

It's the Gallagher way in ... Artsweek

SHORTHOGS

THE JACKAL

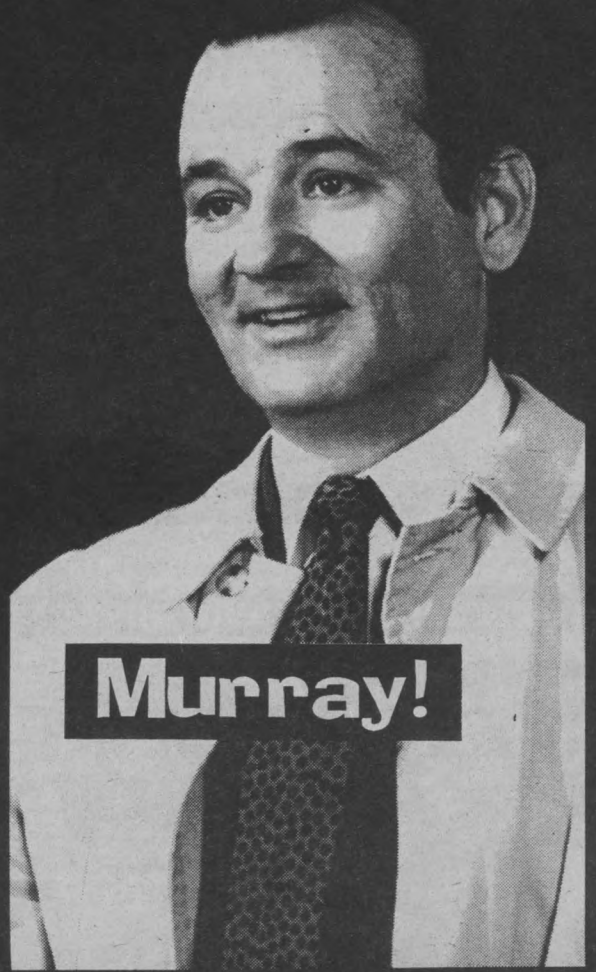
FINLAY QUAYE X



Spicey!



Timely!



Murray!

Today

Friday

Saturday

Sunday

Wednesday

Movie: Contempt
I.V. Theater 7 p.m.



Photo Exhibit:
Love and Crime

Gallery 1434
5 p.m.



Performance:
Timepiece

8 p.m. Campbell Hall



An Afternoon
with Art Spiegelman
(Author of Maus)

3 p.m. Campbell Hall

Movie: Capitaine
Conan

7 p.m.

I.V. Theater



ONE MOMENT IN TIME

She's done it again. This delightfully spirited, head-shaven, eyebrow-pierced, 70-year-old master of performance art, Rachel Rosenthal, continues her profound search for an understanding of time and human existence in the universe through her latest work in repertoire, "Timepiece."

For the past 20 years, Rachel Rosenthal has shocked worldwide audiences with her unpredictable, avant-garde performances focusing on issues of identity, gender, the mysteries of existence, aging, the environment and animal rights. On Saturday, Rosenthal, with the seven other performers and two dogs that make up her company, will perform "Timepiece" at UCSB.

Recognized as the inventor of "instant theater," Rosenthal's performances rely largely on theater improvisation. Although this type of performance art has been known to offend many audiences, Rosenthal seems to have a different strategy that she claims is "not confrontational."

"What I'm interested in is to convert people to my ideas, so I don't want to turn them off, you know," she said. "The shocking elements are kind of subdued, they are more subtle, they are still shocking but people don't know they are shocked until later when they realize they are shocked."

This type of medium has given rise to hecklers, but Rosenthal recognizes it comes with the territory.

"There are always people who don't like what you do. ... I've had people in the audience in the past who have challenged me or who have been on the soapbox of some sort, but hey ... that's an audience."

Rosenthal's latest work explores the idea of time itself. "Time is one of the most elusive and mysterious things that we have to deal with. ... We experience it on our 'human' level in one way, but scientists tell us a completely different

assessment of what time is or isn't. Nobody really knows if time really exists on a scientific level."

