

JOSH MILLER'S "ARTSY FARTS," BRAYN SJRJUNZ REPORT: A-DOUBLE TALKS TO ELUSIVE. "ROMEO & JULIET/CHILDREN OF THE BLITZ."

WE REVIEW; BECK, PORTISHEAD, "MODULATIONS" SOUNDTRACK, LAGWAGON.

i still know what you did

'There were 93." - DJ Fatkid,

on the number of times Jennifer Love Hewitt's breasts are either in the center of the camera or in clear, clear focus onscreen in "I Still Know What You Did Last Summer.

HAT YOU DID LAST SUMMER " "I STILL

stallment was, and baby, it all went downhill from there, if that is possible. What were these people thinking? What exactly did she do last summer anyway? Does anybody still remember or even care? It isn't even bad enough to keep a girl laughing at its idiocy: It is flat, predictable, corny and unimaginative. Ohhhh, big scary Gordon's Fisherman is chasing me with a big ol' hook in his arm, oooohhh scary. Please don't force me to eat your soggy fish sticks, Mr. Gordon.

There isn't even any gratuitous nudity, and they're in the Caribbean for heaven's sake. I know that there must be a Jennifer Love Hewitt cult out there, and boy, are they going to be disappointed when they see this. Her shirts are all eight sizes too small, and that is as close to naked as anyone gets. You

I still remember how crappy the first in- would think that when a girl pays a bunch of money for some tits that she would want to show them off, but I guess pure, innocent Jennifer Love is above all that.

If you are a blood-and-gore freak, this movie does have its pleasantly grotesque slasher scenes that were pretty entertaining. They're not worth their weight in popcorn, but they were definitely the highlights of the entire film.

You want to know the most demented part about the film? The director Danny Cannon must be insane; he left the ending in such a way so there could be another sequel. Can you believe it? More scary Gordon's Fisherman next season, ooooh I can hardly wait because he just frightens me so. Defi-

See SUMMER, p.3A

BY JOHN FISKE Artsweek Film Critic

I often feel that fate's way of punishing me for seeing so many movies is through the bad ones. For every "Saving Private Ryan" I get should be no surprise that "Happiness" is noto see, I have to sit through five "Avengers," or something to that effect. Right now I am previous film, the excellent "Welcome to the waiting to reap the whirlwind after seeing Dollhouse" took an adverse look at growing two of the year's best films, "Happiness" and up different. This time he turns his attention "Life is Beautiful."

Both films are perfect representations of sex. their respective arenas, those being the Beautiful." Each is an uncommon and pow- world of people that would most properly be erful vision of the world we live in, and an attack in their own distinctive ways.

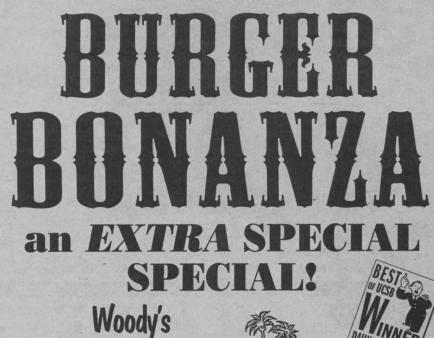
The darker and more vicious of the two would be "Happiness," a most ironic title for a film whose warmest moment involves a pseudo-rapist and a psycho killer falling asleep together.

Written and directed by Todd Solondz, it thing short of a very disturbing film. His up different. This time he turns his attention towards the bleak world of relationships and

Using three sisters as the crux of the film's American independent cinema for "Happi- plot, "Happiness" follows them and a gallery ness" and the foreign cinema for "Life is of peripheral characters to tell the story of a

