

TWICE AS SASSY AS CAMPUS POINT, IT'S ...

ARTSWEEK

THIRD EYEBLIND

Exclusive interview with these sweaty hunks!
p. 4A



Hey all you hep cats, check out the Royal Crown Revue
Interview on p. 5A!!



Today

Open Reading of
Poetry and Prose
7 p.m. MCC
Lounge

Friday

Sugar Hill Gang
w/ Grandmaster
Melle Mel
9 p.m. Ventura Theatre
653-0721

Sunday

Bob Dylan:
"Don't Look Back"
7 p.m. Campbell Hall

Tuesday

Pat Benatar
8 p.m. Ventura
Theatre
653-0721

Wednesday

Sheila Page:
Lecture on
Black Maternal
Survivors of
Infant Death
4 p.m. UCSB
Women's Center

Independent Studies

John Fiske's independent film reviews ...

One of the more annoying buzz words of the last few years, "indie," has come to stand for a different level of film work; it is that of a higher quality, diverse subject matter, and mixed with an implicit sense of elitism.

The independent scene as we know it began about 15 years ago with a film called "Stranger Than Paradise," directed by Jim Jarmusch. Its quirky take of a Russian woman visiting her cousin and his friend in America found an audience and went on to become a sizable hit. He and others, like John Sayles and Henry Jaglom, continued to make their own brand of films throughout the '80s, until the Steven Soderberg directed "Sex, Lies, & Videotape" premiered at the Sundance Film Festival, and went on to gross more than \$20 million. This put Sundance on the map and forced Hollywood to take notice of the independent film world.

Since then, a number of similar success stories have popped up, which include: Whit Stillman's "Metropolitan," Neil Jordan's "The Crying Game," Jane Campion's "The Piano," Robert Rodriguez's "El Mariachi," Richard Linklater's "Slackers," Quentin Tarantino's "Reservoir Dogs," Kevin Smith's "Clerks," and Edward Burns' "The Brother's McMullen." These films have popularized the image of making a film at home with maxed out credit cards or attaining box office success with an original story to a new generation of would-

be filmmakers.

But what is an independent film? Sure, it's any film made outside of the mainstream Hollywood system, but many are skeptical of this definition.

What of films like Burns' "McMullen?" What of Tarantino's \$12 million budget for "Jackie Brown?" (He could have made it for \$50 million had he wanted to.) Though they carry the independent seal, it seems that having a nonmainstream story ("McMullen's" story is very sugarcoated), and monetary struggle is in keeping with the independent arena.

Does this mean that a redefinition is in order? Should we create a new all-encompassing definition that makes these films less similar to films like Sayles' "Lone Star," or Tarantino's previous film "Pulp Fiction"?

I think not. What is with the necessity of distinguishing between independent projects like Neil LaBute's racy "In The Company of Men" and absolutely mainstream fare like Stephen Hopkins' "Lost in Space"?

Consider the size of the entire arena. According to the recent documentary, "Independent's Day," 10 years ago there were 50 "indies." Last year there were nearly 800 (of which 120 made it into Sundance, of which maybe 18 were picked up for distribution, and of which a grand total of three made a profit). It is growing at an enormous rate, to the

point that if you really want to get a film made and seen, it's possible.

The independent scene is more or less just a microcosm of the mainstream system, which still only allows for minor deviations. There isn't that much difference between the pictures, in terms of process (script-shoot-edit-distribute), product (straightforward narrative), and goal (make money). Where are the truly different films reminiscent of Andy Warhol or Maya Derin, if you want to talk about films that are really different? The only real difference is a dollar figure, egos and a few unhappy endings, though admittedly, there also seems to be a world of a difference between Victor Nunez's "Ulee's Gold" and Roland Emerich's forthcoming "Godzilla."

And is the independent arena really that independent? The mother of all independent producers, Miramax, is owned by Disney, whose subdivision, Dimension, specializes in mainstream horror fare like the "Scream" films, "Phantoms," and "Nightwatch." Also consider other independent producers like Fox Searchlight (Peter Cattaneo's "The Full Monty," and Burns' "She's The One"), which is not surprisingly owned by 20th Century Fox, and Fine Line Pictures (David Cronenberg's "Crash" and Robert Duvall's "The Apostle"), which is owned by Ted Turner's New Line Pictures.

Porn

Our featured chick and dick flick of the week is director Candida Royalle's 1986 video, "Three Daughters." Its lame plot revolves around three not-so-beautiful daughters of Jane and Bill. Other than the above, I'll spare the details of this unarousing video. The high point of the "story" is the blossoming 18-year-old daughter being reunited with her high school girlfriend — at which time a halfway decent lesbian lick-fest develops. The soundtrack is beyond description: I'll just say that if the visual portion of the video hasn't already made your respective genitalia scream for a free weekend of Skine-max, then the music will put you into sexual shock, which can only be cured by direct genital shock therapy or immediate application of K-Y and some skilled handwork.

When we decided to review porn, we wanted to get a broad range of videos, and this one definitely hits the lame end of the spectrum. Even the Pope himself couldn't be offended, he would just say, "What the hell was that?" Here's my quick rundown of "Three Daughters": 5 pairs of breasts, 1 carpet-chested husband, no extreme close up of Vanessa Redgrave's private parts and no cum shots. It's not that I particularly like seeing other men's semen all over women, but it is the cum shot that distinguishes a true adult film from something made for the Spice channel. I would recommend this one to folks who enjoy mid-'80s fashion and tacky '80s porn, or to people who want a mild intro to a skin-flick.

The film gets a flaccid one out of a four-point scale. But this is just the opinion com-

ing from a disturbed penis, so to be fair to our readers we must employ the infinite wisdom of our in-house vulva, Ceci.

