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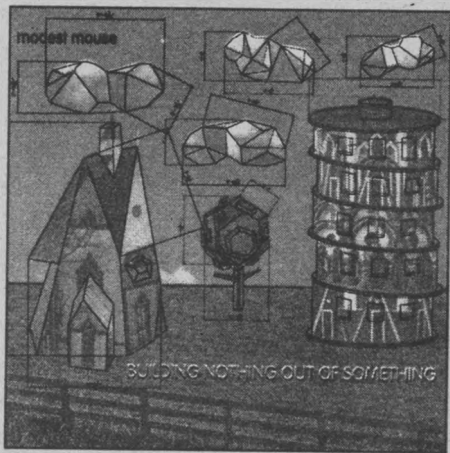
+WE GO TO THE SLAM DANCE FILM FESTIVAL!
+ANOTHER HIP HOP COLUMN!

+MUSIC REVIEWS +FILM REVIEWS

this is a foto of dose walking his cat and it was taken by dave oddnosdam. reprinted with permission.

* music reviews

SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*

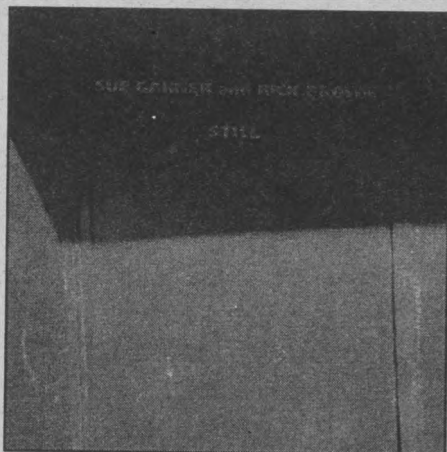


Modest Mouse | Building Nothing Out of Something | Up

Genius is often misunderstood. The day I first heard Modest Mouse, I thought, "What is this?" Lucky for me, I soon got over my initial confusion (and stupidity) and grew to love the intoxicatingly whiny vocals of Isaac Brock and the twangy guitar chords that simultaneously pluck my heartstrings. Modest Mouse has inhabited a little corner of my psyche, ready to accompany me through those days when all I want to do is curl up with a blanket with a cup of hot chocolate and my trusty sidekick, Disco, the cat. And here they are again with *Building Nothing Out of Something*, a re-release of singles from past albums, sure to draw nostalgia in the best of us.

Though raging rumors of the scandalous demise of Modest Mouse sadden me, I will happily revel in what is quite possibly their last hurrah. It is a damn shame that these boys weren't able to control their little urges (or so the story goes), for there were surely great possibilities in their near future. While the touching lyrics and dueling vocals of Brock and

Nicole Johnson in "Interstate" and "Sleepwalkin'" (from the EP *Interstate 8*) can always draw me into dreamy reverie, it is the layering of addictively delicious vocals, funky tempo and guitar mastery in "All Nite Diner" (also from *Interstate 8*) that hook me. And I can't forget to mention my love for "Grey Ice Water," which somehow strikes an emotional chord in me every time its melodies fill a room. Ah, what a pity that Modest Mouse is leaving us. [Doll "B.H." Face modestly whores for mice]



Sue Garner and Rick Brown | Still | Thrill Jockey

Garner and Brown are a charming husband-and-wife indie-rock team, responsible in the past for bands like Run On and Fish & Roses. This album is a continuation of pretty much everything they've been doing until now, including the most recent curiosities and fascinations, including loops and other electronic textures, traditional songwriting and electric and acoustic instruments. There's a lot of sound here, and it's pretty well organized. The songs stretch out in interesting ways, quietly experimenting with

form, always palatable. It's always nice to see such a mix of real songwriting and adventurous arrangements. On the special-guest end of things, people like Doug McCombs, Doug Weisman and Tara Key help out along the way.

Still sounds pretty darn good for a first foray into home recording. It only occasionally delves into a sort of "just mucking around with our new electronic toys" type of thing. Of course, I get bored easily, especially when electronic music is concerned (will that render me unfit for the 21st century?). Anyway, this is mostly really good. [Josh "B.H." Miller is whoring his best to stay hip on the new wave]



First Love | First Love | JWP

"Thank you, drive through."

If Jack in the Box's Meaty Cheesy Boys thought they had established themselves as the world's premiere boy band, well, their 15 seconds at fame's drive-thru window has passed.

