

there's nothing cute about having your legs spread and your business all up in their...

artsweek



CHICANO POWER

"just another poster? chicano graphic arts in california" displays the beauty and originality of political protest

video | column

straight
to video
classics



I WANT ME LUCKY CHARMS, YO!

MIDGETS AND O.G.s IN **LEPRECHAUN IN THE HOOD**

midget, or o.g.? **jack lloyd clark, the third**

The medium of film has produced many a movie series over the past thirty years, most of which are either completely terrible or disappointing. Look at the "Nightmare on Elm Street" series, or "The Naked Gun" series; these were terrible movies that should have been stopped after the initial release. No series seems bullet-proof, as even the great "Star Wars" showed poor judgment with "The Phantom Menace." It is my pleasure, therefore, to review the greatest film in the greatest movie series to date: "Leprechaun in the Hood," of the phenomenal "Leprechaun" series.

As is the basis of any good series, "Leprechaun in the Hood" retains its restless midget star Warwick Davis, who plays the role of the greedy Irishman in each of the four previous "Leprechaun" opuses. The film opens with a frozen Leprechaun, magically trapped by a golden chain. Afro-wearing Mack Daddy, played by Ice-T, takes off the chain, awakening Lep. After taking an ass-kicking, Mack Daddy accidentally knocks the chain in the air, where upon descending it amazingly lands back on Lep. Mack Daddy finds and jacks Leprechaun's flute, which mesmerizes anyone in earshot.

Fast forward 20 years, and Mack Daddy has used the flute to create an incredibly successful gangsta rap record

label. Meanwhile, a wack rap group led by Postmaster P ("*They call me Postmaster P cuz I deliver positivity*") gets dissed by Mack Daddy during a meeting. To get even, Postmaster and his homies infiltrate Mack Daddy's crib, where they find Leprechaun being used as a table leg. Postmaster P jacks the chain from Lep's neck, once again allowing Leprechaun to wreak havoc. The rappers escape the scene with the flute, and proceed to be chased by Lep and Mack Daddy for the remainder of the film.

One of the greatest aspects of "Leprechaun in the Hood" is how well Lep adapts with the times. Although he has been out of the scene for over 20 years, he quickly adds the current slang to his vocabulary. Leprechaun sets up shop in the hood almost immediately, recruiting hoes and smoking weed, both of which he

calls "the bomb." When he's not bangin' hoochies and getting high, Lep is busy beating down Postmaster P, Mack Daddy and anyone else who gets in the way. He even takes a few bullets to the chest, but you know it takes more than that to take out Leprechaun: He's a true gangsta from the hood. He even busts a freestyle that puts our current rap stars to shame.

“

WHEN HE'S NOT BANGIN' HOOCHIES + GETTING HIGH, LEP IS BUSY BEATING

DOWN
POSTMASTER P

”

After watching a movie like this you are truly left speechless. Ice-T's performance ranks with Jennifer Aniston and Clint Howard as the best in "Leprechaun" co-star history, and Warwick Davis proves once again that he is the best small man in the Hollywood game. "Leprechaun in the

Hood" is a certified "Straight to Video Classic," and deserves every bit of that recognition. I can't wait for the DVD box-set release.

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Thursday, January 18
ESAC
EOP
5:00 - 6:00 PM

Friday, January 19
2nd Floor Flying A
Room, UCEN
1:00 - 2:00 PM

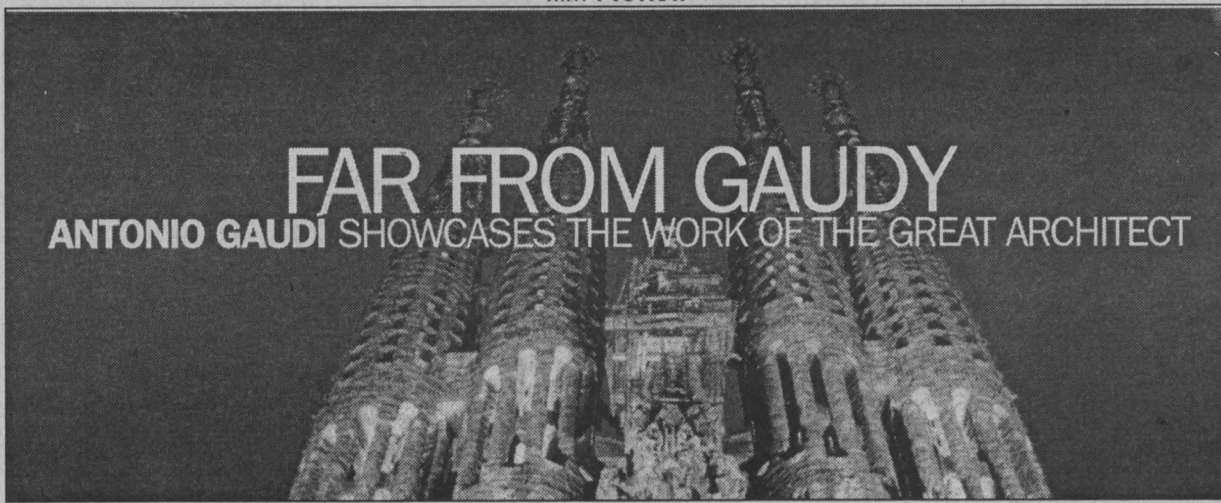
Monday, January 22
Santa Rosa Hall
Formal Lounge
8:00 - 9:00 PM