Thanks, beefcake. The coolest thing about this video is the three-inch yellow penis, I mean shag carpet. If you're in the mood for erotic, hot and sweaty, this is not for you. It's like something you'd find on the family channel, except they all get it on at some point. There's no hot sex intro and no exploding finale; instead it's more like a Hallmark commercial. The sex, in between eternal lulls of sentimentality, is still vivid and engrossing, but unlike most flicks, trust, love and friendship are emphasized, which is cool if that's what you're looking for. Of course, this may be cheeseball to those looking for simple, illicit sex.

I do appreciate a flick containing so much love because not everyone has a burning desire for five leather-clad babes with fake tits punishing each other and their male prisoners. Hey, some don't, and that's cool, but for those of you who do, don't rent this. Personally, I fall somewhere in between; I definitely need something hotter than "Three Daughters" and not as wild as the leather-clad thing. I would recommend this flick to sensitive first-time porn viewers looking for vivid sexual stimuli with an emphasis on relationships. But if you are reading this in the first place, you probably won't get off on this one, unless you REALLY like those '80s drum beats.

— Greg "Ory" Spangler & Ceci Castellanico

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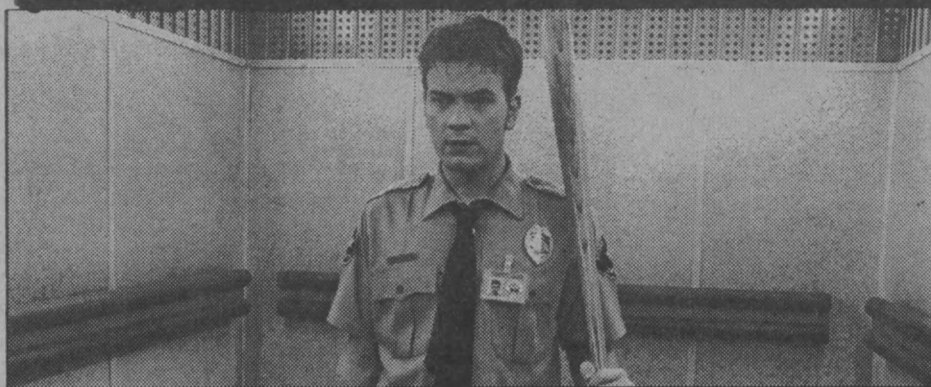
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Don't Watch



If you've attended a movie over the past year and a half, chances are you saw a preview for "Nightwatch." Although this film was completed in 1996, it's been on the shelf for quite some time. And after viewing it, I think I know why: the film isn't very good.

Ewan McGregor (struggling with an American accent) plays Martin Bells, a law student who takes a job as a night watchman at the local morgue (what a career opportunity). After finally getting over the jitters that his new job provides, Martin soon finds himself in the middle of a serial killer's twisted game. Someone is apparently killing women, cutting their eyes out and having sex with their corpses, and Martin is set up as the prime suspect. As you can see, this is obviously a movie you can take the whole family to.

But who's setting Martin up? Is it his girlfriend Ca-

thryn (Patricia Arquette)? Is it the mysterious Inspector Cray (Nick Nolte)? Is it his best friend James (Josh Brolin — son of legendary cheesy actor James Brolin)? Or is it one of the many other forgettable characters found in this dreary production? I guess you'll have to waste good money to find out.

The main problem with "Nightwatch" is that there isn't a single original idea to be found. Sure there are a couple of decent twists, but after films like "Seven," "The Usual Suspects" and "Wild Things," you've really got to do something out of the ordinary to surprise an audience these days.

And once again, it's a shame to report that a film has wasted a set of decent actors. McGregor is fairly lifeless in his role (let's hope he shows a little more flash when he plays Obi-Wan), Arquette has nothing to do, and Nolte makes an ass of

himself in a role that seems like it should have been played by Alan Alda. Surprisingly, the only actor who saves face is Brolin (Brand from "The Goonies" for those of you who aren't familiar with him), who is at least a little bit interesting. But when Josh Brolin is the highlight of a movie, I think you've got some problems.

The film manages to pull out a few semisuspenseful sequences, but these moments aren't enough to keep the film afloat. Just when director Ole Bornedal gets a few tense moments going, they all fall flat, as does the rest of the movie.

But in all fairness "Nightwatch" does have one thing going for it: It is the best film ever made about being falsely accused of necrophilia. These wrongly accused people have held their heads down in society for too long and now "Nightwatch" has given them a voice to tell the world their side of the story.

— Patrick Reardon

Objection, Your Honor



If it's not really a romance, not quite a drama and not even a comedy, then what is it? Well, in the case of director Nicholas Hynter's "The Object of My Affection," it turns out to be a mediocre combination of all three. Though it rejects most fundamentals of a romantic comedy, where the woman and man live happily ever after, the story line was not as bad as I thought it would be.

The film really takes off when pregnant Nina Borowski (Jennifer Aniston) wants to raise her baby with the object of her affection, her gay roommate George (Paul Rudd), rather than the baby's father. Is Nina's plan crazy, or is it "Picture Perfect?" Well, it's not quite that dull, because things get a bit messy when Nina's cuteness fails to turn George straight. And although there are many painful rejections for almost everyone in the movie, water seems to flow under the bridge too quickly, and everyone miraculously recovers from heartbreak (how's that for realism?).

There is very little romance except for a few charming dance scenes between George and Nina and a strange water frolicking

scene with George and his new boyfriend. Other than that, sex and romance are minimal, marriage is portrayed as god-awful, and what little comedy there is surprisingly comes from Alan Alda playing Nina's brother-in-law, who brightens up the whole film with his hilarious commentary.

Oddly, Aniston and Rudd still manage to have chemistry together on screen. They appear to be the perfect loving couple (without the sex, of course). This works great until George's sexual urges force him to make the moves on another man. His new gay relationship appears superficial and unrealistic in comparison with his relationship to Nina. The film's underlying theme about friendships being better than sexual relationships — or marriages — proves true yet again.

