivers the lyrics smoothly and intelligibly, a rare talent these days. Although the words range from disturbingly profound ("We all step over the line they call dignity") to downright creepy ("There are things that stink like a man's crotch in spring"), the singing is definitely a high point.

The music is consistently strong — except for the plodding title track — and

varied enough to make the album worth playing again and again. Ultimately, Talking to Animals may never produce any hit singles, but it's a band that knows its art. — Tad "Talking to Dragons" Ramspott



Various Artists / Great Expectations: The Album / Atlantic

It's not great, but it does fit your expectations.

Featuring singles from soft-rock musicians Tori Amos, Chris Cornell and Poe, just to name a few, this album is perfect for studying or drowsing to.

The instrumental pieces far surpass the slow drone of the female-dominated vocals, yet even those tend to lag midway. As for the male influence — the record's better portion — a track from The Grateful Dead definitely redeems the otherwise boring soundtrack.

Though theaters raised prices, fight the urge to miss the modern rendition of a classic on account of its less-than-classy music — 16 tracks of wind chimes and harps is bound to turn anyone off.

So, if you want to study hard for those midterms by listening to music without a distracting rhythm, invest in the disc and a pair of earphones — chances are your roommate won't share your sentiments. — Rabia Shirazi

Goldie / Saturnzreturn / London

More is always better, yes? A "buy one, get one free" sign can motivate the purchase of a totally useless item or give the feeling of a bargain. Just ask anyone who's ever shopped at Price Club. So when you pop open Goldie's new album, your heart might skip a few beats as you discover the jungle king has included two discs.

Put on the first disc. Hmmmm ... a bit slow. Ambient, no drum, no bass, no

nothing that has gained the man with the golden smile notoriety in the past. So you go to the toilet, disc one still playing. Oooo ... a long, laborious poop. Disc one still playing. Sit down and read *War and Peace* cover to cover. Disc one still playing, sounding much like it did at its commencement.

Disc two, however, is exactly what those that have been anticipating the new album deserve. A whole mess of intensity, with guest appearances by KRS-1 and that fool from Oasis. So, it's only fair to deem *Saturnzreturn* as "not half bad."

— Tony has white teeth

Various Artists / Dance Party (Like It's 1998) / Robbins

Various Artists / Ultimate Hip-Hop Party 1998 / Arista

Why should some silly noise ordinance or bad DJ equipment bring a good old bumping 'n' grinding I.V. party to a halt? These two compilations are here in an attempt to fit the need of any decent party-thrower, with enough mixed dance-club favorites to keep the fun going all night long. At first glance, it appears this music will be up-and-coming 1998 mega-hits from all your favorite corporate R&B, rap, and dance superstars. Alas, such is not the case.



Now, the Baka Boyz explained to my roommate what "1998" in the titles of both albums really means, because most of the songs on the two compilations are from 1995 or 1996. Yet she can't remember what the bizarre logic was. On the "Ultimate Hip-Hop Party" compilation, you'll find songs as old as Wu-Tang's "C.R.E.A.M." and Monnica's "Don't Take It Personal (Just One of Dem Days)," as well as a very disappointing remix of A Tribe Called Quest's "Stressed Out."

"Dance Party" offers fun deep house grooves such as Jocelyn Enriquez's "A Little Bit of Ecstasy" and Rockell's "In A Dream" as well as songs like Freak Nasty's "Da Dip," but mostly the entire

