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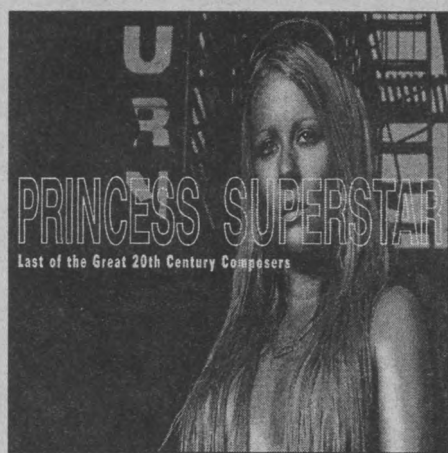
Bahamadia

EPITOME
OF
EMCEE

P. 42

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SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE



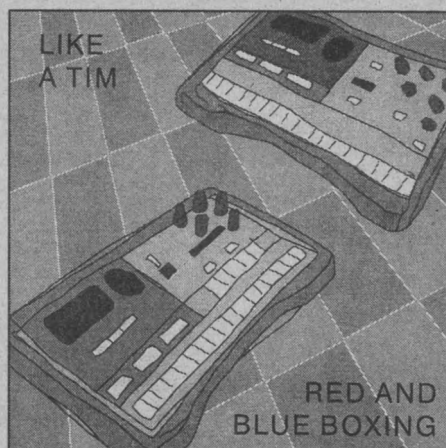
Princess Superstar | Last of the Great 20th Century Composers | The Corrupt Conglomerate

One look at the cover of *Last of the Great 20th Century Composers* and your first thought should be, "This CD is in the wrong section. There is no such thing as a white, female rapper." Well, you're wrong: Princess Superstar is definitely hip hop, albeit at an advanced level she calls "flip flop." Once you get over the stigma of hip hop done by a white girl covered in gold body paint, be prepared for a musical trip just as intriguing as the cover makes it appear.

Princess Superstar is an ego-trippin', sex-crazed icon for the next generation. Behind beats that vary in style from hardcore punk to Prince Paul-produced playfulness to slammin' drum 'n' bass, Miss Superstar kicks futuristic flows in a super-sexy voice that will make any man with heterosexual tendencies stop and listen. Superstar gives an ode to an obvious influence on "Kool Keith's Ass," complete with a recorded conversation with Keith where she attempts to talk him into letting her put a picture of his ass on the cover of her album. "New York Cunt," a song where Princess speaks on how she's

so hot she turns herself on, has one of the best lines you'll hear in awhile: *I got a hand/ (What your hand got to do with me?)/ Exactly.* There's much more where that comes from, with songs like "Do it Like a Robot," "I Hope I Sell a Lot of Records at Christmastime" and "Love/Hate to be a Player" providing plenty of jaw-dropping lines that you would mute with your mom in the car.

As a nice little bonus to the music you expect when you buy a CD, there is a video game that features Miss Superstar doing damage to all the evil major labels. Do yourself a favor: Keep it real and pick up *Last of the Great 20th Century Composers*. [Trey Clark calls the shots]



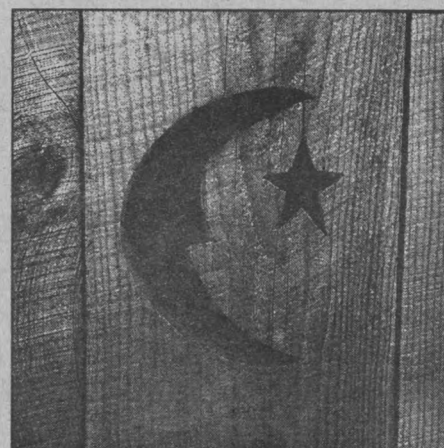
Like A Tim | Red and Blue Boxing | Rephlex

Tink tink tink. Thunk splat tink. That's about the extent of Like A Tim's latest release, *Red and Blue Boxing*. Using instruments similar to a My First Sony xylophone set, Tim van Leijden, brings new meaning to the term "avant-garde." Off Aphex Twin label Rephlex, experimental electronic has never been so elementary (and, at times, excruciating). With monotonous keys and minimalist percussion, *Red and Blue Boxing* takes

SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE

Disney soundscapes on a frightening journey into the underworld. This twisted musical odyssey may be a calculated strategy to avenge Tim's childhood nickname, "Lijke Tim," meaning "Dead Tim."

