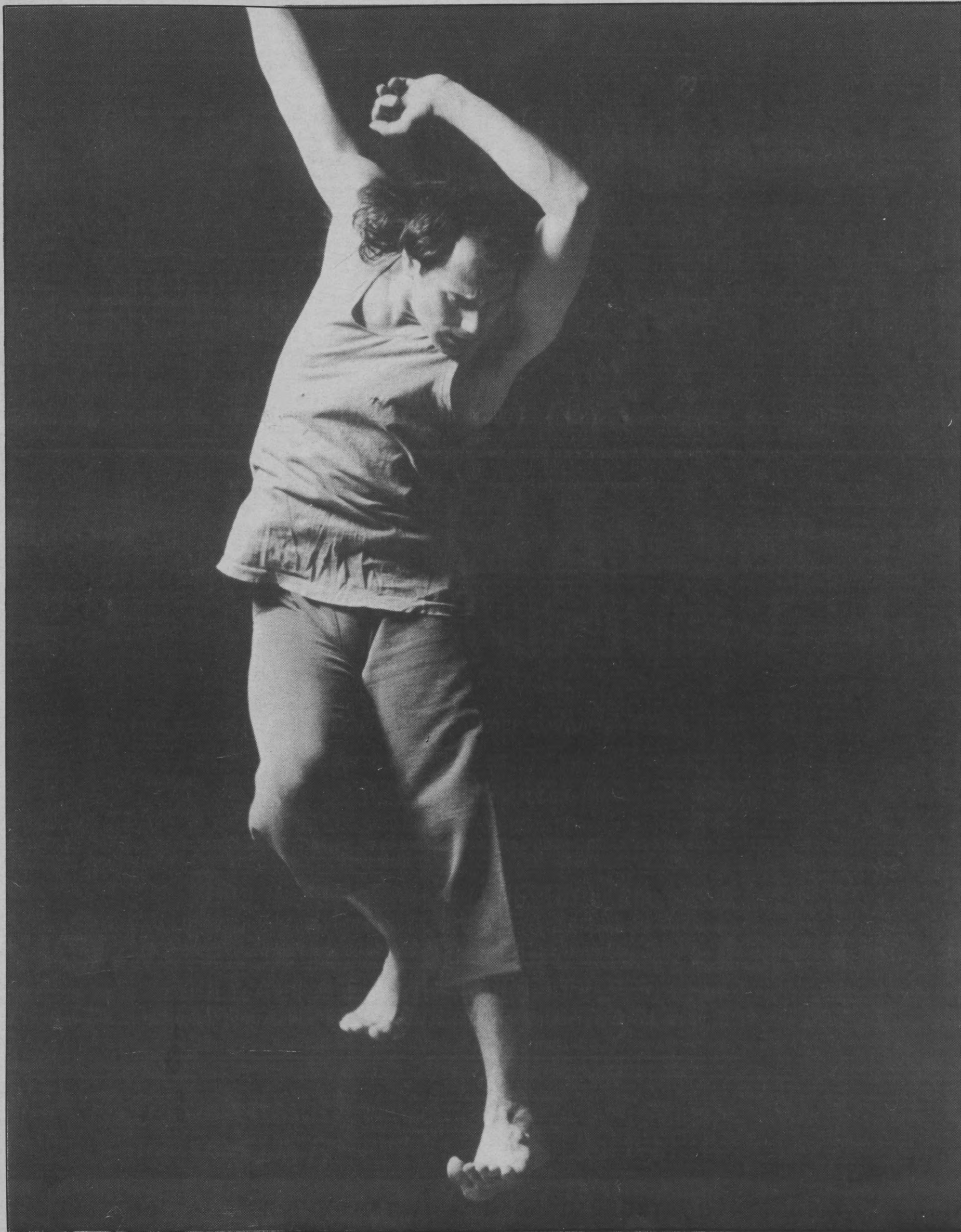


# Artsweek

Another  
Failed  
Attempt  
at Humor,  
It's...

