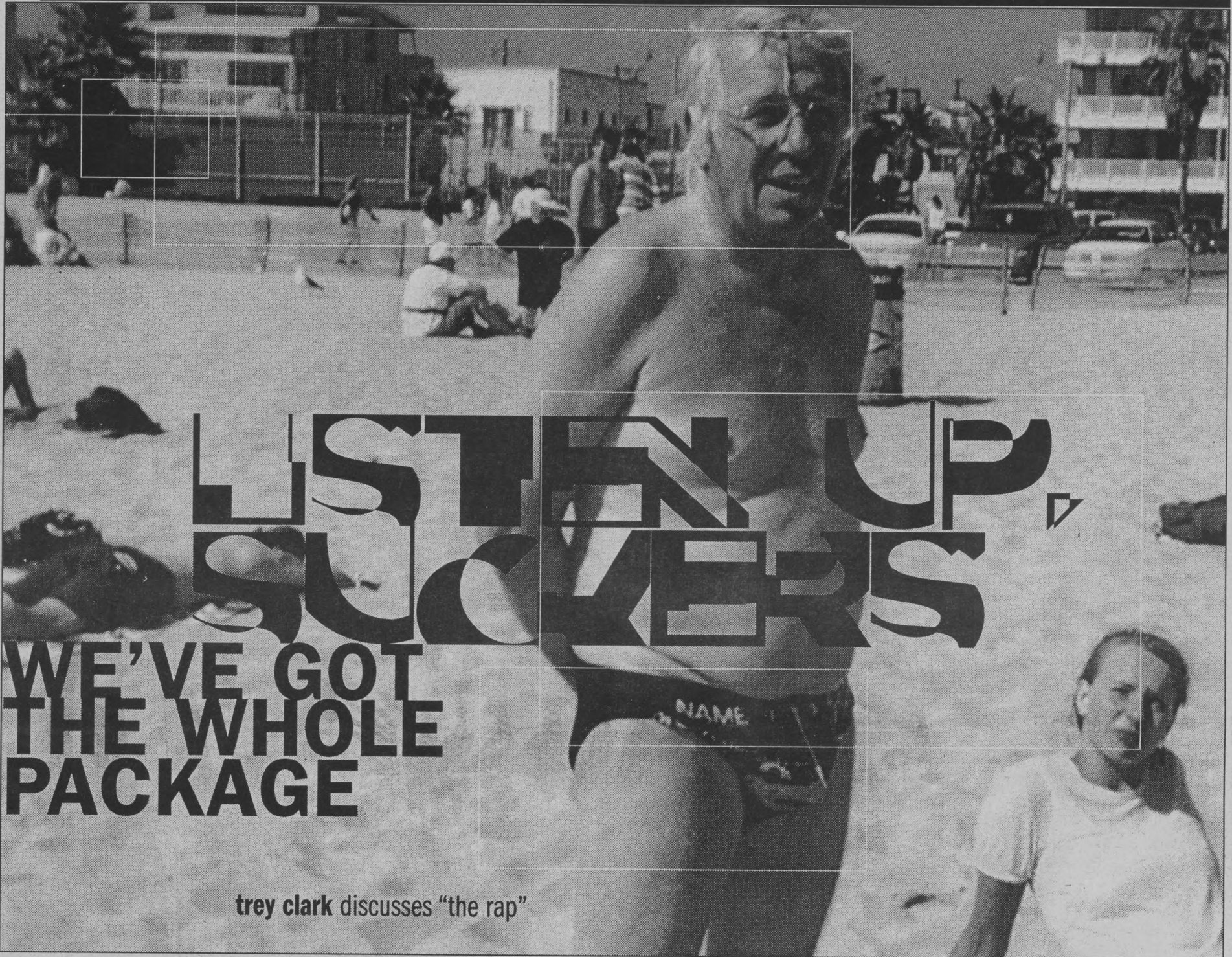


artsweek

dr. dre, charlatans uk + plone, reviewed | "the messenger" + "the straight story" reviewed | kcsb top 10
| "as you like it" | fire&theft, clothes



LISTEN UP SUCCUBERS

WE'VE GOT THE WHOLE PACKAGE

trey clark discusses "the rap"

So I'm on the Internet the other night, trying to mack it to the ladies in the hip hop chatroom. It wasn't too long ago that I actually told my friends that fondness for hip hop was a *requirement* for any potential women in my life, so the AOL hip hop room seemed like as good a place to get my cyber-groove on as any. Right when I was about to get my victim to send me her picture (that she probably scanned out of a magazine), I got distracted by two kids arguing over who was the "truer" hip hopper. It looked interesting, and since the online girlies hang on my every word, I decided to drop my current conversation and watch the two hip hop gladiators duke it out.

The conditions for determining who was truer were unclear to me, but I was soon illuminated by the main points of the argument. The two combatants continually attempted to "outdo" each other by testing their opponent's knowledge of underground New York hip hop. I watched in amazement as one would name a group or solo emcee and the other would try to name a song they did or who they were down with or what part of town they were from. Often, when the inquisitor would give a name, he would follow it with, "Naw, you ain't knowin'" or "Try and answer that, bitch!"