See HAPPY, p.7A







BY JOSH MILLER

This past weekend saw your humble columnist venture all the way to that humble little "burg" known as San Francisco. And as usual I've returned bearing a veritable bevy of dulge in his Sonic Youth fetish, but I kind of new records, the newest of which I will now wish there were a few more of Bozulich's benevolently pass on to you (without barely songs, which are always great. A good listen getting a chance to digest them myself) in nonetheless. See them live at the Troubador the form of some quick-fire, rabbit-pellet re- in Los Angeles on Dec. 5. views, so that, if interested, you too can fruitlessly search for them in your favorite Santa They're so hard, that by the conservation of Barbara record stores until, like me, you get hardness in the universe, you won't have any the chance to head out to some other town hardness left for your cock!" Hyperbole, perwith more happenin' record stores. (I sup- haps? Maybe, but goddamn I love this new pose there's always the mail/Internet order Melt-Banana CD, named Charlie, on Aoption, which, to tell you the truth, has al- Zap records. The above quote is from the ways frightened me - I have enough trouble song "Area 877 (Phoenix mix)," which feacontrolling myself in mediocre record stores tures many MB fans, including members of as it is, and if I knew I could get anything I Mr. Bungle, interjecting praises between wanted, well, some pretty ugly shit might go some Boredoms-y noise. The rest of the aldown. But I don't want this column to de- bum is all Banana, though, which is an incregenerate into a discussion of my existential dibly fast and weird (and totally Japanese) dilemmas, so on to the reviews.)

mid '80s, New Zealanders Chris Knox and ble and undeniably cute female vocals. In-Alec Bathgate congregate somewhere in credible stuff, in my humble opinion. Auckland and make some of the strangest and most wonderful pop songs you're likely Kill Rock Stars has just released Boredoms to hear in this life, record it and grace all of us drummer Yoshimi P-we's solo project, mere mortals with a new Tall Dwarfs album. OOIOO, which was previously only avail-Well, it's that time again! Fifty Flavours of able (if you can call it that) as an import. And Glue is the title of this one, and as usual it's on it's fantastic; it doesn't make sense in the Flying Nun Records. Notoriously drummer- most endearing way; total chaos to synth less, they usually use tape loops as percussion bleeps to absurdist chants, all hypnotic and for their sometimes-Beatlesque tunes, but wonderful and strangely accessible. I'm in this album is almost loopless, though there is love.

a cheap drum machine named Doc on a few tracks. The songs, as always, are great, from should add that electro-psychedelic freaks the energetic opener "Gluey, Gluey" to the The Legendary Pink Dots are playing at near-blasphemous "The Communion," to the Ventura Theatre Saturday, Nov. 21, and the wistful "If I were a Piece of Shit" and the chord organ-pounding pop freak Daniel impenetrably weird "Endure." Suffice to say, Johnston is making an extremely rare apfans will be pleased and newcomers will pearance at Al's Bar in L.A. on Dec. 16 (and surely feel welcome.

I don't know about you, but I'm bitterly underage ass in!). mourning the demise (or is it just a hiatus?) of the Geraldine Fibbers. In the meantime,

singer and main songwriter Carla Bozulich Josh Miller is now completely broke. Hear why and avant-jazz guitarist of many hats Nels every Thursday afternoon from 3:30 to 5:30

Cline have just released a self-titled CD of their new project, Scarnella on Smells Like Records. It's quite different than the Fibbers: lotsa introspective guitar improvs with a few songs mixed in. Cline gets to fully in-

"You're listening to Melt-Banana. take on American speedcore/noise-type Once every couple of years or so since the stuff, complete with screaming, unintelligi-

Speaking of crazy Japanese noise music,

Before I completely run out of space I those ageist bastards had better let my

Okay, that's it, you can go. Phew!

p.m. on KCSB 91.9 FM.





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Daily Nexus



kid having a cow about our Blood & Crip party?

fucker and then make it back on time for sparse, the background music seemed less ab-"Party of Five."

A-Dub: Yeah right; whutchu gonna do, smoke me with your slingshot? Do a skateby? Maybe hit me with your Jennifer Love cused more on making instrumentals that I Hewitt blow up doll?!

Although well-received (to my surprise), last week's Counting Sheep garnered some justifiable criticism. The interrogation/ torture sequence of certain chumps was conundermined the message being conveyed. This is understandable, and it is a point that I have decided to abide by sensibly.

However, I'm glad some feelings got hurt. helped get me to If I get dirty looks and a bloody chicken musical direction. nailed to my door, then fuck it; this ni%&a is all smiles! If you didn't get the point, then Legends? you must be ignorant like the 12-year-old nymphos on Ricki Lake. If you happen to be Nut"-singing, Foxy Brown's album- Eligh, Murs and I started to kick it again. anticipating, Ben Affleck-dreaming mem- Through them, I met the Legends. ber of the sorority that held the Blood & Crip party, AKA celebration of poverty and on the underground level? the "we're-glad-we're-not-part-of-it-butthink-it's-so-fashionable-and-cool" ghetto, telling you what to do. I'm not saying that fuck you bizznitch.

tends to defy conventional patterns.

