

It's 10 minutes before the interview begins and I'm a little nervous. My notes are in a jumble, and I'm still trying to figure out how to use my tape recorder. I am about to talk to the founding member of the outspoken Kronos Quartet, whose gentle yet vibrant chamber music has been heard at thousands of concerts and on more than 20 recordings in the past two decades. The minutes turn into seconds. I make the call and am told to wait while violinist David Harrington makes his way to the phone. I wish myself good luck.

Artsweek: When did the Kronos Quartet first come into being?

David Harrington: 1973.

How did it start?

I heard some music on the radio one night ... and then I heard this piece called "Black Angels" by George Crumb, and I had one of those moments when ... suddenly the world seemed really clear and what I wanted to do in my life seemed really clear. At that point I was in Seattle. ... The group evolved a lot over the first five years. By 1978 Joan [Jeanrenaud, cello], and Hank [Dutt, viola], and John [Sherba, violin], and I started playing together, so it's been 20 years.

So when did you start playing violin?

When I was 9 years old. Each of us in Kronos started roughly at that age, so we have been playing for a long time.

What got you interested in playing violin?

I heard a violinist on television and I wanted to do it.

Can you describe the kind of music that you play?

I would try not to describe it because it might be totally different the next time. I have friendships and relationships with different composers from vastly different cultures and backgrounds. ... Some have been writing music for many, many years and what you have is kind of a body of music written by people from all over the world. There are men and women from about 35 different countries from all of the major religions writing for us.

Do you ever compose your own music?

We don't compose our own music. What I am interested in is finding the greatest composers of our time, and hopefully they will write their best pieces for us. I don't think there is a Stravinsky or a Beethoven in Kronos. When there are people that we know of on that level I think we ought to let them do the writing. One of the things that we do is compose evenings of music by assembling our work in a way that is a composition. So I feel very involved compositionally in our work.

Founding Father

Josh Rutkin talks to David Harrington of the Kronos Quartet



Kronos Quartet: gentle yet vibrant

So you arrange your songs in a special order?

Yes, because I feel that what somebody experiences and what they experience next often defines something new. We put a lot of our thought into what we're intending to perform. No two of our concerts are the same. We like to take a lot of chances and experiment with our work ... so the concert that we play in Santa Barbara will be a mint-condition experience. Hopefully it will add up to something more than the parts.

Does Kronos seek out the composers or is it the other way around?

It works every way, we do commission a lot of new pieces.

How do you decide whether a piece is worthy of the quartet canon?

All I ever have tried to do is follow my ears and let

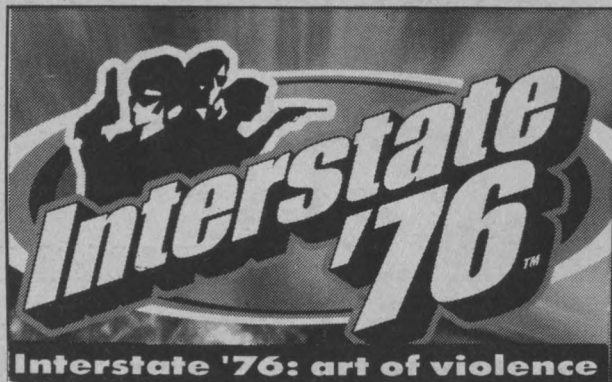
them lead me to the next adventure and new composer and experience. It's kind of an inner sense. When you meet someone and you get a sense of [who they are, it is similar to] when I hear a new composer. For me, it's very personal. [When] the music we play has been written for us, [the composers] know a lot about us personally, so the music has a sense of the handmade. What I am looking for is something incredibly personal but also totally universal.

The Kronos Quartet performs tonight at 8 in Campbell Hall. After the show the quartet will remain for a meet-the-artists discussion with audience members. For more information, please call UCSB Arts & Lectures at 893-3535.

Can't Drive 55

Though my affinity for video games usually leans toward such tact-oriented and strategically challenging mind exercises like "Tetris," "Battleship" and "Electronic Connect Four," the arrival of Activision's "Interstate '76" provided not only a fresh insight to the art of animated violence, but also for a brief moment allowed this closet cyber-geek to venture into a psychedelic mid-'70s world somewhere between *Road Warrior* and *Pulp Fiction*.

As the double CD is downloading onto the hard drive (you need to have at least 80 megabytes of uncompressed space available), you are treated to a scratchy radio news broadcast of the current events circa 1976, providing a brief prelude to the mayhem awaiting you somewhere in the wastelands of the Southwest. To ensure uninterrupted bloodsport, make sure to have good audio and video



Interstate '76: art of violence

cards, or the smooth funk-filled, disco-dominated world that you, "Groove Champion," and your companion "Taurus" shoot and decimate your way through will have the effect of a weak strobe.