Despite the controversy of her work and appearance, Rachel Rosenthal gives off a very positive attitude about her success, her treasured contribution to the performance-art world, and most of all about her company and her students, who will continue being a part of the evolutionary genre known as performance art.

Rosenthal's "Timepiece" will be performing for one night only Saturday, Nov. 22, at 8 p.m. in Campbell Hall. For tickets or information please contact UCSB Arts & Lectures at 893-3535.

— Carlos Garay



TODAY'S LESSON

4 + 3 = 7, but 4 - 3 = ... ? There is more than just the tedium of mathematics in the dialogue of the upcoming student performance of Eugene Ionesco's "The Lesson." This is theater of the absurd, where such contradictions are not just about the pragmatic frustrations of subtraction but more about the nature of thinking in today's world.

Eugene Ionesco wrote the play after World War II, in response to the fascism of the period. "The play is very much about thought and thinking, two different types of thought and the conflict that takes place when those two types of thinking bump up against each other," explained play director Daniel Baldwin. "I chose this play because I felt it was relevant to a lot of the issues

we deal with in modern-day American. I think that one of the main issues this play deals with ... is fascist thought being imposed on people."

Baldwin, a senior dramatic arts major, and Crisly Strahan, the stage manager, have been working with the cast since early October.

"One thing I really hope for this play is to promote UCSB drama, particularly student directors and their work," Baldwin said. He also feels strongly about encouraging the idea that drama is for everyone. "I hope that theater majors, engineering majors and bio majors are all in the same audience together."

"The Lesson" will run Saturday and Sunday, Nov. 22-23, at 7 p.m. in the HSSB drama rehearsal room. — Jenne Raub



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MAGICAL MYSTERY SNOORE

THE SLIGHTLY FICTITIOUS ACCOUNT OF ARTSWEEK'S HEATHER AND FIFI

"Ooh, I'm so excited," Fifi said to me as we walked out to my economical subcompact sedan neatly parked between what once was a glorious Dodge owned by Martin, our upstairs neighbor, and a cantankerous eyesore that had been left on our block of Sabado since before I moved there.

"I love the Shorthogs," Fifi began again as I backed out, carefully looking both ways for pedestrian traffic. "I'm sooo excited we get to meet them," she squealed.

I had forgotten the nervous excitement one feels when, embarking on one's first *Artsweek* interview, having begun my career at the paper almost half of a half a decade ago, and Fifi's bubbling energy as we drove from the armpit of Santa Barbara toward L.A. helped to remind me.

As we continued on our merry quest to introduce our readers to the Shorthogs — that terribly terrific, sparking new quartet from Cookpasture, England — our excitement grew. We spent our travel time thinking of intelligent questions to ask a band whose engrossing, eclectic mix of indie rock stirred us. As we weaved in and out of rush-hour traffic,

found. Panic set in as we looked for someone who could help us accomplish our goal.

As hope grew into despair and Fifi's bladder grew fuller, we spotted Mork McTin, the Shorthogs tour manager. We called out to the scraggly, brown-haired man with thin lips who seemed surprised that someone knew his name.

"Mork," I said, "We've been chasing your band down all day and it is really upsetting Fifi's bladder. Is this interview really going to happen or am I going to have to write a story about famous Los Angeles toilets?" I asked.

"Well, the soundcheck got pushed back, but maybe after the gig you can talk to them," Mork replied. "They'll probably be wasted by then, but maybe not."

At that point reality set in, our long trip and possibly probing questions for Christian looked as if they were all in vain. We wanted to get the story, to eloquently write down for you, the *Artsweek* reader, the history of the Shorthogs together so that you might be stirred by them like we were. We wanted to ask Christian the moving story behind "Not Off Times Two." We planned to conduct the best interview of our career, and at that moment it seemed the story of the Shorthogs was never going to be revealed to our Santa Barbara audience.

So, unsatisfied in our quest, Fifi and I went inside the venue to see the show. Despite only playing four songs because of technical difficulties, the Shorthogs in a matter of minutes inspired our interviewing flame. But what were we to do? Mork had told us the band members were going to be indulging themselves on illegal substances and free alcohol after the show, and though it would probably be a funny interview, it wouldn't translate into print very well.