Known for his work with the Living stuff fresh. Legends crew, Elusive is a producer that truly fits these descriptions. Gazing at his island of independence, surrounded by an abundance of records, odd vibes and a true him

Dude 1: Dude, like, why's this A-Double project, I definitely toned down the spaciness and became a little more grounded.

I definitely noticed the difference. The Dude 2: I dunno. We'll smoke this mutha- drums on a lot of the beats seemed more stract and hypnotic.

I wanted to get back to my roots, which was making beats for emcees. Before, I fowould've liked to listen to and play in the background.

What are your roots?

My grandparents were both jazz musicians, so I naturally progressed. Artists that influenced me as I grew up were folks such as sidered by some as "gratifying" violence that Sun Ra, Ornette Coleman, John Coltrane, Alice Coltrane ... just a lot of people. I've also been listening to hip-hop since '82 or '83. Being around Project Blowed also definitely helped get me to a wider base in terms of

How'd you get booked up with the

I've known Murs and Eligh from L.A. We briefly lost contact when they moved to a two-faced, spontaneous-ego-having the Bay, but later on I ran into Murs up in a (thanx for the phrase Eso!), "Gimme Dat club when I moved up to Oakland myself.

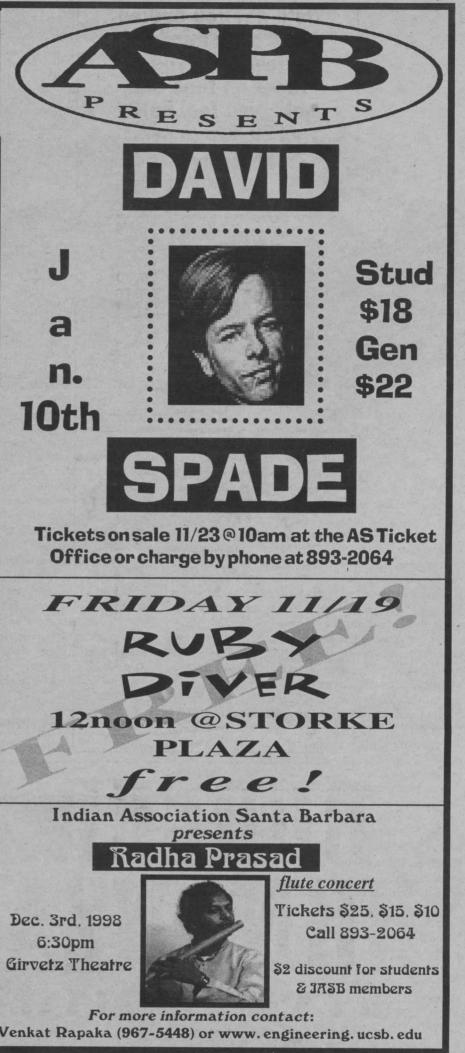
What do you like about putting out music

It's a way to put out music without people you should seclude yourselves from labels; Aiight, enough of the bullshit. Here's a after all, if a major label approached me with serious question: Do you know what it the right deal, then I'd sign with them. means to be an artist with an elusive style? It However, most of the time labels want you to means being on some unpredictable shit that make what they want and not what you feel. As an artist there's always a need to keep

What artists do you like?

Freestyle Fellowship, Abstract Rude, mainstream counterparts vomiting shit of Alkaholiks, Pharcyde ... man, I can't really nearly homogeneous matter, he stands on a name a whole lot of them right now. (laugh) Tell me about some of your projects.

Aesop has an upcoming album featuring a love for creative ingenuity. His beats seem to lot of my production. There's also a group be an intriguing magnification of our pre- called CMA, consisting of the Grouch and millenium tension where souls collide, digi- BFAP of the Mystik Journeymen. I did a lot talization intensifies and urban woes cry. of beats for them as well. Also, the CD and Check out this little conversation I had with LP version of Deceiving the Right Eye of Confusion should be out soon, featuring alternate tracks from the tape. What I really liked from Deceiving ... was Elusive: While I was in L.A., folks like Ab Rude's "Bakery." It was as if I could ima-Murs and Eligh used to call me "elusive" be- gine a big, Gotham City-looking landscape, cause I was sort of there, but not there ... all smoggy, dark and polluted with a gloomy y'know, kinda melted unnoticeably into the vibe. This big owl with a human head is perckground ... ched on top of this little Muslim bakery, How'd you develop your particular style of where Ab Rude rhymes while tending to all sorts of people gone insane from living in the



A-Double: Why a name like Elusive?

background ...

spaciness in your beats?