Overall, I would recommend this film to those of you who are unsure about what type of movie you are in the mood for and yet enjoy the usual Hollywood sappiness. But for the rest of you, save your \$7.50.

— Wendy Holley

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Seeing Eye Band

Rabia S. racks 3eb's Arion Salazar's brain ...



4:15 p.m. Kori and I sit in her room contemplating our evening — I'd only been reminded two hours before that I was to interview Third Eye Blind tonight at the Santa Barbara Bowl. A motivational bump and a little pre-chat research (listening to the record and getting filled in on all the band's lyrics via friends), and I was ready for action.

7:50 p.m. Finally in the Bowl. First things first, cigarette break.

8:10 p.m. Third Eye Blind goes on stage as Kori and I find our seats. Oh, yeah, they rock.

10:00 p.m. The Concert ends, and we rush to meet the band.

10:30 p.m. We're denied entrance backstage. Apparently *Artsweek* hasn't reached the older residents of Santa Barbara.

10:40 p.m. Oh, yeah. Kori and I cruise backstage and are introduced to Arion Salazar, the bassist. We three enter a nearby room and begin to chat while I think, "This guy's cool," but more importantly, "I wish I were on whatever he is ..."

Arion Salazar: (sings) All around the world — Tell 'em what you heard — Are you down with Oasis or what?

Artsweek: Yeah, recently I sort of had too much Britpop, but otherwise yeah.

Too much Britpop? So are you down with Britpop? Ever heard the Seahorses?

No.

You should check out the Seahorses. Yeah, you know the Stone Roses, remember them? It's the guitar player's new band called the Seahorses, and we did a tour with them in England. They're, like, triple platinum in England 'n' they're totally unknown here and they're really fuckin' good.

So, how was England compared to here?

It was beautiful, man. It was, um, right in the midst of winter so it was really hard (laughs). It was, like, a hard tour, but, like, it's one of those things that's so ruthlessly hard, like, when you're done with it you get back and you have a few days to think about it, and you realize how much fun you had but at the time it seems like a drag. But it wasn't, it was great.

So what makes you guys so "dark, dirty and freaky"?

Mmm ... that's bullshit. Who said we're dark, dirty and freaky? Stephan? Yeah, that's some shit that he — he has a little script in his mind that he says the same thing every show and that's part of it. But, um, I mean Stephan's lyrics are, like, kind of subversive, you know, like, compared to most pop music that's out right now, so what makes us that way? It's just, like, it's kind of what we lived through, you know, it's a lot like "Semi-Charmed Life" where we're singin' about crystal meth and stuff like that. It's just like some friends of ours in the San Francisco Bay area when speed started to get really trendy, Stephan wrote that song. It kind of just happens naturally, it's not like something we plan out — I can't tell you what makes us that way, it's just, like, you know, Stephan's lyrics reflect what we all or what he lives through, which is also like what we live through, it just happens.

There's a lot of references to speed and whatnot throughout the whole album —

Yeah, cuz that's how it is, you know, San Francisco has, like, a lot going on, and if you're in a certain area of San Francisco where we're, like, coming up, that's where it goes on, you can't help it reflecting in your lyrics.

So, do those lyrics apply to your personal lives? Any personal experiences with that?

It's all personal, you know, totally. (Gets distracted by Stephan's brief backstage appearance) Huh?

Okay, here's a more cliché question. When'd you guys first get started?

First get started? Like five years ago. A friend of mine said

some guy needs a bass player to play on his demos and be in a band, so I went there because I thought I was going to make some money out of it — and I didn't for years and years and years. Five years ago I met Stephan, we played together for about a year as Third Eye Blind and then Kevin joined, played together for another couple years and then Brad joined and finally we had a tape of 15 songs, which is basically our record, that's what got us our deal. We tried and tried. Some people think that, I don't know if you know this, but like *Spin Magazine*, all these magazines — like I have a friend who's a journalist for *Spin* and I talked to him and he's like "Yeah, you guys are pre-fad, right? I mean, everybody was auditioned, songs written, signed already ..." — Fuck no, I was trying for five years to get a record deal with Stephan, but we couldn't get one; we kept getting turned down and then we finally got one.

So, it finally happens. You're stoked —

Yeah, I'm stoked, but it's like Third Eye Blind worked hard before we got where we are. It's not like we're some overnight success. I think some people think we are.

You guys get a lot of flak for your name from pop magazines. How's that?

How's that, what'd you mean?

Well, do you think you guys get a lot of flak for your name?

No, I just — like every interview I get people asking us what our name means, that's all. We don't get flak for it.

Okay, I'll bite. So, what does it mean, or is there even an answer to that?

Not really, it's just a name. It's just three words that sound cool together, I mean, I've heard Stephan say things about, like, it's like a punk rock joke on new age mysticism, you know, the third eye being like the Hindu eye, but to me, that's — I don't agree with that, I don't think that's — I think that the third eye is a really beautiful concept, so I don't know why you'd want to make a sarcastic joke out of it. But, you know Camper Van Beethoven, the band? It's kind of like that, I think Stephan's a big Camper Van Beethoven fan (laughs), so that's where that comes from. It's like three words, it's like kind of the same kind of vibe. It's kind of a sarcastic take on something that's usually very serious.

Where do you guys see yourselves goin'?

Um, we're going to Europe and Latin America — we're goin' to Latin America in a month, we're goin' to Japan.

Are these all places you've never been before, or are they second-time-around visits?

No, we've been to Europe, we've been to Japan twice and we've never been to Latin America. We're going to go to, like, Chile. And, I'm part Mexican and we're going to go back and play Mexico, we played there once, but no one really knew who we were. We've been getting more radio play, so I'm really excited to go there. See my peoples, you know.

