

You don't have to be alone this Christmas. Spend the holidays with ...

Artsweek

Sympathy from your closest enemy

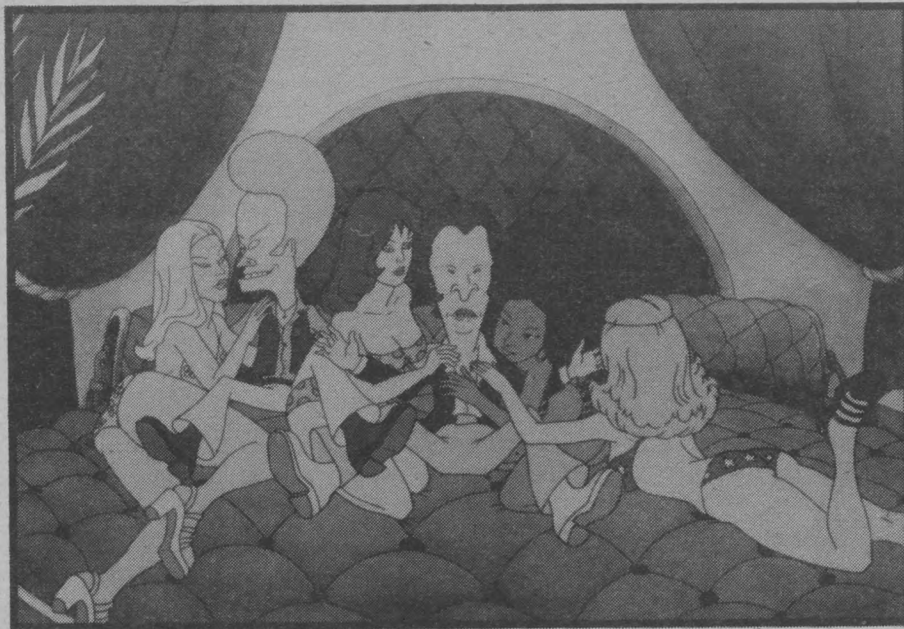
When the long-awaited *Beavis and Butthead Do America* hits theaters this winter, the dimwitted duo will achieve what they've been working toward for a long time — no, not "scoring," but creating a national epidemic of underachievement.

I personally enjoy, nay, relish *Beavis and Butthead* and the characters' adle-pated adventures, and there is no denying that the impact they've had on America's youth since "Frog Baseball" first hit MTV's screens is gargantuan. Before B & B, there was plenty of stupid entertainment available to the masses, and most of it was pretty funny, but none of the characters was ever considered "cool."

Though *Beavis and Butthead* probably lead the most miserable and unenviable lives on television (at least the Bundys have sex *occasionally*), they have each other, and in their own world, they experience life to the fullest. Seeing the feather-brained friends always have something to laugh about — be it the destruction of Mr. Anderson's lawn or a Winger video — gives hope to the millions of aimless American youths who are told that they will never be more successful than their parents.

Hence, *Beavis and Butthead* have become antihero idols in our society, and while nobody would want to trade places with them, their speech and thinking patterns have become a regular part of American dialogue. With the success of their first feature-length film, which will be a success, their mannerisms and distinct laughs are bound to become irreversibly entrenched in our generation's psyche. What a difference two dorks made.

So when I was offered the opportunity for a conference-call interview with Mike Judge, the creator and lead voices of *Beavis and Butthead*, I reeled with excitement. This was a chance to talk with the man himself, the actual brains behind the two boys without any, and I had a great question to ask him: How does it feel to watch your own work, your life's work, have such a sweeping and massive impact on the way a generation



Judgement Day

Artsweek's Nick Robertson tries to do *Beavis and Butthead* creator Mike Judge.

acts, talks and even *thinks*?

The morning of the interview, I overslept, of course. Rushing down to the Nexus offices, I arrived just in time to get the call that would soon hook me up with Judge. Clutching my notebook, I waited patiently as I prepared to ask Judge the same question I would ask Socrates, Davinci or even Bob Barker. It was an exciting moment.

When the telecommunications magic was complete, I was on the line with Judge, some Paramount representative whose job was to say "Next question?" incessantly and about six other journalists. I held back at first, saving my all-encompassing query for later, as others asked about the film's soundtrack and how disgusting the duo could be with the film's PG-13 rating.

Finally I was ready. After hearing the high-pitched "Next question," I started to identify myself and my pu-

blication, when some other hack cut me off and asked Judge about the film's cameo appearances. I was enraged!

For the next 10 minutes, I tried desperately to get a word in edgewise, but *every time*, some other reporter would cut me off, and Judge would answer them instead! Was there some sort of indicator at Paramount that let him know this is a college paper? Was Judge discriminating against the *Daily Nexus* because a university paper is too damn intellectual for his movie? **Just who did he think he was?**

But after a few moments of mental torment, I remembered that the phone I had switched to was broken, and though I could hear everything they were saying, they couldn't hear me. "Damn it," I thought, "Here is this great chance to ask a major entertainment figure this great question, and it's lost. Maybe if I send out telepathic vibes *really* hard, some other reporter will catch them and ask for me!"

Well, needless to say, the last question came and went. ("Mike, with movie commercialization so big now, can we expect to see *Beavis eat at Taco Bell*?" The answer was no, there weren't any corporations who would put their product anywhere near this movie.) I stayed on the line as everybody hung up and all was silent.

But not getting to ask the question suddenly took the back burner to a shocking realization — everything the other reporters asked about just fed into the mentality of growing B & B idolatry! They all asked Judge stuff like, "Will you let your kids see this movie?" — "No." Or, "I'm a lazy reporter, can you give me some quotes?" — "It's *Thelma and Louise* without the chicks."

Oh well. From what Mike said, though much of it was fluff, it sounds like it will be a fun movie to watch and definitely a good way to turn your mind off for a couple of hours. Though we'll never know how it really feels to watch a nation embody and mimic your brainchildren, at least we'll know what it feels like to go on a cross-country road trip with *Beavis and Butthead*, and that's just as good, right?