First Love penetrates the boy-band market with its self-titled debut album, which is spewing with lyrical genius and original background tracks that establish a new pinnacle of success for boy bands.

With titles like "Freaky," "Just Can't Get Enough" and "Yippiee Yi Yo," First Love is destined for all the temporary greatness and "Total Request Live" exposure that the boy-band industry has to offer.

First Love uses computer-enhanced voices to intensify their diverse vocal styles, including their pretty singing voices, their tender sensitive voices and their intimidating, almost scolding voices.

Unlike the Meaty Cheesy Boys, First Love recognizes what a "target" is. They appeal to the teenage girl who is searching for direction in life, and they are there to offer that direction with strikingly profound songs such as "Perfect Boyfriend," "Tenderness" and "More Better Days."

All good boy bands consist of four guys with very different looks, and First Love's look is very unique. They have the Nice guy (your lab partner in Chemistry class), the Euro-pop guy (could clean his clothes with a squeegee), the Bad guy (once got an M.I.P.) and the other guy (no one can remember his name until he commits some sort of crime).

The Meaty Cheesy Boys have now been served. Look out, little girls, because First Love is scrounging for change and approaching the drive-thru window rapidly. [Jerry "B.H." Beers whores for 'N Sync and other boy bands!]

Buck 65 | Vertex | 4 Ways 2 Rock

It may not be as cool as that time you accidentally opened up the ancient Caribbean cookbook only to be immediately transported to a mystical world where you were forced to dodge the onslaught of wood nymphs dressed in the latest Dolce & Gabbana. I mean, nothing will ever compare to that, but Buck 65's *Vertex* is really cool, too. Sure, there is no

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* music reviews

SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*

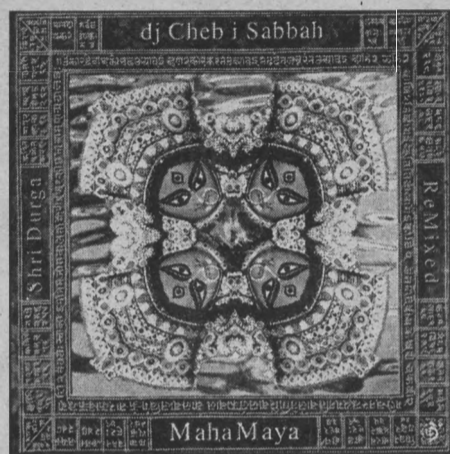


information, except for the blurb that everything on this gem was done by Buck 65 himself, i.e. no track listing, credits or thank yous. But what does any of that matter? Buck 65 presents himself as the regular guy misunderstood by nearly everyone, and whether or not this is true I don't know, nor do I care. The important thing here is that this guy has some serious skills. Once in this cabana-themed lunchroom, you can't but help to also turn your adolescent eyes to the future. Bedazzled by this chronicler of all reality (and baseball), at times you want to get up and dance the forbidden dance. At others, you feel as if you would like him to be your best pal so that the both of you could watch pre-teen lassies engage in those baby oil cat fights you never feel comfortable watching by yourself. And, yes, this does mean that *Vertex* contains some of the freshest hip hop to ever come out of Canada.

"From dawn to sunrise, sunrise to dawn, I drop math in your path and rock on. Sunrise to dawn, from dawn to sunrise, for you to try battl'n me would be unwise." Need more be said? Left with the image of a man who can drive that murderous meat wagon jumped on by so many

emcees of today's proto-culture if he wants to, two serious revelations are attained. First, if you are sleepin' on music like this while you claim to be down, it should be a foot to the nads. Second, the traditional staples of underground hip hop are changing; It's OK to rap about insomnia (track 8), your tendencies to stalk the opposite sex (track 10), your huge penis that receives praise and commendation (track 2) or baseball (numerous tracks).

Vertex receives the stamp of approval from me, so I suggest acquiring this masterpiece. And, of course, kudos go out to everybody who "knew him when," but everybody can't love it, so to all the haters all I got to say is "Hakuna Matata." [Robot "B.H." sex is the best den whore you ever had]



DJ Cheb i Sabbah | MahaMaya: Shri Durga Remixed | Six Degrees

Ever since Talvin Singh burst upon the electronica scene a few years back, world music hasn't been the same. The drum 'n' bass and trip hop grooves explored are still progressive enough that when fused with the traditional, organic sounds of India, the music isn't in the least bit derivative.

