he wrote the bestseller "a hitchhiker’s guide to the galaxy." now, science fiction author douglas adams discusses writing, technology +

ENDANGERED
SPECIES

p. 4A
His name is Osnard. Andy Osnard. An arrogant yet stylish British spy with a taste for liquor, fine linen suits, and nymphomaniac diplomats in skirts. He picks safe, drives nice cars and is oh so charming. Of course, there is no one more qualified to play Osnard than "Mr. Shaken-not-stirred" himself, Pierce Brosnan.

British spies, manufactured political conspiracies and sexual innuendos attempt to coalesce in John Boorman's silly, new satiric political thriller/off-beat drama, "The Tailor of Panama." An entertaining, mostly well-acted and beautifully shot film, the paper-thin plot and silly characterizations make it another forgettable film. The characters run around with flustered and concerned faces; but if they fail it only seems that they'll go back to their wood-paneled club just slightly disappointed and embarrassed at a loss of face.

Based on a John le Carré novel, the story revolves around an agent from the British Embassy (Osnard) trying to get his hands on information about the security of the Panama Canal. Recently given over to the Panamanians by the United States, Osnard consults his fellow expatriate and renowned tailor to Panama City's rich and famous, Harry Pendel (Geoffrey Rush), for information on the "silent conspiracy" movement that is reportedly bent on taking over the country. When word comes out that the new and unstable Panamanian government is going to sell the canal based on information unknowingly provided by Pendel's wife (Jamie Lee Curtis), Osnard attempts to engineer a military intervention for ignoble reasons. What follows is a half-hearted free-for-all where those with benevolent intentions collide with those with only the most selfish ones.

With its uppity setting in British gentlemen clubs and its air of humorous deception, the film brings to mind a slightly more sinister version of "Dirty Rotten Scoundrels." As both a spy and the ultimate gentleman con man, Brosnan's character is fun to watch even if all his lines sound entirely scripted and his arrogance contrived. Basically a slimmer and less noble James Bond, his character is too shallow to root for and too unbelievable to jeer. Rush acts his role with great intensity, yet this passion sometimes seems out of place amid all the inconsequence of the film. Boorman needs to go home and watch an old tape of "Deliverance." Now there was a film of his that had dimension and purpose.
WORD PERFECT
THE PERFECT TENANT GETS IT
seeing fairies, trey clark

I've gotten thousands of letters from aspiring straight-to-video filmmakers asking for promotion and advice. I give them a big middle finger when it comes to promotion; you gotta prove classic status before I even think of giving your movie an internationally published "thumbs up." But I am ready and willing to dish out the advice.

Most letter writers want to find that last missing piece of the straight-to-video-classic puzzle. Well I got it. So I am going to reveal that secret piece, because frankly I'm sick of seeing flicks with filmmakers as clueless as the ones who write to me. The secret is:
The title of your movie should be spoken by the film's central character within the first 20 minutes of viewing. That's it. It's so simple, yet it is a glaringly absent part of far too many movies. "The Perfect Tenant" didn't forget, so I gotta give it and director Doug Campbell props.

The film begins with a man walking around his living room on Christmas Eve. He surveys his various "Teacher of the Year" awards while Christmas carolers sing sweetly outside his door, but that tear in his eye and Jack D in his cup tell you that something is terribly wrong. He makes good use of the rope that happens to be lying neatly in his garage, constructing a makeshift noose on a hook in the living room's ceiling. His son is awoken by the carolers, and as the boy moves from the door to celebrate he notices his father hanging dead. A close-up of the boy's pained expression made me pause the VCR to get Kleenex.

Fast-forward 20 years and David Summer (Maxwell Caulfield, who played Michael the British guy opposite Michelle Pfeifer in "Grease 2") is on a mission to avenge his father's suicide. He is staking out the house and guest house of Jessica Michael (Linda Purl), a student of David's father when she was in high school and reported to the police that he sexually abused her. Thus, David believes that she is to blame for his father's demise.

David waits for the current tenants of Jessica's guest-house to leave their door unlocked, and then he sneaks in and murders them with a knife. His next move is to become the new tenant so that he can get inside Jessica's life and make her suffer like he has the last 20 years.

After a wonderful interview and inspection of the guesthouse, David leaves Jessica thoroughly impressed. She tells him that she will think about his application and give him a call. David pauses, smiles and then says those wonderful words, "You have to take me, I'm 'The Perfect Tenant!'" Boo-ya!

