

A not-so-secret downtown brothel or ...

artsweek™

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ARTSWEEK'S NEW HERO:
J.E. ANDERSON

A LOG-STOLID
ELVIS

THE UNDER-
AND OVER-HYPED

SEX, LIES +
VIDEOTAPE



NINE-
TYEIGHT
IS
DEAD.

[AND NOW
PRINCE
WILL COLLECT
HIS ROYALTY CHECKS]

UCSB FILMMAKERS CO-OP
PRESENTS

SCREENWRITING
ESSENTIALS

A seven-week private screenwriting course offered Winter quarter at UCSB by a Studio and Independent Screenwriter with 2 films at Carnes 1998, who worked on the screenplays for "The Professional" and "The Fifth Element," wrote and directed an award-winning short film, and who just had a big-budget action/adventure screenplay optioned. Students will take their original idea and be instructed how to develop it into a viable synopsis, treatment, and then screenplay.

\$150 for UCSB students, \$200 for all others.
Money back guarantee. Call 805-884-3326

First Class Tuesday January 19th @ 6:00PM

Q's
Sushi a Go Go
A WHOA, WHOA, WHOA

Um, uhh, now there's nothing you can do to keep me from going to Mrs. Robinson!

409 STATE ST., SANTA BARBARA
966-9177

SEX, LIES + *Wideo!*

THE ALBUMS

where you are



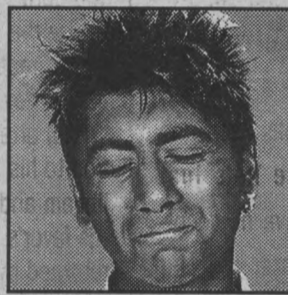
Air
Moon Safari
(Source)

The stars and moon make the water on top of the San Francisco Bay glimmer and gleam. Your date looks gorgeous in this lighting, even if it is a bit muffled when coming through the dusty windows of his parent's '92 Nissan. You're parked in that place everyone else in high school calls "The Ridge," but you call, "Our special love look-out."



Alec Empire
The Destroyer
Digital Hardcore

An industrial kitchen in a bad part of Berlin amidst stainless steel tables and meat grinders. You're surrounded only by the sounds of the kitchen and the sounds of Alec Empire.



Talvin Singh
O.K.
Island

You lie next to him on a bamboo queen-sized bed covered in satin sheets and tapestries you think you may have seen at Urban Outfitters, but they seem pretty ethnic. (This thought won't really sink in until tomorrow when you realize the walls are decorated in pictures of a slew of gurus and nouveau New Age freaks.) The air, full of Krishna incense and grass, enters you as you meditate.



Josh Wink
Herehear
Ovum

This has been a HANSON, RAUB + MNOIAN contribution, with help from Melanie Hensch

You're in a seedy, smelly, low-rent apartment that reeks of some sort of pet rodent like a hamster or a rabbit. It is stuffy and hot and even though it feels gross, your addiction to nicotine is compelling you to smoke profusely and further soil the already foul surroundings. There is shit everywhere and in order to even sit down you have to push back layers of trash, empty beer cans, and rodent droppings. You feel nauseous.

Lovin' + Not Leaving
THE BEST OF NINEIGHT

MUSIC// CARS GET CRUSHED, QUASI, DJ SPOOKY, "CUZ I'M A JUNGLE BROTHER," KOOL KEITH ATTEMPTING TO TAKE RAYGUN MAGAZINE WRITERS TO SEE "THE BARNEY MOVIE" DURING AN INTERVIEW, SI-BEGG, Q-BURNS ABSTRACT MESSAGE, KONKRETE JUNGLE, PANACEA, BECK, AEROSMITH COLD-ROCKIN THE POWER BALLAD!, THE DJ SCIENTIFIC REMIX OF 764-HERO/MODEST MOUSE'S "WHENEVER YOU SEE FIT," ORGY, COLLEGE RADIO (KUSF, KALX, KSCU, KCSB, ETC.) IS JUST GOOD, ULTRA NATE, PULP, THE HIGH LLAMAS REMIX ALBUM, PHOTEK (NOT THE SUCKY PHOTO PLACE), TOWA TEL.
TV// "THE *CUT!*" BRINGING BACK CLASSICS TO CABLE ("MYSTERY SCIENCE THEATRE 3000," "THE KIDS IN THE HALL," "SAILOR MOON: THE LOST EPISODES"), THE HISTORY CHANNEL.
MOVIES// "THE OPPOSITE OF SEX," JOSEPH FIENNES, "SLUMS OF BEVERLY HILLS," JOSEPH FIENNES, "SHAKESPEARE IN LOVE," JOSEPH FIENNES, "GODZILLA" WAS OUT OF THE THEATERS QUICKLY!, CHRISTINA RICCI, ROSE MCGOWAN'S ASS.
OTHER CRAP AS GOOD AS A LONG STOLID POOP// THE RETURN OF GLAM (DOTH SPOKETH ROB), ARTSWEEK, THE FURBY RULES!, ARTSWEEK, THE SKID ROW GREATEST HITS CD (LIVE IT LOVE IT GO SEE SLAYER IN A MONTH!), THE WORD POOP (A PALINDROME, UPSIDE DOWN IT SPELLS DOOD, JUST RAD!!), ARTSWEEK, ZWERLING.

all we wanted for christmas was a computer that could work and print our stuff. no, instead we spend our wednesday nights full of headache, sorrow and booze as we wait for outdated technology to meet our progressive

tape

WE LOOKED THROUGH OUR STACKS OF ALBUMS FROM 1998 + REVIEWED SOME OF WHAT WE'VE MISSED. ALL IN THE THE CONTEXT OF WHAT ARTSWEEK CALLS, "MAKING OUT."