How's that, though, bouncing around on tour? Is that still hard for you?

We've been on tour, our album's been out for 53 weeks and out of that we've been on tour literally like 48 of those weeks, and this tour that we're on right now — this show that we're playing tonight — has, like, been on tour for three months on this leg of the tour — straight, we haven't been home. So, I've been living on a bus for three months, it's hard.

That's gotta take its toll.

It's hard, yeah. It sucks, actually (chuckles). But, it's totally worth it when you come play a show like tonight in this beautiful locale and folks are going crazy, and we played really good. I mean, I felt like we did — not like I'm tooting my own horn or anything, but I had a good show for me, so it was great, and when we can play a show like this, it's all good. I kind of forget any negative shit that ever happened.

Like tonight, you guys had a lot of energy on stage. Do you

feed off the crowd, or are you always that energized?

I try to enjoy the show and just get into the music, but I can't always do it and if I don't, then I don't, personally that's me. But some people are good at faking things and they do the same set thing every night, and that's like acting to them, so I can't do that. But then, on the same token, I don't want to just have to rely on somebody going off for me to go off, know what I mean? So I try to just get into the music and phase out. And I like to feed off of what other people are doing, but I also like to just really be in there for myself — and tonight I was doing that (laughs), and it just so happened that folks were going off as well. Like last night, some people were going off, but I just couldn't do it and couldn't get into it, it was a drag because I didn't feel it, but tonight I did. Yeah, you know, it depends, it's kind of a personal thing, I think, for me anyway — I can't speak for the rest of my band.

Are you guys more of a collective unit or individuals cruising together on a bus?

No, we're not individuals because, like I said, I've been with St— I've known this guy for fuckin' five years — I really know him and then now we're on this bus, and we've been on this bus for a year and I really, really know him. And I know the other fucking guys, too, but Stephan and me, like, I've known him for a long time, so it's kind of deeper and we're kind of more similar in a strange way, too. We've always had, like, people taking care of us. What was I saying — what was the question? Oh yeah, we're definitely not like a bunch of cats thrown together. I mean, I love Brad, the drummer, totally down with that guy. He's like the only guy I know that we can just like talk shit to each other and it's all good, no one gets mad or gets angry, it never gets weird. But with the other guys, if I think I'm being cool and I say somethin', it's like people get hurt and it, like, goes too far and pretty soon, we're just really talking shit for real — so whatever, anyway, you know.

Yeah, that's bound to happen when you've got four guys living together constantly for a year on a bus.

Exactly, it's like being married.

So do you ever feel like you want your own space?

Um, no. 'Cos I can get it usually, I can go, like, I mean, we have a pretty big bus so I can go in the back or I can go — or if we're somewhere in a hotel or something, we have separate rooms. It's not that bad, no, I don't feel that.

About how long do you guys usually spend in one place? Is that usually enough time or do you want more?

Never more than a day. So we never get to see where we go, like we've been to France, Spain. Spain, actually, we got some time off and we went all over and went to different museums. It's beautiful, Spain is beautiful. Have you been there?

Not yet. I'm going there next month, though.

Are you? Fuck yeah. Good for you. Do you like art?

I do. Where should I go for that?

What's the museum? It's called — there's a modern art one and there's a classic one, and I've been to both. And I'm such a fucking dork that I can't remember, but they're both in Madrid, like the best museums in Spain are in Madrid. There's one that has all the modern art — it has Dali and Picasso, it has Guernica the full — are you hip to Guernica?

I'm not too familiar with it.

Guernica's like a — it's Picasso's, like, seminal, not seminal, it's like the most important of Picasso's works and it's huge. It's as big as this wall (points to the wall that, trust me, is pretty damn big), but he had all, he had, like, totally, twenty different sketches that led up to it, and it's got all the sketches and the original piece. A whole line of people just stand there looking at it 'cos you have to soak it in it's so fuckin' big and

See BAND, p.5A

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BAND

Continued from p.4A

that's in the modern art one, but I don't know what the name of it is. I want to say Roma or something, it really just ... (laughs). I'm a fuckin' idiot right now. (Looks at tape recorder) Rewind it. No, just kidding.

So, you're really into art. What else are you passionate about?

Lots of stuff.

Fair enough. Okay, what's your main drive then?

I get really passionate about a group of things, there's kind of a big group. I mean, everybody loves sex, right? I really love sex and art and music. Most of the things that I love are kind of artistic. Cooking — they're all, like, they have some kind of self-gratification involved.

You love cooking? So, what do you cook? Mainly Mexican foods or all kinds?

No, all kinds of stuff. I love making stuff with fresh herbs like cilantro and thyme and basil and stuff — fresh basil, I love just cuttin' up basil and, you know, making sauces like marinara sauce and salsa and stuff like that. Grilling, I love grilling (laughs). I do, I like grilling, like, meats and fish and putting, like, mangoes — have you ever had mango salsa? Yeah, like fresh mangos and oh, man, it's so good. Like a piece of grilled fish with mango salsa on it, it's pretty good ... and a bottle of wine.

So what are you going to do after you finish your tour?

Go cook some food with my friends (laughs). Seriously. I never get to, like, do anything for myself when I'm on tour. It's like people do your laundry and you have to order out food, stuff like that. In some weird way, I'm looking forward to going home and doing my own laundry, which is twisted, right? Just stupid. But, it's like something. Some kind of normality 'cos we — I — live in a bubble. Everybody does everything for you and runs around. Fuck, it's weird. But it's cool. I'm happy to be making a living playing music.

Contest!
 Win a CD single if you can name two of the three movie ads that Third Eye Blind's "Semi Charmed Life" appeared in. Drop your answer off under Storke Tower.