You must attend an information session to be considered for a position for the 2001-2002 academic year.

film | review

FAR FROM GAUDÍ

ANTONIO GAUDÍ SHOWCASES THE WORK OF THE GREAT ARCHITECT



writing fifty_julie krain

Welcome to a cultural tour of Barcelona through the fantastical architecture of Antonio Gaudí.

The biography, "Antonio Gaudí," is a film that leisurely and artistically weaves its way down the path of the architect's life work. Slow-paced and easygoing, this is the type of film one could expect to be shown in a general art history course. The film is comprised of both short photographic images and long stretches of filming, combining the work of Gaudí with its place in Barcelona and its culture.

Gaudí's work resembles the picture that may pop into your mind when reading a fairy tale or nursery rhyme. Ornate, dense and detailed, the architecture rejects all rules to affect its own style. Anyone who has ever been to Barcelona can probably claim to have visited the Temple of Expiation Sagrada Família, otherwise known as the Gaudí Cathedral. Beyond this grand gothic masterpiece, it is easy to miss his other works, which are randomly placed all over the city and extensively covered in the film. One building, Casa Mila, is given extensive coverage in the film because it is typical of Gaudí's architec-

tural style. He combines mosaic walls with scrap metal designs on ledges and balconies. The ceiling of an otherwise common office on Casa Mila bears the engraving: "Ab virgin Mary/ do not feel sad/about such small things/ for both flowers and stars are small."

Gaudí's control over space is fantastic. Light and shadow manipulate space and mood within every room. Each room in Casa Mila has a different theme and uses different designs, yet it is impossible to miss Gaudí's touch.

Two facets of Gaudí's work are his gothic style that he copies from churches built in the middle ages, and manipulation of lines and beams. Both these tastes are exhibited in the gothic exterior of Sagrada Família. Within the cathedral is a winding staircase that plummets from top to bottom. Gaudí's ability to curve the beams changes the space and owns the room it is placed in. The camera focuses on each example of this, especially in Casa Mila.

Gaudí's architecture stands out because of his unabashed use of color. The brown, black and gray of most modern buildings are overshadowed by the colorful

mosaics and stained glass of the Casa Mila. Gaudí steps outside of the norm without fearing disapproval from the masses. In fact, his outlandish design schemes seem to be embraced by the city. Gaudí's ability to add color to his original and unique designs is what makes him fascinating. Even without background knowledge of art history, one can greatly appreciate his talent and the beauty he created.

Though mostly a non-verbal picture, the filmmakers include musical accompaniment by Toru Takemitsu, which ranges from classical music to whining post-modernist instrumentals. There does not seem to be much discretion about where to place the music within the film, as it often does not correlate to what is on screen. This does not take away from the film, but is merely an oddity within it.

Despite the touches of the 1980s that the film adopts due to its having been filmed at that time, this film about renowned architect Antonio Gaudí by Hiroshi Teshigahara promises a detailed view of Gaudí's eccentric contributions to the beautiful Catalonian city by the sea. An architect who drew outside of the lines, Gaudí created something that has never been created before or since.

"Antonio Gaudí" screens Sunday, January 21 at Campbell Hall, 7:30 p.m. \$5 students; \$6 general.

“
LIGHT + SPACE MANIPULATE
SPACE + MOOD
WITHIN EVERY
ROOM
”

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UP AGAINST THE WALL

JUST ANOTHER POSTER? SHOWCASES THE CONNECTION BETWEEN POLITICS AND ART

let's get critical *_stacy redd*

Taking a closer look at anything is always worthwhile. There is always more about the world around us to be discovered; there is always a story behind even the most commonplace of items.

