

*think I wanna drive your Benz, I don't; if I wanna floss I got my ...*

# artswEEK

# pic out!!

artswEEK takes a look at **hannibal**, p.5A

straight to video classics theater | a doll's house music | reviews film | human resources calendar



film | review



## TO HAVE AND TO HAVE NOT

### HUMAN RESOURCES EXPLORES FRENCH CLASS TENSION

bonjour\_patrick wright

"Human Resources," Laurent Cantet's first theatrical feature, is a present-day look at class struggle in a provincial French town. The realistic dialogue is enhanced by the use of nonprofessional actors, many of them factory workers cast to fit their fictional counterparts.

Fresh out of college, Franck (Jalil Lespert) returns to his family and boyhood home. His train ride into town through the gray skies and bare trees of Northern France provide the backdrop for a young man whose own emotions become as muddled as the landscape. Franck finds himself caught between three loyalties: his new job as a factory management trainee; the workers, many of whom are grade school friends; and his family.

The father/son relationship becomes Franck's most difficult internal struggle. His father, an assembly line worker for thirty years, has sacrificed so that his son might ascend to a higher class. Franck is in a Catch-22;

his family has put him through business school to become an executive, but his executive position clashes with the working-class lifestyle of his family. Furthermore, his close associations with the executives pits him against his childhood friends, the union workers who view him now as just another greedy suit. Franck becomes isolated from the people who at first greet him with open arms.

“HE SOON FINDS THE POLITICKING AND DECEPTION PLIED BY HIS FELLOW EXECUTIVES”

Franck's initial reasons for signing on with the factory are based on the best of intentions. His nostalgic memories as a child in a working-class family are tied to the factory-hosted picnics and weekends. He hopes to become a force of positive change for the workers from within the executive echelons. His first assignment is to review worker responses to a proposed 35-hour workweek. But when Franck's superiors use his research to justify more layoffs, he soon finds the politicking and deception plied by his fellow executives not to his moral taste.

Disgusted with the actions of his superiors, Franck hopes to make amends by helping the union secure the positions of the workers singled out for the pink slip. Franck's critical flaw is his arrogant idealism in the face of real problems. His attitude is in direct conflict with the pragmatism and honesty of his father's assembly line job, leading to a confrontation with his father on the factory floor.

Though the themes of the film seem familiar, the carefully structured plot will never come across as old hat. The story starts off a bit slow, with a hero's welcome for Franck, the golden boy home from college, and his courtship of the management. But this only adds to the juxtaposition of Franck's allegiance to his burgeoning career, his family and his inability to solve a problem with no good solution. From the point of view of a college student, Franck is an interesting and pitiable character, whose situation is understandably tragic. This is an emotional film with a great deal to say about the relationships we embrace and those that seek us out when we exit the classroom and enter the boardroom.

"Human Resources" screens Sunday, Feb. 18, at 7 p.m. in Campbell Hall. \$5 students; \$6 general.

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theater | review



## BEHIND THE MASK

### A DOLL'S HOUSE REVEALS THE SOCIAL THEATER OF FEMININITY

it's, like, acting lindsay farmer

With Valentine's Day expressing love between lovers and the memorable V-Day celebrating women's rights and an end to sexual violence, it seems natural to continue the search into what makes a relationship. Ensemble Theatre Company proceeds with this search in its latest production of Henrik Ibsen's "A Doll's House."

"A Doll's House" demands that the audience take a serious look at the role of women in society. As the name suggests, many are viewed like dolls to be played with and manipulated. Ibsen's play was written in 1879 and is considered one of the forerunning pieces of the feminist movement in literature and art.

The play follows a "normal" late-19th-century couple, Nora (Karen Stapleton) and Torvald (Doug Tompos), at Christmas during their eighth year of marriage. On the surface, the couple are as happy as can be, calling each other pet names such as "lark" and "squirrel," fretting about the cute trials of life. But over the course of the next few days, Nora reveals her secret money loan, and we discover that she forged her father's signature on the loan papers. Although she has kept up payments to Krogstad (Jonathan Voyce), through a series of events Krogstad threatens to reveal the forgery to Torvald unless

Krogstad can keep his position at the bank that Torvald is now managing. When Torvald learns of the forgery, he explodes, threatening Nora with an end to happiness, a removal of the children for fear she is poisoning them and a number of other insults. But when the danger is cleared a moment later, he recants his earlier statements and declares his love for his "songbird" wife. It is then that Nora's eyes are opened, and she sees the façade of a marriage she is living in.

"A Doll's House" was masterfully performed, with the dreadful paradox that I hated and feared some of the characters so much that I knew it was an amazing performance. The chemistry between Nora and Torvald was so believable that it was as though you were

intruding on an actual couple experiencing problems and not two actors pretending. The play was full of emotional drama pushed to the brink, but not overdone. While the written words of the play are extremely powerful, only by seeing it in person with real people does the full effect occur. This play is meant to be seen, not read, and this company does an outstanding portrayal.