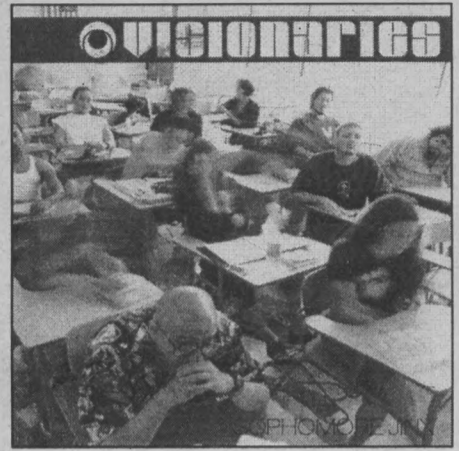
To put it simply, this isn't your parent's Yanni, nor is it being played by rich hippie 40-somethings during New Age aromatherapy sessions. DJ Cheb i Sabbah has been working the turntables since the '60s in Parisian discotheques, and on his last album, *Shri Durga*, he worked with singers and instrumentalists in the Northern Indian classical music tradition, exploring the boundaries between the organic and synthetic. Such worldly experiences shine forth on this remix album, where all sorts of various Indian deejays and musicians are given the chance to rework DJ Cheb's first albums.

While the sounds of Indian music, for the most part, work against the musical constructions familiar to Western ears, DJ Cheb's smooth blending of the sounds common to both East and West will be enjoyable to those adventurous in their listening tastes. While some of the album borders on a soundtrack for an opium den or, worse, The Nature Company, the dubbed-out house remixes, such as Bally Sagoo's take on "Kese Kese," are sure to be a hit on the cocktail party mix CD.

MahaMaya is a good reminder of different peoples, places and cultures, and that despite however discordant foreign music may sound, there's often a really good groove. [Jenne "B.H." Raub professionally whores for hip hop, the Second Amendment and world peace]

Visionaries | Sophomore Jinx | Up Above

After taking forever to put out their first album, the Visionaries strike back quickly with their second long player *Sophomore Jinx*. More than just a defiant reference to weak second albums, the title plays out as a low-key school theme



throughout the album. Led by 2Mex and LMNO on the mic and DJ Rhettmatic on the tables, the Visionaries are out to surpass the high expectations placed on them after their excellent first effort.

And surpass they do. The mix of spirituality, fun and real-life drama is again present, only now it is better balanced and more refined. Gone are the all-too-blunt contrasts between Christianity and anti-organized religion, helping to make each song a little more listenable. Not that emcees in a group should all sound and think the same, but it helps when there aren't sharp disagreements from song to song. A variety of producers help the beats to stay fresh; Nucleus' "DJ's MC's" hits hard, DJ Babu's "Making Things Right" is bouncy and Key Kool and Rhettmatic's "Tipping the Scales" is somber. To top it all off, out of nowhere is a remake of NWA's "Gangsta Gangsta" by Key Kool on "Self Sufficient," flipped a little differently than Cube did it: *And keep makin' straight up sh*t / Does it look like I have to make a hit? / To all the major labels that's tryin' to sign me / Rap ain't nuthin' but a way to make money.* Now that's the type of rhymes that are built to last. [Trey "B.H." Clark is a whore for Hostess Crème Pies]

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MUSIC: HIP HOP



THE FRESH FUTURE FORMULA

HIP HOP YOUR MOM MIGHT LIKE. OR NOT. ANTICON DOES IT LIKE NO OTHER.

FIRING SQUAD | DOLLFACE

It's not Puff Daddy and it's not DMX, but it may be the next step in the future of hip hop. It's Anticon Records, the burgeoning indie hip hop label in the Bay Area. Sole (Tim Holland) is the mastermind behind the label, in collaboration with fellow emcee Dose, in the quest to forever change the face of underground hip hop. Featuring groups such as Deep Puddle Dynamics, Them, Sebutones [Buck 65 and Sixtoo] and Sole, among others, Anticon aims to offer an outlet for artists overlooked by major labels for their failure to follow the mainstream formula (i.e., Juvenile's "Back Dat Ass Up"). As they begin to branch out and recruit new artists, they are becoming somewhat of an "Artsy Death Row Records," as Sole puts it. *Artsweek* got a chance to rap with Mr. Sole.

Artsweek: How did Anticon get started?

Sole: I used to have a label called 45 Below back in Maine and we used to put out Live Poet stuff. Then I heard Dose's music and Dose heard mine so we met up in Minneapolis to record Deep Puddle Dynamics. And from then on, that was just it, that was all the people I wanted to record with. It was all of my favorite emcees and everybody felt the same way.