The problem is that most of the time we aren't looking for a history behind the object and see only the object itself. I do this all the time, and I was never aware of just what I was missing until I experienced "Just Another Poster? Chicano Graphic Arts in California," a new exhibit in the University Art Museum. While the brightly colored posters that adorn the walls of the museum do look deceptively like any of the other advertisements that we see everyday, a more in-depth study of them reveals the plight, as well as the hope, of a culture.

With more than 100 graphic images created by 56 Chicano artists, "Just Another Poster?" confronts issues from the United Farm Workers' labor battle to inadequate education and abortion rights. Utilizing mainly silk-screens and digital imagery, these posters clearly and intelligently address the issues facing the Chicano community in the 1960s. Yet, beyond just addressing these issues, the posters call for social and political action to be

taken by those who see them.

The various ways in which the posters get their messages across is really where the beauty of this exhibit lies. The use of bright reds, greens and yellows are particularly eye-catching, as are the inclusion of skeletons, eagles,

self-portraits, bloodstains and, in one special case, Boy George in the works. Many of the posters also contain direct messages, such as "Boycott Coors," in response to the racial hiring discrimination that the company employed in 1968.

One thing that completely took me by surprise was the abundance of English words used on the posters. At first, it didn't even occur to me that it was an oddity that I could read the words on a poster created by a Mexican artist, but that's egocentrism for you. A supplementary information pamphlet attributes the amount of

English words used in the posters to the growing bilingual culture of the Chicano-Americans in this past century. Still, I found it a little sad that the creators of the announcements knew that if they wanted their messages to be most effective, they couldn't print them in their native language.

I'd never seen anything like "Just Another Poster?" before, and I was very impressed by it. The beauty and originality of these posters are something remarkable on

their own. What really got to me, however, was what this exhibit said about the troubles of such a large group of people and how it challenged me to look past the surface of not just the pieces in this show, but of everything I see. "Just Another Poster?" contains anything but.

"Just Another Poster?" is showing at the University Art Museum through March 4. Admission is free.

“
THESE POSTERS CLEARLY+
INTELLIGENTLY ADDRESS THE
ISSUES FACING
THE CHICANO
COMMUNITY IN THE
1960s
”



Very Top: Judith Hernandez, "Reina de Primavera May Calendar," 1976
Right here top: Ricardo Favela, "Centro de Artistas Chicanos," 1975

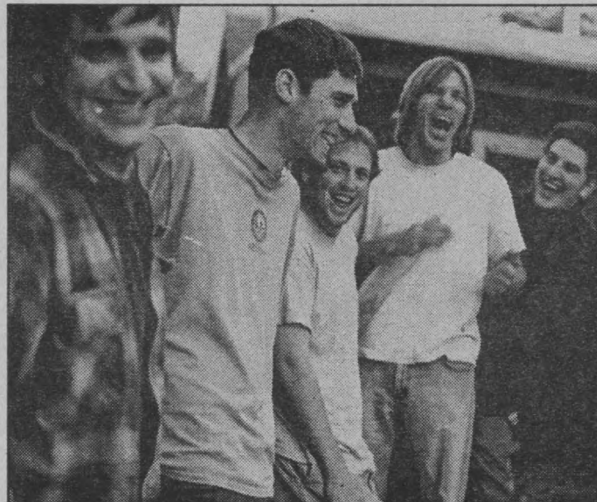
thingstodo >> calendar

today | thursday



If you haven't been sharpening your Spanish skills by attending other events around campus (like at the art exhibit, above), today is the day. Cruise on over to Campbell Hall this evening and catch "Butterfly," or, before translation, "La Lengua de la Mariposas." According to the esteemed literary figure Gabriel Garcia Márquez, it's "a beautiful marriage of film and literature." Sort of like *Artsweek*, but with subtitles. 7:30 p.m. \$5 students.

tomorrow | friday



Since forming in 1995, Santa Barbara has seen this former party band grow into a full-time, touring act with two full-length albums. Sure, the line-up of Cool Water Canyon has changed and some new songs have been added to the repertoire, but the good times haven't been altered at all. (And *Artsweek* gets paid to be that cheesy, suckaz.) The last time these kids played, it was to a sold-out, standing room only crowd, so get to the Edge early. 431 State St.

weekend | saturday



If you thought you had to go all the way to downtown Santa Barbara to catch professional dance theater, let me enlighten you. The critically acclaimed, emotionally rich Santa Barbara Dance Theatre will be bringing the wonderful world of multi-media dance to our very own campus with their new show, "Ghost Dances: Voices from the Past." If you miss the performances on Thursday and Friday, get there for closing night. Hatlen Theatre, 8 p.m.



MAKE MONEY, MONEY

ANTITRUST BORROWS AND BOMBS

extremely trusting **andy sywak**

It's a disappointing situation when a film tackles a fresh, challenging subject such as corporate power or the use of force and fails to deliver. Director Peter Howitt, who managed to do some interesting things in "Sliding Doors," doesn't deliver as fully as he could in "Antitrust."