**NORA REVEALS HER SECRET MONEY  
LOAN, AND WE DISCOVER  
THAT SHE FORGED HER  
FATHER'S SIGNATURE  
ON THE LOAN  
PAPERS**

"A Doll's House" runs through March 11, Tuesday-Saturday at 8:00 p.m. and Sunday at 2:00 p.m. and 7:00 p.m. at the Albecama Theatre, 914

Santa Barbara St. \$20-\$30 general; discounts available to students, seniors and groups of 10 or more. For tickets and information, call 962-8606.

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Tuesday, Feb. 20



\$5 General \$3 Student

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## Big Wednesday

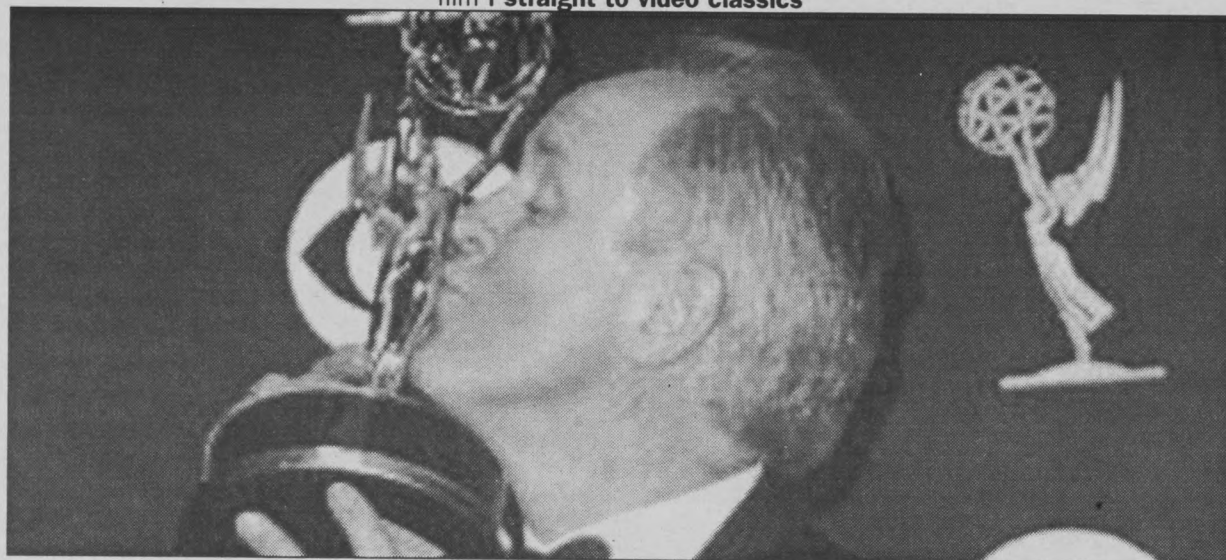
Wednesday, Feb. 21

Jeremy Kay

300-5:00 ucen hub  
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film | straight to video classics



## LOOK OUT ABEL

### JOHN LITHGOW ACTS THE FOOL IN **RAISING CAIN**

star struck\_trey clark

"'Raising Cain' doesn't belong in 'Straight to Video Classics.' 'Raising Cain' was in theaters; it's not staying true to VHS!" These are some of the responses I got when people heard I was going to feature "Raising Cain" in this section.

I have only one thing to say those people: Don't hate. "Straight to Video" is more a movement than an actual rule. And "Raising Cain" embodies everything that a "Straight to Video Classic" should. Silly plot? Yes. Quirky acting? Yes. Poor directorial vision? Yes. Classic movie? Yes. Wait, let me think about it ... YES!

"Raising Cain" is directed by Brian De Palma, by far the most famous director to grace this column. But don't ever confuse the fact that the strong point of any "Classic" is its lead actor, and "Raising Cain's" man is none other than John Lithgow. That's right, THE John Lithgow.

Lithgow plays Carter Nix, a child psychologist, wonderful father and loving husband. His dad (also played by Lithgow) has been in town, and Carter is stressed out. He needs kids to volunteer for his father's evil child experiments, and he is ready to do what it takes to get them. The only problem is that Carter is a wimp. That's where Carter's "cool" twin brother comes in — Cain Nix (played by Lithgow, once again).

This guy is much more street smart than Carter, as evidenced by his sunglasses. Cain backs up his shades too. Carter's female friend doesn't want to send her kid to be a guinea pig?

**“CAIN STARTS GROPING HIS CLUELESS SISTER-IN-LAW'S CHEST BEFORE HE GETS INTERRUPTED”**

Cain throws her ass in the trunk and takes the baby. After that little job he rolls to Carter's pad, where Carter's wife Jenny is watching TV in a sweater and panties. Cain starts groping his clueless sister-in-law's chest before he gets interrupted and has to leave. That's what Cain is all about.