your date	when	base count
You've known Seth for 15 years, but it wasn't until he got his braces off at the end of junior year that your friendship (after many long talks) grew into something different. You were afraid for months that he didn't feel "that way" about you, but at prom you found out he did!	It's 2 a.m., your parents have no idea where you are, but the only drug you're on is the power of Seth's good lovin'. You've just had a long talk about life, faith, your sexuality and your mean parents.	Second, if you don't get nervous and tell Seth you think it would be better if there was more emphasis on your "friendship."
Heimlich, the ogre meat ball maker with several fading tattoos that say things like, "Mom," "God hates me," and "Death is Good" (in German, of course). He also has a cock ring and is missing a part of his first finger.	You begin the action right after Heimlich's hands you a meatball and says, "I want to break a bottle over your ass."	Bases? You skip first, second and third and plunge right into four hours of him grinding you like a meatball.
You don't know his name, but his aura is, like, so magnetic and radiating your chakras with incredible karmic joy.	He made you his special "aphrodisiac tea," which, after the bong rips, is starting to have a very sexy, spiritual effect. He looks deep into your eyes (or maybe he's just fucked up and will have no recollection of his words later on) and says, "Your eyes are, like, the ocean of my perpetual enlightenment."	You both praise the great Creator as you pay dutiful attention to his lingam and the favor's returned by some old-fashioned yoni-stroking.
Your partner's name is Celeste; Celeste is an alcoholic in top form. With each kiss you taste the stifling combination of rank cigarettes and 100 proof vodka. Her oily, sweaty face glistens in the dim light.	It's the time of the morning when the truly righteous and pure are dreaming of pretty sunsets on the beach and the real drug users of the world are stuck between a depraved desire to clean off the mirror and a fleeting hope of ever eating or sleeping again. They finish what's on the mirror!	It seems like a good idea, but if you can even get it up at this point, there is no way you or your little sultry vixen are ever going to cum.

Lovin' + Never Calling Again
THE WORST OF NINE-EIGHT

MUSIC// CELINE DION PISS OFF!, CAN MTV MAKE UP ITS MIND: DOES IT WANT TO BE CUTTING EDGE OR SUPER TRENDY?, THE WHOLE "INDIE FOLK SINGER/SONGWRITER" ELLIOT SMITH CRAZE, BLINK 182, 92.9 KJEE CAN PISS OFF, DAVE MATTHEWS BAND, VONDA SHEPARD, MYA, WYCLEF, "THE FAMILY," SEAN JEAN, JAY-Z, JAYO FELONY, STABBING WESTWARD, ENOUGH WITH RADIOHEAD ALREADY PLEASE, AND ALL THE MADONNA-SPIRITUALITY-ALANIS THANG IS JUST DUMB, GOLDIE.

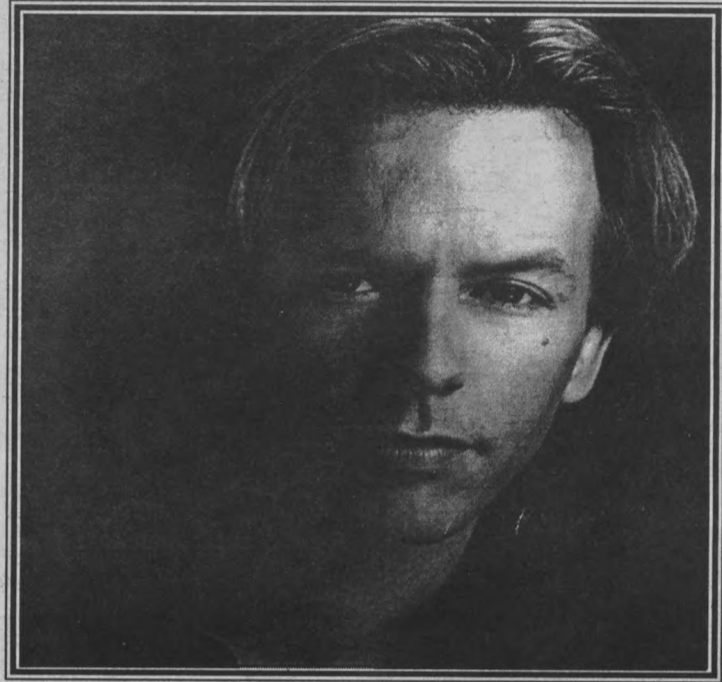
MOVIES// ANYTHING WITH ROBIN WILLIAMS, "SIX DAYS, SEVEN NIGHTS," ANYTHING WITH JENNIFER ANISTON, "RETURN TO PARADISE" (SO WHAT IF VINCE VAUGHN IS LIKE THE HOTTEST MAN ALIVE, NOTHING ANNE HECHHE DOES IS REALLY ALL THAT GOOD, DO WE JUST LIKE THE IDEA OF A CHIC LESBO?? HUH, ELLEN? HUH?), MATT DAMON + BEN AFFLECK FIFTEEN MINUTES FIFTEEN MINUTES TOO LONG (THE "GOOD WILL HUNTING" DRAMA COULD HAVE BEEN PENNED BY A HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMAN FOR GOD'S FUCKIN' SAKE!!), THE HYPE SURROUNDING CAMERON DIAZ, GRETCHEN MOL, BLAH BLAH BLAH, WHO'S THE NEXT "IT" GIRL HOLLYWOOD OOH OOH I'M DYING TO KNOW (BITE ME), JENNIFER LOVE HEWITT'S BOUGHT AND PAID FOR KNOCKERS (WE'VE SEEN ENOUGH).

TV// "DAWSON'S CREEK": WHY?, "ALLY MCBEAL" (WHO CARES - IF CALISTA FLOCKHART IS ANOREXIC HER SHOW SUCKS), NEVE CAMPBELL BE GAY ALREADY!

OTHER THINGS THAT JUST STRAIGHT SUCKED// SWING, DISNEY'S EVER RISING BODY COUNT (HIGHER THAN ICE-T COULD HAVE ENVISIONED), ARTSWEEK RECEIVED NO HATE MAIL (FOR ALL THE TRYING, ALL THE POSTURING, NO HATE MAIL - IT'S TIME TO START THE YEAR OFF RIGHT), THE VALLEY VOICE, CAMPUS POINT (I MEAN, COME ON!).