Like last year's "Rules of Engagement," "Antitrust" addresses a provocative contemporary social issue: the parameters on corporate competition and power in an era of hyper-capitalism. But like the former's inconclusive look at the appropriate use of force in foreign conflict, "Antitrust" makes only a surface-deep examination of the issue, holding back the power of the story with characters that lack depth and dimension.

Although it bears some striking resemblances to "The Game," "Antitrust" takes so many of its nods from "The Firm" that it often seems as if the film is just a teenage remake set in the tech world. Ryan Phillippe plays Milo Hoffman, a recent college graduate and computer prodigy who ditches his friends at their fledging start-up to write code for computer giant NURV. Chaired by CEO Gary Winston (Tim Robbins), NURV is going ahead with its plans to launch "the first satellite delivery system linking every communication device on the planet" from their nefarious-looking headquarters on the Pacific.

Despite all the scrutiny they're under from the Justice Department for possible antitrust violations, Hoffman moves up to Portland, Oregon with his girlfriend (Claire Forlani) and starts wowing the geeks with his amazing program-writing skills. Of course, no Ryan Phillippe movie could exist without two women lusting after his loins, and he

soon meets fellow sexpot programmer Lisa Calighan (Rachel Leigh Cook) who complicates his blissful domestic life. When his best friend is murdered back home, Hoffman starts to become suspicious of his employer and starts his own investigation that comes up with many surprising results.

Though it contains some moments of real suspense and ingenious plot twists, "Antitrust" eventually is kept from being a serious thriller by its insipid acting and dialogue. While Phillippe is more or less believable, Cook and Forlani are far less convincing in their simple one-dimensional roles. Robbins is splendid as always, as he effectively melds the shrewd and greedy qualities of a conniving software baron.

One of the principal problems with the movie is that it can't quite decide what niche it is trying to win. The weak characters and lack of a sinister tone (in addition to all the pop songs on the soundtrack) do not set it up as a serious thriller, but the tone is a little bit heavier than, say, "Dude, Where's My Car." Though the plot is indeed plausible, the one-dimensional quality of the movie precludes it from really being taken too seriously.

"Antitrust" gets pretty gripping towards the end when seasoned screenwriter Howard Franklin finally unleashes the thing that every good thriller needs: unpredictability. This last twenty-three minutes saves the thriller from being wholly

ineffectual. Thoughtfully researched and well-meaning, "Antitrust" finishes strong, but not strong enough to make up for a weak start out of the gate.

“NO RYAN PHILLIPPE MOVIE
COULD EXIST WITHOUT TWO
WOMEN LUSTING
AFTER
HIS LOINS”

artsweek's first annual reader's poll

Due to a flurry of response to last week's "Best of 2000" issue, in which several hundred Artsweek readers marched down to the office and expressed their anger over their over-looked opinions, the editorial board convened and decided to let the masses speak for themselves. In the spirit of the Daily Nexus' poll, we crafted some questions for you to answer. If all goes well, we'll probably get it up on the internet as well. But for now, fill this out, and bring it down to the office (located under Storke Tower), mail it in to P.O. Box 13402, UCen, UCSB, Santa Barbara, CA 93107, fax it to (805) 893-3905, or email your answers to <artsweek@ucsbdailynews.com>.

1. Best Artist of 2000 _____
2. Best Album of 2000 _____
3. Worst Artist of 2000 _____
4. Worst Album of 2000 _____
5. Favorite TV Show _____
6. TV Show That Gives TV a Bad Name _____
7. Best Movie of 2000 _____
8. Worst Movie of 2000 _____
9. Favorite Actress _____
10. Worst Actress _____
11. Favorite Actor _____
12. Worst Actor _____
13. Favorite hip hop group besides 187 Squad _____
14. Most Underrated Midriff _____
15. Best Song _____
16. Worst Song _____
17. Best Artsweek Editor _____
18. Best Tits in the Music Industry _____
19. Best Ass in the Music Industry _____
20. Favorite Hip Hop Midget _____
21. Boy band you'd most like to beat the shit out of _____
22. Female Artist You'd Most Like to Fuck _____
23. Male Artist You'd Most Like to Fuck _____
24. Artsweek Editor You'd Most Like to Fuck* _____
25. Homophobic Rapper Most Likely to Be Gay _____
26. Best Artsweek Cover To Masturbate To _____
27. Artist You'd Most Like to See on the Cover of Artsweek _____
28. Most Underrated Drug _____
29. Artsweek columnist you just don't get _____
30. Person on campus most deserving an Artsweek Recognition of Excellence Award (please state why, and how we can get in touch with them) _____
31. Best "Behind the Music" Episode _____
32. Stupidest Rock Star Besides Fred Durst _____
33. Hottest Guy in the "Man of I.V." Calendar *d-sweet*
34. Best Excuse for Not Calling _____
35. Most Pretentious Artsweek Issue _____
36. Best Reason To Read Artsweek _____
37. Best Porn _____
38. Campus Point or Artsweek? _____
39. Point of Campus Point? _____
40. Who Named Campus Point? _____