Artsweek's Jolie vs. Henchmyn

Henchmyn is a ska group hailing from the university's backyard (I.V.). You can go see them Saturday at 8 p.m. at Emerald City, opening for Let's Go Bowling. Maybe seeing them will help you come to terms with your pop star dreams. Or not.

Artsweek sat down and conversed with the entire band, and what follows is what we could transcribe from the resulting tape. It's, like, for your enjoyment, or something.

So I guess we should start. Is this your first interview?

Adam (guitar): Yeah.

Vinnie (vocals): Well, there were those people from *BAM* but we just said fuck them.

So, do you have a following?

Todd (drums): We just have, like, friends who...

Adam: I think the seventh floor of FT...

Nichols (keyboards): We have a following.

Todd: It depends on how much alcohol is consumed that night.

Adam: We see some of the same people sometimes, like all the time. There's probably a core of probably 10 people that come see us every time.

Oh really?

Adam: Besides the band. Do you get groupies?

Todd: Yeah, sometimes.

Adam: Groupies — I don't know. I wouldn't call them groupies. I would just say like...

Brayton (tenor saxophone): No, no, no. We're all just stoked 'cause nobody really ever pays attention to us.

Vinnie: We have no place to go but up.

So, where are you right now in terms of your career?

Todd: Well, I think that for most people in the band, this is the first serious attempt at music as a career.

Hector (trumpet): We have a lot of accomplished people.

Brayton: It's starting to pick up a little bit. Like, we're starting to get some shows and have people come, where we're not just, like, playing for free. But you know, we just do it for fun. More than 90 percent of the shows we do are just us dragging our asses over. We're just having fun.

How serious do you take this?

Adam: It's not as serious where, like, we're gonna be rock stars.

Brayton: Everybody's into school, and I mean, school comes first.

Hector: We just play music because it's fun and, you know, it's a cool thing.



Michael Abramson Speaks to Less Than Jake

Today, the Miami-based pop-ska-punk band Less Than Jake, for the first time in the history of this planet, arrives in Santa Barbara — to play a free show in Storke Plaza at noon, to boot.

Celebrating their first major-label release (on Capitol), Less Than Jake is touring the United States sharing their music for the masses. Baritone saxophonist Darren reflected on life as he knows it with *Artsweek*.

Do you guys have a favorite band to tour with?

We like to play with local bands, we're much more into that. It's way cool, because then we get to hear different bands every night.

Since you are based in Gainesville, Fla., do you find you have a fan base nationally?

Yeah. We're all pretty much surprised when we come to California and there's 300 or 400 kids hanging out that know our songs. A lot has to do with Dill [Records] and Skankin' Pickle and all of them touring around selling our tapes and CDs. That totally helped a lot.

Do you find that you've had to relinquish any creative control since signing with Capitol?

Absolutely not. We're on Capitol, but

we're also on Dill and Far Out and Rhetoric. We don't think of it as being on just one label. We're on like 15 right now, at last count. Capitol's just doing the CD and cassette for *Losing Streak*. No Idea is gonna do the vinyl version. In no way has it hindered our creativity at all. It's just another means of getting it out there.

Are there plans for releasing a single from the new album?

It's supposed to be put out on the first of the year. That's when the label's gonna kick in with it. It's gonna be "Automatic," the first song on the record.

Are there plans for a video?

That hasn't come up yet. We've got a bunch of meetings at Capitol this week, and we're pretty much expecting that they're gonna throw it at us. At this point, it hasn't come up yet.

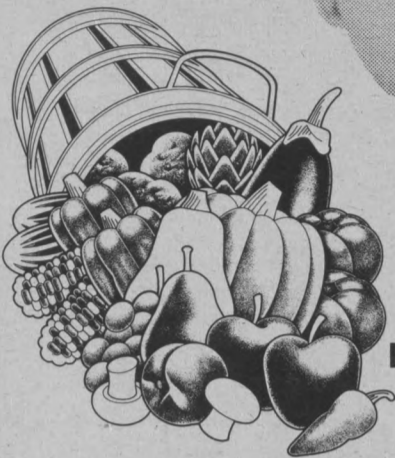
Is that something you would like to do?

It's kind of mixed emotions right now. If we do one, it's gonna be completely tactful. We're not gonna be up there lip-synching. We're not into that. We're not into the image thing, we're into the music. People want to buy the music for the music, not because we look trendy, or the video's really cool.



BRYAN SILVER/Daily Nexus

BEFORE



BRAD'S CORNUCOPIA



RAW TURKEY

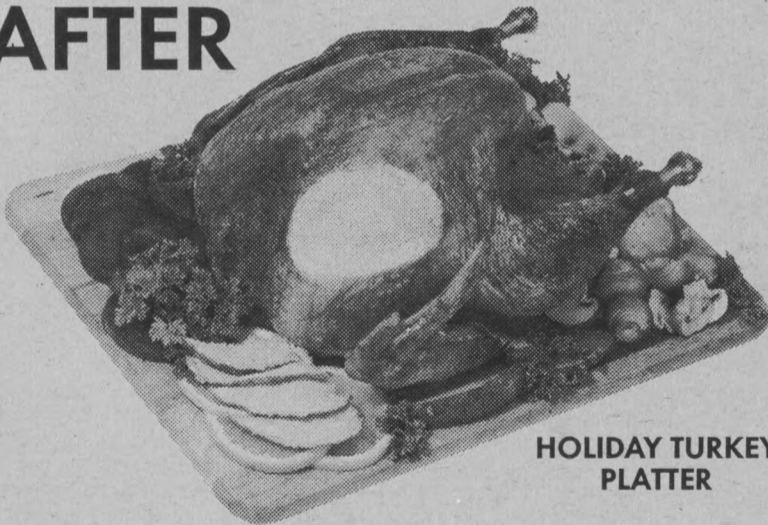
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AFTER



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by Mackiavelli

SIDE a 1995

The Saurus

"Once everyone gets settled down, we'll get started," said Coach Rod Martinez, dean of discipline. He looked at his watch, then the crowd. The last few students sat down, and only the tops of heads could be seen from the stage. Everyone was quiet.