The basic premise of this "Spy Hunter"-esque quest is to avenge the death of your sister Jade, an ultra-vigilante before you, who exposed gang leader and terrorist Antonio Malochio's scheme to ruin the U.S. oil resources. Get revenge and carry on the family goals.

Sounds basic, but I had a hard time just deciding which of the 25 demolition cars to use. In the end, the "school bus o' death" became my choice. As there are times when you don't know who or where the bullets are coming from, and other times when you do have a specific target ("Shit, get those Pigs!"), confusion, chaos and one-liners are all essential parts of this challenging game. At least you can choose a practice melee before you commit to a whole adventure.

—Naz Escobar

Oh, God

Don Bradley / *Angels in a Harsh World* / Heartstrings Press

His eyes never left her. She was the center of any circle and the mark. It was visible to those who had the eyes to see, a heart to feel.

So begins the latest novel by Don Bradley, *Angels in a Harsh World*. The book chronicles the adventures of an extraordinary young woman named Haley Olston, who finds herself waging battle against the forces of evil while still somehow managing to discover true

love and her "angel within" at the brink of World War II.

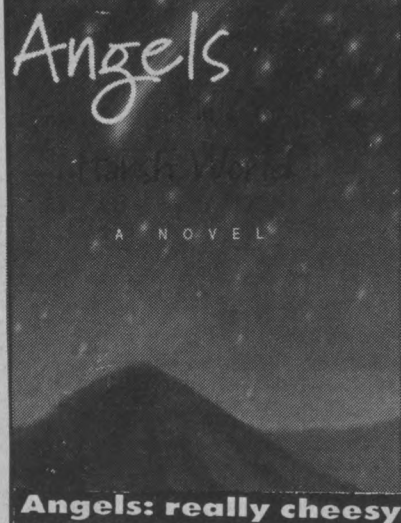
Led by a haunting and mysterious recurring dream, Haley travels to India, where she becomes entangled with a Maharajah, an agent of the dark side. The Maharajah imprisons Haley, hoping to tear her way from David Hampton, the man she loves, and thwart her celestial mission.

As Haley falls into the downward spiral of the Maharajah, she is rescued by J, who introduces her to a mystical and esoteric branch of Islam known as the Sufi ascetics.

J becomes Haley's spiritual teacher as he shows her the beauty of the soul and the power of love and joy. With his help, Haley prepares to face the perils and tribulations to come.

Although the premise of the book seems interesting, the writing style and character portrayal is immature and naive — reminiscent of a really cheesy romance novel. Along with weak writing, everything else is extremely predictable and banal. It's way too wordy and melodramatic. The characters have no depth, ranging from the beautiful and absolutely-perfect-in-every-way Haley, to the utterly diabolical Maharajah. The book becomes an overambitious piece of super-cheese as well as a very tiring read.

—Davia Gray



Angels: really cheesy

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Anaconda: a whole lotta bloody trouble

Anaconda: Don't Want None

Not since *Congo* has a film based somewhere outside the United States been as bad as *Anaconda*.

This week's No. 1 film stars Ice Cube, Eric Stoltz and Jennifer Lopez as a documentary camera crew in the Brazilian rain forest on an expedition to find Shirishama Indians. Danger lurks at every bend of the mighty Amazon River, with the most vicious member of the area's food chain, the Anaconda snake, at the helm of a whole lotta bloody trouble. The premise is OK, if you like paint-by-numbers flicks, but its embarrassingly poor execution is unacceptable.

Wooden acting, silly plot "twists" and

an animatronic snake that would only fool someone who didn't know that animation even existed are the film's most obvious flaws. Even worse is how the filmmakers play upon the audience's lack of understanding about the "wilderness" (especially the jungles of other countries, where ostensibly "anything can happen.")

I don't think that this kind of insensitivity is really all that offensive. It just makes the writers look ignorant, as if they are unaware that anything happens in other places besides violence by murderous tribesmen and huge, monstrous animals.

—Jake the Snake

Floats Like a Butterfly, But No Sting

For the 99 percent of the population not interested in opera, French director Frederic Mitterand has created a film version of Puccini's *Madame Butterfly* that can be as easily admired for its breathtaking scenery and its actors' pretty faces as for its more erudite qualities.

Set in turn-of-the-century Japan, Puccini's work tells the story of the ill-fated marriage between the handsome American Lt. B.F. Pinkerton and the 15-year-old Japanese girl he calls "Butterfly."