To be honest, the film goes slightly downhill from there. But with such a beautiful example of flawless writing and filmmaking, "The Perfect Tenant" deserves its classic status.

ENOUGH APRIL FOOLS, April's FREE!
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Big Wednesday 300-500 ucen hub
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DIGITAL VIDEO ASSOCIATION'S SPECIAL EVENT
RAGE in the MultiCultural Center Theater
20 Years of Punk Rock: West Coast Style

RAGE, Joe Dirt, Digital Video Association's
03.15.01
How does Douglas Adams arrive for coffee? If he were like the Montecitans stopping by Pierre Lafond’s, he would show up in an SUV, a luxury car or a luxury SUV. The basic cup of coffee at Pierre Lafond’s costs $1.25 and is called “organic French roast.” It tastes exactly like McDonald’s coffee or organic crank case fluid, not that the drivers of SUV’s seem to care.

I expected more from Adams than an SUV. I wanted to see him skip out of a spaceship, materialize or even just walk. This is a guy who wrote *The Hitchhiker’s Guide to the Galaxy* and has managed to make Life, the Universe and Everything much more entertaining. So, I wondered, how would he arrive?

Black Mercedes.

Adams is 6 feet 5 inches tall with intensely round eyes. He hadn’t had a good day. His daughter was sick, and the crossword he was eating at 5 p.m. was luscious. Life hasn’t been bad for the 52-year-old Adams, though. He travels the world, his nine books have sold over 15 million copies and the oft-delayed "Hitchhikers" movie is now being produced by Disney and has the director of "Austin Powers" signed on.

"The perennial movie, which has been about to be made for about 20 years and is even more about to be made now," Adams said. "But we shall see. I wish I had never thought of doing it as a movie. I’d have about 10 years of my life back."

For the first time in over a decade, Adams is working on a book.

"There was a spot where I just got massively fed up with it. My books tend to use up ideas at a ferocious rate," he said. "I never intended to be a novelist to begin with. So I decided to go and do a whole bunch of other things. ... The consequence of that is I have a huge backlog of story ideas, and now the sort of panic is, ‘Can I do them all in the rest of my career, given the speed at which they’re arriving at the moment?’ The other panic, of course, is the perennial writer’s problem of application. I think I have more fear of writing than most writers."

The new book is not a *Hitchhiker’s* book — there are already five of those — or a *Dirk Gently* book, but "it will be recognizable in style to anyone who knows those books." It also won’t be *The Salmon of Doubt,* which I only usually ever get to do at colleges because it’s funny, but big corporations don’t particularly like to hear about protecting endangered wildlife," he said. "You lose a lot of money to endangered wildlife."

**Last Chance to See** started as a magazine article for the World Wildlife Fund. The group sent Adams to Madagascar, where he met Carwardine. Adams wrote about aye-ayeans, an endangered species of nocturnal lemurs that look like a cross between a bat, a monkey and a very surprised infant.

"At the time, it was thought that there was only about 15. They’ve found a few more so it’s not quite so endangered, just very, very, very endangered," Adams said. "The whole thing was completely magical."
"Do you have to be on drugs to listen to Phish?" asks the cameraman.

"No,"

It’s where all those sloppily dressed kids that don’t know how to brush their hair go. The sprightly young man (somewhere on Phish’s European tour) tells us this as he skips merrily down the street, shodding on his harmonica. He viewed this for screening purposes only version of Todd Phillips' film “Bittersweet Motel,” which is based on the famous masters of the jam-band Phish, while I was engaged in the painting of a clock.

Major components of the movie include: (1) Phish playing music in back rooms and being ‘the guys,’ (2) performances by "one of the most successful acts on the global touring circuit," (3) the Phish fans/culture, (4) guitarist Trey Anastasio’s thoughts. The "being the guys" that they do is interwined almost entirely with music making and performances. From backstage jams to marathon Phish festivals to playful gun-buying bar—

"WHAT'S IN THAT CHICK'S BALloon? SINGLE, SILly, AND DANCE SO SLOWly"

"PICTURE OF NECTAR"

"BITTERSWEET MOTEL PHILMS THE PHUNK"

so fresh, so clean... _eric lister

Todd Philips’ film “Bittersweet Motel,” which is based on guitarists Trey Anastasio’s global touring circuit, (3) the Phish fans/culture, (4) a man (somewhere on Phish’s European tour) tells us this. The performances were seen from all over the place, While I painted the clock, I basically listened to the movie rather than watched it. I was told by my friend, a Phish fan, that what the performances really captured was the process by which participatory elements invented by the audience merge with the music elements provided by the band to create “the show” as a piece of communally produced and consumed art. Still, it isn’t that the show itself is just music making devoid of the aim of entertainment. It’s theatrical, whether straining out a bit of barbershop quartet or pounding out rock that one could go so far as to describe as “hard.”