Van Leijden uses only one drum box and one synth box to orchestrate the creepy sound effects on the album; one box is blue, the other red, hence the title, *Red and Blue Boxing*. Truly innovative, if not completely abstract, at least you can say that he never sold out. Only the true connoisseur of intelligent brainfuck madness will appreciate the tinkering of Like A Tim. [Dollface]



Phish | Farmhouse | Elektra

This is a new species of Phish, completely uncategorized by science. It's edgy, it's pop, it's awesome. I subconsciously saw an album like this coming for a while, but just didn't realize how soon it would be here. Most of the songs on *Farmhouse* aren't new; Phish has been doing them on tour for a while. The sound ranges from the mellow, feel-good country style of "Farmhouse" to the harder, more guitar-driven tune "Twist," to the Steely Danesque "Back on the Train." "Gotta Jiboo" and "Sand" pretty decently capture the

feel of a live, funky jam, while slow ballads can be heard on "Bug" and "Sleep." I am thoroughly happy with this album; the only bad thing about it could be that it's too radio-friendly. Phish has already become too much of a commercial wonder over the years (see New Year's Eve 2000). Next stop ... MTV. [Jeff Lupo has lots of cred]



Half Japanese | Sing No Evil | Drag City
Half Japanese | Our Solar System | Drag City

Too weird to be punk rock, but too rock 'n' roll to be outsider music, these two records are landmarks, and we all oughta be on our knees thanking Drag City for finally releasing them on CD. Both originally released in 1984, they are from a wonderful period in this band's long and ridiculously prolific existence. Brothers Jad and David Fair started the band somewhere around 1975, but didn't need the punk rock explosion a few years later to know that musical ability was totally unnecessary to play *real* rock 'n' roll. By the time these albums were made, the chaotic skronk of their early recordings was still very evident, but they also had a big bad rhythm section behind them, horns and all. The greatness of Half

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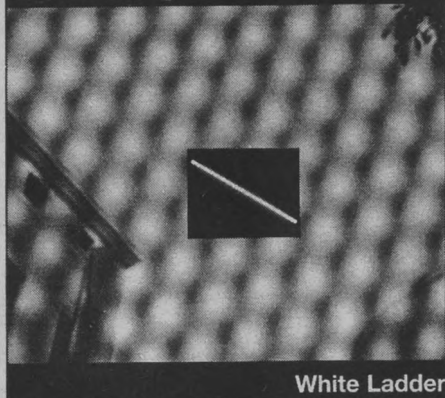
Japanese is indescribable: louder than any hardcore band, more sensitive than the sincerest of emo-rockers, at least as danceable as your favorite '80s flashbacks (a bit messier), and maybe just a little bit creepy. Not to mention the great songwriting by both brothers: *Our Solar System*, which is mostly David's songs, has a great forgotten '80s statement in "Fire to Burn." (*Put your bad records that make you act like a sex animal/ On the fire to burn.*) Meanwhile, *Sing No Evil's* got Jad's "Firecracker Firecracker," possibly the best song ever written by anyone. (*Boy's got the muscles/ Teacher's got the brains/ Girl's got the sexy legs/ They win the game/ Muscles ain't strong/ Brains ain't smart/ But oh those legs/ They won my heart.*) Sigh. You should play these records very, very loud, and dance, even if it means shutting yourself up in your room because you're too embarrassed. But remember, Jad and David Fair were never too embarrassed to do anything, and we're all better off for that. [Josh Miller listens to records that make him act like a sex animal]

David Gray | White Ladder | ATO

Do we really need another male troubadour to sing the woes of love, loss and life's tribulations? Probably not, but make room for David Gray, an Irishman who has been developing his style since the early '90s. *White Ladder*, his third album, is his foot-in-the-door of commercial success. Though released in the U.K. a year and a half ago, it's only entered the European charts during the past six months. Now, after being picked up and heavily endorsed by Dave Matthews' newly-created label, it seems destined for success in the Dave-crazed U.S. I'll vouch for Matthews when he says Gray's music

is "beautiful in the purest and most honest way." His voice reeks of working class conviction and is the central force and focus of his music. His vocals almost seem naked amongst the vast amount of today's muddled music consisting of unnecessary voice inflections and excessive backing.