Visually, the movie is a feast. With slow, exquisite cinematography, Mitterand stunningly coordinates the movements of the camera to accentu-

ate the dramatic score.

Thematically though, the film has its shortcomings. While in Puccini's time his treatment of interracial relationships may have set the public twittering, the film's outdated preaching isn't likely to provoke more than a yawn today. Perhaps realizing this, Mitterand broke with tradition by choosing actors whose looks and charisma alone could carry the film.

"This is not your father's opera" may not become *Madame Butterfly*'s new publicity mantra, but Mitterand has nonetheless made significant strides toward increasing the accessibility of opera to wider audiences.

—Emma Bland



Artist Sherin Guirguis: Go see her art at the College of Creative Studies Gallery

Every week students are able to display their art at the College of Creative Studies Gallery. And every week Artsweek will probe those students' minds for profound answers to absurd questions.

The work of art studio graduating senior Sherin Guirguis will be featured through Friday. Go see it.

Artsweek: What is trip hop?

Sherin Guirguis: A type of music. I don't know ... it should be like a sound effect.

Paper or Plastic?

Paper.

Who is Keyser Söse?

I don't know who he is.

What is in your fridge?
Feta, artichokes. I live with six girls, so about everything you can imagine.

Is New Wave a viable option in the '90s?

I thought New Wave was hair gel.



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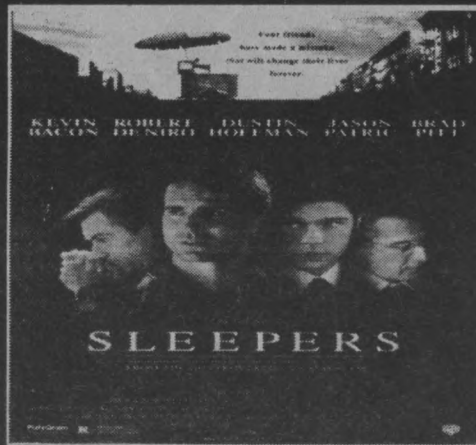
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Do You Like My Trip Hop?

Artsweek's Jolie I. Lash gets technocal with Moloko

Having stolen their name from a drink in *A Clockwork Orange*, and with songs that seem to effortlessly blend the cartoon humour of Fat Albert and Scooby Doo with bits of jazz, funk, rock 'n' roll and ticklings of electronic noise, Moloko is one creative outfit.

Their album *Do You Like My Tight Sweater*, which took two years to gain a release date in the U.S., is a collection of pulsating, flirtatious and completely addictive trip hop. The duo combines the lyrics and seductive vocals of Roishin Murphy with the clever programming of Mark Brydon. The story of how they met is too good not to mention.

Apparently, if bios are to be believed, Roishin snuggled up to Mark in a club with the pick-up line "Do you like my tight sweater? See how it fits my body." And as the tale goes, he whisked her away to a studio where they made a song of the same name.

Although Tricky seems to get all the attention for being a trip-hop artist, we looked up Moloko's Murphy and Brydon to find out about their own diverse sound and why they stand out in this blooming genre of music.

Artsweek: So is it weird talking about the album since it came out two years ago?

Roishin Murphy: It's a bit strange yeah. But it's not a problem. I still think it's a really fresh album ... it's a good album. It's relevant I think. It's particularly relevant in America at the moment.

We've just been over there and people seem to be really into it. In a funny way, [Americans seem] more readily into it than they were here. I think it was a bit too ahead of its time in some ways when it came out, and I don't think people really understood what to say about it when it came out over here.

They were like comparing it to Portishead, and now when you look back on it with bands like Moorcheeba, Sneaker Pimps, stuff like that, there is somewhere to put Moloko and a way of understanding Moloko, whereas before there was nothing before us but Portishead. ... What we do is funky, kind of slightly strange pop [with] no relation to Tricky or Portishead, or even Massive Attack.

Well, I'm sure we owe a lot to Massive Attack. [Their] first album really opened a lot of people's ears. I think it just hadn't been done — that kind of combination of studio and songwriting and ideas and production level. ... But since then there's been people like us, like Tricky, Portishead and along comes Moorcheeba, Sneaker Pimps. ... It's becoming enough of a scene for people to understand what each different person's different outfit does and why they do it differently to the others.

I think in a way it's better timed to be out in America now because I think it's the right time for it. I think it was too early [in Britain]. A lot of people missed the boat on Moloko the first time, and they're going to be very embarrassed about that in years to come.

So do you laugh at labels like "trip hop"

then?