Associated Students Program Board presents...

DAVID SPADE



JANUARY 10 (Sunday)
8pm
Events Center

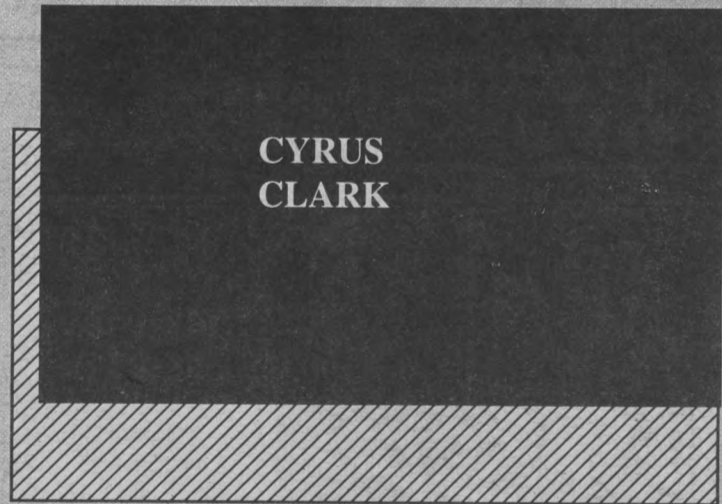
Tickets available at the AS Ticket Office and all Ticketmaster locations. Order by phone at 893-2064

This week's film ...

RUSH HOUR

IV Theater
7:30 and 10:00 pm
\$3 Stud/\$5 General

ACOUSTICS



CYRUS CLARK

WED. 1/13 4:30
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http://www.as.ucsb.edu/asob/home.html

DON'T BELIEVE THE HYPE: ^{THE MOST} Sensationalized ALBUMS OF NINETYEIGHT (IN BOTH THE MAINSTREAM AND UNDERGROUND ALIKE) GET A FRESH LOOK

brought to you by HANSON, RAUB + MNOIAN



Jets to Brazil / Orange Rhyming Dictionary / Jade Tree

Prior to hearing the album, I heard that Jets to Brazil were both "incredible" and "terrible." With such impassioned responses, I was ready to put my ears to the test and hear for myself. Jade Tree is a fairly respectable label, featuring artists I really like, such as Joan of Arc, so I was biased in favor of Jets to Brazil.

In the music store, I picked up *Orange Rhyming Dictionary* and a beautiful orange-and-white cover met my eyes. Minimal, elegant and slightly offbeat in design, it appealed to my good judgement and I was ready to make the CD mine. Thankfully, however, the gentlemen working behind the counter encouraged me — with a look of serious pleading in their eyes — to listen to the album in the store before running home with my very own Jets to Brazil album.

I put the headphones on, and much to my utter dismay, it seemed they'd left another customer's shitty SoCal pop punk out-fit in the CD player. No, I was informed, that was the ripe sound of Jets to Brazil.

Now I understood the look in their eyes. They, too, had heard the hype, and it had failed to live up to its promises. I went home frustrated and yet relieved that I had not given in to the buzz without a good listen for myself.

Sadly, the old saying "you can't judge a book by its cover" appeared in simple, chic text before my eyes. Gorgeous album design cannot elevate a band from the throes of sounding boring, tired and uninteresting.

UNKLE / Psyence Fiction / Mo' Wax

I don't care what the hip-hop/electronic set hype, but just adding Britpop to trip-hop doesn't equal progressive, cutting edge, "Best of '98" music.

Granted, UNKLE was featured in *URB* and let DJ Shadow vocalize some of his involvement with the project, but for the most part, James Lavelle grabbed the mic and spouted off to MTV and the other mainstream press outlets about his "collaboration" with DJ Shadow. While Mr. Lavelle didn't actually make most of the music on the album, he did seem to have made the phone calls to all the "right" chic people — Thom Yorke, Mike D, blah blah fuckin' blah. As a result, UNKLE showcases DJ Shadow's soundscapes and a bunch of vocals from all the kids MTV's convinced are cool and cutting edge.

This isn't to say that there aren't some gems on *Psyence Fiction*. "Celestial Annihilation," for example, blends old school and strings into a Gianni funk that's good. And, in fact, most of the tracks are pretty good.

But does this classify UNKLE as one of the *best* albums of '98, as selected by *Spin* magazine? It seems that, when considering the vast amount of stellar electronic, deejay and hip-hop music made in '98, the editors at *Spin* (and several other music magazines as well) could have penetrated beyond the shallow surface of media-hyped albums and revealed those artists making truly revolutionary — or at least more progressive — music. Or were they just swayed by the gorgeous cover art?

All of this being said, UNKLE is a solid album. It's worth owning and listening to, but sadly it seems the media has again fallen prey to its own hype.

Lauryn Hill / The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill / Ruffhouse

Before ranting and raving about the plethora of hype surrounding *The Miseducation of Lauryn Hill*, for the record, let me first state that this album is quality work, and really may indeed be one of the finer mainstream albums put out in '98. Lauryn Hill has a gorgeous voice, writes some pretty melodies and overall put out a soulful, R&B album touched off with nods to '60s soul, reggae and hip-hop.

However, with that being said, now it's time to get to the ranting and raving. Of all the albums that entered the musical sphere both through the back door and front door alike, none received more media craze than Ms. Hill's album. Interestingly enough, Ms. Hill has previously received a great deal of *bad* press, mostly over her negative statements on receiving money generated by white people.

Yet despite whatever negativity Ms. Hill has projected in the past (or positivity, depending on what you're reading and about what), Ms. Hill has always been seen as essentially what she is: an extremely intelligent, talented young singer and songwriter. In many ways, I'd argue that she is deserving of the praise she generates for these reasons alone. Her appeal to the mainstream is pretty valid.