David Gray

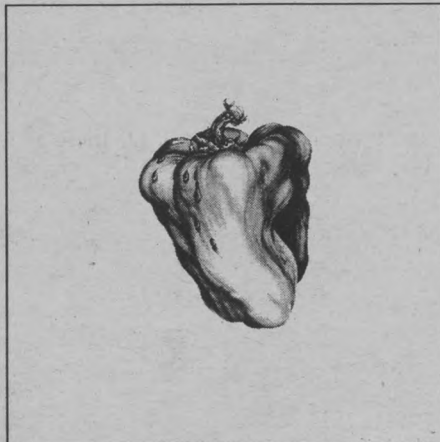


White Ladder

Gray throws simple synth beats behind his guitar, allowing reclusive keyboards and bass to round out the warm tone of the album. The tough balance of acoustic and light-electronic is struck perfectly with the opening "Please Forgive Me" as we hear a light drum 'n' bass beat mingle with a piano, calloused-voice and acoustic guitar. The second half of the album downshifts, lights the candles and pulls out the cork as Gray delivers a devastating set of near-ballads with "This Year's Love," "Sail Away" and "Say Hello Wave Goodbye." These songs are the meat and potatoes of Gray's work (Irish pun intended): affecting in their simplicity, moving in their lyricism and enjoyable in their lack of potential schmaltz. The only misses of the album are that ATO toyed with the original and threw in an unneeded song at the end ("Babylon II") and did a little post-production tinkering with backing vocals and beats, though they

SOUND- SOUNDSTYLE

indulged us with an enhanced track of live footage. In this day and age of glam, MTV and flamboyant concerts, Gray sticks out like a sore thumb. He's honest, plain clothed and, most importantly, convincing. [Josh "..." Baron]



Ween | White Pepper | Elektra

Throughout its 10-year existence, Ween has oftentimes been seen as the arbiter of the weird and intangible. Now on its seventh album, the New Jersey duo has slightly compromised its monopoly of the weird in favor of straight-ahead pop structures that alter, but do not completely morph, the traditional Ween sound.

Whether they are hammering through a wickedly fast punk number ("Stroker Ace") or managing the delicate strains of a country western tune ("Falling Out"), Dean and Gene Ween show decisively just how many fine points of songwriting they've picked up throughout their long career. *White Pepper* is filled with several nods to legendary pop heroes. "Even If You Don't" sounds distinctly like Billy Joel, while the Caribbean ambience of "Bananas and Blow" contains more than one echo of Jimmy Buffet's "Margaritaville." The most satisfying

tracks on the album, "Flutes of Chi" and the earnest "Stay Forever" utilize catchy choruses and a mellow vocal delivery to push the song effortlessly along its way.

Thick with good songwriting and the usual quirky arrangements, *White Pepper* might cry sellout to Ween purists. Still, its successful mixture of the weird and the appealing makes the album a delightful work all its own. [Andy Sywak]

The Hellacopters | Grande Rock | Sub Pop

This is what happens when '70s nostalgia runs wild. Having decided that there weren't enough mediocre Kiss and Led Zeppelin albums, Sweden's Hellacopters unleash *Grande Rock*.

Naming one song after Kiss guitarist, Paul Stanley, pretty much announces their intentions: 12 tracks of rehashed guitar solos, posturing and generally half-hearted bad behavior. Another track boasts the daringly original title, "Welcome to Hell." Pretty tame stuff — if your dad's a Cheap Trick fan, he might dig this.

While there's some fun to be had in good, trashy rock 'n' roll, the producer of *Grande Rock* eliminated it by cleaning up all the feedback and noise this stuff needs. The real problem with this retro-core isn't that in their worst moments the Hellacopters come off sounding like the world's lousiest Ted Nugent cover band, it's that even in their best moments, they still sound like a lousy Stooges cover band. You might as well go out and buy the real thing. [Adam Abrams]

Well kids, we only have 2 issues left for the year. Send fun issue ideas and mad props for Dollface at <artsweek@ucsbdailynews.com> and you're in for a real treat in the weeks to come! If not, you'll get nothing but Will Smith's nude gardening tips from Santa.

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"Innovation / Definition: different renditions of creation..."