Kings of Swing

Tony B. talks with Scott Steen of Royal Crown Revue ...

A flash of booty passes you on the dance floor. The brass section raises their instruments, and you instantly become engulfed in slacks, fedoras and perfume. Unless you were at a very conservative drag show, you could infer that the swing craze hit your town and the kings of gangster bop, Royal Crown Revue, have taken over.

The seven-piece Los Angeles-based band is not your typical swing outfit. With three records under their belt and a history that dates to the advent of the '90s and the grunge scene, Royal Crown Revue gained a loyal following through heavy touring and the ability to attract fans from most any genre or scene. With the dance craze in full swing, RCR gets set to play the Santa Barbara Bowl this Friday with ska legend Madness. *Artsweek* recently had the chance to speak with Royal Crown Revue's trumpet player Scott Steen about the band, the tour and the new record.

Artsweek: Which of your three albums is your favorite?

Scott Steen: The live one. The songs change a lot when you play them live ... "Kings of Gangster Bop" [the first studio record] is cool, but it's a little spastic.

Why did the Stern brothers leave the band?

They split about four years ago, doing Youth Brigade and touring. Royal Crown is our life, so we need to just pursue this.

What music did you listen to growing up?

Punk and ska, but then here's this different style of music that was the "punk rock" of its day.

What got you interested in swing and into Royal Crown Revue?

Well [Eddie Nichols, vocals/guitar] started the band — his dad was in a Vegas group in the '50s. When [Mando Dorame, sax,] came in, it changed the style from more rockabilly to swing. I always played jazz since fifteen, then got more into rockabilly and jump swing ... Not only is this great music from a technical aspect, but it's fun and feels good; there's no "Oh, my life is soo tragic ..."

We started with garage parties or going up to San Francisco to play at Delux on Haight or play rooftops. In New York, we did a gig on an old ship ... It was the weirdest thing, like out of a movie. And the swing scene out there has more of a gangster vibe, like (in a tough-guy voice) "Hey, how ya doin'?"

Have you heard anything about the Rat Pack remakes?

I think it wasn't broke, so don't fix it. Who else you gonna get that's that hip?

Do you see swing as part of a larger passing fad?

The whole cigar/martini thing — I've seen that take a dive. How much more can we consume? If that disappears, it doesn't mean the music will. This form of music is one of the only things we have in American culture that's ours. There will always be room for it until the government puts chips in our heads.

Can we expect a new album after the tour?

Yeah, we go out with Madness for a week and come back to the studio to finish the record — out in August. Then we hit the road again.

What's the Madness tour like?

I never got to see them when I was a kid, so these are the perks. And Santa Barbara has always been a strange place. I lived there for four or five years. There was a Golden Eagle pool hall, and I saw Christian Death play. Yeah, I'm dating myself.



What About Bob?

I'm not going to claim to be a film critic. Hey, that's a contradiction, because now I'm claiming. Contradiction is the basis of this Bob Dylan documentary. The same concepts that Dylan preaches against — preoccupations of what others think of you and the manipulations of the government — are the same qualities that Dylan himself takes on in the film "Don't Look Back." You see Dylan reviewing and com-

menting on his own interviews in the papers. He also has a knack for manipulating people's comments into what he wants to hear. The title of the film is a huge contradiction in itself, seeing that I just watched it; it was made in 1965 on a four-day stretch of sold-out England venues.

D.A. Pennebaker is the director of the film. To be the least imposing as possible, his directing style was done in the "fly on the wall" approach. However, it seems that Dylan's demeanor is altered by the presence of the camera. Either that or the editing was done to especially portray Dylan as a "bad ass." Otherwise, the concert footage is deeply moving. His presence on stage is simply raw. With nothing but an acoustic guitar and a harmonica, Dylan plays for sold-out English crowds, trying not to look back.

You can "look back" at the film this Sunday at 7 p.m. in Campbell Hall. Call Arts & Lectures at 893-3535 for more information.

— e.h. Cinnamon



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April 25th, 1998 Tickets: \$6 presale
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Campbell Hall \$8 @ the door

doors open @ 3:00 pm



Red Monkey / *Make the Moment* / Slampt

One person's sonic ear crap is always another's badge for cool, and that's exactly how Red Monkey serves up its Bis-like punk rock, minus the cute "kid" appeal. In the same way that black shaggy hair, domestic beer and white T-shirts epitomize the certain American underground cool, Red Monkey helps clarify what makes a true subterranean hipster through its British-accent-infused yells, energetic garage-band sound and truly '90s passive-anarchic lyrics.

"There is no point in dead connections," they half-sing, half-speak over grinding guitars and loud drumming, "There is no need for limitations." If Red Monkey weren't actually cool, which, unfortunately I must admit, they are, these lyrics would speak a great deal about the nature of Red Monkey as a band. Despite the photos portraying them as strung-out, vintage T-shirt-wearing brats, they really possess the ability to say, "they're so punk rock" with a big, awe-filled smile.

Yes, Red Monkey deserves major punk rock points for this album, not because it's any better than any other do-it-yourself band, but because they can still convey believable attitudes in a time when most of these kinds of bands border on annoying with their "oh-so-cool" belief in themselves. Red Monkey is honest and even somewhat humble, and at times I found myself enjoying the album so much I contemplated dumping a bottle of black hair dye on my head and recreating myself as one of Red Monkey's groupies, gas station attendant jacket and all.

If such noisy garage punk is your cup of tea, you may or may not like this album — I certainly wouldn't know, because I'm not a devout follower of that particular scene. I leave the experts up to their own decisions, but for those needing a spoonful of something loud, hoarse, angry and cool, Red Monkey might be just what you need.