So let me break it down for you: Two kids on the Internet, who like the same music, were trying to prove their supremacy by naming off obscure groups. Based on my schooling and doctorate in hip hop psychology, I would have to classify these as two typical cases of the virus known as "Underground Ego Virus." Check out this theory, we'll call it "Clark's Theory of Dumbasses with Underground Ego Virus": These dumbasses with UEV are equal to or lesser than the mainstream club kids they constantly try to dis-

Since I don't want to be infected with UEV, I will now take preventive measures and attempt to build with you, my audience. Anyone remember the classic *Project Blowed* LP? I sure don't; when it came out in '92 I was too busy listening to *The Chronic* and *We Come Strapped* (not that *The Chronic* isn't a classic, and yeah, *We Come Strapped* sucks). Well, anyway, the album featured the best in Left Coast ingenuity — everyone from Freestyle Fellowship to Medusa to CVE. About a year and a half ago the OD-produced *Beneath the Surface* was released, a Project Blowed compilation worthy of the title "Successor to *Project Blowed*." Now *Cater to the DJ* has been released by Celestial Recordings, and guess what ... it's another Project Blowed

compilation. Produced entirely by Fat Jack, this compilation features many of the OG Project Blowedians and some of the newer ones. As of now it's only available on the Internet, so go to www.celestialrecordings.com and check it out.

More building ... the dynamic Jurassic 5 is coming to our very own UCen Hub on Dec. 2. If you don't already know, Jurassic 5 is one of the most fun and original groups on the scene right now. A couple of months ago they finished headlining the groundbreaking Word of Mouth tour with Dilated Peoples and the Beat Junkies. Starting as independents from L.A., J5 is now signed and set to release a full-length album around January. Those of you complaining about the trash on the radio and MTV all the time need to support this group so that more groundbreakers like J5 can make it in mainstream media.

It seems Juvenile and the rest of the Cash Money Millionaires have more beef than just the asses in the "Back that Thang Up" video. Evidently the Hot Boys dis their fellow New Orleans residents, the No Limit Soldiers, calling them "fake soljaz." I don't yet know what the beef is about, but it doesn't really matter. There should be a few back-and-forth comments on each crew's album, and then the problem will be settled when the whole "Southern Thug" style starts losing steam. Juvenile and Master P will make an album together, entitled *Blood Brothaz*, that will only go gold, signifying the end of the reign of No Limit and Cash Money over the rap world.

Puffy and Jennifer Lopez. No, I said Puffy and Jennifer Lopez. What in tarnation is going on here?! Maybe Lopez already blew the royalties from her album, because I can't think of a reason that any self-respecting woman would ever go out with Puffy. Looking at Puff's latest stats (sales of

Forever won't pay for its own marketing, Bad Boy's depleted artist base, Lil' Kim's indefinite album delay), I'd say that Lopez will split any day now, along with Puffy's other "friends" like Penny Marshall, Martha Stewart and David Copperfield. Instead of blowing his wad on Benzes he won't even drive, I would suggest that P-Diddy start contributing to that dwindling savings account of his.

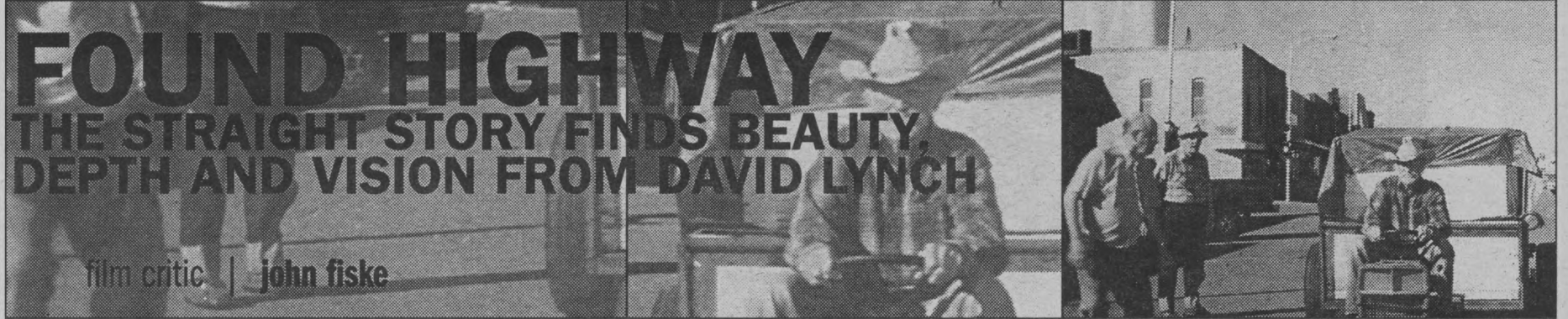
Jen has just informed me that I can't say anything about *Campus Point* other than keep it real. Censorship lives!