After a four-year album hiatus, Philly's Queen of "Innovation" is back. Keeping her skills on point by rhyming with artists such as the Herbaliser, Boogiemonsters and Army of the Pharaohs, Bahamadia is set to drop her solo EP, *B.B. Queen*, on Goodvibe Records. Articulate and thoughtful, Bahamadia spoke with *Artsweek* about the West Coast, female equality and taking care of business.

Artsweek: How did you go about hooking up with Goodvibe and the whole West Coast scene?

Bahamadia: Me hooking up with Goodvibe spawned out of a radio show I had for two years at 103.9 WPHI in Philly. Matt Cahan, one of the co-owners of Goodvibe, who was working at Atlantic Records at the time, would call me about radio spins on the mix show. We kind of built a rapport from there; he was a fan of my music. At one point he was asking me about my career, if I was still recording, because he didn't know I was in Europe doing some drum 'n' bass projects and indie stuff. He offered me a situation to do a 12", and I told him I had to think about it a little bit because I was weighing out my options. I had an offer from Dreamworks and Warner Brothers at the time. As time went on I just felt more comfortable going with Goodvibe just because they were on the same page as me in terms of my interests and the direction I was taking my career. They knew my music and markets, and Matt being an emcee himself just appealed to me. The incentives were real tight, too; and the royalty rate was tight. (Laughs.)

Was your earlier contract with Chrysalis/EMI a bad experience that led you to go toward an independent like Goodvibe?

You know, actually it was just a learning experience. It helped me to realize that maybe a major [label] wasn't really for me, that maybe, being an eclectic artist, I needed to be with a smaller label that was going to be dedicated to devoting the attention necessary to promote an artist like me. I just decided that that was the best move, especially in this stage of my career. I'm sort of on a tight rope between mainstream and underground still. I'm trying to get to that next level, but I feel like I could be more successful accomplishing that goal with an indie.

Are you out on the West Coast permanently?

Actually I'm still back east, but it's not really like I lean more towards the West Coast. That's where I had to travel to accomplish my goals. The connection with [the West Coast underground scene and I] stemmed from the first release, *Kollage*. The West just embraced it more, for different reasons. Maybe "Innovation" and "Wordplay" appealed more to the fans of the Project Blowed emcees and the abstract emcees that are more prevalent in the West. But I get love at home, too; it's all good. You just go where you get the work, that's basically where my head is at.

Are you still cool with Gang Starr and those people who helped you out with Kollage?

Yeah. I have a healthy relationship with all the producers still. Everyone has conflicting schedules – that's why you don't hear anybody appearing on the EP. Besides, it's only seven tunes, and I haven't had a solo effort in, like, four years. A lot has changed since then, and I just want a chance to re-introduce myself as a solo artist and actually put out a solo effort as opposed to relying on other talent, at least for my first outing in four years.

At your performance the other night you gave shout-outs to Freestyle Fellowship and the rest of Project Blowed. How relevant are groups like that on the East Coast? Are they acknowledged for what they've done?

Certainly. I'm from the East Coast and I've acknowledged them, and I'm just one person. So if I have recognized the amount of talent those groups have then I'm sure other people have as well. Those people are my immediate peers. They are some of the artists I admire for going against the grain and keeping me on my toes in terms of developing my cadence and writing ability, stuff like that. It seems like that's just what I gravitate towards – innovative artists and eclectic artists. But I'm loving a Pharoahe Monche just as much as I'm loving an Abstract

"A DIFFERENT TAKE ON THE FEMALE EMCEE"

Rude or Aceyalone, and he's out east. I'm influenced by people going against the grain artistically.

How far do you think females have come in hip hop since the Kollage album in '95, '96?

I've always seen females as a leading force in hip hop because that's the experience I've had. Me being on a grassroots level still, these girls are my immediate peers. Like Rah Digga, she's an immediate peer of mine, but now she's finally gone mainstream. But she has always existed, as has Queen Heroine from Juggaknots and What What. People have always been around, but it just takes them a while to get their break. As far as how it's been in the past, it's pretty much the same except that more females are getting through the door now. You see a different take on the female emcee, as opposed to just being a novelty act. In that aspect it's very positive.

So you're saying that the demand for female emcees is going up?