However, if she's so talented and intelligent, why were there large cardboard displays in every music store flaunting Ms. Hill's beauty (which, it is true, she really is) and her firm stomach's sexy navel? Does her representation doubt her selling ability? And what about the other talent flocking around Ms. Hill on *The Miseducation*? (Che Guevara, DJ Premier, Carlos Santana, Mary J. Blidge and D'Angelo are certainly lending a solid, marketable helping hand.)

With all this said, I still find some of the songs on Ms. Hill's album to be some of the finest, most soulful R&B to come about in the mainstream world. And, considering what road another ex-Fugee's member decided to dance down, superstar that she is, she certainly has more integrity.

Peace out like Ginger Spice.

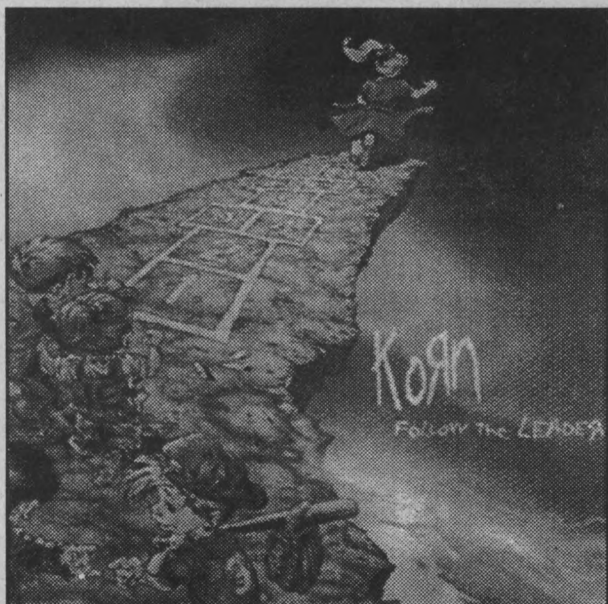
Korn / Follow The Leader / Elementree

Enough already! For fuck's sake could the press kiss these guy's asses a little more? Four years ago when Korn actually released a good album, did anyone notice, did any of these supposedly worldly music journalists turn down their STP albums long enough to care? No, of course not, and now Korn are everybody's little alterna-darlings. I think I'm getting sick.

Really the big thing about Korn was their monthlong meet-and-greet album release tour, their alleged "avoidance" of standard music industry promotion. Well, that was all fine and good but what no one seemed to notice is that their new album sucked and sucked in a bad way.

It's really no big accomplishment to sell an image and a vibe to easily impressionable youth, and that's what Korn have managed to do here. Frankly, considering the stank, bile-scented, shit-stained nature of pop music, anyone who so shamelessly caters to angry sexually-repressed 14-year-olds with blatant over-the-top machismo is bound to move some units. This does not, however, move the members of Korn into the undeserving status of rock demigods in which they are now thrust. It does mean, though, that these guys have gotten probably a lot more blow jobs from high school girls now than they ever got when they themselves were actually in high school.

So why you ask does this album suck so badly? Allow me explain. It's like they're playing their instruments because they feel they have to, not because they're actually writing a song. It's an album based on Jonathan Davis's vocals and the same FX pedals anyone can go pick up at their local music store. Here is the formula: overkill drumming + bass guitar tuned so low it can't actually be heard + the same grinding guitar line that fans of the last two Korn album might be familiar with + (here is the clincher) Davis growling, hissing or whispering something that sounds like "fag" or "fuck" or "crank" = what does it really matter because those boys are FINE with a capital F, beeyatch!



TIME TO HOP THE BANDWAGON *Beautiful* PEOPLE OF ARTSWEEK TOOK THE TIME TO TELL US WHAT SHOULD HAVE GOT PLAYED AND WHO SHOULD HAVE GOT LAID WELL, NOT REALLY, BUT HERE ARE THE BANDS YOU MISSED IN NINETEYEIGHT.

brought to you by BENOWITZ-FREDERICKS, HENSCH, JACKSON + MILLER

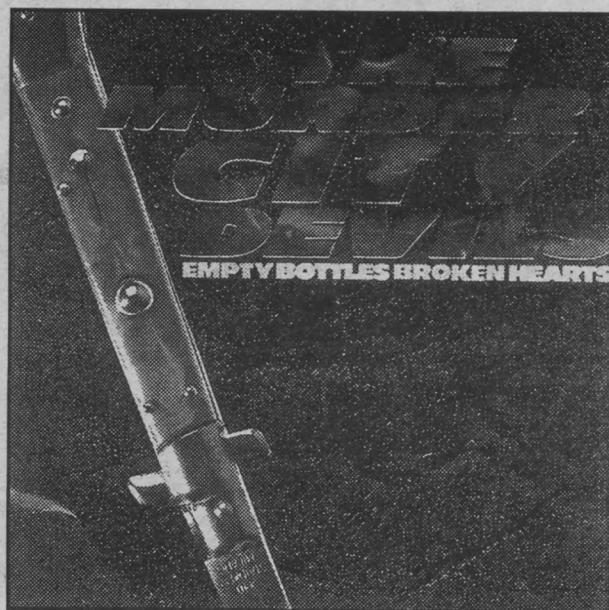
Murder City Devils / *Empty Bottles Broken Hearts* / Sub Pop

There is music that makes you think of sunny days and smiles, music that makes you want to slug down barbituates with Drano, music that gets your adrenaline pumping to baby-kicking levels. But this is the first album I've heard that makes you feel like a lean, mean, dangerous, grungy, Matt Dillon-esque sexy-ass motherfucker. I don't know what kind of music Zeke from "The Faculty" listens to, but it oughta be the Murder City Devils.

Bass, drums, rhythm guitar, lead guitar, dancehall keyboards and one drunken pudgy guy who yells like a slug in a bowl of pretzels combine to form a soundtrack that'll turn Elijah Wood into a Heathers-era Christian Slater.