Trey Clark enjoys the theater and strips at Spearmint Rhino every Monday.

check out this theory, we'll call it "clark's theory of dumbasses with underground ego virus"



CINEMA | REVIEW



FOUND HIGHWAY

THE STRAIGHT STORY FINDS BEAUTY, DEPTH AND VISION FROM DAVID LYNCH

film critic | john fiske

You know what's funny about those parent groups that always bitch and moan about how there are no good films for children? They don't come out and tout films like "The Straight Story." Typically, a kiddie film can only be validated by the fact that it's animated and from Disney, or live action and involves fart jokes, or based on a video game. But "The Straight Story" is not only one of the great children films of the year, it is also one of the great films for adults.

"Straight's" plot is based on the true story of Alvin Straight, a man who chose to drive a lawn mower from Laurens, Iowa, to Mt. Zion, Wisconsin, to visit with his estranged brother who has just had a stroke. While the premise has a life-is-stranger-than-fiction quality, the weirdest thing about this film is who directed it - David Lynch.

Lynch has made a career out of giving the MPAA a run for its money, in such almost-NC-17 films as "Blue Velvet," "Wild at Heart," and "Lost Highway." He has consistently pushed the envelope of what is allowed in terms of sex and violence in an R rating. And now "The Straight Story," G-rated and from Disney. Huh?

Even more confusing is that no other director could have made "Straight" as fantastic and touching as it is. It's about so much more than fallen fraternal bonds (it's been ten years since they've spoken). It's about how we treat old people - their memories, their dismissal by (and from) society and their humanity.

With the script by John Roach and Mary Sweeney, Lynch makes "Straight" a wonderful blend of contradictions that must have seemed dangerous on paper. It is magnificently real, yet it always has the feel of a fable or fairy tale. It is buoyant, yet extremely mature. Simple yet heavy. Lynch, himself, is implicit yet honest, modest yet stylistic.

Richard Farnsworth, who plays Alvin, carries all of this not so much through an act

of controlled acting, but through his endlessly blithe charm. One particularly heavy passage where Alvin shares war stories with another World War II veteran is handled with a perfect and effortless quality. Some may fall a little too far into hyperbole by calling for Oscar bids and the like, but his Alvin is one of the most likeable, warm and modest characters you will see up on a screen.

The rest of the cast is also well chosen. Sissy Spacek, Alvin's daughter Rose, plays a character with a speech impediment, and never makes it feel hammy. Along Alvin's drive, he meets up with a number of individuals who really light up the screen. Everett McGill's Tom, a John Deere dealer, is the epitome of earnestness and sincerity. A pregnant teen on the run, Crystal, is wonderfully played by Anastasia Webb.

In one scene Alvin sums up his journey: "There's no one knows your life better than a brother that's near your age. He knows who you are and what you are better than any-

one on Earth. My brother and I said some unforgivable things the last time we met, but I'm trying to put that behind me. And this trip is a hard swallow of my pride. I just hope I'm not too late." Most films would play up the drama and turn it into soap material. "The Straight Story" carries its weight of regret and memory without ever seeming manipulative or phony.

Some may feel that this isn't really a good kids' film. For the most part, they won't "get" "The Straight Story." It is more like an adult film that is rated G. Most of the reason kids won't see a film like "The Straight Story" is that they are never exposed to this kind of material in the first

it's about how we treat old people - their memories, their dismissal from society and their humanity



place. When you read those reviews that say, "This film is perfect for everyone from 2 to 92," this is what they mean.

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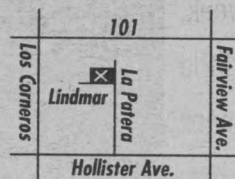
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PARTY FOUL A groupie gasps in shock at what might be G. Love. **WILDIN'** Some musician going crazy. Crazy! Stay tuned for next week, when Homie G rocked the mic, even tho the Annex sucks



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FILM | REVIEW

CUT OFF AT THE NECK

DESPITE A GREAT DIRECTOR, THE MESSENGER LACKS BODY

film critic | brady golden

I used to like director Luc Besson, and I really want to like him again. His earlier films are uniquely styled, original and interesting. His drug-addict-turned-hit-woman film "La Femme Nikita" basically created a new genre of action movies, and was good enough that two other filmmakers chose to remake it. "The Professional," his American breakthrough, is a fantastic movie. The fact that Besson once showed so much promise made the utter failure of "The Fifth Element" even more depressing. I've been looking forward to "The Messenger" since I first heard about it, eager to see if Besson would be able to redeem himself with a film on par with his older work.

Sadly, there is little redemption to be found here.

"The Messenger: The Story of Joan of Arc" is, indeed, the story of Joan of Arc. For those who need a refresher in French history, the story takes place during the Hundred Years' War, when the English were fighting for control over France. When the French are facing their darkest hour, Joan (Milla Jovovich), a 17-year-old peasant girl, visits the Dauphin (John Malkovich) and explains that God visited her in a vision and commanded her to drive out the English. The Dauphin gives her an army with which she wins a surprising victory at the city of Orleans. She is captured by the enemy soon afterwards, and the Dauphin, who has lost interest in the war, refuses to pay her ransom. The English try her as a witch and burn her at the stake.