Everything is going smoothly until Carter sees Jenny getting poked in the woods by her ex-fling Jack. Carter doesn't know what to do, so Cain offers to handle the situation. Cain hangs out and watches a little, then decides to kill a local babysitter and steal the kid she's watching. But he hasn't forgotten about that slut Jenny. He waits for her to get home, pretends to be Carter again, and suf-

focates her with a pillow. The only thing left to do is to take Carter's daughter to their father. Eventually the cops catch up with Cain and Carter, but that's no big deal. The Nixes have a little saying:

"Hickory dickory dock, Cain has picked his lock!" No jail cell can hold Cain. What's left is a wacky, over-dramatic climax that you need to see for yourself.

"Raising Cain" is really just a Lithgow highlight reel. The man stretches the boundaries of thespianism. He plays all these different characters flawlessly: Carter always looks nervous because he is the "wimpy" brother; Cain always looks cool because he "wears sunglasses." The bottom line is that Lithgow has the art of acting totally figured out.

So to all you purists out there: Stop frontin'. "Raising Cain" is no sell-out. It is a "Straight to Video" film that just happened to get play in the theaters. Someday, when the rest of the world catches up with us, theaters will *only* play "Straight to Video Classics." So let's recognize "Raising Cain" for what it is: a daring innovation.

*Got something to say about "Raising Cain"? Let us know what you think by posting comments on this and other articles on our website, [www.ucsbdailynews.com](http://www.ucsbdailynews.com).*

## recipe for a mixtape

### THIS WEEK'S THEME: Cruisin'

So you got yourself a new ride. It's cherry red, got sixteen switches and sound for the bitches. All you need now is a proper playlist to take you from gangsta anthems to pimp shit and back again. Roll a joint, find a honey and roll the windows down, unless, of course, you're actually smoking it (or you *just don't give a fuck*). Pop this in the player and be prepared to look cool and act hard. Word is born, son!

1. **Dr. Dre, "Let Me Ride"** | The ultimate in cruisin' anthems. What you don't know about cruisin' you can learn from the video — and if you don't have a fly whip, don't bother blasting it.
2. **Masta Ace, "Born To Roll (remix)"** | With lyrics like this, who wouldn't drive down the street real slow? *"I wonder if I blasted a little Elvis Presley/ would they pull me over and attempt to arrest me?/ I really doubt doubt it/ They'd probably start dancin'/ jumpin' on my tip and pissing in their pants and/ wiggling and jig-gling and grabbing on their pelvis/ but you know my name, so you'll never hear no Elvis."*
3. **Ice Cube, "You Know How We Do It"** | A choice cut for rolling smooth and flossin' your shit in a leather jacket.
4. **Paperboy, "Ditty"** | Sure, so the song might bring back memories from a junior high dance. For the goofy ride in all of us.
5. **Mista Grimm, Warren G, Nate Dogg, "Indo Smoke"** | Roll the windows up, hotbox your shit, and tell that bitch to sit on your lap while she hits that blunt.
6. **Luniz, "I Got 5 On It"** | The drug dealer's anthem!
7. **Volume 10, "Pistol Grip Pump"** | *"Pistol grip pump on my lap at all times/ Fools by jackin other fools/ but don't be jackin mine"*
8. **MC Breed, "Ain't No Future In Yo Frontin'"** | MC Breed's track contains perhaps the finest cruisin' beat ever.
9. **Mac Mall, "Pimp Shit"** | Slow, crazy and dir-tay.
10. **Warren G, "Regulate"** | The song that served as inspiration for this entire installation of "Recipe for a Mixtape." With Nate Dogg singing the hook and Warren G serving up his raps proper-like, you'll blow out the bass in no time.

[Trey Clark and Jenne Raub]

*What do you think of this "Recipe for a Mixtape?" What song did we forget to mention? Do you agree or disagree? Be sure to post your comments on this and other Artsweek articles by going to [www.ucsbdailynews.com](http://www.ucsbdailynews.com)*

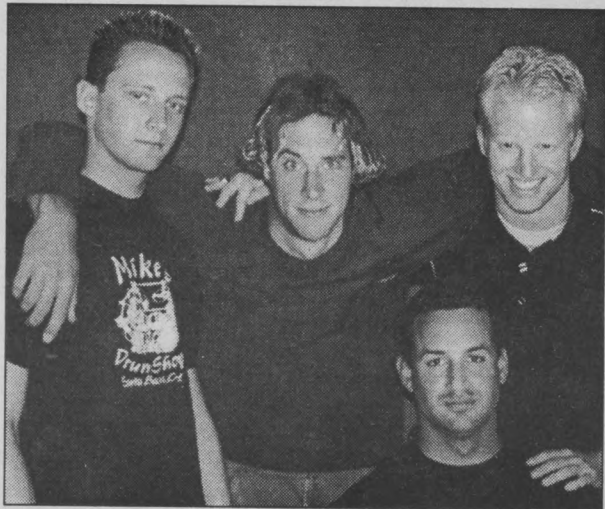
### KCSBtop10 | hip hop singles

As of February 14, 2001

1. Aceyalone | "Accepted Eclectic" | Nu Gruv
2. Atmosphere | "Free or Dead" | Rhyme Sayers
3. Awol One | "Motormouth" | Mean Street
4. Sonic Sum | "Humbro St." | Ozone
5. Mr. Dead | "Dawn of Dead" | Wordsound
6. Scienz of Life | "U.S.A." | Intagalactic
7. Push Button Objects feat. Del, Mr. Lif & DJ Craze | "360°" | Chocolate Industries
8. ATMOS | "4 by 4" | 4M
9. Company Flow | "D.P.A." | Def Jux
10. Saul Williams | "Penny for a Thought" | Ozone