"Good. Can everyone hear me?" Martinez said, without intending to stop.

"Mr. Martinez! Coach!" a voice called from the back of the crowd.

The coach kept talking. "Well, we ... Well, we..." But the cry continued, and Martinez exploded: "What in the hell do you want, Cornbloom?!"

The same rain that brought the lunchtime football pep rally inside brought Michael Cornbloom off his corner and into the auditorium to attend. Cornbloom religiously directed traffic from the northwest corner of the intersection of Devonshire and De Soto every lunchtime, much to the dismay of both school officials and local law enforcement. Both recently decided that it was better just to leave him be, rather than encourage the overwhelming, spastic anxiety attacks Cornbloom acted out when reprimanded. He always returned to school in time for his next class anyway.

"Coach, I can't hear you!" Cornbloom screamed.

"Cornbloom, come up here."

Cornbloom moved quickly, collecting his backpack, which appeared to be fully inflated with helium, and hustled down the center aisle. When Cornbloom arrived in front of the stage, Martinez said, "Sit down."

"There's no more seats, Coach!"

"Sit down!" Cornbloom dropped into Indian style. His backpack followed, slamming against the ground. Exploding open, the bag revealed dozens of sealed boxes of Kellogg's mini cereal boxes and bags of Frito-Lay snack chips, the variety packs.

"All right," Martinez began. Laughter swelled from the floor of the auditorium as Cornbloom crawled around gathering his belongings. The coach's dropped his hand to the podium, aware that he had lost control.

Cornbloom cried as the people close to him stole his food. And from the rows of kids bused in from downtown L.A. to the suburb, some who left their homes as early as 5:30 in the morning, a chant began. "Fuck Martinez! Fuck, fuck Martinez!" It rang with a rhythm distinctively nonsuburban.

Martinez left the stage to the right, avoiding members of the faculty who might restrain him physically or emotionally. Intent on finding those who were chanting, he scanned the seats like Captain Ahab surveying a storm at sea. The levelheaded principal, Barbara Smith, assumed the empty podium and calmly asked for order.

In the back wall of the auditorium, there was a two-way mirror reflecting the action taking place before it. Behind the mirror was the auditorium's lighting booth.

Sitting inside the dark control booth was Todd Arst, who rubbed his eyes and freaked out. He was afraid that he had missed his cue. A few hours earlier, he had eaten some hallucinogenic mushrooms, for the first time in his life, in a bowl of Life cereal. He then agreed to do his closest friend, Felix Venable, a major favor and cover for him during the rally. He did this so Felix could take his new girlfriend home to consummate their relationship for the first time.

Arst was now vaguely aware that something had gone wrong and was certain that it was his fault. He pressed play on the tape recorder, as he was supposed to, and Hammer's latest single, "2 Legit 2 Quit," blasted from all sides of the auditorium.

By the time Principal Barbara Smith attempted to speak from the microphone again, Arst had cut it off and was awaiting his next cue. After the next cue, he was to cut all the lights in the auditorium and turn the spotlight on the Chatsworth High football team, who would be stand-

ing shoulder-to-shoulder on the stage. He had a few minutes, though — the cheerleaders were first.

Facing the audience and smiling, the cheerleaders appeared and began their routine.

The chanting, while suppressed in Martinez's immediate area, grew louder as more joined in. In the section where the honor students were seated,

one student, with a 4.5 weighted gpa, fell to the floor. Jacob Piller, who was finishing a bagel when the cheerleaders appeared, began choking when his body decided to laugh hysterically instead of digest properly.

Amy Haynes smacked Piller's back awkwardly with only half of her hand, compounding Piller's lack of oxygen with an annoying sharp pain in his kidney.

Martinez gave up trying to remove troublemakers one by one and joined Principal Barbara Smith and a few other faculty members, who were en route to the lighting booth. They needed to get the mic back on, the music off and the stage cleared.

Todd Arst saw the posse formed and heading directly toward him. He took a deep breath and cut the lights. He then pointed the lit spotlight at the posse and left the booth through the back door. He climbed the fence, jumped, landed on his feet and with his head down ran toward Felix's house, mumbling to himself. "2 Legit to Quit" was still ringing in his head.

The lights backstage didn't go off, but the football team knew something was up. Ryan Burns, starting cornerback, watched his girlfriend perform the "2 Legit 2 Quit" dance and reported back to quarterback Dave Plowmer that "shit has gone wacky."

The team instinctively gathered around Plowmer. He bent at his waist, leaned toward them and began to bark, "We can't let anyone fuck up this rally! I'm going out there — everyone stay calm! We'll get this going."

Only Chet Barret, the curiously bulky all-city lineman, shouted, "Hut!" when Plowmer finished. Plowmer looked at Barret, shook his head, grabbed him by the shirt and pulled him in front of himself. He then pushed him into the darkness.

Several students had already attempted to leave the building, including the stoners, the Christian club and the soccer team. But they were prodded back in by the intensifying rain and an overly eager security guard, who was still following orders.

Quarterback Dave Plowmer, behind Chet Barret, appeared onstage and instantly, everything was lit and blinding. Plowmer looked down at his hand, and it glowed like a ripened grape. Then everything was pitch black again. Screams, laughter and the sound of metal scraping against tile filled the air fully, due to the pleasant acoustics.

In the front row, where the cheerleaders' mothers sat with their mah-jongg groups, a camera had accidentally gone off for the second time. The mayhem was not confounded by the sound of a camera rewinding.

Suddenly, and it could have been sparked by the flash or the sight of the Chatsworth High cheerleaders frozen in a perfect human triangle — whatever — Dave Plowmer had the shits.

At first, he had the shits restrained, then the shits escaping, then the full-blown shits, coming down his leg, and he was scrambling. He separated from Barret, who was now on the floor clearing a path, tossing women, students and backpacks aside.

In the back of the auditorium, Principal Barbara Smith found the lightboard and pressed several buttons. Nothing happened. Well, she broke a nail.

"Mr. Davis," she called from the open door into the dark, remembering the last faculty member she bumped into. "Mr. Davis," her voice remained calm. "Mr. Davis!" she finally screamed. Immediately he answered:

"Yes, Mrs. Smith."