— Jen Raub

Pitchshifter / www.pitchshifter.com / DGC

With the whole 311/Goldfinger/Sublime thing beginning to dry up, one might foolishly consider listening to commercial radio again. Well, before you dare to dial up Santa Barbara's Modern Alternative Connection or whatever they're calling it lately, take notice: lurking in the grass of pop CULTure is a far more menacing and possibly irritating wave of mediocre music with its eyes locked on possibly the music industry's favorite demographic — frat boys and the women who love them. Enter Pitchshifter, a band far too happy to cater to the pulsing masses of bleach-blond angst



Golden Shower

left in limbo by the demise of their sacred ska-punk phenoms.

Following in the footsteps of the too-cool-for-chord-progressions quintet Limp Bizkit, former metal-head-wannabes Pitchshifter are quick to update their already shitty guitar playing with layers of computer-driven racket that fail not only to improve their overall sound but to even distract one from all the other terrible aspects at work in their music. In laymen's terms, imagine those irritating neighbors who are convinced Zac de la Roche is god incarnate and add a really terribly sampled dance beat to otherwise poorly written music, and you've got the essence of Pitchshifter and all of their artrock glory

The unfortunate reality here is the fact that this is going to be huge, this crap is going to be everywhere, and there is no way you will be able to escape its grasp. God have mercy!

— Ass Napkin Operative #13

DJ Choppis and DJ Havik / *Toe Jam* / unsigned

A message to all doubters of West Coast hip-hop: if you dare lay your hifalutin', athlete's-foot-havin', cracked-toenail-havin', foot-spray-needin', bio-hazard-microbebreedin' stank feet on this side of the U.S., you will get *Toe Jams*.

Some of the most innovative pioneers in hip-hop craftsmanship dwell on this side of the map. If you have any doubts, just peep *Toe Jam*, where DJ Havik and DJ Choppis of the Beat Junkies crew provide tailor-made mutilations of one's preconceptions.

Divided into two sides, *Toe Jam* is a display of an attitude shining with radiating brutal honesty, communicating via battle techniques and beat constructions that Havik and Choppis are fed up with wack DJs refusing to pay dues. DJ Choppis' side begins with a little scratchy-scratch intro followed by the hilarious "Hip-Hop vs. Video," which clowns the unfortunately rampant emphasis on imagery that tends to be levied over actual aesthetic content (Do you know how to say pepper spray boy, oops, I mean Mase?). Although featuring several underground cuts by various artists, Choppis seems to focus mostly on displaying his artistry, proclaiming war on wack shit via cuts and snippets from live sessions.

In that sense, Havik's side seems to be more balanced and interesting than Choppis', as his focus isn't merely a display of aggressive tactics but also exposing the listener to the fundamental essence of hip-hop's science of beats. With a collec-

See DJ, p.7A

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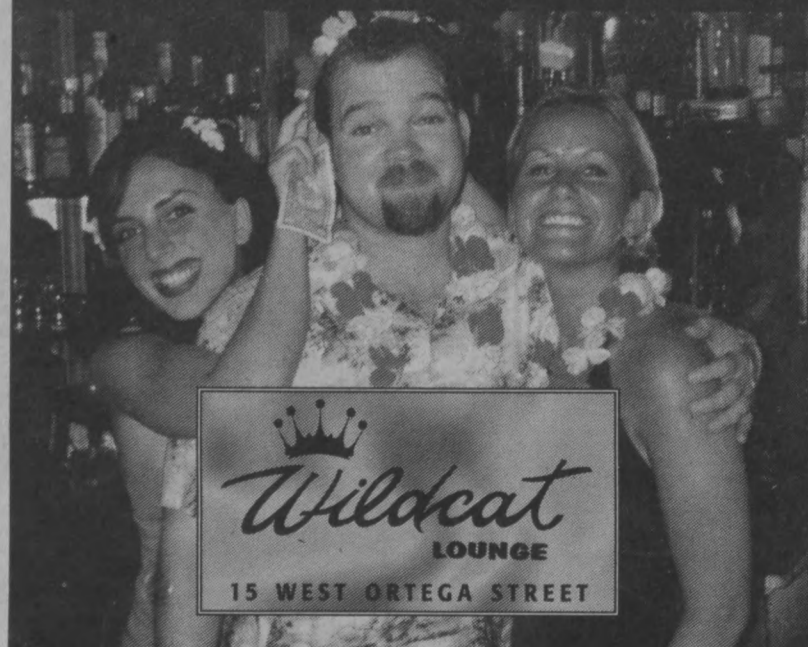
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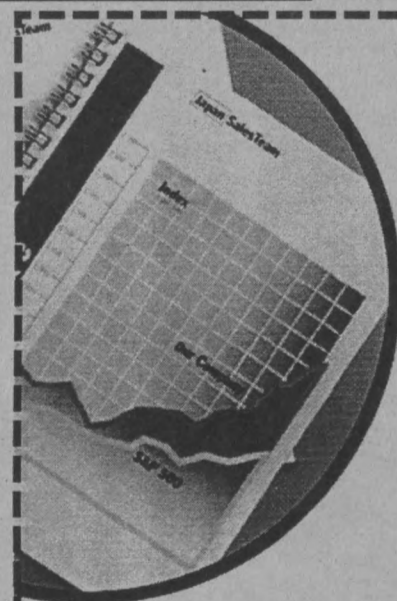
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of Music

DJ

Continued from p.6A

tion of underground cuts, scratch sessions, a composition calling out weak DJs with no individual style ("Take it Personnel"), and even an excursion into old school breaks and jams ranging from Solsonic force to James Brown to Kraftwerk, Havik truly wreaks an organized session of havoc that is pleasurable as well as educating to both virgin and devirginized ears.

The Beat Junkies have never been about fucking around, and these two cats continue to show how Asians continue to run shit in the turntable scene. (Those interested in the tape must call (562) 790-7027 for further info).