The story, as epic as it may be, would be too familiar to too many people to warrant another retelling had Besson not taken a revisionist approach towards it. Rather than praising Joan, he questions her and her "visions." Does she really converse with God, or does she suffer from some psychosis, perhaps as the result of a childhood trauma? Is there not a contradiction in a God who preaches love, yet arbitrarily takes sides in a secular war? The film raises these questions, but declines to answer them, leaving the audience to draw their own conclusions. The questions, however, are unconvincing. Besson seems to love Joan too much, so he is unable to criticize her with any sort of conviction. If the audience is meant to leave the theater with ambiguous feelings toward the heroine, she needs to be presented ambiguously. Ambiguity may be the intent, but it fails in execution.

Part of this might also have to do with Jovovich's performance, which is probably the film's greatest weakness. Simply put, she just does not have the range necessary for the part. When Joan is angry, she yells. When she's sad, she yells with tears on her cheeks. When she's overcome with religious fervor, she yells and shakes. In short, Jovovich yells

a lot in this movie, and does little else. She shows none of the charisma one would expect to be necessary to convince an entire army to follow a peasant teenager with no military training into battle.

Malkovich displays his trademark creepiness and lack of emotion as the Dauphin, and, as usual, it works. Faye Dunaway plays Yolande of Aragon, the Dauphin's mother-in-law, and is fairly disappointing. Dunaway is a sharp actress, but neither she nor her character have any place in this film. All that Dunaway really gets to do is dress up like one of the crazy nuns from "Dune" and lurk around the Dauphin's castle.

"The Messenger" has only a few saving graces, the most notable of which is Dustin Hoffman. Hoffman plays a strange, black-robed being who visits Joan in her prison cell while she is on trial. The audience is never told exactly who or what he is (God? Satan?

Joan's conscience? Her subconscious?) and is again forced to draw their own conclusions. Hoffman's portrayal is mythic, intense, seductive and cruel. He nails the part. His scenes are not only well-acted, but well-directed, too. One of the film's most interesting and funny sequences takes place when Joan explains to her visitor that she knows she is doing God's will because He sent her a sword while she lay in a field. The visitor shows her, through more of her "visions," other possible ways that the sword might have come to arrive in the field.

The battle scenes are also very well done. They are shot with a handheld, "in the trenches" style that is incredibly effective.

The brutality, the danger and the claustrophobia of hand-to-hand combat in the 15th Century are demonstrated to the audience in a way that is both jarring and spectacular. Joan's comrades in arms, although difficult to distinguish from one another, are some of the more lively and interesting characters in the film, and seeing the battles from their points of view is an intense experience.

With the exception of a few well-constructed scenes and a spectacular performance by Hoffman, "The Messenger" is a dud of a film. It is too muddled with bad actors and a half-hearted attempt at commentary to even compare with most of Luc Besson's films. If you enjoy watching people getting crushed by large rocks, there is plenty of that, and quite a few decapitations to boot. There are enough good things in this film to keep me from giving up on Besson altogether, but not enough to make me want to recommend it to anyone.

If you enjoy watching people crushed by large rocks, there is plenty of that, and quite a few decapitations to boot.



Doonesbury



BY GARRY TRUDEAU

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CLOTHES | INTERVIEW

MY PANTS, MY PANTS, MY PANTS ARE ON FIRE

THE FABULOUS ATTIRE OF FIRE&THEFT

questions | dollface

Store all your valuables and prepare for emergency! In all cases, Fire&Theft may be your only protection — from a fashion emergency, that is. Enter Faez Fathi, mastermind designer behind up-and-coming San Francisco-based boutique and collection Fire&Theft. Fathi is taking the fashion world by storm with his sleek designs that echo simplicity as well as rugged individuality. Fire&Theft seemingly belongs in such fashion forward areas as New York or Europe, but lucky for you fledgling little style scholars, he showcases his talent in our humble Bay Area backyard. This 25-year-old, fresh-faced savant recently opened his minimalist boutique on Haight Street and has already developed somewhat of a loyal clientele. Though only featuring women's clothing at the moment, Fathi is introducing a men's line by Christmas and may even open a sister store in New York within the coming year. Fire&Theft Man had a few choice words for *Artsweek* on wannabes, wankers and why America sucks.

Artsweek: How did you come up with the name Fire&Theft?

Fathi: I was looking through some insurance papers and found a company dealing with policies for fire and theft. I thought, "Hey, that's kind of crazy!" It was actually listed in the dictionary. So I was kidding with a friend of mine and he asked about my new line so I told him it was called Fire&Theft. He was like, "What is that?" You should have seen the look on his face. There's actually a funny story about it, too. A fabric guy came to me with some samples and all he knew about my company was that it was clothing. So when he came, he brought me all these samples of fireproof fabrics. When I looked at the material, I was like, "What is this? Steel?" He thought that it was a company that made clothing for firefighters! It takes everybody about three seconds and then they go, "That's kind of cool. I love it!" It's one of those things that you look at twice before you get it and that's what I wanted.