"Please help me here."

He said yes, certainly and all that. From his pocket, he revealed the most improbable of all heroes: a pen light.

"It's amazing how often I get to use this."

Mr. Davis moved swiftly and calmly, like a cat covering his feces. And before

C'est la Vie

Marc Valles watches a movie and tells us all about it.

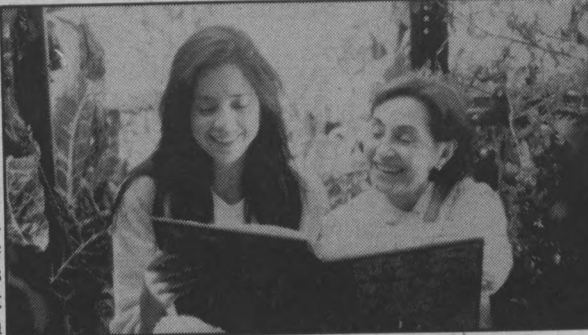
It's obvious that director Helen De Michiel invested a lot of care in *Tarantella*. Which is too bad, because De Michiel has managed to take promising subject matter — a young Italian-American woman's exploration of her dead mother's cultural legacy — and saddle it with horribly stilted dialogue, performances that run from mediocre to annoying and a plot that runs at glacial speed. There are, however, neat puppets.

Sadly, the puppets, used by De Michiel to tell the mother's story, don't appear soon enough in the film to save us from the actors. Oscar-winner Mira Sorvino, as Diana, the young photographer who has fled from what she saw as the stifling culture of her mother and neighborhood, handles such lines as "I feel like a stranger now ... a stranger with an Italian last name" competently and doesn't grate on your nerves.

The same cannot be said of others in the cast. Rose Gregorio is good-natured but unconvincing as Pina, the longtime confidante of the deceased, who befriends Diana when the daughter has to settle her estranged mother's affairs. Matthew Lillard, mean-

while, who plays Diana's clingy, whining boyfriend, comes off as even more annoying and pesky than his character is intended to be.

Interestingly enough for a film whose stated purpose is to go beyond stereotypes by showing a side of the Italian-American experience that hasn't been done to death by mobster movies, the cast



of *Tarantella* includes Stephen Spinella as Frank, a flaming realtor with an extensive knowledge of the color puce, proving that a stereotype by any other name still reeks.

The principals are backed by a fine supporting cast of extras, who in brief "mood" shots do far more to establish the rich sense of Italian-American culture than any of the meandering, excruciatingly boring speeches given by the actors.

As for plot, *Tarantella* racks and stretches nearly an hour and a half of movie out of a story that could easily be told in 45 minutes

or less and probably more engrossingly by the puppets. The relationship between Diana and Pina, unintentionally hilarious due to its resemblance to the relationship between Cain and his teacher in the *Kung Fu* TV series, comes to a thoroughly unsatisfying and unconvincing ending. However, before the film's close, the importance of food and family to

Italian culture is sufficiently and rather beautifully conveyed to the audience — although at a maddeningly slow pace. Well received if poorly delivered, De Michiel's lesson that some of what any culture has to offer may not be what it appears on the surface is nearly enough to justify subjecting yourself to this film.

In all, *Tarantella*, though its premise may intrigue you, will have you asking yourself why you shelled out five bucks when you could have rented *Like Water for Chocolate* or settled down with some Sandra Cisneros and gotten a much more satisfying — and entertaining — examination of culture, family and womanhood.

Tarantella has its Santa Barbara premiere tonight at 7 p.m. in Campbell Hall.

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Artsweek takes a look at local music shops in hope of finding Music Babylon. Hosted by Jolie Lash

	The Wherehouse - Goleta	Morninglory Music - I.V.	Plastic Passion - SB	Tempo Music & Video - I.V.	Just Play Music - SB
Atmosphere	Flourescent lights. Shiny waxed floors. Picture-perfect displays. Neon signs. A nuclear family's dream. 	The placement of racks throughout the store makes it look like someone's movin'!	Thrift store mania. Dark and creepy. Kind of funny smelling. 	Boxy. Bright. Feels too big.	Like a student's room. Lots of stuff on the walls. Records and CDs arranged in random order.
Clientele	It's family time! Probably doubles as a singles bar. Your hand meets his as you both reach for that Cypress Hill CD.	This is definitely a shop that caters to students.	Anyone still clinging to "classic" rock? 'Nuff said.	Young, studious, head-of-the-class kids who think the Wallflowers are cutting edge.	Caters to those hip to be square, good haircut types. Weezer would shop here.
Top 40?	Sure they carry today's latest! Hootie, Metallica ... Oh yeah!	Yes. And sometimes you can find the newest of new releases used at bargain prices!	If you can find Top 40 releases amid the stacks and stacks of old stuff, will you let us know?	Usually. The new releases board is handy in helping you figure out if they have what you want.	And then some. JPM brings it on home, stocking the newest in European imports.
Special Additions	A fairly decent crop of used CDs and a couple of magazines, like that wacky <i>Rolling Stone</i> .	Used CDs. A local section. Vinyl. Wow!	T-shirts and the most supercalifragilistic-expialidocious collection of used vinyl in existence today.	Videos. Vinyl occasionally. And all the usual.	Buttons. Patches. T-shirts. Vinyl. Imports. Stickers. Import magazines. Zines. They have so much extra stuff, it's surprising they have enough room to store records.
Sales Clerks	Eager beavers. An overly-friendly lot who will ask you if you need help about 50 times in five minutes. 	Pleasant, happy-go-lucky chaps who kick it at the counter, play CDs and leave you alone to shop.	Friendly and helpful. 	Student types who offer strange looks to test your cool factor.	Young and cute. They must play in bands.
Cash Flow	"How much!!!" New CDs are for not for student budgets. But used CDs are definitely affordable.	Average prices for new discs. The prices for used CDs are quite reasonable.	Low prices on used items. "Newer" CDs fall under the going-rate category.	Better hope it's on sale — sale prices are fairly decent.	Average. Can't anyone sell stuff at cost in this town?!!
Return Visit?	Going there will probably offer you a taste of home, since there are like 4 million Wherehouses scattered across the state.	It's in I.V. on del Norte. Location. Location. It'll keep you coming back for more.	If you're the adventurous type. 	It's next to Freebird's. Of course, it's also next to the Foot Patrol.	You'll want to come back to this place. The bus trip downtown is definitely worth it.