No I don't laugh at them because it affects the way journalists [portray artists]. They have a responsibility toward artists, to give them their jobs by being there to write about or to put on television, so it is pretty serious when a whole immensely rich and beautiful thing is happening.

[Trip Hop] is a movement in a sense that you can tie it all together, but when it all gets lumped into this category and also that it kind of has strange connotations to it as well — as if everybody's just trying to be weird or just being arty or whatever. It's like, we're musicians and we deserve a bit more thought to the labels that people put on music. And I think that's across the board. I think you'll find jungle artists feel the same way.

Anybody that's really trying hard with their music, trying to push it somewhere that nobody else does, trying to represent their personality and their voice and they actually put effort into that, they deserve the effort of the media to be explained better than perhaps sometimes they're explained.

So what's the appeal of being based in Sheffield as opposed to London, where a lot of artists seem to flock to?

We just ended up here really, both of us. Mark came here as a student 'cos he was obsessed with climbing. ... He was really into rock climbing and we're right outside the Peak District — just a 10-minute drive, and it's just a really beautiful district for like rock climbing; lots of canyons, not by any scale like they have in America ... but very beautiful nonetheless.

I ended up here 'cos I came with a boyfriend and then ended up staying. But, it's a good place to make music 'cos there's so much variety here musically and you don't tend to get as separated by the kind of thing that you're into as you would say, in London.

I mean if I was in London I might have been a little techno freak or a junglist or a this or a that, and in Sheffield there isn't the support [for] the clubs like there is in London, so we tend to sort of mingle all in together. So we know rock bands and we know people who do jungle

Moloko's Mark Brydon and Roishin Murphy



... techno ... deep house. So we all tend to kind of know each other

So how did you develop the way you sing 'cos it's really unique?

I think what helped me a lot was the fact that I couldn't sing when I started doing the album, and I hadn't been singing and I wasn't a singer, and so I think that helped me in a way.

I think a lot of the time singers get tied up in technical aspects of it and in terms of my melodies and my lyrics, they just come from a slightly different angle than anyone else's 'cos I had no training. ... Nobody told me what to do, so maybe that's why it came out a bit strange. I'm a bit strange.



So what influences you to write songs like "Killa Bunnies" for example?

They all come from a different angle, influence. ... [With] "Killa Bunnies," we saw an interaction exhibition with computer animation and it was about bunnies, but they were like communists ... and they all had machine guns. Anyway, it was this whole society of rabbits that wore these Nazi arm bands and had machine guns and jumped around in these amazing kind of pods things and worshiped a huge, giant carrot. So we then had this rock track going on and we had no idea where it came from, why we ended up doing a rock track but we were doing one and we thought, "Oh we can't do a serious song, we have to demasculinize it. We have to [make fun of] it a bit." It's kind of enjoyable doing a rock track and taking away its masculinity.

(The phone is now passed to Brydon as the interview continues ...) So how important is art to your music?

Mark Brydon: I spent six years training as an architect and I know about five architects that are currently working in programming music, in contemporary music. So I think there is some kind of parallel between the way three-dimensional artists work and the way music is made 'cos you're trying to make some order out of chaos.

I mean we're visual people, we enjoy visual arts but we don't kind of look at a painting and are moved to write [a song] about it. ... Music, it's a thing in itself. The mental and physical processes in carving a block of stone and making music are probably pretty similar. You know hey, let's not get too cultural about it.

So is that little guy on the cover of your album your mascot?

We're gonna kill him soon I think. He's been around. **He's new for America.**

Oh that's true.

Where did he come from?

He was like a doodle. We went to these designers called Designers Republic, who were really kind of pioneering that kind of techno artwork at the beginning...

We searched long and hard for some opposite of what they normally do and it ended up being some doodles on someone's telephone pad that made the grade.

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On the Record

A little somethin' for all you crrrazy metal fans ...

He said ...

The Chemical Brothers / dig your own hole / Astralwerks

There are a lot of tiny-brained people out there who hate techno. These people swear techno will never incorporate itself into rock 'n' roll, simply because techno doesn't rock.

dig your own hole proves that electronics do rock, and rock a hell of a lot more than anything on radio right now that calls itself rock.

Why? Simple as be-bop-a-lula: You hear "bloc rockin' beats" and you want to move your body. You hear the title track and it hits your eardrums with such



force that you know it's no wimpy dance pop. It grooves and you can rock out to it.