[As reported by Matt Kawamura]

### thingstodo >> calendar

today | **thursday**

We're sure you're sick of strolling Del Playa searching out the noisiest in punk rock flavor. Think about changing environments and not your musical tastes. With some help from your pals at the Edge, you can easily get downtown to hear some true Isla Vista rap-punk anthems. Tonight, check out House Cup, a band that's amassed a growing following around our dear college village and is on the verge of releasing a new CD! 423 State St. 10 p.m. No cover.

tomorrow | **friday**

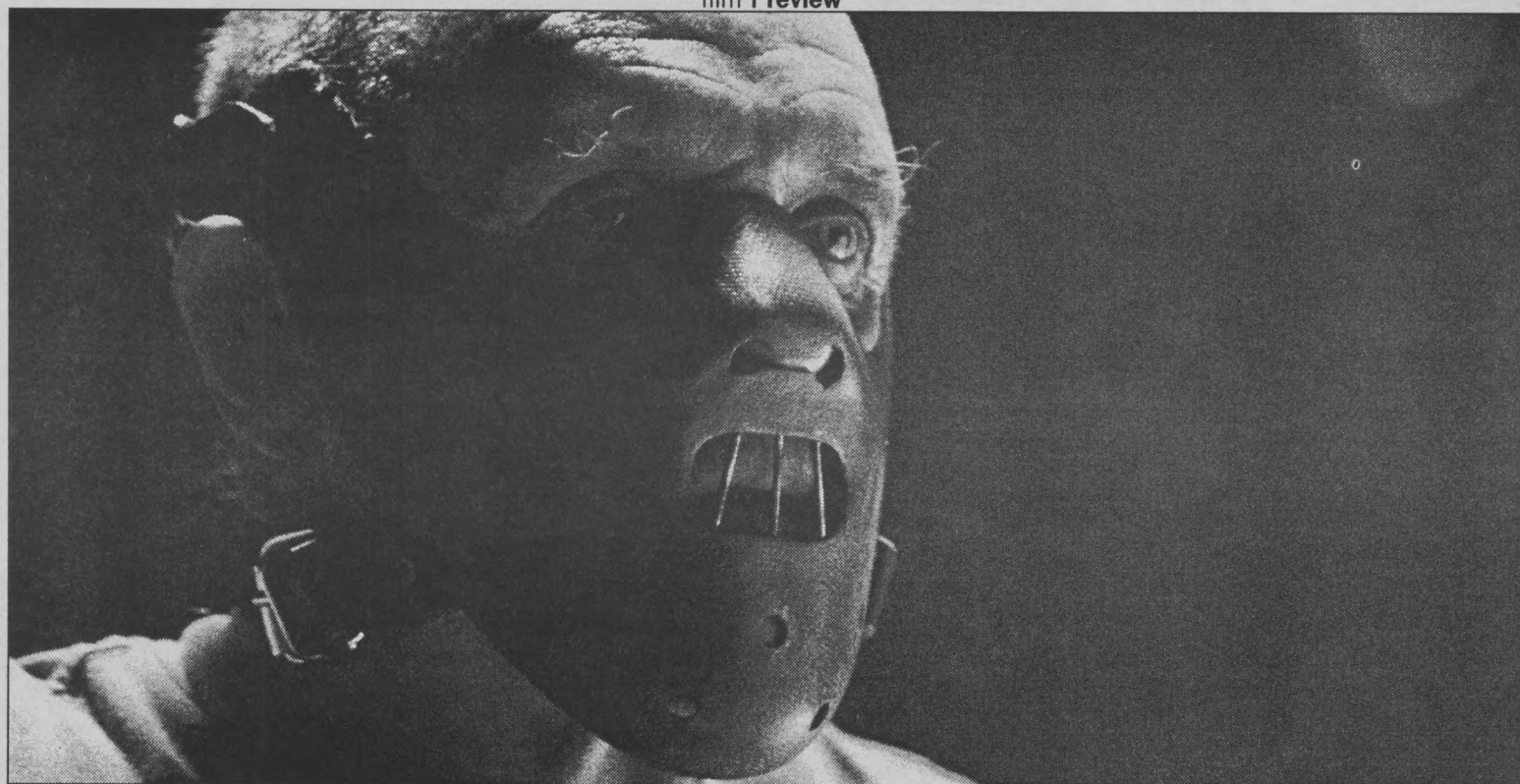
Chances are, drama has been missing from your life lately, unless you count reruns as either eventful or a legitimate facet of culture. It's time to get out of the house, so make a date to catch UCSB professor Catherine Cole's latest play, "Out on a Limb." It tells the story of one woman's confrontation with her own mortality and battle to survive. Center Stage Theater, Paseo Nuevo, 8 p.m. For more information, including other performance dates, call 963-0408.