The only two scenes I watched between coats of blaz-orange aerosol paint and blue masking tape were a well lit, well shot New Years show and a photo shoot of about 200 naked hippies. If that alone isn’t the makings of great cinema... What goes on in the show’s parking lot at 4:20 p.m.? What’s in that chick’s balloon? And how come you see the sprightly young man (somewhere on Phish’s European tour) everywhere? Oh and how come the music is so silly and dance so slowly? Why do Justin and Brian, the shot—

HELLO NASTY NASTY WITH A TWIST EXPOSES THE GRIME accidentally _julie krain

This coming weekend, the MultiCultural Drama Company presents “Nasty with a Twist,” an adults-only theater presentation that addresses issues like government corruption, racism and pornographic nastiness. “Nasty with a Twist” is written, directed and acted by performers involved in the roughly 14-member drama company who has been around for about three years. It consists of eight one-act plays, five of which are short 10-minute skits, and clocks in at two-and-a-half hours. The MCDC functions using both traditional published plays as well as submissions that are accepted from members and non-members of the club. The ethnic makeup of the club attempts to represent the ethnic makeup of UCSC, but with less white people.

The MCDC doesn’t present the topics in the politically correct manner which the club’s members claim is the common method of exposing such issues. Krishna Naryanamurti, the club’s founder, and Isaac Larner describe their show as a blend of things that don’t fall under one particular style or theme. “Nasty with a Twist” will be different from what people have seen before because it addresses issues head-on with no pretenses.

Larner and Naryanamurti want to warn the audience that this is adult entertainment and is definitely meant only for mature audiences. Larner says that hopefully the next show will be rated NC-17, but in any case, don’t expose “Nasty with a Twist” to your kids. The show is free with a donation box at the MCC Theater. Seats fill quickly, so come early.

"Nasty with a 'Twist' runs Thursday, April 5, Friday, April 6 and Saturday, April 7 at the MCC Theater at 7:30 p.m. and it’s free!

Answers revealed Friday, April 6, at 7:30 and 9:30 p.m. at Campbell Hall. $5 students, $6 general.

Tuesday night has Calypso, Thursday night has O’k, but what’s a poor girl (or guy) to do on Wednesday, the infamous “hump day.” Well, there’s always the option of cold showers for those underneath folk out there, but for the 21+ crowd, drive downtown and make it to Madhouse to catch local music. This Wednesday, you’ll find The Choppers. 434 State St. 21+. By the way, that’s a picture of Iron Maiden, but we’re sure The Choppers rock just as hard.

In our ongoing efforts to research information about every single event published in this section, after many arduous hours searching for a ripe nugget by someone rightly fans of Bruno de Alfredo’s tribute to Amalia Rodrigues, the legendary singer of Portuguese fado: “When I first heard Amalia Rodrigues I was as if this explosion of emotion burst out of my speakers.” 7:30 p.m., Campbell Hall. $5.
ADAMS, cont. from p.5A

physics is a little too outlandish for Adams, a man who wrote that the answer to Life, the Universe and Everything is 42. A computer came up with that answer, and Adams said computers will change everything.

"Now that we’ve built computers, first we made them room size, then desk size and in briefcases and in pockets, soon they’ll be as plentiful as dust — you can sprinkle computers all over the place. Gradually, the whole environment will become something far more responsive and smart, and we’ll be living in a world that’s very hard for people living on the planet just now to understand," Adams said. "I guess my six-year-old daughter will get a much better handle on it. There’s a set of rules that anything that was in the world when you were born is normal and natural. Anything invented between when you were 15 and 35 is new and revolutionary and exciting, and you’ll probably get a career in it. Anything invented after you’re 35 is against the natural order of things."