And what's Deep Puddle Dynamics?

Deep Puddle Dynamics was a project we recorded in about a week. It's me [Sole], Alias, Jel, Dose, Slug and DJ Mayonnaise. It was how we all met, because we had traded tapes with each other and decided, "OK, let's all do a project." Then we decided to start up a label and we'd all sign our projects to Anticon. It was basically so we could get Deep Puddle put out on a major scale, since it was the greatest thing we had ever done. Now it's a nice little co-op and me and Dose are handling most of the business, though it includes everybody. It's like the hip hop sweat shop.

What's coming up for you guys?

We have *Stuffed Animals* coming out with me, Circus, Dose, Why?, Pedestrian, Megabusives and Lraneous. That album is crazy, it's like an opera or something. It starts off as a play then turns into a book, then a radio broadcast, then a movie and then it turns into a Christmas marathon kind of thing. That will be out in June, probably.

What's the idea behind Anticon?

No one was really checking for us a couple of years ago and people were telling us that the music we were making wasn't gonna sell and it's not hip hop. So I knew that if we all formed an organization/co-op/collective that people definitely would be willing to pay more attention. We were all these artists that had developed our sound, put out albums, done hella music on our own, and then, upon meeting each other, just totally inspired one another. We've kept building upon it and making better music, and with all these people collaborating only positive things can come out of it. The goal with Anticon

is to be able to put out whatever we want without worrying if it is going to be a dope single, if it's gonna be cool on the radio, if heads are gonna feel it.

What's your best selling album?

Probably the new Sole single called *Bottle of Humans*. Deep Puddle is gonna be the first one that will be in all the stores and that'll be out in about 2 weeks. It's called *The Taste of Rain, Why Kneel?* Like I said, that album was kind of like the bricklaying for Anticon. We also have the Them album coming out which is dope.

What's in the future for Anticon?

We're gonna start doing movies and put out some books. We'll be doing little indie films, first a documentary and then a skate video. Just some wild shit. And then

"IT'S LIKE THE HIP HOP SWEATSHOP"



fans going buck wild for Anticon. now that's devotion!

we're going to work on a clothing line. We want to do everything, not just be a record label. We want it to be like a way of life or something.

So are you hoping to make it in the mainstream?

Yeah. If every kid who listens to DMX and Cash Money Click was bumping Sole and Dose, I think their parents would be a lot happier with the things that come out of their mouth. I don't understand why we'd want to limit ourselves to just selling 5,000 copies of an album when we're putting all of our heart and energy into this music and people deserve to hear it. The goal is to have as many people as possible hear it. I doubt that we will ever get signed to Time Warner or any of the other major labels just because of the fact that we aren't willing to make radio songs or make any concessions whatsoever.

Where can we see the Anticon artists perform?

We put on a monthly "Anticon Presents" night in San

Francisco. And we have shows every second Friday of the month.

And now for some really important questions: Britney Spears or Christina Aguilera?

Britney, definitely Britney Spears. She's pregnant with my baby right now.

What's your opinion of Jennifer Love Hewitt?

She's a little too skinny for her own good. She needs to eat some Twinkies and tofu dogs.

What's your stance on Puff Daddy?

I think he's a very rich man.

Time for a little word association: Pillow?

Sleep.

Rap?

Born.

Green?

Think.

San Francisco?

Computers.

Rock star?

Slug.

Wish?

Comfort.

Disco?

Obnoxious.

Interviews?

Frustrating.

Anticon Records can be found at www.anticon.com

TOP 5

We asked Sole from the Anticon what his top five singles are. Here's what he said:

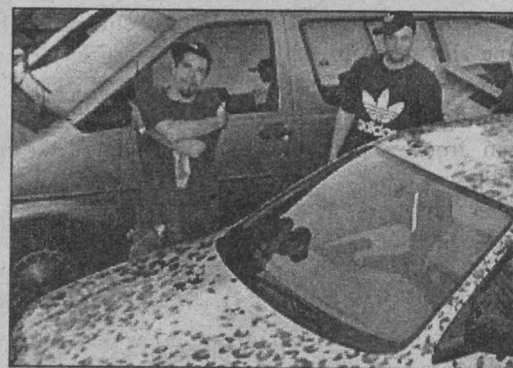
O.C. - "Time's Up"

Organized Konfusion - "Bring it On"

Ras Kass - "Remain Anonymous"

Pete Rock & C.L. Smooth - "They Reminisce Over You"

Aceyalone - "Deep and Wide"



yo! o.g. styles and a really nice car.