This album is a throwback to rock 'n' roll in the old way, when Little Richard scared the crap out of white people; OK, so these kids are a little on the Caucasian side, but it belongs to the same crossbred, mean 'n' screamin', booty-shakin' genius as Chuck Berry, The Stooges, Johnny Thunders and the Cars. Bust out the Brylcreem, step up the strut, grab yer leather jacket, and get this damn album.

— DJ Fatkid is angrily looking for some more skat.



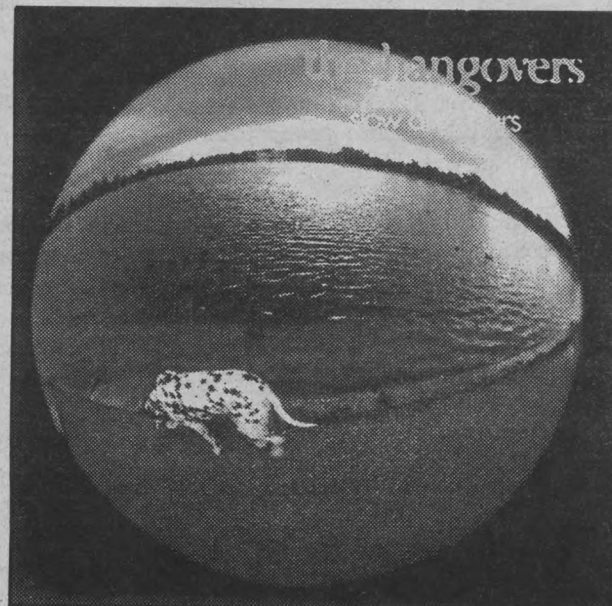
The Hangovers / *Slow Dirty Tears* / Kill Rock Stars

One thing to celebrate about 1998 is Gina Birch's return to rock 'n' roll. A former member of the monumental punk band The Raincoats and Mayo Thompson's Red Crayola, Birch isn't quite narcissistic enough to put out a solo record, which is what this basically is, so instead we're blessed with The Hangovers, Birch's distinctive voice/guitar/songs and a revolving cast of players.

The album is full of wonderfully fractured pop songs, punctured with the experimentation and dancibility of dub and a delicious rock 'n' roll crunch.

Floating above it all is Birch's voice, possessing an incredible range from smoky lows to piercing, warbling shrills. My biggest hope is that she gets a steady band together and heads over here to the States sometime soon.

— Josh Miller is full of hope and other useless bullshit



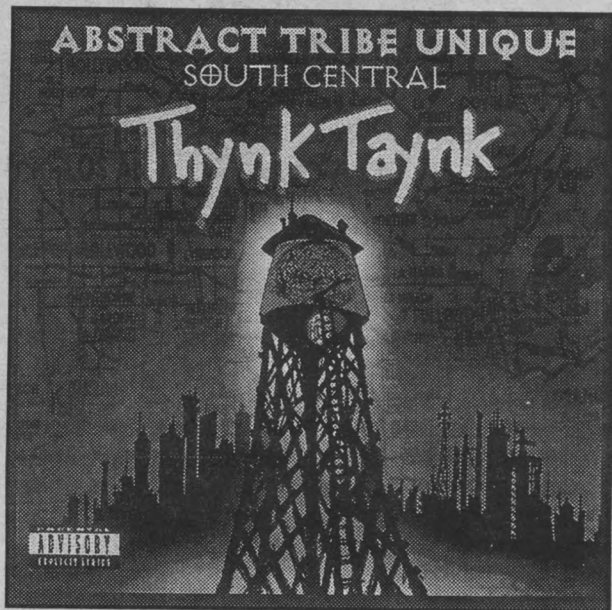
Abstract Rude and A.T.U. / *South Central Thynk Tank* / Ocean Floor

As organic soul/jazz influenced hip-hop continues to be received by the general populace, groups like Outkast and Black Eyed Peas continue to occupy people's shelves and CD holders. Twangy guitars, soft keys, lush melodies and a saucy mix of gumbo soul climbs high as the people's choice over tired works from producers who seem not to know how to sample creatively.

Folks seem too quick to note Dr. Dre, Ant Banks, Mike Mosley, Warren G and other synthesizer-based funk producers who've spearheaded the sample-free movement of beats on the West Coast. However, I'm talking about the jazz-, blues- and soul-based melodies that emanate sheer emotion and memories that connect my generation with the elders raised on John Coltrane, John Lee Hooker, the Isley Brothers, Isaac Hayes, etc.

In that sense, it is understandable that groups such as The Roots, Outkast and Black Eyed Peas gather so much props. What needs to be noted is that Abstract Rude and friends have been putting down vibes in the vein of honest, black vernacular for more than a few years. Folks that heralded Outkast and Black Eyed Peas as musically refreshing have obviously been sleeping on these cats. Fat Jack's production is laced by guitars, electric keyboards and subtle yet impressionable structures of soul-based music to compliment Abstract Rude's hypnotic (yet authoritative) voice. *South Central Thynk Tank* continues this tradition, as thoughtful lyrics and emotional hip-hop prove to be years ahead of the understanding of a stagnating public.

— A-Double has got more rhythm than DJ Quik and is far more welcome in Miami than any big willie's style.