See MUSIC, p.6A

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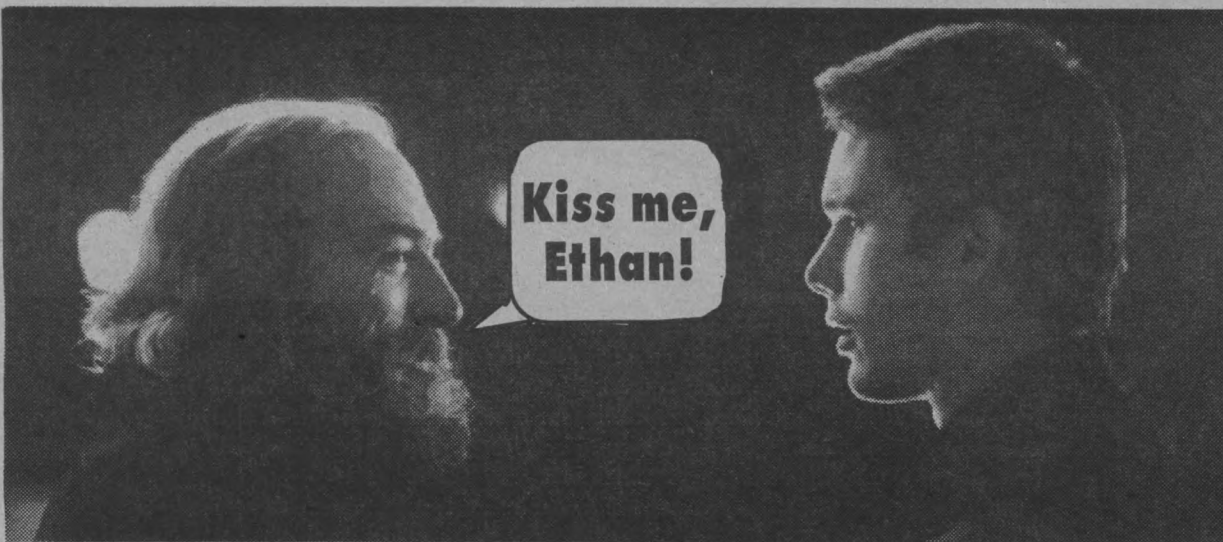
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What the Dickens?

I've been pretty good about liking "chick flicks." I love "Untamed Heart," "Before Sunrise" and "Little Women," and there's even a special place in my heart for Jane Austen films and the first two hours of "Titanic." But no matter how hard I tried to like "Great Expectations," this film just doesn't make it.

If you've seen the previews or have read the Cliff's Notes, you're probably familiar with the plot. Young Finn falls in love with a rich girl, Estella, granddaughter to the wealthy Ms. Dinsmoor (a scary Anne Bancroft). They grow up to become Ethan Hawke and Gwyneth Paltrow, and over the years, he spends his time in love with her and with his artwork, and she spends her time acting like the queen bitch of the universe to him. Though, to be fair, she kisses him once when they first meet, and 10 years later intentionally leaves him with a nasty case of blue balls.

Then Estella leaves for Europe without telling Finn, which breaks his heart. So he gives up his art and his love for her to be a fisherman with his Uncle Joe (Chris Cooper, in the one truly good performance in this film). Then his old



artwork is noticed and he is invited to put on a show in New York. And wouldn't you know it: There she is, and with a fiancé, no less.

After watching "Great Expectations," it's hard not to talk about the plot sarcastically, because we never understand what Finn sees in Estella. The film never explores what there was to like about her. There is a sign of a person underneath her glossy exterior, but it's too little, too late.

Basically, the entire foundation of the film, Finn's love for Estella, doesn't seem possible without concluding that he is a complete idiot. Because of this, the second half of the film, which moves along nicely, has no foundation and thus seems tacked on.

But "Great Expectations" isn't without merit. Director Alfonso Cauron, who made the magical "A Little Princess," has put together a truly lush (if one could sum it up) film. The sets and the photography are so rich and colorful that they do a nice job of taking us through the slower moments.

But like its own Estella, "Great Expectations" is mostly interested in flash and glamour, and has no room for a real heart for us to love.

— John Fiske



Something needs to be done about the status of the horror genre in the modern film arena. It seems that, with the exception of Kevin Williamson, no one thinks to make even slightly intellectual material. Forget that great examples of horror films like "The Exorcist" and "Rosemary's Baby" are considered film milestones, but wouldn't it make sense that if you're going to make a movie, you want to make a good one?

I bring this up in regard to a recent entry into the genre, "Phantoms," a movie with an interesting premise but a horrible follow-through. Most of this is due to the terrible script from Dean Koontz, the wanna-be Clive Barker, who is in turn the wanna-be Stephen King, who in his own right is occasionally good.

Phuck This

Koontz's script, adapted from his novel of the same name, follows Dr. Jennifer Pailey (Joanna Going) as she brings her younger sister, Lisa (Rose McGowan), to her small-town home for a vacation. They arrive to find everyone either dead or missing, and soon run into the local law, Sheriff Bryce Hammond (Ben Affleck) and his easily disposable deputies. At this point the film degenerates into an anthology of mind-fucks, designed to scare our hapless protagonists. Then the government finds its way over to the town, with a scholar of some type, Timothy Flyte (Peter O'Toole), who knows about the evil force behind this disturbance.

