

Wielding  
Destructive  
Honesty to  
Protect  
Themselves  
from True  
Feeling, it's...

# ArtsWeek!

The Weekly Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus

In  
this  
issue!

Behind Broken Words, The Coffee Scene,  
Jason Sattler, Film and Music Reviews  
and Much More!

## A Spontaneous Mad-Lib

By Mike "Honest Abe" Abramson

"The Rock 'n' Roll Show"

I'll never forget the day me and \_\_\_\_\_  
(friend's name)  
met the one and only \_\_\_\_\_.  
(famous musician) The show  
was set to \_\_\_\_\_ in \_\_\_\_\_ minutes,  
(verb) (a number) and  
we were \_\_\_\_\_ as heck!  
(adjective) Then, out of  
the blue, \_\_\_\_\_ appeared, actually  
(same famous musician)  
(past-tense verb) right in front of us!!! In  
a mixture of awe and disbelief, I put my  
(body part) on my \_\_\_\_\_ and \_\_\_\_\_ loudly.  
(body part) (past-tense verb)  
" \_\_\_\_\_!"  
(exclamation) I said, looking towards my friend,  
"That guy plays \_\_\_\_\_ for that great band  
(instrument)  
The \_\_\_\_\_!"  
(adjective) (plural noun) What a \_\_\_\_\_ day.  
(adjective)

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# VISIONS of INDIA

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**Silver  
greens**

PRESENTS  
**YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE**  
BY LINDA C. BLACK

**Aries (March 21-April 19).** You may come up with an agreement today that's good for all concerned. Your strength is your ability to make a quick decision. Contribute that talent to a person who can't seem to settle on anything! A meeting tonight should be fascinating, if somewhat unusual.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20).** This would be a perfect day to spend in bed, with a good book and fat-free chocolates. If that's not happening, at least pamper yourself tonight. Your sweetheart will be easier to talk into things this morning. Later, just the reverse may be true.

**Gemini (May 21-June 21).** This is your lucky day! Make a list of the things you want to be, do, have and contribute. Fantasize yourself as the star, and then get to work to make it happen! A person who's been rather reluctant may become more assertive tonight.

**Cancer (June 22-July 22).** Hit that pile of work early, so you can earn a little slack. Late tonight should be an excellent time for a rendezvous with a passionate friend, if you have one. If not, use some of the time between now and then to hunt one up! Home's your best location.

**Leo (July 23-Aug. 22).** If you come up with a great suggestion today, don't feel bad if everybody doesn't want to go along. Put in the corrections and try again. A close relative's sense of humor will be a great tension-breaker. If you get frustrated with your partner tonight, call!

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22).** If you have shopping to do, make a list to follow. There could be too many temptations to choose from! The best cure for edgy nerves would be beautiful surroundings, good music and a nice cup of herbal tea. Fight to get time for all of the above tonight.

**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23).** The planning you do this morning will help you win later. Go over your agenda again, so you don't forget anything important. This should be a marvelous night for romance. Schedule a challenging evening with a person who won't let you get away with a thing.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21).** If you're losing control of the situation, drastic measures may have to be taken. You may have to change direction slightly, but don't let that worry you. The other side has some excellent ideas. Adopt them. Also, listen to a close relative.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21).** It's a fine day to play with your friends. Get as much of that in as possible. Overlooking a detail this morning could delay your plans, so take care. It's a good night to have a few of the gang over to watch the game. If nothing's on, rent one.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19).** Take inventory of your resources today. Count up your wins and losses, and give yourself a pat on the back for everything that worked. Also, do something your sweetheart wants that requires travel. You might as well enjoy yourself while you're at it!

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18).** You could have a blinding insight this morning. Get rid of something that doesn't work anymore and you'll have solved your problem. An incident this evening could lead you to fall in love with a great thinker. Hopefully, the emotion will be mutual!

**Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20).** It may seem to you as if some people want to start conversations, arguments and maybe even fights, all in the name of solving problems. Hide out if you want peace and quiet. An older friend can help you stay objective. Ask for help with a financial decision, too.


**Today's Birthday (Feb. 8).** Focus on finances and long-range goals from now through March. Your love life takes a turn for the better in April. You may find your soulmate in an educational setting. Plan something deliciously romantic for June. Save your money in September, so you can travel in October. Gather with friends in December and complete a project that benefits everybody. You may get what you want from a big organization in January.

# FOOD FOR THOUGHT

I.V., 961-1700

## HIS MASTER'S VOICE

### Please, Please Me

SIDE A  1995

Jason Sattler's Opus

I'm busted.

It's probably my fault. For over two years I've been pursuing a conflict between my two closest friends here at school, True and Art. Even last Saturday when we all went bowling, I told the two of them that they were competing to see who was my better friend. They ended up tying.

True I've known since I was in the fifth grade. We've hated each other a few times, but I was still his best man last year. A fact I never hesitate to reveal.

Art lived on my hall in the dorms my freshman year. We became close friends really fast. We've only hated each other one time for, like, six or seven months. With our friendship renewed, Art always takes time to show me things on his guitar. Although he makes me wash my hands with soap before touching it.

I'm going to blame this whole conflict I had with True on the hit show *Friends*, though I probably should blame it on the band Oasis. It is my obsession with the band Oasis that caused this whole mess and made me want to change.

I want to look like Oasis, write songs like Oasis and

"We'd be so popular," I said.

"I guess." I looked at True and encouraged him to go on. He just said, "We'd probably be amazing for, like 10 years, then we'd never talk again."

"Yeah, like the Beatles?" I looked at him in a manner that meant to imply, "You're talking about the Beatles, right?"