Fifi and I discussed our possibilities before she ran to the restroom, leaving me standing watching the headliners Re-



we cranked the standard-issue stereo system to full-metal throttle, really trying to get to the heart of what Christian, the band's frontman, was blubbing about in their current modern rock hit "Not Off Times Two."

After what felt like an eternity, we eventually made it to the Desert Records offices at 4:30, where we were to meet the Shorthogs and get the real story of the ingenious group from Cookpasture.

We walked in, and I approached the receptionist to announce that *Artsweek* had arrived from Santa Barbara for our interview. Fifi meanwhile began the first of what would be her long tour of toilets of Southern California, as she ran to Desert Records' restrooms.

After a brief wait, Jamie, the record company publicist, came out to tell us that our interview plans were going to be changed.

"The Shorthogs have to be at the venue for soundcheck in a few minutes, so can we do the interview there?" she asked. "At the venue?" I answered. "Uh, yeah, sure, that's cool," I replied dryly, squelching the butterflies that had at that moment erupted in my stomach.

We tried to keep from screaming in giddy anxiety as we drove to the venue, but to no avail. The last time I interviewed a band at a soundcheck, I ended up kicking a soccer ball around an empty hall with them. The thought of possibly being able to do it again instead of sitting in a stuffy office where a publicist comes to the door every five minutes to ask how the interview is going excited me.

Upon arrival though, our brief felicity hit rock bottom as Jamie told us that our interview was being put off for two more hours. At that point the liquid in Fifi's bladder hit rock bottom, resulting in a desperate rush to find a suitable place for my friend to relieve herself.

As luck would have it, Pentagon Records — a company I had interned with the summer before — was located across the street from the venue, so we went inside under the guise of seeing my old work friends. As Fifi made her second stop in famous toilets of L.A., I chatted with Breanne, my former boss.

Two hours later, Fifi and I headed back to the venue, where we believed we would finally accomplish our goal of finding out the true story of the Shorthogs. But Jamie, the publicist who was scheduled to meet us, was nowhere to be

verb and the Rabbitwomen. It was at that point that I saw Mork walk by. It turned out the band was playing a free show the very next day, and Mork figured he could squeeze our interview in at 1 p.m.

Sorted out, Fifi and I set off for home after a brief pit stop at the restroom.

The next morning we awoke, and the nervous energy was back. The excitement that had been suppressed the night before by Jamie and fouled soundchecks had renewed itself. Fifi and I left for the free gig. Fifi's excitement got the better of her, causing a delay in our plans as we stopped at an establishment on Sunset so that she could relieve herself again. Once back in the car, we headed down the Boulevard only to find ourselves lost and late for our interview. After about three hours, we decided to pack it in and went shopping instead.

The last gig of the Shorthogs tour was on Sunday, and Fifi and I decided to give it one last shot. We knew neither Mork nor the Shorthogs would be expecting us, but we drove down to San Diego anyway. We knew we had to be extra persuasive, so we bought some lotion from Victoria's Secret, hoping that they would take pity on two nice-smelling girls.

We reached the venue and parked neatly between a suspiciously familiar Dodge and a BMW, and we proceeded to the back entrance to look for our pal Mork. There were several roadies walking around drinking beer and laughing, and we selected the least scary looking one to find Mork for us.

"Hi, um, is Mork here?" I asked. "Could you tell him Heather is outside and wants to talk to him?"

Seconds after we sent the roadie inside to find Mork, he bounded out of the building with a huge Cheshire cat grin on his face.

"Well, hello Heather, hi Fifi, how are you two doing?" Mork asked, winking at the two of us.

"Uh, we're fine," I answered. "Sorry we missed you yesterday, we couldn't find the damn place, do you think we could do it today?" I asked.

"Do it?" he answered. "Yeah, sure. The gig wasn't that great anyway, we got in at 2 from a heavy night of partying. So who do you want to do it with?"

"Anyone," I answered.