It wasn't really a conscious choice or any- city ... thing; it just happened to develop to that Yeah yeah, I feel that! Basically, I like point. I like making whatever sounds good to music that can provide a certain feeling and my ear, but at the same time different from stimulate your imagination somehow. I'm what you'd normally hear. At first I was not always trying to break new ground, but I looping jazz samples and building my own like touching people. If I can touch someone, grooves. Later on, I started to tweak them in I'm doing something right. all sorts of ways, like slowing stuff down, fil-

tering out sounds, layering effects, etc. My A-Double can be heard Sunday from 10 to midfirst project, Six Degrees of Separation was de- night when he and Lil Slugger host "Tk. finitely more abstract. But on my second Underground Railroad" on KCSB 91.9 1 1.

SUMMER Continued from p.1A

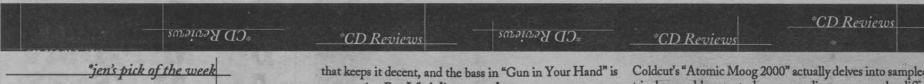
nitely rent it if you feel so inclined, but otherwise please don't support this assault on the

popular horror-film genre. It is truly a d grace to good slasher movies everywher Corina Luckenbach is worth her we ht in popcorn and other substates.

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noteworthy. But I feel discouraged.



Beck / Mutations / Geffen

For whatever reason, discussion about Beck remains difficult due to his general ambiguity toward where in the musical spectrum his songwriting fits. Is he the new American poet and/or visionary? A rip-off of present day fads and trends? MTV? The underground a-risin'? It has perhaps been to Beck's best advantage to have cleverly towed the varying party lines of mainstream and the underground so well.

With the smash-hit of "Loser" appearing (however coincidentally) during the so-called grunge life, the appearance of a couple lo-fi, independent albums and the againcommercial success of Odelay! with homage paid most specifically to a sort of hip-hop, rock and pop fusion that - surprisingly - worked, Beck manages to shed skins without ever truly disillusioning the public.

By being as cut-and-paste as his varieties of sounds, as well as somewhat elusive when dealing with the media, Beck (as a moneymaking entity, at least) has managed to cut out his own niche in a world exemplified externally by the profiteering likes of Alanis Morrisette, Fiona Apple and Marilyn Manson, and yet still garner (however minimally) respect from those hunting down rare 7" from little-known bands.

Despite the hip-pop and folk styles employed on past albums, Mutations is a very different Beck album. It harks back to classic rock in only the most classical sense of the word. This is by no means that '90s KJEE pop noise pollution droning out witty conversation at Java Jones, claiming to borrow from the likes of Led Zeppelin and the Rolling Stones. Nor is it another Aerosmith ballad ready to feature pouty Liv Tyler slithering around in a video, dancing to the beat of her father's wet dreams. No, Mutations harkens to a sweet era of dreamy, luscious pop, a sort of Dark Side of the Moon for a generation bred on electronica jargon, ecstasy and "Buffy the Vampire Slayer."

Call it pop for the elite. And you "elite" know who you are, because I've encountered you at a variety of functions in which band names are dropped like sweet shit. Yet Mutations garners such a tribute due to Beck's clever manipulation (or mutation?) of a variety of different, unusual instruments. Where past (mostly mainstream) albums have shown Beck's obvious affinity for the sound collage provided by sampling, the live instrumentation of Mutations is defined by the mixture of the glockenspiel, harmonica, cellos, synths and

Due to Beck's lyrical constructions and melodies, the album resonates as a fusion of American folk truly coming to

I like it when punk vocalists have range and use it as an accompanying instrument; I think Joey Cape's singing is a large part of what sets Lagwagon above so many other bands. But on *Feelings*, Cape's lyric refrains slow down instead of embolden the songs. I feel **less high**.