weekend | **saturday**

According to press material, Jennifer Warnes has one of the purest, sweetest voices in popular music, and combines strength and fragility both in her singing and songwriting. We're also told she wrote that bodacious '80s love ballad, "(I've Had) The Time of My Life," so put on some leg warmers and get to the Lobero Theatre to see another performer in the "Sings Like Hell" series. 33 E. Canon Perdido. For information, call 963-0761.



film | review



# MAN-WICH MAN

## HANNIBAL FILLS ITS PLATE WITH CARCASSES + CANNIBALISM

not hungry\_andy sywak

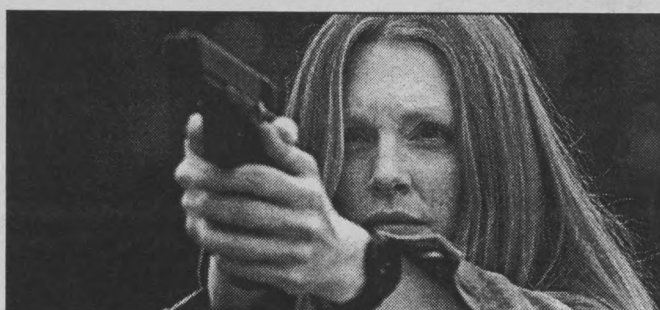
Welcome to 2001, where the threshold for what is grotesque and shocking seems to get anteed up just about every month.

Ripley Scott, riding high on the success of "Gladiator," turns out the belated sequel to 1991's "Silence of the Lambs" that is every bit as beautifully shot as its predecessor, but unfortunately compensates in gore for what it lacks in suspense. Containing some scenes that churn one's stomach more than a helicopter bungee jump, "Hannibal" is more memorable as an exercise in "as nasty as they wanna be" filmmaking than as the enduring psychological thriller it aims to be.

With a first-rate cast, seasoned screenwriters and a celebrated director, it is surprising that "Hannibal" falls short. Julianne Moore takes Jodie Foster's place as FBI agent Clarice Starling, the woman who Hannibal "the Cannibal" Lecter (Anthony Hopkins) developed an infatuation for while incarcerated in "Silence of the Lambs." Starling comes into the news after a drug raid in D.C. goes bad, garnering the attention of the ghoulishly disfigured Mason Verger (Gary Oldman), Lecter's only surviving victim, who aims to use Starling as bait to exact revenge on the mad doctor.

The momentum toward finding Lecter builds up to his dramatic appearance thirty minutes into the film. Now a Renaissance scholar in Florence (the scenes shot here are peerlessly beautiful), he seems happily ensconced in the academic's life until his true identity is discovered by local policeman Pazzi

(Giancarlo Giannini). Determined to win Verger's handsome reward, Pazzi aims to capture the mad doctor before the FBI get their hands on him. Soon, Lecter comes back to America where the real game of cat and mouse ensues to conclusions where the word "gruesome"



LECTER IS MORE CUNNING THAN  
CRUEL, MORE  
DEBONAIR  
THAN  
DEBILITATING

becomes an understatement.

With a crazy sociopath — whose motives often seem obtuse and unclear — followed by an icy, determined redheaded FBI agent, "Hannibal" at times seems like an

extra-long episode of "The X-Files." In "Silence ...," the threats of Lecter and the serial killer seemed real and pervasive; everybody appeared vulnerable. In "Hannibal," Lecter is more cunning than cruel, more debonair than debilitating. Screenwriters David Mamet and Stephen Zaillian have taken all the unpredictable menace out of Lecter, transforming him into just a very intelligent sociopath with a seeming lack of purpose.

Though Hopkins and Moore are the finest of actors, there is an element of self-assurance and over-refinement in their performances that makes "Hannibal" too glossy to really be that thrilling. The Lecter we see in "Hannibal" is so bourgeois and gentle — a far cry from the disturbing and truly frightening doctor in "Silence." This time around, the sense of connection between Lecter and Starling seems forced and ungentle, with 10 years and a lack of chemistry between Hopkins and Moore perhaps accounting for this noticeable gap.

"As the culture gets used to being shocked," columnist James Pinkerton writes, "the would-be shockers have to try harder." Like a self-respecting woman leaving the groupie scene, let's hope that directors can walk away from the gross-out fest and make something more meaningful.