Christopher de Babalon / *If You're Into It, I'm Out of It* / Digital Hardcore

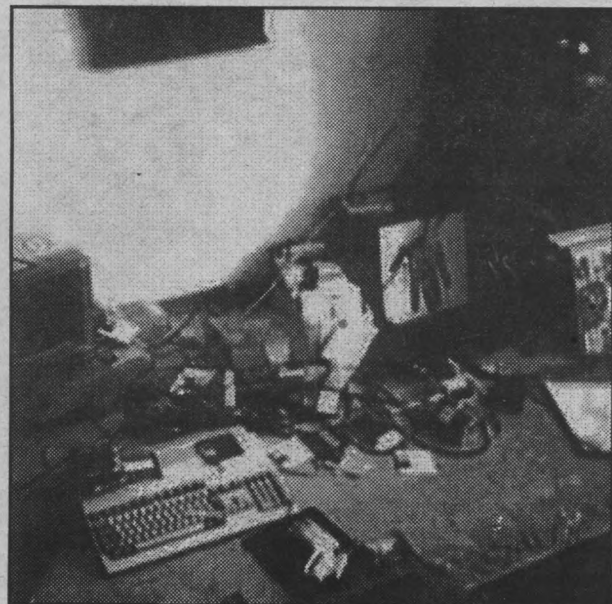
With his unsaucy, belligerent debut, Christopher de Babalon has taken the practice of producing digital hardcore and made it into an art for all to enjoy. This album kicks ass. It has the electro-mania of Alec Empire's electronic forerunners, Atari Teenage Riot. It has the delicious beauty of ambient noise that Babalon mixes masterfully with break beats and jungle elements. Mr. Babalon knows how to be skillfully underrated and keep his music a screeching bundle of joy.

The album starts off with a 15-minute-long track of ambient electric buzzing, teetering on straight experimentation. Listening to the following tracks is quite a surprise: beats, out of control harmonies mixed with scraping electronic madness, and no lyrics (a plus in my book).

Track 3, "Expressure," and Track 5, "Water," are definitely high points on this hellishly beautiful roller coaster of hardcore jungle. It is astounding, it is tasty, it makes me want to dive into a pool full of molten lava and jagged rocks while drinking martinis poolside at 10 a.m.

However, this is just my opinion. Maybe you don't like martinis, or maybe molten lava is just not for everyone. All I have to say is that this album is beautiful in every repulsive sense of the word.

— Melanie "dammit i forgot my rock-climbin' shoes" Hensch



"ELVIS CHANGED MY BEDPAN"

AND THEN HE CHANGED MY LIFE!

a true story about the
the King of Rock and
an emigrant gas
station employee.



The story you are about to read is true. Some of the nitty gritty has been omitted in order to let the story resemble the mythology it should.

A friend of my parents, Shawn Vegvary, and his wife were forced to leave their country sometime in the late '60s or early '70s. What country they left I am not sure of, but they emigrated to the United States of America. The young man was a musician. The young woman was an artist. They were extremely poor, but they were working hard toward a better life.

The young man — a true, devoted fan of Elvis, I might in-

Springs. One night while working, Mr. Vegvary found himself being attacked by a gang of four or five men who, while robbing the gas station, severely beat up the emigrant with chains and baseball bats.

While lying in the hospital, a newspaper reporter came to do a story on the emigrant gas station worker's attack. In the course of the interview, Mr. Vegvary mentioned how big a fan of Elvis Presley he was, how Elvis's songs had meant so much to him, had embodied the American dream for all people.

Elvis Presley, living in Palm Springs at the time, caught wind of the article. He came to the hospital and visited Mr. Vegvary, and he invited the man and his wife to his home

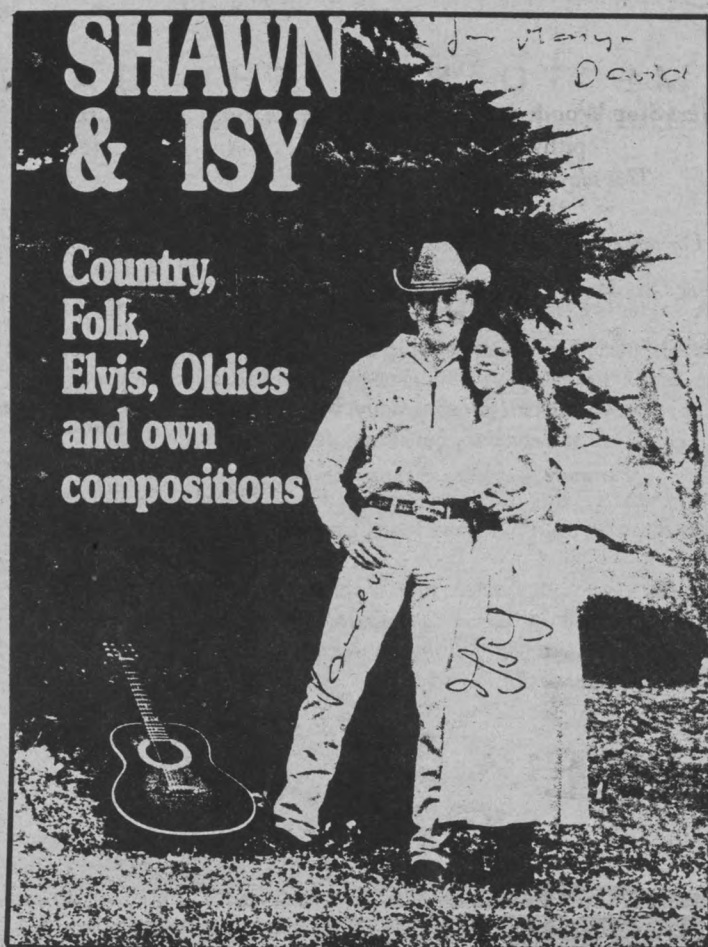
when he was out of the hospital. Vegvary's wife, the artist, painted a portrait of Elvis, which to this very day hangs at Graceland.

Out of gratitude, love and appreciation for the King, Mr. and Mrs. Vegvary's first child was named Elvis.

Times got better. Now Mr. Vegvary (and sometimes his son, Elvis) is a musician who travels Europe singing country and western songs. He is also one of Europe's top Elvis impersonators.

This article is dedicated to the memory of Elvis, of the people he touched personally, through his music and through his life. Happy Birthday from all of us at *Artsweek*.

— Jenne Raub



SHAWN & ISY

Country,
Folk,
Elvis, Oldies
and own
compositions

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Applications available now. Call 893-3443.