Where did you get your fashion training?

Here in San Francisco at the Academy of Art. They've changed a lot since I started. It used to be pretty much an all American staff with American thinking. But in the past few years, they changed everything and now it's all European. I was lucky to get some of both because it's always better to get as much information as possible.

I like your clothing because it seems so original, especially for San Francisco.

It's hard, especially in the US, to be appreciated when you want to do something different

Yeah, hopefully it will all work out because I know I can't just stay in San Francisco and try to do this ... Right now, people just accept it because they have to. That's the way San Francisco is. Even if you don't like it you say, 'Oh yeah, it's fine.' That's just the way California in general is, I think. In New York, you either accept it or you don't, whereas here you just go with the flow ... That's why I'd like to expand beyond just here ... I have a couple of locations in mind in New York, which will hopefully happen within the next year.

Where do you get inspiration for your line?

I like a lot of Japanese designers and I like a lot of the British designers too. They are just totally off-the-wall. But I don't really care for American designers. You know, in Europe, everything is an art form; they appreciate [fashion] and they understand it. It's hard, especially in the United States, to be appreciated when you want to do something different. A lot of American designers feed off each other and I think that's why a lot of American schools are now starting to employ teachers from overseas, teaching students that there's more than just one guideline. Luckily, I've learned to do what I want, my own way.

How would you describe the "look" of Fire&Theft?

I don't know if I would say "edgy" but maybe something along those lines. Some of it's pretty classic but it definitely has a twist to it. Anything to twist it just a little. I don't want to get too outrageous because I want to keep the prices reasonable but yeah, there's definitely a little something to it. It takes [someone] with a lot of personality who is willing to gamble to wear some of it. I have seen a lot of the people who come in and buy my clothes and you can just tell they have a lot of personality, very confident. A lot of style.

Not very modest, now are we Fathi?

You too, can be prepared for an emergency with Fire&Theft, now available to the stylistically struggling and fashion fabuloso. Oh, and it won't break your piggy bank. Yay.

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THEATER | REVIEW

MILLENNIUM IN LOVE

SHAKESPEARE DEALS WITH LOVE IN AS YOU LIKE IT



How do you like it? Very much. Peter Lackner's production of William Shakespeare's "As You Like It" transforms the written masterpiece into a modern festival of deception, laughter and love. For the Shakespeare-going audience, this show is a wonderful tribute to one of his more romantic and humorous plays. For those unfamiliar with the play, however, I suggest you read the script ahead of time, for the play runs long (close to three hours) and the characters' intertwined relations become hard to keep track of.

The Elizabethan England time frame's transformation into the modern turn of the millennium is truly intriguing. The action moves from side to side like a tennis match mostly because of the audience set up, which closely resembles a tennis court with the actors in the middle of a split audience. The extremity between the black and metal modern court and the brown and cloth artistic forest distinguish the two polar worlds well. The audience grows to love one and loathe the other.

Especially impressive is the acting, particularly UCSB newcomer Lucas Near-Verbrugghe (Silvius). His melodramatic rolling on the floor pining after his love is a comical relief from some of the more monotonous, snail-paced scenes that precede it. Another incredibly memorable character and personal favorite is Touchstone (Marc E.

Shaw), the green-haired court jester who makes every scene an anticipated treat. His colorful portrayal (in costume as well as character) of the lead comic character and eventual half of one of the four couples is delightful. The lines are spoken with a coveted comprehension of the underlying meaning and delivered so well that someone with a minimal understanding of the Shakespearean language can still enjoy his performance and understand the premise of what was happening (although they may miss quite a few hilarious commentaries).

However, many times it feels as though the actors are reading the lines, and not very convincingly at that. The first act drags to the point of looking at your watch every few minutes and serious squirming in chairs by the audience. The second act, though, flies by with a higher energy, more enthusiasm, and more enjoyment by the actors on stage, permeating the audience who seems to be fully involved in the mixed-up relationships by the colorful and heartwarming ending.

"As You Like It" continues Nov. 16-20 at 8:00 p.m. and Nov. 20 at 2:00 p.m. \$12 students; \$16 general. For tickets or information, call A&L at 893-3535.