The Weekly Arts and Entertainment Supplement to the Daily Nexus

**WHAT'S THAT SMELL? IT'S ARTSWEEK!** IN THIS ISSUE: JASON SATTLER AND REVIEWS, REVIEWS, REVIEWS.







# Get Bothered



Various Artists  
Red Hot + Bothered  
Red Hot/Kinetic/Reprise

This is a review of a compilation of some of the truly underground music world's finest efforts. Just like *Red Hot + Dance* and *Red Hot + Blue*, *Red Hot + Bothered* is an album created to benefit AIDS research. *Red Hot + Bothered* is at least a few months old, but hey, I just got it so it's new to me.

Featured are a wide range of bands that well-represent "indie rock." For all those who may not know what indie rock is, it's music that's put out through independent labels. However, there have been some large exceptions to this recently. Bands such as Jawbox, Royal Trux, Shudder to Think and, earlier, Sonic Youth, who had been indie bands have signed to major labels. Being that they still have a raw, unproduced sound and that they are still highly respected by indie rockers, it's not quite right to drop them from that indie-rock labeling.

Another stranger and somewhat more glaring exception to this indie rock stuff is the fact that *Red Hot + Bothered* is on Reprise, which is a major label. The Red Hot people tried to hide this by putting the compilation out through the indie label Kinetic simultaneously. Oh well. So much for staying true to hardcore roots. So much for keeping it real. At least it's for a good cause and the music is really good.

Just some of the contributors are members of the Breeders, Guided by Voices, The Spinanes and Built to Spill. My favorite track is "the fontana" by The Sea and Cake which features John McEntire of Tortoise and occasionally of Gastr Del Sol. The song's unique beauty makes me ecstatic! Man! It's great.

Another winner is Folk Implosion's "indierockinstrumental." It reminds me of the time that I got a job from a temp agency. I was hired on as a waiter in one of the most popular Italian restaurants in San Francisco. It was one of those huge places with giant walls and rich red carpeting. And boy, was the food good! I didn't mind takin' home some leftovers from the kitchen every night. This part of my experience goes well with the chorus part of "indierockinstrumental," which is as sweet as cheese and basil tortellini in a creamy pesto sauce.

The kitchen of the restaurant had a giant swinging set of doors, one in and one out. Well, I never could get that quite straight. I, more than a few times, went rushing into the kitchen to pick up an order and got slammed to the ground by some other waiter trying to exit. This part of my restaurant experience is more akin to the hard, bouncy verse section of "indierockinstrumental."

Built to Spill Caustic Resin's "Still Flat" is a tremendous welding of triumphant epicness and sloppy beauty. Just when the song sounds harsh, it gets smooth and sad and just when it sounds calm, it turns into a high-flying whirlwind of emotions.

"Quietly Approaching" by Gastr Del Sol is an empty, brooding masterpiece. A slow piano roll and a distant organ/synthesizer are the only occasional sounds, if any. Brilliant. Gastr Del Sol's brand of experimental, composed non-rock consistently tests the boundaries we all place on music.

This is a wonderful compilation of groundbreaking music. Besides the fact that *Red Hot + Bothered* is subtitled "the indie rock guide to dating" (and contains a foolish and sexually dorky board game on the sleeve), it is a worthwhile purchase. Indie rock has finally made it!

—Noah Blumberg

## Kool World

Key•Kool and  
Rhettmatic  
Kozmonauts  
Up Above

"Indie rap" may be the best way to categorize the hip-hop of West Coasters like Ras Kass, Project Blowed and Tony Da Skitzo; acts who aren't signed to majors, and have consequently released their records through their own labels. Low-budgetness wouldn't stand as much of an achievement on its own (basically, anyone with some money can drop a record), but these particular heads deserve their indie credentials because they have smartly offered an alternative to mainstream hip-hop (including the "underground" kind you can buy at Sam Goody) and are at the forefront of a subgenre which simply *sounds* indie: It's strictly new, strictly raw and strictly without the influence of any major label.