"I guess." I forgot that he really doesn't know anything about the Beatles, like that they were huge from around 1963 until they broke up bitterly in 1970. He handed the bong toward me and asked if I wanted to finish the bowl.

"I'm dust."

He smiled and sucked it through.

On the way to class, True asked me, "Do you remember why you told Shane you didn't like *Friends*?"

The night before, my roommate Shane and I got in as big of an argument as we have ever had concerning the hit TV show *Friends*. I do like the show, but I'm not going to watch it or hype it.

What I told Shane was, "I don't think *Friends* needs any more supporters." And because I was so clear about what I thought, True had caught me. I couldn't figure out how yet, but I felt anxious. Instead of attacking his point, True tried to get me thinking. "Do you think the Beatles or Nirvana (another group I worship) need any more supporters?"

"Yeah, they do."

"The Beatles need more supporters?"

"Yes. Because people just like them. They should listen to everything they put out."

"See," True paused. "That is like being a Christian Fundamentalist. It's saying, 'No, that is the bad thing, this is the good thing.'"

I realized I was losing here. I decided to just try to bow out. But, True kept pushing. He didn't get too involved or consumed with proving me wrong, he just kept going.

So, I said, "I'm not sure why I don't like *Friends*. I just

## Lyric of the Week:

"I will detach your limbs there ain't no wins  
if you test mine/ You won't be comin' back  
again like Sinbad's sitcom"

-Chino XL

sing like Liam Gallagher, lead singer of Oasis. But, none of that is possible. So, I just want to join a band. And dress like they do as much as I can without embarrassing myself.

I told my friend, True, that if he, my friend Art and Eric were in a band together, we would be awesome. Art is the only one of us four who can play an instrument, so I was just talking about us being awesome in terms of image and style. I imagined us in situations such as our first big press conference, like when the Beatles arrived in America.

A pool of media crowded in front of a bouquet of microphones. Us four dressed in dark, hip suits, fielding questions. I'd take the first one.

"Jason, how old are you?"

"You'll have to cut my legs open and count the rings."

Laughter.

"Art, what are you guys looking forward to in America?"

"Meatloaf," he'd say.

And I'd pop in. "... And he's not talking about the food."

True quickly burst my bubble. "I could never be in a band with Art," he said. I tried not to pay attention to him so I could just go talking about my band fantasy.

don't like sitcoms."

"Then why are you in a sitcom writing class?"

I am taking a class on how to write for the sitcom. "It just proves that I'm trying to figure this out, I'm giving them a fair shot."

"Think about what you said. 'I don't think *Friends* needs any more supporters.' What does that mean? Why did you phrase it that way? Who does need supporters?"

I figured out what he was saying: Who should you support? Who do you support?

"Only the people who give me something back."

"Why?"

I tried to be honest, so naturally I felt melodramatic when I said, "Probably because I've been hurt so many times."

True smiled. "That's right." He continued the same thought a few steps later. "Do you realize that you kinda force people to support you?"

"Do you think that's what I get out of Art?"

"Well, I think Art's kinda the same way. I think it's a Jewish thing. You guys just feel so persecuted."

Both Art and I are Jewish. I looked at True and said, "Gentile, you understand my people well."

## Summer Help Needed in Latin America

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|----------------------------|------------------------------|-------------------------|
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| Leadership                 | Human Immunizations          | Honduras                |
| Interpersonal              | Rabies Vaccinations          | Costa Rica              |
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Ruby  
Salt Peter  
Creation/WORK

Boys are scared of girls like Leslie Rankine. They're frightened by a steel-toed, Doc Martin-wearing, all-black-clothing, nose-piercing, ear-clipping, blue-hair-dyeing kind of girl. They cover their ears to her female empowerment and frustration-struggling messages. They stand still, silent, against the wall when her mysterious tripping sounds come floating their way. They peg her as an outsider, one of those "indie" girls, a leftover Cure groupie in the era of Oasis and Green Day. The only trouble with being scared of Rankine and pegging her as an outsider is the fact that you're no longer allowed to. In the days of Alanis Morissette 24/7 on VH1, and Joan Osborne and PJ Harvey winning best album awards in major newspapers across the U.S., being scared of Leslie Rankine isn't just incredibly close-minded and wrong, it's politically incorrect.

Rankine, who used to be a member of the Scottish band Silverfish, has formed a new band: Ruby. Sounding like a spicier version of Portishead with a vocally stable and adept Alanis Morissette, Ruby is made up of Rankine and Mark Walk. Eleven tracks, from the swaggering strength of "Tiny Mean" (which sounds as if it builds on the beginning riff to Fleetwood Mac's "Tusk") to the snarling charm of "Hoops" (which

## Feelin' Ruby



has the oh-too-familiar drumline of Arrested Development's "Mr. Wendall"), seduce and allure the listener into becoming part of its blissful electronic fantasy.

The album is a collection of songs that are, lyrically, from a female perspective. What distinguishes Rankine and her band from the PJ Harveys and Liz Phair of the world are Ruby's melodies, which sparkle and refresh. The sounds are crisp and polished and never overwhelming. The music and Rankine's voice work together to create their brilliantly eerie mood rather than leaving the singer resorting to screaming. Rankine must have realized this herself because the last line in "Heidi" seems to ponder on that thought: "I can speak so softly because I hold so much power."

Rauchier than Morissette's theatre scene in "You Oughta Know" is the garden scene in Ruby's "Paraffin." Here, Rankine, like a vampiress, entices a

young man to come to her garden where she'll "feed him with her paraffin." The lyrics are complimented and continued musically by one of those creepy old church organs over some prerecorded drum slaps.

"Tiny Meat" is the biggest gem of the album. It's a guitar-rockin', dress-fringe-twirlin', girly song about the confusion over everything that goes with love, from feelings to the actual words you just can't get right: "I didn't mean to make this mess / This paper muscle in my chest ... couldn't find the right word."