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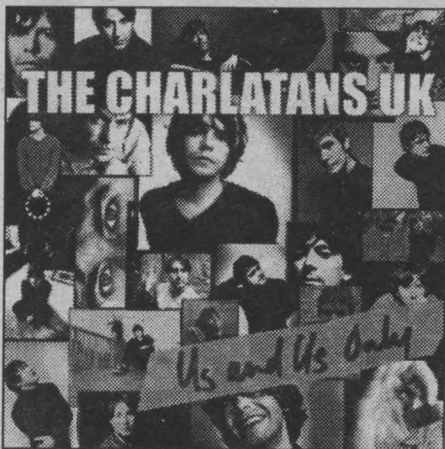
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MUSIC TO FREAK TO



The Charlatans UK | *Us and Us Only* | MCA

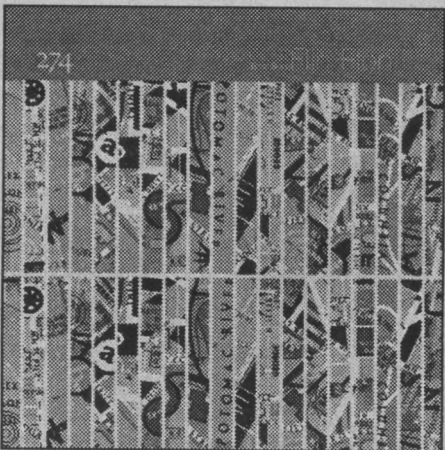
Not terribly profound, original or groundbreaking, *Us and Us Only* is one of the best rock albums this year. Quite simply, it provides an alternative to the alternative, reviving what made rock music, rock music.

The Charlatans UK is definitely '90s Britpop. But what separates them from the likes of Elastica and Oasis, is their ability to stick to the basics, and create music that could make even Pete Townshend pleased with the present state of rock 'n' roll. This album gets the foot tapping, and the mouth humming. With the simple four-chord progressions, the head-bobbing vocal tracks and the straightforward drumbeat that makes any boring car ride a real experience. "Impossible's" clunking guitars and a harmonica take one back to Tom Petty's *Wildflowers*, and the rolling vocals to Wilco's *Summer Teeth*. It's hard not to get lost, and soon each track blends into the next, truly making this a great album.

The lyrics touch upon divorce, getting away and regrets of not being there. Nothing new here, but lead vocalist Tim Burgess doesn't dwell upon his inadequa-

cies, or moan about how unfair life is. Instead he concentrates on singing, not making the listener grieve in what he just said. The themes to the music itself are profound, although unoriginal. Digging back to the blues that inspired British rock, "Senses" simply rocks out, and "The Blind Stagger" hits upon more contemporary trends with a "stand on a mountain and yell" guitar lead that leaves one grinning, and wanting more.

The music is heavy without being hardcore, and the sparsely used digital effects are intricately placed in niches of the songs, not thrown forward, concentrating on the basics. This is the band that inspires someone to pick up a guitar, or spend an afternoon listening to records. Thank you God for The Charlatans UK. [Collin Mitchell]



Flin-Flon | *Boo-Boo* | Teenbeat

Flin-Flon is a sort of super-group, made up of people you don't know from bands you've never heard of. Unless, of course, you're like me, and you like to waste loads of money and time on this sort of thing. Mark Robinson is the main man here. Aside from running Teenbeat

records, he's been the voice of bands like the cheeky indie-poppers Unrest, their less-popular sequel Air Miami, and the completely obscure but (in my obscurity-happy opinion) wonderful Grenadine. He sings and plays guitar. The singularly named Nattles, who was in the post-Bratmobile band Cold Cold Hearts, plays bass. And Matt Datesman, from True Love Always (who I've never ever heard of) plays drums. Of course, none of this matters, so don't pay any undue attention to it.

What's good about this CD has nothing to do with it. Unfortunately, I'm not sure if I'm going to be able to describe what's good about it without referring to other bands. This is totally precise, post-punk new-wave dance music, sort of like New Order but without any synthesizers. The bass is way out in front, fat and distorted and creating all sorts of warmth in what's otherwise kinda cold and calculated. It handles most of the melody while the guitar decorates it with single notes, and very rarely actual chords. The drums are absolutely propulsive. It's a non-stop jump-around-your-room dance party! The vocals are very measured, very deadpan. (There, I think I've gone through the entire list now)

What's really interesting about this record is how it was recorded: in loops onto a Mac G3 computer, then edited and mixed down. However, it sounds so tight and so live that you would never guess. I didn't know how neat it was until I listened to the LP, which has different mixes of all the same songs. The re-mixes on the LP sound just as good and just as performed as on the CD (except for the silly vocal effects), but they're cut up in really subtle, interesting sorts of ways. They sound different, but the same, you know?

You could pick up either one and be happy; either way, this is quality product. [Josh Miller came right off the assembly line]

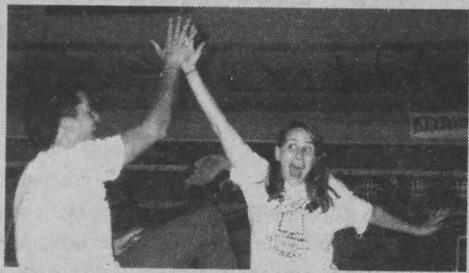


Fiona Apple | *When the Pawn...* | Epic Records

At 18 she cut her debut album *Tidal*, and by 19 she bit the hand that fed her on the MTV Music Awards, blasting the critical media that nonetheless helped her sell 3 million albums. Apple was someone who we, as young college students, could despise: She was attractive, whiny and, yes, undeniably gifted. With the release of her second album, Apple at 22 is a much more mature and self-confident woman who has clearly come to terms with an unfriendly media.