The demand for female emcees has always been there, it's just that the people in the position to make decisions on what is and is not going to be released are more open-minded, I think. I also think that more artists, not just

females but artists in general, are more educated and realize that we have more options than just the majors. If we can't get a deal within a certain amount of time we know that we can go to the Internet, we can go to the Indies, we know that we can get investments to get the money necessary to put out our own material. We know how to politic with the promoters, we know we have markets overseas for touring. I see a lot of artists who are taking their careers in their own hands, and that's the difference between hip hop now and hip hop in the past.

How harmful do you think female emcees with "low self-esteem" are to hip hop?

I don't even have a comment on that. Actually, I do. It's on your experience, you know what I mean? I don't feel like I'm in a position to call anybody's shots.

Do you think your male colleagues are showing more respect for females in recent years?

I could say yes, but I've never had a problem with my male colleagues or peers. Never. Not on a level of skill-wise, or anything like that. People have always looked at me as being a tight lyricist, and that's just been the bottom line. In terms of production, I do feel like it's been uneven. I've noticed a lot of the time that producers that will submit beats to me will give me some bullshit beats or beats he made four or five years ago, and turn around and give his new stuff to a male emcee that may not even have my track record. I used to be in denial about it, because it can be painful to face that reality. You just have to fight for what you feel you deserve.

What are your plans for the future?

I can't even call it. I'm just taking each day as it comes. I'm just living, appreciating each day for what it is and loving what I'm doing. I am putting out a full-length album on Goodvibe after the EP, and production on that will begin in the fall.

Are there any artists you specifically want to work with in the future?

I wanna do some stuff with Kraftwerk. Kraftwerk and Salt-N-Pepa. Nas too, I'd like to do something with Nas when he's on some b-boy flavor. Nasty Nas, *Illmatic* style.

Do you think that style will ever come back?

It never left him! It's a part of who he is. Maybe right now he's showing another side of himself for whatever reason. It depends on whom he's working with. If he has a producer that is bringing that element out of him, it will push me to the next level. It just depends on the producer and the concept.

When it's all said and done, and your career is over...

When I've moved on to the next phase...

... How do you want to be remembered within the hip hop community?

I'm going to be remembered as being an open and honest person, and a child of God. That's who I am.

Bahamadia's EP B.B. Queen comes out July 25.

things to do >> calendar

today | **thursday**



If, for some reason, you're not completely overwhelmed with an abundance of work right before the weekend of Fight Night, Extravaganza and a host of other huge parties, consider attending the A&L screening of "Black Cat, White Cat." This wildly inventive fable will provide either an interesting diversion from your homework or "something to do" while your friends all study. From the iconoclastic Bosnia-born director Emir Kusturica, this Yugoslavian film is about Gypsy mobsters, dirty deals, shotgun weddings and feigned deaths. The screening will be introduced by folklorist and Roma scholar Carol Silverman. Campbell Hall, 7:30 p.m. \$5 students; \$6 general.