The Chemical Brothers don't mess around; they know what rocks. They know that the Beatles rock; the MTV hit "Setting Sun" is a perfect modern update of "Tomorrow Never Knows," from the *Revolver* album. They know old-school hip-hop rocks; the "Elektrobank" intro by Kool Herc is the best endorsement they could get.

The best part about *dig*

your own hole is that, like the best rock 'n' roll, you can play it really loud in your car stereo, drive around, and it will make you cool, no matter who you are.

—Keir DuBois

She said ...

Pressure truly is a powerful thing. In Britain a great weight is levied on musical artists to "crack" the American market. In essence, breaking America is the equivalent of winning really big in the lottery. Many try, but few actually score big.

For Britain's The Chemical Brothers, this pressure is beginning to show. "Techno's first superstars," as they've been labeled, have really gone Leftfield on this release. If you didn't catch their last full-length release, *Exit Planet Dust*, now might be a good time to make an investment in it—if you're expecting *dig* to be a continuation of the energy found on the latest single "bloc rockin' beats."

dig your own hole simply fails to keep your pulse racing with the frenzied, caffeine overload *Exit* does. It's not a bad album, but if you're looking for the jackpot on excitement you may want to hold out for Prodigy.

—Jolie I. Lash

Lateef & Lyrics Born / Latyrx / Solesides

With the release of *Latyrx*, NorCal's Solesides crew drops a 21st-century hip-hop album you'll either love or hate. FYI: I'm a lover ('cos the world needs more of us).

I know some tradition-

alists who'll cringe at the duo's lack of regard for rules, but fans of the unorthodox will appreciate these kids' ties to the next school.

"Balcony Beach" finds Lyrics Born dropping a revealing meditation on ag-



ing, while on "Say That" Lateef joins his partner over a sampled series of robotic bleeps. On some other shit, for sure.

—ERIKSOLO

Redd Kross / Show World / Mercury

Somewhere amidst the god-awful wasteland separating Stone Temple Pilots from Bryan Adams lies a little power-pop band known as Redd Kross. Some of us might recall the jovial melodies of this four-piece from our junior high days, when they seemed to sound better. Others may perceive them as a budding indie pop band, but don't let the haircuts and tight shirts fool you—Redd Kross has mutated into the rock-star bastard son of STP and every 35-year-old crap-rock artist on VH-1. If only they were that interesting.

Although *Show World* attempts to touch base with the post-Nirvana fans searching for a new leader, the album plays like a pathetic attempt to sound like everything else on the damn radio.

—Tony Bogdanovski

Gene / drawn to the deep end / A&M

While their debut effort

managed to capture the essence and feel of The Smiths, Gene's sopho-



more release sees the band attempting to discover its own sound.

What this pursuit ends in is a sort of hodgepodge of British guitar pop mixed with some highly emotional vocals. With this said, the band's frontman, Martin Rossiter, manages to pull it off in a convincing fashion. There's a sort of tenderness in every note alongside Rozzer's consciousness of the power of words.

Ballad-esque songs have always been a forte of Gene. "save me, I'm yours," and "speak to me someone," do not disappoint thanks to the delicate and comforting balance between Steve Mason's guitar and Rossiter's vocals.

This record highlights the passion the members of Gene feel for their music. While not quite up to par with their debut album *Olympian*, this record's quest to find the band's own voice is courageous and valiant.

—Jolie I. Lash

Gene Contest!!!

In support of Gene's new album, Polygram has provided us with copies of Gene's import only release *To See The Lights* and limited edition drawn to the deep end posters. To win call 893-2691 with the answer to this question: What are the names of the members of Gene?

Pick 'O The Week

Helmet / *aftertaste* / Interscope

Helmet has never been much interested in the grandiose excesses of heavy metal. Sure, the guitars have always been turned up to 11, and their atonal blurbs of static and feedback generally register somewhere between "annoying" and "demonic" to the Tommy Hilfinger set—but really, who cares what mall shoppers think anyway?

Helmet has stripped down rock to its basic elements, freeing the genre from its most deplorable trappings—masturbatory guitar noodling, pouty press photos, rock-star posings and sloppy, three-chord rock ditties in 4/4.

Rather than funneling his vision into a watered-down mishmash of pop sensibility, singer/songwriter/guitarist Page Hamilton infects listeners with his overwhelmingly Spartan approach to songwriting—embodying the tension and instability of his arrangements.

At the forefront of the arrangements, Hamilton's guitar is sparse and unpredictable with a deceptively haphazard feel—in fact, he strictly adheres to a complex and rhythmic scheme. This allows for unique interplay between bassist Henry Bogdan and drummer John Stanier, who entangle the listeners' rhythmic, subconscious sense of tension and catharsis with polyrhythms and syncopated offbeats. Not simply providing listeners with a head-bobbing, mind-numbing release, Helmet challenges the conventional capabilities of rhythm to disturb and disarm listeners, forcing them to interact with the music rather than allowing them to simply disconnect.