*Salt Peter* is a riveting album of good songs, which are out at just the right time. While all America is embracing Morissette and Osborne and moving 'round to embrace Portishead and Tricky, it's time for the collaboration of girl rock and trip-hop from Ruby to take over.

—Jolie F. Lash



## As Good As It Gets

Various Artists  
Feelin' Good  
Ubiquity/On the One  
Magazine

This is a vintage jazz-funk compilation. It is another installment from Ubiquity Records, which along with its sibling labels Luv 'N' Haight and Cubop, releases only the finest, smoothest and funkier music. This album is more fun than infiltrating a group of College Republicans and causing infighting that eventually makes the group disband.

The first song, the title track, is a real treat because of the vocals, which are fairly rare in this jazz genre. The extra bonus is that these are no ordinary vocals. The vocalist is none other than the ecstatic, androgynous offspring of Carol Channing and Rip Taylor. After describing a beautiful day, the voice cries out, "You know how I feel. Feelin' good." The fact that the song has an ecstatic tone and that the singer merely describes the feeling as "good" provides an added silliness. The smart, driving piano and punchy drumming keep right in step.

"Superstar" by The Overton Berry Ensemble is unbelievable. The intro is a crazy stand-up bass part that is eventually joined by a hard, slapping drumbeat. This is a perfect sample. It's the kind of song that makes you say, "Oh, no! They didn't!" I found myself squirming and convulsing when I first heard it. Further into "Superstar" is a staccato piano solo and an insane break. It's a can't-miss!

You'll find a wide variety of treats in this compilation. There's complex and simple, funny and serious, smooth and rough. It's a worry-free hour of party music. It's enough to make you wince. Isn't that enough?

—Noah Blumberg

Artsweek would like to make clear that Karen Sattl is not Jason Sattler's alias. Karen is a real, entirely separate person. Jason and Karen are not related.

ASPB  
PRESENTS

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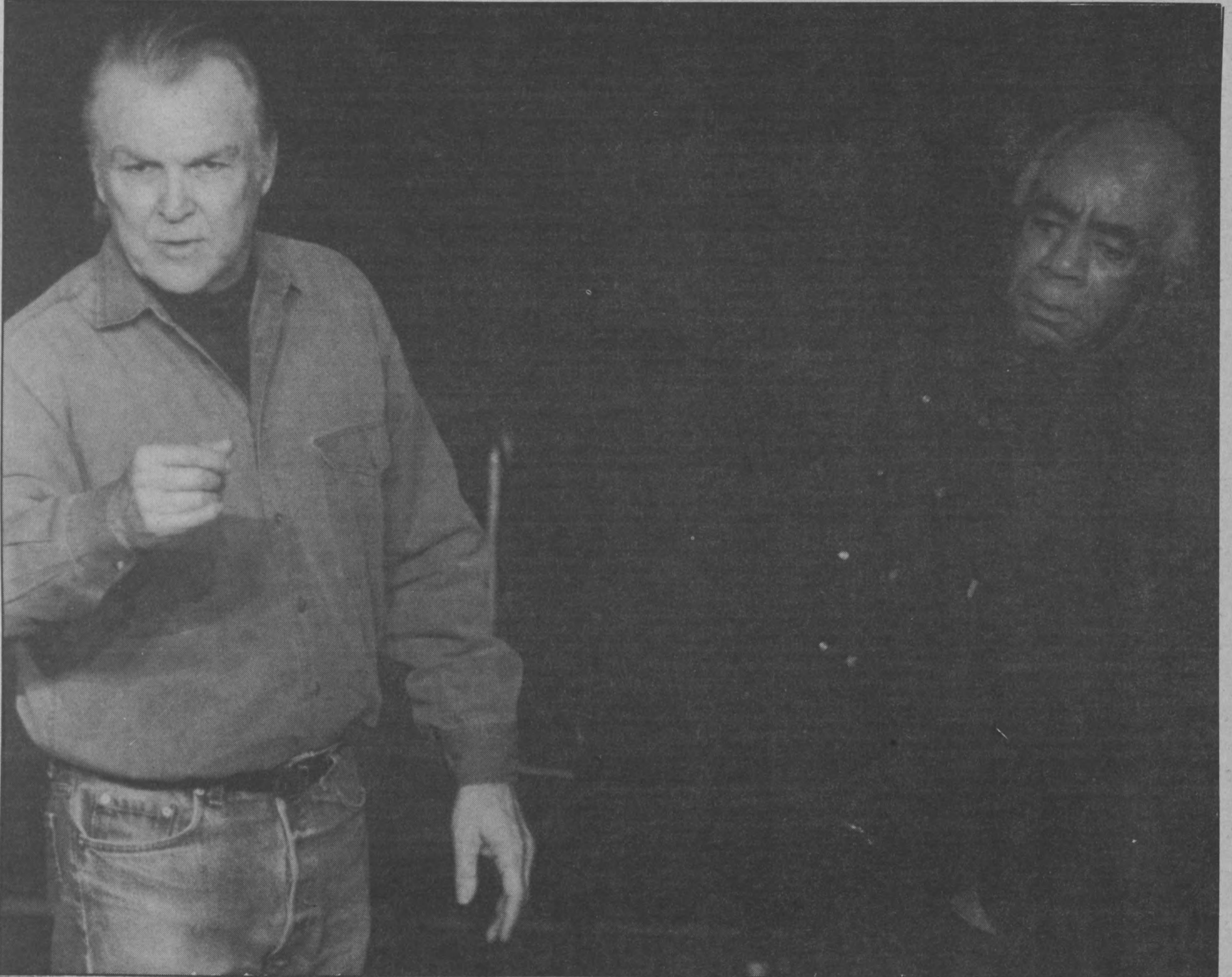
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check out our web page at: <http://www.as.ucsb.edu/aspb/>

Artsweek's Nicole  
Milne talks with  
Anthony Zerbe of



Anthony Zerbe (left) and Roscoe Lee Browne (right), the players in *Behind Broken Words*, are pictured above.