*Kozmonauts*, the self-released debut album by LA's Key•Kool and Rhettmatic, is indie rap at its finest. Rhettmatic represents his deejay crew, the Beat Junkies, by hooking up the freshest of original hip-hop beats and with lovely turntable work, while his partner Key•Kool rocks rhymes way more *real* than 90 percent of his major-label contemporaries.

Key's style is of that new school that is concerned with innovation in concepts and wordplay, and not about posturing and posing. He's not trying to be about pimping or primping, just about straight-up mic skills. This is especially evident when you hear him rhyme on the album's three-posse cuts in which he lets a number of his talented friends catch wreck. On "Visionaries," Rhett's beat kicks hard while Key and his partners in the Visionary Crew trade verses laden with both clever innuendo and hilariously blatant metaphors (a personal tasteless favorite is LMNO's "servin' this is more difficult than Bree Walker holding a Skittle" line). Likewise, "Shape Shiftaz" with Saa-fir and "E=MC5" with Western Hemisphere are instant classics.

I get excited every time I experience hip-hop like this, because it reminds me of when all rap was fun to listen to and rappers weren't as controlled by entertainment conglomerates and MTV. Simply put, I can tell that Key•Kool and Rhettmatic grew up on the same music I did, and I, therefore, relate to them really well. *Kozmonauts* is not an especially polished effort and that's the beauty of it; it's completely unadulterated hip-hop.

—Eric Steuer



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# Truth And Soul

Ani DiFranco  
*Not a Pretty Girl*  
Righteous Babe

I have been hearing about Ani DiFranco for years, but have had a hard time locating her except in some "liberal" music stores that have a section called "Women's Music." What the hell is "women's music," anyway? Is there a certain sort of music only for women, like certain sorts of deodorants, soaps, razors? I'd like to take a razor to whoever decided that the music in the women's section could only possibly appeal to women

for some mysterious reason.

Ani DiFranco is a case in point. Anyone, male or female, could identify with DiFranco's brutally honest observations on life, its joys as well as its pains. Her lyrics are flat-out incredible, intelligent and sharp, but true to the feeling behind them. My favorite song on *Not a Pretty Girl* is of the same title, and captures a feeling most girls experience in their lives: The fury at being thought of as dependent and needy. She says, "Imagine you're a girl / Just trying to finally come

clean / Knowing full well they'd prefer / You were dirty and smiling / I'm sorry, but I am not a maiden fair / And I am not a kitten / Stuck in a tree somewhere."

In "The Million You Never Made," DiFranco declares that she knows she "may not be able to change the whole fucking world," but she can choose not to sell out to be a star. That sort of fierce independence does not come across as an attempt to ride the "bad girl" trend of the rock scene, but as the perceptions of a woman who looks deep into

what she sees in her life. She peers into herself and those around her with an intensity and wisdom that is self-deprecating, funny and soul-baring.

With her unique vocal style and range, from a growl to the softest whisper, DiFranco's voice is dynamic and constantly changing from song to song. Her impressive skill on the acoustic guitar shows through in the fine chording, but she is at her best with the more experimental sounds on "Worthy" and "Light of Some Kind." Perhaps one of the most admirable things about DiFranco's work is that it is totally her own: She plays guitar and bass in every song and produced the entire album. Ani DiFranco stands out from the rest with her smartness and talent.

—Nicole Milne

## Coming Soon To Artsweek:

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PRESENTS

**YOUR DAILY HOROSCOPE**

BY LINDA C. BLACK

**Aries (March 21-April 19).** You may meet a fascinating new friend today. Do attend a social function, but don't do it before your job's done. Perfection is required, or there could be difficult consequences. Today could be hectic, but tonight should be fun.

**Taurus (April 20-May 20).** This is a fabulous day for you! Your luck with any kind of business should be excellent. If you're not self-employed, this would sure be a great time to start. If you are, expand your influence into a new market. Go along with what your sweetheart wants tonight.

**Gemini (May 21-June 21).** There's something you need for your home; today, you may figure out a way to get it. Talk to an older person about lending you the money. Confusion could result from a romantic conversation. Make sure you understand what your sweetheart really wants.