FILM : JUST PROSTITUTING FOR HOLLYWOOD?



DOESN'T SHE SUCK?

BETTE MIDLER GETS SKANKY IN ISN'T SHE GREAT

STREETWALKIN' | BRADY GOLDEN

Jacqueline Susann's books, the most famous being "Valley of the Dolls," are tawdry stories about nymphomaniac, pill-popping actresses. Their blunt descriptions of outrageous sexual encounters and drug abuse have led some critics to label them pornography, which they may well be. Still, her many detractors were never able to hurt her sales, which were constantly chart-topping. One might expect a woman who was so familiar with the underbelly of the entertainment industry, a woman who is still considered by many to be the reigning queen of trash, to have led a pretty interesting life. Well, she didn't, or at least if she did, you wouldn't know it from watching "Isn't She Great."

The film is director Andrew Bergman's tribute to Jacqueline Susann's life and career. Her story is told in voice-over narration by her publicist, manager and husband, Irving Mansfield, who first encounters her when she is a bit-player on Broadway and in radio dramas. She has no talent to speak of, but is still determined to become famous. All she wants in life is to leave a mark on the world before she dies. Irving falls in love with her fire and determination, so he not only takes her on as a client, vowing to make her a star, but also proposes to her.

When her acting career continues to flounder, Irving suggests that she write a book. At first, Jacqueline resists the idea: "All I know about are aging stars, hopeful hookers and people popping pills and winding up in the gutter," she protests. She eventually warms up to the idea and then devotes herself to it with a fervor. The result is the exploitation masterpiece "Valley of the Dolls." The novel is picked up by hipster publisher Henry Marcus, and suddenly Jacqueline finds herself in the world of fame and glamour of which she has always dreamed.

Bette Midler stars as Jacqueline Susann. If the year

were 1990 instead of 2000, she would have been the perfect actress for the part. Back in the day, The divine Miss M wielded comic vulgarity like she'd invented it. The raucous, no-holds-barred ferocity that she brought to "Ruthless People" and "Outrageous Fortune" is exactly what was needed for the role of Jacqueline. Unfortunately, Midler has been on a decline for the past several years, and all that we get in "Isn't She Great" is a watered-down version of her old self. While Jacqueline is supposed to be blunt and stubborn, she comes off as whiny and oblivious.

Nathan Lane is practically invisible in the role of Irving Mansfield. Regardless of how much he praises Jacqueline in his clumsily written voice-over monologues, there really seems to be no love between these two. Their interactions are devoid of any sort of human emotion, as are those between Midler and Stockard Channing, who plays Florence Maybelle, Jacqueline's best friend. Maybelle, who is obviously meant to be one

I'm sure Jacqueline Susann, were she still alive, would have loved). Bergman instead decided to sentimentalize the character of Jacqueline, and made what might as well be a "Lifetime" original movie. The melodrama and schmaltz is almost too much to bear. Jacqueline's battle with breast cancer is done in such a cookie cutter fashion that it might as well have been lifted from a primetime soap opera. Bergman treats her relationship with her autistic son in the same way. The audience finds out that he is autistic, watches Jacqueline look sad for a little while and then never hears about it again. The poor kid only appears in three scenes. The entire function of her son in "Isn't She Great" is to get the audience to say to themselves, "Wow, Jacqueline Susann sure had it rough, yet she accomplished so much. *What a remarkable woman.*"

There are few funny moments in this comedy, and those that do exist are painfully predictable. David Hyde Pierce, who plays the pompous, stuffy WASP Niles Crane on "Frasier," plays — surprise, surprise — a pompous, stuffy WASP. Just imagine all the wacky antics that ensue when he's assigned to edit Jacqueline's novel. Just about every obvious joke that can come out of this culture clash is used in the film. Of course, in the end, Jacqueline teaches him how to loosen up and have a good time, and he learns to love her just as everyone else does. How touching.

"Isn't She Great" is poorly written, poorly directed and poorly acted. Jacqueline's supposedly "outrageous" outfits, as designed by Julie Weiss, have all the period authenticity and none of the flare of the costumes in "Austin Powers." Even John Cleese, who plays Jacqueline's publisher, is a chore to watch; you know you're in trouble when not even *he* can make a movie funny.