Anthony Zerbe and Roscoe Lee Browne bring poetry alive in *Behind the Broken Words* tonight at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall, performing some of the greatest poetry of the 20th century on stage, including e.e. cummings, Dylan Thomas, T.S. Eliot and W.H. Auden. *Artsweek* recently spoke with Zerbe, recognized as one of the country's most accomplished and versatile actors with extensive credits in stage, screen and television. Zerbe's passion for acting and its impact on his over-arching life philosophy definitely preempts an intense artistic experience tonight — don't miss it. You'll have stars in your eyes and poetry in your veins for days after.

**Behind the Broken Words first ran in the '70s. What has changed since the initial performances?**

We started doing it in the '70s and we have been doing it until last year when we decided to do it with some focus and energy, so we took it to 16 different places and this year we are going to do 19.

**Predominantly universities?**

Yes, all over the country — we were at Michigan State, Otterbein College in Columbus, Ohio; Florida, Boston [University].

**Do you find disparate kinds of audiences at different universities?**

There's a lot more homogeneous qualities because I think we are all more or less the same because of the nature of communication now. We're watching the same television, the same Super Bowl, the same movies; we're listening to the same albums — whatever is out there, it's available to anyone. So that tends to bring us closer and closer together. Fifty million people are watching the same president, talk about the same issues that we are all

aware of.

*The Internet is definitely serving that purpose as well.*

I think that computers individuate, yet now it's collective, so it's paradoxical. It has an abstraction to it, and that's the excitement. They were talking about e-mail affairs, so now it's not even phone sex anymore, it's e-mail sex. How does that take place? Do we all end up in our own little cocoons, with all the electronics around us? It's like, "No, no, I don't leave my cocoon, I'm self-sufficient." Maybe we all are in a cocoon, anyways; we're not joined. I can speak to you, I can be in your ear and express an idea. I can invade your solitude and your silence, but we are still not joined.

*But art is a form of breaking into someone's soul.*

Absolutely, it is the most important form of breakage. Art allows one to discover oneself out of a response to it. If you look at all the things you respond to, you are looking at the fabric of you. That's the opportunity for you to be drawn out, to be who you can most be. If your spirit is lifted to the clouds on the second movement of Beethoven's "Seventh Symphony" where the cello comes in, then the violas come in, which I consider to be breathtakingly beautiful, then I'm more myself than I ever was before I heard that. Someone has lifted me into a higher place, into a more profound place in myself. And it's not necessarily a place I know where to get to.

*Do you find that audiences have that sort of powerful response? I read that in Boston the audience was so moved by your performance that they were somewhat awed into silence when it was over.*

Well, you never know, the audience is totally dark! The excitement is the mystery of it, the not knowing. I love the immediacy of theater. It is an event unto itself, and it will never take place again in quite the same way. Even if the same person came back another time, they would come back with a different thing, they would find different things — I would be different, Roscoe would be different. I love what can happen. It's man's nature to live in the future even when you're in the present. The present is always elusive, anyways, because it's always disappearing on you. The "nows" keep disappearing on you, and you're like, "Whoa! What happened, come back!" It's gone, and then it turns into a memory.

It's like when you think about a relationship. You think of them as warm and whole, you always loved each other. You never think about all the fights, all the shit that went down. The memory is a very convenient, partial recorder.

**How did you choose the poetry for *Behind the Broken Words*?**

We change it with some regularity. Derek Walcott won a Nobel Prize, and Seamus Heaney won a Nobel Prize. Roscoe knows Derek and did a play of his, so we have an excerpt from that play. We added in an unpublished poet, a wonderful poet by the name of Joe Henry. It's good to have an unpublished poet in there, between Giraudoux and Walcott.

**Have you kept any of the same poets over the last two decades?**

Obviously, as time goes back, the poets get more remote. If I was going to say anything about [what] this evening was to be, it would be just a dabble, a chip into the salsa. We haven't even come to the guacamole yet! The whole great meal, the whole

great repast of poetry is possible, so it's like saying to students, "Hey, it's over here, it's yours, a 10-course satiation."

*It seems like in the university, after you are done with the required reading, interest in poetry is gone.*

I think poetry has gotten a bad rap. I'm not sure why. So in our small way, we try to diffuse that, not add to it.

*You two were on the cutting edge of spoken-word poetry, before the form became, if not mainstream, at least having a large following, even before Patti Smith and that generation. Have you gone with the contemporary movement, or do you feel that you carve your own niche within the genre?*

There's one poem in the evening that Roscoe has written, but other than that, we are mostly speaking of poets that have passed away. In the movement today, poets are speaking their own poetry.

**Would you like to move toward that?**

Well, no, because I'm an actor, not a poet. I think there's room for everything; there's never too little room. There's never too little room for the theater, or art, or music, anything. That's what allows us to have fun with this. People like it because it speaks to them. That's what we want to do, to bring some of these poets who can't speak for themselves anymore except on the page. They're very powerful on the page, but this is kind of a preamble to this page, an introduction to that — a dance. Come dance with us for an evening. You can go to the library after that, and pick your own partner.

# Coffee # # # Talk

I heard the drums even before I walked up the steps. Once inside, I couldn't move for the first two minutes. All the tables were pushed against the walls while long-haired, tie-dyed people leaped about barefoot and a dozen drummers bounced rhythms off the vaulted ceiling and art-decked walls. Even the counter woman danced, smacking a plastic water canister and shaking her dreadlocks. "Excuse me," I stammered as I debated racing out the door, "could I have a cup of coffee?"