This sense of rhythmic instability puts the listener off guard, allowing space for Hamilton's suspended vocals. Vacillating between emotionless crooning and maniacal condemnation, he slips unnoticed into the mind and acts as a connective tissue for the instrumental sections which seem liable to disintegrate into chaos at any moment. The vocals provide a slightly subdued melodic quality to the otherwise blunt, rhythmic nature of Helmet's music.

The result is uncomfortable music, music that is difficult to anticipate, and music that is all the more satisfying once listeners are able to come to terms with the subtleties that define and direct *aftertaste's* 13 tracks.

—Bryce Baer



Are you up to date on the latest info in the political rat race? We here at Artsweek have obtained exclusive answers to the questions you want to ask this year's candidates for the office of rep at large.

What is your favorite?	Matt Barrall	Elizabeth P. Briceno	Jessica Green	Joshua Krom	Abeni LeRoy	James Romero	Laura Young
New Album	John Lee Hooker, Don't Look Back	Rage Against the Machine	Big Bad Voodoo Daddy	U2, Pop	Dru Hill	Oasis	Dave Matthews Band
Old Album	Stevie Wonder, Original Musiquarium	UB40, Labour of Love	Billy Holiday, My Man	Bob Marley, Legend	Al Green, Still in Love With You	any Elvis record	Saturday Night Fever
Movie	Enter the Dragon		That Thing You Do	Jurassic Park	Sunset Park	Sleepers	Indiana Jones and the Temple of Doom
Book	The Stand	To Kill a Mockingbird	Autobiography of Ingrid Bergman	Exodus	A Wrinkle in Time	The Godfather	Romeo and Juliet
Candy	Snickers	Sweet Tarts	Sour Punch	Sour Patch Kids	Twix	Red Licorice	Lifesavers Lollipops
Beverage	Colt 45	vanilla ice-blended mocha	Coke	Slurpee	Kiwi-Strawberry Snapple	Mountain Dew	cherry lemonade

In the spirit of fairness, Artsweek made a conscious effort to contact all candidates. Those who called back are listed here.

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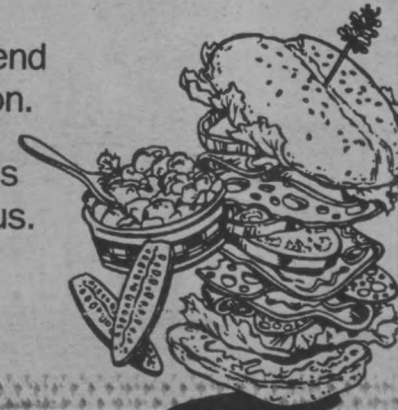
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To get the advantage, check the day's rating: 10 is the easiest day, 0 the most challenging.

Aries (March 21-April 19) - Today is a 5 - From now through Sunday, you'll need to pay more attention to other people's wants and needs. You are heroic, but rather self-centered. You're not very tuned in to hurt feelings, for example. That's because your own feelings hardly ever get hurt. Be gentle.

Taurus (April 20-May 20) - Today is a 7 - The moon's going into Virgo this morning. Virgo's a good match for Taurus. They're neat and orderly and try to please. They're also a little inhibited, but that's not a problem for cuddly you. Later this evening, you could lose some money. Be playing for pennies.