Mork then told us to come back at 6:30, and then he

INTERNATIONAL PLAYBOY

Once again Artsweek checks in with our foreign correspondent William Banks stationed in Birmingham, U.K.

The world of showbiz is certainly a fickle one, especially if you are a Spice Girl. Only two weeks ago I was telling you that the Spice bubble would not be bursting for a while yet, but it certainly came close as of late.

Over the last fortnight, the British press has delighted in the warring fortunes of our famous five. Less than a week after the global release of the new album *SPICEWORLD* came the announcement that the girls had fired the man who made them famous, and would instead manage themselves. The media immediately pounced on this as the first probable sign that the Spice reign was about to end, citing poor sales of the new album as proof.

Things just kept on getting worse for the girls. At a television appearance in Spain last week, they refused to take the stage unless photographers were banned from the building, resulting in a long delay and a less than appreciative welcome by the audience. Rumors abounded in the tabloid press about a relationship between Baby Spice and the

manager the girls sacked (fired).

So began a damage-limitation exercise. Baby strongly denied any relationship and the girls have proclaimed themselves totally committed to the cause of girl power. They even made an impromptu performance from their hotel balcony in Italy to prove it.

But enough of the Spice Girls. Last week saw the musical gong-fest awards bash, this time the obscure Music of Black Origin awards. Awards went to some of the British music scene's rising stars — best reggae act to Finlay Quaye, and best newcomer to Shola Ama. Neither name is likely to mean a lot, but keep an ear open. The now globally successful Jamiroquai also picked up a MOBO award for best album for *Traveling Without Moving*.

And that about wraps up the world of showbiz from across the pond, save for my honorable mention, which this week goes to Australian ex-soap star and ex-girlfriend of "Friends" David Schwimmer, the gorgeous Natalie Imbruglia. Her delightful single "Torn" is currently No. 2 behind the diabolical "Barbie Girl," and a new album is expected early next year.

That's all for now. Cheers!

— Wilz

IT'S AN ARTSWEEK T-SHIRT BLOWOUT!!!

To qualify for a Portishead tee or a Finlay Quaye tee, submit your answer to one of the following:

- Which trip-hop artist is Portishead's rival?

- Which trip-hop artist is Finlay Quaye's uncle?

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MORK

Continued from p.2A

would let us talk to Christian. When we arrived back at the venue after letting Fifi take care of her bladder problem at the Planet L.A. restaurant, Christian was nowhere to be found.

"Oh dear, I can't find him anywhere. Want to go for a drink?" Mork said without pausing.

"Yeah, sure," we replied,

thinking what-the-heck.

As we headed to the pub with our new friend Mork and our quest unfulfilled, a certain realization set in.

"You know how some records have parental warning stickers," Fifi started, "You know that sticker lets you know as a consumer what you are getting into with a band, but no one ever warns you what you're getting into if you're a music journalist."

"Yeah," I said.

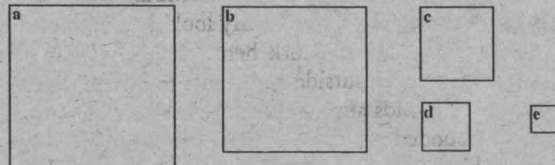
"They never tell you," Fifi started again, "About how the rock 'n' roll dream really isn't a dream. Or about how it's all about wasting time. We've been wasting time chasing the band around, and the band's been wasting time drinking, taking drugs, shagging groupies and

sleeping. It's weird."

"No," I said with experience, "It's Rock 'n' Roll."

PUZZLE: NAME THAT MALADY

The areas of these boxes represent numbers of people who lost their lives to various causes. A box with twice the area of another represents twice as many deaths. Match the boxes with these causes of death: U.S. AIDS deaths per year; U.S. motor vehicle accident fatalities per year; U.S. fire and burn deaths per year; U.S. firearm deaths per year; worldwide plane crash deaths per year; total U.S. Troops dead, Vietnam War; U.S. smoking-related deaths per year.



Answer: OK, so it was a trick question. Smoking-related deaths are represented by the double line box enclosing this puzzle. The others are: a-Vietnam war; b-AIDS; c-fires and burns; d-firearms; e-plane crashes; f-motor vehicle deaths.