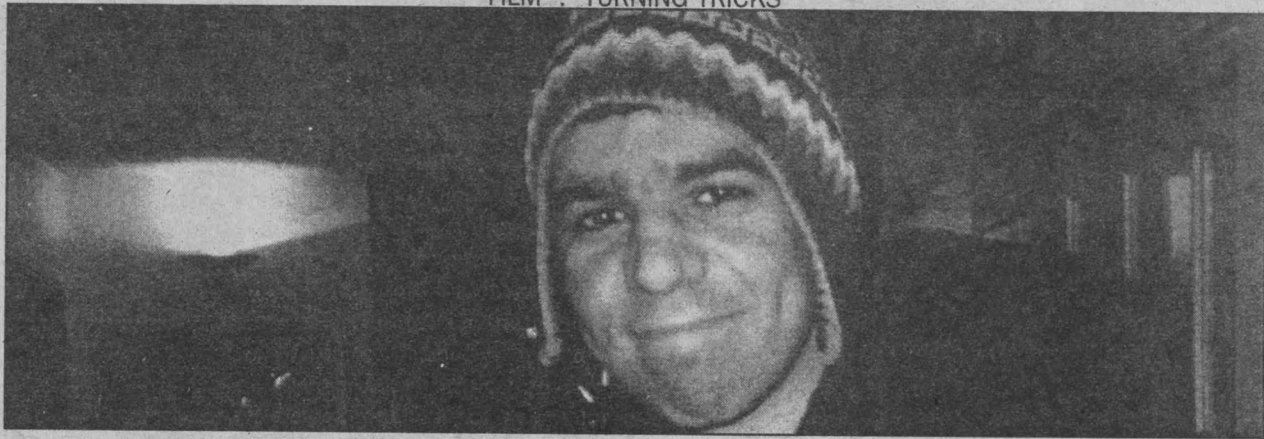
“MADE WHAT MIGHT AS WELL BE A LIFETIME MOVIE”

“

of the funnier characters in "Isn't She Great," is just a clichéd, tacky, sassy actress. Basically, she's an "Absolutely Fabulous" reject, as are a fair number of the characters in the film.

"Isn't She Great" could and should have been done with all the lewd audacity of a John Waters film (which

FILM : TURNING TRICKS



WHO'S THIS GUY?

FREAKS, FLICKS + FISKE AT THE SLAMDANCE FILM FESTIVAL

Choosing what films to attend at a film festival is a tough thing; it's based on instinct, word-of-mouth, or even shaking the director's hand. One thing is inevitable: Some films will be missed. This year's Slamdance Film Festival offered many opportunities, but only so much time. For better or worse, here's what I was able to see:

Of the shorts, "Crosswalk" was the most stirring, shuffling time and space to tell the ironic story of a man caught up in a bank robbery. "vOOdOO," following a man avoiding the sadistic attempts of a girl trying to keep him from wooing her mother, was funny but uneventful.

The cult shorts were a mixed bag. Most successful was "Harry Knuckles and the Treasure of the Mummy," an ode to Italian horror films shot without the use of synch sound. Winner of the Spirit of Slamdance Award, it uses some good tongue-in-cheek humor and has some quirky George Romero references, though it's pretty light.

"Pacifier," a grown-up reinterpretation of a letter written to *Penthouse Forum* at age 13, was humorous to a small degree, but too long and unfocused. "Hello Kitty"

was one of the worst things I've seen in years. About a society's disapproval of a woman's one-night stand, it runs 16 minutes, of which 15 were useless. Completing the quartet of cults was "Miss Gentibelle," directed by recent UCSB graduate, Tara Miele. The story of a boy dressed up like a girl by his mother transcends the other three through its disturbing use of sound and editing.

In the feature-length competition was skateboarder Stephan Berra's "7-Teen Sips," a modern antidote to "The Breakfast Club." While the obvious dialogue caused many eyes to roll, the narrative construction is the most fascinating and complex since "The Thin Red Line." The content is perhaps the most disturbing thing I've ever seen, and it's also the first film I've seen that is successfully shot on video. "7-Teen Sips" is shocking, frightening, topical and impressive. Watching this film was a breathtaking experience; although there are flaws, it is still engrossing and heart-wrenching nonetheless. However, the odds of ever seeing this film are slim, given that it rather bluntly deals with issues that touch on Columbine.

Less impressive was Van Fischer's "Blink of an Eye," the story of an ex-con trying to forget his past and make his new relationship work out. Basically familiar material adapted into many tiresome clichés, "Eye" does feature another great performance from Frank John Hughes. "Wilbur Whatley's Sex Drive," is an experimental film about a man who thinks his libido is causing a rash. With a clarinet constantly squeaking away on the soundtrack, the film was boring.