*What did you think of "Hannibal"? Post your comment on this and other stories at [www.ucsbdailynews.com](http://www.ucsbdailynews.com)*

### things to do >> calendar

weekend | **sunday**

Since school is not a worry on Monday, you need to make a trip to L.A. and check out the Ground Control All-Stars Tour. Headlining the tour is Aceyalone, who is set to drop his third solo album (*Accepted Eclectic*) in March. Aceyalone changed the face of West Coast hip hop with his work in Freestyle Fellowship and the Project Blowed Workshop. Go and respect the architect. El Rey Theater, 5515 Wilshire Blvd.

next week | **tuesday**

Insolence formed in 1995, hails from San Jose, and has supposedly created a distinctive niche in the rap-metal world by decimating the barriers between hard rock, dub reggae and hip hop. They've even shared the stage with the likes of Soulfly, Kid Rock and Static X. If this sounds up your alley, hop in your car and head to the Ventura Theater, 26 S. Chestnut St., located conveniently in Ventura. For information, call 648-1888

next week | **wednesday**

Surely you've heard of John Digweed before, a gentleman famous for his dance-inducing trance sets spun world-wide at clubs and raves. He's just released another album in the Global Underground series, inspired by a set he spun back in October at the Mayan Theater in Los Angeles (read the review, p. 7A), and, in promotional celebration, will be spinning there again for a record release party. Be prepared for some big, thick beats. 1038 South Hill, L.A.



# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*



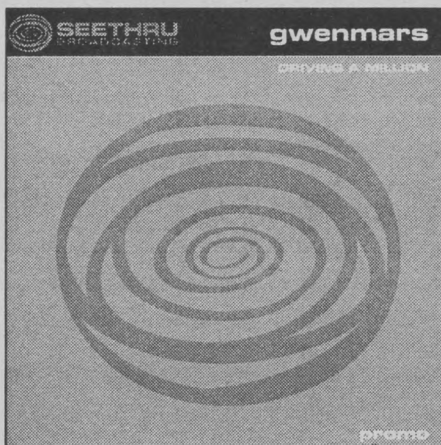
Bad Astronaut | *Acrophobe* | Honest Don's

Perhaps a more honest and mature attempt at rock by former Lagwagon frontman Joey Cape, Bad Astronaut is a step up from the repetitious So-Cal punk approach to a universal and eclectic indie rock sound. It's progression, but it seems as though the roots haven't been broken.

To say the record is eclectic is perhaps an understatement. Hedy West's "500 Miles" is presented in a punked-up format, with Cape's vocals not venturing far from the typical nasally vocals. "Needle in the Hay" is a cleaned up Mudhoney romp, and "Only Good for a Fuck" is just another generic track of bar chords. But not all is lost, as the band throws in organic keyboard fills and wonderfully catchy melodies and choruses. Except for a few instances, the keyboard fills are simply fills and really serve no purpose other than to finish the song with a bang. At times *Acrophobe* is emo rock at its finest, and drummer Derrick Plourde adds a lot to the songs by playing more stalled and cymbal-drowned beats.

With an obvious reference to The Replacements and homage to Elliot

Smith, Bad Astronaut understands the true angst and repression of rock. But the music is too happy and nonconfrontational. For So-Cal punk fans, this is a new but easy pill to swallow. For the rest of the rock fans, it's redundant and a well-blazed path that's been traveled many times before. [Collin Mitchell]



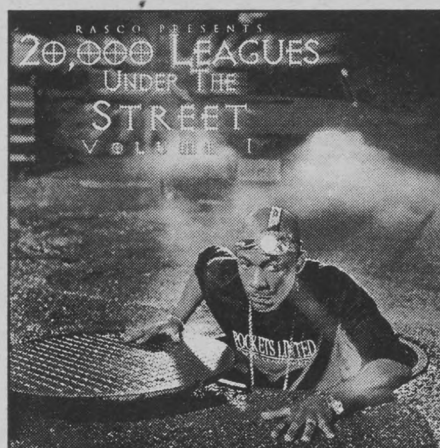
Gwenmars | *Driving a Million* | SeeThru Broadcasting

A one-hit wonder waiting to happen. Sadly, for people who like power pop, Gwenmars is power poop that is going to get play on "alternative" radio. It fits the mold. The lyrics are written at an eighth-grade level, mostly songs about some girl named "She" who does, well, stuff. And then there are some songs about the future or something — it's hard to tell.

The group tries very hard to sound edgy and aloof, but stealing Orgy's guitar/keyboard riffs and Oasis' vocals just doesn't work. Note to Gwenmars: Fake Brit accents by California bands were cool in the '90s, but now it's just gross. When Gwenmars pays to play the Whiskey or Coconut Teaser, even the leathered drunks and coked-up skirted blondes

whisper the word "generic." *Driving a Million* would be comical if it wasn't just a rip-off of Spacehog's boring hit record back there in those glossy '90s.

Smart money says these guys got into the biz for the money and chicks — they're from L.A. after all. Don't they know that rap-jock-rock is where it's at? These puppy dogs are a waste of time. Like the Dead Kennedys said, "It's like a bad laxative / It just don't move me, you know." [Joseph Martinez]



Various Artists | *Rasco Presents 20,000 Leagues Under the Street Vol. 1* | Pockets Linted

I really want to like Rasco. The guy works hard, says what he thinks and does what it takes to make it. He came out with a bang, dropping "The Unassisted" 12" on Stones Throw and making the worldwide hip hop underground notice. After that came "Run the Line," another sure-shot single. I was all set to be a loyal follower until he dropped his album, *Time Waits for No Man*. It was okay. His follow-up EP, *The Birth*, was boring. So I guess I don't really like Rasco.