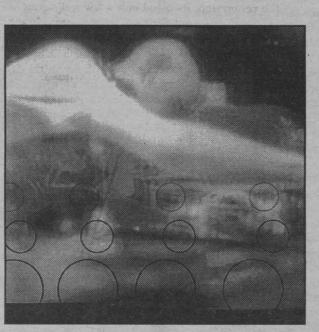
As for the lyrics themselves, let me put it this way: I get the impression Cape was writing in hopes of getting published in the next Norton Anthology of 20th Century Goletan Poetry. For instance, the following lines from "Love Story": Embellish it, the truth is / you're a slave / addicted to its escalating / and your love story's bad / Drama makes you livid and the / nervous always laugh.

Ultimately, the band is just trying too hard. Like studying for the PSAT. Or, like old guys with receding hairlines who wear half-buttoned Hawaiian shirts and Black Flys and drive red Camaros to bars where they do calf raises to the beat of "Tubthumper" in hopes of attracting a hot 19-year-old with a fake I.D. ... Um ... yeah. Join me next week for an all-new session titled "Let's Talk

About Pets."

You feel curious.

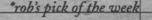
Did you know Bryan Pon likes to talk about bis feelings?



Coldcut's "Atomic Moog 2000" actually delves into sampled trip-hop and loungy techno, expanding more on the different layers that exist in this form of music. And thank the demons below for that good old industrial minimalism which Ryoji Ikeda is disturbed enough to give to us in "Luxus 1-3". After all, what is electronic/experimental without noise, right?

Anyhow, the dwarf says that it is good, and the dwarf knows best ...

- Melanie "i own a dwarf" Hensch





Portishead / Roseland NYC Live / Go!Beat/London

There are so few true visionaries in popular music; it is so rare for a group or a soloist to create something that is not only so forward-looking but engrossing enough at the same time for it to connect. One is then left to wonder what it must feel like to be there, so to speak, when something like that happens; did the members of Portishead have any idea what they were unleashing into the mainstream or were they as wrapped up in it as the rest of us?

Can they do it live? The answer is: flawlessly. They are just that good.

Amazingly, everything one can recount from the original recordings is brilliantly reproduced; every breath, every sample, each and every scratch of their intriguingly complex arrangements are accounted for. The effect is absolutely humbling. One can't help but feel chills as the dark, austere drone of sampled percussion is broken by (girl)'s now-classic croon. Rather than simply bringing their studio work to the stage, Portishead opt instead for the grandiose, supplementing of their already thick sound with a full orchestra.

Roseland NYC Live is really a response though to the bootleggers; it is impossible not to find at least five or six "live import" Portishead CDs at any given mom-and-pop record store. The problem is that five of the six sound like Portishead in bucket recorded on a walkman. Thus, *Roseland* is nicely cleaned up, mastered, EQ'd and sounding better than it really should. That, in fact, is the only problem: It sounds too clean. The edginess of the live performance is almost lost within this clean multitrack offering. But then again, some will never be happy until we see it real; this is however, truly the next best thing.

- Robert Hanson needs a new drug.

BLAST FROM THE PAST:

Daily N

terms with British pyschedelia, a rather belated, yet charming, idea in and of itself. Thankfully, Beck forgoes the current infatuation of toying the drum machine and New Age sentimentalities, and instead provides an album of dreamy pop nuances, well-crafted (while obscure) lyrics and a certain American folk sensibility. These three things don't make it the greatest rock album by any means, but Beck again has managed to carefully shuffle around the edges of conventionality and provide a quiet beauty while doing it. - Jenne Raub will be 20 on Nov. 21.

Lagwagon / Let's Talk About Feelings / Fat Wreck Chords

Lagwagon's latest effort from Fat Wreck Chords is titled Let's Talk About Feelings. Um, OK. After listening to this album, I feel disappointed and frustrated, not to mention uninspired to write a review. Feelings is another regrettable step down the road paved by 1997's Double Plaidinum; the road ends in a cul-de-sac called Mediocre Punk Court.

Right now I feel great. I feel high. Yet this CD makes me bored. It feels slow — like an early-'80s Toyota four-cylinder that burns oil. It also feels slick — as in MTV (or, see "WARPED Tour").