By far the most amazing film was Farhad Yawari's "Dolphins," the poetic fairy tale of a woman stuck in a mental institution under an overbearing head nurse. Made without dialogue, Yawari's command of the medium is surprising for a first-time filmmaker. So incredible was Yawari's story and conviction that a host of actors, technicians and producers agreed to work for free. After four years of work, the product is quite impressive, more beautifully photographed than most Hollywood films, and better realized than anything else at the festival. This is a film that I will remember for some time to come. [John Fiske likes his name in lowercase letters]



Students unite!

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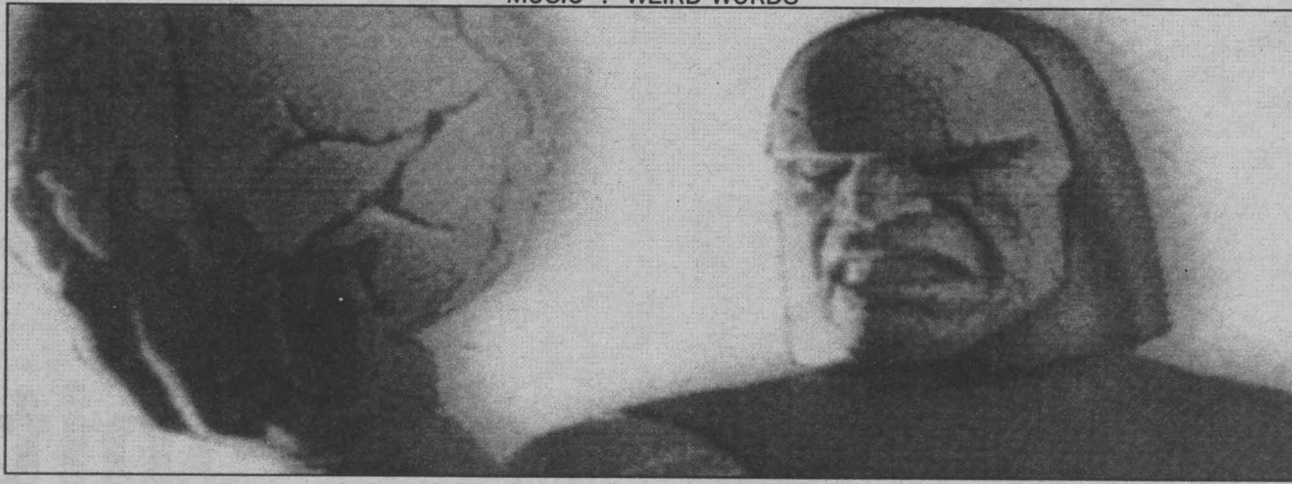
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MUSIC : WEIRD WORDS



LOUD STATIC

EXPOSING THE SOFT UNDERBELLY OF UNDERGROUND [HIP HOP] CULTURE

NOT JUST ANOTHER SYNTHETIC HOOKER | **ROBOTSEX**

First: Project Blowed compilation reissue featuring those Project Blowed guys, and whenever in the presence of irregular beauty's facade I have often taken a deep breath, stood on my tippy-toes, and shouted, "Check out the bobos on superfreak!"

Except, lately I've resisted the urge to demean beautiful women. Rather, I turn on the charm and say, "Still another flav-o-the-month? Well, let's talk about Jem and hot new winter fashion baby." Needless to say, I'm more in tune to female needs, and no longer am the pyramid-having leather-wearing, bad boy, egocentric dreamboat, hunk-o-artificial man that I once was. Still, people reel in the desensitized Duracel ultra-innovation my cranium expounds. That same way that Trunks easily defeated Freeza is very similar to the way I assert my authority over my minions. Nonetheless, the humanity in me cannot help but surface when I stare at page 98 of the January issue of Spin Magazine, or when I watch the heart-warming story of prostitute turned high-class princess in "Pretty Woman." Yeah, role reversal is a bitch, because doesn't it suck when the tables are turned and suddenly you are thrown into a predicament beyond comprehension? Speaking of which, Awol One has a

new 12" out on Celestial Recordings called NME. Kool Keith and 2Mex in this song accompany the distinctive voice, which has lent to Awol the characterization of a walrus in the past. No, this is not beyond comprehension, it is true fact (and there are two more tracks to tantalize your underground hip-hop pallet).