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The Record Pool

Two more bands you haven't heard of.

The Halibuts / Life On The Bottom / Upstart

Instrumental surf rock has been and always will be one of the most influential subgenres of 1960s pop. Drenched in guitar reverb with booming tribal drums, these two-minute ditties were probably the first form of indie rock, as little record labels sprang up everywhere, fueled by instrumental surf music. Like all forms of pop music, it was eventually diluted, and so fell from the spotlight, only to come screeching back in 1994 on the *Pulp Fiction* soundtrack.

Braving the risks of surf overexposure, new bands like The Halibuts signed on tiny labels and made music true to the original sound without recycling the now-lichéd old styles. This is where *Life On The Bottom* comes in. The Halibuts are a great team of tight musicians, and it shows on the whole album.

Most of the songs serenely speed along to a similar beat, but that's no liability, especially if they're enjoyed while driving in a fast car. Others boast smaller innovations as well. "Suicide Bay" rocks as hard as any old Dick Dale tune, by simply emulating his feverish double-picking tech-



nique, and on "Caldera," blasts from a horn section echo the fact that surf was an integral element of ska.

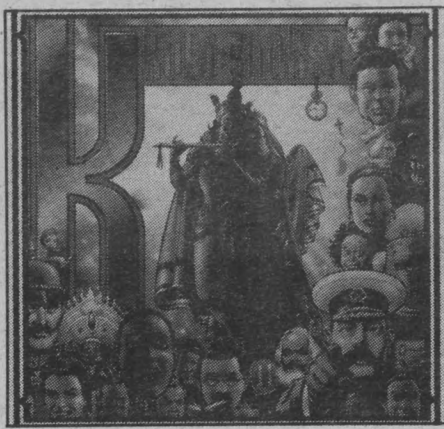
The title track is the standout; on an album full of happy bouncy tunes, "Life On The Bottom" is a moody little piece, all the more so when an echo unit is added to the already reverb-heavy mix. These sounds add a little ethereal haze to the collection.

This disc proves once again that classic surf instrumentals are in good hands nowadays. Rightly so; it's a first-rate album. Enjoy.

—Keir DuBois

Kula Shaker / K / Columbia

Before embarking on *K*, Kula Shaker spent time in India immersing themselves in the country's culture and traditions, and this is evident in both the music and artwork of the album. Don't be misled,



however, into imagining that this is an album filled with George Harrison-style attempts at "Indian Music." Instead, Kula Shaker have taken elements of these sounds and combined them with traditional styles of Western rock to great effect. There is as much of a Hendrix or Led Zeppelin influence evident on *K* as there is an Indian sound.

K is in some ways a journey for the listener. The album starts off with Kula Shaker's biggest hit to date, "Hey Dude," that rocks with more than a hint of Hendrix. "Knight On the Town" continues in an early '70s rock vein. "Temple of Light" begins to combine this with Indian sounds and "Govinda" takes this a step further, using both Indian lyrics and instrumentation. The band manages to combine its influences while retaining a fundamental rock 'n' roll base.

"Smart Dogs" looks back to the heyday of British rock in the '60s, and the Indian influences continue in "Magic Theatre," "Into the Deep," "Sleeping Jiva" and the album's strong point, the brilliant "Tattva."

"Grateful When You're Dead/Jerry Was There" brings back a simple rock sound which continues through the close of the album.

K combines numerous musical influences while never relying too heavily on any one in particular and the result is a fresh and individual sound. Lead singer Crispian Mills (son of fresh-faced Haley of *The Parent Trap* and *Saved By the Bell* fame and infamy, respectively) copes easily with both the heavier rock of "303" and "Hey Dude," and the lighter sounds on the slower tracks. The overall sound of *K* is tight and well-produced (mostly by John Leckie, who has worked on music by Stone Roses, Radiohead and Cast), making the album a definite must-have.

An added bonus to an already excellent package is a free bonus CD containing an alternative mix of "Tattva" and the British B-side, "Dance In Your Shadow," which sounds like the Beatles' classic, "Norwegian Wood." —Will Banks

MASTER

Continued from p.2A you knew it, the lights were on, and "2 Legit 2 Quit" was silenced.

As if the play had been whistled dead, Chet Barret turned to survey his damage. He had interrupted

several rows and encouraged several people to try to kick his ass.

Before Barret could be overwhelmed by attackers, he realized that Dave Plowmer was nowhere in sight. But, there was a trail of diarrhea, there was a shit-covered pair of pants, and there was a shit-

covered pair of L.A. Gears. Why Dave Plowmer wore L.A. Gear shoes remains a mystery.

Running pantless down Devonshire Blvd., Plowmer realized that this great woe fell upon him because he was not the kind of guy

See MASTER p.6A

IT'S A PUZZLE

GREAT AMERICAN SMOKEOUT

November 21 is the Great American Smokeout. This will mark the twentieth anniversary of this event in California. This wonderful effort challenging people to quit smoking for one day has helped untold numbers to escape from tobacco addiction and live healthy lives. Find the italicized words from this paragraph in the puzzle below.



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In honor of Great American Smokeout... Give your lungs the day off! Stop by the S.T.A.R. table located in front of the UCEN on Thursday November 21st between 11:30 and 1:30! Receive a FREE Quitters Aid Pack with this coupon or by trading in a cigarette!

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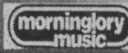
Key Kool & Rhettmatic and THE VISIONARIES

With Special Guest

FLIP

WEDNESDAY
DECEMBER 4
8:30 PM
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YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE BY LINDA C. BLACK

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 an 8 - Your luck continues to improve. Wrap up current business as soon as possible. Your attention is about to be diverted to other interests. If you play your cards right today, you'll put together the money you need to finance your trip. Go for it.