The bad guy turns out to be this goo from down below that comes up to feed every few hundred years. And the bad guy is a problem, because it is merely a device rather than a character. You realize halfway through that all it's going to do is stuff that the audience will find scary. It calls up on the phone and makes weird sounds, it screws with the electricity, it jumps out of nowhere, it can morph into humans and scary creatures ... a film is only as good as its villain, and the villain here isn't scary, it's laughable.

And the same goes for the cookie-cutter characters. They have no depth and give the talented cast nothing to work with. Director

Joe Chappelle doesn't help things, because he is too busy making an action film with gunfights that just don't fit into the scheme of things. "Phantoms" is full of inconsistencies and retreads like these, and it's a shame — there was a lot of potential for it, if only its creators cared enough to make it worthwhile.

To give "Phantoms" a break, it is notable that it starts off really well. Like George Romero's semi-classic film "Dawn of the Dead," the plot is in full swing after only five minutes, and makes good use of its sets. Chappelle does a nice job of staging a few of the action sequences, and the actors make the best of a bad script.

But a bad script it is, and bad film "Phantoms" is, too.

— John Fiske

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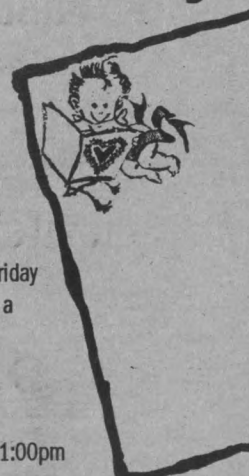


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Make Way for the Metric System

There's nothing sadder than a film that takes an interesting premise and ends up looking like it belongs on the USA network, sandwiched in between "Pacific Blue" and "Silk Stalkings," rather than on the big screen. And director Barbet Schroeder's new thriller "Desperate Measures" manages to do just that.

The film's storyline is simple, yet full of potential. Cop's son needs a bone marrow transplant. The only potential donor is an imprisoned psychopath. Psycho must be taken to the hospital for the operation. Psycho escapes. Cop can't kill psycho, because by doing so he also kills his son. Let the chase begin.

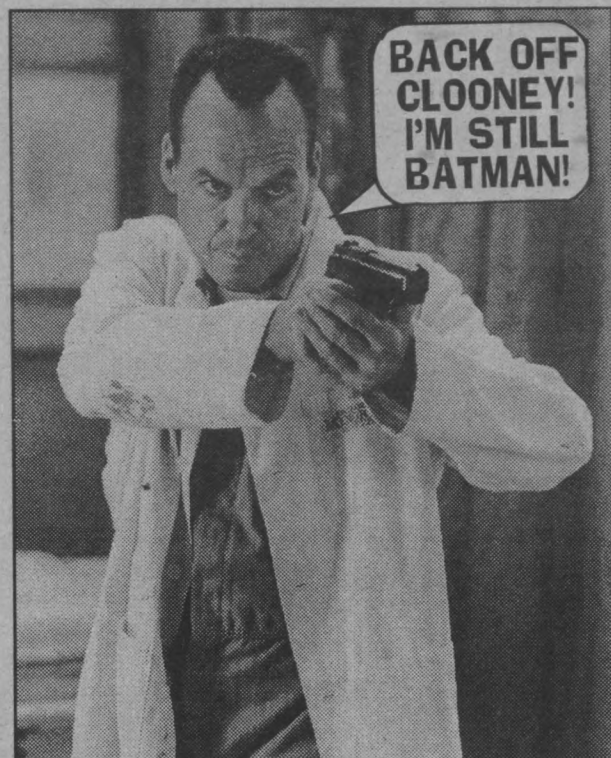
Andy Garcia stars as Frank Conner, a San Francisco policeman whose son is dying of leukemia. Conner's only hope is Peter McCabe (Michael Keaton), a vicious sociopath who also happens to be a compatible bone-marrow donor for

Frank's son. Garcia does an adequate job with his role, but Keaton seems to be borrowing from every cinematic psycho from the past decade. His portrayal of McCabe is a bizarre crossbreed of Hannibal Lecter, Robert DeNiro from "Cape Fear," and Drew Carey.