*include your phone number

thingstodo >> calendar

weekend | **sunday**



I bet you, like thousands of other devoted Artsweek readers, did not know that Santa Barbara had anything to offer on Sunday nights, much less for all the hip hop heads out there. And now that Danny G.'s packed his bags and fled to San Jose, it's all the more crucial that you take advantage of the few opportunities out there. Gather around your hippest, most attractive friends and head to Madhouse for deejay's Johnnie and John's hip hop lounge. 434 State.

next week | **tuesday**



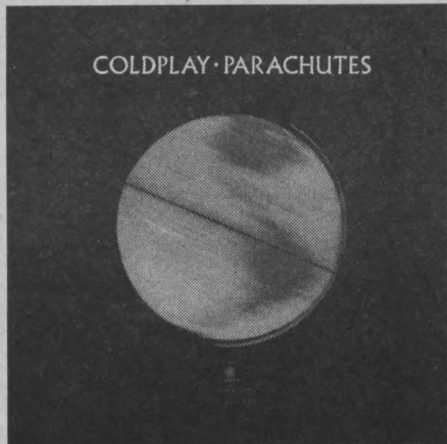
The dramatic open spaces, big skies and vast landforms of the American West have long been a magnet for artistic expression. Why are you reading about this in Artsweek? Because the exhibition "Dual Visions: Photographs by Macduff Everton and David Muench" presents images both big and small by these contemporary photographers, and it opens this weekend at the Santa Barbara Museum of Art. 1130 State Street. For information, call 963-4364.

next week | **wednesday**



Lauded by both critics and audiences for athletic, exuberant and provocative dances, the Parsons Dance Company returns to UCSB for two performances of signature works by artistic director David Parsons. Did you know Parsons has been credited with "demystifying modern dance and dropping it playfully in the laps of wildly appreciative popular audiences"? I bet you didn't. See the demystification for yourself at Campbell Hall, 8 p.m. \$13 - \$19 student.

SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*



Coldplay | Parachutes | Parlophone

Finally, the album I've been waiting for. The album that proves that there is something still fresh and kicking in rock. Over the last several years rock artists have lost their hegemony on the Billboard charts and deservedly so. But alas, thy savior has come and thy name is Coldplay.

No, this is not fist-pumping, testosterone-inducing teenage anthem music. In fact, you very well may choose to put this on before you go to bed. But it is every bit as emotionally intense as it burns with tangible and genuine emotion.

Though they hail from Britain, Coldplay sounds surprisingly American. The crunchy electric guitar sound seems like it was lifted from the garages of Pavement and Sonic Youth, and the poetic, heart-on-the-sleeve lyrics of singer Chris Martin are pretty far removed from anything Damon Albarn and Jarvis Cocker have ever done.

It is Martin that is principally responsible for separating Coldplay from the mediocre masses of rock acts. Few voices have such range and emotion and are so devoid of any snarling, middle-finger

cynicism. Indeed, the buoyant, lofty optimism on *Parachutes* is one of its chief strengths. Alongside is guitarist Jon Buckland, whose dreamy acoustic progressions and restrained use of technology keep the songs structured around the strength of Martin's voice and the gentle melodies.

Clocking in at just under forty-two minutes, *Parachutes* is probably the best debut album in British rock since *Definitely Maybe*. Now, we'll just have to see who else will emerge from the rock-rap wasteland and join them. [Andy Sywak]



Laffèche | Montreal Mix Sessions Vol. 4 | Turbo

I was originally going to use this space to review Sade's latest release, *Lovers Rock*, but my inner cynic just couldn't bring myself to write thoughtfully about her bossa-nova tinged love ballads and melancholic soul-searching. So I did what any self-respecting music journalist does, and put on this house mix instead. Alas, I have written so many reviews for electronic music, I think it's about time I just come up with a checklist of qualities that you're actually searching for. So, fuck terms like "soundscape" and "atmospher-

ic," and let's get down to business. Here are the answers to your questions:

Is Montreal Mix Sessions Vol. 4 like having a deejay spin in my living room? Yes.