Taurus (April 20-May 20) - Today is a 6 - If there are any choices left to make, get them out of the way this morning. If you've recently come into money, now's the time to figure out what to do with it. Start by getting something nice for yourself. You've worked hard lately and deserve a reward.

Gemini (May 21-June 21) - Today is an 8 - You've had to do three or four times as much as anybody should be expected to handle. Now it's time to delegate. Start sharing your responsibilities with another person. Don't worry, it'll come naturally. You'll love this phase.

Cancer (June 22-July 22) - Today is a 7 - There's lots to do, but you can't get started yet. Just take one thing at a time. Start by calling your doctor and making an appointment. It's a good day to arrange for a complete physical exam. Don't worry - this is preventive medicine.

Leo (July 23-Aug. 22) - Today is an 8 - By this evening there will be a Grand Trine in fire signs, with you right in the middle. Don't waste the opportunity; set up something special. Since you excel at games, talk your sweetheart into playing one with you tonight.

Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22) - Today is a 6 - It's nearly time to put your plans into action. Don't do anything foolish, but do finish up your preparations. By the first of next week, you should be ready to make the necessary changes. Right now, figure out exactly what they are.

Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23) - Today is an 8 - Your luck should improve noticeably over the next few days. Your curiosity and your ability to learn will increase. Start by studying a way to get your responsibilities handled while simultaneously having more fun. It can be done.

Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21) - Today is a 6 - The past few weeks have been pretty easy. You got your way without much effort. During the next few weeks, you'll have to be more careful. If you have secrets you don't want revealed, beware. Make sure they're all neatly covered up before the day's over.

Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21) - Today is an 8 - You've been hassling with bureaucrats to get what you need next, finalizing agreements and paying off debts. This is good. Now, start getting ready for new adventures. Launch new projects and fall in love again - beginning tonight.

Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19) - Today is a 7 - Finish up everything you've been doing, starting now. All the odds and ends need to be put into neat little compartments. Pay off your bills. Tell your friends and enemies what you really think. Don't hold back. Get it all cleaned out - responsibly, of course.

Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18) - Today is an 8 - Hopefully, you've stood up well under recent pressure. But no matter how you've fared, don't worry. Conditions are changing. Soon you'll be having a lot more fun on a regular basis. Start with an impromptu celebration tonight.

Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20) - Today is a 7 - You've recently broadened your intellectual horizons. Soon you'll be facing different challenges, such as more responsibility in your job. You may think you're not ready, but you probably are. Consult a person you trust who's older and wiser.

Today's Birthday (Nov. 21). Draw up plans by December; things will start moving quickly then. Make New Year's resolutions that excite your imagination and draw on your experience. Learn something you can use at home in February. You'll be too busy in April, while simultaneously having too much fun. Get serious by May and schedule your trip for late July or early August. Friends help with your career in September, with your love life in October.

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SIT ON IT!

Let's face it — furniture is an integral part of our daily lives. From eating breakfast at the kitchen table to taking a nap on the couch, our homes would be empty and boring without furniture. Rudolph M. Schindler, a pioneer and icon of Los Angeles modernist architecture, agreed. His innovative furniture designs will be presented to the public in the University Art Museum's show, *The Furniture of R.M. Schindler*.

Lamps, tables, chairs and modular pieces will be displayed alongside photographs, text descriptions and original Schindler drawings in a "walk-through chronological development," Director of Exhibitions Paul Prince said.

The show, which will run from Nov. 24 to Feb. 2, 1997, promises to be enticing and exciting for all. "There's going to be something there for everyone," Prince said.

Schindler believed that the role of the architect was not complete in creating a mere building or shell. Rather, he sought to integrate furniture design into interior spaces "until it is impossible to tell where the house ends and the furniture begins."

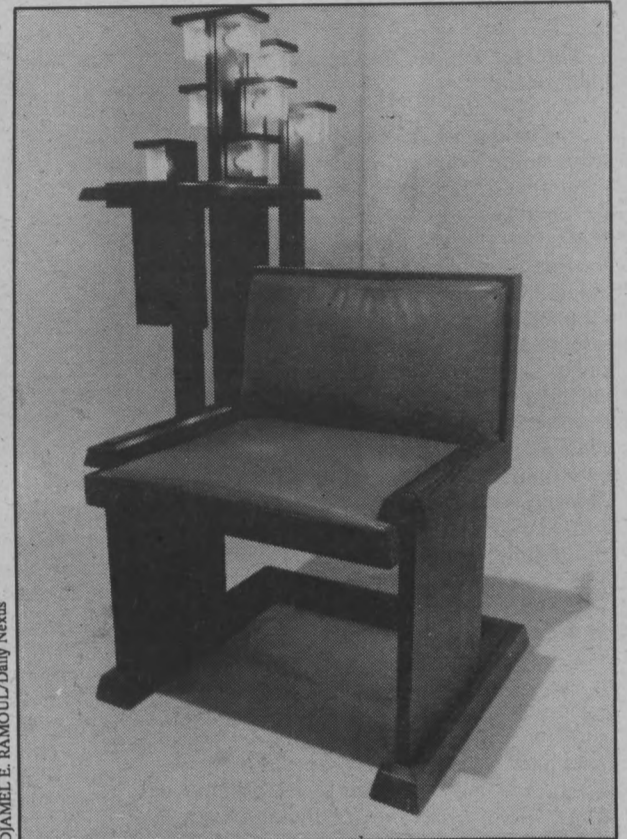
The Furniture of R.M. Schindler will present a chronological reflection of Schindler's "space architecture," with 50 borrowed pieces, both original and reproduced, from public and private Southern California collections.

Schindler's work typifies the progressive modernist movement of post-WWI and Depression-era Southern California. UAM staff members are hopeful and confident that the show will be a success.

"I think it's a knockout. It really expresses the era of the '20s, '30s and '40s," UAM public relations coordinator Sharon Major said.

The university's esteemed Architectural Drawing Collection is, among other things, the major repository for Schindler's drawings, so a multitude of designs and sketches by this important architect will complement the installed furniture. Large photographs will show chairs, tables and lamps in their original interior settings as Schindler intended.