Artsweek
FROM: SAGEON BARDAL
TV CA 93117

ANSWER YOU ARE A GROUP OF INDIVIDUALS WHO CAN GIVE A RATS ASS ABOUT LIFE IN GENERAL BUT INTRIGUE THE REST OF THE WORLD WITH YOUR MODERN WISDOM I LOVE YOU (REALLY!)

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THE BIRTHDAY BOX...

The UCSB way to say a special Happy Birthday to your friends, roomies or significant others — through the Daily Nexus.

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Come to the Nexus Ad Office, Storke Tower room 1041 or call 893-3828 for more information.

Events [UPCOMING AND ONGOING]

Film

"Next Stop Wonderland" - Hope Davis stars in this pithy, romantic comedy.
 Thursday, Jan. 7, 6p.m., Campbell Hall
 \$5 students; \$6 general.
 For more information, contact A&L at 893-3535.

"A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries" - The story of an American expatriate's coming of age in Paris, starring Barbara Hershey.
 Sunday, Jan. 10, 7p.m. Campbell Hall.
 \$5 students; \$6 general.
 For more information contact A&L.

Performance/Lecture/Theater

Chamber Orchestra Kremlin - Acclaimed orchestra to be joined by Joel Feigin, Associate Professor of Music at UCSB and composer.
 Tuesday, Jan. 12, 8p.m., Campbell Hall. \$12/\$14/\$16 students; \$14/\$17/\$20 general. For more information, contact A&L.

Art

Chicano Art Exhibition - Second annual exhibition featuring the art of Rosa M. Reception/Presentation, Wednesday Jan. 13, 4:30p.m., MCC Lounge and Theater. For more information, call 893-8411.



Peter's Coming.....
 along with International Star
June Foray
 and her friends

Granny from "The Sylester & Tweety Show"
 Rocky, Natasha & Nell "The Rocky & Bullwinkle Show"
 in a NEW PRODUCTION of

Peter & The Wolf
 Sun., Jan. 10, 1999 at 3 PM

Lobero Theater
 33 E. Canon Perdido, Santa Barbara
 Special Guest Star Fox 11's TOPPER
 West Coast Symphony - Christopher Story, VI, conducting
 Cartoon Slides by Jamie Pfeifer

Tickets: Lobero Box Office: 963-0761 V/TTD
 General \$17 - Students/Seniors \$11 -
 Children under 18/Handicapped \$11
 Join Free Fox 11 Kids Club (2-14) \$8

Live Q & A with Rocky & Natasha
 after the performance

Presented by the Lobero and Cielo Foundations
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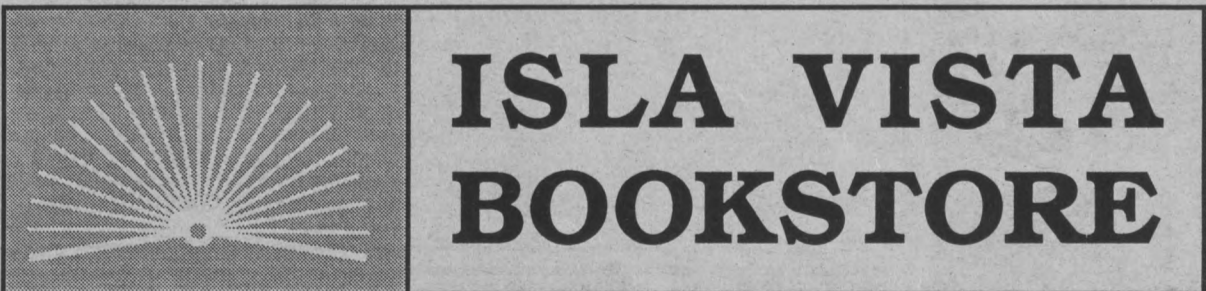
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 BY LINDA C. BLACK

Check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

Aries (March 21-April 19)—Today is a 6—Make sure everything is done perfectly today, because once you relax, it'll be hard to get back into the old routine. The party flag is up, but that's not all. You're in some sort of competition. You're advancing in your career and your social life at the same time. Interesting, but a tad dangerous. Don't make promises you can't keep.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)—Today is a 7—You're in a playful mood today. Everybody around you benefits when you're happy. You bring them luck. And a friend is going to bring you some luck, too. All in all, a marvelous situation. This abundance could lead to complications, however. You're generating more work for yourself, possibly soon. People want what you're selling.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)—Today is a 6—Put the finishing touches on a household project now. You'll have other things taking up your time and attention soon. There's a complication coming, possibly involving money. This just means you have to be a little more creative, that's all. You're creative anyway, so don't give it a second thought.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)—Today is a 6—Something at home has gotten uncomfortable, or will be by tomorrow or the next day. Might as well do a little planning. You and your partner may disagree about specifics. That may be why you've avoided the issue, but it won't be possible for much longer. The good news is that you'll most likely have it resolved over the weekend.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)—Today is a 6—Work requires your full attention today. Even if you have things running smoothly, watch for breakdowns. Abundance is wonderful, but it can lead to new dilemmas if you're not prepared. Communication is probably at the root of a problem; it's also your key to success. Make sure everybody knows what everybody else is doing. Don't make any assumptions.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Today is a 6—Schedule your own time today, like you always do, but schedule everybody else's as well. That way you have a better chance of managing the entire group, and you all have a better chance of winning. You're good at this, so don't hold your talent back. Get in there and make their lives work for them, gently and supportively, of course.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Today is a 6—If you tore things apart yesterday, now's the time to put them back together, better than ever. A little paint here, a little fluffed up pillow there, and suddenly you've got a completely new environment. You have a talent for decorating and you'll immediately see anything that's out of place. Shuffle things around until the ambience is exactly right.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Today is a 6—Looks like complications are going to arise late tonight or tomorrow. If you have most of the contingencies worked out ahead of time, that won't be a problem. Visualize yourself as already having won the game, then figure out how to get from here to there. It's a lot more fun to play the game that way.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Today is a 6—If you can focus your attention just one more day, you'll be astonished at the results you produce. You could generate more income, as well as more status. You'd like to increase both freedom and security, that's also possible. You're creating the job of your dreams, simply by paying attention to details. That's today's assignment.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Today is a 6—You're pushing yourself and succeeding, or you should be, because you've got everything you need. You're attracting the attention of higher-ups, so just keep showing them that you are exactly what they want. You can produce results; that's the most important part. And you're a visionary. You're not only productive, you're also creative.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Today is a 6—While you're going through your accounts, have you discovered a secret treasure trove? A way you can manage to have the vacation of your dreams? If not, keep looking. What's the point in getting your financial affairs in order if you can't also find a way to spend on something you'd like?