But besides having an unoriginal villain, this film has other problems as well. The main problem is that the movie is nothing more than an extended chase sequence, which is especially surprising considering that Barbet Schroeder was at the helm. In some of Schroeder's better work ("Single White Female" or "Kiss of Death"), he lets his characters drive the action, rather than the other way around. When you've got a pair of talented leads at your disposal, use them. It would have been a lot more interesting to find out more about Keaton's character rather than watching him narrowly escape the authorities again and again.

When all is said and done, "Desperate Measures" is the cinematic equivalent of watching a bobsled race in person. You stand around for a really long time waiting for something interesting to happen, and it eventually does (for about 1.3 seconds). Then you wait and wait, until you finally realize that it doesn't get any better than that, and you're left standing in the cold.

— Patrick Reardon



Deep Shit



Apparently, the people in Hollywood have gotten quite frugal in their old age, as now nothing goes to waste ... nothing. Take their newest action flick "Deep Rising," a film created completely out of surplus film stock, surplus special effects, and a script that nicely cannibalizes both "Predator" and "Speed 2." It seems that someone knew the animation engine for "Anaconda" was up for sale and figured "What the hell, it's been a while since 'The Abyss' and nothing could possibly suck worse than 'Titanic' ... well, whoever they were, they're fired.

The story, for those of you still interested, isn't too complex. Canton (Anthony Heald) is a cruise-ship proprietor who has spent himself into a hole. His crafty solution is to hire a group of mercenaries led by Hanover (Wes Studi) and no-questions-asked skipper Finnegan (Treat Williams) to intercept and sink his bankrupt boat du love. The only quirk is that a hundred-ton bad-ass of a mutant octopus has decided instead to eat everyone on board. Much to the dismay of all

those involved (including the sea monster), all hell breaks loose as our well-armed steroid-poppin' mercenaries have a conflict of interest with the intentions of our lowly sea monster and try their best to shoot absolutely everything that moves. The sea monster manages to hold its own and actually weeds out a good portion of the cast before Finnegan and Trillian (Famke Janssen), the sexy babe, blow it and the boat all to hell.

This film is completely the fault of writer/director Stephen Sommers, who should be ashamed to have even participated in this assault on the public's intelligence. The movie was actually painful to even try to endure; films shouldn't have to be endured. It's just shocking that tripe like this is continually jammed down the public's throat. Simply put, save your money and avoid this one like the plague.

— Robert Hanson Antichrist Superstar



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MUSIC

Continued from p.3A

album lends itself out to cheesy, Eurotrash club hits. It is encouraged that these CDs be purchased only if you witness them lying in a used-CD bin somewhere at a ridiculously low price and the thought of a lot of tracks simply produced by Sean "Puffy" Combs makes your heart soar.

— Jen Raub

Jonathan Cain / For a Lifetime / Higher Octave

An album of wedding songs? Most people's gut reaction, I think, would be to cock an eye, skim the album cover, and put it back on the rack. With this album, though, it would be a disservice. Granted, the Journey keyboardist's piano-and-orchestra offering is occasionally heavy on the schmaltz, but more importantly, it's good music. The songs don't feel overbearing so much as quietly

celebratory — even his version of that old chestnut "The Bridal March." Tunes like "China Moon" struck me as more introspective than anything else, and "Song of Calabria," written for an Italian wedding, made me feel like I was watching a sunset from a balcony in Sicily. Realistically, you could probably listen to *For a Lifetime* and not realize its theme until the last track — and then go back again, hear the tunes as wedding songs, and get an entirely new perspective on them. Cain de-

serves credit for not letting himself be pinned down by the wedding theme — and if you're a New Age listener, you may want to walk down the aisle with this album.

— Tad Ramspott



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The Blues Are Back, Baby

Keir DuBois interviews someone you may never meet ...

Recently, I interviewed a musician friend of mine for a year-end special in a rival publication. It's cheating a little, but I'm going to run the first part of it here as well.

Jackson Hammer is one of the most bitter and vindictive musicians I've ever met, a major casualty of the Hollywood star-making system. He is, however, still one of the most knowledgeable and opinionated lovers of music of any kind that I know of.

Keir: So what's it like trying to make it on a little scene like this one? Any advice for budding rockers?

Jackson: Well, don't get too excited. There aren't many venues around here or downtown that are particularly receptive to that many different styles of music.

Really?

Oh, sure. I.V. is all small parties of horrible punk and ska bands, and half of those are catering to the greek houses. Not that frats are the reason they're awful—I mean, if you're in a band and you can pull a gig at a frat party and take their money after performing a lousy 20-minute set, then that's fine. Laugh all the way to the bank, I say.