Let's Talk About songs: There is only one that really goes, called "Hurry Up and Wait." A fast little 30-second jam about nothing important, "Wait" seems to be the only relic of pre-Plaidinum Lagwagon. "Messengers" has a drum beat Various Artists / "Modulations: Cinema for the Ear" Soundtrack / Caipirinha

After listening to this beloved electronic mass, I am sad to say that I missed "Modulations" when it was shown at Campbell Hall just weeks ago. However, due to the fact that I just recently acquired a lucky dwarf, Caipirinha Productions has decided to put a soundtrack to the movie that follows and explores the evolution of electronic experimentation in music. The inlay booklet even has a chronology of such electronic experimentation, dating back to 1913 (My dwarf must be insanely lucky ...).

So, unfortunately, house and disco are included in electronic music. At one point in time, they were actually experimental; therefore, a disco track (by Donna Summer, for fuck's sake!) and a cheesy house song are included on this album. I think that they are rotten, stinking horrors never to be discussed again.

Other than those two stinky tunes, I was left to the mercy of the electronic madness. In 12 tracks, jungle, drum 'n' bass, synth, trance and god knows what else are covered. German artists Panacea deliver a junglist's delight with "Stormbringer," a track that is darkly crafted from breakbeats and other freakish samples and sounds. In a Kraftwerk-esque sounding montage, Afrika Bambaataa allows the mix of industrial and disco to somehow make sense and sound pretty damn good.



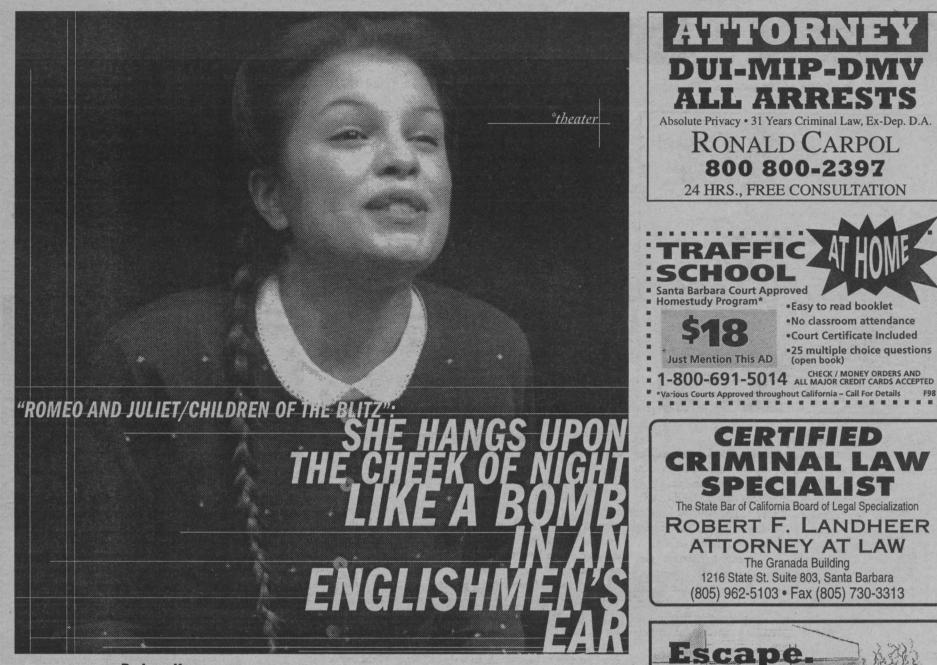
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FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 8, 1991

LONG BEACH ARENA

ily Nexus



BY JULIE KRAIM Artsweek Theater Critic

The classic tale of star-crossed lovers by William Shakespeare has been recreated yet again, this time by Theatre UCSB. A new twist on the play is now titled "Romeo and Juliet/Children of the Blitz." A little much if you ask me, but I was impressed with the creativity of this new point of view, which takes place in a bomb shelter during the Blitzkrieg of WWII. The residents of this particular shelter are performing for their fellow residents, the audience, to try to distract us from the air raids and dropping bombs above.