Just having moved to Santa Barbara from the Midwest, my first coffee shop adventure solidified the reality that I was in Southern California. That was five years ago. Today I scan the papers and streets hungrily (thirstily?) for new coffeehouse openings and, like hundreds of other Santa Barbarans, regularly move through the coffeehouse circuit. Why? The reason has surprisingly little to do with coffee.

A local poet told me, "I like to go to a place where I'm not alone, yet am by myself." Others go for socializing. In a recent survey of coffee shop regulars, the three most frequent reasons for going to coffee shops were: 1) reading 2) socializing and 3) drinking coffee.

I suspect a fourth reason underlying everything else: Our desire for adventure. One coffee consumer described going to the Green Dragon Art Cafe (now The Flying Dragon Cafe) during a poetry competition: "... The place was cram-packed with people so that you could barely move ... people were screaming." He couldn't even see the poets who were bellowing peculiar verse and inciting the crowd.

Since my drumming debut in '91, my list of coffee shop adventures has grown to include seeing a customer painted red from head to toe sipping a cappuccino, witnessing strange chanting rituals at midnight, receiving a caricature from an artist who drew me unaware, seeing people who were dressed in full medieval garb (complete with swords), listening to jazz while sipping rosewater coffee in a rose-painted teacup surrounded by rose petals and being invited to an outdoor music jam after an open mic session.

I can even claim having a romantic encounter while drinking coffee. A friend and I were looking at vacation photos at a table near the side door in Hot Spots. Immediately I was distracted by an attractive man across the room. Whenever I looked up, he was gazing my way with a slight smile. The next thing I knew, a small piece of paper drifted down in front of me. The glass door near me swung shut, but not too quickly for me to see the tall figure of the man step outside. He flashed me a charming grin through the window and was off. Of course, it was his phone number on the paper.

Sometimes the coffee scene will look quite ordinary at first glance and you need to approach it with a detective's eye to see the underlying quirks. Several months ago, I was sipping a mocha at the Coffee Cat. After about an hour, I began to study the crowd. Young people clustered around every table. Everywhere were briefcases, elaborate boxes and stacks of cards with colorful pictures on them. I could hear someone in the booth behind me debating whether a nightmare was worth a puffable flame spirit. I was surprised to see this card trading occurring at every table other than mine. Intrigued, I approached several young boys. "What is going on in here?" They quickly gave me an introduction to the game called Magic that has become quite popular in Santa Barbara.

Coffeehouse performances can be adventuresome experiences as well. During a poetry reading once, I cried as a young female poet recalled the abuses in her childhood and the pain of interacting with people as an adult. Another time, at an open mic reading, I was invited to read for a character in an original play. After completing my lines, the author invited me to perform the piece at a local church. Heart thumping, I accepted the offer and enjoyed my first experience as a lead actress.

Perhaps it's the caffeine or just that coffeehouses bring together bizarre people and experiences. It doesn't matter — what's important is that this strange, delightful world is right outside our front door.

When entering the Santa Barbara coffeehouse scene, you should select the location to suit your mood. Think about the kind of experience you would like to have and consult the chart. If you're looking to relax or simply to read, it's easy. Many of the coffeehouses are conducive to relaxing and reading. However, if you're looking for a "shake me up a little so I forget I have to go to work tomorrow" experience, you have to do a little more research. You should consult local papers or call coffeehouses in advance if