So, if havoc is reeking upon you, too, about 74 percent of the time, then talk to yourself in thunder and commo-

“THERE IS BETTER LIVING THROUGH ORAL SEX + PIANO PLAYING”

tion as I do. The continual state of flux is not bad. All it is, as I tell myself, is existence using its red light saber to slash me into 178 pounds of fatty genetically-rotten meat, a mesh of yucky blood and guts to be held in a fishnet tank top. Which is just "not cool." I mean, sure, carrots go great in stews but me in a fishnet tank top would be just plain ridiculous.

I also read Esquire all the time and can't help but think, "Why is the new Them 12", "John Brown's

Vaporizer" so dope?" Although I suppose that the reason why has something to do with why Vigo 'the scourge of Carpathia' surfed the undulating waves of pink slime to an art museum. Combine him with Mola Ram, the result may be Satan, or one of those hideous, man-hating, evil-to-the-bone, wicked feminists who start "all women fake orgasms" rumors, and rarely practice proper personal hygiene. Point? There is better living through oral sex and piano playing. Julia Roberts is living proof. In that perpetual conversation with myself I also ask me, "Why am I such a whore?" The answer being too far away to grasp, I then wonder if what will decide human evolution is our rise, specifically our rise from Earth to the moon, the moon to Mars, and Mars to the Great Beyond. Maybe when we are not continuously paying attention to the odd, bleak, unsettling moments of life we will be able to see that the human race tries its best to sell itself happiness in performance fleece. Maybe. Or, maybe, one day all us males will come together to walk to the path of righteousness, then sit down, stare off into space, and affirm that, "Yes, blow jobs are good!"

Robotsex is a TRL junkie

artsweek pop quiz #1: what does "b.h." stand for?

bring responses to the daily nexus under storke tower or email <artsweek@ucsbdailynews.com> winners get some phat prizes!

>>>/posted to www.contiki.com 08-14-99

>>Backpacking my ASSSSSSS!! If I tried it on my own I'd still be looking for the train station!!

>>So I've been back for a week now and miss all you guys terribly. I'll post the pics of all of us soon. It's hard to find one of our famous group pics where SOMEONE (that means you, Bryan) isn't making a very INAPPROPRIATE gesture!! Can't believe we did so much and still had leftover cash... what a great deal!!!! Cara...you're high-school French was as useful as a 14k modem... Glad we had our fearless tour leader Scotty to guide us in the right direction with no hassles!!!! Reunion in 2000...I vote for South Africa!! Keep in touch, all my new mates, at contiki.com Love Robbo xxxxxxxxx



this sort of thing sometimes happens to people who travel with us.



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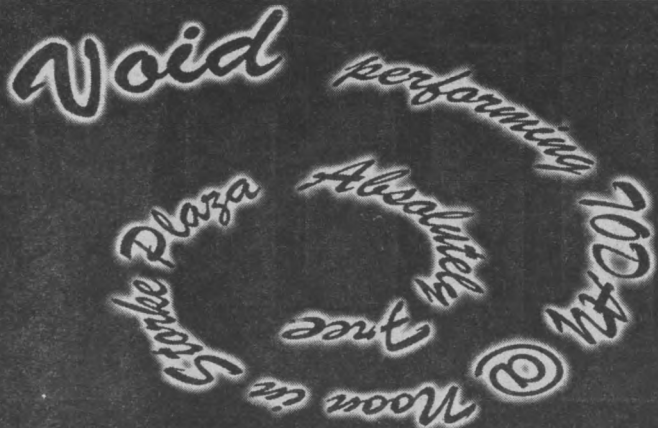
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best of ucsb 2000
The Daily Nexus' 2000 readership poll

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20. Best Class to Wake Up For
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70. Best Sports Bar
71. Best Margarita
72. Best On-Campus Restaurant
73. Best Computer Repair
74. Best Computer Store

The Rules and Info: 1. No Photocopied Ballots. 2. Ballots must be delivered to an official Daily Nexus drop-off box 3. Deadline for voting is Feb. 15, 2000 at 5:00pm. 4. The Best of UCSB issue will be published March 1st. 5. One ballot per person. 6. Ballots must be reasonably completed or they will not count. 7. The Daily Nexus Best of UCSB 2000 is intended to be a good-natured contest among local establishments and community members. Don't take it too seriously, kids. 8. Decisions of the initial count are final. 9. No bribes. Sorry.