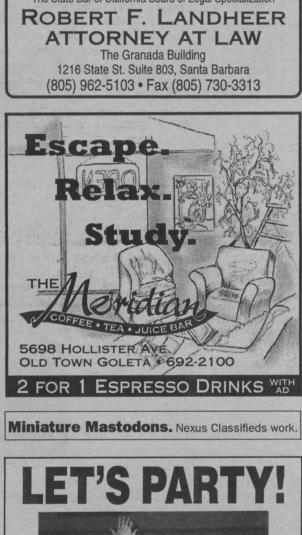
The performance is a way to keep positive about their survival, and part of the stage directions are to continuously look up to the sky in worry as if it is going to come crashing down. The play opens with the cast gathered around a radio which is announcing that the war is approaching Britain, and throughout the course of it they include touches of national pride, such as dancing the London Bridge at the Capulet Ball and British fight songs. These help the audience to believe that they are really in a bomb shelter in Britain, though it doesn't add to the actual production of Romeo and Juliet.

The set is very inclusive, meaning that when you walk in it is as if you are walking through the shelter's entrance. It is set up as a shelter, with bunkbeds and a makeshift balcony for the famous balcony scene. With such a small cast and set, the division between the Montagues and the Capulets is very hazy because the actors are constantly changing characters have works perfectly. The lighting is very dim, harsh and depressing. Only blues and oranges are used to create this mood, and when there is supposed to be an air raid, the lights flicker and shake, which helps to convince us that we really are in a shelter. The only time that the lighting really cooperates with the performance is the love scene, where all that is lit are candles.

The performance itself had only a few really great moments. The Nurse was delightful to watch, as was Mercutio, whose passion in her/his soliloquy about dreams was almost overwhelming. However, I had real qualms about both Romeo and Juliet. Juliet was hardly convincing in the party scene when she meets Romeo, who acts like a lovesick puppy who can't wait to get in her pants. Romeo is supposed to be a passionate man, but this performance is played up so much that he comes across as a pathetic, melodramatic, effeminate coward. Juliet does portray the tragedy well and makes the audience feel for her, especially when Romeo is banished; however, many of her scenes drag on a bit too long.

The idea is well put together and well executed, and I think it is great that this play goes well with any interpretation one would like to put to it. Despite the annoying performances of the stars, they pull off a great idea, and I give two thumbs up to the creators of "Romeo and Juliet/Children of the Blitz."

William Shakespeare's "Romeo and Juliet/Children of the Blitz"



and sides of the stage.

There is no traditional set purposefully, since they aren't supposed to have much to work with, though what they do

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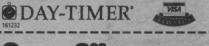


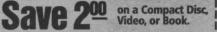
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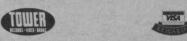




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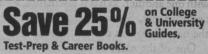
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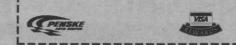
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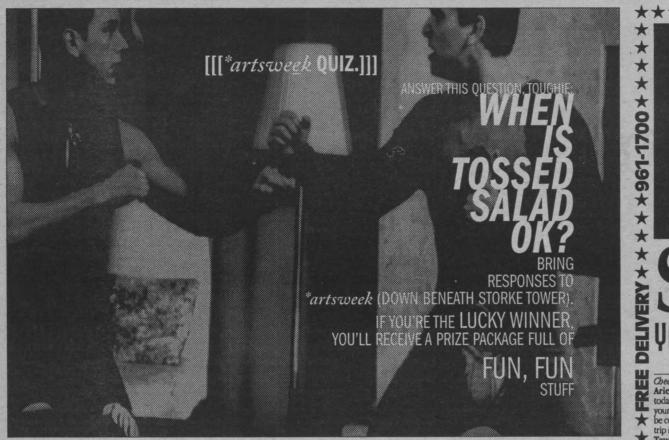
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Thursday, November 19, 1998 7A



HAPPY Continued from p.1A

double billed with "Your Friends and Neighbors."

One of the sisters, played by Lara Flynn Boyle, is a poetess who wishes to be raped. Her next-door neighbor (Philip Seymour Hoffman) is a reclusive computer operator who dreams of raping a girl and crank calls women while masturbating. A second sister has a perfect family, or so it seems. She is unfortunately married to a pedophile, a man not nearly as sympathetic or tragic as Humbert Humbert. Other characters include the third sister who is afraid of her own shadow, her student who is a complete user of people, and an overweight woman who lives in the same building as Boyle and Hoffman, as well as the sisters' newly separated parents.