What about downtown?

It seems to me, though I'm not the voice of eminent experience, that the only club downtown that is really open to all

kinds of music is the Yucatan. I've played at other places, but only that club has asked my band to come back. It doesn't matter if you're ska or punk or blues or reggae or whatever else, they'll give you a chance, and they're the only ones. Pretty much all of the other clubs on State Street play blues bands to death.

Don't like the blues, hmm?

No, it's not that at all, and I know that you're in a blues band and are particularly fond of them. It just seems to me that now there's another revival of the blues again, and it's even more diluted than before. I mean, in the '60s there was the first revival, with the Stones and Cream and Zeppelin and all those gunslingers with their fretboard gymnastics ripping off American black musicians, and then in the '80s there was a second revival with Stevie Ray Vaughan that kind of died after he did.

Now there are all these young blond hotshots out there, like Johnny Lang and Kenny Wayne Shepherd, that were raised on heavy metal and other kinds of wank-o-rama bullshit, and they're being touted as the next coming of greatness, and they get to tour with, like, B.B. King or some other geezer whose music was stolen 30 years ago. I don't really consider myself any kind of purist, but it's sad to see a form diluted so much by people who know or care so little about the real substance behind it. Same with ska; it's become frat-geon music.

So what kind of originality would counter this?

Well, not techno, right? Or "electronica," that was the media term, right? Some of it was good and some was bilge, but it all just fizzled on the trip across the Atlantic. Not American rock bands, either, or not new ones. Pearl Jam still deserves to have a future, but other than that band, all of the

guitar-driven stuff released last year by American bands was just shit, you know? I mean, Matchbox 20? 311? Total trash. I think the only original stuff that's been made, in terms of new rock, was made by a handful of British bands, and even they sound like a warped second coming of psychedelica.

Name names?

Easy. Radiohead, The Verve, Supergrass, Cornershop.

Even U2. They're still trying.

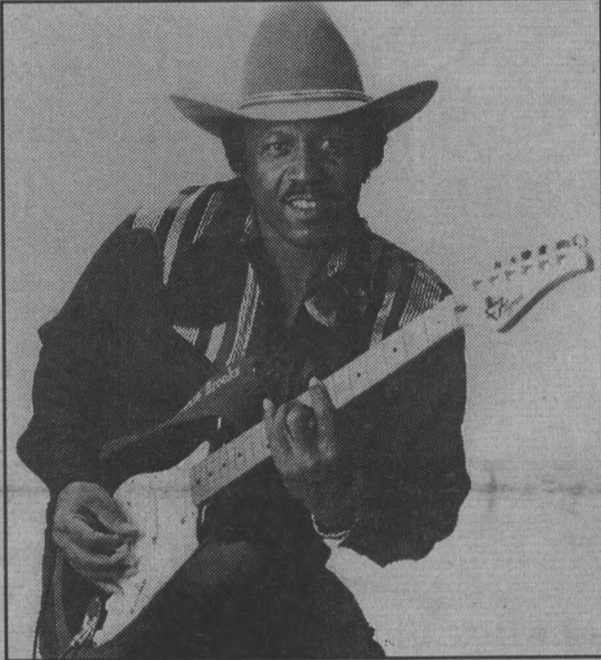
What about the brothers Gallagher?

Well, you know, Oasis isn't much of a forum for original thinking. Every tune on those three albums grows out of a defining Beatles riff. I think "Don't Look Back In Anger" steals a direct piano theme from "Imagine."

So how's that different from "Bittersweet Symphony"?

It's completely different because it's not really base theft on the part of The Verve. See, they only took three chords from a symphonic version of a Stones song, not from a true Jagger-Richards tune. The reason that bastard Andrew Oldham sued The Verve for all they were worth was pure greed, 'cause The Verve built a whole new song from those three chords but used them as a blueprint.

Let's get closer to home. What do you try to do in writing music and lyrics to keep up a sense of originality?



There's not much you can do. I know I just contradicted myself, but how can I describe it? Every original idea is based on what's come before, either as an emulation or as a reaction against. For me it's like a flood. Like a long intellectual drought quenched by a huge verbal torrent, and that's just lyrics. Music just comes into my head. I don't mean to sound pompous or anything, but that's the way it happens. I come from a musical family, and so I've always had music in my head. Kind of weird, but I guess it's better than hearing voices.