| Coffee House                           | If you are in the mood for...                          | If this coffee house were a person, it would be... | Cost of a cup of coffee... | Location and hours...   |
|--|--|--|----------------------------|---|
| Barnes & Noble Bookstore               | a clean place to study                                 | John Updike  | \$1.00                     | 829 State Street<br>9am-11pm every day                          |
| Bogart's Cafe                          | being transported to the 1940's                        | uh... Humphry Bogart?                              | \$1.00                     | 1114 State Street, 7am-5pm<br>wkdays/some evenings for events   |
| Borders Bookstore                      | reading in a cavernous library atmosphere              | Sue Grafton  | \$1.45                     | 900 State, 9am-10:30pm M-Th/9am-11:30pm F-Sat/9am-9:30pm Sun    |
| Bubbles & Beans                        | doing laundry  | Roseanne   | \$ .90-1.10                | 1930 de La Vina Street<br>6:30am-9:30pm every day               |
| Cafe Bianco                            | looking at vacation photos with a good friend          | Emma Thompson                                      | \$ .75-1.00                | 11 W. Victoria Street<br>7am-5pm wkdays/7:30am-5pm Sat          |
| Cafe Siena                             | loud alternative music (not live) and the grunge crowd | Patti Smith  | \$ .90-1.25                | 1101 State Street, 7-10am wkdays/<br>8-12am Sat/8am-10pm Sun    |
| Choices Book Store & Coffee House      | discussing gay/lesbian politics                        | k d lang   | \$1.00                     | 901 de La Vina Street, 7am-6pm M-Tu/<br>7am-9pm W-F/9am-5pm Sat |
| Coffee Bean & Tea Leaf                 | watching tourists                                      | Mary Tyler Moore                                   | \$ .85-1.35                | 811 State Street, 7am-9pm M-Th/<br>7am-11pm F-Sat/8am-9pm Sun   |
| Coffee Cat (uptown)                    | getting coffee to go and feeling odd for a moment      | Andy Warhol  | \$ .95-1.35                | 3615 State St. 6am-10pm wkdays/<br>7am-10pm Sat-Sun             |
| Coffee Cat (downtown)                  | studying or meeting with small groups                  | James Dean   | \$ .95-1.35                | 1201 Anacapa St. 6am-10pm<br>wkdays/7am-10pm Sat-Sun            |
| The Daily Grind Coffee & Juice Station | relaxing after a work-out                              | Greg LeMond  | \$1.00-1.50                | 2001 de La Vina Street, 6am-10pm<br>wkdays/7am-10pm Sat-Sun     |
| The e-Cafe                             | surfing the internet or playing Magic                  | Steve Jobs   | \$1.00                     | 1219 State, 8am-10pm M-Th/8am-12pm F/12pm-12am Sat/12-10pm Sun  |
| Earthing Bookshop                      | socializing in a bustling atmosphere                   | Ernest Hemmingway                                  | \$ .95                     | 1137 State Street, 7am-10pm M-Th/<br>Sun/7am-11pm F-Sat         |
| Espresso Roma Cafe                     | hanging out with wanna-be artists and skateboarders    | William S. Burroughs                               | \$ .90-1.20                | 728 State St. 8am-11pm wkdays/<br>8-12am F-Sat/8am-10pm Sun     |
| Flying Dragon Cafe                     | art, live music and meeting interesting people         | Deepak Chopra                                      | \$1.00                     | 22 W. Mission St., 7am-11pm<br>weekdays/7am-12am Sat-Sun        |
| Hava Java                              | having a casual business meeting                       | Murphy Brown                                       | \$ .85-1.10                | 705 Anacapa St. 7am-5pm wkdays/<br>7:30am-5pm Sat               |
| Hot Spots Espresso Co.                 | staying out all night                                  | Denzel Washington                                  | \$1.00                     | 36 State Street<br>Open 24 hours                                |
| The Mesa Cafe & Bar                    | reading the Wall Street Jr. or pretending to study     | Regis & Kathy Lee                                  | \$1.00                     | 1972 Cliff Drive<br>6am-9pm every day (bar til 10pm)            |
| Santa Barbara Roasting Company         | seeing, being seen and being seen seeing               | Louis Armstrong with Lou Reed backing him up       | \$1.25                     | 321 Motor Way<br>7am-12am every day                             |
| Starbucks (uptown)                     | getting a quick cup of coffee                          | Chris Everett                                      | \$1.05-1.35                | 3957 State St. 6am-9pm wkdays/<br>6am-10pm Sat/5am-9pm Sun      |
| Starbucks (downtown)                   | getting a quicker cup of coffee                        | Chris Everett's mom                                | \$1.05-1.35                | 800 State, 6:30a-10p M-Th/6:30a-11p F/7a-11p Sat/7:30a-10pm Sun |
| The Tinder Box                         | Being alone while writing letters and smoking          | George Burns                                       | \$ .85                     | 1307 State Street<br>10am-6pm M-Sat                             |
| Vices and Spices                       | reflecting on your life                                | The Dalai Lama                                     | \$1.00                     | 3558 State St. 7am-6pm M-Sat/<br>8am-5pm Sun                    |

you are seeking musical entertainment, poetry readings or other special events. The coffeehouses most frequently providing activities are Barnes & Noble, Bogart's Cafe, Choices, Earthing, The Flying Dragon Cafe, Espresso Roma and Hot Spots. Keep in mind that adventures usually don't happen unless you seek them out.

With as much variety as the coffee scene offers, it's no wonder that coffeehouses are using more than the scent of fresh ground beans to lure their customers. And, it's no wonder that I found myself last week once again in the midst of a fervent drum session. This time I pounded away at the table in front of me, feeling the music resonate in my chest, smiling at the counter woman as she picked up my empty cappuccino mug.

—Karen Sattler

## Mannish Evidence



## TRUE BLUE



After putting the needle on the record and hearing "that crazy intro," I knew this was not going to be another run-of-the-mill, same-ol'-thing hip-hop album. Jekyll and Jive, collectively known as Mannish Evidence, deliver a well-produced, lyrically solid album. The beats are provided for the most part by B-Zar and Devastatin, with contributions from Gird Mon, Click and DJ NU-MARK. Even with the various producers, nothing seems out of place — there is cohesion throughout the entire album. Lyrically, Jekyll and Jive's delivery meshes perfectly to achieve a unity between themselves and the beats. Topics of the songs range from their first sex in "Tasha's Room" to the spoils of hip-hop fame in "Speaker Time" to the ills of society in "War."

Overall, this is not an album that makes me want to hit the dance floor; it's the kind of album that invites the listener to sit back, roll one up and let his or her head nod. There's nothing about this album that is old or played out. Drum loops and eerie scientific samples, along with the vocals, give the whole album a surreal feel. It's different than what seems to be flooding the hip-hop market, but it's different in a good way. I give Mannish credit for a good effort and for doing their own thing on their first album. Groups like this need support from us hip-hop junkies to help keep the underground going.

—Todd One

Once Blue  
Once Blue  
EMI

Looking for some mellow sound music to chill out to? Well, Once Blue might be the answer. This New York-based band may, at first, seem like another product of the New York coffeehouse clique, but Once Blue's music rises above the usual sound. Signed by EMI after a show at CBGB, they combine folk music with a nice blend of blues. With nods toward gospel-singer Mahalia Jackson and the "call and respond" tradition of jazz, they create some nice music.

All the songs on the album are slow-paced and acoustic. The songwriting team of singer Rebecca Martin and guitarist Jesse Harris creates a lush sound with a stark stable of instruments and Martin's beautiful voice.