Not much really happens in "Happiness." Most of the characters move through their lives as they casually interact with one another. What is fascinating is the handful of great performances, Solondz's expert writing and direction, and the natural flow in every situation.

One of the more audacious decisions is not to judge his characters. The true test of the viewer becomes not only being able to stomach some of the events that take place during "Happiness," but to learn how to identify (not empathize or sympathize) with the problems that plague some of his characters and with the battle that rages inside them before they eventually explode. As difficult and sick as it sounds, can you relate with a guy who jerks off to magazines of preteen stars to take the edge off of raping his son's best friend?

At the front of the list of great performances is Hoffman. Time and again he has proven to be one of the best character performers, from his brilliant work in "Boogie Nights" and "The Big Lebowski" to this, maybe his best work — period. The guy who plays the pedophile gives a scary, conflicted and perfectly nuanced performance.

Obviously, playing this material off straight would be impossible. Perhaps his most daring decision outside of actually writing his characters is his darkly humorous approach to all that happens.

If "Happiness" is the dark approach to dark material, then "Life is Beautiful" would be the lighthearted approach to dark material. This time instead of pederasts and rapists, it's John Fiske is a film studies major and holds a wide variety of rethe Holocaust.

about a man and his family who are interned in a concentration camp, but just bear with me. "Life is Beautiful," a cool breeze of a film — as touchy-feely as it sounds — will simply take your heart.

The first half of the film deals with Benigni's storybook romance with an upper-class woman. They meet cute, and eventually get married and have a son. But Benigni and his family are Jewish, and when the events of WWII cross his path, they are placed in a concentration camp. At the camp, Benigni tries to hide the reality of the Holocaust from his son by telling him that everything is a game, and the winner receives a tank.

The key to the film's success is that we see most of the Holocaust through the eyes of the child. We are not given a historical account in the order of "Schindler's List," but a personal account that is more of a tragic fairy tale than anything else.

Also central to why "Life is Beautiful" works so well is the undying charm of Benigni. He is truly the greatest physical comedian alive, and the only one (except for Jim Carrey on occasion) that will use traditional slapstick in his films.

Benigni has had a career making stupid an art form, from some of his earlier works like "Les Compreres" to "Down by Law." But none of the previous work (which I've only seen maybe half of) comes close to the glory of "Life is Beautiful."

Also of note is some great photography that captures just the right color schemes for the right scenes. The film is altogether wonderfully shot.

The great director Howard Hawks was once asked, "What makes a great movie?" His reply was simple. "Three great scenes. No bad scenes." If I were pressed to apply that to "Life is Beautiful," I would have to choose the opening scene involving a cameo by Mussolini, the scene in which Benigni interprets the camp rules to a room full of prisoners and his son, and the best of all (I'm of course trying not to spoil it) occurs toward the end when Benigni carries his son through a fog. If you see the movie, you'll understand.

It is a terrible cliché of film reviews to say, "I laughed, I cried ..." But I did laugh, and I did cry. And I implore you to see "Life is Beautiful" and "Happiness."

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And Mark Sta BY LINDA (. BLACK 700 \mathcal{G} ш * Ĩ 6 5 What he of she has in mind, and you'll become a valuable part of the team. Today's Birthday (Nov. 19). Money is your theme for this year: getting it, spend-ing it, thinking about it, figuring out new ways to create it out of nothing. Money is only a concept, remember? It can be created or destroyed with the flick of a wrist, and that's not just when you pay the bills. In December, you'll get a chance to try out all kinds of new tricks. By using your wits, you can stretch your dollar further than you ever imagined. In January and February, the same tricks work, but in a different setting. By going through a friend, you can get what you want for your home at wholesale prices. You're very lucky in lowe in March. That gives you extra confidence, which helps you achieve a promotion. That makes you even happier, which is good, because the work's really coming in. By April, you'll be overloaded if you don't come up with a plan and stick to it. Let yourself go in a usurg and you'll astound even nurself. You're even more creative than even ×

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It does sound a little psycho to make a slapstick comedy one of them.

sponsible positions here at UCSB, Artsweek film critic being



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8A Thursday, November 19, 1998

South Hall Where you apply a mathematical formula & the numbers add up

Macy's Santa Barbara Where you shop on Fridays and the savings add up

Heads up, Gauchos: This Friday is UCSB Day at Macy's Santa Barbara.

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