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)—Today is a 6—Once you and your mate work out the details, you'll be able to make a bold move together. You've both been thinking about this, but neither of you could manage alone. Together, you've got more courage, determination and money. Once you know what you want, there will be no stopping you.

Today's Birthday (Jan. 7). The skills you learn this year will lead directly to your success, especially if you plan it out that way. And why not? In February, you'll see what you need to know to make more money. Your motto should be: Spend a little to get a lot. By March, the information is available. All you have to do is soak it up. April looks like a good time to move or rearrange your domestic environment. By August, your path should be clear. It requires a commitment, so make it. In September, details are important. Do the homework to make sure you get every one right. In October, you'll get the chance of a lifetime. Jump on it. In December you may be taken by surprise. Don't let a setback stop you.

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Orientation Programs is looking for a diverse group of highly motivated individuals who want to work hard and have a good time. Twenty-five positions are available for UCSB students who want to reach out to new students and their parents during Summer Orientation to make them feel comfortable at UCSB. Because we believe that the composition of the student staff should reflect the diversity of our campus, we are actively seeking applicants from a wide range of backgrounds, ethnicities, experiences, interests, and majors.

The Benefits:

Develop professional skills in leadership, public speaking, organization, academic advising, public relations, teamwork and issues awareness. Orientation Staff members work April - August and are paid \$6.75/hour during spring quarter (15-20 hours per week) and \$7.00/hour during summer sessions (full-time). Staff members are also provided with all meals during summer working hours. Note: Summer school attendance is not permitted.

The Details:

Applications available now at the Orientation Office (1311 Cheadle), Office of Student Life (SAASB), and both EOP offices (Bldgs. 406 and 434). Applications are due January 19. All applicants are **required** to attend **one** of the following Information Meetings:

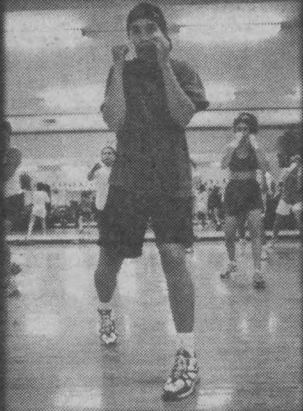
	Thursday, Jan. 7	5:00-6:00pm	Flying A Studios, UCen
	Monday, Jan. 11	5:00-6:00pm	Flying A Studios, UCen
	Tuesday, Jan. 12	5:00-6:00pm	Flying A Studios, UCen

For more information, call Orientation Programs at 893-3443.

Special arrangements to accommodate a disability may be made upon request for Orientation programs, activities, and printed materials.



Cycle Aerobics

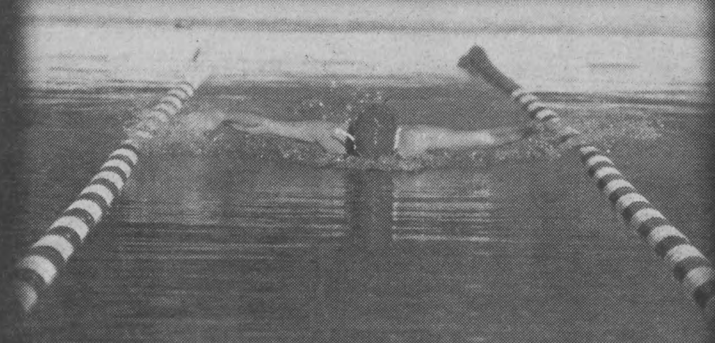


Box Aerobics

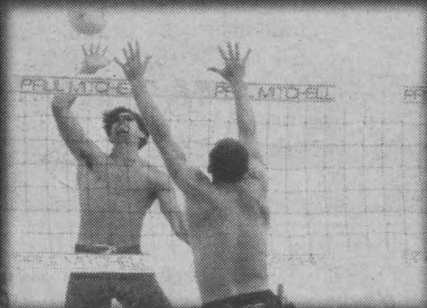
David Gregory



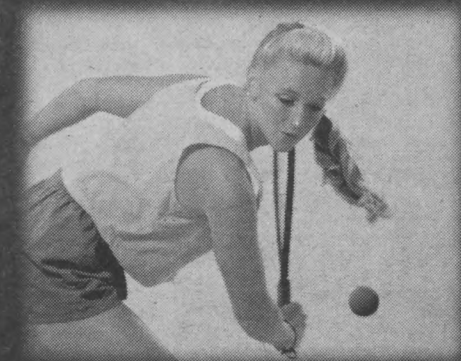
Rock Climbing



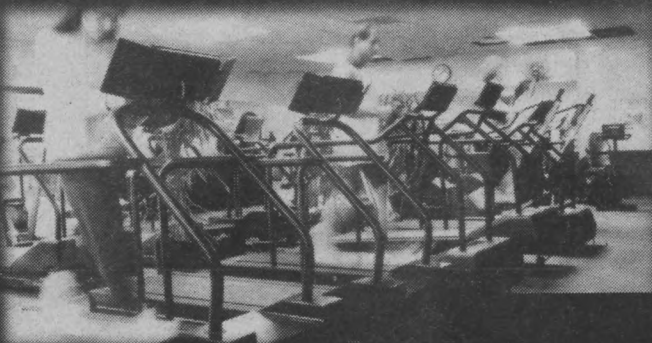
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