And who is this Laffèche guy? Who does he know? Laffèche has been spinning professionally since 1989, when he entered the world of nightlife at a local Montreal club at the ripe, young age of 17. His career has been built over a decade, moving him from the intimate land of clubs to big, yearly, massive events such as Cream. His first EP, *The Flex*, makes its way to some of the world's best deejay's high rotation list (Roger Sanchez, Carl Cox, Derrick Carter, etc.).

OK, but does it have DJ Dan's "That Zipper Track"? Yes! And plenty of other requisite house tracks, including Gene Farris' "The Spirit" and The Hydraulic Dog's "Shake it for Me."

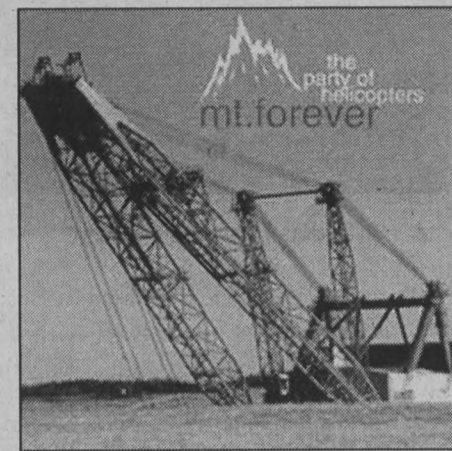
Well, what makes it so special then? That would be Laffèche's uncanny ability to mix from those familiar house tracks to other, less expected numbers without losing the deep, fun feeling. When Laffèche moves into Indian territory with Tomba Vira's "Drums Come Alive," he doesn't sacrifice the musical strengths. Instead, such maneuvering keeps Laffèche's mix fresh and interesting. [Jenne Raub is a sell-out]

Party of Helicopters | Mt. Forever | Troubleman Unlimited

So while I was mucking about the KCSB stacks with my thumb stuck firmly up my butt, *Spin* was busy scooping my sucka "You Mean These Were Folger's Crystals?" ass. This album was number nine on their top 20 albums of 2000. Go figure. Nonetheless, my *Artsweek* paycheck is what keeps me in cigarettes, so ...

Chaotic HC can no longer be called an upstart subgenre. Every liberal arts pissant, post-punk snothead picks up something by Heroin, Torches to Rome, and/or The Locust as a symbol of how special and grown up they are. And, as is inevitable for any field that finds itself on the road to legitimacy, the musical style has found itself pulled over by the Derivative Police.

Enter the Party of Helicopters.



Forming right during noisy hardcore's cusp period, the Party of Helicopters found their niche had been blown wide open and leaped at the chance to ... become kinda weird.

Over the obligatory screeching metallic chords (Stillman also incorporates a great deal of riffing, which makes the texture more spare and interesting), singer Joe Dennis puts on his best Brian Wilson impression. The vocals are hyper layered, with basement harmonies delivered in slightly creaky voice now reminiscent of Kevin Shields, now of Stephen Malkmus. This album is *My Bloody Valentine* on a budget, beautiful and powerful and really odd sounding, a marker that at least some

Take your Senior Picture

(Unless you'd rather show your kids the ones your friends took of you in college)



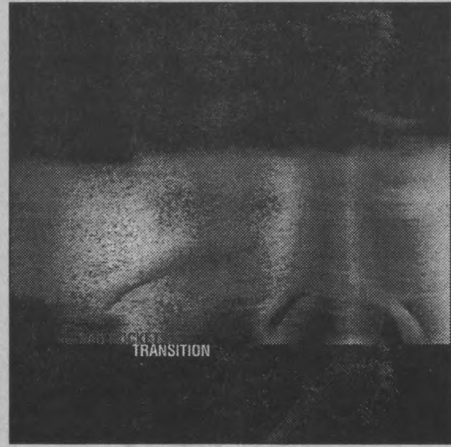
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SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE*

groups won't eat the cake that was laid out for them.

And that *schlop* sound was my thumb coming out of my butt. [DJ Fatkid]



Sad Rockets | Transition | Matador

Born in Uzbekistan and raised in Los Angeles, it's little wonder that Sad Rockets' Andrew Pekler has such a huge diversity of tastes. He lets this shine on the instrumental *Transition* as it hops around seamlessly from trip-hop to acid jazz, dreamy acoustic guitars to raucous hip hop, woofer-rattling bass to electronica bleeps.

Though it's tempting at times to call Sad Rockets electronica, Pekler is more of a bedroom eccentric, multi-instrumentalist in the vein of Blue States' Andy Dragazis. Though he skillfully plays numerous instruments on *Transition*, Pekler ultimately seems more absorbed in his own spirit of experimentation and the creation of some genre-busting sound than in holding a consistent tone throughout. This is perhaps why the whole album seems so muddy.