The Furniture of R.M. Schindler is a rare opportunity to see the avant-garde work of an architectural master who designed some 250 pieces of furniture. People will be coming from far and wide to see this show, so don't



miss it. "You will probably never see a show of Schindler's furniture again," Prince said.

To open the show, the UAM is hosting *A Schindler Symposium* on Sunday, Nov. 24 at 1 p.m. at the Multi-Cultural Center Theater. Complete with five lectures about Schindler and his work, this free event will be followed by an opening reception at the museum. Everyone is invited, and if you can't make the opening on Sunday, be sure to check out the show before it leaves Feb. 2 of next year.

—Todd Hovanec

MASTER

Continued from p.5A

who could shit just anywhere. On his family's last trip to Canada, our neighbor to the North, he went seven days without passing.

As passing cars honked at Plowmer, he passed Todd Arst, who was talking to his second-grade teacher at the bus stop across from Carl's Jr.

"Mrs. Hart?" he asked. "Why aren't you in school?"

"I retired, dear." Mrs. Hart had taught Todd the golden rule: Do unto others as you'd have them do unto you.

Cherishing the thought, Todd said, "Mrs. Hart, I thank you. Because, did you know you'd teach me love and...?"

"Are you waiting for the bus, Todd?"

"Oh no, Mrs. Hart. I'm going home ... sick."

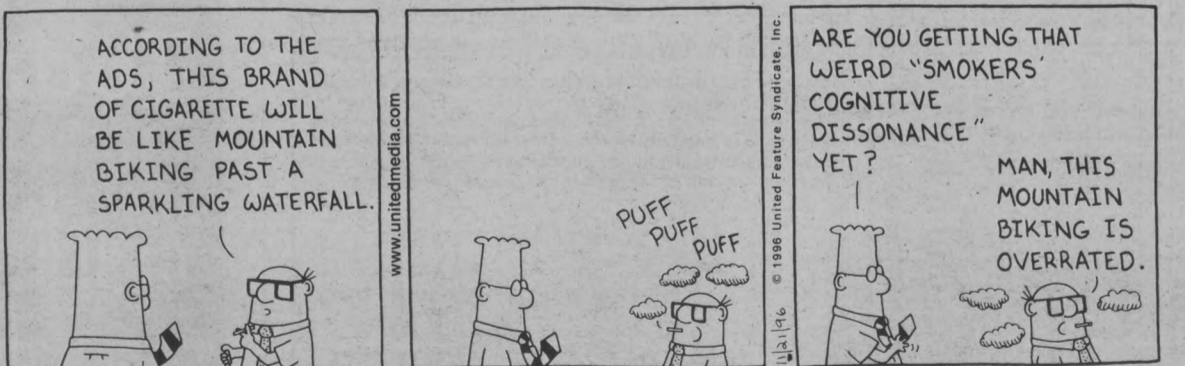
Before she could tell him to feel better, Todd began

See MASTER p.7A

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Bop! Stars

Artsweek's Jolie Lash gets down with some teenagers.

Ash, composed of young guys barely out of their teens (in fact two-thirds of the band still clock in a year shy of 20), have spent most of this year touring the world in support of their latest effort, 1977. Named for the year frontman Tim Wheeler and bassist Mark Hamilton were born, the album is an enterprising mix of punk, pop and a bit of — well, everything. *Artsweek* cleverly managed to get humble Irishmen Wheeler and drummer Rick McMurry to talk about themselves recently. They'll be touring with Weezer over the holidays, so be sure to check listings for the show nearest you.



Mark, Tim and Rick

Do you think people treat you as they do other teenagers or do they respect you as professionals?

Tim Wheeler: I think a lot of people give us respect.

Rick McMurry: Yeah, I think we proved ourselves. At the start, a lot of journalists were dismissin' us and stuff because we were so young but I think with the album and stuff coming out we proved ourselves.

Why do you think your hijinks, offstage antics and drinking abilities receive so much press coverage?

TW: It's slightly more interesting and it's something people would be interested in. It's just tabloid journalism.

So do you think being Irish helps you out at all in terms of recognition by the American public?

RM: We've got a lot of people who don't realize we're Irish as well. They think we're an English band.

I heard you worked with Oasis producer Owen Morris for 1977.

TW: "Kung Fu," and "Girl From Mars" were all recorded before he started working with us.

So do you like the Oasis record?

TW: Yeah, I think it's better than our's actually.

You were really young when you began to take music seriously as an occupation. Why do you do this?

TW: To get to tour the world and fuck prostitutes. I'm only joking. But it's pretty obvious, we love music for a start and that's why we're doing it. It's just a great lifestyle. But honestly, I'd give it up to work in an office.

RM: Shut up.

It will make you feel really funny!

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Art Rocks

A look at what's goin' on now at the SBMA.

A *Photographer's Paradise* is an exhibit on display at The Santa Barbara Museum of Art now through Jan. 5. Black-and-white photos taken between 1875 and 1946 are displayed in the show, creating a surreal-like quality for the viewer that resembles the everlasting hallway in the opening of Pink Floyd's *The Wall*.

A great deal of *A Photographer's Paradise* glorifies the Santa Barbara Mission, that landmark church lurking in the foothills of our fair city. Though the building is aesthetically beautiful (especially for a facade), I found myself wondering what was up with a photo display that focuses about one-fifth of its pictures on the mission when the whole show has less than 50 photos.

But there is more. On an adjacent wall, there are pictures depicting a six-foot-in-diameter grapevine in Carpinteria. The view was taken from beneath the foliage of the roped and twisted vine. In the photo, the dirt below the vine lends to the feeling of standing in the shade on a blazing summer day.

Another photo that caught my eye was titled "Cowboys Roping Cattle," depicting, you guessed it, cows getting roped. This particular image was the one that put me

in *The Wall*, mainly because I was standing at the far end of the room, staring down at the mission pictures.

Catty-cornered to them sat three little Viewmasters. For some reason, I saved these toys for last, and they ended up being comparable to a last bite of Ben and Jerry's Super Fudge Chunk. One of them was a 3-D shot of "Hot Springs, Santa Ynez Mountains." The other two were interesting, but they weren't in 3-D.