**Cancer (June 22-July 22).** Today, you're even more intelligent than usual. Use this gift to help lighten your workload. A partner could take over some of your tasks, if you'd let go of them. Your mate could be interested in spending your money, though. Better keep an eye on that.

**Leo (July 23-Aug. 22).** You work hard for your money. And if you work even harder today, you might put yourself in line for a raise. It's worth the effort. A friend may want you to try something bold or unusual. It'll work better if you wait until this evening.

**Virgo (Aug. 23-Sept. 22).** Your long-term plans should be going well. Buy things you need early in the day; sell tonight or tomorrow. A project you're working on with your sweetheart could run into a minor problem. Don't rely on gossip about your work or your relationship.

**Libra (Sept. 23-Oct. 23).** Check through that stack of paperwork this morning. There may be something in there that's almost overdue! Get that detail handled early so you can play with a friend this evening. An interesting conversation could develop into a romantic interlude.

**Scorpio (Oct. 24-Nov. 21).** Give orders early in the morning. You'll get less argument then. Don't put anything off until tomorrow; you won't be as effective. An older person can help you learn a difficult task. Watch out for an electronic breakdown at home tonight.

**Sagittarius (Nov. 22-Dec. 21).** This is a good day to ask for a raise. If you're doing your job perfectly, and can prove it, you could qualify. Don't believe everything a teacher tells you, though. Something that's presented as fact may actually be opinion. Check it out.

**Capricorn (Dec. 22-Jan. 19).** You're very lucky today! Begin new projects now. Travel and contacts with foreigners should go very well. However, there may be some confusion about money or the rate of exchange. Make sure you don't give away more than you intended.

**Aquarius (Jan. 20-Feb. 18).** You're under pressure today. An impending deadline could make you nervous, especially if there's money involved. Check your work for errors before sending it on. You want to move quickly, but you'll be more successful if you're slow and careful.

**Pisces (Feb. 19-March 20).** A team effort may be required to finish a big job. Avoid confusion by relying on your own experience and your common sense. Don't believe everything the "experts" say, either. Statistics can be manipulated to give a false impression.

**Today's Birthday (Jan. 11).** Travel should go well for you this year. Make plans now, including a budget. Costs may be higher than planned in January, due to an error. You'll benefit from your experience in March, or gain some. Fix up your home in April. May would be excellent for a marriage or honeymoon. Travel again in September, this time on business. A secret will be revealed in December. Clean up any questionable practices before then!

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# Temple Of Boom

Electric Skychurch  
*Knowneness*  
Moonshine

In a time when a dollar sign often measures faith and religious figures' sexual perversions frequent news headlines, it is of no surprise that many thousands have turned away from traditional denominations. Some become disillusioned with the idea of organized religion altogether, while others simply turn to more "hip" and "modern" religions. Still others turn within themselves to find tranquility and security.

I have always found music very comforting and enlightening. Recently I began attending mass at the Electric Skychurch. There, I have found peace, journeyed within myself and become mentally and physically motivated. This is no miracle or a divine occurrence, it's just the result of good music.

*Knowneness* is the long-awaited debut album from James Lumb and David Delaski, the sonic preachers who form the talented duo known as Electric Skychurch. After a myriad of successful singles, the two have finally put out a complete album that lives up to (and to some extent surpasses) the quality of their previous works. Lumb and Delaski are on the crest of a wave of artists intelligently using technology to create beautiful music, but are able to separate themselves from the pack with their uniquely organic style. While their music uses synthesizers and computers, the duo strives to bring its sound closer to Mother Earth by incorporating the many sounds the planet has to offer.

The disc begins in the murky depths of "Abyss" with its heavy synth tones supporting shrill whale calls. The frothy ocean churns in the background as the natural electricity of wind chimes crackles. Up from the depths, a powerful tribal chant fades in, leading you into the wilderness with a lively tribal beat. Soon the jungle is alive and partying with monkeys and birds whooping and squawking to the rhythm.