Yes, *Transition* certainly is fun on a first listen. Utilizing several different per-

cussion instruments, along with contrasting tones of synths and strings, Pekler does forge some original concoctions. Eventually, however, it's really hard to hold much attachment to an album that doesn't seem to have its feet rooted on any solid ground. Lacking the similar emotional intensity of Blue States' *Nothing Changes Under the Sun*, many of the tracks on *Transition* meander around too much to really be that significant.

A worthy effort with a couple of standouts ("Senio Junior," and the beautiful, dreamy guitar ballad "Winter's Over"), *Transition* is in the end just interesting enough to be saved from the background music bin. [Andy Sywak]



Disflex.6 | Where the Sidewalk Ends | Sunset Leagues International

Jason the Argonaut and Lazarus Jackson, the two weird kids who make up Disflex.6, are definitely from Oakland. They possess that unmistakable twang that runs common through rappers from the East Bay. But accents are where the comparisons stop because, as I mentioned earlier, these kids are weird. They're on some "Matrix" Meets Shel Silverstein in

Battle Mode" shit. Weird.

What's even weirder is that *Where the Sidewalk Ends* is Disflex.6's fourth album, but its first on CD. Many an Oakland hip hop group has stepped up from the tape-slanging scene to the CD big time, so it's about time Disflex caught up. And it saved its best work for this release too. *Where the Sidewalk Ends* is chock full of ill beats, weird samples and even weirder raps. They go from theatrical storytelling to polished bravado, sometimes in the same song. So if you're in a weird mood, pick up this weird album at an online hip hop store. [Trey Clark - Jon Todden, R.I.P.]



Poe | Haunted | Atlantic Records

Haunted seems to be a very fitting title to Poe's second album, which takes its listeners on a journey of the artist's self-discovery and deals with some unresolved personal business. Although the same ethereal, melodic sounds that were present on her first musical release exist on *Haunted*, the album is more experimental musically. Mixed throughout the album, Poe samples children's voices, recordings from answering machines and the voice of her father, who passed away in 1993. It's

this voice "from the grave" that gives the album its eerie and personal quality, and each of the songs, in some way, seems to be reconciling or illustrating her relationship to her father. Now the concept of self-discovery, by most standards, comes across as cliché jargon tied to art, but in the case of *Haunted*, it is the only fitting term. With this album, Poe's music becomes more daring; the experimentation in the sound, and the lyrics that fill with imagery and personal testimony, make for a very dense and heavy listen, but a worthwhile one. [Jill St. John]

kcsbtop¹⁰

Top 10 Hip Hop Singles, as of January 19, 2001. The KCSB request line is 893-2424.

1. Atmosphere | "Woman With the Tattooed Hands" | Rhymesayers Entertainment
2. Company Flow | "D.P.A." | Def Jux
3. Aesop Rock | "Active Elements" | Mush
4. Push Button Objects f/ Del, Mr. Lif, DJ Craze | "360 Degrees" | Chocolate Industries
5. Aceyalone | "Accepted Eclectic" | Nu Gruv
6. Cannibal Ox | "Iron Galaxy" | Def Jux
7. Boom Bip and Dose One | "Circles"
8. Pepe Deluxe | "Beat Experience" | Emperor Norton
9. Scienz of Life | "Strange Fruit" | Intagalactic
10. Moka Only | "Imagine Me" | Battle Axe

- As reported by Matt Kawamura

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Gourmet Toppings Extra; Not good with other offers; Must mention when ordering

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Extra Large, Large or Medium Pizza with one or more toppings
928 Embarcadero Del Norte 968-6969
Gourmet Toppings Extra; not good with other offers; exp. 2/15/01
Darn Valuable Coupon

\$2⁰⁰ off
Extra Large, Large or Medium Pizza with one or more toppings
928 Embarcadero Del Norte 968-6969
Gourmet Toppings Extra; not good with other offers; exp. 2/15/01
Darn Valuable Coupon

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COLLEGE NIGHT PARTY EVERY THURSDAY

▶▶ with new DJs Todd & Fred from Gimme Some Records [IV]

\$2 Party Shots all night

* WATERMELON BALLS * KAMIKAZIS * APPLE MARTINI * HOOTERS * SEX ON THE BEACH *

ALL WELL DRINKS \$2⁵⁰ 'til 11:30



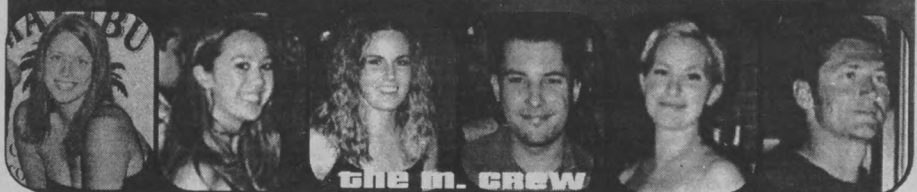
mad ice teas with Red Bull \$3⁵⁰

**Fri: DJ Calvin
Sat: DJ Eric
Sun: Hip-Hop Lounge**

madhouse

434 State St 962.5516

check this \$#!? out: madhousebar.com



Interested in Sports Radio?