tomorrow | **friday**

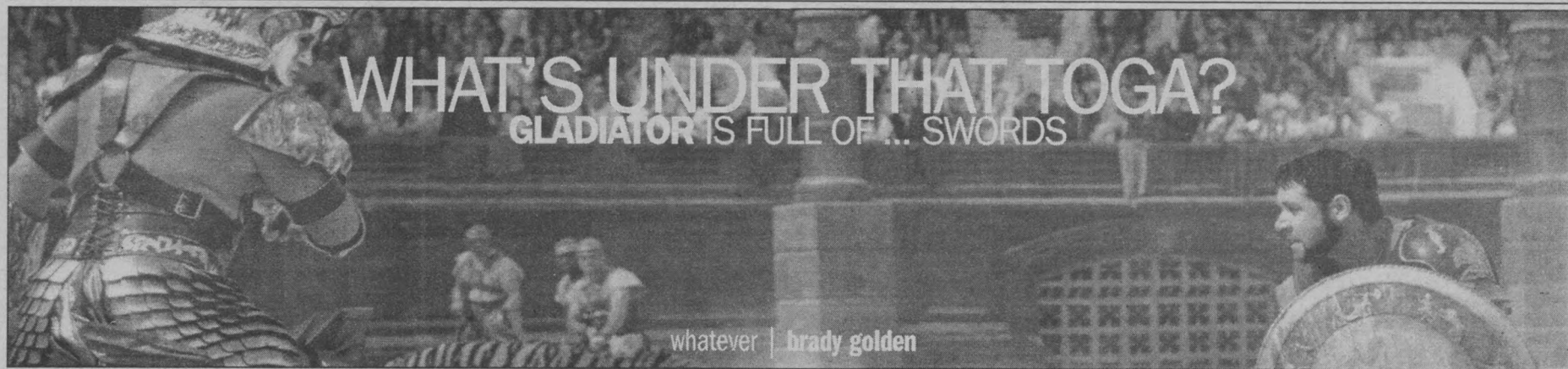


Continue with culture tonight by attending the opening night performance of Theatre UCSB's latest production, "The Crucible." Arthur Miller's tale set amidst the Puritan purge of witchcraft in old Salem is a gripping, historical play and a parable of contemporary society. This 1953 Tony Award-winner for Best Play focuses upon John Proctor, his wife Elizabeth and the malicious young Abigail who, once spurned by Proctor, brings about his wife's arrest for witchcraft. The cast is comprised entirely of your fellow students, and was directed by Irwin Appel, an assistant professor of Dramatic Art here at UCSB. Performing Arts Theatre, 8 p.m.

weekend | **saturday**



Just in case you've forgotten, Extravaganza blows up Harder Stadium starting at 10 a.m. With a slew of diverse, interesting artists set to take over the two stages (including Ozomatli, Spearhead and Black Eyed Peas), the event is sure to be a fun-filled day in the sun. However, here are some things to bear in mind before getting over to the event. First, do not bring any drugs or alcohol or any paraphernalia, for security tends to be pretty tough and present. Second, remember to wear sunscreen because there is little shade and the heat can be pretty intense. Third, don't bring a camera or any kind of recording device (these too are not allowed). Have fun.



WHAT'S UNDER THAT TOGA? GLADIATOR IS FULL OF... SWORDS

whatever | brady golden

If "Braveheart" taught us anything, it's that if you set an action movie in the past, make it really long, and give the hero lots of canned inspirational speeches, people will forget that it's an action movie and talk about it like it's a serious film, maybe even nominating it for a couple of Oscars. Following this same formula comes "Braveheart 2: Braveheart's Toga Party," more commonly known as "Gladiator" (Don't believe me? Mel Gibson was even asked to play the lead role!).

Russell Crowe stars as the Roman general, Maximus, in this period piece set in the ancient Roman Empire. He's a brilliant military man, loved by all, especially by the Emperor Marcus Aurelius, who prefers Maximus to his own sniveling son, Commodus (Joaquin Phoenix). Like all great warriors, Maximus longs for a simple life of farming in Spain with his wife and son, away from the war and bloodshed. Maximus' simplicity and innate goodness (which we see very little of in the film) lead the emperor to name him as successor to the throne. Commodus, who has been waiting his entire life to be emperor, is irked by his father's betrayal, and murders him before the public announcement. In case Maximus has any plans to out

him, Commodus orders his execution, as well as the executions of his wife and son. Maximus escapes and sets off to save his family but doesn't make it in time. Eventually, Maximus ends up a slave in Africa, fighting in the gladiator pits. He realizes that if he becomes a famous fighter, he will be invited to Rome, where he can confront Commodus and avenge his family and beloved emperor.

If "Gladiator" sounds predictable, that's because it is. Many of the plot devices are obvious, while others are absolutely unbelievable. The final showdown between Maximus and Commodus makes zero sense. Nonetheless, "Gladiator" is an entertaining movie. It does everything an action movie should: gets your blood pumping, your eyes widened and your nerves tingling.

It's very gory, which is a real plus; movies where men hit each other with swords are annoying as hell when there aren't lots of decapitations, dismemberments and geysers of

blood.

Crowe's performance is fairly uninteresting, a half-hearted rip-off of Mel Gibson in "Mad Max." He glowers and broods a lot, occasionally hollering a cheesy battle cry. Phoenix, who (until now) has been improving as

an actor with each film, plays a one-sided Commodus. Phoenix is unable to get past the fact that his character is the villain, playing him as sickly and grotesque, but denying him any depth. The film's best performances come from the supporting cast of older actors. Oliver Reed plays Proximo, Maximus' owner, managing to make this relatively small character one of the most interesting in the film. The same is true for Derek Jacobi, who plays Senator Gracchus, and Richard Harris (how many times out of retirement is this?) who plays the disillusioned but idealistic Marcus Aurelius.