The subjects of the songs range from love to isolation. "Save Me" is a lazy, bluesy ballad about the intoxication of love. Rebecca sings, "Got you under my skin / How did you get in." She needs someone to save her from her own love. The theme of love continues on in "Amateur," a song about innocence, precociousness and someone new to love. Isolation crops up in "I Haven't Been Me." Trying to hide her troubles, Martin's been "painting a smile / I haven't come clean / I haven't been me." All this leads her to find that hiding your problems will only leave you more lonely.

Once Blue's pace changes in "When the Lilies Bloom," with a livelier beat and the chorus: "Turn into colors of bright yellow blossoms." This quicker tempo flows on in "Trumansburg" and "Wait," which has a quicker, fun rumba beat. Things get interesting in "Now That I've Disappeared," a trippy turn where Rebecca disappears into her dreams. Dreams glide through the album in "Geraldine" as well, a song about a girl with dreams of marriage and a better life. Once Blue ends with the thematic couplet of "I Hate to See You Go" and "Don't Eat Your Heart Out," which both brood on the difficulty of breakups.

Once Blue is definitely an interesting find and a good album. It's perfect for times of relaxation. Whenever I listen to it, all I need is a glass of tea, a dog, a rocking chair and a veranda.

—Michael Lin



Film

# DEAD MAN ROCKING

I never thought I'd enjoy a movie about capital punishment written and directed by one of Hollywood's most outspoken and annoying liberals, Tim Robbins. I still haven't forgiven him for the crap he said about human rights in China at the Oscars. I expected *Dead Man Walking* to be just as pretentious and annoying as his comments about China, but I was only partially right. The movie is definitely pretentious, but it is also rather enjoyable.

Sister Helen Prejean (Susan Sarandon) is a nun in New Orleans' inner city, busy doing kindly social acts like teaching and playing with children. She gets a letter from Matthew Poncet (Sean Penn), a killer on death row, asking for some help in getting his sentence altered. Sister Helen gets him a lawyer who tries multiple appeals and a pardon from the governor. Poncet is denied both and is scheduled to die by lethal injection.

During the last couple days of Poncet's life, Sister Helen makes numerous visits to his death cell. During these visits, we find out that Poncet is a racist low-life — but he is also a human being with some spiritual potentials. The film clouds us with various conflicting arguments, both for and against the death penalty. Sister Helen even visits the family of the victims, showing their pain and suffering. Scenes like these are intercut with scenes of Poncet weeping, making the film neutral in perspective and open



for interpretation.

By balancing the perspectives, Robbins has created a film that has a sense of importance. Do not be fooled by this — just because a movie tackles the pressing issue of the death penalty does not make the movie important. The issues presented in the film are hardly thought-provoking or interesting. If you want an insightful look at the death penalty, I recommend *Frontline* on PBS-TV or *Investigative Reports* on A&E, not *Dead Man Walking*.

Though the movie may not be the best examination of capital punishment, it is still solid entertainment. Susan Sarandon is wonderfully good as the holiest nun in the world, and Sean Penn is a joy to watch as the white-trash killer. The interaction between the two results in several powerful and sometimes amusing scenes. The movie should be decent entertainment for those people who have nothing to do on the weekend, like me. And if you bring some friends along, you might even get into one of those dandy little political discussions about the death penalty.

—Woojoe Lee



# Let the Riddim Hit Em



Of all the roots reggae to come out of Jamaica over the years, some of the best has come from the island's harmony trios. Like reggae veterans Culture and The Mighty Diamonds, the trio known as Israel Vibration has taken the art of reggae harmony to its most inspired and refined form. Consistently providing sweet harmonies, conscious, often-prophetic lyrics and deep roots rhythms, Israel Vibration has kept reggae-heads captivated for nearly two decades. And with the recent release of their latest album *On the Rocks* on RAS, the group has brought a whole new batch of soulful, uplifting, rastafari-inspired roots riddim tracks to add to their already huge selection of classics.

The band is comprised of Lancelle Bulgin, Albert Craig and Cecil Spence, more commonly known as Wiss, Apple and Skelly, respectively. The three, stricken during a Jamaican polio epidemic in the '50s, met at a rehabilitation center and decided to form a group. Later, coming under the influence of the Rasta organization The Twelve Tribes of Israel, they began dedicating their lives and their music

to their new spirituality, recording their first single, "Why Worry," in 1977. Overcoming the pitfalls of an often-shady Jamaican music industry, the challenges of their medical condition and the many barriers of Babylon, Israel Vibration eventually rose to international prominence.

Now armed with a new album and new hits like "Rudeboy Shuffling," Israel Vibration will perform at the Underground.

The trio will be supported by the Roots Radics Band, arguably the best band in reggae today. Tuff Gong recording artist Yvad and Santa Barbara favorites Jah Bone will open. This should be one of the best reggae shows to hit Santa Barbara in a long time (and there have been some



good ones).

The deep, pounding rhythms of the Roots Radics and the sweet harmonies of Israel Vibration as they sway to the groove on their crutches is the type of scene that will definitely make you dance and might even give you chills as you marvel at its beauty. This is roots reggae at its best.

Israel Vibration and guests will be performing next Thursday, Feb. 15 at 8 p.m. at the Underground. Tickets and information on the show are available by phone by calling 965-2231.