The weird thing about photographs, at least in this exhibit, is that they all have obvious titles. Each photo had a title that simply reflected its content. Maybe this was done to ease the mind and provide obvious clues that pointed to what you're actually looking at. Or perhaps art, which usually has imaginative titles, has shifted its goals to focus on helping viewers understand the artists' visions.

Regardless, the only truly disappointing thing about this particular outing is that I left wishing I'd seen more photos. But check out *A Photographer's Paradise*, and then witness the rest of the museum, 'cause if you haven't been there, it's worth a few hours' time. If nothing else, go to feel that bizarre weirdness of being in *The Wall*.

—Jesse Bellinger

MASTER

Continued from p.6A

running toward Felix's house. Avoiding cracks, to save his mother's back, he ran hard, but he never caught up with Plowmer. For Dave Plowmer is the fastest quarterback Chatsworth High has ever known.

Back in the auditorium, Coach Rod Martinez, dean of discipline, turned away from the crowd surrounding Ja-

cob Piller's dead body. He wiped a tear and looked back at the various people trying to resurrect the college-bound senior. As he lay unconscious on the floor, Piller's throat had been crushed by all-city lineman Chet — dramatic pause — Barret.

Death presented a beauty to Piller he had not known in life. His skin was clear and glossy, and Coach Martinez thought he saw wings coming from his shoulders, which had once been smooth as raven's claws.

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Sole Grenobloise

Season 2-4oz. sole fillets with:

- 1 tsp lemon juice
- 1/4 tsp salt
- 1/4 tsp white pepper

Dip in 2 Tbsp milk and coat in 3 Tbsp flour.

Heat 1 1/2 Tbsp vegetable oil on med-high.

Sauté sole for 1 minute until browned.

Repeat for other side.

Remove & keep warm

Add:

- 1 Tbsp butter
- 2 tsp capers
- 1 Tbsp chopped fresh parsley
- 3 Tbsp diced, peeled, lemon sections

Heat, stirring until butter is bubbly and golden brown.

Pour sauce over fish immediately.

Serves 2 with wedges of lemon.

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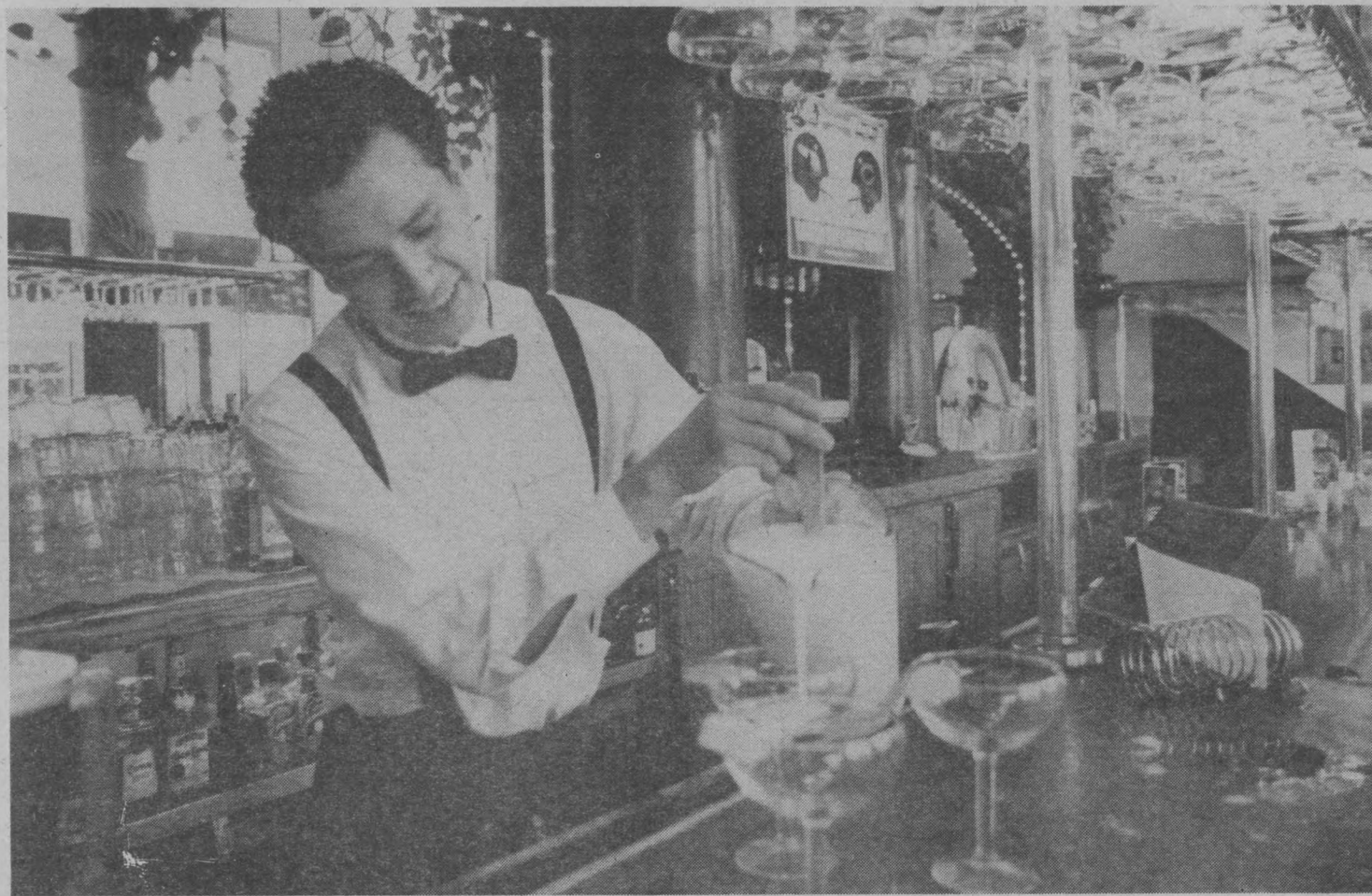
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Daily Nexus