My opinion must not be that of the vast majority because Rasco seems to have

saved up enough dough to start his own label, Pockets Linted, and kick things off with a compilation album. Planet Asia starts things off nicely, effortlessly flowing his menacing articulation over a nice DJ Khalil (of Self Scientific) beat. Zion I follows with a solid effort, but this is where the tide turns against Rasco's compilation. Sub-par tracks abound until the Cali Agents bring "On the Hustle," and we're already on the third-to-last song. The Grouch and 427 finish strong, giving *20,000 Leagues* a Tootsie Pop-like quality: hard on the outsides, soft in the middle. [Trey Clark]



Red House Painters | *Old Ramon* | Sub Pop

Unlike any other singer in the history of music, Red House Painters' singer Mark Kozelek has managed to write six full albums about nothing more than ex-girlfriends — and remain interesting. It's unbelievable just how fresh all the songs off *Old Ramon* are, and it makes you wonder how many times this guy gets the proverbial boot. Kozelek's deep, breathy voice makes songs like "Void" feel inspired and full of real emotion.

I close my eyes and for a moment I can

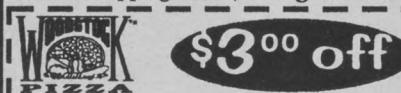
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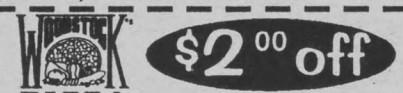


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# MOST



photo by Kathryn Feschleman

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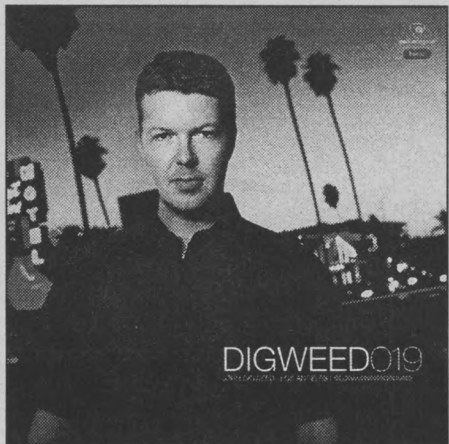
★Based on survey data collected by Student Health in 1999 from UCSB students in a randomly selected mailing.

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# SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE\*

actually see his girlfriend sneaking down the fire escape after her last, final and poorly executed Mark Kozelek fornication. All the while Kozelek is enjoying his post-copulation piss session, unaware that he is five minutes away from another broken heart and three months away from another good album. To make an omelet, you gotta break a couple eggs — and I'd rather he put out a couple more albums before he learns how to fill that void. [Mohann G. Mann]

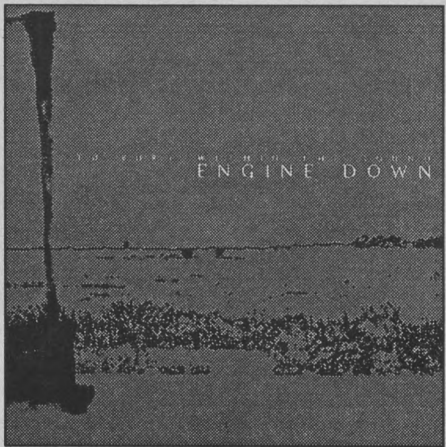


John Digweed | *Global Underground: Los Angeles*  
| *Global Underground*

I was fortunate enough to attend the seven-hour set John Digweed spun in Los Angeles back in October that served as both inspiration for this new album as well as a hotbed for urban-marketing opportunities. Upon entering the Mayan Theater, I was pleasantly surprised to hear Digweed spinning a set that was thankfully devoid of the characteristics that normally come to mind when one thinks of trance. I, for one, am not a big fan of epic trance in all its ethereal, spiritual pretentiousness, and, from the examples of Digweed's albums, he's not either.

Digweed's style seems firmly committed to big, fun progressive club music, and the latest installation in the *Global Underground* series reflects that commitment while allowing his particular deejay style to continue innovating in the area.

The two discs in this release are nothing but raw, deep trance — simplistic at times, ethereal at others, consistently pure and good. Due to the nature of this sort of music, it's difficult to get too critical without sounding redundant or pompous, so let's leave it at this: Whether you're a huge fan of trance or not, this album will keep your head nodding and the party going. It's good. [Jenne Raub]



Engine Down | *To Bury Within the Sound* | Lovitt

As of last week, I have four screws and two wires in my right cheek, and perhaps this explains my mild disappointment with this album. I have the metal in me, but this album does not have *The Metal* in it.

I suppose I should start talking about how Engine Down's sound has "matured," how they're more sophisticated or intelligent or sweetly fragrant. I liked their last album; it combined strong musicianship

with gut-wrenchingly dissonant crunching and screaming. Still, it lost steam toward the end, and, unfortunately, *To Bury Within the Sound* picks up right where it left off.