— A-Double, KCSB 91.9, BraynSirjanz

Various Artists / *Music From the Motion Picture "City of Angels"* / Warner Bros.

She's back. No, I'm not talking about a Lita Ford comeback concert (but wouldn't that be something!). I'm talking about Alanis Morissette. After establishing herself as the spokesperson for all angry females a couple of years ago with her multiplatinum "Jagged Little Pill," Alanis has kept a fairly low profile. But she's back on this soundtrack with "Uninvited." If you haven't heard it a jillion times on the radio by now, it's a fairly low-key track with a bizarre mix of piano and guitar riffs that sound like they belong in a White Snake power ballad. Although "Uninvited" sounds like the kind of song that either Night Ranger or Stryper would have sung in the '80s, I'm sure Alanis fans will like it.

As for the rest of the album, recycled songs from U2, Sarah McLachlan and Jimi Hendrix are paired with original songs from Peter Gabriel and the Goo Goo Dolls to make a nice collection of tunes. But perhaps the highlight of the album are the four tracks from Gabriel ("The English Patient") Yared's sweeping score. It's good music to kick back to and think to yourself, "What in the hell ever became of Lita Ford?"

— Patrick Reardon

Tight Pants / *Tight Pants* / unsigned

You got any Tight Pants? If you don't already, you should pick some up, NOW. Tight Pants, a relatively new band to the Isla Vista music scene, began to get their music and message out about six months ago. The members include Jeff Champlin on guitar and lead vocals, Valerie Taylor on keyboards and vocals, Jared Easterday on bass, John Harris on drums, and Angie Allgood on backing vocals. You can tell songwriter Champlin was an I.V. native for many years with lyrics like, *We walked the walk back to her place/ While she*



talked I was kicking cans/ I finally asked her if she knew my name/ She said I don't know but I really dig tight pants ("Five Brothers").

Beyond the descriptions of everyday life, love and experiences, Tight Pants delivers a potent message of racial harmony, equal rights and unity. With Champlin belting out from "People Power," *Black, White, gay or straight/ People put down your suspicions/ Don't let the hatred take you over*, and from "Sunny Days," *In a world that judges skin/ It's death that makes us all the same*, it's no wonder that they have found such an audience in our small, liberal community. The aesthetic quality of their songs range from a mellow Doors-type searching of keyboard and guitar ("Sunny Days") to a melodic Phish ("Rustic Stepback") to a full powered funk/rock/SOUL collective ("People Power"). The biggest feature of the band is their immense respect for each other, seen in their playing and in their camaraderie on stage. If you live in I.V., you've probably heard of Tight Pants by now, so get yourself a pair and enjoy.

— Josh Baron

Sneaker Pimps / *Becoming Re-mi-X-ed* / Virgin

MTV viewers may have noticed the recent noir theme oozing from the music domain. Bogart would turn in his grave if he caught wind of the aptly titled band Garbage, with their supposed femme fatale singer spouting out some *garbage* over low-key dance music. Neither dangerous nor sexy, Garbage put the concept of femme fatale as a record-sales vehicle to shame.

Enter Sneaker Pimps, with the hip younger sister of the "Stupid Girl" fronting this pop/dance outfit. Sure, both groups were remixed, have strange alterna-girls in black, and cross over the alternative and dance line. But the Pimps have some promise of excellence. Remixes by Girls Against Boys and Roni Size supply the disc with variety, but do we really need three different versions of "Post Modern Sleaze," an already repetitive tune?

The main problem with the record is its inability to wholly satisfy anyone who's ever seen a DJ, been to a "rave," or even screwed around with a drum machine and a Speak-n-Spell. The watered-down result of the Sneaker Pimps becoming remixed lets the listener know the Pimps have good songs, but even a rocket scientist can't make McNuggets into lobster bisque.

— Tony Bogdanovski stinks



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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—You tend to buy things just because you like them, without even looking at the cost. Today, an older woman will tell you not to do that, and point out the best deals for your money. You're not usually interested in that sort of conversation, but this time you should listen.

Taurus (April 20-May 20)—Today is an 8—You're forceful and dynamic, and you're letting it be known what you want and need. That gives other people the opportunity to provide it, and some of them would love to do exactly that. By this evening, the shoe is on the other foot. You're going to have to please somebody else.

Gemini (May 21-June 21)—Today is a 5—Take advice from somebody who wants the best for you. In fact, it would be smart to ask for it in advance. Just walk right up to the person who wants to run your life and ask what to do next. You'll make a good impression, and you could get some very good advice.

Cancer (June 22-July 22)—Today is an 8—There's going to be a test tonight or tomorrow, and you're going to have to prove you know what you're talking about. If you don't have any experience, don't pretend that you do. The other person will see through it in a nanosecond.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22)—Today is a 5—This morning is an excellent time to buy gifts. There are several people in your life who have gone out of their way to help, and have always applauded your performances and laughed at your jokes. You need to repay them for their generosity.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22)—Today is an 8—You continue to be in the spotlight. There have been decisions to make lately, and you've done an excellent job in steering your team through the changes. The person who's so crazy about you isn't wrong. You are awesome. And humble, to boot.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23)—Today is a 5—Look for another busy day, with great rewards. A lot of those will be emotional, but some will be financial. Take yourself and your partner out dancing to celebrate. It's a good night for discussing secret hopes and dreams. Do that afterward, when you go for your hot fudge sundaes.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21)—Today is an 8—You're strongly attracted to a person who thinks you're marvelous. That's a lot of fun, but it could interfere with your duties. If you can take work home with you, you don't have a thing to worry about. You'll be in the mood to work late into the night.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21)—Today is a 5—Your living environment is disrupted this morning, in a pleasant way. The trouble isn't a lack of love, it's the abundance of it. This evening, however, your sweetheart won't be quite so snuggly. He or she will more likely be in the mood for dancing. You'll just have to make the best of it.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19)—Today is an 8—Your best time for taking on major challenges is first thing this morning. Don't put them off because they won't get any easier. Just the opposite is more likely. Your intuition is good in the morning, too. You can take a leap of faith and have a better-than-average chance of landing safely.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18)—Today is a 5—Things seem to be going more slowly than you'd like. That's OK. You needed time to think. Now you'll be assimilating information more quickly. By this evening, you'll start to find the data you need to complete the task at hand. Proceed with caution and avoid an expensive mistake.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20)—Today is an 8—You're strong, confident and good looking. Your intuition is excellent. You can figure out how to do just about anything you want. Now, what do you want? It's as if you're being granted three wishes, but these wishes will come true through your own imagination and hard work.