Although "Gladiator" is an obvious re-creation of "Braveheart," it does stand on its own, thanks to the unique vision of director Ridley Scott. The man has an uncanny eye for detail, which he uses to make fresh and powerful scenes that have shown up in several other movies. The obligatory opening battle sequence would be utterly pointless (we all know how it's going to end) were it not for Scott's stylistic choices, such as following the war hounds into the fray instead of the soldiers.

There's nothing great about "Gladiator," but it serves its purpose better than a lot of movies. It's an exhilarating action film that actually manages to have a few surprises, if you really look for them. Plus, it has a punk rock gladiator, which is ass-tastic, even if he does get his skull crushed after five seconds of screen time.

**"IT GETS YOUR BLOOD PUMPING,
YOUR EYES WIDENED AND
YOUR NERVES
TINGLING**

”



YOU SUNK MY BATTLESHIP! BATTLEFIELD EARTH GETS BOMBED

blah | john fiske

I suppose every year needs a film like this. A film so bad – and not even self-aware bad, just *bad* – that cost such an obscene amount of money that it makes us want to move to France so we can scoff at American films. 1997 brought us "Batman and Robin," '98 brought us "Godzilla" and last year brought us "Wild, Wild West." Now there is a new level of bad for the 21st century in "Battlefield Earth."

Beginning with Roger Christian's totally inept direction and on through the most inane plot, "Battlefield Earth" is a wash from start to finish that the English language is not capable of surmising.

Set in the year 3000, "Battlefield Earth" follows the uprising of a band of human slaves working under a vicious race of aliens known as Psychlos. In the year 2000, the Psychlos came to earth and beat all the earth's armed forces in nine minutes flat, forcing humans into slavery or into hiding, where they become cavemen. Now, the head of security, a callow Psychlo named Terl (John Travolta), has decided to attempt embezzling money out from under the "home office."

**"'BATTLEFIELD EARTH' CONTAINS
LEVELS OF STUPIDITY NEVER
DREAMED OF IN
FILM**

”

Fort Knox and steals the gold. Then, in one week, he trains a rogue force of cavemen to recapture the planet from the Psychlos, using the weapons that didn't do much

good 1,000 years ago.

"Battlefield Earth" contains levels of stupidity never dreamed of in film. The cavemen learn to operate Harrier jets in a simulator, without electricity, and can fly them better than the Psychlos, who've been flying their ships all their lives. The Ft. Knox gold that Jonnie delivers to Terl is in bars, which doesn't seem to bother him, even though they don't have a press, let alone heat to melt the gold. And the final act of the revolution is to send a bomb to the Psychlo's home planet Psychlo, where

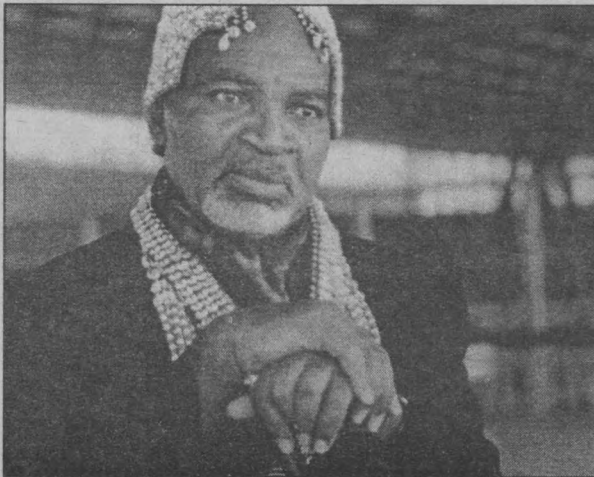
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weekend | **sunday**