Gemini (May 21-June 21) - Today is a 4 - One of the things that may be annoying your true love is your commitment to full disclosure. You'll tell everything you know. That's OK some of the time, but not in personal matters. Especially not now. Remember, discretion is the better part of valor.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) - Today is a 7 - The moon's going into Virgo today, which is nice. Virgo likes to take care of other people. You're like that, too. This condition makes it easier for you to remember new information. Even the most difficult assignment will be doable and fun.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) - Today is a 4 - You may feel as though you're on the hot seat today. You've got to buy a lot of things with not quite enough money. If you can do this, you might get more funding. It's a catch-22: If you can prove you don't need the money, you can get the money you need.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) - Today is an 8 - This morning, there's a deadline to meet. Either that or a demanding person gives you a hard time. Don't take any of it too seriously. You do the best you can with what you have, and that's enough. It's better than what most people do.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) - Today is a 5 - Your partner should be in a good mood this morning. If you want anything, ask for it then. Later in the day, you'll be busy playing catch-up. Take the time to do the job as close to perfectly as you can, even if it's late. The person you're doing it for is a real nit-picker.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) - Today is an 8 - Virgos are perfectionists. They go to a lot of trouble to make sure they get things right, and they do a fine job of it. If you have friends like this, treat them like solid gold. Take them out to dinner tonight. Just to say thanks.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) - Today is a 6 - Perfectionists will be out in full force today. They don't see your carefree attitude as an attribute. They like predictable routines and everything to be in its place. Unfortunately, this sort of person often turns out to be your boss. Do your best and you'll do fine.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) - Today is a 7 - Take advantage of this opportunity to clean up a mess at home. The cleaning may be symbolic. Have you and your roommate been arguing about money lately? Get any problems in your relationship worked out early so you can go play tonight.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) - Today is a 5 - For some reason, it's important for you to figure out your assets and liabilities. Did you get an extension on your income taxes, or are you just scrambling to get them in as close to the deadline as possible? You're in a position to make a good investment.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) - Today is a 7 - You're the creative one. What you need is a person who can help you put those dreams into action. A Virgo would be perfect. The trouble is, Virgos get rather critical sometimes. Don't take them too seriously and you'll do fine.

Today's Birthday (April 17) - You're almost ready to settle down in April. The feeling gets stronger in May and could come to fruition in August. Your workload increases in September. Watch your blood pressure then. An old idea produces amazing results in December. Heed your mentor's advice in January. You're more successful working with a group than alone in February. Pull back in March and review recent developments before moving ahead.

Wants Your Feedback



Come eat, fill out a comment card, and you may win a **free Half and Half meal!**

This week's winner
Julia Jones
valid from 4-17-97 until 4-23-97

Hey, What's Going On?
It's back - an Artsweekly answer to your most burning question

Did you miss me? Well after a long hiatus (I went to Barbados and kicked it in the sun with my homeys for a while), I am back to let you, the Artsweek reader know what you can do for excitement this week.

If you are one of the few members of the UCSB populace that has not yet appeared on *Singled Out*, you can hop on over to the IVBC, which will be hosting a *Singled Out* contest today. If you've ever dreamed of playing the game that includes making a fool out of yourself in front of a live audience and maybe even winning (since when did *Singled Out* become selective?) a chance to go on the show, this is your big chance.

Or if peroxide blondes aren't what you're after, an evening of classical music will be presented by the Kronos Quartet today at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Toe's will be hosting Billy Sunshine and Allstar to-

night, too.

If, come Friday night you find yourself sick of the I.V. party routine after only three weeks, try checking out Blink 182, 98 Mute, Slightly Stoopid and Mad Caddies at Emerald City, or modern folk

After the Earth Day event, grab the nearest sober person to drive you down to Emerald City for Babyland, Assinine, and Bloat, or walk on over to the feel-good show of the year as the *Singled Out*

p.m. in Abravanel Hall at the Music Academy of the West. Later on, bid yet another farewell, this one to the disbanding Lewitzky Dance Company, which performs in Campbell Hall at 8 p.m.



Lewitzky: disbanding

outfit Majority Dog at IVBC Upstairs.

Saturday's the day to enjoy nature, the sun, the environment and peace, man, at the third annual Earth Day celebration in Anisq' Oyo' Park in I.V. From 11 a.m. to 10 p.m. the park will play host to bluegrass band Cache Valley Drifter, Cool Water Canyon, Henchmyn, Point Conception, Messengers, and The Cloger.

contest once again hits the IVBC.

Sunday, if you can wake up and shake off your hangover by 8 p.m., Kan Zaman will present an Arabic folk music show at the MultiCultural Center. Or if you're up a little earlier, you can venture out to say your goodbyes to UCSB faculty violinist Ronald Copes (who will be joining the Juliard String Quartet) at his farewell concert at 4

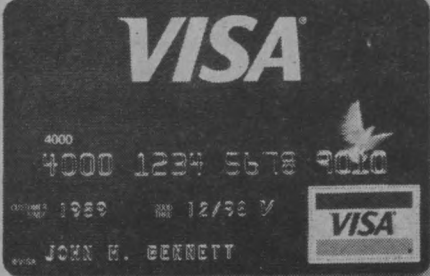
Monday, *Photographic Visions*, an exhibit celebrating the 150th anniversary of film, opens in the Women's Center; which reminds me, I need to get my Barbados film developed.

Documentaries *Dream Girls* and *Gay Cuba and Butterflies* screen at the MCC at noon and 6:30 p.m., respectively.

On Wednesday, try checking out the noon-time World Music Series in the Music Bowl. Korean traditional percussion music will be performed.