This album is collectively a much tighter and cohesive album both lyrically and instrumentally than *Tidal*. Highlights on the album are "Paper Bag" with its rollicking piano giving it an upbeat, light Beatles feel that displays signs of positivity amongst a sea of pessimism, and what I feel is the gem of the album, "I Know." Appropriately placed last, this love song rings truest of anything she's done yet and is essentially an affirmation of where she's come, with Apple reflecting that, *So for the*

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LIVE YOUR NAME IS RICK JAMES



time being, I'm being patient / And amidst this bitterness / If you'll just consider this—even if it don't make sense.

All things considered, including the fact that producer Jon Brion shouldn't complicate Apple's raw sound with over-production and fill instruments, this is a heartfelt album that answers all threats of one-album wonder status and firmly plants Apple on a par with any of today's critically acclaimed female musicians. [Josh "B.H." Baron]

Dr. Dre | 2001 | Aftermath

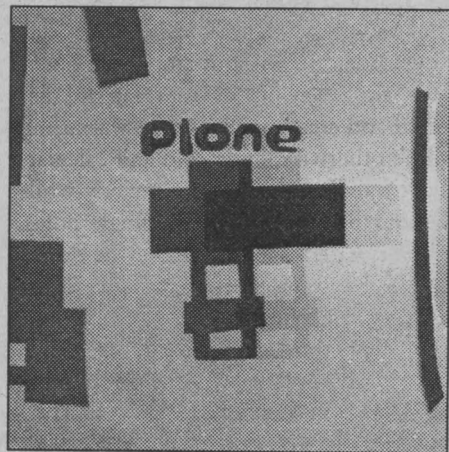
It's been seven years since we last heard a true Dr. Dre release, and a lot has changed since then. The G-Funk-driven gangsta rap of '92-'95 is not nearly as prevalent, and instead has been replaced by the crunk of the South and the hollow beats of the East. But Dre insists it's "Still D.R.E.," so the world has no choice but to listen.

2001 has a consistent theme throughout: Dr. Dre never fell off. Snoop Dogg tells you, Eminem tells you and of course Dre himself tells you. It's almost disgusting to hear the ass-kissing going on here. Xzibit claims he never knew real hip hop until he heard Dre. And every once in a while, Dre really earns the praise. "Murder Ink" loops the piano from the "Halloween" theme music, making for a truly dope moment of gangsta stylings. "Bang Bang" features the sound of gun shots that hit simultaneously with the shouts of "Bang bang! Bang bang!" Not exactly groundbreaking, but effective nonetheless.

Despite the occasional moment of Dre

in classic form, a great deal of 2001 is drowned out by repetitive beats and even more repetitive rhymes. Despite the cast of 16 guest artists (not including those on the skits), not one emcee on the album can hold his own without a captivating beat. Songs like "F**k You" and "Let's Get High" are downright painful to listen to, especially compared with Dre tracks of old.

Dr. Dre may have created one of the best albums of all time with *The Chronic*, but 2001 just can't hold up the same pair of britches. While 2001 may sell as many copies as *The Chronic* did, it certainly won't have the same widespread and lasting effect. [Trey Clark]



Plone | For Beginner Piano | Warp

From the innards of Deep Space Nine or maybe a 21st Century Transylvania comes Plone, with their imaginatively experimental electronics, employing collections of old drum machines, analog synthesizers and digital effects. Plone's sound lies somewhere between the theme

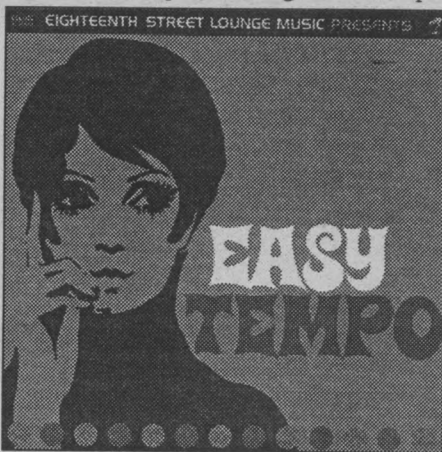
song for the Teletubbies and a new wave Addam's Family. *For Beginner Piano* is the band's first release since the critically acclaimed single, "Plock," which wowed the critics and the masses alike. *For Beginner Piano* takes you on a full-length journey through time and space, as the album travels through light, twinkly chords and quirks to deeper, eerie sounds similar to those found in a second-rate horror movie. A warning to the listener: I was actually scared while listening to this album late at night. It's a creepy, creepy feeling to be chilled to your very core by the mere pluckings of a British electronic group with a name like Plone.