Eventually the festivities die down and the deep droning of a digeridoo transitions into the beginning of "Creation." Over this low rumble, uplifting flute-like melodies soar upward, propelled by a swiny house beat that launches you straight up into the heavens. Once you become accustomed to the air up there, the deep digeridoo leaps up and yanks you down into the depths again.

Other tracks range from the haunting, dubbish flow of "River" to the more traditional ambient wanderings of "Limp." In "Radiate," Electric Skychurch enters the world of psychedelics, as a soft female voice leads the listener into the desert, where your mind embarks on a mental journey aboard the Skychurch's sonic vessel. Here, acidic undulations and a funky breakbeat aid in the voyage into your mind. A favorite of mine is "Deus" with its ethereal vocals calling you into a dreamy land of flighty synch patterns and drifting beats.

Like most churches, it will cost you a little to join this one. However, it is a one-time payment and you can get your money back if you don't like it. At the Electric Skychurch you won't find salvation or redemption, but you will get the very best music two talented musicians have to offer.

—Matt Turner



# The Frisco Kids

S.F. Seals  
*Truth Walks in Sleepy Shadows*  
Matador

S.F. Seals is another great band out of the San Francisco music scene. One of the most striking aspects of the band's new album, *Truth Walks in Sleepy Shadows*, is its beautiful harmonies; singer Barbara Manning has a sweet voice that becomes sweeter when interwoven with harmony.

Perhaps the best thing about the group is the seamless way in which they move between instruments and incorporate an array of sounds. Barbara Manning and Margaret Murray take on both bass and guitar as well as vocals, Brently Pusser also plays guitar and sings, while Mealanie Clarin covers drums, accordion and vocals.

Yet *Truth* never seems to vacillate from its course of creating deep melodies, regardless of the instrumental alignment of the core group, nor are the Seals flashy or deliberate in bringing in guest players, which occurs in almost every song on the album.

"Locked Out" combines Manning and Pusser on guitar, along with cello, piano and violin without sounding cluttered or competitive, but introspectively lovely. It flows in the way only excellent musicians can layer a song so that you aren't quite sure why the sound is so right, or even what's being played — the whole sound just moves together.

"Ladies of the Sea" and "Soul of Patrick Lee" unfurl from a vibraphone into a drowning sort of sleepy harmony. "Stellar Lullaby," a sparse, exquisite instrumental, combines Manning on guitar, Murray on bass and Jeffrey Lucas on cello, which reminds one that sometimes the most minimal, singular sound is the most beautiful.

—Nicole Milne



**IN FAIRNESS TO JASON SATTLER'S "COLUMN" ARTSWEEK WILL MAKE NO COMMENT AT THIS TIME. HIS OPINIONS DO NOT NECESSARILY REPRESENT THOSE OF ARTSWEEK OR THE DAILY NEXUS. WE MUST, HOWEVER, ACKNOWLEDGE THAT JASON IS NEITHER FUNNY NOR CLEVER. THANKS!**



**HIS MASTER'S VOICE**

Artsweek Exposed: A Special Report

SIDE

A

1995

Notorious S.A.T.T.

People have no idea what kind of pressure I am under. I try to have a good relationship with the people who work at *Artsweek*. Most of the staff is helpful and considerate. Only two people actually cause a problem. Noah Blumberg, the editor of *Artsweek*, harps on me in an obsessive manner. He feels since he decides what stays and what goes in *Artsweek* he can place unreasonable demands on his writers (however, I speak only for myself). I feel that he has been doing a decent job until recently.

My column, *His Master's Voice*, has become increasingly popular. Syndicated and featured weekly in over 300 college newspapers, I have had the unreasonable task of coming up with quality articles week after week.

Noah Blumberg's resentment concerning my success has become obvious. I cannot speak comfortably about any of the awards, job offers or engagements to speak in public I have received in front of Noah without him treating me with mocking irony. I know he thinks everything I have achieved should be his, I know he thinks he made Jason Sattler. One time I walked into the *Artsweek* office and heard Noah talking to one of the few friends he has, a Marine stationed in Fiji, and I heard him say these exact words: "I MADE JASON SATTLER."