Today's Birthday (April 23). Teamwork is the key to your success this year. Start by making bold plans in May. Your decisions will have far-reaching consequences. Learn what you need to know by July so you'll be ready to move quickly in September. A loved one spurs you on to success then. Money is still tight all the way through December. Use old resources instead of buying new. Play by the rules in February, and relax with loved ones in March. Check a big item off your list next April.

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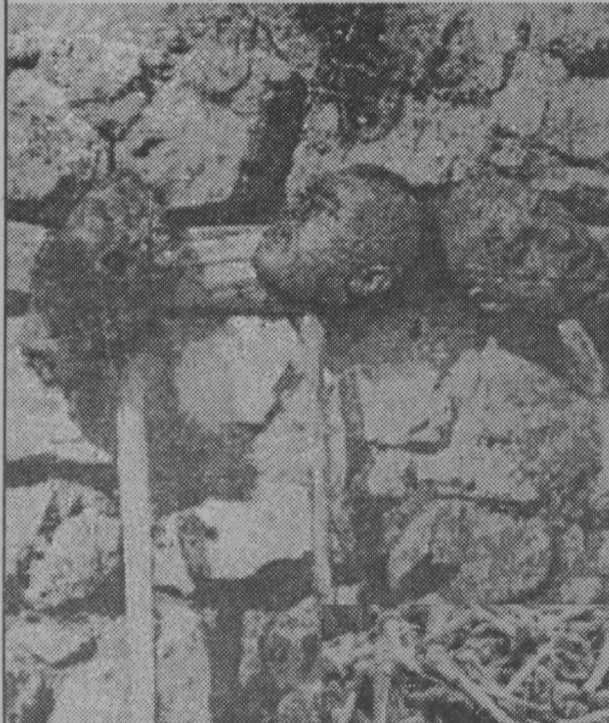
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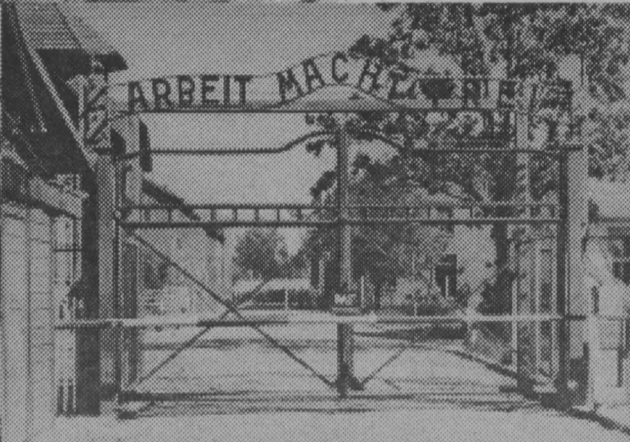
HOLOCAUST REMEMBRANCE WEEK

Monday, April 20th–Friday, April 24th

All Events Are Free, All Are Welcome



Turkey
(Armenian Genocide)



Nazi Germany



Cambodia



Rwanda

Fact:

On April 24th, 1915, 600 Armenian leaders, writers, thinkers, and professionals were rounded up in Constantinople, deported, and killed.

Fact:

In 1939, the Worldwide Jewish Population was 16,147,000 and the European Jewish Population was 9,372,000.

In 1990, the Worldwide Jewish Population was 13,028,000 and the European Jewish Population was 2,597,675.

Fact:

From 1975 through 1979, the Khmer Rouge regime slaughtered over one million innocent Cambodians under the guise of a political revolution.

Fact:

In the 20th century alone, nearly 60 million people have been slaughtered in genocide actions in countries such as Turkey, USSR, Nazi Germany, China, Guatemala, Uganda, Cambodia, and Rwanda.

“Those who cannot remember the past are condemned to repeat it.”

—George Santayana

Wednesday, April 22nd–Friday, April 24th

Holocaust Documentary Display

Pictures, quotes, and booklets detailing various aspects and heroes of the different Holocausts throughout the century.

In front of the UCen, Wednesday & Thursday 10:00am–3:00pm, and Friday 10:00am–2:00pm

Thursday, April 23rd–Friday, April 24th

24-Hour Name Reading of Those Who Perished in the Holocaust

Thursday 2:00pm–Friday 2:00pm Front of the UCen

Thursday, April 23rd

“Night Words” Drama on the Holocaust

5:00pm UCSB Art Museum

Friday, April 24th

Memorial Grove Dedication and Tree Planting

Come participate in the dedication of the Holocaust Memorial Grove and tree planting on campus.

2:00pm Meet in front of the UCen

Shabbat Services followed by a presentation on the March of the Living program

6:00pm University Religious Center, 777 Camino Pescadero

Co-sponsored by A.S. Finance Board, A.S. Program Board, A.S. Student Coalition on Racial Equality, Critical Issues Program, Interfaith Council, Residence Halls Association, UCSB Hillel, UCen Governance Board, Vice-Chancellor of Student Affairs

For Further Information call UCSB Hillel at 968-1280