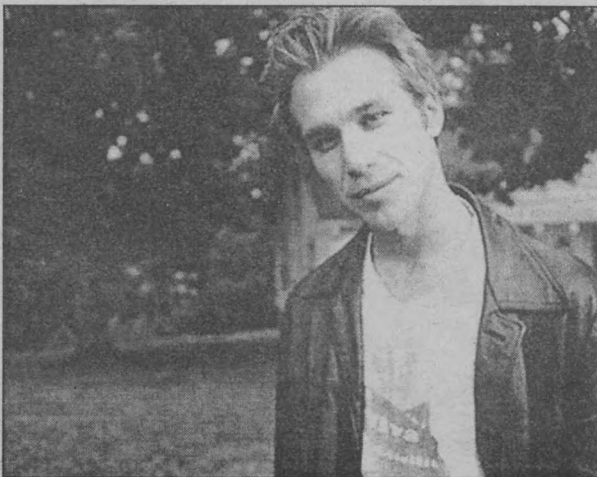
Ah, the day of recovery and rehabilitation. So splurge on a smoothie from Blender's and walk over to a dark, cool womb, uh, room. For a meager fee, you can see "All About My Mother" at Campbell Hall, the engaging and bawdy film that interweaves the lives of a desparate single mother, a transvestite father with AIDS, a pregnant nun and a heroin-addicted lesbian actress. Whew! With characters like that, it's gotta be emotionally rich and critically acclaimed, and definitely an A&L pick. But Spain's Pedro Almodóvar was Canne's best director with "All About My Mother," and it stars Cecilia Roth, Penelope Cruz and Marisa Paredes. 7:30 p.m. \$5 students; \$6 general.

next week | **monday**



Continuing with the film trend that seems to be somewhat prevalent in this week's calendar, there are two films screening tonight at Campbell Hall. First, there's "The Little Girl Who Sold the Sun," the masterful last work of one of Africa's leading filmmakers, Senegalese director Djibril Diop Mambety. The second in what he intended to be a trilogy titled "Tales of Little People," it is a breathtaking story of perseverance and tolerance about a heroic street child making her way in a Dakar marketplace. "Identity Pieces," from Congolese director Mweze Ngangura, is filled with lively characters in an African émigré community. 7:30 p.m. \$5 students; \$6 general.

next week | **tuesday**



Looking for something to do on a Tuesday that doesn't involve a thousand people standing wall to wall amid a lot of Bebe-clad preppers clutching plastic cups filled with poorly made alcoholic drinks? Try SOHO dinner and restaurant which is on State Street but devoid of the typical insanity of the run 'o' the mill collegiate drinking establishment. Singer/songwriter Todd Snider, who garnered attention for his timely alt-rock satire "Talkin' Seattle Grunge Rock Blues," a folk-rock song which struck a chord with alternative rock bands and, at the same time, appealed to aging rockers who grew up with the folk revival of the 1960s. So go for dinner, stay for the jams. 1221 State St, 8 p.m.



Santa Barbara Bowl

Budweiser
CONCERT SERIES

no doubt

ON SALE SATURDAY AT NOON

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS **Lit** & **Black Eyed Peas**



Saturday, July 29 • 6:30pm

www.nodoubt.com

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with special guest **INCUBUS**

92.9 KJEE
MONTECITO • SANTA BARBARA

Friday

May 26 • 7pm

REGGAE at the BOWL

GREGORY ISAACS
ISRAEL VIBRATION & THE ROOTS RADICS
THIRD WORLD
PATO BANTON & REGGAE REVOLUTION
INNER CIRCLE AND MORE...

Memorial Day
May 29 • 4pm

STONE TEMPLE PILOTS



92.9 KJEE
MONTECITO • SANTA BARBARA

with
special guests

Wednesday, June 14 • 7pm

natalie merchant

live in concert

Sunday
June 25 • 7pm



Chris Isaak

Baby Did a Bad Bad Thing Tour

Sunday
July 2 • 7pm



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ASPB Presents

Extravaganza 2000

UCSB Harder Stadium
Doors open at 11am
May 20th

Schedule Main Stage
Spearhead
Ozomatli
Black Eyed Peas
Aquabats
Vivendo de Pao

2nd Stage
Vinyl
Pressure 4:5
Government Growm
Sick Shift
Neosoreskin

UCSB EXTRAVAGANZA 2000
BOOKSTORE
PIZZA
PARTY LINE

Concept and Artwork by
Ryan Claytor funkadelic@hotmail.com

Absolutely NO bottles, cans, alcohol, skateboards, animals, cameras, or recording devices

A FILM BY
ROMAN POLANSKI


JOHNNY DEPP

The Ninth Gate

Isla Vista Theatre
Tuesday, May 23rd
7:30 and 10pm
\$3 Students \$5 General

Stranger

Tues. May 23rd
Noon
Storke
Free
Rock



Indus 6th Annual Visions of India
Saturday, May 20th at 6pm
UCSB Campbell Hall
\$6 Students \$7 Non-students