Plone's multi-faceted style reflects its wide range of influences, including everyone from Kraftwerk to The Beach Boys, to Sun Ra, to '80s electro pop. The resulting ambient, bossanova-esque space sounds can be perfectly pleasing and simultaneously unsettling; I listened to the album over and over (and over) again and had a different feeling about it each time, wavering between nostalgia for the loveliness of Air and disgust for kiddy-show theme songs. In final conclusion, I think I like it, I know it frightens me, and I have a new appreciation for Saturday morning cartoons. [DollFace]

Various Artists | Easy Tempo | Eighteenth Street Lounge

ESL will probably give legendary swank-music compilation brigade UltraLounge a run for its money with the debut of albums such as *Easy Tempo*. With swing on a fortunate descent, ESL picks up the pace of compiled albums by mov-

ing in a new, necessary direction - Italian music of the '60s, in all its hip-shaking, Ferrari-driving, mod-squad glory. Where the UltraLounge compilations inspired fabulous fetes named things like, oh, I don't know, Space Lounge for example,



Easy Tempo will surely inspire more cocktail celebrations, this time in the name of little ankle-high leather boots and Pucci prints. *Easy Tempo* is indeed some real easy tempo - the songs are jazzy, wandering jams that make good use of organs well before the Doors ever began. There isn't a lot to the music, but it's some damn fine fun. [Jenne Raub]

KCSB, 91.9 TOP 10

1. Land of the Loops | Hurry Up and Wait EP | Up
2. Magnetic Fields | 69 Love Songs | Merge
3. Bruce Haack | Listen Rock Compute Home | Emperor Norton
4. Make-Up | Save Yourself | K
5. Comet Gain | Tigertown Pictures | Kill Rock Stars
6. Le Tigre | Le Tigre | Mr. Lady
7. DJ Spooky vs. the Freight Elevator Quartet | File Under "Futurism" | Caipirinha
8. Flin Flon | Boo-Boo | Teenbeat
9. June of '44 | In the Fishtank | Konkurrent
10. Quannum | Spectrum | Quannum Projects

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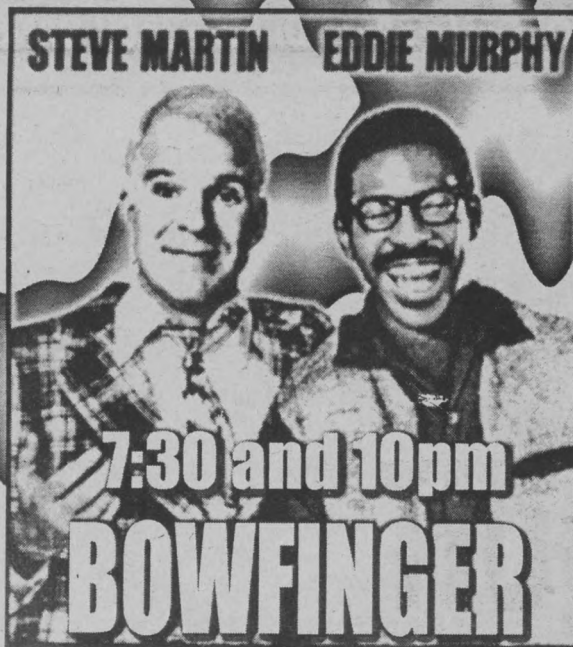
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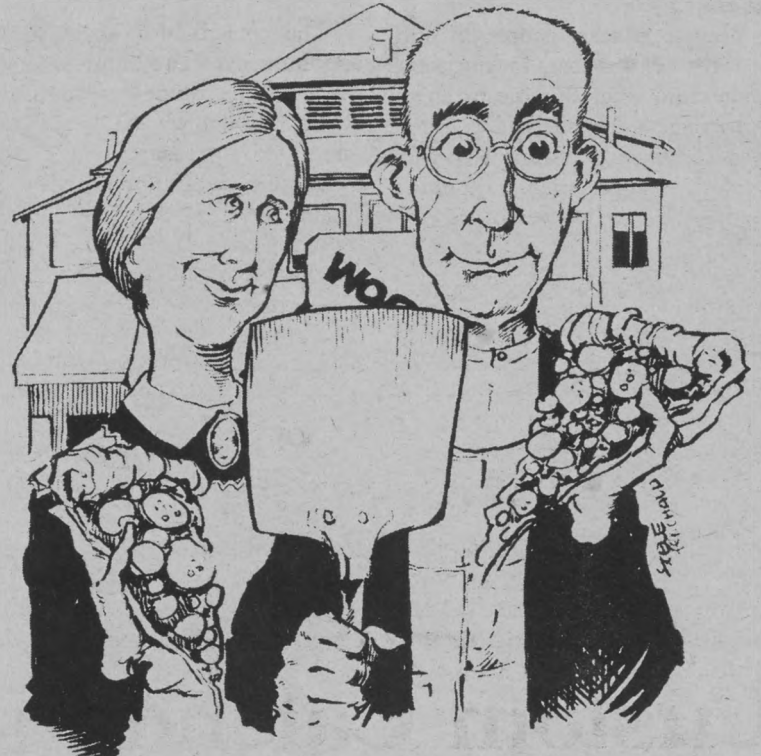
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