Delicate two-guitar interplay is all the rage here, as are the driving drumbeats and low, dark bass-lines. The beauty and the beastliness are supposed to work off of each other, and they do to a degree.

But I won't talk about maturing because the buildup never pays off. There is hardly ever a dissolution of the tense, thick quiet into that chewy, distorted roar which makes post-hardcore such fun. Instead, angular dark passages segue into other angular dark passages ad infinitum — and there is a piano ballad for crissakes! To describe this album as more mature than the older Engine Down releases is to imply that sheer chordal power is somehow infantile, whereas, in my humble opinion, it's essential.

It took me twenty-one years to get *The Metal* in me. Let's hope Engine Down can get it back in less time than that. [DJ Fatkid can stick fridge magnets to his face]

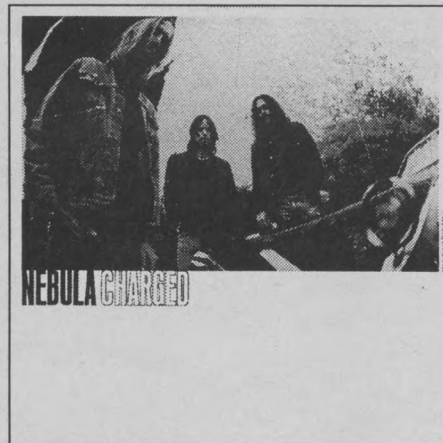
Nebula | *Charged* | Sub Pop

Perhaps this is a throwback to the heyday of the Seattle sound or the result of three guys who just like playing the devil's music. Unfortunately, *Charged* doesn't quite live up to its name, and Nebula's live sound and presence is missed on this album. But the idea is still there, as well as the intention of making music your mom would make you turn down.

Fuzzed out guitars and a deep, omnipresent bass constitute the band's sound. With Black Sabbath riffs, Nebula simply continues the ever-needed, but

slowly diminishing cry for traditional rock. But despite its homage to the actual phenomenon of hard rock, they're only creating a sound that was revolutionized twenty years ago and refined in the last 10. It is what we now know as "grunge."

What saves Nebula from the doldrums is its incredibly timed solos that are beau-



tifully pretentious and wonderfully unnecessary. Still, its sense of fury is lost on the recording. The full-bodied power of Nebula's live show cannot be presented through a stereo. Even closing your eyes real tight and pretending you're at a show still does it no justice.

*Charged* is simple; like the concept, the band and the music. One might ask what the purpose of the record is, and it might just be that every now and then, the music world will get another version of a bass, a drum kit and a lot of distortion. [Collin Mitchell]

Have you heard these albums? What's your opinion? Find links to relevant websites, post your comments or email these articles to friends by visiting [www.ucsbdailynews.com](http://www.ucsbdailynews.com)!

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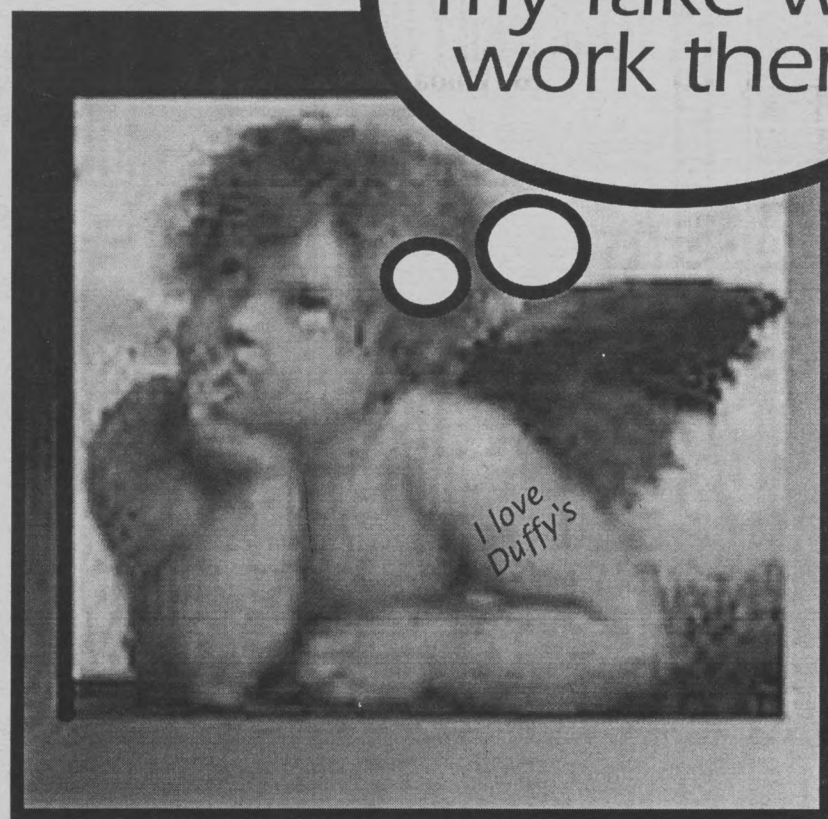
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