Well, I am Jason Sattler.

I can take all of the jealousy, all of the envy and talk behind my back, I can even take Noah Blumberg's pathetic attempts at humor. At points in time he has made a funny joke, but he has sacrificed any chance at good-natured hijinks in favor of humiliating attempts at embarrassing me.

One day, shortly after this recent New Year, I was in the *Artsweek* writer's room when I was summoned to Noah's desk. He harassed me for a few minutes, then demanded I pick something off the floor for him. I complied, only to find out he was not wearing any pants.

Later that same day, Noah woke me up at about four in the morning with a phone call.

"Jason, do you know what I call my Aunt Phyllis?"

"Noah, it is four in the morning."

"Fill Ass."

"Thanks, Noah."

"Do you know what I call campus?"

**LYRIC OF THE WEEK:**

"Girlie, you're  
treatin' me foul  
like a rooster/  
but I boo ya  
'cause no me  
gusta" -Count Bass-D

"No."

"Camp Ass."

"Noah, I'm really tired."

"Do you know what I call a bonus?"

I can't tell all of this. What I can't respect or even stand passively by and take is the way Noah has turned Eric Steuer, the assistant *Artsweek* editor, against me. I'll admit Eric has a lot to lose. He has been involved with *Artsweek* since he joined the *Artsweek* High School Outreach Program in the 10th grade. He has excelled in both Gangsta Rap and Hip-Hop Flava and emphasizes the *Artsweek* training curriculum. He has achieved a lot in his own right. He is the only member of the *Artsweek* staff to have been an official member of the East Coast Family (with a brief stint as a member of Sudden Impact during the summer of 1991). But Noah now weighs on him with a heavy hand.

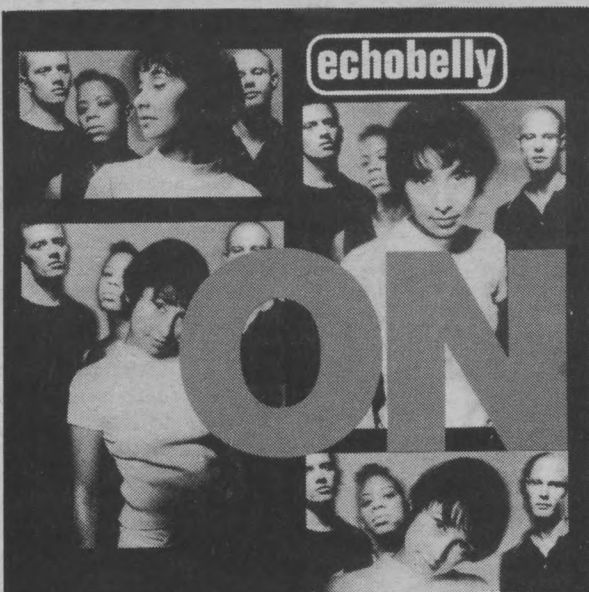
Eric has unfairly slandered my name to members of the music community. He has called me a sucker emcee on more than one occasion while holding a microphone in his hand.

Let me just say this: I don't even know what a sucker emcee would do, so how could I even be one? All I am doing is trying to be real. I hope that what comes through is the way that I feel.

I want to publicly make this statement: I am willing to give up everything I have worked for to have my friendships with Noah and Eric back. I hope it is still possible.

Tears fall from my eyes as I write these words. I pray anyone who can sympathize with me, anyone who has ever lost a friend due to petty jealousy, will join me in reasoning with Noah Blumberg. You can reach him at ublumn00@mcl.ucsb.edu or in the *Artsweek* main office daily.

Don't forget, he is just a person like you and me — he has just lost his way a little bit.

**Psuedo Echo**

Echobelly  
*On*  
550 Music/Epic

In this new British Invasion (featuring Blur, elastica, Oasis, Suede), Echobelly is in a rather unusual spot. They're interesting and a pleasant surprise upon initial discovery, but ultimately not very distinguishable. Echobelly creates a kind of dance-pop that falls somewhere in between elastica and Blur and can easily take on the feel of the Smiths (or Morrissey). They specialize in three-minute dance songs with really, really catchy choruses and a serious groove.