Call KCSB, UCSB's campus radio station, at 893-2426 on Tuesday 12-2 or Thursday 1:30-3:30 and ask for Jeremy or Garret.

Isla Vista FOOD CO-OP

Luna Bars 99¢ (\$13.99 case)

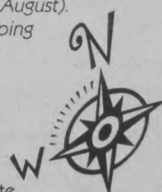
Amy's Pizza - Frozen all varieties only \$3.99

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Community-Owned Natural Foods Market
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- Orientation Programs is offering dynamic and rewarding spring and summer employment (April - August).
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All interested applicants must attend one of the Information Meetings in the Flying A Studios, UCen, 5:00-6:00pm: Jan. 11, Jan. 16, Jan. 17, Jan. 18
Applications available now! Visit our website www.sa.ucsb.edu/orientation or call 893-3443.



The UCSB Gevirtz Graduate School of Education Alumni Association presents

CAREERS IN EDUCATION CONFERENCE

Saturday, January 20 • 9:00 am-12:15 pm • Phelps Hall
Keynote Session: Chem 1171

Featuring
Lois Phillips
PhD, '86

Cost \$5.00

- Free for SAA members
- Tickets: Jan. 16-19 11 am - 2 pm in front of the UCen
- Daily at the UCSB Alumni Association
- Information 893-2288 ucsbalum@instadvucsb.edu

Session Topics

- Real Men Do Teach
- Life as a First Year Teacher
- How to Find, Prepare for, and Enroll in a Credential Program
- Outside the Classroom: Diverse Career Paths
- How to Find a Job
- GRE Preparation

GGSEAA would like to thank:
The Gevirtz Graduate School of Education



The UCSB Student Alumni Association presents

CAREERS IN COMMUNICATION CONFERENCE

Saturday, January 20 • 9:00 am-2:30 pm • Phelps Hall
Keynote Session: Chem 1179

Featuring
Kent Shocknek
NBC4-TV Anchor,
Los Angeles

Cost \$5.00

- Free for SAA member
- Tickets: Jan. 16-19 11 am - 2 pm in front of the UCen
- Daily at the UCSB Alumni Association
- Information 893-2288 ucsbalum@instadvucsb.edu

Session Topics

- Sports Journalism
- Public Relations
- Entertainment Industry/Radio
- Promotions
- Public Affairs
- Internship Opportunities
- GRE Preparation

The UCSB Student Alumni Association would like to thank:
UCSB Career and Counseling Center, Academic Advisor Department Chair, David Seibold, College of Letters and Science



The UCSB Student Alumni Association presents

CAREERS IN LAW CONFERENCE

Saturday, January 20 • 9:00 am-2:30 pm • Broida Hall

Featuring
Judge Ray Fisher
9th Circuit Court of Appeals, Los Angeles

Cost \$5.00

- Free for SAA member
- Tickets: Jan. 16-19 11 am-2 pm in front of the UCen
- Daily at the UCSB Alumni Association
- Information 893-2288 ucsbalum@instadvucsb.edu

Session Topics

- Internships in the Law Field
- Diverse Career Paths
- Criminal Defense Attorney
- Judgeships
- Careers in Probation
- Careers in the FBI
- LSAT Preparation

The UCSB Student Alumni Association would like to thank:
UCSB Career and Counseling Center, Academic Advisor Britt Johnson, College of Letters and Science



A Lawyer Looks at the Evidence for the Resurrection

Craig Parton, is a partner with the oldest law firm in the Western United States— Price, Postel & Parma of Santa Barbara. He is also the executive editor of the Law Review and has worked as Law Clerk for the Honorable Justice Stephen Reinhart of the United States Court of Appeals.

Mr. Parton will give us a lawyers' argument of the evidence concerning the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ.

All are welcome to our weekly meeting where Mr. Parton is our guest speaker.



don't settle for less

real life is thursdays at 7:00PM in IV Theater

This event is sponsored by Campus Crusade for Christ

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- ♥ Cheer up a friend by wishing them a good day.

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