Do you have any new material along these lines?

Umm, yeah. I've put together a couple of love songs, actually.

No!

Yep, cranky and cynical old me. The kicker is that they were really hard work to write, because I've always hated silly love songs. I always dished out so much hate when I heard, ummm, Richard Marx or someone like that, because I've always thought that those kinds of writers were the biggest wimps, lyrically and musically. I did this kind of dissin' for my whole life until one of my really good friends dared me to write a love song. It was a real challenge, 'cause this girl is something of a poet and a romantic, so I put all I had into not one, but two love songs, just to see if I could impress her. Maybe if it works I'll be legitimate in panning mushy love songs. Maybe I'll be a hypocrite 'cause now I've written some. Oh well.

I didn't think writing love songs was such hard work.

For me it is. I don't know ... maybe it's 'coz I'm such an ornery little guy, but it was like pulling teeth. Don't know if I could do it again.

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Check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

Aries (March 21-April 19)—Today is an 8—You can't stand it when people beat around the bush. Today, all you'll have to do is ask! If you seem to be getting contradictory answers, don't back off. Just point that out and keep after it until you get the whole story. This could be very entertaining.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)—Today is a 6—Your boss or an older person is in a generous mood. Watch out for one who wants to pay you with advice instead of cash, though. Don't take any IOUs. Meanwhile, value your sweetheart's advice highly. He or she can see something you're missing.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)—Today is an 8—Ask a Libra friend out to dinner. If you don't have one, just ask the most attractive person you know. The combination with your sign and Libra is very complimentary. With your hyperactivity, you can both burn off those extra calories. Get out there and play!

Cancer (June 22-July 22)—Today is a 6—Information from a private source might not be right. The person who's passing along the gossip got it from somebody else, and you know how those things go. You're pretty good at dishing innuendoes yourself. So don't pass along any information you're not certain about. And don't pay much attention to anything you hear, either.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)—Today is a 7—If you don't have a marvelous time today, it's your own fault. Everyone you know will be enjoying themselves. It's an excellent day for group activities and meetings. Keep people focused on the subject at hand. Even big changes will be easy with the conditions that are in effect right now.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Today is a 6—You'll have to stay on your toes to keep ahead of the action today. Instead of getting frustrated, offer some guidance. You can figure out what the objective is, and the best route to get there. In other words, you're the navigator. Don't just sit there and be a passenger in life today.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Today is an 8—You may have to go farther than you expected to get what you want. If it's not available in the local stores, try checking the catalogs. Actually, it may not even have been invented yet. Not to worry. Things are changing so fast that it'll probably be here soon.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Today is a 5—If you don't have any investments, it's time you got some. Things are changing all around you. That's all the more reason to think about your security. Focus on long-term goals today. Otherwise, you're liable to spend everything you've got on something you want now. Resist the temptation.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Today is an 8—You're in for a very interesting day. Your competition has the advantage. Instead of getting into a fight you can't win, go into the situation with hat in hand. If you take this stance in a confrontational situation, you'll learn something valuable and make a good impression on the other person.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Today is a 7—Somebody's trying to talk your ear off. He or she wants to sell you something. There's only one thing to keep in mind. If this item is going to bring you more money, it's good. If it's going to cost you more money, it's bad. Make that clear and you'll shorten the conversation considerably.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Today is an 8—You're attractive to a person whom you find attractive. The two of you might be able to get together for lunch or dinner. The conversation you get into could have interesting side effects. Something that starts out as a friendship could easily develop into more.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)—Today is a 6—There is change in the air. You're lucky, forceful and dynamic. You're also good-looking. So what have you got to worry about? Absolutely nothing! Make your life into what you've always wanted it to be. Toss out the whatever doesn't work and get on to whatever does. You know which is which.

Today's Birthday (Feb. 5). An intellectual attraction leads to true love this year. You'll know who the person is by the end of February. Difficulties may keep you apart in March. Overcoming them is expensive, but worthwhile. In April, an older friend has wise advice. Heed it. Say everything that's on your mind in June and find the support you've been lacking. You'll also be rewarded for several excellent new ideas. There are lots of changes taking place this year, particularly in June, September and December. The one in June involves love, the one in September involves your money, and the one in December has to do with a friend. Don't listen to a nay-sayer as long as you're headed in the right direction. Everything will turn out fine.

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