The main things that stand out about Echobelly's new album, *On*, are the vocals of Sonya Aurora Madan and the guitar of Glenn Jo-

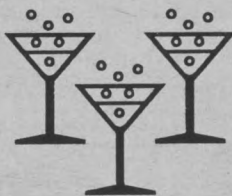
hansson, who are also the band's songwriters. Sonya has a soft, girlish voice, while Glenn's guitar is sweet and fun to listen to. This combination works well on upbeat numbers like "Four Letter Word" and "King of the Kerb." In fact, with its sing-along chorus and fun riff, "King of the Kerb" is the best song on the album.

*On* is great for a dance, and Echobelly would be fun in a club, but the band's latest effort unfortunately doesn't translate into this same kind of energy. Save your money and get elastica's album, 'cause after listening to *On*, you'll walk away with the choruses in the back of your head, but very little else.

—Michael Lin

# DO THE MATH

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in '96



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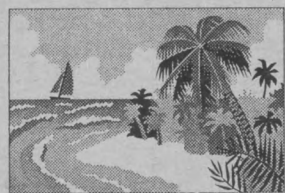
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Film

# Monkey Trouble

I expect great things from Terry Gilliam. Five years ago, Gilliam directed what is in my book the greatest American drama of this decade, *The Fisher King*. Seventeen years before that, he co-wrote and co-directed another movie close to my heart — *Monty Python and the Holy Grail*. In my opinion, Gilliam has produced some of the best thinking-man's entertainment of the last 22 years.

So now comes *12 Monkeys*, Gilliam's first offering since *The Fisher King* and only the second film he has ever chosen to direct not based on his own original script. One would guess from these circumstances that *12 Monkeys* is an extraordinary film ... but, alas, I am getting ahead of myself.

First, some background. *12 Monkeys* begins in the year 2035. In 1996, humankind is subjected to a mutating virus that destroys 99 percent of Earth's human population. The remaining 1 percent flees underground. Animals are left untouched by the virus and they now roam free, once again rulers of an abandoned earth. En-

duty. (Bureaucracy, very much like cockroaches, apparently will survive an apocalypse.)

Gilliam has always employed such things as drool and extreme facial close-ups at peculiar angles so the audience is constantly bombarded with a cornucopia of schizophrenic weirdness. That very schizophrenia, unfortunately, seeps into the script. Gilliam, who has so expertly manipulated the realms of madness before, seemingly has gone a bit insane himself. Large plot holes are filled by an instructive, disembodied voice that is never explained. Dr. Kathryn Raily (Madeline Stowe) is inexplicably drawn to Cole to the point where she risks her life for him, saying simply, "I feel like I've met him somewhere before." She hasn't.

The schizophrenia also affected me. *12 Monkeys* is such a strange mix that to this moment, I can't decide if Brad Pitt's character was a welcome breath of traditional madness or an unwelcome distraction. Pitt's hyperkinetic Jeffrey Goines is such a pleasure to watch that he distracts from the rest of the movie. It is not so much that he



ter James Cole, depicted with stale believability by a hairless, often naked Bruce Willis. Imprisoned for an unnamed crime, Cole is given a chance for a pardon. All he needs to do is travel back to 1996 and secure an unmutated form of the virus so that a vaccine can be produced and humans can once again rule the overworld.

Gilliam's future is a great place to visit. Borrowing much from himself and his early '80s film *Time Bandits*, Gilliam decorates the murky depths that humanity has been forced to sink into with a happy impunity. Large gizmos made of copper wire and old bicycle parts suck and exhale meaninglessly while intricate gadgets made of polished dental equipment spin and whirl with ceaseless impotence. 2035's manic, carnival atmosphere is compounded by a recurring group of five politicians with heavy clown-like make-up who rule the underground and appear sporadically to instruct Cole on his next

steals scenes but rather that he steals the entire carefully constructed mood of the film. It is a welcome theft, as the movie sometimes sinks into a plodding melancholy only to have Pitt reach down and pull it back up to a normal, more understandable level of insanity.