Adams has done a bit of everything, from radio, to television, to designing computer games. Not all of them worked out.

"These are life’s little learning experiences," he said. "You know what a learning experience is? A learning experience is one of those things that says, ‘You know that thing you just did? Don’t do that.’"

"At the end of all this being determined to be a jack of all trades, I think I’m better off just sitting down and putting a hundred thousand words in a cunning order," Adams writes "slowly and painfully.”

"People assume you sit in a room, looking pensive and writing great thoughts," he said. "But you mostly sit in a room looking panic-stricken and hoping they haven’t put a guard on the door yet.”

Hopefully, Adams said, what comes out at the end doesn’t try to be literature.

"I always think that literature is best left to the judgments of later generations," he said. "It’s much better just to be literate and get on with it. I can’t help feeling that an awful lot of stuff we call literature as it’s being written probably will die a death in later years, whereas stuff that’s been motivated by something else other than a desire to write literature has some other energy or insight or spirit to it."

Adams will probably be writing for the next few years, before his daughter grows up.

"I think what I’ll do, because there has been talk about me doing a big TV documentary series, so I’ll wait until her hormones kick in, and then I shall go off like a shot," he said. "I think when she’s about 13 I’ll go off and do a big documentary series and come back when she’s become civilized."

The interview ended when Adams’ cell phone rang from inside his pocket. In the other pocket, there was a little bit of padded cotton, red trimmed with a giraffe on it. It looked like it belonged to his daughter. His wife and daughter were supposed to have flown to London that night, but his daughter came down with an ear infection. "A serious one, actually."

It was time for Adams to climb into his black Mercedes to go home and see his daughter.

Douglas Adams will give a public lecture titled “Parrots, The Universe and Everything,” Thursday, April 5 at Campbell Hall at 8 p.m. $5 students, $6 general.
It’s been about three years since we last heard from Company Flow. Back in ’97 it dropped Pavement Plus, then in ’98 it dropped the “End to End Burners” 12”, and in ’99 it dropped El-P’s partner-in- rhyme, Big Jus. Now it’s 2001 and Co Flow is back with a new label, a posse and rhymes, Big Jus. The sound is hard, grimy and complicated verbiage. This is just embarrassing. Rather, it’s unfortunate. All About Chemistry acts as a sober reminder of the effects that ego, money and time can have on a band. It’s going to be hard to gain redemption after this disaster.” [Colin Mitchell]

The mood on the second disc changes completely un-danceable — and that should be enough for old Company Flow fans. Big Bud is another fine addition to the label’s catalog of unique drum ‘n’ bass. The bpms increase as the fire in both the opening and closing tracks and bass. The jam session incorporates Latin beats, up-tempo house, breaks, jazz and soul. On “Peruvian Blues,” the players even lay down some Middle Eastern poly-rhythms.

The mood on the second disc changes as Big Bud returns from the excursion to pure drum ‘n’ bass. The bpms increase as he takes you on yet another atmospheric ride, the musical equivalent of driving through the city at night. Four of the tracks are new and four are classic Big Bud songs remixed. Standout tracks include Mr. Nice and Soulfood. The album is a worthwhile listen if you’re a drum ‘n’ bass fan or if you’re just looking for something new. [John Segal]

The album is a worthwhile listen if you’re a drum ‘n’ bass fan or if you’re just looking for something new.

Big Bud | Late Night Blues | Good Looking

No, it’s not the latest from Cypress Hill, but rather another quality album from LTJ Bukem’s Good Looking Records. Big Bud is another fine addition to the label’s catalog of unique drum ‘n’ bass. Late Night Blues is the two-disc follow-up to the group’s 1999 release Infinity + Infinity, but Big Bud has chosen a different road this time, taking the listener through the realms of jazz, reggae and soul.

The first CD is a virtual gig. New York keyboardist Weldon Irvine plays on both the opening and closing tracks and chats with the audience in between songs. Along for the ride is a singer, a saxophonist and a flutist. The jam session incorporates Latin beats, up-tempo house, breaks, jazz and soul. On “Peruvian Blues,” the players even lay down some Middle Eastern poly-rhythms.

Def Jux Presents ... is a soundly successful rebound from Co Flow’s recent absence from the scene, as well as proof that it has an eye for talent. “The fire in which you burn alive” is turning into a bottleneck. [Trey Clark]
same great location

whole new attitude!

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