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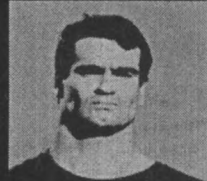
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JACKAL VS. GERBIL

A little something happened in the time between the pitch meeting for "The Jackal" and the film's release. The producers forgot to make a good movie. With "The Jackal," director Michael Caton-Jones takes a great premise and essentially turns it into a poor man's version of "In the Line of Fire."

Bruce Willis stars as the title character, an icy assassin who hires himself out to the highest bidder. When the head of the Russian mob asks him how much money it will take to kill an important U.S. political figure, the Jackal replies, "\$70 million." Without even a second to think it over, the mob boss accepts and the Jackal sets off on his assignment.

However, the FBI catches on to the assassination plot despite one minor problem: They can't even prove that the jackal exists. But there is one man who claims to have met this mystery man, imprisoned IRA operative Declan Mulqueen, played by Richard Gere. In exchange for a shortened sentence, Mulqueen agrees to team up with FBI Deputy

Director Carter Preston (Sidney Poitier) to help catch the icy bastard.

From this point on, the plot turns into a fairly cheesy game of cat and mouse, full of near misses and assorted clichés. Although the film's climax isn't half bad, it's too little, too late to save this mess of a movie.

Despite being a major disappointment, "The Jackal" has a few redeeming qualities. Sidney Poitier's good performance brings some credibility to the film, and Bruce Willis manages to be entertaining despite a lack of material to work with. But the weak link to the film is Gere's performance. While listening to him struggle badly with an Irish accent, it's hard not to conjure up images of green clovers, blue diamonds and purple horseshoes.

Let "The Jackal" be an example to all you aspiring filmmakers out there. Once you have a good idea written down on paper, there is still a lot of work to do.

— Patrick Reardon



IF BRUCE WILLIS IS THE JACKAL, YOU MUST BE THE GERBIL

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TERRI-BILL

Bill Murray (yawn), lots of guns (yawn), some busty broad (yawn) ... in theaters now "The Man Who Knew Too Little," a poor excuse for a movie with a couple of cheap laughs that makes "Starship Troopers" look like Oscar material.

The flimsy plot centers around Wallace Ritchie (Murray), a video-store clerk from Iowa, making a surprise visit at his brother's home in London. Wallace's brother James (Peter Gallagher) is unfortunately staging an important business dinner the night he vis-

its and has to find a way to keep his eccentric brother out of the house.

James pays to have Wallace participate in "The Theater of Life," a live-action theatrical adventure game, which James hopes will occupy his brother for the duration of the evening. Wallace unknowingly stumbles into an international plot bent on assassinating several world leaders, and basically all hell breaks loose as Wallace, blissfully unaware, works to save the whole damn world.

Essentially this movie is

just too stupid to be entertaining even though it's billed as a comedy. Bill Murray is seriously disappointing, regressing to the played-out, cheap laughs of his more successful performances.

This film may work as a gem of video rental when combined with several frosty pints of stout and a nice eighth of turbo-bud. Check it out if you can see it for free, otherwise watch this one quickly vanish from the movie houses.

— Robert "Antichrist Superstar" Hanson



WEN AND SNIPES: UNHAPPILY EVER AFTER

THE MOURNING AFTER

"One Night Stand," Mike Figgis' follow-up to "Leaving Las Vegas," is a mess of egotistical movie making.

His film follows Max (Wesley Snipes) after visiting his HIV-positive friend, Charlie (Robert Downey Jr.), in New York. Through a series of coincidences, Max meets and sleeps with Karen (Nastassja Kinski), with whom he feels a true connection. He returns home to his wife, Mimi (Ming-Na Wen), and their two kids in a distracted state, but everything seems to blow over.

A year later Max goes back to New York to see a dying Charlie. It turns out that Charlie's brother Vernon (Kyle MacLachlan) has a wife that is — gasp — Karen. Max realizes he is in love with her, which throws his life into disarray.