In *12 Monkeys* Gilliam has created something unique and genre breaking. This movie is infinitely better than, say, *Fair Game* or *Showgirls*, simply by its dazzling visuals and by virtue of its refusal to follow any type of recognizable formula. Unfortunately, it is also the sort of movie in which a portion of the audience gasps unhappily as the screen darkens and the end credits roll. Too many questions are left unanswered and too many plot strings left untied. Alas, Terry, I fear you have let me down.

—Chad Bishop

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Hobo Junction  
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I think the first time I really heard the Hobo Junction was during the now-infamous Hobo Junction-Hieroglyphics battle on the *Wake-Up Show*. Since then, the Junction has been putting in work in the studio, and this EP is their first "official" release.

For those who don't know, the Hobo Junction is the crew that Oakland-based rapper Saafir is a part of. The Junction consists of a lot of heads — actually, too many to list. There are four songs on this EP, and the members of the Junction featured are eyecue, Big Nose and the Whoridas. The songs "Just Not My Style" and "The Crooked Letter Eye" by Big Nose and eyecue, respectively, are all right. "Whoriden" features Saafir and is a definite underground head-nodder. But the one that really stands out is "Shot Callin' Big Ballin'" by the Whoridas. Using a simple loop of "Bounce, Rock, Skate" with an added variation and straight-up, big-ballin' lyrics, the Hobo Junction has come up with a song that has the potential to really blow up.

Even though the EP is only four songs, it is a good indication of the many styles of the Hobo Junction. Keep on the lookout for more from one of underground hip-hop's nicest crews. In the meantime, this EP definitely deserves a listen.

—Todd One

# BUM RAP

# Babe

Thursday, January 11, 7 & 9 p.m. • Campbell Hall



TONIGHT

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## Artsweek Recommends:



At the College of Creative Studies, flower paintings, an exhibition of art by Dan McCleary showing through the 12th.

Dance Hall Crashers play the UCEN with Unwritten Law and Waterdog on Saturday. Call 893-3536 or go to the A.S. ticket office.



UCSB's Faculty Art Exhibition through Feb. 26 in the University Art Museum. Open Tues.-Sat. 10-4 and Sundays 1-5.

A&L's presentation of the film Babe in Campbell Hall tonight at 7 and 9.



"Dance Away," a free-form dancing environment at the Unitarian Society Parish Hall on 1535 Santa Barbara Street. Fridays from 7:30 to 10:30. Kids welcome.

The Rugburns in Storke Plaza today at noon.



Bovey Lee's "Slow Boat," an art exhibit in the Multicultural Center through the 26th. It's Free.

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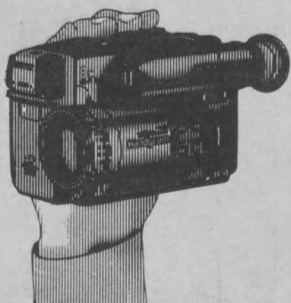
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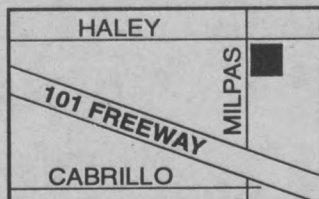
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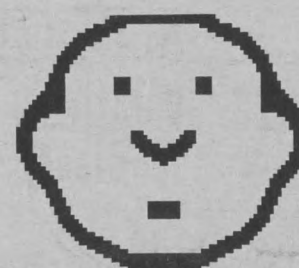
I'm sorry Phil, but I only date  
guys who write for Artsweek.

And why's that, Sally?



The hands, Phil. It's all in the hands.

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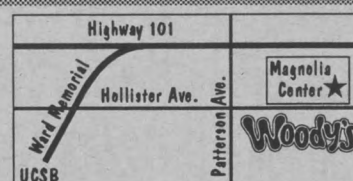
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