—Zack Twist



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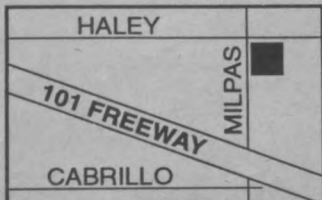


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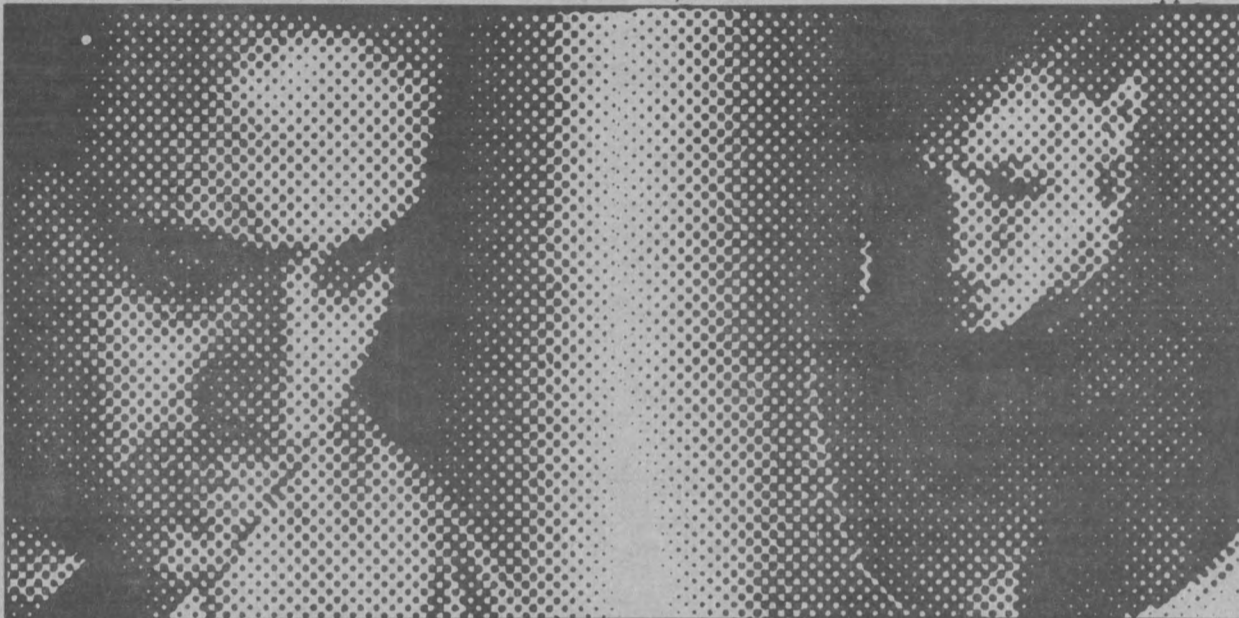
**Film**

# A GREAT LAS

What a movie! *Leaving Las Vegas* is a sobering film about alcoholism, a sometimes painful to watch but strangely beautiful tragedy of a compulsive personality as he spirals down on the fast track into oblivion. It's won many awards as the best film of last year and deservedly so. (It's been out a couple months but has only now reached Santa Barbara.) The imagery and acting will haunt you for a long time after you've seen it, making other films seem bland and mannered. French-financed and produced with an English director, Mike Figgis, it's based on a novel by a young American writer, John O'Brien, who later killed himself. And indeed, the film does often seem like a long suicide note.

Perpetually drunk Ben (Nicolas Cage) is a serious alcoholic — he feels like a drink even when he's drinking. In the picture's first few minutes, we see him getting fired from his job as a writer at a film company in Los Angeles and then making a fool of himself at a bank and a restaur-

ant. He considers himself past all hope and pushes aside any offer of help. The myriad of life's possibilities are for him distilled to the inside of a glass bottle. Rationalizing his irrationality, he calmly decides to go to Las Vegas and drink himself to death.



On his first night there, he goes up to an attractive woman and says, "I bet if I gave you 300 dollars I could sleep with you." Luckily she turns out to be a prostitute named Sera (superbly played by Elizabeth Shue). Not only do they spend the night together, but their relationship develops into more than strictly business. In her own way she's as mixed up as he is, and the film comes to tell her sad story, too. After an extended bout of headboard-banging, she comes home in the morning to gently nurse her wayward invalid and soulmate. Enjoying them-

those who use the movie theater as Ben uses the bottle — as a tranquilizer to help them achieve their own soft suicide. It's disturbing without being disturbed itself and pricks at the numbness of our senses.

In its straightforward way, without manipulating our senses, *Leaving Las Vegas* is much more moving than sentimentality could ever be. I found the interplay between Ben and Sera enormously touching in a way I usually don't find such things. Perhaps this also has to do with the acting: Cage is his usual excellent self and Elizabeth Shue is a revelation. Made for \$3.5 million (which is 'round about what *Waterworld* spent on paper towels) you'll be hard-pressed to find a more heartfelt or poetic picture.

—Martin Knight

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**Rules:**

1. NO PHOTOCOPIED BALLOTS.
2. Ballots must be dropped off at the **Daily Nexus** Ad Office, underneath Storke Tower, by **Wednesday, February 21, at 5pm.**
3. The "Best Of" issue will be published on Friday, March 1.
4. ONE Ballot per person.

5. Ballots must be filled out with reasonable completeness. Ballots with less than half of the blanks filled will be recycled with alacrity.
6. NOTE: The Nexus' "Best of UCSB" is intended to be a good-natured contest among business groups and others in the community. In other words, this is not a cutthroat competition whose results are somehow of deep and lasting significance. Please do not take it as such.
7. Decisions of Ballot referees are final.

1. Best Professor \_\_\_\_\_
2. Best Way to Get Tar off Feet \_\_\_\_\_
3. Best Radio Station \_\_\_\_\_
4. Best Secondhand Store \_\_\_\_\_
5. Best Way to Dump Girl/Boyfriend \_\_\_\_\_
6. Best Video Shop \_\_\_\_\_
7. Best Happy Hour \_\_\_\_\_
8. Best Place to People Watch \_\_\_\_\_
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11. Best Coffeehouse \_\_\_\_\_
12. Best Dive Bar \_\_\_\_\_
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43. Best Place to Watch the Sunset \_\_\_\_\_
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