The problem with "One Night Stand" comes down to the stacey three-act structure. It is essentially three short films about a love story with a lot of baggage. Part one is about two people falling in love, part two about a hollow marriage, and part three about two old lovers realizing their true feelings.

Other problems in the film spring from Figgis' tendency to show off. Specific scenes that could have had emotional power, such

as Downey's seemingly endless deathbed sequences, are lost because they pretend to be about a love story, but are really about Figgis' attempt to display his unflinching eye for the morbid and his ability to create farce out of depression.

Much of this is surprising from Figgis, who in previous films like "Leaving Las Vegas" and "Internal Affairs" has shown a real talent for portraying human emotions. Here he is attempting to impress the audience with what an original piece he can provide, but fails to hit the mark. This is evident in the film's final sequence. Not to give away what happens, but the final outcome obviously has a great deal of an emotional background, but is designed solely to catch the audience off-guard.

For what it's worth, the performers do provide some redeemable qualities. Snipes finally returns to the type of acting he is capable of, and Downey Jr. gets the film's few laughs just using his eyes. But Wen is the real prize — she is fiesty and fiercely sexual.

But all of their work went to waste here. Figgis is too busy working on a film that is interesting to no one but himself.

— John Fiske



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8 STOPS 7

A new local band is blazing a trail into 1998 with the release of their new CD Birth Of A Cynic. As great a town Santa Barbara is, and where many great recent bands have developed, 8 STOPS 7 continues to keep the trend going. Their music has strong lyrical meaning and displays a passionate heavy sound but commercial enough for the listener.

The group plans on doing a series of shows to promote their new CD which is now available in local record stores.

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ON THE RECORD

GUESS WHO'S COMING TO DINNER ...

X / *Beyond and Back: The X Anthology* / Elektra

As you probably have seen mentioned in MTV's "History of Punk, Part XIII," Los Angeles was overpopulated with punk rock in the late '70s, except back then it was good. The thriving scene that would sadly be smothered by hair and tight leather had its poster children, and along with the Germs and the Gun Club, X would become immortalized as its creators.

Beyond and Back is put together like a ship in a bottle. This is not one of those "sound savers" greatest hits albums you find in the bedrooms of 13-year-old girls and frat boys. There are 45 tracks here to prove that X wasn't fucking around, and that good music outlives novelty any day.

Even more impressive than the concise collection of songs that ranges from demos to outtakes (some of the more popular tunes are presented here in alternate forms) is the information included in the liner notes. Did you know Paul Reubens, AKA Pee Wee Herman, used to hang out at all the X shows?

— Tony hit and run Blowgdanovski

David Bowie / *I'm Afraid of Americans Remix EP* / Virgin

Musicians everywhere take note ... when you write a song as convoluted as "I'm Afraid of Americans," no one, not even Le Stud de Techno himself Trent Reznor or his drum 'n' bass buddy Photek, can save it

from sucking.

Both Reznor and Photek reconstruct Bowie's track, producing several strikingly different mixes. However, the problem is that there was nothing here to begin with that was worthy of the effort. Bowie's entire *Earthling* album was also plagued by this same lack of depth, and a techno facade on an otherwise pop soundscape.

The respective reputations of both Reznor and Photek shouldn't be marred by this experience. If it's any consolation, their mixes sucked less than the original!

— Robert Hanson

Fly / *Bomb Threat: Before She Blows* / BMG

Do you ever wonder why certain bands get signed? Why is it that your friend's band puts on an incredible live show, without simply rehashing riffs or cover tunes, but stale poop like Third Eye Blind gets snatched up and played out?

Somebody's sucking off the A&R guy.

Now's the time, they say, to start a rock band. DJs and electronic artists are selling like mad, but it's the rock outfits that commercial radio needs to survive. Too bad Karl Marx wasn't around to witness this, as the definition of "band" has been whittled down from an orchestra, to a five-piece jazz combo, to three guys in flannels. Less band members to pay and without a decrease in arena attendance = more money for the industry vultures.