Next week I'll be back with more to say. Oh and hey, if you're in a band or an artist and are performing, be it at a party or holding a reception, e-mail me at nexus@mcl.ucsb.edu.

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South of the Boredom

Artsweek's Lara Zwarun visits the SXSW Music Festival

Artsweek's Lara Zwarun took a trip to Austin, Texas' South by Southwest Music Festival in mid-March to find out what these music-conference schmooze-fest things are all about. She discovered that if you can get beyond publicists' fashion statements and maintain a low profile, you can have a lot of fun. We now join her adventure ...

Austin, Texas' South by Southwest festival is otherwise known as SXSW. It's such an enormous party that organizers actually wait until the University of Texas' Spring Break, when the town's 50,000 college students won't be in town, before throwing the yearly event.

The festival started 10 years ago as an effort to give small, unsigned local bands exposure. It is now the pre-eminent music festival in the United States, attracting hundreds of musical acts from all over the world, as well as thousands of record execs, music journos, publicists, bands and A&R reps from Los Angeles, New York, Seattle and the like.

SXSW is centered around 6th Street, a long strip of bars and clubs along the lines of New Orleans' Bourbon Street. You could even picture it as a much bigger, more happening State Street, if State Street had more live music venues and fewer trendy meat markets with juke boxes.

My flight to this year's SXSW had me connecting through Los Angeles, where I knew I was bound to be joined by the L.A.-industry folks. Sure enough, dozens of hipsters loaded onto the plane, all equally astonished and overjoyed to be running into each other. They exchanged air kisses while checking out each other's funky rectangular eyeglasses to make sure nobody's were cooler than their own.

Talk filled the cabin: what hotels people were staying at, what acts they were catching, and which local eateries they knew to be "fabulous." An Austinite as recently as September, I just smirked as I listened to their oft-mistaken information on how best to enjoy Austin:

You're glad they are there, spending their dollars appreciating the scene, but you wouldn't want them to *really* know where the locals go for barbecue or breakfast tacos.

Wednesday's acts were a blur to me. At 2:30 that afternoon I'd been in class in Ellison Hall; now, at 10:30, I had dumped my suitcase at my brother's house and was at Stubb's Barbecue, watching Tab Benoit play blues guitar under the Texas sky. We capped off the evening with a cruise through the drive-thru of Taco Cabana, which is, from what I gathered, to Austinites what Del Taco is to SoCals.

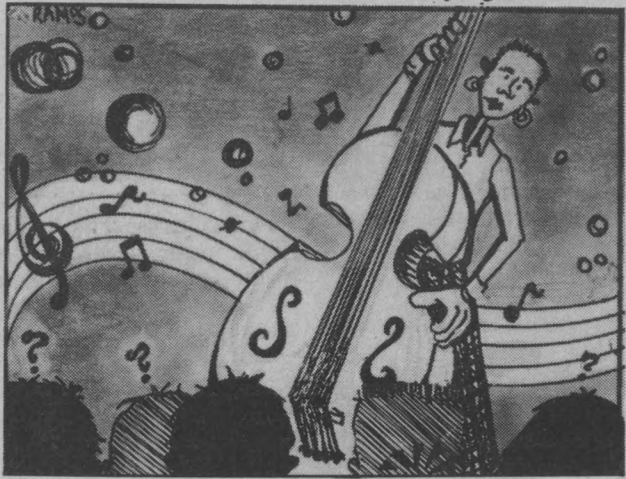
Thursday night found me at Schultz's Beer Garden for a favorite band of mine, The Flametrick Subs. Here was a rockabilly band jamming out tunes in full '50s attire with an androgynous lesbian on stand-up bass, looking like what you'd get if you crossed David Byrne and k.d. Lang and put it in a cowboy hat.

After their set, we jetted over to the Back Room, Austin's premiere heavy metal club, for two L.A. bands. The crowd was there to see Fear Factory, but their set was ruined for me when I realized the drum beat was canned.

Antone's, Austin's home of the blues, was our only destination Friday night. We got there early for Don Walser's Pure Texas Band, not wanting to miss a minute of the overweight yodeler who's a local hero and a source of much amusement for the out-of-towners smart enough to catch his set of country classics. High Noon, another country act, and the Asylum Street Spankers, an all-acoustic jug band, followed. The Spankers set nearly moved the *High Times* magazine folks to tears, especially when they picked and strummed through "Funny Cigarette."

SXSW is all about there being something for everyone. It was a satisfying thought, and one I held on to as I flew back to Santa Barbara and back to school.

—Lara Zwarun



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