So grab a guitar and sing about anything. Sing about nothing. Nobody wants alternative to die and it should

be your innate response to keep this musical paradox burning. More songs in the key of Bush is just what we need. Just don't buy this Fly record — it blows.

— Tony Blowgdanovski



Various Artists / *Music From the Motion Picture "Boogie Nights"* / Capitol Records

Ah, motion picture soundtracks. They can either make us stand up and cheer ("Saturday Night Fever") or they can make us kneel down and vomit ("Dirty Dancing"). The soundtrack to "Boogie Nights" should make the listener do a little of both.

The high points of the album are at the beginning with The Emotions belting out their soul classic, "The Best of my Love," and at the end with The Beach Boys' bittersweet "God Only Knows." In between these two is an eclectic set of tunes that ranges from the semi-catchy (Marvin Gaye's "Got to Give It Up") to the positively crappy (Night Ranger's "Sister Christian").

Those who have seen the movie will probably be disappointed that tracks from Rick Springfield, Nena, and Hot Chocolate didn't make the cut, while songs from ELO and Walter Egan are given the chance to live on.

And despite a strong presence of disco in the film, this album is definitely not one of those Greatest Hits of the '70s packages that Martha Quinn hawks at 3 a.m. on the F/X network to pay her bills.

Basically, the "Boogie Nights" soundtrack is a hit-and-miss effort that has more ups and downs than Marky Mark's prosthetic penis.

— Patrick Reardon

Jamie Myerson / *The Listen Project* / Ovum Recordings

It's 2007 and you're waiting in a white sterile room to see the dentist. Gone are the days of synthesized, bossanova renditions of "Moon River." Instead, gentle jungle and drum 'n' bass grooves float over the airwaves. They come through the "lite rock" station into the office and drift into your ears at a barely audible level. Move over muzak, because Myerson is on the scene and could revolutionize elevator music as we now know it.

While Myerson's intent in creating his tracks is perhaps to brighten electronic music, he fails miserably by producing a music form polluted with corny melodies and perky, obnoxious sounds. The beats behind the muzak are often quite good, and reflect some talent that Myerson might possess (if only in drum-machine programming). It's when Myerson extends his energies beyond such beats, adding warbling violins and echoing flutes, that the novelty of this futuristic muzak becomes quickly draining.

— Jenne Raub

LOVEY DOVEY

Is it possible that the film industry has produced the ultimate date-movie? Iain Softley's "The Wings of the Dove," begs the question. This tragic tale of love and deception is actually one of the few films released recently that is worth the price of admission. Here, the textbook movie plot of the ever-tawdry love triangle is given a new coat of glossy sheen.

Helena Bonham-Carter plays Kate, a privileged member of Britain's turn of the century upper-crust society; her love interest, Merton, played by Linus Roache, is a blue-collar journalist deemed too "low class" to be a suitable husband by Kate's socialite aunt. Enter Alison Elliott as Millie, a wealthy American who befriends Kate (as well as supports her finan-



cially) and falls in love with Merton. The three grow incredibly close (an implied threesome theme) and eventually embark on an extended vacation to Venice ... to party down like it's 1899! Tensions flare and tragedy prevails as the trio's desire for love, money, deception and lies begins to emerge and spell defeat for the fab threesome.

The on-location filming as well as the stunningly accurate costumes and motifs help to beautifully capture this bygone era. An interesting component of this film is the depiction of societal attitudes towards revelry and sexual liaisons, which actually parallel, or in some cases, shadow our own. Wake up Isla Vista, you're not up to anything new.

With the exception of a few awkward moments, "The Wings of the Dove" is a worthy piece of cinema — worth both your time and money.

— Robert Hanson

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the Academy of Universal Music in Montecito. He feels the music is dying out in India, but sees the American public as receptive of the style.

As part of the Diwali Festivities, Bourbon del Monte will perform on Sunday, Nov. 23, at 5 p.m. in the MultiCultural Center.



the top 12.5

Two guys outside Davidson Library. An actual dialogue:

Randy!
Yeah.

Why're you so fat?

'Cuz,

Let's go smoke some bowls, fat boy.
OK.



— Gavin Austin

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